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The Ugly Angel Memorial Foundation Newsletter

Ugly HAC Shows Outgoing President the Sights

Marine One pilot is Ugly Grad—and Guest Speaker

By Tom Dalton Staff writer—Salem News

Instead of taking the president directly to Andrews Air Force Base for the flight home to Texas, the pilot decided to give Bush a "victory lap" over the National Mall, which was packed with an estimated 2 million people.

"I kind of made that decision on my own," said U.S. Marine Corps Col. Ray L'Heureux, who grew up on Beckford Street in Salem, the third of seven children of Roger and Virginia L'Heureux.

"First of all, it was very, very nostalgic for me to fly the last flight of a president we have all loved," said L'Heureux, 47, commander of Marine Helicopter Squadron One, based in Quantico, Va.

"He is our commander in chief, and it had to be nostalgic for him, as well. ... I just thought with all the excitement down below it would be kind of a neat thing to put all that excitement out his left window."

L'Heureux, who went to the former Bowditch Elementary School and Salem High, has been Bush's personal pilot for the past 18 months of a two-year command. He flew Bush to Camp David for weekend getaways, around his ranch in Crawford, Texas, and all over the world.

"We accompany the president wherever he goes globally," he said.

That has meant trips to England, Germany, Romania and Poland — and also Iraq and Afghanistan. While the president flies over in Air Force One, the Marine One helicopter is flown in parts and then reassembled overseas.

"We will break (it down), and stuff the helicopter in the back of big cargo jets," he said.

While flying about 90 percent of Bush's official presidential trips, L'Heureux has gotten to know the man who has led this country for the past eight years.



Continuing a long line of Ugly Presidential Pilots...

"He is just an absolutely wonderful man," he said. "He has treated all of us within the White House military office very kindly and very graciously. You can tell on his face, or just when he deals with you, his affection for us in uniform, and that's across the broad spectrum. ... He just has a very, very warm affinity for all of us."

On Tuesday, L'Heureux flew the helicopter to the Capitol grounds early in the morning, landing around 7 a.m. "We had already flown down the mall just prior to that," he said. "It already was starting to get very crowded."

As soon as President Barack Obama finished his inaugural address, L'Heureux got into Marine One and started it up. In addition to the president and Laura Bush, passengers included their two daughters, a son-in-law, and former President George H.W. Bush and his wife, Barbara.

"(Bush) was talking mostly to his family, and I was busy flying," L'Heureux said.

L'Heureux stressed that he doesn't perform this awesome task by himself. He is one man in a large squadron. "I've got about 750 other Marines that help me do it," he said.

Now that Bush has gone home to Texas, L'Heureux will be flying a new boss named Obama.

"We fly the president, whoever happens to be the president," he said. "... I'm sure he's a great guy. And, like I said, we're a service provider and the squadron is absolutely looking forward to supporting our next president."

Bionic Man Brought to Justice

January 17, 2009 Canon City, CO

This looks like a wedding we all should have made it to. We were invited. The elegant lady is the former Beth Fischer who has been guiding former Ugly pilot, Bill "Muddy" Waters for a long time and it has not been an easy job. Bill served 3 tours in Vietnam, one of which was as an Ugly in 65-66 and another as a C-130 pilot.

In 1986, at the age of 50, he was diagnosed with Diabetes, Type II. In 2000 he started having kidney failure with regular dialysis treatments.

In February, 2006, they began whacking away at him by taking a leg away and that might still be going on but he was fortunate enough to find a perfect kidney replacement and in March of 2007 he was certified "good to go" with weekly remote blood tests.



The photo includes the Pikes Peak Detachment of Colorado Springs, CO of the Marine Corps League. Beth & Muddy are both members of the League. They could not come up with enough swords as all wanted to participate so they saluted the wedding party as they exited the church. The best man and groomsman were both former Marines. The ushers were HS classmates, one retired USAF Lt. Col. and the other a retired USA CWO4.



Letters to the Editor

Sir:

It is with a deep, long-held and unrealized sorrow that I report to you these many years later.

My name is Hal B. "Skip" Westfield and I am currently a 63 year-old battalion chief in the fire department at the U.S. Army National Training Center at Fort Irwin, California. I am also a retired Fire Chief of MCLB, Barstow, CA. I have served in that and lesser positions in the DoD Fire Service for 35+ years now.

But on 31 March 1968 I was a 22 year-old Construction Electrician 2nd Class attached to Mobile Construction Battalion (MCB) Nine, Detail Echo a few clicks south of Phu Loc, RVN as a communicator. Our mission was to establish and hold a camp designed to quarry and crush rock for the maintenance of Highway One, the main artery between Da Nang (our home base) and Hue/Phu Bai.

Little did any of us in country know what was about to hit when the Tet offensive began or its magnitude. At about 0200 under cover of heavy fog, our camp sustained numerous incoming rounds of 57 mm recoilless rifle and mortar fire. During that initial attack, one round of enemy fire impacted at the base of one of our 81 mm mortar tubes killing 5 Seabees immediately and wounding several others, including Marines from 2/5 attached to us. Following the first of two attacks, a damage assessment indicated an immediate need for medevac of the wounded. It was my duty to request that for our KIA and WIA on that fateful morning when so many units had come under attack simultaneously. With the terrible weather conditions and darkness, we really didn't expect any assistance until first light. When the medevac chopper I had requested contacted me, I was truly shocked that anyone would attempt such a hazardous undertaking under the worst possible conditions. I was talking to the pilot via my PRC-10 as he neared our location. With the multiple attacks and below minimum weather conditions, I never thought anyone would make the attempt to come to our aid. These Marines did all they could to provide that assistance. The bravery of those men is above reproach and speaks of their dedication, love for their fellow man and devotion to duty.

As soon as I made contact with them (I don't remember the call sign) I could just hear their rotors through the fog, slowly getting louder. I advised the pilot to continue south and I would give him a "hack" when he was directly in front of our wire. Slowly, the sound of their rotors grew louder then began to diminish until I could no longer hear it. I called them again but received no response. I tried several more times, without response. I then returned to our CP and advised our OIC of the events. We then requested another evac and were advised it would have to wait until dawn. During those intervening hours, until the fog cleared and the sun rose, I stood outside with my radio alongside the body bags that held my friends' remains. When the second HUS arrived, I was talking him in over our wire when the next attack occurred. The enemy had obviously waited for him to land in an attempt to take out the HUS as well. I waved him off verbally and manually and asked him to orbit over Cau Hai bay until the smoke cleared. Thank God he did and we brought him in and quickly loaded the KIA and WIA to get him airborne as rapidly as possible. He launched without incident and returned to base carrying the bodies of my Seabee buddies and the wounded we had sustained, one of whom our medics had kept alive, though severely wounded, who unfortunately succumbed to his injuries around noon of that day in the Phu Bai hospital.



Skip at a less eventful moment.

Now, for some reason, something has guided me to your website and I was shocked to read the message indicating that they had crashed north and west of our camp, somewhere on the slopes of Hill 494, and that some had perished. Their sacrifice will not be forgotten as it has not all these years. To this day, I continue to recite, almost daily, the names of George DeShurley, John Peek, Mark Hodel, Jim Retzloff, Allan Mair and Jim Galatti; 6 US Navy Seabees who perished on that morning during Tet '68. Nothing would make me more proud than to add the names of those gallant Marines who died coming to our aid. Someone besides their family needs to remember. While I am sad for the loss of these great men, I am also overjoyed that some had survived. If only I could thank and recognize them personally. I am going to copy the message you have posted of their loss. Sad as this may be so many years later, it does provide me some small closure. I have now added the names Sgt. Daniel Pesimer and Cpl. Kenneth Yantis to my own little "memory wall" that I carry with me, in my head, to this day. For the last 41 years, I never truly realized how plagued I was by thoughts of that first crew and wondered at their fate and prayed that the crew had decided that the conditions were just too hazardous to attempt a landing and had reversed course to return to base. However, I also feared that their fate was much worse. It's been more than a little traumatic for me to finally know.

To the families of the Marines who came when no one else could, I can only say that no one is truly gone as long as their memory lives. Theirs will stay with me as long as I exist.

If it is at all possible, I would be eternally grateful to you if you are able to find the names of the crew who came to our aid

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at first light on 31 March 1968 so that I may try to thank them and extend to my Jarhead angels and brothers the deep and abiding love and respect I feel for them which I will carry with me to my grave. If you could help me in this endeavor, I would be forever in your debt.

May God bless and keep all our brothers and sisters-in-arms safe within his loving embrace and protect and guide them home again.

Semper Fi and "Can Do"

H.B. "Skip" Westfield

P.S. - I apologize for the length of this message, but am finally able to come to terms, a little bit more, with what I have carried with me these many years. Your website has allowed me to once again recognize the closeness that Marines and Seabees share. I knew it then and I am glad to reaffirm that kinship now. Keep up your great work of chronicling the benchmarks of HMM-362 and thanks for being there. Oo-rah!

Editor's Note~ The above was shared with both Tom Brownfield and Dave Jones, the 2 pilots who were both seriously injured in the crash of the chase bird when Ken and Dan were KIA. After being separated and sent to separate stateside hospitals, they hadn't seen each other until the Reno Reunion. Both had a few items of confusion but Skip's account and the online After Action reports from the Texas Tech Virtual Archives settled some of the issues. Lt Schryver was KIA in one of the mid-air and both Col Shauer and Sgt. Corrona have dropped off of the mailing lists. If anyone has info on their whereabouts, please advise the editor. Ray Popwell is apparently the only active contact we have from the lead aircraft.

Thanks to Skip, of course, for writing.

Classification: UNCLASSIFIED

Heavies Make History Big Time—On 2 Fronts

Ben,

Thank for your continued support to the Ugliers. I concur 100% on not changing Ugly Angels to Ugly Face, I don't want to change the legacy; just carry it on.

Our arrival to Afghanistan 47 years after our predecessors left the USS Princeton for Soc Trang Vietnam was on all of our minds as we conducted our move. Operation SHUFLY remains a proud touchstone in the Ugly Angel history that established the stellar reputation the squadron has enjoyed ever since. The opportunity to fight in two theaters during the same deployment is both challenging and rare. When HMMH-362 was selected to move out of combat operations in Iraq to support combat operations in Afghanistan, we all knew that we were staring another of those moments right in the face.

You could not be more proud of what these young Marines and Sailors have done and how they have carried themselves during this movement. I want to give you just a brief snapshot of what they did just to get us ready for the move. Without reducing the support to combat operations, we executed a planned engine upgrade from the T64-GE-413 to the T64-GE-416. They changed 20 engines and tested all 10 aircraft in 22 days without dropping a flight. Toward the end of those engine changes they began breaking down all our aircraft for movement via C-17. The shop spaces were all packed out and, as Marines always do, we left our facilities better than we received them. They are the model of hard working professionals that you all expect.

We all thank you for the proud history you have handed down to us and we look forward to writing another fine chapter.

Semper Malus,

Face

LtCol Jeff Hagan

Commanding Officer

HMMH-362 "Ugly Angels"





~ Taps ~

Bob Nash, RTB, September 27th, 2007

On approximately the 9th of March, the editor received a message forwarded from Brook Stevenson through Robbie Robertson seeking information on an Ugly Pilot named Bob Nash, class of 65-66. Some of you might know that Brook runs several websites and one of them is for those of you who were MARCAD trained which was why he was trying to find Bob.

I got one pretty immediate reply: *"thanks Bob this is for one of our guys that is now taking care of his own mother and has no computer.... he last saw Bob as a passenger on one of his PANAM flights as a Pilot"* I copied the message but not sure who sent it.

Almost a month later I copied the following correspondence from Larry Collins:

Brook, thank you for the telephone call regarding Bob Nash. I didn't know that our fellow Ugly Angels were unaware of where he lived or his status. I haven't seen any of you since RENO 2004. I will update you all ... starting that fateful day just over 43 years ago.

Operation Double Eagle I was the second section leader (Bill Waters was lead) when Bob and I were shot down 21 February 1966. After Bob was taken to the USS Repose I did not see him again until that fall. While attending the Naval Aviation Safety Officer School, Monterey CA I visited him at USNH Oak Knoll. I next saw Bob in Orange County when I was living in Westminster ... while stationed at MCAS (H) Tustin in 1979. Bill Waters and I were squadron COs at the time. He came to my home on a weekend driving a VA auto with all controls on the dash/ steering wheel. He was in great spirits and walked with leg braces and crutches. He told me he had completed his college degree, was engaged and was an artist. I did not hear from him again until two years ago:

Larry,

Went to a model show at the Flight Museum in Seattle where I saw a model of the H34 with HMM 362 on the side. Offered to buy it, but the guy refused and gave it to me. Much reminiscing got us to PopASmoke where I saw your posting. Could you email your phone number or give me a call?

Best regards, Bob Nash

I called Bob ... following is an email that I sent at the time to Brow (Mike Severson). *Out of the blue I re-established contact with Bob Nash ... after 40 years. I talked to him for 3 hours and 20 minutes Monday and another hour and a half yesterday.....We had an outstanding conversation and I just wish we'd done so sooner. Got rid of some ghosts. He was in good spirits. Time flies ... Semper Fi, Larry*

In ensuing email I received pictures of Bob, wife Michelle and daughter Andi .

Upon receiving but before forwarding the following "excerpt" from my email from Michelle I tried to contact her ... but was unsuccessful:

11 October, 2007

It is with a heavy heart that I write to you to tell you that Bob passed away last Thursday Sep 27 as a result of the Parkinson's Disease ... "Songs of Distant Earth;" listen to it and you will be one with Bob. It was the album we played constantly the last couple of months...

Michelle Nash

Bob and Michelle's daughter was attending College in Colorado when he passed on. I think Michelle may have moved there to be with Andi.

I regret that this "sad news" may be new to some. However I am sure you will be happy to learn that he had decades of happiness and success after his lengthy rehab - so long ago.

Rest in Peace Bob Nash!



Editor's note: Thanks to Larry for copying us on this. We are hoping that he can develop a report of the incident when they were shot down so that we can add it to the squadron history. Maybe we will have something in the next issue.

Tyler Bush, RTB, October 25, 2008



Tyler Bush, one of the original Archie's Angels passed away October 25th, 2008. Aside from 12 years in the Corps, he lived his whole life on the family farm in Emporium, PA. In addition to serving at Soc Trang in 1962 as an Intelligence Specialist, he did a second tour in Vietnam when he served on Westmoreland's staff and received both the Bronze Star and the Joint Service Commendation for that duty. Other service included recruiting duty and serving on the Officer Selection Board in Florida. No cause of death was given other than information that he had recently undergone pretty severe treatment.

T.K. left the service after 12 years for health reasons and to take care of his mother. Reading his obituary it is obvious that the man was a scholar, a writer and an entrepreneur. He was active in both the VFW and the Marine Corps Intelligence Association. He had published papers in various military, historical, cooking and antique publications. At either the 20th or 25th anniversary of the Soc Trang landing, he wrote an important article for Leatherneck recounting HMM-362's first involvement with this small nation with which each of us was to become so intimately involved.

Apparently Tyler had not married and left only three of four sisters.

Darrell Tygart, RTB, November 4, 2008

Darrell kept us all guessing but he beat the cancer long enough and then some to make it to the reunion.

He served on active duty for 9 yrs; 1965-1974 which included 3 tours in-country and included ship time. This included two tours with HMM-362, 67 through 69 and one with 1 with HMM-165 towards the end of the war. Decorations included 3 Purple Hearts and the Navy and Marine Corps Medal. Like Bobby Johns, who pre-deceased him, Darrell rose through the ranks and provided leadership and mechanical guidance to countless new mechs and crew chiefs. He left the Corps as a Staff Sergeant.

He was born and raised in Denver, Colorado and other than military service, he didn't live anywhere else. He dropped out of high school at 17 to enlist. He began two years of police work in Millington TN right after his discharge and then returned to Denver to begin a career with the Westminster Police Department. He retired after 31 years of service for a total of 33 years as a cop. He was a Commander when he retired and was really respected by his officers. Oldest daughter, Deidre (Dee), claimed his mantra was, "you have to take care of your troops first".

Darrell may be the only one of us to have a wife named Angel. He might also have a record number of children for those of us within 362; five and three step-kids.

After retirement from the force, he ran the Denver Consistory of the Scottish Rite where he could still be found wrapping up loose-ends days before his passing. This involved Masons and a lot of charity work including the Shriner's hospitals in the Denver region and the hearing program at the Children's hospital among other things.



Darrell and Steve, from Steve

His favorite hobby and passion was riding his Harley Davidson and he actually would strap his oxygen tank to the bike on the days he felt well enough to ride.

Dee claimed, "He was always a comedian right up until the end, and it was his life's work to make the world a better place to live. He knew that was idealistic but he worked very hard his whole life to make a difference. He was larger than life and actually very humble at the same time."

“Doc” Rob Roy, RTB, 20 November, 2008

Like Darrell, Rob was cutting it close for the reunion but he was just as determined since it would be his only one. Like Darrell, he also had lung cancer. Rob had just turned 65 in October. He had only linked up with the squadron about 3 years ago but once aboard was an enthusiastic member and, like Darrell, showed great persistence in making it to the reunion in DC.



Rob was on his second RVN tour and had just been promoted to HM2 when he was wounded on October 8th, 1967 while flying with Capt. Niederhaus, Lt. Pilck, Crew chief Joe Williams and a gunner from 164 named McAleavey. Captain, now Colonel Niederhaus, mentioned to me that they were being called in by someone speaking English, possibly a pilot who'd been shot down or someone impersonating one. At the time, Rob was preparing to exit the aircraft as soon as they landed when two or three machine guns opened up on them wounding 4 of the crew. He was hit in the lower right leg shattering both the tibia and fibula. He told me that McAleavey was the worst wounded and that the pilot was hit in the hand and he thinks that the co-pilot was hit twice. Williams and Rob tried to bandage who they could but he was pretty badly wounded himself and was not always conscious.

Prior to the shooting, Rob had been the senior corpsman at MAG 36, flying with all of the squadrons but at the time was assigned specifically to 362. He ended up with credit for 160 missions.

After making it back to the States, Rob spent about three years in New England Naval and VA hospitals.

After his discharge, to build strength in his leg, he signed on as an apprentice to a stone mason just to put the leg to some extreme use. He attended various New England colleges and found a career at Digital Equipment Corporation as a quality and reliability engineer. After they shut down he drove a truck for several years and finally a local school bus where, no doubt, he instilled a sense of Marine Corps discipline in his young passengers. His later years were spent rebuilding their home.

Rob left his loving wife, Shirley, who many of you met in August, two sons and a daughter as well as two stepsons and a bunch of grandchildren. It was unfortunate that he didn't find us until about three years before his death because he was a highly motivated guy and really loved having been one of us. To get a real flavor of the kind of guy he was check out both of the 2007 newsletters. One is an explanation of sorts describing when one is a Navy Corpsman and when one is a Marine Corpsman and the other is about when he and I visited Curtis Gray just before Curt's RTB.

Profiles in Courage



Darrell, (L) and Rob(R) chatting with Sgt. And Mrs. Wally after rededication.
Photo from Jim and June Street.

Finances

Treasurers Report December 31, 2008

Current Assets

Checking account	2,618.71	Income 2008	4,767.00
Long-term account	11,788.06	Expenses 2008	5,487.53
TOTAL	14,406.77		

Uncle Len Wants You!!!

This is the Avionics Shop at Soc Trang, 1962. You can bet they never thought this little squabble would go on for so long.

Anyway, the point is that our own ultra senior CWO 5 Len Alteno wants to track down as many of the Archie's Angels enlisted guys as possible. The pilots have always led the pack for the Officers and now it's the Enlisted guys turn to lead at Reno, next year. Let Len know if you have an address for any one who wore chevrons at Soc Trang

L to R are : L.E. Claytor; B.R. Whaley; D.K. McGrath; W.J. Basiliere (head only); B.C. Hamilton; R.I. Murphy; J.J. Roberts.



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Reunion Notes

October, 2009

JD 00 is starting to look like a real UH-34

Here's the question of the day. If a mini-reunion is held in the Dallas –Fort Worth Area in the October time frame, would you be apt to attend? Please respond to the Fort Worth Bill McNair at yl3cc@yahoo.com

Or include a note when you order challenge coins on the next page

Summer, 2010—Standby to standby. Pop A Smoke in Reno, Nevada

More info to follow!!

<http://www.hmm-362.us/>

Make sure you and your buddies are on the roster and the info is correct.

Texas Tech has a wonderful Virtual Archives. Most, but not all of our After Action Reports and Command Chronologies are there. Soon there will be links to those reports from our pages.

Remember Our Goals

UAMF, Inc. goals:

1. Publication of a periodic newsletter.
2. Preparation of a written and oral history of the Ugly Angels.
3. Organize periodic meetings/reunions of members of the UAMF.



1-5/8"

Deadline for orders at May 31, 2009.

Checks should be made payable to me, Bill McNair (NOT to the UAMFI and addressed to me at:

Bill McNair
6208 Dovenshire Ter.
Fort Worth, Tx. 76112

The ordering price for each coin is \$5.00 each. Postage can be calculated using the same table as the last coin project.

-  ANTIQUE BRASS METAL
-  PMS 012C
-  PMS 186C
-  PMS 356C
-  BLACK



1-5/8"

This lettering should be in black, please

-  ANTIQUE BRASS METAL
 -  PMS132C
 -  PMS 356C
 -  BLACK
 -  WHITE
 -  PMS 424C
 -  PMS 012C
-  3D
 3D

 3D

Amount of check to include coin(s) and postage as follows:

COINS	CHECK AMT	COINS	CHECK AMT	COINS	CHECK AMT	COINS	CHECK AMT
1	\$ 5.90	6	\$32.00	11	\$58.00	16	\$ 83.90
2	\$ 11.25	7	\$37.25	12	\$63.20	17	\$ 89.10
3	\$ 16.50	8	\$42.40	13	\$68.40	18	\$ 94.25
4	\$ 21.70	9	\$47.65	14	\$73.50	19	\$ 99.50
5	\$ 26.90	10	\$52.75	15	\$78.75	20	\$104.70



~FIRST IN ~ LAST
OUT WITH THE H-34~

Bob Skinder
20 Claytor Rd.
Hopkins, SC 29061

Phone:803-783-3019
E-mail: bobskindersouth.net

JD 00 Project Cavanaugh Flight Museum, Addison, TX



We Will
Never
Forget!!

