



DR AHEAD



THE AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

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USAF Fighter School Acrojets demonstration team, Williams AFB, Arizona, 1950. The aircraft are Lockheed F-80C Shooting Stars. (U.S. Air Force photo from Wikimedia Commons.)

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Jimmie W. Hanes, Jr., James Connally 66-13

Good day and hello from Waco. I hope all of you have gotten your reservations into **AFNOA** and the hotel for our September Meeting. With the price of meat going sky high, I think the longhorns at the Ft Worth Stockyards are getting nervous. In my last note I wished all, guys and gals, good luck, but it appears I am not "woke" savvy. Consequently, I am now wishing good luck and fair skies to my fellow navigators, observers and/or significant others through the rest of the summer, and hope to see you in September.

But, before we get together, I need you to be aware of a gift card SCAM that is going on. Someone is using my name and position to solicit gift cards for the Ukrainians. The responsible individual appears to be using our membership rolls to get the message out. PLEASE do not respond to this obvious SCAM. I can assure you I am not the person sending the message. See you in September.

REMINDER

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

I need help from everyone who receives **DR Ahead!** We get 30 to 50 returns from every mailing because the address or email address has changed. When we call, the Land Line has often changed. As a result, John Fradella and I spend too many hours each month trying to relocate the person who moved. Please give **AFNOA** info to your relative and ask them to notify us. Less time searching means more time recruiting for **AFNOA**.

For all of you life members we want to make sure you get the **Dr Ahead!** Please advise Jim Faulkner of your address, phone and email address changes. Thanks!

Jim Faulkner, 4109 Timberlane, Enid OK 73703.

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

**CHECK OUT THE REUNION INFORMATION
PAGES 7-10
REGISTRATION DEADLINE: 15 AUGUST!**

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MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION	
AIR FORCE NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS ASSOCIATION	
Name _____	
Spouse's Name _____	
Address _____	

City _____	
State / 9-digit ZIP _____	
Home Phone _____	
Work Phone _____	
Cell Phone _____	
E-Mail Address _____	
Base Name/Class Number _____	
Make check payable to AFNOA and mail to: Leonard T. Melcher, AFNOA Treasurer 103 Steel Valley Drive Boerne, TX 78006-7019 Telephone: 512-296-5209 e-mail: c5nav@hotmail.com	
Note: AFNOA is an IRS 501(c)(19) non-profit organization. Annual Membership — \$15.00 under age 79 \$50.00 for 4-year membership Age 80 and over — \$35.00 for life	
If you are currently a member, GREAT! Please consider a donation to the operating account. If you are not a current member, please consider joining and giving a donation to the organization. Thank you.	
Membership	\$ _____
Donation to Operating Account	\$ _____
Total Amount Enclosed	\$ _____

DR Ahead is the official publication of the Air Force Navigators Observers Association, Inc. (**AFNOA** Inc.); 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. 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: sue.curran@att.net) or by submittal to the editor on data CDs, IBM-compatible formats only please. All submissions must be signed and must include the address of the contributor; no anonymous material will be printed; however, names will be withheld on request. The editor reserves the right to edit submitted articles for reasons of taste, clarity, legal liability, or length. The comments and views herein represent the views of the editor and are not necessarily those of **AFNOA**, Inc. Deadline for the next issue is 15 August 2022.

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

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HISTORIAN'S REPORT

by Ronald P. Barrett, James Connally 63-06

The upcoming **AFNOA** Reunion (post Covid?) is all set. I sure hope as many as can will attend. These historical events for us all appear to be getting ever rarer for some, for many reasons.

I do receive a good stream of email updates from the National Museum of the USAF at Wright-Patterson, AFB, Ohio. The NM-USAF is doing a great job, however, it is expensive to maintain. Do what you can, if you can: send dollars! (Chuckle.)

We throughout **AFNOA** have a number of members with "Navigator" historical things such as manuals, class room study guides, photos, books, charts, etc. We are searching for an institution that we could steer these artifacts into. No USAF facility wants more papers to care for, as their budgets are going down, not up. Exhibit space is limited. This is a problem. Anyone have an idea how to help here?

Thank you for the good ideas. I wish all the best health.

LESSONS LEARNED AT JCAFB

by Murray Siegel, James Connally 65-03

At the end of August 1963, I arrived at James Connally Air Force Base to attend UNT as part of class 65-03. Over the next 11 months, I learned a great deal about navigation, and I absorbed additional meaningful lessons there. The very first lesson was that Texas summer nights are uncomfortably hot, especially since I was housed in a BOQ without air conditioning or fans.

My next lesson was the realization that there were no subways in Waco. I grew up in New York City where the subway was the primary means of transportation, and I never learned to drive. I visited Steakley Chevrolet where I told a salesman that if he would teach me to drive, I would buy a car from him—he did, and I did. I can never forget the date I received my Texas driver's license, 22 November 1963, the day that JFK was assassinated in Dallas.

Class 65-03 was comprised of young officers from all over the nation; my four closest friends in the class all came from Texas, including two Aggies, from whom I was to learn a great deal about Aggie history and culture. When A&M played a basketball game at Baylor, I went with my Aggie buddies to the game. During my four years at NYU, we were a national basketball power, and I attended numerous college basketball games at Madison Square Garden. The Baylor-A&M game was not at the same level I had experienced in NY, and then I realized why. Every player, coach and staff member was white, while at NYU a number of the players had been black, including Satch Sanders and Happy Hairston, who went on to win championship rings in the NBA.

Another learning experience was gained when I discovered that, at times, there was a difference between the Air Force answer and the correct answer. During our course on electronics, one of my answers on a multiple-choice test was marked wrong, yet my engineering education told me my response was correct. I went privately to the instructor and explained why my answer should have been marked "correct," and he told me that despite my logic, my answer was wrong because it was not the one recognized by the Air Force.

By the end of UNT, I learned that I liked living in Texas; it is a special state. I have visited the state many times and we lived in Huntsville, Texas, for five years. On 6 August 1964, I left JCAFB with navigator wings on my chest and a realization that I had learned a lot there. I was a better officer and a more knowledgeable man; it was a valuable year.

B-58 HUSTLER - REFLECTIONS FROM THE THIRD SEAT

by Ron Smetek, James Connally 64-04

My, how time flies: faster than the speed of sound... just like the B-58 Hustler, an aircraft that was almost too hot to handle, and technically well ahead of its time. A bit of history:

Selection for B-58 Assignment

Just as was the procedure earlier after Navigator Training at James Connally AFB, Texas, in the early 1960s, the assignment selection process near the end of Electronic Warfare Officer (EWO) Training at Mather AFB, California, was made based on how well one did in the training. Fortunately, I ranked right near the top of my class, so I could get the pick of which aircraft I wanted to fly in operationally, and at which base I would be operating out of in that aircraft model's operating locations.



The B-58 Hustler Supersonic Bomber. Photo provided by Ron Smetek.

As we all neared the time to choose our aircraft assignment and base location from the available options, a new, and very impressive aircraft on which EWOs could fly was entering the Air Force inventory—the B-58 Hustler. This three-man aircraft was beautiful; it could fly two times the speed of sound and drop five nuclear bombs on enemy targets, if the defense of our country so required. For an aircraft this new and advanced, this technically sophisticated, and with this important a stra-

tegic mission, aircrew members (pilots, navigator/bombardiers, and EWOs/Defensive System Operators) were previously only chosen from operationally-proven officers, not from newbies just out of EWO training. However, one of my classmates interceded with his father, a general officer, to get four B-58 EWO assignments made available for choice by our Mather class: two at Carswell AFB, Texas, and two at Bunker Hill AFB, Indiana. My choice, given the weather options, would be Carswell.

An important evaluation needed to be completed before the assignments for the four of us future Hustler DSOs were finalized. Because the B-58 was built to operate at high altitude up to Mach 2, twice the speed of sound, the aircraft also had to be equipped with the capability for the crew members to escape from the aircraft at that speed if an emergency occurred. The solution: an escape capsule. It allowed the aircrew to eject safely at twice the speed of sound and from as high as 70,000 feet.



Escape capsule, with clam shell door open and closed. Photo provided by Ron Smetek.

As will be discussed later, the capsule is an important item in my story. The capsule sealed the aircrew inside airtight clamshell doors, and air for the pressurized capsule came from the independent oxygen supply system. When activated, a harness system secured the occupant, and the clamshell doors closed. The occupant could either continue the ejection by firing the rocket motor, or remain secure in the capsule until a lower altitude where he no longer needed a pressurized cabin. The pilot's capsule also had the control stick and other controls needed to fly the aircraft to a lower altitude. After ejection, a parachute lowered the entire capsule to the ground, and shock absorbers eased the impact. If the capsule landed in water, manually operated flotation cells turned it into a life raft and provided stability. The real question: Eject, or Don't Eject?

Prior to final assignment to the B-58 training program, aircrew candidates needed to travel to Carswell AFB to determine whether they could fit in the escape capsule when it was open and closed. When the capsule was closed, the crew member's legs were automatically folded up against his chest so the clam doors could slam shut.

One other assignment-related change occurred prior to my leaving Mather: the entire B-58 43rd Bomb Wing was moved from Carswell AFB, Texas, to Little Rock AFB, Arkansas. This would be a slightly different locale for me while finishing my B-58 training.

Hustler Training, Operational Qualification, and an "Incident or Two"

Upon arrival in Little Rock, the B-58 Defensive System Operator (DSO) training program was a lot more impressive, and complex, than I had expected it to be. Not only was the DSO responsible for the systems used to locate, and electronically interfere with (i.e., "jam") enemy radar and missile systems, he had other important, and very different tasks as well.

The DSO also protected the aircraft and crew by manning the aircraft's 4,000 round-per-minute Gatling tail gun, located in a bullet fairing above the tail cone. Data from the gun's radar was fed to a computer mounted directly behind the gun and was then relayed electromechanically to the gun itself. The gun was aimed remotely by the fire control system in the tail, but there was a radar (automatic) fire control panel and a manual fire control panel located at the DSO's station, and the gun was actually fired by a button located there. A total of 1,200 rounds could be carried. Ammunition was drawn from a box in the fuselage just forward of the turret. The firing zone was any target within a 30-degree cone. During firing, spent ammunition shells were ejected through a ventral door. When fired, the force of the firing made the aircraft actually lurch forward.

In addition to the electronic defense and tail gunner tasks, the DSO had another duty totally unexpected by me. Because of the complexity in flying an aircraft like the Hustler, many of the duties normally performed by a pilot (or co-pilot, of which we had none) were the assigned responsibility of the DSO. These included fuel management, and its location and movement within the aircraft to ensure aircraft weight and balance were correct. They also included most aircraft-to-ground communications with entities such as air traffic control, to ensure we were going through airspace that the controllers wanted us to go through. A lot to master before our crew was declared "operationally ready" to perform our strategic nuclear mission.

Initially our aircrew was comprised of the pilot, the navigator/bombardier, and the DSO, me. The three of us did all of our ground training as a team, but the initial in-flight training involved the pilot, the DSO, and an instructor pilot, until the pilot was evaluated to be "solo-flight ready."

We used to kid around that the B-58 was also fitted with a "4th crewmember": a voice warning system with a pre-recorded female voice that would inform the crew

when an emergency was taking place. After consulting with psychologists, it was determined that a female voice would “cut through” normal communications in a more effective manner in the event of an emergency. Of course, the all-male crew members affectionately referred to the disembodied female voice as “the b---h,” because she never had anything good to say! Every major event from an engine fire to a hydraulic failure was included in the set of events, and a total of twenty emergencies could be programmed into the system from fifty inputs.

Too Hot to Handle: My First Hustler “Incident”

As our crew moved through the initial phases of our training toward operational readiness in the Hustler, it was becoming apparent that a small problem was emerging. Our pilot had come into the B-58 program after a number of years piloting the B-47 bomber aircraft. Needless to say, piloting the B-47 was very different from the job in the B-58. The B-47 was slower, older, less sophisticated, had a pilot and co-pilot, and had one more important difference: on landing, to kill the aircraft’s lift and settle in on the ground, the pilot needed to *pull back* on the yoke. On the Hustler, with its delta wing aerodynamics, the pilot needed to *push forward* on the stick. Our crew’s pilot was a very “mechanical” pilot, which means he acted quickly, and without much thought, about some of the piloting actions he was making. This led to a significant “incident.”

On one of our “pilot training” flights flown in the pilot training version of the Hustler, designated the TB-58, with our crew’s pilot in the front seat, the Instructor Pilot in the middle seat (able to observe the guy in the front seat), and me in the third seat, we were coming in for a landing at Little Rock AFB under somewhat cross-windy conditions. We touched ground first on one main landing gear, away from the direction of the wind. We bounced a bit and touched ground on the other landing gear closer to the direction from which the wind was coming. The proper B-58 pilot action at that point should be to push the stick forward to kill the lift (and cross-wind effect) of the plane’s delta wing to then have all three landing gears (the two main ones under the wing, and the third gear under the nose of the plane) hit the ground. But our pilot’s “mechanical” instincts took over. With the help of the cross-wind, we proceeded to bounce from left gear to right gear to left gear to right gear, with him failing to push the stick forward to kill all lift. After several of these bounces, the Instructor Pilot began yelling over the communication system, “Take it around! Take it around, now!” Fortunately, our pilot listened to what he was being told, put power back onto the engines, and we took off again.

As we circled the runway prior to trying for a landing again, the Instructor Pilot very strongly told him, “When landing this aircraft, you push the stick forward when

you first touch ground. You do not keep the stick pulled back. Do you understand!?” When we touched down this time, our pilot did as he was instructed. We safely landed, and taxied to our designated parking spot.

When we got out of the plane, we saw some significant damage had occurred to both exterior wing tips and to the back ends of the two outboard engines. The wing tips had both been bent up 90 degrees, and the back ends of the engines had been dented upwards. Clearly, the bouncing back and forth had been very, very significant. It remains a wonder that we were able to fly the aircraft around the runway and safely land it. Afterwards, when it was thoroughly inspected, the incident was determined to be a “Major Accident” by the evaluators, and that plane was declared “unrepairable,” and was only to be used as a source of spare parts for other aircraft. Our B-58 pilot-in-training was evaluated to be unqualified to fly the B-58, and was “washed out” of the program.

Getting B-58 Crew Qualified...and the Second “Incident”

With our first pilot washed out of the program, the navigator/bombardier and I were paired up with another pilot, a very skilled pilot who also came into the B-58 program from piloting B-47 bomber aircraft. As a sideline, he had his own private, single-engine prop plane, in which he flew in little air shows doing stunt/acrobatic flying. Our new crew easily moved through to the completion of our crew training, and were evaluated to be “operationally ready” to fly nuclear attack missions, and to “stand alert.”

Strategic Air Command (SAC) planners devised the alert program to safeguard nuclear deterrence. They proposed to keep SAC’s bombers and tankers on alert with weapons loaded and crews ready for immediate takeoff. Their goal was to place one third of the command’s aircraft on ground alert at all times, with the aircrews for those aircraft on alert for at least 72 hours straight; living, eating, and sleeping in special facilities close to the alert aircraft. Our crew and aircraft were assigned five specific targets that we were to drop our nuclear weapons on if war was launched by the President of the United States. Very serious stuff.

In between our “on alert” sessions, we would either practice techniques in ground-based simulator systems, fly practice missions in the B-58 against target ranges in the U.S., or study the operating procedures of the combat-related systems for which we were responsible. The practice flying allowed the pilot—with prior approval from the FAA—to occasionally crank our airspeed up to Mach 2 over specially designated areas. The practice flights also provided our navigator/bombardier the opportunity to determine accurate aim points for bombing (and get evaluated on how good he was), or allow me, the DSO, to keep aircraft fuel weight/balance

safe, to jam designated radars, to fire some rounds from the Gatling gun, and to properly communicate with ground-based flight traffic controllers.

After a number of months of operational flying, another "incident" took place. On the evening of May 19, 1965, we took off for a practice bombing-run flight and some radar jamming. Everything was normal during the training events, and seemed normal as we returned to Little Rock AFB for the after-midnight, night landing approach and touchdown. However, when we first touched the ground, it seemed quite a bit harder than usual, since our pilot was a very smooth-operating pilot. During the "bounce" right after first hitting ground, our pilot announced over the inter-communication system, "We're in trouble, men." The nav/bomb crewmate and I didn't know what that meant at first, but we were soon to find out.

The second encounter between plane and ground was the hardest I had ever experienced. I soon saw flames bursting on and off outside both of my crew-station windows. It felt like the plane was spinning in a circle while it was moving down the runway. Not knowing my fate, I said quick prayers. I also looked at the airspeed indicator in my crew station to try to determine if we were going faster than the 100 knots needed to eject our capsule while on the ground. I could not tell the speed for sure, but it felt, and looked, like we were slowing down rapidly. Therefore, no ejection.

Instead, I quickly popped open my overhead flap door, deciding instead to just jump out to the ground, flames or no flames, and despite the height above the ground. The flames did seem to change in intensity when I began to climb out of my seat and prepared to jump. When I did jump, I seemed to hit the ground faster and lighter than I had expected. I quickly ran to an emergency vehicle that was close to the scene, jumped in, and told the driver, "Get me to the Emergency Room." I think he was more nervous than me, because I soon told him to slow down a bit, because I was O.K. and I didn't want to get into a car crash on the way from a plane crash.

Upon arrival at the Emergency Room, the medical team carefully removed the burnt leather gloves from my hands, cut off the burnt flight suit from my body, and took off the charred helmet and flight boots from my head and feet. The initial diagnosis was "second and third degree burns to face, hands, and body, but the patient will survive if the burns are carefully attended to." My prayers had achieved their highest purpose.

I learned shortly that our pilot had also been admitted to the ER with multiple burns after jumping out of his crew station. We were told our nav/bomb crewmate had ejected from the aircraft, and because the speed was not fast enough for his capsule's chute to properly open and

fully deploy, he was killed on impact when his capsule slammed into the ground with only a partly opened parachute. We also learned that the plane itself had broken completely apart into two separate pieces upon impact, and both pieces had spun down the runway in flames from its burning aviation fuel.

In the follow-up accident investigation, our pilot said that while on final approach for landing, the plane's stick "froze up, and would not move." He decided to continue with the landing since he was not sure what the plane would do, or where it would go, if he put power to it and tried to get back up to a higher altitude. He said, "The stick never unfroze," and thus the hard first bounce, the harder second bounce, and the resultant break-up of the plane into two pieces. The accident investigators could not substantiate the "stick lock up" assertion, and declared the cause of the accident as "pilot error," and the event as a "Major Accident." Our pilot was subsequently washed out of the B-58 program.

I spent the next several weeks in the base hospital getting treated for the multiple second- and third-degree burns to my hands, face, and body. Fortunately, except for a few residual scars to the backs of my hands, there were no other lasting physical effects from the escape from the burning aircraft. When I was asked by the local flight surgeon whether I had any "fear of flying" as a result of this crash, I told him, "No, I don't have a fear of flying in general. I just don't have any desire to fly in the B-58 again after getting through two Major Accidents." The flight surgeon understood my feeling, and so did the Air Force Personnel Office. They began work on my reassignment to another flying program. It turned out to be RC-135s in the Aleutian Islands...but that is another story for another time.



A B-58 "Hustler" crew races to its aircraft during a practice alert. Photo provided by Ron Smetek.

NOTAM: Electronic Roster

We no longer print and distribute an **AFNOA** roster. Electronic copies are available in Microsoft Excel. E-mail Jim Faulkner at jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net for a roster.



2022
AIR FORCE
NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS
REUNION
SEPTEMBER 19, 20 & 21, 2022
FORT WORTH, TEXAS



To be held at the Embassy Suites Fort Worth Downtown, 600 Commerce Street, Fort Worth, Texas 76102. Room rates are \$139 per night, plus tax. Breakfast is included in the room rate. Valet parking at the hotel is at the reduced rate of \$22 per night. We have a limited number of rooms at the Embassy Suites, so please book your rooms early. Once the room block is filled at the Embassy Suites, we have overflow rooms at the hotel next door. When the room block is full the Embassy Suites will let you know that you need to book your room at the overflow hotel at the \$139 rate plus tax. For those who are booked at the overflow hotel you are invited to have the complimentary breakfast at the Embassy Suites each morning. The registration fee is \$186 per person.

★ **Call the Embassy Suites at 817-332-6900 no later than August 15, 2022, to make your hotel reservations. Be sure to mention you are with the Air Force Navigators Observers Reunion to receive the group room rate. The group rate is also available 3 days before and after the reunion dates based on room availability at the hotel.**

Monday September 19th

2:00pm ~ Registration and Hospitality Room Opens
5:30pm - 6:30pm ~ No Host Cocktails
6:30pm - 9:00pm ~ Dinner Buffet
9:00pm - 11:00pm ~ Hospitality Open

Tuesday September 20th

7:30am-9:30am ~ Board Meeting
9:30am-11:30am ~ Membership Meeting
10:00am-3:30pm ~ Hospitality Room Open
4:30pm-5:30pm ~ No Host Cocktails
5:30pm-10:00pm ~ Banquet Dinner & Program

Wednesday September 21st

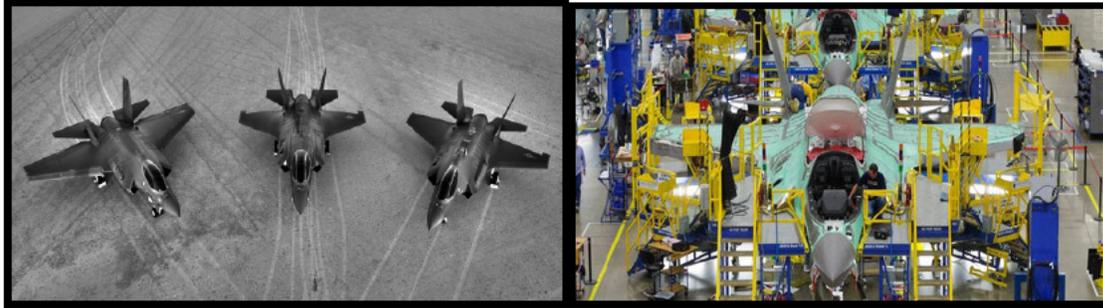
10:30am-4:30pm ~ Optional Tour ~ Fort Worth Stockyards
TBD ~ Optional Tour ~ Lockheed Martin & Fort Worth Stockyards

Optional Tours

Wednesday September 21st ~ 10:30am-4:30pm ~ Fort Worth Stockyards ~ Cost \$38

We will visit the Fort Worth Stockyards. Fort Worth is where the West begins, and nothing embodies Western heritage better than the Fort Worth Stockyards National Historic District. From the original brick walkways to the wooden corrals, every inch of the Stockyards tells the true history of Texas's famous livestock industry. Watch the morning cattle drive. The Fort Worth Herd steers can be viewed before and after cattle drives in their pens behind the Livestock Exchange Building on East Exchange Avenue. Drivers are available before each cattle drive for photo ops and questions. After the cattle drive you will have time to do lunch on your own and explore the stockyard area.

TBD ~ Wednesday September 21st ~ Times TBD ~ Lockheed Martin & Fort Worth ~ Cost \$38



Due to COVID, Lockheed cannot commit to this tour at this time, but if their restrictions change they will be offering this tour, however the tour will be limited in numbers, so sign up early to secure your spot on the tour. Sign-ups are on a first come, first serve basis.

Wheelchairs are allowed but please let us know in advance so we can make the appropriate arrangements. Flat sole - closed toe shoes are required. There will be approximately ½ mile of walking. The rest of the tour will have transportation supplied. No weapons of any kind are allowed. There is a place on the registration form to fill out the information needed for the security screening. You must be a US Citizen with no criminal record and provide the information requested on the registration form.

We will receive an exclusive briefing and tour of the mile long state-of-the-art manufacturing facility that is producing the only 5th Generation Stealth Fighter in the World, the F-35 Lightning II. The Lightning II is a single-seat, single-engine fighter aircraft designed for many missions with advanced, integrated sensors built into every aircraft. Missions that were traditionally performed by small numbers of specialized aircraft, such as intelligence, surveillance and reconnaissance and electronic attack missions can now be executed by a squadron of F-35s, bringing new capabilities to many allied forces. The F-35 is developed, produced, and supported by an international team of leading aerospace companies. As the prime contractor, Lockheed Martin continues its 100-year history of aircraft research and design with the Lightning II. Principal partners Northrop Grumman and BAE Systems build the center and aft fuselages, respectively. Northrop Grumman also brings its expertise in carrier aircraft and low-observable stealth technology to the F-35 program and supports logistics, sustainment, modeling and simulation and mission planning. BAE Systems contributes a rich heritage of capabilities, including short takeoff and vertical landing experience, advanced lean manufacturing, flight testing and air systems sustainment. Pratt & Whitney builds the F-35's F135 propulsion system, the world's most powerful fighter engine.

After the Lockheed tour you will have time to explore Fort Worth and do lunch on your own. In the late 19th century Fort Worth became an important trading post for cowboys at the end of the Chisholm Trail. A few things to see in Fort Worth include the Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth Stockyards and National Cowgirl Museum and Hall of Fame.

For More Information Contact:

Jim Faulkner
580-242-0526
jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net

The Reunion BRAT
360-663-2521
thereunionbrat@hotmail.com

COME JOIN US AS WE SHARE OLD MEMORIES AND MAKE NEW ONES!

- **Confirmation of registration and schedule will be sent out by August 26, 2022.**

CANCELLATION POLICY

- **By sending in your registration form, you are agreeing to the cancellation policy.**
- **A \$20 per person cancellation fee will apply to all cancellations received within 30 days of the event.**
- **Cancellations received within 15 days of the event will be non-refundable.**
- **Cancellations can ONLY be requested over the phone at 360-663-2521. You will receive a cancellation number; no refund will be issued without this number. Please make sure to keep this number for verification of your cancellation.**

Attendees Can Schedule/Plan Tours On Their Own. Below Are A Few Options:

Fort Worth Zoo

Walking through the Fort Worth Zoo, established in 1909, is perhaps one of the most entertaining ways to spend a day. Among the zoo's residents are more than 68 endangered species. Visit the great apes, rhinos, African lions, meerkats, giraffes, hippos, and elephants. Kids will love the country carousel and train, too.

Downtown/Sundance Square

Fort Worth's city center buzzes day and night with people, energy and opportunity. It's one of the most walkable urban areas you'll find anywhere – the perfect place to soak up the excitement and friendly ambiance of Fort Worth. The heart of downtown is Sundance Square, a 35-square-block shopping and entertainment district where charming, beautifully restored buildings stand alongside glittering skyscrapers. Here, you'll find locals, downtown residents and visitors among a multitude of restaurants, shops, galleries and performance venues.

Fort Worth Stock Yards

A stroll through the Fort Worth Stockyards Historic District, established in 1866, brings visitors back to the old west. This location was once a major stopover for cattle drivers on the Chisholm Trail. It is now home to shops, museums, and restaurants. You can catch live shows and rodeos in this neck of the woods, as well.

Fort Worth Water Gardens

One of the most interesting places in downtown Fort Worth is the Water Gardens near the Convention Center. Travelers can cool off in the multiple, contrasting falls. The space is enclosed by beautiful, shade-giving trees and even features a dedicated wading area. The meditation pool provides a peaceful place to rest among the cypress trees.

National Cowgirl Museum and Texas Cowboy Hall of Fame

The west is known for cowboys and cowgirls from the past and present. The National Cowgirl Museum and the Texas Cowboy Hall of Fame illustrate the pride of Fort Worth. Full of memorabilia and information on the cowboys and cowgirls of yesteryear, the sites depict past rodeos and the culture of the Old West, as well as the western world of today.

Vintage Flying Museum

The Vintage Flying Museum located at Meacham International Airport is full of aircraft from years past, such as the WWII DC-3 and a B-29 Superfortress. The large collection of planes is accessible to visitors, along with educational information. The museum is a great experience for all ages.

Fort Worth Aviation Museum

The Fort Worth Aviation Museum tells the story of the aviation heritage and accomplishments in North Texas since 1911. Its collection of 24 warbirds dates from 1943 to the present and features a US Navy Blue Angel F/A-18 Hornet in the outdoor display. The museum's indoor displays include the B-36 Peacemaker and Forward Air Controllers Museums, a T-38 cockpit simulator and computer flight simulators. Friendly guides assist all visitors with personalized tours and a gift shop is also available. Active duty military and their families visit free of charge.



**2022
AIR FORCE
NAVIGATORS OBSERVERS
REUNION
SEPTEMBER 19, 20 & 21, 2022
FORT WORTH, TEXAS**



NAME _____ PREFERRED NAME ON BADGE _____

BASE/SCHOOL _____ CLASS _____

CURRENT ADDRESS _____

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NAME OF YOUR GUESTS _____ PREFERRED NAME ON BADGE _____

PLEASE LIST ANY SPECIAL NEEDS: _____

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY NOTIFY: _____

REGISTRATION FEES

FULL REGISTRATION PER PERSON ~ NUMBER ATTENDING _____ X \$186= _____

BANQUET MEAL SELECTION: SALMON _____ CHICKEN _____ VEGETARIAN _____

PARTIAL REGISTRATION (IF YOU CAN ONLY ATTEND ONE DAY PLEASE SELECT BELOW)

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 19TH ~ NUMBER OF PERSONS ATTENDING _____ X \$93 = _____

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 20TH ~ NUMBER OF PERSONS ATTENDING _____ X \$93 = _____

TUESDAY BANQUET MEAL SELECTION: SALMON _____ CHICKEN _____ VEGETARIAN _____

TOURS

TOUR A & B ARE SCHEDULED AT THE SAME TIME, SO ONLY SELECT ONE OPTION.

TOUR A ~ WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 21ST ~ FORT WORTH STOCKYARD TOUR _____ X \$38 = _____

TOUR B ~ TBD ~ WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 21ST ~ LOCKHEED MARTIN TOUR _____ X \$38 = _____

IF THIS TOUR DOES NOT HAPPEN YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED UNLESS YOU MARK YES _____ I WANT TO BE ADDED TO THE FORT WORTH STOCKYARD TOUR.

REQUIRED INFORMATION FOR THE LOCKHEED MARTIN TOUR:

NAME AS IT APPEARS ON YOUR DRIVERS LICENSE _____

DOB _____ DRIVERS LICENSE # _____ STATE ISSUED _____ US CITIZEN? _____

NAME AS IT APPEARS ON YOUR DRIVERS LICENSE _____

DOB _____ DRIVERS LICENSE # _____ STATE ISSUED _____ US CITIZEN? _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED _____

★ PAYMENT IS DUE NO LATER THAN AUGUST 15, 2022

BY SENDING IN YOUR REGISTRATION FORM, YOU ARE AGREEING TO THE CANCELLATION POLICY NOTED ON THE FLYER.

PLEASE SEND PAYMENTS TO THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS AND MADE PAYABLE TO:

THE REUNION BRAT
16817 MOUNTAINSIDE DRIVE EAST
GREENWATER, WA 98022
360-663-2521

FIRST THINGS FIRST

by Louis Malucci, Ellington 57-12C

My 41-year career in the USAF began inauspiciously by getting into the wrong line during sophomore class registration at Oberlin College. Roughly a half century before computers, we stood in line to register for our preferred courses. After several minutes in line, I noticed a sign that said "ROTC." I asked the person next to me what it meant. He said it was the Air Force Reserve Officer Training Corps. This was the first year of the program at Oberlin. So, I said, "I've been in line so long, I may as well stay here." Three years later, after doubling up on classes, taking Air Science One concurrent with Air Science Three or something and taking a summer course at Pittsburgh U., I walked across the stage, one of nine cadets, to have former Illinois Governor and twice-presidential candidate who lost twice to President Eisenhower, Adlai Stevenson, pin my gold bars on my shoulder. He may be even more famous for asking "Do you, Ambassador Zorin, deny that the U.S.S.R. has placed and is placing, medium and intermediate-range missiles and sites in Cuba? Yes or no—don't wait for the translation—yes, or no."

Following my five years of active duty, flying as a radar/navigator/bombardier on a B-47, I joined the Air Force Reserve 914th Tactical Airlift Group at Niagara Falls, initially with C-119Gs, the ubiquitous "Flying Coffin" aircraft, for about seven years. Ironically, when I appeared to sign into the reserve unit, there was no one there other than a couple of enlisted men; no one else and no aircraft. The reason: the crews and aircraft were in Florida, engines running, ready to drop troops onto Cuba.

Among my flights in the C-119 was a 60-hour mission to Taiwan, 43 hours over water, having essentially the same navigation aids as Christopher Columbus, e.g., compass, sun and stars. We did have LORAN; however, it failed a couple of hours after departing the California coast. This 19-day mission appeared in an earlier issue of *DR Ahead*.

Later the unit got brand-new, ten-year-old C-130As, complete with bullet holes from Viet Nam. I flew the A model my entire remaining 13 years in the unit but after my retirement, the unit did get upgraded models, E and H models, for example. Remember, the A model was not intended to be a production model but the Air Force was so impressed they ordered a small number, perhaps a couple hundred.

While many reserve units train for one weekend per month, air reservists with a flying mission have the same flight training requirements as active-duty crews, despite the latter being on duty 365 days a year. While reservists supposedly fly one weekend a month, the reality is that reservists in a unit with aircraft, e.g., a Class A reserve unit, are required to fly 36 AFTPs (Additional

Flying Training Periods) per year, averaging 2½ hours per flight within a training quarter. There are many other opportunities, for example, week-long missions to support paratroop training, and flights to Europe, Central and South America; but for these missions, reservists are put on "short tours" of active duty.

Reservists also have the exact training requirements as active-duty troops even though they are on duty for weekends and a few selected days. They are required to get the same number of flight hours, 100 per year, of which 40 must be at night. They have the same quarterly requirements as active-duty crews, for example, day and night take offs and landings, GCA approaches, ILS, missed approaches, short field take-offs and landings, etc. This is also true of navigator training: so many heavy equipment air drops at 2,000 lbs., simulated personnel drops, celestial day and night fixes, LORAN fixes and pressure pattern LOPs, (lines of position), etc., which can only be used over water.

Based in upstate New York, to complete over-water requirements such as pressure pattern and LORAN, we usually flew a four-hour box pattern departing and returning to a North Carolina AFB, e.g., Pope AFB. However, occasionally, we flew non-stop to Bermuda, about a 4½ hour flight at a true airspeed of around 175.

One weekend I was the navigator on one of two crews each piloted by good friends "Bob" and "Bob" on one of these over-water missions. My copilot was "Harold," a former WWII pilot who had a distinguished career in the Pacific theater. Once over the Atlantic we flew the mission using LORAN as well as night celestial and pressure pattern navigation. We arrived at navy base NAS Kindley late afternoon or early evening, had dinner and a couple of rum swizzles and eventually went to bed. The next day we spent as tourists, renting bikes, enjoying the beautiful flowers and beaches, and a few more rum swizzles. Then on Sunday, we regrouped at base operations in preparation for our flight back to Niagara Falls, doing more LORAN and this time, day celestial.

At the briefing, our copilot, Harold, was unhappy. He was going around to each crew member, person to person, on both aircraft, asking if they had seen his cigarettes. They were pretty cheap in Bermuda, largely because of no taxes, and he had two paper sacks each filled with cartons of cigarettes. He was pretty upset because they were missing. However, we had to fly back so we boarded our aircraft as scheduled, including our unhappy copilot. We started engines and took the active runway at NAS Kindley and made our takeoff. As was the normal with the C-119 we took off on runway 31 with 2900 takeoff RPM and power setting, and then once established in the climb and raising the landing gear, we reduced our RPM to the normal climb power of 2600 RPM, which was used until level off at cruise altitude.

Immediately with the power reduction, there was a series of loud bangs. Only a few feet from my window next to my navigation table, yellow, green and red flames were shooting out the exhaust. The cowling flaps were shuddering violently with each bang. I had a front-row seat and saw the vibrating engine rapidly back-firing violently. Clearly, we had “blown a jug”—had a cylinder fail—probably having thrown a rod. Bob spoke firmly and loudly over the interphone, “Harold, call the tower and declare an emergency.” “Harold, declare an emergency!” “Harold, ask for an immediate return to the field.” Finally, Harold, after being asked twice, called the tower and asked for clearance for an immediate return. He called the tower and said, “Kindley tower—IBA 32, we are declaring an emergency.” Bob yelled out, “Tell them we want the crash trucks on hand.” “Harold! Ask for fire equipment!”, which Harold eventually requested. Kindley tower replied, “You are cleared for an immediate landing. I can give you a straight-in (e.g., with the wind. Normally takeoffs and landings are made against the wind, providing additional lift, requiring less power) on 13.” Bob replied, “No. We’ll take the pattern,” (circling to land against the wind on 31). It didn’t take long to realize that we were not staying in the sky. We did have about 25-30 personnel on board to enjoy the weekend in Bermuda. “Harold, tell them we will take the downwind.” “Harold, tell them we’ll take the 180 and land.” Finally, Harold replied to the tower that we would accept a 180 to land on the reciprocal runway, 31.

Normal landing approach speed for the C-119 is 125 knots, indicated airspeed. With an engine inoperative, you add 10 knots for an extra margin of safety, thus using 135 knots. However, with the normal 125 approach speed, landing against a wind of normally 20-25 knots, especially the on-shore stiff breeze at this island base, we had a ground speed of about 160, instead of the normal at about 105 or 110. Gritting his teeth and with white knuckles, Bob finally put the aircraft on the runway, but at that ground speed, and with the ocean right at the end of the runway, had to really apply brake pressure to get the plane to slow down and stop. Eventually we did, with both landing gear smoking and one actually catching fire from the friction applied at that speed. Bob did a quick engine shut-down and rang the alarm bell, which calls for immediate evacuation, and everyone spilled out down the rickety entrance ladder. Everyone, but not the copilot. He was sitting in his seat on the aircraft, speaking with the other C-119 pilot. “Are you sure no one found my cigarettes?!” Now that is assessing priorities.

A graduate of Oberlin College, Ohio, I earned my gold bars from the ROTC program there. I spent most of my five years of active duty, after completing several navigation schools, as a Radar/Navigator/Bombardier on an advanced state-of-the-art, six-engine B-47. Following active duty, I became an Air Reserv-

ist with the 914th Tactical Airlift Group at the Niagara Falls base. After giving my farewell speech on the stage, I cried most of the way on my 95-mile trip home. Then after 10 years in the retired reserve, upon reaching age 60, I officially retired.

COPILOT GREETINGS

by Bob Johnson, Mather 78-20

We were in an RC-135, call sign SNOOP 87, flying non-stop from Offutt AFB, Nebraska to Athens, Greece. Our young copilot decided he would greet each country’s air traffic controller with a “Good morning” in their language as we checked in with them along the route.

As we came into French airspace, the copilot asks, “Guys, how do you say good morning in French?” “It’s *Bonjour*.” The copilot radios out “Nantes Center, this is SNOOP 87, flight level 370, Bonjour.” Nantes Center answered, “SNOOP 87, radar contact, good morning.”

As we came into Italian airspace, the copilot asks, “Guys, how do you say good morning in Italian?” “It’s *Buongiorno*.” The copilot radios out “Rome Center, this is SNOOP 87, flight level 370, Buongiorno.” Rome Center answered, “SNOOP 87, radar contact, good morning.”

As we came into Greek airspace, the copilot asks, “Guys, how do you say good morning in Greek?” “It’s *Kalimera*.” The copilot radios out “Athens Center, this is SNOOP 87, flight level 370, Calamari.” Athens Center answered back without skipping a beat, “SNOOP 87, radar contact, and Squid to you too.”

The background laughter at Athens Center and in our aircraft was uproarious. The copilot paid for a bunch of calamari appetizers that trip.



“US Air Force 50th Anniversary”
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SURVIVAL TRAINING 101

by Anthony Mournian, James Connally 66-07

August 4, 1965: 1500 officer candidates sat in crowded tiers of chairs in the base gymnasium at Brooks AFB in San Antonio, Texas. They sat quietly, waiting for arrival of the Base Commander, Col So-and-So.

Lt N.T. Bright came first, entering from a door near the right side of the stage. He strode up to the microphone, pulled a page from his clipboard and began by calling us to order for a salute to the flag. Then he announced the colonel. Col So-and-So, dressed in khakis so starched they would stand at attention by themselves, walked to the mike. The room bristled to attention as we all jumped to our feet.

The colonel told us to take our seats, then said he had an announcement. "President Lyndon Baines Johnson has just issued an order to US Navy forces in the South China Sea to respond to an unprovoked attack by North Vietnamese gunboats on the USS Maddox on patrol off the coast of Hai Phong Harbor." This meant war. The room exploded. Officer candidates jumped to their feet, many of them shouting and cheering. I thought, "Oh, damn!"

It was only the beginning. The beginning of what became known as the Vietnam War to Americans, and "the American War" to the Vietnamese people. It would last ten years, taking the lives of nearly 60,000 American soldiers, sailors and aviators and untold thousands of Vietnamese men, women and children. It changed the course of history, and it sent me and my classmates on a new career path. My time at OTS ended shortly after the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution of August 7, 1965. Next stop was Undergraduate Navigation Training (UNT) at James Connally AFB in Waco, Texas, where instructors did their best to cram time-honored navigation skills, tricks and techniques into the skulls of men from nearly every academic background. It didn't matter if you were a rocket scientist or a bookworm. USAF did its best to turn you into a navigator capable of finding your way to any point on the globe, and back again. Over the course of a year we learned dead reckoning, map reading, pressure patterns, weather, Loran, radar navigation, the night sky, celestial and grid navigation. All were skills we might possibly need as we passed from UNT on to our first permanent flying assignment.

The war in Vietnam was only beginning as my class, 66-07-01, graduated in November 1965. Though the war effort would require a major infusion of manpower, and thousands of new pilots, navigators, engineers and loadmasters, the truth was JCAFB would be closing down as my class graduated. All future UNT classes would be trained at Mather AFB in Sacramento, California. Before we could go fly, however, there was one more thing: Survival Training at Stead AFB in Reno, Nevada.

Off we went. I chose to drive my almost-new 1964 VW bug, the back seat and the front trunk jammed with my new bride's clothing and possessions, while my uniforms were stuffed in a duffel bag and roped to the rear bumper for the three-day trip. We drove west on pieces of old Route 66, and stretches of the growing Interstate 40 as it passed out of West Texas, around the southern tip of the Rockies at El Paso, Texas, and up Route 66 to Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. Truth or Consequences got its name from the 1950s TV show. As a promotion the show offered a million dollars to the first city to rename itself to "T or C," and the New Mexico 'burb won the race.

Farther north, Route 66 cut through the center of Albuquerque, New Mexico, with only a stop light or two to slow you down. Off the side of Route 66 as we drove toward Gallup, we saw Navajo hogans out among the sand and sagebrush. Life then, and now, was primitive on the reservations with no running water, electricity or sewage treatment. It was a full day's drive out of Texas, and fully three days to make the trip from Waco, Texas, to Reno, Nevada. Stead AFB, now Reno-Stead Airport, had a long history as a training base for crews of fixed wing and helicopter aircraft. Like James Connally AFB, it was closing down as survival training courses were moved to Colorado and California. My survival training class was one of the last at Stead AFB.

What did we learn? Lots of things, but mostly how to survive if your aircraft went down in hostile territory. If it did, you wouldn't be able to walk up to a house in the neighborhood and ask for a glass of water or for a ride to the nearest bus station. USAF wanted you trained in how to use a garrote, how to kill using a pencil or sharp stick, how to hide in the jungle and how to navigate across open territory in the dead of night. They even threw in a three-day course in what we might experience if we were captured and thrown into a POW camp.

At the heart of survival in the POW camp was the mantra of chain of command; who would take command if the captive senior officer was injured, incapacitated or thrown into solitary confinement. The next officer junior was expected to step forward and assume command, and the rest of us fellow POWs were expected to fall in step. Camp was a noisy place. Among the constant calls to "fall in" for roll calls and body counts, there were orders to form up in a line on our hands and knees to police the prison yard. Now and then a recalcitrant "prisoner" would "hang tough" and refuse to cooperate.

Angering a prison guard was an invitation to be thrown bound and gagged onto the rock pile, a small below-ground-level hole with a corrugated roof to catch the heat of the desert sun. The rock pile was filled with, you guessed it, big, sharp rocks placed in such a way to prevent the prisoner from taking a more comfortable po-

sition. On the other side of the fence of the prison yard, inside a long narrow building, were two rows of "rooms," or cells, 4'x 4'. In one corner was a #10 can to use as a toilet. Opposite the "toilet" the prisoner could sit on a stool just high enough to keep his butt off the concrete floor. The cell was filled with music, played full blast and backwards, making it impossible to think. As I stood in my cell, I decided to make earplugs from pieces of brown paper towel. I rolled them into tight plugs, small enough to slide into my ear canals. "That'll fix 'em," I thought as I settled down to wait for whatever happened next.

A while later the cell door banged open. I was grabbed by the shirt and led to Interrogation. Enemy Col Dumb Ass took one look at me and yelled in my face as loud as he could, "What the hell do you think you are doing?" as he pulled out my earplugs. Name, rank and serial number was all I was supposed to say. So, I said it. That made Dumb Ass even more angry. "We'll fix your candy ass, soldier!" Dumb Ass called a guard and told him to take me to the Sweat Box. Sweat Boxes were carefully designed to form fit. I was told to get inside a box barely wide enough for my shoulders and not tall enough for me to do anything except double over with my knees up into my chin. As I faced the back of the box the guard shoved a board into slots behind me. I couldn't move up, down or sideways. It was dark.

The guard went away, leaving me to contemplate my attempts at being a smart ass. I don't know how long I was in the box. I was told POWs had been left in them for many hours so I didn't expect an early release. After many minutes which seemed like many hours, the guard removed the board behind me, allowing me to fall backwards out of the box. My legs were numb. I couldn't straighten them to stand or to walk. When I was able to walk, I was thrown back into the general prison population in the yard. The yard was lit with searchlights and spotlights, while outside the fence it was pitch black. A great experience. Now I knew what to expect if my plane was shot down, I survived the crash and I was captured. A great lesson in what to expect and a strong incentive to escape and evade capture!

Probably 150 of us survived the POW camp that night, only to be taken to an open field and told we were about to experience "live fire." Live fire meant someone was going to be firing real bullets over our heads as we crawled across the field, diving under rows of barbed wire. Woe to any prisoner dumb enough to stand up! The field was about 1/4 mile across. All of it was on our bellies, pulling our bodies forward on our elbows. It was a long way! Along the back side of the field was a tank trap, a ditch about 8' deep and 10' across. No one was firing weapons into the ditch, but if you were dumb enough to show your face above the ground you were sure to get a blast of shellfire to remind you this was not a game of checkers.

Next on the schedule was a chance to test your ability to survive a parachute jump. We practiced landings by jumping off a short platform onto the floor of the base gymnasium. If you didn't break an ankle or a leg you got to try out the real thing. Strapped into a parachute harness and roped to the back of a big blue four-wheel drive, you ran behind the 500' of hawser until the rope tightened, the parasail behind you opened and you were suddenly flying! Up you went until the truck crew cut you loose. The parasail slowed the fall to landing speed of about 3 mph. Your feet hit the ground of the plowed field and it was time to drop and roll.

I survived. I passed the test and went on to the next bit of Sadism 101. The final week of Survival School involved a trip into the mountains north of Stead, and a week in the field playing hide and seek with The Bad Guys. We were dropped off at the base of a steep slope of shale. It was around midnight and not a bit of moonlight. Our instructions were to move from Point A to Point B without being detected, or worse, captured. We were also forbidden to light fires. It was a national forest, and though it was November there was a real danger of fire.

My partner for this adventure was "Tom." His name is in quotes because that wasn't his name. He was a Navy Seal and was going through Survival Training as preparation for missions in the new war in Vietnam. Tom and I got along just fine. That rule against no fires? "What rule?" said Tom. Where Tom came from there were no rules. The first thing we did after we struggled to the top of the bank of shale was to find a spot behind some big rocks and light a fire. After all, Tom said, we would be traveling all night and we needed some warm food in our belly. We moved quietly to our next checkpoint, then bedded down during the day for some rest. The next night we were back on the move, cutting across a meadow of low sagebrush. Tom decided to check his map and pulled out his flashlight. Then I saw it. The flame of a match across the meadow. The Bad Guys had seen us and were coming toward us. They moved slowly, knowing the area and knowing we were likely to panic. We did, sort of. Tom motioned me on into the meadow, then dropped out of sight. There we were, trapped. Nothing to hide behind and nowhere to run. We flattened out, as low to the ground as possible, and waited. If The Bad Guys saw us, they didn't give themselves away. They moved around the field looking for us, but never used a light. I don't know how long I was on the ground with my face in the dirt. It seemed forever. Finally, after waiting for The Bad Guys to move on, and giving them plenty of time to go after some other Dumb Asses, we moved into the forest and on to our next checkpoint.

I don't remember all the details of our Escape and Evasion Week, but I do remember the final night in a grove of manzanita. We had to cross the grove to reach

the next checkpoint and there was no easy way around. We decided to go over the bushes. It took forever, but we made it without being caught. We bedded down for rest. I remember spreading my drop cloth and sleeping bag, then lying down and drifting off to sleep. I woke with a sore back and couldn't figure out what I had done until I began rolling up my gear. I had stuffed my steel canteen into the bag for safety, then had fallen asleep on it! Ouch.

Tom and I made it into the final checkpoint without being "captured" or having our scorecards punched. I remember coming out of the woods and into a clearing filling with other teams. We were all filthy dirty, hungry and thirsty, and about 15 pounds lighter. It was a great way to instill confidence and to build character. I'm not sure if I'd recommend it to many others, but for me it was the end of a great week before we were released from Stead AFB and sent on our way to our flying assignments.

Does any of this remind you of a snipe hunt in Boy Scouts? It should. With the right attitude Survival Training was the best Boy Scout Camp ever. All you had to do was remind yourself, "This, too, shall pass," and it would.

SURVIVAL SCHOOL - A DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE

by Jerry O'Halloran, Harlingen 60-07

After reading two articles about Stead AFB Survival School, and how challenging they found it, I decided to share my experiences. I had plenty of food and water, lots of energy left at the end and can look back fondly. Now that's a huge difference.

Actually, I had too much fun at Stead AFB, January 1961. Being born and raised in Boston, MA, the majority of my experience was city life. However, I thoroughly enjoyed my time experiencing the Nevada woods and the concentration camp. My interrogation at the end was actually quite funny, and record-breaking.

After Stead's typical academic courses, they took us out to the woods in groups of eight. We were seven navigators and one pilot. It was great to meet guys from many different parts of the country, and lots of strange dialects. I remember one Texan telling me, a guy from Boston, that I spoke funny. I quickly remembered one of my parents' favorite sayings: "That's the pot calling the kettle black."

Apparently, we each received one of their typical foodstuffs: potato, carrot, apple, pemmican bar, cheese, chocolate, etc. And yes, we did get a rabbit. Before our Missourian told us the purpose of the rabbit, we had actually christened him as a mascot. Missouri just picked up the rabbit by the tail and bam, across the back of the neck, and the Mr. Rabbit had a whole new purpose. Missouri bled, gutted and skinned him in short order. It

was fascinating to me just to watch. I stretched the skin around a bent branch I cut down and planned to bring it home as a trophy. Short-lived plan. I lost it sometime after a porcupine experience. Oh well.

Several hours later we had the typical rabbit stew. Six of the eight could not get past the christening and preparation, and would eat very little. Pilot and I kept most everything. A few hours later, at their request, we traded our chocolate and apple for the Pemmican bars and cheese. At this point Pilot and I had lots of food.

The next day, shortly after trudging through about three inches of snow, one of the guys spotted a large porcupine toward the top of a slender birch tree. Our group decided they now could be hunters, and proceeded to cut down the tree. (Obviously, this was before the Greening of America movement.) The quick-reacting animal jumped to an adjacent tree as his tree fell. Ten minutes later the second tree was felled and we had a large, fat porcupine. I put a nylon string around his neck and let him ski behind me.

Missouri to our aid again. He showed us that if you built a large fire and baked him in the hot coals for an hour or so, he would be cooked and the quills burned off. Pilot and I thought he tasted good. The other six did not agree. So, Pilot and I now had most of the rabbit and the porcupine. A lot of food. By the way, all wild game does not taste like chicken.

A few days later we faced a valley, at the end of which was a check-in tent. We knew the instructors would be just picking us off like sitting ducks, taking our chits, validating we were caught. Pilot came up with a great idea. We could climb up the mountain and traverse the other side. He figured, correctly, the instructors would not expend that much energy, and most students would not attempt such a climb.

By the way, Pilot was a tall, muscular, college football star, and I spent over six years as a weightlifter and gymnast. Climbing the mountain would be easy. Halfway up the mountain we discovered a brand-new logging road. Piece of cake. We walked five minutes and jogged five minutes, and arrived at the destination about five hours early, and later checked in without losing a chit.

Next, we faced an escape and evasion route through lots of sagebrush. Pilot and I cut down branches of the sagebrush and tied them on each other. After many hours of slow-crawling about four of us had to be called in as the sun was setting and we had to go through the concentration camp. Still had all my chits.

The camp was interesting. They housed us in covered dugouts with a pot belly stove. For authenticity, the instructors were all dressed in Russian military dress, and came into each dugout in pairs, harassing us—verbally and physically. One of our guys noticed that one guard had left the dugout, leaving his buddy alone. Not happy about being pushed around, one student hauled

off and decked the guard. We immediately scrambled out of that dugout and joined other dugouts. Nothing came of this (???)

Interrogation was the best part. When it was my turn, a guard escorted me out of the compound and took me to an interrogator. Mine was sitting behind a desk in a small shack. We were told not to just give him our trained response (NRS-Date of Birth), but to attempt to just talk to the interrogator to see how quickly we could get into trouble. I did, and I did.

My first few questions were pretty basic, asking me about items I had put on my military application. Then he asked, "Who was your best friend as a teenager?" I created, "Bill." No, he said. "It was Griff." I quickly reviewed in my mind the information I put on my application.

He then asked, "Who was your last girlfriend as a teenager?" Again, I made up "Mary Jane." No, he said. "It was Linda." We went through 3-4 more embarrassing questions before he asked, "Don't you remember me? I dated your sister." Boy, that explained a lot! Apparently, each interrogator reviewed the class to see if they knew anyone, or was from their home city. Man, was I set up!

Now for the best part. We spent the next 30 minutes or so happily renewing old times and places. He then told me the guard outside would take me back to the compound.

When I stepped outside the sun had set, and I noticed the guard was facing away and had not heard me. He wore large winter garb, with a typical winter coat with a large head and ears covering. Silently, I slipped around the back of the building, and snuck away. I walked all the way back to the main base area, and into my BOQ room. I showered, cleaned up and changed into clean clothes. Since it was dinner time I went to the club and enjoyed a huge T-bone steak with all the makings. Then I proceeded to order another T-bone steak to go.

Later, back in the BOQ, I donned my compound clothes, and snuck back to the interrogation area. Apparently, the guard thought I was the one he was waiting for, so he escorted me back to the compound. When my dugout mates asked why I was gone so long, I told them my crazy story. Needless to say, it was received with great skepticism. That quickly changed when I showed them my steak, and my intention to eat it myself if they did not want it.

Once entering the compound, I lost track of Pilot, and often wondered if he ended up with as much extra food as me. I also wondered how the school accounted for a lost student, and later counted the correct total leaving the compound at the end.

For me, Survival School was a fun experience. When I escaped, I could have remained in my BOQ room. I just did not want to miss out on anything. One of my

classmates and I drove off base as soon as we could and headed for McConnell AFB, Kansas, to get checked out in B-47s. The rest of the class seemed to be heading to downtown Reno for much needed food, some gambling and a few shows.

Earlier, I said my experience was record-breaking. Don't forget, they had a reputation that *nobody ever escaped from the compound*. I'll bet they never admitted they actually had one escapee—me.

FROM AVIATION CADET TO THREE RATINGS

by Larry Snow, Harlingen 59-13

I have three ratings (Pilot, EWO, and Navigator). Like Charles A. Leach, I was selected to attend aviation cadet navigator training at Harlingen AFB, Texas, Aug 8, 1958. I was commissioned as a second lieutenant at age 20 with a navigator rating. Next, I went to Keesler AFB, Mississippi, and became an Electronic Warfare Officer (EWO). While at Keesler, I joined the aero club and received my private pilot's license. I flew as an EWO on the B-52G at Travis AFB, California. I remember flying the Chrome Dome missions, 24-25 hours, flying to the east coast and turning north to Greenland for air refueling, continuing to the North Pole, turning south to Alaska, air refueling again, flying back and forth for a couple of hours, then south to Travis AFB. I did 25 Chrome Dome missions. During the three years at Travis, I accumulated over 2,000 hours in the B-52G model. After the third attempt, I was accepted to pilot training class 65G at Webb AFB, Texas. Next was F-102 and T-33 training, Perrin AFB, Texas. Then dual qualification F-101B, and the T-33 aircraft in the Air Defense Command at Dow AFB, Maine.

Less than a year later, I was assigned to the B-66B at Takhli Airbase, Thailand. I was selected for this job because being an EWO I would understand the mission, they said. The B-66 was a single seat bomber, never had dual controls. We had 28 jammers on board with no guns or missiles. We always had two escorts, usually F-4s since we were jamming all their radars; they would send up MIGs to shoot us down. The B-66 was a fighter-pilot type of flying. Being a single pilot airplane, you had to think like a fighter pilot with this airplane. With permission of the EWO and the navigator, I would roll this bomber. I had 130 missions over North Vietnam. My assignment was to Hamilton AFB, California, flying the F-101B again. Less than a year later I checked out in the F-106 aircraft. After four years, I was assigned to the 5th FIS at Minot AFB, North Dakota, as a training officer for the F-106. A year later, I was the standardization evaluation officer for the F-106. After two years at Minot, I was assigned to McClellan AFB, California, to the Air Force Logistics Center which later became Program Depot Maintenance (PDM), as the Flight Test Pilot (F-106) for four years. By law, as a reserve officer, I had to

retire with twenty years after four years flight testing the majority of the F-106 fleet. While on alert duty, I would attend night college classes. I ended up with a BS in business and a MBA in business, 1978.

After retirement, I did a lot of FAA Part 135 charter flying and got my Cessna citation type rating through the VA benefits. I was hired by the FAA as an assistant to the controllers at Philadelphia approach and tower. In my off time flying as a co-pilot on charter flights in a Lear 35, I later got my type rating in the Lear. They had an opening and I got hired at Atlantic City flight inspection field office as a Flight Inspection Pilot flying the Jet Commander, another type of rating.

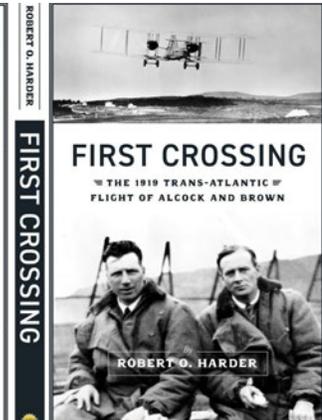
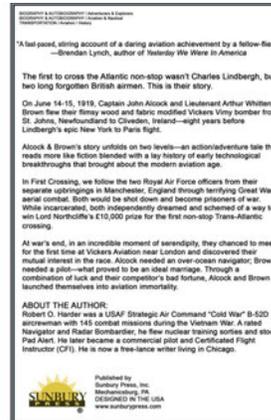
One and a half years later I got a job with the Frankfurt, Germany, flight inspection field office flying Sabreliner 40/60 models. This job covered all U.S. military airfields in Europe: Army, Navy and Air Force, plus a contract to flight check Ireland's four airports. We would flight check the NAVAIDS at the Thule Airport, Greenland, the Navy Lajes Airfield, Azores, all the way to Royal Air Force Airport, Ascension Islands in the southern hemisphere. My last assignment with the FAA was to the Sacramento flight inspection field office flying an FAA King Air 350 with a type rating of all King Airs. I was fortunate, with no college to start with, to have a great and various aviation career, both military and civil flying. And to get my MBA before leaving the Air Force. One more thing, I met my wife when I was assigned as an EWO at Travis and was flying skydivers to build up my pilot time. She was dating a skydiver but I won her over. We married in 1961. I taught her how to fly and she received her pilot's license while I was at Perrin AFB, Texas.

Going through navigator training was a very good start in life. That training helped me as an F-106 fighter pilot. Not only were you the pilot flying the F-106, you were the radar operator for the fire control and you were the navigator. One more thing about the F-106 and the B-66, there were two different types of air refueling. The KC tanker used a drogue basket for us, the B-66 pilot, to insert the fueling boom into. The F-106 used an inflight receptacle on top of the aircraft where the air boomer on the KC tanker would fly the boom down to the receptacle and offload the fuel, a much easier way to air refuel. Anyway, that is a little of my aviation career.

NOTAM: DR Ahead Distribution

AFNOA members who are current on dues should receive the e-mail copy of *DR Ahead* by the 7th of the published month (January, April, July or October) or the paper copy via USPS by the 25th of the published month. IF NOT RECEIVED, contact Jim Faulkner (jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net) or Errol Hoberman (afnoa.distributor@yahoo.com). Note that e-mail copies may sometimes go into the "spam" or "junk mail" folders so please check them before contacting **AFNOA** representatives.

LETTERS



Dear Ms. Curran,

11 May 2022

It gives me great pleasure to share with you the launch of my new book *First Crossing: The 1919 Trans-Atlantic Flight of Alcock and Brown*, published April, 2022. A brief synopsis:

Re: *First Crossing: The 1919 Trans-Atlantic Flight of Alcock and Brown*

Suggested Retail, Soft Cover: \$19.95

Publisher: Sunbury Press, Inc., Mechanicsburg, PA
77,800 words

25 photographs/images

Genre: Creative Nonfiction

Probably 100 out of 100 lay persons and 98 out of 100 *aviators* believe the first non-stop crossing of the Atlantic was made by Charles Lindbergh's New York to Paris flight in 1927. In fact, the deed was accomplished eight years earlier by two former Royal Air Force officers, Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur Whitten Brown, when they flew their flimsy wood and fabric Vickers *Vimy* from St. Johns, Newfoundland to Cliveden, Ireland on June 14-15, 1919. Their largely forgotten story unfolds on two levels—an adventure tale that beggars belief it actually succeeded, blended with a lay history of early technological breakthroughs that brought about the modern aviation age. Ultimately, I wanted to explore what it was that possessed these two men to gamble their lives seemingly so recklessly on a venture most of that day considered suicidal. Readers will come away with a firmer understanding of how such a preposterous air journey managed to succeed and what it took to do it.

Available to order now direct from Sunbury, Amazon, or any other online book seller or local book store. Go to my website for the links: <www.robertoharder.com>

Thanks for reading and good health to all!

Robert O. "Bob" Harder, **AFNOA** Member
Mather 67-20

Susan,

2 April 2022

My name is Larry L. Snow, US Air Force, Major retired. Enjoyed reading about Charles A. Leach, class of 59-19 and his career. I too was in the Aviation Cadet class of 59-13 and I too was 20 years old getting my commission and navigator rating. I too remember the Cuban missile crisis October 1962. I was the EWO on the B-52G bomber at Travis AFB, CA. We had all B-52s and all KC-135 tankers on alert. The tankers were parked on various areas around the field as the alert pad was completely full of B-52s.

Finally, after three times, I was selected for pilot training, class 64-G. Below is my story.

Thanks,

Larry Snow, Harlingen 59-13

Editor's Note: Larry Snow's article appears on pg 16 of this issue.

BRIEFLY NOTED

by Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09

Hondo, Texas, which is less than an hour's drive west of San Antonio, was a town of about 2,500 people when it was selected as the location for an Army Air Field in 1942. *We'll Find the Way*, by Robert D. Thompson, is a history of what became a major training center for navigators during World War II. Some 14,000 men, including over 100 African Americans in segregated classes, earned their wings and commissions there. The base was billed as the world's largest navigation training school. The 1992 book is filled with accounts of what life was like there before it was closed on 31 December 1945. There are photographs, a bibliography, endnotes, an index, and multiple appendixes containing details including one which lists star and constellation names. At least one used copy is for sale online for about \$7.00 and my copy is potentially available.

<p>NOTAM: EMERGENCY LIST: 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.</p> <p>*****</p>
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LAST FLIGHTS

by Jim Faulkner, James Connally 64-04

Please report Last Flights to **AFNOA** Membership, Jim Faulkner at (jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net or jfaulkner39@hotmail.com) Thanks to all who advised me of navigators making their final flights. People reporting multiple LAST FLIGHTS were: Dale E. Everson, Harlingen 58-12; John Fradella, Connally 66-17; Edward V. Masek, Connally 63-01; and Bill Wilkins, Ellington 52-09. Keep LAST FLIGHT families in your prayers. The following losses were reported this quarter:

CORAL GABLES

Davis, Denzil R.	Ormand Beach	FL	41-E
Stengle, John N.	Boulder	CO	43-06

ELLINGTON

Davis, Elbert C.	Virginia Beach	VA	50-D
Egglefield, Lew E.	Elizabethtown	NY	51-06
Skidmore, Charles L.	Cameron	TX	51-06
McHaffie, John C.	Oro Valley	AZ	53-03
Hall, Samuel M.	Canandaigua	NY	54-00
Alpin, Ransom C.	Sequim	WA	55-11
Cope, Edward A.	Maineville	OH	56-11

HARLINGEN

DiDomenico, Paul J.	Buffalo	NY	53-13
Fritz, Richard A.	Marion	AR	54-04
Deyton, John R.	Rock Hill	SC	54-11
Lassiter, Billy R.	Fayetteville	NC	54-WN
Bailey, James T.	Annapolis	MD	55-04
Orszula, Swietobor J.	Catonsville	MD	55-04
Moore, Thomas L.	Clearwater	FL	55-07
Lewis, David Thayer	San Antonio	TX	56-16
Martin, Donald R.	Chesterfield	MO	56-16
DuCharme, Rudolph D.	Glendale	CA	57-02
Latham Jr., Edward G.	Santa Rosa Beach	FL	57-04
Christman, Donald O.	Rockford	IL	58-04
Watcher, Pete P.	Sumter	SC	58-07
Ellis Jr., George J.	Falls Church	VA	58-09
Lewin, Herbert L.	New York	NY	58-09
Speno, Frank C.	Savannah	GA	58-09
Capone, Frank	Williamsburg	VA	58-09N
Stewart, Jerry R.	Mesquite	TX	58-09N
Swiney, Joseph A.	Bristol	TN	58-09N
Morton, G. Wright	Sonoma	CA	59-10
Jacobson, Robert E.	Boothbay Harbor	ME	59-21
Wells Jr., John T.	Henderson	NV	60-11
Doyle, Fred Allen	Ft Walton Beach	FL	60-12
Giles, George W.	Dallas	TX	60-20
Pirkkala Jr., Henry J.	Medical Lake	WA	60-20
Bruce, Daniel R.	Naples	FL	60-22
Leis, Charles T.	Pacifica	CA	60-22
Sladovnik, David E.	Kailua	HI	60-22
Abbott, Thomas F.	Manakin Sabot	VA	61-01
Ruffcorn, Carroll L.	Austin	TX	61-01
Snook, Denis A.	Junction City	OR	61-01

Tisdale, Richard L.	Round Rock	TX	61-01	Ronnel, Eli L.	Little Rock	AR	60-14
Tondreau, Robert E. J.	Ft Walton Beach	FL	61-01	Schmid, Robert E.	Kingwood	TX	60-20
Donner, Frederick H.	Falls Church	VA	61-03	Crawford III, John N.	Charleston	SC	61-01
Motzny, Kenneth G.	Rockford	IL	61-04	Dabney, Robert C.	Houston	TX	61-12
Dove, Life N.	Pflugerville	TX	61-05	Capellman, James J.	Bellingham	WA	63-01
Gray, Gary W.	Papillion	NE	61-05	Orme, David L.	Alexandria	VA	63-01
Barney, James I.	Elmhurst	IL	61-16	Blankenship, Robert V.	Alpharetta	GA	63-14
Lewis, William C.	Brasher Falls	NY	61-16	Kronk, Herbert I.	Haymarket	VA	63-14
Kidd III, Clifford S.	Tallahassee	FL	61-20	Sarbell, Robert P.	Marietta	GA	63-14
Mann, William L.	Las Vegas	NV	61-20	Schichtle Jr., Casper J.	Riverside	CA	63-21
Philipp, Joseph W.	Cutler Bay	FL	61-20	Goode, Charles D.	Advance	NC	64-08
Reno, Robert L.	Montgomery	OH	61-20	Lioce, Frank R.	Fort Worth	TX	64-08
HONDO				Russell, Theodore	Frederick	MD	64-08
Wolfe, Peter M.	Boca Raton	FL	43-03	Ryan, Robert L.	Adkins	TX	64-08
JAMES CONNALLY				DePhillippis, Robert M.	Bonita Springs	FL	64-18
Mahaffey Jr., Carvel E.	Warner Robins	GA	52-04	Hamner, James H.	Redmond	OR	65-06
Brassard, John L.T.H.	Barrington	RI	52-05	Mandeville, Maurice J.	Satellite Beach	FL	65-06
Dula, John E.	Allen Park	MI	52-05	Schwertner, Charles J.	Abilene	TX	65-06
Gardner, Edson F.	Riverside	NJ	52-05	Wehmeyer, John T.	Monona	WI	65-06
Didonato, John M.	Palm City	FL	52-06	Compton Jr., David F.	Spokane	WA	66-01
Dereska, Stanley P.	Springfield	VA	54-RN	Feinberg, Dennis S.	Edmond	OK	66-05
Alvigi, James	Old Bridge	NJ	54-YN	Payne, John E.	Roanoke Rapids	NC	66-05
Canney, Herbert R.	Milton	NH	54-YN	Tatum, Charles T.	Allen	TX	66-18
Clark, Paul J.	North Little Rock	AR	54-YN	MATHER			
Dingler, Harold M.	Waco	TX	54-YN	Danos, Dean J.	Cibolo	TX	67-00
Evers, Jerald M.	Tampa	FL	54-YN	Hubbard III, Carl J.	Shalimar	FL	68-00
Ferguson, Harris E.	Portland	TN	54-YN	Simon, George W.	Beavercreek	OH	68-09
Folkman, Keith L.	Meridian	ID	54-YN	Boswell, James W.	Niceville	FL	69-00
Hagans, Jack L.	Plattsburg	NH	54-YN	Bucheri, Mark C.	Hartford	CT	71-01
Hammerli, Roger E.	Vacaville	CA	54-YN	Cooney, James M.	Durham	NC	71-01
Hannan, Joseph J.	Montgomery	AL	54-YN	McCusker, Cornelius K.	Scottsdale	AZ	71-01
Hart, Charles E.	Merced	CA	54-YN	Newton, Stephen J.	Seekonk	MA	71-01
Lacina, Theodore T.	Centennial	CO	54-YN	SELMAN			
Lebbs Jr., William C.	Tucson	AZ	54-YN	Morris, Floyd M.	Fort Lauderdale	FL	43-13
Long, Dale A.	Los Angeles	CA	54-YN	SCHOOL UNKNOWN			
Lugenbeel, Thomas E.	Chambersburg	PA	54-YN	Curtis, Billy Ray	Medford	OR	44-00
Musick, Victor H.	Dover	FL	54-YN	Millar III, William L.	Rocky Mount	NC	57-10
Naddeo, Michael E.	Havertown	PA	54-YN	*****			
Pruitt, John H.	Laguna Woods	CA	54-YN				
Roberson, Peter N.	Lynnwood	WA	54-YN				
Wood, Charles E.	Elon College	NC	54-YN				
Dufresne, Arthur D.	Washington	DC	55-BI				
Ricksecker, Gerald E.	Hoffman Estates	IL	55-CI				

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