

**Milton Richard  
Sanders Vol 2: 1968  
- 2008**





## Table of Contents

27 R&R; in Hawaii and Vietnam Completion June 1969 . . . . .	5
28 Home from Vietnam and Marriage June 1969 . . . . .	33
29 Back to Vance AFB as a T-38 Instructor Pilot . . . . .	49
30 Our First Three Children . . . . .	79
31 Air Force Institute of Technology 1974-1976 . . . . .	99
32 Assignment to the Flight Dynamics Laboratory at Wright-Patterson AFB . . . . .	133
33 England AFB Alexandria Louisiana and the A-7 Jet . . . . .	157
34 Move to Utah and Tour in Korea . . . . .	193
35 Back to Ohio . . . . .	223
36 Last Military Tour: Fort Stewart Georgia . . . . .	243
37 Trip to Utah and Transition to the Civilian World . . . . .	261
38 The Utah Story Part 2 - Jobs, Activities, and Church . . . . .	293
39 the Utah Story Part 3 Travel, Weddings, and Church . . . . .	317
40 The Utah Story Part 4 The Younger Set . . . . .	335
41 Trips after the Kids Left . . . . .	353
42 Building the Cabin 2004 - . . . . .	369
43 A Change in the Winds . . . . .	401



# 27 R&R in Hawaii and Vietnam Completion June 1969



**E**ach pilot in Vietnam was allowed to schedule a week's R&R during the year. Kay and I decided to meet in Hawaii in March, so as to not have too much time left apart from there until our wedding scheduled for the 10th of June 1969 in the Salt Lake City Temple. Kay and her Mom had already spent a great deal of time making preparations. Of course the bride's parents had the greater part of the planning and execution, however my folks in Washington DC were not able to even fly out for the wedding – partly due to finances and I suspect partly because my step-mother didn't consider me her son. But that's the way the world works sometimes. Kay and I teased her Mom about getting married in the Hawaii Temple, but we didn't seriously consider it. Kay was the oldest child in her family and a year and  $\frac{3}{4}$  older than I was, so many folks who knew her just wanted to witness

the reception for themselves.

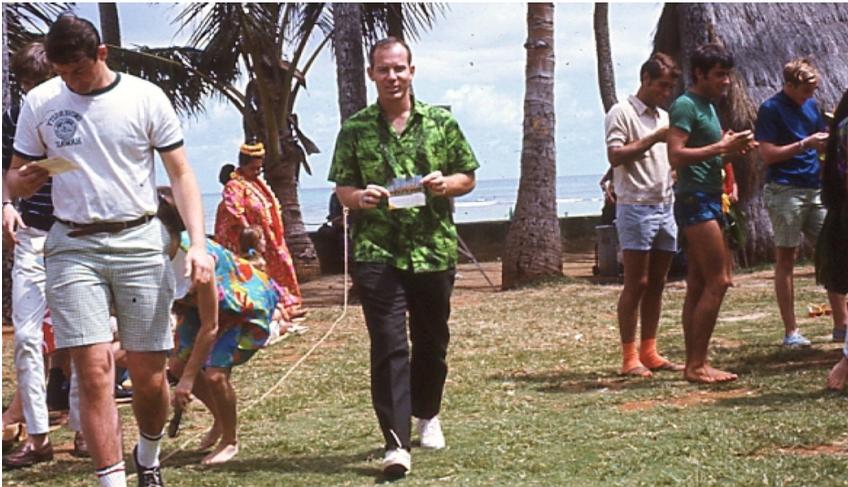
I got a flight to the military base in Saigon, then got a bus to the commercial airport, hopped on my plane and headed east for Hawaii. I had to travel in uniform and simply wore my khakis, which were a nice uniform for the tropics. We landed in Honolulu where the military had transportation for us to the reception center for R&R soldiers. Kay brought two of her sisters with her for chaperones (really they just wanted an excuse to get to Hawaii – Renee and Maureen. I was so excited getting off the bus at the reception center that I bumped my head on the bus door – but that didn't even slow me down. The girls had rented a car, and two rooms at one of the nice hotels, and off we went.



Maureen, Renee, and Kay in Hawaii

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

I checked in, changed to slacks, tennis shoes, and my Hawaiian shirt, and we went over our agenda for the following week. We had a great time going to a Hawaiian Kodak hula show, the aquarium where we got splashed a little by the dolphins, toured the Temple grounds in Hawaii, went to the church cultural center and stayed for the evening show and meal (poi is really sour – one taste is enough), went to the Arizona memorial and pretty much just whirled around Honolulu and Waikiki. The time went so fast that I really don't remember very much about it. It was just exciting to be there with Kay and two of her sisters who were full of life as well.



Milt with his Hula Certificate

One thing I do remember is that Kay and I kissed a bit (during the day and out with her sisters). Kay's sisters started teasing

her with the phrase: “ring around the collar”. It seemed that Kay had a rosy red line around her mouth from kissing. I told you her sisters were full of life – of course siblings will always do that. None of us got into any mischief, but we had a really great time. The girls went back to Utah and I had to go back to the war – but we all had some very wonderful memories.

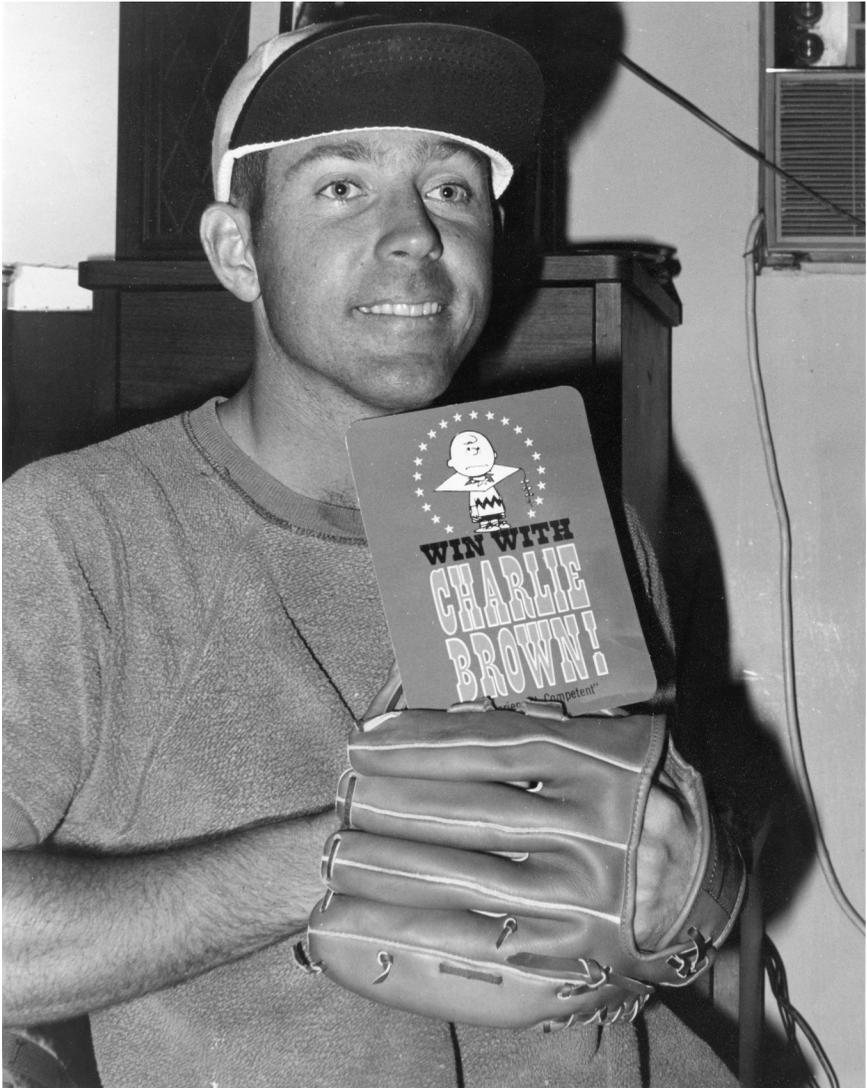
Back at Phan Rang AB, and I had more missions to fly and about three more months to go on my tour of duty. I finally got my checkout as a flight lead, so I could lead a formation. I was still a 1st Lieutenant, so I was never scheduled to lead a captain or major around, except on my checkout. My flight commander was a major, and he was OK, but that was about it. He was scheduled for my wingman on my checkout, so he was doing the checkout and reporting my progress. I briefed the mission – we had a specific target to head for with a FAC call sign and frequency to contact, and we had a time on target and a takeoff time. We went out to the jets, cranked the engines, taxied to the arming area just short of the runway (our guns and bombs were not armed back in the pits, but at the end of the runway just before getting clearance onto the runway), and the ground crew there also checked over our aircraft one last time, showed us the safety pins which they had pulled, and we showed them our ejection seat pins which we had just pulled, closed and locked our canopies, and then we taxied out to the runway to hold in position.

Upon receiving takeoff clearance, we changed our radios to the departure frequency, ran up our engines, checked all the engine instruments, reviewed our minimum acceleration check speeds for 1000 feet down the runway and 3000 feet, and I looked at my wingman when I was ready. He nodded his head back at me telling me his airplane was good to go. I released my brakes, slid the throttle into afterburner, and started rolling while checking the afterburner lit and the engine instruments were all in the proper range. Min Accel was good at both locations and I checked ahead of me again watching the runway markers (every thousand feet) going by faster and faster, then starting pulling back pressure on the control stick at 10 knots below takeoff speed to lift my nose to five degrees, and waited until I was off the ground and climbing, then I raised my gear followed by the flaps. I made a right turn after takeoff, leaving the afterburner in and climbing to 3000 feet at 300 knots before coming out of afterburner. I watched my wingman join up on me and we headed towards the target as departure changed us to an in-flight control frequency. I gave him the climb check signal and we both unclipped our zero delay lanyards from our parachutes. The zero delay lanyards would pull our ripcords automatically as we left the ejection seat in case we had to eject at low altitude, giving us better safety parameter. We climbed to 13,000 feet and headed north, also performing a level off check.

As we got closer to the target, ARTC changed us to our tactical frequency and we contacted the FAC for our target briefing. As the FAC got us in sight, we went from fingertip formation to circle the target with the jets on opposite side of our target so we could maintain bombing spacing – we never wanted to pick up bomb fragments from the other jet's bombs, so tried to use about 30 second roll-in spacing. We had four bombs each plus our 50 caliber machine guns. All was going well as I made my 4th bomb pass, which was my last bomb. My wingman went through dry for some reason so he still had a bomb. I noted that, and rolled in for a strafing pass. For some reason my wingman forgot he still had a bomb and he rolled in for a strafing pass to follow me. I noticed that, but I was busy and that fact got stuck somewhere in the back of my mind. The FAC didn't catch that fact either. After two strafe passes, we joined up and got our bomb damage assessment briefing from the FAC. Then we started home.

As a normal procedure each aircraft was to check the other for any noticeable damage of fuel leaks. I gave the major a wing drop to cross over to my other side and check my plane, which he did. Then I gave him the hand signal to take the lead while I checked him over. I thought I was checking his plane very thoroughly, but later found that I hadn't even seen his remaining bomb still hanging on one of his bomb racks. He gave me the lead back, and

as we headed back to the base he was having some fun going back and forth and up and down behind me just having a good time. We got back to the base, pitched out, and landed normally. When we turned off the runway and into the de-arming area, the ground crew got excited about the bomb still on my wingman's aircraft. They were able to safe it and we gingerly taxied back into the parking area. I got chewed out for missing a whole bomb still hanging on his wing. I felt pretty stupid, especially about letting him pitch out over the base when we came back for landing. Yes, he should have kept track of his own bombs, but we are supposed to back each other up, and cross check everything. I think he might have been a little embarrassed about not keeping track of his own weapons – after all he was a very experienced major! He passed me on my flight lead check, and I didn't hear anything more about that. He probably didn't advertise my error, but somebody had to know about it somewhere, although it never came back to me. That day I learned that any experienced pilot can make a mistake, and I need to watch out much better for my wingman, no matter who he was, and I had better be a little more careful myself!



Milt Clowning Around Looking Forward to Going Home

The days were hot; many days we were tired; and it was easy to forget something with all the procedures we went through. One

day I got back from a mission, and went to put my safety pins back into the ejection seat, and they were still in the safe position. I had never taken them out and had flown the entire mission with a safed ejection seat. If I had had to eject immediately close to the ground, I wouldn't have made it.

Another time I was flying as wingman to the wing vice commander, a bird colonel. As we were going to the target, I didn't know what he had on his mind. He was casually climbing 2000 feet then descending back down, as if he were not paying any attention to his altitude. He did this several times. I had this crazy idea to let him go up and down while I stayed at the initial altitude, but wisdom tempered my thoughts and I just kept going up and down with him. A 1st Lt (O-2) doesn't mess with a colonel (O-6) and get away with it. Silly me.

One night I was flying wingman to a captain and we were on a Sky Spot mission. This type of mission was more of a harassment mission to the Vietcong. We were directed by radar on the ground to fly a specific course, altitude, and heading as directed. The ground controller would make slight corrections as we got closer to the target. He had the type bombs we were carrying and graphs to chart the ballistics of each type of bomb we were carrying. As we got close to bomb release, we would arm our switches, and the controller would count down. We would drop on his mark without changing speed, altitude or direction.

Then we would turn around and head back to base. This was not an accurate way to bomb, but it did keep the VC up at night at times. This one night the controller was giving us directions, and asked to transmit a specific IFF code so he was sure that it was us that he was controlling. We were flying along at 300 knots about 14,000 feet level, and we could see a few lights on the ground from the cities around us. We then noticed that all the lights we could see drifted away behind us and we were out over the ocean as we headed south towards Australia. My flight lead called the ground controller and asked if he had radar contact. The controller responded with an affirmative. About 5 minutes later my flight lead called him again. There was a significant pause, and then we heard, “Radar contact lost.” Yeah, right. I’m not sure that he ever had us. We turned around and went home with our bombs still on the jets.

The night time around Vietnam was very pretty with almost no light pollution at all. One night I counted 13 meteorites on our very quiet Sky Spot mission. Another night we were flying through a thunderstorm and bouncing around in the turbulence. I could just barely see my leader’s formation lights – one behind his canopy, one on the bottom underneath the cockpit, and one high on the tail. I had to find my arming switches by feel because I didn’t dare take my eyes off his dim formation lights. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see purple electrical fingers of light

dancing slowly across my windscreen. I wanted to turn my head and look at them so badly, as they really looked pretty, but I didn't dare do that without losing sight of my flight leader.

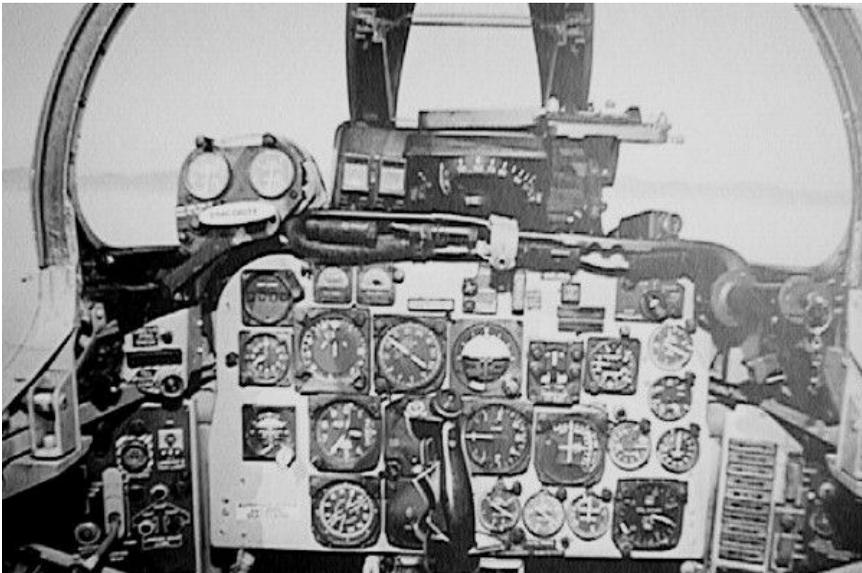
Occasionally, experience is gained with sudden flashes of panic followed by after the fact analysis of the situation. One night, we went out as a flight of two aircraft, as Bobcat 21 and 22. Most of my combat experience was as a wingman following a more experienced flight lead, who had the responsibility of caring for the "newbie" wingman. Following standard procedure, we took off as single ships, due to carrying of live ordinance, and rejoined after takeoff. The lead aircraft would leave his afterburner on until number two got close enough to visually acquire the navigation lights which were set to Bright/Flash. Upon a call from Bobcat 22 (me), lead would come out of afterburner. As I joined into close formation, I called for the nav lights to go to Dim/Steady, while leaving mine on Bright/Flash until entering a combat area. This allowed my eyes to transition to a darker environment and maintain formation easier. The Dim/Steady position could not be seen from the ground at altitude, however when we split up and took spacing for night dive bombing, we turned out all our external lights. Our F-100's were camouflaged, and on very dark nights, all I could see of the lead aircraft were three lights: wingtip, tail, and light behind the canopy. The rest of the aircraft blended so well with the darkness, that not even a

dim silhouette could be seen without a good moon out. Interior cockpit lights were set as dim as possible, and they were red lights which were supposed to not interfere with night vision.

All military aircraft have caution and warning lights, plus a Master Caution light. Whenever a problem develops that turns on a small caution or warning light, the big yellow Master Caution light near the top of the instrument panel flashes to catch the pilot's attention. Caution lights are yellow, meaning that they do not require the pilot's immediate attention – although they come on seldom enough that the pilot has to be careful not to immediately divert all his attention to them while forgetting that he still has an aircraft to fly and formation to maintain. The warning lights are red, indicating that the pilot must give attention to them as soon as possible.

About 20 minutes after takeoff, my Red Master Caution light blossomed on, and as I scanned the cockpit, I noticed that my red warning light for the master fuel shutoff valve was on. I immediately notified Bobcat 21 of my situation. The F-100 has a fuel shutoff valve that closes off all fuel to the engine. The warning light was an indication to me that very soon, my airplane would become very, very quiet. I was astounded when the calm, very matter of fact voice came back over the radio and said, "Don't worry about it, just keep flying." Yeah, right!

Don't worry about it!!!! My heart was halfway to my throat, and I was scanning the very dark jungle below wondering where I was going to end up in a very few minutes. But my engine (the only one I had) kept its throaty vibrations rumbling through the airframe. I was not at all confident of the faith my flight lead had in my engine! If my engine quit, he would still be flying, and I would be the one hanging under the parachute wondering what was waiting for me in the black jungle below. As the mission progressed, my engine kept running. We delivered our bombs, flew home, and landed normally.



F-100 Cockpit Instrument Panel  
Caution and Warning Lights are on Lower Right

During debriefing by Bobcat 21, I learned that the warning light in the Master Fuel Shut Off valve illuminates when the valve is not in the fully opened position. The valve in my aircraft had vibrated out of that position causing the warning light to come on. I had acquired a little more knowledge for my airmanship skills; however, I still believe that we should have returned to base without hesitation. Fortunately, the engine kept running; we completed our mission; and I returned safely. I never saw that light come on again in flight during my more than 600 hours flying the F-100.

Jet pilots train a lot for emergency ejection, and wonder what it will really feel like. We also wonder if we will try to save a plane rather than leave a comfortable seat behind and return to fly another day. We think through various situations and make up our minds under what conditions ejection will be automatic without having to think about the decision. We think a lot about emergencies because when one happens, there is not usually time to philosophize. We act, or we die. Even after many years of not flying, I still remember many “bold face” emergency procedures – those that are committed to memory and made reflex action with hardly a thought. “EJECTION HANDLES, RAISE; TRIGGERS SQUEEZE – remembering to attain proper body position.”

My roommate in Vietnam was Lt. Jim Thames, a classmate from the Air Force Academy, a good athlete, a good pilot. There were not many times that the squadron commander would let two lieutenants fly together, but Jim and I flew a number of missions, with Jim as flight lead. He was good.

I had a chance to go to Japan for a week's leave, not knowing what mischief Jim would get into while I was gone. While hitching rides back to base, I managed to grab a C-123 "Trash Hauler" (which is what fighter pilots called the transports – but I knew better, because they carried fighter pilots on leave) which brought me back to Phan Rang about 3:00 in the afternoon. I disembarked at the passenger ramp, only to see a very happy, grinning from ear-to-ear Jim Thames in an unmarked flight suit walking sprightly from an Army chopper.

Jim had gone the previous day on a mission to IV Corps, the southernmost military geographical region of South Vietnam. On most targets, we normally just view the dull jungle as it flashes by at 400 knots, and are not much aware of who or what is really down there. Jim was making dive bomb passes with 500 pound "slick" bombs, dropped in pairs. We always had to anticipate an active hostile environment, although in this case there were no reports of enemy fire. They were bombing a "suspected" enemy concentration area, and were controlled by a forward air controller. As Jim pulled out of his dive on his second pass and

rolled left to avoid a predictable flight path, he started getting warning lights on his instrument panel, and noticed an engine fire light. He had been hit by ground fire! When bombs are dropped, the enemy knows what is coming and keeps his head down. When they observe no bombs coming off, they keep their heads up and continue firing their weapons.

Jim declared an emergency, and turned towards the pre-briefed emergency egress heading to get away from the target area. Bailing out over the “gomers” you just bombed is not a good idea in anybody’s book! He had a divert base, a helicopter field with a runway about 35 miles away. With his engine losing power and unable to hold altitude or maintain control, Jim exercised his option to eject. He pulled the ejection triggers and shot out of the cockpit milliseconds after the canopy separated. Normally the “butt kicker” pushes the pilot out of the seat shortly after the seat leaves the aircraft. Jim found himself tumbling in the seat and realized there had been a failure in the seat sequencer. He manually opened his lap belt, kicked free from the seat, and pulled his parachute ripcord. Following the jolt of the opening canopy and feeling the pull of a filling chute, he relaxed for a moment. Then he opened his oxygen mask, deployed his survival seat pack, and started looking around for a place to land. In his own words, as his seat started up the rail, “Everything turned to slow motion. The canopy raised slowly and was swept back by

the breeze. My seat rode up the rails and cleared the aircraft, then began slowly tumbling backward. On the second rotation I realized that I was still in the seat when I should have already separated. I opened my lap belt and kicked free, reaching for the ripcord.”

Finding a small clearing in the jungle, Jim headed for it after performing the 4-line cut that made his chute more steerable. After landing, he heard gunfire and bullets whizzing through the jungle around him. Even 15 miles from the target area, “Charlie” was active and had seen him come down. He started running while he pulled out his survival radio and made a call on guard. He had gone about a hundred yards and was really short of breath, when he looked behind him. Still attached to his harness was his survival kit with a fully inflated one-man raft being dragged through the jungle foliage. He quickly cut the cord and continued through the jungle away from the gunfire.

A nearby Army chopper heard his radio call, and had been monitoring the emergency frequency when he bailed out. They contacted him and swooped down toward his location. He tried to call them off as they were taking fire from a nearby patch of jungle, but they ignored it and picked him up. The chopper had five holes in it when they inspected it back at the chopper base, but it also had one very lucky, and very happy fighter pilot. Jim had gotten a small cut during the bailout, and was awarded the

Purple Heart for a wound during combat action. We were all glad to have Jim back on base, and after clearance by the flight surgeon, Jim was back flying combat missions in a couple of days. He was without his new Nikon camera that he had taken along that day, but the Air Force called it a combat loss of personal equipment and reimbursed him. That was the icing on the cake.



1st Lt Jim Thames with his F-100, "Connie Babes"

Another rule that we had, was a combat crew day. From the time we reported to work until we had to be back on the ground was 12 hours. We also needed to make a night landing every 30 days to maintain night currency. My roommate was on leave in Japan, and he came back on his return day around 1300, (1:00 PM). He found that he was scheduled for a night mission. One of the squadron leaders noticed that Jim hadn't had any flights in the past 8-9 days and didn't think that his first mission back should be a night flight. I was on a very early mission that morning, and had been turned loose about 0900, and was finished for the day. As the scheduler was looking for someone to replace Jim on his mission, I was the only one who "filled" their definition of crew rest, since the night mission had a 2300 takeoff. Yes, I had been up early, and had been awake all day, just not on duty. I got scheduled in spite of the circumstances since they had no one else, and they didn't want to cancel a mission which would look bad on the squadron statistics and the leadership as well. I went up on that night mission. My eyes were watering badly and I had to blink every 2-3 seconds so I could see what I was doing. It was even difficult to stay awake much less be fully alert in a complex situation. I finally completed the mission successfully without problems noticed by anyone, but that was a night that I literally almost fell into bed and was out like a light! The exigencies of war and the pride of the leadership not to lose a mission and look bad forced me into a bad situation!

The occasion of one's last scheduled combat flight in Vietnam was a time for celebration. The entire squadron would turn out for the landing at the end of the mission, stop the aircraft on the parking ramp, bring out the fire truck and the champagne, and give the pilot a rip roaring welcome and congratulations.

My last flight was scheduled as a two-ship mission where I was assigned flight lead responsibilities and was given another 1st Lt. as a wingman. That was the way to end one's tour: be given the confidence vote of responsibility and give you a wingman that you outranked – by date of service if not rank on the shoulder. My wingman had heard about things done by pilots on their last flights – things that were not within either the rules of flight, or the rules of wise decisions. The Lieutenant listened to my preflight briefing where we covered the mission parameters, emergency procedures, safe areas, and emergency egress headings. After I had finished, he had only one comment: "Bring me back safe and don't get us in trouble." He was obviously referring to doing one of those "stupid, show-off" stunts. I really had not planned on doing anything out of the ordinary, except making a wing landing — a landing where both planes stayed in formation all the way down to the runway and touched down together. That was an authorized maneuver and was a technique for getting planes down faster when the weather was poor and we could not perform overhead patterns. It also looked

very nice and professional when it was done correctly. I did brief the procedures for making such a landing, before we left the building for our planes.

As we went to the life support shop to get our equipment, me for the last time in Vietnam, I put on my life vest – which held radios, holster, first aid equipment and some flares. Then I checked out my Smith & Wesson .38 caliber Combat Masterpiece revolver and loaded it. We always hoped we would not have to use it, mainly because it was not much firepower. We usually loaded three regular rounds and three tracer rounds. We could fire the tracers up through the jungle canopy at night if we had bailed out and needed to attract attention from friendly aircraft. Then I took my two water bottles out of the freezer and filled the portion above the ice with cold water. By the time we came off target, the ice would have nearly melted and gave me nice, cold water to drink. I put on my “g” suit, picked up my parachute and helmet, and climbed into the crew shuttle which took us out to our aircraft.

I don't remember much about the mission, except that after we took off, rejoined, and headed to the target, we found that the target was inaccessible. I can't remember the exact reason, but was probably due to weather over the area. We were left with fully armed aircraft and no target to drop the weapons on. Shortly after our classmate was killed during landing with

unexpended ordinance, headquarters put out a policy that unexpended weapons were to be jettisoned prior to landing, if at all possible. We had designated jettison areas over the ocean, where we headed to jettison our 500 pound slick MK 82 bombs. We had had problems of bombs arming when they were jettisoned safe. The arming wires ran through a small hole in the nose and tail fuses. If we armed the weapons stations, then solenoids would hold one end of the wire to the plane, and the other end would be pulled out of the fuse when the bomb dropped away from the plane. When the wire came out, a small propeller would then turn and gearing would remove a mechanical block in the fuse, allowing it to go off at impact. Occasionally, the wire would stick in the solenoid when it was not energized, and a bomb intended to be dropped safe, would go armed – not a good occurrence.

We approached the jettison area and decided to jettison our bombs one aircraft at time, so the other aircraft could monitor the jettison and the bomb impact in the water. We first flew over the area to check for any watercraft. I then jettisoned my bombs first from about a 2000 foot altitude, making sure that all the “arming” switches were off. All six of my bombs went off when they hit the water. Probably gave fish for miles around some pretty good headaches. My wingman then jettisoned his bombs, and all six of his bombs went off. We headed for home, a little

unsatisfied about the mission, and with armed bombs to report.

Unknown to us, our welcoming crew had kept informed about our mission abort status and thought we were coming back with live armament. I had asked my roommate to film our formation landing, but with live ordinance, we would not be able to make a wing landing. Consequently he missed our landing on film. After the de-arming crew safed our guns, several squadron pilots led us down the taxiway on their motorcycles in a mini-parade. Knowing that the champagne was coming, and being a non-drinker, I had carried a can of root beer in the cockpit with me. So when they handed me the champagne, I held it up, and drank from my root beer can. That didn't seem to bother them, since they respected my beliefs.

As I was coming down the aircraft ladder, one Major hiding under the wing turned on the fire hose from the fire truck and soaked me down good while I was chasing him trying to pour the rest of my root beer on him. Then I sat down on the runway for a minute, thoroughly soaked with water, when they poured the champagne on my head. Boy did that sting my eyes. The squadron had a large "lucky horse shoe" cut out of plywood upon which they painted the number of combat missions flown (although they missed count on my number of missions). This went around my shoulders while everyone snapped pictures and congratulated me on a successful year in combat.

The last mission was both a relief and a little sadness – relief in the sense of not having to fly combat into unknown areas, relief in the sense that this tour of duty was finished, — yet sadness at the end of a very exciting and dangerous time when the pilot was the “knight in shining armor” performing “single combat” for the glory of the US of A. The relief and the celebration overshadowed the sense of loss, fortunately, and a new window opened on my next assignment as a T-38 instructor pilot in undergraduate pilot training, as well as my upcoming wedding. I got engaged ten days before I left for Vietnam, and got married ten days after getting home. But that is another story. Suffice it to say, that I was grateful to be going home, having done my job without getting a single bullet hole in my plane (or my body), and completing 251 successful combat missions flying 396 combat hours in the F-100, single seat, single engine aircraft.



Squadron Pilots Escorting Milt Back To The Parking Area After Landing On His Last Flight.



A Happy Milt Holding His Can of Root Beer After Completing His Last Flight



Milt Getting His Champagne Poured Over His Head After His Last Flight (Missions had been miscalculated – really 251)



Last Flight Hose Down



615th TAC Fighter Squadron

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

## 28 Home from Vietnam and Marriage June 1969



**F**ollowing my last flight, I had about 10 days to wrap up all the paper work, get what little I had packed up to send home, and sit and vegetate. I could probably have flown a few more missions, but the action was slowing down and the remaining pilots were happy to take on the load to get their mission count up.

Again I got a flight to Saigon, got to the commercial airport, and boarded my long, long flight home. I had stuffed my electric razor in my carry-on bag because I knew I was going to need it before getting off the plane in Salt Lake. I was excited to finish up my tour and head home to another adventure. My folks were not involved in my wedding, but my Uncle Lee and Aunt Ermon Sanders, along with Uncle Frank and Aunt Winifred Bowers, pulled the wedding luncheon together for me (I wasn't aware of anything about pre-wedding responsibilities) at the country club, and Kay and her mom Shirley, had the entire year to plan

the reception, the invitations, etc. Kay sent me drafts of the invitations and we discussed those. I also was able to ask Aunt Winifred and Uncle Frank if we could use their cabin for our honeymoon. It was just a little ways up Little Cottonwood Canyon, and was a very nice one. I had been up there several times when we lived in Salt lake City back when I was in kindergarten through 2nd grade, and really loved it.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Gerber  
have the honor of  
announcing the marriage of their daughter  
Kay  
to  
Milton Richard Sanders  
Lieutenant United States Air Force  
son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Sanders  
Monday, the sixteenth of June  
nineteen hundred sixty-nine  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
Married in Salt Lake Temple

### Our Wedding Invitation

Since we were planning our wedding in the Salt Lake City Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of latter-Day Saints, we needed to have interviews by Kay's bishop and her stake president, in order to get our temple recommends. The bishop's interview was a

little strange when I look back on it, as he interviewed us both together. He knew Kay really well, but didn't know me at all. He didn't seem to know quite what to do, but we got through both interviews, got our recommends, and gave them to Dad Gerber for safekeeping.



Harold and Shirley Gerber, Lee and Ermon Sanders, and Kay and Milt at the Wedding Luncheon

The wedding luncheon was held a couple of days prior to the wedding to get both families together. I really didn't have any civilian clothes with me, so Kay took me shopping and picked out this sport coat for me along with the tie. My taste for anything was all in my mouth, not for shopping. I was staying at the Gerber's, and Kay moved out of her room and moved in with her

sister Renee, which was very nice. I was such a naive klutz, that I just had to go along with everything that was planned and do the best I could. It seemed to work OK, and I was just so happy to be home from Vietnam, they could do whatever they felt needed to be done, and I was OK with everything.



Kay is thinking, “No, don’t tell another joke!”

We got engaged ten days before I departed for Vietnam, and our wedding was scheduled for ten days after I got back, so things were moving along pretty quickly. On the 16th of June, we got up early, put on our Sunday clothes, jumped in the car and headed off for the Salt lake Temple. I was in a complete daze about what to do and where to go, but Uncle Lee was my escort, and Kay’s Mom was her escort. We finally got to the sealing room which was full of our guests, and the officiator invited us up to the

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

altar, gave us a bride and groom lecture (which I don't remember a word of), then married and sealed us for time and all eternity. We felt like we were in Heaven.

Following the ceremony, I changed into my street clothes and Kay was in her wedding gown, and we went out on the temple grounds for the customary pictures. The weather was wonderful that day – the sun was out and the birds were singing, and I was still in my wedding day daze.



After the Ceremony



Of Course they Always give the Wedding Certificate to the Very Happy Bride

We piled into the cars and headed off for home. I pretty much got to grab some lunch and take a nap while all the gals were getting their hair and nails done for the reception. I had no idea what a production that would be. Kay had her five sisters, one cousin, and her best friend in her line, while I had asked Tom Jarvis, Kay's next younger sister's husband to be my best man (he knew everyone's names who would be coming to the reception. I was in a daze, but I was not stupid. The reception was at the Shalimar

Reception Center in South Salt Lake, not too far from the Gerber's home - 2065 East 6200 South. It is a very nice and large place. Kay was very well known, as she had grown up in that area and also was a hairdresser for many of the neighborhood women and church organist. I couldn't believe that the guests coming to the reception stretched all the way out of the building for most of the several hours of the reception. At least the ladies in our line had long dresses and they slipped out of their shoes to help them stay more comfortable. I just had to be tough and freeze my smile for all that time for all the people that I didn't even know (most of them), but the reception is the "Bride's Day", so that was fine.



The Reception Line

Sherry Hooton (friend), Marilyn Lavender (cousin), Shari Gerber, Debbie Gerber, Maureen Gerber, Renee Gerber, Linda (Gerber)

Jarvis, Kay, Milt. Tom Jarvis, Harold Gerber, Shirley Gerber

As you can see, I wore my Air Force Blues as there was insufficient time between the time I got back and the wedding, to go get fitted for much else. It also gave a good impression to all of Kay's family, friends, and acquaintances that she would be traveling around at the whim of the government for the next 17 years. Everything worked out in the end, and the important things were that Kay and I were married in the right way and her folks and family liked me a lot.

Finally the reception line dwindled down to the end, and we got ready to cut the cake. As usual as I have seen at other receptions, we tried to stuff our pieces of cake quickly into the mouths of one another, which always gets a laugh, but we weren't very messy.

As you may have noticed, the wedding announcement details my rank as 1st Lieutenant, and in the picture I am wearing captain's bars. My effective promotion date was five days before the wedding, and wasn't scheduled at the time the announcements were made. I was happy to be promoted in time to wear those bars at our wedding.



Cutting the Cake

When the events were done – garter and bouquet toss, we changed into our getaway clothes, ran through the rice toss and headed to the car. Now Kay's car had been recently repainted and she didn't want it decorated with the paint job ruined. We borrowed one of her folk's cars, an old deep red VW Beetle, and headed out. Now her sisters were full of spice and fun, so they decided to follow us. The VW didn't have much pep, and we just couldn't give them the slip, but I almost did, by turning into an alley that was wide enough for the bug to do a tight turn around, and the sisters had to do a couple of forward and reverses to get back out, but they caught right back up to us.

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

We turned into a fast food place and decided to order something to eat. That foiled the sisters' fun, so they gave up harassing us and drove away. After a burger and fries, we drove over and picked up Kay's Corvair, which already had our suitcases in it, dropped off the Beetle at her house very quietly, and headed off to the cabin.



Ready to Head Out! (Was I ever that thin?)

Unfortunately I don't have any photos of the cabin and the honeymoon, just a couple rolls of super 8 movie film. After a couple of days we invited her sisters up to the cabin and a couple of cousins and we had a big old party to liven things up. The

cabin has a Great Room that is two stories high, and the center of the room is filled with a huge swing that can also serve as a bed. Debbie slept there one night while the others got the spare bedrooms. It was a fun and memorable time.

Following the honeymoon, we packed all that the Corvair could hold and headed off to my first assignment after Vietnam, which was back to Vance AFB, Oklahoma, to be a T-38 instructor pilot. The Air Force felt that bringing some fighter pilots with recent combat experience into the pilot training program would build some excitement and morale building experiences for the pilot trainees. I agreed with that thinking and was happy to have the opportunity to train student pilots, especially in the T-38 where they already had some jet experience in the T-37 and weren't total "newbies" to flying jets.

When we got to Vance, there was a waiting list for family housing, so I put our name on the list and we went looking downtown and found a one bedroom apartment on the second floor of a small apartment building. It was small but we got it for month to month so we could be ready to move out without a lease. It did have a window air conditioner, but of course it didn't work. We complained, it got looked at, but still didn't do much.

While we were in our apartment, man's first landing on the moon occurred. Fortunately we did have a television, but the

landing was scheduled at the time of our normal church worship service (Sacrament meeting). The bishop cancelled sacrament meeting and told everyone to stay home and watch the historical moon landing. We got to watch that in real time as it occurred. It was something that I enjoyed, and we were thankful to be spectators for that event.



Our Very First Apartment – A One Bedroom at the Broadway in Downtown Enid, OK

After a short orientation in the T-38 and some flights to renew my qualification, I was sent to Tyndall AFB for Pilot Instructor Training (PIT) in the panhandle of Florida, just outside of Tallahassee. We moved out of the apartment and headed to the deep South.

The PIT course then lasted about 10 weeks and was designed to teach us pilots how to talk and demonstrate maneuvers which we had previously been trained in during Undergraduate Pilot Training (UPT). Vance put me through a short transition course in the T-38 to get me qualified to fly it again after having been gone from it for two years. We found a small cottage type rental with one bedroom, kitchen/dining room, bathroom and living room. It was adequate even if it was old. One thing I remember is that the mattress on the bed sloped into the middle sometimes interfering with a comfortable night's sleep. Behind the rental was a small river along with some grass. However with studying and instructor flight training, we didn't spend much time outside, not to mention the heat and humidity. About half way through PIT, Vance housing assigned us a house on base, even though we were away on TDY. A couple weeks later I got a call from the base complaining about the yard not being cared for. Fortunately we had been going to church and had made some friends who also lived on the base, and I was able arrange for someone to at least cut the grass. The unit we were assigned to was right on the corner of the entrance to base housing and was very visible to anyone who drove onto the base.

During our time at PIT, Hurricane Camille developed and was forecast to make landfall right where we were. As it came closer, the air base evacuated all their airplanes, but the rest of us were

left to fend for ourselves. Never having been associated with hurricanes, we really didn't know what to do, so we continued to watch the weather forecast. Fortunately for us, it veered to the west and hit the Mississippi Gulf Coast near Waveland, MS. Camille is one of only four category 5 hurricanes to hit the mainland US, lucky us. Since it veered off, we were spared pretty much of the results of landfall, and probably had some cloudiness and some rain. PIT cranked right back up again the following week and we were back at it.

We were able to find a Mormon church close to us, and we attended each Sunday. It was interesting that the buildings supported two congregations – one for the military at the base, and the other for the local civilians. I was able to meet and shake hands with Bernard A. Fisher, an A1E pilot who landed his plane in the middle of a battle in the A Shau Valley, and picked up a fellow Sandy pilot who had been shot down in the same battle. Bernie Fisher received the Medal of Honor, and was a member of our church. He was just a normal guy who had an opportunity, received a prompting from the spirit that he could do this, and he proceeded to save a fellow's aviator's life at the risk of his own.

One thing that I remember well is that Kay never liked to have her picture taken. One day in Florida, I told her that I wanted to practice focusing and snapping photos from my camera. I

showed her that there was no film in the camera. She had to go do something for a minute, at which time I loaded some film in my 35mm Minolta SLR camera. When she got back, she saw that I was taking some pictures (practice) with a couple of objects on a table. I then took some pictures of her, and she made some faces as well. A couple of weeks later, I got the pictures back from the Base Exchange: she happened to see them. She really got after me, and I told her what I had done. I had to live that down for a long time. I did learn my lesson pretty much. In many of our Super 8 family films we can still see a big hand in front of the movie camera lens whenever I pointed the camera at Kay, or see her running away behind a door or around a corner of a hallway.

We finished PIT and headed back to Vance for my final instructor check rides. The training wing at Vance had a standardization and evaluation section at the wing level for both T-38 and T-37 pilots, and this section would give the instructors annual check rides for instrument, aerobatics, and sometimes formation. Each new instructor got a check ride for each phase of flight. I passed those with no problems as I had been flying regularly for the last three and a half years. We also moved into our new base quarters – a three bedroom one story, and were able to get furniture for it from base housing. We got settled, started working on the lawn, and got busy with both work and church.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

## 29 Back to Vance AFB as a T-38 Instructor Pilot



I was assigned to G flight in the T-38 squadron and was given the assignment as Safety Officer. That meant that I needed to brief a safety item every day during the flight briefing time at the start of each day. I also was to keep a safety bulletin board where safety items were posted and changed every couple of weeks. I was given four students who were already part way through their T-38 training, so I had to check where they were in the syllabus of instruction and review their progress in their files. Since I had trained at Vance just two years before, I was still acquainted with taxi routes and procedures as well as the training areas. That was very helpful in getting me back into the flying game and fully indoctrinated into teaching.

The students and I had a pretty good relationship, since they knew I had been flying fighter jets in Vietnam and was pretty much “up on exciting flying”. Once in a while they would get me

to tell them a story or two, and that kept up the fighter pilot mystique. We would normally fly at least two training flights a day and sometimes three. Three flights in one day was pretty exhausting, since we briefed each student personally just before his flight, going over planned maneuvers, checking anything that he had been having trouble with, giving him some pointers, and quizzing him on some emergency procedures. About 30 minutes prior to our takeoff time, we would head off to the equipment room, pick up our parachutes, put on our G suits which were required equipment, check out our oxygen masks, and walk out to the plane which was assigned to us. We would monitor the student while he made the exterior walk-around inspection, then climb into the cockpit where most of the time I would be in the back.

One day we were a little pressed for time, and the student was dutifully reading off his pre-start checklist very slowly. While he was doing that, I finished up my checklist, started both engines, and was still waiting for him. He was about to signal for engine start when I told him both engines were running, and to just call for taxi clearance. That kind of startled him, but we did get going in time.

One of my fellow instructor pilots in G Flight also flew radio control models. I sort of attached myself to him, and eventually built a trainer, bought a Heath Kit RC unit and built the

transmitter, receiver, and four servos which went into my plane, and he taught me how to fly RC. I had a fun four years flying RC. One year I was the president of our RC club which we called SPADS, for Salt Plains Aeromodelling Development Society. I designed a club patch, had some made, and we were in business. We had two places to fly: one was a field leased by the base about 5 miles north of town which was pretty much just dirt and weeds, but was open any time we could get free. The other place was the outside runway at Vance (Vance had three runways), which we arranged to use on Saturday mornings between 7 and 10:00 AM when the base opened on Saturday. We had a signed agreement with base operations and a copy to the security police whom we called whenever we went there to fly off the runway, so they wouldn't run us off. I guess that was really where the RC bug hit me, and I still fly RC to this day.

After I had been instructing for about four months, a safety item came down about two instructor pilots who were up on a proficiency mission (we got to do that once every couple of months to keep us in shape for our annual check rides). They were practicing a single engine landing, and had touched down, then pushed the throttle up to continue the takeoff from a touch and go. They felt the nose yaw to the left, and noted that one engine had failed to accelerate. They also heard a buzzing sound from the bad engine. As all of us knew, the T-38 would fly just

fine on one engine. They were already close to flying speed and didn't have a lot of runway left in front of them to make an abort. They attained the correct flying speed, lifted the jet off the runway, and to accelerate faster, they pulled up the landing gear really soon after liftoff. This was their fatal mistake. When the pilot raises the gear handle, the main gear doors which always cycle down then back up when the gear is either lowered or raised, cycled down. This increased their drag which the single engine could not quite overcome. They lost enough speed so the plane would not stay in the air. It came back down on the runway, slid off the end of the runway, and came apart killing both instructors.

The engine problem had been caused by a bleed valve failure. When the engines are accelerated, the automatic engine controls sense when there is an unbalance of compression with the engine turbine blades, and open a small valve to vent extra pressure overboard, allowing the engine to continue accelerating. When the initial accident report was passed out to all the T-38 training bases, I got a copy, and fully briefed our students and instructors what the problem was, how to immediately recognize it (buzzing and nose yawing toward the bad engine), and to make a quick determination to either abort or take off. If you can stop on the remaining runway, it is always better to keep the jet on the ground instead of taking a

malfunctioning plane into the air.

A month or two after I briefed this incident, I was demonstrating a single engine landing to my student. After touchdown, I pushed up the throttles to get back in the air, heard the buzzing and saw the nose yaw left. I immediately knew what was going on, and I initiated a takeoff abort without problems. As I was performing the abort, I informed mobile control that I was aborting because there were usually multiple planes in the traffic pattern practicing landings, and there could have been one about 30 seconds behind me. I was able to slow the jet, pull off the runway at the end, and park the plane on the apron. We waited for maintenance to come out, put in chocks, and the landing gear pins, then shut down, climbed out, and got a ride back to the squadron. It is never a good idea to taxi a broken plane back to the parking area. Occasionally multiple things will go wrong, not just the original problem. I was able to debrief our pilots at our next meeting to reiterate what the bleed valve failure was, how to recognize it, and what to do from my first-hand experience. I also imagine that the student riding with me had a great story to spread around to his classmates.

I had one student who was an academy graduate who could fly the plane really well, but was still having problems with the final touchdown during landings. I was pushing him pretty hard because he was good, except for that one item. One day not long

after, he came in wearing a pair of glasses. He had gone to the flight surgeon and found out that he had an eye problem that could be corrected back to 20-20 with glasses, and that kept him in the program. I felt good that he had been able to overcome that, and his landings were much improved.

Another student that I had, and also flew RC models with, couldn't remember to check the cross winds as we came down initial. As with fighters and to improve the timing in the traffic pattern, we would come straight down the runway at 1500 feet and 300 knots (initial), then roll quickly to 60 degrees of bank, pull two g's doing a 180 degree turn, where we would drop the gear and flaps (downwind), get our correct spacing, and turn final to line up with the runway. This was called a pitch out. While coming down initial, we would see which way we had to point the nose (left or right) to keep us coming straight down initial. This was important, because if the cross wind was pushing us into the runway, we would have to loosen our pitchout to keep from being too close to the runway to make a safe final turn. If the cross wind was pushing us away from the runway, we had to tighten up our pitch to keep from using too little bank in the final turn, which was not as dangerous as being too close, but it was still difficult to line up for landing and would also mess up planes behind us who were doing it right. My student just wasn't observant coming down initial; perhaps he

was just getting overloaded and didn't get to it. He was coming up on his next check ride, and Kay and I had planned for a nice vacation in Utah, and took off for three weeks. When we got back, my student had failed his check ride, gotten additional instruction, and failed his second check ride and gotten washed out. I felt badly for him, but there was little room for those who couldn't adapt within the time allotted to become proficient.

Oklahoma was noted for its ice storms – that's when the clouds send down some rain, usually light rain because the temperature in the clouds is slightly above freezing, but the ground, streets, and bushes and trees are below freezing temperature. The rain changes quickly to ice as it hits, and is very clear, and hard to see. This happened on one Sunday morning, and I was driving us to church in the Corvair. I came around a curve and Kay told me to be careful. Being cocky, I said don't worry, and intentionally turned the wheel a little hard. The back end started sliding, and I applied anti-skid turn to the front wheels, but it didn't work. The car kept turning 180 degrees, and slid onto the shoulder of sand and dirt which stopped us. Chagrined and humbled, I carefully got back on the road and slowly crawled home, skipping church. A couple of times church was even cancelled because of an ice storm.

The base had some bad weather once in a while, especially during the winter. We had what was called the "time line" which

forecast where our training had to be to keep on a graduation schedule and get the new students started when they came in after graduating our previous class. One time period, we couldn't turn a wheel for ten days, which put us way behind. The brass decided that we had to work seven days a week for the following six weeks to get back on the time line. I have to say: "That isn't any fun at all!" It also put extra pressure on our families too.

As Kay was getting acquainted with the base after we moved in, we had an experience which simply cracked me up. She came home one day very excited and said: "Wow! I found the package store. That is where I can go and mail my packages." I was rolling on the floor because that store was the Class VI liquor store, which was commonly called the Package Store, because everyone came out the door with tightly wrapped brown packages. The building even had letters across the building front labelling it as the "Package Store". Kay was also a little uncertain of herself and pretty meek. Every time I went on a cross country, which usually left on a Friday afternoon and lasted for four legs, coming back on Sunday afternoon, Kay was almost beside herself. I had to call her on the phone every day for reassurance. And if the weather got bad and we couldn't return on Sunday, that made it even worse for her.

The T-38 had a flight restriction that we couldn't fly through clouds where ice was forecast. If ice formed on the air inlets, and

pieces broke off, they would damage the engine compressor blades reducing the efficiency of the engines, and sometimes even to the point of engine failure. I took a student on a cross country and flew to Hill AFB on a Saturday, to visit Kay's folks. When it was time for us to come home on Sunday, the sky was clouded over and rime ice was forecast in the clouds. We couldn't come home. Kay was especially miffed that I was visiting her folks and she wasn't . My student and I were just sitting around in the Gerber home, and happened to notice some blue sky in the otherwise overcast sky. We hightailed it out to Hill AFB, completed our flight planning, and took off to head home by making sure that we would stay out of those dangerous clouds and climb up through the blue patches. We also noticed that we had 100 knots of Jetstream wind coming from behind us. Our distance measuring instrument was rolling off 10 miles a minute, just as you would see on your car odometer if you were doing 60 mph and watching the tenths of miles roll by. Our ground speed was 600 knots, and we made it from Hill AFB to Vance AFB in one hour and 10 minutes. Another time I was coming back from Hill on a cross country, and I was trying to placate Kay – I bought a Snelgrove's milkshake to go, and brought it back with me. It was a little soft by the time we got back, but she still liked it. Snelgroves was her favorite ice cream place.

A little over six months following our marriage, Kay found out that she was pregnant with our first child. We were discussing names – we both liked Jennifer for a girl, and Kay liked Troy for a boy, but I got her to go with Michael Troy, which is what we turned up with – a boy! Mike was 29 inches long, which was a lot, but weighted only 6 pounds four oz. As he started to grow, our pediatrician told us that he was off the normal growth charts. He was simply shooting up very quickly. Mike was pretty obstinate sometimes. When he would get frustrated or mad, he would curl his hands into fists, lean over, and hit the floor with his head (not too hard, but multiple times). Kay's folks came out for his church blessing.

By that time I had been called as a dependent branch president. Our ward covered 10,000 square miles and we had three dependent branches: 45 miles away, 60 miles away, and 72 miles away: Fairview, Woodward, and Alva. We were assigned to Fairview where we met in a 7th Day Adventist church (non-air conditioned). They didn't use it on Sunday, so they were happy to let our church rent it. I first went there assigned as a counselor to a returned missionary who was a student pilot at Vance, and he taught me the ropes of administering a branch. We had about 27 total members there, but we usually had less than 12 in attendance. This was before our current block schedule, so we would roust out of bed early, get ready, drive the 45 miles to

church. There was one active family with four boys that came every Sunday. We would go visit all the members we could find and encourage them to come out to church. In the morning we would hold Priesthood and Relief Society meetings with Kay doing Relief Society and I would handle Priesthood meeting. We would take turns with Sunday School, then we would wait at the church or at a nearby park, eat our picnic lunch, then go back for Sacrament meeting in the afternoon. On Fast Sunday, we would have everyone bear their testimony and be finished in about 25 minutes. Kay was a good pianist, so we did have music, and the active family had Aaronic Priesthood age boys who could help with the sacrament service.

With Kay's folks living in Holiday, Utah, the church was only a couple of blocks away. They were a little taken with our ability and desire to serve out in the mission field and the distances we traveled. We were happy to be of service. We were also thrilled that Harold and Shirley Gerber flew out to Oklahoma for Mike's blessing. They increased our attendance at church by significant percentage points.

One Sunday we had challenged one of the inactive members to come to church, which he did. The wooden pews were shellacked instead of varnished, and the weather was hot. After the meeting was over and the inactive member left, we could see the outline his back left on the pew. It was humorous, but also a little sad, in

that we figured that not only the heat, but his not being comfortable to be in church would keep him from coming back, which was the case.

One summer, Dad and Jean sent my brother Alan out to spend the summer of 1970 with us. We picked him up at the Oklahoma city airport and brought him home. He was excited to be with us on an Air Force base. We had a 3-bedroom home and had plenty of room for him. At the time, no one there at home was going to church, and we took him with us, which he enjoyed. I hope that we were part of the reason that he went on a mission to Norway for two years. That summer I taught him how to fly control line model airplanes and got him interested in the guitar as well. I guess I am to blame for Alan developing both of those hobbies to the point that he has far exceeded my skills. There was a girl at church named Ida Mae Scott which developed into a crush for him. Alan built a control line plane that he named after her. Dad had never mentioned when he wanted Alan to return to DC, so we ended up buying him a return plane ticket at the end of the summer before school started. We did have a great 4th of July that year. Fireworks were then legal in Oklahoma, and I bought a good size bag of them. We drove out on a dirt road not too far away, and set them all off, including some nice firecrackers and bottle rockets. "Rockets' red glare" had a special connotation for us after that 4th of July. It was nice to have him for the summer,

although Kay was getting along in her third trimester of pregnancy, and had to work a little harder to have another person in the house, especially when I was at the flight line five days a week.

When Mike was 17 months old, Jeremy, our second son arrived. We named him Jeremy Paul Sanders. The first time I saw him as he came out of the delivery room, he stuck his tongue out at me. I knew that I would be in trouble with this one! By that time I had been called as 1st counselor in the Enid Ward bishopric. I was still very limited in training to be in a leadership position. Our Stake President, Wiley S. Callister, had planned bishops' training for several overnight stays in Oklahoma City where the stake center was located, 81 miles away. We would drive down on a Friday after work, stay overnight with a member, and spend a good deal of Saturday in training. The training helped a great deal for administration purposes, but actual experience helped even more as we each made and recognized our mistakes as we dealt with our responsibilities. Our bishop was a young doctor on base, who started college at age 15. He was exceptionally smart, but lacked wisdom and experience by growing up too quickly. Just as one example, his Volkswagen van engine was making noises. He took it into a service station, and they told him the rods were knocking. Not knowing what that was, he said OK then drove his van until the engine totally broke down. He was the one

who ordained me to be a High Priest at age 27, which was required for a counselor in the bishopric.

With many of the ward members being military, we had changes often. I served as the dependent branch president in Alva, Oklahoma for a short period of time. That branch was quite a bit larger than the Fairview Branch, and they had their own building. Following that assignment, I spent some time as the executive secretary to one of our military bishops.

Once when our bishop was changed, I was called to the High Council, and made the Oklahoma City trip at least twice a month for meetings in the evenings. I was assigned as a stake auditor, and another member of my ward, also on the High Council, was sent out with me to the various wards in the stake, spread over a wide area, to perform annual audits of both the membership and the finances. I also was assigned to speak in various wards in the stake. That was a trial for me as well.

I had several experiences that I remember, that told me the Lord had me in his hands and was watching over me. One evening I was traveling into Oklahoma City for a high council meeting in our Corvair, when suddenly a red light illuminated on the dash. It was the alternator light. Being a pilot, a red light was usually an exciting moment. The car kept running, but I figured that I would not be able to make the city and travel home at night

without exhausting the battery and getting stuck on the road someplace. I came into a small town a few minutes later and pulled into a garage. The mechanic opened the engine compartment, and found that the fan belt had just slipped off. It was not broken. Ten minutes later I was back on the road heading to my meeting, a little late. As I got within two blocks of the stake center, I saw flashing red lights as I approached an intersection where there had been an accident. I was figuring that if I had not been delayed by the fan belt, I perhaps would have been in that accident if I had been on time.

Another time, our bishop was holding interviews at the church on a Saturday afternoon, and as executive secretary, I was asked to be in the building during those interviews, as church policy stipulated that the bishop was not to be alone with his interviews. As I was driving to the church that day, the weather was very pleasant, I had my windows down, and I took a different route through the neighborhood on the way to the church. I was driving about 20 mph down a residential street, and noticed another street angling in at a 45 degree angle. The house on that corner had a tall wooden fence that blocked the view from the angling street. As I was passing that corner, a kid on a bike came racing into my view along that street, and I was able to jam on my brakes, squealing the tires as I hit the horn, and stopped just before I would have hit the bicyclist. My heart

was in my throat, and I was nearly shaking. I saw several house doors open as a few people looked out to see what all the ruckus was about. The kid just kept on going as fast as he could, probably scared nearly out of his britches. The reason I mention this, is that I hardly ever drove under the speed limit, and if I had been going 25, or a few mph over, he would have been dead meat! But I was simply enjoying the day, on my way to serve the bishop, and driving slowly, which I hardly ever did.

One Saturday, our ward was having a beach party about an hour's drive from Enid, and some of the ward members had motor boats. A week or so earlier, our stake president had sent word that there was to be a stake wide priesthood meeting at the stake center that specific Saturday. We adjusted our beach time, so that some of us would carpool earlier to the stake center while we left sufficient transportation for our families to be able to return home without problems.

As we went into the meeting, we sat down and President Callister described a plan which he and his counselors had worked up, to raise some money to send six Indian chiefs with tribes in our stake boundary to Salt Lake City to meet the prophet. The tribes were not very active, and our president thought that if he could influence the chiefs, that the tribesmen would follow. They needed six thousand dollars to make this happen, and it would come from voluntary contributions from the families in the

stake. I found it very interesting that those attending, especially the older High priests, were asking many involved questions about how the money would be used, who would make the decisions, how they could be sure that the money would be properly used, etc. As a young Elder at the time, I was low on the totem pole. I had faith in our stake president and could see the wisdom in his plan. All of a sudden, I got a feeling from the spirit that I needed to raise my hand. I just could not keep my hand down. I had never felt the spirit so strong in my life before. I raised my hand, was called on by President Callister, and I said: "President you will have my money in your mailbox on Tuesday morning. The room went quiet as the spirit wrapped up the entire room. Not another question was asked. The president closed the meeting after a sustaining vote, and we went home. About 5-6 months later, I saw an article in the Church News with a picture of six Indian Chiefs from Oklahoma visiting with the prophet of our church. I have no idea if anything else came from that, but for me, it was an incredible experience that I still feel to this day.

I grew a lot in the church in Oklahoma. I had many responsibilities at various times; I experienced many spiritual events, and our family grew. Oh, I remember one other time that I learned an excellent lesson. Our stake conferences were held in Oklahoma City. We had some in the winter time as well.

Oklahoma, as I have mentioned is somewhat famous for its ice storms. We had an upcoming conference scheduled one winter morning. I set my clock radio to wake us up Sunday morning in time to get the kids ready, and drive the distance to get there on time. I was worried about ice storms. As we said our prayers on Saturday night, I asked the Lord to let us know if it would be safe to travel to Oklahoma City the next morning. As my clock radio clicked on, the first words I heard were: "... and the temperature is 36 degrees." I knew that we would not have an ice storm, that the roads would be safe to travel. However I was very tired, the bed was warm, our kids were terrible in long meetings (there's another story about that), so I just turned off the alarm, rolled over and went back to sleep. I realized later that day, that my prayer had been answered just as I asked, yet I didn't respond positively to that answer. I neglected it and stayed home from the conference. I realized that I would be held accountable for that some day in the future, and that bothered me. I learned to not ask for something without the commitment to follow through, and be totally ready to accept the answer and respond positively. I have pretty much done that the rest of my life.

While at Vance I had the opportunity to go to a school that was called Squadron Officers School, in Montgomery, Alabama. It was a professional school for company grade officers teaching them many things about how the Air Force worked, which would

really help in promotions while trying to move up the ranks. The school was 10 weeks long, so we packed up Mike and Jeremy, and drove to Alabama for that school. There was a trailer park that was available for mostly students for that school, and it was affectionately called “Muddy Meadows”. There wasn’t much grass, but it did have a playground, and most of the moms were wives of military officers. The trailers were pretty nice 3-bedroom ones with a small room that would be a good study room. We had lots of manuals and things to read, many lectures, social opportunities, and athletics were also a big part. All of us were expected to commit to run so many miles in 10 weeks, and I went for 75 miles (I barely made that, the last few days we were there. One of our lecture halls was a large medium blue auditorium. We nicknamed it “The Blue Bedroom” because it was so easy to fall asleep in it with the lights down and a lecturer on the stage.

Kay was having a difficult time with our two boys, because they were sleeping in one bedroom and would sometime wake each other up. Another problem was that the trailers were not well insulated, and this was in the fall where the temperature varied quite a bit between day and night. As the metal expanded and contracted, especially at night, we would hear bumps and bangs that would wake us up, making it difficult to get a good night’s sleep, and I had much to study for, and couldn’t be a big help to

Kay. I remember one day I went with Kay and our boys to the playground, and our boys were going down the slide. Jeremy was about 11 months old. As he was going down the slide, I stood about half way down watching him. His body got a little crooked, his bare foot caught on the side, and he flipped right over the opposite side of the slide from me. I leaned as far as I could towards him, and managed to catch his ankle and hold him up before he could hit the sand head first. I thought that was a great catch, but it would have been a lot more serious if he had hit the ground. We were a little more careful after that. The Lord was still watching over us and helping.

We had plenty of tests, and were graded by our section leaders (about 12 men to a section) for our aptitudes, leadership skills, and our test scores. For athletics we played soccer and flicker ball, and we also completed our mile and a half annual run, which we took every year. We had one young man who was an Olympic runner. He would run the three miles over to the track while the rest of us drove, then he would run his mile and a half for time, still beating all of us. That didn't help our morale much, but it was what it was. One of my classmates flew to Alabama in his Beechcraft Bonanza private plane. He offered to take us for a ride one weekend, and we jumped at it. We all got in the plane and as he was taxiing out to the runway, he found that he had very little braking action, so he turned around and taxied

back. We never did get our ride. Kay got pregnant with Amy while we were there, and had to go to the OB at the hospital a few times dragging our two other toddlers along. We finally finished and were really glad to drive back to Vance and get back into our bigger home.

A couple more flying stories and then I will move on to our next move. We had a couple of flights in the syllabus for low altitude navigation. They were called low level flying, but we flew them at fifteen hundred feet which is not really low level. I have done 500, 300 and 100 foot low level missions in fighters, and 1500 feet is really laughable. But for a new jet pilot student, we had to start somewhere where it was easier. This day, I briefed my student who would be in the front cockpit flying and navigating – it was difficult to do from the back because I could not see straight in front of us. We went over the low level map, briefed headings, altitudes, airspeed, and bank angle in the turns, etc. The weather was pretty cloudy, and we needed 2000 feet minimum between the bottom of the clouds and the ground to legally fly these missions. I wasn't too worried about it because in a previous chapter, I had mentioned that in the F-100 training the instructor put me in the back seat with an instrument hood blocking my outside vision and had me fly a complete low level mission and come out very close to the target. We took off, flew to the low level route entry, made a radio call in the clear to let

others know that we were VFR (visual flight rules, and not followed by any radar), and entering the route. The clouds were perhaps below 2500 feet, but above 1500 feet where we were, but there was a lot of haze and we could not see very far to the sides or in front. I figured that even if we could not find some of our waypoints, that we would still be good by flying the speed and times we figured on the map. As we hit the first turn point, my student used a 30 degree bank turn, when he should have used 45 degrees of bank. I wasn't quick enough to correct him, so our turn radius was a lot bigger than it should have been. In about 45 seconds I was totally lost, and of course the student never had any idea of what to look for anyway. I also need to say that another low level mission was behind us, and we heard him call that he was aborting the low level route for bad weather. That should have given me a clue Since we were pretty well lost and off our route, I took control of the jet, cancelled our mission and started navigating for something that I knew would get us back to base. We couldn't just climb into the clouds because we had no instrument clearance, and that would be both illegal as well as dangerous. I stayed below the clouds and looked for the river that went east-west, and would lead us back to the base. I found the river; we followed it in, and got back into the traffic pattern and landed the jet, ready to try again the next day.

One day I was flying with a student on an instrument mission with the student in the back seat. We accomplished our syllabus maneuvers at altitude, and were flying a published instrument approach back to the field to land. It was winter time, and there were some clouds, actually a lot of clouds with a lower overcast about 4000 feet. The weather conditions were such that I knew we could get rime ice if we stayed in any of the clouds. My student was following the approach as it was written. We were supposed to level off at 5000 feet for a while. As we approached 6000 feet, I could see that we were going to level off in the clouds. I should have told my student to level off right where we were, but for some reason I didn't. We leveled off in the clouds and stayed there for about five minutes, before we went lower as published, broke out of the clouds, lowered the gear and flaps, and a minute later I took over at our missed approach point because I could see the runway. I added a few knots to our landing speed because of possible ice, and then landed the plane. After we taxied in and shut down, I looked at our wings, and I saw about an inch of rime ice extending straight out from the thin leading edge of the wing. That kind of scared me, because that stuff could be dangerous, even causing our stall speed to go up. Fortunately that day, we were lucky, and survived my stupidity.

After a year flying with students, I was elevated to a wing position as a wing stan/eval pilot. We were the ones who gave check rides to instructors. That was a vastly different experience since we had to listen to the instructors give us their training spiels as they went through different missions to check their proficiency.

I was up giving another instructor an instrument check ride. He was in the front seat demonstrating the boring instrument instruction that we had all heard a thousand times. I was in the back seat and there was an instrument hood back there, with the bungee cords from the front to the back of the canopy. This was an early morning, probably a 6:00 AM briefing. I was so sleepy and his words were kind of putting me to sleep. I reached over and slid a bungee cord under each side of my helmet, and I fell asleep. The bungee cords were holding my head up so the other pilot wouldn't see anything out of the ordinary, and I had my dark visor down because of the bright sun. I don't know how long I was asleep, but I finally woke up. After we landed, I couldn't mark him down on anything while I was asleep. If I remember right, he got a decent score.

Once in a while, Air Training Command would take a newly graduated student and assign him right back as an instructor. Everyone called them plow backs. They went off to instructor school, and then had to pass check rides on all phases of flight –

aerobatic, instrument, and formation. I was one of the check pilots who passed him on a couple of his checks. He wasn't sterling, and a little weak in a few areas, but we finally sent him down to the squadron who continued to work with him. The squadrons would assign a "buddy IP" to fly with him, check his proficiency, show him some good techniques if he didn't have any and help him improve his teaching skills. About six months later this plow back was demonstrating a full aft stick stall to a student. This maneuver is done by putting down the gear, flaps, setting the power at 80%, and pulling the control stick back slowly to maintain level flight until the stick is all the way back as far as it will go. The jet starts stalling and usually gives the pilots a severe wing rock back and forth, and can sometimes flip upside down. This plow back should have gained sufficient experience over the past six months or so to handle these things just fine. When I was going through as a student, we could handle the airplane pretty well and didn't have those problems. Well this time, the T-38 flipped upside down and the IP panicked. He thought he was going into a spin, which was impossible because the T-38 is very difficult to spin and we never got anywhere close to the spin entry conditions. Anyway, the IP put in anti-spin controls, exacerbating the situation. All he really had to do was release back pressure on the stick and the jet would start flying again. He got totally disoriented, was passing 10,000 feet which was the floor altitude to bail out when

out of control. Both the IP and the student ejected successfully, but of course the jet ended up in a smoking black hole out in western Oklahoma farmland.

After the accident board sorted things out, the brass decided to put him through another round of testing with check flights through our Stan/Eval unit. I had gotten the reputation of being a pretty hard grader during check flights, and he was given to me. I wasn't told to give him low grades, I was just told to take a good look at him. He must have been still a little spooked about everything that had been happening, because he didn't do well. All of his scores were in the mid 70's, which was horrible for an IP, although he did pass the check rides. I don't know what ever happened to him, but I got a phone call from him a few years later, and he asked me if I had been told to make sure that he got low grades on those check rides. I told him that I hadn't been told to do that, and he hung up. I'm pretty sure that he got some bad officer evaluations after he had been reassigned from training students, and those evaluations affected his promotions, and probably got him caught in a RIF (reduction in force) and let go from the service. I felt badly for him, but he was the one who couldn't fly well.

When we flew the T-38, we were always required to wear "g" suits. These filled with air as we pulled g's, compressing our bodies around our legs and waists to keep blood from pooling in

our lower extremities causing us to black out from lack of blood in the brain. We also tightened our muscles at the same time for the same purpose. There was a button on the side panel of the cockpit that we could push on that would also fill our g suits as a test after we climbed into the cockpit to check out our equipment. I was giving a check ride one day where the IP was doing aerobatics while talking right along with the demonstration. I always seemed to be curious about some things, so while he was pulling some g's I totally relaxed my muscles. The next thing I knew was that I waking back up with my arms jerking a little bit. Once was enough for that, and the only reason I felt safe in doing that was because I was with another IP. Those g suits really did work!

When I was getting close to getting another assignment, I applied to AFIT (Air Force Institute of Technology) to acquire a Master's degree in Aeronautical Engineering. There were not any other good assignments around, and the word was always coming down to us that for good career broadening, we needed to branch out and get other qualifications and not just try to stay in the flying game for our entire career. AFIT was located at Wright Patterson AFB just outside Dayton, Ohio, which was as good a place as any. I was accepted and scheduled to do that probably ten months in advance of the move. I decided to try and get an instructor cross country, which we could do for

proficiency flying with two IP's. I was trying to work that with the wing operations officer who was a Lt Col, and I kept getting the run around. With this cross country, I was going to fly to Wright Patterson and try some house hunting and check out the area. One day I went into see the ops officer directly face to face, and not just continue to submit paper requests. I was talking to him, and said, "They just won't let me do that." Then I saw a light come on in his face, and he exclaimed: "Wait a minute! I'm they!" He put me on the schedule and away I went house hunting.

When Kay was pregnant with our first child, Mike, I had mentioned to my sister that we liked the name Jennifer, and we were going to use that if our first child was a girl. Susie liked that name, and she named one of her baby girls Jennifer before we had a chance to use it! I was sort of miffed, and learned to keep some things to myself the next time! Yes, all of life is a learning experience.

Amy was born an "Okie" three weeks before we headed out for Ohio. Our first three children are official Okies. During our four years in Oklahoma as a family, the Lord prepared us for many more years of service to others. Being in the Air Force He had many options in sending us to where we were both needed and could be prepared for even more. The Lord definitely has a hand in our lives.

We finished up at Vance, packed our household goods for the moving company, stuffed our cars full, and headed off for Ohio. I forgot to mention that when our kids started to come, we bought a 1970 Ford station wagon to accommodate our growing family. We still had the Corvair so each of us would have transportation. I rented a car trailering rig and we attached the Corvair to that. Jeremy was still very young at 17 months, and we had a playpen. We put Jeremy in the back of the Ford with the playpen upside down over him. He had plenty of room to move, but was still confined which helped us out a lot. On our second day of our trip, as we pulled out in the morning and had been driving for about an hour, I had a strange feeling that I needed to check the fittings on our car trailering rig. I pulled over and walked back to look at it. One side of the fork that attached the rig to the Ford hitch had a bolt that was just about to come out. Fortunately, there was a service station close, and we were able to get there where the mechanic had a nut that would match and secure that bolt. We were still being watched over by the Lord, for which we were very thankful.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

## 30 Our First Three Children



Our first three children of five are more important than my T-38 instructor experiences, so I will spend this chapter on their birth and initial development. We were married on the 16th of June 1969. Michael was born on the 24th of August 1970. Since Kay and I were both older than many who marry in their early 20's, we wanted to start our family fairly soon. We lived in base housing at Vance AFB in a three bedroom home. It was a little unusual for a couple without kids to be assigned the larger home, but of course we didn't mind. I wasn't really fond of living on the prominent corner of the entry into base housing because everyone coming and going from the housing area could view any lack of caring for our yard. We found quickly that our grass was full of dandelions as well. Kay spent many hours on the lawn digging them up. It took us a while to get them under control, but we finally managed it. One advantage to that location is that the running track and softball field was just across the street. We

also didn't have to deal with base housing traffic farther back into the housing area, which was nice. No one had a garage, just a carport with a small utility shed for a lawn mower and some other garden tools. Our front door opened onto the carport. We had a large bay window with a sliding door opposite the front door.



Kay Weeding Dandelions, Lots of Dandelions

We found that we enjoyed our close relationship without kids, but we didn't realize just how much that would change as the kids started coming. We developed some good friends at church, and some that I knew when I was there in pilot training were still there. Quite a few of those friends also lived in base housing. Vance did not have regular hospital facilities, so all the ladies expecting children had to go off base to civilian obstetricians. Kay's friends were able to tell her of a very nice lady obstetrician, which Kay really appreciated. The off base hospital that was used did not let husbands join in with the birthing experience, so I was in a waiting room when our "Okie" kids were born.

Michael Troy was the first one to decide to come into our lives. Kay was pregnant with him while we were acting as leadership in the dependent branch of the church in Fairview. Kay was a real trooper going through that experience during the hot summer and driving the 45 minutes to and from church, while enduring the meetings in the rented Seventh Day Adventist church building which did not have air conditioning. Our base housing did have AC, so we were spoiled pretty quickly. Kay's folks in Salt Lake City did not have AC while Kay was growing up, so she had not experienced that before. I also don't remember growing up in any house with air conditioning, or traveling in cars with it as well.

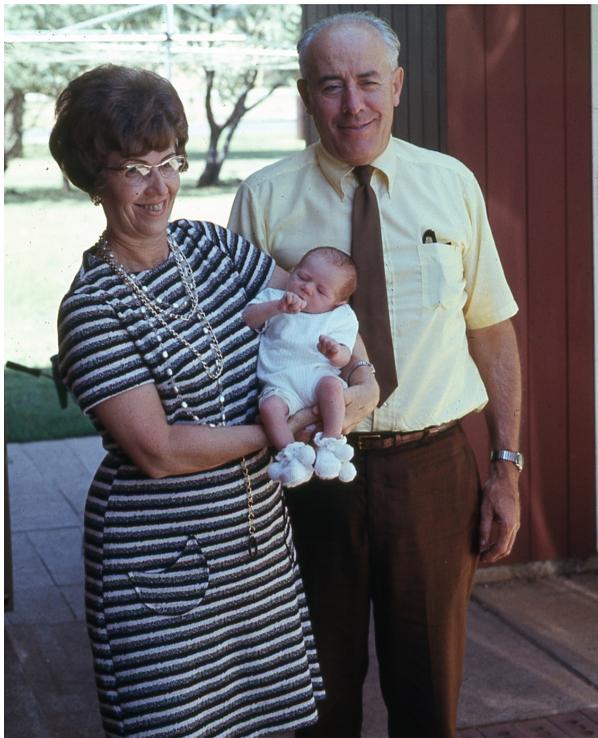


Mike's First Day in Mortality – 24 August 1970

Kay had a difficult 24 hours of labor with Mike, and was pretty exhausted by the time he arrived in this world. She did get a few days in the hospital to rest while the natal unit pretty much took care of him. We were really happy to have a “perfect” son as our first borne. He was 21 inches tall and weighed 6 pounds four ounces – not very big in weight, but still tall. We brought him home and rejoiced in starting a family. I still had to get up early to go to the flight line, so I was able to beg off on a lot of 3:00 AM feedings, but I got my turn after work. Kay's folks flew out and visited us in Oklahoma. They traveled to Fairview with us as well when Mike received his blessing at church (Christening). And yes, it was still pretty hot in early September. Kay's folks were

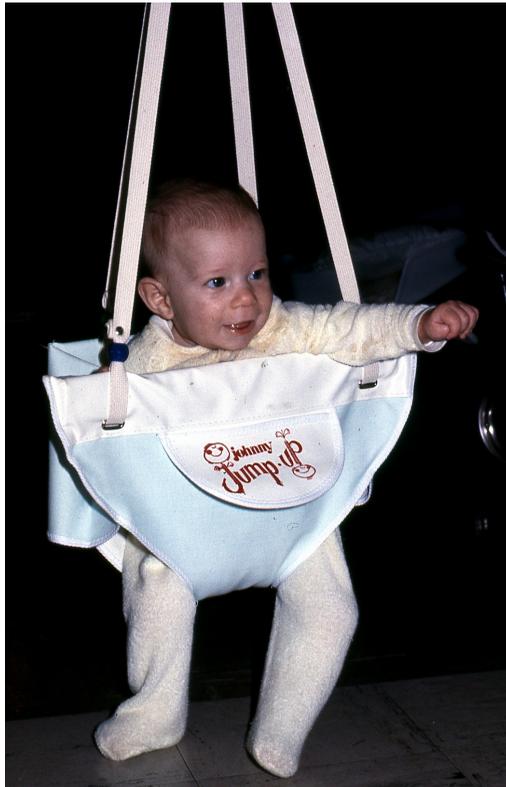
Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

pretty happy and proud of their second grandchild. We enjoyed having them, especially with Kay getting the extra help from her mom, Shirley Gerber. Kay always claimed to be the Gerber Baby whose picture was on the baby food jars. She had worked for a while at Twin Typographers, her dad's business which he ran jointly with his twin brother in downtown Salt Lake City. She ran a photo depositor which produced digital type and pictures for both newspapers and magazines. Twin Typographers also did a lot of the graphics for the church which Kay worked on as well.



Mike with Grandma and Grandpa Gerber on his Blessing Day

Mike was a pretty happy baby and was soon crawling and getting into things. He grew quickly and we had to watch him closely. He loved his toys, and it wasn't long before he could reach through the bars of his crib and pull the latch to let the side of crib down, and climb out. His growth was also helped by jumping around in his Johnny Jump-Up which gave him some wonderful exercise and strengthened his legs. All of our kids loved the Johnny Jump-Up.



Mike Loving His Johnny Jump-Up

Mike also had his favorite toys, one of which was Lolly the Dolly. She came along when Mike was strong enough to hold himself up by grabbing furniture, and Lolly was nearly as big as Mike was. He had a lot of fun pulling her hair and chewing on her hands as he was teething.



Mike and Lolly the dolly

Mike was also very interested in what other people were doing, always watching and checking things out. When I was building our Heath kit 25 inch TV, Mike would sit beside me and intently watch what I was doing, not really knowing what was going on. I had to watch pretty carefully where I put the soldering iron, because he liked to grab things and try to copy what I was doing. Sometimes Mike got pretty vocal. We developed a habit of dipping his binky into some honey, which he really liked, and

which also quieted him for a while. One weekend we went to Stake conference in Oklahoma City. I carried a 35mm film container filled with honey in my Sunday jacket. As we sat there in conference, I dipped his binky in the honey. For some reason I got distracted, and put the container down on the pew. The next time I looked at it, it had fallen over without the top being snapped shut, and was running onto the pew. I had already sat in some of it. That was a real mess! Fortunately Kay had some Handi-Wipes that helped us clean that up, except they didn't do too much for my Sunday trousers. I was a sweet guy for a while. It finally came out in the wash a couple of days later.

I did mention earlier that Mike was rambunctious, but he could also move pretty quickly. I was accused of the same thing when I was his size, so I guess I was getting paid back. We were in our Sunday School class sitting in the chapel about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of way back. Mike jumped up and started running across the pew, and I was able to grab an ankle – that was the only part of him that I could reach. He tumbled down on to the pew seat, but didn't get hurt. One of the other members looked at me as said, "Nice tackle, Milt." We all just smiled.



Mike Watching me Build Our TV

We discovered one thing that really helped us out with parenting. It isn't something that we found in a book, and probably wouldn't recommend to anyone else to do, but it happened by accident. At Mike's second Christmas, I was putting up the Christmas tree, but didn't yet have it well secured. Kay was in the

habit of letting Mike play with some toys that he was getting for Christmas because it kept him busy, and he would forget about them before Christmas would come, so they would still be new to him on Christmas morning. Well he was scooting on his pre-Christmas tyke bike, and ran right into the unsecured, undecorated tree. It fell over on him, scaring him because of its size and the prickly needles. We rescued him and then noticed that he never went near the tree again that Christmas. We had the “idea lightbulb” come on in our minds, so for each of our first three kids, we “accidentally” pushed them into our undecorated tree, letting that scare them. It really worked, evil parents that we were, but none of them bothered the tree after that when it was nicely decorated.



The Parable of Mike, His Tyke Bike, and the Christmas Tree

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

Once in a while we would get preoccupied, and neglect to keep a watchful eye on Mike. We paid a big price each time that happened. We thought we had learned by this time, but alas – some things are soon forgotten.



Mike and the Gerber Oatmeal – Oops!

Eight months later, Kay was pregnant with Jeremy. Again we discussed names and ended up with two prophets' names without realizing it. As Jeremy's delivery date drew near, we had a couple at church who had no children yet, and the husband was a pilot student at the base. They volunteered to take Mike, now 17 months, when Kay went to the hospital. As Kay went into labor, we dropped Mike off and left him crying. The next time I picked him up, they told me that he cried nearly the entire time he was with them, except when he was asleep. I guess he needed further socializing, but that didn't take long when Jeremy came along. They grew to be powerful friends with Mike always looking out for Jeremy. Kay was not in labor near as long as with Mike. After Jeremy's birth, they brought him out for me to see him and the first thing he did was stick his tongue out at me. I figure that was probably a sign to watch out for his slyness as he was growing up. He is now a patent attorney and that could have been one of the guesses someone could have made at that very time. He did get a mechanical engineering degree first, which is a great basis for work on patents.



Jeremy's Entrance into this World - 9 January 1972

A couple of years after that, we had dropped Mike and Jeremy at the base nursery when we had a social function to attend at Wright-Patterson AFB. Jeremy was still in diapers, so they put him in a different section than Mike. When we went back to pick them up, they told us that they found Mike going out the front door holding Jeremy's hand to come find us. Mike had wiggled over an internal fence, found Jeremy, and was in pursuit of us. The staff had then put Mike and Jeremy in the same group so they could watch both of them together.



January 1972 – The Sanders Family – Kay, Jeremy, Milt, and Mike

As Jeremy started growing up, he was just as rambunctious as Mike, but a lot more devilish. As he started roaming around the house, we could see the wheels turning by looking at his eyes and the expressions on his face. He didn't take after my airplanes as quickly as Mike did, but he was always watching.



Jeremy With The Wheels Turning In His Mind

After another eight months, Kay again found she was pregnant, and was hoping this time for a girl. She got her wish, and Amy was born. She was a sweet, darling baby, and was crawling well and pulling herself up by furniture pretty quickly. Our first three were all 17 months apart. That was tough on Kay, as for a while they were all in diapers.



Amy's Arrival 20 June 1973 – Lots of Dark Hair

It didn't take long for Amy to watch her older brothers running around. She had her own way of doing things as well, but we loved them all, and I know that they could feel that. Yes, Amy was a sweetie and Kay was happy to have her girl.



Amy Loved the Warm Clothes Direct From the Dryer

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

Our kids had no problem with the airplanes flying over our house all day long and sometimes into the night. Kay and I were very used to them too. In fact our kids liked to watch them fly over. The kids were also very familiar with seeing me in my “work” clothes – a flight suit.



My Instructor Pilot Photo in G Flight

I continued to increase my personal small model air force as time went by, and for a while, I was president of our local model club.



Milt's Personal Model Air Force

Mike always liked to play with my airplanes, and I did have some older decrepit ones that I let him play with and do anything he wanted. He and Jeremy would sometimes even sit on them.



Mike Was Pretty Pleased With Himself

Jeremy also developed an affinity for some model planes, and later in life did some model flying with me, even up to pylon racing with me and our other club members in Utah, and doing quite well at it. Mike decided that he didn't like the noise the engines made, and never went any farther than his younger appreciation. One day I took our kids to one of the hangers on base, climbed up into the front cockpit, and had Jeremy handed to me. He really loved that. He is currently taking flying lessons along with one of his daughters in Seattle - 2021.



Jeremy and Dad in the Front Cockpit of a T-38 Talon Jet Trainer



Amy, Mike, and Jeremy – Fall of 1974

# 31 Air Force Institute of Technology 1974-1976



**W**e finally drove into Fairborn, Ohio in the early fall of 1974. We decided to purchase our first house, as base housing had a pretty good waiting list, and we needed to get settled so I would be free to attend grad school at AFIT. It didn't take us too long to look at some nice houses, most of which were out of our price range, but we finally found a suitable one that was an older home in a quiet neighborhood. It had a full basement with a room in one corner where I could study, three bedrooms on the main floor with one bathroom, a formal dining room, small kitchen, and a decent living room. There was only a one car attached garage. Our kids loved the basement because most of it was one large room with linoleum on the floor, and the kids could ride their tyke bikes and big wheels around as well as push their smaller toys across the floor.



Mike and Jeremy Racing in the Basement

The price stretched our budget, even though the price was \$32,000 and I was able to use VHA financing. I put up wall paneling in my study room, and we bought a desk to put in there while I arranged some cheap shelving for my books and other study stuff. It is interesting that I still have and use that same desk today. We discovered where the church was and got acquainted there, and drove around the very large base to discover the commissary, Base Exchange, hospital, and a few other places. We got our cars registered and the proper decals on the cars to let us through the base gates.



1250 Adams Street Fairborn Ohio

Pretty soon, I was scheduled for orientation at AFIT School of Engineering, which I was scheduled to work on a Masters' Degree in Aeronautical Engineering which was in Area A. I chose as a minor subject, stability and control of aircraft which sounded pretty good to me because I had been flying jets and knew how they felt to fly, and I was interested in knowing why they flew differently and how they were designed. We were given some placement exams to see how much we remembered in college and where we stood in math comprehension and ability. I got placed in an advanced math course (I could have probably used the basic course to better get back into things, but such is life).

The school had a very nice library, and was built in two quadrangles with open space inside each of the quads, and also was two stories. The library was at one end and had small study

cubicles with a desk and some lockable book cabinets. I was able to sign up for one, and I could study between classes in that quiet environment and keep many of my books there in a locked cabinet. I enjoyed that.

There was also a bookstore in one hallway where the two quads joined. We had to buy our own books, so having a bookstore on federal property where we didn't have to pay tax was pretty nice, and they carried all our required books and workbooks so we didn't have to search all over for the books we would need. They also carried hand calculators, having some on display which we could play with. I have a story about that later in this chapter.

If any of you remember the transition from high school to college, you will remember that college is more difficult because the professors go through books faster and give you a lot more information to be responsible for, for which you are tested. Well I found graduate school just that much more accelerated. In some courses we went through two textbooks per semester, and many of these were engineering textbooks. We were also tested regularly with both pop quizzes and scheduled tests. To say the least, it was a real grad school.

At church I was called to be the finance clerk. The bishop figured that I could do that while in school because it didn't call for meetings to attend during the week. This was back when every donation had to be typed in with an optical character reader

typewriter (non-electric). The forms were in triplicate where after typing in each week's donations, I would separate the triplicate forms, file one at the church, send the original to Salt Lake, and return one copy to the donor the following Sunday at church. Each receipt had to be without mistakes. If I typed a mistake, I had to void the receipt and do it over. At least I had my desk and quiet study where I could keep everything secure. The receipt forms were also fan-folded like the older computer paper for dot matrix printers. I was in charge of keeping the checkbook and the double entry books for recording every check, and each week's donations. At the end of the month, I had to make all the columns add up both across and down. Some months were pretty tricky and I sometimes had to spend a couple of hours getting everything correct. It was an education in itself as I was an engineer not an accountant. It did me good later on in life with other church callings as well. I was already familiar with the accounting sheets as I had been an auditor back in Oklahoma. At least I could get the work done on Sunday without it interfering with school.

The grad school didn't just teach us engineering. We had some English classes as well. In one English class we had to write a paper on choosing a thesis topic and going through all the steps and requirements of doing a thesis. I happened to choose a topic on doing a classified thesis. All the rigmarole of handling

classified materials and also writing up a classified thesis was pretty interesting, but I was glad that I didn't actually have to do a classified one. We also had to orally present our paper.

I liked to play church sports, which included basketball in the winter, volleyball in the spring, and softball in the summer. One night during a basketball game, I made too tight a cut and my ankle rolled level to the floor. It didn't feel too bad right at the first and I was able to drive home that night. The next day I went into the hospital on sick call with a much swelled up ankle. It wasn't broken, thank goodness, but they put it in a cast, and gave me a set of crutches. I didn't have much fun for the next six weeks going to classes on crutches while carrying books with me. But in the end, all was well and I kept up with everything.

About five months after starting grad school, I was in a math class where digital approximations were being taught. That is where you have a formula and an answer, but don't have the coefficients of the formula. By hand (which could also be programmed by a computer), I had to select some values for the coefficients and work through the formula to see how close I could come to the answer. If my answer was high, then I changed the numbers to go lower and bracket the answer. As we closed in on the answer we always tried numbers to go higher than the answer, then lower on the answer for each consecutive trial. Finally we would come close to a good approximation of the

answer and be within specified limits. Each of us was required to have a scientific hand calculator in order to work through the problems. There would not be sufficient time during a test to do it all manually by paper and pencil.

The AFIT bookstore had some very nice calculators, and would display some on top of the display case for students to try them out. I especially liked the Hewlett Packard HP-35 and HP-45. The main difference between them besides the price was the HP-45 had a magnetic strip reader. I could program an equation, save it on the mag strip and then run the equation just by entering values for the variables. The HP-35 did not. The 35 was \$270 and the 45 was \$360. As a student, money was always a little tight. I remembered in D&C section 8 and 9, how Oliver Cowdery was taught to study the translation problem, come up with an answer, and then ask the Lord if it would be right. If Oliver was right, he would get an unmistakable warm feeling. If he were wrong, then he would have a stupor of thought. I went in that direction. Every day I would go into the bookstore and play with both of those HP calculators, trying to determine which would be best with respect to finances and my math class. I really wanted the HP-45 because I liked gadgets, and also knew that I could work problems faster using the magnetic strip reader. I decided to purchase the more expensive one. That night I prayed earnestly to know if my decision was correct. For the

next three days, I could not make myself go into the bookstore and look at the calculators. I would even take a longer route to a class to avoid walking past the bookstore. I thought to myself, “This is what a stupor of thought feels like.” I listened to the Spirit and purchased the cheaper one. I did well enough in my class tests and was satisfied. I also know that deciding one way or the other was not a career breaking move, that this was just a small decision, but that the Lord answered my prayer because I had the faith, and did the requirements to study out the problem in my own mind and then ask. I can still remember that very strong feeling to this day. The experience was faith building, and I still have that calculator 46 years later. It will still work if I put in new batteries.

About seven months into grad school, we started talking about thesis projects. One of the older professors put out a notice that he was looking for a team of students to design, build, wind tunnel test, and actually fly a Remotely Piloted Research Vehicle (RPRV). This sounded right up my alley because it was simply a large RC model airplane. After talking to the professor, Harold C. Larsen – we just referred to him as “The Professor” – three of us signed up to do the project thesis. That was when I met a Captain Charles A. Bair – “Charlie”. He was designated to do the stability and control portion, I picked up the propulsion and test pilot responsibilities, and another captain was assigned to the

materials and structures. The professor wanted a “canard” design (that puts the small wing surface up in the front and the larger lifting wing in the back). There were some advantages to that. A fellow by the name of Dick Rutan designed and sold a civilian homebuilt canard plane for those who liked to build their own kit planes. It was called the “VariEze”. The reason for the canard design was lower drag and longer loiter times over a target area.



Dick Rutan’s Homebuilt Canard Design

We started delving into canard flight characteristics and the six degree of freedom equations of powered flight. We had access to a Cyber 7700 main frame which ran UNIX, and also had a large CalComp plotter which would let us calculate and draw full size

templates for our airplane parts, especially the airfoils. The Professor mandated a ten foot wingspan and a nose with an optically flat surface to suit a decent camera without distortion. With a camera designed to mount in the nose, we couldn't put an engine up front. We finally decided to use a twin engine pusher configuration – the pusher design required by having to have put more weight towards the tail because a canard needed a further back center of gravity for balance.

Since I had several model airplanes and a radio control system, we decided to use some of my stuff to work on equations of flight empirically by flight test. I had an aerobatic plane called the Kaos, which we used to verify both pitch and yaw stability. For yaw, we started removing pieces of the vertical tail a little at a time, using our full scale equations to calculate the yaw stability at each removal of a piece. I also built three small units with a receiver and servos attached for ground monitoring of the control movements on the airplane. When I put in half rudder control for yaw, the pointer on the ground scale would show 50% movement. After each removal of part of the vertical tail, I would take off the airplane and perform some maneuvers while observing the reaction of the model. We ended up removing quite a bit of the vertical tail, when on one flight when I was giving the plane full rudder, it violently snapped and headed towards the ground. Fortunately I was able to recover it, bringing it back to

land. We then compared our yaw stability from our equations, making sure that the canard we designed had more than required. We did the same for pitch stability by using a sliding weight which we rigged in the model fuselage so we could slide it forward and back in flight. That didn't give us any problem flight maneuvers, so we settled initially on 15% static pitch stability.



My Own 60 Inch Wingspan 5 1/2 Pound Kaos

I had a smaller model that had a conventional design, and I built a new fuselage so I could mount the main wing towards the rear, and put a canard surface at the front. I also mounted the engine as a pusher on the rear of the fuselage. This was more of a TLAR (That Looks About Right) situation than actually calculating everything before flight. It did fly OK as a canard and I have some

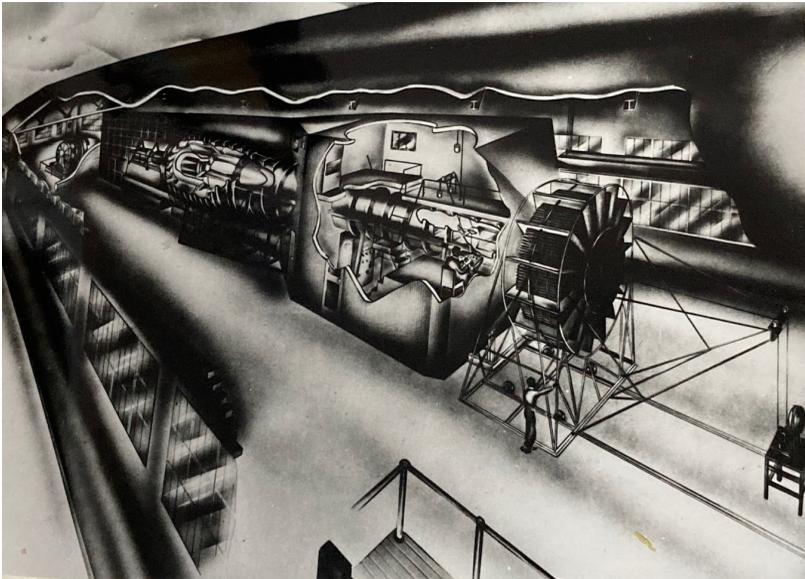
short movie clips of it flying as we tried to document all of our work.

One other thing that we did initially was to purchase ten small balsa hand launched gliders, and turn them into a canard configuration. We played with the balance point and wing positioning, and got them to fly pretty well. We bought ten of them for “repeatability of results” which is essential for a thesis project. They all flew well as canards. We did find that they didn’t like to loop, because the forward canard surface needed more flight speed than a normal configuration to pull out of the back of the loop, so that was a good data point for us.

AFIT had a model shop that was totally essential for our project, and they did very well building some stuff for us. As we put our design together on paper using our calculations, we had the model shop build us a solid wood 1/3 scale of our design for wind tunnel testing. The wind tunnel had been built around 1929 and was still in use. It was about 185 feet long with a five foot diameter test section, and could provide up to 200 miles an hour airspeed through the test section. Since we were building for relatively slow speed and long loiter time, this was more than enough for our testing.



1/3 Scale Wind Tunnel Model of Our Final Design



Artist Drawing of the AFIT Five Foot Diameter Wind Tunnel.

Charlie was our wind tunnel guy so he took care of that side of the project, while I tackled the propulsion side. I hadn't had any training on propellers and power plants, so The Professor gave me some older books on propeller testing and parameters, and tutored me sufficiently so I could do some testing and measuring of all the arcane methods that were used back in the 1930's. Even though the technology was old, it still applied to our design engineering. The wind tunnel building was full of beautiful solid wood models that had been made for a lot of wind tunnel testing in the 30's and 40's. We also were able to set up shop and use some of the space available to build our project.

We were given a budget of \$4000 for equipment and supplies. The biggest trouble I had was with base procurement. They objected when I tried to order some "model airplane fuel" which sounded more like a boondoggle than a scientific project. They also tried to burden the local hobby shop with all the hazardous materials regulations that they normally used. I finally got the fuel by calling it RPV fuel for our project. They didn't have any trouble ordering four OS Max .80 size engines for us though. We learned quite a bit on how to be creative.

We also decided to build a single engine flying model to further assist us with our empirical testing with center of gravity, and also getting familiar with running our 0.8 cubic inch selected engines. We also were creative here. We took a block of foam and

cut out a fuselage using a hot wire and some rounded templates for the outside shape. We then slid wire into the center of the block of foam and cut out a smaller opening to reduce weight and give us some working room inside for our fuel tank and radio equipment. This plane had a six foot wingspan and was also a canard. It didn't look much like a conventional plane because the fuselage was a box shape with rounded corners and an optically flat nose. We playfully named it the "Bonker" since without the wings on it, it looked like it could be used as a club to "bonk" somebody. Procurement also let us order a Kraft radio system which was a nice RC unit back in the 70's. We cut some wings out of foam, glued in some spars, and covered both the wings and fuselage with a special thin cardboard having a glossy side and a dull side. This was being used for some hobby model airplane work in the sport at the time, and was fairly inexpensive and pretty workable too.

We put this together – all our planes had removable wings for transportation – tested the engine, did a range check on the controls, and set the center of gravity (CG) where we thought it would be stable for a canard according to our calculations, although our equations had never been set up or tested for a canard configuration, and went out to a runway on Area A, not far from the wind tunnel. Area A had three runways, but they were all closed for any full size aircraft work which was all done

at the bigger and longer runways at Area C, the main aircraft portion of Wright-Patterson. We fueled the plane, started it up, taxied it around for a few minutes to check everything out, and then went for a takeoff. It accelerated and went off down the runway, but it didn't want to lift off the ground. We had the CG too far forward, but just as we were about to abort our takeoff, the nose wheel hit a pebble which bounced the nose up, and we were airborne! Wow was that a big thrill. It flew beautifully. I took it around the sky, did some rolls and loops, then we set up for landing and it settled down very nicely.

At the Flight Dynamics Laboratory, there was a branch that built and tested RPV's (remotely piloted vehicles). The director of that office was a man named Don Lowe who was very well known to us in the modeling world. He designed and sold aerobatic RC model aircraft which flew very nicely. Don was out checking something with the runway and had a couple of his guys with him who were also modelers. They saw our canard take off, and they watched it fly around, maneuver and land. They came over to talk to Charlie and me, and we told them what we were doing. One of the other fellows told us of a canard model that he had seen before, and mentioned that when the motor stopped or was throttled back, that model would just do a falling leaf impersonation down to the ground. They had never seen a canard fly as well as ours was flying. We felt that ours was a

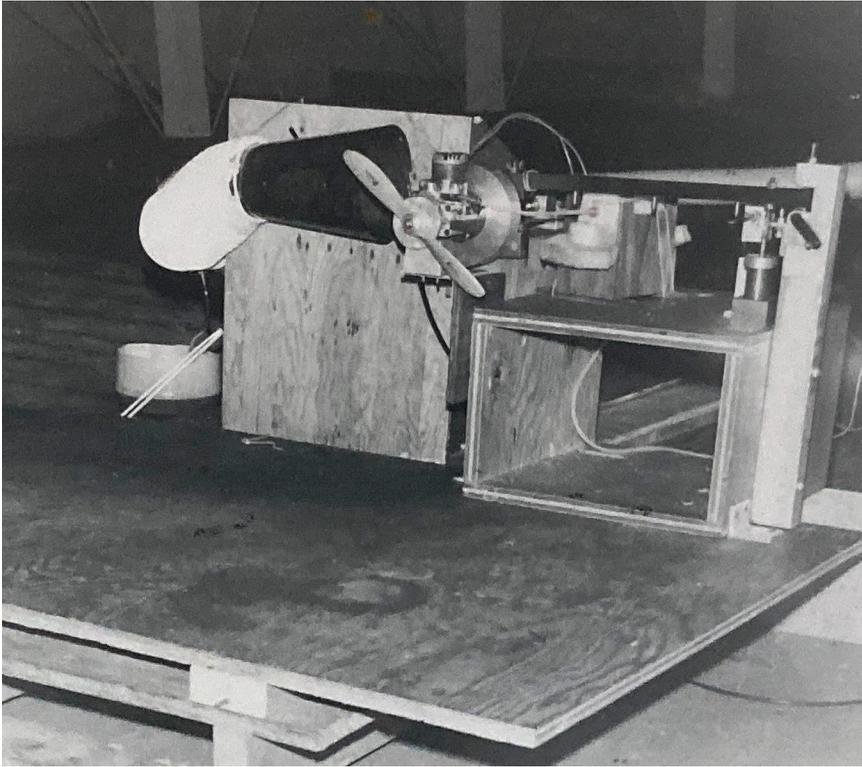
## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

pretty good success, and had verified much of our engineering calculations. We went back to the shop and rearranged some weights to move the CG back about a half inch, which is about all we wanted to do at one time. We flew that model quite a few times which allowed us to move on with confidence with the bigger plane, which got named the “Big Bonker”. That name would just not go away. By the way, Charlie still has the Bonker in his attic to this day, in Tullahoma, Tennessee where he now lives. We are still very good friends.



Charlie Bair Holding The Bonker – Our OS .80 Powered,  
6 Foot Wingspan, Proof of Concept Model

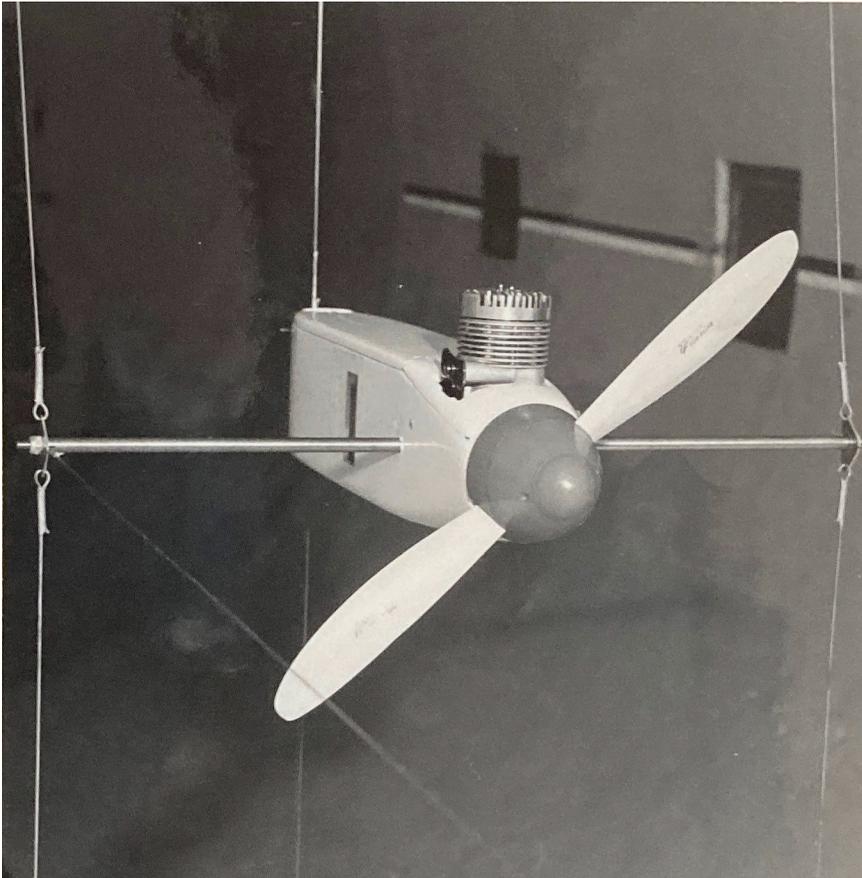
While Charlie was working on the wind tunnel testing, I had the job of documenting the BHP vs RPM (brake horse power and revolutions per minute) curve on our engines. The Professor recommended using a test stand called a Prony Brake to measure the torque putting different loads on the engine. I had the model shop do the machining on what I needed, but soon discovered that this device would not work at all on an internal combustion engine. It worked just fine on an electric motor which developed constant torque, but not on an engine that had a power stroke for just part of its revolution. Fortunately for me, another student project had made a torque measuring device, and they were finished with it. I was able to mount my engine on their heavy fly wheel on bearings, and I could load the engine with different props to give me points on the RPM/torque curve and have the computer calculate a line fit between the points. This worked out well, and I tested both the project engine and one of my personal engines, a Webra Blackhead .61, for reference and repeatability. Our model engines put out a lot of smoke, and would fill the wind tunnel area with smoke. Finally I took advantage of an existing pipe in the building, and I was able to connect a piece of ducting next to the engine exhaust, and have an internal fan draw the smoke up the ducting and exhaust it outside.



Engine Test Stand with Exhaust Collector, Bearing Engine Mount and Strain Gage Measurement

Once I got my BHP-RPM curves calculated and drawn out, I then built a balsa "pod" to mount our engine in and mount the pod inside the wind tunnel to calculate engine thrust with different props inside the wind tunnel. The wind tunnel was manned by Scotty, and he was quite a character, a civilian employed by the military. He had a lot of pride in "his" wind tunnel, and he looked like he had been there many years. Scotty mounted the

pod for me and then he ran the drag tests with a mounted engine and spinner but no prop. I could then start the engine, and Scotty could measure the difference in thrust, and I could subtract the drag to get the actual thrust of each propeller at different airspeeds. After we started, it was critical to keep a good needle valve setting on the engine while we were running our measurements. I noticed that as the fuel tank emptied, the engine would lean out, creating more power, and foul up our numbers. I then had to run a fuel line from outside the wind tunnel to the model inside the tunnel. I cut a window in the pod so I could see the fuel level from outside, and I had an electric fuel pump that I could use to keep the fuel level constant. With the additional tubing drag, Scotty had to start all over again with the drag numbers, but we were getting closer to what we needed. I also had a sensor by the engine that would measure RPM so I could correlate RPM for the BHP being put out by the engine.



Engine Pod with RC unit, Fuel Tank and Fuel Viewing Window  
Mounted in the Wind Tunnel

I had to measure the air temperature and the humidity for each run, because they both affected engine horsepower output and corrections were made for both conditions to minimize errors from different runs. I had decided to run Fox Super Fuel with 5% nitro and about 20% oil for these 2-cycle engines to make sure

that I didn't damage any engine and have to start over again. I had to hand start those model engines inside the wind tunnel, and it always felt kind of cramped for room. I was pretty careful to avoid the running prop while I was getting out of the tunnel test section before I closed up the hatch. I ran both the project's engine and my engine through all the same tests for comparative purposes and to check the outputs for similar parameters. By the time I completed my engine runs, Scotty complained long and loud about the 2-cycle fuel coating his wind tunnel with oil – and he was right. He ended up repainting the inside of the wind tunnel, which he would rather have not had to do. One note about Scotty, each spring he set up cartons of seeds in the building under the back windows to sprout all the plants for his garden. He didn't waste much time or effort in getting all he could out of his employment. He was required to call up Dayton Power and Light whenever he was going to run the wind tunnel so they could bring some more power on-line. Those four wind tunnel motors pulled a whole lot of power!

Charlie and I finally got our design settled, drew up some templates and outlines, and gave them to the model shop to fashion the fuselage with an integral vertical stabilizer out of fiberglass. They did a very good job with that, as they also molded fuel tanks inside the fuselage for long range abilities. Charlie and I cut the foam wing cores out of foam blocks, but we

ran into a problem. The wing tips were about seven inches front to back, while wing root was around 24 inches front to back. This meant that we had to move the heated cutting wire very slowly along the wing tip, while moving the wire at the root as fast as we could without bowing the wire and ruining our airfoil shape. The slow moving wire at the tip was just as hot as the other end, and it melted the foam much faster causing a defective airfoil at the tip. We decided we needed to etch the cutting wire to make it thinner at the root side and leave it thicker at the tip. The thinner wire would exhibit more resistance, getting hotter and letting us move the root section faster. But how to etch the wire was another problem. Charlie solved it by filling an empty milk jug about half full of sulfuric acid, putting tiny holes in each side that our Nichrome cutting wire would fit through. Then we attached electrical clips carrying DC current on each end of the wire outside the milk jug and pulled the wire through the solution. We left the wire in the solution for a fixed number of seconds and then we pulled another section through and left it in the acid solution for more seconds, increasing the time of the etching as we progressed down the wire. Voila! We then had a decreasing diameter wire all the way across the wire where the small diameter would get hotter for the wing root and stay cooler for the tip. We felt pretty proud of ourselves. The etched wire was about six feet long, so it wasn't a trivial task.

We fashioned a cutting bow by taking a piece of aluminum storm door for the base of the bow, cutting plywood pieces at each end. We attached the Nichrome wire to each end of the aluminum bow, and used adjusting clips on a wire stretched across the top of the bow to tighten the cutting wire. We needed to do that to have a cutting bow that would reach the five feet to cut an entire wing panel. After we got them cut, we reinforced them with top and bottom spars, then covered the foam with 1/64th 3-ply plywood sheets for strength. We used 3M-77 rubber cement to spray both the plywood sheeting and the foam, let it dry to feel tacky, then carefully laid the plywood sheet onto the foam. If we let it touch crooked, there was no way we could take it off and reattach. The two wing halves were then epoxied together with a wide strip of fiberglass cloth to strengthen the center section. We mounted the engines on fiberglass pods about 16 inches out from the fuselage sides to make sure the props would clear, installed the fuel tanks, and servos for the throttle control. We painted the entire plane white, with red and blue stripes on the wing, and a large red AFIT on the vertical tail as well.

The plane was pretty heavy, I would guess 30 pounds. The largest music wire that we could obtain was only 3/16" and that wasn't strong enough for the landing gear. We had the model shop braze two of those wires together for each main gear, then split them off 180 degrees to each other and mount two wheels

for each main. Once we checked the CG, ran the engines, made a radio range check, we were ready for first flight. We proceeded to the runway with "The Professor" in tow as a witness and faculty advisor along with a small group of other guys who were interested in watching. We fired it up; I taxied down to our takeoff point, turned it into the wind, and smoothly brought the throttles to full power. It rolled down the runway for a ways, and then lifted off almost with no nose up attitude. It was very gentle, banked well, climbed well, took only a little bit of trimming for level flight, cruised about half throttle and otherwise flew well. We were taking movies of it all the way. I found that it was sluggish in pitch, but I still had sufficient control to raise and lower the nose. The plane just took its time to respond to nose up and down. I flew it for about 5 minutes, descended for a low approach and flew by us, and then took it back up to a little higher altitude, turned around to get to a good start point for landing, and began our first landing. Here we encountered our first major problem. It was coming down very nicely in a smooth approach. I pulled up elevator to round out, and the nose was just too slow to pull up fast enough. The nose gear touched first, bouncing the nose back up into the air, then slightly stalling; the plane starting bouncing between the main and the nose gear, getting a larger pitch attitude each bounce, until it was completely devoid of flying speed and lift. It settled on the ground a little harder than we wanted, but it didn't break

anything. We started calling this the “canard dance”. However it was a successful flight and The Professor was very pleased. He should have been, because Charlie and I had put so many hours into it that our kids hardly knew who we were. We spent every spare minute down at the wind tunnel shop.

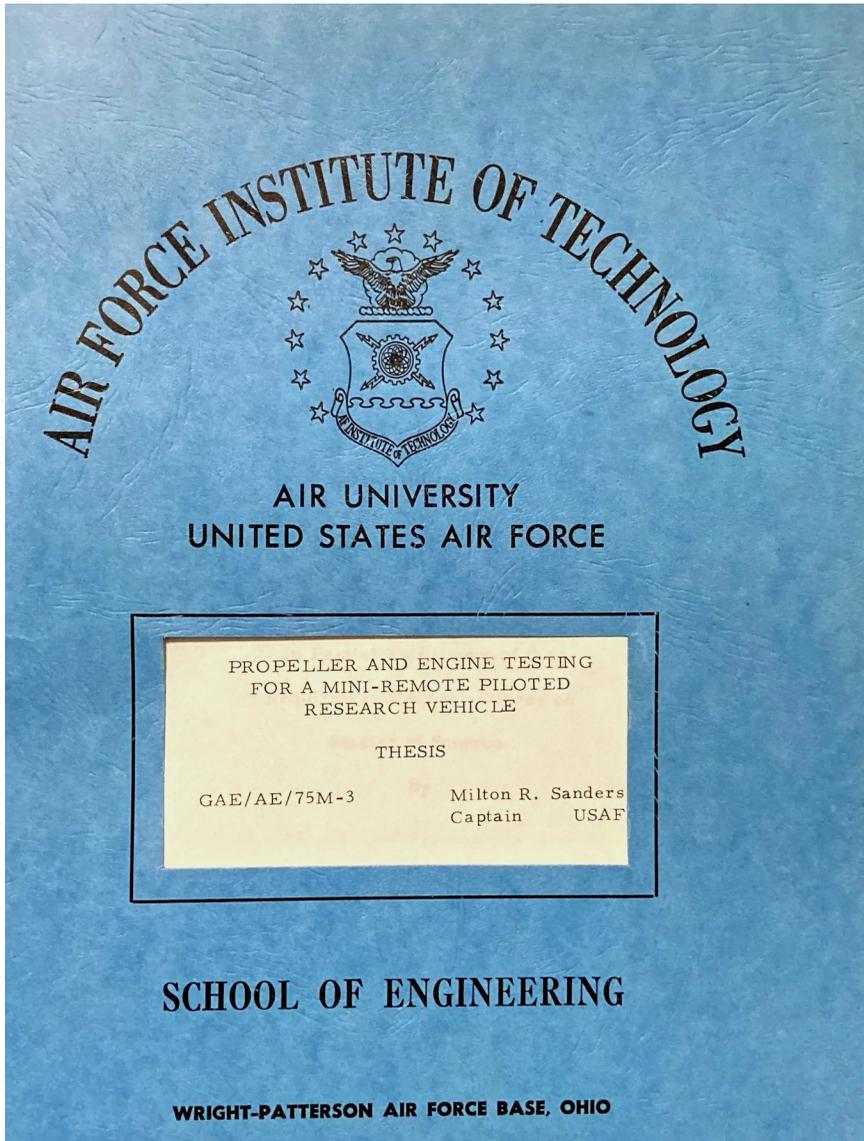
We could only endure the poor elevator response, because it would have been a major modification to make changes, and we were running out of time, as we were also writing up our thesis at the same time. The third man of our team, had a different graduation date than we did, and he was able to finish his structural materials thesis without any help or coordination from us. His grade wasn't dependent upon our flight testing, so he was long gone by this time. We went back to the drawing board, and ended up moving the CG back a little bit to help our elevator response. That helped somewhat, but did not fully cure the problem. I flew it four times, and only one time did I make a smooth landing without the bounce. We also had a fear of aborting a landing and making a go around because the engine centerline was above the horizontal CG and increasing power would push the nose down. I did make a couple of go arounds on purpose, from a bit higher up, and by slowly increasing power we were able to easily control the nose pitch-down moment.

We built two of these large planes, one for a backup in case of a crash. The second one was hung in the lobby of AFIT for a time to

display a successful thesis project. If you remember Don Lowe from above, we took him out with us once to let him fly it. He took off the first time and complained of the slow nose response and asked if we could move the CG back farther. I wasn't that familiar with how much to move it, but Charlie simply removed a weight that we had in the nose. It was too much. Don got the plane in the air, but it was tail heavy, and very difficult to control. Don put the engines to idle, but one of the engines had come loose on the mount, and the throttle would not shut down. Don would have had to battle that plane for about 15 minutes to run out of fuel, but it suddenly went nose down into a spiral and would not recover. So our RPRV #1 bit the dust. Fortunately we had already defended our thesis and gotten our A+, so that didn't matter, and The Professor still had plane #2 to display.

I need to mention that when we presented our thesis to an auditorium of fellow students plus some instructors, I took out our ten small balsa models, and threw them out to the attendees in the auditorium. I told them that this proved repeatability of our results. That did get a laugh, but it was true. Charlie and I had also joined AIAA (American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics – a professional engineering organization), and we gave presentations of our thesis at a small convention for that purpose. I received a third place award and \$25 – a mere pittance, but still felt good to get recognized.

I paid a lady to type my thesis, and she did a great job and typed in many formulas which would have been very difficult if not impossible for me to do. I was very thankful for that. The Xerox I used to make the required copies was so good, that I kept my original and turned in the copies that were nearly indistinguishable from the original, except for the photos and all the CalComp graphs that I had the computer draw out. The original has them all pasted in. I graduated with a 3.51 GPA and a Master's Degree in Aeronautical Engineering, Stability and Control. The work was well worth everything.



My Completed Master's Degree Thesis

One more item, Charlie and I had the idea of constructing a smaller aerobatic model plane for our own purposes and designed that before we graduated. We had made friends with one of the model makers, and he had some stability and control work he needed done for a full size triplane that he had built. We traded him our calculation work for his making us a plug for a fiberglass mold we needed for our model. We made a mold from the plug, laid up several fiberglass fuselages, cut some foam wings, and Charlie and I each constructed a couple models. They flew great and were unique in that no one else had an aerobatic canard to fly in competition. Getting together, I persuaded Charlie to name it the Zonker 40, after Zonker Harris in the comic strip Doonesbury, who was a very unusual character. The 40 came from the size engine used. Our plane was an unusual plane, so it seemed to fit. We both practiced the maneuvers for the lowest class of aerobatic competition for radio controlled models, which was called Novice Pattern. It just so happened that the Nationals competition was going to be held at Wright-Patterson in the summer of 1976, so Charlie and I took a week of vacation and attended the NATS with me flying competition in Novice Pattern and Charlie acting as my caller. We sure got a lot of attention by flying a canard plane that actually would fly well. I even got an offer to publish a construction article in one of the model magazines, which I ended up doing. Charlie and I wanted to sell some commercially,

so we formed a partnership, contracted with a fiberglass pro who did some marvelous work for us, and we sent advertising letters out to various clubs around the United States to try and sell some. We got very few takers – perhaps three. We had cut the foam wings ourselves, and folded our own boxes. We failed as a commercial venture, but we did have fun and got to write off a lot of our expenses. I started to build a second competition canard in the fall of 1976 with a few small modifications that I thought would help the plane fly better. I got started, but shelved the project for a while because of transfers and other priorities. I finally finished it in 2016, 40 years later, and it does fly better than the original, and looks much cooler with the gear retracted.

Charlie Bair had twin nieces and he talked them into holding our two canard model planes. He had them dressed the same and took them over to the Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson AFB, Area C, and posed them with our our models in front of the B-70, also a canard configuration. There were two B-70's built, one of them crashed. This is the only one in existence. Since this picture the Museum has added three new buildings and has moved the B-70 into one of them.



Our First Two Zonker 40 Models, Posed by Charlie's  
Twin Nieces at the Air Force Museum



Shoulder Patch from the 50th Nationals Competition at Wright Patterson AFB 1976



Milt with the Original Zonker 40 flown at the NATS (red one) and the Mark II (blue one) 40 Years Later

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008



My Two Zonker 40 Canard Planes

# 32 Assignment to the Flight Dynamics Laboratory at Wright-Patterson AFB



**F**irst I need to add a short experience while in AFIT about our daughter Amy. I neglected to write about this in the previous chapter. Amy was now a toddler, but not yet aware of quite a few dangers that age brought into her world of adventure. In our house, the basement stairs were located between the kitchen and the dining room. When the basement door was opened, it blocked the path from the dining room into the kitchen, and one would have to go into the living room, down the hallway and into the kitchen. One morning I was walking from the living room, through the dining room to get to the kitchen. The basement door was open, and through the hinge line I could see Amy at the top of the stairs looking down into the basement. She knew all the fun toys were in the basement and was considering how she

could get down there to play with them. I had a sudden moment of panic as I tried to open the door further so I could grab her. The door wouldn't open that way to let me through. I started to run around the other way, but about half way to the kitchen, I heard a thumpty-thumpty – thump as Amy fell and rolled down the stairs. By the time I could get to her, of course she was crying, and pretty upset. I picked her up and held her until Kay came running down because I had shouted to her while I was running. Amy seemed OK, although she had small cut on her lip. After a few minutes she was walking around on her own again and playing. That event really scared us, but we were both thinking that angels were watching over her that day. I truly believe that we have guardian angels assigned to watch over us in many circumstances and that Amy was watched over and assisted that day. Also I think that Amy learned that stairs were nothing to play around on and were one of the dangers in her world to watch out for.

Near the end of my AFIT education, I received an assignment to go to a parachute test squadron located at El Centro Naval Air Facility in El Centro, California. El Centro is 110 miles east of San Diego and about 12 miles north of the border with Mexico. It is in the desert and is 421 feet below sea level. I shuddered as I found out about that assignment. We had three kids, two of them getting close to school age, and the base was not even Air Force! I

couldn't imagine even being there in the heat of the desert and working at a job where I had absolutely no training with parachute design and testing. Kay obviously agreed with me. We felt that we would be in the middle of nowhere, and were also anxious about the strength of our church there. Therefore I went to work lobbying the Air Force assignments section at Randolph AFB and looking for available positions at Wright-Patterson AFB. We both prayed a lot as well. Finally I was able to convince the assignment center that I did not have any experience or education, practical or otherwise, that would qualify me for working with parachutes. They managed to find me a slot at the Air Force Flight Dynamics Laboratory (FDL), not far down the hill from AFIT, at Wright-Patterson, in the Control Criteria Branch. That matched my education and experience very well since that branch worked on stability and control, which was the major in my Master's Degree program. The Control Criteria Branch was heavily involved in Mil Spec 8785 Flying Qualities of Piloted Airplanes. The current spec at that time was 8785B, and I was put to work developing the next version: 8785C. I was in a group of twelve engineers, three military and nine civilians. I found it interesting working with the civilians, and they had an attitude that they carried the work through long periods while the military would come and go. The group leader was a major, and the other military was Jerry Callahan, one of my classmates from the Academy. We were both captains.

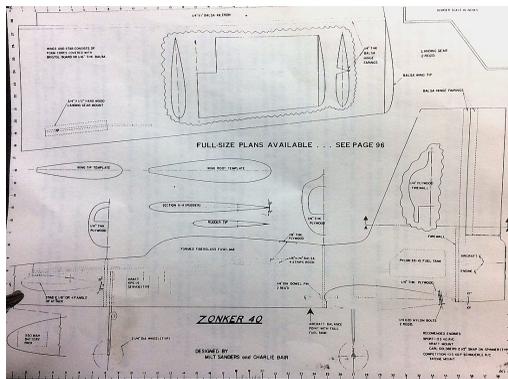
Kay and I were excited to remain in our home in Fairborn and experience some stability for the next three years, which was the normal length of assignment in a desk job away from flying. We were also thankful that our kids would be going to school locally in a good environment, and would still have the friends they acquired while I was in school. We were glad to continue our acquaintance with our friends at church as well, and I continued to get callings and responsibilities to serve and learn.

Charlie Bair also received an assignment to work at another organization at Wright-Patterson, so we continued to socialize, as well as continue our efforts in marketing the Zonker 40. I wrote a construction article for the Zonker 40 that I flew in 1976 AMA Nationals. It was published in Model Aviation Magazine in March of 1977.



Me with my Zonker 40 in the #3 On-Deck Position at the 1976 National Competitions

It took quite a few hours to put that together and Charlie drew up an engineering drawing of the plans which is still available from the Academy of Model Aeronautics as Plan No. 177 for \$9 as of this writing in 2021. It was exciting to be published at the time and enjoy our ten minutes of fame in the modeling world. The magazine paid me \$300 for the article, which was welcome, but not near the effort that went into the plane development, construction, testing, etc. We would have done that anyway because of our interest in models and flying.



Zonker 40 Plans from the Magazine Article

I still have that plane today, however it is in several pieces due to the “canard dance” I experienced in one landing which bounced the nose up into the air where the plane stalled, snapped, and hit upside down. It is repairable, but I don’t think that it is worth the effort. The fiberglass is cracking due to fatigue and age, and some of the covering is delaminating from the wings. The engine

still runs well 46 years later, and the Mark II is in one piece and continues to fly well. There is still the hazard of the canard dance – having the nose wheel hit just a little too hard which bounces the nose up to get the plane back off the ground and into a stalled attitude if I don't land it slow enough. I just don't have the energy anymore to build another one.



Fate of the Zonker 40 Mark 1 in 2016

Charlie and I went to the annual Toledo Expo in Toledo, Ohio for a couple of years where many modelers get together along with a myriad of manufacturers who display, view, and sell their wares. They had several categories of displays: original design, best painted finish, best Monokote finish, and several others for models on display, with prizes given to the winners. Modelers

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

could also rent tables and sell some of their excess model “goodies” to other modelers. Charlie and I rented a table one year and sold off some items which we no longer wanted or had a use for. One year we displayed a Zonker 40 which Charlie had built, in the original design event. This was in 1977, the year following the 76 NATS when it was still in the minds of modelers. We took first place for original design and received a large trophy – 37 inches tall. Charlie kept that for a number of years since he built the plane on display, then got it to me to have for a while. It is down in my hanger to this day.



Toledo Exposition Trophy for Original Design



Plaque on Toledo Trophy

Kay's sister Maureen was living in Buffalo with her husband Steve and their two girls, and one December they drove down to visit us for Christmas. We were having a great time and on Christmas Eve, we gave the kids parts to act out as we read the Christmas story in Luke. Steve "flew" their youngest daughter through the air as one of the angels. After we got all the kids in bed, we noticed that the house was getting cool and the heat would not come on. We still had lights, so I went into the basement and looked at all the circuit breakers. Everything looked good. We had some clothes in the electric dryer, but it wasn't running. I pushed the "run" switch but it would not come on, neither would the heat, but the light inside was dimmer than normal. I began to suspect that one side of our 220 volt system was down. I looked out the back door where the power came into the house at the edge of the roof, and I could tell that one wire was broken. I called the electric company, remember this is

Christmas Eve, and they said that they would send someone out. I felt bad for the guy who would have to leave his family and come to fix our power. It was cold out and there was snow on the ground and on the roof. About 2:00 in the morning we heard a knock on the door, and as I answered it I wanted to say "Ho, ho, ho, where is your red suit?" Of course he was in yellow slicks. However, I didn't think that he would have had much of a sense of humor at that time of night on Christmas morning. He got up on the roof and we could hear him tromping around. I remember thinking, "I hope the kids don't hear him and think it was Santa Claus!" Fortunately they didn't, he fixed the broken wire, and we had heat again. We were thankful for his service to us.

The Midwest was sometimes known for its weather. One year there were three tornados which touched down in Beavercreek, not too far from us, actually where Charlie Bair and his family lived. Those tornadoes merged and tore up a path about a mile long and a quarter mile wide before going away. A lot of families lost their homes. The church building there was also demolished, and a few of their donation receipts were found up to five miles away. Fortunately Charlie Bair's home was out of the tornado zone. One winter, we experienced the Blizzard of 1977. Following that storm, hardly a wheel turned for six days. We had sufficient to eat from our food storage, but those who needed stuff walked to the corner store, and emptied it very quickly. The roads were

shut down by the authorities, and some travelers on I-70 which went by us about 4 miles to the north of us had to be rescued. There is a story of an 18 wheeler on I-70 which was totally covered in snow, only the tip of his tall diesel exhaust pipe was showing. The driver was finally rescued after three days of that. The blizzard was so awesome, that I saw that Hasbro produced a board game by the name of “The Blizzard of 77”. We also had some very pretty, but very dangerous ice storms as well. We managed to survive all of the weird weather.



The Board Game Released Following the Blizzard of 77

Church wise, Kay served as the Laurel advisor for the young women program (girls 15-16) for a couple years. It is pretty interesting to us that one of her Laurels (Paula Paine) went to BYU, met my brother Alan, who was also attending there, and they got married. They now live 35 minutes way in Sandy, Utah, and Alan and I go flying RC models together 2-4 times a month.

It is nice to have family nearby. I served as Ward Clerk, being moved up from the finance Clerk, then Second Counselor to Bishop Val Buxton in the Fairborn Ward, then later as First counselor, replacing Paula's Dad, who retired and moved out west. I had some real growing up experiences during that time period. Kay had her hands full with three kids sitting with her in the congregation while I was seated on the stand beside Bishop Buxton. We tried to alleviate her stress by telling our kids that whoever behaved the best could sit beside me on the stand the following week. That seemed to calm them down for a while. One Sunday, Jeremy was sitting next to me. I didn't notice what he was doing with the printed program which he had in his hands. In the middle of the sacrament meeting, suddenly a paper airplane passed me by sailing out into the congregation, thrown by Jeremy. I was mortified, and I believed Kay was too because she knew exactly where it had come from. Bishop Buxton didn't bat an eyelash, but he looked over at me. I could only shrug. Later he kidded me about a paper airplane sailing off the stand. I could only blush and say that I was sorry. This was the same kid who stuck his tongue out at me when he came out of the delivery room! However, we all survived.

The street we lived on was a dead end to the north of us, as it went partway up a hill, and just stopped in the trees. It was a great place for our kids to take their riding toys, including a big

wheel, up and then come racing down on the sidewalk. Amy was coming down pretty fast one day, and she ran right into Jeremy who was learning to ride a 2-wheel bike. She knocked him off the bike onto the grass, which he didn't appreciate very much. That hill was also a great sledding hill in the winter, especially as we had little traffic because of the dead end. There were a couple of times in the winter when there were quite a few kids sledding and it got crowded. Occasionally one kid couldn't turn very well and he would run into another kid. Once in a while one of them would get hurt, and then we would have to make sure that the injured one would get home. Most of the time at least one parent was out there to watch all the kids. It was nice to have an adult monitoring.

There was a part member family who lived two blocks from us. The wife was the member and she was very nice. She had a 12 year old son, Paul Bennington, who was assigned to be my partner for home teaching – we had three families to visit each month and present a spiritual message. I started a competition with him each month. We would compete to see who could come up with the best milkshake. One month I would make them, and the next month was his turn. That was a win-win competition because no matter who won, we both got a great treat! Also it motivated him to want to go home teaching with me, and we got along great. His dad loved snakes, and kept three or four large

snakes in the basement in glass enclosures. I found out that snakes smell terrible when they were kept that way in a house – these stretched out to five or six feet in their cages. I don't really like snakes anyway, but Mike and Jeremy did, and would visit Paul often to go see the snakes. Occasionally we would hire Paul to baby sit for us, and our boys really liked him because he would play and wrestle with them. It was good for both them and us.

Kay's folks flew out to visit with us for a week. Dad Gerber like to take walks, and he would take one kid on each walk. One day He was out walking with Jeremy, and he got lost. He asked Jer if he knew the way home. Of course Jeremy said sure, and proceeded to take his grandpa the long way home because he liked walking with grandpa. Grandpa teased him about that for a long time when he found out what Jeremy had done, but it was all good natured fun.

I used to talk to our kids whenever I was alone with them in the car going someplace. These were mini-lectures trying to teach them to be good, and the value of helping others – especially their mom as well as watching out for each other. One time I was driving with them and started to talk to them, when Jeremy said, "Oh, this is dad's lecture number 43." I was kind of startled by having them see what I was actually doing, but also pleased that they had been listening. I am hoping they still remember the themes of many of those "lectures". Kids! They see and

understand much more than we give them credit for.

After a while, I was getting tired of stopping the car, getting out, and opening the garage door to put the car away. I finally bought a garage door opener from Heath Kit, built it, and installed it. It was so nice, that I thought I had gone to heaven. One day when I was in the house, I heard the garage door go up, then come down, then go up again. I was puzzled so I went outside and watched the door going up and down. I saw the 3-year old girl from next door. She had gotten in our car and removed the door opener, playing with it and having a great time. I was a little annoyed and walked over and took it away from her. After that I was more careful of where I put the opener, and perhaps started locking the car doors when they were left outside. We often (at least as often as possible) took vacations going back to Salt Lake City to visit Kay's folks and other relatives. We would usually go for several weeks, as it was a long trip. Dad Gerber talked to me about garage door openers one summer when we were visiting, and I managed to install two Heath Kit door openers for him while I was there. I love doing stuff like that. His garage had separate doors for his 2-car garage, and the garage was not attached to the house, but had a short breezeway between the house and the garage.

Another time when we were out in Salt Lake, Harold bought a 10 x 10 metal storage shed, and I helped him pour the concrete -

pushing wheelbarrow after wheelbarrow of cement from the truck to the spot behind the garage. He started putting up the shed after the concrete cured, but it was getting very close to our departure time. We were leaving on Monday, and on Saturday, Harold was having a lot of trouble figuring things out trying to put it together. Kay encouraged me to finish it off on the Sunday before we left. I didn't want to work on Sunday for religious reasons, but Kay finally convinced me that I really should do that and that I would be serving Dad well, even if it were on a Sunday. I did finish up the shed that Sunday and Dad was very grateful for my help. I also learned that I needed to be flexible enough to help others when they needed it, and that would also be serving the Lord. Kay taught me a lot, which I appreciate to this day.

While working at FDL, our group leader was reassigned, and I was selected to take his place. It was a step up in supervisory roles, and it placed additional stress on me to both guide the group and keep working on the 8785 spec. I had the responsibility of quantifying roll control for airplanes in that spec to bring it up to date with newer airplanes in the inventory, especially those which had computers in the flight control system. Wright-Patterson was pretty much the engineering headquarters for the Air Force, and every major aircraft had a systems program office (SPO) that supported each one, having responsibility for upgrades and modifications to make each

aircraft a better weapons or support system. I went around to the various SPO's and researched their roll control systems, especially the speed at which they could produce a roll. I also made a trip to NASA Ames near San Francisco, to engage in a project that linearized the control equations for the F-15 jet, and then compare the linearized equation response with the normal control system response, to see if we could document any differences. I made about three trips out there to fly the motion based simulator to get a feel for it myself, as well as supervise two test pilots from Edwards AFB who came to test it from their standpoint, having flown the actual F-15. At the end of that small program, there was no appreciable difference between the two control systems. It wasn't until later that I found out that the F-15 actual control system was created as a linearized system, and the entire project was testing something that didn't really exist. The individual who proposed and set up the project was not smart enough to realize that there wasn't any difference to begin with. That was a waste of time and money; however, I did get some good experience working the project plus some trips to NASA Ames. While I was there, I was offered a ride on a NASA Lear jet that was running some training for some NASA pilots, and when the training portion of the mission was through, the instructor let me fly the Lear jet back to Ames and make the landing. That was a thrill, but as I found out it wasn't difficult to fly at all.

Our branch at FDL had some really good civilians who had been working there for a long time. They had established a chess organization in the branch, and we often played long games of chess. One of us would make a move and write it down in a notebook using chess notation, then give to the book to his opponent. When the opponent finally had time to make his move, the notebook came back. Sometimes it took almost a month to finish a game, but it was fun and increased comradery. Since we had lots of time to make a move, we could project moves in advance. I remember one game where we had made about 15 moves, and I was able to plan a move to force my opponent to make a specific move. I kept doing that until I saw that I could force him to checkmate in 11 more moves. In the notebook, we could write comments about each move, and in this game I wrote, "Checkmate in 11 moves." My opponent must have been flabbergasted, because he didn't believe it! After about 4 more moves, he finally saw what was going to happen and resigned. That was the only game in my life that I was able to do that. Once in a while we would have a tournament using time clocks where we would hit the timer after making a move, and the opponent's clock would start timing. We had a fixed time limit, and the winner was the one who either had time on his clock when his opponent's clock expired, or made checkmate.

Another thing the branch did was have a model building contest. We all chose a model to build – mostly stick and tissue and rubber band powered. After the models were built we lined them up and each contestant went through the line and voted for what he thought was the best one. Then we went out to a large parking apron, wound up the rubber band, and had a fly off to see which model flew the best. I built a WW I SE5 biplane, and did research to get all the colors and marking correct. It looked pretty scale when I was finished. It was a little heavy though and did not fly well. I did get quite a few votes for best looking model but lost out in the flying part. It was fun and also got us working better together.

While was working at the FDL, I came up for promotion to Major. There were around 200 of us captains at the FDL, and many of them had worked in engineering and at the lab for a good part of their career. I was there just for my three year commitment because of grad school. I had not gotten high marks on my Officer Effectiveness Reports, and ended up being passed over for promotion. That was a real shock to me and was also depressing.

Shortly after that we got a new division commander, who took a better look at his officers working for him and decided to help me out. Each year, the laboratories went through an IG (Inspector General) inspection to determine if everyone was

doing their job, making all the reports that were needed, and working to weed out any “deadwood”. My division chief selected me and one other individual to go through the entire laboratory, interact with all the division chiefs, and go through an informal pre-inspection to see if we could find anything that would catch the IG’s eyes and make corrections before the IG got there. The two of us boned up on all the items pertinent to the inspection process, and started our pre-inspection. We tried to be very informal and helpful, because the IG inspectors were pretty ruthless and actually feared by those being inspected. We went through so many employee files that my eyes started to cross, and checked process dynamics while tutoring the division chiefs how to handle the inspectors and pointing out where they might be written up for not doing some specific things. We were pretty well received, and my division chief was very happy with our pre-inspection reports.

The commander of the Wright Aeronautical Laboratories who all the labs answered to, was changing, and the new one was looking for an adjutant to work with him in his office. My division chief recommended me for an interview for that position, which I went to. After my interview, I could tell that the new commander had already made up his mind about who he wanted. It wasn’t me, but that didn’t bother me too much, because I wasn’t sure that I really wanted that high pressure job.

In my last Officer Effectiveness Report (OER), my division chief wrote that I was one of the top two Captains out of the 200 plus in the Flight Dynamics Laboratory. That made me feel pretty good, and that OER was going to go in my record before the next Major promotion board. I was pretty happy with that.

Also while working at the FDL, the Air Force came out with a program that would allow pilots to do proficiency flying while occupying a desk job, so they could remain close to their flying profession and receive their flight pay, which was substantial. I got checked out in the T-39 eight passenger North American Saber Liner, while flying once or twice a month. We flew high ranking officials around the country, which also included congressmen. My instructor pilot was Ed Tooley, one of my classmates from the Academy. We went quite a few places, but flying in a light uniform with no gloves, mask, helmet, boots, or G suit felt just wrong. It was a totally different kind of flying than what I was used to. My supervisors at the FDL didn't really like me being gone to participate in that program, but they had little choice in the matter. That didn't help my acceptance with the lab supervisors, but didn't bother me very much. After several years of running the program, the Air Force finally decided to cancel it because of the extra cost, yet still continued to give us our flight pay.

Near the end of my tour at the FDL, our branch chief decided that to retain one of his favorite civilians, Dave Matthews, he had to promote him. The only way he could do that was to put Dave into a supervisory position, and my group was the only one available to make that happen. I was promoted to Assistant for Operations and Planning with my own office, and Dave was promoted to replace me as group leader. My new job was just a make do position with little responsibility, but I was getting close to assignment time, and it relieved some of the pressure on me. The title also sounded pretty good on my OER's, which also helped.

Another thing I did for better recognition was to apply for an astronaut slot. The Air Force opened up eight astronaut slots. I met all the flying and engineering requirements, so I put in an application and our lab commander wrote a letter of recommendation. He didn't know me from Adam, but he did have a portfolio of my career. He probably had one of his assistants write it, and he simply signed it. It was kind of a vanilla endorsement. There were 5500 applicants for those eight slots. There really was no chance in being selected, like a snowball's chance in you knows where. However, I didn't really care. My purpose was to be on that list of applicants and shown as being qualified. And now I can talk about it, which impresses a few people, but that's about it. How many people do you know

who have been qualified and applied to be an astronaut? It did what I was looking for, and I was not selected.

One other thing that I did while at the FDL was that I volunteered to teach math for a group of secretaries during lunch period twice a week. Most of the employees in the Wright Aeronautical Laboratories were civilian GS employees. They had to develop their resumes and improve their skills to be eligible for promotion. The FDL had an affirmative action program to help them do that. That was actually fun for me to participate in because it was basic math plus how to do story problems. I remember teaching them how to do dimensional analysis. The first time I mentioned that, I heard a whole lot of groans because it sounded very difficult. When I explained it, they all felt relieved. It is this: when you have a story problem where you have to divide one unit by another, but you don't really know which one to divide into another, you look at the units. If the answer is supposed to be miles per hour, then you know to divide number of miles by the time it took to do something. This would include man hours, man years, etc. and is really a great way to look at math story problems. They got that pretty quickly and mastered dimensional analysis while appreciating my teaching. It also got me a little more recognition for the next promotion board.

Near the end of three years at the FDL, assignment time came around again. Kay had told me numerous times that she would love to spend a tour with me in England, UK. She had spent her church mission there and still had a very good friend living there with whom she corresponded. My assignment came down as flying the Ling-Temco-Vought A-7 Corsair II light attack jet at England AFB in Alexandria, Louisiana. When I found out, I went home and told Kay that we were going to England .. and I paused. She got this big excited smile on her face, and then I dropped the remainder ... AFB Louisiana. She was ready to clobber me, but somehow refrained herself. She was aware of my sometimes twisted humor, and my kids just called them Dad Jokes.

We didn't know very much about Louisiana. A family from Barksdale AFB in northern Louisiana was being reassigned to Wright-Patterson AFB, and they had come up to check out the area. They came to church, and we invited them to dinner so we could share information back and forth about Ohio and Louisiana. Their names were Mel and Diane Gordon. They were very nice and we had a wonderful visit with them. As it turned out, they would come back into our lives in a big way a few years later. So I surely believe that it wasn't just a chance encounter.

We decided to sell our house ourselves and put it on the market. The first two people who came by seemed very nice, however we were told after they left by a neighbor that both of them were

realtors and were checking out what we had. I suppose that quite a few people who try to sell their own homes are unsuccessful and end up with realtors. We had several families come by, and one of those decided to buy our house at our asking price, and we grabbed a sample contract off the Internet, and proceeded from there. It took us only nine days to sell, which was a great blessing to us. So we packed up and headed off for Alexandria, Louisiana – located in the middle of the state – for our next adventure. And let me tell you, the South was a big adventure and culture change for all of us.

# 33 England AFB Alexandria Louisiana and the A-7 Jet



We pulled into Alexandria, Louisiana on a hot, humid afternoon and checked into a hotel. We started looking for a home. Our realtor was pretty efficient and helped us to find a home in Village Green, a small subdivision in Pineville, a suburb of Alexandria to the north east across the Red River. It was a very nice subdivision with a swimming pool for members of the subdivision, with lots of trees and good neighbors. The owners were asking for \$54,000, which sounds very little today, but was pretty much market value for the house. The bank appraisal, however, did not support that much and we ended up paying \$2000 less, which was nice for us.

We finally had a closing and moved in. The Air Force moving allowance was not quite sufficient to pay for our moving expenses, but that is the penalty for having a government/military position and one more dependent than the

government average. Such is life and we have always been able to get along with all the ups and downs of moving and expenses. Our home was a single story, 3-bedroom, 2-car garage with a formal dining room, a den with a fireplace, kitchen with a breakfast bar, two bathrooms, and a small workshop inside the garage. The den seemed very nice and spacious and the house was comfortable with plenty of space for us. I was excited to see 26 pine trees in our larger yard because of them having no leaves to rake up each winter, but it didn't take me long to change my mind, because pine needles fall all year long, and they were all southern pines with very long needles. They are much harder to rake up, and if you don't clear them off periodically, the needles make the soil acidic, causing the grass to grow very spotty and thin. I did purchase a riding lawnmower from Sears, and that helped a lot with the large yard. The back yard was fenced, and we had a large southern forest just outside the fence. It felt pretty private and nice. I was going to remove some grass on a small plot so Kay could grow a small garden, especially tomatoes, but when I tried to cut out the grass, I found it very difficult, so I didn't get very far.

I got signed in at the base and was assigned to the 74th Tac Fighter Squadron, which was the "Flying Tigers", a follow-on to Claire Chennault's original American Volunteer Group called the Flying Tigers. The squadron had a very nice history and legacy to

build on.



74th Flying Tigers Squadron patch

We wore that patch on our flight suits and jackets with a lot of pride. A number of years later I bought a leather jacket for myself and all our adult kids and had a small Flying Tigers patch that didn't have the 74th Fighter Squadron on it, sewn onto the jackets. I was retired and working for Dynix, a library automation company, and I was installing library computer

systems all over the country. I was wearing my jacket and getting off a commercial flight, and another gentleman looked at me and said, "You aren't old enough to have been flying with that group." I just smiled at him, without an answer. After that, I kept my real squadron patch in my inside jacket pocket that I could pull out and show anybody that indeed I was a Flying Tiger pilot!!

The new promotion board had not released the results for promotion to major yet, so I was really not eligible to be sent to train on the A-7, since as a Captain, I would not be allowed to stay until retirement, and would be forced out before I hit 20 years. I was given some jobs to do while I was waiting for the list to be published. One new system that Tactical Air Command had recently put into service was called TAFTRAMS. It was a computer listing of all the requirements that needed to be met by each fighter pilot to stay current as pilots, and also included some past information like "ocean crossings". The current data in the system was really inaccurate, and I would call it really messed up. I had the task of making a large plywood board, paint it, measure places for all the computer reports to hang on it, insert screw hooks to hold the reports, then hang it on a wall. Once that was done, I needed to go check with all our pilots and update their information and provide corrections for the inaccurate data. That probably took me 3-4 weeks to get all that

going, but the squadron commander was pleased with my work. There must have been around 24 different reports for all the activities which we had to perform to be fully qualified for active fighter pilot status, including night landings, air-to-air refueling, qualification in each of the weapons we carried, and also be accurate in delivery standards. Finally the promotion board released the results, and I learned that I had made promotion to Major, and was scheduled for A-7 training in Tucson, Arizona.

In the meantime, we got our kids getting swimming lessons in the subdivision pool, making friends, and having some summer fun. We also learned where the church was, and drove around to take a look at it so we wouldn't get lost and be late on Sundays. In the back yard of the church was a very large Pecan tree. I don't think that I had ever seen one. On our first Sunday we started to make friends. As our bishop got up and started conducting the meeting, we got our first taste of the South. It was very different from what we were used to. Some of the members had lived there a very long time, and were a little cliquish. They were also not quite as friendly to the military, at least until they got to know us. After our first meeting, I had to go out the front door and check the name on the building to make sure we were in the right church. Some of the speakers still carried a habit of sometimes pounding a little on the podium. However we soon

found other members who also lived in Village Green, and became fast friends.

Kay did not like the South very well. She would go out to the mailbox to get the mail, and by the time she got back inside, she was dripping from the heat and humidity. One Sunday as we were getting ready to leave for church, we noticed the temperature rising inside. I went outside to where the A/C evaporator was, and I could hear hissing from the Freon line. I called an A/C place, and they promised to get to us as soon as they could. Kay refused to come back to the house until our A/C was repaired, and one of our close friends invited her and the kids to stay at their house until that happened. Fortunately, it wasn't too long until the repairman came, fixed the problem and got the house cooling back down again. It was interesting to me that the cooling unit was in the attic with all the vents in the ceiling. I surmised that since the A/C was used a large proportion of the year, and that cold air being denser would fall toward the floor, that was just being efficient.

Our boys were getting to Cub Scout age, and the church was too small to have their own scout unit. Kay found out how everything was organized, and went to a pack meeting to get our boys signed up. She also volunteered to be a den mother, and ended up with about 10 boys meeting at our home. She found that some of those boys used some bad language and she firmly instructed

them that they couldn't use that language in our home. If they slipped up, they were told to go outside and use their "potty mouths" there until they could control themselves. I think that she did some good there. One day the Cub Scout boys arrived a little early, and Kay hadn't gotten home from the store yet. Mike and Jeremy got them all rounded up on the driveway after gathering a decent pile of pine needles, and had them lighting fires in the driveway when Kay arrived home. Our kids were just as mischievous as the other ones.

At the pack meetings, the cub master always had an opening prayer. He was always looking during the parents meeting for someone who knew a pastor they could ask to give that prayer. After one of those meetings, Kay went up to him and told him that our boys could give the opening prayer. The cub master was astounded that our young boys could do that. He did decide to try them out, and they did well. I think the other parents were pretty surprised to see that as well. Kay did some good in that Cub Scout pack too.

One day some of our friends in Village Green were coming over to visit us, and we knew they were coming. We saw them walk up nearly to the front porch, and then we saw them back off, and just stare at the porch. It turns out that they saw two pygmy rattle snakes on the porch. I suppose they came out of the woods behind our house. I took my survival knife that I bought in the

Philippines and cut the head off of one of them, but the other I picked up with a stick and tossed back into the woods. I cut the rattle off the dead one and kept it for a while. I think I mailed it to somebody as a gag one day.

Another thing that was common to the South was cockroaches – and some of those were pretty big and could fly. Our den had a brick wall at the back. The lighting was pretty dim as well, and the bricks were naturally dark. One day Kay was walking up toward the fireplace, and one of these big, black, flying cockroaches flew off the bricks and came toward her. The cockroach was really difficult to see against the bricks, and Kay just about went ballistic. I finally bought a garden sprayer and some chemicals and would spray around the baseboards as well as around the outside foundation of the house once a month. That really helped to keep the insect and cockroach population down.

We held a family home evening every Monday evening after dinner where we would sing a song, have a prayer, and have a lesson. Each of our kids was assigned to one thing each Monday. We taught them to lead the music while Kay played the piano, and another one would give the prayer. I usually taught a short lesson. For one lesson, I decided to teach them a little bit about responsibility. Kay baked some cookies, and I put some in a shoe box and hid them in the house. Before our meeting, I gave each

one an assignment on a piece of paper. The first one was to go to a specific place at a specific time and do a task. These tasks were cumulative, and if anyone missed a task, they would not find the cookies at the end of the lesson. Well, Amy missed her task. She was around six years old at the time. When the last child went to do his task, the cookies were not there. They were all very disappointed because they all liked treats very much. Amy even started crying. We finally got the cookies and gave them their treat, but I think they really got the point of that lesson.

Our boys had started playing "T" ball in Ohio, and they were now into coach pitch in Louisiana. They were both doing well, although Jeremy had a little trouble with concentration as his mind likes to wonder between actions. Mike had much better concentration. One thing I remember is that lice became an issue, and the coaches started spraying each batting helmet as it changed heads on the boys. Lice have an implied connection with not being clean at home, and some of the moms were very upset that others might think that they did not keep a clean home. A couple removed their boys from baseball entirely. Our boys did get some lice passed on, but Kay found out how to check for them, and got some antiseptic shampoo from the base hospital, which took care of that pretty quickly in our home. Mike also started playing football in Louisiana, but Kay nearly took him out of it when she found the coach teaching his boys to be really

rough, and the coach would use words like “kill ‘em”. I didn’t get nearly upset, because I knew that the coach was trying to just get them to play hard by ramping up their emotions, but there are better ways to do that than using violent words.

Our kids were a little leery about discipline in the school system. It was much different (and antiquated) from Ohio where they had just been in school. Several times, Jeremy was cited by his teacher for not being respectful making his teacher really upset with him. He was not saying ma’am or sir like they always expected in the South. We had never required that from our kids. Jeremy’s teacher took him into Mike’s class, and paddled him in front of the class on a regular basis. I was a little more used to seeing that in my school experiences than Kay was. Kay got really upset and went to talk to the principle. I don’t remember if she got any satisfaction out of that, but Jeremy either caught on, learning quickly, or moved on to another teacher at grade advancement time.

One of Kay’s close friends received a calling in the Stake Relief Society for church, and she recommended Kay to join her in that presidency. Kay didn’t really feel that she was ready for that, but the Lord calls us into positions that stretch us out of our comfort “box” and qualifies us for His work through experience and inspiration. She held that calling until we moved on. I received a calling as High Priests Group leader – we were really short of

people, and I didn't get any assistants. I worked at that and gave all the lessons on Sunday as well. I was also called to serve on the high council, holding two significant callings, and traveled to many places in northern Louisiana on speaking assignments as well as speaking in Stake conferences, and traveling with the Stake Presidency to various ward conferences.

It was definitely an education. Sometimes trying to understand the southern drawl was difficult, as well as some of the phrases they used. For example, "carry me to the store" meant giving somebody a ride. When someone asked if I wanted a Coke, and if I said yes, then they would ask me what flavor I wanted – grape, cherry strawberry, lime, etc. Words like "nail" would come out as "nil". Our kids picked up a southern drawl really quickly so as to not stand out at school or in other groups. They dropped it really quickly for the same reasons when we moved out west. It was fun to watch that.

I was sent to Tucson, Arizona to Davis-Monthan AFB, where the Air Force keeps their "boneyard" (older planes that are not in use, but still are valuable for parts for either National Guard bases, or foreign nations who have purchased our older planes). I never did try to go over there for a tour – for one reason it was always hot there. I was there for 10 weeks to train in the A-7D Corsair II. I towed our old Corvair behind me as I drove to Arizona because it would no longer go into reverse. I took the

Ford station wagon and had purchased a new Honda Civic station wagon for Kay. I figured that I could find another 4-speed transmission for it, and simply replace it (I was quite naive. I never did replace it, although I looked through several wrecked car lots. I could not find a 4-speed anyplace, but I did find a 3-speed where I had to lay down on the weeds and crawl under. I finally sold the car to a guy for \$50 – it wasn't of any use to me. Three days later I was driving out of the base one day, and that Corvair came through the base gate going the other way and looked just fine. Go figure!

I live in a BOQ room for those 10 weeks, which also had a kitchen. I was watching my food intake and stuck with TV dinners, some eggs, bologna, peanut butter, cereal, and limited my sweets intake. I went to the running track across the street and ran regularly. One day I was running with one of the other training students – there were just the three majors in my class, and we were all from England AFB; one was also in my squadron and had been a class ahead of me at the Academy, Fred Boli. He was on the Lt Col promotion list and would become the squadron Ops Officer in time. He was a good guy. Anyway, I was out running, and we decided to run a mile and a half, six laps. As we came down the straight away at the end of six laps, I felt good and just kept going. He looked over at me kind of funny, and I said, I'm going to do two more laps, and I went did a full two miles. I have

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

never been a runner, but even though Arizona was hot, it was very dry compared to Louisiana, and it just felt good. I also went to one or two movies a week if they had any good shows, and that was when I treated myself to one small box of movie candy. When I left to go home, I had lost about 20 pounds and was 165 and felt really good. That didn't last too long after I got home, due mainly to Kay's cooking and less exercise, although I did run around Village Green a couple times a week.



Our Entire A-7D Training Class at Davis-Monthan AFB

We had some academic classes – just like all the other airplanes, and books to study, as well as the emergency procedures. They put me into the simulator, and on my first simulator flight, I was doing an instrument approach when suddenly everything on the instrument panel quickly rolled over as the visual on the canopy and then everything went black. I asked what happened? I was told I got too slow and the airplane departed controlled flight and crashed. That was a good wakeup call to one of the significant peculiarities of the A-7: departure from normal flight. As you approach stall speed, the nose starts to hunt just a little bit left and right, then it whips violently one way as the airplane flips over and heads for the ground. This is even more deadly than the adverse yaw in the F-100. We got sent to Dallas for four days to go through a motion base simulator which approximates departure and recovery of the A-7D. We each got to go through a departure four times, and practice the established (and only) way to recover. We climbed to 20,000 feet, slowed down until the airplane departed, then pushed up the throttle and maintained 7 degrees on the angle of attack indicator (AOA) as the airplane began to pull out. If we exceeded 7 degrees, the airplane would depart again, and it would start all over. Starting at 20,000 feet, the recovery would be complete at 10,000 feet. If you were not recovered by 10,000 feet, or went into another departure, then the procedure would be to eject. So this was something you totally wanted to stay away from. When

got back to England AFB, one of our checkout procedures was to fly with an IP in a second airplane, climb up to 20,000 feet and do a real departure, which I did for proper orientation and recognition.

We went through a few aerobatics, and some instrument work, but it was much different when they didn't have any planes with two seats. The instructor was always in a different airplane and just couldn't reach over and manage your controls. We were on our own from the very start. Our major training was in some low level navigation and weapons delivery. We had to qualify in all the major weapons carried by the airplane, including low level strafe. Once we graduated from training, we had two passes in strafe to qualify at 25% hits. We carried 135 rounds of 20mm in our five barrel Gatling gun. We had two rates of fire that we could select: 6000 and 4000 rounds a minute. At high rate, we fired 100 rounds a second, which was really amazing!. Therefore I always selected the low rate, using a very short burst for the first pass to see what the wind was doing and to check the gun boresight on the barrel. Then the next pass I would fire out the remaining rounds after putting in my corrections. In training, we had unlimited passes to qualify. I made about 5 passes before I put 25 rounds into the target. The range had been upgraded from my F-100 days with an acoustic sensor which would count acceptable hits. It takes about seven rounds for the gun to slow

down after you get off the trigger, so you don't really fire all 135 in two passes. The five barrels of the Gatling gun rotate one barrel into firing position to fire a round before moving to the next barrel, but the barrel never stops while firing, so the timing is critical. And firing that fast, you don't hear a regular machine gun sound – you hear a berrapppp, as a continuous sound.

While I was at Davis–Monthan, we had an instructor fly one A-7 to Tinker AFB near Oklahoma City, to pick up another one to bring back after depot level maintenance. Tinker did all that maintenance for the A-7, just like Hill AFB does all the maintenance for the F-35 as I write this. As the young instructor flew back to land at Davis–Monthan, he was coming over the city and had the gear and flaps down. As he was descending towards the runway. His engine started chugging and making weird sounds, and he lost most of his power. He waited as long as he could, then he bailed out way lower than he was supposed to. His plane crashed on a city street in Tucson and burned, killing one lady and her daughter in car just ahead of him as the blast and flames covered the car. He took one swing in his open chute before landing. I was briefing for a flight when word came in of the crash, and my IP cancelled our mission because he wasn't sure that the rest of us were in a condition to go fly, and because he had some responsibility to cover for the incident.

While I was there, Thanksgiving came along, and rather than spend a lot of money to fly to Louisiana to be with my family, I was much closer to Salt Lake City which was cheaper, so I flew up to be with Kay's family for the holiday. They enjoyed me and I enjoyed their company as well, but I only had 4 days of vacation to go do that. We all called Kay on Thanksgiving and talked to her and the kids. I probably should have gone home, but I just didn't want to head for Louisiana at that time. I was away, had developed some good habits of studying and diet, and didn't want to make such a large break in them. Kay was unhappy in the South and I didn't want that to affect me as well.

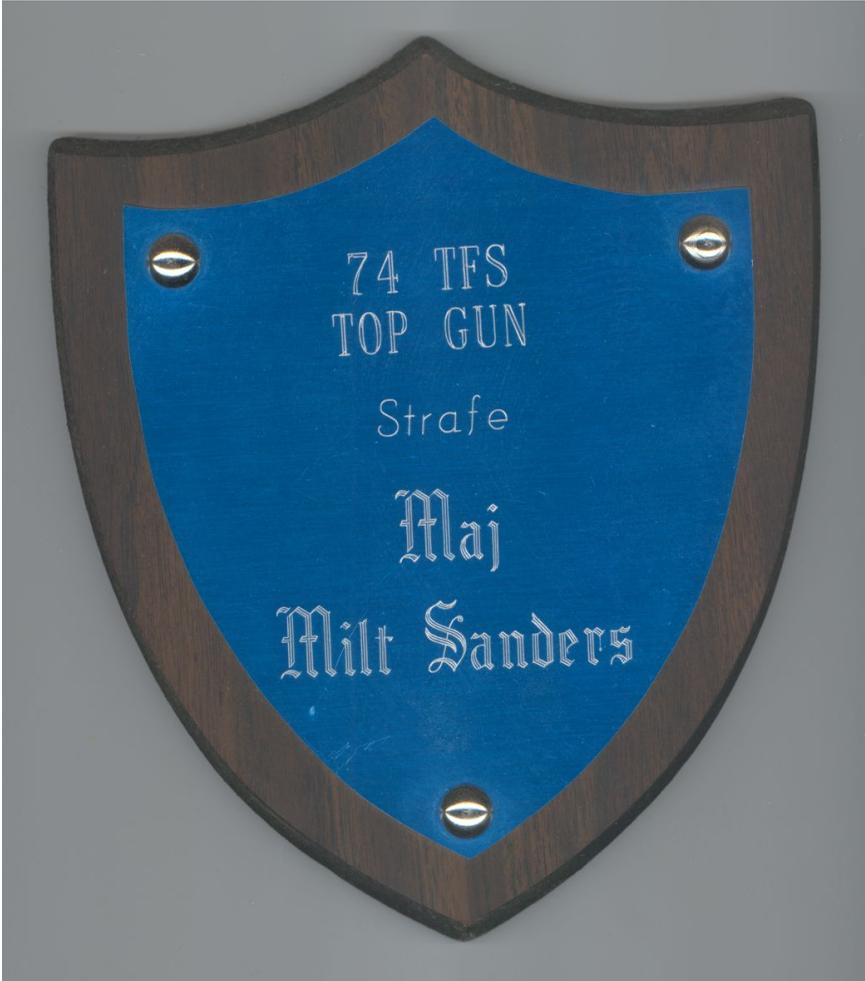
When I got finished with training, I drove home in the Ford, got reacquainted with the family, and went on back to work as a qualified fighter pilot in the A-7. As a combat machine, the A-7 had redundant systems which we had to know, as well as what was still available when some part failed or was shot out. We also carried a Maverick missile on occasion which was electronically locked on by the pilot while looking through a TV camera in the nose of the missile. The small video screen was black and white, and the difficulty was finding the target in the screen and lock on the missile while still flying the jet. We found the target on the ground while looking outside and then transitioned to the video screen in the cockpit. The missile was able to lock on to an object that had decent contrast, and once it was locked on, the pilot

could fire the missile and break off while the missile continued to its target. The easiest thing I found that I could lock onto was the wake of a boat on a large lake to the west of the base over toward Ft. Polk, Louisiana.

Periodically we had to take a test during our proficiency checks. That test had quite a few questions; however the Wing gave everyone a 900 question master file from which each test would draw questions from. I made some cassette tapes where I asked the question, left a timed space for me to answer, and then go on to the next question. I would listen to these tapes on my way going to and coming home from work every day. That really helped. The A-7 was a complicated plane as were its weapons systems. When flying we had to know a great deal of information just to keep up with everything that was going on, and there was no time to open a book and look it up. There are times when a pilot would get saturated and just couldn't do everything. Along with our written tests, we would also have to get into the simulator and go through a battery of emergency procedures which the operator could program into the simulator, and we had to take care of. He could also program multiple situations at one time to see just how much we could handle. As you can surmise, when flying, usually more than one thing can happen at a time or progress from one situation to a more difficult situation. Some of these simulations were pretty exhausting.

A few times, Kay would take her Cub Scouts to the gunnery range where they could watch our jets drop practice bombs and fire the guns. The scouts really liked that. Between flights using the range, sometimes there was as much as half an hour between flights, and the range officers let the scouts onto the target areas where they would pick up mostly bullets from the strafe area. They really loved that too. One time I arranged for my four-ship flight to practice skip bomb passes, which we did not normally do. This was done by flying level at 100 feet, then dropping a bomb so it would either skip off the ground into a target, or hit the target on the fly. The fun part was that we would come in about as fast as we could go at 100 feet which was very, very loud. The scouts loved that as well. As pilots we had to take turns serving as a range officer – I got that duty about twice a month. That was kind of fun in knowing exactly what the jets were doing, as well as being a safety officer. I had to monitor the pull out altitudes for each dive bombing run, to make sure that the pilot didn't drop the practice bomb below the release altitude. If they did, or if they fired their gun past 2000 feet from the target, I would issue them a foul for safety. If anyone got two fouls in a mission, he would have to climb and orbit the range "high and dry" until the rest of the flight was finished. I only fouled one pilot twice as range officer in my 2 1/2 years in the A-7. I also got fouled once in that time, by shooting past the cease fire line on strafe. That kind of upset me because I got 54 hits, which was a

real rarity. For one six-month period I had the highest average score for strafe in the wing, and I got a “Top Gun” plaque for that. That was kind of neat. That was one claim for fame for me



Top Gun Plaque from My Squadron

We had three charted, published, and approved low level routes which we flew to both practice and check out those who were not current at different altitudes. These were charted out for specific low altitudes to which we could descend and practice. The highest level was 500 feet, followed by 300 feet, then 100 feet. There were also specific places for us to avoid such as chicken coops. Even though the A-7 was powered by a turbofan, it was still very noisy, especially when flying at 420 knots. On one of our routes, there was a drive-in movie theater just off to the right. I usually used that to have my Lieutenant wingmen to see how many "enemy" vehicles they could spot in the "enemy motor pool" as we flew over. I was disappointed to have not one of them even see the drive-in at all. I flew those routes many times and was very familiar with them. One day I went out to fly that route and I forgot my low level map. Once I was out at the plane, there was no chance to go back to the squadron and pick one up. I did have the headings and distances written down on my flight card though. We just took off and I managed to fly the route just fine without the map, thankfully. We did have an inertial navigation system on the plane that took about 25 minutes to establish our position on the ground and become relatively stable after starting engines. It did take quite a bit of time to punch in all Lat-Long coordinates though, and the nav system drifted quite a bit. I rarely used it for precision navigation, but it did give me a good general area look on my

moving map display.



My Plaque from the 23rd TAC Fighter Wing for Top Strafe

Another time I was descending from 300 to 100 feet (some legs on each route were restricted in altitude). The A-7 has what we call a "Flight Path Marker" which is gyro stabilized to the vector of the plane. It displays as a small circle in the heads up display (HUD) and has three short straight lines, one straight up and two on the sides to simulate the vertical tail and the wings. The center of the circle is where the airplane will hit if you are aimed at something. As I was leaving 300 feet, I noticed a farmer on a tractor driving straight away from me, and he was centered right in the middle of the circle. I must have been feeling like a smarty pants that day as I left the marker right on him until I leveled out at 100 feet and flew right over him at 420 knots. I knew we were going to scare him, but I hoped we didn't knock him off his tractor. I wouldn't have liked to be in his position! I never did hear anything back at the base over the next two weeks about it, so I guess he was all right.

On another 100 foot low level I was closely monitoring my radar altimeter so I could stay right at 100 feet. As we flew over a river, the bank dropped down as did I, and then had to climb a little bit at the other bank. When we got home and I was debriefing the flight, my wingman told me that he looked over and couldn't see me at all. Then he caught sight of me a minute later when I climbed back up. He was pretty concerned for a little bit. We flew tactical formation which was flying even with each other with

6-9000 foot spacing. That is a nautical mile to a mile and a half apart. At that distance our 46 foot long jet was about the length of the exposed lead on a sharpened wood pencil, and camouflaged to boot. It was a little difficult to see. When we had a 4-ship formation, we flew in a "box" with the two trailing aircraft the same distance behind and side to side apart. That gave us the best defense we could mount against being attacked by an enemy aircraft.

After flying with the squadron for about nine months, I was given a checkout to be an instructor so I could help other instructors qualify pilots who either lost a currency, or needed to get one to begin with. Being an IP was just a little tough, because all I could do was talk someone out of a problem. I had no physical control of the other aircraft, as these were all single seat, and I was in the second aircraft. When monitoring landings, some of the IP's would take a little spacing to be away from the lead aircraft, and some would hang right in there in close formation. I liked to hug right in there. With one Lieutenant that I was monitoring landings with, he pitched out, and when he rolled out he looked over to see where I was thinking that I would have some spacing on him. He told me later that when he saw me right next to him, he jumped a little bit. That's how you get some respect from the new guys.

One weekend, I was sent on a cross country to upgrade my best buddy's low level currency to 100 feet (Mike Edmonds). It takes three low level missions to do that, so we were sent out on the weekend so the squadron didn't have to use up three missions during the week. Mike and I were good friends, and we both flew RC airplanes. Mike was also an excellent pilot and had previously flown the F-4 Phantom II. We were crossing some part of Texas on a 100 foot low level. As we crossed over a lake, he descended to 50 feet – that was just about one wingspan of our jet. The wind was calm; the lake was like glass, so I followed him down. That was a lot of fun. We were moving at seven nautical miles a minute and the trees sticking out of the water to one side looked like they were simply drifting by in slow motion. Four or five minutes later we were coming up on the far shore of the lake so Mike climbed back up to 100 feet. That was one of my top ten memorable flights in a jet.

While I was flying A-7's, our squadron was deployed to Hawaii for a practice deployment as an exercise. That was labeled as an ocean crossing, and was to last for six weeks. Our squadron flew 12 jets to Hawaii accompanied by 3 KC-135 Tankers. The actual flight time was 7 hours and 40 minutes. That didn't count our cranking engines one hour before takeoff, so we sat in our jets for about nine continuous hours. At the end of three weeks the first contingent of pilots would come home on a C-141, while

being replaced by 12 other pilots. I flew over on the first deployment. I was flight lead of a 4-ship, and was the third flight to take off. We took off from England AFB, Louisiana and joined up in a loose formation and headed for Tucson, Arizona to meet up with our three tankers. They were right on time so we fell in behind them to let them navigate, and we had each 4-ship behind each of the tankers. They planned five in-flight refuelings. The planners always kept us with enough fuel to reach land if something went wrong with the refueling apparatus on any one plane, and that plane could still make landfall. We normally had to perform an air-to-air refueling once every three months with one of those being a night refueling. We were proficient, but not exactly comfortable. During my first refueling, I could feel that I had my hand holding the control stick pretty tightly, and was slightly tense all over, concentrating hard. By the fourth and fifth refueling I was very relaxed, even having my hand off the throttle with my arm laying on the canopy rail like I was an old pro at refueling. I found it amazing that the process could get so relaxed so quickly, but it sure felt nice.

We flew into Barbers Point Naval Air Station, landed, taxied to the assigned parking spots, and shut down. It was pretty difficult to get out and start moving after being cramped so long. We could not even cross our legs in the cockpit. They had issued us

high protein box lunches that we ate during the flight – they had even cut up our steak into small bites, which was very helpful. They gave us some stimulus pills to take if we started feeling fatigued. I took mine. During the flight, I had removed some of my G suit and sat on it. We had a button that would inflate the g suit for testing it once we had the engine started and had pressurized air. Every so often I would push the button a few times for a small massage effect on my butt. It helped, although it was not very effective. We struggled out of our planes, and managed to carry our gear over to the jeep which took us to the parachute shop to hang our gear. Our planes were also fitted with a travel pod besides our normal external fuel tanks. I was sneaky in that I brought an RC plane with me. When I was trying to fit it in the travel pod, it just wouldn't go. I ended up cutting off the horizontal stabilizer to get everything in. I did fly it five or six times in the three weeks that I was there. I guess I just had to do something different.

The Army had a bombing range on the big island of Hawaii between two volcanos – Mona Kea and Mona Loa. The first volcano had been dormant for a very long time and had an observatory built up at the top. We were told to stay away from there since our jets would cause vibration and make the telescopes lose their calibration, so we did. We wanted to be nice neighbors. Would could drop live napalm but only use practice

bombs, a small 25 pound unit that didn't explode. Neither could we fire our Gatling guns. The entire range area as well as a large part of the island was jagged volcanic rock, and the winds were always blowing. We figured if we had to eject over the lava, we probably wouldn't survive the parachute landing, getting all torn up and dragged through the volcanic rocks. We did a range orientation with four jets at a time, and when everyone had received their orientation, then we started low level run ins with a pop up maneuver just before the target, put our eyes on the target, rolled in, and dropped our bombs. There were small hills all over the range which were called a pu'u. We had to be careful in recognizing our targets and not target Pu'u Ahi which were Army observers were usually usually located during a mission. We had a good time flying over the islands going to the big island. After dropping our bombs, we would split off into two 2-ship formations and do some sightseeing on the way back to Oahu. On one mission, I took the two of us up the sloping side of Mona Loa which is listed as the largest active volcano in the world with it's top around 14,000 feet above sea level. It is dormant most of the time. We flew up over the edge and down into the caldera, which is a level flat plain. The caldera goes up 500-800 feet above the interior floor. We cruised at 300 knots across the 8 or so mile wide caldera. There a ragged crack across the middle of the caldera and we could see a small amount of smoke coming out of it. We both thought that was really a cool

sight. We flew up and out over the other side, turned around and flew back across again. That was another of my top ten moments of flying in a jet. We then left because of fuel and headed back towards Oahu, but we also flew lower and around some of the beautiful cliffs on the islands between Hawaii and Oahu. We were warned to be on the lookout for tourist planes who also took tourists on flights like we were hoping to do. At 300 knots we were much faster than the slower tourist planes and helicopters, so we stayed farther out from the cliffs so we could look at the sights and also be clear from the slower flights. The waterfalls were magnificent!

We found out what the saying means: “Someone knows when they have been on Hawaii too long when they get up in the morning, look out the window and say ‘Oh no, another perfectly beautiful day in Paradise’”. We experienced that feeling for ourselves. We packed up our stuff, walked on to our ride home, and tried to sleep our way back. It had been a wonderful trip and a wonderful experience.

I remember another experience during an air-to-air refueling mission one day. We went up as a 4-ship, climbed to altitude, and proceeded to our entry onto the refueling track. To refuel, a KC-135 would enter the track 2000 feet above us, and fly down the track looking for us on its radar. It was offset about 3-4 miles to one side from us. When it saw us on radar 26 miles away, they

were supposed to start a 180 degree turn to roll out just in front of us, then we would call them on the radio and tell them to “push it up” and they would accelerate to refueling speed of 303 knots. Today would not go perfect. When they started turning, they were about 10-12 miles too late starting their turn and we would be way in front of them. If pulled our power back to let them pass us, it would take us a long time to accelerate to catch up making for a terrible mess of our refueling time. I was leading our flight, and as I saw them, an idea flashed into my mind. I started a turn to head 45 degrees toward them, and told them to push up their speed. I held our heading about 1 minute after we had turned 45 degrees, then I turned 90 degrees back toward where they would be. As we rolled out heading back toward them, we were properly spaced and could smoothly join into the pre-fueling position. We were then cleared up to their altitude where we started the refueling process. Using my two turns, I was able to fly a longer path while keeping up our speed, fly just the right amount of that path to make a perfect rejoin. I’m thinking that I had a little divine help to turn, fly long enough, turn back at exactly the right time, and perfectly correct the tanker’s error. That was a wonderful feeling. I still remember that short ten minute rejoin time to this day.



A-7 from the 23rd TAC Fighter Wing Sliding into the Contact Position for Refueling

We did a second deployment to Hawaii the following year, where we saw a lot more restrictions on our sightseeing, and didn't have the same enjoyment as before. We flew the planes back that time, and I got my second ocean crossing. I don't remember much about the deployment that time, except for one incident where our Air Force FAC (forward air controller) was doing some training with an Army soldier. We were given the wrong heading from the IP (initial point where we started our low level run in) and told to drop on a specific target which was one of the large shipping containers. We had previously calculated our headings

and timing from each IP to the general target area. This time I left the IP on the heading given to me by the FAC, started my clock, and was trying to look for the target. My time was running way long which bothered me and told me somewhere in the back of my brain that this was not right, but I kept going. I noticed that I was going to fly right over the Army encampment where they kept their folks on the range, so I turned further to the right, went past the encampment, and popped up to look for the target. I looked to where I thought the target should have been, and I saw an object that looked like the target. Now even a shipping container looks small from 2500 feet at the top of a pop up, especially moving at 420 knots. I rolled in on what I thought was the target, called in hot, and I got a "Cleared Hot" back on the radio from the Army trainee. The Air Force FAC saw what was happening and froze up on what he should have done. I dropped a practice bomb, and as I pulled out, I saw helicopter blades on top of a small pu'u to my left. They shouldn't have been there. I was in the wrong place, and had fixated on what I thought was the target. My practice bomb landed 9 feet from the FAC's jeep which is what I was aiming at. I was just so glad that it was only a practice bomb that poofed a little white smoke.

We held a squadron briefing where I briefed all the pilots on what had happened and why. I also drew up some parameters where all our pilots could easily tell if they were given a bogus

run in heading. And yes, I was cleared hot to drop my practice bomb, but the pilot has the last decision to stop or continue in any circumstance, and he always gets the blame for a bad mistake. After we got back to England AFB, one of the Colonels walked by me one day and said "Nice bomb Sanders". I got the drift immediately – nice bomb, just in the wrong place. Thank you, sir.

During our time in Louisiana, Chad came along, not very much before we were due for reassignment. Kay was diagnosed with gestation diabetes, which she didn't really like, because that restricted her diet. This hospital allowed the dads in the delivery room, and this was our only child where I could witness a birth of one of our children. When Kay started into initial labor, I took her down to the hospital and was waiting around while things were going slowly. I was hungry and told Kay that I was going to get something to eat. She looked at me and just said, "You are going to miss this delivery!" I was aware that could happen, but I went and grabbed something to eat anyway. Fortunately, I got back in plenty of time; otherwise I would have been in really hot water. Chad was born while I watched, and I didn't faint like some husbands do. I was happy, Chad was healthy, and all our babies were cute. When Kay saw the obstetrician later she said, "Oh goody, I can go have a milkshake and a candy bar now." The doc looked at her and sternly said, "Don't you dare!!"

We still had our Ford wagon which was getting old by then. One day I drove it to the base, and when I pulled into a parking place and stepped on the brakes, the pedal just went all the way to the floor! I left it there got a ride home and came back the next day with some tools. Not being a mechanic, I was wondering about replacing the brake tubing which I could tell was leaking badly up by the engine. I ended up taking a pair of vise grips, bending the tubing over twice, and crimping. This let me get pressure on the brakes so I could at least drive it home. We wanted to buy a new Honda Civic Station wagon because gas prices had been going up. We were put on a waiting list, but we finally got one. I sold the Ford for \$300. A southern lady had come over (I had cleaned it up of course), took a look at it, saw that it looked clean and also had the 8 track tape pleyer in it. And she just said "Sold!" She handed me \$300 in cash and drove it off. I was pretty happy to get rid of it.

Mike Edmonds and I designed a small RC racing plane that met all the rules for the national competition, and we built a couple and flew them. It was very fast. I took a picture of Amy holding that plane in our back yard in Village Green and wrote a nice construction article, submitted it to a modeling magazine. They accepted it and published it with Amy's picture in the article. That was fun, but again was quite a bit of work.

My A-7 tour was finishing up and assignment time was coming around. The assignment folks told me that they could send me to Germany for three years to fly F-4's accompanied by my family, or I could take another one year remote tour in Korea leaving my family at home. The problem with the Germany tour was that it took nearly two years to get family housing, and my family couldn't come over until they had family housing assigned. I was thinking about just getting out of the Air Force, but Dad heard about it and called me up. He convinced me that I should just take the next six years and stay in until retirement, no matter where they wanted to send me. I followed his advice, and that was without a doubt the very best advice he ever gave me. I took the remote tour to Camp Red Cloud just outside Oijeongbu, Korea (pronounced like we-jong-boo). That was the location where the TV series MASH was supposedly based during the Korean War.

We packed up, put the house up for sale, and headed to Utah to park my family for a year while I was gone. I don't remember how we got the White Honda Civic to Utah, but Kay went with the three younger kids and flew out, while I took Mike and we drove the copper colored Civic wagon to Utah. Mike must have been very nervous about moving, and he was totally constipated on that trip. I was stopping every couple of hours for his pain and to see if he could finally go. I don't remember what eventually happened but he got his bowels moving again without incident,

and we arrived at Kay's folks where they put us up until we found a house. I was hoping to get assigned to Hill AFB after Korea, so we found a house, bought it, and unpacked. That made it convenient for Kay to use the commissary and BX, and the church was close as well. And we moved on.

## 34 Move to Utah and Tour in Korea



We headed out to Utah to plant some roots and have a place for the family to stay while I headed out to Korea for a one year remote assignment without family. We had a very good realtor we were working with, and he showed us some model homes advertising the styles that were going to be built in a new subdivision. These homes were new of course, and were partially staged including some built-in appliances along with some upgrades. We fell in love with a two-story house that also had a full basement with a nice food storage area under the front porch. The basement was unfinished, but the rest of the house was carpeted. The master bedroom was huge and extended from the front to the back of the house over the garage. There was also a very large walk-in closet with a lock on it, making it perfect to store Christmas presents away from our very inquisitive kids. It also had a nice fireplace at the end of the family room and a good sized kitchen. We had a little difficulty purchasing the house

from the developers because they wanted to use it as a model, then build the new houses in the subdivision according to what buyers wanted, but we finally prevailed upon them, got our financing, signed the papers and moved in.

The lot itself was still dirt, but it had been graded. I got to work and laid out and installed our sprinkler system, then we purchased sod which we laid, getting some help from family – a whole lot of help from Greg Gerber, a teenage relative who lived less than ten miles away. I learned that I didn't want to lay sod ever again, as those pieces of grass were heavy, and the labor was back breaking, but Greg was strong and very supportive. He also ended up being a great babysitter for our kids while I was away. Kay's step-sister Shari Gerber, lived a short distance away in Roy, between Layton and Ogden. She was a big help to us as well. Kay's folks were only an hour away, and we got visits from them as well as drove to their house for get togethers. Occasionally, the family would go up to the Manor Lands property on Mirror Lake Highway, where Harold and his two brothers-in-law had purchased mountain property next to each other in a gated association. The Gerbers would head up I-80 towards Evanston, Wyoming, and we drove up on I-84 out of Ogden, and met them at a rest stop where I-80 and I-84 met not far from the Wyoming border. Harold had purchased a 15 foot camping trailer which he put in place and built a frame around it

and a roof over it. He also built a framed eating area with a roof and put screen around the outsides. The screen would keep most of the flying critters out, and we would eat on a picnic table inside, grilling outside it. All of us simply called it the “Bug Tent” for short, and the name stuck. Harold and Uncle Milton Johnson had gone together and had a well drilled at the juncture of the two properties, so we had wonderful mountain water. Later the boys – Steve, Tom, and I helped to put up a prefab 12 x 14’ bunk house just behind the cabin, dug a hole for an outdoor “John”, and did a little electrical wiring for lights. It was, and still is, a very nice place.

After moving into our new house, one day the kitchen drain stopped up and we had some back flow with spaghetti in it into the kitchen sink. We couldn’t figure out where the spaghetti had come from because Kay hadn’t ever cooked any for us yet in the new house. We contacted our very nice realtor, and he approached the developers. Eventually we found out that one of the developers had been living in the third model home on that block, and had had a problem with the dishwasher. They had simply swapped dishwashers with the one in our house. Our realtor became very upset with the developers, and finally got them to install a new dishwasher, much to our delight. If you have ever moved into a brand new home, you are familiar with all the little problems that come up until the house gets “broken

in”. We had to have the developers come and fix the loose stair post at the top of the stairs as well. One thing about that property that I liked is that sprinkler water came from a non-culinary source and we didn’t have monthly bills on how much water we used for the lawn, because the water didn’t go through a water meter. We did have an annual irrigation bill, but that was it. The only problem was that in the spring when the water was turned on, a lot of small seeds would come through the pipes and clog some of the sprinklers, but as long as I cleared out the affected sprinklers, they would still work properly. We enjoyed that home until I came home from Korea with an assignment back to Ohio, not getting the one I wanted so we could stay there close to Hill AFB and Kay’s family.

I had about six weeks of vacation and allotted travel time before I had to head out to Camp Red Cloud, but that finally came to an end. Before I left, Shari Gerber thought Kay needed a cat to help keep the kids amused while I was away. Shari gave us a male kitten who was quite handsome as well as animated. He was pretty funny because when he ran at you or at something, he pranced nearly sideways as he hurried across the rug before attacking. We named him Blitzzer because it looked like he was in full motion as if he were going after a football quarterback. He wasn’t all fun and games – many a time one of our kids would plop down in our bean bag chair, to find himself in a small

puddle the cat had left! He did keep our kids busy at least some of the time and they did like to play with him. He was the first pet we had as a family, and our kids did enjoy him. Kay's family had cats and dogs at various time as she grew up, and my family did as well. We both enjoyed either one. As a married couple, we never did have a dog though, so you could call us cat lovers.

I put on my uniform and grabbed my duffle bag to get a commercial flight to my base of embarkation, having a teary goodbye to Kay and our four kids. At our departure base, the crowd getting onto the plane was pretty quiet, much like it was when I headed off to Vietnam. It was a long flight, so all of us were tired when we landed – fortunately Camp Red Cloud provided a bus to get us to that Army base, and I was assigned an apartment in a one story barracks, very much like the one I had in Vietnam. These were leftovers from the Korean War, but they had been kept up fairly nice. Our barracks were all Air Force officers from Lieutenant Colonel to First Lieutenants. I was thankful that we were all assigned to the 604th Support Operations Squadron which supplied Tactical Air Control Parties (TACP) for arranging direct air support for both Army and Air Force units in Korea. A Tactical Air Control Party consisted of one enlisted man and an officer who, as a FAC, or forward air controller, would coordinate with the Army in directing Air Force jet fighter/bombers onto a target designated by the Army.

The TACP would have a jeep filled with radios which were used to talk to us to receive a flight of available jets. The fighters would call us up in our large transportable radio trailer and get their assignment to a forward air control team, with a contact frequency, a call sign of the FAC, and a location to head for. We would get the fighter requests from the TACP when they needed some firepower.

The system worked well as long as the radios worked, the TACP's were up and running, ready for some jet assets, and the fighters showed up as scheduled. Our radio van was called an ASOC – Air Support Operations Center. Things worked well enough most of the time, but once in a while in live fire exercises, our TACPs would not get up early enough to be ready for the jets. With early take off times, like jets taking off at 0530 in the morning, I would get a call from a terse voice from the flight lead of an F-16 4-ship looking for a target. I wouldn't have any information for them and would have to tell them to hold. If they didn't have a target prior to a certain fuel level, I would have to tell them to go to their alternate target. I could tell by the sound of their voices that they didn't like that, but there was nothing else I could do. I had no way to wake up our TACPs; I just had to wait until they checked in. Very frustrating, as I was up and ready to go early, they were not.

We had Korean officers working with us in our building. I remember a Captain Kim who was always bugging me with questions when I had work to do. I was supposed to give a Korean General a briefing on our operations, and I was sorting through slides and choosing which ones I wanted to put in my slide carousel. Capt. Kim came by and tried to look at some of the slides that I was viewing, and I told him to leave stuff alone. He didn't and accidentally knocked a large handful of slides onto the floor. I looked at him with a very upset countenance, and he graciously turned around and quickly left! I got them all put back together and was able to finish my organizing, practice my briefing, and finally give the briefing on schedule.

Another time, a couple of enlisted guys were trying to move a safe out the back door of the building, but their furniture cart was slipping on the dirt. Now the Republic of Korea soldiers were often called ROK soldiers, pronounced like we say rock. I was watching these men having difficulty moving the safe, and I innocently said, just put a few rocks under the wheels and move it on out. I noticed a few of the ROK soldiers looking surprised with a little bit of fear showing on their faces, and then I realized what I had said. I started laughing, but they were not amused.

Three or four of us officers had brought some RC airplanes to Korea with us. We would go fly off some concrete helicopter pads when they were not being used. I was teaching one Army Captain

how to fly his plane which he had recently built, and I had what we call a "Buddy Box" which was attached to his transmitter with a cable. I had control of his airplane and by holding a spring loaded switch on my transmitter, I could give him control, and then if he got in trouble, I could take control by letting go of the switch. One day we were flying and he had control. He got into some trouble and I said "I've got it", meaning I was taking over control. In reality I didn't have any controls. His plane came straight down, impacting about a foot inside the edge of the roof on one of the barracks. The engine went right through the plywood and was sticking out through the bottom of the roof, and his plane was destroyed. When I was looking at my transmitter, I found that my switch had stuck leaving control with the other guy, and it didn't swing back to my control. We all felt pretty badly for him, so a few of us split up the work and we built him another airplane in about a week.

Another time when we were flying, one of the guys, probably not very experienced in flying models, got his plane a little too far away and couldn't tell what it was doing. We were surrounded by 1500 foot high hills with very thick foliage all over them, making them impossible to climb, and they were outside the boundaries of the camp anyway. He suddenly thrust his transmitter into my hands and said "You've got it"! I looked up and saw the plane disappear going straight down on the other side of the hill. All I

could do was pull full up elevator, and lo and behold, his plane came up from behind the hill going straight up so we could see it. I brought it back to our field and landed it. He was too shaken up to even say thanks. He was probably embarrassed as well. He packed up his model stuff and went back to his barracks. Now that was an adventure! I am thinking that I had a little help from the other side to get his plane back. Those radio signals don't go through mountains!

One of the Army guys who flew with us was a major. He was somehow connected with an operation where he was asked to travel to "C" Range and fly some Army RC target planes so the soldiers in a brigade of Air Defense Artillery (ADA) could get some practice shooting at moving targets in the air. "C" Range was on the coast of Korea, so it may have been named "Sea Range" as well, I just never saw it written down or asked about it. I was asked to go along and help him fly the RC targets. These targets were foam flying wings about 60" wing span and powered with a standard .60 size RC engine. The Army had procured them as targets with the radio equipment as well. I found the radio equipment was pretty cheaply made (lowest bidder type of product). The radios didn't always work well, and we lost some planes due to radio failure. Anyway, I got permission to go help the Army. We were flown down by Huey Helicopter and that was a nice ride with the side door left open.

Korea was pretty hot and humid in the summer while bitter cold in the winter.

There were quite a few ADA units at the range when we arrived, and they also had a mobile missile launcher there as well. The ADA's battle cry was "Clear the Skies" which gave me a little chill because aircraft were not easy to differentiate friend and foe when it came to recognition. Anyway, we checked though the RC equipment and did some testing to make sure that we selected radio units that were working. We were made to wear Army helmets when we were flying since we would be close to the units who were firing at our planes. We had a great time doing the flying as they shot at us. We were flying figure 8's out 400-600 feet from our position, and flying as smoothly as we could, because they were very difficult to pull proper lead and hit one. We flew until we ran out of fuel or until it was knocked out of the sky. Some of the planes had radio failure and went down in the ocean unrecoverable, and many we glided back and landed on the beach without damage. One plane I brought back when the engine quit shortly after it was launched and fired at had the cylinder head of the engine shot right off. Several also had bullet holes in the wings going right through the foam, but we couldn't tell until after it landed. We gave those ADA guys some good targets. Any planes that we couldn't quite get back to the beach and landed in the shallow water, we recovered, but even when we

rinsed the radio equipment quickly in fresh water, those radios never worked again. The salt water corrosion went to work really quickly.

The Army also had a radio controlled plane that towed a target. This plane was pretty big and was called the Sea Cat. The engine was started, and it was launched from a set of long rails on the beach with some kind of acceleration catapult. The operator flew it back and forth in front of us, while the ADA guys fired at the towed target with 50 cal machine guns and rifles like they did with us. They were very careful not to hit the plane because that was a real no-no because of its cost. Our models were made to be completely disposable. One time a target rocket was launched that quickly went into the air, tracked and followed by the mobile launcher I mentioned, which then launched its missile and shot down the target at a high altitude above us. Those missiles traveled quite quickly. When our action was through, we flew back to Camp Red Cloud on another Huey helicopter. That was a fun trip.

Kay and I corresponded frequently, but not near as much as we did when I was in Vietnam. Having four active kids at home to ride herd on took a lot of time. Sometimes she would send me a box of goodies, and other times I would get some pictures which I treasured. There were always stories of the kid's adventures as well. In the winter time, our home teacher would come shovel

the walks, and our Honda Civic started fouling the spark plugs causing engine starting problems. Our home teacher helped her with that as well, which was very nice. That kind of ministering has always been evident for many years.

At work, some of our exercises were called “paper exercises” because we had no actual aircraft to control, just scheduled missions and scheduled Army targets to practice with. We still had to get on our radios and make contact with our TACPs, and get information from a control group that acted as if they were real aircraft. On one of these exercises, we had to deploy our equipment and travel off post to a clear area where we could park our vehicles, pitch tents, and stay for a couple of days. This was not fun, as we ate MRE’s, slept on uncomfortable cots, and kept active 24 hour shifts. I did see an old Korean man come by and pick up our trash, as he could get salvage value for it. His pack went about 3-4 feet above his head, and I couldn’t even imagine how he was walking with that big a load. But everything he carried was something he could get money for – probably not very much though.

Korea was a very interesting place. Their writing was much like Chinese and Japanese characters. Fortunately their street names and bus destinations also had a regular alphabet, but the names were still all Korean. Everyone looked very industrious and their streets were very clean. Nearly every intersection had a person

standing near one corner holding a broom. His job was to keep the streets clean, if you can imagine that. Kids wore uniforms to school and attended six days a week. I got checked out in jeeps, and as I would drive along the roads when I went off post, sometimes we would see younger children with only shirts on, and once in a while we would see a man urinating on the side of the road. Some of the homes were just hovels, and I don't know how they survived the winter. They were a very hardy people.

Once in a while we would catch a bus and head for Osan AB south of Seoul. It was always nice to visit one of our own Air Force bases. Many squadrons of fighters and a few cargo squadrons were based there. We also saw a hanger that was housing U2 spy planes. Other spy planes such as the SR-71's were based out of Japan and would regularly fly down the border between North and South Korea on reconnaissance missions. When we needed a military hop to go somewhere, such as R&R, we would fly out of Osan. We also liked the Base Exchange there as well for its larger stock of merchandise, but USAG Yongsan is a huge Army base near Seoul. They had some fantastic Korean stores inside the base perimeter. I would go there to buy sneakers to send home because they were so cheap. We had the APO mail that simply charged us postage from where the military transports dropped it off in the US, to the final street address. It was much cheaper than international postage. While buying sneakers, I could never

find any popular brands that were exported to the US. Those happened to be for export only, Like Nike, but the sneakers I did buy were just as good.

At Yongsan I was passing a shop displaying beautiful oil paintings. I decided to go in and take a look to see what they had because prices in Korea were pretty cheap. I had seen an Air Force printed Poster of an F-16 that I really liked. I talked to the owner and was able to negotiate a decent price. I then acquired an F-16 poster, probably buying it at the PX, and took it back to him. A couple weeks later I had the time to go back and pick it up. When I saw his work, I was really pleased except for one small part. The missile on the left wing tip of the F-16 looked way too big for the rest of the plane. I got him to agree to fix it. The next time I got back to Yongsan, I liked his changes, and I picked it up. It is on my computer room wall to this day.



F-16 Oil Painting by a Korean Artist from an Air Force Poster  
30 by 36 inches

Another thing I found interesting in Korea, is that a large number of people have drivers to take them places in their cars. All these drivers wear white gloves and black suits, looking pretty sharp as well. When they were parked and waiting for their passengers, they were nearly all using cloths to wipe down their cars. This is a particularly proud people as well as very tough. When they are driving in the city, they will come up to a stop light and form as many lanes as they can. I have seen five

cars neck and neck at an intersection covering three painted lanes of traffic. The first ones through are successful and the rest have to drop in behind. It looks crazy! I have to admit that I was not that aggressive in my military jeep, and I was satisfied to come up behind them in my own lane. The captain who lived next door to me got checked out to drive turbine powered 2 1/2 ton trucks. They pretty much are monsters! He would drive that around and no one in regular Korean traffic would get in his way. There was also another characteristic of lower class Korean people. Some of them would stand very close to the road near city intersections, and would step out towards an incoming car, trying to get hit, but not seriously injured. This would let them sue the government who would then support them for the rest of their lives. That didn't always go well for them. One of them stepped out and got caught by the mirror, and it simply killed him. I guess you could say he was supported for the rest of his very short life. We were cautioned to always watch out for people like that.

Camp Red Cloud had a very nice wood shop for military members. I would go over there many times fascinated by their wood working machinery and the projects that I saw people working on. I made a good friend with one of the employees. I decided to make a chessboard out of wood one day. My friend helped me to choose the proper two colors of wood, and then he

ran them through a planer to get them exactly the same thickness. We cut the lumber into approximately 1 1/2 inch strips and then I then glued the alternating strips together and clamped them to dry for a couple of days. After that we cut them crossways in 1 1/2 inch strips to get the alternating color squares, matched up the colors correctly, and glued those strips together. I glued all the strips onto a backer board after which I sanded all the edges to match. The next task was to frame other wood to join around all four sides, which he mitered the corners to match exactly at 45 degrees each. I then sanded everything smooth, and put clear varnish over everything. It turned very nice. I still have it.



Wood Chess Board I Made in Korea

Another item that he helped me build was an N Scale train layout, 2 x 4 feet inside a coffee table with Plexiglas sides and top which I also built. On one end I mounted a piece of plywood with a piano hinge and a latch at the top that I could lock. That let me get into the layout to reach the train cars if any had derailed inside the two sets of tracks that went through the mountain that I built at that end. The lock kept my kids out, however as they got old enough, they found ways to lift the top cover off the table and get into it that way. The kids really enjoyed watching two trains running at one time. I had a figure eight in the center, with an oval around the outside. The figure eight had a rise at one end that let the oval go under a bridge. There was also a set of switches on one side where I could make a train run from the eight to the other track. I put some houses inside as well as some street lights, and fences around the houses. I used chicken wire frames with sand colored fill compound that made the forms appear solid ground. The scene looks typical of the El Paso, Texas area. I will have to get a picture of it. There isn't one stored in my computer right now. I was pretty proud of that layout. The tracks are wired independently which lets me control the speed and direction of each train separately. I would have used HO Scale for better running reliability, but HO would make it too big for a natural size coffee table. It kept me busy, productive, and out of trouble as well.



N Scale Train Layout in Progress in My Room in Korea

We also had some cultural trips while in Korea, established by the Korean-US Military Relations Agency. They were a pretty nice event to get signed up for. We visited some authentic palace sites, got fed some Korean food (sour face goes in here) which also included some Sushi, which I tried but didn't like very well. It looked really good on a plate, but that was it. We also visited an aircraft outdoor museum which included a Korean P-51 in Korean markings and a Mig-15 from the Korean War. All it all, it was a very nice adventure which included formal Korean dress, which is beautiful.



Korean War Mig-15

When it was time for us to go home for a month of R&R, we went down to Osan AB about four days before our leave to start, and we signed up for a military hop back to the states. We were not supposed to sign up unless we had signed out on leave, and planned stay there until we could get a seat on a plane. We knew that the wait time was about four days, so went down early, and then drove back to Camp Red Cloud. Three days later, we signed out on leave and got a ride down to Osan. Our timing was perfect, and we got a flight out the same day. I guess rank still has some privileges. I got dropped off at Travis AFB north of San Francisco, and caught a bus going to San Francisco International Airport where I bought a ticket home. The family sure was glad

to see me. We didn't know how Chad would act, because he was so young when I left. I bought a pack of life savers and had it in my shirt pocket. His eyes lit up when I brought them out and he came right to me and let me hold him without any problem. And the winner is: the guy with a pack of candy!!

I enjoyed being back in the states, but it seemed to go all too quickly. I was able to pack up a few more articles of my modeling stuff, and I mailed it off via APO so it would be there when I got back. I included some paint and other stuff, which no one asked me about. But when it came time to go come home, there was a ban on my flammables, so I had to leave those behind, but I used some of it while I finished off my tour. The time at home went by very quickly, but even the cat got used to me again. I was going to give myself three days to get back because of the waiting lines at Travis, but Kay wouldn't let me go that soon. We booked a backup flight on Korean Air Lines out of San Francisco. When I got into Travis, the crowds waiting to get back to Korea were horrendous. I signed up and waited while they called the names for the last flight to Korea. I wasn't on it. I was pretty disappointed and a little down, because the commercial flight was an extra \$600. I was sending my pay direct to the bank where Kay could draw on my account, and she said she would pay my way back without a problem. I ended up having to take a cab to the SF airport, which cost me \$40 back then. I had never

paid that much for a cab ride either, but it was necessary to go catch the KAL plane. I got back to the airport an hour early, so I waited around, seeing mostly no waiting for that flight. It was a nice comfortable flight back without being jammed on an Air Force commercial contract cattle car. I got into Seoul, and just barely caught the last bus going to Camp Red Cloud, so that was very close, but I made it and started the last part of my Korea Tour.

We did have church available on the post as a dependent branch. The main branch was at Camp Casey about a 25 minute bus ride away, and Camp Humphries LDS soldiers came to either Camp Red Cloud or Camp Casey to attend church. We met in the post chapel which was a great place to meet, and didn't seem to have any competition for time to hold services. We had a younger Korean woman who would attend most of the time and she played the organ. We pretty much just held Sacrament meeting and Elders Quorum meeting and that was it. All of our soldiers were male. After a couple of months, the branch president at Camp Casey stopped by and issued me a calling to be the branch president at Camp Red Cloud. That was always interesting. I did hold a Monday late afternoon family home evening for anyone who wanted to come visit my room in my barracks. We never got really crowded. I will mention that I had a bedroom and a living room which was really nice. We would have a little lesson or a

discussion that one of the others would bring up and we would talk things through. I think I was the only officer in our branch, so the rest were Army enlisted. They enjoyed coming and getting together in a comfortable setting, and I always provided something for a treat. It was enjoyable for all of us.

Sometimes in Sacrament meeting (I didn't have any counselors) while I conducted, I would also need to play the organ with one finger when our organist didn't make it, otherwise I would conduct the music as well. When I gave a talk, there was a lot for me to do, but we managed. Once in a while missionaries would visit us from Seoul, and that was great for us, and I'm sure they enjoyed our meeting in English as well. My former bishop in Ohio, to whom I had been first counselor, had a son come to Korea on a mission while I was there. When he found out how much a package was to send, I worked out with him that he could send it to me via APO, and I would give it to the missionaries when they came by to visit, to take I back to Seoul and take it over to the other mission office, since his son was in the other mission. So instead of spending \$40-50 to get a package to their son, they could get by with \$7-8. They would also send me a package once in a while, and we agreed the he would use either blue or black ink. Blue ink was a package for me, and black ink was a package for his son. That worked out very well for both of us.

I was contacted by a soldier's stake president at home, who had the soldier on the records of a ward in his stake on probation. I ended up writing that stake president a monthly letter to let him know how he was doing. Fortunately, he was doing very well, and that was a pleasure to write that letter every month. I had another soldier in my branch who needed a church disciplinary action. That soldier drove me to meet with the district president where I was to sit in counsel with him, and take care of the problem. That went very well also, which pleased me to no end. When I gave my first talk after getting in Korea, I got a little emotional, and shed a few tears. When I left to go home, I got emotional as well, having to leave those fine people. Our Korean organist teased me about that, saying that I cried when I got there, and again I cried when I left. I guess that can happen pretty easily with me, especially when I feel the spirit present. I find that is not a bad thing though, and that will go with me all of my life.

My quarters did not have a kitchen, so I ate most of my meals at the officers' club, which was pretty good. I was able to pay a monthly price for my meals. I also got pretty spoiled when I got my hair cut periodically. The price was cheap; I got a good haircut and also got a shampoo and an upper back massage. Kay cut my hair most of the time when I was home, and that spoiled me too. To keep from gaining weight, I would run around part of

the inside of the post and that kept me in decent shape – I know the Army runs a whole lot more than the Air Force. Once in a while the post theater would have a good movie that I would go watch, which was about the height of the entertainment that I enjoyed. I frequented the PX quite a bit, and I finally got hooked on buying a video camera along with a video recorder that went with it. Video tape was pretty much extremely new at that time. Buying a video movie was expensive – usually in the \$50-70 range. However with the camera I could take as much video as I wanted. Our barracks had a decent room for gathering, and there was a TV there. I ran a cable through the ceiling from my recorder to the TV. I tried to get others to bring a video movie by and I would play it for the group in our barracks. That worked out pretty well, and that was fun. Somebody had a microwave and would bring some popcorn. Carrying both the camera and the recorder around to make videos was more difficult because of the weight. I went back to the crafts center, and another person helped me make a leather carrying case for it with a strap to put over my shoulder. He also had some patterns to mark the leather with, and I picked one to mark the leather and we carved the design into the leather, and then sewed those pieces together. That case worked well all the time the recorder lasted.

I also was able to build a workbench in my living area, and kept an area underneath the bench to keep my tools and other

paraphernalia. I had a curtain that went across the bench that extended the width of the bench and went all the way to the floor. That helped a lot to keep my place looking organized. I built one full RC model airplane while I was there, and flew it and I worked on a few other model projects, so my flying didn't fade away.

Another additional duty that I had was to periodically inventory our armory. We had an area caged sort of like a jail cell that held our .38 caliber pistols, and a large rack that held our rifles. There was a large secure lock that held the door closed. We also had a bunker where the ammunition was stored, and I had to take my assistant, a master sergeant, with me as we used the two man unit for security and integrity. The ammo was in sealed cases, and one day I wondered if I should open a case to make sure that we really had that much ammo. My sergeant told me that if we did that, we would have to count all the ammo every time we made an inspection. That solved that answer for me. One day we went to inspect the armory and the key would not open the lock! I was amazed, and also worried that if we needed our weapons, we could not get to them. We got a soldier to cut the lock with a welding torch so we could have weapons access. Then I discovered that it would take a few days to procure another secure lock to protect the armory once again. I wasn't sure what to do about that, but somehow things worked out to our favor

where we were secure again. Once the lock was cut off, I found that by squirting a little WD-40 into the old lock, it worked just fine. I wish I had thought about that before we cut it off. I still learn something nearly every day of my life.

I mentioned before that the Koreans were tough. I witnessed a group of workers using picks and shovels in the mid-winter when the temperature was below freezing, to start digging a six foot deep three foot wide trench to lay some new electrical cable through part of the post! I thought that they were crazy. I also went on a Huey helicopter to various forward outposts to change out batteries for the bombing beacons that our F-111 bombers used to make attacks against the north if another war broke out. When we visited those forward bases we were given a short tour around the facilities. Those bases were tunneled into hills, tunnels bored right into the rock. The soldiers slept on one inch plywood boards, less than three feet wide, and right next to each other. I saw a row of 12-15 beds like that where they slept. They went out in the winter time in just their shorts to do exercises, I was told. They are one tough set of soldiers, much different than we are used to in our culture. I certainly wasn't going to mess with them.

I got to visit the DMZ (demilitarized zone) between North and South Korea. Just about every inch of that area has mortars and other artillery zeroed on it. The zone is two miles wide and

extends for 160 miles across the entire Korean peninsula. It looks totally forbidding, and gives one a very eerie feeling. I could look across it at the North with field glasses and just imagine some soldier there looking right back at me. Also we were told to look through openings in our barricade instead of looking over the top. A sniper in the North wouldn't mind bagging an officer at all. We got one or two short briefings, and I was very glad when we left the area. Camp Red Cloud is about 30 miles south of the DMZ, while Seoul is about 54 driving miles from the DMZ, making the distance between Camp Red Cloud and Seoul around 24 miles.

One time when one of our SR-71's flew down the north-south border, keeping to the south side of the DMZ, North Korea fired a couple of ground-to-air missiles at it. Of course the SR-71 is not susceptible to any missiles as such, but it was a provocation as such and we all felt the tensions rise. If the North came rolling across the border, it wouldn't be very long before they reached Seoul, much less Camp Red Cloud. The tensions also rise every winter when the rice paddies freeze over. Tanks would get totally bogged down in rice paddies which exist in many places, but when those paddies are frozen, they are not a problem. On the major roads leading up toward the DMZ there are towers, looking sort of like the Arc De Triomphe in Paris, although not quite as large, with the major roads running through the arches.

The tops of the arches are designed to drop down and completely block the road to tanks and any traffic. With arches dropped and the rice paddies on either side, the North would be severely hampered. This lets the tensions in the South lower in the spring through the late fall. It's just in the winter that there would be big problems.

Another activity I enjoyed doing was teaching in a college extension. I taught basic algebra one time, and worked teaching English to young Korean Army soldiers who were called KATUSAs – Korean Augmentees to the US Army. Teaching English to someone who knew very little English with me not knowing Korean was a challenge! Some of them knew enough English that they could help their classmates. When teaching algebra, I got paid so much for every student who remained in class past the 5th lesson. I learned quickly to go slow during those initial classes, but it was nice to have some extra spending money. It was also easy for me to get accepted as a teacher due to both my masters degree in engineering and being a native English speaker. For some classes I had to catch a bus to Camp Humphries due to some classes being there, and sometimes I taught at Camp Red Cloud. That helped fill my spare time and also gave me some teaching practice.

I finally finished my tour, got my Korea experience, and returned home, after I found out that we would be moving back to

Wright-Patterson AFB to serve in another ground job at Headquarters Air Force Logistics Command in Area B for the next three years. At this time I had spent sixteen years in the Air Force being assigned and moved around to various places where the Lord needed me and also could train me further in positions He knew I would be useful and also progress in my experiences.

## 35 Back to Ohio



While in Korea and working with the Air Force Assignments Center, I was hoping to get an assignment at Hill AFB close to where we had purchased our house. However that was not to be as my assignment came for the Headquarters, Air Force Logistics Command (AFLC), Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio. That didn't seem really bad for us, as we had been in the area before and liked it. The problems would come from having to pack up again to move from Layton, Utah and proceed across the country to Ohio. The housing market was depressed at that time, and homes were just not selling. We decided to rent our house out and found a good real estate manager to handle that process. Kay and I wanted to find a nice house just to the west of where we had lived before, in a newer subdivision called Rona Hills. We tried looking with a real estate salesman, but were having some trouble finding what we wanted within our price range. We continued looking through the newspaper and also went to the base office which had postings by military people who were

looking to sell their homes themselves. One day we had driven through Rona Hills and happened to see a house we liked, but had no for sale sign out front. I frustratingly said to Kay, “Why can’t we find a house like this one?” The funny thing was that while looking through the base office listings, we came across an entry that listed that exact house we had just wished were for sale! Talk about coincidences – but I feel that the spirit had been prompting us to find that house. We arranged to meet with the officer who owned that house, and we went through the paperwork to purchase it. It still strained our budget because we now had two house payments with both taxes and insurance to work with; however, having the Utah house rented and using accelerated depreciation on our federal taxes, we made it through (although we would pay later). We moved in, found it roomy enough for our needs, plus a nice double car garage and at the end of a small cul-de-sac, and enjoyed it for the next several years.

We got the kids registered in school, and our boys found local soccer teams to join. We were back in the same church ward that we had been in before, and greeted old friends as well as made new ones. Mel Gourdin, whom we had invited into our home the last time we were in Ohio, was now our Stake President which would prove very interesting after a few months.

I reported to my new job, which was a staff position in the Sustaining Engineering Division, which was charged with maintaining the operation and effectiveness of current Air Force weapons systems. My department had a Lieutenant Colonel as the division chief, and seven of us captains and majors to oversee different aspects of the division's responsibilities. I reviewed many incident and accident reports to see if we needed to make modifications to aircraft to make them safer, and make those suggestions to other agencies which each had a different aircraft under their supervision. It was interesting work, as well as finding out how a headquarters worked, which always seemed to be top heavy in rank to me.

Later on, the headquarters developed a Logistics Operations Center (LOC) and moved us into that lower tier operation, decreasing the rank structure as well as the headquarters span of control. We ended up doing the exact same things and simply continued on as before. When our former chief received an assignment to move on, I was put in charge of our group, which now didn't require a Lt. Col. position. I had five civilians, a secretary, and a couple of military officers under my supervision. That was also interesting because the civilians had a very high level of experience in each of their specialties, such as corrosion control, aircraft fatigue, etc. and I had to depend upon their expertise as well as write their annual effectiveness reports.

Those were difficult because they were all excellent, and the reports affected their salary increases. This was a very educational job for me, but we all got along pretty well, especially with my style of friendly supervision and respect for each of their capabilities.

I also learned to play racquetball with the other officers in my group. We had a good time and managed not to physically destroy one another. One of my captains was very athletic and was not afraid to whip his boss (me). The other one I could take on fairly well. That helped all of my group to get along in fulfilling our mission while enjoying one another's company. Eventually when my replacement showed up, he observed us for a week or so before he took over. He mentioned to me that we really had a close, good working, group. That made me feel good.

The LOC had responsibilities for getting out changes to aircraft manuals which were the pilots' bibles for each aircraft, and the change time was on a 180 day standard. Many people were concerned with that length of time to get out operational changes, especially those which changed procedures concerning safety. The LOC commander usually organized several "Tiger Teams" to cut through red tape to solve many significant problems that arose in our areas of responsibility. I was selected to head one such tiger team to reduce the time flight manual changes made it to the field. Now that was an interesting job

which took some priority from my regular duties. I had a ten man team which met with different offices in the LOC who had responsibilities for those changes. We met with organizations and discussed ways which could streamline those operations. In a period of about three months, we were able to suggest and follow through on changes which would cut the publication time from 180 days to 90 days, which pleased everyone on the downstream end of the process.

One thing that changed my life during this period of time was one day a box showed up in my area which contained a Heath computer, many manuals, and a printer. None of us knew what to do with it. The major operating system in those days was MS-DOS, with a maximum of 640K of memory. Since I had played with mainframes, UNIX, punched cards, and programming earlier in my experiences, I took out the manual, set up the computer, and started trying to figure out how it worked and what we could do with it. It even took a while to figure out it had a 10 megabyte hard drive in it. The 5 1/4" floppy disk was the first one I had seen, but it soon became apparent that was the way to load the operating system, Z-DOS, and other programs. You can laugh at this, but we decided to divide the hard drive into two 5 MB drives. This was definitely a learning situation. Everything that came up on the screen was in text, and of course it always booted to the infamous C: prompt. We also

received Word Perfect and the Lotus 1-2-3 spreadsheet program. The computer was a one unit system with both a built-in monitor and keyboard. I loved that keyboard, as it felt like an IBM Selectric keyboard with very nice tactile feedback. I started using it a lot, since I could type faster than I could write longhand, and that facilitated my reports. It did take a while to learn the .print commands to use the printer, but that came along in time. So that started me into desktop computers. I used one of our tax returns and bought a Heath computer for home along with a dot matrix printer, feeling like I was a real computer guru

Amy was having a little trouble in school, and we found out about that during a parent-teacher conference. After some thought using events from school and the teacher's observations, we discovered that she couldn't see the black board at the front of the classroom. We got her some glasses which turned that problem around. Our boys used to tease her that she didn't understand jokes, with her saying, "I don't understand that!" when they would tell her a joke and she would tell them that it wasn't funny. One day, a joke was told at dinner time without even a smile from Amy. About a half an hour later we heard her laughing loud and long in her bedroom. We were puzzled and asked her what the laughing was about. All she said was, "I just got the joke!" That was the turning point in her life

about telling and understanding jokes, and her mischievousness took over and she pulled many jokes on her brothers.

With the biannual physical tests we had to pass in the military, mainly a mile and a half run in so many minutes, I measured out a course around our neighborhood and ran it for about two months prior to each upcoming test. Amy got motivated to run as much of it as she could, and would go running with me. That was the start of her running habit, and it has carried with her all her life, which is a very good thing. She even ran cross country in high school, and still runs some long distance events in California even now. I have never been a runner, nor have I ever been fast, but when I could I would run on a tread mill whenever I would travel for my company after retirement. Sadly, I can't run now because my back hurts to do it.

Jeremy was on a soccer team which had a British coach, who was very good. He inspired the team, and got them playing really well. That team went to the Ohio State Championships one year, and won. It was a happy year for soccer that year. Many things came easy to Jeremy and he didn't have to work too hard, consequently he didn't work very hard on that soccer team, did not develop into a star, which he could have since he is very athletic, but he did get to play some of the time on that team, and he did enjoy the rewards of playing on a great team.

Chad, being an active toddler about two years old, found my Heath computer interesting. I had it set up in my bedroom (no office space in that house), and he would toddle in, turn on the power switch and press keys to see the letters come on the monitor. That was his start in the computer world. In fact all my kids are computer whizzes these days, but more on that to come in later years. I also had a turntable, receiver/amplifier, and speakers in the bedroom. One day Chad pulled on a cord, and all that equipment started sliding off my dresser top and went onto the floor. Kay watched in horror as she happened to see the last of it in its fall to the floor. I came into the room with my temper pretty high, as it was all quite an investment at the time. She quickly snatched Chad and removed him from the room thinking that I would really come down on him. I didn't say a word, but I cleaned everything up, put it all away on a high closet shelf, and closed the closet door. I knew I had to just sit and cool down. That was the only solution.

Mike was getting pretty big for his age – well he was always big for his age, but he started playing football. He was enjoying it, and we would go watch him play once in a while. I don't remember how well he played nor what positions he played, but he enjoyed it. Kay started teaching Amy piano, and Amy had been exposed to watching her mom play all the time on our piano. She didn't like practicing at first, and it took her a while to really get started.

But that was another bit of her life that started her musical talents which are many right now, as she teaches both piano and trumpet in her home and plays Principle trumpet with the Inland Valley Symphony near Murrieta, California.

While working at AFLC I got passed over for promotion again, and that was the writing on the wall. Due to a “grandfathering” clause, I knew that I could remain in the Air Force until I reached 21 years of service, but would then be forced to a mandatory retirement. With that in mind I didn’t worry about it anymore and simply pressed on to keep serving and keep learning whatever I could. I mentioned Mel Gourdin previously. I was called to the high council by President Gourdin fairly soon after we arrived. This was my third time to be called to that position – perhaps the Lord knew that there were many more things to learn that I hadn’t learned the first two times. I already knew that there are so many things to learn, that we won’t learn them all in mortality, but that training, learning, and serving continue on past mortality. I was given a responsibility to issue a calling for the Stake Girls Camp Director. I was given a name for a woman to go see and ask her to serve. She lived about a 45 minute drive away, so one Sunday I drove up to her ward and attended her Sacrament meeting. After the meeting, I pulled her aside, gave her an interview, and asked her to serve in that position. She turned me down. The Stake Presidency gave me

another name to talk to. She also lived a distance away. On the next Sunday I did the same thing and interviewed her. I got turned down again! I reported back a little on the downside mentally, but I received another name to go visit. I did the same visit to her ward, and during the interview, she accepted that calling and I was in business. I kept learning that being turned down was a harsh reality sometimes when interviewing someone to serve.

Not too long following that experience, we had some boundary changes, and our housing subdivision was separated from the Fairborn Ward and moved to the Medway Ward. The Fairborn Ward Bishop went with us to the Medway Ward which was then meeting in the building in Springfield, which was now 21 minute drive away, instead of our normal 10 minute drive to the Fairborn Ward. The Scoutmaster in the Medway Ward was called to be the bishop, and I was asked to be the Scoutmaster. That was a challenge since I had never progressed beyond 2nd Class Scout due to our moving about in my scouting years. I dutifully procured a scout uniform and started meeting with our Boy Scouts. Our scouts came from a variety of families, with some from fatherless families lacking discipline, others from slightly impoverished families who had trouble even getting a scout uniform, and some part member families. I also had Mike and Jeremy, my own rambunctious boys, in the scout troop. I

managed to get some training from the round tables and a couple of training meetings as well. I set up a program that for each troop meeting, I would conduct a uniform inspection and give the top properly dressed scout a candy bar. It worked for some, but not all, especially those who didn't care. I also set up a yearly schedule for monthly campouts, as we had nice enough facilities the Council owned that we could schedule easily.

That worked fairly well, although I didn't have an assistant scout master, and rarely had any volunteer dads to accompany their boys on an overnight campout. The boys who didn't care, wanted to stay up really late, play with the fire that we had, and generally acted obnoxious. My only action was to just get in my tent and go to sleep. They were disobedient boys and would not honor my instructions. On one of our campouts, I woke up in the middle of the night and the scouts had a large fire and were jumping through it from one side to the other. Another time I found out that one of my rebellious scouts had visited a troop close by during the night, and had cut half way through a climbing rope at every 12 inches as far up as he could reach. I got chewed out by the other troop leader who told me of that. Another time, this scout had brought some 2 liter bottles of soda pop, and when he had finished one while we were hiking, he just tossed the empty bottle on the ground. One of the senior scouters who helped managed the council campgrounds saw him do that,

caught up with us, and brought it to my attention rather sternly. I am not sure how I managed to survive those experiences,

Our campouts normally seemed to work out well despite those experiences, at least until winter came. On one of our winter campouts, one of the boys just came in jeans, tennis shoes, and a jacket. The temperature dropped to 12 degrees, and the boys could not even get a fire going. I finally started a small fire for them, showing them how to do that using frozen wood. The fire was not very big and the one with jeans and tennies just could not get warm. I finally took him to our van, warmed up the engine, and got him warm again with the heater on high. He managed to survive the rest of the night. I had divided up our troop into two patrols. On another winter campout, I had previously assigned each patrol to get someone to bring a tent, and split out the food assignments for each scout. The senior patrol did what was required, and got by well. The second patrol had no tent. I set up a lean-to and I showed them a place by several trees and instructed them to fasten logs against the trees to build a wall to keep the snow off of them, as the wind was blowing softly from the north. They didn't listen, and in the morning I saw that one end of their sleeping bags had gotten wet. After getting home, I had an irate father call me up and rant and rave about his son getting his feet wet and catching cold. I just sat and listened for about 30 minutes. When he was done I

explained the entire situation to him, how the assignments had been handed out, and the failures that occurred. I invited him to come on the next campout. He declined, and I didn't hear from him after that.

For one winter campout, my brother, Alan had stopped by for a visit. He was currently in the Army, and had a lot of field training. I invited him along for the campout and he was happy to come. He set up field navigation for the boys so that they had to use a compass and a map. Most of them got through that OK, especially when they knew that I had a treat for all of them that finished the course. I later found out that my son Jeremy had watched the group ahead of him, saw where they were going, and used that information to get his group through the exercise quickly. Smart kid!

After ten months of struggling as a scoutmaster, Kay told me one day that the Stake President had called her for an interview to ask her how I was doing as a father and husband, and also ask about my temper and how I treated her and our kids. That was all he talked to her about. We both knew that something else was coming down the pike in the way of callings. In essence that was a very good heads up for me. A couple of weeks after that, President Gourdin called me in for an interview, and asked me be the bishop for the Medway Ward, as our current bishop was being reassigned through the military to a different installation.

He gave me a couple of days to think and pray about it, which I did. I am glad that he gave me that time to think, ponder, and pray for I did get an affirmation through prayer that I should accept that calling. I told Kay that I had to go buy a “sober suit” so I could be a proper bishop. I found a nice black suit and got a couple of new ties and white shirts to go with it. I had been wearing a nice sport jacket and slacks prior to that. Mel Gourdin asked me who I desired for my two counselors. I gave him two names that had impressed my mind, and I asked him to keep them close so no one would know who their new bishop would be until they announced and sustained me in church. Many times before, I had heard leaks coming out who new bishops were going to be before they were presented. One Sunday the entire Stake Presidency came to our meeting, released the current bishopric, and sustained me and my two counselors. Of course the outgoing bishop was asked to speak, and I was asked to speak as well. I can't say that I have ever really enjoyed speaking. While later talking to my counselors, Bob Brown and Jim Taylor, they told me that they had been called without naming me as the new bishop. They hadn't known with whom they would be serving.

During my time as Bishop, I participated in two funerals, two disciplinary courts, performed three weddings, sent out a missionary, and visited a teenage girl in my ward who was in jail for shoplifting. I did lots of interviews, helped lots of people, and

spent a lot of time at church. One thing that was interesting was that we lived in a different area code from many of the church members in the ward. I believe that curtailed some of the phone calls that a bishop will receive during the week. Our kitchen had a half bath adjacent to the entry with a sliding panel door right next to the kitchen. When I had a call for me, I would go sit in that bathroom, close the door for privacy, and handle that call. My kids made up a sign and put it on that bathroom door. It read: "Bishop's Office". One week, our stake passed out information that a choral group from BYU was coming to the Dayton area to perform a concert. They asked each bishop to give them the number of tickets that we would like to have set aside for our ward. I thought on that for a moment, and told them 50. Now that was a lot of tickets for just my ward. I announced to the ward members in our Sunday meeting that the coral group was coming to give a performance and recommended that they purchase tickets to attend. I was very surprised that we sold all 50 tickets, and that our ward was the highest represented in the stake at that performance. It was a very wonderful performance, as Kay and I attended it also. During the performance, the group sang a rousing Negro Spiritual after which the crowd cheered very enthusiastically. The conductor turned around and said: "I can see that the last number struck a heartfelt cord for the intelligent people here in attendance." That got him a very big laugh. Many of the pieces had been more highbrow classical

music.

Speaking of weddings, one couple that I dealt with asked me to marry them. The groom had recently gotten out of prison, paid for his crime, and wanted to move on. I asked them when they wanted to be married and they gave me a date. That week of their intended marriage, I called him and asked what time he wanted to do that, and I told him that I would be over to perform the marriage a little before that time. Kay and I went to his home, but no one answered the door. We waited for a little while, and then went home. A few minutes after arriving home, I got a call from the church custodian working at the church, that I had a couple who were supposed to be married and were wondering where I was. I guess I hadn't been sufficiently clear that the wedding was going to be held in his home, which we had been counseled to do as church policy. I apologized; let him know that it would be at his home, and to call me when they arrived. After getting the call, we went over to his home and I performed the marriage. One day I got a call from a non-member who had been living together with a woman for a number of years, and had three children. He had called a number of ministers and they all refused to marry them. I had been counseled that getting individuals in that type of situation married, was much better than leaving them as they stood. I drove out to a reception center where they wanted to be married. It was in the winter, and the

temperature was around 20 degrees, with a few snow flurries coming down. I made it there on time, performed the marriage, feeling a little bit weird as I did that but knowing it was the right thing to do. As I was leaving, he handed me an envelope with some money in it, which I felt obligated to accept rather than hurt his feelings, and went back home. I deposited the money into the ward budget, since we bishops served without pay for the good of the people.

I had one other experience that I wanted to share. One Sunday after our meetings I was sitting in the bishop's office, when there was a knock on the door. A young lady, probably around 26 years old, was there dressed appropriately in Sunday dress. She said that she was not a member, but had a problem that she thought I could handle. She fed a lot of stray cats in her home, and once in a while they all would raise their fur and start screeching. She felt a very dark and evil presence in her home. After a bit, the feeling went away and her cats calmed down. She was thinking that an evil spirit was coming into her home, and that really scared her. She had heard one of her friends talking about the Mormon Missionaries having the power to cast out evil spirits. She had no idea how to get hold of them, but looked up the church and came over to talk with me. I didn't know quite what to do, but I got her phone number and told her that I would get back to her after talking to my authorities. I called our Stake

President Mel Gourdin, and he knew exactly what to tell me. He told me to visit her home with another priesthood holder, have a prayer in her home, the raise my right hand and rebuke the spirits. He also counseled me to have her not spread this around, but to keep it to herself because we did this to serve, not seeking any publicity. I called this lady back and explained the counsel I received. She seemed humble and accepting, and invited me over. I took my first counselor and visited her home. Everything was quiet when we arrived, and she told us that nothing had happened that day. Jim Taylor and I did what we were counseled to do, and asked her to give me a call in a few days. For some reason, knowing she had a whole lot of cats, I mentioned to her that my daughter's cat had gotten run over a few days before, and that if she had an extra kitten, my daughter would really enjoy it and take care of it well. The next Sunday, that lady showed up after church again and told me that all had been quiet that week. She was holding a cute little black kitten with a white smudge on its nose to give to my daughter. She left and I never heard from her again. I brought that kitten (which resembled my daughter's very closely) home, and went into my daughter Amy's room, and woke her up to give her the kitten. She drowsily looked at it, and then softly said, "Heavenly Father painted your nose." Then she went back to sleep happy.

I had many experiences as bishop, even though I only served for ten months when the Air Force, in its wisdom, reassigned me to an Army base which hosted the 2nd Infantry Division commanded by General Schwarzkopf, just outside Savannah, Georgia. Kay just sighed and said, "Well, we are going to the South again." I had tried to find another job at Wright-Patterson so we could stay there, and I even interviewed for one, but the Air Force was not going to budge. At this point I had 19 years in the service not to mention the four at the Air Force Academy which didn't count for longevity, so we just tightened our belts, packed up, and headed for Hinesville, Georgia and Fort Stewart Army Post commanded by a one star general. I was assigned to be the Air Liaison Officer to the Army G3-Ops. G3 is the operations section, and the G indicates a division level.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

## 36 Last Military Tour: Fort Stewart Georgia



This was set up by the Air Force Personnel section as a two year tour, but I had 19 years in the military at this time and promotion was not an option. We decided that we could put up with being on an Army Post for a year, but it would not have been our main choice. I was assigned to be the Operations Officer for the 602nd DAS (Direct Air Support Squadron) working with Army G3 Operations. I was to be the liaison officer to the Army, assisting them with air support at the division level to complement their ground actions. This was to be the third time that I would interface with a division headquarters with generals at the upper echelon. This was not so much a worry as it could have been since we were a detached squadron and didn't deal with the Army very much except during exercises.

This assignment was very interesting in the way Kay's outlook changed. She used to think that the Air Force didn't treat

military families very well, but after seeing what the Army did, she got a much better appreciation for the Air Force. One thing about an Army post was that the working conditions were set just a little above the conditions which the soldiers would encounter when in the field on either exercises or actual battle. That way the soldiers would not be as encumbered or bothered when they went into the field so much. It made command and control much easier for the upper echelon of command. Army regulations for uniforms on post were stricter for the soldiers than the Air Force imposed upon us. For instance soldiers could not use umbrellas when it was raining and they were in uniform. They also had to “blouse” their fatigue trousers (tuck them into the tops of their boots), where we did not. I enjoyed using an umbrella when necessary and leaving my trousers unbloused when I wasn’t working in the field.

We drove into Hinesville, Georgia and started looking for housing. We rented a small house while we were doing that because a large exercise was coming up called Bright Star 85, which was a joint unified exercise with Army, Navy, and Air Force units coordinating with Egyptian forces in Egypt. I had to get issued my desert fatigues and get my patches and name sewed on them and hurried to get ready to head across the ocean. We got the kids registered in school, and got kind of settled before I had to leave. We did look for a house, and found one that

was for sale which we liked, but we didn't want to buy for just a year, which might be difficult to sell after that short time. We talked to the owners and convinced them to rent to us, telling them the benefits of depreciating and getting a lower tax bill. They looked into that, liked it, and rented it to us. We moved in after I got back from Egypt, which was a two-week exercise.

Egypt was very interesting, as well as hot. We were stationed at a former military base from WW II – it was mostly ruins by this time and it was called Cairo West. We were out in the desert with not much of anything close to us except desert. Cairo was a 45 minute drive via military bus. We lived in Army tents on cots, had a breakfast and dinner food line, but received an MRE (meal ready to eat) which was dehydrated and vacuum packed food. It really wasn't too bad – just add water to a plastic pouch and heat. I would put my meal outside the operations tent where the temperature was 114 in the daytime, and it would heat up very well in the sun. Inside the tent we got up to about 107 degrees, but we survived as did everyone else.

The Army setup a descent set of showers, but since there were both male and female soldiers, they set time periods which were for women only, then men only. They also set up Porta-Potties for some of our use, but there was also an outdoor latrine which was scarce for privacy. One morning I went into a Porta-Potty for a couple of minutes. When I came out, there was thick fog all

over the place. I was very surprised to find fog in the middle of the Egyptian desert. It lasted about an hour before the sun burned it off, but I was told that it was not unusual. All of us were issued fire arms and I got a .45 caliber pistol, which I really liked. I had qualified with the .45 prior to this trip. Since soldiers were not well-trusted, no one but the MP's and the upper echelon officers were issued ammunition. There was an ammunition stockpile that could be issued if any actual fighting were to break out.

We did have LDS church services each Sunday we were there. The Elder's quorum President was an Army officer and he conducted services. We took turns speaking and also administering the Sacrament. It was an unusual feeling to be doing that, but it was also interesting to think that we may be in the area where Joseph and Mary brought Jesus to Egypt when they fled Israel after Herod issued the decree to kill all male children under two years old. We may have walked on the same ground as He did.

There was one large bare concrete wall still standing that was used to show movies on in the evenings. Part of my job was to participate in G3 briefings on what was available for Army support giving them times, number of jets, and ordinance they carried which could be available to them. We used white boards and grease pencils for those briefings, but we did them in front of a TV camera so the upper echelons could view everyone from

inside their air conditioned command centers while the briefers were switched to electronically in their work areas. I was thinking that there was a better way for the Air Force to participate in those briefings, and my mind went to work on that which I will cover later.

We had some off time scheduled where we could sign up and go on a tour of Cairo. It was an opportunity of a lifetime for me to see some of the sights in Egypt. We went into some of the bazars and were accosted by many sellers, some even young boys wanting to sell us post cards. I paid to get on a camel and have my picture taken, which was fun, but I have no idea where that picture is now. We were also convinced that some exotic expensive perfumes were available for cheap prices, and I bought a set for Kay, but I am not so sure they were really exotic and worth what I paid for. The Nile River itself was very dirty and smelled. One adventure was to go inside a pyramid and go through the tunnels and into the sarcophagus of one of the pharos. There are three pyramids close to the Sphinx: the pyramid of Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus, but I don't know which one we entered. We also enjoyed looking at and taking pictures of the Great Sphinx of Giza. The pyramid passageways were pretty narrow, and they had put in some stairways where we had to go up as well as down. The sarcophagus room was actually pretty small, and of course it had been emptied long ago,

but it was still a wonderful experience to go inside.

When it was time to come home, we boarded a C-141. Something in the airplane broke and we had to land in one desolate place with a runway and wait overnight for a part to be flown in. All of us curled up and slept on the sand that night. I was able to claim that overnight as per diem and I got paid for it, but the Army guys didn't. I didn't get per diem any other days on that exercise because the Army provided sleeping arrangements and food as well. Such is Army life.



Milt in Desert Fatigues Just Returned from Egypt

Fort Stewart has a lot of land (280,000 acres) with a lot of that reserved for military exercises. The Army did a convoy to get to each planned exercise, but our people did not want to convoy with the Army. Since I was operations officer for our detachment, I made a decision to convoy with them for the experience. It was definitely a mess of standing around and waiting. The convoy finally got started, and after an hour of movement into the field, the convoy stopped. One of the soldiers in the lead came back to talk to us. He told us that they were a little lost and asked if one of our TACPs (Tactical Air Control Party) could get us to the destination. Our guys knew exactly where we were, stepped up, and took the convoy to the exact spot. That was fun to save the Army's butt. That was the last time I decided to convoy though. I was learning.

Another exercise that our detachment participated in was up at Fort Bragg. I was on TDY someplace at that time, and my assistant went and did the briefings to the colonels and general. Right after I got home, I got a phone call that they wanted me up at the exercise. The brass didn't like the way my assistant did the briefings (he did have an attitude), so I had to get a set of TDY orders cut and head on up. My TDY orders didn't specify anything about quarters, so I placed a reservation at Pope AFB which is adjacent to Fort Bragg, and stayed in the BOQ each night, while everyone else had to stay in Army barracks near the

exercise area. I enjoyed that, as I also collected per diem.

I started talking to a couple of guys that I was acquainted with in Army operations, and they connected me with one of their IT guys. The Army had some Apple II computers which were hardened against security violations and could be used while out on exercises. All the communications while on exercises were classified and had to be kept secure. I was able to borrow one along with a video switch that let me connect into the video briefing circuit, and I set up my briefing charts on the computer and took it with me to the next exercise. I was given a “frag order” which told me what jets, ordinance, loiter times, and bingo times for the “paper” fighters that had been allotted to the Army. I put all these on my slides. The next time I had to brief the big wigs, I hit the switch to put my computer output into the visual network. I went through my slides, answered questions, and displayed the assets available in a very neat format which everyone could see easily. At the end of my briefing, I was told to hold while they were discussing some stuff. After that, the briefing was passed on to the next Army briefer. A few hours later, one of the Army ops Lieutenant colonels came by and told me that they needed the computer that I was using. It belonged to them anyway, so I just gave it up. The next day I was walking by an APC (armored personnel carrier) with the back ramp open. I noticed the computer that I had been using was stuffed up on a

shelf and partially hidden. I knew right then that the big wigs didn't like the Air Force showing them up by using a very nice, slick computer presentation for our briefing. I was a little stunned by their action, but it was way above my pay level. Our detachment did not have a hardened computer because it was an expense that we were not budgeted for. I ended up writing a justification and filing it with the paperwork to acquire a hardened IBM PC 150 desktop computer for our detachment. All the communications during our exercises were classified because if it could be intercepted, it was a break in our operations security of the division. I found out about a year later after I had left the unit that my justification had been accepted and the detachment then had a secure computer. The bureaucracy moves very slowly be it politics or military operations! I did feel good about that detachment finally having some additional capability to interface with the Army. That one the Army could not take away from us

Ryan, our youngest, was born at our last assignment at Wright-Patterson AFB. He was a toddler at this time. With me being gone in the field so much, Kay had her hands full with five kids at home. When I was there, I certainly helped out as much as I could. The house we rented was sufficiently large for all our kids, plus there was a room off the family room that I set up as an office. That was where I put our computer. Internet was not a

big item then, so our email was simple dial-up using a modem. We used Juno and that was good enough for our use back then. The printer was a serial dot matrix printer which worked well enough for us as we didn't know any better. Kay's Dad was a typesetter, and just couldn't stand dot matrix because he couldn't change fonts nor do anything fancy that he could do at work. Earlier we had set up Kay's mom with a small IBM computer with a 20 MB hard drive and a 5 1/4" disk drive and Word Perfect. She knew nothing about computers, but we were able to teach her how to do email, and print things out on the dot matrix. She was funny though, she couldn't quite get the name of a floppy disk right. She always called them sloppy disks, which amused us to no end. When I was showing Dad Gerber how he could do typing corrections easily, he was amazed. Word Perfect did have some simple functions that could change the font size being printed out, as well as margins, line spacing, etc. He was totally amazed that we could do that so easily on the home computer since it was a much bigger job to do at his print shop. One day I saw him at the computer trying to use his pica stick to measure how long a line would be when printed out. It was hilarious, because there was no way to do that on the computer screen. Justification for text was also totally amazing to him. He wanted to know if there were any printers that could print like a typewriter. I looked around and found one that had a ball which printed pretty much like an IBM Selectric. The ball could also be

changed to ones with different fonts. I set it up for him, and he really liked it, even though it was slow, being a serial printer. It did produce very nice printed output.

I got put in touch with the RC target shop on the post. The sergeant in charge of it was having a lot of trouble setting things up, especially because he didn't have any training on flying RC planes. When I had time available, I would go over and help him check out the radios, and eliminate the bad receivers. At this time that Army was still using the foam flying wings powered by the K&B .60 engines, but the Army had also developed some foam MIG 27s that gave a very good visual indication of enemy aircraft. They were not painted at all, did not have retractable gear, but did fly OK. They were made of denser tan colored molded foam. He gave me one of those and I put it together, decorated it as a Russian fighter, and gave it to our TACPs to hang up in their ready room as a target identification visual aid. They did like that.

I was asked to fly some of the foam wings for infantry target practice at one of the on-post ranges. I drove up in one of our new Humvee's that was spotless. The Army guys had never seen one looking that good and ran over to take a look at it. It also had our radio gear that would talk to aircraft as well as the Army commanders on their FM radios for coordination. It was a good looking vehicle. I flew the foam wings while they shot at them. I

think that I did that at least twice. It was always fun to do that, flying as smoothly as I could so they could put some holes in it. The sergeant in charge of those targets was expected to be able to train enlisted soldiers to fly them, but that was very problematic for just any soldier to learn to fly them. In the Army, no officer would stoop that low to go do that job. It was sad, and they didn't get used very much. When I was getting ready to leave, the sergeant gave me one of the MIG 27 models to take home with me.

Another thing we had to do was our annual PT runs, as well as once or twice a week PT. I was running a lot at home to try to stay in shape. I also was in charge of our normal PT practice. Our enlisted guys were almost all younger guys in great shape. I selected one of them to lead the calisthenics. After about 30 minutes of that we would all run individually on the track for our 1 1/2 mile practice. On one of our running tests, I specified that we would jog in formation for that test. I got a lot of moans and groans about that. I thought it would be a good idea, but I was wrong. We started out marching in formation with our first sergeant in charge. He called a command to double time and off we went. The steps were a little too short for what we should be running, and a people started dropping out, unable to get into a good stride. That was the last time we did it that way. I still had a lot of stuff to learn.

Our commander was a Lieutenant Colonel, who was really a nice guy. Our first commander was not, but fortunately he was replaced to move on to another assignment. The commander went TDY for a week, and since I was number 2, I filled in for him. One morning at 5 AM I got a phone call from the MP's that one of my enlisted guys had been picked up in Savannah by local police and charged with DUI. The police had brought him back to the base and turned him over to the MP's. I told them that I would be by to pick him up and keep him in my custody. I figured he needed to sweat that out for a while, so I went back to sleep. I picked him up about 9:00 AM and took him to the squadron. The story goes that he had had some drinks, but wasn't doing anything that the police would normally pick him up for being drunk. He had been driving through a housing subdivision fairly slowly, and someone had thought that was suspicious and had called the cops. When the cops stopped him he was driving OK, but it was their standard procedure to give soldiers an alcohol test. He happened to be legally drunk, although he did have all his wits about him. It was just one of those things. I am sure that arrest was entered into his record and didn't do him any good later on. I was very glad when our commander returned.

Our first sergeant was having lots of problems with his teenage daughters, going out with Army enlisted guys behind his back, disobeying his orders when he grounded them, and all sorts of

things to bug him. One day he was late for work. One of our orderlies called his wife, and she said that he hadn't come home the previous night and she didn't know where he was. A few of us started driving around the various parts of the post and on the dirt roads around the operational areas close to our detachment, because there were a lot of places where someone could get lost. I was out with another major driving around in one of our jeeps, and the major finally said after thinking about it, that he knew of one place we hadn't looked that was fairly close to our detachment building. This was about three days after he had gone missing. I stayed in the jeep while the major walked up a short dead end road. He came back and told me that he had found him. He had gotten drunk after attaching a hose to his car exhaust and routing it through a back window, committing suicide. The major told me that I shouldn't go look because he was all bloated and smelled horrible. Remember, this is in the hot and humid south. We called the MP's, told them where he was, and they came and took care of the rest. Since our commander was not available, the major and I went home, put on our blues, and went to visit the wife and family. That was a very hard thing to do. Neither of us knew what to say. We knocked on the door, and when the wife answered, knowing her husband was missing and saw us in our Blues, she knew exactly why we were there. All we could say was that we were sorry. One of the disobedient daughters was coming down the stairs when

she saw us standing there, and she also immediately knew what that meant. She got panicky and believed that she had caused her dad to commit suicide. We told her that it wasn't her fault, but she didn't believe us. We stayed for a little while relating what we knew for his wife. Then we left. It was a sad time for our entire unit. A lot of us were able to attend the military funeral at the post chapel.

Church was descent with most of the members being military. Our bishop was a major, a doctor at the hospital. He was a good man. If I remember, Kay was put in charge of the nursery, 18 month to three year olds, and I helped her as I could. I don't remember very much about all of that because I was pretty busy with the military most of the time. We both made the decision that it was time for me to retire when I hit 20 years because there was no hope of moving up, and I would be forced to retire at 21 years anyway. There was no good reason to stay with the Army for two years. I gave my notice to our commander six months before I would retire at 20 years. I figured that would give plenty of time for the assignments folks to schedule someone else into my slot. The military only lets members retire at the end of a month, so I had to wait until the end of June 1986. That would give me 20 years and 23 days of service. The rest of the next six months I mostly spent getting ready for retirement and looking for a civilian job.

Dad Gerber sent me out his quality printer, he seemed to be finished with it, and I put it to good use in printing out my resumes. I sent out 150 resumes, and got one interview with WICAT (World Institute for Computer Assisted Training) in Orem, Utah. Kay had told me that she had followed me for 17 years and she was going to go home to Utah. I could come if I liked. Her prayers must have been pretty strong, because I passed that interview and got the job. Mel Gourdin, our former stake president in Ohio was working for WICAT at that time and he put in a good word for me.

I did my out-processing at Shaw AFB, South Carolina, which was the base which handled our detachment. We had notified our landlords of our departure date about two months before we were scheduled to leave. As we were packing up, Mike was in the attic (there was a set of dropdown stairs) getting some of our stuff down that we had stored up there, when he made a misstep and put his foot down through the drywall in the ceiling. I was pretty frustrated with that because we didn't have much time left, and I didn't really know anyone to call to get that ceiling repaired. It looked pretty bad to me. The rental manager happened to drop by to make sure that we would be out on time, and I showed it to him. He didn't even blink. He told me that he would have it taken care of and that it would cost me \$200. I was very relieved with that and continued packing and waiting for

the movers to show up.

My commander held a retirement ceremony at our detachment. It wasn't anything big but it did the job. I had to make a short retirement speech, which I didn't relish, but got through it. He also took Kay and me out to dinner at a local restaurant.



Retirement Ceremony with Plaque from the Squadron

Mike was 15 and had his learners permit for driving. Since we had two cars with one pulling a U-Haul trailer, the three of us took turns driving the two vehicles. Since Mike's permit was a Georgia permit, it wasn't valid outside the state, but we went with that anyway and traded off during the entire trip to Utah. On one part of the trip, Kay was so frustrated with our kids that she wanted to drive the Honda Civic all by herself, so I kept all the kids and drove the van. As I recall, it was a three day long drive, but we made it safely. At one place, Nebraska or Wyoming, a lady tried to pass both of our cars and couldn't quite make it. She pulled in between us, cutting Mike off who was trailing, nearly running him off the road. About 15 minutes later, she slowed down and was dropping quite a ways behind the van. Mike decided to pass her and get back into our 2-car convoy. He pulled in behind us, cutting her off and nearly running her off the road. All ended well though. We pulled into Utah, driving to Kay's folks house, and breathed a big sigh of relief after having the last 17 years being moved around by the military. It was time to put down some roots.

# 37 Trip to Utah and Transition to the Civilian World



We pulled into Utah on the afternoon of the 4th of July 1986 to rest from our long trip from Georgia to Utah, a trip of 2129 miles with two cars, five kids, and a U-Haul trailer plus a two hour time change. We were all tired puppies. We celebrated the holiday in the Gerbers back yard while enjoying the BBQ prepared for us as a wonderful welcome by Kay's family. After a day of rest and relaxation and letting the kids play in the back yard to get the wiggles out of them, we contacted a realtor in Orem and arranged to start looking at houses to purchase so we could finally put down roots after traveling around the country for the last 17 years.

We looked at quite a few homes and I found two that I liked. One was in north east Orem in a nice neighborhood, but was up in

higher ground with some steep roads which could be tough in the winter. The other one was in south west Orem on a cul-de-sac and also a nice neighborhood. We had a vote, and the kids wanted the SW Orem home with a nice yard, a 2 1/2 car garage, and a big basement. I liked the other one better because the garage was under the house and had a nice big workshop area right next to the garage. The kids won the vote, so we made an offer which was accepted. We later found out that the owner was a distant cousin of Kay's. The actual transfer of ownership was going to take a couple of months, so we were able to find an empty student apartment not too far away since it was summer and school was out of session. It was also pretty close to work that I would be starting very soon. We made friends with another family that had a beautiful daughter, Lisa Blake, (she wore a LOT of makeup though) who Mike took an instant liking to. I didn't blame him.

We started going to church by the house that we were buying and quickly made friends there. We got moved into the Laguna Vista Circle home before school started which was good, got the kids registered in school and started settling in. There was a sort of tree house in the back yard, but it was built on "stilts" next to the fence with a sand box underneath, and a large tree right next to it. As all five of our kids got to the dating age, they would invite a date over, decorate the tree house, and serve dinner.

Their dates were always impressed at that. They also made some “action” videos while playing around the tree house. One of my favorite of their videos was the one where Ryan simulated being shot and falling down, yet Chad had not made the shot yet. We were putting down roots big time now, and it really felt good. Our kids were making a lot of friends in the neighborhood, and there were many very nice friendly families there.

The house had three bedrooms upstairs and three downstairs, with a storage room for a big pantry, and shelves in the furnace room where we kept toys and many board games. The laundry room was also in the basement and had a laundry chute where the kids upstairs could toss down their dirty clothes (as well as themselves once in a while for the smaller kids). Amy got the girls room at the front, Chad and Ryan were put into the room back from Amy’s, and our master bedroom was behind them and had a nice walk-in closet, a door to the outside back patio, and a nice master bath with only a shower. Jeremy and Mike had their own rooms in the basement (and access to a basement back door which they could sneak out without us knowing). There were three bathrooms, which made things really nice with our five kids, plus a half bath in the attached garage and a small workshop in the back of the garage, which was good enough for me. Of course with room in the garage for an extra half car, I also set up workbenches along that edge of the garage.

Work wasn't so far away that I couldn't walk there and back in 25 minutes, but I didn't do that often (Just once to check it out). We could also walk to church although Kay and I didn't, since it was about a 12-15 minute walk, and when we moved in, there wasn't a road that would let us walk the shorter way. We would have had to walk the long way around which was way too far for us. At that time in 1986, Mike was 16, Jeremy was 14 1/2, Amy was 13, Chad was 6, and Ryan was approaching 2. We did have our hands full, but our teenagers could be good babysitters if we treated them right. Mike attended Mountain View High School, Amy and Jeremy attended Lakeridge Junior High School, and Chad and Ryan attended Vineyard Elementary followed by Lakeridge Junior High, with all of them eventually graduating from Mountain View (which included all the comments - "oh, you are so and so's sister, or brother" whichever applied). Amy and Jeremy joined the junior high band where Amy continued with trumpet and Jeremy played percussion. At first the band director had a policy that any student had to play an instrument before they could do percussion. This was due to the fact that Utah schools didn't start music programs as early as our kids did. With already three years of band experience, Jeremy was able to talk the teacher into letting him do percussion.

Mike and Jeremy had already earned their Eagle in scouting, which was a great example to both Chad and Ryan. Chad did earn

his Eagle in Utah and was fairly active in Scouting, but Ryan was interested in rock music and never did get interested in scouting. We were pretty proud parents to have three Eagle scouts, and Amy achieved her Young Woman award in church which was just as tough if not more, than it took to make Eagle.

Our driveway was steep and sometimes hard to shovel to clean off snow. One day, Kay was going shopping with Ryan, but had to quickly run back in the house to grab something she had forgotten. Ryan was in his car seat and waiting for her to come back out. Kay had started the van and left it running when she dashed back in the house. Ryan had noticed that we had to pull the gear shift lever to get moving, and with his curious mind running quickly, he reached over and pulled the shift lever out of park. The van started rolling down the driveway backwards, turning as it reached the curb, then rolling forward and going across the circle, up over the curb, over a small tree, then part way over the edge of a neighbor's driveway wall, seven feet high and hang over the edge. The front wheel went over the drop off, letting the bottom of the van scrape on the concrete, stopping the van. Kay came back out of the house in time to watch in horror the last little bit of the van going over the edge. Ryan was crying and when Kay came up to the car he said. "Mommy, Heavenly Father helped me drive the van!" Fortunately, a neighbor about a block away had a crane doing some

construction, and he brought over the crane and lifted the car off the wall, setting it back onto the driveway. Kay had to pay him for the time used, but it was well worth it.



The Chevy Van Perched on the Neighbor's Retaining Wall

One day Chad was playing with a friend across the street, and they had matches. They were playing at the side of his friend's house where there were a lot of dry weeds and no grass. They just happened to light a weed on fire, either by plan or accident. Chad came running into our house panicked, and I was home and ran out to look. Mike Christensen, the home owner, happened to see what was going on and pretty soon the fire department was there to extinguish the fire. Sometimes I wonder how all our kids (plus Kay and I) survived their growing up.

As the years passed for our kids in school, Mike played soccer at Mt. View (Varsity goalie) and also joined the debate team. Jeremy stayed in band and continued when he attended Mt. View. Jeremy joined the high school jazz band, as did Amy, Chad and Ryan as they got to that point and Jeremy marched in the Mountain View marching band during summer events, as did Amy who also was the drum major during her last year. The high school orchestra and jazz bands sounded really good over the years, and we have video tape of some of the concerts somewhere. Our entire family was involved in church programs and callings as the time went by, and work and “mothering” kept us adults pretty busy as well. A lot of that entire time period just melts together in my mind without a lot of specifics except some stories that stand out over the first 14 years. This will make some of my stories jump back and forth in time, and my kids remember a lot more than I do. One of my purposes in writing this is to tell my story because a lot of it was before the kids were born, or could remember very much. I am now getting into the time period where they can correct my memory pretty well. I will stick to things that I can remember.

At WICAT, I was hired as a proposal manager. I went through RFP's (request for proposals) and brought up ones to my boss that sounded like something that was in WICAT's ballpark. For those approved, I would write the response to what the customer

(a lot of military and aircraft manufacturers) was asking for. I scoured through the weekly government publications which listed all the government RFPs, and that was quite a lot. I was also tasked with developing a GSA (Government Services Administration) catalog for WICAT, which once approved, allowed government agencies to buy specifically from the GSA catalogs without having to go through a proposal process which required contractors to bid and buyers to select through a rigid contracting process. Getting a GSA catalog approved was a big headache because we had to meet all government requirements, one of which required our products to have a specific percentage of US produced parts over foreign parts. My boss also assigned me to get a security clearance and to be our facility security manager so we could bid on classified projects. One year we received a request for proposal that had a 24 hour deadline. I stayed up all night at work to get that done, and it was a killer. I received an award at the next sales and marketing conference for that work.

Writing proposals was a tough process because of all the specifications we had to meet in the RFP's. WICAT built their own computers, operating system, and did custom software for our products. Computer assisted training required WICAT to write software to document and give student training through a computer terminal that stepped the student through things such

as removing and installing a part in an aircraft through graphics and video, then test the student after learning for the student to complete the lesson. I was having to use a text editor that was written for the WICAT operating system, and that was a chore. I later brought my own Heath computer to work with a real word processing program to ease that process. Not too long after that, the company started purchasing IBM PCs for everyone to use. Word Perfect wasn't a WYSIWYG (what you see is what you get – the display on the screen was exactly what was going to print out) program at that time. I was able to later convince my boss to purchase a nice editing program that had some very nice formatting abilities which displayed WYSIWYG. It took quite a while to learn that program, but it made our proposals look so much nicer and more professional. I switched to using my mouse in my left hand at that time for two reasons: I was getting a little carpal tunnel in my right hand, and the program had a lot of keystrokes that were shortcuts instead of using the mouse to pull down a menu and select what I wanted. I could produce text much faster using my right hand for those formatting keystrokes than using the mouse. I still use a mouse in my left hand, but have never lost the skill in my right hand as well. I guess you could say that I am “ambi-mousetrous” as well as ambidextrous.

One program that we won was training for the AEGIS anti-missile system for a Navy ship. Our first combat loss was

when the Navy Guided Missile Frigate Stark, was struck by two Exocet anti-ship missiles fired by an Iraqi jet on 17 May 1987 during the Iran-Iraq war. Thirty-seven sailors were killed and 21 injured. Along with them, one of our training systems was destroyed which had been deployed with the ship.

On one government program, we received RFPs from two aviation companies who wanted us to provide proposals to each of them for the same government program they were competing for. We liked that because it meant that no matter which one won the contract, we would be under contract for our systems. I wrote up two complete proposals, handed them to the secretary to make copies, and I had sticky yellow notes on each one indicating to which company they were to be sent to. She copied them and sent them out – except she mixed them up and sent them to the wrong companies' addresss. We didn't find out about it until we got a response from each company that they had received the proposal for their competitor. They stated that as soon as they noticed they got the wrong proposal, they didn't read it, but just sent it back. I'm not sure that was for real, but we finally got the right proposals to the right companies. That made me look really bad. I supposed that the only way I could have prevented that was to give them one at a time to the secretary on different days! I suffered with that for a while. The secretary was in her young 20's and she was also related to our

company president.

Both mine and my boss's office were on the south side of the building, and they both had a great view of BYU. Provo, Utah puts on a wonderful 4th of July show called Stadium of Fire where they hire celebrities to come in and star. The Air Force also provides a 4-ship fly-by during the early evening, and the lead jet has a video camera on the pilot, and both the image and audio get received and projected on the huge screen that gets set up for the event. I got our whole family up into my boss's office on the night of one show, and we had a great view of the fireworks which rival even those at Disney World. We had a great time, but I wasn't excited enough to brave the crowds and the parking to ever buy tickets to get in. Amy and her husband John did take us one year where the Beach Boys were the attraction. I know that Bob Hope was the main celebrity one year, and everyone was put off and disappointed by his off color jokes and language. (This was Mormon country)

WICAT had a few good employee benefits, one of which was a membership to a few racquetball courts at a building close to our office. There were a few employees that I liked to play racquetball with, and we had some good workouts at lunchtime. The courts were not used very much so they stayed in pretty good shape. WICAT had a key which they tied on the end of a stick with string so it wouldn't get easily lost, and we passed that

around every time we scheduled a court to go play. WICAT also contributed to an employee 401K program which was a nice way to get some retirement money stashed away. Once in a while they also gave us stock options; however the waiting period to exercise those options was set long enough, that not many employees got to exercise them. They also put on a nice summer party each year which we enjoyed. One year the company president sat on the platform of a dunking tank and that got a lot of folks having a good time trying to dunk him. My aim wasn't very good.

Since I was in the sales and marketing division, I was usually invited to most of the sales conferences and some getaways which I enjoyed. One of those was in Park City, and that's probably only the second time I have gone there in the last 34 years. We played golf a couple of times in best ball foursomes. That was where the foursomes were pitted against each other, and in each foursome, we played from the best shot of the four of us each time. I remember one hole (I had only played golf about 3 times and that was back in college after taking a PE course on golf) where there was a pretty big dog leg. One of our foursome wanted to drive across the dog leg, so the other three of us were supposed to get at least a good drive in the middle of the fairway to give the group and good lie in case our best guy, who would drive last, didn't get a good shot going across. I managed to put

one straight down the fairway into the middle of the dogleg so the other guy went for the strategy shot. He made it and we carried on.

WICAT ended up having some financial problems, and began a layoff which I was caught up in. That was very difficult for my morale as I then felt unwanted and useless. They did set up a training class for preparation for job searching and gave us a layoff payment, which helped, but if any of you have been laid off, you know both how that feels and the payment isn't very much. I contacted Mel Gourdin again while looking for a job. Mel had left WICAT not long after I arrived, but we stayed in touch. He had a friend who worked at Evans and Southerland in Salt Lake City out by the Zoo in Research Park. I gave Mel a copy of my resume, and he passed it on to his friend who worked at E&S, who then delivered it to the personnel department. I got a call for an interview, and drove in for it. They seemed to like me, but they also were careful in hiring people to make sure that a new hire would fit into their company culture. They then called me in for a second interview and made sure that I went to lunch in the company cafeteria and was introduced to others who worked in the same department, to see how they liked me and to see how well I would fit in. I must have had some magic touch and some help from "above" because they offered me a job as a program manager. E&S designed and manufactured visual systems for

flight simulators, which also expanded into tank driving and submarine periscope visuals as well as commercial aircraft visual systems. More on that in a little bit.

My driving distance was 500 miles a week which was quite a bit. I talked to Kay and our kids about moving to somewhere in Salt Lake City, and found out they didn't want to move. They all had pretty solid roots already. Before I knew it, all the older kids said that they had made arrangements to stay with other families in the neighborhood if we decided to move. Well, that settled that, and I commuted 5 days a week to Research Park. I didn't really enjoy the drive, but I had some friends at work who were into HAM radio. I joined the company Amateur Radio Club, learned quite a bit, and finally took my FCC test and got my Novice license, which was pretty easy, since only 5 words a minute plus knowledge of procedures were required. I took another test pretty soon and advanced to Technician class which allowed me to transmit on a 2 meter band radio which I bought, installed in my car, and talked on all the way to work and back. That made the drive go so much faster. Some days I would get to work and I couldn't even remember my trip on the road. I also made a lot more friends through HAM radio, some of whom I never met in person.

As Chad progressed in grades, he got into Lakeridge Jr High. He was also very interested in computers, as I had started building

them for neighbors which I could do and sell them cheaper than they would have to pay for in stores. I loved doing that, and I could also keep my equipment pretty current with technology; however I usually stayed one step behind to let all the kinks get worked out. I went from X86 to 286, then 386, then Pentium architectures. For a while I had a computer in the garage workshop and we had installed a second phone line to use as a FAX line while I was looking for my second job. It was so handy, that we left it installed for years. Chad would get on that computer in the afternoons and evenings and log into local bulletin boards via modem (lots of bulletin boards) where he collected a lot of knowledge. One day he called me at work and asked me what he could do to help out the hard drive when it heated up and stopped working correctly. I told him he could just pull it out, and put it in the extra refrigerator in the garage for about 20-30 minutes which would cool it off. He did that, but still got a little frustrated with having to shut down and wait for it to cool. He went a little farther than my suggestion and put the hard drive in the freezer! That worked just fine and settled him down for a while. I finally found out that after we all went to bed, Chad would get back up, go out into the garage, and run the computer to all hours of the night. This led up to a computer class that he had, I think in 8th grade. The school was on a Novell network, and Chad figured out how to access the server, turn off the "sent from" line in the email system, send an email

to the computer teacher which none of them liked very well, saying, "Mr. Murphy was a dork!" Then he would go back into the email system and turn the "sent from" electronic switch back on. No one in the school, including the computer teachers, much less the IT guys, could figure out what was happening. Chad also found out how to hide directories on the server so they wouldn't show up when anyone checked the system. He managed to load and hide about 50 MB of computer games, which was a lot of storage at that time. For all he knows, those games were still on there when he moved on to high school. Chad also played soccer in high school.

Jeremy and a couple of his friends palled around with a couple of cute girls who lived close to Mountain View High School. One night they decided to meet late at night. Jeremy sneaked out the basement door, met his friend, and they walked over by the high school (at least 20 blocks), and met up with the two girls. They roamed the neighborhoods over by the school for a while. That night I got a call from the Orem Police Department at 3:00 AM, asking me if I knew where Jeremy was. I told them he was downstairs asleep in his bedroom. They asked me to go look while they stayed on the phone. I looked; Jeremy was gone, and both Kay and I drove over and picked him up. Jeremy was not a happy camper, especially when he got grounded for several weeks. I toyed with a few ideas about locks on the basement exit

which would require a key on both sides, but since that was the only alternate exit from the basement, it would not be safe to do that in case of a fire. We just decided that once he had been busted, he should be a good boy again. I never found out if he ever snuck out that way again.

A few years earlier when Chad was about six or seven, he liked one of the Clément's girls just down the street. He kissed her one day and she didn't like it. She went to our bishop's house, who lived just across the street and knocked on his door. When he answered, she said, "Bishop, Chad just kissed me!" Bishop Earl Cropper could hardly keep a straight face, but he managed and told her that he would have a talk with Chad. We were good friends with Earl and his wife, and he passed that story on to us giving us all a good laugh.



Ryan and the Zenith Z100

Ryan progressed pretty well through school. When he was four and his brothers and sister were playing computer games; he wanted to play also. These were mostly text based where the player had to type in phrases like “open door”, “press button”, “throw spear”, etc. When Ryan had the chance, he would get on the computer and start a game. When he needed to spell a word or phrase, he would run to us and ask us how to spell it. I remember him coming to me in the living room while I was reading the paper one evening, and say, “Dad, how do I spell ‘increase throttle?’” I would get halfway through the answer when he would tell me to wait a minute so he could go start the spelling the phrase and then run right back to me and tell me to

keep going. Ryan was a smart kid. There was a time during which he was four, that I could open the Bible and give it to him, and he would start reading it correctly out loud to me. He picked up words very quickly. A few years later in school, he entered a spelling bee and came out in the top two.



Ryan Posing with his name in "Lights" at Vineyard Elementary

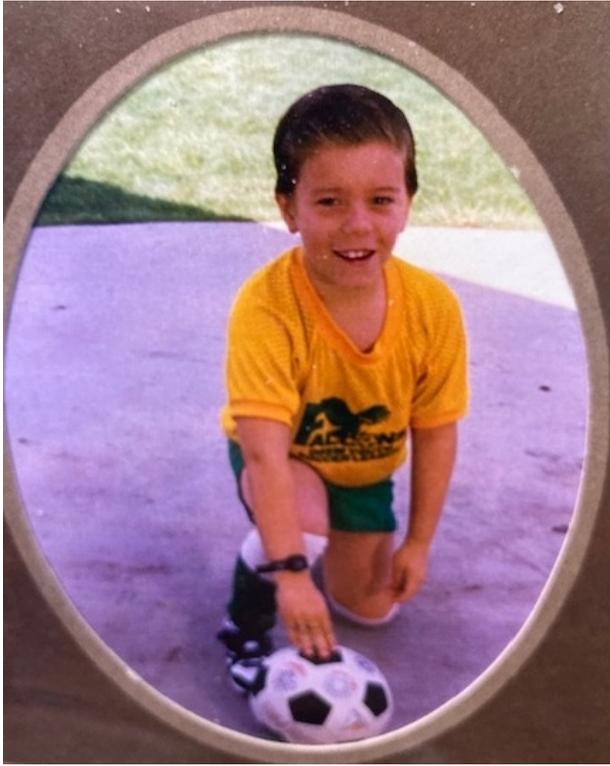
Ryan thought that he wanted to get involved in a play at Vineyard Elementary. The play that they were going to do was “A Midsummer Night’s Dream”. Ryan signed up for it, auditioned, and ended up playing Puck. If I remember correctly, Kay made his costume for him. Most of his part was simply sitting on the stage, but I think he had a short line or two, and he pulled that off well. The play was put on several different nights and we went to one of the performances. It was fun to watch him in the spotlights, along with watching him and the wiggles every youngster has as they try to sit still.



Ryan as Puck, in A Midsummer Night’s Dream

Ryan also liked sports. He played Tee-Ball and coach pitch baseball, soccer, and football. Amy started teaching him piano,

and he was picking up things very quickly. If he couldn't play something through the second time he tried it, he would get frustrated. When Amy got him into harder music, this frustration caused him not to practice, and after a year and a half, he just quit. When he started with trumpet in junior high, he really loved it and was practicing all the time. Kay and I had to get after him to stop practicing and do his chores. He did great in the high school jazz band. After Amy graduated from BYU and got married, the band director invited her back for one of their concerts to play Concerto for Two Trumpets by Vivaldi. They both stood up in front of the band and did a great job! That was a great moment for both of us parents to see two of our kids perform like that.



Ryan's Soccer Team Individual Picture 1990 Age 7

Jeremy was taking a French class in high school, and the teacher wasn't very tolerable with her students. She had assigned a report for her students. Jeremy finished it at home, and I saw it as he was taking it to school a couple of days later. We got a call a few days later from that teacher telling us that Jeremy had not turned in the report she had assigned. I told her that I saw the report the day he was taking it to school. She just couldn't believe that she had either misplaced or lost it. He had to do that

report over again, and it was downgraded for being late. I'm thinking that teacher must have been of French descent, or had spent some time in France and developed the "French Attitude". Jeremy managed to pass that class in the end though.

Amy was really doing well with the trumpet and got along extremely well with the high school band director. She had also taken piano lessons and was doing just as well with that. I think she picked up her musical talent from her Mom, her Grandma Sanders, and her Great Grandma Hepler. Great Grandma Hepler used to play for the silent movies in a theater in DuBois, PA. Grandma Sanders, my Mom, played organ and piano at church, and Kay did the same, and even had experience playing pipe organs. Amy wanted to be in a marching band, and Mt. View didn't have one for competition. She went to visit American Fork and talked to the band director there, and he welcomed her to march with them. Amy was a real go-getter by this time in her life, and she didn't let much stop her. She would go practice with the AF marching band, and march with them. During the summer, Mountain View formed a marching band to march in the Provo and Orem parades for the 4th of July, Pioneer Day, and some other events. Jeremy marched in the summer band where Chad and Ryan were drafted as water squirters during the summer parades. Summers always got hot here in Utah. They would walk down the street at the sides of the band, and when

someone wanted to cool off a little, my kids would use their spray bottles, similar to Windex spray bottles, to spray individual band members in the face. They loved doing that. Ryan joined the Orem High School competition marching band when he got to high school, and got even more cultured doing that.

I'm wondering if my kids inherited any of their marching band desires from me, because I marched in an 8th grade band in DuBois, and also in the Hammond High School band in Virginia for three years doing both high school football games and a few community parades. Of course I got more than my fill with marching at the Air Force Academy. It did give Jeremy, Amy, Chad and Ryan some good training, discipline, and desire to excell. Amy also wanted to play soccer in high school, but the school didn't have a girl's team, nor could the girls play on the boys teams. She started lobbying the school to set up a girl's team, passed petitions around, and finally succeeded. As I said, she was and is a go-getter, along with being a good soccer player. There will be more about soccer later.

Amy used to go running with me when I was getting ready for my annual mile and a half run in the military. It took her a few years to mature to the point where she could keep up for the entire mile and a half, but she got there. In junior high she ran track, and in high school she ran cross country. The cross

country coach asked some of the parents to make posters for each of their nine cross country meets. I felt like I should volunteer, so I would work on two posters for each meet. I seemed to have some humor in developing those posters. I got 10-15 magazines from Kay and browsed through them looking for pictures I could cut out and develop a meme around a picture or two. I remember one where I compared their opponent's legs to chicken drumsticks with appropriate comments and had a great picture to use for that. Amy didn't know that I was one of the parents doing that. She kept so busy, that she missed out on a few happenings around home. It was fun for me though. At the end of the season the coach had a final party, and he posted all the posters around the room at the school, and I was really surprised at how many that I had made. I think that's when Amy found out that I had been doing some.

One year Mike wanted to try playing a musical instrument. He wasn't sure what instrument he wanted to play, so I talked him into playing the clarinet like I did. We bought him a used clarinet and he played in the school band for one year, but decided he didn't like it, and stopped. Jeremy kept up with his drums through college; Amy is still going strong with her trumpet and piano, as well as organ; Chad stopped playing his trumpet after high school graduation; and Ryan tapered down quite a bit, then eventually stopped after one year in college at Utah Valley

University. So Amy is the only remaining musician, except for Ryan who picked up guitar, played with a rock band for a long time (Side Dish), and still plays with “Broke City” once in a while. He plays a great guitar! He was playing with one of the bands who were asked to play for about an hour down in the Provo Mall. Kay and I went to listen to them. By that time, Ryan had a wireless pickup that connected his guitar to one of the band amplifiers. The seating wasn’t crowded, and as he was playing a song (one instrumental without words) he walked over and sat down next to us, talked to us, but didn’t miss a beat on the song!

## Side Dish works toward main course

### Local bands serves up rock with horns

Collin Lucke  
HERALD CORRESPONDENT

After months of playing to small crowds in its makeshift garage venue, local band Side Dish will open to a larger audience tonight with the release of its debut album, “Truth or Dare,” at Johnny B’s Comedy Club in Provo.

The band, which features rock music with a horn section, formed in 2001 when neighbors Erik Vorkink and Christian Olsen decided to keep playing ska and punk covers after performing in a high school talent show.

Originally called Your Ad Here, the band came up with the name Side Dish during a break in a long, arduous brainstorming session.

“We went to a fast food restaurant at one point and saw a listing for side dishes on their menu and thought to ourselves that it could be a decently cool name,” said Ryan Sanders, the band’s lead singer and guitarist.

Side Dish cut a single in late 2001 and held free shows in their garage and we hold free shows, which in reality are house parties with an invited guest list,” said Kent Vorkink, band manager and father to Erik and Kevin.

“The reason that we decided proof rigging was purchased at a local thrift store.

With the release of their first full-length CD, “Truth or Dare,” the members of Side Dish hope to establish themselves as a band that

**If you go**

**Side Dish CD release party w/ Volition and Stargo Brass**



Members of local band Side Dish.

Courtesy photo

Newspaper Article Featuring Side Dish – Ryan on the Left

One year my kids wanted me to buy a boat so they could get out on Utah Lake. They promised that they would take care of it, keep it clean, and put gas in it, etc. Well any of you parents can say, "Yeah, right!" The same things happen when the kids want pets, and you all know it. That is supposed to teach them responsibility, but I have seen that they have to show some responsibility long before we parents can fully commit ourselves. Our former bishop, Earl Cropper had a boat that he hadn't used in a long time. I got after him and found that his boat came from his daughters wanting a boat the same way my kids did. He was finally willing to sell it to me. It was a 16 foot aluminum boat with a couple of windows, seats starting about 1/3 of the way back from the bow where the steering wheel was, and it was powered by an outboard 80 HP Mercury engine. Some people told me that wasn't enough horse power to pull a skier, but we proved them wrong!

I bought some parts, including a gas tank, some other stuff, and picked up a tow rope and some water skis. I purchased an annual pass to the Provo Marina, and off we went. I first had to read up on a lot of stuff about no wake idle in the marina, how to pass on the left instead of like driving a car on the right, and safety procedures and life vests for anyone in the water. Mike wasn't as excited about it or water skiing as the other kids, but Amy was able to get up and have some fun, as was Jeremy, and Chad got

hooked really well with both water skis and wake boarding. Even I was able to get up on the water skis, although it took a little while with the 80 HP motor. I learned something about the “hole shot”, which is the time it takes to get up to skiing speed. A lower pitch prop gets you up faster, but cuts down the high speed. At first we could get up to about 33-35 mph on the lake, but after I bought a couple of different props, the kids got up on the skis faster but the boat was around 28-30 mph at the top end. Let me tell you that Utah Lake is big! It takes a while to go from end to end and side to side. Later in the summer, it would get shallower as well. Amy could stand on the bottom, then lean back, let the nose of her skis come up, and then we would firewall the throttle to get her up on step. We also bought a couple water toys. One day I was sitting in the large inner tube while Chad was pulling me around behind the boat. He turned pretty sharp and wound the rope around the inner tube, then hit the throttle. When the rope came taut, I was spun around and flipped right off the tube. They all had a great laugh at that.

One summer, Aunt Mary, Uncle Bill, Cousin Joy and her husband Ron, and Cousin Steve and his wife Wendy and their two kids all rented a large motor home and headed out for a marathon trip from Pennsylvania. They went out to Arizona, and stopped in Utah to visit us as well. We took them down to the lake and Chad was the boat pilot to take them out on the lake. Uncle Bill, the

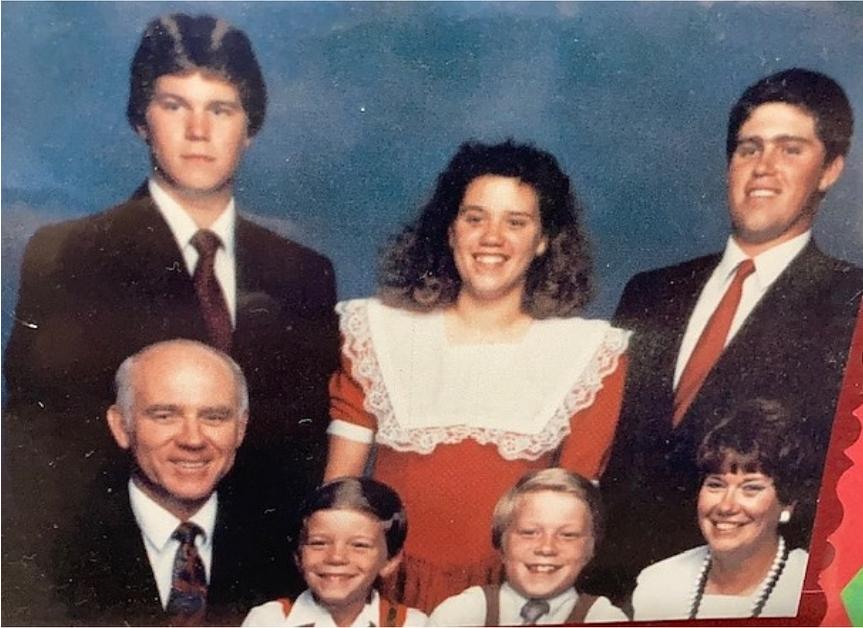
Navy man, complemented Chad on his handling of the boat. Chad was pleased. Once the kids started leaving home, the boat stayed parked at the house unused for quite a few years. I didn't have much desire to use it, and I finally gave it to Mike, as he liked to go fishing, but he finally traded it off for a summer of lawn mowing for both of us. And so goes the saga of the boat.

I do have to mention model airplanes at least one time. Not too long after we moved to Utah, I looked up the local model airplane club. They called themselves the Utah Valley Aeromodelers, and are still going strong today. The dues were only \$10 a month which was more than reasonable. I started flying with them and enjoying it. I could only fly pretty much on Saturdays, as we had the kids and I had a full time job. I started building a few new ones because we had that big garage. The club started pylon racing so I just had to get involved with that because it sounded fun, and it was fun and exciting. I still have that pylon racing plane. We were using .40 cubic inch displacement engines at the time.

Later a group started flying and racing smaller planes giving me a chance to practice and fly even better. Jeremy was then flying with me, and we decided to design and build our own racing plane. We called it the Road Runner, partly because it was fast, and partly because we flew close to the ground. Jeremy got into models pretty hard and both he and I enjoyed doing that. When

Alan first moved to Utah, he would come up on a Saturday, and we would go down to the church ball field and fly control line planes, small ones on a 26 foot set of Dacron lines. We would get two or three of us up in the same circle, walking around each other as we flew so we could try to keep the lines untangled. Sometimes they got tangled and a plane would go thump into the grass. We would start laughing so hard, that all our planes would hit the ground because we were rolling with our laughter. We just had a good time. Later on Chad got involved and started enjoying it with me, but Mike, Ryan, and Amy never got interested. Jeremy, Chad and I had some great times together. Jeremy finally got pretty good and started beating me in Pylon racing. He had, and still has, great reflexes. I kept hanging up more planes in the garage, and one day Kay said, "If I can't get my car in the garage because of your airplanes, you go!" I listened, and that never happened.

Then our kids started graduating high school and went off to college and church missions. That will be in the next chapter.



Family Picture 1988

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

## 38 The Utah Story Part 2 - Jobs, Activities, and Church



**M**ike was our first one to head out on a church mission for two years. When his area of assignment came down, it was listed as Brazil, the Belo Horizonte Mission. He was excited to be heading out of the country. He attended the Mission Training Center (MTC) in Provo, Utah for ten weeks to learn the missionary discussions, how to approach people, and speak Portuguese. When it was time for him to head for Brazil, his visa had not yet been approved and he was sent to the Washington D.C. Mission to serve until he could get on the plane to Brazil. His mission president had him spend most of his time around the mission home, and I know that one thing he was doing was building bunk beds for an overflow of missionaries who were waiting for visas for their countries of assignment. He was also hoping to see my Dad, his Grandpa Sanders who was living in

Washing D.C. at that time, but that turned out too hard to do in staying within the mission rules. He finally got his visa and headed out to Brazil. He thought he had learned Portuguese, but when he arrived, he could barely understand anything for a while. He did get picked up by missionaries in his mission and taken to the mission home. He definitely learned how to ride busses and trains since that was to be their main mode of transportation. After several months of being in-country, he had picked up sufficient Portuguese to be somewhat comfortable in his duties.



Mike Departing for His Mission – at the Airport with Chad and Ryan November 1989

While there, he developed a physical problem which worried his Mom to no end. For some reason, the remainder of his umbilical

cord, after being cut at birth, seemed to grow and attach to someplace in his body creating an umbilical hernia. Mom wanted him to come back to the states to get proper medical care; however, the mission president called her several times and was able to convince her that Brazil had some very modern hospitals with doctors trained in the United States, and that they would take very good care of him, which they did. Near the end of his two years, Kay wanted to fly down to meet him, take a couple days to visit the mission, and then fly home with him. Kay had also had a difficult time letting him go when we initially dropped him off at the MTC, especially since he was the first child to leave home, and she wanted to make sure he came home healthy and under her supervision. Kay had a few difficulties in getting to Belo Horizonte which she was able to laugh at once she returned home. She had no foreign language skills, nor did she know the culture. She did get some help from one nice gentleman at the airport in Buenos Aires who helped her get to her next plane where Mike was able to meet her. They Arrived home in November of 1991.

Jeremy received his mission call to go to Alabama Birmingham Mission. When he announced his mission call in church, as is the custom when a missionary receives his assignment, he got up to the pulpit and said that he was going to the Alabama Birmingham Mission, Southern Speaking. That got him a good

laugh, but there is some truth to that, as Southerners have their own dialect and expressions that none of the rest of the country uses. For example, when someone asks you if you want a Coke, and you say yes, then they will ask you if you want strawberry, lime, root beer, etc. To them, Coke means soft drink. Another expression is “Will you carry me to the store?” which means that they would like a ride. When they want you to hand them a nail, it will sound like “nil”, and most of us would definitely not easily understand what they needed. And one more thing, Southerners sound very polite, but when they really mean something, like they are inviting you to come again, they will say, “You’all come back, ya hear?”. Otherwise it will just be a “You’all come back.” Which really doesn’t mean that.



Jeremy Ready to Depart for the Airport on His Mission February 1991

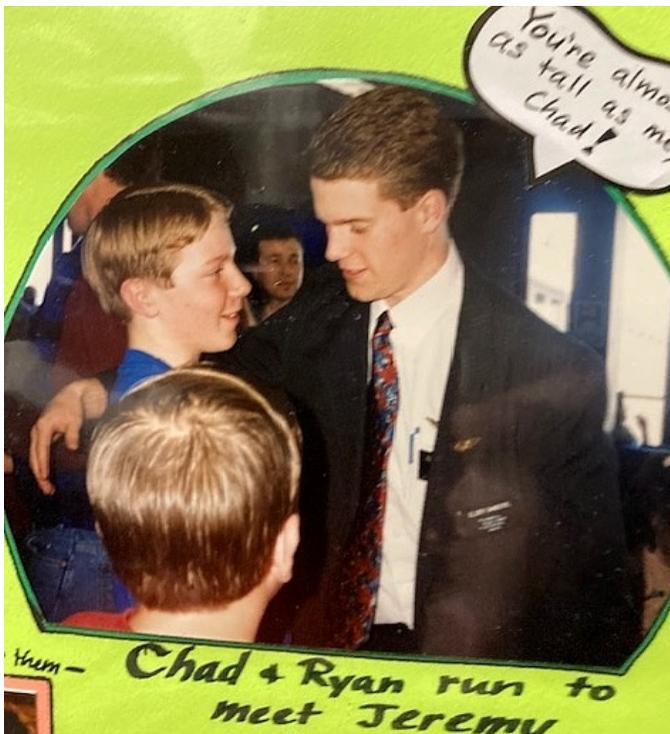
Jeremy also went to the MTC in Provo, but he was only scheduled to stay there for three weeks because he wasn't getting any foreign language training. When he left for Alabama, Mike was still on his mission and they missed each other by seven months. They have always been good "buds" and that was tough on both of them. After Mike got back, he was singing with the Mormon Youth Symphony and Chorus. That group normally performed during the April and October church general conferences, and usually in the Saturday morning session. Jeremy was able to watch general conference on TV with the other missionaries in his mission, and he saw Mike in one of the performances. When he recognized Mike, he stood right up and said, "That's my brother!" The other missionaries with him kidded him, but he was just so excited that he couldn't contain himself.

Jeremy rode a bike everywhere and one day he noticed that his legs were getting very muscular, and were tight in his suit pants. But the rest of his suit fit just fine. I'm not sure what he did about that, but he managed to survive. He related stories to us of riding his bike to appointments and having to travel in the drenching rain. He and his companion were totally soaked in their suits, but they seemed to love it, and they always had big smiles on their faces. He also told us that one day he wanted to make several layers of graham crackers covered in caramel which Kay made fairly often by boiling condensed milk to make

the caramel. Jeremy put his can of condensed milk to boil on the stove, and he and his companion went out on a teaching appointment. While they were gone, the saucepan boiled dry, and the condensed milk can exploded and threw caramel all over their kitchen. It was a real mess for them to clean up, but I think they both learned something important that day. Jeremy got tired of the older bike that he was riding and asked us through a letter if we could send him some money to get a snazzier new bike, which we did. He seemed to love that one so much, that he sent it home via commercial bus. I noticed that after it arrived home, he leaned it up against the house at the side of the garage, and never rode it again. Either he was having too much fun driving a car, or it reminded him of some very hard work that he had been doing the previous two years.

For a time period, we had two sons on missions whom we were paying for, and I got laid off from WICAT. We were both worried about paying our bills and keeping our sons on their missions. I remember that when Mike headed off, his monthly bill was \$220 a month which was cheap at that time, as South America was a much cheaper place than London, San Francisco and other big cities. Not too long after Mike got to Brazil, inflation started going rampant, and our bill for Mike doubled to \$440 a month. As other things changed in the world, the church changed the funding policy for missionaries because some families were

paying much more than others. Everyone started paying \$500 a month no matter where their missionaries were going and the church used that to level out the costs of missions, which we were all grateful for. When I got laid off, the Lord blessed us as I got a job at Evans and Sutherland as I mentioned in the previous chapter within six weeks, and we just kept moving along fine without any serious repercussions with finances.



Jeremy at the Airport Returning from His Mission February 1993

Amy was then coming along preparing for her mission. The boys left on their missions at age 19, but the girls were required to

wait until they turned 21, so we had about two years in the middle where we could relax for a little bit. Amy spent those earlier years attending BYU on a partial music scholarship, and working towards her music degree. She played trumpet in the BYU marching band which marched at every home football game – football is a very big thing at BYU! Jeremy also attended BYU working towards a bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering which he enjoyed very much. He carried a big bass drum in the marching band, and that contributed towards a partial scholarship as well.



Dropping Amy Off at the Provo MTC with Ryan and Chad July 1994

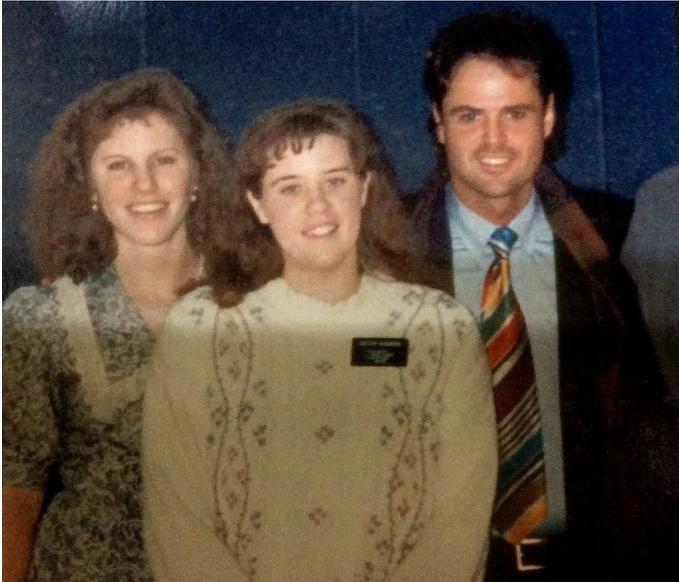
Amy received her mission call to go to the Illinois Chicago Mission, where she did very well. She worked hard and was

recognized by the mission president as setting challenging goals and doing better than the guys in many things. One thing the missionaries have is called a “P” day or preparation day, which is an off day for them to do their laundry, shopping, cleaning, and meet together for some cross talk about problems and solutions. They also play some athletics for exercise to keep them all in good physical shape. In Amy’s area, a lot of them played soccer. Now Amy was very good at soccer, having played it in high school and even previously in neighborhood leagues growing up. One of the Elders was a high school soccer star, and everyone thought that he was the best, and the guys bragged about him. One day Amy was on the team competing against their star’s team, and as that team kept bragging and taunting Amy’s team, she was able to steal the ball away from him several times – she was that good! The guy was being teased a lot over that, and even the mission president started calling her “Super Sister Sanders” [the guy missionaries were called by the title “Elder” and the ladies by the title “Sister”]. The mission president used to get after the Elders by comparing their accomplishments against Sister Sanders’. One day while playing soccer, Amy twisted her ankle really badly, which was already weak from a high school injury, and had to come home for surgery. She was scheduled to be home for two months and on crutches at least half that time, but she had a faster than normal recovery and was headed back, cleared by the surgeon in six

weeks, to finish her mission.

Amy was assigned for a while up near Rockford, northwest of Chicago. I had a business trip installing a library computer in Rockford, so she asked her mission president if I could take them out to dinner. He gave her permission. As it turns out, she and her companion had been invited to dinner by an investigator family, and when they heard I was in town, I got invited along too. As an aside, both Amy and I couldn't stand broccoli! I bet you know where this is going... I picked up Amy and her companion, and we drove off to dinner. What I didn't know was that another family had invited them to dinner as well, and Amy had already eaten once before I picked her up. We got to the second dinner, and the wife served stuffed chicken and mashed potatoes with a side of broccoli. The chicken was also stuffed with broccoli! Amy had a tough time but she finished hers. I played around with mine and spread it all around the plate, so it looked like there were just a few leftovers on my plate. Amy gave me a "Da-aaad!" look but held her comments until after we left. Then we all had a great big laugh over that. The Elders wanted to meet the Sisters at a pizza place for some discussions about the families they were teaching. When we got to the pizza place, the Elders were pretty hungry, so I bought pizza for all of us. Amy and I were totally stuffed, and we still laugh about that visit from time to time. In Amy's first area, Donny Osmond was in the

church ward she was assigned to, and he was teaching the Gospel Doctrine Sunday School class. Donny was in the area because his troupe was putting on 'Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat'. Amy said that he was very approachable to the members as well as any investigators the missionaries brought to church. Donny was a good member and excellent member missionary himself. Amy and her companion Sister Gammon got their picture taken with him.



Amy and Sister Gammon with Donny Osmond August 1994

Another time I had a job trip to Chicago. Amy and her comp had permission to ride the bus to Chicago and attend a baseball game with the Chicago Cubs on their "P" day. She invited me to go

along and bought an extra ticket for me. I had some travel delays out of Salt Lake City, so Amy dropped my tickets off at my hotel. I finally made the game around the 6th or 7th inning, and I was tired, but at least I was there. It was great to see her there during her time away from home, and she was working hard but enjoying it too. We had an ice cream bar, sat in the sun to the side of left field about seven rows back, and it was a good game as well. After the game I had to take off to get ready for my computer installation, it was nice.

In Amy's mission, the missionaries were not allowed to have musical instruments. In one assigned area, Amy and the Stake they were assigned to planned a musical fireside or production to attract visitors, encouraged by the missionaries. Amy had taken her trumpet mouthpiece with her to keep her lips in shape (the musicians called that "keeping her chops"). The mission president approved of the program, and Amy was able to borrow a trumpet and perform as well. The musical fireside was a success and many people came as it was advertised well. Amy never hesitated to share her talents anywhere they could enhance her success as a missionary.

My sister Susie had eloped with a guy from Minnesota while I was in college, and he turned out to be sort of a jerk, and had started drinking as well. They finally divorced, and after a couple of years, Susie met a widowed man at church, and they hit it off.

They were going to get married in the Chicago Temple, and we were invited. Kay and I got airline tickets, I took time off work, got us a hotel reservation, a rental car, and we took Chad and Ryan with us. Chad had recently gotten his HAM Technician class license to match mine and brought along his HAM portable transceiver on 220 MHz, called a “handi-talkie” in HAM vernacular. He was into tech stuff as much as I was. Amy was still on her mission, but got permission from the mission president, and she and her companion were able to visit with us and attend the marriage and sealing ceremony of Susie and Jerry Nolan. We felt blessed to be able to attend the temple ceremony along with Amy. Chad and Ryan had to stay in the waiting areas because they were not allowed into the temple itself at their age. Susie was glad to have family there, as none of the family lived close to Chicago, nor did Susie who lived in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area in Minnesota. After the wedding we took Amy and Sis Baird, her comp, to Giordano’s Pizza, and ordered two deep dish stuffed crust pizzas with a crust over the top like a pie. My mistake was ordering two of them, we had to grab a “to go” box for most of the second one as we waddled out the door. Amy’s mission president approved their visit on one condition: that we take them out to dinner, and this was Amy’s favorite place!

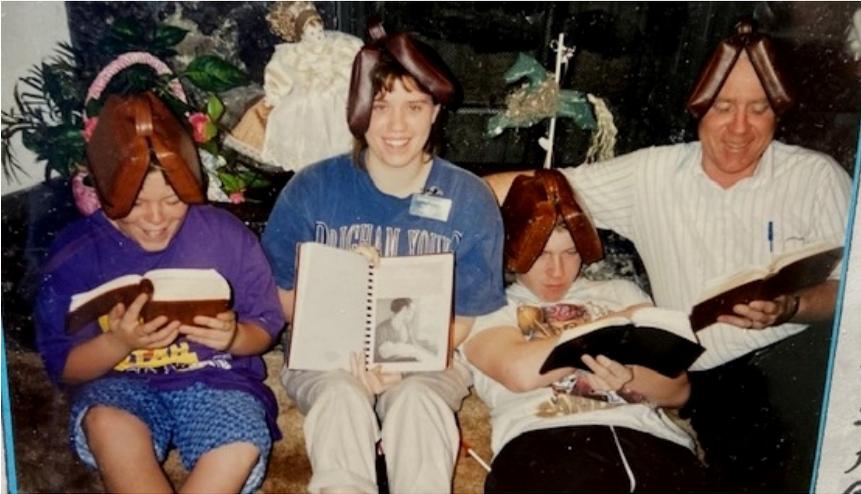


Chad, Ryan, Milt, Kay, Jerry and Susie Nolan Outside the Chicago Temple May 1995

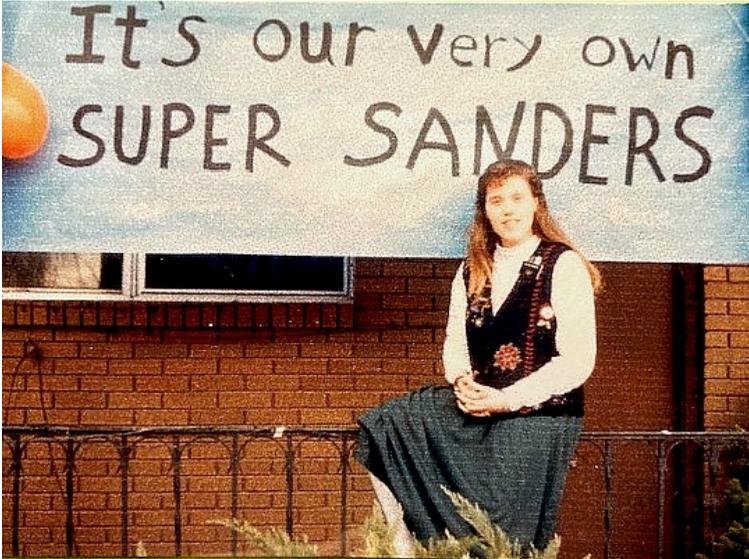
When we were coming home, I noticed at the Chicago Airport that Chad had his HAM radio with him. We sat for a while waiting for our plane, then we got on and headed home. After we got to the Salt Lake airport, I didn't see Chad's radio with him. I asked him where his radio was. He looked panic stricken. He had left it at the seat where we were sitting waiting. We had a Delta airlines attendant call their Chicago airport office to see if anyone had turned it in to lost and found. No one had. It was gone. I was hoping that Chad learned a good lesson that day.

While Amy was home recuperating she was still under mission rules. She had to have someone with her as a companion anytime she left the house. Kay did some of that, and on Sundays, I went with her to the MTC where she attended church meetings with other missionaries preparing for their missions. That was an interesting time for me to associate with all the other

missionaries in meetings. She also kept in practice by teaching all of us during our Family Home Evenings on Monday nights, presenting all her missionary lessons. We also made our home evenings fun too, and did some silly things besides. One evening we all put our scripture covers on our heads as we read the scriptures together. I did say we were silly, but in reality, it helped us to feel closer to one another.



Ryan, Amy, Chad and Dad Being Silly with our Scripture Covers  
1995



Amy Mission Homecoming “Super Sister Sanders” 9 December 1995

During the years this chapter covers, Fall of 1989 to December of 1995, I was hard at work with Evans and Sutherland who made visual systems for computer simulators. Since I had an excellent military aviation background, I helped tune up a simulator dome, 24 feet in diameter, which had a cockpit situated approximately in the center of the dome with projectors just behind and slightly above the pilot’s head. One projector focused a high resolution image 20 degrees high and 30 degrees wide [this is the approximate size that our eyes focus on straight ahead], while a second projector sent a lower resolution picture 180 degrees wide and a little more than 90 degrees vertical to

simulate the horizon and the sky which a pilot sees with his peripheral vision and doesn't need the high resolution. The projectors also reacted with a head tracking feature that moved the cameras as the pilot turned his head which kept the high resolution image in front of the pilot's eyes. Most of the current simulators of the day simply featured a forward display of the scene in front of the pilot. The cockpit was simulated as an F-16 cockpit, but with only some of the displays and switches inside the cockpit. The data base was developed to show the nose and wings of an F-16 just outside the cockpit that the pilot could see by looking forward, out to the sides, and if he was limber enough, he could turn his head toward the rear and even see the plane's vertical tail projected on the dome. This gave us plenty of cues so that a pilot could fly formation with the Mig-25 that was programmed into the simulation, and could even get a lock on and fire a missile which caused a visual explosion of the MIG-25. I tried a couple of times to fly inverted right over the MIG, like we saw in "Top Gun" with Tom Cruise, but I just couldn't do it. It was plenty tough just to try.

The help I gave the simulator engineer was to make the stick forces feel more real, and the aircraft response to control movement feel proper. The database which contained the visual parts of the view projected onto the inside of the dome, was done with regard to a specific section of the United States which

included actual representations that a pilot would see on the ground if he were flying over the same ground as depicted in the simulator. A pilot could also use an airfield to practice some landings, and he could turn his head and observe the runway out to the side for spacing, which he needed to actually practice landings as he would in the real world. Few simulators of that day could do that. I ordered a few navigational map sectionals that the simulated area covered, and I made several low level routes to include an entry point, headings to fly on each leg, times for each leg when flying a specific airspeed, and specified a target at the end of a route, such as a power plant or a dam. That was the first time E&S ever had that specific of a route for evaluators, especially government, to fly and test the simulator. One time we hosted a group of F-15 pilots who came to fly that simulator and do some air-to-air simulated combat. The one thing they objected to was that when they flew through 90 degrees straight up, the entire projection system and specific cockpit instruments would do a rapid 180 degree change before they flew down the back side of a loop. That had to be done because of mechanical projector limits. Other than that, they loved to fly the simulator. I also produced E&S certificates for simulator flights that we could hand out when a potential customer or his evaluators flew the simulator. That was a fun side of my job.

After being there a while and had gotten to using a MAC instead of the PC's I was very familiar with, I was given a program to manage with Boeing Aerospace as they were looking at E&S to provide some visual systems for their Boeing 777 engineering simulators and coordinate with Rediffusion in England for the actual screen our projectors would show the view to the pilots on. I worked with Gene Caldwell who was the manager for the 777 engineering development on that airplane. I traveled quite a few times to Seattle to visit the company, and I also traveled to England to coordinate with Rediffusion, which I enjoyed immensely. We think that we have old sections of our own country, especially back east where some of the country homes appear very old to us. One of the Rediffusion salesman took me to a Pub for sandwiches at lunch. This Pub was built back in 800 AD and still had some of the original timbers. That opened my eyes to "old". I was also recommended an inn which was venerable, and suggested that I reserve and stay at a concierge level room which I was able to do on two of my trips. I was very impressed with the heavy drapes and the tremendous amount of food they served in my room for breakfast. They even had a couple of Squash courts along with a wooded area with some walking paths through it. I dubbed this the 100 acre wood from Winnie the Pooh, although it was much, much smaller.

On one trip to England I needed to visit British Aerospace, which was a distance from London. That meant I had to drive a rental car on the “wrong” side of the road. That was an interesting experience. The only problem I really had was when coming to a roundabout, I couldn’t think fast enough of which way to turn. As I slowed down, another car beeped at me. For the rest of the roundabouts I was able to follow cars in front of me. As I was going down one of the British freeways, perhaps the M1, I was driving one lane in from the slow lane. A British driver came up on me in the slow lane but driving faster than I was. He actually crossed two lanes to get on my right to pass me and then went back to the slow lane after he was past. I asked a Brit about that, and he told me that everyone always drives on the far left and only changes lanes to the faster side to pass someone. We in the US just choose a lane and drive in it. It really is safer to do it the British way.

Another time I was sent to England with a projection engineer to give a briefing to engineers in the British Ministry of Defense. They were further interested in our image generation systems. In the middle of my briefing, the engineers asked a question about heat generation and how the projection tubes handled it. They were going way off track from my briefing, but seemed to be having a good conversation with my projection engineer. I was wondering how I could get them back on track, when one of

them mentioned that sometimes the projection tubes started to melt into something that looked like a banana. As they all laughed, I had a sudden inspiration to ask, "Is that a Chiquita banana or a BIC banana?" They got another laugh and I had the break to get back to my briefing material. I am really not that quick on my feet, so I have to credit that comment to someone above.

Rediffusion used a metalized Mylar screen which was held in place with a slight vacuum, curving the Mylar to the exact radius that gave airline pilots correct perception of the view while keeping the projectors focused throughout the entire 120 degree horizontal view and even slightly above the pilots sight limitation allowed by the cockpit windows. It was really a masterpiece of engineering and worked very well, but was also expensive.

I was tasked to write the proposal to Boeing, give them presentations, and other information that they could use to write their request for proposal. Commercial companies had the ability to write their requirements to fit the abilities of the system they wanted, so they could get exactly what they needed instead of having to review many proposals received and accept the one which had the fewest out of spec conditions. We contracted to sell them two image generators, one high end and the other one with a lower spec and lower price. We also contracted to produce

the location databases and give them specific airports which they planned to use, such as Hong Kong, San Francisco, Hawaii, Seattle, and Boeing field.

After the contract was signed and the systems were built, I went up to Boeing again and supervised the image generator installations and the integration of these to the Rediffusion display screen which Rediffusion engineers installed. I finally got the chance to fly the Boeing 777 from its simulation cockpit using the entire system and make some takeoffs and landings. The database for Seattle included the famous Space Needle, the very tall rotating restaurant tower which you can see for a long way, and also the highest mountain in the United States, Mount McKinley at 20,320 feet. It was an exciting program for me to manage, but as in every program, there are always problems to overcome, and this program was no exception. My boss was not easy to work for either. One day he came to my cubical and asked me to write a letter to Boeing, but told me that he didn't know what I should say. So I sat down, wrote the draft, and put it in his inbox. When I hadn't heard anything back, I asked his secretary if he had returned anything. She told me that she hadn't seen anything, and also told me that he shredded anything left in his in basket at the end of every work day. Go figure. Fortunately I still had a copy on my hard drive, and resubmitted it. Several months later, I was called into a meeting and was laid off along

with quite a few other people, including the finance person who worked on the Boeing project with me. I guess that even though I was upset, I didn't mind leaving my 500 mile a week commute and some of the difficulties I found in management. I did miss the HAM club that I had joined that E&S sponsored, and I did have some fun by taking two Boeing visitors out to a nearby open field and letting them fly my big RC glider at lunch one day. I certainly didn't miss the one day it took me 3 1/2 hours to drive to work on snow covered highways when the freeway was pretty much a parking lot on the east side of Salt Lake City. I also missed the comradery I had with quite a few other program managers, and one of the guards with whom I played some racquetball at the University of Utah where E&S provided a company membership for employees. I never did beat him though, even at his 62 years of age he could place that ball right where I couldn't get it

This time it took me four months to find employment, however between my Air Force retirement and the layoff payment, we were able to keep to our budget including house payments. We had no missionary out at the time, and I found employment at Dynix in Provo, a library automation company selling existing hardware from computer companies and their own developed library software. I started part time, 20 hours a week at \$12 an hour, but soon was offered full time employment at a much

lower salary than what I had been making, but eventually caught up to industry standards, working there for the next 14 years. At least I was working when Amy left on her mission that July.

## 39 the Utah Story Part 3 Travel, Weddings, and Church



I need to tell a funny story before I move on to other things. When Mike was in the Provo Missionary Training Center, contact with him was pretty strict since the Church didn't want distractions from home interfering with their study. One night, Mike's cousin Brad Jarvis and our son Jeremy purchased a pizza, put on their dark Sunday suits with white shirts and ties, scrounged some missionary tags, and walked onto the MTC grounds. Mike had offhandedly told them his room number, and they walked through the missionary halls as if they were supposed to be there, and no one was the wiser. They knocked on Mike's door, and Mike was very surprised to see them there. He invited them in, as they all liked pizza, and Brad, Jeremy, Mike, and his companion has a small quiet party for little bit, then Brad and Jeremy again walked out and got away without anyone

noticing that they didn't belong there. Times have changed there long before now, and the doors are all locked, and each missionary has a magnetic key card that unlocks the door. We got a real charge out of that when we all heard the story.

One more story – when Amy went into the MTC, all of us at home went with her to drop her off. The family was invited to come into the reception hall when the new missionaries signed in. The receiving people always put a red dot on the new missionary's collar when they came in to make them readily noticeable as to being a new missionary just entering. The kids all called them “dork dots”, being the young people they were and making a joke of it. Before we knew it, one of the receptionists came up and put a dork dot on Chad, as we were all wearing our Sunday clothes. Kay about fainted, as she was emotional enough sending off another missionary, when she thought they might just take Chad along with Amy. Chad, Ryan and I thought it was too funny, but Kay took it off Chad really quickly. After that, we were all ushered into a large room set up with chairs. The MTC put on a short program to orient the parents and siblings with what was planned for the new missionaries and then dismissed everyone with the missionaries going out one door and the families going out another set of doors – the new missionaries getting on with the training. That was usually a tearful and emotional good-bye for both the

missionary and the families as their sons were leaving for various parts of the world for two years, and the daughters were doing the same for 18 months.

When our three oldest returned from their missions, they headed back to BYU. Mike got back in because he received credit for his foreign language, Portuguese. Jeremy got back in because of his good grades, as did Amy on her music partial scholarship. Mike had never been very studious, and this time he happened to fall in love and his grades all went to pot. He met and started dating Juliet Gappmayer, the niece of one of our neighbors who was also our stake president, Merrell Gappmayer with whom I often played racquetball. Mike dropped out of college and got a job with ProSteel, a gun safe company in Provo. They got married not long after in the Manti Temple, and Mom and Dad Gerber were able to attend the wedding and sealing in the temple with us. Mike worked there for quite a while, and our first grandson, Cody, was born. Mike started attending the University of Phoenix on-line program, and eventually graduated with an Bachelor's degree in Business Information Systems. After several moves and different jobs, Mike and Juliet moved back to Orem, Utah, purchased our house where he grew up, and Mike is thriving and employed as a sales engineer instructor for a local company, and he travels a lot, including internationally, to his customers. They are the parents of four children, two boys and two girls, of which

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008

two are married, one is in college having recently returned from his mission to New York City, the oldest daughter, Elizabeth (Lizzy), is living in Wyoming with her husband Hyrum, teaching school, and the youngest daughter, Hadley, started her freshman year in college this fall. His oldest, Cody, and his wife Danica, are living near St. George, Utah and have a baby daughter, Sylvie, who is our first great grandchild. We were able to take a four generation picture, not long ago. Cody and Danica added a son in October 2021, our second great grandchild, Huxton.



Mike and Juliet with Juliet's Folks on the left and Kay and Milt on the right at the Utah Manti Temple 24 April 1993



Four Generation Picture: Mike, Milt, Cody, and Great Granddaughter Sylvie Summer 2020

Jeremy worked hard at BYU and finished a BS in Mechanical Engineering, and went on to the BYU Law School, graduating with a law degree majoring in patents, and he was off and running. He married our next door neighbor's daughter, Layna

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008

Crofts, in the Utah Provo Temple on January 14th 1994, a little over a year after his return from his mission, while he was still at BYU. He finished his BS degree in May of 1997, and finished his law degree in May of 2001.



Jeremy and Layna at Utah Provo Temple 14 January 1994

Layna's Parents on the Left and Kay and Milt on the right



Jeremy's Graduation from BYU with His first Son, Christopher  
May 1997

Jeremy had worked a sales job while in school. He went forward selling a high quality vacuum cleaner, which Kay passed on. He had learned some very slick door approaches while on his mission, and had learned to read people very well. This made him an excellent salesman, which he used to support his family and his college studies. This has also helped him greatly in his Patent Law occupation. Jeremy and Layna are the parents of five beautiful children, two married, currently living and thriving in Sammamish, Washington.

Amy jumped right back into BYU to finish her music degree, which took her five years to accomplish – not because of difficulties, but because there was just so much to do to complete the degree. For her last two years she was the head drum major

for the BYU marching band which performed at football games and many other local civic activities. Kay would call up the BYU ticket office during the football season and ask to purchase tickets to the BYU halftime show so she could see Amy perform. The sales person at the ticket booth would stammer for a minute and then say respectfully, "Ma'am, we don't sell tickets to just the half time. Of course Kay knew this but she loved asking for them that way, and just kept doing it. She didn't care much about the football, but she sure wanted to watch the half time show!

Amy also joined the BYU jazz group, Synthesis, which is very well known in the music world. She played one of four trumpets and loved it. While performing with them, she was able to travel to Scandinavia one summer, and also to China and Japan another summer. She visited the Great Wall of China and sent us a picture. For a while she joined a Dixieland Group where she was the only trumpet, and thrived very well there. I met the director of that group many years later, and he still remembered Amy as having played with them. She was both happy and sad when she graduated because she loved what she was doing, but also because she had finished five hard years and knew that she had to move on.

One story that I will tell about her concerns her cousin Brad Jarvis, who was Cosmo, the BYU mascot for a year. Of course no

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

one was supposed to know who the person playing Cosmo in the cougar suit was. It was all kept quiet until the end of the year, when his identity was revealed at the last basketball game in the spring. Cosmo also could not talk when he was in costume; he just had to pantomime anything that he wanted to get across. Amy wanted to ask another BYU student on a date, so she got Cosmo to bring that out through actions and written signs, at one of the basketball games. Her date was really embarrassed, but it worked. He said yes to the date! It is amazing at all the various and sneaky ways that students ask one another out on a date these days. It never happened that way when I was a kid.



Amy at the Cougar Statue BYU on Graduation Day

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008

After graduation, Kay and I decided to take Amy, Chad, and Ryan to Disney World for her graduation. Aunt Shari Gerber, Kay's step sister, was going with us to furnish her time share condo, and I was going to get her airline and park tickets. I had a lot of Delta flyer miles in the "bank", and I got all five of us first class seats for the trip. We would do this in style. We had a really great time at the kingdoms, while visiting NASA and the beach as well. It was a fitting trip for our only daughter following a five year stint at college with her mission in the middle.



Family at Disney World Orlando: back – Kay, Milt, Ryan, front – Amy and Chad



Family at NASA Space Center



Family at the Space Shuttle



At the Beach in Orlando

Amy found a job at a company in Arizona when she went there to associate with an individual she had met at an away football game that the band had traveled for. He was also in school. She thought that things were getting serious. She met this guy's entire family and became close to them. There were eight kids in the family, and the wife was suffering with cancer. Amy became pretty close with her, as the wife loved to hear Amy play the piano, as it eased her suffering. Finally she succumbed to the cancer and passed away. The relationship with the son, eventually failed. Amy didn't know what she was going to do

after the failed relationship. Both Amy and the father, John Morris, felt the whisperings of the spirit, and John finally asked her to marry him. She wasn't so excited about that – he was 23 years her senior, and Amy was six weeks younger than his oldest child. She prayed about it and got such a good feeling in return, that she agreed to seriously consider the proposal. She brought John up to meet us, and Kay was very upset that Amy was considering this. John was very nervous about meeting us as well, because of his age. He managed to get through our “interview”, and I had felt good about it even before they were coming up to meet us. John was a good church member; he was well established in his industry and was a good person. I also felt that this was Amy's choice, and not ours. Amy had always been close to the Lord while growing up. She even taped scriptures on the inside of the shower to help her memorize them for the seminary classes that a lot of our church teenagers take during the four years of high school. I felt that she was well prepared to make these decisions. We knew there would still be difficulties, but she and John managed to convince Kay that everything would work out. John still had three boys and a girl at home who were still growing up. We gave her our OK, and they planned the wedding with Kay's help. Amy got married in the Timpanogos Temple on the 26th of February 1999.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008



Amy and John Morris, John's Parents on the left, Kay and Milt on the right



Amy and her Brothers at the Utah Mt. Timpanogos Temple  
26 February 1999

I have another story to share. Amy, Chad, and Ryan all played the trumpet. On one 4th of July, Mike's Ward (church) was putting

on a 4th of July breakfast celebration. They asked these three kids to play the Star Spangled Banner as a trio when they did the flag ceremony. Kay and I went over there to watch and listen. They did a great job!



Ryan, Chad and Amy Playing the Star Bangled Banner at a Church Breakfast, July 4th

Another time while Amy was in college, the Mt. View high school band and orchestra director was having problems with the school board. They put him on involuntary leave. That left the school without a music director. Since the classes and performances had to continue, the director convinced the board to hire Amy as a temporary replacement until things could be worked out. Amy agreed, and spent part of her time with the high school band as a teaching experience as part of her class work. Now Amy knew how the band kids acted when a substitute

was assigned. They would trade instruments, trade seats, and otherwise make the substitute have a really bad time. Most of the kids didn't know who Amy was, that she was a recent graduate of their school and had spent four years as a band member. She knew exactly what they were doing and how to correct them. She ran rampant over their antics, got them back where they belonged, and was skilled enough to get them to follow her. Kay and I went to at least two of the high school concerts that Amy directed. She and they did a great job. I believe that when the original band director returned, the band members were sorry to see her go.

Another time after Amy was married and living in California, and when Ryan was in the band at Mt. View, the director, who thought a lot of Amy, had her come to the band's last concert of Ryan's Senior year and perform with Ryan, by playing the Concerto for Two Trumpets by Vivaldi with the band as accompaniment. Kay and I went, and I videoed the entire performance which really sounded great. The band did a wonderful job with that specific piece as well.



Ryan and Amy after Ryan's Last Band Concert as a Senior at Mt. View High School

A number of years after Amy was married, I was asked to give a talk in Stake General Priesthood Meeting. President Barlow, a good friend, asked me to do this, and to speak about Amy and John's situation. President Barlow worked with the Young Women's program when Kay was Stake Young Women's president and they worked problems together and had a wonderful spiritual relationship. I went ahead and prepared my talk, and presented it. Although it was a priesthood meeting, Kay came and sat just inside one of the chapel doors and listened to my talk and then she left. I started my talk by saying, "Suppose you had a daughter in her young 20's, and she came up to you and your wife and told you that she wanted to marry a widowed

man who had eight kids and was 23 years older than she was?” For the rest of my talk there was hardly a sound in the room as I went on and talked about their relationship, how they got together and how important the spirit was in their decisions. I also mentioned that when I gave my talk, John and Amy were still very happy and getting along just fine. Perhaps ten years ago, I was visiting a neighbor family who had an age discrepancy similar to Amy and John, and they thanked me profusely for giving that talk, because a lot of people in our ward had some poor feelings about them being so far apart in age, and my talk had settled most of them right down. I believe that President Barlow had that in mind when he asked me to give that talk, because he was pretty aware of the feelings of other people in our stake. I could really feel the spirit in our meeting and I was glad to be able to give that talk to help others out, as well as let them know the Lord was indeed in charge of this world, and knows how to succor His people.

## 40 The Utah Story Part 4 The Younger Set



Now that Mike, Jeremy, and Amy were married and out of the house, we had only the remaining two to concentrate on. Chad decided that he wanted to go on a church mission. He submitted his papers, and soon after received his assignment to the Mexico Sinaloa Mission in which the major city is Mazatlán. Sinaloa is a Mexican State in the North West portion of Mexico with both the Pacific Ocean and Gulf of California as a western border. Chad had quite a number of adventures while in Mexico. His first missionary companion was a Mexican native, Antonio Gomez. “Tonio” could speak English but he was smart enough to stay in Spanish to make Chad pick up the language quicker. Chad’s companion would talk to him after lights out, but Chad just went to sleep because he couldn’t yet understand very much. He knew that he was getting much better with his Spanish, when he realized that he couldn’t go to sleep that easy because he was understanding much better.



Chad's Mission Picture 2000

The heat at first was nearly unbearable and he and his companion would go up on the roof and sleep where it was

slightly cooler. They had to stop that when the landlord for the rental apartments caught them doing that, so they had to start sleeping inside. Chad did have some pretty neat experiences on his mission. One day he was riding in the back of a pickup truck as one of the church members was giving them a ride. The driver was going around a pretty sharp turn and hadn't slowed down very much when the truck hit a sizeable bump. Chad was tossed out of the back of the truck and was heading toward a barb wire fence when he felt he was being lifted somewhat, went over the fence and hit the ground fairly softly. He told us in a letter that it felt like some angels were bearing him up to keep him safe. Missionaries widely report many miraculous experiences like that while serving their missions.



Chad, Ryan, and Jeremy at the Airport – Chad's departure day

They traveled a lot on buses because it was dangerous for them to either drive a car or ride bikes as missionaries in other places do. Shortly after Chad came home from his two years in Mexico, Kay arranged for the four of us remaining at home, to take a cruise on Princess Cruise Lines along the Mexican Riviera which covered Chad's mission area. Our boat docked at Mazatlán for a day, and we rented a car. While at the car rental place, the clerk could tell that Chad spoke excellent Spanish and had a very good local accent. She asked him where he learned his Spanish. He told her about his mission, and she was impressed. We let Chad drive, and he took us up to his primary areas where he had served. He introduced us to some of the people, and they were very glad to see him again. One family we visited in particular invited us to stay for dinner. As we had driven up, we saw a couple of dogs and chickens running around the yard. The family spoke no English, so Chad introduced us and translated for all of us. The lady served us chicken, and we had gathered that it was one of the chickens that we had seen running around in the yard. They were living in a one room house that almost looked like the walls were corrugated cardboard, yet they were much harder and of non-porous material. The roof was tin. They were very poor, but they were happy. We felt honored that they had served us dinner with what they had. Chad had brought them a church book as a gift, which they were very happy with, and I had slipped a \$20 bill into the book as our thanks to them. In the

middle of dinner, I was experiencing a spiritual feeling which always gets me moist eyes. The lady asked Chad if the chicken was too spicy for me, causing my eyes to water. I told Chad that I was feeling the spirit in their home which Chad translated. I hope she understood that. The visit was a very nice experience for us, especially finding the normal conditions that they lived in, yet were still a happy family.

Chad then took us to the current missionary's apartment, but they were not home at the time. Chad, having ferreted out ways to get in while he lived there, climbed up the latticework, and was able to slide through a window. There was a large whiteboard where the missionaries wrote their plans and appointments. Chad left them a message inside their locked apartment, and chuckled at wondering what they would think when they saw it.

When driving up to his area, we noticed a speed trap on the other side of the highway, and I told myself to remind Chad when we were coming back. As usually happens, we got wound up in a lot of visiting, and we were late starting back to Mazatlán. Chad was driving quite fast, and I had forgotten about the speed trap. Of course we got pulled over. Chad quickly asked me for some money to use as a bribe if he needed it, and I handed him 50 pesos. When the policeman walked over and Chad rolled down his window, he could readily see that we not natives. He asked us

where we were from, and Chad replied, Utah. He then asked Chad if he spoke Spanish. Chad said with a drawn out American accent, and intentionally mispronouncing the Spanish words, “Muy poquito”, which meant just a tiny bit. The policeman just shook his head and pointed at the speedometer, saying, “This is speed limit, you drive this much.” He touched 90 kilometers first, and then touched 115 kilometers next. He then said slow down and waved us our way, not giving us a ticket. I had a hard time not laughing when I heard Chad mangle those Spanish words so badly. I don’t speak Spanish, but I figured out exactly what Chad was saying. We eventually got back and turned the rental car in, and were going to hire a taxi, and then the girl who had rented to us told us that they were closing shortly, and that she would give us a ride back. I think she was enamored with Chad and his Spanish. She had to wait for someone before we could leave, and the time was rapidly approaching when the ship would leave the dock. We finally got going, got dropped off, ran for the ship, and only one small port was open and they were encouraging us to hurry. We were the last ones on the ship. If we had missed it, we would have had to find a way to the next stop, Cabo San Lucas, which would probably have been to find a flight over there.

That entire cruise was our amazing first cruise experience. I think our first stop was Puerto Vallarta. There was a Walmart

very close to the ship when we got off. Of course we went in and Chad was staying with us for a little bit. When he said he wanted to go look at some other stuff, Kay got a panicked look on her face and said to Chad: "How am I going to go through checkout if you aren't with us?" Chad just said, "Oh Mom, it's just like the Walmart in Orem." He laughed and walked away, but he was right. The checkers spoke English and took our American money, and of course our Orem Walmart has a lot of Spanish people in it – buyers as well as checkers!

Chad took us to a little outdoor restaurant that had outside seating with tables. We had to ask Chad what to order, although we could understand a lot of the menu. I ordered some tacos and then Chad asked me if he could order something for me. When I got my tacos, I was a little disappointed to see regular hamburger in it instead of some pieces of pulled beef, but it was about the same as home. Then Chad handed me a taco that he had ordered. I started eating it, but thought the meat was quite different, being softer than hamburger. When I was finished, he told me that it was cow's tongue. I definitely didn't want another one, as I am not very adventurous with new foods, and Chad just laughed. I could tell that Kay and Ryan were glad it hadn't been given to them.

We went out to one beach where boats were giving parasail rides behind a speed boat going up and down the coast. Our boys,

being adventurous, both took a ride, but Kay and I were more conservative. It did look like it could be fun. Our cruise was very nice and all of us enjoyed it, especially since Kay and I were able to visit Chad's mission area and meet some of the good friends and church members who loved to see Chad again. The cruise finally ended near Los Angeles where we started five days earlier, and we caught a flight home. I think the hardest part was getting off the boat, finding our luggage, getting the transport to the airport, checking in with a lot of other folks from the cruise, and getting on the plane. We finally made it, and it was worth any trouble that we had. It was also a good bonding time for all four of us.

Before Chad went on his mission, he worked at a company called Financial Fusion. One of his co-workers was Hillary Peterson. Several of Chad's buddies would take off for lunch and would invite Hillary to go along with them. This group would pal around and sometimes even go shooting up near Rock Creek. Unknown to me, Chad would take my .22 pistol and use that for plinking at various targets. They all had a good time together. At that time Chad was dating a very pretty girl by the name of Sarah. When Chad left on his mission, his relationship with Sarah started drifting apart. In fact when Chad returned from his mission, Sarah was engaged. Kay had told Chad that Sarah had a "jetsetter" personality, which Chad started to see pretty clearly.

The day Chad returned from his mission and was released by the stake president, a couple of his friends from the former group, including Aubrey and a few other girls, had some tickets to a hockey game and grabbed him to go with them. Hillary happened to be at the game with a friend and was sitting a couple of rows behind Chad. Hillary had recently broken off her engagement, and was pondering many things, but that included what kind of guy that she would really like to marry. She happened to see Chad, but didn't recognize him right away because he had lost a lot of weight. A thought hit her at that very instant that the guy in her sights looked just like someone that she would like to become close friends with. Then she finally recognized that she was looking at Chad. An inspiration hit her to write down her phone number, and when the game ended she rushed over and gave it to Chad, who did recognize her.

When Chad gave his homecoming talk at church, both Sarah and Hillary came to listen to it. Hillary knew that Chad had been seeing Sarah before his mission, and that she had the "in" with Chad and she didn't feel it appropriate to just charge in. After the meeting, a lot of Chad's friends, including Sarah, were gathering around him and talking with him. Chad looked around, saw Hillary, and immediately went over to talk to her, leaving Sarah in the background. He invited Hillary to our house where we had prepared refreshments for an after church gathering.

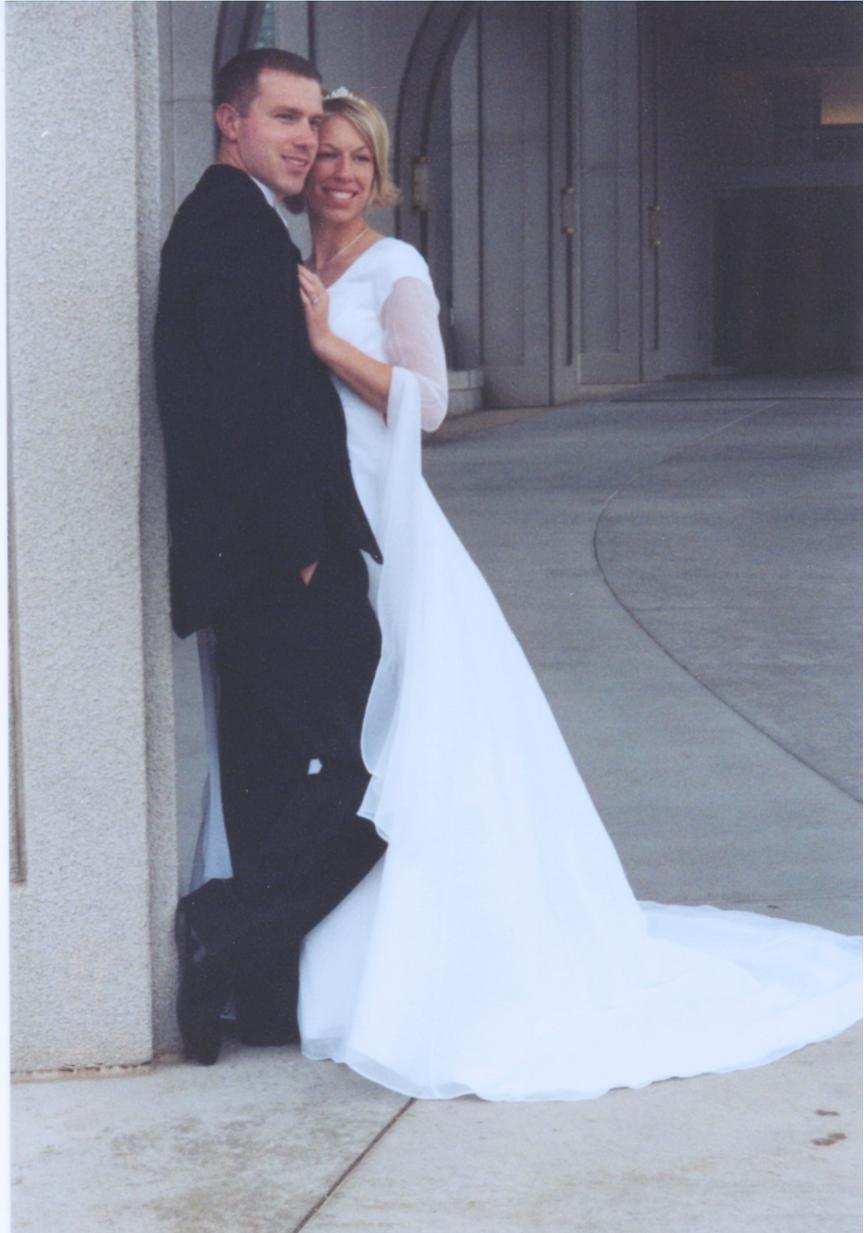
Even though Sarah was engaged to be married, she told Chad that she wasn't sure about her upcoming wedding and that if Chad was still interested in her, that she would be there for him. Chad told her that she should get on with her life, and that he was happy for her that she had found someone. He even went over to her house one afternoon and stressed that he was happy for her and her upcoming wedding. Chad started going out with Hillary, and they were having a lot of fun being good friends.

One week, Chad went with Hillary to her folks' home in Wyoming. Hillary had a slight cold and went to her room to lie down for a bit. Hillary's mom had previously asked Hillary about her relationship with Chad, and Hillary had replied that he was just a very good friend. While Hillary was resting, Chad approached Hillary's mom, and brought up in conversation what she thought about Chad marrying her daughter. He then showed her the ring that he had for Hillary. Hillary's parents really liked Chad, and were all in favor of a marriage. A few days later Hillary and Chad were out on a date. Hillary wasn't expecting anything like a marriage proposal. When Chad proposed, Hillary was so taken back that she said "no" at first. Chad is a pretty good talker, and after a few more minutes, she finally said yes. And the rest is history. As of 2021 they have three great smart kids with athletic and music ability, and the oldest is now researching music colleges as a senior in high school. (Her choice was

Berklee College of Music in Boston.)



The Petersons, Hillary and Chad, Kay and Milt – Mt. Timpanogos Temple



Chad and Hillary on their Wedding Day

Ryan was not to be left in Chad's dust however. After graduation from high school, he decided to go to Utah Valley University (its current name). He got enrolled in the fall semester and signed up for his basic required courses, and the Utah Valley Youth Symphony. He still loved his trumpet and wanted to continue. Partway through the semester, the symphony director decided he needed more students on the French horn. He moved Ryan to the French horn, and Ryan didn't like it at all. He would much rather play his trumpet, especially in a jazz band. He didn't have a choice here, so he stayed with it. We went to a couple of their concerts which we enjoyed. The coming summer was going to be a concert trip to Europe, and I think that was why Ryan stayed with the symphony. The administration was looking for chaperones for each group of 10 students. Kay and I decided that we wanted to go with the symphony although we didn't really want to be tied down as chaperones. We delayed signing up until all those positions were filled, and were still able to sign up for the trip. Kay was excited about a trip to Europe.

Finally the time came for us to catch a flight with a layover in New York City to change planes. I happened to be a Delta Gold Medallion member and submitted us for an upgrade. I got upgraded but neither Kay nor Ryan did. I wanted to sit beside Kay, so I gave my seat to Ryan. He was thrilled about that. He got to get on before any of the other band members. They stared and

pointed at Ryan as they saw him when they walked past his first class seat. He just smiled at them when they asked how he got that seat! When we changed planes in New York, there were no more upgrades, so we all sat in coach. Our first stop was in Vienna, Austria where we got tours of many famous composers' former residences, as well as their burial plots. The symphony gave a concert in the famous Golden Hall – I can't pronounce the name they use in their language. It is very large and very nice. We did enjoy the tours as well as the eating places and the varied European food. One funny thing though, was that we saw a McDonald's as we were walking the streets in Vienna, and we all rushed for it. It was pretty cool to find a place that we knew what the foods really were, although it was more expensive than at home. The symphony was also scheduled to play at several schools in their concert halls. I could tell that the students in the schools were not thrilled with having to sit and listen to a symphony group from the United States play in their venue. I could see them talking to each other, and wiggling in their seats. Still it was a great experience for our symphony.

We then filed onto buses and headed off to Switzerland for an afternoon stop. I just wish I knew where my pictures of Europe happen to be. As we drove across the border to Liechtenstein, the busses stopped for us to go purchase lunch, and many of our party went and had their passports stamped for that country.

Then we moved on back into Austria to stop in Salzburg for a couple of days. This is where *The Sound of Music* was filmed. We were told that although that movie was a tremendous hit in the US, the Austrian people were very ho hum about it, and most of them hadn't even seen it. That didn't bother us though. Kay and I were able to walk down the aisle of the very same church where the filming of the wedding ceremony was done. That was a thrill for us. Our next stop was in Germany – Burgehausen I think. It was a very pretty city with a lake along one side and a lot of ducks and other birds enjoying their habitat along the shore. The symphony played another concert there. After that, we headed for the long trip home, which was kind of a letdown.

Since Ryan had endured the French horn (which I really like to listen to) long enough to get his European trip, he didn't sign up for his second year at UVU. He had been schooled by Chad at creating web pages, and he was good at it. He started working for an individual, but was not kept very busy. He was working on a job by job basis, and was only paid for each assignment. After a few years of this, he met Jessie Hawkins online in "MySpace" in the beginning of 2010. He came across her profile and saw that not only did she seem like an amazing person, but that they had attended the same concert recently, so he sent her a message and the rest is history. It turns out that not only had she lived just a few miles apart from us during Ryan's whole life, but they went

to the same elementary school, junior high, and high school but somehow had never met each other in all of those 12+ years. To make things even crazier, they discovered that they worked at the same company (Bloosky [pronounced as Blue Sky], as had Chad) at the same time, but in different departments so they still had never run into each other. They both knew pretty much immediately that they wanted to spend the rest of their lives together, and their wedding was exactly one year to the day from the first time they met in person... and the rest is history!



Ryan and Jessie Wedding Day – Hawkins on the left and Kathleen and Milt on the Right

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

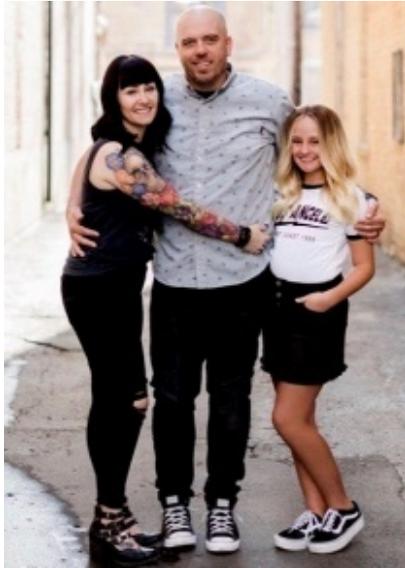
They were married in a chapel in Las Vegas, on the 22nd of January, 2011, where all of us except Amy attended. Ryan's good friend in one of the bands he played with got a license to perform weddings in Nevada and performed their wedding. They later held a reception in Provo, Utah and we got to meet the remainder of the family. Jessie had a daughter, Jaylinne, who was born in 2007, 2 1/2 years before their marriage, and Ryan officially adopted her on the 10th of April 2012. She totally regards Ryan as her dad now and they get along famously.



Jaylinne Adoption Day

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008

A few years before the wedding, Ryan had moved out to become independent, and Kay and I became empty nesters. A thought about that – after Ryan moved out, I found that we had extra money left over at the end of each month. That was something that I was not expecting – but it does go to show that kids living at home, especially as they get older, have a significant part of the parent's monthly budget.



Jessie, Ryan, and Jaylinne – 2019

# 41 Trips after the Kids Left



With the kids finally out of the house we found some wonderful places to visit. Some trips were in conjunction with my work at SirsiDynix, installing library computers, and others were just something we wanted to do or were invited on.

One such work related trip was to Colorado for some library work. By this time I had invested in a portable GPS car system that I could attach to the front window. I had used a couple built-in GPS systems when I rented from Hertz, which I always tried to do, and those systems pretty much got me right to the place I needed to go without fuss. Although on one trip I was looking for a Holiday Inn. The GPS told me to get off at the next exit from the throughway, and as I passed my current exit I looked over and saw the Holiday Inn sign right after I had passed the exit. They weren't always accurate, so I learned to keep my eyes open and also have a better idea of where I was and where I wanted to go. On this trip to Greeley, Colorado, I had printed out

the instructions before leaving home, and I had Kay reading them to me. I'm not sure why I didn't have my GPs with me, but I didn't. We wanted to go to the hotel first and check in, then I could go to work the next morning. I had made a stupid mistake of including the library address on my computer driving instructions, and while Kay read, I drove right to the library!

Yeah, I wasn't really aware of what was going on. I had her keep reading instructions which then took us toward the hotel, but we ended up on a dead end street. I could see the hotel a block in front of us, but the street didn't go through. Score another one for the GPS maps. I back tracked a block, went around and got us to the hotel just fine. The rest of the trip was normal. Kay got a good rest while I worked at the library, then we went home.

Another business trip had me going to Hawaii, and I thought it would be a great trip to bring Kay along, since she had made a couple of trips to Hawaii before we were married and really enjoyed it. This trip was in December. I had a room reservation in a high rise hotel in Oahu, and we ended up about the 42nd floor. Even up that high, there wasn't a good view out the hotel window except other high rise hotels. I had to drive to a library for my work so she was left without a car. Since she was downtown, she could still spend the day walking in the tourist shopping areas. After work I took her to the beach where we took off our shoes and walked along the shore. Unfortunately, it was

December, and it got dark early and fast, so we didn't have a lot of time. It was still fun to feel the wet sand between our toes as the waves gently washed over our feet. It may not have been too exciting for us, but at least it got Kay out of the house and away from all the humdrum procedures and chores of home.

We traveled to Amy's home in California on one trip, and Amy and John had a season pass for them to Disneyland, and they got us some discount passes, so off we went. I hadn't been to Disneyland for many years before that. There we saw so many new rides and fun things to do. One ride that I hadn't even heard of was "Sorin' Around the World" where you were on a seat which was sort of like a hang glider inside an 80 foot projection dome with IMAX projections of different places around the world. The seat rose into the air, and would tilt and move as if we were actually flying around. That was kind of neat. I found some of the rides that I had ridden many years ago when I was 12 after having competed in the Soap Box Derby. We had a really good time, in fact it was such a good time, that when we left, I knew I couldn't stay awake long enough to drive back to Amy's. John and Amy had driven in a separate car, so Amy took Kay and John took me, and we got back to Amy's house safely. Yes, I was starting into my advanced years, still thinking I was nice and spry.

On another trip, we again partnered with John and Amy and went to England and France. John had a time share that he booked for the four of us and I purchased the British rail passes for all of us. We hit the skies for two weeks of walking, riding trains, riding ferry boats, taking a taxi, using the underground (subways), and even riding the Chunnel (the tunnel that goes under the English Channel to France). John's time share was in Lymington, on the southern coast of England. We took a ferry boat to the Isle of Wight, and grabbed a double deck bus tour which took us to several historical places on the island which included a castle.

We would normally get up in the morning, head to the train station, and set out for London. We played Phase 10 and few other card games to pass the time, while the Brits stared at us wondering just what we were doing. We went to Piccadilly Square, rode double decker buses, went on the underground, walked through magnificent castles, saw the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, walked through downtown London right past the "London Eye", saw some older teenage girls who looked just like punk rockers with pink, green, and red spiked hair wearing leather jackets, and enjoyed the sights.



The London Eye

One fun experience that we had there, but was not fun for John, was when John insisted that we get some real English fish and chips. Kay had spent her church mission in the British Southwest Mission and was really glad to get the opportunity to get back to England. Anyway, John took us to a “real” fish and chips place. We walked out the door, each with our own bag of very greasy fish and fries. We hadn’t taken more than three steps, when the bottom of John’s bag of fish and chips opened up and his entire order splashed to the ground. I wish I had a picture of John’s face – it was hilarious. But he was a good sport, picked up mess, and went back in and came out with a fresh order. We found a place to sit down, and enjoyed that dinner to no end. It really was

good.

Kay had a friend she met on her mission and was very close to: Irene Hawkins. She lived in Swindon. Kay had written to her to let her know we were coming for a visit. We parted from Amy and John for a day and caught a train to Swindon. Irene met us at the train depot, and Kay and Irene had a wonderful reunion! Irene took us to her flat where we spent a few hours talking. After a little bit, I had to use the facilities, and I asked Irene if I could use her restroom. She looked at me, confused, then pointed me to a bedroom and said that I could lay down in there and rest. Kay had a laugh, and explained to Irene that I wanted to use the Water Closet, or the WC, as Brits call their bathrooms. We all got a good laugh out of that. After about another hour, Irene asked Kay if I had a sense of humor. Kay just smiled, and said that I did. So Irene asked me if she could measure me for a suit. Knowing that this was some kind of a joke, I said sure. She got out a measuring tape, measured my waist, my chest, my arm length, my leg length, then asked me to lie on the floor for a minute and raise one leg. As I did that, she poured a cup of water right down my pant leg! Yep, the joke was on me all right! Being good natured, I laughed with them and we continued on. Irene still sends me a Christmas card every year.

I had really wanted to visit Stonehenge while we were there. Irene told us which train to take and how to catch a tourist bus to

get us there. This was one of the highlights of my trip. We arrived at Stonehenge, and my mouth just about dropped open. When Kay had been there during her mission around the early '60s, tourists could walk right up to the extremely large stones and even touch them. By the time I got to visit, they had erected a fence all around the structure and built a pathway so tourists could walk all the way around. About every 100 feet they had placed a marker along with a recorded listening spot. We rented headphones with a receiving box where we could listen to a briefing about different aspects of the structure, how the stones were hauled from far away, what kind of stones they were, some of the myths that abide with the stones, along with weights and properties, how they thought the stones were lifted that high off the ground, and possible purposes of Stonehenge. They had also arranged a couple of large, similar stones out where we could touch them, feel the different textures, and even the temperature differences of different stones sitting next to each other. It was an incredible experience for me, and I was happy to be able to cross it off my bucket list. Stonehenge is still a fantastic piece of work and still enshrouded in mystery.



Stonehenge

One Sunday we decided to go church in London. We took a double decker bus after we got off at the London train station, got off near the Hyde Park chapel, walked up to it and attended the meeting there. We talked to the missionaries after the meeting and had an enjoyable time.

We wrapped up our British adventure and traveled to the entrance of the Channel Tunnel train, or the “Chunnel”. They had a sort of TSA of their own, and had us empty our pockets before we could board the train. I had a small pocket knife with me, and the inspector looked at me sternly as if I had just committed a huge sin. He asked me if I was aware of the 2001 terrorist attacks on the Twin Towers in New York. I just nodded

my head as he stared me down, then he passed us on. I was thinking, "How would I attack or hijack the train with just my small pocket knife, and where could I even divert the train to?" Oh well, we got on and enjoyed our trip to Paris.

When we got off the Chunnel train, we had to find transportation into the city and check into our hotels. The name of the station was Gare du Nord, and is not known as a friendly station. There had been a big international soccer game that France had won that afternoon we arrived, and the station was full of young men who were loud, some were drunk, and all were interested in hassling passengers who were walking between trains. The trains came into different levels, and we needed to climb a pretty long set of stairs to get to the level we needed to catch our train to the city. John had his wallet in his inside jacket pocket and had to knock away hands trying to get his wallet, and I had put mine in the front left pocket of my jeans. As we shuffled through the crowd going up the stairs, we were jostled and bumped like crazy. I was half way up when one of the young men shouted at me, "Messieurs, messieurs, your wallet! He bent over and picked up my wallet off the floor and handed it to me. I had not felt anything leave that tight pocket. Fortunately the only thing they wanted was the money in it. I had about \$200 in American, British, and French money in it, which was all that I lost that day. I was very happy to get my wallet back with my driver's

license, temple recommend, credit cards, and pictures. However I felt totally violated that happened. I had never felt that before, being pretty sheltered most of my life. That put my entire day into a dark feeling.

Finally we got to our hotel, The Paris Marriott, checked in, and went out to look for dinner. It was in the evening, not very late at all, but the first restaurant we came to was closing and wouldn't let us in. I could remember a little bit of my French from college, and all I could think of was to say, "un autre restaurant?" I didn't know if I got that right or not, but the Frenchman understood anyway, and pointed us to a McDonald's two doors down. Yeah, right in Paris, France, and we had to settle for McDonalds! What the heck, we had another five days to look elsewhere and we were hungry, so McDonald's it was.

I was amazed at how different France was, especially compared to England. England was very clean, Paris was pretty dirty, even the River Seine was a dirty green with paper and other trash floating in it. I was a fan of the Kingston Trio singing "The Seine, The Seine". Oh well..... I wanted also to see the Arc de Triomphe which was close to our hotel. My Dad, the story teller, had told me of a time just after WW II when he was leading a flight of four P-47's near Paris, and met up with a couple of P-38's. They got to bad mouthing each other over the radio, and Dad said, "Well, follow me and we will see who are the best

pilots.” He told me that he led his four P-47’s down to the Arc de Triomphe, turned his plane on its side and four P-47’s flew through the Arc and blew out the eternal flame that burns inside at the bottom. He said the P-38’s chickened out and took off elsewhere. I wanted to see exactly how big the Arc was. It looked a little small for that when I walked up to it, but I thought that it could be done, but was not a good thing to even try. At my Dad’s funeral, two of his P-47 wingmen were there at Arlington National Cemetery where Dad was interred. I asked them if that really happened. They just smiled and said no, it didn’t. They knew that Dad was a very good story teller, but they had been there with him and it hadn’t been done. Another myth dispelled



Arc de Triomphe in Paris

We walked about Paris, and I took a picture of the Eiffel Tower from the ground right underneath the middle of the tower. It came out very good, and if you didn't know I had been to Paris, you would be unable to identify it. Kay didn't like heights, so we didn't take the elevator up towards the top, but it still was awe inspiring to actually be there and see that famous landmark. We walked by the Louvre, but the line looked like a mile long to even get inside to visit, so we just walked around the outside and enjoyed the view from there. We were walking down one street and I had my video camera going, perched up on my shoulder. I happened to see a couple of plain clothes guys who looked professional, staring at me pretty intently. I suddenly noticed that we were passing a French intelligence building and they didn't want anyone taking video of their building or anything else around it. I quickly turned off my camera and walked on. They could probably tell from my expression that I was totally intimidated and hadn't even known what I was doing. I got by with that one, and was more careful after that.



Eiffel tower, Paris, France

On the following Sunday, there was an organ recital at the Notre Dame Cathedral, and we went over to listen to that. Whoever was playing wanted to really show off the organ along with their own skills, and they were running all over the scale so fast that I found it difficult to discern any melody at all. Amy told me it was contemporary music. It was beautiful, and the organ did have a very nice sound, I just would have appreciated a recognizable piece with some longer notes. We finished up our trip, took the train to the Charles De Gaul International airport, and headed home – tired, but we had completed a very nice excursion and were richer for the trip but lesser in the pocket book.

Another time Kay and I visited Kay's sister, Maureen, in Buffalo, New York. She acted as a tour director for us which was very nice. She took us to Palmyra where we toured the printing shop where the Book of Mormon was printed, and got to see the galley sheets on display, and observed how the books were bound at that time by hand. We also went to the Hill Cumorah and walked around, even climbing part of the hill where the Golden Plates were buried, although no one knows the exact place. We toured the restored home of Joseph Smith – it just seemed so very small for the size of the family that Joseph grew up with. We went into the Sacred Grove where Joseph received his first vision. It is a very peaceful place. Maureen took us for a ride on the Erie Canal where we went through one set of locks to get to the next level toward Lake Erie. There are 35 locks to raise a boat 566 feet from the Hudson River to Lake Erie. The canal boat also had a narrator giving us a running commentary on the history of the canal. One day, Maureen and her husband Steve took us to the Palmyra Temple where we were able to go through a session and view the Hill Cumorah through the Hinckley Window, the only inside clear window in any of our temples that I know of. That was a wonderful trip for us.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008



Eyrie Canal



The Hill Cumorah

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008



The Sacred Grove



The Palmyra Temple

## 42 Building the Cabin 2004 -



Dad Gerber once told all of his kids that he had done as much as he was going to do with the mountain property. If there was going to be a cabin, one of us kids would have to do it. He had put in the well, filed for water shares, put up a screened eating place we called the bug tent, although it wasn't a tent, it was a framed 14 x 14 structure with a roof and electrical outlets and lights. It was designed to keep the bugs out, and it did a pretty good job. Kay had once asked him if she could hang up a portable shower from a tree so she could take a shower up there. He had already put up a 12 x 12 prefab structure with the help of the sons-in-law. We labeled it the bunk house , so Dad went and bought a shower enclosure and a water heater tank, and I put up the shower in the bunk house for him, and his brother-in-law, Milt Johnson, did the plumbing. So Kay had her greatest wish – a hot shower. I later took some PVC and fixed up a small area in front of the shower with shower curtains that slid along the PVC

for privacy. She originally poo-pooed the idea while I was working on that project, but once she saw how well it worked, she was totally delighted with it.

We acquired the “property” – 1.112 acres at 8500 foot elevation on what was then called East Pine View Circle, when Harold no longer could go up there due to the altitude effects on his body. Kay had a very good friend, Sherry Hooton, with whom she worked as a beautician in Sherry’s home shop long before I even met Kay. They stayed close friends for all of their lives. While Sherry and Dick served a mission in American Samoa, their son really started putting pressure on them to build a cabin up in Manor Lands where Dad’s property was. The available lots in Manor Lands, a gated community, were too highly priced for the Hooton’s, but they did find a lot just outside Manor Lands in a development called Uinta Lands right next door to the north. Kay was delighted. She and I had been talking about putting up a cabin, but didn’t even know where to start, much less how to finance it. I had toyed with the idea of selling our home and doing house sitting for senior couples going on missions. I even had one lined up for us until Kay put the kibosh on that. I knew it really wouldn’t work, but I did want to see if the idea itself would have worked.

The Hooton’s invited us over every once in a while to see the progress on their cabin, and we both really liked the layout, the

size, and the connections that they had made which would help us get started. We had a small 15 foot travel trailer that Dad Gerber had hauled up and put a roof over, and that fit us as long as the older kids were little. As they got bigger and the last two kids got older, the older boys moved into the bunk house leaving the rest of us in the trailer, which was pretty small. As we watched the Hooton's cabin go up, we decided that we needed to find a way to construct ours. We also saw some things in the other cabin that we wanted to do differently. Sherry and Dick finally got theirs done and hooked us up with their builder who had only a carpenter's license. That would make me an owner/builder which would solve a lot of problems. I finally figured out that we had sufficient equity in our home that I could take out a home equity loan, and at that time in 2004, the interest rates were fairly low.

I took out the home equity line with USAA that I could draw on as I needed, and contacted the architect to buy a set of plans which I had to have an original for myself. Our builder, Rick, came out in February where I had to go up with him and we drove in on my ATV. He had his surveyor equipment with him, and he took some "shots" and created a topographic map of where we wanted to put the cabin. With that map and the building application, Rick took them to the county to get our building permit. There was quite a bit of hassle with the county because I had to prove that I

owned the water well, and they didn't like the fact that we had a trailer on the lot. I had to make several trips to Salt Lake to verify that Dad Gerber's will actually transferred the water rights to me, then go to the county surveyor, get a plat map, and show the diagrams of where everything was that was going to be constructed, including the position of the well. When the building permit office found out that our trailer was only a 15 foot travel trailer, they said that was "nothing" and gave us the building permit in the Spring of 2004, and we started construction. Rick knew all the other contractors for digging, plumbing, concrete, etc. and got those lined up. I was going to put the cabin in the side of a small hill so we had a walk-out basement entrance on the parking lot side and the ground at the back near the level of the main floor. I carefully laid out the 24' x 32' footprint with stakes and rope and let them go to it. They just did what they wanted though, and the footprint ended up about three feet into the existing driveway. Once it's poured, there ain't nothin' I could do about it and they knew that. Rick had the ground tested for water absorption so the ground could be proven satisfactory to install a septic tank, and things moved on. The plumber put in the rough plumbing just before the concrete floor was poured, so that was all ready. It looked pretty nice, if you could imagine what the cabin would look like on top of the basement.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008



Rick Surveying the Cabin Site in February of 2004.



Kay Standing in the Driveway Winter 2004



The small hill the cabin would be built in to



The Hole in the Hill



Basement Walls after the footings and walls were poured



Rough Plumbing Installation before the floor was poured



Basement Floor & Entrance Poured – Main Floor Joists Installed



Logs Delivered along with Main Ceiling Beams, Vertical Logs to support the front deck



Septic Tank Installed



Six Foot Deep Trench to the Well House to Bring Up Water

Well you can see a lot of the detail that went into the initial construction. This was my first experience in having a “home” constructed, and I learned a whole lot, especially how slow people react, people don’t show up when scheduled, our builder working on his other projects and neglecting our project, and a

whole lot more. Well the walls went up (7 inch diameter pine logs), slowly it seemed, but it was a very large project as far as I was concerned. The basement framing went in with a couple of adjustments I had to call our carpenter on, because he didn't leave any room for the basement bathroom sink to fit, and a couple of other things. Rick was pretty patient with me though, and he offered to make some changes that would really make it better – one was to make the side porch 10 x 14 feet instead of the 4 x 4 foot shown on the plans. He raised the loft ceiling by a couple of log widths because he had some left over logs which gave us slightly more headroom in the loft. He split the loft into two bedrooms instead of one larger room, and he adjusted the basement bathroom, storage area, and utility room from three rooms into two rooms, which has worked much better.

I found that the building seasons were pretty short – about five months each year when the weather would permit work, concrete, grading, bringing in supplies, etc. The first year only part of the roof went on, and the entire front window openings were open to the winter weather. My brother-in-law Ron Ross went up one day by himself and stapled plastic over all the exposed openings before the winter snow came. That helped a lot. After the basement framing went in, Kay wanted to have a flush toilet installed in the basement bathroom (of course we all did at that point as well). The plumber put the toilet in for us

because all the connections were already in for the rough plumbing. All I had to do was staple some opaque plastic around the bathroom area for privacy and run a hose in that would fill the toilet tank. We thought we were in 7th heaven when that went into operation. It was just so much nicer than using the much older outhouse that had been in use up at the property for 25 years or so.



Our First Flush Toilet 16 October 2005

After the main walls went up, Kay and I took some sleeping bags up and would sleep on the floor of the master bedroom because we had so much room, and the weather was nice. It was even nicer when the 2” thick loft flooring was installed because that gave the master bedroom a ceiling. We did enjoy not being crammed into the 15’ trailer. However, the work for us had just started. As the log walls went up, we found ourselves doing all the chinking between the logs with very sticky stuff, but it was so much cheaper for us to do that instead of hire someone to do it. We did all the sanding on the inside of the log walls, and then also paint on the clear coat interior. We clear coated the tongue and groove pine that went on the bottom of the ceiling joists after the insulation went in. It took several years to get to the point that the outside looked complete with all the windows and doors installed, but the interior was still in its infancy.



Logs Up in September 2005, We Stained Them as they went up

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008



Milt Staining the Logs as they go Up 17 September 2005



Basement Framing 10 October 2005



Central Roof Log In Place 28 October 2005



Roof Joints and Sheeting October 2005 – in the Snow



Plastic Sheeting to Keep out the Snow Nov 2005



Interior Framing and Stairs to the Loft



Kay on a Snowmobile – Only Way in During the Winter

Finally in May of 2006 we had most of the roof sheeting on and the windows in place. Some of the exterior doors needed to be

installed, but it was time for me to get to work on the electrical installation. As an owner/builder I could do that myself not having to hire an expensive electrician to do the job. I bought a how-to book, studied it hard, planned out and balanced out the circuits for all the rooms to include wall heaters, many outlets, required type of circuit breakers for the outside, basement, bathrooms, and figured out placement for all the standard wall outlets. Most of those were standard types of installation, but those that were placed in the logs on the inside of the exterior walls were pretty tough to install. I had to dig into the logs, use a hammer and chisel to cut out and shape the sides of the hole, and then mount the circuit boxes, pull the wires through, properly attach the wires, and mount the wall plates. But I got that done after a fashion and we were all pleased with the outcome. Fortunately, most of the outlets could be mounted on internal walls, not having to cut into logs. I mounted a nice large circuit breaker box in the utility room in the basement and routed all the electrical connections into it, taking care to make it look nice for the Summit County inspector who had to come by at different stages to do his inspections and either approve or point out discrepancies. I was working hard and long hours every time we drove up to the cabin, and one day Kay remarked, "You're not fun anymore!" because I was working all the time. I just smiled and kept on working, drilling holes in the wall studs and pulling electrical wires through the walls, often working to

9:30 at night.



Circuit Breaker Box June 2006

I had to design and install the ceiling fan mounts for the Great Room because there are no standard mounts available, but they turned out strong enough that I could hang from them without a problem, and I figured if they could stand my 200 pounds, then a ceiling fan would be a piece of cake. About this time the plumber and his helper put in the PEX tubing which is much better than

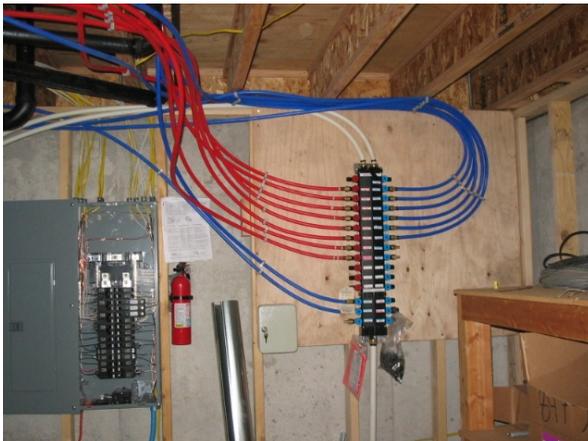
copper piping, being cheaper as well as easier to install. However the helper let some of the PEX runs in the basement go higher and lower over some single runs that would let water stand in the dips instead of draining as we closed up for the winter. Freezing water in the PEX is not supposed to break or weaken the PEX, but I didn't want to chance it, so we use an air compressor to blow the water out when we close up for the winter. Around this time I also purchased the two main propane stove heaters, one for the main floor and one for the basement, first installing ceramic tile to go under them, and then running the required double pipe out through the walls of the cabin. I bought a 500 gallon propane tank, and had my propane guy connect up all the piping to the stoves and the gas range. I knew I needed a qualified person to do that to keep us safe.



Ceiling Fan Mounts in the Great Room



Propane Stove on Ceramic Tile in the Great Room



Red, White and Blue PEX into a Water Manifold in the Utility Room September 2006

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

I had no experience in metal roofing, and that was the best way to go since it would last long past my lifetime, and the roof was certainly steep. Rick's helper was experienced with that, and I hired him to apply the brown metal. He brought his wife along to help, and they simply scampered across the roof in September-October of 2006. They did a great job, and we were all pleased with their work. By this time both the front deck and the side porch were assembled and waiting for the railings to be put up, but the inside was more than "camping" livable for us to enjoy.



Completion of the Metal Roofing in October of 2006

With our snowmobiles we could still get up to the cabin during the winters and get some work done, but as I got older, I disliked the cold more and more, and the snowmobiles were not easy to start in the cold weather. The cabin and the mountains sure were

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008

beautiful with a blue sky background and the sun out, but we have since sold off the snowmobiles and simply go up in the late spring, usually the end of May, and continue until the Mirror Lake Highway closes for the winter.



Cabin Snow – February 2007



Winter Beauty in the Mountains

I finally got all the electrical in, the water all connected and working, and I did the finish plumbing which included three toilets, three showers, and sinks for the bathrooms, and the kitchen. The heat was working with electric wall heaters in all the bedrooms and bathrooms. We found that it took the cabin six hours to heat up to a comfortable temperature in the winter using the propane heaters. I got satellite Internet hooked up and I had installed Ethernet CAT V wiring into each bedroom, and

major rooms in the cabin. I have later come to find out with wireless modems that I only use the hard wire for two computers, and the two media setups, but the wiring is always good to have if one needs it, since it would be next to impossible to run wiring now that the sheet rock covers the interior walls and tongue and groove pine cover the rest of the exterior walls in the basement. I finally got a water heater put in the utility room and picked up a washer/dryer combination that gets used nearly every time the cabin is used by family.



Water Heater and Washer/Dryer May 2007

We decided to use Trex for the deck and the side porch due to weather conditions year round and to save many man hours on any refinishing every couple of years. It was more expensive, but after having it there for the last 16 years, I am glad that I did that. It shows very little if any, use at all. In July of 2007, we had

the insulation folks put up the ceiling insulation which they did very quickly. Just prior to that I had run speaker wires up to the lower part of the great room ceiling because I wanted to have the capability of a good surround sound. Shortly after that we hired Rick's helper to put up the tongue and groove pine over the entire ceiling on the inside. He did this fairly quickly and did a great job. He scared us a little bit when Rick needed his scaffolding at another site and his helper supported a spare joist between two tall ladders, and stood on that, even though it did bend a lot in the middle. At least he was a young and light person. We put clear coating on all the pine boards before they went up, because it was much easier than trying to do it later fifteen feet above the main floor.



Putting tongue and Groove Pine on the Ceiling



Doing It the Hard Way July 2007

Near the end of July 2007, we engaged the Muddy Boys Company to put up the dry wall. That was another job I was just not going to even try, although after they finished, I did do a little bit that they hadn't completed. That entire situation was a trial of patience. I gave them a cabin key and a gate key to get into Manor Lands. One day at work, I got a call from the store at Bear River Lodges, just a couple miles away. The store lady was translating for a Spanish guy who had a load of sheet rock for our

cabin. He had been told that Muddy Boys had put the keys under a rock just outside of the gate closest to our cabin, and he couldn't find it. I had no idea what they were talking about, and I couldn't help him at all. I think he had to drive the 2 1/2 hours back to Orem with his load and figure something else out. Muddy Boys finally got the sheet rock up there, and had a Spanish crew with an excellent boss who did the work. They covered a few things that I didn't want covered, and missed a couple spots by the bottom of the stairs. I ended up removing what I didn't want covered, and using the excess to finish up the edge of the ceiling at the bottom of the stairs. Before they did the final mudding around the edges of each piece, I was up there when their boss was there, and I pointed out a spot where I had an outlet in the basement bathroom without a cutout in the sheet rock. He simply amazed me by quickly figuring out where the outlet box was, and cutting an exact hole right where the box was, thus fixing the problem! The crew also turned off all the circuit breakers in the shed where they had been told to turn on one circuit breaker to get power to their tools outdoors, but leave the rest of them on. One that they turned off was to the refrigerator in the bunkhouse, and all the meat we had in the freezer thawed and went bad. I was pretty upset about that, but Muddy Boys knocked \$75 off our bill, and that helped a lot. Other than that, they did a pretty good job.



Sheet Rock in the Master Bedroom



The X's are where I had to put in the missed pieces myself.

My daughter Amy did nearly all the painting of the sheetrock on a visit here from California, and did very well. Amy has done a whole lot of different types of painting, and is pretty skilled at it. She and John also installed most of the tongue and groove pine

panels in the basement as well.



Daughter Amy Painting the Dry Wall

Getting the electrical power run from the power box on the shed to the cabin was a royal pain. We had a backhoe come in and dig the ditch – I don't know why he went so deep, but it has worked well for a long time. After he dug, I pieced together the electrical

pipe and ran three large wires through it and up to the cabin above the ground. The biggest pain I had was pulling it through the 90 degree bend at the side of the cabin. I had a HAM friend at Graybar Electric who helped me get the supplies I needed at a discount. When I told him of my pain, he said, “I should have thought of that. We have a compound that helps contractors pull large wires through tight bends.” I just thought, “Now he tells me.” But I had it all done, and connected to hook up the large lines into my circuit breaker box, and now had power into the cabin – which has worked very well to this day,



Running 50 Amp 2-phase into the Cabin



The Large Power Cables

So we finally had power, water, and the railing installed on the deck, the porch, the inside stairs, and the loft. We were finishing up the sanding, staining, and clear coating the railings. As that was completed we turned to working on finishing up the inside in more comfort. My brother-in-law Ron Ross had used the electric sander and sanded down all the inside of the logs in the great room, which we then chinked, and added a couple of interior clear coats. He had helped us a lot, and we respectfully named the basement bedroom the “Ross Room”.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008



Kay and Amy Sanding and Staining the Outdoor Railing August 2007



The Interior Railings

The cabin continued to go up, A labor of love for the family..

## 43 A Change in the Winds



Perhaps most all of you have seen the movie *Mary Poppins* where a change in the wind brings Mary into a family's life, makes a lot of good things happen, then the wind changes again and Mary Poppins leaves on another adventure. Many times in our own lives, we experience "a change in the winds" which sometimes brings good fortune, and at other times brings some misfortune into our lives. A lot of these times, the changes may be small, and once in a great while we may experience some great or drastic change in our lives. Our reactions to these changes can make a critical difference in how our life's story continues to develop. I recently read "The Spoken Word" delivered by Lloyd Newell on Music and the Spoken Word with the Tabernacle Choir and Orchestra at Temple Square broadcast, 10 October 2021. It was a powerful message to me, and I will copy it here before I delve into my "change in the winds" experience.

Resilience—a Choice

Written by Joni Hilton

Whenever we see a wildflower pushing through a crack in concrete, we marvel at its determination to thrive. A seed landed in a difficult spot, but it had the tenacity to grow and bloom anyway.

We feel the same rush of admiration for trees that spring up after a devastating fire. When everything seemed ruined, somehow nature won, and life continued.

Many of us are like those determined seeds, those persistent trees. We've found ourselves in a difficult spot, or we've experienced a devastating tragedy: financial or health losses, death of loved ones, lost opportunities. Can we possibly grow and bloom in such conditions?

Religious leader Dieter F. Uchtdorf said, "It is your reaction to adversity, not the adversity itself, that determines how your life's story will develop."<sup>1</sup>

Our attitude really can make all the difference. A woman who lost her restaurant during the pandemic immediately set up a takeout company. She made ends meet until she finally grew it into a catering business. She worked hard and refused to give up, and her determination paid off.

And we all know people whose early childhood seemed to set them up for failure, yet they defied the odds and joyfully built a happy, successful life. In their adversity, they learned to forgive, to take responsibility for their own growth, and to be resilient. As the expression goes, instead of cursing the rain, they built a boat.

Among the many things we can't choose about our life, we can always choose our goals, our work ethic, and our attitude. Even setbacks, though we'd never choose them, can be blessings when they lead us to explore other avenues. In time, we feel grateful for the better job we found after we were laid off or the compassion we feel toward the grief-stricken after our own period of grieving.

Helen Keller is a remarkable example of someone who overcame the incredible disadvantages of being both blind and deaf. She not only learned to sign and speak; she also became a worldwide inspirational leader. From her unique perspective, she observed, "Although the world is full of suffering, it is full also of the overcoming of it."<sup>2</sup>

Dieter F. Uchtdorf, "Your Happily Ever After, [<https://www.churchofjesuschrist.org/study/general-conference/2010/04/your-happily-ever-after?lang=eng>]" *Ensign or Liahona*, May 2010, 126.

Helen Keller, *Optimism: An Essay* (1903), 17.

In the fall of 2007 as we were up at the cabin working to continue its construction for our family to have a wonderful vacation spot where could take a weekend, or even a week to just get away from home, the city, and have a respite from some of our daily responsibilities, I noticed that my wife Kay, was unsteady while going up the stairs from the basement. I didn't think much of it, as all of us, especially me, have a moment of unsteadiness at times, and being at 8500 feet, that can happen suddenly without much warning until your body is fully acclimated. Full acclimation would take about six weeks, and just going up for a weekend or even a week, one never gets fully acclimated. The moment passed with no complaint from Kay, and I didn't see it again during that visit to the mountains.

At the time I was an assistant to our ward High Priest Group Leader, and I had the responsibility of planning our group socials, of which we put on three a year. I had started planning for a very nice Day after Valentine's Party, where I had selected ten couples to choose a movie theme, invite 6-8 other couples to sit at their table where they would all dress and decorate their table according to the movie theme, but each table would keep their movie theme secret to themselves, and during the party, each person would go around the cultural hall trying to guess the movie each group had decorated and dressed up for. Everyone thought that would be a lot of fun, which it was. I tracked and

approved each group's movie so we would not have any duplications. As the day of our party got closer, I could feel the excitement and anticipation of the upcoming event which was scheduled for the day after Valentine's Day. I had selected "Somewhere in Time" for my movie theme and we had decorated our table with a good china place setting and a fancy wind-up clock, and we all dressed up in semi-formal clothes and I had procured a white bow tie, a top hat, white gloves, a pocket watch on a chain and a black cane. The other couples at my table did similar things and we all looked and felt very nice.

The day before the party, Kay went to a doctor's appointment that she didn't tell me about. Kay really didn't like doctors and avoided them as long as she could. When I got home from work, she told me then that she had gone to the doctor, and he had diagnosed her with colon cancer in an advanced stage. A tumor the size of a walnut had been found in her body. She told me that she wouldn't be able to attend our party, and was really afraid that not going would give everyone she knew a red flag about her health. She was a pretty private person in personal things even though she was very outgoing in her relationships with others. She had recently been our stake's Young Women's President, and everything she did, she did well. She was currently our ward's Relief Society's secretary. This news was quite a shock to me – talk about the winds of change!

I went to the party without her – I had to go because I was in charge, and when anyone asked about her, I just told them that she wasn't feeling well. Not long after that, her nearest friends found out about her news, and that news spread quickly. I had many people asking me about her condition nearly every day. Instead of answering the same question multiple times, I put everyone on an email list who wanted to be updated as soon as there was any news. I composed a daily email to about 40 individuals to keep them up with everything that was happening. My daughter Amy, still has all those emails filed on her computer. Kay was in and out of the hospital, and several of her sisters who lived nearby (Shari Gerber and Linda Ross) would visit her periodically to cheer her up. One week when she was in the hospital, she felt that she needed a new family doctor because our current family doctor was an old "codger" if I can put it that way, and his bedside manner was very abrupt. A couple of the nurses Kay talked to knew of a lady doctor who was very friendly, young, but very competent. Kay was able to switch doctors to Heather Harrison, which I did as well, and I have stayed with Doctor Harrison over the past 13 years and will remain with her. She is an excellent doctor with compassion for her patients.

Of course Kay worked also with cancer specialists and had many visits to the oncology center at the Provo hospital where she

received both radiation and chemo treatments. Many of you know how a cancer patient feels right after a chemo treatment, and I experienced that first hand. When Kay was in the hospital, I would go visit her every day after work, and I would give her foot rubs, which she enjoyed. I also did that when she was home. I felt pretty good about the doctors and kept up my faith that Kay would come out of this just fine, and of course I prayed multiple times a day for help from the Lord to cure her and bring her back to good health. Amy, Mike, and Kay's sister Maureen came at different times and helped out with meals and other things around the house during this time. Both Shari and Linda also came to visit and help out, and I appreciated all of them, especially because I was still working.

We had a birthday celebration on Kay's birthday on the 28th of March with Chad and Hillary and their kids, Linda her sister, and me. Amy gave Kay a scrapbook of her childhood that Amy had been working on, and Kay told Amy a few stories about some of the pictures in the scrapbook that Amy hadn't heard before.

She seemed to steadily decline, but was still doing fairly well. She was in the hospital in early April of 2008, and we watched General Conference together. At the end of the last session on Sunday, the 6th of April, I laid my hands on her head to give her a priesthood blessing. During the blessing I felt a strong prompting to release her from mortality, which I hesitatingly

did. I know that was not of my own choosing, because that was not what I wanted, and as I continued the blessing I also blessed her that she would get well, which was my own desire. After that I went home and pondered for a while. I continued to pray mightily that she would be healed.

The next day I was in the hospital with her again, and an orderly came in to check her blood glucose. It was a little low, so he gave her a shot, waited a little bit, then checked her again. Her blood glucose was still dropping. He gave her another shot, then suddenly she stopped breathing. The orderly called for help, and I was finally ushered out of her hospital room to sit in a chair outside. They intubated her almost immediately, and rushed her to the ICU. At long last I was allowed into the ICU, but all I could do was sit and watch. Her eyes were closed she was not aware of her surroundings. That night I went home and in my prayers I had another strong feeling that I needed to exercise faith in God. As I was praying, I told Him that I knew that He knew all things and had perfect wisdom. I told Him that I loved my wife and would very much like to have her back home with me, cured of this disease. But then I told Him that I would respect His perfect knowledge and wisdom, and that if He decided that it was her time to return to Him, that I would accept His decision, but I also told Him that I would very much like her to remain with us.

On Wednesday of that week, the 9th of April, the ICU doctors asked me to visit with them. When I got there, they showed me an X-ray that indicated some cancer spots in her liver. They told me that she was too weak to operate. They could keep her on life support for a long time, but that eventually she would die. They asked me if she had left any desire to stay on life support versus letting nature take its course. We had talked a little bit about this, and she had mentioned to me a couple of times that she just wanted to check out of here! (mortality) I knew that would be her choice. The doctors said that they could give me sufficient time to gather the family, and then they would take her off of life support. That was a difficult decision, but I knew what she would have wanted, and I also knew there was no hope for recovery. I put out the word to all the kids and Kay's two sisters living in the local area. Mike was in Texas and Chad got him a ticket to fly in on Thursday. Jeremy, Amy, and Chad were in California and they came. Ryan was living in an apartment in Orem, and he came as did Linda and Maureen, two of Kay's sisters. We gathered in the ICU on Thursday evening. They ushered us all out of the room while they removed the life support and got Kay all situated and then brought us back in. We all stood around watching Kay – wife, mom, and sister. We could see the instruments showing her breathing, and we noticed the breathing rate was slowing. It was a very sad, but sacred time for all of us. At 12:21 on Friday morning, my angel Kay took her last breath and left this world to

find peace on the other side, and to be greeted by her Mom and Dad, her stepfather, her sister Renee who had passed away in the 1990's of Lymphatic cancer, and the rest of her departed family who were all waiting for her. For us, it was a very quiet and solemn time. The nurses took us all out of the room and then let us back in one at a time to say our goodbyes. I was the last one in, and then I left to go home. Yes, I was devastated, but I will be eternally grateful that I committed to God that I would accept His decision. I was not angry - could not be angry, and I was blessed greatly for that. I received comfort from the Spirit, grieved for quite a while, not even daring to think what lay ahead. It was a mere 59 days from diagnosis to passing.

Ryan moved back into the house because he thought that he needed to be there for me. I hope he felt good about that. He stayed for probably a month, although I was doing OK. I had even driven home by myself from the hospital the night Kay passed away. The next day, I wrote the last email to those individuals in the ward who had been receiving them. I called our Bishop, Dave Barlow, to tell him that Kay had passed away, and I hear a soft "oh, no." He felt that he needed to be there for her funeral which I scheduled for the following week. I later learned a few months later, that he and his wife had scheduled a cruise for the week of Kay's funeral. He promptly cancelled, but could not be reimbursed for his cancellation. He was a very good friend! And a

dedicated bishop.

On Sunday, I went to church with Amy and John, and my other four kids. We all sat together in a line in one of the middle rows. It was Fast Sunday and many of those bearing testimonies talked about Kay, as bishop Barlow had announced her passing at the beginning of the meeting. Amy said that people seemed to be shocked that we were even in church that day. One of my fellow High Priests came up to me to give me his condolences, and as many of you have felt in the past, you really don't know what to say. He said to me, "If my wife had just died, I wouldn't be in church today." Then he turned around and left. I just let him go, but I thought to myself, "I am in church because I need to feel the Spirit of Comfort, and in church is where I feel the Spirit stronger than in other places as I rub shoulders with my friends and with God." I felt sorry for my friend that he didn't have the same outlook that I did.

Over the next couple of days, Amy prepared and froze about 30 meals for me and put them in the freezer. She also went through my birthday list, which Kay usually took care of, bought cards, put post it notes on them with dates I should send them out, and put them in my desk drawer. She was a jewel. We made the funeral arrangements, got the church building scheduled, made sure all my family knew about the funeral and burial, and got ready for the funeral. When I touched base with the cemetery

where we had previously purchased plots close to Kay's folks, they told me that the plots we had been sold were for cremations, not full caskets. The salesman who had sold us those plots was a little bit of a shyster and had been fired. Fortunately they had one plot next to the ones we had purchased, and they arranged for us to be buried two-deep, instead of side-by-side. I figured that wouldn't be a problem in the resurrection, so I went with that. We had a viewing at the funeral place, and then the funeral, which was beautiful, in our chapel. The interment was in Salt Lake City, so we had a ways to go for that, but it was mostly family that wanted to be there for that anyway. My cousin Joy McGarvey and her husband Ron flew out to represent our family in Pennsylvania. They were hesitant to come to the luncheon at the church following the interment and then to our home, not knowing if they were welcome. But I certainly told them that they were welcome and appreciated very much. I have a great love for our Pennsylvania family, and appreciate them immensely.

The funeral home recorded the funeral and put it on a CD along with some pictures of Kay and my life together, and I copied that and gave one to all our kids. Then life moved on. My work gave me several extra days off which I was thankful for. Quite a few of our neighbors stopped by and visited with me, and the entire Relief Society Presidency and board members all came over one

afternoon and chatted for about 45 minutes. They also brought a nice figurine which I put on our coffee table. I got lots of hugs from Kay's closest friends and our bishop gave me a blessing of comfort which I appreciated very much. Oh, Kay's doctor attended our funeral, and Heather brought a plant with her and gave it to me. I appreciated her thoughtfulness, as I don't think very many doctors attend funerals for their patients who pass away.

With everything taken care of, I went back to work to immerse myself in the world again. I got some nice condolences; some hugs from the ladies, and a group of them got together and bought a framed print of Christ which I have on the mantle of our fireplace in our family room today. They were a great bunch. I could pretty much hold myself together at work, but often while driving to work and driving home, I just could not dry the tears as I drove. I knew I would be all right, because I was not alone, nor did I feel alone with all the nice people and the Spirit around me. I was taken well care of, and was also greatly blessed by my faith in God.

Ryan finally moved back out, and I was left to ramble around my big house by myself. I did hire some maids to come clean my bedroom and bathroom, kitchen, living room, and dining room every other week. They would rather have come every week, but there was only me to make things dirty. They shouldn't have had

very much to complain about, but they charged more per visit because things could get dirtier in 2 weeks than one week. I just paid them and didn't think much of it.

After describing this experience and my feelings about it, I want to do a brief review of Kay's Life. She was born on 28 March 1942 to Shirley Giles and Theron Johnson. Her dad was a fireman in Salt Lake City and was killed in big downtown fire when the roof of a burning theater caved in while he was inside. Kay was about 18 months old when this happened, so she had no memories of him, but did have many stories told to her by her mom, aunts, uncles, and her grandmothers. Her mother later married Harold Gerber, one of a pair of twins, and he was a typesetter. He and his twin brother Howard ran a business in downtown Salt Lake called Twin Typographers. They set type for newspaper and magazine advertisements and other custom work for businesses and the church. Her stepdad had two children of his own when he divorced his unfaithful wife, met Shirley, and married her. Harold and Shirley then had four daughters: Linda, Renee, Maureen, and Debbie. Harold built the house that they all lived in during their growing up years, first finishing the basement which they lived in while the main floor was being built. Harold and Shirley lived in that house until long after all the kids were out on their own. That was a houseful of girls, and they often had Harold's first daughter, Sharilyn visit with them and all five of

the girls became fast friends. Kay went to Olympus High School where she graduated and followed that by attending a beauty school and getting her beauticians license which she kept current all her life. She went on a church mission to the British Southwest Mission, and served until she had some physical problems caused by a spinal tap procedure and was sent home and released from that mission. She had done well on her mission and worked hard, had a lot of neat spiritual experiences, and made some good friends with whom she kept in touch all her life. She served as ward organist in her church duties, and played both piano and organ, including the pipe organ which her home ward got when they built a new building. She played that organ during the dedication of that building, the dedication being presided over by David O. McKay.

Following her mission, she worked in a small home beauty shop with her good friend Sherry Hooton, who was also her good friend for life, and was one of the people who got us going on our cabin. In earlier chapters, you have read how we met, fell in love, got married in the Salt Lake Temple, had five children while moving around with different Air Force assignments, and finally moved to Utah after my Air Force retirement. Kay had many callings in the church which included many assignments in music, such as ward organist, choir director, primary pianist, Relief Society pianist, ward chorister, stake relief society

secretary, Laurel Advisor, ward young women president, ward young women counselor, nursery leader, stake young women president, visiting teacher, and a few more that I can't remember clearly. She was was a firm member of the church with a wonderful testimony, and never wavered from that. In her last years she was a temple worker in the Mt. Timpanogos Temple, where she faithfully worked for about three years. She had had some problems with bad feelings towards her, and she found that in her temple work, she was able to overcome that, forgive individuals and feel ready to meet her maker. She was a good woman and when it was her time and she had completed all her tasks in mortality, the Lord took her where she now works in various assignments in the Spirit World, and I suspect that some of those assignments are watching over me and our kids. I am well pleased with her in our marriage and our lives, and how she put up with me while teaching me much about how to be a good husband and father. Her parents were always good to me, and all my relatives accepted her happy smile and wonderful social personality.

I have some pictures of her life to share in this chapter, and am thankful that my daughter Amy has so many wonderful pictures and memories to share with me to add here. My memories of her start when I met her in late 1967, and then we got engaged in June of 1968, just before I left for Vietnam. Here are some

remembrances to celebrate her life.



Wedding 16 June 1969



Family Photo 1983: Back - Amy, Jeremy, Mike; Front - Chad and Ryan



Family Photo 1987 Back - mike, Jeremy, Amy; Front - Ryan and Chad



Kay and Milt 1993

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008



Family Photo in 1993 with Mike (Juliet, Cody, and Elizabeth, Jeremy (Layna, Christopher, and Kayla), Amy (John), Ryan and Chad



Amy and Kay at Girls Camp Activity 1996



Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008



Kay and Milt at Stonehenge in 2000



Kay with Granddaughter Elle



Kay and Milt in London with Big Ben 2000



Milt, Hillary, Chad, and Kay at Chad's Wedding

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

celebrate



*Marilyn Barlow, Marby Petrucka, Renae Mangum, Pat Johnson, Charlotte Dodge, Kay Sanders, Cara Lee Neilsen, Carrie Booth*

2001

*Friends Forever*

Kay at the Annual Christmas Party and White Elephant Exchange for Her Stake Young Women's Board



Kay with the Looney Loomers Group in the Ward

## Looney Loomers spread service to others

By ELIZABETH HONG

A group of local women have met the past six years to make thousands of different items to send to countries who need them, including Mexico, India, Ukraine, Afghanistan and most recently Chile.

The group, who call themselves the Looney Loomers, is made up of about 25 women who are neighbors and members of the Lakeview 5th Ward Relief Society, said Gaylamarie Rosenberg, one of the group members.

Charlotte Dodge, the founder of the group, was inspired by a woman in her stake who did a lot of humanitarian service and decided she wanted to get involved as well.

"I kind of caught the vision from her and it's [the service] an addiction," Dodge said. "There are so many things we do in life that don't make a difference. This is a really easy way to make a difference."

Rosenberg said, "Five years ago she was doing some newborn nightgowns and she decided she wanted to do 1,300 of them. She then made them and involved a lot of the neighborhood ladies."

The ladies not only finished all 1,300 nightgowns, but have also loomed more than 9,000 hats, made 700 hygiene kits, 9,000 wooden blocks and beads to give away as toys, 300 receiving blankets, 200 newborn kits and more than 350 quilts.

The items made by the Loomers have been sent to various countries in need and also to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints humanitarian center.



Photo by Emily Raymond

Kay Sanders of Orem uses an industrial sewing machine at Thread Count as part of the Looney Loomers club that made 109 quilts for people in Chile. The service group has met together for the past six years.

Rosenberg said the group's efforts also help different places in the community, including various hospitals and rest homes.

After Elder Jeffrey R. Holland requested 6,000 blankets to send before the Chilean cold season, the Loomers grouped together and decided to make 100 of them by April 15.

Rosenberg said she moved into the Loomers' neighborhood about a year and a half ago and quickly made friends within the group.

"It is really neat to see how the sisters in the ward have created this bond over a passion for serv-

ing," Rosenberg said. "They get a lot of joy from helping people in need."

"It sounded like fun," said Carol Rouse, a Looney Loomer. "It's good to get together and do something constructive at the same time."

Dodge said her favorite part of the work is sending the items the group spent so long working on. She said it's also frustrating because they don't get to see the items received or the people who benefit from their labors.

The Loomers have had some help shown toward them as well

as they strive to serve.

Winifred Eads owns a quilting shop in Orem called Thread Count. She donates her time, materials and industrial sewing machines to the group and their work. Eads said she enjoys working on important projects. She also said she is inspired by the way they help those less fortunate than herself.

"I go to bed warm every night, and I feel bad for the people who have to go to bed cold," Eads said.

The quilts the group made in Eads' shop will help many Chileans sleep comfortably at night.

### Newspaper Writeup for the Looney Loomers

The Looney Loomers were a neighborhood group who got together twice a month where they loomed hats and made small throws which they donated to cancer patients through the local hospitals. They also sent a substantial number of hand made items to an impoverished group in Mexico.

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008



Kay Showing Her External Fixator to Nephew Brad Jarvis  
Following a Broken Wrist in 2004



Kay Pleased with the Cabin 2006

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008



Our Group Visiting Mazatlan 2006 with Dodge's and Neilsen's



Kay and Milt Dancing in a Contest – Mexico 2006

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008



Gerber Family 1962: in back: Kay, Renee, Maureen, Linda; in front Row Harold Gerber, Debbie, Shirley



Friendly Wild birds at the Cabin 2007

# Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008



Amy at Kay's Viewing April 2008

**The Salt Lake Tribune**  
Obituary Notices

**Pick a phone your Mom will love**  
on America's Most Reliable Wireless Network\*

LG VENUS™ in Pink  
Mouse over for more

Pink BlackBerry® Pearl™  
Mouse over for more

[Learn More](#)

Marketplace Main Menu    Automotive & Recreation Vehicles    Employment & Training

The Salt Lake Tribune Obituaries

[View/Sign Guestbook](#)

**Dahl Kay Johnson Gerber Sanders**



Dahl Kay Johnson Gerber Sanders 1942 ~ 2008 On April 11, 2008 our beloved wife, mother, grandmother, sister and dear friend, Dahl Kay Johnson Gerber Sanders (Kay), 66, of Orem passed away with her family by her side. She is now free from the pains and trials of this world that were uniquely hers. Kay was born to Shirley Grace Giles and Theron Donald Johnson on March 28, 1942 in Salt Lake City, UT and is the oldest sister of five girls and also had one brother. After her beloved father, Theron, passed away when Kay was only 2-years-old, she gained a new wonderful father, Harold Charles Gerber, who loved her as his own. She served in the Southwest British Mission from 1963-64 for the LDS church. She worked for several years as a beautician in Salt Lake City, and later owned and ran that same beauty shop. After changing professions and working for her father in the typesetting industry, she married her eternal, loving companion, Milton Richard Sanders on June 16, 1969. Together they lovingly raised five children and have 11 grandchildren. Kay dedicated her life to serving those around her. Whether it was through cooking a meal for someone, helping in a humanitarian project, or just lending an ear, she was always concerned about others more than herself. She loved spending time with her wonderful friends and family. She unceasingly served her Heavenly Father in numerous church callings such as Stake Young Women's President, Relief Society President, organist and pianist, nursery leader, choir member, Visiting Teacher and countless others. She recently enjoyed serving these past two years as an ordinance worker in the Mt. Timpanogos Temple. Kay is survived by her husband, Milt, and her five children, Michael (Juliet) Sanders, Spring, TX; Jeremy (Layna) Sanders, Salt Lake City; Amy (John) Morris, Murrieta, CA; Chad (Hillary) Sanders, Lindon; Ryan Sanders, Orem. Funeral services will be held at 11:00 a.m. on Tuesday, April 15, 2008 at the Lakeview Stake Center 400 West 1800 South in Orem. A viewing will be held on Monday, April 14, 2008 from 5:00-7:00 p.m. at the Sundberg Olpin Mortuary, 495 South State Street in Orem and also Tuesday one hour prior to the services at the stake center. Interment will be in the Mt. View Memorial Estates Cemetery in Salt Lake. She will be deeply missed by all those who knew her. We love you, Kay!

Published in the Salt Lake Tribune on 4/12/2008.  
Guest Book • Flowers • Charities

## Kay's Obituary April 2008

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008



Milt with Mike, Jeremy, Ryan, Chad and Amy At Kay's Viewing



Display at the Viewing

Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008



Our Four Boys and Two Nephews (Brad and Scott Jarvis) As Pallbearers – a Sad Day for All of Us



Pallbearers at the Cemetery



Kay's Sisters at the Luncheon: Shari, Debbie, Maureen, and Linda - Renee passed Away in 1992



My cousin Joy McGarvey and Husband Ron - Representing all the Ways in Pennsylvania



My Brother Stephen's Wife Carolyn, from NC



Our Dear RS President Shauna Rich on the Right

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 - 2008

Kay had a full life, saw much of the world, was a wonderful wife and mother, as well as grandmother. She was a joy for others to be around, and served others faithfully. She planned and held family dinners for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and between Sunday sessions of General Conference. She looked forward to serving a senior couples mission, preferably to England, but we never made that as I had not retired yet. We all look forward to seeing one another again as each of us complete our sojourn in mortality, and perhaps serving our joint mission then.



The Grave site Mountain View Memorial Cemetery - Salt Lake City

## Milton Richard Sanders Vol 2: 1968 – 2008

### *Once and Forever*

*Milton R. Sanders*

*Once we knelt in garments white  
Hands clasped cross the altar,  
You were special in my sight,  
Companion ever after.*

*Spirit shining in your eyes,  
The smile on your face,  
Brilliant hue, Celestial skies,  
Radiant through all of space.*

*Sealed by the Priesthood's power  
Which mankind cannot sunder,  
Gathering round the solid anchor,  
With Spirit's changeless fervor.*

*We began our life together,  
In that sacred, holy place,  
Hand in hand with you forever  
Was, and is my fervent choice.*

*Day by day our love grows stronger,  
With the Spirit's helping hand,  
Moving toward salvation's harbor,  
With our family there to stand.*

*Without you, nothing I would be;  
Without you, dust to dust I'd go;  
Without you, only wasteland see;  
Without you, failing down below.*

*Together rising to the light;  
Together sharing Spirit grand;  
Together gain Celestial sight;  
Together sharing God's command.*

*I loved you then, I love you now;  
More than any words express.  
To you, renew my loving vow,  
For it's my life that you impress.*

*As we share another year,  
Life with you cannot be beat.  
God's many blessings now we share,  
With vision of Celestial seat.*



*To Kay from Milt      16 June 2007*

The Poem I wrote to Kay on our last anniversary together, the 39th.

