



DR AHEAD



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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

by Ron Barrett, James Connally 63-06

AFNOA members are busy as ever maintaining our position in the USAF and seeing to it that we learn from the past. Military flight, more than ever, is now determined by mission requirements and budget restraints. What a balance our AF leaders must achieve!

We are seeing played out right under our noses the very questions Mitchell, LeMay, and Spaatz sought to answer in the early days of air warfare and in defining the

center. The USAF is approaching the total of one-million hours of UAV air operations. One question now is: who can best air-chair fly these UAVs? The Air Force's rated pilots do not care much for this as a flying slot, so the navigators can do it!

Two changes in flight crew training are also happening at this time. One is that the USAF no longer will even have a navigation training plane in its inventory. The T-43 will be formally retired from its training role at Randolph AFB this September. **AFNOA** members will attend this



missions of the Army Air Corps. Remember AAC/AAF/ USAF navigators and bombardiers as such did not even exist then.

AFNOA's Reunion in September 2011 will put members right into the middle of today's air warfare problems when we hear from the Nellis and Creech Air Force staff during our Reunion in 2011. The USAF Academy is even awarding a sort-of-wings-rating to its members that now graduate in the specialty of Unmanned Aerial Vehicles (UAV). UAVs, such as the hunter-killer MQ-9 *Reaper*, appear to dominate today's air warfare concepts. The MQ-9 is flown remotely from the Creech air operations

retirement. If you wish to join us there, contact VP Jim Faulkner (jfaulkner39@suddenlink.net) immediately. The Air Force has limited the attendance.

Secondly, the USAF Combat Systems Operators/Officers (CSOs = new navigators) will henceforth all be trained at Naval Air Station Pensacola, Florida. There is a two-track training program. One leads to heavy aircraft (Navy P-3 patrol and tanker aircraft missions), and the other to the Weapons Systems Officer (WSO), like back-seaters in the F-18E and F-15E missions. Navy refers to their back-seaters, or non-pilot flying officers in general, as Naval

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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 the navigators, observers and bombardiers of the USAAC, USAAF, or the USAF. **TENO**, the forerunner of **AFNOA**, was organized by Clarke Lampard, Ellington Class 50-D, in 1985.

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

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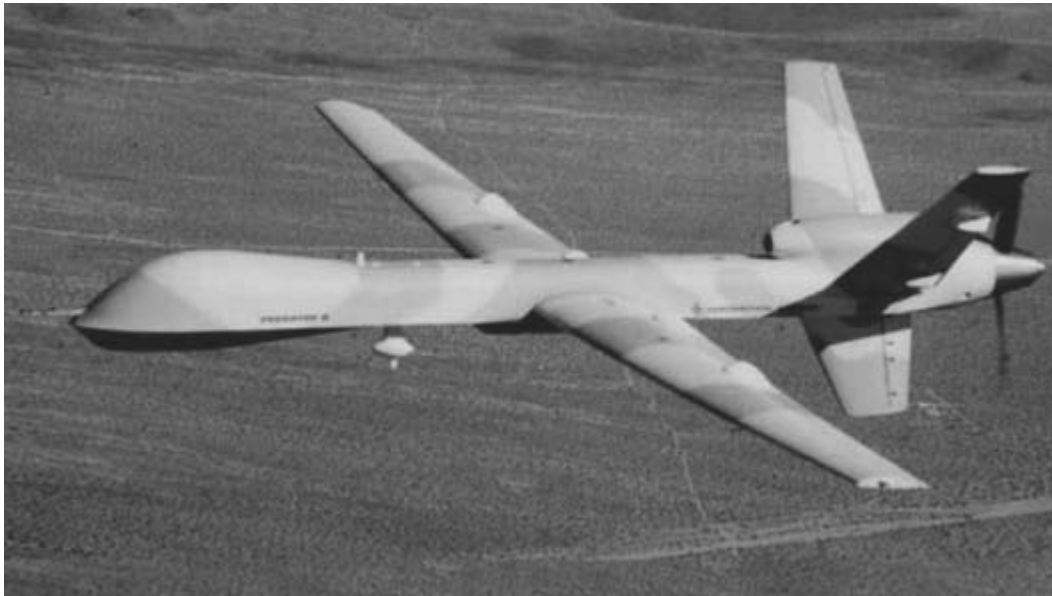
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Flight Officers (NFOs).

There are a few CSOs in **AFNOA**, and they are quite busy learning all that there is now to know. They will provide us great air warfare leadership in the future.

There are what the Air Force calls, a few "legacy navigators" and a few "bombardiers" still in the active duty force in MC-130 Special Operations Forces, B-1, and B-52 units. The greatest number of real navigators still flying are in Air Guard units, mostly the C-130H.

AFNOA is presently conducting an effort to get the Harlingen-, James Connally-, and Mather-trained navigators and bombardiers to join. Leadership on this effort is provided by VP Jim Faulkner. Jim over the years has run the James Connally reunions at Randolph AFB in between



the **AFNOA** reunions and he says that this year's is the last such gathering. This Sept 17-18 we will be at Randolph AFB for both the T-43 retirement and the James Connally Navigator reunion. We will be recruiting all navigators to join **AFNOA**. If you want to attend please contact Jim Faulkner.

Our Membership Chairman, **AFNOA** VP Richard Mansfield, has published the **AFNOA** Membership Roster and issued it to all members. What a great job, very professional. Mansfield can be proud of this publication. There is no other such Navigator-Observer-Bombardier publication anywhere in the world. Not only did Dick get all of our members into this wonderful listing, he also accounted for all the Killed-in-Action that are known to this date. Dick runs a complete data base to maintain these records. What a task.

To those that gave their all, we do pay homage. We

are the lucky ones. Which reminds me, we also are losing approximately one member per day due to natural attrition. Mansfield makes notice of this in the tabulation of "Last Flights," which he also has published in every **DR-AHEAD**. We thank Dick for his great service to the flight crews.

NOTE: Life dues have just been cut in half. So do become a life member!

HISTORIAN'S REPORT

by Ron Barrett, James Connally 63-06

In the April 2010 **DRAHEAD** I reported on the upcoming expedition by The International Group for Historic Aircraft Recovery (TIGHAR pronounced tiger) to the South Pacific islands looking for Amelia Earhart and navigator Fred Noonan's final resting place.

As you read this, TIGHAR is compiling all that it has learned on its just-completed expedition. They will let us know if and when a television special will be aired.

AFNOA will have me deliver our navigator accessions— our navigator history col-

lections—to the official archives' early in September. I will personally drive the van full of our historical navigation items and records to the official archives.

First, navigator items will go into the Mighty Eighth Museum in Pooler, Georgia, near Savannah. President/CEO Henry Skipper and Dr. Vivian Rogers-Price will be the receiving officials. We will provide and sign off a detailed inventory. The planned date of the turnover is 9 September 2010. If you want to come and celebrate our now having an official navigator history and archives home, please do. We are really pleased to have the Mighty Eighth Museum as a home for our collections. If you live near the Mighty Eighth consider becoming a navigator docent. From now on, if you want to donate an item, send it to the Mighty Eighth Museum referencing the **AFNOA** Collections therein.

Next I will drive down to pick up the "AAC/ACF/USAF Official records that Richard Mansfield has amassed. These

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are critical to our history. These official, actual AAC/ACF/USAF orders, training class rosters, and awards documents will be then delivered to The AF/Historical Research Agency for archiving therein. **AFNOA** is the only organization ever to see to it that our navigator records were to be archived. Had this not been done (by Mansfield mostly) we as navigators would have been a blank page in the

forthcoming **AFNOA** Reunion of 2011, September 6th to 8th 2011, will be finalized. Budgets, dues, and other issues will be worked out.

Third: **AFNOA**, along with the Connally-Harlingen Navigators, who are holding a Reunion at this very same time (September 17 & 18) in the Randolph AFB Officers Club, will meet together. We will discuss: (a) their joining **AFNOA**;



history of the USAF record-wise. **AFNOA** does keep copies of everything which we use in our support programs.

I'll then drive to Pensacola Naval Air Station to meet with the USAF 19th Air Force Detachment 1 Training Squadron, where I will learn first-hand how the navigator will become the new Combat System Officer. I will do an article thereafter for **DR AHEAD**.

From NAS Pensacola I plan to drive to Maxwell AFB, AF/HRA and will turnover **AFNOA's** collected orders to Dr. Charles O'Connor and staff. I will see that we have a smooth pipe for future input into the document archives. Note:AF/HRA does not store items. It is not a museum.

From Maxwell I'll drive on to Randolph AFB. Three **AFNOA** matters will be addressed. Firstly, **AFNOA** will attend with the USAF and AETC the T-43A (Boeing 737 in trainer configuration) retirement program. After this, the USAF will not have a navigation-configured trainer plane in its inventory.

Secondly, the **AFNOA** board meeting will take place on Friday morning, 17 September, at 9:00am. All members are invited. We will have a full agenda. Details of the

(b) their coming to the **AFNOA** Reunion in 2011 at Las Vegas; (c) saving the T-29 there at Randolph, because the navigator training program will have gone away; (d) doing a detailed photo record of the RAFB T-29; and (e) going from RAFB immediately up to the Aviation Cadet Museum in Eureka Springs, Arkansas to do T-29 tail number 53-3477 restoration work with Director Errol Severe. All attendees of the James Connally-Harlingen navigator reunion will be given a free copy of **AFNOA's** latest alphabetic roster.

Lastly, we will work on T-29 53-3477 at the Aviation Cadet Museum, so that it will look like the attached T-29 Master radar nav-station photo by the end of our restoration work there from Sep 20-26. Come join us in Eureka Springs. It is a very nice, low-key tourist area in northwest Arkansas, about one-hour south-west of Missouri's Branson big show area. Join in. Bring your tool kit and your wife.

After three weeks on the road, I will go home, just like an old MATS mission. Thank you ahead for any and all that help us on our Navigator projects. If you do come, please write an article for **DR AHEAD** and include pictures.

THE SHEPHERD

by Robert W. Hill, James Connally 64-05

It's now almost 44 years later, but I can still remember a trip I took to SEA during the Vietnam War. Couple this memory with my "Individual Flight Record" (which I never thought I'd need again) and the hindsight provided by the internet, and I believe the following is a fairly accurate account of what actually happened during two weeks in June, 1966.

Not very long prior to the date of departure, our squadron commander, Lt. Col. Glenn Herd (128th MAS, Georgia ANG, Dobbins AFB, Georgia) had requested volunteers and indicated they could be gone for two weeks, maybe a bit longer, beginning on 7 June. No details were given; just show up on time and be sure to pack plenty of underwear.

Our crew assembled in the squadron briefing room early on the 7th and were told we were to fly our C-97G first to England AFB, Louisiana, which we knew was not a MAC base. Once we were there, the nature of the mission would be revealed to us. We were told to proceed accordingly. End of briefing. Clearly, this would not be one of our usual milk runs. Capt. Jack Brannan was A/C; Lt. Dave Maynard was co-pilot and Lt. Tony Scarratt (Connally Class 65-15) and I, also a lieutenant, were the navigators. Additionally, we had two flight engineers and two loadmasters.

We landed at England some three hours later and were led to a briefing room. Gathered in the room were a squadron of Air Commando aircrews led by Maj. Joseph Kittinger of high-altitude balloon parachuting fame. Though not physically imposing, Kittinger was definitely a take-charge, no-nonsense guy whose record pointed to his fearlessness. As I now understand it, this would be his first of three tours in Southeast Asia, and he became a POW for 11 months after his F-4 was shot down on 11 May, 1972.

There were two more C-97s from other states in this operation, and the plan was for each to lead four B-26K "Counter Invaders," which had been redesignated as A-26As to get rid of the politically incorrect B, as in bomber. This airplane should not be confused with the B-26 Marauder of D-day importance, as the Marauder—was already retired from Air Force inventory. So there would be three flights in all with a one-hour separation between them. Final destination: Nakhon Phanom (NKP), Thailand. The C-97's, which were being flown by the Air Guard at that time, were chosen for this mission because of compatible airspeed, over-water navigation capability, the capacity to carry ground personnel, spare parts, and ammunition. We were given a special call sign, very arcane stuff for part-time freight haulers.

The A-26s were painted camouflage and had the smallest U.S. insignia I had ever seen on an aircraft. Each had two external fuel tanks under the wings. Their air crews

consisted of a pilot and navigator. Most of their ground people, who would be riding with us, brandished M-16s and seemed to very much enjoy the status this gave them. They wore fatigues with the shirt tucked in and the sharp-creased pant legs bloused over polished boot tops. Their large hats had wide, floppy brims that were usually pinned back on one side. These were the most unconventional airmen in the USAF; being that way promoted elitism and morale. One, with a discomfiting grin, said to me, "I can shoot somebody through a coconut tree with this," (M-16) and I believed him, too.

We took off again and headed for Travis AFB, California, some eight hours away. Somewhere over California the air became turbulent and Tony Scarratt turned suddenly ill. He tried to make it to the "honey bucket" but couldn't quite and had to throw up in the lavatory sink instead. No big deal we thought; just be sure to write it up.

We couldn't head for Hawaii as planned on the next day because of forecast headwinds which were too much for the A-26s to handle fuel-wise. This gave us extra time to do San Francisco, but we were really more interested in getting the show on the road. On the following day, 10 June, the weather ahead looked OK, and we prepared for departure. As we boarded the plane, we were met with the most unbearable stench one could imagine. Maintenance had failed to clean out the sink or the drain pipe and the vomit had essentially solidified in the drain. The aircraft having been parked out in the heat for a couple of days didn't help the smell any, either.

I guess they had to call out Roto-Rooter or something because it was a couple of hours before we were able to go. It was scheduled to take 10+45 to reach Hickam AFB, Hawaii, and while we in the large plane could get up and walk around. The A-26 guys had to stay in their seats for the entire time. I really couldn't see how they stood it, but they didn't have much choice. Having to fly hands-on was a pain too, but they hung in there cheerfully and were no more than maybe 200 yards from us at any time. The good news was that this was the longest leg of our trip.

Finally, we were making the approach to Hickam, and the plan was for our bird to go ahead and land while they proceeded to do "pitch-ups" and 360s before landing. Capt. Brannan had other ideas though and, being a former fighter jock, decided that we, in our C-97, would not be shown up. So, much to my surprise, we did a "pitch-up" and go-around too! This all happened in just a minute or so, and I think that Maynard, our co-pilot, didn't even know what we were doing beforehand. But the Air Commandos seemed to love "Cap'n Jack's" bravado and bonded with him for the rest of the way to SEA.

After that, we flew the usual legs: to Midway, Wake,

Guam; and on to Clark Air Base in the Phillipines, always taking crew rest at night. Before takeoff from Clark we got a serious briefing on what distasteful, even harmful, events might occur en route to NKP Air Base, Thailand. Now the trip was beginning to get interesting, as we were about to enter and fly over a very real, shooting-war zone sans parachutes. Upon boarding our ship we found that it had been loaded with what looked like a ton of ammo (.50 cal. I think) for the A-26 solid-nose machine guns; eight of them per aircraft. Next we spotted a stash of, let's say, interior décor accessories which looked exactly like some I had seen in the Clark Officers Club the evening before. What the heck...? We never did figure how they managed to get their booty onto our airplane. But these guys were a pretty wild bunch and the closer we got to NKP the more they seemed to be assuming a mind-set of "Eat, drink, and be merry for...."

I believe that our route took us over or very close to Da Nang. Once over land, it became quite hot in our "greenhouse" cockpit. So we took off our head phones and turned on the loud speakers. Some of our maintenance NCOs who'd come along for the ride were hanging out near the open cockpit door when we got a call, "Bogey at your three o'clock, fast moving." One sergeant, an older guy, screamed "I didn't sign on for this, I didn't bargain for this," and bolted for his flight bag which held a fifth of something or the other. He chugged a few gulps and nervously awaited his fate. Meanwhile, "Cap'n Jack" had grabbed a mike and barked to the A-26's, "Did you read that? Scatter out and find that son-of-a bitch you guys, you're armed and we ain't; get on it!" But it turned out to be a false alarm, much to our relief, especially ol' sarge.

In time, we were on final to NKP when the tower advised us to go around because of unidentified personnel near the runway. Apparently though, the good guys dealt with them with in short order, and we were allowed to land on the next approach. Our charges landed right behind us and, man, was it hot! And no wonder, what with the ramp and runway being PSP (perforated steel plank). Hello, Terry and the Pirates! We quickly saw the reason for setting up shop at NKP: it was only a mile or so west of the Mekong River and the Ho Chi Minh Trail was not far to the east. The Air Commandos business was to interdict communist material and troop movements south. Officially, our troops weren't there, of course, and I believe that the U.S. insignia on the A-26s were either removed or painted over at Clark. Perhaps this was a clue as to how ambivalent Washington's Vietnam War "policy" was becoming, especially with regard to the air war.

As our aircraft was being off-loaded, we said our goodbyes with a sense of foreboding and even guilt for we were heading back home and our new friends had to face the prospects of a very dangerous year's tour. Soon we

were headed to Mactan for crew rest; well deserved after a long, long day.

Aside from all of the officers getting blitzed at the Hickam Officers Club, the return trip to Georgia went uneventfully and we arrived back at Dobbins on 21 June, exactly two weeks and 95 air hours after trip departure. Our NCOs had become close buddies with theirs, and letters were exchanged for awhile. That's when we learned that the Air Commandos were taking serious casualties, making this nasty little war downright personal for us. How sad that, ultimately, it would all be for nothing.

RULES

If you deviate from a rule, it must be a flawless performance. For example, if you fly under a bridge, don't hit the bridge.

GRAVES REGISTRATION

by Reginald Shinn, Roswell 43-05

This is a story that has been in the back of my mind for many years. It is a story of my military life while I was assigned to the Strategic Air Command, Roswell, New Mexico, with the 509th Bombardment Group (Heavy) when it was the only combat-ready nuclear organization in the world, using silver-plated B-29 bombers. During these days, in the year 1948, I had a terrible fear of the meaning of death. It was a great fear that I preferred not to nurse. Although I, with my flying comrades, faced death in early training, in combat, and flying those huge B-29s, there were thoughts about death that I would rather not develop at that time of my life.

During that period, not knowing what I was doing and not knowing anything about what I had volunteered for, I was sent to Fort Worth, Texas, to serve with Graves Registration. Yes, I timely learned the duties I would have, but I had gone too far to drop out. The Lord knew that I should perform these duties, and I said to myself, "Lord, you will have to guide me all the way through this tour." This was the most valuable assignment I ever had. During these years since 1948, with all the military magazines I have read, I have never seen any mention of this great service that hundreds of military escorts provided in bringing home those who had sacrificed their lives patriotically serving their nation during the greatest war in history.

Sometimes I'd heard that it was a bad decision that bodies would be disinterred from overseas cemeteries. It was ythought that bringing our gallant servicemen back to the mainland to be buried in the vicinity of their home towns

would open new wounds for their loved ones, their parents and grand-parents, their spouses, their children, and their many friends. However, it became clear to me that while there were tears and sympathy for the deceased, it brought about a closure to the ordeal. Home, at last. The loved ones were very relieved because of the many stories of military veterans who had suffered amnesia and did not know how to find their homes. While riding a Texas bus during this period, I met a Gold Star mother who told me of her son who was lost in combat in the Pacific and whose body was classified as "Missing in Action." During our conversation, I said to her, "I know that you are looking at every soldier, every veteran, to see if you recognize your son, hoping that he had returned to America as one who had amnesia." She smiled at me and said, "Yes. How did you know?" I then told her my opinion of finality that would probably never occur for her missing-in-action son. We had a long talk about it, and I later prayed that I helped her find finality in her search for her son.

It was the duty of the Military Escort to sign a receipt for a casket, stay with the casket at all times until checked into a baggage car of a train, and to drape the casket with a large American flag before arriving at the destination. Then, it was his job to be with the parents, widow or guardian as long as he could help. It was his duty to comfort them and answer their questions.

I recall one duty where the parents were standing at the casket after it had been taken to a funeral home. The mother broke into tears of sadness and happiness while the father was holding back his tears. I was in the back of the dimly lit funeral room while they got re-acquainted with their only son. After a few moments, something told me to step up to the father, pat him on the shoulder, and whisper to him, "Sir, if you feel like crying, you go right ahead." He immediately burst into tears, and I put my arm on his back and patted him for just a moment before returning to the back of the room.

I escorted the body of a combat pilot who was killed by a firing squad of Hitler's storm troopers. I spent several extra days in Oklahoma with his parents on the farm where they'd raised their son. The farm had a more-than-100-years-old two-story house on top of a knoll. It was once been a beautiful house, but it had deteriorated to a point of no return and would have to be torn down sometime in the near future.

The mother told me that since the day she heard of how her son died, she thought he went to his death with the name of the Lord on his lips, cursing his killers. In a moment, I said I was sure that this was not true, and I told her of the fate of one of my fellow navigators who was shot down in the Pacific near the Island of Ponape. He was the bombardier/navigator on the crew, and when the B-25 began to sink after a successful ditching, he was trapped

inside the plane. He passed out, and when he awakened he was outside the plane swimming toward the daylight above. He joined his crew in a life raft and was later rescued by a Dumbo. After returning from a hospital in Hawaii, I asked him what he was thinking at that time. His reply was that he was not thinking about himself but was thinking how his parents would react when they received their Western Union telegraph.

After this short story, she smiled and said, "That is right! Our son was thinking of us."

In one of our many conversations, the mother told me about the ten thousand dollars that they had received from their son's GI Insurance. Remember, this was 1948 in Oklahoma. She said that they did not know what to do with the money. It was just sitting in the bank. She said it was too much like "blood money," and she and her husband could not feel comfortable touching it.

The next day, she talked about their house and all the repairs that were needed. She said that it was not worth making the repairs because of the deterioration. With not a thought in my head at that moment, my lips began to move and I listened to my voice, and I recall that I told that mother, "I can think of nothing better that your son would want than for you to take that money and build a new house right on top of this hill."

She said, "You know what? I think you are right."

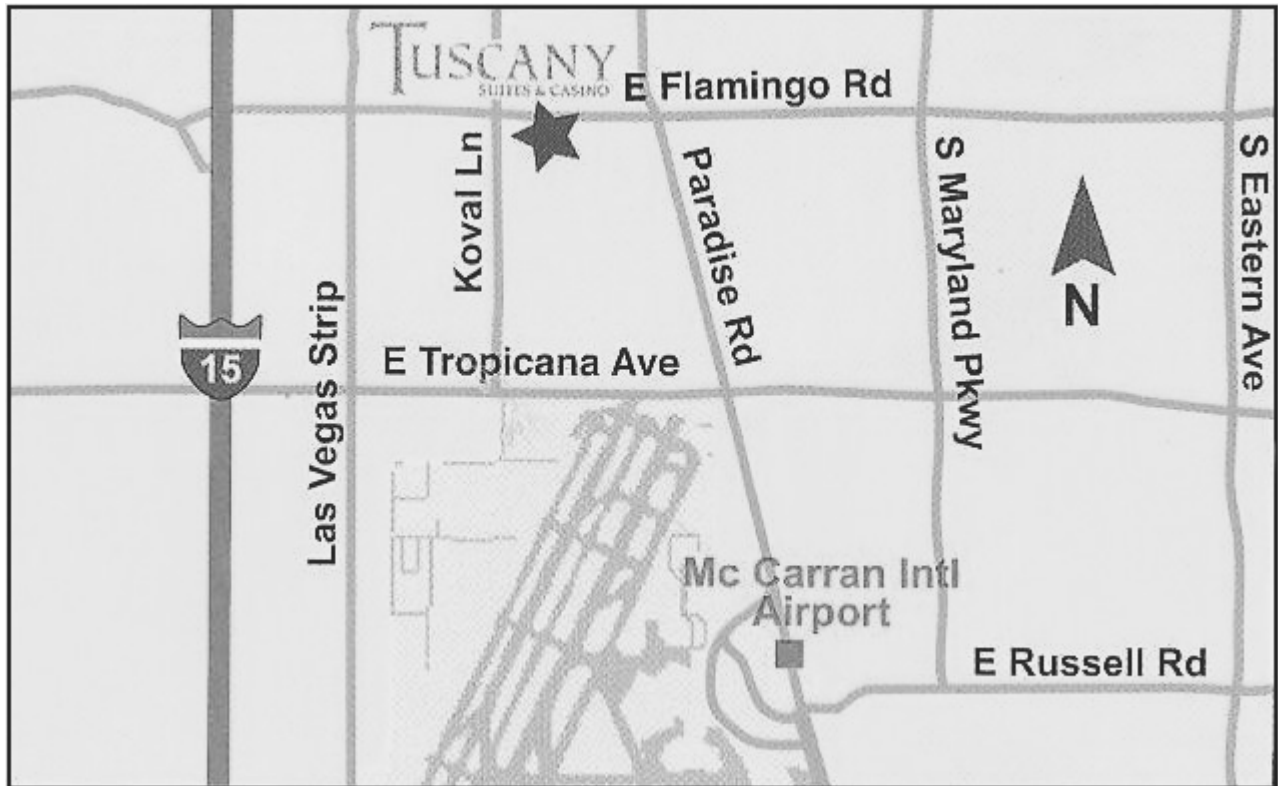
About six months later, I received a short post-card saying, "We have moved into our new home."

DFCs FOR PILOT AND WSO

Daily Report E-Newsletter, 20 April 2010,
submitted by Jim Irwin, James Connally 52-09

Capt. Aaron Dove and Capt. Mike Polidor, F-15E Strike Eagle weapon systems officer and pilot, respectively, received Distinguished Flying Crosses for their actions in Afghanistan on October 2, 2009, when they responded to an urgent call for close air support at Combat Observation Post Keating, where about 250 Taliban fighters had surrounded and pinned down some 80 coalition forces, destroying most of the post.

Polidor and Dove were on station for about seven hours, as Dove coordinated CAS strikes, relaying coordinates, elevation, and final clearances. He called off strikes twice to correct coordinates, calling the action "intense the whole time." Polidor described the scene as "absolute pandemonium." They were not the first strike aircraft on scene, but they took tactical airborne control, "something F-15E crews don't often train for, but they executed it perfectly," later commented Capt. Gordon Olde, another WSO involved in Combat Observation Post Keating action.



THE 2011 AFNOA REUNION

by Pete Karnoski, Ellington 51-20

The 2011 **AFNOA** Reunion will be held at the Tuscany Suites and Casino in Las Vegas, Nevada.

We have found the right place to have our 2011 Reunion. It will be at the Tuscany Suites and Casino in Las Vegas on September 6th to September 8th. Note the dates: check in and register on September 6, tours and banquet on September 7 and 8, check-out on September 9th. We chose early September for two reasons: many other reunions happen in October, so at the suggestion of a couple of members who attend other reunions, we moved to early September which, by the way, is just before Las Vegas' busy and more expensive fall season begins. Also, Tuesday, September 6th is the day after Labor Day, so travel expenses may also be reduced a little, but there is no guarantee of that.

And what and where is the Tuscany?

The Tuscany is a hotel/casino with 716 oversized guestrooms—all suites, each with approximately 650 square feet. Some also have balconies. In addition to a lot of meeting space, a casino, and restaurants, there's the swimming pool, which will be really refreshing in Las Vegas' hot September. Yes, the Tuscany has its casino, comfortably designed and not ear shattering with loud background music. You can find that type of atmosphere just a block and a half away where the Flamingo meets the

Las Vegas "Strip." So everything is close by.

The Tuscany has five restaurants and lounges. We can vouch for at least one of the restaurants, but haven't been able to squeeze the others into our schedule yet. However, the menu and price were normal Las Vegas, maybe better. We enjoyed our dinner with a bottle of Italian wine and were able to converse in the quiet setting of our booth.

The Tuscany is located a mile and a half from McCarran Airport. Its room rate during the reunion is \$55 per night but jumps to \$105.00 before and after the 6th to 8th September reunion period. We feel pretty sure that rooms before and after can be obtained by computer for less than \$105.00, but we won't guarantee that.

And where is it? Look at the map we have attached to this. The Tuscany is within easy walking distance of Bally's, Caesar's Palace, Imperial Palace, Harrah's, and a bunch of other hotels and casinos with some of the best restaurants and shows. Its web site is www.tuscanylv.com. You can see a lot there.

This is Las Vegas, there's lots to see and enjoy, and you don't have to lose a bundle at the slots or tables to enjoy our town. In fact, we think the best shows in town are free, namely the fountains and conservatory of the Bellagio.

So plan on attending the AFNOA 2011 Reunion in Las Vegas. You'll like the Tuscany. It has class.



CLOSE COUNTS IN NUKES TOO...

by Captain David R. Volker

In June of 1973 I brought home some news that did not make my wife of about three years very happy. I told her that I had just been assigned a TDY that would take me away from home during our third wedding anniversary. Even though we had been married almost 36 months I had spent less than half of it with her. As a copilot of the 46th Bomb Squadron at Grand Forks Air Force Base, Emerado, North Dakota, I served a regular nuclear alert schedule for the first 24 months of our marriage. This was interrupted by a 179-day Arc Light TDY.

After returning from that duty I was given the task of 319th Bomb Wing Air Weapons Officer. I inherited an office and classroom in the alert facility and was sent to Carswell AFB to a 6-week intensive training program on how to be a Nuclear Weapons Safety Officer. During that short time I learned more than I will ever need to know about the internal workings of both the conventional and unconventional weapons we could deliver from the B-52. I also learned how to convey this vast store of marginally useful knowledge to crewmembers during training sessions that were mandated by the recurrent crew training schedule and loathed by all. How I got this truly plum assignment is a story in itself that I won't go into right now. Let's just say that Col. Lee R. Senter, the Wing Commander of the 319th Bomb Wing, felt the need to punish me for a non-flying infraction, and this was his way to do so. I, like Col. Senter, was now the proud recipient of a "Screw-Up and Move-Up" award, and I did not complain.

My July 1973 TDY was to be the official DOD/Air Force observer for a series of nuclear weapons tests to be conducted at the Tonopah Test Range in Nevada. It seems that the folks who built the weapons that our H-models were tasked with delivering needed reassurance that they would work if called upon to do so.

The nuclear test ban treaty we had (and still have) with the Soviets prohibited the full scale testing of nuclear devices but it did not prohibit the testing of the non-nuclear components. During this series of tests, two fully operational B-28FI model nuclear gravity bombs were removed at random from our inventory at GFAFB. They were then transported to the Pantex factory in Amarillo, TX, where, under careful guard, all of the nuclear and high explosive components were removed. The space inside created by the removal of these parts was filled with equivalent weights and telemetry gear. A small flash charge was fitted to an opening in the casing to better note the exact time of detonation. If all went well, when these weapons were released under simulated EWO conditions from a B-52 bomb bay, all of their highly complex and very reliable internal components would spring to life and perform their necessary functions to fuse and fire the weapon. The installed telemetry

equipment would report the internal workings as the components prepared to create a small sun for a microsecond near the point of impact. The results would hopefully give the folks at Sandia Labs useful information about how well these devices aged in storage. The nuclear and explosive components were assumed to be very reliable. Could we trust the other parts after they had sat dormant for years awaiting what might be the end of the world? Was the sword still sharp, even after leaving it in the scabbard all this time?

For my part, I traveled from GFAFB to Las Vegas via Frontier Airlines. This was a real luxury as on my previous TDYs I flew almost as cargo in the back of a KC-135. Such was the life of a Crew Dog. I was afforded this ride in a civilian airliner probably because the T-29 liaison aircraft never went to Nellis. In Las Vegas I rented a car and drove Hwy 95, 215 miles north and a bit west to Tonopah, Nevada. This was the era of no posted speed limits. I found out that a Chevy Impala could easily cruise at 100 mph . . . rather like low level flight in a Buff, it seemed.

After a memorable night in Tonopah's Silver Dollar Hotel, where I got an expensive Blackjack lesson; I got up at 0-dark 30 and, dressed in my summer blues, departed for the test range. The range was over 30 miles outside of town and I had to be there before sunrise. The test would be conducted about 0600, after sunrise but prior to the heating of the day that made long range photography difficult. I drove there over some very lonely roads, checked into the range observation post and stood waiting for the show to begin.

In the meantime, the weapons that were once removed from GFAFB inventory were shipped back to our base. The day before the flight they had been loaded onto one of our line birds. Bomb-Nav had prepped the BNS for as much accuracy as could be achieved. The squadron's best radar nav was pulled off of alert duty and assigned to a "5X" crew specially constituted for this test. This high-time captain RN had a notoriously bad attitude, but they could not have chosen a better troop for the job. He consistently got the best bomb run scores, even if he had the most abrasive sense of humor and wrinkled uniform the Wing Brass had ever seen. In the right window seat, sat one of the most SACumcised pilots I have ever flown with. I swear this guy probably stayed awake memorizing his T.O. B-52H-1 while his wife slept beside him. He not only understood the aircraft, he could also fly very well. He could be relied upon to drive exactly where the RN wanted him to in precisely the manner dictated by our delivery doctrine.

They had departed El Forko the previous day, taking off at about 2100 hrs. Their mission profile was to simulate that of an EWO mission as far as the weapons were concerned. They first climbed to altitude and refueled over

eastern Montana. They then climbed further to cold-soak the weapons. Their ground track avoided heavily populated areas because they were carrying what could be mistaken for the real thing. Should they crash, questions were to be kept to a minimum regarding what was in the belly of this Buff. In the lower two shackles of the 4-weapon clip hung the two modified B28s. In the upper two shackles hung two "shapes", B28 casings that looked and weighed the same as the lower two but contained only parachutes and the necessary mechanisms to deploy their 'chutes once released. These were meant to test the ballistics tables for the B28 when they were dropped.

Around and around in a high altitude racetrack over northern Nevada they spent their late evening and early morning. Just as dawn was about to break over the hills to the east, they began their descent to the low level part of their flight . . . down the long slide to about 200 ft. AGL and 325 KIA. This was as close to a real nuclear bomb run as any of us, either on the ground or in the airplane, would ever want to experience. The RN locked on to the radar reflector placed immediately adjacent to the center of the target. Even from 200 ft. it stood out like a beacon. He had to turn the gain way down just to find the center of it. All other returns faded away. IP inbound with no offset, he gave the command to center the PDI.

I had heard them call IP inbound over the range frequency. I was about half a mile from the target and from my slightly raised vantage point in the range tower I could see the radar reflector in the distance. I had never seen a low level B-52 approach a target at bomb run speed but I was about to. I turned to my left and out of the corner of my eye I saw a flicker against the desert background. I called it, and all eyes in the tower turned to where I was pointing. Hugging the valley floor, a seeming ghost with white belly and camo top appeared to flash between the scrub and small hills. Then the nose rose out of the brush briefly and leveled off. The popup maneuver was executed perfectly. Now, only about two wingspans from the ground, the bomb bay doors slammed open and a small cylindrical shape emerged from the belly of the plane. Almost instantly gravity began pulling it to earth and the steel plate that had held the white nylon parachute encased for years separated from the casing. Amazingly, the parachute deployed while the bomb was still almost horizontal to the ground. By this time the bomb bay doors were shut and the aircraft was descending back to 200' AGL, getting separation from what would have become a 1.45 megaton* ground burst, had this been for real. One swing back and about one-half-of-one swing forward was all the weapon had time for before it slammed into the ground.

Then I heard the range officer as he looked through his high power binoculars at the weapon and the target say, "Oh My God!"

I didn't know exactly what happened that concerned him but everything seemed to be OK to me. The approach looked good, the delivery was text book, the parachute had deployed... what had gone wrong? There was a moment of silence as we all waited for the internal mechanisms of the weapon to work. I knew this to be a bit over 60 seconds so I asked what was wrong. The answer was not what I had expected.

"They almost hit the target!" was the response from the amazed Sandia Labs employee.

My first non-verbal reaction was "I thought that was the point!" What I found out later was that the weapon almost struck the radar reflector and center point marker placed at the very center of the target circle. The weapon came to rest only 57' from the center of the target. This was the most accurate delivery of a parachute retarded weapon at the Tonopah test range. The small flash charge that marked the detonation time was anticlimactic. Our crew, our aircraft, our team had made history!

They made three more passes at the target and successfully released the second weapon and the two shapes. The average CE for the 4 drops was less than 500'. On the final run the gunner radioed me to inquire about whether I had a visual on the aircraft following them. He had a return on his radar that was more than just ground returns. It turned out to be a flight of two F4s from Nellis. It seems that they hadn't been told that a B-52 would be using "their" range that day and decided to pursue the interloper. The sight of them streaking across the desert floor in hot pursuit of a Buff was just icing on the cake. The range officer told them to break off and go home. The show was over.

What a day! What a performance by an outstanding crew and their aircraft! I was privileged to have witnessed it all and have the pictures to prove it. Thanks Col. Senter, for punishing me in this manner.

TO ALL NAVIGATORS INTERESTED IN PRESERVING OUR LEGACY

by Ron Barrett, James Connally 63-06

AFNOA is supporting an effort to restore and save the 28-foot forward section of the T-29 navigation trainer that Errol Severe and his group at the Aviation Cadet Museum in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, have just bought. This is the only Aviation Cadet Museum in the world, and this will be the only walk-through T-29 navigation trainer in the world.

AFNOA and the Aviation Cadet Museum plan a get-together and camp-out at the Aviation Cadet Museum this September 20, and for the next week, depending on how fast the work goes. The innards of the T-29 are all in boxes. We will empty all the boxes, removing all the instruments,

the crew chairs, the navigator work stations, and the equipment. It will all be cleaned, installed, and detailed as necessary. We navigators can really help here. So, please join in. Bring a friend. Wear work clothes and bring your tool box, because we are going to fix up an airplane.

Call Errol Severe at 1479-253-5008, or e-mail him at av1cadet@arkansas.net. Contact Errol soon so we can work to get a good reduced motel rate. The Aviation Cadet Museum is about one hour south west of the tourist entertainment area of Branson, Missouri, and the Museum itself is on the east side of Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Eureka Springs is also a neat little tourist town. If you have any questions you can reach me at ronaldpbarrett@yahoo.com.

STRIKE EAGLE CREWMAN HITS MILESTONE

From AFA Daily Report, Jan 28th, 2010.

forwarded by Jim Irwin, JC 52-09

Lt. Col. John Bunnell, an F-15E weapon system officer, on 24 January reached his 3,000th flight hour in the back seat of a Strike Eagle during a four-hour mission from Bagram Airfield, Afghanistan.

"This is a nice milestone for me," said Bunnell, a native of Birmingham, Alabama, who is deployed from RAF Lakenheath, Britain, as commander of Bagram's 494th Expeditionary Fighter Squadron. This unit comprises a contingent of F-15Es and airmen deployed to Afghanistan from Lakenheath's 494th Fighter Squadron. Bunnell has been flying in F-15Es since 1990 and has now completed 120 combat sorties. More than 370 of his 3,000 flight hours have been in combat.

LETTERS

27 March 2010

Ron,

I enjoyed your article and appreciated your praise of Fred Noonan as many writers have disparaged his work with comments about drinking, etc. He was, as you state, a master navigator. I have a few books on the Earhart flight, the most recent being *Amelia Earhart - What Really Happened At Howland Island* by G. Carrington.

I was surprised, as were you, that the Electra was not fitted with an astrodome. This meant that Noonan had to crawl over the cabin auxiliary fuel tanks to take a morning observation [speed line]. Add to this the glare you mentioned, refraction, and windshield distortion. Carrington believes Noonan likely took a "second sight"

through a side window to minimize refraction. From my readings I also assume Noonan was planning a morning ETA, on a speed-line landfall to locate Howland Island, a time-honored Pan Am practice in the Pacific.

I was puzzled by the repeated references to Earhart's radio transmissions referencing "337 degrees/157 degrees" as a speed-line landfall typically has one intentionally well left or right of the intended destination hence knowing which way to turn. Why not one or the other as to their heading? Carrington assumes they were north of Howland and on a 157 degree heading. I met Ric Gillespie some 25 years ago at the beginning of his quest—a persistent fellow—we wish him luck.

Mack Graham, Ellington 55-13

P.S. The "trap door" for the periscopic sextant was also a great connection for the hose to vacuum the flight deck.

MG

Mack,

Good to hear from you.

Boy, I do agree. Shooting out over the nose of the L10E had to be a bear. As best we know, Noonan had to align his head, bubble and sun while positioned up into the very top of the cockpit to get his most critical shot.

You mentioned Noonan could have done a side window observation. I did the measurements and the plane would have had to be turned approximately 100 degrees left or right (to their inbound course), as the engine-nacelle-wing (due to its thick chord and dihedral) would have blocked his low observation angle of the rising sun when observed from the rear side windows on either side.

If they were more to the north of course, a left turn would have been a shorter turn and allowed Noonan to use the long right side window, which had the Polaris mounted in it. However that would have put them even further off course to the north.

If they were, as the author assumes, north of course and turned right to get an observation, they would have flown more south-east towards their supposed destination, but had to use the little left side/door window.

It appears they were close, but the Coast Guard was all but worthless in their support here. It was from the early 1930s to the 1970s standard in the oceanic airdrome world, to use lights, as well as early radio beacons to aid incoming planes. The Coast Guard did not use its search lights at all until after Earhart was supposed to be in the water! Also the Coast Guard used the same antenna for both receiving and broadcasting their HF signals. That was just poor. To this date much of the Coast Guard's docu-

mentation on their poor behavior has been kept secret. I think there is a great story here yet to become known.

Back to all this turning to get an inbound, sun rise, speed line, final LOP shot: I think for Noonan to have gotten Earhart to do such a severe turn, like a double drift, would have risen her pucker factor as no doubt the low ground speed was eating at her as it was running them short on fuel.

I do not in any way subscribe to the idea that Earhart fell apart in the last moments. I talked to Earhart's now deceased last living cousin a few years ago and came away with the feeling that her family regarded Earhart as a straight no-worry risk taker. Amelia Earhart, from their point of view "quietly" which I think can be read, "inwardly" thrived on risk-taking. The incidents related in her bios of her childhood and early years of flying behavior support this.

Further, I tend to accept the family opinion of Earhart as a risk taker, as I flew as a test pilot. Only a certain few who have crashed, nearly crashed, flown combat missions and reconnaissance, and survived things going really badly, ever get back into the plane, time after time, and enjoy it.

I have also known a few who once nearly having been killed just walked away, never to get back into the plane again. Maybe in Aviation Cadets the self-induced-elimination (SIE I think we called it) allowed this weeding out to take place before a disaster could hit. In the Air Force I only saw this happen twice in my thirty-nine years of duty.

Back to Noonan and the L10E. I have chatted with both now flying and flight-worthy L10E owner pilots and they both told me the L10's forward visibility is poor. In chatting with the TIGHARS group; they never had ever tried to do a sextant shot out of the front window, nor had any of the authors of the many books on the flight.

So, I asked Karl Kern when he met with me to get into a WWII vintage cockpit simulator that the Airline History Museum has in order to take an A-10 hand-held sextant (more or less like the Pioneer 324 USN sextant we think Noonan was using) and do a sun shot.

It was interesting to see how hard he had to work at it. Now, I think TIGHARS needs to get a 324 from the Museum (Smithsonian or Air Force) and actually go fly in one of the two L10s still out there, and replicate this critical Noonan final observation. Thereafter we could say something valid about how that observation would have gone. Great to think about, however tragic. My feelings are: tempt fate over and over, and fate will win.

Ron Barrett, AFNOA Historian

Hello Rich,

Before WWII, as well as into the war, navigators used Mercator projections. Big mistake. Mercator charts are OK for short distances but produce serious errors over long distances.

It was not until navigators and pilots, using Mercators, were getting lost flying the Pacific in WWII that Lambert projections were introduced. I wrote about this in my book *HAM RADIO HEROES*.

I would bet Noonan was using a Mercator—the first mistake. The second mistake was the wrong radio frequency. They were on 3.105 MHz, a terrible frequency for long-haul communications.

There are reports that they also made several transmissions on 6.210 MHz which should have been their primary frequency; second mistake.

There is evidence that they cut their trailing wire antenna because they didn't like to reel-it-in after each transmission, their third mistake.

There's no question that as they were approaching Howland Island, they got into IFR conditions, so Noonan could not take any sun shots; moreover, if he did get a chance to see the sun through a cloud layer, turbulence would have made a sun shot difficult and unreliable. Noonan most likely decided to go for a land-fall, then turn towards Howland at his ETA. I strongly believe Noonan miscalculated the wind direction and speed; another mistake, then, when he turned towards Howland, he was on the wrong land-fall side and continued on his planned course, letting down when he figured he was over Howland.

Not seeing Howland they obviously started flying a search pattern, in and out of IFR conditions, and ran out of fuel. There's no way they could have been very close to Howland because ground personnel on the island plus men on the nearby USCG *Itaska* would have heard the engines and fired flares in every direction.

Bottom line: Poor planning!

Nunzio Addabbo, Selman 44-10,

Nunzio Addabbo's qualifications to speak on this topic.

30 combat missions in Europe, 398th Bomb Group. Celestial navigation instructor in reserves in NY, Instrument rated Commercial Pilot, Civil Engineer, inventor of the Pilots Speed Position Calculator and the Split Paraboloid Antenna.

1 April 2010

Editor:

Thanks for including my article in this issue. After I

submitted it, I wondered if I should have used the other navigator's name without contacting him, so thank you for changing it. Also, after submission, I read a story in the AF Museum publication of a B-36 AC whose co-pilot locked the brakes on takeoff causing a lot of concern. He didn't use the copilot's full name. You know about journalistic ethics much better than I do. However, I was curious that you changed the other navigator's college from Tarleton State College in Stephenville to TSTI in Sweetwater. I grew up in Sweetwater, hence how I knew the old US Highway 80 towns such as Mingus.

One comment I need to make, since I grew up in West Texas, is that Big Spring is just that, Big Spring, not Big Springs. The base has been referred to a lot as "Big Springs".

I enjoyed the article on Lajes. Like James Morgan, I, too, enjoyed an RON at Lajes. The town of Prior that he referred to is actually Praia if I recall correctly. I remember one of the last times I was at Lajes, I was up on the hill overlooking the flight line when a RAF Shackleton took off to the west and then did a 180 and returned on a high speed flyby to the east. All eight of his props were in high RPM and it was an awesome sound.

Keep up the good work.

Morris Baxter, Ellington 55-15

4 April 2010

Editor,

I brought home from the recent reunion six copies of the October **DR AHEAD** for use as recruiting enticements. I think I may have scored two historic firsts. Lt Brenna Martin, the niece of a good friend, was awarded Navigator wings on December 18, 2009, and is now in B-52 transition at Barksdale.

Not quite sure what they call Navigators now, I wrote "WIZZO'S WELCOME" at the top of her copy. As indicated in the forwarded message, she is joining **AFNOA**. If I am not far wrong, she will be our first Lady Navigator and the first member from her generation. This could be the beginning of a lease on life for **AFNOA**. We cannot survive by only recruiting our classmates. I believe Brenna rates a warm official welcome from the organization.

Toxey A. Hall

Mr. Hall,

Greetings from Shreveport, Louisiana! My uncle Fred Mahan passed along the issue of **DR AHEAD** you intended for me. I got a chance to look through it and read some of the stories. I couldn't help but notice the write-up and

schedule of the reunion event. I also noticed that I was actually scheduled to be on that T-43 and show you all the aircraft! My navigator class was assigned to go to Wright-Patt AFB, but the morning we came in to fly, the weather was horrendous. We tried to wait it out, but ended up re-planning for Charleston AFB. The navigator students ended up touring the C-17 pilot training facility and we even tried our hands at the full motion simulator. Let's just say we're better navs than pilots. Imagine that! I hope your reunion was a good time without the ol' T-43 Strike Gator.

As you probably know, the navigator program is moving to Pensacola NAS in May this year. The official title of navigator will now be "combat systems officer". I'm sure you know all about the program, though. If you have any questions, I'd be happy to answer them or find out the answer. One of my B-52 buddies is one of the instructors spinning up the school there and is "in the know". He got the wonderful and non-stressful job of naming the academic building. I think he's naming it after an electronic warfare officer. Boo!

As I'm sure Fred has told you, I got my navigator wings December 18 at Randolph AFB. I'm in training right now at Barksdale AFB in the B-52 FTU, the 11th Bomb Squadron. I began classes March 4, and am set to mission qualify in November. This week coming up we're learning about bombs and how to deliver them to bad guys. The instructors stress there is no room for error or "return to sender" on these special packages. Each weapon we cover has two simulator missions with it. It goes quickly I hear. The only bases I have available to choose from are Minot, North Dakota and here at Barksdale. Let's just say I'm up for a challenge. I put my request in for Minot.

At the top of the newsletter I received, it says "wizzos welcome". Technically, I could be considered a WSO because of my (soon to be) knowledge of weapons and the job of deploying them. But on the BUFF, I'm considered a Radar Nav / Navigator. We're dual-seat qualified at the end of our training. They can just chuck us downstairs and we can do either job... in theory. I also think BUFF crews hold on to the traditional navigator title because of the legacy of the aircraft. It just fits, ya know? Air Force, I don't need a fancy acronym, thanks.

Well, I sent my **AFNOA** membership off this morning. Please let me know if there's anything I can do. I'm a professional graphic designer, so if you'd like any logos or visual material done, I'd enjoy helping you out.

Regards,

Brenna Martin

Welcome to AFNOA, Brenna. Ed.

5 April 2010

Gentlemen:

For the record, I wish to send you information on Capt. Truelove who was the only Georgian on the Doolittle Raid and who was KIA on 5 Apr 1943. I'd sure like to see his name in our roster next year. I had the privilege of meeting his sister--now about 93--and getting info for our war museum here in Lawrenceville. If you will reply with a fax number, I can send bio and diary excerpts (unpublished).

Truly yours

Bob Hill, James Connally 64-05

April 13, 2010

Dear President Barrett:

Richard (Dick) Elton, former Chief Navigator for "Overseas National Airways" sent me a copy of your April 2010 newsletter.

I met Richard Cole, the copilot on the B-26 that Jimmy Doolittle flew. He was with a group giving rides on a B-26 and had a large group show up. I spoke with Richard and thanked him for his service and told him what a great feat he and the others had done for our country and how everyone's spirits had been lifted. We had finely struck back. I remember that to this day and I was only nine years old. From that day on I wanted to be a pilot.

I became a pilot, not while I was in the Air Force but on the GI Bill after I got out. In 1951 I was a machinist based at Clark AFB in the Philippines for two years and returned to the Z.I. at Biggs AFB to work on B-36s. The Air Force budget had been slashed, and early outs were available. I chose civilian life--later to fly as captain on many Air Force Contracts: Travis to Tan Son Nhut via Yokota and back the same way to Travis. East from McGuire AFB to Mildenhall or Lajes or Frankfort Rhein-Main or Torrejon, Madrid and then a crazy trip with war heads to U Tapao, Thailand.

I am sending you a book I wrote to use in what ever way you want; including a short table leg. It includes navigators both in the sextant days of the DC-8 and the transition that followed with the "Litton -51 Inertial Navigation" system. It is a biography and a tribute to many.

Lt.Col Edgar E. McElroy's recall of his mission is rich in adventure, reckless in risk and heroic beyond words. His summary, "Remember us, for we were soldiers once, and young..." will now take up more space in my memory. Thanks to your newsletter I will also remember his death in the same month as the raid took place.

George W. Flavell

LAST FLIGHTS

by Dick Mansfield, Selman 44-10

We have received thirty-one notices in the past three months. Nine of these were life members of **AFNOA**. Some we received previously and are belatedly printed. For that we apologize. We do attempt to report all, whether members or non-members, so that each one has a **LAST FLIGHTS** listing. They did their service and we applaud them all.

ELLINGTON

BANNISTER, L. R.	IBERIA	MO 43-17	EF 2010
BANITCH, GEORGE P.	MONTCLAIR	NJ 45-04	EF 2008
WILLARD III, ERNEST N.	KNOXVILLE	TN 51-02	EF 2009
ANDERSON, CHAS D.	SIERRA VISTA	AZ 51-08	EF 2009
GREEN, RICHARD L.	KAILUA	HI 52-23	EF 2010
STILL JR., JAMES M.	PALMYRA	NJ 53-12	EF 2007

HARLINGEN

RYAN, DAVID M.	MAUMELLE	AR 62-00	HA 2007
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HONDO

DESMEDT, ADLPHE T.	SAN MATEO	CA 43-11	HO2010
JOHNSTON, RALPH O.	WATERTOWN	WI 44-11	HO1991

JAMES CONNALLY

DUNWOODY, RICHARD	MELBOURNE	FL 54-07	JC 2009
KANGAS, DAVID M.	EDGEWATER	MD 61-15	JC 2010
BIRGERSON, ALEX	SUMPTER	SC 63-17	JC 2008
DOANE, JOHN	MILLSTADT	IL 63-18	JC 2008
BOGART, JAMES H.	WINCHESTER	TN 64-02	JC 2008
FERGUSON, COURTLAND	BLUE RIDGE	GA 64-04	JC2008

LOWRY

MARSHALL, PREVOST	ATLANTA	GA 41-03	LO 2010
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SELMAN

MOLNAR, GEORGE	SILVER SPRINGS	MD 43-02	SE 2010
HAZIRJIAN, DIKRAN	NEWBURGH	NY 43-05	SE 1992
MASSA, ANTHONY B.	STATEN ISLAND	NY 43-05	SE 1999
WILCOX, THOMAS H.	FAIRLEE	VT 43-16	SE 2009
GRILLEY, ROBERT L.	MADISON	WI 44-02	SE 2009
KOTZ, WALTER E.	MONROE	LA 44-05	SE 1983
FREEMAN, WILLIAM	WESTMORELAND	PA 44-09	SE 1991
KRINSK, ARNOLD.	LONG BOAT KEY	FL 44-09	SE 2006
STOVITZ, AARON H.	LAGUNA WOODS	CA 44-09	SE 2010
KALISH, DANIEL H.	NORTH BERGIN	NJ 44-10	SE 2010
MOORE, J. ROBERT	GERMANTOWN	TN 44-15	SE 2009

SAN MARCOS

FRIEDMAN, MATTHEW E.	ROSLYN	NY 44-12	SM2008
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TURNER

WALTERS, HAROLD S.	KEYSER	WV 41-05	TF 2009
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UNKNOWN SCHOOL

BAKER, WILLIAM C	ARLINGTON	VA UNK	Un2010
BOEHLE, CLAYTONA.	BAYVILLE	NJ UNK	Un2010
BUTCHIN, SAMUEL B.	PHILADELPHIA	PA UNK	Un2010

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