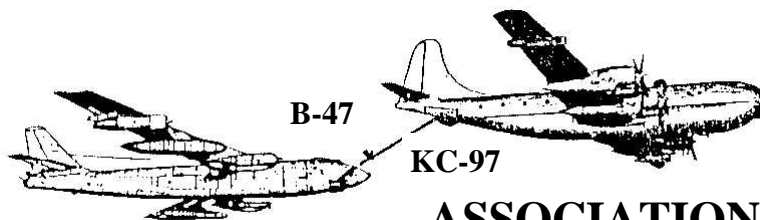


307TH BOMB WING



ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

NUMBER 32

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

NOVEMBER 2000

Election Time!

I'm writing my comments this month at a very interesting time. The elections are upon us - it is my fervent hope that each one of us listened carefully, decided and that each and everyone one of us voted. You'll receive this newsletter around election time, plus or minus a few days. I'm sure you all voted?? and the results were to your liking. If not, drop me a note and I will see what I can do about it. Ha Ha !! One thing far certain, we will have a new President, Bush or Gore.

By the way, I'm of the opinion the new Millenium did not start last January, I think it will start this January 2001. What say you? Drop us a note or send us an Email with your opinion. We will report the results in the next newsletter (March 2001).

There were a couple of things I didn't fully cover in the last newsletter... sooo! First, the History Book can still be purchased for \$5.00. That's a Big Bargain! Another thing, each of you who purchased the history - YOU - have an obligation to let us know of any mistakes we made. As we said, it is a - Work in Progress. With Your Help we can correct and update what we have, and in a couple of years or so, print it again. If you want one - now is the time.

For those who ordered the Lincoln 2000 Memory Book, be patient, the material is now with the printer, an estimated date, late November/early December. Do let us know of any change of address - so we can tell the printer. They will be mailing directly to you.

Here's wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Tony Minnick



Email Changes

Changes to the email list have occurred since the last issue of the newsletter.

We now have 222 folks on line!

Additions

Jim Adams:

jameswadams@compuserve.com

Clay Arundel: elclay@shreve.net

William L Berry: WLB127@yahoo.com

Sig F Faber: ziggy375735105@aol.com

Elmo Hills: eelmopat@aol.com

Catherine Jenks: WILCAJEN@aol.com

Max Marsh: mmarsh@axs.net

Richard R Roberts: rob1936@earthlink.net

Changes/Corrections:

George E Davis, Jr: gedjr@juno.com

Send your email address in and if you



The Last Flight

William G Gillespie, 818th, Annandale VA, date unknown.

Thomas L Hedge, ARS, Aiea HI, April 2000.

Elain Herman, Maitland FL, 28 May 1997.

William B Jenks, FMS, West Burlington IA, 21 April 2000.

William H Simcox, Las Vegas NV, 18 March 2000.

William J Stringfellow, 372nd BS, Denison TX, 6 September 2000.

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

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

Back In Touch

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

Jerry Bowers, 9415 Minuteman Way,
Westchester, OH, 45069.

Edward A H Brown, 614 S 2nd Ave E,
Rock Rapids, IA 51246.

Peter Saiser, 1030 I St, Geneva, NE
68361.

Howard W Sheldon, 7112 Pine Drive,
LaVista, NE 68128.

We're happy to have finally found you!

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 Bjaett,
9519 W Timberline Drive, Sun City, AZ
85351. Phone 602-972-7328. Email: Vbi-
aett@aol.com.

Treasurer: Sue Jacob, 4420 N 10th St,
Lincoln, NE 68521. Phone 402-477-6842.
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426-5675. Email: mikegingri@cs.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 organi-
zation are gratefully received, but are not
deductable 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.

A Marine's Night Before Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas,
He lived all alone,
In a one bedroom house made of
Plaster and stone.

I had come down the chimney
With presents to give,
And to see just who
In this home did live.

I looked all about,
A strange sight I did see,
No tinsel, no presents,
Not even a tree.

No stocking by mantle,
Just boots filled with sand,
On the wall hung pictures
Of far distant lands.

With medals and badges,
Awards of all kinds,
A sober thought
Came through my mind.

For this house was different,
It was dark and dreary,
I found the home of a soldier,
Once I could see clearly.

The soldier lay sleeping,
Silent, alone,
Curled up on the floor
In this one bedroom home.

The face was so gentle,
The room in such disorder,
Not how I pictured
A United States soldier.

Was this the hero
Of whom I'd just read?
Curled up on a poncho,
The floor for a bed?

I realized the families
That I saw this night,
Owed their lives to these soldiers
Who were willing to fight.

Soon round the world,
The children would play,
And grownups would celebrate
A bright Christmas day.

They all enjoyed freedom
Each month of the year,
Because of the soldiers,
Like the one lying here.
I couldn't help wonder
How many lay alone,

On a cold Christmas eve
In a land far from home.

The very thought
Brought a tear to my eye,
I dropped to my knees
And started to cry.

The soldier awakened
And I heard a rough voice,
"Santa don't cry,
This life is my choice;

I fight for freedom,
I don't ask for more,
My life is my god,
My country, my Corps."

The soldier rolled over
And drifted to sleep,
I couldn't control it,
I continued to weep.

I kept watch for hours,
So silent and still
And we both shivered
From the cold night's chill.

I didn't want to leave
On that cold, dark, night,
This guardian of honor
So willing to fight.

Then the soldier rolled over,
With a voice soft and pure,
Whispered, "carry on Santa,
It's Christmas day, all is secure."

One look at my watch,
And I knew he was right.
"Merry Christmas my friend,
And to all a good night."

*This poem was written by a Marine sta-
tioned in Okinawa.*

Newsletter Schedule

The 307th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Associa-
tion 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 newslet-
ter are encouraged, and are essential for the
success of this newsletter.

Donations

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

G.T. Bud Martin
Kenneth Fisher
Johnny E. Clark
John Allison
M. Vernon Ordiway
Joseph Herman
Richard R Roberts

Secret AF Base

We've all heard of the Air Force's high-security, super-secret base in Nevada, known simply as "Area 51?"

Late one afternoon, the Air Force folks out at Area 51 were very surprised to see a Cessna landing at their "secret" base. They immediately impounded the aircraft and hauled the pilot into an in-

terrogation room.

The pilot's story was that he took off from Las Vegas, got lost, and spotted the Base just as he was about to run out of fuel. The Air Force started a full FBI background check on the pilot and held him overnight during the investigation.

By the next day, they were finally convinced that the pilot really was lost and wasn't a spy. They gassed up his airplane, gave him a terrifying "you-did-not-see-a-base" briefing, complete with threats of spending the rest of his life in prison, told him Las Vegas was that-away on such-and-such a heading, and sent him on his way.

The next day, to the total disbelief of the Air Force, the same Cessna showed up again. Once again, the MP's surrounded the plane...only this time there were two people in the plane. The same pilot jumped out and said, "Do anything you want to me, but my wife is in the plane and you have to tell her where I was last night!"



The Chief's Corner The Hawk By Ernie Pence

This, as all other regurgitation's of the past printed in this column, is another one of those strange but true incidents that only people who have served can appreciate. As always, the names are omitted to protect the guilty!

It seems there was a Red Section Flight Chief who was one of those hell for leather regulation a__l-retentive types. One minute late for work was failure to repair, unshined shoes was a hanging offense, and two airmen talking quietly in a corner was a plot by terrorists! This man could have stood in for Colonel Sato at the POW camp next to the River Kwai Bridge construction site. At midpoint in his tour as A-Flight, Flight Chief, he court martialed a young airman second for being five minutes late to work, over the objections of the Section Chief and Squadron Commander. It could have been handled with an Article 15 or extra duty.

(Continued on page 5)

Our Historian's Needs

As Robert Loffredo, our co-historian, has organized our historical archives, a number of gaps in our holdings have become evident. We will, as a regular feature, let you know the material we need to augment our archives. Principal needs are photos: we can scan and return originals if you want them returned, or you could submit Kinko quality photo copies.

- Photos of vehicles: Metros, station wagons, cab & Ford pickups, etc.
- Photos of Ground Equipment: MD-4s, air conditioners, etc.
- Photos of Buildings: Chapel, BX, Bowling Alley, etc.
- Photos of Base Housing.
- Photos of Base Flight Aircraft: C-47, T-33, H-19, U-6A, U-3A&B.
- Reflex photos.
- Air Refueling photos.
- Crew photos.
- Unit photos: We have none for the maintenance squadrons or the 371st & 372nd bomb squadrons.
- Miscellaneous information on the 307th Hq squadron, 370, 371, 372 & 424 bomb squadrons.
- Miscellaneous info on Alpha, Bravo, & Cocoa alerts.

Please send any material to Robert Loffredo at 6004 SW 2nd St, Des Moines, IA 50315. Phone 515-285-3445. Email: mustang51h@juno.com.

Treasurer's Report 307th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association

Ending Balance from last report July 15, 2000:		\$4,691.07	
<u>General Fund Balance</u>	<u>Expenses</u>	<u>Deposits</u>	
Expenses:			
Postage	324.96		
Printing	580.43		
Office Supplies	<u>33.16</u>		
	938.55		- 938.55
			3,752.52
Income:			
Donations		270.00	
Interest on account		<u>19.46</u>	
		289.46	+ 289.46
Ending Balance October 10, 2000			4,041.98

Sue Jacob, Treasurer

Around the Wing

The feature photo for this issue comes from **Joe Anthony**, and shows the first group of 307th Navs to go through training at McConnell AFB in 1955. Joe sent several more memory grabbing photos which we'll be showing you in future issues. We'll ration them out because we'd hate to have everyone go into nostalgia overload, a condition that has not yet been recognized for VA treatment or compensation.

Hank Grogan correctly identified the crew shown in the photo of the July issue as **Meeks, Sund** and **Simons** of the 372nd BS. Hank's prize for doing this is...NOTHING. However, his participation in this contest has erased some of the black marks he accrued when he missed the Lincoln reunion in June. Bad Hank, no prize!

Following a recent trip to the UK, **Max Marsh** told us of visiting the American Air Museum in Duxford, England. It seems that the B-29 on display there, number 44-61748, "**Hawg Wild**" saw Korean War service with the 307th Bomb Wing on Okinawa, completing 30 combat missions. In 1955 and 1956 it served as a trainer, before going into open storage at China Lake. It was restored to flying condition in 1979 and in 1980 was flown to Duxford.

Also in the UK, we see where the Greenham-Common anti-nuclear protest ladies, after several decades of picketing the



One of the first, if not the first group of 307th assigned B-47 navigators in front of Beale Hall, McConnell AFB, Kansas, circa January/February 1955.

Rear row: 4th from left-Cecil Davis. Extreme right- Bill Palmaquist. Center row: third from left- Don Hesse. Extreme right-Dick Gronberg. Front row: Extreme left-Joe Anthony. Extreme right- Weber.

Photo from Joe Anthony

base, have declared victory and returned to their homes. Perhaps it was because the runway, said to be the longest in Europe, has been dug up and returned to pasture, swords to plowshares, so to speak.

Max also reminded us that country and western star **Boxcar Willie**, recently deceased, was with the 98th BW at Lincoln. But, previously unknown to us, according to Max, is that **Mel Tillis** also served with the 98th at Lincoln. How come that other wing got all the singers? According to the several media articles that followed his death, Boxcar Willie received the inspiration for his stage nickname while waiting for a freight train to pass at one of the Lincoln grade crossings.

Included in this issue is a speech given in 1999 to the cadets at the Air Force Academy by BGen Mark Welsh who was a commander during Desert Storm. The speech was thought to be so remarkable that the Dayton Daily News reprinted it on their editorial pages later in the year.

A number of our 307th BW aircraft commanders went on to fly the supersonic B-58. One of those gentlemen, **Bob Byrom**, shares his observations of that experience with us in this issue. In future issues we hope to have material on the SR-71 Blackbird, and the thrills of building your own airplane (Ernie Pence style).

Once again, our crew chief, **Ernie Pence** is back with us again in the Chief's Corner with another tale of daring-do on the flight line. Ernie's supply of these seems inexhaustible, or at least we certainly hope so. We know that you other troops have equally good stories to share, so put down the six pack and the clicker for a few minutes, scribble a note, and share them with all of us.

Please look over the Historian's Needs List that appears elsewhere in this issue. If you can provide photos or information, please do so...we depend on you. And, for you folks who bought the first edition of the 307th History, we need your comments, corrections and additions to help the second (and hopefully the last?) edition be complete. You crew chiefs...we need to know the tail numbers of your birds.

Our brothers in the 307th BW from 1946 to 1954 also have a very active organization. Their newsletter recently published the "307th Bomb Wing Creed", which is worthy of passing on to members of our association, and a Creed to which we can all subscribe. You will find it nearby.

Jim Flavin says it's still possible to fly MilAir space available. He, his wife, and another couple recently went from LAX to SEATAC and return, with intervening visits in Vancouver and the Puget Sound area. He says the particular flight goes on to

(Continued on page 5)



B-47 in the snow at Greenham-Common

Photo by Bill Erickson

(Continued from page 4)

Kadena, Yakota and Korea, and almost always has space available. Having done Air Force travel, Jim was looking forward to a "Tiger Cruise" with the Navy on board the USS Cleveland from San Francisco to San Diego.

Charlie Dabbs of Marietta, GA was omitted from our list of attendees at June's reunion in Lincoln. He was there! Seems he was a last minute registrant, and somehow, despite our General LeMay certified perfect record keeping, his name didn't get inserted onto the list when corrections were made. We'll getcha next time Charlie!

Planning feverishly for our 2002 reunion in Fort Worth, we find **R T Boykin** also busy maintaining the thirty odd computers used in his brother's business. If you thought one computer is challenging, try thirty. Seems like enough to make a grown man cry, or at least to make voodoo dolls of Bill Gates! RT is still working on establishing the date for the reunion and selecting the hotel, and expects to have that information and a tentative agenda for



View toward the flight line from the barracks

Photo by Ken Fisher

our next newsletter in March 2001. One exciting event he is contemplating is an evening at the horse races. Will our jackpot winner from Cripple Creek be lucky once again? Meanwhile, RT

has sent us information describing the many attractions of Fort Worth, which appears elsewhere in this issue.

In the current Last Flight, you'll see the name of **Bill Stringfellow**. String died tragically in a fire in his home. After a fire broke out in his living room, he succeeded in exiting his wife and mother in law from the house, but then tried to extinguish the fire by carrying water from the kitchen, when his oxygen bottle apparently exploded.

Others we've heard from recently include Earl Buys, Wally Whitehurst, Anne King, Billy Lyons, Charlie Dabbs, Woody Fail, Johnny & Joan Clark, Al Opitz, Bert Vorchheimer, & Flip Latham.

At this writing, it's late October in beautiful Ohio, and still 70 degrees. A better summer and autumn we've never had...seems like Majorca less the surf and flamenco. But we know it won't last and that the holiday season is fast approaching... so to all you folks in 307th land, Happy Holidays and a prosperous New Year!

The 307th Bomb Group/ Wing(1946-54) Creed

We, the 307th Bomb Group/Wing veterans, again reunite to share our memories of past happiness and sorrow.

We reflect on all our years together and recall our joyous laughter and uproarious good times together. But we bear in mind our friends and brothers who, in life, had to climb forbidding mountains that proved to be both steep and exceedingly rough.

Our brave veterans are real winners--they work hard and long, and sing, even when in pain. In rewarding fulfillment or in deep adversity, they have been endowed with renewed strength, so that each veteran in reaching his goal can say to God, "I gave my best!"

Our veterans have a loving, caring kinship among their ranks that is everlasting

These veterans are the heroes, the doers, and the winners. They are loyal friends and brothers. They are made of the "Right Stuff."

by E. Douglas Caldwell From selections of his poetry

(Continued from page 3)

"Sentence, Fine and Reduction in Rank". Not a lot of change in pay from airman second class to third class, but the sight of his eight month pregnant wife crying as she worked her shift in the base ops kitchen set the wheels of justice in motion.

THE HAWK, righter of wrongs, protector of the down trodden and all around scurrilous individual, surreptitiously made his presence know to the lower grades of the enlisted (AKA pond scum). The perpetrator of the court martial deed was a marked man. Known for meticulous records keeping and everything on his desk laid out with a ruler daily, it was a target rich environment! The doomed man would take a paper clip from its aligned container, only to find it was connected to every clip in the box as a link in an endless chain. In the bottom of the container a note stated "The Hawk Strikes Again".

Sometimes he would arrive at his desk to his

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Fort Worth: Part Cowboy, Part Culture, Pure Magic

FORT WORTH, Texas - In its youth, Fort Worth was a rough-and-tumble frontier town, dusty and lawless, home to the brave and the brawling, the soldier, the frontiersman, the outlaw. Today, Fort Worth embraces its heritage of the Old West while emerging as a model in the remarkable revitalization of downtown and fostering an outstanding arts community.

Originally settled in 1849 as an army outpost at the Trinity River. Camp Worth was one of eight forts assigned to protect settlers from Indian attacks. Progress helped the growing settlement survive long after other such towns had blown away with the dust of departing pioneers. The cattle industry was king for a generation of people working the Fort Worth leg of the historic Chisholm Trail. Cowboys worked and played in the Stockyards district, driving cattle on Exchange Avenue to slaughterhouses and meat packing plants that were headquartered in the city. Many cattle continued the journey on the Chisholm Trail to its ending point in Kansas.

No visit to Fort Worth is complete without visiting the famed **Stockyards National Historic District**. It looks much the same today as it did 100 years ago. In fact, the entire avenue is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Catch the **Fort Worth Herd**, the world's only daily cattle drives, on their twice-daily drive down Exchange Avenue. The authentically restored **Tarantula Train** carries visitors daily into **Stockyards Station**, the former hog and sheep pens turned festival marketplace. Rodeo action and Wild West shows take place year-round in the **Cowtown Coliseum**, home of the world's original indoor rodeo held in 1918.

"Texas-sized" takes on a whole new meaning at **Billy Bob's Texas**, the "World's Largest Honky-Tonk." This hotspot, named country music's "Club of the Year" seven times, can hold up to 6,000 people and plays host to country music's hottest names. Live bull riding thrills visitors each weekend with an up-close perspective on the wildest rodeo event at Billy Bob's indoor arena. The **White Elephant Saloon** is an authentic Old West watering hole offering live Country & Western music 360 nights per year. The entire historic district is recognized as much for family entertainment and shopping as for saloons and boot- scootin'.

Downtown Fort Worth is a success story few cities can boast. Glittering skyscrapers form a ring around **Sundance Square**, Fort Worth's heralded shopping and entertainment district that is now restored to its original Victorian beauty, filled with restaurants, live theaters, shops, museums and galleries. This 20-block area is also site of the \$67 million **Nancy Lee and Perry R. Bass Performance Hall**, which opened in May 1998. Called the "last great performance hall built in the 20th century," it is the first permanent home for the city's renowned symphony, opera, ballet, Van Cliburn International Piano Competition and productions of Casa Manana Theatre. In 1999 it was selected as one of the world's top 10 opera houses, one of only three in the United States.

Across the country, Sundance Square has emerged as the model of a beautifully revitalized urban area. By day it is a teeming business district, and by night a broad array of entertainment options abound. Now with two AMC movie complexes, live theaters, music clubs, a host of restaurants and cafes, hotels, and retail development in a state of continual growth, the streets bustle with activity.

Also located in Sundance Square is the **Sid Richardson Collection of Western Art**, a small museum that showcases 60 paintings and bronzes by Western greats, Remington and Russell. The **Caravan of Dreams** entertainment complex has become one of the nation's premier live music clubs, attracting top-name performers like Harry Connick Jr., Lyle Lovett and Wynton Marsalis. It also sports a rooftop grotto bar and cactus garden amidst a neon-jeweled geodesic dome.

The **Fort Worth Water Garden** and the **Fort Worth Convention Center**, currently undergoing a \$70 million expansion project, occupy what was once Hell's Half Acre, a brothel-and saloon-packed district where cowhands had their last bit of fun before heading out on the Chisholm Trail. It also was the first stop on the way home, and the first chance to spend wages burning holes in cowboys' pockets. Many notorious outlaws, including Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, lay low in Hell's Half Acre while the law was looking for them.

Fort Worth offers a wealth of cultural institutions, some noted internationally as the finest in America. It is easy to see why Fort Worth is considered the "Museum Capital of the Southwest." The Louis Kahn-designed **Kimbell Art Museum** - recognized as "America's best small museum" - and the **Amon Carter Museum**, renowned for its collection of Western and American masterpieces, have garnered worldwide attention for their collections and special exhibitions. In 2001, the Carter reopens its doors with a new facility offering 28,000 square feet of gallery space in which to showcase its collection and traveling exhibitions.

The **Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth**, Texas' oldest museum founded in 1892, displays 20th-century masterpieces and regularly schedules special exhibits showcasing the world's

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

acclaimed modern artists. A new museum building has been announced for the Modern that will be designed by architect Tadao Ando and located across from the Kimbell.

Also located in the Cultural District, the **Fort Worth Museum of Science and History** offers hands-on exhibits that delight children and adults alike, ranging from paleontology to computer science. The popular **Omni Theater** and a planetarium are located here too.

Within walking distance of Fort Worth's celebrated museums are **Casa Manana Theatre** and the **Will Rogers Memorial Center**, with 200 days per year of equestrian and cattle events. The Will Rogers Memorial Center hosts the oldest stock show and rodeo in the country - the **Southwestern Exposition and Livestock Show**, held annually in January and February. The beautiful 114-acre **Botanic Garden** and **Japanese Garden** are located nearby as well.

The **Fort Worth Zoo**, consistently ranked one of America's best zoos by a number of different sources, is world-renowned for its collection and for the natural habitat exhibits that replicate animals' homes in the wild. More than 5,000 native and exotic animals are on view in the tree-shaded setting of the zoo.

Another favorite find in Fort Worth is the **Cattle Raisers Museum**, located between downtown and the Cultural District. It portrays the history of ranching in Texas and the Southwest through interactive displays, dioramas and exhibits.

Perhaps one of the finest aspects of cultural life in Fort Worth is the celebrated **Van Cliburn International Piano Competition**. Every four years the world's greatest pianists gather in the city to vie for the coveted medals and engagements that launch classical music careers. Music aficionados around the globe recognize the Cliburn as one of the foremost piano competitions worldwide. The Cliburn Competition returns May 25-June 10, 2001.

A new era dawned in Fort Worth in 1997 when the flash of a checkered flag signaled the inaugural race at **Texas Motor Speedway**, the second largest sports facility in America. Located only 15 minutes from downtown, the 1.5-mile track at the super speedway boasts duel-banked turns for both NASCAR Winston Cup and Indy-style racing. Motorsports racing is the fastest growing sport in the country.

Fort Worth, a city of half a million people, is home to some of the country's major corporations and manufacturers such as American Airlines, Tandy Corp., Pier 1 Imports, Burlington Northern Santa Fe Railroad and Bell Helicopter Textron. Fort Worth is consistently ranked as one of the top places in the nation to work, live and do business by national magazines such as Fortune, Money and Newsweek

A chief asset of Fort Worth is the **Dallas/Fort Worth International Airport** (DFW). It is one of the world's busiest airports, with approximately 1,100-flight arrivals daily and offers service to 160 destinations around the world. Fort Worth's central geographic locale means it can be reached from either U.S. coast within three hours.

Along with these designations, Fort Worth has twice been awarded the prestigious **All-American City** award by the National Civic League, in 1964 and 1993. The National League of Cities presented Fort Worth the **James C. Howland Award for Urban Enrichment** in 1995 for the city's innovative redevelopment programs that demonstrate good planning and imagination.

Evidence of Fort Worth's "Cowtown" heritage is everywhere - from the carvings of Longhorn steers on bridge pillars and public buildings to the three-story mural of the Chisholm Trail brought to life in the heart of downtown. And while Fort Worth maintains its historical ties as the city "Where the West Begins," it also gains a reputation for urban sophistication and a celebrated connection to the fine and performing arts. It all shows that Fort Worth is "Catching the World's Attention" by proving that Cowboys and Culture can peacefully coexist.

This article was courtesy of the Fort Worth Convention & Visitors Bureau

(Continued from page 5)

pencil points all broken and, "The Note"! On the next infamous pencil incident they were all sharpened... down to the eraser, and "The Note"! He once found that the duplicate set of aircraft forms he kept (for his own devious reasons) had the pages switched so all of his entries were logged to the wrong tail numbers. Discovering the error after two months of entries, in rage he carefully scanned the unnecessary files for some clue to the identity of his deadly foe. THERE IT WAS, in print almost too small to read, "The Hawk Strikes Again"! The man was visibly deteriorating before our very eyes. This paragon of strength and order was being shamed by a stealthy low life. He fixed his gaze on his prime suspect at a flight briefing and announced in a loud voice for the entire A-Section to hear, he knew the identity of The Hawk. As soon as he had gathered all of his evidence there would be a court martial and time in Leavenworth!!!

Fear Not! Hawks are wily, vicious and above all, resourceful. A week later, The Hawk was on a 10-day leave and his minions unleashed a devastating attack that sent the evil one to the flight surgeon for tranquilizers. Upon The Hawk's return to duty, the evil one stood in formation and issued a loud apology with tears in his eyes for besmirching the good airman's reputation with unfounded allegations! All of the Airmen and NCOs present did their duty and never cracked a smile! ! !

It was too much for the Section Chief. Senior Master Sergeant Hammer had the evil one transferred because he obviously did not have control or respect of his people. Sergeant Hammer also said he knew who The Hawk was... or thought maybe he did. Yes, there is justice in the world, and somewhere out there lurks a grayed haired, or bald HAWK, waiting to intercede again, or... maybe, as we read these lines, he's on another mission.

Memories: From the B-47 to the B-58 By Bob Byrom

Recently I was advised of the tragic death of Bill Stringfellow in a fire at his home. All of you acquainted with Bill personally were blessed and all of you have probably heard of his exploits in both the B-47 and B-58 programs. He was one of the cool guys we knew in the Air Force and all of the stories about him are understated.

For example, when at Lincoln, he hot wired the start engine switch to the crew ladder on his alert bird so that when he first hit the steps, the first engine would start spooling up, and then he could be first to taxi if it was a Cocoa Alert. Then there was the time he called the Command Post at Lincoln to report that he had lost an engine. The Command Post communicator wasn't rattled, after all the crew had five more engines turning, and asked what the crew intentions were. Bill replied "Well, we are still looking for the engine, we think it's in the farm field we are circling".

Assignment of pilots to the B-58 program may have reflected the Wing's way of weeding out troublemakers, as well as skill or daring. I had recently been assigned to help investigate the takeoff accident of Russ Holst and his crew, as the Wing operations member. The investigation went fast, too fast I thought for the board to look carefully at all possible causes. We knew that one outboard engine had lost RPM and power, but there were other factors that could have caused loss of thrust or increased drag, like water alcohol injection malfunction, brake or tire problems, inadvertent deployment of one of four drag chutes on the airplane. I thought we should look hard at the performance charts because they showed the same degraded takeoff performance with loss of an outboard or inboard engine. The board reached its findings of pilot error, and I wouldn't sign the report, and was shipped off to instrument pilot school at Connally AFB, and a more agreeable Wing investigator was placed on the board. Not too long thereafter I was quietly and happily shipped off to F-102 lead-in training and then to Carswell AFB for the magnificent B-58.

Bill Stringfellow left Lincoln with more flare...he loaded up his chaff dispensers with toilet paper rolls and papered the Base on his last B-47 flight.

The B-58 program fit well with the mental capacities of those assigned to it. It had two fewer throttles, one less pilot, and in reviewing the original training manuals for the airplanes, I see that SACM 50-1, VOL III, B-47 Pilot Instruction Guide, has 90 pages. Whereas, the 43rd Bomb Wing Pilot Training and Checkout Guide for the B-58 contains only 20 pages plus mission grade slips. The airplane was an honest and predictable flyer and in three trainer 'TB-58' missions you were good to go. The B-58 had fully automatic systems available to the crew to control the center of gravity by fuel tank transfers. In the B-47 this was

a critical crew job accomplished manually. The B-58 flight control system automatically controlled the amount of elevator available to the pilot to prevent over controlling or stressing the airplane. The avionics systems for navigation, bombing, autopilot functions, and for yaw, roll and pitch damping were amazingly advanced and capable when all of the little electrons were holding hands. The B-58 won SAC Bombing Competition while still in its test phase.

I had flown fighters with afterburners before going into B-47s and afterburners are nice... you can see, feel, and hear them when they are working. The GE J-79 afterburning engines on the B-58 were particularly good and practically bullet proof. All of us in the B-47 recall sweating takeoffs on hot days, or at high field elevations when the airplane was heavy. It was usually heavy. Some B-47 copilots usefully used the long takeoff rolls of the B-47 to eat their flight lunch because they said things got real busy after that. With the B-58, at any OK operating weight, when those four J-79s went into maximum afterburner early in the takeoff roll there was no question that the Hustler was going to fly. It was a goer! In the several years that I was privileged to fly the airplane I had no significant aircraft, engine or avionics malfunctions. Sometimes we would lose the auto-pilot if the 'stable tables' were down. This was a bigger problem for the Bombardier-Navigator because this malfunction affected his equipment much worse. The B-58 was so much fun to hand fly that I did not regard it as a problem when on an eighteen hour non-stop 'Glass Brick' deployment from Bunker Hill AFB, Indiana to Anderson AFB, Guam, when the auto-pilot was out all of the way. The airplane flew beautifully at its .92 Mach cruise speed, at Mach II at high altitude, or at 600 knots near the ground. Fighters of the day could hardly threaten the B-58, it outperformed most of them, friend or foe.

My next operational aircraft after the B-58 was the F-4. It too had those terrific J-79 engines with afterburners, but it was a draggy airplane in its standard mission configuration, bombs on wing racks, fuel tanks, radar and infra-red aimed air to air missiles, and even an ECM pod. In the B-58 I had grown accustomed to cruising home at high altitude at .92 Mach cruise with a light airplane with the engines back and sipping fuel. On the first combat mission that I led way up in the 'Barrel Roll' area of northern Laos, I tarried with the flight to give the forward air controller extra bombing passes that he wanted. Then, I confidently took the flight to high altitude with light airplanes and pulled back the power, and the airplanes almost stopped! The F-4 was still very draggy after expending much of its weight and ordnance. We had to call for air refueling support to get home to Udorn, Thailand.

During the Vietnam war the B-58 was flight-tested both as a path finder aircraft for fighters such as the F-105 and F-4, and as an iron bomb carrier. It wisely not used in the war in either role, because it was such an effective Emergency War Order nuclear bomber; carrying a 9+ megaton hydrogen bomb in a center-line fuel and weapon pod, and four 1+ megaton 'dial a

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yield' wing mounted bombs, and still with the flexibility of 600 knots near the ground or at 1,000+ knots at Mach II at high altitude, for their bomb runs.

Why then, was such a capable, paid for weapon system phased out of the active Strategic Air Command bomber inventory so soon? It served America just a little more than ten years as a line aircraft. The B-58 did have some relatively minor fatigue life problems in some airframe components but these were repairable. The avionics system evolved with it's stability augmentation dampers for the flight control system and became very reliable. The relatively small number of bombers, about 100, drove some of the maintenance and depot support costs disproportionately higher as compared with B-47s and B-52s.

At the time the B-58 was phased out, in the early 1970s, SAC was trying to acquire a fleet of more than 250 FB-111 nuclear bombers. These had similar attack profile performance both at high and low altitudes as the B-58, although the FB-111 required more air refueling support to reach the same targets and could not of course carry the enormous megatonage of nuclear weapons that the B-58 carried so capably.

The Hustler was the finest airplane that I have ever flown, and most pilots who were fortunate to fly it share that view. It was fun, it was beautiful, it was exciting and terrific to fly. Along with so many others, Bill Stringfellow liked and admired this airplane and served it well. The B-58 also served as the 'Lead-in' trainer for most SR-71 pilots, while standing nuclear alert around the clock, and flying many World speed records that still stand, more than thirty years later. The basic airplane weighed about 55,000 pounds empty. The engine thrust of four J-79s exceeded 64,000 pounds. With very light fuel on board it could accelerate, like a rocket, straight up. What an airplane!

Fighter Pilot's Speech to Air Force Academy Graduates Dayton Daily News Wednesday, December 8, 1999

Editor's note: This is a condensed version of a speech Brig. Gen. Mark Welsh gave to cadets at the U. S. Air Force Academy on Aug 26. It is reprinted with permission from the U.S. Air Force.

"Not long ago I was asked to give a presentation on personal lessons learned from my experiences in combat during Operation Desert Storm. I spent about an hour and a half just thinking and thinking: What great lessons have I learned that I want to pass on to future generations? When I finished, I realized that none of (the items on my list) were lessons learned. Every one of them was about a person, an event or just a feeling I had.

Every kind of combat is different. Aerial combat happens at about 1,000 mph. It's hot fire, cold steel, instant death and big destruction. Ground combat's not that way. Those of you who've heard infantry soldiers talk about it know ground combat is endless time, soaking fear, big noises and darkness. Either way, your first combat is an intensely personal experience. One week before the Desert Storm air campaign started, we were flying missions to northern Saudi Arabia to practice dropping simulated bombs at night on targets in the desert, so those of us who didn't routinely fly night missions would be ready if the war started. One night after we'd "destroyed" our target, we hit a post strike tanker and headed back to our base almost 400 miles

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307th Roll of Remarkable Records

Youngest Married Couple at Lincoln: Mike & Linda Fox. Married 24 Dec 1962; Mike age 19 (DOB 9/5/43), Linda age 16 (DOB 11/18/46).

Youngest B-47 Combat Crew: Crew R-17, December 1958. Solomon, age 24; Gingrich, age 24; Miller, age 24.

Most newborns while at Lincoln: Gene and Betty Hickman, & Bill & Shirley Adams: four

Youngest individual assigned to Lincoln: Walter F Johnson, arrived Lincoln 4 Jan 56, age 17 yrs, 5 mo, 7 days.

Shortest Time Between Blessed Events: Roy & Catherine Miller, 10 months, 9 hours and 4 minutes in 1957 at Lincoln.

Most Time assigned LAFB: Marvin and Betty Pelletier, 12.5 years from December 1954 till July 1966.

First to arrive at LAFB: Marv Nystrom, early 1954.

First Crewmember at Lincoln and still flying: Frank Eisenbraun, 10 Jul 1954/ Fedex.

Last to Leave the 307th: Adam Mizinski, 17 March 1965.

Most grades promoted at LAFB: Lawrence C Hall, 4 grades from A3C to TECH SGT.

Most houses lived in in Lincoln: Betty Pelletier, ten.

Longest time to become Combat Ready: Howard O Evans, 4,142 hours in the B-47 over 6 years and 2 months.

Most Reflex Tours from Lincoln: Hank Grogan, 22 tours to UK & Spain.

Luckiest Person: Helen Otten, winner of \$161,000 nickle slot machine jackpot, Colorado Springs Reunion, 1998.

Shortest Tour at Lincoln: Tom Mazuzan, 1954 - - 102 days.

Shortest time married in 307th BW: Frank Eisenbraun, 1 day, 28 April 1957.

Stake Your Claim and Claim Your Fame!!

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away. We climbed up to about 42,000 feet, put the auto-pilot on and I leaned back in the seat and stared at nature. It was a gorgeous night. Out on the horizon, I saw something I'd never seen before: a beautiful, huge white halo that went all the way around the moon. I'll never forget that halo.

I also won't forget that when I landed that night my assistant operations officer met me at the bottom of the ladder and said, "Boss, we lost an airplane." The pilot was a young captain named Mike who had joined us in the desert only two weeks earlier, because he had stayed back in Utah to get married. He was on his second night ride. We think that somehow Mike got a light on the ground confused with his flight lead's rotating beacon. He hit the ground going more than 600 mph, nose low, inverted and in full afterburner. He died relaxed. I don't think "dying relaxed" was good news to his wife or to his mom and dad. I'll never forget those phone calls, and I'll never forget Mike. And I'll never forget sitting at the memorial service two days later, looking at this airplane with Mike's name on the canopy rail, the helmet with his name on the visor cover, his spare G-suit under the wing, and his crew chief saluting the jet while bagpipes played Amazing Grace in the background. I won't forget staring at that airplane thinking, "How many more of these are we going to have when the war starts?"

An important letter. The night before the war started, we gathered our squadrons together at about 5 p.m. and gave them their first briefing. Then I told them all to go back to their rooms and write a letter to their family. In that letter, I wanted them to shed all of the emotional baggage they would otherwise take with them into combat. I told them they didn't fly until I got that letter. If you haven't had the pleasure of sitting and thinking about your family the night before you think you may die; if you haven't tried to tell your children that you're sorry you won't be there to see their next ballet recital or watch them play little league baseball, or high school football, or graduate from col-

lege, or meet their future spouse or get to know your grand kids, you should try doing it on a piece of paper at midnight, from 9,000 miles away. If you haven't told your parents, brothers and sisters what they mean to you or told your wife how the sun rises and sets in her eyes, you haven't lived. I won't forget writing that letter.

The next morning we got up at about 1:30, because we had a 2:15 briefing. As we drove down the road parallel to the runway, two things happened. The first was that Col. Tom Rackley's 421st Fighter Squadron lit its afterburners as part of the first launch of the Persian Gulf War. At 20-second intervals as we traveled down that road, planes lifted off, accelerating to about 400 mph and disappearing at the end of the runway. I suddenly realized that this was the first time I'd ever seen airplanes take off with no lights on. We were "blacked out" for combat, and it was pretty sobering. When we were halfway down this road, one of the guys in the car pointed to the right, where the base's tent city was. On the right side of the road were thousands of people. All those who weren't working that night had come out of their tents when they heard the afterburners. They were in uniforms, jeans, cutoffs; they were wearing underwear, pajamas-everything. But not one of them was talking. The other thing I noticed immediately was that each person was somehow in contact with the next. They were holding hands or arms, or they had an arm around a neighbor's shoulders or back, or they were just leaning on each other. These people didn't even know each other. But they were all Americans. They were all warriors, and they were all part of the cause. I will never forget their faces in our headlights.

Later that morning, we went to the life-support trailer where my squadron's flying gear was kept. Anybody who's been in any kind of flying squadron knows life support is a pretty raucous place. You're giving people grief; you're arguing about who's better at whatever; something's always going on, and it's fun. That morning there wasn't a sound. I dressed listening to nothing but the

whisper of zippers as people pulled on flight gear. As each of my guys left, I wondered if he'd be coming back that afternoon. I'll never forget watching their backs disappear into the darkness.

The first day of Desert Storm, I got to my jet and standing right in front of the nose was Father John, our squadron chaplain. He said, "Hey, I thought you might like a blessing before you go." I immediately hated myself, because I consider myself fairly comfortable in my religion, and I'd never thought of that. So I knelt down on the cement and Father John gave me a blessing. As I was getting ready to climb up the ladder, I noticed all these guys running toward me out of the darkness. My other pilots had seen this and were coming over to get Father John to bless them, too. So he did. And when everybody came back safe from the first sortie, we decided: "That's it, Father John has to bless everybody." From then on, it didn't matter if you were Jewish or Baptist or Islamic, Father John gave the blessing for the our squadron. Later on, talking to Col. Rackley, the commander of the 421st Fighter Squadron, I found out Father John did the same for his guys. I don't know how he did it, but he did. Every single time I landed from a combat sortie, I'd shake hands with my hero and crew chief, Tech Sgt. Manny Villa. Then I'd climb down the ladder to Father John, who would bless me and welcome me home. When I came back from Desert Storm, I ended up returning to Hill Air Force Base in Utah a few days after my squadron. When I pulled into the parking spot, folks were waiting for me, including Father John, my wife, Betty, and a couple of my kids. I'd written Betty and told her about Father John and his blessings. When my airplane stopped and the canopy came up, Manny Villa climbed the ladder and shook my hand. When I climbed down to the bottom of the ladder, Betty told Father John, "You first." Father John walked over and blessed me and welcomed me home. A year and a half later, Father John dropped dead of a massive heart attack. By the week after he died, 16 of the 28 pilots who flew in my squadron during Desert Storm had

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contacted Father John's family. They called from Korea, Europe, Australia and all over the United States to bless him and ask God to welcome him home. I'll never forget Father John.

Early in the war, we attacked a complex of ammunition-storage bunkers in northwestern Iraq. There's a guy I want to tell you about who had something to do with the number of holes in these bunkers. Ed left for the desert with his wife, Jill, pregnant with their first child. Obviously, he couldn't go home for the birth. Late one night, my exec woke me and told me I had a phone call in the command post. It was my wife, and she said, "Mark, I'm at the hospital with Jill. She's in labor and is having problems. Is there any way we can get Ed on the phone with her?" So we went and roused Ed and brought him down to the

command center. As Ed held the phone with one hand and talked to his wife, I sat in a chair in front of him and held his other hand. I could see the happiness in his eyes every time she spoke to him. And I could see the worry and pain in his eyes every time another contraction started and he heard her gasp. I felt him squeeze my hand every time he heard her scream. And I saw him smile when he heard his son, Nate, cry for the first time, 9,000 miles away. I'll never forget that smile. Twelve hours after Ed hung up that phone, he was part of an F-16 strike package that hit those ammunition-storage bunkers. It was the best battle-damage assessment we had in our squadron during the war. Ed went from a caring, concerned, loving father and husband to an intense, indomitable warrior in just 12 hours. I'll never forget watching the transformation.

I want to tell you about two things I heard that I'll never forget. The first one was during one of our missions in the Baghdad area. An F-16 from another unit was hit by a surface-to-air missile. Over the radio, we listened to the pilot and his flight lead talk as he tried to make it to the border so rescue forces could get to him. He'd come on every now and then and talk about how the oil pressure was dropping and vibrations were increasing. Then his flight lead would encourage him to stick with it. This went on for about 15 minutes. Finally the pilot said, "Oil pressure just went to zero." And then, "My engine quit." Finally he said, "That's all I got. I'm outta here." The silence was deafening. I'll never forget those 15 minutes. Rivalries go unforgotten in combat.

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Date _____

Signature spouse _____
if spouse wishes membership

Mail to:
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5920 Robin Court
Lincoln, NE 68516

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The other unforgettable thing I heard came after the ground war had started. An F-16 was shot down in the middle of the retreating Republican Guard. A call went out asking if there was any aircraft with ordnance and fuel who could go to him. A lot of people responded, but the first one I really paid attention to was an Army Chinook helicopter pilot, who came on the radio and said, "Look, I've got this much gas, here's my location, I can be there in this many minutes. Give me his coordinates. I can pick him up." Now, everybody knew where the Republican Guard was, and everybody knew the downed pilot was right in the middle of them. And you need to remember that a Chinook is about the size of a double-decker London bus with props, and it doesn't have guns. We kid around a lot about inter-service rivalries, but I guarantee that I would follow that Army helicopter pilot into combat. I'll never forget her voice.

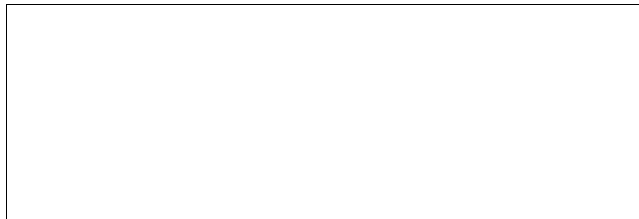
One of the last things I want to mention is the Highway of Death. This road

leads north out of Basra and was the main retreat route for the Republican Guard until they were cut off. What's significant is that I killed people here. Me. Combat is an intensely personal thing. I'm sure I'd killed people before during the war, but this time I saw them. I saw the vehicles moving before the bombs hit. I saw soldiers firing up at me, then running as I dropped my bombs to make sure they wouldn't get away. War is a horrible, horrible, horrible thing. There is nothing good about it. But it is sometimes necessary. So somebody better be good at it. I am. You better be.

I won't forget the Highway of Death. On my trip home from the Gulf, I flew with the 421st Squadron on the way to the East Coast of the United States. The first U.S. air-traffic-control site we talked to was Boston Center. Col. Rackley said something along the lines of, "Boston Center, Widow Flight, 24 F-16s coming home." The air-traffic controller responded, "Welcome home, Widow." And then at regular intervals for the next five or six minutes, every

airliner on that frequency checked in and said something. "Welcome back." "Good job." "Great to have you home." "God bless you, Widow." About 10 minutes after that, I got my first glimpse of the U.S. Coastline. It was the coast of Massachusetts. I sat in my cockpit and sang America the Beautiful to myself.

Take a look at this flag, folks. Those white stripes represent the integrity that you cherish here at the Air Force Academy and that you better carry with you into our Air Force. Those stars are the courage of all the people who have gone before you. They belong to you now. And that red is for Mike and millions more like him who died serving this great country. If you've ever served in the military, this will strike home; if not, I hope it makes you appreciate those that have."



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