

FREDERICK C. BAUER, COL, USAF (Ret)
United States Air Force Academy (USAFA), Class-1963, 2nd Squadron
Biography for **USAFA Class Histories** (UCH)

JUST ONE AIR FORCE STORY: For Your Consideration



So, here is THE photo. I set myself a task to pick one photograph that signified the essence of my 33 years of Service in the Air Force - a photo to introduce my UCH Biography. I have a bunch of photographs, many good ones, but I wanted something that symbolized a core *value* of the Academy.

I decided that this *value* was in an “extreme place,” a place that was a direct result of all my education and training, a place where I am in Service, a place where I consciously had to look death in the eye, yet a place where I still stepped forward to do the job assigned regardless of consequences. This place (at the pointy-end-of-the-spear) is where you really find out who your are. After this place, everything else in life is easy.

At my 50th AFA Reunion (Oct2013), a theme resurfaced many times: that the Vietnam War “defined” the Class of 1963. If so, then the Vietnam War defined me, as well. Unfortunately, the Vietnam War did not continue the *righteous glory* that came out of World War II (the cocoon of my youth). The Vietnam War was a dirty-little-war, ill-conceived and poorly managed; a War that violated principles of Command we were taught at the Academy; a War of dis-Jointed operations; a War of Political-Military fragmentation; a War of questionable integrity; a War that became insupportable in the end.

But, that’s what was put on our plate, and we had to eat it.



FRED's CAREER COMMANDS: 1959 - 1992:

- * United States Air Force Academy (USAFA)
- * Air Training Command (ATC)
- * Tactical Air Command (TAC)
- * Pacific Air Forces (AF component of PACOM)
- * United States Air Forces Europe (USAFE - AF component of USEUCOM)
- * Air Force Systems Command (AFSC)
- * Military Airlift Command (MAC)

- * Strategic Air Command (SAC)
- * United States Military Training Mission (USMTM - Saudi Arabia - Joint)
- * Armed Forces Staff College (AFSC - Joint)
- * Allied Command Europe (ACE) of SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe - Combined)
- * NATO School SHAPE (NSS - Combined)
- * National War College (NWC - Joint)
- * Air Force Institute of Technology (AFIT) of Air University (AU)

The original painting by AFIT Artist Gene Lehman hangs in the Hall of Commandants at the Air Force Institute of Technology, Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio

FREDERICK C. BAUER, Colonel, USAF (Ret)

ACTIVE SERVICE: 26June1959 - 31March1992 (33 years)

JUST ONE AIR FORCE STORY - FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

IIIIII - AF JOBS

IIIIII - JOINT/COMBINED JOBS

IIIIII - MAJOR COMMAND of ASSIGNMENT

Youth: I was born in Malden, Massachusetts on 20May1942. When I was 10 years old (1952), my Dad moved the family to Dover, MA (a township with more horses than people). Much of my life was spent outdoors, especially with the local Scout Program. Since Dover could not support its own high school, I bused daily to Needham, MA, and I graduated from Needham High on 5Jun1959 [just 21-days before entering the USAF Academy (on 26Jun1959) and 36 days after turning 17 years, the Cadet minimum]. I think I was the youngest member of the Class 1963. In retrospect, I can see that it was Dover, MA, (and Scouting) and Needham High School that gave me the foundation to be a Cadet.

I sense that for many things in life (important things), we can neither plan nor manipulate our circumstances. Things happen that are beyond the control of Man. Looking back, I'm thinking that LIFE is what happens between all our plans.

26Jun59-4Jun63: Cadet, USAFA - Class 1963 - 2nd Squadron **AIR FORCE**

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE ACADEMY (USAFA)

A single dominant feeling I still have about being a Cadet is the PRESSURE. The challenges were "everywhere and always" - for 4 years. It was a "tightrope walk," and anyone could reach up and jerk the rope. The threat of "elimination" was real and unceasing all the way to the end. Even though on the *Superintendent's Merit List*, I never felt "safe." But then, steel does not temper without extreme heat and incessant pounding. People have asked me when I knew that "I had The Program made," and I answer them precisely: it was when I threw my hat into the air upon graduation in Falcon Stadium on 5Jun1963 in front of JFK and General Curt LeMay and my parents and friends. Still, the AF Academy was one of my most important, life-changing events - for which I am still grateful. I hold my Class Ring close to me as a symbol of the pride I have in "making it;" in being an Academy Graduate; and in being a Career Air Force Officer.

"That I Had Such Friends." *Reflecting: I see how the "Cadet System" owned and scheduled virtually every minute of my four Academy years. The Cadet Program was NOT about me finding my inner SELF to express for the betterment of all humanity. There was little time for Introspection. It was about me successfully completing whatever task "they" or circumstances should throw at me regardless of personal costs. Only recently, I began to examine anew: What was the design INTENT of the unrelenting CONDITIONING that was the Cadet System? What was the overall EFFECT of that System on me and on my life?*

Aug1963-Sep1964: 2LT- Williams AFB, AZ - Pilot Training (UPT) - **AIR FORCE**

AIR TRAINING COMMAND (ATC)

Undergraduate Pilot Training (UPT)

I remember my first time flying an airplane (hands on) was on my T-37 "dollar-ride," and my right leg was involuntarily shaking all the way down my first final approach to landing. Later, I remember being all alone (solo) in my T-38 Talon at 40,000 feet at Mach 1.2 (and nothing was shaking). It was then I began to understand what John Gillespie Magee, Jr. meant in his poem "High Flight." Pinning on my Pilot Wings was a big day, signifying to me that a full Air Force Career was possible. My UPT Class was mostly '63 Academy Grads with about a dozen student pilots from Germany (then the FRG - Federal Republic of Germany). How lasting are the bonds of youth? We still "Reunion" on both continents.

NOTE: *After UPT, in October1964, I was assigned to Stead AFB for 4 weeks Aircrew Survival Training, and then, on 1Nov1964, I married Dorothy Taylor (my Academy sweetheart). Life was looking up.*

30Nov64-Mar67: 1LT - Forbes AFB, KS - 29th & 47th Troop Carrier SQ - **AIR FORCE**

TACTICAL AIR COMMAND (TAC)

Graduating UPT and traumatized as not being “good enough” to be a Fighter Pilot, I got over it quickly once I got my hands on the C-130B Hercules - a venerable master of the air. I became a TAC “trash hauler” - and proud of it. TAC, the “Fighter Command,” basically didn’t want anything to do with the C-130’s; it left us alone so long as we did not cause any trouble. In the 313th Troop Carrier Wing, we were quite the independent lot. And, what flying! Lots of low-level flying, airdrops with the Army, and cargo missions all over the world. We flew the US, Atlantic Crossings, Europe (3-mo Rotations to E’vreux AB, France for USAFE and NATO), Middle-East, North Africa, Caribbean, and even behind the Iron Curtain (Romania and Poland). We participated in the Dominican Republic Operation in 1965. Operation “Southern Arrow” in Turkey was the largest Airborne event since WWII. I was on a Lead Crew and on a Berlin Corridor Crew. I ended up believing I had the best flying job in the Air Force - especially for me. *Reflecting: In time, I learned that a fighter pilot was a “state of mind.” Eventually, I realized that I never really was a “fighter pilot.” The AF was right, and I was protected. Often what we **get** in life is much better than what we **want**. Some call what we get “opportunity,” especially if we take maximum advantage of whatever we get and wherever we are.* **WELCOME** to our family: F. Scott Bauer, born at the Forbes AFB Hospital, KA, on 19Mar1967. Seven days after Scott was born, we were packed out of Forbes AFB (PCS) for 6 months of training on my way to Southeast Asia (three months of helicopter transition training at Sheppard AFB, TX; and three months of unit formation at Shaw AFB, SC).

25Nov67-24Dec68: CAPT - Nakhon Phanom RTAFB, Thailand - 21st SOS - **JOINT**

PACIFIC AIR FORCES (PACAF)

Southeast Asia (SEA)

Nakhon Phanom (NKP)

In these years, AF assignment policy was described as “*the warm body program to Southeast Asia*.” In 1967, assignments at Forbes were being made by individuals off a list based on time on-station. There was not much long-range career planning going on.

REMOTE TOUR (one year unaccompanied): Then, one of our C-130 Squadrons was deactivated to get the pilots for a Top Secret operation. We transitioned into the CH-3C helicopters for the 56th Air Commando Wing, the 21st Special Operations Squadron, at NKP, Thailand (re Operation IGLOO WHITE / MacNamara’s Electronic Wall across the Ho Chi Minh Trail). Our part was to put in the *sensors* for *Task Force Alpha*. Although covert, it still was war. I don’t know why/ how I am still alive and here; but NOW, I do know how intense memories are made. Civilians just didn’t understand us when we would say: “It may be just a small war, but it’s the only war we’ve got.” Civilians wanted war to go away. War will go away when people go away. **SIDE BAR:** *As part of my SEA experience, I earned my AF JUMP WINGS at the 1st Army Special Forces Jump School at Camp Buckner in Okinawa. Later, at Nam Pung Dam in Thailand (where we regularly supported an Army Special Forces A-Team who were training Thai Special Forces), I qualified for my THAI JUMP WINGS. In today’s terms, that and \$4 will get me a tall Starbucks Latte.*

LEARN early the phrase: “The Needs of the Air Force,” and be prepared for its consequences. In our first five years of marriage, I was “gone flying” for over 3 years. It takes a special kind of woman with the “right stuff” to be a Service Wife.

31Dec68-15May72: CAPT - Ramstein AB, FRG - 26th Tac Recon Wing - **AIR FORCE**

UNITED STATES AIR FORCES EUROPE (USAFE)

Federal Republic of Germany (FRG)

Consecutive Overseas Tour (COT): At this point, I would have taken any job to be stationed in Europe with my family. In the 1960’s, helicopters were an anathema to the AF leadership, and the H-19 was at the bottom rung of all helicopters. I was certainly not on a career fast-track. My new job in Germany was flying Korean-War vintage H-19 helicopters out of the 26TRW Flight Ops Division (DOF) (mission focus on Top Secret Electronic Operations along the NATO-FRG/USSR border). In time, we upgraded to UH-1P helicopters (from the *Green*

Hornets out of Vietnam). In Flight Ops, eventually I became multi-current in the H-19, the UH-1P and the T-39. I knew Southern Germany below 1,000ft without a map, and the T-39 gave me extended range. The flying was GREAT. A real “plus” was that we got to live in an historical Europe that is no more: a Europe with distinct borders, separate currencies, distinct and separate cultures, and little or no “Diversity.” Here, I acquired my NATO roots.

WELCOME to our family: Kimberly Bauer, born on 5Jun1971 at the Landstuhl Army Hospital in Germany.

31May72-19Dec73: CAPT - Wright-Patterson AFB, OH - AFIT - AIR FORCE

AIR UNIVERSITY (AU)

Air Force Institute of Technology (AFIT)

Assigned to the AFIT Residence School of Engineering, I was slated for a Master of Science Degree in Aerospace Engineering. I did not apply for Graduate School; I found out in the *Air Force Times*. Interesting? A fellow Academy Grad told me: “Fred, don’t go to the Residence School; it’s a meat grinder.” I said: “Will, it can’t be that bad.” Will was right. They cleaned my clock. This was the single most difficult task I *suffered* in the Air Force. And, it was “scary.” I couldn’t fail. The only acceptable way out was to graduate. In the end, my Graduate Thesis was one of two in our AFIT Class that was selected for briefing to the Air Staff. *Who would believe that, later on, I would become the Commandant of AFIT (a 2-star job) - the only graduate from the Air Force’s Engineering School ever to do so. Go figure?*

WELCOME to our family: Tiffany Bauer, born on 2Nov1972 in Dayton (Kettering), OH.

19Dec73-11Jan76: MAJOR - Wright-Patterson AFB, OH - AFAPL - AIR FORCE

AIR FORCE SYSTEMS COMMAND (AFSC)

After AFIT, I stayed at WPAFB: This was my “Career Broadening” assignment. I became the BRANCH CHIEF of the Turbine Engine Division of Air Force Aero Propulsion Laboratory (AFAPL) of Wright Laboratories of the Air Force Systems Command (AFSC). [Pause; catch your breath.] With forty Engineers and three Secretaries, we focused on all the R&D stuff (Research and Development) that would be the next generation of jet engines (which had about a 15 year development cycle). Civilians outnumbered the uniforms by 10 to 1. I always respected the “engineering” of our Air Force; but after this assignment, I was in “AWE.” What a privilege it was for me to become part of this magnificent industrial-military system with such smart people dedicated to our future strength and well-being. Once I realized that my job was COMMAND, and not engineering, I settled down. I took care of the people; I gained their TRUST; and they took care of the mission and me.

Jan76-30Jun76: MAJOR - Norfolk, VA - Armed Forces Staff College (AFSC) - JOINT

JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF (JCS)

Each Service has its own Service Schools; the AFSC was the JCS Intermediate Service School (equivalent), a 6-months program that prepared mid-career officers for duty on the Joint (Warfighting) Staffs. I had no influence getting this assignment. Suddenly, the orders arrived, and this school pointed me towards a different career path (except my next assignment was Air Force). Here, I learned (again) that it’s the *quality of the students* that make a school exciting. This course was the most uplifting Service education in my career.

NOTE: *The whole structure and concept of the Armed Forces Staff College (and Joint Education) would change dramatically in the mid-1980’s.*

24Jul76-27May78: MAJOR - Grand Forks AFB, ND - Det 3/ 37ARRS - AIR FORCE

MILITARY AIRLIFT COMMAND (MAC) for STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND (SAC)

A **COMMAND** job - of Detachment 3 of the 37th Aerospace Rescue & Recovery Squadron (ARRS - out of Wyoming). The Missile Site Support unit had just been reassigned to MAC,

but the resources and mission were still in support of (Operational Control to) SAC (the 321st Strategic Missile Wing). We had six UH-1F helicopters to serve the 200 by 100 mile MinuteMan III ICBM missile field west of Grand Forks. Interesting was the fact that (although small) the Det-Commander was responsible for the *entire* helicopter operation (flight ops, maintenance, supply, personnel, financial - everything). This was real and full “Command” responsibility. As *Senior MAC Representative* on Base, I was welcome to the Missile Wing Commander’s table at any time. In addition, this job was the only one in the Air Force where a Major was in Command of AIRCRAFT as well as the mission. I was on the Northern Tier, which was not on the road to anywhere, and where no one came to visit us; but jobwise, I felt like I had been tossed into Br’er Rabbit’s briar patch. The job, shunned by the “AF-Street,” was really magnificent. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and both this assignment and North Dakota were truly beautiful, each in its own way. **NOTE:** *In North Dakota, we experienced the Aurora Borealis, Sun Dogs, and Snirt. The coldest I have ever been was in a roaring 50-60 knot NODAK blizzard at minus-95-deg below zero. I got scared, and I got frostbit.*

13Sep78-10Aug79: MAJOR - Taif, Saudi Arabia - Helicopter TAFT - **COMBINED**

USAF for UNITED STATES MILITARY TRAINING MISSION (USMTM) - SAUDI ARABIA

REMOTE TOUR: Even as a Cadet, I heard of “Two in Twenty,” which referred to the expectation that we would get two remote tours in twenty years. This was my “Two.”

A **COMMAND** job - of a USAF Helicopter Technical Assistance Field Team (TAFT) on the first of a two-year contract between the US-DOD and the Royal Saudi Air Force (RSAF) to set up a Day-Night, Peacetime-Wartime, OverLand-OverWater Training School at Taif AB (60 kilometers east of Mecca - up on the *Escarpment*). We were assigned to the USMTM-SA (US Military Training Mission). The AF was not much interested in what happened here, so long as the Saudi’s were pleased. We flew the Saudi Agusta-Bell AB-212’s. Twelve Air Force/ Army personnel were already in Taif, and I brought in 7 more people. We stressed their system (initially), but we were well funded; and the resources we brought to this small American community were welcome. This was my *Arabian Adventure*: everything was raw and exciting. I knowingly came into death’s presence in Saudi Arabia more times than I did in the shooting war in SEA. There has been nothing like it before or since in my life. This was my turn to follow the adage: “Expect the Unexpected.”

Reflecting back: I realized that “Success in life” is often about COMPLETION. No matter how hard the task, no matter how impossible the situation seems, no matter how dark and stormy the sky, never give up. Put your head down and look straight ahead. Take one step at a time. Stay the course. The sun WILL shine again.

31Aug79-12Jun83: LTCOL - Norfolk, VA - Armed Forces Staff College - **JOINT**

JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF (JCS)

The “Word” on the “AF-Street” at the time was: “To go Joint, is *career-ending*.” I believed the *Word*, and I figured I was “done” in the Air Force. I had no connections in high places (no “sponsorship”); and much worse, I was associated with helicopters. Then, out of the blue, the single phone on the USMTM compound in Taif rang, and I just happened to be in the office. I heard this dim, crackling voice ask me if I wanted to go to the Armed Forces Staff College in a Faculty Position. I did not hesitate an instant. The four years as an Instructor in the *Joint Planning Department* was a life highlight. I clicked. I found my creative self with real accomplishments, the crown jewel being author of *AFSC Pub-1*, the school’s primary textbook (the so-called “Purple Book”). I think I learned more from the students than they from me. These students were of the best and the brightest from all DOD Services and Agencies. Every class day “There was ENERGY in the room.” Also, I taught the Joint Operational Planning System (JOPS) “Road Show” at the Unified and Specified and Sub-Unified Commands

all over the world. What a Hoot? During these years, there seemed to be a resurgence in Joint Education within the DOD. I left AFSC on a *high*. Retirement was on the horizon; but then, out of the blue, I got this phone call.

Reflecting back: even as a young Lieutenant, often I was asked: Do you intend to stay in the Air Force for a full career? My answer was always consistent: "I do not know. It depends on the Air Force." So long as I have meaningful jobs doing something worthwhile and purposeful, so long as I look forward to my days and feel fulfilled by my efforts and sacrifices, then I think the Air Force is a right place to be. The Service never let me down. It filled my life with great challenges and opportunities for accomplishments; and most important, I associated with magnificent, dedicated people. I was increasingly surprised by the quality of my later assignments. I kept getting job offers that I just couldn't refuse.

13Jun83-27Jun86: COLONEL - Oberammergau, GE - NATO School - **COMBINED**

ALLIED COMMAND EUROPE (ACE) - NATO SCHOOL (SHAPE)

[North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) for Supreme Headquarters Allied Command Europe (SHAPE)]

I did not know it at the time, but I was sought out by the Commandant of the NATO School (SHAPE). The school was in trouble, and the Commandant had a plan to fix it (which included me.) Figuring that I was at the end of my promotions anyway, I took this assignment (another Joint/ Combined job) mainly so that our three children could see the world (Europe) up close and personal - an education much better than from any book. My kids were then old enough to remember the experience. And then, I got promoted to Colonel (O-6), anyway. Go figure? My reward from this assignment as Director of Academics of the NS(S) [and Director of Operations (G3) - with a Faculty and Staff from 13 of the 16 NATO nations] was to be engaged in a meaningful enterprise. When I left the school, it was secure and healthy within SHAPE. The fact that there was a real row-to-hoe just helped me to keep in SHAPE.

The job was a real challenge, and I am reminded that "living and working in paradise is not the same thing as visiting it."

TERRORISM: *On 19Dec1984, a silver Audi with US plates made its way onto the Hoetzendorff Casern in Oberammergau, and the driver (dressed in a US Marine uniform) parked the Audi about 30 feet from the main entrance to the academic building of the NATO School (SHAPE). The driver, later identified as a "terrorist" with the Red Army Faction (RAF), got his uniform from a Marine recently killed in Frankfurt, and the car and plates were stolen in Augsburg and Munich. The trunk of the Audi contained five 4-foot sausage rolls of plastic explosive (55 pounds) as well as other goodies (dynamite, propane tanks and shrapnel). The German Bomb Squad estimated the explosive power of this bomb could blow half of the academic building off the side of the mountain, and it could collapse the nearby headquarters building. This bomb was 35 feet from my office. I was "in" at the time. The wiring from the bomb went through the back seat to a fuse/trigger mechanism in a briefcase on the seat. I was told that the wiring onto the trigger had been crossed. Do you believe in fate? Do you believe in a higher power than Man on Earth? Was a nervous Terrorist the only reason that the bomb did not go off? A Terrorist was momentarily distracted, and I am still here today (and telling the story). Go figure?*

In the mid-1980's, the Soviet Union was trying to move SS-18 nuclear missiles into Eastern Europe to intimidate Western Europe. NATO responded with a counter-move to base GLCM's (nuclear tipped Ground Launched Cruise Missiles) in several NATO nations. Those NATO nations (democracies) were in the process of voting to accept the GLCM's. The attempted bombing of the NATO School, was the first in an over-year-long campaign of Soviet-inspired Terrorism all across NATO-Europe aimed at creating fear and disunity. Eventually, the NATO nations accepted the GLCM's - a real victory of Democracy. Then the Soviets abandoned the SS-18's, and the GLCM's were not installed. Was it all "much ado about nothing?" Didn't seem so at the time.

A point is that, in the mid-1980's, most of Europe was deep into a real Terrorist War. The RAF did not give up on the NATO School as a target. For 6-8 months, we were armed; we checked under our cars with mirrors for explosives; our kids' school bus had armed US military on board; the playground at the school was patrolled by armed soldiers; and the US Military housing area in Munich was cordoned off with checkpoints by both US and German military. We were under siege.

A larger point is that, in the US, not a word was said about this full-blown Terror War in Europe. Americans continued to live "fat, dumb and happy" - and insulated. But, all the while, our adversaries were learning how to do Terrorism. The chickens came to roost on Nine-Eleven. Nothing would ever be the same again.

I was a little concerned about trying to retire overseas from the NATO School; but then, I received another one of those phone calls.

4Jul86-1Jul89: COLONEL - Fort McNair, DC - National War College (NWC) - **JOINT**
JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF (JCS)

It turned out that a certain “force on high” wanted to increase the amount of the NWC Curriculum dedicated to Campaign Planning and Art of War (vs. its current Political/ Civilian/ Diplomatic emphasis). I heard a Marine Colonel say: We are to “. . . bring WAR back to the War College.” I did not know that fact (nor the politics of the College) when I accepted the job as an Instructor in the newly formed *Department of Joint and Combined Operations*. Looking back I remember that, at times, the internal struggle between College Departments for owning student time seemed greater than the effort to install a new Curriculum. The mission was complicated even more in that these new courses were slated to be taught at both the NWC and the Industrial College of the Armed Forces (ICAF). Somehow, we did it, and we had a certain success by the time I departed. You can imagine, the students selected for these two colleges are of the best and the brightest across DOD and Federal Agencies. I had to be careful not to be intimidated. My “reward” for my effort was to know that so many of these students went on to conduct *Desert Storm* in one of the most successful American/ Joint Military Campaigns ever, (which still has not been fully recognized and written about). At the end of this assignment, having been out of the Air Force for so long, I contemplated the retirement process - again.

Reflecting back: I wonder how many officers of any Service were Instructors at ALL three of the JCS Colleges of National Defense University (NDU) - which included NWC, ICAF and AFSC? - no way to plan that one.

1Jul89-31Mar92: COLONEL - Wright-Patterson AFB, OH - AFIT - **AIR FORCE**
AIR UNIVERSITY (AU) AIR FORCE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY (AFIT)

Then, I got another one of those phone calls. My classmate, Jim Weaver, was Vice-Commandant of the Air Force Institute of Technology, and he needed to retire right away. He was looking for his replacement, and Air Force Personal gave him my name. BGen Stu Boyd (Class 1961) was the Commandant (a 2-star position). I agreed with Jim that I was a “fit” for the job, and I had another thought that rose to the fore. I had been “out of the Air Force” in Joint/Combined Assignments for so long (12 1/2 years), I felt that if I gave my self to one last Air-Force-Blue job, it would be a way for me to acknowledge my gratitude for such an exciting, rewarding, and adventurous life. However, my wife, Dorothy, was really, really expecting my retirement and our return to Texas, which I had promised her absolutely. When I presented to Dorothy the “facts” of this situation over our kitchen table, she just looked down. We sat there in utter silence for 4 to 5 minutes, saying nothing, not looking at each other, just breathing. That is a long time when just sitting there, waiting. Suddenly, she looked up at me, and she said: “You need to take the job. It’s perfect for you.” There it was again. That TOTAL, UN-WAVERING, SELFLESS, LOVING SUPPORT from my wife that was at the core of my strength and security for all these Air Force years. I could not have had a full Air Force Career; I could not have done what I had done; I could not have had the accomplishments nor successes without Dorothy at my side. I would not have the Family Legacy that I now enjoy without Dorothy’s vision and successes.

Reflecting back: you need to know that major decisions in our marriage were always made together - to be of one mind. If Dorothy had looked up and, instead, said: “But you promised me we would go back home to Texas,” then we would have gone back to Texas. That 5-minute pause was a road juncture with two entirely different life paths. Everything after could have been remarkably different. I am ever amazed how major decisions in life happen in a passing moment with no sense of the importance nor understanding of the long-range consequences at the time.

- Even though “approved by the Cadet Wing” (another story), marrying Dorothy was the single most important decision of my life. (The Truth is: I guess SHE chose well). *Sometimes I think back: What would my life have been like if I had married a woman who demanded daily that I be fully responsible for her personal happiness?*

- In reward, Dorothy found that Wright-State University (next to AFIT) had the very Masters Degree program in ESL (English as a Second Language) and English Literature that she sought. In the next two years, Dorothy got her Masters Degree, and later she taught ESL for 8 years in the DFW Metroplex for the Dallas and Tarrant County Colleges.

- Due to unforeseen circumstances, I stayed with AFIT for three (instead of two) years, and in the last year, I was Commandant (a two-star job), I like to think with some meaningful accomplishment. I ended up in **COMMAND** again. Go figure? (AFIT had about 600 personnel Staff & Faculty and over 25,000 students per year.)

- During my time there, AFIT’s very existence was threatened, as the Residence Schools were targeted for termination by the budget-cutters. In my career, I might not have done everything right, but I always tried to do the right thing. AFIT has survived; it is still with us. I like to think I did some “right things” as Commandant.

- One of the greatest compliments of my entire Air Force career happened just before retirement: I was made the object of a Chief’s Ceremony by the AFIT Enlisted Force, and I was inducted as an **Honorary Chief Master Sergeant of the Air Force**. There is no better honor than that which comes from the troops.

- I retired effective 31Mar1992, and it’s hard to realize, as I write this career story, that I have been OUT of the Air Force for over 20 years. I can attest to you: *Proceed forward in your life with determination and enthusiasm, and uphold Principle each and every day and in every way you can - for that is where real Hope is found.*

- There is Life after the Air Force, and it’s pretty good.

- For those few who have read this far, I hope you appreciate the effort I made to show you the variety and scope of Air Force assignments and adventures that are (were) possible in Service. Having a full and successful career in Service (in the Air Force) - having a GOOD LIFE - has to do with many factors, NONE of which have anything to do with making Promotion to the General Officer Rank.

- I realize that my AF experience was not typical in that I did not stick with one Command nor with one airplane/ mission. In fact, I served with just about every AF Command that existed at the time. I do not think that anyone could “career plan” what happened to me. Can anyone plan “opportunity?” I believe that, during my AF time, I was “un-sponsored.” I was not a political animal. I was not a “careerist.” I was pretty straight forward - **just doing my duty - assigned jobs - to the best of my ability**. Somehow, I made it through the web. Looking back at a full career filled with dangers and complexities and risks, I sense that I have passed through *the eye of the needle*. WOW - I made it across the tightrope.

- As G. Gordon Liddy responded in German to the Press Locusts waiting for him when he was discharged from prison in 1977: *“I have survived; therefore, I am a stronger man.”*

1Apr92-Present: **CIVILIAN - Dallas/ Fort Worth, TX - Home and Family**

I see in retrospect that the greatest OPPORTUNITY afforded me by the Air Force/DOD was the privilege to SERVE. The word SERVICE is a good word: to become part of something that is bigger than yourself, to give of yourself to others in a meaningful way; to give fully, without reserve, even in the face of danger, and even unto death. It seems that I made an entire career out of jobs that were unpopular in the mainstream Air Force, not politically correct, difficult or dirty - but real jobs that needed to be done. I did not fall into the typical pattern of what was expected - what “they say.”

- I was a Lieutenant when I was told: "If you decide to guide your life by doing what THEY SAY, then you need to know, if you ever discover who 'they' are, you lose."

- For me, the Air Force was not just a job; it was a *Calling*. It was never about money. It was never about power. It was never about material wealth. It was never about self. And, I did serve. I did sacrifice. My family also sacrificed.

- But - there is a TIME for all things.

- Now, I am a Civilian (from whence I came). I reflect: my *Service* was for goals outside myself, outside my home, outside my family - to Nation, to Flag, and to Country. After retirement, it was time for me to look inward. It was time for me to direct the center of my attention and energy to my home and to my family (which is growing). "*Parenting never stops. It just gets longer distance, more sophisticated, and more expensive.*" fcb63

- So now I do a little Real Estate Property Management (where I have some control over my daily schedule and some extra cash for a Starbucks), and the Real Estate keeps me otherwise occupied. Now, I focus mainly on our Family, on our three children (Scott, Kimberly, and Tiffany), and on our six grandchildren. Yes, I understand *Pride*.

- LIFE is NOW. We can only LIVE in the Present. The Past is just dreams (worthy of Memories); the Future is just visions (worthy of Hope). But, NOW is REALITY. Where do we Live? Actually, we Live in our Mind. Within us, everything that is "Real" is in our Mind, and therefore, we can "Live Fully" independent of location. Each day we can make decisions that affect the rest of our life. And remember, our lives have an effect on those around us.

- Writing this story caused me to revive in my mind many (seeming) catastrophes and disasters and risks that I visited along the way. Now, I wonder what all the fuss was about? What did **IT** all mean?

- **LIFE is GOOD.** (Even if you delete an "o," it's still True.)

God gave us Life, but also **Value**.

Success in life is to find some human circumstances where we can put our **Value** to best use - to be "used" rightly.

fcb63

*Written by a former Cadet to current and future Cadets, right after and in context with our 50th AFA-Class1963 Reunion (26Oct2013), with the hope **IT** all does mean something.*



Fred and Dorothy wish you well from the local Oktoberfest at the Stadtmitt Platz in Oberammergau, Germany (1985).