

## ML.76.Harry's Hairy Tales

The 55th didn't select characters on purpose, but all who knew him will agree that Lt Col Harry Moore would have qualified A-1 if they did. Some of his unique contributions to our lexicon and quotable quotes:



'Framus' and / or 'Fern Dock:' Some complicated item or piece of hardware on an aircraft or a boat.

'Box' Bureson: An EW in the 82d who claimed, erroneously, that Harry had taken some chicken out of HIS BOX lunch--the all Chicken one!

One Crow Rule: Result of having two RC-135M EWs in the cockpit occasioning one to spill coffee on Harry!

"YOU GOTTA BE RALPHING ME!": Questioning any statement with which Harry took issue.

'All My Ferndocks': From 'All My Children' TV Soap, aired daily in the Offutt O'Club Stag Bar with Harry in attendance.

"If you want to break an academy grad's finger, punch him in the nose." Harry had other jibes for zoomies, as well. [*I was a Zoomie and Harry's co-pilot... - ed*]

"F\*\*\* me in the Heart:" Exclamation to some disturbing piece of news.

'Wrench Bender:' Any USAF ground maintenance crewmember.

Challenging Crewdogs to fly pop-up increase in flight schedule: "You guys are like a bunch of Goddam Seagulls. I have to throw rocks atcha to get you to fly ... and then you go and Sh\*\* on me!"

Encountering his Aunt outside the PRAGUE diner in Omaha: "Yeah that's my Aunt Martha. She's like horseshit: she's all over town!"

'WaWa Deadbug:' Term given to THE champion of getting to floor first on multiple calls and multiple martinis.

'High Speed Rattles:' Physical condition of one who's consumed too much caffeine, or the 18 hour+ over cooked coffee consumed to wake up for the let down & approach to Kadena AB.

'Telephone Colonel:' Lieutenant Colonel when dealing with civilian world bureaucrats.

'Day VFR Only:' Term for when one can go into certain establishments in South Omaha.

- *Walt Schrecker*

Pig eyed, knee walking, puking thru the nose drunk.

He named one crow 'Crowbar' because he was a simple tool.

once introduced him to a friend at the stag bar and he kissed him smack on the lips. The guy nearly wet his pants.

As the Wing Exec, I escorted Col John Soper, a new wing king, to his first Friday evening happy hour for social exposure. As we entered the Raiders Lounge, retired Harry moved from his regular perch at the far right of the bar to greet us. I told Col Soper I wanted him to meet my "Dad".

Harry shook hands with the Col and said "How long have you known this asshole?" He then looked at me and said, "I'm talking to you, Max." With a hearty laugh.

Soper's jaw dropped and all I could say was, "I knew something was coming, but not this." He did take it okay... after awhile.

I have not even scratched the surface!

- *Max Moore*

Okinawa, at the outer edge of the civilized world, had some very good entertainment at the O-Club - Ike and Tina Turner and Astrud Gilberto, for examples. On one occasion the entertainer was a skilled magician who as part of his act invited audience participation. Harry Moore was of course game, jumped up on stage, and when asked his name said, convincingly, "Lefty Buckfart." The magician knew he had a live one.

After some probing questions and a few tricks, Harry was dismissed but almost immediately called back to retrieve his wallet – the magi had really good hands. He was again dismissed and recalled – to retrieve his watch. This went on for a while, as Harry had left a few other personal items with the conjurer. Fortunately, his pants didn't fall down.

It's hard to say who laughed harder, Harry or the audience.

- *Dave Connaughton*

On a trip from Kadena to Offutt, a raven who was moving PCS to Offutt asked Harry to carry his German Shepherd on the flight. Prior to a refueling, Harry reportedly placed the dog in the right seat. On hook-up, the boom operator supposedly called his AC and said, "I've seen some really ugly receiver pilots but this one takes the cake."

- *Reg Urschler*

Harry was tape measuring the Ops Scheduling Room populated by the Typhoon Evac aircrew and an over-stressed 'Jumbo O'Neill,' Sq/CC who queried: "OK, Moore wadda ya doin'?" Harry: "Just doin some Cost-Benefit Analysis, Colonel. To find if it'd be more efficient to rubberize this office or fit YOU for a Rubber Suit!"

- *Max Moore*

After Kadena and (I think) Nam he ended up at Hickam in PACAF's version of Looking Glass. May have been the sqd ops guy.

Anywho, on his first check out AR 'trainer,' the IP was fairly condesending and officious in his instruction for the AR with the ol' dude. Once on the boom Harry pin-pointed every corner of the envelope, hit limits fore and aft. [*Harry was the master of AR -ed*]

Looked at the IP and said, "You mean like that?" The red faced IP said, "You son of bitch! You've done this before." Well duh!! He had not done his homework.

Got this from Harry himself. He did not like that tour and I think his attitude showed and it hurt him OER-wise. Life was not good for his family as haoles, kids in school, neighbors, as they lived pretty far from the base.

- *Max Moore*

Reflecting on the dog in the copilot seat, I think Harry could have taught the dog to refuel - or me.

I sat behind him enough and still remember his gruff instructions: "Put your feet on the floor!!!" "As soon as you put in a correction, take it out."

I met Harry in early 1961 in the 343rd at Forbes, he had recently arrived. Reg introduced me to him, a stocky barrel chested presence. I noted that my paternal grandfather was named Harry (true), and that I would hence call him "Gramps".

He said, "No you won't!"

We did settle on him as Dad and me Sonny that lasted over 30 years, and thus the tales flow right up to and including his funeral. He was one of a kind and they broke the mold after he came along.

I still miss the guy. *[We all do - Ed]*

- *Max Moore*

Unbeknownst to me, Harry's co-pilot, Harry started his flying career in the Northrup F-89 Scorpion, a twin-jet all-weather fighter, and he never quite got over it. On one occasion we were practicing in the local area and Harry decided to buzz some Okinawan fishermen, roaring by at about 250 kts and 100 feet. I imagine that looked pretty hairy, though we never heard any complaints.

On another occasion, a Combat Apple had landed at Naha due to cross winds at Kadena and Harry and I went to recover the bird. It had about 15,000 - 20,000 pounds of fuel, plenty for the 10 mile trip. At 150,000 pounds or so, it was the lightest takeoff load I ever experienced, and Harry had a friend on the ground at Naha to impress. So on takeoff he held it level for a moment to build up a little extra airspeed and honked the nose way, way up, reaching our 'cruising' altitude almost instantaneously, since we were then on final for Kadena at about 1,000 feet. It was the shortest flight I ever logged in any airplane, and it was FUN.

- *Dave Connaughton*

