

mas trees from Ataturk's forest beside the Detachment (can't remember). Mike cross-trained in '68 serviced SR-71 Blackbirds at Beale AFB. He married Francine Judish in 1968. I have learned he had a heart attack in March.

James Robert Duval

SUBMITTED BY RICH (NICK) CHARLES, 2001.5.7, DOUG.NEELEY@NOKIA.COM

Age 65, born January 21 1936 in Sharon, Pa and passed away April 30 2001 at his home in Sacramento. Mr. Duvall retired from the US Air Force in 1976 after 26 years of service. He retired from McClellan AFB as a Supervising Production Controller in 1998. He is survived by his devoted wife of 23 years, Andree; loving children Michael Duvall and Catherine (Volin) Marianovich and grandchildren Nichole and Nadia Marianovich.

COMMANDER'S RECALL

Background: In light of the ongoing process that is AFTAC, a desire to record the impressions of this "from the top" and the notion we are entering a new millenium, we asked previous AFTAC commanders (for whom we had addresses) to give us a synopsis of their time with the command. We received positive responses from almost every commander to include Gen's Silliman, Gordon, Clapper, O'Lear, Bingham and Shaffer and Col's Meisenheimer, Wigington, Beatty and Dettmer. We thank these gentlemen for taking the time and effort to share their enlightening remembrances with us. We feature replies (one an issue) in the chronological order of their time of command - reCalls in previous issues, Gen (Ret) Silliman, Gen (Ret) Gordon, Col (Ret) Meisenheimer, Gen's (Ret) Clapper, O'Lear and Bingham, Gen Shaffer and Col (Ret) Wigington ...

We have respectfully requested inputs from AFTAC's two most recent Commanders, Col's Beatty and Dettmer. We feel confident they will reply as they find the opportunity in their busy active-duty lives.

We look forward to being able to pass on their 'Commander's reCall' ...

I Remember...

AFTAC History by those who were there

PREPARED FROM YOUR INPUTS We solicit your unclassified remembrances of highlights in your AFTAC career (events, people, etc.). Forward these memories to us at 'chrisjohn@juno.com' or ATTN Remembrances column, to the Alumni Address (see left column, page 2) - we will publish them as soon as we can. Thanks for your help.

No Input Received

A BS (Barely Substantiated) Tale!

PREPARED FROM YOUR INPUTS. We solicit unclassified humorous tales about AFTAC events and people - recognizing these anecdotes may be Barely Substantiated (BS). Forward your BS to us at

'chrisjohn@juno.com' or ATTN BS column, to the Alumni Address (see left column, page 2) - we will publish them as soon as we can. Thanks for your help.

As promised in the last issue, this quarter we are lucky enough to have a BS to tell. A brave, long-time AFTACer steps up ... thank you

Bob Chadwick

SENT IN 2001.02.25

I was performing my one year remote assignment at an O'seas location, unnamed for obvious reasons but pleasant beyond words, when one considers that the other choice John **Whited** gave me was Thule, Greenland. The time is late 1971, on a weekend.

Our story opens with me awakened by the phone in my room ringing. Bleary eyed and foul mouthed from the after effects of our Friday after-work thanks offering to the gods for getting us all another week closer to DEROS, I answered..

"Huuhhh...."

"Bob? This is Capt **Booton**" (That's Harley D, for the purists)

"Huuhhh, Sir...."

"Hey.. I understand your wife and kids are in Australia while you're here, right??"

Now, those are words that got my attention. Yeah, when I took this assignment one of the reasons was that it'd be a perfect chance to send them back to her parents' place and spend the year among relatives. They were there, an hour or so outside Sydney. BUT.. Why in blazes is my Commander asking me that question over the phone first thing on a Saturday AM?? Cripes. An accident. Something bad is happening. Oh, Well. Believe me, this snapped the old brain out of the coma.

"Yes, Captain. What's going on? Trouble there? Are they OK? What in tarnation is this about?"

"Nothing to do with your family, as far as I know they're OK. I can't talk over the phone but we need to meet. Can you be in the hotel restaurant in 15 minutes?"

"Sure. See you there."

Mystified, I got dressed and went down and ingested a couple cups of strong coffee as I waited. He arrived in short order and set forth his plight, assuring me that my wife and kids were OK and not involved in this except peripherally.

It was like this. As we all know, Sydney was a big R & R stop for the guys during the Vietnam War. Lots of GI's went there. It was a great place to go; one of the few places in the world where an American GI could go and not get snarled at or cheated. Naturally, there were a few who were not inclined to return at the end of their 2 weeks. The

Army had a small cop outfit at the R&R center to deal with these people.

Turns out one kid had managed to go AWOL, get caught, and then escape custody and jump a ship headed to the Islands. When the ship's crew found the stowaway, he was ejected into the custody of the American Consulate on our island. The Consulate needed a way to escort him back to Sydney to the custody of the R&R cops. So, they called Capt B.

Capt Booton told the Consul he was sure he could get a volunteer for this one. Knowing my family was already in Australia, he reckoned I'd be a good first choice. Perceptive man. Figured that one right out. So ... He made the offer.

"How about you escort this guy down there and after you deliver him go to your family and just stay there a week or two? Sound good?"

"Yeah, sir, except I got no leave left."

I didn't bother to mention that I was wondering about my physical safety on this one... I could just imagine a Green Beret type about the size and temperament of Mike Tyson handcuffed to me on a plane to Sydney...

"Don't sweat that. Come back when you're ready. You're on courier duty if anyone asks, and the chances of that are slim"

"OK. I'll take it. What's next?" With unexpressed but great trepidation. (Those of you who've worked with me -there's a bunch, I was in the outfit from 1962 till 1983 - might remember that I ain't the prisoner escorting type)

"They're bringing him over Sunday afternoon. You'll go out on the Pan Am at 9 that night. The R&R cops will be there at the plane when you arrive. You'll be first off the plane, and the airport cops are alerted too, so there'll be no problems. Aircrew will also be briefed. It should be a piece of cake"

It was, in fact. The deserter was a little kid from New York City, about 19, weedy little snark, no problem at all. I told him that if he gave me no grief on the trip, I'd write him a note stating that, for what it'd be worth. He behaved; I wrote the note. Really uneventful trip, except I had to pass up the complementary beers. Broke my heart.

We arrived at Sydney. Sure enough, when we got off, there was an obvious American cop waiting at the gangplank for us. Bermudas, loud shirt, crew cut and the ugliest, loudest sports coat I'd seen on a human being till I retired and landed in Florida. Two Australian Navy Shore Patrolmen backed him up. Those guys were impressive.

Looked like trees. BIG dudes. Serious as heart attacks, too.

As I was shaking our CID guy's hand and swapping ID's and papers, I noticed that my prisoner had gotten a bit shaky and was a shade green around the gills and somewhat nervous. Glancing at the SP's I also noted some recognition pass between them and the prisoner, and I could swear I saw a fleeting smile pass between the two SP's.

After the SP's took custody of our lad, the CID guy and I took a cab to my hotel. I commented on the emotional by-play at the airport. "It almost looked to me like the prisoner and the SP's knew each other, Bill.."

Yeah. You're right on that one. Remember how he had escaped custody once already? Well, seems that the guys he got away from were those two, and they each lost a stripe for it. When they found out he was coming back, they were very anxious to be in his "Welcome Home" party"

"Oh. That's interesting. I expect our lad will be having a very uncomfortable night tonight"

"You can take that right straight to the bank"

So... Prisoner delivered, I spent a pleasant week or so in Albury visiting relatives and family, and accumulating a war story, which I herewith present for the perusal and edification of my AFTAC colleagues.

Of course everyone that has read any Clancy knows the difference between a war story and a fairy tale.. A fairy tale begins "Once upon a time"; a war story begins "No bull, this actually happened". In this case, it did. I think Tony DeMarco could verify it....

Bob Chadwick, E8 (retired 1983), Z1, I, B Systems (overseas), Hq Data Terminal Maintenance (CONUS) thanks so much Bob, and we look forward to more ...

Where are ya?!!

PREPARED FROM YOUR INPUTS. Where we attempt to get you, the alumni reader, to let us know "where ya are" and "what'cha been doin" - Forward these updates to us at 'chrisjohn@juno.com' or ATTN Updates column to the Alumni Address (see left column, page 2) - we will publish them as soon as we can. Thanks for your help.

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