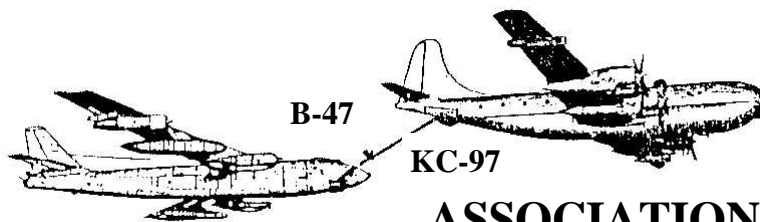
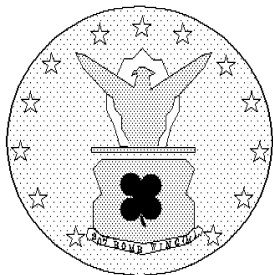


307TH BOMB WING



ASSOCIATION

NEWSLETTER

NUMBER 27

For all former members of the 307th Bomb Wing at Lincoln AFB, Nebraska

MARCH 1999

Chairman's Report The Millenium is Coming

and so is REUNION 2000 in Lincoln. First let me say we have not as yet, settled on a date for Lincoln. Main reason, there is a new Embassy Suites being built in downtown Lincoln and we are trying to find out if it could be a possible location. The Cornhusker, where we met last time, has much more space available. A Convention Center was built in the lower level of the hotel. For example, there is another ballroom downstairs as big as the one we held our dinner in, plus additional meeting rooms. Additionally, the former Hilton Hotel, then Ramada, and now Holiday Inn, at 9th and P, has been completely remodeled --- Sooo we have 3 locations to consider. We can, I'm sure, select a location and dates by the July newsletter. Initial thoughts are for June 2000.

Some things we are thinking about, would be a trip to the new SAC MUSEUM on I-80 just this side of the Platte River Bridge between Lincoln and Omaha, possibly have a meal there. I bet any number of you used to go to LINOMA BEACH which was just north of there on Highway 6. Another consideration, is a trip to a riverboat casino south of Council Bluffs, Iowa. It has been suggested we consider one more dedication and memorial, this time in Lincoln. A Veterans Memorial Garden has been established just south of A Street and west of Normal Blvd. It

would seem appropriate. We will see?

Golf we can do, although fewer are participating (we had 24 in Colorado Springs). We have a new course in NW Lincoln which lays overlooking Lincoln AFB. It is called the Highlands, and as you play, airplanes are coming and going --- think you'll like that! These are just a few of our thoughts -- any comments? More in July.

NOTE

We have a bit of a hangover from Colorado Springs! It was a really great reunion, but, one thing is unsettling. It seems those who ordered panoramic men's and/or women's group pictures have not received them. Bev and I ordered both and we haven't received them either. **NOW PLEASE DO THIS:** We need each of you who ordered and paid for the panoramics to send me (Tony Minnick, 5920 Robin Court, Lincoln, NE 68516) copies of anything you have in the way of proof, i.e., cancelled checks, credit card receipts, etc., so that we may follow-up (investigate). I'm told the company (Faingold Studios, 20 South Elm St, Denver, CO 80222) is no longer at that address and the phone is disconnected. It is our intent to pursue the matter and we will go to the authorities if necessary!

NOTE

One last thing, we are able to do what we do, i.e., newsletters, reunions, etc., only with your many donations given through the years. I thank you for that and I want to thank all the past chairpersons of previous reunions and their many committee members. There is a bit of work involved and we are grateful. I need also to once in awhile remind you that your donations are NOT deductible for tax purposes. True, we are a veterans non-profit organization, but not of the kind to permit a tax deduction. Sorry!

Tony Minnick

Donations

We wish to acknowledge the generosity of those who have recently made donations to the Association General Fund.

Anne King
Dallas Crosby
Hugh Dell
D E Finn
Henry Paulin
Clarence Fehnel
Guy Ziegler
Les Swanson
Dick Roberts
Max Bodenhausen
"Jimbo" Shumake
Donna Gerstenschlager
Don Ladley
Thomas Mazuzan
Richard Reeh

Around the Wing

Once upon a time it seems that **Andy Devine**, the Western movie character actor, made his acquaintance with some of the troops in the 370th Bomb Squadron, and is said on occasion to have attended some of the squadron parties. Andy felt a close affinity to the troops as he had been a B-17 gunner in WWII. Anyway, one lovely springtime afternoon in May of 1958, the troops lounging around 370th ops were hastened to get their red squadron blazers and report to the almost complete Bowling Lake site for a group picture. Thereupon, the Red Coats were pictured while clustered about Andy, who

beamed out from the center. Picture taking completed, the group repaired to a party site. Our feature picture this issue depicts this event. Identification of the men in the group is not complete...maybe you can help with the IDs.

We can all take pride in our offspring who follow successfully in our fields of endeavor, or who have not followed the parent's furrow, but have succeeded in other ways. Because we were such a close knit community, we also take great pride when we hear of the success of our friends' "kids", who perhaps, we bounced on our knee at one time or another. This issue we have a number of such stories and news to share with you for your pleasure and 307th pride.

At the Colorado Springs Reunion, our speaker, our own **General Bernie Randolph**, was pleased to announce that

The Mackay Trophy for meritorious flight had just been awarded to the son of our **Frank and Dee Kisner**, namely, to Air Force Lt Colonel Frank J Kisner, Jr. The story surrounding this award has been made available and we have righteous pride in publishing it in this issue.

It has been a while since we were all glued to CNN watching Desert Storm unfold on the tube. We saw the imagery of F-15s and F-16s destroying, with unprecedented accuracy, Saddam's forces and target structure. One of the least heralded, but absolutely essential, aircraft in that conflict was the EF-111. This bird was specially equipped with the most advanced electronic counter-measure equipment to jam enemy air defense acquisition and tracking radars, thus facilitating the remarkably low losses and successes of our strike forces. The handful of EF-111s flew into the eye of the storm every day. Their services were in great demand by

(Continued on page 3)

307th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association

Chairman: Tony Minnick, 5920 Robin Court, Lincoln, NE 68516. Phone 402-423-6848. Email: tonym@inetnebr.com

Chairman's Committee

Secretary & Membership: Vern Biaett, 9519 W Timberline Drive, Sun City, AZ 85351. Phone 602-972-7328. Email: vbiaett@aol.com

Treasurer: Sue Jacob, 4420 N 10th St, Lincoln, NE 68521. Phone 402-477-6842. Email: VSJAKE@juno.com

Newsletter: Mike Gingrich, 1525 Edenwood Drive, Beavercreek, OH 45434. Phone 937-426-5675. Email: mikegingrich@compuserve.com

Co-Historian: Robert Loffredo, 6004 SW 2nd St, Des Moines, IA 50315. Phone 515-285-3445. Email: mustang51h@juno.com

Co-Historian: Ernie Pence, 2001 A St, Schuyler, NE 68661. Phone 402-352-5327.

Co-Founder: Billy Williams, PO Box 29233, 5141 N 72nd St, Lincoln, NE 68529-0223. Phone 402-466-9301.

Co-Founder: Betty Pelletier, 205 W Palma Drive, Green Valley, AZ 85614. Phone 520-625-2936.

The Association is a non-profit Veterans Organization. All contributions to the organization are gratefully received, but are not deductible under IRS Code. The Chairman is elected by majority vote of all members at each business meeting. The Chairman's Committee serves at the pleasure of the Chairman.



Front, left to right: 1. Harold Brooks, 2. Vern Biaett, 3. Harry Krebbs, 4. Jim Myers, 5. Bob Schultz, 6. Raleigh D Smith, 7. Unidentified, 8. Andy Devine, 9. Unidentified, 10. John Thompson, 11. Unidentified, 12. Unidentified, 13. John Mattioli, 14. Bill Bailey, 15. Roy Clark, 16. Unidentified, 17. Pete Pollard, 18. Unidentified, 19. Jeff Finch. Rear, left to right: 1. Joe Cameron, 2. Mike Gingrich, 3. Bruce Mills, 4. John Kminek, 5. Jim Jacobs, 6. Gary Gerber, 7. Dick Dabney, 8. Al Leet, 9. Tom Pauza, 10. Chris Rhodes.

(Continued from page 2)

strike planners and commanders, but there weren't always enough to go around. Unfortunately, the EF-111 has since been the victim of budget cutting, and has been retired from the force. The jamming protection mission is now assigned to a force of Navy EA-6B (with both Navy and Air Force crews) aircraft, which unfortunately are too slow to keep pace with our faster strike birds.

Billy and Laree Lyons' son Mitch was in the thick of Desert Storm as an EF-111 pilot, and at present is a Lt Colonel completing his training in the F-117 Nighthawk Stealth aircraft. They have shared Mitch's observations and anecdotes of his time in the Gulf with us, which take the form of "A Letter From The Desert," a letter written home by Mitch shortly after conclusion of the conflict.

Guy Ziegler, whom we haven't had the pleasure of seeing since the Orlando Reunion, checked in to tell us he's living in Phoenix, and that the fourth edition of his book, "Bridge Busters" has gone into print. The book is devoted to the 394th Bomb Group, a B-26 Marauder outfit in the WWII European campaign. Guy concluded his Air Force career in AEMS at Lincoln, when he retired in 1963. Since then he's had a successful 35-year career in investments and insurance. Son Mike was a wide receiver and running back for the Big Red in 1966 to 1968, playing in the Orange and Sugar Bowls with these illustrious teams. Mike went on to be an Air Force pilot and a Boeing 777 IP with American Airlines. Son, Doctor David, is a founder of a home for abused children in Eugene, Oregon; John is a tele-com specialist with Bank of America, and Stephan flies with Northwest Airlines. Well done, Guy & Rosemary!

Betty Hickman, whose email address is published in this issue, looks forward to hearing from old friends. Betty has expanded on the musical interests of her family, which we briefly mentioned some issues ago. Husband, Gene, sang backup for son John's group, "The Un-

forgiven." Johnny is now lead guitar and does some of the vocals and writing for the band "Cracker," an alternative rock band, which claims four golds and a platinum! Their music has been in ten different movies including "Clueless," as well as MTV videos, and late night talk shows. John has also done the film score for a recently released movie, "River Red." Betty goes on to say that four of the six kids have been professionally involved with music, while the other two do it for fun! Rock On!

Some artifacts were beamed our way by **Dave Fehnel**, who currently calls Florissant, Missouri home. They included an old 1960 LAFB phone book, a 371st patch, and a booklet for troops Reflexing to Moron, published by our intelligence group. Dave spent five years at Lincoln and says the newsletter brings back both good and bad memories, and he especially appreciated the recent story about Paul Pudwill.

Prompted by **Hank Grogan's** account in the last issue of his number of B-52 missions and hours in SEA, **Robert L Jorgensen** wrote in with his statistics. Bob was a radar nav in 52Ds out of Utapao and Anderson, and amassed 276 missions and 1539.5 combat hours, including three missions over Hanoi. Bob resides in Peoria, Arizona, and at one time or another was in every bomb squadron, except the 424th. He hasn't been able to make it to a reunion yet, but he's still hoping.

At the Seattle reunion, many of us were able to meet and reminisce with **Dick Owens**, our former Boeing Tech Rep. As noted elsewhere, Dick passed away this past November. **Bob King** has told us some of the highlights of Dick's career. Dick spent forty years with Boeing: For 19 of those years he repped both B-47s and B-52s. He then went into the commercial side for the next 21 years, which took him to Morocco, Aus-

tralia, India and Nepal. Dick was fascinated with both steam trains and magic, and did monthly appearances as a professional magician at the Children's Cancer Ward of the Seattle Swedish Medical Center.

Sig Faber, of Lombard, Illinois, writes to tell us he'd like to see a reunion held in the Chicago area. Well, all you Illini, put your heads together, and let us know if you'd like to put one on for us there...we'll be glad to come. We hear the hot dogs are extra good!

Jack & Lil Stempski, up in Rapid City have had a rough period, but everything's looking up now. Jack has had several back surgeries, and it's been a long recovery road. Lil had a hip replacement in November and is now walking two miles a day. As they get back into the swing they are looking forward to Lincoln 2000, since they were precluded from coming to Colorado Springs.

Robert Loffredo, our co-historian, has been hard at work on two computer projects for us. He is implementing a chat channel on the Web for those with an interest in the B-47. Through this he hopes to gain additional information of historical interest. There has been some technical frustration in getting things running properly, but once things get squared away, we'll let you know, both through the newsletter and email channels. His other project, moving along in parallel, is the construction of a Home Page on the web for our 307th association. Again, we'll let you know when it arrives.

We now have over a hundred of our members on our email list: this comprises about 20% of our most active membership. Not bad for a bunch of old fogies! Send your address in!! For those of you with Web access, you

(Continued on page 4)

Newsletter Schedule

The 307th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association Newsletter is published for the benefit of all former members of the 307th Bomb Wing of Lincoln AFB, Nebraska. It is expected to be published three times a year in March, July, and November.

Contributions for publication in the newsletter are encouraged, and are essential for the success of this newsletter.

(Continued from page 3)

might look at "www.thevirtualwall.org", a very solemn and memorable site which honors those whose names appear on the Vietnam Wall. We all have friends thereon. You may leave a tribute to your friend through this site.

While you're on the Web, take a look at the 40th Bomb Wing's site at "www.geocities.com/Pentagon/Quar-



The Last Flight

Raymond Bryan, HQ, Littleton CO, September 1997.

Charles L Englehart, 818th Hospital, Sun Lakes AZ.

Neil W Irwin, AEMS, Lincoln NE, 1 January 1999.

Richard D Owens, Tech Rep, Renton WA, 21 November 1998.

William L Polhemus, 98th BW, Cambridge VT, October 1998.

Carl E Ray, 372nd BS, Palestine TX.

June Willis Thomas, ARS, Fridlev MN, 27 September 1997.

John Whittington, OMS, Lincoln NE, 13 July 1998.

The verse on the SAC Chapel Memorial window says it best:

"And God said who shall we send. I answered I am here, send me." Isaiah 6:8

ters/9396?". It's very well done, and has quite interesting content. Robert Lofredo says he hopes to have the 307th web site to be like it.

Several years ago, our other historian, **Ernie Pence**, obtained the unclassified

microfilmed history of the 307th BW from the Air Force Historical Agency at Maxwell AFB. Not surprisingly, it's written like a government document...not very readable. Surprisingly, a lot of the historical records are still classified...go figure! Anyway, Ernie has done a yeoman job of making it readable and has prepared a draft, which tells of significant happenings in chronological order. It also provides a nice summary of 307th activities in WWII and Korea. At present we are circulating the draft by email to a few individuals for review, correction, and additions. It will be a living document for a while, and we'll keep you posted.

Dale Christians tells a tale of young B-47 co-pilot to whom he had to give an evaluation flight. Things went fine until during let down at Lincoln when GCI advised a switch in IFF settings. He asked the co-pilot if he got that, and received a "yes sir," in reply. Shortly thereafter, GCI reported they were not getting the IFF signal, so Dale asked the co-pilot, "What are you squawking?" "I ain't saying nothing, sir" came the response.

In the last issue, there was a listing of 14 members who have attended ALL the 307th reunions. Well, we goofed!

Harry & Carol Jones have also had a perfect record, and we apologize. There will be a short ceremonial flogging of the editor at the next reunion.

Finishing his Omaha assignment with the LDS Church in March 1999, **Laurie & Donna Bunten** expect to relocate to Ouray, Colorado shortly thereafter. It will sort of be home territory, and a lot closer to the kids. Laurie has Lincoln on his calendar for 2000.

Basking in the sunshine in South Pasadena, Florida, **Jack O'Brien** tells us he started out in the FMS instrument shop under **Art Umscheid** in 1958-62. He took advantage of the Aero Club for flight lessons, then as a civilian went on to fly for Frontier, Ozark, and TWA from whence he retired as Captain in 1994. Still unable to quit, he is now Director of Training for South East Airlines in Largo, Florida.

The Legacy Project is looking for letters from World War II. They will direct potentially significant letters to respected museums and archives which will preserve them for posterity. Send copies only to Andy at: Operation Mail Call, c/o The Legacy Project, PO Box 21812, Washington, DC 20009-1812.

Many others have communicated with the Association in the past several months, including Glen Hesler, Bruce Mills, Pete Todd, R T Boykin, Larry Boggess, Harry Krebs, Clay Robson, Lee Herridge, Jim Carlton, Marv Nystrom, Jim Flavin, and Neil Cosentino.

Back In Touch

307th members for whom we have obtained addresses since our last newsletter.

Jerry Bellmore, 1600 Los Altos Ct, El Dorado Hills, CA 95762.

Don R Brandt, 726 Maple Lane, Sewickley, PA 15142.

Jim Kurtz, 243 Harrison St, Council Bluffs, IA 51503.

Bobby B Moorhatch, 5833 Cadiz Dr, San Jose, CA 95123.

M Vernon Ordiway, 94 Lincoln Ave, Ridgway, PA 15853-1918.

Richard L Reeh, 2462 Liberty Ave, Missouri Valley, IA 51555.

Robert Seel, 3103 174th Ave NW, Andover, MN 55304-1228.

Glad to have you with us!

Frank J Kisner, Jr. Crew Awarded MacKay Trophy for Mission

*By Master Sgt. Merrie Schilter-Lowe
Air Force Special Operations Com-
mand Public Affairs*

HURLBURT FIELD, Fla. (AFNS) -- An Air Force Special Operations Command MC-130H Combat Talon II crew will receive the Mackay Trophy for rescuing 56 people from destruction and civil war in the Republic of the Congo in June 1997.

The crew, assigned to the 352nd Special Operations Group at Royal Air Force Base Mildenhall, England, also delivered 12 Army and Navy special forces personnel to survey and assess the situation in the capital city of Brazzaville after fighting broke out between rival political factions.

The National Aeronautic Association presents the Mackay Trophy annually to the Air Force member, crew or organization that made the most meritorious flight of the year. This is the sixth time that a special operations crew has earned the Mackay Trophy, established by Clarence H. Mackay, a former industrialist, and philanthropist and aviation enthusiast.

The Talon II crew's June 1997 mission took more than 21 hours and three in-flight refuelings to retrieve the 30 Americans, 26 foreign nationals and a dog, held by an adolescent boy. The violence eventually destroyed both Brazzaville and the infrastructure of the Congo, said Pentagon officials.

Crew members included Lt. Col. Frank

J. Kisner, mission commander; Maj. (Dr.) Robert S. Michaelson, flight surgeon; Capt. John C. Baker, pilot; Capt. Reed Foster, aircraft commander; Capt. Mark J. Ramsey, electronic warfare officer, Capt. Robert P. Toth, navigator; Master Sgt. Gordon H. Scott and Tech. Sgt. Tom L. Baker, loadmasters; Staff Sgt. John H. Hensdill, direct support operator; and Staff Sgt. Jeffrey A. Hoyt, flight engineer. Since the mission, Ramsey has been reassigned to AFSOC headquarters at Hurlburt Field- and Hensdill is now at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, Ariz.

Also aboard the MC-130, but not part of the Talon II crew, were: Capt. Bill Collins, and Senior Airmen Eric Nielsen and Dave Risnear, special tac-

fort," Kisner said. "If there's a downside to getting this award, it's the fact that the (non-aircrew members) were left out," said Scott, who is also still at Mildenhall. "The STS guys did as much as we did. They also helped the European survey and assessment team get set up and then made sure we were cleared to depart Brazzaville."

The security forces airmen also did an outstanding job, said Kisner. "They were recalled in the middle of the night and deployed with us to Germany, Brazzaville and Libreville, Gabon. The mission was their introduction to AFSOC and their first ride on an Air Force aircraft." Kisner said besides their normal duties, the airmen helped man the ADHOC command post at Libreville.



The Crew and the Mackay Trophy
Frank Kisner is the first to right of trophy

tics team; Capt. Ben Jones, logistics planner; Staff Sgt. John McAlister, dedicated crew chief Senior Airman Bryan Zdancewicz, turbo prop specialist; and Airmen 1st Class Ernest Burghardt and Mark Evans, security forces. These individuals contributed much to the mission's success, said Kisner during a telephone interview from Mildenhall.

"Without the professionalism of all involved, this mission would not have succeeded. This was truly a team ef-

Ramsey, the electronic warfare officer on the mission, also had high praise for the 100th Air Refueling Wing at Mildenhall. "Getting refueled was a long, slow process and those guys stayed with us all the way," he said. Ramsey explained that because the MC-130 was carrying 116 percent of its gross maximum weight, each refueling took more than two hours of precise formation flying.

The mission began June 9 when two MC-130H aircraft from the 7th Special Operations Squadron flew from Mildenhall to Stuttgart Army Airfield in Germany.

As the situation in Brazzaville deteriorated, Special Operations Command Europe prepared to send additional forces to augment the small Marine Corp security detachment already at the American Embassy. By June 10, the plan changed. Only one MC-130H would travel to Brazzaville.

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

The aircraft departed with 30 people, two heavy, high-mobility multiwheel vehicles, fuel and other equipment. The extra weight and slow speed of the Talon II meant refueling had to be done at a descending angle so the MC-130 could keep pace with the KC-135 tankers, said Toth. As navigator, it was Toth's job to calculate how much fuel was needed as well as map out the route.

By the time the MC-130 reached the airport at Brazzaville, the crew had about 20 minutes to off-load the vehicles, ESAT team and their equipment, board the evacuees and depart the area. Hostile gunfire near the control tower delayed the first attempt to land. As time passed, officials in Germany left it up to the crew to decide if they wanted to risk another try.

"There was no question in anyone's mind," said Foster, the aircraft commander who performed the actual landing. "There were people down there, some of them Americans, who needed our help. It took maybe a second to make up our minds."

As the MC-130 came around the mountains north of the airfield, French ground forces in charge of securing the control tower diverted the aircraft toward a concrete building at the opposite end of the airfield. As it turned out, the evacuees were laying face down in the building for safety.

One of the female evacuees later told Ramsey, "When I saw you coming around the mountain, I just knew you had to be Americans. It was just everything I could do not to jump up and cheer, We're saved!"

"It really meant a lot to the Americans to be rescued by Americans," said Ramsey.

The MC-130 was only on the ground about 23 minutes. While the ESAT team off-loaded, every available person helped to reconfigure the aircraft to take on passengers. The crew had been told

to expect 40 people.

Meanwhile, the French forces formed a human wall around the evacuees and walked them to the Talon II. Toth, who was in the rear helping evacuees get on the aircraft, noticed that about 16 other evacuees were headed back to the building.

"I asked where they were going and the guy in charge said, 'You can only take 40 people, there's 40 on the airplane,' Toth recalled. Toth remembers saying, 'No. We're taking everyone. We're not leaving anyone behind. No one argued.'"

The crew laid bulletproof mats on the floor for the second group of passengers and made sure they had something to hold on to. "Then we got out as soon as we were cleared," said Toth.

Though they had already flown about 15 hours, the crew departed on the two-hour flight to Libreville where State Department officials took charge of the passengers.

The Talon II crew spent the next eight days on alert at Libreville. "The hardest part of the mission was waiting," said Foster. The crew set up a 24-hour command post in case they had to go back to Brazzaville to evacuate the ambassador and the rest of his staff. They were also standing by to re-supply the ESAT team with food and water, if needed.

When the aircraft, whose call sign was Whiskey 05, returned to Brazzaville June 18 to pick up the ESAT team, most of the fighting had been confined to the city. The ambassador and his staff had left by other means, but there was an extra passenger, a woman. "She had been working in the jungle when we picked up the first group," said Toth. "Everyone knew she was missing, but no one knew where to look." Toth said the woman made her way back to the embassy and stayed with the ESAT team.

For one woman, said Foster, the mission changed the way she viewed the

U.S. military. The woman told Foster she and some of her friends had never liked the military.

According to Foster, the woman was moved when they saw the Marines putting themselves between the evacuees and the bullets. "We were wrong about you," said the woman, according to Foster. "You aren't just a bunch of John Wayne cowboy-type reckless individuals. You risked your lives to take care of us, and I love you for it."

I Remember

After bringing up the B-47 Stratojet Association Web page and reading a few of the members' stories, I realized that no one seemed to tell the story of the non-crew member. So I guess I would just call this remembering.

My association with SAC started in the early part of 1954, and began at LAFB. I worked on the Flight Line in the 307th FMS Jet Engine conditioning crew and also worked the jet engine test cell. I remember all the good times and all the bad ones as well. I remember changing engines in below zero weather on that open wind howling flight line. I remember trying to align throttles when it was so cold you couldn't stop shaking. I remember being so tired that we crawled up in the wheel well to catch some sleep, yes I remember the good times and the bad. I remember all the alerts in the middle of the night, I remember the Navy jet that jumped the chocks and crashed into one of the hangers that killed some of my buddies, I remember the Navy jet that somehow mistook the taxi way for the runway and crashed into several 47s on the refueling pits that killed some more of my buddies, I remember the good times and the bad.

I remember going out to pick up the pieces after we lost an aircraft. I remember the crash on the runway at Lakenheath England. I remember the C-118 that I was to be on, going down

(Continued on page 7)

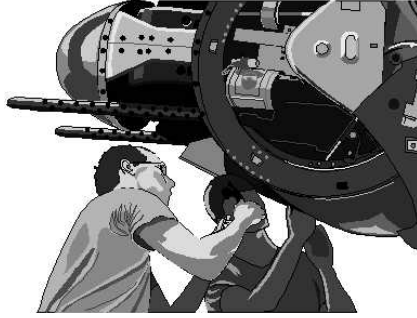
(Continued from page 6)

near the Azores with a lot of my buddies on board. I remember the good times and the bad. I remember all the good friends that served with me; I remember how we worked day and night to keep those birds flying. I remember they never got the credit they deserved, cold feet and frost bitten fingers while changing a fuel pump, or a fuel control unit in sub-zero temps, they had to get those birds in the air. I remember the chow hall at 3 in the morning after a engine change, and how good that cup of coffee tasted and all those eggs old cookie would make for us. Yep, I remember the good times and the bad.

I remember the poor airman that was mesmerized by all the noise on the flight line, tired after working all night and walked into the running prop of a KC-97. I remember all the good times we had and the feeling of accomplishment to see that aircraft takeoff after spending most of the night working on an engine. I remember the beer and pizza parties we had in the barracks, and who could forget standing out there in front off the South Hanger in dress blues waiting for that first B-47 to land. Oh yes, those were the days. I still remember them, the good times and the bad.

After leaving the service in 1957 I went to flight school, got all my ratings, did some crop dusting, several years of Flight Instruction, a little corporate flying and finally got a job with a contractor doing IRANs on T-38 and T-39 aircraft which I was fortunate enough to get the job there as functional test pilot after training at Offutt and Vance AFB. I am fortunate to have experienced both aspects of flying, I know what it takes to put the bird in the air. So I would like to take this opportunity to say to all of my old 307th FMS buddies who may still be out there, you did a hell of a good job; to all the crew chiefs, and all the personnel in support groups, it was a pleasure to serve with you.

Sincerely, A/IC Marv Nystrom



The Chief's Corner By Ernest V Pence Fan Mail

A B-47 from Whiteman AFB Missouri arrived one bright summer day on a Friday. The young airman that was given this transient aircraft was told by the crew they would stay the week end. Could he have her preflighted and ready to go for a 0900 hour take off on Monday? No problem he replied. The crew left and the young man retrieved the 781 forms from the cockpit to see what shape she was in. To his shock and dismay the aircraft had arrived with no less than sixteen pages of write ups. Our 307th crews would never have accepted an aircraft for flight in that condition.

This young A/2C had been trained a

little differently than the chaps in Missouri. He rolled up his sleeves and went to work. Late Sunday afternoon he had cleared all but a single dash one write up that related to the disconnection of the fire warning light system on the engines. This procedure had been completed in the 307th a year earlier.

Bright and early Monday morning he preflighted the bird with the transient crew and had completed the engine start procedure when the AC said he had a fire warning light on #1. The chief dropped the cowlings and saw that every thing was go for launch. He then told the AC that the system should have been disabled a year ago, because it had proven over the years to be unreliable and to remove the light bulb from the fire disconnect if it bothered him. The AC replied "oh really" thanks for the help, ready to taxi on your signal.

So the bucket of bolts went gear up in the blue and returned to Whiteman. About 3 weeks later a Red Hot TWX arrived from Whiteman QC. It seems the young A/2C had signed off the preflight in a manner that was an affront to the proud men at Whiteman. I am told the preflight entry read as follows:

(Continued on page 8)

Treasurer's Report			
307th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association			
Ending Balance from last report (October 24,1998):		\$5,236.91	
	<u>Expenses</u>	<u>Deposits</u>	
General Fund Balance			\$5,236.91
Expenses:			
Historian working fund	300.00		
Postage	335.59		
Printing	514.10		
Reunions Inc memory book	268.00		
Office supplies	<u>25.40</u>		
	1443.09		-1,443.09
			3,793.82
Income:			
Donations		260.00	
Interest on account		29.01	
Colorado Springs Reunion		<u>1,276.69</u>	
		1,565.70	+1,565.70
			5,359.52
Ending Balance, February 5, 1999			
Sue Jacob, Treasurer			

(Continued from page 7)

“Aircraft preflighted, inspected and overhauled at LAFB.” He was called to Senior Msgt Hammer's office to explain why he had insulted the group at White-man. Upon learning the airman had worked Friday, Saturday and Sunday clearing 16 pages of write up's to the point that he felt the bird was air worthy, the good Sergeant understood the man's ire. He began to laugh and told the airman he would answer the White-man people, but please restrain his entries in the forms the next time he had to fix up a "dog" from another wing.

Reasons 9 & 10 Why I Never Got Promoted

By Bruce Mills

Reason # 9

Well back to Lincoln, still on a crew. One mission was to drop a "dummy" concrete block into the Caribbean. We were told to be careful and not hit any ships. And to be ready at release for a ten to twenty foot jump-up. And we were -- careful and ready. But when we turned back to the coast, the #3 engine oil pressure dropped to zero, then returned back to normal. Larry Garrett, the copilot said, “Did you see that?” He and I both shut that mother down. Then I called FAA. The Command Post got the message that I had shut down three engines. I, of course, made a normal landing, and was met by everyone down on the ramp. I got a lecture on how to report an incident. Moral: Don't tell FAA a dang thing. They'll screw it up!

Reason # 10

Another practice mission was to fly up into Canada, refuel over Hudson Bay, radar bomb some forgotten site in Minnesota, and return to Lincoln. Piece of cake. However, two things happened. First the damm forward aux fuel tank refused to work and my CG (center of gravity), of course started to go to hell. Next, I called the control tower and found out that a big bad Nebraska thunderstorm was moving in from the south. I split for home. When I crossed the

The B-47, the Forgotten Airplane

We have all heard the Korean War called the Forgotten War. Recently, the B-47 has been referred to as the forgotten airplane. The B-52 has become the iconic symbol of long range strategic aircraft and airpower in general. This is not undeserved for this venerable aircraft, veteran of two shooting campaigns, and still in the force today, being flown by some grandchildren of its original crewmembers.

Prior to 1958, if one looked up into a deep blue sky, and observed high altitude contrails, you could darn well bet that it was a B-47. The B-47 owned high altitude! The B-47 never “fired a shot” in anger. But, it served well in the Cold War when it was all we had between Soviet aggression and us. At the peak of its career, over 1300 B-47s were in service with the Strategic Air Command, out of the 2000-some that were manufactured. Over the forty-four years of the Cold War from 1946 until 1990, **the B-47 was the most intensely serving aircraft of SAC**. In fact, it served twice as intensely as any other SAC bomber.

Astounding, isn't that, since the B-47 served only from 1951 until 1965?

Figures don't lie. In the nearby table on the opposite page are the year by year force strengths for the eight bomber types employed by SAC, as provided by the Office of the Historian, HQ SAC. If one uses this table to determine the average number of aircraft in service per year over the lifetime, we see the B-47 comes out on top. The rankings are:

1. B-47	778
2. B-52	393
3. B-29	312
4. B-50	141
5. B-36	123
6. B-58	72
6. B-1B	72
7. FB-111	58

Consider also, the tens of thousands of lives that were directly involved with the direct and indirect support of this force. We've not seen its like since, and it's doubtful we ever will.

Peace Was Our Profession.

homer at 20,000 feet, I could see the air base. But, the storm was only about ten miles south. The tower gave me permission to land. I made the descent tear drop pattern and crossed the low key. The tower closed the runway. Seems the wind had rotated 180 degrees. By that time I was 200 feet high, gear and flaps down. I didn't think I could get back up to altitude, get an alert tanker off Lincoln or Offutt, rendezvous, (that's French) hook up and get refueled before my CG went nose down. Well, thank God for Kuko, my nav's, magic fingers. He started giving me distance and course to the runway. I made a 45 degree turn, flew out four minutes,

turned back, (by that time we were in the clouds.) and began computing time, airspeed, distance and altitude. I crossed the fence at 40 feet high, saw the runway, yelled at the crew, “gear down, (it already was of course.) full flaps, run the checklist to yourself, --- deploy the chute”. Well, back to see the Colonel! He said: “What am I going to tell SAC?” I said: “Tell them I saved the airplane.” He said: “GET OUT!” So, I went back to the club for some more Southern Comfort. MORAL: If nobody likes you and you don't have a Sergeant to plead your case -- talk to your bottle.

SAC BOMBARDMENT AIRCRAFT 1946 to 1990

Year	B-29	B-50	B-36	B-47	B-52	B-58	FB-111	B-1B
1946	148							
1947	319							
1948	486	35	35					
1949	390	99	36					
1950	286	196	38					
1951	340	219	98	12				
1952	417	224	154	62				
1953	110	138	185	329				
1954		78	209	795				
1955			205	1086	18			
1956			247	1306	97			
1957			127	1285	243			
1958			22	1367	380			
1959				1366	488			
1960				1178	538	19		
1961				889	571	66		
1962				880	639	76		
1963				613	636	86		
1964				391	626	94		
1965				114	600	93		
1966					591	83		
1967					588	81		
1968					579	76		
1969					505	41	3	
1970					459		42	
1971					412		66	
1972					402		60	
1973					422		71	
1974					422		72	
1975					420		69	
1976					419		68	
1977					417		66	
1978					344		66	
1979					343		65	
1980					343		63	
1981					344		62	
1982					300		62	
1983					262		61	
1984					262		60	
1985					261		60	
1986					233		51	2
1987					260		60	76
1988					258		59	94
1989					248		58	94
1990					222		30	94
Total aircraft								
years:	2496	989	1356	11673	14152	715	1274	360
Average aircraft								
per year:	312	141	123	778	393	72	58	72

A LETTER FROM THE DESERT By Lt. Col. Mitch Lyons

Mom and Dad, Scotty and Rusty,

Greetings from Taif, Saudi Arabia, 18 March 1991. It was really hot today. The wind was blowing about 20 knots, blowing sand everywhere. We moved

off King Fahad Air Base on to the Al Gaim complex about 15 miles from the base. This area is like base housing and is not bad at all - it's better than the aircraft shelters we were living in.

Our schedule is about a third of what we were flying during war time operations. We still have an alert commitment here. There are 14 EF-111 aircraft

here from my squadron -21 crews. We hope to depart here around mid April. We are all looking forward to going home - somewhat of an understatement!

I put together an account of my adventures during the deployment; some of it is not so interesting - but in general terms, this is how it went.

8 Jan 91

Departed Mt. Home AFB, Idaho, flew to Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio. Poor weather - could not get into Langley AFB, Virginia; had to divert to Wright - Patterson. Night landing, ILS approach - almost down to decision height before I could see the runway lights. Spent the night there.

9 Jan 91

Weather better - landed at Langley AFB, Virginia; the start of a five day weather delay -how bored we were - went to the gym for some basketball - these high school kids ate our lunch - had a chance to see some prior flight mates. We all went to Dennys to have dinner - all ten of us with our flight suits on. This lady came over and wished us well and expressed her appreciation. I thought how nice.

14 Jan 91

Depart Langley - more bad weather - night takeoff - radar trail departure, join up on top of the weather. New York City lights! Me and my mate, Duane, are #1 in a group of four. Rejoin on the KC-135 tanker - get fuel - director lights on the second tanker didn't work - get more fuel. Finally sunrise. Coasting in to South Wales, United Kingdom - great weather! Wales is beautiful, flew up the Bristol channel - landed at Royal Air Force Base Upper Heyford, U.K. Eight hours in the jet - I had to go to the bathroom bad! Our time in the UK was good. I visited dear friends, went to my favorite dressmaker and had Austin (daughter) a little Laura Ashley dress put together. We helped the 42nd ECS prepare to depart for Incirlik, Turkey. They "borrowed" a few parts from our jets; we didn't fly for a few days; thank you very much!

17 Jan 91 (The war started)

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Watched CNN news - interesting - I had already put my five bucks on 22 Jan - another bet I lost I guess - oh well. I went back to sleep thinking about when we were to depart. Much work completed in the next week. My jet is in flying condition now - I flew one mission in the UK. Leading some of my mates around - typical poor UK weather. My crewmate is really good. - an excellent electronics warfare officer and navigator - I'm glad to have him in my right seat. The next few days were filled with confusion - it seemed we were in the middle of some senior officer tug-of-war.

25 Jan 91

Left RAF Upper Heyford for Mildenhall - it's so cold - and of course it's raining - just after midnight. Cram on a C-130 (first class) troop seats - how nice! I would rather stand - went up to the flight deck - met one of my old classmates. Arrived Frankfurt, Germany. Ramp is full of transports. Lots of Army troops. Jump on a C-5 for Dhahran, Saudi Arabia - Sleeping in one of many aircraft shelters - the sirens start the hearing check just as I am trying to sleep - seems a SCUD is on its way. I dig out my gas mask - I hate these things - put it on and go back to sleep. The Patriots do their magic and some CNN reporter is turning this into a drama - he should have been an actor. Somebody bounces a Pepsi can off his head. I had to laugh! Sunrise - it's cold.

26 Jan 91

Dhahran to Riyadh - the Royal Saudi Air Force Headquarters is quite nice. I had a chance to go there for a look-see - again saw old classmates - I don't envy them at all. We stayed for two nights in these tents set up for the Army - not bad - at least I can finally take a shower! Of course no hot water. I must confess, in the past I have directed some "take him down a notch", completely harmless pranks on some of the guys I'm with - all in good humor of course - but absolutely necessary in my mind. But, as they say, "what goes around comes around". So, I'm enjoying my cold shower, thinking of my bathroom at

home - step out to finish up - and it seems another SCUD is on it's way. I search for my clothes! It's nice to have such friends. I found my boots - my underwear and, now I know they really care, my gas mask. First things first - I put my boots on - then fall over trying to get my unders on - then the gas mask. So here I am running for the shelter in my boots, unders and mask. What could be better! I got there and meet with a bunch of reserve nurses from San Antonio. I never did figure why they were laughing - of course my mates were there too - what friends - what pals! They didn't even bring my clothes. The next SCUD hit fairly close - brought my cot off the wooden floor - I



Mitch Lyons and EF-111 in the desert

went back to sleep - dry unders this time!

28 Jan 91

Jammed on a C-130 for Taif - our destination. Me and Jim Tweet (Tweeter) sandwiched in between a bunch of reserve nurses - somehow they know me - we talk as best we can - we exchange candy and stories - some good looking nurses. We arrive at Taif. Tired - I hope there are private showers.

29 Jan 91

Our quarters are quite good. The RSAF has a real super base in Taif. Living shelters are part of the aircraft shelters - clean and hot water too! We get the arrival briefing - on the schedule to fly the next day.

30 Jan 91

First combat mission in Kuwait - jam-

ming the enemy radar - so many airplanes! Good weather. B-52s overhead - Marine and Navy attack jets along with F-16s and F-15s, massive bombing in southern Kuwait. Massive Army buildup on the ground south of our position. F-15s sorting us on their radar. AWACS needs a better group of controllers today. Refuel then back to Taif - fair crosswinds for landing.

31 Jan 91

Our jet is broken today (along with a few others). Did some mission planning for the later sorties. The food is bad at the mess tent.

2 Feb 91

More surface to air missile kills with the F-4Gs. Good hits! On the way - rejoined with F-4 package - six Phantoms - two EF-111s. Me and my wingmen do a nice fighter turn on - eight jets on the KC-10 - looked great! Somebody shot at us on the way into Iraq - give away your position - works for me!

3 Feb 91

More SAM kills with the F-4Gs in Kuwait and in Iraq - F-16s pounding on an airfield - 100mm triple A up at us - looks like flak. A SA-3 launch - again unguided - big missile - saw the booster drop off. Second one came about four seconds later - made some hard turns - saw the missile explode - well to the west. Must have fused on something. So much haze and smoke on the ground. Everyone out OK.

4 Feb 91

More of the same. I can tell the Army units are moving west. Duane putting up some false targets - triple A going at them - we laugh. F-16s very effective - lots of secondary explosions. Same airfield as yesterday - defenses are less - no SAMs - still triple A up at us. Sixteen B-52s laying down some heavy iron south of us. Return to base - dinner at 2 PM - in bed by 5 PM for the usual pre-sunrise takeoff next day. Duane is a night owl - somebody brought in some new tapes to watch. I'll have to drag him out in the morning.

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5 Feb 91

Same stuff in Kuwait - it looks like this country is on fire - nobody shot at me today - I went through an entire pack of Life Savers - cherry - my "favorite" - I wish the food was better - I miss my wife and children - I love them so much.

6 Feb 91

Some Saudi F-15 got an F-1 and two MIG 23s - we're working with two C-130s that are going to roll a 15K bomb out the back on a command bunker in Iraq. I hope they don't miss.

7 Feb 91

More of the same in Kuwait - nobody shot at me today - working with RF-4s to get photo pass on the airfield in northern Kuwait we have been working on for the past few days. Lots of smoke.

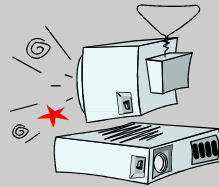
8 Feb 91

Mail call - lots of mail - some pinups. Into Iraq on top of a cloud - flying with Royal Air Force - 4 Tornados, 2 Buccaneers - bad weather - can't get into target on west side of Baghdad - go over to the east side of the city - 4 F-4Gs with us - 6 SA-6 shots at us small missile - very hard to see - short enemy radar-up time - missiles at us in seconds - saw them penetrate the cloud deck - I was looking at the perfect spot to see them unguided - pass behind us - F-4Gs shoot everything they have - no more SA-6 group - Tornados drop a bridge on Tigris River, no triple-A.

9 Feb 91

Very pretty sunrise going north. Flying with Royal Air Force again - F-4G and two F-15s with us. AWACS is still trying to figure out what day it is. West side of Baghdad again -we couldn't get in again - bad weather again - can't go too low or triple A will get us - laser designator on Buccaneer couldn't get through - nobody shooting at us. Bad weather all over - Bingo gas - head south for the tanker - I ate more Life Savers - I am tired. *(To be concluded in next issue)*

10 Feb 91



Email Changes

Additions

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 Stan States: setats07@aol.com

If you would like to have a current list of 307th Email addresses emailed to you, drop a note to "mikegingrich@compuserve.com".

bedroom, and the first to race down the hallway and out the door to the parking lot, where he sprinted to the assigned blue Ford "Fast Ride" station wagon and started its engine. Looking back toward the barracks he saw the parking lot filled with running crewmembers, and within several seconds he was joined by the Navigator, who piled into the back seat. By this time, crew vehicles had started to roar out of the parking lot on the race to the flight line. The Copilot and Nav looked around, but their Aircraft Commander was not in sight!

The Copilot jumped out of the car and ran toward the barracks, shouting to the Nav "I'll see what's holding up the A/C". The Nav in turn leaped from the back seat and got behind the wheel. The Copilot ran back down the hallway, which was now silent since the klaxon had terminated its obnoxious roar, and into the bedroom, where the A/C was fast asleep.

"A/C, lets go, there's an alert!" The A/C slowly sat up at the waist, and said in perfect Spanish, "No es para mi". He then immediately collapsed back into his sleeping position.

"No es para mi", or talk English and sleep in your flightsuit.

At two o'clock in the morning the Moron AB Alert Barracks had quieted down. The poker games and bull sessions had all ended and most 307th alert crew members were sound asleep, dreaming either of R&R or of returning home to Lincoln. The only sounds intruding into the Spanish night were the occasional movements of the desk clerk and the rustling pages of the security guard's magazine.

Suddenly, the ooga ooga of the alert klaxon pierced the deep silence.

The first lieutenant Copilot instantly awakened. Having fallen asleep still garbed in his flight suit and boots, he was immediately out the door of his

Now, it seems the entire crew had studied Spanish while in college and had been using the alert experience to polish their linguistic skills by conversing at every opportunity with the Spanish maids, barbers, desk clerks, and gardeners. However, thought the Copilot, this seems to be carrying it a little bit too far, since the tone of the A/C's utterance was "Copilot, go occupy thyself elsewhere, I do not wish to participate in thy dastardly alert". The Copilot, being a thoughtful individual, grabbed the A/C's leg and jerked him out of bed onto the floor, whereupon the A/C woke with a start. The Copilot then grabbed the A/C's flight suit and boots, ran to the door, and shouted behind him "Come on - - you can dress in the car".

In the interim, the Navigator had pulled the car up to a position directly in front

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(Continued from page 11)

of the barracks door. The Copilot jumped into the back seat followed by the scivvied A/C who plopped into the front passenger seat. The Copilot then tossed the boots and flight suit to the A/C as the Nav laid a long strip of rubber, and wheeled the car towards the street, in which there were now no other alert vehicles in sight.

The A/C bent forward in the seat to don his boots just as the Nav started a two-wheeler around the corner in front of the O Club, at the beginning of the straight stretch toward the swimming pool. Far ahead, abreast the swimming pool, the last of the alert vehicles was making its last turn toward the flight line. As the Nav braked to take the corner, the front seat latch decided to break and the seat flew forward. The A/C screamed as his head was forced underneath the dash, doubling him up with his butt pointed skyward. Simultaneously, the Nav appeared to be leg wrestling with the steering wheel. The Nav regained control as disaster appeared imminent and accelerated into

the straightaway achieving a speed substantially greater than the SAC approved alert speed limit. The seat now went all the way to the rear position freeing the A/C from under the dash. The stunned and still sleepy A/C was glassy eyed as he resumed putting on his boots.

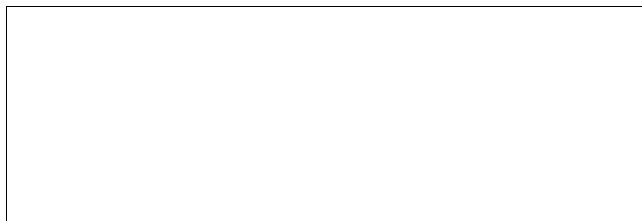
Now that the boots were in place, the A/C started working on the flight suit and was in the process of donning the first leg when the Nav braked for his "turn to final" adjacent to the swimming pool. The laws of physics dictated that the seat move forward and the A/C was once again under the dashboard. The Nav, always one to learn by his mistakes, retained control and immediately accelerated on the final sprint to the flight line. The laws of physics, not to be denied, moved the seat backwards, thus liberating the A/C who was still struggling to get his first leg into the suit.

Just about the time the A/C was ready to thrust his final leg into the flight suit, the Nav brought the car to a screeching

halt next to the aircraft, and the A/C regained his now customary position under the dash.

As the Copilot was climbing the ladder into the aircraft, a glance over his shoulder revealed the A/C frantically hopping over the concrete towards the ladder, one-leg-in, one-leg-out, one-arm-half-in, and the other arm trying to control the drag of the yet unutilized portions of the flight suit. He also observed the Crew Chief struggling, in a losing effort, to retain his composure.

The alert was normally concluded. The next time the aircrew reported to the aircraft they found by the entrance ladder a highly polished pair of boots and a neatly folded flight suit, and, a Crew Chief with a broad grin on his face.



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