



War stories? I've seen it at close hand. World War II, European campaign, Korean Police Action, you name it! You might say the action took place right under my hooves. Hooves? Oh, I forgot to tell you, I'm a jenny, a flying, red jenny; mascot of the 815th tactical Airlift Squadron. Until 1967, they were known as a Troop carrier Squadron and had existed since 1952 as such, but the unit has a distinguished record of combat service as a heavy bombardment squadron in World War II. In the spring of 1944 the squadron was sent to Italy. There, flying B-17's, it participated in many historic operations, including the famous raids on the Ploesti oil fields. Before its deactivation in September 1945, the squadron received two Distinguished Unit Citations.

The war Department brought the unit out of mothballs in the winter of 1952, to help in the Korean conflict, now designated a Troop carrier Squadron and flying the C-119 Flying Boxcar. It was at this time that I was officially adopted by the squadron. By the time the truce was negotiated we had taken part in many large troop movements around the Korean peninsula.

After this conflict had ended, it became my duty to see that my boys were kept in a state of constant combat readiness, so we could counter any communist move in the Far East.

My image was seen participating in operational readiness exercises throughout the area. NATO maneuvers in Korea, SEATO deployments in Thailand, Australian forces in Sydney; all knew the sign of the RED JENNY. My portrait was painted on other aircraft, tanks, howitzers and buildings. Even an occasional tipsy bar patron has had to explain the RED JENNY stenciled on the seat of his pants.

Then, another change in 1958, we switched from C-119's to the present C-130. After the conversion period to the modern tactical transport was over, my charges once again demonstrated they were always ready by continually receiving superior ratings in their annual inspections.

Life went pretty smoothly until 1964. It was then I received my first "Purple Heart". An associated C-130 squadron caught my men napping and horsenapped me. I was spirited away to Okinawa where there was a big sacrificial ceremony in my honor. I was deeply grateful until they told me I was the sacrificial "ass". The ceremony over, I was ransomed back to my boys, a little the worse for wear, I had a hole in my head and so was awarded the Purple heart.

I could have gone awhile quietly in life, but such was not my fate, for in early 1965, I was decorated with a cluster to my Purple heart when a determined wind blew me from my perch high atop the squadron headquarters and I bent my tail.

In July 1968, a group of reserves from the states horsenapped me again. however, since they were TDY here at Tachi, they only got as far as the hangar with me. I spent a comfy night there and upon popular demand was back in my old home the next day with proper attendance of all concerned, and even allowed a "little green man"* to ride on my back for about an hour.

Yes, I've had a very full life, and I'm just getting in my prime. I'm still here, at my regular post on Tachikawa Air base, Japan, watching over my children. Come over and stop in for a chat sometime. Oh, the tales I can tell!!!!

* Jenny made a small error here. The unit in question was the 61st TAS, and active duty squadron.