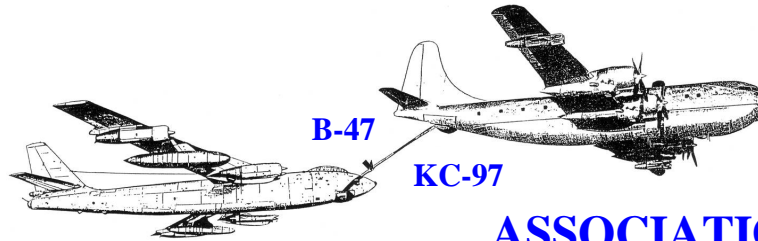


307TH BOMB WING



ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

NUMBER 39

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

MARCH 2003

Chairman's Column Bigger and Better

These are sporty times. With war clouds spitting lightning, the economy still sluggish, and the campaign against terrorism far from won, some people are having trouble finding any good news. Well, I have a little! It's not cosmic, but it works for me.

The first item is *old* news to those of you whose e-mail addresses are on file: **We've launched our new 307th Bomb Wing Association website!** The site is accessible to anyone who has Internet access: go to www.307bwassoc.org.

In order to protect the privacy of our members, certain portions of the website (currently, Events and Newsletters) are password-protected. Once you've logged into either area with your password, you can access the other during the same session without reentering your password. Those members with current e-mail addresses on file with us were pre-approved for access and many have already checked it out. For the rest, please update your e-mail address with us (see the listing of members with outdated addresses on page 2).

If you don't have an e-mail address yet, I hope this will be the incentive for you to join the cyber-revolution. Not only is the website packed with 307th Bomb Wing heritage, but it will also contain rosters, the Association newsletters (current and past) and much, much more.

Eventually, we'd like to avoid entirely the expense of printing and mailing the newsletter, but don't worry: we will continue to mail them to those who want a printed copy. However, we'll encourage our members to opt for the online version when possible. When you get an e-mail address, simply click on one of the secure tabs and you'll be presented with a screen to apply for access. Fill it out and you'll get an e-mail back with log-in information. It's that easy!

The website is a work in progress and, since it belongs to you, we'd like your advice on how to use it and how to improve it. My vision is to make it the information nerve center for the association, containing not only historical items, newsletters and reunion information, but also (eventually) current news

and an interactive bulletin board where members can exchange views on a variety of topics. Let's hear your thoughts.

Speaking of reunions, that's the second good-news item I have for you. The reunion is set for 3-7 May, 2004 in Las Vegas. Vern Biaett is chairing the reunion committee, but we've contracted with Armed Forces Reunions, Inc. (AFRI), a professional reunion organizer, to do the heavy lifting. So far, I've been very pleased with their service.

For starters, they've negotiated a very attractive room rate at a quality hotel, the Imperial Palace Hotel and Casino. The basic room rate during the reunion period will be only \$69, double occupancy! As always, taxes (9%) and individual charges are extra, but this is a great price for a hotel centrally located in a resort city.

You'll notice that the dates mentioned above are all weekdays. That was a conscious decision. Typically, you'll pay much higher prices for rooms on Friday through Sunday than during the week, especially in a place like Las Vegas. Since most of us are fully retired, the consensus among my trusty advisors was that we should take advantage of the lower room rates during the week rather than stick to our former Tuesday-to-Saturday schedule (at least for this reunion).

Many of you will drive to the reunion, but some will want to fly and will be

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www.307bwassoc.org

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concerned about the “Saturday stay-over” required to get a cheaper fare. My advice in this score is, “Well, this **IS** Las Vegas! Come early and/or stay late and enjoy a few extra days exploring the shows, restaurants and casinos.” To make it easy to do so, AFRI has negotiated a weekend rate of \$79 plus tax for our group.

Reunion Chairman Vern Biaett, his

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

Chairman: Pete Todd, 1250 Big Valley Dr, Colorado Springs, CO 80919-1015. Phone 719-531-5874. Email: petetodd@aol.com.

Chairman’s Committee

Secretary: Larry Boggess, 4304 Ridgecrest Dr, Colorado Springs, CO 80918. Phone 719-548-8024. Email: larryjan@att.net

Membership: Jan Boggess, 4304 Ridgecrest Dr, Colorado Springs, CO 80918. Phone 719-548-8024. Email: larryjan@att.net

Treasurer: Tony Minnick, 5920 Robin Court, Lincoln, NE 68516. Phone 402-423-6848. Email: tonym@inetnebr.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: mustang51c@mchsi.com

Co-Historian: Ernie Pence, 2001 A St, Schuyler, NE 68661. Phone 402-352-3311. Email: Ernie_Pence@cargill.com

Co-Founder: Billy Williams, PO Box 29223, 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.

Las Vegas 2002 Reunion Chairman: Vern Biaett, 10201 B West Coggins Dr, Sun City, AZ 85351. Phone 623-972-7328. Email: vbiaett@azwest.net

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.

committee and AFRI will be coordinating schedule, activities and registration details. We’ll get that out to you as soon as possible. Meanwhile, it would be **VERY** helpful to the planners if we could get a feel for the number of members planning to attend. There’s a brief (nonbinding) questionnaire on page 11 of the newsletter. **Please cut it out (or copy and paste from the online edition) and send to Vern at the address on the form or via e-mail (vbiaett@azwest.net).**

That’s all the good news for now. Wendy and I hope you all have a great summer and we look forward to seeing you in Las Vegas next year.

Pete Todd



Bad Email Addresses!!

As part of getting our new website online (www.307bwassoc.org), we preauthorized access for everyone for whom we had an email address. This enabled folks to sign in using their email address and a default password. We then sent an email to everyone describing how to get into the website and providing the default password. Out of the approximately 300 emails sent out, 68 were returned as having non-current addresses. If you see your name below, please provide your current email address to Mike Gingrich at mikegingri@cs.com so we can get the info to you.

For your convenience, we will post the complete 307th email list on the site

under Newsletters in PDF format, and we will update it from time to time. This is in a password-protected portion of the website and is accessible only to members. The general public will not be able to access these email addresses.

Since our complete email list will now be posted on line and accessible to those who have email, we will no longer publish address additions and changes in the newsletter. If for some reason you can’t get what you need off the website, send us an email and we’ll email the list to you.

Members with “Bad” addresses are:

Clay Arundel, Gerry Bachner, Dick Baran, Roger Beamer, Fred Bennett, Gerald Berger, Ray Birdwell, Ralph Britt, Dale Christians, Dean Cook, Neil Cosentino, Norm Crocker, Don Daley, Jim Dayley, Mike DeCarlo, Bill Erickson, Sig Faber, Bernard Fabritz, Lillian Fowler, Jim Foster, Jim Frise, Jim Gardner, Ed Godec, Dick Grammes, Harold Herdt, Ruth Hibdon, Oliver Hinde, Catherine Jenks, William Johnson.

James Kingsley, Jerry Lanning, Elwood Leonard, Max Marsh, Sam Martin, G T “Bud” Martin, Wayne Matthiessen, Don McCall, James McKee, Ivan McKinney, F McMillin, Bobby Millwood, Robert Milleins, Donald Nichols, Chuck Norby, Pat Patterson, Bernie Randolph, John Reeves, Hugh Reid, Walter Robbins, Joe Rosario, Don Salmonson, Charles Schisler, G Schubert, Don Setterberg, Jimbo Shumake, Jim Sine, Robert Symanek, Lila Timmons, Lloyd Timmons, Noble Timmons, Robert Weidner, Bob Westervelt, Elwyn Whitsitt, Charles Williams, Gordon Zeigler.



Around the Wing

In conjunction with the 2003 Celebration of the Centennial of Powered Flight, the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson AFB will be opening the new Cold War Gallery addition in May. To prepare for this opening, the AFM has already moved many airplanes and changed many exhibits to allow all Cold War Era birds to be displayed together in the new gallery. In November 2002, the B-36 was moved from its resting-place of 29 years and rolled outside in preparation for its insertion into the new structure, which required that existing walls be removed to free it. The nearby photo, taken in November shows the B-36 sitting in front of the new gallery whose structure can be seen in the background. Also at the Air Force Museum, the B-47 Stratojet Association plans to dedicate a memorial to the B-47 and its crews during their reunion scheduled for September 2004. The photo shows the designer's depiction of the monument.

Technology marches on! We're trying something different with this issue of the newsletter. It's being submitted to our printer in Lincoln in digital form, rather than in printed paper camera ready copy as we have done in the past. This means the printer will no longer have to make a photographic copy to set up his printing process. This intermediate photographic step, which distorts our newsletter photos by not faithfully reproducing their contrast range, will be bypassed and will hopefully result in better printing of the photos. We'll see...of course, if it's a poor photo to start with....



You'll find all our newsletters on our website at www.307bwassoc.org in downloadable Adobe Acrobat form (pdf files). The on-line newsletter will contain color photos when we have them rather than the black & white pix of the printed newsletter. To view the downloaded newsletter pdf files you'll need to have Adobe Acrobat Reader installed on your computer, which is available as a free download through a hotlink on the website.

The previous newsletter issue presented information about **Glen Hesler's** book, which is the memoir of his military aviation career. Lucy and Glen have reported brisk sales of Glen's book since then. It's a good read and tells the story of a guy we all look up to.

More regarding Lindbergh and Arrow Airport from **Art Craft**. "I was in the ARS at Lincoln from 1954 until we left for Selfridge in 1960. After retiring we returned to Lincoln until we moved to Arizona to work on our golf handicaps. Anyway, Lindbergh did not fly at Arrow Airport. **Gary McGill** and **Hugh Reid** have the Arrow Airport location approximately correct. It is now an industrial park. Lindbergh actually took flying lessons at a now non-existent airport that was located at about South 20th St. and High Street. It was on land now occupied by Lincoln Country Club, Woodshire Subdivision and 20th Street. Lindbergh didn't solo there; the operator of the school didn't think he was good enough to solo. Lindbergh soloed at later time at some place other than Lincoln. There is a small monument there that the Boy Scouts (I think) put up a few years ago. The monument is at the corner of 20th St., High St, and Kings Highway. From a time before WWII, Arrow Airport was operated by Lincoln Aviation and run by Tom Umberger; a really great pilot. I flew charter and instructed for him briefly in the 70's after they had moved to Lincoln Muni."

Jean Williams writes:

We got this email from **Charley Watkins** about his wife **Betty**...

I have very sad news for you all. Betty passed away 6 Nov. at Oklahoma City. She had her first chemo treatment for ovarian cancer and on the way home I had to stop... as she was hurting in

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her stomach area. While there, her heart stopped for 6 minutes. She never recovered and died 3 days later.

Jean goes on to say --. The Watkin's made all of the reunions except the one in Ft Worth and now we know why. Charley had been having heart problems but Betty didn't say a word about herself and now I know why, she just didn't want to talk about her own.

Dick McKinley informed us of the death of **James Hill**, formerly of the FMS engine shop. (*Jim was one of the guys we were never able to locate for our Association rolls, but, we honor his service with us...*)

Jim was in the engine shop when I got to Lincoln in 1960. He worked in the tool crib in the shop until maybe 1963 then he went on the 3rd shift. We worked for Norm Bruegmann (who is also deceased) when he came back to the shop from QC... he also worked as a guard at the Lincoln country club. He was in the Nebraska ANG Engine shop for about 7 or 8 years so he could draw military retirement.

From **Richard Roberts** and **Dick Amenell**:

We recently learned that a former member of the 307th AREFS, **Robert McDonald**, passed away on December 22, 2002. He had been battling emphysema for several years. Mac came to Lincoln from Ellsworth AFB where he was a radio operator on the B-36.

Frederick John "Fritz" Regner Sr., 76, a retired Air Force Major, died Aug. 9, 1999, in St. Petersburg, Fla. He was a former member of the 307th ARS at LAFB. After attending Beloit College and Marquette University, Regner enlisted in the Air Force. As a P-51 fighter pilot he served with the 78th Fighter Group and 83rd Fighter Squadron in England and Germany during World War II. He commanded and flew more than 20 types of aircraft. He fought in the Korean War, then was stationed in Ashiya, Japan for four years.

Regner retired in 1966 after 24 years in the military. He chose a second career as an auditor and concessions manager for the Army/Air Force Exchange Service which operates the commissary, PX and gas stations on American military bases worldwide. This took him to Vietnam, Dallas, Washington D.C. and Louisville. In 1972 he retired to Florida's west coast. For the past two years he was a volunteer at the MacDill Air Force Base hospital pharmacy in Tampa, Fla. Like other family members, he was an avid golfer and boating enthusiast. According to the family, he passed away while playing a round of golf, his favorite pastime. The MacDill Air Force Base Honor Guard conducted military honors for the burial service.

From **Carole Saiser** concerning the passing of **Ronnie Lee Maynard**. He was in Flight line ground power (307th FMS) with my husband (**Peter John Saiser**). Ron retired from the Air Force in 1981, Hill Air Force Base, Layton, UT. Ron was born 9 May 1941, Pineville, WV.

From Jim Moore. Sad news...Col. **Clifford James Moore**,

Jr., my dad, and LAFB base commander (61-62) and Vice-wing commander (65), died February 17 this year. Lincoln was his favorite duty station, and he and our family enjoyed many, many wonderful days at Lincoln and my dad would be the first to say we were privileged to know so many outstanding airmen and their families. Your website is a great tribute to all who served in the Cornhusker state. Col Moore was interred on 25 March at Arlington National Cemetery and received a missing man fly-over salute by A-10s of the Maryland ANG's 104th Fighter Squadron.

LeRoy McMath, another good buddy, passed away on March 15th. We were lucky to have LeRoy and his wife Lynda with us at the Fort Worth reunion last May, and treasure that memory. LeRoy was an aircraft commander with the 370th during the days of yore, and moved on to numerous accomplishments after his Air Force career. Following a second career with his own real estate firm, he moved on and was ordained as a minister after graduating from divinity school. LeRoy was interred at DFW National Cemetery in Dallas on 21 March.

Frank Harvey says: I just received the Nov newsletter and really enjoy reading each issue. I couldn't put this one down until I finished it. Thanks for everyone's effort to turn out such a fine product. ...So, that prompted me to finish an article I had in mind for some time. I was a newly graduated pilot assigned to the then 380th ARS, shortly to become the 307th AREFS. In the summer of 1955 my crew took the 818th AD commander and others to Churchill and Thule for the purpose of "surveying air operations". I have written an article concerning that trip. Hope you find it interesting. (*Ed: See Frank's tale elsewhere in this issue*).

From **Merle Young**

...we live in Las Vegas about seven months of the year. We have been living in both Nevada and Pocahontas, Arkansas for about eight years now. I have volunteered our services through Pete Todd to help in the 2004 reunion however I might.

... I volunteered for the missile program and spent 1965-1969 at Little Rock AFB in the Titan program. I was called back to the cockpit and after training in the C-119K gunship program, using infrared I helped to train operators to hunt and kill trucks over the Ho Chi Min trails...In early 1971 while in Vietnam, I had passed several kidney stones which subsequently led to the USAF grounding me. I returned to the missile program in 1971 and as a reservist was forced into retirement at age thirty-nine. Fortunately, I had earned a degree through the University of Nebraska in human resource management and upon my retirement went into that career field. I worked in at the plant level in manufacturing for Skil, the power tool company. We at one time employed around 1000 employees. In 1994 I experienced a triple bypass. At age 60, my wife **Oleita** and I decided to retire from civilian life. In 1996 we bought the home in Vegas...we continue to travel back and forth between AR and NV. Again, if we can be of any help or assistance in the 2004 reunion, please let me know. (*Ed: you can visit Merle's website at www.motyoung.com*).

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Ernie Pence describes a recent flying adventure...I have to tell you about this last weekend. You have probably done this, but I had only seen it prior to Saturday. This last weekend I flew 3 different airplanes. Started with a tame flight in a Tri-Pacer, then moved down to a Cub with a "Big 90 HP" engine. I rode the back seat in the cub, trimmed it, flew some turns, then rolled in for a landing. Found out what it was like to land from the back seat, took a peek left and right, decided it was lined up and went for it. I'm not fond of stall landings but that was the drill. Then did my first take off from the back seat, have much more respect for B-47 Co/Pilot's now! The third bird was a Yak trainer, the Chinese version of the AT-6, only with tricycle gear.

Strapped in the Yak, parachute, shoulder harness, lap belt, and a belt from the floor. Had an inkling this would be a good flight. We went out and did some formation flying with a BT-13, left, right, short trail, and long trail with catch ups and rejoins. All good stuff, then we left our friend and went out to play. Keith gave me the controls and said, "This is not a Cessna, or Cherokee, and your Grandmother is not in the front seat. I said "Roger that" and slapped in a couple of 3-G turns, and a couple of stalls. Keith took her back and asked if I was ok with some aerobatics, I replied "Not yes, but Hell Yes!" We did rolls, 4 point rolls, loops, Cuban Eights, and Immelmann's. I was grinning so hard my ears popped out of the back side of the head sets! Caught right on to the grunts to hold blood in the head, and absolutely fell in love with hanging upside down in the harness. I can not explain the euphoria I felt with the horizon displaced. He gave me the airplane and said build up your airspeed, then raise the nose 20 degrees and start your first roll. It was to laugh, all of the instruments were in Chinese, the attitude indicator was caged in a 20 degree drop to the left and stayed there the whole flight. I had 2 functional instruments I could read, the RPM and the airspeed. The altimeter was working but was in millibars. GIB's don't

get the good equipment. So lets just say we flew by feel from the back seat. I have never been so gassed in my life! We came back to the field, did a low pass over the runway at 300 MPH, did a hard pull up and bled the airspeed down to 150, kicked the rudder over to the left, and fell right out at 1,000 feet AGL, rolled in from a 360 to a perfect landing. I now understand what causes one to look up every time a plane passes overhead. I had always done it from the time I was a kid, it must have been God whispering quietly, you'll get there one day.

Pence goes on with a different topic...Reminds me of a transit B-47 I took care of from Whiteman AFB in the spring of 1958. The thing came in with 16 pages of write up's in the 781 forms. I worked from Thursday straight through the weekend clearing all of the write up's to make a Monday launch. Then caught hell because I signed the preflight off in the following fashion, "Preflighted and Over Hauled at LAFB by A2/c E.V. Pence. Whiteman QC raised hell about it. They should have been ashamed to send a crew in the air with all of those write-ups, but then we were in the 307th BW, the Best of the Best. We obviously marched to a different drummer.

Hank Grogan recalls a tale told by

Brian Shul, a SR-71 Blackbird pilot: "I'll always remember a certain radio exchange that occurred one day as Walt (his backseater) and I were screaming across Southern California 13 miles high. We were monitoring various radio transmissions from other aircraft as we entered Los Angeles airspace." "Though they didn't really control us, they did monitor our movement across their scope. I heard a Cessna ask for a readout of its groundspeed. "90 knots" Center replied.

Moments later, a Twin Beech required the same. "120 knots," Center answered.

"We weren't the only ones proud of our groundspeed that day, as almost instantly an F-18 smugly transmitted, "Ah, Center, Dusty 52 requests ground-speed readout." "There was a slight pause, then the response, "525 knots on the ground, Dusty".

"Another silent pause. As I was thinking to myself how ripe a situation this was, I heard a familiar click of a radio transmission coming from my backseater. It was at that precise moment I realized Walt and I had become a real crew, for we were both thinking in unison. "Center, Aspen 20, you got a groundspeed readout for us?" There

(Continued on page 6)

Treasurer's Report			
307th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association			
Ending Balance from last report October 15, 2002:			\$7,011.26
		<u>Expenses</u>	<u>Deposits</u>
<u>General Fund Balance</u>			\$7,011.26
Expenses:			
Postage	494.82		
Supplies	65.90		
Equipment	105.98		
Admin Expense	7.65		
Printing	<u>492.46</u>		
	1166.81		-1166.81
			5844.45
Income:			
Donations		315.00	
Ft Worth reunion income		707.69	
Interest on account		<u>13.95</u>	
		1036.64	+ 1036.64
Ending Balance February 28, 2003			6,881.09
Tony Minnick, Treasurer			

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was a longer than normal pause....

“Aspen, I show 1,742 knots”. “No further inquiries were heard on that frequency”

The following reunion notification was received from **Dick Amenell**.

307th Air Refueling Squadron Reunion 2003

... will be held in Branson, Missouri at the Lodge of the Ozarks on September 15 through 18 (Monday – Thursday), 2003. Don Fraker recently attended a reunion there and was very satisfied with them. The hotel will hold 30 rooms at the rate of \$75 plus tax until August 15, 2003. The hotel’s web site is www.lodgeoftheoarks.com and its toll free telephone number is 877-866-2219. You may contact Don Fraker at 830-626-2176 or email him at frakerrd@nbt.com.

Monday, the 15th will be arrival registration and get together in the Hospitality Room where drinks and snacks will be available.

Since Branson offers many different shows and other activities, we won’t schedule any group events except a boat cruise. The 2-hour cruise is scheduled at 4 o’clock on Tuesday, September 16 and will include dinner and a show. The cost will be about \$45 per person. Before the cruise there will be a Veterans’ Memorial Service performed by the local military drill team. The Wednesday evening banquet is a buffet priced at \$25.00 per person. On Thursday morning a business meeting will follow a complementary continental breakfast.

At the last two reunions we have had problem with the Memory Book. Therefore, the plan for this reunion is to have one of the attendees take pictures with a digital camera and share photo with the group. Any volunteers?

We would like to see more people attending the reunions. Please pass this information on to all your former crew members and friends who haven’t been attending the reunions. If you have new addresses for our members, please pass them on to us.

Joyce and I have volunteered to handle

the mailouts and announcements. We want to do much of the correspondence by email, so send us your email address. If you have a fax, send us its number. We will send out another update about three months before the event and at that time we need to know how many will be attending along with the money for the banquet and boat cruise. Dick and Joyce Amenell. Email - rjamen@tni.net, Telephone 757-877-0316, Fax 757-369-0813.

Allen Goldblatt has informed us of another reunion for the **Sampson AFB Veterans Association** coming up at Sampson State Park in Romulus, NY, 4 to 7 September 2003. For info, you can contact Ken Irish at 424-528-5313, or email kencirish@aol.com.

Finally, we want to thank **James Villa** who has sent us numerous photos and newspaper clippings of interest to our heritage. He’s incorporating his collection into a website which we’ll link to from our 307th site when we get further information.

In the past four months, a bunch of folks have been in contact, including Marv Nystrom, Frank Kisner, Jim Flavin, Bob Ketchum, Sig Faber, George Davis, Dewey Cook, Roland Behnke, Wally Whitehurst, Donna Jasinski, Roy Wilson, H A Frost, Don Ivie, Larry Julian, Ron Davis, Stan States, Jimbo Shumake, Peggy Duch, Flip Latham, Ivan McKinney, Roland Behnke, and John Yaryan,

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.



The Last Flight

The verse on the SAC Chapel Memorial Window says it best...

Norman Bruegmann, FMS/HQ, Lincoln NE, 23 February 1997.

Carlyle T Curran, Marion IA, 24 August 2002.

Maxine C Buchan, Madrid IA, 20 January 2003.

James E Engle, La Vista NE, 4 December 2001.

Robert C Fowler, PACCS, Springfield IL, 10 August 1992.

James Hill, FMS, Lincoln NE, October 2002.

James H Mann, 372 BS, Dayton OH, 31 January 2002.

Ronnie Lee Maynard, FMS, Layton UT, 28 October 2002.

Robert McDonald, ARS, Indio CA, 22 December 2002.

Rev Leroy McMath, 370th BS, Dallas TX, 15 March 2003.

William R McMillin Jr, 22 September 2002.

Robert McDonald, ARS, Indio CA, 22 December 2002.

Clifford James Moore Jr, 818th, Hillsboro VA, 17 February 2003.

Douglas W Nash, OMS, Fayetteville NC, 9 October 1994..

Peter R Rawlins, FMS, Panama City FL, 3 September 2002.

Frederick J Regner, Sr, ARS, St Petersburg FL, 9 August 1999.

Betty Watkins, Woodward OK, 6 November 2002.

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

North, to Thule By Frank Harvey

I graduated from pilot training in 1954 and was assigned to the 307th AREFS at Lincoln AFB Nebraska. I arrived in August that year to fly KC-97s.

One of the most interesting trips I ever participated in occurred in June 1955. We were assigned to take Col. Robert W. Christy, HQ 307th BW and 1st Lt. Donald C. Neiderlucke, 307th TAC Hospital, our Flight Surgeon, to Churchill, Canada and to Thule AB, Greenland for the purpose of "surveying air operations".¹

Our first stop would be Churchill. We flew almost due north. Well north of the Canadian border we ran out of range of any air traffic control radio stations. Even GCI didn't answer our calls. There were just trees as far as the eye could see on this clear day. No roads or any other land marks suitable for a good fix.

Our first radio contact was with Churchill. We were immediately told there was no other traffic in the area and we were cleared to land. The tower also informed us that about 500 feet of runway near the center was covered with rock fill. As we rolled down the runway we dropped several inches onto the now packed rock fill and then bumped up onto the concrete again. The reason for the rock fill was to bring that section of the runway up to grade after the recent spring thaw had caused the permafrost to melt and allow that section of concrete to sink.

We had brought enough fuel to fly on to Thule but we needed oil. The external lubrication was very effective that trip. The flight engineer, both boomers and the crew chiefs had to hand crank oil from 55 gallon drums to the four engine oil tanks as well as the one in the lower forward compartment.

While at Churchill we were treated royally. The local Catholic priest had to show us his collection of Eskimo artifacts. Some were for sale. Not having any appreciation for real hand carved Eskimo items I did not buy any.

Along the way to the art store/museum we walked across a bridge over the Churchill River. We observed narwhals migrating up the river. I had never seen such a strange animal. They were white and some, the males, had a long twisted tusk.

The main street of Churchill was only several blocks long and unpaved. Near the Airport end of the street was a paved seaplane ramp into Hudson Bay.

The next day we departed for Thule. The weather was clear along the entire route. The ice was breaking up in the bay, and now beginning to move around with the currents. We were asked to look for a C-54 that had crash-landed on the

ice during the winter and report the new location to Churchill. We easily found the airplane and gave them a report.

The purpose for the report was to keep up with the constant movement of the ice and the plane's location. The bush-pilot owner was sure he could salvage it when the ice floes broke up some more. With the help of his Eskimo friends he had taken hay bales and large empty fuel bladders out to the crash site by dog sled during the winter. The hay was scattered around the plane to protect that chunk of ice from melting. The fuel bladders were placed under the wings and pumped up with air to spread the load over the ice evenly. His plan was to use his Eskimo friends to go out to the plane in their motorized kayaks and tow the ice floe with the plane on it back to Churchill after more of the ice had broken up. It would then be towed up the seaplane ramp and repaired.

On our way back to Churchill we asked the tower what happened to the airplane since we couldn't see it anywhere. In the week we were at Thule most of the ice had broken up leaving large areas of open water. The tower reported that the recovery was a success and the plane was now being repaired.

Back to our trip. We continued on northeastward but soon developed a hydraulic fluid leak in #1 engine. The flight engineer and the crew chiefs decide it would be best to return to Churchill. However, we were close to Coral Harbor AB. The Enroute Manual informed us there was a 6000 foot hard surface runway there. The tower operator was on "call" but we were on the ground before he got to the tower.

As we turned final we could see that the runway looked shorter than 6000 ft. and it did not appear to be paved. Without the tower to give us any advice we continued. I re-checked the listing for the airport to be sure I had read 6000ft; I had. It wasn't paved and was only 5000 ft long.

The RCAF tower operator told us that a few weeks earlier the spring thaw caused a thousand feet of runway to slide off into the ocean. This gully had been filled with hundreds of empty fuel drums and other junk to help prevent further erosion. Then he explained that the runway was never paved but covered with packed soil and rocks. We found two half-dollar size holes in the flap area behind the left main gear.

There were no aircraft maintenance people on base. It was a supply base for the then building Distant Early Warning line of radars across northern Canada. All personnel were civilian workers for Western Electric Co. We had a late lunch in their dining hall.

Our own maintenance people decided to investigate the dump where they were told by the tower operator old airplane parts could be found. They did not find a hydraulic pump but did find a goony-bird engine that provided an accessory cover that would fit on our engine. This was done and away we went.

(Continued on page 8)

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Now we were flying just off shore and parallel to the west coast of Greenland. We decided to descend to about 5000 ft. so we could have a better view of the calving glaciers. This was truly a spectacular show, with house size pieces of ice falling into the sea.

As we approached Thule we were directed by GCA to approach landing east. This way we were landing up hill. With calm winds all landings are up-hill and all take offs are downhill. After dropping our passengers at Base Ops we were directed to taxi and park across the runway on a hardstand. Why we were directed to park there is still a question in my mind. The ramp in front of Base Ops is huge and empty. I think it was just a cold-war precaution to place SAC aircraft in remote location.

The BOQ was built like a walk in refrigerator. The first door opened into a room to allow closing of the outer door and then open another refrigerator style door to the rooms. The rooms were small compared to the Lincoln BOQ and had one small window that was triple glazed and not operable.

That evening we went to the club for a very good meal and stayed until about midnight. As we stepped outside I was surprised to encounter bright sunshine. We all reached for our sunglasses. Later I asked the Navigator to check his almanac to see how high above the horizon the sun was at midnight on that longest day of the year. His answer was 18 degrees.

The next day we tagged along on a brief tour of the flight line area for Col. Christy. One of the large hangers that were primarily used for aircraft maintenance was heated in the winter. As a result of the spring thaw a portion of the permafrost melted under the floor and a large section of concrete flooring had collapsed into this cavity.

I can only guess at why Col. Christy was sent on this trip. This was before SAC aircraft and crews were put on alert. I believe he was checking bases for future forward basing of SAC crews and

aircraft. Some of the comment in his report probably read like this: "...spring thaw caused a section of runway to sink at Churchill. At Coral Harbor 2000' of runway slid off into the bay. At Thule the hanger floor sank enough to create a nice size swimming pool."

The next day we were getting ready to leave for home. I and part of the crew were sent to the other side of the field to bring the airplane to the Base Ops side and park it in front of Base Ops. Capt. Pavlas and Lt. Purcell were planning the flight home and getting the weather and flight planning done. We had not done a complete preflight on the other side of the field, so all of us were busy with our checklist.

I was in the lower aft compartment and as I returned to the entry door to step down I could see that a light rain was falling with what appeared to be a light wind blowing giving the appearance that we were moving. I didn't give this much thought but ducked my head down and went down the steps. Just as my foot hit the ground I almost fell down. We were moving! I looked forward and started running to the forward entry door. The airplane was headed downhill and directly at a Navy P2V parked in front of us.

I was frantically shouting to Capt. Pavlas who was standing at the top of the stairs. That moved him into immediate action when he looked up to see this P2V getting bigger. He dashed around the Engineers seat and fell into the pilot's seat as he grabbed for the emergency brake handles. I hurried around behind the Engineers panel to my seat and started pumping on the emergency brake pump handle. We slowly came to a stop well before striking the Navy bird.

Can you imagine the furor a collision with a Navy bird would bring about? We could see the headlines: Out of control AF tanker collides with Navy plane. Then how would we explain to the accident board, not to mention the courts martial. Why weren't their chocks under the wheels? Why were

the parking brakes not working? Actually the flight engineer had found a small hydraulic leak and had depressurized the hydraulic system to do some further checking. He probably forgot that the parking brakes will bleed back into a depressurized system. Transit Services did not come out to help us, so there were no chocks. Anyway we were leaving soon and didn't need chocks.

After all that excitement we were ready to leave Thule. The take off was normal and we set a course for Lincoln. It was a long uneventful flight, except for the arrival of a flight of three fighters that welcomed us as we crossed the Canadian-US border. We were glad to be home after that long trip.

I will never forget the new experiences I had. Even the close encounter with the Navy went unnoticed. Probably the tower personnel just didn't notice our movement and we didn't tell, 'til now.

¹ Headquarters 818th Air Division (SAC) Lincoln AFB, Letter Orders No. 418, Temporary Duty Travel, paragraph 3. Also paragraph 2 listed my crew: Capt Joseph J. Pavlas Plt, myself, 1st LT Robert E. Purcell Nav, TSGT James M. O'Connor FE, MSGT Walter L. Chen-evert RO, TSGT Norman E. Doland BO. Also on the orders were 2ndLt William C. Reeves, A/1c Ila R. Allen Crew ch, A2c Robert E. Games Crew ch. And A/1c Wille L. Ezell Jr. our asst BO.

Donations

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

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North to Alaska

Cottonwood Farm, Crozet, VA - Press Release.

Cottonwood Airlines recently released a Post-Mission Report describing 14 sorties flown in July 2002 by 307th Bomb Wing crew E-10 using the airline's Cessna 172 Skyhawk XP. Aircraft commander Robert M Byrom and navigator Ken Wikle accomplished these sorties without benefit of either copilot McKay or copilot Gingrich. (This just reemphasizes that copilots are not essential). The prebriefed mission was to proceed from Eagles Nest airport, Waynesboro, Virginia, to Alaska, following the route of the Alaskan Highway, and subsequent return to Virginia.

A year earlier, commander Byrom had planned to set an aviation world record on a particular route from Alaska across the Bering Strait into Russia, but the Russians had no desire to support another American record setter, and thus denied clearance. Accordingly, more relaxed plans were formulated this year by Bob and Ken to sortie forth and visit old friends and relatives enroute.

The mission target was Palmer, Alaska, home of the Alaska State Fair, where Ken's daughter Lorene, husband Larry, and children Meagan and James, reside in a cabin nestled in the woods.

The first checkpoint was in New Ulm, Minnesota to visit with Bob's daughter Sue and family, then on into Canada. Stopping in Edmonton, Alberta they visited with a former RCAF member who had flown arctic research missions from Rome Air Development Center with Bob decades earlier.

Finally arriving in Alaska, Bob and Ken decided that a copilot really was essential after all, so they recruited Ken's granddaughter Meagan into the job. They soon decided that Meagan's aviatrix skills outshone them all as she guided them around Anchorage, Denali, various glaciers, and other wild and woolly places where only the intrepid dare go.



Crew E-10's Route North!

Bob also had opportunity to reminisce with an old Air Force buddy with whom he had flown ski equipped C-47s on the North Slope while doing work for the old AF Cambridge Research Lab.

It's rumored that on the return leg to Virginia, the flight was uneventful and allowed them adequate time to eat their flight lunches. Bob thinks their performance substantially enhanced wing MCS standing as Ken got all shacks, fireout was 100%, and all takeoffs occurred without deviation. After deplaning, on their way to maintenance debriefing, the crew was heard to mutter "Let's do it again!"



Ken Wikle and the Cottonwood Airlines bird



Copilot Meagan

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Addendum: Over the years, Bob Byrom has been an energetic and very successful recruiter for the Air Force Academy. Now it looks like he's done it again! Ken's granddaughter, Meagan, has expressed a strong interest in the Academy, and has received an Academy catalog and is now in correspondence with a Cadet, who is also a pilot. Go Air Force!

Bob also points out that our young pilots are still air refueling from the same aging KC-135 tankers that refueled us in B-47s. He urges you to contact your legislators to help get a new procurement going.

A Wife Remembers - The Distaff Side of the 307TH Bomb Wing By Iola Maraist Lafayette, LA

My memories of Lincoln AFB and the 307th Bomb Wing are as fresh as if it all happened yesterday. Forty-seven years ago my two young children, Roger and Christine, accompanied my husband, then Captain James E. Maraist, to Lincoln, Nebraska. Jim was assigned to the 307th Maintenance Squadron. We had arrived from the tropical climes of Anderson AFB on Guam to a winter wonderland of snow in January 1955.

Lincoln AFB had been reactivated from its WWII days a few months before our arrival. We were immediately at home in the 307th organization.

As the distaff member of our household, what was I going to do during Jim's long duty hours and long TDYs? That was soon solved by a very active Officers Wives Club!

Sybil Weber, a very capable lady, was busy organizing an OWC newspaper. I accepted the responsibilities of the

"Personality Portraits" column. What an opportunity to meet the very interesting personalities that abounded at LAFB. The newspaper was very professionally done, and was published monthly, with several pages about all the activities of the OWC, plus Base information.

We wives kept busy with the usual OWC activities: monthly membership meetings, committee meetings, coffees, bridge afternoons, and monthly luncheons. More than the mundane, we were active in the Lincoln community, schools, and churches. (There was no base housing at that time.)

Our talents were many and each of us shared our knowledge to keep up our morale. Bowling teams were formed, a Toastmistress chapter was formed. A Red Cross chapter was so instrumental in assisting families. We were Girl Scout and Bluebird leaders and Den mothers. We were Red Cross Gray ladies who worked in the community hospitals.

We manned a Hospitality Supply room to assist the in-coming families with needed supplies until their household goods arrived. The procedure was reversed when their household had to be dismantled for their transfer to a new location. The OWC Thrift Shop was well utilized to find needed items and to donate our unneeded things. (I found an antique Williamsburg love seat at a very attractive price.)

There was also a Disaster Committee-which assisted those in need during any time an event caused hardship. That committee proved its worth when a C-118, carrying 59 personnel from LAFB, disappeared over the Atlantic ocean, after their 90 day Reflex mission.

Families of those who lost their lives were cared for, comforted, and helped in resettling their lives. It was a heart wrenching task. The wives who worked on that committee were so strong, compassionate and capable.

The Officers lost were Captain Kenneth

Goodroe and Captain Robert W. Ryan. I remember Linda Tisdale was one of the wives who assisted and comforted June Goodroe and her children. Personally, I spent many hours with Dorothy Ryan and her two small children. A humbling experience.

During the long days and hours of the murderous Charlie Starkweather rampage we fortified each other with telephone calls to bolster each other's morale and to calm our fears. Some of us volunteered to go to the schools to pick up our neighbor's children and our own to see them safely home. (The fathers were on a Reflex TDY in Lakenheath, England.)

Even though we kept busy and our minds occupied while our spouses fulfilled their duty to SAC, we still found time to keep the home front stable. We decorated our rented houses, planted flower and vegetable gardens as if we would always be there. We kept a positive, upbeat attitude to raise our children in a secure and happy atmosphere.

This is mostly about the wives of the 307th BW, but the distaff side of Lincoln AFB was made up of the 307th, 98th Bomb Wings and Headquarters wives. We were a well-melded "sisterhood". Numerical designations did not apply to us.

Then the day came when I received orders to leave LAFB to join my husband at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama. As an Air Force family we accepted the change with optimism. However, Lincoln, Nebraska had been our home for four years and leaving behind the wonderful Air Force and civilian friends did not come easy.

It has often been said, "A small world with a large Air Force", has certainly proven true over the years. Dear friends have stayed in touch and never seem too far away. The 307th Bomb Wing Newsletter is a boon to us as we are settled in our old age retirement

The Chief's Corner
The Legend of Superman
 By Ernie Pence

Back in the good old days when the 307th ARS was leaving slick spots on the concrete south of Base Ops the legend was born. You all remember how we used to cuss when they were parked behind our airplanes. They would fire up those old Pratt and Whitney's, they smoked so bad you thought you were in London during the fog. Aside from the smoke, and oil slicks, they did supply our squadron with one hell of a fast-pitch man for the mound. He threw stuff, real stuff. Sometimes our catcher, Col. Thompson, would get dizzy watching it come to the plate. Between him and our fast-pitch man we were tough to beat. It was rumored among us bomber types that he threw grease balls. Guy couldn't help it working on those ugly old oil burners.

Any way, back to the birth of "Superman." Our story begins with the tankers regular A/C on leave, his tem-

porary replacement is a Stand-Board Major. Everything is working tickety boo, until the gas passers make for "Good Ole Goose Bay Labrador." The NGIC (new guy in charge) is setting the old tanker up for final, trim, airspeed, rate of decent, we all know the drill. As he starts final the copilot tells the NGIC he has been in and out of the Goose a number of times, also the bird has a tendency to sink after you clear the pine trees off this end of the runway. NGIC replies icily, he was flying KC-97's when the C/P was still doo-doing in his diapers. The copilot roger's that and tightens up his lap belt.

The approach is picture perfect, all is in order, and bears are doing it in the woods. As big bodied bird crews have a tendency to clean up things at the last moment, this flight was no different than many others. The engineer is monitoring the throttles and gauges, the boomer is walking from aft and they are descending nicely. A clear crisp day, bright sun shinning, as the silver slug slides over the pines, there clear of the pines, runway not far now. SINK, Big

Time Sink! The NGIC jabs at the throttles viciously, all the way to the fire wall, the big mothers roar to life, but the old girl sinks like a submarine that's blown all tanks negative for a crash dive.

Engines roaring like they're in a shallow dive, finishing a top off on a heavy B-47, A/C bending the control column 4 degrees further aft than the stops allow (once again proving what we all know, you can not lift one up by hand), copilot bracing for the big one, engineer attempting to give any additional power to the plants by every trick in his bag and bang! She slams into the snow and frozen ground, everyone is now trying to shut off everything they could to save butt, but the impact is so severe that the engineer's seat collapses, he is thrown forward into the forward crewmember's positions. Crash bang, slam, slide, the aircraft is filling with smoke, an orderly crew egress commences. Broken bones and all it's every man bailing out of windows, hatches and holes.

(Continued on page 12)

307TH BOMB WING 2004 REUNION
Imperial Palace Hotel
LAS VEGAS, NV
May 3-7, 2004

Do you plan to attend: Yes No. If yes, how many in your party _____
 Days You plan to attend _____

Activities which you would attend:

1. Las Vegas City tour _____
2. Hoover Dam tour _____
3. Liberace Museum tour _____
4. Thursday night banquet _____
5. Thunderbird Hanger tour at Nellis AFB _____
6. Ideas for other activities _____

Will you be staying at the reunion hotel? Yes No

Mail to: Vern Biaett <vbiaett@azwest.net>
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Your Name: _____



Virgil Buie at Harmon AB, 1959. - Photo by Latham

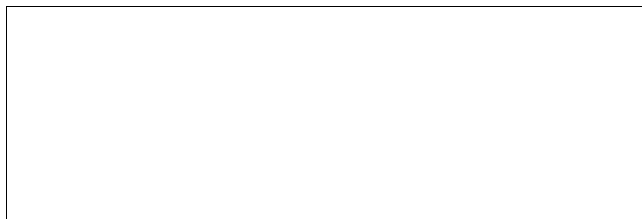
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We now switch to the hospital scene, the copilot has a broken leg, the engineer is in the next bed with a broken shoulder. The engineer bursts out laughing uncontrollably. The copilot asks him "What the hell is so funny?" He asks the copilot in return, "Did you see the boomer after we impacted?" Then, he goes on to explain, when my seat broke and I was thrown into you guys, it turned me aft enough to see the boomer, he had been walking around the bird when we hit, it launched him in

the air, he's flying straight for the cockpit, does this little dive, and goes right through the hatch down into the tank deck. I'm telling you the guy looked like SUPERMAN!" They both laugh till they cry, and another 307th legend is tagged forever!



John Ogren with Brit at Greenham Common, 1963. - Photo by Latham



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