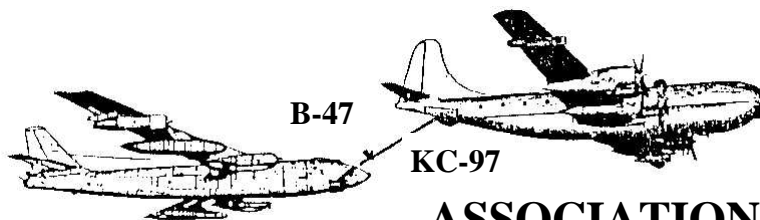


# 307TH BOMB WING



## ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

NUMBER 33

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

March 2001

## Really!! The Election Is Over

I had no idea when writing my election comments in November that it would extend for such a long time. One for the history books!

I asked for comments in the last issue on the start of the new millenium, 2000 or 2001. We received 2 votes (sometimes I think no one reads the newsletter) from **Don & Angie Nigro** and **Pete Shaughnessy**. Both votes were the same as mine, for 2001. Score 3 to 0, therefore; according to this newsletter, the millenium. started 1 January 2001. Enjoy!

**R.T. Boykin** tells me things are progressing well in Texas for the 2002 Ft. Worth Reunion. I'm sure he has details elsewhere in this letter - don't want to step on his toes or give anything away. Suffice it to say let's have a big Texas turnout. Cowtown is a great place to visit - I flew B-36's out of Carswell 1949-1954, then went to AOB school at Waco and then was sent to Lincoln. Had a note from **Leroy McMath** (Dallas) thanking us for the Lincoln Reunion and saying he was in touch with R.T. to help, also **Butch Nollenberg** is in Ft Worth and I'm sure will be of help. Good luck, guys and wives. I can assure you the wives are very helpful in these endeavors.

**Perry Hoisington**, one of our Division Commanders, stopped recently in Lin-

coln (He planned attending the Lincoln reunion, but a bad back prevented his coming). We had lunch together and we talked of old friends. He said to say hello to everyone and gave his apologies for not making it to Lincoln earlier. I did drive him along our reunion tour route, and he was amazed at how much Lincoln had changed and grown since the 60's.

By the way, I put forth some numbers about Lincoln in the July newsletter. I said Lincoln population was 195,000 in 1965 and was nearing 300,000 in 2000, when actually the 1965 numbers were City 141,400, County 163,000. The 2000 numbers are City 218,000, County 240,000. I found out someone was blowing smoke. Sorry about that.

For those in the Lincoln area, we are to have an Airshow April 28<sup>th</sup> & 29<sup>th</sup>, 2001 at the airbase. The THUNDERBIRDS are coming as are the TORA TORA TORA group simulating the Pearl Harbor attack Dec 7, 1941. Many types of aircraft will on display and several flyovers will be done. Check the newspaper and military publications for more detail.

One more time let me emphasize how much accurate addresses and phone numbers help us to keep track of you. Put us on your list if you are moving, have been assigned a new ZIP Code or

phone Area Code or anything else. Your notification of changes do TWO things for us, it saves us money and it helps us send the newsletters to a good address. Surprise - Surprise, Guess what - you get the letters more timely. Til Next Time

Tony Minnick, Chairman



### The Last Flight

**Burton L Brinkman**, FMS, Seward NE, 8 October 1998.

**Thomas E Dance**, 424<sup>th</sup>BS, Fairfield CA, 8 October 2000.

**Billy D Hill**, OMS, Fruitland Park FL, 23 January 2001.

**Gerald F Loughlin**, 370<sup>th</sup> BS, Santa Maria CA, 28 July 2000.

**Robert G Lowe**, ARS, Marietta GA, 28 February 1998.

**Robert A Peterson**, ARS, Vienna VA, February 2000.

**Tim Reidy**, ARS, Carmel IN, July 2000.

**Archibald P Samuels**, 371<sup>st</sup> BS, Peru IL, 16 January 2001.

**Gloria H Samuels**, Peru IL, 13 February 2001.

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

### Donations

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

Richard Roberts  
Tom Mazuzan  
Robert Rose  
Ronald McCartan  
Robert Wise  
Joseph Verteramo  
George Vickers  
Woodrow Fail  
G. Nolley  
Beth Bringham  
James E. Smith  
Charles Turner, Jr  
Dean Cook  
Royal G Schrubbe

### 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 623-972-7328. Email: Vbi-aett@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: mikegingri@cs.com

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

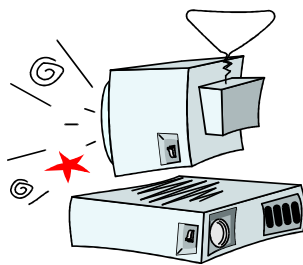
**Co-Historian:** Ernie Pence, 2001 A St, Schuyler, NE 68661. Phone 402-352-3311.

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

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

**Ft Worth 2002 Reunion Chairman:** R T Boykin, Jr, 832 Shady Glen, Bedford, TX 76021-4335. Phone 817-571-0356. Email: Dru\_RT92@email.msn.com

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.



### Email Changes

The following changes to the email list have occurred since the last issue of the newsletter. We now number over 250!

#### Additions

Ray Birdwell: burdel@usit.net  
Dean Cook: tumbleweed man deanfrom lutz@webtv.net  
Donald Fudge: jj-fudge@lancnews.infi.net  
John Koudsi: Jkoudsi@aol.com  
LeRoy McMath: lmlm001@airmail.net  
James E Smith: djksmith@gte.net  
Donald L Wilson: loadtoad@pld.com  
Robert L Wise: fish@orbitworld.net  
Jack Wrenn: jack\_wrenn@excite.com  
Elwyn Dewayne Whitsitt: Whit@Brazosnet.com  
Gerald Berger: GBSAB@aol.com  
Larry French: Cuddy1111@aol.com  
Gene Monk: GeneMonk@aol.com  
Chuck Norby: Cnorby@elite.com  
Vern Cole: Vjcole24@aol.com  
Jim Frise: Jimfrise@cs.com  
Don Fraker: FRAKERDD@aol.com  
Ray & Pat Seip: PATRAYS@aol.com  
Bob & Ethel Reinhard: reinhard@tisd.net  
Ivan McKinney: ivanmckinney@prodigy.net  
Dixon Howard: Dixhow@aol.com  
Einar Samuelsen: ESAM2827@bigfoot.com  
Don Stone: janks@famrc.org  
Don Setterberg: drsetterberg@home.com  
Dick Grammes: diclou@bellatlantic.net  
Dave Boerighter: Dutchman@olypen.com  
Art Craft: estim8@aol.com  
Bill Clark: WCLARK@succeed.net  
Richard & Svea Berggren: RW-Berggren@aol.com  
Art Balke: ArtBalke@worldnet.att.net

#### Changes/Corrections:

Virgil Jacobs: vjacob@neb.rr.com  
Bob Weidner: weidner@home.com

James W White:  
jwh2145@email.msn.com

Send your email address in and if you would like to have a current list of 307<sup>th</sup> Email addresses emailed to you, drop a note to "mikegingri@cs.com".

### Web Sites of Interest

307<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing  
<http://www.geocities.com/Pentagon/Barracks/2747/index.html>

551<sup>st</sup> Strategic Missile Squadron  
<http://members.tripod.com/sms551association/index.htm>

Retired US Air Force  
<http://www.retired-usairforce.com/>

USAF Online News  
<http://www.af.mil/newspaper/>

Stars & Stripes Electronic Edition  
<http://www.stripes.com/>

Military Connections  
<http://www.militaryconnections.com/>

The Sweetest Killer I Ever Flew  
An ode to the B-47 by E J McGill, IP, 90<sup>th</sup> SRW, Forbes AFB  
<http://home.att.net/~immtrue/sweetest.html>

B-47 Stratojet Association  
<http://nerd.dartmouth.edu/~man>

SAC Museum  
<http://www.sacmuseum.org/>

Air Force Museum  
<http://www.wpafb.af.mil/museum/>

Vietnam Virtual Wall  
<http://www.thevirtualwall.org/>

Air Force Historical Research Agency  
<http://www.au.af.mil/au/afhra/>

The Ultimate Sacrifice  
– restoring the B-17 from the icecap.  
<http://www.ultimatesacrifice.com/>

### 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.

### 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.

- Need good closeup photo of 307th plaque at the Air Force Academy.
- 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 371<sup>st</sup> & 372<sup>nd</sup> bomb squadrons.
- Miscellaneous information on the 307<sup>th</sup> 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 2<sup>nd</sup> St, Des Moines, IA 50315. Phone 515-285-3445. Email: mustang51h@juno.com.

### Where Do We Live?

#### A Demographic Analysis??

The 2000 Census results have recently been released and show a steady migration to the south and southwest, away from the colder, more populated areas of the northeast. With thirty-five or forty years under our belts since we left Lincoln, where did we all wind up? Did we follow the Census trend?

Various factors competed in our individual choices: climate, jobs, family, schools, cost of living, what have you. The locations of the 1259 persons to whom we mail a newsletter have been tabulated by state below, and, yes, there is a definite preference for the warmer climes ... with one big exception! Apparently many of our guys found happiness with Nebraska gals, and stayed on in the area after LAFB, or returned later.

We don't have the data to do it with, but wouldn't it be interesting to know the geographical distribution of everyone, before entering the Air Force? So, where do you want to live when YOU grow up?

NE 167, CA 139, TX 128, FL 102, AZ 53, WA 52, CO 51, OH 32, IA 28, MO 28, IL27, MN 26, LA 24, VA 24, NC 22, PA 21, MI 20, NM 20, SC 20, GA 19, TN 19, OK 18, WI 17, IN 16, AR 15, KS 15, NV 14, NY 13, OR 13, NH 12, AL 11, NJ 10,

ID 9, SD 9, MA 8, MD 8, DE 7, KY 7, ME 5, CT 4, UT 4, MT 3, AK 3, ND 3, RI 3, WY 3, HI 2, MS 2, VT 1, WV 1, BC 1, UK 1.

### Treasurer's Report 307<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association

Ending Balance from last report October 10, 2000: **\$4,041.98**

	<u>Expenses</u>	<u>Deposits</u>	
<b>General Fund Balance</b>			<b>\$4,041.98</b>
Expenses:			
Postage	441.30		
Printing	502.68		
Supplies	73.75		
Telephone	8.52		
	<b>1026.25</b>		<b>-1026.25</b>
			<b>3,015.73</b>
Income:			
Donations		615.00	
Interest on account		28.86	
From 2000 Reunion		<u>2536.46</u>	
		<b>3180.32</b>	<b>+ 3,180.82</b>
<b>Ending Balance February 9, 2001</b>			<b>6,196.05</b>

Sue Jacob, Treasurer

### Back In Touch

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

**Dean W Cook**, 18417 Sterling Silver Circle, Lutz, FL 33549.

**Thomas D McDermid**, 7600 W Military Drive, Lot 165, San Antonio, TX 78227.

**James E Smith**, 12571 SE 231, Kent, WA 98031.

We're happy to have finally found you!

## Around the Wing

Our lead photo for this issue was taken at Lakenheath in the UK in June 1956 by **Joe Anthony**, who has also provided an interesting narrative. Another nearby photo, by **Ken Fisher**, shows the LAFB Historical Marker the state of Nebraska placed near the entrance to Bowling Lake. Although not clear in the reproduction, the sign reads:

“Lincoln Army air Field was constructed in 1942 on the former Lincoln Municipal Airport. The 2750-acre property was leased to the army by the City of Lincoln. The base provided technical training for aircraft mechanics, basic training for army aviation cadets, and served as an overseas deployment staging area for bombardment groups and fighter squadrons. It was one of twelve U.S. Army Air Forces training centers built in Nebraska during World War II.

At war’s end the airfield served as a military separation center for aircrews returning from overseas. It closed in December 1945 and was returned to the City of Lincoln for a municipal airport.

In 1952 the Strategic Air Command activated the airfield as Lincoln Air Force Base under a joint-use lease agreement between the U.S. air Force and the City of Lincoln. Bomber wings, air refueling squadrons, and an Atlas ICBM squadron were assigned to the base.

In 1966 the base closed and the property was transferred to the City of Lincoln for use as a municipal airport, industrial park, and public housing community.”

**Alex Alexander**, president of the B-47 Stratojet Association, has put together a 27 page booklet detailing B-47 aircraft losses through the years. If you’d like a copy, send a check for seven dollars to him at 12110 Los Cerdos Drive, San Antonio, TX 78233-5953.

Our chairman, **Tony Minnick**, is still looking for comments, and material regarding our recently published Wing History ...he wants the



Taken during the 307<sup>th</sup> first overseas deployment with B-47s out of Lincoln. Crew L-61, 372<sup>nd</sup> BS is pictured along with an RAF Officer, believed to be the Head of Bomber Command, equivalent to CINCSAC. Left to right: Copilot Capt Leo Beers, Navigator 1<sup>st</sup> Lt Joe Anthony, Aircraft Commander Major Bill Holden, RAF officer.

We rotated to Lakenheath, UK in June 1956 and returned to Lincoln in August. During one of our training missions, we were “requested” to have this RAF officer accompany us on the flight. It was a usual training mission for those days - air refueling, day celestial nav leg, halfway to Iceland and back to Glasgow Scotland. A radar bomb run on Paris France RBS site, and another against London RBS and a few touch and go landings at Lakenheath to conclude the mission. The RAF officer was given a few minutes in the AC’s position during the refueling, flew the entire nav leg in the front seat and then came forward and observed me at “work” during the two bomb runs. I vividly remember his asking me why we made the bomb runs “at such a low altitude”, 38000 feet in this case. He explained that his RAF Vulcan aircraft were restricted to not lower than 40000 feet for their simulated bomb runs.

The next week our crew went as guests of this RAF officer to a dining in held at the Officer’s Mess at Mildenhall RAF Station. At the Dining In, one of the Vulcan crew members boasted that it could reach 68000 feet for a combat drop. (I took the claim with a large dose of salt).

Joe Anthony

next revision to be better. He still has copies of the June 2000 address roster available for \$3 to cover repro and mailing costs. You can write to Tony at 5920 Robin Court, Lincoln, NE 68516. Tony tells us that despite the Nebraska drought, there seems to be no current shortage of snow on the ground...a recent fall of the white stuff buttoned up the city!

Co-historian **Robert Loffredo** reports that **Al Masserini** sent in about fifty crew photos, most from the 424<sup>th</sup> BS. We thank you muchly, Al. Robert is in the process of sorting out his photos for assembly and display at the coming Fort Worth reunion. Robert’s “needs list” appears nearby. Take a look at it, then take a look at your old photos and momentos and consider sharing them with Robert (and us).

News of the ARS/AREFS! But first, a digression. We have always used the acronym “ARS” to denote the Air Refueling Squadron, because in the old days of military correspondence,

ARS was the approved office symbol. However, we have been informed that because the British pronunciation of ARS sounds somewhat less than complimentary, the modern acronym is AREFS. A point well taken, and we will try to modernize.

The 307<sup>th</sup> AREFS is planning their next reunion for Hampton Virginia, April 25 through 28, 2002. **Dick Amenell**, who lives in Newport News, is the contact point and host. He can be emailed at “[rjamen@widomaker.com](mailto:rjamen@widomaker.com)”.

Dick also gave us about twenty email addresses for AREFS people who were at LAFB. See the current email update in this issue.

**Billy & Jean Williams** sent several news items:

**Billy D Hill** passed away January 23, 2001 in Fruitland Park, Florida after a bout with cancer. A Memorial Service was held at the Eagle Nest Baptist Church in Fruitland Park on January 25. Funeral Services and Burial was held in Omaha, Nebraska on January 29. Billy was a Crew Chief in the 372nd

(Continued on page 5)



(Continued from page 4)

at LAFB. He retired as a SMSgt after 21 years of service, in the Omaha area, later moving to Florida. His survivors are his wife Dorothy, sons, Jerry and Donald, daughters Kathy, Cheryl and Linda, 6 grandchildren and brother Lee. Serving as pallbearers for Billy's services were Billy D. Williams and George A. Nigh, both long time friends of Bill's. Cards can be sent to the family at 05209 Sydney Road, Fruitland Park, FL 34731.

### 307TH MAINTENANCE INVADES BRANSON!

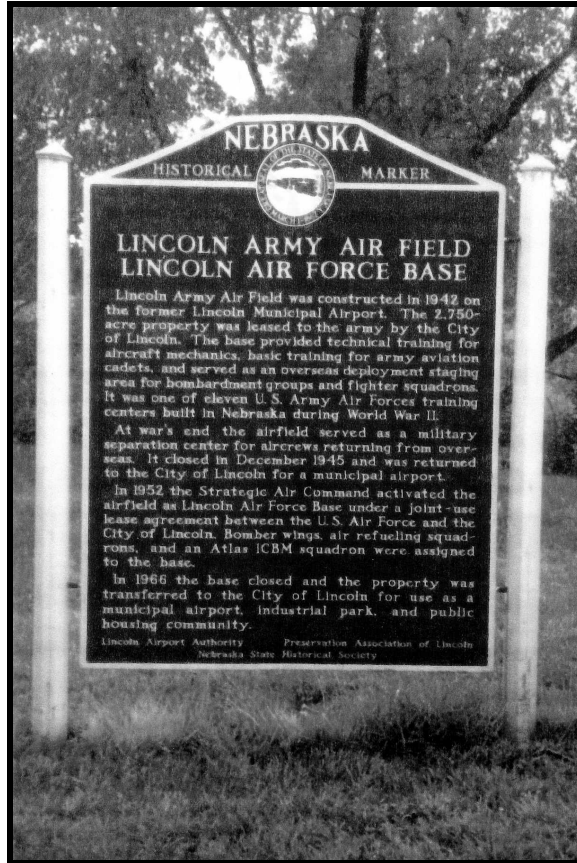
Branson was invaded by the 307th during Veterans Homecoming Week, November 6-11, 2000. During Veterans Week 10 couples decided to meet there and did they ever have a good old time. **Bill & Jean Williams** have been going down the past 5 years during Veterans Week with Bill's brothers, but this year his brothers couldn't go, so he had a couple extra rooms he offered to a few of the guys at the Reunion in June. Well, pretty soon a few more wanted to go, so he called and got what rooms were available. To make a long story short, **Bill & Jean Williams, Jim & Darleen Lancaster, George & Wauneta Nigh, TR & Eunice Taylor, George & Rita Davis, Gene & Thelma Lee, Charlie & Peggy Baker, Bud & Shelly Ostgaard, Jerry & Helen Hoffman** and **Elmo & Pat Hill** converged on Branson and took up residence

at BoxCar Willie Motel 2 Motel for a week. What made it so nice, everyone went their own way every day, after we ALL met for breakfast and solved all of the daily problems the news media had "screwed" up the night before. Ha..., especially during the election!!!! We did all get together for dinner one evening and that was very special. The majority of us did attend the Baldknobbers Show and everyone enjoyed it so much they want to see it again next year. In fact ALL of us are going back to Branson again this coming November. This was George & Rita Davis's first time to Branson and they must have not wanted to miss a thing, because they saw more shows in 6 days, than we (Williams) have seen in 5 years; but they had a "ball". We have 1 person we're trying desperately to talk into going with us, because his wife REALLY wants to go, and that's **Ernie Pence**. So if you read this Ernie, you know you've been had, so start packing your bags for Branson this November.

### THE NEBRASKA SIX!

It seems like there was a reality check at the last reunion, but for whatever the reason it's been a wonderful jesture. For the

past several months these 6 fellows, **Tom Mills, George Nigh, Gene Lee, Ernie Pence, Bud Ostgaard and Billy Williams** have decided it's time to spend some quality time with each other. So, once a month they and their wives get together for dinner. Each one takes a turn arranging it, so you really never know where you're going to eat, but we always have a great time. The best part of every evening is listening to those guys tell stories on each other and the sad part is you know most if not all of those stories are true. I'm writing this from a wives view, but you know it really is awesome when you think about it, how long these friendships have lasted and they remain strong today. This bond of friendship doesn't just stop here, it includes all of the 307th enlisted maintenance guys. I can't recall any closer bond to any other organization my husband was assigned too, than the one with the 307th and we spent 23 years traveling all over. Maybe it's because they came to LAFB as kids and left as men, who knows. I still believe in the saying "A True Friend is the Greatest of All Blessings". Jean



Terry Brinkman, son of **Burton L Brinkman**, recently informed us of the death of his father two years ago. His letter, a very fine salute to his father, told of the pride Burton had in his Air Force experience, and of the many related stories and experiences he passed on to Terry as he was growing up in Seward.

**Gary McGill** writes: ... just wanted to give you an update on the **Ray Normandin** publishing fiasco that I put you through. In October, **Novetzke**, myself and Ray all attended the 307th ARS (*editor – re above-he said it, we didn't*) reunion at Fort Walton Beach. It was a great get together especially for the three of us. It had been about forty years since we had seen Ray. He looks great now at age 80 and he had a really great time. We talked about our days at Lincoln and our many TDY assignments and Ray and Bill reminisced about their duty in Vietnam in the 60s. Ray was the CO of an air commando squadron flying C-123s and had a lot of interesting stories to tell. Most of all, without your newsletter we probably would never have found each other, so thanks again to you for all your fine work.

Reunion plans for 2002 in Fort Worth are crystallizing. **R T & Dru Boykin** have got the date set and starts to tell us all about it in this issue. For you gamblers, and gambling has become a 307<sup>th</sup> tradition, what with Calcuttas, Cripple Creek and the Omaha casino boat, R T has hinted at the possibility of an evening outing to the race track. He has also had a request to find a venue for an evening gathering of the enlisted troops, just

(Continued on page 7)

# 2002 REUNION: MAY 1-5 SET IN STONE



**Our Reunion dates, hotel, and room rates are set in stone.** Our other activities are in the planning stage. We can choose from dozens of really fun things to do.

Our hotel is the **RADISSON PLAZA HOTEL FORT WORTH**, located on Main Street. It is convenient walking distance to:

SUNDANCE SQUARE

TEN SCREEN MOVIE THEATRE

NANCY LEE & PERRY R. BASS PERFORMANCE HALL

COMEDY CLUB

OUTLET MALL

RESTAURANTS

Live Theater:

CARAVAN OF DREAMS  
CIRCLE THEATRE  
JUBILEE THEATRE

Three Museums:

THE (AMON) CARTER DOWNTOWN  
THE MODERN at SUNDANCE SQUARE  
SID RICHARDSON COLLECTION  
of WESTERN ART

And there is **much, much more!** You can have as much fun as a cowboy on payday and never leave downtown.

Our Reunion Hotel has Two Lounges: the **CACTUS BAR & GRILL**, and **STARLIGHT COURT**, plus **CAFÉ TEXAS**.

Our special group rates are:

<b>SINGLE</b>	<b>\$ 90.00</b>
<b>DOUBLE</b>	<b>\$ 90.00</b>
<b>TRIPLE</b>	<b>\$100.00</b>
<b>QUAD</b>	<b>\$100.00</b>

For reservations you may call the **Radisson Plaza Hotel** at 817-870-2100 or the **Central Reservations Office** at 800-333-3333 & request the **307<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association group rate**. Reservations must be made **BEFORE April 2, 2002!**

The local "Aggie" weatherman forecasts great weather for our reunion! At least, it should be after the spring rains and before the summer heat.



**Historical Synopsis:**

Our Reunion Hotel opened as the Hotel Texas on September 30, 1921, it was representative of Fort Worth's change from a rowdy cattle town to a financial and cultural center. At that time the city's tallest building was 6 stories high. The new Hotel Texas rose to 14 stories and became an immediate source of pride to Fort Worth's citizens. The Crystal Ballroom located on Hotel Texas' top floor was the center of Fort Worth's entertainment life in the 1920's and 1930's.

In 1936, Dallas was chosen to host the official Texas centennial, marking 100 years of independence from Mexico. In a move typical of Fort Worth's feisty spirit, the late Amon G. Carter, a newspaper publisher, determined not to let Fort Worth slip into Dallas' shadow,

devised a scheme.

Fort Worth could siphon off thousands of people attending the event in Dallas, by luring them to a frontier fiesta and it's naughty-but-nice Casa Manana. Broadway showman Billy Rose was hired to produce the show and immediately began an advertising campaign, encouraging people to **"go to Dallas for education and come to Fort Worth for fun"**. From his post in Hotel Texas' Crystal Ballroom, Rose auditioned local beauties for what became the most successful extravaganza in Texas.

On July 18, 1936, from his yacht off the coast of Maine, President Franklin D. Roosevelt threw a switch to officially open the "largest entertainment enterprise of its kind on the face of the earth".

In the 1940's the big dance bands played in the ballroom. During World War II, the hotel became the home of the Air Force Officers Club. The Civil Air Patrol was also stationed here.

President John F. Kennedy spent his last night in the hotel before his assassination in Dallas in November of 1963. The suite that he and Jackie stayed in was called the "Kennedy Suite" as well as the "White House-Fort Worth". President Kennedy spoke at a large gathering outdoors in front of the hotel, then at a breakfast in his honor, inside



the hotel, prior to departing for Dallas.

The Hotel Texas closed in the early 60's. The Sheraton chain purchased and reopened it in the early 60's and

*(Continued on page 7)*

(Continued from page 6)

built the East tower, adding approximately 250 rooms to the hotel. The hotel was, again, closed in 1977, renovated in 1979-1980, and reopened in January 1981 as the Hyatt Regency Fort Worth. In 1981, the hotel was added to the National Register of Historic Places and dedicated by then-Vice President George Bush and Mrs. Ruth Hunt. On December 1, 1991, management changed and the hotel is now flying the Radisson banner.

Since the hotel's opening, the registry has recorded the names of many of the world's most famous people. Rudolf Valentino, who died in 1926 at the age of 31, danced the Tango with his wife Natacha Rambova in the Crystal Ballroom. Tex Richard signed Jack Dempsey for the Dempsey-Tunney fight for the world boxing title in a 10<sup>th</sup> floor bedroom. Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner were among the thousands of honeymoon couples who made Hotel Texas a stop. Lawrence Welk, at the height of the depression, serenaded diners with his accordion and his 9-piece band. Will Rogers, Presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt, Lyndon B. Johnson, & George Bush. Vice President Dan Quayle, Elvis Presley, Barry Goldwater, John Tower, and then-Vice President Richard Nixon were all guests.

More recent celebrity guests include: Bob & Gloria Hope, Luciano Pavarotti, Christie Brinkley, Tanya Tucker, Michael Keaton, Red Skelton, Tina Turner, Carol Channing, The Harlem Globetrotters; tennis greats Andre Agassi, Pete Sempras, Jim Courier, John McEnroe; golf greats Fuzzy Zoeller, Ian Baker-Finch, Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, and the list goes on.

Since raising the Radisson Banner on Dec 1, 1991, the management has undertaken a multi-million dollar renovation. In 1997 the Radisson Plaza Fort Worth was the winner of Facilities Magazine's "Hotel of The Elite List" Award.

The twin tornadoes that hit in March 2000 rekindled the renovation spirit of

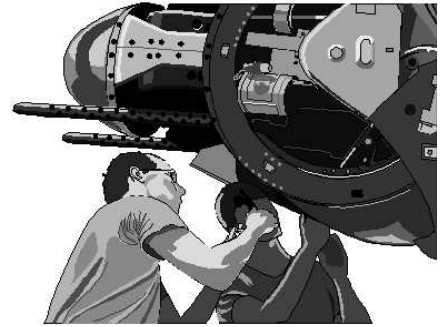
Fort Worth.

Perhaps our 307<sup>th</sup> reunion was a major impetus to put away their spittoons & roll up their sleeves?

**FORT WORTH – “WHERE THE WEST BEGINS AND THE FUN NEVER ENDS!”**

**HOPE TO SEE Y'ALL MAY 1-5, 2002 !!**

**Stay Tuned...**  
RT & Dru Boykin



**The Chief's Corner**  
by Ernie Pence

## We Owe You One, Colonel

Setting, July 4th Sunday, hot only as SLAFB could be at that time of year. For reasons that enlisted understand, no one would answer the CQ's phone. If the CQ values his well being, he will disturb no man before noon on a Sunday! Unaware of the drama and circumstance about to unfold, an unsuspecting Airman is quenching his thirst at the hall water cooler next to the hall phone booth. (Our connection to the civilian world). Not being at his best for reasons that need no explanation, his healing drink is interrupted by the constant ringing of the hall phone. Even with the door closed the noise emanating from the closed booth is equivalent to the bell tower at Saint Peters Basilica to his tortured skull! However, though wounded severely in the pervious nights action, he holds true to the enlisted man's code and answers the phone with style. "Your nickel, spend it".

To his amazement and chagrin it is "Superman", the much hated First Shirt, recently moved in from an Air Police Squadron. Recognizing the voice, Superman calls the pained Airman by name and tells him to bring his room mate and several of their minions to the 370th orderly room ASAP.

The disheveled group arrive as ordered, late enough to be irritating but not enough to be disciplined. On the edge late arrivals are an art form honed to a fine edge by those skilled in the art of irritation. Dislike for the leader brings out the best in men of such ilk. Upon

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like **Billy Williams et al** put on at the Lincoln reunion. R T's wondering if any other groups want to get together...let him know what you think. You can reach R T & Dru at 832 Shady Glen, Bedford, TX 76021-4335, phone 817-571-0356, email: "Dru\_RT92@email.msn.com".

Continuing our effort to bring you the adventures, experiences, and sometimes pithy comments of former 307<sup>th</sup> folks, in this issue we proudly present **Cec Braeden's** reminiscences about the SR-71. Soon, if we can pry him away from his workshop long enough, we hope **Ernie Pence** will tell us about building a home-built aircraft.

Because we now have so many of our association on line (over 250), and presumably most use the World Wide Web, we have added a listing of interesting web sites to this issue.

Other folks we've heard from recently include Don Fudge, Bob Wise, Bob Weidner, Jack Wrenn, John Koupsi, Jim White, Jim Gardner, Jim Flavin, Bruce Bradfield, Gary McGill, Billy Lyons, Glen & Lucy Hesler, Jimbo Shumake, Bob Byrom & Ken Wikle.

"Friends are angels who lift us to our feet when our wings have trouble remembering how to fly."



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arrival, the disgruntled five are shocked to find they have been randomly selected by the hall phone to cut and trim the grass around the squadron building. This lowly task is normally carried out by Roads and Grounds, however their labors are not up to the standards of Superman! This vaunted purveyor of discipline and military bearing is going to show our returning Commander how a well-manicured Squadron Building should look, and therefore further enhance his personal stature and reason for promotion to E-8! This logic has no value to the men tasked for the mission on this hot holiday.

At the task briefing, heated words are exchanged over the efficacy and logic of this mission! Rank will win out - two push mowers and three idiot sticks are issued, along with a stern warning not to forget to trim around the flowers. Superman states that he would remain and supervise the task but he has important business at home. Who's this cat trying to fool, its honey do's!! Five hung over Airmen do not an aggressive team make. With water breaks and stints sitting in the shade to cool off, little progress is being made. Superman descends at approximately 1400 hours to find that two idiot sticks and one mower have been broken. The stalwart men vow the equipment was defective. The severely gashed curbs and white painted rocks tell another story! Colonel Thompson will arrive by 1600 hours. The grand scheme to promotion is beginning to hemorrhage. Ah, but the unliked one has a back up! In a flash he returns with his personal gas powered mower, technology to the rescue. With words of fire and daggers for looks, he announces he will return fifteen minutes before the Colonel arrives and the mission had best be on schedule. He must leave to complete his honey do's!

To well trained Jet Mechanics an adjustment to the loaned equipment is in order. If the blade speed were doubled, the grass hog could complete the task in half the time, thereby accomplishing the task and destroying the mower. They love it when a good plan comes together!!! Oh Oh, they have forgotten to trim around the flowers, not to worry, with revolutions that require earplugs the now smoking machine does it all in one pass. Yep, right down the middle and both sides in one pass without losing a 100 RPM. The now dying machine has a red exhaust stack emanating large volumes of

smoke and sparks with only two passes left to complete. Superman and the Colonel arrive one two. The Colonel arrives just late enough to see his first shirt running, screaming, arms flapping, as if attempting to attain rotation speed. Large thumping noises are forecasting the immanent death of the now failing mower. For all of his protestations and attempts to reduce the throttle setting Superman is too late to save the machine from its destined trip to the trash heap. It expires before his pained eyes.

Insult to injury, the Colonel asks pointed questions as to the logic of his crew chiefs being tasked to a job that is assigned and budgeted to roads and grounds. The guilty one drags the smoldering and smoking mower to his station wagon and slinks back to base housing. The story does not end here. To reinstall "Esprit De Corps", the Colonel invites his dusty crew chiefs into the Squadron Briefing Room and buys them a beer. The Colonel looks above the pay phone, walks to the fridge and opens the combination lock, puts money in the tray and issues beers around. Conscious of the dust on their clothes the men don't sit on the furniture, they sit on the floor, backs to the wall. What a considerate group! Just after the first beer has been quaffed, the Colonel reappears, scans the area over the pay phone and opens the fridge again, deposits some more green backs and passes out another round. Skilled observers have noted the pay phone scan, obviously the good Colonel can not remember the numbers to the combination! Two rounds now become six or seven! Roads and Grounds stand-ins are now a smiling, chatty, happy, cohesive group. Enter the host!! You men still here? Yes Sir, just finishing our beer and getting ready to leave! Colonel Thompson was a West Point grad who may not be able to remember the beer combo, but he could smell a rat! He instantly orders the men to stand up, poor planning... the empties are all in a line against the wall now exposed for one and all to see. Expletive deleted, the Colonel adds the tally, empties his wallet into the fridge honor tray and dismisses the well-oiled team. Do not criticize, we enlisted folk took no oath to be gentlemen! Colonel we owe you a few and if you ever show up at one of our reunions we do promise to return the favor!

## **A Story Of How An Ordinary Guy Got To Do Extraordinary Things By Cec Braeden**

I arrived at Lincoln in November, 1956, young, newly married and newly commissioned. Dean Roelle, Keith Kinyon, Larry Boggess, Don Kellum and I were among the first 2<sup>nd</sup> Lts to be assigned to the 307<sup>th</sup> as B-47 Navigator Bombardiers. We had been through the requisite training for the job but had a lot to learn about the real world as a SAC crewmember. I was crewed with Sherm Martin as Aircraft Commander. We stayed together for most of my tour at Lincoln but cycled through a number of great co-pilots, including Jim White and Hap Arnold. It was a great first job in the Air Force. It was no

doubt the most demanding job I have ever had and taught me a lot about handling responsibility and operating under stressful conditions. I found great satisfaction in meeting the challenge of the job but was always looking forward to the next opportunity.

In early 1960, I saw that opportunity mentioned in the Air Force Times. It said that applications were being accepted for the B-58 mach 2 bomber program. By this time, Hap Arnold was working in Wing Personnel so I prevailed upon him to help me apply. A couple of weeks after applying, we received a message that they were no longer accepting applications and that I had missed the cutoff. A week later, a message came in that I was being reconsidered, and yet another a week later, we received a message that I

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was to report for B-58 Nav/Bomb training at Mather AFB in two weeks. It was quite a scramble, but Maureen and I bundled up our three children, arranged for the movers to pack our belongings and made it to California just in time to start training.

Being a B-58 Navigator Bombardier was another great job. The bomb nav system was highly advanced compared to the system on the B-47. The combination of a good stable inertial platform with a star tracker to provide accurate heading information, accelerometers, doppler radar, an advanced analog computer system and redundant system capabilities made the job of bombing and navigation much easier and more accurate. The only problem was that the system was so complex that it was prone to failure; and the failure wasn't always readily evident. There were subtle failures that could drive the aircraft off course or out into the boondocks on a bomb run without the crew being aware of what was happening. Success as a navigator was in being able to recognize when things were going wrong and then switching to a back-up mode. I was crewed with a great pilot, Curtis (Pinky) Pinkerton and one of the best Defensive System Officers in the program, Bob Seiss. We stayed together for my full tour in B-58s and eventually became the chief instructor crew for the program. Bob and I managed to pick up spot promotions to Major along the way. Pinky was already a Lt. Col. by then.



Along about the three year point in B-58s, I started to think about new challenges and opportunities but didn't really see any thing out there that I wanted to do. I had flown a couple of flights with the Chief of Standboard, Lt. Col. Jack Beasley when his navigator was not available. Also, we maintained a close relationship between crew training and standardization, so I knew him pretty well. Jack stopped by my office one day and in the course of the conversation, he mentioned that he had been requested to go somewhere (undisclosed) for a job interview. After he returned from the interview, I asked him if he got the job. He said he thought so, but he would have to go for one more interview before he knew for sure. He said he couldn't tell me any more than that. A week later, he stopped by and told me he got the job. I said "Jack, I don't know where you are going or what you will be doing when you get there, but if you need a good navigator, let me know". He said, "Do you mean that?" I responded, "Sure", and that was that. Little did I know that I had just become the first volunteer for the SR-71 program. At that time, I never even knew there was such a thing as an SR-71; very few people did. Looking back on this, I now realize I could have been volunteering for something pretty wild. At that time, the Vietnam war was in full swing and there were all kinds of strange and

hazardous programs in progress, all aimed at waging that war more effectively.

About six weeks later, I, along with several other B-58 crewmembers were called away for interviews. (I guess they selected from the B-58 program because they thought that if we were routinely flying at mach two, mach three should be a snap). Before the interview commenced, we were told that we would be exposed to a highly classified program and would be told just enough to be able to decide whether or not we wanted to participate. Imagine our delight when we learned about this fabulous new airplane and that we were being given the opportunity to fly it. There was no hesitation on my part, I accepted immediately, as did all but one of the other guys who were interviewed. The one who turned it down did not say why he did so, and no questions were asked. I couldn't imagine why anyone would not want to be associated with this incredible airplane.

Two pilots and two navigators, including myself, were designated for the SR-71 test force at Edwards AFB. Four other pilots and four navigators were assigned directly to the new operational wing at Beale AFB California.

Before I arrived at Edwards, I was shocked by the untimely death of Jack Beasley. He and another pilot were flying a T-38, which experienced a hard landing on the Edwards runway.

Neither pilot had any apparent serious injury but Jack was put into the base hospital for observation because of a sore back. Everyone thought he would be out of the hospital the next day, but tragically, an undetected blood clot broke loose and traveled to his lungs and he died.

SR-71 crewmember systems training was conducted at the Lockheed Skunk Works in Burbank CA. Our instructors were the very people who had designed the various systems. Ben Rich, who eventually became the VP in charge of the Skunk Works, instructed us on the intricacies of the engine inlet system. Of course everything about the program was very secretive so we could not tell anyone why we were living in the Los Angeles area. We joked about attending urban area survival school as we were turned loose with nothing but \$16 dollars a day per diem, and had to survive!

Participating in SR-71 testing was a great experience. There were two SAC pilots, Jack Kennon and Ben Bowles (formerly of the 98<sup>th</sup>) and two SAC navigators, Jim Fagg and myself. The SAC contingent was designated the 4200<sup>th</sup> Category II Flight Test Detachment, commanded by Col. Frenchy Bennet. There were Systems Command pilots and navigators in the test program as well. Col. "Fox" Stevens of the Systems Command headed up the overall SR-71 test program. We didn't have

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crews per se, so pretty much flew with everyone in the program. This made for some interesting flights as the Systems Command pilots tended to show up an hour before takeoff for a briefing by the systems engineers and then go fly. Jim Fagg and I operated pretty much as we did in SAC and put in at least a full day of planning before each flight. Working with the systems engineers, we developed detailed specific test sequencing plans so as to best utilize expensive flight test time. (We ended up doing this for the Systems Command navigators as well). The SAC pilots involved themselves in the flight planning with us when they were scheduled to fly.

I was pleased to find myself flying at mach 3+ on my very first flight in the SR-71. I couldn't believe how easily the aircraft accelerated out to that speed. It seemed that it could just keep on accelerating out beyond design speed. Although the aircraft flew at mach 3.2 routinely, it was capable of flying even faster. Under the right atmospheric conditions, we were able to fly to mach 3.4. These speeds were well in excess of 2000 miles per hour. Accelerations out to speed were not always routine. The air inlet spike was required to control the shock wave in the inlet to within about an inch and a half. If the shock wave was positioned too far aft, the engine had compressor stalls; if too far forward, the engine/inlet experienced what was called an unstart. The engine went from 40,000 lbs. of thrust to drag, instantaneously. Understandably, the aircraft wanted to swap ends at that point. The resulting maneuver was violent, often banging the crewmember's helmets on the side of the canopy. I'm sure the first guy to experience this expected the aircraft to come apart. The reason it didn't was a triple-redundant stability augmentation system (SAS) which was able to sense abnormal forces and instantaneously input correcting flight control commands. Unstarts were common during the early phases of the test flight program. It was not unusual to experience several on each acceleration out to speed. It kept the pilot busy going through his recovery procedures to get through the problem area. Eventually, Lockheed was able to come up with automatic spike scheduling control that largely eliminated the problem.

There were many interesting and challenging events in the course of the SR-71 flight test program. Some are especially memorable. On one occasion, Frenchy Bennet and I were flying what was to be a routine test flight in which we overflew a series of photo test patterns situated on the ground in a straight line from Eastern Nevada down towards Edwards. Upon crossing the last test site at Edwards at 80,000 feet and mach 3.0, our flight plan called for an immediate right turn to decelerate and descend within a restricted area near China Lake. I gave Frenchy a call when we passed our last target and he immediately retarded the throttles to idle. Instead of going to idle, both engines flamed out. Our pressure suits inflated and it got very quiet, extremely quiet. All I could hear was Frenchy breathing. (He normally flew with his interphone set on hot mic). After lowering the nose and losing about 60,000 feet of altitude, he finally got the engines ignited again. It turned out that the throttle linkage had been set improperly.

When the pilot brought the throttles to idle, the engine controls actually went to shutdown. During post-flight debriefing, I was relating my perception of the incident and mentioned how quiet it was without the engine noise and being inside the inflated pressure suit. I said I couldn't hear anything but the pilot breathing. He said, jokingly, "Yeah, and all I could hear was this high pitched voice from the rear saying "We're going to die; we're going to die!"

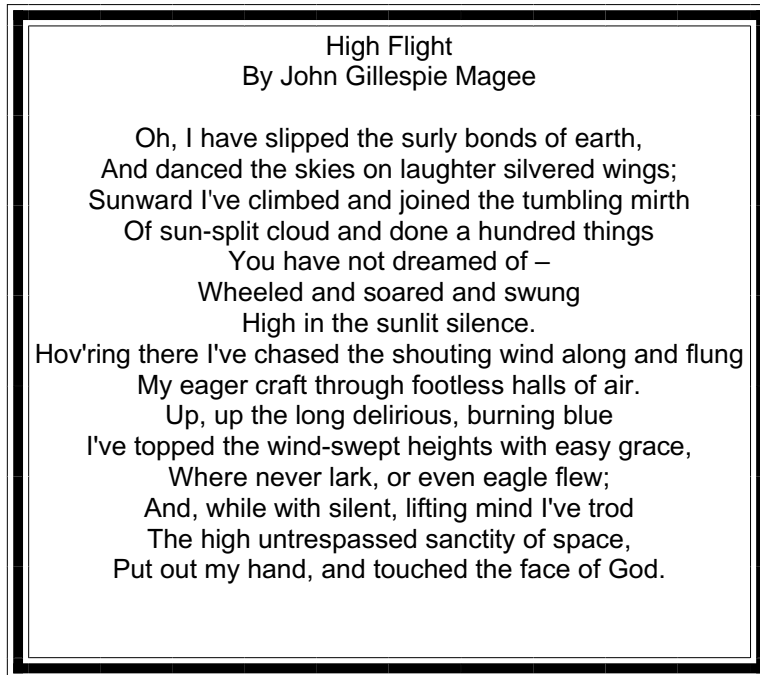
Cruising along at mach 3+ above 80,000 feet was very smooth. Sometimes I had to look at the groundspeed indicator to realize just how fast we were traveling. Objects on the ground were so far away that there was no sensation of speed. On rare occasions we would pass by a thunderstorm reaching up to 65-70,000 feet and then get a feel for the speed. I recall an occasion where we were alerted by Air Traffic Control that there was a U-2 about 100 miles ahead of us and 5,000 below, traveling in the same direction but a few miles to our right. I looked out the window and was able to spot him as we passed by. It looked like the U-2 was flying at mach 2. in reverse no less!

There was another time when the speed of the aircraft was dramatically evident. We were required to demonstrate that the SR-71 met a range specification of 3,000 NM between refuelings before the aircraft could be formally accepted by the Air Force. To do this we flew a flight plan that had us hook up with a KC-135 tanker out over the Pacific Ocean off the coast of northern California. We dropped off the tanker 700 miles out to sea and accelerated out on a 3,000 NM course for Florida where we were to meet up with another tanker. At disconnect, the tanker headed for home base at Beale AFB CA. We were in Florida before the tanker reached the California coastline!

I believe I have a "claim to fame" that very few people in the history of man can make. While at Edwards, we were scheduled to fly a functional test flight early one December morning. It turned out the airplane wasn't ready and our takeoff was repeatedly delayed until late afternoon. We finally got off and accelerated out to speed on a course that took us a northeasterly heading into Colorado. As we approached Colorado, the sun set behind us. As we turned over Denver, I could see all of the lights of the city. Our course then took us directly back to Edwards AFB in a southwesterly direction. As we approached Edwards, we were surprised and fascinated to see the sun rising above the horizon in front of us. It was our second sunrise of the day, but this one was in the west! We had outraced the sun.

After completion of the Category II Flight Test Program, I was transferred to Beale AFB where I was crewed up with a great pilot by the name of Roy St Martin. There were of course many memorable events associated with normal crew flight training and operational flights out of Okinawa. These stories will have to await another day.

## FAA NOTAM (Notice to Airmen)



### FAA SUPPLEMENT to "High Flight"

- Pilots must ensure that all surly bonds have been entirely slipped before aircraft taxi or flight is attempted.
- During periods of severe sky dancing, crew and passengers must keep seatbelts fastened. Crew should wear shoulder harnesses as provided.
- Sunward climbs must not exceed the maximum permitted aircraft ceiling.
- Passenger aircraft are prohibited from joining the tumbling mirth.
- Pilots flying through sun-split clouds under VFR conditions must comply with all applicable minimum clearances.
- Do not perform these hundred things in front of Federal Aviation Administration inspectors.
- Wheeling, soaring, and swinging will not be attempted except in aircraft rated for such activities and within utility class weight limits.
- Be advised that sunlit silence will occur only when a major engine malfunction has occurred.
- "Hov'ring there" will constitute a highly reliable signal that an in-flight emergency is imminent.
- Forecasts of shouting winds are available from the local FSS.
- Encounters with unexpected shouting winds should be reported by pilots.
- Pilots flinging eager craft through footless halls of air are reminded that they alone are responsible for maintaining separation from other eager craft.
- Should any crewmember or passenger experience delirium while in the burning blue, submit an irregularity report upon flight termination.
- Windswept heights will be topped by a minimum of 1,000 feet to maintain VFR minimum separations.
- Aircraft engine ingestion of, or impact with, larks or eagles should be reported to the FAA and the appropriate aircraft maintenance facility.
- Aircraft operating in the high untrespassed sanctity of space must remain in IFR flight regardless of meteorological conditions and visibility.
- Pilots and passengers are reminded that opening doors or windows in order to touch the face of God may result in rapid cabin decompression.

## Taps

We have all heard the haunting song, "Taps." It's the song that gives us that lump in our throats and usually creates tears in our eyes. But, do you know the story behind the song? If not, you will be pleased to find out about its humble beginnings.

Reportedly, it all began in 1862 during the Civil War, when Union Army Captain Robert Ellicombe was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia. The Confederate Army was on the other side of the narrow strip of land. During the night, Captain Ellicombe heard the moans of a soldier who lay severely wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention.

Crawling on his stomach through the gunfire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment. When the Captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead. The Captain lit a lantern and suddenly caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier. It was his own son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, the boy had enlisted in the Confederate Army.

The following morning, heartbroken, the father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial despite his enemy status. His request was only partially granted. The Captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral. The request was turned down since the soldier was a Confederate. But, out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him only one musician. The Captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to play a series of musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the

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pocket of the dead youth's uniform. This wish was granted.

The haunting melody, we now know as "Taps" used at military funerals, was born:

Day is done  
Gone the sun  
From the Lakes, From the hills, From  
the sky.  
All is well, safely rest,  
God is nigh.

Fading light  
Dims the sight  
And a star Gems the sky, Gleaming  
bright  
From afar, Drawing nigh,  
Falls the night.

Thanks and praise,  
For our days,  
Neath the sun, Neath the stars, Neath  
the sky,  
As we go, This we know,  
God is nigh.

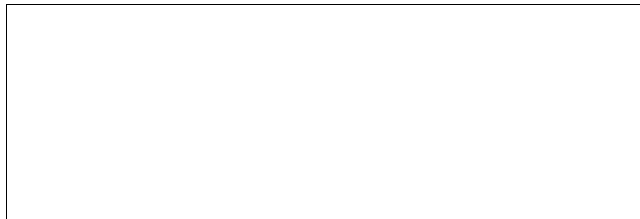
## Declaration?

ENGLISH LESSON: Seems that declining English standards are nothing new. The following is excerpted from H.L. Mencken's spoof of what modern writers might do with the Declaration of Independence ("Specimens of the American Vulgate").

"When things get so balled up that the people of a country have to cut loose from some other country, and go it on their own hook, without asking no permission from nobody, excepting maybe God Almighty, then they ought to let everybody know why they done it, so that everybody can see they are on the on the level, and not trying to put nothing over on nobody."

"All we got to say on this proposition is this: first, you and me is as good as anybody else, and maybe a damn sight better; second, nobody ain't got no right to take away none of our rights; third, every man has got a right to live, to come

and go as he pleases, and to have a good time however he likes, so long as he don't interfere with nobody else. That any government that don't give a man these rights ain't worth a damn; also, people ought to choose the kind of government they want themselves, and nobody else ought to have no say in the matter. That whenever any government don't do this, then the people have got a right to can it and put in one that will take care of their interests."



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