



DR AHEAD



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James Hughes' C-124 at Elmendorf AFB, Alaska, with a U.S. Navy WV-2 on take-off in the background.

Photograph by James Hughes provided by Ron Barrett.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by John D. Bridges, James Connally 63-19

As I have noted in many of my previous messages, I would like to continue stressing the need of every member of **AFNOA** to reach out to non-members of **AFNOA** in their respective classes and attempt to recruit new members. The very survival of **AFNOA** depends on your efforts. Additionally, be on the lookout for willing replacements to assume leadership positions on the board as needed.

The next reunion will be upon us before we know it. I eagerly await the reunion committee's decision on whenever it offers as the preferred location. Hopefully the attendance will continue to equal the last few reunions, which has been very good! It has been a great experience for me personally, visiting with old friends and meeting with new acquaintances.

Sadly our "Last Flights" continue to increase and we miss them. Keep their families in your prayers.

YOUR MISSING ISSUES

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

Each time we send out **DR AHEAD**—by mail or electronically—a good number (25 to 45) are not delivered because the recipient is away or has moved. The USPS will not forward **DR AHEAD**.

The USPS charges **AFNOA** 62 cents for each copy they can not deliver. The total cost to **AFNOA** is about \$70.00 per year. Additionally, John Fradella, Errol Hoberman and I spend many hours trying to relocate recipients so that we can get your **DR AHEAD** to your new e-mail or postal address.

Please let us know when you have two addresses, when you move, when you change your e-mail address or change your telephone numbers so that you will not miss your copy of **DR AHEAD**. Please advise Jim Faulkner of changes at **4109 Timberlane, Enid OK 73703**; telephone **580-242-0526**; or e-mail: **jfaulkner39@sudden link.net**.

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HISTORIAN'S REPORT

by Ron Barrett, James Connally 63-06

Right now the Air Mobility Command Museum (AMCM) at Dover AFB, Delaware, is restoring its C-119. If you have any interest, photos (especially of the cockpit), drawings, manuals, or books, please let the AMC museum know. Go to www.amcmuseum.org.

AFNOA received a fantastic set of 70+ slides (**AFNOA** has a slide scanner here) from Maj. James Hughes, a retired C-124C navigator. On the front page of this issue is a copy of one of his slides of his C-124 at Elmendorf AFB, Alaska, with a U.S. Navy WV-2 on take-off in the background. Jim shot photos of "Operation Shoe Horn." I will copy all the slides (yes, all are of the C-124C) and put them in a file for **AFNOA** members to get to. E-mail me for what view you desire.

Does anyone else have aircraft photos/slides they want to put in our files? I will send copies to Richard Ahrens too, for **DR AHEAD** use.

As mentioned at the Reunion, we are in a status where we will be needing to have in place in the next few years a plan on closing down **AFNOA**. What do we do with a file cabinet full of the original founding documents, much of which are personal notes and members' hand-written letters from the 1980s. Unfortunately, many of those people who are in the pictures have passed on.

That I know of, and you can help me here; NO museum or organization would want our archives. Let me know your thoughts on what to do with our archives.

On top of this, we (my own family) are going to downsize (I am 80) and we need to reduce our piles of stuff. I would appreciate any thoughts and your guidance.

IN MEMORIAM

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

While we are saddened to lose a fellow aviator, it is inspiring when his family makes a memorial donation to **AFNOA**. During this past quarter we received such a donation in the name of **Kenneth F. Warren**, James Connally 64-04.

CONTACT WANTED

by Patrick A. Bowmaster

I would like to make contact with anyone who knew my uncle, Harry J. Schmitt, who was an Air Force navigator. To introduce myself: I am an experienced historian writing a book on his life.

Schmitt completed the Queens College Air Force ROTC program in June of 1956. He reported to Lackland and was a member of the 3700th Pre-Flight Training Group.

Several weeks later Schmitt reported to Harlingen and became a member of the 3610th Observer Training Wing. At Harlingen he earned his Primary Basic Navigator diploma on September 20, 1957.

By 4 April 1958, he had been promoted to 1st Lieutenant. On that day Schmitt won a Navigator Training Award and completed his coursework in Navigator Radar Intercept at James Connally while a member of the 3565th Training Squadron. It appears that it was immediately after this that he received assignment to the 98th Fighter Interceptor Squadron at Dover. Schmitt died on July 18, 1958 after ejecting from a Northrop F-89J Scorpion fighter interceptor east of Cape May, New Jersey.

I would very much appreciate being contacted by anyone who knew my uncle in the ROTC, trained with him in the Air Force, or served with him in the 98th Fighter Interceptor Squadron. I would likewise be grateful to be able to communicate with any F-89 navigators or pilots who would be kind enough to answer a few questions for me.

Patrick Bowmaster

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LETTERS

13 February 2020

My hat is off to all of the **AFNOA** guys and you in particular. I can't thank you enough for the hard work, dedication, and years you have put into documenting our US Army Air Corps and USAF Nav/Bomb/OBS history. We Harlingen 60-19N kids seem to be living on kryptonite (the Superman stuff) and a prayer as we are nearing eighty years old and most are still kickin'. The Lord willin' and the creeks don't rise, you will hear from me once a year.

Karol E. Franzyszen, Harlingen 60-19N

MORE 2019 REUNION PHOTOGRAPHS

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04



Billy Higgins, James Connally 62-18; and Peggy Higgins.

Continued on page 10



General Porter lauds the students' accomplishments and gives reasons for a bright future for the Air Force. Photo from Wing Tips.



Students wait their turn before receiving their wings. These photographs are from the final issue of Wing Tips, April 30 1993, by SSgt. Ryan M. Mielke.

THE FINAL GRADUATION

by SSgt. Ryan M. Mielke, Wing Tips Editor

Mather's final class of navigator students received their wings and began their careers as navigators with the culmination of graduation ceremonies Tuesday for Specialized Undergraduate Navigator Training Class 93-05.

The graduation at Mather's Heritage Airpark attracted more than 300 friends, family, and members of the community who used the event to witness the closing of one of the final chapters of Mather's history—a history that has produced more than 30,000 aviators for the Department of

Defense and America's allied nations.

As the ceremony's guest speaker, retired Air Force Maj. Gen. William J. Porter, said that while DOD is cutting back, there remains great opportunities in today's Air Force for members of the class. The ceremony ended with the pinning-on of wings and a farewell to Mather's mission of training navigators.

*This article was sent to **DR AHEAD** by retired Air Force Maj. Gen. William J. Porter.*

A LESSON LEARNED FROM ARC LIGHT

by Murray H. Siegel, James Connally 65-03

Upon my completion of UNT in August 1964, I attended Electronic Warfare Training, followed by B-52 Combat Crew Training. I then joined a B-52 crew at Griffiss AFB. In June 1968, I received PCS orders to the bomb wing at Columbus AFB, which was in the process of joining the Arc Light effort, where B-52s were dropping a massive number of bombs on Vietnam. After getting my family settled on base, I flew to Guam to join that effort. My late arrival caused me to be a spare EW; I would fly with crews from various SAC bases who had an EW who was DNIF. It was immediately apparent that SAC's standardization methods worked as I fit in with every crew I joined.

The real lesson of Arc Light occurred when we flew a mission over South Vietnam where one of the aircraft on our mission could not release its bombs over the primary target. All the B-52s in our effort were required to continue to a secondary target where the aircraft that experienced

the malfunction released its bombload. A day later a bomb damage assessment report was received, where ground troops entered our target area to evaluate the damage.

At the primary target, we dropped hundreds of 500-pound bombs which resulted in destruction of stores of rice and large holes in the ground. At the secondary target, the bodies of 50 VC were counted. I sought an explanation for the difference in results, and was told that all missions in South Vietnam were approved by the local province chief, many of whom were working with both sides. The soldiers at the secondary location did not know they were targets until the bombs started falling. At the primary, forewarned enemy soldiers were underground when our bombs were released.

To me this incident was a model for the entire Vietnam war. How many American lives would have been saved if every Arc Light mission had led to a serious body count of our enemy?



Sherret S. Chase in 1943.

SPINAZZOLA

by Sherret S. Chase, Hondo 43-14

When we landed at Spinazzola, we found that our airfield was a farmer's field. It probably had been a wheat field, and the airstrip surface was what was called "iron matting," which was sheets of steel with holes in them and ways that the pieces could be locked together conveniently. This was a remarkable device that enabled the Air Force to establish a new field with great dispatch.

Near the airbase, on the southeast side, was the small village of Poggiorsini. The airbase was several miles south-east of Spinazzola. Towns in that area of interest were Gravina and Altamura, and on the coast Molfetta and Bari.

There were farm buildings that we used for our headquarters, the staff headquarters, and for our briefing areas. An old shed, actually a very large granary with a kind of a hall, was where we met before we went out on missions.

A few days after we got to our airfield, Vesuvius erupted with red ash and it rained. It was cold, and it also snowed—we had lots of water. I remember watching a colleague's shoes floating out of his tent down a rivulet of red ashy, muddy water.

Initially, we were all camped in pyramidal Army tents. These were adequate, but the weather was getting and staying cold and no method of heating was provided. We

improvised our own stoves and used aviation fuel to heat our tents—very dangerous stuff. Soon after we arrived at our airfield and were assigned to our tents, we discovered, along with many others of our colleagues, that there were quarries nearby of tufa, a very soft rock that, in its natural state, could be cut with simple lumber-type saws into building blocks—like cement blocks. For a few packs of cigarettes, we could have a tufa house built with a roof of tile—which we stole from the local railroad. I understand that after the war the new Italian government sued for damages. Pretty soon our camp area was a little village of tufa houses, although some of the crew stayed in their old tents. We devised ways to heat both the tents and the tufa houses with aviation fuel—very dangerous, but warm.

Near our camp was a Quonset hut that appeared to be abandoned. Our group decided it would be a useful building for our group. So, one night we dismantled it and brought it to the camp and recreated it on the spot. After a few days, word got to the British that we had taken the building and they demanded that we return it. We did so—reluctantly.

Once a special apparatus of the military paid us a visit. This was a portable showering and bathing facility with a place where clothing could be washed and dried. This apparatus visited us only once—but we certainly needed it more than once. I recall that one of my colleagues was always spic and span and well-pressed. He used aviation gasoline for dry cleaning his clothes. He felt that if he were taken prisoner, the Germans would treat him better if he were well-groomed.

Some fellows in our motor pool decided they would like a jeep that was not on the official list. So they assembled a jeep from replacement parts and from machines that had been damaged and had been written off. They now had a machine that no one claimed and they had no responsibility to return and could go anywhere if they wanted.

The first part of our stay there was devoted to practice missions and practice flights in formation. Our group, the 460th, was unusually good in formation flying. This, we had been told, would be very important when we went out on bombing raids, because if the German fighter planes had a choice, they would go for the planes of a group that was not in tight formation, rather than one that was flying in tight formation. The one that is in tight formation could put up a tremendous barrage of machine gun fire.

We were not particularly lucky in our commanding officer—he was incompetent. One day we were flying in formation. He was piloting the lead plane and he slowed up the plane so much, that the two planes on his wings went into tailspins. He was replaced shortly afterwards by a well-trained West Point officer.

The first mission that we flew was on 19 March 1944, over a small city in Yugoslavia called Metkovic on the coast.



A shot of a bomb dropping on the Ferrara railroad bridge on Mission 15, on May 12, 1944. The pilot was Daniel Boone Hostetler (related to Daniel Boone of pioneer lore). His son Ronald Boone Hostetler, of Canby, Oregon, provided this and additional photos.

The flight time was four hours and ten minutes. I wondered why I was in that part of the world, for it was scary. Actually, it was a mission of very little danger, for the Germans and the Yugoslavs did not consider Metkovic of any great military importance. It was on the coast and convenient for us to use as a training mission, essentially.

The record of my tour in Italy lists fifty missions. However, the term “mission” has a technical meaning. In certain cases, a single flight was called two missions. I note that the third combat mission we went on was over Budapest. That was a very well-defended target. We got credit for two missions for that one. Initially, we flew mostly to the east and the northeast to Yugoslavia, Romania and Hungary. Austria was a tough one—Weiner Neustadt, where the Germans manufactured many of their fighter planes, was very heavily defended.

We flew to the north of Italy, for the northern part of Italy was still held by the Germans. Parma was one of our targets there, as was Ferrara, Treviso, Piomborno, Valmontone, and Turin. Later on there was Liguria near

Genoa, and Trieste.

Most of the missions were between four and eight hours. Eight hours was a pretty long mission and most of those long ones were actually not the most dangerous. They were to the west to the south of France, though four were north into Germany, and those were very rough missions. We bombed the famous target Ploesti with its oil fields four times. We were over Munich many times.

During the time I was in Italy, the group flew 153 missions, so my crew flew about a third of the missions flown by the group. We lost two men from our crew—each lost while flying with another plane, substituting for somebody who was sick or otherwise unavailable.

All the missions kind of blend together now. I don't have a distinct, complete, memory of any single mission, except the first one. I remember our first encounter with the enemy was more in terms of anti-aircraft fire, and then later on, we were attacked by fighter planes. We never knew what success we had holding off planes or not. Quite often, we thought we shot down planes and we knew our

own planes were shot down, because they left the formation. One time, I remember, one of our planes, right in front of us, exploded in the air and two men successfully opened their chutes and were slowly descending to the ground, when a propeller from the plane—wheeling free in the air—cut their parachute shrouds.

One of the most spectacular combat episodes that I witnessed was over Friedrichshafen, way down off the corner of Switzerland. Friedrichshafen is the famous base where the zeppelins were built. There were three or four groups of B-24s and B-17 bombers in the air and Germans came in and attacked them. Our fighter planes came in to attack the German fighter planes. One time, I saw eight airplanes burning and plunging to the earth, bombers, German fighters, American fighters, who knows what, all at one time.

On that trip, our commanding officer, the West Point officer, was the pilot; he had taken over our pilot Hostetler's position and Hostetler became the co-pilot. When we were flying over Yugoslavia en route to Romania I gave a course correction for which I had not been briefed. In our briefing before flights, we were given a path to fly, and we had some discretion. I used my discretion, and when we got well into Yugoslavia, I directed that we turn forty-five degrees off course to the right and then after a few minutes, make a ninety-degree correction to bring us back on course. Our colonel started to bawl me out. I said, "Sir, look at the group that is following our group and see what happens to them." They continued on the briefed track and right over the middle of the place I had avoided. There was a very accurate anti-aircraft battery that I had spotted on an earlier trip. Three or four airplanes of that bomb group that had been following us were shot down. I had no more trouble with that colonel.

Another episode—and it is one I have not heard of any other person recalling—but it was the scariest episode ever. We were flying in formation over Austria and we were in the lead plane. We looked ahead and there was a flight, in line, of German fighters, coming directly at us. There were seven planes and under the wings I noticed things were hanging. These were experimental rockets (I think) and as the planes got very close to us, they fired the rockets and I thought there was not a chance that they could miss, but they just went over the top of our plane, maybe three or four feet above the plane. The difficulty was, I guess, that the Germans had no control over the position of the rockets. Unless they wanted to crash their own airplanes into the target, they had to turn up and that turning up is what saved us. I can still see those planes coming in and their release of these fiery rockets.

On another flight, we also had hydraulic problems. We lacked hydraulics, so it meant we had no brakes. So when we came in for a landing, we invented our own. We used our parachutes as brakes. The two gunners took positions

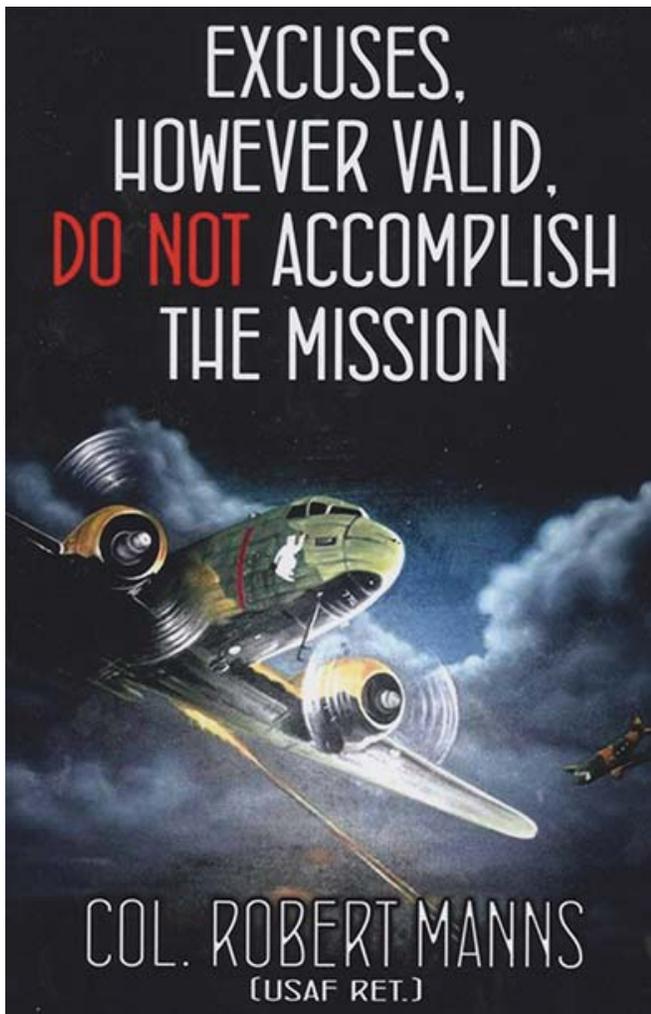
on the left and right of the plane at their windows in the tail and attached their parachutes to the airplane. When we touched ground, Hostetler said, "Release!" and they pulled the releases on their parachutes, which bloomed out, and the plane stopped very nicely. We stopped on the grass, not on the iron strip. That was routine, because a plane in disaster might rip up the iron airstrip, so we always landed an emergency parallel to the strip on the grassy ground.

Our camp was near Spinazzola. The nearest city of size was Bari on the east coast of Italy, well toward the south. It was a major port and had been bombed about the time that we were establishing our airfield at Spinazzola. When we had free time we would get on an army vehicle and go into Bari and perhaps get a haircut, walk around, or find a restaurant that had good food (very few did then) and enjoy ourselves. Archie Fortson and I also went up the coast to a town called Molfetta. It had an interesting grotto where we swam, and we found a family that made a little money by providing a small restaurant for soldiers, and we had meat, which I am quite sure was horse meat, because that was what was available at that time. Strangely, during that period I was in Italy, I cannot remember having a single dish of pasta, not a single one. I think that was because wheat was very scarce at that time.

By our base at Spinazzola, there was a railroad, and while building our tufa houses, we had robbed the railroad of tiles from the various maintenance and station buildings along the line. After the war, the American government repaid the Italian government for property lost by appropriation by American troops. The railroad went south to Gravina and Altamura. There was a branch part way down that went east to Bari.

One day Hostetler, Archie Fortson and I decided that we would try to get to Bari by local transportation—we would take the railroad. Apparently this had not been done, although we were camped right beside the railroad. Anyhow, we went up to the little station and got on. We had some sandwiches with us because we didn't know how long it would be before we got some more food to eat. It turned out that there was a bunch of Italian men on board who had worked for several years in Detroit in the automobile industry and who spoke English well. They had red wine and bread. We had a party with GI rations and sandwiches. It was wonderful. When we got to the junction, we said goodbye after a friendly farewell and got on the other train. They continued south and we went on east into Bari.

*This article is a continuation from **A Trip to Italy** by Sherret S. Chase, which was printed in the October 2019 issue of DR AHEAD.*



EXCUSES, HOWEVER VALID... by Col. Robert Manns
review by Mike Radowski, James Connally 65-09

I received an e-mail from the author, Col. Manns, asking if I would review his book for **AFNOA**. I said I would gladly do it for a fellow navigator. Col. Manns was kind enough to send an autographed copy of his book. The day I received it, I looked at the cover and thought I was reviewing an AC-47 Vietnam story, so, I jumped right in. The first chapter was just that, Spooky (the AC-47 call sign) in Laos. The second chapter kinda surprised me so I thumbed through the book and soon realized it was a book about an exciting career of an amazing officer.

OK, let's do this. I started a second time with the same enthusiasm I had when I started the first time. Believe it or not, the book captured me and I finished it in two days. As I continued reading, my mind watched a boy grow up and take to a possible career in the USAF. While in college, Robert met the girl of his dreams.

The young man didn't quite have the luck he hoped for getting into pilot training, so the next best shot at flying was navigator training. The then Lt. Manns did well and

pressed on with his career. He took the Advanced Navigator training at Mather AFB and realized as the end was in sight, that the assignments were to be based on class standing and choice.

So, to avoid the B-52 and B-47, Lt. Manns became a book worm and, with a top five class standing, was able to get his choice of the B-57, stationed in Japan. After winning the B-57 **Top Gun** trophy a couple of times, flying all over SEA in a plane with virtually no navigation aids, Manns was assigned to Travis AFB to fly the C-135.

After flying all over the world in the C-135, he was assigned as initial cadre to learn and teach the new C-141. With his skills as a navigator, his rank slowly moved up the ladder.

Next came more schooling—first was Squadron Officer School in correspondence, then Command and Staff course, then the Air Force Institute of Technology at San Diego State. So he packed up his wife and two kids and headed back to the San Diego area. To get his monthly flying time he ended up with eight hours in the back seat of a Navy fighter. Not many navigators can say that.

After AFIT, he was assigned the AC-47, and again packed up the family and headed off to England AFB for training. Now Major Manns completed training at England and headed to Pleiku. His one year in Vietnam was cut short with the AC-47 being replaced with the AC-119. Major Manns helped move the AC-47s to Laos and spent time training the Lao navigators.

The next assignment was the 89th Special Missions Wing flying the VC-137(AF-2), VC-135 and VC-118 for ranking political figures, a very prestigious assignment. After several years flying dignitaries all over the world, Lt. Col Manns took the Command Post job. Later, Lt. Col Manns was offered and took a job in Air Force Logistics Command as the Life Support Systems Manager. The Manns family again packed up and moved to San Antonio. That assignment was a challenge and awarded Lt. Col Manns his promotion to full Colonel and the job of Base Commander of Kelly AFB. The Base Commander job was a challenge, but fulfilling, but time passed and it was time to retire and "get a real job."

After twenty-four years in the Air Force, with all manner of jobs, you can do anything, right? Not in the civilian world; finding a "real job," was a little different. Now retired Col. Manns tried a few: Bank VP, a sales job selling signs to small businesses where he found out just how cut-throat civilian life was. Not surprising, he was quite successful in the civilian world, too. He now resides with his wife of sixty years, Barbara, in a retirement community in San Antonio. An amazing Air Force career, an amazing book, full of twists and turns. It was fun to read, and if you are like me, once started, you can't put it down.

As a side note, Col. Manns and I touched a few spots together. I, like he, flew 38088, the Golden Bear C-141 at

Travis, and flew the VC-118 for the Twelfth Air Force General and Staff out of Bergstrom AFB. And, when he went to AC-47 school at England AFB, I was an Instructor/Evaluator in the Training Squadron. Maybe we flew together or I taught one of his classes.

I enjoyed the book and recommend it.

ROSA'S AND PAULINE'S

by Don Wadkins, James Connally 64-10

Several times during our stay at Okinawa, it was necessary to evacuate all of the planes and crews to the Philippine Islands. This occurred when there was a threat of a typhoon or bad weather, which would hamper flying operations at Okinawa. The living conditions at Clark Air Base in the Philippines were not as good as Okinawa, but it gave us a good opportunity to go off base and get a taste of the Philippines. This meant two things: Rosa's Woodcarvings and Pauline's Cavern. While there were other establishments with similar products, these two were the most famous. Rosa's was the place you could purchase fine monkeypod carvings. This ranged from statues to salad bowls to plaques to hang on the wall. The quality was good, and the price was reasonable, provided you learned how to barter in the fashion of the local merchants. Pauline's was a night club of a pretty coarse sort. The strip teases went all the way, and then some. But it was a large enough place that, if you went there with three or four friends, you didn't have to be too concerned with your safety.

Angeles City was the name of the town outside the main gate of Clark. It was probably one of the rauchiest cities in the world at the time. The gift shops and restaurants were legitimate businesses. But at night, the place was crawling with prostitutes. And they looked like they had every disease common to their trade, even if they did display their little cards, which certified that they had passed the periodic health inspections. Day and night, the entire area was patrolled by men armed with automatic weapons. They supposedly provided protection from the communist Huks who were reported to be a threat. Merchants and residents had to pay them for protection. And if you didn't pay them, they became the threat. Scottie had a friend who was assigned permanently to Clark and lived in a house off base. He didn't pay and was found one morning with his throat cut. The local Filipinos were masters at thievery. There was the report of the truck stopped as it left the base with a load of brush, which it was hauling off. Hidden in the pile was a Volkswagen bug. And everyone knew that one of the big fire engines at the Manila commercial airport had been stolen from Clark. It had been repainted and sold. But the airport had paid for it, so they didn't give it back.

I remember taking off out of Clark one time to rendez-

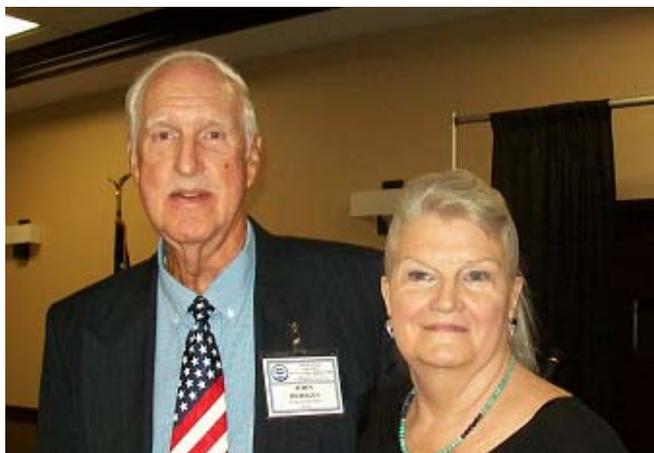


Rosa's Woodcarvings in Angeles City near Clark Air Base in the Philippines in 1966. Photograph by Don Wadkins.

vous with the bombers coming from Guam. Our own wing commander, Colonel George Pfeiffer, from Guam was on board as a VIP guest for the flight. I only knew him casually, but he was a good friend with Scottie. It was the only time he had ever flown with any of us, and we wanted desperately to give him a good show. We were flying as the lead aircraft in our cell on the mission and the rendezvous with the B-52s was a simple one, but it was to occur very soon after our takeoff. On this mission, I didn't do very well because I had an unusual malfunction with my radar set, and it took me several minutes to figure out what the problem was. In the interim, I kept flying off course and was generally disoriented. The problem was with the range marks on the radar, which indicated the distance to a navigation target on the ground. I did discover the problem and compensated for it before we connected up with the bombers, but I don't think I got my cell to the Air Refueling Control Point precisely on time.



Phil Barber, James Connally 64-04; Tom Spangler, Harlingen 62-22; Ken Schanke, Harlingen 62-22.



Left: President John Bridges, James Connally 63-19; and Marilyn Bridges

Below Left: Stu Freigy and Joe Lee, both of James Connally 64-08.

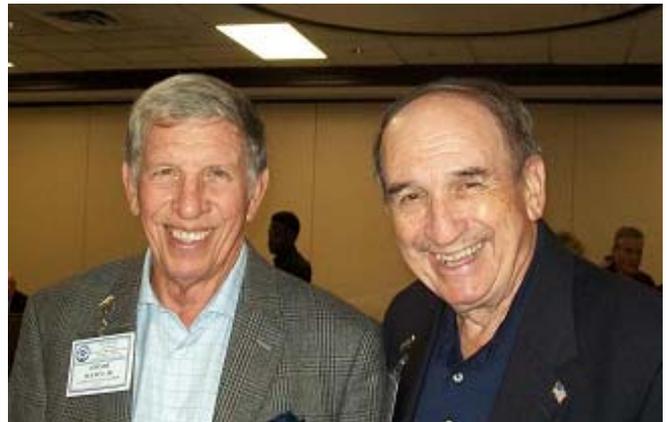
Treasurer Dennis Ehrenberger, James Connally 63-19; new Treasurer Leonard Melcher, Mather 74-18.





Past President Ronald Barrett, James Connally 63-06; President John Bridges, James Connally 63-19; Immediate Past President Philip Barber, James Connally 64-04.

**Right: Jimmie Hanes, James Connally 66-13;
Dave Morris, James Connally 64-18.**



**Bottom Right: Tom Greisamer, James Connally 63-02;
and Melan Greisamer.**

**Below:
Richard Harper, James Connally 64-18; and Dorothy Harper.**



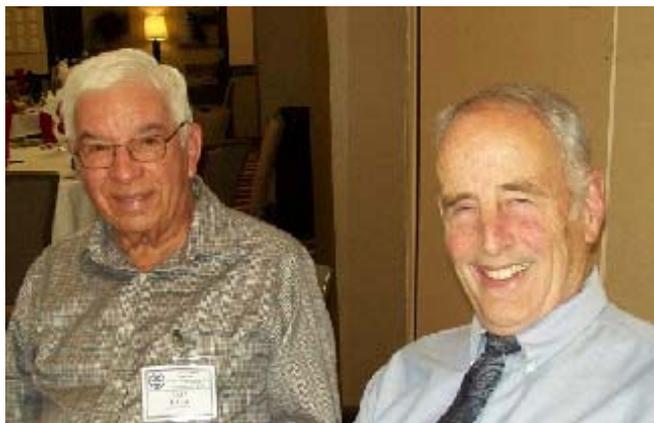


Bob Jones, James Connally 64-02; Polly Jones; Secretary Gene Hollrah, James Connally 61-02; Christine Hollrah.



Left: Chuck Korus, Harlingen 60-07; and Doris Korus.

**Below Left: Ralph Keim;
Bob Miley, both of James Connally 63-02.**



**Joyce Lariviere;
John Lariviere, James Connally 63-02;
Historian Ron Barrett, James Connally 63-06**





**Back Row: Ham Kennedy, John Muckleroy, Chuck Korus, Jerry O'Halloran, Andre LaChance, all of Harlingen 60-07.
Front Row: Pat Kennedy, Ann Muckleroy, Doris Korus, Beverly O'Halloran, Bernadette LaChance.**

**Right: Bill McClister; Dave Sanford,
both of James Connally 65-13**

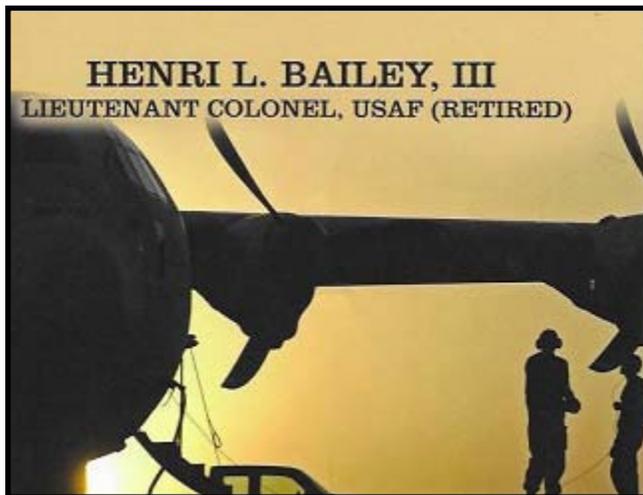


**Back Row: Jeanne Leasure;
Bill Leasure, James Connally 66-13;
Front: Mary Hanes; Jimmie Hanes, James Connally 66-13.**



**Andre LaChance,
Harlingen 60-07; and Bernadette LaChance.**





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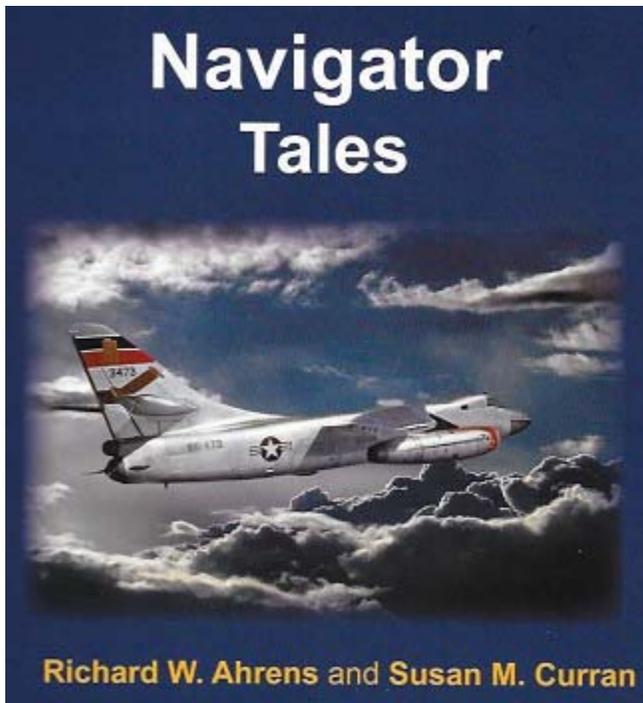
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LAST FLIGHTS

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

Please advise **AFNOA** Membership officer Jim Faulkner when you hear that a navigator/observer/bombardier/EWO or combat system officer has made his last flight. A special thanks to those who provided us with obituaries and notices of Last Flights this quarter. Please keep their families in your prayers.

CORAL GABLES

O'Brien, Ryan M. Fair Oaks CA 44-06

ELLINGTON

Kunstman, Warren R. Florissant MO 44-02
 Miller, Myron R. New York NY 44-08
 Turnbull, Robert J. Crossville TN 44-45
 Ware, Richard I. Dallas TX 44-45
 Deplois, Tommy L. Oklahoma City OK 45-04N
 Kniskern, Frederick G. Fargo ND 45-04N
 Giles, James A. Germantown TN 50-00
 Fraser, Robert B. Hendersonville NC 50-E
 Walfoort, Glenn Redding CA 51-03
 Zippel, Irving Mountain View CA 51-10
 Lehman Jr., Herman W. Bellevue NE 52-23
 Nagy Jr., Charles S. Goldsboro NC 54-06
 Suttle, Richard T. Austin TX 54-06

HARLINGEN

Adolphus, James C. Richmond TX 53-19
 Sullivan, Dwight E. Sun City AZ 54-01
 Osborne, William R. Virginia Beach VA 56-00
 Everman, Russell D. Las Vegas NV 56-09
 Reeves, Don F. Encinitas CA 56-14
 Beyer, Boyd P. Atwater CA 57-10
 Markman, Robert A. Maumelle AR 57-10
 Mohler, Harlan J. Dade City FL 57-10
 Pavitt, Stevan S. Austin TX 57-10
 Ragland, Fowler O. Unico TN 57-10KK
 Tresler, Willard T. Savannah GA 57-10KK
 Steele, Russell W. Lincoln CA 61-06
 Herfel, David L. Fort Worth TX 61-09
 Richardson, Robert R. Durham NC 61-09
 Sfameni, Peter E. Huntington Station NY 61-10
 Garrett, James E. Austin TX 62-13
 Bolton, Wayne E. Oxford GA 62-15
 Haraway Jr., Charles E. Defuniak Springs FL 62-15

HONDO

Burkart, Robert J. Green Bay WI 44-09
 Fliscel, Robert C. Springboro OH 44-11
 Goffe, John O. Byron Center MI 44-42

JAMES CONNALLY

Crowe III, James T. Batavia IL 50-00

Lucente, Louis D. Staten Island NY 52-13
 Bensky, Elijah L. Houston TX 53-10
 Hall, Toxey A. Engelwood FL 54-19
 Garcia, Juan G. Colorado Springs CO 54-XN
 Crowl Jr., George H. Jersey Village TX 59-03
 Hinnebusch, Michael L. Eagle ID 60-12
 Morgan Jr., Raymond R. Pine Grove PA 63-04
 Stackhouse III, Asa M. Moorestown NJ 63-04
 Palkowski, David P. Fort Walton Beach FL 63-08
 Cooke Jr., Paul T. Valrico FL 63-14
 Chalmers, Joseph F. Cherry Hill NJ 63-22
 Warren, Kenneth F. Nevada TX 64-04
 Fox, Raymond M. Cass City MI 64-09
 Pryal, Alfred N. Chapel Hill NC 64-10
 Farmer, Michael C. Charleston WV 64-11
 Vice, Gary E. Albuquerque NM 64-11
 Redding, Dennis R. South Yarmouth MA 64-12
 Thompson, Robert E. Fair Oaks CA 64-12
 Darkenwald, George O. Olympia WA 64-15
 Lettieri, Jack L. Tigard OR 64-18
 Tindell, Robert P. Saco ME 65-10
 Katz, Milton M. Poquoson VA 65-16

MATHER

Milligan III, George H. Deltona FL 68-00
 Sloan, William T. Cornucopia WI 68-09
 Thompson, Jay F. Gulf Breeze FL 69-00
 Poyner, Daniel R. Unknown 70-00
 Crozat, Roger P. Kathleen GA 72-16
 Ebert, Richard D. Divide CO 72-16

MIDLAND

Wolfe, Harry B. Simsbury CT 45-735

SELMAN

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 Porter, John D. Framingham MA 43-12
 Steichen, John W. Clinton Township MI 43-12
 Durnall, Edward J. Durham NH 44-05
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 Kalish, John L. Scottdale PA 44-10
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 Eckler, Richard W. Rochester NY 45-03N
 Pagenkopf, John R. Atlanta GA 45-155N

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Dunbar, Walter W. Peoria IL 43-17
 Stein, David M. Tucson AZ 43-17
 Meurer, Fred O. Madison WI 44-11

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