



DR AHEAD



THE AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

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B-52 showing the fantastic mix of all the types of weapons load-mix possible on the current fleet of B-52s. The B-52 also features the various uses of the various types of "Navs." The B-52 load varies from precision JDAM bombs to megaton nuclear warhead cruise missiles. Takes "navs" to accomplish the deliveries of these weapons. Photograph from Wikipedia Commons, provided by Ron Barrett.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by John D. Bridges, James Connally 63-19

I have enjoyed serving as the President of AFNOA for the last few years—thanks for the opportunity! I was looking forward to the September reunion in Fort Worth. Unfortunately, the COVID came back and we had to slip the Fort Worth Reunion from September 2021 to September 2022. I look forward to seeing each of you in 2022.

AFNOA REUNION DELAY

As you likely know by now, the **AFNOA** Reunion scheduled for 21-23 Sep 2021 in Fort Worth, TX has slipped to **mid-September 2022**. (More info will be provided in the January 2022 *Dr Ahead*.) We were looking forward to seeing you in Fort Worth; however, the new outbreak of COVID-19 has impacted our plans. Very

sorry we had to take this action so close to the reunion, but we think it is in the best interest of our attendees.

Some of the considerations were: the new COVID variant increase in Texas and other areas, hotel staffing issues, mask vs. non-mask wear, possible hospitality room food service restrictions, a decline in number of attendees, and possible tour cancellations or restrictions.

The best option, the Committee believes, is to delay the reunion a full year. If we do that (versus outright cancellation), the Reunion Brat will refund the money to people who have paid to date. All of the members who signed up for the 2021 reunion should now have been personally notified. The Reunion Brat is working to get us the same rates for the next reunion in 2022 at the same location—here's hoping to see you all next year!

For Questions: Contact Jim Faulkner

580-242-0526 or email jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net

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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MANUSCRIPTS are welcomed, especially by email (address: sue.curran@att.net) 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 November 2021.

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

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HISTORIAN'S REPORT

by Ron Barrett, James Connally 63-06

In the last **DR Ahead** I mentioned an idea, that through **AFNOA** we as "All" types of Navigators might consider a Navigators' or a Flight Crew, or an All-AF Personnel Fliers Heritage Museum. The idea is to key off of flight-crew heritage and in some manner, include all air-crew in this final Heritage Museum. Location suggested: Randolph AFB, Texas. I suggest from here on out that all communications on the above be sent to Leonard Melcher and Jim Faulkner (be this a Board Directive, I think).

FYI: Here is a copy of the latest **AFNOA** member e-mail input received:

From: jpfaff1535@aol.com To: ronaldpbarrett@yahoo.com
Fri, Aug 6

Let me introduce myself: Jim Pfaff, Mather 84-09, KC/RC-135 Nav. Retired in 2011. I live in Monroe, Ohio, about 38 miles from Wright-Patterson AFB. There isn't a lot about the role of navigators at the AF Museum. That's always bugged me. But overall, there should be some remembrance of the people who made the airplanes fly. I think a museum at Randolph AFB makes a lot of sense. Still a center for aviation training. The Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum has a good exhibition on navigation ([The Untold Story of Getting from Here to There/Time and Navigation \(si.edu\)](#)) and something like that might be the starting point for those of us who are navs, bombardiers, RNs, EWOs, WSOs, CSOs, etc. Of course, radio operators, air battle managers, loadmasters, engineers, boom operators, gunners, will all need coverage, and we'll have to liaison with organizations that represent them. Pilots are pretty good at highlighting their contributions, but we'll have to work to get some concrete ideas on this. Let me know what I can do to help. Jim Pfaff

AFNOA members Leonard Melcher (c5nav@hotmail.com / Jim Faulkner are the leads on this. I met in July with the National Museum of the USAF staff officer Megan Rehberg, JD, Donor Relations Manager (mehberg@afmuseum.com) 937-751-1571, at W-P AFB, and mentioned the above as we (**AFNOA**) desire to do more in assuring that our USAF heritage is preserved. Rehberg is the Planned Giving Officer contact point. Additionally, here is what the NM-USAF has published on their web site:

"Your support contributes to the expansion of museum facilities as well as the funding for many educational opportunities for our younger visitors."

*Friends of the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force
The Air Force Museum Foundation, Inc.
PO Box 1903 Wright-Patterson AFB OH 45433-1903*

P.S. The Friends of the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force are a vibrant community of aviation heritage supporters. As a Friend, you will support the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force (<https://www.nationalmuseum.af.mil>) and its mission to preserve and share the Air Force story.

As both an **AFNOA** and a NM-USAF "Friend," i.e., donor, **AFNOA** has supported the NM-USAF. Now we might together, anchor for all, an "ALL Heritage Hall" for not just airplanes (the NM-USAF has over 300 now), but for all the loyal AF vets, in "ALL" the missions the USAF proudly serves to accomplish.

AF DAYS IN THE FAR NORTH COUNTRY

by Edward Moran, James Connally 63-11

By dint of my solid middle-of-the-class standing in both my basic navigator training and my bombardier training classes, I found myself at Loring AFB in April 1964 looking at piles of snow and wondering if it ever thawed this far north of the equator. I had gotten an assignment to Military Air Transport Command at Charleston AFB but the Strategic Air Command had exercised its superior muscle and decided it needed one more piece of young navigator flesh so...snow.

I struggled in the beginning, both with the B-52 systems and with the SAC systems but eventually reconciled myself to making the best of both. A couple of years later, I was asked to upgrade to the left seat as a radar navigator but I exercised my less than superior muscle, checked the calendar and said my four-year commitment is finished in December. So here's the exit paperwork. We were allowed to initiate this within six months to the exit date so I was knocking at the door on June 12th. This did not make me especially popular among some of the starched flight suit types but crew scheduling loved me. I found that my now not-so-young navigator flesh was raw meat for every flight or alert vacancy. Right up to two days before my exit date.

One of those replacement gigs stands out in my memory. I was "volunteered" to stand alert with a Louisiana crew that was pulling alert with us for reasons that are lost in the mists of time. And of course, during those seven days, the Omaha powers at SAC headquarters decided that it was time to make "the monkeys jump" as we called it. And of course, it had to be a COCO exercise. That was the one where we fired up the engines and single-filed out to the runway, taxied down to the end, came back to the parking slot and waited for the tug to push us back into the parking slot. As we sat in the alert truck, the pilot who happened to be next to me in the driver's seat, called back to the copilot and asked if he had set the brakes. No, but no big deal, right?? I proceeded to try to point out that the hardstands on this side of the base lean ever so slightly back to that tiny little creek back there but I was interrupted by "SHE'S MOVING!" I still picture the cigarettes hanging in the air. Some of us started throwing chocks behind the wheel but she was merrily rolling along by that time. The copilot finally managed to get his foot on the hanging entry stairs, which were moving along backwards at the

same merry clip. The rest of us were reduced to fervent prayer.

Finally, "She's stopped!" One third of her fully bomb-loaded rear end was extended over that tiny creek back there. When the wide-eyed tug crew finally arrived, we asked them to pull us up to the parking slot and forget they ever talked to us. Happy ending to a possible Broken Arrow exercise since it involved a fully loaded hydrogen bomb truck.

Another not-so-happy ending occurred during the beginning of one of those Operational Ready Inspections (ORI). We were on alert when the call came from the command post that there was an aircraft on final approach without a flight plan. Just like the movies. We began to gather up all our equipment and stack it in the alert truck while muttering varied curses. About an hour later, klaxon! Out to our aircraft and power up, "To all aircraft, this is a COCO alert." As we pulled out, the aircraft commander, who had spent a couple of years in the command post, called to the deputy wing commander, "Be advised, we have no steering, no braking." This was meant as a signal to him to downgrade the exercise and to remain in place. Safety of flight was always the watchword in those exercises. The deputy, a "bird" colonel in more than one way, replied, "Roger, be careful." The next words, spoken only to the crew, involved several pounds of invective directed at the colonel, followed by, "OK boys, hang on, here we go." At the time, Loring had two bomb squadrons. As a result, we always had 16 or so aircraft on alert, utilizing hardstands at both ends of the runway. We turned to the right and joined the stream, followed by the hard crunching noises of brakes being applied against snow and ice. We stopped in time but the aircraft behind us had to turn sharply to avoid a collision. It went down a slight grade, maneuvered between two hangars, did a 180-degree turn and powered back up the grade in time to join the parade.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the base, one plane was not so lucky. We all became aware of a problem when the tower transmitted, "Aircraft approaching tower, turn left, turn left!" That bomber had taxied up a slight grade to get to the main taxiway and then couldn't make the turn. It travelled downhill towards base ops and stopped in the snow pile that covered what occasionally was grass in that godforsaken place. There it sat for the rest of the ORI, non-effective for the rest of the exercise and a down payment on the wing's eventual failure. The next day, some of the crew that did "the 180" went out with tape measures to confirm what they had seen that night. There was only about 10 feet of clearance on each wing for that plane to get through, turn around, get through again and join the stream. And that was the A/C's first ride in the left seat, having recently upgraded. We thought he should have gotten a Distinguished Driving Cross for his efforts.

Sadly, my A/C who tried to warn the command post of the conditions, died in another ORI at the base a couple of years later. By that time, he was chief of standardization and the Inspector General was riding with him. The aircraft, 215 as I remember, had engine problems and had to taxi back for repairs. It taxied out just in time to beat the non-effective deadline, took off and suffered a flameout of all four engines on the right side at about 1,500'. The entire crew, including the IG were killed. The nav was my replacement on that crew. The aircraft commander was my best friend in the unit. Nels Olaf Anderson Oxehufwud (he always insisted on using his entire Norwegian/Swedish name). My Norwegian father-in-law swapped herring recipes on one of his visits to the North Country.

Me?? I was out the main gate at about 2100 on December 10, 1966 (having cheated by a couple of hours) on my way back to my beloved NYC with a wife in the front and two babies in the back. I joined the Chase Manhattan Bank's training program the following week and discovered the pay just didn't equal that of a Captain on flying status, living on base with a family. So I joined the NY Air National Guard for an interim part-time job where a person could pick up about 50 duty days a year if he put his mind to it. Which I did, flying transport, tankers and eventually rescue aircraft. Just an interim part-time job that lasted 27 more years. A good gig. But that's another story, for another time.

A NIGHTFIGHTER NAVIGATOR RECALLS...

by Richard Myers, James Connally 52-2

Home from Korean Air War. To the 18th Fighter-Interceptor "Blue Foxes," at the Minneapolis airport—big lakes in a lovely city. The 18th FIS had F-89D Scorpions (collision-course-rockets-into-side-of-enemy). When the 18th went to Alaska, we recent returnees set up the 337th FIS. We got Scorpions and more fliers, and took the name "Falcons." Operations Officer Major George Parker organized our aircrews into four "flights."

I suggested he name our 337th flights not letters, but colors (like my 68th FIS). Red, White, Blue, and Green to raise spirits. Colored baseball caps build identity and brotherhood. He used colors—it pleased all of us.

Red Flight Leader Sam Kratz was greeted as Dave, so I asked. He said, "I'm Dave Ballou; pick a wild name." So I became Wolfram Arbuckle (five syllables), friend John P. became Oscar Shingledecker (six syllables), so I became Huckleberry Tarbuckle (seven). Air Defense Command, alert 24/7 and cheerful.

Morning briefings: I arrived early, as did Major Parker. He'd ask, "What've you done for your country today?" I tired of it—one day I rose earlier, walked our taxiway, found a small bolt and a washer, and handed

them to him. He said the question was only a Pentagon joke, but he was pleased—and would I walk the taxiway every morning? Trapped, I had to say yes, but later he began rotating that duty.

Our squadron, renamed the “432nd,” won the 31st Air Division’s “Rocket Meet” for Scorpion crews. We liked the Scorpion’s weapon system, its 90-degree rocket attack, and having 104 rockets on our wings. Before breakfasts I jogged. After a briefing, I stood up and suggested morning jogs—only one man took it up, night-fighter navigator Dan Rodgers, fellow alumnus of Korea, 319th FIS. We hit the road daily.

One of our Scorpions lost power; failed to take off. Havoc—peacetime deaths agonizing. Later, we lost a crew to a fuel system failure. On fire too low to eject, trying to land, they ran out of time. Both died.

Social Life: In Korea we could not socialize or shop-talk with GCI controllers (they were on Cho-Do Island), but now our controllers were a few miles north, at Osceola, Wisconsin. So when Major Parker drafted a list of ground duties, I offered to invite GCI staff to tour our squadron and dine with us. Parker created a new task, “GCI Liaison Officer.” GCI staff, pleased, said yes, and I began arranging visits back and forth.

Ralph Knode, Skip Marquis (52-6) and I became “Top-Hat Whistlers” for a squadron party. We flexed our lipsticked-navels (resembling pursed lips) to Elmo Tanner’s whistled record, “Heartaches.” Our fake, thick, black “eye-brows” differed: Ralph’s normal, mine curling upward, and Skip’s arched high.

Weekend parties—stewardesses of both Northwest Orient and North Central Airlines liked our fake names. Many romances, some weddings. Some stewardesses wanted to fly—I had a private pilot license and access to a Piper Cub, so I took ladies up flying—taught them climbing turns and how to fly triangles.

Skiers Bob and Ava Sonnett got me started skiing. Major V. taught many of us to water ski. I enjoyed learning. And teaching as “Training Officer” for the 319th, 337th, and now the 432nd Squadron. I liked instructing the stewardesses, all nice ladies. And I felt pride, flying as a skilled jet-nightfighter navigator.

What next? Jet nightfighters were speed thrills, despite the sad memories of our Korean War losses. The USAF’s future might be rockets, but ICBMs carried no crews. Should I ask for Training Command and teach nightfighter navigating? Meanwhile, just enjoy friends, social life, the lakes, the beaches, and the long skiing seasons at Trollhaugen, Englewood, and Mount Telemark. I had only six years of military life in late 1956, and as Mr. Micawber said to David Copperfield, “Something will turn up.”

LESSONS FROM POW TRAINING

by Murray Siegel, James Connally 65-03

As a B-52 crewmember, I was required to attend Air Force Combat Crew Survival Training. In February 1966, I reported to the survival school at Stead AFB. A highlight of the course was POW Training, which upon reflection provided me with two essential lessons.

After crawling through concertina and barb wire, I was “captured” and taken to my cell. I was confronted with the two examples of advanced interrogation techniques. There was food deprivation and to ensure that I was deprived of sleep, they played two recordings, an incessant infant’s wailing, and a warped record of Scheherazade. After some time, a guard put a bag over my head and marched me to interrogation. Now, I experienced extreme discomfort, being pushed into a small box and left there. Once released, I was confronted by an interrogator, who started by attempting to humiliate me, telling me what my wife was doing while I was gone.

I had decided to feign being “out of it” by resting my head on my right shoulder and speaking haltingly with a weak voice. The interrogator’s objective was to get me to admit to war crimes. They were unconcerned with my revealing classified information. This was based on the debriefing of Korean War POWs. The first interrogator had no luck and I was returned to my cell.

Eventually I was removed from my cell, stuffed into a smaller box and met my second interrogator, who could not break through my weak stammer. For my third visit I was pushed into an incredibly tight box. Quickly my feet and legs began to lose circulation. In my best New York voice, I screamed to let me out, using several choice foul words. When released, I rolled out of the box and had to grab a railing to stand up.

The third inquisitor was highly skilled. He held up his red armband indicating an academic situation. He asked how I was feeling. I sat up straight, smiled and replied, “I feel fine, Sir” and returned to my lethargic stance. He got me to respond more quickly than I wanted, and showed me how what I had said could be spliced to have me admit to war crimes. Soon the first phase of POW Training was over and the prisoners got some stew to eat, the contents of which could not be discerned.

Upon reflection, I realized that I learned two valuable lessons from this experience. My self-confidence was boosted and my ability to resist intimidation was strengthened. The second lesson was that advanced interrogation techniques were designed to elicit confessions of war crimes and not to reveal secret details. Unfortunately, the CIA did not recognize this when they questioned terrorists following 9/11. There were claims that these methods and even harsher ones, such as water boarding, were successful. My POW training experience tells me otherwise.



Photograph provided by Ted Loubris.

HOT ALERT IN OUR B-52G

by Paul (Ted) Loubris, James Connally 64-07

I was on alert at Griffiss AFB in the summer of 1967. The A/C was Lt Col Joe Stearman, the CP was Capt Russ Chimera, RN: John Husak, EW: Jim Mcready and MSgt Frank, whose last name escapes me.

I was in the SAC family room with my wife and a couple of her college friends when the horn went. I was on my feet and out the door without a goodbye. Those two young ladies thought they were seeing the beginning of Armageddon!

The horn continued bleating and we all scrambled for the old blue Ford alert vehicle. We tore off to our cocked and ready ten-engine mighty BUFF. We had AGMs strapped inboard looking sleek and deadly.

The ramp was covered with flashing red lights and olive drab-suited crewmembers scrambling in our dance to respond as quickly as possible. The ground crews were pulling pins and covers and frantically getting ready to launch us against what Reagan later called the Evil Empire.

It was the navigator's job to secure the hatch when all the other crew were aboard. That day Russ and Joe were mighty quick punching in the start buttons and with a mighty whoosh and a choking cloud of oily black spent gunpowder the first engine rumbled to life.

I clambered aboard, slamming the hatch behind me

and grabbed the headphones before scrambling into my ejection seat.

A moment of tension, but alas we wouldn't go to war, only just a timing exercise. Thank the good Lord. It was just another heart-stopping drill of the many hundreds that all of us SAC crewmembers went through for many years, keeping the peace.

But this one was a bit different! We had to actually taxi to the departure end of runway 31, which was all the way down 12,000 feet of runway due to shifting winds.

Since I had nothing to do, I asked the A/C could I come up and watch the taxi out of our seven B-52s and KC-35s. Joe was a great A/C and said, "Sure."

So I quickly climbed the ladder and settled in behind the two pilots. It was like watching a dance of elephants as we taxied down all that thick concrete. When we reached the end the exercise was over and we turned onto the taxiway and lumbered past the maintenance hangars and pits.

Suddenly, as we neared the end of our taxi, close to the mole hole, the A/C saw an airman running toward the aircraft nose frantically waving his arms and pointing. He kept bringing his hands to his ears. Get on interphone, he was madly gesturing.

We all looked at one another. What was going on? Joe braked to a stop and said I'd better get below. I ran like a jackrabbit to the ladder and took a fireman's leap

and grabbed the headset.

I heard one word, "Fire!" Holy Smokes! Suddenly, I was the fastest SAC crewman alive and opened the hatch and fell to the ground, in an eye blink.

To my horror, I looked back and saw flames coiling out of the brakes licking up around the struts and dancing against the bomb bay doors. "OMG!" I said, as I immediately scrambled to my feet.

I was smart enough to know struts are made of magnesium and once on fire they are very hard to put out. I looked down and realized that our secret EWO codes kit was at my feet. It had fallen out with me. God Bless America, I just grabbed it and hoofed to cover behind the blast fence. I doubt that an Olympic athlete could have done better. But I was young and fit then, not the old-timer I am now.

Now, I'm not a rocket scientist but a 495,000-pound plane on fire full of fuel and six nukes is not something to consider lightly. If that whole thing had really lit off, no blast fence would have protected me or the city of Rome, New York. We were looking at a very serious situation to say the least. Wasn't that called a Broken Arrow? I'm not sure, as memory dims.

Well, the rest of the crew tumbled out and assembled around the impending catastrophe while the cowardly lion, me, continued watching.

God bless 'em as they finally buried the flames with sand. I think it was Frank who really pitched in and saved the day. Sergeants do run the USAF, after all.

As I staggered back over with my illegal trophy in my hand a huge smiling sergeant said, "Sir, I never knew a big man could run so fast." I smiled weakly. He was dead right and I was more than a little chagrined.

To my knowledge I was the only sole crewmember to ever uncock a nuclear bomber. Maybe someone else has a tale to tell?

In the official analysis it was caused by a dragging brake, it was not the colonel's fault and it all ended OK. I went on to other things and eventually retired as a civilian.

I'm seventy-six and slow now but I remember my five years serving the USA armed forces with fondness and pride. I'm glad I could serve my country.

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 Jim Faulkner at jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net to switch.

VIET MINH AIRWAYS

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

In early 1968, before our crew returned to Ubon for the Blindbat/Lamplighter mission and after I returned from temporary duty in Korea, our aircrew was pulling a normal rotation in South Vietnam. We were called into Transport Operations at Cam Rahn Bay and briefed on a regiment-sized move of CIDG troops from a runway on a Michelin rubber plantation approximately 38 miles east of Pleiku to Loc Ninh for Army Special Forces. This runway was a wide spot on the highway where the rubber trees had been cut down. There was an Army Special Forces unit there and it was not on the chart. This was to be a six-aircraft formation and Lt Col Holl was assigned as Mission Commander. We would fly in-trail formation to Loc Ninh. Operations gave us the coordinates for the rubber plantation, a photo of the runway and the frequencies to use to contact the Air Force Airlift Control Officer (ACO).

We arrived at the rubber plantation, contacted the ACO, landed in-trail, and pulled off to the side of the highway so that any motor traffic could pass. The ACO met us and showed us the unit we were to move. He was scared to death. He was at the plantation by himself. The Army Special Forces unit had gone off into the bush seven days before. They were not due back for three more days. This regimental-sized group had shown up at the plantation, presented orders for movement which he showed us, and he had arranged for the transportation. We had a problem! The orders were on rice paper. They had Vietnamese directions and the blanks were filled-in in English. They had one officer, a captain, who spoke English and interpreted for the rest of his contingent. He had assured the ACO that the form was an official Vietnamese Army form that was approved for use in joint operations. Army Special Forces did not move their CIDGs without accompanying them and there were no Army Special Forces anywhere in the vicinity.

I walked the unit we were to move with a clipboard and made notes on it. All of their personnel were wearing B.F. Goodrich tire sandals, black pajamas, sampan hats and carrying AK-47 assault rifles. There was no visible rank although the troops knew who was in charge. They would involuntarily look at the leader when I asked a question in English, then in French. All of them had the "1,000 yard stare" which is common to experienced combat troops. These were not the Montagnards of a typical CIDG unit. They were not dressed like them. They were not armed like them.

I walked back to our airplane and asked Colonel Holl to speak to him in private. I laid out my observations and told him my suspicions that these were mainline NVA troops and highlighted why they were not CIDG. He asked, "Do you have any recommendations?" I said,

"Yes Sir, I do! I recommend that we pretend that we do not know. You notify 7th AF and tell them what we have here. We will fly them to Loc Ninh but at reduced speed and add in deviations for artillery fire. Ask the 7th AF duty officer to notify the MACV duty officer and get the Army to set up an ambush for these troops as they leave the airfield. We will deliver them where they have asked to go and get out of Dodge. If they guess what we are trying to do, we are all dead. They have over 600 combat-hardened troops and we have six airplanes with their aircrews." Colonel Holl said, "That sounds like a well thought-out plan. It is dangerous but not as dangerous as the position we are in here. You keep talking to their Captain who speaks English. I will tell him you are our official liaison. Under no circumstances are any members of this unit to be allowed in any cockpit. I will talk to the other aircraft commanders and tell them what is happening and how necessary it is to keep our intentions secret."

Suddenly, our loadmaster came running in and told us one of the troops was trying to build a cook fire on the floor of our airplane. Colonel Holl said, "Buddha, you take care of it!" I departed to do so. I ran into the cargo hold and ran up to the offending troop and shouted, "No feu, no feu, no feu!" Then I shouted, "Daiyu, s'il vous plait!" That meant, "Captain, please!" That got everyone's attention. Their captain came running in and asked what was the matter. I told him that he would have to explain to his troops that they could not build any fires in airplanes. The floors were aluminum and underneath were lines with hydraulic fluids and oils. A fire could burn a hole in the aircraft and cause it to lose its flight controls. Then the aircraft could crash and kill everyone. I was very animated. Colonel Holl was on the radio talking to 7th AF.

The Captain and his NCOs were embarrassed. They made certain that all of their troops understood that there were to be no fires on any of the airplanes. Their Sergeant Major, that is what the Captain called him, administered discipline that would not be permitted in the U.S. military. The offender understood that he had embarrassed his unit.

The Captain and I continued to converse and I asked him to ride in our aircraft so that we could get information from him as necessary. He was pleased to do so. He asked to ride in the cockpit but I told him that we were no longer permitted to do that. An order had come down earlier that week from our command structure forbidding us to allow any passengers to ride in the cockpit. The reason was that some passengers had been injured because they were not strapped in a seat. We now had to comply with that order even though passengers had been given access to the cockpit earlier. I said, "You know how military organizations are. There are some orders we have to obey whether we want to or not." He agreed. I seated him in the front seat right by the cockpit

ladder and alternated between my duties in the cockpit and carrying on a conversation with the Captain. His English was reasonably well polished. When we had communication difficulties, we used French to arrive at an understanding. Colonel Holl kept our masquerade going by asking me for information every five to ten minutes. Some requests were for a legitimate need for my services and others were to make my services seem more essential. The normal flight should have taken approximately 50 minutes. After an hour, the Captain started to get somewhat anxious and wanted to know why it was taking so long. I told him that there were an unusual number of artillery activities that day and we had to deviate around some areas to avoid the possibility of being shot down by friendly fire. I told him that we didn't have direct contact with the artillery fire control centers and directions were being relayed through the Air Traffic Control system. He wasn't fully convinced and we did not want him to become suspicious. I asked him if he was any good at reading maps. He answered yes, so I went and retrieved my aeronautical chart from my desk. I showed him where we took off and our destination.

I then fabricated six intense fire coordination zones and told him we had been forced to deviate around these zones for safety. That convinced him that we were just conducting a normal operation. He became interested in my aeronautical chart and asked me to give it to him. I told him that I couldn't do that because I needed it to do my job every day. But I told him since he was an ally, he could requisition one and it would be sent to him right at his organization. I wrote down the chart number for him to request. That convinced him that we were just doing our job and trying to get his regiment to their destination safely. He was disappointed because he really wanted the chart but since he had initiated the ally ruse, he couldn't really say anything else. He told me that he had been a student at Harvard but had been called home for military service because of the critical situation in his country. We continued to talk to pass time.

We were able to stay airborne for one hour and fifty-five minutes. Just before we landed the 7th AF Duty Officer contacted us and told us the Army was unable to spring an ambush in the time that had elapsed. We were on our own and good luck. Colonel Holl informed the other aircraft commanders and instructed them to continue the ruse. We landed at Loc Ninh and off-loaded one NVA regiment. They formed up and marched off to the west. The Captain was the last to leave. He thanked Lt Col Holl and me and saluted me before he departed. I returned his salute. After he was out of ear shot Bill, our engineer, asked me, "Why did you return his salute?" I said, "Bill, do you realize that it took maximum courage to conceive that plan, convince his superiors to try it, and pull it off. I have to respect that even though he is an enemy."

Colonel Holl said, "Amen!" Bill asked, "What do you

think will happen?" I said, "For him, he will probably get an early promotion to major for this success. For us, a whole lot of poor soldiers will pay the price for our inability to spring an ambush within the time that we had. For us, personally, we survived to fight another day." Lt Col Holl said, "Come on Buddha. Get us home and I'll buy you a drink at dinner, tonight." I said, "Sounds good, Sir! Let's go!"

The Army announced the arrival of a new NVA regiment in the Parrot Beak area within the week.

A FORK IN THE ROAD

by Richard Kilburn, James Connally 65-18

I was a young, recently married, career-oriented Air Force captain in 1971. A rated navigator-electronic warfare (Nav-EW) officer with eight years of service, including two years of flight training and 2,000 hours flying B-52s in Texas, Ohio, and Michigan. I had already served a one-year combat tour in EB-66s out of Takhli Royal Thai Air Force Base in northern Thailand during the Vietnam War. I enjoyed the flying, but in truth I was getting tired of pulling week-long B-52 alerts in a facility next to our nuclear loaded bomber. Nevertheless, it was the height of the Cold War and thousands of us were doing the same thing all over the country. Then came the "fork in the road" career opportunity of a lifetime.

We had been at Wurtsmith AFB for a year where I was assigned as an Electronic Warfare Officer (EW) flying B-52Hs with the 524th Bomb Squadron, 379th Bomb Wing. In the fall of 1971, my wife and I left Michigan to attend the three-month Air Force Squadron Officer School (SOS) at Maxwell AFB in Montgomery, Alabama.

Toward the end of SOS studies, those of us who had come from the Strategic Air Command were ordered to attend an evening lecture by a visiting general from SAC Headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska, Brigadier General Warren D. Johnson. He was short, stocky, bald-headed, and looked like he grew up with the infamous General Curtis E. LeMay, father of strategic bombing and former SAC Commander-in-Chief. I don't know what his career background was, but when he came to talk to us at SOS, he was the Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel at HQ SAC. In other words, he was "the guy" who had absolute control over your next assignment! I'd never heard of him, but I'll never forget him.

His briefing in the SOS auditorium lasted about an hour and was intended to convince us SAC was going to take good care in managing our current and future Air Force career assignments. The unfortunate reality at the time, known to all of us, that in the eyes of Air Force Personnel, you "belonged to a parent command" and they would assign you as needed within their organization. If they took time to train you, they were unlikely to let you go. So I was a SAC "body." Of course, SAC had

a multitude of B-52 wings throughout the country, and several overseas, so a B-52 crewmember could expect to be reassigned from one bomb wing to another—perhaps for the duration of your career—unless you could find a way to escape. I had already escaped once from SAC by volunteering to leave B-52s for a combat tour in Vietnam, only to return to bombers two years later.

At the end of the presentation, Gen. Johnson opened the floor to questions. When no one raised their hand, I raised mine. When called upon, I stood up and said the larger Air Force had a multitude of various outstanding assignments and I would prefer having my career managed by the Air Force rather than by SAC. Gen. Johnson simply acknowledged my comment and moved on to other questions. When the question-and-answer session ended and the audience was called to attention and dismissed, Gen. Johnson trotted up the aisle to my seat, looked me in the eye, asked my name, and why I was reluctant to let SAC manage my career. I stood there and politely told him an abbreviated version of the following story.

"In late spring this year, all SAC Bomb Wing commanders, including ours at Wurtsmith, received a message from the AF Personnel Center in San Antonio, Texas, seeking nominations for two B-52 Electronic Warfare Officers who would volunteer to be reassigned to a (mysterious) C-130 unit at Norton AFB outside of San Bernardino, California. The unit mission was called Project HEAVY CHAIN. All they would tell us about the program was you would be flying unique and specially configured C-130 aircraft with one-of-a-kind Electronic Warfare countermeasures equipment. Missions were covert around the world and you could expect to be on the road most of the year. Nominees had to be endorsed by the wing commander, have at least 1,000 flying hours, and have completed a Vietnam combat tour. At Wurtsmith, I was the only EW in the wing who met the qualifications. At my request, the wing commander submitted my name to the AF Personnel Center. Now over six months have passed and neither myself nor my wing commander have received an answer. Where do I stand with this AF assignment?"

Gen. Johnson thanked me for bringing this to his attention and told me he would look into it. The following afternoon I received a call to report to the SOS Commandant's office. He presented me with a note left by phone from Gen. Johnson advising I had been selected as one of the two EWs for the Project HEAVY CHAIN assignment. Now you understand why I've never forgotten Gen. Warren D. Johnson.

We returned to Wurtsmith AFB at the end of SOS in December 1971, after taking leave and visiting the newly opened Disney World in Orlando, Florida. Life returned to normal—training flights and weeks on alert. We learned my wife was pregnant and due to deliver the following summer. I enrolled in a university night school

to attain a Master's Degree in Industrial Management. The assignment clock continued to tick.

Our Bomb Wing personnel office received instructions for my upcoming assignment. First, I had to submit extensive paperwork for additional security clearances. Already having Top Secret and nuclear assurance clearances, the assignment called for a national background investigation leading to a required Special Compartmented Intelligence (TS/SCI) clearance. Months would pass while DoD investigators contacted references, family members, neighbors, colleagues, and every police department where I had ever lived. Eventually I was advised my SCI clearance had been approved. I would not be indoctrinated at Wurtsmith AFB because they did not have an SCI secure facility or indoctrinated security staff. The clearance upgrade would have to wait until I arrived at Norton AFB.

Secondly, I was sent to San Antonio, Texas, and Dayton, Ohio, to be interviewed by Air Force medical personnel. At Wilford Hall Air Force Hospital in San Antonio, I was given a battery of exams containing over 700 questions about my childhood, parents, etc., before interviewing with a psychologist. From there I flew up to Dayton for psychiatric interviews at the Air Force Hospital at Wright-Patterson AFB where we looked at ink blot charts and talked about whether I liked or disliked my parents. Others in the psychiatric ward sat outside in the hall in white coats with their arms strapped behind their back. In the end, none of the medical personnel gave me any insight into my qualifications.

Summer and fall passed without hearing whether I was qualified to be accepted for the assignment. Our daughter was born at the Wurtsmith AFB hospital in June 1972. We enjoyed the summer in Michigan, water skiing and swimming on Van Etten Lake located just beyond the Wurtsmith runway. We owned a small fiberglass boat and Johnson outboard motor. My wife skied right up to a few weeks before our daughter was born. When not flying or on alert, a day-trip venture would be a drive down to Saginaw or Midland for lunch at Arby's, or a canoe down the Au Sable River, or dine on fresh Lake Huron perch at the Au Sable Inn. Life was good!

Then one Friday evening after landing from a training flight, I was met on the ramp by the wing operations officer who apologetically advised they had just received word my HEAVY CHAIN assignment had been canceled. He had no further information. I spent the weekend wanting to believe the San Antonio and Dayton psychiatrists had not decided I was unfit for the assignment.

First thing Monday morning I called the rated assignments office in San Antonio and learned I had not been declared unstable. The C-130 HEAVY CHAIN program at Norton AFB had just been deactivated. They were scrambling to find new assignments for those already in the unit. What a relief and let down all in one phone call.

The following week, while back on bomber alert, I called the EW rated assignments office in San Antonio with the intent to try and find another assignment. I told the officer I would like to get out of bombers by volunteering for one of the SAC RC-135 strategic reconnaissance programs. His response was laughter. He said there were already over a hundred EWs on the waiting list for the next available RC-135 assignment. I asked him if it would make a difference if I already had an approved SCI security clearance? The line went quiet until he responded with the question, "Where would you like to go? Omaha? England? Okinawa? Alaska?" I mentally flipped a coin (having already lived in Okinawa) and said Alaska. In two weeks I received PCS orders to report to the 24th Reconnaissance Squadron, 6th Strategic Wing, Eielson AFB, Alaska, by March 1973 as an EW crewmember on the RC-135S COBRA BALL.

Seldom in professional careers do you realize you have reached a fork in the road that says turn right or left for success. This proved to be my very fork in the road. While I didn't get to California to fly C-130 HEAVY CHAIN missions, the SCI security clearance I was granted opened both military and corporate doors for the rest of my adult life. The COBRA BALL assignment proved to be equally beneficial.

Mr. Warren D. Johnson entered the Army as a private in 1942 and went on to earn his third star. He retired from the Air Force in 1977 as Director of the Defense Nuclear Agency. He then served in executive positions with Baxter International and Cort Associates in Illinois. Gen. Johnson passed away on January 23, 2007, from congestive heart failure. He was remembered for his charismatic personality and his skillful touch in personnel matters, to which I can personally attest. He was also known for daring exploits as a pilot, having once flown a jet under the Mackinac Bridge linking the Upper and Lower Peninsulas in Michigan.

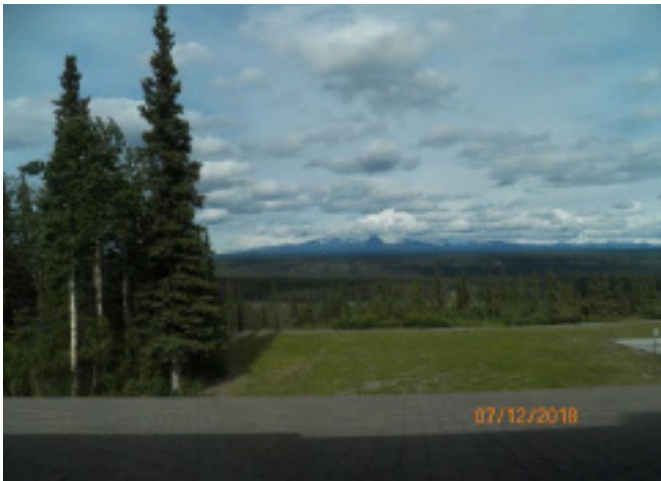
Thank you, General Johnson.

NOTAM: LOCATING AFNOA MEMBERS:

HELP NEEDED—Would you like to help us find relocated **AFNOA** members who forget to advise us when they move or change their phone/email address? Each month John Fradella (James Connally 66-17) and I spend MANY hours trying to find people when the mail is returned, or email/phone are no longer operational. If you would like to help us several hours a week—please contact Jim Faulkner (James Connally 64-04) (jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net).

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.



Wrangell - St. Elias mountains from Copper Center Princess Wilderness Lodge, AK. Photo provided by Frank J. Parry.

DRIVING TO ALASKA

by Frank J. Parry, Mather 67-F

Why Alaska?

I had been to Alaska many times as an Air Force navigator on jet transports flying to Vietnam and back via Elmendorf AFB, Alaska. Unfortunately, we never had time to see very much of the state from the ground. It was the only state my wife, Carole, had never visited. We were both still working part-time in 2013 and could only allocate about one and a half weeks for a trip, so we decided to fly to Anchorage and rent a car. Later, in 2015 and 2018 we drove to Alaska, an 11,000 mile journey.

Mount Wrangell

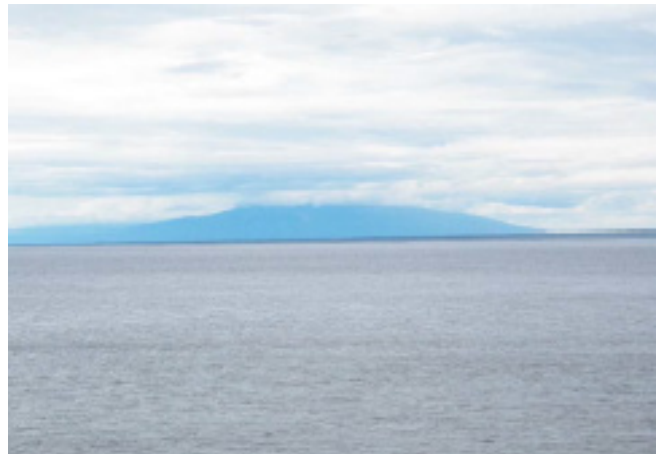
Driving south from Fairbanks, we spent a night at the Copper Center Princess Wilderness Lodge. From 1967 to 1969, I was an Air Force navigator on C-141 jet transports flying mostly to Vietnam through Elmendorf Air Force Base near Anchorage. Our approach to Anchorage took us over Mount Wrangell in the Wrangell-St. Elias Mountains. I always wondered what it was like on the ground down there. What a thrill! Our room looked directly toward Mount Wrangell, and you could see the volcanic steam rising above it. Plus, it was a great facility with a large lounge, beautiful grounds, and a great view.

Monitor the Radar!

From Seward, we drove to Anchorage, where we had booked two nights at a hotel. We visited Earthquake Park, where the earth had sunk during the 1964 earthquake. It's supposed to be loaded with moose, but we didn't see any. I was particularly impressed by the view from Earthquake Park of four-thousand-foot Mount Susitna (the sleeping lady) across Cook Inlet. Navigating a C-141 Air Force jet from Okinawa to Elmendorf AFB near Anchorage in 1969, my navigation leg over the Pacific ended when ground control took over. They gave us a turn to the north through the clouds to align us with the runway. I fortunately continued to monitor the radar and, a

few minutes later, saw a black screen --- it was Mount Susitna, just a few miles in front of us. I told the pilot to turn right immediately as ground control had apparently forgotten about us, and we were headed into the four-thousand-foot mountain at two thousand feet. Had I not been monitoring the radar, in two minutes, my bones and those of five other crewmembers would have been scattered across this impressive mountain.

Ed. Note: *Driving to Alaska* is available online from Barnes and Noble and from Amazon. E-books will become available by the end of July 2021.



Mt. Susitna from Earthquake Park, Anchorage, AK. Photo provided by Frank J. Parry.

BOOK REVIEW

by Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09

THE BOMBER MAFIA: A DREAM, A TEMPTATION, AND THE LONGEST NIGHT OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR by Malcom Gladwell; Little, Brown and Company; Hachette Book Group, 2021; end notes, 303 pages; ISBN 978-0-29661-8 (hardcover); \$ 29.00 but less online, reviewed by Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09.

THE BOMBER MAFIA might well have been subtitled "The creation, abandonment, and resurrection of precision bombing." It is on the non-fiction best seller lists as I write this in July 2021. It is the story of the rise, fall, and eventual triumph of precision bombing as a weapon system of the United States Air Force.

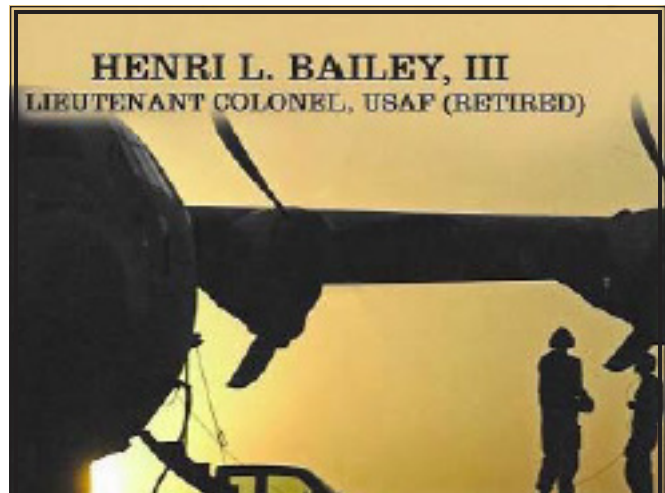
Gladwell provides a rare introduction to Carl Norden and how his famous Norden bombsight came into being, enabling a dream among young Air Corps officers gathered at the Air Corps Tactical School at Maxwell Field, which was located in relative isolation on an old cotton plantation in Montgomery, Alabama. Using the Norden bombsight, they believed, wars could be won from the air. With the ability to put a bomb in a "pickle barrel" from a bomber flying at high altitudes and high speeds, it seemed possible to destroy an enemy's ability to fight without the mass casualties of World War I.

So, the doctrine of daylight precision bombing was born. If you trained on the Norden as I did at Mather AFB in 1952, you probably acquired some doubts. I learned that flying at 5,000 feet I could keep the bomb-sight's crosshairs on a chimney at Folsom Prison, but getting a practice bomb even near the "shack" at the Beale bombing range was a different matter.

The real test of the doctrine was in Europe during WW II where the Americans got decidedly mixed results with precision bombing. Then along came the B-29, which Gladwell argues was built for use in the precision bombing of Japan from the Marianas with a brilliant young general named Haywood Hansell in command. But Hansell didn't produce the desired results and was replaced by the formidable young general Curtis LeMay who turned to massive low level, saturating bombing raids using napalm firebombs dropped from low levels. The result: mass slaughter of the Japanese.

Gladwell ends his story by recounting after-dinner conversations with Air Force generals at the home of then-Chief of Staff David Goldfein at the Air House on Fort Myer, who assured him that precision bombing is now a reality: *"We could all be sitting in our deck chairs in the backyard, and we would look up, and all of a sudden, the Air House – or maybe even some specific part of the Air House would be gone. Poof."*

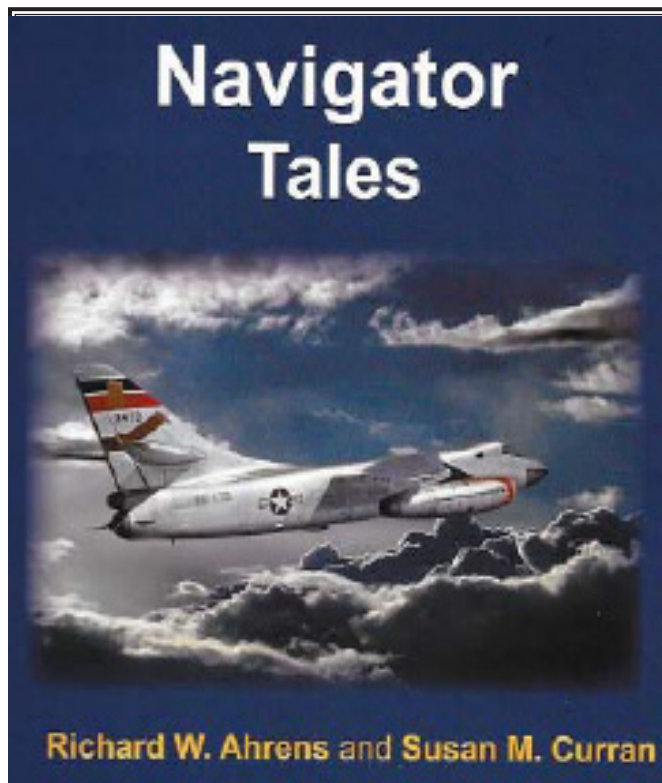
"High-altitude precision bombing: Curtis LeMay won the battle. Haywood Hansell won the war."



**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 in **DR AHEAD**. The book has been published by Author House and is available three ways on line at Amazon.

SBN 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



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:

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Questions to: rnnn@mcn.org

LETTERS

6 April 2021

DR Ahead,

Just received and read the current issue. The story on Cora's Place brought back a long—more or less forgotten—memory. After Harlingen I went to Keesler, became an EWO and was stationed at Homestead AFB in the B-52H. I was married to Dottie (now married for 57 years) in 1963 and in December 1964 we wanted to take a space-A flight to Rio. We drove to Charleston; no luck, but were told that a C-130 was leaving Patrick AFB, Florida, the next day. Wham, down to Patrick and got on the C-130 to Recife, Brazil. We got stuck in Recife and Cora helped us get commercial tickets on Varig (Brazil's national airline at that time). We had a wonderful week in Rio and flew back by a C-124 via Paramaribo, Suriname, then a short stop at Ramey AFB, Puerto Rico, then to Charleston—with our car at Patrick. It all turned out well. "Thanks for the Memories" (you could write a song about that but it may not sell??)

Dave Wilson, Harlingen 60-14

29 June 2021

Dick, I think the following exchange will interest you. Chuck Rosenfeld and I were colleagues at Oregon State University where he is Professor Emeritus of Geography. He is also an Army National Guard Retired Major General. He was flying a Mohawk north out of Salem, Oregon, when Mt. St. Helens exploded and took pictures of the event.

Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09

— Forwarded messages —

29 June 2021

Chuck,

About a third of the first page of the July 2021 **DR Ahead** (the quarterly newsletter of the Air Force Navigators Observers Association) is a picture of a partly dismantled OV-1D system Mohawk on a long flatbed trailer. It made me immediately think of you.

The cutline says that 69-17021 was delivered to the Army in 1970 and was converted to an EV-1E for the Israeli forces in 1976 before coming back to the Army in '82 and being reconverted. In 2017 it was donated to the Fort Worth Aviation Museum.

AFNOA will hold its next reunion in Fort Worth. I guess that's why the photo is on the newsletter.

Best wishes, Bill (Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09)

29 June 2021

Bill,

My friend Col Dick Wolfe covertly delivered that OV-1 to Tel Aviv during the Six-Day war. The aircraft had no markings, and when he landed in Athens he was greeted by a fuel truck driven by two Americans in suits.... they told him to take off without contacting the tower and fly <500 AGL to specified coordinate fix over the eastern

Mediterranean, climb to 7,500 AGL and transmit a call sign on a given frequency.

They were quickly joined by 2 IAF A-4s and escorted to Tel Aviv. As they deplaned, they were debriefed by a pre-trained Israeli crew as the IAF markings were hastily painted on the airframe. After a preflight the new arrival was operational on a 70 nm SLAR track, simultaneously tracking all vehicle movements on both the Golan and Sinai fronts.

Meanwhile, our Yankee crew was treated to a first-class tour of Israel hosted by female soldiers acting both as tour guides and body guards.

Now you know the "rest of the story"... or at least as much as I can tell.

Cheers, Chuck

19 July 2021

DR Ahead Editor,

I'm a latecomer to this newsletter and I think it's great. Thanks for the effort. I especially enjoyed the article in the April issue about Cora's place in Recife. I too was the recipient of her hospitality. I was the nav on a NYANG C-97 flight when we ROned at Recife on our way to Rio. The next day on climb out, #4 started coughing so we headed back, pulled an oil filter and watched all the shiny stuff pour out. So back to Cora's while waiting for a new engine. As we walked into her place, she said, "I thought you'd be back. I haven't even stripped your beds, I'm also a fortune teller!" Beautiful lady. A four-day layover. Steak sandwiches, Brazilian beer, the beach. When the new engine arrived in one of our other birds, we all felt a little sad since we were heading home on that spare bird. I was about ready to go native.

Edward Moran, James Connally 63-11

29 July 2021

Editor, **DR Ahead**

I was pleased to read the letter from a UNT classmate, Glenn Michael (**DR Ahead**, Apr 2021). After receiving our wings in Aug 1972, Glenn chose a C-141 to McGuire AFB, while I chose a C-141 to McChord AFB. I'm sure we shared many of the same experiences. Particularly noteworthy was the mission from Lajes AB, Azores to Tel Aviv and return. I believe we flew double crews for 15 hours since we could not land or even overfly other countries. I'm a bit jealous that Glenn received engraved key chains, while our crew got El Al tie clips. Among my most memorable missions was the "around the world" transport of UN Peacekeeping forces from Indonesia to Cairo over Christmas 1973. I spent my 24th birthday south of the equator in Jakarta. Apparently, Glenn went on to navigate F-4s while I was reassigned to Andersen AFB, Guam, and became a Typhoon Chas-

DR AHEAD PAGE 14

er. In 1975, we assisted Vietnamese refugees after the fall of Saigon.

I left the Air Force in 1976 via an early-out program called Palace Furlough. Those years in the Air Force were some of my most memorable. And I was able to add five years towards my subsequent civil service retirement.

So "Hello" to Glenn and any other members of **AF-NOA** with whom I may have crossed paths.

Kent Fredrickson, Mather 73-04

18 August 2021

DR Ahead,

I am trying to find a complete set of Lesson Plans for the courses taught in Nav school. I was an Instructor Navigator in Nav school from Nov 1960 to May 1969. I taught at Harlingen, James Connally and Mather until May 1969. Just before I left for a tour in Vietnam, I was asked to pass on all my lesson plans to give to new Instructors coming to Mather. I did so, and was hoping to get them back but, they were never returned. Does anyone have a complete set of lesson plans they would be willing to sell or give to me? I would pay for the post-age expenses.

Thanks!

Leonard M. Wills, Navigator, Harlingen 60-18

leonardmwills@aol.com

(859)-548-2218

LAST FLIGHTS

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

Some of the people reporting multiple Last Flights this quarter were: Harvey Casbarian, Ellington 57-18; John Fradella, James Connally 66-17; Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09.

Please advise **AFNOA** membership (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:

CORAL GABLES

Knapp, Stewart S.	Spring Hill	FL	44-06
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CHILDRESS

Maxwell, James R.	Prescott	AZ	44-11
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ELLINGTON

Leech, Richard G.	Grand Junction	CO	43-18
Black, William R.	Industry	PA	44-11
Spencer, Frank H.	Sandy Spring	MD	44-49
Knight, Robert F.	Texarkana	TX	45-04N

Morinello, Anthony A.	Arlington	TX	50-D
Byrom, Robert M.	Harrisonburg	VA	50-F
Dow, Dana R.	Bryant	AR	50-F
Anderson, John E.	Spring	TX	51-24
Arbuckle, William H.	Coupeville	WA	51-26
Bielefeldt, Vilis L.	Warrensburg	MO	51-I
Waterworth, William A.	Mission Viejo	CA	52-09
Becke, Delford C.	Mundelain	IL	53-02
Bergstrom, Vernon M.	Ogden	UT	53-06
Edwards, Ollie H.	Auburn	AL	54-13
Baird, Leslie A.	Allentown	NJ	55-02
Dubin, Malcolm H.	Maricopa	AZ	55-06
Coleman, Jerre W.	Bowling Green	KY	55-07
Calkins, Ronald R.	Mineola	TX	57-00
Holmquist, Carl F.	Santa Maria	CA	57-00
Zimowski, Francis L.	Colorado Springs	CO	57-12C

HARLINGEN

Coleman, Corbett L.	Savannah	GA	53-11
Kamm, Herbert H.	Duncanville	TX	53-11
Levins, James A.	Long Beach	CA	53-11
Worthington, William L.	Highland	CA	53-11
Ardizzone, John J.	San Jose	CA	53-12
Brage, Carl W.	Portsmouth	NH	53-12
Myers, Evan L.	Las Vegas	NV	53-15C
Bellcock, James B.	Little Rock	AR	54-01
Krell, Jordan A.	Huntington Beach	CA	55-19
Prudhomme, Cyril K.	Slidell	LA	56-12
Cohen, Edward D.	Palm Coast	FL	56-20
Agan, James F.	Colchester	VT	58-03
Caddell, James S.	Benbrook	TX	58-11
Mooy, Olin R.	Dixon	CA	58-11
Hughes, Wayne	Pensacola	FL	59-01
Axtell Jr., Kenneth C.	Fort Worth	TX	59-08
Kerr, Ned J.	Nampa	ID	59-16
Rehm, John F.	San Antonio	TX	59-16
Williamson, Samuel A.	Reno	NV	59-18
Pritchard, Robert L.	San Antonio	TX	59-20
Cain Sr., James E.	Tucson	AZ	60-17
Morgan, Craig F.	Providence	RI	61-05
Rodgers, James R.	Scurry	TX	61-08
Middleton, William T.	Charleston	SC	61-10
Rother, Leonard V.	Tuscson	AZ	61-10
Smith, Quentin C.	Lake Tapps	WA	61-10
Favre, Byron P. (Pat)	Longview	TX	61-13
Schroeder, Thomas D.	Sheppensburg	PA	61-13
Woolbright, William H.	Siloam Springs	AR	61-13
Closson, James B.	Liberty Hill	TX	62-20

HONDO

Cecil, David L.	Tampa	FL	41-00
Larsen, Norman	Baldwin	NY	43-12
Chase, Sherret S.	Shokan	NY	43-14
Covington, Joe S.	Meridian	MS	43-15
Christesen, Russell J.	Destin	FL	44-01
Mathieu, Reese	Houston	TX	44-01
Koen, Phillip J.	Pasadena	TX	44-08

JAMES CONNALLY

Longley, Dorman J.	Austin	TX	52-02
Valentine, Garrison N.	Kennebunk	ME	52-02
Hildebrand, Robert J.	Kirkland	WA	52-05
Parke, Ralph Leroy	Post Falls	ID	52-21
Murtaugh, John K.	Rockwall	TX	53-10
Ours, George J.	Moorefield	WV	53-10
Reade, Willard P.	Helotes	TX	53-10
Williams, Arnold	Niceville	FL	53-10
Allnutt, William F.	Greeley	CO	53-14
Boden, Warren W.	Hamilton	OH	54-19
Simon, George R.	Gaithersburg	MD	54-L36
Boyland, John S.	Melbourne	FL	58-03
Davenport, Ronald L.	Keosauqua	IA	58-04
Stanton, Dr Lynn M.	Laguna Beach	CA	59-11
Briggs, Edward L.	Lawrenceville	IN	59-12
Saunders Jr., Walter A.	Houston	TX	59-12
Byrne, Robert D.	St. Petersburg	FL	60-08
Perna Jr., Louis C.	Glendale	AZ	61-08
Duval, Robert J.	Allentown	PA	61-10
Croll, Jack R.	King City	OR	61-17
Havel, Thomas E.	Tacoma	WA	61-17
Koehler, Carl F.	Apple Valley	CA	61-19
Montgomery Jr., Robert A.	Perrysburg	OH	62-21
Munger, Herbert E.	Carmichael	CA	63-02
Schuler, George G.	Pompano Beach	FL	63-05
Reh, Lawrence	Maumelle	AR	63-07
Weeks Jr., Willie M.	Shiloh	IL	63-07
Currier, Thomas J.	Aubrey	TX	63-10
LaMar Jr., Paul A.	Enid	OK	63-10
Randolph III, Richard R.	Birmingham	AL	63-10
Ray, Robert H.	Colorado Springs	CO	63-10
Moon, Arnold R.	Salem	VA	63-11
Slagle, Robert D.	Newburyport	MA	63-11
Jones, Lyle T.	Lebanon	OH	63-12
Townsend Jr., Howard G.	Mesa	AZ	63-12
Delaney, William J.	Valdosta	GA	63-13
March, Stanley	Parrish	FL	63-13
Shell, David L.	Hudson	NC	63-13
Stewart, James R.	Gainesville	VA	63-13
Hunsicker, David E.	Las Vegas	NV	63-14
Muench, David L.	Fort Walton Beach	FL	63-14
Cory, James R.	Tacoma	WA	63-15
Flynn, Stephen R.	Westbrook	CT	63-15
Howell, Marvin W.	Papillion	NE	63-15
Usrey, William B.	Dayton	OR	63-15
Barker, Fletcher C.	Easley	SC	63-16
Leist, William B.	Melbourne	FL	63-16
Way Jr., George E.	Pecos	NM	63-16
Clements, George V.	Esperto	CA	63-18
Bilse, Marvin R.	Killeen	TX	63-19
Frymire, Robert C.	Portland	OR	63-21
Cavender, Bill R.	Kent	WA	64-02
Wagner, Robert Z.	Poquoson	VA	64-02
Viscasillas, Philip A.	Jacksonville	AL	64-03
Hewett, Jimmie H.	Laurel	MS	64-04

Vales, Roger M.	Annapolis	MD	64-04
Beam, Charles T.	Cutler	ME	64-11
Schindler, Jack R.	Brooklyn	NY	64-11
Morris, William P.	North Charleston	SC	65-03
Klappenbach, David H.	Georgetown	CA	65-09
Penton, William N.	Saint Louis	MO	65-09
Johnson, John W.	Harlingen	TX	65-13
Rose, Donald M.	Morganfield	KY	65-13
Schulz, Maurice J.	Godfrey	IL	65-14
Wolski Jr., John J.	Topeka	KS	65-14
Henderson, Paul A.	Birmingham	AL	66-03
Shaw, James M.	Platte City	MO	66-03
Vanderhider, Carl R.	Abilene	TX	66-03
Heffner, Charles W.	Merced	CA	66-11
Martz, John H.	Allison Park	PA	66-11
Wood, Ronald L.	Leeds	AL	66-17

MATHER

Cisna, Terrance G.	Bossier City	LA	72-00
Flynn, Steven F.	Atwater	CA	82-00

PROFESSIONAL NAV

Weber, Alfred	Bonita Springs	FL	46-00
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SELMAN

Bengeyfield, William H.	Caldwell	ID	44-02
Welsh, Richard F.	Downingtown	PA	44-03
Browning, Frank D.	Surry	ME	44-04
Dawes, Thomas R.	Pultneyville	NY	44-04
Flora, Stanley H.	San Antonio	TX	44-09
Belknap, Norton	New York	NY	44-10
Beuscher, Clinton J.	Sturbridge	MA	44-10
Aldrich, Richard W.	College Station	TX	44-15
Kelly, Alfred O.	Chevy Chase	MD	44-15
Kitterman, Douglas T.	Worthington	OH	45-03

SAN MARCOS

Boberg, Robert F.	Oroville	CA	43-11
Leetch, Donald G.	Winter Springs	FL	44-03
Clearwater, Darrell R.	Plainfield	IN	44-06
Spaight, Robert G.	East Troy	WI	44-06

TURNER

Bennett Jr., Wayne D.	Dallas	TX	42-07
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SCHOOL UNKNOWN

Reiss, Bernard W.	San Antonio	TX	42-00
Black, William J.	Santa Rosa	CA	43-00
Brown, Charles W.	Winter Park	FL	44-00
Grey, James F.	Sacramento	CA	44-00
Henderson, Page H.	Montevallo	AL	54-22
Wetmore, Bruce B.	Flower Mound	TX	55-00

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