

ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

NUMBER 51

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

MARCH 2007

President's Column Make a Liar Out of Me!

I've commented before that one of the trickiest parts of planning a reunion is forecasting how many people are going to attend. That number affects nearly everything: room rates, comp rooms, amenities, etc. In a nutshell, the larger the group, the more clout we and AFRI (our professional reunion organizers) have in negotiating favorable terms for our reunion. The problem is, we have to estimate the attendance and go to contract before *anyone* has committed to come! Based on recent history and the (non-binding) expressions of interest from many of our members, we've had to pick a number and have contracted for 70 rooms throughout the reunion. **I want to challenge you to bust that forecast like a cheap watch!**

Based on location (Branson, MO!), range of attractions (see our website and read Reunion Chairman Brent Horn's write-up elsewhere in this newsletter) and price (\$69 per night plus the usual array of taxes at a top-of-the-line hotel), we ought to be able to attract well over 200 members to the Eleventh Stand-Up in May of 2008. Make this THE vacation of 2008 and have your kids and grandkids join you there! Make me adjust our room count upwards to at least 100 and I'll be proud to have been wrong. But let Brent know your plans early, lest the

concrete on that 70 number begins to harden.

By the way, the second trickiest part of planning a reunion is deciding on a schedule. In Branson we will have an embarrassment of riches. We plan to leave plenty of time for individual activities, shopping, etc., but we need to give Brent Horn enough feedback to ensure that the group events match the desires of the largest number of attendees. Please complete **and return** the questionnaire that he has included in the newsletter (it's also on the website Events page). Also, check out the people who have already expressed an interest in attending and get your name on that list. If you plan to go, some of your friends will be inspired to come, too.

If ever there was a place suited to our type of group, it's Branson. I know travel can become more of a chore as we get older, but remember the old adage: I'd rather wear out than rust out! Come join your comrades and fellow warriors at what could be our best-ever reunion. See you there!

Pete Todd



The Last Flight

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

Leroy Hagen, 28 August 1987.

Betty Pollard, Littleton CO, 11 November 2006.

John Ruehle, 818th, Lake Oswego OR, October 2005.

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

Back in Touch

Jerry V Blankenship, 27052
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307th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association

Officers of the Association:

President: Pete Todd, 1250 Big Valley Dr, Colorado Springs, CO 80919-1015. Phone 719-531-5874. Email: petetodd59@comcast.net.

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Association Founders:

Billy Williams, 5546 Enterprise Drive, Lincoln, NE 68521. Phone 402-438-6061. Email: wjwbdw@juno.com

Betty C Pelletier, deceased 29 November 2004.

The Association is strongly reliant upon key members who have volunteered their time and effort to keep the wheels running smoothly. They are:

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

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

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Branson 2008 Reunion Chairman:

Brent Horn, 12014 W 68th Terrace, Shawnee, KS 66216. Phone 913-268-6368. Email: abhorn@everestkc.net.

The Association is a non-profit Veterans Organization. All contributions to the organization are gratefully received, but presently are not deductible under IRS Code. The President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer are elected by majority vote of all members at each business meeting.

SAC MEMORIAL PROJECT

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To Contributors and Friends of the SAC Memorial Project STATUS REPORT

December 11, 2006

You will be pleased to know that funding for the SAC Memorial has been accomplished. Thanks to individual SAC veterans, SAC organizations, and private sources, payment in full has been made for the memorial, for site preparation and infrastructure, and for perpetual care and maintenance of the memorial and surrounding area.

The designated site is an easily accessible location convenient to parking and walkways in the Memorial Park of the National Museum of the United States Air Force, Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio. Site preparation work has been completed, and shortly after the beginning of 2007 work on the memorial itself will begin. Completion will be well in advance of the formal dedication, which is scheduled for May 2, 2008.

These additional dates are provided for your planning purposes.

Reunion of SAC veterans -April 30 thru May 4, 2008, Fairborn, Ohio

Gala SAC Celebration "Under the Wings," National Museum of the United States Air Force -May 3, 2008

Thank you once again for your support and encouragement of the SAC Memorial Project. Additional information and details about the memorial, dedication and reunion will be forwarded to you as soon as it is available.

Flying Wisdom

1. No matter what else happens, fly the airplane. Forget all that stuff about thrust and drag, lift and gravity; an airplane flies because of money.
2. It's better to be down here wishing you were up there, than up there wishing you were down here.
3. If you're ever faced with a forced landing at night, turn on the landing lights to see the landing area. If you don't like what you see, turn'em back off.
4. A check ride ought to be like a skirt, short enough to be interesting but still be long enough to cover everything.
5. Speed is life, altitude is life insurance. No one has ever collided with the sky!
6. Always remember you fly an airplane with your head, not your hands.
7. Never let an airplane take you somewhere your brain didn't get to five minutes earlier.
8. "Unskilled" pilots are always found in the wreckage with their hand around the

Donations

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

John H Allen
Louis R Durham
Leonard E Early
Karol E Franzyszen
Jim Lundak
John R Parks
Donna M Reilly
Gerald F Ridley
Andrew P Sorrells
Phillip R Walters

microphone.

9. If you push the stick forward, the houses get bigger; if you pull the stick back, they get smaller. (Unless you keep pulling the stick back-then they get bigger again.)



*The Eleventh Standup
14 Month Warning!!*

When?? May 13th thru the 18th 2008... Where?? The Lodge of the Ozarks in the Entertainment Capital of the Ozarks – Branson, Missouri. You can see what they have to offer at www.lodgeoftheozarks.com.

Please keep those cards, letters and e-mail coming!! So far we have received **50** responses / **98** warm bodies stating they are coming or are thinking about coming...This equates to **50 rooms!!!** We have a contract for the hotel and have blocked **70** rooms, this equals approximately 140 people. **We still need more warm or near warm bodies to swell the ranks of fun lovers and fill up the remaining 20 rooms we have booked!!**

Let's fill up the place and show the Lodge how the 307th has a reunion!!!

So far the following have responded:

Wally & Pat Mitchell, "Bud" & Jan Flanik, Hank Grogan, Edward & Diane Godec, Oliver & Dottie Hinde, Wally & Peggy Whitehurst, Cecil & Maureen Brarden, James & Barbara Cone, Don, Phyllis & John Daley, H.O. & Mary Evans, "Flip" & Sandy Latham, Allan & Mary Kulikowski, Don & Angie Nigro, George & Rita Davis, Dean & Bonnie Jean Roelle, Jo Tunin, Bill & Linda Hastings, Robert Merick, Albert & Elaine Cinnamon, Johnny & Joan Clark, Roger & Dottie Beamer, Robert & Peg Jorgensen, Larry & Jan Boggess, George & Patricia Brannon, Larry & Bobbi Mau, Paul Strump, Vernon Biaett, Jim & Carolyn Carleton, Bil & Grace Carrier, Merle Hahn, Mike & Jan Gingrich, Tony & Bev Minnick, Pete & Wendy Todd, Bill & Mary Rogers, Virgil & Millie Domino, Merle & Oleita Young, Pat & Norma Patterson, Jim & Shirley Dayley, Billy & LaRee Lyons, Clarence & Charlotte Southerland, George & Wauneta Nigh, Frank & Kay Ott, Frank & Rose Wanek, Jim & Ellen Sutton, Bob & Shirley Delany, Charley Watkins, Donna Reilly and Robert Merick. If you don't see your name on the list, you haven't decided to come or failed to contact us.....**We need you!!!**

With this edition I am enclosing a questionnaire asking

YOU what you would like to do or see. To get an idea of what there is to do down there, go to www.bransontourismcenter.com for show listing and/or www.branson.com for other activity listings. For those of you who like to take in a show after dinner, there are two – Dolly Parton's DIXIE STAMPEDE and THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN. Anne and I personally lean toward the MAG. SEVEN. We are planning on a Dinner Cruise on the BRANSON BELL the evening of the 16th.

For the golfers, Branson has over a half-dozen major golf courses located in the area. Whatever you are looking for in a course, facilities that accommodate and cater to the beginning player - to the challenging fairways that would test a seasoned expert's abilities, Branson is sure to have it. Who knows there could possibly be a tournament set up.

As mentioned in the last issue, if the "Shopping Mode" strikes the ladies, there are two rather large outlet malls and the new Branson Landing shopping area along the shore of Lake Taney-como. Anne says this is the place to go. For the guys, there is a BASS PRO SHOP also located on the Landing so you can browse thru there while your lady does her thing in the other shops. There is no way to get lost, except in a store – it is one long street with stores on each side.

For the RV'ers in the group there is Tablerock State Park. To check out this site go to www.mostatetparks.com/tablerock.htm and look over the pictures and read the history of the park and surrounding area – a lot of interesting things took place here. To get the rates, other RV info. and reservations call: 417-334-4704.

We continue to ask of all our readers – **PLEASE** let me know if you are **thinking** about joining us. I need this information to start blocking additional rooms should we **surpass** the 70 we have already blocked. Please e-mail me at: abhorn@everestkc.net. If not internet capable, please drop me a post card...**This is not a binding contract!!** I just need to get a feel for the numbers.

As for the questionnaire, I would like it back **BEFORE JULY 1st, 2007** so I can work with AFRI in planning the activities and post some of the preliminary info in the July newsletter.

Remember!!! At our age time flies by rather fast when we are having fun and we tend to forget some of the important things, such as bills and **reunion stuff**.

Sooooo - Keep those cards, letters & e-mails coming!!

See y'all in Branson in 2008!!

Brent and Anne Horn
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WARNING! If you choose to read further you will encounter something with absolutely no unifying structure. Its only possible saving grace is some humor, memories and experiences centered on our time at Moron AB, Spain. If you ain't never been there, stop reading; instead we recommend you go watch Oprah.

Antique Trains and R&R Trips without Planes

The Toonerville Trolley By Mike Gingrich

Back in July 1959, those of us on the Alert Force, while lined up on the Moron Ramp awaiting Col Duch's open ranks inspection, were amazed to watch an apparition from Wild West Days appear at the south end of the runway. It took the form of a railroad train, ...of sorts. It seems that a narrow gauge track ran through the end of the overrun before entering the base supply area. At the head of the train was an ancient locomotive followed by a couple of decrepit freight cars, all of which looked like they had last been used in our Civil War to haul Union troops to battle. The train leisurely chugged through the overrun, occasionally emitting a feeble high pitched shrill "toot-toot" from its whistle. It was totally fascinating and we soon christened it "The Toonerville Trolley".

Maybe I saw it, or perhaps it's an invention of my aging but overactive imagination, but I have still a vivid mental picture of an incident involving Toonerville. One fine day, we were launching a Reflex redeploying bird, when for some reason its water alcohol was late coming on, and as a result it was using up much more runway than normal. Simultaneously, Toonerville appeared around the bend, chug chug chugging, toot toot-tooting along, at it's usual warp speed of about five miles per hour. The engineer must have looked out of his cab window to reestablish his situational awareness and observed a great aluminum beast snorting clouds of intense black smoke behind itself bearing down rapidly on his future position and well-being. What went through the engineer's mind, one can only speculate, but since the aluminum beast did not yield to the plaintive appeal of his whistle, one must assume he did not forecast a favorable outcome. With that conclusion in mind, he frantically applied the brakes accompanied by a great squealing of metal on metal, and then deciding he wanted to live to engineer another day, he leapt out of the cab over the side.

The outcome was favorable to all...Toonerville stopped short of the overrun, preserving its cargo of goodies for the base, the B-47 became airborne well before the overrun and conveyed its crew home to LAFB, and after he stopped shaking, Casey remounted to the cabin.

Then...fast forward to 1993. I was visiting a family in



The Toonerville Trolley

Madrid, whose three children I had hosted as exchange students between 1986 and 1993. One of the boys took me on a neighborhood tour to his high school, which was flanked by a pocket park. The centerpiece of the park was...lo and behold...the Toonerville Trolley...in all its glory, preserved so Spaniards could admire the bad old days, and so old Yankee Reflexers could have a memory trip. The nearby photo was then taken as a permanent memento of times past.

Riding the Malaga Express By Jarvis "Flip" Latham

Definition: REFLEX – Overseas alert duty with 3 weeks on alert and one week off for Rest and Recreation (R&R).

When our crew first started pulling Reflex duty at Moron in 1960, SAC was providing alert troops with free R&R air transportation to any city in Europe. This was a great perk and really made the whole TDY package very attractive, especially to those of us who had never been abroad.

On our very first tour, R&R destinations ranged from Copenhagen, to London, to Paris, to Palma de Majorca. But, as with many other good things in this life, the free air travel for that week off passed into history. (There is one apocryphal story that the reason the freebies were rescinded is that one of our crews put in paperwork to go to Johannesburg).

Most of us were still able to get to Palma by Gooney Bird, but for the most part, those weeks of R&R were spent much closer to Moron because of the cost of getting places. And USAF didn't pay us enough per diem to afford more than ground transportation. We took in Sevilla, of course, Barcelona, Valencia, Madrid, Rota and Malaga on the southeastern coast. My Nav, Clay Arundel and I decided on Malaga for our last R&R in Spain.

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The cheapest way to get there was by train from Sevilla. But what a train! It was a narrow gauge line that ran the approximately 150 miles with stops at almost every village and crossroad along the way. The four-car train we took had a very early 20th century European steam engine with a whistle so high-pitched that it disturbed farm animals all along the route. The passenger cars were very low-tech, mostly open and airy----which was good---because this was essentially a peasants' train and passengers would come aboard with live chickens and other produce and take the train perhaps to the next village, maybe farther.

Due to the many stops, the trip to the coast seemed to take forever. Not surprisingly we were the only Yanks on this particular excursion. At almost all stops the train would come abeam a village, take a switch to a siding that ran perpendicular to the main line, then back into the station (or single platform). Some passengers and their animals would get off and others get on---including at one point a member of Francisco Franco's Guardia Civil (the flat hats) with his always present submachine gun. Curiously he chose to sit in our compartment. We tried to be as amiable as we knew how, including exchanging some of our mild American cigarettes for some of his very strong Spanish weeds.

I think it took us about four hours from Sevilla to Malaga. We came back the same way five days later---again we were the only Gringos aboard, and again we found that we had



The scenic vista attracted our troops to Malaga?

picked up a Guardia Civil escort. By the way, we had to bring our own refreshments as there were no porters or bar car.

I don't remember much about our week in Malaga, buy I'll never forget the train ride there and back.

Malaga Nightmare

By Pete Todd

Chapter 1

The year is unimportant. The names are irrelevant. Some other details have faded away due to time and the loss of uncounted millions of brain cells from a "fatal" heart attack (full arrest in the ambulance), several mini-strokes and prodigious quantities of beverage alcohol consumed over the years. But the essential elements of the following account are burned indelibly into my memory. It's a cautionary tale whose subtext might well be the old maxim that no good deed goes unpunished.

It began innocently enough as an R&R from the fearsome rigors of Reflex alert at Morón Air Base near Sevilla. For reasons I can't recall (maybe airlift, maybe the nervous aftermath of the Cuban Missile Crisis), everyone's preferred R&R destination, Palma de Mallorca, wasn't available. So two or three crews climbed aboard a creaky old Gooney Bird and headed south to the Malaga and Torremolinos tourist region for six days of sun and fun.

It was a nice area, but to give you an idea of the "action," the most exciting thing I remember about that R&R was seeing (and smelling) the consequences of plugging a US-made electric clock into a Spanish wall receptacle. (Lieutenants! Ya gotta love 'em.)

So it was with no pangs of loss that I rejoined the crews at the hotel pick-up point for the return flight to our base. However, while awaiting transportation, I was surprised to discover that one of the bachelor crewmembers had rented a car while in Torremolinos and planned to drive back to Morón that night, allowing himself another half day of fun and frolic in southern Spain.

Ordinarily, this wouldn't have aroused any great alarm, except that this lad, who shall be forever nameless, but whom we will hereafter refer to as "Speedy," had a reputation among the crew force for being a pretty wild drinker — and he was **already** half in the bag at noon! I expressed my concern to his other crewmembers and was pretty directly told to butt out.

Convinced that this was an accident waiting to happen, I asked Speedy if he'd mind if I rode back with him that night, to which he somewhat woozily agreed. I told my crew to fly back in the Gooney Bird without me and I'd drive Speedy and myself back, arriving well before changeover the next morning. I arranged with Speedy to meet him at 1800 sharp that evening and off we all went on our separate ways.

Chapter 2

I was getting more than a little nervous by 1830 when Speedy still hadn't showed up at the hotel. Finally, to my relief, he staggered into sight and I knew we still had plenty of time for

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the trip. However, my relief was short-lived when I saw the perplexed expression on his face. The reason Speedy was late, he informed me, was that he had been searching for the key to the car. He'd left the car parked (unlocked) in the hotel parking lot during the day and had put the key somewhere. In his alcoholic haze, he just couldn't remember where. He'd been looking EVERYWHERE!

By now, my nervousness was progressing rapidly into full pucker mode. We had a car without a key, the rental office was closed, AAA doesn't have a branch in Malaga, there was no overnight public transportation available between Malaga and Sevilla, we had to go on alert in less than 12 hours and we had neither the knowledge nor the dexterity to hotwire the car. (We tried.)

Speedy was wandering unsteadily in little circles, muttering, "Where could I have left it?" over and over. My jaws were getting tighter by the minute, but eventually I hit upon the only alternative we had: I found a taxi driver who was willing to drive us to Morón!

In other circumstances, that might have been the end of the brief story: long taxi ride and a bagful of pesetas, but back in time to stay out of jail. Unfortunately, it wasn't going to be that easy.

Chapter 3

The complications included distance, terrain, road conditions, and the mental state of our kamikaze taxi driver. As to distance, I estimate Malaga is about 150 miles from Sevilla as the crow flies. Problem is, we couldn't go like a crow. The coastal mountains in southern Spain are daunting at the best of times: steep, frequent switchback curves, spotty signage. The road system in that part of the country might be better now, but in the early 60s the roads were narrow, potholed, and frequented by every sort of vehicle from BMWs to tractors, not to mention livestock of varying sizes (yes, even at night). All in all, a sporty daytime ride on the straight-away. In the mountains at night with no headlights, a veritable nightmare!

Yeah, you read it right: no headlights. Among other life-enriching lessons I gained that night was the realization that all Spanish taxi drivers believe headlights are an expensive and frivolous waste of energy to be used only in the direst of circumstances. While we were in town on the way north, this was only mildly disconcerting. When we hit the mountain roads with the city lights only a faint glow behind us, I was positively petrified.

To make matters worse, I had emphasized the need for speed and the driver had taken me at my word. We were doing Talladega with the lights out. When I politely commented on the headlight situation, the driver muttered, "La luna es

brillante." I responded through clenched teeth that I didn't care how bright the moon was so he grudgingly turned on the lights — in the S-turns.

Like most of us aviators, I've had my share of frightening experiences. I've been shot at, been canopy-to-canopy with another B-47 in weather, landed with a live bomb hanging by one toggle in my bomb bay, etc. But I have **NEVER** been as frightened and as sure of my imminent death as I was that night in the mountains of southern Spain. I was so certain that the taxi was destined to plunge off the cliff on one of the blind curves that I did the only rational thing possible: I went to sleep! (Speedy had passed out before we reached the city limits and was blissfully unaware of any of this drama.)

I awoke some hours later, surprised to be alive and exhilarated to see the split beam beacon of Morón Air Base winking at me in the pre-dawn darkness. We had made it with less than an hour to spare! And so, in the end, it was indeed a long taxi ride and a bagful of pesetas, but back in time to stay out of jail — and an experience that will stay with me until my dying day.

Epilog

Our little adventure caused a fair amount of amusement among the alert crews when the word spread. There was a bitter word or two sent my way from Speedy's crew because I had declined to split the taxi bill with him. I suppose reasonable people can disagree over my decision, but told his crew quite bluntly that he's lucky I didn't pay the **WHOLE** bill — after chucking him over one of the cliffs that we were traversing due to his boneheaded negligence. Pretty soon, everyone was friends again.



32142 in 1959. Who crewed this one?

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.

Around the Wing

There's no gettin' around it, this column is always a mixture of bad and good news about our people and endeavors. But, at our age ya gotta let the chips fall where they may. First, some good news...

Back in October, a dream of many years was realized when the Air Force Memorial was dedicated in Arlington, Virginia. Many of us contributed financially to the project and supposedly our names are somewhere there engraved for perpetuity. It is truly beautiful and captures the spirit of the Air Force. There have been many good photographs depicting it. One of the best, a striking nighttime view, is shown nearby.

Tom Pauza recently found us, or maybe we found him, who knows...at our age who has perfect memory? Anyway, he wrote a nice note, reprinted below:

"I'm writing to tell you how much I enjoyed the November issue of the 307th Bomb Wing Newsletter. I was particularly pleased to see Glen Hessler enjoying the perks of retirement. Glen and I were in the 370 BSq in the mid 50s. We were not very close but I always considered him a friend because he was that kind of person, amiable, personable and a damn good AC."

"My memory was really jostled when I read the fuel pit incident. If that was the one where a full wing tank was dropped on the hanger and fuel pit, well, my Alert B-47 was parked about 200 yards from the pit. Needless to say, Jeff Finch and I spent a little pucker time while we got the engines started and taxied the airplane away from the inferno to the opposite side of the airfield."

"The Starkweather story is another experience I will never forget. The anxiety that was caused by this killer during the few days he ran amok in the Lincoln area is unforgettable. In telling my side of the episode, I like to inject a little humor: I was on Alert at the base during the height of Starkweathers' rampage. I called home to see how Anita and the kids were doing. She said "We're doing fine. Mary (Watt) and Gail (Mulkey), our neighbors, are here and we're having coffee. We've locked the doors of the house, parked the car outside, unlocked, and left the keys in it." I asked her, why? She replied, "If Starkweather is in the neighborhood and he is looking for a car, we don't want him coming in the house to look for the keys"."



"Please extend our best to all we knew while serving in the 307th.. Anita and I have found a home near our 5 children, 17 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren in Duluth Minnesota. All are well and working hard to fulfill their dreams." ...Sincerely, Tom and Anita Pauza

Bev Minnick received this note from **Christine Peterson**, having heard from her a couple times since husband, Holger "Pete" deceased 10-04 This is a really horrible story. Bev had written to Chris when her Newsletter was returned.

Dear Bev, Thank you for the note. Sorry about the mix-up. Glad to see you caught it. I was on a trip to Europe - part cruise - part land. The last day of travel I got deathly ill, almost died.

Was a bacteria that got into my blood. Flesh eating got to the part of my brain that controls sight. Ate that away - consequently I'm declared legally blind. I can see thru my right eye enough to get by on. Then it attacked my heart valve - 45 days in the hospital. That's when the mail got screwed up. My son Peter had my mail transferred to CA so he could pay my bills. Was a mess for awhile. Anyway it is all sorted out now. (I am getting ready to go back to COLORADO SPRINGS. Needless to say I get depressed at times so really enjoy the Bomb Wing news. My new address will be 12105 Ambassador Drive #102 Colorado Springa, CO 80921. Moving first part of January.

Chaplain Jan C. Walker, who delivered the invocation at our 1996 reunion, has moved back home to Pa. His new address is: 1063 Mosser Rd., Apt. I-107, Breinigsville, Pa. 18031.

Judy Walker writes: We are glad to be back with all our family as our traveling days are over. Jan's health is holding, but he is not strong enough to make any more adventures far from home. This move went well, but we are glad to be resettled now closer to all our family. Hope all of you had a wonderful Christmas and were able to enjoy the company of family and friends. Please keep us on the Bomb Wing newsletter. We like reading about what is going on with the Wing. ...Thanks and God's blessings, Jan and Judy Walker

Sky King Sky King : Where are you?
History Book update from Mike Hill

The research for the History of the 307th Bomb Wing is going very well. We have answered a lot of the questions that we had to deal with. At present I have started writing the longhand first draft and I am currently working on 1960.

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To those who have answered my pleas for help, a big THANK YOU for your efforts. We want the history to be well balanced with the memories of everyone. With that in mind, I really need more memories from the flight crews about flying with the 307th. We need recollections of flying routine missions, Reflex, ORI missions etc. Any "hairy" moments in the air or on the ground.

Please take a moment and give us a memory of what it was like to be a SAC Crew Dog. Like I said, we want the history to be a balanced work with memories from all aspects of the Wing, so take a moment and jot your memories down. I really need your help to make the history of the 307th as complete as possible.

Mike Hill, SAC BRAT

Can Anyone Help With Info?

I was on the flight crew that made an emergency refueling with a KC-97 from the 307th ARS of an RB-47 in late 1957 from Thule Greenland in result of saving the the RB-47 while creating a short fuel supply for us causing a emergency landing with only 600 pounds of fuel remaining. Does anyone have the names of the crew members of that RB-47 and are they still alive? Thanks, **Harold Beucus**, (mrducks38@yahoo.com) Radio Operator 307th ARS 1955 to 1959

On the event of President Ford's funeral ceremonies in Michigan, Bud Flanik writes:

Hank Grogan's son, Dale, and his grandson, Colin, who live in Grand Rapids, were two of the four candle bearers at today's funeral services for President Ford in the Church in Grand Rapids.

Bud wrote to Hank: ... I immediately recognized Dale. He looks a lot like Jane. Your grandson looks like his daddy. The best shot we saw on MSNBC was during the Recessional, following the church service. I do hope you are able to get a picture of them in the procession with President Ford's flag draped casket behind them. Beautiful picture.

What a fantastic memory for your entire family. Especially for your grandson. I have watched almost all of the funeral ceremonies since they started in Palm Springs. The hardest part for me is the music, which has been perfect. Brought more than a single tear to my eyes over the past few days.

Hank....brag away about this. It is a real, and RARE, honor for your boy. How did both your son and grandson get chosen to be candle bearers? You and Jane can be super proud.

It was hard to avoid watching these solemn ceremonies, and we concur heartily in Bud's comments to Hank.

Helping Out the 98th

Gentlemen: I was stationed at LAFB from 1962-Aug,1965, attached to the 98th Bomb wing. Along with other duties I

managed the SAC Aero Club for a couple of years. I flew alot with a Navigator who was insturmental in steering me into an aviation career. His name was **George "Bud" Martin** and the last I knew he was with the 307th PACCS. I was discharged in Aug,1965. I would appreciate any help that you might be able to give me in locating him. ...Sincerly, Capt. **Fred Ferguson** / Retired

Thanks to Bud Martin's inspiration, Fred went on to fly a full career with the airlines! We think we succeeded in putting Fred in touch with Bud.

Reassignment of BRIG GEN FRANK J. KISNER

FROM: Deputy Director, Strategic Planning and Policy, J5, Headquarters United States Pacific Command, Camp H. M. Smith, HI

TO: Director, Force Structure, Requirements, Resource and Strategic Assessment, United States Special Operations Command, MacDill AFB, FL

We share the Senior Frank Kisner's pride in the accomplishments of his son.

From an email to the 307th website...can anyone help out?

I am researching the crash of a B-47 February 20, 1963 southwest of New Ulm MN. As I recall there were at least three casualties in the crash. The farm I grew up on was nearby and I visited the site as a small boy. Washington Post reports that the plane was based in Lincoln. My father told me that it was on practice bombing run targeting rail cars on a siding near Heron Lake MN. Could not find anything on your fantastic site. Any information or direction you could give me would be greatly appreciated.

Best Regards, Brad Krehbiel, Lake City, MN
krehbs@rconnect.com

From Dale Christians regarding Social Security benefits

I received this from a retired military friend and it may be worth checking out if you have or when you do apply for social security. This is not a joke or a hoax. Be sure your social security rep takes care of this for you.

There is a little known program/benefit for people who've served in the military prior to Jan 2002. In a nutshell it boils down to this:

Credited for years of active duty through 2001 (the program was done away with in January 2002) Up to \$1200 per year of earnings credit (see websites below for more detail)

Credited at time of application:

Bring in DD-214 to Social Security Office - you must ask for this benefit to receive it!

Soc Sec website: <http://www.socialsecurity.gov/retire2/military.htm>

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For those of you who did not have this info it is something to put in your files for when you apply for Social Security down the road. It is not just for retirees but anyone who has served on active duty prior to January 2002.

A month or two ago, from his hacienda in Greenville, Texas, **Gene Earley** called up to kibbitz a bit. You may recall that Gene served as CO of the 371st Bomb Squadron, but for a number of years before that he was a B-47 IP at McConnell AFB, of which he had several stories to tell.

His favorite story is about a fellow IP who took a student AC up for an air refueling mission. After the offload had been completed the IP in the back seat was fully engrossed in updating the fuel log (a primary copilot duty). In short time, the silence was broken by the student AC calling on the intercom with "IP, we lost an engine". No response from the IP. Again, "IP, we lost an engine". This time the IP responded "Don't bother me right now, I'm working the fuel log. Just retard the throttle and pull the fire button". Then, "IP, we really lost an engine, number six has left the airplane". Well, that got the IP's attention and he gazed out where number 6 was supposed to be and saw only some dangling plumbing and wires. It's nice to know they made a safe landing and some Kansas farmer had an unsolicited pile of scrap aluminum.

Then, in all it's wisdom, the SAC safety investigators decided that henceforth, in order to prevent confusion, in circumstances whereupon an engine ceases to operate, it should be referred to by all as

"Engine Failure" rather than "Lost an Engine".

Gene also spoke of his artistic days, when living in Albuquerque, with a magnificent vista of the mountains, he painted an eight foot square mural which he hung on his patio trellis. As can be seen in the nearby reproduction, it shows a desert view of the mountains, with a B-47 being refueled in flight. Gene insists, if you look closely you can see that it is him in the cockpit of the B-47 !

Another can't remember who told us, but Bolling Lake is to be rehabbed this year by either the State or City Parks people along with a mention of improving the water flow and restocking the game fish.

And, our teller of tales, **Ernie Pence** tells us he has remarried and the good times resume. His bride is the former State Senator from Milligan, Jeanne Combs, and they were married in Estes Park, Colorado in the autumn. Congrats to Ernie & Jeanne.

We don't yet have full details, but **Ken Tarwater** has written of a former 307th guy, **George Sisler**, who joined the Army after leaving the Air Force. George became a Green Beret, was commissioned, but unfortunately lost his life on a mission in Laos. For his action in saving the lives of the men under him, George was posthumously awarded the **Medal Of Honor**. The award citation can be seen on the web, and both Tarwater and Mike Hill are working to assemble more background information for us.

Some years ago, the Air Force Museum Friend's Journal had an article about **Charles Lindbergh** and his post World War II work for the Air Force in establishing bases in northeast Canada and Greenland. One of the photos in that article showed some of the AF people who worked with them, and therein appeared a young **Walter F "Buddy" Duch**, who later became commander of the 424th BS and Wing DCM. Several years ago, in a conversation with **Peggy Duch**, the Dukes widow, she was asked

about this, and she laughingly responded: "Then, there was the night Lindbergh came to dinner". As Peggy tells it, it was late on a Sunday afternoon when the Duke called and said he was bringing Lindbergh home to dinner. Peggy was mortified, because of minimal food stocks in the house, it was Sunday, the commissary was closed, and there was no place she could go buy anything fit to serve an individual of Lindbergh's eminence.

Checking the pantry, she found some spaghetti (an old AF standby) and the makings of meat sauce. The meal was prepared, Lindbergh showed up at the house, pleasant conversation ensued and dinner was served. Peggy concluded "Lindbergh loves spaghetti !". All is well that ends well.

Not long ago, **G'Nell Gilstrap** sent us a collection of high quality old black & white photos taken over the period 1956-1958 which show her deceased husband, **Billy J Gilstrap**, in various locales around LAFB. In addition to picturing Billy, who was well known to most crew members of that period, they show such things as the crew lounge, C-11 simulator, PE, and the T-1A gunnery trainer. Several are displayed nearby in this issue.

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Patches Now Available. In the past we have had many people ask where they could get a 307th BW patch or a SAC patch, and we had to respond that we had no source of patches. Well, **Jim Villa** and friend **Bobbi Karsteter** have fixed that. They have located a patch maker and had a few prototypes made and are ready to take orders. You can find the full particulars and view the patches on the 307th website at 307bwassoc.org. Just look down the left hand side of the home page and click where you see “patches now available” and that will bring up the “patch page” for your viewing pleasure.

Other folks in recent touch were: Al Opitz, Stan States, Tom Read (son of Col Pete Read), Jan Campbell, Marv Lundgren, Jim Metzgar, Bill Rogers, Adam Mizinski, John Herder, Jack Frost, Wally Whitehurst, Anne King, Jim Moon, & Bruce Stufflebeam.



Above. Gilstrap, unidentified, and Big Mo Morrison, 1956.
Below. C-11 flight simulator session, 1956.



Heller, Gilstrap, Short, October 1956.



Above. May 1956. Gilstrap on left, others unidentified.
Who are they?
Left. At the T-1A tail gun trainer, 1958/

**Fire on the Refueling Pits, 17
November 1956
By Bob Cox
(written for his High School
Newsletter)**

Remember the Suez crisis in the mid 50's ? SAC (Strategic Air Command) had been placed on full alert, the top readiness prior to full-scale war. I was recently assigned as a 2nd Lt. to a B-47 combat squadron as a co-pilot. As low man on rank and not yet part of a combat crew, I was given the job of supervising the topping off with fuel the aircraft that had to be started each day. We had two wings at the base, loaded, ready for launch, with full complement of H-bombs that numbered well over 100 aircraft. You are talking big potential explosion here.

Just at dusk my crew and I were finishing off the refueling when a huge explosion took place 100 yards away with two B-47's involved in flame. As we were the only persons close I told my crew "lets go" as there were two aircraft and a Coleman pulling vehicle with at least eight men enveloped in the flames. As I was running toward the burning men and equipment I glanced back to see my crew running the other way, a very lonesome feeling. However, they saw that the best action was to move ALL aircraft away from the fire, but what did I know? Thanks big guy for sergeants who knew what to do at a time like that. As I arrived near the aircraft I saw men on fire so I used my parka and jacket to put out the flames on their clothing. I turned off the master refueling pumps, and as they arrived, helped the injured into the emergency vehicle.

Each B-47 had 14,000 gallons of fuel on board, as well as possibly an H-Bomb containing 5000 pounds plus high explosive. We am talking Big Bang here, big enough to set off ALL the aircraft and bombs on the base. What saved us all? The burning aircraft were not loaded with H-Bombs, the only two on the base, luck was on our side. The cause of the accident and fire was a National Guard jet also on

alert duty. He had landed on the refueling/taxi ramp in error: for some reason the pilot had become confused by the setting sun at dusk and the parallel ramps while doing touch and go landings. Seven died in the fire and the two surviving were badly burned but they fully recovered.

If any aircraft with an H-Bomb exploded the result would have been no Lincoln, Nebraska today. There would not have been a hydrogen atomic explosion but the contamination would have reached over 400 miles. Early the next morning after the flames had burned themselves out, I finally went back to my Squadron Headquarters and as I entered the room, they thought they were seeing a ghost! My metal identification tags and parka had been found burned at the fire, and ALL had been notified of my demise. Premature as this announcement was, nevertheless all were glad to see their newest member return, as was Genelle and the Dog.

**Tales from the Toolbox
by Paul Koski**

Our First Aircraft

The word was out that we were to receive our first aircraft. Several of us had been farmed out to the 98th for several months, getting OJT on their aircraft, B-47-E models; we were looking forward to working on our own planes.

We had a big fanfare the day our aircraft arrived. We were in our class "A" blues and had formed up on the South side of the Jumbo hangar. The commander had a flat bed truck, with an audio system installed so he could address the troops and VIPs.

You know the USAF is famous for hurry up and wait, this was no exception. The aircraft was a half an hour late. When the commander was notified that the aircraft was on the ground and would be parking behind the crowd, he started his speech, "What a great day it was for the 307th, etc.

The aircraft taxied in and instead of cheers, there was dead silence. We had been working on the 98th aircraft that were "E" models, brand new, right from the factory. With white paint on the bottom and shiny new skin on top, clean as a whistle. They were like a new car with that new car smell and no big maintenance problems.

This thing that taxied in was like a bad dream. It looked like an ugly duckling. It was a "B" model that another wing had used for training. It had red doors on the forward landing gear and the wings were green and the whole aircraft looked dirty. What we didn't know was the green was primer coating and they didn't have time to finish painting it silver.

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Treasurer's Report			
307th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association			
Ending Balance from last report October 17, 2006:		\$7,767.42	
	<u>Expenses</u>	<u>Deposits</u>	
General Fund Balance			\$7767.42
Expenses:			
Admin/Equip/Supplies	126.63		
Web Site	54.01		
Postage	263.77		
Printing	581.93		
USPS Annual Fee	160.00		
	-1186.34		-1186.34
			6581.08
Income:			
Donations		410.00	
Interest on account		6.01	
		416.01	+ 416.01
Ending Balance February 2, 2007			6997.09
Tony Minnick, Treasurer			

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Needless to say the commander's speech wasn't too well received. In fact he was a little taken back by the aircraft's appearance. When someone asked why the 98th got new aircraft and we got hand me downs. His answer, I thought was very good, even if we weren't to happy with it, "We are in a training mode and when we can show what we can do to make these planes combat ready, then we will get new aircraft. Until that time comes, we will bring these aircraft up to the 307th and USAF standards." We learned a lot about how to maintain these aircraft, more that we would have if we had received new ones. I think the 98th was at a disadvantage by receiving new aircraft, since they didn't have any real big maintenance problems until later. Even though the 98th was a sister wing we out performed them at every turn, especially on ORIs. We eventually received new "E" models and did we fall in love with them. I guess that's why we referred to the aircraft as a "she".

We can be proud of the way these aircraft were maintained and equally proud of the flight crews that flew them.

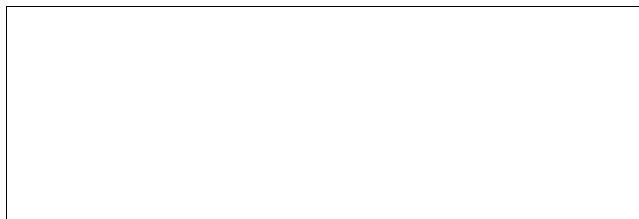
Ether It Starts, Or It Don't

We were at Greenham Common RAF base, England, and it was just before Xmas. England had the worst snowfall in 100 years or so they said on the radio, with two to three feet of snow and drifts up to six feet. They said "they were having trouble getting milk to London." Since England hadn't had any measurable snow falls in many years, the Air Force in their wisdom had sent all the big snowplows to northern Spain. Their winters were by far harder than England's. We did have some 6X trucks with snow blades attached but their priorities were the runways and taxiways. We had the task of shoveling out the aircraft, which took the better part of the day. I don't know if they changed our alert status, but we sure couldn't launch any aircraft for a while. The only vehicle we had that could get through the

snowdrifts was a EUCLID tow tractor, it was heavy enough and with the large tires could go anywhere.

The EUCLID had sat outside the alert area over night and being a diesel it wouldn't start. The starting instructions said to give a squirt of ether into the intake manifold, which we did but it still wouldn't start; we gave it a longer squirt about 30 seconds, you know a little is good, but a lot is better. They tried to start it again; well there was a muffler on the side of the cab, it was about three feet long, when the engine fired it also backfired and that muffler went up in the air like a rocket. No one was hurt but it sure made a lot of noise.

I had to take the tractor back to the motor pool for exchange. The sergeant in charge said "You used too much ether, didn't you." I explained to him I had nothing to do with the damage, that I was only instructed to exchange it. I don't think he believed me but I got another tractor anyway.



**Dated Material
Return Service Requested**

**307th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association
5920 Robin Court
Lincoln, NE 68516**

