

DECLASSIFIED

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Reg # 39903

P-F-1 Narrative
18

MISSION NARRATIVE 7 MAR 66

At 0221Z COMPRESS notified shoestring that a pilot was down at 1754N, 10550E and scrambled Jolly Green 27 and 31. Jolly Greens were airborne at 0226Z and proceeded on a heading of 065 degree 70NM from channel 89. Sandy 21, 22, 23 and 24 were airborne prior to Jolly Green's takeoff and were enroute to the area. At 47NM out Jolly Green 27 and 31 switched to SAR frequency and contacted CROWN 29 and the Sandy's and arrived at the area at 0305Z. At that time a beeper had been heard but due to dense jungle area the downed pilot, Dodge 3, could not be seen. Sandy aircraft attempted to contact Dodge 3 while Jolly Green remained in orbit, at 0325Z Dodge 3 was raised by Sandy aircraft on guard and Jolly Green 31 went down to perform the pickup. Due to radio difficulties no further contact was made with Dodge 3 and Jolly Green 31 searched the immediate area of the beeper. At this time Sandy aircraft assured Jolly Green that there was no ground fire in the immediate area, but that there was a possibility of unfriendly forces in a valley about 4 miles away and across a large ridge. The terrain was very hilly and jungle type growth predominated. At 0340Z Dodge 3 came back on the radio and announced he was setting off a red smoke flare. This was spotted by Jolly Green 31 who punched tip tanks and went in for the pickup. Due to the blossoming of the smoke, the dense foliage and loss of survivors voice radio Jolly Green 31 hovered over the spot until 0355Z when voice contact was established and the survivor sighted. Normal hoist pickup was achieved and Jolly Green 31 left the area. The pilot Major Joseph L. Hutto was in good shape and the Jolly Greens and Sandy aircraft returned to shoestring arriving at 0440Z. At no time during the mission did anyone see or report ground fire although after landing Sandy 21 discovered bullet holes in his aircraft, also Major Hutto, when he landed in the trees heard automatic weapons fire from the valley to his northwest and had gone east over the ridge to the position where he was picked up. At all times during the mission jolly green were given excellent cover by the 4 Sandy aircraft and radio chatter was kept at a minimum until Jolly Green 31 went in for the pickup and then it was nonexistent except for Jolly Green and Dodge 3.

Thomas E. Kenny
THOMAS E. KENNY

1st Lt, USAF
Rescue Crew Commander

Low Bird
Lt Kenny
Capt Henderickson
SSgt Schrader (HM)
SSgt Farrior (PJ)
TSgt Munch (Photo)

High Bird
Lt Letton
Major Schmidt
SSgt Chapman (HM)
A2C Poole (PJ)
TSgt Schaefer (Photo)

CLASSIFICATION CANCELLED
Or Changed to *UNCLASS*
By Authority of *CRS*
By *[Signature]* (Date) *12 May 77*

DOWNGRADED
IAW AFR-205-2

12 MAY 1970

DOWNGRADE AT 3 YEAR INTERVALS
DECLASSIFIED AFTER 12 YEARS
DDI DIR 5200.10

ARODC # *661208*

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665-0143

DECLASSIFIED

7 MAR 66

THE DARING RESCUE OF A DOWNED COMBAT FLYER

It was one of those days. Maj. Joe Hutto had cratered the bedrock of the North Vietnam highway, made strainers of a batch of VC trucks, then got his F-105 punctured south of Vinh by ground fire.

He loved that F-105 *Thunderchief*, and parting was such sweet-sorrow. Part he did, however, and his chute lowered him gently into jungle that was 100 feet deep. "Hot Rockets," he thought. "How in Ho Chi Minh will they get me out of here?"

While he was thinking about it, an HH-3C from the 38th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron was doing something about it. The chopper hovered over the jungle, spotted Major Hutto, and lowered a hoist cable. Hutto grabbed it and was hauled back into the blue from whence he came.

Back at his home base, he nursed his only injury, a cut finger.

"One of those days!" he shrugged.

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Pacific Edition

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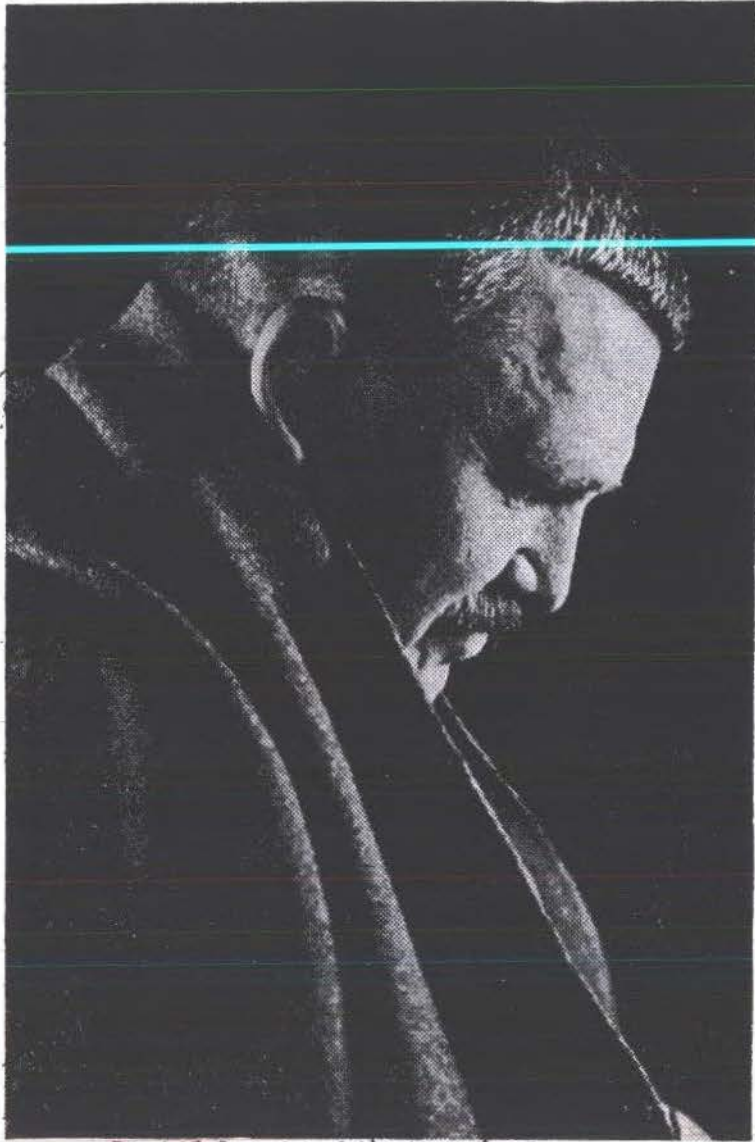
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I WAS LOW ON THIS ONE
After the Rescue

THE FACE of a downed Air Force pilot rescued from the jungles of North Vietnam tells its own story. Maj. Joseph Hutto forced to eject from his F-105 after it was hit by ground fire.

EN

17 Mar 66

Copter Hauls Pilot to Safety

(See Picture Page 1)

By 1st Lt. Ron Marlar

SAIGON — Standing alone in a North Vietnam jungle, an Air Force F-105 pilot waved frantically at the HH-3C passing overhead. Someone in the helicopter waved back. For the first time since he ejected from his flaming plane, Maj. Joseph Hutto knew he was going to be rescued.

Less than two hours before, Hutto was bombing a segment of Route 1, south of Vinh, attacking a truck convoy moving military supplies toward infiltration routes to South Vietnam. He and three other Thunderchief pilots cratered the highway and made one bombing pass on the trucks.

One truck veered from the highway, crashed in a ditch and exploded in a brilliant, orange flash,

but three trucks remained.

Diving through a hail of anti-aircraft fire, Hutto made two passes over the camouflaged trucks spraying them with 20mm cannon fire. As he pulled up from the second pass, he felt the F-105 shudder. Seeing his cockpit fill with smoke, he radioed the other pilots in his flight and prepared to eject.

Thrown into the sky by catapult ejection, he blacked out for a mo-

ment, but recovered to feel the comforting jerk of an opening parachute. As he swayed from side to side under the silk canopy, he thought, "It is alarmingly quiet and yet very pleasant."

Awed by the silence of the skies and the beauty of the landscape, Hutto suddenly realized he was drifting toward the flat plain. He tugged on the parachute cords, tipping the canopy to carry him away from the cratered highway and still smoldering trucks.

Crashing through 100 feet of deep forest, Hutto landed on the side of a steep slope. He struggled out of his parachute, drank some water and tried to use his radio.

Realizing enemy gunners were coming after him, Hutto started moving through the brush. Using fallen teak trees and animal trails to quiet his movements, he climbed toward the crest of a ridge.

Exhausted by his scramble through the jungle, Hutto stopped to use his radio and learned a helicopter was coming after him. Not knowing his parachute could not be seen from the air, he tried to radio his position by estimating the distance he moved from the chute.

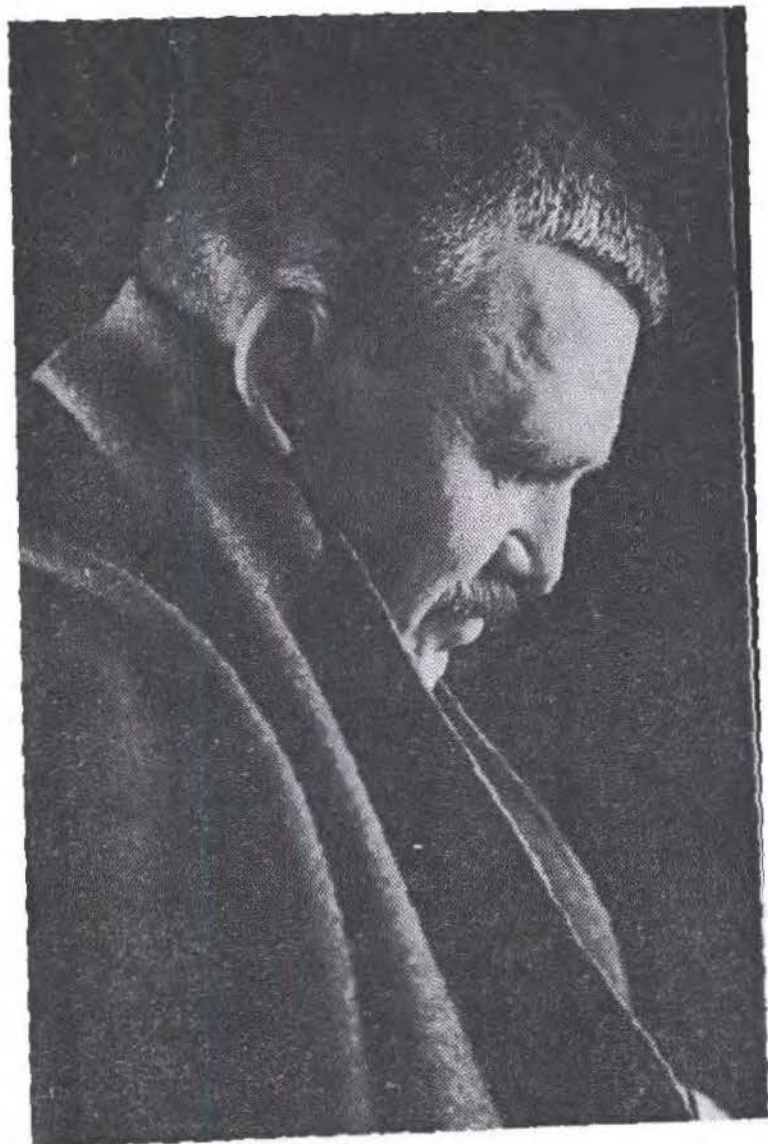
When the helicopter appeared, Hutto fired a smoke flare giving away his position to both his rescuers and the enemy. In a barely audible whisper, he called to the helicopter, "Do you see my smoke?"

"Positive," came the reply, but the helicopter, commanded by 1st Lt. Thomas E. Kenny, moved out of sight, then returned and dropped the hoist cable about 100 yards from Hutto.

Hutto realized the smoke had drifted down the hill and tried to make radio contact with the chopper crew again to bring them closer. By this time he had completely lost his voice and wasn't sure his transmission was heard.

Rescue crewmen SSgt Aaron D. Farrion, pararescue medic, and Harold R. Schrader of Satellite, Fla., crew chief, spotted Hutto.

Farrion and Schrader radioed instructions to their pilot, dropped the cable as the helicopter hovered and pulled Hutto into the chopper.



After the Rescue

THE FACE of a downed Air Force pilot rescued from the jungles of North Vietnam tells its own story. Maj. Joseph Hutto was forced to eject from his F-105 after it was hit by ground fire. The 36-year-old pilot from Mississippi was lifted to safety by an HH-3C. For the rescue story, see page 5.

Copter Hauls Pilot to Safety

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Realizing enemy gunners were coming after him, Hutto started moving through the brush. Using fallen teak trees and animal trails to quiet his movements, he climbed toward the crest of a ridge.

Exhausted by his scramble through the jungle, Hutto stopped to use his radio and learned a helicopter was coming after him. Not knowing his parachute could not be seen from the air, he tried to radio his position by estimating the distance he moved from the chute.

When the helicopter appeared, Hutto fired a smoke flare giving away his position to both his rescuers and the enemy. In a barely audible whisper, he called to the helicopter, "Do you see my smoke?"

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No longer alone in the jungle, Hutto hugged everyone in sight and settled down for the flight to safety.

CITATION TO ACCOMPANY THE AWARD OF
THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS
TO
ARRON D. FARRIOR

Staff Sergeant Arron D. Farrior distinguished himself by extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as a rescue helicopter pararescueman over Southeast Asia on 7 March 1966. On that date, under hazardous and adverse conditions, outstanding airmanship and courage were exhibited by Sergeant Farrior in the successful rescue and recovery of an American pilot whose aircraft had been shot down while on a mission over hostile territory. The professional competence, aerial skill, and devotion to duty displayed by Sergeant Farrior reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

MARCH 6

19 High bird today. had to
get up at 4.30 to preflight.
No action

MARCH 7

11.19 Low bird F 105 pilot Maj. Joseph
Butte from Takli in Thailand was
on bombing run in DRV 100 miles
from here (Nakhon Phanom) and was
19 hit by 57 mm and had to punch
out. Sandy's already had located
him and had voice contact with
him so we went straight in. His
19 keeper was still in chute in
the tree so it was hard for us
to get exact directions. Hovered
for 20 minutes and really
19 lucky cause bad guys just
over next hill. After he
punched out he saw people
coming after him so he took
19 off over a hill farther back
in the woods. He punched out
at 9:30 and we picked him up at
10:45 after searching for 20 minutes.

MARCH 7

MARCH 9

19 Nobody hit us but Sandy's
were laying fire suppression
down all around us and one
of them took a hit in the

19 tail. Sandy Pilot killed 4 bad
guys coming across a clearing
towards us while we were
hovering. AF Photographer on

19 board took movies of pick-up.
first movies ever made of a
pick-up in North VN from
a Jolly Green. Maj Hutto

19 really happy. not hurt just
a little shook. Lots of water &
a little rest took care of that
AC Lt Kenny CP. Capt Henderson

19 FM Sgt Rex Schader. Could be
a long hard tour. This was my
1st day on low bird at NKP.

Pick up party at NKP. 11/11/11

19 NKP High bird
Nothing

19

19

19

19

PICK-UP PARTY AT NCO CLUB

PLUCKED FROM DENSE JUNGLE

Hq. 7AF, Saigon--Standing alone in a North Vietnam jungle, an Air Force F-105 Thunderchief pilot waved frantically at the Air Force HH-43C helicopter passing overhead.

Someone in the helicopter waved back. For the first time since he ejected from his flaming plane, Maj. Joseph Hutto, of Natchez, Miss., knew he was going to be rescued.

Less than two hours before, Hutto was bombing a segment of Route 1, south of Vinh, and attacking a truck convoy moving military supplies toward infiltration routes to South Vietnam.

Diving through a hail of anti-aircraft fire, Hutto made two passes over the camouflaged trucks spraying them with 20mm cannon fire. As he pulled up from the second pass, he felt the F-105 shudder. Watching his cockpit fill with smoke, he radioed the other pilots in his flight and prepared to eject.

He turned the crippled jet toward the jungle to escape the populated coastal plain and anti-aircraft sites near Vinh. Over the mountains he ejected.

Thrown into the sky by catapult ejection, he blacked out for a moment, but recovered to feel the comforting jerk of an opening parachute.

Crashing through 100 feet of deep forest, Hutto landed on the side of a steep slope. He struggled out of his parachute, drank some water and tried to use his radio.

MORE

2--Plucked From Dense Jungle (Rel. No. 221)

Through the towering trees and tangled vines, he saw his wingman attacking north Vietnamese gun positions nearby. As he listened the sound of machine gun fire from enemy guns drew closer.

Convinced the gunners were coming after him, he started moving through the brush. Using fallen teak trees and animal trails to quiet his movements, he climbed toward the crest of a ridge.

Above him, the Thunderchiefs were replaced by four A-1E Skyraiders striking nearby Communist positions. One of the Skyraider pilots fired a pod of rockets near Hutto's hiding place silencing the ground fire.

Exhausted by his scramble through the jungle, Hutto stopped to use his radio and learned a helicopter was coming after him. Not knowing his parachute could not be seen from the air, he tried to radio his position by estimating the distance he moved from the chute.

When the helicopter appeared, Hutto fired a smoke flare giving away his position to both his rescuers and the enemy. In a barely audible whisper, he called to the helicopter, "Do you see my smoke?"

"Positive," came the reply, but the helicopter, commanded by 1st Lt. Thomas E. Kenny of Rochester, N.Y., moved out of sight then returned dropping the hoist cable about 100 yards from Hutto.

Hutto realized the smoke had drifted down the hill and tried to make radio contact with the chopper crew again to bring them closer. By this time he had completely lost his voice and wasn't sure his transmission was heard.

Rescue crewmen SSgt. Aaron D. Farrion of St. Louis, Mo., pararescue-medical, and Harold R. Schrader of Satellite, Fla., crew chief, spotted Hutto waving at the chopper.

MORE

3--Plucked From Dense Jungle (Rel. No. 221)

Farrion and Schrader radioed instructions to their pilot, Kenny, dropped the cable as the helicopter hovered over Hutto and hoisted him into the chopper.

No longer alone in the jungle, Hutto hugged everyone in sight and settled down for the flight to safety. (PACAF NS)

R-146-66
28Dec66



NEWS RELEASE

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

MILITARY AIRLIFT COMMAND

Public Information Division, Scott Air Force Base, Illinois

MFS #692



(618) 256-5309

"NO ONE WALKS HOME FROM NORTH VIETNAM--AIR RESCUE IN ACTION"

by Lt. Jerry Poppink

MEDIA FEATURE SERVICE, HQ MAC, SCOTT AFB, Ill. -- Major Joe Hutto banked his big Thunderchief and began the attack. The F-105 screamed toward earth, the Pratt & Whitney engine roaring with 26,000 pounds of thrust. Meandering below him, criss-crossing the checkered delta land, was his target -- highway 1 -- the major artery that connects the North Vietnamese port city of Vinh with the no-man's land at the border.

It was Joe Hutto's 25th mission over North Vietnam.

Hutto's 20 mm Vulcan cannon began its deadly sputtering as the Thunderchief came on target. The shells cut a smooth pattern along the road as communist trucks ditched and figures scurried for cover. Suddenly one truck convulsed with a secondary explosion and was enveloped in a large orange fireball.

M O R E

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The Republic fighter-bomber pulled out of the strafing run and began to climb, then suddenly shuddered violently. Hutto had been hit by the 12.7 mm guns that guarded the highway!

"Bill, I just took a hit," he radioed his wingman. "I'm on emergency fuel."

Fighting to regain altitude, he heard his wingman call back that his tail had been shot off and he was streaming fuel. Then the radio went dead.

For the 36-year-old native of Natchez, Mississippi, it was a time for instant decision--he knew his Thunderchief couldn't stay up much longer. His first thought was of rescue.

"I was only 20 miles from the Tonkin Gulf," he later recalled. "But even if the plane could have made it that far, I would have had to face the ring of anti-aircraft positions around Vinh, so that was out. I felt I'd have a better chance if I could reach the cover of the jungle. The worst place you want to go down is on flat delta land."

Aiming for the jungle, he gunned the last bit of speed out of his faltering F-105 and ejected at 5,000 feet.

Although he had never jumped before, he managed to maneuver with his chute, but sprained his wrist upon landing. As he unsnapped the parachute harness, his automatic electronic beeping signal began broadcasting his position. Within minutes, Air Force A-1Es had appeared overhead, flying protective

M O R E

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cover. The steady drum of heavy guns opened on one side of him; the chatter of automatic weapons sounded on the other.

"The only thing I could think of was that the communists were coming after me through the jungle. That was about the time I saw the helicopter hedge-hopping over the trees looking for me. It came in so low, a lucky pistol shot might have downed it!"

Risking his position, Hutto fired an orange smoke flare, hoping the para-rescuemen would see it and get to him before the communists.

"Do you have my smoke?" he radioed. The reply was positive.

Moments later, the HH-3C -- known to aircrews as the Jolly Green Giant -- had dropped its 200-foot steel cable hoist through the jungle cover and Hutto was pulled to safety. It had been less than an hour and a half since he ejected.

"The pararescuemen were great," he said. "They checked me over, took a look at my wrist, gave me some water and a cigarette. And you know, I really enjoyed that cigarette, until I remembered I was a non-smoker."

For Major Joe Hutto, mission number 25, which had nearly ended in disaster, was safely completed. Had it not been for rescue, the story might have had a tragic ending. The fact remains that thus far in the Vietnam war, no one has walked out of North Vietnam!

A good many have been flown out, however, and the credit goes to the rough and rugged rescuemen who daily serve as aerial lifeguards over the war zone.

M O R E

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Since they started keeping count, back in 1964, men of the Military Airlift Command's Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service (ARRS) have been credited with a total of 892 saves, 435 of whom were rescued from actual combat zones. Combat pilots unofficially figure a better than even chance of being rescued if shot down. The odds are even better for water rescues.

But the rescuers face even more hazards than the combat pilots themselves. Instead of sleek heavily-armed fighter-bombers such as the F-105, or the mach 2 F-4C, rescue pilots jockey slow and low-flying unarmed aircraft of all varieties.

Yet they are subjected to the same intense anti-aircraft fire, ground fire from automatic weapons and even bows and arrows! When the pararescuemen are on the ground -- as they frequently are, helping wounded pilots -- they also risk attack from enemy ground troops.

Rescue at sea provides its own particular brand of danger. Innocent looking junks, sampans or fishing boats are often floating batteries of machine guns or mortars. When an open-sea pickup must be made close to shore, even heavy field artillery is brought to bear on the rescue amphibians.

The dangers of open-sea rescue became clearly apparent last March when an HU-16 Albatross fixed wing amphibian was lost off the coast of Thanh Hoa, North Vietnam, while trying to save a pair of F-4C pilots literally from under the guns of communist shore mortars. Two rescuemen were killed in the barrage and the incident marked the first loss of an HU-16 in the Vietnam war.

M O R E

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But danger is not confined to sea operations. ARRS personnel have won some 500 awards and decorations for action in Vietnam -- not a few of them awarded posthumously. And earlier this year, Bien Hoa's 38th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron became the first Military Airlift Command unit since Korea to win the Presidential Unit Citation.

Typical of a Vietnam pararescueman is TSgt. Chuck Walther, a 34-year-old rescue veteran from Parkersburg, West Virginia, who recently completed a year's tour at Bien Hoa.

During his twelve month tour, Chuck collected 13 medals for courage and professionalism under combat conditions.

"We operated three HH-43F helicopters at Bien Hoa," Walther said, "modified for combat operations with larger engines, armor plating, self-sealing gas tanks and a 217-foot hoist for air crew recovery missions.

"I flew 310 sorties from Bien Hoa, all in South Vietnam. These included fire suppression missions, local base rescues and air crew recovery missions in the combat zones. Personally, I was in on three or four actual saves, and many assists."

Walther admitted that the major hazard was the Viet Cong. On one rescue, deep in the heart of D Zone, two of Walther's pararescuemen treated and evacuated a stunned A-1E pilot, while the Viet Cong disarmed the bombs on the wrecked fighter only 150 yards away. "The VCs finally spotted our

M O R E

Page 6 - No One Walks

men," Walther related, "and the last man up the hoist fired two clips at them while dangling 40 or 50 feet in the air. At this time, the VCs were within 50 yards!"

In Walther's opinion, air cover plays a major role in any successful rescue. "Just before I left Bien Hoa, we received word that an F-100 pilot had gone down right smack at the edge of a VC village. Armed Hueys and F-100s were flying protective cover, and drawing a lot of fire both from the village and the edge of the jungle. We snuck in under the cover, and as far as we know, we were never even fired upon. The VCs were so busy with the F-100s and choppers dropping bombs and strafing, we got in and out without their even knowing it."

Although he had been on the ground many times, Walther said he had never been fired at by the VC. "In the air though, yes. Often we've seen the tracers coming up at us out of the jungle. But in my own mind, the biggest danger is from exploding ordnance when an aircraft crashes. Those 20mm shells "cook-off" for many hours, and when they go, it's just like a hand grenade going off. At Bien Hoa, a fireman standing between two of my pararescuemen was killed by an exploding 20mm."

Walther thought that night rescues were far more dangerous than day rescues. "At night, it's hard to tell the good guys from the bad guys -- they don't wear white hats and black hats. On one night mission, we were told that we would be met by popular forces on the ground, in the area where the crash took place.

M O R E

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"Now, as you know, the VCs wear black uniforms, and when we landed in the dark and got out, what do we see all around us but these 50 black-clad Asiatics, all armed. Can you imagine how I felt? I didn't know whether to shoot or not. As it turned out, they were the popular forces--the home guard--and at night they always wear black uniforms. But you couldn't prove by me they weren't VCs!"

But the greatest risk in night rescues is the very real possibility of a Viet Cong trap. Walther remembers one mission in particular when he was searching for a crashed Vietnamese H-34.

"We were trying to find the wreckage and drawing all kinds of ground fire," he recalled. "We trained our spotlights on an opening in the jungle, and there was a Vietnamese waving back at us. Now put yourself in the pilot's place. So what are you going to do? Is it a trap or not? The rescue commander has to make this decision, because there's no one else to help him.

"We gambled and went in, but the pilot said 'One false move, anywhere on the line and...' And there's really no alternative! The pararescueman went down the line and searched the Viet pilot, and all the time, both our co-pilot and helicopter mechanic had their M-16s trained right on him. As it turned out, the pilot was 'clean.' But you have to take all the precautions, because you never know."

"You never know" might well be the unofficial motto of the rescuemen, in addition to their official motto, "That Others Might Live."

M O R E

Page 8 - No One Walks

From such bases as Tan Son Nhut, Bien Hoa, Da Nang, Pleiku, Binh Thuy and a score of other sites, rescue choppers and amphibians are scrambled day in and day out to dash off through mountain passes and along jungle rivers in a race to the death with the Viet Cong. More often than not, air rescue is the winner.

"It's not an easy life, at all," said Chuck Walther. "But then again, it's no picnic for the fighter pilots either. I figure anything we can do helps take the pressure off those guys. You get an awful lot of satisfaction in what you're doing when you pick a guy up out of the jungle, and believe me, they appreciate it. That's all the thanks we need."

MFS #692

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