



DR AHEAD



THE AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

VOL 34, NUMBER 4

LITTLE RIVER, CALIFORNIA

OCTOBER 2018



The F-101B was initially designed by McDonnell Aircraft as a long-range bomber escort (known as a penetration fighter) for the Strategic Air Command. The Voodoo was instead developed as a nuclear-armed fighter-bomber for the Tactical Air Command, and as a photo reconnaissance aircraft based on the same airframe. USAF photograph.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by John D. Bridges, James Connally 63-19

It is hard to believe that a year has passed since our last **AFNOA** Reunion that was held in San Antonio, Texas. It has been a year of learning for me or at least trying to learn how this great organization operates. Fortunately I have been blessed with a wonderful staff of willing and helpful people guiding me and for which I want to sincerely say, "Thanks so very much."

Sadly, **AFNOA** continues to lose many loyal and patriotic members primarily due to the ravages of time. Membership should continue to be an objective for all of us to pursue. Thankfully we are finding a few new members. If you know classmates who are not members, ask them to join, or e-mail me their names and I will call them.

Our next biennial reunion will be held in Branson, Missouri. It has been scheduled for September 24,25 and

26, 2019. The host hotel is the Radisson Hotel Branson. They are centrally located just off the Highway 76 strip, offering easy access to most of the popular activities. The Radisson Hotel **AFNOA** room rate is \$103.00 plus tax and includes a breakfast buffet. The physical address is 120 South Wildwood Drive.

Our reunions give the membership an opportunity to renew old acquaintances, make new friendships and have a great time! Additionally, they give our organization the needed time to conduct business.

Branson should be an interesting experience for those attending the 2019 **AFNOA** Reunion. I encourage everyone interested to make plans early, as there is a lot to do and enjoy in Branson. The weather in September should very comfortable.

Hope to see you in Branson in September 2019!

NOTAM: DEATHS and CHANGES OF PERSONAL INFORMATION

Report address, cell or land line number, and e-mail changes to: **AFNOA**, 4109 Timberlane, Enid, OK 73703-2825; or to jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net; or call 580-242-0526

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| MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| E-Mail Address _____ | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Base Name/Class Number _____ | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| <p>Send a Tax Deductible \$15.00 Annual Membership check payable to AFNOA to:</p> <p>Dennis Ehrenberger, AFNOA Treasurer 2783 Glenview Drive Sierra Vista, AZ 85650-5734 Telephone: 520-378-1313</p> | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| <p>Tax Deductible Life Membership Contribution payable to AFNOA</p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td>Under 45</td> <td>\$175.00</td> <td>66-69</td> <td>\$75.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>46-55</td> <td>\$150.00</td> <td>70-79</td> <td>\$50.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>56-65</td> <td>\$100.00</td> <td>80 and over</td> <td>\$35.00</td> </tr> </table> | | 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 |
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| 56-65 | \$100.00 | 80 and over | \$35.00 | | | | | | | | | | |
| <p>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.</p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td>Membership</td> <td style="text-align: right;">\$ _____</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Donation to Operating Account</td> <td style="text-align: right;">\$ _____</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Donation to Grant Fund</td> <td style="text-align: right;">\$ _____</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Total Amount Enclosed:</td> <td style="text-align: right;">\$ _____</td> </tr> </table> | | Membership | \$ _____ | Donation to Operating Account | \$ _____ | Donation to Grant Fund | \$ _____ | Total Amount Enclosed: | \$ _____ | | | | |
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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 all Aerial or Surface Navigators, Observers and Bombardiers who are serving or have served in the U.S. Air Force or its predecessors, The United States Marine Corps, The United States Navy, The United States Army, The United States Coast Guard, or any of the predecessor organizations of these service organizations, or persons closely affiliated with navigation in any capacity on a case-by-case basis. TENO, 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. 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 2018.

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DR AHEAD STAFF:

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Owner | AFNOA |
| Editor, Richard W. Ahrens | RNNN@mcn.org |
| Copy Editor, Sue Curran | sue.curran@att.net |
| Circulation, Jim Faulkner | jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net |
| Distribution | afnoa.distributor@yahoo.com |

HISTORIAN'S REPORT

by Ron Barrett, James Connally 63-06

A little less than twelve months from now a number of us will be attending the 2019 **AFNOA** reunion in Branson, Missouri. First and foremost, Branson is a light-hearted tourist mecca. So the reunion promises to be fun. And, just to the west of Branson lies Eureka Springs, Arkansas, where we will be touring to the Aviation Cadet Museum, run by former Aviation Cadet Errol Severe. Serious fun for us navigators.

For the many of us who were aviation cadets, I say seriously, "Prepare Mister, a report!" We are the very last surviving aviation cadets, so with that in mind, I suggest that each of you who will, put together your story in a detailed report. Cadets existed from WWI to 1965. The very last aviation cadets ended up as navigators—from James Connally AFB. Please make an Aviation Cadet History Report about you and your cadet experiences, and include as many pictures as you can find.

Provide your report in several copies. Please give one to **AFNOA** for our historical files. The other copies can be swapped with any **AFNOA** member who would enjoy reading our history, as written by we who made it.

Title your Aviation Cadet history report as you like. Do include on the cover page, your full name, the training class number(s), your current address, both postal and email, and date of birth if you desire. This is all needed to help us pass on contacts to you. E-mail addresses are best for this purpose.

It is also best for **AFNOA** to get this type of information produced in Microsoft Word.doc with pictures in .jpg files of approximately 1 megabyte size (.jpg below 700k is not too good pixel-wise, and .jpg above 2 megabytes can be difficult to transmit). Color photos are the most desirable.

What this all means is, make hard copy paper reports to trade and lay out for all to read while together and bring a digital file copy on a thumb drive to be downloaded. Your Aviation Cadet history reports can also be provided to our Editor so he can use them in articles for **DR AHEAD**. We will have a table display at the hotel. I will bring to the reunion the full set of the 1960s classroom training manuals.

NOTAM

Effective OCT 01 2018 to SEP 30 2020

One of our members has told us that if something should happen to him. . . he has left a listing of people to be contacted. Great planning! Suggest we all consider putting **AFNOA** on that listing.

MISSION STRATEGIC

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

When I left the Pacific Air Forces, I was reassigned to Military Airlift Command, 63rd Military Airlift Wing, 14th Military Airlift Squadron, Norton Air Force Base, California. The 63rd Military Airlift Wing was assigned the C-141A *Starlifter*. That was a four-jet strategic transport made by Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. I had to retrain, become familiar with the aircraft, and qualify to take it on global missions. From the perspective of the navigator, there was little difference in in-flight demands. The C-141A was jet rather than turbo-prop, flew faster and higher as an aircraft and had Loran C rather than Loran A. Despite those differences, very little else changed. Even airdrop missions were flown at the same altitudes and airspeeds. At high latitudes, both aircraft were required to fly grid missions for accuracy and economy.

The major difference was in the mission. While tactical transports were primarily designed to provide in-theater support for military ground units, strategic transports were designed to support Department of Defense requirements on a global basis. The mission and flights were intercontinental. Frag orders came from the Department of Defense through Military Airlift Command with information to Headquarters, United States Air Force to the Numbered Air Forces. They were divided there among the wings assigned to that Numbered Air Force. The wings assigned actual physical resources and forwarded actual personnel taskings to be manned and flown to the squadrons.

The missions of the 63rd Military Airlift Wing were mostly trans-Pacific. While I was assigned there, the principal mission was in support of the war in Vietnam. We had a secondary mission of transporting nuclear weapons and components between the strike forces who would be responsible for deploying them and the storage facilities where they were inspected and kept. Because of our mission, we flew from California to Hawaii, occasionally Wake Island, Johnston Island, American Samoa, Australia, The Philippine Islands, Guam, Okinawa, Japan, Korea, Taiwan, and Vietnam. Occasionally, other destinations were assigned but that was rare.

NOTAM

Effective OCT 01 2018 to SEP 30 2020

Still getting a hard copy of **DR AHEAD**? Join the nearly three hundred members who have elected to receive **DR AHEAD** via the internet, thereby helping to ensure the longevity of our association by saving **AFNOA** the postage and printing. Write Jim Faulkner at jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net to switch.



Civil Air Patrol cadets from the Pensacola Cadet Squadron who toured the 479th FTG on 18 June 2018 are examining a T-6 Texan. Photo by Lt Col Ramon C. DeJesus used with permission.

CIVIL AIR PATROL TOUR OF 479TH FTG

by Lt Col Ramon C. DeJesus, USAF
AETC 479 STUS/SAC

Fourteen Civil Air Patrol (CAP) cadets and two senior members from the Pensacola Cadet Squadron toured the 479th Flying Training Group on June 18, 2018. The purpose of their visit was to receive first-hand exposure to Combat Systems Officer (CSO) training at the Air Force's only CSO school.

Members from the 455th Flying Training Squadron and the 479th Student Squadron gave cadets a tour of a static T-6A Texan and a modified T-1A Jayhawk while providing special insight in the role these aircraft play in the instruction of future CSOs. Cadets were also taught about the variety of roles CSOs perform during the employment of Air Force weapons systems across a wide range of missions.

In addition to seeing the aircraft up close, cadets flew several flight profiles in simulators operated by civilian instructors from the 479th Student Squadron. After a brief lunch break, cadets received briefings about aircraft egress procedures and emergency equipment from instructors at the 451st Flying Training Squadron and the 479th Operations Support Squadron. This is to prepare the cadets for potential orientation flights scheduled this summer.

The Civil Air Patrol is the official auxiliary of the US Air Force. Its three-fold mission includes a focus on Cadet Programs which "transform youth into dynamic Americans and aerospace leaders." Open to children between the ages of 12 through 18, the program exposes youth to aerospace education, leadership training, and physical training while providing opportunities to compete for scholarships in aviation-related fields.

AWARDS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

by Capt Jessica L. Beauregard, USAF
AETC 479 FTG/PAO

Mr. Edwin Stewart and Mr. Edward Kaminski were awarded with the highest French military medal, the National Order of the Legion of Honor, on 13 June 2018 at the Naval Aviation Museum on a beautiful Florida afternoon. More than 250 people were able to attend the ceremony, as Colonel Charles A. McElavaine, 479th Flying Training Group Commander, gave opening remarks and the Consul General of France, Clement Leclerc, pinned the awards on these two brave men. This award was created by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1802, and in order to be considered for such a high award, 20 years of civil achievement in peacetime or extraordinary military bravery and service in times

of war is required. Other Americans who have received this high award are Thomas A. Edison in 1889, Alexander Graham Bell in 1881, Simon Newcomb in 1896, and John Singer Sargent in 1889. Both retired Staff Sergeant Stewart and retired Captain Kaminski went above and beyond the call of duty, but they would tell you they were just doing their jobs.

Mr. Edwin Stewart was born on February 26th, 1925, in De Quincy, Louisiana, and joined the U.S Army at the young age of 18 in April of 1943. He was a tail and waist gunner in the 862nd Bomb Squadron, 493rd Bomber Group, where he flew in the Battle of Normandy and the Rhineland Battle. During this time, he flew thirteen missions in the B-24 bomber, named *Shoo! Shoo! Baby*, and 23 missions in the B-17 bomber, named *Days Pay*. This brave gunner



Colonel Charles A. McElavaine, 479th Flying Training Group, with retired Staff Sergeant Edwin Stewart and retired Captain Edward Kaminski with Clement LeClerc, Consul General of France. Gunner Edwin Stewart and pilot Edward Kaminski are inducted into the National Order of the Legion of Honor on 13 June 2018. Photo by Capt Jessica Beauregard USAF.

was honorably discharged as a Staff Sergeant in May of 1952. For his outstanding achievements in the Liberation of France, the American Government has presented him with several awards—including the European African Middle Eastern Campaign Medal and the Air Medal with five Oak Leaf Clusters.

Also receiving the National Order of the Legion of Honor was Mr. Edward Kaminski. Edward Kaminski was born on September 29th, 1921, in Clinton, Massachusetts. He joined the U.S Army in November 1942 at age 21. He graduated from Army flight school as a pilot and maintenance officer in September 1943, for it was common for pilots to mend their own planes due to personnel and plane shortages. In 1944, he flew in the Battle of Normandy as well as the bombing campaigns on D-Day, specifically to the city of Caen. In April 1942, Captain Kaminski was on a dangerous mission and bailed out in the North Sea as his plane was shot down. Several crew members lost their lives in this tragic event, but Kaminski was well enough to fly and was assigned a new crew shortly thereafter. In speaking with Mr. Kaminski, he never thought twice about getting back up in the plane to do his job. Two years after

the incident, he continued to fly for the Liberation of France when his plane crashed killing the other pilot. Mr. Kaminski recalled flying a bomber that had over 240 bullet holes from previous missions. He said it flew just fine, he simply had to load cans of fuel onboard as the plane had a tendency to leak. He continued to serve honorably until January of 1953 when he was honorably discharged. For his outstanding achievements, the American Government has presented him with several awards including the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the American Campaign Medal, the European African Middle Eastern Medal and the Purple Heart.

These two brave men are the foundation of the Air Force. When a bomber plane had hundreds of bullet holes, ran fine but was in need of a pilot, Captain Kaminski answered the call. When the bombers needed protection to make it to their target, SSgt Stewart jumped on the plane and grabbed the gun. These two men will leave a legacy for their actions and will continue to inspire the next generation of aviators through their heroism.



Bob Hopkins, first navigator and then pilot.

Photo provided by Bob Hopkins.

FROM SAC to TAC

by Bob Hopkins, Harlingen, 61-02N

When I enlisted to be an Aviation Cadet I was supposed to become a pilot but shortly before going to Lackland AFB I was informed that the pilot cadet program was shutting down. Luckily, they offered me a chance to become a navigator and I accepted an opening in class 61-02N.

Following a heavy drinking going-away party and a night flight from Newark, NJ, to San Antonio, I was in no shape for the welcoming I got from my upper classmen of class 60-20N. I recall I still had on a tab collar shirt but by now the collar button was gone so it was impossible to button in spite of being ordered to do so. That got me in trouble. When I was told to sign in, my signature went partly below the line. That got me in trouble. For the next day or so things were blurred.

One Saturday when we were on the weedy lawn in front of our "Delta Two" barracks doing "pick-pick" (bend over with knees locked and pick weeds) I grabbed a handful, put them on my head and said to my classmates, "Look, camouflage." That got me six demerits and twelve

hours on the tour ramp with bush jacket, wheel hat, white gloves and tie. I usually lost another slip or two during the strict inspection that preceded marching around the rectangle with upper classmen saying, "Pivot" at every corner. Later I was on "pick-pick" again and this time because I had spit-shined low quarter shoes from ROTC, I was told to carry a metal waste basket, go around the other cadets who were pulling weeds and holler "ROTC, ROYAL ORDER OF TRASH COLLECTORS" as I slapped the sides of the can and collected their weeds.

Remember "hanging around watching TV" meant hanging from an overhead pipe and watching through the round window in the dryer as the clothes tumbled around?

How about "Flying the SPAD"? Saturday night fun for the upper class included this gem where you would sit in front of the big fan at one end of the hallway. Someone would put a jock strap over your nose with a can of shaving cream underneath. Then the fan would start and as the pretended "altitude" went up through 10,000 feet where oxygen was required someone would squirt shaving cream into the jock strap. Everyone laughed except the poor guy

who had shaving cream going up his nose.

Remember being a "Submarine Commander" where you would put a foot with a sock on into the toilet. Then look through a roll of toilet paper until an upper classman made a cross with two fingers and held them in front of the hole in the toilet paper roll to signify "crosshairs." Then you would say, "Fire one" and another cadet would flush the mighty flow toilet. If the sock came off you were done. If not, it was "Fire two, Fire three" until the sock was gone. I don't remember most of the "Cadet Knowledge" except for the one that goes. . . "The General is sorry to be informed of the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion and he hopes the officers will by example as well as influence endeavor to check it. We can have little hope of the blessings of Heaven on our arms if we continue to insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this it is a vice so mean and low that every man of sense and character should detest and despise it, sir." That's close but if not I'll slap my 505 uniform's left breast pocket and provide you with a demerit slip. Whoops, it's upside down. There goes another one.

61-02N was the last Aviation Cadet class to go through Lackland so 61-03N went directly to Harlingen. When our upper class graduated we just picked on ourselves.

We graduated on 27 January, 1961. I picked KC-97s and after training at Randolph AFB I was assigned to the 19th Air Refueling Squadron at Otis AFB on Cape Cod. Many of you know how demanding SAC was of its aircrews. The KC-97 mostly had WWII navigation equipment with the exception of an APN-9 LORAN and a periscopic sextant. Otherwise, get out your stopwatch and bend over the drift meter for a drift angle and a ground speed by timing. Then do your magic on the E6-B *computer* (round slide rule), come up with a wind, DR ahead, get coordinates, consult the Air Almanac and your HO-249 tables for the next celestial observation. It didn't matter if you were on airways, you just recorded the headings and made adjustments to get a sun, moon or star shot every 30 minutes. The fact that the KC-97 usually cruised around 18,000 feet and that we were often in the weather just added to the effort.

In 1964 my crew won some kind of award for completing the most airborne radar approaches and navigation legs and other training requirements. Our reward was that we got to fly to Yakota AB, Japan, for a six week TDY to refuel the RB and ERB-47s then flying along the coasts of China and the USSR to collect intelligence. We jumped at the chance because this would get us out of pulling seven-day long alert duty every two or three weeks. Prior to this we did fly over the Atlantic for alert duty at RAF Fairford, UK, and Sondrestrom AB, Greenland. This Japan flight went from Otis to Travis to Hickam to Wake to Yokota. I remember once we got out over the Pacific the pilots were

very accurate in flying the headings I gave them but I still had to get celestial observations every 30 minutes and a full navigation training leg every two hours. I remember using that mysterious way to get a line of position (LOP) over water called "pressure pattern." Remember TAMPA (true altitude minus pressure altitude)? Read the very fine numbers and hash marks on your SCR-718 radar altimeter three times, tap your pressure altimeter and get three more readings then average the differences and do something to come up with an LOP. It was like magic how altitude could do this but it worked and I was glad to have it. As I was working like a dog, the pilot and co-pilot were smoking, laughing and looking out the many windows at their position. The flight engineer was reading and the boom operator was either resting or cooking our TV dinner-type flight lunches that I never had time to eat. I was so busy I didn't even have time to sharpen a pencil. Just pull another one out of the sleeve pocket on my left arm and keep going. It was somewhere out over the Pacific that I decided that as soon as we got home I would apply for pilot training.

I was turned down in 1964 but in 1965 when SAC planned to retire the B-47 and the KC-97, I was accepted for pilot training to begin in January of 1966. The Vietnam war was starting to crank up and so was the demand for pilots. My five years as a navigator were demanding, disciplined and very educational and that experience came in handy while going through UPT. I finished as a distinguished graduate in class 67-E and went on to fly the F-100 *Super Sabre*. My first assignment was to Bien Hoa AB, Vietnam, where I flew 303 missions. Later I transitioned into the F-111 and flew it from 1970 until retirement in 1982 as the 431 Fighter Weapons Squadron (F-111 OT&E) Commander. I had one fewer landings than takeoffs in the F-111 but that's another story.

I was a fortunate guy to have experienced five years as a navigator in the days when the computer was your brain and global positioning was done with a sextant and I was a better pilot because of it. Somehow there was a lot of fun in those days in spite of the frequent alert duties and TDYs. I am proud to say I am a navigator.

NOTAM

Effective OCT 01 2018 to SEP 30 2020

AFNOA no longer prints and distributes an **AFNOA** Roster because of the cost, however, electronic copies are available—updated as of the first of each month. You can request an electronic copy in Microsoft Excel by writing Jim Faulkner at jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net.

A VISIT TO ARGENTINA

by Charles F. Murphy, Harlingen 55-13

One day while at McChord on a weekend Unit Training Assembly, called *UTA*, the word spread in our navigator's section that a mission had been assigned for a trip to South America. No other details were given, but at the time it sounded so interesting that I decided to see if I could adjust my home life and my legal job in Olympia in order to volunteer for one of the two navigator slots. As matters turned out I was able to make the trip, along with another navigator who happened to be a school teacher from Mercer Island.

Our first leg took us to the east coast where we crew-rested at Charleston AFB in South Carolina. We would have been up and away the next morning but we learned that somehow quite accidentally our plane had been refueled with the wrong stuff; we were in a C-124 prop plane and it didn't burn JP-4 fuel which was for jet engines. Needless to say that required another crew rest as they corrected the error and got us ready for the next leg out to Puerto Rico. After crew rest there, and the chance to visit San Juan and the interesting historic fort protecting the city, we headed south to Surinam—used to be called Dutch Guiana—located along the north shore of South America. We spent the night on the outskirts of Paramaribo in a small hotel alongside a true jungle. I didn't give that location a second thought until my roommate, the other navigator, pulled a trick on me. He had secretly removed his toupee and thrust it into my bed. Naturally when I climbed into bed and felt that object I could only think of spiders out of the jungle. We both had a good laugh once I realized it was only a hair piece. Late the next day we were on our way across Brazil to Rio de Janeiro.

As we were flying along likely at 8,000 feet I noted on charts that we were to cross the equator a few hours out of Paramaribo. That line fell right across the mouth of the Amazon River. I measured the river at its mouth as it poured into the Atlantic and was really surprised to discover that it was some 120 miles across. No King Neptune rituals for us aviators—unlike sailors. Anyway, we kept heading south for many hours until arriving at Rio well after sunrise. I remember seeing Sugar Loaf mountain with its Christ figure and his outstretched arms at a distance as we made for the local airfield. Later, we stayed on the beach in a hotel but it was too cold to enjoy the outdoors. Must have been summer back in the U.S. and winter in Brazil.

The next day we were on our way further south as we headed to Buenos Aires in Argentina. Their airfield was some twenty miles away from downtown, but we all wanted to visit there for a dinner meal. I think we took a train into town. As we walked the streets of downtown we were getting hungrier by the minute. Finally we spotted a small restaurant with a full sized mannequin dressed as a gau-

cho in the window facing the street. It's there that we were introduced to Argentine beef. We had all ordered a dinner steak for just \$3.00 and we were delighted to eat the best beef we'd ever had. It was so good you could cut it with a fork. I don't think the waiter even asked us how we wanted it cooked, and the result was a perfect piece of meat done to perfection. We loved that beef so much we took to ordering it for all the meals we had including breakfasts. The next day we were on our way due west for our final destination which was a province called Mendoza just east of the Andes Mountains. Actually we flew into an airfield near the town of Mendoza which I learned was the capital of that province of the same name. I also learned that the Mendoza area was the wine capital of South America. (I still see bottles of wine from the Mendoza area here in our local markets.) The other thing I learned was that the Rockefellers had a large beef ranch in the Mendoza area, which I presume gave them access to the fine wines, too.

You may be wondering why the dickens we had flown into such an out of the way spot from our usual destinations in the Pacific. We learned along the way south that the reason for our unusual special mission was to pick up a portable altitude chamber, the size of a small school bus, and return it to the States. That device was being used at that facility to assist high altitude U-2 pilots who were flying high over the Andes on a regular basis with air "sniffing" devices aboard their planes. They were conducting research of the fallout from Russian nuclear tests and, I suppose, tests by other countries, too. That might have included North Korea. Anyway as our plane was a C-124 the altitude chamber fit into our plane's cargo compartment readily. Before leaving Mendoza, though, let me tell you of a couple other incidents.

First was the special meal we had the evening of our arrival. Our entire crew visited a restaurant in downtown Mendoza where we were delighted to have a very pleasant meal. I'm sure we all had Argentine beef one more time. I particularly recall an interesting salad as the first course for it contained very small octopus tentacles that were really quite tasty.

The next day we had quite a bit more time before our scheduled departure; I decided to walk the streets of Mendoza just to look around. I recall noticing all the trees were in winter hibernation and many dried leaves were on the ground. I saw lots of people on the streets resembling dark-skinned, dark-haired Indians who I took to be the original natives to the area. I didn't have any background in the Spanish language but did manage to spot a business office that seemed to be for a local prosecuting attorney. Throwing caution to the wind I entered and searched for someone who could speak English. Well, no one could, but they somehow made me understand they would contact a person who was able to speak English. After awhile a young man came into the office who had been going to

school in the states; he spoke English rather well. He explained the prosecutor was really very busy and could not visit with me. However, he said he knew a person who would be delighted to meet me as I had explained I was a lawyer. He said that person was a local Supreme Court of Mendoza judge. Naturally I thought that would be really something to visit with such a person using the young man as an interpreter. I learned that lawyers in this country were all called Doctor. Since most of my legal friends had received a J. D. degree—Juris Doctorae—from law school, wouldn't it be something if we were called Doctors, too? I doubt if the medical profession would stand for that, though.

After a wait of some thirty minutes in that office, a huge black car drives up, with a driver and a very distinguished gentleman in the back seat. It turned out the young man had known this judge and had explained to him that I was a lawyer from the States visiting their area. I was flattered the judge would bother to come meet me. He offered to show me around Mendoza—including a visit to his office at the court. I climbed into the car with the judge and the young student. We had been driving around Mendoza for a while when I noticed an area with many large government type buildings, not unlike Olympia. However, I'd noted all were boarded up causing me to ask, "When does your legislature meet?" The answer given with a short chuckle, "Whenever el Presidente decrees." Apparently he hadn't decreed for several years.

Soon we came to a building housing this judge's court. He invited me to his chambers where I examined the many bound books on his shelf. As I glanced through several of those bound books I realized they were not printed at all. Rather, they were all in long hand. Some person had handwritten all of the material—which I took to be the decisions of the court. I didn't have the heart to say that in our judicial system we had printed reports. I suppose it was a matter of expense that explained what I was seeing. Anyway, after a very pleasant visit with the judge and the student I was driven back downtown from whence I headed back to the airfield.

Our return trip back north was apparently quite uneventful for I have memory of only one stop along the way. We spent a crew rest at a Brazilian town called Recife on the very eastern edge of Brazil. I remember wandering to their beach area where it seems the weather was a bit warmer. I do recall admiring some of the Brazilian women who were enjoying themselves outdoors on the beach.

Before leaving Brazil I should mention the box of Brazilian coffee I'd purchased to take home. I tried without success to get used to the coffee served there—as it was too strong for my taste. Nevertheless, I brought some home to see if I could brew a milder cup. Don't recall that I succeeded at that.

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SHOWBOAT AT LIMA 32

by Robert A. Manns, James Connally 59-17

The Southeast Asia monsoon season was upon us and it *really* was a dark and stormy night. Spooky 21 was airborne over La Plaine des Jarres in central Laos. Spooky was the call sign of an AC-47, a reconfigured *Gooney Bird*, a 1937-built DC-3, which was used extensively as a cargo aircraft in World War II. Now, on May 13, 1970, it was an attack aircraft—a gun platform with sidefiring machine guns particularly well suited for protecting outposts on the ground.

In the early years of aviation, bush pilots learned that they could circle an outpost and—while maintaining a single angle of bank—lower a rope with a bucket attached. If the bank angle was precisely maintained, the bucket would stay stationary and people on the ground could extract supplies from it and refill it with outgoing items, and so the resupply of the outpost could be accomplished without landing the airplane. Replace the bucket on the ground with a target, replace the rope with a stream of bullets and, voila! A weapon system is created.

An Air Force Captain, Ron Terry, was so enthusiastic about the concept that he championed it through the labyrinth of Research and Development all the way to General Curtis LeMay who in essence said, "Prove it." Captain Terry did prove it and the concept became reality as an operating attack aircraft.

As the aircraft circled and maintained the desired angle of bank, the guns, facing out the left side of the aircraft, would stay trained on the target. The AC-47 had three 7.62 mm machine guns each capable of firing 6,000 rounds per minute mounted so as to be on-target at 30 degrees of bank when flying 3,000 feet above the target elevation. With skill, a pilot could aim the guns (actually the whole left side of the airplane) at the point on the ground and, *theoretically*, pepper the target with 18,000 rounds of ammunition in one minute. In reality, we fired the guns one at a

time using short bursts of about 300 bullets each. From the ground, it appeared to be fire coming from an nearly invisible monster in the sky. It initially acquired the moniker, Puff (the magic dragon), as popularized by the song group Peter, Paul and Mary. The name morphed into Spooky.

My job on Spooky was to communicate with troops on the ground to determine the enemy location. Then I computed a drop-point to release parachute-borne flares to illuminate them. Then I determined the right time and place to drop a ground-burning magnesium flare to provide a visual reference point. Then I coordinated with the pilot to ensure that he is aimed at the right spot. That done, I looked out a small window (about 6" x 18") to see when the pilot was indeed on target. I'd do this by putting my head in a certain position and ensuring that my view of the target, when centered in a small grease-pencil circle I had drawn on the window, confirmed that his sight-picture was accurate. Not high-tech, but it worked.

This particular night, our venerable machine was answering a call for help from an allied ground unit at Lima site 32. The FAG (Forward Air Guide) call sign, Showboat, radioed that they were under attack from a large North Vietnamese assault party.

I gave my pilot, Lt Rocky Crites, a heading to the site and we prepared for engagement. The crew armed the magnesium flares and readied the three 7.62 mm Gatling machine guns for action. We were at 10,000 feet to ensure we were above the 9,000-foot mountain that was the identifying terrain feature in the area. We arrived over Lima site 32 and I asked the FAG his situation. He described an assault taking place on the north side of the mountain top where he was perched. He identified the coordinates of the area and said they had a 'big gun' and about fifty troops. We circled the area and dropped a parachute flare. The flare illuminated the area but it also reflected off the clouds above us, illuminating us as well. Momentarily, ground fire was directed at us which included green tracers indicating a 51 caliber anti-aircraft weapon. We broke away from the firing and took stock of the situation.

The cloud layer was at about 10,500 feet altitude. The target elevation was 6,700 feet. Our firing altitude should be 9,700 feet to maintain 3,000 feet above the ground. We decided to stay below the cloud deck and see if we could engage the raiding party from the safety of the dark. I did my best calculation and called for a drop of a ground marker—a magnesium, red colored, log-like flare—to see if we could shoot using that as a point of reference. What luck! Our FAG, seeing the log burst into flame said, "Oh, Spooky, you hit bad guys. Shoot the fire!"

We did. However, each time we fired, we got tracer-laden return fire. And the enemy gunners were getting better at figuring where we might be in our firing circle. According to Murphy's law, things can only get worse.

Murphy was right. The thunderstorms of the monsoon were forming with increased frequency. The light-show of lightning, observed in a different environment, would have been awesome. But, at the time it was just another hazard. The accompanying turbulence kept us with seat belts tight. The gunners and the loadmaster assured us up front that they were tethered and hanging on. We knew where the storm cells were by feeling them hit us. We had no radar. After all, we were flying an AC-47, an aircraft older than Rocky by about ten years.

Continuing to circle, the weather closed off our view of the area. We flew into the night trying to avoid the center of the thunderstorms which were suggested by the lightning. Unfortunately, each flash gave the gunners on the ground a glimpse of us and a burst of tracers slashed toward us. Too close! Too close!

Meanwhile, the assault, though decreased by the heavy rain, was continuing. Showboat could see groups of the enemy climbing the steep slope of the Lima 32 peak. They would be on the small airstrip in a few minutes. From there they could easily overrun the encampment.

To stay out of the clouds our altitude had to be decreased. We were supposed to fly 3,000 feet above the target elevation for a 30 degree bank to keep the guns on target. But, if you can't see from within the clouds, what can you do? I reached back to my school days and did a little trigonometry. If I was right, we could keep on the target from 2,000 feet above the ground by using 24 degrees of bank. Rocky and I decided that it was worth a try. We descended to 2,000 feet above the new target elevation where Showboat had told us he had last seen the raiders. We were clear of the clouds for the moment. But, the intermittent lightning continued to light us up at each flash. We strained to re-acquire the target.

We circled around dropping the parachute-flares, which were set to open close to the ground so they wouldn't highlight us, and, hopefully, would blind the enemy gunners while we tried to identify a point of reference. I asked Showboat to show us a light. He said, "Bad guys too close. Try another log." I said, "Here it comes." I asked our loadmaster to launch a green log. It burst into flame about 50 meters from the end of the 400-foot dirt airstrip which provided the single means of resupplying the tiny outpost. We were almost on the new bank angle and Rocky and I concurred that we were on target. The guns roared and Showboat said, "Spooky, you shoot good; shoot 100 meters west." We did, and a small explosion and an immediate cessation of tracer-fire suggested we had hit the 51 caliber gun. Without that high caliber weapon to fire at our gunship, circling in the darkness and cloud over their heads, the raiders were vulnerable to our guns. Each time the raiders fired any weapon they identified themselves as targets. We continued the strafing for about three hours—until we ran out of ammunition—21,000 rounds

that night. Showboat reported that the enemy had retreated and, as dawn was breaking, fighter bomber air cover was enroute. The attack had been broken.

Epilogue. I visited Lima 32 about a month later, thanks to a ride from the CIA's *Air America* airline, in a Pilatus Porter, one of very few aircraft which could land and take-off on the Lima 32 short runway. We were met by an entourage led by a Laotian General. He handed me an AK 47—a Russian assault rifle—which the allied warriors had recovered the day after the attack from the barbed wire fence surrounding the encampment. He said, "Sans Spooky, nous n'existons pas."—Without Spooky we would not exist.

Kinda made the whole thing worthwhile.

I learned about six months later that the Spooky unit was no more. The weapon system had become obsolete as more heavily armed AC-119 Shadow and AC-130 Spectre gunships had absorbed the mission in that area. Sometime later, I heard that Lima 32 had been overrun and Showboat had been killed. What an ignominious conclusion for what had been one of the high points of my career.

A NORTH PACIFIC CHRISTMAS

by Nils (Bo) Ohman, James Connally 64-04

This is called "A North Pacific Christmas." Christmas time is, to some, routine, searching for the right present that won't get you into trouble. To some, a painful reminder of disappointment. To a few, really joyous. Occasionally the miracle that is Christmas bursts forth in people's hearts with full meaning.

The island of Shemya lies almost 1,500 miles west of Anchorage. In millennia past, Aleut Indians calling themselves Unangan gathered there in the summer for their annual meeting of the families, sharing thrilling stories of exploits during the year. They gave their young daughters and sons in marriage and traded seal hides with beautiful baskets woven from seagrass, plentiful in the treeless islands of the volcanic Aleutian chain. Curious seals and sea otters, long sought for their pelts, poked their faces up out of the rocky lagoons. Gray Siberian snow geese with bright orange feet, seagulls, and terns, looking for small crustaceans, overwhelmed the island that would become a waterfowl sanctuary centuries hence.

In the long night winter of 1977, Shemya was a lonely, snow-swept desert. We called it The Rock. In the 1970s, the Soviet Union and the USA struggled for influence across the globe. Though hostilities seldom broke out except for the devastation in Viet Nam, each continually sought to assess the other's military capabilities and used far-flung bases on islands like Shemya for eavesdropping.

Shemya, three miles long and two wide, held a variety

of U.S. intelligence collection and communications activities. Operating from the bleak island, a band of U.S. Air Force crew members flew specially-equipped Boeing 707-like aircraft. We called ourselves the recce Crew Dogs and we collected information on Soviet ballistic missile developments.

Only 35 minutes across the water from Shemya, where the icy Bering Sea and the turbulent North Pacific met, past the World War II battle ground island of Attu, was the Soviet Union. In early December, the Soviets announced they were going to conduct a series of long-range missile tests into the North Pacific Ocean. Four of our six crews were sent from Shemya to operate out of Hawaii for the duration of the tests. My crew was not one of them. Instead, we were to remain on Shemya on alert to cover the tests the Soviets might throw into the Kamchatka Peninsula.

We were scheduled to be there for three weeks over the Christmas holidays, away for the third consecutive year from our families back home at Eielson Air Force Base at Fairbanks. Disappointment and cynicism ripped us as days without flying made us think our Shemya presence was useless. All missile shots were likely to go into the areas off Hawaii.

Wanting to be home with our families at Christmas like all Crew Dogs, we nevertheless saluted smartly and hunkered down in the second story lounge of our modified World War II B-29 hangars. There we passed the time reading years-old magazines, listening to the Armed Forces radio on a 1950-era console radio, and playing an endless game of Zots. That legendary game was similar to Chinese checkers, but much more violent and, in the minds of Crew Dogs, tailored to our mission. It was invented by an earlier generation of crew members.

Banh! Banh! Banh! The klaxon had us running to our waiting aircraft inside Hangar 2. In minutes, the powerful yellow aircraft tug hauled us out into a blanket of fog and snow to start the four turbofan engines. Soon we were airborne from the 10,000-foot runway into the pitch black night, north over the Bering Sea. After only a minimal wait in orbit off the Kamchatka Peninsula, we were rewarded with an intercontinental ballistic missile shot. Like clockwork, our crew collected telemetry and photography to feed the U. S. intelligence organism. Not lost on us was that the missile was two generations old, sent by the Soviet Strategic Rocket Forces, probably needing to get rid of obsolete missiles before the end of the year.

With no more shots expected, we strapped in for our recovery back into Shemya. At least the boredom was broken for awhile.

"Winds, 225 degrees and 43 knots, blowing fog and snow," said the weather officer from the Shemya tower. The snow and fog, illuminated by our landing lights, reminded me of a fire hose shooting vanilla tapioca pudding

at us as it flew by my large optical port window. Our pilots, I thought tops in the Reconnaissance Wing, tried once, twice, three times to land, but the North Pacific front forced the winds and fog well beyond safe landing limits. As I sat at mid-ship during one final approach, I looked over the wing through my reconnaissance window, directly down at the approach lights at the runway, an almost prescription for disaster. Our primary alternate was our own base, Eielson. Though understanding the mission needed us at Shemya if at all possible, nevertheless a cheer went up from the entire crew when we diverted the 1,500 miles to home.

Though all of us could be on at Shemya for a minimum of three Christmases during our Alaska tour, a pang of guilt came over me as I realized that hundreds of others on the remote base would still be separated from their families in this, the holiest of seasons, while we would enjoy a few hours with ours.

After we landed in 20-below zero weather, the blue Air Force bus, exhaust crystalizing into ice fog that blanketed the base, dropped me in front of my duplex. My wife, Nancy, and nine-year-old son, Nick, greeted me with surprise and hugs, knowing I would spend Christmas—quote,unquote—together with them. Of course, it was only December 22.

Nancy and I held hands through our traditional before-Christmas church service. Later we thanked God for her hastily prepared Christmas dinner. I was privileged to see the sparkle in Nick's eyes when he discovered a Redline bike miraculously left early by Santa. My heart thanked our Lord for the short but wonderful time we had together.

On the way to the aircraft late the next morning, we could see the ancient spruces in the area designated on base for cutting. We selected one that unfortunately happened to be a snowshoe rabbit's protection from the minus now 30-degree cold. We tied the tree atop our Blazer and deposited it back at our quarters for Nancy and Nick to decorate and me to appreciate when I returned, perhaps a week later. I rushed to the pre-flight briefing, where I found, surprisingly, the front had miraculously disappeared. Shemya was clear and calm, just right for our return.

On Christmas Day, back at the hangar at Shemya, we Crew Dogs ate our self-prepared turkey dinner, binged on old 16 millimeter movies, listened to Christmas music on Armed Forces radio, and put paper ornaments on a plywood tree someone had recovered from the Shemya dump.

We didn't fly again for the duration. The weather remained good for Shemya at that point in winter. My prayer to see my family at Christmas was not monumental in the course of human events, but God did answer it.

We recovered back at Eielson on 27 December 1977. Climbing down on the yellow maintenance stand from the KC-135 turn-around, I was accosted by a wing staff officer. He said, "I'm so sorry about your mother." At first I had no

idea what he was talking about. Mom was in a nursing home in San Antonio, but not in any life-threatening situation. Or so I thought.

My mother died that morning, and so did a piece of me. To Mom, Christmas was the most joyful time of the year. I got to experience that same joy with my little family. I thought of her Christmas joy and ours during her funeral.

Was it a miracle that we flew against an obsolete missile? Couldn't get into Shemya because of an ephemeral cold front, thus forcing us to recover at home with our families? Was it a miracle that the one whose birth we celebrate at Christmas cared for us as much now as He did when He bore our sin on the cross of Calvary? Was it a miracle that three days before the celebration of our Savior's birth, I got to share the season with the two people who were most important to me? To us, it was.

In the midst of the 2017 holiday season, at the invitation of Bill Wilkins, former navigators who are now residents of Blue Skies of Texas West met to share memories of missions flown during holidays past. The gathering was videotaped by Teresa Santana, assistant resident services director of BSTW. Subsequently, the audio from that recording was converted into written form by Nancy Hoffman of Corvallis, Oregon and has been edited for clarity, context, and length.

AN UNREMARKABLE WAR

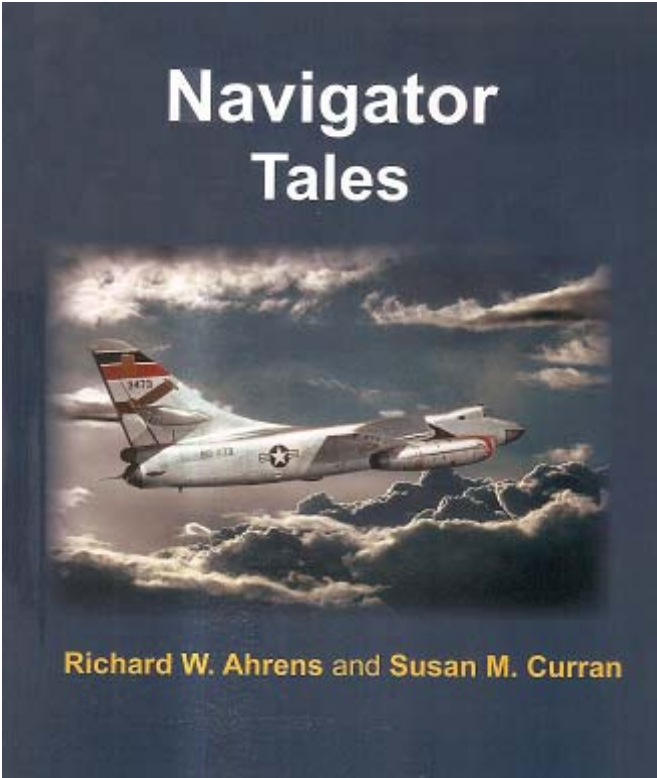
by Bill McBride, Coral Gables 43-01

My life as a navigator was unremarkable. I came in the aviation cadet program when the war started, like many of you. I selected navigation. I had my choice of going to pilot school or bombardier school, but I went to navigation school because I had an aptitude for mathematics, and I thought I might be able to make it. I went to the navigation school at Pan American Airways, which is a little bit different from some of you. We flew in seaplanes. All of our flying was over water, and 90% of it was at night. Their theory was if you could navigate over water at night, you could navigate anywhere.

After that school, I went to bombardier school, then to B-26 combat crew training at MacDill Air Force Base in the Martin B-26. I suspect some of you have never seen that airplane.

After training, I was sent as a replacement crew to the 387th Bomb Group in England, at a base called Chipping Ongar about thirty miles northeast of London. I flew missions out of there. I spent two Christmases as a navigator, one out of England.

I can remember one mission to bomb Amsterdam's



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Schiphol Airport, which is still an active airport today. I remember because it was a milk run. It was only 30 miles inland, and it was heavily defended.

By December 1944 I was a group navigator, and was principally in charge of planning the missions, briefing the missions, laying everything out. In the middle of December, the Germans broke through in the Battle of the Bulge. Everything almost came to a standstill, principally because of the weather. There were ten days or so we couldn't fly. That's the reason I say my career as a navigator is very unremarkable. I wish I could tell you something happened on Christmas, but I can't.

In the midst of the 2017 holiday season, at the invitation of Bill Wilkins, former navigators who are now residents of Blue Skies of Texas West met to share memories of missions flown during holidays past. The gathering was videotaped by Teresa Santana, assistant resident services director of BSTW. Subsequently, the audio from that recording was converted into written form by Nancy Hoffman of Corvallis, Oregon and has been edited for clarity, context, and length.

LETTERS

18 July 2018

Dear Editor,

I was assigned to Flight Test at Kelly AFB for 7½ years and was Logistics Command's only C-5 Navigator. Although my primary duty was C-5, I also was qualified in the B-52D and B-52H (against my wishes). The 7-engined B-52 pictured in *DR AHEAD's* April issue is probably the JB-52E Serial Number 57-0119 from Edwards AFB. That airplane was used as a test bed for all sorts of weird stuff. We would sometimes get its predecessor the NB-52B when it came to Kelly AFB for systems updates. Edwards AFB crews always flew that one.

Larry Turner, Harlingen 61-09

21 July 2018

An open letter to my contemporaries, particularly those from class 76-x and before...

I know you have thought about retirement. You've got Medicare and Tricare and some nest-egg dollars and you have felt the creak of the bones suggesting that you are

“getting on.” So did I. But I couldn’t see my spouse and me in a “old-folks’ home.” Heck, I just shot my age at golf about a month before. But, when I was diagnosed with Parkinson’s our view changed. Maybe we should do our homework and do something while we still can. I began my research.

I wanted to ensure that my future remained as independent as I could make it and our care wasn’t foisted upon my kids. There were numerous communities like Del Webb which advertise a life-style for the over-55 which provides activities and amenities currently desired but the future was “iffy.” What do you do when you aren’t so independent anymore? So, I looked into Continuous Care Retirement Communities (CCRC) where the amenities are available and a long-term care facilities are available as well. Typically, the CCRC will provide:

- ✓ A meal plan.
- ✓ Grounds and Residence Maintenance.
- ✓ Housekeeping Services.
- ✓ Social, Physical, Religious, Recreational, Cultural and Entertainment programs.
- ✓ Extensive Transportation services.

My research revealed that there are lots of “independent living” and extended care options available but there were, in Texas, only two which were certified by the Commission on Accreditation of Rehabilitation Facilities (CARF). I chose Blue Skies of Texas (BST) (formerly Air Force Village) for a number of reasons.

- ✓ There is a governing board which ensures that the operation of the community adheres to the charter and established covenants.
- ✓ There is a resident agreement which clearly establishes the legal rights and responsibilities of the resident and the community management.
- ✓ The financial status reflects competence and responsible fiscal planning.

My other reasons for choosing BST were:

- ✓ San Antonio has an abundance of medical facilities, both military and civilian.
- ✓ San Antonio has activities for every taste: golf is five minutes away, performing arts, from fine dining to Tex-Mex restaurants.
- ✓ Texas has no income tax.
- ✓ BST is a tax-exempt corporation.
- ✓ It is located very near Lackland AFB.
- ✓ In addition to various types and styles of residences it has on-site facilities for rehab, assisted living and even an especially designed unit for memory care, a particularly desirable feature for couples who want to “be there” for each other.
- ✓ Although originally designed to provide for widows of military Officers, the lifetime guarantee of support is extended to all residents.
- ✓ Exceptional interaction between management

and residents which provides the opportunity to “have a say” in day-to-day operations.

✓ It has provided a great opportunity to swap “war stories.”

In all, I suggest **AFNOA** members who haven’t already done the research, look into the retirement community programs and find one suitable for you. Virtually all the persons I have met say the same thing, “If I had known, I would have done this a lot earlier.”

Robert A. Manns, James Connally 59-17

LAST FLIGHTS

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04.

My thanks to **AFNOA** members who let us know when our fellow navigators pass away. Please send us the obituaries from local papers if the person was a navigator/observer/bombardier/electronic or weapons/combat systems officer.

Please continue to advise Jim Faulkner or Richard Mansfield if you know of a fellow navigator/bombardier/EWO/CSO who has made his last flight. My e-mail is jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net

At the next reunion we will Toast "in WATER" their contributions to AFNOA and the aviation career field. I am sad to advise you that the following have made their last flight. Please keep their families in your prayers.

CORAL GABLES

| | | | |
|-------------------|-------------|----|-------|
| Rice, Erroll R. | Hartland | VT | 43-04 |
| Wasson, George F. | Bethel Park | PA | 43-04 |

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| Klapp, Jerry H. | Bellevue | NE | 56-01 |
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| Johnson, Thomas LeRoy | Elberta | AL | 57-05? |

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| | | | |
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| Klaverkamp Jr., Paul H. | Minneapolis | MN | 55-02 |
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| Tarantino, Frank P. | Shawnee Mission | KS | 56-05 |
| D'Aloia Jr., Silvio | Temple Terrace | FL | 56-12 |
| Ridge, Allen W. | Merced | CA | 58-00 |
| Stefanik, Richard L. | Campbell | CA | 58-07C |
| Chapman, Edwin K. | Los Gatos | CA | 58-07N |
| Corcoran, Phillip J. | Waltham | MA | 58-07N |
| Ebeltoft, Allen M. | Kalispell | MT | 58-07N |
| Epperson Jr., Newell M. | Cosby | TN | 58-07N |
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| Jakus, Lawrence M. | Hearne | TX | 58-07N |
| Silvia, Thomas A. | Jackson | TN | 58-07N |
| Burdick, Martin M. | Fort Walton Beach | FL | 58-11 |
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| Rudoy, Israel J. | Pittsburgh | PA | 58-11 |
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| Fordham, Lawrence C. | Rancho Cordova | CA | 59-19 |
| Sittnick, Robert W. | Puyallup | WA | 59-19 |
| Sheehy, Kenneth D. | Donna | TX | 60-03 |
| Vatcher, Frederick M. | Dyersburg | TN | 60-04 |
| Harper, Merle G. | Tampa | FL | 60-08 |
| Caldwell Jr., James M. | Highland Village | TX | 60-13 |
| Galante, Leonard T. | Woodridge | VA | 60-13 |
| Cappi, Albert E. | Sanbornville | NH | 60-16 |
| Andreasen, Clell | Ogden | UT | 61-02 |
| Bawcum, Robert W. | Ocean Springs | MS | 61-02 |
| Crandall, Gordon C. | Bountiful | UT | 61-02 |
| Chartier, Paul F. | Williamsburg | VA | 61-03 |
| Sher, Bernard S. | Cocoa Beach | FL | 61-03 |
| McKinnon, John W. | Puyallup | WA | 61-09 |
| Wilkerson, Bruce W. | Stillwater | MN | 61-09 |
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| Chambers, John A. | Panama City | FL | 62-12 |
| Bukoski, Charles F. | Polk City | FL | 62-15 |

HONDO

| | | | |
|--------------------|-------------|----|--------|
| Rice, Jimmy T. | San Antonio | TX | 42-00 |
| Ozsvath, Ernest J. | Newville | AL | 45-415 |

JAMES CONNALLY

| | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|----|-------|
| Decatur, Roy A. | Akron | OH | 52-02 |
| Reed, Donald R. | Westlake Village | CA | 52-02 |
| Blass, Leon Ray | Cleveland | TX | 52-09 |
| Brandon Jr., Henry J. | Culver City | CA | 52-09 |
| Crowe III, Martin J. | St. Louis | MO | 52-09 |
| Hodge, Ted I. | Lee's Summit | MO | 52-09 |
| Kloth, Paul H. | Hobart | IN | 52-09 |
| Tonaki, Charles M. | Honolulu | HI | 52-09 |
| Zeplin, Bruce R. | Clinton | NY | 52-09 |

| | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------|----|-------|
| Ballou, Lloyd W. | Topeka | KS | 52-13 |
| Cassling, Holger R. | Omaha | NE | 52-13 |
| Jackson, Milton V. | Arp | TX | 52-13 |
| Beaulac, Raymond Robert | Holyoke | MA | 52-21 |
| Trammell, Donald Ray | Kyle | TX | 52-21 |
| Corson, Edward W. | Macon | GA | 56-05 |
| Mellor, Ashel R. | Ogden | UT | 56-05 |
| Reilly Jr., Donald T. | Freeburg | IL | 56-05 |
| Schmitt, Harry J. | Dover | DE | 57-00 |
| Boone, Charles L. | Santa Cruz | CA | 58-07 |
| Wortman, Robert H. | Tucson | AZ | 58-07 |
| Wood, C. N. | Dunnsville | VA | 61-17 |
| O'Connor, Thomas J. | Clearwater | FL | 61-22 |
| Thornton Jr., William D. | Fairborn | OH | 62-18 |
| Weiner, Leonard J. | Auburn | CA | 63-02 |
| Kennedy, Patrick V. | The Villages | FL | 64-08 |
| Nicholson, Robert K. | Tyler | TX | 65-07 |
| Greene, Raymond E. | La Plata | MD | 65-13 |
| Wilkins, Leroy | Pemberton | NJ | 65-13 |

PROFESSIONAL NAVIGATOR

| | | | |
|-----------------|--------|----|-------|
| Wasson, Drew C. | Stuart | FL | 46-00 |
|-----------------|--------|----|-------|

SELMAN

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|----|-------|
| Clark, Howard W. | Winter Haven | FL | 42-14 |
| Frohnappe, Howard J. | Orchard Park | NY | 43-14 |
| Fuller, Brewster W. | E. Bridgewater | MA | 44-04 |
| Korb, George P. | Kingsville | MD | 44-05 |
| Eikelberger, Lloyd A. | Beaufort | SC | 44-11 |
| Loop, Robert H. | Edinboro | PA | 44-12 |
| Jung, Homer T. | San Francisco | CA | 44-13 |
| Langer, Alphonso J. | Owatonna | MN | 44-13 |
| Humphrey, Alex | Brandon | FL | 44-14 |

SAN MARCOS

| | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|----|-------|
| Longnecker, Jack E. | Prairie Village | KS | 43-13 |
| Eiring, Irwin | Fond Du Lac | WI | 44-03 |
| Shay, Arthur | San Antonio | TX | 44-03 |
| Thune, Harold D. | Richfield | MN | 44-03 |
| Eisenstat, Seymour | Hartsdale | NY | 44-43 |

SCHOOL UNKNOWN

| | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|----|--------|
| Shlefstein, Howard M. | Chevy Chase | MD | 42-00 |
| Kelly Jr., Thomas V. | (Unknown) | | 43-00 |
| Klefish, Theodore J. | Saint Louis | MO | 43-00 |
| Krauth, Ernest C. | New Port Richey | FL | 44-00 |
| Farrell, Walter James | San Francisco | CA | 52-00 |
| James, Thomas M. | Silver Bay | NY | 55-00 |
| Buchert, Ronald V. | Saint Petersburg | FL | 56-18? |
| Rose, Donald Gene | Nederland | TX | 57-00 |
| Jarik, George J. | River Forest | IL | 42-00 |
| Savage, Sidney F. | Rochester | NY | 43-00 |

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President John D. Bridges
242 Jamar Drive
Weatherford, TX 76088-2212
817-694-9811 comm2jdb2002@yahoo.com

1st Vice-President, Membership, James Connally Affairs
James R. Faulkner
4109 Timberlane
Enid, OK 73703-2825
580-242-0526 jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net

2nd Vice-President Leon Poteet
203 Wagon Way
Bastop, Texas 78602-3669
512-985-6277 a26nimrod@austin.rr.com

Secretary Gene R. Hollrah
5508 Pheasant Run Drive
Enid, OK 73703-2720
580-234-9586 papahootnranky@sbcglobal.net

Treasurer E. Dennis Ehrenberger
2783 Glenview Drive
Sierra Vista, AZ 85650-5734
520-378-1313 edefiji@aol.com

Immediate Past President Phillip D. Barber
8120 Poplarwood Lane
Nashville, TN 37221-4678
615-310-9004 pdbarber@comcast.net

Past President, Historian, Museum Committee
Ronald P. Barrett
1406 South Lexington
Holden, MO 64040-1636
305-797-0745 ronaldpbarrett@yahoo.com

Distributor & Electronic Distributor, *DR AHEAD*

Errol Hoberman
6441 Avenida De Galvez
Navarre, FL 32566-8911
850-939-5231 afnoa.distributor@yahoo.com

Web Master for www.afnoa.org
Tim Duerson afnoaweb@cox.net

Active Duty Member Capt Jessica Beauregard
1063 Lionsgate Lane
Gulf Breeze, FL 32563
850-452-9002 jessicalbeauregard@gmail.com

Editor, *DR AHEAD* Richard W. Ahrens
43300 Little River Airport Road #79
Little River, CA 95456-9612
707-937-4242 RNNN@MCN.ORG

WWII Representative Richard Mansfield
7313 Oak Leaf Way
Sarasota, FL 34241-6204
941-780-0159 rhmans2542@comcast.net

Chaplain John T. Massey
6810 Rosewood Court
Tampa, FL 33615-3318
813-886-1938 afnoacg@aol.com

NMUSAF Museum Committee Sostenes Suazo
541 Riverwood Drive
Beaverbrook, OH 45430-1645
937-431-8542 ssuazo61@aol.com

Grants Committee Francis J. Fradella
108 Lanier Wood Road
Greenwood, SC 29649-9589
864-223-1723 fradella108@gmail.com