

Recon Recorder – January 2006
THE PRESIDENT’S CORNER
Maurice Cea - President

The August 2005 reunion was great. Jerry Haines set up a good time for us all. The highlight of the reunion was by far the DeFelice Pig Roast.

With a glance into the future: Plans are being made by Gene Harshman for our 2006 reunion in Branson, Missouri, 23-27 August. Our 2007 reunion will be in Minot, North Dakota, probably mid-August. Nearby Minot AFB is the home of the 91st Space Wing.

Thoughts & Prayers: We extend our thoughts and prayers to members who have had health problems this past year. God grant a speedy recovery to all.

Betty and I both want to thank you for your cards, e-mail notes and prayers.

VP COMMENTS
Jerry Haines

91SRWA 2005 REUNION

I want to thank everyone for the great turnout and assistance given me for the 2005 91SRWA reunion.

Angie & Betty DeFelice really know how to host a pig roast. It is going to be difficult to ever come up to that level for future reunions.

REUNION 2006

Gene Harshman, Chairman

Join us in Branson 23 – 27 August. You’ll find a Registration Form attached. Sign up as early as possible – the first 50 ladies get a scarf.

ADMINISTRATIVE “STUFF”
Jim Bard – Secretary

MEMBER DUES

***** U R G E N T *****

Dues are due for the years 2006-07. Unless you are a Life Member, there should be a renewal form enclosed. Please complete the areas marked. You should consider a Paid Up For Life Membership.

NOMINATIONS/ELECTIONS

Officers and Directors are elected in even numbered years, and the Nominating Committee needs your help in preparing the slate. Please complete and return the attached form if you want to run or nominate another member for office. There is currently no announced resignation, but that does not preclude nominations. If you want to nominate another member for an office, you must obtain that person’s prior approval. **The due date is 28 February 2006.**

BUSINESS MEETING AGENDA

The election and membership meeting time and location will be posted in the hospitality suite in Branson. You are invited to submit topics to the Secretary.

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

As a cost cutting measure, rosters will be included only with the July Recon Recorder. Interim changes and additions will be included in the January issues. (See page 2.)

FINANCES

Stan Kopala – Treasurer

Our latest financial statement is available upon request.
3rd quarter activity was as follows:
Begin Chk Acct Balance \$5353.87
Income (incl Reunion) 7,725.81
Expenditures/Refunds (7,266.83)
Ending Chk Balance 5,812.85
Begin Escrow Balance 2,124.39

Escrow Interest 2.95
Ending Escrow Balance 2,127.34
Total Funds \$7,940.19
Operating Funds \$5,812.85
Net Gain From Reunion Activities
Included above \$4,405.41
The Escrow Account is for prepaid dues of PUFL members.

******IMPORTANT******

If you are not Paid Up For Life (PUFL), your dues are payable prior to **30 June 06** – please complete the enclosed renewal form and remit your check. Do it TODAY. Be sure to consider a Paid Up For Life Membership; we now have fourteen. Who’s next?

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MEMORIES

Jim Brennan – Archivist

I am always searching for photographs, documents, or even handwritten memoirs related to the 91SRW; send them to me.

CHAPLAIN’S CORNER

Tom Crawford

If you or someone you know from the 91SRW is ill, or if you hear of a passing, please contact me ASAP.

MEETING MINUTES

President Mo Cea presided over a membership meeting of the Association 27 August 2005 at the Hope Hotel, Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio. Eight Officers and Directors and forty-one other members attended. Here is a recap of the minutes:

Gene Harshman reported on the 2006 reunion plans for Branson Missouri. **Tentative plans are:**

*The last full week of August at the Ramada Inn. *Room rate, with full breakfast, will be about \$50 plus taxes.

*A registration fee of \$125 per person will cover the hospitality suite; one stage show with dinner, a Barbeque, and the gala semi-formal banquet.

Art Schocken added positive comments to the report and recommendations. Another member pointed out that there may be some handicap accessibility issues – Gene will investigate.

All present were satisfied with the report and progress.

Stan Kopala presented the latest financial information. Roughly speaking, we've \$7,000 in checking and \$1,300 in savings (prepaid Life Members). Most of the reunion bills have yet to be paid; they will clear by check. The Association is in a sound financial position. A motion was made and seconded to accept the report. It carried.

Jim Bard and Paul Kardian gave the membership their impressions of Minot and Minot AFB, North Dakota for a reunion location. Both visited the 91st Space Wing 11 – 16 August 2005. After a short discussion, and there being no other suggestions, Minot was selected by the majority present to be the 2007 reunion location. The reunion will coincide with the Minot AFB Open House – probably mid-August. The appointed reunion committee consists of Jim, Paul, and Mo Cea. They may make a survey trip to Minot to make final arrangements.

2006 Elections - Jim Bard was appointed to chair a Nominating Committee with Phil Van Deusen and Don Furlong as members.

Jim Bard pointed out that the By-laws require nomination actions be completed too early in the year (January), and wanted

time to publish information in the January Recon Recorder, and then gather and compile a slate. After little discussion it was moved that the actions be moved to the end of February; it was seconded and carried. (Changes Article 2, Section 1 of the By-laws.)

Don Furlong recommended the Association present a plaque to Angie DeFelice for his efforts in putting on the Pig Roasts. The motion was seconded and carried. Mo will take action.

Art Schocken reported that the Kardians and Schockens have sold roughly \$2,000 in memorabilia during the reunion. Art also announced that all memorabilia orders (coins, shirts, hats, etc.) would be sent to him without money; he will ship the items and a statement; the member will then send a check to Stan Kopala for the amount billed.

After explaining how the vacancy occurred, Mo appointed Tom Crawford as Chaplain Pro Tem until the next election.

Our Family Tree News

91st Strat Recon Squadron
At least 50 from the 31st, 91st, and 6091st (Johnson & Yokota) have joined the association. Some also served in other 91SRW units after returning to the states.

91st Bomb Group – WWII
For information contact:
Ed Gates, President 91BGMA
13311 16th Ave. Ct. S
Tacoma, WA 98444
Tel. 253-535-4246
gainmutual@yahoo.com

91st Space Wing
Col. Dan Adams, Wing
Commander
SMS Arvin Davis, Sgt. Major
Ms. April Kozma, Chief of
Protocol
Mr. Dan DeForest, Wing Historian

Minot AFB, ND 58705
(2)

Obituaries

Michael A. Grasso, 324th SRS, 27 Feb 02
Information from Stan Kopala.

Anita Greenawalt, wife of Clarence E. Greenawalt, Jr., 323rd SRS. Information from VP Jerry Haines.

Charles E. King, Sr., 323rd SRS, Mar 05. Information from Ed Lemoncelli

Henry (Hank) C. Monjar, 324th SRS, 15 March 2005. Information received from his family.

Lindsay R. Hardiman, Sr., 91st HQ SQ, 9 March 2005, age 86, in Columbus, Ohio. Member of the U. S. Army Air Corps and the Tuskegee Airmen, retiring in 1965 as a Chief Master Sergeant in the U. S. Air Force. He leaves to mourn his death his wife of 57 years, Geraldine T. Hardiman "She was the love of his life".
Geraldine T. Hardiman, LAFB BX, 1 May 2005. Geraldine was retired from the Base Exchange at Lockbourne Air Force Base.

ROSTER
Keep your July roster. To reduce expenses, an updated list will be attached to July issues. Send me updates and corrections to any and all of the data; my address is on the list

CHANGES
Hayes, Frank (New address & phone)
77 Pond View Drive
Port Washington, NY 11050
Telephone: 516-570-6481
Morgan, Art (New address & phone)
3437 S. Alabama
Joplin, MO 64804
Telephone: 417-625-1643
Shotzberger, Roger (Temp. Address)
7497 Robin Road
La Plata, MD 20646-4009
Stone, Charles (Chuck) (New address)
103 12th Street NE, Apt 303
Little Falls, MN 56345-4570
Lawrence, Jerry (New e-mail)
jandi1724@sbcglobal.net
Blakeney, Arlie (Tex) (New e-mail)
arlie1923@earthlink.net
Halleran, Bob (New e-mail)
r_halleran@bellsouth.net
Cook, William (Bill) (New e-mail)
wcook2172@charter.net
Cogswell, Lawrence (New e-mail)
lmlcog@yahoo.com

Letters & Feedback
June 29, 2005
Charles and Nellie Stone have moved from their home of the last 32 years to Bridgeway Estates (new address is on page 2, phone number remains the same).

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Nell remains a patient at the Lutheran Care Center, Room 218, which is connected to the Bridgeway Estates Managed Care Center. As Chuck gets increasingly settled in at Bridgeway, gets the Riverwood property cleared out and sold, and finishes moving selected stuff into storage, we will be able to share increasing amounts of time together in our new residence.

We continue to value our relationships with family and friends, far and near, e-mail, snail mail, occasional phone conversations and personal visits, and will strive to do our part in staying in touch.

We pray that the best possible state of health and joy in each day will be yours and may peace be with you and those you love.

Sincerely,

Chuck & Nell Stone, Chuck is 91SRS

July 5, 2005

Jim,

Great to hear from you--I have known John (Dr. John Fredriksen, Associate Member) for years---was in the 323rd Sqdn, 91st SRW from Nov '50 til Dec '51--then 91st Air Refueling (KB-29Ps) til my release in Oct '53. Flew with Bob Lyells and Jim Deskin until we hydroplaned off the rwy at Sculthorpe. Was a crewmember on the KBs that refueled the RAF marked 45's on the first Russian overflight--I have the only photos of this mission. Attended the 91st Reconnaissance Squadron reunion at Fort Meade and the debriefing of the RB-45 crews in Washington in 2001. Would sure like to find out where some of my buddies are now. I'm looking forward to seeing the member list. Please send all the info I need. Ginny and I celebrated our 52nd Anniversary this year--she was my nurse when I was in the hospital at Lockbourne in '52. We are both in good health and still enjoy traveling.

Hope to meet you soon,

Maury Seitz, 323rd SRS & 91ARS

July 5, 2005

Dear Jim,

Sorry but as you might suspect, I will not be coming to the Reunion. Dolores is still inactive physically and my monthly chemo treatments are beginning to get me down. My range of action is measured from the nearest latrine.

But I feel the need to inform you that your efforts for the 91st are plentiful and excellent. I can appreciate that you devote your full time to the job. I am sure we of the association all appreciate what you are doing for us and as well as the current organization. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for your efforts. I `regret that we haven't been able to meet. Under different circumstances I would most certainly attend. Please continue in your activities for the 91st. We are blessed by your dedication.

Allen Weddle, 91SRS

7/26/05

Stan,

I would like to thank you and the association for the lifetime membership. I have always been proud of my service in the Air Force, and being fortunate to have been in the 91st Strat Recon Wing was an exciting and fun filled 4 years. I regret not having to been able to share in the reunions and the other activities of the past. I like still being a member and thank you all very much.

May see you in the future.

Sincerely,

Lawrence K. Klug

15 September 2005

Jim,

I hope you had a wonderful time at the reunion. I have been to a couple of the Airborne Missile Maintenance Squadron reunions, so I know how much fun it is to see folks you haven't seen in years. Funny how they all got old isn't it; of course we didn't age a bit.

Sorry we couldn't make it to the reunion we were looking forward to going for a long time. We even purchased a new electric scooter for my wife and a new minivan to haul it around in. Rose (wife) had some unexpected medical problems come up a few weeks before the reunion.

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We held out hope until the Monday prior to the reunion when we finally decided that we weren't going to be able to make it. I can't tell you how

disappointed we both were. I was looking forward to meeting you and seeing some of the guys from the 322nd. I hope we have better luck for the next reunion.

Take care,

Buzz Sinopoli, 322nd SRS

10/27/05

Jim & Ruth,

It was good to see you both again. I had a good time. Jim, you did a good job again as usual. See you at the next one. Good Holidays. Say hello for me next time you send out the Recon Recorder, and wish everyone well.

Your buddy,

Andy Winter (91st SRS)

Air Force Enlisted Village

July 21, 2005

Dear Mr. Kopala and Members,

Thank you for your very generous donation of \$250. The widows and residents of the Air Force Enlisted Village sincerely appreciate your support. Your donation to our very worthy cause will help us provide a safe, secure home to a very special part of the Air Force family – the “Forgotten Veterans.”

Our #1 priority continues to be providing our widows and residents with quality care when they need it most. The future looks bright and thanks to your help, we'll open Hawthorn House, our own assisted living residence, in August. This added capability will enable us to care for the widows far beyond independent living and complete our long-anticipated dream of life care.

Your donation has made a difference to a very deserving group of dedicated Americans. On behalf of our residents and staff, please thank every member of the 91st SRW Association who made this donation possible.

Sincerely,

James C. Binnicker, CMSAF #9
President and CEO

Letters and Stories of Historical Significance

I came across a “Birthday Book” given to my mother in 1919 in which she recorded the birthdays of all her friends and relatives right up to her passing in 2000. On the very last page (it had been blank) she wrote: “Often referred to as the Air Training Command’s “Model” base, Amarillo AFB is the nation’s only training center devoted exclusively to the training of jet fighter and bomber mechanics.”

There are no notes anywhere else in the book. I have no idea why it was written. But now, 51 years after I went through training at Amarillo, I'd like to believe

that back in 1954 my mother was recording her pride in her son's service. God works in mysterious ways. Jim Bard, 323rd and HQ Sq

This and That

Military Challenge Coin

Thanks to the efforts of Paul Kardian, the 91SRWA has its own "Military Challenge Coin."

The History of the Military Challenge Coin

During World War I, American volunteers from all parts of the country filled the newly formed flying squadrons. Some were wealthy scions attending colleges such as Yale and Harvard who quit in mid-term to join the war. In one squadron a wealthy lieutenant ordered medallions struck in solid bronze carrying a squadron emblem for every member of his squadron. He himself carried his medallion in a small leather pouch around his neck.

Shortly after acquiring the medallions, the lieutenant's aircraft was severely damaged by ground fire while flying a mission in France. He was forced to land behind enemy lines and was immediately captured by a German patrol. In order to discourage his escape, the Germans took all his personal identification except for the small leather pouch around his neck. In the meantime, he was taken to a small French town near the front. Taking advantage of a bombardment that night, he escaped. However, he was without personal identification.

He succeeded in avoiding German patrols and eventually reached the front lines. With great difficulty, he crossed no-man's land. Eventually, he stumbled into a French outpost. Unfortunately, the French in this sector had been plagued by saboteurs. They sometimes masqueraded as civilians and wore civilian clothes. Not recognizing the young pilot's American accent, the French thought him a saboteur and made ready to execute him. Just in time, he remembered his leather pouch containing the medallion. He showed the medallion to his would-be executioners. His French captors recognized the squadron insignia on the medallion and delayed the execution long enough for the pilot to confirm his identity. Instead of

shooting him, they gave him a bottle of wine.

After he returned to his squadron, it became a tradition to ensure that all members carried their medallion or coin at all times. This was accomplished through a challenge in the following manner: a challenger would ask to see the coin of a fellow pilot. If the challenged pilot could not produce his coin, he was required to buy a drink of choice for the member who challenged him. If the challenged member produced his coin, the challenging member was required to pay for the drink. This tradition continued throughout the war and for many years after while surviving members of the squadron were still alive.

Planning Ahead

Several of us are planning to visit Minot and Minot AFB in 2006 in preparation for our 2007 reunion. I plan on being there about 13 – 17 July to also enjoy the base's open house. If you are interested, contact me.

"This & That" continues on page 16.

(4)
"War Stories"

Cold War Memory

In '55 or '56, enroute to Morocco from Lockbourne, we were somewhere over the North Atlantic, approaching the tanker for an IFR, when the Captain, I think it was either Jack Hargraves or Stacy Naftel, said we had a problem. Houston was not available at that time. The Ready for Contact light would not come on. It had worked OK during our preflight. What do we do now? I suggested that we hook up and see what happens. We hooked up. Nothing happened! The tanker pumped, but try as we did, the fuel did not transfer. What now? Goose Bay was socked in with only 50 ft. visibility. We did not have enough fuel to get back to Maine. We did have a raft but I didn't think we had any fishing tackle. The situation was looking bad.

The maintenance manual consisted of 3 books, each about a foot high and I said a couple prayers and dug into them. The inflight refueling section made only mention of a circuit breaker in the system, but it rang a bell. The day before, I had complied with a Boeing T.O.C. that required pulling that circuit breaker! An RB-47E with serial number close to my 52-2800 had a problem at Barksdale. When testing the aft main fuel pump, the landing gear had retracted! That's a dilemma when sitting on the ground! Pulling that circuit breaker, located in panel near the bomb bay, was Boeing's answer. I told the Captain about it and said if he would descend to where we could depressurize, I would crawl back to the bomb bay and reset the circuit breaker. We did just that. I informed the Captain when the circuit breaker was reset. He flipped his switches and said, "The green light is on, Don. Get your butt back up here. We're going to catch us a gas station!"

After saving a \$22,000,000 airplane, I still have to pay income taxes! All three guys in the flight crew, however, did show up that evening at my quarters with a bottle of DeWars White Label.

Don Krahel, 323rd SRS
Choreographed USAF Aircraft Maintenance of the Fifties

When a USAF plane accumulated X number of hours it was sent to the Periodic Maintenance Inspection Dock to be checked from nose to tail, and wing tip to wing tip. On some Aircraft this was a much bigger deal than others. (Bear in mind we are looking at how it was 50 years ago, I have no idea how it is done today.)

If you are not familiar with what went on inside the big hanger called the inspection dock; Visualize an Ant hill, and zoom in on the ants going about their work, each one seems to know what it is supposed to do, and set's about doing it without getting in the way of the other ants for the most part. Now zoom in on the 91st. PMS "Ant Hill"/ Inspection Dock, in the early fifties and it was much the same scene, The main difference being that the ants do it by instinct, but it took at least a year of intensive schooling to prepare an Airman to perform his job, which was specialized

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in some cases and covered every inch of the aircraft inside and out.

Inside the Hanger was a Dock Stand manned by a Dock Chief and his assistants (Assist Ants") OK enough! Who controlled the whole operation? This was accomplished by using a system that was set up by some people who must have had a lot of intelligence coupled with some good common sense, (A deadly mixture), The system consisted of a large 24 hour clock and a card system that itemized every thing that was to be inspected, as well as what time on the clock it was to be accomplished; and by whom (No Computers available then). Here is how it worked--The clock was set at 24:00 hours as soon as the plane was in the hanger and ready. The Dock Chief then pulled all the cards that had 24:01 on them and distributed them to the designated inspectors, The card told the inspector what to inspect and what time on the clock he could do it. This insured that no two people were at the same place at the same time. in the unlikely event that a problem arose the clock was stopped until the problem was cleared, and then it was started again.

The Power on checks were done first, while all the systems were still operational; which included turning on everything electrical etc. and writing everything up that malfunctioned for correction later, the write ups were collected by the Dock Chief to be held until the inspection was complete, then they were given to the inspectors to make the necessary corrections When the last power on card was completed, the power was removed from the plane. Then the cards for power off were issued, and things like the Engines were dismantled and checked for excessive wear. And as before the clock was running, and everyone was to be in the designated area at the time assigned on their card this continued until every card in the file was signed off as completed by the inspector responsible. This completed the "Choreographed" part of the inspection. Then came the moment of truth when a seasoned old Master Sgt. went over the whole plane to see if the inspectors had missed anything. After he was satisfied, all the "gig's" (problems) that were written up were repaired or replaced by qualified personnel and signed off as completed. After the aircraft was reassembled it was moved outside to an area called Post Dock

where all the engines were run up, and everything on the plane was made operational and ready to fly. At that point PMS was finished, and any further work was assigned to FMS.

As a footnote I might add that PMS was not authorized Specialists, so the Specialists reported to FMS and went back and forth during the inspection, which sometimes caused delays, to solve the problem we the Specialists were sort of "spirited" into PMS, until someone upstairs discovered it and insisted that we be put back in FMS where we belonged and back we went till things died down, then we were sneaked back into PMS. This happened regularly, and we were never sure where we belonged, but our hearts were in PMS. They were a bunch of "Good OLE Boys" and so were we.

There was a Bar down on Parsons Avenue that no doubt had to close when PMS moved out. I never went there myself but the stories that were told the next day after a night of socializing were quite interesting.

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(Some of them might even have been partly true.)

This is how I remember it 50 years later in a nutshell, from my perspective, it may not be 100% accurate or exactly as someone else may remember it. It turned out that at the time of my release from the Air Force I was assigned to PMS.

Glenn B. Garlick, FMS & PMS

Ruth's Kitchen

BJ's Journal, September 2005

Chocolate Chip Pudding Cake Slow Cooker – Serves 12

- 1 Box plain devil's food cake mix
- 1 Box milk chocolate or chocolate instant pudding mix
- 2 Cups sour cream
- 4 Large eggs
- ¾ Cup vegetable oil
- 1 Cup semisweet chocolate chips
- 2 tsp pure vanilla extract
- Vegetable oil cooking spray
- Ice Cream

1 Place the cake mix, pudding mix, sour cream, eggs, oil and vanilla into a large mixing bowl.

2 Add one cup of water.

3 Beat with electric mixer on low speed until blended, 30 seconds.

4 Stop the mixer and scrape down the sides of the bowl. Increase the mixer speed to medium and beat until the ingredients come together and are well blended, 2 minutes longer, scraping down the side of the bowl again if necessary.

5 Fold in the chocolate chips.

6 Mist the bottom and sides of a 4 ½ to 6-quart slow cooker with vegetable cooking spray.

7 Transfer the batter to the cooker and cover. Cook the cake until it is puffed in the center and begins to pull away from the side of the cooker, 3 ½ hours on high heat or 6 ½ to 7 hours on low heat.

8 Spoon the warm cake into serving bowls. Serve with your favorite ice cream. Tip: Reheat leftover servings in microwave for 20 seconds, then serve with ice cream.

The Dinner Doctor by Anne Byrn,

Workman Publishing.

MEMORABILIA SALES

Art Schocken

You may contact me via e-mail, snail mail, or telephone:

91SRWA Challenge Coin - \$25

Polo Shirts - \$25 M, L, XL, 2X, 3X

Sweat shirts \$25 M, L, XL, 2X, 3X

Hats - \$8.50 - Blue or White

Here's how it works:

You place your order with me (send no money). **PLEASE – Be sure to specify the size(s) and hat color.** I'll determine the item(s) cost and postage fees, and insert a bill with your merchandise. (Postage is generally \$3 per shirt / hat. Hats ordered with shirts do little to raise the cost of postage. Coins are sent postage free.)

You send a check to Stan Kopala.

91st SRW ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

President:

Maurice Cea
157 Green Valley Drive
Howard, OH 43028
Phone: 740-392-7750

Vice President:

Gerald A. Haines
2411 S. Tecumseh Road
Springfield, OH 45502
Phone: 937-325-9306

Secretary

James F. Bard, Jr.
3424 Nottingham Rd.
Westminster, MD 21157-8304
Phone: 410-549-1094

Treasurer:

Stanley E. Kopala
4999 Doral Ave
Columbus, OH 43213
Phone: 614-864-2171

Archivist:

James B. Brennan
110 South Station Street
Duxbury, MA 02332
Phone: 781-934-5894

Chaplain (Pro Tem):

Thomas J. Crawford
9508 Mirandy Drive
Sacramento, CA 95827-3734
Phone: 916-369-8853

Directors:

Donald R. Furlong
557 Eagle Perch Place
Henderson, NV 89012-6197
Phone: 702-837-9375

Thomas I. Griggs, Jr.
47 Deerhaven Road
Lincoln, MA 01773-1809
Phone: 781-259-9340

John A. Tilley

91SRWA Statutory Agent

17 Marywood Drive
Greenfield, IN 46140
Phone: 317-462-5630

Philip H. Van Deusen
50 Mansfield Grove Rd.
East Haven, CT. 06572
Phone: 203-468-2308

John P. Noonan
186 CR 1246
Linden, TX 75563-9738
Phone: 903-835-1014

Membership Numbers

58 Founding Members (3 PUFL)

117 Members (11 PUFL)

2 Associate Members

1 Patron (Nonmember)

1 Honorary Life Associate

9 Life Associate Members

188 Active Participants

There were no new members in the past six months. Please work on this.

The 91st Strategic Reconnaissance Wing Association is incorporated as "Not For Profit" by the State of Ohio. The corporation's Statutory Agent is: Carl D. Dawalt, 7059 Tall Timber Trail, Enon, OH 45323-1557.

MEMBERS' NOTES

Members may submit short announcements and articles for inclusion.

THE RECON RECORDER - Copyright [1 January 2006 by 91st SRW Association]

The "RECON RECORDER" is the official publication of the 91st Strategic Reconnaissance Wing Association. This newsletter is to keep our members informed about the organization, its activities, and pertinent related information. Original recipients for their individual use may reproduce the Recon Recorder entirely or in part.

Editor/Publisher – Jim Bard

As the association's Secretary, I solicit, accept and review items to publish. Send your input to: Jim Bard, 3424 Nottingham Road, Westminster, MD 21157-8304 or e-mail jimbardjr@adelphia.net

GOD BLESS AMERICA AND OUR WARRIORS IN HARM'S WAY.

Arlington

By: Trace Adkins

I never thought that this is where I'd settle down,
I thought I'd die an old man back in my hometown,
They gave me this plot of land, me and some other men,
for a job well done,
There's a big white house sits on a hill just up the road,
The man inside he cried the day they brought me home,
They folded up a flag and told my mom and dad,
We're proud of your son
And I'm proud to be on this peaceful piece of property,
I'm on sacred ground and I'm in the best of company,
I'm thankful for those things I've done,
I can rest in peace, I'm one of the chosen ones,
I made it to Arlington
I remember Daddy brought me here when I was eight,
We searched all day to find out where my granddad lay,
And when we finally found that cross,
He said, "Son this is what it cost to keep us free"
Now here I am,
A thousand stones away from him,
He recognized me on the first day I came in,
and it gave me a chill when he clicked his heels,
And saluted me.
And I'm proud to be on this peaceful piece of property,
I'm on sacred ground and I'm in the best of company,
I'm thankful for those things I've done,
I can rest in piece, I'm one of the chosen ones,
I made it to Arlington
And every time I hear twenty-one guns,
I know they brought another hero home to us
We're thankful for those thankful for the things we've done,
We can rest in peace,
'cause we are the chosen ones,
We made it to Arlington, yea dust to dust,
Don't cry for us, we made it to Arlington

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I have really enjoyed reading about the experiences others have written in about and truly can understand their passing such occurrences on to others interested in such. I offer you a recollection of an experience that I had while on duty at Yokota AFB before the end of the Korean War we were involved in. This experience was probably the closest I ever came to for spending my last moments on this good old earth.

Yokota AFB, Japan – 1953

My duties as a Camera Technician were at the time to meet the parked RB-29 after it's mission and remove the camera magazines, so I could unload the film and take the film to the photo-lab for processing. Their missions usually always ended during the night, which was the time I seemed to be blessed with to perform my tasks on my shift. I liked this because I was on my own and was responsible only for the duties of the night shift. On one of my night shifts I was notified by the airfield control tower that a RB-29 was back and I could go to it and do my duties.

Our Camera Section was assigned a vehicle as we had our military vehicle license to operate them. In this case we had a military Dodge weapons carrier, which is a little larger than a jeep and much better for the needs we had. I left the shop and headed out to the parking area on the other side of the active runway to pick up the magazines. For safety reasons there is a red and green light operated by the control tower to allow vehicle-crossing control on the active runway. When I arrived at that intersection the light was red and I waited for a green, which took a long time to happen. Finally I crossed the runway and proceeded east, considering the runway was north/south. After the crossing I drove onto a taxi strip made with metal surfacing as was used for combat strips on the islands. These were called P.S.P. (Pierced Steel Planking) and were very noisy when driven on. That night seemed very dark and the headlights weren't much help as I continued to locate the RB-29 I had been notified had been in for quite awhile. When going east I was heading to a dead end at the intersection of a taxi strip that paralleled the main runway. I was looking toward the right - all I saw was a small blinking red light I figured was a vertical stabilizer light on a B-29 moving north on that taxiway even though I wasn't aware of a second B-29 arrival. As I continued at approximately 15mph my attention was drawn to my left where it was all lit up like daylight. By the time I realized the reason that area was lit up was from the B-29 coming from my right, it had reached the intersection and was in the process of turning toward me as I headed toward it. At this point I was in serious trouble and knew I only had just enough time to get stopped and get shifted into reverse to avoid an unexplainable collision between a B-29 and a Dodge weapons carrier on a taxi strip.

At this time I was faced with the problem of my uncertainty of the position of reverse with this shifting pattern on the vehicle I was operating. Some have the pattern where reverse is obtained by putting the shift lever all the way to the left and then forward while others all the way to the right and forward, which if I chose the wrong one there wasn't enough time to correct my error. With God's help I chose the correct position, and by slipping the clutch to prevent stalling and enough throttle I was able to back away just as I was looking up and at the center hub of a four bladed 19 foot diameter whirling propeller on the inboard engine of the pilot's side of the plane. The forward movement of the plane never changed which was what would be equal to a fast trot to have kept up with. Due to my experience as a non-crewmember participating on combat missions previously I was familiar with the procedures in the pilot's area after landing and taxiing, I knew the co-pilot on the right side was operating the controls to steer the plane along the center line painted on the taxiway, while the pilot was doing his post flight chores. This is why the plane never showed any sign of alarm as to what was happening. If the pilot looked from his side window I'm sure he didn't believe his eyes, because for a few seconds I was there, also I don't think anyone was in the bombardier's position at the time. As we continued with the aid of the plane's lights I was able to see a chance to back off the taxiway onto a parking area where I thought I would be out of trouble. But no, as I sat there I watched that plane turn just as I and once again was heading directly at me. Now the only place left for me to seek safety was to pull in under the wing of a parked B-29.

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As far as I know those guards around the parked planes would be the only ones who might have witnessed this incident. The next time I was out around the parked planes I noticed that plane was from a different field by the

tail marking. I also noticed all of the gun barrels were removed from the turrets and to satisfy my curiosity I asked and found out that it was from Clark AFB in the Philippines and was to go on a leaflet mission in North Korea. A few days later this plane was shot down with my combat operations officer and the base commander of Clark AFB who became P.O.W.'s and were the last of the ones to be exchanged. This crew was shown in a publication of Life magazine and was pictured on the front cover as the last ones exchanged.

It was like getting hit in the stomach when we found out one of our planes wouldn't be returning. One of these times I can relate to was when I was assigned the task of installing a different camera in a RB-29 that was to go on a YOK mission which wasn't even considered a combat mission so when I waved back to the aerial photographer when he was closing the rear hatch as they left it was to be the last time I would see them. Its vague in my mind but I remember on the back of his cap his name was Hurst and he was from Denver. They were shot down just north of Japan near the Russian held island of Hokkaido. We were told by Japanese witnesses that the crew bailed out and were picked up by Russian patrol boats. I've never learned whatever happened to them though I have often wondered.

My Camera Section OIC was Captain Joseph Nigl who was one of the officers released due to the surplus of officers at the time. We were given the task of building a special photo pod to be put in the front bomb bay of a RB-29 for night photo missions. When we finished the job Captain Nigl asked us in for a meeting when he thanked us for having done an excellent job and had one more request. Something he couldn't order but could only ask, was to have two volunteers to go on the missions so someone who knew the equipment could make in-flight repairs in case of a malfunction and save an aborted mission. He said he would leave the room and be back in fifteen minutes to find out who they would be.

I can remember it as if it were yesterday, but when he left the first comment I heard from the right side of the room was "that's stupid!" The next was, "A person would have to be stupid to volunteer for something like this." These comments continued coming from my right side of the room and a few more as I remember were, "I didn't join the Air Force to get shot at." "If my wife ever found out I volunteered for something like this she would be the one to shoot me." As the decision making worked its way to me it was decided someone not married should be first, thus when it came to me as I was single I said okay. Then when it came to someone who was married, one in our group named Arlen Ruby answered the call. I have always respected him for this and have tried to locate him since our enlistments were over. We are on the same discharge orders when released at Forbes AFB.

In your last Recon Recorder I was saddened to read that Major Baumer had passed away. He was my Combat Operations Officer who I respected and considered a true friend. He was always there at our preflight and post flight meetings to see how things went, which meant he had to have put in a long day.

I know there will be ones to question the validity of this letter, as a camera repairman wasn't ever expected to go on flying status into a combat area without and combat flight training, so if there is any doubt, I still possess my special orders as well as my records for flight physical exams I had to pass. I still have my Geneva Convention Card that I carried.

I want to thank you for all your efforts and time all of you have contributed to the 91SRS history which I was blessed to have been a part of.

May God Bless You and Yours,

Wilbur L Palmer, 91st SRS

(Submitted August 18, 2005)

SR-71 Disintegrates Around Pilot During Flight Test

This is a true story forwarded to a friend by BJ Brown, himself a member of the Mach 2 Club from his B-58 days.

About Lockheed Pilot Weaver: He made the first flight on at least 20 of the SR-71A's produced. The accident below was the first SR-71A of 11 to be lost. Overall, I believe 32 of the aircraft were produced, along with SR-71B's, A-12's & YF-12's and possibly other variations.

If these aircraft interest you, Paul Crickmore's book "LOCKHEED SR-71, The Secret Missions Exposed" is an absolute must read. Mission details written by the actual flight crews. I have this book and love it. Your library might have it, or buy it from Amazon at: http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/tg/detail/-/1841760986/qid=1124157348/sr=1-1/ref=sr_1_1/104-8175835-5343937?v=glance&s=books

SR-71 Disintegrates Around Pilot During Flight Test
Aviation Week & Space Technology, 08/08/2005, page 60

SR-71 BREAKUP

Bill Weaver

Among professional aviators, there's a well-worn saying: Flying is simply hours of boredom punctuated by moments of stark terror. And yet, I don't recall too many periods of boredom during my 30-year career with Lockheed, most of which was spent as a test pilot.

By far, the most memorable flight occurred on Jan. 25, 1966. Jim Zwyer, a Lockheed flight-test reconnaissance and navigation systems specialist, and I were evaluating those systems on an SR-71 Blackbird test from Edwards AFB, Calif. We also were investigating procedures designed to reduce trim drag and improve high-Mach cruise performance. The latter involved flying with the center-of-gravity (CG) located further aft than normal, which reduced the Blackbird's longitudinal stability.

We took off from Edwards at 11:20 a.m. and completed the mission's first leg without incident. After refueling from a KC-135 tanker, we turned eastbound, accelerated to a Mach 3.2-cruise speed and climbed to 78,000 ft., our initial cruise-climb altitude.

Several minutes into cruise, the right engine inlet's automatic control system malfunctioned, requiring a switch to manual control. The SR-71's inlet configuration was automatically adjusted during supersonic flight to decelerate airflow in the duct, slowing it to subsonic speed before reaching the engine's face. This was accomplished by the inlet's center-body spike translating aft, and by modulating the inlet's forward bypass doors. Normally, these actions were scheduled automatically as a function of Mach number, positioning the normal shock wave (where air flow becomes subsonic) inside the inlet to ensure optimum engine performance. Without proper scheduling, disturbances inside the inlet could result in the shock wave being expelled forward--a phenomenon known as an "inlet unstart." That causes an instantaneous loss of engine thrust, explosive banging noises and violent yawing of the aircraft--like being in a train wreck. Unstarts were not uncommon at that time in the SR-71's development, but a properly functioning system would recapture the shock wave and restore normal operation.

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On the planned test profile, we entered a programmed 35-deg. bank turn to the right. An immediate unstart occurred on the right engine, forcing the aircraft to roll further right and start to pitch up. I

jammed the control stick as far left and forward as it would go. No response. I instantly knew we were in for a wild ride.

I attempted to tell Jim what was happening and to stay with the airplane until we reached a lower speed and altitude. I didn't think the chances of surviving an ejection at Mach 3.18 and 78,800 ft. were very good. However, g-forces built up so rapidly that my words came out garbled and unintelligible, as confirmed later by the cockpit voice recorder. The cumulative effects of system malfunctions, reduced longitudinal stability, increased angle-of-attack in the turn, supersonic speed, high altitude and other factors imposed forces on the airframe that exceeded flight control authority and the Stability Augmentation System's ability to restore control.

Everything seemed to unfold in slow motion. I learned later the time from event onset to catastrophic departure from controlled flight was only 2-3sec. Still trying to communicate with Jim, I blacked out, succumbing to extremely high g-forces. The SR-71 then literally disintegrated around us. From that point, I was just along for the ride.

My next recollection was a hazy thought that I was having a bad dream. Maybe I'll wake up and get out of this mess, I mused. Gradually regaining consciousness, I realized this was no dream; it had really happened. That also was disturbing, because I could not have survived what had just happened. Therefore, I must be dead. Since I didn't feel bad--just a detached sense of euphoria--I decided being dead wasn't so bad after all.

AS FULL AWARENESS took hold, I realized I was not dead, but had somehow separated from the airplane. I had no idea how this could have happened; I hadn't initiated an ejection. The sound of rushing air and what sounded like straps flapping in the wind confirmed I was falling, but I couldn't see anything. My pressure suit's faceplate had frozen over and I was staring at a layer of ice.

The pressure suit was inflated, so I knew an emergency oxygen cylinder in the seat kit attached to my parachute harness was functioning. It not only supplied breathing oxygen, but also pressurized the suit, preventing my blood from boiling at extremely high altitudes. I didn't appreciate it at the time, but the suit's pressurization had also provided physical protection from intense buffeting and g-forces. That inflated suit had become my own escape capsule.

My next concern was about stability and tumbling. Air density at high altitude is insufficient to resist a body's tumbling motions, and centrifugal forces high enough to cause physical injury could develop quickly. For that reason, the SR-71's parachute system was designed to automatically deploy a small-diameter stabilizing chute shortly after ejection and seat separation. Since I had not intentionally activated the ejection system--and assuming all automatic functions depended on a proper ejection sequence--it occurred to me the stabilizing chute may not have deployed.

However, I quickly determined I was falling vertically and not tumbling. The little chute must have deployed and was doing its job. Next concern: the main parachute, which was designed to open automatically at 15,000 ft. Again, I had no assurance the automatic-opening function would work.

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I couldn't ascertain my altitude because I still couldn't see through the iced-up faceplate. There was no way to know how long I had been blacked-out, or how far I had fallen. I felt for the manual-activation D-ring on my chute harness, but with the suit inflated and my hands numbed by cold, I couldn't locate it. I decided I'd better open the faceplate, try to estimate my height above the ground, and then locate that "D" ring. Just as I reached for the faceplate, I felt the reassuring sudden deceleration of main-chute deployment.

I raised the frozen faceplate and discovered its up latch was broken. Using one hand to hold that plate up, I saw I was descending through a clear, winter sky with unlimited visibility. I was greatly relieved to see Jim's parachute coming down about a quarter of a mile away. I didn't think either of us could have survived the aircraft's breakup, so seeing Jim had also escaped lifted my spirits incredibly.

I could also see burning wreckage on the ground a few miles from where we would land. The terrain didn't look at all inviting--a desolate, high plateau dotted with patches of snow and no signs of habitation.

I tried to rotate the parachute and look in other directions. But with one hand devoted to keeping the face plate up and both hands numb from high-altitude, subfreezing temperatures, I couldn't manipulate the risers enough to turn. Before the breakup, we'd started a turn in the New Mexico-Colorado-Oklahoma-Texas border region. The SR-71 had a turning radius of about 100 mi. at that speed and altitude, so I wasn't even sure what state we were going to land in. But, because it was about 3:00 p.m., I was certain we would be spending the night out here.

At about 300 ft. above the ground, I yanked the seat kit's release handle and made sure it was still tied to me by a long lanyard. Releasing the heavy kit ensured I wouldn't land with it attached to my derriere, which could break a leg or cause other injuries. I then tried to recall what survival items were in that kit, as well as techniques I had been taught in survival training. Looking down, I was startled to see a fairly large animal--perhaps an antelope--directly under me. Evidently, it was just as startled as I was because it literally took off in a cloud of dust.

My first-ever parachute landing was pretty smooth. I landed on fairly soft ground, managing to avoid rocks, cacti and antelopes. My chute was still billowing in the wind, though. I struggled to collapse it with one hand, holding the still-frozen face plate up with the other.

"Can I help you?" a voice said. Was I hearing things? I must be hallucinating. Then I looked up and saw a guy walking toward me, wearing a cowboy hat. A helicopter was idling a short distance behind him. If I had been at Edwards and told the search-and-rescue unit that I was going to bail out over the Rogers Dry Lake at a particular time of day, a crew couldn't have gotten to me as fast as that cowboy-pilot had.

The gentleman was Albert Mitchell, Jr., owner of a huge cattle ranch in northeastern New Mexico. I had landed about 1.5 mi. from his ranch house--and from a hangar for his two-place Hughes helicopter. Amazed to see him, I replied I was having a little trouble with my chute. He walked over and collapsed the canopy, anchoring it with several rocks. He had seen Jim and me floating down and had radioed the New Mexico Highway Patrol, the Air Force and the nearest hospital.

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Extracting myself from the parachute harness, I discovered the source of those flapping-strap noises heard on the way down. My seat belt and shoulder harness were still draped around me, attached and latched. The lap belt had been shredded on each side of my hips, where the straps had fed through knurled adjustment rollers. The shoulder harness had shredded in a similar manner across my back. The ejection seat had never left the airplane; I had been ripped out of it by the extreme forces, seat belt and shoulder harness still fastened.

I also noted that one of the two lines that supplied oxygen to my pressure suit had come loose, and the other was barely hanging on. If that second line had become detached at high altitude, the deflated pressure suit wouldn't have provided any protection. I knew an oxygen supply was critical for breathing and suit-pressurization, but didn't appreciate how much physical protection an inflated

pressure suit could provide. That the suit could withstand forces sufficient to disintegrate an airplane and shred heavy nylon seat belts, yet leave me with only a few bruises and minor whiplash was impressive. I truly appreciated having my own little escape capsule.

After helping me with the chute, Mitchell said he'd check on Jim. He climbed into his helicopter, flew a short distance away and returned about 10 min. later with devastating news: Jim was dead. Apparently, he had suffered a broken neck during the aircraft's disintegration and was killed instantly. Mitchell said his ranch foreman would soon arrive to watch over Jim's body until the authorities arrived.

I asked to see Jim and, after verifying there was nothing more that could be done, agreed to let Mitchell fly me to the Tucumcari hospital, about 60 mi. to the south.

I have vivid memories of that helicopter flight, as well. I didn't know much about rotorcraft, but I knew a lot about "red lines," and Mitchell kept the airspeed at or above red line all the way. The little helicopter vibrated and shook a lot more than I thought it should have. I tried to reassure the cowboy-pilot I was feeling OK; there was no need to rush. But since he'd notified the hospital staff that we were inbound, he insisted we get there as soon as possible. I couldn't help but think how ironic it would be to have survived one disaster only to be done in by the helicopter that had come to my rescue.

However, we made it to the hospital safely--and quickly. Soon, I was able to contact Lockheed's flight test office at Edwards. The test team there had been notified initially about the loss of radio and radar contact, then told the aircraft had been lost. They also knew what our flight conditions had been at the time, and assumed no one could have survived. I briefly explained what had happened, describing in fairly accurate detail the flight conditions prior to breakup.

The next day, our flight profile was duplicated on the SR-71 flight simulator at Beale AFB, Calif. The outcome was identical. Steps were immediately taken to prevent a recurrence of our accident. Testing at a CG aft of normal limits was discontinued, and trim-drag issues were subsequently resolved via aerodynamic means. The inlet control system was continuously improved and, with subsequent development of the Digital Automatic Flight and Inlet Control System, inlet unstarts became rare.

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Investigation of our accident revealed that the nose section of the aircraft had broken off aft of the rear cockpit and crashed about 10 mi. from the main wreckage. Parts were scattered over an area approximately 15 mi. long and 10 mi. wide. Extremely high air loads and g-forces, both positive and negative, had literally ripped Jim and me from the airplane. Unbelievably good luck is the only explanation for my escaping relatively unscathed from that disintegrating aircraft.

Two weeks after the accident, I was back in an SR-71, flying the first sortie on a brand-new bird at Lockheed's Palmdale, Calif., assembly and test facility. It was my first flight since the accident, so a flight test engineer in the back seat was probably a little apprehensive about my state of mind and confidence. As we roared down the runway and lifted off, I heard an anxious voice over the intercom.

"Bill! Bill! Are you there?"

"Yeah, George. What's the matter?"

"Thank God! I thought you might have left." The rear cockpit of the SR-71 has no forward visibility--only a small window on each side--and George couldn't see me. A big red light on the master-warning panel in the rear cockpit had illuminated just as we rotated, stating, "Pilot Ejected." Fortunately, the cause was a misadjusted micro switch, not my departure.

Bill Weaver flight-tested all models of the Mach-2 F-104 Starfighter and the entire family of Mach 3+ Blackbirds--the A-12, YF-12 and SR-71. He subsequently was assigned to Lockheed's L-1011 project as an engineering test pilot, became the company's chief pilot and retired as Division Manager of Commercial Flying Operations. He still flies Orbital Sciences Corp.'s L-1011, which has been modified to carry a Pegasus satellite-launch vehicle (AW&ST Aug. 25, 2003, p. 56). An FAA Designated Engineering Representative Flight Test Pilot, he's also involved in various aircraft-modification projects, conducting certification flight tests.

"For those who fly.... or long to."

Contrails is an Aviation Week & Space Technology initiative to capture the untold stories that collectively make up the rich lore of aviation and space.

Recon Recorder Editor's note: We of the 91st Strategic Reconnaissance Wing Association should recognize that the SR-71 was, in reality, a follow-on platform to our own RB-47's.

I had the privilege to serve in the 9th SRW at Beale AFB from its inception until my departure for Operation Bootstrap more than three years later.

Some Added This and That

(Continued from Page 4)

Air Force Enlisted Village

This is our third annual donation of \$250 going to, primarily, widows of enlisted personnel. You are encouraged to make personal donations. The proper address is:

Air Force Enlisted Village
92 Sunset Lane
Shalimar, FL 32579-1000

The "Voice of Hope" is a newsletter published by the Air Force Enlisted Village. On page 6 of the August 2005 edition, you'll find the 91SRWA annual donation listed

Their website is: www.afenlistedwidows.org Their e-mail is: afef@afenlistedfoundation.org

Recommended Reading

Interested in pursuit pilots/aircraft in the South Pacific during WWII? Here's a book on the subject:

Dawn of a Thousand Nights

Moody Publishing - 0802408559

http://www.forbesbookclub.com/bookpage.asp?prod_cd=ISP66

Tricia Goyer <http://www.triciagoyer.com/>

Tricia is about to release another book, which will include 91BG support on D-Day.

MEMPHIS BELLE MOVES

A national aviation treasure and widely recognized symbol of American bravery and heroism during World War II is being relocated to the world's largest and oldest military aviation museum.

The B-17F "Memphis Belle," piloted by Bob Morgan, 91st Bomb Group, the first aircraft to complete 25 successful bombing missions in Europe with all of its crew-members intact, will be moved to National Museum of the U.S. Air Force at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, under the terms of an agreement between the Memphis Belle Memorial Association and the U.S. Air Force.

The aircraft, which has been located in the Memphis, Tenn. area since 1946, was on loan from the Air Force to volunteers and aviation enthusiasts until the 1980's when the association became its leaseholder. The move to the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force will allow the Air Force to share the Memphis Belle's story of the determination and perseverance of America and her allies in defeating the Axis threat with millions of visitors from around the world.

According to National Museum of the U.S. Air Force Director, Maj. Gen. (Ret.) Charles D. Metcalf, the Memphis Belle Memorial Association deserves to be commended for providing nearly 60 years of care for the aircraft, and looks forward to displaying the aircraft as the centerpiece of the museum's WWII collection.

"It will be a tremendous honor to display an aircraft such as the Memphis Belle, which is a source of such great national pride and historical significance," said Metcalf. "We will give it a level of care and public visibility befitting its legacy to ensure that future generations will learn about the heroism and bravery of its crew."

The museum's restoration team, which maintains more than 300 aircraft and aerospace vehicles, will continue the restoration of the Memphis Belle at the museum. The effort is expected to take several years to complete. The Belle will then join "Shoo Shoo Baby," another 91st BG B-17, currently on display.

Choreographed USAF Aircraft Maintenance of the Fifties

Glenn Garlick

When a USAF plane accumulated X number of hours it was sent to the Periodic Maintenance Inspection Dock to be checked from nose to tail, and wing tip to wing tip. On some Aircraft this was a much bigger deal than others. (Bear in mind we are looking at how it was 50 years ago, I have no idea how it is done today.)

If you are not familiar with what went on inside the big hanger called the inspection dock; Visualize an Ant hill, and zoom in on the ants going about their work, each one seems to know what it is supposed to do, and set's about doing it without getting in the way of the other ants for the most part. Now zoom in on the 91st. PMS "Ant Hill"/ Inspection Dock, in the early fifties and it was much the same scene, The main difference being that the ants do it by instinct, but it took at least a year of intensive schooling to prepare an Airman to perform his job, which was specialized in some cases and covered every inch of the aircraft inside and out.

Inside the Hanger was a Dock Stand manned by a Dock Chief and his assistants (Assist Ants") OK enough! Who controlled the whole operation? This was accomplished by using a system that was set up by some people who must have had a lot of intelligence coupled with some good common sense, (A deadly mixture), The system consisted of a large 24 hour clock and a card system that itemized every thing that was to be inspected, as well as what time on the clock it was to be accomplished; and by whom (No Computers available then). Here is how it worked--The clock was set at 24:00 hours as soon as the plane was in the hanger and ready. The Dock Chief then pulled all the cards that had 24:01 on them and distributed them to the designated inspectors, The card told the inspector what to inspect and what time on the clock he could do it. This insured that no two people were at the same place at the same time. in the unlikely event that a problem arose the clock was stopped until the problem was cleared, and then it was started again.

The Power on checks were done first, while all the systems were still operational; which included turning on everything electrical etc. and writing everything up that malfunctioned for correction later, the write ups were collected by the Dock Chief to be held until the inspection was complete, then they were given to the inspectors to make the necessary corrections When the last power on card was completed, the power was removed from the plane. Then the cards for power off were issued, and things like the Engines were dismantled and checked for excessive wear. And as before the clock was running, and everyone was to be in the designated area at the time assigned on their card this continued until every card in the file was signed off as completed by the inspector responsible. This completed the "Choreographed" part of the inspection. Then came the moment of truth when a seasoned old Master Sgt. went over the whole plane to see if the inspectors had missed anything. After he was satisfied, all the "gig's" (problems) that were written up were repaired or replaced by qualified personnel and signed off as completed. After the aircraft was reassembled it was moved outside to an area called Post Dock where all the engines were run up, and everything on the plane was made operational and ready to fly. At that point PMS was finished, and any further work was assigned to FMS.

As a footnote I might add that PMS was not authorized Specialists, so the Specialists reported to FMS `and went back and forth during the inspection, which sometimes caused delays, to solve the problem we the Specialists were sort of "spirited" into PMS, until someone upstairs discovered it and insisted that we be put back in FMS where we belonged and back we went till things died down, then we were sneaked back into PMS. This happened regularly, and we were never sure where we belonged, but our hearts were in PMS. They were a bunch of "Good OLE Boys" and so were we.

There was a Bar down on Parsons Avenue that no doubt had to close when PMS moved out. I never went there myself but the stories that were told the next day after a night of socializing were quite interesting. (Some of them might even have been partly true.)

This is how I remember it 50 years later in a nutshell, from my perspective, it may not be 100% accurate or exactly as someone else may remember it. It turned out that at the time of my release from the Air Force I was assigned to PMS.

Glenn B. Garlick, FMS & PMS

Editor's note: Glenn has written twice to assure me: "I never went to that Bar!" We believe him; right???