



OSOTMG NEWS

VOLUME 10 ISSUE 1

FEBRUARY 2017- MARCH2017

* NEXT MEETING WILL BE MAY 2, 2017, SOCIALIZE AT 11 am, MEETING STARTS AT 11:45 AM AT TREA 39, 15821 CENTRETECH CIRCLE, AURORA, CO 80011. NO LUNCH WILL BE SERVED THIS MONTH, SO COME AND ENJOY REMINISCING WITH YOUR FRIENDS!! NOTE: WE WILL BE TEMPORARILY MOVING THE MEETING TO THE FIRST FRIDAY IN JUNE AT 1800 AT TREA 39. *

Important
Frequently Used
Phone Numbers

140th Phone #'s

Casualty Assist
720-847-6946

Family Support
720-847-9116

460th Phone #'s

RAO (Retired Activities
Office)
720-847-6693

Legal
720-847-6444

Other Phone #'s

CODMVA

303-343-1268
www.colorado.gov

Deputy Director
CODMVA

Mickey Hunt
720-250-1510
303-249-0146(c)
michael.hunt@dmva.state.gov

TRICARE (UNITED
HEALTHCARE-WEST
1-877-988-9378

TRICARE for Life
1-866-773-0404

Social Security
1-800-772-1213

TREA 39
303-340-3939

COUGAR TALES:
www.140wg.ang.af.mil/cougartales.asp

FEBRUARY 7, 2017 MINUTES

The meeting began with the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of The United States of American by Paul Turner and Joe with the Invocation.

First timer was Liz Hafler.

Dewey attended the State of the Base on Buckley on January 18. There was a celebration for the AF birthday on Dec 18 and then a tour of the 460th Space Wing facility. New BRAC (Base Realignment and Closure) information from Rep Coffman was presented.

Dewey talked about a car and motorcycle show possibility with Bob Ken worthy as person who could be contacted for a show. Any club could participate.

MGen Edwards retirement dinner is at Wings Museum on 2 April with reservations required.

The NGACO annual State meeting in Vail will be 28-30 April 2017. Register online at NGACO.ORG. There will be a retiree luncheon on Friday, 28 April in Vail at no cost.

Harry Emily's grandson, Luke is ill. Harry is a WWII veteran.

Birthdays present were Joe Broom and Gloria Hicks.

Next meeting is 7 March 2017 at TREA 39.

Committee Members:

Jan Love

osotmg@comcast.net, 303-693-7538

Paul and Linda Turner

paullinda@comcast.net, 303-366-6770

Dewey Hicks

dewster44@comcast.net, 303-695-8423

Dan Gay

Daniel.gay0954@gmail.com

303-755-7350

D.O. Neary

donandneysa@q.com, 303-695-8940

*Contribution Checks should be made payable to "OSOTMG" can be mailed to Paul Turner at 1945 Ensenada St., Aurora, CO 80011-5353.

MARCH 7, 2017 MINUTES

The meeting opened with the Pledge of Allegiance to The Flag of The United States of America by Paul Turner followed by the invocation by Joe Broom.

Buck Buckingham briefed us on a memorial celebration of life for Rich Bruening at TREA 39 on Sunday 9 April 2017 from 1500-1800. All are invited.

There was discussion of moving the monthly OSOTMG meeting to the first Friday of the month at TREA 39 at 1800. Further discussion next month.

Bonnie Rought briefed us about three retirements. MGen Edwards retirement dinner will be at Wings Museum 1730, 2 April 2017 with reservations required. Second one will be Leslie Scott in the 140 CAM Sq 1400 on UTA; third one will be Brad Pursing 140 CM.

There will be a possible Change of Command for Col Dunston who will become the new Assistance Adjutant for Air-one star position. And Col Brian Turner will become the new 140 Wing Commander.

Taps- Matthew Ray

Birthdays present were Andy Andrews, Sonja Broom and Mike Paradise.

Next meeting will be 4 April 2017.

FEBRUARY 7, 2017 ATTENDANCE *1ST TIMER

Dewey Hicks	* Liz Hafler
J R Ewing	Mike Schnurstein
Earline Ewing	Susan Schnurstein
Bill Frazier	Michael Rowan
Joan Pickens	Michelle Rowan
Bill Pickens	Harry Wales
Paul Turner	Dan Gay
Linda Turner	Dale Bristol
Kenneth Forrest	Andy Andrews
Joe Broom	Sue Andrews
Sonja Broom	Allie Bess
Arlo Sorheim	Judy Pock
Sy Harjes	Bonnie Rought
Dan Heinz	Golden Sherman
Pete Hill	

DATE BOOK 2017

May 2017

2nd- OSOTMG MEETING 1145 Brown Bag Lunch

14th- Mother's Day

29th- Memorial Day

June 2017

6th- OSOTMG MEETING AND LUNCHEON 1130

18th- Father's Day

July 2017

4th- OSOTMG MEETING AND LUNCHEON 1130

August 2017

1st- OSOTMG MEETING AND LUNCHEON 1130

September 2017

4th- Labor Day

5th- OSOTMG MEETING AND LUNCHEON 1130

October 2017

3rd-OSOTMG MEETING AND LUNCHEON 1130

Sick Call



Luke (Grandson of Harry Emily)

Taps



Walt Leiker
Grace Reed
Matthew Ray

MARCH 7, 2017 ATTENDANCE *1ST TIMER

*Jerry Kelsey	Pete Hill
Sonja Broom	Jack Darveau
Joe Broom	Tony Burczyk
Reed Lutz	Bill Pelletier
Jerry Smith	Mike Paradise
Paul Turner	Paul G.W. Anderson
Linda Turner	Bonnie Rought
Buck Buckingham	Mac McCarley
Jay Gates	Delles Schneider
Harry Wales	Allura Weimer
Mike Popovich	Golden Sherman
Mike Schnurstein	
Judy Pock	
Jan Love	
Ken Love	

NO MAY 2 2017 LUNCHEON

The May meeting will not be catered by Golden Sherman. So, bring your own "brown bag" lunch. And the June meeting will be on Friday evening, June 2, 2017 at 1800 at TREA 39.

FEBRUARY 2017

LINDA BADEN
CHUCK BAUM
GARY BOHN
PHYLLIS BROOKS
JOE BROOM
DOROTHY BRUENING
LORENE CABALLER
JANE CARDENAS
IZZIE DE LA ROSA
KARMA FIELDS
LISA FRANZEN
JAY GATES
BONNIE HEINZ
JOLENE HICKEY
GLORIA HICKS
CELESTE LAUFERT
DEVERNE LEHMAN
BARBARA LEIGH
DENISE LINN
DONNA LUCERO

LEONARD(VERN)
MARSHALL
ARVEY MASON
RUTH MATHIAS
MARY MCCLANAHAN
SALLY MCFARLAND
JEFFREY MILLER
JIM PATSEY
DIANNE SANFORD
JEANNE SCHJODT
GORDON TERROUS
FRED WADE
MASON WHITNEY

Birthdays



GREGG ADLER
RON AGUINEGA
ANDY ANDREWS
SHANNON BLASUS
SONJA BROOM
MONA BURKETT
JERRY CABLE
JEAN CARDINAL
MARLENE CHATMAN
KARYN CLARK
RUSS CRAMER
PHIL ECKLUND
MIKE EDWARDS
MIKE HAINES
SOMCHIT HALES
MARY ANN HANSON
KENT KAMLA
MARCIA KROUPA
GREG KRYSZAK
CHERYL LUTZ
THERESA MCNELLEY
GORDON MITCHELL
ELLEN MOORE

MARCH 2017

MIKE PARADISE
DICK PARKOS
DAVID PAUL SANCEZ
BOB SANDER
CECILIA SANFORD
JEFF SCHJODT
SUE SCHULTZ
BILL SEILER
KATHY SIMPSON
SUSAN SMITH
LARRY SUBERVI
BRENDA TIPTON
MIKE VALIANT
CHARLENE WADE
CLIFF WAGNER
MIRIAM WHITNEY



HOWDY DUTY - LIEUTENANT COLONEL ED WHITNEY OKANG (RET)

Contributing Editor: Lieutenant Colonel Willis Orion Whitney USAF (Ret)

Acquisitions Editor: Master Sergeant Dewey Hicks COANG (Ret)

My name is Edwin Whitney. I served for 26 years between the active duty Air Force and the Oklahoma Air National Guard. I retired as a Lieutenant Colonel from the Guard. The Guard is like a family to me and there is a special comrade among pilots. Whenever possible, I go back to Oklahoma for Air National Guard reunions.

I am also an avid Oklahoma Sooners fan. My wife Kathy and I go to all of the home games plus we go to Texas every year to watch the Red River Shootout (Texas vs Oklahoma). We meet my brother Orion and his wife Hedi - both living in Oklahoma. The four of us walk around chanting the Boomer Sooner lines. "Sooner born and Sooner bred, and when I die I'll be Sooner dead". It gets pretty loud there and I'm lucky that none of us have gotten into a fight. I have an interest in the way that Bud Wilkerson coached the Oklahoma Sooners. During his tenure, the Sooners won national championships in 1955 and 1956. His team won more consecutive football games in one stretch than any other college coach in history.

My dad came to Oklahoma from Pennsylvania. He was a dirt farmer and lived in a house with dirt floors and no indoor plumbing. Dad was 5'6" and very frugal. He was a school teacher and a very religious man. He got his law degree in 1907. He served in WWI. Once as a Captain in Europe, he had to order his men to advance and take a position. All of his men were from a small town called Wewoka in Oklahoma. While pursuing the objective, they were cut down by a German machine gun nest. My dad lost 25 men. It is something that he would never talk about. As kids we would ask him about the war. He would turn his head and his eyes would fill with tears. His nose did not have tissue linings, one of the effects of exposure to mustard gas. He retired from the United States Army as a Lieutenant Colonel. Dad, Earl Wayne Whitney known as EW, went to heaven in 1956.

My mother, Mary Phillips was a school teacher and played in an orchestra. She was very involved with the church and she was from Arkansas. Can you imagine that, a fine southern lady and a Yankee from Pennsylvania? She had two children from a previous marriage, Paul and Richard. After she married my dad Earl Wayne they had five children. Ruthie, Willis- Orion, Naomi, Ed, and Mary Ella. Orion's name is pronounced the same as the constellation. We called him "old boy honey" I was called "Dooney, or Easy Ed". Paul and Richard were tall husky guys. They became Marines and served in World War II. In the 1930's they took us to the Chicago Musical College for music lessons. We lived by Lake Michigan. I can't tell you how cold that place was. I took violin lessons. I played at Chicago Orchestra Hall when I was 6 years old. Mother played the piano and tried to give me lessons on that too. She would take my index finger and hit the keyboard saying this is middle C. One day I wanted to go outside and play cowboys and Indians with my friends. Permission was denied and so I took the violin and wacked it on the piano. Thus ended a promising musical career.

Dad had a 1941 Chevrolet Coup. The car did not have a radio and so dad would sing. He was a very religious man. He was a Gideon. He kept bibles under the seat in cut up inner tubes. He would pick up hitch hikers along the side of the road. After they got in, he would ask "well son, have you been saved?" The car did not have a radio and so my dad would sing church hymns as he drove.

Life was a little simpler back then. Farmers would set up watermelon stands along the highway. Folks could buy a plug for a dime. (A small plug would tell you if the watermelon was sweet or not). If you liked the melon, you could buy it for 50 cents. Sometimes people would try to haggle the farmer down to 25 cents. What a deal! I was full of piss and vinegar during my youth. I would sometimes get into a little mischief. I remember stealing melons from the watermelon patch. Timing is everything. I could take two melons under my arms and not get caught. The farmer had a 12 gauge shotgun which he would fire into the air if he thought someone was in the patch. I think that was my first experience with escape and evasion. I would ride on my bike to a store about three miles from Oklahoma City. The major stores at the time were Halliburton, Brown-Duncan, and Kerr's Department Store. I would park the bike next to a lamp post. There was no need to chain it to anything. I would sell Liberty magazine. I had a sales pitch that I would give to the sales ladies at the department stores. They would buy the magazine from me for a nickel or a dime.

I attended Castle Heights Military Academy in Lebanon, Tennessee. I was the bugler. I graduated as valedictorian and gave the graduation speech. Once back in Oklahoma, I attended Oklahoma University, graduating Cum Laude. While there, I conned my father into giving me \$250.00 for flight training at the university. That was a significant amount of money back then. He gave me the "don't make me regret this" look but he gave it to me anyway. I was commissioned in the United States Air Force the same day that I graduated from OU in May of 1953. I went immediately to flight training and started in a Piper Cub at Spence Air Base in Moultrie, Georgia. I received my active duty wings a few months after graduating from Oklahoma University. Fighter pilot training was done at Nellis Air Force Base. I trained on the Lockheed F-80 Shooting Star. It had straight wings and could not reach Mach one. Training was also done on the North American F-86F and the F-86 Sabre Dog. The F-86 was a Day Fighter and the F-86D had radar in the nose. The nose was black and it was an all-weather interceptor. The Sabre Dog could just reach Mach one in a dive and carried twenty four 70mm Mighty Mouse rockets. I got my wings at Laredo Air Force Base, Texas. It seemed like there were always civilians around who would complain about the jet noise. When I found out where they lived, I would go into a steep dive and buzz their house. Their windows would shatter and the homeowner would come out shaking his fist in the air while giving the middle finger salute. They must have had the Base Commander's phone number on speed dial. When I landed with my unit, the Base Commander and his aides would come out to the flight line. I could tell that he was pissed. He would say "which one of you sons of b_____'s dive bombed a civilian's house?" I would say "did they get a tail number?" When the answer was no, I would say "couldn't have been me. I was in a holding pattern waiting for the tower to give me permission to land" Tracking radar was not as sophisticated as it is today and my band of brother pilots were not about to rat anyone out.

The Korean War went from 25 June 1950 to 27 July 1953. I flew the F-86F out of the U.S. Airbase at Nagoya, Japan shortly after the hostilities ended. We often encountered the Russian built MiGs over the Sea of Japan and we would harass the MiGs and vice versa. My three year tour was cut short when I returned home on emergency leave when my father went to heaven.

I left the active duty Air Force about 1956 and joined the Tulsa Air National Guard the

same year. The Air National Guard was like a family. I remember being at the club after business was finished and someone would say "Colonel, I'll fly if you buy". Drinks were very cheap and it didn't matter what they were drinking. It usually turned out to be a pitcher of beer.

Around 1956, I attended night school at Tulsa University. I received my law degree and became an insurance agent in Tulsa for a few years. I was married to my first wife Shirley during that time period. We had two lovely children Sheri DeWitt and Eric Whitney both living in Arkansas now. But things did not work out and we divorced a few years later. Shirley is now deceased.

Mom talked me into helping CARITAS, a Catholic relief organization. As I said before, she was very involved with the church. As I became more involved, I found out that they were soliciting pilots in the Air National Guard. You could earn money which they would send to a bank of your choice. Dollar signs appeared in my eyes as I rubbed my hands together thinking "this can't be but so bad". I went to Biafra during their Nigerian civil war conflict. The war went from 6 July 1967 to 15 January 1970. There were coups and counter coups. A military dictatorship battled democratically elected civilian government. Biafra called for secession from Nigeria. The Biafrans were English speaking Christians while the northern military was of the Islamic faith and ruled by their Supreme Sultan who was the power head in all things political and religious. Oh, did I mention that oil was involved? Then to add to the mix, Nigeria used to be a colony of England. It wasn't until 1960 that Nigeria gained its independence. This ball of confusion led to corruption, war atrocities, genocide and starvation. Nigeria put up a blockade. There were at least 100,000 military casualties. Biafra lost between 500,000 and 2 million people to starvation. Finally, Pope Paul VI directed CARITAS International to set up a relief program for the war victims. By this time several countries got involved with the humanitarian response to the Biafra famine. The blockades were causing starvation. To get around this, unauthorized airlifts had to be made at night. I think that it was Father Anthony Byrne who organized the first airlift in 1968. 1,000 nighttime flights delivered over 10,000 tons of food and medicine by 1969. The Protestant and Catholic churches combined were officially known as Joint Church Aid. Insiders called them Jesus Christ Airlines because of the initials. (I hope that the Chaplin is not reading this.) There was an abundance of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Nuns. There was a bar of sorts. The English liked warm beer (warm to me) and a spot of tea. On one of my "missions" I flew my old nemesis the Globemaster. We flew at night in the dark and they did not turn on the runway lights until the last minute during approach in order to avoid enemy detection. So much for stealth. A MiG or something saw us and tried to blast us out of the sky. We were strafed. The ailerons were not responding. The plane started a slight roll. One engine was on fire and there was smoke in the cabin. I decided to go in with a belly landing. My co-pilot, the German gentleman thought that he could extend the landing gear and save the plane. By the time we had three green meaning the landing gear was extended, we were already skidding down the runway. Fu___ this I told him. Get out most Ricky tick (military talk for immediately if not sooner) before we hit the trees. I managed to jump out screwing up my ankle in the process. My co-pilot also made it out. It was an Oscar Sierra moment. Old Shaky looked like the Fourth of July going down that runway in flames. After something like that you think about

your ground crew back in the states. The safe return of their pilot and their machine would have been their top priority. Of course they would have given me grief to no end for a belly landing.

I flew a C-47 affectionately known as the "Gooney Bird". An English gentleman was my co-pilot. We were transporting several Nuns from one area to another. I was airborne and began a rapid descent as was necessary given the conditions of where we were. We landed hard and skidded to a stop. I was banged up a little and had a nose bleed. The Englishman said "I say, you look like you've had a bit of a rough go at it. Are you alright?" I unleashed every swear word that I knew. A Nun came to the cockpit and I apologized for my language. She said "that's alright, I've heard worse than that since I have been here". I checked on the other Nuns and they were shaken but fine.

It was not long before Vietnam broke out. We stopped in Okinawa on the way to Vietnam. I was able to brush up on my golf game. The golf course was lush but there were signs all over that read: IF YOUR BALL GOES INTO THE ROUGH LEAVE THE DAMN THING. Strong language for a golf course. No golfer wants to leave his ball in the rough and take a penalty shot. Well sure enough, I hit my ball into the reeds and high grass. I went in after it poking around with my 9 iron. I parted the grass and there were two menacing eyes looking at me. It was a pit viper (a big green snake whose venom is lethal). I thought to myself, backup slowly and don't pass out. That was enough golf for me.

I flew into DaNang on two occasions in a C-97 or C-124 (I forget which) and took supplies to my brother Orion for an orphanage of over 100 homeless Vietnamese orphans. I flew out of the 138th Fighter Wing in Tulsa. Orion was a young USAF Captain stationed at Monkey Mountain Vietnam (at DaNang). Our meeting in Vietnam was the oddest thing. While flying one day I radioed in to my GCI controller (Ground Controlled Interception). His call sign was Panama. He responded "Easy Ed, is that you?" It was my brother Orion. What are the odds of that happening? We had a chance to get together after I landed. It warmed my heart to see him and there was an unspoken fear for both of us that we may not make it out of this crazy place alive. There was an article in the Tulsa World about our meeting. My days as a jet jockey came to an end. Politics were raging back in Oklahoma. There was talk of doing away with tactical jet fighters. How they can come up with such nonsense during a war is beyond me. Our TAG (The Adjutant General) had a work around plan to save experienced fighter pilots. We would fly other aircraft in support of the war effort. I got to fly the L-20 DeHaviland Beaver. It was a slow liaison/observation plane. I also flew the Cessna U-3A known as the Blue Canoe. It was a light utility aircraft for transport and administrative support. Next was the "Talking Bird". It was developed by the AFCS (Air Force Communications Service). It was a big deal in its day. It had the ability for secure encrypted communications. On board we had teletype machines, fax machines, radios, switchboards, and the ability to send and receive Morse code. Everything was packed into a C-130 Hercules. Then I was assigned to a jet pilot's nightmare. I had to fly the C-124 Globemaster. It had great heavy lift capability but it had to be the noisiest aircraft in the Air Force inventory. Old Shaky had 4 props (propellers). You had to communicate with your headset even at a short distance inside of the craft. You could see a crew member's lips moving but could not hear a word he was saying when the engines were running. Years later I was reminded of a line from the 1986 movie Top

Gun. Maverick and Goose did a tower fly by on their aircraft carrier in their F-14 Tomcat. Once on deck they were standing tall in the Captain's office. He told Maverick "you screw up, you'll be flying a cargo plane out of Hong Kong full of rubber dog sh____". Anyway, a man has got to do what a man has to do. I flew the cargo plane.

Civilian life was relatively boring after my military experiences. I went to work for United Airlines as a Flight Instructor. I got to fly the Douglas DC-3, DC-4, DC-6, DC-8, DC-9 and the Constellation. We had a simulator in Denver which saw many hours. I moved to California for a time with United and retired here in Denver. I meet once a month with a group of retired United Airline pilots. Most have been in the military and all are great guys.

All just memories now. My old unit in Oklahoma flies the F-16. I think that they are trying to get their hands on the new Joint Strike Fighter, the F-35. There are a lot of dogs in the fight for that one. I am proud to have served. I love my country, my family, and especially my wonderful wife Kathy. We met in the 1980s. She has stood by me and has endured all of the hardships mixed in with the joy and sense of adventure that comes with being a military spouse and the wife of a pilot. We open our doors to all veterans in our neighborhood on Veterans Day. Kathy cooks and I tend to the drinks. Kathy was a nurse and is a great humanitarian. Her patience and love have no bounds. I am blessed.

Yours truly,
Ed Whitney