



DR AHEAD



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Boeing KC-97G-26-BO Stratofreighter 52-2688; later converted to C-97G; later modified as photo reconnaissance EC-97G aircraft. Photo from Wikimedia Commons.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Jimmie W. Hanes, Jr., James Connally 66-13

Wow! It is certainly hot here in Texas. We had rain 31 days ago, and we're in a Red Flag Burn area due to the heat, the wind and the dryness. I remember pre-flighting my aircraft on the ramp at Takhli when it was over 120, and several times, as I left for the embassy in Muscat, Oman, the temperature was already plus 120, so why complain? It is kind of unique that numerous general-select officers are standing in line waiting for Senate approval; however, Senator Tuberville is adamant about the government financing across-state-line abortions.

It looks like our next **AFNOA** Reunion will be in mid-September, 2024. Trish, at the Reunion Brats, is

negotiating with several hotels. Speaking about Waco and hotels, I hope none of you are scheduling a trip to Waco to observe the solar eclipse on April 8, 2024. I have been told there are no hotel rooms nor RV slots available in Waco or the surrounding area.

For those of you who are planning to come to Waco for the reunion, be advised it's not too early to book a brunch or lunch at the Magnolia Table (for those not aware of what I'm talking about, consult your spouse). In my last note I mentioned inviting a classmate to the next reunion, as we'd like to have a representative from each class attend. Certainly, those who trained at James Connally. That's all folks.

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.

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Annual Membership — \$15.00 under age 79
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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. (Checks only, please.) Thank you.

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| Membership | \$ _____ |
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MANUSCRIPTS are welcomed, especially by e-mail (address: sue.curran@att.net) or by submittal to the editor on data CDs, IBM/Microsoft Windows-compatible formats only please. All submissions must include the address/contact 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 November 2023.

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OUR NAVIGATOR HISTORY

by Ronald P. Barrett, AFNOA Historian
James Connally 63-06

Time rapidly passes and so do we. Sorry to say that we, the **AFNOA** Members, represent the very few “traditional” navigators left. Here to remind all, I have compiled a succinct history to help us review our service and add to it, before we all have flown away.

In review: the navigation community came together slowly, right before WWII. Pan American Airlines was the U.S. leader in trans-oceanic flight navigation. A very small memorial to this legacy is in Key West, Florida. Pan Am’s Chief Navigator from there was Charles Lunn. The family home is there, sitting quietly, unoccupied and unmarked. I took pictures the last time in Key West.

The U.S. Army in the 1930s struggled for aviation funds. Then a junior officer, Charles LeMay—a rare military aviator— worked hard for a place in the forum of military doctrine for navigators and early bomb-aimers. (Side Note: Prior to WWII, USA, Canada, and UK referred to those that flew the bomb run and directed the aircraft to the target, as “bomb-aimers.” Early in WWII, both “bomb-aimer” and “bombardier” titles were used. Then that crew position was named formally as a “bombardier” after the initial formal training start-up at Lowry Field, Colorado.)

To add to the military doctrine issues in the 30s were the almost daily aeronautical technical developments. Aviation went from cloth-covered airframes to all aluminum, and engines went from just 100 hp to a 1,000 hp. Along with all of this was fuel mixtures, better rubber tires, hydraulics, the need for oxygen at the ever-higher altitudes, longer-ranged navigation beacons/radios and communications aids.



U.S. Fairchild Aircraft C-119G navigator-controlled Computer Airborne Release Point (CARP) tactical drop out of the forward hatch. CARP tactical procedures were used by navigators for four decades (1940s-1970s). Photo from Wikimedia Commons.

In the 1940s came WWII and we see a fantastic leap in aviation and all technologies associated with higher, faster, bigger, longer ranges and specialty-trained flight crew members. Navigators, bombardiers, radar operators, flight engineers, load masters, gunners and flight mechanics were needed by the thousands, along with pilots of fighters, transports, bombers, and utility planes.

The post-WWII time of the 1950s brought the more powerful nations to an adversarial military stand-off in a mix of Cold War actions that spanned the 50s, 60s, 70s, 80s, and 90s, loosely referred to as the Western Nations vs. the Communist Eastern Nations. (I note the terms are certainly not those that apply to our mix of nations today.) The USSR, led by the Communist Russian nation, fell apart through the 1990s.

The Cold War was ended, so to speak. What it meant to us navigators was that the grand bomber fleets of the early B-29s, B-32s, B-50s, jet fleets of B-45s, B-47s (of which the AF had over 1,200), B-57s, B-58s, and B-52s were mostly a thing of the past. ICBMs were all that were felt to be needed for counter-threats of a significant order. Today even the ubiquitous TACAN and VOR/DME are all but gone.



B-47 Rocket-Assisted Takeoff (RATO) bottle launch. Note: The navigator’s ejection seat shot downward. Photo from Wikimedia Commons.

There are, however, a few dedicated high-tech bombers left: the B-2 (stealth), the upgraded-forever-bomb-truck B-52 (some 70 airframes) and a few dozen B-1 “Bones.” In these fleets too, are a few remaining elements such as Doppler systems, and weapons systems officers known as WSOs or EWOs (now trained by the AF at NAS Pensacola, Florida).

Side Note: The early missile programs: Mace, Matador, Atlas, Thor, Jupiter and Navy sub “Boomer” (ballistic missile submarine) fleets, were in never-ending betterments in parallel. The crewed systems were coming and then going in the aviation world all along.

For the sake of keeping this focused on “crewed flight” I will skip over the nuclear weapons developments that allowed for the many solid rocket-engined missiles and MIRV gains, as they became much smaller and

guided. Side Note: In 1963-1967 there were four B-47 crashes yearly! Most were fatal. The greatest change to all of the flight crews was the introduction of advanced electronics and digital flight systems. These systems proved to be good, adaptive, small, lightweight, and cost effective. Which leads to why we no longer have a need for us flight navigators. The Global Positioning System (GPS) replaced us! The GPS does all of the tasks we navs were trained to do and it does it continuously. We all know in our new cars we no longer even have paper maps to navigate by. The car GPS speaks to us (for those of us that can still hear okay). I must admit I now wear hearing aids. Oh my, so life goes on. However, we traditional navs can reminisce, think of radar fixes, sextant three-star fixes, pressure patterns worked out on the E6B whiz wheel, and calling on a UHF for an Ocean Station fix. It was a great time and a fabulous skill. So proud to have flown as a navigator!



A navigator taking a celestial fix using the D-1 Kollsman periscopic-bubble sextant in the C-124C. Photo provided by Ron Barrett.

Update: Totally new flight control/navigation/communications systems like those made by Garmin can take over the flying tasks almost 100%, leaving a NO flight crew member- flight possible. FAA/US Military/ICAO are trying to figure this all out as we speak, especially in and for the drone aviation market.

NEW FLASH DRIVE

by Leonard Melcher, Mather 74-17

AFNOA has created a new offer to our members. We have created an updated flash drive containing all of the instructional material from navigator training, articles from *The Navigator* magazine, and additional other materials from the original **AFNOA** flash drive. We will also include digital copies (PDF) of the **DR Ahead** newsletter going back to the beginning when it was just a single letter in 1984, to the latest copy when you order. Your suggested donation of \$35 will cover all expenses including shipping. Just place your order with Leonard Melcher (Treasurer), contact info on page 16 of this publication. The flash drive will also be available at the next reunion.

SAC STANDARDS

by Murray Siegel, James Connally 65-03

In September 1965, after two years of Air Force schools (nav training, electronic warfare school and B-52 crew training), I was operational, a member of B-52 crew E-28 of the 668th Bomb Squadron at Griffiss AFB. My training had prepared me and I had little trouble adjusting to life on a B-52 crew, including learning to spend two weeks out of five on alert. The one aspect of my new life that annoyed me was the Strategic Air Command's standards.

It seemed that every process had an approved sequence, and when I asked for justification, I was told that we do things using SAC Standards. My ROTC leadership training and my engineering education taught me that "that is how we do it" was not an adequate explanation, yet questioning the standards proved fruitless and challenging them could result in damage to one's career.

Unlike most of those who had control over methods, I had taken numerous courses in electronic and electromagnetic theory, and my concerns were met with replies of, "How long have you been in SAC?" I realized that my interests were best served by doing it their way and not asking questions about the standards.

All this changed when I arrived on Guam to fly Arc Light missions. I had arrived late and was assigned as a spare, meaning that I would join any crew that was missing an EW. I flew with a diverse spectrum of crews from all over the U.S. On one crew, the aircraft commander prepared us as we approached Vietnam as if we were striking downtown Hanoi, despite our mission being less than 20 miles from Saigon. Another commander basically said, "Do your jobs and I'll be happy."

Not only had I not flown with any of the crewmembers I joined, I did not know any of these men. Yet, every mission went smoothly, even when faced with problems such as fumes in the cockpit or running low on fuel. I asked myself what caused such smooth crew coordination? The answer was that flying under SAC standards had made each crew member an interchangeable component who could fit in with any crew and complete the mission.

There was a real reason for the standards, yet nobody had ever mentioned this when I questioned why we had to follow certain sequences. Upon my entry into SAC, some commander should have said that to allow any crew member to go into combat with any SAC crew, we needed the standards so that missions were completed smoothly and successfully.



FIFTY YEARS OF FREEDOM

by Robert G. Certain, Mather 70-16

On February 17th of this year (2023), fifty-nine Americans and six Canadians met in Saigon (Ho Chi Minh City), Vietnam, for an excursion through Vietnam and Cambodia. The group included eight men who were POWs in Hanoi during the war along with their families and friends. Three of the men spent over 2,000 days each in captivity and were subjected to horrendous conditions and torture. The other five were held less than a year, including three of us from the Linebacker II bombing of Hanoi, which resulted in the signing of the Paris Peace Accords and the release of all of us in the winter and spring of 1973. Four of the eight were navigators: Pete Camerota, Robert Certain, Tom Hanton, and Ed Hubbard.

We began our sojourn with a day exploring the bustling city of Saigon before boarding the Uniworld River Cruise's *Mekong Jewel* for a cruise up the Mekong River. Our first stop was to tour the Củ Chi Tunnels and to view not only samples of various booby-traps used to maim or kill our troops, but also several examples of B-52 bomb craters.

On February 22, we left Vietnam and entered Cambodia. February 24 was perhaps the most profound and memorable experience of the entire journey—visits to S-21, the former high school that Pol Pot and Khmer Rouge turned into a prison and torture facility and now serves as their Genocide Museum. While there, we met one of the seven men who survived the experience before traveling out to the Killing Fields where thousands of Cambodians were buried in mass graves. In both places we saw monuments to the horror of Pol Pot stating, "Never will we forget the crimes committed during the Democratic Kampuchea Regime." Modern Cambodians have learned the lesson taught by George Santayana, "Those who do not learn history are doomed to repeat it."

After that dark and sober experience, we continued our cruise up the Mekong to Siem Reap. After enjoying a city tour, we were off to visit the ruins of the Angkor Wat Temple. The following day we toured the Angkor Thom Temple ruins and the ruins used to film the movie *Tomb Raider*.

On March 1 we flew from Siem Reap, Cambodia, to Hanoi, Vietnam, for a three-night stay. In the fifty years since we left that city as newly-repatriated officers of the U.S. armed forces, Hanoi (along with other parts of that nation) has become a very large city marked by high-rise buildings and modern industry. The next day we visited the John McCain marker located next to the lake where he was captured, the Kham Thein B-52 Memorial and the Hanoi Hilton Museum—our bucket-list destination. Very little remains of the old Hoa Lo Prison other than the front wall, which is accurately topped by broken glass bottles and electric wires. Inside the front

gate is a small visitors' center and along the inside of the street wall are artifacts of the prison as it was used by the French to house and abuse Vietnamese prisoners. Very little reference is made of the way the Vietnamese treated American prisoners, though I did find my name and photograph in several places, both in the Hanoi Hilton and the B-52 Museum. We completed our visit to Hanoi with a bus trip to the vestige of the Son Tay prison camp where an effort was made to rescue the POWs held there. March 6 marked the 50th anniversary of freedom for two of our travelers—Ed Hubbard (2,420 days) and Wayne Waddell (2,070 days). They had their photo taken at the prison gate, then joined their wives to board their flight home on Vietnam Airways.

At our farewell dinner, we were joined by a retired Vietnam Air Force MiG-21 pilot who shot down a USAF pilot (who was rescued) and was later shot down by another USAF pilot. He has visited the USA multiple times and developed friendships with both men. His observation was that "During the war, we were fighting for our countries; after the war we have no need to be enemies." It was clear to me that there was no animosity toward Americans among the many people we met in both Vietnam and Cambodia. Part of that is attributed to their Buddhist culture, and part of it to the youth of the population in both countries.

The Military Officers Association of America sent along a reporter for the trip and his article appeared in the June 2023 issue of their magazine. Once we arrived in Hanoi another reporter (whose father, an EWO, flew two B-52 missions during Linebacker II) joined us to gain insight for his article, which will appear in the November issue of *Smithsonian Magazine*. Both magazines will post their articles, photos, and videos on their respective websites.

The wives of us eight POWs have listened to our war stories for the last fifty years. We were all very pleased to have them with us on this journey to see the relics of our time in two of the prisons where Americans were held.

FROM THE TREASURER'S DESK

by Leonard Melcher, Mather 74-17

DONATIONS: AFNOA greatly appreciates donations to the operating fund from the following members:

Carl Schrader (James Connally 63-17) donated \$100.

Richard Ahrens (Ellington 54-16) donated \$62.

Cecil Brinega (Harlingen 60-22) donated \$30.

Ralph Wyatt (James Connally 63-15) donated \$15.

Joseph Sanchez (Harlingen 56-02) donated \$200, in memory of two classmates who were killed in Vietnam: Jerome Rice (AC-119) on 11 October 1969, and Donald McHugo (B-57) on 25 March 1968.

THE WILLIAM SMITH STORY

by William M. "Bill" Smith, Harlingen 61-01

Next month I will celebrate my 84th birthday, so forgive me if I don't provide exact names, dates, descriptions, etc. I enlisted in the Air Force in April of 1958, and after completing tech school at Biloxi AFB, Mississippi, I was assigned as an airborne radar and navigation equipment repairman at Ellsworth AFB, South Dakota.

When I left Mississippi in December, the temperature was 80 degrees; when I arrived in Rapid City two days later, it was 30 degrees below freezing, accompanied by 40 MPH wind. I had never been farther north than Dallas and was sure that I would not survive the week. After being issued winter gear, I settled down to changing black boxes on B-52D bombers. One night while assigned to flight line standby for a B-52 preparing for takeoff, I was called to repair an inoperative interphone at the navigator's station. I quickly found and re-soldered a broken wire in the navigator's mic switch. The crew, especially the RN and navigator, could not thank me enough. They made me feel really important. Those men impressed me so much that I wanted to be like them; do what they did. I heard about the Aviation Cadet program that provided a way for enlisted men to become pilots or navigators.

After taking all the written, psych, and physical exams, I was told that I qualified for pilot training. Wait time for acceptance and class assignment was normally two weeks. Three weeks, then four weeks went by with no word. It turned out that my application had never been sent forward. A new Top Sgt found it stuck in the back of a file cabinet drawer. The program was being ended soon and I had missed the last pilot class by two weeks. There were two more navigator classes scheduled, but I would have to hurry if I wanted to make one of them. My written and oral exams were still good, so all I had to do was retake the physical. My application was expedited and hand-carried to personnel by the Top Sgt who watched while it was processed and sent forward. I just made it into the next to last navigator class. Preflight training at Lackland AFB, Texas, went quickly. It was during this time, at a Cadet Club dance, that I met the girl who would later become my wife of 62 years.

Flight training at Harlingen AFB, Texas, seemed a lot longer. I failed Weather and had to retake it. During an evening at a night club in town that was frequented by cadets, I was assaulted by another cadet who mistook me for someone he did not like. Because I retaliated, we both spent the rest of our upper-class free time on the tour ramp marching off demerits. On 20 December 1960 I graduated in

Class 61-01. On 26 December 1960 I was married and a few days later we were on our way to advanced navigation and bombardment school at Mather AFB, California. A couple of months later we learned that we would be new parents at the end of September. Because I would be in survival training and could not be with her when the baby was due, I sent my bride home to be with her parents. I graduated third in my class and there were only two B-52 assignments up for grabs. Luckily for me, the number one pick went for the MATS assignment.

While in survival training at Stead AFB, Nevada, I got the call that I was the father of a beautiful baby girl. That wonderful call could not have come at a more opportune time. I was in a classroom where they were showing endless color pictures of frostbite wounds and other highly graphic wounds. I was beginning to get tunnel vision when a big guy in the front row fell over on to the floor. The class was put on hold and I was given the message to call my wife. I was allowed to skip the rest of the class. At the end of survival training, I went to Castle AFB, California, for B-52 upgrade training. I then went to meet my wife and new daughter at my parents' home in Texas. From there we went to Walker AFB, New Mexico, for B-52 flight training. I had so much trouble with the N-1 compass system pre-session on my first flight, that the instructor told me that I might be pursuing the wrong profession. I completed flight training in January 1962.

In February 1962, I reported to Homestead AFB, Florida, for my first operational assignment as a member of Crew E-18. As I recall, the 28th Bomb Squadron was a brand-new unit comprised of some of the best pilots, navigators, and gunners from many other B-47 and B-52 units. My pilot, co-pilot, and radar navigator had flown together in B-47s. The gunner was a B-52 veteran. The electronic warfare officer and I were the rookies. We had G models for a short time, then we got the H models as they rolled off the assembly line (so to speak). A few short months later in October we found ourselves in the middle of the Cuban Missile Crisis. I sent my wife and year-old daughter back home to her home town and prayed they would be spared if the worst should come. I turned over my car and off-base home to some TAC fighter pilots who were moving in to Homestead as we were moving our bombers out to Wurtsmith AFB, Michigan. There we flew airborne alert missions, and for a while it looked like we might have to put our Emergency War Orders (EWO) to the test. Thank God we didn't.

Back home in Florida, things settled down to routine twelve-hour training missions involving air refueling, high-level and low-level navigation, simulated bomb runs, and simulated air-to-ground

missile launches followed by touch-and-go landings. It was during the touch-and-go landings that I got a little rest. I would lock my finger in the overhead strap and rest my helmeted head on my arms. We also took our turns at flying the 25-hour airborne alert flights known as "Chrome Dome." It was during one of the Chrome Dome flights that a strange heading system malfunction led to my first encounter with the mystery of the Bermuda Triangle. But that's another story. A more restful part of the routine was the seven days of alert duty in the "mole hole" (underground alert facility) followed by four days off. At the start of the alert duty tour, we pre-flighted our assigned alert plane and stowed our helmets and oxygen masks, charts and locked EWO kit on board. During the rest of our tour, we attended classes on thermonuclear effects and the internal electronic arming and detonation of the bomb. We also studied our specific Emergency War Order. The rest of the time we entertained ourselves with TV, ping pong, pool, and cards while we waited for the klaxon to sound, signaling either a test or the real thing. We never knew which until we reached our plane, started engines, and received the go/no-go code on the radio.

The event that I dreaded most was the no-notice Operational Readiness Inspection (ORI). It is a time when the pressure is on to be perfect in every area of every organization on base. Written tests are administered. The aircrews are given their mission to plan, target study, brief, and execute. Evaluators observe and grade every aspect of the flight from preflight through takeoff, air refueling, navigation leg, bomb run, target acquisition, bomb score, landing, shut down, and debriefing. You don't want to be the crew member that screws it up for the crew, nor do you

want to be the crew that screws it up for the squadron. That would reflect badly on the powers up the chain, and you know in which direction corrective action flows. In 1963, Flight Crew E-18 came out on top as the outstanding crew of the Eighth Air Force ORIT. As I recall, our reward was the privilege of flying a training mission to and from Great Britain in exchange for 35 hours R&R in London.

The crew knew that I wanted to be a pilot, so on the trip back home, the A/C let me have the controls of the "BUFF." It was a memorable experience for all. At 40,000 feet over the Atlantic Ocean, what damage could I do? After a quick checkout of heading and artificial horizon instruments and trim controls on the yoke, I made my first nudge of this mighty ship. Nothing happened. It didn't respond like the fighter simulator I had been playing on at the base. You have to show this big bird who's boss. Before my 15 minutes of fame was over, through roller coaster climbs and descents and full-blown vertigo, the crew was begging the pilot to get me out of his seat. He was happy to oblige.

In 1965, I was promoted to captain and my second daughter was born in the base hospital. I was nearing the age limit for acceptance into the pilot training program, so I tried again. After passing all required testing, my application was denied at the base level due to a shortage of navigators. The promise of a better-paying future led me to leave active duty in 1967 to fly DC-7C commercial airlift missions in Vietnam. My first trip into Da Nang from Kadena earned me the nickname of "Magellan." We entered Vietnamese airspace ten miles north of course, and two F-100s came to escort us. My captain said that we need to keep this to ourselves, and that authorities would be contacting us. When we got back to the hotel in Manila, I stashed my bags and went down to the bar to join my crew. There was a big crowd gathered around my captain and co-pilot. They were all laughing about the navigator that got fighters scrambled on his plane. My captain was quite pleased with the way he scared me into thinking that I was in big trouble. From then on, he called me "Magellan." My better-paying future lasted only two months. The government did not renew the contract for my airline's prop job planes.

In 1968, after beginning a career in computer programming, I joined the Air Force Reserves. For the next eleven years I served as a navigator on C-130A aircraft. During that time, I experienced the weird heading system malfunction twice. The first time was during an evaluation trip over the Gulf of Mexico. It was a simple southeast heading out of Ellington Field for 200 miles, then make a 180 degree turn back to



Homestead AFB News, 22 February 1963.

Ellington. When I cranked up the radar to confirm my course, I saw that we were heading due north entering a restricted airspace south of New Orleans, LA. Of course, this could only be navigator error, so I failed my check ride. It was several days later during compass maintenance that the N-1 compass error was discovered. I was given and passed a make-up check ride. A few months later, on a trip to Hawaii, that heading error surfaced again. I navigated to Hawaii, and the instructor who had flunked me navigated back to Los Angeles. The only problem is that when we got within radar range, he saw that he was headed straight for San Diego. Heading system errors are not so disturbing when your destination is a huge land mass. But when you are trying to find an island way out in the Pacific, that's something else. The next time I came up on the schedule for a trip to Hawaii, I put in for retirement. In January 1979 my flying days were over.

FLYING IS DANGEROUS, OR RUNNING AWAY FROM C-97, NO. 92597

by Giles W. Willis, Jr., PhD, PE, Ellington 55-08

On August 8, 1957, a routine daily flight of C-97, No. 92597, was heading to Hickam from Travis carrying a crew and 57 passengers. I was not on this flight. The aircraft commander was Major Sam Tyson. There were two navigators on board. One was my friend, Danforth E. Bewley; the other was George Holy. There were two co-pilots on board, Sterling Hays and Gene Lambert. The crew also had three senior flight engineers. The plane had passed the equal time point from Travis to Hickam and thus was past Ocean Station November, located at 30 N, 140 W. They were at about 18,000 ft. It was a clear day.

Suddenly, without warning, the prop on the #1 engine became uncontrollable. This condition was known as a "runaway prop" where the prop spins in the "flat" position and offers a very large amount of drag on the aircraft. Consequently, the plane immediately began to descend, even though they put max power on the other three engines. They were about 800 miles from land and heading down into the Pacific Ocean. As they went down with the engine spinning, all they could do was ride it out. Suddenly the spinning prop came apart and hit the prop on the adjacent engine. Now C-97, No. 92597, was heading down even faster with two engines out on one side. When the aircraft reached approximately 50 feet from the water, an air current was formed on the underside of the plane. It provided more lift and stopped the descent. The aircraft made it to Hilo where the incident caused quite a stir. The Air Force Chief of Staff gave Sam Tison a DFC that very day. The crew was on the Ed Sullivan Show the next Sunday. I remember

watching Major Tison, Dan Bewley and the other crew members on TV.

But a few hours later, I got a call from operations. "Giles, you will be dead-heading out to Hilo, we have to pick up an airplane there." The engineers had come up with a fix for the props on the C-97 Pratt and Whitney R4360 engines. This new modification would prevent the engine from having a runaway prop. The engineers told me, personally, that the props could not ever over-speed and would never be uncontrollable. And so, I got to bring C-97, No. 92597, from Hilo back to Travis. Lucky for me, the return flight was routine but the plane did have a number of physical bumps and missing parts that had to be fixed before the plane could be put back into normal service.

This incident received nationwide press coverage due to an interview by Bob Considine with the crew. They also made a TV movie about it called "Flight for Life." Stephen McNally played Sam Tyson. But Dan Bewley or the other crew members were not mentioned in any of the stories.

The story of C-97, No. 92597, doesn't end here. A few months later, I was on a routine mission to Tokyo. It was my first time with the pilot and co-pilot who I called "the tennis team." At every stop they went somewhere to play tennis, or so they said. This time I was flying as an Instructor Navigator with a new assignee in tow. However, I continued my habit of keeping track of the plane position using my own information. We had been gone for over a week and now we were on our final leg home from Hickam to Travis. This was a typical 11-hour flight and I was getting a flight check as an Instructor Navigator. The flight examiner was our squadron Chief Navigator, Eugene Yennie. I was again flying this leg in (please note) aircraft number 92597. My trainee was usually working on his positions which were about an hour old so I kept the co-pilot informed with the current position reports so he could call them in. I would go from my seat in the cabin next to Gene, into the cockpit and check my trainee about every 20 minutes.

Below is a photo of a C-97 from the same production run as #92597.



We had a split climb that day and were at 15,000 feet, our final altitude. We were about three hours out of Travis and the rest of the flight would be very routine. I

was in my seat in the passenger cabin talking to Gene, when I heard the engines change pitch. I knew we were at our final altitude and so wondered why we had gone to climb power. When I opened the cockpit door, I could see the engine information from the flight engineer's overhead console. It became instantly clear that there was a major problem with one of the engines. I knew it certainly could not be a runaway prop because that had been fixed, as I was told in Hilo months ago. But, I was mistaken. We did have a runaway prop. And we were on three engines at climb power but were not climbing. We were heading for the deck at about 700 feet per minute. At that point I grabbed the radio and gave a position report, I told McClellan radio our condition and asked for an air rescue escort. My trainee was still trying to figure out where we were an hour previously and was unaware that there was anything awry in the cockpit. I went back into the cabin and told the attendants what was going on and that we needed to get the 57 passengers ready for ditching. The airplane was going down, down, down. I wondered if we might have the same fate of losing two engines just like Sam Tyson's crew.

We descended for about the next 20 minutes. We threw out luggage and got the passengers ready for ditching. As it turned out, when we reached about 500 feet—about two or three minutes from ditching—the prop blade froze in the flat position and stopped spinning. The drag was reduced and we could maintain 500 feet altitude. That was good because by this time it was pitch-black dark and a ditching would have been grim. When we got the airplane stabilized, the aircraft commander said he wanted a position so he could call ARS. I told him I had already done that and told him that ARS should meet up with us in about an hour. ARS did meet up with us about an hour later. Our next event was, what are we going to do at the Golden Gate Bridge? Though by the time we got there, we were able to climb to get above the bridge. Then we went on to land at Travis.

Not on Ed Sullivan, no Bob Considine article, no TV movie, but I did get an AF Commendation Medal for this incident.

But C-97, No. 92597 had one more try at disaster for our squadron. This time it was tragically successful. Five months after Sam Tyson's flight, on January 19, 1958, USAF C-97A 49-2597 (C-97, No. 92597) en route to Kwajalein from Honolulu **went missing** over the Pacific Ocean with seven crew on board. This was a cargo flight and not a passenger run. The Navy confirmed that debris found 277 miles to the southwest of Honolulu, was wreckage of the plane. Glen Niewald was the pilot and Bill Becker was the navigator. Bill had a navigator trainee with him on the flight. His name was Jerry L. Flaherty. Jerry was my trainee for his previous training flight. The only thing found from the aircraft or crew was Sgt Pearson's suitcase. It was picked up by a Navy ship. Was this another runaway prop? We will

never know for sure. But C-97, No. 92597 had a mind of its own and was clearly on a mission of death.

We had a memorial service for the crew and their families at Travis. I picked up Glen's mother at the San Francisco airport. I went through Bill Becker's apartment and packed up his stuff. Bill had a very nice 1956 Austin Healey.

I left Travis in May 1958 and never looked back at the C-97s that we called the Boeing Tri-motor. It had given me nearly 3,000 flying hours, with about a third of my time being on three engines instead of four. In view of what had happened while I was there, I was glad I was still alive. Yes, flying is really dangerous.

A FRIGID FLIGHT

by Thomas L. Spangler, Harlingen 62-22

Being stationed at Elmendorf AFB, Alaska, was a different experience from my last posting. I completed a year at Ubon Royal Thai Air Base flying AC-130 Gunships, where our prime duty was patrolling the Ho Chi Minh trail looking for and blasting rolling stock bringing munitions south to support the enemy war effort. On other missions, we supported friendly FAGS (Forward Air Guides) with our 20 mm Gatling guns firing on enemy positions. All this flying at night.

Instead of taking enemy lives, now in Alaska I served at the AAC/RCC (Alaska Air Command Rescue Coordination Center) covering the state and sending out search and rescue craft to save lives. We averaged 300 missions a year from our 24/7 facility. Peaks and valleys were experienced, but we knew that about two days before 10 August business would pick up. Hunting season opened up and many were determined to fly into their spots come any weather in the mountain passes, etc. Our sources included active-duty HC-130s, H-3 helicopters, Civil Air Patrol Cessna 172s, 310s, de Havilland Otters and others, including Army Chinook helicopters for high-elevation rescues. Since I was an FAA rated commercial pilot, on my off-duty time I would check out a Cessna 172 with a scanner and go fly a designated search grid on an extended search mission. As a bonus we saw a lot of scenic views and wildlife.

As a rated navigator, I was expected to maintain my flying skills proficiency. The AAC commander was a three-star general who had at his disposal a USAF C-118 four-engine transport. Other pilots and navs would be tasked to fly the general, but a secondary mission for the bird was to circumnavigate the perimeter of the state and calibrate the accuracy of the air defense radar sites. Specially trained observers would scan these radar sites as we passed over them. Basic nav aids were radio beacons and radar fixes from coastal spots.

One day we were tasked to take cargo to Galeana Air Station along the Yukon River about 300 nautical

miles northwest of Elmendorf. It was here where F-4 air defense fighters were forward positioned to make early intercept of invading enemy bombers. You have to understand the conditions we faced. Winters in Alaska are long (late October to late March) and daytime hours are short (9 a.m. to 3 p.m.) And temperatures range from zero to 30F above. That is for lower Alaska! From Fairbanks north to the Arctic Ocean, temperatures range from -45F and colder, and daylight is hard to find!

On Jan 3, 1975, C-118 #33245 was pulled out of a warm hanger into -35F (very cold for Anchorage). Our flight crew consisted of USN Commander McMillen, aircraft commander; 1 Lt Brown, US Army co-pilot; and USAF Major Spangler, navigator. Remember Alaska Air Command was a multi-service command and all flight crew members wanted to maintain proficiency.

After takeoff, we flew our assigned ground radar calibration pattern for seven hours and then turned toward Galena to drop off our cargo. Weather was clear but surface temperature was -55F with icy surface conditions!

After parking, we all paraded into base ops like Eskimos to flight plan back to Elmendorf and warm up. Uncle Sam's Air Force had us dressed to the nines to endure such weather. We were wearing double-layer long Johns, heavy duty bunny boots, fur lined and insulated parka, pants, hats, and gloves and still feeling some chill leaking in! Upon inspection of the aircraft, fuel could be observed dribbling off the wings to the ground! The Aircraft Commander and we had never seen such a thing—it seems the extreme cold was shrinking the wing tanks allowing fuel to escape. So, a command decision was made to board, crank up the engines with two fire bottle guards outside and take off before anything else could happen to keep us grounded in this God-forsaken winter wonderland.

Climbing out to 15,000 ft. we watched the outside air temp warm up to -30F. After an uneventful 1.5-hour flight, we landed and taxied in to park at Elmendorf to face -35F. What follows is our next challenge. Before going to our homes, the plane was towed into its hanger and flight crew proceeded to our cars with our gear. Of all our automobiles there, all but mine would not start. Seeing the predicament, I noticed a USAF tow tug near the co-pilot's car and attached my jumper cables to his car then to the tug's battery, and instantly a loud explosion occurred! Fortunately, the top was shielded preventing battery acid from flying upward into my face, but it sprayed into my mid-section, ruining my flight suit. Leaving the tug, I proceeded to my car, the oldest one on the lot, and presto: it started right up! After driving around giving others jump starts, we were able to drive home and thaw out. Do you wonder why so many go south to warmer climates in winter?

WE OWE YOU A FEW BEERS

by Bob Johnson, Mather 78-20

It was 1980. We were the number 4 tanker, call sign Snow 04, in a four-ship tanker formation out of Loring AFB, ME, supporting a fighter drag of F-4s and RF-4s, call signs Snap 01 to Snap 12, crossing the Atlantic. For mid-ocean communications we used HF for position reporting, comm #1 for air refueling, and comm #2 for tanker formation coordination.

We had just completed the mid-ocean rendezvous with another tanker formation. The fighters moved up to our formation to test our refueling systems and to top off their tanks. Our three fighters were RF-4s; Snap 10 through Snap 12. Snap 11 and Snap 12 came to our left wing, Snap 10 came in to refuel. Snap 10 came up and connected but no CONTACT indication; he couldn't take gas from us for some reason. He was able to take fuel from the previous tanker formation. He backed off and we checked the boom system. He came back in, and connected again, but still no CONTACT indication and no fuel. He decided to move off to our right wing to let Snap 11 try. Snap 11 got a CONTACT and was taking fuel successfully. Snap 10 decided to move off further right and go to the bottom of the altitude block to troubleshoot.

As we were refueling, the formation came upon a navigation point on our assigned oceanic route where the formation made a slight right turn as we refueled. During refueling, small turns weren't usually announced since the refueling formation was bunched up.

A couple of minutes later, Snap 10 called and he was ready to try again, but he lost sight of the formation. At this point Snap 10's fuel was where he would have to get gas soon or divert to somewhere in Newfoundland. He said he couldn't see us anywhere to his left. Additionally, RF-4s are renowned for their cruddy air-to-air radar.

He was our receiver, so I took the initiative to get him back to us. I used Comm #2 to tell the tanker formation I would get him back to us. I asked my co-pilot to put air-to-air TACAN to channel 93 and then I transmitted to Snap 10 to put in channel 30. The TACAN locked at eight miles and was very slowly getting bigger.

The KC-135 Comm #1 radio was the only tanker radio that could be used for Direction Finding (DF). It requires the other aircraft to transmit on the same frequency for about 15 seconds in order for us to determine their relative direction from us. That day, Comm #1 was being used for primary air refueling, so we couldn't tie up the frequency for the entire refueling formation communications for a DF.

I asked my crew to swap frequencies in Comm #1 and Comm #2 radios so we could do a DF on Snap 10. The copilot swapped frequencies in the radios and was

ready for the DF. I told Snap10 we needed him to come up on the secondary frequency to get a DF on him. He checked in the frequency. I asked him to hold down for the DF; it showed he was to the west in our 8 o'clock position at 10 miles now. He apparently crossed under our formation at that turn point. I suggested he look and turn right. "To the Right?" he questioned. "Yep, that's what the DF showed, we're to your east 10 miles now." The TACAN distance started reducing. At six he couldn't see us so I asked him for another DF, still at our 8 o'clock position. At about four miles Snap 10 said he had a visual on the formation. I then asked him to switch back over to the refueling frequency. On interphone I suggested the boom operator clear Snap 12 to the wing as Snap10 had us visual, was low on gas, and needed to go straight to the boom. Snap 10 checked in, went straight to the contact position, got a good CONTACT, and was able to take on all the gas he wanted. Good thing; I'll bet he was into his fuel reserve for a divert to Newfoundland! We continued toward our next rendezvous with our required refuelings with no further issues.

Between fighter refueling top offs, we cruised along with some of the usual bantering of TAC fighters versus SAC tankers. Snap 10 went out of his way to thank us for getting him back to the formation. It was nice to be acknowledged for the effort. He said "We owe you a few beers." My pilots said, "We'll take you up on the offer at the Loring O-Club." He didn't want to go to Newfoundland, let alone Loring. No fighter pukes ever went to Loring unless it was an emergency. We never got those beers!



USAF Bombers Formation: B-52 Stratofortress, B-1 Lancer, and B-2 Spirit fly in formation at the Dyess AFB Air Show in Abilene, TX, 3 May 2015. Photo by Balon Greyjoy from Wikimedia Commons.

NOTAM: NEED HELP locating and relocating other navigators:

Requirements: Must have a computer plus access to the internet. If you are interested in helping, please contact Jim Faulkner at jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net for details.

NOTAM: ELECTRONIC ROSTER

We no longer print and distribute an **AFNOA** roster. Electronic copies are available in Microsoft Excel. E-mail Jim Faulkner at jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net for a roster.

NOTAM: DR AHEAD BY INTERNET

Still getting a hard copy of **DR Ahead**? Join the over 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.

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NOTAM: DR Ahead Distribution

AFNOA members who are current on dues should receive the e-mail copy of **DR Ahead** by the 7th of the published month (January, April, July or October) or the paper copy via USPS by the 25th of the published month. IF NOT RECEIVED, contact Jim Faulkner (jfaulkner39@sudden-link.net) or Errol Hoberman (afnoa.distributor@yahoo.com). Note that e-mail copies may sometimes go into the "spam" or "junk mail" folders so please check them before contacting AFNOA representatives.

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.



LETTERS

Sent to Jim Faulkner

22 June 2023

Hi Jim,

Thought I'd add a little footnote to the article on the EC-121 "Triple Nickel" in the April 2023 **DR Ahead**. In 1971-1975 I was a navigator on EC-121s stationed at McClellan AFB in Sacramento. I was also a combat ready Air Weapons Controller in both the manual and SAGE environments so I knew the mission in both the front and backend of the aircraft.

We had no local mission so most of our life was spent TDY. We spent six weeks flying reconnaissance out of Korat in Thailand. Missions were 10-12 hours long over Cambodia and Laos, with an occasional foray into N. Vietnam. We were pretty vulnerable so those weren't too deep or long!

After 6 weeks or so we came back to McClellan for a month or so and then it was off to Iceland for our other primary mission. There we would fly 10-12 hour-long missions under op-con of the US Navy in the Norwegian Sea and points north for another six weeks before heading back to McClellan.

On one memorable trip we got extended for an additional 4 weeks in Iceland before our relief crew finally showed up and we were more than ready to head home and see our families. We found that we had very favorable winds and could make it all the way to McClel-

lan non-stop! Somewhere north of Michigan we radioed McClellan with our ETA and asked for Customs to meet the aircraft. McClellan came back with, "Divert to Wright Patterson AFB." When we demanded why, they said the wing CO wouldn't pay to bring out the standby customs inspector and Wright Patt had one on duty. To say we were "miffed" is a polite way of putting it.

We diverted to Wright Patt but didn't have enough crew duty day left to push on to McClellan so we had to RON. To add insult to injury one of the engines blew a hose on landing and the only spare parts were at McClellan. It would be at least two days before they could get a new hose to us. However, as luck would have it, the hose was sitting in the aircraft the next morning when we went out to check on things. The crew chief installed it, we rounded up our 15-man crew, and took off.

When we landed at McClellan, instead of a welcome home party, we were met by the FBI! It seems that the EC121, Triple Nickel, at the museum was missing a hose—the exact same hose we needed to fix our aircraft. The wing CO was "miffed." Despite many interviews, numerous threats, and an extensive investigation, no one "fessed up," no one was ever charged, and the incident finally just faded away. Around the squadron it became known as "The Triple Nickel Incident."

Raymond Haig, Harlingen 60-09

Dear Editor, **DR Ahead**

8 August 2023

Special Assistance Request:

We received a request from the Historian of 8th AF, William "Lane" Callaway, seeking assistance from any of our Association members for copies of some B-52 publications. Specifically, he is seeking these publications:

1. SAC Manual / Regulation 51-52. He has three volumes (1, 4, and 5) of the seven volumes covering the B-52 airframe and operations. He is seeking a digital copy of the remaining four volumes 2,3,6,and 7).
2. A series of pamphlets or newsletters published by SAC entitled, "Time for Action Again," covering lessons learned from accidents involving B-52s.

If any member has these publications, they can directly contact Lane. His contact info is below:

William Lane Callaway
Historian, Eighth Air Force
william.callaway.1@us.af.mil

345 Davis Avenue-West
Suite 204
Barksdale AFB, LA 71110
Commercial: (318) 529-1195

Peter Derenski, Membership Chairman,
B-52 Stratofortress Association

For **DR Ahead**, Last Flights

24 Aug, 2023

Hiram S. Phillips, an Ellington 52-09 classmate of mine, died recently in his home city of Springfield, IL. As cadets we were part of what was called the "single observer" program.

The first several months had the whole class training at Ellington. Then eight slots for advanced training at Mather became available and were taken by eight top rated cadets. Phillips and I were among them.

After commissioning and rating, we went to Shaw AFB, SC, for combat crew training in Douglas B-26s, then to Stead in January 1953 for escape and survival instruction. For Phillips and me, on to Kempo (K-14) to the 12th TRS and RB-26s for a 45-mission night photo recon combat tour. He took the duty station in the rear of the fuselage where he had a table, light, and Loran. I took the clear nose where I could call out observations and dispatch our flash bombs.

After Korea we rarely made contact until Ellington 52-09 held a 50th year reunion. Numerous pleasant meetings of Hiram and me, some of which included our wives, ensued. An early friendship pleasantly renewed. Now a loss felt.

Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09

FINAL SALUTE!

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

Many of us who attended James Connally will remember our squadron commander, Lt Col. James Veltri. (Also an **AFNOA** member). I met Col Veltri in 1993 when we were having a reunion at Randolph AFB and he asked, "What is this Connally/Harlingen reunion stuff?" I told him, and he asked me to put him on the list for any future reunions. He attended many of our reunions and in 1994 he brought me all the graduation programs (1962-1966) during his tenure as a squadron commander. As a result of his actions, we were able to account for over 6,000 people who trained at Waco.

I had a nice phone visit with him on his 100th birthday. On August 14, 2023, Lt Col. James Veltri, age 101, passed away in San Antonio, Texas. He was born on February 22, 1922, in New Kensington, PA. Colonel Veltri enlisted in the Army Air Corps in 1942 and completed navigation training in San Marcos, TX, in April 1944. He flew the B-17 from August 1944 through December 1944 and was credited with 51 bombing missions. He retired in 1965, attaining the rank of Lt. Colonel while serving as the Commander, 3569th Navigator Training Squadron at James Connally AFB. He was proud of his 22 years of service. Because of Colonel Veltri's actions we were able to find many of the James Connally navigators who are or have been members of **AFNOA**.

LAST FLIGHTS

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

Some of the people reporting more than five Last Flights this quarter were: Jim Alexander, James Connally 65-18; Jim Anderson, Harlingen 56-13; and John Fradella, James Connally 66-17.

Please advise **AFNOA** membership, Jim Faulkner, 580-242-0526, or email (jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net) when a navigator/observer/bombardier/EWO or combat system officer has made their last flight. Please keep their families in your prayers. Listed below are the last flights reported this quarter.

ELLINGTON

| | | | |
|-----------------------|------------|----|-------|
| Gherry Jr., Robert J. | Tyrone | PA | 53-16 |
| Gersch, Wilbert E. | Versailles | KY | 54-06 |
| Marz, David E. | Montgomery | AL | 56-13 |
| Malucci, Louis | Fairport | NY | 57-12 |

HARLINGEN

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|----|-------|
| Agronis, Gilbert A. | Tulsa | OK | 53-07 |
| Robertson, Donald R. | Hitchcock | TX | 53-07 |
| Thornton, John E. | Norwood | MA | 53-07 |
| Wist, Robert M. | McAllen | TX | 53-07 |
| Joyner, Donald A. | Henderson | NC | 53-13 |
| Brazile, Floyd J. | Tacoma | WA | 53-14 |
| Golick, Edward J. | Tinley Park | IL | 53-14 |
| Edwards, Clyde M. | Marlboro | MD | 53-19 |
| Fillmore Jr., Gilbert A. | Redding | CA | 53-19 |
| Glover, Richard B. | Walker AFB | NM | 53-19 |
| Hite, Edward L. | Anchorage | AK | 53-19 |
| Hoeper, Joseph H. | La Crosse | WI | 53-19 |
| Walton Jr., Gilbert H. | Hartford | CT | 53-19 |
| Wehr, Clyde W. | Fairport | NY | 53-19 |
| Wheless, Bobby A. | Mason | GA | 53-19 |
| Elftmann Jr., John W. | Blair | NE | 54-11 |
| Skomra, Robert A. | Salem | OH | 54-11 |
| Brandt, Joseph P. | Albuquerque | NM | 54-13 |
| Cunningham, Charles J., LtGen | Virginia Beach | VA | 55-13 |
| Levine, Joel A. | Mentor | OH | 56-08 |
| Gay, Gerald A. | Raleigh | NC | 56-09 |
| Smith, Kenneth H. | Dover | DE | 56-09 |
| Owen, William R. | Waco | TX | 56-10 |
| Bath, William J. | El Segundo | CA | 57-04 |
| Blilie, Robert S. | Spokane | WA | 57-04 |
| Elisha, Richard P. | Hobart | IN | 57-04 |
| Gallmann, Robert K. | Mandeville | LA | 57-04 |

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| | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------|------------------|----|-------|---------------------------|------------------|----|-------|
| Gilmore, Robert F. | Dover | DE | 57-04 | Dunham, George O. | Columbia | MO | 52-07 |
| Hancock, Pascal E. | Jacksonville | AR | 57-04 | Hankins, Ivan D. | Eddyville | IA | 52-08 |
| Latham Jr., Edward G. | Santa Rosa Beach | FL | 57-04 | Sinclair, Carroll W. | Fort Worth | TX | 52-08 |
| Sale, Sam S. | Greenville | FL | 57-04 | Fieldstein, Maurice V. | Longmeadow | MA | 52-09 |
| Suddleson, Marshall W. | Plano | TX | 57-04 | Harrelson, Thomas A. | Lovelady | TX | 52-09 |
| Clark, Zack C. | Tallahassee | FL | 57-17 | Nichols, James O. | Dillsburg | PA | 52-09 |
| Irish, David H. | Harbor Springs | MI | 59-08 | Parker, David H. | Stuarts Draft | VA | 52-09 |
| Sullivan, Edwin N. | Granbury | TX | 59-08 | Scott, Godfrey E. | Santa Fe | NM | 52-09 |
| Bartos, John E. | Golden | CO | 59-11 | Blaum, Richard L. | Arlington | VA | 52-10 |
| Epperson, Norman D. | Houston | MO | 59-21 | Catherman, Eugene B. | Huntington Beach | CA | 52-10 |
| Erskine, Louis L. | Port Orange | FL | 59-21 | Davies, Richard D. | Chula Vista | CA | 52-10 |
| Freihofer, Charles L. J. | Fort Mitchell | KY | 59-21 | Doetsch, Richard F. | Clinton Township | MI | 52-10 |
| Fromhoff, Daniel B. | Plantation | FL | 59-21 | Durbin, Robert A. | Waukegan | IL | 52-10 |
| Dillon, Edward B. | Benicia | CA | 60-09 | Duvieilh, Milton L. | Metairie | LA | 52-10 |
| Kot, Marian A. | Tacoma | WA | 60-09 | Gish, Stanley O. | Shingle Springs | CA | 52-10 |
| Wright, James W. | Oxford | MI | 60-09 | Humbertson, William F. | Penn Hills | PA | 52-10 |
| Gambrell, Charles E. | Pensacola | FL | 61-06 | Kelly, Carmon C. | Colorado Springs | CO | 52-10 |
| Garrity, Charles M. | Vancouver | WA | 61-06 | Manganella, John B. | Quilcene | WA | 52-10 |
| Baldock, Jessie C. | Port Lavaca | TX | 61-07 | Merriam, Lee F. | Okaloosa | FL | 52-10 |
| Larkins, James T. | Burtonsville | MD | 61-08 | Neuhardt, John B. | Mission Viejo | CA | 52-10 |
| Sundholm, Larry O. | Spokane | WA | 61-09 | Remaley, James M. | Hampton | VA | 52-10 |
| Storm, Robert A. | Venice | FL | 61-10 | Tomlinson, Oscar F. | Arlington | VA | 52-10 |
| Richards Jr., Frederick F. | Aventura | FL | 61-12 | Ziegler, Robert H. | Springdale | AR | 52-10 |
| Braig, Jacob J. | Kalispell | MT | 61-18 | Donohue, James M. | Hudson | FL | 52-13 |
| Hammond, Barrie L. | Yuba City | CA | 61-18 | Cox, David B. | Carmel | IN | 52-15 |
| Graetzel, Robert L. | Fredericksburg | TX | 62-14 | Dahler, Donald L. | San Antonio | TX | 52-15 |
| Nesejt, Charles R. | Reno | NV | 62-14 | Falvey, Richard T. | Larchmont | NY | 52-15 |
| Felty Jr., Hilra H. | Winston Salem | NC | 62-15 | Knight, William K. | Bainbridge | GA | 52-15 |
| Lester, Hugh H. | Henderson | NV | 62-17 | Morgan Jr., Andrew J. | Weirton | WV | 52-15 |
| Mundy, Charles J. | Fairhope | AL | 62-19 | Voss Jr., John E. | Lake Wales | FL | 52-15 |
| Stephen, William T. | Fort Worth | TX | 62-22 | Eisenhardt Jr., Joseph H. | Barrington | NJ | 52-19 |
| JAMES CONNALLY | | | | Hallock, Orrin Stoddard | Danvers | MA | 52-19 |
| Densley, Kenneth G. | Lincoln | CA | 50-00 | Hurst, Paul H. | Ephrata | PA | 52-19 |
| Litman, Stanley J. | Port Richey | FL | 50-00 | Nelson, Edwin A. | York | PA | 52-19 |
| Hunt, Alfred M. | Los Angeles | CA | 52-00 | Peirce Jr., John M. | Warsaw | NC | 52-19 |
| Litman, Stanley J. | Port Richey | FL | 52-00 | Ray, Arnold C. | Argyle | TX | 52-19 |
| Cain III, John E. | Nashville | TN | 52-02 | Simmons Jr., Walter B. | Warner Robins | GA | 52-19 |
| D'Attore, Alfred | Frederick | MD | 52-02 | Snyder, Richard E. | Fair Oaks | CA | 52-19 |
| Leftwich, Dalton E. | Corrales | NM | 52-02 | Thompson, Ralph T. | Springville | AL | 52-19 |
| Baltz, Richard B. | Jackson | MS | 52-04 | Townsend, Richard W. | Muskogee | OK | 52-19 |
| Neal, William W. | Charlotte | NC | 52-04 | Barnett, Cedric H. | Milwaukee | WI | 52-20 |
| Cardenas, Ruben R. | McAllen | TX | 52-07 | Brooke, Robert M. | Fort Worth | TX | 52-20 |
| Dungan, Thomas G. | Cheyenne | WY | 52-07 | Fredrickson, John H. | Cape Canaveral | FL | 52-20 |

| | | | | | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------|----|--------|-------------------------|----------------|----|-------|
| Furey, John E. | Windson Locks | CT | 52-20 | Riesing, Thomas | Durango | CO | 61-04 |
| Gaddess, Don A. | Port Allegany | PA | 52-20 | Brewer, James B. | Chesterfield | VA | 61-08 |
| Goss, Bernard J. | Flushing | NY | 52-20 | Pannier, Richard F. | Arlington | TX | 61-08 |
| Gratch, Archie W. | San Antonio | TX | 52-20 | Ginzel, Weldon J. | Cypress | TX | 61-09 |
| Luchs Jr., Herman R. | Perris | CA | 52-20 | Cicco Jr., John A. | Murrysville | PA | 61-11 |
| Lynch, Daniel J. | Northbrook | IL | 52-20 | Hansen, Ralph L. | Queen Creek | AZ | 61-15 |
| Nilles Jr., Frank A. | Aurora | IL | 52-20 | Waggener, Kenneth E. | Hamilton | TX | 61-16 |
| Robinson, Donald M. | Floral City | FL | 52-20 | Hayes, Melvin B. | Elizabethtown | NC | 61-21 |
| Rooker, Timothy P. | Tucson | AZ | 52-20 | Wassem, Frederick A. | San Jose | CA | 62-15 |
| Skelly, Thomas K. | Dover | DE | 52-20 | Bradley, James E. | Athens | GA | 62-18 |
| Stevens, Roger L. | Londonberry | NH | 52-20 | Tripp, John E. | Fort Smith | AR | 63-19 |
| Syoen, Francis V | Prospect Heights | IL | 52-20 | Sweeting, Gerald W. | Thousand Oaks | CA | 64-09 |
| Tuccio, Peter F. | Paradise Valley | AZ | 52-20 | Bernard, Guy R. | Portland | OR | 64-19 |
| Wendt, Forrest D. | Winnetka | IL | 52-20 | Stiles, Gerald J. | Oro Valley | AZ | 64-19 |
| Wright, George R. | Meridian | ID | 52-20 | Weaver, James E. | Smiths Station | AL | 64-19 |
| Schramm, Richard P. | San Maria | CA | 52-21 | Mahoney, Edward W. | Council Grove | KS | 65-03 |
| Williams, Gerald Gene | Richland | MO | 52-21 | Sanford, David A. | Rockwall | TX | 65-13 |
| Bennett, Edward L. | Oxnard | CA | 52-22 | Edmonston, Robert R. | Sealy | TX | 65-22 |
| Morrison Jr., Charles Eugene | La Planta | MD | 52-22 | Novisky, Philip J. | Lakeville | MN | 66-01 |
| Hodges, Paul H. | Midway | KY | 52-26 | Fulghum, Jon F. | Dickson | TN | 66-04 |
| Chapman, John W. | Palm Coast | FL | 52-27 | Wiersema, Brian M. | San Diego | CA | 66-04 |
| Mattli, Anthony P. | Minneola | FL | 52-27 | Emmons, Donald R. | Corpus Christi | TX | 66-13 |
| Butler, George J. | Mesquite | NV | 53-07 | Mitchell, John P. | Fort Belvoir | VA | 66-13 |
| Faries, James L. | Williamsville | MO | 53-07 | Putnam, Ray S. | Ponte Vedra | FL | 66-13 |
| Feist, John F. | Bristol | NH | 53-07 | MATHER | | | |
| Noonan Jr., Thomas J. | Fort Worth | TX | 53-07 | Chinnock, Earl H. | Fairfield | CA | 51-09 |
| Carpine, Franklin J. | Seattle | WA | 53-09 | Mathis, Wayne R. | Fairfax | VA | 68-08 |
| Ritenour, Donald L. | Debary | FL | 54-06 | Stater Jr., Marshall T. | Haymarket | VA | 69-00 |
| Wood, Jimmy L. | Kissimmee | FL | 54-06 | Jarvis, Dan T. | Niceville | FL | 69-09 |
| Gibson, James V. | Crestview | FL | 54-10 | Jones, Stephen H. | Midlothian | VA | 70-20 |
| Nelson, Robert H. | Iowa City | IA | 54-16 | Burt, Michael A. | Minot | ND | 74-06 |
| Lenertz, Leonard C. | New Braunfels | TX | 54-19 | Puls, Steven J. | Eglin AFB | FL | 79-09 |
| Moeller, Marlo A. | Oceanside | CA | 54-19 | DiVito, Joseph L. | Hillsboro | OR | 82-00 |
| Trank, Francis R. | Austin | TX | 56-04 | SELMAN | | | |
| Rogers Jr., William R. | Corvallis | OR | 56-09 | Wilson, Robert I. | Peoria | IL | 43-16 |
| Nehrig, Harry W. | Bridgeport | WV | 56-09E | Abrams, Emanuel J. | Natick | MA | 44-04 |
| Kessenich, Jerome O. | Ashburn | VA | 59-15 | SCHOOL UNKNOWN | | | |
| Ellrich, Richard E. | Rangeley | ME | 59-16 | Sale II, Sam G. | Los Angeles | CA | 41-00 |
| Syverson, John O. | Park Rapids | MN | 60-02 | Sommer, Robert C. | Houston | TX | 45-00 |
| Acken, Richard A. | Medford | OR | 60-09 | Thornton, Bobby W. | Alameda | CA | 50-00 |
| Little, Robert P. | Chapel Hill | NC | 60-09 | Ryan Jr., Joseph Murphy | Greenville | SC | 57-00 |
| Fisher, Frank P. | Palm Beach | FL | 61-02 | ***** | | | |

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