



THE

HOTLINE

The Official Publication of the Marine Air Traffic Control Association, Inc.

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In This Issue

Click on an article and it will go there

Commcenter.....	3
The President's Message.....	4
Our Word.....	5
A Marine Legend?.....	6
Reunion Notes.....	7
From The Commandant of the Marine Corps.....	8,9
Reunion Photos.....	10, 11
The Wall.....	12
Speech given by RADM J. Stark, USN.....	13
October 16, Commandant LtCol Anthony Wayne	
Gale USMC Day.....	14
Two Gunnys and a Road Grader.....	15
Marine Arrogance.....	16
Couth cookin'.....	17
TAPS: Beverley "Mickey" Urlie.....	17
New Members and Changes.....	18
TAPS: Col Donald J. McCarthy, USMC.....	18
MATCA Membership/Renewal Form.....	19
Back cover.....	20

ATTENTION- The Hotline for 2012 will be published in January, April, July and October. There will be a special issue for the remebership roster in February.

MATCA BIRTHDAYS

November	December
04 Bob Mifflin	01 Dave Pettipas
04 Norma Murdock	01 Mike Fleming
06 Chet Newcomb	03 Charlie Yetter
07 Bob Young	04 Jim Lague
07 Arthur Leitherer	06 Steve Seman
10 Lena Harman	08 Steve Hulland
10 Bessie Brookins	10 Melissa Hulland
13 Marion Stepp	12 Hermon Moyers
14 Becky Bobell	12 Carole McIntosh
14 Wade Price	13 Syd Wire
16 Russ Niven	14 Joe Medico
18 Stan Briet	14 Michael Edwards
19 Dennis Viall	16 Gerald Kelly
20 Janice Gale	17 Carol Mutter
23 Clarence Cosner	17 Joe Calcasola
24 Brooks Bergeron	17 Charlie Jones
25 Robert Cole	19 Martha Nebel
27 Jackie Redpath	22 Harold Huelson
27 Arlene Dargan	22 Dan Schillaci
28 Bev Cosner	23 C.W. Smith
	25 Nancy Runyan
	26 Marie Hansard
	31 Gen Calcasola

Publisher's Statement

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Lufkin, Texas 75904-4833.
All forms may be photocopied

How to make a reservation at the Fredericksburg Hospitality House and Conference Center:

You may use your computer and connect directly with a special web page set aside for the exclusive use of MATCA. You can complete your reservation there in one easy step. That page is:

https://reservations.ihotelier.com/crs/g_reservation.cfm?groupID=586593&hotelID=15003

If you would rather call the hotel directly their number is: 800-682-1049

You must tell the reservations person you are attending the Marine Air Traffic Control (MATCA) Association reunion

Do NOT use the on-line reservation web page that can be accessed from the hotel's home web page.

Room rate \$85.00 plus tax per night.



COMM CENTER

Ed. Note: The following discussion of military benefits has been edited but retains the main points the author intends to convey.

Subject: Military retirement: 83-percent never make it

I remember \$222.30 per month (2nd Lt. Pay) and this explanation given at Officers' Call.

This column explains why the current military retirement system is an incredibly good deal for the U.S. taxpayer and why the Administration's proposal to change it would defeat the currently successful reenlistment and retention rates for our volunteer armed forces. (Fair disclosure: the author served 20 years on active duty and is retired at half pay.)

Shortly after entering active duty, yours truly asked a seasoned personnel officer: "Why is my base pay only \$222.22 per month when so many of my college classmates who went into civilian life are making twice or three times that?" What follows is a reconstruction of that conversation:

"Lieutenant, your low pay is because the military system is 'deferred compensation,' meaning you do not have to pay anything upfront toward retirement which will be 'vested' if you complete 20 years of active-duty service. So, we are 'deferring' your pay for you to draw later as retirement. If you make it through 20 years, you get half-pay for life and almost-free medical care. But if you do not complete 20 years of service, you don't get any retirement. Nada, zip, zero."

"Well, what could I expect to happen during the next 20 years?"

"Lieutenant, as an infantry officer, you can expect to live abroad for about ten years, much of it in disease-ridden, third-world countries you would never ever want to visit on vacation. You will be moved 15 to 20 times. You can expect your household goods to be lost at least once. Off and on, you can expect to be separated from wife and family for about six years. You can expect to be wounded at least once. Or, killed. But that only happens once.

"After you reach about 10 years of service and you are at a point when you are most valuable to the military, you can expect the civilian bean counters in the Pentagon to try to find ways of getting rid of you short of the 20 years you need to draw retirement. Do not give them any reasons to do that. If you get hurt, shake it off. Don't report it. The bean counters don't want retirees with medical problems. Also, the military has an "up or out" policy. Go to graduate school at night and on weekends to stay competitive with your

peers. Do not give them an excuse to throw you out short of 20 years."

"Okay, of all the second lieutenants who came on active duty this year, what percent of us will make to 20 years?"

"Out of your year-group, about six-percent of you will make it, meaning the USA will never have to pay a dime in retirement to 94-percent of you. It is a cruel deal for those who don't make 20 years; however, it is a sweetheart deal for the U.S. taxpayer. For the troops who do make 20 years, they will have played 'you-bet-the-best-years-of-your-life,' and won."

Returning to 2011: Today, due mainly to better battlefield care, 17- percent of the force is making it to the 20-year retirement mark. Even so, 83-percent who have served will never see a dime of their pay that was "deferred" for their retirement. To make the system more "fair," the Administration proposes to "vest" a reduced amount of retired pay at 10 years of service. Guess what many of those with ten years of service and facing almost certain assignment or reassignment to [combat] will do? Answer: Take a reduced retirement and leave military service.

In 1986, Congress reduced military retirement by 20-percent, undermining retention and readiness so badly that by 1990 Congress had to reverse itself. Predictably, the proposed scheme will devastate retention rates while, at the same time, destroying a system that is more than "fair" to the taxpayers.

Nationally syndicated columnist, William Hamilton, was educated at the University of Oklahoma, the George Washington University, the U.S Naval War College, the University of Nebraska, and Harvard University.

2012 MATCA Reunion Fredericksburg, Virginia September 19-23

See page 2 for how to register. Use the special web address or tell operator you are with MATCA. It makes a big difference to the hosts.



The President's
Message
Buddy Wyatt

Once again we have completed another wonderful reunion where old friends gather, swap lies and socialize. There were a lot of very interesting sights to see and things to do during our stay in Oklahoma City. The one I found most fascinating was the Alfred P. Murrah Memorial to the victims of the Oklahoma City bombing on April 19, 1995. Just walking through the grounds gave me an eerie presence. I was able to maintain my composure until standing beside the chairs marking the sixth floor where our fallen Marines were on duty that unforgettable day when one of our own, an American, decided to bring such devastation upon all of us. The tears I shed ran freely. It must be an age thing because I find I'm becoming more sentimental the older I get. I was once accused of not having a heart but not so now days. Guess I'm not as mean as I used to be.

First and foremost I would like to bring attention to our newly elected officers, Cathy Griggs as the 1st Vice President and Woody Wingfield continuing as the MATCA Treasurer. Congratulations again. While I'm on the subject of MATCA officers, I should let everyone know that next year we will be electing members to fill the office of President, 2nd Vice President and Secretary. If you have anyone in mind to solicit for any of these positions, please ask the person you wish to nominate if he or she will accept the nomination and then pass this information on to Rock Lyons, our current 2nd Vice President. You will be hearing more about this as the next reunion approaches. Start shaking the trees and beating the bushes and let's see what comes out.

The annual golf tournament was played the usual Thursday of the week on the Earlywine Park golf course. There were five foursomes entered to play. Play was to start at 8 A.M. but was delayed forty-five minutes while some lost souls were given radar vectors to the course. I don't know who was blaming whom for the delayed vectors but nonetheless the play got underway and finished on the same day. Winners of this event were the team of Bill "the Laser" Behan, Bill "the Crusher" Showalter, Jerry "the Putter" Fisher and Chuck Saunders who shot a scratch 7 under par 65 to capture the trophy by 9 shots over the nearest team. Congratulations to the winners. The rest of the teams tied for second place with identical scores of 74. All you golfers get your game in shape for next

year's tournament in Fredericksburg. I've already got permission from my SgtMaj to bring my clubs this time.

This reunion hosted the first of many more to come "Texas Hold-um" tournaments. I believe there were 12 people who bought in for \$25 to test their poker playing skills against everyone else. When the smoke finally settled over the table there was only one winner. That winner happens to be the only female player in the group. Congratulations go out to Cathy Griggs for outlasting all those men and their testosterone levels for the winning prize of \$300. Cathy said you gentlemen paid for her new outfits and a few other things while at the reunion. She bought a snazzy new pair of cowgirl boots with pointed toes so watch what you say to her next year.

Another point of interest was the National Cowboy & Western Heritage museum. I would like to thank Jim Lague and the rest of the docents who took us around and explained the exhibits to all who attended. It was a wonderful place to visit and Jim knew that museum in and out. Thanks again Jim.

Jackie Redpath and Pat Wyatt are working on the reunion book as you read this article. They request those of you who took pictures of the reunion to please make a CD copy and send to Jackie. Skip and Jackie's new address is 808 Avalon Drive, Phoenix, Arizona 85013. The photos that are not used for the reunion book will be sent to Roger and Carole for use in future Hotline editions. For those of you who were unable to attend the reunion and would like a reunion book please notify Jackie at trngptst@cox.net or Pat at pbwyatt@adelphia.net. The cost of the reunion books is \$30.00. There will be a CD of all the reunion pictures received available for \$5.00, which will include some of the missing pictures as well as Jackie's magical touch with musical accompaniment. Get your orders in early to save on shipping. Once the orders are submitted for publication and shipped out all other orders will cost extra for publication and shipping. This book is expected to be bigger and better than the one Jackie and Pat produced last year.

Our next reunion will be in Fredericksburg, Virginia with the dates of September 19 – 23rd. The reservation line to the Fredericksburg Hospitality House & Conference Center is open. The number for early registration is 1-800-682-1049. Roger and Carole McIntosh are the reunion hosts and expect this to be the best reunion to date. I expect with the close proximity to Washington D.C. and Quantico, Virginia there will be a lot of exciting places to visit and things to see and do. Unfortunately the season for the Silent Drill team and the Drum and Bugle Corps will have ended so a visit to an 8th and I performance will be out of the question. So far Roger and Carole have a tour set up for the National Museum of the Marine Corps, where Roger is a docent.. I know we



just finished up with the Oklahoma City reunion but start making those calls and register at the Hotel for our next reunion. Remember, the more people who register the better the benefits. You can always cancel before the reunion starts without charge.

Speaking of reunions, on behalf of the members of MATCA I would like to personally thank Rock and Sandy Lyons for another successful and enjoyable reunion. Their hard work carried on the tradition of the dedicated Hosts of MATCA. Congratulations to both on a job well done.

Pat and I look forward to seeing each and every one of our MATCA brothers and sisters in Fredericksburg, VA next year. Until then, may the good Lord keep us healthy and safe.

Semper Fi
Buddy



Our Word

Roger & Carole McIntosh

On July 28 of this year I was on duty at the National Museum of the Marine Corps when the widow of John O'Hey, Florence O'Hey, stopped me in my rounds. Flo was touring the museum with family members, and remembered me from our Charleston reunion. She brought me up to date with her family and told me her son has attained the rank of colonel, USMC. I can just imagine how proud John would have been to see his son pin on those eagles.

John was NCOIC of MATCU-60 when I had the honor to be the OIC. I always felt we made a great team and worked together to make that unit ready for whatever the Corps needed it to do.

Since that day in July much more has happened both at the museum and within our fine MATCA organization. I had the opportunity to meet our Marine Medal of Honor recipient, Sgt. Dakota Meyer on the day he was awarded the medal, and I was able to finalize arrangements for a day at the museum for those who will be attending the 2012 MATCA reunion.

That brings us to the recently completed reunion in Oklahoma City, which Buddy Wyatt covers well in his column. I can only add that Carole and I had a great time and it was once again wonderful to see so many old friends. Many thanks to Rock and Sandy Lyons for all the work they did to make Oklahoma City a memorable event.

Since one of my duties for MATCA is to keep the Memorial List of those who have passed on and to conduct the annual memorial service, I am all too aware of the effects of time on our membership. No one can foretell who will be on that list in another year's time, so we don't want to miss the opportunity to share a few days of our lives with those we care so deeply for. Of course, the main reason for attending a reunion is that they have all been great fun.

Congratulations to Cathy Griggs on her election to First Vice President and thanks to Woody Wingfield for continuing to serve as Treasurer. Our association is in good hands.

Since this is the November issue of your Hotline, it's time to remind the membership (other than life members) to renew your membership. I will shortly be mailing invoices for dues to those whose membership will expire at the end of the year. Please pay those dues as soon as you receive the invoice. The association has obligations it has to pay and having the funds in the bank in a timely manner helps Woody.

Carole and I will be making the final decisions on 2012 reunion events in the coming weeks. Several people have volunteered to assist us with the next reunion and we are very grateful for their offer. Every phase of a reunion from planning to execution to breakdown requires many helping hands and we will take all the help we can get. Dan Walczak will be making the golf tournament decisions and we will have registration forms ready for your use in the next Hotline.

Speaking of the Hotline, we asked the board for permission to send the annual membership roster as a separate document from the normal Hotline. Since we went to four issues per year from six per year, we were concerned about the members getting information far enough in advance of reunions to make plans. The board approved the change and a roster will be mailed/e-mailed in February.

Before you know it Thanksgiving will be upon us, followed almost instantly by Christmas. Time seems to accelerate as we grow older. There are family gifts to buy, meals to plan, trips to prepare for along with all the normal activities of daily life. Carole and I hope your holidays are joyful and rewarding, and we can't wait to see you all again.

Semper Fi,
Roger & Carole McIntosh



From: Jim Dargan

This is one of the funniest Marine stories I have ever heard about.

From: Jack Keane

Subject: **A Marine Corps Legend?**

For Sailors, Marines and... for golfers!

I will let you be the judge as to whether this is truth or fiction, but I think it is within the realm of possibility.

Nuts Rummel's Hole In One...Sort Of

By: Allen C. Bevilacqua

Leatherneck Magazine, 1996

In the pantheon of Marine Corps eccentrics "Nuts" Rummel stands alone without peer. Back in the late '40s when he was standing sergeant of the guard watches with the Marine Barracks at the Norfolk Naval shipyard, Portsmouth, Va., Nuts pulled off one of the Corps' all-time classic loonies. Solely on its own merit, it was an escapade that should guarantee Nuts' enshrinement among the legends of the Marine Corps.

There was in those days a local tradition having to do with the daily firing of a sunset gun to accompany the lowering of the color at the closing of the day. Every evening at colors, in addition to the duty field music sounding "Retreat," a firing party from the guard of the day would fire one blank round from an old 3-inch deck gun, one of a pair that formed the saluting battery flanking the flagpole in front of Marine Barracks. Old-time residents of the community could not recall a time when it had not been so.

Its execution never varied. Each evening at the appointed time the color detail and the firing party would march to the flagpole and take their positions under the supervision of the commander of the guard. The duty field music would take its post to the rear of the color detail; the officer of the day would appear from within the Marine Barracks to stand smartly at the head of the steps leading down to the street; and the commander of the guard would count down, "Five, four, three, two, one, EXECUTE!"

BOOM! would go one, blank, 3-inch round. Hands would come to the salute, and the duty field music would sound the lingering, melancholy notes of "Retreat" as the flag was slowly lowered. Except for the precise, clockwork movements of the color detail all else was a scene carved from marble, fading sunlight reflecting from glistening shoes, polished brass and sparkling silver. As the last notes of the salute faded away into nothingness, a hush settled upon the motionless figures silhouetted against the sun's last rays. It was a most impressive ceremony.

And then, one moonless night in the waning hours

of the midwatch, a shadowy figure emerged from the gloom and stole silently up to the saluting battery. Carefully, ever so carefully, the mysterious figure eased open the breechblock of the No. 1 gun and produced from inside his shirt a diaphragm fashioned from a bit of cardboard. The figure then stealthily inserted the device into the breech, seating it all the way forward in the chamber. Glancing furtively about to make certain he was still unobserved, the man of mystery quietly eased the breechblock shut and tripped the firing mechanism. The click of the trigger was barely audible in the stillness of the night. To the silent figure, though, it sounded like the crack of doom on Judgment Day. He waited a moment to see whether this faint noise had attracted anyone's attention. Confident that he remained undetected, the intruder slipped noiselessly to the muzzle of the gun and filled it from breech to muzzle with golf balls from a large paper bag. With one last precautionary look about for curious sentries, the dim figure slipped back into the shadows and anonymity.

In due time "Reveille" sounded; the barracks square reverberated to the routine of roll call and physical drill under arms. The morning chow formation marched off to the mess hall, trailed by the usual persistent stragglers, who would attempt to evade the watchful eyes of the sergeant of the guard and slip into line.

Another day was beginning, and the sun's appearance above the horizon was marked by the raising of the color, the old officer of the day was relieved by the new, and the ceremony of guard mount flashed to the roll of drums and the clarion call of bugles.

The day wore on, and the myriad tasks of a busy shipyard were tended to. In drydocks, steel-grey ships of the line, in for overhaul and refitting, swarmed with safety-helmeted workers readying them for their return to the fleet. Across the Elizabeth River, the hull of the battleship USS Kentucky, destined not to be completed, stood. The reliefs of the guard waxed and waned; sentries were inspected, marched off and posted by meticulous corporals of the guard.

Eventually, as the day drew to its close, the evening color detail, immaculate in crisp, starched khaki, gleaming leather, sparkling brass and dazzling white accouterments, took position as it did each day throughout the year, fair or foul. A blank 3-inch round was loaded smartly into the chamber of the No. 1 gun, and the commander of the guard intoned, "Five, four, three, two, one, EXECUTE!"

KABLOOM! Golf balls filled the evening sky like a meteor shower. The duty field music stood dumbstruck, the silver bugle poised at his lips silent. The officer of the



day froze with mouth agape, his sword arrested halfway into the salute. Only the voice of the commander of the guard broke the awesome silence. "Jeezus!" he murmured, as a cloud of golf balls obscured the setting sun. It was spectacular in the manner that only truly amazing occurrences are spectacular. Some golf balls cleared the reservation, to bounce about in adjacent residential streets. Others soared completely out of sight, to land who knows where. Most, however, in the manner of all projectiles, landed in a beaten zone, the maximum density of which lay immediately across the grass parade ground that fronted the Marine Barracks.

Specifically, they pretty much blanketed the building that stood directly downrange. This was a stately, handsome, three-story brick example of classic Georgian architecture. Its entire first-floor front elevation was taken up by a magnificent glassed-in porch. It was the residence of the admiral commanding the Fifth Naval District. The carnage was stupendous. With one huge crash the porch disintegrated in a shower of broken glass. Inside, golf balls with plenty of zip still in them shattered picture frames, smashed lamps and ricocheted through interior windows. A Ming Dynasty vase, prize possession of the admiral's lady, exploded in a spray of vermilion shards. Upstairs, the admiral, who had been present during the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, wondered if it was somehow happening all over again.

If the wreckage was mind-boggling, it was nothing compared to the admiral's wrath. According to the admiral's steward, the "Old Man" thundered for 15 minutes with a broadside of profanities that could have dissolved an anvil, never once repeating himself. The steward, a seasoned chief petty officer with an armful of gold hashmarks and no stranger to salty language himself, was speechless with admiration. Somebody, the admiral promised, was headed for the other Portsmouth, the one in New Hampshire that was the home of the United States Naval Prison.

Early the next morning Nuts Rummel found himself standing at attention before the commanding officer of Marine Barracks. "Sergeant Rummel," the colonel growled, "I know you did it. If I can ever prove it, I'm going to lock you up from now until the Commandant of the Marine Corps wears bellbottomed trousers." He then chased Nuts from the office, and, according to the sergeant major, the Skipper, the exec and the adjutant all laughed themselves silly.

In later years Nuts Rummel, by then a sergeant major himself, took up the game of golf, becoming a regular on the links and in the clubhouse at Camp Pendleton, Calif. When asked, he always said he first became

interested in the game of golf when he was stationed at the Naval Shipyard at Portsmouth. Was there a golf course there? No. A driving range? Not so far as he knew. "But that's where watching the flight of a golf ball really got me 'way down deep." Nuts always smiled a bit when he said that.

REUNION NOTES



Photo by Jackie

MATCA ELECTION

1st Vice Presiden- Cathy Griggs
Treasure- Woody Wingfield

New member **Sgt. Leonard Martinez** was a MATCA guest at the reunion. He was selected **MC 2011 controller of the year.**

The men's raffle made \$1100. 00

The Ladies raffle made \$465.00 and went to the Semper Fi Injured Marine Fund.

For The Ladies

Next years raffle will be an all textile event. Get out your needles (sewing, knitting, crochet) and start working on your project. All textile items are needed for the raffle.

Quilts, afghans, wall hangings, place mats, Scarves, Table runners and bed runners. Or anything else you can think of. Lets make this the biggest raffle yet.

Missing from this year's reunion was our great friend "Charlie" Yetter, who is recovering from a stroke she suffered earlier this year. Please keep her in your thoughts and prayers as she makes progress day by day. Cards and notes can be sent to her via her daughter Sheila at:

Charlotte Yetter - %Sam & Sheila Schull
1517 El Cielo
Leander, TX 78641



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS
3000 MARINE CORPS PENTAGON
WASHINGTON, DC 20350-3000

IN REPLY REFER TO:

1000

SIG

SEP 12 2011

MEMORANDUM FOR SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

From: Commandant of the Marine Corps

Subj: ROLE OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

Secretary Panetta, as we explore ways across the Department to adjust to a new period of considerable fiscal austerity, there emerges a clear imperative that our Nation retain a credible means of mitigating risk while we draw down the capabilities and capacities of our forces.

Our Nation faces an uncertain future; we cannot predict where and when events may occur that might call us to respond to protect our citizens and our interests. There have always been times when events have compelled the United States to become involved, even when such involvement wasn't desired; there is little doubt that we will have to do this again in the future. Complicating matters is the fact that since the 1990s, our nation has significantly reduced the number and size of our bases and stations around the world.

We are a maritime nation. Like so much of the world, we rely on the maritime commons for the exchange of commerce and ideas. Many depend on us to maintain freedom of movement on those commons; we continue to take that responsibility seriously. Your naval forces are the solution set to fulfilling our global maritime responsibilities.

Naval forces are not reliant on host nation support or permission; in the conduct of operations, they step lightly on our allies and host countries. With the increasing concentration of the world's population close to a coastline, the ability to operate simultaneously on the sea, ashore, and in the air, and to move seamlessly between these three domains represents the unique value of amphibious forces. Operating as a team, amphibious forces provide **operational reach** and **agility**, they "*buy time*" and *decision space* for our national leaders in time of crisis. They bolster diplomatic initiatives by means of their credible forward presence. Amphibious forces also provide the Nation with assured access for the joint force in a major contingency operation. Modern amphibious operations, like the TF-58 assault that seized Kandahar airport 450 miles inland in 2001 shortly after the 9/11 attacks, seek to avoid enemy strengths by exploiting gaps and weaknesses.

When the Nation pays the 'sticker price' for its Marines, it buys the ability to remain forward deployed and forward engaged to assure our partners, reinforce alliances, and build partner capacity. For 7.8% of the total DoD budget, our Nation gains the ability to respond to unexpected crises, from humanitarian disaster relief efforts, to non-combatant evacuation operations, to conduct counter-piracy operations, raids or strikes. That same force can quickly be reinforced to assure access anywhere in the world in the event of a major contingency; it can be dialed up or down like a rheostat to be relevant across the range of military operations. No



other force possesses the flexibility to provide these capabilities and *yet sustain itself logistically for significant periods of time*, at a time and place of its choosing.

"Expeditionary" is not a bumper sticker to us, or a concept, it is a "state of conditioning" that Marines work hard to maintain. Given its mission to be the expeditionary force in readiness, a tiered readiness concept is not compatible with the Marine Corps' missions because its non-deployed units are often called upon to respond to unanticipated and varied crises on a moment's notice.

The Marine Corps fills a unique lane in the capability range of America's armed forces. A *Middleweight Force*, we are lighter than the Army, and heavier than SOF. The Corps is not a second land army. The Army is purpose-built for land campaigns and carries a heavier punch when it arrives, whereas the Marine Corps is an expeditionary force focused on coming from the sea with integrated aviation and logistics capabilities. The Marine Corps maintains the ability to *contribute* to land campaigns by leveraging or rapidly aggregating its capabilities and capacities. Similarly, Marine Corps and SOF roles are complementary, rather than redundant. Special Operation Forces contribute to the counter-insurgency and counter-terrorism efforts of the Combatant Commanders in numerous and specialized ways, but they are not a substitute for conventional forces with a broader range of capability and sustainability.

The Marine Corps was specifically directed by the 82nd Congress as the force intended to be "the most ready when the Nation is least ready." This expectation exists because of the costly lessons our nation learned during the Korean War when a lack of preparedness in the beginning stages of the conflict very nearly resulted in defeat. Because our Nation cannot afford to hold the *entire* joint force at such a high state of readiness, it has chosen to keep the Marines ready, and has often used them to plug the gaps during international crises, to respond when no other options were available.

Anecdotally, the American people believe that when a crisis emerges - Marines will be present and will "invariably turn in a performance that is dramatically and decisively successful - not most of the time, but always." They possess a heart-felt belief that the Marine Corps is good for the young men and women of our country. In their view, the Marines are extraordinarily adept at converting "un-oriented youths into proud, self-reliant stable citizens - citizens into whose hands the nation's affairs may be safely entrusted." An investment in the Marine Corps continues to be an investment in the character of the young people of our country.

Finally, in an increasingly dangerous and uncertain world, we must continue to provide the protection our Nation needs and to preserve our ability to do what we must as the world's only credible remaining super power. As we face inevitable difficult resource decisions, I believe that we must also consider how we can best mitigate the inherent risk of a reduced defense capacity...like an affordable insurance policy, Marine Corps *and* the Navy's amphibious forces, represent a very efficient and effective hedge against the Nation's most likely risks



JAMES F. AMOS



Our Hosts, Sandy and Rock Lyons



The Business meeting



Oklahoma City Memorial



Who is that hiding behind the George Washington masks?



John Gibbs buying Laides Raffle tickets from Arlene Dargan



Marcella and Frank Fodor posing for the formal photos



Jackie Redpath taking formal photos. Everyone is making sure she does it right



MATCA founder Joe Medico and his bride Lorraine



Cathy Griggs presents John Trosper with this beautiful tie he won in the raffle

Photos of the reunion are from Jackie Redpath, Woody Wingfield, Terry Terrell, Steve Hulland and Carole McIntosh. Thank you all.



From: Skip
Got this from Gramps.

The Wall

Interesting Veterans Statistics off the Vietnam Memorial Wall

SOMETHING to think about - Most of the surviving Parents are now Deceased.

There are 58,267 names now listed on that polished black wall, including those added in 2010.

The names are arranged in the order in which they were taken from us by date and within each date the names are alphabetized. It is hard to believe it is 36 years since the last casualties.

Beginning at the apex on panel 1E and going out to the end of the East Wall, appearing to recede into the earth (numbered 70E - May 25, 1968), then resuming at the end of the West Wall, as the Wall emerges from the earth (numbered 70W - continuing May 25, 1968) and ending with a date in 1975. Thus the war's beginning and end meet. The war is complete, coming full circle, yet broken by the earth that bounds the angle's open side and contained within the earth itself.

The first known casualty was Richard B. Fitzgibbon, of North Weymouth, Mass. listed by the U.S. Department of Defense as having been killed on June 8, 1956. His name is listed on the Wall with that of his son, Marine Corps Lance Cpl. Richard B. Fitzgibbon III, who was killed on Sept. 7, 1965.

There are three sets of fathers and sons on the Wall. 39,996 on the Wall were just 22 or younger.

The largest age group, 8,283 were just 19 years old 3,103 were 18 years old.

12 soldiers on the Wall were 17 years old.

5 soldiers on the Wall were 16 years old.

One soldier, PFC Dan Bullock was 15 years old.

5,573 were from California.

997 soldiers were killed on their first day in Vietnam.

1,448 soldiers were killed on their last day in Vietnam.

31 sets of brothers are on the Wall.

Thirty-one sets of parents lost two of their sons.

54 soldiers attended Thomas Edison High School in Philadelphia. I wonder why so many from one school.

8 Women are on the Wall. Nursing the wounded.

244 soldiers were awarded the Medal of Honor during the Vietnam War; 153 of them are on the Wall.

Beallsville, Ohio with a population of 475 lost 6 of her sons.

West Virginia had the highest casualty rate per capita in the nation. There are 711 West Virginians on the Wall.

The Marines of Morenci - They led some of the scrappiest high school football and basketball teams that the little Arizona copper town of Morenci (pop. 5,058) had ever known and cheered. They enjoyed roaring beer busts. In quieter moments, they rode horses along the Coronado Trail, stalked deer in the Apache National Forest. And in the patriotic camaraderie typical of Morenci's mining families, the nine graduates of Morenci High enlisted as a group in the Marine Corps. Their service began on Independence Day, 1966. Only 3 returned home.

The Buddies of Midvale - Leroy Tafoya, Jimmy Martinez, Tom Gonzales were all boyhood friends and lived on three consecutive streets in Midvale, Utah on Fifth, Sixth and Seventh avenues. They lived only a few yards apart. They played ball at the adjacent sandlot ball field. And they all went to Vietnam. In a span of 16 dark days in late 1967, all three would be killed. Leroy was killed on Wednesday, Nov. 22, the fourth anniversary of John F. Kennedy's assassination. Jimmy died less than 24 hours later on Thanksgiving Day. Tom was shot dead assaulting the enemy on Dec. 7, Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day.

The most casualty deaths for a single day was on January 31, 1968 ~ 245 deaths.

The most casualty deaths for a single month was May 1968 - 2,415 casualties were incurred.

For most Americans who read this they will only see the numbers that the Vietnam War created. To those of us who survived the war, and to the families of those who did not, we see the faces, we feel the pain that these numbers created.

We are, until we too pass away, haunted with these numbers, because they were our friends, fathers, husbands, wives, sons and daughters.

There are no noble wars, just noble warriors.



From: Skip

Received this from Mike Cherioli

Speech given by RADM J. Stark, USN, President of the Naval War College in 1995.

The first reason I like Marines: They set high standards for themselves and those around them, and will accept nothing less.

I like the way Marines march.

I like the way Marines do their basic training whether it's Quantico, San Diego, or Parris Island.

I like the idea that Marines cultivate an ethos conducive of producing hard people in a soft age.

I like the fact that Marines stay in shape.

I like the fact that the Marines only have one boss - The Commandant.

And I like the directness of the Commandant.

I like the fact that Marines are stubborn.

I like the way Marines obey orders.

I like the way Marines make the most of the press.

I like the wholehearted professionalism of the Marines.

It occurred to me that the services could be characterized by different breeds of dogs.

The Air Force reminded me of a French Poodle. The poodle always looks perfect...sometimes a bit pampered and always travels first class. But don't ever forget that the poodle was bred as a hunting dog and in a fight it's very dangerous.

The Army is kind of like a St. Bernard. It's big and heavy and sometimes seems a bit clumsy. But it's very powerful and has lots of stamina. So you want it for the long haul.

The Navy, God bless us, is a Golden Retriever. They're good natured and great around the house. The kids love 'em. Sometimes their hair is a bit long.... they go wandering off for long periods of time, and they love water.

Marines I see as two breeds, Rottweilers or Dobermans, because Marines come in two varieties, big and mean or skinny and mean. They're aggressive on the attack and tenacious on defense. They've got really short hair and they always go for the throat.

So what I really like about Marines is that first to fight isn't just a motto, it's a way of life. From the day they were formed at Tun Tavern 200 plus years ago, Marines have distinguished themselves on battlefields around the world.

From the fighting tops of the Bonhomme Richard, to the sands of Barbary Coast, from the swamps of New Orleans to the halls of Montezuma, from Belleau Wood, to the Argonne Forest, to Guadalcanal, and Iwo Jima, and Okinawa and Inchon, and Chosin Reservoir and Hue City and Quang Tri and Dong Ha, and Beirut, and Grenada, and Panama, and Somalia and Bosnia and a thousand unnamed battlefields in godforsaken

parts of the globe.

Marines have distinguished themselves by their bravery, and stubbornness and aggressive spirit, and sacrifice, and love of country, and loyalty to one another. They've done it for you and me, and this country we all love so dearly.

They asked for nothing more than the honor of being a United States Marine.



Lance Oliver at the Cowboy Museum



Arlene & Jim Dargan, Frank & Marcella Fodor and Carole McIntosh. Something must be funny.

Next we meet 12 Fredericksburg



From: Ronald Popper

October 16, Commandant LtCol Anthony Wayne Gale USMC Day:

Sounds like a good Marine to me.

October 16 marks the 190th anniversary of the cashiering of Lieutenant Colonel Commandant Anthony Wayne Gale, our fourth Commandant, from the Marine Corps.

Lieutenant Colonel Gale left a legacy of brawling, public drunkenness, cavorting with ladies of questionable moral fiber, and the commission of several other specifications under the charge of conduct unbecoming an Officer. While some may say his activities on liberty are certainly not appropriate in today's society of political correctness, I, and I suspect many of us can't help but admire his thirst for adventure. I would go so far as to suggest that many of us could be similarly indicted for some of our own youthful indiscretions.

Therefore, I ask that you pause for a moment today to remember Lieutenant Colonel Commandant Gale and join me for a toast as I drink, to his honor.
Semper Fidelis,

Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Gale, fourth Commandant of the Marine Corps, was born in Dublin, Ireland, on 17 September 1782. Fewer records survive concerning him than any other Commandant but it is known that when he was commissioned a second lieutenant on 2 September 1798, he was one of the first officers commissioned after the reestablishment of the Marine Corps in 1798. Thereafter he fought, in fairly quick succession, the French, the Barbary pirates, the British, and one of his Navy shipmates. The last encounter, involving an affront to the Corps, brought about the naval officer's sudden demise and Commandant of the Marine Corps William Ward Burrow's approval for Gale's defense of his Corps' honor. As the story goes, Gale was Ship's Company Commander aboard USS *Ganges* in November 1799 when Navy Lieutenant Allen McKenzie had one of the Marines put in irons without first consulting Gale. When Gale inquired about the incident, McKenzie called him a "rascal." The rest of the story is related in correspondence by Commandant Lieutenant Colonel Burrows: "The Captain took no notice of the business and Gale got no satisfaction on the cruise. The moment he arrived he called (McKenzie) out and shot him. Afterwards politeness was restored." McKenzie died of his wounds and Burrows went on to say, "It is hoped that this may be a lesson to the Navy Officers to treat the Marines, as well as their Officers, with more respect."

Unfortunately for Captain Gales, increasing rank brought other difficulties not resolved so directly. In

1815 Burrows successor as Commandant, Lieutenant Colonel Franklin Wharton, was charged by Congress with over-spending on the construction of Marine Barracks Philadelphia. He, in turn, accused the Commandant of the barracks, Anthony Gale, of building "extravagant" officers' quarters. Gale was ordered to stand before a Court of Inquiry, but was exonerated. It was shortly after this that Wharton was again called to account to Congress. This time he was accused of fleeing Washington rather than leading his Marines into the Battle of Bladensburg. When convened, his Court Martial consisted of three Navy Captains and one Captain of Marines, Captain Anthony Gale. The Court decided that Marines ashore were subject to Army, not Navy Courts under the Articles of War, and the charges were ultimately dropped. His duties on his Commandant's Court Martial complete, Gale was promoted to Major and transferred to command Marine Barracks New Orleans.

Soon afterwards a letter to the Secretary of the Navy reported that Navy officers had, "frequently seen Major Gale intoxicated at New Orleans and that his associates were of such a description and his habits of such a nature as to prevent the respectable officers of that station from having any social or friendly intercourse with him." Daniel T. Patterson, Commander of the New Orleans Naval Station, wrote to the Secretary, "It is reluctantly and with extreme regret that I have again to address you relative to the Marines of this station, but longer to remain silent would be to neglect my duty. The Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates are, without exception, the most depraved, abandoned, and drunken set of men ever collected together."

While Gale was preparing to go to Washington to answer the preceding charges, Commandant Wharton died. At his Court Martial, Gale was found not guilty and returned to duty. As he was the next senior officer in the Marine Corps, he was nominated to become Commandant. Despite the vigorous protests and political maneuvering of the Paymaster of the Marine Corps and Major Archibald Henderson (each of whom felt themselves better qualified for the position), on 5 March 1818 Gale was confirmed as the fourth Commandant of the Marine Corps. With it came promotion to Lieutenant Colonel.

His tenure was to be brief. Soon came troubles with Navy Secretary Thompson, who frequently countermanded LtCol Gale's orders in a humiliating manner. Finally, LtCol Gale courageously submitted a letter analyzing the proper division of function between himself and the Secretary, and respectfully pointed out the impossibility of his position. This official reaction to infringements of his authority, he paralleled by unofficial retreats to alcohol. On 18 September, 1820



he was arrested and charged with offenses of alcoholic and related nature. The first charge was that he was publicly intoxicated in the city of Washington on six specified dates---during the month of August. There were also several specifications under the charge of "Conduct Unbecoming an Officer." First, that he had visited a house of prostitution near the barracks, "in an open and disgraceful manner" and second, that on 1 September he had, before witnesses, called the Paymaster of the Marine Corps, "a damned rascal, a liar, and a coward." Other charges concerned his breaking house arrest and maintaining a Marine as a personal servant.

Gale's unsuccessful defense was temporary insanity. He was cashiered from the Marine Corps on 18 October 1820, leaving 46 other officers on active duty in the Corps. Archibald Henderson succeeded him as Commandant.

From Washington, Gale went first to Philadelphia where he spent several months in hospitals, then took up residence in Kentucky. Armed with proof that he had been under the strain of temporary mental derangement while Commandant, he spent 15 years attempting to have his court-martial decision reversed. Eventually, in 1835, the government partially cleared him and awarded him a stipend of \$15 a month, which was later increased to \$25, and continued until his death in 1843 in Stanford, Lincoln County, Kentucky. Today no trace of his grave exists and Anthony Wayne Gale is the only Commandant of whom the Marine Corps has no portrait.

Preceding account partially compiled from: The U.S. Marine Corps Story by J. Robert Muskin, and U.S. Marines: 1775-1975 by Brigadier General Edwin Simmons USMC (Retired)
Classification: UNCLASSIFIED

I told you... Sounds like a good Marine to me... Now drink up!
Semper Fi



The Wednesday Buffet

TWO GUNNY'S AND A ROAD GRADER

Once upon a time, thirty plus years ago, there were two Gunny's who took a detachment of Marines with their TPN-8's and LCC complex to an island off the west coast to support the Navy while their equipment underwent extensive field maintenance. Being a small island with nothing but goats and sailors, these two Gunny's got bored fast especially on the weekends they had to spend on that island instead of traveling back to their home base.

Well, one weekend these two Gunny's grabbed a case of their favorite "cool-aid", "borrowed" a six-pax truck and headed up island for a leisurely Sunday drive when they came upon this freshly constructed Helicopter landing zone.

Deciding to take a short break from the drive, these two Gunny's were discussing the shapes and sizes of the different LZ's they had seen during their tour of duty in the "Southeast Asia War Games" while indulging their palettes with ice cold "cool-aid." Now everyone knows that if two Gunny's see something that doesn't look right to them they are not going to leave it alone until it's fixed or looks right and it just so happens that the Seabee's that built this LZ left their equipment behind for whatever reason. Lack of keys did not hamper the Gunny's from getting that equipment started. Luckily for them they lived by the old "improvise, adapt and overcome" demeanor and were able to hot-wire this big ole road grader and this big ole front end loader and get down to business.

After about an hour of playing "chicken" and moving earth from one end of the zone to the other end of the zone these two enterprising young Gunny's decided the zone was the way it should be and parked the equipment to admire their work. Leaning against that ole six-pax, each pulling in a drag off a Marlboro and a Pall Mall red non-filter, chugging on a "cool-aid", they gave each other a big grin while nodding a "mission complete." I'm sure they both felt they should be given a medal for squaring away what the Seabee's had screwed up.

It wasn't until the next day they both learned that the LZ had been built for a Fleet Admiral, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of Defense and more dignitaries than you could shake a stick at. Needless to say the C.O. of this small island in the Pacific was not a happy camper when a new, suitable landing site had to be found so they could all watch the first successful launch of the Tomahawk missile from a submarine. Now you know the rest of the story about a road grader.

Ed's note: The author of this submission requests to remain anonymous in order to protect the identity of the other Gunny.



From: Jim Dargan
Subject: Marine Arrogance
Forwarded with Pride!

Someone asked me what makes Marines special. I thought about that for a while.

I think that what makes Marines special, if only in our own minds, is that elusive Quality of Esprit d'Corps. It's the fact that we, as individual Marines, don't feel that we are individual Marines. When we wear our uniform, when we hear our Hymn, when we go into battle, we are going with every other Marine who ever wore the uniform.

Standing behind us are the Marines who fought during the birth of our nation. We're standing with the Marines who fought in WWI and gave birth to the legend of the "Tufelhunden", or "Devil Dogs". We are standing with the Marines who took Iwo and Tarawa and countless other blood soaked islands throughout the Pacific. We are standing with the "Frozen Chosin" and our Beloved Chesty Puller. We are standing with the Marines who battled at Hue City And Khe Sanh and the muddy rice paddies of South East Asia. We are standing With the Marines who fought in Desert Storm and Iraqi Freedom and now, are fighting in Afghanistan. Like real brothers, their blood courses through our veins, and when we go into battle, we would rather lay down our lives than be a disappointment to them. We carry on our backs, their legacy, their deaths and their honor. We carry that for the rest of our lives.

The Marine Corps uniform doesn't come off when our active duty is over. We wear it daily in our attitude, and our love of Corps and country. We wear it on our tattoos and our bumper stickers. We wear it in our hearts. It's why, no matter where we are in the world, on November 10th, every Marine celebrates the Marine Corps birthday. It's why we'll never be an army of 1. It's why we never stop being Marines. It's why, for most of us, being a Marine Isn't something we were. It's something we are. It's the most important part of who and what we are.

Some say we're arrogant. We say we're proud. We have a right to be proud. We are United States Marines. The most feared and ferocious group of warriors to walk the face of this earth.

When Americas' enemies formulate their battle plans, they plan on going around Marine units, because they know damn well that they can't go through them. We are what the other branches wish they were. We are the modern day Spartans. This isn't bragging. It's written in the battle history of our country. When there's a parade and the Marines march by, everyone pays a little more attention. Some say "arrogance". We call it "pride"

It's why, in a crowd of service men, you can always spot the Marine. Why are Marines special? I don't know. We just are.



The End of The Day...Cowboy Museum



Photo by Bev

Couth Cookin' by Syd Wire

Corned beef hash is probably the leftover of choice right after St. Paddy's Day when you've got plenty of left over corned beef in the fridge. I've always preferred roast beef hash. Note that a relatively low-cost chuck roast works in this recipe. It's quick, it's easy and it's delicious.

Roast Beef Hash

1 C. leftover chuck roast, shredded
1 C. cubed, cooked potatoes
1/2 C. cubed, cooked carrots
1 small diced onion
1 C. leftover roast beef gravy
Salt & pepper to taste

1. Remove all fat from roast beef.

2. Combine all ingredients in lightly buttered 2 quart baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until brown on top

3. What could be simpler?

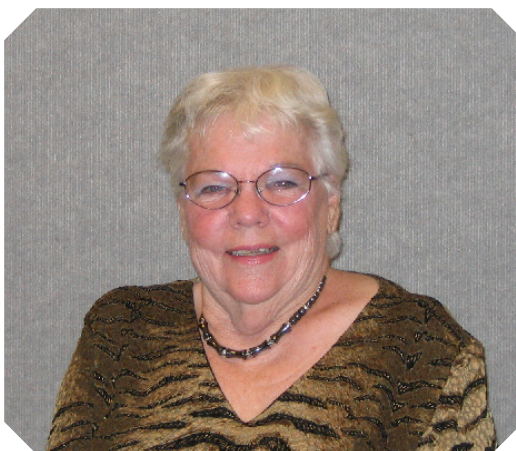
Serves 4.

TAPS

Beverly "Mickey" Urlie

Mickey passed away at home September 30, 2011. She had been under hospice care for several weeks prior to her death. An honorary member of MATCA, she, for many reunions, assisted her father, Howard "Pappy" Young, who was frail with age but insisted on attending to be with, as he put it, his kids.

When MATCA was having difficulty finding a satisfactory memory book publisher to document reunions, Mickey stepped in and created wonderful memory books. She took the pictures and did all the printing and binding herself.



She lived in Oceanside, California, in the house Pappy bought after his retirement from the Marine Corps in 1964. Her son who lives in Oregon is in charge of final arrangements.

MATCA members Bob and Marnie Mifflin were longtime friends of Pappy and Mickey. They were also fellow docents with them at the Ranch House on Camp Pendleton. Bob and Marnie remained close to Mickey to the end and were extremely helpful, attending to her affairs and providing comfort and companionship to the end. Our thanks go to Bob and Marnie for all they did for the Young family.

Rest in peace, Mickey. You are missed by your MATCA family.



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TAPS

We learned of the death of Col. McCarthy in August by way of the Hotline being returned marked "deceased". Don had been a MATCA member since 1996.

Colonel Donald J. McCarthy, USMC (ret), husband of Jennifer M. E. (Gray) McCarthy, of Rockport, MA, died at his home on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 16, 2011.

He was born on March 4, 1931 in Anaconda, Mont., the son of the late Joseph Daniel and Mae Theresa (Bownes) McCarthy. He graduated from Central High school as Class President and excelled as an athlete. He attended Gonzaga University, and John Carroll College where he was a three-sport athlete, graduating with Cum Laude honors as Class President. In 1967-68 he studied at George Washington University and received a Master of Business Administration (MBA) degree.

He was commissioned a 2nd Lt. of Marines in 1955 and designated a Naval Aviator in June 1956. He flew over 4000 hours in tactical jet aircraft including 114 landings on aircraft carriers landings, and 104 combat missions. During his career he commanded six units, including two aircraft squadrons and two Marine Aircraft Groups. Assigned to the U.S. Embassy in Kuwait he headed the Joint Military Advisory Group from 1979 to 1981.



He was the Commanding Officer of Marine Corps Air Station Iwakuni, Japan from 1983 until his retirement in 1986

His personal awards include the Department of Defense Superior Service Medal, The Legion of Merit, The Distinguished Flying Cross, The Defense Meritorious Service Medal with gold star for second award, The Air Medal, The Navy/Marine Corps Commendation Medal with Combat V and Gold Stars for second and third awards, and the Vietnamese Cross Of Gallantry with Gold Palm.

After retiring from the Marine Corps he joined BDM International in Washington, D.C. as a Senior Staff Officer, and later as a Program Manager. He and his wife moved to Rockport in 1992 and they have been active as volunteers on numerous town committees and charities.

An accomplished downhill skier, he won medals in Seniors Downhill Races sponsored by various New England slopes. He was a lifelong fly-fisherman and returned annually to the rivers of Southwest Montana that he fished in his youth.

Colonel McCarthy is survived by his wife of 50 years, Jennifer M.E. (Gray) of Rockport and London and a son, Gregory Michael who resides in Washington, D.C. A son, Stephen-D'arcy and younger brothers, Gerald Lee of Tacoma, Wash., and James Edward of Tucson, AZ predeceased him.



Marine Air Traffic Control Association, Inc.

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Mail completed form with check to MATCA Secretary.

Renewing members - Please include personal data only if corrections or updates are necessary.

New Members. Please complete entire form.

Check one: New ☐ Renewal ☐

Name.....Rank.....

Address.....

City & State.....Zip.....

Day, month & year of birth.....

SpouseD&M.....

Phone.....MOS.....

E-Mail address

By submitting this application I certify I was/am assigned by official orders to duty with a Marine Air Traffic Control Unit, Marine Air Traffic Control Squadron, Marine Air Traffic Control Detachment, or a Marine Air Station or Air Facility Air Traffic Control Facility wherein my reporting senior was/is the Air Traffic Control Officer or the Electronics Officer responsible for ATC and Air Navigation Equipments.

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Donation to Memorial Fund.....\$.....

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Total amount enclosed.....\$.....



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MATCA

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Robyn and Musa Johnson
Came to the reunion as newly weds.



New member **Sgt. Leonard Martinez** was a MATCA guest at the reunion. He was selected **MC 2011 controller of the year**.
