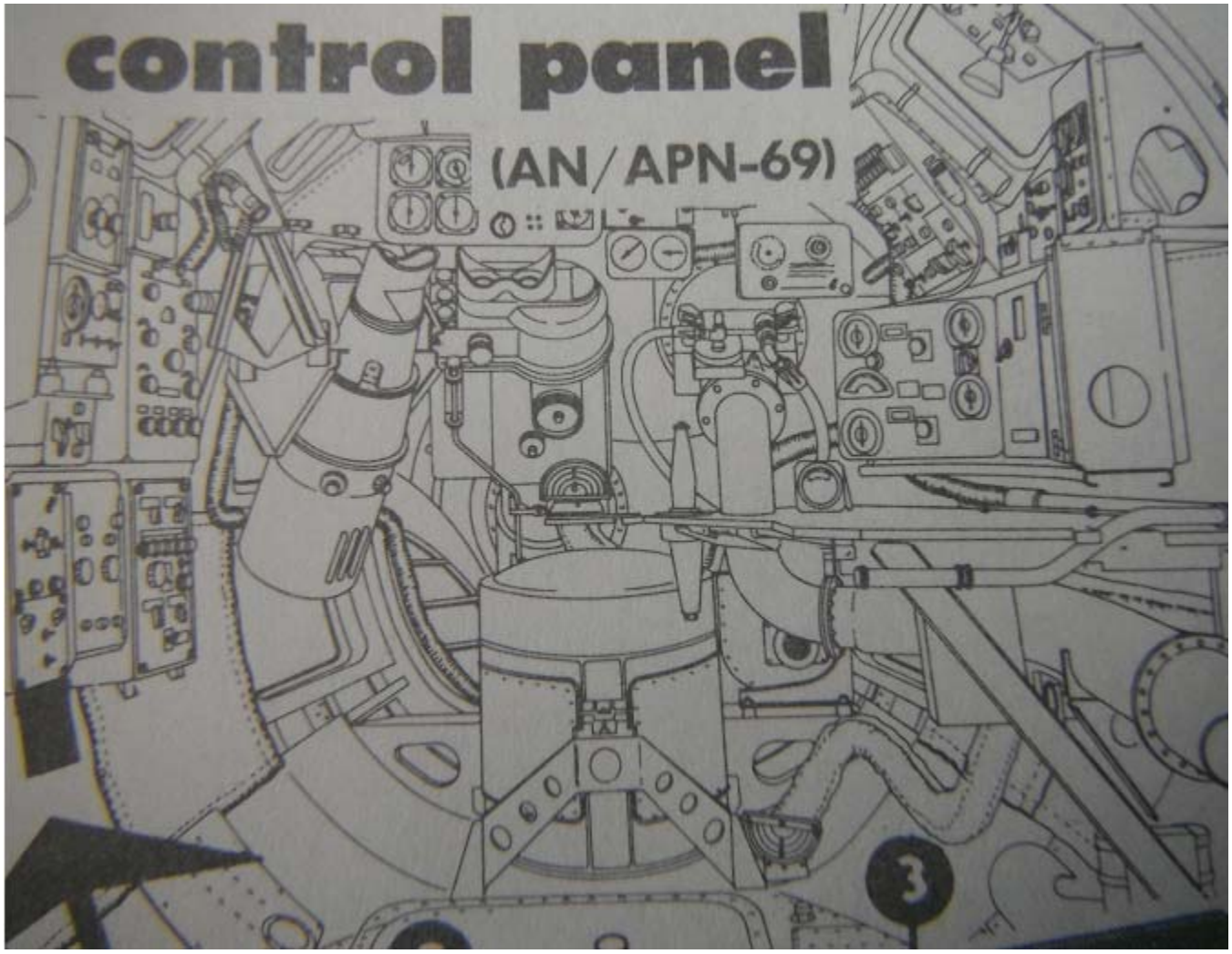
DR AHEAD

THE AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

VOL 37, NUMBER 1 LITTLE RIVER, CALIFORNIA JANUARY 2021



B-47 AN/APN-69 Control Panel illustration. **Provided by Ronald Barrett to accompany his article on Page 3.**

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by John D. Bridges, James Connally 63-19

I think I can reasonably assume everyone is happy to see the year of 2020 behind us, I certainly am. It has been very difficult for most Americans and most of the rest of the world!

Normally I would have thought aging was just a natural event to put up with or maybe easier to ignore. The Covid-19 Pandemic changed most of our lives dramatically. Restrictions on our freedoms are something many of us have never experienced (except maybe on "Alert")!

Regardless of the events in 2020, I want to wish everyone a Happy New Year! It is my hope and prayer that all of our families and friends stay safe and healthy throughout the New Year!

My sympathies and condolences to everyone that may have suffered losses.

Continued on Page 3

NOTAM: DEATHS and CHANGES OF PERSONAL INFORMATION

Report address, cell or land line number, and e-mail changes to: **AFNOA**, 4109 Timberlane, Enid, OK 73703-2825; or to jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net; or call 580-242-0526

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION
AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION

Name _____

Spouse's Name _____

Address _____

_____

City _____

State / 9-digit ZIP _____

Home Phone _____

Work Phone _____

Cell Phone _____

E-Mail Address _____

Base Name/Class Number _____

Make check payable to **AFNOA** and mail to:
Leonard T. Melcher, **AFNOA** Treasurer
103 Steel Valley Drive
Boerne, TX 78006-7019
Telephone: 512-296-5209
e-mail: c5nav@hotmail.com

Note: **AFNOA** 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

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.

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 February 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:**

	AFNOA
Owner	
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

****

Continued from Page 1

Please continue to reach out to classmates who are not members of **AFNOA**. Let them know about our 2021 Reunion scheduled to be held in Fort Worth, Texas. It should be a good time to meet and reminisce with former classmates and crew members.

Also don't forget to continue to forward your interest in any **AFNOA** Board or Committee assignment to either myself or Jim Faulkner.

+++++++++

HISTORIAN'S REPORT

by Ron Barrett, James Connally 63-06

Help: I got a call for historical information. Has anyone here been a navigator or observer of some sort on the North American Bronco, OV-10 aircraft? Or knows anyone who was? If so, e-mail me at: ronaldpbarrett@yahoo.com

History: recently in the Facebook group: Friends of SAC, I have seen lots of B-47 exchanges. Here is a succinct note about that! In the 1950s we navigators were at the forefront, in one of the aviation arenas known as strategic bombardment. General Curtis LeMay led the way and literally drove us hard as all can read about today.

To the point, the fleet of over 2,000+ B-47s took us from piston engine airframes (B-29, B-36, B-50) to swept wing jet aircraft that could outfly the best fighters and deliver multiple nuclear bombs on targets no larger than a trailer house, getting there by newly developed refueling techniques (KB-29, KB-50, KB-135s etc.).

As a B-47 RadarNavigatorBombardier (RNB) you were extremely busy. In the Flight Manual diagram (on Page 1) you see (the view here is towards the very nose) a large tube running down the lower right side. That was the fuel line from the opening (outside the nose, yes right there against your right thigh) from the tanker feeding aft to the main fuel tanks. Never heard of one being busted! The refueling feed line you can see running off to the right, which looks to be about 5 inches in diameter.

The pilots had their hands full, just staying level, almost all the time with six small jet engines coming and going! To add to all that, the co-pilot had the periscopic sextant mount over his head! He did the celestial shots. You passed the comp-sheet up to the aircraft commander and he passed the sheet around his seat, back, to the co-pilot. They were in tandem. The CP was also the tail gunner. His seat pivoted 180 so he could operate the tail gun.

The RNB position, as this Flight Handbook diagram shows, was crammed into the very nose, with navigation and bombing (radar and visual) sighting gear, some all but out of reach. Remember this was in the time of the deployment of the latest "electronics+computers" systems, but not yet "board" engineered. The RNB could study the system circuit diagrams inflight, and even swap out specific tubes, thus conducting inflight repairs.

In this B-47 RNB diagram the APN-69 Radar is hung on the left. The merged scope (binocular Y-scope is upper middle) was where one eye-saw-visual and the other eye-saw-radar presentation. These views presented the cross-hairs you see in bombing pictorials.

The RNB could ask: "Which end of the trailer house, Sir, do you want us to bomb?" The resolution was that good. I never quite understood why such accuracy mattered, when the blast effect was measured in circular miles. Thankfully we never had to actually go over that.

The big "can" in the lower middle was the stabilization unit, which was at crouch level. At the very bottom of this diagram is the ejection-exit hatch. YEP, you went downward if you ejected. Pilots were upward ejected.

SAC, the B-47 crews et al, maintenance, security forces, weapons folks, were real heroes all serving our nation like many others in our military. All in **AFNOA** should be proud to be part of our military history.

+++++++++

2021 AFNOA REUNION

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04.

The COVID-19 pandemic is impacting the planning of the 2021 reunion. Here is what we have at this time.

The 2021 **AFNOA** Reunion will be held 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. Self-parking is complimentary.

Telephone the Radisson Hotel directly at 817-769-4034 no later than August 15, 2021 to make hotel reservations. 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 April 2021 ***DR AHEAD***.

The reunion schedule is shaping up as follows:

Tuesday, September 21st:

Registration and Hospitality Room, No-Host Cocktails, and Dinner/Buffet.

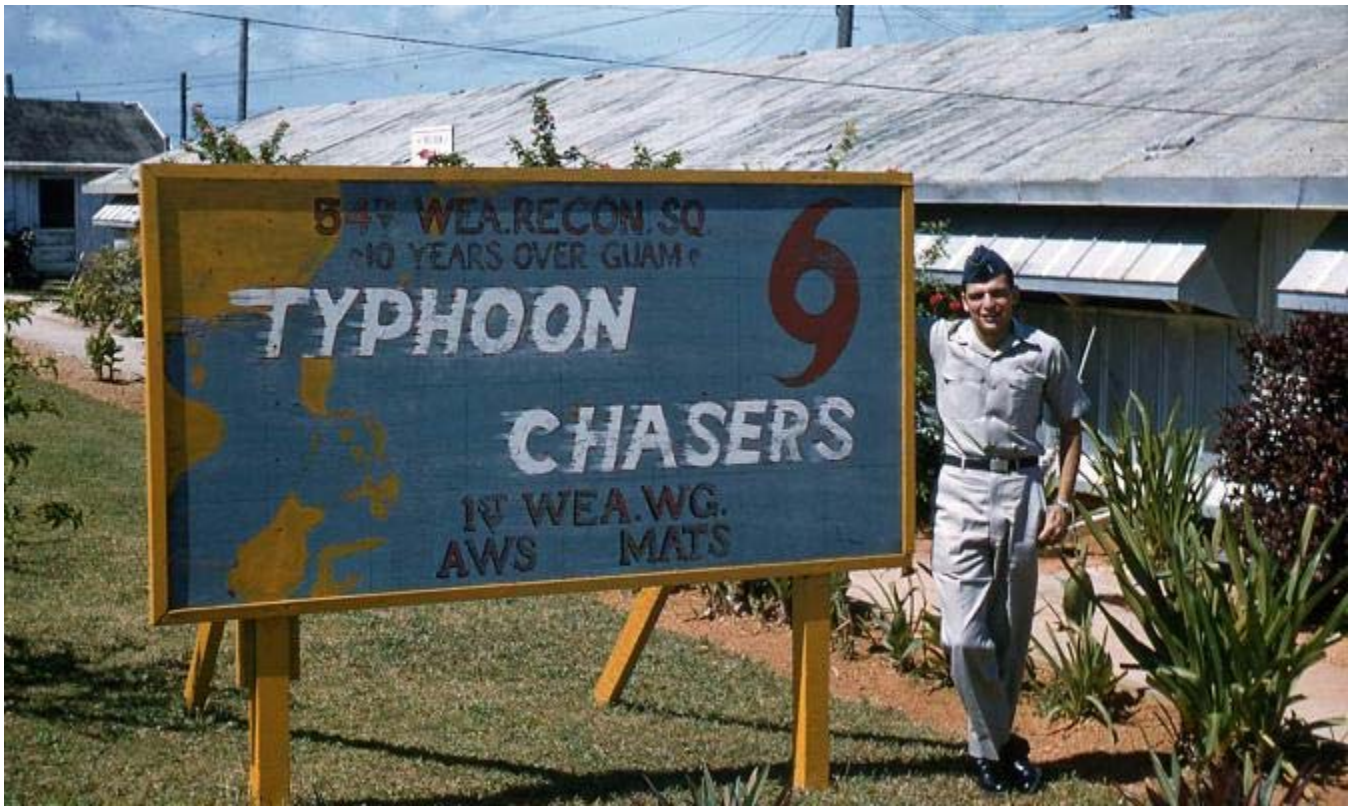
Wednesday, September 22nd:

Board Meeting, Membership Meeting, Hospitality Room, No-Host Cocktails, Banquet Dinner.

Thursday, September 23rd:

Attendees 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.

+++++++++



Squadron Headquarters, 54th WRS, on Guam, with then Lt. Genadio. **Photograph provided by Frank Genadio.**

THERE BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD...

by Frank Genadio, Ellington 54-11

By late 1957, during my assignment on Guam to the 54th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron—the Typhoon Chasers, but more affectionately known as Typhoon Goons—the squadron had completed its transition from WB-29 modified World War II bombers to WB-50 modified Korean War bombers. The crew consisted of two pilots, a weather observer located in what was once the bombardier's position, two navigators at separate tables (one with a radar scope), and a flight engineer in the front end of the aircraft; and two weather technicians and two radio operators aft, separated by a long crawl-through tunnel. Most of our missions were 12-14 hours of boring holes in the sky in every direction and collecting weather data every 150 miles, with show times at either 0430 or 0500 hours—dreaded times for this night owl.

Most of us looked forward to typhoon season, with varying show times and missions with some excitement. We tracked typhoon Lola from east to west in late 1957, with the storm passing over the island and leaving major damage but only one death. The accompanying picture shows the remains of a hangar that had been converted into our base gymnasium. In mid-January 1958, typhoon Ophelia formed in the South Pacific and quickly built up strength as it moved west but missed Guam. Our squadron "fixed" storms every six hours (local time) by penetrating at about 10,000 feet (700 millibars of pressure). Penetrations through the storm's wall clouds were characterized by severe turbulence and everyone as busy as one-armed paper hangers, with the pilots trying to stay with the wind's counter-clockwise pattern, the weather observer reading off ever-decreasing atmospheric pressures, and the navigator on the radar set trying to find holes in the clouds. The aircraft usually found smooth flying in the eye as the aircraft circled and radio instruments were dropped by small parachutes for data collection from the surface, which typically had enormous waves. Once the other navigator got a fix and the guys in the back end had their data, it was back through the wall cloud.

Although the squadron normally did not practice crew integrity, members were assigned to specific crews for deployment to Clark Air Base in the Philippines if a typhoon passed 132 degrees East Longitude. For Ophelia, it was decided that "A" Flight would be deployed and, with the storm still relatively close to Guam, the last crew of "C" Flight was inserted into the schedule and my crew (A-1) was moved back from making the Midnight fix to one at 0600 hours the next day, meaning a take-off sometime after midnight. We were met with some very grim news upon our arrival at Base Operations—contact had been lost with the crew making the midnight fix.

Ex-hangar gymnasium on Guam after typhoon Lola. **Photograph provided by Frank Genadio.**

An HC-54 aircraft from the 79th Air Rescue Squadron flew to the area but reported that it could not penetrate the wall cloud, remaining in the vicinity but getting no radio contact. We learned that the 54th aircraft had last reported its position at 2330 hours (with position reports required every half hour and "ops normal" reports at 15 and 45 minutes after each hour when within a storm's vicinity). No 45-past report was received, and it was later learned that the aircraft's emergency keyer (a transmitter on the vertical stabilizer) was picked up by a station in Japan about midnight.

We also learned that the aircraft making the 1800 hours fix had experienced structural damage (that put it out of commission for some time afterward) and had advised against the midnight penetration. The crew's weather observer estimated the storm's winds at well above 150 knots (or what today would be called a Category 5). It should be noted that the missing crew had a highly experienced aircraft commander and weather observer (i.e. 50 plus penetrations each, compared to the 17 penetrations I made during my 17-month tour), so I am speculating that they decided to penetrate rather than triangulate (i.e., use radar returns from different positions outside the wall cloud).

Our crew, anxious to get airborne and search for the missing aircraft, was held on the ground and the 0600 hours fix was scrubbed. We finally were allowed to launch for the noon fix and, when we reached the area, penetrated what was a fairly mild wall cloud and winds on the surface of only about 85-90 knots. Our weather observer figured that Ophelia had so intensified (to an extreme low pressure) that it blew itself apart. No consideration was given to deploying onward to Clark and we stayed in the area as long as our fuel allowed, searching in vain for any sign of life.

Returning to Andersen after dark, we experienced our own emergency. After touch-down, #3 engine caught on fire and we evacuated the aircraft on the runway as soon as it came to a halt and the engines were quickly shut down. Fortunately, the fire did not last long, and the aircraft was saved. At Base Ops, after making our report, there was a shuttle bus waiting for us and we were taken to the house of one of the lost crew's families, where all of the crew's wives—eight of the ten were married—were waiting. We were unable to give them any hope of their husbands' survival, ending a long and terrible day.

For the next week-plus every aircraft on the base capable of searching the area was employed before the search, considered to be the most intensive in history, was called off. We flew racetrack patterns at 500 feet for hour after hour—and our squadron continued the search alone until mid-February, to include checking out atolls and reefs in the area. Not a single piece of the lost aircraft was ever found, and the crew of ten was officially declared dead on 20 February. Given the change in the squadron's penetration schedule, I will never know if I have been living the last 62 years on borrowed time.

I recently discovered on the Web that a crew member of the aircraft that experienced structural damage theorized "that the crash may have been related to lack of an engine air intake conversion done to most of the WB-50s when they adapted them from the very high altitude SAC service to weather reconnaissance. The conversion was to keep water out of the air intakes. Without the conversion, in certain wet weather circumstances, the engines could drown out." Since our squadron aborted many missions due to engine failure during my tour—with rescue squadron personnel kidding us about not having anything to do if it were not for the 54th—I believe that some sort of mechanical problem occurred while the aircraft was in the wall cloud and it could not be overcome.

Epilogue: I left Guam in March 1958 and had leave in New York before my next assignment. I visited and had dinner in Long Island with the family of Paul Buerkle, a bachelor navigator on the lost crew. It was a very painful experience, with his mother shedding tears almost every time she looked at me. I never told her that Paul's crew was inserted in the schedule ahead of mine.

+++++++++

FROM UNT TO TWO STARS

by Murray Siegel, James Connally 65-03

It was late August 1963, and I arrived at James Connally AFB to join UNT class 65-03. This was a class of young lieutenants from diverse geographical locations, as far east as New Hampshire and as far west as Hawaii. My two closest friends in 65-03 were recent graduates of Texas A&M, Ron Marshall and Billy McCoy. They taught me about Aggie rituals and I informed them about growing up in the streets of New York City.

Billy was different. For example, when we ran foot races on grass, he would remove his shoes and socks to run. I had run track in high school and pondered how his feet would have done on the cinder tracks of NYC. Billy's "good ole boy" façade hid a sharp mind that was exceptional at reading human behavior. Billy had the skill to communicate and the courage to speak his mind. I knew that he would go far, and he did.

After graduation, Ron took a navigator assignment while Billy and I continued training at Mather AFB, Billy in Bomb-Nav and myself in Electronic Warfare. His training kept him busy and I had a new wife, so we did not see much of each other. Over the years, we kept in touch. He was a B-52 navigator at Barksdale AFB. He suffered an injury which removed him from flying duty. While working at the command post, he was asked by a senior officer if he intended to have an Air Force career. An affirmative answer led to a suggestion that he attend pilot training.

With his pilot's wings, he flew F-4s at Homestead AFB, where my wife and I visited Billy and his family while we were on vacation in Florida. Transferred to Da Nang AB in 1971, Billy flew 223 F-4 combat missions. Returning from Vietnam, he became an instructor pilot for German AF pilots learning to fly the F-104.

Billy filled various leadership positions and reached the rank of Major General. In 1989 he became the commander of the USAF Tactical Fighter Weapons Center at Nellis AFB, Nevada. He retired from the USAF in 1993. He and wife, Linda, split their time between Henderson, Nevada, and a ranch in Marietta, Texas. Linda's death in 2014 was devastating to Billy, but he did not stop living. My wife and I would visit with him whenever we were in Las Vegas. We had lunch with him and his granddaughter in July 2018.

A month later, Ron Marshall, with whom I had reconnected while seeing each other at Atlanta Airport in 1972, notified me that Billy had died. He was found, at home, in a coma, was rushed to a hospital and passed away the next day. I miss being able to contact him and hear his latest story. Allow me to share one of Billy's tales, one that I was a part of at the beginning.

We completed a Friday afternoon training flight at JCAFB, and Billy asked the other students if he could get in line ahead of us to have his work reviewed, since he was due at a wedding reception dinner. We all agreed, but the instructor refused and Billy had to wait while others had their navigation checked. Decades later that instructor was on Billy's staff, and did not remember the incident, nor did Billy mention it to him. One day the former instructor asked to be excused from a staff meeting, and Billy said, "No", without an explanation. After the conclusion of the meeting he explained his decision. Billy truly relished telling me that story. Billy Gene McCoy was one of a kind, who served his country to the fullest and lived a complete life, leaving behind children and grandchildren.

+++++++++

NAVIGATING THE PHILIPPINES

by Joseph "Ray" Sanchez, Harlingen 56-02

In December 1960, while sitting in front of my Air Tactics Officer console as an Intercept Director at Duluth Air Defense Sector, I received word of my pending assignment to the 605th Tactical Control Group in the Philippine Islands. It was quite a relief as I had been concerned about the possibility of a remote assignment at one of the radar sites in the Mid-Canada Line or perhaps Thule, Greenland.

As I was recently married and with a newborn child, I was excited about the assignment since it was an accompanied two-year tour to a warm climate. Plus I welcomed the opportunity to experience Southeast Asia and work integrated with the Philippine Air Force at the master AC&W (Aircraft Control and Warning) radar station at Clark Air Base. The 605th Tactical Control Group to which I was assigned was a newly activated unit with the misson of establishing mobile radar control stations for deployment to the burgeoning Viet Nam theatre.

So why would a Lieutenant Navigator RIO (Radar Intercept Officer) be doing ground radar duty in a non-flying assignment? Especially in a location where there was no dedicated opportunity to fly in either of my two rated flying specialties. The answer could be found in the flight culture of the Air Defense Command during the Cold War years. The Air Defense Command flight operations during that time was the fighter pilots' genre.

Upon completion of my RIO training as a rated navigator, I was assigned to the 96th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, an F-94C unit. I was excited to be flying all-weather fighter interceptor sorties. The allure of a jet fighter has always drawn peoples' attention and now I was going to be a part of it. As exciting and adventurous as the duty was flying intercept misssions, firing rocketry, and being a part of a dynamic fighter squadron, RIO duty in the Air Defense Command had career limitations.

The RIO was truly a "backseater" in a fighter interceptor unit. There was obviously no RIO Flight Instructor, no RIO Stan/Eval, and no field grade RIO. The Air Instructor,

the Check Airman, and the OER evaluator was the Flight Commander—a pilot of course. The Chief RIO was a captain whose duty was primarily scheduling the RIOs. This was prior to the 1970 Public Law 93-525 and the navigator and the RIO could not serve as Flight Operations Officer nor command a flying unit. A senior RIO would have to seek a desk job to progress in his officer career. A navigator rated RIO could seek other flying opportunities but a non-navigator rated RIO would have to attend navigation upgrade training or seek a ground job and eventually get grounded.

However, there existed a resource in the Air Defense Command which turned out to be an outlet for RlOs to seek career advancement. The AC&W system, commonly referred to as GCl (Ground Control Intercept) gave these officers the opportunity to advance their officer careers as managers and commanders. As intercept directors they could command a radar crew of officers and airmen and maintain watch over the ADIZ (Air Defense Identifiction Zone) and identify all intruder traffic. If an intruder could not be identified, the Intercept Director would scramble the nearest interceptors that were on ready alert and direct the intercept to the range where the aircraft radar would pick up the bogey, complete the intercept, identify the intruder, report the intruder and, if hostile, proceed with the protocols of the "Rules of Engagement" in concert with the Intercept Director. This duty was very comparable with the intercept geometry and air experience of the RIO. In the AC& W system an RIO could progress to LtCol as a Squadron Commander or higher as a Sector Commander.

During this period of time USAF began introducing the F-101 and F-106, both single seaters, as replacements for the aging F-94C and F-89D. Needless to say the role of the RIO was being diminished until ultimately converted to WSO (Weapons Systems Officer) in the F-4C. It was then that I received a three-year directed duty assignment as an intercept director. And after two assignments as crew commander in New York and in Duluth, Minnesota, I was gifted with my assignment to the Philippine Islands.

I awaited my transfer to the Philippine Islands with a mixture of excitement and curiosity. My meager history of the Islands consisted of the colonial periods of Spain and later the United States which had made the country a westernized and Christian Asian country. Spain had colonized the archipelago in the 1500s, Hispanicized it, and established the Catholic religion. After the war with Spain in 1898, the United States acquired the Philippines and established an American form of governance.

The American recapture of the country from the Japanese during WWll had resulted in the Filipino people having grateful and warm relations with the American people. I anticipated a particular compatibility with the Filipino people because of my American and Hispanic background. However, reports from personnel who spent some TDY time there painted a picture of a country rife with crime, murder, prostitution, and distrust. I arrived there with a positive attitude taking the negative reports as short-sighted views of short term TDY people who had not become immersed in the cross-cultural environment.

Arriving at Clark Air Base in February 1960 I was immediately put to work at the local AC&W station on a radar watch crew integrated with Filipino airmen and officers. The mission of the radar station was the defense of the Philippines, particularly the northwest quadrant. The radar watch concentrated its mission in the direction of Red China and included a radar link with the Taiwanese Air Defense system. Aircraft intruding the Philippine ADIZ had to be identified by flight plan. Any intruder not identified would be intercepted by the F-102 Fighter Interceptors based at Clark AB. The Filipino officers with us were F-86D pilots doing radar intercept control crosstraining.

The Philippine Air Force had received the F-86D from the United States after they were replaced by the F-102 at Clark. During the upgrade of the USAF resources at Clark, the Philippine government was awarded a deactivated military fire truck which it stationed at Manila Airport. This transfer precipitated the false yarn that the Filipinos had stolen and driven it off. There was instant camaraderie in our association as the Filipinos spoke good English as well as their native Tagalog.

My tour in the Philippines turned out to be an adventure to remember. Not only were the people warm and welcoming, they were eager to show us the interesting parts of their country; particularly the World War II sites. Yes, the Philippines is a third world country with poverty and political turmoil during these times. It is a country still struggling to find its identity after four centuries of colonial domination. Its political struggles are the result of diverse political ideologs who seek to run the country. Yes, there is crime and violence in certain poverty-stricken heavily-peopled areas; but in my travels throughout the country, I found poor but friendly and hospitable people who still remember that the Americans saved them from the Japanese. Needless to say, there was crime, prostitution, and other illegal activities around Clark AB. But any location exuding wealth and abundance particularly around a large military base, is a magnet for illegal activities.

No sooner had I become acquainted with my Filipino officer counterparts than they offered to escort us to see interesting historical sites. Our first accompanied excursion was to the WWII bastion of Corregidor. Two of my American officer friends and I were driven in jeepneys (colorful surplus Jeeps converted to open air taxis) through the jungle fields of Bataan. We were taken to the island in an outrigger canoe where we toured the Malinta tunnel and the rusting gun emplacements that were part of the battle for Manila Bay. After the tour we were taken back to

Bataan and to the beach house of Mr. Juan Cuademo, President of the Bank of the Philippines, where we were hosted with a feast of fresh-caught tuna. On another day our little group was taken to Manila, the Pearl of the Orient, to the home of the Filipino colonel for a sumptuous Spanish dinner prepared by his half-Spanish wife.

One of the many interesting experiences was the occasion when we were treated to a reception by King Alfonso, leader of the Aetas, at their village. The Aetas, called Negritos by the Filipinos, are a pygmy population of negroid people. They are reputed to be the original indigenous people of the Philippines, having been replaced eons ago by the Malay-stock invaders. The Aetas are a seminaked barefoot people who survived in the jungle with primitive weapons—spears, blowguns, and knives. These people were quiet, stealthy, and appeared ghostlike to attack the Japanese whom they hated. They instilled fear in them because they silently sneaked into their encampment at night and decapitated their leader—undetected. The Aetas were so greatly respected for their forays that the American commander awarded Alfonso the honorary rank of colonel. King Alfonso feted us wearing his khaki shirt pinned with colonel's eagles. The aging—but alert—leader chatted with us about the bad times during the war. In the end, the village people gathered to bid us goodbye.

There were many other memorable adventures. My wife, daughter and I lived for six months in the mountain city of Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines. We lived on the local economy and visited the villages of the indigenous Ilongot and Igorot people where we were warmly received. But my most memorable experience took place at my promotion party. My friend Karl and I had a joint party and he invited his Filipino golfing buddy who brought his family to the party. The young man was Ninoy Aquino, a political figure, and his father was the governor of Tarlac province. His wife was the beautiful Corazon Aquino who in 1986 became President of the Philippines. We had wonderful conversations about their Spanish history and westernized culture.

But this travelog is a navigator story, yes? This is also a story of developing officership in a young navigator through a dynamic assignment. The opportunity to command a crew of officers and enlisted personnel and also work closely in air defense operations with an allied nation was an invaluable experience. But how does a navigator keep up his flying requirements in a GCI assignment? I was assigned to the Air Base Squadron which was equipped with several C-54s, C-47s, and two L-20s. Clark Air Base was the headquarters of the 13th Air Force so there were plenty of logistics, operations, and diplomatic flights for a navigator to stay current. I navigated regularly on C-47 flights to Taiwan. On several occasions I navigated a C-54 to Hong Kong and throughout Southeast Asia making calls at Thailand, Cambodia, and VietNam where we were installing radar control stations. On one special mission I honed my map reading skills as the navigator of a survey flight exploring the various Philippine islands for the former WWII flying fields. The purpose of the survey was a search for suitable site to establish a USAF staging base for the burgeoning VietNam conflict. The site ultimately selected was Mactan on Cebu. But my favorite flights were riding right seat in an L-20 on the Manila Courier. We often flew into fields only big enough for the jaunty Beaver. I enjoyed the opportunities to savor my civilian pilot skills with my occasional "hands on the wheel."

Completion of this tour ended my directed duty assignment and I was reassigned stateside to the 551st AEW&C Wing as an EC-121H navigator where eventually I became Wing Instructor before leaving the Air Force to go for the airlines as a pilot/navigator. Initially a young flier might perceive this assignment to be a disruption of his intended plan of a flying career. But in retrospect the ground assignment was a jumpstart in this young navigator's officership development. The live experiences in management, leadership, and diplomacy were invaluable "nav-aids" toward arriving at my professional destination.

+++++++++

THE QUEEN OF THE SKIES

by Perry R. Nuhn, Harlingen 53-13

During the Cold War, the US's strategic air mission of nuclear deterrence was capable of launching an overpowering retaliatory strike in less than six minutes. The Strategic Air Command (SAC) was a major component of these forces with 30% on constant alert. Its motto, "Peace Is Our Profession," was a way of life for all in SAC and their families.

Following Tactical Air Command (TAC) assignments, 3rd BW, in Korea & Japan in the Douglas A-26; and 461st BW in the Martin B-57; I was assigned to the 818th Air Division, 98th Bomb Wing, as a B-47 combat crew member in 1957 and later as a Squadron and then Wing Navigator from 1959 to 1962. I logged over 1,000 B-47 hours. SAC went on active full time alert in 1957, shortly after I arrived at Lincoln AFB, Nebraska. SAC's Cold War mission, nuclear deterrence, required a trained force constantly ready to conduct immediate, devastating retaliatory strikes against the Soviet Union and its aligned states. Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles (ICBM) and sub-launched missiles had come of age. To survive a Russian missile attack, the SAC forces had to react quickly as land-based Soviet missiles could reach SAC bases in roughly 30 minutes and sea-based missiles in less than 10 minutes. To meet this threat, procedures and systems were developed and constantly exercised by SAC and other retaliatory

A B-47 Stratojet, a relic of the Cold War, oversees I-95 traffic at the 8th AF Museum in Savannah, GA. Photo by Perry Nuhn.

forces. Thirty percent of SAC assigned forces were on constant alert, mission briefed, and capable of launch in less than six minutes. In the 818th Air Division, active alert was at Lincoln and overseas in England and Spain. The primary nuclear weapon was the Mk 6, just one of which filled the entire bomb bay. And, when not on alert, we flew, studied and practiced all aspects of our our EWO mission.

The Boeing B-47 was a major component of the US nuclear strike force from 1953 thru 1965. B-47 units were scattered at bases throughout the United States. Of the 2,000 B-47s assigned to SAC, 1,341 were B-47E models. Nearly 14% (278), were lost in flight operations. Stress and fatigue incurred in low-altitude operations led to a number of wing failures and crashes and an extensive refit program was begun in 1958 to strengthen the wing mountings. The program was known as "Milk Bottle," named after the big connecting pins that were replaced in the wing roots. B-47 phase out began in 1963 and was mostly completed by 1965, when the B-47s were replaced by B-52s and ICBMs.

The B-47 was designed as a high altitude medium bomber. It had six J-47 engines with a total thrust of 43,000 pounds. Extra take-off thrust was achieved with water alcohol injection and/or rocket assisted takeoff. Top speed was 540 knots, (630 mph), and the service ceiling was 42,000 feet. Training and assigned war mission altitudes ranged from as low as 300 feet—to avoid radar detection—up to 42,000 feet. With a maximum range of only 3,200 miles, the B-47 was "short legged" for many war targets and needed to be air-refueled. Those striking from the United States were refueled by airborne KC-97 and later KC-135 tankers. On a rotating TDY basis, some B-47 crews were "forward based" and did not require tanker support.

The B-47's crew of three sat on ejection seats in a pressurized compartment at the front of the aircraft. The pilot and co-pilot ejected upward and the navigator downward. Crew entrance was through a door and ladder on the underside of the nose. The in-flight air refueling port/door entrance leading to the refueling manifold was in front of the AC's windshield and ran above the navigator's compartment. The navigator sat in the very tip of the nose, the few windows were curtained. The navigator was also the bombardier. A K-series bombsight provided integrated radar bombing and navigation, and visual navigation, with the optical portion extending through the nose of the aircraft in a small dome. Above and behind him were the aircraft commander and the co-pilot, sitting in tandem, under a bubble canopy, with flash curtains. With only a crew of three, mission duties were shared. The copilot took most celestial readings and operated the few electronic warfare countermeasures, as well as the radar-directed twin 20 mm tail gun. Sometimes a fourth person—passenger, maintenance or instructor—sat below and to the left of the co-pilot on a metal shelf. The "fourth man" did not have an ejection seat and jumped from the aircraft thru the hole left by the navigator when he ejected.

Behind the crew compartment, above the bomb bay, were the fuselage fuel tanks. All fuel was in these tanks except for the external wing tanks mounted on the outer ends of the airplane's wings. This fuel area was followed by the tail section and ended with the 20mm cannons tail-stinger. In a crash landing the aircraft had a tendency to break directly behind the crew compartment. If fuel was in the fuselage tanks, a fire quite likely resulted. The aircraft wings were swept back, mounted behind the crew compartment. In flight, the wings rose from a downward on-ground droop to an upward sweep, roughly 17 feet difference. Fuel capacity was enormous, at 17,000 gallons.

Maintaining fuel trim to ensure a stable center of gravity was a very critical copilot duty. The total bomb load capacity was 25,000 pounds. The front main landing gear was slightly behind the rear of the crew compartment and the rear main landing gear was behind the rear of the bomb bay. In a few specially-equipped B-47s, the bomb bay space was sealed and provided an additional crew compartment for electronic warfare officers.

Training missions, as much as was possible, mirrored assigned target-specific war missions. Generally speaking, training missions were twelve hours long, plus day-before preparation and post-mission debriefings. Crew members never—or extremly rarely—got out of their seats and there was no waste time in a mission. The shortest missions were pilot proficiency flights, and the longest single mission I ever flew took more than twenty hours of air time.

Within each squadron, each crew had a quarterly set of requirements to be accomplished. These included: both pilot's takeoffs and landings, air-to-air refuelings, high and low-level navigation legs, and high and low level bomb runs. Other crew-scheduled tasks included a tail-gun fire-out, a rocket-assisted take off, a training shape bomb run on a bomb range, a minimum separation (15 seconds) take off, and a MK 6 bomb inflight core insertion. The bomb was inert, as the core to be inserted was a lead ball.

Flying the B-47, when light, I have been told, was wonderful. But, under our mission conditions the B-47 was a dangerous and unforgiving airplane. Most of our takeoffs were "on the edge" experiences, as were some of the air-refuelings and low level operations. Sometimes this was due to our heavy operating weights, the long roll down the runway, structural or component failures, war time-like mission requirements, weather conditions, and sometimes it was due to pilot or crew mis-actions. Overall, this resulted in the fourteen percent aircraft loss rate. Additionally, there were other instances of reparable aircraft damage and crew injury and loss.

We knew what was expected of us, we were trained in how to accomplish it, we constantly practiced and honed our skills, memorized our war missions, and when not training we were on active alert ready to launch within a few minutes of the horn blowing. Most of our hours were spent satisfying SAC requirements and away from our families: pulling alert, weathered out, or accomplishing some other duties we were given. As we all were doing the same things, none of us ever felt that we were special or that life was bad. Our schedules were hard on our families. Lots of separations and more coming: somewhat like it is today in the armed forces. Looking back, it was a difficult passage for our families and us. The SAC mission absolutely permeated our lives. For this reason, I find it hard to just categorize the B-47 as an airplane: it had a purpose and its mission drove our lives.

+++++++++

USAF Scrapbook cover, available from Amazon.
Photograph by AnnEllen Barr.

AIR FORCE SCRAPBOOK

by AnnEllen Barr,
wife of Richard Barr, Harlingen 54-12

When our grandson entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, I purchased a scrapbook with a cover emblazoned with a U.S. Navy emblem, and gave it to our daughter to accumulate his memorabilia during his service years. After presenting it to her, my husband said, "Don't they have one for the Air Force?"

Being able to take a hint that was like a brick, I went back to the store and purchased the Air Force one.

When I got it home, things came out of boxes and drawers to be assembled, with photos identified as to who was who, and locations as well. As I thought I was completing it, more "stuff" came out of hiding and sheepishly Dick asked if it was too late to add it.

Fortunately, scrapbooks are made to be expanded and enlarged. With the help of a daughter who had a machine that produced fancy headings we enhanced the pages and found we had a wonderful book that contained Dick's service-related photos, personnel lists, and various other items of interest. We were able to include articles that had appeared in various magazines about newsworthy articles concerning Texas Towers (on which one of his very close friends met his demise just before his 20-year retirement date), and other items of interest to his friends.

It has proven a wonderful way to consolidate all the memories of his years in the Air Force and things related to those cherished happenings. I write this to urge that anyone who has not found a way to preserve that historical information for their family make their way to a scrapbooking store and begin the journey.

+++

Available from Amazon for $35.00

+++++++++

RAY COLEY

by Henri L. Bailey III, James Connally 64-05

Our crew returned to Ubon RTAFB, Thailand, for our second Blindbat/Lamplighter tour in mid-April 1968. Before that, several significant things had happened. On January 23, 1968, North Korean forces captured the US Naval Intelligence Ship *Pueblo*. Since our mission was mostly in Vietnam, aside from reading about it in the Pacific edition of Stars and Stripes, I didn't pay much attention to it. Imagine my surprise when we arrived back in Okinawa from Vietnam in late February and the Squadron Operations Officer met me at the aircraft and told me to pack cold weather gear and get ready to go to Osan AB, South Korea, for two weeks as Senior Airlift Officer.

He gave me a choice of taking off in two hours or at 6:00pm that night. I told him I needed time to pack, sleep, and pay my rent; so I selected the late departure. I told Colonel Holl what had happened as we debriefed at base operations. He was concerned, but was informed that the squadron had to meet the tasking. There was no one else with the required experience available to send. That assignment lasted for a month.

Another significant event was that our co-pilot, Captain Mitch Michaud, finished his tour with the 21st Tactical Airlift Squadron. We had a farewell party and wished Mitch and his family best wishes in their new assignment. In a combat environment, you get very close to the people you fly with and take risks with. It was hard to say good-bye.

Our new co-pilot was assigned two days before we left for Ubon. He was Major Ray Coley (now Colonel). That assignment didn't start well but it ended well. Ray Coley was the son of an old-line Mississippi family. He was a graduate of the University of Mississippi at Oxford and he was a Senior Pilot. As I said before, I was a brash, outspoken African-American from Chicago. Ray had never had the experience of flying with a rated African-American in his life. At that time African-Americans comprised just two-tenths of one per cent of all rated officers in the US Air Force. Colonel Holl, whom I have said before was an outstanding leader, had a crew party to give everyone a chance to get to know one another. To survive in combat, you have to bond and operate as a team.

Ray let me know that he didn't know if he could call me a Negro because he was accustomed to using the term "Nigrah." I said to him, "That is totally unacceptable! It is an insult that I will not accept!" "Were you born with a BS from Old Miss?" He answered, "No!" "Were you born with pilot wings on your chest?" He answered, "No!" "Were you born as an Air Force Major?" He answered, "Of course not!" I, then, said, "Well all of those things indicate to me that you are capable of learning and you can train your tongue to say Negro, if that is necessary. In the meantime, while you are learning, you may address me as Captain Bailey, sir." He then said, "Well I still don't know if I can accept directions from you. I am not at all convinced that you are competent in your job." I told him, "You are the new guy on this crew. Most of the other crew members have flown with me before. We have depended upon each other and survived. If you ever fail to take a direction from me and cause us to be shot down as a result, you won't have to worry about being a prisoner of war. I will kill you myself before we hit the ground." He said, "I have a weapon, too, and I know how to use it." I said, "I know! But you are sitting in front of me and you have to turn around to shoot me. By that time you will be dead." The expression on his face showed that he had never faced such a situation before. Colonel Holl then told the rest of the crew to go to another part of the house and enjoy ourselves because he needed to have a private conversation with Major Coley.

Colonel Holl never told us what was discussed but teamwork and trust were important to him. The rest of us were battle-proven. I am sure that he gave Major Coley the choice of leaving the crew so we could get another co-pilot. To Major Coley's credit, he elected to stay! To say that he adapted would be an understatement. In two weeks time, Ray Coley could start a statement and I could finish it for him. The reverse was true as well. We learned to think as one and to depend upon one another. The crew became a dynamic team! Ray Coley and I learned more than working well together. We became friends and made plans to get together once we got back to the States.

My friendship with Ray Coley and Beau Hirtline, both white American males from Mississippi, represents one of the major accomplishments of the Vietnam war. In World War I, units were manned with people from specific localities with Blacks in segregated units. America's presence in that war gave notice to the world that the USA was no longer a banana republic but had become a power on the world scene.

In World War II, the War Department decision to man units with available manpower from across the nation to better fight two wars, welded our country into a nation. If we had lost World War II, we would have had a different language and a different form of government. It is my belief that we owe a special debt to the veterans of that war. The population in the country and the War Department still divided people by hue and gender but people began to think of themselves in terms of one country rather than in terms of regions. For example, the Tuskegee Airmen began as an experiment to prove that Negroes were not intelligent enough to participate in any facets of aviation. Their performance in combat put that hypothesis to the lie.

The Women Airforce Service Pilots (WASPs) were a stopgap measure, like Rosie the Riveter, to free male aircrew members for combat duty. The WASPs did a phenomenal job but it took Congress 47 years to recognize their contributions and to give them veterans' benefits. World

War II started a manning policy change that wasn't completed until Vietnam. The policy change was sidetracked in Korea by a little thing called "brainwashing." Americans had never encountered anything like "brainwashing" and it was important to learn how to counter it for the well being of the military establishment.

In Vietnam, we learned that there were two sides. Americans were one team and had to support each other despite hue or ethnicity. The other side was anyone shooting at you and your team. Enemy combatants could and did include women and children on various occasions. That fact later helped to open combat assignments for American women. The rules for engagement were stacked against the American team by the American government. Enemy combatants could fire on Americans from immune zones and the American team could not fire back. The primary goal in Vietnam became staying alive. The "family" you depended upon to help you do that was the unit you were in. Units that became welded, disciplined teams had lower losses. You didn't care where your team mates were from originally. You cared that each of you was interested in helping each other to survive. Your team mates were your "brothers." It didn't come about easily and quickly but it did come about. It was supported by the fact that there was a civil rights revolution going on back home. The two things became mutually reinforcing.

It is a fact that we lost the war in Vietnam. I believe it was due to a lack of leadership on the home front. You will never convince me, it was due to a lack of fighting initiative or lack of discipline on the part of the American fighting man. But we did make a great and permanent contribution to American society that helped to make us a better country that was closer to the ideals of our Constitution. As a result of our experiences together, Ray Coley became my friend. I love Ray Coley! He has a special place among my "band of brothers."

+++++++++

NORTH VIETNAM MONEY DROP

by Jim Scherer, James Connally 65-03

In May 1972, I was deployed from Fairchild Air Force Base, Washington, as part of Operation Bulletshot. I was a B-52G instructor navigator, crew S-01. After spending four-plus months flying bombing missions from Guam, our crew returned Stateside for 30 days of rest and recuperation (R&R). Upon completion of our 30-day R&R, we returned to Guam in late October.

At that time, heavy peace negotiations were taking place in Paris, France, between the United States, represented by Henry Kissinger, National Security Advisor, and North Vietnam's Le Duc Tho, special adviser to the North Vietnamese delegation to the Paris Peace Conferences. The negotiations, however, had reached an impasse toward a resolution of hostilities.

In an attempt to influence a North Vietnamese agreement, the United States decided upon a novel gamble—seed North Vietnam with money, specifically, their dong. By putting excess money in the hands of the North Vietnamese population, their demands for foods and goods would theoretically incite dissension among the populace against the Communist government, forcing the government to strike a peace settlement in order to devote attention to citizen unrest. It was determined the best way to quickly saturate the length of the country with money was via a B-52. Our crew was selected to conduct the mission.

The B-52 contains two bomb bays. During the Vietnam era, a device called a Hays dispenser could be inserted in each bomb bay. The Hays dispenser was designed to disburse large quantities of cluster munitions at varying intervals to seed an area, such as the Ho Chi Minh Trail. It could also be used to dispense leaflets over a very large area.

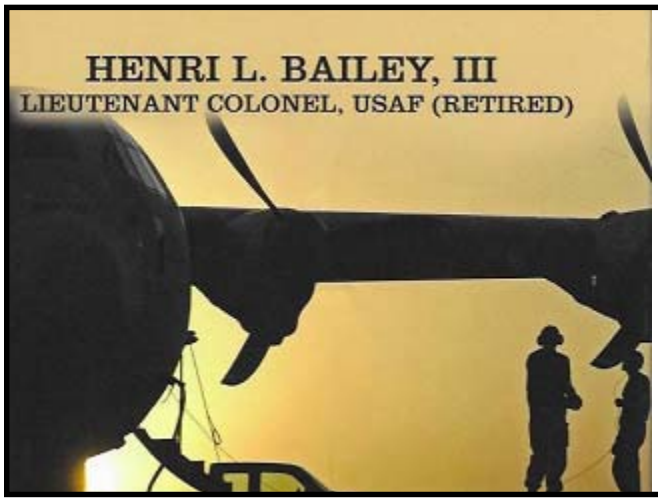
The Hays dispenser was three compartments wide and nine compartments deep, stacked three high. Dispensed items were sequentially released from all of the bottom compartments first, then from the second tier, and finally from the topmost level. For our mission, each compartment of the two dispensers was loaded with North Vietnamese dong, their currency.

Our solo mission was scheduled three different times, dependent upon favorable wind conditions to properly disperse the dong. When conditions were ideal, we departed Guam and entered Vietnam south of the North/South Vietnam border, flying to just northwest of Quang Tri. We turned northwest to fly over the mountain range to west of Vinh, where we silently rendezvoused with our fighter escorts.

We then proceeded north and northeast to just east/southeast of Hoa Binh, about 40 miles southwest of Hanoi. We began dispensing our cash cache just west of Vinh to our Hoa Binh turnaround point, the currency to be carried by the prevailing winds to saturate the fertile growing and heavily populated valley area west of Vinh through Thanh Hoa/Nam Dinh to south of Hanoi itself. We safely returned to Guam using the same ingress routing in reverse.

About ten days after our mission, we learned of its success. We were informed that North Vietnam's Le Duc Tho informed Henry Kissinger that if we conducted another such mission, the North Vietnamese delegation would terminate their presence at the Paris Peace Conference.

Since our crew had successfully executed the money drop, we were immediately identified for a subsequent similar mission, the second one to drop small, single-frequency radios. These shirt pocket-sized radios were individually packaged in a small foam container, similar in size to half a bread loaf. Each container was wrapped with a small



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

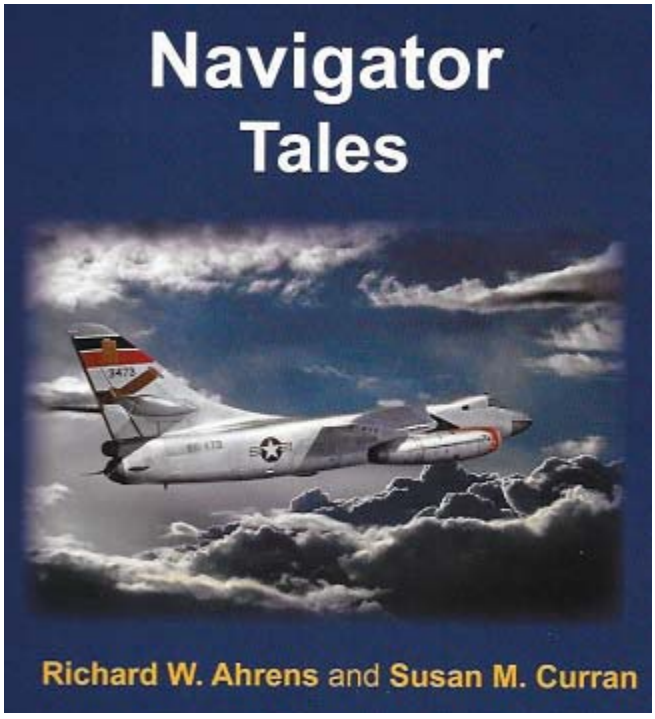
parachute. Upon release from the Hays dispenser, the chute would open and the container with the radio would float to the ground.

The citizenry would supposedly open the foam container, pull out the radio's short antenna, and turn on the single-frequency, battery-operated radio. The frequency was attuned to one used by U.S. Navy ships patrolling off the North Vietnamese coast, broadcasting news and "propaganda." These broadcasts were considered another means of sowing dissension among the North Vietnamese populace.

The mission routing was to coast into North Vietnam from the Gulf of Tonkin, northeast of Hai Phong above Ha Long (a still memorable name). We were to proceed a short distance west over a mountain range, then turn south/southwest between Hai Phong and Hanoi, maneuvering between and around known surface-to-air missile sites as we sequentially dispensed the radios along the coastal area until we reached the concentrated defenses north of Vinh, where we would exit North Vietnam eastward, back over the South China Sea.

However, this potentially "exciting" mission was scrubbed because of Le Duc Tho's threat to terminate the Paris Peace Talks if the United States conducted another such mission as the apparently successful money drop. We never heard what happened with the radios!

+++++++++



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

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

Questions to: **rnnn@mcn.org**

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@suddenlink.net to switch.

+++++++++

LAST FLIGHTS

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

Thanks to the following, who each reported several Last Flights this quarter: Harvey Casbarian, Ellington 57-18; John Fradella, James Connally 66-17; Oscar Sjoberg, James Connally 59-09; Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09; plus some others reported one each.

Please advise the **AFNOA** membership office at jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net or at 580-242-0526 when you hear that a navigator/observer/bombardier/EWO or combat system officer has made the last flight. Please keep their families in your prayers. Last flights reported this quarter are:

BOCA RATON

Kelly, Samuel C.	Stuart	FL	41-00

CARLSBAD

Selinfreund, Martin	Phoenix	AZ	43-18

ELLINGTON

Gaskins, Leslie E.	Atlantic Beach	FL	44-02
Lesher, Wayne E.	Lansing	MI	44-06
Nibali, Thomas C.	Bel Air	MD	44-53
Richards, William H.	Lincoln	CA	52-04
Trickey, William W.	Rockford	IL	52-18
Councill, James W.	San Antonio	TX	52-20
Kinsell, Tyson C.	Forked River	NJ	54-06
Eremita, Michael	Brewer	ME	55-08

HARLINGEN

Dibble, Ronald S.	Westminster	CA	53-13
Albrecht Jr., Moymer	Unknown		53-19
Cocchiarella, Joseph V.	Merritt Island	FL	53-19
Dr. Sheehy, Albert F.	Sleepy Hollow	NY	54-12
Whipple, Richard L.	Winters	CA	55-02
Johnston, Paul G.	Arlington	TX	55-16
Tuntland, Richard D.	Seabrook	TX	56-08
Cohoe, Wayland J.	Kerrville	TX	56-09
Thies, Gerald B.	Mesa	AZ	56-11
Hensley, Billie L.	Minden	LA	56-12
Alston, Bennie	Plano	TX	56-13
Marton, Reed J.	Aransas	TX	56-16
Defreese, William C.	Yonges Island	SC	56-17
Gurley, Roger A.	Wake Forest	NC	57-00
Thies, Andrew R.	Ithaca	NY	57-00
Baertsch, Robert J.	Little Rock	AR	57-03
Jones, James G.	Tampa	FL	57-17
Katz, Stephen E.	Palos Verdes Peninsula	CA	57-17
Mounger, Henry H.	Jackson	MS	57-19
Field, Howard M.	Solon	IA	58-06
Doby, Herb	Oregon City	OR	58-07
Fetterer, George G.	Ramey AFB	PR	58-07
Monto, Olgert V.	Biloxi	MS	58-07
Slaughter, Kent W.	Ramey AFB	PR	58-07
Brackett Jr., William R.	San Diego	CA	58-07C
Symms, Richard A.	Caldwell	ID	58-08
Levering, James D.	Bellevue	NE	58-11
Darrow, William K.	Honolulu	HI	59-12
Hall, William S.	Santa Clara	CA	59-16
Kiffer, Thomas G.	Rome	NY	59-16
MacLeod, Robert S.	Venice	FL	60-05
Zaricor, Wayne M.	Surprise	AZ	60-15
Tice, Russell K.	Papillion	NE	60-19
Blue, William E.	Surprise	AZ	61-04
Cunningham, Gene R.	Warner Robins	GA	61-04
Gruver Jr., Dorsey B.	Sun Lakes	AZ	61-04
Hummer, Stanley F.	Bossier City	LA	61-04
Kuczaj, Charles S.	Golden	CO	61-04
Martin, Leonard D.	San Antonio	TX	61-04
Roberts, John K.	Concordia	MO	61-04
Roberts, Donald R.	Mount Pleasant	TX	61-04
Brezinski, Robert A.	Leakey	TX	61-05
Buick, John R.	Cape Coral	FL	61-05
Webb, Alden	Pike Road	AL	61-05
Campbell, John J.	Goodyear	AZ	61-09
Mauden, Brian D.	Wichita	KS	61-11
Vickers, Joel E.	Matthews	NC	61-11
Lampman, Richard E.	Schertz	TX	61-18
Williams, Kenneth L.	Whigham	GA	61-19
Williams Jr., George R.	Sanford	FL	61-20
Wind, William C.	Lakewood	CO	62-20

JAMES CONNALLY

Brickell, Robert V.	Raleigh	NC	52-04
Rodee, Robert L.	Roy	UT	52-04
Parrish, Harold C.	Lake Panasoffke	FL	52-10
Whittenberg, James E.	Fort Collins	CO	52-13
Bradfield, Bruce Harley	Bellingham	WA	52-21
Wilson, Robert L.	Ponca City	OK	53-00
Bieich, Donald V.	Kankakee	IL	54-06

Freeland, John R.	Frederick	MD	54-06
Harris, Donald E.	Dayton	OH	54-06
Harrod, James G.	Goose Creek	SC	54-06
Hill, Don A.	Rochester	NY	54-06
Oster, Raymond M.	Charlottesville	VA	54-06
Robben, Harold J.	Germantown	NJ	54-06
Werling, Wilbert W.	San Antonio	TX	54-06
Occhipinti, Frank L.	Las Vegas	NV	54-07
Hickam, Dana S.	Olathe	KS	54-16
Lonski, Richard L.	Parkville	MO	58-00
Bruce, John R.	Colorado Springs	CO	59-07
Harris, Donald W.	Santa Monica	CA	59-07
Klotzbach, George O.	Sarasota	FL	59-07
Sloan, George M.	Vero Beach	FL	59-07
Whittenberg, Jean R.	Reachtree	GA	59-07
Abrams Jr., Frank J.	Sumterville	FL	59-08
Boyle III, Charles P.	Exton	PA	59-08
Kasson, Bruce N.	Arvard	CO	59-12
Rensvold, David F.	Seattle	WA	59-12
Ogg, Thomas H.	Chanhassen	MN	60-13
Hanley, Daryl R.	Port Saint Lucie	FL	61-01
Davis, Ronald G.	Plfugerville	TX	62-20
Waddell, Robert O.	Arlington	TX	63-06
Baily III, Joseph J.	Dover	DE	63-12
Collier, James T.	McAlester	OK	63-12
Hendley Jr., Edward C.	Columbia	MO	63-16
Short, Charles D.	Aurora	CO	64-02
Coupland, James W.	Leesburg	FL	64-03
Antonow, Walter	Oxford	MS	64-14
Balut, Ramon R.	Harpers Ferry	WV	64-17
Beaky Jr., Charles M.	Gold River	CA	65-07
Irvin, Charles R.	Dayton	OH	65-14
Wolfrom, James A.	Lynn Haven	FL	66-06
Parsons, James A.	Gahanna	OH	66-07

MATHER

Garing, Roger L.	Silt	CO	68-00
Concannon, Charles W.	Papillion	NE	71-00

SELMAN

Brooks, Philip P.	South Dennis	MA	43-11
Fetch, John J.	Ocean City	NJ	44-14

SAN ANGELO

Williams, Parks E.	Arlington	TX	44-09

SAN MARCOS

Fales, John T.	New Smyrna	FL	43-18
Hall, Chester D.	Round Rock	TX	44-00
Davies, Robert W.	Los Altos	CA	44-02
Lamb, Robert H.	Dayton	OH	44-02
Thurmon, John A.	Wellington	MO	44-02
West, William M.	Celina	OH	44-04
Peterson, Dean R.	Temple City	CA	44-07
Hayes, Orin R.	Walton	NE	44-10
Corcoran, John M.	Tuckerton	NJ	43-12

TURNER

Brown, Addison L.	Kalamazoo	MI	42-06
Smith, John L.	Helena	AL	43-00

VICTORVILLE

Shadegg, John J.	Scottsdale	AZ	43-09

SCHOOL UNKNOWN

Kucera, Joseph	Union Pier	MI	40-00
O'Donovan, Edward D.	Middletown	PA	40-00
Tillie, Henry R.	Richardson	TX	40-00
Dr. Gern, Jesse W.	Laramie	WY	41-00
Chandor, Elbert H.	New York	NY	42-00
Minnich, Wilbur F.	Denver	CO	42-00
Adams, John Quincy	Dallas	TX	43-00
Ford, Jewel R.	Spring Branch	TX	43-00
Gipson, Raymond E.	DeRidder	LA	43-00
Leland, Harvey K.	Tualatin	OR	43-00
Birch, Oral B.	Sandy	UT	44-00
Robles, William A.	San Francisco	CA	44-00
Rodriquez, Edward F.	Fairfax	VA	44-00
Shlesinger, Bernard E.	Alexandria	VA	44-00
Stachyra, Edward H.	Palos Hills	IL	44-00
Waterman, William J.	San Antonio	TX	44-00
Cannon, Richard	Williamsburg	NY	45-00
Fox, Lloyd O.	Scottsdale	AZ	45-00
Gibson, Robert Edwin	Arlington	VA	45-00
Couzens, Francis John	Santa Rosa	CA	47-00
Homza, George E.	Shreveport	LA	48-00
Becker, Marion C.	Alexandria	VA	50-00
Mendez-Pelegrina, Nabor	Ramey AFB	PR	51-00
Carlton, Ernest L.	Tampa	FL	52-00
Connor, Malcomb W.	Port St. Lucie	FL	52-00
Mohr, Robert M.	Navato	CA	52-00
Reinhart, Victor J.	Dayton	OH	52-00
Griffin, Lamar David	Tupelo	MS	53-00
Harris, Don G.	Waterville	ME	53-00
Moyer, Robert William	Oneonta	NY	53-00
Pumphrey, Warren E.	Lutherville	MD	53-00
Trella, Robert Lawrence	Beaumont	CA	53-00
Alexander, Fernando	Sacramento	CA	53-11
Arthur, Jay C.	Milton	FL	55-00
Cofield, Ralph E.	Boerne	TX	56-00
Williams, Joseph B.	Albuquerque	NM	56-00
Elmer, James D.	North Little Rock	AR	57-00
Rose, Donald Gene	Nederland	TX	58-00
Martin, Douglas S.	Colorado Springs	CO	58-02
Page Jr., William E.	Xenia	OH	59-00
Rose, Donald E.	Warrenton	VA	60-00
Thompson, James L.	San Diego	CA	60-00

+++++++++

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

Change service requested

PRSRT 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 papahootngranky@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

NMUSAF Museum Committee
Sostenes Suazo
541 Riverwood Drive
Beaverbrook, OH 45430-1645
937-431-8542 ssuazo61@aol.com