



DR AHEAD



THE AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

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U.S. Air Force B-1B Lancers assigned to the 9th Expeditionary Bomb Squadron prepare to depart after receiving an in-flight refuel from a KC-135 Stratotanker during Cope North 2017, Feb. 16, 2017. The exercise included 22 total flying units and more than 1,700 personnel from three countries. U.S. Air Force photo by Senior Airman Keith James.

PRESIDENT'S REMARKS

by Phillip Barber, James Connally 64-04

My term of office has ended when you read this in the October 1, 2017 issue. I do not choose to run or accept a nomination for a second term.

I know that this issue will be late arriving simply because of the dates of the reunion late in September which in turn does not give enough time to prepare and give you the updates from the events of that meeting without delaying publication somewhat. Hopefully you will have a new President and these remarks can be "stuffed in" somewhere in the October 2017 issue.

There have been some criticisms and some not so critical comments made about my activities while Presi-

dent of **AFNOA**. I welcome them all. I never considered myself a leader and had few opportunities while on Active Duty or in the Reserves to exhibit any leadership. However, that was a major emphasis in Officer Training School and was encouraged greatly.

Anyway, I have rather enjoyed holding the office of President of **AFNOA** and have tried to bring some progress to the association to insure its survivability into the future.

I suppose most central to the things I have attempted as President was to redo the bylaws and add Roberts Rules of Order as revised for **AFNOA**. Also the Board has changed the scholarship committee to a grants com-

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MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION

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 **AFNOA** to:

Dennis Ehrenberger, **AFNOA** Treasurer
 2783 Glenview Drive
 Sierra Vista, AZ 85650-5734
 Telephone: 520-378-1313

Tax Deductible Life Membership Contribution payable to AFNOA

Under 55	\$190.00	66-70	\$90.00
55-60	\$165.00	Over 70	\$65.00
61-65	\$140.00	Over 80	\$35.00

If you are currently a member, GREAT! Please consider a donation to the operating account, scholarship 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 Scholarship 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 November 2017.

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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mittee. As such it is not limited to awarding scholarships, since this would sometimes interfere with a student's other sources of money. Now an applicant for a grant will have to provide proof of some affinity or relationship with a life member of **AFNOA**.

In the past I am told that a blood relationship to a member of **AFNOA** was not required in order to obtain a scholarship. Since the size of the scholarships was fixed at \$1,000.00 and five scholarships were awarded annually, our survivability or "endurance" if you will, was fixed at about five years barring any unseen windfalls or renewal income. This maintenance of a scheme to insure going broke in about five years seemed to me to be quite a death knell for **AFNOA** and a foolish path to follow.

We now have a Grants Committee and are taking steps to obtain additional funding from philanthropic and sources not previously considered that can sustain **AFNOA** for many years.

Personally, I hope that in the coming years a plan can be developed to return benefits to those stalwart life members when it is time to close **AFNOA**'s doors. That is, to extend some kind of a benefit, at no cost to those remaining members once the membership drops below a sustainable number. I do not know how many members that would be, but since our numbers are reducing considerably each quarter, we are surely in a death spiral barring efforts to gain a new supply of members.

One such consideration would be a non-registration fee reunion with some of the expenses paid for those whose attendance record has been unwavering.

Another consideration is to have the membership elect a worthwhile charity or USAF related non-profit to receive the remaining funds once disbandment of **AFNOA** is imminent.

I would personally feel that the lack of interest the USAF has shown in perpetuating the contributions and sacrifices of navigators, in general, should prevent considering some USAF related non-profit organizations from receiving funds from **AFNOA**, but that is only a personal bias, and not to be considered as anything but that. I would not as an individual member cast my vote to make a contribution to any non-officer, or any non-navigator/bombardier/observer non-profit organizations.

Thank you to all that took the time and interest to write me and to those who provided me with the much needed negative remarks. I did not choose to share any of those, but I did appreciate your candor. Thank you also to those that sent in any positive comments. I took them with a grain of salt. I suppose I could have bunched them up as so much wind and used them to retard the progress of undesirable aircraft as they approached. A little paraphrasing of Mark Twain in a feeble attempt at humor as I say goodbye.

MEMBERSHIP

Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

NEW MEMBERS: I am happy to report that we have picked up several new members in the last few months. July was a super month. Welcome to our new members.

RECRUITING: The application form is on page 2 of each issue. Do advise others of our association.

ANNUAL RENEWALS: Annual dues remain at \$15.00. To help us cut postal costs, please send your renewal to the **AFNOA** treasurer when you receive the blue reminder card.

ADDRESS, TELEPHONE, E-MAIL CHANGES: Please advise us of changes. In July, 12 people did not get their **DR AHEADs** because we had outdated addresses. Remember that if you get **DR AHEAD** electronically we will need your latest e-mail address.

DECEASED: If you should receive the **DR AHEAD** and the **AFNOA** member has passed away, please let us know so we can advise other members and classmates of our loss.

MEMBERSHIP BENEFITS: Here are some of the benefits that your membership offers:

DR AHEAD. The Newsletter is published and distributed by mail and electronically four times per year. Note that if you miss an issue we can e-mail a back issue to you. Note that electronic issues normally contain color photos.

AFNOA AND SCHOOL ROSTERS. The following navigator rosters are available via e-mail upon request in Microsoft Excel.

AFNOA roster contains more than 4,300 names, plus a listing of the deceased with more than 8,600 names.

The James Connally roster contains more than 4,350 located, more than 1,870 deceased and unlocated 1,774.

The Harlingen Roster contains more than 2,910 located, more than 1,880 deceased and unlocated 4,186.

FREE LOCATOR SERVICE: We will help you to locate others in your class if you provide the name, last known information, and approximate date of birth to Jim Faulkner.

BIENNIAL REUNIONS: **AFNOA** reunions are held on odd-numbered years.

NAVIGATION HISTORY: The history of navigation, publications, **Navigator Magazine**, plus past issues of **DR AHEAD** are available on thumb drives at a reasonable price.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS: Available at very reasonable rates which are based upon age.

WEBSITES: You can see class and individual pictures, get information on classes and **AFNOA** reunions, plus additional navigational information at these web sites:

AFNOA Web Site: <http://www.afnoa.org>

AFNOA REUNION INFO: <http://james-connally.org/2012/03/03/reunion-2013-afnoa-update/>



Castle Stalker, Shire of Argyll, Scotland.
Photograph by R.M. Barrett.

HISTORIAN'S REPORT - CASTLE STALKER

by Ron Barrett, James Connally 63-06

**A SCOTTISH CASTLE,
AMERICAN AIRMEN,
WWII HISTORICAL MYSTERY
NEAR RAF PRESTWICK**

Findings by Professor Dr. Ronald M. Barrett,
edited by **AFNOA** Historian Ron Barrett

There is a castle very near Prestwick Air Base missing a fireplace pillar that is roughly 32" high by 10" deep and wide that supported the right side of the fireplace, mantle and wall structure. According to locals, at some time during late WWII or the early cold war, several airmen from one of the local bases got in a boat and rowed out to the castle. Once there, they found the castle in its tumble-down form, explored the site and took a souvenir—a fireplace pillar. It is not known from which airbase the airmen were from, but there were several within reach. The most likely base was RAF Prestwick Airfield: (<http://www.controltowers.co.uk/P/Prestwick.htm>)

It turns out that RAF Prestwick was extremely active during the war. Opened in 1936 as a civilian airport, it

handled a great deal of tourist traffic coming from London to the Highlands during the summer. In wartime, it was used as one of the principal aircraft ferry bases transporting goods and personnel between the UK and the US. The Atlantic Ferry Organization (ATFERO) was based there and was instrumental in controlling aircraft flying between Great Britain, Canada and the US with more than 37,000 aircraft landing at RAF Prestwick by 1943. ATFERO was ultimately placed under RAF Transport Command.

In January 1942, the first of more than 12,000 B-17 flights were made through Prestwick for the USAAF. Ultimately, the USAAF Air Transport Command also flew mail and after D-Day, flew casualties back stateside in C-54s. From 1951 through 1966 the US Military Air Transport Service used Prestwick to handle flights to and from the US and the 67th Air Rescue Squadron was also based at Prestwick. Many US servicemen have flown through and were based at Prestwick. Today, Prestwick is a thriving airport serving the greater Glasgow area.

There is a slim, but finite chance that some **AFNOA** reader of this article may know what happened to the fireplace pillar. Might any of you fliers know where this mysterious chunk of carved stone measuring 32" x 10" x 10" went? If you discover anything of interest, contact **AFNOA** Historian Ron Barrett at ronaldpbarrett@yahoo.com, or contact Dr. Ron Barrett of the University of Kansas at barretr@ku.edu. We are trying to solve this mystery.



The Castle Stalker fireplace, with replacement pillar.

Photograph by R.M. Barrett.



Retired Air Force navigators and bombardiers who are residents of Blue Skies of Texas gather for coffee, cookies, and to exchange memories. See the text below for their names. Photograph by Mike Westwood.

NAVIGATORS AND BOMBARDIERS GATHER

by Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09

Blue Skies of Texas, a continuing care retirement community in San Antonio, Texas, once known as Air Force Villages (see the July 2017 *DR AHEAD*), is home to a host of former Air Force personnel. However, there is no overall record of what those residents did while in the Air Force.

With **AFNOA**'s 2017 reunion set for September along San Antonio's River Walk, it seemed like a good time to identify former Air Force navigators and bombardiers living at Blue Skies and get them together. That effort located more than a score of such people and a gathering was set for 1000, 1 August 2017. Sixteen people attended—most arriving within +/- two minutes of that ETA.

Pictured above, left to right, in the photograph taken by Blue Skies resident Mike Westwood, they are, seated: Tom Hopkins (Harlingen 56-15), Bill Buoni (Harlingen 58-07), Keith Cole (Harlingen 59-11), Abe Dreiseszun (Kelly 42-05), Stan Flora (Selman 44-09), Bill Wilkins (Ellington 52-09); standing: Russ McCarthy (Connally 56-OP, radar navigation for pilots), George Chronis (bombardier, Carlsbad 45-19), Jim Council (Ellington 52-20), Hal Welch (Connally 63-04), Byron Mills (Harlingen 54-09), Marty Shaw (Harlingen 57-01), Mike Morris (Harlingen 61-04), Bill Ramunas (Connally 63-02), Al Wesson (Mather 70-12?),

and Paul Parker (Harlingen 58-02).

Those identified but unable to attend because of conflicts in scheduling included Bo Benn (Ellington 51-03), Bill McBride (Coral Gables 43-B), Bill O'Hara (Harlingen 61-07) and Tom Young (Harlingen 56-10).

Over coffee and cookies there was a spirited exchange of greetings and memories. Copies of the July issue of *DR AHEAD* and **AFNOA** reunion registration forms were available.

A high point of the morning came when Major General Dreiseszun kept the group at rapt attention as he recounted ferrying B-17s to England early in WWII via the northern route of Labrador-Greenland-Iceland using maps that the Navy had furnished. Then he described flying the first B-17 daylight bombing raid against a target in occupied France. The magazine that Abe is holding in the photograph is the September 1944 LOG OF NAVIGATION, a publication of AAF Training Command. Tucked inside the magazine is a story headlined "U.S. High-Altitude Bombers Hit Nazis" clipped from the October 19, 1942, issue of LIFE.

There is no doubt, everybody there was proud of having served as an Air Force navigator and pleased to be with friends and colleagues.



Air Chief Marshal Sir Stuart Peach, Chief of Defense—United Kingdom. Photo by Devin Vitt; used with permission.



General Robert Rand, Commander, Air Force Global Strike Command. Photo by Devin Vitt; used with permission.

MAKING ITS MARK
CSO SCHOOLHOUSE
HOSTS HIGH RANKING GUESTS

by Devin Vitt

In a sign of the ever increasing role of the Combat Systems Officer (CSO) in the Air Force's future, the CSO schoolhouse, at Naval Air Station Pensacola, has recently hosted several important distinguished visitors. It is common to have these "DVs" be guest speakers at Undergraduate CSO Training graduations, but recently the 479 FTG has had two guest speakers who stood out in particular. The first DV to visit Pensacola is the current British Chief of Defence, and the other DV is the current Commander of Global Strike Command.

On June 23rd the 479th FTG was proud to welcome Air Chief Marshall Sir Stuart Peach, Chief of Defence—United Kingdom. In U.S. terms, he is the equivalent of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In addition to this distinction he is also the highest ranking CSO in all of NATO, being a qualified instructor in both weaponry and electronic warfare. During his visit he met with students, instructors and staff while touring the base. ACM Peach was consistently impressed by how the CSO program utilizes the newest technology to teach students about their next generation roles, while at the same time the instructors are still teaching the same fundamentals of aviation that he learned when he commissioned in 1977.

Just a little over a month later the 479th FTG was visited by yet another high ranking DV, General Robin Rand, Commander Air Force Global Strike Command

(AFGSC), Barksdale AFB, Louisiana. As commander of AFGSC, General Rand is responsible for organizing, training, equipping and maintaining combat-ready forces that provide strategic deterrence, global strike and combat support to USSTRATCOM and other geographic combatant commands. These forces include Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles (ICBMs) and Nuclear Command, Control and Communications (NC3) systems, and of course the entirety of the USAF's bomber fleet. Two of those bombers, the supersonic B-1 and vaunted B-52, receive all of their new Weapon Systems Officers and Electronic Warfare Officers from the 479th. So it was only natural for General Rand to come see firsthand where these critical professional aviators are trained. Much like ACM Peach he was not disappointed—praising the facilities, program, and the instructors who make it possible to produce the next generation of Combat Systems Officers.

In his closing remarks to the graduating class, General Rand told the newly winged CSOs to enjoy the moment of earning their wings and to reflect on their accomplishments. He then reminded them that this was only the beginning, that many more challenges and lessons learned lay ahead. This is a message that could equally applied to the 479th. It has accomplished much in the few years since it has stood up, and it receives consistent praise from DVs the likes of ACM Peach and Gen. Rand. But, there will always be new challenges and innovations in training that will ensure the Air Force has the best CSOs in the future.

CADET DAYZ, PART 1 - LACKLAND

by Robert Jacobson, Harlingen 59-21N

Each summer, when I got home to Maine from school, I went back to working in the local shipyard. In the fall of 1959, I had flunked out of college, and Dad had me on the night shift helping to install a minesweeper's radar system.

One evening I managed to stick my finger in the wrong place and put 13,000 volts across my thumb. That and five years of futility as an electrical engineering major convinced me I needed to get into a different line of work.

I was sleeping late in the morning, not bothering to shave, and hauling a few lobster traps to make some pin money. I was happily living the life of a ne'er-do-well, but Dad and the government had different ideas. Those were the days of the draft and I was 1A, having lost my student deferment.

One day, Dad said to me, "Well, what are you going to do with your life?" "I dunno," was my exuberant answer. He had stopped by the post office where he picked up a recruiting pamphlet for the Air Force Aviation Cadet program.

I had thought about the military, and already had decided I wanted no part of the Army, visualizing myself in the woods someplace, in the middle of the night in a driving rainstorm digging a foxhole. No, that was not for me. I liked the idea of the Navy, but again, I visualized the worst, bobbing up and down on some picket ship off the Coast of Greenland for six months. But being a pilot, zooming around with a chest full of medals; now, that was something to which I could relate. So Dad called a recruiter to come up from Portland to give us the poop on what this would entail. As I was working the night shift at the shipyard, I expected the guy sometime in the afternoon but he showed up at 10:00 a.m. Mom called me downstairs, and the Sergeant, in his sharp uniform, had as his first impression an unshaven kid in chinos and T-shirt, rubbing his eyes and grunting, "Uh, Hi."

I could see he was looking at me like, "I came all the way down from Portland for this?"

A week or so later, I went to Portland to take the preliminary test to see if I was even in the ball game, and I hit it out of the park. It was easy. Sure I flunked out of college, but for the first cut, they were looking for people who could drool and chew gum at the same time. The next time Sergeant Recruiter came to the house, he came with a different attitude. Now he had a possible winner. A live one, who could boost his numbers and get him out of Maine. Then came a trip to Otis AFB in Hyannis, Massachusetts, where I was to take a battery of tests and a physical to see if I was qualified. All morning we took test after test after test. I was breezing right through in good shape, until I got to the pilot's aptitude. To understand what happened, you have to understand how an airplane's artificial horizon

works. This is the instrument that tells the pilot if his wings are level, i.e. not in a turn, and if he is in horizontal flight, i.e. not climbing or descending. You would think, if you had never seen such a device before, that if the background was above the horizontal bar and tilted, say 30 degrees to the left, you would think that the airplane is in a climbing 30 degree turn to the left. But the trick is, the horizontal bar (the horizon) is fixed, and the background rises and falls and the outer ring rotates, so in the example above, the plane is actually descending 30 degrees to the right.

They had about 15 or 20 questions designed to see if your mind could visualize how this thing worked. They had all kinds of questions asking is the plane climbing or descending, turning right or left, etc. Obviously, I got every one of them wrong, because they didn't bother to explain how the thing worked. When they got done grading the exams, they came up to me and said they were sorry, I obviously had no aptitude to be a pilot, since I got all the pilot questions wrong, but I probably would make a swell navigator.

I didn't know what that meant, but there was no turning back now, so I said, "Well, OK, what's next?" What was next was the physical exam, which took a couple of hours at mid-day. Before I came for the tests, I had gone to the dentist, and told him that I wanted a good check-up because I had an important Air Force physical coming up. This was in the days before dental X-rays, so he drilled and filled what he saw, but he didn't see much. When I got to the dental exam, it turned out that they were a little ahead of my dentist because they did have an X-ray machine, and they found something like 15 cavities between my teeth. So when they told me I had flunked the dental part of the physical, I panicked. I couldn't go home and tell Dad I had flunked something again. I begged them, "What could I do to fix this problem?" They must have been desperate for recruits, because they told me that if I could get my teeth fixed by the end of the day, they would examine me again, and if I passed this time, everything else I had tested on was good, and they would pass me. Somehow I managed to get to downtown Hyannis and find a dentist. Lucking out, I found an ex-Navy dentist who was sympathetic to young guys going into the service. I told him my problem, and he said that he would take care of me, but he would have to fit me in between his other patients, and that he wouldn't have time to give me Novocain. I would have 15 cavities between my teeth drilled, without any pain killer, one or two at a time between his other patients, and then filled all at once at the end of the day. At one point, out in the waiting room, I ran my tongue around my mouth and it felt like a minefield. Eventually, all teeth were filled and I rushed back and passed my dental exam. In a couple of weeks, I received my orders complete with plane tickets to San Antonio, Texas, to report to Lackland

AFB, home to all Air Force recruits reporting for Basic Training, be they Airmen Basic or Aviation Cadets.

There was bus transportation to the base cadet area, where the group of us was met by upperclassmen, who immediately set upon us with shouts of, "Hit a brace, mister," (within seconds we learned a "brace" was to stand erect and still with hands at our sides, and chins tucked in as far as they would go) and get in line—can you imagine any kind of military training where the first thing you didn't do was to get in line? It was instant and immediate harassment which would continue unabated—except for class time—for six weeks, when we would become 2nd class and then 1st class upperclassmen, when we could do unto new others as had been done to us. Basic cadet training at Lackland lasted for three months, and then, after "graduation," we were to be sent to Harlingen AFB.

So these upperclassmen jerks, who had been civilians like us just six weeks before, were now lording it over us in an effort to get even with the jerks who had harassed them when they got there. We were soon led over to the mess hall, to get something to eat. The first thing that happened to me was you had to have a dollar to eat, and for some reason you had to have exactly a dollar, as apparently change was not available. With the all the jerks yelling at us, I was perplexed as what to do since I didn't have a dollar. I had a five-dollar bill, but not a single. So as I pondered my problem I reverted to my casual demeanor (casual was a favorite word in cadet-speak, it meant any position other than a brace) and began to stroke my chin as I wondered how I would produce a dollar out of thin air. I can assure you that stroking one's chin was not the best move to make thirty minutes into severe military training. Immediately, I was set upon by upperclassmen who shouted at me to hit a brace. When I said "Sir, I don't have a dollar bill, sir," one upperclassman shouted, "Well, borrow one then." So I turned to the nearest fellow sap, who I had never before met, and probably would never recognize if I met him again, and asked for a dollar. Naturally, he dug into his pocket and gave me one, as he was as frightened as any of us. I think if an upperclassman had shouted at him to stick a fork in his ear, he would have done it. Now, a dollar in 1960 would be worth about \$8.26 in 2016. So this poor guy just threw away over \$8.00. Would you stand in line at a movie say, and give a total stranger \$8.00, knowing you would never see it again? Of course, with all that pressure, I didn't have the presence of mind to ask the fellow his name so I could find him later and pay him back.

So we were fed, issued our uniforms, bedding, etc. and basically settled into seventeen-hour days for six weeks of constant harassment interrupted by classes on basic military history, close order drill, cleaning our rooms, mopping the halls, and physical training, which began at the 5:00 a.m. getup. When we weren't doing this for six days

a week, we were doing what was affectionately known as "pick-pick" on Sundays. "Pick-pick" consisted of crawling on our hands and knees picking every minute speck of paper—or anything that looked like trash—out of the lawns and pathways surrounding our barracks.

When we were outside for any reason, we were in formation, either marching or standing at attention. Occasionally, some old freighter like a C-47 or C-54 would lumber overhead, engines droning, probably in the pattern for a landing at nearby Kelly or Randolph. At that point the upperclassman formation leader would say, "Gaze for inspiration, people!", which meant we could look up and stare at this marvel of technology so as to motivate us into becoming real "zoomies." That's where the term "zoom bag" for a flight suit, came from, I guess.

Meals were taken sitting down at full attention, and consisted of "square meals." A square meal was eaten by picking up the fork, putting food on it, then bring the fork up and to the mouth in a square pattern, over in line with the mouth, and then toward the mouth. A favorite trick of the upperclassmen was to ask a question of cadet knowledge, the answer to which we previously had to have committed to memory, just as the food was to enter the mouth. When this occurred, you were required to put the food back on the plate—in a square pattern, of course—and if answered correctly, you were allowed to give the fork another shot. In the first couple of weeks, it was a rare occurrence to be able to finish anywhere near a whole plate of food.

The months actually went by quickly, because there wasn't a moment you could call your own. In early April, we "graduated" and were on our way to Harlingen.

CADET DAYZ, PART 2 - HARLINGEN

by Robert Jacobson, Harlingen 59-21N

Four of us rented a car in San Antonio and drove down to Harlingen, stopping now and then to sightsee, as none of us had ever been in Texas before, and in Lackland, we never got off the base to see San Antonio. After the relative calm of a six-week stint of being an upperclassman at Lackland, we were plunged right back into the life of the lowest of the low at Harlingen, but the difference was that at Lackland, we felt pretty much like most other basic trainees, whereas at Harlingen, there was a certain air of pride evident at being an Aviation Cadet, even as a fourth classman.

As a class—mine being 59-21N—we were spread out over four barracks buildings, Echo 1 (mine) through Echo 4, containing squadrons A through D, mine being "Bong" squadron, named after Richard Bong, a WWII Ace. Each barracks held the four classes, first through fourth.

I made one smart move right away. I had taken a typing class several years before in high school. I never



Harlingen AFB Front Gate.

All photographs for this article provided by Robert Jacobson.

became an accomplished typist but I did remember where the fingers went on the keyboard. Soon the word went out that they were looking for a volunteer clerk typist to work a couple of hours in the evening at Cadet Headquarters. In return, the perk was that you didn't have to have lights out at 10 p.m. This was important because occasionally, it was helpful to be able to stay up to study for a test the next day. Once I saw what the job was, I also figured that the upperclassmen might go a little light on me, because they really needed a clerk, and I was the only volunteer. Sort of like being a prison lackey. As it turned out, an added benefit was that I would be processing the "gig" slips.

Here is how this worked. Whenever an upper classman noticed that you were doing something wrong, if for example your uniform might simply have a thread hanging off a shirt pocket, (referred to as a "cable"), or drilling out of step, or slacking off in the 5:00 a.m. physical training, you would get "gigged." The upperclassman would walk over to you, and looking sternly say, "Mister, give me one!" At this point you were expected to stand at attention about five feet from him, look him directly in the eye, and while shouting "Yes sir!" you were to slap your left breast with your right hand and with one smooth motion, unbutton your left shirt pocket, withdraw a gig slip—woe be to the poor slob who forgot to put a few blank slips in his pocket—and thrusting the arm straight out, hold the slip in front of his face. The upperclassman, still glaring at you for committing the odious offense, would then rip the slip from your fingers, and with a pencil he carried for just such occasions, write up the infraction, usually against your back,

complete with the required amount of demerits. We had learned close order drill at Lackland, so we knew all the commands like "by the right flank, march" and "column right, march" ("march" being pronounced as a guttural grunt "hunh"), and all the rest. When we became upperclassmen, each of us was designated as flight leader for the day—the flight being the group that marched to class—and as such, you marched beside the flight and gave the necessary commands to move the group. Every time you came to a road intersec-

tion, you had to call "Road Guards Out," and two designated people ran out and stood at parade rest, guarding the road intersection so no cars could enter our road and mow us down (of course, there were no cars permitted in the Cadet area). Then as we passed, the command "Road Guards In" was given and they would return to the formation.

As we marched, we usually sang some little ditty that would keep us in step. I always had them sing "Charlie on the MTA," to remind me of Boston. One day a First Classman spotted something he didn't like and told me to halt my formation and give him a slip. It was a challenge to keep my formation under control while I attended to the needs of the jerk upperclassman. When we marched somewhere as a squadron (the entire barracks), one little quirk was that rather than dismiss the entire squadron at once, each member had to ask permission to leave. This request was in the form of a "Permission to?", the "to" being drawn out in a sing-song voice. Then the commander would say "Yes you may," the "may" also being drawn out. Soon there were 10 or 15 people all calling out "Permission to?" At which point the answer was finally "Yes, you may; yes you may; yes you ALL may." Most infractions were minor, getting you one or two demerits, but they could add up.

You didn't want to get too many demerits, because you could get yourself eliminated from the program. Major infractions warranted the dreaded "6 and 12," six demerits and 12 hours on the tour ramp. You got a 6 and 12 for an offense that could be considered "disobeying a direct order," and were not given out every day. Of course, there was always the occasional jerk who considered any in-

fraction to be disobeying a direct order, such as entering a building with your cap on, but usually cooler heads prevailed. I got one 6 and 12 for something I can't remember, and the tour ramp was an experience one didn't easily forget. One showed up at the ramp in shirt, tie, bush jacket, and



Walking Tours.

white gloves. The ramp was a squared, roped off area between buildings where the offender would march mindlessly around for 12 hours in the 95-degree heat and humidity of a Southeast Texas summer. You marched for three hours in the morning, then a lunch break for an hour or so, then back for another three in the afternoon, with a 10-minute water break each hour, Saturdays and Sundays, until the demerits were walked off.

One guy in my class, when we were upperclassmen, had his girlfriend down for the weekend, where she stayed at a local motel. He had a weekend pass to visit her, but failed to show up Sunday night when he was required to sign back in. Apparently she was very ill, and he didn't want to leave her alone in a strange town on a weekend when she was sick. When he returned, he got the maximum, the "21-gun salute," meaning 72 hours on the ramp. He had so many hours on the ramp that he had to wash back a class in order to graduate. I learned much later that this guy retired as a full Colonel.

Anyway, it didn't take me long to figure that as a lowly fourth classman, I was suddenly in a very powerful position, as I sort of controlled the gig slips. Most upperclassmen, when they gave out demerits, never bothered to come into the Orderly Room to make sure that the offender actually got the demerits credited to his record. So by watching who was paying attention and who wasn't, I could do favors for people by slipping a gig slip into my pocket to be destroyed later. You can be sure many of my own gig slips disappeared that way. Being the lowest class clerk typist improved my life about 30% better than everyone else.

Weekdays started at 5:00 a.m. reveille, a recording of music, or trumpet reveille broadcast over a loudspeaker. You had 30 minutes to shave, wash-up, make up your bed and get outside for 30 minutes of physical training, which consisted of jumping jacks, pushups, that sort of thing. Then we marched to the dining hall where we went through the breakfast line. No square meals anymore, but even at

6:00 a.m., the weather was already warm and muggy. The cooks were all contract workers in white pants, t-shirts and caps. The Rio Grande Valley, even in those days, had a high concentration of Hispanics. To this day, I can still see the sweat dripping off those brown faces behind the food line. I pictured the eggs already naturally salted.

After breakfast, it was back to the barracks to change into our uniforms, so heavily starched that they would stand by themselves, and fresh every day, as after a day in the heat, they were sweat-stained and wilted. The room all made up, we then formed up outside to march to class.

The classrooms were air-conditioned, so we welcomed school, no matter what the subject. We attended class until 11:30, broke for lunch, then marched back to class for the afternoon. We had about a half hour off before marching to dinner. The rest of the evening was spent in the barracks, usually doing homework for the next day. After dinner, I would go over to the orderly room to clerk for a couple of hours, and then go back to do my homework. Even as fourth classmen, we had weekends off unless we were on the tour ramp. You could get off base if you were an upperclassman for a few hours at least, but lower classmen could not. Saturdays, most guys went to the base pool in the afternoon, and over to the Cadet Club in the evening, where you could get a beer and hang out with your friends. I remember one Saturday at the pool, when a very black cloud came over the base and it started to rain. And did it rain. Nine inches in 45 minutes. I walked back to the barracks, sometimes literally swimming across the road.

Friday nights were spent cleaning our rooms, preparing for the Saturday morning inspection. These inspections were the big deal of the week and it was a rare cadet who didn't pick up at least a couple of demerits each Saturday. We had a first lieutenant commissioned officer assigned to our barracks who ran the administrative details of cadet training. Unless you were in trouble, you seldom saw him except on Saturday mornings, when he conducted

the inspections with the senior cadet leadership. He would run his fingers over the top of the door jamb, under the bed rails, and in the deepest corners of the closets. Your clothes drawer had to be organized just so, spare belts rolled up, buckles carefully placed in a certain position, underwear here, socks there and so forth. Uniforms had to be hanging on hangers, facing left as you looked at the front of the uniform, and hangers had to be hung equidistantly apart.

To this day, 57 years later, it drives me nuts when I get clothes back from the cleaners that have the clothes on hangers facing right rather than left. I always take the clothes off and turn them around; that's how strong the habits were instilled in us. You had to make the bed with "hospital corners" and tight enough so a quarter would literally bounce off the bed. At least an hour was spent just spit shining a couple of pairs of shoes with shoe polish, cotton balls and water. After the inspection was over, we could relax until 5:00 a.m. Monday morning.

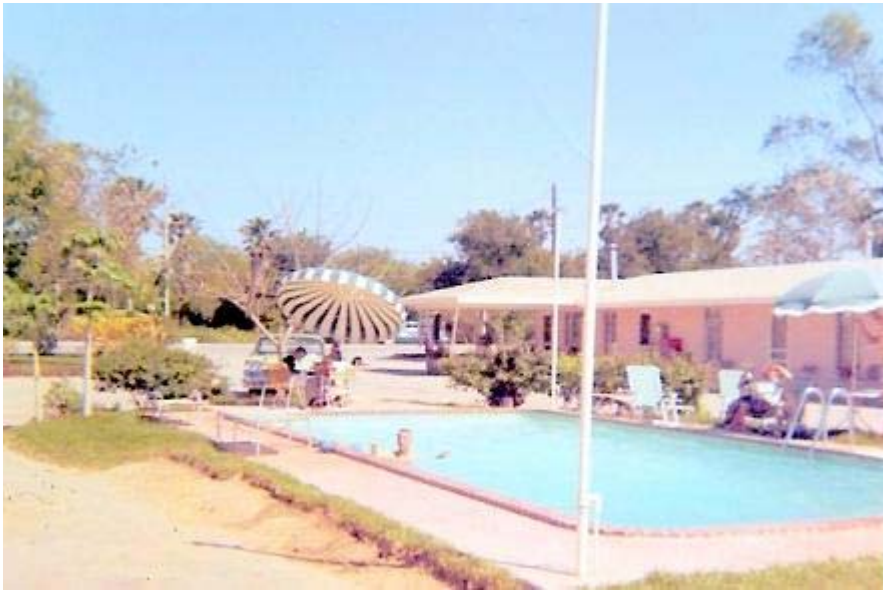
The stress put on us was designed to weed out the weak; they were looking for people who could stand up under pressure, and all the nonsense described above was designed to eliminate the people who couldn't take it. We had many people quit, starting in the first couple of weeks in April, and continuing throughout the summer. I remember one friend I had who quit halfway through the program. He had been a subway conductor in New York City before enlisting; and that was what he was going back to after serving his basic service requirement which I believe was two years. As much as I wanted to quit myself, I could not believe he would give up this wonderful opportunity to go back to being a subway conductor. As you might imagine, in a situation like that, you make a lot of friends, because you are all in the same boat, and friendships help you get through the hard times. Roommates came and went as they quit; I had two or three in the nine months there. The best one I had was a wonderful ditz, a guy from Kansas City. He apparently was very proud that he came from Kansas City as he always would introduce himself as "Hi, I'm (can't remember his name) from KC, Missouri!" We had a great time together and as shy and reserved as I was, he simply didn't give a rap about anything; so our opposite personalities attracted perfectly. Remember this was in 1959. He owned a Corvette with a removable hardtop. The first Vette came out in 1955 so this was an early one. It would be worth a mint today, but then, it was just a



At the Cadet Club bar.

fun car to drive around in. We went out with it every weekend we could get a pass. On Sundays, we would go down to Padre Island and drove around for miles on the beach. In those days, Padre Island was completely undeveloped. You could drive the whole length on the beach from the Mexican border all the way to Galveston, and not see more than a dozen houses. Now of course, it is fully developed. Free spirit that he was, he told me one day that he was going to "SIE." The process used to quit the program was called "Self-Initiated Elimination," or "SIE." You referred to someone who quit as "He SIE'd."

The cadet program was a self-contained world; we lived in a fixed space, and other than in-coming and graduating classes, we were with the same people 24 hours a day, seven days a week for eight months, save for a few weekend hours off base as upper-classmen. As such, there had developed a distinct language, and history. For example, when we were advised on personal grooming, it was pointed out that men tended to grow hair in nostrils and ears. Just as a stray thread on a uniform was referred to as a "cable," nose hairs were called "nose cables." When someone said he didn't care about something, he would say "I could care less," which I suspect was a southern expression. I never understood that; I always thought if you didn't care about something, you would say the opposite, "I couldn't care less." Another weird expression I didn't get, either a southern one or peculiar to the cadet program, was "tough darts." Whenever someone wanted to tell you that whatever you were complaining about was "too bad," the expression used was "tough darts," whatever that meant. Sometimes it was spiffed up to come out as "darts, i.e. tough." The language was designed to exaggerate everything. If you spilled something on your uniform at meal-time, you were said to be "spastic," as in "he



The pool.

spazzed his shirt.” A group of cadets in lower rank than you were referred to as “people.” If you moved slightly when you were supposed to be at attention, you were “milling around.” Or, if the flight didn’t form up quick enough to the satisfaction of whomever was in charge, he would shout sarcastically, “Mill around mill, people!” meaning, get in formation now, or else! The hazing stopped short at anything physical, although at Lackland we were sometimes forced to sit in “the virtual chair,” or whatever they called it. You put your back against the wall, and slid down until you were in the sitting position. It’s a great exercise to prepare for skiing, but if you are not used to it, your thighs will be burning in no time. Harlingen wasn’t a navigator training base for very long; the school was started in the early 1950s and was discontinued in the early 1960s. There were continual stories of how tough the training and hazing had been a few years before compared to what we were going through, and we considered that anyone who had gone through the program even a year earlier must have endured unimaginable torture. They were always telling us how the powers to be had relaxed the hazing, so now the program was a piece of cake compared to the old days. In fact, it was unlikely the program was any different regardless of the year or class.

I would lay on my bunk on Sunday afternoons, breeze coming through the windows (one thing about Harlingen, as hot and muggy as it was, the wind was always blowing because we were so close to the ocean), and think about how badly I wanted to quit. I was so tired of all the crap, but then I would think “You’ve already failed at one thing (college), if you quit now, you’ll never amount to anything.” We had a prior service enlisted Marine who went through the whole program, and on the day before graduation he

quit, just to prove that he could do it, and now he was going back to be an enlisted jarhead.

We had some military subjects, but the main thrust was learning aircraft navigation. In 1959, all military aircraft except a few fighters carried navigators, and even overseas airliners, especially runs over the Pacific, still used navigators. By the late 1960s airliners were installing Inertial Navigation Systems (INS) which worked so well they no longer needed navigators, but the Air Force and even the Navy still used them for several years to come. We started off by learning basic dead reckoning (DR), map reading, and then progressed to Radar, Loran (discontinued in the early 2000s), celestial navigation using both sun and

stars, pressure pattern navigation, and weather. We had hours of class time staring at a simulated sky learning all the stars, because in those days, using an aircraft sextant meant you first had to identify the star you wanted to shoot. They gave each of us a hand-held sextant, and our homework was to go outside after dark and shoot various stars. If you did it right, all the plotted shots would fall through the middle of the base. I enjoyed all my classes and navigation came pretty easy to me. Shooting the sun to get an LOP (Line of Position) and crossing this LOP with an LOP from using pressure pattern procedures would give a very accurate fix. Later, as a C-130 Navigator in the Rhode Island Air Guard I used this method to navigate across the Atlantic many times using just those two procedures. I always enjoyed it when the co-pilot would dial in the Flores Radio Bacon when we were 200 miles out of the Azores and he would congratulate me by saying “Nice job, Nav. The needle is right on the nose!”

My check rides in the Guard were usually in June because of my birth date, and flown in the early evening when the sun was setting and it was not dark enough to see stars. I once got a three-star sextant fix using the moon, a planet, and the sun. Interestingly enough, in 2006, NOAA announced that it would no longer print the Air Almanac as aircraft no longer had navigators that used it.

At Harlingen, every ten days or so, we would fly navigation training missions in a T-29, the military version of the twin engine Convair. The cargo area was fitted out with student navigation stations. Each station had a radar, Loran receiver, radio receiver to take radio bearings, drift-meter, and sextant bubbles in the roof. The only aircraft in which I ever saw a drift meter was in the T-29. It was a device that looked downward to the ground, and in the eye piece

was a set of parallel lines. The idea was that you placed one of the lines on the grid over some object on the ground; then you rotated the grid so that the object tracked parallel to the grid, then with a stop watch you measured the time it took to go from the beginning to the end of the grid, and that could be converted to ground speed; while the amount the dial had to be rotated to make the object appear to travel parallel along the grid was the amount of drift due to the wind, or how much the aircraft compass heading correction had to be used in order to keep the aircraft on the intended path. The drift meter was a relic from a previous age. About that time aircraft were flying too high and fast to make it practical, but most importantly, it was useless if one could not see the ground. Over west Texas in the summer at 5,000 feet you could almost always see the ground unless there were thunderstorms in the area.

The first missions consisted of map reading; looking out the window and trying to follow the path of the aircraft with a chart on which you had drawn the intended course. Later flights practiced radio, radar and Loran fixing, and then check rides would encompass all the techniques learned. Loran was especially interesting, because we learned on the very old and primitive Loran A. Loran was a system of ground stations around the world that broadcast signals such that in any given area, a Loran receiver can receive three or more signals. Loran charts were printed with colored lines, each line depicting a Loran station. If you can "read" three stations, you find the corresponding numbers on the chart and plotting them gives you a fix. Later, more modern Loran sets gave a read out each time a station was selected, but on the old Loran-A sets, you had to interpret the difference between ground and sky waves, and find and read the sky wave blinking on a horizontal line, popping out of a bunch of other lines called "grass." Loran only worked over the ocean, and it was easy to misinterpret a line and plot a fix over someplace like Saudi Arabia.

Practically all of our flights went out over west Texas along Big Springs and Odessa with Sweetwater as the turning point. I saw Sweetwater so many times from 5,000 feet that I always wanted to see it from the ground, but I never got there.

As first classmen, we could leave the base Saturday afternoons and not have to report back until Sunday evenings. We used to go over the border to Matamoras and explore. One day we went south of town, and saw how the peasants lived. Coming from a prosperous small town in Maine, I was shocked to see people living in dirt huts, children half naked, chickens running all around and abject poverty everywhere.

By the time a cadet got to First Class, they were looking for leadership. They had a "Wing Commander," "Squadron Commanders," "Executive Officers," and "Sergeant Majors" among other positions. Somehow, they observed us

over the weeks, and selected several who they felt had leadership characteristics to meet a "Selection Board". I was one of those selected and met the board, which surprised me because of my shy, reserved personality. One of the things they looked for was knowledge of current events. All my life I had read the daily papers. So when it came to current events, I dazzled them. I knew where the 6th fleet was, where the 7th fleet was, who was in government and all about the three branches. As a result, they made me a "Sergeant Major," the lowest of the officer ranks, but at least it was something, put an extra stripe on my shoulder boards, and didn't require any additional work.

Shortly before graduation, our assignments came down. Most of us were scooped up by the Strategic Air Command which dominated the Air Force in those days. Some went to MATS which was a great assignment for a young guy, because they hauled cargo all over the world and you got great navigating experience. If you went to SAC, you either went to Mather AFB, in Sacramento, California, for either navigator or radar navigator training with B47/B-52 upgrade training, or Electronic Warfare Officer training at Keesler AFB, in Biloxi, Mississippi, which is the assignment I got.

Eventually, December 10th came, and with it graduation. I remember the night before, pinning gold bars and navigator's wings on my new tan "Class A" uniform, and standing before the mirror feeling so proud that I had made it. Nonetheless, that was a tough eleven months, and also among the greatest eleven months of my life.

I went on for nine years to get 2,500 hours as an EWO in the B-52F at Columbus, Mississippi, and the B-52H at Grand Forks. In 1968 promotion rates from Captain to Major were so bad that I got out and joined the Rhode Island Air Guard as a C-130 navigator retiring with 5,000 total hours and as a Lt Col with 28 years total service. It's funny about life's turns. Had I not flunked out of college it's doubtful I would have had this wonderful career.

LETTERS

22 July 2017

I was pleased to read that Combat Systems Officers are being trained in basic navigation. This is what we used in the Pacific in WWII for single-plane night missions to targets 800 to 1,000 miles from base.

Richard Mansfield was in the 26th Squadron with me.

E. John Weller. San Marcos 44-3



DR AHEAD PAGE 14

LAST FLIGHTS

Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

Thanks to all those members who advise us when a navigator/observer/bombardier/EWO or combat system officer has made his or her last flight. Please provide the DOB and DOD to Jim Faulkner at the e-mail address or telephone number listed on the back page. That information helps us to identify the class if not an **AFNOA** member. I am sad to advise you the following have made their last flights. Please keep their families in your prayers.

BOCA RATON

Usher, Roland Huntington NY 44-00

CORAL GABLES

Dawson Jr., Paul B.E. San Antonio TX 40-A
Benson, Dr. Ralph A. White Oak PA 43-03

DEMING

Morris, William E. Fort Smith AR 43-10

ELLINGTON

Umoff Jr., Alexis Paul Bacliff TX 40-00
Gillett, Frank A. Fort Myers FL 43-18
Dillman, Walter E. Bountiful UT 44-03
Dennis, Danny P. Beaumont TX 44-05
Henning, Lawrence Fountain Hills AZ 44-07
Truax, Lloyd H. Rochester MN 44-08
Dillon, Richard O. Jacksonville FL 44-09
Kiedrowski, Raymond A. New Berlin WI 44-09
Petak, Albert J. Delray Beach FL 44-09
Heitman, Eric C. Mount Pleasant MI 44-11
Walron Jr., C. James Lower Gwynedd PA 44-11
Oye, Norman H. Sun City West AZ 44-45
Sensenbrenner, Raymond F. Sturgeon Bay WI 44-45
Truemper Jr., John J. Little Rock AR 44-45
Schelling, John San Francisco CA 44-49
DePrato, Howard T. Beaumont TX 44-53
Nedzela, Leon Red Bank NJ 44-53N
Mahlmister, James E. Oceanside CA 45-04N
Deatherage, Harry O. Prescott AZ 45-25
Alsop, Marvin T. Dunedin FL 50-F
Evans, Walter E. Pittsburgh PA 52-00
DeRath, Eugene R. Greendale WI 52-20
Bancroft, Neil Boise ID 52-24
Taylor, Charles D. Williamsburg VA 54-06
Matteson, Duncan L. Palo Alto CA 55-00
Nassr, Michael A. Roswell GA 56-00
Haaren, John A. Colorado Springs CO 57-10

HARLINGEN

Komnick, Raymond W. Austin TX 54-WN
Wable, Francis G. Parker FL 55-02
Hohnstein, Nicholas H. Montgomery AL 56-09

Broske, Bernard J.	Tampa	FL	58-02
Brutton, Michael S.	Glasgow AFB	MT	58-02
Edson, Joel C.	Oshkosh	WI	58-02
Glosser, Donald C.	Mount Vernon	TX	58-02
Morris, Richard A.	Myrtle Beach	SC	58-02
Sloan, Joseph W.	Perrin	TX	58-02
Bartlett, Russell H.	Hanover	NH	58-08C
Hendrix, Joseph L.	Atlanta	GA	59-06
Blue, James M.	Bullhead City	AZ	59-16
Davis, Roy A.	Albuquerque	NM	60-01
Kypuros Jr., Basilio	Lakeway	TX	60-18
Johanson, James A.	The Villages	FL	60-19
Frick, Roland D.	La Vista	NE	61-04
Peters, Roger A.	Gwinn	MI	61-04
Anderson, Edmond L.	Reseda	CA	61-05
Barger, Rolland R.	Champaign	IL	61-05
Ehni, James K.	Pittsburgh	PA	61-05
Erickson, William C.	Corona	CA	61-05
Holmes, Paul Henry	Cottonwood	AZ	61-05
Nesbett, Daniel M.	APO-Italy	AE	61-05
Perrey, Richard A.	Spokane	WA	61-05
Robbins, Derek	Montgomery	OH	61-05
Sander, Martin J.	Gresham	OR	61-05
Sinclair, Malvin D.	Palm Beach	FL	61-05
Slaven, Onva R.	Johnson City	TN	61-05
Stamm, Richard F.	Destin	FL	61-05
Zawadzki, Charles W.	Erie	NY	61-05
Yoblonsky, George W.	Grayson	GA	61-13
Grosz, Willard W.	Ellisville	MO	61-21
Wormser, Owen R.	Royal Oak	MD	62-16
Kendrick, John N.	Melbourne	FL	62-17
Chapman II, Peter H.	Centerburg	OH	62-18
Prater, Paul L.	Marlow	OK	62-18
Wagner Jr., Lee C.	Unknown		62-18
Mainord, William R.	Fort Worth	TX	62-21

HONDO

Murrell, William E.	Spring	TX	43-13
Dekovic, Eugene Kenneth	Calistoga	CA	43-17
King, Jack L.	Phoenix	AZ	44-06
Denholtz, Jack W.	Palm Beach	FL	44-46
Wright, William E.	Seattle	WA	45-09

JAMES CONNALLY

Canup Jr., Robert L.	Everett	WA	52-00
Massey, John Conrad	Houston	TX	52-00
Armstrong, Ralph Wayne	Westlaco	TX	52-21
Cosmas, George James	Riverside	CA	52-21
Jones, Robert Delmar	Nevada	MO	52-21
Morgan, Lloyd Leigh	Unknown		52-21
Nelson, Edwin Arthur	La Plate	MD	52-21
Polk, Norman William	Rogers	AR	52-21
Adams, William Vroom	Ridgewood	NJ	52-22
Billingsley, Lloyd Alvin	Salem	OR	52-22

Brown, Erno Adolf	Suitland	MD	52-22
Bruckert, Michael Ormond	Chungju, Korea		52-22
Carney, Wade Gale	San Bruno	CA	52-22
Crowell, Barton House	Houston	TX	52-22
Doran, James Todd	Norcross	GA	52-22
Ertel, Kenneth Edgar	Palm Springs	CA	52-22
Gokey Jr., William H.	Unknown		52-22
Grupe, Richard Helling	Leguna Niguel	CA	52-22
Hoff, Karl Wesley	Myrtle Beach	SC	52-22
Linsmeier Jr., Charles Andrew	Orange	CA	52-22
Schmidt, Herbert LaVonne	Minneapolis	MN	52-22
Sidlow, Franklin Ira	Pinellas	FL	52-22
Stark, Jack Weston	Victor	MT	52-22
Tipsett, John Rogers	Tucson	AZ	52-22
Tunnell, Alfred LeRoy	Lynn Haven	FL	52-22
Webster Jr., Bradford Gray	Manchester	NY	52-22
Weidekamp, Flavian L.	New Palestine	IN	52-22
Yankle, Daniel Richard	Apple Valley	CA	52-22
Dunham, Duane J.	Middleton	WI	52-27
Luksch, Joseph D.	Princeton	NJ	53-10
Drain, Donald T.	Carlsbad	CA	54-RI
Froehler, Robert R.	Oklahoma City	OK	54-RI
Gibbs, Ivan C.	Rockford	IL	54-RI
Hewel, Bernard J.	Kimberling City	MO	54-RI
Krotkiewicz, Neil W.	Unknown	MI	54-RI
Rodes, George R.	Humble	TX	54-RI
Skowron, Edward	Sharpshill	PA	55-00
Ross Jr., Dominic F.	Tampa	FL	55-20
Macora Jr., Stanley E.	Austin	TX	60-09
Miner, Robert R.	Dadison	AL	60-18
Coley, James D.	Dallas	TX	61-10
Diercoff, David O.	Hot Springs	AR	63-02
Crosby, Francis C.	Wellesley Island	NY	63-10
Kasperbauer, James C.	Collierville	TN	63-15
Zaring, Robert K.	Midwest City	OK	63-15
Whitaker, Patrick W.	Anchorage	AK	63-16
Aube, Richard M.	Bellevue	NE	63-17
Macllroy, Alan B.	Princeton	NJ	63-20
Booher, Donald R.	National City	CA	64-01
Senter, James E.	San Clemente	CA	64-08
Shutts, Hervey J.	Fountain Hills	AZ	64-16
Kenney, Richard S.	Burlington	VT	65-03
Deicke, Charles K.	Papillion	NE	65-11
Prenez, Jon E.	Rancho Murieta	CA	66-12
Camburn, Gilbert L.	Ocean Springs	MS	66-18
Doyle, Edward T.	Niceville	FL	66-18

KELLY FIELD

Heinz, Robert J.	Santa Maria	CA	41-00
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MATHER

Antman, Jack	New York	NY	43-05
Adkisson, Marsene E.	San Antonio	TX	46-00
Tooman, Marvin L.	West Des Moines	IA	69-03

SELMAN

Proctor Jr., Robert A.	Louisville	KY	43-01
Helmich, Dave A.	Sacramento	CA	43-04
Deneault, Roland J.	Falls Church	VA	43-05
Kallman, Robert R.	Wadsworth	OH	43-05
Henglebrok, William C.	Erie	PA	43-08
Tauskey, William A.	Pittsburgh	PA	43-08
DeVane, Max F.	Merritt Island	FL	43-09
Newell, Jamieson H.	Universal City	TX	43-09
Wilson, John C.	Lyndhurst	OH	43-10
Towberman, Paul E.	Staunton	VA	43-11
Deegan, Charles R.	Elma	WA	43-13
Kenny Jr., Peter G.	Titusville	FL	43-14
Schulman, Edward R.	San Rafael	CA	43-14
Kercheval, James F.	Hagerstown	MD	43-17
Huels, Robert J.	Dayton	OH	44-06
Pukall, Roger L.	Woodruff	WI	44-06
Schultzberg, Alvin	Somers	NY	44-06
Glenn, Albert L.	Haddon Heights	NJ	44-07
Zaremba, Harry	Mayfield Heights	OH	44-07
Gluck, Howard	Agoura Hills	CA	44-08
Barrus, Donald S.	Ponte Vedra Beach	FL	44-09
Hain, Henry A.	Green Valley	AZ	44-10
Pheeney, Norman F.	St. Joseph	MI	44-10
Belles, Harold A.	Farragut	TN	44-12
Dearstyne, Roy H.	Raleigh	NC	44-13
Petersen, Maurice R.	Winnetka	IL	44-13
Valerio, John G.	Hudson	FL	44-14
Peszek, Edwin F.	Chicago	IL	44-15
Deboni, James A.	Fort Myers	FL	45-14
McPherson, Daniel E.	San Diego	CA	45-14
King Jr., John M.	Middleboro	MA	45-235
Dejmal, Joseph F.	Hendersonville	NC	45-325
Beckwith, Bicknell K.	Carlsbad	CA	45-335
Kunkel, Raymond J.	Vincennes	IN	45-D

SAN ANGELO

O'Rourke, Colin	Ringwood	NJ	44-09
Perry, Joseph M.	Hixson	TN	44-43B

SAN MARCOS

Hennessy, John E.	Merritt Island	FL	43-03
Taumam, Rodger M.	Highland Park	IL	43-17
Gillespie, George F.	Fairborn	OH	43-18
Gombert, Dirk D.	Boise	ID	43-18
Brown, Harold L.	Framingham	MA	43-E
Scarborough Jr., Gilbert S.	Greenville	DE	44-00
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