

The SAC ACCA Flyer

Volume 7, Issue 2

October, 2001

Recording, Preserving and Celebrating the Legacy of PACCS



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Information, general correspondence, changes of mailing address, newsletter articles or recommendations.

Steve Leazer, Secretary SAC ACCA
6141 Bagley Ave.
29 Palms, CA 92277-2502

New Memberships and renewals

Fred Kemp, Treasurer SAC ACCA
2356 S Orchard View Dr.
Green Valley, AZ 85614

Folded Wings

Chase Huber — Oct 8, 2001
MSgt Jack Morgan

Reunion 2002

From the Reunion Chairman, Jim Bostick

Planning is in full swing for the SAC ACCA Reunion 2002 in St. Louis, Missouri on October 9th -13th. Hotel selection is in its final stages and we hope to have the hotel selected by the time you read this. We've looked at various locations around St. Louis, both downtown and in the suburbs, trying to find the best all-around deal for our members.

We are also looking at potential tours, activities, and other events to make this reunion the best yet. Some possible tour ideas are Scott AFB, the Boeing Aircraft plant (currently building F-15s and F/A-18s), the Anheuser Busch brewery (free beer), St. Louis tour (half or full day), Grants Farm (the Busch family historical estate and more free beer), and the Great River Road. Of course, we won't forget the Gateway Arch and various casinos (for those so inclined). A Rams football game is not out of the question, but the schedule hasn't been released yet. Let us know if you'd be interested.

We would like to hear from you - what would you like to see and do? Please

pass on your suggestions to Jim Bostick, 1025 Edgewood Dr., O'Fallon, IL 62269 or via e-mail to jim4mary@home.com.

Editor's note: Please take the time to drop Jim a line and let him know what your preferences are for this reunion.

The tale which follows is from the distant past and in a distant place. It may, I hope, bring a smile to your face. That is particularly likely if you shared the world described therein with our honored historian Ducky Dunn. The occasion which gave rise to this fable was the retirement of CMS Chuck Teston, the second enlisted Commander of the SAC Worldwide HF Facility. By now, you may have guessed that Ducky was the first enlisted Commander. Ducky calls this story "A FAIRY TALE." If it were up to me, I'd call it a DUCK TALE, but then, I am not the author— Steve.

A FAIRY TALE

By Bill "Ducky" Dunn

ONCE UPON A TIME in the small kingdom of Elkhorn, in the valley of Offutt, land of SAC and located far into the great plains of Nebraska, lived a tribe of hard working people. These people, though trying their very best to eke out a meager existence by building a communications fortress for the greatest of all war lords, CINCSAC, were plagued by an evil dragon called 'THEY'. Now everyone knows who 'THEY' are (the 1st Information Systems Wing, of course. See, we even have the latest intelligence), but hesitated in speaking this awesome name. Rather, all were content to blame their problems and misunderstandings on the mysterious 'THEY'. This permitted a semblance of peace to exist throughout the valley of Offutt.

NOW IN THIS SMALL KINGDOM lived a fair knight, Sir Duck. This noble knight took it upon himself (by special appoint-

ment of King Randerson) to be the defender of the kingdom. When trouble arose, he could be seen making tracks down the narrow roadways towards the valley of 'THEY'. The trail to 'THEY' was beset with the "Dudley Do-Rights of the World", who took it upon themselves to report any steed from the Elkhorn stables for stopping off at the Scottish Inn called McDonalds in Papillion, which provided a nourishment way station for the long journey.

SOMETIMES Sir Duck would return with a satisfied smile on his face, having won another battle. In other instances he could be heard muttering such words as, "I sure do wish 'THEY' could understand, or that 'THEY' don't think we can do our job out here without their assistance.

SIR DUCK WAS NOT ALONE in his fight, however. He had in his realm the very able assistance of staff knights: Sir Killer, survivor of the Pacific campaign, defended the halls of DO with fervor and an iron fist. He met all milestones in bringing Giant Talk to full operational status; Sir Ray, who routed all enemies on the Eastern borders of Westover, whipped his cadre of technicians into the finest maintainers in the land of SAC. He had the able assistance of Sir John, overseer of the LG flock who ensured all equipment remained in an operational status.

IT CAME ABOUT that the kingdom of Elkhorn stood in good graces with the SAC war lords because the people had fulfilled King Randerson's wishes and delivered a SAC operation for all to behold! And when these people had toiled at their labors for over a year they were of the opinion that the right to hold a retirement party for Sir Duck would be pursued. After all, had not all of the 'THEY' correspondence been swiftly answered (via file 13 maybe), in-

cluding some that other kingdoms should rightfully have been asked to answer? Had not Squire Ronnie reinvented the wheel several times to satisfy HF procedures changes? Were not the GFE antennas still standing? Had not Hoss created enough problems to keep Regents Bob C. and Chuck W. busy in the tech data files? Had not Buffer kept the troops well fed? Yeah, even verily had all this been done. Yet we dauntlessly continued to wear oversized "Mickey Mouse" boots to be ready when 'THEY' wanted brush fires stomped out.

A DECREE WAS HEARD throughout the kingdom, "a party will be held in spite of everything". A knight in shining armor, Sir Pierce, from the realm of 'THEY' took the task in hand and laid out the best of plans for the occasion. Preparations were flowing smoothly; however, one seemingly insurmountable problem lurked in the hearts and minds of the people. Just how could the evil dragon 'THEY' be kept from spoiling things by a last minute panic? Suddenly there appeared on the scene a fairy princess (since this is a fairy tale we have to have a fairy princess, don't we?) and she had the answer. After she revealed her scheme, everyone was amazed at its simplicity. The plan was to change and/or fail to meet suspenses so that the accumulated paperwork could be bulk-delivered to 'THEY' just prior to starting the party. This bulk delivery would make 'THEY' so busy catching up that the party could proceed unhindered. Unbeknownst to 'THEY', plan "INUNDATE" was initiated and one could only wait to see if the plan would be successful.

AFTER THE RETIREMENT of Sir Duck, a knight of the AFCC Circle Table (Round Table could be misconstrued to conflict with another famous fairy tale), Sir Chuck, who upon returning from the far reaches of the AFCC universe in his quest to slay

dragons for his king, heard of the evil dragon 'THEY', and besieged King McCarthy to dispatch him to the kingdom of Elkhorn so that he might do battle with this evil dragon. And it has come to pass that Sir Chuck, with the aid of his able staff, Sir John and Sir Johnny, has indeed met and quenched the thirst of the evil dragon 'THEY' and the kingdom is at peace.

BUT LO, it is now time for Sir Chuck to retire and today the people of the kingdom of Elkhorn, valley of Offutt, land of SAC and yea, even beyond, have gathered here on this festive occasion. As you can see, 'THEY' have not interfered. This being true, it seems only fitting and proper that a proclamation now be read. I now give you our able, yet reluctant town crier, Sir Voice... Reading of the Proclamation

PROCLAMATION!

HEAR YE, HEAR YE, O' YE PEOPLE OF THE KINGDOM OF ELKHORN BE IT KNOWN THAT PLAN "INUNDATE" HAS BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL THAT IT WILL BE EMPLOYED ON A CONTINUING BASIS FROM THIS DAY FORTH; FURTHER, FROM HENCEFORTH AND FOREVER MORE, THERE WILL BE A RETIREMENT PARTY FOR ALL FUTURE SIR KNIGHT COMMANDERS OF THE SAC WAR LORD GIANT TALK FORTRESS TO WHICH ALL PEOPLE OF THE KINGDOM ARE ENTITLED TO ATTEND. NO EXCEPTIONS TO THIS EDICT WILL BE TOLERATED SO LONG AS THIS KINGDOM SHALL LAST.

HOW DOES OUR STORY END? How else can a fairy tale end? Another knight in shining armor, Sir Von from the AFCC Circle Table is here to maintain the tranquility of this peaceful kingdom and we shall all live

HAPPILY EVER AFTER, OF COURSE!!!

AND that's the way I saw it,

SAC,

from a Maintainer's perspective

By Steve Leazer

This article is intended as a tribute to all of those who served with us, and those who serve now. It attempts to speak for the many Airmen, male and female, officer and enlisted who carry on the struggle today. That tribute is especially deserved this day as many of them are in harms way as we strike back at those who have brought disaster to our country.

Those who have never served, do not know SAC or have the slightest understanding of its mission or the dedication of its members. That is what made SAC the great organization and powerful force it was until it stood down from its mission. Most of them will never see a copy of this newsletter, nor care. Those of you who have served so honorably will, I suspect, find your head nodding in agreement as you read this article.

Who am I you say. As you continue to read through this you will eventually figure that out. I might be that crew chief, hydraulics mech, engine mech, ordnance mech, aircraft electrician, or electronics tech you saw stationed in the various launch vehicles gathered around the aircraft while the engines were started, taxi lights flashed and eventually the aircraft began to lurch forward and nose its way down the taxiway. Or maybe I was that young airman who jumped off the still moving launch truck, tool kit in hand, determined to see what could be done to fix that bird so it could get to the end of the runway and off the ground on time so it could meet

the SAC requirements and perform its mission.

Most of the time I didn't have anywhere near the years in SAC that you did. I might have been eighteen to twenty years old and maybe you were the "old guy" at thirty, but we had responsibilities beyond what was normally expected of one who was several years older. That would have been true anywhere else but SAC. Funny how no one ever asked if I wanted more responsibility, it just happened.

When I first came to SAC in 1958, I came directly from a technical school at Scott AFB. The First Sergeant was a veteran of W.W.II, Korea or maybe both. He was reasonably easy to talk to (as First Sergeants go), except that I had never talked to anyone that senior before. He did most of the talking and I did most of the listening. Funny how that worked. He still knew what "white glove" inspection meant and was well practiced at administering it when the requirement existed. It was the first time I lived in a barracks room with only four others, instead of an old wooden, two story, open bay barracks (The Pima Air Museum in Tucson AZ has one that looks just like it). Of course, we still had the "community" shower and row of commodes. For the first time I actually had chow served on dishes instead of metal trays in the mess hall. To this day I remember distinctly seeing the SAC crest on the plates. I did not know what that meant then, but I learned.

In the beginning I could not leave the barracks or home for more than thirty minutes without checking in with the man above me on the recall pyramid and letting him know where we were going and when I would be back. The first time a klaxon sounded I was in the BX and it scared me half to death. I didn't have a clue what I

was supposed to do about it, but the TSgt I worked for at the time explained it to me quite graphically when I came drifting in to the shop thirty minutes later wondering what was going on.

Another mainstay of that time and the maintainer's life was the mobility team. One of my favorites was the half interval vaccinations. If a shot was normally a once a year shot we got it semi annually. What a deal! Every time there was an ORI, the maintenance troops reported to the hanger with duffle bag, mobility bag (cold weather stuff mostly), tool kit and shot record. We formed up, counted off by four and went to different parts of the hanger where one of the four items was inspected in detail.

Don't forget the story about the Airman that ended up at Goose AFB with a duffle bag full of pillows because he got tired of toting all that issue around for mobility team exercises. I don't know if that story is true or not ... but it is a good story. I suspect that was a rumor started to make sure we packed our bags right.

Many nights my only sleep was the quick cat nap I could get while sitting in an upright position in the launch truck beside the runway or in the aircraft parking areas, waiting to get our bombers off the ground... or back. I, of course, was not alone. It was strange how one could be totally asleep and yet hear a maintenance call on the radio, and instantly be wide awake. Similar nights were spent trying to get a quick thirty minute power nap while lying on top of a maintenance bench in the darkened shop at two in the morning waiting for our birds to come home. That was the way in was in the 98th Bomb Wing and probably every bomb wing in SAC.

Who could forget residing in the bunker complex in the alert area. I had that privi-

lege both while assigned to the Bomb Wing and while our EC-135 from Offutt was positioned and "cocked" in the parking area at March AFB. You may recall that in the early PACCS days an EC-135, its flight crew, crew chief and a pair of radio maintainers were pre positioned at March to serve as the Aux ABNCP. 15th AF provided the battle staff.

Another sign of the times was waiting to recover the bomb comp aircraft, or flying twelve hour and thirty minute ORI missions during alert (add preflight time and debriefing to that) and trying to isolate and diagnose malfunctions that only occurred in the air. We maintainers appreciated the Operational Readiness Inspection because it meant we only had to work 12 hours on and 12 hours off. Great! We got some sleep. Of course, most maintainers who flew did so between twelve hour shifts so you can do the math.

Some, more chronologically mature warriors (euphemism for us old guys) have experienced an aerial refueling between a B-47 and a KC-97. I am reminded of a jet engine bomber pushing the prop driven KC-97 through the air while its engines scream to catch up. The tanker has throttles up just to stay ahead of the bomber and the stall warning horn is often sounding in the B-47 as it wallows through the air for much of the refueling. As a maintainer who flew now and then, I've been on both ends of that. I can not begin to tell you how much I loved it and how much I treasure it now.

I remember one particular night when taking on the required fuel load was so difficult due to weather in the refueling area, that once it was completed, the copilot had to take the aircraft for several minutes while the Aircraft Commander just sat there trying to recover. Now that is dedica-

tion and professionalism. And he was probably all of twenty-five or six years old. A few years later when I experienced the process of refueling from the EC-135, I thought it was the ultimate improvement.

And then came the Airborne Command Post... Looking Glass, PACCS. Not long after I reported to the 34th ARS at Offutt, we maintainers began to fly the missions, bringing spare equipment and tools so we could work to restore systems while in flight. There were at least two aircraft at Offutt that the maintenance effort often commenced during taxi out and we were still going strong when we were relieved and began to prepare for landing.

I learned quickly to appreciate the Radio Operators that took this maintainer under their wings and taught me what the mission was all about from their perspective. Up to that point many of them had been doing what in-flight maintenance they could in an attempt to restore failed systems and try to bring them back on line. They did so with no spares and few tools. They taught me the communications mission from the ground up and how to troubleshoot through the B-47 relay (Pipe Cleaner) and later the EC-135 relay aircraft. They taught me to operate the old manual cordless switchboard that pre dated the electronic switch. Some of them even taught me how to function as RO2 when the maintenance was done. Most of all they taught me to appreciate their counsel and friendship.

One night I drove to Offutt from my home in La Vista in order to fly the midnight Looking Glass. None of my fellow maintainers could get to the base that night to take the midnight Glass for me so I was stuck. It was a night so bad that the Sheriff and all the radio stations said to stay off the roads due to the raging winter storm. You remember those nights don't you? Those

were the nights when the ground crew was wearing everything they had and were still pulled back into their parkas like turtle into its shell. We could barely make out the "follow me" vehicle and the runway lights were barely perceptible under the snow.

As I was driving down the highway to the Base, I couldn't see the centerline through the blowing snow. Eventually the wind subsided for just a moment and I noticed that the yellow centerline was a long ways to the left of where I had been driving. I then realized that I was driving on the shoulder of the road and had been for some time. The Air Policeman at the gate where I came aboard was absolutely astounded when I pulled up because no one had passed through that gate in a considerable period of time.

So, by now you are probably asking yourself: Is he bragging or complaining? The answer is ... neither ... it is called pride. The point here is not how dedicated I was. The point is that we all were but a few of the many. The ground crew had been there for hours, the aircrew was there, the battle staff, radio operators, and myself as were all of the others it took to get us safely off the ground. We started engines, taxied, launched, and relieved the on-station Looking Glass on time. All over SAC, the same kinds of things were going on as other Airmen struggled mightily to perform their mission. This isn't just about aircrews and aircraft, it never has been ... it is about everyone who served in SAC ... from the Planners and Loggies at headquarters, to flight stewards, maintainers, to the combat defense force that provided the security for the aircraft when it was parked.

Those outside the circle have no concept of how many dedicated young airmen,

both male and female (yes, in my view Airman, is a non gender specific term), officer and enlisted are required to put a mission in the air and sustain it there. They will never realize or comprehend what you SAC warriors put forth to keep them safe and warm in their homes. You know and so do I.

I believe absolutely that what we did was of great importance to SAC's deterrent force and to this country. In these many intervening years I have never ceased to believe that. Even though today I believe that my country no longer gives a damn about me as an old warrior I know in my heart that we stood between "us and them" for a long time and we made a difference. SAC may be gone, but it sure as hell isn't forgotten. The tradition goes on today in the young men and women who today serve with the same dedication and fervor.

COMBAT LIGHTNING

By Ducky Dunn, SAC ACCA Historian

The following outline is a brief synopsis of a sensitive mission performed quietly and without wide spread recognition by SAC ABNCP Communications personnel in South East Asia during the Vietnam conflict

MISSION:

To alert Reconnaissance and Fighter aircraft flying from the South to the North Vietnamese borders.

To transmit and relay Surface to Air Missile (SAM) and fighter threat information to our Bomber, Fighter and Recon crews.

To pass critical operational and rescue messages to all aircrews, ground and sea and to command control (C²) facilities via clear and secure communications media.

RANGE: 400 nautical miles (line-of-sight) linked with C-130's, EC-121's and other C² aircraft in the theater of operations.

AIRCRAFT: Five (5) specially modified KC-135 Tanker aircraft outfitted with secure crypto and radio communications equipment used for relaying critical voice and data information. The aircraft modification also included the addition of 700 pounds of lead in the nose of the aircraft to balance the added equipment weight in the aft section. These five aircraft flew continuously for years providing 24-hour orbit coverage (24/7). Each mission was 8-12 hours in duration and required continuous fighter escort while in orbit.

CREWS: HQ SAC provided communications personnel both on a PCS and TDY basis. Personnel were drawn from ABNCP units at Offutt, March, Barksdale, Westover, Ellsworth and Grissom. The Communications crew consisted of two (2) radio operators (RO'S) and one (1) radio maintenance technician (RM). The host units provided the tanker aircrew. One RO flew over 300 Combat Lightning missions during the course of the conflict. The aircraft used the static call sign "WAGER" for identification.

NOTE: This little known mission played a large role during this period and never received the recognition due for its success in providing safety to all combat crews in the Vietnam conflict. ALL who participated in Combat Lightning missions/operations are unsung heroes.

Factoids

By Ducky Dunn

Reunions

10-12 Jul 1981 - 1st Reunion ABNCP Communicators, Offutt AFB, NE (20th

anniversary SAC ABNCP operations)

11-13 Jul 1986 - 2nd Reunion, ABNCP Communicators, Offutt AFB, NE (25th anniversary, SAC ABNCP operations)

12 Feb 1987 - ABNCP/SPO Reunion, Tinker AFB, OK. (20th anniversary program)

15 Aug 1987 - 1st Reunion National Emergency Airborne Command Post (NEACP) 20th anniversary.

28-31 May 1991 - 1st Reunion 3rd ACCS PACCS, Grissom AFB, IN.

28 Sep - 2 Oct 1994 - 1st Reunion SAC ACCA, Omaha, NE.

30 Sep - 8 Oct 1996 - 2nd Reunion, SAC ACCA, Omaha, NE.

7-11 Oct 1998 - 3rd Reunion, SAC ACCA, Colorado Springs, CO.

4-8 Oct 2000 - 4th Reunion, SAC ACCA, Montgomery, AL.

This next one is not history. It is in the planning now! Come and join us in St. Louis! Express your ideas between now and then to help us make this one the best ever.

9-13 Oct 2002 - 5th Reunion, SAC ACCA, St. Louis, MO.



The Looking Glass Profiles are the work of CMS Jack Cothran and were done in the late '60s. Jack was one of the original ten communicators that started with Looking Glass. This work is published in memory of Jack.

What's in a name?

By Steve Leazer

One of the leading controversies this summer has been the name change of what we once knew as the Strategic Air Command Museum (SAC Museum). The new name is the Strategic Air and Space Museum.

I do not think it should come as a surprise that many former SAC warriors are deeply offended by that change. When I was at the museum at the end of July and early August, the SAC logo was still on the outside of the building and the original SAC emblem was still displayed just behind the reception desk. There still appears to be the same emphasis on SAC that there has always been. The name on the outside of the building had changed and the signs on the highway have, for the most part, been changed to the new name.

Amy Walton has provided me with many original clippings which she has extracted from the Omaha World Herald and the Bellevue Leader. Most of the articles and commentary take place between about the 21st of July and the end of August. Perhaps it continues or perhaps it has slowed since then, I couldn't say.

A major view that comes immediately to the fore as I read the clippings is that SAC vets, members of the museum were not consulted before the decision was made. That, in fact, seems to be an oft repeated view. The local chapter of the Association of Old Crows has been particularly vocal and they took Scott Hazelrigg to task at a luncheon held in the Officer's Club.

A second perspective is that some feel that the name SAC no longer has the

name recognition of the current generation. Mr. Hazelrigg has said that the decision was made after consulting with other museums. He also stated that a "determination was made that the words 'Air' and 'space' were more universally recognized than the term 'SAC'".¹

The clippings that Amy sent include many responses from the opinion page of both papers. Most run the range from vociferously opposed to mildly opposed to the name change. There are some that express the view that it was a necessary change to ensure the long term survival of the museum. Another article in the Omaha World Herald takes a more analytical view. In this article Mr. Hazelrigg is credited with "having done a superb job of 'bringing to life, the SAC story at the museum."² He also indicates that the museum is a money maker and goes on to favorably review the recent visit of the Hubble exhibit. He generally suggests that we should stand back and consider the situation, the criticism that has fallen to Mr. Hazelrigg, and the long term success of the museum.

Well, you get the idea.

The only opinion I chose to express here is that this is a complex and emotional issue. I recommend that you gather what information is available to you and construct your opinion with care. Regardless of the direction your opinion takes, let it be known.

¹ Nichole Aksamit, "Vets Tell Museum Chief New Name Doesn't Fly," Omaha World Herald, July 28, 2001

² Edward L. Burchfield, "Critics of Name Unfair To Air-Space Musuem," Omaha World Herald, August 2, 2001

From the Secretary

DUES CURRENT?

While you still have this newsletter in your hand, please turn it to the page where the mailing label is located and examine the label. The two numeric digits following your name indicate the year to which your dues are paid. Please do not forget that dues for the year 2002 are due on December 31st. If you haven't yet paid your 2001 dues, please take the time to do so at your earliest convenience AND why not include your dues for 2002 while you are at it.

There seems to be some confusion in the case where the letter "T" appears. I use a combination of "T" for temporary and then a date. This is indicative of a name that I have received which someone thinks might want to join the ACCA. I add them to the database and send them a couple of cycles of the newsletter as a kind of sample. Then if they have not chosen to join the association I drop them from the mailing after the second cycle. So, if you find a number that begins with a "T" such as T0107 it means you are not a dues paying member, but we hope you are interested in becoming a member.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

As always, we your officers, are dedicated to helping this association and the legacy that we represent to grow. SAC is gone and the Airborne Command Post as we knew it. There will be no more of us as of the Looking Glass Farewell in 1998. So let's work together and keep the Association moving forward.

If you are looking for a job (and even if you are not) come to the 5th Reunion at St.

Louis. In the mean time consider becoming an Officer in SAC ACCA. You can help navigate this organization into the future. Someone has to steer. Are you up to it?

We will be looking for a new slate of officers to include a Secretary and newsletter editor. I know that if you have the inclination to become a Treasurer there is a job for you too.

In the intervening months here are some things to ponder;

1. Who will the next President and Vice President be?
2. Where shall we have the next reunion?
3. Jim Bostick stepped forward at the last reunion and volunteered to be our point man (Reunion Chairman) for the 2002 reunion... who will do it for 2004?
4. Who will be the next Secretary and/or Treasurer for the Association?
5. What direction shall we take for the next few years?
6. Who is going to write the articles to keep the newsletter worthy of the Association

Photo courtesy of LtCol D. C. Crabb



*SAC Airborne Command Control Assn.
Steve Leazer, Secretary
6141 Bagley Avenue
Twentynine Palms, CA 92277-2502*

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



**63-8048 at Offutt AFB, Looking Glass Farewell Ceremony 1998
Photo courtesy of Jim Marshal**