

On September 9, 1969, we left for the Far East. It rained that morning, but the weather cleared in the afternoon. As the sun dried the puddles on the dock, a handful of well-wishers arrived to say their farewells. One after another, the lines snaked aboard and the Dallas and her crew were off on the longest tour of their careers.

A lot of training, hard work, and long hours had gone into preparing for this trip and now we were going to use what we had learned. The drills were over; from here on in, it was real. We were sent to perform a mission . . .



THIS IS OUR STORY