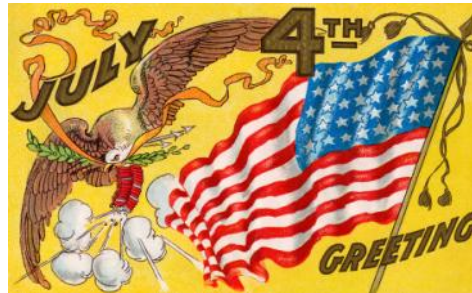


RED EAGLES NEWSLETTER



4TH OF JULY, 2017
VOLUME 32

FELLOW RED EAGLES:
HAPPY 4TH OF JULY



Update:

Red Eagle Memorial, USAF Museum

Red Eagles - CONGRATULATIONS!! Some figures: as of this writing, 20 June, the 'for the memorial' fund has over \$10,500 in the bank. An additional \$3000 has been pledged, but not yet provided. These numbers reflect responses from 66 folks. Enlisted, officers, Navy, Air Force, female, male, staff officers that worked the program, civilian friends, family members, surviving spouses - all Red Eagle demographics make up the contributors' list!

Your tremendous generosity has exceeded the amount necessary for the best bench! So, we have contacted a firm in the Dayton area and are now looking into the feasibility of an actual large memorial - something in the \$15-\$20,000 range is our current focus. This range is based on collected and pledged funds; the Board allocated \$3000 (if needed); an expectation that additional Red Eagles will contribute; and comments from some donors indicating they are prepared to provide additional funds, if needed.

Two bottom-line takeaways

from the above - 1) the actual memorial monument, including cost, is still being determined; and 2) donations are still being accepted. We'll keep you informed on our progress. If interested in donating, the following two step process works best. Send your donation to:

John 'Admiral' Nelson, REAA
2258 E Pasture Dr
St George UT 84790

Send a 'heads up' email to me so we can be looking for it: mikebon-scott@gmail.com.

If the Red Eagle USAF Memorial issue is new news to you, the Spring newsletter provides a background article that should help - it can be found on www.4477reaa.com, our website. For further info, email me at the above - I will be glad to satisfy your curiosity! That's all I got.

Scotty

Postscript:

In response to our campaign for the Red Eagle USAF Museum Memorial, Pam Greninger, a sister of Mark Postai sent the following message and granted us permission to publish



Editor's Column:

The 4th of July is upon us and time to celebrate!

- Make plans to celebrate the 4th. Make sure to clean and check the grill. Refill the propane tank or buy enough charcoal.
- When going camping, make a list of all the things you'll need. Don't forget the first aid kit and jumper cables. Let someone know where you are going and when you'll be back.
- Don't forget to fly the flag.
- Enjoy this time with family and friends. Please don't drink and drive or forget to take rest stops while on long road trips.
- You can submit your stories or roster updates by emailing them to: 4477redeagles@gmail.com
- Or, mail to:
Ben Galloway
3732 Bar 10 Road
Calhan, CO 80808

it - we thought it might be an interesting update for those who knew or know of 'Toast'."

Pam wrote: Good morning! So happy to see that the Red Eagle lives! Mark's family, his wife Linda, mother Shirley and sisters, Pam, Paula, and Julie have kept our "Red Eagle" with us since his far too early demise in October of 1982. We had Red Eagle emblems made and proudly display them on all our family autos! Additionally Mark's nephew, Ethan Buche, has created a large facsimile of the emblem in metal. I will try and send you photos.

Of note, Mark will not stay unnoticed! I told Mom he keeps coming back from the grave. Captain Sullenberger devoted a section to Mark in his book about the fateful landing in the New York harbor and Mark was also detailed in the book The Red Eagles. I've not had a chance to read The Secret Squadron yet, but I'm sure he's in there too!

In the interim, I will be contacting everyone for donations for the memorial. Thank you so much for remembering an important part of our family's history!

Pamela Postai Greninger

The Job Interview

This story focuses on the hiring process of one Red Eagle captain brought on board in 81 . . me. Although the squadron is now declassified, I admit that in the spring of 1981 I had absolutely no knowledge of the 4477TES, who they were, or what they did. No leaks to the media back in those days.

No one with access to this newsletter needs to be told that the squadron was a pretty tightly held capability back in the early 80's timeframe. Very little was known about who we were, what we did, or how it was done. Those who knew didn't talk . . those who talked most likely didn't know. Those few who knew and talked got to have conversations with the FBI among others. That was the ROE.

My first awareness that something out of the ordinary was about to happen was when my squadron commander informed me that I was to attend a meeting at Osan Air Base, Korea at 1300 on Thursday. No subject was disclosed and the message came from the 51st Fighter Wing commander's office. My boss's first question to me was "What the Hell did you do?" I

pleaded that for once I might be innocent. Besides, it had been a solid two weeks since I was involved in anything approaching the legal definition of criminal mischief so I felt the statute of limitations was probably expired. I had no idea what this meeting was about but I was about to find out.

As I walked into the meeting room I was met by a familiar face. Dan "Truck" Futryk was an Aggressor who regularly came to Langley from Nellis for two week gomer



deployments. Over a few good DACT missions and many cold beers I learned a lot from guys like Jet, Moose, Truck, Bluto, and Chops. Truck was accompanied by a more senior guy in civilian clothes I later came to know and respect highly . . Chuck "Chuckles" Corder. I now knew that my 1300 meeting was with Truck and Chuckles but I still had no idea what it was about. After some brief introductions Chuckles got right to the point. "We represent a classified squadron based out of Nellis but working at a remote location." We're on a world tour looking for a couple of replacement officers and enlisted guys and your name was given to us". Chuckles continued, "Have you ever heard the term Red Eagles?" I had to admit that I hadn't which, fortunately for me, was the only answer that would allow the interview to continue. If I admitted I had even heard of the squadron, or knew anything about them, I learned later that my meeting would have been abruptly over. Chuckles had his game face on and continued to be very direct. "We're aware of your background and the work you've done with the 1st Fighter Wing

squadrons". "We've also gotten feedback on you from several Aggressors in both Nellis squadrons." "Now, since you don't know who we are, and you don't know anything about us or what we do, Truck and I want to know if you'd like to compete for a position with us? "No guarantees . . . we're talking to a few potential hires throughout PACAF and USAF". "We'll gather all our notes and make our hiring decisions back at Nellis." "Take your time, think it over, and give me your answer in about a minute." For a moment I thought I had missed a few sentences of the job description but then soon realized I already had as much information as I was going to get from Chuckles and Truck. In fact, it would be another 4-5 months before I would get my classified indoc brief covering what we were hired to do. As Chuckles and Truck concluded our meeting I suspected I was in the running for a really great opportunity, but didn't have a clue beyond that. I just knew I wanted to be part of it . . . whatever "it" turned out to be.

Some career decisions are so subtle you're not sure which path is the best . . . this wasn't one of those. I responded to Truck and Chuckles with about fifty five seconds left on my one minute deadline. "I'm in." I still to this day find it interesting that one of the best decisions I ever made in my USAF career was made in about five seconds. The people I got to work with, and the missions we got to perform, over the next 2-3 years made this assignment what it was. In fact, the day I left the squadron to move over to the weapons school in the spring of 84 I remember posing a question to the guys . . . "I feel like I've peaked as a captain . . . I don't know if the USAF can get any better than this has been?" Although I've had the opportunity to do some really interesting things since I left the Red Eagles trailer for the last time, to my mind that's still a fair question.

Jaws Waldrop, Lt Col (Ret)
Red Eagle/ 65th Aggressors
1981-1984

A Wiley Green Story

I had the pleasure of being a Red Eagle at the same time as another young captain named Wiley Green. Wiley came from one of the Nellis Aggressor squadrons and was already being looked upon by the very senior folks as a "go to guy." Wiley had a lot of skills and flying the jet was definitely one of them. That said, this isn't a flying story . . . this is a Red Eagle story.

As we all did in those days our actions ranged from the

inspirational to almost deliberate buffoonery depending on what day you observed us. It was part of our charm. This is an inspirational one.

This particular story requires you to fast forward about 10-12 years from the days of Captain Wiley, Red Eagle trained killer, to the later days of Colonel Wiley. Wiley was holding down one of his few staff assignments as the chief of enlisted and officer assignments at the USAF's Military Personnel Center in Texas. This was clearly a holding pattern for him until more important flying assignments came available but Wiley quickly realized that he could impact a lot of people for the better in that job. He now had a huge influence on who went where and when. Big responsibility with impact on a lot of USAF folks.

Colonel Wiley was waiting for a motor pool ride to the Gulfport airport following meetings the day prior with the base personnel folks at Keesler AFB in Biloxi, MS. Since he was flying commercial he was in civilian clothes for the flight back to San Antonio. Dressed as he was, there was no way that his driver, young SrA "NewGuy" could have a clue who Wiley was. Just another early morning shuttle to the airport. Although some O-6's wouldn't have engaged the new two striper in conversation, that wasn't Wiley's way. He asked the young driver about his experiences in the USAF so far. How was life as a two striper? Did SrA NewGuy feel the USAF was treating him fairly? Was he being challenged? What would he change if he could? That kind of conversation is what Wiley would take to heart. Not only listen, but listen for things he might be able to change for the better. The young driver spoke of things mostly good, some not so much, but he gave Wiley a lot to consider during his short ride to the airport.

As he spoke to Wiley, the primary thing the young driver would change is the policy on what was considered by the personnel system to be valid "Join-Spouse" assignments. Join-Spouse was the policy where the personnel and assignment folks would try to get married service members based at the same location as their service member spouses. It wasn't always possible but it was a huge morale builder when it could be worked out. In his particular case, Young Sra NewGuy had been married to fellow SrA NewGirl for a little over a year. Unfortunately, she was stationed at Barksdale AFB in Louisiana and the

In Memoriam

assignments policies at the time determined that Louisiana and Mississippi were “close enough” to count as a join-spouse assignment. In the eyes of the assignments system both NewGuy and NewGirl were assigned together. That’s valid only if you disregard the 730 mile distance between both bases. If Wiley’s young driver could change anything in the USAF for the better .. that would be it.

If the young driver had glanced in the rear view mirror he would have seen Wiley on his cell phone (back then they were the size of a small cinderblock) calling his E-9 chief of enlisted assignments back at the personnel center. Wiley’s guidance to the Chief was simple. “We need to take a look at this Join-Spouse policy but in the meantime I’d like your team to work an assignment either for SrA NewGuy to Barksdale or get SrA NewGirl to Keesler.” Do whichever gets them together the fastest. Within the week the young driver was on his way to Barksdale to join his wife. Wiley directly made that happen.

Wiley never mentioned what he had done for those young airmen. I only heard of it third hand through other people who knew the story. To be honest, having not confirmed the facts with Wiley himself I’m not sure this is exactly how it happened. That said, I 100% believe that given the circumstances as they were related to me, Wiley absolutely made that happen for those young airmen. I also believe that Wiley changed a lot of lives for the better in the short time he sat in that assignments seat. Finally and most importantly, if presented with that same situation I’m not sure I can name anyone from my Red Eagle days who would not have done the same thing.

PS: If you speak to Wiley don’t be surprised if he doesn’t remember this individual act. He probably did this kind of thing a lot more often than anyone knows. This story was just another example of it.

Jaws Waldrop Lt Col (Ret)

Dyke James Bennett, 68, of Henderson, Nev., died Friday, June 2, 2017, at the Infinity Hospice Care Center, Las Vegas. He married Linda Feltner on June 30, 1974. She survives.

While in the Air Force, Dyke was stationed all over the world. During his deployment in England, at that time, he was the only American ever to be inducted into the British Legion. His last assignment was at the Nellis Air Base in Las Vegas, Nev. His squadron was the infamous "Red Eagles." While in the Air Force, Dyke and Linda traveled the world, made lasting friendships and memories everywhere they went. He retired in 1988 with the rank of Master Sergeant and 20-plus years of service.

Dyke was an accomplished artist, using oils, charcoal, pastels, pencil and ink for his paintings and sketches. He was an avid carver and enjoyed working with his hands building and creating. He loved to be on the move, whether it was playing golf, water skiing, fishing, camping, hunting or visiting his family and friends.

His cremains were interred in Ohio Western Reserve National Cemetery, Rittman, Ohio.



"CONSTANT PEG"



Mikoyan i Gurevich MiG-21F-13 "YF-110B Fishbed C"
c/n "Red 65" (USAF serial 14)
4477th Test & Evaluation Squadron, U.S. Air Force
Tonopah AFB, mid-80s

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