

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE ACADEMY  
CLASS OF 1960



FIFTY YEARS 2010

USAF

1960

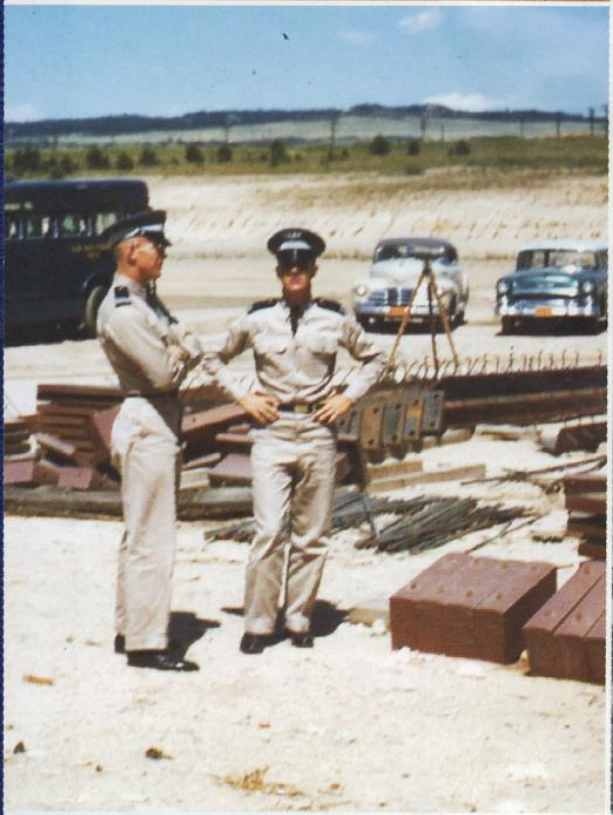
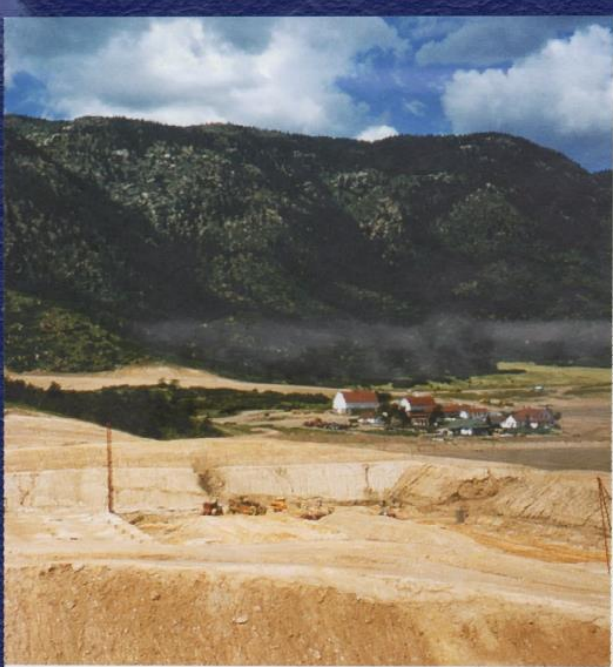
FIFTY YEARS

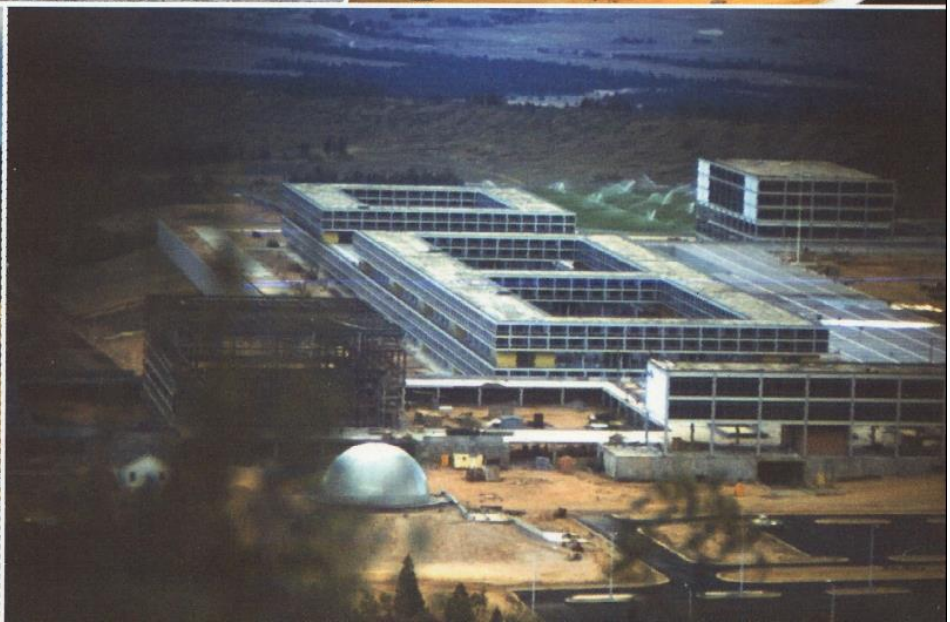
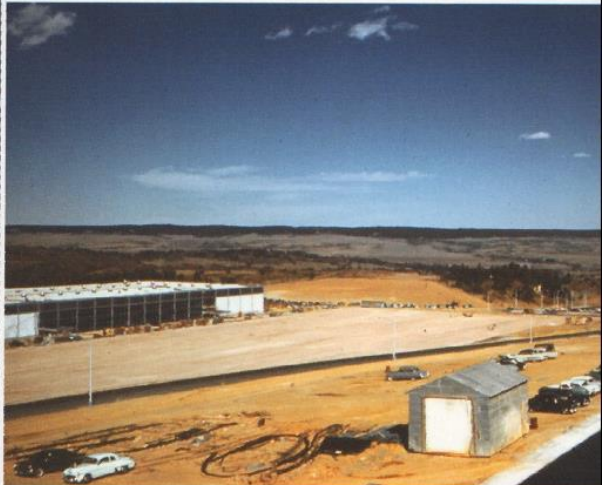
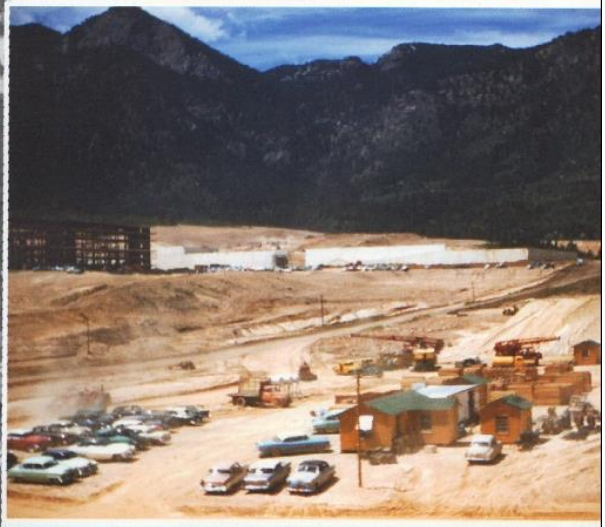
2010

**UNITED STATES AIR FORCE ACADEMY**  
**CLASS OF 1960**



**50th Reunion Yearbook**  
**Nulli Secundus**





# UNITED STATES AIR FORCE ACADEMY

## CLASS OF 1960 50<sup>th</sup> YEAR REUNION

### COMMEMORATIVE YEARBOOK

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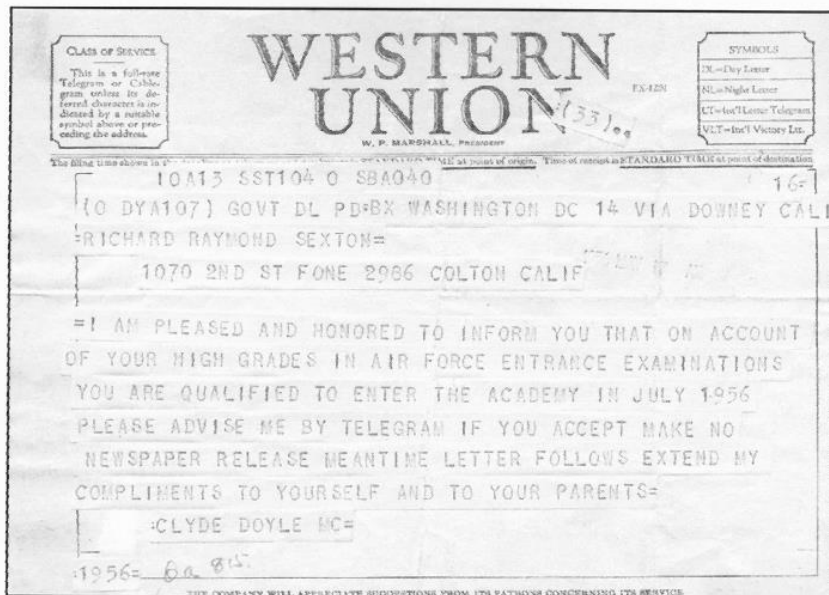
## FOREWORD

During May Week of 2007 at West Point, I attended my former USMA Class of 1957's 50 year reunion. I had been invited to attend, and previously, I had been asked to submit personal data and photographs to a 50<sup>th</sup> yearbook project. During the reunion, I was presented with my copy and was very impressed with its meaning and significance. It was a very high quality publication and I learned that it was a tradition at Army, Navy and the Coast Guard to do a 50<sup>th</sup> yearbook.

We are a very special and historic class and I thought it would be great if we could produce such a project for our 50 year reunion. Perhaps such a class history book could establish a tradition that subsequent classes could follow. I suggested the idea to Andi Biancur, our Class President and showed him my Army book. He was also impressed and after consulting with the other Class officers, he gave the go ahead and asked if I would head the project.

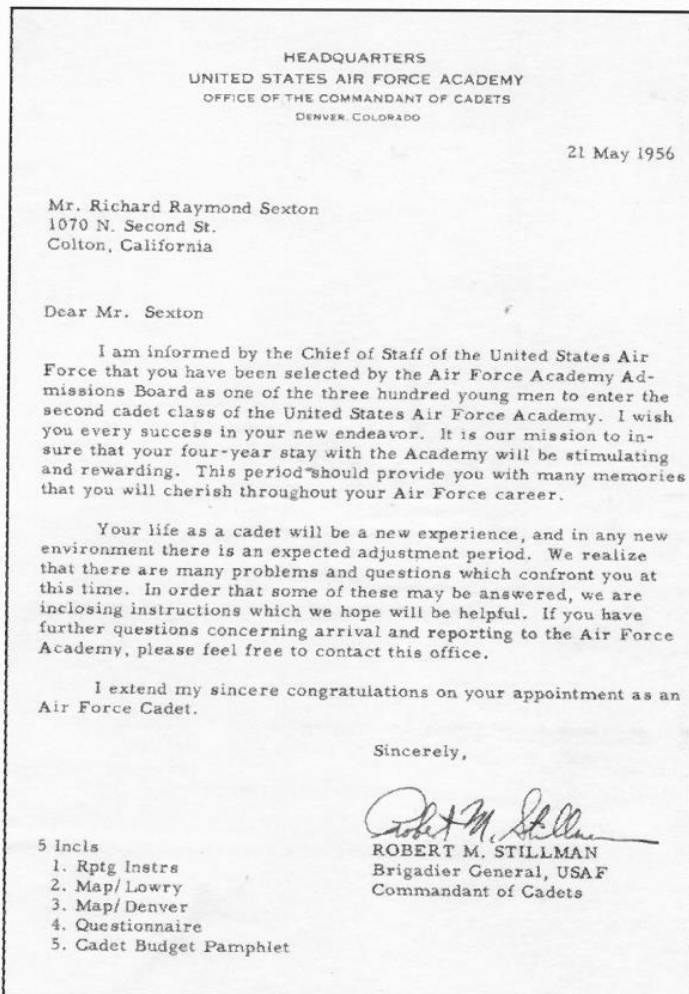
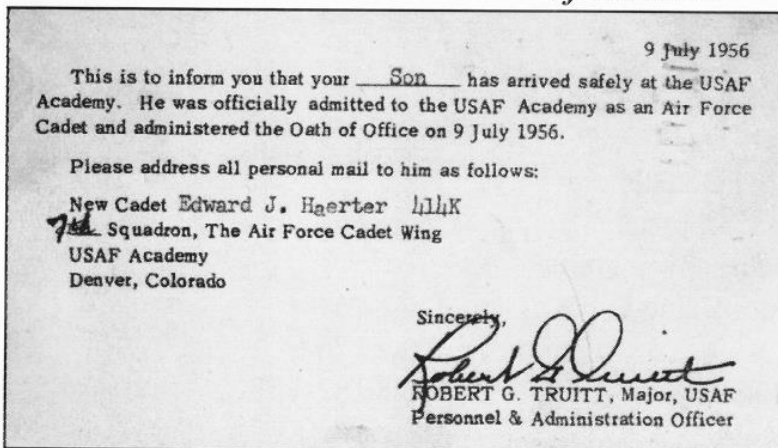
The first time that you start a project like this, there is great inertia to overcome. The first step was to organize the Class into regions. Andi was a significant help in this regard and in preparing the initial 50<sup>th</sup> Yearbook letter to the Class.

The next step was to select a publisher. During a meeting and conference call with the Class Officers, local Colorado Springs Classmates, and me, we selected Pikes Peak Publishers of Colorado Springs. They have published several USAFA and AOG documents over the years. We established a range of book prices, signed a contract, and the rest is...your history!



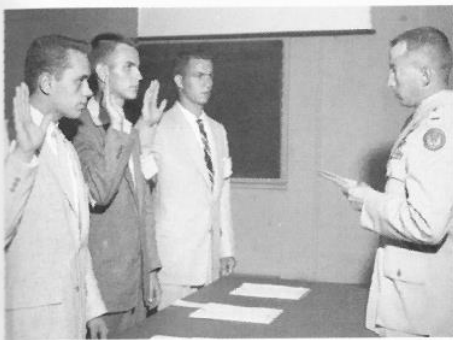
### Understatement of our lives!

George Luck, Editor



### 300 Young Men Start Second Academy Class





Throughout our lives, many people have provided us guidance, direction and encouragement. Initially our parents, later our mentors and classmates, and ultimately our wives and families, have unfailingly been at our side as we met and conquered the obstacles life has placed before us. Without their uncompromising support, our growth, careers, and even our welfare would surely have suffered. We, the members of the class of 1960, will always be grateful for their help and encouragement.

As we learned during our early days at the Academy, success ultimately requires a team effort. Our parents and teachers, as part of that team, provided us the solid foundations upon which the basic principles of our future could be built. Without their unwavering faith in our future successes, we could never have reached our goals. Inheriting and exercising their basic tenets of honesty and "doing the right thing", prepared us to meet the challenges we were to face at the Academy.

Our classmates and Air Training Officers, who surrounded us at that first reveille, that first week and throughout Doolie Summer, helped us adjust to our new life, filled our minds with new information, and shaped the attitudes and character that would carry us in life. The support of parents, friends, classmates, staff, faculty and even our girl friends, helped us not only to survive that first year, but also to 'enjoy' the three years that followed. The camaraderie we found would form the basis of the strong bonds we will continue to depend on for the rest of our lives.

Our experiences in the Air Force and in the years since were similarly enabled and made more rewarding by the support of all of those around us. We followed, then led, warriors and others who demonstrated the essence of a commitment to success.

Several of those who affected our lives are gone - lost on the battlefield, victims of sickness or age. Now, we can only pass our thanks to them in our hearts. There are others we have not seen in years but remember almost every day. Many of us will come together during this reunion and, with a hug or a strong handshake, jointly remember and thank them once again for what they meant to us.

Others we may never have properly thanked, simply because they are so close to us that it didn't seem necessary. These are our families - our wives, children and grandchildren.

As we commemorate and celebrate the 50 years since we left the Rockies, and remember the four years at our mountain side home, we, as a class, wish to formally acknowledge the strong support we have received from so many and, in thanks, dedicate to them this 50 year history of the Class of 1960.



We remember especially:

- Our parents, our relatives, and our teachers who nurtured us during our early learning years.
- The dedicated classmates, noncommissioned officers, faculty and tactical officers who so strongly influenced our development here at the Academy.
- The officers and airmen who worked with us, taught us, led us, and whom we led in military units scattered around the globe, both in times of peace and in the hours of war.
- And, most importantly, our wives and children who suffered the hardships of frequent moves, tiny quarters, changing schools and seemingly endless long and short separations. The knowledge that they would be there when we returned fortified our spirits and kept us going during even the most difficult times. They truly were the wind beneath our wings.



As the sun sets on our careers and, ultimately, on our lives, we would hope that those who have meant so much to us over the years, will recognize that we not only appreciate what they did for us, but also acknowledge the significant, positive influence they have had on the great Class of 1960. This book is for you.

For the Class of 1960

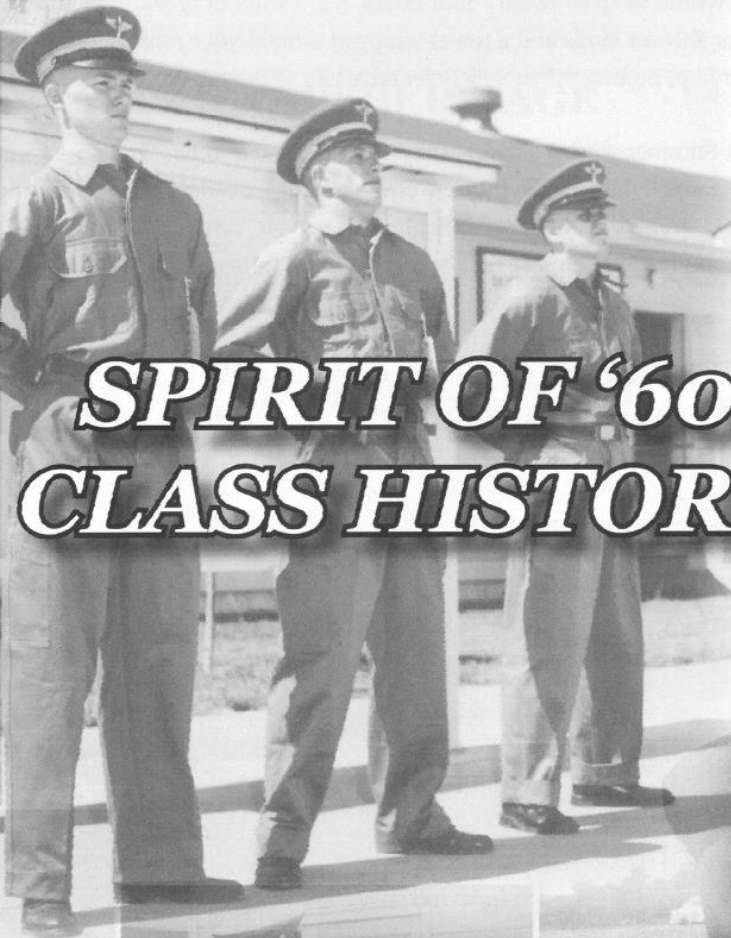
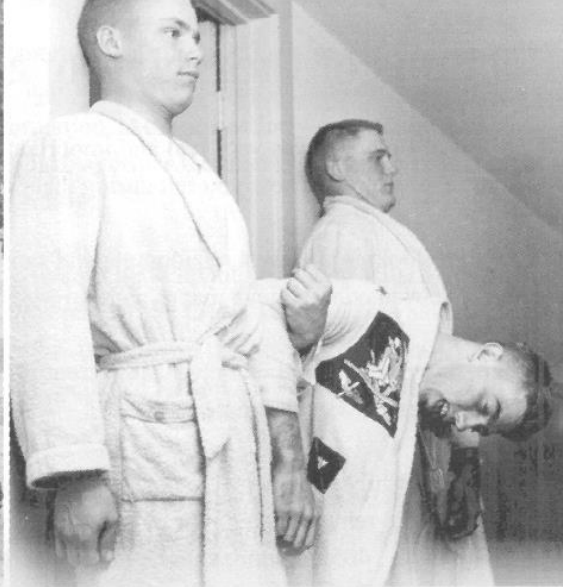
Andi Biancur President

# *Class of 1960 - Class Crest*

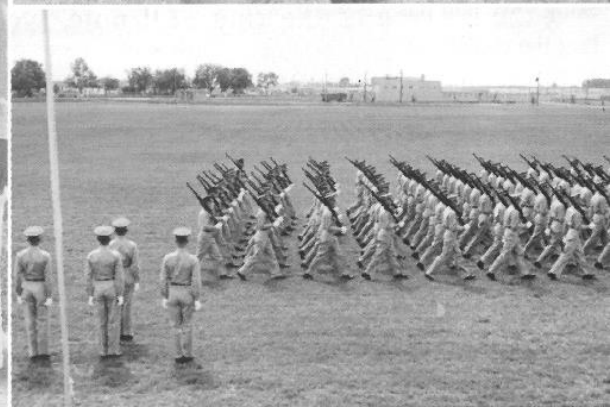
The rampant falcon, representing the individual, appears to fly from the sabre, representing cadetship, toward the North Star, which has been used by navigators, pilots, and travelers for centuries to find their true heading. This depiction signifies the journey each class member will take through life, leaving his training years as cadets, and moving on a direct path toward the future. The falcon is pictured above the clouds where vision is always clear and unrestricted. His eyes and beak are unencumbered, depicting his capability to perform at his best. He is carrying a banner inscribed with the Latin words "Nulli Secundus". The translation "Second to None" designates our status as the second class to graduate, but also implies that the Class of 1960 is inferior to no others. Of course the class year is predominant on the crest, symbolizing that the whole supports the individual. Of note also is the double chain of clouds, represented by their heraldic symbology, around the base of the ring. This signifies the spiritual binding between the Class of 1960, represented by the class crest carried on the obverse, and the Air Force Academy, represented by the (then) school crest carried on the reverse of the ring. Of note, we were the last class to use the interim Air Force Academy crest with the prop and wings on our rings, as the Academy adopted its permanent crest thereafter.







# SPIRIT OF '60 CLASS HISTORY



# Reflections of the Spirit of Sixty

There was a time when we all believed in the Spirit of Sixty. It was very real and important to each of us every day. It was this belief which kept us going, sometimes from hour to hour. Do you recall how you felt during that time from yesterday?

Lieutenant Joe Yeager used to get on the balcony overlooking the West Quadrangle and scream at us, "You men are SUPREME!" We were not of course, but we wanted to believe him. We wanted to believe that as a group we were somehow different from all the rest.

We recalled the quote from General Spaatz, "I guess we considered ourselves a different breed of cat right in the beginning. We flew through the air and the other people walked on the ground, it was as simple as that!"

Of course when we arrived at Lowry Air Force Base on 9 July 1956 we were not flying through the air at all. We were firmly planted on the ground with our chins run in and our chests out trying to remember our new name, "Sir, New Cadet Goodyear, William G., 405K, Sir!" How does one say, "Sir, New Cadet Goodyear, William G., 405K, reports that he has showered, shaved, brushed his teeth, powdered his toes and has had a bowel movement within the past twenty-four hours, Sir!" without breaking out in a grin or forgetting some part of the script, as you stand in the hall in your shower clogs and a towel wrapped around your mid-section with your chin run in? I never could. "That is why Lieutenant Guy Hecker kept putting me in a dirty laundry bag to get the laughing out of my system.

The first several weeks of Freshman Summer were a shock. They were designed to be. To quote Contrails, "The Freshman Summer is spent in vigorous training designed to adjust the cadet to his new environment. A cadet must attain a high sense of honor and loyalty. He must develop within himself the moral strength and fortitude that he will need to carry him through his career. He will have to learn how to follow, for in order to become a good leader, he must first become a good follower. A trait that is needed to become a good follower and eventually a good leader is self-discipline. The purpose of Freshman Customs is to develop these qualities in the cadet."

We had been told why. But there was a lot left out in explaining the details of the implementation of what these words really meant. Because there was little time to talk among ourselves, each man had to fight his own development battles, his own fears, and his own self-doubts. There was a great deal of negative aspects to those first days.

The first ray of hope came on 27 July, two weeks and four days after we arrived at the Academy, when we marched in General Harmon's retirement parade. It was a great day. Air Force Chief of Staff, General Nathan Twining, was the highest ranking officer to review the Cadet Wing. This was the first public display of both initial classes together. The Class of Sixty marched in our three provisional squadrons, lead by our Air Training Officers.

Once we were assembled on the parade ground the sky opened up with a heavy, cold rain, and some light hail. The wind was blowing very hard. When a military formation gets to this position, there is not a command which says, "Get out of the rain." The show must go on. The band played and we stood straight and watched the Air Training Officers do their Officers Front Center march. We all waited for the command, "Squadron, Right Turn, March!"

This was our turn to show our stuff, to stand up tall and keep our ranks inline. I had already observed, out of the corner of my eye, that when the rain started to fall, not a new cadet I could see moved a muscle. When we started our Pass in Review and the command came, "Eyes Right!" our lines were perfect. Three hundred and Seventeen new cadets of the Class of Sixty were working together as one body.

Out of the cold, wet experience we first felt the Spirit of Sixty. It was good to march down water filled 80<sup>th</sup> Street singing the Air Force Song. We had passed our first test with flying colors. The rest of that summer was not fun. It was full of challenges, but now we knew that the challenge was not only on each of us, it was on all of us as a group. We were becoming the Class of Sixty.

I think the high point of the summer was the march to bivouac along the road east of Buckley. You remember, we had our steel helmets, our rifles, our combat boots and our backpacks. We were all prepared for a week in the field, living in a tent, firing big guns, learning what tear gas felt like and playing soldier. The load on our backs was heavy and the march was long, as we formed a line on either side of the road.

But then something else happened. The Commandant of Cadets, Brigadier General Robert Stillman, started at the very back of the formation and marched down the middle of the road. He spoke to cadets as he passed and offered words of encouragement. Before we got to the bivouac area, he was leading the formation, at the age of forty-five. In those days we thought a forty-five year old man was over the hill. He was not. He was our leader in chief, a former German POW, and a past combat Air Commander. He was demonstrating to us how to lead and we were learning how to follow.

By the time that summer was over we were feeling good about ourselves as individuals and as a group. We enjoyed our last meal in Mitchell Hall before joining the Class of 59 as part of the Cadet Wing. I was asked to make a short speech and recall saying that the mission of the Class of Sixty was to establish the Academy in the Air Force. It was the role of the Class of 59 to introduce the Academy's product, ours to prove that a new standard of excellence for the Air Force officer corps was being developed at the Academy. I still feel that way today.

The Class of 59 was always the first, but we were second to none. If they were judged to be arrogant, we would show the world the reason why. At that moment before the first academic year started we believed that we were in fact "a different breed of cat." I still do.

Bill Goodyear, Member of the Class of Sixty

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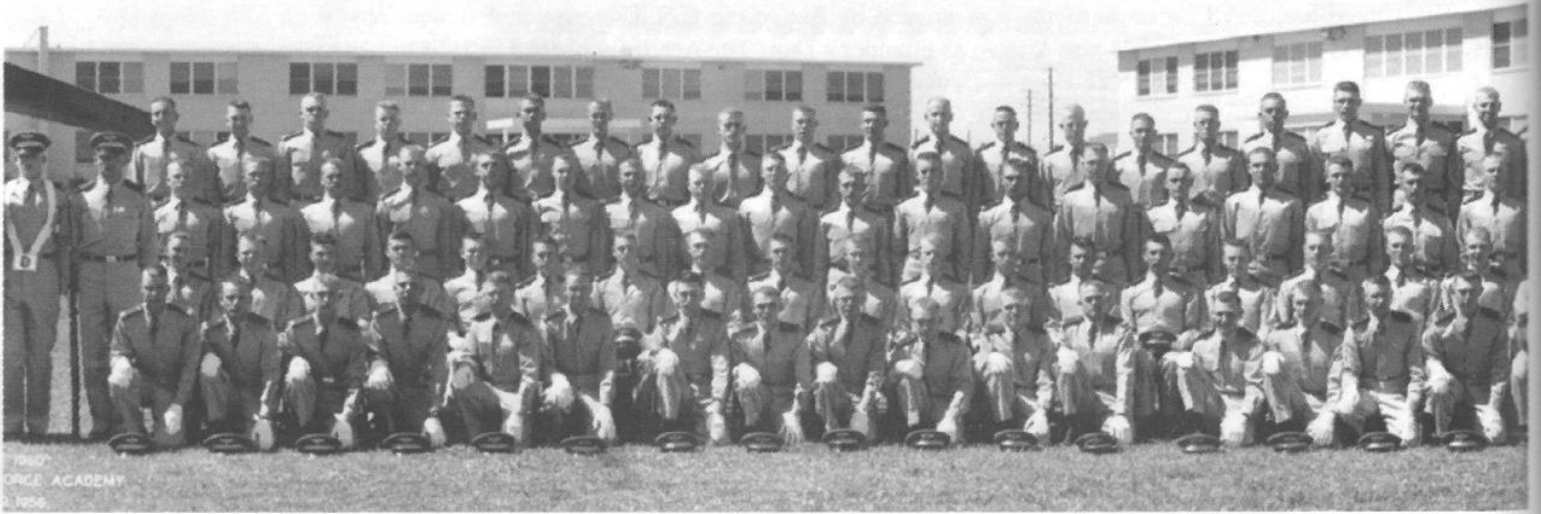
## OUR HERITAGE

The United States Air Force Academy was created by Act of the U.S. Congress and signed into law by President Dwight D. Eisenhower on April 1, 1954, a date now known as Founder's Day. The Academy opened in 1955 at temporary quarters called Lowry II on the grounds of Lowry Air Force Base in Denver, CO and the first class entered July 11, 1955. Meanwhile, construction on the permanent facilities north of Colorado Springs, CO started in November 1956, when the first piece of structural steel was being erected. The Academy's first superintendent was a 1915 West Point classmate of President Eisenhower, Lt. Gen. Hubert R. Harmon, who supervised the first two classes and retired on July 27, 1956.



President Dwight D. Eisenhower signs the Air Force Academy Act on April 1, 1954. (Left to right: Secretary of the Air Force, Harold E. Talbott; Representative Carl Vinson; General Nathan F. Twining, Air Force Chief of Staff; President Eisenhower; Representative Dewey Short; Under Secretary James H. Douglas; and, Lt. General Hubert R. Harmon).

## Our Four Years at the Academy

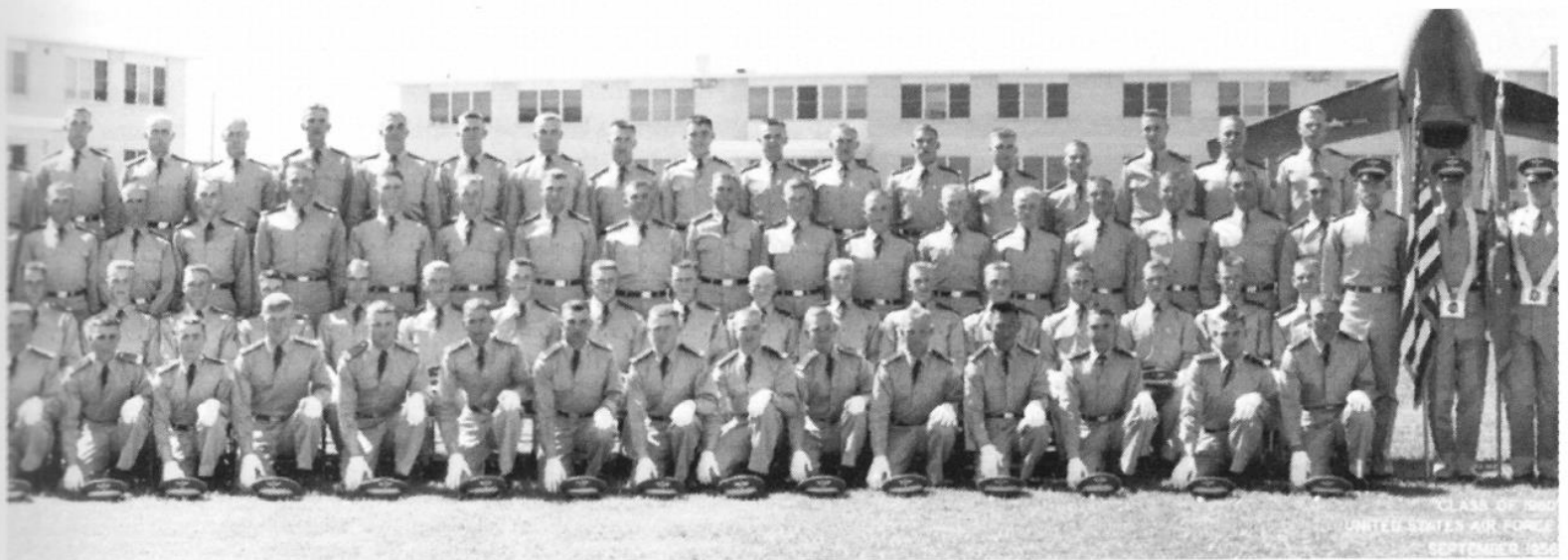


The year was 1955, and President Eisenhower had just conducted the first-ever televised press conference, *Gunsmoke* was on our small black-and-white television sets, and Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock" topped the charts. Moms stayed in kitchens cooking apple pies, and phones were big black things with long cords. The Dodgers played baseball in Brooklyn, gas was a quarter a gallon and our auto sensation was the '55 T-Bird for \$2895. That was 55 years ago—and we were one of those 29,000 young men who would actively seek an appointment to the US Air Force Academy.

For most of us, our journey began with a letter to a Senator or Congressman; each was authorized to nominate ten candidates following a preliminary medical examination, with those qualified proceeding to further testing. After exhaustive academic examinations, an apportioned number with the highest composite scores from each state allotted by population were appointed by telegram from the Secretary of the Air Force. We were male, 17 and less than 22 years of age, 5'4" but not over 6'4," flight-qualified with leadership potential. We came from every state and large cities and small towns throughout the United States.

307 of us reported on July 09, 1956--23 had prior military service, 16% had one or more years of college and many had been in ROTC (one completed four years AFROTC and turned down a commission to join our Class), another had spent a year at USMA, one wore AF Navigator's Wings and resigned his First Lieutenant Rank, and fifteen had Presidential appointments. The youngest was 17 years and two months, the oldest exactly 22, our median age was 18.6 and one had not graduated from high school.

**Basic Cadet Training.** Our welcome to Lowry AFB-II was this vitriolic volley from an Air Training Officer (ATO): "Drop those bags, Mister!" Again: "I said DROP those bags!" We quickly acquired a polyglot language: "Run that chin in, Dumbsmack." Double-Time? Brace? ATOs were graduates of West Point, Annapolis, Citadel, VMI, VPI, and universities like Fordham and Clemson, some had ROTC training; several ATOs had been commissioned through the Aviation Cadet program,



and some were Korean War veterans—from wherever they came, these ATOs were tougher than any upperclassmen.

That first day we were issued clothing---12 pair of white gloves (that has got to be a mistake!)—received a hair cut, learned to march, were issued uniforms, assigned a roommate and to a barracks. We were sworn in that morning: “I, (\_\_\_\_), having been appointed an Air Force Cadet in the United States Air Force, do solemnly swear...” That afternoon we marched to the Parade Ground and reaffirmed our earlier pledge. By the end of the day, we had a lexicon of four responses with seven acceptable words: “Yes, Sir;” “No, Sir;” “Sir, I do not know;” “No excuse, Sir.” Our reply to a frequently-asked question: “Sir, my altitude is 5,280 feet--far, far above that of West Point or Annapolis!”



We did things we never thought we could, contorted our bodies into unnatural positions and never once questioned why. We used an M-1 rifle, learned how to fire a .30 caliber machine gun, .45 caliber pistols and the .38 revolver, enthusiastically

participated in bayonet training, ran the Obstacle Course and were called "Doolies." We learned to spit-shine shoes and cap bills, polish belt buckles and master our "gig-line," sew on uniform buttons, clean our rooms and make "hospital corners," field-strip M-1s, wear garters and "stays" under collars. After each strenuous day, many of us have this memory of shutting our eyes at the final peal of Taps and opening them an instant later.

"I dashed to reveille formation with time to spare," said a classmate. "The ATO examined my cheek. 'Twenty laps,'" he whispered. "So, THAT'S how I got so far ahead—I forgot to shave!" "At lunch, an ATO had me 'sit up,' and I didn't get to eat my pie!" wrote another bewildered mate. "When dismissed, I realized that this was the first time I had food for which I was hungry and DID NOT EAT!" (Food prepared by the Cadet Dining Hall's Lt. Col. Echelberger was excellent).

One Sunday we marched to the Cadet Theater and watched Clark Gable in "Command Decision." The following Sunday we saw Gregory Peck as commander in "Twelve O'Clock High." We marched 12 miles with full field pack and rifle for a six-day bivouac on Lowry AFB's bombing range at Buckley NAS, set up camp and slept in pup tents, fired basic weapons for record, and witnessed parachute drops, decontamination, camouflage, ground defense and demonstrations of AF Base Weapons and ate from mess kits.

After that busy summer we got shoulder boards, having morphed from New Cadets to Basic Cadets and then Cadet Fourth Classmen. (We thanked our Guardian Angels for helping us through the summer and asked that they buckle their seatbelts: Tightly, since this was going to be a long and bumpy ride!)

Mornings as Fourth Classmen began at 0550 Hours with a shower, shave and into a clean uniform to be in ranks by 0605 marching to the Dining Hall. Evenings ended at 2200 with an "All Right, Sir" in response to a knock at the door. Mondays through Fridays were academic classes in the morning and afternoon. Intramural athletics were Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, while Saturday mornings included an academic class followed by SAMI and Parade.



Our academic curriculum was markedly "More Math than Monet." Chemistry, Algebra & Trigonometry, English, Philosophy, Geography and Military Science, while we embraced "The Curve" and skillfully maneuvered our slide rules. Courses were divided between Sciences and Liberal Arts, and included Conditioning & Sports, Customs & Courtesies, Air Power & National Security, Engineering Drawing/Charts & Maps. We marched to class, the Section Leader saluted and reported—"All Present or Accounted For, Sir"—we contributed a Graded Review (GR) at many sessions, and had a quiz in most Math and Science classes performed at the chalkboard while standing. We selected "C" on multiple choice tests if we didn't know the answer, were on a semester system and grades were numbers with 70.0 passing.

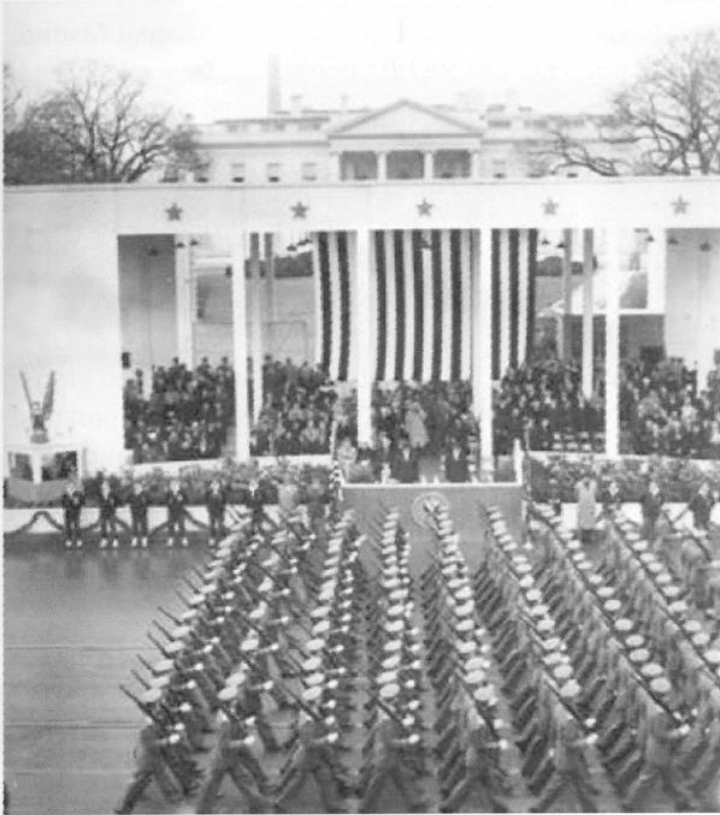
Most engaged in intramural sports, while many vaulted into Intercollegiate Athletics—we had 128 "participations" by classmates in 15 sports (some were in two, even three sports that first year)—and, we were in top physical condition. Intramurals included football, bowling, soccer, cross country, basketball, water polo, rugby, lacrosse, boxing, golf, tennis, judo, swimming, handball, squash, wrestling and volleyball. We elected classmates to Honor, Class, Dance, Entertainment, Ring/Crest Committees, and joined Polaris, Talon, Dodo and Contrails Staffs and Hockey, Debate, Geography, Photo, Radio, Bowman's, Bowling, Hunting/Fishing, Aero/Soaring and Ski Clubs.

There was now a different cadence to our counts: "Sir, there are 49 days until Christmas!" Our lexicon included Punishment Tours, Forms 10 for Demerits and 10a meaning "Special Inspection," Confinement, Room Orderly, Restriction, Class III, Turnouts, CheckPoints (days to football games, holidays, movie at the Cadet Theater—but, we couldn't go). We made VFR/IFR position reports, and were instructed to write a progress letter to that Congressman or Senator who'd appointed us.

"Cooperate and Graduate" meant helping one another, and included sharing boodle from home. We adopted the Honor Code, while not understanding how this would become the basis for our actions throughout the rest of our lives. We could now go to the Cadet Store and buy candy bars and ice cream. Our monthly earnings were one-half a Second Lieutenant's pay of \$222.30 per month, and from that \$111.15 we received a \$30 allowance after paying for books, meals, laundry, haircuts and uniforms; our military rank was between Warrant Officer II and III. And, we learned to survive both ATOs and upperclassmen—those pesky members of '59-- and were joined by eleven members of that class who were "turned back" (eventually, 18 would join us).

Playing nine football games that Fall with four home games played at the University of Denver's stadium, our coach was Lawrence T. (Buck) Shaw. Our record was six wins, two losses, one tie. Going to these games was an even ("Could it be that some people seated near the Wing were bothered by us standing the entire game?") The Cadet Wing marched on to the field before the start of each game. One Falcon stalwart opined that "the long and short of the football scene was that we were a well-coached group of mediocre football players (relative to other Division I players) who just loved to play the game." They were sure fun to watch, while the best part was winning--this meant we sat "at ease" the next meal.

Then came that first lonesome winter, and while we had no classes December 21<sup>st</sup> to January 4<sup>th</sup>, we could not go home. "Privileges" now included a radio and phonograph, and we could go off-base with parents for several hours, if they visited. We had dancing lessons at Arnold Hall and then a dance over the holidays, with dates being ladies from Colorado Woman's College, University of Denver and Loretto Heights College--the watchful Cadet Wing Hostess, Mrs. Gail McComas, was there to ensure our best behavior. Many joined the Ski Club for bussed trips to Winter Park or Arapahoe Basin that included box lunches and lessons.



January 1957 was President Eisenhower's re-inauguration, and we rose at 0400 most December mornings to tote our M-1 and hone marching skills. We flew in C124s to Andrews AFB and checked into Suitland Hall, then marched in the Inaugural Parade. Some would later explore the jazzy delights of Benny's Rebel Room under the Georgetown Bridge, while others had their pictures taken in front of the White House and were feted at a luncheon.

During that year, we were instructed in the use of personal flying equipment and given psychological indoctrination by going to 35,000' in an altitude chamber and having the oxygen cut off, took an orientation flight in a T-29C navigational trainer ("The Flying Classroom"), and in the spring had a 30-minute T-33 jet ride. Then, the day we thought would never come, it was Recognition Day! A member of the Class of 1959 pinned props and wings on our collars, and we triumphantly said "goodbye" to bracing, eating at attention and "spouting doolie knowledge." We were now a real part of the Cadet Wing.

We got new roommates Third Class Summer, flying to Hamilton AFB for five days visiting Air Defense Command and took T-33 rides to intercept B-29s; then, March Air Force Base in Riverside, CA, where some rode in KC-97s and watched aerial refueling of B-47s; and, Tactical Air Command at George AFB.

At each base were dances supervised by our Dance Committee making introductions to local ladies through the Receiving Line. After that, we went to a primary pilot training base for 80 hours of instruction and 11 hours of actual flying in T-34s and T-28s, while some recall a weekend swimming at Padre Island. Back at Lowry II, we had our first Off Base Privilege (OBP) until 10PM. Then, we went home on leave!



By Third Class Academic Year many had acquired nicknames like Seal, Gnome, Roach, Rat, Whale, Dolphin, Duck, Hawk, Bear, Pig, Gnat, Wedge, Mole, Panda, Snake, Germ, Flea, Fish, Goose, Shep, Killer, Chik, Slik, Bojo, Rebel, Sabo, Pug, Krash, Salty Able, Stud Horse, Itch, Chum, Buck, Nebs, Gar, Tadashi-San, Shiv, Charlie Brown, Slats, der Wick, Corny, Oogie, LEM,

REM, Cask, Jabo, Good Will, Garboon, Camel, Hanyak, Squire, Rags, Serb, Frenchy, Bullet Bob, Cookie, Gordo, Ace, Fat Mac, Fritz, Gimp and Vik.

Academics included Physics, Calculus, Chemistry, Literature, History, Psychology, Political Science and Military Science. We started navigation, and some recall doing celestial “pre-comps” and shooting stars in the quadrangle trainers; our only computer was an E6B Weems and the Sanderson Flight Plotter we used to make six navigation flights in T29Cs, while our geographical jargon expanded to include Ponca City, Truth or Consequences, Tucumcari and Garden City VORs. Some began what Dean Colonel McDermott termed “The Enrichment Program,” which would lead to an academic major for completion of an 18 to 21 semester-hour overload of six extra courses, most in Engineering Sciences.

Football games were still at the University of Denver’s stadium, Buck Shaw coaching our wins over Occidental, Detroit, New Mexico, six losses and one tie (Shaw would later depart to coach the Philadelphia Eagles). That year we had 84 classmate-participations in varsity sports. We went home for Christmas, and upon our return, RosAl Productions had created itself and gave us a “Wing Ding” at the Denver Turnverein for Spring Break (Noon Saturday until evening meal Sunday). In May, our new uniforms designed by Cecil B. DeMille were introduced with much fanfare.

Second Class Summer we flew in C-118s to Europe (optional, required forfeiting Summer Leave), visiting Madrid, Wiesbaden, Berlin, London, Paris, Garmisch, Palma de Majorca; we had a briefing from NATO Commander, General Norstad, during our three weeks of touring military bases in Spain, Germany, France and England, and then took a train from Paris to the World’s Fair in Brussels, Belgium. Some then (voluntarily) went on to Ft. Benning (GA) for their jump wings.

That summer we flew in C-97s to Strategic Air Command headquarters in Omaha, NE, where General Power addressed us in an underground bunker. We flew in C-130s to Support Commands at Tinker AFB in Oklahoma and Wright-Patterson in Ohio. While visiting Norfolk and Ft. Benning for indoctrinations from the Army and Navy, we spent time on the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Ranger and toured a submarine.

In August we assisted in training the “doolies,” then bussed to the permanent site, got off at the front gate and marched uphill to our new quarters (what a change from the WWII barracks at Lowry!) on a tract of 17,500 acres—this was covered in Life Magazine showing us on the cover and in an article entitled “The Toughest School in the World.” The new site now provided our “Tale of Two Cities” from Lowry II in Aurora to our permanent home north of Colorado Springs.

Second Class Academic Year included Electrical Engineering, Mechanics, Thermodynamics, Nucleonics, Western Literature, History, Psychology, Economics, Foreign Language (Spanish, French, Russian or German), Military Science and Navigation. “One hallmark of class cooperation was the Poop Sessions conducted by an erudite classmate before important exams in EE, Thermo, Mechanics and Physics, which compressed a semester’s work into a three-hour cram course, and dozens took advantage of his clairvoyance to pass one more exam,” recalled a classmate.



We still had no football stadium, and used “The Fields of Friendly Strife” at Colorado College and University of Denver. Ben Martin became our coach, and after a great start in early games, we revolted with an After-Taps Rally, and the entire Wing was bussed to Iowa where we tied their top-ranked team 13-13. At the end of that year--our first with four classes--we ranked 10th in the nation, with nine wins, 0 losses and two ties. New Year’s Day we played TCU in the Cotton Bowl and tied the Horned Frogs 0-0. That year we had 64 classmates on 15 varsity squads.

Dean Brigadier General McDermott supervised tests to substantiate that our Air Force Academy’s educational system was deserving of accreditation. We got class rings emblazoned with “*Nulli Secundus*”: Second To None. Operation Third Lieutenant was in March, and we went to operational Air Force bases across the country. Over this first winter nestled against the Rockies, we marched to breakfast against 100+MPH winds, while one classmate named the imposing mountain to our west: Herman Hill. RosAl provided our Spring Break respite with a toga-clad “Roman Blast” at the Denver Turnverein.

First Class Summer gave us complete responsibility for training the Class of 1963. We became Squadron Commanders, and some were responsible for Customs and Courtesies, Physical Training, Honor Code, and Rifle Training. We were the first class to introduce Survival Training to new cadets—SERE (Survival, Evasion, Resistance, Escape)—and were trained by instructors



from the AF Survival School at Stead AFB; we conducted a week-long exercise in the mountains, camping in parachute shelters and teaching cadets to survive in the wilderness.

It was both a beginning and an end during First Class Academic Year--we started four new squadrons (13-16), and at year's end requested assignments following graduation. Academics included Aerodynamics, Astronautics, Political Science (Clausewitz to evils of the Kremlin), English, Military Science, Law and Navigation. "The course I liked best was Aero 101 because we had a WWII P-51 pilot teaching it, he gave the best graphic illustration of aerodynamics, demonstrating the power of wingtip vortices by 'drafting' a fuel-depleted P-51 in the vortices of two other P-51 flight members," related a classmate. We flew 16 navigation missions during the year, and took Graduate Record Examinations with 1750 colleges and universities.

Playing our sister academy in football for the first time, we battled USMA to a tie in Yankee Stadium; our record that year was five wins, four losses, one tie (four year record: 23 wins, 12 losses, three ties). There were 58 classmates on the 15 Varsity teams in Football, Basketball, Baseball, Track, Gymnastics, Soccer, Fencing, Wrestling, Swimming, Tennis, Golf, Cross Country, Skiing, Rifle and Pistol, and our collective record was 96 wins, 70 losses and one tie (during our four years, varsity records totaled 356 wins, 249 losses, 112 ties). Just before Christmas, we got cars and had leave. Then, for one final Spring Fling, we flocked to Denver's Grange Hall for RosAI Productions' final "Roarin' 20's Blast" in early-April.



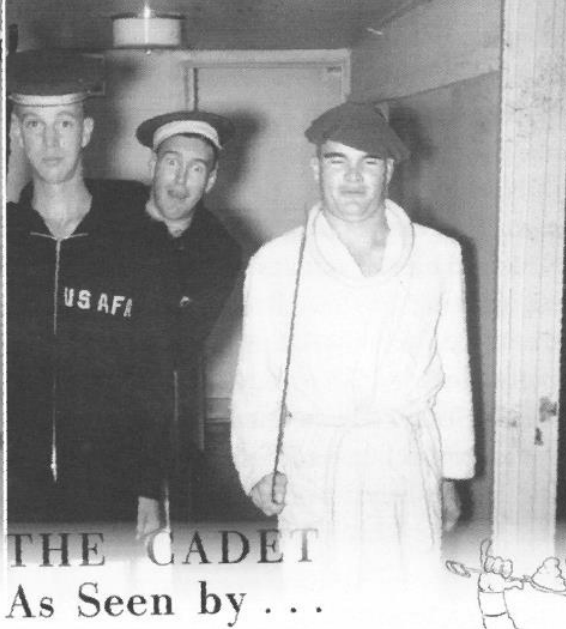
We looked back over the years, even counting roommates--some had a dozen, or more, including their summer mates. We had many "Firsts:" First to be both supervised by upperclassmen and be upperclassmen, to have a classmate killed in an aircraft accident at the Academy, to welcome Turnbacks, conduct off-base parties for upper classes, to have a classmate who

was the first ever to report to the Academy and the first to be killed in combat, the only class with two years at Lowry II and two at the permanent site, and more.

Then came that crystal-clear clarion call: "*Sir, there are EIGHT days 'til graduation!*" Many had nearly 190 credits, some over 200. We took finals, some had turnouts, bought uniforms, enjoyed a dance, took a physical, sat for photos, planned our leave, pinned on Navigator's Wings, arranged for parents to visit, shined our shoes, and then, with the sun and moon and all the planets perfectly aligned, it was...

Graduation. The chapel, football stadium, field house and other buildings were not yet completed, but *we were*. We were awarded commissions by Lt. Gen. John K. Gerhardt, and on June 08, 1960 the second graduating class of 227 received diplomas from the Secretary of the Air Force, Dudley C. Sharp. We had taken that "Long Blue Road" to the Graduation Ceremony which provided our final "15 Minutes of Fame"--then, with a silent "By Your Leave, Sir" and exeunt stage left, we hurled our caps-turned-airborne-missiles into that sunny and azure-tinted Colorado sky and drove out of the Academy and into our promising Wild Blue Future.





# THE CADET As Seen by . . .

CAPTAIN SWINNEY



HIS PROFESSOR



HIS TABLE-WAITER



HIS ATO



HIS MOTHER



HIS PT. INSTRUCTOR



HIMSELF



HIS GIRL FROM C.W.C.



HIS GIRL BACK HOME  
(DURING SOPH LEAVE)



# Now It Can Be Told - Cadet Days

## Tony Burshnick: "THE OC'S PANTS"

I was the Cadet Wing Commander and lived with Jerry Caskey right above Security Flight. In the back of Security Flight was a small bedroom and wash room that was used by the Officer-in-Charge, since he spent the night in the Cadet Area. Early one morning I got a call from the Cadet Senior Officer of the Day, who told me that the OC wanted to see me in his room, right now!!!! I hustled down and the OC, Capt. Bill Mahon, informed me that during the night someone had stolen his pants. About the same time the Cadet SOD came charging in to tell me they could not raise the American flag because a pair of pants were flying from the pole and the rope was jammed. The Captain then asked me to get him a pair of cadet pants so he could attend breakfast. I eyed him up and he seemed to be the same size as my old roommate, Chris Warack. So I went down to the Fourth Squadron and borrowed a pair of pants from Chris. Fortunately they fit and Capt. Mahon went to breakfast. While there he asked if he could speak to the Cadet Wing. Well he did and he told the Wing the story of the missing pants. Naturally the Wing went wild when they heard the story. All the Capt said he wanted was to get his pants back. The morning was spent trying to unravel the flag rope, to no avail. Finally the Academy had to call for the pros from C. Springs. I cannot imagine what that cost. When we finally got the pants down they were torn and unwearable. At the next meal I told the Wing what transpired and asked them to collect money from each cadet to buy the Captain a new pair of pants. Needless to say we collected enough money to buy him a new uniform. It was quite some time later that I found out who the culprit was: Tom Pattie. You might remember he was in the Class of '60 but washed back and graduated with the Class of '61. As to how he got the pants up there? He climbed the pole, which was quite a feat.

## Ron Deep: "DOOLIE DAYS"

Mr. John Melancon was one (of my many) table commandants and was from Louisiana. He chastised me with the question, "Mr. Deep, Where's your I-iss (sounds like long I followed by is) belong?" I, slightly astonished, asked, "My what, Sir?", "Your I-iss", He said again. I replied, "On the front 6 inches of my chair, Sir!" Mr. Melancon went ballistic and began ranting and raving at my reply until Bill Gold, from Pennsylvania, calmly said with a smile, "He wants to know where your eyes belong". Of course I started to giggle, which irritated Mr. Melancon all the more.



On another occasion Capt Billy J. Ellis (5th squadron) walked into our room (my roommate was my close friend Dave Uimari) and began telling me how my bed could have the wrinkles taken out, how I should dust the frame, and better align the tee-shirts on display. But as he walked out, he ran a finger over Dave's rifle rack and replied, "Uimari, dusty rifle rack," causing Dave's eyes to raise and his jaw to drop.



## Jerry Farquhar: "DON'T GET MAD—GET EVEN"

An ATO known as "Jack the Ripper" had taken a fixation toward harassing Tony Jones. Tony was struggling with academics and the ongoing extra inspections were not helping. We all realized this Lieutenant was a sadistic bully, enjoying his power.

A meeting was held and the decision was taken to get this guy a Section Eight. An ongoing project developed to drive him nuts – on the theory that the best defense was a solid offense. Among the things done to him were the following.

The 'Ripper' prided himself on his precise typing. Someone moved two of the strikers in his issued typewriter. As Tony and I shared a wall with his room, we listened as he started to type. Zzzt – Zzzt as he inserted a page. Tick-tick-tick – "G-D D--- IT!" Rrrrip. Zzzt - Zzzt – tick-tick-tick... "S—t!!" Three or four more tries followed. Then "SON OF A B---H," THUMP THUMP THUMP – heavy foot steps -- Shhhh (opening window) CRASH! The typewriter did not survive the two story drop to the sidewalk. Charges for destroyed USAF property followed his tantrum.



Someone alternated the hooks on wooden hangars holding his starched trousers, and then glued the hangars together in a block.

Our Romeo returned from a date one night in not quite sober condition. A group gathered in the hall to listen as he jumped into his shower. Curses could be heard as he tried in frustration to get lather from a bar of soap which had been painted with multi-layers of clear nail polish. A sober mind would have figured it out immediately.

It was noticed that he always arrived for formations at the last minute and always put his left glove on first. So, pairs of both left gloves were created and stacked on top. Needless to say, he quickly realized he had no right glove. He had to sprint to catch the moving parade and was reprimanded.

A dozen alarm clocks were set for intervals and hidden in his room. As they progressively rang out, he trashed his room in attempts to find them. Toward the end of a sleepless night, he smashed his ceiling light fixture with a broom when he finally saw the shadow of the ringing clock in it.

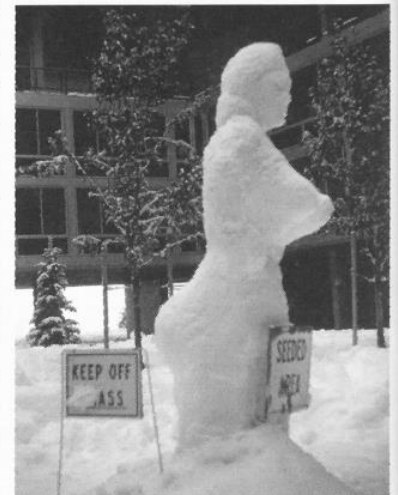
As Jack the Ripper was a hirsute fellow, the idea to varnish his toilet seat prior to reveille was a natural. Research was necessary to calculate how many minutes were needed for the varnish to reach its apex of stickiness. I don't remember who snuck in before reveille to paint the seat. Cadets braced against hallway walls in bathrobes were rewarded by a blood curdling scream as he rose from the now hairy seat. A real control test for us was keeping a straight face as he stormed red-faced out his door.

Our favorite ATO was surprised and frustrated to find his room void of furniture and clothing one day. Anger built as he searched for his furniture. It exploded when he finally discovered the stuff in the barracks attic!

When the parade whites came out the ATOs also got shiny new sabers, while we Dumb Squats still hefted our Garands. A check with the supply sergeant was rewarded with the 'loan' of a saber with about a foot of blade remaining after somebody played Errol Flynn with it. Our target's scabbard was filled with ketchup. The 'short-sword' was slid in and excess ketchup carefully cleaned off. He stood proudly at the head of our parade perfect Flight. The command "Present Arms" was followed by shlurp – splat, as he snappily flipped the saber vertically erect against his chest. No one could have foreseen that his short temper and lack of control would put the 'icing on the cake' for us. He looked down at his 'blood- spattered' whites, swore loudly, and hurled the short-sword to the ground. Lovely! Faces turned red as we struggled to remain silent.

Our boy drove a new XK-140MC Jaguar. Powder blue with chrome spoke wheels. Beautiful! To rub it in that we had no cars or freedom, he delighted in parking it across from our end barracks – by the parade field. What a foolish fellow! A weekend morning dawned with sunshine after a night blizzard. Our target skipped down barracks steps whistling and juggling car keys. He stopped and stared across the street at a huge pile of snow. After staring and shaking his head, he decided that his car had been moved. So, he hiked off toward a parking lot. When he finally returned, he stared some more, then headed for another lot. He eventually returned and stared some more. Finally, he returned to his room. As we watched out the windows, he reappeared with his entrenching tool and began carefully to chop at the ice. A piece of ice fell away to reveal the powder blue of a fender deeper in the ice. A frenzy of raging curses erupted as he flung the entrenching tool out into the parade field. What did he expect would happen when he persisted in teasing us with the car? Some people are just slow learners. He had plenty of time to think about it, because it took all day to rig garden hoses to alternate barracks and empty hot water tanks to melt the two feet of ice we had created by packing snow and pouring water over it. Perfect example of the adage, "Don't get mad – get even."

These are only a few samples of the 'psycho war' waged against this humorless bully (who finally resigned as an ATO). The adage 'don't get mad – get even' was well and truly proven in this campaign. Only a FOOL starts a war against a crew of bright and inventive minds.



### **Bob Fisher: "DIVING ON A FIELD TRIP"**

During our summer ('56 or '57) indoctrination tour of bases, we spent the day at Fort Benning Army base attending Ranger Training, experiencing some of the challenges of the course. Each time we did a PLF or jumped from an obstacle, we were required to yell "RANGER." After a day-long series of many exercises, we had a Dining In at the Fort Benning Club that evening **in our formal uniforms**. As we gathered around the club pool enjoying drinks and socializing, the word circulated that Charlie Folkart would jump from the three meter diving board and yell "RANGER" on the way down IF enough cadets signed a list that they would each pay \$2.00 to see it. Somehow, one of our officers heard about the plan and warned Charlie not to do it as they would know it was him. Charlie then decided not to do it.

I thought it was a great plan and a shame to waste a chance to earn the \$40.00 already pledged by 20 some cadets. So

- I conspired with a classmate who had a date with wheels to stand by as the getaway car near the gate. When the car was positioned, I scrambled up the ladder, leaped off the diving board and yelled "RANGER" on the way down. As I desperately struggled to the surface to get out of the pool, I was sure there would be some officers right there to apprehend me. But - no - there was nobody, just a lot of classmates and their dates with shocked looks. I climbed out of the pool and sprinted toward the gate and the getaway car. The car was there with the back door open. I leaped in onto the back floor. The door was closed and we squealed tires and took off.

Back in the BOQ, I quickly took a shower in my formal, shoes and all, to wash out the chlorine from the pool. I retreated to my room, fully expecting that there would be an inspection that night which would have easily nailed me as the culprit. Surprisingly, there was no inspection and my formal dried out enough to make it to the cleaners. I made the rounds, list in hand, and collected the \$2.00 from each classmate who had signed up. Not a bad night's work - \$40.00, a hot shower - and a lot of laughs! I still have the list - somewhere.

### Jim Glaza: "THE LOST SHOE"

Many of us still remember the trip to the Cotton Bowl in 58. It was cold and snowy all the way down to Dallas (many of us took a special train), and remained cold and wet all through the game. Some will recall the big party my then current girl friend's father (who was the Coors beer distributor in Dallas) threw for us—and the several Cadillacs he allowed us to use! But I digress. For whatever reason, I was in uniform and was selected to carry one of the flags in the pre game Honor Guard. We hadn't taken a dozen steps onto the field when the mud simply sucked my right shoe right off my foot. Well, you can't just say "Wait a minute fellas", so on we went, stocking foot and all! I used plastic and paper bags on my freezing foot the remainder of the game, and couldn't find the shoe after the game, as it was in one the most heavily traversed parts of the field. As far as I know it's still there, buried under who knows how many feet of dirt.



### 'NO EXCUSE SIR!'

Among the numerous Class IIs, I received over my illustrious cadet "career", I found the following "explanation" among some old memorabilia:

This was part of a trilogy, all occurring in one day: a second Class II for out of uniform without permission, and a third Class II for renting a car without permission—all heard simultaneously—and all found guilty as charged!

AWARD OF OFFENSES	TYPE (check one) EXPLANATION RECONSIDERATION	DATE
Air Officer Commanding	1st	27 May 58
SQUADRON 1st GROUP 1st		
<p>1. The report "Operating a civilian motor vehicle in a reckless and dangerous manner in front of base theatre at aprx 1125, 25 May just as church was letting out" is correct.</p> <p>2. At approximately 1125 on 25 May I departed my squadron area past the Cadet Theatre in a rented MGA. This was the first time I had ever driven a sports car and, although I was not immediately aware of the fact, I believe I was trying to "impress" my date and my classmates. I passed the Cadet Theatre just as Protestant church services were letting out. I feel that I had control of the automobile at all times and that I was not, or at least had no intention of, driving recklessly and dangerously, but I do feel that my speed was excessive in view of the congestion in front of the theatre at that time.</p> <p>3. The offense was not intentional.</p>		

### 'HOW DUSTY CAN YOU GET?'

Who could possibly forget the interminable room inspections, SAMIs, in rank inspections, academic deadlines, etc., during our doolie year. For some unknown reason, I kept a log of demerits "earned" for a twelve month period (a total of 173—not counting Class II and III offenses). The following is just one of almost four pages recorded:

Demerit List		
2 - Failure to respond to correction, i.e., did not remove cracks from hat bill when repeatedly told to do so.	12 Mar 57	1st Sgt Hayes 14 March 57
2 - Not turning in English Theme on time.	13 Mar 57	Col. Moody 14 March 57
1 - Dusty locker floor SAMI	16 Mar 57	1st Carr 18 March 57
1 - Dusty locker wheelwells SAMI	16 Mar 57	1st Carr 18 March 57
1 - Dusty desk top AMI	20 March 57	1st Carr 20 March 57
1 - Dusty towel rack AMI	21 March 57	Maj. Yancey 21 March 57
1 - Dusty chair AMI	27 March 57	Maj. Yancey 27 March 57
2 - Filthy tin can displayed AMI	27 March 57	Maj. Yancey 27 March 57
2 - Spot on uniform	27 Mar 57	1st Carr 28 March 57
2 - Dirty floor AMI	27 Mar 57	1st Carr 28 March 57
4 - Shoes in need of repair in Hobby room AMI	27 Mar 57	Maj. Yancey 28 March 57
1 - Dusty locker shelf SAMI	6 April 57	1st Carr 28 April 57
1 - Dusty typewriter case SAMI	13 April 57	
1 - Dusty bed, SAMI	13 April 57	1st Lt Townsend 15 April 57
1 - Dusty chair, SAMI	13 April 57	
1 - Dusty lamp, SAMI	13 April 57	
1 - Floor improperly swept, SAMI	13 April 57	
3 - Failure to prepare homework, lesson c-56.	22 April 57	Capt. Milligan 23 April 57
2 - Dirty locker floor, SAMI	4 May 57	1st Carr 6 May 57
1 - Door closed at Police Call, 0624, 4 May 57.		1st Carr 6 May 57
1 - Dusty mirror, SAMI	11 May 57	1st Carr 13 May 57
2 - Out of uniform in academic building area, 1400 hrs, 10 May 57, i.e., raincoat cover on and raincoat carried over arm, 10 May 57.		Cpl. Bullock 13 May 57
2 - Dirty fingernails, 1830, 13 May 57.		Cpl. Wynne 14 May 57
3 - Incomplete procedure, i.e., marching action through Bldg 901 on the way to Bldg 903, 1308, 14 May 57		Cmsgt. Adamson 15 May 57
2 - Failure to place name card in hobby room, 14 May 57		1st Carr 15 May 57
1 - Dusty locker shelf, SAMI	18 May 57	1st Carr 20 May 57
1 - Dusty door ledge, SAMI	18 May 57	1st Carr 20 May 57
2 - Dirty base board, SAMI	18 May 57	1st Carr 20 May 57
1 - Rusty tie, tour formation, 18 May 57		1st Carr 20 May 57
2 - Dirty fingernails, 1830, 23 May 57		Cpl. Wynne 27 May 57

## Les Hobgood and Earl VanInwegen: "NO SPRECHEN..."

This tale occurred during our summer European field trip and some 27 years later.

We were billeted in quarters at the Garmish, Germany recreation area during a brief respite from the rigors of our summer indoctrination trip to Europe. During a rare summer day off, Les and I rented some bicycles for a leisurely ride around the area dressed in our "casual" uniform of khakis, Academy T-shirt and tennis shoes. Seeing a path going into a tunnel, we proceeded through the tunnel and saw a hiking path with a sign labeled "Schloss Schachen - 30m". Well, we figured that whether it was 30 minutes or 30 meters, we might as well see what the "Schloss" was. Several hours, several thousand meters, and minus several degrees of temperature later, up a winding, narrowing, climbing path, we arrived at a large log lodge which we later found was

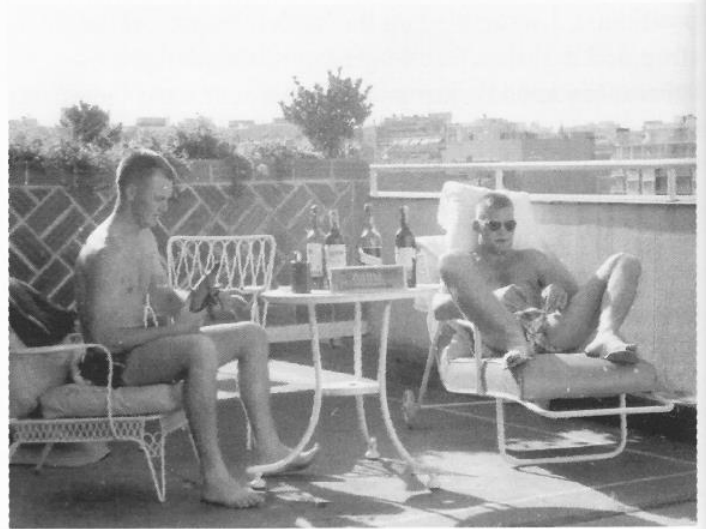
previously, Long Ludwig's hunting lodge. Fortunately, the lodge was open for the summer (even though there were snow drifts further up the hill (mountain)). There was also a very welcome restaurant and a delightful young lady who was the waitress. Part way through the meal, Les fell asleep at the table and the young lady asked if we wanted to stay the night, as it was getting too late and we were too tired to head back down the mountain (besides, Les was already asleep). Fortunately, the young lady's mother was the Lodge manager and they had a hostel at the lodge. I woke Les up and the young lady's mother told her daughter to take us "zum bett". Well, that really woke Les up, as the young girl was quite attractive, but upon learning that she was only going to direct us to a room in the lodge, his ardor quieted some, but his fatigue took over and we spent the night at the lodge. The following day, after a hearty breakfast, we signed the hostel "register" and noted along with our names and date that "We shall return". We then headed back to our bikes. After a short delay, while Les took care of some bodily functions by a snow drift in the woods, we returned to our bikes and our original quarters.

Now, the second part of the story follows: In 1985, when Les was the Base Commander at Ramstein, Pat and I were in stationed in Geneva, we all met in Garmish, and Les, I and our Sheltie "Piper" decided to redo our previous hike to Schloss Schachen. Not as young as we were previously, the hike up the mountain and through the woods seemed much more strenuous than we had recalled, but under the hearty leadership of Piper, we finally made it to the Scholss! While relaxing, along with a brew and other sustenance, we regaled the lady who was now the Lodge Manager, of the story of our previous trip. Fantastically enough, it turned out that the current manager was the young lady who directed us to our "quarters" during our previous trip. She recalled the experience and brought out the register with our names, date and previous notation that we would return.

Since we started out earlier and the down hill trek was much less tedious, however, somewhat wet as we encountered a rain shower just before finding a small Bier Garten in which we found shelter and sustenance. Piper found some water and a friend in the waitress who asked if she could take him in the kitchen and show him to the staff. Sometime later, we realized he had been gone for some time and I went in the kitchen where they were feeding him tidbits of sausage (to a dog who had only eaten dried dog food all his life). They thought that it was real "cute" how he would sit up and take the meal! Since we were staying in a brand new facility with shiny wood flooring, we were somewhat apprehensive about his nighttime activity, but it worked out OK and we had a great time reliving our younger days and experiences.

## Wayne Kendall: "FUZZY MEMORIES"

From the time I dropped my mother's suitcase at the ATO's second bellow, I have almost no recollection of my first weeks at the AFA. On the first day, I passed out while at attention and reading my Contrails at the barber shop. I awoke to find General Stillman elevating my legs above my head. While the rest of the class was being sworn in, I was able to spend some quality time with Dr. McElvain. I think that I am the only one in the class that was never sworn into the academy. The upside was that Dr. Mac planted the seed of being a pilot physician.



## George E. Luck: "A SPY IN THE RANKS"

As a former cadet from West Point, I still had my USMA cadet uniforms while we were Firsties. In the fall of 1959, during pep rallies before the first Air Force-Army football game, I used to make guest appearances in uniform, boosting Air Force spirit. I decided that during the march-on at Yankee Stadium, I would attempt to fall in and march on with one of the USMA cadet companies. The Air Force Cadet Wing was already in the stands. I used to be in the First Regiment, so I waited until it was called up and moving out. Then, I rushed up to my former brother company in the Second Regiment. They were squared off, but I found a slot in one of the other six footer companies. I was wearing the stripes of a third Classman. The company commander was under time pressure because his battalion was now being called up. He scowled at me and said, "...fall in - I'll deal with you later." As we

marched along, I made sure that I sang "On Brave Old Army Team" louder than anyone else. On the field, I tricked the cadet next to me to coach me through the "Long Yell" and the on field procedures. When my column started to double time into the stands, I broke away and ran to mid-field where I removed my Army overcoat revealing the bright blue Air Force uniform underneath. The Cadet Wing roared its approval. The game was a tie, but a winner for Air Force spirit.

## Frank Mayberry: "EARLY DAYS ANECDOTES"

I received my appointment from the State of Arizona, one of two, the other recipient being Johnny Townsend. We went to Denver the day before we were to check in and stayed at the YMCA. Johnny had two weapons with him, a 45 automatic and a tear gas pen. He lent me the gun and we went our separate ways looking for girls to pick up. We both found nice looking girls to spend the evening with. While he was walking his date he was accosted by a group of youths who sullied the reputation of his girl. She was offended and asked him to tell the boys to stop. They of course laughed and asked him what he was going to do about it. He whipped out the tear gas pen and suggested that it would do just fine. They apologized. As far as I know we never saw those girls again.

When I got to the Academy I was dressed in a powder blue sport coat, white collared Tee with thin red vertical stripes, navy blue slacks, and blue suede shoes. My hair was done in a duck tail. After the initial introduction, which I found amusing, I changed into my uniform. I had no black shoes, so wore the blue suedes. As I raced across the quadrangle I was stopped by Major Enos who questioned me about the blue suedes. I told him they were the only shoes I had. He asked me if I had received a letter telling me to get black shoes. I replied that the letter merely suggested that we get black shoes. He made it clear to me that when the Air Force suggests one do something one should do it. All the time

he was talking to me he was kicking my beautiful blue suede shoes. Then he had the audacity to ask me if I knew who he was. I replied, "Yes, sir! You're Major Anus." I spent several interesting minutes receiving a correction. On my way to the Cadet Store to get my new black shoes I took a glance at my "blue" suedes; they had become a dirty brown.

Johnny also got into a little strife. He had been ordered to report to the Cadet Barber Shop, but when he arrived there was a long line. One of the Air Training Officers told him to report back later, so he took off across the quadrangle. He was immediately stopped by the ATO who had told him to go to the barber shop. He asked him why he was there. Johnny replied that some guy over by the barber shop had told him to come back later. The ATO said, "Some guy! Who?" Johnny said, "That joker over there with the white gloves." Needless to say he too was given a dissertation concerning respect to superiors.

One of the worst things I did as a Doolie was to put a rock in front of Bob Siteman's door on Easter morning. Guess who got blamed! The Dolphin, Jim Kerr. He never did find out who did it.

During our Doolie year we were authorized to display one picture in our closet. I had a picture of Rusty Warren, a racy entertainer, autographed "Frank, the world's greatest guy, with all my love, Rusty.", another of my mother in a swim suit also so signed "Frank, the world's greatest guy, with all my love, Mom.", and finally one of myself with "Frank, the world's greatest guy, all my love, Frank." I rotated them weekly. I also had a small loving cup inscribed "To the world's greatest guy" that I sometimes displayed. My mother had sent me a small plastic submarine that I often floated in my ashtray. One Saturday I displayed the picture of myself with the loving cup. I also had the sub floating in my ashtray in the drawer of my desk. When I returned from

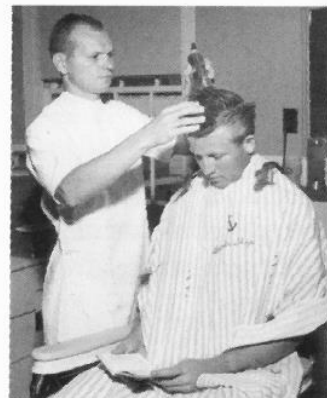


class I noticed a pool of water on my floor; the ashtray was empty and the sub was high and dry. At that moment a bang on the door alerted me that I was about to receive a visitor. In charged an ATO soaking wet down the front of his uniform. "Mayberry, do you really love yourself?" "Yes, Sir! No, Sir! Sir may I ask a question?" "No!" "That was pretty funny about the water, wasn't it?" I managed not to snicker. I got only two demerits: water in ashtray and unauthorized article displayed, i.e., loving cup.

The first semester our barracks janitor was a nudist. He often brought nudist magazines in for the cadets to look at. One magazine included a picture of the queen of one of their events. Don Brooks thought she looked delightful and told me to write to her and tell her how nice she looked and that he would like to correspond. No sooner said than done. A letter came back requesting a picture. Don wasn't willing to send one of himself, and I was not going to send one of me, so I sent a picture of my brother. She wrote again saying that Don looked like a really nice guy. A letter or two later she mentioned that it was her birthday and that she had 14 candles on her cake. We thought it advisable to end our correspondence.

### Kerry "Doug" Miller: "HUMOR IN UNIFORM"

During our 4<sup>th</sup> Class summer we were each issued two "Contrails". One of my Contrails, which I still have, had been bound with the cover reversed, i.e. upside-down. Whenever we had to wait in line, like at the barbershop, we had to have the Contrails up at eye level and be busy reading and learning the contents. Of course, I complied with that requirement, but to the ever-present horde of ATOs around us, the outside appearance was that I was holding the Contrails upside-down and therefore goofing off. The fun part was the instant one of the ATOs addressed me I had to close the Contrails and hold it down – they would ask if I was really reading the Contrails and the (honest) answer was "yes". They would say "carry on" and I would put the Contrails back up and again they would think I was being a wise guy. Ultimately Lt Bache, my element leader, stalking slowly around me, figured out what was happening. After that he said nothing about it but he had fun letting other ATO's try to figure it out.



During our 4<sup>th</sup> Class Year, our barracks at Lowry AFB were still being renovated. One of the projects was to install big drains in the floors of the bathrooms. To that end, the contractors were using a saw that cut a cylindrical plug through the stone/concrete floor. I managed to obtain one of those discarded plugs – approximately six inches in diameter and four inches thick – and very heavy. One of our classmates, Ken Alwick, had a terrific sense of humor and ability to play practical jokes despite the suppression of the 4<sup>th</sup> class system. In January of 1957 we packed our bags and went to dinner on the eve of our departure to the 2<sup>nd</sup> Eisenhower inaugural parade in Washington, DC. I had an idea for a joke on Ken Alwick and approached JJ Robinson ('59) with my idea and asked him to detain Ken on the way back from dinner, which he did. I got back quickly, took the concrete plug, went to Ken's room, and inserted the plug into Ken's packed B-4 bag.

Everyone handled their own bag on the trip, and the next morning here comes Ken obviously straining with his bag to get it up on a truck, then off the truck and onto the C-124. Then, again, in Washington, getting the bag off the C-124 and onto another truck; and, finally, off that truck and into our quarters (Suitland Hall?). We had been in our rooms only a few minutes before there was a lot of noise from Ken's room and an ominous loud rumbling as that concrete cylinder came rolling down the hall!!

### Robert P. Odenweller: "THE GREAT AIRPLANE HEIST"

By the end of summer, 1956, the USAFA Class of 1960 had been subjected to a thorough indoctrination of character and training. With the onset of academic classes, the physical and emotional stresses cooled to a boil.

On the evening before our first football game of the season it was a very pleasant evening. The entire wing had gathered in the quadrangle that was surrounded by the various two-story dwellings referred to by some as "seven minute shacks," noting that within seven minutes of being set ablaze they would be nothing but ashes at ground level.

A familiar face appeared at the second story fire escape of one of the Fifth Squadron buildings, an Air Training Officer most noted for leading the "Spirit of the Bayonet," Lt. Joe Yeager. He paced back and forth in the confines of the railing of the upper level of the fire escape, a cat knowing that outside lay something better than where he was. He gripped the wooden rail and addressed the Wing. "Men," he exhorted, "tomorrow we engage in battle." He went on about the fields of friendly strife, but grew more agitated as the time went on. With the warmth of the evening, he stripped off his shirt, down to his tee shirt. The Wing was in his hands.





As I stood by the old barber shop, almost diagonally opposite the area of the Commandant of Cadets' office, happily known as the "Comm shack," a major from the commandant's office was standing near me and remarked "that man really knows how to control a crowd." I responded, "Sir, he does more than that." At that point, Yeager could have pointed at someone and said "take him out of the area" and many eager forms would have followed his direction.

When the wing broke up for taps, none of us could sleep. Quietly, various members of the Class of 1959 came by to ask if we were willing to embark on a "mission." We agreed readily and were told to get rigged in night-fighting combat gear. Shortly after, we left the back door, on the side opposite the quadrangle, and raced quietly down the back side to the parade ground. There we went, heads low, diagonally across the parade ground toward the far side of the academic complex, a group of three buildings arranged in a "C," with the open part facing the parade ground.

Behind and left of the leftmost building was an area of overgrown weeds, beyond which was a rather pitiful, in retrospect, static display of airplanes; a T-6 trainer, a P-51, and an F-84C. Our objective was the P-51.

Just as we were getting close to the static display, a Jaguar XK-120 came driving slowly, without lights, along the back side of the academic complex. One individual was driving while the other was perched on the back of the car, which had the top down. It stopped short of the field of high weeds and we all flattened to the ground. The two ranking members, led by John Melancon, took up seated positions on the side farthest from the car, where large pieces of scrap metal hid them from the car. The two inhabitants of the car came out, one on each side of the scrap metal, and appeared in front of the seated leaders. Melancon said quietly "Group, 'ten hut!" but didn't move.

The two ATOs talked, as if to themselves. One said "Did you see something out here?" The other responded, "I'm not sure," to which the other said "I hope they don't intend anything harmful." Melancon nodded to assure them that nothing harmful was intended. Slowly, the rest of us rose silently up to a standing position, surrounding the ATOs, which they suddenly noticed. They realized that there was nothing to fear, but eventually said "I didn't see anything here, did you?" The other responded "no" and they went back to the car and drove off.

We proceeded to the static display and found that the P-51, our focus, had flat tires and was chained to the ground. Disheartened, we saw that the T-6 was not only free of chains but also had reasonably full tires. It was easy to push and we moved it along the back side of the academic area, fairly straight ahead from the static display area. Things were going well.

Just as we were making a right turn at the end of the academic area to go towards the quadrangle and the Comm shack, one of the group noticed a truck with lights off that had been lurking at the far end of the academic area. As soon as we cleared the road with our turn, it came up and out stepped some Air Police, with hands uneasily near their guns. One asked "Who's in charge here." Poor John Melancon, said "I am." They said "come with us." They went off to the Provost Marshal's office.

In the meantime, we had little more to do than to continue moving the airplane where we wanted it to go, to the back of the Third Squadron buildings. As we approached the next road intersection, however, two more Air Police trucks pulled up and we figured we were in trouble. Not so. Two APs got out and stood at parade rest, prepared to stop traffic at that late hour, if it might have interfered with our movement. Melancon joined us and we could only wonder what story he must have told the Provost Marshal.

We proceeded beyond the Comm shack, turned left and parked the airplane with its tail on Third Squadron turf.

The night was young, and someone said "Let's get the F-84!" Buoyed by the apparent acceptance by the "authorities" we went directly back to the static display and started to move the F-84. Before we got very far we started to comment that the "C" in the F-84C nomenclature was due to its strong likelihood of being made of cement. It was heavy. It had straight wings and wing tip tanks, which would have made a problem going the back way behind the academic complex, with its closely spaced telephone poles, so we decided, with the "acceptance level" to go in front, between that and the parade ground.

Things went well, and when we reached the point at the middle of the front of the academic complex, Lt. Joe Yeager appeared in a truck and said "Do you men need help?" We allowed that it might be nice to get a tow, but the rope he had available was not up to the task and snapped. We continued to push and he disappeared.

By time we turned the corner at the Comm shack, we were tired. We backed up the F-84 so that the tailpipe was inches from the Commandant's window. If it had had an engine installed and if that engine had been started, it would have gutted the office. I stretched out on the right wing to take a short nap when the major I had seen much earlier appeared. He saw Melancon and said "Come with me—all these men are on report." The second after they disappeared inside the office door, not a creature could be seen moving within 100 miles. When the two reappeared, the empty scene must have been quite discouraging to the major.

I am told that he did a bed search of the entire wing to find the miscreants. Only Melancon was nailed. I'm not sure what happened to him, and though the rest of us were fiercely supportive of him he said "It was worth it."

Much later we discovered that, in an abundance of enthusiasm for the moment, Yeager had taken a fully fueled and armed



F-100 from the other side of the flight line and towed it across an active runway. For all his efforts, he was sent to pilot training to be gone for the rest of the football season.

Subsequent years saw other airplane thefts, but none is as likely to have been as spontaneous nor as exciting as this one.

### **John Peebles: "LOWRY NIGHT CAPERS"**

This happened during our Doolie year at Lowry. I was in 7<sup>th</sup> Squadron, directly across the street from 8<sup>th</sup> Squadron. For reasons that I can't quite recall, we developed a rivalry with them. It was probably due to the superior athletic skills of the 7<sup>th</sup> Sqdn. members that enabled us to beat the 8<sup>th</sup> guys in intramurals on a regular basis. Whatever the reason, the 8<sup>th</sup> Sqdn. guys decided to pull a prank on us. We got up one morning to discover that all the handles for the hot and cold water in the lavatories had been removed. With no teeth brushing and no shaving, we looked like a shaggy group for the breakfast formation. We were compelled to respond to this nefarious act. We determined that all the rooms in those barracks were directly across from each other and they opened inward. So if you tied a rope from one door handle to the one across the way, neither door could be opened. We did this, of course, and the next morning the yells and pounding from the 8<sup>th</sup> Sqdn. buildings brought big smiles to our faces. The 8<sup>th</sup> Sqdn. guys didn't want to quit there, so a few days later we were wakened by bangs and the smell of tear gas in our barracks. These were small tear gas charges, but the 8<sup>th</sup> had their revenge. Since tear gas was introduced into the game, we determined that if you removed the screen for the barrack's central heating system, you could throw in a tear gas bomb that would really do a number on all the inhabitants. Before we could launch this attack, some cooler heads prevailed and decided that this was probably not a good idea, as we might end up burning down the barracks. With that, the rivalry cooled down, but I think we still beat them in intramurals.

### **Les Query: "A MOMENT TO REMEMBER"**

During the late Winter and early Spring of our Doolie Year (1957) the weekends were pretty dull, our being confined to Lowry 2 and not being able to roam the streets of Denver and environ. On one of these weekends I had built an electronic kit of an FM tuner so that I could play local music through my tape recorder. The following weekend I borrowed a bookshelf speaker from the Physics Lab and enjoyed some good sound. On Monday morning during a free period I carried the speaker to the Academic building to return it. As I walked down the almost empty hallway towards the Physics Lab I noticed three persons approaching, two generals and a civilian. As I held the unweildly speaker and groped at the door knob of the lab door, the civilian walked across the hallway and opened the door for me. I recognized him and had just enough composure to say "Thank you, Colonel Lindberg." As I entered the lab I recall saying to myself, "Gee, Lindberg just opened the door for me. And thirty years ago, he opened the doors of the whole world."

### **Dick Schehr: "THE MYSTERY SWITCH"**

When we were at Lowry, Doolie year, Dick Mroska illegally wired the room with a switch under his window, next to his desk, to turn off a radio which was located on a bookshelf about 15 ft. from each of our desks. When an upperclassmen or ATO would walk by our room and hear the radio, he would bust in. While we sprang to attention, Dick would flip the switch, turning off the radio. It would be hot, but off. There was nothing they could do without using improper questions, so they never found out how we did it.



### **Van Inwegen: "LAST NIGHT AT LOWRY"**

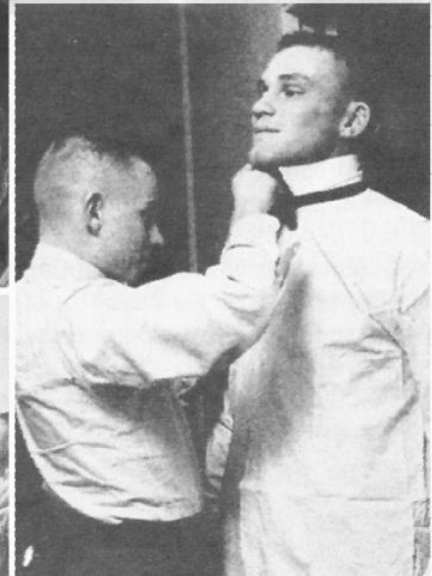
I was the Cadet Duty Officer at Lowry the night before the move to the permanent site. Needless to say, there were many excursions "over the fence" to say farewells to "local friends". There was also someone on a motorcycle who was roaring up and down the streets through the cadet area and the Officer of the Day was quite perturbed at all the goings on. At one point he asked from one of the dorms if anyone lived there, I responded, "yes"; he replied; "Well the dorm is empty!" Apparently all the furniture had been moved to the attic or elsewhere and everyone was gone.



By this time, the frustrated duty officer (I don't recall his name) went to get in his vehicle to try and track down the motorcycle "bandit" when he saw that the air had been let out of his tires. We somehow survived the night. The best part of my job was that I did not have to go down with the rest of the Wing, and my roommate (Les Hobgood) had to move my stuff into our room.



*NULLI  
SECUNDUS*





**Derry A. Adamson**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 85  
Faith

CS-04/HH43/USAFE

Marietta, GA



My first operational assignment was flying rescue helicopters covering a unit of RF-101s in Leon AB, France. Next, the Air Force decided that I would support the unit of F-106s at McCord AFB, WA. After three years, I was sent to Pleiku, Vietnam to fly air rescue. Completing my one year tour in March 1969, it was time to move from the cockpit to a desk at MAC Headquarters as a Program Manager in Operational Requirements.

After serving five years, I decided it was time to get my masters degree in Asian Studies at San Diego State University. This prepared me for my next position at the Air Forces Special Operations School where I created a senior level Crisis Management Course. At this point in my career, my Program Manager background caught up with me, and I was reassigned to Eglin AFB as a deputy Weapons R & D Manager. This assignment was my final Air Force tour. Supporting me through all of the above was my wife Faith, the mother of our four children – three girls and one boy. They are all professionals, married, and among them have eleven children, our four grandsons and seven granddaughters. I retired in 2004 from Lockheed Martin where I was the Chief Systems Engineer on the C-5M Program.



**James W. (Jim) Alexander**  
Ret. Col. 90  
Martha NH7U

CS-11/KB-50/TAC

Seneca, SC



As a kid from a small town (Piqua OH) the Academy provided great training for several exciting careers. After almost 30 years in the Air Force and the chance to move 18 times while in the service, I have settled in SC. The AF sponsored MBA in Production Management at Syracuse also helped in my current business as an Economic Developer (helping local businesses grow and recruiting new businesses) in Oconee County, SC, near Clemson

University. Martha and I just celebrated our 45<sup>th</sup> anniversary and look forward to many more together. Although I never had the opportunity to serve at bases with many of my classmates, I have heard "good" stories about all of you and I am proud to be your classmate!



**Norman (Norm) Cope Alexander**  
Ret. Lt. Col 80  
Debbie

CS-10/Inst Electronic  
Warfare Sch/ATC  
Weatherford, TX



I grew up in Missouri. I wanted a college education and figured that I would have to spend some time in the military, so I applied to the Air Force Academy and made it in the second class. After graduation in 1960, I spent 20 years in the Air Force. Included, in addition to ATC, ADC and AFPRO (Air Force Plant Representative Office), one tour in Europe and two in Southeast Asia. I only made LTC but had a great time. After retirement

from the Air Force I substituted in the local (Weatherford Texas) schools (one year) and then became Engineering Manager for Parker-Hannifin Corp. I retired in January 1992 and have been employed part time since by Parker and SAE. As long as they pay my way I'll keep working (10 days a year plus projects) for SAE. I divorced in 1990 and remarried in 1992. I have two (2) daughters; one living in Turkey working for Boeing and one in Colorado raising my two grandkids and working in the school system (part time of at least 40 hours a week). The grandkids are 17 and 14, a boy and girl.





**Donald H. (Slik) Almanzar**  
Resd. Maj. 75

CS-13/HH-43B/AR  
Perris, CA

After pilot training at Moore AB and Laredo AFB, TX, Slik went to helicopter training at Stead AFB, NV, with a follow on assignment to the Central Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Center at Randolph AFB, TX. In 1963, it was off to Saigon as a pilot and back in 1964 thru 1967 to Randolph again in the CARRC. In '67-'68, Slik went to the PACAF ARRC at Kadena AB Okinawa and Osan AB, Korea. Returning to the Western ARRC at Mountain Home AFB, ID in 1968, he was again selected for SEA and off to Udorn AB, Thailand in 1969 as a pilot in the 40<sup>th</sup> AR&RSq. Rotating in 1970 to Naha AB, Okinawa in the 33ARRSq. As a cadet, Slik was a founding member of the infamous Slovak Committee (4,3). (Data from 1960 *Polaris* and AOG)



**Kenneth J. (Ken) Alnwick**  
Ret. Col. 86

CS-10/C-121/MATS

Judy

Alexandria, VA

Service in the Continental Air Command's civilian Ground Observer Corps and the AF enlisted Reserve while in high school on Long Island, and in the AFROTC program at Stevens Tech, led to my appointment to the Academy. Five decades later, I realize that these early choices have given me immense satisfaction as a result of the opportunities the Air Force has given me, and for the strong bonds of friendship I have formed along the way, particularly those friendships whose origins date back to our shared



experiences at USAFA. I flew C-121s and C-135s for MATS and then joined the Air Commandos in 1963 where, over time, I flew the B-26, C-46, C-47, AT-28, and met my wife Judy, a former AF brat and French teacher. Following tours in Vietnam and Laos, I taught History at USAFA, coached LaCrosse and flew the T-29. In 1972 I took an accompanied tour to Thailand as an OV-10/O-1 advisor, and closed out the war flying T-39s out of Nakon Phanom. I spent the next five years at the Pentagon as a planner and AWACS advocate. Following a three-year stint at Maxwell, where I became the founding director of the Center for Aerospace Doctrine, Research and Education, I returned to the DC area to become a Research Fellow at NDU – and concluded my military career as the director of its War Gaming and Simulation Center.



**Richard C. (Dick) Ames**  
Res. Capt. 66

D-01Oct2002 CS08/C135/MATS

*Interred Town Cemetery, Brunswick, ME*

Patty

Brunswick, ME

Dick was initially assigned to the 40th MAS at McGuire AFB, N.J. where he flew C-135 aircraft in a worldwide transport role until 1965. He then served a combat tour as a FAC with the 20<sup>th</sup> TASS flying out of Danang, Vietnam where he earned two DFCs and sixteen Air Medals. Dick resigned his commission in 1966 and attended the University of Colorado Law School, graduating with a Juris Doctorate Degree in 1969. Moving to



Brunswick, Maine he practiced law for three years, then opened his own practice for over thirty years. Devoted to law, he became a leader in pro-bono work. Dick believed not having money to pay for attorney fees should never stand in the way of good legal guidance. Dick spent much of his time as a member of the Elijah Kellogg Church, Brunswick Rotary Club, served as the president of the Bath-Brunswick Mental Health Association, coached Brunswick and Harpswell Youth Soccer Leagues and enthusiastically supported the Brunswick Figure Skating Club. The father of three sons and four daughters, he married Patty O'Brien in 1980. He saw six of their seven children graduate from college and their youngest daughter, Hannah, was a junior at Rollins College in 2002. Dick passed away 01Oct02 from pancreatic cancer-diagnosed eight days prior to his death. (Thanks to Andi Biancur, '60)



**James W. (Jim) Anderson, III** D-03Jun1973  
TAC Maj.

CS-02/F100/

*Interred 3-D44, USAFA*

*Lackland AFB, TX*



After graduation, Jim attended pilot training and flew the F-100 at Cannon AFB, Danang AB, SVN, and RAF Lakenheath, UK, in the period 1962-68. During a visit to Langley, Jim's dedication was evident when he asked for a Dash One for the KB-50 tanker, so he could "learn as much as possible about that aircraft and its mission" and how it supported his own efforts.

He flew the F-105 aircraft at McConnell AFB and Takhli AB, Thailand, from 1968-69. Following a tour as an F-100 instructor pilot at Luke AFB, he was assigned to Lakenheath RAF flying the F-4 aircraft. Jim died 03Jun73 at Wilford Hall Hospital, Lackland AFB as the result of a brain tumor. Jim was 2<sup>nd</sup> Cadet Squadron Commander and a member of the Ski and Hunting Clubs. His decorations included the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with 5 oak leaf clusters, and the Commendation medal with two oak leaf clusters.



**Fuller D. (Fuller) Atkinson**  
Resd. Capt. 67  
Judy

CS-01/C130/TAC

Griffin, GA



I entered the Academy after two years at Lafayette College in Pennsylvania. In addition to a first class education, I was fortunate to meet Judy during my second year. We were married on graduation day and have enjoyed 50 years of a wonderful marriage. We have two children and six grandchildren. I left the Air Force in December of 1967 after returning from SEA and embarked upon a business career. After receiving an MBA from Northwestern

University I went out to run several manufacturing companies, private and public, some with world-wide operations. Upon retirement we initially moved to South Carolina for six years. Deciding that the winters were still too cold we relocated to Florida where we presently reside enjoying the sunshine and our major recreation, golf.



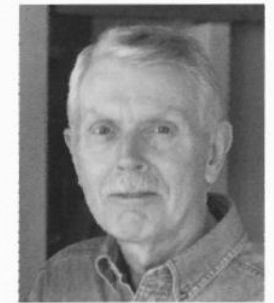
**Robert E. (Bob) Badger**  
Resd. 1Lt. 64  
Liliane

CS-04/C-124/MATS

Bentonville, VA

After a tour as a navigator in the 48<sup>th</sup> Air Transport Squadron, Hickam AFB, I obtained my law degree in 1969 from the Loyola School of Law, where I won the Southwestern Regionals of the National Moot Court Competition and was Law Clerk to Justice Frank Summers, Supreme Court of Louisiana. From 1969 to 1974, I entered private practice with a major law firm in New Orleans. I then became Assistant Counsel for the International Air Transport Association in Montreal. While there, I met my

wife, Liliane. At IATA, I worked with the Warsaw Convention, dealt with fares/rates, travel agent contracts, litigation in North/South America, U.S. regulatory matters affecting international air carriage and Interpol anti-terrorism matters. In 1979, I became a Trial Attorney with the FAA, representing the Agency in aircraft crash litigation. From 1982 until 1991, I was sole practitioner in private law in New Orleans, handling numerous criminal defense and civil cases. In 1991, I returned to Washington and became a Trial Attorney with the Aviation Branch of the U.S. Department of Justice-at their request. There I served as lead trial counsel for the United States in the litigation of major aircraft crash cases. In 2000, I retired and became a legal consultant. Liliane and I have no children together, but an "aggregate" family of five, with 12 grandchildren. In 2008, I completed a novel, written in tribute to our Class, "*Secret Brothers.*"





**Robert L. (Bob) Baker**  
Resd. Capt. USMC 66

**CS-09/S/UH-34 D/G/Marine Corp**  
**Culpepper, VA**

Bob came to us from Kentucky. As a cadet he was active in track, cross country, and the Hunting, Judo and Ski Clubs. Bob opted for the Marines after graduation, and went to Marine Basic School, then on to pilot training at Pensacola, FL. He flew helicopters at Camp Pendleton, CA, and Ellyson NAS, FL in the much maligned and famous Helicopter Training Squadron 8. (Data from Google, 1960 *Polaris* and AOG)



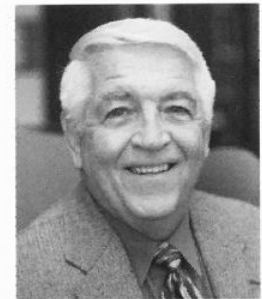
**Andrew W. (Andi) Biancur**  
Ret. Col 86

**CS-15/C-135/MATS**

**Carole**

**Colorado Springs, CO**

Born 2 February 1938, in Leicester, New York, the son of WW II USAAF Test Pilot, graduated from Baldwin High School in 1956. Attended pilot training at Bainbridge AB GA. and Craig AFB, AL. Alternated flying and staff tours including: major command (Operations), Air Staff, Joint Chiefs of Staff, Vice Wing Command, 42nd SAC Bomb Wing, and Director of Training Military Airlift Command. Received advanced degrees from Webster University in Comparative Government (1976) and Yale University



in International Law/ International Relations (1980). Served combat tours with the Air Commandos (1963-- the first graduate to "fire a shot in anger"), 1966-- F-105G (non-combat) and Forward Air Controller-- ground (1970). Spent 7 years (1965-1972) as Advance Agent for Presidential Support. Completed 26-year career with 6500+ flying hours. Following retirement worked as program manager/program director for United Airlines (1986-1990) and Evans & Sutherland (1990-1995). After full retirement, worked with Salt Lake Olympic Bid, Organizing, and Operating Committees for the 2002 Winter Olympic and Para Olympic Games (1995-2002). AOG Director (1983-1991 & 1995-1999). Children: Beverly A. (1964) and Christian C. (1970). Life member: Daedalians, Quiet Birdmen (since 1966), AOPA, RRVFPA (approx 10 years), Air Commando Association, AFAAA (life & Blue & Silver), AOG (life & Polaris Donor), VFW (life), DAV (life). Currently married to Carole and still fly a V-Tail Bonanza.



**Kenneth H. (Ken) Biehle**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80

**CS-11/C-124/MATS**

**Carol**

**Rocklin, CA**

While growing up on a farm in Missouri, I saw jet contrails across the sky and heard sonic booms, inspiring me to join the Air Force Reserve at Scott AFB during my senior year in high school. That was my eventual ticket into the Academy two years later. After pilot training at Bainbridge AB, three months prior to getting my wings at Vance AFB, Carol Kitchen, of Cushing, Oklahoma, and I got married in Colorado Springs, where she was an elementary school teacher. Our first assignment was to Donaldson



AFB. Two of my goals were to see a good bit of the world and to get at least 3,000 hours flying time. Five years in "Old Shaky" took care of that and more. Following a remote to Johnston Island in 1967, I spent four years in SAC at Wright-Patterson AFB, with TDY to SEA flying KC-135s. Next a master's degree at AFIT at Wright-Patt, then four years at MAC HQ. I then went to the 55<sup>th</sup> WRS at McClellan AFB, flying WC-135s, retiring there 31 Aug 80. Following retirement I was five years as a corporate pilot for Wedge International Holdings on a B-707 and B-727. Then ten years flying C-130s for Southern Air Transport, with final retirement in 1995. Carol and I remained in the Sacramento area. Of our three sons, each with a lovely wife and two kids, two reside in California and one in Austin, Texas.



**James A. (Tony) Bilello**  
 Resd. Capt 71  
 Carol Lee

CS-04/C-47/ATC

Denver, CO

Born in Chicago 4/17/36 and grew up in a sleepy little steel town across the river from St. Louis, MO. I was standing with mom in a victory garden plot in 1942 when my uncle flew over in a B-17 heading for Europe. I could almost trace a line of grease on the belly and say "Howdy" to the belly gunner. Took my first ride in 1948 upside down in a Stearman over the green corn fields of the Mississippi River valley. Enlisted in the Air



Force in 1954, took some tests and joined a great group of guys at USAFA. Grabbed a good gal there who was "checking out the guys." Washed out of pilot training, but married the gal. 'Still got her'. Had three neat daughters who have since given me 5 grandsons and 2 granddaughters. Went to Mpls, Reserve Nav Training unit. C-47s full of great old geezers. Got out of AF and did odd jobs. Started and ran a small flying club for 19 years. Now, I fly a little 'coupe', watch over the 97 year old Stearman pilot, and take care of "honey do's" between flying, tennis and golf.



**William S. (Steve) Bishop**  
 TAC Resd. Capt. 65

CS-01/C-130/  
 Niwot, CO

Born 2/35 San Antonio, Dad WestPoint '33. First memory Xmas Eve '38 sound T-6 Texan running up on Kelly Field Flight Line--Santa Claus leaving town. Flying second thing ever wanted to do, what my Dad did. Grew up SAT and Arlington VA, Dad Pentagon. Then in '51 to Wiesbaden USAFE, 2 years UMaryland program Munich, then USAFA entrance exams. Lucky, from Texas. Spend first three days at Lowry trying to remember name, after that trying to remember which was left foot. Summer very hazy till



meeting Gail McComas. Her smile cleared fog. Just in time to meet charming '59ers. Am convinced they and ATO's made 60'ers tightest wagon circle in history. Dad pinned on Prop & Wings w/ big smile for ex-doolie-- had tried to warn me. Then pinned on Nav Wings, then Pilot Wings, more big smiles. TAC C-130's at Sewart (never there), AC as 1st Lt., way too early, but still lucky with good copilots. Then out of the USAF '65 to CU Boulder Law School watching airplanes over head, then United Airlines 11/66. 17 yrs F/E, then F/O, then way too early Left Seat, with good copilots. Last eight years Line Check Airman B-737, 757, 767; at age 60 back to F/E B-747 HNL LCA flying SEAsia. Heaven at last, still lucky.



**Valmore W. (Val) Bourque** KIA-24Oct1964 CS-06/C-131/MATS  
 Capt.

*Interred 3-D41, USAFA*

Linda (Shepherd)

*North East of Saigon, SV*



We send our finest toast to those who have gone before us. Val's life was a tribute to all we've lived. He was the First new cadet to enter the Academy as a member of the Class of 1959. He managed to gain entry into our class with the help of faculty who recognized his leadership potential. He graduated with us and flew with us. Val was assigned to the 11<sup>th</sup> Aero Evac

Squadron from '62-64, then off to Vietnam. He was the first of our fledgling group of Academy graduates to be killed in action on 24Oct64 in SVN. Val always had a positive outlook in everything he did. A bronze statue of Val has been placed at the base of the "Bring Me Men" ramp in his honor. We also recognize the lifelong participation with us of his wife and family. Linda, his widow, and her family honor us with their power to move forward in life, while understanding our need to remember the past, even as we move to the future. A moment of silence for Val and a hearty cheer for his family. Nulli Secundus. (Thanks to Linda Shepherd and Tom Seebode)







**John F. (Fred) Boutz**  
ILt.

**D-08Feb1964**

**CS-07/F-102/ADC**

**Interred 3-D29, USAFA**

**Near Port Angeles, WA**

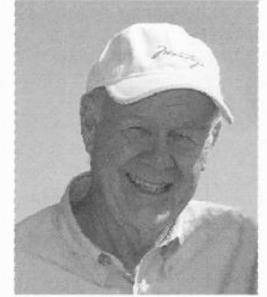
Fred came to us from Albuquerque New Mexico, and was active in the Ski Club all four years at the Academy. He was also in the gun Club. After pilot training, Fred upgraded to the F-102, and joined the 64<sup>th</sup> FIS at Paine Field, WA. He died in an F-102 crash near Port Angeles, WA.



**Gregory (Greg) Boyington, Jr.**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 79

**CS-16/B-47/SAC**  
**Oakland, CA**

Former Cadet Boyington had the rare privilege and good fortune to be a member of the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> graduating classes of the blue zoo. His joust with the psychology department during his 2<sup>nd</sup> class year, which he first thought was a mortal blow, was in fact a great turning point and most fortuitous event, in that he now has twice as many classmates and life long friends. He married two hours after graduation and produced three children, Tiffany, Amanda, and Gregory and four grandchildren. Following pilot training, he



spent the next eleven years piloting the B-47, KC-135, and F-4. His remaining 8 years were spent in various command and staff positions. Following retirement from the USAF, he entered the Real Estate business in Oakland, California, first with the intention of brokering real estate and later as a property manager and owner. He remains active in property management, enjoys skiing in California and the class ski vacation in Utah.

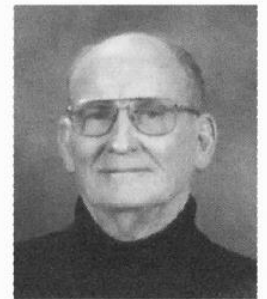


**Dean L. Bristow**  
Resd. Capt. 67, Ret. Col. 2000  
**Sandy**

**CS-16/C-124/MATS**

**Payson, UT**

The most important highlight of the past half century has been my marriage to Sandy Pedersen. Sandy has tolerated all the travel and career changes and stuck with me. From '64 to 74, we had four great kids. Three daughters, Christi Anne, Catherine, Dana (named after Dana Lentz, '59) and one son, Michael, and, so far, nine grandchildren. I did the usual stuff after graduation and before marrying Sandy in 1963. Courting Sandy by mail (a Mormon Missionary in Florida) was the most important and time-



consuming. We left the Air Force in 1967. I graduated from the University of California, Irvine College of Medicine in 1972. Internship in Salt Lake City and residency at the University of Kentucky in Lexington, finished my formal medical training. Back to Utah to start urology practice in 1977. We settled in the small town of Payson, where I still live. I rejoined the ANG in 1983. A call-up for Desert Storm came in 1991. We decided to remain on active duty until retirement, after *the Storm*. Over the next nine years I was assigned to Offutt, Davis-Monthan, Pope, and Elmendorf AFBs. While assigned to Pope, I picked up an MBA at Duke University. I retired from the Air Force at our forty year reunion in 2000 to become a part-time plumber (urologist). Sandy, the love of my life, died the 15<sup>th</sup> of Jun 2008.



**Howard F. (Howie) Bronson III**  
**Ret. Col. 89**  
**Judith**

**CS-03/F-102/ADC**  
**Big Bear City, CA**



Born to a traveling man, my Dad, a bomber pilot (B-24, B-25) and a career Air Force man at Hamilton AFB, knew I would be following in his footsteps from the beginning. My fascination with airplanes began at the tender age of 1, at France Field, Panama, must have shown. Kept moving on-16 schools in 12 grades, 4 schools my last four years. The only continuity was I played ball at all. The Academy was just two more moves (Lowry

to Colorado Springs). Just had to fly, although my first flight ever was the commercial flight to Denver--a non-counter. I broke ranks with my Dad--went the fighter route: F-102's, F-4's, F-15's, along with miscellaneous flights in F-105 maintenance test and the bird dog in the big one. Plenty of travel--Germany three tours (8 years), Belgium 2 years, Viet Nam and Thailand 1 year each, along with the obligatory staff tours at TAC, USAFE, and wrapped up with George AFB (Wing CV), Nellis (fighter weapons wing C of S), March AFB (26th AD/CV and SWAD Sector CC). Flew till the end--Air Force was a glorious profession. I'd be there still, but 30 years is 30 years. Great friends everywhere. Now I'm a mountain boy in California risking life and limb as a ski bum.



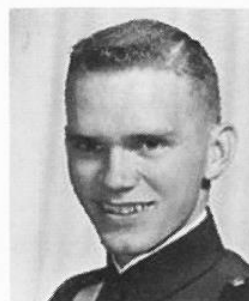
**Harold G. (Hal) Brost**  
**Ret. Lt. Col. 81**  
**Elizabeth**

**CS-16/F-100/TAC**  
**Mansfield, TX**



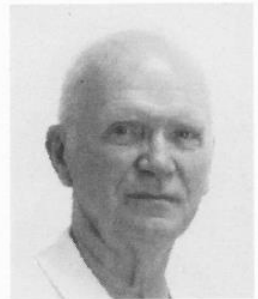
After pilot training at Moore AB and Vance AFB, Hal ended up at Cannon AFB NM in the 478<sup>th</sup> TFSq from '62-'65. In 1965-'66, he was a FAC with the 172<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Brigade, at Fort Richardson, AK. Then in '66-'67, worked in the Operations and Plans Office at Hq. Alaskan Air Command, following as an IP with the 317<sup>th</sup> FISq Elmendorf AFB, AK. A year at SEA followed with the 504<sup>th</sup> TASGq, and then back to the AFA in the Econ Dept

until 1973. Continuing in the economic line, Hal became a Cost Analyst at HqUSAF from '73-'76. From '76-'78 he was the Operations Officer at Bergstrom AFB, TX, with the 23<sup>rd</sup> TASS. 1978-'79 it was off to Osan AB, Korea, as Chief of the Exercise Plans Division, 314<sup>th</sup> Air Division. Back to the ZI in 1979, he became Deputy Director of Programs and Budget at Wright-Patterson AFB, OH. Getting out in 1981, Hal worked at various positions with Teledyne CAE in Toledo, OH from '81-'89. From '89-'92 was Manager of Pricing for Microturbo, Inc., in Grand Prairie, TX. From '92-'97, he was President of Metroplex Mortgage in Arlington, TX. In 1997, he became owner and consultant for Brost Enterprises of Mansfield TX. (Data from Google and AOG)



**John P. Browning**  
**Resd. Capt. 65, Ret. Capt. USNR**  
**Carole**

**CS-11/F-100/TAC**  
**Westfield, IN**



I grew up in Stuttgart, Arkansas pop. 10,000 and was a member of an Air Explorers unit, BSofA. We had access to an Aeronca airplane and flying instruction was provided by volunteers. One of my friends became interested in USAFA but found that he was not medically qualified. I took all of his info and continued on. I married my Denver sweetheart, Carole Lynch, and we went to pilot training at Moore AB, TX. From there it was

Williams AFB, Luke AFB, Nellis AFB, then our first assignment at Myrtle Beach AFB, SC. I resigned in 1965 because of the stress of family separations and went to work at LTV Aerospace in Dallas. I joined the Navy Reserve, F-8 fighters or C-124 transports in the USAF Reserve. I retired from the Navy Reserve as an O-6 (Captain) after 4½ active duty and 16 years reserve duty. Carole and I have three children, two boys and one girl, and each of our children have two sons. Our grandsons range from age 17 to 5. I retired from Lockheed Corporation in Fort Worth, TX, in 2003 where I worked as a Senior Manager in Systems Engineering on three major airplane programs, the A-12, the F-22, and the Joint Strike Fighter (F-35). Carole and I live in Westfield, IN, and we have a lake home in OK where we spend our summers.





**John S. (Jack) Brush**

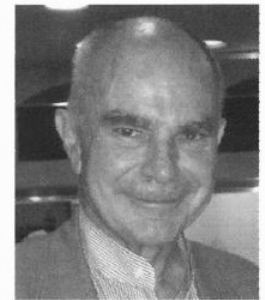
**Ret. Lt. Col. 80**

**Elaine**

**CS-12/C-124/MATS**

**Colorado Springs, CO**

I had a career of flying, teaching and graduate school. Flew C-124's out of Hawaii for three years. Went to MIT in Aeronautical Engineering 1964-1965 for a Masters on a NSF Fellowship. Taught math and aero at the Academy for three years and then to SEA flying 0-2's as a Forward Air Controller in Laos--the most fun I ever had. Switched fields and got a Ph.D. in a combination of Economics, Control Theory and Operations Research at UCLA. Taught economics at the Academy for four years, then



spent the next few years at the Systems Command Lab at the Academy. One unclassified project concluded that if you let computers retarget weapons in real time under a strike we could give up 90% of our nucs, let the bad guys shoot first and still do 90% damage to them. Also used my Ph.D. training in time series modeling in inflation and currency forecasting. Exiting the Air Force, I set up a company that builds financial balance sheet based models for every common stock on the planet. I still direct research for this. We don't manage money, but sell rankings to those who do. Discovered that I really liked to fly when the Air Force told me I couldn't. So I bought an Aerostar in 1983, go to simulator training yearly, and use it instead of the airlines--cruising at 250 knots for 1000 miles. Elaine and I enjoy hiking and flying.



**Michael G. (Mike) Buchen D-23Jun1990 CS-12/ Student/MIT**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 81**

*Interred 6-C11, USAFA*

**Cecelia Buchen**

**El Segundo, CA**

The oldest of five siblings, a gentle big brother to his three brothers and one sister. In high school he worked at his father's gas station. We met at Richmond, CA Union High school, and went steady in our senior year. Mike went to USAFA and I went to San Francisco State College to pursue a career as an Elementary School teacher. Mike and I renewed our relationship in December 1960 and married in June 1961. Mike attended



graduate school at MIT, receiving a Masters Degree in Aeronautical and Astronautical Engineering in Jun62. Mike was assigned to Los Angeles AFS. Our two children were born in 1963 and 1965. We enjoyed an assignment in Oahu where Mike was a Navigator on the C-130. Later the kids named our new kitten "Hercules" after Dad's plane -- how could Mike refuse that? When Mike went to SEA we stayed in Oahu, and then, back to Los Angeles. Mike was active in preschool and scouting activities, helped the kids with their homework and attended their sporting events. Then off to Albuquerque as a navigator on the KC-135. In 1976 we returned to Los Angeles AFB until his retirement in 1981. Mike liked photography, reading, music, and bridge. Mike worked for Martin Marietta from 1981 until his death from cancer in 1990. He left this world too soon and we all miss him. (Thanks to Cecelia "Bebe" Buchen)



**James H. Bujalski**

**Resd. Capt. 65**

**Judy**

**CS-05R/C-121/ADC**

**Littleton, CO**

Cleone Langin, from Minneapolis, and I married in Jul60, and went to pilot training at Marianna, FL, and Selma, AL. After RC-121s at Otis AFB, MA, it was C-123 training and then Viet Nam from 01Oct63, to 30Sep64, followed by C-130s at Topeka AFB, KS. In 1966 I entered the University of Washington School of Engineering, graduating in Jun67 with an MS in Aero and Astro. I immediately went to Aerojet General in Sacramento, CA, creating a new/unique/experimental engine design which was the



fore-runner of many of today's Reentry Vehicle Control Systems. I also worked on Minute Man III, the MOL, Air Cushion Vehicles and the HAWK Air Defense missile. Finishing my 27 year career as a Program Manager with an MBA, in '95 I became an independent consultant to CSD, an aerospace company in San Jose, CA, and attended UC-Davis in Environmental Management. In 1998 I became General Manager of a small manufacturing company in Carson City, NV. In 1999 Cleone started a business buying and selling Native American Indian Jewelry and I got promoted from General Manager to Chief Go-fer. Cleone died in 2003. On New Years Eve, 2003, Judy accepted my 45 year old marriage proposal and we were married 31May04. Together, Judy and I have 5 children and 7 grandchildren.



**Thomas E. (Tom) Burke**  
 Ret. Lt. Col. 80  
 Mary Ellen

CS-04/C-135/MATS

Springfield, VA



After Sullivan Prep School in Washington, DC and being an alternate for '59, I realized how fortunate I was to become a member of the Class of '60. After pilot training at Spence and Vance, I selected C-135s at McGuire. Over the six years I amassed over 4000 hours in the C-135, became an Instructor Pilot, Simulator Instructor, Flight Examiner Pilot, and Functional

Test Flight Pilot. It was there that I married Mary Ellen Murphy in 1964. Next, AFIT graduate study at Texas A&M and a Masters Degree in Industrial Engineering/Operations Research. After an assignment to O-2Bs in Vietnam and then as Executive Officer of the 14<sup>th</sup> Special Operations Wing, it was off to the Air Staff in Studies and Analysis, for five years. That assignment led me to a job in NATO HQ to be part of the NATO AWACS Programme Office (NAPO) Provisional. Next we went to HQ AFSC where, fortunately, we had rented out our house in Springfield, VA, so we had an affordable place to live. Retiring in 1980, I did a variety of quantitative analyses for 15 years for Decision Science Applications, while watching our six children grow, and coaching and PTAing. The youngest of our six children graduated from college in 1998, five of the six are married and our latest hobby is watching the 11 grandchildren grow.



**David W. Burns**  
 1Lt.

D-04Feb1964

CS-10/F100/TAC

*Interred 3-D25, USAFA*

*Near England AFB, LA*



Very active as a cadet, Dave was a member of the cadet choir, gun club, ski club and the Contrails staff. After graduation, David completed pilot training and selected an assignment which upgraded him to the F-100. Assigned to the 614<sup>th</sup> TFSq at England AFB, LA, he died in an F-100 crash near there.



**Anthony J. (Tony) Burshnick**  
 Ret. Lt. Gen. 91  
 Karen

CS-04/C-118/MATS

Springfield, VA



I was born and raised in Forest City, PA, prior to enlisting in the USAF in Sept. 1954. After basic training at Sampson AFB, NY I attended tech training at Chanhute AFB, IL. I stayed on as an electronics instructor for a year and was then selected for the USAFA under the quota for enlisted personnel. After graduation I attended pilot training at Spence AB, GA, and Vance AFB, OK. I then opted for the transport world and flew C-

118's, C-135's, C-123's in Viet Nam, T-29's, C-131's, C-141's, T-39's, C-12's and C-5's. I had two tours at USAFA as an AOC and then Commandant. I also had two tours on the Air Staff. One was as the House Liaison Officer and the other in Personnel and Operations. In the second job I headed the Blue Ribbon Panel on Working Spouses. This Panel helped stop the harassment of spouses by senior officers wives. I commanded two wings, one at Yakota AB, Japan, and the other at Travis AFB, CA. I had three tours at Scott AFB, IL: as a war plans officer, the DCS Plans, and finished my career as the Vice Commander of the Military Airlift Command. After retirement I worked in the DC area as a consultant for four different companies. I am married to the former Karen J. Maynard of Toms River, NJ. We now live in Springfield, VA.





**Peter J. (Pete) Burton**  
Resd. Capt. 69  
Jane

CS-10/C-135/MATS  
Overland Park, KS



Pete went to pilot training at Moore AB and Webb AFB, TX. From 1961-'64, he was a pilot with the 18<sup>th</sup> AT Sq at McGuire AFB, NJ. Then in 1964-'65, he was an HC-54 Pilot in the 54<sup>th</sup> AR&RSq. at Goose Bay, Labrador, Canada. 1966-'69, he was with the Department of Aerospace Studies in AFROTC at Dartmouth College. In 1971, he was in Management Development at the Mountain States Employers Council in Denver, CO.

In 1974, he was Director of Personnel, Research, Planning and Information in Denver. In 1977, he was a Private Management Consultant in Denver, and in 1994, the owner and CEO of TrimTabUnLtd in Fairplay, CO. (Data from AOG)



**Alfred K. Canterbury, Jr.**  
Resd. Capt. 70  
Millie

CS-11/C-124/MATS  
Indian Land, SC



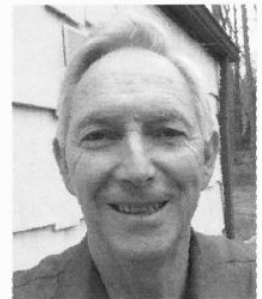
Wife Millie and I left the Air Force in February of 1970 and joined Jim and Carolyn Thomasson in Charlotte, NC. There we raised two boys, Mark and John David. I occupied myself as a salesman and in self-employment ending up not wealthy but comfortable. Millie has been a teacher of extraordinary ability in the lower grades and with challenged children. My greatest contribution and source of enjoyment has been as a part time swim

coach and the coach of a large adult swim team. In November of 2006 we pulled up stakes and moved into South Carolina just south of Charlotte into Sun City Carolina Lakes.



**William A. (Bill) Carnegie**  
Disc. Capt. 75  
Anne

CS-11/HC-54/ARS  
Montville, NJ



After pilot training at Bartow AB and Williams AFB, Bill was assigned to the Air Rescue Service at Wheelus AB, North Africa from '61-'63. From 1963 until 1967, he was assigned to the 85<sup>th</sup> AT Sq. at Travis AFB, CA. In '67-'68, he was assigned to the 5<sup>th</sup> Air Commando Sq. at Bien Hoa, SVN. Returning in 1968, he went to the University of Arizona, and then off to C-141s at McGuire AFB, NJ, from '70-'75. He obtained an MBA from

Rutgers in 1977 and went to work as an Accountant/EDP Auditor for Radics and Company, Haledon, NJ, in 1978-'80. From 1980-'89, he was a Consultant with NatlComSys Inc, at Parsippany, NJ. From '89-2000, he became Assistant Treasurer for the U.S. Branches of Credit Lyonnais in New York City. In 2000, he also received an MBA in Accounting from Rutgers University. From 2000 to 2002, he was a Consultant with and for Alliant Technologies LLC. (Data from Google and AOG)



**James R. (JR/Rich) Carter** 16Sep1996CS-05/ C-124/MATS  
Resd. Capt. 66

*Interred 6-A52, USAFA*

*Lakewood, CO*



Rich Carter is "home where I belong". He loved the Academy. It shaped his life. He was so proud to go to the football games and seek out his classmates. It was the association with great men and friends which he cherished. At the Academy, he joined every possible club and team available including Aero Club, Choir, Cadet Forum, Gun Club, Photography Club, Model Engineering Club, Protestant Religious Council, Radio Club, Soaring Club, Skeet Club, Ski Club, Ski Control, and the Yearbook Staff. Wow!) and was a pretty good athlete. He bragged on several occasions that he was the last basketball player cut by Dean Smith. He was very successful in business and started several companies that did very well in his civilian life. He was not happy unless he had many irons in the fire, and managed to be a commercial pilot, stock broker and entrepreneur all at the same time. He loved golf and loved to have sleep overs with his grandsons. He is survived by his former spouse, two children, and five grandchildren. (Thanks to Rock J. Carter) (Ed. Addendum: Rich suffered some business reversals during his career and was quoted by Rosi Cler, when asked how he maintained his optimism, "When anything in my life goes bad, I think about those boys laying in the back of my C-124 when I was flying body bags from Vietnam to Hawaii!" Rich always saw the glass as full.)



**Jerry L. Caskey**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80  
Debbie

**CS-09/F-100/TAC**

**Athens, TX**



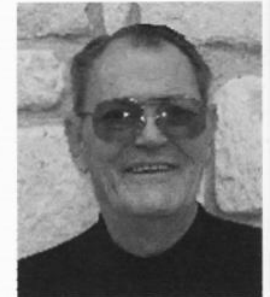
After F-100 upgrade training, I started a lengthy association with TAC. First assignment at Myrtle Beach AFB brought an immediate deployment to Florida for the Cuban Crisis where I thought my first operational flight would be combat, but no such luck. Fort Benning for jump school, A-1 checkout at Hurlburt, Vietnam to fly support for ground forces; and then to Thailand supporting the Jolly Green's air rescue missions and FAC for Cambodia, Laos and parts of NV. Air Ground Operations School instructor, then on to the USC for an MS degree and assignment as Chief of a Manpower/Management Engineering Detachment. Back into the fighter business with a checkout in the F4 and assignment to Ubon AB, Thailand, for the end of the SEA combat experience. On to Torrejon AB Spain, for stints as Operations Officer, wing staff and finally Commander of the 613<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron. After Spain, back to the states at Tactical Air Warfare Center and retirement. Began flying for an offshore marine transportation company out of Lafayette, LA, and got my naval cross training by managing a small fleet of boats. From there to Austin and into the real estate business as business manager for a small three office real estate company. Currently do consulting for title companies on the real estate markets in Austin and Dallas.



**Lawrence J. (Larry) Chiappino**  
DNG  
Sylvia

**Classmate**

**Texas**



I grew up in Austin, TX, with my mother and her family after my father, an airline and army reserve pilot, died. I joined the national guard at age 17. After a couple of lackluster years at the University of Texas, my step-father, a career AF officer, suggested the Academy, and I joined the Class of '60. Academics got me, and I returned to UT and the Guard. I completed a combined Warrant Officer and Helicopter Flight School in '60, OCS in '61, and F/W school in '62, after almost a year on active duty for the "Berlin Crisis". I married Sylvia in '64 while working part time, completing college and serving in the Guard. We have one daughter, Catherine, an ex-guard helicopter mechanic, who is married to a career Guard helicopter mechanic. They have one daughter. I continued serving in the Guard and later the Army Reserve until my retirement in '95 as an LTC Master Army Aviator. My Academy time not only reinforced my desire to fly, but provided a sound foundation for my future military career. Sylvia and I are both retired and live about 50 miles NW of Austin, and 15 miles from our daughter and her family.





**James W. (Jim) Clark, Jr.**

**Ret. Maj. 80**

**Jean Walbridge**

**CS-14/F-102/ADC**

**Fort Worth, TX**

I went to ADC for eight years at R-G and Goose Bay (F-102s and deployment to Canal Zone) and McChord AFB (F-106s with deployments to Alaska and Korea-Pueblo Crisis). Then to Vietnam as O-1 FAC in several IV Corps sites, training dozens of VNAF FACs. Then to Systems Command at Wright-Patterson managing high-energy laser application studies and Next Generation Trainer (T-37 replacement) Programs. Getting out of the AF in 1980, I had three defense industry jobs from 80-94 dealing primarily with

conceptual phase programs in the A-12, AFT and other black/stealth programs, and another run at the T-37 replacement. Then I got into folk art and woodworking, including a real shop with "all the toys". Jean Walbridge and I were married on 20Jul96. In 2001, I studied silversmithing in New Mexico, and have added the tools and workbenches needed for that craft. Also, in 2001, I became a docent for the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth. This training provided me with a great education in American art, which I share with visitors to the Museum. In 2006 we discovered the Folk Art Society of America and now attend their annual conferences. Now retired, we travel wherever we want, enjoying art, folk art, and weavings--Jean's recent discovery. Travels include New York to see son James (Goldman-Sachs) and his wife, Sandra (American Express) and to New Orleans to visit daughter Rachel, who is an attorney.



**Michael A. (Mike) Clarke**

**Ret. Col. 84**

**Nancy**

**CS-13/F-100/TAC**

**Vienna, VA**

After graduation, I attended pilot training at Graham AB and Webb AFB and received an F-100 assignment to Luke AFB and Nellis AFB, prior to final assignment at Cannon AFB. I served as an F-100 pilot at Cannon until August 1964, when my squadron was sent to Viet Nam for my first exposure to combat flying. Returning to Cannon in the spring of 1965, my wing was disestablished and I was sent to Luke AFB as an F-100 IP. I left Luke for Test Pilot School in 1967. After test pilot school, in 1968 I

was sent to Kirtland AFB to fly test missions in F-104s and F-4s. In 1970, I attended Air Command and Staff College at Maxwell and earned a Masters Degree. After Maxwell, I was transferred to Wright Patterson in the F-5E SPO. Then to Thailand in 1975 for a joint tour in plans and was the OIC of the evacuation plan for Viet Nam. Then three years at Wright Patterson in the F-16 SPO, prior to attending ICAF in residence. Next to the Pentagon as the F-16 PEM and, having been promoted to Colonel, became a division chief with responsibilities including fighters, aircraft engines and AWACS. Retiring in 1984, I became an independent consultant to industry. In 1995, I accepted the position I now hold as Director of the AF Studies Board. I also direct two standing committees for US Special Operations Command and the Intelligence community.



**Michael J. (Mike) Clarke**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 82**

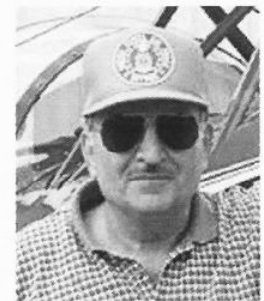
**Emma**

**CS-11/T-37/33/ATC**

**Baker, FL**

Raised in Camden, DE, attended Caesar Rodney and The University of Delaware before the USAFA. He navigated on RC-121's at Otis before pilot training at Reese, graduating as a DG in 1962. He instructed in T-33/37's until leaving in 1964 for Vietnam, flying C-123's as an Agent Orange Pilot/IP, extending to fly A-1H/J's with the VNAF. Assigned to the 32 FIS/TFS at Soesterberg in 1966, flew F-102/4E's as a Flight Commander. Entered the Aerospace Research Pilot School in 1970, remaining at Edwards flying

U-2/F-104/F-4E/AU-23A's. He became Deputy Director of the YF-16/YF-17 Joint Test Force and Project Test Pilot for the YF-17 in 1974, then Test Force Director for the F-16 Radar fly-off. He went to Osan, Korea in 1976 as the Chief of Safety flying F-4E's, then served as Chief of Safety at Eglin, flying test support in F-4E's. In 1978, he was posted to the Spanish Air Ministry as the USAF's Program Manager for the Spanish Air Force's Future Attack & Combat Aircraft, flying Super King Air's as the Director of Operations for the Embassy aircraft. After retirement from the USAF, Mike joined Northrop in 1982 as the Director of Operational Requirements and Crew Station Design for the YF-23 Stealth Fighter, later joining Sikorsky in 1987 as Manager, Crew Station organization, with oversight for Comanche crew station design. After leaving Industry in 1995, Mike became the Executive Manager for Heritage Village in Southbury, CT.





**Alfred J. (Rosie) Cler Jr.**

**Resd. Lt. USN 64**

**Karen**

**CS-02/Lt. US Navy**

**Sarasota, FL**

Released from active duty on Okinawa, my wife Karen and our children returned to ConUS in 1964. I joined Fleetwood Enterprises of Riverside, CA, the nation's largest manufactured housing corporation, as Sales Manager of their RV manufacturing plant at La Grande, OR, and was promoted to President & General Manager of their Ohio startup corporation, which became Fleetwood's second-largest of all 56 autonomous subsidiaries. In 1977 I bought Century Industries, a Michigan manufacturer of recreational



vehicles, and expanded that company as President/CEO/Owner; concomitantly, my pro bono involvements included Presidency of the MARVAC trade association for 1600 housing-related businesses in the state, and Chairman of the Michigan Manufactured Housing Institute. Selling Century in 1981, I formed ASB Consulting in Denver, CO, for assistance to entrepreneurs with startup and funding for their economic enterprises, while lecturing for the Small Business Administration and teaching numerous business courses at several colleges. We have two children and five grandchildren: Our son Scott, his wife Amy and their two daughters, Jennifer and Kristin, reside in Centennial, CO; daughter Brandy and her husband Adam and their daughter Lucy and twins, Reece and Casey, of Arlington, MA. Karen and I celebrate 50 years of marriage October 29, 2010.



**George M. Collier**

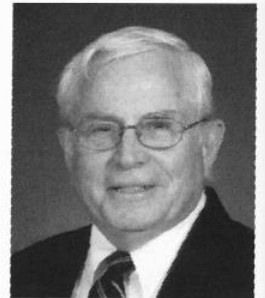
**Ret. Lt. Col. 84**

**Jan**

**CS-04/TC-47/C**

**Chesterfield, MO**

My introduction to USAFA was in Jun56 when my Dad and I visited Lowy AFB, (and Col Archie Higdon!). Four years later, I started my Air Force career with Jan. She is my special partner, and together we have four children. I started out as an Instructor Nav in Continental Air Command training Reserves in the TC-47! I got my Masters in Aerospace Engineering and spent a couple of years as a project officer in SAMSO (AFSC), working on a secure satellite-to-satellite data relay subsystem. After my "career



broadening assignment", I got reacquainted with the Gooney (EC-47 this time) in Vietnam for a year. I spent the next seven years in MAC in the C-141 and the HC-130. My next assignment was in technical intelligence at the ADTC. The highlight of that tour was the debriefing of a Russian Army defector on Russian Armor. I finished my AF career as Director of the Systems Analysis Division in the Joint Cruise Missile Project. I started civilian life with McDonnell Douglas Astronautics Company in St. Louis for eight years. Next, I helped my son-in-law get his contracting business started. I have been active as a substitute teacher, a volunteer with the USO and, now, with my church. I enjoy watching our 12 grandchildren as they grow. When they aren't "exercising" Jan and myself, I enjoy working on plastic models and learning to play the organ.



**Norman B. (Buck) Congdon D-05Aug2003 CS-08/Missiles/SA**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 88**

**Louisa**

**Interred 6-D133, USAFA**

**Albuquerque, NM**

Buck and I met in Niagara Falls in 1965. We married and moved to Great Falls in 1967. He became commander of a Minute Man II missile crew. We met many of our life long friends there. Buck was then assigned to SAC HQ in Omaha for the first of two tours. Our family quickly doubled in less time than the usual 9 months. We adopted Michael, born in December 1970. Jennifer arrived in August 1971. Less than a year later, Buck attended Command and Staff in Montgomery.



That was a tough year for the family. Buck attended graduate school in the evening to complete a master's degree. Back to Omaha for a fast 5 year tour in JSTPS, before Washington DC for 2 tours at the Pentagon on both the Air Staff and JCS. The children and I enjoyed all the culture and history of the area. Buck's last tour before retiring was at Kirtland in Albuquerque. What a great place to work and retire. My dear Buck, after courageously enduring much pain, passed away at home from metastatic malignant melanoma. He is always in our thoughts. (Thanks to Louisa Congdon) (Ed. Note: It is fitting to partially quote from Jerry Farquhars's tribute to Buck, "I cannot bring back the missing years in our friendship. I can only thank God for the great privilege of knowing this kind, generous and stoutly courageous man. I know that all of us did love him, because it was impossible not to. Buck was the rare man born without a mean or cruel or jealous bone in him. He was the walking definition of courage and total integrity.)







**Garth R. Cooke**  
**Ret. Lt. Col. 84**  
**Mary**

**CS-06/C-124/MATS**  
**Beavercreek, OH**



After pilot training at Bartow AB, FL, and Laredo AFB, TX, my casual attitude toward pilot training academics was rewarded with an assignment to C-124s at Donaldson AFB, SC. I was traveling all over the world, flying a hundred hours a month and making so much money I couldn't spend it all. Donaldson closed and I transferred to Hunter AFB, GA. At that point I married my lovely wife, Mary (which took care of the spending problem), and off we went to C-141 school, then to Dover AFB, had a child and flew the C-141 to a bunch of places, with many 'firsts'. First ever to land at Antigua and Ascension. Flew the first med-evac from Tan Son Nhut to Andrews. From Dover, we went to Midway Island where I served a tour as an airlift control officer, and had another child. After Midway, I had a tour as an airlift controller at An Khe and Danang in Vietnam (third child while in Viet Nam). Returned for a two year tour with the USAF IG at Norton. Then off to AFIT for a degree in Systems Engineering and on to Robins AFB, GA. After four years, went to Wright-Patterson and AFLC HQ. Spent four years at AFLC and retired in Jan84. Spent the next twenty years as a "beltway bandit" and in 2004, started my own business, presently in Beavercreek, OH.



**Phillip A. (Phil) Cooke**  
**Ret. Col. 89**  
**Elane**

**CS-14/C124/MATS**  
**Bordentown, NJ**



After pilot training at Bartow AB and Williams AFB, Phil went to Charleston AFB, SC until '65, and then in '65-'66 he was OIC of the Command Post in Evreux AB, France. From '66-'68, he was the OIC of Special Missions for the 513<sup>th</sup> TAW at Mildenhall RAF Station, UK. In 1969, he was an IP in the 554<sup>th</sup> Recon Sq. at Korat AB, Thailand. In 1969-'73, he returned to the UK as a Pilot Leader in the 511<sup>th</sup> RAF Sq Lyneham at Brize Norton. From 1973-'78, he was Asst Ops Officer for the 7th MASq, Special Asst to the DCO, and OIC of the MAC Affiliation Program, all in the 60<sup>th</sup> MAW at Travis AFB, CA. From 1978-'80, he was Senior Controller, Director of MAC Airlift Operations at the MAC Command Center, Scott AFB, IL. From 1980-'89, he was Wing DO/ IG and Director of Personnel of the 438<sup>th</sup> MAW at McGuire. (Data from Google and AOG)



**Gary F. Crew**  
**Ret. Lt. Col. 81**

**D-28Jul1998**

**CS-06/KB-50/TAC**

**Interred 6-H29, USAFA**

**Barb**

**Denver, CO**



Graduated West HS Waterloo, IA. Pilot training Bainbridge GA and Williams AFB AZ. First assignment TAC KB-50 tankers Biggs AFB, TX. Took part in Cuban missile crisis. Claim to fame...blew a tire on takeoff roll, went through perimeter fence onto highway with plane fully loaded with fuel for refueling mission. Vietnam 64-65 -- 310<sup>th</sup> Air Commando Sq. Instructor, and flew missions in support of counter insurgents. Had many assault unimproved landing and takeoffs sitting on a flak jacket instead of wearing one. ATC Randolph and Kessler 65-67. Trained pilots from Vietnam, Afghanistan, Nigeria and any other country the US was promoting. IPIS instructor Randolph 70-72. Wrote several zero visibility landing manuals. MAG Liaison, Taiwan, working with Air America 72-74. Management Analyst comptroller HQ TAC 72-74. Presidential Advance flight support team for Air Force One, Langley and Robins 75-78. HQ ATC plans and programs, Chief Readiness Div., Randolph 79-81. Retired in 81. Chief weapons Planner and Program Planner for Titan missile project Martin Marietta 81-94. Retired (again) and started Ultimate Golf, a golf instruction and club making store. Earned master club maker designation. Died following open heart surgery. Survived by wife Barbara and sons, Jeffrey and Brian, granddaughters Madison and Mallory. (Thanks to Barb, Jim Glaza and Dick Schehr)



**Bert C. Croft**  
*Resd. Capt. 66*

*D-28Jun1996*

*CS-11/T-33/38/ATC*

*Interred Johnson County Memorial Gardens, Overland, KS*  
**Jacque** **Overland Park, KS**



Born 28Aug37, in Tulsa OK, Bert showed his tenacity in the Boy Scouts of America by becoming an Eagle Scout, and attaining the coveted status of Order of the Arrow and Mic-O-Say. He was following a boyhood quest to become a pilot, and did so after graduation at Moore AB, TX, and Vance AFB, OK. He remained at Vance as an IP in T-33 and T-38s, resigning in 1966 to join TWA as a career pilot. Type rated in 767s, DC-9s, and B-727s, and also a Flight Engineer in 747s and B-727s. In his community life, he continued on with his scouting as a Scout Master, committed to helping young men learn their capabilities and build their confidence. Bert was a man who loved his family and his country, and was dedicated to serving both. He loved life and enjoyed it to the fullest until his death from a heart attack. Bert and his wife Jacque have a son John and daughter Suzanne. (Thanks to Classmates and family, from Checkpoints Fall 1996)



**John R. (Russ) Currey, Jr.**  
*Ret. Lt. Col. 83*

*CS-08/C-130/TAC*

**Glenda** **Eastaboga, AL**



I grew up in Vicksburg, MS, where attending an Academy never crossed my mind until a USAFA recruiter sought out our HS All-American Football Running Back. I found the descriptions exciting (and free) and pursued a nomination through my Father's college classmate--US Senator John Stennis--prominent in military circles of the era. USAFA was a wonderful experience for me once the initial shock was over. My 8<sup>th</sup> Sq Cmdr. made me a boxer and I won a Wing Championship in my weight class. Sports

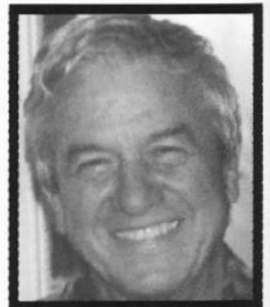
and conditioning were important to me then and ever since. After Pilot Training in S GA and S AL, I unknowingly got a wonderful assignment to Combat Airlift flying the Lockheed Hercules (C-130). With a few detours, I flew it for over 20 years, accruing over 4000 Hrs. In C-130s I spent three tours in SEA from 1963 to 1969, Copilot, Pilot, Instructor Pilot and Air Ops Officer. With a great airplane, they were great years. My final years were on the NATO staff preparing reinforcement plans to support war in Europe, with emphasis on nuclear options. I retired in 1983 and moved to S FL to work for Pratt & Whitney on competitive aerial combat gaming and stealth technology. I retired again in 1993 and moved to Huntsville, AL, supporting the Army as a Test Engineer, working on the Air Warrior Program and on Air and Missile Defense. Real retirement in 2005.



**William Robert (Bill) Currier** *D-23Jun2005* *CS-10/F-86/ADC*  
*Resd. Capt. 65*

*Ashes returned to family*

**Irma Jeanne** **Near Columbia, SC**



Bill came to USAFA from Essex Junction, Vermont. His six years as a USAF fighter pilot included a tour in Okinawa. He then served as an instructor pilot with the 174<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Group, ANG, Syracuse retiring as Lieutenant Colonel after 14 years. Bill flew the F-86 Sabre, F-102 Delta Dagger, T-33 Shooting Star, and the AT-37. He and his first wife, Brenda, had three children: Tonya, Miles, and Auburn. Bill earned

a Master's in Political Science from Auburn University (1970) and was a doctoral student at Syracuse University where he met his second wife, Irma Jeanne (married 1984). Bill taught mathematics (and skiing!) in technical colleges in NY, VA, and SC as they raised daughters, Marta and Megan. Bill retired in 2003, but continued as a devoted lay leader in the United Methodist Church. He treasured time with his family, including three grandchildren. Bill last lived on an airpark in SC where he thoroughly enjoyed the aviation community and local golf courses. Bill and family spent summers at the Currier "camp" in Vermont throughout his life. Bill and Irma Jeanne returned from the 45<sup>th</sup> USAFA reunion days before his fatal crash in a friend's Rans S-10 in June 2005. (Thanks to Irma Jeanne)



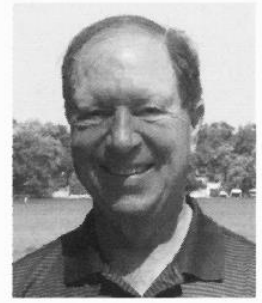


**Jerry M. Daily**  
Resd. Capt. 65  
Marcia

CS-09/ARS/USAFE

Elkhorn, WI/Bonita Springs, FL

Born September 24, 1938, I grew up in New Albany, IN, and entered the Air Force Academy immediately following high school. Two weeks after USAFA graduation, I married Marcia and our 48 years of marriage have been wonderful. We have 3 children and 8 grandchildren. Following pilot training, I was assigned to the 67th Air Rescue Squadron in Prestwick, Scotland. We traveled extensively while in Europe and enjoyed AF life.



After serving five years, I decided to give the business world a try. I received my MBA from the University of Chicago in 1967 and joined the accounting firm Touche Ross. I was promoted to Partner in 1972, became Partner-in-Charge of the Chicago Audit Practice in 1975, became Partner-in-Charge of the National Audit Practice in 1985, and retired in 1996. I was a member of the US and International Board of Directors and Marcia and I traveled the world extensively. Marcia and I now spend the summer months on Lauderdale Lake in Elkhorn, WI. Our winter months are spent in Bonita Springs, FL. We play golf and enjoy retirement. We're so busy it amazes me I ever had time to work. The values I learned at the USAFA have been invaluable to me.



**Robert C. (Bob) Davis**  
MAJ.

MIA 23Mar65/DED 02May1975

Interred 6-A27, USAFA

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Bob was listed as MIA as of 23Mar69, and was declared KIA on 02May75. He was reported missing when the A-26 aircraft he was navigating did not return from an operational mission over Laos. Bob served as a navigator in operations at McGuire AFB, NJ, McClellan AFB, CA, and Nakhon Phanom AB, Thailand. As a cadet, Bob was active in the Photo Club, Cadet Forum, and the Entertainment and Class Committees. His First Class Year, he served as 3<sup>rd</sup> Group Operations and Training Officer.



**Jon R. Day**  
Resd. 1Lt. 64  
Brenda

CS-05/C-130/TAC

Sorrento, FL

Jon was raised in Caldwell, New Jersey and graduated H.S. in 1956. His Academy career was not particularly distinguished, although he did manage to play piano bar at some of the local pubs and entertain at Arnold Hall. After the Academy he was assigned to TAC and spent the next 4 years navigating C-130's around the world. This was a great assignment for an unattached young Lieutenant. In 1964 he pursued his life-long dream of



being a Doctor by applying to and being accepted by the University of Virginia Medical School, Charlottesville, Va. After graduation he spent a year in the Panama, CZ, as an intern, and then returned to Virginia for a three year residency in Ophthalmology. Then it was off to Florida for 25 plus years of private practice as an eye surgeon. Jon is now retired on a little farm in central Florida (just down the road from GERALD T. STACK) enjoying the fruits of his labor and doing missionary work for the Lutheran Church in Panama and Guatemala.



**Gerard (Jerry) de la Cruz**

**Ret. Col. 84**

**Betty**

**CS-08/F-102/USAFE**

**Arlington, VA**



Who knew how quickly a half century could pass? Coming from Minnesota to the Academy was an exciting and anxious time for me. How I managed to get through four years there is still a mystery to me. Graduation brought a marriage to Betty (that continues to be a delight) and pilot training. Our family grew with two wonderful children, Greg and Annamarie. My career in the Air Force zoomed by with operational stints in three different single-

seat, single-engine fighters. What great times I had. Some of the highlights were winning the William Tell Interceptor Competition and flying the Hawker Hunter with the RAF. Vietnam was a common experience for many of us. Schools, research, and studies and analyses rounded out my career. I retired in Arlington, VA, where I worked for a non-profit, research company, ANSER, supporting the Air Staff. Now I am sharing a career in art with Betty. We enjoy tennis, travel, skiing and three beautiful grandchildren. My days are busy being a docent at the National Gallery of Art and as a hospice volunteer. What wonderful and fortunate lives we have had. I am very grateful to my family and my classmates for all that they have given me.



**Brian A. Deem**

**Resd. Capt. 65**

**D-10Feb1966**

**CS-12/MATS**

*Interred Calvary Cemetery, Louisville, KY*

*San Francisco International Airport, CA*



Brian entered the Academy on a congressional appointment, where he was active in the Gun, Mountaineering and Ski Clubs. From 1960 to 1964, Brian was in MATS at Dover AFB, DE. In 1964, he went to the 56th Weather Recon Squadron Yokota AB, Japan. Brian died in a civilian aircraft crash in San Francisco.



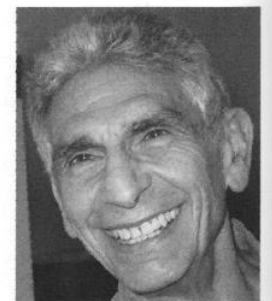
**Ronald (Ron) Deep**

**Ret. Col. 86**

**Carolyn**

**CS-15/C-118/MATS**

**Dayton, OH**



I put a toothbrush in my hand-me-down suit for my first flight from Pittsburgh to Denver to play basketball. Wow! Did I ever have a lot to learn. I didn't know what "Keep your nose on the horizon" meant when flying at Bartow AB. My instructor at Primary Training at Moore AB in Texas was Jim Dendy, and it was *Jim Dandy to the rescue* a few times; but I managed to fly for 26 years in passenger and cargo aircraft, including the

C-118, C-121, C-123, C-130, and T-39. I was in MATS at Charleston AFB in the 76th, in the 309<sup>th</sup> ACS at Tan Son Nhut, in the 961<sup>st</sup> at Otis AFB in EC-121's, and got a nice taste of academics at Purdue University in the electrical engineering graduate school, and later at the USAFA for teaching. It was my calling, as I returned to graduate school at Florida State University for a PhD in mathematics education. GATE time sent me to Wright Patterson AFB to fly for a year, then Assistant Dean at the AFIT School of Engineering, followed by Executive Director of the Air Force Business Research and Management Center. I retired and worked for The Analytic Science Corporation, but the call of academics lured me back to the University of Dayton, where I am today, and still in love with my wife Carolyn and with my vocation.





**Neil P. Delisanti**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80  
SueAnn

CS-04/C-124/MATS

Lakewood, WA



After pilot training, a "light-flying duty" (no Gs) medical restriction sent me to C-124s at Travis. In '63 I volunteered for something called "Jungle Jim", but the restriction sent me to C-123s. Charleston was next for C-141s. From there it was back to USAFA as an AOC for 3 years. Then to MAC Hq in Operational Requirements and Personnel. Went to McChord in Maintenance and retired from there. Started a yacht dealership/brokerage,

and a couple of other enterprises until the recession convinced me I needed a regularly paying job. It cost me everything I had, including a marriage, but other than that, I had a lot of fun. Became the NW District Sales Manager for Gates-Learjet until that industry slowed down. Got into small business consulting with the Small Business Development Center in Tacoma, and teaching jobs in local colleges. A scheduled semester fill-in for a sick professor at the University of Puget Sound resulted in another 5 years of teaching there. Finally retired in 2007, now just working around the house and yard, on my sailboat and volunteering. Have two sons and two daughters, two stepsons, two granddaughters and two parrots. Have finally found something that I excel at with minimum effort and great enjoyment .....procrastination.



**Billy G. Delony**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80

CS-10/C-124/MATS

Dunnellon, FL



I grew up in Ruston, LA, and attended Texas A&M for two years before entering the USAFA. After pilot training, my first assignment was in airlift. The next assignment was to Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service in the Azores, which included support for NASA space mission launches and recoveries. Following was a tour in SEA flying the HC-130 in combat SAR. Other assignments were to Air University as a platform lecturer in

SOS, to Greece as the USAFE Air Traffic Control with the Greek Government, and to the TAC Special Operations School in FL. While in the AF, I earned an M.S. in management from the Univ. of AR. I retired from the AF in 1980 and took a position with International Laser Systems Corp. as a project reliability/maintainability engineer in the development of LANTIRN laser system. I worked several years for BDM developing engineering studies for the Army. My last job was with Coleman research as Director of Army Training Systems, developing training system requirements and acquisition specifications for new Army weapons systems. I have two children and three grandchildren. I have remarried and currently spend the winters in FL and summers in ME.

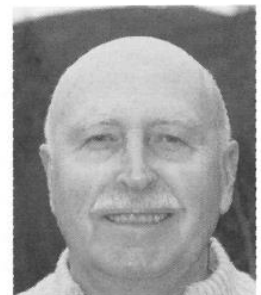


**Charles S. (Charlie/Chuck/CS) Diver**  
Ret.Lt. Col. 80

CS-13/KB-50/TAC

Edie

Sedro-Woolley, WA



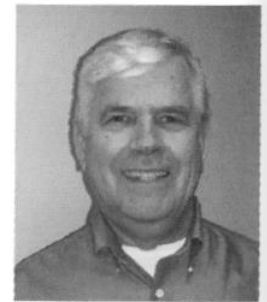
I grew up in Milford, Michigan and attended the UofM for two years prior to the Academy. Not wanting to rush into anything, Edie and I waited until the day after graduation to get married. After Spence AB/Moultrie, GA, we arrived at Langley AFB in October of '60 to begin 11.5 of 20 years in navigation, in KB-50s, C-54/118s and C-130s. From Langley to Hawaii/PACAF, AFIT at Purdue (Industrial Engineering), then C-130's at Mactan/Clark/PACAF again. On to Malmstrom for my "Career Broadening" in

Management Engineering (ADC & SAC). Off to Alaskan Air Command for more C-130s at Elmendorf and landings on the Greenland Ice Cap, ending the tour as Chief of the Elmendorf Operations Center for one year, then to the University of Wisconsin-Madison in ROTC/AU. Completed SOS, ACSC, and AWC by correspondence. Retired and took a job in the start up of a manufacturing plant for Digital Equipment Corp. in Greenville, SC, making printed circuit boards. I worked in various positions there, initially in Special Projects, then successively in/as Production, Production Control, Industrial Engineer, Personnel Manager and Test Engineer. I left Digital in '91 and moved to Washington in '95. We have a son, Brian in Everett, WA and daughter, Brenda in Plano, TX, as well as two grand-children, Erica and Oscar Jensen.



**Clemeunt T. (CT) Douglass III**  
 Resd. Capt. 68, Ret. CW3 USAR 99  
 Brenda

CS-12/RC-121/ADC  
 Stillwater, MN



CT's greatest accomplishment while a cadet was to co-found with a 59er the Cadet Music Group-pep band for "spontaneous" terrazzo rallies and Denver University Stadium halftime shows, dance band for the ring dance, etc. I always sweated grades but had to take only one turnout exam, in day-cel. I hated bayonet practice, shining shoes, ATOs, 59ers, lab classes, getting knocked out by Walt Futch, and waiting for turnout notification at the end of each semester. I loved the bars on Colfax and the Wigwam in the Springs, girls, parties at Phil Meinhart's friend Noah Bland's home and the Rosal Production toga parties. The highlight of my 8 years active duty USAF was as a Bird-dog FAC in the Central Highlands during the Battle of the Ia Drang Valley, and junior ADC to Commander of AFLC. I retired from the reserves after 24 years. I flew with Western/Delta Airlines during a tumultuous 30 year career. Married twice (10 and 30 years with a 5 year break in between). I had many moves, built two big homes, sired four sons, the last one at age 55-autistic. I love my wife and family and relish the opportunity to get to know more classmates. Life is GREAT! Let's CELEBRATE!



**Richard L. (Dick) Doyle**  
 DNG  
 Donna

Classmate  
 La Jolla, CA



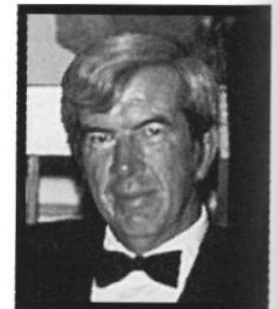
Past President of IEEE Reliability Society worldwide specializing in Reliability of electro-mechanical systems. Taught over 30 tutorials and 25 seminars covering Medical Technology, Thermal Analysis, and Mechanical Reliability, most recently at Yokohama, Japan (2008) and Venice, Italy (2008). Wrote 90 pages for McGraw Hill's "Electronics Engineering Handbook" (EE Bible) and three chapters (100 pages) for "Handbook of Reliability Engineering and Management". Consulted Medical reliability, Cloud Computer monitoring, Nuclear Radiation Monitoring equipment and Safety and Hazard Analysis. Chairman of the professional Biotechnology Council consisting of a million members from numerous technical disciplines. Director of IEEE (60,000 members in 12 States) and on IEEE Board of Directors as Technical Director. Registered Professional Engineer in Electrical and Civil Engineering in California and Arizona, with M.S. in EE (UCI) and B.S. in ME. I have hiked Grand Canyon (Phantom Ranch) 14 times and Half Dome 4 times. Donna and I have traveled the world, including boat trips across Europe, ocean cruises circumnavigating South America, Canada to Barcelona, Spain, Tahiti to Western Samoa, Mediterranean, Caribbean, and Mexican Riviera. Some side trips included flying over Antarctica, train through Copper Canyon and many South Sea Islands. Land tours of Europe including Norway, Sweden, Poland and Ukraine. Donna has presented "Real Estate in the Land of the Setting Sun" twice at Kyoto University, and both times they liked her presentation best.



**Herbert M. (Herb) Eckweiler** D-04Jun1991 CS-01/C-124/MATS  
 Ret. Lt. Col. 80  
*Interred Bay View Cemetery, Newport Beach CA*

Carolyn Fountain Valley, CA

Herb was born in Honesdale, PA, in 1935, the 4<sup>th</sup> child of John and Mary Eckweiler. His high school was small, no football team, but he was center and captain of the basketball squad. He opted to try for an Air Force Academy appointment, but since there were some scholastic requirements he had not had in high school, he got some books and taught himself. Making it through four grueling, but memorable years, he graduated in



1960. After pilot training at Big Spring, TX, and Graham AFB, FL, in 1961, Herb and Carolyn Corlett were married in Denver and then traveled to Travis AFB where Herb was a member of the MATS/MAC. Next was an assignment outside of Pittsburgh, PA, as a Reserve Unit Advisor; back to CA for his Master's degree from USC, then a year at Ubon AB, Thailand, followed by four years in San Jose, CA in Special Projects. He completed his Air Force career at SAMSO in El Segundo, CA and then joined Harris Corporation as an aerospace manager. Herb and Carolyn had four children—three within 22 months—two girls and twin boys. Unfortunately, Herb never got to see any of them marry, nor any of his five grandchildren, as he passed away from cancer in 1991. A very intelligent man with a great sense of humor and a lot of savvy, Herb's gravestone inscription sums him up perfectly—"Nulli Secundus". (Thanks to Carolyn Eckweiler)



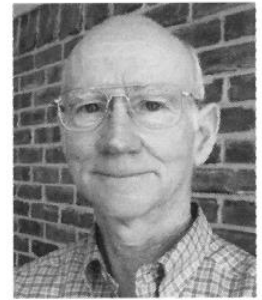


**George E. Elsea**  
 Ret. Col. 88  
 Evelyn

CS-02/F-100/USAFE

Lampasas, TX

During our graduation Space A trip to Europe, I bought a used Austin Healy, which served in fair weather and foul, through pilot training and four years at RAF Lakenheath in F-100 squadron and Stan Eval duties. Mike Love and I bought a Tiger Moth in mid 1963, with which I met and began courtship of Evelyn of Inverness, Scotland. Mike Love and Mike Hyde attended the wedding in Inverness in bitter cold, December 65. The



Honeymoon spelled the beginning of the end for the Healy. The flying part of a 28 year career included the nuclear deterrence mission out of Lakenheath, two combat tours: F-100's and F4E's, an air defense tour in F4E's at Soesterberg AB, Netherlands, and Soaring Instructor duties at USAFA. The rest included Armed Forces Staff College, Air War College and assorted staff duties in Europe and the US with five years in the Pentagon and final assignment as DCS Operations of the Air Force Communications Command. I next became an operations manager for EDS Corporation. Now retired in Texas I am still flying the Tiger Moth, happily married to Evelyn, enjoying visits with our two children's families—and spending time in the Highlands of Scotland.

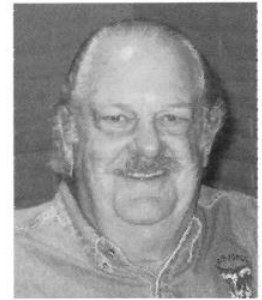


**Jerry L. Farquhar**  
 Resd. 1Lt.63  
 Dotty

CS-08/C-135/MATS

Okeechobee, FL

I left the Air Force in June 1963. Just married, spent the summer of '63 flying the Lockheed L-1049 Constellation to and from Europe for Capitol Airways. Joined Delta Air Lines in August '63 as a DC-6, -7 Flight Engineer. Late '63, I was invited into the Flight Training Department as an IP. Over the next four years I worked as instructor/captain on the DC-6, -7, Convair 880, DC-9. Back to the 'line' as DC-9, DC-8 copilot. In late '69 got a captain's slot on the Convair 440, flying Delta's last piston



service on 26Apr70. Then I held a captain's spot on the DC-9 and L-100 (C-130). In '72 we moved from Atlanta to Ft. Lauderdale and into the B-727. In '87, I moved to the L-1011 Tri-Star. Florida living included a series of sail and power boats and cruises in the Bahamas. My first wife Joyce died in 1993. A year later I remarried an airline captain (B-727) named Dotty. We retired in '96, then spent somecommercial time flying a Piper Navajo. Our flying is now limited to our Piper Aztec 'freedom machine' and Dotty's '46 J-3 Piper Cub. After 25,000 and 12,000 hours, respectively, of working for pay, we're flying for fun! Annually, we spend four to five months visiting the Exuma Islands, Bahamas, on our forty-eight foot trawler 'Watchout.' In August, we cruise home to Florida and resume flying, cowboy action shooting and other serious pursuits.



**James Carl (Jim) Fey**  
 Capt.

D-19Oct65

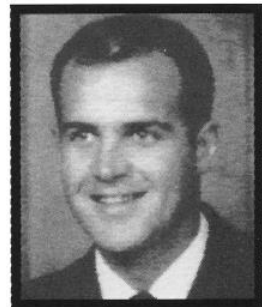
CS-16/F-100/PACAF

*Interred 3-D69, USAFA*

Elaine

Near Bellwood LA

I met Jim in the summer of 1958. He was a grounded, level headed individual who knew what his goals were for the next decade. He wanted to attend jump school, which he did during the summer of 1959. He wanted to attend pilot training and was assigned to Bartow AB and then to Vance AFB. He wanted to fly fighters. In 1961 he was ordered to the 4510CC Training Sq at Luke AFB. He hoped to obtain an assignment



abroad and was sent to Clark AB in the fall of 62 as a member of the 510<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron. He was, along with the 3<sup>rd</sup> Wing, reassigned to England AFB, LA. He wanted to attend Squadron Officers School and did in the spring of 1965. Immediately after SOS, he went TDY to SEA for 164 days with the 3<sup>rd</sup> Wing. He returned from SEA in late Aug 65, knowing that the Wing was to be deployed for a year back to SEA in early Nov 65. He always wanted to obtain a graduate degree and teach in the Engineering Department at AFA. Two weeks before his death, he received a confirmation that he was to attend MIT following his remote tour. He was killed on an F-100 night mission near England AFB, LA, in inclement weather, on a range unfamiliar to the squadron. Jim was the most compassionate and caring person I have ever known. He was humble, devoted to God, family and Country. (Thanks to Elaine Head)



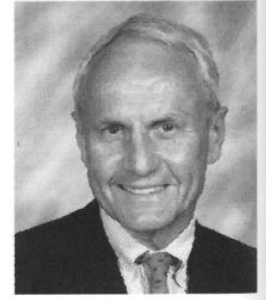
**Robert H. (Bob) Fischer**  
Resd. Capt. 69, Ret. Col. 86

CS-07/C-124/PACAF

**Lutzi**

**Forest Grove, PA**

A long-time member of Cadet Squadron Seven, then the Military Airlift Command, I also completed a year flying combat in Vietnam 1967 to 1968, and was awarded two Distinguished Flying Crosses and ten Air Medals. Married to Lutzi for 46 years, we have three children and nine grandchildren. We live in Forest Grove, PA. I retired as a Colonel, a Command Pilot and Chief of Aircrew Standardization after nine years active, then 17 years in the Associate Reserves. In addition to the Air Force, I have spent my entire



career involved in aviation: TWA as a Flight Check Airman; FAA as an Aviation Safety Inspector; and Director and Vice-President, Flight Operations for Airborne Express. Presently, I write articles for my son's aviation safety research company (ARG/US) for their monthly newsletter; attend various history and government courses at a local college; and work as a docent and board member for the Delaware Valley Historical Aircraft Association at Willow Grove NAS, PA. I am most proud of my family and my military service in the USAF and USAFR. I was also able to earn an MBA while working full-time, ran a marathon at ages 53 and 55, and was awarded Big Brother of the Year for our county and the state of Pennsylvania in 2001. It's been a great ride all the way, with special thanks to my wife and family.

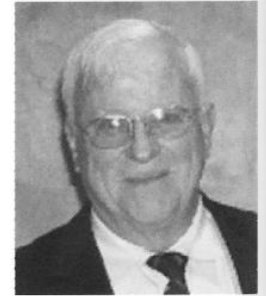


**Gordon R. (Gordy) Flygare**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 84  
**Ann**

CS-06/C-124/MATS

**Norman, OK**

Life after 8 June 60 has been characterized by good supervision and good luck. The luck started on my first night solo in the T-33 when Capt. Puchinski hollered "ROUND OUT!" just in time to plant the mains on the numbers of 17L at Webb. Luck entered the picture when the weather at Soesterberg went below minimums on my C-124 Initial Line Check and saved me an attempt to find Holland in the fog. Supervisors denied my



foolish love for the B-26 and sent me to the SEA War Games in a brand new HC-130H in Dec 67. Lucky, I got to fly one home the next December just in time to miss the NVA's New Year Festivities. My best assignment was as a Tweet IP at Webb from 68 to 72. Supervisors somehow then picked me as Chief Flight Examiner for USAFE in the C-54 in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. Good supervision sent me back for Extra Instruction at Grad School at Oklahoma in 74. The world had been completely reinvented in the 15 years-from 60 to 75. Luck again ( the gas crunch) allowed me to stay at Tinker after graduating from OU. AWACS then enabled me to get back in the cockpit in 80. So, all told, I've been here in Norman from Dec 73 to date. And luckiest thing of all, I did it all with just one wife.



**Charles S. (Charlie) Folkart, Jr.**  
Resd. Capt. 68  
**Joyce**

CS-11

**Clarksburg, WV**

"There is no substitute for victory" defined reality for this "doolie dumbsmack." Flying fighters was great, but unfulfilling, being done in the service of a country uncommitted to victory. I resigned my commission to serve self instead. But self turned out to be a much lousier, more corrupt god. Then I met the Lord Jesus Christ. God created us with a self-life composed of extreme desire for supernatural good, which only He can



satisfy, and extreme inability to satisfy that desire apart from Him. This extreme contrariety would be hell if man were not created in perfect union with God. When Adam rebelled, instantly the Life of God departed from him, leaving us in the hell of a deadly, radio-active half-life, a self-life apart from God, continually decaying into greater corruption, incapable of attaining the good we desire. Being born again in Christ Jesus is just the beginning. Salvation continues with bringing the self-life into perfect harmony with the Divine Life, a costly process if you're down-right stupid like me, thinking I'm smarter than God. Jesus gives us His Victory over the hell of self apart from God. Victory is found only in submission to the Lordship of Jesus Christ.







**George (GJC) Fries**

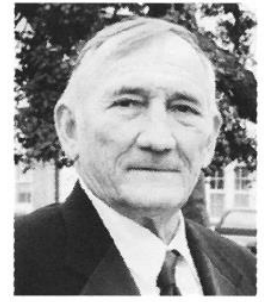
**Ret. Col. 88**

**Rebecca**

**CS-12/KC-135/SAC**

**Grafton, VA**

Brooklyn born GJC spent four years in Colorado making friendships that have lasted fifty years. After an aborted attempt at pilot training, assigned to Little Rock AFB as a tanker navigator; received first taste of a combat environment refueling fighters over Thailand and B-52's heading for Vietnam; subsequently assigned to SOS as a Section Cmdr and Evaluation Officer. Completed in-country combat tour at Pleiku AAB RVN as EC-47 IN. Now a Major, spent tours at SAC, PACAF (LtCol), and TAC HQs.



At these locations, provided programming support and system analysis for SIOP communities, and assisted in computer resource integration of the E3A, F-15, and F-16 aircraft. One year tour to the US Forces Korea staff supporting the Worldwide Military Command & Control System, preceded three year tour to HQ US EUCOM. In Germany, provided staff with automated Command and Control and Intelligence data. Following stop at Langley (HQS ADTAC), a final PCS back to Korea (Colonel) ensued. This time supported both US Forces and the Korea Staffs at Combined Forces Command. Twenty eight years after commissioning, 'retired' to Hawaii; spent nine months as a contractor, and five years as a Landscaper. Returned to CONUS in 1994 I have been actively engaged in providing landscape support for Busch Gardens, Europe, during the summer and Substitute Teaching at Middle and High Schools the rest of the year.



**Ben T. Furuta**

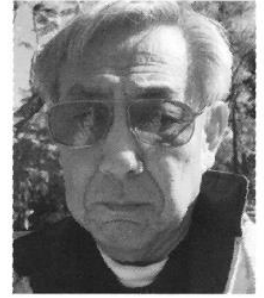
**Resd. Capt. 65**

**Hideko**

**CS-06/WB-50/PACAF**

**South Pasadena, CA**

I entered USAFA as a congressional nominee from Denver, so I didn't have to go far on July 9, 1956. My four years at the Academy were the most formative time for me, as I got to know guys from all over the United States, after coming from a rather close knit community of mostly Japanese Americans in Denver. After pilot training, I spent my flying career in WB-50D's in weather reconnaissance in Japan, and on Guam, having logged



38 typhoon eye penetrations and a couple of special ops, sampling air coming off the Asian continent, after the Russians had conducted some atomic tests. In Japan, I met my bride Hideko and then came to the US, after having resigned my commission, to return to school and an eventual teaching and education administration career. I taught mainly high school science and went up through the ranks to become a high school principal (much more stressful that penetrating a typhoon!), retiring in 2000. We have three children, two grandkids and remain here in southern California. The greatest lessons I learned from the Academy still center on honor, duty and commitment to the mission, whether it be in a military role or just simply teaching every kid what they need.



**Walter L. (Walt) Futch**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 81**

**Elaine**

**CS-11/C-118/MATS**

**Columbus, GA**

I was born and reared in southern Georgia; thus, when I arrived at USAFA I was a wide-eyed, country boy. That seems like eons ago. After graduation, the Air Force and I got along rather well. I got to see the world, received another free education at the University of Colorado, and had some challenging jobs. I retired from the Air Force in 1981 and worked on the west coast shuttle launch facility until that project was cancelled. I then



worked for the contractor supporting missile launches from the west coast. When I retired from that job in 1995, I was ready to see the world again, but following my schedule and desires. However fate intervened with the death of my wife in 2003. For the next several years, I buried myself in volunteer work, especially with The Friends of the Library. In October of 2005 I attended my fiftieth high school class reunion in Thomasville, GA. There I met a Lady whom I had dated in the eleventh grade. We had been in the same classes since the fourth grade. We were married on 1 May 2006. In June of 2007 I sold my house in Lompoc, CA, and moved to Columbus, GA – back to my Georgia roots.



**Gerald H. (Gerry) Gammill**

**CS-06/B-57/C-54/C-130/AFSC**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 86**

**Patricia**

**Pagosa Springs, CO**

I met Patricia Van Kleeck my senior year. We married after graduation and I got assigned to Patrick AFB, FL. Patrick was an interesting assignment, navigating the C-54, C-130 and B-57 into places such as South America, Africa, Bermuda, many of the Caribbean islands, as well as Ascension Island and Mauritius Island. After Patrick we had a three year tour at Tachikawa AB, Japan in C-130s, followed by a two year tour in base ops at Edwards AFB. After Edwards, we spent three years at Eglin AFB in



a special operations task force, and while in the assignment I spent several months in Korea and a year in SEA. We then moved to Little Rock AFB for a four-year C-130 tour, spending much time in Europe. An interesting part of this assignment was planning and participating in several Joint Exercises. After Little Rock, I had an AC-130 tour in Thailand followed by an Air Command and Staff tour at Maxwell AFB. My last assignment was at Dyess AFB where I was a Wing Exec and Hq Sq CO. Following AF retirement in 1986, I was a VP for Operations of a retail gasoline company with locations in Texas, Arizona and Hawaii, and then had a private gasoline wholesale company until 2003 – followed by complete retirement. Pat and I have had a grand marriage with three children and seven grandchildren.



**Charles D. (Charlie) Georgi** *D-08Dec1998 CS-04/C-124/MATS*

**MedRet. Capt. 65**

*Interred Riverside National Cemetery, Riverside, CA*

**Sandy (Juarez)**

**Orange, CA**

Charlie was born in Fort Thomas, KY. He attended Eastern Kentucky University for one year before the Academy. After graduation, he was assigned to the 50<sup>th</sup> ATS at Hickam AFB, HI as a navigator in "Old Shakey". His travels took him to many Pacific destinations, but it was at Hickam he met and married his wife, Sandy. They had three children, Doug, Brian and Laurie, who are each married and blessed us with six grandchildren. From



Hawaii, they travelled to Hamilton AFB, CA in Air Rescue. It was there he was diagnosed with Addison Disease, which led to medical retirement in 1965. He then worked for Boeing in Seattle for four years, and then took a job with Arthur Young and Co. in Sacramento, CA and Cincinnati, OH. In 1975, he became a division manager for Iowa Beef Processors in Sioux City, IA. Seeking better weather, he sought employment in sunny Southern California, where he worked his last years as Corporate Director for Del Mar Window Coverings. Due to numerous medical complications Charlie retired in 1991. He had a wonderful sense of humor and never missed an opportunity to share a joke. Charlie went home to be with the Lord in December of 1998. The training and experience he received at the Academy he treasured his entire life. He loved his family and the Lord, and will remain in our hearts forever. (Thanks to Sandy Juarez)



**Ron Giblin**

**DNG**

**Classmate**

**Alabama**

My home state is Louisiana. I grew up in the Bayou Country impressed by a Cajun Culture that worships good food, good humor, and a laissez-faire attitude towards life. After high school, I moved to Houston, Texas. A parish priest, who was also a private pilot, told me about the Air Force Academy. He suggested that I apply. I tested for admission at Ellington Air Force Base and won a spot as the third alternate from my state. The first two appointees declined and I reported to Lowry Air Force Base in the



summer of '56. My academics were not up to the requirements, however, and I was sent home early in '57. After that, I joined the U.S. Army to learn a trade. My army school was entitled: "Nike Ajax Fire Control Technician". After basic training I was married in Houston and reported to Fort Bliss, Texas. The training involved radar electronics repair and I became a radar instructor at Fort Bliss. During a subsequent tour in Germany, I worked with Battlefield Surveillance Radar equipment and the Redstone Ballistic Missile Inertial Guidance System. My return to the States began a long career in Industrial Instrumentation as a technician, at first, and as an engineer and a consultant later on. I was widowed in 1998 and relocated to South Alabama where I finished my working career, re-married, and am now retired.





**John C. (Giff) Giffen**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 79

**CS-02/B-47/SAC**  
**Santa Fe, NM**

After a year at Harvard, 2 years in the Army, and USAFA '60, it was 4 years in SAC as a B-47 BombNav, and 2 years at MIT on an NSF fellowship (MS, 1966). Then it was off to Europe as ADC to General W.S. Stone at SHAPE. From there it was Pilot Training at Williams AFB AZ, then F-105s (135 missions out of Thailand). I came back to ACSC and night school at Auburn (MBA, 1971). Then to Chad as Defense and Air Attache to Cameroon, Chad, Central African Republic, and Gabon, flying all over



West Africa in our C-47, usually with an ambassador aboard. In 1973 I went back to the US as an O-2 FAC IP, then in 1975 to Wright-Patt AFB, OH, as a Division Chief in the RPV and Simulator SPOs. Retired as a LtCol in 1979 with a DFC, 10 AM, 2 AFCM and an MSM. Went back to school in Clinical Psychology (PsyD, 1982), then into private practice in Dayton, OH, and Vancouver, BC, continuing my practice until moving to Santa Fe in 2007. Thought I would retire, but changed my mind. Got relicensed as a Psychologist in NM and am back at work.



**William A. (Bill) Gillis**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 85  
Kathleen

**CS-01/121/ADC**  
**Panama City, FL**

"Mild Bill" graduated Winthrop Massachusetts High School. The next month, 11 July 1955, he was at Lowry AFB, Cadet #100. First cadet at the permanent site, I had significant adventures in competitive "tour" marching and test taking, plus distinction as one of the first five-year grads. High points: leading cheers from atop Yankee Stadium; flying T33 with Col. Ben Cassidy to encourage Hamilton AFB people to attend a Falcon football game; European trip. He married Kathleen 11 July 1960. Have 6 children: Thor - F-16, California ANG; grandchildren; Dawn-Arizona, Glen-



Arizona Engineer-- Naval Reserve, Mont-FL; teenagers Sebastian (AICE; Band; B.S. Senior Patrol leader; Eagle; Order of the Arrow) and Cecelia (advanced studies; band; cheerleading, soccer, tennis). Family had nineteen permanent U.S. moves plus Germany. I flew: T34, T37, T28, T33, C121, C123, F102, F106, F4, F15 and F16. Also stationed in Viet Nam, Thailand and Korea. Courses included military, USC, Pepperdine University and Northern Arizona University. Earned degrees in Counseling Psychology and Education Psychology. Interesting flying career included ground fire in a C123 (528 combat sorties) air commando and F4 (182 combat sorties). Arizona retirement: F16 instructor, F15 simulator computer software development supervisor and psychotherapist for private shelters and Bureau of Prisons. 1999, having 4 and 7 year olds, our Florida Watson Bayou waterfront house (sailing) beckoned. Still enjoy our Arizona house swimming pool!



**Jerry L. (Gar) Girard**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80

**CS-04/F-100/TAC**  
**San Clemente, CA**

Jerry completed pilot training at Graham and Vance, and then went to the 307<sup>th</sup> at Homestead until 1965, with SOS in 1964. 1965-'67, he was a pilot in Stand Eval with the 81<sup>st</sup> TFSq and the 50<sup>th</sup> TFWg at Hahn AB, Germany. In 1967 and '68, he was a pilot in F-4Ds at Spangdahlem AB, Germany and Holloman AFB, NM. In 1970-'71, he was Chief of Wing Standardization Evaluation and Tactics for the 12<sup>th</sup> TFWg at Phu Cat AB, SVN. In 1971,



he became a Flight Commander in the 41<sup>st</sup> Fighter Weapons Squadron at Nellis AFB, NV. In 1975 he was a TAC Rep SPO at Wright-Patt, and in 1981, Director of Corporate Development for SYSTRAN Corp, Dayton, OH. (Data from Google, 1960 Polaris and AOG)



**James F. (Jim) Glaza**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 81**

**Jeannette**

**CS-13/KC-135/SAC**

**Colorado Springs, CO**

Bay City, MI, Catholic grade school, pre-academy institutional training at Holy Cross Seminary, Notre Dame, IN, (51-55). Fully institutionalized 1956 with only "claim to fame" being confined to my room for a cumulative two years, thereby regrettably missing all the really good Ros-Al Productions, resulting in a life long quest to "catch up" for all those good times missed since 1951 (as witnessed by Linda and 5 offspring). Washed out of pilot training (Mission AB), reverting to Navigator status in SAC. Attended graduate school (U of MI-English), 1965, finally completing my MA



(which resulted in fundamentally changing AF Navigator Training) while at Mather as a Senior Nav Instructor. RF-4Cs as a WSO, Udorn, Thailand, 69-70 (numerous war stories). Instructor USAFA (no, not English—Navigation), where I wrote several text books and study guides, 70-72. Command and Staff after the Zoo, then the Pentagon, 73-77, (AF Personnel Research/ AF Reserve Information--SAFOI). Was part of a three man task force that expunged the statutory restriction against allowing Navigators to command (too late for me, though). Finally, Joint Staff, PACOM, HI, (Strategic Planner/CINC's Command Briefer/Deputy for Protocol), 77-81. AOG Board, 83-92. My proudest moment was being elected your first Class President in 85. VP and Certified Financial Planner, EF Hutton and successors, through 94. President (cause I owned it) Falcon Financial Services, 95. New (wonderful) spouse, Jeannette, 00 (some may remember the party!). New home with view of the Zoo, 02. Fully retired 05. Currently Falcon football tailgate czar. Y'all come!



**John P. Gonsky**

**Resd. Capt. 66**

**Nancy**

**CS-02/RC-130A/AFP&MS**

**Forest, VA**

John was in the 1375<sup>th</sup> Mapping and Charting Squadron at Turner AFB, GA from 1961-'65, with time out for SOS in 1963. In 1966, he was a Program and Project Engineer on the Poseidon Fleet Ballistic Missile Guidance for General Electric Corporation in Pittsfield, MA. In 1969, he obtained an MS from RPI, and in 1970 he went back to GE at Pittsfield in various Managerial positions until 1977, when he became a Program Manager for



GE in Daytona Beach, FL. He was there until 1985, when he became a Program Manager for five years for GE in their Factory Automations Systems Division at Charlottesville, VA. From 1990-1997, he was Manager of Programs and European Operations out of Charlottesville and retired in 1999. (Data from AOG)



**Wilfred L. (Leon) Goodson**

**Ret. BGen. 85**

**Maryn**

**CS-14/F-100/ TAC**

**Bethesda, MD**

I grew up on a farm in southeastern Oklahoma. Early on, I discovered that flying was a far preferable lifestyle than shaking dirt out of peanuts, so I started looking for ways to afford flying. The Air Force Academy seemed like a good bet if I could get in. I could and I did. Maryn and I met in high school and will have been married 50 years at the reunion. After the Academy, we moved 23 times during 25+ years of service, mostly between



fighter bases. In 1964, I was selected as an Olmsted Scholar and, after learning German, Maryn and I spent the next two years at the University of Heidelberg where I earned my PhD in Theoretical Astrophysics. Then I managed to stay mostly operational (fighter units in Viet Nam, several stateside, Spain, Germany), interspersed with unavoidable Hqs tours (TAC, USAFE/XP, Hq USAF - Plans, ACS Studies and Analysis). Retiring in 1985, I joined a startup analysis and software development firm as partner. I retired from that partnership at the end of 2006, but still consult occasionally. Maryn and I have two offspring, Sue Hughbanks of Signal Mountain TN, and Tony Goodson of Seattle WA, each with two daughters. We spend a great deal of time traveling to see granddaughters.





**William G. Goodyear**

**Ret. Col.84**

**Linda**

**CS-09/B-52/SAC**

**AtlantaCashiers, NC**

Bill defines his entire working career in terms of service to the idea of Strategic Nuclear Deterrence, a concept he learned from George Luck, a fellow Georgian. Bill flew B-52s from McCoy AFB, FL for six years. He served as a staff officer at SAC Headquarters for three years before attending ACSC in 1970-71. His first non-SAC assignment was to 7<sup>th</sup> AF Headquarters flying a T-39 with SCATBACK. He became the personal pilot and aide de camp to General John Vogt, the 7<sup>th</sup> AF Commander in



1972. His second non-SAC assignment was a four year tour on the faculty of ACSC, where he was the director of the Strategic Employment Division. He then had three years in the Pentagon as the Director of Strategic Force Structure Analysis Division of Air Force Studies and Analysis. He enjoyed the year he spent at the National War College. Then in 1980, he was back to SAC Headquarters for the final four years of his active Air Force service, where he was the Assistant for Plans and Policy under the Deputy Chief of Staff for Plans. After retirement, Bill was a gold miner in Arizona, an SES civilian in the Pentagon, a general manager of a real estate development in Florida. He settled down for fifteen years working for Northrop Grumman as the Business Development Manager on the B-2 stealth bomber. Today Bill splits his time between his home in Cashiers, NC and his grand children in Atlanta and Seattle.



**Frank W. Gorham, Jr.**

**MedRet. Capt 67**

**Faye**

**CS-04/F102/USAFE**

**Lynn Haven, FL**

After pilot training at Spence AB and Williams AFB, Frank went to Advanced Interceptor Training at Perrin AFB and joined the 526<sup>th</sup> FISq at Ramstein AB, Germany in 1962. Leaving there, he obtained a MS in Aerospace Operations Management from USC in 1966. He was then a Maintenance Officer with the 4780<sup>th</sup> Field Maintenance Squadron at Perrin AFB and was medically retired in 1967. From 1968-'82, he worked for



Chevron Oil Company out of NYNY in various positions of Sales, Management and Technical Service throughout the Atlantic Region of responsibility. In the meantime, he received an MBA from Adelphi University in 1974. In 1984, he became Owner of Frank Gorham Enterprises/ Compu-Pix in Pleasantville, NY, and in 1987 the President of COMPU-PIX Incorporated/Corporation also in Pleasantville.



**Terry Green**

**DNG**

**Classmate**

**Naples, FL**

After I left the Academy in 1958, I married, had two children, entered the University of Michigan, worked swing shift jobs at a Ford factory, lived in a trailer and graduated in 1961 with an English degree. Three days after graduating, I began my Law Degree at the U of M. Devoting full time to my studies, my wife, a teacher, became the primary wage earner. I had odd jobs working in a men's store, law clerk for a local lawyer, lifeguard at a local pool, and selling my blood to the University hospital. Additionally,



I worked swing shift at a General Motors factory, which left me with a 100 mile commute each day. Graduated in 1963, we moved to California. While studying for the California bar, I worked as a bank trust officer in San Francisco and sold Fuller brushes door to door after work. In 1965 I joined the Santa Clara Co. (San Jose) Public Defenders office and, by 1972, was chief trial attorney. I then went into private practice as a Certified Criminal Law/Family Law Specialist, practicing primarily in trial and appellate work. Being single in 1996, I retired to southern Florida with my speedboat, car collection and motorcycle, and married Dorothy in 2001. When not on the water, I play softball, bowl, water ski, snow ski and travel to Europe. I cannot stress enough, it was the Academy experience that gave me the foundation to succeed. It was the turning point in my life.



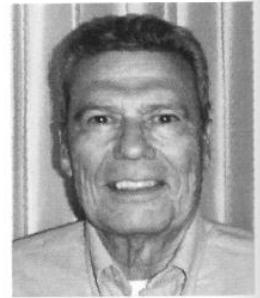
**Athos E. (Reb) Guillot, Jr.**  
**Ret. Lt. Col. 84**  
**Susan**

**CS-14/F-100/TAC**

**Tucson, AZ**

USAFA was always interesting, never dull --and quite different from my early years in Louisiana. It was a good foundation for my future USAF life from pilot training through a career in fighters, combat, staff jobs and command. Right after pilot training I met my future bride, Susan Kenney, and we were married following my gunnery training at Luke/Nellis. We have two daughters and two sons and now also have nine grandchildren.

One son (Gregory) and one son-in-law (Wade Thompson) are also USAFA grads and still on active duty. My most memorable USAF career highlights were probably as an instructor at the Fighter Weapons School, commander of a fighter squadron and a NATO staff tour at Ramstein AB, Germany following attendance at the NATO Defense College in Rome. After USAF retirement, we put roots down in Tucson, AZ where I enjoyed a second career at Hughes Aircraft Company in engineering and production program management. Current retirement joys include flying my Cessna, shooting skeet and playing with the grandkids.



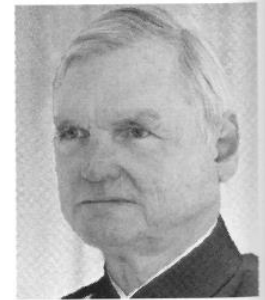
**Gary (Goose) Gulbransen**  
**Resd. Capt. 65**  
**Susan**

**CS-07/F-100/TAC**

**Santa Barbara, CA**

My father looked up from the newspaper and said "Congressman Derounian is giving a civil service exam to decide who to nominate to this new Air Force Academy, take the exam." Right out of high school and into the historic 2<sup>nd</sup> Class. The Academy did its job and four long years later spit me out as a career oriented brown bar. After pilot training and three years driving the Slightly Supersonic Super Sabre (F100), I volunteered for Viet

Nam in the AIE program, but was rejected. On that note, I completed my military service and went with Pan Am. Ironically throughout 1967 and 1968 I flew in and out of Viet Nam many times carrying cargo and repositioning troops. My career high with Pan Am was 5 years as a Boeing 747 Captain. In 1991 they went out of business and I was among those lucky enough to transfer to Delta Air Lines where I retired as a MD-11 (warmed over DC-10) Captain. My retirement date is easy to remember 7/11, that's right, two months before 9/11. If you can't be good, look good but most importantly, be lucky. My forever-wife Susan and I live in Santa Barbara, CA, and have two grown daughters.



**Sydney E. (Syd) Gurley**  
**Ret. Lt. Col. 80**  
**Ann**

**CS-11/Helicopters/USAFE**

**Orlando, FL**

Raised in St Louis, Missouri, I graduated from Normandy High School in 1955. I spent a year in Washington University's engineering school, AFROTC and the Missouri Air National Guard, before joining the class of 60. I married Ann Duncan after graduation. We are still working on a life career together. After pilot training, I went into helicopters, which turned out to be my lifetime career. After helicopter tours at Spangdahlem, Germany, Eglin AFB, and Viet Nam in 1967 flying HH-43B rescue missions,

I returned to WARC at Hamilton AFB; then on to the USN Test Pilot School and an exciting three years at Edwards AFB Flight Test Center before a final tour in MAC Headquarters Requirements. After retiring, I spent the next 19 years with Sikorsky Flight Test Center in West Palm Beach, Florida, doing what I love the most—flying helicopter flight test. Most of my flying was in the commercial S-76. Sikorsky work took me around the world, the most interesting, delivering several helicopters to and working with the Sultan of Brunei. After my retirement from Sikorsky in 1998, part time contract helicopter flying continued until last year (2007). Ann and I now spend our time in Orlando, Florida maintaining our health so that we can enjoy my son's (USAFA class of 1984) family (two daughters) in Orlando and our daughter's family in Joplin, Mo. (two sons and one daughter).





**John D. Gutzweiler, Jr.**  
**MedDisc. Capt. 66**  
**Sharon**

**CS-05/Atlas-D,E&F/SAC**  
**Easton, PA**

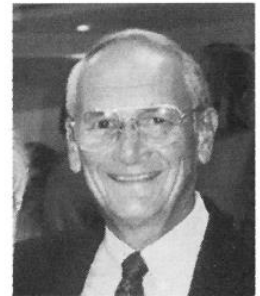
After graduation, John became a Missile Crew member at Fairchild AFB, WA in the 567<sup>th</sup> Strategic Missile Sq., an operational, training and test unit. In 1966, he went to Space Systems Division at Los Angeles AFS, received an MS degree in AE from the University of Colorado, and was medically discharged. In 1968, he was a Nuclear Project Engineer for Metropolitan Edison Company, providing electricity to southern and southeastern PA. As late as 1969, John was Director of Budgets for GPU Service Corporation in Parsippany, NJ. (Data from Google, 1960 *Polaris* and AOG)



**Edward J. (Ed) Haerter**  
**Resd. Capt. 66, Ret. BGen. ANG 88**  
**Nancy**

**CS-10/F-105/TAC**  
**Harvard, IL**

Born Jan. 27, 1937, Milwaukee, WI. Joined WI ANG after high school and received a reserve components appointment to the USAFA. Served one year as a Navigator at Sewart AB, TN. Attended pilot training, Craig AFB, AL, Class 63-C. Selected as Outstanding Graduate and USAF Distinguished Graduate. Assigned to Luke AFB for F-100 training, 64. Selected as Outstanding Graduate, Top Gun and USAF Distinguished Graduate. Assigned to F-105 at George AFB, CA. Assigned to Spangdahlem AB,



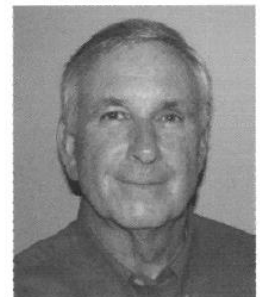
Germany, Aug 1964. Assigned to Truax AB, Madison WI as Fighter Officer, 20AD, Feb 66. Employed as a pilot by TWA Mar 67. Joined Iowa ANG, Sioux City, IA. Recalled to active duty, January 1968. Assigned to Phu Cat AB, SVN. Flew 194 combat missions. Awarded Silver Star, four DFCs, ten Air Medals. Released from active duty April 1969. Joined Illinois ANG 1970. Served in various positions through Wing DCO, retiring in Jun 88. With TWA, I was initially a Flight Engineer, and then First Officer in CV-880s. Then First Officer in L-1011s and B-727s. Checked out as Captain in DC-9/MD-80 in 89 and assigned as a line instructor and FAA designee. Retired from TWA Jan92. Served on Regional Planning Commission and County Zoning Board of Appeals from 1992 until present. Married to Nancy Ann Nelson, June 25, 1960. Two children, Edward Christopher (Chris-USAFA 1983) Haerter, and Matthew Nelson Haerter.



**William D. (Bill) Hales**  
**Resd. Capt. 65**  
**Barbara**

**CS-04/T-37/38/AT**  
**Greer, SC**

Attended schools in Steubenville, Ohio. After graduation, I earned my pilot wings and flew as an instructor pilot (T-37's and T-38's) in Air Training Command until resigning my commission as a captain in 1965. I then began my civilian career as an engineer with Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, NY, but quickly moved into manufacturing management roles. In 1980, my career with Kodak took a turn into marketing and then into general management roles. At one point I was again connected with aviation as



manager of Kodak's Corporation Aviation Services. I finished my work with Kodak as Director of Corporate Public Affairs, specializing in federal and international issues, especially related to the environment. I retired from Kodak in 1994. Along the way, I served as a loaned executive to the NY Governor's staff for developing a process to exchange ideas and innovations between private and government sectors. On graduation day at the Academy, I married my childhood sweetheart, Joan Woodward. We had two sons, Jeff and David, now married with families of their own. Joan developed early onset Alzheimer's disease and died in 1998. In 2003, I married Barbara Schreier, and we relocated from Rochester, NY to the Greenville, SC, area in 2004, where we are living happily ever after.



**Norman M. (Norm) Haller**  
Resd. Capt. 66

CS-09/Engineer/AFSC



Liz

Front Royal, VA

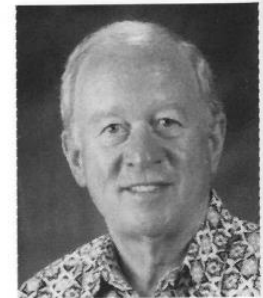
After graduating, I married Elizabeth Frasch and went right back to school, receiving a Master's Degree in Aeronautics and Astronautics from MIT in 1962. Then I served for several years at Wright-Patterson AFB as an engineer. After returning to school in a DoD program for systems analysts (Master's Degree in Economics, 1968), I was transferred to the Pentagon's Office of Systems Analysis. In 1975 I received the Secretary of Defense MSM. Next year, I was reassigned to the newly formed U.S. Nuclear

Regulatory Commission, where I held several executive-level positions (Senior Executive Service and GS-18) before retiring in 1986. After retiring I provided consulting services to various clients, including those preparing high-visibility reports to the Executive Branch and Congress. Since 2000 I have taught mathematics at Randolph-Macon Academy in Front Royal, Virginia, coached soccer and baseball, and tutored home-schooled children in algebra and pre-calculus. My biography was published in Who's Who Among America's Teachers, 2002 and 2005. We have four children and fifteen grandchildren. Now our happiest times are when we can visit with many members of our extended family on special occasions, watch the grandchildren play in major sporting events, and see grandchildren graduate from high school -- or soon, college.



**Denis J. (Denny) Haney**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 84

CS-06/F-102/ADC

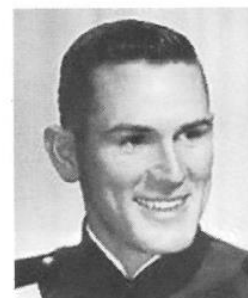


Liz

Arlington, TX

Born on Mar. 20, 1939 in Brooklyn, N.Y. After USAFA, completed pilot training and advanced interceptor training in the F-102. Spent the next three years at Griffiss AFB, NY, flying the F-101, and met and married Elizabeth Piotrowski, my wife for 47 years. We have five children and 12 grandchildren. In '66 flew the RF-101 in SE Asia. Spent '67-'71 at Air University: three years on the faculty of SOS, 1/2 year on a Corona Harvest panel compiling the history of Reconnaissance Operations in SE Asia, and

9 months attending Air Command and Staff College and completing an MBA degree from Auburn University. Other assignments and employment include: '71-'73, Deputy Commander of RED HORSE Civil Engineering SQ. @ Nellis AFB; '73-'76, AF Liaison Officer w/82 Airborne Division and XVIII Airborne Corps @ Ft. Bragg; '76-'79, Operations Officer of a squadron in the newly formed AWAC Wing @ Tinker AFB; '79-'84, various faculty and staff positions @ Air University and retired in '84 as LtCol. '84-92, Marketing Specialist and Branch Manager for MetLife Financial Services @ Arlington, TX; '95-'03, high school Science teacher (Physics and Chemistry) @ Arlington, TX. Retired in '03. Since '03, Liz and I have been enjoying golf, traveling, family, fine wines, her gourmet cooking, and other leisure activities.



**Jasper H. (Jack) Hardison, Jr.**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80  
Sylva

CS-10/KB-50/TAC

Tucson, NM

From 1960-'63, Jack was with the 622<sup>nd</sup> ARSq at England AFB, LA. In '64 and '65, he was at Langley, with the 4508<sup>th</sup> Support Squadron. In '65-'66 he was Deputy Commander of the TAC NCO Academy at Langley, and then off to Georgia Tech, receiving an MS in Industrial Engineering in 1968. Tucking that degree away, from 1968 to 1971, he was with the 374<sup>th</sup> TAWq out of Naha, Okinawa. Back to his Directed Duty Assignment in

Management Engineering, setting Manpower Standards, he was assigned to Headquarters Air Force Communications Service, and located at Richards-Gebaur AFB, MO. In 1975, Jack was in C-141s at McChord AFB, WA with the 8<sup>th</sup> MASq. (Data from AOG)







**Charles E. (Charlie) Hart**

**CS-12/F-100/TAC**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 82**

**Linda**

**Springfield, OH**

Graduating with 198.5 semester hours of free education, pilot training sent me to my one love: Tac Fighters. F-100-105 the last of the steel fighters. Landed one each with fire and deadsticked the first operational F-105 before flying wing on the first strike flight into Hanoi. FAC with 173<sup>rd</sup> Airborne and first USAFA Wild Weasel. Back as 24<sup>th</sup> Sq. AOC and summer K Sq. AOC for three years. Exec for Honor and Ethics for a year, overseeing the last Cheating scandal, including several flag officer



relatives which brought strong senior officer criticism on me and the Code. Soon afterwards, dismissal and toleration were eliminated. The "Cadet Honor Code" was history and the gallantry of Honor was replaced by the cowering of bureaucracy. Sentenced to ATC and other bureaucratic jobs, I was eventually pardoned into retirement and became an honorable farmer and rancher. Linda (U Denver) and I have been married for 47 years--on purpose. Our children and grandchildren are healthy and well due to love greater than us. Son (Texas A& M Cav) served in Desert Storm; oldest grandson (OSU Buckeye grad) serving 2<sup>nd</sup> tour 137<sup>th</sup> Inf Brigade in Iraqi "Freedom". Grandsons Aaron C., James C., Madison C., Thomas C., Jefferson C., and one lovely girl Ashton. America's future is in the hands of our forefathers.



**Richard G. (RG) Head**

**CS-11/F100/TAC**

**Ret. BGen 87**

**Carole**

**Coronado, CA**

The Academy was the most influential feature in my life. Growing up in Iowa, I had always wanted to fly. My dad got me my first flying lesson when I was 16, and at 17 I had my private pilot's license. The Academy gave us a tremendous education and a "band of brothers" forever. Pilot training was fun, and graduating first produced a slot in F-100 training and a first assignment to Homestead AFB. Volunteered for Vietnam and flew A-1s for 325 combat missions. Then to F-4s at Davis Monthan, followed



by graduate school at Syracuse for PhD. Taught Poly Sci 1968-70, then back to flying F-4s at Udorn. Squadron Commander of the 90<sup>th</sup> TFS at Clark, followed by attendance at the National War College and a year at the Council on Foreign Relations, NYC. Mil. Asst to Under Secretary of Def for Policy, on to J-5 JCS and Special Assistant for Joint Matters, where I was selected for Brigadier. Two years in Italy at 5 ATAF, then J-3 JCS. Retired after 26+ years. Joined other graduates at SRS Technologies, a system engineering firm, where I founded a military environmental engineering practice. The practice was successful, and I retired in 2007 after winning two \$100 million contracts from the US Navy. Now Carole Hoover and I live happily in Coronado, CA, where I sail competitively twice a week.



**Robert H. (Bob) Heiges**

**CS-11/C-135/MATS**

**Ret. Maj. 80**

**Judy**

**Union, KY**

After pilot training, Bob was one of the very few selected to go to McGuire AFB, NJ, ending up in the 29<sup>th</sup> ATSq. until 1963. From 1963-'67, he was one of the select few to be in the 7120<sup>th</sup> Support Sq. in Chateauroux AB, France. In 1967-'70, he was a pilot at Headquarters, AFCS, Scott AFB, IL. In 1970, he was assigned to the 37<sup>th</sup> Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron in HH-53s-probably at Da Nang SV. (Data from Google and AOG)





**Joseph L. (Joe) Higgins**

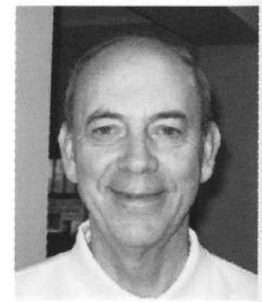
**CS-06/F-102/USAFE**

**Ret. Col. 86**

**Sue**

**Greenville, SC**

Starting in the present and working backwards, I can say I am mostly retired. In June 2009, we moved to Greenville, SC. Until 2008, I worked for 7 years at Monticello, teaching Thomas Jefferson and his times to 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> graders. Since 2006, Sue and I have been living in a Jeffersonian-style condo in Charlottesville, Virginia, conveniently across from a golf course and sports club. Prior to that, we lived west of Charlottesville in Wintergreen resort--nice, but not so convenient to anything. Until moving



to Wintergreen (1999) we lived for ten years while I worked in Northern Virginia for a beltway bandit, since absorbed and reabsorbed by larger companies. Prior to that, seven years in the Pentagon laying out personnel and training programs, coming to the Pentagon (1980) from Williams AFB as a T-38 squadron commander. We got there by way of San Antonio as a personnelist; Wright Patterson as an AFIT student; Udorn, Thailand as an RF-4 pilot (140 combat missions); Del Rio, Texas as an instructor pilot; and Ramstein, Germany and Zaragoza, Spain as an F-102 pilot. The 60's were baby times--Ted 1968 in Del Rio; Linda 1965 in Ramstein: and Suzette 1963 in Zaragoza. All married, with two children apiece. Sue and I were married in 1962. Which brings us close enough to 1960 to end here.



**Richard J. (Dick) Hillman**

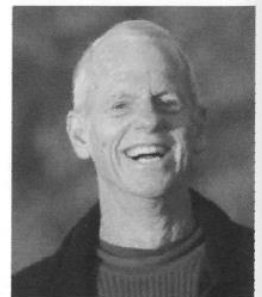
**CS-07/F-102/USAFE**

**Resd. Capt. 67**

**Midge**

**Cambria, CA**

After pilot training at Bartow AB and Williams AFB, Dick went through the ADC pipeline, and ended up at Ramstein AB, Germany from '62-'66. In 1966 and '67, he was Assistant PAS in AFROTC at the University of Arizona. Resigning in 1967, Dick joined Continental Airlines at Los Angeles, and until '83, was a pilot and Flight Standards Instructor Pilot. From 1983-'91, he was Chief Pilot and VP for Flight Operations



for Continental Airlines in Houston, TX and also retired from the USAFR. From 1991-'94, Dick was VP of Human Resources and Training, still in Houston. From 1994-'96, he was Senior VP Operations for Air Tran Airways in Atlanta, GA. From 1996-2004, he was Senior VP of ValuJet Airlines, also out of Atlanta. (Data from AOG)



**George H. Hines**

**D-23Jun2002**

**CS-13/SAC**

**Resd. Capt. 70**

**Interred 3-C27, USAFA**

**New Zealand**

In 1973 George accepted a position as the foundation professor to establish the School of Business at Massey University, Palmerston North; New Zealand. Indeed for many people, life was never the same again. The business school became the largest in the South Pacific. In 1981 he moved to Hong Kong, developing an MBA in International Management offering programmes in Macau, Shanghai, Malaysia, New Zealand, Vancouver and



San Francisco. Teaching at each of the sites was challenging, but made for diversity of experience. George was an avid reader with eclectic tastes and a great lover of music. One or the other of us always had a good book to recommend or concerts to share. We both had degrees in organizational psychology and met at the New Zealand Psychological Society conference. George gave us love and laughter with his smile. Sparkling with enthusiasm, his zest for life was equally evident across the dinner table or at a faculty meeting. We traveled many roads, personally and professionally, during our twenty years together, leaving then returning to New Zealand. A charismatic and inspirational communicator, it was the cruelest of fates that throat cancer robbed him of his voice and life too early. George's ashes were interred during homecoming weekend, 2003. (Thanks to George's friend, Helen Place )

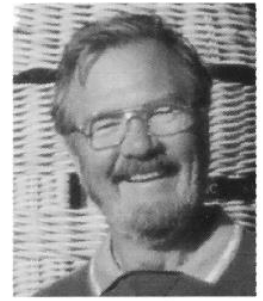




**Leslie A. (Les) Hobgood**  
 Ret. Col. 89  
 Donna Joseph

CS-05/C-121/MATS

San Antonio, TX

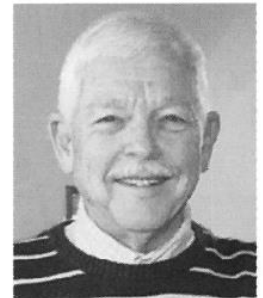


I left the Academy driving a Corvette and completed pilot training a year later. I was assigned to various transportation squadrons flying C-121, C-118 and C-135 aircraft before I volunteered to fly O-1 Birddogs in Vietnam from '63 to '64. After 508 combat missions, I returned to the mainland for various assignments in the Training Command. In 1969 I was selected to a Royal Air Force Exchange posting where I flew with the RAF as an instructor pilot and a low level aerobatics demonstration pilot. Before I left England in 1971, I had won the RAF Brayben Trophy for low level aerobatics, met Prince Charles and flew a solo show for Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. Then I had tours at Big Spring, Texas; the Pentagon; Lubbock, Texas; Denver, Colorado; Ramstein, Germany; and finally retired in San Antonio, Texas, as the Base Commander of Kelly Air Force Base at the grade of Colonel in 1989. I landed a position at the San Antonio International Airport for 10 years and retired in 1999 to play golf, drive Corvettes, drink beer and generally raise hell. I will return to our 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion in a Corvette.



**Earle W. (Bill) Hockenberry, Jr.**  
 DNG

Classmate



*So, where have you been Billy Boy, what have you done these past 50 years charming Billy?* Left the Academy after one year and graduated Gettysburg College as DMG, Combat Arms (Armor). Commissioned Regular Army, and after Ranger and Airborne training assigned to 3d Squadron, 12<sup>th</sup> Cavalry, 3d Armored Division in the Fulda Gap and West German border. Served as reconnaissance platoon leader, liaison officer, S-2 squadron intelligence officer, company commander and division staff officer with the rank of Capt. (ABN). In 1965 began a career in labor-management relations with Ford Motor Co.; represented public school teachers; and as associate general counsel for a federal labor union. Concurrently, earned five master and doctoral degrees in education and law from Spalding, Colgate, American and Georgetown Univ.. In 1983 became a self-employed labor arbitrator and mediator, a profession that continues to the present; deciding over 1000 disputes in more than 300 industries and crafts in the private, public and federal employment sectors. Admitted to the National Academy of Arbitrators in 1991. *So the answer to the question is. . . one big step backwards, then an amazing career I could not have imagined so long ago. Never learned to fly...but did jump out of perfectly good airplanes!* The joy of my life has been membership in the Academy class of 1960, service to my country, teaching, fly-fishing, and the love of my wife, two children and six grandchildren. (DOC HOCK AFA-432K)



**William T. (Bill) Hodson III**  
 Ret. Lt. Col. 80  
 Frances

CS-15/C124/MATS

Colorado Springs, CO



HINES

After graduation, I went to Bartow and then Willie, where I got my wings and an assignment to Hill AFB, with a four-month stop along the way at Tinker for C-124 upgrading. While at Hill, a slight heart problem took me off flying status and I became the Personnel Officer for the 28<sup>th</sup> ATS, a 600-man MATS squadron. Knowing nothing about personnel, with not much interest in learning, I contacted Colonel Ault to sponsor me for a master's degree in mathematics. He said he would, and eight months later I found myself in Boulder, on the way to the USAFA Math Department. Two years later I was off to Arizona State, received my doctorate, and returned to USAFA for a second tour. Following ACSC and a tour at Kirtland, I returned to USAFA to head up the Operations Research Division. I retired in 1980 to found the Colorado Springs Office of R&D Associates, sometimes referred to as DFMS-South. Ten years later I was back in higher education, first on the Regis faculty and then the National Defense University faculty. I served there for eight years before accepting a position as a Professor at Marymount University, where I am to this day.



**James N. (Nick) Holly**  
Resd. Capt. 69

**CS-10/C124/MATS**  
**Green Bay, WI**



When I was seven or eight years old, my Uncle took me for a 30-minute ride in a rented Piper Cub. Several years later, I read in a news article that President Eisenhower had signed a bill creating an Air Force Academy. The first thing that came to mind was that 30-minute flight with my Uncle years before. From that moment on, there was no question in my mind about what I wanted to do in the real world. Fortunately, I was selected as an alternate candidate for the class of '59. This good fortune made it possible for me to graduate as a member of the Class of 1960. After pilot training, I spent eight years flying C-124's. When the C-124 was phased out, my primary skill was no longer in demand, so I left the Air Force to live and work in South Florida. In 1989, I moved back to Wisconsin to teach at the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay. (I also had a premonition that the GB Packers were going to acquire Brett Favre.) The 45<sup>th</sup> class reunion was a first for me. It was a remarkable experience that helped me remember and better understand an extremely important part of my life and the extraordinary people who were and are a part of it.



**Charles A. (Ace) Holman, Jr.**  
Disc. 1Lt. 63  
Louise

**CS-10/C-135/ MATS**  
**Mobile, AL**



"Ace" was raised in Kannapolis, NC, and entered the Academy shortly after graduating from high school. He attended pilot training at Marianna, FL and Selma AL (Craig AFB). After receiving his wings, he was assigned to MATS and flew C-135's out of McGuire, NJ. His civilian career was mainly in computers and included Programming, Systems Analyst, Sales and Management. Founded Mobile Systems, Inc., a network and computer consulting firm. Currently resides in Mobile, AL



**Stephen R. (Steve) Holt**  
Ret. Col. 89  
Mary Ann

**CS-12/C-124/MATS**  
**Milford, VA**



My love of flying ignited when I joined the CAP at age 13. At 15 I enlisted in the Reserves and became a C-46 crew chief. The Academy was a dream come true. My career was virtually on all levels from squadron to JCS. Commands included ATC, MAC, TAC and SAC with tours to the Far East, Southeast Asia and Europe. Besides flying for 12 years, mostly in support of Viet Nam, I was also a planning and logistics officer. Command of a SAC maintenance squadron was both challenging and rewarding. My

work at MAC HQ included writing the manual for aircrew and aircraft management. My work at JCS to coordinate a critical tri-service logistics agreement later led to a NATO multi-national agreement, negotiated while working at the US Delegation to the NATO Military Committee. All this time, my truly wonderful wife raised three great children. On retirement we moved to Virginia where we had left our children to finish college and get married. We have devoted our time to the grandkids and hobbies of numismatics and decorative painting. This career provided a rewarding life both professionally and for the family. I experienced my most devastating loss on January 6<sup>th</sup> 2008, when my true love, Mary Ann, passed away unexpectedly from an aggressive cancer.





**Edward D. (Ted) Hopkins**  
 Resd. Capt. 67  
 Dawn

CS-05/F-102/ADC  
 Scottsdale, AZ



After graduation, I took early pilot training which put me in Air Defense Command flying the F-102 Delta Dagger and the Lockheed F-104 "Starfighter". I flew the "Starfighter" over the Academy Stadium at 50 feet just below the Mach, and lit the afterburner for the '64 Graduation Day Flyby. My squadron mates and I flew the Cuban Missile Crisis from Homestead AFB, FL, the Oklahoma City Sonic Boom Tests and the East/

West Border patrol over central Germany, where I became a General's Aide in the mid 60's. I received a Masters Degree in Business Management from the University of Southern California and spent 28 years in business restructuring industrial companies in Aerospace, Steel, Electric Motors, Automotive, Paint and Industrial Batteries. I retired as Chairman of the Board and CEO while serving on two Fortune 200 boards of directors. I met and married my USAF schoolteacher wife, Dawn, in Germany. We have three children and eight grandchildren. Over the last 25 years, I have accumulated a major collection of historical animation art. In recent years I have been giving lectures on Animation History, the Early Days of Supersonic Flight and the History of the "Wild West" for cruise ships.



**Andrew Houzenga**  
 DNG  
 Resd. Capt. 66, Ret. Maj. ANG 76  
 Janice

C-118/MATS  
 Thomson, IL



I enlisted in the USAF on Feb. 8, 1955, and, out of basic training, went to Keesler AFB, Miss. for radar operator training. Was assigned to Otis AFB, Mass., to the 960th Airborne Early Warning and Control Sq. Applied for and was accepted to the AFA from Otis for the Class of 1960 starting the summer of 1956. I left the AFA in Feb., 1957, and returned to Otis AFB

until Feb., 1958, when I attended OCS Class 58C. Graduated in Sept., 1958, and entered pilot training Class 60C at Bartow AFB, Florida. Graduated at Webb AFB, Texas, in Sept, 1959, and was assigned to McGuire AFB, NJ to fly C-118's for MATS. Went to C-135 school in 1961 and flew worldwide Mac missions til Oct., 1965, when I went to Systems Command to fly RC-135's as telemetry receivers for the Apollo program at Patrick AFB. In Oct., 1966, I left active duty and hired on with American Airlines for a 30 year career, retiring in 1996. I joined the Illinois National Guard when I left active duty and retired from the Ill ANG in 1976. There were lots of good times during those years; and when the class of 1960 got out of pilot training I was able to get reacquainted with some of them who were assigned to McGuire AFB.



**John H. (Seal) Huhn**  
 CDR USN  
 Interred Sec. A-E Site 1928-A, Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery, San Diego  
 Judy

D-18Oct1981

CS-02/USN  
 Monterey, CA



As a Cadet, Seal was a member of the Cadet Forum during his final two years, and an avid skier all four years. ( Ed. Anecdote: At a Jabara Award dinner at Mitch's in 1970, our Class of 60 Table was shunted to the edge of the floor in deference to a much younger class. Seal and I were so

incensed at this unforgivable snub, that we "liberated" the head table's wine and hors d'oeuvres and vocally threatened even more serious retaliation. Although Seal chose the Navy, he was a truly proud member of our class!) After graduation, Seal was commissioned in the U.S. Navy, completed basic flight training, and was assigned to the 114<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron at Miramar, CA, on board the *Kitty Hawk*. During his career, he served in numerous Naval Fighter Squadrons flying F-4s. He attended the Naval War College 1970-71, and received an MS in Computer Systems Management from the Naval Post Graduate School. He was also the Fleet Combat Director System Support Activity in Dam Neck, VA. Commander John H. Huhn, Class of 1960, died in Monterey, CA, on 18 October 1981. He was survived by his wife, Judy, two sons and a daughter. (Thanks to AOG and Jim Glaza)



**Michael L. (Mike) Hyde** KIA-08Dec1966 CS-09/F-100/USAFE  
Capt.

*Interred 6-B45, USAFA*

*Kien Hoa, SVN*



Michael L. Hyde was born on 14 May 1938 in Boulder City, Nevada where he was raised. While at the Academy he was energetic, a prankster who originated and led many exploits at Lowry and the permanent site, played baseball (a pitcher), and was a member of the Acolyte Guild, Professional Studies Group, and the Ski Club. He was the first Nevadan to graduate from the Academy. His ambition was to be a fighter pilot--which he achieved. He was stationed in England in an F-100 unit before reporting for duty in Vietnam in September 1966 with the 510<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron. On 8 December 1966 his F-100 was hit by ground fire as he made a second pass on a Viet Cong position at Kien Hoa, South Vietnam. He was declared missing in action. In September 1990 his remains returned to the United States, and he was buried at the Academy Cemetery. (Thanks to Ken Werrell.)



**John R. (Johnny) Jansen** D-15Sep1966 CS-07/F-100/TAC  
Capt

*Interred 3-E71, USAFA*

**Dianne (Glick)**

*Keflavik, Iceland*



John was born into an Army family in Junction City, Kansas on 24Sep38. He spent his high school years in Anchorage, Alaska. Reflective of Johnny's personal values, he was an Honor Rep. during his second and first class years. In 1959, John met Dianne Gribble, a CWC student, on a blind date. They were married after graduation. Tony was born in Texas in 1961 during pilot training. John selected F-100s at Suffolk County AFB, NY. Julie was born there in 1962. In 1965, John and Dianne were transferred to NAS Keflavik, Iceland to fly F-102s. The next year during a formation flight, John suffered a heart attack and crashed on 15Sep66. Their son, Tony, is now retired from the Air Force and works in Tampa, FL. Julie is married to a retired Army Lt. Col. and lives in TN. During the 40<sup>th</sup> Reunion, Classmates remarked about how much Tony resembles John. In 2007, Dianne was informed that more of John's remains had been discovered in Iceland. The family returned to the Academy to honor John and introduce Tony and Julie to John's friends. (Thanks to Dianne Davis Glick)



**Daniel K. (Deke) Johnson** CS-07/F-100/USAFE  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80

**Sally**

**Boise, ID**



I had an enjoyable Air Force Career of barely 20 years. I soloed the T-37 in less than three hours due to a mistake by my Flight Commander-- had to log that a "dual" ride and did two more with my instructor before going solo (ATC Regs required six hours). At Vance AFB, I was the first USAFA Grad to qualify for the "Caterpillar Club" as I had a mid-air with another T-33. After checking out in the F-100 at Luke, I spent 4 years at RAF Wethersfield, during which I became the first USAFA Grad to attend the Fighter Weapons School--Air Force's Top Gun. My tour in Vietnam was at Tuy Hoa Air Base flying F-100s. My next tour was F-111's at Nellis where, among other things, I was the flight lead for six F-111E's that flew non-stop, without air refueling, from Pease AFB to RAF Upper Heyford. I believe that this was the first and only time that fighter aircraft flew from the USA to Europe without refueling, as they required subsequent deployments to refuel. I spent an enjoyable year at the Naval War College before five years at the Pentagon. As an Air Staff Action Officer, I worked one "Action" of note. It had 243 coordination signatures as it required SECDEF approval. Final tour was at Mtn. Home AFB before we retired in Boise.





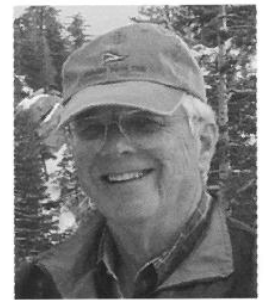
**John A. (Al) Johnson**

**CS-01/KC-97/SAC**

**Ret. Col. 85**

**Gale**

**Mount Vernon, VA/Camden, ME**



I married the beautiful and talented (and tolerant) Gale Bradford from my hometown of Hammond, Indiana. We have two great children, a son in Maine and a daughter in Virginia. We are also blessed with a wonderful granddaughter and grandson in Maine. In our 25 year Air Force career we had assignments to SAC, USAFE, ATC, Vietnam and much too long in the Pentagon, working both on the Air and Secretarial Staffs. I flew as a "gater" on KC-97s, VC-118s and AC-47s. The Vietnam tour flying out

of DaNang was vividly memorable: dozens of rocket attacks, 223 combat missions, 850 combat hours and 23 airframe bullet holes. After the Air Force, I worked first as a lobbyist for UNISYS, and then as President and CEO of four different financial services companies (insurance, banking and mutual funds). I am a co-founder (along with Andi Biancur and Greg Boyington) of the coveted "Marginally Magnificent Performance Award" trophy handed out each year at the Class of '60 Miniski reunions. Currently, I am a licensed Investment Advisor, a Securities Principal and a Certified Financial Planner. We now bide our time between our Mount Vernon, Virginia home and our second home in Camden, Maine where we over-indulge in lobster and try to learn the language. Ayuh.



**Lawrence M. (LM) Johnson D-21Aug1994 CS-07/C-124/PACAF  
MedRet. Capt. 67**

*Ashes given to his father*

*Casper, WY*



LM was born 07Dec36 in Worland, WY and died 21Aug94 at the Life Care Center in Casper, WY after a short illness. He grew up and attended grade school in Worland and moved to Casper, graduating from HS in 1955. He attended the University of Colorado for one year before joining our class. After graduation, he successfully attended Pilot Training, and was assigned to Tachikawa Japan in transport. He later earned a Master's Degree in Business Administration. LM was medically retired as a Captain in 1967. *(Spring 1995 Checkpoints)*



**William R. (Roy) Jolly**

**CS-04/F-100/TAC**

**Resd. Capt, 69**

**Barbara**

**St. George, UT**



I grew up 20 miles NE of Deer Trail, CO, final radar fix for USAFA nav missions. Primary Pilot Training Bartow AB, FL, as 1/3 of notorious Hodson, Holly, Jolly threesome of the Bartow BOQ, surviving the terrifying Hurricane of 1960. Married to Barbara Freese, betrothed from USAFA, by Chaplain John S Bennett, again from USAFA; Basic Reese AFB, TX; Gunnery School Luke AFB, AZ, F-100. 429<sup>th</sup> TFS Cannon AFB, NM, 1<sup>st</sup> operational flight, enroute to Seymour-Johnson AFB, NC, for nuc alert

during Cuban crisis; TDY: Aviano AB, Italy, and Misawa AB, Japan, nuc alert. Tan Son Nhut AB, SVN: duty officer in the TACC; then Duty Controller, Hillsboro: Airborne Battlefield Command and Control Center; Duty during evacuation of A Shau. Overhead when Bernie Fisher landed and picked up his downed wingman during the heated battle between the US and ARVN and 2000 NVN regulars, earning his award of the CMH. 18<sup>th</sup> TFW, 12<sup>th</sup> TFS Kadena AB, Okinawa during the time Sam Waters was shot down while TDY to Korat AB, Thailand. Left AF 1969 then 120<sup>th</sup> TFS in the CO ANG; 465<sup>th</sup> TFS, 507<sup>th</sup> TFG Tinker AFB: as a Pilot Instructor; 507<sup>th</sup> DO. Flew various aircraft with TWA. 2 1/2 years as investment manager of the hedge fund, VSG Capital Partners. Retired, living in St George, UT.



**Karl McMaster (Mac) Jones, Jr.**

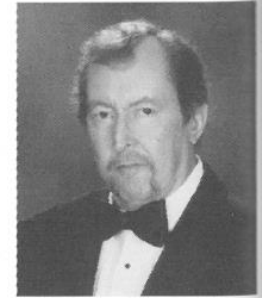
**CS-13/ T-33/38/ATC**

**Ret. Col. 88**

**Mary Ann**

**Niceville, FL**

Karl entered USAFA one month after high school from New York, NY. After pilot training at Bartow AB, FL, and Reese AFB, TX, he remained at Reese as a flight instructor and flight examiner in T-33/T-38's. Then F-4D training at George AFB with assignment to Udorn RTAFB, Thailand from 22 Jan - 5 Dec 68. He completed 100 missions over NVN in the F-4D, and returned to graduate school for an MS in Aerospace Engineering at the University of Colorado. Then to the USAF Aerospace Research Pilot



School at Edwards AFB, graduating as the Liethen-Tittle award winner, and assignment with the 6512 Test Sq., AFFTC. After 2 years testing F-4, F-104 and A-7D aircraft, he joined the YA-10A Joint Test Force at Edwards, flight testing the GAU-8A 30mm cannon. Left Edwards in Jul76 for a three year tour with JUSMAG-K in Yongsan, ROK. Returning to Eglin AFB in Jul79 as the Chief of Flight Test, then Dep. Dir. of Test Operations, and finally AD Deputy for Safety. Next assigned to HQ, AFSC, at Andrews, AFB as the MAJCOM Dir. of Safety and Asst. DCS for Test and Evaluation. Then as Vice Commander and Commander, Det 3, AFFTC, Edwards AFB. Retired in Jul88, returned to the Eglin area with several jobs in flight test and flight safety. Presently living in Niceville, FL with wife Mary Ann and two Burmese cats while teaching mathematics at a local college.



**Tony M. Jones**

**CS-08/C-121/ADC**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 84**

**Loma**

**Mary Ester, FL**

Tony's first operational assignment was with the 963<sup>rd</sup> AEW&CSq at McClellan AFB, CA. Left there in '63 and went to the 1<sup>st</sup> Air Commando SQ and Bien Hoa, SV, until 1964. Then he went to the 62<sup>nd</sup> Troop Carrier Squadron at Sewart AFB, TN, until 1966, when he went to study strategic missiles for SAC. Advanced to become an Instructor Missile Combat Crew Commander in the 390<sup>th</sup> SMWg at Davis Monthan AFB, AZ. In '70-'71,



he attended Air Command and Staff College, and from 1971-1975, he was IGO for Missile Safety at Norton AFB, CA. The long string of aircraft operations caught up with Tony in 1975, reeled him in, and he became the Chief of Training for the 314<sup>th</sup> TAW at Little Rock AFB, AR, from '75-'77. From '77-'84, he was the Wing Plans Officer for the 374<sup>th</sup> TAW. Tony retired in 1984. (Data from AOG)



**Brian G. Kaley**

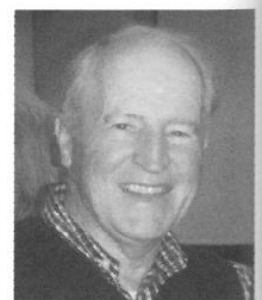
**CS-02/KC-135/SAC**

**Resd. Capt. 66, Ret. Lt. Col. ANG 82**

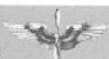
**Carol**

**Naples, FL**

Born in Dec. 1937. Normal public school education until the real indoctrination took place at AFA in 56-60. Cold war crewmember in SAC until 1966, when I joined the MOAA ANG and flew the F84F, F100D & F as well as the A-10. Married Carol in June 1961. We have two children, Scott and Kristin, and five grandchildren. While in the Mass. Guard, I was Chief of Standardization and Squadron Commander in the 1104TFG and



the 131TFS respectively; ANG member from 67-82, retiring as a Lt/Col. Highlights included 3 Red Flags Dissimilar Air Combat Tactics Course, all at Nellis AFB, and DACT engagements. I flew F-14 & F-15 at Langley AFB, VA, during exercises. Acquired more than 20,000 hours in 22 years of military flying and 32 years of civil flying that took me worldwide with American Airlines. It was great fun. I am currently spending summers in CT and winters in FL. As for the 100<sup>th</sup> Reunion, forget the yearbook, as I have no intentions of attending.







**Gary L. Karschnick**

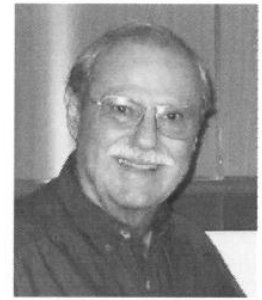
**Resd. Capt. 69**

**Diane**

**Melbourne, FL**

Gary was born and raised at St. Charles, Illinois. He received an appointment to the first class at the Air Force Academy (Class of 1959). During his junior year he suffered a broken back in a trampoline accident and spent 6 weeks in the hospital recovering. As a result of lost academics during that time, he was "turned back" to the class of 1960. Upon graduation, he was assigned as a Missile Launch Officer at F.E. Warren AFB in Cheyenne, Wyoming. While there he was able obtain a waiver to attend Pilot Training

at Williams AFB, Arizona. Upon graduation, he was assigned as a B-52 co-pilot at March AFB California. One year later, he upgraded to B-52 Aircraft Commander. In 1965, he was assigned as a T-38 Instructor Pilot at Vance AFB, Oklahoma. In 1966, he became a T-38 Standardization and Evaluation Pilot. In May of 1969, he resigned from the Air Force and joined Delta Airlines. In December of 1994, he retired to Melbourne, Florida. To continue with his love of flying, he purchased and rebuilt a 40-year-old helicopter and learned to fly it. His total flying time in all aircraft exceeds 28,000 hours. Currently, he works as a volunteer with the American Cancer Society "Road to Recovery" program and as a volunteer courtesy cart driver for Holmes Regional Hospital in Melbourne, Florida.



**Miles A. Kaspar, Jr.**

**Resd. Capt. 66, Ret. Lt. Col. USAFR**

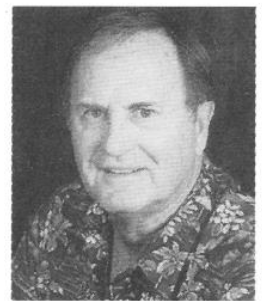
**Charlotte**

**CS-10/C-135/MATS**

**Fullerton, CA**

Perhaps it isn't that far a journey from a Farmall tractor seat in a Nebraska field to a front seat in a Boeing 747 flying over the oceans of the world. I went to a one room country school for eight years and had thirteen in my high school class. After turning down an Annapolis appointment, attended the University of Nebraska for a year before qualifying for the Class of 1960. Survived pilot training and flew C-135A/Bs in MATS.

Great airplanes and great job. After a years vacation in Viet Nam I decided on the airlines. Looked at TWA, AA, and went with Pan Am. Although I spent twenty years in the engineers seat, it was a great career and I retired as a Capt. with United Air Lines. I continued my military career in the reserves and Air National Guard and flew triple tailed Connies, Caribous, and ended up commanding a tanker squadron. Favorite aircraft were the C-135B and B-757. I was proud to wear the USAF blue suit, and enjoyed the men, women, and aircraft we crewed on. My wife Charlotte and I enjoy travel and take advantage of military facilities wherever we find ourselves.



**Wayne F. Kendall, Jr.**

**Ret. Col. 85**

**Barbara**

**Monument, CO**

I left AFA to attend pilot training at Graham and Vance, then to MATS C-121's in Charleston and on to McGuire in the C-135. Came to my senses and went back to Colorado in 1963 and talked Barbara Bazata into marrying me. One year later we left McGuire for Japan with our two month old Heather. Flew rescue HC-54 in Japan and Thailand. Transferred to Weather service C-135 at Yokota in 1966 and the same year celebrated the birth of our son, Hale. Out of the AF in 1967 and back to Arkansas for medical school from

1968-1972 with an Air Force sponsorship. Our third child, Kyle, came to us in 1971. We then completed the Residency in Aerospace Medicine, including a master's degree in public health from UC Berkeley. I went to the Aeromed Lab at Wright-Patt as a research physician until our move to Lakenheath and F-111's in 1978. We returned to Colorado and the Cadet Clinic in 1982, then Peterson Clinic in 1984 and retirement in 1985. Private practice in occupational and aerospace medicine since then. Presently am contracted as Aeromedical Advisor to FedEx Flight Operations. Children finally starting to produce -- two grandsons and two more babies on the way. Happiness is Colorado with the three children and the grandchildren all in the local area.

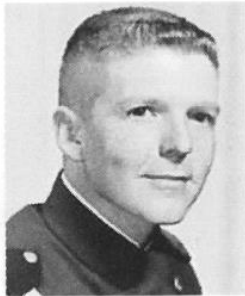




**Richard A. (Dolp) Kerr**  
Resd. Capt. USMC 65  
Erika

CS-03/UH-34/Marine Corp  
Aurora, IL

Richard opted for the Marine Corp after graduation, going to Marine Corp Basic School at Quantico, VA, then to pilot training at Pensacola, FL. Then on to helicopter assignments at New River, NC, cruising the Mediterranean Sea and then the Caribbean Sea until 1965. From '74-'86, he was Vice president and President of Yazoo Manufacturing Co, Yazoo, MS. From '86-'89, he was President of Seaties, Inc., Red Stick, LA. In 1989, he became Managing Director of Red Roo Mower Company, Pty Ltd, in Toouoomba, Queensland, Australia. (Data from 1960 Polaris and AOG)



**Harrison E. (Pete) King, Jr.**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80  
Linda

CS-12/T-33/37/ATC  
Valparaiso, FL

Pete was raised in Columbus, MS. He entered the Academy shortly after high school graduation. He attended pilot training at Marianna, FL and Selma AL (Craig AFB). After receiving his wings, he remained at Craig as a flight instructor in the T-33 and T-37 until 1966. He was then assigned to the Space Center at Houston with the official title of crew station engineer. His job involved serving as the interface between the Apollo astronauts

and the designers of the spacecraft and training the astronauts in the use of all equipment within the spacecraft. While at Houston he flew the C-47. He then went to F-4 training at George AFB and then to Viet Nam. His next assignment was to Seymour Johnson where he was a maintenance officer/F-4 pilot. He deployed with his squadron to Thailand in 1972. Next was flight test at Getafe, Spain, flying test flights after IRAN. His last assignment was the Tactical Air Warfare Center at Eglin. He retired in 1980 and entered a second career as manufacturing engineer in Fort Walton Beach, FL. He provided manufacturing expertise to the Government as a contractor on the AAMRAM program and the 60K aircraft loader at Warner Robins. He retired in 2002 and returned to Valparaiso, FL, just outside Eglin AFB.



**Richard A. Kingman**  
Resd. Capt. 65  
Judith

CS-12/C-124/MATS  
New York, NY

Richard was assigned to Dover AFB, DE from '60-'62, and from there to the 7406<sup>th</sup> Support Squadron at Rhein Main, Germany until 1965. Resigning, he attended Columbia University in 1966, and has been self employed since 1967. (Data from AOG)





**William John (Bill) Kornitzer, Jr.**  
 Ret. Col. 86  
 Linda

CS-07/C-54/ARS/MATS  
 Kansas City, MO



After graduating from high school in Bennington VT, I entered the Air Force Academy. Following graduation I spent the next ten years as a pilot in Air Rescue Service. This was followed by staff assignments, schooling, and duties as a Director of Operations and Vice Commander of a Wing. Subsequently I became the Wing Commander of the 41<sup>st</sup> Rescue and Weather Reconnaissance Wing at McClelland AFB, Cal. My last assignment was as

Commander of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Divison at Hurlburt Field FL. This was most satisfying to me, being the Commander of all Air Force Special Operations Forces. I flew over 750 combat hours in Vietnam and also participated in the raid on The Son Tay Prisoner of War Compound in November 1970. I was the Commander of the Airlift Forces for the Iranian Rescue Mission in 1980. I retired from the Air Force in 1986 and worked for McDonnell Douglas Corp as a rep in Washington DC until retiring to Wisconsin. My first wife Jane died in 1997. We had three children; Stephen, Linda, and William and were blessed with seven grandchildren. I presently live with my wife Linda in Kansas City, MO.



**John David Kuenzel**  
 Ret. Lt. Col. 80  
 Mimi

CS-05/KC-135/SAC  
 Arlington, TX



Born to David and Albertine Kuenzel in Dayton, Ohio, March 16, 1938. Graduated Memorial High School in St Marys, Ohio in 1956. Mentored toward a service academy by cousin Russell Mericle, USMA '56; swayed to choose USAFA over USMA by Coach Bob Spear. The next five years were one "hell of a ride"--staying the course with my classmates through graduation, becoming an Air Force pilot, exchanging wedding vows with

my 1<sup>st</sup> Round Draft Choice, Mimi Schulz in McAllen, Texas, September 1961. Our twenty years of active duty began in Michigan's upper Peninsula and ended with retirement at Eglin AFB in Florida's upper peninsula. The first ten years as a KC and EC-135 pilot in Strategic Air Command. The last ten in several staff assignments, one with the Joint Casualty Resolution Center in Thailand. A highlight of this tour was an unexpected visit by General Charlie Gabriel, later to become Chief of Staff, who in 1956 was our AOC at Lowry AFB. Active duty over, Mimi, 3 children and I moved to Arlington, Texas, and remain here observing the development of 7 grand children who live nearby. We continue to enjoy our "ride" and are grateful for having served this great country.



**David E. (Davie) Lachelt** D-20May1963 CS-01/F-101/ADC  
 1Lt.

*Interred South End Cemetery, Southington, CT  
 Lake Ontario*

Davie had one year at Rensselaer Poly Technical prior to coming to the Academy, and was knowledgeable of aircraft design—probably the only one of our classmates who knew Simpson's Area Rule as a Doolie. As a cadet he was active in the Engineering, Hockey and Lacross Clubs, and was president of the Model Engineering Society for his final two years. As a Doolie, I will not forget sitting next to Davie when, after he had taken a

large bite of food--as alleged by an upperclassman--he was required to stand and recite in a loud, and in his case, husky voice, "Sir, I am a stuff glut and glutton. Here is me right meat hook, here is me left meat hook, here is me meat hooks extended and joined! Zowie, zowie, zowie..." and on it went. Another small anecdote: He was personally responsible for my academic salvation, in that he rescued me from a failing grade to an 86 in Mechanics with his outstanding, selfless tutoring. Davie was a quiet, alert, and extraordinarily bright classmate, with a ready laugh, who was a joy to be around. He attended pilot training at Vance, selecting F-101s at Griffis AFB, NY. He was lost in an aircraft accident over Lake Ontario. (Data from AOG and Steve Bishop)





**T. Ralph Lalime**

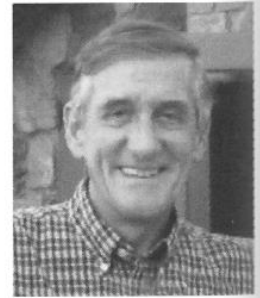
**Ret. Col. 86**

**Darlene**

**CS-03/F-102/ADC**

**Springfield, VA**

F 102, F106, T33, AT38, T39, F4s. Over 4000 hrs fighter time. Misawa, Japan; Perrin, Texas; Udorn, Thailand; Bitburg, Germany; Pentagon Air Staff; Elmendorf, Alaska; Holloman, New Mexico; Tyndall, Florida; Pentagon Joint Staff. Intercepted Russians north of Hokkaido and north west of Alaska. 180 F4D combat missions with the 555TFS over Laos and North Vietnam. USAFE Chief Flight Examiner F4. Squadron Commander 43<sup>rd</sup> TFS Alaska. All the schools and staffs went well, but I



loved flying in the squadrons. After Air Force, worked with Rekenenthaler Technology Associates doing R&D on space based oceanography and signal processing. Douglas and I ran one extended experiment in which I flew 13 missions with a totally Russian crew in their TU 154. I met my lovely wife Darlene while I was a flight examiner at Perrin. She was a Dental Hygienist, young, smart and pretty and thought my orange flight suit looked like an AstroDome grounds keeper. I fell in love and have been blessed since. We have two great sons, Christopher and Jay. Jay and his bride Aimee have our delightful granddaughter Sydney. For the past several years Darlene and I have been doing a great deal of Space A travel on Military aircraft...months in Turkey, Australia, Europe, and across America. The Lord has blessed us, especially with you our classmates. Nulli Secundus, sed Dei.



**Hardy F. LeBel**

**D-16Nov2003**

**CS-04/HC-54/ARS/PACAF**

**MedRet. Lt. Col. 78**

**Westerly, RI**

After pilot training, Hardy served in Air Rescue in Tachikawa; with the Air Commandos in Bien Hoa and Nha Trang; various pilot, instructor and staff positions in Yokota, PoHam, South Korea, at Eglin and Hurlburt in the USAF SOS; and finally as Situation Monitor Officer and Executive Assistant to the Deputy Chairman of the NATO Military Committee. Along the way, he earned a Ph.D. in International Relations. Early flying activities included participating in hydrogen bomb tests over the South Pacific, collecting air samples over both



Poles and bush landings in Central Laos. He was medically retired from the Air Force in 1973, though not slowed down. His post-retirement ventures included public relations, oil, innkeeping, and aviation--his compass. Settling in Westerly, RI, he bought several airplanes and seaplanes and was Chief Pilot for New England Airlines. He flew missions in Central America (Belize), was an active member of the exclusive Explorers Club of New York City, whose members are inducted strictly on the basis of their accomplishments. A research paper by Hardy made a very convincing case: Adm. Byrd did not fly over the North Pole in 1926. Hardy died in a midair collision in Westerly, 16Nov03. He was engaged to be married to Libby Evans of New York City on Dec. 27 that same year. Hardy left behind his son Hardy Jr., fiancée Libby, his former wife Joan, one sister and one brother. (Thanks to Leon Goodson, '60)



**William H. (Bill) Leninger**

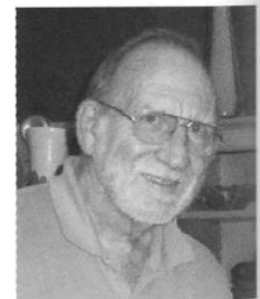
**Resd. 1Lt. 64**

**Ellen**

**CS-10/RB-50/Photo Mapping**

**Rio Rancho, NM**

I married Ellen F. Hanrahan, 18Jun60. Washed out of Moore AB, TX. Assigned to 1371st PhotoMapping Squadron at Turner AFB, Albany, Georgia. Instructor Navigator on RB-50 performing geodetic surveying (HIRAN) and photo mapping missions. Extensive TDYs in Hawaii, Guam, New Guinea, Australia, and stateside. Separated with 2500 hours in RB-50s. Settled in Colorado Springs in 64, as Systems Engineer for IBM. working mainly with main frames and technical marketing. In 1970,



I accepted position at IBM Data Processing Group in Harrison, NY as an Advisory Product Forecaster. Also involved in IBM strategic business forecast. In 1973, we wanted to get back west, where the sun shines. Moved to Albuquerque, NM, and was, again, an IBM Systems Engineer working with customers in Albuquerque, Santa Fe, and Los Alamos in large mainframe systems. I was the Large Systems Specialist and Data Systems Specialist in New Mexico. I retired from IBM in 1993 as a Senior Systems Engineer. Subsequently, I did Systems Programming work for Sandia Laboratory, Blue Cross/Blue Shield, and BDM. Our family consisted of myself, Ellen and our five children (3 boys, 2 girls). Unfortunately, Ellen suffered a fatal heart attack in 2004. Overall, I have had an interesting and challenging career which covered the evolution of data processing to Information Management to Information Technology.

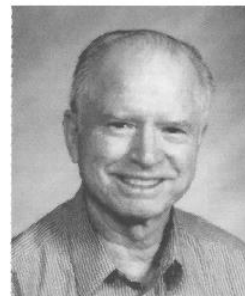




**Roger C. Lent**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80  
Carol

CS-03/F-102/ADC

Spokane Valley, WA



I was born and raised in southern Idaho, just outside the small city of Blackfoot. Two days after graduating from the Academy, I married my high school sweetheart, Carol Clement. So, the year 2010 also marks our 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. (How lucky can one guy get?) We stayed in for 20, retiring in Spokane, Washington in 1980. Along the way, we had four children, two boys and two girls. We're now grandparents of seven

and great-grandparents of two. During those 20 USAF years, I served one tour in Vietnam as a forward air controller and taught in the Chemistry Department at the Academy for seven years. I joined the faculty of Community Colleges of Spokane in 1980 and worked there until June of 1998. We've kept busy since then with a business venture or two, church service, and volunteer work in the neighborhood high school science department. Our life is good, busy, and full. Our health is not the greatest, but it could be a lot worse. We think back with fond memories of our classmates and Academy friends and wish you all a long, happy, healthy future. We're thankful to have been a part of the Class of '60. Nulli Secundus!



**Edward W. (Ed) Leonard**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80  
Suzanne

CS-09/C-130/TAC

Ilwaco, WA



I was born and raised in Winlock, Washington, a small farming community between Portland and Seattle. After graduation I flew "Ski" 130s and Skyhook aircraft, then strategic reconnaissance missions from air bases in Germany, Turkey, and Iran. During the height of the battle for Vietnam, I flew 257 combat sorties in the A-1H Skyraider and participated in the recovery of 18 aircrew members from behind enemy lines. After my second

shoot down, I was captured in Laos after three days of jungle evasion. The termination of hostilities in 1973 resulted in my release after five years of captivity, three and a half in solitary confinement. Seven years after release, physical disabilities forced me into retirement. After military retirement I attended law school using the G.I. Bill then prosecuted for the Texas Insurance Department until moving to a private practice in Astoria, Oregon. Home is in Ilwaco, Washington, with wife Suzanne. We met in 1957 during the third class summer trip to March AFB, California. My physical difficulties resulting from my incarceration again forced me from employment. After seven operations to replace my knees, hips, and a shoulder, I entered local politics and served the City of Ilwaco as its Mayor until retiring from public office.



**George T. Lester**  
Resd. Capt. 65  
Yvonne

CS-08/HC-54/ARS/PACAF

Las Vegas, NV



After pilot training, I was assigned to Andersen AFB, Guam in the 79<sup>th</sup> Air Rescue and Recovery Squadron, and then to the 48<sup>th</sup> ARRS at Eglin AFB, where I made Rescue Crew Commander, with TDYs to Tachikawa, Japan and Udon, Thailand. Udon flying was over North and South Viet Nam. Separating from the Air Force in Sep65, I went to Hawaii and taught 7<sup>th</sup> Grade Math until Jan66. While in Hawaii, I joined the Air National Guard

there as the Chief Pilot for their C-54. Left the Air Guard in Sep66 and joined Pan Am (in 707s and 747s), flying a few times a month to Tan Son Nhut, Bien Hoa, Cam Ranh Bay and Danang--for seven years. During an approach to TSN, we took a hit in the #3 engine of our 707--something that didn't happen while flying rescue in North and South Viet Nam. Went to United Airlines in Sep86 as part of a Route Sale, flying the 747 as a flight engineer, relief pilot and first officer. I have taught K-12 and junior college, off and on full time for 40 years.



**Arthur J. (Art) Lewis**

**Resd. Maj. 72**

**Patricia**

**CS-06/Titan II/SAC**

**Plano, TX**



Born in Boston, MA, I loved building WW II combat aircraft models as a boy. This fascination led to my interest in the Academy in high school. I was initially second alternate from the 3rd Congressional District; however, two candidates declined and I was appointed. This good fortune led to an extraordinary opportunity and a strong foundation for careers in the Air Force and civilian life. My first assignment was on a Titan II Combat

Crew, 451<sup>st</sup> Strategic Missile Wing, Lowry AFB. After various missile and space assignments in Florida and California, I completed my career at SAC Headquarters. There I met my wife Patricia and have since shared 38 wonderful years together. I retired from SAC in 1972. In 1976 I joined Hewlett-Packard in Waltham, MA, managing medical instrument manufacture. We moved to Plano, TX, in 1981, where I was a logistics manager for a telecom firm, Intecom, and retired after 22 years. I spend my retirement time enjoying my interest in computers. Patricia and I enjoy time with our children, Andrew and Rebecca, and grandchildren, Nathan, Jared, and Sara, especially on family vacations along the Texas coast. I look back on my Academy experience with a deep sense of gratitude and pride.



**Charles F. (Charlie) Liggett**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 81**

**Kathleen**

**CS-13/KC-135/SAC**

**Cupertino, CA**



After pilot training, Charlie was assigned to the 42<sup>nd</sup> ARS at Loring AFB, ME. In 1965, he was assigned to the 6486<sup>th</sup> ABW at Hickam AFB, HI, as part of a Special Air Missions unit. In 1968, he was assigned as a Wing Operations Staff Weenie in the 56th Special Operations Wing at Nakhon Phanom, Thailand. Notice how the word Special fits into the last two assignments. 1969-1971, Charlie was assigned to ROTC duty at the

University of New Mexico. Now that is special also. In '72, it was on to Pease AFB and the 393<sup>rd</sup> Bomb Sq, where Charlie was Chief of Quality Control and Maintenance. In 1974, he became Deputy Chief of the Tanker Task Force at Pease. In 1977, he obtained an MPA from Golden Gate University, and '77-'80 was Chief of Current Operations of the Ops and Training Division of the 307<sup>th</sup> ARS at Travis AFB, CA. In 1981, he was Deputy Commander of the 100th Combat Support Group at Beale AFB, CA. Retiring in '81, Charlie stayed on in California, working for Lockheed. (Data from AOG)



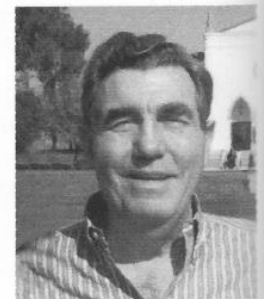
**John M. (Mike) Loh**

**Ret. Gen. 95**

**Barbara**

**CS-11/F-102/ADC**

**Williamsburg, VA**



I went straight to USAFA following graduation from Gonzaga High School in Washington DC. I met Barbara on a blind date during June Week. She is classmate Bill Kornitzer's sister. We were married after pilot training in October 1961. I was a fearless fighter pilot for the first ten years of my career, including a year at Danang Air Base, Vietnam, flying 204 combat missions in the F-4. Later, I went to MIT for a master's degree in Aero, then to Wright Pat starting the F-16 program. I returned to the cockpit as

the operations and vice commander of the 23<sup>rd</sup> Fighter Wing in A-7D's from 1978-1981. I then served as Director of Operational Requirements for Tactical Air Command and Headquarters, USAF. I returned to the acquisition business in 1987 as vice, then commander of ASD. I was promoted to four-star general in June 1990 and served as Air Force Vice Chief of Staff during Gulf War I, and commander of Air Combat Command for four years. I retired from active duty in June 1995. Barbara and I have one son, Michael, USAFA Class of 1984, and two grandchildren, Heather and Michael John. We retired to Williamsburg, Virginia. I have a consulting business and serve on several boards. We still find plenty of time to spoil our two grandkids, travel, and enjoy the historical attractions of the Williamsburg area.





**Anthony H. (Tony) Long**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 88

CS-12/C-135/MATS  
Torrance, CA



After pilot training at Bainbridge and Reese, Tony went to the 40<sup>th</sup> ATSq at McGuire AFB, NJ, until 1964, when he became Chief of Admin and Squadron Commander of the 6400<sup>th</sup> ABG. 1965-'67, he was at the University of Arizona; and then to Ent AFB, CO, in various jobs as Squadron Commander, Base IG, Chief of Base Admin and an Executive Officer, not necessarily in that order. 1969-'71, he was in Academic Counseling and Scheduling at the AFA. In the '71-'72 era, he was at Phu Cat AB and Tan

Son Nhut AB in SVN as Chief of Admin and Executive Officer to the Commander of 7<sup>th</sup> Air Force, respectively. From 1972-74, he was Commander of Det. 3 of the 6003 Support Squadron at Bangkok, Udorn AB and Tahkli AB in Thailand. From 1974-'77, Tony was Assistant Special Activities Director, Tac Operations in DCS Ops and Intel at Hq. PACAF, Hickam AFB, HI. From 1977-'82, he was in numerous ExO positions in Space Communications, Space Systems and Technical Operations at the Los Angeles AF Station in California. From 1982-'88, he was the ExO for the Deputy Commander of Communications and Operations Support at the Los Angeles AFS, CA. (Data from Google and AOG)



**Michael V. (Mike) Love** D-01Mar1976 CS-10/F-100/USAFE  
Lt. Col.

*Interred 3-C68, USAFA*

*Betty*

*Edwards AFB, CA*



Mike was Commander of the 10<sup>th</sup> Cadet Squadron and was on the Superintendent's List during his first class year. He was a member of the Ski and Hunting Clubs and the class committee. He lettered three years in Gymnastics, being captain of the squad in his senior year. Upon graduation, Mike entered pilot training at Moore AFB, TX. He was subsequently

assigned to the 494th Tactical Fighter Squadron at Lakenheath RAF Station, England, and the 510th Tactical Fighter Squadron, Bien Hoa AB, SVN. In 1967 he was assigned to the 429th Tactical Fighter Squadron at Cannon AFB, NM; the 355th Tactical Fighter Squadron at Phu Cat AB, SVN; and later with the 481st Tactical Fighter Squadron at Cannon AFB. Mike attended the Aerospace Research Pilot School at Edwards AFB in 1968 and remained at the school as an instructor. He attended Command and Staff and also received an MBA from Auburn University at that time. In 1972 he was assigned to the 6512th Test Squadron at Edwards as a project pilot for the X-24B. He had been one of two project pilots on the joint NASA-Air Force X-24B lifting body program. Mike was killed on 1 March 1976 when the RF-4C aircraft which he was piloting crashed at Edwards AFB, CA. He was survived by his wife Betty and two sons. He was posthumously voted the Jabara Award.



**Clifton C. (Tony) Lovell** D-02Apr1999 CS-09NAV/ATC  
Resd. Capt. 67

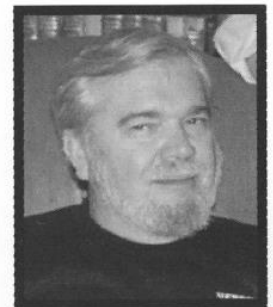
*Interred Town Cemetery Family Plot, Opt. AL*

*Terri*

*Fort Walton Beach, FL*

Tony was raised in Fort Walton, FL. After graduating from Columbia Military Academy, he chose an appointment to the Air Force Academy. After graduation, he was a nav instructor at Randolph, but soon moved into a research career. He received his MS in applied Mathematics from the University of Colorado and his PHD in Mathematical Probability and Electrical Engineering from the University of Southern California. He did

operational research for HQ AFSC at Andrews and Air Proving Ground Command at Eglin. After resigning his commission, he worked at the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, CO, and the Rand Corporation in L.A. Tony particularly relished researching the phenomena of hail. He was the manager for Test Design and Operations of National Hail Research, studying the predictability and generation of hail. Next he went to work for WHICHE in California, then returned to Ft. Walton with SAIC as Chief Scientist, Weapons Technology. He was also an adjunct professor of Engineering for the University of Florida, Eglin campus, a position in which he took great pride and lasting pleasure. He remained there until his death after a long struggle with heart ailments in April, 1999. (Thanks to Terri Lovell and Jon and Jacquie Gallo '59)





**David B. Luce**

**Resd. Capt. 65**

**Marilyn**

**CS-04/F-100/USAFE**

**Beaverton, OR**

After F-100 training, the Air Force sent me to the NATO gunnery training base in Tripoli, Libya. Leaving the Air Force in 1965, attended Medical School at UCLA, doing post graduate training in San Francisco, and moving to Stockton, CA. Married Marilyn Rietsch, who was originally from Wauneta, Nebraska, and who attended Concordia College, prior to coming to Stockton to teach in the Lutheran Parochial School. We moved to Toledo, OR., a small town on the coast, and lived there for about 13 years



with our four children. In 1985, we moved to Southern California, living first in Lakewood, and later in Palos Verdes Estates. The youngest of our children graduated from high school in 1998, after which we moved to Madison, Wisconsin to be nearer Marilyn's family and college friends. There, I worked for WPS (Wisconsin Physicians Services Insurance Company) as medical director. Besides our commercial insurance plans and administrative services for self-insured entities, we payed Medicare claims and Tricare claims in most states, including all Tricare for Life claims. Marilyn and I will be moved to the Portland, Oregon, area in the near future, to perhaps retire and to be closer to some of our children and, currently, 3 grandchildren. One of my sons is a pediatrician in the Air Force now stationed at Hill AFB.



**George E. Luck**

**Ret. Col. 85**

**Carolyn**

**CS-10/B-52/SAC**

**Everett, WA**

My year at West Point was one of the most significant ones that I have lived. But alas, my Georgia accent didn't go over very well with the French Department. I went through the crushing experience of being found and discharged. I completed two years at Ga.Tech and was then nominated to the Second USAFA Class of 1960. I had a wonderful class, and the cadetship was a superb experience. Although I had my run-ins with the academic department, my classmates pulled me through. I spent my early



pilot years flying the B-52. I married Carolyn Wilson, an Air Force daughter and special love. We have one son, Michael. Next was the Test Pilot School at Edwards; this and an eight year career in flight test— an exciting adventure. I served a year in SEA in Special Operations flying the A-26 and the A-1. After lots of Pentagon time and running the B-52 and KC-135 flying school, I retired and joined Boeing—first in Wichita in flight test and then in Everett, WA, working on the B777 design team. We retired from Boeing but remained in the Great Northwest. We fly a Beech Bonanza, and I continue flying as an active flight instructor and a Coast Guard Auxiliary pilot. My strongest lesson from my Army and Air Force experience is a deep sense of honor and service.



**John D. (Mac) MacArtney**

**D-25Nov2001**

**CS-12/F-100/TAC**

**Ret. Col. 90**

*Interred Sec. G, Grave 3590, Arlington National Cemetery*

**Lorna**

**Washington, DC**



Joining the Air Force and flying were John's ambition in life. After Pilot Training at Moore and Reese in Texas, graduating number one in Basic, and F-100 Training at Luke, he served in many 100 units throughout the world: Cannon, Misawa, Kunsan, Wheelus, deployment to Takhli, and finally at Bien Hoa, with 187 combat missions. In 1970, John returned to

the Academy in the Political Science Department, and then to UCLA in 1972 for a PhD. Making Colonel moved John from the Academy to CINCPAC in the intelligence field, and then to the Defense Intelligence College, where, in 1984, he was selected as the Commandant. He was on the faculty of the National War College, concluding his military career there as a department head. In retirement, John was appointed professor at American University, offering seminars in foreign and defense policy and intelligence; and at Syracuse University, directing their semester in Washington program. John loved flying, teaching and interacting with students and colleagues. He brought professional, scholarly passion to his endeavors. While in Washinton, he met and married Lorna Aldrich. (*Curtis Cook '59 and Checkpoints Winter 2002*)

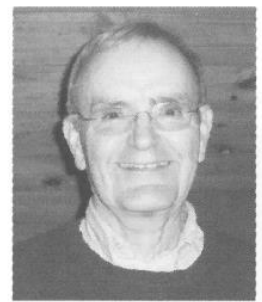






**Russell R. (Mac) MacDonald**  
**Ret. Col. 88**  
**Barbara**

**CS-01/F-102/ADC**  
**Blacksburg, VA**



I was born and raised in Butler, PA, near Pittsburgh, and always wanted to go to a service academy and to fly. The new Air Force Academy was a perfect fit, and I entered right after high school. While in F-102 training, I met and married Barbara Connery, an American Airlines stewardess. We have three daughters and eight grandchildren. I flew F-4s in my later operational days and in combat in Southeast Asia. The Air force sent me

to Columbia University for a Masters Degree in Political Science to teach at USAFA, and this changed my professional interests and focus. The second half of my career was spent in politico/military staff positions at NATO Headquarters in Brussels, and on the Air Staff and the Organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington. My last active duty tour was as Commander of the AFROTC detachment at Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, VA. I retired there as a Colonel after 28 years active duty. I retired again in 2006 after 18 years as the Property Manager for a major real estate company in Blacksburg. Now it is our 1957 Thunderbird, the gym and travel.



**Willard R. (Mac) MacFarlane** *D-03Aug1992* **CS-02/F-100/TAC**  
**Ret. Col. 86**

*Interred Row 2, Sp. 30. Lindquist WA Hts Mem Park, Centerville, UT*  
**Rita** **St. Louis, MO**

Among Mac's many accomplishments: Distinguished Graduate from SAF pilot training, outstanding graduate and top gun of his F-100 weapons school class, selection as an RAF exchange officer, selection as the first USAF YF-15 test pilot in 1972, setting three world time-to-climb records in the F-15 "Streak Eagle", awarded the Mackay trophy in 1974, induction into the Utah Aviation Hall of Fame, a life member of the Daedalians, and



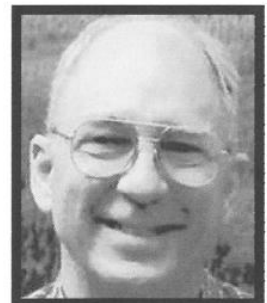
finally, after retirement from the Air Force in 1986, Mac was selected as program director of Hypersonic Applications at McDonnell Douglas. He flew 3,800 hours during his career. Among the aircraft he flew were the F-100, F-104, O-1, British Lightning, F-15 and finally, as the Wing Commander of the 3rd TFW, the F-4. Mac flew the F-104 and the O-1 in Vietnam, amassing 165 combat missions. Shortly after graduation from the Academy, Mac married Rita Nelson in Logan, Utah. Together they raised five children; Lori (Mrs. Robert Davies), Steele (USAFA '87), Stanton, Stuart, and Stirling. Another son, Steven, died in 1965. Mac died of heart failure 03Aug92. Throughout his life, Mac always set the standards, not only with his many accomplishments, but more importantly by providing the example so necessary of true leadership. He was first, foremost, and always a fighter pilot, and was recognized as one of the best everywhere in the fighter community. (Thanks to Ed Haerter '60)



**Jerry L. (Jerry) Mason** *D-14Jul2006* **CS-09/C-124/MATS**  
**Ret. Lt. Col. 87**

*Interred L3/S27/G14 Bayview Cemetery, Bellingham, WA*  
**Bobbi (Starr)** **Sudden Valley, WA**

Jerry and I were married on June 8, 1960, in Colorado Springs. Jerry started pilot training at Moore AB in Texas and finished pilot training at Williams AFB, AZ, where our daughter Kathryn was born. After three months of training in the C-124 at Tinker AFB in OK, our first assignment was at Donaldson AFB, SC for one year and then Hunter AFB, GA, for 2 1/2 years-where Jerry Jr. was born. Next came our first overseas assignment-



to Tachikawa AB Japan, where our son Stephen was born. After four years there, I went back to Tennessee to live near family while Jerry went to Bangkok for a year. He came home to greet five month old Kimberly. We then had a 2 1/2 year assignment at Hq. MAC, Scott AFB, IL. From there we went to Andrews AFB, MD for one year. Then on to C-141 training and four years at McChord AFB, WA. Another overseas tour to Clark AB, PI, before Jerry finished his AF career at Norton AFB, where he spent seven years. American Airlines actively recruited him at age 50 and the next 14 years were spent in Texas. Our final move to live near our kids brought us to Bellingham, WA in 2001. In 2004, he was diagnosed with Lou Gehrig's disease and he passed away July 14, 2006. (Thanks to Bobbi (Mason) Starr)



**Richard T. (Dick) Mathews** D-08Apr1967 CS-06/C-124/MATS  
Capt.

*Interred 3-E39, USAFA*

**USAFA**



Dick completed pilot training and opted for an assignment in MATS at Travis. Soon after, he returned to the Academy as Aide to the Dean of Faculty, a position he held from 1962-65, at which time he became the Alumni Secretary, and he held that position through 1966. Dick died from Hodgkins Disease while at the USAFA.



**Frank D. Mayberry**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80

**CS03/Student/MIT**

**Eve**

**Mesquite, NV**

I was born 07Jan36 in Pratt, Kansas, to Clyde Mabry and Mary Brehm and graduated from Pratt High School first in my class on 27May54. I attended ASC at Tempe 1954-56. After graduation, I married Eve Cholerton, 09Jul60, in Shrewsbury, Shropshire, England. My assignments included MIT in Cambridge, MA, until Jun61, and Keesler AFB, Mississippi, until Aug65. I received an MS degree from the University of Southern Mississippi in 1965. Kari Kristin Mayberry was born in 1964. I attended Squadron



Officers' School at Maxwell AFB before going to Clark Air Base, RP in 1965. Our son, Tristan David Mayberry, was born in 1967 just before I got assigned to South Vietnam. After Vietnam, I was assigned to L.G. Hanscom Field in 1968. In Oct70 I returned to Keesler AFB for twelve weeks, and then was assigned to Headquarters USAFE, in Germany. I went to Incirlik, Turkey in Aug76. My last assignment, in Sep78, was to Hq. TAC. After retiring, I worked at Martin-Marietta in Colorado, until Jan82, then for Hughes Aircraft Company until Sep85; and finally for TRW, working first at Buckley ANG Base, CO, then in 1988, at Woomera, South Australia. In 1991, I returned to Redondo Beach, California. I retired from TRW Jan94, but came out of retirement for two years to go to Alice Springs, Australia.



**Dale Q. (DQ) Mayo**  
Resd. Capt. 66, Ret. Lt. Col. USAFR  
Idée

**CS-08/C-131/118/MATS**

**Delray Beach, FL**

After pilot training, DQ was assigned to Aeromedical Evac at Scott AFB, IL. from '61-'64. From 1964-66, he was a pilot/Aide with the AFAFC. Resigning in 1966, he joined Pam American World Airways as a First Officer at such neat places as San Francisco, New York and Miami. From 1991-'98, he was a pilot with Delta Airlines out of Ottsville, PA, and in 1998, he became a Flight Engineer with Delta out of Atlanta, GA. (Data from Google and AOG)





**Charles M. (Jabo) McCain D-04/Nov1976 CS-05/Platoon Leader/Marines  
Maj. USMC**

*Remains not recovered*

*Okinawa*



As a Cadet, Jabo was in 5th Squadron and lettered in Football. He also joined the Ski Club and sang in the Protestant Cadet Choir and Glee Club. At graduation, Jabo chose the Marine Corps. From the USMC Basic School, he was assigned to Camp Hausen, Okinawa, and Da Nang AB, South Vietnam. After receiving a degree in Operations Research from the

US Naval Post Graduate School, he was again assigned to Da Nang and then to Headquarters USMC as an Information Systems Analyst. He was killed in a helicopter crash on 4 November 1976, near Okinawa. (Checkpoints and Polaris)



**Michael J. (Mike) McCall  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80**

**CS-06/C-124/MATS  
Vacaville, CA**



Born in Minneapolis and raised in a small town in Wisconsin, I came to the Academy without any family background in the military. I managed to survive and excel in academics. On graduation went to directed duty navigation, flying heavy airlift worldwide, a position I would have for almost half of my career. The AF sent me to graduate school for four years and I taught in the Chemistry Dept at the Academy for another five. Spent my combat tour in Thailand in AC-130's.

On retirement, became a research chemist at UC-Davis, making molecules for cancer research. Retiring from that position in 1991, I became a tax preparer, eventually becoming an Enrolled Agent. I married Ruby Cox (CC '60) a year after graduation and we had two sons, David and Chris, who blessed us with five grandchildren. Ruby died in 1999. I enjoy traveling with my special friend, mainly by cruise ship. I also spend quite a bit of time on my bicycle.



**Jon W. (Jon) McClure  
Resd. Capt. 67**

**CS-12/T-33/ATC**

**Linda**

**Valdosta, GA**

Born McKenzie, AL and graduated 1956, Murphy High School. Pilot training, Marianna, FL, Craig AFB, AL. Auto accident prior to graduation. Finished Pilot training October 10, 1961, number 1 out of 1, Class of 62B-2. Assigned to Moody as a T-33 instructor to teach Vietnamese and other allied(?) students to fly T-28's-obtained from graveyard. Married Jean Rutledge Dec. 62. Transferred to Randolph AFB in 63. Volunteered 52 times for Vietnam. Rejected each time. Threatened to resign in June, 65-



-sent to Reese, completed my commitment and resigned Aug67! Last Day in Regular AF had breakfast with new Wing Commander Ben Cassidy. I left at noon anyway. Joined GA ANG flying C-124's. Hired by Eastern Airlines February 1968. Used G.I. bill to complete Law School, (Nights) from 1972 to 1976. Passed GA bar 1976 and started law practice. Flew L-188's, DC-9, B-727, A300 and B 757 for Eastern Airlines (great job). Eastern Air lines shut down in 1991, and I was terminated. Attempted to restart EAL with others. Restart effort failed. In private law practice, 1977 to 2005 (Atlanta and Valdosta). Jean died January, 1999. Married Linda, September, 1999. Both great ladies! Back Surgery, Prostate cancer 2004. Took Public Defender job in Jan05 in Moultrie, GA. Each day when I drive to work at the beautiful old Colquitt County Courthouse, I go by the Spence-Holman (Ace) Air field. I try 10 to 15 trials per year. This is my RETIREMENT, and "damn" it has been fun.



**John R. McCullough**  
 Resd. Capt. 67  
 Deanne

CS-16/C-121/MATS

Monument, CO



Pilot training after graduation was at Bainbridge, GA, and Selma, AL. From there to Charleston AFB, SC, in C-121C and C-130E for MATS' 76<sup>th</sup> ATS (61-64). Then to Saigon in 65-66 and back to be an IP at SAW, England AFB, LA (66-67)--all in C-123s. I resigned 05May67 and went to work as a Process Engineer for GTE. I worked for GTE from 67-93 in Materials Management, District Engineer, Sales, Management and

as National Accounts Executive at Dyersburg, TN, Winchester, KY, and from 85-93 in Minneapolis, MN. From 93-95, I was President and owner of Market Development Services, Inc, in Minneapolis. From 96-98 I provided fishing guide service at Kodiak, AK. Beginning in 98, through 05, I was Owner, Sec/Treasurer of Quartz Creek Properties LLC in Kodiak. Retired in 05 to Monument, CO, and Kodiak, AK. On 29Dec60, I made my smartest career move--I married Deanne Holmquist in Willmar, MN. We have one daughter, three sons, and 6 grandchildren. I've been a pilot, farmer, engineer salesman, manager, business owner, fishing guide, lodge owner, husband, father, grandfather... and it all has been good. My hobbies are fly-fishing, travel, cooking and dogs--not necessarily in that order.



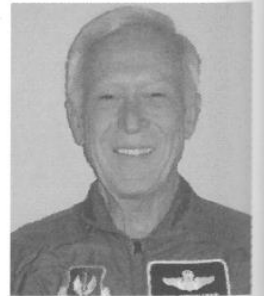
**Florian P. (Phil) Meinhardt**  
 Ret. Lt. Col.86

CS-06/Air Evac/MATS

Veronica Cocca

San Diego, CA

Greg Boyington was the first AF Academy Cadet who entered from the Naval Academy Prep School; I was the second. I was raised on a small farm near Paxico, KS, 25 miles west of Topeka; there were only five in my high school class. After graduation, I married Ann Szymanski, a Continental Airlines Stewardess, and we had two boys, Greg and Brad. Both graduated from USC. Greg is a Special



Agent with Homeland Security and Brad is President of an Aviation Insurance Company. Ann and I divorced after 19 years, and I married Elizabeth Singer, a former AF MIA wife, who died in 1996 of Ovarian Cancer. After flying schools, I went to Military Airlift Command (Air Evac pilot, Air Division France/England and Headquarters). In Vietnam I was Liaison Officer with the Vietnamese Joint General Staff. In Thailand/Cambodia, I personally wrote "Eagle Pull", the evacuation of Phnom Penh. After an MBA /UCLA, I spent eight years in Systems Development, first as a comptroller, then Director of Advanced Space Technology. The infant Internet (DARPA Net) was under my jurisdiction for three years. I concluded as Chief/Command and Control, 20th Tac Ftr Wg, England. In 1988, I won the Republican nomination for U.S. Congress, 2nd District, Kansas.

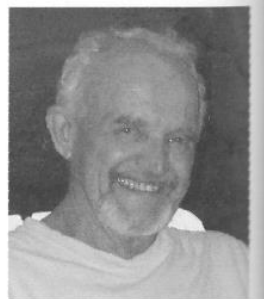


**Richard F. (Dick) Meyer, Jr.**  
 Ret. Lt. Col. 85

CS-11/F-100/USAFE

Fairhope, AL

I was a country boy from Apalachicola, Florida, and grew up in small towns in the Florida Panhandle. After high school, I moved to Mobile, Alabama, where I received a miracle appointment to the Academy that gave me a life I never dreamed of, and for which I give thanks every day. I proudly served nearly 25 years, nearly all as a fighter pilot. After retirement, I worked in Aerospace on both the B-1 and B-2 programs, and retired again. My former wife and I have two children and seven wonderful grandchildren. I am now back in my beloved southland, living on a river near Fairhope, Alabama.





**Kerry D. (Doug) Miller**

**Ret. Maj. 78**

**Leeanna**

**CS-02/MX/SAC**

**Ridgeley, WV**

In Oct 53 I enlisted and became an AF draftsman. I had a two-year tour in Japan in an Engineering Division, and reported in 1956 as an E-4 with 33 months service. My commissioned service started in Aircraft Maintenance with the 379<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing, Wurtsmith AFB, MI, 1961-1965. After graduate school (Astronautics) I served with the Recovery Branch of the Satellite Control Facility, LAAFS, CA, 1967-1971, developing and testing air and sea equipment used for mid-air or surface retrieval of re-entry vehicles.

While at the SCF, I had the unique Air Force experience of being the Project Officer for two Liberty ships converted for Air Force use, the USNS Sunnyvale and the USNS Longview. Next was an assignment to Cam Rahn Bay, Vietnam, as Commander, 483<sup>rd</sup> OMS (C-7 Caribous), 1971-1972. From 1972 to 1978 I was at WPAFB doing drone-recovery systems and did the Launch and Recovery part of the RPV Mission Analysis. I retired from the AF in Oct 78 and went with Simutech in Dayton, then with Martin-Marietta Contracts Dept (Denver, Washington, Littleton, and Falcon AFS) from 1980 to 1991. I returned to Appalachia in 1993. I am a past member of school board, active and past president of Lions, member and frequent speaker at VFW events, President of my HS class, and President of Homeowners Association.



**Ralph Edward (REM) Miller**

**Ret. Col. 81**

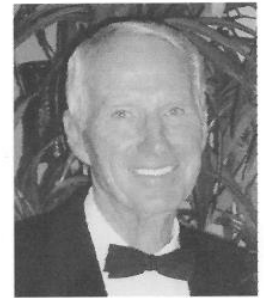
**Loretta**

**CS-13/Atlas E/SAC**

**Tucson, AZ**

I was born in Hale Center, Texas and raised in Canyon, Texas. I was the first cadet to follow a brother into USAFA. James, a 59er, did not complete his first year due to health problems. After graduation, my first duty assignment was crew duty in the 567<sup>th</sup> Strategic Missile Squadron (Atlas E) the nation's first Strategic Aerospace Wing, at Fairchild AFB, WA. Upon applying for an advanced degree program

in International Relations, I was sent to the University of Arizona (Tucson) for an Aerospace Engineering Masters degree, where I met my future wife, Loretta. We married in 1968 in California, with original 6<sup>th</sup> Cadet Squadron-mate Paul Vallerie as my best man. The engineering degree led to the remainder of my career in missiles and space programs, which was very personally rewarding. After retiring in 1981 as a colonel, I worked 18 years for GE/Martin Marietta/Lockheed Martin as management liaison for space programs at Los Angeles AFS. Loretta and I have a daughter, Michelle, who is married to Adam Potter; they and their two sons live in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, close to my first missile assignment. We also have a daughter-in-law, Candy, and two grandchildren in California.



**James D. (Jimmy) Mills** *D-29Jan1968*

**Capt. USMC**

**CS-12/Fighter Pilot**

*Interred Sec MG, Grave 284, Arlington National Cemetery*

*SVN*

After graduation, Jimmy opted for the Marine Corp, went to MC Basic School and on to flight training, ending up in fighters. He was initially assigned to Cherry Point MCAS, NC, then in 1965 went as an instructor pilot to the Naval Auxiliary Air Station in Kingsville, TX,--his home state. Back to Cherry Point in 1967 with the 2<sup>nd</sup> Marine Air Wing, and then to South East Asia, where he died in an A-4 crash in South Vietnam.





**Leon F. (Mo) Molinelli**  
Resd. Capt. 66

D-03Jul1993

CS-03/IP/ATC



*Ashes given to friends*

**Betty**

**Novato, CA**

Mo was born and raised in Pocatello, Idaho. A good student and superb athlete, Mo was the first four sport letterman to graduate from Pocatello, and had even soloed before coming to the Academy. He was extremely active as a cadet, participating in the Aero, Gun and Ski Clubs; and competed with the Gymnastics and Ski Teams. Mo lived his life excitingly, right on the edge, always pushing the limits. While practicing for the long jump, he had a horrendous fall which rendered him unconscious for several hours and delayed his entry into pilot training for nine months. After completing training at Williams, he remained there as an instructor pilot. In 1963 Mo was assigned as a General's pilot and aide at Hamilton Air Force Base, Novato, California. In 1966 Mo joined United Airlines as a pilot, and remained with them for 26 years. Mo remained an avid skier and outdoorsman. He was the owner and operator of a scuba diving school and a 28 foot dive/fishing boat for seven years, and was in the final stages of building a new cabin on the Snake River in Idaho when he finally succumbed to cancer. Mo married Elizabeth "Betty" Meyers in Dallas in 1961. Together they have two daughters, Elizabeth Michele born in 1962, and Kathryn Nicole born in 1965. They also have four granddaughters. Characteristically, Mo had his ashes divided into fifteen envelopes and given to friends for their dispersal of choice—so he's currently enjoying duty in at least six different states. (With Thanks to Betty and Greg Boyington, Jr., '60)



**James E. (Eddy) Morton** D-03Aug1969 CS-06/C-130/USAFE  
Maj.

*Interred 3B63, USAFA*

**SVN**



As a cadet, Eddy was a member of the Hunting and Ski Clubs and the Manager of the Track Team all four of his years at the Academy. He began his Air Force career at Evreux AB, France, then to Lockbourne AFB, OH. In 1965, he went to Osan, Korea, with the 314<sup>th</sup> Air Division. After that he attended Texas A&M and received an MBA. Like many, he tucked that away, and went off to SVN, where he was killed in an F4-E crash.

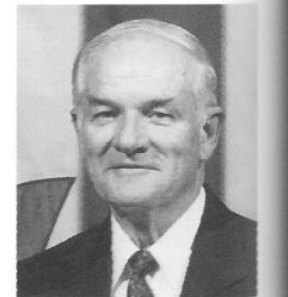


**Bruce M. Mosier**  
Resd. Capt. 67, Ret. Col. USAFR 91  
Caryl

CS-16/F-102/USAFE

**Monument, CO**

Advanced Interceptor Training (F102) (Distinguished graduate & Outstanding Instrument Pilot awards) Perrin AFB, TX, then NATO and the 32<sup>nd</sup> FISq, Soesterberg AB, Netherlands--first AFA graduate assigned to that country. Nov65, Richards-Gebaur AFB, MO (326 FIS). Joined TWA and the Iowa ANG flying F100's in '67. Recalled to active duty in '68 for the Pueblo Crisis serving at Cannon AFB, NM, as an AT-33 IP. After '68 active duty, returned to Kansas City with TWA/ Iowa ANG.



Flew Douglas DC9's, MD80's, Boeing 727,767,747, with TWA. Retired from TWA as an international Captain on the 757/767. Remained with the Iowa ANG (F-100C/D/F and A7D) until Dec81. '83-'86, USAF Reserve Augmentee US Southern Command in Panama, then 86 -91 as Augmentee to DCS Operations in the 'Fighter Mafia', on the Air Staff for Operation Desert Storm, working the fighter desk. Flew several TWA/CRAF missions moving troops to/from Saudi Arabia for Desert Shield/Desert Storm. Retired in 91 as a Colonel from USAF Reserve. Married Caryl Rea Durham in Oct62 in Akron, OH. Three daughters and two grandsons. Since retiring, moved to COS and have been active flying in Peterson AFB Aero Club and completing my CFI/airplane single engine and glider.





**Richard J. (Dick) Mrosla**  
Resd. Capt. 68

**CS-01/C-124/MATS**  
**Durham, NC**

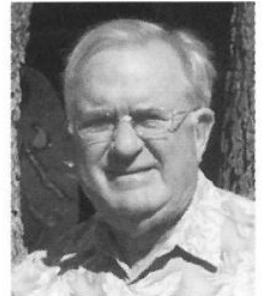
After finishing pilot training at Vance AFB, OK, Dick went to Charleston AFB, SC in the 76<sup>th</sup> ATS. Leaving there in 1965, he went to the 309<sup>th</sup> Air Commando Squadron in Saigon in the '66-'67 time frame and then returned to Otis AFB, MA in C-121s of the 962<sup>nd</sup> AEW&CSq. Dick resigned in 1967. (Data from AOG)



**Sidney H. (Sid) Newcomb**  
Ret. Col. 90 Marvann

**CS-07/F-102/PACAF**  
**Manchaca, TX**

Born 10/08/37 in Coral Gables, FL. After his dad, a station manager for Pan American Airways, towed a Sikorsky S-42 seaplane to dock in Trinidad, at age one Sid started a journey with his parents to five Latin American countries. After graduation it was off to pilot training, Florida (T-34, T-37) and Texas (T-33); fighter pilot in Okinawa (F-102), Florida (F-4C), and Thailand (F-4C); two stints in Southeast Asia. UT Austin to teach Spanish at USAFA. At UT, accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior.



After third tour in SEA, liaison officer, 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne, Ft. Bragg; F-5E checkout and training officer, advisory group, Santiago, Chile. R&D in New Mexico (T-38); Professor of Aerospace Studies, Michigan State University. Commandant, Inter-American Air Forces Academy, Panama. Last tour: 12<sup>th</sup> Air Force, Bergstrom AFB; TDY to run Air Force section in Peru; and TDY with advisory team to Salvadoran Air Force. Retirement: on staff of church; Air Force Junior ROTC, Florida; Spanish in public schools, Texas; helping son-in-law with taco business; and short-term mission trips. Favorite activity: spending time with wife Marvann, four children, and eight grand-children, and, as of this writing, two more expected in 2008.



**Robert J. (Bob) Newson, Jr. D-23Mar1984CS-06/C-118/135/MATS**  
Resd. Capt. 66

*Ashes scattered at sea*

**Bonnie**

**MountainView, CA**

As a cadet, Bob was extremely active in extracurricular activities. He participated for a cumulative total of twenty years in the Hunting, Photography, Radio and Ski Clubs, as a Forum member, and Engineering Society member and, finally, served on the Class Committee in his senior



year. Bob was a native of Louisiana. After graduation, he completed Pilot Training and resigned his commission in 1966. He received a Master's Degree in Business Administration from Stanford University in 1970. He was a self-employed real estate syndicator in Redwood City, Calif. He died at age 45 from cancer on 23Mar84 in Mountain View, CA. He was survived by two sons, Erik and Christian Newson; his wife, Bonnie; three half-brothers, Jim Edwards, Bruce Edwards and Glenn Edwards; and two half-sisters, Bonnie Right and Lenore Muncie.



**Edmond J. (Ed) Nogar, Jr.**

**Resd. Capt. 66**

**Gay**

**CS-08/F-101/ADC**

**McKinney, TX**

I am one of those "Army Brats", graduating from Orleans (France) American High School in 1955 with 11 other "Brats". Went to Sullivan Military Prep School in Washington, D.C., the following September, for a much needed "pump up". After graduation I went through pilot training, then F-101Bs for ADC at Glasgow AFB, MT. I met my better half, Gay, while I was training in F-102s at Perrin AFB, TX, in 1962 and, shortly thereafter, married her. She was attending Austin College in Sherman at



the time. After two years at Glasgow, I received my telegram from headquarters USAF stating I'd been "selected" for duty in SEA as an O1E/F FAC. I was both a FAC and a Direct Air Support Center operations duty officer. After my year in 'Nam, I resigned and went directly to American Airlines, flying for them for 31+ years, accumulating over 17,000 hours, mostly in Boeings. I have never lost my love of flying. We have two children, Ed III and Laurie, followed by four grandkids, ranging from 7 to 23. After starting with American Airlines in New York in 1965, we transferred to Dallas in 1972, to spend the next 36 years in north Texas. Gay and I have enjoyed traveling quite a bit in retirement. We both pursue life-long hobbies. Her hobby is horses. Mine is radio controlled model airplanes of all sorts.



**Robert P. (Bob) Odenweller**

**Resd. Capt. 66**

**Jane**

**CS-05/B-52/SAC**

**Bernardsville, NJ**

With a father (West Point 30) who wanted to fly but was too tall, I had both military service and flying in my blood. Too young for the class of 59, I was delighted at being accepted for the second class and consider my USAFA experience and classmates to be my greatest treasure. My only assignment was as a B-52H pilot at K.I. Sawyer AFB, but I always wanted to go into space. Alas, that was not to be, and when that option



seemed closed, I accepted an offer from TWA. My main regret on leaving was that I lived too far from a unit where I could have activated my reserve commission. Flying internationally, virtually my entire career for TWA, joined me with my other passion, stamp collecting. Every TWA destination permitted meeting top philatelists worldwide. The combination contributed to top honors in the field, where I remain very active today, particularly as editor, author, judge and administrator. While at TWA I flew B-747s into Saudi Arabia for CRAF during Gulf War I. My TWA career ended in the training department, where I developed a computer program for the FAA/ATA sponsored AQP program, which analyzed the quality of crew training.



**Richard D. (Dennis or Denny) O'Keefe**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 80**

**Sandy**

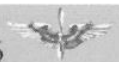
**CS-08/C-124/MATS**

**Redmond, WA**

I grew up on Air Force bases inside and outside the US. My father was Richard J. O'Keefe, MG, USAF Ret., USMA, 1930. After graduation from the Academy, I went through pilot training and transitioned to the C-124 (MATS). During this tour I married my wife, Sandra L. Markey. The next tour was South Vietnam as a Forward Air Controller (FAC/ALO) in the O1E aircraft. Upon return to the US, I transitioned to the F-101 (ADC).



The following assignment was graduate school for an MBA (Government Procurement and Contracting), followed by assignment to the F-15 SPO (AFSC). My next tour was as Aircraft Commander, B-52H (SAC). I then returned to AFSC Headquarters for a staff assignment and, following that, was assigned to the Air Launched Cruise Missile SPO, (JCMPO). At the conclusion of that assignment, I retired with twenty years service. Subsequently I and the family settled in the great Northwest and finally retired completely from the Boeing Company in 1995. The challenges of careers, family and especially children and grandchildren have been more than I would have ever imagined or hoped for. Sandy, the love of my life, passed away 26 October 2007.



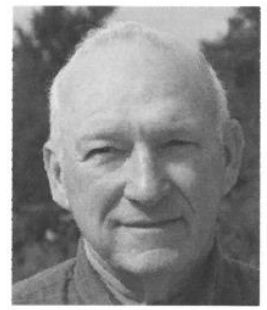




**James C. (Jim) O'Rourke**  
Resd. Capt. 66  
Bev

CS-08/C124/MATS

Lakewood, WA



I was born and raised in Miami Springs, Florida, fifth of ten children, nine of whom served in the US military branches (believed to be the most from any one family in the US.) I knew at an early age that flying was my desired career. I attended the U of Miami for one year, until obtaining an appointment to USAFA. During pilot training on a blind date, I met my wife and soul-mate, Beverly. We married three months after graduation

from pilot training. Almost six years of flying C-124s on global missions was followed by 23 years at Eastern Airlines. Retiring early from there, I hired on with Boeing in their flight training department. After 11 years, I retired as an instructor pilot and work in that position as a part-time employee. Along the way, we were blessed with three daughters and a son, as well as two granddaughters and a grandson. In my semi-retirement, I am enjoying tennis, golf, bicycling, wood-working and helping Bev with her various craft projects.



**William R. (Bill) Ouellette** D-18Jul2001 CS-13/KC-135/SAC  
Resd. Maj. 72, Ret BGen. ANG 87

*Interred Sec. C, Row 5 Site 11, Veterans Memorial Cemetery, Augusta, ME*  
*Portland, ME*

Bill's active duty was as a KC-135 pilot, then a French Instructor at the Academy. He then joined the Maine Air National Guard (The Mainiacs) in 1972 and was eventually promoted to Brigadier General and appointed Commander in 1984. He retired from military service in 1987. Bill built a private optometry practice while he and his bride, Marilyn, lovingly cared for three children and enjoyed six grandchildren. Upon his passing in July



of 2001 he composed a farewell to his classmates and friends. Some of this follows: "As my earthly journey ends, I am moved to offer these precious few words of sincere thanks for your friendship, love and support throughout my life's years.....I am especially grateful for the outpouring of affection, prayer and assistance that you unhesitatingly gave to Marilyn, my family and me during our most recent challenges this past year. Your efforts gave us the strength and courage to face adversity with unceasing optimism and trust in God's will and mercy. Now with the closing of my life's story, I am hopeful that your memories and reflections of our times together will serve as stepping stones to a refreshed spirit in life and a renewed belief in our Heavenly Father. Throughout the remainder of your lives may you continue to foster the very essence of the times that we shared....God bless each of you." (Thanks to Marilyn, and Bill)



**Ronald D. (Ron) Patchett**  
Ret. Col. 84  
Elaine

CS-08/F-102/ADC

New Bern, NC

At Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, while taking AFROTC, I applied for and was fortunate enough to receive a Presidential Appointment. I went to pilot training and then into F-102s, first at Portland Int'l Airport and then Alaska. Next came F-105s. First McConnell AFB then on to SEA (Takhli, Thailand) for 104 combat missions (100 NVN) followed by 5 months at 7<sup>th</sup> AF Hqs in Saigon. From there to an F-111 instructor pilot in preparation for squadron deployment back to SEA. Before deployment



however, I was selected to go to Grad school. At this juncture I started my "second AF career" in the area of Major System Acquisition Management, with assignments to Los Angeles (B-1)—where I met and married my wonderful wife, Elaine—Brussels, Belgium, (F-16 International Program), AF Systems Command Hqs (Director of Cruise Missiles) and my final AF assignment as Commander of the AF Plant Rep's Office at Lockheed Georgia (C-5). After 24 years in the AF I retired and went to work for Northrop Corporation as a Major Subsystem Program Manager on the B-2. My wife and I are fortunate enough to have completely retired in good health to North Carolina where we have been boating, playing golf, volunteering in a number of local organizations and traveling throughout the world.

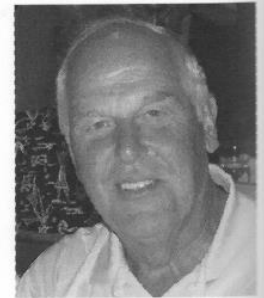


**John F. Peebles**  
**Resd. Capt. 69, Ret. Lt. Col ANG 82**  
**Barbara**

**CS-14/F-100/USAFE**

**Morrow, OH**

Graduated and 6 weeks later, Barbara and I were married. Pilot training at Bartow and Reese. F-100 school at Luke and Nellis. My first unit was the 20<sup>th</sup> FW at RAF Wethersfield, England. Lots of flying in the weather and sitting nuc alert. Next it was England AFB, Louisiana. In July 1966, my squadron headed for Vietnam. Survived sleeping in a tent and 300+ missions. Came back to Cannon AFB to instruct in the F-100. In 1969 I



left active duty and joined TWA. Furloughed in 1971, then called back in 1976. In 1980 I left TWA to join Universal Instruments. The company makes automated assembly machines for the electronics industry. Right products at the right time as electronics was really taking off. Right company for me as I went from sales to becoming President in 1986. Company became #1 company in the world for this type of equipment. I had joined the Ohio Air Guard and retired in 1982. With an acquisition and corporate politics doing its thing, I left Universal to join Cincinnati Milacron as Vice President—International in 1991. Another round of acquisitions enabled me to take early retirement in 1996. Still married to Barbara, 4 kids and 12 grandkids. Do a lot of golfing and mow a lot of grass living close to Cincinnati, Ohio.



**James E. (Jim) Peel**  
**Ret. Lt. Col. 88**

**D-01Jul2007**

**CS-09/KB-50/TAC**

*Interred Delaware Veterans Memorial Cemetery, Dover, DE*

**Joan**

**Delaware**

Born and raised in Cincinnati, Ohio, Jim always had an intense interest in flying. After graduation from the Air Force Academy, he attended missile school and then pilot training. His flying assignments included KB-50's, C-133's, OV-10's (flown during his tour in South East Asia) and C-5's. He received his Masters Degree in Mechanical Engineering in June, 1974,



from New Mexico State University. Following his graduation from there, he was assigned to research and development projects at Eglin AFB. After retiring from the Air Force, he was associate professor of Airway Science at Delaware State University. Following retirement from there, he was active in the Civil Air Patrol in Delaware. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, Daedalians, AOPA, and the American Legion. He played tennis in his younger days and golf when he was older. He was a wonderful husband and father and was very proud of his five children and four grandchildren. He died from cancer on July 1, 2007. (Thanks to Joan Peel)



**Wayne A. (Pete) Peterson**  
**Resd. Capt. USMC 65**  
**Diane**

**CS-09/F-8/Marine Corp**

**Colleyville, TX**

Hailing from backwater Butte, Montana, I somehow made it through 4 years at the AFA, lettering in basketball. Following graduation I spent 5 years with the US Marine Corps, flying F8 fighters, participating in the Cuban missile crisis and serving a one-year tour in Japan (just missing Vietnam); also flew F-8's and A-4's in the Marine Reserve following release from active service in 1965. I was employed by Texas Instruments as a project



engineer, then by ITT Corp. as a program manager from 1971 to 1988. Other employment included the founding of three small businesses, including Family Business Office, which currently consults with closely-held businesses. My five daughters (never could figure out how to do a boy) have blessed my ex-wife and friend Shirley and current spouse of 33 years Diane with five grandsons and two granddaughters. Diane and I live in Colleyville Texas, just 5 miles from the DFW airport. I picked up a Masters degree from SMU, accumulated a pile of other higher learning stuff at UCLA and Wharton, and am also a Certified Financial Planner. I'm a big advocate for restoration of the American Republic and have acquired interests in UFOs and other high strangeness.





**Dean A. Phelps**

**DNG**

**Denise**

Born 9/19/34, Detroit, MI. Attended first two years at Wayne State University before entering the USAFA. During T-33 orientation flight the ATO pushed the aircraft limits resulting in a detached retina. TDY to the Fitzsimmons Army Hospital where an eye expert from the University of Michigan examined me and sent me back to the Academy Flight Surgeon. I was advised that I could not fly as a pilot, navigator, or observer, and that the condition could not be surgically corrected. I regretfully resigned my

**Classmate**

**Las Cruces, NM**



appointment and continued civilian life with multiple careers in Broadcasting, Casino Management, Medical Recruiting and Fine Arts Investment and Research. Two grown children, Kathleen and Dean Jr., both living in California. Drafted into the U.S. Army, where I was assigned to Fort Carson, Fort Monmouth, Recruiting Main Station in Knoxville, TN, and finally the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne AG Office at Fort Campbell, KY. Graduated from the University of Cincinnati. Following a 30+ year career in Broadcasting, I moved to the Southwest, where I began a new career in Casino Management. Over a long period of time I have continued contributing rare books to the Academy Library, plus various items related to the History of Flight, including some from the Charles Lindberg estate. Although I am not an Academy Graduate, I proudly salute those of you who are and those who now have "reached out and touched the face of God."



**Fred H. (Fred) Porter**

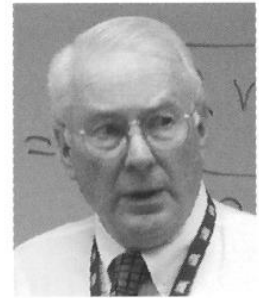
**Ret. Lt. Col. 80**

**Mary Lou**

**CS-03/T33/37/38/ATC**

**Colorado Springs, CO**

Born and raised in New England, flying to Colorado to enter USAFA in 1956 was Fred's first trip west of the Hudson River. Fred's brother, William R. C. Porter, graduated in the USAFA class of 1963. Fred met Mary Lou his first time off base as a Doolie and they were married six hours after graduation. Their daughter, Pam, was born in 1965. Following graduation were tours as an Instructor Pilot at Moody AFB, GA, flying the



F-4 at Da Nang, a student and test pilot at Edwards AFB flying the U-2, F104, P1127 Kestrel and many other exciting aircraft. After eight years at Edwards he returned to USAFA and taught in the Dept. of Aeronautics. In 1976 Fred and Mary Lou began a computer consulting business that is now in its 32<sup>nd</sup> year. As of this writing Fred is back teaching Aero at USAFA for the second time and also teaches in the Mechanical/Aerospace Engineering Dept. at the Univ. of Colorado, Colorado Springs (UCCS) and in the Computer Science Dept. at Colorado Technical University. His passion is helping young people develop strong character and leadership ability.



**Lew P. (Lew) Price**

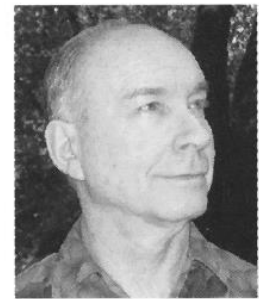
**Resd. Capt. 65**

**Sherry Martin**

**CS-15/C-118/MATS**

**Garden Valley, CA**

Born in Maryland. Lived in Michigan from age 4 until going to USAFA. MATS navigator in C-118s and C-130s based at McGuire AFB, 1960-65. With Pacific Telephone, 1966-85, most of the time as an engineering coordinator for building construction. President and aeronautical engineer for Condor Aeroplane Works, Ltd., 1983-85. Coordinating engineer with Tuttle Engineering, 1989-92. Began research into flutes of indigenous cultures in 1976. Authored 8 book series on flutemaking, 2 books on flute



physics and math, very small book on flute evolution in the Americas, book on the influence and nature of music, and flute design computer program, which includes modern flute physics and math (original work). 1998-2001, published 7 book series on "new" unified theory which had been inadvertently discovered in 1965. Have written over 20 books, a software program, over 20 songs, and numerous articles for magazines. Major contributions: discovery of modern flute physics and math; improvement of the Native North American flute so that one can be tailored in any key, created within days, and played with a symphony orchestra; discovery of the unified theory in physics. The first two are well-known facts in flute circles. Proponents of the unified theory are growing rapidly.



**Hoyt L. (Oogie) Prindle, Jr.** D-28Jul2007 CS-09/C-124/MATS  
Ret. Col. 90

*Interred Meadow Wood Memorial Park, Tallahassee, FL*  
Deloris Tallahassee, FL



Hoyt was born 24Sep37, in Montgomery, AL, and brought up in a military family. He graduated from Columbia Military Academy, Columbia, TN, in 1955. Hoyt received an MBA from Harvard in 1969 and, like many, tucked it away while he spent the next year at Nakhon Phanom, where he flew 119 combat missions, garnering a DFC and 8 Air Medals. From 71-73,

he served as XO to the DCS Plans at MAC Headquarters, and in later 73, became Chief of Officer Career Development for MAC. Returning to rated duties in 75, Oogie flew in C-5s out of Travis and was Chief of the Squadron Operations Center and Squadron XO. In Apr77, he was assigned to manage 22<sup>nd</sup> AF's Readiness Program. In 1978, he was assigned to NATO as Special Assistant to the Chief of Staff at HQ Allied Air Forces Southern Europe, in Naples, Italy. From 81-83 he served as Chief of the Personnel Division of the 438<sup>th</sup> ABG at McGuire, and later in 83 became PAS at FSU. In 86, he went to Eglin as Director of Personnel for the Armament Division. He retired in 1990 after a thirty year career. Hoyt died 28Jul07 after a long battle with cancer. He is survived by his wife, Deloris, one son and two daughters. (Thanks to Bill Goodyear and June 2008 Checkpoints.)



**George Samuel (George) Pupich**

Resd. Capt. 67

Diana

CS-01/F-101/ADC

Colorado Springs, CO



George graduated from San Fernando High School in 1955 where he lettered in football, baseball and track, and where he was the student body president. He attended New Mexico Military Institute for one year prior to his selection to USAFA Class of 1960. At Air Force, he also lettered in football, baseball and track. After pilot school in Mariana and Vance, George selected the F-102 with training at Perrin and F-101 training at

Tyndall. His first assignment after training was to Lockbourne in Columbus, OH, in F-101s. In 1965, he was an aide to the commanding officer at Tan Son Nhut, RVN and flew the A-1E Skyraider with the 602<sup>nd</sup> Air Commando Squadron at Bien Hoa. After SEA, George was assigned to fly F-101s at Oxnard AFB, CA and command the Air Base Squadron. George resigned his commission in 1967 and joined the family business of metal plating, farming, oil and gas. George had a 30 year career with Western and Delta Airlines. In 1989, he married Diana Costello. He has two sons from a previous marriage: Nicholas and Samuel (USAFA 1997). George and Diana live in Colorado Springs where they are active in civic and USAFA activities.



**Lester R. (Les) Querry**

DNG

Marty

Classmate

Bluemont, VA



After leaving the Academy in Sept. '59, I attended the Univ. of Denver and got my degree in electrical engineering while working for Honeywell developing early electronic medical systems. I then moved back East and worked on the Gemini Launch Vehicle and USAF Lifting Body, followed by designing Mars Lander life-detection experiments and weather satellite photo receivers at NASA-Goddard. After designing ELINT equipment for Rome Air Development Center I went into the commercial arena to develop communications products (modems, fiber optic

and satellite electronics, etc.). I then formed a consulting company for telecommunications product development which, eventually, permitted me to retire early. One interesting product that I designed, was the first commercial home computer modem, designed for Atari in 1982. My last project was a computerized, electronic tennis racquet. Positions held include: VP/Eng for three companies, Div. Mgr., President of own company. Patents held: 10. I eventually retired from working full-time to working all-of-the-time. My most recent endeavor was designing and contracting a home on the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, where my wife, Marty, and I live and hold an annual "Falcon Roosting" with the USAFA '60 locals (D.C.). Recreation now consists of working in the forest with the chain saw or canoeing on The Shenandoah. I am currently married with 3 children and 5 grandchildren.





**Robert G. (Bob) Rager**  
Lt. Col. USAFR 88

CS-01/F-100/TAC Ret.  
Aurora, CO

Bob attended pilot training at Bartow and Williams. Upgrading to F-100s, he was assigned to the 614<sup>th</sup> TFSq at England AFB, LA from '62-'65. In 1965, he was assigned to the 55TFSq in Wethersfield, England. From '66-'86, he was a pilot with Pan Am out of New York. In '86, he became a pilot/captain with United Airlines, and has retired from the USAFR. (Data from AOG)

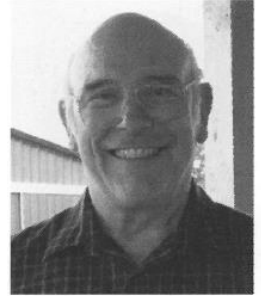


**Neal T. Reavely**  
Resd. Capt. 66, Ret. Col. ANG  
Niki

CS-03/T-37/ATC  
Springfield, OR

I married Niki and we soon began our family of five kids (13 grandkids so far). Since they all married and moved to the west coast, "Nana" finally prevailed and we moved near Eugene, OR. All kids live near I-5, from CA to WA. Following UPT, I became an instructor pilot and Officer Training Instructor. At the end of my tour, I joined Eastman Kodak as a Liaison Engineer and flew C-119s for the Niagara Falls AFRES. After 2 1/2 years,

we moved to Maxwell for ACSC and the Auburn MBA program. We moved to SW Montana, bought a ranch with Jim Hermanson ('64), and joined the Mt ANG. I got to fly the F-106 for several years while teaching (math and science) and coaching (football, wrestling and softball). AWC by correspondence. In Bozeman, I helped start and run a Classical Christian school which was exceedingly challenging and rewarding. We now have a little hobby farm on the Mohawk River, nestled in a small, beautiful valley. I enjoy camping and fishing. I haven't decided if I've retired from racquetball, and I'm saving golf for my old age. We keep busy with Focus on the Family's Truth Project and our church's small groups.



**David J. (Dave) Reed**  
Resd. Capt. 65  
Patricia

CS-11/F-100/USAFE  
Boulder, CO/NZ

Bartow, Willy, Luke, Nellis, Moron with F-100Cs during Cuba crisis, then to Wheelus. Had ball-F-100Cs, L-10s, jumpmastering USAF FACs, weekends fun flying Army L-20s mapping desert, sailing with the Brits, British O club, embassy girls, driving trip across to Egypt, etc. Then Ramstein where disappointed with unrealistic combat-readiness. Ruskies would have clobbered us. Multiple indications USAF thinking outside box not cherished. Got out because admitted to UNM med school. Under

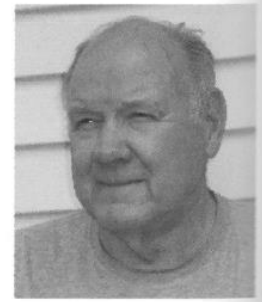
stress of father's death married two-star's daughter—bad idea. Blew med school also—restarted NE year later. RF84F with NB ANG. Electives in Australia, New Zealand—returned NZ for six years of outstanding training. Back to U. Colorado as Assistant Prof. Unimpressed with low standards, went into private practice. Couldn't join Guard again—lumbar compression fracture = paralysis if ejected. Got sued, DU law school at night, 2&1/2 years to passing bar. Part time medical malpractice law, part time Denver General. Eventually (as now) evaluating medical malpractice for a go-no-go judgment. Had 40' wooden sailboat built in NZ, sailed back/forth to SW Pacific islands including single-handers. Re-married 1996. Now 6 months NZ, 6 in Boulder. Flying gliders. Had four-vessel bypass—stable since. Cannot believe am age 70. Academy/USAF experience excellent.





**Douglas A. (Doug) Rekenhaller**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80

CS-01/C-130/TAC  
Sioux City, IA



C-130 troop carrier pilot, then RC-130 pilot flying Cuban COMINT/SIGINT. Master's Astro-physics, then Weapons Laboratory, laser weapons program. C-130 mission fragger and command briefer Vietnam, then Air Force Technical Applications Center as deputy for air-launched, air-recoverable missile. Squadron Commander, Joint Programs Coordinating Unit, American Embassy, New Delhi, India. CINC's writer, CINCSouth, Panama. Program manager, HQ SAC, for exploitation of Russian radar

jammers. Assistant to Chief Scientist, Defense Mapping Agency. Squadron Commander, 544<sup>th</sup> Intelligence Analysis Squadron. Squadron Commander, 544<sup>th</sup> Target Materials Squadron. Executive Vice President, Phoenix Corporation, geophysical interpretations for Mid-East nations. Assistant Vice President, BDM (now TRW), CIA's land armaments and manpower model. CEO, RTA, remote sensing studies, submarine detection methods for OSD/C3I and CIA; established joint US-USSR/Russian program of collaborative reconnaissance missions for non-acoustic anti-submarine warfare. Juris Doctorate, West Virginia College of Law. CEO of "Radio-Hydro-Physics LLC" for research, design, fabrication of radars for detection of submarines. Other professional experience.



**Martin E. (Marty) Richert**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 81  
Suzanne

CS-09/C-124/MATS  
Flagler Beach, FL



Marty attended pilot training at Bainbridge and Laredo, with two follow on assignments to MATS at Donaldson AFB, SC and Tachikawa AB, Japan. From there, he went to helicopter training and was in the 48<sup>th</sup> and 37<sup>th</sup> AR&RSq at Eglin AFB FL, and Da Nang, SVN, respectively, from '68-'70. From '70-'72 he was a pilot with the 1042<sup>nd</sup> Test Squadron and the 20MASq at Dover AFB, DE. From '71-76, he was an IP in T-37s and Chief of Academics at Williams AFB, AZ. 1976-1980, he was the Commander of the Berlin Air Safety Center in Germany, and then Director, Plan and Programs for Bolling/Andrews. Retiring in 1981, he joined the Postal Service for eight years and then went into Industrial Security. (Data from AOG)



**Phillip Francis (Phil) Roberts**  
Res. Capt. 68, Ret. Capt. USN  
Sue

CS-09/EC-121/ADC  
San Rafael, CA



I was born in Sioux Falls, SD and entered USAFA from high school. I was on the track team the Fourth Class year, and I enjoyed the Ski Club and Chorale. I lettered in fencing the First Class year. My graduation ranking enabled me to clearly see my buddies at the bottom, but I couldn't make out the small figures at the top. During my first assignment, I served as a navigator at Otis AFB on Cape Cod. I graduated from Law School at

Colorado University and served as a JAG at Lowry. Next, I was a JAG at ARMISH-MAAG in Tehran. I separated from active duty and joined a law firm in Phoenix. After working in the Office of Regional Counsel for the IRS in Los Angeles, I returned to active duty—this time as a Navy JAG in Treasure Island. After a Masters in International Law at George Washington University, I was the XO in the JAG office at Subic Bay. I then was a military judge at Philadelphia, Treasure Island, Seattle, and Bremerton, WA, and back to Treasure Island. I retired as a Navy Captain into a private law practice in San Rafael, CA. My favorite activity now is kicking back and enjoying vacations.

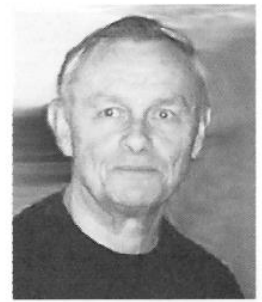




**Peter H. (Pete) Roe**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 88  
Marilyn

CS-12/Titan I/SAC

Colorado Springs, CO



Academy academics superbly prepared me to become a Titan I ICBM Ground Guidance Officer at Lowry AFB, CO. Half of that tour we helped the contractor engineer and test the missile facilities; the other half we operated the weapons as SAC trained killers. In 1962, during this tour, I met and married Marilyn S. Speck, my managing partner to this day.

I converted to a space operations career at Offutt AFB, NB flying and managing the first AF blue suit operational military satellites. Next, was a remote space radar tour in Turkey tracking USSR missile tests and new soviet space launches, which led to Cheyenne Mountain, CO, where I crewed at and managed NORAD's Space Defense Center, employing worldwide sensors tracking all soviet space launches. With a remote tour between, I also served a tour at Hq. NORAD Intelligence staff's NORAD Intelligence Indications Center. I next worked for AFSC Systems Division at Sunnyvale AFS, CA, planning the operational requirements and facilities for CSOC, the Consolidated Space Operations Center. Two years later I transferred to the AFSC Site Activation Task Force in Colorado Springs, CO where, over four years, we built the CSOC and initiated its operation. It was a great Career!



**Ronald D. (Ron) Sandholzer**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 88  
Kay

CS-04/C-135/MATS

APO 96326



After pilot training at Spence and Craig, Ron went to McGuire AFB in MATS from '62-'65. After a year at Da Nang in the 311<sup>th</sup> Air Commando Squadron he returned to be an IP/Flight Examiner in the 30<sup>th</sup> MASq at McGuire from '68-'72. Off to Det 2 of the 1400MASq at Randolph AFB, working in Personnel for Force Control and Special Actions, from '72-'77.

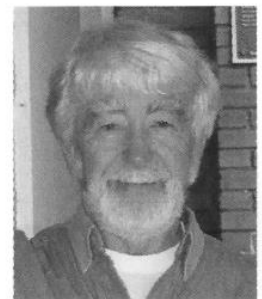
Also in 1977, he received an MS in System Management from St. Marys University. From '77-'80, he was a pilot/Operations Officer in the 20<sup>th</sup> MASq and pilot in C-141s in the 41<sup>st</sup> MASq, all at Charleston AFB, SC. He completed AWC by seminar in 1980, and was also Chief of Operations for the 475<sup>th</sup> ABW and, moving to Japan, was Chief (Japan) Air Ops Plans Division, 5<sup>th</sup> Air Force, and Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff, Headquarters US Forces Japan. (Data from AOG)



**Charles D. "Sandy" Sands II**  
Resd. Capt. 69  
Peggy

CS-07

Lexington, MO



The fine officers who served as ATO/AOC's and teachers, as well as the cadets I trained with, still live in my heart. This experience was invaluable, teaching and reinforcing the principles of dedication and service as lived by the many service members who preceded us; those pledged by the Founders of our Country: their lives, fortunes and sacred honor. The following 9 years of commissioned service included technical challenges and joys for which I had been well prepared, and challenges

in a lack of military integrity on the part of a SAC Bomb Wing Commander and some of his subordinates, for which I was not prepared. My second assignment which was in AFSC, was a great and unforgettable privilege. Following Training with Industry, and assignment with the AF Eastern Test Range, I served in engineering management, and, most memorably, participated in the first Lunar Landing, Apollo 11, before resigning. Graduate studies in Archaeology and Museum Science at the U. of Arizona, 1969-72, set the course for my career in historic research and preservation, within which I am still fully immersed! The highlight of my life has been the Born Again experience and dedication to Christ some 25 years ago. With my wife, Peggy, we unearthed important overlooked history, and established the first memorial in Lexington, MO, to those who stood against slavery in this confederate town. (www.freemansheritage.com)



**Robert B. (Bob) Sapp**  
Col.

*D-08Feb1981*

*CS-09*

*Interred 3-A63, USAFA*

**Helen**

**Yong San, South Korea**



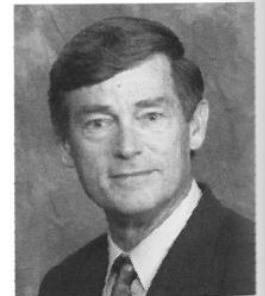
Bob's cadet years may best be remembered for his athletic abilities in baseball, which he played all four years. He had been Squadron Commander (356 TFS) at Myrtle Beach AFB, SC, prior to his assignment in Korea as Plans Officer for the Combined Forces Command in Korea. Bob was a member of the 16th Cadet Squadron. He died of heart failure in Yong San, Korea. Bob was survived by his wife, Helen, a son, William and a daughter, Cheryl.



**Gordon (Gordy) S. Savage, Jr.**  
Ret. Maj. 80  
Carol

**CS-07/KB-50J/TAC**

**Elizabeth, CO**



I entered the Academy out of high school and quickly learned I was in over my head, as evidenced by the number of tours I walked. By dint of perseverance (read: stubbornness), I managed to survive my four years. On my way to Operation Third Lieutenant I met the girl of my dreams, Carol Larsen, and we married the day following graduation. We have three kids: Keith, Kathy, and Shannon; and two grandkids: Michael and Madison. I

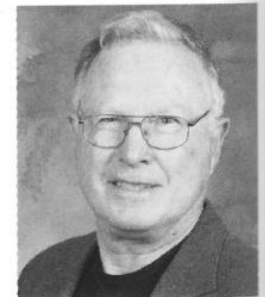
survived twenty years of active service—primarily out of a sense of obligation for the opportunities I had been given, including two SEA tours, a flight instructor tour, and a masters degree from AFIT. In that time I flew everything from O-1's to RF-4's and served briefly as a flight commander. I ended my active duty at Ft. Hood as a Reconnaissance Air Liaison Officer. I then worked for Hughes Aircraft Company (now Raytheon) as a software engineer until 1998. Despite the fact that in the Air Force I always felt like a square peg in a round hole, it was a great ride.



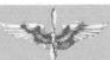
**Richard R. (Dick) Schehr**  
Ret. Col. 81  
Sharon

**CS-15/KC-97/135/SAC**

**Monument, CO**



I entered the AFA right out of HS and had it easy, as I had 3 years experience in CAP. After graduation, I navigated SAC tankers for six years then went to AFIT for MS in Astronautics, then 188 SCI (Sensitive Compartmental Information) missions in the EC-47 in Vietnam. In 69, I targeted 6 anti-satellites then setup the Multi-Purpose Facility for the Defense Support Program missile warning system. In 73 at the Pentagon, I eliminated the anti-satellite program as stupid, force structured ~80 missile warning and classified space systems. In 77, at NORAD I ran the DSP and setup/ran the Space Defense Operations Center. Upon retirement in 81, I joined industry and worked classified space systems as a systems/hardware engineer with SDC, GE, Lockheed-Martin and Ciber until 05. I then helped write 10's of proposals for a friend, setup the Homeland Security and Defense Education Consortium non-profit and wrote documents for its accreditation and professional societies. Today, Sharon and I enjoy, and sometimes worry about our 5 kids and 7 grandchildren, plan to travel a lot more, play golf, read, and do a lot of fishing.

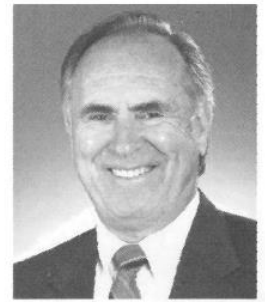






**John A. (Jack) Schira, Jr.**  
**Ret. Col. 81**  
**Susan**

**CS-06/Student/MIT**  
**Brunswick, OH**



After graduation, Jack went to MIT for a Masters in Aeronautical Engineering. From there to the 6555 Aerospace Test Wing at Patrick AFB, FL in the Gemini launch program from '62-'65. In '67 and '68, he was in the 14<sup>th</sup> TAC Recon Sq at Bergstrom AFB, TX and Udorn AB, Thailand, rotating to Hahn AB, Germany in 1968. Completing Armed Forces Staff College in 1971, he was also a Program Element Monitor and ExO for the Director of Space DCS/R&D. From '76-'79, he was in Simulation and Training and Chief of Maintenance Training Division for DCS Logistics at Headquarters TAC. In '79, he became Director of Logistics for Tactical Systems at Wright-Patterson AFB, OH. Remaining in the Dayton/Springfield, OH, area after retiring, from '82-'97 he worked as a Division Manager for Systran Corp, Senior Engineer for Vitro Corp, was a Business Manager for Cognet Inc., and finally CEO of Advanced Business Initiatives, Inc. From '97-'99, he was Project Manager /Construction Manager for Gosner Builders in Valley City, OH. From '99-2000 he worked in Corp Development for Brunswick, OH. From '00-'03, he was a trustee for Brunswick Hills, OH, and has been doing volunteer work in various organizations since then. (Data from AOG)



**Thomas W. (Tom) Schlechte**  
**Resd. Capt. 69**  
**Kathe**

**CS-02/C-121/ADC**  
**Evansville, IN**



Tom started out in the 963<sup>rd</sup> AEW&C Sq at McClellan AFB, CA. He left in '63 for Wiesbaden AB, Germany and the 7405<sup>th</sup> Support Sq., remaining there until 1965. In 1966, and through 1969, he was Assistant Professor of Aerospace Studies at the Virginia Military Institute. In 1969, he began working for AG Edwards and Sons until 1975. From '75-'80, he was an RS Manager for Tandy Corporation in Florida. From '80-'97, he was Vice President of Atlantic Filter in Florida, from which he retired in 1997. (Data from AOG)



**Jock C. H. (Jock) Schwank**  
**Ret. Col. 85**  
**Hope**

**CS-13/C-130/TAC**  
**Colorado Springs, CO**



I came into the Academy from Iowa with no family military background. After surviving the Dean, the Commandant and my own stupidity, off to pilot training. Met my wife, Hope, when she came to Webb air patch in Big Spring, Texas for her brother Neal Reavely's pilot training graduation (and my graduation too). We were married a couple of month's later. Our sons, David and Blake were both born in Alaska several years later. We are fortunate that they and their families (including three granddaughters) now live within 20 minutes of us. A great Air Force career: first flying C-130A's and the ski model C-130D from Dyess AFB and subsequently Elemendorf AFB. Then off to Thailand to fly rescue in the HH-53 and its little brother the H-3. The rest of my 25 year career was spent in academic endeavors at the Academy, mostly in the Department of Behavioral Science and Leadership and then finishing up as the Academy Prep School Commander. After Air Force retirement I spent four years running the academic programs for a "for profit" private college. Then, lucky enough to spend a dozen years as V.P. for Services at the AOG. Still keep my hand in Academy issues by volunteering on The Friends of the Academy Library Board of Directors. Enjoying life to the fullest, even if it means using sticks to walk upright some days.



**Thomas F. Seebode**

**Ret. Col. 86**

**Carole**

**CS-07/C-135/MATS**

**Hopkins, SC**

Just after graduation the most important career move I made was to marry my junior high school sweetheart, Carole Elizabeth Gifford. We have two daughters: Lieutenant Colonel Elizabeth S. Waldrop, an AF JAG, whose expertise is in international air and space law; and Jennifer S. Day, who served ten years as an AF pilot and aircraft commander in KC-135s. Carole shared all the ups and downs of 26 years of commissioned service.



I served in command, crew, and staff assignments in international jet airlift operations (Assistant Deputy for Operations, 437<sup>th</sup> MAW, Charleston AFB, SC and Vice Wing Commander, 60<sup>th</sup> MAW, Travis AFB, CA). I earned an MBA degree from Ohio State University (1971), a DPA degree from the University of Alabama (1993), completed the ICAF by correspondence (1967), and was a DG from the resident course of the AWC (1977). I served in "purple suit" positions for 10 1/2 yrs: as AFROTC PAS at VMI (3 yrs); on the Eighth US Army general staff as G-1/J-1, ACoS, Personnel and Administration (2 yrs); with Advisory Team 75, 7th ARVN Infantry Division (1 yr); and in joint staff duty in the Office of the Secretary of Defense (4 1/2 yrs). I was twice selected for below-the-zone promotion and was selected to the rank of Colonel in my sixteenth year of Air Force service. Today, I am a tenured associate professor for Troy University.



**Richard R. (Dick) Sexton**

**Ret. Col. 89**

**Sally**

**CS-07/C-118/MATS**

**Colorado Springs, CO**

I was born 02Nov35 in Superior, Wisconsin. We moved around a lot. By the time I entered the Academy I had already lived in 21 different places! After an undistinguished career at the Academy my first operational assignment was flying for MATS out of McGuire AFB, NJ. It was a great experience, lots of flying time and travel all over the world. After a short tour in Vietnam in 1962 (we were not officially there!), I returned to MATS, then a full tour in 1965-66 flying the original "Puff the Magic Dragon."



Married to my wife Sally, graduate school and a tour teaching History at USAFA. Then back to Vietnam (again) and subsequently to Thailand in Project CHECO. That was followed by tours in England, the Air Force History Office, JCS, the Atlantic Council and SHAPE, getting a second Masters Degree along the way. Back in the States I was in the National Military Command Center when Chernoble blew up. My final assignment was in DIA as XO to the Deputy Director for Production. Overall I would have to say that during my Air Force career I was being paid for doing something that I loved doing anyway. After "retirement" I had careers in real estate and paralegal services before settling in Colorado Springs. Now I do volunteer work as special advocate for abused & neglected children. More recently I am President of the Class Advisory Senate with the AOG.



**Gary D. (Gary) Sheets**

**Ret. Col. 84**

**Sylvia**

**CS-03/F-102/ADC**

**Plano, TX**

Born in a Kansas farm house, I was schooled in KS, NE, and ND. I enrolled in engineering at UND. Excessive snow and socializing motivated me to seek more meaningful endeavors. At the Academy, I spent 4 years in 3<sup>rd</sup> Sq. then on to pilot training. During F-102 training I escorted Sylvia Sonnenburg, Armed Forces Day Queen from Sherman, TX. Six months later I married the love of my life, who birthed four wonderful children.



During my 24 active years I flew 14 different aircraft and was assigned within ATC, ADC, NORAD, TAC, PACAF, AFIT, SAC, AFSC, AU, HQUSAF, and AFLC as B-1 DPML. In SEA I flew 152 combat missions, of which 80 were over North Vietnam. Upon retirement I was a Program Manager for Lockheed in Austin and on the Space Station in Houston, retired again, then moved to the Dallas area to build then sell our family business. Since, Sylvia and I have been immersed in a plethora of church and community activities, including County appointments as Court Commissioner (Sylvia) and Grand Jury Jurist, Asst. Foreman (me). We also have enjoyed 20+ years of leading adult and children Bible Studies. The Academy experience forever altered my life, for which I am eternally grateful and give all praise to our Lord and Savior for the opportunity to serve.





**Richard B. (Dick) Shepard** 18Jan1994 CS-09/KC-135/SAC  
Interred 6-F3, USAFA

**Marsha**

**Naples, FL**



Dick was the consummate poster-boy of what you idealized about Academy life. His athletic prowess in all he tried was legendary. In the KC-135 unit at Westover AFB, MA., we ran, skied, played handball and squash together often. He met Marsha while at Westover. They married in 1964. Dick acquired farmland near Amherst, MA in the mid-'60s. He built his home there, much of it by hand. He developed Rich-Mar Farm from his land, breeding fine Morgans. He helped his in-laws start a girl's summer riding school called Bobbin-Hollow, successful from 1968 until its eventual sale years later. Dick worked at Eastern Airlines from the mid '60s until it closed in 1991. He flew the L-1011 and the B-727 as captain, covering Eastern's South American routes. Dick and Marsha started Marsha de Arriaga, an import company, in 1988, selling fine custom leather and suede apparel and riding suits, produced in South America. Dick's extensive South American travel led to fluency in Spanish. Dick Shepard was never lukewarm about life, quick to laugh and never complaining. He embraced life with boundless energy, and never gave up. He was precisely the fighter at the end that you had seen years ago on the Academy athletic fields. He was devoted to his family and taken too soon. Dick died of cancer. (Thanks to Brian G. Kaley, '60)



**Isham C. (Cres) Shields**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 80

**CS-03/IP/ATC**

**Elise**

**Tucson, AZ**



Upon graduation from USAFA, I attended pilot training and became an instructor pilot at Vance AFB. In 1961 I married my wife, Lana. During 21 years of marriage we bore and parented two children. Following my IP tour, I attended North Carolina State University to take a masters degree in Mathematics. Although, this was sponsored by the Academy, I was "encouraged" to volunteer for Vietnam before coming to the Academy. For the year 1969 I was an OV-10 FAC for half my tour, and the last half was in the War Plans Division of 7thAF. From there I gladly went to the Academy where I served as a math professor until I retired in 1980. During my Academy tour I was allowed to receive a Ph.D. from ASU, where I lowered my golf handicap 12 points. Upon retirement, I became a real estate broker and met my current wife of 26 years and counting, Elise. We created a real estate company and grew it to 70 employees, which we sold in 1996. We moved to my lifelong dream of Carmel California, which didn't fulfill my dream. Our wanderlust took us to Tucson, Arizona which, with the exception of June, July, and August, might be our favorite. Now (2008) Elise has a dream job in Santa Barbara, CA, so we may be moving there until the next dream appears. My current profession is a personal and life coach.



**Lloyd E. (Jim) Shier** D-18Apr1993 CS-10/C-124/MATS  
Resd. Maj. 75

**Interred 6-C21, USAFA**

**Sue**

**Brea, CA**



Jim spent his childhood and youth as a member of a mobile Air Force family, graduated from high school at Murfreesboro, TN, and considered Grants Pass, Ore, as his home. Jim flew C-124s at Donaldson AFB, SC, and Tachikawa AB, Japan. He moved into C-141s at Travis AFB, Calif., flying the C-141, which he especially enjoyed. After collecting five Air Medals as an 0-2 forward air controller at Da Nang, South Vietnam, Jim moved on to combat missile crew command at Whiteman AFB, MO. He earned a master's degree in business administration from the University of Missouri at this time. Jim left the service in 1975 for a career in publication and printing in Dallas, TX. His love of classical music was evidenced by his participation in vocal activities at the Academy, and his interest in orchestral performances, concerts and opera. Jim married Sue Sharon in 1964, and they had a daughter, Elissa. Jim should be remembered for the constant love he had for his family, the Air Force, and the opportunities for flight that he enjoyed so much. He was a life member of the Association of Graduates. Jim moved to Fullerton, CA, to the care of his brother, Episcopalian Father Mark Shier. After a lingering illness, Jim died on 18Apr93. (Thanks to Miles A. Kaspar Jr., '60)



**William D. (Bill) Siebecker**  
Nancy

**Classmate**  
Wausau, WI

Bill left the Academy for his home state of Wisconsin after graduation. He joined Wilson Hurd Manufacturing Company, located in Wausau, WI in 1961, subsequently becoming the Chairman and CEO. (Data from AOG)



**Donald E. (Don) Singer** D-30Sep1999 CS-05/B-52H/SAC  
Ret. Lt. Col. 88

*Interred Sec B, Lot 57, Space 4, Davis Memorial Park, Las Vegas, NV*  
**Judy** Las Vegas, NV

At the Academy, Don was a key member of the soccer team, served on the Dance Committee and was an Honor Representative. Don graduated from UPT at Reese AFB, TX, in Sep61. His assignments ranged from strategic bomber pilot to high level operations and planning staff officer. His duties took him from Vietnam to the Pentagon and several other locations in the States. He performed many varied tasks in different fields, including

inspection and liaison functions both within the Air Force and for the Air Force in the private sector. In 1983, at Nellis AFB, Don was in charge of the Operations Center in the Tactical Fighter Weapons Center. Retiring in Feb88, he worked for the Las Vegas County government as a risk management specialist. While there, he exhibited all of the skills and dedication of a polished senior statesman, gaining the full and complete confidence of all those who worked with him. He retired from that position in Apr98 to spend time with his wife, Judy. They loved gardening, going out and just being together. Don passed away on 30Sep99 from a very aggressive brain tumor, which was detected in May98. Don left behind his most beloved wife, Judy, who was not only the light of his life and his biggest fan, but also, according to his words: "...my soul-mate, my spouse, my mentor, and my life saving angel." (Thanks to Andi Biancur, '60)



**John T. (J.T.) Smith**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 81  
Diane

**CS-02/C-121/ADC**

**Clarksville, TN**

John attended pilot training at Moore AB and Williams AFB. Upon completion, he was assigned to the 963<sup>rd</sup> AEW&C Sq at McClellan AFB, CA. In '63 and '64, he was assigned to the 310TrpCSq at Tan Son Nhut AB, Saigon, SV. From '64-'66, he was with the 317<sup>th</sup> Air Commando Sq at Hurlburt Field, FL. In '66 and '67, he was pilot with the 1<sup>st</sup> Air Commando Wing at England AFB, LA. From there, he went to Wright Patterson AFB,

OH for an in-residence AFIT program, with a follow on assignment as an Astronautical Engineer at Wright-Patt until 1975. 1975 to 1977, he was pilot in C-130s at Pope AFB in the 40<sup>th</sup> Tactical Airlift Squadron. In 1977, he went to Europe and the 322<sup>nd</sup> Airlift Division as the Director of Current Operations at the Military Airlift Center. From 1982 until 1991, he did many things including, but not limited to, being a Motorcycle Safety/Rider Instructor, an author, and obtaining a BS in CS from Austin Peay State University, TN. Records also indicate, in addition to his MS in Astronautical Engineering from AFIT, a BA from Wright State University, and an MS degree from Auburn University. In 1991, he became the owner of JTS Consulting in Clarksville, TN. (Data from AOG)





**Patrick J. (P.J.) Smith**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 88**

**Sandy**

**CS-09/C-121/MATS**

**Pahrump, NV**

Went first to the 76<sup>th</sup> ATS, Charleston AFB, in C-121Cs. Six years as Instructor Nav., Base Training Instructor, and Base Plans/Disaster Preparedness Officer. Went to AFIT at Wright-Patterson in 66 earning an MS in Astronautical Engineering. Then to England AFB for A-26A training. On to NKP for 200 night combat missions in Laos with the 609<sup>th</sup> SOS (Nimrods) as IN/SEFE. Left NKP the morning after the last A-26 missions. Next 4 years at Wright-Patterson AFB in the Foreign Technology



Division as Chief of the S/M/IRBM Section. In 73, Intelligence Officer for Rome Air Development Center at Griffis AFB. In 75, went to F-4E training at Homestead AFB. Was class leader and class Outstanding WSO. Spent 75-80 at Bitburg AB, Germany, in the 22<sup>nd</sup> TFS, as 36 TFW Wing Training Officer and Chief of the Command Post. Then to Torrejon AB, Spain, and F-4Ds for a year, and then Chief of the Wing Command Post. In 83, to Ramstein as Chief of the Special Actions Division and Assistant Director, Command and Control. Went to Nellis AFB as Chief of Range Control and, in 87, became Director of Safety for the Tactical Fighter Weapons Center. Joint retirement ceremony with Vic Thomas on 27Jun88. Since then, have worked with United Way, Catholic Charities, and as Director, Supported Living for Easter Seals Southern Nevada. Currently reside in Pahrump, NV, with my wife, Sandy, and five dogs.



**Gerald T. (Jerry) Stack Jr.**

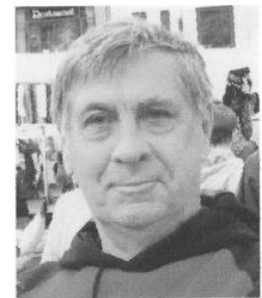
**Resd. Capt. 67, Ret. Lt. Col. USAFR**

**Hildburg**

**CS-11/F-102/ADC**

**Sanford, FL**

Jerry was raised in Iowa City, Iowa where he and Jock Schwank played undistinguished football together. We did manage to beat RG Head's team just up the road. At the AFA, he played varsity tennis and wore a trench in the tour path. After pilot training, he flew F-102's with the 460<sup>th</sup> and 509FIS. After Viet Nam, he left active duty and joined the Texas Air National Guard as a weekend warrior, flying the rather antique KC-97. He



also began a career with the airlines--mostly with Braniff in Dallas, TX. Later, he flew with Qantas, living in Melbourne, Australia for 5 years. Having difficulty as an expatriate, he finished his career with Northwest, retiring in 2004. Over the course of 37 years and 30,000 hours in the air, he flew the DC-8--Braniff in South America, the DC-9, and most everything Boeing built: the 707, 727, 737, 747, and 757. Today, he can be found, most evenings, surveying the small lake behind his house, sharing the day's activities with his wife, Hildburg--German of course--cognac and occasional cigar in hand, planning the next travel adventure, or reminiscing over his 4 children and 11 grandchildren. He would tell you, he's a lucky man.



**Alan L. (Al) Sternberg** *Died Nov1996*  
**DNG**

**Classmate**  
**Gresham, OR**

Alan came to us from New York City via Chapel Hill, NC. Alan left the Class of 60 after Dooley year due to medical problems. Bill Hales, Alan's roommate the entire time he was at the Academy writes: *"While at the Academy, Alan was a very courageous fighter, both in his efforts to succeed and his efforts to regain his health. This personal trait carried him farther than many who were not challenged as Alan. By his actions he inspired many of us to work harder, especially during the very hard Dooley*



*summer and academic year."* After leaving the Academy, he spent a year in Israel working on a kibbutz, then back to the University of Denver for an advanced degree in psychology. Alan tracked me down in the O Club at Kadena in Mar65. He was enroute to Saigon to start up a new USO just outside the gate at Tan Son Nhut. Alan would spend at least a year at that new-- red, white and blue "mortar offset aiming point" he called it--USO. From there, he moved to Spokane, WA, Mountain Home, ID and Gresham, OR counseling for state governments. Alan married twice and had two children by his first wife. He always valued his year at the Academy, and never accepted he was not going to graduate with his classmates and compatriots. Alan died from complications of cancer in November 1996. (CSD)

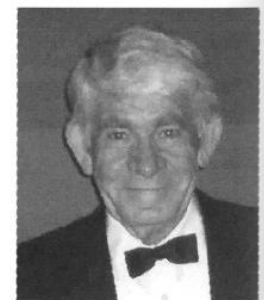


**Donald D. (Don/DD) Stevens**  
Ret. Col. 86  
Joannie

CS-01/F-101/ADC

Destin, FL

After a year at MIT, I joined this august group. Unforgettable years at Lowry and at "the permanent site" were rewarded with gold bars and pilot training at Marianna, Vance, Perrin, and Tyndall. Operational duty began with ADC, flying the F-101B with the "Last of the Flying Tigers", 75<sup>th</sup> FIS at Dow AFB, ME. There I met and married the love of my life, Joan Ward. Joannie and I have been blessed with five children and nine grandchildren.



A year as O-1/O-2 FAC for the 2<sup>nd</sup> ROKMC Brigade in I Corps, RVN, preceded grad school at Michigan State to prep for math instructor duty at USAFA. Another stint in grad school at Arizona State led to a PhD in Ops Research and a tour in Studies & Analysis for MAC HQ at Scott AFB, IL. After being on the faculty at Air War College, I became Head of the Operational Sciences Dept at AFIT, WPAFB, OH. My last three years in the AF were spent commanding the newly established Center for Aerospace Doctrine, Research and Education (AUCADRE) at Maxwell AFB, AL. Retiring in 1986, we moved to Atlanta, GA, where I spent fifteen years doing research at Georgia Tech. Retiring again in 2001, Joannie and I now summer at our camp on Lake Lucerne, ME, and spend the rest of the year at our home in Destin, FL.

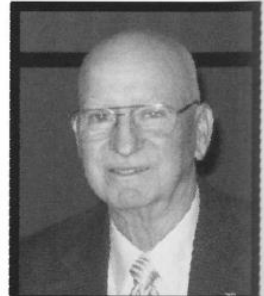


**Theodore J. (Ted) Stumm** D-25May2008 CS-03/C-121/MATS  
Ret. Col. 89

*Interred 6-F39, USAFA*

*Jacksonville, FL*

Ted came to the U. S. Air Force Academy from Batavia, Illinois. After graduation he completed pilot training and was assigned to MATS flying C-121 and C-135 aircraft. Viet Nam was next, where he flew C-123 aircraft. After a tour at USAF Officer Training School and earning a master's degree in Industrial Engineering, he served as a manpower staff officer at HQ TAC. An assignment to Dover AFB included flying the C-



5A, serving as commander, 436<sup>th</sup> HQ Sq., and Deputy Commander, 436<sup>th</sup> Air Base Group. He spent the next two years in Turkey as Chief of the Agreements and Negotiations Division, JUSMMAT, where he played a key role in negotiating the current U.S.-Turkey Defense and Economic Cooperation Agreement. He then served as Chief, Manpower Programs Division, HQUSAF. He commanded the 317<sup>th</sup> Combat Support Group, Pope Air Force Base, and completed his military career as Assistant DCS/Plans for Long Range Planning at HQ MAC. He completed a PHD and taught for 13 years at the U. of North Florida as Chair of the Political Science and Public Administration Dept. before retiring again in August, 2007. Ted Died suddenly 25May08 of pneumonia



**Paul M. Sullivan**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 85

CS-11/IP/ATC  
Mesa, AZ

After pilot training at Bartow AB and Williams AFB and Basic Instructor School at Randolph AFB, I spent 51 months at Webb AFB as an IP. Then F-100 checkout, O-1 checkout and off to Viet Nam as a FAC and duty officer with III-Corps Direct Air Support Center. Returning to Williams as an instructor, then to Wright Patterson AFB for a Masters in Astronautical Engineering and on to Colorado Springs in several ADC and NORAD units. My next tour was Shemya AB, AK, to install the COBRA DANE phased-array radar, (my 2<sup>nd</sup> unaccompanied tour); then back to Columbus



AFB, MS, ATC again, as Chief of Stan-Eval for 2 years. My final tour was in Electronic Systems Division of AFSC at Hanscom AFB, MA, in several SPOs, including being Program Manager for the TPQ-43 Seek Score bomb scoring radar. I retired in 1985, worked for 3-1/2 years for Avco Corp, as Division Chief, Customer Training, on the Peacekeeper Missile, Tech Manuals and Integrated Logistics Support. Later, I accepted an offer from a support contractor for COBRA DANE and other programs. In 1996 I retired, becoming involved in barbershop singing, banjo playing, playing golf, and supporting website development/maintenance. I divorced after a 40 year marriage, but have wonderful relationships with my daughter, who is a Flight Attendant for Southwest Airlines, and my son, who is retired as a Lt. Col. from the USMC after a 20 year career.





**Harry W. Swainston**  
DNG

**Classmate**

**Annette**

**Carson City, NV**

I was born at Rexburg, Idaho, the son of a forest ranger. After several job assignments, my parents, two brothers and a sister settled in Smith Valley, Nevada, where we put down roots. Then my dad was transferred to Elko, Nevada, where I went to high school and on to the Academy. After much soul searching, I resigned my appointment in March 1959 and entered the University of Nevada at Reno. I graduated in early 1962 with a B.S. degree in engineering science and went to work for E.G. and G., Inc. at the



Nuclear Rocket Development Station at the Nevada Test Site. Soon thereafter I was assigned to the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory part of the nuclear weapons testing program at NTS. It was highly specialized work and, thinking it wouldn't last, I entered law school at Hastings College of Law and graduated in 1974. I went to work for the Nevada Attorney General in Carson City, Nevada, as a deputy AG, specializing in public lands and natural resources, with a special assignment to the federal high-level radioactive waste storage project at Yucca Mountain, Nevada. I retired from state service in 1998 and since then have maintained a limited private practice. My wife, Annette, and I enjoy traveling to our time shares, golfing, fishing, home projects, church activities, family interaction, and spending time with our children and grandchildren.



**Walter C. (Walt) Sweeney III**  
Resd. Capt. 69, Ret. Maj. USAFR  
Mary

**CS-07/C135/MATS**

**Norfolk, VA**

From boyhood through my teens, Dad gave me three choices for college: West Point, West Point, or West Point (he was class of '30). Fortunately, the USAF Academy opened and I won a presidential appointment. My first assignment after pilot training was at McGuire AFB flying in the first C-135 squadron. Beginning in 1964, I spent over ten years (2,500 hrs.) in the F-100. During my final years in the "Hun", I instructed (cockpit and



classroom) at the ANG Fighter Weapons School at Tucson. Forty years ago, I met the love of my life, Mary Elizabeth Campbell. God soon blessed us with two extraordinary daughters and now we have two grandsons. Through a miraculous experience in 1974, I believed God had called me to the ministry. After graduation from Southwestern Seminary, I pastored in CO, VA, and FL. During my ministry, I was blessed to see many make salvation decisions. Although now retired, I minister to those in hospitals and care facilities through music therapy (keyboard) and by sharing the gospel message: "We cannot enter heaven through our righteousness (good works). We can only make it by the grace of God, covered with Jesus' righteousness" (Eph 2:8, 9).



**David L. (Dave) Sweigart**  
Ret. Col. 87  
Camille

**CS-03/C-123/130/TAC**

**Meadowlakes, TX**

One of 5 children of Clair and Ethel Sweigart from Bernville, PA, a small burg of 800 near Reading, I am the first Academy graduate from Berks County. My Penn-Bernville HS class numbered 24, yet this tiny school provided academic programs to satisfy any college ambitions. I was able to be class president, play in the band, sing in the chorus, act in plays, and letter in baseball and soccer. At USAFA, in CS 03 all years, I lettered in



soccer, sang in the Cadet Chorale, and survived the vigorous academic challenges we all faced. My military career of 27 years started at Spence AB and Reese AFB for pilot training, followed by C-123's and C-130's at Pope AFB and Norton AFB in a classified special ops unit. I am one of the first members of our class to be in Vietnam, flying C-123's there in Feb 62. After Norton, my assignments took me to Denver, NKP, Scott AFB, and Kirtland AFB. Camille and I raised 2 daughters, retired in Albuquerque to an air ambulance job and elementary teaching for me and Christian education for Camille. We now stay busy retired on a golf course in Meadowlakes, TX, where we also remain active in our church, community government and volunteer agencies.



**William W. (Bill) Taylor**

**Ret. Col. 88**

**Kitty**

**CS-01/IP/ATC**

**Smithfield, VA**



After pilot training returned to Laredo as an IP and Training Officer, becoming the ExO for the DO of the 3640th Pilot Training Wing. '66-'68, MS degree at NC State University. Next the 434th TFSq at George AFB, CA in '68-'69. '69-'70, the 433rd TFSq, Udorn AB, Thailand. Back to NC State in '70-'71 for a PhD in Mathematics and a tour at the AFA Mathematics Department, '71-'75. '76-'79, Ops Officer and Commander of

the 67th TFSq (F-4G Wild Weasels) Udorn and Kadena, then Commander of the 90th TFSq at Clark AB, '79-'80. Then Hq. PACAF Air Combat Operations Staff until 1983. '83-'84, Deputy Commander of the 51st TFW, Teagu AB, South Korea. 85-88, Associate Dean, AFIT Engineering School at Wright Patterson. 1988, VP of Technology for Rekenenthaler Technology Associates Corp in Maryland until 1990. '90-'94, Internal Consultant for the Rand Corporation in Washington DC. 94-Present, Senior Mathematician for Rand, then Director of RAND Project AF liason with Air Combat Command at Langley AFB, VA. Soon to move to Dallas to be closer to offspring while continuing with RAND. Planning to retire in Dallas.



**Victor R. (Vic) Thomas**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 88**

**Sandra**

**CS-09/C-130/TAC**

**Boulder City, NV**



I grew up a farmer's son in north-central Nebraska. My appointment to USAFA was a big deal in that area, as I was the first one anyone knew of to be appointed to any service academy. After graduation and pilot training, I was assigned to C-130s in TAC. 1964 found me at Clark Field flying in and out of SEA. I was sent back to SVN in 1966 for a one year tour as an operations staff officer in the 834<sup>th</sup> Air Division. Six months of that was

an assignment with the 5<sup>th</sup> Special Forces Group as a Tactical Airlift Liaison Officer and included a parachute jump as part of an airborne combat assault at Bu Prang, SVN. My first marriage produced two wonderful children: Tricia and Mark. I went to grad school at the Univ. of Arizona. I married my best friend, Sandra Loveland Baker in 1980, gaining a stepson, Chris, and stepdaughter, Niccole. My military career was divided fairly evenly between manpower and C-130 operations. I retired in 1988, spent eight years in the insurance business and now work part time at Enterprise Rent-A-Car, fly with the Civil Air Patrol and participate in a number of other community activities in the Boulder City and Las Vegas, Nevada areas. In between, we enjoy traveling.



**James H. (Jim) Thomasson**

**Resd. Capt. 67**

**Carolyn**

**CS-08/B-52/SAC**

**Charlotte, NC**



Jim attended pilot training at Moore AB and Williams AFB, after which, he went through the SAC B-52 pipeline and ended up at Seymour-Johnson AFB, NC. What luck, his home state. Separating from the AF in 1967, he became VP of John Thomasson Construction Company in Charlotte until 1994. From 1995 until 1999, he was the manager and pilot for Bahari Racing, Inc. of Mooresville, NC. From '99 on, he has been a Charter Pilot at Charter Flight, Inc. at Charlotte, NC. (Data from AOG)







**Charles H. (Charlie) Thompson, Jr.**

**CS-03/C-121/MATS**

**Ret. Lt. Col. 80**

**Mercedes**

**Manhattan Beach, CA**

Mercedes and I married in Colorado Springs on Graduation day, then drove to Key West and took the ferry to Cuba (with State Department permission) to be married in the church. Hence we have two anniversaries. At Charleston AFB (where our son was born), I flew C-121s and C-130s from late in 61 until going to Viet Nam in early 66. Then AFIT at the University of Colorado, where both my wife and I earned Master's degrees.



Then, at Wright-Patterson AFB, I managed Test and Development for

USAF Helicopters. We came to southern California in Jul72 and were able to remain through successive Engineering assignments at the Hughes Aircraft Company plant (AFPRO/Culver City) and at Space and Missile Systems (Launch Vehicles/Shuttle Program Office) at Los Angeles AFB. I retired from the Air Force in 1980 and went back to work in Culver City for Hughes Helicopters. My second career included military projects for both the AH-64 Apache (Advanced Attack Helicopter) and pre-contract competition for "LHX" (Light Helicopter-Experimental) at Hughes Helicopters (McDonnell Douglas Helicopter Division), followed by both military and civil projects at McDonnell Douglas (later Boeing) in Long Beach in the C-17, MD-11 and 12, and Air Worthiness Certification for the MD-95/Boeing 717. Almost 18 years—with three company names. My early retirement has let me pursue family travel and various interests /hobbies.



**Dale W. Thompson, Jr.**

**CS-01/F-100/PACAF**

**Ret. LtGen. 85**

**Ina**

**Boerne, TX**



Following graduation I attended pilot training (T-37, T-33) and then F-100 upgrade at Nellis AFB. My assignment was in the 18<sup>th</sup> TFW, Kadena, Okinawa (F-100, F-105) followed by assignment to the 23<sup>rd</sup> TFW at McConnell AFB. During these years (62-66) I had three months combat flying at Korat RTAFB and four months at Takhli RTAFB (81 combat missions). I was the First Squadron AOC at the Academy 1967-1970, then

an O-1 FAC, Bien Hoa AB RVN (100 combat missions). I had a total 420 combat hours. I flew F-111's in the 20<sup>th</sup> TFW in England and served as the 20<sup>th</sup> DO, CV, CC from 1979 to 1986. I served as a JCS staff officer and 3<sup>rd</sup> AF and USAFE staff officer. I spent the last nine years in AFLC/AFMC as the AFLC PR and COS, Commander Ogden ALC, and Vice Commander of AFMC. I retired in 1995 and became an exotic game ranch owner/manager in the Texas Hill Country with my wife Ina.



**Aaron D. (Aaron) Thrush**

**CS-14/C-121/MATS**

**Ret. Maj. 80**

**Millie**

**Fort Walton Beach, FL**

I was fortunate to have one year of coed college experience at Ohio University in Athens, OH, complete with Air Force ROTC and fraternity membership. As a result I had a clue as to what I was about to undergo and what I was leaving behind when I took the oath in 1956. I have never regretted my decision. Most of all I have enjoyed immensely the camaraderie with a truly terrific group of classmates. After my T-33 ejection at Williams AFB and after securing my pilot wings, I joined the Military Air Transport



Service at Charleston AFB, SC, where we flew passengers and occasionally cargo on C-121C's. I met and married Millie Rabb there, and we are blessed with three wonderful daughters. We soon transitioned to C-130E's, and, by 1965 I was in Nha Trang, SVN, flying C-123s. We returned to graduate school, earned an MA in Political Science at UNC at Chapel Hill, and taught at USAFA before going to Air Training Command at Randolph AFB, TX. Next came a tour flying C-130E's with Rescue at Eglin AFB, FL. I finished my Air Force career at the Special Operation School at Hurlburt Field in December 1980. I spent 8 years as a stockbroker, another 10 years in federally funded job training program helping clients toward self-sufficiency, and fully retired in 1999.

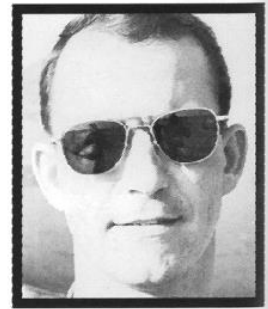


**Donald L. (Don) Thurman** D-26Jun1971 CS-10/B-47/SAC  
Maj.

*Interred 3-E30, USAFA*

**Eileen (Sullivan)**

*March AFB, CA*



Don loved the AF Academy and the friends he made there. He felt such pride in being allowed to attend and was the first in his family to begin a military career. He was honored to assume the position of Cadet Wing Commander for the spring academic term during his final year at the Academy. I'm sure that if Don were here, he would tell you that one

of his fondest memories of his senior year was riding in Roy Jolly's Corvette! He did love that car. During his career he excelled in all that he did. Becoming the first AFA graduate to attend the Aerospace Research Pilot School was especially fun for him as he entered from SAC and not TAC! He flew with the triple Nickel Squadron at Udorn, Thailand from August 1968–August 1969. His untimely death in a B-57 crash at March AFB, CA, took place on 26 June 1971 and he was returned to the AFA on 30 June 1971. (Submitted by, and thanks to, Eileen Thurman Sullivan).



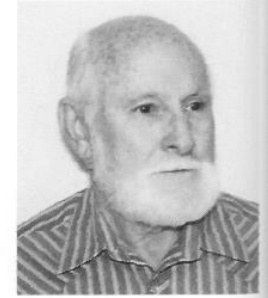
**John F. (Johnnie) Townsend**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 81

**Gayle**

**CS-11/WB-50/PACAF**

**Tucson, AZ**

I started with one goal in mind: To get a better education than I could afford to pay for. I got that, and saw the world. After Academy graduation and Bartow in Florida, Weather Reconnaissance and WB-50s at Yakota, Japan, took me into the eye of nineteen typhoons, and to most of the friendly airfields in the Pacific/Asia area. Photo Mapping out of Turner AFB led to Africa, South America, Europe, and the Caribbean, and close looks at various "Wars of National Liberation". One complete tour and part of a



second one with Rescue in Southeast Asia led to 122 missions North. Grounded medically, I went to Stanford for an MBA. Back flying, I was assigned to Logistics Command's Inspector General's team at Wright Patterson, where Gayle Munton, a beauty contest winner and newspaper journalist, became my wife and the mother of my daughter and two sons. Then the Pentagon and the Air Staff. Assignment to the C-130 Drone Squadron at Davis Monthan, got me to DM eleven days before the Drone program was cancelled. With no Operations slot at DM, I was "temporarily" assigned as Base Chief of Services, until family considerations and a job offer from Hughes Aircraft led to AF retirement after 21 years and duty in 58 countries. I retired from civilian industry in 2004, and now do occasional consulting for importers.



**David L. (Dave) Ullery**  
DNG  
**Barbara**

**Classmate**

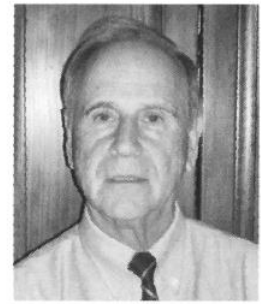
After my sophomore year at USAFA, I resigned. I wrote Credit Reports for businesses at Dunn and Bradstreet. I sold office systems for Remington Rand. I became a shop foreman, Operations officer, and CFO. I became CEO and Chairman of Keystone Search. I enjoyed headhunting, but I am comfortably retired now. I run an H & R Block office in the winter and teach children to drive in the summer. I am a Republican Committeeman. I teach a blind golfer. I teach AARP Safe Driving Courses. Barbara and I had more time together before I retired. I have three children and four grandchildren.





**Charles W. (Charlie) Upton**  
Resd. Capt. 67  
Bonnie

CS-04/B-52/SAC  
Raleigh, NC

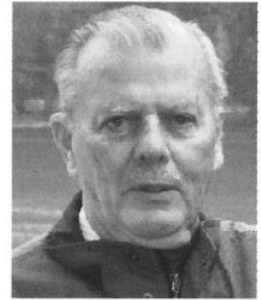


After pilot training at Spence AB, GA, and basic at Craig AFB, AL, I went to B-52s at Amarillo AFB, TX. Stopping along the way for training: nuclear weapons at McConnell AFB, KS, survival at Stead AFB, NV, Castle AFB for B-52 ground school and then to Walker AFB, NM for flying. Certified Combat Ready at Amarillo and I was ready to go. One Sunday at church I met Bonnie Greenslate. We sang in the choir together and she agreed to marry me 25May63. She still puts a song in my heart to this day. My duty at AAFB included 23 hour airborne "chrome dome" missions, the Cuban missile crisis, SOS, and then deployment to Guam and Thailand for the Vietnam conflict. Home in the spring '67, I got my first look at our daughter. My new career started in the fall '67 with American Airlines. My first base was Buffalo NY (Lockheed Electra and the BAC 1-11). Just before I was transferred to Boston (727), our son was born. Our second daughter was born while we lived in Hampton, NH. After almost 20 years, we transferred to the Raleigh-Durham in 1988. We still live in Raleigh, and I retired in the spring '97. I am playing lots of tennis, biking, singing in the choir and enjoying our four granddaughters.



**Paul J. Vallerie**  
Ret. Lt. Col. 84  
Kay

CS-05/Atlas E/SAC  
Boise, ID



I grew up in Norwalk, CT. I attended the University of CT for a year and was a member of the Xi Phi fraternity. My first assignment was with the 567th SMS at Fairchild AFB, WA. I went next to AFIT at Texas Tech for a Masters Degree, subsequently being assigned to Headquarters SAC, in the Directorate of Plans, doing future force structure studies (great war games). I married Kay Knutson, an elementary school teacher whom I had met at Fairchild AFB. I then went to the Pentagon as the Air Force key analyst for the SALT negotiations. Next was Armed Forces Staff College in Norfolk, VA, then to missile maintenance at Grand Forks AFB, ND, where I spent three years as Deputy Commander. I was recalled to Hq SAC and worked the deployment of the Peacekeeper missile. My final assignment was to Albuquerque, NM as Director of Aerospace Studies. While there I got an MBA degree. I retired after 24 years and went to work for the Boeing Company in Seattle, WA. My final project with Boeing was in Huntington Beach, CA, overseeing the construction of the first two pieces of the International Space Station. I retired in 1998 and moved to Boise, Idaho, where I am a member of the American Legion, having served as Post Commander, District Commander and State Vice-Commander. Kay continues to substitute teach.



**Earl S. (Van) Van Inwegen**  
Ret. BGen. 88  
Patricia

CS-05/C-131/MATS  
La Jolla, CA



Born in Chicago and raised in Lansing, Illinois, attended HS in Calumet City, Illinois, where I participated in football, basketball and track. Worked high school summers at a family camp in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin as a handyman. At home I spent many hours at our local airport looking at planes and, when no one was looking, sitting in any open cockpit and dreaming. I participated fully in Cub, Boy and Explorer Scouts, and Order of the Arrow, especially enjoying camping and hiking. Had a full scholarship to Dartmouth College, but opted for USAFA with the full encouragement of my football coach, high school principal and parents. I felt that the Academy was an extension of my high school and extra curricular activities and fully enjoyed my four years in Colo. Married my CWC & Denver U. sweetheart shortly after graduation and enjoyed our military life with our son & daughter while moving around the country. My employment in the Aerospace industry after the military kept us in one location, and we now enjoy our retired life in La Jolla and Palm Desert, CA. Our children and grandchildren live further north in CA, but we continue to be close and get together as often as possible.



**Gary L. (Van) Van Singel**  
 Resd. 1Lt. 63  
 Marilyn

CS-05/KB-50/TAC

Grant, MI



Born October 14, 1937 to Ralph and Vivian Van Singel on a farm near Grant, Michigan. Attended one room country schools through the Seventh Grade, then was bussed to Grant until graduating from Grant High School in 1955. Received an alternate appointment to the USAFA class of 59 which did not materialize. Went to Hope College for one year and received an appointment for the class of 60. After graduation married Marilyn Larsen

of Grant, MI, and then served as a Combat Navigator (Nov 60 -Dec 63) in TAC - 622 Air Refueling Squadron, Alexandria, LA. Stationed in Florida refueling Fighters during the Cuban Missile Crisis. Resigned Dec 63 due to Marilyn's health problems. We were able to stretch her three year life horizon, a day at a time, to 46 years. She died Nov 2, 2006. We had two children, six Grandchildren and three Great Grandchildren. I have worked for the same company since Jan 21, 1964 in nearly every department. I am currently working half time as a Financial Analyst in the Project Management Support department.



**Dean F. (Dean) Vikan**  
 Ret. Col. 85  
 Phyllis

CS-03/F-100/PACAF

Fosston, MN



Born in Fosston, MN, I entered USAFA. after high school. Married Phyllis Lundhagen before pilot training. One son and one daughter were born of this marriage and they have given us nine grandchildren. My career started in the F-100 and transitioned to the F-105 at Kadena AB, Okinawa and in Vietnam. Then Aerospace Research Pilot School (ARPS), weapons testing at Eglin AFB in the F-4, F-105, A-37 and T-38; another tour in SEA flying the F-105 and back to ARPS/USAF TPS as an instructor. Non-flying

assignments included AFIT, a Pentagon tour, and ICAF. Then back to the cockpit in the A-10 as ADO at Myrtle Beach AFB. A year at USAFE in Requirements and a year at Aviano AB, Italy as 40<sup>th</sup> TAC Group Commander and, finally, three years at Wright Patterson AFB in the F-16 SPO as DPML. The next twelve years were with Lockheed Martin on the F-22. Our final retirement move was back to Fosston in 1997. Two years later, I bought the local newspaper and published it for 4 years while working as Fosston's Director for Economic Development. Currently I am President of the following: Minnesota Historic Northwest Museum Consortium, East Polk Heritage Center (Fosston) and Hospital Foundation BOD. Also Board Member of Fosston Area Community Fund, and a member of Rotary International and the Lions Club.



**James E. (Jim/Duck) Waddle**  
 Ret. Col. 85  
 Mary

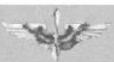
CS-01/F-102/ADC

Colorado Springs, CO



Duck was born in Orange County, California long before it was paved over in concrete. I enjoyed playing in the Orange groves with my brother and cousins. I learned about AFA from a 1955 Sports Illustrated article about the first football team. The helmets with lightning bolts caught my attention, beginning the pursuit of an appointment to join what are now life long friends in the class of '60. Mary and I married four days after graduation,

now completing 48 years of happy marriage. Following pilot training, I began a career in air defense flying F-102s and F-106s, briefly interrupted by a Southeast Asia tour in RF-4s as an Atlanta Recce-FAC. After a rated supplement tour as Chief of Maintenance of an F-106 squadron, and as an Avionics Maintenance Squadron Commander, I took command of the 5<sup>th</sup> FIS (F-106), Minot AFB. Air War College was followed by assignment to AFLC where, before retiring in 1985, I served as the Warner Robins ALC Director of Maintenance. The first ten years following AF retirement were spent managing aircraft modification programs, mostly for Rockwell in Shreveport, LA. We then returned to Colorado Springs, joined by our children and grand children, to enjoy retirement with many of our classmates and other old friends.





**Clark M. Walker**

**Ret. Col. 87**

**Shirley**

**CS-08/F-102/ ADC**

**Tullahoma, TN**

Following Pilot Training, I married Shirley, whom I met in the 1<sup>st</sup> grade at Richards-Gebaur AFB. I flew F-102s at RG, Travis AFB and Yokota AB, Japan, flying the last F-102 out of Japan and moving to Eglin AFB, where we flew F-4s. Deploying to Ubon AB, Thailand, we became the 555<sup>th</sup> TFS-part of Robin Olds' 8<sup>th</sup> TFW Wolf Pack. We lost a full complement of airplanes and half of the crews during my tour. Returning, I attended Test Pilot School and stayed as an instructor. Then to Grad School at the



University of Tennessee and was rewarded with another remote tour to SEA. Following that, I came back to Tennessee to the Arnold Engineering Development Center, AEDC. Then back to Test Pilot School, again back to AEDC as the Deputy for Operations & Testing. My final active duty tour was the 4950<sup>th</sup> Test Wing as the DO and Vice Commander. After retirement, I went to work for Martin Marietta at Edwards, developing, testing and integrating the LANTIRN system in the F-16s and F-15Es; and moved back to Orlando as a PM for LANTIRN testing. Returning to Tennessee (4<sup>th</sup> time) for six years as a contractor and Deputy for Plant O&M at AEDC, I then went to work for Micro Craft as Chief Systems Engineer, delivering 3 successful hypersonic (M 7-10) aircraft. With almost 30 moves, Shirley decided we were going to stay put. Our kids and grandkids are scattered and our favorite pastime is visiting them.



**Frederick T. (Fred) Walker**

**Ret. Col. 85**

**Ree**

**CS-06/C-124/MATS**

**Malvern, PA**

Fred spent his first year of active duty at Dover AFB, DE, and in 1961, went to Ground Electronics School at Keesler AFB, MS in 1961 and '62. From '62-'66, he was Chief of Admin and Group Electronics Plans Officer for the 5<sup>th</sup> Tactical Control Group at Clark Field in the PI. In 1967, he went to an AFIT residence course, obtaining a MS in Logistics. In '68 and '69, he was Commander of Det. 423, Headquarters Command. Also in 1969,



he became the Director of Communications and AsstDptyCofStaffCommInsfm for the 1<sup>st</sup> Strategic Aerospace Division at Vandenberg AFB, CA. In '70 and '71, he was Director CE Plans & Programs, also at Vandenberg, same unit. In 1972, he was the Commander of the 485<sup>th</sup> Electronics Installation Sq. at Griffis AFB NY. What luck, his home state. From 1974-1976, he was Commander of the Defense Communications Agency, Thailand Region, Bangkok, Thailand. In 1976, he moved to Norton AFB, CA, as Chief of the Communications Electronic Branch for the AF Inspector. In 1979, he became Vice Commander of the Southern Communications Area at Oklahoma City AFS, OK, while in residence at the Air War College--go figure. 1983 brought him to Fort Bragg, NC, in the Joint Special Operations Command. (Data from AOG)



**Denis Leo (Denis) Walsh**

**Ret. BGen. 91**

**Liz**

**CS-15/B-52/SAC**

**Denver, CO**

I was born in Waterloo, IA, and graduated from St. Agnes HS in Springfield, MO, in 1953. After two years at Southwest Missouri State College, I enlisted as a Naval Aviation Cadet, and was on active duty when I joined the Class of 60. I served on the Class and Honor Committees and lettered in rifle for three years. Married Elizabeth Hayes of Denver and selected B-52s as my first assignment--at McCoy, where I became an IP. From McCoy, I flew Arc Light missions into Southeast Asia, and then SAC



Headquarters. After Armed Forces Staff College, I was an advisor to the Vietnamese AF at Da Nang, then began a career with the FB-111. At Plattsburg, I was a squadron commander of the best bomb squadron in SAC. After another stint at SAC Headquarters, I became the Wing Commander at Pease. Back to Offutt and on to F.E. Warren as the Air Division Commander, just as the Peacekeeper missile was being introduced. After an assignment at Oklahoma City ALC, my last job was to command the Defense Industrial Supply Center in Philadelphia. Retired 31Aug91. Twenty three of my 31 years were in SAC. We moved to Denver. I built an airplane, do volunteer work and travel by my private plane. On 08Feb05, Liz died of leukemia. I remain in Denver amongst most of our four children and six grandchildren.



**Christian A. (Chris) Warack** D-27Oct1999 CS-04/C-124/MATS  
Ret. Col. 89

*Interred 6-F62, USAFA*

**Patricia**

*Colorado Springs, CO*

Born in Gagetown, MI, he was valedictorian of his high school. After attending Michigan State University and USAFA, he attended pilot training at Spence AB, GA and Reese AFB, TX. In Sep 61, he returned to COS and married his sweetheart, Patricia Clark. Then off to Dover AFB, DE, in C-124s. In '65 to McChord AFB, WA, and in Jun69, to Anderson AFB, Guam in the Command Post. In Aug71 he went to Phu Cat AB,



RVN, where he led the ALCE, then to Ton Son Nhut AB, where he served as Asst. Chief of all ten 7<sup>th</sup> AF ALCEs. Aug72 brought him to the Academy as an Assistant Football Coach. In '74 he became Head Coach at the Academy Prep School. Back to flying in '76 in C-141s at Norton AFB, CA and Command of the 14<sup>th</sup> MAS in '78. He reported in May80 to MAC Hq at Scott AFB, IL, as a Senior Controller in the Command Post. In '81, he went to the MAC IG and in Jun83 assumed Command of the 619<sup>th</sup> MASS, Hickam AFB, HI. He became Chief of Staff, 4<sup>th</sup> AF, McClellan AFB, CA, in Jun87, and retired on 01May89. He became a realtor in COS and a member of the Board of Directors of the Air Academy Service Corporation. Chris and Pat have two sons, a daughter, and eight grandchildren. Chris died of a heart attack on 27Oct99. (Thanks to Patricia)



**Donald F. (Don) Ware** D-15Jul1963 CS-11/F-100/USAFE  
1Lt.

*Interred 3-D21, USAFA*

*Holbeach Range, England*

Don grew up in Lewiston, ID, with his older brother and two sisters. He was a member of the Methodist Church and an Eagle Scout. He graduated from the military prep Shattuck School in Faribault, MN, with highest honors. He attended one year at the University of Idaho where he was a popular member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity. At the USAFA, Don



was a member of the ski and radio clubs. He lettered in Pistol during his First Class Year. Don attended primary in Bartow AB, FL and basic in Laredo AFB, TX, where he graduated first in his class. He selected F-100s and attended gunnery school at Luke AFB, AZ, where he was also first in his class. He was assigned to the 492<sup>nd</sup> Tactical Fighter Squadron at RAFB Lakenheath, England. Don did what he loved most—he flew. A man of many talents, Don played the flute and guitar; he performed frequently as a baritone soloist; and he loved cars. Don was killed in a mid-air collision during a training exercise over England. An endowment in his memory helps severely wounded returning veterans receive a college degree through "Operation Education" at the University of Idaho.



**Charles R. (Charlie/Russ) Waterman** CS-16/C-124/MATS  
Ret. Lt. Col. 85

**Mary**

*Vacaville, CA*

After pilot training at Moore AB and Vance AFB, OK, Charlie went to the 14<sup>th</sup> ATSq at Dover AFB, DE, from '61-'63. In 1963, he went to Wheelus AB in North Africa with the 58<sup>th</sup> Air Rescue Sq. From 1965-70, he was an IP/AC in the 7<sup>th</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> MASq at McChord AFB, WA. 1970-'71, he was a FAC and Air Liason Officer/Advisor to a South Vietnamese Airborne Division out of Bien Hoa, SV. 1972-'74, he was a Maintenance Officer



(must have been Career Broadening) with the 60<sup>th</sup> Field Maintenance Sq. at Travis AFB, CA. From 1974-'77, he was Maintenance Supervisor of the 443<sup>rd</sup> Organizational Squadron of the 443<sup>rd</sup> MAWg at Altus AFB, OK. (So it wasn't Career Broadening, it was a Career Change). In between, in 1974, he obtained an MS in Logistics Management from AFIT and in 1975, he obtained an MBA in Systems and Logistics. In 1977, he was a piloting C-5As out of Travis AFB with the 22MASq (maybe it really was Career Broadening). As late as 1987, he received an Associates Arts Degree in Criminal Justice and was a Probation Officer in Martinez, CA. (Data from AOG)





**Samuel E. (Sam) Waters MIA-13Dec66/DED-19Sep74CS-07/F-100/TAC Maj.**

*Interred Family Plot, Rose Cemetery, Mocksville, NC*

**Mary Ann (Powers)**

*Air Mission, NVN*

Sam attended pilot training at Moore AB, and Reese AFB, TX. A natural athlete and pilot, Sam earned a coveted F-100 training slot. On January 17, 1962, enroute to Luke AFB, Sam married Mary Ann Daily of Laguna Beach, CA at Las Vegas, NV. Following Survival School at Stead and F-100 upgrade, he was assigned to the 614th TFS/401<sup>st</sup> TFW at England AFB, LA. Mary Ann recounts "...the guys were almost never home". His first deployment was to Florida for the Cuban Missile Crisis. Sam volunteered to attend Combat Operations School at Hurlburt AFB, FL, less than a year after arriving at England. Next he volunteered for parachute training at Ft. Benning. Returning with his Jump Wings and retraining in the F-100, he deployed to Chigli AB, Turkey, for four months. Completing SOS by correspondence through all this, he went to Alaska and Operation Polar Siegf to work with the Army as a FAC. Next Sam upgraded to the F-105 at Nellis AFB, NV, and then was off to Kadena, AB, Okinawa, and the 12<sup>th</sup> TFS/18<sup>th</sup> TFW. Becoming Combat Ready, there were many rotations, ferry missions, missions North and at least 53 missions in the South. Sam was shot down 13Dec66 in NVN and was MIA for eight years until declared dead in Sep74. Sam and Mary Ann had two children Robert Lee (Jan65) and Samantha Ann (Jul66). (Provided by Mary Ann Powers and Tom Seebode.)



**Grant R. (Reed) Waugh D-10Aug1970 CS-03/B-52/SAC Maj.**

*Interred 3-E53, USAFA*

*Khann Hoa, SVN*

As a cadet, Grant was on the Golf Team all four years, and Captain of the team his First Class year. He also was in the Ski Club and Bridge Club and on the Entertainment Committee. After graduation, Reed attended pilot training at Bainbridge, GA and Craig, AL. From there he ended up at Kincheloe AFB, MI, through 1967, with a time out to attend SOS. In 1967, he became a student at the University of Illinois, and then to C-123s, ending up as an IP in same in the 310TAS at Cam Ranh Bay, SVN in 1969 and 1970. He was killed in a C-123 crash in SVN. (Data from 1960 *Polaris* and AOG)



**Robert P. (Bob) Weinaug**

**CS-09**

**Disc. Maj. 75**

**Louise**

**Deland, FL**

Bob came to the Academy from Arlington, VA. He was in the Cadet Choir Fourth and Third Class years, and in the Ski Club all four years. His Second and First Class years, he was with the Academy Assembly and on the Yearbook Staff. He was a Section Head his First Class year on the Yearbook Staff. Also his First Class year, he was on the Cadet Forum. In 1966, he was with the 68<sup>th</sup> Strategic Missile Squadron out of Ellsworth AFB, SD. (Data from 1960 *Polaris* and AOG)

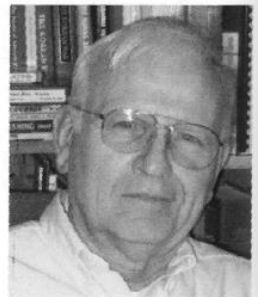




**Kenneth P. (Ken) Werrell**  
Resd. Capt. 65  
Jeanne

CS-05/WB-50/PACAF

Christiansburg, VA



As a kid I had only one ambition, to fly. When the USAF Academy was founded it seemed like the way to accomplish that goal and much more. I survived 4<sup>th</sup> Year summer in 1<sup>st</sup> Sq. and the remainder of my cadet years in 5<sup>th</sup> Squadron. My only "achievement" at the academy, aside from graduation, was to march over 100 tours. During the last months of senior year I met Jeanne, from Colorado College, on a blind date (thanks to Ted Hopkins)

and we married less than a year later. We were most fortunate to have four wonderful children and eight grandchildren. My Air Force career was brief, but interesting. I flew WB-50 weather reconnaissance aircraft out of Yokota Japan, flying on the last above nuclear tests and penetrating 44 typhoons. I resigned my commission and went on to my lifetime professional passion: teaching, research, and writing. I earned a PhD at Duke University and then taught history for 26 years at Radford College, later University, with brief forays to teach at Fort Leavenworth and research at Maxwell, where I worked for Ken Alnwick in the Airpower Research Institute. I have fond memories of my youth in Colorado, those early days of the academy, and am most thankful for the discipline the academy installed and the integrity it reinforced.



**Ernest D. (Ernie) Whaley, Jr.**  
Resd. Capt. 66

Newman, GA

Ernie came to the Academy from Union, SC. He was in the Cadet Choir his Fourth and Third Class years, and on the Dance Committee his First Class year. He went through pilot training and resigned as a Captain in 1966. (Data from the 1960 *Polaris* and AOG)

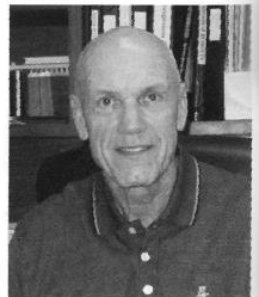


**Howard M. (Howie) Whitfield** CS-09/Helicopters/MarineCorp  
Ret. Col. USMC 85

Linda

Jamul, CA

I grew up in Garden City, NY, and aspired to become a pilot. I attended Colorado University before being accepted. "Ace" Holman and I got interested in rock climbing and started the Mountaineering Club. As graduation approached I decided on the Marine Corps and I elected to become a helicopter pilot. I also met my wife Linda around that time. We have two daughters, Dawn and Lynn, and three granddaughters. My first squadron deployed during the Cuban Missile Crisis and then overseas to



South Vietnam. Later, I graduated from the Naval Postgraduate School with a degree in Operations Research/Systems Analysis and served two tours involving aviation and tactical mobility studies. I served a second flying tour in Vietnam and later commanded two squadrons and a group. My final active duty job was G-3, 3<sup>rd</sup> Marine Aircraft Wing, which had six air groups, 400 aircraft and 17,000 personnel. Military flight time totaled 5,500 hours. After retiring I spent 13 years at Sikorsky Aircraft Corporation as a marketing manager. Most recently, I have spent the last eight years as the Executive Director of the Naval Helicopter Association. The Air Force Academy has had a profound influence on my life in many ways including the honor code, leadership, and love of country.







**Edwin L. (Ned) Whitman**  
**Res. 1Lt. 64, Ret. Col. USAFR 93**  
**Mary**

**CS-10/C-124/MATS**

**Suffern, NY**

I served four years as a navigator in MATS. While earning an A.M. (politics) at Princeton and teaching Am. Gov't at Clarkson, I continued as an airlift navigator with the AFRES and NYANG into 1970 (3,645 hours). After a break in participation for a J.D. at Cornell, I reactivated my reserve career in 1975, this time as an LO for USAFA and AFROTC Scholarship Program. From 1983 to 1988 I was LO Commander for Southern New York (MSM, AFAM). In 1986 my primary duty became contract administrator



for DLA, and my LO service became an additional duty. I was promoted to Colonel in 1988 and continued solely with DLA until my retirement from AFRES in 1993 (DMSM). In civilian life, I practiced law for 25 years in NY, the last 20 as an Attorney for the County of Rockland (health-care financing law, legislative reapportionment litigation, telephone systems contracts). Mary and I have been married for 40 years. Our son, Bradley, graduated *summa cum laude* and number one in economics from Harvard in 1988 (he was awarded three Graduate Dependent Scholarships from the AOG--one of which was presented by Tony Burshnick) and is now a managing director with a leveraged-buyout firm in NYC. On 07May08, Brad's wife, Christy gave birth to our first grandchild, Abigail.



**David L. Wiest**  
**Resd. Capt. 67**  
**Laura**

**CS-05/H-43/ARS**

**Silver City, NM**

After graduation from USAFA, I went to Advanced Pilot Training at Reese AFB, Lubbock, Texas. While there I met Laura, a student at Texas Tech. We were married in Fort Worth, Texas in September of 1961. Prior to my first assignment we stayed in Lubbock while I worked at Reese in Base Engineering. My first assignment was to fly the H-43 for Air Rescue Service at Dover AFB, DE. From there I went to Incirlik AB, Turkey for



three years. I gained great flying experience there with TDYs to Ethiopia, Greece, Spain, and Saudi Arabia. My flying skills were further enhanced with a combat tour in Vietnam at Bien Hoa AB. I was now flying for Aerospace Rescue and Recovery and still in the cockpit of the H-43. After Vietnam I resigned my commission in October 1967. I became a freelance commercial photographer located in Taos, NM. Later, as a scrimshaw artist, I opened a custom jewelry shop. Finally I went to work for the US Forest Service, starting off doing trail maintenance with mules and crosscut saws, graduating to cartography and finally becoming a civil engineer. Laura and I both retired from the US Forest Service in January of 2001.

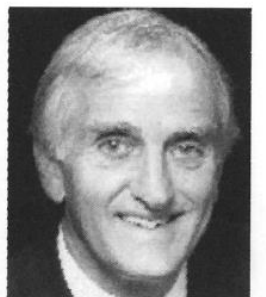


**D. Reece Williams III**  
**DNG**  
**Nancy**

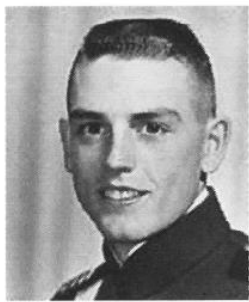
**Classmate**

**Columbia, SC**

Reece earned his BA in 1960 from University of NC, his JD from the University of SC in 1964. He has earned a number of honors to include professional excellence and distinguished service awards. He serves on some 15 Boards from the Salvation Army to the SC School of Public Health and is Chairman or President of 5 of them. He also continues to contribute as a legal education speaker and instructor, and writes for legal publications. He has have been very lucky in family, friends and work. My



wife, my CWC sweetheart, Nancy Parsons, and I have three children and eight grandchildren. Nancy, originally from San Francisco, passed for a native Southerner many years ago here in Columbia, SC, where we have lived since 1964. Our children and grandchildren are all kind and decent people. Much of the good that has come to me has come from my friends. I include among many kindnesses the invitation to join the reunion of the Class of 1960 and the opportunity to see some of the fine friends I had at the Academy. Finally, I have had a satisfying career as a lawyer. My specialty is trials, mainly civil jury trials, some criminal. In 2000, I was elected President of the American Board of Trial Advocates and, in 2006, elected South Carolina Trial Lawyer of the Year. I love the courtroom and have been lucky there, too. I think of the Academy almost every day and treasure the memories of the high ideals to which we held.



**Donald L. (Don) Wolfswinkel**  
**Ret. Col. 89**  
**Ronnie**

**CS-02/C-124/MATS**  
**Mt. Pleasant, SC**



I grew up in Hull, Iowa, and first became interested in the Air Force Academy through my high school basketball coach. He flew B-24s with Major Bob Spears, the first basketball coach at the Academy. I attended Iowa State University for one year and was pleasantly surprised upon receiving a Congressional Appointment. I had a great class at AFA that resulted in four wonderful years at the Academy. For most of my 29 plus years in the Air Force my assignments were mainly in airlift, flying C-124, T-29, C-131, and C-141 aircraft. I flew O-1s for my Vietnam tour and had a four year break in flying going back to the Academy in the athletic department, mainly coaching basketball. After my flying years, I was Deputy Base Commander and Base Commander at Travis. I was commander of the AFROTC at Virginia Military Institute and retired as Resource Manager at Andrews AFB, Washington, DC. I presently reside with my wife of 30 plus years, Ronnie, in Mt. Pleasant, SC. I have a married daughter living in Florida and two married stepsons, one living in California and one in South Carolina. We have five grandchildren.



**Ronald W. (Ron) Yates**  
**Ret. Gen. 95**  
**Connie**

**CS-02/F-102/PACAF**  
**Monument, CO**



Ronald W. Yates, General, USAF, Retired, is an independent consultant to the aerospace industry. He spent 35 years in the US Air Force. He is a combat fighter pilot and test pilot and has over 5000 flying hours in over 50 different types of aircraft. He has extensive experience in the acquisition business, having served as Program Director of both the F-15 and F-16 System Program Offices. He was also a Test Wing Commander. He served as Air Force Director of Tactical Programs in the Pentagon, and as Deputy Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Acquisition. He was the Commander of both the Air Force Systems Command and the Air Force Materiel Command, where he was responsible for all Air Force research, development, acquisition policy, and logistics. After his Air Force retirement, he served as Commissioner on the National Research Council, on the Board of Visitors at both the National Defense University and the Carnegie Mellon Software Engineering Institute, as a Director of the Air Force Academy Association of Graduates, and on the Board of Directors of several publicly traded companies. He is a member of the Society of Experimental Test Pilots. He holds a Masters Degree in Systems Management from the University of Southern California. In 2004, General Yates was selected as only the seventh Distinguished Graduate of the U S Air Force Academy.



**Victor E. (Vic) Yoakum**  
**Ret. Lt. Col. 82**  
**Patti**

**CS-07/C-118/MATS**  
**Gig Harbor, WA**

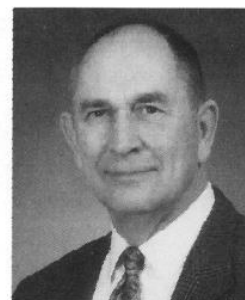


Born in the Great Northwest and, after several retirements, now reside happily in Gig Harbor, Washington. The Academy is a very significant part of my life, interacting with skills development, life experiences, values, character building, and lifelong friendships. Proud of a career divided between flying and R&D management jobs. Completed USC Graduate Program in R&D Management. Flew combat missions in SEA in C-47 Gunship and O1/O2 aircraft. Associated directly with early Space Shuttle testing and operations. Spent 11 years with Hughes Aircraft Company putting sensitive payloads on the Space Shuttle and booster missiles. Spent 5 years on a Department of Defense sponsored program at famous Hollywood High School aimed at keeping at-risk students in school. Worked with 10 other retired AF officers, 6 of whom were Academy grads (59-60). Project was very rewarding (93% graduation) and program still exists. My wife Patti, whom I met at the Academy and was with nearly 41 years, died in 2001. We had two children – Susan Lynne and Victor Eric. My significant other and special love, Suzanne Forselius, and I have been together since 2003. We travel extensively and get along swimmingly. We plan to marry and will probably screw up the swimmingly. At age 70 I feel successful—I'm better looking now and still have my driver's license. Please put on my stone, "He laughed often and sometimes brought smiles to others".



**William F.H. ("Willie Z") Zersen**  
Ret. Col. 86

CS-04/C-130/TAC  
Laguna Woods, CA



I was born (in Canada), lived and worked all over the world, and retired to Laguna Woods, CA. Now mostly play golf and bridge. I had no idea about military life. I accepted going to the Academy in order to reduce the financial pressure on my mother, who had raised 3 children (two older sisters) by herself. My father died 10 days after I was born and things were not easy for us at home. So, off to Colorado. After the Academy I flew as a navigator in TAC and MAC (C-130s/C-141s) for some 12 years. Combat

Airlift/Airdrop was my specialty. In 1973 the Air Force sent me back to school for an MBA in R&D Management. In 1975 I entered the Space business and stayed there for the next 12 years, including a stint as Comptroller of Space Division. Once in the Space business, I really questioned why I hadn't selected a Space career leaving the Academy. I really enjoyed everything about the Space business. After I retired, I went to work for UTC and Hughes. My last 5 years prior to permanent retirement, I decided to give a little back and worked for Hollywood High School in Los Angeles. Even though it was voiced by Gen. MacArthur, I still regard my time at the Academy to have instilled within me "Duty, Honor, Country" – I still feel that way!



**Alex D. Zimmerman**  
Ret. Col. 82  
Pam

CS-11/F-102/ADC  
Albuquerque, NM



USAF 1956, met Pam in Denver at Christmas. After graduation, pilot training at Bartow, Williams, and Perrin. F-102 pilot at Paine Field near Seattle, quick trip to Denver to marry Pam in 1963, then off to German language training in DC. Two years as Olmsted scholar at the University of Munich (flying T-birds with the Luftwaffe), then north to Hahn Air Base, Germany, as a 102 pilot once again. Two children born while there.

Next came tactical recon training in the RF-4C at Shaw AFB and recon duties at Misawa, Japan. Flew one of the aircraft from Misawa to Birmingham, AL for delivery to the Air Guard there. So ended my real flying career (T-39s after that). A year doing 12-hour shifts at the 7th AF command post in South Vietnam was followed by a Pentagon tour with AF Studies and Analysis (someone handed me a book on FORTRAN). Then back to Germany as a NATO staff officer at Ramstein, followed by a final assignment to the AF Test and Evaluation Center at Kirtland. Retired in 1982, studied a little computer science, and joined a defense contractor for 24 years of computer programming. Now keeping honey bees and enjoying the grand kids.

## AF CADET DIES IN PLANE CRASH



Wreckage From Fatal Plane Crash

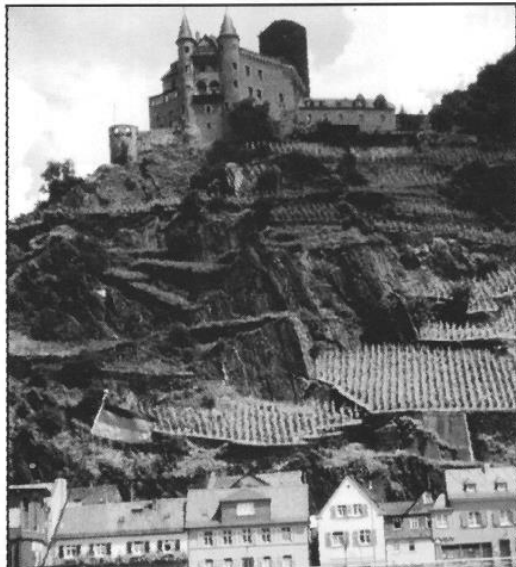
Wreckage of open two-seater plane in which Air Cadet Richard Davis met his death, Saturday, Feb. 22, 1958, near England's airport southeast of Denver. Son of Valley General Theatre, 650 E. First Ave. shown in background. Story on page 1.

### Second Injured During Landing



*Remembering Richard Davis the first cadet in Academy history to lose his life and Paul Sones who was seriously injured while preparing to serve their country. February 22, 1958*

# A Trip to Remember





Southeast Asia

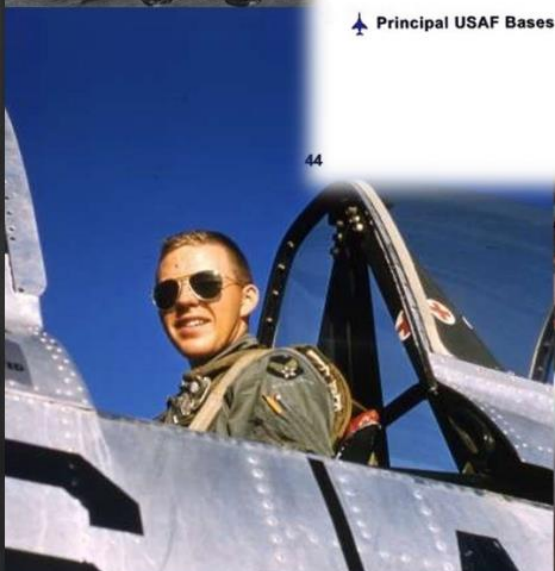


# Class of '60 at War





Southeast Asia



## Class of 1960 at War

The fall of Saigon on April 30, 1975, marked the beginning of the end of USAF combat operations in Southeast Asia, more than two decades after the fall of Dien Bien Phu and the beginning of USAF assistance to South Vietnam. By the end of 1976, Laos and Cambodia had also fallen to the communists and the last USAF and Naval units had departed Thailand--thus concluding almost 15 years of continuous Class of 1960 participation in what we generally refer to as the Vietnam War.

What follows is a rough chronological narrative of the wartime experiences of some of our classmates. Some 55 classmates actively participated in this Class War Stories project and the full text of their stories can be found on the CD that accompanies this book. Several of the longer pieces can also be found on the Class website. Most of the stories pertain to the air war in SEA, but since the Cold War was in full swing during our early years of service, we also have a few stories relating to that topic and to other post-Vietnam adventures. Many of our class were cited for heroism in battle; some of their stories are included in this history. One of our classmates, **Don Stevens**, was cited for extraordinary heroism and awarded the Air Force Cross and the Jabara Award. Of the 152 members of the Class of '60 who served in SEA, a total of twelve Silver Stars were awarded to nine different individuals: **Howie Bronson, Ed Haerter, RG Head, Mike Hyde, Ed Leonard (4), Dick Meyer, Tom Seebode, Don Stevens, and Dave Wiest**. The statistics on other awards for valor and achievement (DFC, BS, PH, AM, etc) can be found in the Statistics section of the Yearbook. Since most of our stories were provided by rated pilots, except where mentioned otherwise, the named classmates were fixed wing or rotary wing airplane drivers.

Perhaps the apogee of the Cold War was the Cuban Missile Crisis in October of 1962 and a few of our classmates have recorded their memories from that dangerous time when US forces went to Defense Condition (DEFCON) II. **John Kuenzel** was assigned to a KC-135 crew at K. I. Sawyer AFB in Michigan's Upper Peninsula: "There was no hint of an international crisis at the squadron level. The initial indication came upon assuming ground alert status on a Monday morning. By noon we were airborne enroute to Spain where we joined a tanker task force assigned to refuel B-52s flying 24-hour airborne alert sorties from the States. We flew three sorties every other night. I do not recall the exact duration of the crisis, but the tension peaked on Saturday night. The Soviets must have agreed to remove their missiles over that weekend in October. Our crew flew three sorties that night. There were reported MIG sightings (never verified), and large ship movements reported over the radio. After that, in clear text, an authoritarian voice announced over the HF (long range) radio directing us to report any unusual sightings, hence avoiding any delay. I never discovered the identity of that speaker, but he clearly had command authority to change the world that Saturday night."

**Paul Vallerie's** first assignment after graduation was as a Deputy Missile Crew Commander in the 567<sup>th</sup> Strategic Missile Squadron at Fairchild AFB outside Spokane, Washington: "Our missile was a liquid propellant one called the Atlas E. The Atlas E was in the 'coffin' configuration, which means that the missile was lying flat in a concrete bunker and was only about 100 feet from the launch console. Each missile back then had their launch crew right next to the bird. Every tour of duty, which lasted 24 hours on site, we had to physically inspect the missile and the 1.2 megaton warhead. The fuels were hypergolic, which means they exploded when mixed. So we had to insure there were no leaks in the pipes that lead from the storage tanks to the missile. Scary as hell for the first couple of tours, but then you got used to it. It took approximately 10 minutes to raise, load and fire the missile." "When the crisis hit, we were all recalled to the base for a special briefing. The Command Post at Headquarters SAC contacted our Command Post and we heard from the lead controller what was happening. We were put on six-ring alert. This all sounds great except that, as a bachelor, I was literally trapped in my apartment, even though **Ralph Miller** lived just two floors above me. I learned a year or so ago, when the squadron records were released, that our missile squadron was the only missile squadron in the US that could be targeted toward Cuba. The other Atlas and Titan outfits were too close and could not be programmed against Cuban targets. Our missiles were. The Cuban Missile Crisis lasted 44 days. We were about ready to do anything to get out from under that six-ring alert."

**Howie Whitfield** (USMC) got somewhat closer to the action: "In October 1962, flying the Sikorsky single-engine UH-34D, I deployed aboard a helicopter carrier, *USS Iwo Jima*, out of San Diego on the Cuban Missile Crisis. Our task force went through the Panama Canal and cruised back and forth off Haiti prepared to assault Cuba if necessary. Fortunately, it wasn't necessary, as based on intelligence briefings we received; it would have been a very bloody affair." **J.P. Browning** was assigned to Myrtle Beach AFB flying F-100s: "During the Cuban missile crisis, we deployed to McCoy AFB in Florida where we flew armed air-to-air missions out over the Gulf of Mexico between the US and Cuba. We sat alert with airplanes armed with conventional ordnance, and on more than one occasion we felt we were minutes from launching."

On the other side of the Atlantic, **Jerry De la Cruz** was sitting his first five-minute alert in his F-106



Jerry de la Cruz

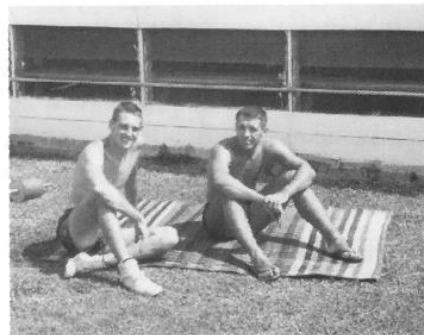
102 at Zaragoza, Spain: "The klaxon sounded for a scramble. We all jumped two feet into the air. Everybody rushed to their aircraft. My heart was going 60-mph and my legs were shaking as I started my engine. Every one of us believed that the Russians were coming and this was the real deal. I was a bit excited to say the least. The first two birds that actually scrambled eventually recovered and we learned that the scramble was in response to an airliner that had not properly filed a clearance. We also noticed that the SAC birds had not been scrambled, so we figured that maybe we weren't at war after all, but everyone was still tense."

### The Advisory Years (1961-1964)

The story of our class's participation in struggle against communist oppression in SEA even predates the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis. In 1961, in Thailand, the USAF was quietly supporting low profile flight operations from Takhli RTAFB into Tibet and Laos. **Ed Haerter** was with the 774<sup>th</sup> Troop Carrier Squadron (TCS) at the time and deployed to Thailand and subsequently Vientiane, Laos, as a C-130 navigator. "During this deployment, we dropped supplies, consisting of arms, ammunition, etc., to allies in the Plain of Jars region of Laos. During several of these flights, we were fired upon and our aircraft received hits from small arms fire. We were told to keep quiet about the entire operation and our flights were logged as operational, *not combat*. I believe that marked the first time US aircraft were used in combat operations in SEA." A year later, more than two years before the United States was "officially" involved in the Vietnam War, **Charlie Folkart** was flying F-100s for the 430<sup>th</sup> TFS, which was deployed to Takhli on a contingency basis due to insurgent activities in Laos. This was to be the first of four assignments in the AOR for him. It should be noted that SEA was not the only hot spot that welcomed our class. **Ken Werrell** recalls **Brian Deem** telling him that he, Brian, flew as a navigator in the Congo Airlift of 1961, the largest airlift since the Berlin blockade. Flying into Leopoldville where troops and their gear were offloaded, Brian thought he saw fireworks, only to be informed that what he was seeing was AAA. [Ed. Note: This may have been the first instance of one of our classmates encountering hostile fire.]

This first phase of the Vietnam War, the Advisory Years, began in December, 1961 when the US aircraft carrier, the *USS Core*, arrived in Saigon with 33 helicopters and 400 air and ground crewmen assigned to operate them for the South Vietnamese Army, and U.S. pilots start to train and fly support missions with the South Vietnamese Air Force. This event marks the first large scale participation of U.S. military "advisors" in South Vietnam's struggle against communist forces. **Dave Sweigart**, by all accounts the first in our class to embark on this frustrating and challenging adventure, was in Da Nang in Feb '62 for 30 days and in Saigon for 179 days beginning in Sep '62, flying combat support missions in C-123Bs with a TDY rotation out of Pope AFB called "Mule Train." In May 1963, **Andi Biancur** was among the early USAF deployers to Bien Hoa AB as a B-26 pilot with Det 2A of the 1<sup>st</sup> Air Commando Wing, code named "Farm Gate." **Ken Alnwick** joined him there in June and was assigned to fill a slot in the RB-26 program. Ken recalls that "We were supposed to be in Vietnam as advisors, and to preserve this fiction, we flew with a Vietnamese airman 'observer' in the jump seat behind the copilot/navigator position. This was a cruel farce. The 18-year old airmen who flew with us were barely literate and spoke virtually no English—and had absolutely no access to either radios or flight controls. Their only role in life was to provide a cover story for us in the event we all died in a crash."

The WWII B-26s in Vietnam had a bad habit of shedding their wings. Andi saw this happen: "I was working a target in the mountains southwest of Da Nang as a two-ship formation, under the direction of a Vietnamese Forward Air Controller (FAC), flying an O-1 aircraft. We had each made a pass or two on the target located in a north-south valley in a fairly rugged narrow mountainous area. I had pulled off the target and was up on a left downwind ('the perch') heading northeast when my wingman, Captain John McClean, began his run to the southwest. Shortly after he began his run, the Vietnamese FAC yelled over the air the words: 'His wing come off!' I glanced to my left and caught sight of the wing section flipping through the air and the remainder of the aircraft tumbling out-of-control and heading for the ground. I yelled for them to get out, but, of course, it was impossible because of the adverse



Don Wolfswinkel and Andi Biancur

'Gs' and lack of time. I immediately broke off the attack and called Paris Control (the tactical control agency) to report the incident." A few months after that incident all the aircraft were grounded—only to return to the fight five years later as the A-26 which, with reinforced wings and other upgrades, was a far more capable aircraft.

Bien Hoa was also the home of the 19<sup>th</sup> Tactical Air Support Squadron (TASS) which, in August 1963, was proud to claim Lieutenants **Les Hobgood**, **Don Wolfswinkel** and **Miles Kaspar** among its' initial cadre. Flying O-1 Birddogs, these intrepid aviators provided forward air control services to the Vietnamese army. In this case, the back seater was a Vietnamese FAC. Les describes their role as follows: "Our Rules of Engagement were



Les Hobgood



simple. The VNAF Observer was directing the strikes and we, the USAF Pilots, were only Advisors, so somewhere in every strike mission we had to preface the strike advice with 'the VNAF Observer advises you hit the smoke ... or somewhere near it.'" Many more members of our class were to fulfill the FAC role as the war progressed. They were the unsung heroes of the air war and a vital linchpin between the war on the ground and USAF airpower aloft. Les's 500 combat missions and over 750 hours combat time in a one-year tour were not unusual for our FAC brethren.



*J T Smith*

At about the same time, **J.T. Smith** was the first PCS C-123 jockey to arrive "in country." He was assigned to the 310th TCS at Tan San Nhut: "We lived in a hotel in Cho Lon and rode a gray Navy-operated bus to and from work each day. Most of the time, it was dark when we went to work and dark when we came 'home.' There was no need for an alarm clock, because the pre-dawn sounds and odors rising from the open-air market behind the hotel were enough to wake the dead. Our missions initially were limited to trash hauling to air patches small (1500-ft dirt/Pierced Steel Planking) and large (Da Nang, Bien Hoa, Nha Trang, Pleiku, Vung Tao, etc.) and to training drops for the ARVN paratrooper school. As soon as we figured out how to dispense flares with a degree of safety and precision, our mission expanded to providing flare support for night strike operations by the ADs and B-26s out of Bien Hoa." JT finished his tour as a pilot of the VC-123C known as the "White Whale," carrying VIPs throughout the theater.

On 24 October, 1964, the C-123 airlift mission took our first casualty of the war, when **Val Bourque** became the first USAFA graduate to die in combat. Val's last flight was a two-ship airdrop at a Drop Zone (DZ) just south of the Cambodia-Viet Nam border. Val was adamant that he command the lead aircraft, as it was to be his last flight before returning to the States. On the approach to the DZ, Val's aircraft was riddled with 50-caliber fire, fatally damaging his aircraft, which crashed inside Viet Nam. Major Byer, in the number two aircraft, was able to abort his own drop, and he reported the shoot down.

Not long thereafter, **Earl Van Inwegen** was assigned to the 309<sup>th</sup> Air Commando Squadron at Tan Son Nhut AB and got his in-country checkout in the C-123 by the same Major Byer. In his words, Van "found flying the C-123 a fantastic experience—going into unprepared airfields, airdrops and night flare missions in country, interspersed with two two-week tours in Thailand—flying in-country support, trips to Clark, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Kuala Lumpur—all in all a great experience, including an exciting mission into Du Co where we escaped with no hydraulics, both nose wheels flattened, 24-50 caliber holes and part of our left aileron damaged by a mortar that landed nearby."

While Van was bouncing from one dirt strip to another, **Howie Whitfield** was TDY to Da Nang, flying UH-34Ds: "It was all like a scene out of the old comic strip 'Terry and the Pirates.' For the next four months we flew a variety of combat missions throughout an area called 'I Corps' that ran from the 17<sup>th</sup> parallel separating North and South Vietnam south 200+ miles and from the South China Sea coastline west 100+ miles to Laos. We mainly re-supplied Army Special Forces camps back in the jungle as well as some assault missions with South Vietnamese Army units. Our squadron was billeted about a half mile from the runway in an old French military compound.



*Howie Whitfield*

The earlier French colonial occupation in Vietnam left its imprint with French being a second or third language, French bread available in many towns and French restaurants in large towns. We had read about the French experience in Vietnam but didn't really draw lessons from it, arrogantly believing our superior military power would succeed where the 'frogs' hadn't."

1964 also saw the introduction of USAF jet fighters into the fray, in response to what is now known as the Gulf of Tonkin Incident when three North Vietnamese torpedo boats attacked the *USS Maddox* on August 4, 1964. **Ron Yates** and **Sid Newcomb** were among the first jet fighters to respond. Flying out of Clark AB, PI, Ron Yates' F-102 was the third US jet to land in Vietnam that night and Sid Newcomb was one of four F-102s deployed from Naha AB, Okinawa, to stand alert in Saigon as part of the reaction to this attack. Their mission was to defend against a potential threat from Soviet-made bombers from the North. Sid flew 12 sorties and returned to Naha. **Russ MacDonald** was also one of the follow-on Naha F-102 deployers. He would later return to the theater for two more tours.

For the next 21 months, Ron spent most of his time rotating between Da Nang, Saigon, and Don Muang, Thailand and Clark AB and flew 100 combat missions. Ron was heavily involved in developing air-to-ground tactics for the F-102, which had limited effectiveness in this role, as it had been designed for air-to-air combat. His most harrowing experience, however, came not in the air but on the ground, when the Viet Cong launched a sapper attack on his alert facilities at the end of the runway at Da Nang. After a fierce firefight the USMC detachment there drove off the attack. As Ron recalls, "On that night, I was VERY glad for the small arms training we had at Buckley our doolie year! The next morning, the 7<sup>th</sup> Air Force Commander arrived with his aide.

**George Pupich**, to inspect the damage. My face was pretty bruised from rocket concussions and George persuaded the General that I was too ugly to remain in-country. So, I was sent back to the Philippines to recuperate.”

### Years of the Offensive (1965-1968)

Ron's 21 months bridged the transition from the Advisory Years to the Rolling Thunder attacks on North Vietnam (March 1965) and the buildup of US forces that would last through 1968.

In 1965, George had two jobs in Vietnam—Aide de Camp to Lt. General Joe Moore the Commanding Officer of 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division (his real job), and an A-1E slot in the 602<sup>nd</sup> Air Commando Squadron (the job he relished). In his aide capacity, George worked a lot with former AOC Ken Tallman, General Westmoreland's Chief of Staff, and was instrumental in having General Westmoreland present **Howie Bronson** the Silver Star for his work as a FAC. He was also present when **RG Head** came in “glassy-eyed” from an early morning mission to a memorable location—Khe Sahn. George got to see a great deal of the “inside” activity pertaining to the war by being Moore's aide, but he deemed that that was a mixed blessing: “I became very disenchanted with Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara and President Lyndon Johnson. Those observations led me to resign my commission exactly one year after I completed my RVN assignment.”

While George was up to his neck in generals in Saigon, **Ed Nogar** joined the long line of Class of '60 FACs as an O-1 FAC in IV Corps in the Mekong Delta. He was also assigned duty as an assistant Air Liaison Officer for IV Corps, which afforded him the opportunity to “visit every piss ant little strip dug up out of the rice patties in the IV Corps delta.” After six months he transferred to Can Tho to serve as a Direct Air Support Center (DASC) operations duty officer, flying FAC missions on his days off. Looking back, Ed reflects that “During my time in 'Nam, June '65 to June '66, I never came across anyone, without exception, who was not highly motivated to do a good job. I've always wondered how it was near the end.”



*Ed Nogar*

Another 1965 IV Corps veteran is **Tom Seebode**, who racked up 576 combat missions supporting a US advisory team and ARVN forces in the My Tho area. During his tour, Tom had two airstrips overrun by VC, once losing his Birdog in the process, and for several months had to FAC from the rear seat of an Army L-19 until a replacement O-1 could be found for him. By 1965, the VC had learned that the key to keeping fighters at bay was to neutralize the FACs. On Tom's Silver Star mission, he dueled a VC .50 caliber gun with Willy Pete (White Phosphorus) rockets and saved many soldiers' lives by directing accurate fighter support against entrenched VC forces. Despite his many combat sorties, Tom claims that “the 10-mile drive from the advisor's compound to the primitive ARVN air fields was the most hazardous part of my day.”

In 1965, **Tony Burshnick** joined the ranks of McGuire '60 grads that traded MATS patches for a more exciting lifestyle, flying C-123s from Da Nang and Ton Son Nhut. Tony vividly remembers flying “Ground-Controlled Approaches into remote dirt strips guided by a guy on the ground with a hand-held radio and a good set of eyes.” His most extraordinary mission occurred when his C-130 was sent on a fire-bombing raid into the Bo Loi woods northwest of Bien Hoa. All C-123s in Vietnam were assembled to drop pallets of fuel drums with flares for fuses to burn the VC out of the defoliated area. As Tony recalls: “We made our way back to Tan Son Nhut, and, after landing, watched the fire take on the Viet Cong. At the same time we also watched tremendous rain clouds starting to form. Soon the area was blanketed with thunderstorms, which in the end probably put out most of the fires. We never did get a body count.” Tony also had occasion to meet classmate **Alan Sternberg**, who had left the Academy due to illness, but had worked his way into the combat zone by volunteering to be the head of the USO in Saigon. Also in Saigon at that time were **Roy Jolly** and **Chuck Diver**.

**CT Douglass** was flying Birdog FAC missions further north around the Pleiku plateau at about the same time, supporting the ARVN II Corps and five Army Special Forces A Team camps. One camp, Plei Me, came under attack and the fight eventually became the Battle of the Ia Drang Valley. CT was attached to the 1<sup>st</sup> Air Cav until the battle's end. On Christmas Eve 1965, CT had a surprise Christmas present: “I had just returned from an afternoon mission and I dropped in for a drink in our shipping-container hooch bar to relax, when, lo and behold, my old Doolie Training roommate, **Dave Bradshaw**, strolled in. He was an Army Special Forces Captain passing through Pleiku on his way to join his “A team” up in Kontum. The next morning I flew him up to Kontum and dropped him off. A couple months later, I heard that he had been killed up there in a firefight, and have not heard about him since. During my seven months in-country I was always hungry, tired, and scared and amazed at the casualties we were taking, but challenged and excited that I was ‘making a difference.’ It was lots of responsibility---the PERFECT combat assignment!” [Ed note: Fact-checking this story, we discovered that CT had picked up a bad rumor. Dave Bradshaw is alive and well and living in Texas.]

Not too far away in air miles, but a world apart on many levels, **Ken Alnwick** was back in the theater attached to WATERPUMP, an

Air Commando operation at Udorn, Thailand where **Wayne Kendall** was flying Air Rescue Service HC-54s. Ken's assignment was to serve as an ops officer for a Thai/Laotian AT-28 CAS and interdiction operation out of Udorn, Thailand and Wattay airport in Vientiane, Laos: "Essentially, we were the predecessors of the Raven program, but in this case we provided a true support and advisory role—with the Thai and Laotian pilots flying the strike missions against the Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese forces in the valleys, while the friendly forces held the high ground. We worked closely with the US Embassy and Air America, and other assorted contract aviation assets. As a bonus, I also contracted dengue fever on one of my sojourns to the boondocks."



Ken Alnwick on the left

**Jim Fey** was an F-100 pilot who had been selected to attend MIT to fulfill his dream to teach engineering at the Academy. He deployed to Da Nang in the summer of 1965 and returned to England AFB after a 164-day TDY in theater. As he was preparing to return to Vietnam with his wing, he was killed in a night flying accident on an unfamiliar gunnery range during inclement weather.

**Bill Gillis** served the first of his two Vietnam tours as a C-123B Air Commando pilot at Da Nang SVN. On his first in-country mission, in January 1966, his aircraft was badly shot up in the same place where **Val Bourque** had gone down over a year before. "From Da Nang, we flew five to seven missions a day in all weather, many into small outposts in rugged mountainous terrain. We took ground fire on roughly 95% of all the missions we flew. There were many interesting flights, especially the time leaving Khe Sanh when one engine began to fail, causing us to keep it running, despite the imminent risk of engine fire, to get through the Karst with a load of wounded Marines and indigenous troops. We landed at Quang Tri with one engine still working and a C-130 on the runway. Yes, we had holes (battle damage) on almost every flight as we flew into the small dirt strips. On one flight, the crew chiefs repaired over 200 flak holes before the next day's flights."

**Charlie Thompson** was flying C-123s out of Saigon that year and also performing duty as a controller in the Transport Mission Control Center, logging back-to-back 12-hour days. On his days off, he would relax by flying combat sorties into remote mountain-top dirt airstrips.

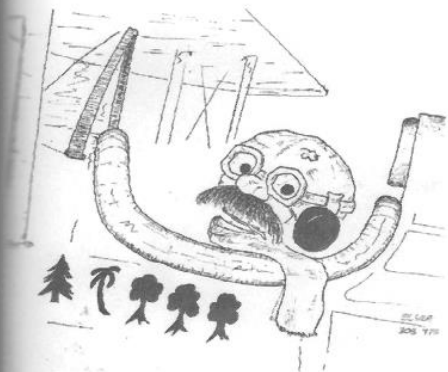
By 1966, the war had definitely moved into a more "conventional" phase, and the US commitment had grown to some 385,000 personnel (up from some 16,300 "advisors" in 1963), not to mention additional forces from South Korea, Thailand, Australia and the Philippines. Rolling Thunder, the air war over North Vietnam, had resumed after a month long hiatus (**Brian Kaley** had provided KC-135 refueling support to that operation in 1965). Essentially, the Air Force was fighting four wars simultaneously. In the North the US was attacking a tightly controlled list of carefully prescribed and often highly defended targets in an attempt to get the North Vietnamese to agree to some sort of political settlement. In northern and southern Laos we were conducting interdiction campaigns against NVN forces moving along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. And, in South Vietnam, we were engaged in an all-out war of attrition against the Viet Cong—including B-52 Arc Light bombing raids. In concept, the US would conduct high intensity air and ground operations to provide a shield behind which the Vietnamese Armed Forces could regroup and rebuild as the Americans and their allies eroded the communist's ability to continue the fight.

1966 also saw a steady influx of fighter-qualified classmates into the war zone, including **John Peebles, Russ MacDonald, George Elsea, DK Johnson, Sid Newcomb and Sam Waters**. John Peebles flew F-100s out of Phan Rang and rang up some 300+ sorties. On one night mission south of Saigon, he and his wingman came to the rescue of two downed Army choppers by dropping napalm as illumination to help them hold off the VC until help could arrive. Eight years later, in the only bar in his small home town, John found himself sharing a beer with one of the soldiers whose life he had saved.

**Russ MacDonald** flew F-4Cs out of Da Nang AB, RVN from June, 1966 through December, 1966: "We flew a month of nights and then a month of days, etc. At night, we interdicted in and above the DMZ, against hard-to-see targets illuminated by flares. Keeping away from the mountains and other aircraft (no lights) could be sporting. The best part was that the North Vietnamese rarely could really see us. During the day, we flew interdiction missions in the same area and in Laos, but the main work was escorting F-105's into the far north."

**Sid Newcomb** returned to the war in August as an F-4C pilot in Robin Olds' 8<sup>th</sup> TFW at Udorn RTAFB. He logged 86 combat sorties over North Vietnam and Laos flying daytime and Night Owl interdiction missions against targets along the Ho Chi Minh Trail and against petroleum storage tanks in North Vietnam. Probably Sid's most notable mission occurred one day after the New Year's Day truce in 1967 when Sid was a wingman in the fourth of seven flights that comprised the famous Operation Bolo. Led by Robin Olds, the 8<sup>th</sup> TFW bagged seven MIG-21s in that one day (none by Sid). **Clark Walker** also flew F-4s in the 8<sup>th</sup> TFW as a member of the 555<sup>th</sup> TFS (the famous Triple Nickel) at Udorn. He reports that "Our squadron lost a full complement of airplanes and half of the crews during my tour." Clark would later return to the theater to fly with the 7<sup>th</sup> ACC.

Another classmate who was on his second rotation was **Sam Waters**. Sam was a FAC qualified F-105 driver with the 12<sup>th</sup> TFS in Kadena, and had deployed to Da Nang in 1965 where he flew some 53 combat sorties. He returned to the theater (Korat RTAFB) in November 1966 and resumed flying missions over North Vietnam. Sam was shot down over the North on December 13, 1966, ejected, and made it safely to the ground. He was declared MIA-NVN, although many believed he was being held in the Hanoi Hilton. The Vietnamese government returned Sam's remains to the US in 1976.



A TUY HOA ACE  
Cartoon by George Elsea

Tuy Hoa, on the coast of the South China Sea, became the home of **George Elsea** and **DK Johnson**, flying F-100s for the 31<sup>st</sup> Wing in 1966-67. According to George: "At Tuy Hoa our top mission priority was to give close support to the troops on the ground fighting the Viet Cong and the NVN regulars. We also supported army helicopter troop movements by bombing trees to create landing zones and suppressing enemy fire just before the troops arrived. We escorted Ranch Hand C-123s to discourage anti-aircraft fires coming from the jungles. We flew interdiction missions in Laos against the 'Ho Chi Minh Trail' supply lines, and some in North Vietnam. But most preplanned missions were flown to attack 'suspected VC locations.' In many of these missions the visible target was usually trees. Ground fire was often the least of our worries on close support missions. There were far too many Army flying machines in Vietnam, particularly around a hot battle area. The traffic density was a considerable hazard, especially at low levels where we made 500-mph bombing and strafing passes."

By 1966, all the restrictions about carrying Vietnamese observers and trainees in the O-1 had been lifted and O-1s were to be found throughout the theater, including Laos and North Vietnam. **Gary Sheets** was flying O-1Es with the Covey Special Operation Detachment, a "special one-time good deal" for Covey FACs in I Corps who would get time off their tour in exchange for 80 missions trolling for NVA targets north of the Marine positions along the DMZ: "The problem was that Marine forces were heavily engaged with the 324<sup>th</sup> North Vietnamese Army Division just south of the DMZ and there were no existing means of effectively thwarting the NVA re-supply. The topography in and north of the DMZ was varied from an agrarian, populated area near the eastern coastline to increasingly denser jungle cover and mountainous terrain moving westward toward Laos. It was in the western area where the NVA re-supply was concealed from cameras and fast moving aircraft." The mission of the Covey Special Operations Force was to find re-supply activities and then direct their attack by AF, Navy, & Marine fighter aircraft: "All 13 Covey FACs flew a two-hour mission every day, flying as a two-ship and at or below 2500 feet above the terrain. With the element of surprise we 'killed' dozens of trucks before they off-loaded their cargo for final transit south by bicycles on jungle trails, and on one mission a stray bomb ignited what turned out to be a huge ammunition storage area that we kept burning and exploding for three full days. Even from our tents in Dong Ha we could see the continuous black smoke, some 15 miles north. There was great rejoicing at all levels of the U.S. Command structure."

Over in Thailand, **CT Douglass** was not such a happy camper. He was in NE Thailand in early 1966 to finish out his one-year SEA tour establishing tactical air support parties and training Thai FACs. Unfortunately, there were no O-1 aircraft available in Thailand (they were all needed for more pressing duties) and CT did not speak Thai. Instead, he used a U-10 that the RTAF had made available. It had side-by-side seating (instead of tandem, like the O-1), which restricted his ability to work targets and instruct. One day, while CT was logging time in the U-10, he dropped into Nakon Phanom AB for some 'merican food and ran into **Jack Brush**. Jack was flying O-2s east and northeast of NKP, but wouldn't say much about his operation...CT doesn't recall asking him, as they had too much other, personal, things to talk about (They had gone through BCT, 6<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> squadrons together). Unfortunately for CT, his Thailand assignment was a miserable experience: "lonely, austere conditions—living on the economy, without a weapon, in poverty-stricken areas, working for a Thai Colonel who did not want an American advisor on his base."

Obviously, not everyone from our class who served in the war did so as a pilot or navigator. **Frank Mayberry** was a communications officer who, in 1967, was responsible for the maintenance activities at seven Tactical Air Control sites in South Vietnam, after having cycled through Vietnam and Thailand TDY as a comms officer in the Philippines since 1965: "I was often at a site such as Ban Me Thuot when it came under attack by Viet Cong ground forces. I once came under direct AK-47 fire on Phu Quoc Island, but escaped unharmed. I was cited by both the US Air Force and The Republic of Vietnam Air Force for coolness under fire during the Tet offensive at Tan Son Nhut."

In 1967, **Dave Wiest** was an HH-43F Rescue Crew Commander flying out of Bien Hoa. On the last day of March, at 2:50 AM, Dave was scrambled to recover a downed F-100 pilot who was on the ground about 10 miles northwest of the base:

“We flew there at 1500’ and there were solid clouds below us. An AC-47 Dragonship was orbiting and we had two Huey gunships giving us immediate cover. We had communication with the pilot on the emergency frequency. He said he was okay and in a rubber tree plantation. From the topo map I knew the tree tops were at about 300’ and I decided to make an instrument letdown. The Huey pilots were not IFR rated, so we would have to go down alone. I had my CP lean out his side of the Huskie and watch for tree tops while I started a circular orbit on instruments at a very slow rate of descent. When we had gotten low enough that my CP could see leaves, we leveled off just under the clouds and immediately began to take tracer ground-fire.” Despite the heavy ground fire, Dave was successful in locating the pilot and deploying his forest penetrator: “The F-100 pilot got on the forest penetrator, and as soon as he was clear of the trees, I climbed up and got out of there. More ground fire. We reeled him in on the fly. We were lucky and took no hits. The pilot, Capt. David Lindberg, was okay and we climbed up through the clouds to 1500’ and back to Bien Hoa. The irony was that some months later I would again find myself again trying to rescue him at a crash site.” Capt. Lindberg did not survive his second downing, although Dave did everything he could to get him out. While hovering 100’ over dense jungle searching for the downed F-100 pilot, Dave’s helo took several hits which caused the engine to fail. A bullet fragment hit Dave in the neck above the flak jacket collar. Acting on instinct, Dave auto-rotated into the only clearing large enough for his aircraft and led his crewmembers into the safety of a small ditch where they held off possible attack (with unauthorized personal weapons) and awaited rescue. Dave was awarded the Silver Star for the initial rescue and the DFC and a Purple Heart for the second attempt.



*Dave Wiest on the right*

**Don Stevens** won his Air Force Cross flying his O-2A as a FAC on a rescue mission near Quang Ngai City in August 1967. A wounded US soldier was down and exposed on a beach and surrounded by two battalions of enemy soldiers backed by heavy automatic and 50-caliber anti-aircraft weapons. The following is an excerpt from Don’s citation: “*Captain Stevens made diving passes directly into the heavy enemy fire, and firing marking rockets between the advancing enemy and the soldier; directed USAF fighters to attack...the weather was deteriorating rapidly. Despite high volume anti-aircraft fire and a hit in the right wing, Captain Stevens, with total disregard for his own personal safety, persevered in his rescue attempt and succeeded in the safe extraction of the soldier and the reaction team that had gone in to help him.*” After two and one-half hours of constant exposure to withering enemy fire, Don landed at Quang Ngai airfield under minimum conditions on an unlighted field with no control facilities.



*Ron Padgett*

related how much he enjoyed the Firefly mission (A-1 attacks along the Ho Chi Minh Trail), but how vulnerable he felt during the Sandy search and rescue missions. We parted, agreeing to see one another again soon.” That reunion would be a long time in coming.

**Ed Leonard** arrived at Udorn RTAFB in early May, 1967, to fly the A-1E and A1-H Skyraider with the 602nd Fighter Squadron (Commando). He flew 247 combat missions during three consecutive tours and participated in the rescue of 18 aircrew members. On May 31, 1968, going for number 19, he was shot down on a Search and Rescue effort for a Navy A-7 (Streetcar 304) flown by Kenny Fields. Ed ejected, and once safely on the ground, got in a gun fight with three NVA soldiers. “I shot one for sure—three AKs versus one 357 seemed like a fair fight to me. I had them outnumbered! I got away, and after running most of the night, I climbed up a tree and hid there.” On the third day, Lt. Fields was finally rescued, but Ed was spotted and captured. He spent a total of three and a half years in solitary until he was moved to Duong



*Ed Leonard*

the, an old French military post some twenty miles outside Hanoi—which was to be his battlefield for the next two years: “If you’ve seen the movie ‘Papillon’ with Dustin Hoffman and Steve McQueen, you’ve seen the place. The French built them all over the world. Here I was segregated from the others. Those captured in Laos were held in a separate part of the camp—very ominous. They put me in with seven others also captured in Laos. We were called the LULUs, the Legendary Union of Laotian Unfortunates.”

After years of unspeakable depredation and humiliation, and following the signing of the cease-fire in January 1973, Ed was repatriated on 12 February in the first contingent of 143 American PoWs. During the following weeks, the remaining 444 were released. The remaining LULU’s, which Hanoi claimed were being held by the Laotian Communists, were among the last to be released. [Space does not allow us to do justice to Ed’s inspiring story. Please refer to the class web site or the accompanying CD to learn more about his exploits and those of our other classmates mentioned in this section of the yearbook.]

In December 1967, **Jerry de la Cruz** arrived in Bien Hoa AB to fly the F-100. Greeting him there was **Leon Goodson** who was assigned to a sister squadron. Bien Hoa had been home to many of our classmates since the beginning of our involvement in 1963. One of that number was **Mike Hyde**, who was killed performing a napalm pass on 8 December 1966. During his tour, Jerry logged some 200 sorties and took several hits. Typical of the work horse F-100s, Jerry’s squadron stood alert and flew the usual assortment of strike, close air support and Ranch Hand (spray defoliation) escort missions.

In May of 1968, **Ed Haerter** was back in theater with the 37<sup>th</sup> TFW at Phu Cat AB, SVN, this time as an F-100C pilot. During his tour, Ed was seldom bored, logging some 195 missions and 404 combat hours. On one of his missions, for which he was awarded the Silver Star, Ed virtually destroyed a NVA regiment that had trapped an Army SF “A” Team in a valley surrounded by rugged karst mountains: “It was just a really scary mission, with 300’ overcast, rain and growing darkness coupled with all sorts of anti-air: 23mm zip guns, 12 mm, and small arms fire. All this at 450kt indicated air speed.”

**Bob Fisher** was one of the spray pilots at Bien Hoa that the F-100s supported. **Jerry de la Cruz** was also present during the Tet offensive in late January 1968, when sappers penetrated the base: “The ground fire was intense and all around us. As evening fell, flares were constantly being fired off overhead. I didn’t care for the situation at all. I came over to Vietnam to fly. I didn’t expect to be engaging the enemy in hand-to-hand combat or even at close quarters. Nonetheless, I had my weapon and I was prepared to fire on anyone that came close to our defensive position. Happily, the action wasn’t near us.”

The Tet offensive was a watershed event in the Vietnam War. **Doug Rekenhaller** was assigned to the Airlift Control Center at 7<sup>th</sup> Air Force Headquarters on Tan Son Nhut Air Base and living downtown when the Viet Cong struck. He was working his way back through town to the base after being recalled: “One old lady, squatting on the sidewalk, eating betel nuts in her black pajamas, smirked and said as we crawled past: ‘Tonight you die, GI, tonight you die.’ I thought she might be right. We lost numerous aircraft as VC sappers threw satchel charges into our aircraft, neatly parked in revetments and in orderly rows: shades of Hickam Field during Pearl Harbor days. In a final bit of irony, the base commander was, of course, promoted.” **Bill Larsen**, flying a C-130 out of CCK (Taiwan), also survived a Tet sapper attack while TDY to Tuy Hoa. After spending the night bunkered down in a bunker, Bill emerged to find that, although several aircraft had been damaged, the Korean defense force had driven off the attack and killed seven VC in the process: “The ROK’s, when we arrived at the flight line, had all seven of the sappers laid out on the tarmac. When I looked at them, I was shaken quite a bit. One of the sappers was the barber who had given me a haircut the day before and who had held a straight razor to my neck during the haircut. Never again did I have a haircut in Viet Nam.” Although the Tet Offensive was tactical failure which decimated the Viet Cong cadres, its’ images on TV screens throughout America was in sharp contrast to the optimistic statements issuing forth year after year from MACV HQ in Saigon. The effect was demoralizing and cost President Johnson any hope of making a successful bid for reelection. By the end of the year, the Johnson administration had, in effect, placed a cap on US participation and began the process of putting the war back in the hands of the South Vietnamese.

### Years of Withdrawal (1969-1975)

**Ralph Lalime** also joined the Triple Nickel, which Ralph claims, “had already shot down more MIGs than any other squadron in SEA.” Ralph logged 180 missions (27 over NVN, 150 over Laos and three into SVN). His tour (1968-69) spanned the transition from the “win” strategy of the previous five years to the “get out with honor” strategy that was to characterize the post-Tet era. During his tour, **Don Thurman**, **Greg Boyington**, and several other Academy types were also assigned to the “Nickel” at one time or another. **Charlie Folkart** had flown with the 555<sup>th</sup> in 1967 when it was at Ubon and then transferred to the 13<sup>th</sup> TFS at Udorn in early 1968, completing his tour at Udorn as an Airborne Command and Control Officer in the 7<sup>th</sup> AF C-130 ABCCC. **Gordo Flygare** was also flying C-130s out of Udorn during this transition

Because Don Thurman was a test pilot school graduate, he also served as the squadron maintenance pilot and checked Ralph out in that function as well. Don also pioneered the concept of using the F-4D as a "fast FAC" and teamed with Ralph to log some impressive BDA numbers. On a day when both were scheduled to fly, Don and Ralph would scope out some potentially lucrative targets before the formal round of briefings began: As Ralph recalls, "Once airborne, I would check in with Don on a different frequency and he would tell me which of our cleverly designated targets were still there. Then he would go over to the ABCCC and tell them he had some good targets. I would separately go to ABCCC and tell them my flight's ordnance and availability. Of course we had dutifully briefed the targets given to us by HQ, but they were usually what we called 'tree parks' and ABCCC would always release us to Don. Upon leaving the tanker we would rendezvous with Don and he would either clear us on to the target or lead us to it. Having studied the exact picture on the map that morning, we all could clearly identify and destroy the targets. Over a period of a couple of months we were getting really good bomb damage assessments. I even had one guy from the other fighter squadron come up to me one day to ask how I was getting such good BDA!" In November, President Johnson halted all bombing of North Vietnam while allowing reconnaissance missions to continue—also allowing "protective reaction" strikes, if the recce birds were fired upon.

Two of **Greg Boyington's** claims to fame while with the squadron were: a) winning a samlar race by putting the Thai peddle-pusher in the passenger seat and doing the front end work himself, and, b) accurately dispensing CBU's on a target below minimums while flying straight up to get above the 7,000 ft. release altitude before pickling off his radar-fused cluster bombs.

While Greg was racing samlars in Udorn, either by coincidence or collusion, **Al Johnson** was accomplishing the same feat between the poles of a rickshaw during a mini-R&R in Hong Kong. Al was the navigator on an AC-47 gunship (Spooky) flying out of Da Nang. Late one night in a US Navy hangout in Kowloon, Al met two USNA lieutenants, and, at about 3:00 A.M., they decided to settle all issues concerning the relative merits of USAFA and USNA grads once and for all with a rickshaw race: "You can imagine the absurdity of the scene. Three Yanks pulling three Chinamen down a narrow street at breakneck speed—all six of us laughing and shouting the entire time. It was nip-and-tuck, but I dug deep. I called upon my fast-twitch muscles to carry me to a decisive gold medal victory! Another win for USAFA."

In 1969, **Ken Biehle** was flying refueling missions in KC-135s out of U Tapao AB, Thailand, as part of an operation called "Young Tiger." "The majority of the refuelings were of flights of F-4s and F-105s, but we also did various other fighter and reconnaissance aircraft. . . We had a sign in the boom operator's window saying we were from Wright-Pat. One day a single F-4 was refueling and the pilot said, 'Wright-Pat, eh? Do you know Ken Biehle?' The 'boomer' said, 'Yeah, we know him and he's right up here in the left seat.' That was **Don Thurman** and he was flying Falcon FAC missions, presumably 'over the north.' We refueled Don on three other occasions and on the last one he told me he was pleased and excited that he had just received his orders to go to Edwards as an instructor after SEA. Sadly, he later died in a B-57 crash while instructing at Edwards. As a footnote, sometimes, after the disconnect from refueling a 'single ship,' the pilot would fly forward and position his aircraft 100 yards or so in front of, and slightly to one side of, our tanker and do an aileron roll before departing. The roll was not always executed real well and the pilot might even give it a second try. When Don Thurman did his . . . and he did it every time . . . he would do two rolls in succession, with about a half second hesitation in between and they were always absolutely perfect! The guy could really fly!"

**Mike Loh** flew 204 combat missions in F-4 Phantoms from Da Nang Air Base in northern South Vietnam in 1968-1969. Before his first mission over North Vietnam, his squadron operations officer called the new pilots and said, "OK. We intend to write up each of you for a DFC during your tour. So, when you fly a really tough, heroic mission, have the members of the flight write each other up for a DFC, and the earlier in your tour the better." So it came to pass that in late October, 1968, just before the bombing halt, Mike flew a particularly demanding mission attacking the North Vietnamese port of Dong Hoi and was duly submitted for his DFC. Later in his tour Mike became the squadron "Bullpup" guided missile expert and led many highly dangerous missions against NVA caves in Laos. One mission was spectacularly successful and Mike and his wingman submitted appropriate paperwork supporting a DFC recommendation. Here is Mike's report of what happened next: "When we approached our ops officer to submit the write-ups, he accepted my wingman's after checking that no one had yet submitted him for a DFC. Then, he turned to me and said: 'What the hell is this, Loh? Another DFC?' He checked his roster and said tersely, 'You already have one. Get the hell out of here!'" Mike goes on to say: "Now, whenever I see a DFC ribbon on the chest of an officer or enlisted person, I chuckle a bit, and recall all those Bullpup missions and my personal lesson learned about misguided combat medal policies."

In 1969, Quang Tri, a Marine base 20 miles south of the 17<sup>th</sup> Parallel, was the temporary home of both **Howie Whitfield** and **Cres Shields**. Living conditions were poor and morale was low. On this, his second tour, now flying the CH-46, Howie found that "The war had changed considerably, from a large U.S. buildup with optimistic expectations of winning quickly, to a long drawn out stalemate. It was frustrating for us, but excruciating for the grunts that had to go out in the field and continually go back

over terrain they had assaulted six months earlier. There was no longer any sense that we were on a campaign to win. We flew a variety of combat support missions back in the mountainous jungle west of the field supporting the 3<sup>rd</sup> Marine Division. On one flight, during a troop assault on a small landing site carved out of the jungle, my CH-46D lost power in the approach and I had to crash land it on the hillside. Between our squadron and another CH-46 squadron at Quang Tri, we were losing an aircraft about every two-three weeks, due primarily to enemy action or pilot error. Overall, I ended up with 16 months in combat, flew 633 hours and 437 combat sorties.” Howie also remembers running into **Marty Richert**, who was on standby at Quang Tri with his Jolly Green crew in anticipation of rescue missions to the North

**Cres Shields** was flying the OV-10 as a Covey FAC, and one day **Ken Alnwick** showed up on his doorstep looking for a ride. Ken was on sabbatical from DFH at the Academy doing a study on “Command and Control in I Corps.” The next day, while searching for good targets up on Route 9, they encountered a US 9<sup>th</sup> Division tank that had lost a tread while being overrun by NVN forces and Cres got the call to destroy it. Several different flights from out of nowhere converged to take a shot at it, but tanks are really difficult bombing targets. After several failed Navy attempts, it took the Gunfighter F-4Es out of Da Nang to finally do the job.

**Jim Glaza** was familiar with the difficulty of hitting NVN targets. He was developing a system to confirm or deny strike claims, while working the recce frag desk at Udorn, and flying 186 combat missions as a WSO in RF-4Cs over Laos, Cambodia and NVN. Among several memorable missions, he had 69 missions over the North, most as a “Phase Tester”, flying low and slow while trolling for SAMs, to test the North’s adherence to the then current Kissinger pause.



*George Luck*

In the fall of 1969, **George Luck** traded the joys of being a test pilot at Wright Patterson for a pilot’s slot in the resurrected Douglas A-26 with the Air Commandos at NKP, Thailand: “Our mission was to interdict the trail complex in Laos and to provide air support for the Royal Lao Forces in their fight against the Pathet Lao and NVA. After two months of night operations, the A-26s were de-activated along with the B-57s, F-100s and U-10s. The crew members were then up for grabs—I was attached to the 602nd SOS (Special Operations Squadron (call sign: Firefly). During my check flight on my fifth A-1 mission, I was shot down by ground fire over the Plain of Jars in northern Laos. I got to ride the Stanley Aviation’s Yankee rocket extraction system. It worked like a charm. My right seater and instructor was shot and critically wounded as he parachuted down. After an hour on the Plain, we were rescued by two Air America helicopter crews. I completed the assignment flying 80 combat missions. When I arrived at NKP, we had 100 Skyraiders, but after one year, we had lost 40, and after two more years, the numbers dwindled down to only a handful.”

While George was dropping 500 lb iron bombs in Laos from a reconditioned WWII bomber, **Charlie Diver** was dropping 10-15000 lb bombs from C-130s over Vietnam in an effort to create “instant LZs.” He describes a typical mission as follows: “When dropping the M121, the C-130 flew at an altitude of 5-6000 feet above ground level, and was guided to a drop point by Combat Skyspot ground radar. As navigator, I would determine the offset and call it into the ground radar, which would apply it to the Point of Impact, and the pilot would fly the headings given by the radar at the predetermined airspeed/altitude. At the drop point the loadmaster would release the bomb, hopefully it would sail out the back of the aircraft and not get hung up, and the rest would be history. Initially, the bombs were used for helicopter landing zones, but later, other targets were designated, and many of these targets would have a secondary explosion associated with our bomb(s).”

By 1971, President Nixon’s “Vietnamization” program was in full swing while the Vietnamese Army and Air Force struggled to fill the void. Total US strength in Vietnam had shrunk to 184,000 from 555,000 in 1968—although the war along the Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos and Cambodia continued unabated.

**Joe Higgins** recorded it all while flying 140 combat missions in the RF-4C with the 14th Tactical Reconnaissance Squadron from Udorn Royal Thai Air Base from June of 1970 to June of 1971. According to Joe: “By that time, folks had figured out that flying low would not be conducive to longevity, especially at night; so, the rules of engagement in 1970-71 called for not flying below 4500 feet and generally daytime only. Yet, 40% of the crews that were in the 14th when I arrived in 1970 were either MIA or KIA when I left in 1971. Most of my time was spent flying over Laos doing visual reconnaissance early in the morning, looking for guns, trucks, bulldozers, and storage sites.”

In November, 1971, **Mike McCall** followed Joe to Ubon, flying as a fire control officer in the 16th SOS on an AC-130A gunship. He recalls that “Our primary mission was to ‘kill’ trucks on the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos, Cambodia, and SVN. We also provided close air support for troops in contact and downed airmen. In all, I flew 129 missions, and logged 590 hours combat flying time.” **Herb Eckweiler** was at Ubon at the same time. Mike’s greatest satisfaction came from Troops-in-Contact



missions: "You get a call from an outpost on the ground, someone speaking only in a whisper. We would circle his position, pour in a few rounds of 20mm, and pretty soon he was speaking in a normal voice. No official recognition for these missions--just good feelings."

From 1972 to the end of the war, only a few of our class found themselves still participating in the SEA war games. One of these "lucky few" was **Bill Goodyear**, who, having flown B-52s earlier in the war, was flying T-39s for an organization known as Seventh Air Force Flight Operations, code name "Scatback." Scatback aircraft typically flew established routes stopping at the Seventh Air Force bases in South Vietnam and 7<sup>th</sup>/13<sup>th</sup> AF bases in Thailand where they delivered processed film, official mail, priority parts and picked up bomb damage assessment and gun camera film. Sometimes, all of the seats were installed and the aircraft would ferry high level military and civilian VIPs. Bill's most unusual mission was to fly US Ambassador Elsworth Bunker's wife, Carol Laise, from Saigon to Katmandu (where she resided as Ambassador to Nepal) to attend King Mahendra's funeral. The 1700 nm trip took about four hours flying time and two refuelings to arrive at Katmandu's 6000 ft strip in a high mountain valley 4,390' above sea level.

In 1969, **Pete King** made a multi-generation transition from C-47 driver to F-4 pilot. He deployed to Cam Ron Bay later that year to fly the F-4 version of George Elsea's tree-busting missions. Two years later, Pete returned to the theater, this time to Ubon, to join the renewed air war over NVN, flying some 40 missions, including some that had him laying chaff for B-52s--on one occasion being fragged to lay the chaff on a target 15 minutes after the bombers had already dropped their bombs on it.

In about the same time-frame, two other classmates were in Saigon. **Sid Newcomb** was on his third tour, TDY to HQ MACV, Saigon, then NKP, Thailand, as target validation officer, including duty on C-130 ABCCC over Cambodia. Once, when Tan Son Nhut was hit by mortar fire, Sid hid under his flimsy bed in his VOQ, and then later "watched the ops center displays in awe as hundreds of B-52s, escort fighters, and support aircraft flew over North Vietnam every night for a couple of weeks bombing Hanoi and vicinity, ultimately leading to 'truce' and freeing of our POWs in early 73." **Phil Meinhardt** was assigned to the Vietnamese Joint General Staff in Saigon to coordinate U.S. support for the Vietnamese. Phil was the duty officer and the only American on the Vietnamese Compound: "During my tour, I was all over Vietnam, usually with General Trien (J3). The most memorable trips were to Quang Nai, Mo Duc, Pho Duc, and Pleiku during the North Vietnamese Easter Offensive of 1972. When the truce in Vietnam arrived, my job was to be one of the 200 U.S. personnel allowed to remain to support the South. Everyone seemed to want my job; I wanted to go home, so they sent me to Nakon Phanom, Thailand with the remnants of the U.S. Vietnam Headquarters (MACV). In Thailand, we carried on the war in Laos until a truce there, and supported Cambodia. When the capital of Cambodia, Phnom Penh, was about to be overrun, I personally wrote the evacuation plan, nicknamed 'Eagle Pull,' in 12 consecutive hours on a yellow legal pad. When finally executed in 1975, 'Eagle Pull' successfully withdrew 276 personnel from Phnom Penh with no evacuee hurt or left behind, although some of the senior Cambodians refused to leave even though they were marked for death..

Possibly **Andi Biancur's** most important Vietnam mission took place thousands of miles away from Saigon, in the current operations directorate of Headquarters Military Airlift Command (MAC), where he served as Chief of Current Operations. On 4 April, 1975, a Military Airlift Command C-5 Galaxy, tail number #68-0218, departed Tan Son Nhut AB, loaded with over 300 crew, children and adult escorts. Shortly after take-off the aircraft experienced an "explosive rapid decompression" about 40 miles from Saigon. The plane could not reach the airport, but instead crash-landed at about 270 knots, two miles away into a field of flooded rice paddies, killing 138 people, including 127 of the orphans. When the news hit MAC HQ briefing room, Lt Gen Chappie James, then the MAC vice commander, turned, surveyed the staff, and ordered: "Biancur, get those people the F--- out of Viet Nam." He then stood and left the briefing. Andi immediately formed a small four-man tiger team to execute Chappie's orders. "Within hours, we had procured several wide-bodied aircraft from several U.S. civil airlines and had them in the air en route to Saigon and Da Nang. We worked alternate 12-hour shifts for the next three and one half months. By 1 August we had safely extracted some one hundred forty thousand people (including approximately 2,600 orphan children)."

In 1975, **Mike A Clarke** was a plans officer in the relocated MAC V headquarters at NKP. After participating in the Cambodian evacuation, he was assigned the job of developing the plan for the evacuation of US forces from Vietnam, an effort strongly opposed by the US Ambassador in Saigon as being "defeatist." Less than two months later, Mike's planning paid off, as he coordinated with Washington the minute-to-minute details of the extraordinary evacuation of the last remaining Americans and their Vietnamese compatriots from the relentless NVN onslaught. Previously, in 1964-65, Mike had flown F-100s over both South and North Vietnam.

**Ken Alnwick**, who was flying T-39s with Scatback out of NKP at the same time, was one of those who helped execute Phil's original plan for the evacuation of Cambodia and then, a few months later supported the Saigon evacuation. In 1972 Ken had been assigned to US MACTHAI/JUSMAGTHAI in Bangkok. He was variously, an O-1/OV-10 FAC advisor, a Command and

Control advisor and a MACTHAI HQ staff officer, and regularly flew MACTHAI C-47 airlift missions into SVN. Ken took an in-country PCS to NKP in 1975: "Many of my missions were flown with TI Anderson from the Class of '59. We flew in and out of Saigon and Phnom Penh in the closing days of the war, and watched helplessly from above as the defenses around the Cambodian capital crumbled. We were on the ground in Saigon a few days before Saigon fell and watched Bien Hoa explode in a billowing cloud of smoke and soon thereafter witnessed the aftermath of the tragic fall of Saigon—12 years after the Class of '60 had first flown combat sorties off the runways of that unloved, but unforgettable air strip."

As a United Airlines 747 pilot during the latter stages of the Vietnam War, **Rich (J.R.) Carter** transported deceased soldiers back from Vietnam and he considered it a great and sacred honor to do so. However, Rich wanted a taste of what it was like to experience combat, and so, on one lay-over in Vietnam, he convinced a fighter pilot buddy to take him on a mission. He said it was an "incredible and pretty hairy experience" and that he was fine flying the transports after that flight. He often remarked, "All I have to do is remember all the boys I flew home from Vietnam and I realize that any problems I might have are really very small in comparison."

Perhaps **Ron Yates** best summed up our experience in what was, at least to this point, America's longest war: "Many of us fought in Vietnam using the wrong equipment and the wrong tactics. Worse, we had the wrong kind of leadership, both militarily and politically. I know those experiences molded the rest of my military career and my attitudes about the use of US airpower. It was those experiences that enabled Vietnam veterans, like those in the Class of 1960, to help build a new fighting force that would, in time, become the most powerful the World has ever seen. In that regard, Vietnam was not lives, treasure, and time wasted."

The following seven members of the Class of '60 were killed in SEA and are listed on USAFA's Graduate War Memorial Wall: **Val Bourque** (C-123, SVN), **Bob Davis** (A-26, Laos), **Mike Hyde** (F-100, SVN), **Jim Mills (USMC)** (A-4, SVN), **Eddie Morton** (F-4, SVN), **Sam Waters** (F-105, NVN), **Reed Waugh** (C-123, SVN).

### Beyond the Vietnam War

In Berlin on June 12, 1987, President Reagan said "Mr. Gorbachev, open this gate. Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!" For many of the Class of '60, this marked the beginning of the end of the Cold War that had played a central role in our military careers since the day we signed in at Lowry AFB. **George Luck** started his flying career on the front lines of the Cold War, flying B-52Hs in the 449<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing at Kincheloe AFB, MI. **Reed Waugh** was also there as a B-52 copilot. During his five years at Kincheloe, George served 69 weeks on ground alert and flew 41 airborne alert missions. Concurrently, around the globe, classmates were standing alert in F-102s, flying long surveillance missions in EC-121s, or tending long range missiles or a host of other tasks designed to deter Soviet aggression. Twenty-five years later, George was still fighting the good fight: "I worked in J-3 Operations for the JCS. My first job was the nuclear weapons allocation officer. I owned the weapons stockpile and was responsible for its safety and security. Each year I prepared the allocation plan for the nuclear CINCs. My second assignment in J-3 was as Chief of the Command and Control Division in the NMCS. Among other things, I developed and maintained the go-to war codes, checklists and computers."

In 1963, **Ralph Lalime** was also on the front lines of the Cold War, flying F-102s out of Misawa, Japan. A Russian Bear (reconnaissance bomber) had penetrated Japanese airspace and Ralph and his lead were scrambled to intercept, ID and photograph the Bear: "We were off the ground in less than five minutes and vectored North/Northwest. Climbed out and leveled off at about 40,000 ft. We flew along in a loose route formation for what seemed a long time, but never made contact with the Bear we were chasing. Clouds were well below us and the radio became very quiet. Finally, I could see below and in front of us the largest landmass I had seen in over a year. We were still over the ocean but I could see miles and miles of coastline and even a large city on the coast. Trying to visualize the map in my mind, I figured we were North of Hokkaido, Northwest of the Sakhalin Islands, and must be pretty close to Mother Russia. I called out 'Red one, Red two.' 'Roger' came the reply. 'Let's turn around and go home.' As we flew South, we came back into a frantic voice contact with GCI. 'Red flight, be advised you have three flights of aircraft scrambling against you. Looks like two Migs coming up from the North, two more Migs coming from your East, and two more Migs coming up from your West! Recommend you RTB ASAP!' My leader pushed up the throttles, started a gradual descent and let the airspeed stay right around Mach one. Of course being a Lieutenant fighter guy, my thought was that I had six Migs surrounded and if lead could handle his, I could become an ace with the other five! Fortunately, we continued safely on home, with altitude and speed on our side and no further incident."

At about the same time, **Bill Hockenberry**, United States Army, was reporting to an elite reconnaissance unit, 3<sup>rd</sup> Squadron, 12<sup>th</sup> Cavalry, stationed in Germany. The 12<sup>th</sup> Cav was the cavalry squadron for the 3<sup>rd</sup> Armored Division (Spearhead), a famed division from WW II steeped in the tradition of Patton, occupying the Fulda Gap and constituting one of five American army divisions in Western Europe at the height of the Cold War: "My experiences during those years as a combat arms officer were forged by long range patrols on the border, endless alerts, combat loaded maneuvers, the tragic deaths of young troopers,

unrelenting winter cold, and constant testosterone encounters with Soviet forces which gave new meaning to the term 'Cold War.'"

As our immediate fear of the Soviet Union subsided, other threats, such as global terrorism, arose on the periphery of the Cold War competition. **Dale Thompson** played a role in one of the most challenging operations against terrorism, the USAF attack on Momar Kadafi in operation El Dorado Canyon, 14 April 1986. Seven months earlier, as Commander of the F-111 20<sup>th</sup> TFW in Upper Heyford, England, Dale had conducted a no-notice test of the mission profile that proved that the mission could be done. To his surprise, the target on that trial run was in Eastern Canada about 100 miles southwest of Goose Bay, Labrador, a remote wilderness area—nearly 3,000 miles away. The terrain in the target area was mountainous, covered by dense forests, and had many lakes and rivers throughout the area—a low level radar navigation nightmare. After a long and difficult flight, the lead F-111 was within five seconds of his scheduled TOT and all eight of his bombs impacted with the simulated runway area for a perfect score. The following crews were all close to being on time—the worst was about 15 seconds late—after a six-hour flight. After their safe return, Dale received a message from General Charles Gabriel (another former AOC), then Air Force Chief of Staff, in which he praised the mission results and said it was the first modern long-range demonstration of the capabilities of tactical air power.



*Dale Thompson*

During May 1978, Angolan insurgents emboldened with Cuban forces and Cuban advisers, crossed into Zaire, formerly the Congo, into the interior of Africa to the town of Kolwezi, Shaba Province. France and Belgium agreed to aid Zaire: France provided the French Foreign Legion, and Belgium provided the drop aircraft. The US was involved in helping to organize a Pan-African force led by Morocco to be commanded by a Colonel-General of the Moroccan Army. They were to be airlifted by C-5s from their respective countries through Kinshasa for refueling and into Lubumbashi near Kolwezi. **Tom Seebode** deployed forward to be the Airlift Command Element mission commander. His team had two tasks; the first was to assist the Pan-African forces by airlifting them to Lubumbashi, and the second was to extract the French Foreign Legion. Living alternatively in austere and semi-luxurious circumstances, Tom used his Alphonso Mielhe third section French language fluency to smooth out stressful situations and successfully completed the three-week mission under difficult pol-mil circumstances in the heart of Africa.

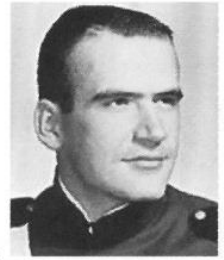
**Bill Kornitzer** first became involved with the Iran hostage rescue mission in the fall of 1979, while he was serving as the Deputy Director of Operations for the 437TH Military Airlift Wing at Charleston AFB, SC. Charleston's C-141s would be tasked to provide airlift support for 53 hostages, 120 members of the Delta Force team, 100 Rangers and as many as 56 helicopter crew members that would have to be extracted out of Manzariyeh, Iran. Extensive training would be required. Bill describes the mission: "After we were qualified to perform at night, we participated in numerous dress rehearsals with the MC-130, AC-130, KC-135 and RH-53 crews and the Delta and Ranger Forces. These exercises included mock surprise night assaults on active duty bases in the US and then departing before daybreak. These exercises were monitored by high ranking officers from Washington to insure we were capable of doing the tasked mission. After we had successfully completed numerous exercises, our Joint Task Force (JTF) Commander, Major General James B. Vaught, U.S. Army, declared us ready to go and briefed the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and after that, President Jimmy Carter. On the first day of deployment for the actual mission, I flew with my crews to serve as the MAC on-scene commander at Daharan, Saudi Arabia and to then move forward to the extraction area at Manzariyeh, Iran as the mission progressed. Shortly after bedding down in Daharan, we learned that there had been an accident between an RH-53 and a refueling C-130 at the Desert One site. There were eight deaths and numerous injuries. We were told to leave Daharan immediately and fly to Masirah to pick up and treat the injured. We did that and then brought the injured and the Delta Force back to Wadi Kena. The injured, including burn victims, were transferred to MAC Medevac aircraft and flown to Germany. This was a very disappointing outcome for all of us who had worked so long and hard to make it a success. It was devastating to lose eight crew members in an unfortunate accident and to have to leave them behind. One remarkable thing about this mission was the scope, i.e., the distances and the amount of forces that had to be involved. It was also a tribute to everyone that this vast operation was kept a secret."

These stories are but a brief sampler of the contribution the Class of '60 has made to the safety and well-being of our nation since we last marched on the parade fields of our beloved Air Force Academy. We have visited every continent and flown literally hundreds of different aircraft from WWII hand-me-downs to the world's most modern military and civilian flying machines. Many have also achieved a significant degree of success and influence in the private sector. And, most of all, and never to be forgotten, many put their all on the line during their service, and some paid the ultimate price.

Thanks for the memories.

## Now It Can Be Told - Service Days

### Jim Alexander: 'ON A SLOW BOAT TO...'



Although being assigned to the 319<sup>th</sup> Troop Carrier Squadron, Commando, Eglin AF Auxiliary Field Nr 9, Florida, may not have been the highlight of my almost 30 years in the Air Force, it did provide for some interesting stories.

One that may be slightly different from others was the opportunity to take a replacement Goon (C-47) from Hurlburt Field to Bien Hoa, Viet Nam in 1962. We had tested the C-47 with the Sgt. Fletcher tanks several times to make sure we would have enough fuel for our flight from Travis to Hickam. On the morning of October 23, 1962, when we arrived at Hurlburt, something new had been added to the ramp-- several B-47s. The Cuban crisis plans had been implemented, but our trip to Viet Nam was still on.

Our first leg to Biggs AFB, Texas, was uneventful, as was the trip to Travis AFB the next day. We stayed several days at Travis waiting for the winds to calm down, as we wanted the flight to be less than 20 hours, if possible. The rest of the western Air Force aircraft were headed to the east coast. I think we were the ONLY plane headed west.

We departed Travis a 2:00 in the morning trying to take advantage of calm winds. About 2 hours off the coast of California the Loran set caught on fire, which we quickly put out. That certainly got our attention, but we were Commandos and a little equipment malfunction would not keep us from our duty: deliver the Goon! As the navigator I knew if I could find Ponca City I could find Hawaii. We continued west with the aid of the old hand-held sextant and drift-meter. Our crew of 5 included the Pilot, Co-pilot, Crew Chief, the Load Master and yours truly. I mentioned the Sgt. Fletcher fuel tanks earlier. They were mounted backward in the cargo area with special hoses to get the 485 gallons each held to the fuel tanks. Rube Goldberg would have been proud of us. The fact we mounted them backward allowed us to have approximately 30 extra gallons of fuel if needed. Of course we had all filled our lighters also just in case.

When the sun came up I felt comfortable that we were on track as we could see air liners passing over us as they headed for California. I also knew that the Duckbutt would be able to help us with a position when we got close to them. In our first contact with them I got another knot in the stomach. They were having problems of their own and they didn't know where they were, other than over the Pacific Ocean.

Although we were able to determine we were close to being on course, we were a little concerned with our speed. We had planned to fly at about 90 mph to conserve fuel but there sure was a lot of water ahead of us. The Hawaii Air Defense folks finally spotted us and we revised our ETA slightly (about 90 minutes) and landed at Hickam after logging 19 hours in the Goon. By the way, for those of you who never traveled in a C-47, the navigator position is equipped with a wooden milk stool and a very small work area, which required that I tape my maps to the table or lose them.

Needless to say we spent several days in Hawaii getting ready for the rest of the trip,

which required that we visit every island in the Pacific Ocean between Hawaii and Viet Nam. Midway required an overnight stay, which was plenty long enough. From there we hopped to Wake. Agana Naval Air Station provided a chuckle. Captain Harper, my pilot, called in for ground transportation. As you might guess the driver of the car that picked us up was somewhat surprised to see an Air Force Captain. However the Navy treated us royally when we explained our mission.

The next stop at Clark Air Base was very interesting also. We were treated like crap, since we where not MAC/MATS crew and had to make threats to get rooms. While there we were given special intelligence briefings that made us feel really good, as we found that we were worth about \$400 to the VCs. The morning we left Clark we found that the markings on our aircraft had been changed to those of some country we didn't know much about, but considering we had limited markings on our flight suits, we were not overly concerned about the new markings.

Arriving at the entry point of Viet Nam we found we knew little about where we were headed, but told the air controllers we were headed to Ben Hoe. After informing us that there was no such place, they were kind enough to get us to Bien Hoa. When we landed on the PSP runway on November the 9<sup>th</sup> we did not see any other aircraft with markings like ours. Perhaps, we thought, we were to be the first of a new secret organization.

We taxied around for a few minutes, since none of the ground controllers wanted to talk to us, and found some of the other aircraft from our Florida unit; but they had different markings from ours. After about 15 minutes waiting at the wing of our aircraft, a bread wagon (crew truck) stopped and some guy hollered "you guys are late!" Yep, we were late for a Commander's Call. What a way to end a 2 week trip in the Goon! We also received special notice at the Commander's Call: it was suggested that we not cross through the helicopter flight path in the future.

I ended up with every additional duty in the books while there. I logged 121 combat missions in support of our fantastic Special Forces, but also lost a number of good friends from this special unit, Detachment 2 Alpha, APO 27, San Francisco, California.

After numerous delays with the home-bound aircraft, I arrived in late March, only 8 days before our wedding on April 6, 1963. One of the greatest happenings next to the wedding was to have Andi Biancur and Ken Alwick at the wedding. It just goes to show you never know who will show up at a cadet function.

### **Kenneth Biehle: 'SOUTHERN AIR YEARS'**



I flew a civilian stretch version of the C-130 with Southern Air Transport from September 1985 until October 1995 for a total of 8,000+ hours.

Southern's consistent "bread and butter" operation with the C-130 was providing logistical support for the USAF and USN in the CONUS, European and Far East theatres, and that was primarily what I did. However, the company also did a number of "ad hoc" missions, some on long term contracts. The most interesting of these that I participated in was providing famine relief as part of the UN World Food Program in Africa. We would fly from Entebbe airport in Uganda, to dirt strips in the southern part of the Sudan. Invariably, as we approached a field, natives by the hundreds would come streaming from their huts toward the offload area to see the big bird, and hope to get their share of the corn we hauled when it was distributed by young UN workers. While this was a satisfying mission to be doing at the time, it seems to have helped little in the long run, as war and hunger are still the norm there.

### **Kenneth Biehle: 'WAR STORY'**

In May to July of 1969 I was flying refueling missions in KC-135s out of U Tapao AB, Thailand, as part of an operation called "Young Tiger". The majority of the refuelings were of flights of F-4s and F-105s, but we also refueled various other fighter and reconnaissance aircraft. We had a sign in the boom operator's window saying we were from Wright-Pat. One day a single F-4 was refueling and the pilot said, "Wright-Pat, eh? Do you know Ken Biehle?" The "boomer" said, "Yeah, we know him and he's right up here in the left seat." That was Don Thurman who was flying Falcon FAC missions, presumably "over the north". We refueled Don on three other occasions. On the last one he told me he was pleased and excited that he had just received his orders to go to Edwards as an instructor after SEA. Sadly, he later died in a B-57 crash while instructing at Edwards.

As a footnote: sometimes, after the disconnect from refueling a "single ship", the pilot would fly forward and position his aircraft 100 yards or so in front of, and slightly to one side of our tanker, and do an aileron roll before departing. The roll was not always executed expertly and the pilot might even give it a second try. When Don Thurman did his--and he did it every time--he would do two rolls in succession, with about a half second hesitation in between; and they were always absolutely perfect! The guy could really fly!

### **Charlie Diver: 'LISTEN UP!'**



Having finished up my portion of Pilot Training early, I was assigned to KB-50's at Langley, reporting in mid to late October '60. The KB-50 was the tanker version of the B-50 and it had a jet engines outboard to the recips, referred to as J1 and J2.

My first check out training mission was scheduled in early November--a trip to Argentia, Newfoundland. We took off on 07, climbing out over the Chesapeake Bay, and at 3500 feet, the left Reel Operator/Scanner said, "Hey, we just lost J1." The co-pilot said, "No we didn't"--it was his first training mission also--while he glanced at the fuel flow of 10,000 pounds per hour, until it registered that flow might be a tad high. The Reel Operator said again, "No, I mean we really lost it, it fell into the bay". Sure enough, a quick visual

by everyone on board confirmed it was no longer there. We reversed course immediately and landed uneventfully. Meanwhile I'm thinking: "Finally, the Real Air Force".

### **Charles Liggett: 'ONE MOONLIT NIGHT'**

For those of us who have had the privilege of piloting aircraft through the vast reaches of the sky, there are memories that will remain with us always. One of my once-in-a-lifetime memories is of piloting a KC-135 from Hawaii to somewhere on the mainland, probably Andrews AFB. As a pilot for the PACAF Commander, from 1965 to 1968, I was on the crew that often carried the general and his staff to Washington for various conferences. On this particular occasion I was the only one in the cockpit as we were approaching the California coast. It must have been a midnight departure in late October 1965 and the other crewmembers were getting a little crew rest in the rear of the plane. As we neared the coast the sun was starting to brighten the eastern sky, there was a full moon in front of me, the great sun grazing comet, Ikeya-Seki, was a bright very long vertical trail in the sky. As if that wasn't enough of a miracle, the missile folks at Vandenberg AFB launched a missile whose exhaust trail arched over the moon. No camera in the cockpit



all I could do was marvel at the unique set of circumstances that came together to make an unforgettable memory.

### Kerry "Doug" Miller: 'FUN IN VIETNAM'

At Cam Rahn Bay AB, early in 1972, I had a frantic call from the sergeant that ran my Base Flight section – it seemed that a transient T-39 needed some minor repairs and the flight crew, two Majors, were causing some trouble. My sergeant wanted me to get them off of his back. When I got to the Flight Line and approached the crew, I immediately recognized Don Singer and Bill Goodyear (with fading memories, I am no longer positive it was Bill Goodyear, but it was a classmate). I was no longer the skinny guy they knew as a cadet, and they did not recognize me. I had some fun berating them for interfering, until they spotted my Academy ring, recognized me, and the jig was up. We went to the O-Club while their plane was repaired.



### Bill Hockberry: 'JUMPER'



After reading the recent flurry of mails about the firebombing antics of several classmates and a reference to the paratrooper static line, I recalled the following, which I wanted to share. Obviously it takes careful training and a total lack of common sense to learn to jump out of perfectly good military aircraft; and troopers learn to respond instantly, without thought or hesitation, to jump commands (sound like USAFA summer camp?). On one jump out of Fort Benning, GA into deep rural Alabama, on board a flight of C-123s, I was the leader of a stick of thirty troopers on one side of the aircraft; and another young officer was in the lead of the other stick on the opposite side of the aircraft. There is always a sense of heightened urgency, as well as impending doom, when the stick moves to the door; so a certain amount of pushing and jamming occurs as those in the back of the line do not want to be late out the door and miss the DZ. We went through the jump commands, stood up, hooked up and shuffled to the door, heavily laden with helmets, gear bags, weapons and two chutes. At the door the stick leaders move half-way into the open doorway with our hands on the outside of the fuselage, faces in the deafening wind and wispy fuel vapor, crouched like a coiled spring and ready to leap into oblivion. While we were still some distance from the DZ and holding that position at the door, the jump master was advised by the crew that pathfinders determined strong surface winds would prevent the jump. We were turned around to circle in place until more favorable conditions occurred. The side doors were off (we were not using the ramp to jump at that time) and there was a violent wind noise within the interior of the C-123, when the jumpmaster, who was straddling between the two doors, reached over as far as he could to touch the other leader, to motion him to stand back out of the door. As he touched him, the young officer, sensing the "go" command, launched into space. He was the only one of more than 200 troopers to jump that day--and was ultimately recovered 60 miles from the DZ, hanging in trees on the edge of a small village. It is incredibly quiet once you exit the aircraft in a jump, and I have wondered, from time to time, about what that young officer must have thought, looking about in total silence, as the rest of the formation moved away and he was the only one drifting earthward.

### Greg Boyington: 'THE GREAT RICKSHAW RACE'

It was a dark and stormy night – well, actually, it was a pretty nice night. Hong Kong, August 3, 1968. As a crew member of an AC-47 Gunship (call sign: Spooky, also referred to as Puff the Magic Dragon) we managed to finagle a mini- R&R from DaNang to Hong Kong. We were essentially grounded from flying more in country missions, because we had more than maxed-out on our monthly allowable combat missions and flying time. With that rationale we managed to persuade the "Old Man" that only the restorative benefits of a restful R&R to Hong Kong could offset the 114.2 hours and 72 combat missions of a very busy July.



So off we went in our grand Douglas Racer, AKA Gooney Bird. In the left seat we had a grizzled WWII type recalled to active duty (often reminiscing on the excitement of the Berlin Airlift). In the right seat we had a "2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant" just out of T-38s still looking for the nose wheel steering and wondering what the hell a tail wheel contributed to the whole process; and yours truly, with a bag full of junk scrounged from "base operations" -- a bunch of questionable radio frequencies, an old B-1 hand held sextant, an Air Almanac and several volumes of the HO-249 Sight Reduction Tables. (The crew actually trusted me to "fix" our way through the South China Sea, sneak by Hainan, and find Hong Kong -- "Fly base leg until you see the checker board markings on the mountain side, then turn final"). Well, that was kind of "hairy", but one of our biggest concerns as we departed DaNang was avoiding friendly fire of the US Navy's battleship, New Jersey. With 16 inch guns lobbing shells the size of Volkswagens into "bad guy" territory it was always exciting trying to coordinate our flight path with their targets and firing schedule.

It was a great, relaxing R&R. Spent a lot of time looking for libraries and museums, but had little success. I ended up one late night at the Arizona Bar, a grungy US Navy hangout in Kowloon. After robust refreshments and much convivial dialogue with several Canoe U. Lieutenants, the conversations came around to the relative merits of USAFA and USNA grads. At about 3:00



A.M. we decided settle all issues once and for all with a rickshaw race. Two USNA grads and myself left the bar looking for three rickshaws. At first we were going to rely on the physical prowess of our drivers to pull us along the race course a la Ben-Hur of ancient Rome, but at the last moment – an epiphany! With clarity of thought (?), we decided that rather than ride in the rickshaws, it made more sense for each of us to pull our drivers in this epic race. We would be the Arabian Horses.

Well, you can imagine the absurdity of the scene. Three Yanks pulling three Chinamen down a narrow street at breakneck speed – all six of us laughing and shouting the entire time. It was nip-and-tuck, but I dug deep. I called upon my fast-twitch muscles to carry me to a decisive gold medal victory! Another win for USAFA.

### Unknown Author: 'FALSE CREW'

Sometime in late 1967, I was assigned to the 29<sup>th</sup> Air Transport Squadron, flying C-130Es out of McGuire Air Force Base, NJ. My additional duty was to act as assistant crew scheduling officer when I was not flying. As part of that duty, it was my responsibility to produce flight orders for the squadron crews.

At that time, the majority of our missions were to and from Viet Nam, either along the mid-Pac or North-Pac routes. The mid-Pac route crossed the Pacific ocean from Travis AFB, CA. through Hickam AFB, HI, Wake Island, Anderson AB, Guam, Clark AB, PI and into one or two of the bases in Viet Nam. The North-Pac route departed either McGuire AFB, NJ or Dover AFB, DE and proceeded to Elmendorf AFB, AK, Yokota AB JA, Kadena AB, Okinawa, then into Viet Nam. There were stages set at each base where crew changes were accomplished with the inbound crew entering 12 to 15 hour crew rest and the outbound crew taking the aircraft on to the next destination. As each crew landed, it reported to an Airlift Command Post (ACP) surrendered a set of crew orders, and was given the relevant details for their stay and subsequent departure. Typically there was confusion around the ACP briefing counter as multiple crews were coming and going at the same time. Each crew would surrender a copy of their orders to be used to produce a folder which became the record for all activities during the crew's stay at that location.

It seems that somehow a bogus set of crew orders was produced for a fictitious crew containing names such as: Marvin Sigafoos, Acft.Cmdr, Nino Baldachi, 1<sup>st</sup> Plt., Sebastian Rodfield, Nav, Hanreidi Chuckabobo, Flt. Engr., etc. A departing crew carried a set of these orders along with their legitimate orders on a trip out through the mid-Pac route, with a return through the North-Pac route. Upon arriving at each location, and following the usual inbound brief, it seems that local duty officers would find a set of orders lying on the briefing counter. In almost every case, thinking they had somehow missed a crew in the confusion, those bogus orders were used to produce a crew folder at each location and the crew (aircraft Commander's name – Sigafoos) was entered as a resident crew on the status boards.

Several days later, as I proceeded through the system with another crew on a subsequent mission, Aircraft Commander Sigafoos and crew were still being carried as an active crew in the system. And, since my crew was from the same squadron, we were questioned as to their whereabouts. The questioning contained all sorts of implications as to their reasons for extended crew rest at a location or their avoidance of contact. Of course, our response was always that we had not seen them in weeks.

This ruse persisted approximately three weeks before one of the off shore locations took the initiative to call the home squadron and determine that no such crew had ever existed, nor was there ever a set of valid crew orders. Following that call, the hoax was rapidly brought to a close, but not before it generated quite a bit of consternation throughout the Pacific Airlift Route Structure.

### Mike Loh: 'THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR'



After my combat tour in Vietnam, I served a tour in the Fighter Requirements Division at the Pentagon. I was then awarded a fellowship to get a master's degree in aero engineering at MIT. I spent 15 months there, from June 1972 to August 1973.

I had to take two graduate-level courses the first summer, one in advanced calculus and the other in advanced dynamics. In advanced dynamics I was joined by ten naval officers in the marine engineering program, and a few others. Just before our second class started, one of these other grad students approached me and asked, "How are you beating the Draft? You look older and I'll bet your draft lottery number comes up soon. But, I have a friend in the Harvard Law School, and for just \$100 he can get you Conscientious Objector status almost overnight. How about it?" I said, "Gee, I'm not too worried about the draft, but I'll think about it."

For the next week, this fellow pestered me about it, urging me to accept his offer to make me a Conscientious Objector.

At the beginning of the next class, I waited until most of the navy officers were present, then walked over to this fellow and said, in a voice loud enough for the navy guys to hear, "Buddy. I've thought about your offer to have your Harvard Law School friend get me Conscientious Objector status for \$100 to beat the Draft. But, you know what? I'm going to turn you down, and here's why. I have already flown more than 200 combat missions in Vietnam, and I right now I would like nothing more than to be back over there flying more missions than in this damn hot classroom at MIT."

Well, the navy guys roared in approval! This fellow slinked away and sat in the back row that morning.

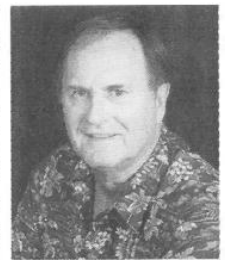
But, not so fast. Here is the rest of the story.

This fellow and I became casual friends for the rest of the course. It turns out he was a Ph.D candidate under Dr. Ali Javan, the inventor of the laser beam. He was taking this course to learn the dynamics of tracking systems in order to design a pointing and tracking system for laser pointing.

And, guess what? He was getting his Ph.D under a grant from...you guessed it...The Air Force Office of Scientific Research!

### **Miles Kasper: 'SOUTH AMERICAN ADVENTURE'**

I was reassigned to C-135s (MATS) upon my return from Viet Nam-1963-64 flying O-1s with Hobgood, Wolfswinkel, and Dave Hmiel (61). I didn't have enough time to check out as Acft. Comm. yet, so was assigned as extra pilot on a fairly important mission, to transport a whole bunch of South American Generals and Colonels from Vandenberg (missile shoot) to Nellis (air power demonstration) and then return them to their various countries. Meridith Sutton (one of our best flight examiners) was in command and Ken Korshin [AA] (just checked out as an AC) was the co-pilot. We picked the VPs up in CA and flew them to Las Vegas. They were at Nellis and doing other things for a day or two, but when time came to leave for South America, Maj. Sutton was unable to fly for medical reasons. We had a schedule to keep, so Ken and I were moved up to complete the mission. Ken was understandably nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof, so I took it upon myself to keep him as calm as possible and do my job as well as I could. Obviously we had a pretty savvy nav to keep us on the right track. We flew to Lima-RON-then on to Santiago. It was a beautiful clear day along the Andes, and when we were in range of Santiago we were cleared to descend and land (no radar). Looking down we could see three airports and the question became, which one? We knew the name of the intended aerodrome so by matching runways that we saw with the airport diagram on the let-down plate we chose the right one. It'd be pretty embarrassing to land somewhere else, with the band and assorted dignitaries waiting at the correct place. Well, that went OK and it was on to Buenos Aires for another lay-over. The next day we were to fireball Rio and continue home to KWRI, but how many chances do you get to spend the night on Copacabana Beach. We figured out we were "too tired to continue" much to the disgust of USAF liaison there. The last leg was uneventful. We were always pretty much on schedule, so I really have to hand it to the rest of the crew (esp. Ken) for rising to the occasion.



### **Gordy Flygare: 'IGNORANCE IS BLISS'**

Except for Seal, Jabbo and I being "shot at" by that motel owner early in the morning of 9 June '60, my only stories involve the holes in the C-130 elevator trim tab. We had broken out kind of early on a TACAN approach to Danang, and naively just motored on in for several miles.

Our inability to secure the Danang final approach course should have received more attention than just the patching of the trim tab.

### **Gordy Flygare: 'PAIN IN THE ...'**

I received an injury during the Southeast War Games that I was plagued with from the summer of '67 until September 1980. Always athletically challenged, I ran into the side of the handball court at Udorn in '67. Despite all manner of pills and treatments from physicians to old jocks at the gym, I was bothered by continual pain in the lower back.

In September of 1980 I fell off my roof and lit on my butt squarely enough to mess my pants and have to crawl into the house. Upon consulting the medics, I was told that nothing was broken and the pain would go away after "a while." Sure enough, a few weeks later, it went away and I've not been bothered since.

It seems that when I gave my onboard CPU a restart, all the pain circuits lit up and as they slowly subsided, the contract for the leased lines from the handball hit, were evaluated and not renewed.

If Lew can have a Physics Theory, I can have a Pain in the Butt Theory.



## Jim Glaza: 'SNAKE SCHOOL STORY'



Many of us remember, with varying degrees of fondness, the exercise we were put to in the Phillipines, enroute to Nam. Helicopters delivered us to a base camp in the jungle

just at dusk, in a monsoon rain, wearing only our flight suits. We were told we had a half hour head start over the Negritos, who would be awarded a bag of rice for each of us they captured before daybreak. My RF4C front seater, a West Pointer named Duke Fredericks, and I took off, as did everyone else, on a dead run. A couple hundred yards down the trail, I was struck by an "inspiration": why kill ourselves running and hiding, when it was a virtual certainty we would be caught by these natives to that jungle? I stopped and pointed out to Duke a 60 degree slope downhill in heavy jungle growth. We slid down and dug "butt holes" where we managed to stay hidden while all around us we could hear the Negritos capturing our buddies, eventually falling asleep in our rocking chair positions. About a half hour before sunrise, we both awoke with the normal urge to relieve ourselves. Forgetting we were on a very steep slope, Duke stood up in the darkness and immediately tumbled several feet down the slope, swearing loudly. Needless to say, the Negritos were on us immediately. It happened we were the last to be captured that night, and almost "won", only to discover that while we spent a miserable, rainy, bug bitten night "evading", our captured buddies were dry and having breakfast and coffee. Moral of the story: never camp out with WooPoo grads who can't stand up and pee at the same time!

## Tony Burshnick and Others: 'A TALE OF THREE FIZZLES'

Much of the war in Vietnam was characterized by the strategic principle of "Making it up as we go along." The following story starts with an e-mail from Tony Burshnick.

### FIRE IN THE BOI LOI WOODS

Northwest of Ben Hoiu Air Base was a jungle area that was supposedly infested with Viet Cong, who made attacks on both the base and the area around Saigon. Efforts were made to bomb them out with the B-52s, but didn't work. So the leaders decided to kill all the vegetation using AGENT ORANGE. For weeks the C-123 spray birds dumped tons of the Agent on the area. When the vegetation rotted and dried the decision was made to set it on fire. We brought all the C-123s in Viet Nam to Ton Son Nhut. Each plane was then loaded with eight wooden pallets, each containing four fifty gallon drums of fuel oil or gasoline. In between the



four oil drums was stuffed a five thousand candle-power flare that was taped to the drums. The lanyard to set the flare off was connected to the line normally used by paratroopers to pull the chute lanyard. We took off, leveled at 1000 feet, and formed into probably twenty flights of three ships in trail.

Starting at the Southeast corner of Boi Loi we started to drop the flare-triggered fuel drums by pushing half of the pallets out the C-123's ramp, while flying East to West. It took that flare about thirty seconds to burn through the fuel drum and set it on fire. Fighter pilots would probably call that napalm. The formation then circled around to the North until it was abreast of the starting point, where we turned South and started another line of fire with the rest of our fire load. This created a tremendous venturi effect and soon the entire area was ablaze. It probably took us an hour to take off and start the fire and another hour to recover all the C-123s. I can remember that we had a big Post Beer Party planned. I was drinking my first beer and half the formation was still in the landing pattern, but shortly thereafter we were all on the ground and having a great party. Then we noticed dark clouds building above the blazing area. In no time at all we created one of the biggest thunderstorms I had ever seen in Viet Nam. You guessed it. The storm pretty much put the fire out--true story! The base weather officer had the audacity to tell us that if we asked him for advice he would have told us we would only create a storm. Isn't hindsight great???



This story triggered the following response from Bill Goodyear:

The story about "FIRE IN THE BOI LOI WOODS," in your message, reminds me of February 1966, when Denis Walsh and I did the same thing as part of a fifty ship B-52 raid from Guam. The mission was called "Pink Rose II." The forest service had placed oil drums in the target area and we dropped a full load of incendiary bombs, the same type used on Japan during WWII. The target area was ten miles wide and ten miles long. After all bombers had cleared the area we made a slow 180 degree turn back to the east. There was a large fire, a big column of black smoke, and, after we left the country, a big thunderstorm, which put the fire out. Same result as was created by the C-123s.

Then Doug Reckenthaler comes on line.

Ditto: 36 ship C-130 formation, each with 44 barrels and thermite grenades in each. Operation "Burn Brae" (I guess named after the dinner theater out in MD). As I recall (I was the airlift command briefer for the morning briefs at 7th AF in Saigon at the time of the C-130 op), these occurred during the handoff from Momyer to Brown, and Brown did not like the operation, so it was closed down. At 71, my memory may fail me (this was in 1968), but I think Brown was sensitive to the political aspect.



And Jerry de la Cruz adds:

I was the tower duty officer for the 3rd Ftr Wg at Bien Hoa in 1968 when one of those c-130 missions took place. I remember that the whole ramp and runway was shut down for a goodly period while the C-130s were marshaling, taxing and taking off. It was an impressive sight. I think we sent in a flight of F-100' with napalm after the drop to insure that everything ignited. I don't recall any thunderstorm, but I remember hearing that the results were disappointing.



### Tony Burshnick: 'COLORADO BOUND'

There was a set of DV quarters at Scott AFB, IL and on the main floor there was an officers' barber shop. One day I was having my hair cut and got in a conversation with the owner, Leo, the barber. He asked me where I got my commission. When I told him the Air Force Academy he quickly asked me if I knew where the decision was made to put the Academy in Colorado. I had no idea and then he told me it was "right in this barber shop". Lindbergh was from the St. Louis area and had arranged for quarters for everybody on the evaluation team there at the DVQ. In the morning Lindbergh, Spaatz and one other general stopped in and asked if they could get their hair cut when they got back from Alton, IL. Spaatz told the barber they were going there to see if we would put the Academy there. Lindbergh liked Alton since the site would be overlooking the Mississippi River, just like West Point on the Hudson. Well, that evening they came back and when they got in the shop they were very upset and when the barber asked if the Academy would be built at Alton they said not a chance. Apparently the city fathers of Alton were concerned that an all Boys academy would have a bad influence on an all Girls college that was located there. They discouraged the selection team. Then Lindbergh said that Lake Geneva was too cold a place for an Academy so lets just put it in Colorado. Right then and there Spaatz and the other General agreed and the decision was made. I don't remember if the other General was Gen. Harmon or not."



"I said to the barber that he was making the story up. He said hold on and went to a stack of papers located behind the chair. In minutes he pulled out a picture of Lindbergh in the barbers chair with Spaatz, the other General and Leo the barber standing there with his scissors. I asked him if I could have the picture but he refused my request. He told me perhaps I could have it after he retired. About four years later I was reassigned to Scott and the first thing I did was head for the barber shop and hopefully the picture. It was then I found out that Leo the barber had passed away about a year before. I went to his home town and found his wife but she said she did not have the picture and all the stuff he had at the shop was thrown out. So I cannot prove the story."

That is trivia for us grads.

## Tip of the Iceberg

While reading, editing, and re-reading, and re-editing our collective bios and other class info, it became abundantly apparent that this commemorative yearbook could not begin to scratch the surface of our accomplishments. Bios were purposely limited to constrain the cost of this very limited edition—they are, truly, the tip of a massive iceberg! Nonetheless, to those of us who are familiar with the verbiage of OERs, resumes and curriculum vitae, recognize that a more complete accounting of our achievements would, eventually, put us all to sleep. We were fortunate; however, to have a few of our classmates provide a more detailed summary of a portion of their histories. We present them here as a small sample of the bigger story. You will have to fill in the missing blanks yourselves—that's what reunions and get-togethers are all about!

## **CHARLIE FOLKART:**

As a consultant to the President's Aviation Advisory Commission in 1972, I presented financial and technological recommendations which resolved conflicting interests, resulted in new Federal Regulations, reprioritized major research programs, and forecast with an error of fifteen days the onset of the Arab oil embargo fifteen months before it occurred.

As a college administrator and faculty member from 1980 to 1993 I served as Associate Professor, Director of Aviation, and Chair of a Business Division. I taught graduate courses in Strategic Management & Ethics, Advanced Marketing and Management, and Organizational Management, as well as a broad range of undergraduate courses in the fields of Management, Marketing, Accounting, Finance, and Aviation Science.

As Arlen G. and Louise Stone Swiger Doctoral Fellow in Education Leadership, West Virginia University, my proposed doctoral dissertation, "Inspecting the Foundations: Worldviews of American College and University Presidents,"  $p < .005$ , had educational/organizational leadership implications so contrary to their paradigm that the doctoral committee would not even read or discuss it.

As a minister of the Gospel, I pastored Living Water Church in Boston, MA, and served for five years as a missionary in Kenya, East Africa where I was Co-Founder, Director, and Dean of Eldoret Bible College and co-founding Vice Chairman of Revival Fellowship International Churches of Kenya. I am currently a minister on staff at a local church.

## **KEN ALWICK:**

When I retired in 1986, I was the director of NDU's wargaming and simulation center. I got the job when President of NDU read a memo I wrote that was critical of the operation. His comment was, "If Ken is that unhappy with the Center, tell him to go fix it." My first job after retirement was as an operations manager with EAST, Inc. a small O&M firm. One of the contracts I was responsible for was Grounds Maintenance at USAFA, some 25 years after shaking snow off the trees at our alma mater. Eighteen months later, my reputation as a skilled war gamer caught up with me, and I joined a small company called Kapos Associates Inc. (KAI) to begin a 20-year run designing, developing and executing wargames and simulations in the US and overseas for DoD and the Interagency community. While with KAI, I developed some 50-60 of these senior-level gaming simulations, including two events for the US Cabinet. My primary areas of expertise were counterterrorism, crisis response and counter-narcotics. I also addressed problems as diverse as military medical readiness and Y2K. In 2003, I formed my own company, the Alnwick Design Group, to combine my diverse interests in wargaming, writing, coaching lacrosse, and stained glass. Since that time, my primary client has been the Office of Naval Research, where I develop analytical gaming programs relating primarily to transitioning technologies from S&T to the Fleet.

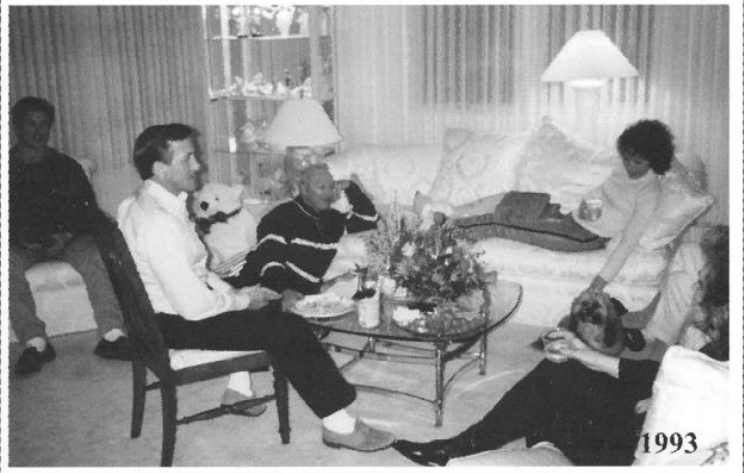
## **RUSS MACDONALD:**

We retired in place (at the end of my AFROTC assignment) in Blacksburg, VA after 28 years of active duty because we loved the area. The trick was earning a living. Selling real estate had more class than selling cars, since you needed a license, but I got started just as the housing market turned down in 1988. Fortunately for me, my brokers had been having trouble with their property management business and offered me the job of Property Manager with a small salary and promise of Y2 of the profits (easy to do when they were losing money). It turned out to be a great and profitable job, and I stayed at it for 18 years, growing the business from less than 200 units under management to over 650 and from 6 homeowner associations to 28. It has not been the most important work I have ever done (compared to combat and helping form national policy), but it certainly has been the hardest, especially with a high percentage of college students as tenants. We leased, maintained, collected rent and disbursed proceeds for each unit to our owner/clients. I was in court monthly and was generally known (with good reason) as a tough guy on collections and damages. In the Pentagon, we rounded planning budgets to the nearest \$100,000, which was a reasonable figure. However, in civilian life \$100 is real money to everyone, and that was a big change for me. I often told people that if I had had the hardnosed skills in the Air Force that I developed in property management, I would have retired as a General. Certainly, my USAFA and Air Force experience helped me a lot in keeping many balls in the air every day.

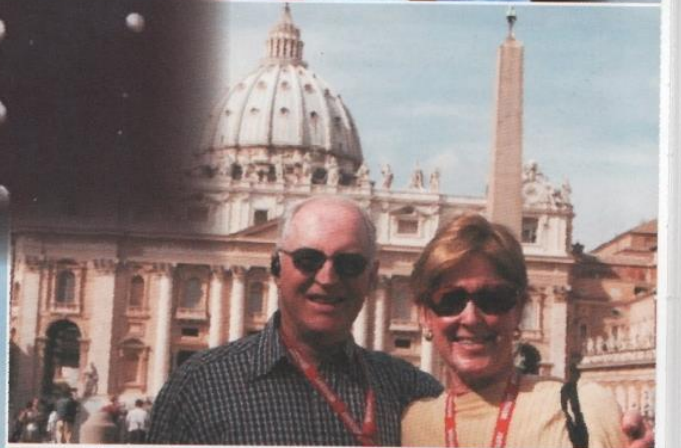
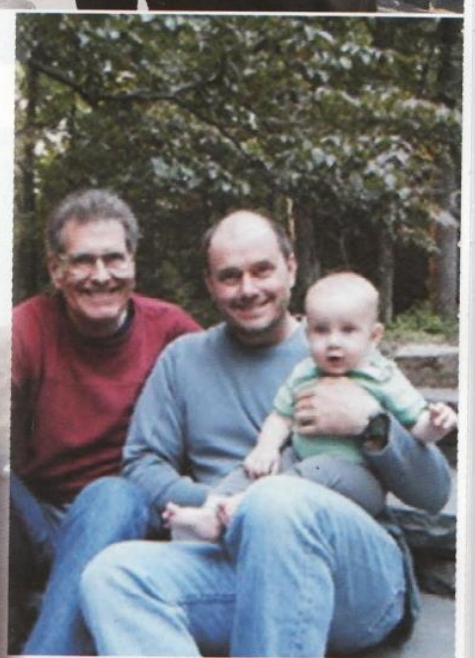
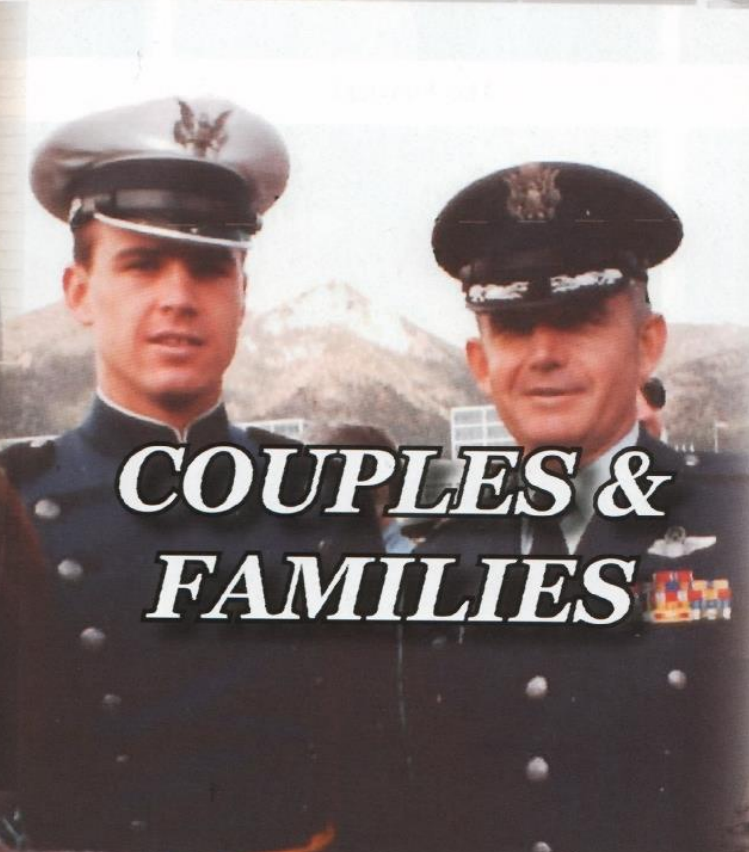
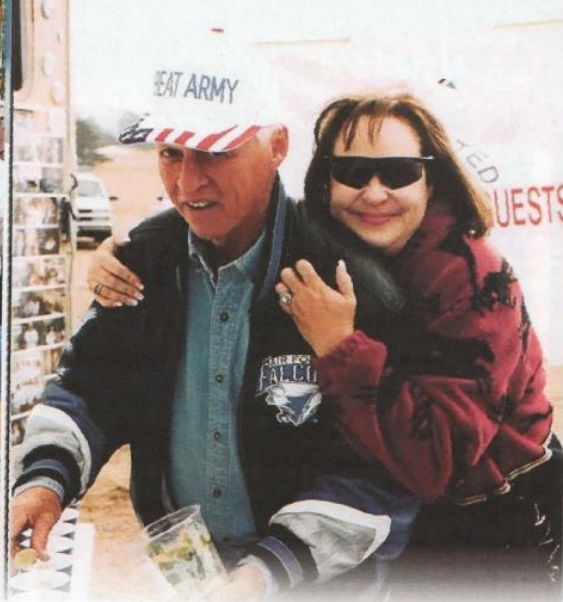
## **JOE HIGGINS:**

After retiring from the Air Force in 1987 I took a job with Resource Consultants Inc. (RCI) a professional services firm (a.k.a. beltway bandit) in the Tysons Corner, Virginia area. Starting as an entry level "analyst" in a company with annual revenues of \$20 million, I left RCI in 1998 as a division general manager/vice president in a company with \$500 million in annual revenues, having contributed to about a third of that growth. Since then RCI did a management buyout and then was sold to a British firm, SERCO, that was looking to enter the U.S. professional services market. Areas worked in my division from 1987 to 1998 included automation contracts for the US Army world-wide, support for the US Postal Service at their headquarters and in their technical center in Norman, Oklahoma, training analyses for an office of the Secretary of Defense in Orlando, Florida, and personnel modeling for the Department of the Navy. One particularly interesting analysis was on aviator retention for the Office of the Secretary of Defense, resulting in the current system of bonuses for aviators. Being retired again in 1998 and after relocating from Northern Virginia to near Charlottesville, Virginia, I found that golf wasn't the be all and end all and signed on with the Thomas Jefferson Foundation, the owner of Monticello, as an instructor during the school year in their education department. It was fun interacting with 4th and 5th graders in study programs about colonial life and taking them on tours of Monticello. I did that for seven years, retiring again in 2007 for possibly not the last time.

# Mini - Ski Revisited



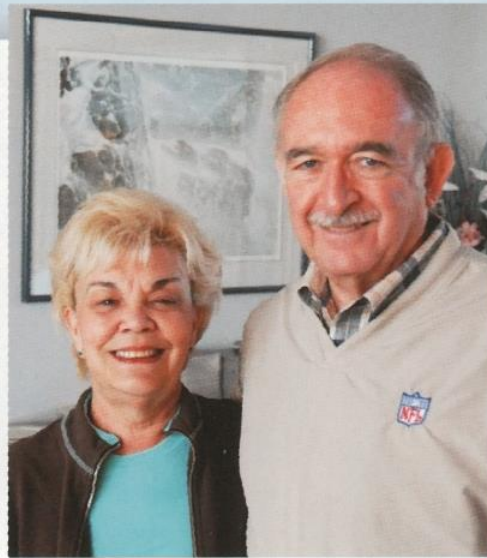




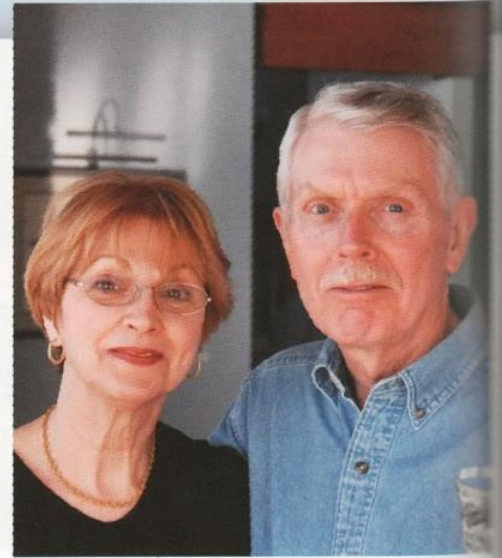
# CLASS OF 1960 COUPLES



The Alexanders



The Alnwicks



The Badgers



The Biancurs



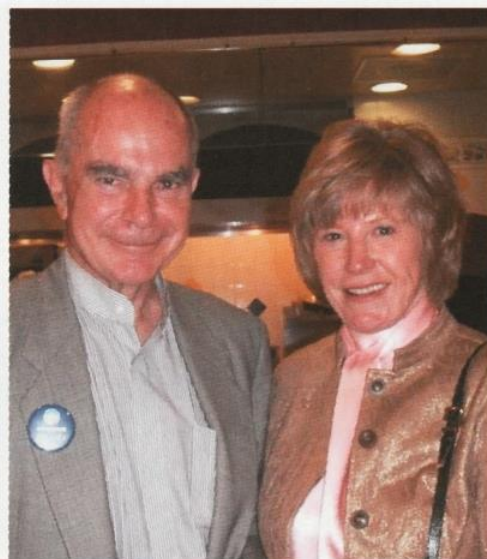
The Bilellos



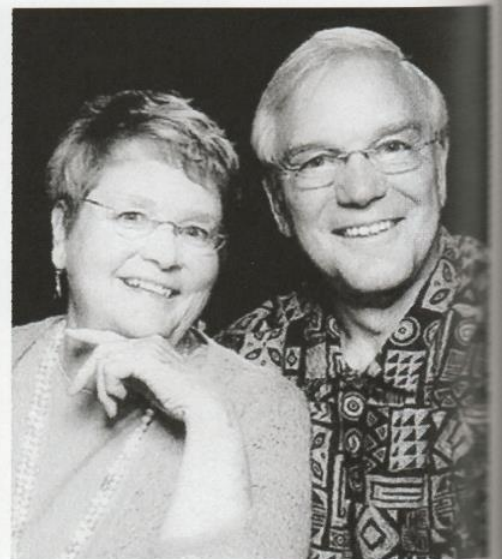
The Boyingtons



The Bristows



The Brushes



The Bujalskis



The Burkes



The Burshnicks



The Carnegies



The Clarkes



The Clarkes



The Colliers



The Congdons

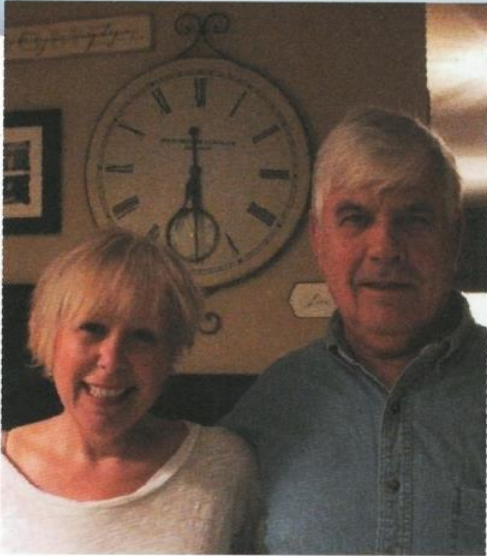


The delaCruzes



The Divers

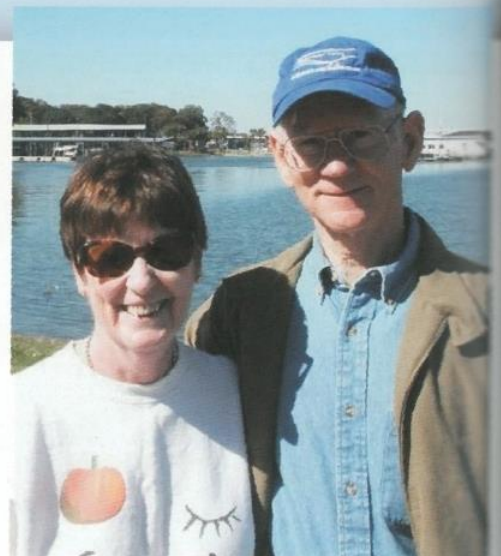




The Douglass



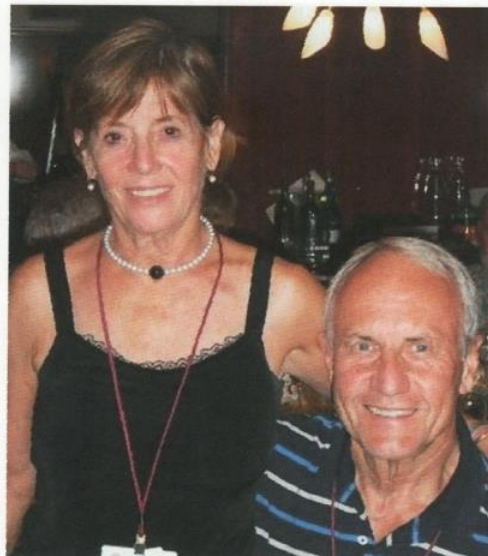
The Doyle



The Elseas



The Farquhars



The Fischers



The Flygares



The Fries



The Furutas



The Futchs



The Georgis



The Glazas



The Gonskys



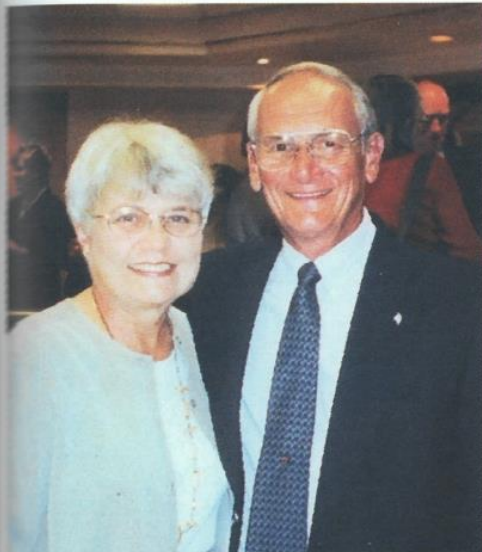
The Goodsons



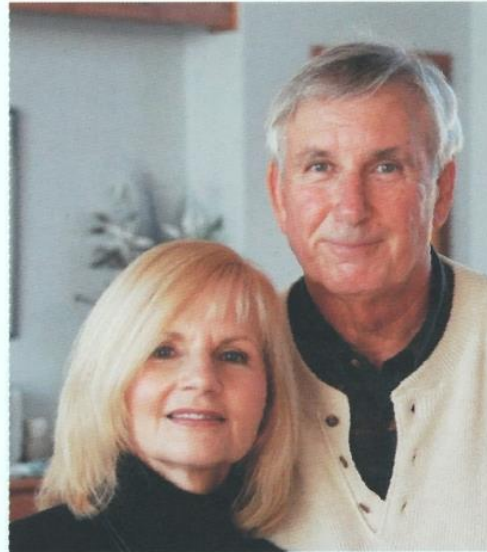
The Goodyears



The Gurleys



The Haerters



The Hales



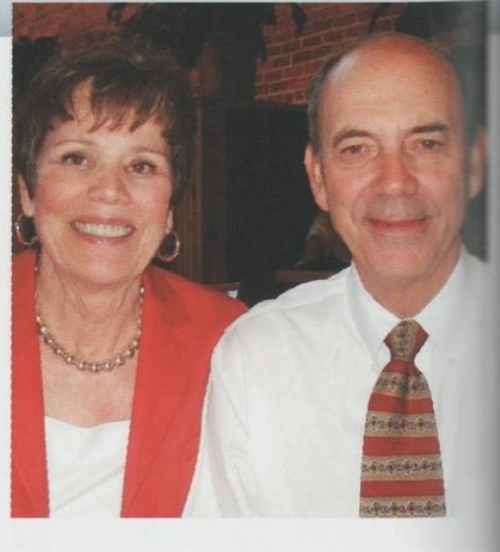
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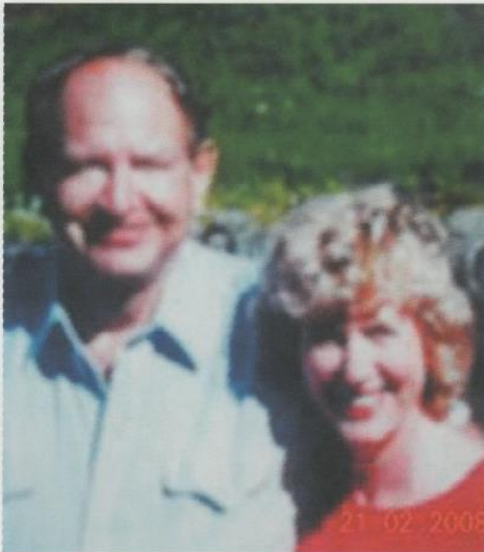
The Haney's



The Heiges



The Higgins



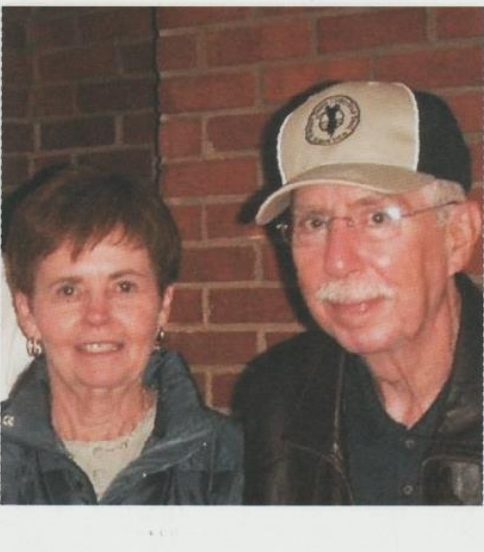
The Hines



The Hobgoods



The Hockenberrys



The Holmans



The Holts



The Houzengas



The Johnsons



The Jollys



The Kaleys



The Karshnicks



The Kaspars



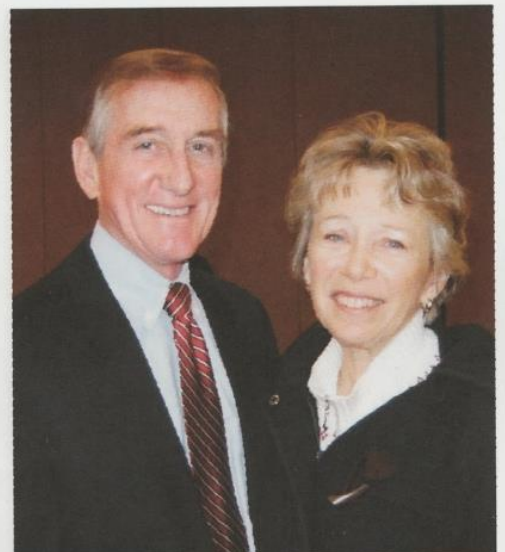
The Kendells



The Kings



The Kornitzers



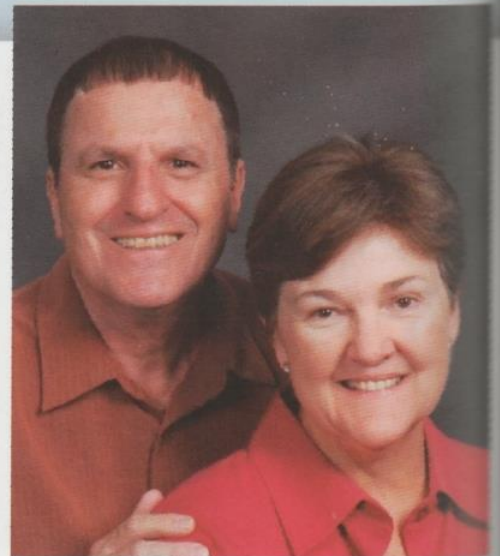
The Lalimes



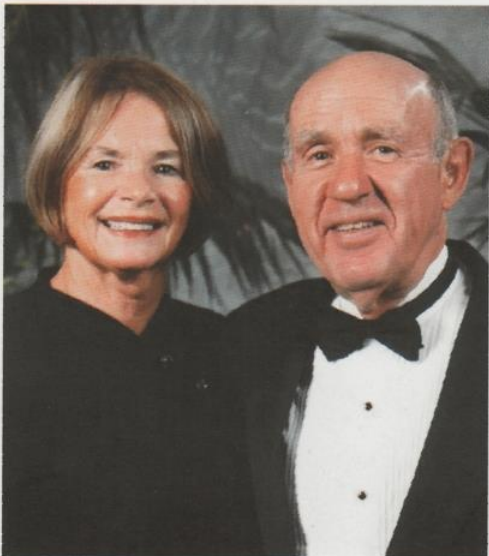
The Lents



The Leonards



The Lewises



The Liggetts



The Lohs



The Lucks



The MacDonalds



The Masons



The Mayberrys



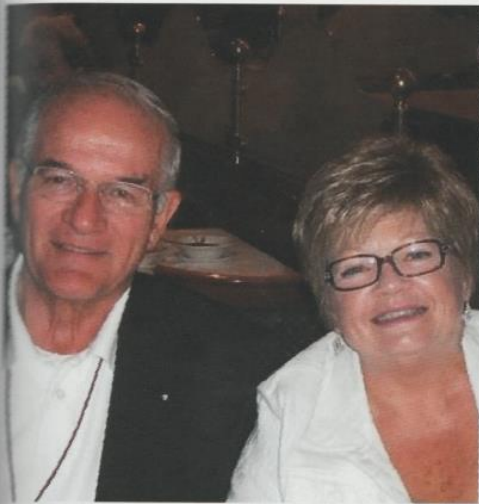
The McCulloughs



The Meyers



The Millers



The Mosiers



The Newcombs



The Nogars



The Odenwellers



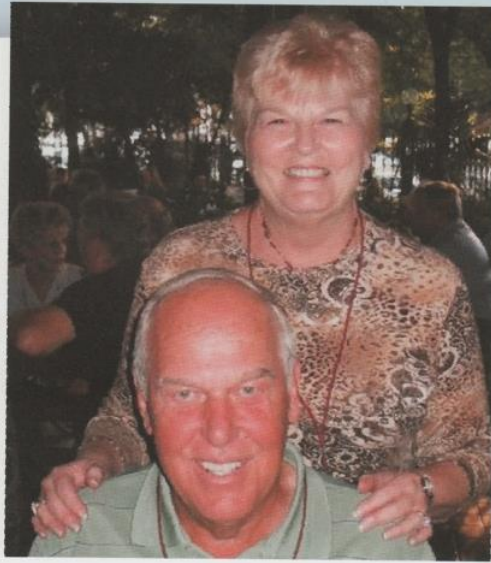
The O'Keefes



The O'Rourkes



The Patchetts



The Peebles



The Porters



The Pupichs



The Querrys



The Reavelys



The Sands



The Schehrs



The Schlehtes



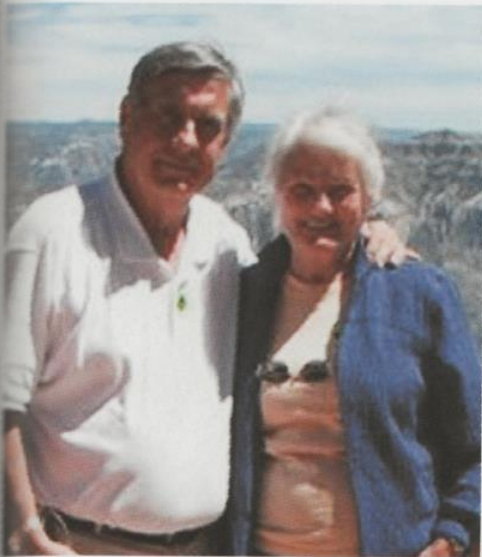
The Schwanks



The Sextons



The Sheets



The Stacks



The Stevens



The Sweeneys



The Sweigarts



The Thompsons



The Ullerys

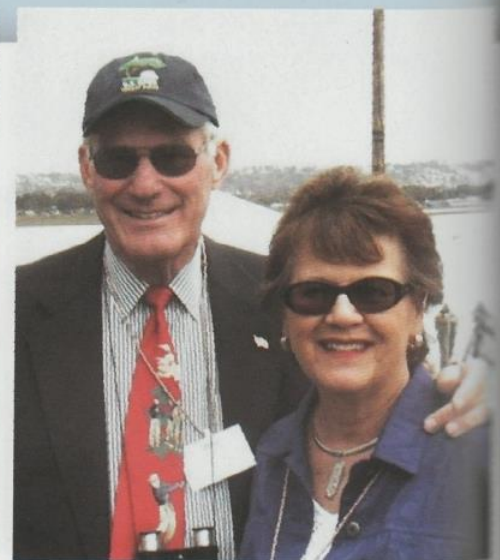




The Uptons



The Valleries



The Van Inwegens



The Vikans



The Waddles



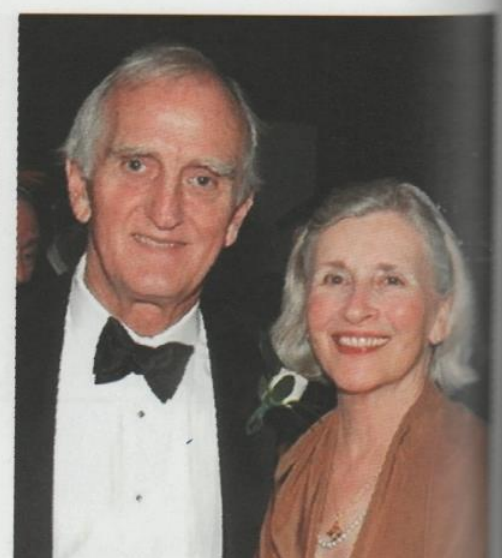
The Walkers



The Werrells



The Wiests

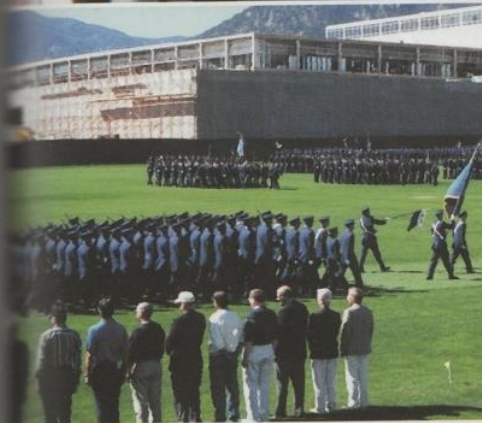


The Williams

# Memories from Reunions Past



The Yates



# CLASS OF 1960 FAMILIES



The Adamson Family



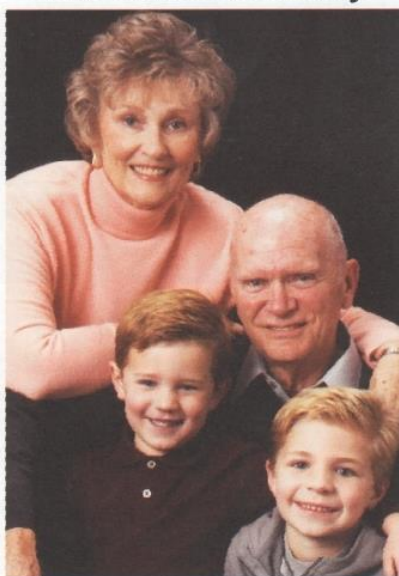
The Alnwick Family



The Biehle Family



The Bristow Family



The Browning Family



The Buchen Family



The Burke Family



The Burshnick Family



The Caskey Family



The Clark Family



The Clarke Family



The Cler Family



The Croft Family



The Currey Family



Currier and Daughters



The Daily Family



The de la Cruz Family



The Deep Family



The Diver Family



The Douglass Family



The Doyle Family



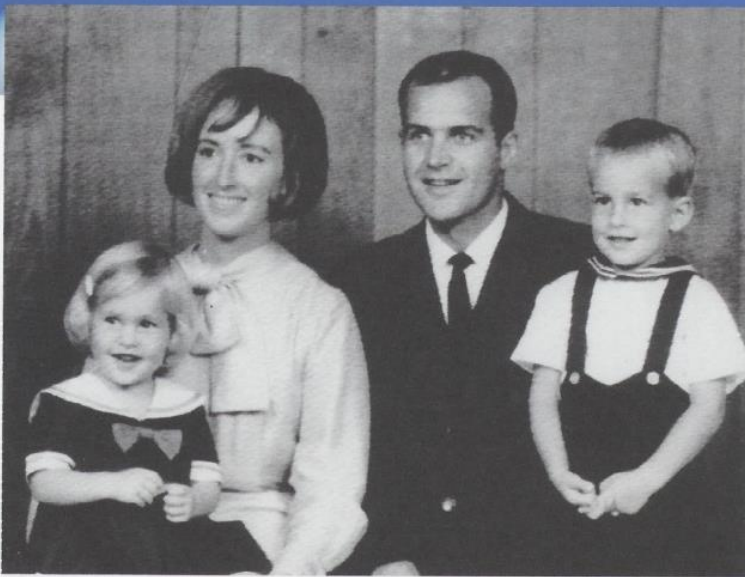
The Eckweiler Family



The Elsea Family



The Farquhar Family



The Fey Family



The Fries Family



The Georgi Family



The Glaza Family

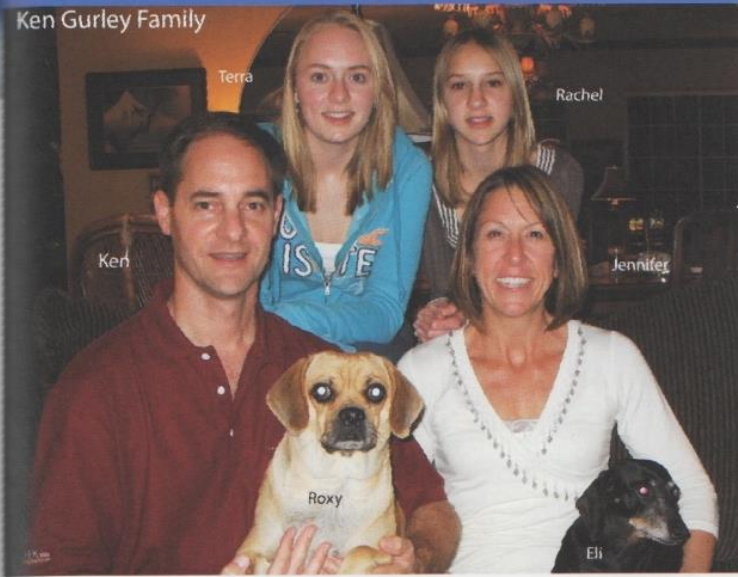


The Gonsky Family



The Goodson Family

Ken Gurley Family



The Gurley (son) Family



The Haerter Family



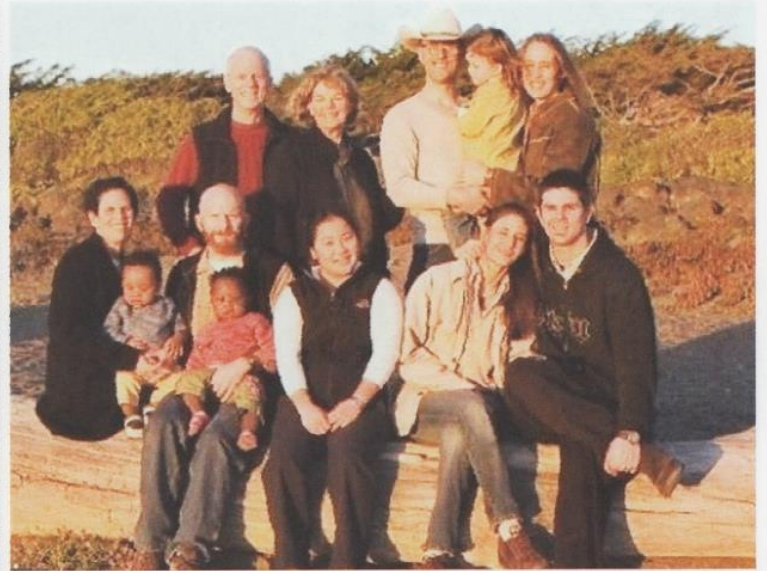
The Haller Family



The Hart Family



The Higgins Family



The Hillman Family





The Hodgood Family



The Hockenberry Family



The Houzenga Family



The Jansen Family



The Johnson Family



The Kornitzer Family



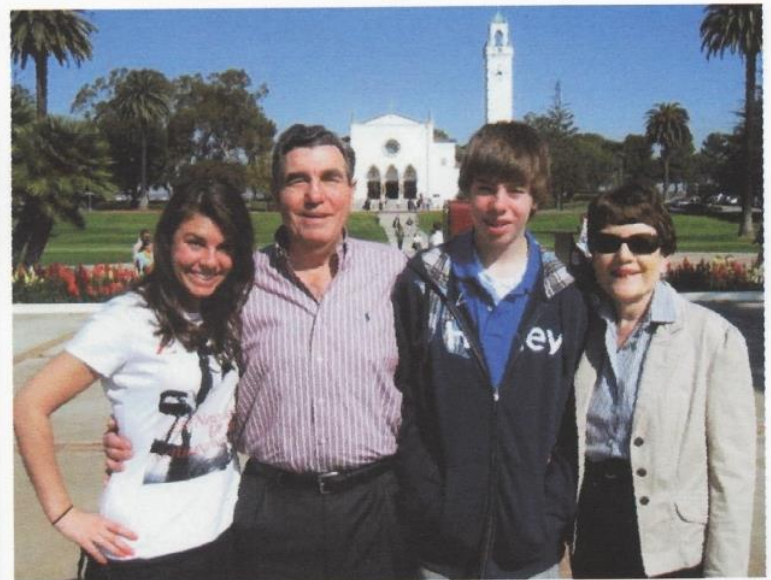
The Lalime Family



The Leninger Family



The Lewis Family



The Loh Family



The Luce Family



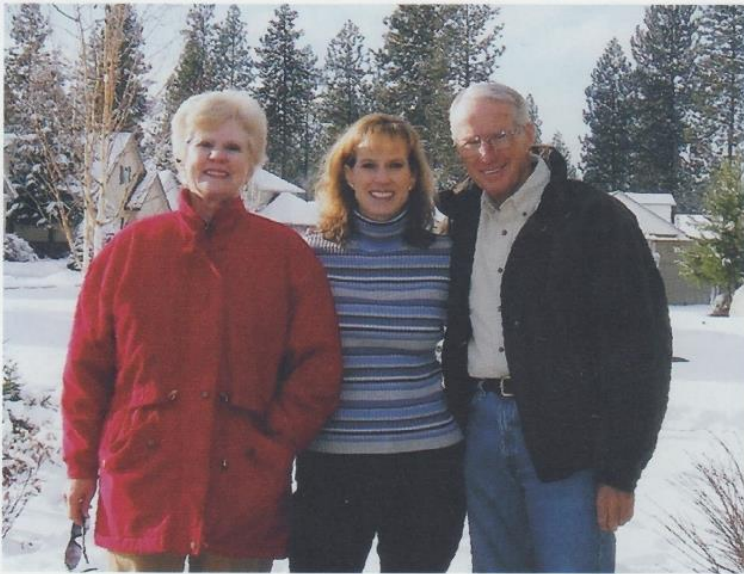
The MacDonald Family



The Mayberry Family



The Miller K Family



The Miller R Family



The Mosier Family



The Newcomb Family



The Nogar Family



The Pebbles Family



The Peel Family



The Porter Family



The Pupich Family



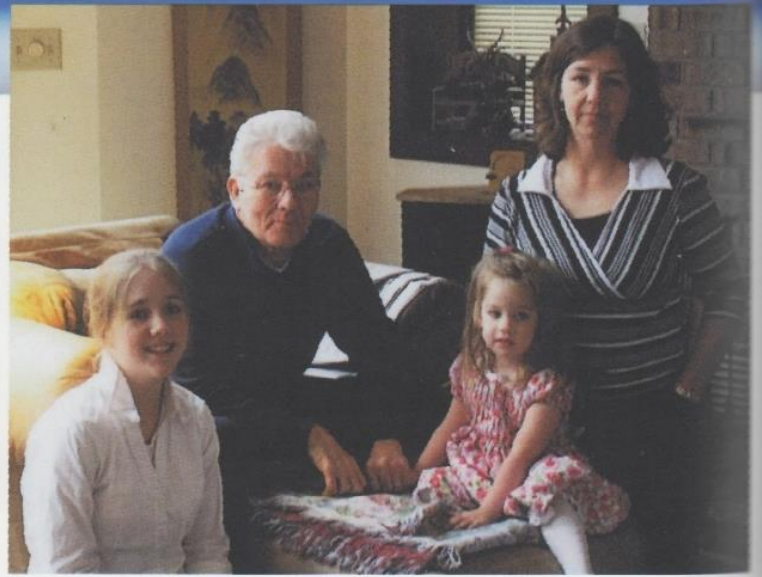
The Querry Family



The Reavely Family



The Schira Family



The Schlechte Family



The Schwank Family



The Sexton Family



The Sheets Family



The Smith Family



The Stack Family



The Stevens Family



The Stumm Family



The Sweeney Family



The Thompson Family



The Thrush Family



The Thurman Family



The Townsend Family



The Upton Family



The Van Inwegen Family



The Vikan Family



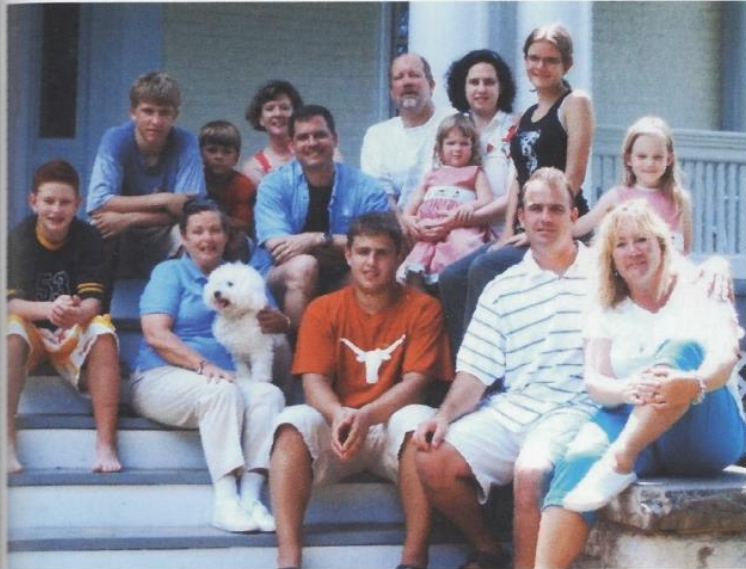
The Waddle Family



The Walsh Family



Warack and Sons



The Warack Family



The Werrell Family



The Whitfield Family



The Whitman Family





The Wolfswinkel Family



The Zersen Family

## Any Excuse To Get Together



## Class of 1960 - Class Gifts

### Flag Case

25<sup>th</sup> Reunion – 1985



The flag case was presented to Lt.Gen. Winfield S. "Skip" Scott by the class on the occasion of our 25th Reunion in the fall of 1985. The case held the class flags for the first four graduating classes, the first ten yearbooks published and a backlit translucent plaque commemorating our 25<sup>th</sup>. Until 2009, the case stood against the west wall of the ballroom in Arnold Hall beneath a plaque of the original crest of the USAF Academy. The case was destroyed (as it had been significantly damaged over the years) during a renovation of the ballroom. It is intended that the flags will be mounted in museum quality cases to insure their preservation and be displayed, along with our dedication plaque, on the south wall of the balcony above the ballroom. The class yearbooks have also been preserved for an as yet undetermined future display.

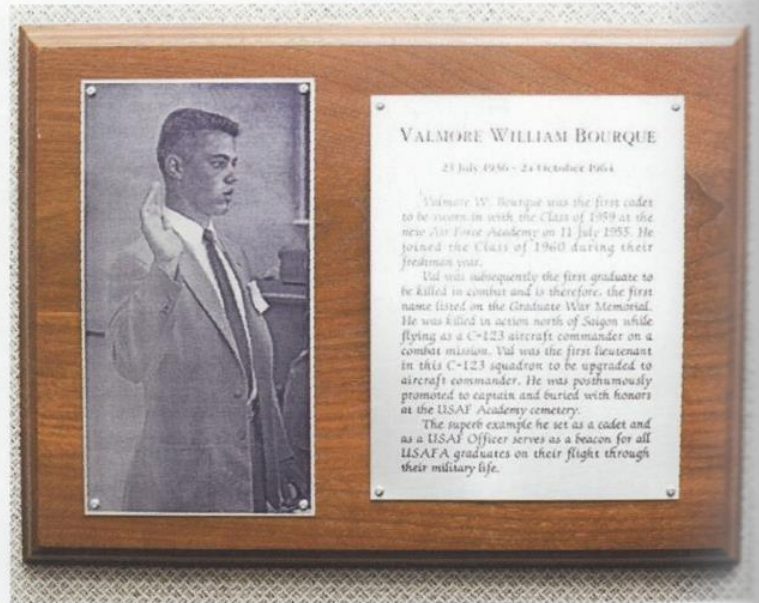
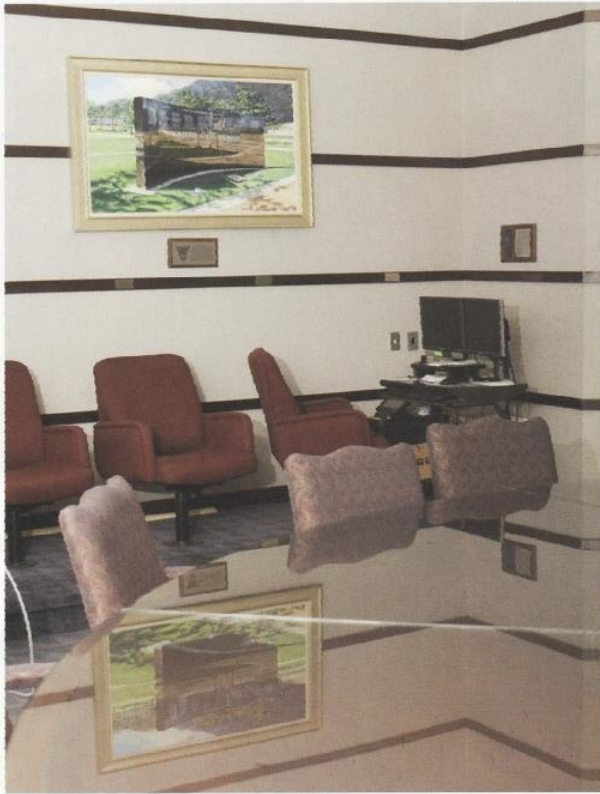
### Doolittle Hall

30<sup>th</sup> Reunion – 1990



At the 30th Class Reunion in the fall of 1990, the class made the decision to forego a specific class gift, preferring to donate collected funds to the initial building fund for the construction of the alumni hall. Our collected funds were ultimately doubled through a matching gift, making the class contribution a significant factor in the timely completion of Doolittle Hall.

## Bourque Alcove 35<sup>th</sup> Reunion – 1995



The 35<sup>th</sup> Class Reunion gave us the opportunity to honor one of our own. The generous contributions of the class made it possible to commemorate Val by naming the forward alcove in the Board Room in Doolittle Hall. We decorated it with the original oil rendition of the Memorial Wall, flanked by plaques describing Val's contributions to the Class, the Academy, the Air Force and our nation. At the same time we donated one of the chairs situated along the wall of the Board Room.

## Paver Project 40<sup>th</sup> Reunion – 2000

Upon the Class of 1960's return to the Academy for our 40<sup>th</sup> Reunion, we took on the project of providing a personal remembrance of our time spent here. We placed pavers commemorating every member of our class, capped by our class crest, on the west side of the Pegasus statue immediately in front of the entrance to Doolittle Hall.



## Landscape Project

2002



Several members of the class provided the funding to landscape the grounds immediately to the right of the entrance to Doolittle Hall. The walkway serves as the initial pathway transited by prospective incoming cadets as they report for initial in-processing. The words on the plaque associated with the walk inform them of the legacy they are about to inherit and tell them: "We expect great things."

## Memorial Pavilion

2007



The generous donations of a few members of the class helped insure the construction of this much needed facility. Until its completion, cemetery services were totally subject to the whims of nature. This pavilion, designed to be heated or cooled on demand, now provides a more dignified environment for performance of graveside services through all seasons of the year.

## Longevity Toast

2000

While not meeting the criteria of a gift from the class to the Academy, in conjunction with the 40<sup>th</sup> Reunion this bottle of spirits was given to the class and stands in the library of Doolittle Hall. It is intended that the last two surviving members of the Class of 1960 will come together to share a final toast to the legacy of the class. It becomes even more imperative, therefore, that each of you set your longevity goals ever higher.

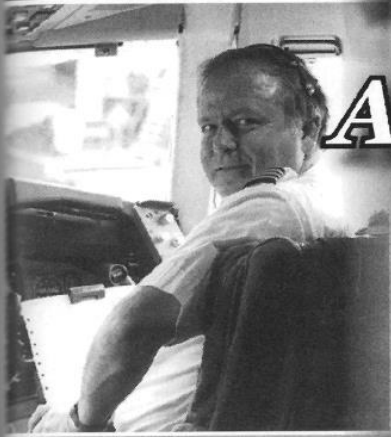
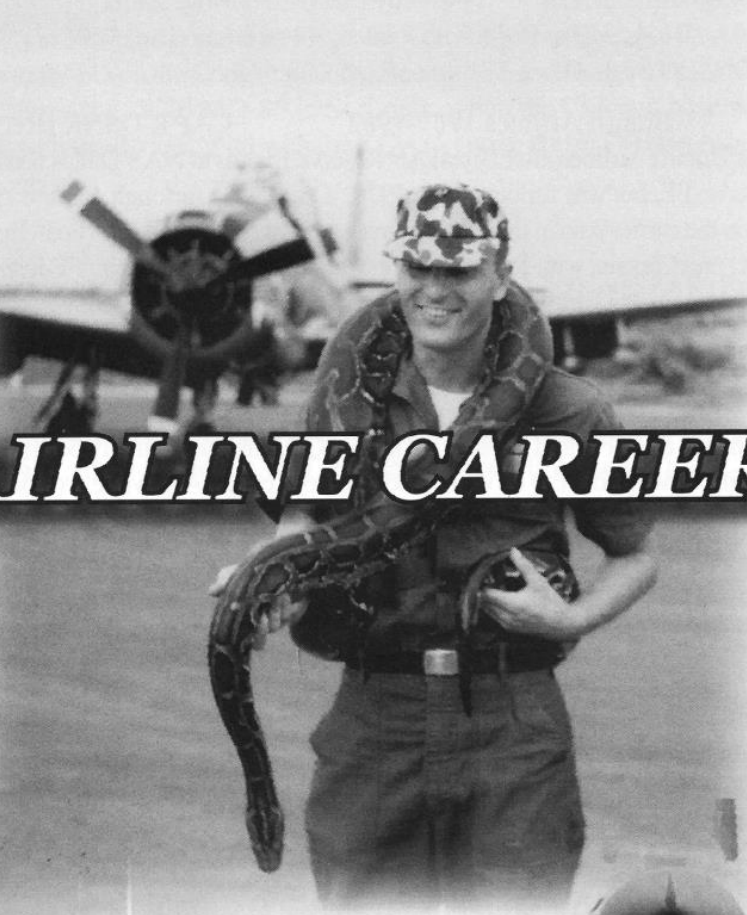
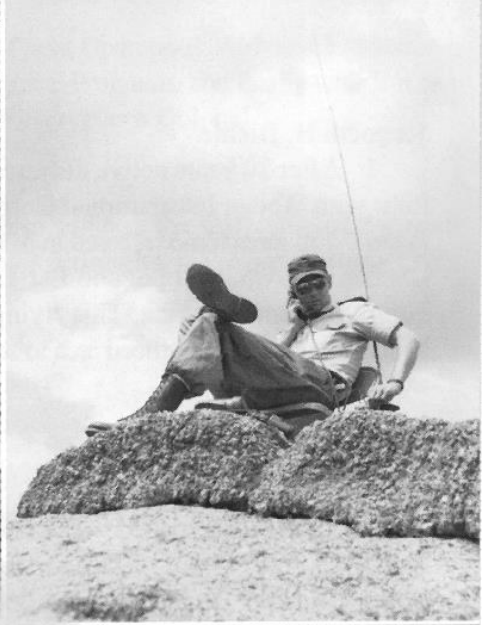


## Heritage Trail

2010



To commemorate the 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion, the class took on the project of constructing a trail adjacent to Doolittle Hall. A progressive project, the Heritage Trail will eventually connect several memorial sites defining significant milestones associated with the history of the academy and its graduates. There is a plaque recognizing our class at the entrance to the trail.



# AIRLINE CAREERS





also worked for the FAA as an Air Carrier Inspector; Summit Airlines as the Director of Flight Operations; Airborne Express as Vice President/Flight Operations; another stint with the FAA in Washington, DC, in Flight Technical Programs; and finally with Tower Air as the Director of Internal Evaluation at JFK, NY. He also retired from the USAF Reserve as a Colonel.

Charles S. Folkart, Jr. Trans World Airlines 1969-1983

Charlie Folkart worked briefly for TWA in 1969-1970 as a Boeing 707 FE, only to also suffer in the furloughs of the mid 1970's. He was recalled only to be furloughed within 3 months; finally having a total of 3 furloughs. He resigned from TWA while he was completing an MBA from Harvard University.

Gary G. Gulbransen Pan American Airways 1965-1986  
Delta Airlines 1986-2000

Gary Gulbransen joined Pan Am in 1965 and flew as FO and Captain in San Francisco, CA, until Delta Airlines acquired some of their Pacific routes in 1986. He had become a Boeing 747 Captain with Pan Am; then flew as Captain on Delta on the Airbus A-310 at JFK, NY; then MD-11 at Los Angeles, CA. He also was flying past age 60 as a Lockheed L-1011 FE in Los Angeles.

Edward J. Haerter Trans World Airlines 1967-1997 BGen, IL ANG (Ret)

Ed Haerter started at TWA in 1967 and became an FE on the Convair 880 in Chicago, IL. After a year in Viet-Nam with the Iowa ANG, he came back to Chicago to fly FO on the Convair 880, the Boeing 727, and Douglas DC-9/MD-80. He upgraded to Captain on the 727 at Chicago; then flew as Captain on the DC-9/MD-80 in St. Louis, when the Chicago base was closed and the 727 retired. He also continued his ANG career with the Illinois ANG with the KC-135 tanker unit at O'Hare, rising to become the Wing Commander and retiring as a Brigadier General.

Richard J. Hillman Continental Airlines 1967-1994 LTC, USAFR (Ret)  
Air Tran Airways 1994-1996

Dick Hillman joined Continental Airlines in 1967 as a Boeing 707 FE; then became an FE Instructor on the 707, 727, and DC-10 in 1968. He upgraded to FO on the 707 in 1972, then transitioned to and 727 as an FO until 1976. He returned to training as a Captain/Flight Instructor on the 727 and DC-10. In 1980 he became 727 Program Manager; in 1983 Los Angeles Chief Pilot; Houston Chief Pilot; then System Chief Pilot/Staff Vice President-Flying. He also held positions of Vice President Flight Standards/Training; Vice President Flight Operations; and Vice President Human Resources/Training. He retired from Continental in 1994 to become the Senior Vice President Operations for Air Tran Airways. He retired from the airlines in 1996, but during the ensuing 12 years has done some part time flight operations consulting with airlines and corporate departments.

William 'Roy' Jolly Trans World Airlines 1969-1996 LTC, OK ANG (Ret)

Roy Jolly started with TWA in 1969 as an FE at JFK, NY, flying on the 707. He also had to cope with the furloughs of the time and continued with an ANG career with the Oklahoma ANG. Returning to TWA, he flew on the 707, 727, and 747 as an FE, then FO, retiring in 1996.

Brian G. 'BG' Kaley American Airlines 1966-1997 LTC, USAFR (Ret)

BG Kaley started at American and was immediately drafted to be a 707 Freighter Navigator on the Pacific routes, when American found out he was a qualified USAF navigator. During his career, he flew nearly every aircraft at American as FO and Captain, including the BAC-111, B-727, B-707, B-747, DC-10, B-767, B-757, MD-80, A-300-6, and MD-11. He flew from bases in New York, Chicago, and Miami; both domestic and international routes. He also flew with the Massachusetts ANG until 1982 and retired from the USAF Reserve.

Gary L. Karschnick Delta Airlines 1969-1998

Gary Karschnick flew for Delta Airlines primarily out of the Atlanta base; eventually becoming an MD-88 Captain. He had also flown out of the Miami base early in his career.



Miles A. Kaspar, Jr.

Pan American Airways 1966-1986 LTC, USAFR (Ret)  
United Airlines 1986-1998

Miles Kaspar started as an FE on the DC-8 and B-707 at JFK, NY. He upgraded to FO on the Lockheed L-1011 and B-747 with Pan Am before they merged some of the crews into United Airlines in 1986. He then flew with United in Los Angeles, CA, as an FE on the B-747 and DC-10; then as FO on the B-737, B-757, B-767. He continued an Air Force Reserve career also, and retired as an LTC, USAFR.

George T. Lester

Pan American Airways 1966-1986  
United Airlines 1986-2004

George Lester was hired by Pan Am as a B-707 FE at the San Francisco base, commuting from Hawaii, where he was also a manager with the Channing Co. He upgraded to FO on the B-707 with Pan Am; then was also merged into United Airlines when the Pacific routes were acquired by United. He continued with United for the rest of his career; also continuing to fly past age 60 as an FE.

Jerry L. Mason

American Airlines 1987-1997 LTC, USAF (Ret)

Jerry Mason was the second in the class to retire from active duty (with 27 years) before starting an airline career. He joined American in Dallas, flying for ten years before retiring from the airline, completing a second career.

Dale Q. Mayo

Pan American Airways 1966-1991 LTC, USAFR (Ret)  
Delta Airlines 1991-1998

Dale Mayo joined Pan Am in 1966, initially as an FE in San Francisco on the B-707. He also flew from bases in New York and Miami, upgraded to FO. He went to Delta in one of the route acquisitions (with crews). He continued with Delta, and also flew past age 60 as an FE. He served with the CAANG, eventually retiring from the USAF Reserve as a LTC.

Jon W. McClure

Eastern Airlines 1968-1991

Jon McClure was an Eastern Airlines FE, FO, and Captain in Atlanta, GA, flying the B-727 for the majority of his Airline time. During this time, Jon served a stint with the GA ANG, and also completed law school. After the bankruptcy of Eastern, Jon used his law degree for a new career as a public defender in the Southern Judicial Circuit of GA.

Leon F. Molinelli

United Airlines 1966-1993

Leon Molinelli joined United in 1966 in San Francisco; flying for 27 years in this career, while also running a business, Moby Industry Inc, as its President. He was still working in both careers until his death in 1993.

Bruce M. Mosier

Trans World Airlines 1967-1998 COL, USAFR (Ret)

Bruce Mosier was hired by TWA as a B-727 FE and became an FE Instructor in their Training Department. A year of active duty was completed in 1968 with the Iowa ANG; then he returned to TWA to be a DC-9 and B-727 FO in Kansas City. He qualified as an International Rated FO on the B-767 and B747, where he flew missions with the Civil Reserve Air Fleet (CRAF) during Desert Shield/Desert Storm into and from Saudi Arabia. He upgraded to Captain on the DC-9/MD-80 in St. Louis; and then the B-767 and B-757 at JFK, NY. He served with the Iowa ANG for 14 years; then transferred to the USAFR, serving as an Air Force Admissions LO, and as the Reserve Assistant to Current Operations, J-3, HQ USSOUTHCOM, then as Reserve Assistant to Tactical Division, HQ USAF, retiring as a Colonel with 30 years, 8 months total service. His last 30 days of AF duty were spent on the Air Staff Fighter Division flight following the air war in Iraq in 1991. He retired from TWA in 1998 with 31 years, 6 months service.

Edmond J. Nogar, Jr.

American Airlines 1966-1997

Ed Nogar started with American in 1966 as a B-727 FE; he was assigned to the New York base. After 2 months as an FE, he upgraded to FO on the BAC-111; then flew for 18 years on most of the Boeing aircraft before upgrading to Captain. He flew the B-707, 727, 757, and 767, as well as the DC-10 for over 17,500 hours. He said that it was unfortunate to be six months too old to fly the B-777. Most of his career was spent at the Dallas base, where he eventually retired in McKinney, TX.

James C. O'Rourke

Eastern Airlines 1966-1990  
Boeing Commercial Airplane Group 1990-2009

Jim O'Rourke was initially with Eastern Airlines, flying as FO out of the Miami base on the B-727. He upgraded to Captain on the B-727, flying out of New York until Eastern filed bankruptcy. Jim then became a flight training instructor with Boeing in Seattle, flying the B-727, 737, and Boeing Business Jet (a fancy corporate version of the 737). He currently continues in this position.

Robert P. Odenweller

Trans World Airlines 1966-2000

Bob Odenweller flew nearly his complete career with TWA out of the JFK base, flying the B727, 747, 757, 767, and L-1 011 both as FO and Captain. He also flew on the Civil Reserve Air Fleet (CRAF) with numerous entries into Saudi Arabia during Desert Storm/Desert Shield, earning the Air Medal and Aerial Achievement Medal. Bob was also internationally competitive as a stamp collector, and became an international judge for philatelic shows.

John F. Peebles

Trans World Airlines 1969-1980 LTC, USAFR (Ret)

John Peebles began his airline career in 1969 with TWA as a B-727 FE in Chicago. After a long furlough and four years back at TWA, he resigned in 1980. He then joined Universal Instruments in Binghamton, NY, becoming its president in 1986. He flew with the Ohio ANG in Toledo for many years and retired as a LTC.

George S. Pupich

Western Airlines 1967-1987

Delta Airlines 1987-1997

George Pupich began his airline career with Western in Los Angeles as a B-727 FE; then went to FO, subsequently flying on the B-737, 727, DC-10, and Lockheed L011. He was also VicePresident of Apollo Plating Co in Los Angeles during this time. He says that Western was most important, because he met his wife Diana on a Hawaii trip.

Robert G. Rager

Pan American Airways 1966-1986 LTC, USAFR (Ret)  
United Airlines 1986-1999

Bob Rager joined Pan Am in 1966 as a B-707 FE at JFK, NY. He upgraded to FO with Pan Am, then was merged into United in the route transfers in 1986. He flew with United and became a B-727 Captain, also based in NY. During this time, he completed a law degree (JD) at Hofstra University and continued with the USAF Reserve. He retired from the USAF Reserve as a LTC.

Richard B. Shepard

Eastern Airlines 1966-1994

Dick Shepard began his airline career with Eastern, flying out of the Boston base. He upgraded to FO in Boston and was flying the Lockheed L-1011 as a Rated FO from the Miami base in 1984, when Bruce Mosier was a passenger on his flight to Panama. Dick was also involved in raising horses at he and his wife, Marsha's farm, Rich-Mar Farms in Massachusetts. Marsha was an international horse show judge. He was still working at Eastern at the time of his death in 1994.

Gerald T. Stack, Jr

Braniff Airlines 1967-1996 LTC, USAFR (Ret)  
Northwest Airlines 1996-1998

Gerry Stack was with Braniff Airlines through their several incarnations, flying from their bases in Dallas and Orlando. He then flew for Northwest Airlines. He continued in the Air Force Reserve, retiring as a LTC.

Charles W. Upton

American Airlines 1967-1997

Charles Upton initially flew with American Airlines on the Lockheed Electra and BAC-111 from the Buffalo base. He then flew the B-727 in Boston, New York and Raleigh, NC. He also commuted to Dallas during his last couple of years at American, retiring in Raleigh, NC.

Ernest D. Whaley

Piedmont Airlines 1967-1980

Ernie Whaley flew for Piedmont Airlines from their base in Charlotte, NC. Whaley became one of the first female Captains on Piedmont in the B-727.

## DUAL CAREER AIR FORCE / AIRLINE

Kenneth H. Biehle	LTC, USAF (Ret) USAF 1960-1980	Southern Air Transport 1985-1995
Jerry L. Mason	LTC, USAF (Ret) USAF 1960-1987	American Airlines 1987-1997

## JOINT AIRLINE / ANG & USAFR CAREERS

John P. Browning	CPT, USNR (Ret)	Braniff Airlines 1969-1982
Clemeunt T. Douglass III	MAJ, USAF (Ret)	Western Airlines 1969-1987 Delta Airlines 1987-1999
Robert H. Fischer	COL, USAFR (Ret)	Trans World Airlines 1969-1977 Summit Airlines 1983-1986 Airborne Express 1986-1992 Tower Air 1999-2000
Edward J. Haerter	BGEN, IL ANG (Ret)	Trans World Airlines 1967-1997
Richard J. Hillman	LTC, USAFR (Ret)	Continental Airlines 1967-1994 Value Jet / Air Tran 1994-1996
William Roy Jolly	LTC, OK ANG (Ret)	Trans World Airlines 1969-1996
Brian G. 'BG' Kaley	LTC, USAFR (Ret) Massachusetts ANG	American Airlines 1966-1997
Miles A. Kaspar, Jr.	LTC, USAFR (Ret)	Pan American Airways 1966-1986 United Airlines 1986-1998
Dale Q. Mayo	LTC, USAFR (Ret)	Pan American Airways 1966-1991 Delta Airlines 1991-1998
Bruce M. Mosier	COL, USAFR (Ret) Iowa ANG	Trans World Airlines 1967-1998
John F. Peebles	LTC, USAFR (Ret) Ohio ANG	Trans World Airlines 1969-1980
Robert G. Rager	LTC, USAFR (Ret)	Pan American Airways 1966-1986 United Airlines 1986-1999
Gerald T. Stack, Jr.	LTC, USAFR (Ret)	Braniff Airlines 1967-1996

## AIR NATIONAL GUARD / AF RESERVE CAREERS

Dean L. Bristow	Utah ANG Doctor, Urologist Commander, Medical Group	COL, USAFR (Ret)
William R. Currier	New York ANG Flight Instructor/Air Reserve Technician	LTC, NY ANG (Ret)
William R. Ouellette	Maine ANG Assistant Adjutant General, Air	BGEN, ME ANG (Ret)
Neal T. Reavely	Montana ANG Flight Instructor, Commander	COL, MT ANG (Ret)
Walter C. Sweeney III	New Mexico ANG & USAFR Instructor Pilot	MAJ, USAFR (Ret)
Edwin L. Whitman	USAFR JAG Air Force Academy Liaison Officer	COL, USAFR (Ret)

## POST ACTIVE DUTY & RETIREMENT AVIATION CAREERS

Andrew W. Biancur	Owner/Pilot	Beech Bonanza
J. A. "Tony" Bilello	Owner/Pilot	1946 ERCO Ercoupe (Light Sport Cat.)
John S. Brush	Owner/Pilot	Aerostar 601 P
Michael J. Clarke	Owner/Pilot	Wallace Skybolt Aerobatic Biplane & Schleicher ASW-24B Glider
William R. Currier	Owner/Pilot	Killed in aircraft accident
Brian A. Deem	Civilian Pilot	Killed ferrying light aircraft
George E. Elsea	Owner/Pilot	deHavilland Tiger Moth
Jerry L. Farquhar	Owner/Pilot	Piper Aztec Twin
Frank W. Gorham, Jr.	CFI/Chief Instructor	Panama City FL FBO Flying Cessna 172/182/210
A. E. "Reb" Guillot, Jr.	Owner/Pilot	Cessna 172
Hardy F. LeBel	CFI	Killed in small aircraft collision
George E. Luck	CFI/Aviation Consultant	Beech Bonanza Society
	Owner	Beech Bonanza
Bruce M. Mosier	CFI/CFIG	Club Gliders & Glider Tow Pilot (PA-18) Aero Club Cessna 172 & 182RG
Edmond J. Nogar, Jr	Pilot	Piper Meridian Turbo & Radio Control Models
James C. O'Rourke	Flight Instructor	Boeing Corp B-737 & Boeing Business Jet
George S. Pupich	Owner (with Brother) named "Heavenly Body" (Former Former Owner	North American B-25 Mitchel Tallman Aviation movie aircraft) Cessna 172 & 1946 Navion
David J. Reed	Glider Pilot	New Zealand and USA
Victor R. Thomas	Civil Air Patrol Pilot	Cessna 182 & 206; gliders
James H. Thomasson	Charter Pilot	
Denis L. Walsh	Owner/Pilot	Van's RV-6A (Homebuilt)

## TEST PILOT SCHOOL GRADUATE CLASS OF 1960

EDWARDS AFB  
AIR FORCE TEST PILOT SCHOOL

PATUXET RIVER NAS  
NAVY TEST PILOT SCHOOL

Michael A. Clarke  
Michael J. Clarke  
Karl M. Jones, Jr.  
J. Michael Loh  
Michael V. Love  
George E. Luck  
Fred H. Porter III  
Donald L. Thurman  
Dean F. Vikan  
Clark M. Walker  
Ronald W. Yates

Sydney E. Gurley

## AIRLINE WAR STORIES

Bruce M. Mosier      Trans World Airlines

In November 1978, Bruce was flying First Officer on the Douglas DC-9 (-10 series) on a scheduled flight from Newark to Pittsburgh. The flight was full, at maximum gross weight, and departing in weather of light snow with 4000 feet RVR. The flight was held at the end of runway 4R at Newark for a landing Eastern Airlines Lockheed 1011, landing beyond the 3000 feet displaced threshold. Clearance for takeoff was then received, and the DC-9 was lined up at the beginning in the displaced threshold area.

Takeoff started normally, and the DC-9 reached V1, Vr, and V2, getting airborne in the displaced threshold distance. Immediately after liftoff, the DC-9 started a roll left of at least 30 degrees and approaching 40 degrees quickly. Bruce was observing, and thought that the left wing was about to strike the ground. He had scanned the instruments and called engines (both) failing. At the same instant, the right engine began to compressor stall. Bruce had observed the left engine EPR at the 7 o'clock position and the right engine EPR at idle. The Captain had full aileron to the right as well as full rudder. The compressor stalls continued (a series of 13 stalls as later shown on the cockpit voice recorder), which helped by yawing the aircraft to the right and raising the left wing.

With that change of airflow, the left engine then started to compressor stall (8 compressor stalls on the voice recorder), and the aircraft then impacted the ground slightly over rotated, but still with the gear down. The Newark tower observed the DC-9 coming out of the light snow on the ground, but trailing parts. The flight had landed between the parallel runways in the snow covered grass, and tom the tail cone off and had damage up into the lower rudder area.

The crew was next concerned with stopping the DC-9 while moving at V2 (144 K) on touchdown. We could not remember using reverse thrust, but must have used it, as grass was found in the reverser area. They bounced over runway 29, which was being plowed. The plow operator saw the aircraft coming toward him, and immediately abandoned the plow and ran for safety. The plow was missed and the aircraft was finally stopped on the old north ramp at Newark, just short of the old terminal building. Bruce was reaching for the evacuation alarm, when the Captain said "let's look first for our condition". They both left the cockpit, opened the two front doors, found no damage to the wheels or wings, and elected to lower the boarding stairs instead of evacuating via the escape slides. This way, everyone left the aircraft with no injuries. And the passengers were bussed to the terminal for lunch and rerouting.

The DC-9 had about \$300,000 damage to it, but was finally kept to an incident after NTSB review, since there were no injuries, and damage was a judgement call under \$1 million. It was finally determined that the DC-9 crew did everything properly (after 3 days at Newark). The flight recorder showed the speed never was below V2 until touchdown, the flight lasted all of 17 seconds, and only the heading trace showed the veer to the left, where the DC-9 wound up between the runways. The voice recorder had the call of engine(s) failing, the 13 stalls on the right engine, and 8 stalls on the left engine, and at least a comment and a whistle by the crew. It was determined that the L-1011 wake vortex remained over the approach end and caused the initial roll. At that time, there was no requirement for spacing for a takeoff behind a landing heavy aircraft.

Bruce said this has been his only crash in 49 years of flying, and, of course, will be remembered forever.

Edmond J. Nogar, Jr. American Airlines

Ed Nogar was flying as First Officer on an American Airlines British Aircraft BAC-1 11 when he was still new to the aircraft and learning all the procedures. The flight was going into Newark at night, but in visual conditions. Ed was flying the BAC-111 on a normal trading of legs flown by the crew. He was turning from base leg to final approach at around 1000 feet AGL when he called for 'final flaps'. The Captain obliged by grabbing and pulling the #2 engine fuel shutoff lever mistakenly, shutting down the #2 engine in short order!

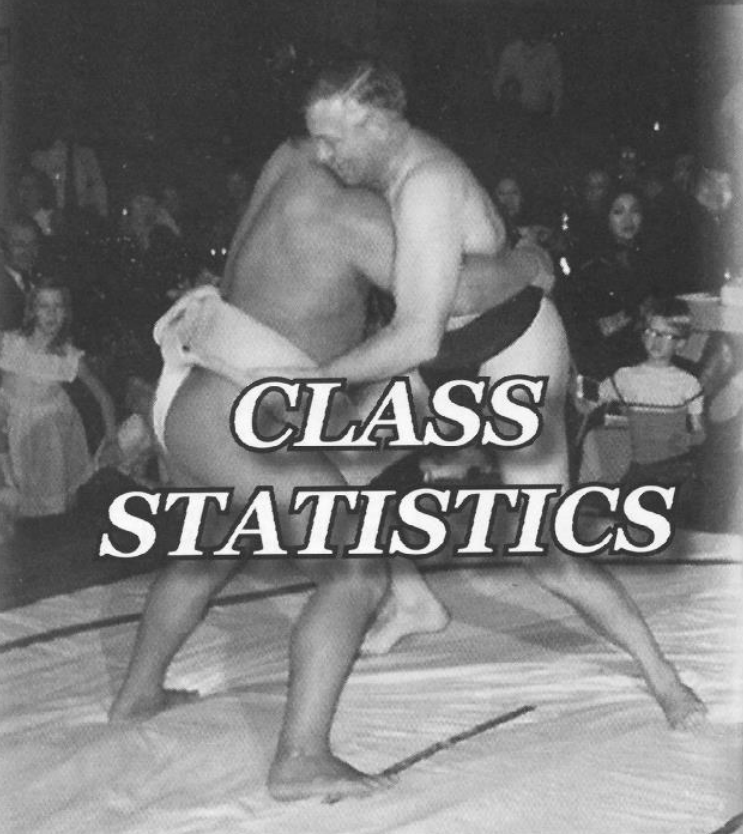
It turns out that those fuel shutoff levers and the flap lever were very close to each other, side by side, at that flap setting. Apparently at the instant that the Captain was reaching for the lever, the Newark control tower called out some traffic for the BAC-1 11, and the Captain directed his attention outside while moving the lever. Well - the Captain said to continue the approach and land. Ed said that all went relatively smoothly under the circumstances, and no one ever knew the difference. (They never told a soul!)

## VIETNAM WAR STORY

John F. Peebles VietNam War Story with a Twist

John was flying F-100's out of Phan Rang, Vietnam, in 1964-65. Scrambled off alert, he and his wingman flew south of Saigon, where he contacted a FAC. The FAC said two choppers had been shot down and the VC were attacking them. It was dark by then, so the FAC told them to hold for flare ships. John could see that the VC were closing in and if they didn't do something those guys weren't going to make it. The FAC said if John thought he could do something to give it a try. Without being able to see the ground, he went in and dropped napalm on the VC. With that lighting up the area, John's wingman could also drop. When the flight left, the flare ships and other fighters were coming in.

Eight years after the incident, John is in the only bar in his little home town (pop. 500) having a couple of beers with old friends when in came a local guy who had been in the Army in VietNam. A combat wound has left him with a right arm that he couldn't use. He said his helicopter was shot down and he was wounded. Another chopper, sent to get them out, was also shot up and they were stuck. It had gotten dark, the VC were moving in and they thought they were done for. Then a fighter came in and dropped napalm on the VC, which turned things around and they ended up being rescued. John asked when and where that happened and when he answered, John told the Army guy that the fighter guy was him. The Army guy said that if John hadn't done that, he wouldn't be there talking to John.



# *Class Statistics*

## Who We Are Now

On June 8th 1960 we were 227 First Class Cadets assembled on the parade grounds to participate in our long awaited Graduation Parade. Tomorrow would be Graduation Day! But for today, it was enough just to be parading for the last time with the Cadet Wing. We eagerly anticipated the command for the first class to "Front & Center, Post" and then for the Wing to "Pass-In-Review" in honor of our graduation.

We have attempted to design this Class Book as a memento and record of those intervening years. We received completed Questionnaires from over 85% of our living graduate classmates, eight from non-graduate classmates, and several completed Questionnaires from widows of our classmates. Most of the personal data that follows was extracted from those Questionnaires. However, for those who did not respond and for our deceased classmates the AOG Register of Graduates was used to enhance the data base for their career information. Even then, some data is not complete, because some classmates neglected to include their accomplishments (read awards, accomplishments, degrees, etc), and so these statistics should be viewed as minimum values in many cases. The Yearbook team also received a large number of biographies (including obits), published in another section, and they helped fill in many personal details. Thanks for sharing your life histories.

## Our Class

As a class we have performed exceptionally distinguished service to our Nation. We have made significant contributions to its governance, its businesses, its churches, its medical profession, its legal and judicial systems and, especially, to its armed forces. We have helped rear loving, exceptional families. During the fifty years since June 8, 1960, we have established the legacy of the Class of '60 and the hallmarks of its excellence. In the past, we have actively participated in our regular five year Class Reunions and many "off year" celebrations, even when we had to struggle with frequent snowfalls, rain and the sometimes downers of losing football games. In addition, there continue to be several major "interim" Class reunions sponsored by regional Class groups, as well as recurring celebrations such as the quarterly luncheons of the D.C. contingent and Les Querry's "roostings", the yearly Interservice football Weekend with the Colorado Springs contingent, and the annual MiniSki week organized by Andi Biancur in Salt Lake City, Utah. They have all been well attended, with outstanding camaraderie enjoyed by all. This year, about 75% of our classmates (and responding ex-cadets) are attending our 50th Reunion.

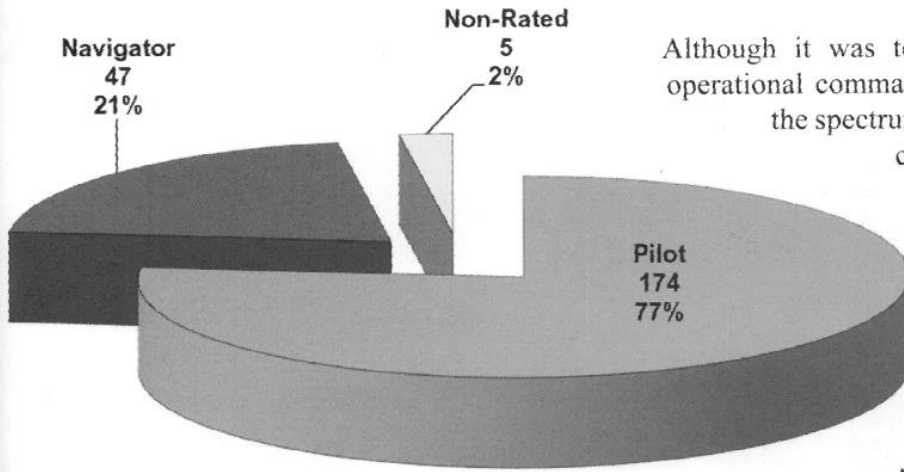
## Our Families

By and large we are married with families. Several of us married within a year of graduation, unselfishly surrendering the option of living alone or to continue living with the same exceptional professionals with whom we had spent the previous four years. Of those who replied to the questionnaire, 88% are currently married. Approximately 9% of the respondents' first wives had passed away and another 32% were divorced from their first wife. At least six of our sons and two of our daughters have attended USAFA, and one son has attended USNA (what's with that?).

## Our Military Careers

After graduation most of us joined the AF in the specialties we chose First Class year. One classmate did not pass the graduation physical exam and was not offered a commission. We had six classmates cross-commission into the U.S. Marine Corps and two classmates cross-commission into the U. S. Navy. The remaining 218 donned our khaki uniforms and went off to direct duty, advanced navigation or pilot training assignments. Of those who went into the Air Force, after our initial training assignments 166 of us were pilots, 47 were flying as navigators and five were in nonrated assignments.

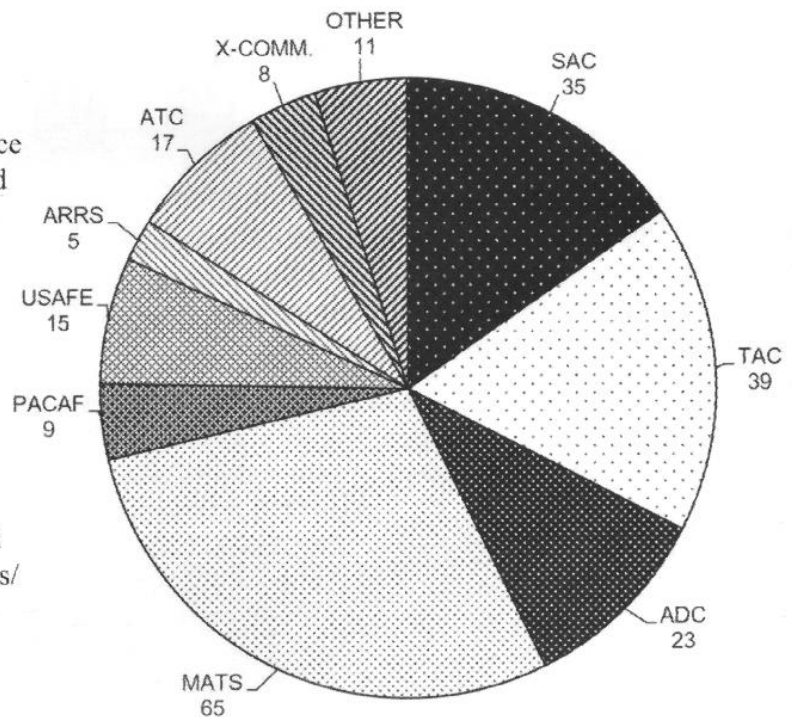
## GRADUATION RATINGS



Although it was tough for a lot of us to remember the first operational command we were assigned to, we did spread across the spectrum: MATS predominated with nearly 30% of our class; TAC and SAC each garnered about 17% of our classmates; 10% were in ADC and 7% had first assignments in ATC. Fifteen of our classmates went to USAFE for their first assignment and another nine went to PACAF. Others were scattered to various organizations to include: five in Rescue, three to Air Weather Service, a couple to AFIT, and one each in NASA, ContAirCmd, AEW&C, AirMapSvc, and AFSC.

**Graduation Specialty Ratings**

## Initial Major Command



During our careers, some chose to leave active service but continued to serve in the Reserve or National Guard components. Of the 126 that completed 20+ years on active duty, their average was 21.7 years active. 15 served 30 or more years, 5 of those in the reserve components. Three of our members served on active duty for 35 years. The 25 of us who became members of the Reserves and/or the National Guard, on average, served an additional 16 years of duty. Of interest, at least 13 graduating members of our class had prior enlisted service, either active duty or in the reserves/guard. The graph reflects the highest rank attained for those on active duty as well as those in the reserves/guard.

## RESIGNMENT/RETIREMENT RANK

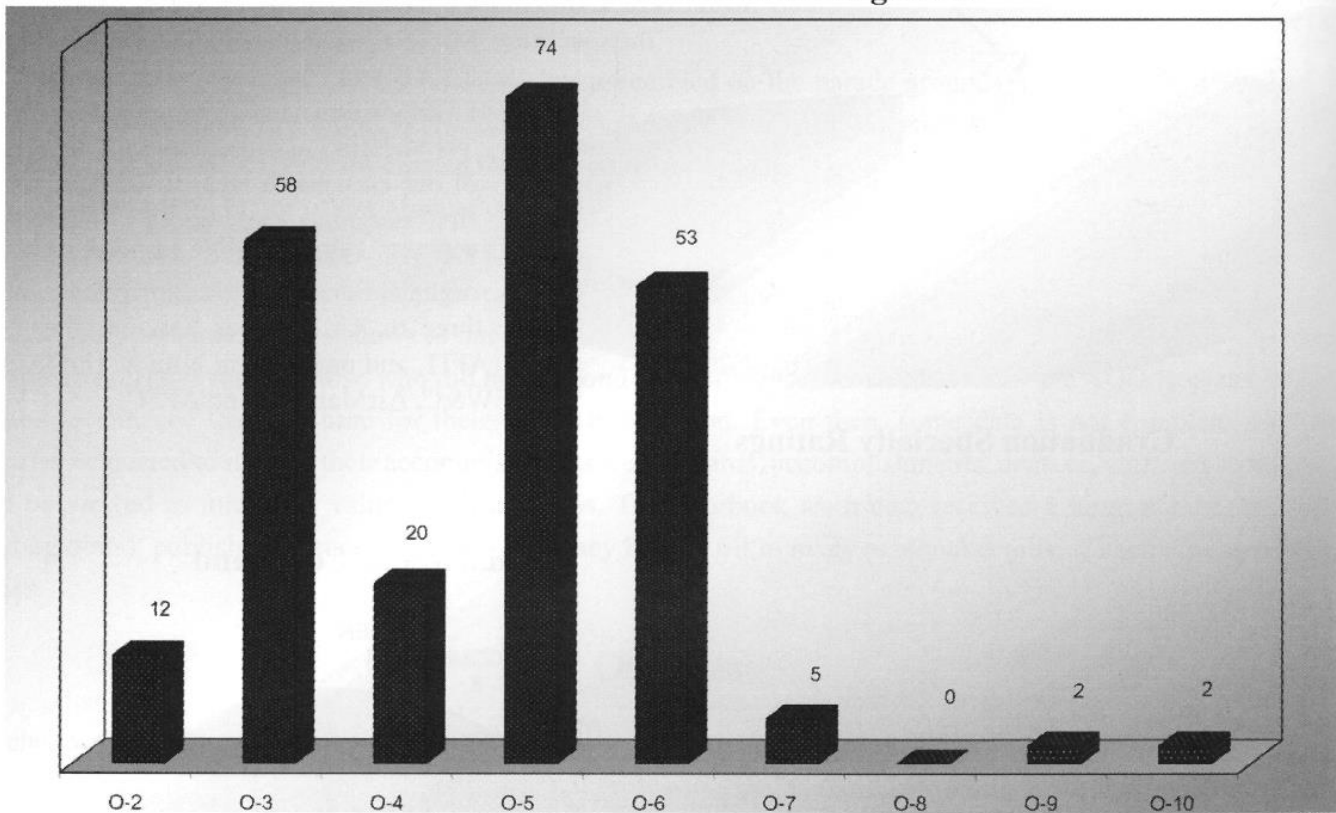
Ten of our classmates attained General Officer rank: Generals Loh and Yates; Lt. Generals Burshnick and D.W. Thompson; Brig. Generals Goodson, Head, Van Inwegen and Walsh; and reserve/guard Brig. Generals Haerter and Ouellette. Eighteen of our classmates died on active duty, Dave Lachelt being the first in May 1963, while 29 others have died in noncombat related accidents and from illnesses. One hundred and fifty two of our classmates served in Vietnam, where we suffered seven combat deaths: Bourque, Davis, Hyde, Mills, Morton, Waters and Waugh. Their sacrifice is forever memorialized on the USAFA Graduate War Memorial Wall.

Our senior level military assignments are too prodigious to account individually. Suffice it to say that we have served in over 100 senior level military and academic assignments. We performed such diverse tasks as: Chief/Vice Chief of Staff, U.S. Air Force; Cmdr. AFSC, AMC, ACC; Vice CinC MAC; Vice Cmdr. AMC; Chiefs of Engineering, and Operational Divisions; Commanders of Research and Development Centers and Laboratories; Commandant of Cadets; Commandant, Inter-American AFA; Cmdr. USAFA Preparatory School; Department Heads at USAFA, ICAF, and the National War College; as Adjutants General of State National Guard Units; as Military Attaches; Wing and Squadron Commanders;



Medical Group Commanders; as members of the Office of the Joint Chief of Staff and other, nonetheless important positions, too numerous to be accounted for here in detail.

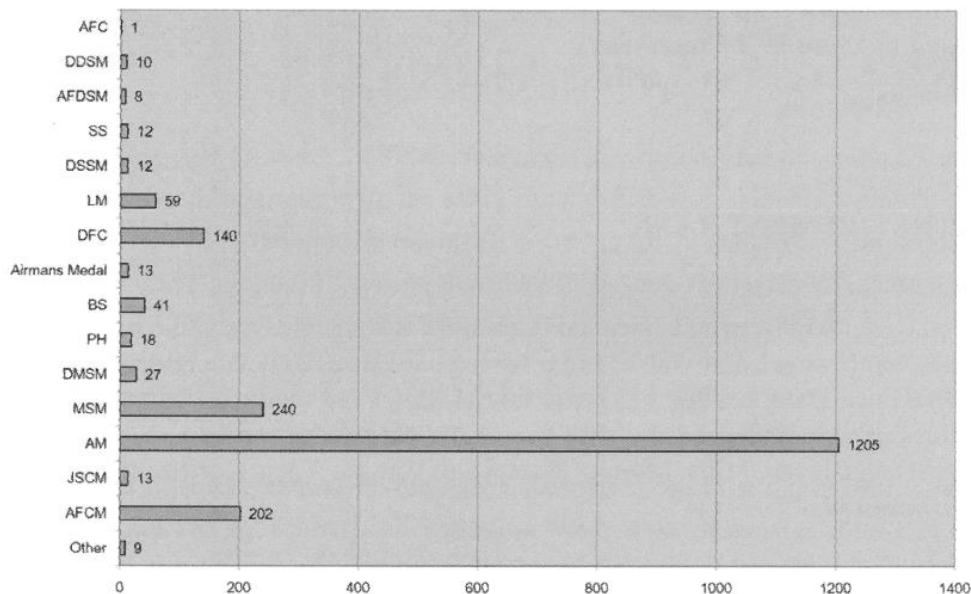
### Ranks at Time of Retirement/Resignation



Our services in Vietnam and hours of dedication during both war and peacetime, were rewarded with numerous awards and decorations. One of our classmates, Don Stevens, was presented with the the Air Force Cross, our nation's second highest honor for courage under fire. Ed Leonard spent six torturous years as a prisoner of war and was awarded four Silver Stars. Eight other classmates also earned Silver Stars.

In addition to the awards shown in the chart, Mike Love, Wayne Kendall and Don Stevens received the prestigious Jabara Award for Airmanship, while Bob Fischer was a Jabara Award Nominee. Ron Yates and Mike Low have received the Academy's Distinguished Graduate Award and Michael J. Clarke was the first Academy graduate to receive the DOT/FAA

### Military Medals & Decorations

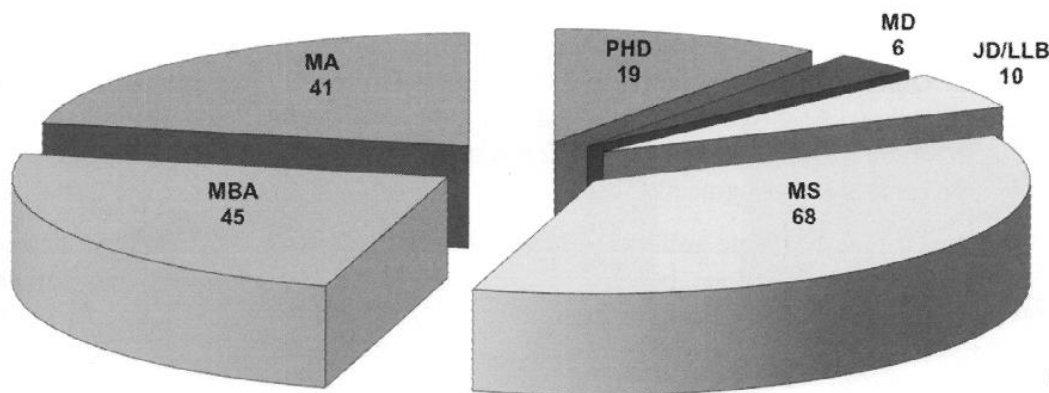


“Wright Brothers Master Pilot” Award. Val bourque’s statue stands on the Academy Mall of Heroes at the the base of the ramp leading to the cadet area. The wing performs “eyes right” as it passes Val’s bronze enrout to the parade ground.

As a group, we have continued to improve our knowledge throughout our careers. In addition to our military training and numerous in service schools, many were fortunate enough to attend civilian colleges and universities for advanced degrees both while on active duty and afterwards. Normally, these degrees were applied to assignments that aided us in

influencing those who followed us in the military, and continued to be of benefit after retirement from the military. Many of our number earned their advanced degrees during their civilian pursuits.

Two of our classmates, Leon Goodson and Alex Zimmerman received Olmstead Scholarships to pursue studies in foreign universities

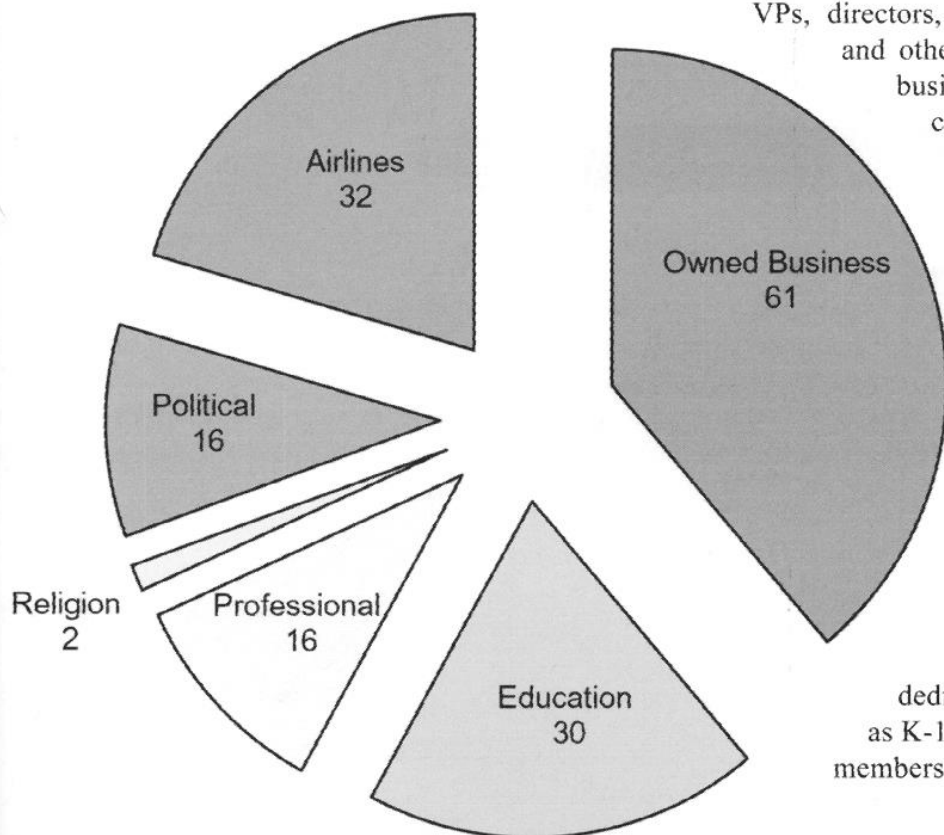


**Earned Degrees**

### Our Civilian Careers

Our civilian careers and governmental service have been just as expansive and varied as our military service, whether they started 5 years or 30+ years after graduation. A few of us are still not retired. We have 1 judge, 10 lawyers, 6 doctors, 2 psychologists, 32 airline pilots and several engineers. Seven have served either as chaplains, ministers, church officials or missionaries. Many have served in business and industry, variously as Board Chairman, Presidents, CEOs, CFOs, COOs,

VPs, directors, managers, consultants and/or engineers, and other staff. Sixty one have owned their own businesses and two are ranchers. Two of our classmates have run for national office, while 16 others have served in prestigious state, county, and local positions, to include town mayor. Several have been leaders in local and state charities, not-for-profit organizations, and held key offices in service organizations like the VFW and Masons. Thirty have served in military or civilian capacities at the Air Force Academy; and 23 were at various universities as heads of academic departments, or as faculty, administrators, and staff members.

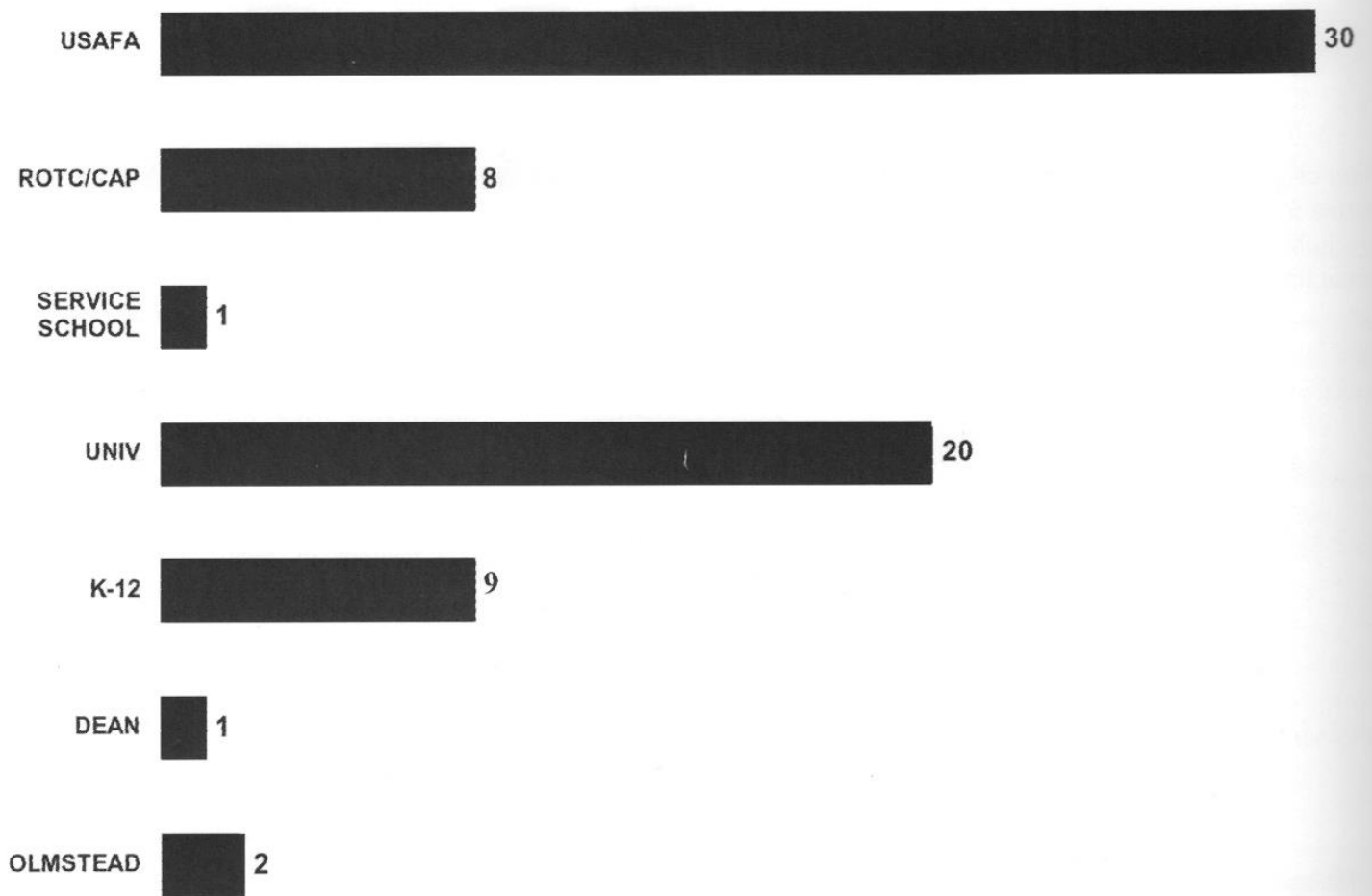


We have seen nine of our classmates dedicate time to teach our younger generation as K-12 educators while eight others have guided members through the ROTC and CAP programs.

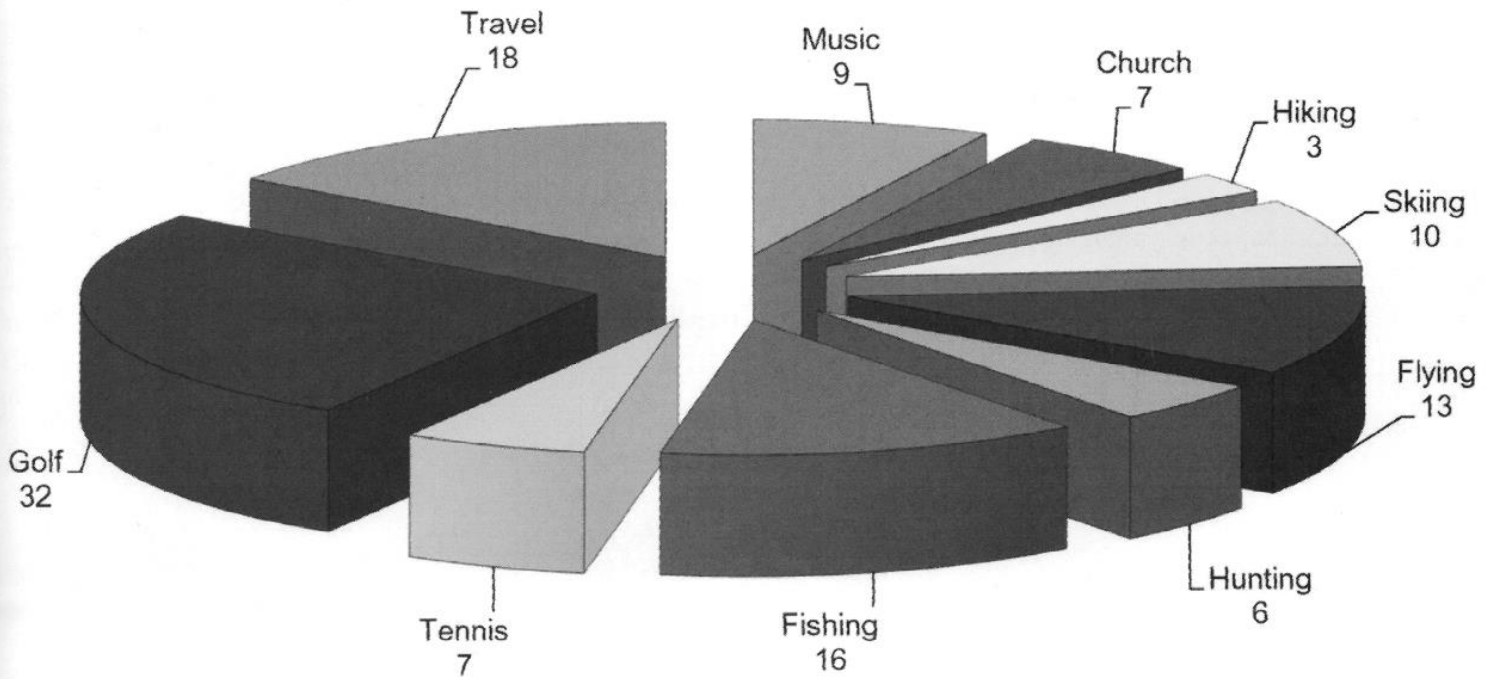
## STAFF & FACULTY

While at the Zoo we participated on both intercollegiate and intermural teams, as well as several club teams. We attempted to master a wealth of physical skills in competitive, recreational, and "carry over" activities. Some of us had the honor of contributing to the first – and only-- undefeated season enjoyed by the Air Force Falcon football team and are honored in the Colorado Springs Sports Hall of Fame. Others stepped up to represent the Academy in sports in which we had little or no experience such as soccer, lacrosse and hockey. As a fledgling participant on the intercollegiate level, we individually opted to fill out teams that simply needed bodies in order to compete. We learned the joys associated with being gracious winners and the deep seated pain that pervades the souls of graceful losers.

Since our days at the Academy, some 32 of us have become golfers (some of whom are self proclaimed as more accomplished than others). As a class we have also become fishermen, hunters, travelers, gardeners and tennis (and handball and racquetball) players. We are also collectors, woodworkers, recreational pilots (who have built their own aircraft), skiers, hikers and musicians. Several of us enjoy sailing, while others spend much of their time coaching, guiding museum tours, and spreading God's word. Bob Odenweller has become one of the world's leading philatelists, writing, traveling, judging at events, and receiving several rarely given awards.



## Class Leisure Interests



## Where Are We Now?

And we have grown our legacy as the second -- and finest-- class, to graduate from the Academy. We were the only class to experience a fourth class year with no intervening class between us and those yelling at us. We were the target of both the ATOs and the first class throughout our first year. This fact most assuredly created the bonds that today stand stronger than those typically shared by siblings. We hold proudly to our motto "Nulli Secundus" – Second to None, and will continue to build on the traditions and legacy that produced those bonds in the years still to come.

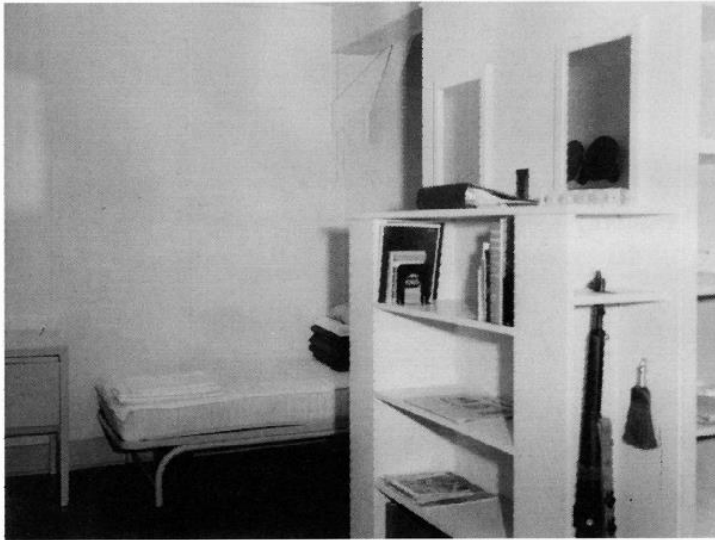
# Then & Now

An old advertising logo once hinted that progress, although enviable, was an important product of time. One would guess it all depends on the perspective from which progress is viewed. As we move into the future, all progress must be viewed within the context of its utility.

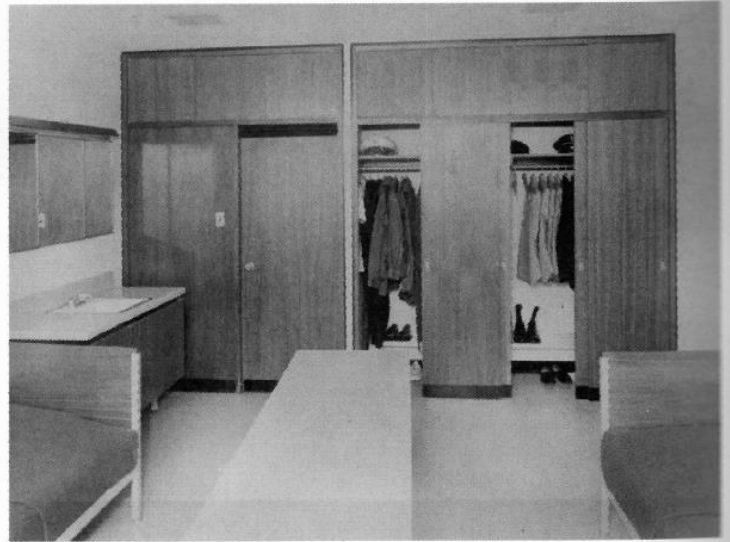
In that light, it is more than interesting to look back at our early times at the Academy and compare various aspects of cadet life then, with life experienced by present day cadets.

## Living Conditions

Then



Now



The “drafty” World War II barracks, affectionately tagged Building #841, 842, etc., have given way to large “drafty” Vandenberg and Sijan Hall dormitories capable of hiding a hundred times the contraband we even thought about spiriting away.

## Uniforms

Then



Now



Our mostly uncomfortable, well pressed and form fitting clothing, specified as “uniform of the day”, has been abandoned in favor of the significantly more casual variety of combinations seen within the wing today. It appears as though the military school environment has been largely replaced by the “come as you are” generation.

## Social Graces

**Then**

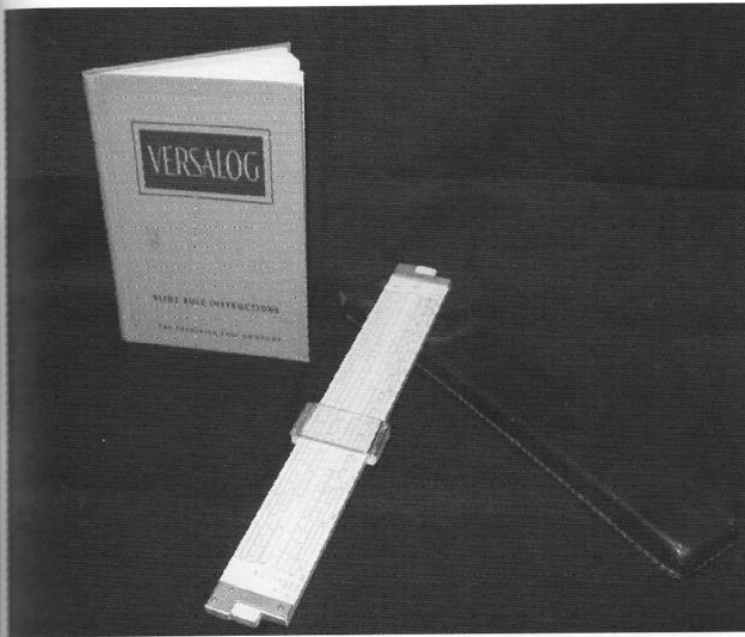


**Now**



The camaraderie of Rose/Al type experiences with and among our classmates during our four year tenure at the then "Monastery", created strong, macho bonds that served us well throughout our lives in whatever we encountered. Today's social environment, while seemingly recognizing that concept, embraces more of an encounter session focused on sensitivity issues.

## Academics



**Then**

Not much has changed in the arena of learning. In the day we all sported a slide rule as an element of our uniform. The personalized, ability-sectioned instruction we received from real live instructors convinced us the answers were always there. We just had to be skillful enough to find them. In the classroom of today, the answers are always still there, but the cadets must now determine which virtual methods they have to employ to find them.

**Now**

## Motivation

Then



Now



We were constantly surrounded by reminders of the types of pioneers and warriors that opened this great nation, and made the sacrifices necessary to insure the freedoms and opportunities we possess. Following the advent of sexual awareness, those reminders had to be modified in accordance with the new "political correctness".

## Discipline

Then



Now



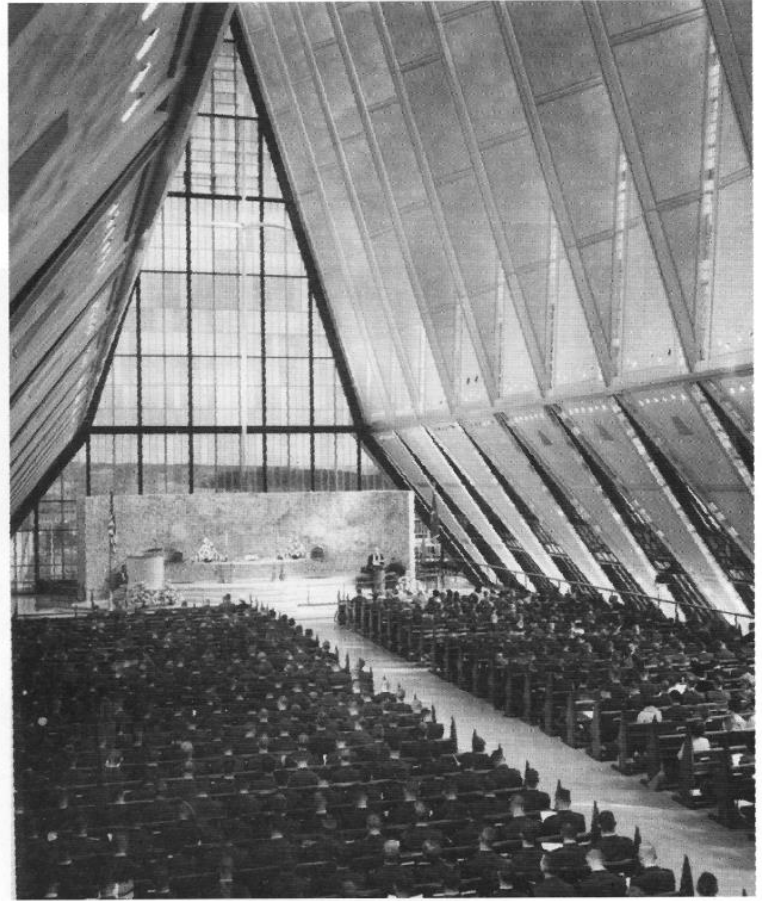
contrast, the slacking of mentorship responsibilities and easing of correction techniques does less today to prepare the cadet for the rigors of leadership.

# Religious Experience

**Then**



**Now**



## Parade Formation

**Then**



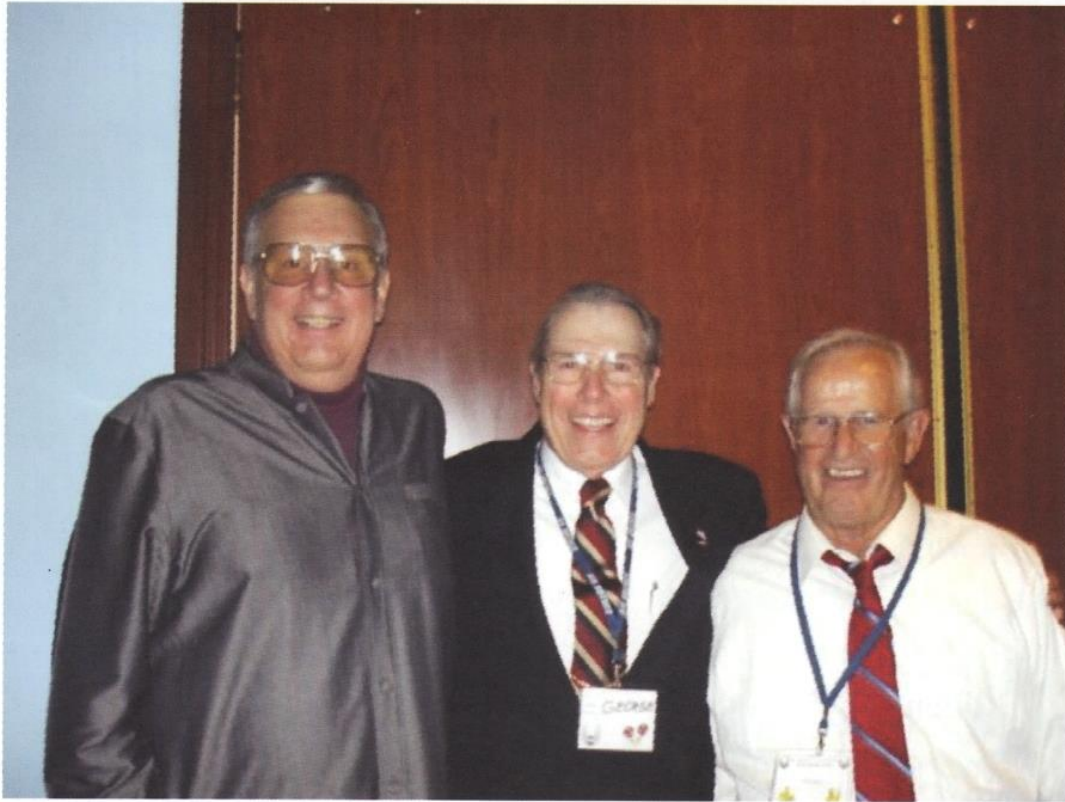
**Now**



Initially resplendent in a wide variety of uniforms designed by the renowned Cecil B. DeMille, we donned service dress wear for most activities and stood out in parades in our all white parade dress uniforms, sporting the ever-present M-1 Rifle. The current wear commonly consists of either the casual blue uniform or camouflage fatigues sans any weapons whatsoever.



# AIR AMERICA



(L-R) Nikki Fillipi, George Luck and Dick Elder

Dick, flight lead, and Nikki, flying a pair of Hueys, made a combat rescue under fire of George and his wounded right seater IP from the Plain of Jars, Laos on March 10, 1970. Their courage is without question.

**Thanks for the ride!  
George**

**In memory of our USAFA Class of 1960  
classmates and fellow graduates of the  
USAF Aerospace Research Pilot School  
who flew their last flight in the line of duty**



**Don Thurman**  
**Class of 65A**

*Died after B-57 accident  
Edwards AFB 1971*



**Mike Love**  
**Class of 68B**

*Died in F-4 accident  
Edwards AFB 1976*



**Ron Yates 66B**  
**George Luck 67A**  
**Fred Porter 67B**  
**Dean Vikan 67B**  
**Mike A. Clarke 67B**  
**Mike Loh 67B**  
**Clark Walker 68B**  
**Mike J. Clarke 70B**



*May you always enjoy CAVU progs, tailwinds and happy landings. Cheers!*



## **Personal Memoir - A Legacy of the Class of 1960**

Our class members have served selflessly and made many contributions to the Air Force and the nation since graduation. Seven gave their lives in combat in Vietnam – Val Bourque, Bob Davis, Mike Hyde, Jim Mills, Eddie Morton, Sam Waters and Reed Waugh. Many also gave their lives in peacetime training and flight testing. Still others made sacrifices in different ways, both in the Air Force and in other careers. Our class participated heavily in two wars, the Cold War to deter Soviet aggression, and the hot war in Vietnam against communist expansion. We won the Cold War in 1989 when the Berlin Wall fell, and we vindicated the misapplication of airpower in the Vietnam War by our performance in Desert Storm. That transition, from the Vietnam War to victory in the Gulf war of 1991 took twenty years and many of us played significant roles in it. Let me explain.

Because of the misguided strategy of placing key targets off-limits, and gradual escalations followed by repeated bombing halts, we could not apply the full force of airpower in Vietnam. This frustrated us greatly. The limitations imposed by Washington served only to deny victory, prolong the war, and anger America. So, after our combat tours there, many of us vowed that if we ever had the opportunity to influence the future Air Force, we would never go to war again under the constraints of Vietnam.

I was able to devote the rest of my Air Force career in two mission areas, combat operations and development/acquisition. We needed to rebuild our Air Force to take advantage of breakthroughs in aeronautics, propulsion, stealth, sensors and missile technology. We also needed to modernize our forces with new fighters and bombers.

We did just that. I had a hand in writing the requirements, then leading the acquisition, of our current generation of F-15s, F-16s, F-117s, F-22s, A-10s, B-1s, B-2s and their engines, weapons and avionics systems. Many other members of our class participated in this renaissance of airpower capabilities. By the end of the 1980's, together, we fielded a new post-Vietnam Air Force, better equipped to put airpower back in the driver's seat. It was just in time.

I had the privilege to serve as the Air Force Vice Chief of Staff in 1990-91 during Desert Shield and Desert Storm, building and executing the strategy for the air campaign over Iraq. Our investment in technologies such as stealth and precision weapons, and our operational concepts for the relentless application of unconstrained airpower, paid off. We won quickly, decisively, with overwhelming force, and few casualties. Airpower performance had now caught up with the airpower theories of Mitchell, Arnold, Spaatz and LeMay.

Following this magnificent demonstration of the value of airpower, properly applied, the Air Force needed to restructure itself in order to exploit the global power and global reach qualities of modern airpower. In 1992, we combined the combat power of Strategic Air Command and Tactical Air Command into Air Combat Command, and I was selected as its first commander. Now, The Air Force had all of the U.S. based combat and combat support aircraft, both active and reserve, in a single command. This represented the fulfillment of the visions of many airpower pioneers.

Whether we spent five years or thirty five years in the service following graduation, the members of the Class of 1960 have, individually and collectively, made many significant contributions to the Air Force and our nation. We threw our hats in the air on the parade ground fifty years ago. After that, we went different ways and accomplished different goals. But, to a man, every one of us has lived up to our motto – Nulli Secundus, Second to None.

John Michael Loh  
General, USAF Retired  
Class of 1960

# Acknowledgements

This Yearbook was the result of many helping hands, hard work and bright minds. I would like to thank our Class Officers for their support in approving the project at each decision point and for their valued advice and support. I want to give a special thanks to our publisher for their guidance through the concept and publishing phases. They operated for over a year with nothing more formal than a handshake from me. They are a class act!

## Regional Agents

Unlike the AOG, the Class of 1960 did not have a formal national organization. During our cadet years, the USMA had a stable Corps of Cadets of 2400 or 24 companies of 100. So the 24 cadet companies used their charge-of-quarters or CQs to canvas the 25 or so reunion graduates in each company. Andi Biancur and I developed the concept of Regional Agents to be our Classmate contacts. We divided the country into eight geographic regions with a volunteer agent in each region. After Andi's and my initial letters to the Class introducing the 50<sup>th</sup> Yearbook project, they followed up with individual Classmate contacts. They received all of the data and photographs and funneled them to the respective section editors, and then kept me informed of their progress. Finally, they followed up on those who were late in responding to established deadlines. Without these volunteer agents, I could never have effectively reached the class. I owe them all a great debt of gratitude.

Robert H. (Bob) Fischer	Northeast	PA DE NY MA NH ME NJ
Joseph L. (Joe) Higgins	DC	VA DC MD WV
Donald D. (Don) Stevens Harrison E. (Pete) King	Southeast	FL AL GA
Thomas F. (Tom) Seebode	East	SC NC TN KY IL WI MI IN
William J. (Bill) Kornitzer	Central	TX OK KS MO MN
Richard R. (Dick) Schehr	Academy	CO NM
James C. (Jim) O'Rourke	West	AP BC WA ID NV UT AZ
Earl S. (Van) Van Inwegen	CA	CA

## Yearbook Staff

I was honored by our Class Officers to be selected as the Editor. As the suggester of the 50<sup>th</sup> Yearbook project, I may have been a convenient "stuckee." However, I do appreciate the confidence that they have shown to me. Jim Glaza has been my editorial "right arm" as the Layout Editor. He brings to the 50<sup>th</sup> Yearbook his editing and layout experience from the Polaris Staff and Air Reservist magazine. I have learned much about publishing from Jim, and I thank him for his ideas and expertise. Les Querry is the Photography Editor. He was the photo man on the Polaris Staff, and has been taking pictures of the Class over all these many years. He has been converting our slides to photographs, and has a significant collection of individual and family snapshots. He is solely responsible for the phenomenal CD inserted at the back of this Yearbook. Special thanks, Les, for your unstinting support and your photography expertise. Charlie Diver is the Biography Editor. He has received, edited and collated all of our biographies. This section makes up over one-half of our 50<sup>th</sup> Yearbook. His dogged persistence has given us a memorable history of our Classmates. Thanks Chuck for your untiring support. Neil Delisanti is our Finance staffer. He received 50<sup>th</sup> Yearbook orders from 154 Classmates and families, and organized 79 patron gifts. He also supervised the collection of final sales and the delivery of the 50<sup>th</sup> Yearbooks to those families not attending our 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion. Thank you Nels for keeping us out of trouble!

Editor	George Luck
Layout Editor	Jim Glaza
Photography Editor	Les Querry
Biography Editor	Charlie Diver
Finance	Neil Delisanti

## Section Authors

Last, but certainly not least, come the Section Authors as reflected on the "Table of Contents" page. They are the ones responsible for collecting, editing and placing their sections into our 50<sup>th</sup> Yearbook. Other than the biographies and photographs, their sections really make the 50<sup>th</sup> Yearbook come alive with stories and information about our Class. I am especially indebted to Rosie Cler for writing our cadet Class History. As you read it, the joys and sweat of our Cadet days come alive; thanks Rosie. Jock Schwank and Andi Biancur have made a major effort to capture the statistical signature of our Class. Ken Alwick and Ken Werrell have taken our war stories and have expertly woven them into a War History of the Class with pictures. Their writing and editing skills have been a major contribution to the professionalism of this 50<sup>th</sup> Yearbook. I sent a very special thank you to both Kens.

## Patron Donations

In my initial letter to the Class giving the details of the response requirements, I included the yearbook order form. In this form, to help defray the cost to the Yearbook, I invited all Classmates, ex-cadets, widows and friends of the Class to contribute at least \$50 as a patron donor to the book project. It was to be anonymous, in your name or the name of a special friend or loved one, or of a fallen Classmate. There were 79 responders including 16 anonymous gifts. Those marked with an asterisk contributed from \$60 to \$250. This effort raised over \$5,100, and it significantly lowered the cost of this small production run book. I thank all of you who contributed.

Jim Alexander 308K  
 Ken Alwick  
 Fuller Atkinson, in memory of Herbert M. Eckweiler  
 Robert E. Badger  
 Anonymous  
 Howard Bronson, in memory of Reed Waugh  
 Anonymous  
 William Carnegie, in memory of Sam Waters  
 Anonymous\*  
 Anonymous  
 George Collier, in memory of Ted Stumm  
 John Curry, in honor of R. C. (Bob) Davis  
 Rosie Cler, in memory of Scott Cler  
 Barbara Crew\*, in memory of Gary Francis Crew  
 Jerry M. Daily  
 Neil Delisanti, in remembrance of Hardy Lebel  
 Charlie Diver, in memory of Alan Sternberg  
 Carolyn Eckweiler and Family  
 Jerry Farquhar, in memory of Norman "Buck" Congdon  
 Barbara Featherstone/Ware, in memory of Lt. Donald F. Ware  
 Bob Fischer  
 Gordon Flygare\*, in memory of Eddie Morton, Dave Burns and Fred Boutz  
 George Fries, GJC  
 Anonymous  
 Jim and Jenny Glaza  
 Dianne Jansen Glick  
 Leon and Maryn Goodson\*  
 Gary and Susan Gulbransen\*  
 Edward Haerter, in memory of Willard "Mac" Macfarlane  
 R. G. Head  
 Les Hobgood, in memory of Mike Hyde  
 Anonymous  
 Anonymous  
 Al Johnson\*  
 Sandra Juarez/Georgi, in memory of Charles David Georgi  
 Brian Kaley, in memory of Mike Hyde, KIA Class of '60  
 Wayne and Barbara Kendall  
 Bill Kornitzer  
 Ralph and Darlene Lalime  
 Arthur Lewis, in memory of fallen classmates  
 Anonymous  
 Mike and Barbara Loh\*, in memory of Classmates killed in combat  
 George and Carolyn Luck, in memory of Grant Reed Waugh  
 Frank Mayberry, Eve C. Mayberry  
 Dale Mayo, in memory of Robert C. Davis  
 Jon McClure  
 Phil Meinhardt  
 Richard Meyer  
 Ralph Miller, in memory of Eddie "Gopher" Morton  
 Bruce Mosier  
 Robert P. Odenwaller  
 Anonymous\*  
 John Peebles  
 Joan Peel, the family of James E. Peel  
 Helen Place, in memory of George Hamilton Hines  
 Anonymous  
 George and Diana Pupich\*

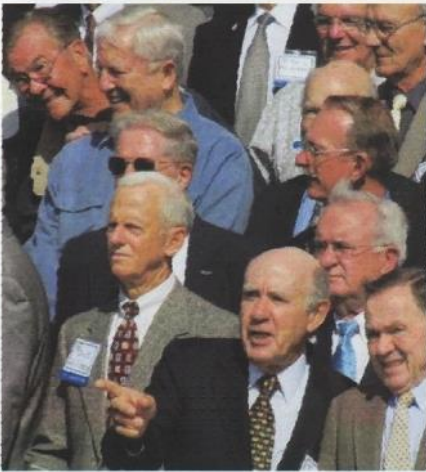
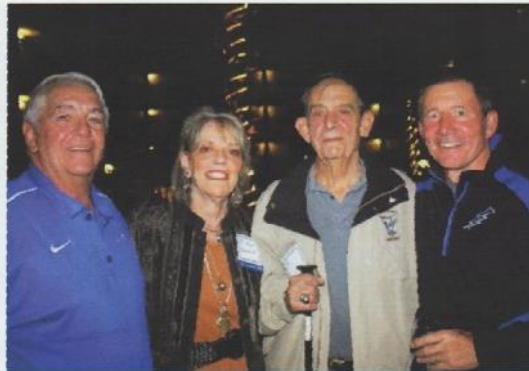
Douglas Rekenhaller\*  
 Anonymous  
 Jock Schwank, in memory of Dave Lachelt  
 Gary Sheets\*, Sheets Family  
 T. J. and Diane Smith  
 Anonymous  
 Harry Swainston, in memory of Robert J. Newson, Jr.  
 Walter Sweeney, in memory of General Walter C. Sweeney, Jr.  
 David Sweigart, in memory of Camille Sweigart  
 John Townsend, in memory of Don Ware  
 David Ullery  
 Charles Upton\*, in memory of C. B. Upton (father) and Carlton B. Upton (brother)  
 Earl Van Inwegen, in memory of Val Borque  
 Dean Vikan  
 Kenneth Werrell, in memory of Michael L. Hyde  
 Howard Whitfield\*, in memory of Classmates James D. Mills and Charles M. McCain  
 Edwin Whitman, in memory of Ned Whitman  
 Anonymous\*  
 D. Reese Williams  
 Ron Yates\*, in memory of James W. Anderson  
 Anonymous  
 Anonymous\*

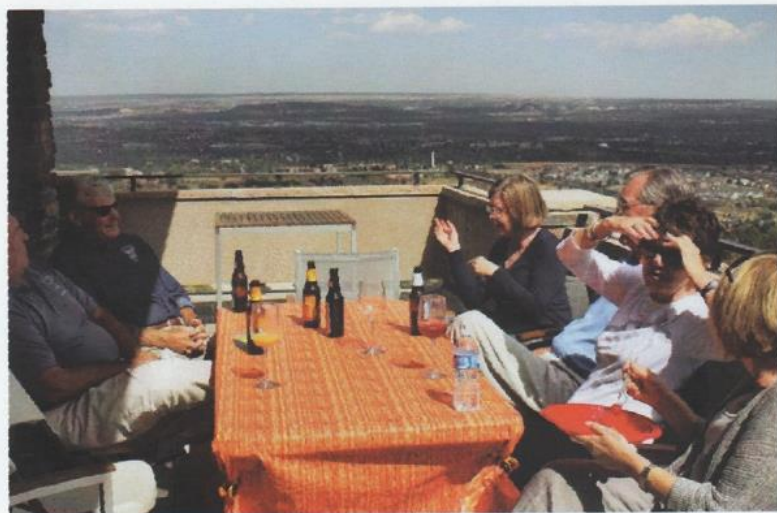
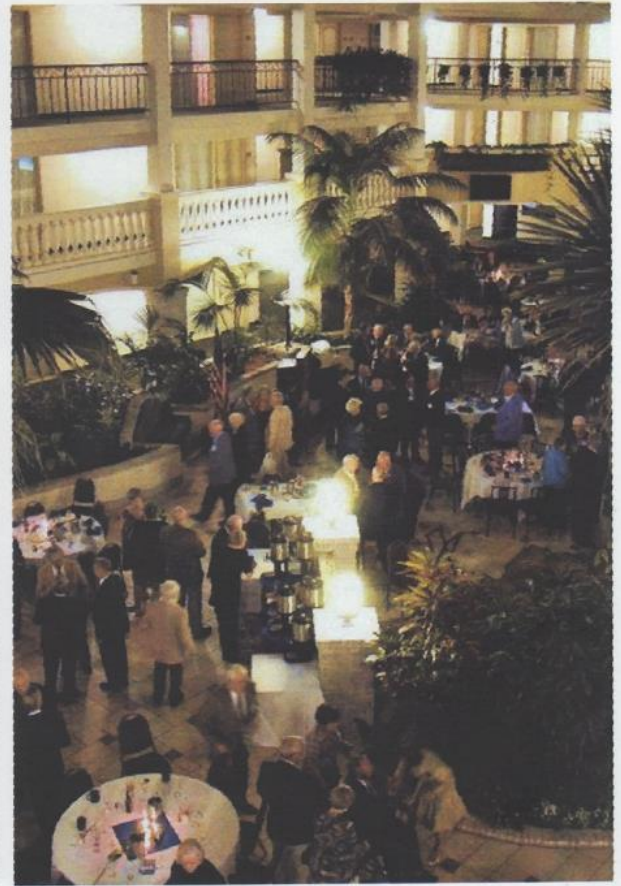
\* Gifts of between \$60 and \$250

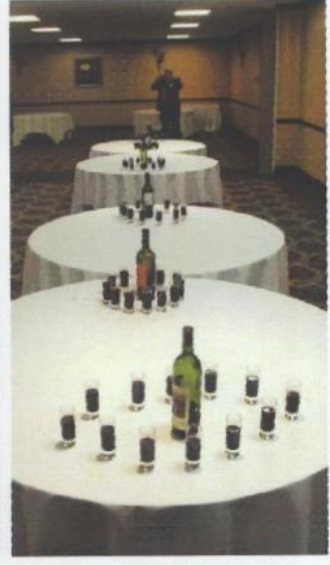
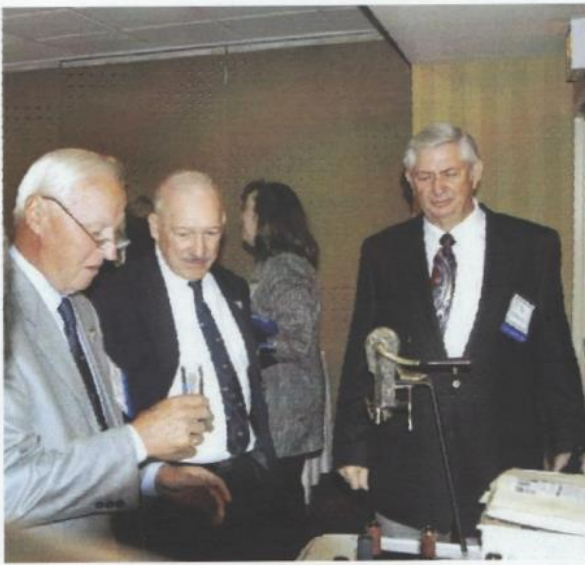
George Luck  
 Editor

# CLASS OF 1960 - 50<sup>th</sup> YEAR REUNION

September 29 - October 3, 2010







## CLASS OF 1960 FAMILIES



The Crew Family



The Kendall Family



The Luck Family



The Yates Family



## Ron Yates: VIETNAM REMEMBRANCES

I was transferred from the 68<sup>th</sup> Fighter Interceptor Squadron (FIS) Itazuke AB, Japan to the 509<sup>th</sup> FIS Clark AB, The Philippines, in June 1964. I was flying F-102's. On 4 August 1964, the Squadron was recalled for an actual DEFCON (not practice) in the middle of the night. We were told to bring clothes for two weeks. I threw some essentials into a B-4 bag, put it on the back of my motorcycle, and got to the Operations Building. I was the first to arrive. I was assigned an aircraft and preflighted it and got into the cockpit. The Squadron Ops officer was about ready to brief me, when I saw the two alert birds light AB's on the runway. He looked at me and said "follow them"! I was about 40 miles behind them but in fact, did follow them and landed at Danang AB, Republic of Vietnam before dawn. I was the 3<sup>rd</sup> US jet to land in Vietnam that night. For the next 21 months I spent most of my time at Danang, Saigon, and Don Muang Thailand and flew 100 combat missions. I returned to the CONUS in May 1966.



In early 1965, I was given the project to determine how to use the F-102 to fire rockets air-to-ground. I worked this out at Clark AB using a CRC table from the Base library and the bombing range near Clark. I then went back to Vietnam tried it in combat. It was no problem in daylight with a FAC to mark target locations, and the squadron was trained in the procedures. However, 2<sup>nd</sup> Air Division also wanted to use the aircraft to fire rockets at night using our IR sensor. I flew several of these missions using only my TACAN and terrain elevations off a map to determine firing altitudes. After several near misses with the ground, I told 2<sup>nd</sup> AD this was too dangerous (and not very effective), so the night rocket mission was abandoned. I think I was the only guy to ever fly these night rocket missions. Firing IR missiles (AIM-4D's) at night was a LOT easier and a LOT more effective. The F-102 was a fine air-to-air aircraft, but was not designed for the air-to-ground mission. Further, the pilots were not formally trained for the mission. The Squadron continued the air-to-ground mission for several years with limited effectiveness. However, the development of the tactics and their first use in combat was pretty exciting for a young Captain.

In July 1965, I was temporarily made Detachment commander at Danang. This was not a merit promotion but was due to the fact that my Flight Commander and Assistant Flight Commander were both rotating back to the US and were back at Clark packing up. We had recently been augmented with experienced Deuce pilots from the States (including two Majors) but they were unfamiliar with in-country operations, so I was made Detachment Commander. At night on 1 July 1965, the VC launched an attack on Danang (their first attack ever... I believe...on a major US Air Base). This attack was directed at our Detachment since we were on alert on the end of the runway and isolated from the main USMC defenses of the Base. The attack started with 80mm mortars and then VC ground troops overran our position. They threw satchel charges into the tents and under the aircraft. All of our living quarters and ground equipment were destroyed and we lost seven F102's and 4 C-130 flare ships. The Marines set up a defensive perimeter between us and the main Base. They counted us off and opened up heavy fire on the VC forces at our position. I gained a new respect for USMC firepower from the receiving end! We had several casualties and one KIA. On that night, I was VERY glad for the small arms training we had at Buckley our doolie year! The next morning, the 7<sup>th</sup> Air Force Commander arrived with his aide, Capt. George Pupich to inspect the damage. My face was pretty bruised from rocket concussions and George persuaded the General that I was too ugly to remain in-country. So, I was sent back to the Philippines to recuperate. After the attack, I think I signed receipts for lost government and personal equipment for the rest of the time I was overseas! I never knew airmen had so much US currency and MPC in their bunks and bags!

Many of us fought in Vietnam using the wrong equipment and the wrong tactics. Worse, we had the wrong kind of leadership, both militarily and politically. I know those experiences molded the rest of my military career and my attitudes about the use of US airpower. It was those experiences that enabled Vietnam veterans, like those in the Class of 1960, to help build a new fighting force that would, in time, become the most powerful the World has ever seen. In that regard, Vietnam was not lives, treasure, and time wasted.

### Patron Donations:

David Sweigart, in honor of Camille Sweigart  
Michael and Jennifer Luck, in honor of George Luck



**Don Thurman**

**Class of 65A**  
*Died after B-57 accident*  
*Edwards AFB 1971*



**Mike Love**

**Class of 68B**  
*Died in F-4 accident*  
*Edwards AFB 1976*



