

Just a Normal Friday Night Local

Just a normal Friday night local, 2 hours around to Indiana and back. We were all tired from the weeks work and didn't want to take all the equipment that we usually did. We chose to do abbreviated medical equipment. The women left their purses in the lockers. Even the men wanted to travel light. Suppose they mostly do anyway. We carried what we needed to the plane and took off for the evening. It was beautiful with the sun setting across the sky. We were ready for a quick, easy flight. Our flight plans and missions were set. As Murphy's Law would have it. What can happen, will. The flight was not the easy quick variety we had all hoped for. Along the way, we saw sparks on the right wing. We informed the pilot and copilot. They planned for an emergency stop.



The pilots had sent a radio message and we were coming down to land and saw all these fire trucks, ambulances. I think the whole town was there. We came in and landed.

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Flying with the 67th Aeromed

ON A ROUTINE TRAINING FLIGHT with the 67th Aeromedical evacuation flight, people are being right in pictures. From reverse from left, Captains Shirley Manning, Barbara Hargrove and 1st Lt. Eric Gartz confer above the door of the C-123B engine. Right below, 1st Lt. Daniel Hoover is intent as he checks the pulse of a patient as he administers an IV. In the picture below Captain Hargrove, 1st Lt. Joe Howard and Capt. Lonnie Tripplet join the flurry of activity that comes at the end of each flight—emptying the system of all of the 67th equipment.

Story and photos by Sgt. Jim Hawkins



Luckily, the fire was put out quickly. No one was hurt. So the ambulances went away. There were news reporter running up to us and the crew and asking for stories. Our pilots and copilot contributed, probably navigator and everyone they could get to say something about what had happened. We had to stay the night and wouldn't you know, the ONE time, no one brought purses, wallets, cash, or credit cards. It was just going to be a local, why bring it all. Well, this is why. You never know what can happen up there. Weather, mechanical problems, all possibilities. Anyway, one brave soul had a credit card. He said "You'd better all pay

me back." "This will put me over my limit." Words something like that. Made an impression on us and we vowed to pay him back. The next day, we were greeted with newspaper with us on the front page. We were the talk of the town. The news of the day. One said, "The most exciting thing that ever happened to this town."

We were heroes for a day. The flight home was uneventful. The wonderful soul who paid our way, was paid back (I hope all). We had our story of a lifetime. Thus, ended another chapter of our adventures in the Air Force.

Chris Butterworth

C-123s, C-130s, C-141s, C-9s, and C-5s