

ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

NUMBER 59

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

NOVEMBER 2009

President's Column Looking Out For The Hereafter

I'm sure most of you have heard the old joke. Max, a gentleman of a certain age (about our age), was talking to his buddy Moritz and said, "You know, Moritz, I spend a lot of time lately thinking about hereafter." "Why are you worried about the hereafter?" asks Moritz. "You've got a lot of years ahead of you. You're not going to die." "Oh, I'm not talking about dying," replies Max. "At home, I just keep walking into a room, looking around and wondering what I'm here after!"

The hereafter I worry about actually does pertain to the future, though. Not my own, but the future of the 307th Bomb Wing Association. Last summer, I surfaced the idea of perpetuating our heritage, as other, similar organizations have done, by getting our children and grandchildren actively involved in Association affairs. I wrote, "I need your help to determine whether there's enough interest among our second- and third-generation family members to sustain the 307th Bomb Wing Association."

This was not a rhetorical request. If we do not succeed in passing the reins of leadership to our progeny, then the day will surely come when the 307th Bomb Wing Association will be able to hold its reunions in a phone booth. Our organization, which has been the custodian of the values, history, triumphs and tragedies of the Lincoln era, will slip quietly into oblivion. Our proud history will gather dust and

our memorabilia will disappear into distant archives.

If we let that happen, then to paraphrase a famous line from President Lincoln, the world will little note nor long remember what we say here — and will quickly forget what we did there. If that fate is the conscious wish of our members, then so be it. But we must not let it happen by default simply because we missed the opportunity to include our legacy as an integral part of our children's inheritance.

One person who agrees with me is Sedge Hill. He was animated by the idea and has agreed to assist in the campaign. His son, Mike, has written the definitive history of the wing during the Lincoln years. Many other children of 307th members have already joined the Association. Another potential source of leadership is the large number of 307th children who are serving or have served in the armed forces. These young men and women understand better than most the sacrifices made by their parents during the Cold war years. We have published a list of 307th members whose sons and daughters are serving; I earnestly implore each of you to encourage them to become actively involved in the affairs of the organization that memorializes our collective heritage.

I intend for this subject to be an item for serious discussion at the business meeting during the 12th Stand-Up in Dayton next year. Meanwhile,

please call or e-mail me with your thoughts and advice on whether you think this initiative has merit, is doable, and how to accomplish this goal.

Wendy and I wish all of you a joyous holiday season and a happy, healthy New Year. We look forward to seeing all of you the 2010 Reunion.

Pete Todd

Sons and Daughters Who Serve

To continue with what Pete wrote of above. There are many sons & daughters and even grandchildren who are serving or who have served. We can be very proud of all. Some new names were recently added and it is becoming evident there are many of whom we are yet unaware. Those we know of as of November 2009 are:

Neal Amtmann

Lt Col Wendy Wasik, USAF - pilot
Russell & Mary Bowling

Rebecca Bowling, Lt Col USAFR Ret
grandson-USAFA, name unknown

Robert & Nancy Corti

Robert Corti Jr, USMC Ret

Dallas & Julie Crosby

David "Bing" Crosby, Cmdr USN - pilot
Donal Finn

Christopher E Rainey, USAF, grandson
Roger & Jan Flanik

Barry Flanik, USNR Ret

Billy J and G'Nell Gilstrap

Billy J Gilstrap Jr, Col USAF, pilot
(deceased)

Dick & Barbara Goodson

Robert D Goodson, former USAF, Desert Storm

Wife, Diane Goodson, former USAF,
Desert Storm

Grandson, David R Goodson, USAF

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

Officers of the Association:

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Association Founders:

Billy Williams, 5546 Enterprise Drive, Lincoln, NE 68521. Phone 402-438-6061.
Email: bwilliams17@neb.rr.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: LarryJanB@gmail.com.

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

Co-Historian: Mike Hill, 1405 8th St SW, Minot, ND 58701. Phone 701-838-9288.
Email: mikendaf@ndak.net.

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.

Around the Wing

Ron Stein writes from steinsplace3@cox.net:

I was in the A&E shop for Airborne Radio Repair. Eventually I moved to Selfridge AFB with the KC-97s. I was on the detail to mark equip when the B-47 stalled on takeoff and killed all 3 aboard on a ATO take off- it was a hurry-hurry take off... will never forget it.

Sedgefield D Hill wrote:

On page nine of the last newsletter in "THE LAST FLIGHT" **Joseph F. Garde** was listed. I didn't know or had forgotten, that he was a member of our unit ... and that woke me up, BIG TIME!!! I'm not sure if you or others in the unit are aware of his service...

I met Master Sergeant Joe Garde when **Marshall Coulter** brought his flight crew to Fairmont Army Air Field, in Nebraska, in the winter of 1942, as I was assigned to their B-24 training plane ... He was already a combat veteran and knew B-17s like the back of your hand. When we transitioned to our "overseas" birds, the crew made a "training flight" over South Dakota and had an engine go sour and landed at Pierre. When we got there with a replacement engine, we found them down at the HOP-SCOTCH BAR, the only really decent café south of the river...

Seeing as how they had "lived" at the bar for (ahem) a number of days, the owner and his wife offered "Pappy" a case of, er, a, very good scotch, if "Pappy" would name our aircraft after the bar ... ! HOPSCOTCH, MSGT Joe Garde, Pappy Coulter and crew caught up with me in Italy and flew over 26 missions before succumbing to too much flack and battle fatigue. It was a sad day when we had to give up HOPSCOTCH for one of them thar "new shiney things"....'

In remembrance of Master Sergeant Joseph Garde

This salute to Joe Garde was forwarded to his daughter, Kathleen Connet at fairkt1@yahoo.com. Kathleen responded...

"Thank you so much. I know that my father corresponded with Mr. Hill a number of years ago - I recognized the name from Christmas cards, but didn't know the connection. I'm so glad to have this and will forward it to my brother and sister. Thank you again."

The following appeal for information was received from **Virgil Buie's** nephew Michael at mbuie@mbarisi.com. Surely, someone can help...

"I am searching for any information concerning my uncle, Virgil Buie. His picture is at the end of the Member Photos 2 section labeled "Virgil Buie, Harmon AB, 1959." He flew C-47's and KC-97's during his career. He flew in the invasion of North Africa, supplies in the Berlin Airlift and was one of the first planes to evacuate holocaust victims. He was born in 1919 and died in about 1977. Any information you can supply would be greatly appreciated. His big brother, now 93, would really like to know because he was always very secretive is my understanding. It's also our understanding that most of his records were destroyed in a fire in St. Louis, I believe. Thanks".

Richard Roberts has turned up one of our long missing tanker troops...

Hi Guys,

I've been looking for this fellow for about 30 years; finally found a listing in White Pages but no phone listed. I wrote him a letter (in the blind) not knowing if he was our **Jerry Muncie** or not. And just a couple weeks later he called me. He and his wife have sold their home in Oklahoma and are now fulltime RVers. Hopefully they will

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(Continued from page 2)

update us on their address occasionally. They are planning to get email and already have a cell phone so that should help us keep track. Had my letter been just a few months later, I would not have made the connection.

Jerry B. Muncie (Personal Equipment specialist)
P.O. Box 23451
Barling, AR 72923
479-806-5687

He is interested in hearing from people in the squadron and would like the reunion information.

Jerry was separated from the Air Force while still at Lincoln but reenlisted before his 90 days expired and went ahead and served 22 years. He finally retired in 1976.

It recently came to our attention that we never had **CMSgt Houston Page** on our people list until his son Tim Page contacted us and we found out he had passed away in 1966. Houston's tenure in the mid 50s at Lincoln would have put him right in the middle of training some of our fabulous crew chiefs. Son Tim (lendertim@yahoo.com) writes...
"Here is my story as I was told/remember it. I was the youngest of 3 sons and was born in Shreveport in September of 1951 where my dad was stationed. My older brother was born there 1 year and 2 weeks prior, so he was stationed there at least that long. We moved to Okinawa when I was 3 (1954) for 10 months. We traveled over there on an ocean liner and encountered rough seas during a meal where all the food was thrown on the floor. When we came back to the states we were stationed at Lincoln for about 5 years, leaving in approximately 1959 for Blythville, AFB, Arkansas. Two years of Arkansas was all he could stand and he retired as an E-9 (I was told he was one of the first 8 or 9 to make that rank after it was created) which would of been about 1962. While at Lincoln we lived base housing in Huskerville for a few years while the newer housing was built. My brothers and I were in the first class in General Arnold school. We watched them build Bowling Lake on the base and went to group parties there with dad's outfit. My dad was with the 307 OMS. On his headstone my mother put "HQ 307 Bomb Wing". I remember him talking about being a crew chief, but I think he got promoted out of that position, which he loved. He spoke of a plane overshooting the runway at Warner Robbins AFB, Georgia with nuclear weapons aboard with no one hurt. One of his friends at Lincoln was Major **Jake Mealka**. My mother and Major Mealka's (spelling is from memory) wife Billy were good friends. I believe the Mealkas retired to Arizona. My brother David sent a picture he had that was taken in England of the squadron, in front of a large airplane, he thinks was a B-29. He sent it to Louisiana in about 2000 to someone putting together a museum, he thinks. My brother remembers dad's plane being named "Patches". My dad died in April of 1966 by his own hand from the ravages of alcohol. Hope this helps to resurrect his memory."

Walt Boyne is a super aviation writer and author. He was a B-47 and B-52 aircraft commander, director of the Smith-

sonian's aviation museum, author of many books and articles (many dealing with Air Force life), and is frequently invoked as a historian on the Discovery and History channels. Recently, in the July 2009 issue, Air and Space Smithsonian Magazine published an excellent article by Walt retelling his B-47 days. You can find it on the web at www.airspacemag.com/issue/July-2009.html. Look for **The Dawn of Discipline** by Walter J. Boyne - - A B-47 pilot remembers when an airplane—and Curtis LeMay—stiffened the spine of the Strategic Air Command.

From **Ken Tarwater** (nanatar@kc.rr.com)
Subject: M/Sgt Jack P. Wilkins

After reading the latest newsletter, I had to write and Thank You for the article on Jack. I, and I'm sure Jack would have enjoyed the kind words but it was hard for him to accept praise. He thought it was just part of his job and would just smile and say nothing. As I told Mike Hill recently, he was a giant of a man that only stood five foot four or so. Sadly we have not been able to find out anything about Jack after he retired from the Air Force. I wrote the AF and they told me they had no record of him. I found that hard to believe, but that was all I got from them. Hopefully we will be able to put him to rest with all of his Air Force friends one of these days. About the attached picture (shown nearby), I recently was given the picture by **Robert Jatczak**, a good friend of mine from our Lincoln days. I saw Jatczak for the first time in nearly fifty years at a little get together of ten couples or so we had in Lincoln the first week of June. This little shindig was called The Old Gang Social and was just supposed to be guys fairly close to Lincoln but some came from Texas, New Mexico and Indiana. I at the last minute came down with a bad case of the shingles and sadly cancelled my hotel room and told the guys I wasn't going to make it. Anyway I went to see the Doctor and he put me on a great pain patch and a drug called Lyrica. I got to feeling good enough to go to Lincoln, although my wife Kaye had to drive me because of the medicine effects. I just walked into the lobby of the hotel and there they all were.



Bob Jatczak (L) and Ken Tarwater having their almost 50 year reunion in Lincoln last year.

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Bob Jatzak came up to me and said: Hi Ken, I'm Bob Jatzak, I said I would know you anywhere, I hugged him and teared up thinking of all the time that had passed. It is impossible to describe the feeling. We all had a wonderful time just talking of old times at LAFB. Later we all exchanged pictures and made promises to send pictures to who wanted them.



The attached picture (above) was taken at the Azores Islands when we, the 307th ARS, were there on a ninety day TDY and reflexed from there to Moron AB, Seville, Spain. There we would be on strip alert for a week or two and then be relieved by another of our 97s; that was the summer of 1959. The red head, center left is **Stephen Luster**, KC-97 Assistant Crew Chief. He made the Air Force a career but sadly died in a Helicopter crash in Panama a few years later. The guy in the white shorts was one of the best liked enlisted fellows in the squadron; his name was AIC **John E. Tomaselli**. He had a way of talking and joking with the flights crews that made them at ease with him. He was also a KC-97 Assistant Crew Chief. We have not been able to locate or determine what became of John although we heard some talk of his death but was never able to verify it. All the other fellows although familiar, names do not come. Hopefully one of these days you can use the picture in the newsletter and see if we can get some feedback. Once again I want to Thank You for all of your hard work keeping the History of our 307th group alive. My Best Regards, Ken Tarwater

P.S. Have identified 307th ARS fellow second from right as **Ronald Ralston**, SSgt KC-97 Crew Chief. Ron still lives in Missouri. **Chuck Sweeney**, KC-97 Crew Chief, who worked with Ron for awhile wrote and told me. Only three more to ID, Ken

You may have from time to time visited the remarkable LAFB historical website on Geocities run by Rob Branting. Rob started it nine years ago as a young high school student in Lincoln. He is still at it and it is his passion. Where else would we learn how Oak Lake is being fixed up? But, all good projects meet some bumps in the road, and this is no exception. Rob's website at this location is Kaput! It seems Yahoo, which owns the Geocities sites, is no longer supporting sites like Rob's. But, as recently noted, all crises also

present opportunities. Rob has found a new place for his work and has established The LAFB Online Museum at www.lincolnafb.org/. It's just now being built up, but Rob intends to make it bigger and better than before. Take a look...

August 10, 2009

To: Veterans and Friends of the Strategic Air Command
From: Ron Resh, 2008 SAC Memorial Project Coordinator
Subject: SAC Memorial—Nebraska

As most of you are aware, in May 2008, an impressive monument to the Strategic Air Command was dedicated at the National Museum of the USAF, at Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, OH. This was made possible through the generosity of individual SAC veterans, organizations and friends. I was privileged to serve as coordinator for that project.

Among those participating in the 2008 dedication ceremony were Peach Janssen of San Antonio, TX and her son Carl Janssen, Jr., of Monument, CO. They represented SAC families at the unveiling of the monument. This was most fitting because Peach's late husband, Carl, Sr., besides being a decorated combat pilot, was among the first class of pilots to fly the B-47, and served as first director of the original SAC Museum when it was located adjacent to Offutt AFB in Omaha.

Pursuing their family legacy of involvement with and service to SAC, and following on the successful 2008 dedication at the NMUSAF, Peach and Carl have undertaken a project to place a similar SAC Memorial in Nebraska, the state that served as headquarters of SAC. I am pleased to be able to assist them in an advisory capacity.

The Nebraska monument would be a mirror image of the monument at the NMUSAF. The new monument would be located the Strategic Air and Space Museum just off Interstate I-80, between Omaha and Lincoln. It would be situated indoors in a hangar containing a variety of aircraft associated with SAC during the Cold War. It would serve as a focal point and anchor of a major new exhibit honoring the history and legacy of SAC.

Having recently spent a week in Nebraska working on this project, and having met at length with the Director and key staff of the Strategic Air and Space Museum, I can assure you that this facility is far different from the one some of us remember with mixed feelings immediately following the merger of the Museum and the Society of the Strategic Air Command some years ago. Exhibits and displays recognizing and honoring SAC are now prominently located throughout the facility. A variety of SAC items are available in the gift shop. The Director and staff clearly grasp the importance of SAC and are committed to the success of the SAC Memorial—Nebraska Project. Those of you who can do so should visit the Museum and see for yourself the positive changes that have been made.

Further information on this project will be forthcoming from the Project Coordinator, Carl Janssen, Jr. I urge you to give him the same type of encouragement and support shown to me in connection with the 2008 project.



The two flanking photos are of both sides of the Strategic Air Command Memorial which was dedicated at the National Museum of the US Air Force in May of 2008. The memorial that Ron Resh proposes on the previous page to be installed at the Strategic Air and Space Museum in Nebraska is to be identical to this.



Donations

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

Sedgefield Hill in memory of Joseph F Garde
James Lentz
William E Novetzke
John J Pino
Ronald E Resh
Edmond G Saler

(Continued from page 1)

Jack H Gore, Sr
Jack H Gore III, USAF, Sgt, demolitions
Kevin M Gore, USAF, AIC, crew chief
James Copeland, USN, CMPO, submarines
Richard Copeland, USN, PO, sonar
Jack & Toni Hager
Son and daughter both National Guard careerists
Frank & Dee Kisner
MGen Frank Kisner, USAF -pilot
Col Janet Augustine, USAF
Vince & Harriet Kovacich
Captain Kevin J Kovacich, USN - pilot
Commander Deborah Kovacich, USNR Ret - nav
Al & Mary Kulikowski
Steven J Kulikowski, Lt Cmdr USN, REO Aviator
Glenn & Dottie Lally
Capt Patrick Lally. USAFR Ret – pilot
Roy & Evelyn Lewis
Son- retired USN CPO



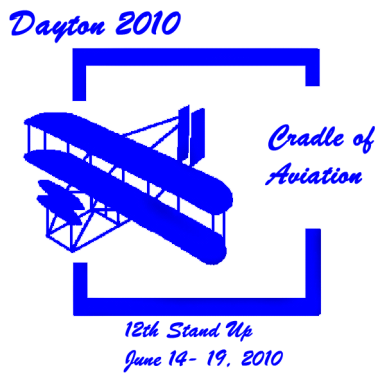
The Last Flight

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

Johnny E Clark, HQS, Papillion NE, 30 July 2009.
Stanley K Flentje, 98th ARS, San Marcos TX, 5 May 2009.
Samuel E Martin, 372nd BS, Omaha NE, 20 October 2009.
Jack J Olejniczak, OMS, Waterloo IA, 2 September 2006.
Frank L Ott III, 370th BS, Tucson AZ, 23 April 2009.
Houston Page, OMS, Dallas TX, April 1966.
Jean Page, Grand Prairie TX, date unknown.
Pete Revello, 370th BS, Fair Oaks CA, 5 April 2009.
Gordon L Ziegler, AEMS, Lafayette CA, 19 March 2009.

*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. Isaiah6:8*

Son-retired USMC Major
Granddaughter Air Force nurse
Billy & LaRee Lyons
Mitch Lyons, Col USAF Ret, pilot
Dick & Marilyn McKenzie
Richard McKenzie, Lt Col USAF Ret, pilot
Jake & Billie Mealka
Maj Janet Mealka, USAF
Perry C & Lois Meixsel
Perry D Meixsel, USAF Ret
Richard B Meixsel, USMC, now history professor
Shelly A Meixsel, USN
Perry R Meixsel, grandson, USAF
David I McShane, grandson, USAF
Peter Myatt
Major Michael Myatt, USAF Ret
Robert Keith & Rose Nystrom
Lt Col Nystrom, USAF. First name unknown.
Tom & Anita Pauza
Tim Pauza, USAF
Sarah Helms, granddaughter, Capt USAF, started test pilot school January 2009
Paul & Shirley Pudwill
Dominic Gorie, Commander USN - pilot, astronaut
Harold E & Juanita Pennington
SMSgt Sharon K Worley, USAF Ret
Dick & Mary Storr
Richard Dale Storr, Lt Col USAF-pilot-Desert Storm POW
David Storr, USMC
Douglas Storr, USAF
Pete Todd
MSgt Joseph M Todd, USAF
LCPL Kelsey Harris, USMC (grand daughter)



The 12th Stand Up Dayton Reunion June 14 to 19, 2010

WELL (Stealing a word from Ronald Reagan and Jack Benny)..... it's that time again. Time to fill you in on the latest updates concerning the 2010 Dayton Reunion.

Your committee has been diligently at work preparing for the 2010 reunion here in Dayton. The bar has been set to exceptionally high standards by previous reunion committees and it's been quite a challenge for us to see if we can top them.

Our last newsletter gave you all the general outline of scheduled events planned for next year. Now we are in the "refinement" phase where we tweak a little here and a little more there. Several glitches have been found and corrected. We will continue testing the model to ensure you each have the time of your life here.

To date we've had a good response from our 307th clan telling us that they planned on attending. We want to stress that all of you are an important part of one great organization and we urge those still on the fence to think about joining with old friends once again. We're currently pushing the 200 mark and know that there are many more who would have a great time reliving those glorious days of yesteryear. On page 11 is a list of names of those expecting to join us.

Things will start up Monday, June 14th, with registration in the afternoon in the hospitality room of the Holiday Inn. There will be a welcome reception with enough food to appease your taste buds. Drinks, both soft and hard, will be available at our own special bar. We are in the process of screening bartenders to ensure drinks are dispensed efficiently and correctly, with a pleasing smile. Pricing will be kept as low as possible.

We are spending considerable time on the function of the Hospitality Room for our reunion. We would like it to serve as the main gathering place for all of you when there are no other planned events. It's the place where you are all welcome to come in and just be yourselves. We're planning on live entertainment there to provide a comfortable surrounding for you. As a further inducement to lure you out of your hotel rooms, we will hold irregularly scheduled drawings for gifts.

You do not need to buy tickets, but you must be present to win. I guarantee that no one will be a stranger for long.

Tuesday, June 15th, is filled with activities at the National Museum of the United States Air Force highlighted by Dinner Under the Wings and music provided by the Air Force Band of Flight.. There are many changes since our last reunion here in 1996. Two major building additions have opened since then, allowing more aircraft to be displayed indoors. Aircraft are grouped together in more logical time frames and the missiles a dedicated area all their own.

One item needs to be highlighted and emphasized here. We mentioned in the last newsletter about the special tour of the Aircraft Restoration Hangar and Presidential Aircraft gallery and their remote location within the secured area of Wright Patterson Air Force Base. We have secured special tour privileges to that area; however, we are restricted in the number of people who can partake of this tour. We are forced to limit the number to 82 people. Although many more than 82 people have already indicated they plan on attending the reunion, that initial count was only for planning purposes. When we mail out the actual registration forms, the first completed forms returned to us requesting to be included on that tour will be selected. It is very important for each of you to return your Registration Form as soon as you can after initial receipt if you wish to be included in this tour. . You can get a jump on things by going to our website to download the newsletter as it is always available there a week or so before it hits your mailbox. We will also establish a "waiting list" for those who mail in their registration forms too late for one of the initial 82 spaces. If any spaces open up on the initial list, we will select persons to fill those slots from the waiting list.

Wednesday, June 16th, is The Riverboat Dinner Cruise on the Ohio River. The buses will depart from the hotel at 1630 hours. There is one significant change to this event. Initially we were scheduled to be aboard the "River Queen". It is their smallest sternwheeler, and the 307th would have had the entire boat. B & B Riverboats has recently informed us that the boat will not be in the Cincinnati area during that



The Belle of Cincinnati



Dining Room on the Belle

timeframe. Instead, we are now booked onto the "Belle of Cincinnati", which is their largest paddle wheeled vessel. We will have one of the two upper decks for our exclusive use. Both

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have full promenade decks for outside strolls both before and after dinner, where you can enjoy the river ambience and the ever changing skyline. Our Dixieland combo will provide live entertainment for one and all. The Belle of Cincinnati does have an elevator for those unable to use the magnificent stairways and the upper decks provide a unique view of the beautiful Ohio River.

Thursday, June 17th, is the trip to Carillon Park and Hawthorn Hill. Carillon Park is a 65 acre outdoor museum, highlighting many of the original earliest artifacts of this area. Transportation rates high in the display items, including the original 1905 Wright Flyer III. It is the first practical airplane and was fully restored under the personal direction of Orville Wright. The Wright Flyer III is a National Historic Landmark, and the first airplane in the United States to receive such a designation. On October 5, 1905, Wilbur Wright flew this airplane over 24 miles in 38 minutes, 3 seconds. They now had a practical flying machine, limited only by its fuel capacity.

Small groups will be continuously transported from Carillon Park to Hawthorn Hill for private tours of the Wright Brothers Mansion. People will be transported to Hawthorn Hill by small 12-passenger buses, the largest vehicles permitted in that area. This private estate has only recently been donated to the National Park Service and open for public tours from Carillon Park. Close coordination is required to ensure everyone has the opportunity to visit this outstanding home and we will have several of our local committee folk assigned to rounding you all up to complete the tour. We will have a catered cookout at Carillon Park and everyone will have the opportunity to just sit back and relax a little between visiting various areas within the park itself.

That evening we'll all fall apart in the Hospitality Room with a cash bar, live entertainment and good fellowship. Let's not forget the surprise drawings either.

Friday, June 18th, starts out with the usual mid morning business meeting. Then starts the round of Squadron and Group Photos, to pictorially preserve our place in history. We will again open the Hospitality Room for one last round of lie swapping and soda slurping.

The evening events start with the cocktail reception at 1630 accompanied by the relaxing guitar music of virtuoso Jim McCutcheon. Photographs of our couples will be taken at this time. At 1900 hours, the Banquet festivities begin with all of the appropriate protocols this event commands. Following the sit-down dinner, dance music will be provided by the Kim Kelly Quartet. We strongly encourage you all to stay after dinner is over and enjoy this live entertainment. They play comfortable music we should all be familiar with. You are welcome to dance, stroll and visit, chat and most of all, just relax and take the time to savor the camaraderie we all share together. We're all starting to crest that middle age hill and there's no time like the present to just spend some quality time together. Let's close out this reunion with a bang up

good time and see if we can all stay up until the magic witching hour.

OK, what comes next? The next newsletter should be hitting your mailbox in late March 2010. It will include our final schedule, and last minute information and the reunion registration form for you to fill out and mail to our voluntary registration minder, Woody Fail, down Texas way. Of course, to enable us to proceed as scheduled with the reunion, it will be nice if you accompany the registration form with an appropriate check. We expect the tab to be under \$250 per person.

In the March issue we'll also tell you how to get your hotel reservations. As we mentioned before, a complimentary breakfast buffet with made to order eggs, omelets & waffles is included with your room.

Any interim updates will be posted on the website at 307bwassoc.org.

Mike & Bud
AKA Mutt & Jeff

307th DVD Project Has Been Stalled

R T Boykin reports... I have not received any thing from any one since shortly after the Charleston reunion, and that was from Jim Villa. I plan on editing the existing material over the next few weeks, using it and maybe a little of the old stuff and burn 307th DVD #2 to have for the Dayton Reunion. Any new stuff is very welcome. The quality of video that will be on the DVD yet unknown.

My daughter found a few seconds of a New Year's "Hair of The Dog" squadron party that was taken at my home with the hand cranked Keystone movie on regular 8mm film camera I had at the time and converted in 1990 to VHS - I will attempt to capture it, hopefully the VHS tape will make it through the player one more time before it turns to dust. - I think it was the January after the crash at Greenham.

A word in the newsletter about the DVD may help those to remember their promise - Video, photos, with or without audio on VHS tape, CD or DVD disk, or email will work best. The old super 8mm projector wants to "chew up" old dry & brittle film. Whatever is sent: a recorded audio, or written story, accompanying ID info is needed with it.

OK you guys who told R T you had material ... get it to him before he disintegrates along with his old VHS tapes.

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.

This comes from Lt Col Wendy Wasik, an Air Force pilot assigned to the Office of the Secretary of the Air Force, who also happens to be Neal Ammann's daughter. There is a very strong message here....that all good citizens should see.

May I Salute You? By Patricia Salwei

I approached the entrance to Ft Belvoir's medical facility last year as an old veteran pattered towards me. Easily over 80 years old, stooped and slow, I barely gave him a second glance because on his heels was a full bird colonel.

As they approached, I rendered a sharp salute and barked, "Good morning, Sir!" Because they were heel to toe, I began my salute, as the old veteran was about two paces from me. He immediately came to life! Transformed by my greeting, he rose to his full height, returned my salute with pride, and exclaimed, "Good morning, Captain!" I was startled, but the full bird behind him was flabbergasted. The colonel stopped in mid-salute, smiled at me and quietly moved on.

As I entered the clinic, the utter beauty of the encounter pre-occupied me. What prompted the old man to assume that I was saluting him? Perhaps he just thought, "It's about time!" After all, doesn't a WWII vet outrank us all? I turned my attention to the waiting room taking a moment to survey the veterans there. Service people rushed around, loudspeakers blared, and the bell for the prescription window kept ringing. It was a whirl of activity and the older veterans sat quietly on the outside seemingly out of step, patiently waiting to be seen. Nobody was seeing. My old friend stayed on my mind. I began to pay attention to the military's attitude towards its veterans.

Predominantly, I witnessed indifference: Impatient soldiers and airmen plowing over little old ladies at the commissary; I noticed my own agitation as an older couple cornered at the Officer's Club and began reminiscing about their tour in Germany. To our disgrace, I have also witnessed disdain: At Ramstein AB terminal, an airman was condescending and borderline cruel with a deaf veteran flying Space A; An ancient woman wearing a WACS button was shoved aside by a cadet at the Women's Memorial dedication in D.C.; A member of the Color Guard turned away in disgust from a drunk Vietnam vet trying to talk to him before the Veterans Day Ceremony at the Vietnam Wall.

Have you been to a ceremony at the Wall lately? How about a Veteran's Day Parade in a small town? The crowds are growing faint. Why do we expect the general public to care if we don't? We are getting comfortable again. Not many of us around that have been forced to consider making the ultimate sacrifice. Roughly 60% of today's active duty Air Force did not even participate in Desert Storm. I always lament about the public's disregard for the military. I do not count all the days I stayed in bed instead of going to a ceremony or parade. It was my day to be honored and I deserved to sleep in.

It's just like a 28-year-old, whose weapon was "Microsoft PowerPoint Slide Presentation" during the last conflict, to

complain about recognition. Sometimes I wonder who is going to come to our parades in 20 years; will anybody look me up in the Women's Memorial Registry? The answer lies in the present. We will be honored as we honor those who have gone before us. The next generation is watching.

It is not my intention to minimize the selfless service of our modern military; my comrades are the greatest people I know (and frankly should be treated better). But, lately I'm wondering if the public's attitude towards the military isn't just a reflection of the active duty military's attitude towards its own veterans. It's time to ask - do we regard them, do we consider them at all? How does our attitude change when the hero is no longer wearing a uniform? I was proud to wear my uniform. Can I admit that I thought I was cool? There is no denying that there is something about our profession, combined with youth that feeds the ego a little. We have all seen a young pilot strut into the Officer's Club with his flight suit on. He matters; he takes on the room; he knows he can take on the world.

But, one day he will leave his jet for a desk, and eventually he will have to hang up that flight suit. A super hero hanging up his cape....

How will we measure his value then? He will no longer look like a pilot, an officer, a colonel. He'll just look like an old man coming out of the clinic with his prescription. But, is he less of a hero? Will anybody remember or care about all the months he spent away from his newborn daughter while making peace a possibility in the Balkans? Probably not.

Our society has a short memory. Maybe it is not for the protected to understand. Rather, it is my hope that when a young lieutenant walks by him they will each see themselves reflected in the other-one's future, the other's past. In that moment, perhaps, the lieutenant will also see the hero, now disguised as an old man, and thank him. The truth is there are heroes in disguise everywhere. I use to wonder why people would want to chat with me when I was in uniform - telling me about their four years as a radio operator in Korea. So what? I wasn't impressed relative to my own experiences. Now I understand that they were telling me because nobody else cared. Proud of their service, no matter how limited, and still in love with our country, they were trying to stay connected. Their stories were code for: "I understand and appreciate you, can you appreciate me?" The answer is, yes.

I separated from the Air Force in February. I'm out of the club. Still, I want you to know that I'll attend the parades, visit the memorials, and honor you. All this while my kids and your kids are watching. Then, maybe, someday when I'm an old woman riding the metro, a young airman will take a moment of her time to listen to one of my war stories. I, in turn, will soak in her beauty and strength, and remember. Today, as I reflect on my adventures in the Air Force, I'm thinking of that ancient warrior I collided with at Ft Belvoir. I'm wondering where he is, if he's still alive, if it's too late to thank him. I want to start a campaign in his honor - Salute A Veteran.

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What a great world this would be if all our elderly veterans wore recognition pins, and we would salute them even if we were out of uniform and saw them coming out of a Seven Eleven. Yes, this started out as a misunderstanding on my part. But, now I get it. That day was the first time in my life that I really understood what it meant to salute someone.

Dear Veteran, I recognize and hail you! I do understand what I have and what you have given to make it possible. So I'm wondering if we meet on the street again - may I salute you?

More Tales Found in the Toolbox of Our Recently Departed Comrade, Paul Koski

Rocky "42," where are you?

We were at Lakenheath, England, and my aircraft, tail number 4214, was scheduled for a four hour pilot proficiency check ride. Our call sign was Rocky 42. Some colonel from Brize Norton RAF base, needed to get a check ride to maintain his proficiency rating. Since this was to be a short flight, it was an ideal time for me to get my required four hours for flight pay. Preflight was completed and engines started. The colonel had the front seat and the major had the back seat. I was lucky to ride in the navigator's position, since we didn't need one for local missions

Take off was uneventful, we bored holes in the sky for about two hours. Since I was in the Nav's position, I could look out the little window on the right side of the nose of the aircraft. This was great since the crew chief usually didn't see out in the 4th man's position but after a while it was getting boring.

Part of the proficiency check was take off and landings. We were making GCA touch and go landings. The colonel was a very good pilot. He greased all the landings without so much as a bump, I wasn't even sure when we touched down most of the time. He was nailing it right on glide slope with little if any deviations. After about six touch and gos, the major told the colonel that his check ride

was over and complimented him on his skills.

This is where the fun begins: The major said we still had some time left and he hadn't made any back seat landings for a while and would the colonel monitor him?

The first attempt, GCA said that he was too high on glide slope and too far left and gave him some corrections, but he was still too high as we came over the end of the runway, so we did a missed approach and went around.

The second attempt wasn't much better. GCA told him this time he was too low on glide path, 10 feet, 25 feet and back to 15 feet. Another missed approach and go around was executed. It should be noted that landing from the back seat is like flying blind, you can't see through the pilot's helmet so you have to side slip to see where you are going.

The third attempt, the major said, "I'm going to make it or else." Well, we too low then too high. Dumb me, I was standing up looking out the window to see. When I saw the hangars go by and I knew we were half way down the runway and about fifty feet in the air. I jumped back in the seat and buckled up in record time.

Power came up and I thought another go around but then the aircraft started shaking and it seemed like the bottom fell out. We hit the runway so hard that amplifiers on the wall popped out. We

bounced back into the air with all engines screaming. The aircraft was still shaking as well as my knees. The colonel said, "I have the aircraft, I know we weren't gaining any altitude but air speed was picking up and the shaking had stopped. I think what saved us was at the end of the run way the ground sloped down and we just followed the terrain. This one little town in the valley had a church steeple that the people said "we just missed", I don't know how close it was because I was really strapped in and if I had the straps any tighter I wouldn't be able to breathe.

I did hear the tower on the intercom ask, "Rocky 42, are you in trouble and they kept repeating it." It seems we had dropped off radar and couldn't be seen from line of sight.

As cool as can be the colonel answered as we pulled out of the valley, "Lakenheath tower this is Rocky 42, were you trying to reach us?" He notified the tower that we would be making a full stop landing this time.

The colonel made another perfect landing and then we had the debrief. They wrote the aircraft up for a hard landing. This meant we would have a lot of X-rays to do and inspection of the landing gear and engines.

The colonel logged in the time as 3 hours and 55 minutes. I asked him if he could make it 4 hours? He said we only flew the amount of time that he

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Treasurer's Report			
307th Bomb Wing B-47/KC-97 Association			
Ending Balance from last report June 25, 2009:		\$7,270.79	
	<u>Expenses</u>	<u>Deposits</u>	
General Fund Balance			\$7,270.79
Expenses:			
Postal	210.02		
Printing	610.23		
Internet	64.65		
Admin/Equip/Supplies	12.83		
	- 897.73		- 897.73
Income:			
Donations	285.00		
Interest on account	5.59		
	290.59		+ 290.59
Ending Balance October 31, 2009			6,663.65
Tony Minnick, Treasurer			

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entered and wasn't going to change it. I had to fly another mission to get my flight pay for that month but I didn't mind, since I owed the colonel a lot.

Touch and go landing?

I was one of those wet springs in Nebraska, and it would rain every other day. The farmers couldn't get into their fields to prepare the ground for the next crop, it was just too muddy.

It was late in the evening and my plane had just landed and as I was installing the down locks, I stared in disbelief, as the whole aft wheel well was caked in mud and corn stalks, about 2-3 inches thick.

The flight crew had just gotten off the aircraft and I asked the pilot if he had any problems on landing? We started the post-flight walk around and he said "there might have been a problem, since he felt a bump on approach and we may have touched down a little short of the runway but if it did it was for just a second." (the south end of the runway has a little hill and this is where the corn field is)

As we walked around the aircraft, everything seemed OK, until we got to the aft wheel well. He was shocked to see so much mud, he was sure there wasn't any damage since the bump was so soft. I told him that until we cleaned up the mess we couldn't determine what damage there might be and only an inspection would determine that. He said "they would be back out first thing in the morning to help clean up the area.

The next morning, I talked it over with my flight chief. Since we hadn't written anything in the forms, we will wait until the area is cleaned up and then make a determination of what is to be done. If nothing is found broken or bent we probably would be OK. We don't want to jump the gun and get the flight crew in trouble if this is a minor incident.

We got the fire dept to use their high press hoses to wash off most of the mud but the rest of the cleaning had to

be done by hand, with brushes, putty knives, rags and a lot of water. The flight crew really pitched in and helped clean up.

No damage was found, but we did change the tires and brakes since we couldn't get them clean enough. The feeling was that this wasn't a hard landing and no incident reports were made but I wonder what that farmer thought when he saw the tracks? UFO or USAF?

Alert duty

There are many stories on things that happened while on alert. When you are on alert, you have hours of boredom and rushes of adrenaline. We were trained like Pavlov's Dogs, when that Klaxon sounded, your blood pressure went up and you raced to the aircraft, you had 15 minutes to launch that bird; after that you were too late and you could kiss your rear end good by.

Story # 1:

We were on alert in Moron Spain, our normal routine was 48 hours on and 48 hours off duty. You knew that you would have a couple of alerts if not more during your shift, so every one knew what to look forward to.

Our first shift we went through the whole shift without having any alerts, everyone was on edge but we were glad the shift was over with. The next shift didn't have any alerts either. Now everyone was on edge, we began snapping at each other, card games and conversations were curt, any remarks were taken wrong. We felt sorry for the next shift, since we knew they were going to catch it.

We went six days without an alert, you talk about trying us, our friendship with other crew chiefs from other wings was very thin, as well as between our selves. The seventh day all hell broke loose, we had so many alerts that we lost count. We even had an unexpected incident, when the power station that supplies lights to the base blew a transformer and the whole base went black. Our first reaction was that we were under attack, because of the loud explo-

sion we heard when the transformer let go. We ran to the aircraft, using flashlights to guide us. The guards were hollering for us to stop and be identified. We didn't know if they would shoot us or not since there was so much confusion. We finally got the power units going so we could have lights and the flight crews were showing up. We spent the better part of the night at the aircraft. They finally got the power back by morning and were we glad our shift was over.

Story #2.

We were on alert at Lincoln, we had started our 48 hour shift that morning. They gave us the morning briefing. A SAC inspection team would be late tonight or first thing in the morning, to inspect our procedures and response times with the aircraft. They would also inspect our alert facilities at the molehole. (An underground bunker that contained our alert facility, which included briefing rooms, recreation areas, sleeping area and dining facilities.) We knew that our meals would be special since the dining facility wanted to make a good impression and pass their portion of the inspection. Not that we didn't get good food normally while we were on alert, but this would be above average.

The inspection went fine, they interviewed some of the people, not only the flight crew but anyone working at the hill. We thought we would get an outstanding if not an excellent rating on this inspection.

When five o'clock came we went to the dining facility for dinner. The cooks out did themselves; we had steaks that looked like they were cooked to perfection, baked potatoes and corn on the cob, with ice cream or pie for desert. We had gone through the line and picked up our food, found an empty table. I was just about to take a bite from my steak when a feeling came over me to look up. There looking through the window of the doors that lead to dining area was this full colonel from the inspection team. I thought, no they wouldn't blow the Klaxon now. You guessed it, the horn sounded and

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Dayton Reunion Interest

At risk of being repetitive with old information, below is a list of folks who have indicated their plan to participate in the 12th Standup in Dayton in 2010. Several new names, which appear in the order of their arrival at Reunion Central, have been added since was in the newsletter the last time. Take another look to remind yourself of those you want to rub elbows with again, and for those of you who have not considered attending, think again of these old friendships and associations.

Pete Todd, Mike Gingrich, Tony Minnick, Larry Boggess, Bud Flanik, Robert Loffredo, Roy Lewis, Bob King, Bob Cox, Laurie Bunten, Hank Grogan, Jerry Sparks, Don Brandt, Pete D'angelo, Elmo Hills, Al Kulikowski, Vern Ordiway, Mike DeCarlo, Ernie Dotson, Dallas Crosby, Billy Lyons, Don Campbell, Phil Walters, F C McMillin, Virgil Domino, Bob Delany, Michael Myatt, John Ogren, Noble Timmons, Gerald Otten, George Nigh, Bob Miller, Don Nigro, Wally Mitchell, Dean Roelle, Bob Hansen, Ed Saler, Al Opitz, Jim Cinnamon, Bob Matich, Johnny Clark, Doug Valen, Bill Hastings, Jerry Weiss, Earl Hill, R T Boykin, Don Kellum, Cec Braeden.

Darrell Gallenburger, Flip Latham, Jim Shelton, James Rusher, Elmo Hills, Sedge Hill, Ernie Dotson, Bill Rogers, Willard Owensby, Bob Patterson, Trudy Barth, Dick Finke, Ron Resh, Billy Williams, Bob Byrom, Bill Filipula, Clarence Southerland. Tom Mills, Ken Coonradt, Virgil Domino, Michael Myatt, Norm Tilton, Grace Carrier, Don Johnson, Louis Durham, Ed Saler, Sue Lampel, Jim Cone, Larry Miller, Jim Sine, John H Allen, Paul Shepler, Bob Hanson, Harry Jones, Paul Trudeau, Stan States, Tom Highland, Wally Whitehurst, Pete McKay, Charley Watkins, Brent Horn, Roger Beamer, Joe Guerra, TR Taylor, Bob Corti, Bob Matich, Lou Paller, Jim Villa.

OK, for those of you planning on participating... if you haven't filled out and sent in the survey form below, please do so. A more accurate estimate of how many will be coming will help immensely in sizing our demand for bus seats and various dining arrangements. Thanks...

Bud & Mike

Dayton Reunion Interest Survey

Name _____

Mailing address _____

Email address _____

Are you interested in attending the Dayton reunion? (X Mark your response) Yes _____ No _____

Number in your party _____

What would be your mode of travel? Air _____ Car _____

Any special or dietary needs? Please explain _____

(For the following, place an X if you are interested:

Optional side trip to Hawthorn Hill Wright Family Mansion _____

IMAX theater at AF Museum _____

Presidential/Research Aircraft Gallery at AF Museum _____

Museum Restoration Hangar/Shop tour if it can be arranged _____

Live combo for dancing after reunion banquet _____

Indicate your preferred beverages? Soft drink _____, wine _____, beer _____, bourbon _____, scotch _____, vodka _____, rum _____, gin _____, other _____.

Comments or Suggestions?: _____

Clip and mail to Mike Gingrich, 2527 Greenlefe Dr, Beavercreek, Ohio 45431,
Or email your response to Mike at mikegingri@cs.com

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within a second I hit the door with about five other people. Well, the colonel didn't have a chance to get out of the way. The last I saw of him, was when he was sliding down the wall across from the door. We couldn't stop to help.

We completed the exercise and got back to the molehole. The dining area was all cleaned up, no steaks but the cooks did have cold cuts and juice or milk.

We didn't get an outstanding rating but excellent isn't to bad. The Colonel only got a few bruises and a headache.

**Story #3.
The spider Vs. USAF**

We were at Moron AFB Spain. We had finished preflighting all the aircraft and were back at the alert shack, relaxing, playing cards and just waiting for the Klaxon to blow. (The alert shack, was a cinder block storage building that was converted to our alert facility.) This was also our sleeping quarters,

while we were on alert. One of the crew chiefs said "he saw a mouse," so we thought we would try to catch it. There were six of us and only one little mouse or so we thought. We moved the bunks out of the way and cornered that sucker. The only problem was, it wasn't a mouse: instead looked like an over grown Wolf spider. It was crouched against the wall, cornered.

As we approached the spider, with thoughts of killing it, we were, shocked, dismayed, and scared when that spider jumped at us from about six feet away. I didn't know that they could jump that far. All the big strong crew chiefs stumbled over each other as well as bunks, trying to get out of its way.

We didn't see where it went so started tearing beds apart and moving anything that wasn't fastened down. Would you believe it, we couldn't find the damn thing. Needless to say none of us got any sleep that night. I think the spider won.

Here By Popular Demand And The Need For A Space Filler, Are More of Bill Novetzke's "About Pilots"

18. About night flying a. Remember that the airplane doesn't know that it's dark. b. On a clear, moonless night, never fly between the tanker's lights. c. There are certain aircraft sounds that can only be heard at night. d. If you're going to night fly, it might as well be in the weather so you can double count your exposure to both hazards. e. Night formation is really an endless series of near misses in equilibrium with each other. f. You would have to pay a lot of money at a lot of amusement parks and perhaps add a few drugs, to get the same blend of psychedelic sensations as a single engine night weather flight.

19. One of the most important skills that a pilot must develop is the skill to ignore those things that were designed by non-pilots to get the pilot's attention.

20. At the end of the day, the controllers, ops supervisors, maintenance guys, weather guessers, and birds; they're all trying to kill you and your job is to not let them!



**Return Service Requested
Dated Material**

**Lincoln, NE 68516
5920 Robin Court**

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

