

ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

NUMBER 55

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

JULY 2008

President's Column

Another Winner!

Kudos to our hard-working Reunion Chairman, Brent Horn, and his energetic wife and assistant, Anne, for an enjoyable and smoothly run reunion. The success of the Eleventh Standup reflects their frequent trips to Branson for face-to-face, hands on management of the countless details inherent in running a gathering such as this. On behalf of all the members who attended, I extend our appreciation for a job superlatively done.

Branson was all we expected and more. Veterans of many trips and first-timers alike had more than enough choices for entertainment, dining and shopping. Despite an unusual number of last-minute dropouts for health and other emergencies, we had a large and lively turnout. By careful cost control plus the generous donations of many members, we replenished our treasury sufficiently to cover our printing and other recurring expenses for the next couple of years. About the only thing that went wrong was the reappearance of the Haunted Bus with the sclerotic air conditioner that seems to follow us from reunion to reunion!

With all the activities during the week, it's hard to pick a single highlight, but right up near the top was the presentation by Frank and Delores Kisner's charismatic daughter, Col Janet August-

tine, at our banquet. Everyone was captivated by her articulate retrospective on growing up during our Lincoln years and beyond and the values she gained that shaped her life and career. Behind her speech, however, was more drama than most of the audience knew.

We had originally approached her older brother, B/Gen Frank Kisner, Jr., who has extensive experience in special operations, as our guest speaker and he had tentatively accepted. Then, barely a month before the reunion, Frank was tapped for a short-notice reassignment to Germany for a bigger job and, ultimately, a second star. What to do?

I recalled having met and being deeply impressed with Janet some years before when she was a bright and fast-rising young major at the Air Force Academy, so I called her and asked if she would join us in Frank's stead. She accepted at once, even though she is a senior officer with a demanding job, a single mom with a teen-aged daughter and was about to be tasked with an important special project. Oh, did I forget to mention that she's stationed in Ogden, Utah?

So on Saturday morning at oh-dark thirty, she got on a plane (at her own expense), flew to Springfield, rented a car, drove to Branson, ironed a blouse and blew everyone at the banquet away

with her presence, insights and charm. Then on Sunday morning, she reversed course and went back home. Truly a class act! But what else would you expect from the Kisner gene pool?

The business meeting yielded two important decisions. First, the group decided almost by acclamation to hold our next reunion in Dayton (14-19 June, 2010). The fact that Mike Gingrich and Bud Flanik had greased the skids with the USAF Museum and everyone else in town probably helped.

Second, I acknowledged my own mortality and that of the other Association leaders. I am concerned that we have too many "single point failure" risks. In case of illness, disability or death, we need to have trained backups/assistants for the most critical functions of our association, including newsletter publishing, website management, database and mailing list maintenance, financial responsibility, etc. Ignoring years of USAF training, Earl Hill actually volunteered to chair a committee to identify and recruit people who can help ensure continuity of operations as we age. Please contact him either by telephone (503-543-0251) or e-mail (eehill@centurytel.net) and offer your assistance where you can. This is important.

Best regards to all. Everybody keep well and plan on Dayton in 2010.

Pete Todd

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

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Billy Williams, 5546 Enterprise Drive, Lincoln, NE 68521. Phone 402-438-6061. Email: jeanbill@windstream.net

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: LarryJanB@gmail.com.

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

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

Dayton 2010 Reunion Co-Chairmen:
Roger "Bud" Flanik, 3207 Zephyr Dr, Dayton OH 45414. Phone 937-277-8285. Email: airbud@aol.com.
Mike Gingrich, 2527 Greenlefe Dr, Beavercreek OH 45431. Phone 937-426-5675. Email: mikegingri@cs.com.

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.

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.

Back in Touch

Benjamin A Brown, 119 N Maple Lane, Ashgrove, MO 65604.

Lee Cullimore, 203 Cornett Dr, Lake Ozark, MO 65049-4805

Edmund G Saler, N13749 ILA Rd, Wausaukee, WI 54177

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THE PROP

The jets fly faster than the speed of sound, and with a roar they also go high,
But until you've sat behind a propeller,
You'll never know what it's like to fly.

Your jet will climb to thousands of feet,
five hundred miles is just a short hop.
But you haven't really seen the earth go by,
until you see it through a spinning prop.

Oh, I've flown those supersonic jets,
and went faster than the speed of sound,
but that didn't give me as much of a thrill.
as when that propeller pulled me off the ground.

So you jet pilots enjoy your modern jets,
you also have your place in the sky,
But unless you've watched a propeller turn,
you've really missed what it's like to fly.

Robert L. King Lt. Col. USAF ret.



The Last Flight

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

George H Adams, ARS, San Marcos CA, 2003.

Jean Adams, San Marcos CA, 20 September 2006.

William E Bifford, 371st BS, Rogue City OR, 30 November 2007.

Janice Bolton, Chicago IL, date unknown.

Carl D Bottrell, ARS, Palm Bay FL, 2003.

Nancy Corti, Portsmouth NH, 9 February 2008.

Eugene F Cranston, FMS, East Concord NY, 19 April 2007

Willis Earl Eastabrooks, 371st BS, Houston TX, 2 June 2008.

Bernard P Fabritz, 372nd BS, OMS, Chandler AZ, 7 March 2008.

John A Gimenez, ARS, Auburn NE, 29 August 2007.

John H Green Sr, ARS, date unknown.

Dottie Hinde, Virginia Beach VA, 23 November 2007.

Hugh Johnston, Garland TX, 2 January 2007.

Lucille Kohlscheen, Orlando FL, 16 August 2007.

Larry Masters, Raymond NE, 5 September 2005.

William J "Mac" McCarthy, 370th BS, Colorado Springs CO, 9 June 2008.

Leon J Siems, 424thBS, 3 November 2007.

Marjorie Scharf, Rancho Cordova CA, 8 April 2008.

*I heard the voice of the Lord, saying,
Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?
Then said I, Here I am; send me. Isaiah 6:8*



As this is our final article for the newsletter. Anne and I are very pleased with the turnout we had – a total of 147 (per AFRI sign in sheets). From the feedback we received you all had a good time, saw several shows

other than Shoji Tabuchi and the Showboat Branson Bell. I even heard that a few of you checked out the Branson Landing – hope you came home with a few dollars in your pockets. The Lodge went all out for us, especially in the area of the Hospitality Room. WHAT A DEAL!! They even threw in a piano player for a couple of nights. I only heard about one complaint about the Lodge – someone said their room was TOO LARGE..HA! HA!. In closing, Anne and I would like to thank all of you who came and made this a reunion we will not forget. SEE YOU ALL IN DAYTON IN 2010!!

Thanks for coming, Brent & Anne Horn

Branson 2008 Reunion Attendees

Jim & Bidda Adams, Col Janet Augustine, Dick & Eloise Arens, Charles & Peggy Baker, Roger & Dottie Beamer, Bill Bedinger, Larry & Jan Boggess, RT and (nephew) Dan Boykin, Gaylen & Betty Brocka, Earl & Ida Buys, Jim & Carolyn Carlton, Bill & Grace Carrier, James & Elaine Cinnamon, Ray & Esther Coley, Jim & Barbara Cone, Brenda Harmon & Cheryl Cook, Dallas & Julie Crosby, Don, Phyllis and John Daley, Bob & Shirley Delany, Dick & Mary Delaney, Mike & Judy DeCarlo, Virgil Domino, HO & Mary Evans, William & Joan Filipula, Bud & Jan Flanik, James & Ethel Flavin, Jim & Judy Gardner, Richard & Barbara Goodson, Larry Hall, Earl Hill, Elvin & Pat Hills, Bob & Gwen Hansen, Joe Wratten & Mary Lou Higdon, Elmo & Pat Hills, Brent & Anne Horn, Don & Ginny Johnson, Harry & Carol Jones, Paul Koski, Al “Ski” & Mary Kulikowski, Don & BJ Ladley, Jerry & Penny Lanning, Flip & Sandy Latham, Elwood & Sharon Leonard, Billy & LaRee Lyons, Bob & Doreen Matich, Pete & Pat McKay, F C McMillin, Tony & Bev Minnick, Wally & Pat Mitchell, George & Wauneta Nigh, Don & Angie Nigro, Frank & Kathryn Ott, Jerry & Helen Otten, Willard Owensby, Clarence & Joyce Padgett, Paul & Grace Palmer, Tom & Lori Parson, Pat & Norma Patterson, Gerry & Beverly Ridley, Bill & Mary Rogers, James & Helen Rusher, Edmund Saler, Clayton & Rose Scott, Les Shobe, Jerry & Joan Sparks, Stan & Irene States, Jim & Ellen Sutton, Ken Tarwater, TR Taylor, Tim & Gladys Timmons, Pete & Wendy Todd, Norm Tilton, Doug & Pat Valen, Jim Villa, Les & Emilie Walrath, Phillip & Ida Mae Walters, Frank & Rose Wanek, Charley Watkins, Jim & Donna Whalen, Wally & Peg Whitehurst, Bill & Jane Williams, Joseph Wratten.

Branson – 307th Business Meeting Minutes 17 May 2008

The meeting opened with the Pledge of Allegiance led by President Pete Todd.

WELCOME & RECOGNITION

Pete Todd introduced himself for the benefit of any attendees who didn't know him. The only surviving founding member of the organization, Billy Williams, was recognized and thanked for being part of the original group that started the 307th reunion process.

A show of hands revealed three first time attendees, who were also warmly welcomed. Our reunion chairman, Brent Horn, was not present to be recognized as he had taken his wife, Anne, to the local hospital for treatment. Vice President Mike Gingrich, our Webmaster and newsletter editor, was also not in attendance because of a respiratory infection. Bev Minnick and Jan Boggess were recognized for their work in maintaining membership data. Treasurer Tony Minnick and Secretary Larry Boggess were also thanked for their assistance.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Our balance is \$4695.22. The fund usually goes up after reunions and depletes during the time in between due to newsletter publishing costs. Both postage and printing costs have increased. Contributions are our main source of income since the Association has no dues.

OLD BUSINESS

History Projects.

Version 1 of RT Boykin's DVD project debuted at the Charleston reunion and is mostly of flying pictures and stories. A computer problem has prevented the release of version 2. He is looking for inputs of pictures, movies, and stories that you might be willing to share. A copy of the media would be the best way to provide input (be sure to tell RT if you want your input returned). If possible, send input to him via email (dru_rt92@sbcglobal.net) and eliminate the return problem. Mike Hill, a SAC brat, has written a History of the 307th, which is due to be published soon.

When both of these heritage projects are completed, we will approach the IRS again and attempt to secure 501(c)(3) tax status. This will allow members to take a tax deduction for their contributions to the Association.

NEW BUSINESS

Email access. On a hand count, about 7 people (out of approximately 60 in attendance) did not have email. Those with email were encouraged to keep their addresses current. Most have broadband and there were 3 or 4 without a website password. These members were invited to contact any of the Association officers for assistance.

Memory Book. The memory book this year will be self-published as opposed to a commercial effort and will cost about

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\$14.00. The cost and instructions for ordering will be in the July newsletter. Wally (Mr. Kodak) Whitehurst and Pete Todd volunteered to handle photos since Mike Gingrich was unable to attend. Organizational photos were scheduled for immediately after the meeting in the lobby, and individual/couples/family photos were scheduled for the banquet room starting at 4:30 pm. Attendees were encouraged to email candid shots to Pete or Mike for inclusion in the memory book. Candid must have a caption.

Long Term Leadership. As we are all getting older, Pete Todd suggested that we develop a “shadow cabinet” to assist and back up those in leadership roles. A three person nominating committee is to be established to identify and recruit volunteers. Earl Hill (503-543-0256 or email (eehill@centurytel.net) volunteered to serve as chairman and would welcome any help. The Association needs back-up capability for current officers, especially in the case of Mike Gingrich, who handles both the website and the newsletter.

Election of Association Officers. It was motioned and seconded that the following slate of officers would serve until the next business meeting in 2010: President: Pete Todd; Vice President: Mike Gingrich; Secretary: Larry Boggess; and Treasurer: Tony Minnick. The motion carried unanimously.

Reunion 2010. Bud Flanik gave a run-down of the preparations that he and Mike Gingrich had already made for a possible Dayton reunion. They had started with a May date, but due to a conflict with the Air Force Museum, they had to change to a June date. June 14 through 19 were proposed as the reunion dates with a dinner at the museum on Tuesday the 15th, a dinner cruise in Cincinnati, and, if possible, a tour of the Wright Brothers home. They chose the Holiday Inn as the reunion site. No alternative site was suggested. It was moved and seconded to hold the 2010 reunion in Dayton and passed unanimously.

Other.

- It was suggested that a get-well card be sent to Mike Gingrich. Attendees signed the card at the banquet.
- Billy Williams volunteered to work with Tony Minnick as a shadow treasurer.
- There was some discussion about the ARS. They do have their own reunion, and few ARS people attended our Branson reunion. There was discussion about attracting new members and making people aware of our association. Tom Parson sends out a VFW newsletter in Rapid City; he will insert an announcement about the 307th in hopes that we might get new members. It was suggested that attendees who participate in other relevant organizations do the same. Our membership stays about 1100, which is about what we had in the beginning. Each year there are new members and we lose some to old age. RT Boykin suggested that everyone send 10 emails to others, to get new members and to

increase the attendance at the reunions. It was also mentioned that emails should be sent with blind copies to eliminate the long list of addresses and to protect privacy.

- Brent and Anne Horn returned from the hospital and the passing of the fur-lined pot to Bud Flanik for the Dayton reunion took place.

There being no further business for the Association, the meeting was adjourned.

Around the Wing

Glen Hesler's daughter, Nancy, tells us that “Pappy” took to the air again. This time it was in a Cessna on the occasion of his birthday. She sent many photos; the one below shows the happy aviator.



We have a request about emailing to us. Or perhaps, about how not to send email to us. The emailed notifications you receive of new newsletters bear the originating address as admin@307bwassoc.org. Some of you have been sending emails to us using that address. Those emails will never be read or answered by us. Here's why...that address was set up by our web site designer as a mailbox strictly for the sending of automated messages from the website, such as newsletter notifications and password approvals, and is never monitored for incoming mail. If you want to get to us, our email addresses are in each issue of the newsletter, and you can click our names on the website home page to send to us also. But there's another glitch! On the upper right hand corner of each web page is a little button that says “Contact Us”. Theoretically, if you click that button, your email will simultaneously go to all the association officers. In actuality, it will go nowhere, because right now, it ain't working! Our web site guru tells us he has a fix-it order in his job jar. Stay tuned....

In the past several months we've had a number of queries pertaining to former associates, relatives, etc, for which we've

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not been able to provide information. Some of these are included below in hopes that some of you may be able to assist the writer.

The newsletter is in the fortunate position of having a large backlog of interesting material, and we try to cram as much as possible into each issue. Inevitably, though, much remains in the "waiting queue". For instance there are many stories from Genelle Cox, Jim Villa, and Paul Koski just waiting to see the light of day. Additionally, Dave Bowersock has submitted an extensive collection of stories from his SAC alert experience; there is also the true story of the Bridges of Toko-Ri, immortalized by James Michener, and a touching back story to the annual Army-Navy game. Perhaps we can put some of these up on the website...what do you think?

"My grandfather was John M. Green. He was at Lincoln from the mid 1950's until I believe 1960 when they were moved up to Michigan to Selfridge AFB. I remember some of the stories of some time he spent at Thule AFB and a flight that he was supposed to be on from England that was lost along with everyone aboard. I have collected a few items that belonged to him such as some sort of punch card from April 1957 at a base club and an invoice when they bought a new car during this time. I would appreciate hearing back if your records show John Myron Green Thanks again. ..." Doug (harveydw@hotmail.com)

(The association has no record of John Green)

"Recently I heard from ARS Flight Engineer **John Bradley** that these three 307th ARS people were killed during the Vietnam War. **AC John McLaughlin, Flight Engineer Stephen Luster and Crew Chief John E. Tomaselli.** I know none of the details, can anyone help with this?"

Ken Tarwater (nanatar@kc.rr.com)

"Yesterday I received my Air Force Museum Friends Journal, and one of the articles was written by a Dr. **Carl T Rogers** (Retired Msgt). He was gunnery NCOIC of the 372nd Bomb Sq. He said that his squadron commander was L/Col Charles V. Neil who after he received his 5th Air Medal said Rogers had done enough. He flew 77 missions over Korea. This all took place in Okinawa. Does any of the B-29 people remember any of these people?" **George Davis Sr.** (GDavisjr001@carolina.rr.com)

Harlow Hall (harlowhall@att.net) writes: "We are going to have a 50 year reunion of all pilot trainees and instructors for both Greenville and Reese for members of classes 59-A thru 59-H on October 8th thru the 12th, 2008, at the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio. This is open to all trainees, instructors, spouses and grandchildren. I can provide application forms and other details by contacting me at the above email address."

Back in April we received an email from Marci Peterbaugh, whose father, **Jack Gore**, had been a proud member of the

307th ARS back when. Marci recently discovered the our association on the web site and told Jack about her discovery. This released a flood of memories in Jack, who is confined to a wheel chair, who then wished he could locate some of his old buddies. Marci then asked for our help as she wanted to surprise her dad on his forthcoming birthday. (Some days ya just can't help but doin' a little good)...to finish the story, here's Marci...

"Good morning , Jack has talked to two of his old buddies so far and is looking forward to hearing from others due to your work on his behalf. Being in a wheel chair has been really difficult for him to come to terms with. You gentlemen have no idea what a blessing this 'reunion' is for him, his spirit has really been uplifted hearing from these people.....Yes he was very surprised!.....Again, many thanks, Marcie (idiots2@msn.com)."

Neil Amtmann, another justifiably proud father writes..."my daughter, Wendy Wasik is an Air Force pilot. She graduated from the University of Washington with a degree in mathematics and a full Air Force Scholarship. (I love that part.) Got her wings and since the president signed a bill saying that women could fly in combat, she was offered an F-16. She was 12th in her class but turned it down for a KC-135 because "I didn't earn it". You've got to love her! She flew many missions in the Gulf area and then was selected for Palace Hawk. Two years at Scott AFB in numerous management positions. Then to C-130s at Little Rock AFB. The irony here is that she was born in the base hospital at Little Rock. Then she really got into it with missions in Afghanistan, Pakistan and Iraq. She even made a night vision landing at Baghdad when the troops first got there. Brought in troops and supplies and took out a damaged helicopter. All in absolute darkness. This became common when she supported Special Forces in Afghanistan flying into remote valleys to land on dirt strips. This was especially difficult in the blackness of night. She then went to Command and Staff at Montgomery.

Her follow on assignment was to the Pentagon where she was in charge of upgrade and development of aircraft. Her present job is Executive officer in the Secretary of the Air Force Office where she gets to work on some really high level projects. She is a Lt. Colonel, married to another Air Force pilot, L/C, and plans to retire in the house next to ours in Coupeville. She wants to give her two boys a more stable life. I'm very proud of her." Neal

Sadly noted the passing of **Mac McCarthy** and **Earl Eastabrooks**. Mac could always be counted on for "lightening the load" when the pressure of our job got to us. The same for Earl. He was a great Nav, and also an IP in the aero club, where he checked me out in the Aeronca Champion and the Cessna 172. We'll miss 'em both...Flip Latham (Post retirement, Mac was the chief tow pilot for the Air Force Academy's glider training curriculum, amassing over 60000 tows and 26000 hours. Earl met his tragic end showing a friend's airplane to a prospective buyer when they crashed shortly after takeoff.)

The DOD Website has published the following;

Brig. Gen. Frank J. Kisner, director, center for force structure requirements, resources, and strategic assessments, Headquar-

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ters U.S. Special Operations Command, MacDill Air Force Base, Fla, to commander, special operations command, Europe and director, special operations, U.S. European Command, Stuttgart-Vaihingen, Germany.

The above notes about Frank Kisner and Neil Amtmann's telling of his daughter, serve to remind that there are many sons and daughters and grandchildren of the 307th who are honorably serving our nation, or who have served, in all ranks and services. It's high time we honor these individuals who have elected to serve and we propose to compose a list for all to see and honor. We can recall some of the names but certainly not all of those we have been told about over the years. So, please let us know about your offspring who continue to preserve the heritage, traditions and values of our service.

May 2nd, 2008 witnessed the Dedication of the National Memorial to the Strategic Air Command at the National Museum of the United States Air Force at Wright Patterson AFB. The Memorial was conceived and very ably implemented by former Lincolnite **Ron Resh** who served with both the 98th Bomb wing and the 551st Strategic Missile Squadron. The ceremonies were attended by over 200 former SAC types of all ranks and persuasions, including former Secretary of the Air Force Thomas C Reed, and was concluded by a B-52 and B-1 flyover. A professional movie was made of the entire ceremony and is available on a 30 minute DVD. Now here's a one time good deal !...Let Mike Gingrich know if you are interested in receiving a copy of the DVD by sending your name and mailing address either by email or snail mail, and you will eventually receive a copy compliments of the SAC Memorial Project.

Dayton 2010



Finally, our next reunion will be in Dayton from June 14th to the 19th 2010. Your genial reunion hosts will be Frick and Frack, sometimes known as Bud Flanik and Mike Gingrich, and sometimes known by less complimentary nicknames. Some events have already been scheduled and arranged: Dinner Under the

Wings at the Air Force Museum with music by the Air Force Band of Flight is fixed as is the traditional reunion banquet for the last night. We hope to add in a dinner cruise on the river at Cincinnati just as we enjoyed in 1996, and are looking to add some sightseeing revolving around the Wright Brothers and Dayton's aviation heritage (which is now part of the National Park system). All this, plus plenty of time to visit in the hospitality room or to browse the AF Museum or to pursue your own ends.

We will have more info as well as an interest survey in the November issue of the newsletter, but in the meantime feel free to contact Bud or Mike. Bud will take complaints at airbud@aol.com and Mike will handle compliments at mikeingri@cs.com

The Greatest Surprise of My Life by Charles Schisler

In mid August 2007 I found myself standing before an assembly of distinguished physicists and astronomers from all over the world giving a talk on a subject of which I knew little. At the conclusion of my 15 minutes I was suddenly given a standing ovation greater than that given to any other participant during the entire six day affair. This occurred at McGill University in Montreal to commemorate **40 Years of Pulsars**. (www.ns2007.org) How could such a thing happen to me? This will briefly explain.

Just before submitting my request for retirement from 20 years service in the U.S. Air Force, I was assigned to a one year tour at Clear AFS, Alaska to help man a Ballistic Missile Early Warning Site (BMEWS). This, after attending a course on the new powerful radars at this highly classified site. I arrived there in central Alaska on 15 June 1967. About two months on the job I occasionally noticed a minor strobe on a radar scope at one of the three sectors. It did not interfere and was of no importance to our mission of looking for a possible hostile ICBM with a trajectory that could impact into North America. I wondered what could cause this curious blip. Finally I jotted down the date/time and azimuth of its appearance to possibly help determine its source.

The next day I happened to be positioned at this same sector and noticed this pulse at the azimuth and time, except that it appeared four minutes earlier. Experienced in celestial navigation as a B-47 navigator/bombardier, I realized that stars rise to the same position four minutes earlier every night. This led to the weird thought that it could be a very remote source and not caused by something much more local. You know I was ready for it the *next* day. Sure enough, there it was again four minutes earlier than the previous day! My guess was no longer weird, but becoming more obvious – it's very *likely* an astronomic source.

With these parameters from our site I drove 100 miles to Eielson AFB to get familiar navigation tables from which I calculated the position of this source on the celestial sphere. With these right ascension and declination values, I drove to the University of Alaska to find a knowledgeable person in astronomy, Ken Philip. We soon found that my coordinates were in the center of the Crab Nebula. This might have been the first discovery of any pulsar in history -the famous Crab Pulsar! Before leaving the BMEWS site on 15 June '68 for USAF

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retirement, I had located 13 additional pulsars. Meanwhile, on duty in early May of 1968 we heard on our always-attuned shortwave radio about a Cambridge, England astronomy team that discovered a pulsing signal that they referred to as LGMs (little green men). Jocelyn Bell a young doctoral student found this signal and convinced her supervisor Prof. Antony Hewish, of its possible importance. This became the celebrated discovery of pulsars and was a major reason for the Montreal conference.

At the time my Air Force supervisors seemed disinterested and, since it had nothing to do with our important mission, were oblivious to its value. For security reasons I could not publicize my research. So all my work remained in my file, although still in my memory, for those 40 years. A Czech friend, Hana Hudecek, in June told me of her trip to Pisgah Astronomy Research Institute, North Carolina. I sent its director an email about my Alaskan experience. (the original BMEWS equipment was now deactivated*) This email was relayed to a world leader in astronomic pulsars in Australia, Richard Manchester. He was extremely interested and after many messages I sent him my original table and notes to substantiate my 1967-68 work. He then invited me and my wife, Ruth, to join them at the Montreal conference. He helped me enormously in refining my surprise presentation given near the close of the affair. Jocelyn Bell (who in 2007 became Dame of the British Empire) introduced me to the audience to give my talk. Antony Hewish (who had received the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1974 for discovering pulsars) was also extremely supportive and insisted that my work become a part of the history of pulsars.

This easily became one of the most unexpected, and delightfully amazing experiences of my life! Even during my talk I had no idea how it could generate more than moderate interest to that group of professionals. I've pondered their reaction. Perhaps they sensed how I -a complete amateur, saw a possible significance, and found a way to solve this curious phenomenon -yet was frustrated for many years by being unable to communicate this meaningfully to those who could understand and build on this discovery.

And this 81 year old man came here to finally tell his story -while admitting that he understood almost nothing of the latest highly-technical scientific work presented.

**The original huge antennas at the Alaskan BMEWS can still be viewed on this web site:*

www.fiddaman.info/maps/sitefinder.htm and by entering these coordinates: 64.2914,-149.1896

Leaving Branson at Oh-Dark-Thirty Sunday morning following the reunion, T R Taylor very quickly had the misfortune to have a right-of-way dispute with a deer. Fortunately, there was only one casualty and T R and his vehicle soon returned home unscathed.

Bridges at Toko-Ri

Forward by Carl Schneider, Korean War aviator

Having flown 100 combat missions during the brutally cold winter of 1950-51 in Korea on the same type of sorties as those described--I can readily understand the situation. The main difference is that we had to land under marginal weather conditions on wet/icy PSP runways but we faced the same flak and 50 cal guns on the targets. At least the runway didn't pitch up and down !!! My unit lost 22 out of the 32 pilots who started the war together and only two came out of prison camp.

This is an excellent example of good and bad leadership regardless of the military service !

The good news is that over 48 million South Koreans now live in a modern, prosperous, free society for what millions of brave men and women did in Korea some 50+ years ago. Their friends and relatives are starving under a brutal dictatorship in 'The Democratic People's Republic of Korea ' as the South would have endured if the U.S. And a total of 21 nations had not come to their rescue !

Let's hope and pray that our children and grandchildren will see a similar result from the brave efforts of our troops now fighting in the Middle East --some 50 years from now--or much sooner!

The Bridges at Toko-Ri - the rest of the story! The Real Story by CAPT Paul N. Gray, USN, Ret, USNA '41, former CO of VF-54.

Recently, some friends saw the movie 'The Bridges at Toko-Ri' on late night TV. After seeing it, they said, 'You planned and led the raid. Why don't you tell us what really happened?' Here goes.

I hope Mr. Michener will forgive the actual version of the raid. His fictionalized account certainly makes more exciting reading.

On 12 December 1951 when the raid took place, Air Group 5 was attached to Essex , the flag ship for Task Force 77. We were flying daily strikes against the North Koreans and Chinese. God! It was cold. The main job was to interdict the flow of supplies coming south from Russia and China . The rules of engagement imposed by political forces in Washington would not allow us to bomb the bridges across the Yalu River where the supplies could easily have been stopped. We had to wait until they were dispersed and hidden in North Korea and then try to stop them.

The Air Group consisted of two jet fighter squadrons flying Banshees and Grumman Panthers plus two prop attack squadrons flying Corsairs and Skyraiders. To provide a base for the squadrons, Essex was stationed 100 miles off the East Coast of Korea during that bitter Winter of 1951 and 1952.

I was CO of VF-54, the Skyraider squadron. VF-54 started with

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24 pilots. Seven were killed during the cruise. The reason 30 percent of our pilots were shot down and lost was due to our mission. The targets were usually heavily defended railroad bridges. In addition, we were frequently called in to make low-level runs with rockets and napalm to provide close support for the troops.

Due to the nature of the targets assigned, the attack squadrons seldom flew above 2000 or 3000 feet; and it was a rare flight when a plane did not come back without some damage from AA or ground fire.

The single-engine plane we flew could carry the same bomb load that a B-17 carried in WWII; and after flying the 100 miles from the carrier, we could stay on station for 4 hours and strafe, drop napalm, fire rockets or drop bombs. The Skyraider was the right plane for this war.

On a gray December morning, I was called to the flag bridge. Admiral 'Black Jack' Perry, the Carrier Division Commander, told me they had a classified request from UN headquarters to bomb some critical bridges in the central area of the North Korean peninsula.

The bridges were a dispersion point for many of the supplies coming down from the North and were vital to the flow of most of the essential supplies. The Admiral asked me to take a look at the targets and see what we could do about taking them out. As I left, the staff intelligence officer handed me the pre-strike photos, the coordinates of the target and said to get on with it. He didn't mention that the bridges were defended by 56 radar-controlled anti-aircraft guns.

That same evening, the Admiral invited the four squadron commanders to his cabin for dinner. James Michener was there. After dinner, the Admiral asked each squadron commander to describe his experiences in flying over North Korea. By this time, all of us were hardened veterans of the war and had some hairy stories to tell about life in the fast lane over North Korea.

When it came my time, I described how we bombed the railways and strafed anything else that moved. I described how we had planned for the next day's strike against some vital railway bridges near a village named Toko-ri (The actual village was named Majonne). That the preparations had been done with extra care because the pre-strike pictures showed the bridges were surrounded by 56 anti-aircraft guns and we knew this strike was not going to be a walk in the park.

All of the pilots scheduled for the raid participated in the planning. A close study of the aerial photos confirmed the 56 guns. Eleven radar sites controlled the guns. They were mainly 37 MM with some five inch heavies. All were positioned to concentrate on the path we would have to fly to hit the bridges. This was a World War II air defense system but still very dangerous.

How were we going to silence those batteries long enough to destroy the bridges? The bridges supported railway tracks about three feet wide. To achieve the needed accuracy, we would have to use glide bombing runs. A glide bombing run is longer and slower than a dive bombing run, and we would be sitting ducks for the AA batteries. We had to get the guns before we bombed the bridges.

There were four strategies discussed to take out the radar sites. One was to fly in on the deck and strafe the guns and radars. This was discarded because the area was too mountainous. The second was to fly in on the deck and fire rockets into the gun sites. Discarded because the rockets didn't have enough killing power. The third was to come in at a high altitude and drop conventional bombs on the targets.

This is what we would normally do, but it was discarded in favor of an insidious modification. The one we thought would work the best was to come in high and drop bombs fused to explode over the gun and radar sites. To do this, we decided to take 12 planes; 8 Skyraiders and 4 Corsairs. Each plane would carry a 2000 pound bomb with a proximity fuse set to detonate about 50 to 100 feet in the air. We hoped the shrapnel from these huge, ugly bombs going off in mid air would be devastating to the exposed gunners and radar operators.

The flight plan was to fly in at 15,000 feet until over the target area and make a vertical dive bombing run dropping the proximity-fused bombs on the guns and radars. Each pilot had a specific complex to hit. As we approached the target we started to pick up some flak, but it was high and behind us. At the initial point, we separated and rolled into the dive. Now the flak really became heavy. I rolled in first; and after I released my bomb, I pulled out south of the target area and waited for the rest to join up. One of the Corsairs reported that he had been hit on the way down and had to pull out before dropping his bomb. Three other planes suffered minor flak damage but nothing serious.

After the join up, I detached from the group and flew over the area to see if there was anything still firing. Sure enough there was heavy 37 MM fire from one site, I got out of there in a hurry and called in the reserve Skyraider still circling at 15,000 to hit the remaining gun site. His 2000 pound bomb exploded right over the target and suddenly things became very quiet. The shrapnel from those 2000 lbs. bombs must have been deadly for the crews serving the and radars. We never saw another 37 MM burst from any of the 56 guns.

From that moment on, it was just another day at the office. Only sporadic machine gun and small arms fire was encountered. We made repeated glide bombing runs and completely destroyed all the bridges. We even brought gun camera pictures back to prove the bridges were destroyed.

After a final check of the target area, we joined up, inspected our wingmen for damage and headed home. Mr. Michener plus most of the ship's crew watched from Vulture's Row as Dog

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Fannin, the landing signal officer, brought us back aboard. With all the pilots returning to the ship safe and on time, the Admiral was seen to be dancing with joy on the flag Bridge.

From that moment on, the Admiral had a soft spot in his heart for the attack pilots. I think his fatherly regard for us had a bearing on what happened in port after the raid on Toko-ri. The raid on Toko-ri was exciting; but in our minds, it was dwarfed by the incident that occurred at the end of this tour on the line. The operation was officially named OPERATION PINWHEEL. The pilots called it OPERATION PINHEAD.

The third tour had been particularly savage for VF-54. Five of our pilots had been shot down. Three not recovered. I had been shot down for the third time. The mechanics and ordnancemen had worked back-breaking hours under medieval conditions to keep the planes flying, and finally we were headed for Yokosuka for ten days of desperately needed R & R.

As we steamed up the coast of Japan, the Air Group Commander, CDR Marsh Beebe, called CDR Trum, the CO of the Corsair squadron, and me to his office. He told us that the prop squadrons would participate in an exercise dreamed up by the commanding officer of the ship. It had been named OPERATION PINWHEEL.

The Corsairs and Skyraiders were to be tied down on the port side of the flight deck; and upon signal from the bridge, all engines were to be turned up to full power to assist the tugs in pulling the ship along side the dock.

CDR Trum and I both said to Beebe, 'You realize that those engines are vital to the survival of all the attack pilots. We fly those single engine planes 300 to 400 miles from the ship over freezing water and over very hostile land. Over-stressing these engines is not going to make any of us very happy.' Marsh knew the danger; but he said, 'The captain of the ship, CAPT. Wheelock, wants this done, so do it!'

As soon as the news of this brilliant scheme hit the ready rooms, the operation was quickly named OPERATION PIN HEAD; and CAPT. Wheelock became known as CAPT. Wheelchuck.

On the evening before arriving in port, I talked with CDR Trum and told him, 'I don't know what you are going to do, but I am telling my pilots that our lives depend on those engines and do not give them more than half power; and if that engine temperature even begins to rise, cut back to idle.' That is what they did.

About an hour after the ship had been secured to the dock, the Air Group Commander screamed over the ship's intercom for Gray and Trum to report to his office. When we walked in and saw the pale look on Beebe's face, it was apparent that CAPT. Wheelock, in conjunction with the

ship's proctologist, had cut a new aperture in poor old Marsh. The ship's CO had gone ballistic when he didn't get the full power from the lashed down Corsairs and Skyraiders, and he informed CDR Beebe that his fitness report would reflect this miserable performance of duty.

The Air Group Commander had flown his share of strikes, and it was a shame that he became the focus of the wrath of CAPT. Wheelock for something he had not done. However, tensions were high; and in the heat of the moment, he informed CDR Trum and me that he was placing both of us and all our pilots in hack until further notice. A very severe sentence after 30 days on the line.

The Carrier Division Commander, Rear Admiral 'Black Jack' Perry a personally soft and considerate man, but his official character would strike terror into the heart of the most hardened criminal. He loved to talk to the pilots; and in deference to his drinking days, Admiral Perry would reserve a table in the bar of the Fujia Hotel and would sit there drinking Coca cola while buying drinks for any pilot enjoying R & R in the hotel.

Even though we were not comfortable with this gruff older man, he was a good listener and everyone enjoyed telling the Admiral about his latest escape from death. I realize now he was keeping his finger on the morale of the pilots and how they were standing up to the terror of daily flights over a very hostile land.

The Admiral had been in the hotel about three days; and one night, he said to some of the fighter pilots sitting at his table, 'Where are the attack pilots? I have not seen any of them since we arrived.' One of them said, 'Admiral, I thought you knew. They were all put in hack by the Air Group Commander and restricted to the ship.' In a voice that could be heard all over the hotel, the Admiral bellowed to his aide, 'Get that idiot Beebe on the phone in 5 minutes; and I don't care if you have to use the Shore Patrol, the Army Military Police or the Japanese Police to find him. I want him on the telephone NOW!'

The next morning, after three days in hack, the attack pilots had just finished marching lockstep into the wardroom for breakfast, singing the prisoners song when the word came over the loud speaker for Gray and Trum to report to the Air Group Commander's stateroom immediately. When we walked in, there sat Marsh looking like he had had a near death experience. He was obviously in far worse condition than when the ship's CO got through with him. It was apparent that he had been worked over by a real pro.

In a trembling voice, his only words were, 'The hack is lifted. All of you are free to go ashore. There will not be any note of this in your fitness reports. Now get out of here and leave me alone.'

Posters saying, 'Thank you Black Jack' went up in the ready rooms. The long delayed liberty was at hand.

When writing about this cruise, I must pay homage to the talent we had in the squadrons. LTJG Tom Hayward was a

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fighter pilot who went on to become the CNO. LTJG Neil Armstrong another fighter pilot became the astronaut who took the first step on the moon. My wingman, Ken Shugart, was an all-American basketball player and later an admiral. Al Masson, another wingman, became the owner of one of New Orleans' most famous French restaurants. All of the squadrons were manned with the best and brightest young men the U.S. could produce.

The mechanics and ordnance crews who kept the planes armed and flying deserve as much praise as the pilots for without the effort they expended, working day and night under cold and brutal conditions, no flight would have been flown.

It was a dangerous cruise. I will always consider it an honor to have associated with those young men who served with such bravery and dignity. The officers and men of this air group once again demonstrated what makes America the most outstanding country in the world today. To those whose spirits were taken from them during those grim days and didn't come back, I will always remember you. **FREEDOM IS NOT FREE**

Army – Navy Game

It's not quite the season, but here's a good Christmas story anyway.

It started last Christmas, when Bennett and Vivian Levin were overwhelmed by sadness while listening to radio reports of injured American troops. "We have to let them know we care," Vivian told Bennett. So they organized a trip to bring soldiers from Walter Reed Army Medical Center and Bethesda Naval Hospital to the annual Army-Navy football game in Philly, on Dec. 3.

The cool part is, they created their own train line to do it. Yes, there are people in this country who actually own real trains. Bennett Levin - native Philly guy, self-made millionaire and irascible former L&I commish - is one of them.

He has three luxury rail cars. Think mahogany paneling, plush seating and white-linen dining areas. He also has two locomotives, which he stores at his Juniata Park train yard. One car, the elegant Pennsylvania, carried John F. Kennedy to the Army-Navy game in 1961 and '62. Later, it carried his brother Bobby's body to D. C. for burial. "That's a lot of history for one car," says Bennett.

He and Vivian wanted to revive a tradition that endured from 1936 to 1975, during which trains carried Army-

Navy spectators from around the country directly to the stadium where the annual game is played. The Levins could think of no better passengers to reinstate the ceremonial ride than the wounded men and women recovering at Walter Reed in D. C. and Bethesda, in Maryland. "We wanted to give them a first-class experience," says Bennett. "Gourmet meals on board, private transportation from the train to the stadium, perfect seats - real hero treatment."

Through the Army War College Foundation, of which he is a trustee, Bennett met with Walter Reed's commanding general, who loved the idea. But Bennett had some ground rules first, all designed to keep the focus on the troops alone:

No press on the trip, lest the soldiers' day of pampering devolve into a media circus.

No politicians either, because, says Bennett, "I didn't want some idiot making this trip into a campaign photo op."

And no Pentagon suits on board, otherwise the soldiers would be too busy saluting superiors to relax.

The general agreed to the conditions, and Bennett realized he had a problem

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Pilot Stuff

- An airline pilot is a confused soul who talks about women when he is flying, and about flying when he is with a woman.
- Asking what a pilot thinks about the FAA is like asking a fireplug what it thinks about dogs.
- The only thing worse than a captain who never flew as a co-pilot, is a co-pilot who once was a captain.
- A good simulator ride is like successful surgery on a cadaver

Treasurer's Report			
307 th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association			
Ending Balance from last report January 3, 2008:			\$5,236.47
	Expenses	Deposits	
General Fund Balance			\$5236.47
Expenses:			
Postal	191.51		
Printing	760.37		
Admin/Equip/Supplies	40.00		
Internet	54.01		
Branson Expenses	<u>668.01</u>		
	- 1713.90		-1713.90
			3522.57
Income:			
Donations	1586.33		
Interest on account	5.43		
Branson Reunion	<u>3645.84</u>		
	5237.60		+ 5237.60
Ending Balance July 8, 2008			8760.17
Tony Minnick, Treasurer			

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on his hands. "I had to actually make this thing happen," he laughs.

Over the next months, he recruited owners of 15 other sumptuous rail cars from around the country - these people tend to know each other - into lending their vehicles for the day. The name of their temporary train? The Liberty Limited.

Amtrak volunteered to transport the cars to D. C. - where they'd be coupled together for the round-trip ride to Philly - then back to their owners later.

Conrail offered to service the Liberty while it was in Philly. And SEPTA drivers would bus the disabled soldiers 200 yards from the train to Lincoln Financial Field, for the game.

A benefactor from the War College ponied up 100 seats to the game - on the 50-yard line - and lunch in a hospitality suite.

And corporate donors filled, for free and without asking for publicity, goodie bags for attendees:

From Woolrich, stadium blankets. From Wal-Mart, digital cameras. From Nikon, field glasses. From GEAR, down jackets.

There was booty not just for the soldiers, but for their guests, too, since each was allowed to bring a friend or family member.

The Marines, though, declined the offer. "They voted not to take guests with them, so they could take more Marines," says Levin, choking up at the memory.

Bennett's an emotional guy, so he was worried about how he'd react to meeting the 88 troops and guests at D. C.'s Union Station, where the trip originated. Some GIs were missing limbs. Others were wheelchair-bound or accompanied by medical personnel for the day. "They made it easy to be with

them," he says. "They were all smiles on the ride to Philly. Not an ounce of self-pity from any of them. They're so full of life and determination."

At the stadium, the troops reveled in the game, recalls Bennett. Not even Army's lopsided loss to Navy could deflate the group's rollicking mood.

Afterward, it was back to the train and yet another gourmet meal - heroes get hungry, says Levin - before returning to Walter Reed and Bethesda. "The day was spectacular," says Levin. "It was all about these kids. It was awesome to be part of it."

The most poignant moment for the Levins was when 11 Marines hugged them goodbye, then sang them the Marine Hymn on the platform at Union Station.

"One of the guys was blind, but he said, 'I can't see you, but man, you must be f---ing beautiful!' " says Bennett. "I got

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(Continued from page 11)

a lump so big in my throat, I couldn't even answer him."

It's been three weeks, but the Levins and their guests are still feeling the day's love. "My Christmas came early," says Levin, who is Jewish and who loves the Christmas season. "I can't describe the feeling in the air." Maybe it was hope. As one guest wrote in a thank-you note to Bennett and Vivian, "The fond memories generated last Saturday will sustain us all - whatever the future may bring."

God bless the Levins, and bless the troops, every one.

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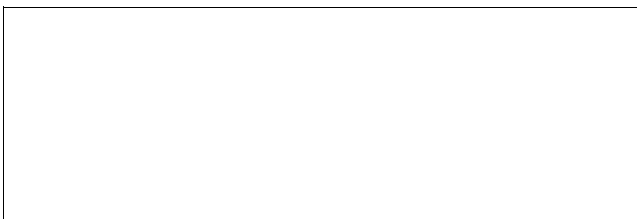
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