

Inputs for 35th reunion: 1998

ALFRED P. ADAMS

After graduation, the Corvette, Skip Brittenham and I headed for the east coast and a Space-A trip to Europe for the summer. Vance AFB and 65B (great group of Zoomies) was my first look at the real Air Force. A knee injury on the first day led to surgery immediately following "winning my wings. In November 1964, I hobbled to the altar and married Lynda Rood in Colorado Springs. After honeymooning in Las Vegas we traveled to San Antonio for T-38 PIT at Randolph and our introduction to Texas. Four years as a FAIP in Del Rio brought many lasting friends and the rest of the Adams clan. Our son, Mark was born in '66 and our daughter, Kerry in '68.

Three years of volunteering for SEA finally brought an F-105 assignment and a move to McConnell AFB in 1969. A year of combat and camaraderie at Takhli, Thailand was a highlight in my flying career.

I returned to USAFA as an AOC in 1970 and found that it was more fun as a cadet. Escaping a threatening assignment to the Pentagon, I returned to flying "Thuds" with a tour as a Wild Weasel at George AFB. My last F-105 flight was with Grover Musselwhite on Independence Day 1976, and we ended eleven years of concurrent assignments that included rooming together in three survival schools. A year at the Army Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth gave me a chance to see how other folks live. The staff job that followed was in Naples, Italy where we loved the Mediterranean lifestyle and travel opportunities. Lynda and the kids lobbied for an extension, but I was not flying.

Returning to the cockpit meant going back to George AFB and the F-4G, Wild Weasel. Commanding the 563 TFS and working for Joe Ashy were about as challenging as I wanted, but I loved it.

After my promotion and change of command, they sent me to Saudi Arabia for four months TDY as ELF ONE, commander of 700 troops and the AWACS operation. 12th Air Force called me back to Texas and two jobs on the staff, DOV and DOO, in nine months before Ron Fogleman rescued me to Davis-Monthan as the A-10 Wing DO.

I retired with a parade, "hero" medals, and a fly-by in 1987 (it was also the Air Force's 40th birthday party). Tucson remains our home. Mark's married and working for the University of California, San Diego. Kerry is yet single and an archaeologist in Syria on a Fulbright to finish her Ph.D. I worked 10 years as a contract manager for McDonnell-Douglas, and Lynda developed an alternative education program for high school dropouts and started a Charter High School before we both retired in 1997. Golf and horses are our respective hobbies as we wait for grandchildren.

LEE ADAMS (Deceased)

Lee Adams achieved immortality his first day at the Academy in 1959: he's the 6'3", 240-pound, Mackinaw Jacket-clad Basic Cadet in the 1960 and 1963 Yearbooks with his chin "run-in" back to his spine while a '60 Grad tells him, "He'll never make it."

Lee grew up in Willits in Northern California and told everyone he truly loved and had been flying almost from the day he was born. He had worked as a logger, so that Mackinaw was well worn by 1959. He had an Associate Degree in Aeronautics from Santa Rosa Junior College before he came to the Academy. Like a lot of big men, he was truly a gentle giant. With his size, strength, and quick mind, he was a stalwart of our squadron's intramural teams and graduated with strong military and academic averages.

During UPT at Reese AFB, TX, Lee Adams and Gary Rigsbee (also Deceased) were neck-and-neck for top graduate honors even though the IPs were amazed Lee could fold that big frame into the T-37 and T-38 cockpits. Once he was in, however, he flew like an eagle, and the aircraft was like an appendage of his body. He made everyone in his formations look good as either lead or on your wing. He checked out an Aero Club T-34 and flew me to Denver when I married JoAnn in July during the T-38 phase. One of the bridesmaids still had a gleam in her eye two years later asking about Lee. Our "65-B Dash One" entry quotes one of Lee's radio calls, "Raindance 11, This is Nitecap. We fly T-38's." (Raindance 11 was the T-37 Squadron Commander).

Lee got an F-105 "Thud" assignment out of UPT—no two-seat, two-engine aircraft for him. He was going to fly single engine, solo, so he only

had to spend half as much time checking the gauges. I seem to remember he was flying out of Takhli RTAFB, Thailand and had just returned from sick leave when he went out on his final mission on the 19 April 1966 to interdict the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos and North Vietnam. Hit by ground fire while attacking trucks on the Trail, he went down without any radio call or chute.

His status was changed to KIA on 26 April 1966. Lee was survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clive L. Adams.

JERRY AHMANN

I live in constant fear that someone is having more fun than I am. It motivates me. My wife, Ellen, and I have two wonderful children, Michelle (8) and Geoffrey (7). My older children, KaCie, Kele, and Rocky are now on their own. Karate, horseback riding, golf, tennis, jet skiing, and car pooling take up much of our time.

I am a member of THE SABER SOCIETY and chairman of THE SERVICE ACADEMY GOLF CLASSIC Committee. I am very proud of what we have achieved at the Golf Classic. It is the only NCAA-sanctioned tournament where USAFA, USMA, USNA, and USMMA compete head-to-head, and they do so at no cost to the academies. The Bill Reemtsma Memorial Trophy is presented annually to the winning academy. So far the Air Force has won the trophy since its inception last year. Dallas-Fort Worth (DFW) area grads plus Ron Fogleman donated the money to buy the trophy now on display at USAFA. If everyone in our class would donate \$20, the Class of 1963 could be a Ryder Cup Sponsor. That would be something Bill and our class could be proud of. {Ed: Received 10/29/97; "Jack, Sorry this is so late. The tournament was just completed. We gave \$5,000 to golf programs of all four Academies plus paid for everything. Hope to see everyone at the reunion. Jerry"}

I have worked for Delta Airlines since 1969. I have type ratings on the DC-9, B-737, B-727, B-757, B-767, Airbus 320, L-1011, and now on the MD-11. Additionally, I have flown the CV-880 and the DC-8. I enjoy flying the International routes, especially the routes to Europe. My goal is to make enough money so I live in the same lifestyle as my wife and children.

MICHAEL R. ANDERBERG

Following graduation, attended Princeton University for master's degrees in (1) Public and International Affairs and (2) Aerospace Engineering. Assigned to Air Force Aero Propulsion Laboratory at Wright-Patterson AFB, OH to build computer models of thermodynamic cycles for turbine engines. Moved up to laboratory Executive Officer for two years, handling administrative and personnel matters for a staff of 350 civilians and 50 military.

AFIT offered opportunity for Ph.D. in operations research at University of Texas, wrote a dissertation entitled Cluster Analysis for Applications, later published in Academic Press series on Probability and Mathematical Studies. Went to Office of Aerospace Studies, Kirtland AFB, NM and worked in wide variety of mission-area analyses.

First posted to D.C. at Studies, Analysis, and Gaming Agency of the JCS. Led team that produced annual Red Integrated Strategic Offensive Plan (RISOP), a detailed assessment of hypothetical Soviet strike plans for general nuclear war. Wrote concise illustrated presentation of results and briefed hundreds of audiences ranging from missile crews to White House.

Escaped D.C. by moving to Air Force Technical Applications Center, Patrick AFB, FL. Headed a branch and managed worldwide program of atmospheric sampling for nuclear debris. Later organized new branch to develop equipment and software, maintain configuration control, and supply data base management services.

Returned to Washington and the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense (International Security Policy). Represented DOD views at interagency deliberations on arms control definitions. Analyzed Soviet missile logistics and operations to develop workable treaty provisions.

Retired from Air Force in 1985 and moved to Navy think tank, Center for Naval Analysis. Air Force background was key during assessment of Navy's target analysis process for air-strike planning. As a result, Navy realigned its approach to target planning, even creating a new officer specialty. Spent two years in Norfolk, VA on field assignment as the operations analyst to Commander-in-Chief, Atlantic Fleet, just as the services were drawn into the war on drugs. Responding to the question, "How would we know we were doing any good?," wrote a treatise on

measures of effectiveness, emphasizing detailed applications to anti-drug missions.

After six years with the Navy, returned to the Pentagon in Office of Director, Program Analysis and Evaluation, Office of the Secretary of Defense. Conducted independent cost analysis and reviews for major defense acquisition programs, principally ballistic missile defense systems. Conceived approach to cost risk analysis for Cost Analysis Improvement Group (CAIG). Developed policy for treatment of environmental costs in acquisition programs. Left Civil Service in 1996, but continued part-time consulting on costs of ballistic missile defense.

Built retirement home in Urbanna, VA on four acres fronting a backwater of the Rappahannock River, about 10 miles upstream from Chesapeake Bay. Birds, butterflies, wildflowers, amphibians, and four grandchildren are my passions now.

AL ANDERER

Al Anderer is the Senior Consultant and president of Managed Care Consultants, an executive search organization based in Scottsdale, AZ. Managed Care Consultants specializes in recruiting in the healthcare industry. Our company works with Health Maintenance Organizations, Preferred Provider Organizations, Management Services Organizations and other companies related to Managed Care.

As a corporate officer and Vice President of Sales and Marketing at Greyhound Corporation (1981 to 1984) Al oversaw a division that generated \$130 million in revenue and administering a budget of over \$7 million. He planned, hired, trained, and managed a sales force of over 75 people and developed a marketing department.

As Director of Sales for Federal Express in the Midwest (1975 to 1981), he helped organize, hire and train the sales organization, and was responsible for one-third of the company's revenue.

Al has 13 years experience working with client companies in marketing and sales, recruiting, business development, strategic planning and organizational development. An acknowledged professional in executive search, he has serviced Fortune 500 clients as well as emerging companies. His experience spans many disciplines, from in-depth interviewing and testing to sales and marketing.

JOHN FRANCIS ARCENEUX (Deceased)

BY
ROD JOHNSON

Known to us as "Arce," he was a little short on the book side of things at the "zoo," but long on the fun side. This lovable rascal was always in pursuit of bourbon, women, and a good time in whatever order they came. One thing I remember in particular was his habit of keeping a half pint of "Southern Comfort" cleverly concealed in a "cutout" of Webster's Dictionary in his bottom desk drawer. It was great for a little shot right after Taps. Needless to say, the dictionary otherwise was useless. When needed, he borrowed mine.

"Young John" as he was also often tagged, lived on the edge; and the hidden booze tells you everything about that part of his personality. A good gymnast, an expert marksman, and a true character from the "git go," Johnny has been sorely missed all of these years. As we tip the goblets, he'll be with us; only you can bet Young John's libation will be Southern Comfort.

"Lieutenant John F. Arceneaux, Class of 1963, 19th Cadet Squadron, was killed when the C-124 he was co-piloting crashed near Granada, Spain on February 12, 1966. He was assigned to the 15th MASq at Hunter Army Airfield, GA and was TDY to Spain in support of the search for a missing nuclear weapon. He was survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn V. Arceneaux." {Ed: Excerpt from '93 Memorial}

WILLIAM J. BALL

Balancing an Air Force career, that ultimately put us into 23 homes, with quality family life was a primary goal that Nancy and I set for ourselves early in our marriage. One of our most used phrases was "quality instead of quantity." It always seemed that we never had the amount of time we always wished for, so we tried to make up for lost time with quality. It worked.....most of the time.

The one instance we were able to have the "quantity" we sought was in 1977 when we were actively sought a remote tour in northern Germany. Yes, I said a remote in Germany. And the kicker was that because we were

already overseas, I could designate the location where my family would stay while I was remote. Guess what location I designated? That's right, the exact place I was sent for my remote; Kalkar, Germany.

At Kalkar, I was the Operations Officer of the NATO Operation Support Cell. The NOSC was a new USAF site tasked to support all US tactical flying in support of the Second Allied Tactical Air Force. We built the facility on a German base and started tasking and controlling missions within ninety days.

It was a great tour that lasted 15 months. Nancy and the kids were with me as I traveled to this new assignment. We found a house on the German economy, which just happened to be across the street from the British officer housing. Add to that the experience of British schools attended by our children, Corrie and Bill, and you begin to realize the sacrifices we made.

Our weeks were filled every day with the realization that we were living a "once in a career" life. Weekends were spent enjoying Germany, Holland, and places both near and far. We camped, biked, walked, toured and golfed. We made great friends of US, Dutch, British and Germans. We spent hours learning of the WW II sacrifices that were made in that area of Europe.

When our tour was over, we came home to the US. Our remote, as Corrie and Bill refer to it, was the last time we were overseas as a family. Nancy and I will never forget the Colonel who told me that I was making a major career mistake by choosing the Kalkar assignment over a tour at the Pentagon. Colonel, I think not. Not only did I get credit for a second short tour, but I got to do it with my family.

Somehow to this day, we believe we made a good decision. For once in our career we had both Quality and Quantity in our family togetherness. Go Air Force!!

William J. Ball, Brigadier General, USAF, (Ret.)

"A Vignette of a Small Space in History"

(Bill Ball and Desert Storm, circa 1991)

by Randy Reynolds '63

I was on my last Air Force Reserve assignment to the Air Logistics Center (depot) at Tinker AFB when Bill Ball arrived as the new commander of the AWACS. He took over the 28th Air Division at Tinker and controlled all the AWACS aircraft and crews in the inventory. When Desert Shield began, I was hoping that the dear old Air Force would need me back in the cockpit, but of course the last thing they needed was a full colonel who was not current in anything. The area around the 28th AD became an armed camp. I hadn't seen that much security since my visit to Kunsan in 1985. Bill invited me to join him during one of his battle staff meetings. It was fun to observe as the guest of honor.

I was familiar with battle staffs from my days in TAC, but this was really a "big" operation. The room was filled with status boards, televisions and lot of folks. You could tell at a glance what each AWACS aircraft and crew was doing, where they were deployed, and their maintenance status. It was like many exercises I'd been on except this was for real. I was quite taken with it all.

I was especially impressed by my old roommate. Bill's demeanor was ideal for the situation. A mixture of serious concern and camaraderie. Commands mixed with humor. What really struck me was that he was enjoying himself. I suspect he was the only Brigadier General in the Air Force who had this level of command and control over what was happening to his troops. He was quite proud of his command. He told me that every shoot down of an Iraqi aircraft was controlled (in fighter pilot terms assisted) by an AWACS crew. (Bill left that command in 1993 when he retired in the midst of General McPete's reorganizations).

Here was my roommate from my second-class year doing what we were expected to do and doing it well. (We were sometimes called the "gold-dust twins" due to our similar complexions, physical size and our similar difficulties with academics). Whenever I was with him at Tinker, I could see that same love of his troops and his same competitive spirit that he had shown as an upperclassman. In a way he has never changed. Bill almost didn't get that far in the Air Force for an earlier medical issue that eventually turned out to be caused by sucking an aspirin rather than taking throat lozenges. Hey, Bill was a typical jock who self medicated like we

all did. He told me on one occasion, while driving me around the Mosel Valley in Germany, that he had three priorities, which he religiously stuck to. Get him to tell you what they were and you'll have a clue as to how to get the new cadets to see their duty.

GEORGE L. BARNES

I was a surprise to my parents when I arrived on Childrens' Day in 1938, since my mother and father were nearly 42 and 46 years old respectively. My eldest brother is 18 years older and was an 8th Air Force B-17 pilot during WW II. I vividly remember his buzzing our northeast Kansas farm several times when I was very young, but old enough to know that a war was going on. The most memorable "buzz-job" was a Sunday afternoon when he had just picked up a spanking new B-17 in Kearney, NE (immediately after finishing pilot training and follow-on B-17 transition training) and was en route at that moment to join the 8th Air Force in England. He was so low that we could see the crew's faces in the airplane as they looked out. The large old mulberry tree in our front yard swayed back and forth from the prop-wash. It was one of several exciting "buzz-jobs" observed by a young kid in an era when a military uniform was what almost every young person wanted to wear.

I received my grade school and high school education's in a small, modest red brick building in Corning, KS. Downstairs was grade school, upstairs was high school. Following high school graduation well in the upper fiftieth percentile (in a whopping class of 13), I worked as a construction laborer, with the goal of making enough money to go to Kansas State. Although I soon determined that I wasn't going to make enough money to go to college, that job taught me a lot about what I didn't want to do for a living. I deferred college and enlisted in the Air Force, and became a radar technician. When I was a young airman on TDY to a Watertown, NY Radar Site, a 1949 West Point grad encouraged me to apply for admission to West Point Prep at Fort Belvoir. Captain Thevenet changed the course of my life. The Air Force Academy appointment was the most exciting development of my life.

Following graduation from UPT at Vance, I flew C-130s at Sewart AFB, CCK AB, Taiwan, and Langley AFB, VA until the summer of 1969 when I entered graduate school at Stanford. The grad school assignment was under the sponsorship of the Department of Mechanical Engineering at USAFA, where I joined the Faculty following receipt of a M.S. in Structural Mechanics (Civil Engineering) in April 1971. I was promoted to Major during my third and last year (1974) on the USAFA Mech Department Faculty.

The next assignment was Korat AB, Thailand flying AC-130H Gunships from October 1974-October 1975. I spent two years in a C-130E Airlift Squadron at Yokota AB, Japan before transferring to Clark AB for the final three years of my military career. I retired as a major in January 1981.

I returned from the Philippines and made Colorado Springs my job-hunting headquarters where I wrote numerous letters in an effort to land a position in Saudi Arabia. Twenty-one months later, I took an engineering job in San Jose, CA. Finally, in March 1983, I landed a job with Sysorex (a Computer Systems Management Company then out of Cupertino, CA) as a Facility Planner in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. During June 1984, I took a trip/vacation and applied with Boeing in Seattle and Wichita. After a 17-hour trip from Riyadh to Wichita for an interview in September 1984, I joined Boeing/Wichita in November 1984. Kansas was the land of my birth, but not as exciting as I thought Seattle would be. So I transferred to Seattle in January 1987. The Wichita and Seattle jobs were both on the military side of Boeing until my departure from the company in August 1987. I wrote engineering curriculum material at the Egyptian Air Academy for a short time before returning to the States and taking an engineering contract job with Honeywell in Edina, Minnesota.

My Boeing absence totaled 13 months. I returned to Boeing in September 1988 where I worked in Service Engineering until March 1997. In March, I joined the Certifications Program organization where my immediate boss is none other than our classmate, Skip Lee. I met Lily Wang in a local church service in 1989. We married in April 1991.

I'm looking forward to retirement from Boeing in six years, but will probably not be content retiring completely. I'm interested in the financial world, with an emphasis on investment and stock selection. That may be my hobby when I retire from Boeing.

FREDERICK C. BAUER

Colonel Frederick C. Bauer is commandant, Air Force Institute of Technology, Air University, Wright-Patterson AFB, OH. The institute's mission is to support the national defense through graduate and professional education and research programs.

Fred was born May 20, 1942, in Malden, Mass. He graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in military science from USAFA in 1963. He also earned MSs in Systems Management from the University of Southern California in 1971 and in Aerospace Engineering from AFIT in 1973. He is a graduate of the Armed Forces Staff College, the Naval War College, the National War College, and the Defense Institute of Security Assistance Management.

Fred entered UPT at Williams AFB, AZ, earning his pilot wings in 1964. His first assignment was in TAC flying C-130s with the 313th Troop Carrier Wing at Forbes AFB, KS. In 1967, he was assigned to the 21st Special Operations Squadron at Nakhon Phanom RTAFB, Thailand and flew the CH-3.

In 1968, Fred was assigned to the Flight Operations Division of the 26th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing at Ramstein AB, Germany, flying H-19s, UH-1s, and the T-39.

Upon return to the US in 1972, he reported to AFIT as a graduate student in the School of Engineering. Graduating in 1973, Fred remained at Wright-Patterson for three years working at the Aero Propulsion Laboratory as Chief of the Propulsion Branch, Turbine Engine Division.

Fred then went to Grand Forks AFB, ND, as the Commander of Detachment 3, 37th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron, a MAC unit under the operational control of SAC. In 1978, he was transferred to Saudi Arabia as Commander of the first helicopter Technical Assistance Team for the U. S. Military Training Mission. He set up an advanced search and rescue school for the Royal Saudi Air Force.

In 1979, he was assigned to the faculty of the Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, VA, as Director, Joint Operations Planning Course. The course was focused on joint and combined planning for mid-career staff officers. Returning to Europe in 1983, he became the Director of Operations and Academics at the NATO School, SHAPE, Oberammergau, Germany. There, he was responsible for the NATO faculty, the joint and combined curricula, and the academic support organization of the Supreme Allied Commander Europe's school.

Fred returned to the United States in 1986 and reported to the National War College in Washington. He was a member of the faculty and director of part of the Joint and Combined Warfare Course which fulfilled Joint Chief of Staff requirements for education of Joint Specialty Officers. He returned to Wright-Patterson in August 1989 to become the Vice-Commandant of AFIT, overseeing the staff and daily operations of his alma mater. He assumed his present duties in May 1991, the first graduate of AFIT to become Commandant.

Colonel Bauer is a command pilot with more than 3,000 flying hours, including 72 combat missions. His decorations and awards include the Defense Superior Service Medal, Distinguished Flying Cross, Defense Meritorious Service Medal, with one oak leaf cluster, Meritorious Service Medal with two oak leaf clusters, Air Medal with one oak leaf cluster, Air Force Commendation Medal with one oak leaf cluster, the Vietnam Service Medal with four bronze stars, and the Vietnam Cross of Gallantry with palm. He holds parachutist ratings in both the United States and Thailand and received the Shutzenschnur (marksmanship) award from the Bundeswehr, Federal republic of Germany.

He was promoted to colonel March 1, 1984. Fred is married to the former Dorothy R. Taylor of Dallas, TX. They have three children, Frederick Scott, Kimberly and Tiffany.

ALFRED E. BEAUCHEMIN, III

Fred Beauchemin was born and raised near Cape Cod, Massachusetts and graduated from Wareham High School, summa cum average, where he ran track and played football on an undefeated team. He attended Bates College in Lewiston, Maine until, by some fluke of bureaucracy, he was selected to attend the USAF Academy where he majored in soccer, international affairs and OTF {Ed: Over The Fence}. Upon graduating, he was lured into marriage by the former Georgia Gettman of Denver. They are still married and have two children: daughter, Cyrette, and son, Gage, both of whom are married and live in Sacramento(no current plans for grandchildren).

Fred enjoyed 30 successful years in the Air Force Civil Engineering career field, retiring in 1993 as a Colonel. He and his command garnered the top individual and team honors awarded in that career field. His assignments included: AFIT, WPAFB, OH (student); Otis AFB, MA; University of Missouri (MSIE); Nakhon Phanom RTAFB, Thailand; AFIT, WPAFB, OH (instructor/course director); Tainan AB, Taiwan; Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, VA; AFISC Inspector General, Norton AFB, CA; Osan AB, Korea; Ramstein AB, Germany; Bitburg AB, Germany; AF Engineering and Services Center, Tyndall AFB, FL; Ellsworth AFB, SD; and Mc Clellan AFB, CA. His education included: BS, MS, SOS, AFSC, ICAF, AWC, and HWM. Decorations included: LOM, AFMSM, AFCM, and the Nino Baldachi Leadership Medallion.

Following retirement in 1993, Fred and Georgia spent a year traveling before he resumed his second career in facility management consulting as a principal in Comprehensive Facility Management, Inc., a company he and some friends founded in 1989. In that capacity he has advised two dozen domestic and international clients on various facility related matters. He specializes in asset management including: facility audits, facility engineering, computerized asset and maintenance management systems, privatization/outsourcing, and training.

Fred's hobbies include sailing, golfing, walking, reading and helping Georgia remodel homes (when she is not working as a Red Cross Disaster Response Officer). Georgia's other hobbies include traveling, shopping and avoiding both sailing and golf. They make their home wherever they happen to be, so take your pick:

Permanent residence: 705 Beachcomber Drive, Lynn Haven, FL 32444; Current location: #2 Lorong 5/19A, 460000 Petaling Jaya, Malaysia; Business Address: PO Box 22570, Sacramento, CA 95822; Internet E-Mail: Fred—Cfmfred@aol.com; Georgia—Gpeach4321@aol.com; Easy Reach Phone: 1-500-442-3663 (programmable); Other phones: Fl(850)265-0189; Malaysia 011-603-756-6108; Business Phone: (916)927-0500 or (800)398-0510; Business E-Mail: cfmcorp@ibm.net.

JOHN E. BELLOTTE

Born 30 October 1939, in Clarksburg, WV, to Carmon & Lena Bellotte. Oldest and only son, I have three sisters. Graduated from Victory Hi School in 1957 and attended Potomac State University, Keyser, WV, '57—'58. Then went to West Virginia University, '58—'59, major: Aeronautical Engineering. Applied to the AF Academy in 1958 and was selected as the first cadet to the AFA from my congressional district. Graduated by the grace of God and the seat of my pants in 1963. Amazing! Went to UPT at Vance AFB, OK and graduated in Sept '64. Assigned to B-52s at Bergstrom AFB, Austin, TX. There the most significant event in my life happened. On June 17, 1965, I was married to Nancy Gilgan, formerly from Woodland Park, CO. In '66 we moved to March AFB, CA. There I spent six- and a three-month tour at Anderson AFB, Guam, and U Tapao RTAFB, Thailand, flying 78 combat missions in B-52s.

In '68 I was assigned to the RB-66 at Takhli RTAFB, Thailand. Just before I reported there, my oldest son, Rocco was born in Riverside, CA. Flew 81 combat missions in the EB-66B/C/E. In 1969 we were sent to Shaw AFB, SC where I was an IP in EB-66s until I volunteered for the Navy exchange program. In 1970 we headed for NAS Whidbey Island, WA by circuitous routes. I drove to NAS Miramar for Navy instrument school in the TA-4F—fun. Nancy and Rocco flew to Oregon to visit her folks. Then we met and went to Whidbey. Again, some very significant events in our lives. My assignment was changed from the EKA-3B (Navy's EB-66) to the new EA-6B. Great flying assignment, flew A-6As for pilot proficiency and carrier quals and checked out in the EA-6B. Played Jonathan Lingston Seagull along the beautiful northern Washington coast and flew some great low levels through Oregon and Nevada. We went to Whidbey as a family of three and left in 1972 for Eglin AFB, FL as a family of five.

Our second son, Rueben, was born in 1971, first Lamaze birth at Whidbey. In '71 we also started adoption proceedings for our son, Jim, born in '69, ours in '72. We drove cross-country with the three boys and left them in Ohio with my folks. Then Nancy and I drove on to Eglin into a pending hurricane. Spent one afternoon having a drink in the Beach Club while a spin-off tornado skipped across the island by the club and hit Fort Walton.

While assigned to the Tactical Air Warfare Center there, I tested and wrote the report on the ALE-40 chaff/flare dispenser, flew the ancient C-

131, and sailed the bay with Nanc and the boys. We also started adoption proceedings for our daughter, Lesa, 10 months old when we picked her up at the airport in '74. In '74 we were also re-assigned to TAC/DRW at Langley AFB, VA, where I became the TAC Project Manager for the EF-111A, thanks to my EA-6B experience and training. What a time; long hours, lots of TDY, flying the T-39, and a wife trying to manage a house and four kids. TAC got their airplane, and I narrowly avoided divorce through all the trials and tribulations. In the meantime, Lesa, from Vietnam, became a US citizen, and her adoption was finalized after much work on Nancy's part because of lost paperwork and inept officials.

In '78 I got my first hernia operation on the way to a remote assignment to Camp Howze, Korea, as an Air Liaison Officer (ALO) to the 3rd Brigade. Thank the Lord it included flying the OV-10 at Osan. The whole tour was nearly two years with TDY to AGOS, the OV-10 FAC Training, and Fighter-Lead-In School on top of the year in Korea. Nancy and the kids stayed in Newport News, VA. She got a job, learned to roller skate competitively with the kids, and started work on her master's. I spent one week a month regaining my sanity flying at Osan and the other three weeks with the Army on camping trips, surviving President Park's assassination crisis. The one time I invited my Wing Commander to visit, one soldier was killed and two wounded when they got in a minefield on the wrong side of the DMZ during a changing of the guard. In 1980 I left Korea, went to TAC, wrote the Concept of Operations for the EF-111, and became Chief of the Compass Call office for TAC. Nanc finished her master's and ran training programs for museums and women for GWU. Stayed until Compass Call met IOC, great job running a program on a fast track with high-level support. Then in 1983, I went to USAFE, first overseas tour with my family. Worked in the Directorate of Air Land Forces for DCSOPS USAREUR and USAFE/DO. Good assignment trouble shooting problems between the Army and the Air Force. Wrote the first Operations Concept for Electronic Warfare for NATO Air and Ground Forces.

In the Meantime, Nanc opened the first Baskin-Robbins on the German economy in the Kaiserslautern area. She also started Mom's Donuts in '85, and within a year was selling ice cream and donuts to Americans and Germans as well as delivering donuts to six commissaries in the area. Then in '86 the dollar, up to 3.40DM, crashed. AAFES also picked the same time to open Baskin-Robbins on base selling ice cream cheaper than we could buy it until we had to close—then their price went up to what ours had been!

We survived. I went from DALFA to EIFEL Programs, then to USAFE/DOQ to work the Wing Command and Control System and the AF Mission Support System. I retired in 1991. All four of our children graduated from Ramstein. I managed the Ramstein Aero Club for four years. We provided recreational and proficiency flying for pilots, and flight training for aspiring pilots until the fighters left and it was closed down in '95. I worked as a contractor for the Catholic Chaplains for a year and went to work Science Applications International Corporation (SAIC) in '98. Nanc has managed a car insurance office, worked for a German computer company selling training to former east block countries, and is now manager of the Roller Rink for the 86 Services Squadron. Rocco supervised the CE contractor work center until August when he left to go to music school in Hollywood. Jim, a Cum Laude/Dist Mil Grad from Slippery Rock U., is a Captain in the Army, Ft. Hauchaca, AZ. Rueben is married. He and his wife, Patty, are both SRA at Eglin AFB, FL. Lesa is mother of our first grandchild, Mekahla, and a SRA at Langley AFB, VA.

“THOSE WERE THE DAYS, MY FRIEND, WE THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER END. WE'D SING AND DANCE FOREVER AND A DAY. WE'D LIVE THE LIVES WE CHOOSE, WE'D FIGHT AND NEVER LOSE, FOR WE WERE YOUNG AND SURE TO HAVE OUR WAY.”

We still go on, young at heart, with faith and an undying quest.

BARRY T. BIELINSKI

Born August 22, 1941 in Vaughn, NM, I was raised in Chicago. At USAFA, I was an NCAA All American Swimmer and Swim Team Captain. After the USAFA experience, I went to UPT at Vance AFB, OK, and then to KC-135s at Castle AFB, CA. Later I received a Forward Air Controller (FAC) assignment in Vietnam, and I was trained in the F-100 Super Sabre and the O-1 Bird Dog for that assignment.

In 1969, when I returned from Vietnam, I separated from the active duty Air Force and joined Trans World Airlines (TWA). Except for two extensive furlough periods, I have worked for TWA since then. During my

layoffs from TWA, I have flown fixed wing and helicopter aircraft for the California ANG. I was a Stockbroker for Merrill Lynch, completed an MBA at Santa Clara University, and owned a restaurant in Los Gatos, CA. I am now back full time at TWA and a Captain on the MD-80.

In 1976, I married my superlative wife, Seonaid. She has a Doctorate in Education and is the Curator of Education at the Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego. We have one wonderful child, Christopher, who is thirteen and a real "goer." I keep myself busy in my free time with raising my son, enjoying family and friends, traveling the world, reading, working out, and enjoying life in Southern California.

Good Health, Live Long, and Prosper.

FRANK A. BLACK 1413K

The Air Force Academy experience was just about the best and just about the worst of my life. At the time a service academy seemed the only shot at a truly first-rate education for a boy of humble origin, and I've been paying for it and reaping its rewards ever since. Learned more in Vandenberg than Fairchild.

Lacked the focus and energy of others. Did OK considering. 207 combat missions, Vietnam and elsewhere, 1965-66. No heroics, just payback to the taxpayers. Never wild about aviation; a hundred years earlier my RF-4C would have been a horse. Understand how airpower fits in with everything else in warfare.

Wonderful assignments in England and Germany. Lloyd R. (Dick) Leavitt, then a colonel and USAFE ORI Team Chief, was perhaps my best boss ever. Loved being back at USAFA as an AOC, 1971-74, but it was a poor career move (Leavitt counseled ASTRA and had it wired for me). Some really bad cadets in that era. Thoughts of our school still torment me—how best to prepare whom to serve, and my own inadequacies.

Couple of early promotions despite a tendency to pass up opportunities to keep my mouth shut. Picked up an MBA from Auburn and learned how to think about money. Great assignment at Moody AFB as 40-year old Base Commander. Two years at Air Staff (XOX). Two years Joint Staff (Chief, Strategy Division, (OJCS)), then out, when it was clear O-6 was max for me. No one's fault, really.

Bought a Harley 1986. retired (quit) 1987, divorced 1988. Tried to raise the hell I never raised as a kid, drank way too much, and survived it. Rode a couple of years with the Vietnam Vets Motorcycle Club—salty bunch. Back home (Thomaston, GA) now, caring for my Mom (stroke victim, nursing home). Active in Kiwanis for a while until I figured out it was just a middle-class white boy preservation society. Helped found and serve on board of Harbor House, our unique, privately funded shelter for abused and neglected children—proud of that. Send me your checks made out to Harbor House, tax deductible. Active in VFW but concerned about severe shortage of peers

Great day in July 1996: carried Olympic flame through my home town. Wore sash under my official shirt bearing the names of our thirty classmates who didn't make it through the Vietnam era. The parade we never had when we came home from SEA. Loved it, people who love me loved it, but it was too late.

Two grown, beautiful, educated daughters, one a former staffer for Sen John Warner, the other a regional sales director for the Ritz-Carlton Co. Both now married to equivalent men and making babies in Fairfax and Falls Church, VA. My ex and I did **something** right.

In my fourth year now with a remarkable woman, from a remarkable family, who appreciates me as no one ever has. Her daughter is a '96 grad; **good** story on how we met. Won't marry me. Smart.

No last paragraph here. Hope those of us who remain have many paragraphs to go before we sleep. Cheers! *Frank*

JOHN BORLING

John is the President and Chief Executive Officer of United Way/Crusade of Mercy for the greater Chicago area and the largest United Way in America, with annual revenues in excess of \$90 million dollars. "It's a great way to stay in service—improving people's lives and building community."

John retired as a Major General with a private two-man parade in 1996 at school—just the Chief (Buzzard) and Viking marching with Miss Jane and Myrna looking on. Prior to that, it was a run to the Rock, dinner at the Red Cloud Inn, golf at St. Andrews, running the bulls at Pamplona and a last, F-15 flight in the Hat-in-the-Ring. He spent 33 years on active duty as a commander of fighter, bomber and missile combat units as well

as high-level staff duty in the Pentagon, the White House, Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE), and SAC. He was a White House Fellow, also serving its Foundation as an officer and board member. During his tour in Vietnam as a fighter pilot, he was shot down by ground fire. Seriously injured, he was captured and spent six and a half years as a Prisoner of War (POW).

A command pilot, his decorations include the Silver and Bronze Stars and the Purple Hearts. He was inducted by the King of Norway as a Commander in the King's Order of Merit. Listed in Who's Who in America, he received the George Washington Honor Medal from the Valley Forge Foundation and the Viking Sword from SAC for direction of combat operations. He is a charter and founding member of the Council of International Relations in Germany and the Orion Foundation in Norway.

In Chicago, he is member of the Commercial Club of Chicago, the Executives' Club of Chicago, the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, the Armed Forces Council, the Nonprofit Advisory Board of the Kellogg Graduate School of Management at Northwestern University and the Executive Committee of the International Research Foundation for Children's Eye Care. He led the Chicago delegation to the President's Summit on Youth and Volunteerism in Philadelphia.

He is a graduate of the Armed Forces Staff College, National War College and the Senior Managers in Government Program at the JFK School at Harvard University. He is married to his high school sweetheart, Myrna, and has two children, Lauren and Megan.

Interests include: most sports, music (opera and nonprofit piano player), reading, jogging, writing poetry and bull fighting.

EDWARD TERRY BOSWELL

Following graduation it was off to flight school at Moody AFB for the last of the T-33 era en route to a flying career in a variety of aircraft and locations starting with the T-33/F-104 in ADC. Following UPT I married Judy Whorton of Brunswick, GA. By the grace of God we are still together with two sons, Hamlin and Keith. My first disappointment was TAC's failure to release their F-104s to ADC. Most people don't know it, but the F-104 was designed specifically for me, the 95th percentile. It matched my stature (Editor's note: Terry was so aggressive, most of us never realized he may have been vertically challenged; i.e., short). The next attempt to nail down a TAC slot landed me in an F-102 in SEA via the Philippines. It took two more assignments (1st AF and a year in D.C.) before I could grow up to be a real fighter pilot in the F-4. The 2nd SEA tour was focused on laser-guided ordnance and followed by another staff tour, 9th AF. What a reward!

Things got better. Soesterberg, The Netherlands, in the F-4Es/F-15s, but I had to be the Safety Officer, if only for a while. In many ways this was a highlight because our hosts were so open, we placed our boys in their school system for 4 years. Things got even better when I let "Buzzard" talk me into commanding the Air Force Range at Avon Park, FL. Nice to have a job supporting training that let us engage the boys in an ideal situation for Boy Scouts. Both achieved their Eagle awards within a couple of years.

Thanks to another friend we were able to rejoin the flying world in training at Langley AFB, VA. Judy wanted to try her hand as a tour guide in Williamsburg but not for long. Within little more than a year we got the good word and the better word; promoted and assigned to command the F-5 international training squadron at Williams AFB, AZ. That lasted two years before we transferred to Luke AFB, AZ as the F-15/DO. After five total years we requested a ROTC assignment to slow down. Judy completed graduate studies in geography and we decided to hang up the blue suit. Worse things have come from the University of Arkansas of late.

We tried a couple of flying jobs before settling into management with a firm from Tulsa specializing in repairs to bonded, aircraft components. In early '97 we were asked to manage a \$10-million expansion in Singapore that should keep us in Asia for about 4 years. Come and see, 39 Jalan Chelang, Singapore 509559, Rep. of Singapore. Phone 65-545-3306 or FAX 65-546-8775, or etbos@pacific.net.sg.

R. ALLEN BRECKENRIDGE

Allen began life in 1940 in Colfax, WA while his dad was attending Washington State. He grew up in Bend, OR and Friant, CA (outside Fresno). During his senior year, Allen's family moved to Sacramento, where he graduated and met his future bride, JoAnn. They attended the same church and were part of the church youth group.

Allen was an alternate to the Academy, and attended the Naval Academy Preparatory School at Bainbridge, MD. There he studied with several fellows who would become classmates at USAFA.

Then the Academy! Doolie Christmas, Allen's parents brought JoAnn out to visit. Then there were lots of football games and swim meets and water polo games that JoAnn managed to attend. She arranged dates for some classmates at the third-class summer tour of the US. JoAnn came out to visit during the First Class summer. They sold her return ticket, got her an apartment in C. Springs with three other girls and a job at the Athletic Office. The wedding was in Sacramento, CA ten days after graduation.

The fourteen years of active duty seem short. Allen washed out of UPT and graduated from Nav and Bomb/Nav schools. Nav on B-52s and C-124s. SEA tour—flew AC-119K gunships in Vietnam. Weapons Systems Officer on F-111's at Upper Heyford, UK. He was passed over to Major and returned to Mountain Home AFB, ID. There he and JoAnn both encountered the Lord in a new way. Classmate Dave Jackson was at Melodyland Theo. Seminary and sent a 23-page letter about it. Allen resigned from the Air Force to attend seminary, so off they went.

Allen completed a Master of Divinity, pastored two churches and earned a Doctor of Ministry degree. Paralleling this he volunteered as a chaplain to the Reserve Wing at Norton AFB, CA. He went on to be Senior Chaplain there and at March AFB. In 1994 he was promoted to Colonel and is completing three years as the IMA to the Command Chaplain at HQ Air Force Reserve Command.

The Gulf War brought several changes: called almost full time as chaplain to his reserve wing, changing denominations and changing work emphasis. He became a Pastoral Counselor in a growing Assemblies of God church. A third master's degree and second in Counseling. Now he is a registered intern with the State of California and working toward licensing as a Marriage, Family and Child Counselor while counseling in a church setting.

He and JoAnn have been married 35 years in 1998. That super relationship is a story all of its own. Three years ago she quit her job to be a full time Daycare Provider. She enjoys children and teaches children in the church Sunday school as well.

Their three sons are raising families and loving the Lord as well. James and wife, Debbie, live in Castic, CA. He is an Animator on interactive computer games. Paul and Shannon live in Sacramento, where he is an architect. Andrew is attending school in San Luis Obispo, CA. Two grandchildren and a third on the way bring them joy and blessing too.

Today Allen is Director of *Transformations* COUNSELING MINISTRY, providing professional counseling to a wide variety of persons including single parents, unemployed, low income persons and children in the Temcula and Oceanside areas

Your tax deductible donations to *Transformations* would be accepted gladly.

GORDON BREDVIK

It is Spring, 1959, and I am at Selfridge AFB, MI in line to take my physical aptitude test for entrance to the Air Force Academy. I am a freshman at Alma College, Alma, MI, and I desperately want to get into the Air Force and "fly jets." I look over the other candidates and gauge the competition. I spot a short, scrawny kid and chuckle to myself, "I can check him off." Months later, at USAFA, I am amazed to see that little guy had made it too! His name: Fred Frostic.

On graduation day I married Helma Schneider from Pfaffenhofen, W. Germany. Then off to Williams AFB, AZ where I was soon "flying jets." At Willy, I am careful to follow the rules...except for two, maybe three, tiny deviations. The first occurs when Ken Kopke and I agree to "join-up" during our T-37 solo navigation mission. Seeing Ken bounce up and down as he waltzes wildly up to my left wing is the scariest thing I'd ever seen. The second incident is my doing an Immelmann from takeoff during my last T-38 solo. After landing, I punch off the g-meter, stroll casually back to the squadron and look around to see if I am in trouble. Nobody says anything about my Immelmann.

After Willy, my assignments whiz by: '64-'66, Charleston AFB, pilot, C-124, C-141; '66-'67, An Khe and Phu Cat, South Vietnam, pilot, C-7A Caribou, '68-'69, Purdue University, student, graduating with a master's degree in Astronautical Engineering, '69-'74, USAFA, Department of Astronautics, Assistant Professor, and pilot, T-41, T-29; '74-'78, Ramstein AB, Germany, staff officer and pilot, T-39; '78-'82, Washington, D.C., Defense Intelligence Agency, Branch Chief and

Program Manager; '82-'84, Andrews AFB, MD, HQ AFSC, Division Chief and member of the Program Managers Advisory Group (PMAG); '84-'86, Peterson AFB, CO HQ Air Force Space Command, Division Chief. It's September, 1986, and I still haven't heard anything about my Immelmann.

I retire on Oct 1, 1986 and celebrate with a pig roast on my newly acquired 200-acre ranch in the mountains west of Colorado Springs. The ranch is a dream place: rock formations, trees, meadows, water, and surrounded by Pike National Forest.

It's December, 1986; unemployed, I apply to teach astronautics at the University of Colorado in Colorado Springs. I get the job. Then Tom Ellers ('61) calls and offers me a job with Kaman Sciences, as an Astronautical Engineer. I accept. Now I have two jobs. However, after one semester, I drop the teaching job with UCCS and concentrate on Kaman Sciences.

1992: first marriage ends in divorce. Helma and I have three sons: DuWayne, DeVere, and DeLane. DuWayne, chose the Air Force as his career.

It's December, 1995. I retire from Kaman Sciences and move to my dream ranch with my second wife, Dian (We married in 1994) into the cabin I built myself (mostly). In retiring at age 55, I fulfilled a promise to myself to retire while still healthy. There are mountain trails I haven't hiked and vistas I've not yet seen. But, Lord willing, I'll get to those, ASAP. And I still haven't heard anything about my Immelmann....

KENNETH E. BROMAN

Ken decided during First Class year that he didn't want to fly but was unsure what he wanted to do. He signed up for ICBMs and went to a silo in Wichita, KS to watch over Titan IIs. After four years of missiles, he resigned and joined the Peace Corps. But after a summer of language training in Puerto Rico he decided this wasn't for him either. He returned to Minnesota and took a job with a power company as a staff engineer. After a year his brother talked him into quitting, and the two of them paddled down the Mississippi River in a canoe from the source in Minnesota to New Orleans. Quite a summer of adventure.

With fall came graduate school at the University of Minnesota in Civil Engineering. After two years he has a master's degree and found his future wife. They were married on New Years Eve and Kay brought a 10-year old daughter, Andrea, to the union. Ken worked for Knutson Construction in Minneapolis and later was moved to Iowa. When construction heated up in Saudi Arabia, Ken moved to Dhahran and built several buildings. It was also an opportunity for the family to meet in the Soviet Union, Kenya and Spain for travel. After 17 years in Iowa, Kay had worked her way up in hospital administration and also obtained an MBA. She took a position as vice president at the Medical College of Georgia, so Ken quit his job to follow. They settled in Augusta and bought a new home. Ken had trouble finding a new job for several years and so settled in to landscaping the new home and becoming a house husband. Then a job offer came and back to work he went constructing a laboratory building in Augusta. After five years in Augusta, Kay accepted an offer to become a vice president of a hospital in Shelby, NC, and Ken sold the house and was able to retain his job with the same construction company at its headquarters in Charlotte.

Ken took up bicycling seven years ago and has ridden across Georgia and Iowa three times each. Now in North Carolina there are mountains nearby and backpacking has been taking more and more weekends. Life has been good and Ken and Kay have enjoyed traveling much of the world. They are currently building a house in North Carolina and starting to plan for their retirement in the next century.

RICHARD M. BROWN

After UPT at Vance with Ron Fogleman, flew KC-135s at Walker AFB, NM until just before it closed in 1967. Went on one Young Tiger Trip while stationed there (Ed.: Young Tiger program involved Temporary Duty (TDY) in SEA).

Got to Offutt AFB, NE in early 1967 to fly the RC-135. Spent a lot of time TDY (Who Didn't?) and flew many 24-hour-long missions during the next six years. Attended Squadron Officers School (SOS).

Spent 1973 on Shemya Island (obviously a remote assignment), as operations officer. Highlights of that tour were finding a whale vertebrate on the beach and **not** having a plane crash while I was there.

Went back to the Academy in 74 to help Ben Martin. Apparently he needed more than I could provide—but he was great to work for, and I had a great time—despite getting some sub-par controlled Officer Effectiveness Reports. Not being on the hill hurt a bit. But I still got to go to Air Command and Staff College (ACSC) in 1977-78. {Ed: The “hill” was the Faculty and Commandant’s area; guess what, Dick, the OERs weren’t too good there either.}

Back to Offutt in 1978 to fly some more and get passed over for O-5. They tried putting me in the SAC Recon Center in an effort to get me promoted. I convinced them that maybe an overseas tour would help. Went to the 922nd Strategic Reconnaissance Squadron in 1980 in Athens, Greece in an attempt to get it done. The second commander I had there gave me the Director of Operations (DO) job that he vacated to take over as Commander. That and the endorsement from CINCSAC that he obtained finally got me promoted. Didn’t take long to pin on since my line number was 2. So instead of having to retire in 83 I went back to Offutt and helped train new members of the Wing (55SRW) in Recon Ops procedures.

My last two years were spent flying C-135s hauling passengers around the country. Was as close as you can get to air carrier ops and enabled me to be current when I retired.

Started with Airborne Express 8-8-88 while I was on terminal leave. But night flying was aging me too fast—so I went to Mid-Way Airlines in 89. Flew with them until I got furloughed. Actually started flying in my current position two weeks before my furlough date. Have been flying an ASTRA as the other “Captain” for about the past six years and really like it. Both the job and the plane. The Company is Valmont Industries, Inc. which makes irrigation systems, light poles, cellular phone antennas and other manufactured products. Have been to Europe three times and Brazil once with the ASTRA.

Terri and I celebrate our 18th Anniversary next week {Ed.:ltr postmarked Oct 6, 1997}. We have no children, but live close to enough relatives to meet our needs for contact with little people.

Don’t know what else to tell you—hope this is close to what you’re looking for. Plan on being at the Reunion next year—looking forward to seeing everyone. Wish I had a chance to see the football team in person—they’re looking great.

WILLIAM F. BRYANT, JR

June 1963...the second phase of the great adventure began. Four years of hard work had forged friendships, personal pride, and dedication at levels far above any prior experience of my life. UPT at Vance reinforced those key elements in a new dimension—the sky, and I was fortunate enough to have my dream of flying fighters become a reality. I still smile when I recall my assignment notification to fly the F-100!

Luke AFB was a real warrior haven!...something we don’t seem to have around anymore. Although Vietnam was getting cranked up about that time, I went to England to RAF Lakenheath. Many of our commanders were WWII and Korean aces. No need for credibility checks here, I absorbed all they could teach, and after three volunteer statements, got orders for Vietnam...as a forward air controller!

Yes, I was an attitude case. I soon learned, however, that saving a bunch of grunts on the ground could be just as magnificent as blasting a MiG from the sky. I got to Nam just in time for the ‘68 TET Offensive and went VFR direct to I Corps to fly the O-2 and eventually the OV-10. Tent-living and C-rations, and nightly ground attacks, from which I put a few notches on my AR-15, had a profound effect on my views of the war. At least I survived...a third of the pilots in my outfit went home in body bags.

My tactical fighter career continued after Vietnam. AT-33s and the Hun again at Cannon Air Patch. Then AFIT and a graduate degree in Aeronautics and Weapons Design Engineering. A great assignment followed...Edwards AFB and 4 1/2 years on the YF/F-16 program. It was a “kick-ass” fighter that the F-15 Mafia hated, so it was converted to a primary air-to-mud machine.

After Eddy, I became a “mercenary” in the F-5 for six years...another string of great assignments, including Saudi Arabia and Indonesia. My career champagne flight was a 1 v 1 fight with a former Mig-21 pilot over the smoking volcanoes of central Java. After winning four engagements, I took off my g-suit for the last time, followed by many beers and tears.

I had five more years as a tactics development division chief at the Tactical Air Warfare Center here at Eglin before retiring. I continue to support weapons systems testing as a defense contractor engineer.

I love the Air Force...the way it used to be. We had lots of airplanes, flew hard, partied hard, and the clubs and “stag bars” flourished. We read our Playboys, pointed with our fingers, and weren’t afraid to use a four-letter word when needed. Most of all, though, we had a bonding and an esprit de corps forged from the spirits of all those aerial warriors before us...and by damn it felt great!

I am so proud of our class and our legacy from those good days. We were the standard of excellence, and we gave duty and honor higher meaning.

JOE LEE BURNS, COL. USAF. RET

- Born 8 June 41 Peoria, IL
 - Moved to Fort Worth, TX after 1/Lt (USA) Dad got back from Burma/India in ‘46
 - Arlington Heights High School ‘59—7 letters in 3 sports
 - Commission ‘63 USAFA—3 letters baseball—2 letters cheerleader
 - UPT Reese AFB, TX—lots of HS friends at Texas Tech—only taste of real college life
 - F-4C(GIB) CCTS D-M AFB, AZ—six-week course crammed into six months
 - 433rd TFS George AFB, CA Mar-Dec 65 Pubs/Snack Bar Off-har, har—looking back was not a strong squadron-only 5 TAC pilots-and all us Zoomie GIBs! Yikes!
 - 433rd TFS Ubon, Thailand, Dec 65—Jun 66 137 Combat Missions (100 in North Vietnam(NVN) (6 in Route Pack 6)){Editor’s note for lay people: “Route Pack 6” was the immediate area around Hanoi and the toughest target area} mostly Night Owl missions-lost a lot of good people-like Frank Ralston ‘63
 - F-4C(GIF)CCTS D-M AFB, AZ-upgrade to front seat {Ed. Note: Guy in Front (GIF); Guy in Back (GIB)}
 - 81st TFS Hahn AB, Germany Oct 66-Mar 70 (Captain)-so-so squadron
Sq weapons officer
Played base level football and baseball 2 years
Earned master’s degree in Aerospace Mgmt from USC extension
Lots of Victor Alert-LOTS of Mosel wine
Lots of TDY-Ragheads chased us out of Wheelus AB, Libya twice!
Busted 2 ORIs-nuke loading gaffs-shit oh dear-not a pretty sight.
 - 7th TFS Holloman AFB, NM til Aug 71-so,so squadron
Crested Cap deployment to Spangdahlem for ORI-Yuk
Used 100 mils when dive toss didn’t work-a lot-missed scandal
FWIC F-4E Nellis Jan-May 71-Top Grad, so was Wizzo from Holloman-Hal Brown
 - 35th TFS Kunsan AB, Korea Sept 71-Oct 72
Good Sqdn-5 Fighter Weapons School grads-Lyle Beckers
Sqdn/CC
 - 35th TFS (TDY) Danang/Korat May-Sep 72
122 Combat Missions (37NVN (15 1/2 RP-6)(July 20 was a LONG day!)) AAA got me north of Cam Phi, NVN-Navy picked me up after 2 hours in dingy.
 - 64th FWS T-38 Aggressors Initial Cadre Oct’72-Dec’74 (YAHOO)(Major)
Developed the first academics package
-Soviet Tactics, Man, Training, Aircraft/Weapons
39 sorties ‘Have Idea’ stuff vs FWIC Instructors
GREAT Sqdn!
Sqdn/CCs Boots Boothby, Jerry Nabors, Ted Landise, Randy O’Neil
- Ops
- Buddies-Ron Iverson, Earl Henderson, Joe Oberle, Tim Mikita, DL Smith (T-Bird mort), Ed Clements, Mike Press, Tom Browning ‘64
 - Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, VA Jan-Jun’75
Won Softball Championship and Handball Trophy
 - Pentagon (patooy)Jul 75-Aug 79 RDQRM-AI Slay RD Boss-PUKE
Project Officer for AMRAAM (AIM-120) and NATO AAM
- Requirements
- Developed Ops Requirements for AMRAAM w/Marine, Navy, Air
Defense Command aviators (preference is in order listed)-never met a Marine I didn’t like!
TDY to Europe 1 week a quarter for NATO missile reqs-tough duty.
 - 1st TFW (71stTFS)Langley AFB, VA F-15A Wing Weapons Officer (Lt Col) til May 81
Took a long time to get my hands back-whew

- Busted an ORI on Maintenance-YUK
Jerry Nabors was DO, then Vice. Next DO was Dick Hawley '64
- 18th TFW F-15C Kadena AB, Okinawa Wing Weapons Officer till Jan'82
Wing won William Tell, each squadron won Hughes Trophy 3 years consecutively
Bill Ricks, Jere Wallace, Speedy Martin'70, "Roger Ramjet" and (humbly)me, SQND CCs
- 44th TFS Ops Off till Nov 82
44th earned an Outstanding on MEI and 3 Excellents on ORIs
- 44th TFS CINCBAT till Jun 84 (3 months as Full Col Sqdn/CC!)
44th won Hughes Trophy for '82
Escorted ROK Pres. PAK back to Seoul after Rangoon bombing
Deployed to Misawa-KAL 007 shutdown-flew 1st CAP mission for US
(2 Eagles (8 tuned and 8 cooled!) vs 2 sets of 12 'bandits')
- HQ PACAF-Exec to CINC (Bob Bazley) Sep 84-Jul 86
Special Intel clearances, but ran lots of golf tournaments and Commanders Conferences
- 49th TFW Holloman AFB, NM F-15 Vice Wing CC til Sep 88
Went through 3 Wing CCs-Joe Merrick, Dick Bethurem'66, Ted Campbell
Helped to get the first EER Excellent for 49th OPI
833rd Air Division-Exec to Commander Oct 90 (Retired)
Jim Record, Jim Allen, Travis Harrell Air Div CCs
- '90 to Present-House Husband-San Antonio, TX
Close to siblings, sons and daughter-most in Fort Worth area
Take care of an acre and a half and 5 big mutt dogs
Play a little golf-"Y'all come on down and see us!!"

JIMMIE H. BUTLER

The Air Force and its people were very good to me and very good for me. In 1959, I was a skinny kid from Kansas who wanted to serve my country as an Air Force pilot. Although I was far from a natural "stick-and-rudder" man, the Air Force had patience with me and I eventually became a better pilot than the oddsmakers might have predicted.

Through my assignments flying C-141s in the Military Airlift Command, I saw much of the world and learned to love and appreciate America more than I otherwise would have. On two occasions, I circled the world in five-and-a-half days and learned that the oceans are much bigger than the environmentalists would lead us to believe and that the world is much smaller than the isolationists try to represent it as. Through my flying, I met some personal challenges in peace and war (240 missions in Cessna O-1s and O-2s over the Ho Chi Minh Trail in 1967) and was pleased with what I learned about myself and grateful that the Air Force gave me those opportunities to learn.

The love of adventure seemed to pass through to my daughters. Kami took to flying right after high school. Much more a natural at piloting than her old man was, she became the youngest female flight instructor in Florida. Kellie loved cars and wanted to be a racecar driver. She once quit her job as a teen-aged hostess in a restaurant so she could work at an oil-change place.

Sadly, Kami developed cancer at 26 and died 19 months later. She had logged more than 6,000 hours.

Since retiring in 1987 as the Chief of Staff of the Air Force Space Division, I have become a writer. I completed a Master of Professional Writing from USC and studied several years with my mentor and friend, Paul Gillette (Play Misty for Me). Those efforts produced a couple of technothrillers (*The Iskra Incident*, and *Red Lightning-Black Thunder*) published in New York in the early 1990s. In 1996, my sister and I published *A Certain Brotherhood*, a novel about flying Cessnas over the Ho Chi Minh Trail during the Vietnam War. The story was written on behalf of some of the guys who didn't return. I have been gratified by many comments *A Certain Brotherhood* has drawn from readers.

In 1993, I helped establish the Pikes Peak Writers Conference, which I directed through its first five years. It gained a reputation as an excellent conference for aspiring writers of commercial fiction. I had a hand in helping a number of writers get published. I am taking a lesser role, so I will have time to work more on my own writing. To the many who marveled at how well organized the conferences have been, I simply explained that I just applied what I learned in the Air Force.

The bottom line is that I loved the camaraderie of sharing Air Force life with so many dedicated people. Those who chose not to make the journey missed out. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

JAMES S. "KYZMA" BUTT

After almost 3,000 hours in F-4s and F-15s, I was assigned to the Pentagon for the last 8 years of my 30-year Air Force career. Being in the Pentagon for that long helped me get ready to retire in many ways. The primary one was night school that led to a teaching certificate in math followed by a master's degree in education. I was hired on in the high school where I did my student teaching to teach Calculus, Introduction to Algebra and Physics. Not only was this an introduction to both extremes of the high school intellectual spectrum, but it was also an eye opener to see all the wonderful and neat toys that were available in physics today.

I now teach AP, GT and regular Physics at W.T. Woodson H.S. to 145 motivated, college bound students and enjoy 2 months off each summer with my wife, Sylvia, who is an elementary school teacher in the same system. It is very gratifying to work with outstanding students (some of which are academy bound) and to be able to use my past experience in the Air Force to help them grasp the concepts that we took for granted every time we put the wheels in the well.

JOE GRICE CABUK

Joe came to the Academy from Oak Ridge, LA, having a Congressional appointment. He completed UPT at Craig AFB, AL, and gunnery school for the F-100 Super Sabre at Luke AFB, AZ. His first operational assignment was as an F-100 pilot in the 48th Tactical Fighter Wing (TFW) at RAF Lakenheath, England. During his tour at Lakenheath, he returned briefly to the States in September 1966 to marry Marsha Wilson. Marsha moved to Lakenheath with Joe. Since that time, she has been the best part of his life, sharing every part of his career and supporting him in his every goal.

In 1968 Joe was assigned to the 474th TFW to fly the F-111 Aardvark, which at the time was being withdrawn from combat duty in SEA. As soon as he arrived at Nellis, Joe volunteered for SEA duty and, after flying only a few hours in the Aardvark, the Air Force reassigned him back into the F-100 for a tour at Bien Hoa in the 3rd TFW. Joe flew over 200 combat missions from Bien Hoa; then in 1970 he returned to the F-111 in the 474th at Nellis where he served as an IP in the 442nd Combat Crew Training Squadron (CCTS). He was moved to Plattsburgh AFB, NY, in 1973 in the SAC-TAC exchange program to fly the FB-111 in the 380th Bomb Wing. In 1975-76 he completed the Naval Command and Staff College in Newport, RI; then he returned to Nellis as an F-111 pilot and executive officer in the 57th Fighter Weapons Wing (FWW). In 1977 Joe was appointed commander of the F-111 Fighter Weapons School and assigned to create a detachment of the 57th FW and move the F-111 school from Nellis to Mountain Home AFB, ID. After establishing the F-111 Weapons School Detachment at Mountain Home and commanding it for two years, he was selected to command the 390th TFS in the 366th TFW at Mountain Home. In 1981 Joe was assigned to TAC Headquarters at Langley AFB, VA, as Director of Program Control in the Requirements Division. Next, he completed the Industrial College of the Armed Forces in Washington, D.C.; then was assigned as the Vice Commander of the 20th TFW at Upper Heyford, England, again flying the F-111. He then commanded the 513th Tactical Airlift Wing at Mildenhall, England, during 1985-87, flying the EC-135. His final active duty assignment was as Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations at NATO's AIRSOUTH Headquarters in Naples, Italy.

Joe retired on 1 July 1989; then he and Marsha moved back to Oak Ridge, with their two sons, Joe III (born in Las Vegas in '72) and Sam (born at Mountain Home in '78). After leaving the Air Force, Joe found employment as a charter pilot in Monroe, LA. He has continued to work in this field and still flies some charter flights while he serves as president of Legacy Aviation at the Monroe, LA, Regional Airport.

PATRICK P. CARUANA

Pat was born November 11, 1939 in St. Louis, MO and graduated from St. Mary's High School in St. Louis. He enlisted in the Air Force upon graduation from high school in 1957 and became a C-119 crew chief. Realizing that "flying 'um was better than fixing 'um," he entered USAFA, graduating with the golden boys of '63. During his first

operational assignment at Travis AFB, CA in SAC KC-135s, he met a beautiful woman (Lauraine) from Canada and began an international relationship that just celebrated 30 years together and two great children, Hillary, 28, and Joshua, 20. These thirty years have been filled with twenty-three moves, too many separations and the blessing of serving the world's greatest Air Force and its people. This opportunity to serve provided command experiences at the Squadron, Wing, Air Division, and Numbered Air Force levels as well as staff positions at the MAJCOM and HQ USAF in the Pentagon. The majority of time in the Air Force was in operational jobs to include what we all trained for, combat. In Desert Shield, Desert Storm, Pat was in the Gulf from August 90 to the end of the war as one of the planners and commanders of the most successful demonstration of the application of Air and Space power our country has seen. Great opportunity for the kid from St. Louis.

Pat completed his career of 36 years (including enlisted) 31 August 1997 as the Vice-Commander of Air Force Space Command and as such participated in the development of the Air Force Long Range Plan for the future. Pat is now working for TRW in Redondo Beach, CA, and is truly grateful to the Lord for a blessed life's experience.

JOSEPH L. COATES, CS-18, & LINDA

There is life after retirement from the USAF—in fact, it is Happiness, Heaven, and Quality of Life!

Happiness is spending the rest of my life with my best friend, buddy, partner, lover, and wife of 34+ years (Roomy Bob McBeth said it wouldn't last a year—his gracious Dom Perignon more than made amends!)

Heaven is living in Colorado, no more PCS moves, and roots in a wonderful community.

Quality of Life comes from employment in the largest airline in the world, United Airlines, and the worldwide travel opportunities, certainly 1st Class in comparison to Space-A in ole USAF.

In Jan 1989 I was hired by UAL as a DC-10 IP (flying right seat on the line) where I worked two years in the Denver/Stapleton Training Center. Then I returned to line flying from Denver as a Second Office/Flight Engineer in the DC-10. In my fifth year, seniority allowed a bid to the 747-400, international. I rotate yearly to fly out of San Francisco and Los Angeles to Pacific destinations: Sidney, Auckland, Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong (my favorite), Taipei, Seoul, Osaka, and Tokyo/Narita. Linda has joined me on trips to each location. The past two years we spent Christmas in Hong Kong and our anniversaries in Sydney, Australia. While visiting our daughter and husband working in Tokyo, Linda went to Beijing (without me, on her own!—a story in itself—ask her!)

Following skiing injuries, Linda and I shifted activities toward SCUBA diving. We now have 280 dives, are NITROX qualified, and have been to the best dive-site in the world. Our first major dive trip was to Sharm-el-Sheik/Red Sea. This was so great we then went to Palau, which Cousteau claims has the #1 and #4 dive sites in the world. We have ridden the 14' Manta Rays south of Cabo San Lucas, been in the middle of hundreds of Hammerheads in the Cocos Islands, and been pushed by the bow wave of whale sharks (locomotive sized) in the Galapagos! Although we prefer live-aboard diving (eat, sleep and dive) we've taken shorter trips to Papua, New Guinea, the Australian Great Barrier, Honduras's Barrier Reef, Roatan, Belize, Grand Cayman, and Cozumel.

Our other pursuit of the Quality of Life goal is worldwide travel. Following a 1996 vacation to South America-Chile, Peru, (Cusco and Machu Picchu), and Ecuador, Linda decided not to rely on my Spanish but to learn the language herself (also delays Alzheimer's!). Linda went back to Quito for 4 weeks of "emersion," 1-on-1 language training. That was so successful that in 1997 Linda went to Antigua, Guatemala, for 6 weeks of immersion Spanish, broken in the middle by SCUBA to the Cocos Islands of Costa Rica.

In our remaining free time we do bi-weekly visits to Denver to see our daughter, Nicole, and her husband, Gary, and our two grandchildren, Harrison (2 years) and Helena (6 months).

The standing joke in the Coates' household is "If it's a day off, let's travel to Denver or DIA!"

JOE COX

After graduation on 5 June 1963, I attended Purdue University for seven months and earned my M.S. in Astronautics. I entered UPT at

Williams AFB, AZ in March 1964 and flew the T-37 in Warlock Flight, then the T-38 in Beer Can Flight. After Survival Training at Stead AFB, NV, my new bride, Shirley Bradley, and I, with my son Barry and daughter Tami, first moved to Davis-Monthan in Tucson for F-4 Combat Crew Training (CCTS) in July 1965. Then we moved to Ipswich, England in November 1965 where I was a pilot in the F-4C assigned to the 91st TAC Fighter Squadron at Bentwaters Royal Air Force (RAF) Base. After numerous trips to Wheelus AFB in Tripoli, Libya, and trips across the pond (Atlantic Ocean) to ferry new F-4s to Europe, we departed in Dec 1966. Shirley relocated in Phoenix, while I was given an opportunity to log some combat hours. I flew 169 missions in the F-4C including 69 over North Vietnam while stationed at Cam Rahn Bay in the 557th Fighter Squadron. I also managed to upgrade to Aircraft Commander in February 1967.

Next on to Perrin AFB, TX for T-37 IP training in September 1967 and then back to Williams AFB in February 1968 for a tour as a "tweet" (T-37) IP and later move to stan/eval.

I returned to the Academy as an instructor in the Mech Department in June 1970. I finally relearned what a vector was and managed to stay ahead of the cadets for two years.

Then a three-year hardship tour to Arizona State where I earned my Ph.D. in Engineering and then returned to the Academy in 1975 as an Associate Professor of Mechanics. I taught eight different courses in Aircraft Structures and Finite Elements, and managed to fly both the T-41 and the T-37 as an IP.

My son Brent was born in 1970 at the Academy hospital and Michael was born in Phoenix in 1972.

After four years of teaching, I opted to get into the space world and was assigned to Space Division in July 1979 in the Deputy for Technology and was assigned up as the Director for Space Planning as a new Colonel in 1981. Before going to the Pentagon, my new wife, Ingrid Bethke, and I, and our sons Brent, Michael, and Oliver spent the obligatory tour at War College in Montgomery, AL in 1982-83. Then on to the Pentagon and a one-year tour in the Program and Resources as the Director of Space, C3, and EW. In February 1984, I became the Space Defense Deputy in OSD and from June 1985 to June 1986 I was the acting Deputy Under Secretary of Defense for defensive Systems in OSD and also a charter member of the Strategic Defense Initiative Organization until I retired in July 1986.

I then had a seven-year challenge living in Orlando, FL with Brent and Michael as a single parent and being a Program manager and Program Director for what is now Lockheed Martin. Managed to have a successful launch of a laser into space on Delta 181 {ED: Thor Ballistic Missile with strap-on boosters used to launch satellites into space}, and then moved on to run the Space Based Interceptor Program, and later worked on Brilliant Pebbles and Brilliant Eyes interceptor and sensor programs.

In December 1993, I returned to airplanes as the Vice President of Engineering and Depot Support Division of DynCorp Aerospace Technology in Fort Worth, TX. While continuing in this job I was also first President of DynCorp's and Australian's Advance Repair Technology International (ARTI) in June 1994 and became a Board Member in January 1997.

I am presently (July 97) dating Dr. Judy Hammond of Tyler, TX where she is teaching nursing at UT of Tyler and Tyler Junior College. Barry is in Guam. Tami in Phoenix, Mike in Ft. Worth, Brent in Orlando, and Olive in Berlin, and I have three grandchildren: Nina is 9, Arielle is 7, and Little Joe is 5.

BRYANT "CULBY" CULBERSON

Bryant's interest in aviation began at an early age. The son of an Air Force officer stationed at Barksdale AFB, he boarded his first aircraft at 5 years of age—the bomb bay of a B-29—but was found out on the takeoff roll and returned to base ops. From then his interest was focused on flying. The academy was the best approach to that end and after four years of very hard work (second class year was in question), Bryant graduated along with the rest of the Golden Boys. It was then off to Reese AFB, graduating as a basic pilot, and assignment to Perrin AFB, then to Tyndall AFB for training in the F-102 and F-101 interceptor aircraft. Initial operation assignment in 1964 was to Otis AFB as a rookie F-101 pilot. Flying was great there.

In 1966, he volunteered to go to Vietnam and was sent to Cannon AFB to learn the F-100. Shortly thereafter he was assigned to the 3rd TFW at Bien Hoa and flew the F-100 until the big buildup of Army troops in 1967, where upon all fighter lieutenants became instant FACs and learned

to fly the O-1. He was shot up in the Battle of Dak To and sent to the Academy hospital to recover. While in recuperation he became an instructor for the AFA Military Training Department and stayed in that position until 1971.

Next was the F-111 at Mountain Home AFB, ID for three years followed by Air Command and Staff College (AFSC) graduating a Distinguished Graduate (DG) in 1975. Then off to 9th Air Force HQ as a plans officer for two years and selection Below The Zone (BTZ) for Lieutenant Colonel (LTC). That led to a one-year stint as a Research Fellow for HQ USAF Concepts and Doctrine Division and attendance at the National War College. Avoiding the Pentagon, Bryant asked for a remote overseas assignment and became an advisor to the US Military Training Mission in Saudi Arabia where he flew the F-5. He then went to HQ, Pacific Command (PACOM) in Hawaii as a Plans and Programs Officer, followed by promotion to Colonel and assignment to HQ TAC in 1982. There he was Deputy Director of Operational Plans, then Commander of the 2nd Aircraft Delivery Group. In 1985 Bryant was assigned as Deputy Commander of Operations of the 552nd AWACS Wing at Tinker AFB, OK, and the Chief of Staff, 28th Air Division. In 1987 he went to the Air War College at Maxwell AFB as a professor and later the Chairman of the Department of Military Studies. He retired in 1993. During his career, he was awarded the Legion of Merit, the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, and thirteen other medals.

Bryant resides in Wetumka in his home state of Alabama with his wife, Maura, the District Judge of Elmore County, and is active in political activities and community service.

JOSEPH JED DALE

Born June 4, 1940 in Fort Collins, CO, to Dr. J.E. Dale (DVM) and Helen Brack Dale. Several years after receiving his DVM from Colorado A&M (now CSU), Dr. J. E. Dale established the first large animal Veterinary Practice in Garden City, KS. It was hard work that required a disciplined work ethic and the entire family's support, mine especially as the eldest of five children. A year after graduating from Garden City High School, I received an appointment to the Air Force Academy. In June of 1959 I entered the newly completed campus north of Colorado Springs with the Class of 1963. Within an hour, I began to appreciate my disciplined upbringing!

During doolie year, my parents visited occasionally, and I usually asked a friend (like Pete Ognibene) along on those dining-out privileges. One Sunday afternoon during that first semester Pete reciprocated by literally dragging me out for a picnic with a blind date. Four years later, two days after graduation, Gail Marie Page (my blind date) and I were married in her family's Presbyterian Church in Colorado Springs.

The year after graduation was a growing time. I found out my inner ears adapted poorly to barometric pressure changes, and I would never be a pilot. When AFIT offered me a graduate physics program at Ohio State, I was elated. The AFIT assignment allowed Gail to finish her B.A. in education while I completed an M.Sc. Thus began an engineering career in the Air Force.

The most cherished memories of our twenty years in the Air Force are of our friends and the dedicated people we served with. One notably outstanding commander was Colonel Hale Hubbard, a West Point Ranger on the Joint Staff. He was the personification of leadership. From him I gained some insight on how personal integrity should be reflected in all that you do. In the early '70's he stood firmly under pressure from an administration intent on running the war from the basement of the White House.

In the late '70's, while assigned to the high-energy laser program at Kirtland AFB, we developed a close friendship with Ken and Kathy Jungling. They were strong Christians, and they asked us to join their Bible study group. Gail had been in Bible studies for several years, but it was in this group that I first began to study the Scriptures and to seek a personal relationship with the Lord. Our faith continues to grow as we co-lead a Bible study group in the fellowship of the Mt Zion Church in Beavercreek, OH, which we now call our home.

In May I commissioned my niece at the Class of '97 graduation. During the preceding four years I visited her often at the Academy and met some of her Christian classmates. I saw many similarities to the Class of '63 in their eager, confident faces. With few exceptions, these are dedicated young men and women of integrity who will take our places and continue to reflect the great heritage of the Air Force Academy. May the

Lord guard and guide them in the defense of this great nation and in all they do.

Now approaching final on a second career, I look back with pride, not just on accomplishments, but for having the opportunity and privilege to attend USAFA and to serve the Air Force. In 1998 Gail plans to retire from teaching at Dayton Christian, and I plan to scale back my life-science consulting work. Our only child, Catherine, is pursuing a doctorate in Russian studies under a fellowship at Berkeley. She is now on her own, and we are now securely entrenched as "empty nesters." As we enter "final" retirement, we find many in need of personal and financial counseling. Serving those needs may well be the next calling.

MIKE DAVIS

Mike Davis' Air Force career was interrupted midway through his third year at the Academy, the result of failing grades in law, economics and philosophy—and didn't resume until 1974, when he joined the 434th Tactical Fighter Wing, an Air Force Reserve unit flying A-37s (and later, A-10s) at Grissom AFB, near his home town of Kokomo, Indiana. The intervening years were spent working in a factory and as a part-time sportswriter; getting married and becoming the father of two children; attending Indiana University-Kokomo, the University of Arizona and IU-Bloomington, where he earned a degree in journalism; and working full-time as a reporter on a daily newspaper and as an editor on a weekly paper. His second (and current) marriage and a second set of young children came in 1982, after he had moved to an editor's job at a small daily and then to a copy editor's position at The Indianapolis News. He continued in that role after the News and Star merged their staffs in 1995—and has written a weekly column on running and walking since 1979, having been reintroduced to post-high school and post-USAFA running by the annual ordeal of getting in shape for the Reserve's 1.5-mile fitness test (now a no-challenge walk).

As a master sergeant and after 19 years in the 434th's public affairs section—a year before the A-10s left what is now Grissom Air Reserve Base—he became the historian for the unit, which now flies KC-135s. Writing unit histories and performing additional duties, including being a facilitator for the Reserve's Noncommissioned Officer's Leadership Development Program and its Junior Officer Leadership Development Seminars, have put him on duty an average of 100 days a year since 1989. He plans to retire from the Reserve in November 1999, at about the same time he hopes to be close to graduating from Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis with a degree in construction technology, and looks forward to at least part-time work in a field with few requirements in law, economics and philosophy.

DAVID L. DAVOREN, JR.

Twenty four years of service rated as Fast, Neat, Average, Friendly, Good, Good. After USAFA, I graduated from UPT, but with no fighters available and an attitude that didn't spell ATC IP, I won B-52s at Minot AFB, ND. I played copilot at Minot for two years. To get out of Minot I went off to F-100 school at Luke AFB, AZ. Lack of F-100Ds killed the assignment so I went to O-1s and by New Years Day, 1969, was flying for the Korean White Horse Division, Red Devil Regiment, Third Battalion out of Phu Heip II, Republic of Vietnam (RVN). From up close and personal humping a radio with the Republic of Korea (ROK) grunts, it looked like we kicked ass.

Back to B-52s in 1970 at March AFB, CA and a good tour. I had a lead crew, and we represented my Wing in the 1970 Bombing Competition before returning to U-Tapao RTAFB, Thailand in BUFFs. From there it was grad school in electrical engineering in route to an acquisition assignment with the AFSATCOM program at the Electronic Systems Center, Hanscom AFB. It was a great tour focusing on developmental testing as well as field testing (back to Minot), but with exposure to every acquisition functional area. I planned to stay in acquisition forever, but the USAF needed pilots.

So in 1979 I went back to SAC with the twist that I was part of their contribution to ATC as a T-37 IP at Vance AFB, OK. Nice, but I bailed out after eighteen months by taking a Site Commander job at Balakisher, Turkey. Turkey was in chaos and protecting a nuclear weapons storage area in the middle of nowhere was a terrific challenge. If you were willing to spend your own money, no receipts, you can do wonders in beefing up your perimeter defense against the attack that could, and did, hit the base in 1981 shortly after the Turkish military overthrew the civilian

government. We succeeded but conditions were worse than at Phu Heip with the ROKs and closing the site in January 1982 was a smart move by NATO. I went back to Hanscom AFB and the acquisition world running test operations for E-4Bs and EC-135s. After a brief stint as Deputy System Program Office (SPO) Director defending a \$2-million Military Satellite Communications (MILSATCOM) terminal budget, I went first to the E-4B and then Airborne Warning and Control System (AWACS) as the SPO Director wrapping up my USAF career working passive Electronic Sensor Measures and delivering AWACS and Tankers to the Royal Saudi Air Force.

After fooling around as an engineer for a while, I moved over to Abacus Technology Corporation and began building their presence as an acquisition support and information technology company. I am currently a Vice President with them and run the business we built serving local Boston commercial customers and USAF clients at Hanscom, Wright-Patterson, Robins, Tinker, Scott, and Saudi Arabia (big time stuff in Saudi). It's 1997, wife's in grad school getting a Ph.D. Social Work, two grown kids (a MD and an Accountant), all healthy, and it's great to get up in the morning.

DRUE L. DeBERRY

Thirty-five years ago at the height of the Cold War, we of the Class of 1963 launched our military careers on a crest of idealism and belief in service to Country. I found my niche in strategic airlift flying as a navigator on C-135s, C-141s and C-5s. I enjoyed the airlift mission very much, finding both challenge and reward in shooting a tight three-star fix over the north Pacific, or sweating out climb clearances, critical fuel, and Estimated Time of Penetration (ETPs) over the North Atlantic, or delivering munitions and supplies in Vietnam. As a C-130 gunship navigator, I delivered some of those munitions directly to trucks, elephants and troops moving down the trails in Laos. I'm proud that the Fabulous Four-Engine Fighters, the Spectres, made a difference.

I tried to make a difference, too, as a history instructor and staff officer at the Academy. As the only USAFA instructor to ever have been dismissed from the Academy for Academic Deficiency, I had a special empathy for cadets in academic trouble, and I worked hard at counseling and extra instruction to spare my students some of my own experiences. In a subsequent USAFA assignment, I managed the design, construction, and funding of the Academy Visitors' Center. Starting from scratch, we completed the project with gift dollars in sixteen months. The Academy Visitors' Center was subsequently selected as the outstanding design project for the Air Force and DOD for 1986. I'm very proud of my work on this project for our Alma mater. In addition to flying and teaching, I had Air Staff assignments in the Office of Air Force History, and in the Long Range Plans Division. In the course of a week I went from writing about Air Force activities in Vietnam twenty years earlier to working on plans for Air Force activities in Europe twenty years in the future. I soon discovered that in most cases the questions remain the same, but the answers changed. As I watched television coverage of the destruction of the Berlin Wall in 1989 and the reunification of Germany in 1990, I recalled being in East Berlin in 1961 on a cadet field trip just before the Wall went up. And I recalled classmates and others who gave their lives during the Cold War in defense of freedom. I retired from the Air Force in 1988, thankful for having had the opportunity to serve our country, and proud of the contributions that we as a class made to the defense of our nation. I was blessed with a tremendous career, a wonderful wife who stood beside me every day of that career, and two healthy well-balanced children. No man could ever ask for more. Since retiring from the Air Force, I have worked in several management positions related to aviation. I'm now engaged in research and writing what may eventually lead to a novel on military aviation during World War II. Betty and I hope to remain in our home in Highlands Ranch until the last PCS.

2165 East Thistleridge Circle, Highlands Ranch, CO 80126, (303) 470-1667

LES DENEND

I currently {August 1997} serve as President and CEO of a Silicon Valley-based, computer-networking software company, Network General Corporation. Judy (nee Costello) and I celebrated our 33rd Wedding Anniversary last December. Our daughter, Kim, and her husband, Mike, live nearby in San Francisco. Their son and our grandson, Michael Lesley,

was born in November, 1995. Our son, Chris, and his wife, Lyn, were married in June 1996 and live even closer in Menlo Park.

I retired in July 1983. Two early promotions made it possible for me to retire as a Colonel. My Air Force career had three phases: flying, graduate school and teaching, and service in Washington, D.C. In August 1963, I left the US for a year's study in Germany as a Fulbright Scholar. I returned and entered UPT in 1964. In early 1966 I began instructing in the T-38 at Williams AFB, AZ. In 1969, I began the RF-4C Replacement Training Unit (RTU) course at Mountain Home AFB, ID. I flew nearly 200 missions from Udorn AB, Thailand in 1970-71, returning to the US to begin graduate school at Stanford. In 1974, I was selected a White House Fellow and spent a year as the Executive Assistant to the Assistant to the President for International Economic Affairs. I then joined the Economics Faculty at the Air Force Academy, completing my Ph.D. and flying the T-37. Early in 1977, I was invited to join the National Security Council staff. After two years, I became Dr. Brzezinski's Special Assistant. At the end of the Carter Administration, I became the AF member of the Chairman's Staff Group for then JCS Chairman, General David Jones (USAF). I returned to the White House after General Jones retired, working on economic policy in the Reagan Administration until I retired.

Upon retiring, I joined McKinsey and Company and was elected a partner in December 1984. I left the firm in January in 1989 to become a Vice President at 3Com Corporation. Two years later I became President and Chief Executive Officer (CEO) of a public company, Vitalink Communications. After merging Vitalink with a larger networking company, I left and joined Network General Corporation in February 1993. I became its President in June 1993.

I joined the USAA board of directors in 1996. I am also a member of the Board of the Silicon Valley Chapter of the American Leadership Forum, a broad-based collection of leaders who have come to gather to build community in the Valley.

TOM DERIEG

After graduation, Bob Malone and I took a Space-A trip to Tokyo, and I then entered UPT with A Class at Willy. After UPT graduation Peggy and I got married in St. Louis, Space-A'd to Hawaii for our honeymoon, drove to Tinker for C-124 school, made a pass through Stead AFB, NV, and reported to Tachikawa AFB, Japan. Tachi was a fun three years staging at Clark AFB, PI, or Bangkok, and shuttling outsize cargo to the many new bases opening in the 65-67 time period. Our son, Tom, was born just before we left Tachi. He is a structural engineer with FedEx in Memphis after spending five years at Boeing.

After Japan we went to Squadron Officers School (SOS) and then spent a year at Hill AFB, UT flying low and slow across the Pacific primarily transporting Huey's {Ed. note: UH-1, Army helicopters} from Ft. Hood to Qui Nhon and bringing Huey carcasses back to the repair depot in California. At Hill our daughter Karen was born. She is now an MD in Charlottesville, VA.

After resigning from the USAF, we packed a U-Haul and headed for the Harvard Business School MBA program in Boston. We spent two great years in Boston going to school. I flew with the Reserves at Hanscom Field and used the G.I. Bill to pay the bills.

In 1971, I joined Eastern Airlines as a Project Engineer. I moved almost immediately into the Maintenance side of the business moving up to become the Director of Maintenance for Eastern's southern region. In 1974 the man who hired me at Eastern moved to National Airlines and hired me as the Director of Line Maintenance at National.

By 1976, the entrepreneurial bug led my old roomie, Mike Bock, and I to buy a restaurant equipment sales and leasing company in Denver. We kept that company until 1984. We also started and sold several other small businesses. In 1984 we had sold Denver businesses, and I got back into aviation as Director of Maintenance and Engineering at Frontier Commuter Airline. In 1985 we moved to Orlando, FL where I was VP of Maintenance and Engineering for Florida Express. In 1987 I joined Aloha Airlines in Honolulu as Senior VP of Operations. Our seven years there included occasional additional duties such as serving as the President of Aloha Island Air, a subsidiary commuter airline.

In 1994, again following a boss, I went to America West Airlines as a Senior VP of Operations. In 1996 the boss left America West, and I decided to leave also. Peg and I wanted to stay in Phoenix and I joined Sabreliner Corporation as Group Vice President of Commercial Aviation. Our biggest project at the moment {July '97} is starting Dimension Aviation in Goodyear, AZ, where we are converting former passenger

DC-10s and MD-11s into freighters for FedEx and Korean Airlines. We have delivered one airplane and have five in work.

Peg and I really enjoy Phoenix. I serve on the Board of Directors of the Valley of the Sun YMCA and am on the Arizona State East Campus Advisory Board. ASU's east campus is at the old Williams AFB, so we have come nearly full circle.

BOB DESANTO

This is a summary of the major events in the life of Bob DeSanto since 5 June 1963. Shortly after graduation, I married the former Irene Schumann of Duluth, MN and in the fall of 1963 we were off to UPT at Vance AFB, OK. From there I began my career as an "ATC Commando" spending twenty-two of my twenty-eight-plus years in Air Training Command. During my time in ATC I held every Wing level position from line IP to Wing/DO and numerous Director positions at the Command Level.

My only time away from ATC was one year in the tropics off SEA as an ALO/FAC and a four-year directed duty assignment following a master's program at Texas A&M.

On 1 October 91, I retired at Randolph AFB, TX and moved to Mesa, AZ. Since then I have enjoyed my three successful daughters and my five grandchildren. Lowering my golf handicap has become a major priority!

I have been an IP or Aircraft Commander in the following weapon systems: T-37, T-38, T-39, T-41, F-4C, and F-4D, and the O-1E.

JAMES H. DIFFENDORFER

Life is good! I have so much to be thankful for, among the blessings are: three self-sufficient children who have never had any serious problems, a super wife, one career in the bag and another I enjoy every day, a busy and challenging lifestyle, and a good health. After being single for six years, I married Marcia in Nov. '96—a Granny with Gusto!! She has two grown daughters, one married with the cutest little girl in the world! My, what fun it is to be a granddad? I look back on my 26 years in the AF with great satisfaction. I enjoyed it all, particularly, the last four in Germany. Flying the B-52 wasn't really so bad, alert duty was not fun; although I used that time wisely. The Attaché job in Bonn was a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Living in the NW is wonderful, 'cept for the rapidly growing gridlock in the Seattle area. The area offers so much in stuff to do. We enjoy skiing the most, always plenty of snow. We camp, hike, and bicycle and are looking forward to the day when we can have a truck and camper, maybe no house for a couple of years, and just GO. Huge thanks to the guys who put this document together. Cheers to All.

JOSEPH PATRICK DONAHUE III CS 23

(KNOWN AS "CHUCK," SOMETIMES AS "SQUATTY BODY")

After UPT in 1964, I felt I would be "SAC-imcised" for life with a B-52 assignment at Biggs and later at Griffis. Then, the war in SEA got me a PACAF C-130 assignment for 2 1/2 years on Okinawa (and 542 missions in Nam) with my biggest thrill being shot down at Kham Duc in May 68. My crew survived a 4-engine-out crash landing, and we were hoisted away amid the chaos by a Marine CH-46. (Didn't even get credit for the day in Nam because it was less than a 15-day-minimum block required by the AF rules!)

I went to USC Graduate Program at night while on Okinawa (with thanks to Ann for attending all those classes for me when I was off-island) and got my MS. I left active duty the summer of '70 and started with Frontier Airlines in a career that lasted 14+ years before their shutdown in '86. A few months later I started with America West Airlines and stayed with them until they announced bankruptcy in '91. Being an old guy of 50 by then, I figured I should try to get with another company to finish my career, before AWA shut the doors like Frontier. I had the good fortune to get hired by Southwest Airlines. I upgraded to B-737 Captain in '96 for the third time at 3 airlines (hopefully the last) and will hate leaving in '01.

Along the way, Ann and I managed to have 4 wonderful daughters. Reina (Tulane) and Scott had 2 grandsons for us (JD and Sean). Maureen (my '89 USAFA grad) is in a great career with GE in Seattle, and a Reservist at McChord. Cristina (Loyola Marymount) is in the movie business with a Film Production Company assisting in the production of commercials. My little Meghan is a High School Junior with her eyes on

attending Denver University, which incidentally, absorbed Ann's old school, Colorado Women's College about twenty years ago! I managed to get 28 years in the Reserves as an ALO for USAFA and the ROTC counseling program. As a family we've been able to visit Asia, South America, and Europe. I even visited the Irish area near Killarney, the "olde sod", where there is, and I'd swear on a leprechaun's gold, a Donahue castle still standing! It's been a great life after USAFA, and that foreknowledge would have made Doolie training a little easier.

ROBERT STEVE DOTSON

Flying: '63-'70—From the beginning of UPT at Willy, until I finished my tour in SEA, I spent seven years on active duty in the cockpit. It was a wonderful time. I enjoyed teaching student pilots to fly the T-38 White Rocket at Laughlin for five years, and flying the magnificent F-105 Thunderchief in combat was, by any measure, an extraordinary experience. Although the country was trying desperately to free itself from a fight that was as badly chosen as it was nobly intended by the time I got to SEA in 1969, on a personal level, my year in that fight had deep and lasting effects.

Graduate School: '70-'72—Relying on Mick Roth's advice about the value of a degree from the Harvard Business School to an Air Force career, I completed the two-year MBA program in 1972. It changed how I look at the way things work ever since.

Air Staff: '72-'76—My 4-year tour at HQ, USAF was a mixed bag. In Studies and Analysis, the work leading to the decisions to bring the A-10, F-16, and AWACS into the inventory was highly challenging and rewarding personally. But, too many of the senior officers I encountered there were disappointing. I decided to become a civilian and a Reservist.

Air Force Reserve: '76-'93—I had a superb second career in uniform, serving in both the Air Force Reserve and, briefly, in the Air National Guard. My promotion to Brigadier General in the Air Force Reserve led to outstanding experiences in working to improve the air defenses of the United States, serving two Superintendents at the USAFA and at the end working for the USAFE Commander.

Defense Budget: '76-'97—In my parallel career as a civilian, I participated in many battles to forge 20 annual defense budgets out of policies and programs that could stand economic scrutiny. The work took me from the White House staff (in the Office of Management and Budget) to Capitol Hill (working on the Senate Committee on Armed Services) and back again. In the process, I was present at the creation of US Transportation Command and was involved in decisions to improve airlift and sealift greatly, by procuring fast sealift ships (that proved invaluable in the Gulf War) and the C-17 transport.

Retirement: '93 and '97—I retired from the Air Force Reserve in 1993 and from the White House Staff in 1997, having been in public service for nearly 34 years. Looking back, I am gratified by my twin careers, in uniform and in mufti. I am now enjoying life, finding pleasure in the company of three adult children, in adventuring with my two young sons, in marveling at my four grandchildren and in writing a novel about the sixties that I hope to finish next year.

LOGAN EUGENE DOWNING

Born June 18, 1941 in Hanford, CA to Anna Lee Downing, nee Logan, and Edwin Eugene Downing. Graduated from Avenal High School on June 5, 1959. Graduated from USAFA on June 5, 1963. Married Mary Kay Offutt, June 6, 1963.

Air Force career: UPT, Vance AFB, T-37, T-38, 1963-64. Pilot SAC, Pease AFB, B-47E, '64-'65. Pilot MATS/MAC, McGuire AFB, C-130E, '65-66. Lead Pilot Ranch Hand, RVN, UC-123, '66-'67. (Son, Jeffrey Eugene, born June 5, '67 now builds bridges as a CALTRANS engineer.) IP, ATC, Craig AFB, T-37, '68-'71. (Son, Keith Andrew, born July 26, 1970 is presently an art student in Portland, OR.) Instructor, Military Training, IP, T-41, Soaring, and UC-4B, pilot, USAFA, '71-'73. MBA, University of Colorado, '73. Student, USAF Test Pilot School, Edwards AFB, '74. Test Pilot, AFSC, XC-8A, C-130, C-131, T-37, Chief Wing Quality Control; Commander, OMS, Wright-Patterson AFB, '75-79. Squadron Chief Pilot, IP, MAC, Dyess AFB, C-130H, '80-'81. (Divorced in 1981, retained sole custody of my two sons.) Chief Pilot, IP, MAC, 54 WRS, Anderson AFB, Guam, WC-130, '81-'82. (Married Li Ching Shih, 1982.) Operations Officer, MAC, 33 ARRS, KC-130, Chief Maintenance, MAC, Kadena AFB, Japan, '82-'85. Retired, Lt. Col., January 31, 1985.

In 1985 we moved into our new home in Nevada City, CA. Jeff went to college, Keith to Junior High, and Li Ching got a job. I began a complete remodel of our new home. Before I finished I worked as a Mortgage Loan Officer. Then in 1986 I started California's twelfth micro-brewery. Elected to Board of Directors, Chamber of Commerce, '87-'88. Elected to City Council, '88-'92. Served as Vice-Mayor '91-'92. Divorced in 1991. Elected City Treasurer '94-'98 (still in office).

I married Susan on July 4, 1996 at a large Bar-B-Que. Party in our back yard. Our mothers were our witnesses. I sold Nevada City Brewing Company in January 1997.

Now that I'm totally retired I am finally finishing the remodeling and landscaping of our home. Almost complete is a 1100 sq. ft. two-story home brewery and work shop in the back yard. I drive a 1968 GTO convertible on weekend trips all over northern California. I enjoy my small mountain town, taking care of Sue. She owns and operates a successful business. We do weekly dinner parties, spend time with friends we've made over the years. We also spend time with her family and mine, as all live in northern California.

I don't own a computer and barely use the telephone. We visit and value our daily contacts with people. Come see us at 514 Long Street, Nevada City, CA 95959, telephone (916) 265-6875.

PAUL DRUCKER (Deceased)

Paul Drucker came to the USAF Academy straight out of Long Island, NY. We were in the same squadrons, first 11th and then 16th, all four years at the Academy. Following graduation Paul, Chief Nacrelli, and I drove our new cars down to Rockne, TX for Lloyd and Penny Probst wedding in Lloyd's hometown. We spent several days in the Texas "Hill Country" south of Austin, quite a cultural change for a couple of "Yankees" who never appreciated then-President Lyndon Baines Johnson much.

We also used some our graduation leave at Chief's home in Chester, PA and on the Jersey shore with Chief and Lee Adams. Paul was an enthusiastic, bright man who loved people. Being from New York, he was also a fast talker so we let him be our spokesman when the cops broke up our beach party one night near Wildwood.

Paul was killed on July 29, 1968 while on a test flight in a RF-4 at Kadena AB, Okinawa. He had flown 220 combat missions and was presented the Distinguished Flying Cross and thirteen Air Medals. He was survived by his wife, Clairrose, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. Peter Drucker.

DAN ECKLES

After graduation Dan immediately returned to Pendleton, OR to marry Waconda Hunt, his sweetheart of 7 years. After UPT at Laredo, TX Dan was assigned to Shaw Field, Sumter, SC to fly the F-4. Surprise, the F-4 turned into a RF-4, the newest plane in the inventory at that time. Dan and squadron mates were forced to fly commercial to St. Louis to pick up the new planes at McDonnell-Douglas. After a quick year of airplane checkout and becoming operationally ready, the entire 16th TRS deployed to Saigon in October 1965. Waconda and two sons returned to Oregon to stay until Dan returned. Thank heavens for short tours. After getting time-off for missions over North Vietnam, Dan was reassigned to Alconbury, UK to continue flying the RF-4C. The Alconbury tour was great, with numerous deployments to Spain, Germany, etc. and lasted four years.

Wanting to expand beyond the recce arena, Dan was selected to serve on the TAC IG from 1970-1972. Wanting to get into fighters somehow and telling Waconda that the F-111 would never go to war in Vietnam (it had already been there unsuccessfully) Dan volunteered to go to Nellis AFB, NV, and fly the F-111A. Of course he had lied to his wife, and within a year returned to Takhli RTAFB, Thailand, for Linebacker II. Waconda, now with four kids, decided to stay put in Las Vegas. No short tour this time around. Dan spent 365 days in-country prior to returning stateside to Nellis, where he got his hands dirty as an IP, maintenance squadron commander, head of the Wing Quality Control Branch and command center official. In 1975, Dan attended Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, VA, and was forced to pull a subsequent joint staff assignment in Hawaii, working the Pacific Command Staff, initially as a shift officer and then in the planning and scheduling section for Pacific Command Reconnaissance efforts. Many trips to Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Alaska, etc., later, the Eckles clan was reassigned in 1980 to Hollaman AFB, NM. Dan started out as a maintenance squadron

commander (again—not much progress, here) and finished up as Assistant Deputy Commander for Operations.

In 1982, it was off to Maxwell and Air Command and Staff for what was left of the family (college was starting to thin out the ranks). Graduation saw the family moving to Bergstrom AFB, TX where Dan was the DCO and Waconda did her best to run the wives club. The family numbers continued to dwindle down (now the oldest two were gone).

The end of 1985, Dan was asked to return to the F-11 (D model this time) as the Vice Commander of the 27th TFW at Cannon AFB, NM. This move left only one child at home. In the spring of 1986, Waconda was diagnosed as having Multiple Sclerosis, and this only made the decision to retire that much easier. It was time. Dan and Waconda returned to Oregon, and after their last child left home, moved to their current address in Albany, OR.

Since 1990, Dan has served part-time as a City Administrator for a small Oregon city in the Willamette Valley. Waconda has also worked part-time as an educational assistant at a local school district.

One of the big reasons for retirement and returning to Oregon was to give the kids a "home base" which has worked out quite well. All four children completed college and work somewhere in the Northwest, and each is within one day's drive. The only daughter has married, and Waconda wants you all to know that she has three very eligible and successfully employed sons she wants married.

As Dan said at his retirement, it has been great. His flying, friends, and family made for a super twenty-four-year career. He and Waconda say hello to all their friends from past years and say a prayer for our fallen comrades, their families and friends.

MEETING LUCKY EKMAN IN THAILAND CIRCA 1965

by Randy Reynolds '63

Perhaps this could be called the search for Lucky. He certainly was. In the Spring of 1966 I was on a big gaggle out of Takhli going 'downtown' [Ed: Hanoi, North Vietnam], and Lucky was on the Korat part of that mission. As we were inbound, almost to the Red River and Thud Ridge, we heard that call that would send tingles up your spine: "He's got a good chute," and "I've got a beeper." Lucky got hammered up near the Black River. He was just outside that point where rescue was impossible. Someone else was also shot down that day but farther into Route Pack Six A, and he was not rescued. The Jolly Greens managed to get Lucky out, and I assumed that was the end of his combat tour, but you'd have to ask him. It wasn't until much later that I found out the fellow shot down was Ekman.

My mission ended up an abort. Just at the time we went over to strike frequency, I think it was channel 13 that day, I didn't hear from flight lead. He waggled me over and indicated he had lost his radio. I tried briefly to contact him on guard and other channels but to no avail. The only sensible thing was to lead him back to Thailand, which ended up being a mess. I had to find some suitable "alternate" target to drop our six 750s on and that left us needing post-strike refueling. The tanker was not on station. Eventually we landed at Udorn. That evening I flew back to Takhli, and the next morning was on the rescap mission for the other fellow. I think it was the first of June.

All this had begun at Nellis AFB. I arrived at Nellis in September 1964 to begin my F-105 checkout and gunnery training. That was one of the sweetest times of my life. I was one of six brown bars who were in the first class of second lieutenants right out of UPT to go to Thuds. (We didn't call them that in those days.) Lucky showed up about two months later and was in the next class. When I got my assignment to Japan in January, I was disappointed because I wanted to go to Germany. The very next week we got a secret briefing on the use of F-105s out of Kadena and Yokota who were flying combat missions over Vietnam and Laos. We were even shown gun camera footage of someone strafing barges. In the film clips we fledgling fighter pilots recognized the gun sight of the F-105. The boys who were going to Germany (assignments were in alphabetical order by the way) wanted to trade assignments with me. I forgot about Lucky and his class until very much later. I had my first taste of Thailand about six weeks after I arrived in Japan. My squadron, the 35TFS (Panthers) was in Takhli at the time, and I was temporarily assigned to the 80th (Headhunters). I wrangled a trip to Takhli in late June to meet my new squadron mates. They were just getting ready to go back home, their 60-day TDYs were up. The 36th (Puykin Pups) was going to replace them for the next tour. In those days the air war was not as intense as it soon came to be.

I didn't get back to Takhli until October that year and one of the first people I bumped into was Lucky Ekman. He was TDY from the States, and his squadron was rotating back to Seymour Johnson (I think that is where they were out of. Time has affected my memory, but the biggest loss was when all my personal records of my missions were shredded by an over zealous Weapons Officer during an ORI at Yokota.) Lucky had a lot of tic marks on his Aussie campaign hat (bush hat), and I was quite envious since, at that moment I had only two non-counter missions. He left Takhli and must have done an immediate PCS to Korat with the 388th TFW. When the 35th's tour came to an end we were told to leave our jets for the newly formed 355th TFW, and when we got home we were sorely short of planes to fly. I didn't see Lucky again until many years later at George AFB, CA. What struck me was his grit to come right back to SEA on a PCS tour. I seem to recall that he was well on his way to being the first F-105 pilot to get two hundred Rolling Thunder missions when he was shot down. I was quite relieved when we heard he had been picked up, not so much that it was Ekman, because at the time I didn't know who it was, but because it was the farthest north anyone had been rescued up to that date. That was sort of reassuring.

{Ed: Prior to the arrival of air-refueling equipped HH-3E, Jolly Green helicopters, rescue depended on HH-43B helicopters that refueled in clandestine "Lima sites" in Laos and they couldn't get any further into North Vietnam .}

JOHN L. EDWARDS

After USAFA, John went to graduate schools, receiving an MSEE from Oklahoma State in 1965 and an MBA (high honors) from Boston University in 1969. Also during 1965-1969 he was assigned to Electronics Systems divisions of the Air Force Systems Command (AFSC) primarily located at the "think tank" MITRE Corporation in Bedford, MA. His assignments were new technology projects, principally airborne telemetry relay program developments under contract with industry in support of the early GEMINI space missions. He flew as a project manager on these airborne programs outside the US but not in Vietnam.

He resigned as a Captain from the USAF in 1969 and began working with the early stage information technology/medical technology companies in Massachusetts. In 1971 he joined a medical computer subsidiary of Cooper Laboratories, Inc. becoming President in 1973 and selling its assets in 1974. Then he became an officer of the parent company and spent three years in successive corporate staff positions as V.P. Corporate Development, V.P. Financial Relations, Corporate Treasurer and Corporate Secretary of that New York Stock Exchange (NYSE)-listed company.

In 1977 he returned to line management as the first Chief Operating Officer of Cooper Vision, a \$25 million sales ophthalmic pharmaceuticals and contact lens manufacturing subsidiary located in Silicon Valley, CA. Cooper Vision later became a billion-dollar sales, NYSE-listed company before a hostile takeover in the late 1980s.

As Vice President of the parent company in 1979, John co-managed the \$100 million cash divestiture of a separate \$34.0 million sales ethical pharmaceutical company to Schering, A.G. in Germany. Then, using some of the earmarked proceeds he started, took public, and built from 1980 to 1988 Cooper Biomedical, Inc., a medical products company. The growth strategy was to build a clinical diagnostic operating business and fund, with its operating earnings, the biotechnology development of a yeast recombinant DNA-based pharmaceutical for the treatment of the disease, emphysema. In the early '80s he built Biomedical to sales in the \$30.0 million range and sponsored the formation of an affiliated biotechnology company, Liposome Development Company. In 1983, Biomedical carried out an initial public offering managed by Lehman Brothers, E. F. Hutton and was listed on the NASDAQ National Market as an independent public company. During the next five years, through organic growth and acquisitions, he built this company, renamed Cooper Development Company, to sales of approximately \$500.0 million. During 1988 and 1989, the operating business and biotechnology developments were sold and all bank debt and high-yield debt used to finance the growth was repaid. The diagnostics business became part of the Bayer, Germany, world wide clinical diagnostic business.

After cashing out, John held venture/leveraged buyout investments in Prototek, a California biotechnology company, and in aerospace companies through Edwards Technologies, Inc. during 1990-1993 before joining Morrison International, Inc. as Chief Executive Officer. Morrison

is a prescription eyeglass company using new technology to break the business paradigms of high priced eyeglasses.

John is also a director of Optical Care Canada, Ltd., a director of Instant Vision, Inc., a director of Morrison International, Inc., a graduate of the International Young Presidents' Organization and a member of the World Presidents' Organization. John's four children range in age from 5 to 21 and is married to the former Suzanne J. Glazebrook of Philadelphia.

JOHN E. ELFERS

1959-My first clue about the spit-shined shoe.

1963-Still not quite ready for the real Air Force, I went to Purdue for nine months.

1964-Now I'm ready. Started UPT in 65F at Willie. Loved the T-38. Glad I did not fly the T-33.

1965-Became the Phantom back-seater along with the rest of my class. Got to move to Florida before I got my gray hair. Eglin was great.

1966-Back to school again in the last class at Stead AFB, NV survival school. Joined some of my classmates in the 389th TFS at Phan Rang. It was a great assignment. Only had a slight problem with the weeds growing up between the cracks of the plywood floors of our hootch. A sad note was the loss of our classmate, Gene Knudson.

'66-'67-Our unit moved to Danang. Missions became more challenging with the liberal addition of flights over North Vietnam.

'67-'69-Moved to George AFB, CA. Always wanted to live in California. Did not think I would, but loved flying the T-33 for the next 1,000 hours. This was the attack version, hence AT-33. It was complete with two 50 cal. machine guns, practice bombs and rockets. What a Bird? Our unit was the fearsome Teenie Tigers, and our mission was lead in training for multi-engine pilots going into the F-4. Met my wife-to-be, Dottie, at a wedding in Denver.

1969-Wanted to make lots of money. Was hired by TWA.

1970-Laid off by TWA.

'71-'75-Became a poor dental student at Marquette.

'75-'76-Part-time dentist and part-time Dental school clinical professor.

'76-'80-Called back to TWA. Changed domiciles from LAX to ORD.

1980-Laid off by TWA. This is getting to be a bad habit.

1981-Bought a dental practice in Reedsburg, WI. Little did I think I would ever be working in the town where I went to high school.

'82-'91-Flew C-130As and H-2s in the 440TAW at Milwaukee.

Great group of guys. Lots of good low-level flying terrorizing the cows on our way to the drop zone in Central Wisconsin. Also great flying to Europe, the Caribbean, Central and South America.

1990-Married my Honey, Dottie. That's right, she was the one I met in 1967.

1991-Bought a farm. So now we are in the horse and sheep business. We are about six miles from the office, so I can always ride a horse to work if I have to. My 1963 Vette from Daniels in Colorado Springs is getting a little old and is not as dependable as it used to be.

DENNIS D. FENDELANDER

My memories include flying C-130s as copilot at Cam Ranh Bay, RVN on a two-week rotation out of Naha, Japan. We were going through Tan Son Nhut on our way to Pleiku. Roger Sims '63 came out to the airplane looking for a ride to Pleiku. Seems like the command post wouldn't honor his orders and told him to ask the crew. I said we'd be happy to take him. I checked with the aircraft commander, who figured that anyone who wants to spend some time in Pleiku should be afforded the opportunity. We charged off and in cruise the A/C let me in the left seat and Roger in the right while the A/C sat in the engineer seat between us. We gave Roger some stick time and a little checkout. On descent the A/C asked him if he wanted the landing. He said sure, and he did a great job on the approach and landing. I think he enjoyed flying himself into Pleiku.

Spent time flying Lamplighter and BlindBat missions out of Ubon with occasional visits to Bangkok where I met my lovely bride, Somchit. I went to NKP as an O-2 FAC flying over the Trail. I soon went TDY to Ubon, where I got to revisit more of the guys assigned to the C-130 and F-4 squadrons. Willie Parma was kind enough to give me a ride in the F-4 on a FCF. While I was at Ubon, I spent some time trying to get some visual

rece of the area where Tom Mitchell's C-130 went down over Laos but couldn't find any thing.

Got sent to Bien Hoa into a rocket-watch detachment, then knew I really had come full circle. I was back in Ba Muy Ba instead of Singha. I was flying as a FAC in O-2s in Bien Hoa. Denny King passed through and asked me if I wanted to see Song Be. Having heard so much about it, I knew it was on the "must see" list; Denny was an O-1 FAC working with Special Forces. I went there with him and he showed me the base and surrounding area. He was a terrific tour guide, and I had a great time. It was uncharacteristically peaceful and scenic. I got to see how the other half lived and managed to leave before it got interesting. Hey, if I wanted to stay up all night in a bunker, I would have stayed at Bein Hoa.

Got a job with United when I got back, later joined the Reserves, and then the Guard in Van Nuys, CA with Stinky Steinbrink and Jim Bodnar. Flying now out of LAX but soon will be in MIA. Looking forward to the next reunion.

RICHARD J. FERENCY

My hometown is Terre Haute, Indiana. My parents still live there. I went to grade school and high school in Terre Haute. My wife, the former Linda Rae Hadley, and I met in Garfield High School. We went steady in high school, became engaged at the Air Force Academy, and were married at the Broadmoor Chapel on graduation day in 1963. We have two children. Our daughter, Garrie Jo, was born in 1964. Our son, Michael Scott, was born in 1966. I graduated from the 23rd Squadron at the Academy and reported in to Class 65B at Vance AFB, OK. From Enid, we were assigned to MAC at Charleston AFB, SC. While at Charleston, I flew the C-124 and C-141, and I served a brief tour as the aide-de-camp for General McBride. In 1966, I was assigned to Vietnam where I flew the C7A, otherwise known as the Caribou, out of Vung Tau. From Vietnam, we went to Norton AFB in San Bernadino, CA in the C-141. In November, 1968, I went to work for American Airlines. For 21 years I flew out of American's New York base and we lived in Connecticut. While in Connecticut I also had a part time residential building business. In 1989, we moved to Daytona Beach, FL. I am based in Miami as a B-767 Captain. We have lived in Spruce Creek, a fly-in community, at 3313 Oak Vista, Daytona Beach, FL since 1990. Over the years as hobbies I have enjoyed fishing, water skiing, hunting, tennis, golf, and gardening, recently I have taken up shotgun shooting in trap, skeet, and sporting clays. Our plans are to stay here in Florida after retirement from American Airlines.

BILL FLYNN

JFK—hats in the air—gold bars—VW Beetle—Enid, Oklahoma—Hummers—spins—SFOs—initial solo&dunk—A&W drive-in—the drag—great locals—Toastmasters—Talons—a mile behind—g-suits and lightning bolts—tentative swagger—poker Fridays—formations—salty suits—number 4, echelon left—silver wings—new Vette—IPIS—silver bars—other side of the table—close encounters—night legs—back seat, no flaps—flatland cross winds—flight physical—PCS, San Antonio—VW again—pencil pilot—ATC DCS/P—volunteer Baxter county Jail—3/16/68—Warrant Officer Hugh Thompson, chopper pilot—new path—PCS, University of Texas, Austin, graduate student—Counselor Career & Guidance Center—halfway house, mentally retarded men—bus driver—"independence coach"—Pygmalion Effect—new perspectives—simpler appreciation—met Pam, "click"—internship, Department of Corrections, Huntsville—small town—conservative—"two month haircuts"—PCS, Houston—mental health clients—"the mind is a..."—PCS, Austin again—Director of the halfway house—new path—mentally retarded teachers—group intelligence—synergy—learned a lot—new job—faculty member, U. T. and instructor staff development, State Rehabilitation Office—learned American Sign Language—orientation of new counselors—elected Delegate to the White House Conference, Persons with Disabilities—appointed advisor, Windam School District, Corrections Department—PCS, Dallas—Coordinator, regional continuing education, rehabilitation counselors, School of Allied Health Sciences—first marriage—Pam married me—friends gathered, "click"—PCS Celle, Germany—Pam, Staff geologist, Mobil Oil—new path—Hausman—learned German—great friends—traveled Europe—Ireland twice—Erin is born—new path—astonishing new insights—mind bogging—PCS, Dallas again—renovated old house—Erin starts school—Board of Directors, Montessori School—"spare time" for counseling—developed training

programs—Career Planning and MBTI—PCS, Stavanger Norway—Pam, senior geologist—new path—wonderful country—deep fjords—deeper spirits—runes—amazing people—first male member of The Petroleum Wives Club—performed with the British theater group—Trustee. American School—grilled salmon—horizontal rain—nightless summers—skiing—coastal steamers—narrow roads—spiced wine—waterfalls—winter candles—the king's funeral—the Wall comes down—PCS, Germany again—Pam, supervising geologist—hamlet life—Erin in local German schools—learns German—corrects mine—neo-Nazi—"hate graffiti" on school—foreigners, refugees, and Turks targeted—taught conversational English in Volkshochschule—Rue de Vin—Maginot Line—tried watercolors—more acting—PCS, Virginia—Pam, Chief Geologist—outside the beltway—renewed old friendships—Erin, John Hopkins gifted student—artist, writer, linguist, scientist and scholar—D. C. Dichotomies—power—privilege—art—theater—poverty—concerts—soup kitchens—history—wealth—museums—nearby battle fields—rolling hills—goldfire Autumns—more acting, Vienna Theater Company—PCS, Dallas—Pam, V.P. for Mobil, New exploration Ventures—Erin, philosopher, humorist. negotiator, entering high school—transitions.

And so the journey through the wormhole of a flashing, blinking memory slows to a more tolerable pace. What a kick, remembering the bits and pieces, people and places, friends, impressions, twists and turns. So much was never, in my wildest dreams, anticipated. I try to live in the present, value the past and connect to the future. I've really been very lucky!

GENERAL RONALD R. FOGLEMAN

General Ronald R. Fogleman became the 15th Chief of Staff of the Air Force in October 1994. As chief, he served as the senior uniformed Air Force officer responsible for the organization, training and equipage of over 800,000 active duty, Guard, Reserve, and civilian forces serving in the United States and overseas. As a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he and the other service chiefs functioned as military advisors to the Secretary of Defense, National Security Council, and the President.

In early assignments, General Fogleman instructed student pilots, performed combat duty as a fighter pilot and high-speed forward air controller (FAC) in Vietnam and Thailand, flying a total of 315 combat missions. He returned to the United States in 1969 and attended Duke University where he obtained a master's degree in military history and political science. In 1971, General Fogleman served as an associate professor of history at the Air Force Academy. In later assignments, he conducted flight operations in Europe, including duty as an F-15 aircraft demonstration pilot for numerous international airshows. He attended the US Army War College in 1975. General Fogleman has commanded an Air Force Wing and Air Division, directed Air Force programs from the Pentagon, and served as commander of US Forces Korea, and commander of Korean and US air components assigned under the Combined Forces Command. Prior to becoming Chief of Staff, he was Commander in Chief, United States Transportation Command, and commander of the Air Force's Air Mobility Command (AMC).

General Fogleman is a command pilot with more than 6,500 flying hours in fighter, tanker and airlift aircraft. He is also a rated parachutist, wears the missile badge, and was awarded pilot wings from the Republic of Korea, Romania, and Thailand. His major military decorations and awards include the Defense Distinguished Service Medal with oak leaf cluster, Distinguished Service Medal, Silver Star, Legion of Merit with oak leaf cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross with oak leaf cluster, Purple Heart, Meritorious Service Medal, Air Medal with 17 oak leaf clusters, Aerial Achievement Medal, Air Force Commendation Medal with two oak leaf clusters, Vietnam Service Medal with three service stars, and the Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross with Palm. General Fogleman has also been awarded the Order of National Security Merit, Kooksun; Venezuelan Air Force Cross, First Class; Knight Grand Cross (First Class) of the Most Noble Order of the Crown of Thailand; Grand Cordon of the Rising Sun, Japan; Royal Order, First Class, of the Polar Star, Sweden; Legion of Merit, System of Cooperation among American Air Forces; and the Legion of Honor, with the rank of Commander, France. General Fogleman also received the Lance P. Sijan Leadership Award (senior officer category). He has also been a fellow of the Inter University Seminar on Armed Forces and Society, and was a member of the Council on Foreign Relations.

General Fogleman and his wife, Miss Jane, reside in Durango, CO.

JOHN M. FOX

It seems like yesterday that we threw our hats in the air, and I got a hop that same day to Europe. I started in Finland and then worked my way south through Munich, Paris, Barcelona, and finally Majorca—one of the my greatest experiences ever (and only spent \$400 in eight weeks because that was all I had!). That September went to UPT at Willy where I met a very dissolute group—namely, Ritchie, Arden, Thompson, and Allburn. I was saved later that same year by my future wife, Marci, who was a nurse at the base hospital. Then on to Laughlin as a T-38 IP. Marci and I were married and our two daughters, Anne and Kelly, were born in the base hospital. Although I loved the flying, I decided I probably was not a good long term fit in the Air Force.

The next stop was Denver as a stockbroker. That was an even worse fit (at the end of first six months I had only three clients) so I moved on to Standard and Poors as a security analyst in 1969. I liked the work but got an opportunity in 1971 to get in the energy business—specifically gas processing. Two other guys from Shell and I started the company and offered our services. The response was underwhelming, and we really struggled for the next 8 years until we got a good project in North Dakota—I was supposedly the financial guru of the company, which was laughable, but over the years had to assume many other duties as well. Our third child, Gregor, was born in 1971 and the 1970s and early 1980s were mostly family raising and work.

Late in 1986 I sold my interest in the company and we started a new company doing—surprise—gas processing! We have managed to do okay, and I am now trying to extricate myself from some of the day-to-day so that we can do some traveling. Anne is married and working at the company while Kelly is working on a master's degree here in Denver. Gregor is married and living in New Orleans and fixing up old houses.

Trying to not get too maudlin about this, I feel I have been truly blessed with a great family and being a member of the class of 1963. It was and is the finest group of people I have ever been associated with.

FRED FROSTIC

Fred Frostic is currently (1-20-97) the Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Requirements and Plans. He joined President Clinton's Administration in July 1994. After retirement from the Air Force in 1989, he became a Senior Engineer and Associate Program Director at RAND in Santa Monica, CA. During his time at RAND, he published 9 studies in strategy and force structure. His last assignment in the Air Force was as Commander of the Northeast Air Defense Sector. In his previous flying career, he served in six operational fighter wings in the CONUS, Europe and the Pacific accumulating approximately 3200 flying hours primarily in the F-4 and F-16. He flew 225 combat missions in SEA in the F-4C. In addition, he was the Deputy Director of the Chief of Staff's Study Group, a Deputy Division Director in the HQ USAF Center for Studies and Analyses, and an Assistant Professor of Engineering Science at the USAF Academy. He received a MS in Aerospace Engineering and nearly completed his doctorate from the University of Michigan, was an Honor Graduate from the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College and a Senior Research Fellow at the National War College. He was chosen as one of the Outstanding Young Men in America in 1970 and is included in Who's Who in America, 1997. He has been married to the former Linda Kay Snelson of Midwest City, OK for 33 years, and has two grown children, Melda Ann Thaler and Capt. Fred Frostic, Class of 1990, and two grandchildren. He currently lives in Falls Church, VA.

{Editor's note: Fred's was the first biography I received. As busy as he was then and is now, I figured getting a biography from all the rest of you would be a snap. Thanks, Fred.}

TOM FRYER

Greetings from Manhattan, KS, Home of the Kansas State University Wildcats. The past 35 years have been very good to me, but I still have vivid memories of the years 1959-1963 and some of the great times I had with the Class of 1963. A graduation picture of President JFK (presented by my son, Wesley, with the help of Wayne LeFors) hangs in my office at work and has sparked many interesting comments through the years, including some references to "Forest Gump!"

In 1984 I retired in Manhattan, KS, after spending my last USAF tour at Kansas State University as the Professor of Aerospace Science (PAS) of AFROTC (Jack McTasney did the same later). When Angie and I moved here in 1981, Wesley started 6th grade and Trudy was in pre-

school. After high school, Wesley graduated from USAFA in '92, is now married, teaches school, and does internet consulting in Lubbock, TX. He and Shelley will make us grandparents in December. Trudy, now 20, just completed her second year of college here at K-State.

One highlight of my flying career had to be 1966 flying F-4Cs in Thailand. I was in the 8th TFW and flew out of both Ubon and Udorn. Near the end of my tour I flew several missions with then Colonel Robin Olds who had recently arrived to command the 8th. Several classmates were in the wing at the same time. I got my 100 missions in 6 1/2 months and returned home in December 1966. {Editor's note: Early during the Vietnam War, 100 missions over North Vietnam qualified fighter pilots for a completed tour. This policy changed as the war continued.} (Each spring I am part of a panel of Vietnam Vets that makes 2-hour presentations to students in our local high school. Occasionally, we do the same for university classes at KSU). The years 1975-79 were also memorable with the T-37 squadron at Reese AFB. I was the Operations Officer when Prince Reza Pahlavi from Iran was a student pilot. Next was Columbus AFB where I was the Student Squadron Commander with the majority of the students being from Iran during the Iranian Revolution. Quite a memorable time too.

A great career broadening assignment was our 1971-74 USAFA tour where I taught in the Math Department and flew T-41s and T-39s. Many classmates were also there, and it was great to renew old friendships and enjoy spouses and children. Angie and I return almost every fall for a football game and mini-reunion with close friends. (We never tailgate there without remembering Jim and Gail Allburn & their crystal champagne glasses with KFC!)

Since 1984, I have been working for a Manhattan bank in several different capacities. {Editor's note: Tom and Angie spearheaded the Manhattan community's sponsorship of all the Fort Riley families when 16,000 soldiers in the Big Red One left for the Gulf War. An amazing effort that we can all learn from.} After several years in the Personal Banking Dept., I became licensed and now run the brokerage department. We merged with a Missouri bank several years ago, but my job stayed the same. The way the markets have performed the last couple of years, I see no reason to make a change.

Voice: 913-537-7146 (H) 913-587-1535 (W)

FAX: 913-597-1536

e-mail: fryers@konza.flinthills.com

ALLEN W. FULLERTON

1963: UPT at Reese—grounded as we started T-38s (dust/asthma)—took 3 months to get waiver to keep commission! However, no flying or navigating!

1964: Off to aircraft Maintenance Officer School at Chanute—MY LAST CHOICE—but honor graduate (big deal!). Then it was Eglin and air rescue service where I argued daily with the Lt. Col. ops officer over why the planes weren't ready (HH-43s, HC-54s and DC-130s, etc.)—I was the only nonrated officer in the unit. Put in for graduate school but got a remote assignment (MATS request). The doctors left it up to me, and I opted for a medical discharge. .} There was little time for planning—told on Wednesday I'd be discharged the following Friday! {Ed: Military Air Transport Service (MATS), later Military Airlift Command (MAC), still later Air Mobility Command (AMC) absorbed many specialized "services" like Air Rescue Service, Air Weather Service and Audio-Visual Service—unfortunately many officers' careers were ruined by these mergers in my humble opinion.} Adjusted to civilian world—big changes—"we were on our own."

1965: E I DuPont—Treasury Department in Wilmington, DE with finance school at night at the University of Delaware.

1967: Off to Cambridge, MA for an MBA at Harvard—terrific opportunity—great education with a very supportive wife and two kids!

1969: The Fullertons leave Cambridge for Summit, NJ. Pam (four), Wendy (two), Kathy, and Al (married six years). Al begins his Wall Street career! I knew this was a risky career but a good salesman survives: five firms in ten years; on my own as a trader on ACE and NYFE (New York's financial futures effort), and then creating a financial futures subsidiary for a British money broker. Financial difficulties there, so I searched for stability at a bigger firm. [As an aside, I used the rest of my VA in '75 to get into flying: multi-engine, instrument, and commercial ratings; had a Piper Aztec for seven years, now have 2100 hours total, primarily flying from NJ to our Cape Cod house; even Rusty Taylor checked me out!] So I joined Paine Webber in 1982 in a staff role and returned to Boston in sales

in 1983. I'm still walking to the office and enjoying the securities business despite its ups and downs!

Family: Daughters Pam and Wendy continue to amaze their proud father. Pam graduated from Boston College in 1986 and is now a partner of an advertising firm in Providence, RI. She was married in August 1992 and lives in Hopkinton, MA. Wendy graduated from the University of Vermont in 1989, conducted the most incredible job search I've ever seen, and is now a reporter for the Fort Meyer, FL newspaper. She loves the area and was married in 94.

Just ten days before the stock market fell in 1987, we learned that Kathy had cancer (multiple myeloma). She wanted to keep this private and told very few. I found that difficult, as some of you know. She kept going, eventually getting around with a cane, on crutches, and finally, with a walker, and working until she entered the hospital in July 1990, where she died that August. An incredible battle, a terrible disease—I lost a wonderful wife of 27 years, and we all lost a bubbly, funny, and energetic friend.

But, as "they" say, life goes on. In many ways I was very fortunate. Pam, Wendy, and other family got me going again, and before long I was dating. In September 1991 Paula and I were married. She's a terrific woman, a Boston College graduate and the director of catering at the Ritz-Carlton in Boston. Looking back, it's been quite a 35 years—very unpredictable. I feel very fortunate: super daughters, not one, but two great wives, and in a business that I love and do well in. I do a little flying. I'm trying harder to relax and enjoy life more. The big news recently is becoming a grandfather!! Jack and I haven't talked about AFA Class of 2019, but who knows?

P.S. Cancer, I've learned is an illness most people don't want to talk about. The odds indicate that some of you will unfortunately be more closely involved than you want. Please call me if I can ever be helpful to you.

TIMOTHY N. GALLAGHER

Wasn't it just yesterday!

I guess not. I've been flying airplanes for nearly 40 years now. The one in the picture is a Triple 7. They've all been pretty neat, but this one is the best.

Both daughters, Tiffany and Shannon, are happily married and in the airline business. My first wife, Roberta, is still married—to me—coincidentally, for 35 years! And my Mom and Dad, who sat in that new stadium on June 5, 1963, are doing well, still in my childhood Ohio home.

I recently celebrated my 29th anniversary with United Airlines. It is a great company, and what's best is that we own it. My job as Manager of Flight Operations Support and regulatory Affairs, in addition to Boeing 777 Captain, puts me in touch with many wonderful folks all around the airline industry. Most of the time, we get a chance to lead.

It has been my greatest delight to support USAFA in a number of ways since our graduation—the Association of Graduates, the Athletic Association and its Blue and Silver Club, and most recently, the Sabre Society. I recommend these opportunities highly. Talk to me about them if you are at all interested.

It is wonderful to see so many old friends doing so well. All of our class reunions have been terrific events, thanks to the organizers and those who attend. We look forward to seeing you at the reunion.

JAMES C. GASTON

Part way through UPT at Vance, I made my one really smart career move: I caught my high school flame, Mary Joe Lakey, in a weak moment and made her my bride. We have three lifetime gifts: Erin, born while I was instructing in T-38s at Moody; Matthew, born while I was flying F-100s in Vietnam; and Patrick, born while I was in grad school at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

After Rensselaer, I taught for several years in the Department of English at USAFA. Those Academy years included Ph.D. studies (at the University of Oklahoma) and flying (in T-birds, T-39s, and T-41s). I also taught for a couple of years at the National Defense University, where I retired from in 1987.

Afterward, I continued writing and coaching other writers. In 1994 I began a company, Word One Associates, that makes marketing and training programs on compact discs.

All of us have had some rewards and disappointments, but I've been much more fortunate, finally, than I deserved. With the family that has

surrounded me, most any work would have seemed worthwhile. And I honestly enjoyed the work I found in the Air Force almost every day of the twenty-four years.

I think most of us were a little dreamy in 1963. No one made it to a new world. But I recall enough, difficult, selfless acts that members of our class did do, and I know we have plenty to be proud of, plenty to be thankful for.

GRADY W. GAULKE

In the USAF I was privileged to fly KC-135s and F-4s. A favorite job in the Air Force was Aerospace Manager at Seymour Johnson AFB.

As an avocation I enjoy building houses. I am President and CEO of a small Texas corporation called New Growth Properties. My wife of 33 years, Paula, is hinting at a hostile takeover!

I was inspired to teach school out in the country. I just love it—the students are great. We have small town values and parental support. My goal is to inspire 2 or 3 students to attend USAFA each year from La Vernia H. S.

I was honored to be asked to make the motivational send off speech to the new cadets of the class of 2001 from the San Antonio area and south Texas region. We have seventeen cadets entering 2001 and Uncle Grady was privileged to give them their send-off preparation.

We continue to be an Air Force family. Older son Robert, Capt USAF, is stationed with the Phillips Laboratory at Maui as a Computer Systems Engineer. Younger son Gary, 2nd Lt USAF, Class of '97, is a Civil Engineer at Laughlin AFB. Daughter-in-law Kimberlee, Class of '97, is in UPT at Laughlin AFB.

I am privileged to serve as a deacon and Sunday School teacher at our local church and sing bass in a gospel quartet. (We do have bookings available!) Most rewarding thing I've done recently was to serve as a counselor for people who have come forward at the South Texas Billy Graham Crusade.

CHARLES L. GEBHARDT, III

UPT at Williams AFB, Class 65B. Assigned to MATS at Mc Chord AFB flying C-124's to Vietnam and Alaska. After two years it was Vung Tau, Vietnam flying CV-2Bs with the Army; when the Air Force took over the operation, the planes became C-7s. Most of the flying was in III and IV Corps (around Saigon and the Delta). After two assignments flying recips I was rewarded with an assignment as a B-52G Aircraft Commander at Loring AFB, ME, and I could hardly spell SAC. Three months after my marriage, I went to ARC Light (B-52D) for six months. While in Thailand I was selected to attend the USAF Aerospace Research Pilot School and returned from Guam just in time to spend a week at Brooks AFB for a physical and two weeks at Pease AFB for a T-33 checkout. After a year of schooling at Edwards (T-33, T-38, F-104 and others), it was off to Kirtland AFB and special purpose (read funny looking) NC/NKC-135s at the AF Special Weapons Center and the birth of our daughter, Ursula. Staying in Systems Command I became the Government Flight Representative/Chief of Safety and Flight Operations at AFPRO Boeing Seattle. The flying included Peace Station (KC-707s for Iran), EC-137 (AWACS prototype), E-4, E-3 and monitoring the YC-14 and Compass Cope Programs. Between flying and monitoring, I completed an MBA at Seattle University.

Back to Edwards as Deputy Chief of Operations at the Test Pilot School and instructing in the KC-135, T-38 and the classroom. At this point a major decision was made and I resigned from the Air Force and went to work for the Boeing Military Airplane Company. The flying included B-52, KC-135 (first flights in E and R models), 707, 747, 727, (C-22), A-6, and corporate flying in everything from Cessna 210 to Lear Jets and Citations. Our son, Leo, was born in Wichita. While in Kansas I flew KC-135s for the Air National Guard getting enough time for a reserve retirement as a Lt Col. Transferring to Seattle and the Boeing Commercial Airplane Company, I continue to fly military derivatives (E-3, E-6, VC-25, E-767, KC-135) and have the opportunity to fly and test brand new commercial airplanes (737 to 777). Two years ago I was honored to be made a Fellow of the Society of Experimental Test Pilots. Presently I am Chief Pilot for Military and Special Projects for the Boeing Commercial Airplane Group.

DONALD L. GORDON

After graduation it was off to Big Spring, TX for UPT. In Sept. '64, proudly wearing pilot wings, Alamogordo, NM was my next assignment with stops in Reno for survival training and Tucson for F-4 training. I soon found out that TAC meant TDY—Sept through Dec '65 in Alaska for air defense alert. Mar '66 brought a trip to Vietnam. We deployed from Alamogordo to Phan Rang, arriving on Mar 11th, my 26th birthday. In Oct the squadron moved to Danang for missions up North, mostly at night. In Jan '67 I was off to Spangdahm, Germany, unfortunately, still a Weapons System Operator (WSO). Eighteen months later, I transferred to Bitburg AB—gigantic PCS move of 6 miles, but finally to a front-seat. However, the joys were short lived as I was selected to be a squadron IP about six months later. December '69 brought another PCS and change in career fields. It was off to graduate school in mathematics at the University of Arizona at Tucson (a very fortuitous move it turns out). Summer of '71 found me in the Math Dept at USAFA for an interesting and enjoyable tour. Besides teaching, I was involved in the airmanship programs instructing in T-41s and flying T-33s. The year to get back to the F-4 was realized in the summer of '74 with an assignment to Udorn, Thailand with training stops at Phoenix for F-4 recurrency and Clark AB, PI, for jungle survival school. By the time I got there the action in SEA had ceased, so the tour was mostly a quiet one. The only excitement was the Mayaquez incident. Saigon fell also during this time, but I was stateside on medical leave recovering from pneumonia. With the Thailand bases closing down in the summer of '75, I was reassigned to Tampa, FL, and the F-4 RTU business (forever destined for the back seat!). In the spring of '80 I was selected to go to the Dominican Republic as the senior Air Force advisor to the MAAG. First, however, it was off to Monterey, CA for six months of Spanish language training at DLI and DISAM training at Wright-Patterson AFB, OH. Arriving in Santa Domingo in Dec 80 started an opportunity of a lifetime to become immersed in another culture. I enjoyed the Latin American experience so much that in the summer of '84 I went to Albrook AFS in Panama as the Deputy Commandant of Operations and Training. Three years later in Aug 87, I returned to the states assigned to Sumpter, SC (another fortuitous move). After two years in a TACC, I decided it was time for the big career move and retired at the end of July 1989.

On Aug. 2nd, I began my new career as the head of the Dept of Transitional Studies, Math at Sumpter Area Technical College. Hurricane Hugo and snow in the wintertime, told me I was not far enough south so I secured a position in summer '90 as the Math Lab Manager at Manatee Community College in Bradenton, FL. In '92 I was promoted from instructor to assistant professor and also selected to be the chair of the math department, a position I still hold. In '95 I was promoted to associate professor.

I am presently divorced. Hobbies consist of continuing to study Spanish, computers, jogging, swimming, sailing. My three children and one grandchild live in Tampa.

JOHN N. GOUTAS

After graduating from the Academy, I went to UPT at Laredo AFB, TX, graduating in October 1964. Following pipeline training (nuclear weapons school, survival school, B-52 training) I was assigned to Minot AFB, ND flying B-52Hs from April 1965 through May 1968. During this time I completed a short "ArcLight Deployment" to Anderson AFB, Guam, from September 1967 through January 1968 in B-52Ds. In June of 1968 I was assigned to Ramey AFB, Puerto Rico flying B-52Gs. In June 1970 I resigned my regular commission, accepting a permanent Reserve commission and departed extended active duty.

In August 1971, I joined an active Air Force Reserve Squadron at Westover AFB, Massachusetts and completed a local training program in the C-124 transport. In March 1972 I transferred to the 514th Associate Reserve Wing at McGuire AFB, NJ, completing C-141 transition training at Altus AFB, OK in June of that year. For the next six years I flew worldwide transport missions, accumulating approximately 4,000 hours in the C-141A/B aircraft.

In May 1978 I accepted a position as an Air Reserve Technician IP with the 730 MASq, 445 MAWg, Norton AFB, CA. During the next eight years I worked as a squadron scheduler, Flight Examiner, Squadron Chief Pilot and numerous details as Squadron Operations Officer. I was selected as permanent Operations Officer of the 730 MASq. In March of 1986, I was temporarily assigned as the 445 MAWg Deputy Commander for

Operations. In the same period I was selected to attend the Air War College in residence at Maxwell AFB, AL and returned to extended active duty to attend the school from July 1986 through May 1987.

Upon return to Norton AFB I was permanently assigned as the Assistant Deputy Commander for Operations. In October of 1988 I was selected for promotion to permanent Colonel and was assigned as the Deputy Commander for Operations of the 349th Associate Wing at Travis AFB, CA. This was an early composite organization flying both C-141B and C-5B aircraft and the largest Reserve Wing in the country at that time.

In the Autumn of 1988 a problem surfaced during my flight physical, and I went to Brooks AFB, TX in May 1989 for cardiac evaluation. This resulted in the discovery of a "silent heart attack" in my recent history, permanent cardiac damage (minimal) and the end of my military Air Force and flying careers. On 1 July 1988 I was promoted to Colonel and assigned to the retired reserve.

In February 1990 I accepted a civilian Air Force Reserve position as a senior budget analyst at Travis. After a nine-month detail as the Budget Officer during Desert Storm, I was subsequently assigned to a Budget Analyst position at Reserve Headquarters, Robins AFB, GA in October 1993. In August 1995 I was assigned as the 439th MAW Comptroller, Westover AFB, MA. On March 30, 1997 I finally retired from the government service. I am still single, still looking, and still waiting for my military retirement pension at age 60! Until then I live at 31 Shadowbrook Estates, South Hadley, MA 01075-2655. Home telephone (413) 534-6132. Believe it or not, my Academy time counts in my 32 years, 10 months of Federal service.

FREDERICK RICHARD GRAHAM

1964 UPT, Distinguished Graduate (DG); first assignment, F-102 Perrin AFB, TX; 1965 assigned to F-101B Aircraft, Tyndall AFB, FL; 1966-67 49th FIS, ADC Griffis AFB, NY; 1967 volunteered for Vietnam and the F-4; 1968 assigned to F-4s at MacDill AFB, FL; 1968-71 335th and 336th TFS, TAC. Hardship discharge 1971. Never got to Vietnam.

Joined the New York ANG in 1973 flying the T-33, F-101B, and F-4 in Air Defense and Air Superiority missions with the 136th Fighter Interceptor Squadron (FIS). Highest position: Flight Commander; Rank: Lt. Colonel.; Award: Meritorious Service Medal; Retired October 1988.

Joined Corning Glass Works 1971. 1971-74 Process Engineer; 1975-77 Supervisor Documentation and Training; 1978 Superv. Process Management; 1979-97 Co-pilot, Captain and Assistant Chief Pilot with Corning Aviation Operations.

Married: Wife: Audrey; three children by previous marriage, Gregg, Michael, and Stephen. Stephen is deceased.

This is brief and very unspectacular, but I am deeply grateful for and proud of my involvement with the various flying squadrons throughout my military career. There are none better than those I was privileged to fly with.

ROGER D. GRAHAM

Roger D. Graham is a Senior Attorney with Lockheed Martin Aeronautical Systems, Marietta, GA, where he has served the past five years as the lead contract attorney for the F-22 Program and the C-130J Program. He also serves as the lead aviation product liability attorney for Lockheed Martin Aeronautical Systems.

Roger obtained a law degree from the College of Law, West Virginia University, where he is a member of the National Moot Court Team and an Associate Law Review Editor. He obtained an LL.M. Degree in Government Contract Law from the National Law Center, George Washington University. His LL.M. Thesis on product liability and tort law related to government contract programs was published in the Air Force Law Review and Federal Publications' Yearbook of Procurement Articles.

Prior to joining Lockheed Martin Corporation in 1992, Roger was a career officer with the USAF. His legal positions with the Air Force included Director of Acquisition Law for Headquarters, U.S. Air Force; Chief, General Torts Section, Headquarters USAF; and Legal Advisor/Staff Judge Advocate, Office of Military Cooperation, U.S. Embassy, Cairo, Egypt. Prior to becoming a Staff Judge Advocate, he served as a B-52 and A-26 navigator-bombardier for six years, including a combat tour of duty in A-26s in the Vietnam War. His military awards and decorations include the Silver Star, three Distinguished Flying Crosses, and ten Air Medals. He retired from the Air Force in 1992 with the rank of Colonel.

Mr. Graham is a member of the bar of Florida, Georgia, and West Virginia. He is a former Chair of the International Procurement Committee of the Federal Bar Association, and is presently serving as the Chair of the Government Contractor Subcommittee (Aviation Committee) of the Litigation Section of the American Bar Association.

The Graham family currently lives in Brookstone, a community near Atlanta, GA. Diane is a math teacher at North Cobb High School. Ryan, their 11-year old son, will be in the 6th grade this fall '97. Kimberly, their oldest daughter, is a Virginia Tech graduate and lives in McLean, VA. Kristi, their youngest daughter, is a graduate of the University of Virginia and just completed her first year of law school at Georgia State University in Atlanta. {Editor's note: Roger, please lend your legal secretary to Judge Lloyd Kelly, and tell her I "hunt and pecked" typed this. If you typed it, just know that now I have to go back and correct my bio for grammar and punctuation.}

GEORGE GRAVES

I had no idea of what I was getting into upon my arrival at the "Zoo" on 26 June 1959, and, because of my immaturity, probably was not ready to be an Officer on 5 June 1963. Although failing to make the most of outstanding opportunities presented me, God, for reasons known only to HIM {or HER [Ed: "Political Correctness"]} has continued to bless me much more than I deserve or have earned. By far the most significant event in my life was to become a Christian in my early forties. Depending upon God for my needs has brought much more contentment than successes as a test pilot.

After 11 great years in the active Air Force, I joined the ANG and became an Air Tech—full time ANG—just until something better came along. I retired from the Civil Service in 1996, but was able to continue as a traditional Guardsman. As of this writing I am still current in the F-15, but that will end soon.

After putting on a flight suit for most of my life, I now have a real job—sort of. I finally know what it means to "have to go to work." Flying jets for Uncle Sam was never work.

God has blessed me with a new family and even a son! We recently moved back to the Atlanta area to be close to family. This move was on me, for the first time ever, but it was worth it with the prospect of becoming a grandparent soon.

I'm convinced there are many more great adventures out there just waiting for us to take that first step.

WILLIAM T. GREEN

I normally hate the idea of mass-produced letter, but time and ease make it necessary this time of year, for those I have not contacted personally—yes, it's me—Willy Green from 16th, Class of 63; risen from the somnambulant phase of life.

Lisa and I lost my mom to a tragic accident on Labor day. One of her sayings was that the greatest treasure one could ever have in life are family and friends. Boy, does that ever reign true, so I'm sending this Christmas card and attached Address list for your benefit. I have so enjoyed the messages from Johnny Nehring, Ev Vaughn, Hank Conant, Jim Bodnar, Wee Willy Wilson, Gene Musselwhite, Gil Merkle and Bob McNamara. It's almost like the intervening years were shed, and we are all still opinionated, irreverent and great fun. It shows in our collective sense of humor, which gets "spammed" on E-Mail with frequent regularity.

My other ulterior motive is to hopefully get you to thinking about our 35th reunion at the zoo next October. I volunteered (Yes, I know—never volunteer for anything.) to be the contact point for the 16th. After getting Jimmie Butler's e-mail about the minireunion at the Army game, I saw that Alf Kochanski had such a great time that he'll be there. I am working with Ev Vaughn and John Nehring to work on our squadron. God we would love to see you guys. The last time I was at the academy was for Paul Drucker's memorial service, and I thought then that I could never come back. We are planning on the October reunion—for the Navy game yet! Ev has volunteered to do a cookout at his place, so with that enticement, the prospect of a great game and the chance to be together again, I hope you will seriously consider attending.

There is not much, really, to tell about the Greens. Lisa and I married in June of 66, 11 days after I shipped out to Okinawa, flying c-130s. she joined me in September, and our tour was equivalent to camping in Appalachia for almost two years. A medical problem permanently grounded me. We spent a year in AFLC in San Antonio until I resigned in

69. We moved to Oregon and have been there ever since. It's ironic that I have spent my civilian career in physical distribution and logistics, given the fact I hated Logistics Command so much. We are now enconced back at this address, happily being suburbanites after almost 24 years on a farm outside Canby. Only problem is, I'm not getting the exercise I did down there, and I would like to see my feet while standing.

Our phone number is (503)636-4451. E-Mail at greenwt@hevanet.com or greenwt@juno.com. Let us hear from you.

JOHN L. GREENFIELD

Now flying for America West Airline out of Phoenix, AZ. Still Married to Teresa after 29 years. One son who is now advertising in New York. Spent some time in Rochester, NY with Xerox, and in Atlanta with Eastern.

Extra education: MS Georgia Tech, Computer Science

Address: 3955 Club Drive

Atlanta, GA 30319-1146

Phone: 404-266-8759

e-mail: 71713.714@compuserv.com

GEORGE GREER

Rather than run through a laundry list of assignments after graduation from USAFA and UPT, I think it's sufficient to hit a few highlights—the highest of which was the one year in SEA flying H-3 helicopters with the Jolly Green Giants of NKP, Thailand. Not only did I fly with some great people, we had the best job in the Air Force—rescuing aircrews.

I was also fortunate to spend four years at HQ MAC in Operations Training where I was the helicopter/cats-and-dogs guy, which meant I got most of the interesting jobs. It was rewarding to work with young people while teaching AFROTC at San Diego State and the job with the highly competent and technical mapmakers of Cartographic and Geodetic Service was constantly changing and always interesting.

Come retirement I had already been a fixed-wing pilot, a helicopter pilot, manager, staff officer, college professor, and I still didn't know what I wanted to do when I grew up. So Linda and I moved to a patch of forest outside of Grants Pass, OR to try something different. Lin worked as an RN, and I went to an owner/builder course in California to learn how to build houses. I came back to design and build ours. It's almost done now.... I think. Just a few more cabinets here and there, and a door over there, and screening around a deck out there, etc., etc. Thank heavens for a patient wife. We both do a lot of volunteer work (one reason the house has taken so long), and for three years I was fully occupied with building projects for a wildlife rehab center. I've had to quit to devote more time to finishing the house, clearing the land of brush (fire hazard), cutting firewood, and building antique reproduction furniture. Lin retired from nursing, still does volunteer work as well as working at the Sheriff's office 2 or 3 days each week. We try to spend one day each week at the beach or hiking in these beautiful mountains. It's a rather quiet, but active and healthy life.

RICHARD E. (DICK) GUILD

On Graduation Day, Dick married his high school sweetheart, the former Alice A. Glim of Fresno, CA. Dave Jackson was best man. The marriage didn't last forever. He went through UPT at Reese AFB, TX where he learned to fly close to clouds, level-inverted solo, and land in strong crosswinds. He received his wings with Class 65-B in 1964. He completed combat crew training in the F-105 at Nellis AFB, NV with five other members of the Class of '63 (Adams, Ardern, Ekman, Savonen and Schuchter). Dick, the "best fighter pilot", was assigned in June 1995 to the 35th Tactical Fighter Squadron, Yokota AB, Japan. He quickly became one hell of an instrument pilot logging 37 hours of weather his first 50 hours of flying over a 30-day period. That, on later occasions, saved his buns and those of a couple of other pilots.

During three years at Yokota he spent about a year, one-week at a time, sitting nuclear alert and Pueblo'ing in the Green House at Osan AB, Korea. He also spent about a year's time on TDYs to other exotic places. During this period, he flew 121 combat missions in the F-105D (100 over North Vietnam of which 37 were Route Package VI) while on four temporary duty assignments to Takhli RTAFB, Thailand, flying with the 35th TFS, 335th TFS, 354th TFS and 333rd TFS. It was a great time and

place to be flying fighters and he did things with the F-105D that would later cause him to have nightmares. Time Magazine showed a photo of him completing his 100th. Stars and Stripes reported him MIA. At Yokota, he also converted to the F-4C and learned Gibbs talk too much about the wrong things and sometimes whimper. He remembers from Takhli, Lucky and Bill Ardern going past 100 missions, and Lee Adams who never made it to 50; Randy Reynolds and Del Miller from Yokota, and Bill Flanigan (RF-4C, Naha), who out of Itazuke seemed to be supersonic over Nagasaki with Dick at six—could have ended two budding careers. While at Yokota, he became the father of two fine sons, Douglas and David.

In June 1968, he was assigned to Nellis AFB, NV as an F-111A IP. It was a good assignment and flying. He enjoyed the Flying Edsel more than he lets on, but did not want to fly it forever like Sam Westbrook. Out of the blue, Dick was selected to attend graduate school. He received a master's degree in Aerospace Engineering (Air Weapons) from the Air Force Institute of Technology in 1972. He was happy to be promoted two years below-the-zone to major 1 January 1972. He remembers a six-week summer TDY to Fort Walton Beach with Jim Weaver, using Jerry Adinolfi's old class notes, and a '62 Red Tag seeing-eye dog, Russ Easter, who got Dick through a course called Continuum Mechanics.

Following graduation, he completed a checkout in the Rivet Haste F-4E at Nellis AFB, NV and returned for a second combat tour as a flight commander in the prima donna filled, world famous, highly respected 555th TFS at Udorn RTAFB, Thailand in December 1972. He completed his second combat tour with 98 combat missions in the F-4E in December 1973. This combat tour was not as "enjoyable" as the first. He was rarely cottonmouth scared. He stopped drinking whiskey one week each month. He remembers Ron Fogleman, Spider Squadron, hell raiser, and Vince Eckelkamp, not. He learned ... more air-to-air tactics ... to be brutal in combat ... to get wars over with quickly and go home. Four times while he was in SEA, between October 1965 and January 1973, the U.S. Had brought the North Vietnamese to their knees, and then ... well, it is history now.

After enjoying the Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, VA, he served four years in the Fighter Division of the Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff, Studies and Analysis, Headquarters USAF. He did some good work and was one of only three in the Air Force with a "3 OER" on-top who were promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in 1977. Not quite by coincidence, he was Bill Ardern's replacement in SAGF and, in turn, was followed by Fred Frostic.

He was next assigned to Eglin AFB, FL in the 33rd TFW as Wing F-15 Conversion Project Officer and F-15A "MR RPI-I" pilot in the 58th TFS. In December 1979, on "special assignment," he started taking Eastern Airlines Flight 4 to work each Monday flying from Atlanta to Los Angeles and returning home Friday or Saturday.

In June 1980, he was permanently assigned to Nellis AFB, NV as Director of Test Operations in the 4450th Tactical group flying the A-7D while assigned to the F-117A Combined Test Force. He bought a house, which he still owns, from Jim Allburn. He was promoted one year BLZ to Colonel 1 June 1981. He remembers Skip Anderson, F-117A CTF Commander and significant contributor to the success of what is now known as the Stealth Fighter, as a leader and as having more patience than Job, the guy in the Bible. He remembers Mike Foley visiting the site with big wigs from Washington, DC and, after a few moments walking around and gazing at the object in a hanger, moving close and whispering "Dickie, what is it?"

In September 1981, Dick was reluctantly reassigned to the 57th Fighter Weapons Wing and served as the Deputy Commander, Tactics and Test, flying the F-15C until July 1983. He was Roger Sorensen's deputy for five months; enough to learn how fine of leader Roger really is. From him, Dick learned "spaces and faces" and inherited a superb organization. It was the best job of his career—did lots of operational testing, tactics development and, on the side, four major air show fire power demonstrations that you would not believe if you didn't see them.

He next enjoyed the National War College, Washington, D.C as a "bachelor." Following graduation, in June 1984, he was assigned back to Nellis AFB as Vice Commander, 57th FWW, flying the A-10A until May 1986. He felt lucky as his wife was not going to move anywhere else. He did a good job at Wing Vice, but had a couple of bad days and dragged his feet moving into base housing. The Wing received an excellent on an MEI, which was previously unheard of in that 15 squadron, get-the-job-done organization.

He was reassigned to Headquarters USAF and served as the Deputy Director of Special Programs, Office of the Assistant Secretary of the Air Force (Acquisition) until his retirement 1 August 1987. He was pleased Major General Ron Fogleman agreed to officiate at his retirement. Ron spoke eloquently of the Warrior.

Among his military decorations are the Presidential Unit Citation with one oak leaf cluster and the Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with valor device and four oak leaf clusters. He was also a member of the 555th TFS for a period it was awarded the Hughes Trophy.

After retiring, he remained in Arlington, VA joining Barry Meuse, and later Bill Ardern, at National Security Analysts Inc doing studies for the Air National Guard. Alice and he divorced in 1988 after two years of separation.

In 1989, Dick founded Ramparts Technologies, Inc. He planned to seek his fortune by build-up a professional services company performing studies and analysis. He is still seeking his fortune. And is still doing Ramparts. He also works as a consultant to the Institute for Defense Analyses.

He has been involved in a number of business adventures with classmates, most notably Bud Gilligan, but also Ed Pickens, and thought about it with Larry Eastman and Bill Ayers. He counts Jake Jacobcik (who is so old he doesn't need sleep) and Doug Hardgrave (who used to be the best dancer in the class) as his reprobate buddies. He reads regularly about U.S. Grant and from Joe Lee Burns' cache of wise remarks. He keeps in shape doing a Par Cors "Fit Trail" at a Regional Park near his home and plays tennis, golf and bridge He hosts for World Learning, Inc. youth from foreign countries. He participates in local USAF Academy Alumni activities with the likes of Jim Hannam, Dean Hess and Devere Henderson. He is proud to be of the Class of '63.

A DICKIE GUILD STORY FROM AFIT AND SEA

By Jimmie H. Butler

Dick and I were at AFIT at Wright-Patt in the 1970-1972 era. While dressing one morning in the pre-dawn darkness, I managed to pull a shirt without collar brass from my closet. Dick very enthusiastically pointed out the error of my ways and enjoyed my plight considerably. Not long afterward, I understand he showed up wearing brown shoes but managed to escape the building before I caught him.

When I discovered Dick had been flying F-105s in SEA during part of the time I had been a Nail FAC out of NKP, I wondered if he might have been a member of Electra Flight on 17 April 1967. That afternoon over Steel Tiger in Central Laos, two F-105s on a Gatling-gun pass had run-in at about 90 degrees off the assigned heading and nearly got me in my O-1 Bird Dog. I considered telling them that it didn't count toward being an Ace if you shot down the FAC.

Anyway, one day in the hallway at AFIT, I said to Dick, "Maybe you're the Thud driver who almost shot me down."

Without hesitating, Dick asked, "Were you in that F-4?"

I think there's a story there, folks.

LYNN GULICK

Before joining USAFA, I had enlisted in the Air Force and trained as a reciprocating engine mechanic and spent a year at Mc Guire AFB, NJ, working on C-118s.

After UPT at Reese AFB, Lubbock, TX, I was transferred to Mountain Home AFB, ID for a one-year tour in the back seat of the B-47. Mountain Home was designated a Tactical Air Command (TAC) base in 1965 after SAC moved out. I then went through C-130 pilot training, then on to Pope AFB as an airlifter. A year later, this gift kept giving by seeing me in Cam Rahn Bay, RVN, as a C-130 Reconnaissance pilot and operations officer.

After that tour I was graciously offered a right seat in the B-52. This offer prompted a visit to SAC headquarters to see if I could upgrade to Aircraft Commander. That was successful, and I began training at Castle AFB, CA. Subsequently wound up at Plattsburgh AFB, NY; and a return to SEA via Arc Light.

After a couple of winters, someone decided that Plattsburgh would be a neat place for the FB-111; so off to Carswell AFB, TX for retraining. I stayed at Plattsburgh a couple of more years and in 1974 transferred to SAC Headquarters as the FB-111 Program Element Monitor.

Three years later, I transferred to the Air Force Test & Evaluation Center as the Test Manager for the B-52 Weapons Systems Trainer. My last two years at AFTEC were spent as the Division Chief for Policy and Procedures. I retired in August 1982 and found my way back to Los Angeles.

I began work for Rockwell International (now Boeing) as Project Manager for B-1B Certification; and, 15 years later, I am still employed.

OTTO K. (KEN) HABEDANK

I married Karen on graduation day. She has been my best friend and greatest blessing. We went to UPT at Vance AFB, OK and then to the KC-135. As I helped ferry fighters back and forth to Vietnam and did TDY's to Okinawa and Thailand, I kept volunteering for fighters. In 1968 they at long last sent me to check out in the RF-4C. I did a Vietnam tour in the RF-4C and went from there to Zweibrucken AB, Germany where I spent four more years flying the RF-4. From there it was ACSC; HQ TAC/DO as an action officer; then back to the RF-4C at Kadena AB, Okinawa where I was the operations officer for a year, then the commander of the 15th Tactical Reconnaissance Squadron (RF-4C) for two years. From there it was AWC, followed by Studies and Analysis at the Pentagon. My next assignment was vice commander and then commander of the 10th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing, Alconbury, England. The wing was redesignated the 10th Tactical Fighter Wing, and I was a wing commander the normal two years flying the RF-4C, then the F-5E and in the end, the A-10. Then back to the Pentagon where I became Director of Operations for the Air National Guard and had an opportunity to check out in the F-16. I flew with many outstanding ANG units during this tour and developed a great respect for their capability. Then the fun of flying the F-16 ended. I was promoted to BG and assigned to command the International Logistic Center at Wright-Patterson AFB, OH. I didn't know much about logistics, let alone international logistics; however, it ended up being an outstanding assignment. I had an opportunity to spend a great deal of time developing and maintaining friendships with air force officers from many nations. I quickly realized that there is a special worldwide brotherhood amongst air force officers. My next and last assignment was Chief, Office of Military Assistance, Cairo, Egypt. Karen and I spent two fascinating years in Cairo. It was an interesting time in history and I was proud to have been able to serve there. We retired 1 January 1997 with many wonderful memories. We thank God that we were blessed with the opportunity to serve America as part of the United States Air Force team. We have been blessed by so many wonderful friends who also share our love for America, and who walk humbly and have quietly tried to do their best.

After retirement we built a new home in the horse country near Ocala, FL. We bought a new Harley-Davidson Road King, became active in our church, and enjoyed a "practice retirement." In April I was asked to come work for NATO, and in May 1997 I accepted a position with the NATO Material and Supply Agency (NAMSA) in Luxembourg. It is a fun job, and we enjoy Europe; but, we are looking forward to getting back to our home in Florida, being near our two children (and our granddaughter), riding the Harley, and trying this "retirement" thing for real. In the meantime you can always reach us via the Internet at "Montana27@aol.com."

HAMILTON (TONY) HAGAR, JR.

Despite the false start of SIE-ing from flight training at Moody (40 days of postgraduation soul searching convinced me it'd be better for all), I enjoyed (believe it or not) a SAC Atlas-E squadron at Forbes AFB, KS. Eighteen months later, the Atlas-E was gone—and so was I, to a Minuteman II Senior Launch Crew at Grand Forks.

Met and married Jean, and we decided after some disappointments that military life wasn't in our cards. Exited to Houston (1967) doing mission design and trajectory analysis for the Apollo Program—an awesome time. In '72, two grad degrees later (U of Houston, and U of Texas), we moved to DC and the CIA (space and strategic systems analysis, not to mention a few unmentionables). In '74, NASA's JPL made me an offer I couldn't refuse, where I spent the next 8 years doing really neat deep-space stuff, including heading Voyager science ops during the exciting Saturn cruise and encounter phases.

During that stint, #1 and I split—a year later, I met and married Deb. Pushed by smog and drawn back to defense work by the Institute for Defense Analyses, we moved east to the DC area in '82. Deb wasn't keen

on the idea—our tie unraveled in '87. In '90, on a fairy tale journey to Florida, I met my Australian-German Rahna and we were married a year later (third time's the charm). Since '94 I've been having fun with VEDA's Federal Systems Group as Chief Space Technologist, and am proud and clam-happy with a beautiful woman, lovely 12-year-old daughter, Jessica, and 5-year-old son, Ryan, (he makes the Energizer Bunny look like a real slacker). Plan to head down to Florida-way in a few—give or take—years.

JOHN HALLIGAN

63-64: UPT, Laredo AFB, TX
64-66: KC-135 pilot, Offutt AFB, NE
66-71: KC-135 pilot and scheduler, Pease AFB, NH
71-72: O-2A Forward Air Controller (FAC), Danang & Plieku AB, Vietnam
72-75: FB-111 pilot, Pease AFB, NH
75-76: Student, Air Command and Staff College, Maxwell AFB, AL (MS, Education, Troy State)
76-78: Personal Analyst, SAC HQ, Offutt AFB, NE
78-80: Personnel Analyst, HQ AFMPC, Randolph AFB, TX
80-83: Sq Ops Officer, Wing DOT, KC-135, Beale AFB, CA (retired June '83, Lt. Col.); awards, etc.: DFC, MSM (2), AM (10)
84-86: Mission and Operations Analyst, Rockwell North American Aviation, El Segundo, CA
86-89: Mission and Operations Analyst, Aerojet Propulsion Co., Sacramento, CA
89-94: Mission and Operations Analyst, Lockheed Missile Systems Division, Sunnyvale, CA
95-Present: Special Projects Director, Siskiyou County Economic Development Council, Yreka, CA

Married Sharon Rivers April 81, and she's still putting up with me.

Just another middle-aged Rotarian and Lions Club member living a quiet and peaceful existence at the foot of beautiful Mt. Shasta. Life is good.

JOHNNIE H. HALL

After marrying JoAnn Dorris, from Colorado Springs, on "D Day" 6 June 1963, we headed for UPT at Laredo AFB TX. A great year in the sun that resulted in a C-124 assignment. After 18 months at Warner Robins AFB GA the Air Force designated me as a Jolly Green helicopter pilot. My son, Scott, a F-16 fighter pilot with the Arizona Guard, was born shortly before we left Warner Robins. In Nov. 1967 JFK's political adventure became my first remote tour. After rescuing a couple of fighter pilots, I managed to shake the helicopter pilot role to train USAF and German AF students at Sheppard AFB. While in Texas my daughter, Staci was born. After filling numerous squadron IP roles and teaching in the academic squadron, the Halls returned to USAFA to nurture cadets as the AOC and spouse.

Part of this USAFA tour was an exchange year at West Point in 1972 as a Tactical Officer (AOC for grunts). The family enjoyed New York and West Point, but I returned to SOS to be a Section Commander. Athletics and management skills in the Alabama sunshine were fun, and I finished ACSC in the bargain. In 1977, the USAF remembered that I flew helicopters and gave me a choice—Osan or Clark. Jolly Green's were cool in Korea, and the only negative was leaving the family in Montgomery AL. The follow-on to Korea was with the Rescue Wing at McClellan AFB, CA. As the Wing Exercise planner, I traveled back throughout the Pacific with little foresight as to how closely I was becoming attached to the Asian culture.

Following Air War College and a year on the AWC staff, I returned to USAFA as a Lt Col in Military Training. As a new colonel I became the Commandant for Operations for the remainder of my tour at USAFA. Colorado was a great time for the family. Scott graduated from Air Academy High and attended Western State and Colorado State. My first grandson, Peter, was born in Jan 1984 and my parents lost their lives on 7 Jul. 1985 after visiting us at USAFA.

Staci and JoAnn reluctantly agreed to follow me to language school in Wash DC and on to Jakarta Indonesia in Aug. 1986 for three years as the Air Attache'. The tour was great for me, a trial for Staci, and an ordeal for JoAnn. Upon returning to the US and the AF Reserve Headquarters at Warner Robins GA, we closed our AF career on 31 May 1990 and

returned to Tennessee. We've grown roots in TN and have discovered past roots through our genealogy hobby. My second grandson, J.D. was born in 1992.

As I look back, the USAFA experience is only surpassed by my marriage to JoAnn as the foundation of my career, my family, and my faith. The Class of '63 has distinguished itself, and I am proud to be a member.

ROBERT W. HALL

Let me start out by saying that I have been very fortunate to have married my Academy "sweetheart" Shirley Mae McClain. Our marriage survived the rigors of an Air Force career, and the stresses of modern life. Hopefully we will have another 35 years together. The most joyous day of my life was the birth of my daughter, Mary Melyssa Hall. I wanted a daughter and always tell everyone that I struck it rich the first time and quit while I was ahead. Missy is now an actress in New York City. How can I leave this section of my Bio without mentioning another joy of my life, I still have my "cadet car"—a red 1962 Austin Healey 3000 Mark II. In fact, I am having more fun driving it today than when it was new.

My first assignment after UPT was as a T-38 IP at Vance AFB, OK. I loved flying the "white rocket." I had a real feeling of accomplishment teaching students to fly and helping them earn their wings. My next assignment was the Republic F-105, "Thud." What a great machine—a real ego trip. I flew F-105 "Wild Weasel" combat missions out of Korat, Thailand. I was very fortunate to survive 118 missions over North Vietnam without getting hit.

After returning to Colorado Springs where Shirley and Missy spent a year waiting for me, and spending a wonderful month at home, we traveled to Georgia where I got my master's degree via AFIT in Aerodynamic Engineering graduating from Georgia Tech in 1974. Although getting my master's was not as dangerous as flying combat, it was definitely a challenge! For my directed duty assignment following graduate school, I lucked out again and spent the next five years at Eglin AFB, FL. I got to fly the T-38 as a flight test safety chase pilot flying formation on almost every aircraft type the Air Force had. I even flew formation on bombs after the test fighter would release them—another exciting mission. It was a real thrill to fly formation on a Glide Bomb Unit (GBU) while the photographer in my back seat took high speed movies. It was a real trick to capture the GBU ground impact on film without flying into the ground myself. Next I was stationed in England where I had another Republic (Fairchild) airplane, the A-10. I found it ironic that the F-105 could hardly go slow enough to refuel off the KC-135 when the tanker was pushing it while the A-10 almost couldn't go fast enough to keep up with the tanker going as slow as it could. Anyway, flying the A-10 was a real blast. Those fighter pilots who were only flying supersonic aircraft missed out on a super airplane. I refer to my assignment as "three years of legalized buzzing." My last AF tour was the Chief of Flying Safety for Air Force Systems Command at Andrews. Although this was a desk job, I did get to fly in the back seat of aircraft such as the F-4, F-15, and F-16 during staff assistance visits (what an excuse).

As you can see, I never settled down to establish myself in one command having been in ATC, TAC, PACAF, AU, AFSC and USAFE. Although I thoroughly enjoyed my Air Force career and felt like I had served my country well, it was time to move on. My daughter was settled in Virginia in High School, wanted to go to the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, and so we decided to put down roots in Virginia. Northern Virginia was also a good location with a strong civilian job market.

My Master's Degree and my safety experience naturally led to a great second career. I bailed out of the Air Force in 1986 and went to work for the Airline Pilots Association (ALPA) in the Engineering and Air Safety Department. I lucked out again. It's a great place to work—good people, great benefits, a challenging job without too much stress, and I still feel I am contributing to society. I work on issues that protect the safety of pilots and, I like to think, the safety of the traveling public as well. The most fun I had was as the staff engineer supporting the ALPA New Aircraft Evaluation Committee. We traveled to most of the commercial aircraft manufacturing plants in the US and Europe. I got to shoot a "touch and go" on the Airbus 320 and the McDonnell Douglas 90. A feat not even duplicated by many airline pilots who don't get to train in real airplanes anymore. I have been working for ALPA over 11 years already and plan to stay until I retire for good.

As I think back over (1) the eternity we spent at the Academy training to enter the "Real AF," (2) the seemingly short period of time we spent actually serving in the Air Force, and (3) the even faster passing of eleven years since retirement, I would like to leave you with one thought provoking question: Did we spend four years at the Academy 35 years ago, OR did we spend 35 years there 4 years ago?

CHEERS—Bob Hall

RAY HAMILTON

I and Malissa bask in the bliss of having both of our children graduated from college and gainfully employed—Rex, a financial analyst, in Baton Rouge, and Chrissy, a writer and marketing director, for a quarter-horse breeding farm in Fort Collins, CO. Not having yet decided what I want to do when I grow up, I continue to work for the University of Oklahoma as the Director of the Aviation Academic Program, while Melissa is gainfully employed keeping me out of harm's way.

We are conveniently close to the nation's geographic center and would welcome any Golden Boy et ux to come see us and visit a while. "White Lightning"

PETE HAMMERTON

Zigs and Zags—that is a good way to describe my Academy, Air Force and subsequent careers.

This started when I applied for the Class of '62 as a high school senior. I was accepted, but then 'they' discovered that I had 20/25 distant vision in one eye. So I got to be a Golden Boy. (I also ziggged when I should have zagged when Buzz Patterson put my nose over near my left ear during doolie boxing!)

I thought I was going to Nav School upon graduation, but was offered a medical waiver to go to UPT—after a detour to Georgetown.

I was fortunate enough to get F-100s with assignments at Bien Hoa and Lakenheath. There I came down with juvenile diabetes (at age 28!). End of flying; hello Intelligence work—mostly at Tactical Air Command (TAC) Headquarters.

This was going well until the medics ('them' again) decided that complications from the diabetes were appearing and decided to medically retire me at the 16-year point. BIG ZIG! Ever lie awake at 0300 and wonder how to feed your family on 30% on a Major's base pay?

Went out to Tucson and tied up with Hughes Missiles on the Infra Red (IR) Maverick Missile program. Great work and a great place to live—and then we zagged to Georgia for nine years to start and help manage a friendly missile plant. While there I gained a kidney and lost part of a leg ('them' strikes again). We came back to Tucson three years ago and plan to zig out of the active work force in Dec 97.

I ziggged (or was I due a zag?) back into flying. I joined the Tucson Soaring Club last year and am having a ball (no medical certificate required). After retirement, I'm going to continue to fly, instruct and be a docent at the Pima Air Museum.

Although I credit the Academy for the best background and education possible, the central constant through all this meandering has been my wife and family! We met when I was at Luke. Judy and our two sons have been by far the most important and significant elements in my life.

With them as a central core, a few zigs and zags just make life a little more interesting!

JOSEPH W. HANES

Military

Jul 63 to Aug 64: UPT Vance AFB, OK

Aug 64 to Jul 67: 85th MAS flying C-124, Travis AFB, CA

Jul 67 to Jan 70: 50th MAS flying C-124, Hickam AFB, HI

Jan 70 to Jul 90: Air Force Reserve (C-124, C-123, C-130) Richards Gebaur AFB, MO; Greater Pittsburgh International; Airport, PA; Colorado Springs, CO

Jul 90: retired Air Force Reserve

Civilian Employment

Jan 70 to Apr 70: Pilot Trans World Airlines. Furloughed Apr 70.

Nov 71 to Feb 76: Civil Service Air Reserve Technician (ART) with the Air Force Reserve at Greater Pittsburgh International Airport, PA

Feb 76 to Jul 77: Federal Aviation Administration—Air Carrier Operations Inspector at the International Field Office in New York

Jul 77 to Feb 80: recalled to TWA, furloughed Feb 80
Apr 80 to Nov 81: President of Johnson County Executive Aviation,
Kansas
Nov 81 to Feb 84: Civil Service Air Reserve Technician, Air Force
Reserve, Peterson Field, Colorado Springs, CO
Feb 84 to Present: Pilot Piedmont Airways. 1989 bought by USAir
Inc. and name changed to US Airways in March 1997

Family

Feb 90: married Donna A. Fredericks

Family Business

1992 founded family business, TOTAL HEALTH CONCEPTS,
providing nutritional counseling and lifestyle modification as well as
health and environmentally safe products and equipment.

JIM HANNAM

Jim Hannam left Cleveland, OH in June 1959 for USAFA after
attending Case Institute of Technology. He was a member of 7th Squadron
for the first two years, then moved to the 12th Squadron for the last two
years. He graduated in June 1963 with a BS in Engineering Science and a
UPT slot.

Next assignments included:

—After UPT at Williams AFB, AZ and F-105 Upgrade at Nellis
AFB, NV, Fighter Pilot assignment to 9th TFS/49th TFW at Spangdahlem
AB, Germany. He met Maureen, a DODDS schoolteacher there.

—Assigned to 421st TFS/44th TFW, Korat RTAFB, Thailand flying
Thuds. Completed 100 missions over NVN on August 15, 1967, just in
time to marry Maureen on August 26th in Hampden, Mass.

—F-105 IP/SEFE with the 561st TFS/23rd TFW, McConnell AFB,
KS

—Instructor/Assistant Professor/Exec. in Engineering Mechanics
Department, USAFA, and T-33 pilot, T-41 IP, Glider IP

—USMC Command and Staff College, Quantico MCB, VA, 1973-
74

—Flt. Commander (F-4D/E) in 4th TFS/432TFW, Udom AB,
Thailand

—TAC Armaments Requirements, TAC/DRAR, Langley AFB, VA
—Air war College, Maxwell AFB, AL and MBA at Auburn
University, AL, 1979-80

—Dep Division Chief in Armaments/Fighter Requirements,
AF/RDQA/F, in Pentagon

—Director Operations (F-4/F-16), 406th TFW, Zaragoza AB,
Spain

—Director of Inspections, USAFE/IGI, Ramstein AB, Germany
Last European assignment, 1985-86, was as Commander, 40th
Tactical Group, Aviano AB, Italy, responsible for Aviano AB, and AF
units at Ghedi AB, Rimini AB, Decimomomona AB and Camp Darby. The
Group had 2100 people, was the Forward Operating Base for the 401st
TFW and had on-alert F-16s.

Back in the US in 1986, he was assigned as the Deputy
DCS/Requirements, TAC/DRD, at Langley AFB, VA. He retired from the
AF as a Colonel in July 1989 after 26 years active duty. Awards include 2
Legion of Merits, 7 DFC, 3 MSM, 2 AFCM, and Spain's Aeronautical
Order of Merit.

Jim then went to work for Texas Instruments as Director, AF
Programs in the Washington Business Development Office. He now works
for Raytheon who bought TI Defense in 1997.

Jim and Maureen have three children: Kristina, A PhD candidate at
University of Miami; JJ, an Army 1st Lt. in Helicopter Training; and
Michael, a Senior at the University of Notre Dame.

KENT HARBAUGH

If late is not better than never, then don't bother to read any
farther—but on the chance that it is, I'll write on. Watching grass grow or
paint dry has to be more interesting than writing about one's self

After completing a master's degree in international affairs at
Georgetown University, I began my Air Force journey in UPT at Williams
AFB, AZ, and remained there four years as a T-38 IP.

Prior to departing for a conversion course in the RF-4C at Bergstrom
AFB, TX, I made the smartest decision of my life when I married my best
friend, Kathy Ehlers.

Trips in the RF-4 included Vietnam in 1970, a return to Bergstrom
AFB for three years, and my final flying assignment with the 26th Tac

Recon Wing at Zweibrucken AFB, Germany, as its Vice Commander.
Flying was interrupted with a tour at the Academy in the Political Science
Department and the standard Squadron Officers School, Armed Forces
Staff College, and an exchange tour with the Royal Air Force at their War
College in Cranwell, England.

Since alternative assignments always seemed to be located in the
Pentagon, we remained in Europe for twelve years—Mama didn't raise
any dummies—beginning at Stuttgart, Germany, as the Chief of Current
Operations in the European Command's Joint Reconnaissance Center.
Next stop was Brussels, as Chief of the Office of Defense Cooperation for
Belgium and Luxembourg selling F-16s and looking for potential cruise
missile bases. Having not yet been fired, we moved on to London as the
Defense and Air Attaché' at a time when F-111s were bombing Libya and
everyone hated American nukes. Finally, as Commander of the 303rd
Cruise Missile Wing, I was given the opportunity to lead the last cruise
missile wing to become operational and the first to be inactivated under
the Intermediate-range Nuclear Force Treaty with the Soviet—who?—
Union. We completed our European Odyssey when the Soviet inspection
team completed its first inspection of RAF Molesworth.

Culture (and professional) shock was extreme when we settled into
Montgomery, AL, and the Air War College as a professor, then Assistant
Dean. The journey made an amazing turn when it took me to the still-
Soviet Union as a member of the US-Soviet Joint Military Exchange
Program which, among other things, attempted to introduce the Red Army
to the concept of democracy and Congressional relations!

Having run out of altitude, airspeed, and runway all about the same
time, my journey came to its end with a personally meaningful retirement
ceremony conducted on the Honor Court at the same spot I had raised my
innocent right hand thirty years before as Cadet Harbaugh to start this
fantastic journey. The ceremony was shared with ever-faithful Kathy and
our two sons, Kent Jr., who is now a member of the Wolf Pack flying F-
16s from Kunsan, Korea, and Ken who is at NAS Pensacola earning his
gold Naval Aviator wings. Proud as can be of both of them. Equally
meaningful for me was the presence of Colonel Mal Wakin, who had been
teacher, mentor, and moral guide throughout my journey: he finally fired
me!

After all that fun, I thought I would have to grow up and go to work;
but I went to Texas instead so I can still have fun. My sidekick for so
many years is now directing a therapeutic horseback riding program for
disabled children and adults with 10 horses on a 120 acre "place" about 45
minutes north of San Antonio in the Texas Hill Country. I am fence rider,
repair man, and General Manure Manager. We shared the first 30 years for
me, flying around the world- now we'll share the next 30 for her, riding
horses around Texas.

KEN HAR

After graduation it was on to UPT at Vance AFB, in beautiful
Oklahoma. After UPT I was assigned to C-124s at Hunter AFB where I
spent the next year and was fortunate enough to experience flying in
Europe, Africa, and as far east as India. The tour at Hunter was cut short
due to base closure, and a large contingent of us went from there to
Hickam AFB in Honolulu. Flying out of Hickam was about as close to a
slice of heaven as things come on this earth. While Vietnam was heating
up, we flew all over Asia as well as the South Pacific Islands, and then
went TDY to Clark AFB to fly "in country." After 4 years at Hickam I felt
that flying could only go down hill, and a TDY to the Pentagon made me
realize that flying a desk was not where my ambitions wanted to take me,
so I opted out of the Air Force in November 1969.

In 1970 I was hired as a pilot by American Airlines and based in
Washington, D.C. There was an AFRES unit over at Andrews flying C-
124s, and as I was a flight engineer at American and missed the hands-on
flying, I signed on. The airlines at that time also entered one of their
periodic downcycles, and I soon found myself unemployed at mid-year.
While furloughed for 2 1/2 years I went back to school and took enough
courses to get qualified as a civil engineer, and worked as such, and flew
nights with the AF Reserves. During this time I also transitioned to the C-
130s and finished out my twenty years at Andrews. After getting back
with American in 1973, I stayed in Washington until 1982 when I went to
Dallas to fly as a copilot. By 1986 I was fortunate enough to make captain,
and am now flying 767s out of Miami to South America and Europe.

On the personal side, I am married to a wonderful gal, and we have
a home in North Carolina as well as Florida. I also have three children, the
last of which just finished grad school as you can see in the photo.

I hope to see everyone at the 35th at USAFA.

LLOYD C. HARMON, M.D., F.A.C.S.

After graduation, I completed UPT at Webb AFB, TX, and instructed in the T-37 at Reese AFB, TX for four years. From there I entered medical school at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, OH. After graduation in 1972 I completed a surgical internship and residency at the medical center at Travis AFB, CA. Assignments as a surgeon followed at RAF Lakenheath from 1977 to 1980, USAFA from 1980 to 1984, and finally Andrews AFB, MD from 1984 to 1986, where I was the chairman of the Department of Surgery and deputy commander of the Medical Center.

I retired in 1986 and have been in the private practice of surgery on the coast of Maine for ten years, very busy, almost too much so.

I continue to fly my Mooney MSE every place possible including the arctic and last year to Italy via the Azores. I am still married to Marti, whom I met on a blind date at USAFA. Our children live in New York City.

I hope to attend the reunion next year, but no guarantee since my schedule is unpredictable.

RUFUS D. HARRIS

Operational assignments as a T-38 IP, special operations in SEA and Central America, fighter squadron commander in Europe, and flying training wing director of operations. Student at the Army Command and Staff College and the Naval War College. Staff assignments at the Air Force Academy, the Army War College and Joint Staff...

but, "Would you want this man flying on your wing?" was the Golden Boys of 63's measure of merit. (Why was the other guy always the wingman?)

Cut to Mother's Day, 1969, at Pleiku AB.

The 6th Special Operations Squadron supported long range reconnaissance teams, which, operating far from friendly ground forces, relied on the firepower of the Korean War-vintage A-1 Skyraider (or Spad) to help the teams out of frequent tight spots. The propeller-driven Spad could loiter on station for hours. Its weaponry of unfinned napalm, hundreds of cluster bomblets, two mini-guns and four 20mm cannon was selected for the low level, close-in delivery required by this specialized mission.

The morning mission for the alert flight of two diverted to support an effort to rescue a naval aviator whose fighter had been shot down along the road between Xepon, Laos, and Khe Sanh. The Spads successfully attacked guns positioned to imperil the rescue, though an anti-aircraft shell through the tail damaged one plane. As the flight returned to base, Air Force search and rescue forces picked up the downed aviator.

The damaged aircraft replaced, more ordnance loaded, and again the flight scrambled, this time in response to a rocket attack on the 4th Division forces at Dak To. As the flight approached the scene, the leader spotted a rocket arcing up from a break in the jungle canopy. Cleared to attack, the flight wreaked havoc as a carpet of cluster bomblets set off numerous secondary explosions. Tracers from a supporting automatic weapon bracketed the second Spad as it rolled into an attack run. A jinking shift in aim, a squeeze of the trigger and sudden, fierce exhilaration as the Spad's high explosive cannon shells tracked the tracers to their source. The rounds impacted, sparkling in the jungle shadows, then stillness prevailed.

Flying an obscure mission in an unpopular war developed my philosophy, "Do your job well, and Americans will live who otherwise might die." That day sustained it, a Happy Mother's Day.

{Editor's note: The A-1s also used call sign, "Sandy," on rescue missions. As a helicopter pilot, I can add that enemy ground fire immediately decreased when they spotted a Sandy on scene or leading us in for pickup.}

WYMAN C. HARRIS

Wyman Clinton Harris grew up on a farm in Oklahoma five miles from the nearest paved road. The "Adventures of Huck Finn" best describe his summers as a barefoot lad shooting snakes and squirrels, catching perch and catfish in White Oak Creek or swimming in the buff. The daily chores of farm life instilled discipline while the seasonal tasks demonstrated the warm embrace and harsh cruelty of mother nature. His

formal education began in a one-room school and ended at the Harvard Business School. Predictably, life changed dramatically when Wy left "Little House on the Prairie" for the Air Force Academy.

After attaining a master's degree in Industrial Engineering at Purdue, he was able to condense a career into five years at Ramstien AB, Germany and at Air Force Headquarters in the Pentagon. Thus groomed, the bare foot lad advanced quickly at General Foods from plant production to marketing to general management. Along the way he produced some memorable Bill Cosby TV commercials for Jell-O Pudding, headed Birds Eye's operations, and started and ran a new division by acquiring some privately owned food companies.

With the necessary ingredients in place, Wyman heeded his entrepreneurial spirit and joined another food industry executive to start a new food company from scratch via acquisition. They built profits via professional management and sold the resulting large company to a multinational public company. The successful result, Wynham Foods, is a classic case study in industry consolidation. Now he's doing it again in another industry—his company, Harris and Hoimes, Inc., owns a group of companies that manufacture school furniture and public seating. When further acquisitions in the pipeline are completed, his companies will move from second place to the largest supplier of furniture to schools.

As important to Wyman as business and financial success are his family life with Gay, his wife of 34 years, and his two daughters and their families. Also sailing on San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Coast aboard "Wild Duck" rounds out Wyman's life.

JIM HAUSER

Jim's life after graduation has been one of many phases. His wife of 35 years, Kathleen, has braved them all.

The Air Force phase was brief. After UPT, Jim received one of the few HC-54 Air Rescue slots available. When all those slots were arbitrarily reassigned to C-124's, he had his first hint that the Air Force did not offer much career certainty. At the first opportunity, he bailed out of the AF for the even more uncertain life of a civilian.

Arriving in Boulder, Jim began his pre-med phase. After finding Organic Chemistry not very satisfying, he tried Advanced Calculus. This led to a serious addiction to mathematics and physics.

Jim now entered his perpetual graduate student phase. This, and owning a small airplane, ensured a standard of living slightly below the poverty level. This prompted him in 1974 to finally complete a Ph.D. (The mathematical model of the Lunar Ranging Experiment.) Two more years of informal postdoctoral positions convinced him that his fortune, if any, was not to be found in academia.

So Jim retreaded as a EE while working on geophysical instrumentation. Thus began his electronics design phase—much of which continues today.

In 1977, Jim succumbed to the Siren call of the Astronaut Corps. Thinking that he should check as many squares as possible, he organized a project based on the then available XQM-93A, a manned drone (an oxymoron) capable of 50,000-foot-plus altitude. A visit to Beale AFB and a checkout in an S-100 Pressure Suit and he was ready to launch. Unfortunately, funding was not his strong suit and the project yielded only one flight in a "space suit." NASA was not impressed enough to offer him a position in the Corps.

Not one to give up quite so easily, Jim joined the Flight Test Group at Falcon Jet in Little Ark, Rockansas. However, wisdom prevailed, and he shortly returned to Boulder to begin his "1001 Part Time Jobs" Phase (Engineering Consultant).

Analyzing aircraft structures for the Pitts Aircraft Factory, and designing and building specialized test equipment kept the wolf away from the door. But, not far away. Again, a larger airplane, dubbed the "Millennium Pumpkin" managed to keep profits from getting the upper hand.

Responding to an advertisement in Aviation Week in 1987, Jim began his Avionics Professor phase at the Naval Postgraduate School. After on and off teaching EE to Naval Aviators over a four-year period, Colorado still looked better than California.

Jim returned to Colorado. Today, while Kathleen operates a home for wayward Beagles, Jim is still working his way through the 1001 Part Time Jobs and has a long way to go.

BOB HAYES

Almost two years after leaving USAFA, I married a wonderful Mississippi girl (Charlie Ann), and we subsequently raised two children (Robert and Mary). Both are long gone from the nest, happy and well adjusted adults. What substantive life successes we have experienced together over the years I must attribute primarily to my super partner who kept our family well glued together despite too many PCS's, remote tours, and TDY's, plus a rocky evacuation from Iran, and a myriad of other challenges we jointly faced in our nearly three decades as an Air Force family.

Most of my assignments were in communications-electronics in ADC, TAC, AFLC, AFSC, and AF Communications Command (now all defunct). Career highlights included serving as a Tactical Officer at the Citadel (they actually pay their own way to go through a 4th Class System); advising two Air Forces—the Vietnamese Air Force and the Royal Iranian Air Force; and getting to lead three unique technical units (at Squadron, Group, and Division levels) testing long-range-radar systems and engineering and installing command-and-control systems throughout the world.

My most moving professional experiences invariably involved working closely with the many unsung communications-electronics technicians and other enlisted support personnel who very often exhibited tremendous grit, determination, sacrifice, and patriotism that continuously reinvigorated me. From them I learned many lessons of life, and to them I owe much of my career success.

In 1992 Charlie Ann and I built a home and settled in Monument, CO just north of the Academy. We're both active in our church (she works full time there running two adult education and service ministries) and I'm a full time Realtor in the local area. I also serve on the board of Pikes Peak Habitat for Humanity and help them find property for building and remodeling homes. We enjoy sponsoring cadets and currently have five in tow. I guess they are a substitute for our grandchildren to be. We love the mountain west, thoroughly enjoy the Colorado Springs area and feel most fortunate to have served our country and still enjoy its many fruits and blessings. come see us when you can—all are welcome in our home.

ROGER J. HEGSTROM

Before heading to Purdue University after graduation, I took time out to get married to a young lady I had met while at the Academy—Connie and I recently celebrated our 34th anniversary. Following an interesting 6 1/2 months in graduate school, we moved to Vance AFB for my UPT, then to Las Vegas to learn how to fly the F-105, and finally to Okinawa to start my short stint as an operational fighter pilot. Maybe I was just lucky, but within a year, I was in Thailand completing my first combat tour. Rather than being returned to Okinawa to finish my three-year PCS assignment, the forces-to-be felt that it would be nice for me to be a T-38 IP. Two years in Big Spring, TX (Webb AFB) convinced us that we really should have some water to go with the sand, so we were off to Florida (Tyndall AFB) to instruct future T-38 IPs. Within six months of buying a home and boat, I was selling them to move back to the desert to attend test pilot school at Edwards AFB.

After completing the school and staying at Edwards for a short time, I returned to the Academy as an academic instructor in the "Mech" Dept. I managed to cut short the tour by accepting an invitation to return to Thailand as a F-105 Wild Weasel pilot. Not only was the mission a bit different this time, but I was there for the full year rather than completing just 100 missions as I had done previously. Test pilot work was in my blood, so I lobbied to get back to Edwards. Although I did not fly anything with a "X" designation, there were opportunities to work on some of the new fighter programs. Upon my return to operational duty, rather than being assigned to a TAC squadron, I was sent to the AF Operational Test Center as a Program Director. My next four years were spent shuttling between Kirtland and Edwards to do operational testing on some of the same planes I had worked on previously as a development test pilot. Finally, the flying came to an end when I was promoted out of the cockpit. Five years at Wright Pat—finally in the labs and then in the F-16 program office—was enough to develop my AF career.

My first civilian job was as director of the Business and Industry Center in a local community college. I learned enough about what was needed in that type of operation to start my own company developing computer software for colleges. As I write this, I continue to perform a myriad of tasks necessary to operate a small business. But I love it.

By this time next year, maybe we will have moved. After raising two sons who have gone out on their own, Connie and I are looking for that perfect place to 'ride off into the sunset.'

JOHN W. HEIDE

Following graduation and a July 13 marriage to Elizabeth (Betts) Ann McCoy, we trekked to Moody for UPT. I plowed back there as a T-37 IP subsequently transferring to Perrin in 1967 for a four-year stint as a PIT instructor. Our two daughter, Krista and Kala were born while we were at Perrin.

Then it was RF-4Cs, first at Shaw (71-72), Bergstrom (72-74) in the 45 TRS, and Udorn (74-75) as Operations Officer of 14 TRS. Rotation landed me at McConnell as a supply guy, but that AFSC tweaked the personnel computer and got me a glorious two-year tour in Bolivia with the USMILGP after only 11 months in SAC. Try golf at 11,000 feet! Return state-side landed me a desk at 9th AF followed by commander of 3363 TTS (RF-4C) at Shaw. That's where I picked up a Personnel Management master's.

My academic unit was literally moved to Bergstrom by United Van Lines in 1982. Several good jobs, a passover to O-6, and the end of 23 years of flying marked my Bergstrom tour. The passovers were totally uncool, but the 5,556.5 hours in the T-37, T-33, RF-4C, and C-12 were the greatest. In 1986, I accepted (rather than retire) a detachment commander position at ATOC Messstetten, FRG. The three great years included community commander, setting up the smallest DODDS school in Europe, and seeing our daughter, Kala, graduate from Patch HS.

In 1989, and close to the mandatory 28 years, my choice was which ALO slot did I want. I chose Ft. Hood between the two places my money was flowing the fastest, namely UTEP where Krista was a senior, and Texas A&M where Kala was still learning what a budget was. Betts and I retired at Ft. Hood on June 30, 1991. Even though our Army cohorts at Killeen were great, ask me if I'm glad I went BLUE back on June 26, 1959!

Since Betts was a kindergarten teacher, I thought it would be interesting to get my teaching credentials, so I spent 18 super months at UTEP taking 30 hours and popped out as a fourth-grade teacher in the El Paso district. After a year I switched to fifth grade and am teaching at a school less than two miles from our home. I'm probably the only male graduate who has a collection of about 30 Teddy Bears for my class to hug.

A family update puts me entering my fifth year of teaching with plans for a total of ten. Betts is entering her eleventh year chasing K-rats. Krista is entrenched in an advertising firm in the Bryan-College Station area. Finally, Kala is running a GNC outlet in Austin, TX.

JOHN HEIMBURGER—7TH SQUADRON

UPT at Reese...looking for a combat assignment any combat assignment...PACAF looks good...wife envisions Honolulu...I guess Japan...Okinawa?!!...great tour! Respect C-130A, assigned to O-1, O-2 FAC duties in I Corps in '67 and '68...660 combat missions...lucky to return to the US intact...so many didn't. Hurlburt Field #9, Special Operations. Had Edwards orders but couldn't be released for Test Pilot School. Decision to separate. MBA in Management at U of Utah. Flew with Jake Garn at Utah Air Guard and later at Hill AFB. Faculty—John Hopkins School of Public Health in Baltimore for three years. Member, Senate Committee on Health, forming initial HMO Legislation. Maryland Air Guard.

Opportunity! Frontier Airlines in Denver in 1974 plus flying spot in Colorado ANG—WOW! Go West, young man (and fast). Frontier plus Guard for 12 years. Resumed Academy mountaineering avocation. 1976...26,000' on Everest; 22,000' Imje Tse in 1985; 23,000' Chulu on the Tibetan/Nepali border in 1991...and last week returned from 2 weeks climbing the Alps. Can't get enough of nature, her challenges and stabilizing perspective.

Continental Airlines for over a decade now. Typed in the 727, 737, MD-80 and just finished 2 years on the DC-10 flying to Rome, Paris, London, Madrid, etc. Maybe Guam B757 next? Retirement looming...But what's REALLY important—family—wife, Chris, 5 boys and a daughter, Cheyenne, now 9 years old. Lights of my life...1st grandchild last month. Fischer Adam Heimburger...to carry the name one more generation.

Have seen the world with the most respected and valued friends imaginable. Protected life and liberty when the need was there, but am

grateful the planet is more peaceful now than in the previous 38 years. High ideals at AFA only now appreciated...and can't understand why the same levels of dependability, promptness, respect and loyalty don't seem as prevalent today. Confused, but proudly so.

And when the last landing is made and Heimbürger is returned to the West, in the shadow of the Everlasting Hills and the granite of our beloved Academy, surrounded by Edelweiss and all that is lovely and peaceful, those Worthy and Sainly....only then will the mission be complete for no '63 grad.

WILLIAM H. HEINLEIN

Jul 63 to Oct 63: Student, UPT, Laredo AFB, TX

Oct 63 to May 66: Student/Instructor, Electronic Principles, Lowry AFB, CO.

May 66 to Mar 68: Student, AFIT, Wright-Patterson AFB, OH. Master's Degree in Electrical Engineering.

Apr 68 to Feb 70: Project Engineer, Category II Test of the AN/TPS-43 Radar Set, Eglin AFB, FL.

Feb 70 to Feb 72: Project Engineer, Category II Test of the Control and Reporting Center, 407L Tactical Air Control System, Eglin AFB, FL.

Mar 72 to Mar 73: Crew Commander, Minuteman I, Francis E. Warren AFB, Cheyenne, WY.

Feb 73 to Oct 73: Flight Commander, Minuteman I, Warren AFB, WY.

Oct 73 to Feb 74: Instructor, Minuteman III, Warren AFB, WY
Feb 74 to Jul 74: Aide-de-Camp, 4th Air Division Commander, Warren AFB, WY.

Aug 74 to Jun 75: Student Air Command and Staff College, Maxwell AFB, AL.

Jul 75 to Jan 77: Manager, Titan II Launch Vehicle Guidance System, SAMSO, El Segundo, CA.

Jan 77 to Jun 79: Manager, Inertial Upper Stage (IUS) Avionics, SAMSO.

Jul 79 to May 83: Chief, AFSC Liaison Office, NASA, Ames Research Center, Moffett Field, CA.

Apr 83 to May 83: IUS Anomaly Review Team, SAMSO.

USAF Retired, June 30, 1983.

May 83 to Feb 86: Advanced Systems Staff Engineer, Chairman of the Avionics Working Group for the STS and Centaur/MILSTAR satellite avionics integration, Lockheed Missiles & Space Company (LMSC)Sunnyvale, CA.

Feb 86 to Jan 87: Advanced Systems Staff Engineer, Chairman of the Avionics Working Group for the Titan IV and Centaur/MILSTAR satellite avionics integration, LMSC, Sunnyvale, CA.

Jan 87 to Jun 89: Staff Engineer, SR., GSE&I Communications Performance Group lead, MILSTAR Program, LMSC.

Jun 89 to Jan 91: Staff Engineer, SR., Group Lead, Requirements and Audit Group, Ground Based Electronic Laser-Technology Integration Experiment and Starlab Programs, LMSC

Jan 91 to Dec 92: Staff Engineer, SR., GSE&I Group Lead for the planning, conduct, and verification reporting of the MILSTAR System Test-6000 for Developmental Flight Satellite-1.(DFS-1), LMSC.

Dec 92 to Present: Staff Engineer, SR., MILSTAR GSE&I, Group Lead (Manager II) for the MILSTAR System/Segment Specification Database, Lockheed Martin Missiles and Space, Sunnyvale, CA. [Ed:Martin-Marietta INC merged with Lockheed]

Family: Married Judith Fitzell, who was a student nurse at St. Joseph's School of Nursing in Denver, on December 27, 1963. We have four children: Julia, Jayna, Donovan and Jodene. Julia (married Chris Burrows), UC Davis '87, is an analyst for the City Manager in Roseville, CA. Julia and Chris have sons, Andrew and Austin. Jayna (married Steve Logan), UC Davis '90, is a software designer living in Irvine, CA. Jayna is expecting a girl in Jan 98. Donovan, UC Irvine '92, works at Java City and lives in Fountain Valley, CA. Jodene, San Diego State U. '95 & master's '98, will marry John Dunphy on June 27, 1998 in San Diego. Jodene is an analyst for the City of San Diego. Judy is a Night Supervisor at Stanford Hospital (Palo Alto, CA).

Hobby: Refereeing Soccer (since 1976). Currently rated as a USSF State Level Referee, State Level Instructor and State Level Assessor. Currently serving as the California North, District II, District Director of Instruction (DDI), responsible for the USSF referee instruction program from San Mateo to Monterey, CA.

DEAN A. HESS, JR.

Following graduation, Dean attended UPT at Reese AFB and was later assigned to Vance AFB as an IP in T-37 and T-41 aircraft. He continued his instructing duties at Randolph AFB. In 1969 he went to Vietnam serving as a forward air controller in the O-2 with the 101st Airborne (AB) Division and on the staff of the 504th TASG. He returned to Air Command and Staff College at Maxwell AFB. Following graduation, he was a C-141 squadron operations officer, Chief of Wing Training, and commander of the 438th Transportation Squadron at McGuire AFB, NJ. In 1975 he went to Military Airlift Command Headquarters as an airlift Director and Branch Chief of the airlift Management Division. After leaving Scott AFB, IL he served on the Headquarters USAF Staff in Operations at the Pentagon in the Airlift Division and as Assistant Director for Operations, initiatives, and Joint Matters. He attended Air War College in 1984 where he was president of his class. Following a short assignment to McChord AFB, WA he served as the Chief of Staff, US Forces Azores. Following his tour in Portugal, he returned to the Pentagon as the Director of the Air Force Board Structure for the Chief of Staff.

Dean retired in 1989. He began his civilian career as the General Manager of the Washington DC Branch of Wells Fargo Alarm Services. He joined the Orkand Corporation in 1992 as a Senior Consultant and has served in management positions on Federal contracts with the Air Force Morale and Welfare Agency, HUD, and the State department. He is currently the Project Manager of interim systems serving State Consular Affairs posts overseas with computer applications that issue visas and citizen services. He is married to the former Suzanne Armstrong of Harrisburg, PA., and they have two children: Elizabeth and Dean III.

JOHN HOCKEMEIER

I attended navigator school at James Connely AFB, TX, and graduated in 1964. I went to Mather AFB in Sacramento, CA to attend bomb/nav school, then to Castle AFB for B-52 training. While at Mather, I met my future wife, Marge, who was an AF Nurse at the time. We will celebrate 32 years together this July 1997.

Our first assignment together was at Grand Forks AFB, ND in 1965 where I flew as navigator and radar navigator for the 319th Bomb Wing in the B-52H. After three years as a crew dog pulling ground and airborne alert, I moved into the Bomb/Nav office as the unit's Hound Dog missile specialist and target study officer. In 1969, I participated and helped win the SAC Bomb Competition.

In 1970, I was selected to attend SOS enroute to AFIT at Wright-Pat. In 1972, with a master's in Nuclear Engineering, I was sent to Danang to fly as a navigator in the EC-47. After a short time at Danang, I was transferred to NKP where I continued to fly the "Electronic Goon." I flew 110 combat missions over Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos.

In 1973, I was transferred to the AF Weapons Lab at Kirkland AFB, NM, where I had "parked" my family (a boy and a girl, both born in ND) while overseas. I worked in the missile branch on the Nuclear Safety Division doing studies on the Minuteman, Titan, and MX missiles.

After three years at Kirkland, I was called back to the cockpit at March AFB. Once again, I was a radar nav in the B-52, the D model this time. After a few years flying and pulling alert duties, I was picked to work in the command post.

In 1979, I was requested to take command of a small Weapons Lab operating location in Germany. At Ramstein, my office acted as engineering liaison between the USAF and the German, Italian, and Royal Air Forces who were cooperating to build their first post World War II fighter, the Tornado. During this assignment, I was able to visit many NATO facilities while providing guidance on the Weapons systems on this aircraft.

In 1982, I was transferred to Cannon AFB, NM where I served as the Director of Operations and Training for the 27th Combat Support Group until my retirement in 1984.

From 1984 until the preset time, I have been employed at Tech. Reps., Inc., a small company that provides technical documentation to Sandia National Laboratories and the DOD, among others. I was involved in the planning and documentation of several underground nuclear tests at the Nevada Test Site until testing was halted several years ago. I am currently head of a department that produces nuclear weapons technical manuals for the Air Force.

I've been president of my neighborhood association; on the Albuquerque mayor's task force on recycling, a docent in astronomy at the UNM observatory. Marge and I camp, bike, hike and canoe.

My wife, Marge, is a registered nurse working at the Lovelace Medical Center in Albuquerque. She is originally from Milwaukee, WI.

My daughter, Kirsten, is 30 and holds a master's degree in social work. She lives and works in Santa Fe, NM. She is single.

My son, Steven, is 28, is an Electrical engineer and works for Honeywell's Avionics Defense Division. He holds a black belt in karate, and he paraglides. He lives in Albuquerque, and is single.

RAY C. HODGES

After graduation, went to UPT at Vance AFB, OK. If memory serves, there were 48 "Zoomies" including Ron Fogleman, one reservist, and a guardsman from New Hampshire, Don Manseau, who was the class commander. In the literary world this is called foreshadowing as he went back to fly KC-97s, and I ended up a reservist, KC-135 pilot. Married in the summer of 1964 with Don Neff, John Hockemeier and other classmates officiating. Again by my admittedly inaccurate memory, we graduated 100% with the average of 4.8 engines per man. Gary Nenninger, Joe Peters, and I all got B-52s. Being from the Midwest, Southeast and Northwest, we were sent respectively Northeast, Northwest and Southeast. Spent the next few years at Turner (Albany, GA) and Guam, Travis and Mather. Helped Fred Frostig get married along the way. Did the obligatory 1-year tour in SEA as a FAC at Pleiku. Returned to Kinchloe, MI (ARPC said Fairchild was a southern assignment) and went from there to March AFB, CA. There joined the AF Reserves in 1976, built the command post (literally) and eventually became a tank driver and Wizard of War for generations of reservists. Flew the line until retirement in 1996. Have one beloved wife, two borzois, a varying but large number of dachshunds, and three horses which we foxhunt. Will move to Montana next year, and am building a guest bedroom for all interested.

LARRY C. HOFFMAN

To update you on my last 34, I have to back up a bit to my return to USAFA from Jump School at Fort Benning our first-class year. As a result of my exposure to the Army and wearing glasses, I decided to take my commission in the Army and head straight for Rangers and Special Forces. Unfortunately an intramural wrestling opponent had other options in mind for me and took my knee out. After surgery I really could not see multiple Parachute Landing Falls (PLFs) and loads off marching in my future, so I headed for Purdue with Wy Harris and Howie Kray in the Industrial Engineering Program.

For those of you who believe in fate: no knee injury, no Purdue, no meeting Bob Cottrell (formerly USAFA Class of '63); no meeting Bob, no meeting his sister, Cheryl, with resulting 32-year marriage. Bob and my Purdue roommate were in the same grad program, and one day Bob came by to see my roomie and was wearing a Golden Boy bathrobe. One thing led to another, and Bob managed to marry off one of his twin sisters, thanks to the ever popular blind date.

Cheryl and I got married in January of '65 and immediately left for California. We had a great 18 months at Hamilton AFB writing air craft maintenance manpower standards, and then were forced to take a hardship tour to Hickam AFB, HI. While in Honolulu and not on the beach, we managed to squeeze in Cheryl's undergraduate teaching degree and some Master's work; while I picked up an MBA. I would have done my twenty in the Air Force if not for an overwhelming desire to be a lawyer, which was engendered by my sitting in on a criminal trial in high school. The fact that our law professors at USAFA were totally cool--and the only ones who ever let cadets out of class early--helped a bit also.

Our daughter, Lori, was born in Honolulu in 1967, and we had another daughter, Cindi Cheryl, who was a 5 1/2 month preemie and who lived only 16 hours.

After I resigned from the Air Force in 1969, I got a day job at a bank in Detroit and began night law school at Detroit College of Law in 1970. After graduation from Law School, we moved to Florida and have been here ever since.

Our first boy, Matthew, was born in July 1972 before we left for Florida, so four of us headed South and have spent the last 24 years in the warm climate.

Lori will be thirty next month and is co-owner of a dog training facility in Tampa. Matt will be 25 in July and was in Italy for a year as an

Airborne Infantry soldier. He put in a year at Fort Bragg with the 82nd Airborne and separated in August, 1996. He is presently going to real estate school.

Our second son, Mike, is a native Floridian and will be 24 in July. He is a massage therapist working in Telluride, CO, and manages to snowboard almost every day during the season.

Cheryl says she is enjoying the empty nest, but I confess I miss all the activity. Cheryl went to work several years ago because our insurance was not going to cover her if her Lupus flared up. She did have a flare up in 1991, and her doctor now says she is clinically in remission. She has chemotherapy every 12 weeks.

I have enjoyed practicing law, for these 23 years, and have so many good memories that I could not begin to relate even a portion of them. One of the fringe benefits of self employment was that I got to attend every school and athletic function of all three of the kids.

I have about 200 criminal jury trials so far and have tried almost every kind of criminal case imaginable including five first degree murder cases. Not too many attorneys like to do murder cases as they will wind up with clients on death row in a hurry if they do very many of them. So far I have been very fortunate in being able to save the life of 3 of my 5, with one more reduced from a death sentence to a life sentence by the Florida Supreme Court.

I hope this is close to what you are looking for, and I definitely plan to be present for our 35th reunion in 1998.

ARTHUR H. JOHNSON JR

After obtaining my pilot's wings, I flew C-130B/Es at Langley AFB, VA, Mactan AB, PI, and McGuire AFB, NJ. My flying career was short (medically grounded in 1968) and relatively uneventful. I was in some hairy landings (weren't we all) but was never in an aircraft accident or hit by hostile fire. My most memorable flight experience occurred during the initial airlift of 82nd Airborne elements into the Dominican Republic in April 1965. While enroute our serial lead encountered weather and, in trying to climb over it, slowed somewhat (not wise when leading 50+ aircraft flying 2,000' in trail at night). Our C-130 was about 40th in the aircraft stream. By the time I (a junior copilot) recognized the situation and retarded power, I was rapidly overtaking the aircraft in front and had to pull out of formation to avoid a collision. I will never forget passing not one but two aircraft while in a shallow climb at airspeeds as low as 120 knots. As if that wasn't enough, I developed vertigo during our subsequent descent through weather to Puerto Rico.

My first intelligence assignment was as a Soviet Air Analyst in the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA); later I was a targets officer at Korat RTAB, Thailand, Bertstrom AFB, and Keesler AFB. Following my resignation, I returned to DIA as a Soviet Air Analyst and joined the Air Force Reserves. My flying and intelligence experience proved invaluable and helped facilitate my participation in 15 European Conferences and 6 active duty tours in Hawaii. In my last DIA assignment supporting U&S Command interests, I monitored Service/OSD funding of existing intelligence programs and for new or improved intelligence equipment and systems acquisition. The job grew less and less rewarding over time but it enabled me to visit Europe and Hawaii frequently. Frustrated in all attempts to change jobs, I jumped at early retirement in July 1993.

Retirement generally has been great. With sufficient income to do as I please, within reason, I have traveled extensively, done lots of hiking and backpacking and gotten involved renovating older homes for the local chapter of Habitat for Humanity (an incredibly rewarding way to help people in need). I have traveled throughout Arizona, Utah, and parts of New Mexico, Colorado and Texas (mostly hiking and photographing Indian rock art). Recent highlights include two Grand Canyon Dories trips down the Colorado River; it's incredibly thrilling to run really big rapids with waves up to 20' high in a 18' long dory. I highly recommend it for adventurous people with the time and money (it isn't cheap). In fulfillment of a lifetime desire, I start a 16-week trip through Australia (to include Tasmania) and New Zealand in August 1997.

I certainly am looking forward to our upcoming reunion and hope to see a great turnout of good friends and classmates.

C. ROD JOHNSON

Active Duty began as a member of Class 65A at Moody AFB, Valdosta, GA. After graduation from UPT in August of 64, Penny (then and still spouse) and I departed for Pilot Instructor Training (PIT) at

Randolph with a few stops in between. In February 1965 I became a "buck" IP at Laredo AFB.

My official date of separation from the Air Force was August 1st, 1969 after logging almost 2,700 hours as a T-33 and T-38 IP. We left Laredo, TX for Rolla, MO a few days later; and I entered graduate school in September of the same year. Nearly two years later I had completed two programs in the School of Civil Engineering and Engineering Management at the University of Missouri at Rolla. Then we headed west.

My first civilian position as a Product Engineer for Eimco, a division of Envirotech, began in June 1971 in Salt Lake City. I ended my tenure with Eimco in July of 1979. After a short interim as a consultant, I accepted a position with Goble Sampson Associates in September of the same year. Goble Sampson is the premier representative firm in the Western U.S. for major manufacturers of engineered water and wastewater equipment.

I opened the Arizona office for Goble Sampson in May of 1983 in Mesa, AZ with my family following shortly thereafter. The two of us reside in Tempe, AZ just outside of Phoenix. Penny is a professor in the College of Nursing at Arizona State University (GO DEVILS!), and she is the daughter of Richard and Francis Old from Chandler, AZ. Penny's father was a Colonel stationed at NORAD, and we met at the Academy on a blind date set up by Andy Ward's girl friend, now wife, Kay Kalman. Our oldest daughter, Jennifer, lives in San Diego; and the youngest, Kristen, is in Las Vegas. Neither are married, but Kristen is engaged to a Mr. Mike Young with a wedding announcement pending. {Ed. Note: as of July 31, 1997}

I still fly some for business, instruction and pleasure; and through the years attained all the civilian ratings through Airline Transport Pilot. Life is good, retirement is near, and we look forward to seeing everyone again at the 35-year reunion.

JOSEPH R. JOHNSON P.E.

Married in 1963 immediately after graduation. Father of two daughters by first wife, Josephine Ann, deceased. Remarried in 1988 to present wife, Carole. Carole mothered two sons and two daughters by first husband. We now have 16 grandchildren and one great grandchild. We presently have our office and home at 78140 Larbrook Drive, Palm Desert, CA 92211 in Dell Webb's Sun City Palm Desert.

Joe holds the following Professional Engineer (P.E.) licenses from the State of California: Registered Professional Engineer, 1976 No. 27056, Registered Professional Safety Engineer, No. 3169, and Registered Environmental Assessor, No. 00585. He is affiliated with the American Society of Civil Engineers and American Legion Post 301.

From 1985 to the present, President, Southcoast Wastes, Inc., dba JRJ Associates, specializing in municipal and hazardous waste management and compliance with environmental laws and regulations. Management of U.S.E.P.A., State of California, and local, Solid and Hazardous Waste Facility permitting. Management of remedial investigations and environmental remediation programs. Conduct Occupational Safety and Health Act inspections, compliance and training programs. Mr. Johnson was retained as a consultant to accomplish initial environmental assessments of Edwards AFB and two National Aeronautics and Space Administration facilities. He was also retained by numerous Los Angeles area hazardous waste processing firms to assist them with hazardous waste facility design, USEPA Part B permitting, and continuing compliance with government environmental regulations. His solid waste management projects have included design and construction of two large municipal recycling facilities, one with rail haul capability.

1984-85, Principal, Lockman & Associates, where he administered the Environmental Division of Lockman & Associates, a consulting firm. Directed environment engineering and civil engineering projects specializing in hazardous waste management and solid waste management.

1978-84, Vice President, Engineering, BKK Corporation, a waste management firm. Directed engineering and environmental activities of the corporation. Also supervised the design, Part B permitting, construction and operation of liquid hazardous waste treatment facilities including: mobile hazardous waste treatment systems, a hazardous waste treatment facility in San Diego, and a regional hazardous waste treatment facility in Los Angeles, CA. Designed, permitted and constructed a 4,000 ton per day solid waste transfer station at Wilmington, CA.

1972-78, Civil Engineer, Los Angeles County Sanitation Districts, Whittier, CA. Supervised landfill engineering and operation of the Scholl

Canyon Landfill and Palos Verdes Hazardous Waste Landfill for the County of Los Angeles.

1971-72, Facilities Engineer, Ontario ANG Base, Ontario, CA. Responsible for facilities planning, design maintenance, and new construction at the Air Base, and was awarded California National Guard Medal of Merit.

1968-71, Martin-Marietta Aluminum, Research and Development, Torrance, CA. Prepared proposals and managed engineering research contracts issued by the Naval Facilities Engineering Command for various engineered systems associated with air field operations. Also authored many research reports.

1963-68, Captain, USAF, Civil Engineer, Facilities, supervised engineering design and construction of air base facilities, Cam Rahn Bay, R.V.N.; Civil Engineering Instructor, Eglin AFB, FL. Utilities Officer/Facilities Engineer, McCord AFB, WA. Supervised and inspected construction of 150 homes. Awarded two Air Force Commendation Medals. Resigned from the USAF in 1968.

JAMES R. JOHNSTON III

Congratulations to Jack McTasney and Jimmie Butler for overcoming the reluctance of those of us who associate Biography with Obituary.

After UPT at Vance, Pat Caruana and I had first assignments at Travis AFB, CA, where they had the good sense to rent an apartment near a gorgeous school teacher named Sandy Brown. I hung around enough so Sandy finally married me in June 1967, one year to the day before I left for a year of Caribou flying out of Phu Cat, RVN. That included a week in Thailand where we flew the King, Queen and their entourage several hours to a ceremony in our luxurious C-7. Yellow Tags were everywhere. It seemed perfectly ordinary to accidentally meet Jerry and Judy Westerbeck at the King's Barges in Bangkok.

AFIT took us back to Wright-Patterson for what extended to 5 years with a Life Support SPO tour, which included being Program Manager of the ACES II Ejection Seat. James the III was born there in 1970.

Next was a tough tour on Signer Blvd at Hickam AFB and flying C-130s catching parachutes bearing satellite film capsules. We return to Hawaii a lot where it is surprisingly easy to recapture fond memories of those four years.

Hawaii was followed by another good flying job in JetStar at the 89th MAW at Andrews. After a few years I became Squadron Commander of the fixed wing crews there, except those flying Air Force One. Sandy developed a career at the Washington Public TV station by walking in as a volunteer and eventually becoming indispensable as their Director of Special Events.

At the twenty-year point I took a job as the non-flying VP of a start-up airline, Regent Air, in Los Angeles. private enterprise was exciting, outfitting 35 passenger B-727s, escorting celebrity junkets, living on the beach at Malibu. It was also foolhardy. As the airline floundered, we returned to Washington where at least Sandy would have a job, and I stumbled into the airline flying business at Midway Airlines. A furlough at Midway led to New York Air which became part of Continental Airlines. Despite the turmoil, my totally accidental timing allowed a relatively short upgrade to B-737 Captain where I have truly enjoyed flying modern equipment from A to B.

Son, James, graduated from Colgate in 1992 with an English Degree and went to Hollywood where he is now an "Independent Producer" working hard to develop one of his scripts into a feature film. Sandy is pondering reducing her sometimes hectic work schedule which includes events in the White House and most other venues around town. I look forward to reading the products of this ambitious effort, and refuse to consider an obituary for at least another 35 years.

HENRY M. JUISTER

1963-6, Director, Control Center and Officer-in-Charge (OIC), Engineering, Bergstrom AFB, TX, supervised the day-to-day facility maintenance and repair work force.

1966-8, Student, Texas A&M, College Station, TX, obtained a Civil Engineering master's degree.

1968-9, Chief, Construction Management, Phan Rang AB, Republic of Vietnam, Developed and supervised all Air Force Red Horse Team construction on Phan Rang AB.

1969-72, Chief, Program Section and Chief, Operations Branch, Elmendorf AFB, Alaska. Supervised the maintenance and repair work force in the daily operation and maintenance of Elmendorf AFB facilities and property. Managed the design and construction program.

1972-74, Chief, Operations Branch, Wurtsmith AFB, MI, supervised the planning, scheduling, vehicle control and inspecting daily maintenance and repair jobs in-process.

1974-78, Instructor, AFROTC, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, NE. Member of UN-L faculty. Instructed cadets and served as executive officer of the detachment.

1978-80, Chief, Operations Branch, Lowry AFB, Denver, CO. Supervised the maintenance and repair work force.

1980-81, Chief, Engineering and Construction Branch, Osan AB, Korea. Managed the design and construction program. Briefed numerous Congressional and other VIPs fact-finding {Editor's comment: bargain-hunting "shoppers"} teams on all the aspects of Osan's design and construction projects.

1981-83, Chief, Design Section, F.E. Warren AFB, WY, managed the design program for all maintenance, repair and alteration/construction projects {Ed: Please note, Hank didn't need any Congressional oversight during the winter in Cheyenne!}

1983, Retired from the Air Force.

1983-85, Facilities Engineer, Peacekeeper Deployment/A&CO, Martin Marietta, Denver, CO. Reviewed A-E specifications and drawings for the Peacekeeper facilities. Identified and developed facility interfaces for sequential functions in the Peacekeeper facilities.

1985-87, Systems Requirements, Hard Mobile Launcher (HML) Basing, Martin Marietta, Denver, CO. Developed preliminary functional and physical interfaces part of HML design. Developed HML portion of functional flows. Developed proposal storyboards and text for HML proposal.

1987-89, Small ICBM, TL/MHL Requirements, Technical Manager for Boeing/MMAG Canister/MHE contract (produced end-of-contract report). Authored Visual Indexing Study and presented at MHE DR#2. Developed Missile Assembly Carriage modification requirements and presented to customer.

1989-92, Systems Engineering, Small ICBM Test Launcher (TL) Missile Handling Equipment (MHE) Flight Test Missiles (FTM) FTM-1, FTM-2, and FTM-2A, Martin Marietta, Denver, CO. Define, develop, analyze and integrate TL/MHE requirements. Lead for FTM-1 and FTM-2 TL test reports/studies (Launch Seal Leakage, Pad Slippage and Pad Anomaly investigations/studies). {Ed. Note: Thanks, Hank, on behalf of all professional technical writers for spelling out the acronyms! The rest of you guys should reread this entry every day for the rest of your lives!}

1992-97, Systems Engineering, Titan IV, Lockheed Martin, Denver, CO. Integrated satellite/Air Force requirements system. Briefed requirements status at design/launch readiness reviews. Ensured all satellite requirements were verified prior to Titan IV launch.

1997-date, Systems Engineering, Evolved Expandable Launch Vehicle (EELV), Lockheed Martin, Denver, CO. Lead for developing and updating the payload fairing (PLF) specifications for EELV. Verify that the PLF hardware will meet the Air Force requirements through successful testing, analysis, and/or demonstration.

PROFESSIONAL: PE, Colorado, 1984

BILL "THE TOAD" KEENAN'S

YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU ASKED BIOGRAPHY"

My initial tour as a plow back was in the T-38 at Webb where all four children were born. There was a saying that there were only two things to do every year at Webb—have a baby and go to the rattlesnake roundup. We did both or four years. Then it was off to F-100 training at Myrtle Beach where the DC Guard taught us to fly their way. Lots of stories there. Phan Rang was next and that was a pretty good year of flying the sleek, but not very shiny Hun. From there, I got a real hardship tour at Naval Air Station (NAS) Cecil Field, FL flying the A-7. Being a Captain on a Navy base is always fun, but not as much fun as carrier ops (day VFR only that is). {Ed: Daylight Visual Flight Rules (VFR) operations off a US Navy aircraft carrier lack some of the thrills of nighttime operations under low clouds with limited visibility trying to "slam" your aircraft down on a deck that is undulating as much as 12 feet a minute.} Next it was off to England Air Patch in 1972 to help bring the SLUFF on line with the 74th TFS, from there, spent the last half of '73 TDY to Korat, Thailand, where we ended the war. We were ordered not to have any official EOW parties.

The unofficial parties were memorable, especially with the "Nail" FACs at NKP.

In 1975, we went to San Juan, PR where I was the Puerto Rican ANG (PRANG) advisor as they transitioned from the Zipper to the SLUFF. {Ed: Bill, was the Zipper the F-86, and was Hector Negroni there to shout, "Tori A Do, Tori A Do, Tori A Di!" as you rolled on your targets?} Great flying, great weather, great friends, and a super place to raise youngsters. My penance was an assignment to 9th AF at Shaw AFB in Stan/Eval. Flew ANG SLUFFS for another four years. After 20 consecutive years of flying and fourteen consecutive years of currency in the A-7, I was sent to Osan AB, Korea as the Chief of Combat Operations in the Tactical Air Control Center (TACC) where I monitored the pulse of the peninsula. Upon return, I once again wound up at Shaw, in TACC as the Director of Operations (DO). It was a great job because I had lots of folks working for me and lots of equipment (20+X C-141-loads) to keep track of. The name of the game was train, train, train; you never know when you may have to use it. In July 1990, we were deployed to Duke Field, FL during a major CENTCOM exercise as Saddam was rattling his saber. When we arrived back at Shaw, we left everything packed and two days later, Saddam did his thing in Kuwait. What a way to end a career? My last official duty was to take a TACC to Riyadh, set it up and run a war with it. Pat Caruana and I can tell you some good "There I Was" tales.

I retired just after I returned from the Gulf and went to school to get my ASE Master Automotive Technician certificates. I was later hired on a contract at 9th AF working training and exercises for the Air Operations Center and subordinate radar units. Much of what I do now is the same as before I retired; command, control and communications.

Over the years we have had four children, eight exchange students, three foster children, and an assortment of animals including Zorro, our blue and gold Macaw. Marge is working as an RN on a part time basis and my outside activities are yard care, golf, cars, and motorcycles. I like the last three, but Marge is happier when we're working together on the first one.

JAMES J. KENNEDY

The summer of graduation found me at Webb AFB, TX. Upon completion of UPT I attended IP Training at Randolph AFB, TX. March 1965 took me to Laughlin AFB, TX as a T-38 IP along with about ten of our classmates. It seems my entire active duty time was spent in Texas because I resigned and left the Air Force in January 1969. While in Del Rio I met and married Mary Bishop on August 6, 1966. We quickly turned out two boys, Jay (July 29, 1967) and Chris (December 20, 1968). My career with Braniff Airlines began immediately upon separation and lasted off and on until July 1990. In April 1975 my daughter, Cori, was born. In July 1992 I became Chief Pilot, Director of Training and then Director of Operations for LeisureAir, an airline which flew charter flights utilizing A-320, B-757, and DC-10 aircraft for a group of tour operators. I am currently flying for another charter operator, TransMeridian Airlines, which serves A-320 and B-757 routes from Chicago to most of the resort destinations in Mexico and the islands in the Caribbean. During the period March 1970 until June 1978 I flew F-84F and F-100 aircraft with the Texas National Guard.

While with Braniff we lived in the Dallas area until 1975 when we moved to San Antonio. The area we now live in (Fair Oaks Ranch) is about twenty miles north of San Antonio. Hopefully this is where we will stay. Luckily my wife is a teacher and her ability to find employment was extremely helpful during each of the airline bankruptcies. She is currently Head of the Science Department at Texas Military Institute. Her schedule allows us time to go and do the things we enjoy like seeing our grandson, Brendan.

Our home at 30008 Cantor Circle, Fair Oaks Ranch, TX, 78015 is open to any classmate who just might happen to pass through the San Antonio area.

DENNY KING

Jack, what are you asking? Do you expect me to summarize my last 34 years in 200 to 500 words? What will I use for fill?

Actually if it weren't for kids and my 2nd/last marriage I'd have problems filling in a paragraph. Boring. When it became clear that Ron Fogleman had a lock on Chief of Staff, I just quit. I mean what's the point?

I'm not sure I really graduated, maybe they just tired of having me around. So I didn't really leave USAFA. I was sent.

Sent to Laredo (Jim Lang's bright idea) where Jim became my best man at a wedding in April '64. A lovely lady who gave me 4 beautiful children: Karen 32, married and five months pregnant {Ed:as of 6-30-97} and working as a head news momma on CBS, Channel 11, Dallas-Fort Worth; son, Michael, Officer Mike, is soon to be 31, a policeman in Carrollton, TX, just outside Dallas. He was always the perfect son, never a minute's trouble, a big kid with a heart of gold. Kathy's a retired school teacher at 29, 7 months pregnant with her second child. By year's end I'll have three grandchildren, and if 2 and 3 are like #1—perfect. Son, John, survived the death grip I put on his neck a few times, and he has rounded the corner, great kid, 27 this month, married and a TV Sports anchor/reporter.

The kids came by the time I was 30, then I had time to figure out how to pay for them. After UPT, Laredo, came F-102 Interceptor School at Perrin AFB where Karen was born. Then off to Germany to serve in the 525th Fighter Interceptor Squadron (FIS) at Bitburg AB, Germany.

My next two kids were born there. Kathy was 3 months old when my next and last AF assignment took me to Vietnam as an O-1, Birddog, FAC. I'd never been in a propeller-driven airplane or taildragger before so that was great fun—and, they gave me medals to boot. Must have been for smooth landings and not ground looping more than once or twice.

Must have met the Devil at Clark AB, however, before I went through Jungle Survival School preparatory to Nam. Sitting in the Bar he spewed his beer when I said I wanted Ron Fogleman's job..or was it LeMay's? He said he'd rather be a flight engineer with American Airlines than the Chief of Staff. Heresy! Naturally I beat him to a pulp, but later I began to think about raising the kids in a neighborhood where no one shot at you and "Viola!" I got ushered out in late '69 and "lo and behold" got a job with AA in Dec '69. Got laid off twice, didn't make co-pilot until almost 8 years passed, then spent 8 more making Captain, and hell—I was a Captain when I got out! And I'm still a Captain. I've flown a few different airplanes, big and bigger, and I think I've gotten better at it. Now it's almost time to retire. Where did the time go?

I got divorced in the mid-80s. Met my new wife a year later. She was a fox and get this—she's attracted to older men. Perfect! We both got what we wanted, I got a fox and she got an older man.

She ignored me as best she could, but I'm persistent as a '63 grad should be. I could stand in a brace for hours, and I could face rejection with grace. Finally I wore her down, and we were married nine years ago. I didn't even mind the two kids that came with her: Stephen, junior in college, and Matthew who will start college (finally) in the fall. Light is at the end of the tunnel.

For the past two years this December I have been a Chief Pilot. Sort of a supervisor of our 2800 pilots at DFW. Friends aren't sure whether to congratulate me or console me.

But, Jack, life has been generous to me. The hair I've lost has been more than offset by the weight gain. Six kids, good job, and retirement 20 months away when I turn 60. Colleen and I will retire in Colorado and make frequent trips to Texas to see the grandchildren and children too if they tag along. I hope life has been kind to you as well. I remember you as handsome, intelligent, witty...did I leave anything out?

CORWIN M. "KIP" KIPPENHAN

Hello, everyone. To sum up my life since graduation I can only say that I've been blessed and lucky. The best move I ever made was marrying Josette Matthews on June 22, 1963. She has been the best ADI and HSI a pilot ever had. After our marriage it was UPT at Reese and F-102s at Perrin and F-106s at Tyndall. Then came Duluth, MN, where I was the only Lieutenant pilot in the 11th Fighter Interceptor Squadron (FIS). Soon I was flying the "6" and the good old T-bird along with four additional duties. All went fine for a year until returning from a cross country one fine summer Sunday afternoon. I followed my leader, who was soon to leave for Vietnam, across the base housing area causing our wing commander—a crusty old P-47 pilot—to spill his martini from his throne on his lawn chair. We finished packing three weeks later for Cannon AFB and F-100 Replacement Training Unit (RTU).

Cannon was a blast until one day when our class was told we were to be O-1 Forward Air Controllers (FAC). From Cannon it was O-1s in Florida, and then, of all places, Khe Sahn, Republic of South Vietnam (RVN) as a "Covey" FAC. (They couldn't send you any further away than Khe Sahn unless they turned you directly over to the enemy). My life at

Khe Sahn consisted of flying the "Trail" in Laos and working with Special Forces and the Studies and Observations Group (SOG). I also schemed to get into an F-100 squadron.

One day my boss said, "I have a good deal for you." I volunteered without knowing what it was. I walked into a briefing in Danang and the subject was Search and Rescue (SAR) in North Vietnam (NVN). I got my F-100, an "F" model with the callsign of "Misty". I guessed that being an F-100 FAC in PAC 1 could be very dangerous.

After I was rescued from the "Fingers Lake region north of the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ) by the Gallant Jolly Greens at Danang, I met Josette in Hawaii. I was promised a F-100 squadron slot upon my return.

But O-2 checkout took a week or so and soon I was a "Covey" FAC again flying out of Danang. Tough times followed. I was the FAC when Jack McTasney had his wild mission (for two days I thought he had been killed). After that I told the bosses what I thought, and I didn't do much more until I came home just one week before the '68 Tet Offensive.

We went to F-106s at Langley which soon turned into F-106s at Osan AB, Korea. The flying was great, but I was tired of being away from home. I resigned my commission on June 5, 1969, and joined United Airlines. Two years later I was out of a job—laid off. When the airlines said 2 on and 6 off they meant years—not days. My 6-year furlough consisted of one miserable year away from flying before I started working my way back. I joined the Illinois National Guard and flew O-2s again. I transferred to the 46th TFS at Grissom and flew the A-37 for four fun-filled years in the Reserves. I ended up as an FAA inspector in Indianapolis where I managed to get half of the Air Force alienated with me when I violated the Thunderbirds at an airshow at Terre Haute. I was called into the general's office at Grissom to explain that one (the hazards of wearing two hats). The session was hilarious.

A United recall came in 1977, and a move to our present home in Colorado, across from the Academy, followed in 1978. I made first officer with United in 1984, and Captain on the 737-200 in 1989. The 727 followed. (I've slept in all three seats). This past summer I upgraded to the 757. Before attending school I was advised to buy a study guide entitled "757/767, The Mysteries Revealed." No kidding! It is a wonderful airplane, but if it didn't have autopilot and auto throttle disconnect buttons, I wouldn't fly it unless it had a captain's ejection seat.

I still love to fly, hunt, and fish; just like when I was a kid in Iowa. Josette and I have 4 wonderful children, a son-in-law ('84 USAFA grad), and a daughter-in-law, two grandchildren, and two step-grandchildren. My only remaining goal in aviation is to get a F-16 ride, but since I'm not a rock star, media personality, or in charge of hiring pilots for United, I guess that won't happen. See you at the reunion.

HOWARD KRAYE

Howard Kraye has a varied background in setting up, managing and turning around businesses. He has managed and owned both small and large organizations in the fields of electronics, construction, alternative energy, metal fabrication, textiles and transportation. Howard is a recent New Mexico resident having moved here in June 1990 to start up a manufacturing operation for a group of local venture capitalists.

Howard has an undergraduate degree from the United States Air Force Academy, master's in Industrial Engineering from Purdue University, and a master's in Business Administration from Pepperdine University. Because of his broad experience and background, he has taught at several colleges and universities as a visiting professor in operations research, statistics, general management, and total quality management. He currently teaches for the University of New Mexico, the University of Phoenix, Webster University, and Chapman University. He has also found time to chair several state and federal commissions that have dealt with topics ranging from implementing alternative energy to converting the U.S. to the metric system. And if that doesn't keep him busy enough, he is in great demand as a guest speaker all across the United States as well as Japan and Europe. Early this year, Inc. Magazine's published a book "Managing People, 101 Proven Ideas from America's Smallest Companies," which features two of the management ideas Howard developed.

Before coming to New Mexico, Howard helped turn-around two businesses: one in electronics and the other in textiles. He credits his success in turning businesses around to his total commitment to the principles of empowerment, team building, and world-class quality.

Howard just recently sold his interest in the company he came to here to start up; but only after the company showed a first-year pretax

earning of 13%, had paid back all the investor's start-up capital, refunded money to its major customer, and was co-winner with Intel Corporation of the U.S. Senate Productivity Award for 1991 in the large business category.

Not one to just kick back, in April 1992, he started Sante Fe Technologies Inc., an information and services company that provides high-quality air quality and traffic monitoring information services to government and private institutions. Sante Fe Technologies was selected as part of a team that went to Barcelona, Spain during the '92 Olympics. With the other team members from IBM, Los Alamos National Laboratories, the University of Cataluna, The University of Karlsruhe, and the various traffic departments of Barcelona, Spain, they conducted a study to determine the relationship between traffic and air pollution during the Olympic Games. In December 1992, he was honored with the Alliance For Transportation's 1992 Private Partnership Award for Transportation Science and Ethics. Howard just finished heading up a team of scientists that conducted studies in Albuquerque and Las Cruces, NM to determine the relationship between traffic and air quality in metropolitan areas. Sante Fe Technologies is currently developing projects in California, Idaho, Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, New York, Mississippi, and Mexico.

JIM LARSON

Post USAFA

-UPT Reese AFB Class 65B (8-63 thru 9-64){Ed. Excerpt from 65B's Dash-1, "Nellis Tower, 700, three green, pressure up, flaps moving, ace on base, tally-ho F-105, full stop." "Aircraft calling Nellis, say again please."}

-Pilot F-4C 390th TFS, Holloman AFB and Danang AB (129 missions, 475 Combat Hours)(10-64 thru 7-66)

-Pilot F-4D 417th TFS, Ramstien AB, Germany, and Mountain Home AFB, ID (8-66 thru 11-69)

Separated from active duty, 11-69

-Pilot F-100C 136th TFS, NYANG, Niagara Falls, NY (4-70 thru 6-71)

-Pilot F-100C,D, 124TFS, IANG, DesMoines, IA (4-78 thru 11-76)

-Pilot A7D, 124th TFS, IANG, DesMoines, IA (4-78 thru 11-80)

-Graduated from William Mitchell College of Law, 1975 (J.D. magna cum laude)

-Practicing energy law in Minneapolis since 1975. Principal in Dahlen, Berg & Co.

-Married 9-19-64. Divorced 11-18-91. Two daughters: Kristen Linn Palm (30) and Jana Beth Larson (28)

-Hobbies: Golf, Billiards, Flying (own E35 Beech)

-Currently reside at 9310 w 28th Street, St. Louis Park, MN 55426 (612)591-9391

-Office: 60 So. 6th Street, Suite 2150, Minneapolis, MN 55402

(612)349-6868

-E-Mail: james.larson@dahlen-berg.com

{Ed: Who said lawyers are paid by the word? Jim hasn't lost the concise touch.}

WILLIAM H. HEINLEIN

Jul 63 to Oct 63: Student, UPT, Laredo AFB, TX

Oct 63 to May 66: Student & Instructor, Electronic Principles, Lowry AFB, CO.

May 66 to Mar 68: Student, AFIT, Wright-Patterson AFB, OH. Master's Degree in Electrical Engineering.

Apr 68 to Feb 70: Project Engineer, Category II Test of the AN/TPS-43 Radar Set, Eglin AFB, FL.

Feb 70 to Feb 72: Project Engineer, Category II Test of the Control and Reporting Center, 407L Tactical Air Control System, Eglin AFB, FL.

Mar 72 to Mar 73: Crew Commander, Minuteman I, Francis E. Warren AFB, Cheyenne, WY.

Feb 73 to Oct 73: Flight Commander, Minuteman I, Warren AFB, WY.

Oct 73 to Feb 74: Instructor, Minuteman III, Warren AFB, WY

Feb 74 to Jul 74: Aide-de-Camp, 4th Air Division Commander, Warren AFB, WY.

Aug 74 to Jun 75: Student Air Command and Staff College, Maxwell AFB, AL.

Jul 75 to Jan 77: Manager, Titan II Launch Vehicle Guidance System, SAMSO, El Segundo, CA.

Jan 77 to Jun 79: Manager, Inertial Upper Stage (IUS) Avionics, SAMSO.

Jul 79 to May 83: Chief, AFSC Liaison Office, NASA, Ames Research Center, Moffett Field, CA.

Apr 83 to May 83: IUS Anomaly Review Team, SAMSO.

USAF Retired, June 30, 1983.

May 83 to Feb 86: Advanced Systems Staff Engineer, Chairman of the Avionics Working Group for the STS and Centaur/MILSTAR satellite avionics integration, Lockheed Missiles & Space Company (LMCS), Sunnyvale, CA.

Feb 86 to Jan 87: Advanced Systems Staff Engineer, Chairman of the Avionics Working Group for the Titan IV and Centaur/MILSTAR satellite avionics integration, LMCS, Sunnyvale, CA.

Jan 87 to Jun 89: Staff Engineer, SR., GSE&I Communications Performance Group lead, MILSTAR Program, LMCS.

Jun 89 to Jan 91: Staff Engineer, SR., Group Lead, Requirements and Audit Group, Ground Based Electronic Laser-Technology Integration Experiment and Starlab Programs, LMCS

Jan 91 to Dec 92: Staff Engineer, SR., GSE&I Group Lead for the planning, conduct, and verification reporting of the MILSTAR System Test-6000 for Developmental Flight Satellite-1,(DFS-1), LMCS.

Dec 92 to Present: Staff Engineer, SR., MILSTAR GSE&I, Group Lead (Manager II) for the MILSTAR System?Segment Specification Database, Lockheed Martin Missiles and Space, Sunnyvale, CA. [Ed:Martin-Marietta INC merged with Lockheed]

Family: Married Judith Fitzell, who was a student nurse at St. Joseph's School of Nursing in Denver, on December 27, 1963. We have four children: Julia, Jayna, Donovan and Jodene. Julia (married Chris Burrows), UC Davis '87, is an analyst for the City Manager in Roseville, CA. Julia and Chris have sons, Andrew and Austin. Jayna

FIGHTER PILOT CAREER PATH

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First—and sometimes the hardest—you gotta pass the flying physical exams!

On the other hand, who REALLY wants to be flinging his pink ass at the ground in a dive bomb run with bad guys shootin' at you if:

You can't see clearly

You have poor depth perception

You can't differentiate between the colors of trees, dirt and water

You get dizzy on roller coasters

You can't hit a beach ball with a banjo

Or, your hemorrhoids make your eyes water when you hop out of your Lazy Boy lounge!!

Remember when marching punishment tours with your rifle in the shadows of the Rampart Range, you used to say, "I can't wait to get into the REAL Air Force!""??

UPT wasn't the answer!

Second Lieutenant—1963

Selecting your UPT base was important to most. Williams AFB, AZ was the 'premiere' pick, but most guys wanted someplace close to home. It was still 'home', back then. Reese AFB outside of Lubbock was close enough to Fort Worth for me!! Some of my high school friends were still at Texas Tech, so I experienced a small sample of 'real college' life!! THIS school had girls!!

The bachelors 'all' had sports cars—Corvettes and T-birds abounded. Married guys had sporty family cars, but NO station wagons. Most popular drinks were beer or rum and coke.

Wherever you were, the competition was just as fierce as at the Zoo. 'They' taught us that pretty good.

How lucky we were not to be 'sucked' up (pun intended) by SAC like the previous four zoomie classes had been. We had a fair number of fighters to choose from if you were high enough in the UPT class standings. Seems like there were 7 or 8 fighters available to each base for both the 65 A and 65 B graduating classes. Not all the top grads chose fighters though. (Which was okay by me!! I was in 'borderline' position in the class.) The last F-100 at Reese was taken (Charlie Parker, I think) just before my pick. I took the F-4 even though it was 'back seat'. (Who ever said you don't need navigators??)

Two things of note:

1. One of the first 'morts' from my pilot class was Gary Rigsbee in a C-135. I shamefully used this misfortune to explain to my Mom and wife that "fighters weren't any more dangerous than big planes". It didn't work.

2. My first encounter with someone who 'shaped' my attitude toward flying was Captain Jim LaChance.

What a guy—big, burly, no-nonsense previous F-100 jock with a twinkle in his eye even when he chewed our butts! He taught us stuff using common sense and telling us WHY this or that was important in keeping us alive. He was my first role model. I give him full credit for 'saving my life' at least 4 times later in my flying career when faced with split-second airborne decisions. (Have told him so at River Rat Reunions, too!!)

I vividly recall walking down the hall, parachute on and helmet in hand, when word spread that John F. Kennedy had been assassinated! Stunned!!

Phew! This Replacement Training Unit (RTU) stuff at Davis-Monthan is tough! Three months of Tactical and F-4 academics classes followed by three months of flying (only 12 or so missions for us back seaters). It was the proverbial 6 week TDY crammed into 6 months!! We 'butter bars' filled the time with parties, all sorts of sports (including a 'ritual' touch football game every Saturday morning) and, uh, did I mention parties!!!

Ah! First operational assignment in March 1965!! Real fighter pilots! Real jobs and missions!!

Not so fast, Dumbsquat!! Well, George was an operational base, all right, but the 433rd TFS (Satan's Angels) was a newly reconstituted unit.

Translation: 1. Self Help projects: taking over an empty building (we Lieutenants get to pull out all the old carpet, repaint all the walls and upgrade the exterior landscape).

2. Tactical Air Power: 1 LtCol, 2 Majors, 28 Captains, 1 First Looney, and 30 'brown bars' were newly assigned. Two had been at George; all the rest were PCS'd in. Five, count 'em, 5 pilots were Tactical Air Command (TAC) types! The rest were Recce (F-101) 'doods' and Air Defense Command (F-102) types—none of whom were familiar, or even comfortable, with the idea of intentionally aiming the pointy end of a jet toward Mother Earth. (The TRULY scary part is that it wasn't until years later that I realized how 'inexperienced' (I'm being WAY kind here) the squadron was!!) Over the next year and a half, those 'five' TAC pilots saved many a life by their leadership and flight instruction!!

Same cars and drinks 'du jour'.

Hey! This fighter stuff is pretty cool!! BUT! What the hell is this additional duty stuff??!!

Took a while, but we finally figured out that 'some' duties were better than others. (I always was a little naïve about the 'political' side of things!) Bad or unrewarding additional duties: Publications Officer (me), Snack O, Combined Federal Campaign Off., etc. Good ones: Scheduling Officer (Roger Sorensen), Weapons Off. (Frank Ralston), Commander's Executive Off. (John Borling), etc.

First Lieutenant—1965

Well, ready or not, the orders came for us and the 497th TFS to PCS in December 1965 to the war zone (8th TFW), replacing 2 TDY squadrons from George. WOW! I was scared and excited like before a big game against Navy!! The absolute worst part was the 20+ hours across the Pacific Ocean in the C-130As—you remember—the three bladed propeller with the supersonic prop tips?? AAARRRRGGGGHHH!!! You couldn't get enough yellow waxy plugs jammed in your ear holes!! As young and in shape as we were, back then, we all still felt like we'd been trapped in an intramural boxing ring for 2 days getting body punched by Nick Arshinkoff!!

Christmas Day at Ubon AB, Thailand was an eerie, bittersweet experience for all. The glaring warm sun, the cheap decorations tacked up on unfinished teak wood walls, and the smiling, but uncomprehending, faces of our Thai on-base employees conspired to dampen the spirit of the day. We were a long, long way from home! Well, a couple of 'scotch locks' (oriental 'ell' substituted for 'arr') (Didn't we all go through our "Drink scotch, it's sophisticated" period??) at least helped chase away the blues!!

All the Lt.'s had bicycles for transport. Booze was so cheap that much experimentation occurred, especially with scotch (Cutty Sark), blends (Crown Royal) and bourbon (Jack Daniel's Black Label).

Ubon RTAFB was another project in progress. While flying combat missions every night (once you get used to it, it's 'safer' than daytime!), we Lt.'s got to paint, build, finish out the interior of squadron buildings (moved twice in 6 months). Likewise, we moved 'sleeping' quarters 3 times (blessedly, each was nicer, quieter and cooler).

Hey! The Bob Hope Show comes to Ubon! That Joey Heatherington is a FOX!

For some reason in this part of the world, every day is Wednesday ('hump day')! All of a sudden, the Lt.'s started realizing that it DID make a difference who was your front seater. Each of us in his own way began asserting more control on their combat missions. Ah, yes! We were in fact contributing to the 'mission' of the Air Force. What a great feeling!

Combat is a real eye-opener. You get to deal with fear (those red 'fingers' of Triple A tracers are quite a sight), the elation of successful 'bombs on target' missions (secondary explosions at night can be VERY spectacular!), and profound sadness. This is when for the first time you begin to question your own 'immortality of youth' syndrome. People die—you are a people!

I can still vividly recall a sobering conversation with a 'patched up' Stu Fenske after his 'Spooky' gunship took some battle damage, probably over Tchepone. On one of our 'big' night missions over Hanoi, John Borling and his front seater are hit—both eventually show up on the POW list. Our squadron lost 7 or 8 airplanes—five POWs, 3 KIA, 6 rescued.

I will never forget the sick, nearly debilitating nausea that swept over me the night (and next 4 days) when Frank Ralston and his front seater 'bought it'. I couldn't even help my best friend Willie Parma pack up Frank's things to send back to his Mom and Dad in Denver. My front seater finally took me into a briefing room and yelled at me for 30 minutes. It was what I needed, and it worked—I got my 'sierra' together and was okay after that.

Combat is also the place where you make friendships that last forever. There's something about sharing danger, overcoming fear, earning each others' mutual trust, and surviving that bonds warriors together for a life time. I keep in contact (if somewhat irregularly) with some of them to this day!

Got my 100 missions over North Vietnam and was lucky enough to get an 'upgrade' slot to the F-4 front seat enroute COT (Continuous Overseas Transfer) to Hahn AB, Germany (50th TFW) arriving in October 1966.

Captain—1967

Now this must be the REAL Air Force!! We had: brand new jets from the plant in St Louis; lots of F-100 pilots were there, converting to the F-4 (including Richie Mayo and Mike Quinlan); lots of combat veteran 1LT/Captain front seaters; another batch of back seat pilots (poor devils!) just out of RTU; plus a couple of real navigators! Whoa! Converting?? Oh, yeah! We moved into remodeled squadron buildings that needed new paint and the interior finished! We were getting pretty good at this civil engineer stuff by now!

After a year or so in Europe, I started coming into my own. Working hard, I had passed my Operational Readiness checks in the 81st TFS (Leopards), which in those days, included briefing the Wing Kings on how my 'pitter' and I were going to put a nuclear weapon on our designated target to the east across the Iron Curtain. I progressed from element to flight lead status and on to 'mission commander' and even Functional Check Flight (FCF) maintenance test hop pilot. Best news was that I was now working in the squadron weapons section: logging weapons scores and instructing the squadron on all the weapons and delivery systems in the F-4 arsenal. I'd guess all of us in this particular F-4 era 'came of age' as junior captains.

Most guys shipped over cars from stateside, but some bought Porsches or Volkswagens on arrival. Wine becomes a popular quaff, especially the 'nectars' of the Mosel Valley. Mixed drinks, such as Rusty Nails, Stingers and Harvey Wallbangers are popular, as are exotic liqueurs and the full bodied German beers.

And Europe (despite the multinational flying restrictions and USAFE's chicken poop rules) was FUN!! Lots of us got our master's degree in USofCal's Aerospace Management during the tour. Some of us managed to play base-level football (got to play against Paul Stein and Terry Isaacson!), baseball (got to play against Willie Parma at Ramstein!) and basketball; most competed in intramural sports on squadron teams. And then there were the skiing trips (France, Switzerland, Austria), tourist trips (even East and West Berlin), wine tasting 'probes', Oktoberfest and the ritual Friday night at the O'Club!! Does anyone else remember getting to the club as the sun set and leaving as the sun rose?? Well, it was only dark 4 or 5 hours in the summer!! That's my story, and I'm sticking to it!!

Of course, Europe did have some draw backs. The weather was so dismal some of the time, it affected morale (especially if you didn't fly for a week or so)! At Hahn, we had a run of 17th Air Force, USAFE and

NATO Operational Readiness Inspection (ORI) failures, mostly due to nuke weapons loading and maintenance problems. That sucked, big time!! We were 'visited' by the "We're just here to help you" teams 6 times in 6 months before the wing finally passed all the required inspections. It was so bad I decided I needed to read all the 'inspection' regulations to understand all the different rating criteria. Talk about boring!! But I did learn a lot!

Then there were the TDYs (Spain, Italy, England, Denmark)! Every three months we deployed to Wheelus AB, Libya for two weeks of 'gunnery camp'. Anybody else remember the weekend 'Blab' (a 'secret' concoction of cheap juices and cheaper booze, usually including 120 proof rum) parties at the beach at Wheelus?? Twice on such TDYs our squadron was 'chased' out of Libya by unsettling political events—the first when some raghead colonel laid a big 'coup' on King Idrus, and again when a handful of Israelis spent 7 leisurely days kicking some Arab ass. It was quite TENSE at Wheelus, especially during the latter!!

Remember where you were when the first man stepped off the ladder onto the face of the moon?

WOW! Where did the years go??!! I'm ready for a stateside assignment! Oh! I've been selected for UPT Instructor duty, you say! Aw, man!! I want to fly F-4s!! Somehow the assignment was changed, and I pack up in March of 1970 for my 3rd operational tour of duty. This time we're off to the sunny skies (read: desert southwest) in "The Land Of Enchantment" at Holloman AFB, NM (49th TFW).

Finally! This HAS to be the REAL Air Force!

Hey! The 7th TFS Bunyans are in a pretty new building!! No paint!! Good flying here, but lots of exercises, because we are a 'Crested Cap' unit committed to USAFE. We bust the first TAC ORI! Crap! We all know what that means! The 7th 'done good' for our part, though. I am head of the squadron weapons section and wrap that puppy tight. A fine young officer by the name of Mike Ryan works for me, and my flight commander is big Butch Viccello. Get upgraded to IP, and eventually become a flight commander.

Unfortunately, our wing commander is Black Jack Bellamy. Even as slick wing captains, everybody figures out that this guy believes in 'leadership through terror'! This is a REAL "yes sir, no sir, no excuse sir" experience!! He fires 2 squadron commanders, an operations officer, 2 deputy commanders of maintenance and assorted other support squadron commanders. I swear to God, he even cancelled leaves! (Until morale improves?!?) He was also 'death' on flight suit sleeves pushed up anywhere above the wrist! If this is the REAL AF, most of us won't stay in service past the 10-year point!!

By now everyone has replaced their 'zoomie' cars. I brought back a red Opel GT (mini 'vette') from Europe. Here in the desert, cold beer (Hey! THIS Coors isn't 3.2%!!) and margaritas are favorites.

Hey! What's going on?? Lots of classmates are resigning (Eric Aspelin, Corwin Kippenhan, Jim Larson, Bob Mazet, Chief Nacrelli, Willie Parma, Bob Simpson, Jim Thyng, Bill Wecker and Bob Winegar, to name a few). It hasn't been THAT bad, has it?? Am I in the 10% that never gets 'The Word'? Crap!! Really good guys, too!

Good news! My blatant lobbying for a slot at Fighter Weapons School (FWIC) at Nellis is approved! Besides being away from Black Jack, the "Ph.D. of Fighter Pilot" course is both challenging and fun! My back seater from Holloman and I both take top honors in the class. Just before graduation, my ops officer calls to give me a heads up that my name is being submitted to TAC as a candidate for SAC exchange duty in F-111s. WHAT!! YGBSM!! I burn up every green stamp I ever thought I had, finally calling the OIC of 'exchange' assignments at SAC HQ. I am NOT selected. I HAVE pissed off some TAC staff weenies. Two months later I am issued orders for a remote assignment to Kunsan AB, Korea (3rd TFW).

Maybe this will be the REAL Air Force.

Add a star above my wings at the same time I arrive (October, 1971) in the 35th TFS Panthers at Kunsan 'by the sea'. This is the BEST squadron I've ever been in! Mixed bag at the 'Kun'. A few non-fighter types are shunted to Korea instead of getting their combat tours in Vietnam. Also LOTS of combat veterans. In the wing there are 15 (yes, fifteen) Fighter Weapons School graduates—amazing! Flying is GREAT! Hardly any restrictions, especially compared to Europe. We get an 'Excellent' on an ORI! Now THAT'S a pleasant change!! I upgrade to Stan Eval Flight Examiner (SEFE). I get to be a flight commander for a while, then get moved up to chief of wing weapons (DOW). My long time friend,

Hank Kramer, is here, too, but in another squadron. Our combined 'Flying Squadrons' touch football team upsets the eventual AF Korea champions!!

Some people take SOS by correspondence. ("Why do I need SOS?? I'm a Zoomie; I've got a Master's Degree??" "Cause you won't get promoted to Major if you don't fill all the squares!" "Okay . . . but it sucks!")

Seems everyone has to have a motorcycle on this assignment. Drinks of choice revert back to beer and some kind of 'hooch' and water.

A squadron 'recall' on the morning after a big Friday party at the O'Club?? WTF0?!! And it's April Fool's Day!! Our squadron commander Lyle Beckers is a cool guy, but he wouldn't play this kind of trick, would he??

No tricky, G.I.!! (Imagine an Oriental accent.) Within 6 hours the squadron begins its deployment to Danang!

Even getting shot at is better than a year remote at Kunsan! We fly both in-country and southern North Vietnam combat missions—most times two sorties a day. The occasional Viet Cong rocket attacks make it easy to remember to wear your 'Army' helmet and flak vest. On my first 'combat check out' mission, we get diverted into NVN and a SAM is fired at us! Welcome back to the combat zone!! After a couple of months, we move the squadron to Korat RTAFB. A majority of our missions here are flown to the Hanoi-Haiphong area of NVN. Lots more planning, lots more aircraft in the strike and support packages, lots more Triple A and SAM encounters, and lots more tension during the missions.

Once again these combat missions forge friendships based on mutual trust and interdependence which will endure the tests of time.

Side bar note: War sucks. Good people get killed. Don't ever fight a war unless you WANT to win it! Having said that, flying actual combat missions is the fruition, the fulfillment of years of training. Training is like being on a very good football team that practices against itself continuously, but never suits up for a game with another opponent. Going to war is the big game you finally get to play. All the anticipation and excitement of the bus ride to the stadium, donning the pads and game uniforms, the coach's pep talk, cleats clicking in the run down the ramp onto the field, the buzzing crowd, the coach's team huddle before the kick off, and all the teamwork and sacrifice, is FINALLY culminated in victory! If you are a warrior, that's why you go to war.

Bravery is NOT the absence of fear. Bravery is overcoming your fears and doubts in order to kill the enemy!

** See attached account 'A Ridge Too Far', a true story of an F-4 (with ME in it!) shot down by AAA.

Hey!! Cool! Somebody wants me to be an Instructor at Nellis when I finish my tour!

It's not really an operational assignment, but maybe the REAL Air Force can be found here!

I eagerly report to the 57th TFW in October, 1972 and become a charter member of the newly formed 64th FWS Aggressors. Hmmm! Something seems familiar here. We change buildings 3 times in 2 years—requiring paint and interior finish out! What a great bunch of pilots and leaders in this squadron—BEST one I've ever been in! At this particular time, we are the ONLY pure air-to-air unit in TAC! I even get to fly some 'foreign' airplanes at a classified location! No, I DID NOT see any captured UFOs or strange gray little people while there!!

Great flying, great TDYs, and great people add up to a SUPER tour of duty! Aggressor tradition is formed—"Be Humble" is the motto—teach everything you know to the young guys so they are BETTER than us when they reach our experience level!

LOOK AT THE TV!! On the parking ramp at Clark AB, PI, it's Jerry Driscoll, John Borling, Tom McNish, Tom Browning et al coming down the off load ramp!! Through hot, salty tears I think, "Now that's what I call a "Freedom Flight"!! Welcome home, brothers!"

Pentagon?? Where's that?? I don't even want to go to the TAC Staff!!

Major—1974

A rather pleasant experience at Armed Forces Staff College in Norfolk, VA, belies the dark nadir that awaits at the five sided wind tunnel. Going 'cold turkey' off the flying schedule makes me testy and lowers my self esteem. In July 1975, I am assigned to AF/RDQRM (Research and Development—Operational Requirements—Munitions) just in time for the 'controlled' OER to be implemented.

If you believe only the 'best' are sent to the Pentagon, then you must believe this is NOT the place to be to get promoted. Luckily, 4 years later

I make LtCol while an office mate with absolutely identical OER ratings as mine for the last 8 years gets passed over!!

The office moves 3 times in 4 years, requiring some 'civil engineering' work. Aerial drones and what is to become the AIM-120 AMRAAM 'fire and forget' air-to-air missile are my main projects. This job is the most frustrating in the world! LONG hours and civilian (both DOD and Congressional staffers) influence on pure military operational requirements are rampant. The traffic to and from work and the weather make the situation worse.

Gen. Al Slay is AF/RD. "He can't be as bad as the stories I've heard!" Once again, I was WRONG! Having already admitted my 'political' naivete, what I am exposed to here is appalling, unnerving and nearly debilitating!! One example: I swear, I overheard in the next office on a Saturday morning, a civilian congressional staffer try to bribe (BIG \$\$) a friend of mine to support the USAF buying foreign made missiles! Thank God my friend was an Aggie, was furious at the suggestion he could be 'bought' and couldn't speak for what seemed like 2 minutes!

Life is too short to make these 4 years into a long paragraph! Playing slow pitch softball on a civilian team in Virginia is my only escape to sanity.

God, I HOPE this isn't the REAL Air Force!!

Car?! What car? Oh, yeah. We drive to Park and Ride and take a bus to work. Martinis or Manhattans seem to get the job done quickest!

I'm FINALLY getting out of the Puzzle Palace!! WHAT!! 'They' want to send me to 2 ATAF in Europe!!?? There's not even a runway at the base!! What fighter squadron is gonna want a pilot with 6+ years out of the cockpit!! I call in every marker I have and even some I don't! One of my Sq./CCs from the Aggressors at Nellis is the DO at Langley and helps get me assigned there! Thank you, Lord!!

Lieutenant Colonel—1979

Maybe THIS is the REAL Air Force!!

Chief of Wing Weapons in the 1st TFW (Langley AFB—August 1979) is a perfect job—brand new jets, my 5th operational flying assignment and within the 'shadow' of TAC HQ's flag pole—except for a couple of things. Every system, except the Gatling gun and missiles, in the F-15 is completely new to me. The radar is so advanced that I have trouble employing it properly, much less instructing the squadron pilots on its tactical usage!! Getting my flying 'hands' back is a slow, laborious effort! Visualization of where the jet should be in 5 seconds was clear as a bell, but it took me 10 or 15 seconds for me to get it there! A painful experience in humility made worse by my previous high proficiency (self assessment, of course) demonstrated in combat and as an Aggressor!

Some of us still play touch football and slow pitch softball on combined squadron teams.

Ralph Wetterhahn is commander of the 71st TFS and Jim 'Kisma' Butt is Chief of Wing Training (DOT). A new Wing DO shows up—a real sharp guy by the name of Richard 'Dick' Hawley.

We 'bust' an ORI! Crap! I've seen this before—it is ugly! I'm able to 'tweak' wing preparations for F-15 weapons employment before the ORI 'retake', and we score strongly in this area.

My pecking order in being considered for a squadron operations or commander position is way down the ladder, so when an assignment to the 18th TFW at Kadena AB, Okinawa comes up, I take it!

June, 1980, overseas again! My flying check out goes 'swimmingly' well (MY HANDS ARE BACK!! MY HANDS ARE BACK!!). I take over Wing Weapons again and am able to enhance our training programs.

WOW! We have really good Air Division and Wing commanders here, with a true focus on our operational capabilities and commitments!! Boy, does the wing morale ever show it, too!! 'Gung Ho' attitudes and superb operational training make for happy fighter pilots. Our fast pitch softball team gets to the base championship playoffs.

We pick up the Air Defense Alert commitment for Korea, sitting alert at Osan. TDYs all over the Pacific (Korea, Japan, Philippines, Australia, Thailand, Diego Garcia) with our allies improve PACAF's aerial capabilities. Each of the 3 F-15 squadrons at Kadena wins the AF's Hughes Trophy for the Outstanding Air-to-Air Unit! Our Wing team, the Shoguns, wins the William Tell '83 competition! We earn 'Excellent' ratings on three ORIs and two MEIs!!! Never seen THAT before!!

Of course, everyone here has to drive a Nissan or Toyota or some such vehicle—on the 'wrong side of the road! Beer and tequila shooters seem to be popular.

After 2 years in the wing, I'm moved (promoted!) to Operations Officer of the 44th TFS! It's a dream come true! What fun! What great

fulfillment to lead, guide and teach young fighter pilots how to "Fly, Fight, Win!" I can sense the squadron 'gel' together! A short time later I move up to Squadron Commander of the 44th (very unusual to move up in the same squadron). No thanks to me, this is the BEST squadron I've EVER been in!!! The Ops Officers and Flight Commanders in the 'Vampire Squadron' (AKA Bats) are the most talented and energetic pilots I have ever seen in one group! Wing 'heavies' would call the night before squadron parties (our skits were famous, hilarious and 'no holds barred') and ask if they could come—in an unofficial capacity!

We also got to be the 'first team' in 'real world' crises. I got to lead the squadron in the escort of the Korean President's 747 on it's midnight return from the assassination attempt in Rangoon. And again in setting up at Misawa and launching in the first mission in defense of the rescue/salvage operations after the Russians shot down KAL Flight 007. Picture this: Two F-15s (with AWACS radar control) with 4 missiles 'tuned', 4 missiles 'cooled' and gatling gun armed in orbit over northern Japan, 120 nautical miles from 3 sets of four Foxbats and Flankers!! Talk about some sweaty palms!! In the Cold War, these events are called being at the 'pointy end of the spear'!!

WOW! What a thrill to be in the company of such 'winning' warriors! This is CERTAINLY my most rewarding and fulfilling assignment in the Air Force! This is the REAL Air Force we've searched for over the years since doolie summer!!

As luck would have it, I get promoted, on time again, to full bull Colonel! Unfortunately (giggle, giggle), my replacement doesn't show up for 3 months!! Full Colonel Vampire Squadron Commander!! "Can I, PLEASE, stay here forever??"

Colonel—1984

Going WHERE?? Hawaii?? Must be a mistake; I've never had a 'cushy' assignment before!! The gentle breezes and aroma of orchids and plumerias are overwhelming as I step off the big jet.

Well, neat!! I'm to be the PACAF Chief of Weapons (DOW). It ought to be a challenging and rewarding job (for a staff puke job, that is). After a week on the job, a new CINC PACAF takes over. The next day I get interviewed by General Bazley for the Executive Officer job. I tell him that I like where I am (DOW) and have a low opinion of exec's in general. Unfortunately, he laughs and tells me I am, exactly, what he wants for his Exec! Thank God, he is a great leader and a true pleasure to work for!

Coming from Japan, new cars are a must. How about a red Pontiac Fiero or a Chevy Camero? You have to drink Mai Tai's—anything with an exotic fruit in it—but nothing colored 'blue'!

My security clearances are severely expanded, and I get to see just about everything the CINC does. Some excellent contingency plans are developed for the tough scenarios against our foes across the vast expanse of PACAF's theater of operations. This is Hawaii, however, and since my boss is an avid golfer, my handicap plummets from 22 to 15! (Big Grin!)

"How could THIS happen??" Overwhelmed by sadness, I am transfixed by the TV images of 'Challenger' as it explodes in the Florida skies.

After almost two years of living in 'paradise', it's time to move on. The CINC helps me get a job where I have a 'chance' (all 'on-time' promotions, don't you know!) to be a Wing Commander.

Hmmm. I've been here before. Has the REAL Air Force moved into Holloman while I was gone??

Sierra Hotel!! My 7th operational assignment (September 1986) is back to the F-15 and the 49th TFW as Vice Commander. Good flying is still here in the desert. Even at this 'advanced' age (some smart guy said, "Military flying is a young man's game!"), I can still 'fly and fight' with the smart young fighter pilots in the wing. I'm still able to play slow pitch softball with the squadron teams and get in a few rounds of golf on the New Mexico hardpan cliche.

We work on some maintenance and supply problems for the jets. As Vice, I get to work a lot of community relations stuff, confer with the JAG's office on discipline issues, plan the Wing's 'beautification' program and dive into the wing's preparations for ORIs. This last item, I can handle. After many mobility, aircraft generation, deployment and tactical employment exercises, we're ready! When they come, we kick some butt! Holloman and the 49th TFW earn its FIRST EVER 'Excellent' rating from the TAC inspection team. Holloman's "49ers" team wins the William Tell competition at Eglin AFB, FL with the oldest combat-coded F-15s in the inventory!! I end up being Vice for 3 wing commanders. (Hmmm! I guess the handwriting is on the wall, huh??)

Let's see! Will driving a BMW or a Cadillac help to get a 'promotable' job? Think I'll have a beer and a shot of Jeremiah Weed and see what happens.

My options are to go to 13th AF in the Philippines as the Deputy for Operations or stay at Holloman as the 313th Air Division (AD) Chief of Staff. Hmm. I'm at the highest rank I'll get; I've already spent 11 years overseas; I've only got one or two assignments left until mandatory retirement. Think I'll stay here. I get to work for 3 pretty decent one stars. Working the Air Division portion of ORI preparations and acting as the local Inspector General is pretty rewarding, and we do well again on the inspections.

As my fourth year at Holloman draws to an end, I start working for an assignment to San Antonio in MPC or ATC at Randolph or AFMC at Kelly. San Antonio will be my 'retirement' location. My wife and I love the area; we have friends of ours there; it is close enough to Fort Worth where most of my family still lives. When the assignment process starts getting squirrely (overseas . . . again?!), the decision to retire comes easy.

No real regrets. We all wish we could have gone higher (except for Ron 'Buzzard' Fogleman, of course!), done more to help and train all of our troops, perhaps to have a bigger impact on the development and employment of air power.

But, in the end, we have to accept that we did the very best we possibly could and cherish the

many good times we had with many good people in many different parts of the world.

And we cherish the memories of our classmates and friends who were taken from our midst in both peacetime and war.

You also must know by now that being a 'fighter pilot' is a state of mind. It actually has very little to do with what, or even if, you fly. It is loving the spirit of competition, even if your toughest opponent is yourself. It is BELIEVING in team work. It is knowing you can trust your 'wingmen' and that they can trust you. It is successfully facing danger, no matter from what source and then, afterward, to laugh with your friends, to celebrate life and to live each day like there is no tomorrow.

Thanks Air Force!! We loved every minute!!

LLOYD KELLEY

Lives in St. Louis and serves as a Federal or US Administrative Law Judge (ALJ) hearing and deciding Social Security cases. Each year he decides 400 to 500 cases involving approximately \$180 million.

Elected from his region as one of 20 judges to serve on the (DC) Chief Judge's Advisory Council, which he also served as Secretary.

At SMU's School of Law, Lloyd earned a fellowship, was very successful in Moot Court competitions, received two American Jurisprudence Awards, worked as an assistant in writing two books which were published, and had his first article published in the Journal of Air Law & Commerce.

After graduating from Law School, Lloyd and his wife, Mary Jane, returned to St. Louis where Lloyd practiced law for five years. He was associated with Stuart Symington, Jr., the son of the Senator who was also the first Secretary of the Air Force. Lloyd became active in Republican politics, government, and bar association/judicial organizations and activities while serving on a planning and zoning commission and being elected a part-time municipal trial judge.

In November, 1972, he was elected the youngest of the eleven full-time Magistrate Judges of St. Louis County. As a state judge, Lloyd presided over civil and criminal, jury and non-jury trials, issued search and arrest warrants, and conducted preliminary hearings in felony cases. He led efforts that improved the Missouri court system, creating an Alternative Community Service Program that allowed first-time minor offenders to do voluntary work and avoid a conviction, and working on the formulation, drafting and passage of 1) the Small Claims Act, 2) the 1978 Judicial Article of the Missouri Constitution, which improved the court structure, and 3) other reform legislation.

The Missouri Supreme Court honored Lloyd by appointing him to its committee on Uniform Records and Procedures, and to the Executive Council of the Missouri Judicial Conference.

Lloyd was re-elected in 1974, but in November 1978, when some mis-guided Republicans put a Right-to-Work Amendment on the ballot, the voters, by a small margin, voted him back into the practice of law.

Between 1979 and 1986, Lloyd was a partner in a St. Louis County firm where he engaged in a civil and criminal trial practice. He was appointed a part-time judge in one county municipality and elected in another.

Community service includes being a Scout leader, member of the St. Louis County Air Pollution Appeals Board, and member of the Administrative Board of the United Methodist Church.

The Kelleys have two children: Erin 24, and Ryan 22. Mary Jane taught school for a number of years in St. Louis County and Fresno, CA where they frequently got together with "Colonel Ice Cream" Zygner and his wife, Jan.

Hobbies include swimming, tennis, snow skiing, reading, and he is writing two history books. With son, he's worked as a carpenter and grunt for the Foglemans' Good Enough Construction Company building the Visitors' Quarters in Durango, CO. They'll probably help again at the Fogs' B Bar J Cattle Co. ranch between now and the reunion, but not with port-a-potties.

Lloyd performed over 200 marriages as a judge, including Broderick Crawford's. E-Mail@HLIII@aol.com

ROBERT KENNEDY, Ph.D.

Robert Kennedy assumed his current position as director of the George C. Marshall European Center for Security Studies in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany on November 1, 1997. Previously he served as Professor of International Affairs at the Sam Nunn School of International Affairs, and Co-Director, Center for International Strategy, Technology and Policy at the Georgia Institute of Technology, Atlanta, GA (1989-1997). He also served as the Civilian Deputy Commandant, NATO Defense College, Rome, Italy (1985-1988); Dwight D. Eisenhower Professor of National Security Studies, U. S. Army War College (1974-1983); Foreign Affairs Officer, U. S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (1974); and a command pilot on active duty with the United States Air Force and later with the reserve forces (1963-1986).

Professor Kennedy also has been a Fulbright Scholar in Peru and a Senior Fellow at the Atlantic Council of the United States. He holds an M.A. and Ph.D. in Political Science from Georgetown University and a B.S. from the United States Air Force Academy.

Dr. Kennedy has served on the Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff Executive Committee for the accrediting of joint military education, is an Academic Associate of the Atlantic Council of the U.S., and General Editor of the Atlantic Papers. He is also a member of the International Institute for Strategic Studies, the International Studies Association, the Southern Center for International Studies, the Military Committee of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, and the Atlanta Council for International Relations. He has lectured and published widely and has served as a consultant in the fields of international security and defense affairs.

Professor Kennedy is married to Vevonna Marie Clark. They have two sons, Shaun and Teague.

MICHAEL H. KEYSERLING

Michael Huguenin Keyserling was born August 13, 1941 at Telfair Hospital, Savannah, GA, the oldest of five children of Harold Levy Keyserling and Theodora Guerard Huguenin of Beaufort, SC. He attended the public schools in Beaufort and was graduated from Beaufort High School in 1959 with the usual honors of Academy selectees: National Merit Scholar, Beta Club, etc.

After entering USAFA with the Class of 1963 wearing a fresh and clean white shirt and tie with which to impress the Dean he graduated on June 5, 1963, and the reported for UPT at Moody AFB, Valdosta, GA. After completion of UPT and then combat crew training at Castle AFB, Merced, CA, he was assigned to the 901st Refueling Squadron at Columbus AFB, MI, flying KC-135s. After several Arc Light and Young Tiger tours in SEA, the Air Force was left behind, and he went to work for Delta Air Lines as a pilot in March, 1969. He has managed to remain with Delta since that date and is currently based in Atlanta, GA flying MD-11s. He served with the Alabama ANG in 1969 and 1970 flying RF-84F out of Birmingham.

He was married to the former Sharon Fletcher of Valdosta, GA in 1964, and this union produced four children: Jennifer in 1969, Harold in 1971, Dena in 1976, and Theodora in 1977. It also produced a divorce in 1983. In 1986 he was married to Angela Dannies Lynch of Burlington, Iowa.

He was graduated from John Marshall Law School in 1976 with a JD, and from Woodrow Wilson College of Law in 1978 with a LL.M. He has since been associated with the law firm of Baskin and Baskin, P.C. of Marietta, GA since 1976. He serves as a general counsel for several firms in the Atlanta area. He currently resides at 139 Foxridge Court, Marietta, GA, and is planning to retire to Beaufort, SC in 2001.

JACK KOCHANSKI

Class 1963
LT. COL., USAF Retired
YEARPOSITION/EMPLOYERLOCATION
Present VP OperationsMerriam, KS
Corporate Documentation Services
1986-96 Production Mgr/Customer Overland Park, KS
Account Manager/Xerox Corporation
1983-85 General Manager, William R. KS, MO, GA, TX, AZ
1981-83 Chief Operations Training Little Rock AFB, AR
Division
(C-130 IP)/USAF (Secondary)
1979-81Test and EvaluationScott AFB, IL
HQ MAC/USAF
1974-79Test and Evaluation Kirtland AFB, NM
HQ AFTEC/USAF
T-39 Pilot (Secondary)
1970-73 IP C-130/USAF Little Rock AFB, AR
1969-70 Pilot C-130/USAF C.C.K. AFB, Taiwan
1969Co-Pilot C-130/USAF Dyess AFB, TX
1967-68UPT/USAF Randolph AFB, TX
1965-67General's Aide/USAFKelly AFB, TX
1964-65 Communications IntelligencePeshawar Air Station
Officer/USAF Pakistan
1963-64 Communications Intelligence GoodFellow AFB, TX
School/USAF

In 1967, married Carleen in San Antonio; two children, Kristin (1972) and Lori (1974). Kristin works for Northwestern Mutual Life (NML) and Lori is a flight attendant for American Airlines. Carleen and I reside in Independence, MO. As of this writing, Kristin (married) lives in Indianapolis, IN, and Lori in Manhattan, NY.

{Ed: Leave it to my old roommate to give me the toughest typing job! Thanks, Jack (or was it, Carleen)?}

KEN KOPKE

From '63 to '68 followed the road to 'Nam, as most of us did in one way or another: UPT (and Waylon Jennings) at Willy, B-52s, Arc Lights out of Guam (lost two BUFFS on our first mission—mid-air), instant fighter pilot school at Luke (watched Al Kubat buy it on a formation takeoff), jungle survival and San Miguel beer at Clark, III Corps Smokey FAC for a Special Forces B Team, Tamale FAC for the 9th Infantry Brigade. Saw what 20 quad-12.5s looked like at night—really pretty, but all converging in slow motion on my Bird Dog. Pucker Time. Sounds like rain on a tin roof. Lit the burner (i.e., dove straight down) and boogied out of there. Called in my friends Spooky and the Widownmakers to play their hit song for Charles and his NVA friends: "We Will, We Will, Rock You." Roger that. Cleared in hot. Landed on fumes. Jack Daniels sure went down smooth after that mission.

Did the egghead thing after 'Nam: UCLA and USAFA Astro instructor from '69 to '77, getting lucky in '72 by marrying Bonell. From '77 to '81, got to fly upside-down again as an IP and Ops Officer at Columbus—daughter Robyn and Janelle came along while there (thanks, Nancy Isaacson, for taking Bonell to the hospital when I didn't believe her after she told me that Janelle was "on her way", and I went off to fly—my God, what our wives put up with!). Ended my 20 as the PAS at UCLA (got to spend a day with Doolittle—84 years old—still had the look of the eagle—still drinking doubles).

Headed for the mountains of Montana (Seeley-Swan valley—where you had to drive at least a mile to catch a cutthroat every third cast—what a bummer). Ran out of money in '89 and have been in C Springs doing astro ever since. Will retire in 2042 when my daughters' college bills are paid off. Will grow up, settle down, and tell war stories for food. Is this a great country or what!

ROGER J. KORENBERG

Following graduation, I attended Navigator Training at James Connelly AFB, TX. During my assignment to Charleston AFB, SC, I married the former Jerri Campbell, from Rock Rapids, IA. After three years flying C-124s, I went to UPT at Vance AFB, OK. Our daughter, Karen, was born while I was in training. Following a year in C-141s at Travis AFB, CA, I was assigned to Special Operations CH-53s out of NKP, Thailand. Among my memories of my year in SEA, I vividly recall my copilot and I escaping with minor injuries when the Bahi Bus we were riding in was held up by a couple of armed thugs. Their proposition of "Money, No die," was an offer we could not refuse. I wonder if some Thai bandit still has a '63 class ring.

Following a tour as helicopter rescue support for the Apollo Space Program at Patrick AFB, I attended AFIT in residence and received a master's degree in aero-mechanical engineering. Our son, Kevin, was born at Wright-Pat. My follow-on directed duty assignment to the San Antonio Air Logistics Center ended with a passover to Lt. Col. I returned to the cockpit in HH-53s for the Systems Command at Hickam AFB. I was forced to endure this hardship tour of seven years. Along the way, I was promoted to Lt. Col. on the fourth go-around, beating the 1% odds! I finished my AF career in 1989 as Director of Safety for Air Rescue Service at McClellan AFB, CA.

I worked for five years as an Environmental Engineer for the State of California, Air Resources Board in Sacramento. The job was challenging, exciting, and fast paced. The down-turn in the California economy plus the general deterioration in the quality of life, led our family to move back to the Midwest to be near our families. We bought a 40-acre farm near California, MO, and I am now employed by the State of Missouri as an Environmental Engineer. Specifically, I do a lot of Outreach and Public Relations work. Our responsibilities include advising farmers about their animal waste lagoons, so I have become the manure expert for the state! (My friends from the Maintenance world say this is an appropriate second career for an AF pilot!)

My next goal is to become the oldest living graduate.

HENRY R. KRAMER

Henry R. Kramer was born in Trenton, NJ on October 24, 1941. He lived in Trenton, graduating from Trenton Catholic High School, until he entered USAFA in June 1959. He spent "doolie summer" in 30th Squadron, and the remainder of his four years in 4th Squadron. He designed the "Fightin' Fourth" patch which is still in use.

Upon graduation, he married the former Patricia Mahon of Levittown, NJ, on June 15, 1963.

He entered UPT in August 1963 at Vance AFB, OK, in Class 65B, training in the T-37 and T-38 aircraft. His daughter, Debbie, was born on March 4, 1964. Graduating tenth in his class, he was assigned as a Weapons Systems Officer (WSO){Wizzo} in the F-4C. He attended survival school at Stead AFB, NV, and transitioned into the F-4 at Davis-Monthan AFB, AZ, from October 1964 through March 1965.

Between December 1965 and July 1966, he flew one-hundred and thirty combat missions over Laos and North Vietnam. All most all of the flights were "Night Owl" interdiction missions. On March 3, 1966, his crew was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC) for destroying a critical railroad bridge, at night, in the Red River Valley.

In September 1966, he reported again to Davis-Monthan AFB to upgrade to F-4 Aircraft Commander, and in November he was assigned to the 81st TFS at Hahn AB, West Germany. He remained at Hahn until December 1969. During this period he completed a Master's Degree in Management from the University of Southern California, and finished his tour as the 50th TFW Chief of Flight Safety, flying with the 10th TFS.

He reported to the 9th TFS at Holloman AFB, NM in January 1970 as an F-4D. He also worked on the 49th TFW staff, planning the Crested Cap II deployment to Germany in Sept-Oct 1970. In January 1971, he reported to Squadron Officers School, graduating in April of that year.

In August 1971 he reported as an F-4D to the 36th TFS at Kunsan AB, Korea. Assigned as a 3rd TFW Standardization and Evaluation Flight Examiner and IP, he flew from Kunsan and then Osan AB until June 1972. He was then assigned temporarily as a Forward Operating Location Ops Officer at Bien Hoa AB, RVN until August 1972.

He reported to Fort Hood, TX, in September 1972 as an Air Liaison Officer for the 2nd Brigade, 1st Cavalry Division. From September 1972 until August 1974, he also flew the O-2A as a FAC for the 702nd TASS.

During this time he also completed the Industrial College of the Armed Forces by correspondence.

In August 1974 he was reassigned to HQ TAC at Langley AFB, VA. A member of the Exercise Plans Division, his working location was Naval Operating Base Norfolk, VA, where he was a TAC liaison officer on the CINCLANT TACS/TADS joint planning staff. On September 1, 1976, he received the Joint Services Commendation Medal for planning and conducting a West Coast Procedural Exercise that successfully tested the first joint service interface of air traffic control/air defense computer systems in actual air operations. From August 1974 until February 1978, he also flew the T-39 on support missions for the 89th Airlift Wing.

He reported to the 58th TFS at Eglin AFB, FL in March 1978, as an F-4E Assistant Operations Officer. In June 1979 he attended the Chief of Safety Course at the Aerospace Safety Center, Norton AFB, CA. In August 1979 he was reassigned to Clark AB, Philippines.

From August 1979 until February 1981, he functioned as the 3rd TFW Chief of Safety. In addition, he also flew the T-33 in support of Cope Thunder Exercises.

In March 1981, he reported to Hurlburt Field, FL as Chief of the Project Management Branch of the TAWC 4442nd TAC Gp. In May 1981 he was divorced after eighteen years of marriage. In March 1982, he was reassigned to MacDill AFB, FL.

From March 1982 until September 1988, he was assigned as an F-16 pilot, Chief of Safety and Assist IG for the 56th TFW. In 1984 he received the USAF Chief of Safety Individual Safety Trophy for significant contributions to F-16 safety in the areas of 20mm gun jams, weather hazards, thrust losses and emergency canopy jettison. He retired from the Air Force on September 30, 1988.

In a flying career that spanned twenty-four of his twenty-five years, he accumulated 3460 hours in the F-4C/D/E, O-2A, T-39, T-33 and F-16A/B.

Following retirement, he was employed by Singer-Link, Canadian Aerospace Electronics-Link, and McDonnell-Douglas Training Systems at MacDill AFB, as an F-16A/C academics instructor. From January 1989 until July 1993, he taught F-16 flight controls, air-to-air gunnery, and instrument school. He also was a simulator instructor for the 56th TFW students and IPs. In September 1990 and March 1991 he received awards as the outstanding civilian instructor.

JAMES D. LANG, JR

After graduation from the Academy in 1963 and a summer in Hawaii, I found myself at Laredo AFB pushing the throttles of T-37s and T-38s. I went to KC-135s in Dayton, OH by way of Castle AFB, CA. During the time at Castle, I became engaged to my wife, Bonnie. Later, in July 1965, when I was stationed at Wright-Patterson AFB, OH, we were married. We had four daughters: Kate, Terry, Christie, and Angie.

After a one-year tour at Wright-Pat, we were assigned to the 6th Strategic Recon Wing at Eielson AFB, AL where I flew RC-135s for the balance of my military career. I completed over 2,000 hours of flying time, and I resigned and relocated to the San Francisco Bay area to go into business and investments. The stock market was not anything to write home about in early 1969. I found myself investigating alternative investments such as real estate tax shelters because I had a construction background (my father spent his life in that industry, and I worked for him growing up). Also, I took very easily to commercial development and the investment aspects of funding tax shelter projects. I was one of three to form a company in the San Francisco Bay area, which grew rapidly from its founding in 1970 to a very good size company by the end of the 70s. However, all is not gold that glitters, and in 1979 I was indicted on fifteen counts of mail fraud in conjunction with the activities of our company. Let it suffice to say this began one of the most challenging periods of my life. I wound up serving thirty-four months incarcerated in California and Oklahoma, and then relocating to Oklahoma where we started all over again in the construction business.

After several years and a successful comeback, we were called to the Ministry. I became a Pastor and Elder in my church. Ultimately, Bill Glass Ministries of Dallas asked me to become Executive Director of Bill Glass Prison Ministries, where I currently serve. We bring World Class Athletes (NFL, NBA, Olympics, etc.) and Entertainers into approximately 250 prisons through out America each year. These last for a three day weekend bringing life changing programs that are educational, motivational, and inspirational.

The last four years have been probably the greatest four years of our lives. All of our girls are now grown. Three are married, with three grandchildren and one more on the way. One son-in-law is an F-18 Weapon System Operator (WSO) for the Marine Corps in San Diego at Miramar MCAS. Another son-in-law is a licensed pilot and works in commercial aviation. Through it all, though I would not have chosen the course we took it's mountain peaks and valleys, we have come to a full knowledge of the saving grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ, and are now honored to spend the rest of our lives serving Him. Some might wonder if I have lost my sense of humor or have been emotionally scared so that I can't be a regular guy anymore. I sure hope not! It will be a thrill to be with many of our classmates and friends who stood with us through this entire process and now rejoice in the victory we share.

NORMAN I. (SKIP) LEE

My time spent in the Air Force focused on operations especially the airlift mission. Generally, this was intentional. Flying is not only fun but when the chips are down, the Air Force and the country need folks who are technically proficient, know how to employ airpower at the grass roots and can lead in the air. I decided to leave the strategy to guys much smarter than me. Most of my jobs were at the squadron level beginning with the 3rd MAS at Charleston and SEA (21st TASS) as a FAC. After a tour on the USAFA Faculty, Department of History (1969-72), I went to Little Rock to begin what turned out to be a long association with the C-130 Hercules. I flew various versions of the Herk, most of which were with the 53rd WRS Hurricane Hunters and the 54th WRS Typhoon Chasers between 1972 and 1984. Planning and flying storms used many of the fundamentals of combat airpower employment. Successful storm tracking depended a lot on application of the best intelligence available, swift and agile planning with available options, and having your forces (people and machines) in position rested, trained and motivated—want to fly into a Hurricane or Typhoon. Did it all in Weather Recce: Aircraft Commander, IP, Flight Examiner, Operations Officer and Squadron Commander. Also met some of the most dedicated and talented people to ever put on a flight suit whom I'll never forget. The intervening staff assignments at Headquarters ARRS, MAC and 23rd AF were all ops related. Only the bosses ("The Bagger," Duane Cassidy and Bob Patterson) made the staff jobs tolerable. At Kirkland in 1985 I got fired suggesting we train for the future. The wing there was training people assuming a relatively benign combat air environment of SEA. The introduction of new tactics such as low-level, night ops using NVGs, com out etc. were not being ignored rather the use of such tactics was being resisted in the name of safety. My last Air Force tour was at HQ 23rd AF (AFSOC after I left) as Chief, Aircrew Standardization and Evaluation where I participated in the integration of the new tactical skills into the tactical repertoire of all our active, reserve, guard, and training units. The 23rd AF job also introduced me to Human Factors Engineering for multi-crew cockpits and helped prepare me in a way for the future.

Retiring from the Air Force in late 1987 was not a hard decision. Most of my career goals were realized, peace was breaking out and things were changing. In a little over 24 years, I accumulated nearly 5,000 flying hours, mostly in Herk, Star Lizards, Bird Dogs plus assorted other multi-engine types and stayed on flight status right up to the last day. Also snagged a little H-1 and H-3 Helicopter time, and found out I may well have missed my calling.

What to do after the Air Force was at first a mystery. The secret was to find out what you really like to do besides golf. Once that decision was made, the job offers came along pretty quickly. The job with Boeing started as a 737 Flight Crew Training Instructor. Much learning was accomplished especially in the area of integrated avionics, glass cockpits, flight management (no Navigators!) and auto-flight systems. Can you imagine CAT II and III approaches and landings without touching the d__d airplane? An opportunity to join the development program as a Certification Specialist and learn the technical secrets of Boeing Flight Deck Design and Crew Operations philosophies caused me to leave Flight Training. Commander of the 54th WRS was the most challenging and fun job I had in the Air Force. Manager, Certification Programs (responsible for certifying all new Boeing commercial airplane programs with the FAA and foreign regulatory agencies) is by far the most unbelievable job. My daily efforts are focused a great deal on the pure enjoyment of being involved in airplane design and development at its roots. I find myself traveling, dealing with people from all over the world and working on multi-million dollar, high tech airplane programs.

It has been and continues to be a great trip, and throughout it all, I have been blessed and supported by a wonderful family, Linda, Susan, David and Heidi. For me, it all began at the Academy. What successes we enjoyed with our careers in and out of the Air Force truly began those first few minutes after stepping onto the Academy Terrazzo and meeting our first upperclassman. Ad Novos Mundos.

RALPH LEE

After USAFA broadened my perspective on the whole man and the earth's people, I spent 14 years as a Civil Engineering Officer. I attended graduate school at Texas A & M and spent a year in Vietnam (1967-68). I left the Air Force after someone overlooked my vast potential to serve as a major—not to mention the higher grades. I have worked as an environmental engineer and manager since 1978. Denise joined me in 1975, followed by two sons and two daughters, ages now 21, 13, and a granddaughter.

By 1963, I realized that my passion for flying was more of an interest. I decided to combine that interest with technical interests in the Civil Engineering career field.

The career choice was a good one. The work was interesting and varied, and I found that cargo planes, bombers, missiles—and even fighters—couldn't get off the ground without us. (And after Vietnam, don't mention getting back on the ground.) I also supported other interesting diversions—controlled environments for computer facilities, and labs, 99.99% reliable power for remote communications sites, wastewater plants, contracting, etc.

The varied aspects of Civil Engineering included graduate school, teaching, environmental protection work—which became my new career field in 1978. I might have overindulged in the newness—I worked for the Navy.

In my personal life, I required extensive curing after USAFA. I didn't marry until 1975; Denise believes I still wasn't ready. She was an Air Force wife for only one assignment—in Turkey. She wasn't totally unprepared; her dad is a former B-17 pilot.

Among the new Lees, the oldest is a non-graduating senior at UC Davis, and the next three have inquiring minds, so I don't even mention retirement.

We have played too—music, soccer, racquetball, tennis, softball, baseball, wrestling, skiing, trees, travel, the Sierras, and others.

I never shot down a MiG, but I haven't experienced many boring moments.

WAYNE LE FORS

I'm still married (almost 28 years) to the former Margrit Wilke of Berlin, Germany; two daughters, Monique (23) and Nicole (21). I flew KC-135s for six years (Dyess AFB, TX) and then spent twenty-six years with the liaison officer program; retired 1994 (Colonel).

I joined Northwest Airlines in 1969, and I'm presently a captain on the 747, mostly doing Asian runs (I'll be retiring in two months {Ed. Received bio 10/97}). I started a wholesale distribution business (Specialty Imports) in 1971 selling mostly women's fashion accessories and clothes.

That's it in a "nutshell." Let me know if you need anything else and thanks again. {Ed. George C. Marshall was famous at the Infantry School for his ability to cover any subject in one short paragraph. He'd have loved your input, Wayne. Thanks.}

OWEN LENTZ

Owen began his post-Academy Air Force service as a SAC intelligence brown bar and retired as a NORAD/SPACECOM intelligence one-star. In between he served in academia, international political-military affairs and plans and policy. He was never assigned to the Pentagon, but managed a three-year DOD tour in Brussels working for the SECDEF Representative in Europe. All-in-all he spent over eight years in NATO and USAFE jobs in Europe, serving in England, Germany, and Belgium. Ironically, the factors that made promotion to colonel "iffy"—the long years of joint duty in NATO and consequent lack of a Pentagon Air Staff tour at the right time—were instrumental in his later selection to brigadier general in the Goldwater-Nichols "joint" era {Ed: Senators Goldwater and Nichols pushed through legislation in the 1980s requiring the Army, Navy and Air Force to identify officers who had served joint duty assignments

with the other services, especially in Headquarters staffs. Those officers were given preference for promotion.) His view of the Vietnam "elephant" was from the 7th Air Force Headquarters at Tan Son Nhut AB where as a 1st Lt and Captain, he spent a year keeping track of the air war and briefing daily results to Generals Momyer and Westmoreland. That heady (and humbling) experience was followed by teaching political science at the Academy with the 1964 master's degree he earned at Georgetown in the first seven months after graduation. He then entered the domestic "anti-war zone" in Cambridge, Massachusetts where he pursued doctoral studies at M.I.T. during the volatile late '60s and early '70s. That was followed by another teaching tour at USAFA and then six years in Europe. A return to SAC Intelligence in the early '80s was followed by Air War College (as a student, then instructor), a tour as Vice Commander of the 544th Strategic Intelligence Wing, a return to Europe as a Colonel in a one-star billet at SHAPE, promotion to brigadier general and assignment to USSPACECOM in Colorado Springs.

After retiring in '93, Owen spent a delightful summer semester as a Visiting Lecturer at the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, caught up on many household jobs around their log home (appropriately located in a place called "Walden" in the Black Forest north of Colorado Springs), and now serves as Director of Job and Career Services at Ecumenical Social Ministries in Colorado Springs. During the course of their 34 years together, Kathy and Owen have grown in their Christian faith and have been blessed with the opportunity of raising (and learning from) a daughter, Erin, (now married to an '89 grad, Steve Hankins) and two sons, Eric and Christopher.

FREDERICK W. LINDAHL

Marital Status: divorced

Children: Virginia, a 1966 graduate of George Washington University, now works as a research assistant at Duke Medical Center. Kristine has completed her junior year at Haverford College, where she is majoring in Spanish.

I've completed my fourth year on the faculty of the School of Business and Public Management at George Washington University, after moving here from the Duke faculty. My career in education is a second mid-career change; after six years on active duty, I resigned my commission and completed an MBA at Harvard Business School. I began my post-MBA career at Price Waterhouse, where I practiced as a CPA for six years in Boston.

My third career began when I left public accounting to pursue a Ph.D. at the University of Chicago. It was a good decision—I like my job, my colleagues, and my students. The market for business education, and particularly MBA education, has grown very competitive in recent years, and GWU is facing the challenge of improving. It is making efforts in a number of directions, and I've been involved in, and committed to, several. For one, I direct the graduate programs in accounting. My military experience has helped me to understand the transition from military to civilian life, and I've helped several career officers prepare for their next career by educating themselves now.

I specialize my teaching in the areas of cost and managerial accounting. I've taught at the bachelors, masters and doctoral levels, as well as in executive education programs, but master and doctoral students are my favorites. Of course there's no one more conscientious than the current or former military officer. I'm an active researcher and have published in the better accounting and finance journals—hence I haven't perished.

I had a long and satisfying career in the Air Force. I had resigned my regular commission in 1969, but continued a career as a Reservist until 1995. I flew nearly 8,000 hours, ending my flying activity after the Persian Gulf crisis, during which I was recalled to active duty and piloted C-5 missions to the Middle East. Finding that leaving the Air Force after many years left a hole in my life, I joined the Civil Air Patrol. My involvement is working with a group of young cadets from southeast Washington. It's gratifying to see their seriousness in learning about search and rescue, about military customs, and about aircraft and space exploration. While I don't feel that I'm making a huge difference in their lives, I feel as if what I am doing is worthwhile. I'm very impressed with the devotion of the senior members and with the structure and goals of the program.

My other principal leisure activity is biking—as in bicycle, not Harley-Davidson. I ride on club rides whenever I can on weekends and take an occasional bike tour—summer '97 in Southern Spain. It's enjoyable as a social activity and helps keep me fit.

I'm very pleased with my children's development. They're both hardworking young women who have done very well academically and who are generous in helping others.

KEITH E. LOCKHART

After graduating from high school in Greenville, IL, I attended the Naval Academy Prep School at Bainbridge, MD, and entered USAFA with the Class of 1963. After graduation I became a navigator/electronic warfare officer and flew combat missions in Vietnam in B-52s while stationed at Ellsworth AFB, SD. I then had an operations officer assignment at the Air Force Satellite Control Facility in San Jose, CA for two years. My next assignment was flying in DC-130s at Edwards AFB, CA with a subsequent move to Hill AFB, UT, doing research and testing for unmanned aerial vehicles. That was followed by Headquarters TAC liaison assignment at Wright-Patterson AFB, OH and eventually back to SAC at Minot AFB, ND in a staff planning position before my retirement in 1982.

I was then employed for 12 years at Texas Instruments in Dallas, TX, and was involved in marketing and project management for several defense projects. I have also worked with a lawyer doing estate planning seminars and am currently a consultant for project management and teach software training classes for scheduling tools used in for construction and defense projects.

I married Linda Ferguson, the sister of Mike Ferguson, also in our class. We have a son and two daughters, three granddaughters, and one grandson. We currently live in Highland Village, TX, a Dallas suburb.

Church activities and my hobby of bird watching keep me busy in my spare time. I have served on the board of directors and as president for the Dallas County Audubon Society and served on the worship committee at our church. I also served on the national board of directors for the Association of Unmanned Vehicle Systems.

ROY MARSHALL

I've been blessed over the last 35 years to have done the things our school prepared us to do. From UPT, with 95% of the class being '63 grads, to working in industry, it's been great. The first flying job was a hardship tour flying T-33s at Tyndall AFB, FL. Terry Boswell was there before me and taught me how to strafe shrimp boats at a low altitude (I stayed high while he broke the regs). Then I got to do it for real in a Bird Dog (O-1A) as a Forward Air Controller (FAC) in Vietnam. People over there were madder than the guys in the shrimp boats.

Back to the States as a T-38 IP at Del Rio, TX. JJ Kennedy told me there were only three women in town you could marry, and he'd already married one of them. Somehow I found one of the others, or maybe she found me, and we've been going down the same trail ever since.

Next step was F-4 school and another tour in SEA. Thailand and F-4s were a different world than the earlier Vietnam experiences. What was really different though was to leave a new son and wife at home. Graduate school at USC was another cultural experience but one that was good to understand the business side of the Air Force. The next 15 years were spent bouncing between flying jobs and Systems Command. Happy times were spent bouncing a baby girl on my knee.

Sooner than I thought it was possible, it was time to hang up the uniform and get a real job. That real job has been Texas Instruments (now Raytheon Texas Instruments) as a program manager. Good company, good job, and good people, but I still reflect back to the Air Force days as the best in many ways. Keeping those ties is important, and it starts with the Academy. Sure wish guys like my roommate, Dutch Holland, were around to enjoy it and hopefully in some fashion they are.

There's a lot to look forward to in the future, and we do travel around the country some. Bumping into classmates ranks up there as one of life's joys, and let's hope that happens with increasing frequency in the coming years.

JACK A. MARTINES

After graduation and initial assignment to UPT, I did what many of us did, served many years. After 28 fun-filled, action-packed years, I retired in Albuquerque, NM. My family is from the northern part of the state and traces its roots to the early 1700s right here in New Mexico. I am the prodigal son returned.

One of my most intense and vivid assignments was the SEA tour at NKP with the Air Commando unit. It was during that year that so many of our classmates were killed in what was an untenable situation given the restrictions placed on our military. As many of our class will attest, the time we spent in SEA was the most impressionable of our careers.

After SEA, I flew the EB-57 with the Air Defense Command following one of the most unusual assignments of my career. I was being assigned to the EC-121 at Otis AFB when I returned from NKP. I was unhappy, of course, because I had volunteered for SEA to leave the EC-121 and Otis. I called ADC HQ while I was enroute to Otis. I spoke to a Major who asked me why I was upset and what aircraft in the ADC inventory I really wanted to fly. He was "Gabby" Hayes, and he said it was the 1st day of the fiscal year (the fiscal year used to begin on July 1), and they had not done a good deed all year, and I just happened in at the right time. He gave me my choice of aircraft in ADC (in those days, pilots were allocated to the MAJCOM that then determined end assignments) and allowed me to stay in C-Springs a few more days while my new orders caught up with me. That change of assignments changed my career.

I was fortunate enough to have many opportunities to move around and travel the world and manage to get myself promoted while enjoying every day of my career. I had a unique tour as an exchange officer to the Spanish AF, served on the OJCS, had a couple of commands and retired where I hoped to, in Albuquerque, NM. I had tried to get an assignment to Kirtland AFB for over 10 years, but circumstances precluded that.

I've had several jobs since retiring, but nothing compares to the varied and rewarding life I had in the Air Force. I started work at one job after retirement and gave my two-week's notice after one week. My next two were more interesting, and I have been able to travel some (I spent two years in Puerto Rico) and the work has been varied.

The beauty of living in New Mexico (it really is part of the U.S.) is the rapidity with which one is assimilated in to the political and social scene, especially if your last name is Hispanic. Had I gone to Utah and tried to get into the local scene, well, you can imagine the reception I'd have gotten. So, we all end up where it seems to suit us.

Just recently, Ron Fogleman and I made the newspapers on the same day, front page. He announced that he was retiring if one of his BGs was reprimanded for events over which he had no control, and I announced that I was running for Mayor. I had several favorable press releases and that goes to show that anyone out here on the economy can run for office. In general, it also demonstrates that they are hurting for candidates. It seemed that all of a sudden, I had a wealth of knowledge and my opinion was being sought on all issues from Day Care to Police Brutality. It was very interesting, and it will not be my last entry into the political fracas. I must admit that being somewhat conservative in a predominantly liberal environment is a challenge.

Perhaps the crowning achievement in my life has been my family. My wife, Alice, followed me all over the world and raised five wonderful children during my many absences. My children have grown to be model conservatives and very productive citizens. Three of the five have degrees and are gainfully employed. One daughter, Leslie, is a mechanical engineer with her Master's Degree in Heat Transfer (I barely got through 3rd semester Mechanics with Archie Higdon!) and married an Air Force officer (she wanted the life her mother had). Catherine is a TV reporter and somewhat of a local celebrity (she was my name recognition in the Mayoral campaign). I went from being introduced as the "Son of Medardo" to "Father of Catherine Martines"! I can't win! The oldest of the three boys, Michael, is in the six or seven-year program at Utah State. I tell him he must break out of the "Zion Curtain" and come to the land of Enchantment. My second son, Matt, spent four years in the AF and is now a civilian AF firefighter at Kirtland AFB. Ron Fogleman can fill us in on that sometime.

JAMES L. MARTIN

Following graduation, Jim went to UPT at Vance. His first flying assignment was to Travis in C-135s. Six months later the squadron converted to C-141s. He had just gotten the knack of that when all the copilots were called together and informed that they would go to SEA. Fortunately, the assignment choices were plentiful, and Jim picked the F-100. He trained at Cannon, then off to Phan Rang where he flew 289 combat missions.

Following that he realized a dream and was selected to attend the USAF Test Pilot School at Edwards. After graduation, he was assigned to the 4950th Test Wing at Wright-Patterson AFB where he flew R&D

missions in the C-141 and C-135 aircraft. Jim left active duty in February 1973. After a short stint in a private firm in Mississippi, he joined NASA as a research pilot where for the past 24 years he has served as project pilot on various flight research programs primarily Vertical/Short Takeoff and Landing (V/STOL) and rotary wing aircraft. In 1986 he was named chief pilot. In 1988, he was selected as the chief of the Flight Research Division and currently serves as chief of flight operations at the Ames Research Center, Mountain View, CA. Highlights of Jim's NASA career include flying a STOL research aircraft in the 1983 Paris Airshow, sea trials of an experimental aircraft on the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk, and research piloting in the AV-8 Harrier. Jim has accumulated over 12,000 flight hours in over 75 different types. [Ed: '63 Class record in types of aircraft].

He joined the Air Force Reserve in 1974 with a C-141 squadron at Travis where he served as aircraft commander, ops officer, and squadron commander. He was promoted to colonel in '89 and worked as the chief of safety at HQ 4th AF and as mobilization assistant (MA) to the Director of Requirements at HQ AFMC. Jim was promoted to Brigadier General in 1995 and spent two years as the MA to the commander of the Air Force Flight Test Center. Currently he is the MA to the commander of HQ PACAF, Hickam.

Jim is still married to Jeanne, and they have four adult children and two grandchildren. Son, Scott, is an '86 USAFA grad who after nearly ten years as an F-16 pilot is now a student at the Air Force Test Pilot School.

PHIL MAYWALD

Bobbie and I live in Tullahoma, TN, smack dab in the middle of twelve and a half acres of woods, yet only minutes from what passes for a shopping center in Tullahoma. I work for Sverdrup Technology at Arnold AFB, which is the Air Force wind tunnel and propulsion test center. Bobbie is a labor and delivery nurse at the local hospital. I am also the local USAFA Liaison Officer and the AFA State President.

My first assignment after UPT at Reese was B-52s at Minot AFB, ND. After two years of surviving the winters, I volunteered for SEA and went as a FAC first in O-1s and then O-2s. I was a Raven flying in Laos and a Nail flying over Laos and North Vietnam from Thailand. My only experience in South Vietnam was at Khe Sanh during the siege. After SEA, I went to Bitburg, Germany where I was a command post duty officer and base operations officer flying T-39s, C-131s, and C-47s part-time. After getting a master's in Aero at AFIT, Wright-Patterson AFB, I went to Kirtland AFB, NM, first in the test wing and then the Air Force Test and Evaluation Center. I was the flight test engineer for the operational testing of the F-15 and A-10. Returning to the cockpit, I was assigned to T-38s at Sheppard AFB training German Air Force students with a joint USAF and GAF instructor force. I spent most of my tour as the squadron ops officer and wound up getting to be the squadron commander or a couple of months prior to leaving for Tennessee. I was the Director of Propulsion Testing at AEDC and went to work for Sverdrup after retiring from the USAF in 1984.

Our first daughter, Karen, was born during UPT. Kimberly and Kristen were born at Minot. Kristen was one month old when I left for FAC training. Today, I can't imagine that I would volunteer to put my family through the risks of my combat flying, yet at the time it seemed perfectly normal, and Bobbie fully supported me. During the year I was gone, Bobbie coped with three children, all had bad cases of chicken pox at Christmas, was the family mainstay when her father died, made two trips to Hawaii, one with all three of the girls to see me, and went back to work as a nurse part-time. Our fourth daughter, Kelly, was born in Germany.

Most of my classmates know that I received the Air Force Cross for a rescue mission in Laos. What you may not know is that Bobbie was awarded the Air Force Civilian Award for Valor. She was a civil service nurse at Sheppard when a disoriented patient jumped out of a fifth floor window in below-0-degree weather in the middle of the night and landed on a ledge below the windows but too far below for someone to climb into the windows from the ledge. She ignored the fact that she was the head nurse with young airmen and nurses to call on and jumped out after the patient. Bobbie was out on the ledge for several hours with the patient until the fire department was able to get ladders up to them.

We now have 10 grandchildren, 7 boys and 3 girls, 4 are in TN, 3 in Syracuse, NY, and 3 in Fredericksburg, VA. Phillip, the oldest will be 10 next week. With many of them close, there is no lack of excitement and joy. Bobbie spends most of her spare time involved with the grandchildren

and working some type of painting or crafts. I run and fly. I have run almost 550 full marathons, the local ultra, a 42 miler, five times and so many shorter races that I give all the T-shirts away for lack of space. I fly and instruct in light aircraft at the local airport. We plan to always have a home base in TN, but spend more time in NY, VA, and TX after I retire again at the end of the year and would like to see you if we are passing your neighborhood or you ours.

{Ed. Note: For his heroism during a successful SAR in May 1968, Phil actually was nominated for the Medal of Honor, with much supporting documentation from the other aircrews flying the Sandies and Jolly Greens. JHB}

ROBERT MAZET

Robert Mazet was born in New York City on November 27, 1940, grew up in California and graduated from the USAF Academy in 1963. He completed UPT at Laredo AFB, TX in 1964, then spent six years flying the F-4 Phantom II.

In 1966 he deployed from Holloman AFB, NM, with the 391st Tactical Fighter Squadron (TFS) to Cam Ranh Bay, South Vietnam, where he served his first combat tour. After spending several months back at George AFB, CA, upgrading to Aircraft Commander he returned to SEA at Ubon RTAFB. There he joined the 555th TFS and the 8th TF Wing. Upon completion of his second combat tour in 1968, he had compiled a total of 345 combat missions.

After returning to the U.S., he spent two years as an IP in the F-4D and E at Homestead AFB, FL and David-Monahan AFB, AZ, before resigning in 1970 to attend graduate school at UCLA. Following completion of medical school in 1975, he completed a three-year residency in internal medicine in Denver, CO, attended the School of Aerospace Medicine Flight Surgeon Program at Brooks AFB, TX in 1978, completed a two-year residency in Anesthesiology at the University of Michigan Medical center in 1981 and served three years in the Air National Guard as a flight surgeon from 1978-1981.

In 1981 he moved to the Phoenix, AZ area, where he was in private practice as an anesthesiologist until 1994, at which time he retired. He presently resides in Paradise Valley, AZ, with his two boxers, George and Kadie, and his Marchetti SF 260 and Staudacher 300. The latter which he flies in competition aerobatics.

BOB MC BETH

I live in Columbia, SC and own and operate an industrial distribution corporation with eleven warehouses spread over the Carolinas and Georgia. Rita, my wife of 32 years, spends her time gardening and our two girls are grown. one is attending college in Vermont and the other has finished school and is looking for work, preferable in Europe.

The urge to enter business (and not commercial flying) struck me in 1970 when I resigned from the Air Force and entered the Stanford Business School. after graduating with an MBA in 1972, I joined another individual who headed a small company in southern California. Our objective was to acquire and operate additional companies. The fellow bought the companies, and I managed and improved them. Acquisitions took me to Houston, Phoenix, Michigan, and finally, South Carolina. Eventually we listed the company on the New York Stock Exchange.

In the 1980s I decided to buy a company on my own, and after a lengthy search and spending beaucoup money, I bought the distribution company mentioned earlier, which was headquartered where I lived. Since then I have expanded the business through acquisitions.

While in the Air Force, I flew C-130s in various parts of the world, including Vietnam. After C-130s I was an IP at Vance in T-37s. UPT was at Williams where I met my wife. Lucky girl!

GEOFFREY W. MC CARTHY

Geoffrey W. Mc Carthy MD, BS, DipAvMed, Fellow, Aerospace Medical Association, American Academy of Family Practice, Past-President, International Association of Military Flight Surgeons-Pilots.

Graduating somewhere down in the base metals section of the Golden boys, Geff was something of a late bloomer and Bogus Latin scholar—e.g. "Ad Novos Mundos." Holds a few obscure class records, though: only '63 Pilot-Physician; most commissions (5); last real officer (read non-flag) to retire, 1 July 1997; and last '63er to actively fly

(Generals don't count.). Definitely last '63er to be dual-rated in 2 RAF jets. Loving husband to Julie for 31 years and father of five.

Thought he'd never do anything but fly the Hun happily ever after, but felt a growing need to work with people more directly. So, volunteered to leave the USAF for med school. USAF countered with a voluntary tour in 'Nam first.

Maybe as punishment, got orders to Nha Trang in O-1s. Stayed at the poker table at Clark 'till he whined his way into staying in the Hun. Called two old commanders, who remembered him distinctly...for fouling off the strafing range 3 rides in a row. An uneventful year at Tuy Hoa followed. Well, maybe an approach end cable in a 2-gear Hun was a bit unusual.

Left the USAF for San Jose State College, CA and freshman pre-med courses, and in 1970, began medical school in Albany, NY. Thought he'd never fly again, but the Mass ANG was so close...Joined up in '71. Brought Julie and all five youngsters to 1st Graduates Summer School at USAFA.

Graduated, an MD who was also combat ready in the F-100 in 75. Logical to fly in the front seat as Flight Surgeon, no? No, agreed USAF. Seven years before Geff returned to active duty as the USAF's first F-16 Pilot-Physician, and commission #3. Meanwhile, busy private practice and Flight Commander duties in the A-10 in Westfield, MA.

Worked on G-induced Loss of Consciousness, Spatial Disorientation as Chief, Aerospace Med. and flew with the 61st and 62nd TFTSs at MacDill. Volunteered for IP course: Wing King (obscure, no-potential Colonel by name of Fogleman) readily agreed.

Tapped by two mentors on 3rd round to be hospital commander at Misawa. Wanted to keep flying F-16s. Another low-potential '65er (Mike Ryan) agreed. loved Japan, still has friends there, priceless memories of hospital, 1st 432nd Operational Readiness Inspection(ORI), people, flying, 1988-9 at Edwards as Hospital Commander and Test Chase Pilot in T-38.

Bargained with Command Surgeon to leave after successful Management Inspection at one-year point for dream tour as Medical Officer (Pilot) with Royal Air Force (RAF) at Farnborough, UK. Flew Hawk and Hunter—often on the same day! —with “Competent to Instruct” endorsement in (handwritten) RAF logbook. Perfected method to desensitize aircrew with flying phobias, returned 10/10 in successful flying, proved ATAGS/CE does not impair in-cockpit mobility by actual ACBT experiment. Spoiled by RAF: regularly left home on bicycle at 0745 for 0815 wx brief and 0900 T/O, unless interrupted by tea break. Home by 5. Took RAF aeromed course, passed Diploma in Av Med: 6X45 min. essays, “viva coce” orals.

Ran out of extensions at 4-year point and went to Barksdale as Hosp. Cdr. No more flying, just riding as Flt Surg in Buff. Sure was ugly and uncomfortable... Staved off the vandals to keep it as a true hospital.

Last two years in USAF Armstrong Lab at W-P. elected Fellow, Aerospace Medical Assn. Selected for Group Command again, decided we had moved enough. Retired last month {July '97} to have time for kids in CA, UK, and Eire. Cheers!

RON MC COLLUM

Having recently visited the Academy and attended Chapel Service, it is still hard to realize that I was a student at this great institution many years ago. Moving to Colorado from Struthers, OH, I hardly knew that anything existed West of the Mississippi River. After four exciting years at USAFA, UPT was the next “mandatory” stop on my career path. William's AFB and lots of wonderful people taught me to slip the “surlly bonds of earth,” but went directly to the clutches of General LeMay and SAC as first a copilot then pilot on the KC-135. Spent a year in Moses Lake, WA, and four in Spokane at Fairchild AFB before deciding that if I was ever going to get out of the cockpit, it would be as a civilian.

I married a former Colorado Women's College (CWC) student, Mary Collins, in 1964 and on leaving the service, we moved to her hometown, Seattle. After lots of interviewing, I decided that a good introduction into the business world would be as a Stockbroker. PaineWebber was just opening in Seattle, and the new manager offered me a job because I had attended USAFA. Since 1969, I have been with the same firm in the same city.

I have two children: Brad, who works for Nike, is 32, married to Amy, and has one son; and Nan, 28, married to Royal and employed at Attachmate Corp. Mary died of cancer in 1986. In 1987 I married Mary Lou. She has a son, Leigh, 20, who is attending school and working part

time. During these ensuing years, I have skied, Ham radioed (W7GTF), gardened at the same house in Seattle, been involved at Church and other organizations, biked, played racquet ball, and lived a very blessed life with lots of good friends including many of you.

LARRY MC LAUGHLIN, GRI

Larry grew up in Elkins, WV, the oldest of six children in a family that had very little connection with the military in their history. (Two uncles served in WWII). When he read an article in Boy's Life Magazine telling of the founding of USAFA, he decided that was where he was going to college. It took him two tries to get in, and he attended WVU for one year. While in the ROTC program, after his principal appointment came through, the ROTC people put him up as “cadet of the month” candidate. He didn't know who the Chief of Staff of the AF was, or how many engines a B-52 had. So much for Air Force knowledge! He met Jeanne (Lasasso) on a blind date at the Christmas formal during our Doolie year. They got married on graduation day.

After UPT, C-124s at Hill AFB. He volunteered for C-7As in Vietnam, and returned to KC-135s at Travis. The rest of his career was related to the 135. He served a tour in the wing command post at Offutt, where the “Looking Glass” 24-hour airborne command post was stationed, as well as RC-135s. Then he flew T-39s for proficiency. After a tour in Alaska as RC-135 ops staff, he returned to KC-135s as IP and crew commander. Larry was one of two in our class to get a “change of insignia” promotion to permanent major.

Larry was mandatorily retired in 1984, and moved to Denver without a job. When a job search didn't produce anything, he ended up buying a franchise from Success Motivation Institute and when he left them in 1994, he was #2 in career sales, and the only person to receive their “best customer service” national award two years in a row. Larry is nor a Realtor with his own company and enjoys Sunday School (5th Graders) Disciple Bible Study, refereeing kids soccer games, traveling to Rotary International conventions (7 so far) using the time share in Puerto Vallarta, and his two grandchildren.

Larry and Jeanne had two natural sons, Shawn (a Sr. Programmer with Quark in Denver) and Scott (mechanical engineer with SRAM (makers of Grip-Shift for bicycles) in Evanston, IL). They adopted Stacy from Vietnam through the Holt agency in Oregon, while they lived in Alaska. {Talk about culture shock—going from Vietnam to Alaska in March. One of our favorite memories is of her at 2 3/4-years trying to shake the cold off her hand after the first time she stuck it in snow.) Stacy and her husband Pete live in Aurora, CO and have given them the grandchildren (Shelby and Petey) they love to spend time with.

The most important thing Larry learned in ten years of selling goal setting programs was the importance of balance in your life, and a clear set of values: God first, family second, and work third

JOHN B. (JACK) MC TASNEY

Following graduation, UPT Class 65B at Reese AFB in the fabulous “Tweet” almost ended my Air Force career ; i.e., 25 flying hours of “Pinks” and two progress checks before I moved to another squadron and soloed in the T-37. Gary Rigsbee saved my wings by ground flying me through every step before that second prog check. When he was killed in '65 taking off from El Toro, we lost the top man in 65B. Lee Adams and I flew an Aero Club T-34 to Denver in July '64 where I married JoAnn Mosier (Loretto Heights '64), my best move.

Hank Conant, Don Pesmark, Ted Schroeder, Carl Oliver and I reported to Stead AFB, Reno, NV for survival school and helicopter training in November '64. The H-19 (recip engine, unstable, under-powered, oral null navigation) simplified flying —it would kill you in the blink of an eye. Our first son, Bob, was born at Stead, now teaches Computer Science in EE Department at USMA, West Point. Ollie, Don and I stayed as H-19 IPs and moved with the Undergraduate Helicopter Training (UHT) to Sheppard AFB, TX, then went to SEA in '67. Danang '67-68, “Jolly Green Giants” HH-3Es, Tet '68, Special Operations Group (SOG) missions, High Drinks of JP-5 from Navy destroyers, air-refueling from HC-130P “Kings,” A1E “Sandies” and “Hobos,” flying between us and groundfire, Kip Kippenhan rescued from the “Fingers Lakes” north of the DMZ, then FACING for the SOG team that Jerry Young and I tried to exfil at night too far northwest of the A Shau Valley. Son, John, was born in Denver in October '67, now is a Controls Engineer in Houston.

School at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute (RPI), Troy, NY '68-69, enroute to USAFA Dept of English '69-72. Son, Jim, born at USAFA, is now an Electrical Engineer/MBA in Fort Worth, TX. In '72 we went to the Academy Congressional Liaison office in the Pentagon, USAF/DPPA, where I learned all about the Athletic Department's recruiting. We scrambled to legalize all the jocks by "start of classes" with qualified alternate nominations from the correct districts and states. Daughter, Erin was born at Fort Belvoir, graduates from Texas A & M University (as did her three brothers) December 1997. With four children in '75, JoAnn and I went to Armed Forces Staff College in residence in Norfolk, VA, then Patrick AFB, FL flying HH-3Es again, this time in the Bahamas supporting Missile Launches from Cape Canaveral, then Keflavik, Iceland on second remote tour (but with JoAnn and the kids living on the economy) again flying the HH-3E. We loved it.

Came back to HQ USAF in Congressional Liaison for the Secretary of the Air Force answering Congressional constituents' complaints about us. The needs of the Air Force always came first! But with very few exceptions I was quite proud of everyone's compassion and professionalism in very demanding jobs. After tours at McClellan and Scott AFB, we finished up at AFROTC Det 270, Kansas State University where Tom Fryer preceded me, did a great job, and is still the Cadets' "AF Godfather." Highlight of that tour was the Bataan Memorial Death March Competition; 23 miles starting in Las Cruces, NM, then over 8,000-foot Baylor Pass into White Sands, wearing BDU, boots and LBEs. Only two of my five cadet teammates beat me. Turned out that was the last year of the competition.

JoAnn and I are enjoying Carmichael, CA—she's working part time as a per diem Registered Nurse in intensive care, and I'm still working different jobs off and on trying to decide what I want to do when I grow up. Going to work H&R Block as an office supervisor this tax season. This gives us lots of time for skiing, visiting our five Texas Aggie children (one daughter-in-law, Leiza Morales, Jim's wife), one grandson, James River, and one son-in-law, Jason Johnston, backpacking in the Sierras, and visiting friends.

After 21 moves since 1959, all I can say is, "No one said it was supposed to be easy," but with JoAnn along, we sure had fun, and we are looking forward to seeing everyone at the reunion.

C. L. MELENYZER IV

In 34 years Jay (and I have) raised two daughters; Cara, the oldest is an attorney, married and living in Atlanta, and Lisa, the "baby" is an administrator also living in Atlanta. No grand kids yet and it's driving Jay crazy.

Our lives have progressed through seven-year periods with a four-year interlude in state government after the first seven years in the Air Force (which included one in Vietnam). The second seven were spent in manufacturing heavy equipment for the mining, logging, construction, and pipeline river-crossing industries. The present period began in 1990 with buying my own business, doing some consulting, and now running a non-profit that does workforce technical training and consulting for manufacturers.

In the process of all this we have laid to rest our parents, which makes Jay and me the matriarch and patriarch, respectively, of our families. We have also sold our "big" house where the girls and our Irish Setter, Rex, trained us. We have now contracted into a bright garden home surrounded by Jay's flowers and filled with Jay's paintings. She is quite the impressionist. Aviation is still my avocation, and I fly when I'm not educating daughters, paying for weddings, etc. I do my civic duty with the Chamber of Commerce, the Southern Museum of Flight and the Birmingham Aero Club which supports the Museum. As District Vice Chairman I also try to return something to the Boy Scouts for all that scouting did for me.

We have two guest rooms ready for visitors at all times, and our latch string hangs out, so yo'all come, ya hear?

GIL MERKLE

Having been a member of the "Nasty Nine," I was destined to spend my final semester at the Academy in my room; however, Gen Strong arrived in March and granted amnesty, freeing me and the other eight for the final few months before graduation. Memories of that time have faded a bit over a career of over eighteen years as an AF officer and nearly sixteen years at USAA.

Following graduation, our wedding, and a long vacation, Sue and I traveled to Enid, OK where I entered UPT at Vance AFB in September 1963. Accepting a T-38 IP position, I remained at Vance for four additional years. I then received an assignment as a forward air controller (FAC) and traveled to Clovis AFB, NM for fighter qualification. As more units were sent to Vietnam, the Air Force activated the Syracuse and Baltimore ANG to conduct fighter training using the F-86H. Along with nine others, I began training at Clovis and did fly the F-86H a few times. My first flight in that aircraft was solo since there were no two-seat F-86Hs. The fun ended, though, "when the Boys for Syracuse" (and Baltimore) were deactivated before we completed. So I finished the training in the old (at that time already) AT-33; somewhat of a letdown after the '86.

I completed FAC qualification in the OV-10 at Hurlburt Field, FL, and went to Vietnam in early 1969. Assigned to the 20th TASS, I flew out of Quang Tri and Danang. More fortunate than many, I returned safely to attend Southern Methodist University under an AFIT program in operations research.

After graduating from SMU with a Master of Science in Engineering Systems, I was assigned to the Pacific Command at Camp Smith. While at Camp Smith, I regained some Chinese language fluency through frequent travels to Taiwan to work with the ROC armed forces. During those four years: Sue, our three daughters, and I lost all identity as "Haoles" and became virtual "Kama aines" (although, to Hawaiians, we were always haole).

We reluctantly left Hawaii for Maxwell AFB to attend Command and Staff College. Next assignment was Air Training Command and back to the windy plains of Oklahoma. After another assignment at Vance, I was assigned to the Office of the ATC Inspector General at Randolph AFB, TX. At 20 years, I retired from the Air Force and went to work for USAA in San Antonio, TX.

I have held several executive positions with USAA, most of which involved developing and operating information systems for the expanding corporation and the Federal Savings Bank; the "Best Bank in America." Until their retirement from USAA, McD and Ferarri kept us all on target. I currently direct the planning and architecture design for those information systems that cross all companies within USAA.

Today our greatest joy comes from the time with our little granddaughter and three grandsons. Our daughters are located in Whidbey Island, WA; San Antonio, TX; and New York City, NY; keeping us traveling across the country. The 35th Reunion is giving us an opportunity to revisit Colorado Springs, and we are looking forward to joining the rest of the "yellow tags" there.

JAY D. MILLER

Jay Miller is Staff Coordinator for Flight Development at United Airlines' Flight Center in Denver, CO. He is responsible for developing pilot and flight attendant training including the pilot's advanced qualifications programs for all aircraft.

A 1963 graduate of the U. S. Air Force Academy, he holds a master's degree in Public Administration, Auburn University. A Command Pilot, he has amassed more than 5,500 flying hours in 26 different aircraft, including transport and training aircraft. He flew 250 combat missions and logged over 1,500 hours of combat flying in transport and rescue aircraft.

In early assignments, he flew strategic airlift missions from Charleston AFB, SC; rescue missions from the Philippines and Vietnam, taught military training at USAFA, and advised a Civil Air Patrol Wing Commander on leadership and management of personnel and aircraft. Jay retired from the Air Force in October 1981.

Initiating a career in civilian life, he directed the education of children in grades one through six, advised military personnel on financial planning, developed computer-based training for space operations, developed training for the US Navy pilot training program, the USAF Specialized UPT program, wrote operating procedures for oil and gas refineries, and is now writing training programs for United Airlines' aircrew members.

Jay and his wife, Norma, have two married sons, and four grandchildren.

EDUCATION: 1963 BS USAFA; 1978 Master's in Public Administration, Auburn; 1978 Air Command and Staff.

ASSIGNMENTS: Sept '63-Dec '64, UPT, Reese AFB, TX; Dec '64-Dec '68, C-130E and C-141 Aircraft Commander, 76th MAS, Charleston AFB,

SC; Dec '68-Mar '70, HC-130H Rescue Crew Commander, 31st ARRS, Clark AB, PI; Apr '70-Jun '71, HC-130P/N, Airborne Mission Commander, 39th ARRS, Tuy Hoa AB, RVN; Jun '71-Dec '73, Flight Commander, Officer Training School (OTS), Lackland AFB, TX; Dec '73-Sept '77, Deputy Chief, Military Training Division, USAF Academy, CO; Sept '77-Jun '78, Student, Air Command and Staff College, Maxwell AFB, AL; Jun '78-Oct '81, Liaison Officer, Utah Wing Civil Air Patrol, Salt Lake City, UT; Retired October '81, rank of Major.

FLIGHT INFORMATION: Rating-Command Pilot; Flight Hours: Over 5,500 hours, including more than 250 combat missions; Aircraft flown on active duty: T-37, T-38, C-130, C-141, HC-130H/P/N, T-33, T-39, T-29, BE-035, BE-036, CES 172, CES 182, CES 182RG and others.

MAJOR AWARDS: Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC), Meritorious Service Medal (MSM) with one Oak Leaf Cluster(OLC), Air Medal with nine OLCs, Commendation Medal with one OLC, AF Presidential Unit Citation, AF Outstanding Unit Award with four OLC, USAF Distinguished Pistol Badge. {Ed: For the lay reader's information, an Oak Leaf Cluster represented another award of the decoration; i.e., Jay received ten Air Medals.}

CIVILIAN WORKFORCE: Oct '81-Oct '84, Director, Cheesman Academy, Denver, CO; Oct '84-Oct '87, Field Representative, United Services Life Insurance Company, Denver, CO; Oct '87- Oct '88, Program Manager, Infotec Development, INC, Colorado Springs, CO; Oct '88-Nov '92, Lead Engineer, McDonnell Douglas Training Systems, Aurora, CO; Nov '92-Dec '93, Manager, Mountain States Business Solutions, Lakewood, CO; Jan '94-Dec '95, Multimedia Development Services Consultant, Technology Training Systems, INC, Aurora, CO; Dec '95-present, Staff Coordinator-Flight Training Development, United Airlines, Denver, CO.

WILLIAM B. MITCHELL

(Updated December 2012)

I spent most of my active duty time flying C-141s out of McChord AFB, WA with lots of TDYs to SEA.

In Summer of '69 I got out as a Captain and began flying for American Airlines. American furloughed me in 1970, so I decided I had better get a better/backup *day* job. I went to Stanford on the GI Bill and received my MBA in '73. About that time, American recalled me, and I flew for American for 33 years before retiring in 2002.

Meanwhile in '74 I began using my MBA in the Real Estate business here in California. In '75 I formed the Mitchell group, Inc., which became a full-service real estate brokerage firm with mortgage financing, property management, escrow service, etc.. Our small company grew and prospered in the following years. Our main office was in Carmel-by-the-Sea. When not doing real estate, I flew the DC-10 from SFO to Honolulu for American Airlines.

By 2005 The Mitchell Group had 150 agents in 5 offices, and we had become the largest independently-owned real estate firm in Monterey County, doing one billion in annual sales. Late that year we sold the company to Sotheby's International Realty. Following a "non-compete" period, I started another real estate company, Carmel Realty Company. This is a smaller firm, specializing in high-end luxury residential sales and property management. As a locally-owned boutique business model, with 30 of the very best agents on the Monterey Peninsula, Carmel Realty has been a terrific success and a lot of fun to oversee.

On the personal side, I'm still happily married to Vicki (49 years). We have two grown daughters, both of whom graduated from Stanford and are now married. We now have five grandchildren. We live in Pebble Beach. I've been an avid fly fisherman for most of my life. We travel frequently to our ranch on the San Juan River in Pagosa Springs, Colorado. And we try to get away for several trips a year, to Baja, the Caribbean or to the South Pacific (for salt water) or to Patagonia-Chile and Argentina (for trout, our personal favorite). For years I've been riding Harleys. I spend a lot of time riding with a motorcycle club comprised of a bunch of bad-asses known as the VietnamVets M/C—it's a very remote connection with the old military days, but it's a solid band of brothers, and a great release.

Next time any of the "Golden Boys" happen to be in Carmel, Pebble Beach, or Big Sur areas, be sure to have them stop by—my office is in the heart of Carmel-by-the-Sea, telephone (831-624-3355).

DAVID W. MORGAN

Military: UPT Webb AFB: 65-B

Wurtsmith AFB :B-52 pilot '65-'69

Clinton Sherman AFB :B-52 pilot '69-'70

Wurtsmith AFB :B-52 pilot and Maintenance Officer '70-'73

Laotian Military Assistance: C-47 pilot and aircraft

maintenance/contracting '73-'74

Griffis AFB: rated supplement aircraft maintenance '74-'78

Resigned regular commission '78, and accepted Reserve

commission

Pennsylvania ANG: '79-91 pilot and aircraft maintenance, retired as

Chief of Maintenance as a Lt Col in July 1991

Civilian: Internal Consultant Revere Copper and Brass Maintenance and Engineering '78-'79

Joined Allegheny Airlines serving as materials purchasing and contracting director thru numerous changes and mergers starting in '79 until retirement from US Air in 1997

Personal: Married Mary Lou in 1966, having three children and considerable patience to remain with me since.

Matthew graduated USAFA 1990—Captain flying C-130s at Dyess AFB, TX

Tracy graduated Wheelock College, Boston in 1992 and teaches in Milford, DE.

Michael graduated USAFA 1994—1/LT. flying C-141s at Travis AFB, CA (His wife is a USAFA '94 classmate and is also stationed at Travis).

No grandchildren yet!

ROBERT L. MURPHY

Bob (Murph) Murphy was born in Saginaw, MI, and graduated from Saginaw High School in 1958. He attended Michigan State University and participated in the Air Force ROTC program for one year before entering USAFA with the Golden Boys of '63.

Murph attended UPT at Reese AFB, Lubbock, TX. While there he and Veronica (Ronnie) Phannenstiel were married in June 1964. After Bob received his wings, he and Ronnie moved to Eglin AFB, FL where he was a B-52 copilot. First daughter, Kelly, was born at Eglin in 1965. After deactivation of the Wing, they all moved to Barksdale, where Murph served as a standardization/evaluation instructor copilot and aircrew commander. Second daughter, Christine, was born at Barksdale in 1967.

In 1968 the gang moved to Westover AFB, MA, where Bob served as a B-52 aircrew commander and standardization/evaluation IP until 1970. While assigned to the 99th, Murph attended SOS and Participated in two "ARC LIGHT" deployments to SEA.

While attending Air Command and Staff College (ACSC) from 1970-1, third daughter, Theresa, was born, and Murph earned an MBA from Auburn University. Then it was off to train in the O-2A at Hurlburt AFB, FL. After enjoying the Florida beaches for a couple of months, Ronnie and the girls settled in Denver while Murph went to Vietnam as a Forward Air Controller (FAC). While there, he commanded units at Ban Me Thout and Tan Son Nhut ABs. Returning in 1972, the Murphys moved to Omaha, where Bob served at SAC Headquarters as a branch chief in the Plans and Policy Division. He directed the implementation of SAC's Satellite Basing Program. In 1974, Bob was assigned to Louisiana Tech as an AFROTC Assistant Professor of Aerospace Studies, and the family was off again.

In 1977, Murph entered the Naval War College and graduated with distinction in 1978. He was then assigned to Ellsworth AFB, SD, where he commanded the 77th Bombardment Squadron (B-52s) until April, 1980, when he returned to SAC Headquarters in Requirements as Chief of the Air Vehicle Division. In July 1980, he became the SAC Assistant Chief of Staff. In August 1981, Bob became Assistant Deputy Commander for Operations of the 320th Bomb Wing at Mather AFB, CA. He was then assigned to Operations in the basement of the Pentagon in July 1982 as Chief of the Strategic Division. In June 1983, Murph became the Assistant Deputy Director for Operations and Training. He was then assigned as Vice Commander of the 97th Bomb Wing, Blytheville AFB, AR, from January 1984 to June 1985, when he became the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations of Eighth Air Force. In 1986, he began a series of jobs in the SAC Inspector General organization, and became SAC's last Inspector General in December 1991.

Murph is a command pilot with over 4,000 flying hours, including nearly 1,200 combat hours. His military decorations include the Legion of Merit, the Distinguished Flying Cross with one oak leaf cluster, the Meritorious Service Medal with three clusters, the Air Medal with seven clusters, the Army and Air Force Commendation Medals, and two Vietnamese Gallantry Crosses.

After 21 family moves in 26 years, Ronnie and Bob have settled in Dakota Dunes, South Dakota. Kelly lives in Aspen, CO; Christy lives in Broomfield, CO, with her husband. Peter Ammon, and Theresa lives in Omaha, NE.

GROVER E. MUSSELWHITE

Colonel Grover E. Musselwhite is the AFJROTC SC-62 Aerospace Science Instructor at Rock Hill High School, Rock Hill, SC. He has been in this position since his retirement 1 September 1989.

Colonel Musselwhite was born November 16, 1939 in Fayetteville, NC. He graduated from Clinton High School in Clinton, NC. He attended Duke University from 1958-1959, and was appointed to USAFA in July 1959. He graduated 5 June 1963 with a Bachelor of Science degree and was commissioned into the U. S. Air Force.

Colonel Musselwhite attended UPT at Reese AFB, TX from August 1963 to August 1964. His first assignment was to the 3646th PTW, Laughlin AFB, TX as a T-38 IP. He served as both a line IP and an academic instructor until January 1969. From January to August 1969 he was a F-105 pilot with the 562nd TFS, McConnell AFB, KS. From September 1969 to September 1970, he was an F-105 pilot and Assistant Chief of the Wing Fragmentary Branch at Takhli RTAFB, Thailand. He flew 128 combat missions during this tour. Upon returning to the United States, he was assigned to USAFA as an AOC until June 1973. He then served with the 561st TFS F-105G "Wild Weasels" as a Flight Commander/Assistant Operations Officer at George AFB, CA until July 1976.

Colonel Musselwhite attended the Air Command and Staff College, Maxwell AFB, AL, from August 1976 to June 1977. He was assigned to the U.S. Military Training Mission, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, as the Deputy Chief, Joint Operations and Plans until June 1978. He then trained as an F-4G "Wild Weasel" pilot with the 39th TFS at George AFB, CA. While remaining at George AFB, he served as Operations Officer of the 563rd TFS and Commander of the 561st TFS until August 1981. He was assigned to Headquarters, Tactical Air Command Requirements at Langley AFB, VA until June 1984. He served first as the Chief, Program Management Division and then as Chief, Systems Management Office for the Precision Location Strike System. From July 1984 to August 1986, he was Deputy Commander for Operations of the 39th TACG, Incirlik AB, Turkey. He was then assigned as Vice Commander, 40th TACG, Aviano AB, Italy. In May 1988 he assumed command of the AFROTC Detachment 770 as Professor of Aerospace Studies at Clemson University until his retirement 1 September 1989.

Colonel Musselwhite's professional education includes Squadron Officers School, Air Command and Staff College, and Industrial College of the Armed Forces. His decorations include the Legion of Merit, Distinguished Flying Cross, Defense Meritorious Service Medal, Meritorious Service Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters, Air Medal with nine Oak Leaf Clusters, and Air Force Commendation Medal with one Oak Leaf Cluster. He is a Command Pilot with over 4,000 hour flying time in the T-38, C-12, F-105D/F/G, F-4E/G and F-16A/B.

Colonel Musselwhite is married to the former Joan Gentles of Victorville, CA. They have six children: Lisa, Blair, Randy, Erin, Brian and Brooke, and one grandson, Garrett

GEORGE A. (CHIEF) NACRELLI

Tony "Chief" Nacrelli graduated from St. James High School in Chester, PA. His post graduate work was done early by attending Bullis Prep School for a year prior to entering the Academy in June 1959. He was assigned to the 33rd Summer Cadet Squadron for basic training and the 11th and later the 16th Cadet squadron.

After graduation Lt. Nacrelli entered UPT with the class of 65B at Reese AFB, TX. Upon completion of UPT his crew training and permanent duty assignments were at Castle AFB, CA in KC-135s until August 1967. His next assignment was in the RC-135 at Eilson AFB, Alaska followed by his departure from active duty in February 1970. He

served in the Missouri Air Guard as a support pilot and communications officer from 1971 until 1989.

He joined IBM in Data Processing Sales in 1970 and held numerous field and headquarters sales positions until early retirement from IBM in 1992. Since then he has been a Regional Sales Manager with Octel Communications, which was purchased by Lucent Technologies in September 1997.

Blissfully married to Barbara Rick (Loretto Heights Class of '64) for 34 years, they have lived in St. Louis, MO since 1970 and have three sons—Tony, a CPA in Jupiter, FL—Mike, an environmental engineer in Portland, OR, and Dan, a senior at the University of Missouri, spending his senior year at the University of Manchester in England.

Barbara keeps busy with part time work in a small CPA firm, tending her garden, playing tennis, and working out on our treadmill. Chief is working hard at golf, but for every step forward there's at least one step backward. Tennis isn't much better, but he keeps at that also as well as the treadmill. {Ed. note: Don't put any money on a golf or tennis game with these two ; they're both in great shape, playing a couple times a week, and deady at the net!} Barb and Chief do like traveling and get to Portland and Florida annually, as well as visiting classmates like Jack and JoAnn McTasney and Tom and Peg Derieg.

CALVIN NAY

Sorry I can't be more informative, but I told the Air Staff they were nuts to try to fight a war under rules of engagement that tied both my hands behind my back. They told me that they thought I was nuttier than they were. About all I can tell you is that I've been retired for nearly thirty years. UPT at Laredo to the 1st Commando Wing in Florida. Flying mostly C-123, B-26K, O-1E, T-28, C-46, and other items too numerous to mention in places in the world not mentioned even now in polite society. Sorry I can't be more informative, Jack; but there's nothing to worry about unless I am nominated for Secretary of State. I was involved in a major aircraft accident in 1966 in what was then the Republic of Vietnam. I also lay claim to having the more flying time recently over the Dominican Republic than any other pilot currently living in North America, mostly in C-123B and U-10.

Good luck on your compendium. Jimmie Butler can fill you in on my feelings about reunions. ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO CLIMB THAT MOUNTAIN. Take care.

DON NEFF

Upon release (formally known as graduation) from the USAF Academy, Don was assigned to UPT at Vance AFB, OK. Having endured the year's flight requirements and not knowing what to do next, Don selected an assignment as a T-38 IP. This may have created the concept that those who cannot do, teach! Don followed in the footsteps of Ron Fogleman as he volunteered for F-100 assignment in Vietnam. Any similarity to the rest of Ron's career ends here.

Upon return from Vietnam Don was selected to be a "Den Mother" for the 3rd cadet Squadron whose motto was "We're third because we don't care at all." The Class of 1963 was well represented at the Academy at that time.

In 1972 after surviving the cadets, Don had a hardship tour getting a Master's Degree at SMU in Dallas, TX followed by a directed-duty assignment to Wright-Patterson AFB, OH in the F-111 System Program Office (SPO) and finally in the F-16 SPO, where he purchased automatic test equipment.

In 1976 Don attended Armed Forces Staff College which prepared him for a "joint assignment." As is typical of a military assignment process, his assignment took him to Reese AFB, TX as a T-38 IP. Unable to hold a job, he was the Chief of Stan Eval, T-38 Ops Officer, and then T-38 Squadron Commander. His squadron got him promoted one year early to Colonel. After a brief and enlightening tour as Deputy Base Commander, Don became a member of the historic Air War College Class of 1983. Historic, not because of its supreme intelligence, but that it was the first AWC Class to win the Senior Service School Competition at Carlisle, PA. 1984 led to a 21-month sentence to the Pentagon where he learned how to develop a military budget. His last military assignment was as a Base Commander in ATC working for a Wing Commander who wanted everything done yesterday. Don became a victim of a program he helped advertise while at the Pentagon—the drawdown of military personnel.

1987 brought an assignment he could refuse and his military retirement after 24 years. He immediately began a seven-year association with a financial planning company which specialized in helping military families achieve financial independence. In 1994, realizing he was paying too much in taxes to Bill Clinton, Don retired a second time to become a house husband and to exorcise his demon to hit the perfect golf shot. He is still trying to accomplish this goal.

No history is complete without mentioning Don's family. In 1965 Don made his best sale—himself to Maggie. They have two daughters, Jennifer and Kristen, who live in Dallas, TX. When they find a man as great as their Dad, Don has encouraged them to elope. Meanwhile Maggie has successfully created her own career as a Bank Vice-President and endeavors in keeping Don in the lifestyle to which he has grown accustomed! Maggie and Don presently reside in Lubbock, TX just because they love the community and its people.

JOHN NEHRING

By God's grace, I have three super kids, a great son-in-law, a very special future daughter-in-law, wonderfully loyal friends, good health, a comfortable place to live in an interesting city (Atlanta), and an excellent income from my job as a computer database developer.

By my own willfulness, I have two ex-wives, an ex-girlfriend who taught me that I still have a lot to learn about relationships, and—following Uncle Sam's dubious example—a personal balance sheet with a large negative bottom line.

I've flown at Mach 2, climbed a dozen or so of Colorado's "fourteeners," lived in Europe, Asia, and ten different states, visited Africa and South America, rafted the Chattooga (in "Deliverance") River, skied and backpacked all over the Western U.S., and learned the rudiments of four foreign languages.

I've taught college economics and flying, worked in the Pentagon, corporate America, and the small business sector, and spent many years barely surviving as I eeked out a living in Montana.

All these mostly wonderful experiences have taught me two basic rules that would have made some major differences in my life had I observed them faithfully during these last 55 years: (1) Trust in God above all else, and (2) Seek out every opportunity to help, and be helped by other people. I pray these two rules will serve me well during my next 55 years, and especially during the years of radical lifestyle adjustments that I believe we all soon must face.

GARET L. NENNINGER

Following graduation, I went through UPT at Vance AFB and then on to flying the B-52 at Kincheloe AFB. Soon after arriving at Kincheloe, the war in Vietnam started to heat up so I decided I had better volunteer to fly B-52s in SEA less it would be over before I got my chance. My volunteer request in 1967 was turned down because our crew was providing strategic deterrence during the height of the cold war. Deciding to get on with my life, Kathie and I became engaged and were to be married in June of 1967. In March, my orders for Vietnam came through telling me to report for 0-1 training at Hurlbert Field in Mav. The long and short of it is that Kathie and I accelerated our plans for the wedding, and we were married in Detroit before my going to Vietnam. We have just celebrated our thirtieth wedding anniversary so it must have been the right thing to do.

I spent my tour in Vietnam as a Forward Air Controller (FAC) flying O-1s out of Bao Loc in II Corps.. Following Vietnam, I volunteered for a consecutive overseas assignment to Europe. However, my European tour was to be spent in the Panama Canal Zone where I flew U-10s and O-2Bs. Kathie and I loved Panama, and our two oldest were born there. We had some really great experiences and even though we had to drag our two sons into Federal court and swear that they were reliable U.S. citizens. They turned out to be relatively normal.

Having been notified that I was headed for the rated supplement, I volunteered for an assignment in Minuteman Missiles so that I could get an MBA through the Minuteman Education Program. Eventually I arrived at Whiteman AFB and got on a Minuteman Crew. I found that missile crews shared all of the drudgery of flight crews, but they never got the thrill of flying. I also realized that my aviation career was in retrograd after having flown T-37s, T-38s, B-52Hs, O-1s, U-10s, O-2s, and now T-29s. Missile crew duty, flying, and graduate school occupied most of my

time. Not all of it though, as our third son was born while we were in Missouri.

By this time I had quit volunteering and was assigned to the 8th Air Force Command Post at Barksdale AFB where I flew T-39s. Things were definitely looking tip. Kathie and I celebrated our twentieth wedding anniversary. We had three fine young sons who were growing up all too quickly. And there was all of the I,Ttinibo you could cat. What could be better?

But it did get better, I was assigned to Hawaii to fly on the battle staff of the CINCPAC Airborne Command (EC-135Js) out of Hickam AFB. Duty on the joint staff was a delight. We lived in Mililani Town in Central Oahu and loved it. Our families actually came to visit us too. The children were now in school, scouting, and sports. And with the children all in school.

Kathie took up Chinese cooking, Hawaiian quilting, and Asian art. I finished out our four and half-year stint in Hawaii as the operations officer of the CINCPAC Airborne Command Post. And yes I did have to volunteer and use other trickery to extend that long.

My last Air Force assignment was to the wing command post at Carswell AFB. After being in Hawaii so long, the transition was a shock. First, there were shoes and winter clothing for a family of five. Secondly nobody spoke pigeon in Texas. We enjoyed Fort Worth, but I pledged at that time that no matter how long I lived in Texas, country and western music would not replace Hawaiian music as my favorite.

The Fort Worth experience was all too short as I retired after a year and took a position at the Johnson Space Center in Houston. The Space Shuttle was going operational and the future of the space program looked bright. Kathie found Houston to be a very good place to expand her creativity. She volunteered (against his, advice) at the Museum of Fine Arts, expanded her cooking repertoire, and pursued various arts and crafts. She also set out to become more informed and involved in the political process by joining the local Republican women's club. Little did I know where this was leading. Pretty soon she was giving me advice on how to vote and was introducing me to our local elected officials. One of my fellow workers thought I had made the big time when he spotted me on the evening news talking to Bob Dole at the airport. I finally had to confess that I really was not talking to Bob Dole. but I was standing next to my wife who talking to Bob Dole. But things still got more interesting as my shy, sweet, and demure wife accepted a part time position on the staff of Texas Senator Jerry Patterson. He is a former Marine aviator who flew F-4s in Vietnam and is the author of the law that authorizes Texans to carry concealed handguns for the first time since reconstruction. So things are never dull around Kathie's political associates, and we have both become actively involved in the political process.

We have lived in the Clear Lake area of Houston for thirteen years now and all of our sons have graduated from college. Garet, our oldest son went to NUT and met his wife there. They are both attending graduate school at the University of Washington in Seattle where they are both pursuing doctorate degrees in engineering. Gregorv, our second son, studied computer science at St. Mary's University in San Antonio. He has now returned to Houston and also works at the Johnson Space Center. Brian, our youngest son, just graduated from Texas Christian University in Fort Worth and will start an accounting job this summer in Fort Worth.

My work at the Space Center continues to be interesting. Several years ago, I traveled to Moscow to coordinate operations planning for the Space Station. It was extremely interesting to visit the Russian mission control center in Kaliningrad. I was also able to stroll across Red Square. Back in my days on a SAC bomber crew, I never expected to get a ground level view of Red Square or to know any Russians by name.

So we have come a long way in our time. Our military is more capable than ever. The Space Station is going to fly. Our children have flown. My wife of thirty years, though no longer shy and demure, is still sweet. And the Texas two-step and the waltz are my favorite dance steps.

JOHN W. NEWHOUSE

Excerpts from John's resume': Combat tours: 125 missions over North Vietnam—December '65-July '66; 137+ missions, including bail-out over enemy territory—October '69-September '70; 183 days in Korea during Pueblo crisis—January to July 1968. Chief Fighter Tactics, Electronic Warfare Division, Eglin AFB, FL '82-'83; 175 TFG Air Force Advisor—Maryland ANG (A-37 to A-10A conversion period for unit); Operations Planner and Project Manager-Nellis AFB, NV—Red Flag and

project manager for AIM-9L test program, '79-'82; Chief of RAAF Flying Safety/Fighters, Canberra, Australia, '74-'76; Fighter Weapons Instructor/Wing Safety Officer-Nellis AFB, '70-'74.

1984-1985, Oregon Territory Regional manager for Big O Tires in Portland OR. 1987-1989 Captain, Sport Air Travel, Company pilot for Pacific HOE, Pilot (Instructor) as a self employed primary instructor. 1989 to the present, Captain with Evergreen Helicopter Inc., in Panama. John also lists his Airline Transport Pilot Rating (ATR); and type ratings in CASA 212, CE500, CFI Instrument, Airplane MEL, SEL Commercial Privileges. TOTAL FLYING HOURS: 5700+, including F-4C, D, and E; F-105D, F, and G, and A-10A; Mirage IIIC, T-33, AT-33A, T-37A, T-39, Cessna-100, 200, 300, 400 and 500 series; Piper-140, 180, 180T, 181, 200, 200T, 201, 201T, Beech -24B,C; B-35A, H, P, BE-58, other aircraft: F-15, HH-43, UH-1, Winjeel, Macchi, and T-38.

John goes on to say, I went on a two-year contract to Panama to captain CASA 212 cargo aircraft, from August 1989 to September 1991. We flew everywhere in that part of the world and Experienced Operation Just Cause first hand. It was a great experience. Since Panama I have been business partners with my son, John, building houses while working on my tax-exempt airline. A couple of months ago we sold our half of the business, sold our home, and are en route to a Youth With A Mission (YWAM) missionary school staff in Switzerland, with en route stops in Maryland for a wedding and North Carolina for a visit with the in-laws. [He also has been married over 28+ years on his out-of-date resume]. Another addition to the resume is that I have kept up with my CFI rating and will train any to fly. It is one of my joys in life and plan to continue as long as I am able. Flying is one reason for continuing to develop a Christian airline. It provides a needed service and allows one to continue to fly. Fax:/E-Mail: 75247.2162@compuserv.com

JOHN NORRIS

The Life and Times of John Norris

I came to the Academy on a Reserves component appointment after two tears as an enlisted man in the Army. I was a member of Fifth Squadron.

I married JoAnn Koroulis, whom I met at Loretto Heights College, immediately after graduation and spent most of my career working with computers at Kelly AFB in San Antonio, TX. I worked in the United States Air Force Security Service where we used early computers to access electronically gathered intelligence. I got to work with the National Security Agency and with the CIA, which was very interesting. I spent my last year in the AF in Cheyenne, WY in Minuteman Missiles. I instructed crews in the Emergency War Order, maintained the War Plan, and served as their Intelligence Briefing Officer.

Since getting out of the AF in 1968, I have worked for a computer manufacturer as a sales manager (UNIVAC< now part of UNISYS), and as a data processing manager for USAA. I was Senior Vice President, Administration for National Farmers Union Insurance in Denver, spent three years as a management consultant (on my own) and then spent five years with Silverado Banking Savings and Loan, also in Denver. I started as their data processing vice president and wound up as a Senior Vice President, responsible for \$1.2 billion of Commercial Real Estate assets and another \$400 million in residential real estate.

I came to California as a Vice President of Fireman's Fund Insurance Company. It is a large (8,000 employees) company with offices all over the US. I managed their data center (among other things) which was in Phoenix, we did work for three other companies (Chicago, Los Angeles, and Minneapolis), our parent company's US headquarters was in Connecticut, and the parent was headquarters in Munich, Germany. So I traveled a lot. After eight years of that, I have recently left to start my own management consulting firm.

JoAnn and I have four children, all grown and gone.

JoAnn manages a retail store that sells children's clothing. She used to have two of these stores, but closed one that wasn't working out and has not found a suitable location to replace it. Her store is an outlet for a catalog operation headquarters here in Petaluma.

We are, and always have been, very active in our community and with our church. We work with the homeless and the hungry (a major problem in California due to the liberal social welfare laws and the gorgeous climate). I am studying for ordination as a Permanent Deacon in the Catholic Church. E-Mail: johnnorris@aol.com

MIKE O'CONNELL

A RETROSPECTIVE ON BEING DIFFERENT

Very few people are born in Nevada and very few of them have parents who were also born in Nevada. So in July 1941 I arrived in Ely, NV already a demographic anomaly. And in many ways since I have been on one or the other ends of the spectrums that pass for normalcy. Unlike the rest of America, Eastern Nevada has changed very little in the last 1,000 years. The population density is about the same today as it was 200 years ago, only the ethnic composition has shifted. So Nevadans think of themselves as "different," and, if I am a representative, we are.

As a young boy I didn't watch much TV; the nearest station in Salt Lake City was 300 miles away. But for entertainment many mornings I could wake up at 5 a.m., look out my bedroom window and watch the flash of nuclear weapons tests in Yucca Flats, 190 miles to the south. So my fascination with the Bomb started at a young age, and it continues. My first academic milestone was graduating from the 8th grade with seven classmates in a small 4-room elementary school. Rather than attend the high school in Eureka, where my mother would have taught 25% of my classes, I was shipped off to a Jesuit boarding school in San Jose, CA. The Jesuit indoctrination was good preparation for the Academy in many ways. For example, both chose symbolically appropriate ways to punish non-compliance—the Jesuits by having you kneel on a broom handle for long periods; the Academy by having you march many tours carrying a rifle. As a result, I chose the path of least pain and complied nearly all the time.

In 1959 very few people from either the State of Nevada or the Jesuit high school attended the Academy, and, in fact, I probably would not have if I had received any kind of college scholarship. An Air Force career had not even crossed my mind. Memories of the Zoo include helping John Nehring carry a case of beer into South Beaver Creek in the summer so the Survival Instructor cadre would have some extra refreshment when we hit the bottom of that canyon a week later during our training with the sergeants from Stead AFB. I have fuzziest but positive memories of getting bailed out of the Juarez, Mexico jail about 4 AM on Labor Day, 1962 by Bill Ritchie and making it back to the sign in by 1915 hours the same day. The Jesuits had taught me well that if you don't comply, don't get caught.

My 24 years in the Air Force were also characterized by doing things differently. After all those years, I am one of the very few whose "Overseas Return Date" stayed at 05 June 1963. After our summer field trip to Europe in 1961, I did not return to Europe until 1996. My years with the Air Force can be described as doing things twice or not at all—two assignments to Washington, D.C., two assignments to the Zoo as a faculty and staff member, two assignments to graduate school compliments of AFIT, two assignments to the staffs of Presidential Commissions. Until 1972, there was only one 12-month period that I had to wear a uniform. So people who were betting I would peak out at Major were incredulous to learn that I actually made it to Colonel. These are the same disbelievers who don't understand that my 1st duty job as a Department Head in the AFIT Resident School of Engineering at Wright-Patterson was my best Air Force Assignment—and I had no bad assignments.

Life since retirement in 1987 has been good to me also. After 15 years of being a Category A bachelor, I remarried in 1995 to Teresa Taggart, a very accepting, tolerant, and loving latter-day flower child from Northern California. My two daughters both graduated from Oral Roberts University, the first two Irish Catholics to do so, married and are successfully starting their own families. I have had three different jobs and been unemployed for a total of 21 months during job searches. For the last seven years with Seattle Public Schools, as a mid-level bureaucrat working with student information, much like one of the jobs I had at the Academy. I now find myself far removed from Air Force life. The Challenges, work colleagues, and friendship networks are quite different. Learning to survive as a "non-rated" type in the Air Force warrior world was good preparation for working in K-12 education without an education or teaching certificate. But then I have years' of experience and success on the edge of life's mainstream.

RICHARD J. O'LEAR

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, ADVANCED PROGRAMS GROUP
ORACLE GOVERNMENT

General Rich O’Lear started working for Oracle Government in September 1993. In his present position, he is responsible for developing strategic relationships with government agencies and major integrators that work in highly specialized areas.

In July 1993, he retired from the US Air Force as a Major General. During his 30-year career in the Intelligence and Defense Communities, he worked in, operated, managed, and commanded US foreign intelligence activities from field units to the national level. He has practical experience in each phase of Intelligence operations: collection, processing, exploitation, analysis, reporting, dissemination, and application. He has extensive experience in military acquisition and procurement; formulation of national military policy and strategy; planning and executing military operations; and the planning, programming, and budgeting process.

During the first 20-years of his career, General O’Lear served as an instructor at the Armed Forces Air Intelligence Training Center (Lowry AFB, CO) and as the Intelligence training manager for the Air Force at Headquarters (HQ) Air Training Command (Randolph AFB, TX). He also had assignments as an intelligence analyst with HQ United Nations Command and US Forces Korea (Seoul, Korea) and the US European Command (Stuttgart, Germany). He taught courses in American Government, International Politics, and American Defense Policy during a three-year assignment as a member of the Department of Political Science at USAFA. General O’Lear also was an inspector with the Air Force Inspector General’s Intelligence Team (Norton AFB, CA). He served as a squadron commander with the 544th Aerospace Reconnaissance Technical Wing, and as Director of Operational Intelligence at HQ Strategic Air Command (Offutt AFB, NE). His first Pentagon tour was as Deputy Director for Intelligence Plans and Systems in the Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff, Intelligence at HQ US Air Force.

During the last 10-years of his career, he served as the Director of Estimates, HQ US Air Force (Pentagon); Commander of the Air Force Technical Applications Center (Patrick AFB, FL); Director of Intelligence (J-2) at US Space Command (Peterson AFB, CO); Deputy Chief of Staff, Intelligence, HQ US Air Forces Europe (Ramstein AFB, Germany); Director of Intelligence (J-2) at US European Command (Stuttgart, Germany). In his final assignment, he served as the Assistant Chief of Staff, Intelligence, HQ US Air Force.

General O’Lear attended the Air Command and General Staff College, the National War College, and three Executive Seminars at Harvard University. He earned a BS (Engineering) from USAFA; an MA (History) from the University of Denver; and MA (Political Science) from Auburn University; and an MA (National Security Studies) from Georgetown University. He teaches as an adjunct professor at the Joint Military Intelligence College of the Defense Intelligence Agency.

His military awards and decorations include the Defense Distinguished Service Medal, the Air Force Distinguished Service Medal, the Defense Superior Service Medal with an oak leaf cluster, the Legion of Merit with an oak leaf cluster, the Meritorious Service Medal with three oak leaf clusters; the Joint Service Commendation Medal; the Air Force Commendation Medal; the Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with an oak leaf cluster, the Air Force Organizational Excellence Award; the National Defense Service Medal with a bronze star; the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal (Korea); the parachutist badge; and the senior space badge. He also received the CIA’s National Distinguished Intelligence Service Medal. He and his wife, Betty, live in Sterling, VA.

PETER J. OGNIBENE

Following graduation, I went to the University of Michigan under the AFIT program to get an MSE in Aerospace Engineering. The main advantage of that degree is that it allows me to say, "But I AM a rocket scientist." Andy Nassir, John Hoffman and I shared a house in Ann Arbor, an experience which drove first Andy, and then John, to escape via marriage.

Next stop (1965) was Andrews AFB, where I learned about the care and feeding of aeroplanes and became an aircraft maintenance officer. By the time I left in 1967 for Nakhon Phanom, I had just about finished a second master’s (Government and Politics). I stopped off in Denver and spent a few days at Grant Bornzin’s apartment, using a typewriter we briefly liberated from the Intel School—like a lot of other things, the intelligence folks never missed it—and finished the requirements for the degree before catching the transport to Thailand.

I landed with the 23rd TASS, an outfit that is now the stuff of legends, thanks to Jimmie Butler’s novel, A Certain Brotherhood, and was

its maintenance officer for a year. Bart Brooks and Phil Maywald were prominent in the squadron; Mick Roth was jockeying A-26s. Jack Martines also was flying with the Air Commandos. Fred Beauchemin, the base civil engineer, greeted me in the latrine my first morning there and instructed me not to run the water between shaving strokes. (To this day, I turn the water off except to clean the blade, thus allowing more of the Potomac to flush its way through DC.)

From 1968 to 1970, I was a member of the Political Science Department at USAFA, teaching American Government and International Relations to reluctant third classmen. I rented a house in Palmer Lake next door to John Gavin (which tells you something about the neighborhood) and spent most winter weekends skiing.

I left the Air Force in 1970 to seek my fame and fortune as a writer. (Still looking.) Most of what I’ve done since then has centered on writing. Along the way I’ve written a biography and a novel and hundreds of articles for newspapers and magazines. I continue to write fiction and have a new novel "in the works."

The biggest change in my life occurred in 1981 when I met Brigid Ann Selz. Moving with all deliberate speed, we married in 1984 and had our son, Matthew, in 1986. Marriage and fatherhood brought about many changes, including a shift in my "career path" from freelance writer to (ahem!) information technology exec. I became a VP of corporate development for two IT firms, then put up my shingle as a consultant in 1995, specializing in smart card technology projects and writing proposals to help clients win new business.

My life has been enriched by the many kind deeds and friendship of our classmates. In this area, I am fortunate enough to get to see Steve Dotson, Bob Hall, Bill Browning and Dean Hess every now and then. I also have the honor of being godfather to Steve’s son, Jeff.

I feel blessed by the friendships I made as a result of the four years I spent at the Academy. War thinned our ranks, and now time is exacting its inevitable toll. The classmates we lost are never far from my thoughts and prayers.

CARL W. OLIVER (DECEASED)

Ollie came to the Academy from Bollis Preparatory School and immediately established himself as a class leader. Of course being from Denver originally gave him an edge. On his first Visitor Control Detail as a Basic Cadet, some high school buddies brought him a cold beer, which got him the first Class Three Punishment ever given a Basic, over 90 Demerits and six months restrictions. With that start Ollie didn’t have to strain to set the class record for tours and restrictions. To the best of my knowledge, Ollie only had a couple of months at the Academy when he wasn’t on restrictions; and despite JFK’s clemency proclamation, he stayed at the Academy until July marching off tours for going AWOL during June Week. The present Commandant, Brigadier General Steve Lorenz, swears they don’t keep disciplinary records, so we’ll never know if Ollie is the reigning "Tour Path King," but I never heard him ever complain about getting caught—he paid his dues.

At Webb AFB and UPT, finally met his match and married Sue who couldn’t tame him down entirely but truly loved his wild, free spirit. They lived across the street from JoAnn and I at Stead AFB, NV when we went through Undergraduate Helicopter-Pilot Training (UHT) and stayed on as IPs. One morning I looked across the street and saw a Porsche literally parked on his doorstep; Dick Lightner, dropped out in ‘60, had driven in the night before San Francisco. In 1966 we moved the helicopters from Stead to Sheppard AFB, Wichita Falls, TX. I can still see Ollie in a golf cart driving across the ramp at Sky Ranch Air Field, Phoenix, AZ to ten H-19s with the rotors turning ready to take-off; he was thirty minutes late to be the flight commander’s co-pilot. That H-19 wobbled all over the sky for eight hours before we landed at El Paso, TX. Ollie said "All he got was scar tissue when he chewed my butt!"

As an H-19 IP, Ollie inspired guys who he were on their way to SEA to be Jolly Green Rescue Pilots in the H-3 and H-53. He volunteered and got his chance to go after his son, Eric, was born at Sheppard. Operating out of Udorn RTAFB, Thailand, and Lima Sites north of the Plain De Jars in Laos, the HH-53 "Super Jolly Greens" penetrated North Vietnam to rescue downed aircrewmembers. Ollie was one of the first H-53 Rescue Crew Commanders, was qualified in air-to-air refueling from HC-130P tankers, and completed a full tour before reporting to Eglin AFB, as an IP at the Replacement Training Unit (RTU). That unit supplied the bulk of the pilots HH for the Son Tay Prison Camp raid led by Bull Simon,

including Jack Alison, the lead pilot who told me at Ollie's memorial service that Ollie was the bravest, craziest guy he had ever flown with.

Mick Roth wrote me that when he and Ollie were on base to meet President Johnson in Thailand, Mick's wife was expecting a baby in San Antonio. He and Ollie were in a trailer with some Secret Service guys when Ollie asked one of them if Mick could use the "Red Phone" to call his wife in the hospital. They patched him in through LBJ's Ranch and Mick had a memorable chat with his first born. Ollie never missed a trick.

When Sue called and said his last radio call to the Tanker was, "We've got a little problem here!" I knew he was dead; Ollie never had a problem he'd admit. Captain Carl W. Oliver died on 8 October 1969 when his H-53 crashed in the Gulf of Mexico. He was survived by his wife, Sue, and son, Eric.

"More about Ollie:"

He certainly was one of a kind. Our class at Webb was the last allowed to live off base, provided you paid for a BOQ room on base. The mix of 4 in the house changed, but the bulk of the year was Paul Drucker, Jimmie Wilson, Carl Oliver and me. Ollie had wrecked his Corvette during the summer so showed up at Webb on a Honda motorcycle and no license, which Colorado had suspended. He got a motorcycle license from Texas, exactly how will probably never be known.

We got a call from him one Sunday night. He was in jail in some small town in southeast Colorado, where the sheriff had nailed him for DUI, speeding, driving without a license, etc. We collected enough money for bail—Ollie was broke. I think Paul and someone else took off in the Saab, drove up there and bailed him out. Also paid the fine in a plea bargain for speeding. They all showed up back in Big Spring just in time to pull on flying suits and get out to the squadron to fly. I don't think Ollie even shaved.

There was an indescribable something about him that made one shake their head and chuckle. He could talk any woman out of her pants. Hell, he could probably walk in, crap on your dining room table and have you in gales of laughter about it. The gal he married was absolutely great—probably the 5th roommate in the place. Rather than the petite, saucy little blonde one expected, Sue seemed raw-boned and just off the West Texas ranch, but she was a real treasure. She and Ollie were going at it one morning about three. The heating ducts in the house seemed like amplifiers, and we were awakened to bed springs squeaking, the broken headboard crashing against the walls and incredible moaning. I told Paul I couldn't take any more, so got up, thrust a flashbulb into my trusty Argus C-3, opened the door and flashed it. Ollie came out, grabbed the camera, yanked the back open and saw there was no film in it. We all collapsed in laughter on the floor—except Sue who came out wrapped in a sheet and wondering what was going on. Since we had to get up soon anyway, we made her cook breakfast for us wrapped in the sheet. Crazy times, but I think Ollie loved that woman more than anything.

Anyhoo—just some reminiscences about the guy. I'm sure he remained essentially unchanged throughout the remainder of his life. I think if I had tried to do the same things and get away with it, I probably wouldn't be eligible for parole yet.

CHARLES W. "CHARLIE" PARKER

I first saw daylight in Hopewell, VA, and did most of my growing up in Petersburg, where I graduated from high school three weeks before becoming your classmate. Mom and Dad, Otto and Edna, were a banker and a housewife, dedicated to family, their church and their community. From them I gained a love of sports, music and money. Younger brother, Robert, is Petersburg's Deputy Sheriff, so watch yourself if you're fixin' to pass through town—he can spot Golden Boys in a heartbeat!

I'm happy to say I was able to follow the charter I set down in our '63 yearbook—fighter pilot for sure. I had the happy task of flying fighters—single seat, mind you—for 25 years. I "slipped the surlies" in the F-100, A-7 and A-10 through some 4,000 hours, including a "clean" tour in SEA. That first assignment in England and the rest of Europe as a bachelor is fondly remembered. Also included on my favorites list are the "Hun" and "Hog" time with the CT ANG, and two great years at Eilson as 18TFS CC, the first A-10 driver in Alaska. Two tours at Langley gave me the opportunity to come back to my Virginia "Rebel" roots and provided some career broadening in TAC Requirements and Safety. Three years at PACAF in Safety and a final job as CC of the Safety Agency set me up for life after the Air Force. Along the way I did all the PME stuff and managed an MBA from Auburn during ACSC.

After retirement in '93 I moved to Richland, WA, and spent two years with Battelle's Pacific NW National Lab improving Eastern Block nuclear reactor safety. Currently I am the Safety and Health Manager for TRW, prime contractor to the US Department of Energy's Yucca Mountain Project, and living in Las Vegas, NV. Politics aside, the nation needs some place to put the remains of our nuclear power systems and other government leavings, so we're working on underground storage on the Nuclear Test Site at Mercury, NV. It's just an exploratory study facility now, although we've finished the first 5 miles of tunnel, and we are looking for Congressional and NRC approval to start digging in earnest in a couple of years. Seemed like a good place to me, since just over the hill is Yucca Flats, a place we'll never give back to nature!

I met my bride in the Luke O' Club bar in 1971—nobody ever marries a girl they met in an O' Club bar—wrong! We were married in the Luke Chapel three months later. Sandie's from Ajo, AZ, a place all fighterjocks know because of its copper mine—a great checkpoint south of Gila Bend. She's been the major player in making our house a home, and in raising two fine sons: Dan a fire fighter in Riverside, CA and Joe, a college junior, living at home. Sandie did all the USAF volunteer things, but now is adding to the family fortune as President and CEO of our very own business. If a future in waterless and water-saving technology is of interest to you, give a call.

Thanks to Jack for putting this together. The best to you all. Cheers, Charlie.

WILSON H. PARMA

Born, raised, and schooled in Hutchins, TX just outside Dallas, I was all set to go play football at the University of Oklahoma. It was 1959, the Year of the Cotton Bowl, also in Dallas.

I spent most of the game with the Falcon football team and got to stand on the sidelines for the game. After the game I was given Mike Quinlan's #27 jersey and decided to dump the Sooners for the Falcons. P.S., I still have the jersey.

Rode the train to Colorado Springs and being a Texan, was amazed to find it was cold enough early in the morning of June 26th to see my breath. Jumped smartly on the first USAFA shuttle bus I could find because I wanted to see the athletic facilities on the campus, work out a little and get a bite to eat before checking into school. I found a little old lady who signed me in and told me to walk across the terrazzo to "that other day room over there." Somehow the Athletic Department recruiters forgot to tell me about Basic Cadet Training! I didn't see the athletic facilities until August—fifteen pounds lighter and a whole lot smarter.

The Academy years were priceless. I grew up intellectually and emotionally, and met two of my best friends for life, Joe Lee Burns and Frank Ralston. A little misunderstanding over my trip to the Pan American Games in Sao Paulo, Brazil, as a member of the United States Baseball Team, very nearly made me a member of the Class of 1963 1/2. But happily, with the help of my classmates and the first "Free Willie" campaign, it all worked out.

August, 1963, found me at Webb AFB, TX in UPT, where I was fortunate enough to get an F-4 assignment to the 497th TFS at George AFB, CA, via Davis Monthan AFB, AZ. I owned a monkey, was driving a 1955 Thunderbird and had the world by the tail. In August 1965, I was among a group chosen to ferry F-4Cs to Ubon AB, Thailand. Three months later the 197th was back en masse to Ubon to see about getting that war thing over in a hurry.

I flew two tours, 318 missions over Hanoi and the rest of North Vietnam, one in the back seat and one in the front seat. Since I felt I had it pretty well worked out, I volunteered for a third consecutive tour. The good news was that the Air Force decided I needed a change of scenery with another assignment—the bad news was that I lost my dear friend and Academy roommate, Frank Ralston, who disappeared on a mission over Laos.

The new assignment took me to Ramstien, Germany, and the 417th TFS, (the Red Dorks). While the 417th flew F-4Ds, I also had the opportunity to check out in the F-104, courtesy of the Dutch Air Force, and the 911 Porsche, courtesy of the Germans.

I left the 417th and the Air Force in 1969 and went to fly for TWA in San Francisco. Two years later I was furloughed from TWA, along with 1,100 other pilots, not knowing it would be 6 1/2 years before we would be recalled.

While working as a financial planner and securities broker with Jim Lang in the Bay Area, I met up with Harry Snow, who was funding a

revolutionary idea that would take us to Hawaii. In 1973, we formed an inter-island air freight airline in Hawaii that would grow to be the largest of its type in the United States.

In 1981, I returned to the Mainland, where I worked as an airline operations consultant and commercial aircraft broker in the Bay Area and Lake Tahoe. I put together the Western U.S. marketing and operational analysis for Reno Air, sold a few aircraft; then returned to San Jose, CA.

I served as the Director of Sales and Marketing at Heritage Cablevision in San Jose from 1987 until 1992, at which time the system was sold, along with my position. In California in 1989, I finally convinced the love of my life, Corky, who I first met in Hawaii, to marry me, thus beginning the happiest period of my life.

Transferred to Memphis in 1992, we both work at FedEx, where she is a general manager and I am a senior international marketing analyst. We are both obviously late bloomers and our greatest accomplishments are two children, Myles, 6, is a budding linebacker, philosopher, and musician. His sister, Mackenze, 2 1/2, is quite simply the most beautiful girl in the United States and a future doctor, lawyer, Indian chief or movie actress.

It has been a great ride.

IKE PAYNE

24+ years active duty. Most rewarding assignment: ALCM CTF, Edwards AFB, CA 1978-84. Least rewarding assignment: NSA, Fort Meade, MD, 1986-87. USAFA was a good place to start.

Albuquerque, NM, 1987-present. Mostly wasting time, always enjoying great weather.

Married 1964-82. Two daughters, no grandchildren.

Classmates I stay in touch with: Jim McDonald and Cal Nay weekly e-mail. Fred Frostic annual Christmas-card update.

WILLIAM E. (ED) PICKENS, III

Upon graduation, I departed USAFA immediately for Georgetown University, vowing that marriage was a long way into the future. However, while completing my master's degree, I found and fell in love with the Love of My Life—a five-foot, lively dynamo from Kansas named Caroline. We were married in August 64 while I was in UPT at Craig AFB, AL. Now 33 years later, we are still happily married, and our two grown boys are living and working abroad in China and Japan.

During the 22 years of our Air Force career, Caroline and I had some wonderful assignments and experiences. We spent over 11 years in Europe at various assignments in the reconnaissance and fighter fields. Most of my flying experience was in RF-4C's and the F-111. The highpoint of my flying career was the two-year assignment as Squadron Commander of the 55th Tactical Fighter Squadron at RAF Upper Heyford from 1977 to 1979 in F-111s. Then the staff phase of my career began. I was one of the original Plank Holders in 1979-81 that helped found the Rapid Deployment Joint Task Force at MacDill AFB, FL. At the RDJTF, I planned the first deployment to the Persian Gulf region in 1980—the scenario was an Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. In 1982, I finally got to the Pentagon for the last three years of my career—Chairman of the War Reserve Board and Division Chief of Mission Area Analysis.

My twelve years as a civilian since separating from the USAF in 1985 have been equally interesting and eventful. I was recruited by Lockheed right out of the Air Force in 1985, and I have stayed with Lockheed through the chaos associated with the restructuring and downsizing of the defense establishment. Today I am a bona fide example of defense conversion working in a non-defense related field—environmental cleanup.

From 1985-90, I was a business development Director in the advanced technology area supporting all of Lockheed's aeronautical companies. In 1990, I moved over to Lockheed's new business initiative in the environmental remediation area as their business development person for technology. I had to quickly teach myself master's level chemistry as the 1959 AFA chemistry class didn't cut it. Some of the environmental successes that I have been involved with the past 7 years have been: the Pit 9 Project—cleanup of a mixed waste landfill in Idaho; the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory Operations Contract Recomplete—project to run 7,000+ DOE laboratory; and the Russian Solid Rocket Motor Disposition Project—program to dispose of 916 Russian strategic solid rocket motors in Russia.

Presently, I am the Business Development Director for DOD Demilitarization Systems for Lockheed Martin Advanced Environmental Systems. Provided Lockheed Martin stays with the environmental field, I plan on continuing with Lockheed Martin for 4 to 5 more years before I throttle back and start really enjoying life as a true retiree.

GEORGE W. POLLITT

After graduating navigator training, I spent three years navigating KC-135s at Minot, ND and one year navigating KC-135 Q models for SR-71 refueling at McCoy AFB in Orlando. I had occasional temporary duty in SEA and flew 35 combat missions.

In August 1969, I left the Air Force and attended Florida Technological University (now U. of Central Florida) to get an engineering degree. I spent the 1970-71 school year at the University of Florida earning an ME in Aerospace Engineering.

After my schooling, I took a job with the Naval Ship Engineering Center in Hyattsville, MD, specializing in Mine Countermeasures (MCM) research and system design. Following two years of training assignments in Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, I was appointed Technical Agent for the Mine Neutralization Vehicle (MNV), a remotely operated vehicle, which at that time was completing the concept and feasibility phase and was ready for Advanced Development. The MNV is a high performance underwater vehicle that uses bomblets to destroy bottom mines and explosive cutters to cut the mooring cables of buoyant mines. It is now installed on all MCM vessels in the Navy. In 1974 I also became Technical Agent for the Shipborne Minehunting Sonar System project.

I transferred in 1975 to the Naval Coastal Systems Laboratory in Panama City, FL, where I spent two years developing MCM tactical theory and tactical applications and two and a half years working on Mine Warfare force-level analyses and concept studies. I programmed some of the early tactical decision aids that were used to plan and evaluate mine-clearance operations.

In 1980 I transferred to Charleston, SC to work for Commander, Mine Warfare Command, the Flag level headquarters for Mine Warfare in the US Navy. I worked successively as the MCM Analyst, Advisor for Research and Analysis, Deputy Department Head for Operations, and eventually as Technical Director. I organized and chaired an annual MCM Operations Tactics Group, which coordinated the tactical use of MCM ships, helicopters, EOD divers, and Naval Special Warfare. I developed tactical decision aids to evaluate integrated operations and validated the aids in exercises. Other tasks included analysis of mine avoidance systems in the Persian Gulf during the Tanker War and participation in high level Studies to help rectify the Navy's obvious deficiencies in Mine Warfare. After DESERT STORM, I led a team of military and civilian analysts to the Northern Arabian Gulf to evaluate the clearance effort for COMUSNAVCENT.

In 1993, I moved with the Mine Warfare Command to Corpus Christi, TX where the Navy is consolidating its Mine Warfare assets.

I married Beverly Katz in 1971. We have three daughters: Phyllis, Harriet, and Rebecca. And we live at 7909 Valtourmanche Dr., Corpus Christi, TX 78414, (512) 992-3672.

FRANCIS C. PORTER

LT COL USAF Ret, USAFA 63

Two undergraduate universities, two tours in SEA, two tours as a Commander, two joint tours, two allied tours, two graduate degrees, two children, two dogs and two cats, and now a second career—this time as a school teacher. However, as a fourth grade teacher I sometimes feel as if I have merely changed battlefields. Sixteen years overseas were with the Air Force and another six were with the DoDDS as a DoDDS school teacher. The military career began at Goodfellow AFB, TX, and ended at Ramstein AB, Germany. The civilian career began at Sembach AB, Germany and ended at Incirlik AB, Turkey. About halfway through my career I found the girl of my dreams, a DoDDS schoolteacher, in Seoul, Korea, was married at Fort DeRussy, HI, and now Rose and I are living in Tampa, FL.

I have spent a lifetime seeking simple answers to seemingly complex problems, which frustrates my students sometimes as much as it frustrates my classmates; particularly Lloyd Probst and Dave Skilling who named me Simple Circuit after I shorted out a significant portion of the EE Lab. I also recall going over the wall several times as graduation approached, only to return the last time to find a girl sitting on my bed in

the room. Turns out my classmates had set up a mannequin to await my return, and I was convinced that someone had snuck a girl in just to compound my problems if I had gotten caught. I also recall that our squadron was often referred to as the zoo because of the pets we were raising in the dorm. I had a hamster which was discovered by the AOC in the hallway and followed back to my room. The hamster was a successful veteran of several parachute jumps from the sixth floor and eventually disappeared into the walls of the dormitory. Of course, all of us will remember when Charlie Stebbins, Class of '61, used to haul his pet cat off the roof after SAMI. We were on the top floor and the cat would scream bloody murder as it was pulled into space and back into the room. Well, the past was fun—but the future is exciting and its challenges can be handled so simply....

WILLIAM R. POVILUS

Some kids want to be priests, some firemen—I wanted to be a fighter pilot. Maybe it was seeing the planes from Chanute Field as a youngster in Illinois. Whatever. My discharge papers say I was one for 26 years! Knocked around the Air Defense world most of the time, but got my nose in the mud flying the WartHog a bit and culminated the whole thing as an F-15 Wing Commander for a few years in Alaska. brief stint scaring myself as a FAC in Nam in the “early years” and had a great tour with the RAF in England flying Hunters and Lightnings—where incidentally the first of three sons were born (they are all grewed up and doing great—thanks for asking!).

Did the education trick at Maxwell and Arizona State along the way and tried Manpower in the Pentagon. Mother Air Force even had me in Spacom but the JP4 just wouldn't wash off. After 25 years, the body brokers said no more fun and painted me joint as a J1 at MacDill. It took 18 months to clean up for Schwartzkopf and I said good-bye. No regrets—just good-bye.

Had a window of opportunity to check out as a B727 Captain for Eastern and rode that horse until their last hurrah in 1991. Different world—don't want to offend anyone out there still doing it.

Had acquired some paper along the way allowing me to teach High School Algebra—great stuff! Makes you really feel like a contributor. Graduated to Assist Director of the local community college, became bored with the bureaucracy and joined ranks as a true feather merchant with the ABR Information Systems, INC (ABRX on the NASDAQ). We are one of the largest benefits administration outsourcing companies in the nation—certainly the most competent (advertisement). Guess I'm President or something.

Inspiration along the way? A sweet young girl named Priscella I met at KI Sawyer and married in full military dress 30 years ago. They don't come any better on God's green earth. And of course the Man upstairs. He has watched and protected through shootdowns, bailouts, flameouts, and just plain stupidity on my part.

Guess that's about all—it's been fun talking with you. Still lots to do. Hope to run across a yellow tag now and then and swap tall tales.

LLOYD J. PROBST

I retired from the Air Force in July 1981, and my family has lived in the Montgomery, AL area ever since. My post-Air Force career has been many faceted, but flying has been the major activity. I served as Chief Pilot and Manager of the Maxwell-Gunter Aero Club for two years, then went to work for a local construction company flying the Turbo Commander, the Citation II and Citation SII until they closed the flight department in 1988. I was in charge of all aviation activities for Auburn University for a year, and then elected to go with Eastern Airlines. I was trained as a Boeing 727 captain and flew in that seat until Eastern closed its doors in 1991. Since that time I have been a corporate pilot for the Colonial Bank flying captain on a Citation V Ultra.

Our four boys are all back in Montgomery after having spread out over the country—two in the Navy, one in the Coast guard, and another in industry. Our oldest, Michael, is a processor repairman and is completing a master's degree in Political science. Last year he ran for the US House of Representatives on the Libertarian ticket. Bryan is assistant manager at a deli and has a degree in Psychology. The twins, Neil and Wayne, are married. Neil is about to finish his degree in English and is an editor for the Montgomery Advertiser. Wayne works as an exterminator.

Penny and I celebrated our 34th Wedding Anniversary in June 1997. Penny works at home with church activities and usually has a foster child

keeping her busy. Neil and his wife presented us with our first grandchild, Noah, in April so it looks like the line of Probst boys will continue.

In addition to my corporate flying, I have been busy in other capacities. I do a lot of airplane and glider instructing and have been a Pilot Examiner in this area since 1985. I was especially proud to have been selected as the National FAA Flight Instructor of the Year in 1991. I have just gone past 16,000 hours and have flown 115 different models of aircraft as a PIC. We also do a lot of traveling in our restored 1946 Cessna 120.

If you're in the area, please give us a call. Our E-Mail is 10511.2577@compuserve.

RICHARD F. RADER

Thirty-five years after graduation and twelve years since I retired my toilet plunger and backhoe as an Air Force Civil Engineer, I am still wearing a flight suit to work everyday, flying low levels, and pulling G's—Life is Great.

From graduation until my last duty assignment, I was fortunate enough to be operational and flying most of the time. I was in every major command from TAC to MAC from PACAF to USAFE and lots in between. I flew slow things like the O-2 to fast things like the F-4, but most of my experience was in the T-39. Although I always enjoyed flying, two non-flying assignments seemed to be the high points of my career. As a junior Captain, I was fortunate enough to be able to return to the Academy as an AOC. This has to be the most rewarding job a junior officer can have—the ability to influence the careers of the future of the Air Force. In my final assignment, I was finally able to put all that Aero and Astro engineering to practical use as a Base Civil Engineer. I still cannot believe that someone in Personnel thought that undergraduate aero/astro engineering had a relationship with civil engineering. But they did, and I went to Altus AFB, OK at the end of the earth. Kidding aside, it was a great assignment. But when they mentioned leaving Altus and going to Clark AB, at the end of the universe, as the Base Civil Engineer, I had to get back into flying.

In 1986, I became a contract pilot in the Undergraduate Naval Flight Officer Program at NAS Pensacola. We train USN and Marine NFO's in low level and radar navigation and air-to-air radar interception. About four years ago our mission was enlarged to include training for Air Force B-1 navigators and F-15E weapons system operators as well as foreign military training for a host of NATO allies. We traded in our T-47 Cessna Citations for T-39's in 1990. And here I sit today, back behind the wheel (yoke) of a Sabreliner again. There is one big difference between this flying and that in the Air Force; I get every takeoff and landing—we fly the T-39 single pilot.

Jeri and I live right out the back gate of NAS Pensacola on the intercoastal waterway. We love it here except when uninvited guests like Hurricanes Erin and Opal come to visit us in the same year. When they come we leave. Jeri retired from civil service last year after a 26-year career. She can now enjoy the semi-retired life that I have enjoyed since moving here—my flying doesn't keep me too busy. She still has a busy schedule with the neighbors and church activities. And best of all, she now has assumed the commissary shopping chores I hated.

Our oldest son, Rich, lives in France where he works for a computer design company. We had the pleasure last spring of going to his wedding in France when he married a wonderful French girl (woman).

Rob lives in Orlando where he has worked his way up the “food chain” in sales and is now a regional manager for a large plastics and solid surface manufacturing company.

As I look back on the past 35 years, I think I can honestly say that I wouldn't trade them. And the foundation for all this was the experience at the Academy. Good luck to all of you, my classmates.

JOHN C. RECTOR

For graduation, I had invited a lady from Dallas. About a month before, we had a big fight, and I disinvited her and invited a lady from Lubbock. While I was at UPT at Reese AFB in Lubbock we got married and had three wonderful children.

After UPT, nuclear weapons school, survival school, and B-52 school, we spent a year at Larson AFB, Washington. They closed Larson in 1966 and transferred the wing to March AFB, CA.

In 1967 and 1968, I flew about 100 B-52 missions over SEA from Guam, Thailand, and Okinawa. Most were uneventful. In 1968, General

Ryan (CINCSAC) was making his annual tour of SAC bases, and he addressed a group of us getting ready to go on a mission. He said something like: "Men, some of you will have to go to Vietnam to fly fighters or helicopters but, don't worry, SAC looks after our people, and we'll see to it that you get right back into SAC!" At least three of us immediately resigned as a result of that inspirational offering! I left on January 10, 1969 and started flying with Western Airlines on February 3, 1969.

Over the next 18 years, I flew 737s and 727s in Los Angeles and Salt Lake City. In 1976, my first wife and I divorced and for about 10 years, I was crazy. I made 737 Captain on April 1, 1987, the day Delta Air Lines took over Western. Ironic because back in 1968, Delta had been the first airline to turn me down because I wore glasses. Ain't Life funny?

In the spring of 1988, I was on reserve with Delta in Salt Lake City and the phone rang. To my astonishment, it was the lady from Dallas. We had not spoken in almost 25 years! We were both getting divorced, and we soon started going together again. We got married in September of 1991. Best thing I ever did. Between us, we have six children and six grandchildren.

Now Nita and I look forward to retiring in June of 2001 and dividing our time between Las Vegas, NV. and Nederland, Co., and our classic automobiles and motorcycles.

I've had a good career, and we now have a very good life. Thanks for making that call, Nita.

EDWARD REISDORF

Thirty-five years: a hell of a lot to cover in 500 words.

The first year after graduation probably set the tone for the rest. It began with marriage the day after graduation, then procurement school, assignment to Homestead AFB, FL, a quick transfer to Bolling AFB, a part-time job selling mutual funds, Georgetown Law School, and celebrating the birth of my first daughter, Rachael. A typical day was going to work at the Base, changing to civies at lunch for a mutual fund sales presentation, back to work, 3 hours of law school after work, and then home to make telephone calls for a sales presentation the next day. A busy, fun-filled time.

By 1970, I had resigned, formed my own law firm, and also started a number of additional businesses including stock brokerage and real estate development. In 1975, I was divorced and remarried. In 1976, my life took a dramatic positive turn in both family and business. I adopted my second wife's three children and created a solid family while at the same time expanding my business interests. The next five years were a wild and crazy period of tax shelters, oil and gas deals, real estate developments and (craziest of all) a professional sports team.

In 1980, I finally figured out that practicing law and running several businesses at the same time was not the best way to succeed at either, so I moved my offices to Wall Street and began seriously concentrating on the real estate development. Nevertheless, true to form, I set up additional businesses in telephone legal services, Indonesian oil exports, and commodities investments. I discovered that commodities futures trading had the excitement and profit potential I was always looking for, and I spent several years making and then losing significant amounts of money. I like to say I broke even.

From 1985 to 90, I expanded the real estate development business, consolidated my outside business interests and brought my two sons into the business. In 1987, a cruise to Mexico changed my life. Our last stop was Cabo San Lucas, a small city on the tip of the Baja peninsula. It looked to me like the perfect place to start a major real estate development, and within a year we purchased a parcel for the development of a golf course resort.

By 1990, our family, including three of my adult children, moved to Cabo to devote our full energy to the development of the resort. The ensuing seven years were a roller coaster. The business was very successful, but for the first time, illness hit hard, and my wife, Terry, was diagnosed with advanced lymphoma. A long period of chemotherapy and a bone marrow transplant saved her life. On the high side, three of my four children were married, and I have three beautiful grandchildren. We sold the resort in 1993, and I tried retirement, but discovered I prefer business. In 1995 we bought back part of the resort and are now building a 200-unit time-share hotel and operating the golf course.

It's been an exciting 35 years. Marriage, divorce, law, multiple businesses from Wall Street to Cabo San Lucas, remarriage, adoptions,

weddings, births, deadly illnesses, and survival. I think that's what life is all about. I hope the next 35 are as much fun.

RANDY REYNOLDS

34 YEARS LATER

Perhaps you classmates of mine would be interested in just the "turning" points in my "career" rather than just a laundry list of been there, done that. There are three significant eras in my professional life separated by eight boring years in the aerospace industry as a systems engineer. So treating this like a triple-decker sandwich, the meat of my adventures begins with the highest high and the lowest low.

Each of us has experienced events of joy or trauma, astonishment or inferiority that have molded us and forced us to change directions and even to change our ambitions. I was consumed with the love of flying, especially fighters. Between September 1964 and June 1967 and then between May 1974 and June 1985, I flew F-105s and F-4s on active duty and in the Air Force Reserve. That was my life! Then it ended all too abruptly. At the time I was a full time Reservist, an Air reserve Technician. I really liked being a Squadron Commander with twenty-six jets and a hundred folks under my "command." I became politically acceptable and boosted into a situation I felt I was not ready for. Within a year my health failed. I was grounded and ill-advised to leave my job for something less demanding. It ended my active duty Air Force career, but I did finish up thirty and a half years as an Air Force Reservist.

Three years later in 1988, with my health restored and back on flying status, I went to NASA. I was excited about that and I was a lot wiser after my experiences. Things were good in flight research until the election of 1992. Soon NASA was on the block to be reinvented and emaciated. As of this writing my position is being eliminated. I am sure I will continue to be gainfully employed in or out of government but I am now one of those who swell the statistical ranks of having been downsized.

The third and perhaps most influential period for me began the Spring of 1965 when I was assigned to the 35th TFS at Yokota AB, Japan. Over the next two years I spent seven months on a TDY basis at Takhli AB, Thailand. A third of my time was flying combat, a third sitting nuclear alert in Korea, and a third trying to stay current in the dwindling fleet of F-105s in Japan. I was PCSed back to the States in '67 to be a T-38 IP. For a very short time that was a real nice respite. I was newly married to a teacher I met at Johnson AB north of Yokota. My wife, Vonna, grew up on a wheat farm in North Dakota and ended up graduating with a degree in Music Education from the University of Arizona. She has been my helpmate for thirty years and without her....I couldn't imagine such a world.

In 1970 it was to Tucson and the U of A that we went so I could get my master's degree in Aerospace Engineering so I could be a test pilot, so on and so forth. That had always been my goal on active duty, but the Air Force twice turned down my application to the Air Force Test Pilot School. After six months back in the States I volunteered for a second tour in SEA, but eighteen months later ATC stopped allowing volunteers for second tours to Vietnam and told me I'd have to wait another three years before a reassignment came. I bolted from the Air Force for a while. I finally got back to fly fighters in 1974, perhaps at the end of an era.

Vonna and I have managed to get two children through college. our daughter is on active duty with the Air Force and started her service as part of the B-2 test team. Our son is a graphic artist with a degree in history and studio art. He cannot contemplate a military life.

The wonderful thing is that from that time as a young fighter pilot in Japan to now, my wife has eagerly shared all this. Where we go next is another adventure together. as of this moment these 34 years are colored by my obsession with "Ad Novos Mundos" and my classmates whom I have sensed were setting the pace; if you weren't, I felt as if you should be and so should I.

Randy Reynolds
Colonel, USAFR (not yet retired)

RALPH R. (BOB) ROHATSCH, JR.

Like most graduates, my first major happening after graduation was to get married. I married Janie Westbrook, my high school sweetheart from San Angelo, TX. We headed to Big Spring, TX where I attended UPT at Webb AFB. During my stay there I served as an IP, flight examiner and first-time dad.

My next assignment was to Tyndall AFB where I served in Air Training Command and my second child was born. Then it was on to SEA as an advisor to the South Vietnamese. At the end of the war I returned to the States to Randolph AFB until 1976 and then moved to Washington D. C. to work with the Congressional Liaison Office.

During the next ten years we moved around a great deal while I served as 25th FTS Commander at Vance AFB, Base Commander at Reese AFB, 12th FTW Commander at Randolph AFB, Commander of Air Force ROTC at Maxwell AFB and Commander of Air Force District of Washington.

In 1990 I was thrilled to finally get an overseas assignment as Commander of the United States Logistics Group in Ankara, Turkey. Janie and I agree this was our favorite assignment. From there I went to Aviano, Italy as 16th Air Force Commander. I retired from there in 1994.

These last few years have been filled with a knee replacement in San Antonio, good family time, golfing, fishing and lots of job searching. Janie and I have been fortunate to have a wonderful family. Our children have their own families now, and yes, grandchildren are great. We are now in Fort Worth, TX where I'm working for American Retirement Corporation as executive director of Broadway Plaza, a retirement community.

MARVIN C. ROSCOE

UPT was at Williams AFB, AZ. For the rest of my Air Force career I flew C-124 Globemaster aircraft for the Military Airlift Command. While not my first choice, I found transport duty challenging and interesting. My aircraft checkout and first two years were at Hunter AFB, GA, flying primarily Atlantic and European routes. The last three years I was assigned to Hickam AFB, HI, flying material support to SEA and supplying many Pacific Islands. I was fortunate to have visited almost fifty countries and islands, with enough ground time to get to know and enjoy most of them.

Connie and I were married in 1966 between assignments, and we look back on our Hawaiian duty as a three-year honeymoon. Our son, Dan, was born there, and family time became important. We separated from the Air Force in 1969 as the best way off the flightline and to return to graduate school in engineering. I worked at the Naval Surface Weapons Center near Washington, D.C. as a Mechanical Engineer in Research. My main job was investigating Gulf Stream currents off Ft. Lauderdale. We deployed instrumentation that I helped design, and I did analysis on the recovered data. Our son, Kevin, was born in 1970.

We returned to the family farm in Nebraska in 1976 to raise our kids in a rural environment. We raise primarily soybeans and corn for grain, and until recently we raised calves and fed beef cattle. We have been recognized for efficient production by the American Soybean Association. We now own an "average" size U.S. farm of about 500 acres, and as such feed 96 people in this country and another 35 overseas. We are proud that Americans eat better and more economically than anyone, anywhere, ever. Our sons are both married and next door in Iowa. Dan is a design Engineer for Maytag (the dependability people) and Kevin is a PA-C in family medical practice. Connie stays busy with her preschool in Lyons. I'm still married to my best friend. We are thankful for our good health and many blessings.

I have many fond memories and few regrets about my Academy experience and Air Force Duty. I do regret not staying in touch with many friends, and we are looking forward to attending another reunion soon. Keep up the good work and God bless you all.

MICHAEL J. C. ROTH

There were two things that totally fascinated me when I was a kid. One was airplanes. The other was the E. F. Hutton office in El Paso to which my father occasionally took me. I yearned to fly, but I had only the haziest notion what E. F. Hutton did. Still I wanted to be part of that, whatever it was.

Flying came to me with some difficulty. I made it through UPT into KC-135s. I found SAC to be dreadfully dull and managed my way out of it by arranging a slot on the USAFA faculty in psychology. But I needed a SEA Tour. I managed my way into the Air Force's lone A-26 squadron.

I spent a year at Nakhon Phanom RTAFB, on the cutting edge of 1944 technology, flying a wonderful airplane. Then I reported to the University of Southern California to get that psychology degree. But surprise! The Air Force had enrolled me in the Graduate School of

Business. No one at USAFA knew why, but the Professor of Psychology said, "It'll be okay. We'll get you extra psych courses."

I never would have chosen business, but I loved it. After I graduated my assignment to USAFA was canceled and not long after I separated from the Air Force.

I went to my home in El Paso and visited the Chairman of the State National Bank. The first words I said to him were, "Mr. Matkin, I don't want to work for a bank, but I want to show you my resume'." He directed me to the Trust department where the chief executive told me, "We're looking for someone in investments, but you're not qualified." A week later he came back to me and said, "If you're interested, we think you can learn something."

I have loved investments. I managed money in El Paso, Corpus Christi and now at USAA. I got to run mutual funds and be the major player in the preferred stock market. I had to learn to love managing investment people, and now I do. Life is still full of challenge, and Jutta and I are enjoying it immensely.

JOHN G. ROUSH

Immediately following graduation I entered UPT at Craig AFB, AL with Class 65B. Married Diane S. Miarer over 1963 Christmas Break in Fremont, OH. Served as T-33 and T-38 IP with the 3617th Flying Training Squadron until 1969. Spent 12-month tour in Vietnam as OV-10 Forward Air Controller with the 19th Tactical Air Support Squadron supporting the First Cavalry Division in Tay Ninh and MACV press spokesman in Saigon. Returned to Florida State University under AFIT for a master's in Business Administration with directed duty in 1972 to the Air Staff in Operations, Command and Control Division in the basement of the Pentagon.

Following Armed Forces Staff College, moved to the Joint Staff in 1974 as a staff officer in J-3, WMMCCS ADP Division. Attended the Air War College graduating in 1978. Served as operations officer for the T-38 and T-37 squadrons and chief of Operations Division of the 64th Flying Training Wing at Reese AFB, TX from 1978 to 1982. Served as AF Liaison Officer to the Indiana Wing, Civil Air Patrol, at Grissom AFB, IN from 1982 until retirement in 1989. Following retirement at Grissom in 1989, was adjunct instructor at the Indiana Vocational-Technical College, Loganport. In 1991 was awarded a Doctorate in Education at Ball State University.

In 1992 returned home to Fremont, OH to care for parents. Presently teach at Terra Community College, Direct Leadership Sandusky County, and consult on community development projects at WSOS Community Action Commission.

Other affiliations include First Presbyterian Church elder, board of directors of Youth for Christ/Sandusky Valley and Share and Care clothing bank, Inventing Our Future and North Coast Men of Integrity conference steering committees, Fremont Christian Business Men's Committee, Air Force Association, Order of Daedalians, Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, Ohio Historical Society, American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Air Force Academy Alumni and Athletic Associations.

Parents, Robert and Frances Roush, still live on the homestead in Lindsey, OH. With wife of 34 years, Diane Sue, have two married sons. Andrew is an account manager for Universal Flavors International in Indianapolis and has two children. Matthew (USAFA '90) is a captain and C-141 special operations instructor at McGuire AFB.

COLONEL JERRY L. SAILORS (USAF, Ret)

Thirty years in the Air Force was not on my mind in June 1963. Given my academic record the previous four years, my most immediate goal was to get through UPT, then take one step at a time.

As it turned out, the biggest steps, at least for me, followed rather quickly. UPT was rather uneventful at Craig, but, by the time Class 65-A graduated in August 1964, things began to heat up rapidly. My C-130 assignment allowed me to fly out of Travis AFB, CA around the world and to see the buildup in SEA. But the biggest step of them all followed within a year of UPT: I met and wed my wife, Doreen, who is still with me 32 years and four children later.

"Excited" hardly describes my feelings when I wrangled an A-37 slot with the Combat Dragon Test Group in April 1967—another big step. The most enjoyable flying I have done was in that little aircraft. For an airlifter to match flying skills with some of the Fighter Weapons Center

sticks was a challenge, but I held my own, winding up with over 350 missions in the ten months of active flying in theater. A-37 groupies still get together every three or four years just for the fun of it. The most recent was in Las Vegas when the Air Force Association celebrated the Air Force's Fiftieth.

The rest of my career was relatively anticlimactic after Vietnam. Returning to the airlift world, I did the obligatory operational and staff tours, including a C-141 squadron command at Charleston, two stops at Headquarters MAC, and one at the Pentagon. Mixed in were a stint as the DCO of a C-141 wing at Charleston, all the PME schools in residence, and a tour at Ramstein. Before I knew it, twenty-five years had gone by. Doreen and I spent the last five years of an enjoyable Air Force career at Maxwell, then settled in Montgomery to see what would become of us.

What has become of us is an enjoyable retirement among some good people here in Montgomery, including many military retirees. We are enjoying our five grandchildren, who are scattered over the South. I am also filling my time by managing a small non-profit association that promotes the inland waterway systems of the United States and the economic development of river systems in Alabama—a great retirement job, especially riding up and down the rivers with the Corp of Engineers and Coast Guard.

Still taking one step at a time and enjoying life.

LORAN SCHNAIDT

After graduation, it was Lubbock, TX and Reese AFB. Finally, the real Air Force! After being persuaded that helicopters flew low, VFR and without flight plans most of the time, I elected helicopter school at Stead AFB. Not long after that, it was Cam Rahn Bay. We watched the engineers oversee construction of a 10,000 foot runway on shifting sand—destined for handoff to the Soviets. Rescues off ships in the South China Sea, at night, turned out to be some of the most challenging flying. LBJ came to visit. We watched him get out of Air Force One from the far end of the ramp.

A short tour at Tuy Hoa near the end of the SEA experience. While there, we watched a Vietnamese taxi-boat overturn, putting the helpless passengers in the water where they were smashed into a wrecked hulk on the shore by the high seas. We dragged many in by helicopter, dropping the sling into the water and towing them to shore.

Two years after leaving Vietnam, I was a civilian, working for a Defense Contractor in Connecticut. Found the Air National Guard one day while passing Westchester County Airport near White Plains, and it became a life-long obsession. They were getting 0-2s from Vietnam, some of them warped from non-symmetrical pull-outs. A civilian transfer to St. Louis led to the Missouri ANG, my current assignment. United Technologies wanted me to move back to the home office, but by then the Air Guard was becoming a priority. After a series of jobs in commercial/industrial real estate, with the Harris Corporation, Solar Turbines, I formed my own independent marketing company. Sold my time, as does an attorney, for over 14 years. Sandy was amazed we survived. Moved to the State Headquarters, became Assistant Adjutant General, Brigadier General in 1992, and Chief of Staff, Major General in 1997.

Two of three daughters are married and have contributed five grandchildren, two in Michigan, three in Missouri. Spending a lot of time these days trying to re-establish the National Guard in the inner city of St. Louis. It is a challenge, but appears to be happening. We offer a lot, in the way of opportunity, to these kids who can't find their way out of the combat zone. The state has helped by passing a very good tuition assistance bill for Guard members.

JOE SCHUCTER

To Chronicle 34 very exciting years in a few hundred words requires careful editing and selectivity, so please excuse the brevity of the highlights of my 34-year inner and outer adventures.

The was a small group of us in 9th Squadron who never tired of extracurricular activities. Our all night effort to liberate the X-4 from its resting place at the South Gate Visitors' Center and tow it (with the use of a borrowed construction truck) to the cadet area ended at 5 a.m. when

found by the APs. We had managed to tow it 8 miles at about 3 mph but still had 5 miles to go. That episode cost us many tours and confinements.

We were far more successful at placing our AOC's VW down into the Reflecting Pool behind the Flag Pole. It was quite a surprise for him when he marched out to raise the flag while pulling OD duty.

Fortunately, through all my misdeeds I did manage one brilliant moment of good fortune—I met Sue Dare, a CC co-ed who became my best friend and life partner. We married the day after graduation from UPT.

For a few years I had two loves—Sue and the F-105. When you stroked her AB (the 105's!). she would respond. I ran a clean F-105D to 850 kts at 100' AGL in N. Africa, and it was still accelerating—the Dash One red line was 810 kts. I also loved to fly along the beach in Libya and drag the ventral fin in the Mediterranean. Unfortunately I got engrossed in such activities and on one occasion flamed out as I taxied off the runway at Wheelus. After the single seat 105, it was all downhill.

In VN I managed to shoot the nose off one F-4 when the centerline Gatling gun came loose from its rear mounting bracket, and I blew my drag chute and part of the tail off and put 51 holes in the aircraft when a high-drag 500 lb. bomb prematurely exploded under the aircraft.

During the 1967 Feb. TET stand-down I was given an 8-day leave with blanket orders that allowed travel anywhere in the Far East. Not being a good geography student, I immediately set out for Chicago. Two days later with the help of a C-130, KC-135 and a civilian airliner I showed up unannounced at Sue's doorstep—she was somewhat surprised! Three days later it was back to Cam Rahn Bay via Bangkok. The trip back took three days and 23 separate rides. I hope the statute of limitations has expired on AWOL.

As an F-4 IP at MacDill I managed to mush into the ground tail first, (I was pulling very hard on the stick) at 430 kts while shooting rockets. The V-tail on the F-4 dug 72' across the ground and my left wing tank was torn off by a tree stump. Fortunately, none of the students followed my example.

It should be obvious from the above that my personality was not cut out for a career in the AF, so it was off to 21 years of very uneventful international airline flying. I had been involved in Florida real estate investments and as a result took very early retirement from Pan Am when I turned 50.

The international travel was great but the two best flights of that entire period were in a glider and a hang glider. In 1973 my Dad and I were flying in a glider in Austria when we approached an European eagle. The eagle flew in a fighting-wing formation with us for a couple of moments then flew down on top of (about 1" above) our left wing. His right wing tip was 3' from the cockpit and he remained there for over 10 minutes, only moving his eye back and forth to look at each of us. We actually began doing acrobatics, and he remained in that position on our wing even while we were inverted. A tremendous, once in a lifetime, thrill!

On my 49th birthday, while hang gliding in Colorado near the Green Mountain Reservoir, I climbed up to 11,500 feet on a clear September day and felt like I was one with the birds. That was the purest flying I ever experienced.

Along the way Sue and I raised three wonderful daughters and in 1975 while on a Marriage Encounter weekend with Sue, I began what was to be a profound religious conversion experience that unfolded over the following 25 years. Having a personal relationship with the Lord has been the most wonderful, healing, grace-filled experience of my life. It has positively affected our marriage relationship and our children, and I am eternally grateful for God's mercy.

I wish the very best for all our classmates and hope and pray that their lives have been fulfilling.

2237 W. Eisenhower Blvd. #i50
Loveland, Co. 80537
(970) 622-0343

NORMAN E SCHULZE

After graduation, I went directly to Moody AFB, Valdosta, GA, for UPT. Having done well enough to get my first choice I went to Dover, Delaware and flew the C-133, Cargomaster. Although the C-133 had a very questionable safety record, it was good to me. After three years of flying to Vietnam, I accumulated 2600 flying hours.

During my first year at Dover, I met and married my beautiful and supportive wife of 32 years.

With the outlook of moving every 2-3 years, I decided to leave the Air Force in 1968. With identical hiring dates for Delta and Western Air Lines, I decided I'd rather play golf in the South than Seattle. My 29-year career with Delta started in New Orleans as an engineer on DC-8s. In 1972 after flying DC-9 co-pilot, we moved to the "Big Base" for Delta, Atlanta.

Our son, Eric, was born in New Orleans in 1970. He remains our only child and has been a source of immense pride and joy.

After years as a second officer on 747s and L-1011s, I finally became a co-pilot again on the L-1011. In 1980 I became a Captain on the Boeing 727. After numerous schools and check-rides, I moved through the Captain's seat of the DC-9, B-737, B-757, B-767, and finally got back to my favorite, the L-1011.

During our 25 years in Atlanta, we've moved just three times and plan to be in our present home "til death do us part." The boat on the lake behind the house is named Final Landing and come July '97 I will make my final landing with Delta Airlines. An early retirement was offered and I couldn't refuse.

In the future I plan to play golf more than my 90-100 rounds a year. My work with the Georgia State Golf Association and the Atlanta Classic Foundation will keep me busy along with the Senior golf tournaments I play in. Come by, y'all!

WILLIAM E. SCHWEINLE, JR.

After graduation from USAFA in 1963, I spent my first year of active duty in navigator training at James Connally AFB, TX. During the time I was in Waco, I met and married a Baylor Bear, Jo Ellen Courmier. After receiving my navigator's wings in the summer of 1964, I was initially assigned to the 346th Troop Carrier Squadron at Dyess AFB, TX. During my assignment in Abilene, Jo and I were blessed with the birth of our first son, William III. I remained assigned to the 346th TCS until the summer of 1966. My time with the 346th was largely TDY, predominately staging out of Naha AFB, Okinawa to SEA and on other stints to Europe and the Dominican Republic, as well as some stints domestically.

In the summer of 1966, I was transferred PCS to Tachikawa AB, Japan where I was assigned until my resignation from the Air Force in May 1969. For most of the first two years in Japan, I was TDY in SEA. For about the last fifteen months of my tour in Japan, I was an aide to the Commander of the 315th Air Division at Tachikawa. During the time I was in Japan, Jo and I were blessed with our second son, Jon.

After resigning from the Air Force, I began the study of law at the University of Texas School of Law in Austin in June 1969. I graduated from UT Law School in August 1971 and was admitted to the bar in September 1971. My initial employment as an attorney was in Houston with the law department of Gulf Oil Corporation, beginning September 1, 1971. I was with the Gulf law department until February 1, 1978, when I resigned to enter private practice. While I found the practice of law with Gulf immensely rewarding, the call of private practice beckoned, and I felt the overwhelming need to answer. By the time I had departed Gulf, I was its Chief Worldwide Environmental and Safety Litigator, as well as handling a number of other business and commercial litigation matters on Gulf's domestic front.

I have been in the private practice of law, primarily engaged in a general practice slanted toward business and commercial litigation. My current firm is SCHWEINLE, PARISH, LOWERRE & STRAWN, P.C. While I have enjoyed the practice of law throughout the time I have been in practice, my ultimate desire has been realized with my current firm in which I enjoy the benefits of a small firm, the close camaraderie with remarkably good and honorable lawyers, and a practice that keeps me quite busy.

During the time I have been in the Houston area, I have been active in a number of volunteer capacities including service as a Director of the Clear Lake City Community Association, the Brook Forest Community Association, and as counsel for the Clear Lake Emergency Medical Corps, the Clear Lake City Volunteer Fire Department, The Brook Forest Volunteer Fire Department, and other organizations in the Johnson Space Center/NASA area. While I was busily engaged in the practice of law throughout the seventies and eighties, Jo pursued the study of medicine and obtained her M.D. degree, along with further post-graduate licenses and boards, all the while ably playing the role of wife and mother of our two children. We divorced in 1988.

In 1994 I married Carmen Dorman, official Court Reporter for one of Harris County District Courts. In addition, Carmen is a licensed interior designer, specializing in glass etching. For the second time, I have been

blessed with having an attractive, talented and intelligent wife. Along the way, I obtained my private pilot's license and have for some time been co-owner of a Cessna 172XP. I remain current as a pilot and periodically venture into various areas of the Southwestern United States in the Cessna, in addition to traveling on a broader scale, domestically and internationally, with Carmen.

The last thirty four years have bestowed great riches on me in the form of two wonderful spouses, two fine sons, and a career which has been a source of personal pride. Just as importantly, the camaraderie which I have enjoyed over the years with some of my Air Force Academy classmates is also a source of great personal satisfaction.

JOHN D. (DENNIS) SCOTT

In my 29th year of service I was retired involuntarily. But it was an expected event. I could have stayed forever, but my career was unusually undistinguished: all PME done in the den; all jobs but one at the Wing or lower; and I was highly undecorated. Not keeper credentials in the massive post Desert Storm force reduction. But it was a wonderful career of service and I got to share it from the first day with my beloved Nancy. We served with super folks and saw TX, AZ, NM, TX, FL, NJ, IL, Korea, Clark and all the Pacific, and Rhein-Main and all of Europe...missed SEA. The T-37, T-33, C-9 and CT-39 were mundane AC but personally satisfying missions. And there was great satisfaction in the final assignment...observing the fall of the Berlin Wall, and managing the 8 month strategic airlift flow through Rhein-Main to and from the mid-east in 90&91.

Summer of 59 was traumatic...lost 50 pounds in 2 months, I remember: shining shoes in the dark, stuffing laundry bags in the door louvers to study late, cooking meals on the desk lamp from vittles brought back by doolies, 4 years of Masses in lecture halls, living with liquor in mattresses and inside 12" woofer speakers, high speed races down the Valley highway to sign-in only to stuff the bed and hit the tunnels to get back out again, Jim Fausey totaling my first new car, the first open-post I rented the motel room and everyone else got sloshed), instructing survival, and honor committee deliberations. It was a fabulous way to enter adult life.

I will always be grateful for the friendships made, the education, and the values solidified at the USAFA, and that the AF assisted us in caring for our beloved David—a profoundly retarded and physically challenged saint. They even allowed a 14-year stay in one place so his care could be enhanced. Susan benefited from the exposure to AF life, attended Norte Dame and later the U of MN for her MA, and recently presented us with a 7 lb 4 oz 22" grand baby boy. The pressure is off her to produce a "male", but now the pressure is on me to produce a 7 lb 4 oz 22" rainbow trout—on a fly that I tied.

Since retirement I have represented USPA & IRA, the largest independent provider of comprehensive financial programs for military members and families. Nancy works with me, and between appointments we are developing plans for the cedar or adobe home we will build next year on our 38 acres I south central CO. I recently attained the CFP designation and hope to continue the financial planning efforts as long as it doesn't interfere too much with the bouncing the grand babies or the pursuit of that 7 lb 4 oz 22" rainbow trout.

LARRY L. SEVERSON

PREMISE: The impossible is more fun.

I came from a broken home (age 3) with no connections. It took three tries to get to the Academy. The discipline and pace was enjoyable there. Unfortunately, family problems got me out of the Air Force.

I next tried airline work. The flying was a professional pleasure. Unfortunately, I could not remain a captain and work for someone I considered not up "To The Code". So, I left the flying game and became an engineer in aerospace.

I had jobs as a senior project engineer in an advanced simulator research lab (Hughes) and as a senior systems engineer in an advanced projects group (Lockheed).

In aerospace, I found that an advanced degree in Computer Science would help. I also find computers a good substitute for flying. In 1968, I went back to school. I worked full time while I sought the MSCS. I was seldom home more than six hours straight for three years. Finally I completed the degree.

This got me home every night for the first time in my 20+ years of marriage. I discovered what had kept me married; I got divorced.

I was able to get a job as an MTS-6 at Rockwell and later as a program manager at Image Data because of my studies. But, finally, aerospace left me, or was it the other way around.

Anyway, in 1990, I married a friend. She hated my long commutes. In 1991, we went into business publishing educational materials for elementary students that work. My new wife, Leigh, saw her students blossom using new materials, winning 9 state and national awards in three years in a NASA science contest.

Now that six years, almost seven, have past, I am having a great time in life and it looks like success is around the corner. If I can't save the world for democracy, maybe I can help save the education of the country.

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EDUCATION:

1986-88: California State University, Fullerton, MS Computer Science

1965-66: American International College, Chicopee, MA, Work towards M.Ed (6 semester units)

1959-63: USAF Academy, Colorado Springs, CO, BS

C. GLEN SHAFFER, JR.

SUMMARY OF CAREER: Successfully managed contracts and manufacturing programs for the acquisition of complex communications and aircraft systems, supplies and services. directed or performed negotiation, pricing, subcontract administration, property and quality assurance. Responsibilities required expertise in team building, establishing acquisition strategy, analyzing requirements, developing supplier relationships, problem solving and broad scale decision making.

POST-GRADUATE EDUCATION: MS Personnel Administration, George Washington University, 1967; Education With Industry, Planning and Procurement, Hughes Aircraft Company, California, 1971; Industrial College of the Armed Forces—Correspondence, 1976.

CAREER HIGHLIGHTS: Major Subcontract Administrator, Rockwell International, Collins Avionics and Communications Division. Negotiated \$68 million fixed-price-incentive-fee subcontract with Bell Aerospace for airborne and ground antenna pedestal assemblies. developed winning procurement strategy for \$350 million Scope Command HF Communications System program. Created new streamlined contract forms and procedures for division.

Manager, Standoff Weapons Programs Procurement, Rockwell International, Missile Division. Responsible for material acquisition for GBU-15 and AGM-130 major product line. Assured that the best value materials were procured at the optimum prices, at the specified quality and on time. Led team of 16 professional subcontract administrators and buyers in the management of procurements valued in excess of \$50 million.

Chief, Commodities Division, Warner Robins Air Logistics Center, GA. Responsible for source selection and award of contracts valued at \$1.5 billion for aircraft electronic systems, spares and support equipment. Planned acquisition strategy for new systems, established goals and objectives, and prepared projections of future workload. Division received awards for reducing costs and increasing competition. Supervised 170 personnel.

Commander: Defense Contract Administration Services Plant Representative Office, Texas Instruments. Managed 135 personnel, who administered 2,600 contracts valued at \$3 billion, which were performed at 14 facilities. Responsible for management of costs, schedules, and quality of high-interest programs, which included air and ground radar systems, infrared devices, missile guidance systems, semiconductors, imagery interpretation systems and laser-guided bombs.

Team Chief: USAF Inspector General contracting section. Planned and conducted worldwide inspections to determine effectiveness of policies and procedures and develop improvements. Developed significant suggestions for improvement of service contracting and base-level pricing and negotiation. Prepared formal reports, briefed senior officers on identified problems and recommended corrective actions.

Manager: Contracts and pricing at Defense Contract Administration Services Management Area, Birmingham, AL. Provided team leadership to contracting officers, price analysts and administrative personnel

involved in the administration of 3,600 diversified contracts valued at \$1.9 billion, which were performed by 500 contractors located in five states.

Commander: Air Force Contract Maintenance Center, Greenville, SC. Responsible for management of USAF Detachment at a major aircraft maintenance and modification facility operated by E-Systems. Provided leadership to team of highly specialized professional employees engaged in contract administration, flight-testing, production, quality assurance and industrial property responsibilities. Ensured that resources were used effectively and economically in the administration of contracts valued in excess of \$30 million. Over 1,000 aircraft were delivered on time with an exceptional quality record.

Contracting Officer: at several USAF installations (Langley AFB, RAF Lakenheath, RAF Mildenhall). Served as a Contract Specialist at SAC Headquarters responsible for reviewing contracts awarded by 12 installations. Contracting officer for two major installations located in the United Kingdom. Administered contracts for construction of a 100 unit high-rise apartment building and a 200-family unit housing project.

Personal Data: Married to Sara, three children (Trey, David and Amy), retired from US Air Force as a Lieutenant Colonel.

Miscellaneous: Recipient of Outstanding Overseas Base Procurement Office Award; Outstanding Young Men in America 1970, Air Force Contract Maintenance Center Company Grade Officer of the Year; Top Secret Clearance, Completed Boy Scouts of America Woodbadge Program, First Scoutmaster of Troop 25, Plano, TX, Certified Professional Manager, Certified Purchasing Manager. Completed all contract courses in the University of Dallas Acquisition and Contract Management MBA Program with an outstanding scholastic record of Achievement. Received three division Silver Eagle Awards for outstanding performance. Military decorations include DMSM, 3 MSMs, JSCM, 2 AFCMs.

RICHARD A. SHUTACK

I attended Craig AFB for UPT along with many of my Second Squadron mates. Half way through training I married my wife, Lynne (Sullivan) who attended Loretto Heights. I welcomed my bride to the sunny South by driving through an Alabama snowstorm the last day of 1963. After graduation from UPT I found myself in the grips of SAC (B-52s) where I remained throughout my active duty career. My PCS assignment was to Robins AFB where our two boys were born, Scott in '65 and Kevin in '67. I was lucky enough to get my own crew in '67 and thoroughly enjoyed the airplane and the mission. The airlines, however, were hiring and in late '68 I answered their beckoning call. I had job offers from a couple of the large airlines, but I went with Delta where there was more potential for growth. Delta sent me to Chicago's O'Hare Field in Feb. '69 and I stayed in the Chicago area until September of '94 when our pilot base was closed. The last six years were spent on the management side of the business as ORD's Chief Pilot for Delta. Our family was completed in Chicago with the birth of our daughter, Nicole.

As I mentioned earlier, I've been very lucky. I'd seek work but never found it. Instead I found two great jobs, the Air Force and Delta Air Lines. The Air Force career continued at O'Hare Field with the 108th Air Refueling Squadron, where I flew the KC-97 and the KC-135A/E. Some of my fondest memories and best friends are from those National Guard days when our missions were accomplished maximizing professionalism and fun. Joe Palazzola and Karl Hemyer (both '63 grads) were key member of our unit. I retired from the Guard in June, '88 with exactly twenty five years in the military.

After Delta closed the pilot base in Chicago, I elected to go back to flying rather than accept another Chief Pilot position. As a result, I've been flying the B-767 since September '94. We moved to Colorado Springs in '96 as Colorado seemed like home with four out of the five of us having gone to school there. We travel much of the time as we're pretty much as airline family. Scott (USFA '87) is a pilot for United and a tanker pilot for the AZ Nat'l Guard; Kevin (TCU '90) is a National Sales Manager for Regional Health Supply in Arlington, TX and is married to Courtney a Delta Flight Attendant based at DFW; and Nicole (Univ. of CO '94) is a United Flight Attendant based at SFO. All this makes it a little easier to see Kevin and Courtney's two children in Ft. Worth and Scott and Sue's little boy in Phoenix.

The good Lord, the Air Force and Delta have been good to Lynne and me. I'm proud to say we have a wonderful and productive family—a nice legacy, I think, to leave.

DONALD R. SIMMONS (DECEASED)

{NOTE: Don submitted this summary prior to his death on 9 April 1998.}

My career was not particularly noteworthy. I spent the full 28 years allowed for those of us who did not get promoted to full Col. I also selected a rather mundane field of civil engineering and stayed in it. After an initial tour at Hamilton AFB, I went to graduate school in residence at AFIT where I got a master's degree in Space Facilities—a sort of civil engineering degree in outer space. That was followed by a year in Vietnam (68-69) in an Air Force Red Horse Squadron, sort of like Navy Seabees. I returned from there to Washington D.C., where I spent the next seven years. First as a staff officer at HQ AFSC, then two years on the IG Staff at AFSC, then four years at HQ NASA working on the NASA Space Shuttle Program. I left there and went to Los Angeles Air Force Station the summer of 1976 to continue work on the Space Shuttle as an Air Force Civil Engineer. I became the Chief of the Civil Engineer Program about a year later and kept that job for three more years. I then took a short (1 1/2 year) job as a Civil Engineer Squadron Commander at Kadena AFB, Japan and returned to the same job at Los Angeles AFB. I stayed in that until I retired in June 1971.

After retiring I was hired by the civilian contractor who provided Base Support Civil Engineering Services as their Chief of Civil Engineering Programs, and have held that job ever since. Along the way I divorced, remarried in 1993, became widowed in 1996, and am still single. I am still pretty active in numerous areas including golf, big game fishing, and country western dancing. I have one son and two great grandchildren, a boy and a girl.

DAVE SKILLING

"Join the Air Force and see the World"—and we have!

Long leave in Asia after graduation, then UPT at Webb AFB, where I met AF, Abby, and her infant daughter, Vicki. Luke AFB checkout in the F-100. Timeout to marry Abby—still married after 33 years, and we think it may last. Off to the 77 TFS at RAF Weathersfield, England for three years. First taste of Europe. We like it and spend two more tours and over ten years in Europe.

To war with the 306 TFS at Thuy Hoa AB, RVN. Later with the Super Sabre "Misty" Forward Air Controllers—the first "Fast FACS"—at Phu Cat AB. Return to Luke AFB, AZ (1969) and switch to the F-104 as an IP in the TAC-run German program. Later, the F-104 Fighter Weapons School there as student, IP, and Flight Commander.

Back to Europe ('73) for one of those little known gems of a job. Service as an evaluation pilot in the 7055 Ops Sq, dual-hatted under NATO (SHAPE HQ) and USAFE HQ to stan/evaluation for NATO's strike (nuclear) wings. Flew the F-104 with several NATO Air Forces, and the back seat of various other fighters, including US.

A cadet summer training option at Ft Benning (fun at the time!) catches up to us in 1976. Off to Ft Bragg to jump again as an Air Liaison Officer/FAC at 3d Brigade, 18th Corps, and finally 82d Airborne Div Hq. Vicki graduates from high school there.

Requal in the F-104 at Luke ('79) and return to Ramstein AB, Germany- as the commander of the 7055 Ops Sq. Abby works for USAFE/LG. More touring, skiing and flying from a home right in the heart of German wine country. Tough life, but somebody's got to do it! To TAC/XPJA (Air-Land Programs), Langley AFB, Va in 1983 for some hard core staff work with the other services at the beginning of the modern "joint" era.

Figured it out that Ron Fogleman would be Chief of Staff, (aceing out the rest of us, so (reluctantly) retired in '86. Pleasantly surprised that industry could use old war horses and signed on with Lockheed's Skunk Works at Burbank, CA. Worked on F-117 weapons integration (GBU-27), the F-22 proposal, and other projects for two years. Was missing flying and the airlines were changing their ideas on proper hiring ages, so joined Northwest Airlines, where I recently (1997) made 727 Captain.

We're happily ensconced NW of Atlanta, where Abby works for Lockheed (F-22 program), and I commute north. Have a place on the edge of a Civil War battlefield (Kennesaw National Park), and invite all classmates on by.

Dave Skilling, 1605 Cheatham Hill Rd. Marietta, GA 30064

JOHN SKORO (DECEASED)

OBITUARY BY

Robert F. Winegar '63, M.D.& P.A.

I met Johnny Skoro during BCT. I'm not even sure what unit he was in, but I always looked forward to seeing him because it just didn't seem to be getting to him like it was most of us. He seemed to be enjoying himself!

In the fall we both went to Second Group, so we had classes together, and I got to know him a little better. But it wasn't until two years later when we both moved to the expansion Twelfth Squadron that we really became friends and, for one semester, roommates. It had taken me about that long just to grow a little and begin feeling like I belonged there, (if anyone really did), but once again he seemed to have mastered his environment more than most of us. Nothing really bothered him much. He said it was because he grew up a Serb in Gary, IN. He was competitive enough to start from zero and become the fencing team captain and an All American, his specialty the saber. The team called him Animal, and he was. A killer instinct and cat-like reflexes. We used to double-date, and he approached his fun in the same aggressive manner as his work, which sometimes took bizarre turns. I remember leaving a movie theater a few yards in front of him and looking back to see him on the sidewalk having a mock seizure. He wasn't making fun of anyone, and he wasn't cruel, but he was tired of hearing his date tell him how to behave, so he taught her in this unique manner that he would decide for himself how he would behave. He never drank alcohol in any form, and he never again gave such a performance, but he did continue to think for himself, frequently in ways different from most of us.

He showed up at Reese (65-A) in the same old Rambler wagon he had at school. So pretty soon he's a white rocket driver by day and picking up chicks at night in the old wagon because none of the new cars really impressed him! Did an old Green Rambler impress him? I never did quite figure that one out. (We did manage to get 48 liters of booze in it on one weekend in Juarez, so on at least one occasion it impressed ME.) Most of our good friends from the Academy showed up at UPT married, and we mingled some, but most of our social life was together as bachelors. Soon after we graduated from UPT, he was impressed enough with the latest Corvette, he bought one. But we graduated WITHOUT HIM! His absence and the Corvette both came from the same trait, he loved performance. He had always been one of the top stick-and-rudder guys in the class, predictably for those of us who knew his instincts and reflexes. One night late in UPT he demonstrated the T-38's performance capabilities a little low over his girlfriend's house. [Ed: In '65B we heard he cracked all the commodes for two blocks on either side of Lubbock's main street!] We all knew his career was trashed. He became the assistant to whoever ran the O'Club, his flying days "over."

I left but we stayed in touch. After realizing he was almost fully trained, the powers that be decided he would be of more use as a fighter jock than a club officer. He re-entered training, 65-E I think, and graduated higher than he was in 65-A, and got his dreamed-of F-100. So the cat lands on his feet, aggressive as ever. Somewhere in there he married his girlfriend, then went to Luke. We rejoined at Phan Rang, RVN. My F-4 squadron opened the place, and his F-100 squadron joined us not long after. We were even in adjacent hooches. I never felt like I completely understood Johnny, but I did consider him among my very best friends. I was really glad he had weathered the storm over buzzing Lubbock, and that we were stationed together. We didn't get to share war stories for long.

On 13 Sep 66, I had just finished a flight briefing and was sitting around waiting to go to the planes when someone called in and said an F-100 just went in near Qui Nhon. I asked if they knew who, and he said "Skory or something like that."

Next chance I got, I flew over the crash site repeatedly, noting his crash made a long scrape on the ground, I would guess well over 100 yards, maybe 2 or 3 times that. I had the distinct impression he very nearly made his pullout and may even have been aware he was not making it before his plane broke up and killed him. I am not aware of any enemy fire, but sometimes it was there anyway. He had a reputation for getting close to his work. I had the feeling a few hundred more hours on the learning curve might have mixed enough caution with his aggressiveness that we'd still have him today.

I promised myself that as soon as I got over feeling sorry for myself, I would write to his wife. I had known her before they were married. She was perfect for him. She was pregnant. Their child should be about 31 years old now. How can that be!? Maybe I'll go ahead and do it before I

stop missing him. He was unique among us. I am honored to have been his friend.

RICHARD A. SLOWIK

After graduation, I went to UPT at Craig AFB, AL. Really enjoyed that year with a great bunch of guys.

Finished UPT in August 1964 and was assigned to K.I. Sawyer AFB, MI. While there, I flew KC-135 tanker missions around the U.S., Europe, the Pacific, etc. Also, I went to college at night and got another bachelors degree. This time from Northern Michigan University in 1967.

Early 1968, the Air Force assigned me to George AFB, CA to transition into fighter aircraft. In June of that year, I went to South Vietnam and became a Forward Air Controller in an O-1. I accumulated 200 combat missions and almost 500 combat hours. I also worked as an operations analysis officer and duty officer before leaving.

In June 1969, the Air Force assigned me to McCoy AFB in Orlando, FL. Again I was back in flying tankers. In two years, I was gone on a temporary basis 309 days, mostly in Thailand, Taiwan and Okinawa. I also went on a few trips to Alaska and Spain.

In 1971, the Air Force sent me to Florida Technological University in Orlando to get a master's degree in business. I finished that in 1972.

April 8, 1972, I married a gal from Rhode Island who was living in Cocoa Beach, FL. We got married at Patrick AFB. The marriage lasted about ten minutes, however, and we divorced a year or so later.

Next, they sent me to teach AFROTC cadets for four years at Virginia Polytechnic Institute in Blacksburg, VA. I also worked on a doctorate while I was there.

I left there in 1976 to fly tankers again, this time at Robins AFB, GA. At night, I worked on and obtained a second master's degree from Georgia College in 1979.

In 1980, they sent me to the Pentagon. First, I worked in Air Force Headquarters, then was assigned to the National Military Command Center to work for the Joint Chiefs of Staff. At nights, I worked on a third master's degree at Georgetown University and graduated in 1983.

Late 1983, I was assigned to the State Department to work in the operations center. I enjoyed working for the Secretary, many Ambassadors, etc. I got to know Ollie North, Ambassadors Oakley and Howe (they had a lot to do in Somalia not too long ago), and many others. At night, I worked on a second Ph.D.

Got married again on 31 January 1984. This time, a gal from District Heights, MD.

In 1985, I was assigned to Blytheville AFB, AR. I ended my military career working as the airfield manager there, retiring in 1991. I also taught off-duty education courses for Park College and Troy State University.

Got divorced a second time in 1991.

Well, so far, I have amassed over 3,000 flying hours in 21 different type aircraft, several college degrees, and a lot of memories. Traveled in 16 different countries, also. I have been married and divorced twice, but have no offspring. It's been interesting.

COLONEL NEIL SORENSON, Ph.D.

During the twenty-four years I spent in the Air Force I had a variety of challenging operational, staff and command assignments.

Operationally, I was lucky to get to fly a variety of aircraft —T-37s and T-38s in UPT, T-37s as an IP, A-37s in Vietnam, RB-57Fs from Kirtland, C-141s from Travis, T-39s at Norton and C-130s at Eglin. I held staff positions at Air Weather Service, Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service, Military Airlift Command and Air Force. I was the Commander of the 39th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Wing at Eglin.

In 1987 I retired and moved to the Seattle area to work on a Ph.D. at the University of Washington, a university with a string transportation geography program. I graduated in 1990 after defending my dissertation on the changes in airline networks resulting from deregulation.

Since 1990, I have been teaching geography at a community college in Bellevue, Washington, and I have taught the Geography of Air Transportation at the University of Washington. I have been involved in the community and with conservation minded groups, serving two years on the Mukilto City Board of Adjustments, as president of the local fly-fishing club and as a board member of the Washington State Council of the Federation of Fly Fishers. To fill the remainder of my time I do as much fly fishing on the regions lakes and rivers as possible.

LOREN G. "STINKY" STEINBRINK

About six months after graduating from UPT and C-130 training, I discovered that I enjoyed flying and had an aptitude for it. When my commitment was up, I decided that I would get a job where the only thing I had to do was fly airplanes. On the military side I flew C-141s for the Air Reserves for six years, and then I flew C-130s for the California ANG for sixteen years.

In civilian life I flew for Continental Airlines for fourteen years. Then Continental was taken over by a union buster, Frank Lorenzo. He abused the laws, declared bankruptcy to get rid of our contracts, and I went on strike. I spent twenty-five months on the picket line before the union gave up and settled. I accepted severance pay and left Continental. I then flew for the Guard, farmed my orange grove, and did contract work for the Navy launching drones from C-130s. In 1988 I got hired by MGM Grand Air. There I flew rock groups in the summer and NBA ball teams in the winter.

In 1989 someone offered us too much money for our orange grove, and we moved to Colorado Springs. After commuting to Los Angeles for three years to fly for MGM, I decided that flying was interfering with my skiing so I decided to quit working. Karen elected not to join me in retirement. She continued working, and I became a house husband.

In 1996 Karen came to her senses and joined me in retirement. We sold our house in Colorado Springs and moved to our home in Silverthorne. We ski in the winter and bike, golf, hike and travel in the summer. We also do our best to spend time with our two children and spoil our two granddaughters.

GERALD W. WESTERBECK

After graduation, Jerry Westerbeck returned to his native state of Ohio to get married and launch into an Air Force career. On 22 June 1963 Jerry and the former Judith Ann Richardson were married in Kettering, (Dayton suburb), OH. They had met on a blind date in Kettering during Christmas leave in December 1960. Rudy Bow (Class of 62) had his girlfriend arrange blind dates for Jerry and Jim Johnston after an AF Association meeting in Cincinnati. Most AFA chapter members were reservists who flew a C-119 out to Colorado each Christmas to provide free transportation to Ohio for cadets from the southwestern Ohio and northern Kentucky areas. Sometime between midnight and 4 a.m. on that blind date, Jerry decided that Judy was the one.

Nine weeks in Base Civil Engineer School at Wright-Patt turned Jerry into a USAF civil engineering officer. After not passing the flying physical (wandering pacemaker problem), he opted for the civil engineering career field in return for getting his base choice, Oxnard AFB in southern California. Jerry had often said he got his base choice for 2 years and a career field for life, a decision that charted his military and civilian careers.

After 2 years in California, they moved to Naha AB, Okinawa for a 30-month tour. Memories include building a concrete home, surviving typhoons, geckos, and roaches, having Chuck Donahue, Jack Zimmerman, Gary Saban, and wives as neighbors, and occasional visits with classmates going to or from RVN. In addition to his CE duties, Jerry taught math for the Univ of Maryland and English to Okinawans at the Univ of the Ryukyus. Judy taught the GED course for the Army and also English to Okinawans. Trips to Hong Kong, Bangkok, Taiwan, Philippines, and India got them off "the rock."

Next, Jerry got an MSEE degree at Pitt (Judy also graduated from Pitt the same day), and his reward was a free year's vacation in Vietnam as a CE (RED HORSE) officer at Bien Hoa and Tan Son Nhut ABs. While there he perfected his "horse trading" ability by trading plywood and concrete with the Army for vehicles, food for his troops, chopper rides down south, and phone calls to Judy during off hours from their SatCom facility. Then Jerry managed an assignment back home at WPAFB in 1971. Little did they know then that they would have two children and live the next 22 years in Dayton! During those years, many 63ers passed through and many stayed.

Jerry was the civil engineer in the F-15 SPO during its glory years, 1971-1974. Then he became the Utilities Division chief at HQ AFLC just before the energy crunch and enjoyed the task of passing out millions from HQ USAF for energy conservation measures. After a short tour at base level, he left active duty and became a reserve Major and a civil servant—both jobs still in civil engineering and in AFLC. Jerry then moved back to ASD as a civilian and to AFIT as a reservist. Along the

way he completed SOS, ACSC, and ICAF by correspondence, got an MBA, and made colonel. He served as the Individual Mobilization Augmentee to the AFLC civil engineer the last 7 years of his military career.

In 1987 Jerry's career shifted to Environmental Management (EM), a rapidly growing career field. He was selected to establish the EM office at WPAFB. Three years later, the Dept of Energy made him an Senior Executive Service (SES) when they selected him to be site manager at their Fernald uranium production facility, another Superfund site near Cincinnati. In 1993, Jerry transferred to Washington DC (where Judy had always wanted to live) as the assistant to DOE's deputy assistant secretary for Environmental Restoration.

Jerry retired from the Air Force in July 1993 and from DOE in February 1995. He is now a Research Fellow at the Logistics Management Institute in McLean, VA. Jerry and Judy have two children, Julie and Jeff, and one grandchild. They live in Oakton, VA.

GEORGE WEST

After USAFA, I began my soaring classic Air Force Career as a flight surgeon with assignments in Vietnam, Lackland, Kirkland, and Edwards AFBs; all of which allowed me to renew old and make many new blue-suit friendships – a welcome after spending a number of years in civilian medical school at the height of the anti-war movement. At Edwards, I also slipped the surly bonds of bachelorhood after meeting my soulmate, Caron, but first, I had to convince her that all my test pilot friends had the wrong stuff.

After my flight surgeon days, I became interested in cancer and went from treating the very well to the very sick. I spent a few years in cancer research and traveled from Los Alamos to Boston and finally ended up in San Antonio where we have spent the last 15 years raising our three daughters—Danell, Stormie, and Hillery. Danell and Stormie required only occasional police actions, but with Hillery, it was total thermonuclear war. They are all off to college now and our house is much larger, so bed-and-breakfast are readily available for anyone heading down San Antonio way.

CADET CHORALE

BY LARRY THACKER '63

I returned to the academy in 1975—two years after the first females were admitted as cadets. I became the OIC of the Cadet Chorale just at the time the administration decided that, as a public representative of the cadet wing, the Chorale had to be integrated. This decision was not well received by most of the Chorale members. I am sure Roger Boyd and Ed Ladecouer were very concerned about changing from one of the best all-male choruses in the nation to a not-very-well balanced mixed chorus. But they were good soldiers and did a fine job of providing leadership for the change.

A mixed chorus of sixty men and only twenty or so women is a strange hybrid. We tried to recruit more females, but there was tough, in-house competition. We lost one strong soprano because she was introduced to fencing in her Doolie year and became good enough to be on the varsity team by the time she was a Junior. Another strong voice was too busy to sing because she was an instructor in the sail plane program. Literally, whole new worlds of opportunity were opening up to these women, and singing in a chorus seemed pretty tame. So the first two years were pretty rough. When the female voices sang alone, there was a noticeable lack of power and precision. The male cadets would let their displeasure be known—sometimes in not so subtle ways. I had to take more than one of the males aside for some corrective action.

As we started the 1981-82 academic year though, something good happened. At the third and fourth rehearsal of the year, Mr. Boyd had the tenors and basses sing their parts, and then he asked the sopranos and altos to sing theirs. While their numbers were only thirtysome, this group of young women had enough musical talent to give some power and finesse to the music. When they finished their section, the male cadets gave them a spontaneous round of applause. It was a nice moment: some chivalry, some irony, some positive reinforcement, lots of beautiful smiles, and harmony all around.

GARY "RIGS" RIGSBEE (DECEASED)

According to UPT Class '65B's Yearbook, Gary was from Fallon, NV and was, "The original curve buster." Since he graduated as the top pilot, edging out Lee A. Adams '63 also by hundredths of a point, this accolade was a token of respect.

I didn't get to know Gary until UPT where he roomed on the first floor below Bob Murphy and I on the second floor of those bug infested World War II temporary barracks called the VOQ at dusty Reese AFB, near Lubbock, TX. But at least a dozen Americans in Vietnam owe a lot to this classmate because Gary got me through both my Progress Checks prior to my soloing in the T-37.

When the 3501th Flying Training Squadron (FTS) scheduled me for my second "Prog Check," after I'd accumulated 25 flying hours of "Pinks" (failed instructional rides), Gary sat me down in his room for three hours and walked me through every step of the upcoming ride with the squadron commander that was supposed to wash me out of UPT. Gary was tough, I had barely learned to drive a car before going to the Academy, and he made me think about every detail of every step before during and after the flight. When I hesitated on a checklist or emergency procedure, he sent me back to study it, then return and start over again. Most important, he convinced me for the first time that I could LAND THAT DAMN TWEET. My IP had done just the opposite.

Of course Major Sofaly, the Operations Officer who passed me on both Prog Rides (the CC had a job interview and ducked the flight) also stuck his neck way out for me. He reminded me of that as a Colonel at Peterson Field when I showed up asking to be checked out in the T-33 instead of the T-29.

When Gary was killed in a Military Airlift Command C-135 coming out of El Toro Marine Corps Air Station on June 25, 1965; I owed him a huge debt of gratitude. I thought of that many times as a Rescue Crew Commander in Vietnam two years later.

Gary was survived by parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall E. Rigsbree. Ironically the US Navy "Top Gun" School is now outside Gary's hometown of Fallon, NV. He'd like that!

{Note from JHB: I was flying C-135s out of Travis when I learned of Gary's death at El Toro. As time passed, we heard stories that the Standard Instrument Departure they were flying didn't ensure sufficient terrain clearance. While the procedure showed the height of a couple of peaks, it didn't reveal to crews that a ridgeline almost as high connected the peaks. Major changes, including specifying minimum rates of climb for various departure speeds, were made in the development/publication of Standard Instrument Departures that crews depended on. Perhaps as a result of that tragic crash in 1965, others have been saved from a similar fate.}

VICTOR LARRY THACKER

Let's start with the yearbook sketch since no little irony finds me "seeking my fortune" back in West Virginia, 25 miles from where I grew up. The senorita I met in Denver (Mary T. Solis of Loretto Heights) is still my co-pilot—and best friend. Completed UPT at Vance; asked for Charleston AFB; got McChord! Sent to Tachikawa, Japan 18 months later. Took a cute one-year-old named Sarah with us. (She now has a six-year old and four-year old twins.)

On to Vietnam in 1969 while the family returned to San Antonio, Mary T.'s hometown. Next stop: Chapel Hill, NC for a master's degree in English. Arrived at USAFA on Christmas 1970 to teach English—and flying—for two years. Moved back to Chapel Hill in December 1973: Mary T was 7.5 months pregnant with Susannah. Doctoral studies finished in 1976, but Congress changed the rules on flying time, so off we went to T-39s in Colorado Springs. Bought Bill Povilus's nice house; started Figaro's restaurant in 1977 with another couple; returned to the English Department in 1978.

Great years from 1979 to 1982: colleagues in the English Department (including Jim Gaston) were superb, Figaro's was succeeding, and I was OIC of the Cadet chorale twenty years after being its president. The yearbook mentioned the goal of establishing the "Thacker Family Singers." Since our daughters did not inherit our musical genes, the closest we got was the restaurant. Mary T and other sang live shows five nights a week. In 1982, I put in papers to retire, but instead became the first graduate to be USAFA's Director of Admissions.

That job was really fun: high-risk (for peacetime) and high visibility. In 1984, chosen to be an American Council on Education Fellow to study academic administration for one year. Spent a sabbatical at Trinity University in San Antonio. Promoted to Colonel while in Texas. Sent to Alabama in 1985 to become the chief academic officer of SOS. After two years, I was chosen to be a PAS in AFROTC. Asked for Texas, Colorado, and Carolina; got two choices in Boston and the University of Pittsburgh. Notice any pattern here? Retired in Pittsburgh in 1989 and worked at Carnegie Mellon—a decision which allowed Susannah (who went to six different schools in seven years) to finish high school in one place.

In 1994 one of the liaison officers I had worked with as director of admissions helped me get a job with his alma mater, Davis & Elkins College. I have been an assistant to the president of the college in charge of restoring a historic mansion named Graceland, which we turned into a country inn with restaurant. We do not have any singing (yet), but there is still a sense of cycles at work with the return to my roots. Susannah was married in the mansion in September, 1996. And I became vice president of admissions at the college in July 1997. Ad Novos Mundos, again!

HOLLIS A THOMAS JR

Many of you may remember that five members of our class were allowed to attend medical school immediately after graduation in the excess-leave-without-pay status. The summer after graduation, prior to starting medical school at Syracuse, Yvonne and I were married there on the 4th of July, or Independence Day, as it is referred to by some. The only employment I could find during graduation leave was cutting brush with a county road crew (and that was the result of “political influence”). For the first three years of med school, I was only paid by the USAF for a month or two each summer when I reported to Wright-Patterson Medical Center during the summer breaks; Yvonne supported us by teaching elementary school all four years. The fourth year was better; however, as I received a first lieutenant’s pay as a participant in the senior Medical Student Program.

Of the five members of our class who went directly to medical school, four eventually became MDs. Of the four, three retired as full colonels after having served as department heads at major USAF medical centers. Within a few years after graduation, the Air Force began sending 5-10% of each academy class to medical school with full pay and allowances. This great source of staffing for the USAF Medical Corps had its humble beginnings in late May 1961 at the Honor Squadron Banquet-13th Squadron, of course-when a thoroughly intimidated 3rd Classman got up enough nerve to approach General McDermott and ask him if we could establish some pre-med courses at the Academy.

Our first son, Drew, was born in the Fall of 1967 at Wright-Patterson where I was serving a rotating internship. Flight Medicine Training at Brooks AFB in 1968 was followed by a nearly five-year assignment at Soesterberg in The Netherlands where I was flight surgeon for the 32nd Tactical Fighter Squadron and practiced family medicine from 1968 into 1973. Our second son, Dirk, was born in Holland in the fall of 1969. This was, needless to say, our all time favorite assignment.

After three-year AF-sponsored residency in diagnostic radiology back at Syracuse, I served as chief of radiology at Elemendorf (3 years) and Wright-Patterson (6 years) until my AF retirement in June 1985. Subsequently, I was professor and chairman of radiology at the University of Louisville Hospital/School of Medicine for more than five years, took a “sabbatical leave” for a couple of years, and am now practicing and teaching again at the University of Missouri Hospital and Clinics in Columbia. Yvonne and I enjoy traveling, antiquing, bicycling, reading and doing genealogy research.

Drew attended Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, NY, on a full AF ROTC Scholarship, graduated with honors in physics, earned a master’s degree in nuclear physics at U. of Illinois-Champaign-Urbana, and is an active duty captain at Brooks AFB in the Armstrong Laboratories. Dirk attended Ohio State University and the U. of Kentucky. He and his wife Tracy have added Jacob and Hope to the family tree. They live in Minneapolis where Dirk works for Pulte Homes.

JAMES REED THYNG

Jim Thyng is currently an engineer working for the New Hampshire Public Utilities Commission. He is happily married, has five children, and owns a farm in the hills overlooking his hometown. It’s called Redbird Farm for the cardinals who live there.

Jim went to UPT right after graduation and got his wings in August 1964. Then it was interceptor schools, F-102s and F-106s, before his first operational assignment with the 48th Fighter Interceptor Squadron at Langley AFB. He volunteered for Vietnam shortly thereafter and ended up at Gunnery School, Hurlburt Field, to check out in the ancient A-1E SkyRaider.

In September, 1966, he arrived at Pleiku AB, central highlands, Republic of Vietnam. In the succeeding eleven months, as a flight leader with the 1st Air Commando Squadron, Jim flew 301 combat missions taking battle damage on 44 occasions. He had an uncanny propensity for attracting metal objects while leading strike missions in North Vietnam and Laos, and on close air support missions throughout South Vietnam.

In September 1967, back from SEA, Jim checked out in the F-4C/D Phantom at Davis-Monthan AFB and stuck around as an IP. He did Squadron Officer School at Maxwell and made a brief excursion to SEA in the F-4D. He then got a master’s at Rochester with a directed duty assignment to the Pentagon, Fighter Division, Deputy Chief of Staff, Studies and Analysis. Jim lasted 22 months.

He resigned in July, 1973 and began a second career in the utilities business. First with Colorado Interstate Gas Company in Colorado Springs as Staff Manager, Operations. He joined the Air Force Reserve there and finished his 20 years; a Lt Colonel, Deputy Commander, Resources, 901st TAG.

In June 1985, Jim and his family moved home to New Hampshire where he continued in the utility industry as Superintendent of the Littleton Water & Light Department. In March 1993, he accepted a position with the New Hampshire Public Utilities Commission.

Jim and his family moved into their farmhouse in October 1994, and he says “Ain’t going any place else forever.”

HOWARD M. (MIKE) TOMME

John Nehring asked me to help in whatever way I can with the class history. For what it is worth, I retired from the AF as a lieutenant colonel in 1981. I spent a good portion of my career in Security Service, but the fact of the matter is I spent 12 years as a full time student and 5 years as a full time teacher of mathematics at USAFA. What time I did actually work out of the academic arena was in the Security Service and as a program manager for the SR-71 systems.

On retiring I went to work in the aerospace industry as a Systems Engineer and Program Manager. I spent the last five years of my 10-year aerospace career with Ampex Corporation in Redwood City, California. They down-sized me out of a job in 1990. I came here to Las Vegas and worked for the Golden Nugget Hotel and Casino for nine months before accepting a teaching position at the Community College of Southern Nevada. I am tenured and will spend the rest of my working life doing what I like best, teaching mathematics.

My wife and I divorced in 1978. I have four children. One is a flight attendant with United, and my oldest son is in the Navy SeaBees. My two younger children live in Dayton, OH, as does their mother. One is a student and chef, and the other works in Cosmetology. I am proud of all my children, but it took a lot of sweat and tears to get them where they are today.

I have enclosed a photograph taken at my 58th birthday party in February. My housemate gave me a party and invited several of my closest duplicate bridge friends. I have been playing tournament bridge since 1970, and I will do that as long as I can. It has been a savior for me when I needed to get away and forget whatever crisis was occurring the last 27 years. I am also enclosing a picture of John Borling and me taken at the 30th reunion and a picture of Bill Heinlein and his wife sent to me last Christmas.

I hope I have been of some help to you, John, and I wish you the best in this endeavor.

RICHARD (DICK) O. TROY

For me, there was only one downside to our 30th reunion. At the Antlers, I thought I recognized a classmate by the back of his head. I came up with a smart remark and approached him.

I was wrong; it was someone else. I then remembered that the friend I thought I’d recognized had died years before. It makes no difference now what classmate it was; I made the mistake, and I still think about it.

Intervening years disappear at reunions. You pick up where you left off the last time you saw your classmates. It will be the same in ‘98 and in

reunions to follow. More frequently, we'll look for someone, then remember he's gone. We know that thirty-five years from now, as our last classmates were wheeled out at Homecoming, Shaws flapping in the breeze, they'll be thinking of the rest of us.

Soon after, the Class of '63 will be no more. Who'll think of us then?

When my mother passed away last year, my brothers and I closed the family home. In the attic, we found our great grand father's Civil War discharge papers "for wounds suffered" in 1862. At 22, he had served in the 141st Pennsylvania Volunteers.

There were no other records. We know nothing of his comrades and their shared experiences. When he recovered from his wounds, he returned to farming and raised his family.

Surely, the Civil War was his life's signal event.

A war was a signal event in our lives too. Whether or not we took part, the Vietnam experience colored our lives. At the same time, each of us, in his own way, "returned to farming and raised his family."

My own career spanned 28 years, highlighted by a year in Vietnam and ten years in Europe. I retired from the faculty of the Army War College in 1991. For six years, I've supervised the staff of a Pennsylvania State senator. Carol is a director with Mary Kay. Tim and Shannon have graduated from college and embarked on their own lives.

Like me, each classmate has followed his own path since 1963. The only thing we all share are the four years that bonded us as a class. Back then, we never considered that our time together would give firm, common ground for life.

Those four years are worth remembering.

Perhaps in 2063, in another attic, other great-grandchildren will find a worn, brown and yellow 1963 Polaris, next to a less musty sequel from 1998. I'm telling them now to pause in their melancholy chore and know that the Class of 1963 was a touchstone in our lives.

Don't forget us.

PETER R. VAN ALLEN

My Air Force career consisted mainly of spending three years in Germany in the USAF Security Service. The most noteworthy thing that happened during that time was that I met my wife, Beverly, (who was teaching school at Darmstadt), and we were married in 1967. Also in 1967, I resigned my commission and went to Syracuse Law School.

After law school I spent eight years with a law firm in Binghamton, NY, and then joined GE as a corporate counsel in 1978. I have been with GE ever since, serving in several jobs but currently counsel for the GE Aircraft Engine manufacturing operations in Cincinnati.

We have two daughters: both of whom are in Saratoga Springs, NY area. Lisa graduated from Skidmore College in 1991, and Stephanie graduated from Hamilton College in 1994.

I have a few more years left until retirement, and then Bev and I plan on settling in upstate New York where I intend to play golf, ski, and hike the Adirondacks.

EVERETT W. VAUGHN

Everett Vaughn was born June 24, 1940 in Ojai, CA. The family moved to Arkansas when he was seven. He graduated from Fayetteville High School in 1958. The idea to attend USAFA came too late in his senior year, so he entered the University of Arkansas as a budding engineer. Anxious to get into the Air Force, he enlisted February 2, 1959.

He met Suzie on a blind date while our class was at Hamilton AFB during our 3rd Class summer tour of the ZI commands. We married June 16, 1963, in San Anselmo, CA. Thus began our travels with the Air Force.

Our first stop was Webb AFB, TX, for UPT. Ev then became a T-38 IP. Our daughter, Heidi Marie, was born February 28, 1966. The stay at Webb lasted five years.

The next stop was Mountain Home AFB, ID, for transition into the RF-4C. Suzie was pregnant with Bill and was convinced that all Air Force Bases were located in hot, dry places. Bill was born August 25, 1968.

1969 was Ev's year in Vietnam. We enjoyed the few days of R&R in Hawaii with Suzie.

Our next stop on the tour was RAF Alconbury, England. We were to enjoy almost eight years in England in the course of two tours. We bought a home in a tiny village named Woodhurst and were the only Americans in that village.

Ev tried to get an assignment to Fort Lewis, WA, but was told the position had been filled. The alternative was a similar position at Fort Carson, CO. We later learned that Greg Fairhurst had the position at Fort Lewis.

We are very happy here in Colorado Springs. Ev started an accounting practice following retirement. He moved from the basement to an office downtown as the business grew.

Heidi married Jeffrey Wyckoff in 1988 and has two beautiful daughters, Samantha and Melissa. Jeff is a CPA and is now the leader of the accounting firm that Ev started.

Bill married Mindy in 1991. They now have two boys, Kyle and Nash.

Suzie and Ev are still involved with the Academy. We have three "adopted" sons on active duty and one who is third classman this year. We are also members of the Rampart Chapter of the Association of Graduates.

Our door is always open to visitors. Come see us.

BOB "THE VENK" VENKUS

500 words to capture 35 years: it seems impossible. A chronological listing of jobs and locations is not an option—too long. A career summary of my 24 years on active duty is out—too lengthy and complex. Civilian life? 10 years with three defense firms without changing my office! Those of you who want more information will have to buy Raid on Qaddafi: available through our local AOG. The remainder of this "capsule biography" will cover the people who have shared, or are now sharing, my life.

SIGNIFICANT OTHERS:

BONNIE VERDIER (the good looking kid in the family!) was aboard for the first 13 years of my Air Force career. She gave us two wonderful daughters, but witnessed one too many "fighter pilot shenanigans." She is currently happily remarried in Chambersburg, PA.

JOYCE KALISH contributed to, and got the benefit of, the great final years in the Air Force, but also went through the first difficult years afterward. My adjustment has not been *entirely* successful, but has improved with time. Joyce couldn't wait though: she outprocessed after 14 years and now resides (perhaps happily) in Scottsdale.

PATTI KING of Erie, Reston, and BDM is considering signing on for the remainder of the adventure—or of my 12-year warranty period. She has been a lifesaver since late 1995, and continues to be at the center of my life. Marriage is in our future after we sort out all of the issues that can't be ignored at this stage of life.

KIDS:

Pam is in her 8th year with ORACLE, now in sales in Chicago. A Penn State grad, she is pursuing a master's at Northwestern, investing wisely, and keeping her eyes peeled for Mr. Just Right (while we encourage her to look for Mr. Satisfactory).

Amy is now a graduate of West Chester U. and is looking for her first real job as a music teacher. She lives in West Chester and waitresses to put food on the table. Like her sister, Amy has two cats to entertain her. They are less trouble than a man—they never hide the remote.

John Guillory, a Maryland grad, is also pursuing a master's. He works as a mechanical engineer in Las Vegas; collects rare vinyl records; and fiddles with a variety of aging vehicles. We keep in touch and enjoy our infrequent visits.

Audra Guillory will soon graduate from ASU. She then plans to teach English (as a first language, I think) in Arizona or elsewhere. Her stepdad was not amused when a recent "artist" boyfriend turned out to be a tattoo artist. She has matured greatly since then.

JETS:

Long gone but not forgotten: the F-105, the F-4, and the F-111. Only one comment is appropriate: **THUDS Forever!**

In closing I should have listened during the many (?) Zoo lectures on how to handle women and money. I have discovered that handling is one thing; keeping is another. Best of luck to all in the next 35!

PAUL R. "BUTCH" VERDIER

June 5, 1963-October 10, 1998. What have all these days meant in the life of Butch Verdier? What is the score? How has his perspective changes? What goals have been reached? Not reached? What has been most significant? Least? What was the most important driving force on graduation day? Now, Today? Why?

Marriage, flying, children, crew, TDY, SEA, Master's Degree, program management, MBA, analysis, interservice cooperation; Marriage, children, love, commitment, sacrifice, failure, reconciliation, keeping on keeping on, growth in the heart, wisdom, unselfishness, letting go of the kids, discipline, fun, golf, FALCON football, fine restaurants, friendship, becoming one, knowing that HE is #1, rejoicing as the kids achieve goals that we never ever dreamt of, realizing that relationships are THE vital elements of our lives, listening for our Lord's voice, short-term missions, ...and 35 years fly by!

Carolee gave me her vow...she remains the solid basis upon which all the wonderful parts of our lives depend. Through her and the Lord, I continue to learn the true meaning of unconditional love and total commitment...a love that is sacred and a love that is allowing me to become the man that God means for me to be. Because of her patience, laughter and wisdom, our lives are triumphant and downright fun. Imagine...at the time of our marriage, I thought she was very lucky to have me...oh, you misguided and foolish man! But, in spite of me, our 35+ years have been magnificent!

Ah, grandchildren...now we really know what unconditional love is! They are the best thing that has ever happened in our lives...and #3 will arrive in February, 1998.

So, what will we do for the next 35 years?...the possibilities are endless. but there is ONE thing that we will major in—the nurturing of relationships! All the material well-being that we enjoy has little lasting impact unless we share it—and our lives—with those we love. The Class of 1963 has played a large part in relationship nurturing; I thank God for being a part off the finest group of men to ever graduate from USAFA.

JOHN M. VOGELSANG

Chief Operating Officer and Chief Financial Officer of the Cambridge Capital Group, Ltd., Scottsdale, AZ and Atlanta, GA. A venture capital company formed in 1995 to evaluate, negotiate and monitor company startups, mergers, acquisitions and land development projects, representing private companies, investors and international trusts. My wife, Sharon, owns and operates the John Martin Gallery in Scottsdale, AZ representing 50 Native American and other Southwest contemporary artists. Artwork ranges from Navajo and Pueblo pottery, stone sculptures and folk art to antique and contemporary Navajo weavings, antique religious murals and other Mexican artwork.

From 1992 to 1995, Chief Financial Officer of Southern Research Institute in Birmingham, AL, an independent company performing basic and applied research in the biotech and pharmaceutical fields, development of composite materials and environmental studies. Southern Research's main interest is the development of anti-cancer, anti-AIDS and other anti-viral drugs.

Chief Financial Officer, 1990-1992, at Hi-Shear Industries, White Plains, NY and Reno, NV an aerospace company producing missile systems, laser-operated devices and electronics for the DOD and NASA and commercial aircraft components. Vice President, Finance, for Fairchild Defense Company, a subsidiary of Fairchild Industries, 1987-1990. Fairchild Defense developed and produced electronic systems for the F-16, F-14 and other military aircraft as well as three-dimensional ground mapping and flight planning systems for the Air Force.

Rockwell International, 1971-1987, Senior Financial Officer at three Rockwell operating divisions at the \$300 million level developing and producing aerospace and defense systems for the U.S. and foreign governments. These divisions included: Missile Systems Division, Atlanta, GA; Marine Systems Division, Anaheim, CA; and Rockwell-Collins Avionics Division, Cedar Rapids, IA. Director of Financial Planning, Aerospace and Electronics, Rockwell Corporate Office.

Pilot/IP, C-124 until 1969; resigned to attend graduate school, MBA, finance, Ohio State University, 1971. Married with six children and four grandchildren.

ARTHUR A. WALLACE

I am very proud to be a graduate of USAFA. I'm sure I would have washed out of the academy my first semester if Cadets Nicholson and Dinsmore of the Class of '62 had not learned that I was failing history, math and biology. They went over my history lesson with me each day before class and got me special instruction from my history instructor. I had to stand special inspections at night, but they started asking me history questions instead of fourth-class knowledge. I appreciated them very

much. Without their help I would not have made it. All I knew about airplanes before going to the academy was that B stood for bomber, C stood for cargo and F stood for fighter.

I am very proud to have been an Air Force pilot. I enjoyed flying helicopters in SEA. The highlight of my career was saving the life of the A-1E squadron commander from NKP in 1968 when his wing was shot off while flying cover for our unarmed and unarmored helicopter as we crossed a heavily defended road returning from a mission into North Vietnam. With no guns and no fire suppression support, it was a miracle that we picked him up without taking a hit.

Most of my flying was in the KC-135. I also enjoyed flying the T-39 at HQ SAC where I worked as a programmer/systems analyst on the Honeywell 6080. While at SAC I was passed over twice for temporary major, but, praise the Lord, I wrote an excellent letter to the promotion board and was selected for permanent major. That assignment was followed by an enjoyable but, careerwise, unprofitable three years at PACAF HQ in Hawaii.

Having entered the academy with prior service, I was able to retire at Blytheville AFB in January 1982 with twenty-one years of service. I bought two hundred acres of land and moved my family to Mountain Home, AK, where I sold real estate for eight years. The best thing I got out of the real estate business is my second wife, Patsy Ruth. I sold her and her husband a lot here in 1989. Then my first wife, Patsy, divorced me in 1992, and Patsy Ruth's husband died of a heart attack in January 1993. We developed a closer relationship by phone and letters, and after our class reunion in 1993, I drove on out to California and married her. We enjoy raising beef cattle in our remaining hundred acres and working to establish a new Baptist church in our rural area. I have two married daughters of whom I am very proud and two very young grandsons.

GARY EUGENE WALLACE

Was born and raised in North Bend, OR. Married Karen L McKay also from North Bend. Three children: Jeff (F-15 pilot), Mike (Healthcare Manager), and Susan Stahl (Dietician married an AC-130 pilot). Flew T-37, T-38, and T-41 during five operational ATC tours, flew F-4e at Korat RTAFB in SEA, and had an Ops Staff tour at HQ 5th AF, Fuchi AS, Japan. Served in personnel at AFMPC and HQ ATC, and commanded the AFROTC detachment at Indiana University. Was medically retired in 1989 as the HQ ATC/DP. Was a Registered Representative for USPA & IRA until 1993, and is currently self employed in the hobby-become-business, upholstery shop. Has been an Elder and Trustee at Holy Trinity Presbyterian Church in San Antonio, and is a Commissioner on the Schertz Planning and Zoning Commission. Currently resides at 2933 Bent tree Drive, Schertz, TX 78154-3704; telephone (210) 658-8422. Looking forward to traveling as soon as Karen qualifies for her teacher retirement.

WILLIAM E. WECKER

Off to Laredo in the Corvette. (Along with Roger Sims, Shagner, Mitchell, Bradshaw, Goutas, et al.) Laredo is still recovering from the shock. Then F-4s (Holloman, Danang, Bentwaters). Got married while at Holloman. (Mary Linn) Two kids while in Europe (Anna, Marla). Separated '69. Graduate school (University of Michigan. MS, PhD, Statistics/Applied Mathematics) One more kid. (Michael) Then professor at University of Chicago, University of California, Stanford University. Started consulting company, which is what I do today. (415 898 2255 or wecker@wecker.com). I guess that's it. (Unless you want to hear about the time I fought the giant Eskimo...)

Kids are gone now, so Mary Linn and I are alone. (Except for two dogs and the horse.) Home is near Hamilton AFB (now closed) just north of San Francisco. Visitors welcome.

If you come to visit, bring your G-suit. I have some nice airplanes—including jet fighter type (HA 200, +8g, -4g).

NORMAN E. WELLS

Norm reported to Purdue University in West Lafayette, IN a week after graduation to start the master's program in Astronautical Engineering. After completing the class work and a thesis, he departed for UPT at Williams AFB, AZ. Purdue awarded the degree in May 1964. F-4 training was next, followed by a tour at Eglin AFB, FL in the 33rd TFW. After volunteering for the F-4C Wild Weasel program, Norm reported to Nellis AFB, NV for training in April 1966. Hardware problems prevented

the deployment of the aircraft and the group departed for Ubon RTAFB, Thailand to go to jungle survival school and to get some combat experience—the plan was to return to deploy the aircraft when they were fixed (which finally happened almost two years later). Norm flew a combat tour with 100 missions over North Vietnam of the 125 total missions and was credited with two MiG kills.

Capt Wells returned to Nellis AFB as a Wild Weasel instructor in the Fighter Weapons Instructor Course where he taught Enemy Defenses and Penetration Aids. After Command and Staff College, he became a Program Element Monitor at the Pentagon on Defense Suppression programs. Major Wells later became the Executive Assistant to the Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Research and Development.

Having been selected for Lt Col, Norm convinced his boss that he needed to return to the cockpit. After getting recurrent in the F-4, he went to the 8th TFW at Kunsan, Korea where he was the Chief of Operations Training and then the Chief of the Weapons and tactics Division. LTC Wells next had several jobs at the 4th TFW at Seymour Johnson AFB, NC with the last one being commander of the Aircraft Generation Squadron—the largest in TAC at 850 people. After Air War College, Colonel Wells was the Joint Program Director of the Joint Tactical Information Distribution Systems at Hanscom AFB, MA.

Norm retired in June 1983 and moved to Austin, TX to start work with Lockheed Missiles and Space Company in the C3I business. He became the New Business Manager for the Precision Location Strike System—the same program he helped start at the Pentagon. After managing other new business efforts, Norm moved to Dallas to be the systems engineer for a large (75M lbs and eight stories high) nuclear physics detector at the Superconducting Super Collider Laboratory. He later became the Lockheed Program Manager for the system engineers. After this program was terminated by Congress, Norm moved to Idaho where he became a project manager on the Lockheed program to clean up a radioactive, hazardous waste site at the Idaho National Engineering and Environmental Laboratory. Norm next moved to Dallas to be a systems integrator for missile systems at Lockheed Martin Vought Systems.

Norm and his wife, GayNeil, have three daughters and eight grandchildren.

SAM W. WESTBROOK III

RECENT NEWS: Kate and I toasted the arrival of our first grandchild, Calli Jean, born December 18, 1996 in Florida. Second grandchild expected in Dublin, Ireland, in November 1997. Rented in Seattle last fall while looking for our retirement home. Moved to Bainbridge Island (a ferry ride from Seattle) in February. We don't ever plan on putting furniture on a ferry again. Spend my days golfing, gardening, traveling and consulting (in roughly that order). It's a local call to Skip Lee, so I have no more excuses.

AFTER THE AIR FORCE: Retired at Randolph AFB in July 1991 after 28 great years. Headed for Seattle, rented a house, and got a consulting job in Boston. Six months later I moved to a job in Utica, NY that I was originally recruited for by Mike Christy. Spent eighteen months solving signal processing problems for the government, watching federal budgets shrink, and plotting how to get even with Mike. Moved to a company in Kalamazoo, MI, because there were airplane pictures instead of algorithms on the walls. Learned a lot about how hydraulic pumps, valves and flight controls work and met a lot of people from McDonnell Douglas, Lockheed Martin, and the government depots. Headed back to Seattle when my contract was bought out after an acquisition.

TRAINING: My last five years were involved with training, first at the Academy and then at ATC. Discovered that the Commandant had to fly, go to football games in Hawaii, and live in a big house. BooHoo. Got to host our 25th Reunion, my first reunion and a real treat. Marched without rifles, except for tours. Didn't get my jump wings. Followed a lot of graduates to ATC and, like them, flew the T-37, T-38, and T-43. BooHoo again. Discovered that the T-38 had an angle-of-attack indicator and finally understood what my T-38 IP, Bill Ayers, had been trying to tell me all those years ago.

EUROPE: Believed the Colonels' Group about needing to get command identity and went to Europe to seek same: They were right. Became a USAFE F-111 guy and served with the likes of General McPeak (at Upper Heyford) and Bob Venkus (at Lakenheath). Venk was running things from the command post at Lakenheath during the raid on Libya; I was in the lead KC-10 as the F-111F wing commander/strike commander. For details see Bob's book.

WASHINGTON AND THE PENTAGON: They were the best of times; they were the worst of times. Popular myth has it that everyone has to serve a tour at the Pentagon, so I actually volunteered to avoid another assignment I thought was headed my way. Jim Weaver can attest to the fifteen hour days that made the worst of times (and the war had been over for two years). Jim, Charlie Stebbins, and others have soldiered through and kept their sense of humor—and mine—made it the best of times. It was like Spring '63, what with being on the wing staff, taking 32 semester hours, and trying to keep General Strong under control: at the time, I didn't realize what good training we were getting. A year working for General Allen followed by a year at the National War College closed out my five years in D.C. on a positive note.

BALANCE: Setting priorities and getting the balance right between them has always seemed to me to be the key to long term success and personal satisfaction. My last two years in operational test and evaluation at Nellis were as close to the optimum balance as I ever got. We identified new equipment and capabilities the F-111 needed, wrote test plans to qualify the equipment, flew the tests, and then wrote the final reports. A great balance between using the head and using the hands. And there was time for camping and skiing with the family and the occasional game of Backjack.

THE F-111 AND THE WAR: There were a lot of classmates at Willy when I finished grad school and joined the real Air Force: Kent Harbaugh, Bill Ayers, Les Dendend, Jerry Thies and Jim Allburn. If I didn't get my wings, nobody ever would. 68C was the first class to be offered the F-111, and I was one of six who jumped at the option. All of us questioned the wisdom of our ways before the Aardvark program finally came into its own and became the Whispering Death of Linebacker II. Before Linebacker happened, I had gone off to Armed Forces Staff College and an assignment in the A-1 at Nakhon Phanom. Imagine my surprise when the last of the A-1s were given to the Vietnamese just before that fateful Christmas of 1972, and I was posted to Clark AB, RPI, to finish out my year.

A DIFFERENT EDUCATION: Oxford taught me to read, analyze and learn on my own. It was a perfect complement to the forced feeding we'd had at USAFA.

GERALD W. WESTERBECK

After graduation Jerry Westerbeck returned to his native state of Ohio to get married and launch into an Air Force career. On June 22, 1963 Jerry and the former Judith Ann Richardson were married in Kettering (Dayton Suburb), Ohio. They had met on a blind date in Kettering during Christmas leave in December 1960. Rudy Bow (Class of 62) had his girlfriend arrange blind dates for Jerry and Jim Johnston after an Air Force Association meeting in Cincinnati. Most AFA chapter members were reservists who flew the C-119 out to Colorado each Christmas to provide free transportation to Ohio for cadets from the southwestern Ohio and northern Kentucky areas. Sometime between midnight and 4 a.m. on that blind date, Jerry decided that Judy was the one.

Nine weeks in Base Civil Engineering School at Wright-Patt turned Jerry into a USAF civil engineering officer. After not passing the flying physical (wandering pacemaker problem), he opted for the civil engineering career field in return for getting his base choice, Oxnard AFB in southern California. Jerry has often said he got his base choice for two years and a career field for life, a decision that charted his military and civilian careers.

After two years in California, they moved to Naha AB, Okinawa for a 30-month tour. Memories include building a concrete home, surviving typhoons, geckos, and roaches, having Chuck Donahue, Jack Zimmerman, Gary Saban, and wives as neighbors, and occasional visits from classmates going to and from RVN. In addition to his CE duties, Jerry taught math for the Univ of Maryland and English to Okinawans at the Univ of the Ryukyus. Judy taught the GED course for the Army and also English to Okinawans. Trips to Hong Kong, Bangkok, Taiwan, Philippines, and India got them off "the rock."

Next, Jerry got an MSEE degree at Pitt (Judy also graduated from Pitt the same day), and his reward was a free year's vacation as a CE (RED HORSE) officer at Bien Hoa and Tan Son Nhut ABs. While there he perfected his "horse trading" ability by trading plywood and concrete with the Army for vehicles, food for his troops, chopper rides down south, and phone calls to Judy during off hours from their SatCom facility. Then Jerry managed an assignment back home at Wright Patterson in 1971. Little did they know then that they would have two children and live the

next 22 years in Dayton! During those years, many 63ers passed through and many stayed.

Jerry was a civil engineer in the F-15 SPO during its glory years, 1971-1974. Then he became the Utilities Division chief at HQ AFLC just before the energy crunch and enjoyed the task of passing out millions from HQ USAF for the energy conservation measures. After a short tour at base level, he left active duty and became a reserve Major and a civil servant—both jobs still in civil engineering and in AFLC. Jerry then moved back to ASD as a civilian and to AFIT as a reservist. Along the way he completed SOS, AFSC, and ICAF by correspondence, got an MBA, and made colonel. He served as the Individual Mobilization Augmentee to the AFLC Civil Engineer the last 7 years of his military career.

In 1987 Jerry's career shifted to Environmental Management (EM), a rapidly growing career field. He was selected to establish the EM office at WPAFB. Three years later, the Department of Energy made him an SES when they selected him to be the site manager near Cincinnati. In 1993, Jerry transferred to Washington, D.C. (where Judy has always wanted to live) as the assistant to DOE's deputy assistant secretary for Environmental Restoration.

Jerry retired from the Air Force in July 1993 and from DOE in February 1995. He is now a Research Fellow at the Logistics Management Institute in McLean, VA. Jerry and Judy have two children, Julie and Jeff, and one grandchild. They live in Oakton, VA.

ANECDOTES FROM JERRY

SYNAGOGUE ANYONE: During the European field trip, and while in Denmark, Jerry Westerbeck wanted to take the ferry to Stockholm on Sunday morning. To meet his chapel obligation, he joined Dave Wax and Mick Roth in search of a synagogue on Saturday evening. They rented bikes and rode to where they thought the synagogue was. After some time of fruitless wandering, they stopped to ask a mother and child for directions.

Neither the Dutch mother or her child understood English, so Mick tried Russian, Jerry tried German, and Dave tried Spanish, all to no avail. Out of frustration, Wax, remembering that Adolph Eichmann was in the news at the time, said, "Eichmann, hack, hack," as he made a chopping motion. The mother and daughter looked at each other and muttered a bit before saying, "Ahhhh, Yiddish." Then they pointed and motioned where we could find the synagogue. We pedaled there only to find the gates locked, "Well, we tried. Now, what do we do?"

While riding around a bit more, we spotted a bar and decided to salvage the evening. When we came out, Jerry's bike was stolen, so he asked Mick and Dave to explain this to the renter of bikes while he found his way back by bus. End of Story.

ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR...ALMOST: While in Denmark during the European field trip, we had the occasion to visit their well-guarded underground facilities on Jutland Peninsula. In typical military fashion, we formed up outside the hotel, and everyone was reported present and accounted. Cadets were counted again as we got off the bus, as we got on the airplane for the short flight, and as we entered their secret facility. Always 121. Then as we were boarding the plane for the flight from Jutland, the count was 119. Panic!

Their officers and our officers were quite upset—an international incident brewing. Among us we finally figured out that there were in fact two cadets missing and who they were, but no knew where they were. The Danes set about searching Jutland, and finally we boarded the plane. Upon arriving back at the hotel, there were the two lost souls. They had overslept and were never in any of the cadet counts. I cannot remember who they were, but I am sure they remember. We held a meeting in the hotel gardens with Col Munch, our senior escort, to determine if any punishment (individual or battalion) should be meted out. We already had a curfew, thanks to the RTB activities the previous year. As I recall, no punishments were handed out.

Down Mexico Way: Labor Day weekend, just into our third-class year, Jerry Westerbeck planned a trip in a rented car to El Paso where he and 4 classmates, Bob Parra, Jack Shuck, Jack Zimmerman, and Bill Ardern, would have a short vacation, house-sitting Bob's aunt's house. Bob also had a cousin, Virginia, who lived in El Paso. Jerry had carefully calculated the total trip cost to be \$50 each. Not bad for a rental car, albeit a little Rambler (or some other disgusting, but cheap model), gas, food, drinks, etc.

Saturday had us driving into Juarez to buy a few things including a supply of beer and Tequila. We stashed the stuff under the seats and let Bob's cousin drive through the border checkpoint while the rest of us walked through empty handed. She made it with no problems, meeting us on the other side. Everything was pretty uneventful until Sunday we decided to go to the bull fight. Arriving a little after most people, we could only find a small parking place next to the railroad tracks. Since the space was too small to parallel park in, I drove the car into it, and then we all lifted the rear end of the car into place next to the tracks, which were rusty and had weeds and grass growing up around them. No train had been through there for years.

During the bull fight, we heard a long and mournful train whistle but thought nothing of it. Why would we? After the bull fight, we returned to our car and saw it had been sideswiped by the train. Now we knew why we heard the whistle. Well, this was obviously not our fault. This situation could be quickly straightened out by our Spanish-speaking Bob Parra, ably supported by Bill Ardern, who was just starting Spanish class. While I and the two Jacks sat in the car fending off little boys trying to sell us their virgin sisters, Bob and Bill went to the sheriff's office to see how they we could get reimbursed by the railroad, the city, whomever. They said the scene was just like the movies. The sheriff was chubby, sitting back in his chair, feet on the desk, wearing a cowboy hat, and smoking a stogie. It didn't take too long for him to advise these two young gringos that they'd best be gettin' out of Dodge (Juarez) or they'd be arrested and have to pay for damage to the train. He found their idea of seeking reimbursement ludicrous.

So, we went back to the house to drown our sorrows. I forgot to mention that the car was barely driveable, but it could make it after we pulled the fender from the tire. There was quite a draft on the right hand side where the door opening had been enlarged. We decided we had to leave late Sun nite (actually early Monday morning) to make it back, change clothes, and talk to the rental people. At least we took out insurance! Two, who would drive, would not drink the leftover booze, leaving three of us to finish up the leftovers. That's when a mixed drink to Jack Z was Pepsi and chocolate milk. Bob Parra was the other driver as we left El Paso.

Somewhere in New Mexico Bob was passing on a hill and got stopped for speeding and what else I cannot remember. Another trip to the police station in a little New Mexican town looking for money. This time it cost money, adding to the total cost of the trip. Somewhere else in NM, we came upon a train locomotive on a piece of track in the middle of nowhere right beside the highway. We pulled over and simulated an accident by placing our wrecked Rambler (Say that fast three times) in position next to the locomotives. Then everyone lay on top of the car or bedside it to look like a train wreck in which we were involved. We have a picture to prove it.

Back in C-Springs, we went to the rental agency to change clothes and settle up. It was then we learned our insurance did not cover us in Mexico. Why couldn't the bull fight have been in El Paso? To keep the cost at \$50 per person, I covered the rest. I had not figured a wrecked car and a traffic ticket into my calculations.

Who Was That Chick? During football season of our first class year, we had a formal dance at Arnold Hall. With the help of several of our fiancées, we cooked up a plan whereby Wayne Warner would dress up in a formal, wig, the whole bit, and go to the ball as Tom Pierson's date.

A floor-length gown, a blond wig, gymnastic slippers (in lieu of heels) for good footing, long white gloves, and a little purse set Wayne off quite nicely. Four things troubled us and required further thought. During the football game earlier in the day, Wayne picked up a sunburn on his lower face: this contrasted greatly with the white upper half of his face which had been shielded from the sun by his cadet hat. A little makeup and pulling the wig a little further down over his forehead solved that problem. Then there was that one front tooth which had been partially broken off. Since that wouldn't look very feminine, Wayne was instructed not to smile.

Next was Wayne's voice. We did not want him to have to speak while going through the receiving line past the Generals and their wives. We thought we solved that problem by giving him the name Wendy Brown. There was no way a simple, short, easy-to-remember name like that would get dropped in a receiving line. Lastly, we were concerned with his handshake. It could not be the strong, hand crunching kind we all liked to inflict on others. Wendy's handshake had to be gentle and demure. So,

after we got him dressed and made up, we practiced going through a receiving...shaking hands gently and not speaking. He was all set.

Everything went as planned...well almost. Wayne (I mean Wendy) had no problem going down the spiral staircase, what with the gym slippers. However, his (I mean her) name did get dropped and when the General's wife asked her to repeat her name Wayne replied "Wendy Brown" in a husky whisper. After passing successfully through the receiving line, Tom and Wendy managed a couple slow dances, not fighting once over who was leading.

Tom and Wendy capped off their evening with a visit to the dorm. You can imagine the reactions they got when walking into a fourthclassman's room without knocking. Upon seeing the firstie, Tom, the doolie leaped to attention, standing there with only his boxers on. And then, when Wendy came into the room, the doolie immediately became about his full front exposure to the young lady. Turning to the side he apologized profusely to Wendy for not having his uniform on. Shortly thereafter, the ball was over and Cinderella (Wendy) slipped from her gown and donned Wayne's old, dirty, worn, yellow bathrobe.

Reportedly, when told that a cadet had gone through the receiving line dressed as a girl, a general's wife was heard to say, "Now that I think about it, there were several girls who could have been cadets. Were you sure there was only one?"

{Note from JHB: I remember a similar version of this story but my recollection is the setting was at the Christmas Ball in December 1959 when all the upperclassmen had left us to run things for two weeks. My fiancée was in from Kansas, so I didn't get on the plot, which had obviously been hatched in our 14th Cadet Squadron. My first introduction came on the spiral staircase in Arnold Hall. As we were awaiting our turn in the receiving line, I looked down almost directly across and saw Tom Pierson and his "date." Both were looking back at me. I checked out Tom's companion who was wearing a blue formal (I believe) and long white gloves. I began to suspect that Tom was escorting Wayne Warner's sister, as his date sure reminded me of Wayne. The only other noteworthy thought was that Wayne's sister was in pretty good shape as her biceps showing above the gloves were pretty well developed for a young woman of the 50s.

I don't know how many people recognized Wayne beneath the wig. The one person who recognized Wayne immediately was Pat Caruana, who stood at the head of the receiving line and was supposed to get the names of the cadets and their dates to pass on to the general. Pat said he didn't have a clue what to do, so he mumbled something.

The other story that went around the squadron involved the activities earlier in the afternoon. Wayne had gone downtown to a beauty shop for his makeup and wig fitting. After he had been transformed into someone looking like Wayne's sister, they started back up Nevada Avenue to return to the squadron.

Somewhere en route, they encountered a red light, so his driver stopped. A car load of local guys pulled up on the passenger side and began to check out the "fox" in the car beside them. Wayne noticed but didn't take any action until the light changed to green. As his driver started pulling away, Wayne flipped a bird to the locals.

The other driver was so surprised to receive such a rude gesture from such a lovely young thing, he popped his clutch and stalled his car.