



# TAC Tanker Tales



Volume 3 Issue 2

December 2002

## More -Mini-Mini Travels

By Nate Hill

What a lovely Fall! The TAC Tanker Staff and traveling side-show left Ohio on a heading of 160 degrees on our way to Florida on 30 Sept. Take-off was on time and the navigator had our ETE calculated exactly along with necessary fuel and flight lunches all in order. First RON was at a KOA campground in Ft. Mill, SC, which all you Langley folks have been over many times. FML was the initial fix for the instrument approach to Langley.

After our overnight we continued south and found the Lake Whipoorwill KOA in Orlando which was superb. Natalie arranged everything for the picnic that Thursday, the 3rd, and we waited. What a surprise to see Gordie Jacobson from Plymouth, WI!! He arrived first having checked on his vacation place nearby and learned of the gathering on the internet.

Our next two couples were Art and Maxine Belenzon who made the long drive from Boynton Beach and Tom and Sharon Hattaway who lived nearby. We never are sure who will show

Pflugaupt were there from Little Rock, AR; Dal and Shoko Whitley from North Carolina; Bobby and Joann Oliver plus Clyde Mathe and Net-tie Shearer all from Georgia. Bob and Betty



Padden, Mauri and Nancy Ray, Ron Webb, Ed Pitkus, and George and Ginny Lee arrived at the picnic from the local area.



Eighteen folks in all plus more of Natalie's family from San Diego. Her son-in-law, who is a Naval aviator was attending a school at Hurlburt so he had her daughter and three grand-kids there with him. Fred Fullington wanted to attend and had traveled from Colorado for his pilot training class reunion in Pensacola, of all places. Sorry to miss you, Fred. Everyone seemed to have a good time; you can see pictures on our web site. Lots of eats (carry in) and drinks plus our spectacular "burgers and dogs" with all the trimmings.

That weekend the two N's attended an Air Commando Reunion in Ft. Walton Beach and met others who flew the C-123 in Nam. Then it was homeward bound in our Bounder.

Tactical Tankers Assn., Ltd  
231 King Street  
Lancaster, OH 43130

### Officers 2002-2004

President:  
Dan Weber 916-363-5078  
danweber@tactankers.com

Vice President:  
Nate Hill 740-653-3835  
natehill@tactankers.com

Secretary:  
Bob Horne 770-884-5982  
bobhorne@tactankers.com

Treasurer:  
Bo Ault 804-747-3841  
boault@outdrs.net

Historian:  
John Bessette 703-569-1875  
jcbessette@aol.com

Legal Counsel:  
George Graves 404-352-0583  
dgraves5@juno.com

Chaplains:  
Rev. Jerry Lewis 252-726-8716  
promise@starfishnet.com  
Rev. Geo Burrows 989-354-2048  
gmburrows@mymailstation.com

### Board of Directors

Chair: Ted Buck  
618-244-2739

Vern Williamson  
520-762-5405

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210-658-0819

Ruf Mewborn  
757-220-1806

Robert Cleckler  
334-365-2108

Bill Szanyi  
601-838-6421

Editor: Natalie Hill 740-653-3835  
natnoles@greenapple.com



and that's what we love about visiting with all you folks. "Kinda like a box of chocolates, you never know what you will get."

Spent a very nice afternoon with the TAC folks and Natalie's kids. Some bugs, which are normal for Florida, but they were bearable.



After visits in Sarasota and Tallahassee to see more of Natalie's family, our next stop was Destin and the Army's Infantry Recreation Area. If you are an RVer don't miss a stop there: it's fantastic. Get this — Gary and Judy



# The President's Corner By Dan Weber

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells... 'tis the Season. We are all busy now with the hustle and bustle of the Christmas Season with gift buying and Christmas card addressing and looking forward to seeing family and perhaps dear friends again. Barb and I extend our holiday greetings to all of you and your families and hope that it will be a wonderful Christmas. For those of you in the northern part of the country we hope you have a traditional white Christmas. For those of you in the southern part of this country, oh well, what can I say? Perhaps I can ship you some snow from the Sierras.

Elsewhere in this newsletter you will read that Nate and Natalie have begun to set up a mini-reunion for 2003 out here in the Wine Country. It will be in late September about the time of the seasonal crush at the various Sonoma and Napa vineyards. We will be staying at the Double Tree in Rohnert Park in Sonoma County just off U.S. 101.



Several weeks ago, Barb and I had business in the area and so stopped and had lunch there, met the manager, and then wandered around the grounds. The Double Tree seems like a real winner and we hope those of you who attend will agree. For the golfers, there are two 18-hole courses surrounding the hotel.

On the hotel grounds is a California Welcome Center where one can pick up numerous brochures for independent travel around the area

and also purchase wine from a large selection of Sonoma



vintners. If this reunion is also an excuse to visit California then you might wish to contact the tourism office. It has a comprehensive and free 240-page guide titled California 2003 and can be ordered on line at [www.visitcalifornia.com](http://www.visitcalifornia.com) or by calling the State Tourism Office at (800) 862-2543. The booklet is broken down by regions within the

State and is a great source of information.

Sonoma County, where we will be, has an excellent free visitor's guide which can be ordered at [www.sonomacounty.com](http://www.sonomacounty.com) or by calling (800) 576-6662. The 68-page brochure has information on cities, vineyards, events, golf courses, and so on. The nice thing about these various brochures is that they provide e-mail addresses, street addresses, and phone numbers to acquire additional information for your visit.

If any of the membership, besides myself, enjoys a glass or two of wine then you might want to contact the Sonoma County Wineries Association which publishes a free guide to the Sonoma County wineries. This can be ordered on line at [www.sonomawine.com](http://www.sonomawine.com) or by calling (800) 939-7666. This brochure goes into a great deal of detail about individual wineries and which varietals they produce. One will not find much "screw cap" info here. As an aside, when I PCS'd to northern California back in the early 1970's and started to visit the wineries it seemed like there were only a few dozen wineries scattered among the two valleys-Sonoma and Napa. Now Sonoma has over 110 wineries and Napa has, I've been told, over 280 wineries. Time marches on.

Not to show favor to any one winery, but there is one of interest run by the grandson of General "Hap" Arnold called the Chandelle Winery which is in Glen Ellen. The bottles are labeled with aviation art of military and civilian aircraft by such renowned artists as Stan Stokes and Keith Farris. Their web site is [www.chandellewinery.com](http://www.chandellewinery.com).

The Double Tree which will be our base of operations also has a web site and can be found at [www.dtsonoma.com](http://www.dtsonoma.com). Future issues of the newsletter will detail the reservations procedures with phone numbers and addresses. Also, we will hear more about tours which are being put together by Nate and Natalie. Of course, I will see to it that we will have at least one wine tasting tour! ( Above web site addresses /phone numbers were correct as of 6 Nov.)

So at this point the next reunion, which is nine months off, is beginning to take shape and we hope for a big participation, especially from the membership in the western part of the country. Stay tuned! Again, Barb and I extend our sincere Holiday Greetings to all of you and may it be the merriest Christmas ever. Dan W.

## New Life Members

Robert Harris, Seattle WA-427, 429, 431, 622  
Phillip Hughes, Cincinnati OH-427  
Loy D. Self, Seguin TX-427  
Dal-Jean Whitley, Sherrill's Ford NC-421

## Welcome New Members

Bud (George) Wilson, Arlington, TX-427

## 2003 Dues Notice:

**Turkey Day is over, Santa Claus is comin' and right after the Fiesta Bowl, the evil one (who lives in Ohio -i.e. OSU) will be sending out your dues notices. We have about 250 memberships which will expire on 31 Dec 02. You will recall that we reported a dues increase in the last issue of Tanker Tales, which was voted on at the Hampton Business Meeting.**

**To review: one year is now \$25, two years is \$40, and three years is \$50. You can see that a Life Membership at \$100 did not change and is the best deal, but, its your choice!**

**I didn't want your dues notice to get mixed up with your Christmas cards so I will not send them until after 1 Jan 03. Save your pennies and keep an eye out for the renewal notice. Please return them ASAP to reduce paperwork here in the HQ. -Nate**



## 427th Patches Available

Received word that Gil Switzer recently purchased 50 427th patches (original logo) that will fit nicely on the caps Gordon Jacobson has sold and also great for jackets or shirts. They are \$3.50 each including postage regardless of the size of order. Contact Gil at [gilswitzer@yahoo.com](mailto:gilswitzer@yahoo.com) or call 478-922-0701.

**Update on the Fall 2003  
Mini-Reunion — “A  
Taste of Wine Country —  
California”** By Natalie Hill



As was mentioned in The President’s Corner, the chosen hotel is the Doubletree in Rohnert Park, with the rate of \$95 for our stay of Sunday thru Thursday, Sept. 28th-Oct. 2.

Basically, our schedule at this point is:

Sunday: Registration and Welcome Party in the Hospitality Room. Dinner on your own (local listings will be available)

Monday: Bus tours to three or four wineries in Sonoma with lunch at one of them followed by a visit to Sonoma Plaza for shopping and historical attractions.

Tuesday: Bus tour to Travis AFB with a tour of the Jelly Belly Factory and /or Busch Brewery en route, an O Club luncheon and the Travis Air Museum visit.

Wednesday: Two optional tours (being done at the same time): One going north to wineries in the Healdsburg/Santa Rosa area and the other to Napa Valley with lunch included. Those wishing to do the Wine Train in Napa would go on the latter bus or we could arrange a car pool depending on numbers interested. This day the trips will be shorter to get you back in time to get ready for the Banquet that evening in the hotel.

Naturally, all these activities are planned for you to enjoy the companionship of your friends, tell stories and catch up on events in your lives since the last time.

We are beginning to work on the Registration Forms which will give all the details and will be mailed out in the Spring. Hope you plan on joining us in “A Taste of Wine Country!”



**A Thanksgiving Poem**

’Twas the night of Thanksgiving, but I just couldn’t sleep  
I tried counting backwards, I tried counting sheep.  
The leftovers beckoned—the dark mean and white  
But I fought the temptation, with all of my might.  
Tossing and turning with anticipation,  
The thought of a snack became infatuation.  
So I raced to the kitchen, flung open the door  
And gazed at the fridge, full of goodies galore.  
Gobbled up turkey and buttered potatoes,  
Pickles and carrots, beans and tomatoes.  
I felt myself swelling so plump and so round,  
’Til all of a sudden, I rose off the ground.  
I crashed through the ceiling, floating into the sky  
With a mouthful of pudding and a handful of pie  
But I managed to yell as I soared past the trees...  
Happy eating to all —Pass the cranberries, Please.  
May your stuffing be tasty, may your turkey be plump.  
May your potatoes ‘n gravy have nary a lump.  
May your yams be delicious, may your pies take the prize,  
May your Thanksgiving dinner stay off of your thighs.  
May your Thanksgiving be blessed! Author Unknown

**Reflections on Life and Happiness**

(Forwarded to us from Tom Price)

The 92-year-old, petite, well-poised and proud lady, who is fully dressed each morning by eight o’clock, with her hair fashionably coifed and makeup perfectly applied, even though she is legally blind, moved to a nursing home today. Her husband of 70 years recently passed away, making the move necessary. After many hours of waiting patiently in the lobby of the nursing home, she smiled sweetly when told her room was ready.

As she maneuvered her walker to the elevator, I provided a visual description of her fine room, including the eye-let sheets that had been hung on her window. “I love it,” she stated with the enthusiasm of an eight-year-old having just been presented with a new puppy.

“Mrs. Jones, you haven’t seen the room... just wait.”

“That doesn’t have anything to do with it,” she replied. “Happiness is something you decide on ahead of time. Whether I like my room or not doesn’t depend on how the furniture is arranged...it’s how I arrange my mind. I already decided to love it.. “It’s a decision I make every morning when I wake up. I have a choice; I can spend the day in bed recounting the difficulty I have with the parts of my body that no longer work, or get out of bed and be thankful for the ones that do. Each day is a gift, and as long as my eyes open I’ll focus on the new day and all the happy memories I’ve stored away...just for this time in my life. Old age is like a bank account...you withdraw from what you’ve put in. So, my advice to you would be to deposit a lot of happiness in the bank account of memories. Thank you for your part in filling my Memory bank. I am still depositing.

“Remember the five simple rules to be happy:

1. Free your heart from hatred.
2. Free your mind from worries.
3. Live simply.
4. Give more.
5. Expect less.”

No one can go back and make a brand new start. Anyone can start from now and make a brand new ending. Disappointments are like road bumps, they slow you down a bit but you enjoy the smooth road afterwards. Don’t stay on the bumps too long. Move on! When something happens to you, good or bad, consider what it means. There’s a purpose to life’s events, to teach you how to laugh more or not to cry too hard. You can’t make someone love you, all you can do is be someone who can be loved, the rest is up to the person to realize your worth. It’s better to lose your pride to the one you love, than to lose the one you love because of pride. We spend too much time looking for the right person to love or finding fault with those we already love, when instead we should be perfecting the love we give. Never abandon an old friend. You will never find one who can take his place. Friendship is like wine, it gets better as it grows older.

**'Boomers' (Refueling Operators) Symposium  
Next April; Memorial Will Include Our RO  
Losses**  
By John Bessette, TAC Historian



Next spring, 25-27 April 2003, the "Boomers Association," a group of active duty and former air refueling operators, will host another of their annual meetings at Altus AFB, Oklahoma, home of the Air Force's air refueling training operations.

This year, through the extraordinary efforts of MSgt Dave Monk, an active-duty instructor at Altus, a memorial to all air refueling operators who have lost their lives in the line of duty will be dedicated in a solemn ceremony. Actual groundbreaking for the memorial took place on November 5th this year.

Among the more than 135 aircrew to be honored will be the 26 KB-29 and KB-50 tactical tanker RO's who lost their lives in twelve accidents between 1957 and 1964. TTA historian John Bessette has passed the names of the men involved, together with their ranks, service numbers, units, and accident circumstances on to MSgt Monk, who is verifying the information with the Air Force Casualty Office before adding them to the memorial.

The symposium itself should be well attended, and all our former ROs are encouraged to attend if at all possible. Besides the formal dedication ceremony, there will be static displays, cargo load trainer and other tours, and current affairs briefings by the training squadron and possibly Boeing. And of course golf! /there is an informal Friday night buffet style dinner, a formal Saturday night dinner with the guest speaker and to culminate the Symposium, the award of the SMSgt Al Evans Trophy, which goes to the outstanding USAF air refueling squadron of the year. Some of our guys have attended this shindig in the past and report a terrific time to be had.

MSgt Monk advises us that, with the addition of our 26 names, the cost of the memorial, which is totally privately funded, will increase. His rough estimate is about \$500, but it could be higher. We TTA officers believe that we should raise this money somehow, and we can do it. We would like to give the members, especially former ROs, the opportunity to contribute to this extremely worthwhile cause. Other folks' money will also be happily received and sent on.

If you would like to send some money for this memorial, please send a check, payable to the TAC Tanker Association, to Bo Ault, our treasurer, at 5117 Burning Oak Court, Glen Allen VA 23060. Bo will consolidate the funds separately from our basic account and send the money on when needed by the Boomers Association.

Whether you can commit in that way or not, please try to get to the symposium. You can check the Boomers Association itself, more info about the memorial, and details about the symposium (including how to sign up) on their website ([www.altusboom.com](http://www.altusboom.com)). Let's support their worthy efforts!



**A Letter from Rosemarie Hamilton, remarried widow of Frank Halturewicz of the  
420th, 421st and 429th.**

Dear Nate,

I have enjoyed the news about the reunion in Hampton, wish I could have there. There were many old friends I haven't seen in years.

I was wondering how many in the old squadrons have been back to England or Japan? I have been back to England many times, but have not gone up to Sculthorpe, but two of my children have been back. Sharon, our oldest daughter, went to school in England for a semester and traveled back to Sculthorpe and the towns round where we lived, of course Sculthorpe was closed. Also, Tom, our son, went back and drove all over, wanted to see where we lived and where he was born. Even went to our old house next to Sandringham, and the people living in the house asked him in and served him tea! Told him the next time he was over, he and his wife could stay with them.

Only my husband and I have been back to Tokyo several times, how it has changed! My cousin who was a Jesuit priest and professor at Sophia University in Tokyo is still there. He used to come to Yokota AFB all the time. He still goes out there and keeps me informed of what it is like now. Tokyo and the surrounding area has changed so. A huge ultra modern city now.

Because of my husband's business, I have been back to Saigon, which is turning into a modern city. Even stayed at the hotels that the Squadron officers used to stay at, the Rex and the Continental, and that I have photos of the past and recent times. We go to Thailand about every year and have been all over Thailand. Even once because of a storm, landed at one of the bases the squadron used.

Missed this past reunion because we were on our way to Europe and Turkey for 2 months, business and pleasure. Also because we moved, sold our house in Upper Montclair, and moved to a Condo in Little Fall, NJ not far from where we used to live. The reason for this email is the new address. The news and names in the newsletter brought back many memories.

Thanks for the newsletters and updates, I really enjoy them.

Rosemarie M. Hamilton  
280 Main St., Unit 100  
Little Falls, NJ 07424-1373  
E-Mail: [Rmh306@aol.com](mailto:Rmh306@aol.com)

(Editor's Note: If any of you have returned to your old bases the Tales would like to hear your stories)





## A Reply to the Article: The Last B-50 on Its Last Flight

This concerns the article in the September "Tales" by Pete Zuras, in which he tells us about flying "the last K-50 on its last flight." Pete had asked about a KB-50 which had been used at Wright-Patterson as spare parts for his bird there. Pete, you did indeed see a KB-50 at Wright-Patt: it is 49-389. It had last flown with the 431st at Biggs AFB. It was then sent to be added to the Air Force Museum collection. After it was gutted to sup-

port Pete's flying, it did get put out on display there and was a feature of their outdoor collection for many years.

In the late 1990's it was repainted in the colors of the 421st AREFS (masquerading as 48-114) and dragged down to MacDill AFB, Florida. That's the bird on display there, and those of you who attended the 2001 mini-reunion in Tampa got to stroke its sides and reminisce.

### In Search of Allen Bagby

Well folks, we have been through some extraordinary days here. In mid-November a man named John Bagby put a message on the "Guest Page" of the Tac Tankers' website. He was searching for anything we could tell him and his family about his uncle, Allen Ray Bagby, who had disappeared over the Pacific in a KB-50 in 1957. Right away that was followed by several replies from members who remembered the accident and wanted to help. I sent John Bagby a copy of the accident report (including the "history of flight" and the crew list), plus a copy of a page from the scrapbook of Frank Janssen, the Information Officer for the 421st at the time. This began a whole series of e-mail messages among all the players, helping John understand his uncle's loss.

Many of you will recall that Mother Goose 12, a KB-50 commanded by Captain Wayne Schroeder, one of two from the 421st en route from Yokota to Hickam, disappeared between Marcus and Wake Islands on 13 March 1957. Ten men, among them SSgt Allen Bagby, lost their lives. An extensive 12-day search of the area was undertaken, but no sign of the aircraft or the crew was ever found. That loss, plus the death of the 421st operations officer and the loss of another aircraft two months later, hit the squadron hard, but the unit carried on and put together an outstanding operation record in the coming years.

John Bagby has received many e-mails from our members with their memories of the loss, its possible causes, and the search. So far, however, no one can recall Allen Bagby, who is listed on the crew manifest as a maintenance NCO. If you have any memories of the man and his family, John would love to hear from you. Please contact him:

John Bagby  
1443 Rancho Encinitas Drive  
Olivehain, CA 92024  
Phone 858-756-1861  
E-Mail: jfbagby@aol.

Also contact me, your historian with your info as well. We are building our archives with your memories as well as your "stuff." Copies of crew orders and other material are always welcome.

John's question and our responses have affected us all. We feel grief and sadness, as well as helplessness, but it is a great feeling to assist in a small way people who are still struggling with the loss. Here is what John wrote:

*My uncle, Allen R. Bagby, was born in Yuma, Arizona. He was the youngest of four children, eight years younger than my father. They all grew up working on the*

*family farm, struggling to make ends meet. Actually emulating my father, Allen enlisted in the Air Force as a young adult. He was proud of his service to his county, proud of his family and very proud to work with the excellent men in the 421st Air Refueling Squadron.*

*We called his wife "Auntie Bea." And we called him "Al." My cousins (Allen's children were Chris (Christine) and Debbie (Deborah). All four visited us once in Prescott, Arizona, before they departed for Japan. I remember Al as a tall, slender, but strong man. His wife and children were full of life; spirited and always moving. Auntie Bea was short in height but full of life!*

*I think the family started life in Japan around January of 1957. I remember exchanging a couple of letters with my cousins. At 10 years old I had never communicated with anyone in a foreign country and it was a thrill to imagine my letters going all that distance, over the Pacific Ocean, to an American Village at an air base in Japan. They lived at 177 Whimo-Fussa.*

*The events of March-April of 1957 left my family in turmoil. Confusion, uncertainty, a lack of understanding of what happened eventually caused the terse telegrams to be pushed aside into a drawer in the kitchen of our home. Once to be brought out long enough to be moved, with us, to California some years later and placed into another envelope in a secluded drawer.*

*My youthful memories from Prescott, Arizona, are strong- someone in the family would hear that unique, four-engine sound; we'd all rush outdoors and look skyward. "Sure enough, it's a Big Boy!" my mother would say. The rest of us were quiet as we watched and listened as that marvelous machine moved elegantly through the air far above us; each of us had our own thoughts.*

*I don't know if Auntie Bea ever remarried--I don't think so. My father stood in for his younger brother and gave Chris away when she was married. Unfortunately, the accident and the uncertainty around it seemed to create a situation where it was OK not to communicate too much nor arrange get-togethers. Life went on.*

*My son, Jeff, is now 28 years old. Uncle Allen was 28 years old when he and others flying in a KB-50D disappeared very early one morning over the Pacific Ocean between Marcus Island and Wake Island. Makes you wonder.*

(Editor's Note: Thanks to the following men who responded to the Guest Book: Rufe Mewborn, Bob Wilhite, Malcom O'Neale, Frank Janssen, Ed Pitkus, Terry Turner and Norm Kelley).



## Remembering 9/11

(The following article was sent to Bo Ault by Steve Rowan, one of his Australian contacts from the trip in May.)

Today we remember one of the darkest moments in American History. Today we join with all Americans, and with all people who live in peace and believe in freedom, --and today we pause in our busy lives to reflect on that terrible event that has caused our world to change- -perhaps for ever.

In a period of 18 minutes from 8:47 A.M. on the morning of September 11, 2001, the world was subjected to terror. And as a result, good men and women lost their lives because tyranny ran rampant and tried to destroy freedom.

They tried to destroy the symbols of America and in the attempt they tried to destroy us. They hurt not just Americans and people from many countries, they hurt everyone who believes in freedom- -all of us- - and they made us cry.

However, the symbol of Ground Zero today- -just a big hole in the ground covering 6.5 hectares- -and how it was caused - -has made the resolution of America and others who believe in this thing called freedom, that spirit of the people, so much stronger.

With regret, that fight for freedom is extending right across the world- - and now just one year later, the world is on the edge of an abyss. It is necessary to remember that alone we can do nothing, but together we can do anything.

Today we grieve. At the same time, however, we are also faced with the fact that we do not mourn alone. On this very day, millions of others will also pause knowing that there are many who have not died in peace at the end of a long and useful life. Many have seen their loved ones torn from them by the awful results of inhumanity.

So bearing in mind the sorrow that others are experiencing today, we come to realize that we are living in a far larger world than our own - - and the best way to face the unavoidable fact of death and parting, is to take upon our shoulders the troubles of others, and to go on working to help remove the existing causes of injustice and preventable sorrow in this world.

There have been millions of words spoken and written - - there have been millions of photographs, however the one I consider to be the most poignant is the group photo in the local press last week of 63 babies of all races, colors and creeds, all born since that terrible day to fathers they will never know or play with.

To my mind, this then is the symbol of the future.

We, each of us, must ensure that these children, and all of our children, have the right to live in peace.

So, then, I charge each and every one present with the words of the following from a well known American author, Harold Robbins, in his book, "A Stone for Danny Fisher" - - - - "To live in the hearts you leave behind is not to die."

### THE LADY

*I wonder what she thought  
As she stood there, strong and  
tall. She couldn't turn away,  
She was forced to watch it all.*

*Did she long to offer comfort  
As her country bled?  
With her arm forever frozen  
High above her head.*

*She could not shield her eyes  
She could not hide her face*

*She just stared across the water  
Keeping Freedom's place.*

*The smell of smoke and terror  
Somehow reduced her size  
So small within the harbor  
But still we recognized...*

*How dignified and beautiful  
On a day so many died  
I wonder what she thought,  
And I know she must have cried.*



One

As the soot and dirt and ash rained down,  
We became one color.  
As we carried each other down the stairs of the  
burning building,  
We became one generation.  
As we lit candles of waiting and hope,  
We became one generation.  
As the firefighters and police officers fought their  
way into the inferno,  
We became one gender.  
As we fell to our knees in prayer for strength,  
We became one faith.  
As we whispered or shouted words of encourage-  
ment,  
We spoke one language.  
As we gave our blood in lines a mile long,  
We became one body.  
As we mourned together the great loss,  
We became one family.  
As we cried tears of grief and loss,  
We became one soul.  
As we retell with pride of the sacrifice of heroes,  
We become one people.

We are:     One color  
              One class  
              One generation  
              One gender  
              One faith  
              One language  
              One body  
              One family  
              One soul  
              One people

We are The Power of One.  
We are United.  
We are America.

# Bits and Obits

A memo from Treasurer Bo Ault:

On.. "Sept. 25th, my oldest son, Rob and wife Suzy made me a grand daddy with a 8 lb. 10 oz., very healthy boy named Bowen Alexander Ault. And last night, my younger son Jeff and wife Dawn announced to Beth and me that they are expecting their first sometime in May, 2003!...Must be something in the water. Both families live within minutes of us so I anticipate we will be very involved with these new little people. In fact, Jeff assembled a crib in our extra bedroom last night. Could that mean we will be doing some weekend grand parenting in coming months? Guess I had better brush up on some long dormant skills.

In the last issue, we mentioned the passing of Maripat Parker. We were contacted by Jim Parker (420, 431) with a correction on the date and copy of obit and service. She passed away on August 23 and the services were the 31st at St. Francis of Assisi Catholic Church in Oklahoma City. The couple raised five sons and a daughter plus 10 grandchildren.



Another sad note arrived from John Ray Barr of the 622nd notifying us that Johnny Jones his Flight Engineer in both the KB-29 and the KB-50 had received his final PCS.

## Subject: Military Humor....

An article forwarded to us from a Navigator (55th WRS) turned Fighter Pilot: Pete Dubay

During training exercises, the Lieutenant who was driving down a muddy road encountered another car stuck in the mud with a red-faced colonel at the wheel. "Your jeep stuck, sir?" asked the lieutenant as he pulled alongside. "Nope," replied the colonel, coming over and handing him the keys, "Yours is."



Having just moved into his new office, a pompous, colonel was sitting at his desk when an airman knocked on the door. Conscious of his new position, the colonel quickly picked up the phone, told the airman to enter, then said into the phone, "Yes General, I'll be seeing him this afternoon and I'll pass along your message. In the meantime, thank you for your good wishes, sir." Feeling as though he had sufficiently impressed the young enlisted man, he asked, "What do you want?" "Nothing important, sir," the airman replied, "I'm just here to hook up your telephone."

On some air bases the Air Force is on one side of the field and civilian aircraft use the other side of the field, with the control tower in the middle. One day the tower received a call from an aircraft asking, "What time is it?" The tower responded, "Who is calling?" The aircraft replied, "What difference does it make?"

The tower replied, "It makes a lot of difference.

If it is an American Airlines flight, it is 3 o'clock.

If it is an Air Force plane, it is 1500 hours.

If it is a Navy aircraft, it is 6 bells.

If it is an Army aircraft, the big hand is on the 12 and the little hand is on the 3.

If it is a Marine Corps aircraft, it's Thursday afternoon.



Officer: "Soldier, do you have change for a dollar?"

Soldier: "Sure, Buddy."

Officer: "That's no way to address an officer! Now let's try again!"

Soldier, Do you have change for a dollar?"

Soldier: "No, SIR!"



are

Three Marines were walking through the forest when they came upon a set of tracks. The first Marine said, "Those are deer tracks." The second Marine said, "No those are elk tracks." You're both wrong, those moose tracks." The Marines were still arguing when the train hit them.

A Navy Chief and an Admiral were sitting in the barbershop. They were both just getting finished with their shaves, when the barbers reached for some after-shave to slap on their faces. The admiral shouted, "Hey, don't put that stuff on me! My wife will think I've been in a whorehouse!" The chief turned to his barber and said, "Go ahead and put it on. My wife doesn't know what the inside of a whorehouse smells like."



### A Note From An Active Refueling Pilot Instructor:

Your web site is great! I am a KC-135 IP stationed at Fairchild AFB. I teach at a school (the KC-135 Combat Employment School) that provides the Air Force air refueling combat support continuity by developing experts and leaders capable of providing tactical and operational-level KC-135 employment. It is a long (6 months) and rewarding school. We thank those who have gone before us and made this school possible. Thank you for being the pioneers in the refueling business.

Major Glen Lehman

### A Letter From A Reader in Reference to Our Picture Gallery:

My name is Joe Fee and I was stationed in Mildenhall, England from 1962-1964 as a reciprocating engine mechanic in the engine shop where all the engines for Sculthorpe Group of KB-50J's at that time were received from the Pratt & Whitney manufacturing company in the States as a basic engine and our shop would uncrate them and do a complete build-up for installation on the aircraft at Sculthorpe. After build-up, we would hang the engines on a test stand, of which I have a great photograph, that might be of interest to your group. Possibly some shots of the engine shop itself. I'd have to look for those.

The real reason I was contacting you was for some updating of your data in the photo-gallery. Having been at Mildenhall, we in the recip-shop would do field trips to Lakenheath, which was the home of the 48th Tactical Fighter Wing. Your photo-gallery labeled "F-100 Coming To Left Reel" is an F-100 of the 48th TFW which I recognize because of the lightning bolt on the vertical stabilizer. That was their identifier and a part of their arm patch.

Drop me a line if I produced any interest!

Joe Fee, Sr. (jafee411@bellatlantic.net)

## TAC Tanker Tales

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Tactical Tankers Association, Ltd.  
231 King Street  
Lancaster, OH 43130

Phone: 740-653-3835

Fax: 740-687-0448

Email:natehill@tactankers.com



### Tally-Ho in Tidewater Banquet Tapes Available

Those of you who attended the recent Tally Ho in Tidewater in Hampton will certainly remember the feature video by Rufe Mewborn at the banquet. Well, it is finally ready for distribution-- and more good news. Rufe has added a section on the KB-29! His note mentions that the DVD will not play on a PC, so he needs to know in which format they want the recording reproduced, VHS or DVD. He would like to have a preliminary count now and then he can add on after the this newsletter goes out. The cost is \$25.00 per copy in either format.

Contact Rufe directly at wwmew1@cox.net. Members who have been reading their email regularly had a heads up on this offer earlier, but now it is up for all. Check your Yellow Book for Rufe's telephone number or address.

### *Holiday Eating Advice (as forwarded to us from Chuck Monka)*

*I hate this time of year. Not for its crass commercialism and forced frivolity, but because it's the season when the food police come out with their wagging fingers and annual tips on how to get through the holidays without gaining 10 pounds. You can't pick up a magazine without finding a list of holiday do's and don'ts. Eliminate second helpings, high calorie sauces and cookies made with butter, they say. Fill up on vegetable sticks, they say. Good grief.*

*Is your favorite childhood memory of Christmas a carrot stick? I didn't think so. It isn't mine either. A carrot was something you left for Rudolph.*

*I have my own list of tips for holiday eating. I assure you, if you follow them, you'll be fat and happy. So what if you don't make it to New Year's? Your pants don't fit anymore, anyway.*

*1. About those carrot sticks. Avoid them. Anyone who puts carrots on a holiday buffet table knows nothing of the Christmas spirit. In fact, if you see carrots, leave immediately. Go next door, where they're serving rum balls.*

*2. Drink as much eggnog as you can. And quickly. Like fine single-malt Scotch, it's rare. In fact, it's even rarer than single-malt Scotch. You can't find it any other time of year, but now. So drink up! Who cares that it has 10,000 calories in every sip? It's not as if you're going to turn into an eggnogaholic or something. It's a treat. Enjoy it. Have one for me. Have two.*

*3. If something comes with gravy, use it. That's the whole point of gravy. It does not stand along. Pour it on. Make a volcano out of your mashed potatoes. Fill it with gravy. Eat the volcano.*

*4. As for mashed potatoes, always ask if they're made with skim milk or whole milk. If it's skim, pass. Why bother? It's like buying a sports car with an automatic transmission.*

*5. Do not have a snake before going to a party in an effort to control your eating. The point of the party is to eat other people's food for free. Lots of it. Hello? Remember college?*

*6. Under no circumstances should you exercise between Christmas and New Year's. You can do that in January when you have nothing else to do. This is the time for long naps, which you'll need after circling the buffet table carrying a 10-pound plate of food and the vat of eggnog.*

*7. If you come across something really good at a buffet table, like frosted Christmas cookies, position yourself near them and don't budge. Have as many as you can before becoming the center of attention. They're like a beautiful pair of shoes. You can't leave them behind.*

*8. Same for pies. Apple. Pumpkin. Mincemeat. Have a slice of each. If you don't like mincemeat, have 2 apples and 1 pumpkin. Always have 3. When do you get to have more than one dessert?*

*9. Did someone mention fruitcake. Granted, it's loaded with the mandatory celebratory calories, but avoid it at all cost. I mean, have some standards, mate.*

*10. And one final tip: If you don't feel terrible when you leave the party or get up from the table, you haven't been paying attention.*