



# THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SENTINEL

SPECIAL FORCES ASSOCIATION CHAPTER 78

The LTC Frank J. Dallas Chapter

NEWSLETTER OF THE QUIET PROFESSIONALS

VOLUME 8, ISSUE 2 • FEBRUARY 2017



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"Raider"

Care Packages Sent to A Company,  
19th SFGA in Afghanistan

The Son Tay Raid Rescue  
Mission: A Pilot's Story

Chapter 78 Monthly Meeting  
Starts 2017 with a Bang

In Memoriam – LTC Frank J. Dallas



# SENTINEL

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**COVER:** Bob Crebbs, the first and founding Secretary of SFA Chapter 78. Photo by Lonny Holmes



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## From the Editor



Lonny Holmes  
Sentinel Editor

**Thank you Bob Crebbs!** 2017 marks the beginning of SFA Chapter 78's 20th year as a member of the Special Forces Association. Bob, acting as the Secretary, wrote and submitted the required paper work for the formation of our Southern California Chapter, designated the South Coast Chapter (Provisional). In a letter to then SFA Executive Director **Jimmy Dean**, Bob requested that our chapter be designated the 77th. However because of

the historical precedence of the 77th Group, SFA National denied the request and we became Chapter 78. Following acceptance of the application and meeting all standards set fourth for new chapter formation, Bob Crebbs was elected as the first and founding Secretary of the Chapter. During the subsequent two years Bob prepared all necessary documents to comply as a chapter. After two years, our provisional chapter was recognized as a regular chapter by the national office. Following his two years as founding Secretary he continued to work in the background supporting SFA C-78, also becoming very active in community veterans events and strongly supporting the California Military efforts. In the following 18 years he also presented the POW MIA service at our Christmas dinners and major events. "A Tip of the Beret" to CSM Bob Crebbs.

This edition of the SFA Chapter 78 *Sentinel* (Volume 8, Number 2) is the eighty-fourth consecutive issue since we developed the "New" look of the chapter newsletter established under the guidance by chapter member **John Joyce**. John developed the masthead and original page layout and title, *The Hollywood Drop*. This began a new era in our communications. After the first several issues chapter members decided to change the name and the *Sentinel* was adopted. John produced and wrote extensively for the newsletters first two years (Volumes 1 and 2, 24 issues) which received the chapters first award by SFA National.

Beginning with Volume 3, Debra Holm of Dinwiddie Holm Graphics became our graphic designer and has continually upgraded the look of the Sentinel. As editor for the last six years I can proudly state that Debra has offered continued advice and support for the production of the Sentinel. Additionally chapter members and other Special Operations soldiers contributed many outstanding articles on chapter events, SF History and military operations. The result of these combined efforts has garnered three further awards from our parent, the Special Forces Association, presented at the yearly International Conference. I thank all who contributed to our award winning Sentinel, for without your participation the newsletter could not have grown to such a widely read Green Beret publication.

Lonny Holmes  
Sentinel Editor



# The President's Page | February 2017



Bruce Long  
President SFA 78

Time really flies when you're having fun. That's the way I saw it for our first Chapter meeting of 2017 at Artemis Defense Institute (ADI) located in the city of Lake Forest.

Most of us arrived around 0900 hours and enjoyed a light continental breakfast, supplemented with a box of donuts (Fat Pills) that just happened to fall into my possession.

We conducted a very informal breakfast / business meeting that covered a wide variety of subjects. I also did a "show and tell" and passed around my NEW XM17 rifle, (fondly remembered as the CAR-15) made by TROY industries. I might also add that **Brad Welker** and **Mike Keele** also purchased one while attending the SOAR convention in Las Vegas, NV.

Our Chapter meeting officially began at 10:15 with **Mark Miller**, our Sergeant at Arms, leading us in the Pledge of Allegiance. A fine of \$5 was collected for those who did not bring their Beret (new members were exempt). The invocation was given by **Richard Simonian**.

For the first time since I've been President, we had four new members given Chapter Challenge Coins (see photo). Two of the members came all the way from Indio and are both very active with the local VFW Post 3699. More to follow on this issue.

**James Light** gave a short presentation on "Eliminating Concurrent Receipt of Retirement Pay and Disability Compensation for Disabled Veterans". Previous emails were sent out with regards to this matter.

At this time, we do not see any significant impact on retired / disabled service members. This could change when Congress discusses budget issues, as this topic has come up before, but has never been acted on.

**Mike Pierson** who is a new member of our Chapter and an active member of the Indio VFW Post 3699 said a few words about also wanting to support A Company as **SGM Eylicio** is an active member in the VFW Post 3699 in Indio. A special event will be held at the Marriott Desert Springs Resort and Spa on May 13th, 2017 from 1700 – 2000 hours, in recognition and awareness. A flyer was handed out to all of those present. A copy of this flyer will also be sent out to all Chapter members who were present and not present at this meeting.

**Old Business:** Everyone agreed that the Christmas party was a big success due to the overwhelming attendance, and with the collection of \$3,375 through the silent auction and personal donations. Nearly \$2,700 has already been spent on care packages for A Company.

A reservation for our 2017 Christmas Party has already been made and will be held on December 16th at the Yacht Club. Mark your calendars. This year we will assign members and guests to specific tables to try and eliminate confusion and a correct head count.

Alex Quade who was our guest speaker will receive Honorary Membership to SFA National. Her membership will be presented at the June 12–16, 2017 convention.

**New Business:** As most of you know **LTC Frank Dallas** passed and will be interned at the Arlington National Cemetery in Washington DC. The family has asked that in lieu of flowers to please make a donation to the Lions Club in Clifton VA.

Therefore, it was agreed by a unanimous vote that the Chapter will make a donation of \$500 to the Lions Club in the name of LTC Frank Dallas, who this Chapter is named after.

The Chapter also voted on the purchase of Chapter Challenge Coins as we are now completely out. Our last purchase was in 2009.

A discussion on trying to do a "Home Coming" for A Company was discussed, but was tabled until more information can be obtained from the Rear Det.

A discussion was also held on purchasing of Officer's Guide Hand Books for the graduating class of Officers from CSUF. **Gary Macnamara** will obtain a bulk cost and this will be discussed at our February Chapter meeting.

**Tom Turney**, one of our new chapter members, brought up the Agent Orange Registry, that is now being handled out of the West Los Angeles VA facility. If you served in Vietnam and have not signed up, you really should consider contacting them at 818-895-9528 to get registered.

The Chapter meeting adjourned at 1100 hours. Lunch was provided, followed by firearms training with ADI, compliments of **Richard Simonian**.

Our Next Chapter meeting will be at the Bahia Corinthian Yacht Club (1601 Bayside Drive Corona Del Mar, CA 92625) on February 18, 2017 at 0830.

As usual, any questions feel free to contact me at:  
Blong26774@gmail.com or (951) 317-4767. ♦

Bruce D Long  
President, SFA Chapter 78  
SGM, SF (Ret)



# “RAIDER”



**By Gary L. Macnamara**  
**LTC IN (USAR – Ret)**

So, you thought that the United States Marine Corps had the only “Scouts and Raider Course.” Well another elite organization had a unique “Raider School” and I was privilege to attend this fine course.

**Brad Welker**

In the summer of 1967, I was assigned to “A” Company, 2 Bn. 505 PIR, as an infantry platoon leader in the 82nd Airborne Division. I had returned from a nine-month tour with the 2nd Bn. 508 PIR in the Dominican Republic the previous year and was transferred to my present assignment in the 3rd Brigade. I was one of the senior platoon leaders in the Division.

MG Herbert Seitz was our Commanding General. MG Seitz ordered that one lieutenant from each rifle company be sent to the Raider School. The Raider School was an intensive three-week course that had been set up as a leadership school modeled on the Army’s Ranger School at Fort Benning, GA. The school was established to improve leadership skills among the Division’s non-commissioned officers. The reasoning was that if the school was good enough for the NCOs, it was good enough for the officers.

I reported to the School with my good friend Richard (Rick) O’Claire, “B” Company 2 Bn. 505 PIR, and we were paired up as Raider “buddies.” We were an effective team and we later attended Ranger School together (but that is a different story.). We concentrated on the same skills as Ranger School. We had rappelling, survival training, hand to hand combat and patrolling.

We conducted reconnaissance patrols, ambushes, patrol planning and many of the tasks that are taught at the Ranger School at Fort Benning. We learned how to cross danger areas, land navigation, stream crossing techniques with poncho rafts and generally how to survive on very little food. Of course we were always sleep deprived, because there was so much to teach in such a short period of time.

During the rappelling training many of us had to report to “Captain Rock,” elevate our feet on the rock and perform the required push-ups for minor errors and transgressions observed by the cadre. Unlike regular infantry training, Raider School was especially demanding. On the day that we had rappelling, Lt. Van Landingham was performing the body rappel. The line was draped between our legs across the front of our body and over our shoulder. Van had started down the side of the tower, when his hand slipped and the line ran down the inside of his leg. He fell for a good 20 feet before he was able to stop and the instructors ran to him. He sustained a major rope burn to his leg behind his knee and was unable to continue with the training. Many of us learned that the line would bite into your shoulder, so we placed a demolition card under our shirt to prevent injury. When the demo card I had under my shirt slipped, I sustained a very painful rope burn injury to my left shoulder. I never reported it because I wanted to stay in the course, but it was very painful because our field harness kept aggravating the wound. I still have the scar over that shoulder to this very day, almost fifty years later.

We also had survival training. Raider “Rick” and I were given a live chicken and we had to kill it. In true “Raider” fashion we did not just wring its neck. One of us had to bite the chicken’s head off and pass the bird to your buddy who drank the blood. I bit the head off and Rick drank the blood. My chore was less messy than his.

There are some instructors who just stood out and our training was no exception. During hand-to-hand training, we had an instructor named John “Jake” Jackovenko. Jake’s family had been killed by the Russians in Eastern Europe and Jake lived to kill communists. He was very good at imparting his killing skills, with a knife and even a piece of cellophane, to his Raider students. I would later come across Jake’s name in the book, *The Raid* by



Benjamin Schemmer. SFC John “Jake” Javovenko was one of the Son Tay Raiders. For his actions he was awarded the Silver Star.

During our patrolling training, we had aggressors from the 82nd Airborne Division. Again we did not get much sleep because training time was precious. Unknown to me at the time, my battalion and specifically my company were our aggressors during this training. I later found out that there was a bounty of three cases of beer on my head, if someone could bring back my dog tags. I don’t know whether I was lucky or just good, but I was never captured and I still have my dog tags.

Upon completion of the course we were privileged to wear the 82nd Airborne Division Raider patch on the right pocket of our fatigue uniforms. Since the school was not recognized by the Army, we could not wear this patch on our uniforms when we left the Division, but it is still displayed proudly in my shadow box with my other military memorabilia. The Raider School was discontinued and 18th Airborne Corps established their own Recondo Course. This new course may teach some of the same subjects, but I had the honor of attending one of the premier combat leader courses with some of the best instructors in the Army, the 82nd Airborne Raider School. I saw a photo of Jake Javovenko in a reunion photo of Son Tay Raiders. Some of the “old breed” are still with us and I will never forget that I learned from the best warriors in the world. ❖



## Care Packages Sent to A Company, 19th SFGA in Afghanistan



Boxes purchased with funds donated and collected through the Silent Auction held at the 2016 Chapter Christmas Party have been shipped to A Company, 19th SFGA in Afghanistan.

43 care packages were boxed and marked individually for the ODA's. The boxes (pictured above) marked for admin, include Starbucks coffee packs and December 2016 SENTINEL Newsletters.

(Left) Several boxes of “handy wipes” were also shipped along with the care packages.

# The Son Tay Raid Rescue Mission: A Pilot's Story



John Waresh

By John Waresh

*The following is what I remember of the A-1 participation in the Son Tay prison camp raid...*

On the Saturday night of 20 November 1970 a C-130 picked us up from Takhli where we had been housed in the CIA compound since deploying from Eglin. The NKP flight line was blacked out, even the tower people had been relieved and it was empty. The C-130 landed, without any lights on it or the runway and ramp, and

taxied to the ramp. It had already lowered the rear ramp and when it came to almost a stop ten of us ran out, two pilots for each of the five fat-faces we were taking. It then continued on, pulling up the ramp, taxied out and took off. It had other people to deliver to other locations. The only people out and about were the crew chiefs and us. Of course the Wing Commander met us and followed me around like a puppy dog asking question after question, none of which I could answer. He got rather teed off as I recall.

Picking up our flight gear we went straight to the birds, cranked up and taxied out. No taxi, runway or aircraft lights were used and no radio either, total silence (the radio was not to be used till over the camp).

Taking off at the exact second, we did a 360 over the base to join up. A C-130 Talon was to rendezvous with us there and lead us on. Timing was everything. It wasn't there. We did two more 360s and couldn't wait any longer. We were, by that time, about ten minutes behind schedule.

The backup plan was to navigate ourselves to Son Tay, following the planned route and arriving at the appointed time, 0200 local, Sunday, 21 November. No way, José. We had agreed among ourselves earlier that that was not a viable plan. We would fly the course until we got lost, which we knew we would, and then head straight for Hanoi. Hold just south of the IP, which was the Black River, straight west of the camp, and do our thing at the TOT (Time Over Target).

The route was NKP, straight to Vientiane, straight north out of there and then drop to low level and weave through the karst and valleys all the rest of the way. Impossible at night for A-1s. A back up rendezvous with the Talon was over Vientiane at the appointed minute, but, because we had made an extra 360 over NKP waiting, we were running late. We had been unable to make up all the lost time, some of it but not all. We hit Vientiane a few minutes late, maybe five, no Talon. We turned north and pressed on.

After Vientiane passed behind, there were no lights anywhere, ink black. And then our worst nightmare loomed up. A cloud bank. Being lead, I wasn't worried about being hit, but the rest of the flight exploded like a covey of quail, everyone in God only knows what direction. Pushing it up, I climbed straight ahead and soon



Top: A-1 Skyraiders over Laos; Bottom: John Waresh was in the 602 Special Operations Squadron, NKP, Thailand. He flew A-1 Skyraiders, all missions except two were in Laos. The other two were into North Vietnam.

popped out on top. Not an A-1 in sight and no hope of joining up again without lights or radio. We were all on our own.

After a short time, we noticed a speck of light far ahead. A star? After watching it a while, we were sure it was below the horizon and no Lao in his right mind would have a light on. Had to be something else. Heading straight for it, it took some time to catch. A fully loaded A-1 is no speed demon.

Sure enough, there was our Talon with a teeny-weeny white light on the top of the fuselage and a dim bluish glow coming from the open ramp in the rear. Couldn't see the bluish glow until you were only few meters from it. There were already two A-1's there, one on each wing. We moved up and the left one moved out and we took our place on the left wing tip. A few minutes later the other two A-1's slowly pulled up and once we were all in place the little



white light went out, the bluish glow went out and the Talon descended into the black. From there on it was hold on tight as it bobbed and weaved through the hills and valleys.

The Talon driver was top notch. His power applications during climbs and descents and gentle banking allowed our heavy A-1 to hang right in there. The three day “moon window” we had for this operation provided good night vis. With one exception — several valleys we drove through were so deep that mountains, karst, trees or whatever eclipsed the moon. When that happened it was like diving into an inkwell. You could make out only a few feet of wing tip and that was only because of our own exhaust flame. When turns or ups and downs occurred at those times it was tough.

As we emerged from the back country out over the Red River Valley it was almost like being over Iowa farm country with Omaha/Council Bluffs up ahead. (Hanoi) Lights everywhere. Soon thereafter the Talon started climbing and we knew the IP was coming up. We had a controlled altitude over the IP. The choppers, with their Talon, were going to be under us coming in from a different direction. They should have been slightly ahead of us but one couldn't be sure everyone was on time. The control time was over the camp so IP times were adjusted for the different speeds.

Then the Talon transmitted the code word. First of anything we heard on the radio all night. I can't remember the word but it was to be picked up by a high orbiting EC-135 over northern Laos and relayed back to wherever. It meant we had crossed the IP (we were two seconds off. The best anyone had done during practice was ten minutes. Of course we didn't have Talons for the practice). The Talon then accelerated out and up like a shot and disappeared in the night. The heading to the camp was 091 and trying to reset our DG by a giggly whiskey compass was an effort in futility. You remember the high tech, latest hardware we had on board. Good thing all the towns, cities and roads were lit up. With the target study we had done it was like being in your own back yard.

Next number 5 peeled off to the right. He was backup in case anyone was shot down and was to orbit a large hill just south of course until called in. As it turned out the hill was an Army artillery practice range and it wasn't long before they started taking a few rounds. They moved off to somewhere else, probably closer to the camp, don't know where. Just another example of the brilliant intel we had.

Then 3 & 4 peeled off to the left to hold just short of the camp until called in. The plan was to call them in when we had expended 50% of our ordnance. Then they would do the same with us, each time expending 50% of what you had left. That way, if someone went down, there would always be aircraft in the air that had some ordnance left for support. Then 2 dropped back so we could set up a two aircraft daisy chain around the camp.

It was like a precision ballet, a computer simulation would not have been better timed. Just as I rolled into a bank along side the camp two flares popped right over it, having been released from one of the Talons. At the same time Banana (HH-3 with Blue Boy assault team aboard) crash landed inside the camp compound and the first Apple (CH-53) opened up with mini-guns on

the watch towers and the guard quarters. The towers either blew apart or caught fire as did the guard quarters. We didn't want the big fire consuming the two story quarters, attracting attention, but it was too late.

At that time we had nothing to do except to make sure no one approached the camp. No one did. We could see the sparkles from a Fire Fight Simulator dropped by one of the Talons on the other side of town as a distraction and soon a large explosion and fire where another Talon dumped napalm on an infantry base armory a few clicks to the South.

Then the shit hit the fan. Gear Box (The Command and Control team) started yelling about losing Axle. Axle was Col. (Bull) Simons personal call sign. “We've lost Axle” he kept yelling. “God damn, Simons has been killed, we're all in deep shit.”

At this point I'd like to say that I think the Universe will collapse in upon itself in the Big Crunch before the Army and Air Force will ever be able to talk to each other on a radio and have each other understand what's going on. He wasn't lost like being dead in AF jargon, they just didn't know where he was, couldn't find him.

Then the radio erupted with chatter from everywhere. The second Apple carrying half the assault force and Bull Simons, had landed the troops in the wrong place. Their heading had been one degree off coming in from the IP (whether pilot or equipment error I don't know), placing them several hundred meters south of the camp. When the time ran out they saw a building that didn't quite look like the guard quarters but it was the only building around, so landed. That's where the infamous “Fire Fight at The School” took place. We called it a school because it looked like a school, regardless of what it really was. You couldn't just keep referring to it as the white building south of the camp. There were lots of buildings south of the camp. Everything had to have a name. That way everyone knows what you're talking about. The liberal media, though, had a small field day with that name. I remember some time later a female TV reporter asking Col. Simons if he had killed anyone at The School. He said something to the effect “I was approached by a big fella, I had a tracer as every third round in my M-16 and saw three go through his middle.” The reporter didn't have a follow up question.

The troops in the wrong place were screaming, Gear Box was screaming and all the Apples were screaming. The FM and VHF radios were almost impossible to read let alone get anything in of your own (the UHF was kept for AF use to call the MIG Cap or Weasels if needed or to talk among ourselves). The Apple that had dumped the guys in the wrong place was the closest so did a 180 and went in to pick them up. All the others took off and headed for the School as well just in case. No one has figured out yet why there wasn't a midair.

The troops at the School were in a fierce fire fight the whole time they were on the ground. Right after they landed people came pouring out of the building. Most were too large in stature for Vietnamese. The guess was Chinese or Russian but no one had time to check. The estimated kill was between one and two hundred and again, no one had time to count.

Bull Simons and the rest of the assault force made it back to the camp without a casualty. The whole incident only lasted a few minutes but it put the entire ground operation off schedule. The two parameter teams, Red Wine and Green Leaf, headed out to do their thing but Blue Boy, the assault team inside the prison compound, had already searched most of the prison. As soon as Simons got on the radio he asked Blue Boy for a status report. The answer was “No Packages so far, still searching” (a Package was the code word for a prisoner). Simons then told us to take out the foot bridge to the Citadel.

We called a group of buildings surrounded by a small moat the Citadel. It was a few hundred meters southeast of the Camp and had a small foot bridge over the moat on the camp side. Intel told us it was a military cadet training facility and probably had a small armory for small arms. We didn't want anyone coming across that bridge armed and get within rifle range of the camp. Jerry and I put two WP bombs on it and when 2 came in saw the bridge was

wiped out and dropped short to get anyone that might have already come across. In the process taking out a few blocks of a housing area between the camp and the citadel. WP does a real number on wooden structures, the fire storm was not small.

About this time the sequence of events gets all jumbled up. I have no idea what happened first, second and so forth. About the time Simons and the troops got back to the camp the first SAM took off. You cannot miss a SAM launch at night. It's like a mini Shuttle launch, lights up an area for miles in all directions. The first few were called “SAM, SAM, DIVE, DIVE” but that soon became silly. There were so many launches that you couldn't call them. There seemed to be about four launch sites within a few miles of the camp on the west side of Hanoi. The rest were further east and we didn't think they were a threat to us. Most of the SAM's went high, after the MIG cap, Weasels and the Navy's two-hundred plane feint coming in from the east. The idea was to make them think there was a major raid on Hanoi and not bother with a few planes on the West side. It worked. NSA told us later that the Air Defense Commander screamed “Fire at Will”, shut down the net and went off the air.

We were at our briefed 3 thousand feet until the SAM's started coming our way. Intel told us we wouldn't have any trouble with SAM's at that altitude. A lot some pencil pushing puke knows. We all hit the deck and kept an eye on the launch sites close to us and sure enough, someone decided to try for the guys to the west, us. The site closest to us, just a few miles to the northeast launched one that never got to the horizon. I watched it rise and almost immediately it leveled off. Then the thing stopped moving on the windscreen. You know what that means, collision course. We dove into the Red River and turned west. Jerry was flying and I was turned around keeping an eye on the damn thing as it charged at us over my right shoulder. I kept bumping the stick forward saying “Lower, Lower.” Jerry kept bumping the stick back saying “We're going to hit the water.” When the rocket plume on the thing seemed as big as the A-1 I yelled break left. We went up and over the river bank, about fifty feet, and leveled off at phone pole height going straight south.

We never saw the thing again. It either hadn't had time to arm or buried itself in the water/mud so deep that the flash of detonation was masked. That's another thing you can't miss at night. The detonation of a SAM. It's a lightning bright flash, quite large. They were going off over us constantly and when you got used to them you didn't even bother to look up. For about a thirty minute period there were no less then three SAM's airborne at any one time and other times so many you couldn't count them. I've never heard an estimate of the number fired that night but it has to be in the hundreds. All the SAM misses would self- detonate, either at a pre set altitude or motor burn out; I don't know which.

Like I said, you wouldn't look up at a SAM detonation because they were so numerous unless something was different. Then there was something different. The flash was yellowish instead of bright white. Looking up there was a large fireball with flaming debris falling from it. “Damn, someone got nailed.” Then suddenly



Top: LTC Wares's original Silver Star (with Oak Leaf Cluster) and Son Tay Raider patch;

Bottom: LTC John Wares's original chit, a silk message to be given if captured, which says if released they will be paid in gold.





there was a flaming dash across the sky heading southwest, then another and another. Three dashes were all I saw, couldn't spend any more time looking up.

Later we learned that a SAM had detonated close to a Weasel and filled his bird with holes. Fuel was streaming out and his AB was igniting it in dashes across the sky. Since he was losing all his fuel anyway he left it in AB till he ran out. He got to the southern PDJ before bailing out.

About this time Blue Boy calls Axle and says "Search complete, negative packages." Silence, then Simons asks for a repeat. "Search complete, negative packages, repeat negative packages." More silence.

I don't know what anyone else was thinking then but for me it was setup, ambush. But hell, we'd already been there twenty minutes and they'd have sprung it by then. So then it turned to "What the hell are we doing here?" And "How the hell are we going to get our asses out of here intact." Simons must have been thinking the same thing. He called for the parameter teams to pull back and the Apples to come in for pickup. Then he told us to take out the Big Bridge.

All sounds very simple but it sure wasn't. First of all we had no hard ordnance and couldn't take out the Big Bridge. We had no more WP bombs and that was the only thing that would have damaged a wooden bridge. The bridge was Red Wine's objective and they were supposed to blow it but because of their late start hadn't reached it before the pull back order.

A little poop about the Big Bridge. The bridge was a few hundred meters northeast of the camp on the road that ran in front of it. It was about a hundred feet long, heavily constructed and could carry any vehicle up to a tank, we were told. Red Wine was supposed to blow it and hold the road while Green Leaf went south-east and held the road there.

During training, the engineers said twelve pounds of C-4 would take out the bridge. However, to be sure they were going to double it and use twenty-four pounds. Col Simons said that he wanted to be doubly sure and doubled that to forty-eight pounds then added that two people would carry forty-eight pounds each, making it ninety-six pounds of C-4. I would have liked to see what ninety-six pounds of C-4 did to that bridge but it wasn't to be.

What made things worse was that the outbound and pull back routes for the parameter teams were different. Since each team outbound had to take out any possible threats they didn't want to retrace their steps and possibly run into someone they missed. He would have been one pissed off gomer. There was a lot of housing just outside the camp. Intel said it was for the camp commander, married officers and maybe some camp workers. The teams outbound went house-to-house making sure no one was going to be a threat. It was a slow process so between starting out late and an early pull back they had no chance of reaching their goal.

Since they hadn't got to the end of the outbound route there was no way they could follow the pull back route. The radios went bananas again. "There's part of Red Wine's team in Green Leaf's area of responsibility and part of Green Leaf's team in Red Wines area. Do not

fire without identification." This was repeated over and over again. So much so that the teams couldn't get in to acknowledge. They were so out of breath that they couldn't say but one word between two or three panting breaths. It wasn't fun to listen to.

Some time during all this we had expended 50% of our ordnance and called in 3 and 4. They had done the same and called us back. We dumped the Rockeyes on the bridge. The Rockeye is a Navy fast mover ordnance we had to certify the A-1 to carry while in training at Eglin. It's a multi-munitions thing with gobs of little shaped charges to take out vehicles, even tanks I guess. Not very good for bridges. We put a lot of holes in it though. After that we laid down continuous strafe till everyone was in the Apples and on their way.

I might add we never saw any vehicles or people moving anywhere near the camp. There was a lot of traffic on the east west road along the Red River, about a klick north, going in and out of Hanoi but no one turned toward the camp. Also about this time, the SAM launches were slowing down but the MIG calls were increasing. Roughly twenty minutes into the forty minutes this took we started picking up MIG calls. Intel told us they had no night-qualified pilots so we would have no trouble with MIG's. Right!

There was one call of an air-to-air missile firing. Said it zoomed right past his plane. I don't know who it was and never saw any myself. That was the only call of a firing I remember hearing. But the MIG warning calls from Collage Eye or whoever makes those things were coming regularly.

Once the Jollies were off and running we putted along above and behind them, guessing where they were since it was dark and no one could see each other. Everyone was to call the IP outbound. One by one we heard the calls, thank God. Then we hear this voice "Is everybody out?" "Who are you?" "This is Apple something or other." "Where are you?" "I'm back at the holding point waiting to be sure everyone got out okay." "God damn jerk." We told him to get his ass airborne and head for the IP as fast as his funny machine would take him. He acknowledged. By this time we had nearly reached the IP ourselves. Jerry and I looked at each other and said "We don't have a choice." With possible MIG's around a lonely Jolly all by himself makes for a pretty good target. We turned around, climbed to a nice MIG target altitude, three or four thousand, and went Christmas tree. Every light we had was turned on and we slowly drove back to Hanoi. With MIG calls coming every few minutes I was sweating profusely. Don't know if it was hot, I was scared or just pooped out but I was soaked. It seemed an eternity but as the camp and the West side of Hanoi was slipping under the nose we heard the IP call. Lights out and Split-S. We beat feet west for the IP on the deck.

Getting away from the river valley and into the dark countryside we climbed to a safe altitude to clear the mountains en route to Udorn. Then started to take care of some pilot stuff. We had used up the left stub tank getting there and most of the right. We were on internal over the target and used the centerline while holding. Time to clean up the fuel mess. The right stub ran out almost right away, just a couple minutes were left in it. Time to jettison. That's when the longest two seconds of my life occurred.

I hit the button but instead of falling away it pitched up, slammed back against the leading edge making it into a vee shape and came bouncing along the leading edge of the wing toward the fuselage. I can see it to this day, making four bounces and then falling away under the wing. It all happened in one or two seconds, didn't even have time to say "Oh shit." I sometimes wonder what would have happened to the right horizontal stabilizer if it had decided to pass up and over the wing instead of under. I don't dwell on it though, too scary.

The five Jollies, three carrying the assault force and two empty because of no prisoners, were all together having had to hit a tanker in order to make it back. The A-1's were spread out who knew where but still in radio contact. As we crossed the PDJ we picked up the beeper of the downed Weasels and soon made voice contact. They were both all right. #1 was cool but #2 was a little panicky. Not because he was being threatened but because he was all alone, in the dark, in the woods, in Laos. I didn't blame him one bit.

Then we made contact with four Sandy's launched out of NKP in answer to the Weasel's May Day. They didn't know who we were because of the call signs. Took a hell of a while to convince them that Peach and Apple really meant Sandy and Jolly.

The call sign battle had been long and arduous but in the end we lost. I'll never forgive the Air Force for either picking them or allowing them to be forced on us. At least the Army had call signs that if not macho were at least neutral. Blue Boy, Red Wine, Green Leaf, Gear Box and Axle. What did the wimpy Air Force come up with? A-1's, Peach; Jollies, Apple, the HH-3 that crash-landed in the compound, Banana; Talons, Cherry; and the C-130 tanker, Lime. A damn fruit salad. It was embarrassing, down right humiliating. I'll never forgive those pencil-pushing Air Force pukes for that.

Anyway, it was decided that the two empty Jollies would hang around with the four Sandy's and make a first light pick up. From what I understand it was uncontested and pretty much a piece of cake.

Landing at Udorn we were all rushed to debriefing, a building right on the flight line. As I walked in I was met by a group of Intel people with wide grins across their faces and seemed higher than kites. I thought they were lunatics. They asked "How many prisoners?" I said, "None, the camp was empty." The grins disappeared and their faces turned pale. "What?" I repeated it and thought they were going to pass out.

What had happened was after leaving the target area the Army did a head count and got it all screwed up. For a while they thought someone might have been left behind. For several minutes over the radio we could hear the chatter between the Jollies. "I've got thirty-three, I've got thirty-five, I've got thirty-two, I've got thirty-one." Seemed to go on forever. Finally they got it right and no one was left behind. The high orbiting EC-135 must have been relaying all that back to Udorn and it was interpreted by the Intel people as a prisoner count. They all thought we had rescued thirty some prisoners.

Once that got squared away debriefing fell apart. People running every which way. I don't remember ever being debriefed and don't

think anyone ever was. What preparations had been made to receive prisoners I don't know but they had to be considerable and now were all down the tubes. It was almost a state of panic.

Col Simons, Jerry Rhine, Dick Meadows and maybe others were whisked off to meet with Gen. Leroy Manor at Monkey Mountain, Da Nang. The rest of us were left in the lurch and forgotten about. The sun was coming up by then and we all wandered out onto the ramp. We sat down on the cement cross legged, in circles of about ten, in our reeking sweat-soaked flight suits, and the grunts with their blackened faces, guns, grenades and what-have-you hanging off them. They were bleeding from every square inch of exposed skin from dozens of cuts, scrapes and bruises. We were all just sat mumbling to each other. No stories were being told. We had all just done it, seen it or heard it and knew what had happened.

Someone came out and handed a bottle to each of the circles. Everyone took a sip and passed it around and around and around, until it was empty. All of us were still just mumbling to ourselves and to each other. I can't attest to what was going on at the other circles but there wasn't a dry eye at ours. A tear running down every cheek; a gallant effort with nothing to show. To hell and back for naught.

### About the Author

John Waresch enlisted in the Navy at the age of eighteen in 1953. After three year years (Naval Air) he was transferred into the reserves and in 1957 received a draft notice. Desiring to become a pilot he enlisted in the Air Force flight cadet program. In June 1959 John Waresch graduated and was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant and awarded seven years prior service for his Naval and AF enlisted time.



LTC Waresch had multiple tours in Southeast Asia flying A-1 Skyraiders from NKP into Laos. His only two missions into Vietnam were in the North; the Son Tay Raid and one more excursion. He has thousands of hours flying aircraft to include, B-47 bombers, T-33's, the fast McDonnell Voodoo F-101 (max speed 1.5 MAC) and his favorite non combat aircraft, the T-38 which he compares to an exotic sports car. The colonel's favorite combat aircraft is the Douglas A-1 Skyraider for its close in combat support and maneuverability. The helmet, oxygen mast and gloves he used when flying fighter jets is pictured above.

LTC Waresch retired in 1987 with 34 years combined service. He then flew civilian L-1011 jets for American Trans Air for seven years until mandatory FAA regulations required retiring at age 60. He currently 'pilot's' his motorcycle for fun!



# Chapter 78 Monthly Meeting Starts 2017 with a Bang



Mike Keele

Tis rare when a Ch. 78 meeting ends in a shoot out. Once a year, maybe, but certainly not more. So, the morning of the January 20, 2017 started off with the usual pleasantries; coffee, donuts-bagels for the cholesterol counters, and yogurt for the really healthy of heart and mind. Ever the politician, President Bruce made the rounds doing the grip and grin, talking to new members and old codgers alike. Introductions continued until it was clear everyone could cheat (on their diets,

of course) and eat no more. The meeting was called to order, and Bruce, with his eye on the bottom line, noticing an apparent lack of Berets, ordered our Sgt. at Arms, Mark Miller, to collect the fines.

As the meeting droned on and on, some fidgeting and nervous looks began to invade the calm. Finally, one earnest fellow cut in on another's moment in the spotlight, making a motion that the meeting be adjourned so we could do some shootin' and scootin'. It was pointed out to the humbled youngster not a shot would be fired before 0h, eleven hundred hours. "Oh. Well, then, does anybody have an extra donut stashed somewhere?" Further chastening was administered and it was revealed that sandwiches and cookies would be available after the meeting adjourned.

Decisions made and cheeks stuffed with cookies and sandwiches, the mob was divided into groups. A briefing was given, mostly for the benefit of the newbies, as Artemis has a rule that only *their* guns are allowed in *their* shoot house. After everybody had been frisked, the instructors, satisfied that no belly guns had slipped through, herded their charges to the shooting stations set up for the day's events.

Artemis is a state of the art training center in Lake Forrest, CA, geared to bring people from "what does a gun look like" innocence to fully qualified-to-carry-concealed-weapons. They train civilians, military and police in advanced tactics and procedures to provide them with the latest techniques and tactics for survival in any number of hazardous situations.

Handgun training, which we were there for, is conducted with Glock model 22's, modified to "shoot" a laser beam, and equipped with a CO2 system which allows the slide to cycle, giving a realistic kick when the weapon is fired. Targets are projected onto a high-tech screen. The location of hits and misses are recorded and displayed on the screen at the end of each shooting cycle, giving real time displays of how well the student had done. They also record the movements of the student through the scenarios in the most advanced chamber, for added enlightenment.

Instruction, given the high tech nature of the shooting range, is conducted by some really high tech young men and women, and it is far superior in word and demonstration to what this old reporter received 47 years ago, when he entered law enforcement.

Basic instruction is given on a straight, flat screen, which has a



From the top clockwise: Chapter 78 members with Artemis instructors; Richard Simonian enjoying a conversation with a fellow Chapter member; Mark Miller and How Miller; Jim Duffy's shirt serves notice.

variety of scenes and target types available. Longer distances are created by making the targets smaller, and ballistics are factored-in for longer distances, based on the drop of a .40 cal bullet fired from a mod. 22, using specific powder. I marveled at the progress we made as our instructor, Craig Schmelter, expertly got more out of a bunch of old war horses than we could have asked for. Confidence came quickly, as each firing cycle was instantly displayed on the screen for critical analysis. Tips were given which seemed to work better in today's environment than it did back in the day.

The last shooting station was a 300 degree set of screens, used this day to put us in harms way from the front, back and sides, all at the same time. We were, in our case, just going to pick up a buddy who was still working in his office. As civilians with concealed weapons permits, we approached the entrance to a large office, where we were confronted by a hysterical woman and the scenario was on! More lessons were learned on this scenario by our mistakes than from what we did right.

And in the end, the winner was.....All of us!

# IN MEMORIAM

## LTC FRANK J. DALLAS



LTC Frank J. Dallas of Clifton, Virginia died peacefully while sleeping on Friday, January 13, 2017,

Born on November 25, 1924 at Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania, his father was a coal miner and he was the oldest of six children. Early in life, he developed a passion for the outdoors and hunting and fishing and as a young man helped provide food for his family during the years of the Great Depression.

While still in high school, LTC Dallas enlisted in the Army during World War II. He served with the 517th Regimental Combat Team (RCT) in Italy, France, Belgium and Germany. During this time, he made a combat jump into southern France and was awarded both the Silver Star and Bronze Star for valor.

After the war and a short break in service, LTC Dallas served in both the 82nd Airborne Division and the 11th Airborne Division. He then went to Officer Candidate School (OCS) and commanded a mortar platoon company in the 1st Cavalry Division during the Korean War.

As a Captain, he completed Special Forces training at Fort Bragg and helped organize the 77th Special Forces (SF) Group, one of the earliest SF units. After an assignment with the 10th SF Group in Germany, he was reassigned to the Special Warfare School at Fort Bragg as the Director of Logistics. His other overseas assignments included training Korean Special forces units in Korea and commanding Special Forces B and C Detachments during the Vietnam War.

In the IV Corps district at Can Tho in the Mekong Delta of South Vietnam, his unit (often called Dallas' 'Navy') successfully integrated three Navy hover boats and nearly 30 airboats into regular Special Forces tactical operations including developing specialized boat gun mounts and floating helicopter landing pads.

LTC Dallas retired from the Army at Fort Bragg on July 1, 1970 after 26 years of devoted service. After retiring from the Army, he worked as a draftsman and project designer for the Fayetteville NC City Engineer. He also enjoyed more time for his lifelong passions for hunting, fishing, woodworking and square dancing.

As one of the early Special Forces soldiers, LTC Dallas was the chairperson of the committee that approved the design and purchase of the first Green Berets and the first SF unit shoulder patch. He was an original member of the SF Decade Club (predecessor to the SF Association) and was, in fact, the first club president. He holds the first membership card issued (#D-1) in the

history of the organization. He also helped design the statue of the Special Forces soldier that still stands in front of the JFK Special Warfare Center at Fort Bragg.

His military awards and accommodations included the Silver Star, the Legion of Merit with one oak leaf cluster, a Bronze Star with V-device and two oak leaf clusters, the Purple Heart with two oak leaf clusters, the Meritorious Service Medal, the Air Medal with two oak leaf clusters, three awards of the Combat Infantryman's Badge (CIB), and the Special Forces Tab. He also earned the European-African-Middle Eastern Medal with an arrowhead and five campaign stars, the World War II Victory Medal, both the French and Belgium Croix de Guerre, the Vietnamese Gallantry Cross, the Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal, the United Nations Medal, the Master Parachutist Badge, the Glider Badge, and both Korea and Vietnam Parachutist Badges.

Frank is survived by his beloved wife of nearly 70 years, Josephine (Jo) Tarone Dallas; son, Ed (Mary Jo); daughters, Nancy (Jim) and Patty (Ray); seven grandchildren who adored their Poppie; a brother, Dale; as well as, many nieces and nephews.

Lieutenant Colonel Dallas will be buried with military honors at Arlington National Cemetery at a date to be determined. A Mass of Christian burial was celebrated in Frank's name at Saint Andrew the Apostle Catholic Church, 6720 Union Mill Road on Saturday, January 21 at 12 p.m.

All of their children are also associated with the Army; Lieutenant Colonel retired Edward Dallas and wife Mary Jo, Nancy Dallas Boatner and her husband Colonel retired Jim Boatner, and Lieutenant General Patricia Dallas Horoho and her husband Colonel retired Ray Horoho. LTG Horoho is an Army nurse and served as the 43rd Surgeon General of the Army, the senior medical soldier on active duty.