



# DR AHEAD



THE AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

VOL 37, NUMBER 2

LITTLE RIVER, CALIFORNIA

APRIL 2021



The Stockyards of Fort Worth.

Photograph provided by the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce.

## 2021 AFNOA REUNION

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

The COVID-19 pandemic is still impacting the planning of the 2021 Reunion. We will make a decision in late April 2021 whether the Reunion must be delayed. Full information on the Reunion will be published in the July 2021 *DR Ahead*.

Please wait to book your rooms until we advise you via e-mail or in writing.

Suggestion: you might want to let Jim Faulkner know by e-mail of your plans to attend, so that he will be sure to notify you of all last minute changes.

The 2021 **AFNOA** Reunion is planned for Tuesday through Thursday, September 21 through 23, 2021, in Fort Worth, Texas. It will be held at the Radisson Hotel, 2540 Meacham Blvd, Fort Worth, Texas 76106; telephone 817-769-4034. The room rate for our reunion is \$129.00 per night, plus tax. Breakfast is included in the room rate and self-parking is complimentary.

Make your hotel reservations no later than 15 August

2021, and mention that you are with the Air Force Navigators Observers Association Reunion to receive the group room rate. This group rate is also available for three days before and three days after the Reunion dates (based on room availability at the hotel). The Registration Form will be printed in the July 2021 *DR Ahead*.

The reunion schedule is shaping up as follows:

### **Tuesday, September 21st:**

Registration and Hospitality Room  
No-Host Cocktails  
and Dinner/Buffer

### **Wednesday, September 22nd:**

Board Meeting  
Membership Meeting  
Hospitality Room  
No-Host Cocktails  
Banquet Dinner in the evening.

### **Thursday, September 23rd:**

You can schedule tours for Tuesday or Thursday and... we are planning a tour of the F-35 plant for attendees interested in such a tour.

+++++

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

2021 **AFNOA** Reunion ..... 1  
 Membership Application Form ..... 2  
 Historian's Report ..... 3  
 Help Wanted on the Web Page,  
 by Tim Duerson ..... 3  
 Copies of **DR Ahead** Available,  
 by Thomas G. Shepherd ..... 3  
 NOTAM - **DR Ahead** Distribution ..... 3  
 Cora's Place, by Dike D. Artley ..... 3  
 UCT Next, by Maj Sean T. Leuschen ..... 4  
 A Nightfighter Navigator Recalls...  
 by Richard Myers ..... 6  
 The Murder of a Navigator's Wife,  
 by Murray Siegel ..... 6

Leora's Letters, by Joy Kidney with  
 Robin Grunder, review by Bill Wilkins .... 7  
 South Forty, by John E. Norvell ..... 8  
 The Great Turkey Caper,  
 by James R. Anderson ..... 9  
 Murphy Strikes Again, by William Bullock ..... 9  
 Flying the Heavies, by Glenn Michael ..... 10  
 Eisenhower's Orders, by Leon I Hammer ..... 11  
 A Quick Trip, by Anthony Mournian ..... 12  
 Notice of Publication, by Robert Manns ..... 14  
 NOTAM - Emergency List ..... 14  
 NOTAM - **DR Ahead** by Internet ..... 14  
 Letters ..... 14  
 Last Flights ..... 14  
 The **AFNOA** Board & Operating Committee .. 16

<b>MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION</b>	
<b>AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION</b>	
Name _____	
Spouse's Name _____	
Address _____ _____	
City _____	
State / 9-digit ZIP _____	
Home Phone _____	
Work Phone _____	
Cell Phone _____	
E-Mail Address _____	
Base Name/Class Number _____	
<p>Make check payable to <b>AFNOA</b> and mail to:                  Leonard T. Melcher, <b>AFNOA</b> Treasurer                  103 Steel Valley Drive                  Boerne, TX 78006-7019                  Telephone: 512-296-5209                  e-mail: c5nav@hotmail.com</p>	
<p>Note: <b>AFNOA</b> is an IRS 501(c)(19) non-profit organization                  Annual Membership — \$15.00 under age 79                  \$50.00 for 4-year membership                  Age 80 and over — \$35.00 for life</p>	
<p>If you are currently a member, GREAT! Please consider a donation to the operating account. If you are not a current member, please consider joining and giving a donation to the organization. Thank you.</p>	
Membership	\$ _____
Donation to Operating Account	\$ _____
Total Amount Enclosed	\$ _____

**DR Ahead** is the official publication of the Air Force Navigators Observers Association, Inc. (AFNOA Inc.); a non-profit, non-political organization dedicated to maintaining the peace and security of the United States of America and a spirit of comradeship among all Aerial or Surface Navigators, Observers and Bombardiers who are serving or have served in the U.S. Air Force or its predecessors, The United States Marine Corps, The United States Navy, The United States Army, The United States Coast Guard, or any of the predecessor organizations of these service organizations, or persons closely affiliated with navigation in any capacity on a case-by-case basis. TENOA, the forerunner of **AFNOA**, was organized by Clarke Lampard, Ellington Class 50-D, in 1985.

**DR Ahead** is published quarterly by **AFNOA**, Inc., 6441 Avenida De Galvez, Navarre, Florida 32566-8911. Presorted 3rd class postage is paid at Fort Walton Beach, Florida.

**MANUSCRIPTS** are welcomed, especially by E-mail (address: RNNN@mcn.org) or by submittal to the editor on data CDs, IBM-compatible formats only please. All submissions must be signed and must include the address of the contributor; no anonymous material will be printed; however, names will be withheld on request. The editor reserves the right to edit submitted articles for reasons of taste, clarity, legal liability, or length. The comments and views herein represent the views of the editor and are not necessarily those of **AFNOA**, Inc. Deadline for the next issue is 15 May 2021.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Please report changes of address to: **AFNOA**, Inc., 4109 Timberlane, Enid, OK 73703-2825; jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net; 580-242-0526

**DR Ahead STAFF:**

Owner	<b>AFNOA</b>
Editor, Richard W. Ahrens	RNNN@mcn.org
Contributor, Murray Siegel	mhsiegel43@gmail.com
Copy Editor, Sue Curran	sue.curran@att.net
Circulation, Jim Faulkner	jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net
Distribution	afnoa.distributor@yahoo.com

\*\*\*\*\*

**HISTORIAN'S REPORT**

by Ron Barrett, James Connally 63-06

Recently the **AFNOA** Historian asked if any of our cadre of navigators had flown in the OV-10. The answer was yes! And the missions were unique. Like Igloo White! I am documenting these missions for a later full article.

The responses led to a broader discovery. There are even more "unique navigator missions" to be documented for our history. So please, if you flew one of these unknown to date missions. Tell your story. Do it now! Seems that the ROs had some great, mysterious Cold War flights. Even better, if you have picture or two, put it all together and send it to the editor of **DR Ahead** at rnnn@mcn.org.

Be safe, stay well, and tell your story.

+++++++

**HELP WANTED ON THE WEB PAGE**

by Tim Duerson, Mather 83-05

Does your resume include basic to advanced web site building? If you wish to influence and help the **AFNOA** web presence, please contact the web page manager, Tim Duerson, Mather 83-05, at AFNOAweb@cox.net.

+++++++

**COPIES OF DR Ahead AVAILABLE**

by Thomas G. Shepherd, Harlingen 54-16

I have copies of **DR Ahead** from October 2006 through 2020. If anyone wants them, please let me know and I will mail them. Otherwise they go into the round file. E-mail me at tgs32@hotmail.com, or call me at 304-856-3868.

Thomas G. Shepherd

+++++++

**NOTAM — DR Ahead DISTRIBUTION**

Please contact **AFNOA** Membership if you do not receive your quarterly **DR Ahead** by the time listed below:

A. Electronic version:

by the 15 of January, April, July, October

B. Paper copy

via USPS by end of January, April, July, October.

The Electronic version is distributed from afnoa.distributor@yahoo.com.

We highly recommend that you have this e-mail address in your electronic address book. Be sure to check your SPAM and JUNK MAIL folders before you contact us. Questions: contact Jim Faulkner, at his e-mail address: jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net or phone: 580-242-0526 and he will make sure you are on the mailing list.

+++++++

**CORA'S PLACE**

by Dike D. Artley, Harlingen 61-06

Over the years, we flew routine supply missions to Ascension Island, a dot-size volcanic island in the South Atlantic, approximately 1400 miles off the coast of Brazil.

All flights to and from Ascension were restricted to daylight operations only. Therefore, we would fly to the small Brazilian seaport town of Recife and spend the night at Cora's Place before leaving the next morning for the five-hour flight to Ascension Island. Cora's Place was a 19 room hotel, owned and operated by Cora Verhaeg, a Dutch woman from Utrecht, Netherlands, who had a deep fondness for Americans.

When her husband died suddenly in 1957, Cora was left alone to support her five children. Her only income was from a part-time job as a typist at the nearby small U.S. air base. Wanting to help, a few of her Air Force friends came together as a think-tank to help her find a source of income. There was a dire need for a small hotel near the air base, so with the help of a couple of Air Force officers, Cora's Place became a reality. It was a learning experience, and according to Cora, her friends taught her how to make American breakfasts, French fries and French toast, along with how to mix martinis. The crew members wanted American-style coffee, not the overpowering, strong Brazilian coffee, so Cora learned this as well. Her famous grilled steak sandwiches were to die for, and she would make them on request regardless of the time of day. She had the type of personality that made everyone that she came in contact with feel comfortable and welcomed.

During our stays at Cora's, there was always a laughable conversation as to why we didn't get electrocuted whenever we took a shower. To this day, I remember the light bulb dangling from the ceiling by a frayed braided cord IN THE SHOWERS. One may ask, "What building codes?"

When one of her sons was killed in an automobile accident, several airmen arrived from Charleston to offer their comfort. Along with Cora, they cried. They even carried his coffin.

In December 1964, I had a scheduled flight to Ascension Island. Before leaving Charleston, a few of us decided to load our C-130 with a freshly cut Christmas tree—just for Cora. Of course, we included boxes of lights and ornaments and a Christmas card that had been circulated to the members of my squadron for their signatures. Upon arrival, our crew donned our colorful Christmas caps and walked into Cora's Place with her Christmas tree and boxes of goodies. She was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, and her tears could have filled a bucket.

My mother once told me that giving a gift is better than receiving one. Giving Cora a Christmas tree that day confirmed what my mother had always taught me.

+++++++



The SO laboratory replicates the entire mission profile scenario, including EO/IR sensor operations, tactical navigation, and countermeasure employment. Photograph provided by Major Sean Leuschen.

### **UCT NEXT**

by Maj Sean T. Leuschen, Pensacola 13-7

In response to a few inquiries from my previous article, I will dig deeper into modern-day Combat Systems Officer training. As mentioned previously, we operate under a track system, where students select between Electronic Warfare Officer (EWO), Navigator (Nav), Weapons Systems Officer (WSO), or Special Operations (SO).

Students enter the program together in classes, as they did under previous syllabuses, but finish at different rates. [In the figure at the top of the next page, note the number of training days \(TDs\).](#) As you can see, Navs, SOs, and EWOs graduate nearly a month earlier than their WSO counterparts. At the start of the course, all students receive primary academics and two T-25 sim phases, En Route Navigation (ER) and Combat Navigation (CN). Following the completion of ER and CN, students then proceed to the T-6 Texan II.

Near the mid-point on the T-6 flight line, TD 105, students reach their first decision point of the syllabus, deciding between EWO and Non-EWO career paths. After the EWO split, students not selected for EWO remain on the flight line, gaining ten additional rides in the T-6. The EWOs head over to the T-1 flight line.

### **The EWO**

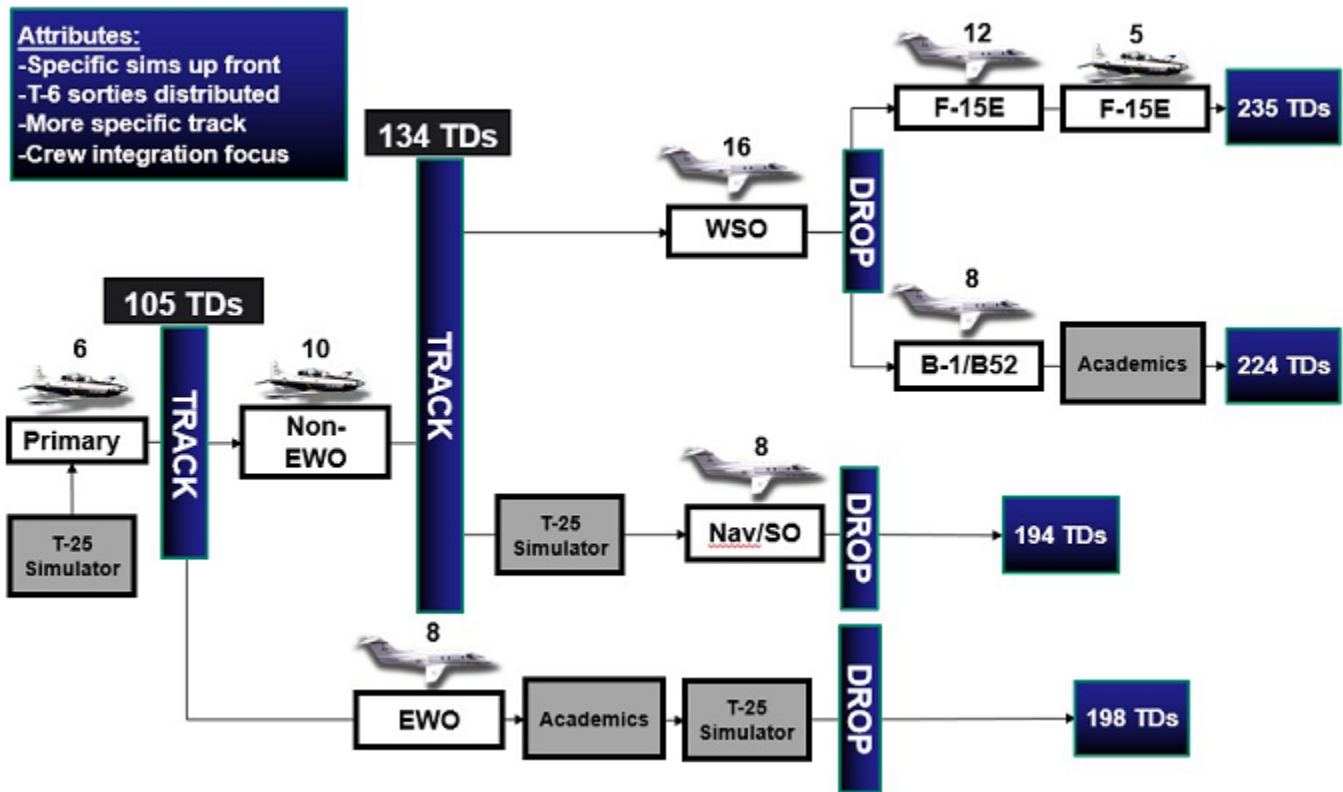
The EWOs now enter their Military Training Route (MTR)

phase of training. Their training takes place in the back of the aircraft, at the T-1's CSO workstation. During this phase, EWOs are paired with WSOs, coming from classes senior to theirs. In the MTR phase, EWOs learn the basics of defending against adversary threat systems while simulating a bombing run. This phase is the last time EWOs receive training in-flight at UCT. Instead, they receive multiple T-25 phases and various academic lessons, including learning enemy integrated air defense systems (IADS) and the fundamentals of Electronic Attack (EA), Self-Protection (SP), and Electronic Support (ES). The T-25 emulates multiple mission sets to reinforce principles learned in the classroom. Near the end of their training, EWOs drop either the RC-135, EC-130, or B-52.

### **The WSO**

After the T-6, WSOs head directly to the T-1. They begin with the MTR phase, as previously discussed. Their training focuses primarily on VFR navigation, timing, with some instrument flight sprinkled in. Following the MTR phase, WSOs proceed to Dynamic Tasking (DT). During DT, WSOs continue from the copilot seat and train with either a Nav or SO student. WSOs exchange duties with the other student, but their main focus is on weapons employment, tactical navigation, and timing. DT takes place at higher altitudes and within Military Operating Areas (MOAs). Operating within the tight confines of a MOA is a





Training syllabus.

Provided by Major Sean Leuschen.

complicated task in itself, especially when faced with real-world factors such as weather, radio traffic, and other military aircraft. This task becomes increasingly difficult with each addition of instructor-induced stressors (simulated threats, Restricted Operating Zones (ROZ), and time-sensitive targets). After the DT phase, WSOs drop either the F-15E, EA-18, B-52, or B-1.

Fighter WSOs continue with two more phases on the T-1 flight line, remaining in the Copilot seat, and then finish with a final phase in the T-6. These final phases include Fighter Employment (EMP), Fighter Intercept (FI) training, and T-6 formation. Bomber WSOs, on the other hand, also proceed to the EMP phase, but from the CSO workstation. Bomber students finish with academics training in Advanced Navigation (AN).

**Nav and SO**

As indicated earlier, Nav and SO students have the fastest routes to graduation. After the T-6, Nav students enter the AN phase. The advanced navigation trains the principles of international flight. Students learn international flight planning, practice position reports, weather avoidance, HF radio operations, log work, and dead reckoning procedures. Following AN, Navs proceed to the T-1 for the DT phase. Their primary responsibilities focus on

timing, navigation, coordination with C2, aircraft defense, and simulated Air Refueling. Air National Guard and Air Force Reserve students continue to the Visual Low Level (VLL) phase of training from the Jump seat in the T-1. After syllabus completion, Navs drop one of five aircraft: the E-3, E-8, EC-130, RC-135, or C-130 (ANG/AFRC).

The SO track is varied. While every SO student receives a series of academics, sensor operation sims, and DT (protecting the aircraft and balancing targeting duties with the WSO), their follow-on roles dictate the remainder of their training. Students from both MC-130 variants and the HC-130 receive training that is more navigation-heavy in nature. These students finish with both AN and VLL phases. AC-130J CSOs finish with training in AN. While U-28 and AC-130J WSOs also end with AN, but academics only. Post-graduation, all SO track graduates attend EWO top-off. SOs select between the U-28, AC-130J, MC-130H, MC-130J, HC-130J (AD, AFRC, ANG), MC-12 (ANG), EC-130J (ANG), or RC-26 (ANG).

While on the surface, we all make up the Combat Systems Officer (CSO) career field, but beneath the veil, each of us brings a unique role to the fight. UCT is preparing our undergraduate CSOs for the requirements that they will meet in their future communities.

+++++



2/Lt Richard Myers in the 68th Fighter Interceptor Squadron in Korea in April 1952. Photograph provided by Richard Myers.

### A NIGHTFIGHTER-NAVIGATOR RECALLS...

by Richard Myers, James Connally 52-2

With pilot "Texas-Billy" I entered FEAF (Far East Air Forces) at Fuchu, near Tokyo. Sent to the 68th Fighter-Interceptor Lightning Lancers at Itazuke Airstrip, Japan, we photographed each other in April 1952 at a "68th" insignia (a Lancer on lightning bolts) when we learned that they had two F-94B Starfire nightfighter jets on alert at forward fighter strip K-13 at Suwon, Korea, and the first two Korean Air-War victories. The 68th, vigorous, pushed at all limits, and had ideas, many useful—a few not so useful, for example:

How High? On my night-scamble with pilot G, he said let's try for max altitude—we climbed—up to 42,000, 43,000 as our fuel load lightened. Exciting. Suddenly G said, "Uh-oh, min-fuel," throttled back, nosed down steeply—we plunged down to a straight-in approach, landed, taxied in, shut down. On our fuel-counter 18 gallons remained (about 3-4 minutes flying time). Lesson: Do not risk a flame-out landing—with its total loss of hydraulic-powered "aileron boost"—especially in the dark.

Range How Far? I flew daytime practice attacks with Pilot S. Then our target aborted, so we flew south to see Kagoshima Bay, where Japanese torpedo planes rehearsed their December 7, 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor—which Kagoshima Bay resembles. We decided to visit Okinawa. But when our fuel-counter numbers became iffy, we recon-

sidered and turned back. Prudence overcame enthusiasm.

Split S Down Onto Landing Pattern's 1,000-Ft-High 'Initial Point'—How To Find Entry Altitude: At 20,000 feet one day, pilot T. Denholm rolled upside down, eased stick back and pulled out at about 14,000 feet. Then 17K down to 11K, then 15K down to 9K, and so on, each "split-s" lowed, a bit tighter. A crowd gathered to watch. Our commander arrived, saw the 11K-to-5K split-s, and said, "Radio! And get that man down now! And in my office—and bring his Flight Commander, too!" End of experiment.

More-Accurate, Faster: Calling tiny turns, "Gentle-Port-Steady" (five syllables), or Gentle-Starboard-Steady (six Syllables), felt inexact—could make us oversteer, even weave. Billy asked, "So what is it you want to say?" and I replied that for four degrees, I'd say, "Left-four." Or "Right-four" for precision with only two syllables. We tried it for three degrees, and six, and nine—got absolute accuracy and got it faster. But our Squadron Navigator, Captain K warned us—a new USAF policy, "Ops Standardization," enforced by visiting "Stanboards" might make us revert to the calls Training Command had taught us.

Somber Side: Underlying our innovations, serious or Outré, lurked a reality-flying to fight, especially at night, meant risks. When a crew went out and disappeared, others grieved quietly and kept going. Billy and I noticed this, did so too, and pressed on, confident we'd return to loved ones.

+++++

### THE MURDER OF A NAVIGATOR'S WIFE

by Murray Siegel, James Connally 65-03

Ken Reinert completed UNT (Class 66-02), Bomb-Nav School and B-52 Crew Training, and arrived at Griffiss AFB, assigned to the 668th Bomb Squadron. Ken joined Capt. Harry Hoelscher's crew, on which I was the electronic warfare officer. Ken and I became quick friends; we were the same age, he was from Pennsylvania and I was from New York. Our wives both taught in the Rome Public Schools. Sue Reinert was a high school English teacher and my wife, Sharon, taught first grade.

So much of a crewmember's time was occupied in the crew schedule that one's social life was tied to the crew. Spending two weeks out of five on alert, with hours of mission planning and long training missions, meant that the six members of the crew and their wives tended to join together for entertainment and relaxation.

In October 1967, on successive alert tours, the Reinerts and the Siegels expanded their families. Karen Reinert arrived first, followed two weeks later by Roy Siegel. In 1968, I received orders to Mississippi, and soon Ken was

transferred to Puerto Rico. By 1971, we were out of the Air Force, both working in finance and living in the Northeast. The Reinerts stopped by our home and we met Michael, their second child. They met our newborn son, Andrew.

We moved to Georgia and were driving back to New York on vacation in 1978, so I wrote to Ken about stopping by. He replied that he and Sue had been divorced, and it was not amicable, but she would let him into the house for our visit. It was a very strange dinner, with everyone walking on eggshells.

On a Sunday morning in the summer of 1979, I was reading the newspaper and saw a headline about a teacher being killed. The photo was of Sue and she had been found naked in the back of her car, having been tortured and murdered. The two children were not found. At first, Ken was a prime suspect until he was cleared. Painstaking investigations ultimately led to the arrest and conviction of another teacher and the principal at Sue's school.

In 1987, Joseph Wambaugh published a book, "Echoes in the Darkness," which detailed the murder. A two-part miniseries, based on the book, was televised. Karen and Michael were declared legally dead and no remains were ever discovered. Ken remarried but continued to be troubled over the disappearance of his children. He died, prematurely, in 2002. Every October, I think about the Reinerts. Ken was a skilled navigator and a wonderful companion on alert. Roy turned 53 last October and Karen never made it past 11.

+++++

**BOOK REVIEW**

by Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09

**LEORA'S LETTERS: THE STORY OF LOVE AND LOSS FOR AN IOWA FAMILY DURING WORLD WAR II** by Joy Neal Kidney with Robin Grunder; 339 pages, photographs; ISBN (softcover): 978-1-7341567-0-0, ISBN (ebook): 978-1-7341587-1-7; softcover available online for about \$14.00.

Memories of World War II are in short supply these days. After decades of silence on the part of most veterans of that conflict, for about decade and a half starting at the turn of this century there was an outpouring of memoirs and memoirs posing as novels. My guess is that many of those came into being for veterans to tell their children and grandchildren about their experiences and then got published. Long-time readers of *DR AHEAD* may remember reading, or reading about some of those. Passing time has brought an end to most of the efforts like that. With **LEORA'S LETTERS**, Joy Neal Kidney has found a way to create a family's memoir of WWII.

Starting about the time of World War I, Clabe and Leora

Wilson were tenant farmers of a small spread in Iowa. They produced crops and cash for their landlord with a bit left over and children for themselves. Five boys and two girls. The first two, boys, were born in 1915 and 1916. The first girl was born in 1918 and her sister with a twin brother in 1921. Another boy in 1923 and Junior in 1925. Do the math. By the time it took the first boys to get through high school in Iowa, WWII was starting in Europe and was under way in China.

Those two joined the Navy together a year after graduation. In the Navy they got good meals regularly and earned enough money to send some to their parents to save to buy a place of their own. They wrote and received letters to and from family members. So begins what became a trove of family remembrances. The girls found their loves and marriage. The three younger boys, one by one, joined the Army Air Corps and became pilots.

The young adults wrote regularly to their parents and to each other. Thankfully, the letters were saved. Photos, both candid and posed, were taken, and added to the collection. A banner with five stars went up in the family home. This way, life and death in an American family while the nation was at war is detailed and revealed to us.

Here are some excerpts written in November, 1943. "Dear Dale, (the male twin and the first son to become a pilot, now in B-25s) Oh, we are so proud of you. We think you are on the right track about what to do when this is over... "You are doing fine. Just keep your chin up and do your best..."

"We will write again soon. Hope you get your Christmas boxes. A prayer for you and God bless you.

"Love and Good Luck Always,  
"Mom & Dad

About the same time Dale wrote to his parents: "Somewhere in New Guinea," November 1943

Dear Mom and Dad... I now have one-fifth of my required missions. I don't know if I'll quit when I do have the required number. If I get into the latest medium bomber or the latest attack bomber, I may decide to stay over here longer... If you have any new pictures, I'd like to have a couple. Especially one of you both. Love and best wishes, Dale.

Then on December 3, 1943, a pencil transcription of a telegram was delivered to Leora and Clabe, "The secretary of war desires me to express his regret that your son, second Lieutenant Dale R. Wilson, has been reported missing in action since twenty-seven November over New Guinea."

Dismay and anxiety mingled with hope and love show as the letters continue until they stop coming strikes again and again.

Well before the end of the book this reader felt like a close friend of the family.

+++++



The author with an F-4. Photo provided by John E. Norvell.

## **SOUTH FORTY**

John E. Norvell, Mather 73-02

I grew up in the 1950s, an era when the newly independent Air Force was coming into its own. Combined with this, in 1957 the U.S.S.R launched Sputnik and the space race was on. The Mercury Seven astronauts captured the country's—and my—imagination. I knew I wanted to fly, so that when the time came for me to go to college, I chose Hobart College in Geneva, New York, which had an Air Force ROTC program.

I did well in ROTC and was on track to enter pilot training when I graduated. But first I decided to take a detour—I applied for permission to obtain a graduate degree in American History, which delayed my entry onto active duty to at least 1968. As the time approached, I had to take another physical. Whether it was graduate school, or the normal genetic outcome of two parents with glasses, this time I did not pass the vision tests. In fact, my vision kept me from entering any flying training program. It seemed that flying was not an option. So what was the Air Force do to with me? They assigned me to Washington, DC, working in a command post. So for the next four years I sat behind a desk.

But as the war intensified I never gave up on the idea of flying. By 1971 the Air Force was burning through aircrews in SEA and relaxed the vision requirements for flight training. I could enter navigation school, which I did in November 1971 as an old man of 27, and graduated in July 1972. From Mather I went to Luke AFB to become a WSO and in 1973 headed off to SEA.

In May, I checked in, as a new F-4 backseater Weapons Systems Officer, also known as a GIB—guy in back, assigned to the 13 TFS at Udorn RTAFB. The first thing I did was drop off all my flight gear—helmet, G-suit, etc., to life support. They assigned me a peg for my items and took my helmet—which had been bright white in training, but now would be covered with camouflage tape. Likewise my flight suits would have camouflaged rank and the name tags would be removed for each flight. I learned that I would be flying bombing missions in Cambodia immediately. GIBs were in demand and they told me I could expect to fly every day—3 to 4 hour missions.

On May 28, I had my first orientation flight in the combat zone, which my Instructor Pilot (IP) referred to as the “South 40,” as we flew across Thailand and entered Cambodian airspace. This flight began, as did all my subsequent combat missions, in this manner. First check the schedule to get the show time, then catch the blue shuttle bus to the squadron. There meet my AC and brief with the wingman and his GIB about the mission ahead. Then go to Intel for a quick threat brief. At this point about two hours had passed. Then off to life support.

Suiting up, I made sure that I had my Geneva Convention Card. Then I got my survival gear and camouflaged helmet and checked my survival radios. I removed my wedding ring, and the nametag from my flight suit and locked them in my locker. Next I checked out and loaded a .38 caliber revolver, which I carried in a holster strapped to my leg, gunslinger style. Once at our assigned bird, we did the standard pre-flight walk around, which was just like Luke where I upgraded to the back seat of the F-4, with one exception: now I had to check the armaments.

Our standard load was the Mark 82—500 pound dumb bomb. We could carry as many as eighteen Mark 82s. We also had two Aim 9 Sidewinder and two Aim 7 Sparrow radar missiles loaded. I checked them also and looked for any leaks under the Phantom. I had to be careful as it was really easy to bang my head and get what we called a “phantom bite.”

Once in the cockpit I plugged in my G-suit and connected a tape recorder into our intercom which recorded our mission. Later we turned the tape over to the folks in intel so that they had a recording of all that had happened in case there were questions. Then it was the standard turn-on of the radar, aligning the INS, and checking all the equipment. As I sat there, the crew chief helped me with the chute connections and pulled the pins on my ejection



seat; I was now hot and armed to fire.

I dialed in the frequency for ground control. We got clearance and taxied out. Then we moved down to the arming area adjacent to the active runway. There the munitions crew pulled the pins on the bombs. Then takeoff. The area around Udorn was flooded most of the year and as we climbed out I could see rainstorms in the distance. We now headed for our rendezvous with the tanker and the mission of the day.

It's funny. To most Americans the idea of combat is remote. After all, in many people's minds, war only happens to others. Even during the Vietnam War it was the soldier's war, not the ordinary American citizen's war; it was not their experience.

Now the soldier's war was my war.

+++++++

**THE GREAT TURKEY CAPER**

by James R. Anderson, Harlingen 62-17

Although I had given up my job as Executive Officer of the 772nd Tactical Airlift Squadron at Dyess AFB in favor of a wing level administrative position riding herd on the eight Air Force Reserve Wings assigned to the 463d Tactical Airlift Wing, I still maintained my credentials as Instructor Navigator. I also maintained my "Tactical" qualification for low level and airdrop. The Squadron schedulers would call me whenever they needed "an old head" or found the schedule difficult to fill. Such was the case for a 15-ship "gaggle" scheduled for early on a Monday morning. My assigned student was getting a tactical check ride so we would be the lead ship in the 15-ship formation. I kept all of the low level routes filed in my navigation kit so preparation was generally minimal. In truth, I could have flown most of them without a map.

I was somewhat taken aback when I arrived at Squadron Operations early Monday and found that the mission was to be on a new route never flown before. In fact, according to the duty officer, Standardization-Evaluation had only "vetted" the route on the previous Saturday. The vetting procedure called for Stan-Eval to fly the route and make sure that it would not generate a high volume of complaints from the local citizenry regarding noise. Although in theory the routes were flown at an altitude 500 feet above the terrain, it was not uncommon for the pilots to descend to much lower altitudes, especially in the sparsely populated areas.

There was a mad scramble for fresh charts and a flurry of plotting activity which left little time to discuss the mission with the student. The route went well south of Dyess AFB across sparsely populated terrain and terminated at the drop zone on the airbase itself. I couldn't help but notice that the west to east leg of the route was especially

long and crossed no highways, rivers, or railroads. I was concerned that my student would have difficulty checking his timing in order to stay within the plus or minus two minute window allowed at each turn point.

We departed on schedule and hit the first couple of check points right on time. The pilot descended to about 100 feet above the ground which made the terrain go by pretty fast. However, the student seemed to be keeping up with it so I kept quiet. As we turned onto the long west to east portion of the route, I was surprised to see the morning sun glinting off of buildings in what appeared to be a good size town. A quick check of the navigation chart showed only empty space. A double-check of course and drift indicated no discrepancies. What the hell was that? Perhaps a large storage depot of some kind? It wasn't until I was almost overhead and saw the white waves moving in our direction of flight that I realized what it was. A HUGE TURKEY FARM! It was far too late to alter course. I knew that one of my fellow Instructors was flying well in the rear of the 15-ship formation and called him on the squadron frequency to get his observations. He reported that the turkeys were stacked about 10 feet deep against the fences when he went over. I could only wonder how Stan-Eval had missed that farm on their vetting flight, but things were happening pretty fast and we began looking for the next turning point.

The airdrops back at Dyess went without incident and my student got an excellent score on his "bundle." As we taxied back to our parking spot, I noticed an officer in Class A Blues waiting beside the crew chief. When we deplaned, he identified himself as the Claims Officer from Airbase Group. It seems that the owner of the Turkey Farm had already been on the phone and was putting in a claim for more than 5,000 dead turkeys.

Subsequent investigation revealed that the "vetting flight" had been canceled due to mechanical problems and had not been flown by Stan-Eval. As the flight had been scheduled on a Saturday, the information about the cancellation didn't get passed to Squadron Operations.

I never heard how the farmer's claim was resolved, but the rumor was that turkey was prominent on the chow hall menu for several months thereafter.

+++++++

**MURPHY STRIKES AGAIN**

by William Bullock, James Connally 65-02

In August, 1963, I was a brand new second lieutenant, recently married and at my first duty station, James Connally AFB, for undergraduate navigator training. I was assigned to Navigator Class 65-02. It was an exciting time for all of the young officers in our group. We all did well during our training flights from Dead Reckoning to graduation in 1964.

It was during a night celestial training flight that I had an experience that I will never forget. Several T-29s were lined up that night to accommodate our class for night celestial training and since the airplane had radar training stations forward and other training stations aft, there were Navigator Cadets flying with us on this particular training mission. We took off and headed north to some VOR up in the panhandle of Texas or in Oklahoma for our return leg. There were four of us second lieutenants in the back and since there were two kinds of sextants used for celestial navigation, the Kollsman D-1 and the MA-2 hand held sextant (best as I can recall), we drew straws to see who would use which for the outbound leg and we would reverse their use on the return leg. I drew one of the hand held type sextants for use on the first leg and we cruised along on a perfectly clear night with all going just fine. No moon and beautiful, bright stars all over the sky.

For those who remember the configuration of the T-29 for navigation training, in order to take star shots using the hand held sextant, there was a platform located just aft of the radar training stations and forward of the remaining desk stations at the rear of the plane. This platform had to be removed from storage and snapped in place on rigid bars on either side of the aisle in order for the trainee to step up on it and place the sextant and his head up into the plexiglass astrodome for shooting the stars. Before stepping up on the platform, the navigator trainee had to attach an "astro-harness" from the center of the platform up to his parachute harness that he was wearing during flight—in case of an emergency in-flight loss of the plexiglass dome—thus preventing the trainee from being forced up and out of the fuselage.

I had made my first series of three star shots, returned to my work station and plotted my map with a neat triangle position. As I approached the time for my second set of star shots, I proceeded to the forward-most platform, attached the "astro-harness" to my parachute harness, stepped up on the raised platform, hooked the hand held sextant to the top of the dome and began to locate my first star. To my amazement as I looked up, all I saw was dark black—no stars at all. I quickly scanned left and right, back and forth, in a panic. Nothing; no stars; where did the clouds come from so quickly at that altitude? What am I going to do? All this happened in about three or four seconds. Still scanning in a panic, I suddenly noticed lights far to our port side and far to our starboard side; and then another light in the center – and they were moving in the same direction that we were traveling. At that instant, I realized that another T-29 that had taken off behind us headed to the same VOR was flying just a few feet above us and overtaking our aircraft. The entire shadow of that airplane completely covered our plane from wing to wing and nose to tail.

I panicked realizing that we could crash with that one

any second. I immediately jumped down from the platform and grabbed a Navigator Cadet at a radar station and shouted to him, "AIRCRAFT ABOVE US; CALL THE PILOT." The cadet then casually peered into his radar and said, "I don't see anything."

Now hitting super panic mode and realizing that radar was useless, I tore out to the two pilots. Then, a huge CRASH; I was on the floor; were we hit? No, I had reached the end of that "astro-harness" and it sent me to the floor with a resounding thud. Still panicking, I unhooked and ran forward to warn the pilots. I found the pilot reading a Playboy magazine and the co-pilot was snoozing. I grabbed both of them and screamed pointing up, "AIRCRAFT ABOVE US." They both leaned forward and up. There was that other T-29 now just partially forward of our own plane and still just a few feet above us. Immediate evasive action took place.

I don't recall anything after that except that I returned to my station and began shaking. I barely recall that the evasive action taken by the pilots was a loss of altitude and airspeed. I cannot recall any more of that flight; just thankful that there was no mid-air crash.

An investigation into that incident revealed that the pilot of the other T-29 some five minutes behind us increased his airspeed so that he could turn to base in time for his favorite television show. He maintained that he knew what he was doing and that he had complete control over the situation. I never found out what, if any, action was taken against that pilot. A night to remember.

+++++

### **FLYING THE HEAVIES**

by Glenn Michael, Mather 72-04

During 1972, I started flying C-141s out of McGuire AFB, New Jersey, after finishing UNT. I got my pick of base and aircraft coming out of Mather, so I was a happy navigator. I was already a licensed commercial pilot, so I knew what the people up front were doing, but navigation had always intrigued me, so I was where I wanted to be.

The C-141 had some decent navigation equipment, but contrary to popular belief, you still had to be a navigator with DR being your best friend. Most of our flying was across the Atlantic on the North Atlantic Track System (NATS). You needed a fix every forty minutes and course tolerances were 30 nautical miles either side of centerline, and plus or minus 5 minutes on your position estimates. Most of the time we had a tailwind going eastbound, so you were a busy person on the overwater leg. In addition to basic navigation, the navigator kept the range control chart and formatted the Airep data for HF transmission. Celestial was our primary fix solution, but luckily, we had doppler and two DR computers to help us along.

The Loran C was out of a Polaris submarine, and was to me, terrible. Ground wave/sky wave resolution was a

pain, and the signal was less than optimal most of the time. During the day I used Consolan for a course line and the sun for speed. Night with 3-star was always a good ride. On some days if the sun, Venus, and the moon were visible, and at the correct angles, you could get a three LOP fix which was great.

The ASN-24 computer could be coupled to the autopilot for steering. I never liked this as the aircraft was always adjusting heading to stay on the computer course. Plus, if any issues developed with the computer such as loss of/inaccurate doppler, or erroneous heading data, you could be off course in a heartbeat before you even knew it. One night coming out of the Azores for Torrejon AB (a short flight in MAC), I coupled up the ASN-24... huge mistake. By the time I got my first three-star, we were 40 nautical miles off course and going further off course by the minute. I immediately uncoupled and put the aircraft on the proposed flight plan heading to hopefully stabilize the damage that I had already done. I got another three-star and manually computed the wind and drift and determined that the doppler was providing drift in the wrong direction to the ASN-24. Needless to say, it was manual navigation during the remainder of the flight to Spain. Ask me if I ever coupled it up again...

Pacific flights were a vacation for east coast navigators. Course tolerances and the pacing was nothing like flying on the NATS. As Vietnam was still spooled up, we had plenty of opportunity for Asian runs. My first trip on NORTH PAC 1 was interesting. We were between Shemya and Japan heading to Yokota AB, well over water, when the pilot asked me what city was coming up. Since there was no city for about 1000 nautical miles, he got my attention. I leaped out of my seat and looked out the front and sure enough, lights were blazing, and it looked like we were approaching New York. I knew we were right on course as I had great three-star going, so this was a mystery to me. Not, however, to the flight engineer. He burst out laughing and told us that it was the Russian fishing fleet. They fish at night with enough lights to make it look like day, and there must have been at least four or five hundred boats out there. It took about an hour for my heart to return to normal.

Another interesting MAC adventure was the 1973 Arab/Israeli war. We were all at the club at a squadron party when it was announced that all aircrew were to get packed and report to operations immediately. Luckily, I am not a big drinker, but there were a few... Three hours later we were deadheading to Lajes AB in the Azores (I was there a lot). They had cots set up in a gym and told us to get some sleep and we would be alerted for the first runs to Tel Aviv. I never packed a towel as the BOQ or the hotel would have one. Not so at the gym. We were alerted and I went to take a shower and had to get dry with my undershirt. The accommodations sucked but were better than a tent

in Vietnam. The routing into Israel was through the Mediterranean as we could not overfly any countries. I used radar to get us right through the narrow Straights of Gibraltar entering the Mediterranean. We flew mission after mission getting stuff to Israel and they were long days. We would unload and fly back to the Azores. No RON in Tel Aviv. El Al flight attendants gave us box lunches for the return flight and that was gourmet food. They also gave us keychains from the Israeli Minister of Defense. On the back they are engraved, "With Appreciation, Min of Def, I.D.F, Israel, Oct 1973." We got one on every mission and started calling them Israeli Air Medals. I still have some of them. Our crew flew the first C-141 sortie into Tel Aviv to bring K-Loaders to unload the aircraft that would follow us. Again, long days, but certainly interesting and different from our normal runs.

Flying in MAC was great, and I enjoyed every minute of it. I got promoted to instructor navigator and then as a reward, they pulled me out of C-141s and sent me to F-4s. Another story for another day, but I was not happy...

+++++

#### EISENHOWER'S ORDERS TO THE 8TH AIR FORCE

by Leon I. Hammer, M.D., Hondo (1944)

About a month after the end of WW II in Europe—in June 1945—while I was stationed in Alconbury, England, I was awoken about two or three o'clock in the morning to perform an unusual mission. I was informed I was to navigate a B-24 loaded with all of the orders from Gen. Eisenhower to the Eighth Air Force, instructing them to return to the United States. For some reason our squadron, the 36th Bomb Squadron, was chosen to perform this mission and was assigned to find the Headquarters of the Eighth Air Force and Gen. Doolittle, the commander of the Eighth Air Force. The mission was to be performed by the chief navigator of the 36th Bomb Squadron.

Apparently the chief navigator was unable find the secret headquarters—known as Pinetree—that was not noted on ordinary military maps. This headquarters was originally High Wycombe Academy, formerly a girls school in High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, some thirty miles northwest by west of London, on the A-40 to Oxford.

I was handed a map with the location of Pinetree and in the middle of the night I was instructed to find it and deliver Gen. Eisenhower's orders to the Eighth Air Force to return to the United States. And much to my own amazement, I got to Pinetree rather quickly—in less than an hour. And as I was leaving the plane I noticed that the entire back of the plane, including the bomb bay, was filled with paper.

They drove me back to Alconbury in time for a late breakfast.

+++++

**A QUICK TRIP**

by Anthony Mournian, James Connally 66-07

It began with a phone call at three a.m. It was late January 1968, days before celebration of Tet was to begin in Saigon. "Sir, this is Lt. N.T. Bright calling to alert you for your flight 541 X-ray leaving at 0600. Please acknowledge."

I grumbled into the mouth piece, "Thanks," and hung up. A quick shower and shave and a call to the cab company on Peabody Road just outside Travis AFB in Fairfield, California, and I was on my way to Base Ops. A cold wind was blowing up the Sacramento River from Vallejo to the west as I walked into Weather for a preflight briefing. I picked up the weather chart, wandered over to the big clipboard of NOTAMS to read the latest postings of Restricted Areas along the west coast. Not much was happening.

The aircraft commander came up behind me as I was cutting down a flight chart of the Western Hemisphere. "We'll be heading to Hickam," he said, "It's a 541 X-ray milk run to Saigon." No big deal, I could recite the waypoints in my sleep. Before long the co-pilot, the engineer and the loadmaster showed up. Someone called for a crew bus to take us to our Lockheed C-141 transport. In January the Sacramento River valley is cold and dark before the sun rises. This morning was no different.

The bus dropped us off at the plane, tail number 50247. The ground crew watched as we dragged B-4 bags, helmets and oxygen masks aboard, then threw our black leather flight bags filled with manuals, maps and paraphernalia to the crew member at the top of the stairs. Onboard I settled into my chair behind the pilot, opened my flight bag and took out the flight chart, my protractor, dividers and my hand-dandy circular DR Computer.

That's when the A/C threw his curve. "I've got a sealed envelope with classified instructions," he said, "I'll open it when we are airborne." Hmmm, I thought, this is unusual. The 44th MAS had been working around the clock since I arrived almost three years before as a wet behind the ears brand spanking new navigator straight out of James Connally AFB Navigation School and we'd never had anything like this before.

In the 44th MAS we worked our butts off. Two and often three trips a month to Saigon via Wake Island and Clark Air Base in the Philippines. No drama, just hours and hours of boring through the skies for hours at a time. So what was this about? We were about to find out. The sun was coming up as we taxied into position for takeoff to the west. We rolled down the runway and in minutes were over Mt. Diablo, headed for the Farallon Islands outside San Francisco harbor.

The pilot opened the envelope, glanced at the message and told us we were on our way to Midway Atoll via Hickam AFB. Our crew duty day was being extended and we could expect to receive further orders enroute. Five

hours and 2,000 miles to Hickam, an hour on the ground for a full load of fuel and we headed northwest to Midway NAS 1,300 miles and 3½ hours away.

By the time we reached Midway the sun was working its way up the sky. We dropped down onto the runway, chasing off a cloud of Gooney Birds, also known as Laysan Black-footed Albatrosses. We were on the ground long enough to tank up—again, and take on a load of what seemed like junk from a U.S. Navy garage sale. From the looks of it, the cargo hardly seemed worth the gas to get it.

The Airlift Command Post (ACP) gave us new orders. Fly to Anderson Air Force Base on the island of Guam, "Where America's Day Begins," and be prepared for further information. What the heck was going on? we wondered. This had the makings of a long day! Off we went. Guam was 2,600 miles and about seven hours west. This was getting to be a drag! On we flew, finally descending to clifftops at the east end of Anderson's infamous roller-coaster runway. This should be it, I thought. I'm getting tired!

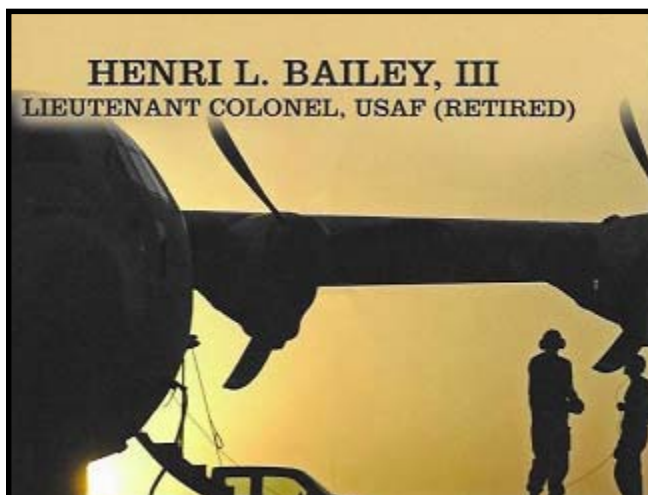
Nope, ACP had new orders for us. Stay with your plane and fly to Yokota Air Base in Japan. This was getting serious. Orders are orders, however, so away we went for another 1,600 miles and another four hours. Whew! This would make four takeoffs and landings, and we were a basic crew on what we thought would be a three day trip to Saigon, then up to Yokota before heading home to Travis. The usual trip round robin took 4½ days and covered about 15,000 miles. This was not going to be a usual trip, that was clear.

Flying in from the southeast over Iwo Jima, we dropped down as we crossed the Izu island of Oshima off the southern tip of Honshu. We landed at Yokota in late afternoon. Dog tired, we headed to the BOQs and BAQs for some well-needed rest. We still did not know what was going on, except it was something highly unusual and we were not to talk about it. ACP told us to get something to eat and head straight to bed because we were on shortened crew rest and should expect a "10 and 2" turn around.

Sure enough, ten hours rolled by in a blink of an eye. The phone rang. Time to go. We expected to go home, but that was a false hope. At Base Ops we discovered we were to fly to Pusan, South Korea. Two hours, 800 miles one way. Japan in January is cold. The wind blows in from the west around Mt. Fuji's 12,000-foot snow cone peak and it is COLD. But if I thought it was cold in Japan I was totally unprepared for South Korea!

We landed in Pusan and rode the crew bus to a tiny command post at the end of the runway. The wind was blowing and it was biting cold. It was the coldest I have ever been. None of us had anything more than our smelly flight suits and stinky jackets. I understood why survivors of the Battle of Chosin Reservoir called themselves, "the





**Memoirs of a Trash Hauler:  
Vignettes from the Vietnam War**

by Henri L. Bailey, III

**Lieutenant Colonel, USAF (Retired)**

Some of these vignettes have already been printed in **DR AHEAD**. The book has been published by Author House and is available three ways on-line at Amazon.

ISBN 978-1-5462-7947-1 (Hardcover) \$23.99  
 ISBN 978-1-5462-7946-4 (Softcover) \$13.99  
 ISBN 978-1-5462-7945-7 (e-book) \$ 5.99

Chosen Frozen!"

Man, was I glad to get out of there! Back to Yokota, and told to be ready to go back to Korea. Another roundtrip to Pusan, and back to Yokota. This was getting old. By now we had been gone from Travis less than two days. This was unheard of. What the heck was going on? By then the news had broken. A U.S. Navy ship, the USS Pueblo, had been boarded and its crew seized by the North Korean navy. Ship and crew had been towed into port.

Whatever we had brought from Midway NAS had already been delivered to Navy personnel at Pusan. We didn't need to know anything more. After the second trip to Pusan and after another "10 and 2," we were alerted for a return flight to Travis. With tailwinds in the winter jet

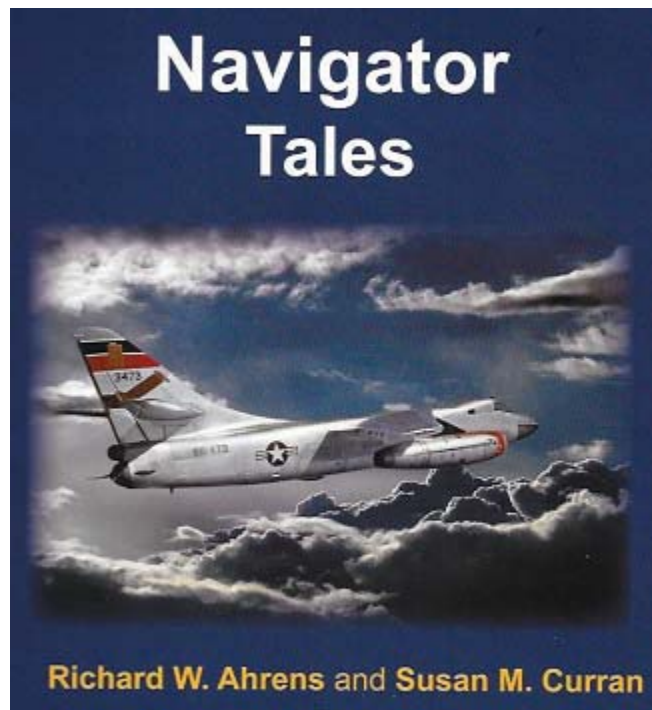
stream we made it back to Travis, 5,400 miles and close to nine hours before we flew down the west coast of Canada then in over Clear Lake, California. Total elapsed time was 2½ days. Distance traveled: 16,500 miles.

We had it lucky. We made it home in record time. The Captain of the Pueblo, Lloyd Bucher, and his crew of 82 men, were tortured and starved for eleven months before being released on December 23, 1968.

+++

*Anthony Mournian was a 44th MAS navigator from 1965 to 1969. This piece is from his book, **Memories of a Mad Man**, ©2020 Anthony Mournian. Copies of the book can be ordered from [anthonymournian@gmail.com](mailto:anthonymournian@gmail.com).*

+++++



**NAVIGATOR TALES**

by Richard W. Ahrens & Susan M. Curran. A 214 page hardcover self-published book of articles by navigators, bombardiers and other ratings—extracted from **DR AHEAD**. After publishing expenses, all profits go to **AFNOA** from this printing. To order your copy, send a check made out to Richard W. Ahrens to:

Richard W. Ahrens  
 43300 Little River Airport Road #79  
 Little River, CA 95456-9612

<b>Navigator Tales</b>	29.95
CA State Sales Tax	2.36
Packing & Shipping in U.S.	4.87
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$37.18</b>
Extra Postage & Shipping	
for signed copies	4.87
<b>Total for signed copies</b>	<b>\$42.05</b>

Questions to: [rnnn@mcn.org](mailto:rnnn@mcn.org)

**NOTICE OF PUBLICATION**

by Robert Manns, James Connally 59-17

An autobiography by Colonel Robert Manns has been published by KDP and is available from Amazon in paperback and Kindle.

+++++

**NOTAM: Emergency List**

One of our members has told us that if something should happen to him... he has left a listing of people to be contacted. Great planning! Suggest we all consider putting **AFNOA** on that listing.

+++++

**NOTAM: DR Ahead by Internet**

Still getting a hard copy of **DR Ahead**? Join the nearly three hundred members who have elected to receive **DR Ahead** via the internet, thereby helping to ensure the longevity of our association by saving **AFNOA** the postage and printing. Please e-mail to Jim Faulkner at [jfaulkner39@sudenlink.net](mailto:jfaulkner39@sudenlink.net) to switch.

+++++

**LETTERS**

30October 2020

Richard,

The October issue of **DR Ahead** truly reinforced the meaning of "Small World." I slowly read George Spillman's article, "*MEMORIES OF AN AVIATION CADET*" because I knew I would find vignettes of my own days as a cadet and they were there... singing while marching, the tour path, and "determined to see it through."

The paragraph that caused me to sit upright was when I read, "My orders were to report to McGuire AFB... assigned to the 38ATS (Air Transport Service) flying C-118s..." Well, I was already there in that very same squadron, only by that time I had completed pilot training and had joined the 38th as a pilot. I had previously served as a navigator in England on B-29s, SA-16s and C-119s. Yes, a crazy, wonderful tour.

Many thanks to all of you who produce **DR Ahead!**

William R Rawlinson, Jr., Harlingen 54-12

+++++

21 November 2020

Richard,

Just received my copy of **DR Ahead**. Congratulations on an excellent edition! Brought back a lot of memories. You guys are doing a terrific job!

Jim Anderson, Harlingen 62-17

+++++

17 August 2020

Dear **AFNOA**:

I was saddened to hear of the passing of Dick Mansfield. He was one of my few and last memory contacts with Selman Field. We were both in Class 44-10. He certainly had a very distinguished career. While navigation has changed, the old way may be useful if we lose satellites.

W.L. Grunder

+++++

**LAST FLIGHTS**

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

It is sad to see that we have lost many of the WWII guys. I appreciate the multiple inputs from the following: Harvey Casbarian, Ellington 57-18; Dale Everson, Harlingen 58-12; Mike Ferris, Harlingen 59-19; John Fradella, James Connally 66-17; and Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09; plus others.

Please advise **AFNOA** membership at e-mail: [jfaulkner39@sudenlink.net](mailto:jfaulkner39@sudenlink.net) or at 580-242-0526 when a navigator/observer/bombardier/EWO or combat system officer has made his last flight. Please keep their families in your prayers. Last flights reported:

**AIR FORCE ACADEMY**

Grace, Bobbie L. Bluffton SC 61-00

**CORAL GABLES**

Ferris, John O. San Jose CA 44-06

**CHILDRESS**

Tootelian, Richard R. Lincolnshire IL 44-50B

**ELLINGTON**

Stober, Vern R. Green Valley AZ 45-04N  
Thomson, David L. Colorado Springs CO 50-D  
Turner, James R. Lake Wales FL 51-09  
Schoch Jr., George R. Fairfield CA 52-01  
Smilanich, Paul S. Carmichael CA 54-00  
Schoeni, Donald D. Grove OK 54-10  
Dabrowski, Paul J. Springfield OH 56-02  
Helms, Neal G. Kannapolis NC 56-02

**HARLINGEN**

Wendt, Fredrick W. San Antonio TX 53-12  
Derascavage, Joseph Cherry Hill NJ 54-02  
Marino, Charles J. Papillion NE 54-02  
Pesarcik, Frederick W. Venice FL 54-02  
Powers, Peter J. Fairview Heights IL 54-02  
Prokofieff, Igor P. Bellevue NE 54-02  
Qualls, Ralph E. San Diego CA 54-02  
Rehley, James W. Corvallis OR 54-02

Reiser, Keith W. Houston TX 54-02  
 Rosenthal, Donald E. Stevensville MT 54-02  
 Schuller, John O. Niceville FL 54-02  
 Scott, Gustavus H. Coronado CA 54-02  
 Stefan, Thomas J. Albuquerque NM 54-02  
 Stegner, Francis W. Venice FL 54-02  
 Tellerday, John E. Millerton NY 54-02  
 Tower, Leslie G. Oconto WI 54-02  
 Wagner, Donald E. Shreveport LA 54-02  
 Waller, Philip L. Cocoa FL 54-02  
 Wilkie, Thomas A. Tucson AZ 54-02  
 Knightly, Robert M. Omaha NE 54-12  
 Peel, Robert K. Farmington UT 54-12  
 Bartholomew, Richard L. Maricopia AZ 54-13  
 Lum, William C. Port Hadlock WA 54-13  
 Giller, Lawrence J. Manhattan KS 54-15  
 Anderson, Norman E. Worchester MA 54-16  
 Corba, Carlton G. Buffalo NY 54-16  
 Dalton, Russell A. Redlands CA 54-16  
 Dunn, Richard F. Danville KY 54-16  
 Eisele, Ronald C. Reynoldsburg OH 54-16  
 Hetrick, Bradley W. Carlisle PA 54-16  
 Pacanowski, Jerome Yuba City CA 54-16  
 Pond, George S. Warren OH 54-16  
 Rewis Jr., Shellie O. Shreveport LA 54-16  
 Stubbs, John F. Tullahoma TN 54-16  
 Tatom, Andrew J. Lynchburg VA 54-16  
 Bran, John F. Austin TX 55-02  
 Brown, Paul Lake Barrington IL 55-06  
 Dawes, Charles L. Vacaville CA 55-09  
 Jackson Jr., Howell Y. Georgetown CA 56-10  
 Seaman, Raymond A. Kaysville UT 56-10  
 Shearer, John B. Simpsonville SC 56-10  
 Klaus II, Charles G. Charleston SC 56-12  
 Roselli, Vincent A. Belen NM 56-12  
 Gourdin, Melvin E. St. George UT 56-17  
 Koch Jr., William C. Raleigh NC 56-20  
 Clyde, Clair Allyn Salinas CA 57-01  
 Hancock, Jerry B. Oxford MS 57-01  
 Hawkins, David Shalimar FL 57-01  
 Hayden, Maurice R. Dayton OH 57-01  
 Jensen, Arnold A. Pacific Palasades CA 57-01  
 Maguire, Dirk P. Denver CO 57-01  
 Mann, Guy W. Lakeland GA 57-01  
 Michel, Fred L. Reno NV 57-01  
 Morency, Robert M. Oklahoma City OK 57-01  
 Phelps, Jerrell L. Lindale TX 57-01  
 Rice, Ronnie C. Manassas VA 57-01  
 Rounds, Bernard J. Athens GA 57-01  
 Yeck, Robert S. Valrico FL 57-01  
 Atkins, William J. Colorado Springs CO 57-17  
 Milne, Richard E. Richardson TX 58-04  
 Bell, John D. Kerrville TX 58-05  
 Williamson, Gerard R. Pensacola FL 58-18

Sheffield, George E. Boerne TX 59-07  
 Davis, George M. Brevard FL 59-09  
 Jones III, Lafayette M. Lake Charles LA 59-09  
 Kinney, Raymond C. Fair Oaks CA 59-13  
 Peterson, Larry E. Tyrone NM 59-14  
 Elliott Jr., Hall S. Port Charlotte FL 60-03  
 Byrd Jr., Vernon B. Chico CA 60-17  
 Irving, Lawrence K. Colorado Springs CO 61-01  
 Jones Jr., Albert H. Madison AL 61-09  
 Stenson, Stephen S. Navarre FL 61-20

**JAMES CONNALLY**

Walsh, Ronald C. Pelahatchie MS 54-0-47  
 Abram, Gerald D. Bentonville AR 54-10  
 Clarke, Peter L. Mount Pleasant SC 54-10  
 Crotty, Paul V. Vallejo CA 54-16  
 Jones, Theodore W. Colorado Springs CO 60-10  
 Griffin, James F. Benbrook TX 61-14  
 Glidden, Benjamin C. Wichita KS 62-21  
 King, James R. Asheville NC 63-02  
 Schulz, Raymond E. Middleburg FL 63-04  
 Pauley, Jerome S. Shickshinny PA 63-22  
 Sibley, William H. Redlands CA 64-13  
 Toth, Richard L. San Antonio TX 65-07  
 Radowski, Michael J. Laceys Spring AL 65-09

**MATHER**

Davie, Donald R. San Antonio TX 68-00  
 Garing, Roger L. Silt CO 68-00  
 Bruer, Charles R. Madison AL 69-04  
 Cobb, Ryan C. Anderson SC 70-03  
 Runnion, Jerome F. Knoxville TN 70-03  
 Sizemore, Rodney B. Manchester KY 70-03

**SELMAN**

Kramer, William W. Alexandria VA 43-08  
 Enchelmeyer, William E. Gainesville FL 43-17  
 Addabbo, Nunzio Tucson AZ 44-10

**SAN MARCOS**

Brotherton, Wilbur V. Canton MI 43-18  
 Weisgarber Jr., John C. Grampian PA 44-04  
 Drache, Hiram M. Moorhead MN 44-06

**UNKNOWN**

Wicker, Donald W. Rapid City SD 42-00  
 Constant, Stephen Winter Springs FL 43-00  
 Tarpley, Joe F. San Antonio TX 43-00  
 Walsh, Vincent H. Binghamton NY 53-14  
 Arcari, Paul W. Clinton MD 55-00  
 Kimball, Anthony M. Rome NY 55-00  
 Wojahn, John R. Sedro-Woolley WA 55-00  
 Barbay, Lawrence Austin TX 57-00

+++++

**THE AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION**  
**4109 Timberlane**  
**Enid, OK 73703-2825**

Change service requested

PRSR STANDARD  
U.S. POSTAGE PAID  
PERMIT 182  
FROM ZIP CODE 32548

**THE AFNOA BOARD & OPERATING COMMITTEES**

**President** John D. Bridges  
242 Jamar Drive  
Weatherford, TX 76088-2212  
817-694-9811 comm2jdb2002@yahoo.com

**1st Vice-President, Membership, James Connally Affairs**  
James R. Faulkner  
4109 Timberlane  
Enid, OK 73703-2825  
580-242-0526 jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net

**2nd Vice-President** Leon Poteet  
203 Wagon Way  
Bastrop, Texas 78602-3669  
512-985-6277 a26nimrod@austin.rr.com

**Secretary** Gene R. Hollrah  
5508 Pheasant Run Drive  
Enid, OK 73703-2720  
580-234-9586 papahootnranky@sbcglobal.net

**Treasurer** Leonard T. Melcher  
103 Steel Valley Drive  
Boerne, TX 78006-7019  
512-296-5209 c5nav@hotmail.com

**Active Duty Member**  
Maj Sean T. Leuschen  
520 Turner Street  
Pensacola, FL 32506  
814-440-5956 seanleuschen@gmail.com

**Web Master for www.afnoa.org**  
Tim Duerson afnoaweb@cox.net

**Immediate Past President**  
Phillip D. Barber  
8120 Poplarwood Lane  
Nashville, TN 37221-4678  
615-310-9004 pdbarber@comcast.net

**Past President, Historian, Museum Committee**  
Ronald P. Barrett  
1406 South Lexington  
Holden, MO 64040-1636  
305-797-0745 ronaldpbarrett@yahoo.com

**Distributor & Electronic Distributor, DR AHEAD**  
Errol Hoberman  
6441 Avenida De Galvez  
Navarre, FL 32566-8911  
850-939-5231 afnoa.distributor@yahoo.com

**Editor, DR AHEAD**  
Richard W. Ahrens  
43300 Little River Airport Road #79  
Little River, CA 95456-9612  
707-937-4242 RNNN@MCN.ORG

**Chaplain**  
John T. Massey  
6810 Rosewood Court  
Tampa, FL 33615-3318  
813-886-1938 afnoacg@aol.com