



# DR AHEAD



THE AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

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KC-97C refueling a B-47A. Photo provided by Ron Barrett.

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by John D. Bridges, James Connally 63-19

I want to give a sincere thanks to all **AFNOA** members and particularly to the Board for their considerable support and invaluable input. They have made my responsibilities much easier.

John Fradella, James Connally 66-17, has been appointed to the Grants Board (which replaces the Scholarship Program) and has assumed the Chairmanship of the Grants Board. The first awarded grant has been made to the Aviation Cadet Museum in the amount of \$1,000.00.

Membership continues to be an ongoing problem. It is important that we continue to seek new members if we

expect to keep **AFNOA** as a viable entity. Unfortunately, our organization is aging and we have been advised that over 60 WWII **AFNOA** Life Members have taken their "Last Flights" in this past quarter.

Please keep membership in your thoughts... maybe you have a son/daughter or grandson/granddaughter eligible for membership... or they may know someone who qualifies? Please try to recruit!

It is not too early to start planning your trip to Branson, Missouri, for the **AFNOA** Reunion in September 2019. It should be a great time and location. Hope to see many of you there.

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## **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](mailto:jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net); or call 580-242-0526

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<b>MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION</b>			
<b>AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION</b>			
Name _____			
Spouse's Name _____			
Address _____			
City _____			
State/ZIP _____			
Home Phone _____			
Work Phone _____			
Cell Phone _____			
E-Mail Address _____			
Base Name/Class Number _____			
Send a Tax Deductible \$15.00 Annual Membership check payable to <b>AFNOA</b> to: Dennis Ehrenberger, <b>AFNOA</b> Treasurer 2783 Glenview Drive Sierra Vista, AZ 85650-5734 Telephone: 520-378-1313			
Tax Deductible Life Membership Contribution payable to <b>AFNOA</b>			
Under 45	\$175.00	66-69	\$75.00
46-55	\$150.00	70-79	\$50.00
56-65	\$100.00	80 and over	\$35.00
If you are currently a member, GREAT! Please consider a donation to the operating account, grant fund, or both. If you are not a current member, please consider joining and giving a donation to the organization. Thank you.			
Membership	\$	_____	
Donation to Operating Account	\$	_____	
Donation to Grant Fund	\$	_____	
Total Amount Enclosed:	\$	_____	

**DR AHEAD**

**DR AHEAD** is the official publication of the Air Force Navigators Observers Association; a non-profit, non-political organization dedicated to maintaining the peace and security of the United States of America and a spirit of comradeship among the navigators, observers and bombardiers of the USAAC, USAAF, or the USAF. TENOA, the forerunner of **AFNOA**, was organized by Clarke Lampard, Ellington Class 50-D, in 1985.

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**MANUSCRIPTS** are welcomed, especially by E-mail (address: RNNN@mcn.org) or by submittal to the editor on data CDs, IBM-compatible formats only please. All submissions must be signed and must include the address of the contributor; no anonymous material will be printed; however, names will be withheld on request. The editor reserves the right to edit submitted articles for reasons of taste, clarity, legal liability, or length. Originals will be returned only if a self-addressed envelope with sufficient postage is included. 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 August 2018.

**ELECTRONIC SUBMISSIONS** are strongly preferred. If you cannot send information through electronic mail or on CD, copy should be typed. Photographs and drawings are also very welcome.

**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**

**NAVIGATORS - START to COLD WAR**

by Ron Barrett, James Connally 63-06

There were many types of navigation needs almost from the time there were pilots. From the very beginning of flight, navigation was recognized as a necessary special piloting skill. Early in the history of flight navigation was done by the just looking—and then going there. This was a visual skill that was very short range.

WWI brought about the creation of defined navigators and bomb aimers (bombardiers). Russia, Italy and Germany each developed large, long-range planes.

After WWI the U.S. Navy led the move into long range, crewed planes with the Navy Curtiss seaplanes which were flown across the Atlantic Ocean in 1917. One of these, NC-4, is in the National Naval Aviation Museum in Pensacola, just down the street from the USAF Combat Systems Officer flight school.

Between WWI and WWII there were limited attempts by air staff in the United States to define crewed positions as in the B-10 and B-12. Then came the revolution with the B-17. General Curtis LeMay led in this effort.

WWII saw technologies skyrocket as new inventions were introduced into the B-24 and B-29. Radars, C-1 autopilots integrated with the Norden and Sperry bombsights, and formal celestial navigation led the way.

With WWII came the full utilization of the navigator skill set, especially with the use of pressure pattern, LO-RAN and celestial navigation—using more advanced sextants. Cargo and bomber airplanes dominated the skies, all with navigators.

Schools at Ellington, Harlingen, and James Connally produced thousands of navigators. Also, a new specialization was created in the Radar Intercept Officer, trained at Keesler AFB for the interceptors F-89, F-94C, and F-101 interceptors.

Cold War development then brought the navigator-bombardier-radar operator to the forefront. SAC had more than 2,200 B-47s over the years. Most had crew trained in radar/navigation/bombing at Mather AFB. A Strategic Air Command reconnaissance group also saw the creation of the intelligence specialists who were packed three at a time into a capsule in the B-47H. Embedded were the reconnaissance B-45/B-47/B-57F navigators. At the same time there were also the KB-29J, KB-50D, KC-135 tanker navigators. At this time the primary flight navigation trainers were the AT-7, TC-47, TB-25, T-29C, and T29D.

As a side note, there is a T-29C fuselage section in the Aviation Cadet Museum in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. During the 2019 **AFNOA** Reunion there will be tours going from Branson to the Aviation Cadet Museum in Eureka Springs—roughly a 45-minute bus ride. Recently **AFNOA** made a grant in aid to this museum.

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**AFNOA GRANT PROGRAM**

by John Fradella, James Connally 66-17

At the 2017 **AFNOA** reunion members discussed and approved a bylaws change to discontinue the Scholarship Program and replace it with a Grant Program.

This Grant Program is to fund activities which will promote the development, history, and all aspects of the art and science of Air Navigation and those related fields associated with it, such as those areas in which air navigation schooling provides the basic training. The program and guidelines were developed by Seth Hudak, James Connally 64-03. A Grants Program Committee was formed and was approved by the **AFNOA** President.

Some people have asked about the program and I would like to tell you about this program and how it works in a few words.

**SPONSOR** The grants must be sponsored by an **AFNOA** member in good standing for at least three years.

**ELIGIBILITY** The **AFNOA** Grant Program will award grants to non-profit projects or non-profit programs that promote interest consistent with the goals of **AFNOA**. The Grant program is not a scholarship or educational support program. Eligible projects might include new policies, programs that highlight navigation or are in collaboration with military organizations in a project that supports flight operations that have a nexus to air navigation or its associated fields.

**APPLICATION PROCEDURE** Non-profit applicants should complete and submit a micro-grant proposal as listed below. The proposal should contain a short summary or such detailed information to show the need for the project, its goals, a plan of action, and a budget.

Submit the proposal to the Grants Committee for approval. Grants may be submitted electronically to John Fradella at fradella108@gmail.com. Should the proposal be reviewed favorably, a memorandum of agreement providing clarification or requesting more information about the proposed project, will be signed.

If you have questions please contact John Fradella, Jim Faulkner, or Dennis Ehrenberger.

**NOTE** The first **AFNOA** grant was approved for \$1,000.00 to complete the communications system on the T-29 aircraft displayed at the Aviation Cadet Museum in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

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**Butch and Brian Waller prepare to paint the cockpit section of the T-29 at the Aviation Cadet Museum.**

**YES, SIR. NO, SIR. NO EXCUSE, SIR.**

by Errol D. Severe

I'm sure most of you will remember the three answers we all had as aviation cadets to any question. We lived and trained in perhaps the best era this country has ever known. We had a purpose, respect for others, and an undying love of our country and our flag. We were men of honor. I wonder where our principles in this nation have gone? In most of our society we are regarded as dinosaurs of a by-gone era.

Here at the Aviation Cadet Museum, we take you back to those days. We have a great deal of memorabilia, aircraft, and knowledge of the past that is taught by trained guides, or most of the time by me. I lived it and so did you! We have a T-29 flying classroom that you can go into and sit in the same seats that you did so many years ago, look at the same radar scopes, plot on the same plotting tables. You can even look at the sextant hanging from its mount. With your help we are going to wire the four stations in the front section so that the intercom panels work. You will be able to put on the old headsets once again and hear the conversations that once took place in this very same aircraft; we will even make the engine sounds!

In addition to this prize piece of history, we have an F-105 WW that you can enter and sit in the seats that you once occupied so long ago.

For you F-16 drivers, we have an Air National Guard

working flight simulator. It is presently down in Florida (just the four computers and rack) being updated by Compro. They are the company that built them back about 18 years ago, and are donating their time and expertise to bring them back to modern standards. However, the computers, all four of them, are way out of date and must be upgraded by new ones. Here is our dilemma...we must have them to upgrade—we certainly don't want to have the old ones shipped back here, even though the freight is donated by South East Freight lines—as they are near the end of their useful life. So, we have a quote for 4 complete systems from Polywell Corp. at \$1,399.00 each x 4 = \$5,596.99 + shipping. We came up with a plan to finance this large expenditure. If any one of you, or cadet class, or classes would buy one or more of these computers we would make up a plaque as a memorial to whom-ever you all choose. Please remember, any donations to the ACM are fully tax deductible.

We are really looking forward to you all visiting us in 2019; I hope you will bring a bunch of you along with your wives. Speaking of wives, sometimes the ladies think this place is just for guys. This is most certainly not so. We have had many, many women, children etc. go on our tours, and they all loved it. You ladies need to know where your men have been and the great things they have accomplished!

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(Then) Captain Charles DeBellevue

### **THE WEATHER, NOT AS BRIEFED**

by Charles DeBellevue, Mather 69-05

I arrived at Udorn Royal Thai Air Force Base, Thailand, on 30 November 1971. That was the beginning of my assignment to the 555 Tactical Fighter Squadron, commanded by Lt Col Joe Kittinger. Because of my experience from 18 months of flying in the F-4 with the 335 TFS at Seymour Johnson AFB, I flew my first combat sortie the next day, on 1 December. Because of the lack of availability of a Stan Eval pilot I did not take my combat qualification checkride (usually taken on the tenth combat mission) until I had 25 combat missions. The lack of a checkride did not limit the type of missions I could fly. I took a combination combat qualification and instructor check on Christmas Day, 25 December 1971. I ended the first month of my tour with 28 combat missions, seven of which were over North Vietnam. My friend, who arrived at Udorn with me on 30 November and went to the 13 TFS had a total of 8 missions in December and did not take his combat qualification check until the end of the month.

On 11 March 1972, I was crewed with Captain Ken Kingsmore on a single-ship seeding mission up in the Sky-

line Ridge area of the Plaine des Jarres of the central highlands of northern Laos. This was prior to the start of the Linebacker strikes into Route Package 6, the area in and around Hanoi. It was a pretty straight forward mission except for the weather. We were flying in a LORAN-equipped F-4 to very accurately drop mines on the route structure to prevent the movement of troops and materials being transported to southern Laos and South Vietnam.

After getting the intelligence briefing, I did the preflight planning for the mission. The target area where we would put the mines in were along a major road in a valley that ran east-west. It was not a difficult mission—essentially take off, fly north for about 200 miles, descend down to 500' AGL while accelerating to 500 knots indicated air-speed, deploy the mines, climb up and head south to Udorn Royal Thai Air Force Base. Pretty simple mission.

But things don't always go as briefed. When we got the weather briefing, we were told to expect some thick clouds in the area, but that the low-level areas would be clear. Since the weather in the target area was good enough for us to complete our mission, we decided to press on with the mission.

After a uneventful launch, we headed north. The closer we got to the Plaine des Jarres, the worse the weather got. We talked about it and, since the weather briefer had told us that it should be clear underneath the clouds, we decided to drop down through the weather to see if we could get in the clear underneath. We were hoping that the target area weather would be clear enough for us to continue with our seeding mission. Since we were in the mountains I kept close watch on our location to make sure we were descending safely. The accuracy of the LORAN Bombing System gave us the confidence to continue on with the mission, even though the weather was pretty bad. I kept up a running commentary with Ken about the location of the mountains, the terrain elevation in the area we were flying over and where we were in relation to the start of the black line on my map. As we got closer to the start of the bombing run and as we were dropping down to our release altitude of 500' AGL for the mines, we expected the weather to clear up enough to complete the mission. The LORAN was locked on to the LORAN Master and Slave sites and maintained lock as we descended into the mountains. The weather did improve enough to visually see about 2,500 to 3,000 feet ahead of us.

I was confident that I knew where we were on the black line on my chart, even as the weather started to deteriorate. I did get very busy working the radar to pick up the ridge lines along our route as we approached the start of the seeding mission. I would call out the ridges ahead of us so that Ken knew what obstacles we were approaching. He would see them about 2,500 feet ahead of us and would maneuver accordingly. The mission was progressing well in spite of the weather. We were quickly approach-

ing the release point to start the seeding of the mines when the LORAN broke lock and the weather started to get worse. We now did not have confidence in our location in the mountains, especially with the weather closing in on us.

As soon as I told Ken that the LORAN had broken lock, he went to afterburner and started a climb to get on top of the weather. He safed up the weapons system and, once we were high enough to be clear of the mountains, and had calmed down, he contacted Blue Chip, the Airborne Command and Control, Communications C-130. When he told them that we were RTB (Returning To Base), they asked if we had dropped our weapons. Ken replied "Negative, we are RTB!" We had had all the fun we could take and were going home. We headed back to Udorn RTAFB with all of the mines still on board.

The mission ended without further incident. The mission could have turned out much different had Ken and I not been as alert flying at very low altitude in very bad weather and did not have the mutual trust and confidence required to safely fly missions in very adverse conditions.

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*Charles (Chuck) DeBellevue (Mather 69-05) became one of only five Americans to achieve flying ace status in the Vietnam War and the first Air Force Weapon Systems Officer (WSO) to earn ace status. He was credited with a total of six MiG kills, the most earned by any U.S. aviator during the Vietnam War, and is a recipient of the Air Force Cross.*

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## **OUTSIDE THE BOX**

by Joseph J. Bejsavec, Harlingen 59-12

Harlingen Class 59-12 was a great class and could have used the motto: "What box?" One day, departing late for navigation class, the marcher tried to hurry us along and he took a shortcut to get there on time.

We were marched up a one way street the wrong way on a little-used street, but that didn't prevent a nearby Tac Officer from calling out authoritatively, "Stop that formation, Mister! Post me one for marching a formation up a one-way street the wrong way."

The cadet slapped his pocket and produced a slip. When the marcher (whose name I've forgotten) recovered from the authoritative assault, he called out, "About face! Back step march!"

The Tac Officer looked on amazed as he let this strange parade pass. Nothing in the regs about that one. Unfortunately, the resourceful marcher got posted again when he got the formation to class late. But we were proud and pleased to have someone so capable of thinking out of the box (Hell, we didn't have to go to the ramp).

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## **THE LIBERATOR AND THE DOMINATOR**

by Ed Nacey (Ellington 44-01)

The B-24 *Liberator* and B-32 *Dominator* may have been the first and last aircraft involved in American fighting in World War II.

On December 4, 1941 a B-24A aircraft departed Hamilton Field in California enroute to Hickam Field, Hawaii. The aircraft and crew had been assigned to a special project to photograph some Japanese island installations in the Pacific. The aircrew landed successfully at Hickam and prepared for further missions to follow. At 7:55 a.m. on the 7th, the initial wave of Japanese planes from six aircraft carriers began their surprise attack. The newly arrived B-24 *Liberator* was parked in the open with members of the aircrew nearby. The B-24 was destroyed by bombs at Hickam and some of the aircrew nearby were killed. This B-24 *Liberator* and its aircrew were among the first American casualties of the war.

The B-24 *Liberator* performed nobly for many more years and ultimately made an incredible contribution to victory in WWII. More than 19,000 B-24 aircraft were produced and they served in many different theaters of the war. The greatest strength of the *Liberator* was its ability to adapt to a variety of operations. The B-24 missions included transport, reconnaissance, submarine patrol, bombing, and vital special missions. The B-24's long-range capability was critical early in the war when there was no other four-engine aircraft able to meet the need for global operations. Some early missions included diplomatic flights to Moscow, and in 1942 the *Liberator* was chosen for a special mission to Russia to establish the route for delivering aircraft to Russia through Alaska under the Lend-Lease agreement.

The long range made the *Liberator* valuable to submarine patrol and more than 77 German submarines were sunk by this aircraft. The aircraft was especially useful in the Pacific and bombing missions as long as 18 hours were flown. As a C-87 transport the aircraft was important in providing logistic support to Australia in the critical early stages of the war. The B-24 also carried vital fuel over the mountains, called the hump, between India and China to support American forces in China.

The B-24 was effective on many bombing missions out of Africa and was chosen for a vital operation against the German oil fields in Romania. On August 1, 1943 a large force of B-24 bombers conducted a low-level attack against the Ploesti oil fields. The attacking force suffered heavy losses and several airmen were awarded the Medal of Honor for heroism on this mission.

From 1942 to 1945 the B-24 *Liberator* bomber and the B-17 *Flying Fortress* participated in many air battles with the 8th Air Force in Europe. The actor, Jimmy Stewart, flew combat in the B-24 and made the comment, "I think many of those who flew this airplane have a very soft spot



The Convair B-32 Dominator

in their hearts for the machine." The B-24 aircraft was truly a global performer serving in many vital operations in many theaters of the war. Many airmen were highly decorated for heroic service in the B-24 and sadly others lost their lives in this aircraft.

The B-24 *Liberator* aircraft is widely recognized for its important contribution to victory in the second World War. It is incredible that almost all traces of the aircraft and its service have almost completely disappeared. Today, there are only two B-24s still flying and only a few available to be seen anywhere in the world, even though the *Liberator* is a symbol of victory to all who served in the war.

The war in the Pacific required longer-range bombers so to follow the B-17, Boeing Aircraft Company produced the B-29 *Superfortress*. Consolidated Aircraft Company, who made the B-24 *Liberator*, produced the B-32 *Dominator*. The B-29 was developed earlier and airmen flew many hazardous missions against Japan from the Mariana Islands in them. On August 6, 1945, the B-29 *Enola Gay* dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, leading to the Japanese surrender.

The B-32 *Dominator* encountered teething problems but eventually was involved in combat during the closing stages of the war against Japan. In May, 1945, the B-32 was deployed to the Pacific and on May 29 flew its first combat mission from Clark Field. In July the *Dominator* continued combat operations against Formosa and Japan, and in August B-32 combat operations continued from Okinawa.

Here is the story of that last air battle. The Emperor had announced on August 15th that Japan had surren-

dered. Japanese pilots were surprised to receive an air raid alarm two days later on the 17th. The Japanese intelligence report indicated that one large American bomber was flying up the Boso Peninsula. The alerted Japanese pilots were uncertain what to do. The ace pilot Sakai noted that international law forbids them to attack the enemy after surrendering. It was decided that it is okay to defend themselves from an attacking aircraft. Sakai reported that he was excited to fly the *Zero* again. He had flown one in the attack on Pearl Harbor four years earlier. He and other pilots took off looking for the unexpected approaching aircraft. They intercepted it at 6000 meters.

They were expecting to find a B-29 and were surprised it was an aircraft they had not seen before. Sakai reported that the enemy was surprised at the interception and fled south shooting its defensive guns and went into a shallow dive. The Japanese pilots were also firing. Sakai noted at the end that the aircraft was trailing white smoke from the left wing. "I fired my last cannon shells," he said, "and several exploded on the right wing. The enemy was getting lower. By the time it was near Miyake-jima it was skimming the water." Sakai had fired his last cannon shells and turned back to Yokosuka Kokutai.

According to U.S. records on August 17 a B-32 took off from Iwo Ima on a reconnaissance mission to locate suitable landing fields in Japan. The aircraft splashed down near the Izu islands due to a malfunction and all crew members were rescued.

Another report indicated there had been an air battle with Japanese fighters and some of the crew were injured —with one dying later. In the typical fog of battle there

continued to be conflicting reports on the outcome, but it appears this was the last air battle of the Pacific War. There did not seem to be any repercussions regarding the legality of the operation and the incident became part of the historical record of World War Two. The B-32s continued reconnaissance missions but there was no further opposition. On 30 August the B-32s were directed to cease operations and return to America.

In September, 1945, I was on a special mission to fly occupation troops into Japan. My C-54 transport crew landed at Naha, Okinawa, to pick up some troops and fly them to Atsugi Field near Tokyo. While in Okinawa I observed the extensive wartime damage and particularly noticed several aircraft of a type I had never seen before. I found out later that these were B-32 bombers that had crashed or been damaged in combat. This was the first and only time I had ever seen a B-32. Unfortunately, except for pictures, there will never again be a chance to see a B-32 *Dominator* anywhere.

We took off from Okinawa with a full load of troops and landed at Atsugi Airfield outside Tokyo on 11 September 1945. We spent the night in an old damaged hangar and went into Tokyo on a crowded train the next day. We were in our flying clothes and were surprised that there was no obvious animosity. We had no firearms and could have been vulnerable. Five decades later I realize how fortunate I was to have been involved in such significant historical events and I regret that I didn't record them in a diary.

The end of the war marked the end of the B-32 *Dominator*. The majority of the B-32s were disposed of by 1947. Regrettably, there is no example of the B-32 preserved for posterity. The one intended for display at the Air Force Museum was accidentally declared excess and destroyed at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base in 1949. This is ironic since this was the replacement for the famous B-24 *Liberator*. A further irony is that of the more than 19,000 B-24s produced there are only a few B-24s to be seen anywhere in the world.

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### **SABURO SAKAI'S LAST BATTLE**

adapted from ***Zero-sen No Saigo***, by Saburo Sakai

*The war was over on August 15th, 1945, but Saburo Sakai's last combat mission took place two days after that day.*

The 15th and the 16th went by quickly, and it was a little past 11:30 a.m. on the 17th when we suddenly heard an air raid alarm. We were caught totally off guard because we thought it was all over, and we all stood up with a tense feeling. Intelligence says the enemy is one large bomber flying up the Boso Peninsula. The war is over now, do they still want to fight?

"Commander what should we do? Intercept him?" I

asked.

Lt.Cmdr Ibusuki hesitated for a moment, then called the *Hikocho* and asked something, hung up, and hollered "Start the engines!"

We surrounded Lt.Cmdr. Ibusuki with excitement.

"International law forbids us to attack the enemy after surrender, but it is okay to get back at planes that come to attack us. Come on men! Go get him!" he said.

The pilots who were all frustrated at the sudden surrender sprung on to their planes which were already started. There were ten Zeros and five or six Shiden-kais. I chose the nearest Zero. I thought I would never fly the Zero again, so I was very excited about having the chance to fly again.

It wasn't just because the Zero was nearest to me that I chose the Zero. Since its debut in 1940, I was into my sixth year flying and fighting on the Zero. In fact, a Shiden-kai, then the state-of-the-art fighter plane, was parked even closer to where I was than the Zero I flew. However, I instinctively chose the Zero, not even considering the Shiden-kai. The thought that flashed in my mind then was this; "The Pacific War was started by the Zero. This is probably going to be the last air battle in WWII, and I would want to let the Zero place its name in history as having fought that last battle!"

Three or four planes followed me up. We were heading for Narita. If you were not a pilot, you may wonder why we would still fight; the war was over and shooting down the enemy was not going to do us any good. On the contrary, we may lose our lives which had been saved. But such logic just did not make sense to us then.

At around this time, the Yokosuka Kokutai was working on the improvement of radio equipment on fighter planes, performance had improved considerably, so we had no trouble finding the enemy. We found him at 6,000 meters. I had assumed the enemy was a B-29, but what I saw was a completely different aircraft. The single vertical stabilizer was enormous, and swept upwards towards the rear. I had never seen this plane before (I later found out that this was the Convair B-32 *Dominator*).

Altitude 6,000 meters is where the second speed of the Zero's supercharger works best. My wingman got to him first and started shooting. The enemy was obviously surprised at the interception, and started fleeing south, shooting its defensive guns frantically. I managed to catch up after a while, but the enemy's airspeed was very high. I made a run from the upper right side, but got interrupted by another Zero that got in my way. There were more fighters than the enemy so I had to wait for my turn to attack again. The enemy went into a shallow dive to increase air speed. It was so fast! I thought they used some kind of rocket accelerator device or something.

We had quickly flown past Tateyama and the enemy was fleeing towards Oshima. I noticed that the enemy was trailing white smoke from the left wing root. Someone's



bullet hit the enemy!

"We can get him," I thought. However, I was having a hard time catching up. I noted our fighters started turning back one by one. They were out of 20mm shells. I fired my last cannon shells. Several shells exploded on the enemy's right wing. My wingman followed with a burst. The enemy kept getting lower, and by the time it was near Miyake-jima, it was skimming the water. I thought I should confirm it going down, but if an enemy carrier was around, we would have to fight fresh fighters. Then it would be our turn to die. I turned around and headed back to Yokosuka Kokutai. If my memory is right, the other Zero that followed me to the last attack was another ace, PO1 Komachi. This apparently became the last air battle of the Pacific War.

*According to US records, on August 17th 1945, a B-32 that took off from Iwo Jima on a recon mission over Tokyo splashed down near the Izu islands due to malfunction. All crew were rescued. Apparently, the action was legal and we were never questioned about this action by MacArthur's forces.*

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### **KHE SANH - AIR LAND**

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

The Battle for Khe Sanh continued from 21 January through 9 July 1968. It began nine days before the official Tet Offensive of 1968 and continued after the first phase of Tet was completed. The Khe Sanh I am addressing was Khe Sanh Marine Combat Base. There was a Khe Sanh village close by and, also, the Lang Vei Army Special Forces Camp. All three were involved in the Battle for Khe Sanh. As an Air Force trash hauler, my crew was involved in the resupply of the Third Marine Division at Khe Sanh.

Khe Sanh Airport would have been a wonderful peacetime airfield with a very picturesque setting. In wartime it was another matter. Khe Sanh sat atop a plateau at the end of a valley between two mountains. Often it had clouds that were scarcely above pattern altitude. On a normal day it had clouds in the vicinity at the 3,000 to 6,000-foot level above field elevation. The normal approach into Khe Sanh was to come up the valley between the two mountains VFR at an altitude that was 500 feet below field elevation. Then we would climb to the pattern elevation of 1,000 feet AGL, above ground level, in order to complete a straight-in approach for landing.

The North Vietnamese Army made it more interesting by putting guns on the mountains on both sides of the approach. They would fire down on approaching aircraft as they came up the valley. Fortunately for the C-130 Hercules aircrews, our airplane silhouette looked a lot like

the C-123 Provider, which was a slower aircraft. Therefore the NVA gunners usually did not lead the aircraft sufficiently and usually wound up shooting behind the C-130. I say usually. There were sufficient C-130 carcasses at Khe Sanh to remind you that some of their gunners were not fooled. Marines on the ground said it looked like a July 4th fireworks display, each time an aircraft came in to land.

The most dangerous time for us was while we were taxiing or parked. We then became mortar bait for the NVA mortar crews. Less frequently, we attracted rockets. On departure, we took off in the opposite direction from which we had approached. We headed toward the valley but climbed at maximum climb angle until reaching 6,000 feet and then returned to normal climb above that altitude. Fortunately for us, the Hercules was a very agile and fun-to-fly aircraft. Because of our tactics we were shot at less on departure than on approach.

For our crew, our first visit to Khe Sanh was two days before the Tet Offensive first started but the battle for Khe Sanh was already underway. Before we left Cam Ranh Bay, Lieutenant Colonel Al Holl, our A/C, gathered us together to discuss our plan for Khe Sanh. We would minimize ground time at all costs. We would only shut down two engines. If we had a marshaller outside, then the engineer and the navigator would help the loadmasters unlock and unload the load and lock down the new load as it came aboard. The navigator would get the paperwork signed for the delivered load and would sign the paperwork for the accepted load. Upon landing, the navigator would set up his panel for take-off before reaching the parking area. If there was no aircraft marshaller available, then an engineer would have to go outside to insure the security of the aircraft while turning, backing up, or restarting the two engines that had been shut down.

We made three trips to Khe Sanh on our first day. On our first trip we were on the ground for twenty-two minutes. That was from touchdown to take-off. The second trip ground time was eighteen minutes. The third trip ground time was fourteen minutes. Eventually we got our average ground time down to ten and one-half minutes, although our shortest ground time was nine minutes. It became a contest among the C-130 aircrews to see who had the shortest ground time at Khe Sanh each day.

On our third trip into Khe Sanh that first day, a Marine Gunnery Sergeant came on board as soon as the front door was opened with the cargo manifest for cargo to be on-loaded. I had him examine each pallet either before it was offloaded or as it was offloaded to verify the inbound cargo and sign for it. He was ready to go at that point but couldn't leave until I signed for the outbound cargo. I couldn't do that until it was on-board.

He said, "Excuse me for saying it, sir, but you guys are crazy!" I laughed and asked him, "How is that Gunnery Sergeant?" He asked, "Captain, don't you guys see

all of that stuff the NVA are shooting at you as you approach to land? I've got a nice safe foxhole to hide in and ground to protect me. You are like a target in a shooting gallery." I laughed again and said, "I guess that proves that safety is in the eye of the person. We are feeling sorry for you guys that have to stay here 24/7 and defend this place. We are a moving target for a few, long moments coming in and going out each trip but we get to go back to a much quieter place. We admire you but we don't envy you!" He said, "I guess you must be right. I wouldn't trade places with you for anything!" After we departed, I told the rest of the crew what he had said. We had a good chuckle.

The next day, we were on the docket to continue our support of Khe Sanh. Our first trip of the day to Khe Sanh was uneventful. In other words we were shot at during approach and departure and we observed incoming mortars exploding on the patch but they didn't get very close to us. We off-loaded, on-loaded, and got out of Dodge (Khe Sanh). The second trip was different. As we pulled in we were assigned a new marshaller. We knew he was new because his fatigue jacket didn't have his name or any patches on it. It got cool at Khe Sanh at night due to mountain breezes and he had been issued a new jacket. Colonel Holl asked him if he had been here long. He had been in-country for less than a week and had arrived at Khe Sanh that morning. He was an Aerial Port Airman. Colonel Holl had just asked him his name and rank when we saw a shimmering in the air come over the ridge headed toward our airplane. It dipped down and our marshaller just disappeared. The only thing left was a part of the communications cord with which he had plugged into our aircraft. Colonel Holl told the Aerial Port commander that we needed another marshaller. The commander wanted to know what had happened to the one he had sent. Colonel Holl answered simply, "He is gone!" There was a moment of stunned silence and then we were asked if we remembered his name because he was new that day. Colonel Holl reported that we had just asked him that when he disappeared. The Aerial Port commander reported that he didn't have anyone for about ten minutes. Colonel Holl told him we were finishing up the on-load and would handle departure ourselves.

Bill, our engineer, said he would handle engine start and examine the outside of the aircraft. He went out, pulled the remnants of the old cord from the receptacle, examined the nose and landing gear for any damage that would prevent us from departing and monitored engine start. He got us turned toward the runway, came in and buttoned up and came back to his position. We departed. After we passed 7,000 feet, Colonel Holl asked him what he found on his inspection. Bill was quiet but specific. "It was weird sir! There was no hole in the ground. There was no damage to the aircraft. There was no blood or any flesh on the

ground or airplane. There were no pieces of clothing floating in the air. It is almost as though he never existed. If it weren't for that piece of headset cord still plugged into the aircraft that I had to remove, you wouldn't even know he had been there." We had a quiet and sober flight back to Cam Ranh Bay. We didn't return to Khe Sanh that day.

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### **CHROME DOME**

by Donald Wadkins, James Connally 64-10

One of the most common TDY assignments was called Chrome Dome. Our squadron kept a crew and aircraft deployed to Eielson Air Force Base in Fairbanks, Alaska, at least half of the time—for about two years. I was glad that Scottie liked to fly and volunteered our crew for more than our share. Some of the flyers didn't like going away for the week-long deployment, but we preferred it to sitting on alert. Consequently, our crew flew five Chrome Domes, more than any other crew in the squadron. The mission was in support of B-52s, which were constantly in the air flying a classified route over the north pole. The idea was that if the Soviets were to find a way to knock out our radio transmission from the DEW line to the states, the airborne B-52 could relay the radio messages. KC-135 tankers had two supporting missions. Twice a day we would take off from Eielson and refuel bombers flying almost directly overhead in the center of Alaska. Or, on another mission which lasted fourteen hours, we would fly across the polar region and rendezvous with a bomber in the vicinity of Thule, Greenland.

Although these flights became very routine, two of the them were unusual. The first was on one of the long flights over to Thule. It was normal procedure to get a time hack from WWV on the short wave radio during the preflight checklist. This I did and we took off on our mission at night in a routine fashion. Navigation over the pole was a little tricky. Because we were flying directly over the magnetic north pole, reliance upon a magnetic compass was completely out of the question. The navigator had to slave the compass to a gyroscope and fly what was known as grid navigation. This required you to essentially define your own "north." Making the transition from magnetic to grid orientation was critical. If you screwed it up, you could go off flying in the wrong direction and never be found again. Other difficulties existed. You were obviously well out of the range of any radio navigational aids. And the use of radar was tricky because of reverse images you could get due to the absorption of radar beams by the ice pack. Consequently, it was wise to use celestial navigation for at least part of your information.

When Sergeant Williams shot my first three-star fix, I

knew something was wrong. Instead of getting the tiny tight triangle resolved around my "assumed position," his sights gave me a large triangle with lines of position approximately sixty miles from where I thought we were. We calculated and shot a second fix right away. It came out the same way. That didn't make sense. Sergeant Williams was completely reliable on celestial observations and was proud of his skills. Then I got a clue when I remembered that one minute in time is equivalent to sixty miles of error in longitude. We checked the time hack on WWV again and it agreed with my original one. Then I replotted my celestial fixes with a correction of one minute of time and they worked out to be exactly where I thought we were. I had just discovered what I had never heard of before. WWV was broadcasting the time in error by one minute! I corrected my watch and we flew the balance of the mission across the pole without further incident. On the way back to Eielson, I received confirmation of my discovery when we picked up a radio transmission of one DEW line site calling another, requesting an accurate time hack. When I reported the problem to the debriefing officer after we landed, he didn't believe me. By that time, the radio station, which the whole world depended on for accurate time, had corrected their broadcast.

The debriefing officer didn't believe the other incident either. It was much more frightening. Again, it was a nighttime mission, but this time it was one of the little hops up just above Eielson. During the rendezvous, as we were turning to fall just in front of the B-52, I used to like to have a contest with the pilots to see if I could pick up the bomber on radar before the pilots could spot it visually. This was a pretty tough challenge because I had to adjust the controls on my radar, normally used to pick up ground targets, by focusing the narrow beam up in the sky at precisely the right height and range to pick up the aircraft. It was more difficult because our relative positions changed rapidly as we turned for the rendezvous. But most of the time I could pick up the lone bomber from the black sky. On this occasion, I was excited when I locked onto the bright blip when it was about ten miles away. But as the radar made a second sweep, I couldn't believe my eyes. There were two bright targets on the screen. The big bomber was right where I had expected him to be, but a smaller target was about a mile behind and a little bit lower in the sky! This didn't make sense. And it was a major infraction of policy. The mission directives were explicit. We were supposed to be rendezvousing with a single B-52 bomber, loaded with an atomic bomb.

Immediately, I told the pilots what I saw, and they barely had time to confirm it on their radar scope before the radius of our turn put the two targets behind us and out of our radar range. A radio call revealed that the ground radar controller didn't know anything about another aircraft, and anyway our collective targets would have merged into one



Donald Wadkins at work, over the North Pole.  
Photo provided by D. Wadkins.

bright blip on his screen by this time. So we called the bomber on our rendezvous radio frequency and told him he had company, to look behind him. The B-52 tail gunner had a radar for controlling his guns. Unfortunately, his radar wasn't turned on. By the time he got it turned on, the target was gone. There was only one conclusion. A Russian MIG pilot had flown across the Bering Strait on the deck, just a few hundred miles to the west and had popped up to rendezvous with the B-52 unannounced. The pilot was obviously monitoring our radio frequency and someone on that frequency knew enough English to warn him away when we advised the bomber to look behind his tail. The Soviets were testing their ability to penetrate our defenses and had succeeded! We were only a few hundred feet away from World War III. I shudder to think what may have happened if that B-52 gunner had gotten his radar turned on in time. As it was, nobody believed me, and I am sure there was never an official record made of what happened that night. Not in U.S. Air Force records, at least.

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**TIME HACK**

by Don Wadkins, James Connally 64-10

The Combat Evaluation Group (CEG) was the Inspector General for flight crews in SAC. CEG was the group, which was charged with certifying Standboard, the group in every wing responsible for certifying everybody else. They also made surprise visits and went along with flight crews on previously scheduled training missions, as sort of surprise examiners. If you failed one of these checks, not only were you and your crew in trouble, but so was the certification system of the entire wing. Needless to say, the arrival of CEG signaled fear in the heart of every operational commander. He simply had to trust his crews not to screw up.

The first time that CEG flew into Glasgow after I was there was just before our crew was scheduled for a night training mission. Our operations officer, Major Elmer Powell, took a guess that they might select our crew to fly with and secretly changed the classification of my navigation leg. Each year, to demonstrate proficiency, you had to fly a certain number of various types of navigation missions. I had scheduled a nighttime celestial leg. This required a specific number of three-star fixes, and expressly prohibited the use of radar or radio aids. To try to make it easier for me, Major Powell changed it to a mission that demonstrated skills with a broader number of navigation aids. He left the route the same. What the major, a pilot, didn't know was that almost all of the route was over the remote mountain regions of Idaho and Wyoming, where there were no easy radar targets. He set me up for a real struggle of getting radar fixes off of mountain peaks and intersections of rivers. We did all right, but I had to work at it.

Sure enough, our crew was lucky enough to be flying again when CEG made a surprise visit. This time the evaluator for our crew was a pilot instead of a navigator. During our takeoff roll, a critical task of the navigator was to provide a time hack for the pilots to use in judging the acceleration of the aircraft. If the aircraft wasn't going the required speed at the end of the test, we were supposed to abort the takeoff. The time varied, depending on the calculated time, the weight of the plane and the atmospheric conditions, and it was a function of the copilot to calculate the speed during mission planning.

On this flight, I started my stopwatch when the pilot announced our speed passing sixty knots. But I was monitoring the radio communications to the tower and thought I heard them giving clearance to another aircraft to land on the runway we were using. I was trying to figure out how far out the other plane was so I would know if we had a real emergency when I realized that I had let the prescribed time elapse. I quickly transmitted over the intercom, "Time...hack!" By this time, the plane had accelerated well beyond the required speed. Everybody knew something was wrong. The pilots were sure they had miscalcu-

lated the acceleration check time. So was the evaluator. At the end of the mission, he asked for their pre-mission planning data. All during the flight, I never had an opportunity to tell the pilots that I had screwed up the time hack. After we got back on the ground and the evaluator was gone, I confessed. We kept our fingers crossed and snuck by on this one. The pilot's calculations proved accurate, and no one but me could prove that the time hack was wrong. It seemed as though we just had a real hot airplane that day. After CEG was gone, changes were made in the tower's procedures to cut out transmissions during the take-off roll of any aircraft unless they were absolutely necessary.

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**LETTERS**

29 April 2018

Editor:

This was a super good issue! Congratulations and thanks to the contributors and staff.

Bill Treu

James Connally 59-18

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4 April 2018

Editor -

Ron Barrett's story about obtaining a FAA Navigator's license reminded me of my own struggles for the license. In 1959, I only had a few more months of active duty remaining. Some of our C-124 aircraft commanders, and even co-pilots, were going to the local General Aviation District Office (GADO), now called Flight Standards District Office (FSDO). They were armed with their Form 5, Form 8 proficiency check ride, and Form 8 instrument check ride and came away with a FAA Commercial Pilot's License, multi-engine only, and an Instrument Rating. So I thought I would do the same and took my Form 5 and last proficiency check ride Form 8. I was politely told that I would have to take the written and flight check to get a rating.

So, I forgot about the rating until 1967, when I was an Air Reserve Technician navigator in a C-124 unit. Since I was a civil service navigator, and with travel clubs springing up over the country, I thought it would be a good idea to obtain the rating. I took the two day written exam, but did not do anything about a flight check until 1968, when I learned that one of our navigators had also taken the written, and I was scheduled to give him a check ride on a Pacific turnaround. By that time, our reserve group had been recalled to active duty, so I put in the request to get a FAA examiner on that trip. It had to go to the squadron, group, wing, 22nd Air Force at Travis, and then MAC headquarters at Scott AFB.

We received the authorization two days before the trip, so I called the FAA Air Carrier office at Oakland to request the examiner and gave him our ETA to Travis. He met us at

base operations at Travis and requested that both of us meet him back at operations at 2100 for star identification. It was August so it did not get dark until then. We had blocked in at 1500, so if you know MAC regulations, that meant a 0300 alert. Apparently, the FAA did not adhere to our crew rest requirements.

The next morning, the examiner requested both of us do our own flight planning, which was no problem. We flipped a coin to see who would go first, so I ended up with the first leg to Ocean Station November and the other navigator worked to Hickam. That was how we received our ratings.

San Antonio did get a travel club later using a Connie. They were planning mostly U.S. and Caribbean trips, but were thinking of Hawaii and Europe. So, I applied to them for a part-time job, but was told they were not planning on using a navigator, but using two ADFs for navigation to Hawaii. I wished them good luck. This travel club did hire one of our reserve pilots and a flight engineer with active duty EC-121 experience. They did a lot of flying with them, but they never went to Hawaii to my knowledge. They started charter flying a local football team and later got into a lot of trouble with the FAA since they were only supposed to be flying under the travel club regulations, and did not have authorization under Part 121 or Part 135. Our pilot almost lost his license over this activity.

In 1969, we were almost off active duty and I had a four day layover at Hickam waiting to give another check ride. I went to the FAA office on the civilian side of the airport and took the instrument pilot written exam. While there, I went to Japan Airlines to determine if they were still hiring navigators, but they were not. However, the manager asked me if I would consider teaching navigation to their pilots at their facility at Moses Lake, Washington. I was really tempted since I had been stationed at the former Larson AFB there. But, I decided to stay with my ART job.

A few years later, I learned that B/G Charles F. Blair, Jr. (ANG retired), owner of Antilles Air Boats (Grumman Goose aircraft) in the Caribbean, was planning on buying two Short Sunderland four-engine flying boats in Australia. I sent Gen Blair a telegram offering to navigate one of those Sunderlands to the Caribbean. I had a current FAA Class II medical (for pilot license), an A-10A sextant, astrocompass, and access to all the publications and charts we would need, but I did not hear from him. In 1947, Blair had flown his privately owned P-51 over the North Pole from Spitzbergen to Fairbanks using an astrocompass, and later led a flight of two TF-100F aircraft over the same route. So, he probably did not need any assistance in navigation.

Morris Baxter  
Ellington 55-15

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30 March 2018

**DR AHEAD** Staff -

Congratulations on the April 2018 **DR AHEAD**. I always enjoy every issue cover to cover, but this issue was one of the best. I particularly enjoyed Robert Jacobson's article, "Flying in the B-52." And keep printing those great photos.

Dave Hofstadter  
Mather UNT 71-14 and EWOT 72-02

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4-16-2018

Dear Editor -

As always, this was a splendid issue of **DR AHEAD** with interesting material from page 1 to page 15. Thank you!

Referring to page 8 of the April issue: is the photograph one of a real airplane, with three 2-engine nacelles and one 1-engine nacelle? I expect that the next issue of **DR AHEAD** will tell of many inquiries about this photo.

Thank you, again, for a great publication.

Leo Hilinski  
Ellington 45-04

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Leo,

*No, you were the only one to spot this error; the only one to observe and truly rate **observer** wings. Perhaps some reader can tell us about that great seven-engined monster.*

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7 May 2018

When I graduated from Harlingen AFB with Class 56-02, we were called "Observers." In fact my class ring says USAF OBSERVER, and it really did not give me credit for the navigational skills I acquired. Observing stuck with me, however, because I wound up in the back seat of an F-94 as a Radar Observer, and **AFNOA** recognizes both navigator and observer.

The wings we wear were designed for navigators—that is our heritage, and we should retain it. A Combat Systems Officer may perform any of five different functions, and **DR AHEAD** should state that all are recognized and included in **AFNOA**. Presently we are mostly old guys who are satisfied with our name. If it is changed you will lose some of the old members, and I don't think it is going to entice potential new members.

Don Roth  
Harlingen 56-02

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**LAST FLIGHTS**

Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

It is sad to see that **AFNOA** has lost so many members in 2018. We appreciate the Last Flight inputs from George Crowl, James Connally 59-03; John Fradella, James Connally 66-17; John Massey, Ellington 54-19; Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09; and others. They advise us when a navigator/observer/bombardier/EWO or combat system officer has made his last flight. Providing the DOB and DOD (if known) dates helps us to ID a possible class. We have received notice about the following. Please keep their families in your prayers.

**BOCARATON**

Benjamin, Dr. Harold H. Santa Monica CA 44-07

**CARLSBAD**

Lindeman, George S. Brewer ME 44-46  
Guastella, Joseph T. Niceville FL 45-00

**CORAL GABLES**

Barnhill Sr., James W. Greenville SC 43-01  
Richey, John J. Uniontown PA 43-06  
Senger, Robert I. Bridgeton ME 44-02  
Ahlborn, Elmer J. Ocala FL 44-06  
Damrow, Melvin H. Helena MT 44-06  
Baumgardner, Andrew S. Overland Park KS 44-09  
Hausner, Gabriel Mt. Kisco NY 44-12

**CHILDRESS**

Andrews, Richard J. Houston TX 43-09  
Keller, Marshall L. West Bloomfield MI 43-13

**ELLINGTON**

Hook, John V. Lafayette CA 43-18  
Johnson, James Warren Dallas TX 43-18  
Astman, Frederick L. Alhambra CA 44-01  
Tracy, Richard M. Seattle WA 44-02  
Waterman, Seymour H. Encino CA 44-02  
Ames, Paul V. New York NY 44-04  
Gammon, Howard M. Wall NJ 44-04  
Busse, Arthur W. Seal Beach CA 44-07  
Fulmer, John L. Santa Cruz CA 44-07  
Eisenhart, Luther W. Levittown PA 44-09  
Barabas, Chester J. Chicago IL 44-11  
Hollenbeck, Leonard A. Wheaton IL 44-11  
McEvoy, John W. Staten Island NY 44-11  
Battey, Marshall C. Providence RI 44-49  
Christainsen, Thomas T. Helena MT 44-49  
Ducey Jr., Frederick E. Ridgeland SC 44-49  
Putnam, Roy D. Edmonds WA 44-49  
Slocum, Phyleamon V. Baton Rouge LA 44-49  
Tracy, Vernon H. Whittier CA 44-49  
Uland, Daniel A. Stevensville MI 44-49  
Voiers, William D. Eureka Springs AR 44-49  
Chatfield, William E. Belleville IL 44-53  
Madison, Donald K. San Diego CA 45-01N  
Lotstein, Hermann F. La Quinta CA 45-04N  
Feuerstein, Arnold D. Newport Beach CA 45-08

Julin, Glenn Cleveland Heights OH 50-D  
Shepard, Paul E. Miami FL 50-F  
Nicodemus, John Phoenix AZ 50-F  
Brosius, Charles W. Unk. ~ 51-00  
Haughey, James J. Oroville CA 51-00  
Sundstrom, Einar J. Beaver Dam WI 51-06  
Bojanowski, Richard F. Salt Lake City UT 52-14  
Haughey, Charles H. Pine Knoll Shores NC 52-18  
Casali, Dino C. Litchfield CT 52-20  
Mazuzan, Thomas J. Rome NY 54-03  
Sibley, Robert P. Bristol CT 54-06  
Vartanian, George M. New York NY 54-10  
Aquino, Charles C. St. Augustine FL 55-02  
Perkins III, Thomas E. Tallahassee FL 56-04  
Fruehauf, Benjamin F. Parrish FL 58-06

**HARLINGEN**

Parks, Russell A. Coral Springs FL 53-12  
Circe, Robert J. Yuba City CA 54-08  
Hitt, Theodore E. Buchanan TN 54-08  
Blum, Fred M. San Antonio TX 54-18  
Binsfield, Harvey D. Spokane WA 55-02  
Coulter Jr., Herschel E. Moreno Valley CA 55-02  
Markert, Thomas F. Baldwinsville NY 56-02  
Sweeney, David F. San Antonio TX 56-16  
Walker, Phillip N. Snellville GA 58-06  
Leanse, Nathan J. Los Angeles CA 58-10  
Adams, Thomas R. Layton UT 58-11  
Bailey, Jackie Lee Bentonville AR 58-11  
Booth Jr., Halden L. Fort Lauderdale FL 58-11  
Burnthorne, Byran R. Merced CA 58-11  
Critchley Jr., Harry R. Grantham NH 58-11  
Engel, Carl R. Portland OR 58-11  
Gilbert Jr., Harvey B. Bowie MD 58-11  
Grassberger, Robert E. Largo FL 58-11  
Hargrave, Charles O. Dallas TX 58-11  
Lazas, Thaddeus J. Fairfield NJ 58-11  
Lucas, Firmin Leon Houston TX 58-11  
Robinson, David L. Burgess VA 59-08  
Ness, Richard D. Greeley CO 59-09  
Jovalis, Anastatios D. Sacramento CA 59-13  
Tubbs, Charles W. Birmingham AL 59-13  
Drost, Carl R. Frankston TX 59-16  
Griffiths, William T. Macro Island FL 59-17  
Kuzma, Robert H. Abilene TX 60-07  
Henderson, Carl J. Austin TX 60-21  
Girod, Lowell D. Jonesboro GA 60-22  
Brunner, Gene A. Cedar City UT 61-17  
Shaw, James N. University Place WA 62-16  
Cannaday Jr., Curtis P. Conway SC 62-17  
McGlumphy, William S. Saint Clairsville OH 62-17  
Smith, Charles E. Miami FL 62-18

**HONDO**

Tollison, Cecil L. Longview TX 41-00  
Alholt, Ervin J. Sun City FL 43-17  
Hill, Onan A. Forest Grove OR 44-03  
Amell, Alexander R. Durham NH 44-06  
Mann, Farley G. San Clemente CA 44-07  
Sholl, Bruce S. North Palm Beach FL 44-07

Oaks, Joseph E. Lake Placid FL 44-10  
 Dellis, Nicholas P. Roslyn Heights NY 45-415

**JAMES CONNALLY**

Tholen, Lloyd A. Carrollton TX 51-19  
 Johnsen, Thomas H. Oklahoma City OK 52-13  
 Mercier Jr., Louis E. New Braunfels TX 52-13  
 Moody, Sidney E. San Antonio TX 52-13  
 Tresemer, Gary L. Norman OK 52-13  
 Creamer Jr., William E. Blueridge GA 53-10  
 Horton, James C. Wheaton IL 53-10  
 Malcolm, Glenn A. Tucson AZ 53-10  
 Jeffers, John J. Shelburne VT 54-05  
 Parsons, Cecil W. Muldrow OK 54-05  
 Rehm, Jerry T. Waco TX 54-05  
 Kimball, Richard D. North Platte NE 54-10  
 Kolb, William L. Boise ID 54-10  
 Ricci, George A. Rockledge FL 54-10  
 Whalen, Martin J. Escondido CA 54-16  
 Hannan, Joseph J. Montgomery AL 54-YN  
 Turner Jr., Joseph G. Honolulu HI 56-05  
 Davis, Edgar F. Goldsboro NC 59-09  
 Goldberg, Norman Woodway TX 59-15  
 Dart, Gerald W. Wichita KS 60-04  
 Milam, Robert L. Austin TX 60-15  
 Gacek, Frederick A. Omaha NE 61-16  
 Oyler, Richard S. Bradenton FL 63-03  
 Holloway, Robert J. University Place WA 63-04  
 McKinney, Gerald C. Shreveport LA 64-16  
 Wildove, Howard D. Latham NY 66-03  
 Gorski, Paul J. Chesapeake VA 66-09

**KELLY**

Youngkin, Pershing I. Austin TX 42-10

**MATHER**

Atkins, James L. Ocean Springs MS 43-09  
 Ubinger, William J. Willingboro NJ 52-01  
 Baldwin, William R. 69-00

**PROFESSIONAL NAVIGATOR**

Trent, Lowney Vacaville CA 46-00

**SELMAN**

Collins, Louis V. New Castle PA 43-01  
 Bartmeus, John W. Rochester NY 43-05  
 Bailey, Roy Burdell South Glenn Falls NY 43-09  
 Doesken, Will J. Wichita KS 43-09  
 Witmer, Alexis Freedom CA 43-09  
 Ringvall, Neal T. Brookfield CT 43-10  
 Sheenan, John E. Milwaukee WI 43-11  
 Krause, BGen Paul H. Fort Worth TX 43-12  
 Sherwin, Thomas La Jolla CA 43-12  
 Allen, Gordon M. Indianapolis IN 43-14  
 Arnold, Lester D. Jacksonville FL 44-02  
 White, Patrick T. Ann Arbor MI 44-02  
 Peterson, Harry A. Rock Island IL 44-03  
 Schwartz, Morris A. Denver CO 44-06  
 Puchalski, Edward A. Franklin WI 44-08  
 Rauch, Charles J. Georgetown TX 44-08

Barone, Andrew W. Monroe NY 44-10  
 Bason, William A, Raleigh NC 44-10  
 Davidson, Martin J. Dallas TX 44-10  
 Dibenedetto, Anthony A. Newburgh NY 44-10  
 Leeder, William J. Grand Rapids MI 44-10  
 Shumate, Mack H. Scottsdale AZ 44-10  
 Sloman, Stanley Encino CA 44-10  
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 Scrymiger, Richard C. Naperville IL 45-07  
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 McCarter, Arthur W. Bellingham WA 45-125N  
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 McCarron, John K. Houston TX 45-235N  
 Seligmann, William A. Los Angeles CA 45-325  
 Tennis, Peter J. Massena NY 45-325

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 Nasser, Thomas Iron River MI 43-00  
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 Sampson, Earl Harlan San Antonio TX 44-00  
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