

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF EDWARD D HAWKINS

Born 11 June 1921 in Bountiful, Utah, to Leo C Hawkins and Emma Amelia Devine Hawkins. The last of five children, (three girls and two boys). My mother was 44 years old when I was born, and Dad was 49, my oldest sister, Leonora was 16. I've never considered that our family was a very close family, we generally got along but it wasn't close like many families I grew around. I strongly believe a couple of circumstances may have contributed to that situation. The age differences of each of the children and being born around the time of the "Great Depression", my parents simply couldn't afford to raise the family they had. For much of childhood, my Father didn't earn much more than a Dollar a day, not enough to support a family of seven. As soon as each of the children reached an age of about 16, they left the family to earn their own way and, in some cases, try to send money back to help the rest of the family.

Dad was regarded as an excellent carpenter and cabinet maker and the quality and craftsmanship that went into his work often provided plenty of opportunities to work but a dollar a day wasn't enough. Dad never contracted to accomplish a job, nor did he ever do piece work, he just worked for a straight daily salary. When I was about 13, I worked with him framing and shingling houses and his pay was \$2.50 a day. I think that my part time presence may have influenced the higher salary. As time went on, things slowly got better but by then, Dad was over 60 years old.

Even in those lean beginning, I grew up in what I thought were pretty normal and happy circumstances, we weren't the only poor people around. All my close playmates and their families were as bad off as we were. I don't mean to make this sound like we were destitute, we always had food to eat and clothes to wear although not fancy, and we had a comfortable house to live in. We even had a bathroom in our house, most of my friends' families used outhouses. We didn't have bicycles to ride, not many of friend's families had cars, we didn't have a radio. I can remember building a small crystal set, it consisted of a small quartz crystal, some wiring and set of borrowed headphones. Selecting a certain spot on the crystal with a small spring wire would provide reception of a close, powerful radio transmission, at best it was a weak signal and there was no volume adjustment and selecting the right spot on the crystal was difficult. I would listen to that at night.

Growing up and making my way through Elementary School, Junior High School and High School seems now to have been quite routine and quite a bit of fun, except my last year in High School turned out to be pretty bad. As I look back now, I can see that I lost interest, missed classes and just plain got lazy.

There was no one around to encourage me or lean on me to study. My parents were not very well educated and the school subjects I was taking were for the most part somewhat beyond them, and my brother and sisters had all left home, graduating from high School wasn't a goal I cared to achieve, I do not remember what happened during the summer of 1939 that made me decide that I had to go back the following year and make up the credits to graduate, but I did. As I mentioned earlier, my brother and sisters left the family early to earn a living and none of them graduated from high School and I knew my parents were really counting on me to get a diploma. So instead of a 1939 graduation, it was 1940.

Not too long after graduation from High School, I and several of my friends decided to join the Utah National Guard, the unit in Bountiful was the Headquarters Battery of the 145th Field Artillery, 40th Infantry Division. The 40th Division was made up of all National Guard units of the States of Utah, Nevada and California, about 18,500 men. The war in Europe was underway but the United States wasn't part of it and none of sensed any danger that the U.S. would get involved, our enlisting was more of a dare of the part of about six of us who ran around together. Big surprise, in February 1941, five months after we enlisted, we were told that in one month we would be Federalized and sent to Camp San Luis Obispo, California. Federalization meant that we were to become part of the U.S. Army. So, in March, there we were, in an Army camp with more than 18,000 men all in tents (6 men to a tent) 800 miles from home. I just wasn't ready for that, I did a lot of crying behind the tent for lots of nights, boy was I ever homesick. I found out later that I was not alone. Then on December 7th 1941, the Japanese made their infamous attack of Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. I guess we all forgot the homesickness after that and went about our training seriously. We moved to several areas up and down the West Coast to counter any possible attack against the U.S. mainland and finally in early 1942, the entire Division was sent to Fort Lewis, Washington. At that point, I thought it was about time to try to improve my position. I had been promoted to Corporal and later to Sergeant, but that really didn't satisfy me. I had grown a little weary of my life in an Artillery unit. I mentioned the pay my Dad made earlier, in comparison, as a Private I made \$21 dollars a month however all my clothes, food, and medical and dental needs were provided. As a Sergeant, I think my pay went to about \$54 dollars. It wasn't until we got to Fort Lewis that we finally were issued clothing that wasn't World War I stuff (old itchy heavy wool).



In August 1942, I made applications for entry into both the Officers Candidate School (OCS) and the Army Air Corps flying Cadet Program, and in October of 1942, I was transferred to Santa Ana, California and started Pre-Flight training. Four months of Physicals, Academics, Parades and Testing and then on to Primary Flight Training at Ontario, California. I was really fortunate because during my Pre-flight training, I met Doris Jean Burrell on a blind date. Doris lived in Glendale, California. My fortune seemed to hold up all through my flying training, because during the Primary Training at Ontario, I was only about 50 miles away from her and we could be together almost every weekend. My Basic training was at Lancaster, California and that was about 75 miles away and again we were together on weekends. All through training I got my weekends off because I didn't have any demerits to walk off. Those who got the demerits had to walk them off on weekends, and most of the guys who got demerits got them for violations of military basics. Most of the Cadets came into the program from civilian life. Those of us Cadets came into the program from other military programs were familiar with military basics and for the most part avoided all the nasty demerits and the hours of walking them off (one hour for each demerit with a parachute on your back).

I had asked Doris to marry me not too long after our first date, she agreed and we planned to marry on the day I graduated. So, on the 30th of August 1943, I graduated from Flying School, got my Wings, became a 2nd Lieutenant, and got Married, what a great day. We got a two week leave, so we traveled on a train to Bountiful so I could show off my beautiful bride to my Mom and Dad and what few friends were still around (most were in the service) and then went on to Glendale to visit with Doris' family and we bought our first family car, a 1937 Buick sedan. After the 2 weeks, I returned to Stockton Army Airfield and began my duties as an Advanced Flight Training Instructor, teaching Instrument flying (blind, no reference to the ground, in clouds). This lasted 13 months and I received orders to go to Roswell, N.M. for B-17 Bomber and combat training.

About half way through the B-17 school most of were told we would go to Clovis, N.M. for B-20 training, but that was later changed and I went to Florida, got a crew, then to Mississippi with my new crew for Air Rescue training, on to Georgia, picked up a brand-new B-17 and headed for the Philippines.

On the 18th of January 1945. I was in Florida with my crew going through crew training, and Doris had our first baby, Dennis. I couldn't be with her and it wasn't until the end of May that I got to see them. I was enroot from Georgia to Sacramento, Ca. and the Philippines, and I stopped at Edwards AAF and (shame on me) faked a maintenance problem so I could stay over night and sneak to Glendale to see my wife and new Son. From there it was on to the war in the Pacific. I eventually landed on an island called Ie Shima, which is just off the Northwest corner of Okinawa. We flew rescue missions in a B-17 equipped with

an 18-foot life boat slung under the airplane. It was dropped to individuals who for various reasons had to ditch or bail out of disabled aircraft. Our crew dropped one boat and that was to a B-25 crew. Never did see if they all got to the boat, the crew had bailed out and was scattered some distance apart and it took a long time for them to get to the boat, and we had to leave because we were running low on fuel. Our crew made a landing in Japan before the war was over and I've included a story about the landing that I wrote for an Air Rescue year-book that was published in 1996.

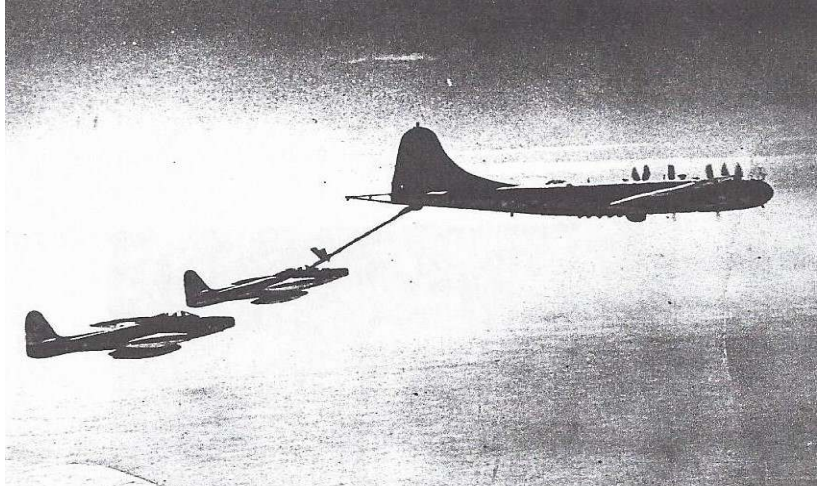
After the war was over, I returned to the states and was discharged in January 1946. I took my family to Bountiful, UT. There were no houses built during the war and so while in Bountiful, we lived with my Parents. Only stayed in Bountiful for about 8 months before moving to Los Angeles. We lived there for almost 2 years during which time Jim was born (8 Feb 1947).

In August 1948, I was recalled to active duty and sent to Germany to fly on the Berlin Air Lift. After World War II, Germany was divided into 4 different areas and each one occupied by England, France, The Soviet Union and the United States. Berlin was in that part occupied by the Russians so it too was divided four ways and occupied by the same four Nations. In 1948 the Soviet Union tried to force the other three nations out of Berlin by blockading all surface routes into the city. For eleven months the U.S. and England flew in everything (Food, clothing and Coal) used by those in what was known as West Berlin (the French, British and American sectors). I flew a C-54 with ten ton of coal from a place called Fassberg to Berlin three times a day almost every day for the nearly 8 months. It took 14 to 18 hours to make the tree trips, there was only about 7 hours of flying time and the rest was time taken to load and unload. The coal we carried was bagged in burlap sacks and it took a crew of about seven men nearly an hour to load and about the same to off-load the airplane, and then there were additional delays for spacing in and out of the corridors. The Airlift was considered a successful operation because after about eleven months, the Soviet Union gave up on the blockade and the goods required by the people in "Free Berlin" started moving into the city by train and trucks.

From Aug 1949 to about the end of 1958, I was assigned to the Strategic Air Command flying tanker aircraft. I was stationed at Tucson, AZ, Barksdale AFB in Shreveport, LA and Lockbourne AFB in Columbus, OH. There were a several 2, 3- and 6-month trips outside the country to places like England, Newfoundland, Morocco, Libya, and also lots of shorter ones to other bases in the U.S.

This picture was taken on one of the shorter trips. We called them TDY's. It's an acronym for temporary duty, (duty away from home base).

The picture is of us refueling two F-84s 700 miles west of San Francisco. The Fighters were rerouted to Korea. We had 12 Tankers for the 25 fighters, this refueling got them to Hawaii. We staged out of Castle AFB, California and were only gone for about one week.



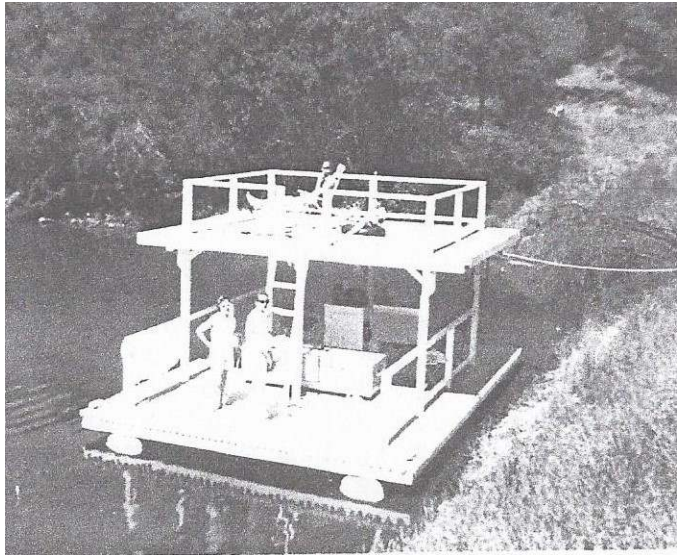
During those years flying Tanker Aircraft with the Strategic Air Command, we were away from home a considerable amount of time. There were some years that we figured I was gone almost half of the year. During that period, John and Rich (3rd and 4th sons) were born, both in Columbus, OH. I was also promoted to Captain and offered a Regular commission in the Air Force, which I accepted and that sort of fixed my career in the military. One bright part of that 9-year stint of flying Tankers was that 7 of those years our family was in one place, Lockbourne AFB, in Columbus, Ohio. As I mentioned, John was born on the base on 4 August 1950 and Rich was born in Columbus on the 28 of December 1954. During the Lockbourne tour, our Squadron was trained in a new Tanker, the KC-97. It was a larger and somewhat faster than the KB-29 shown above.

Mid 1958, I was transferred to Headquarters SAC at Omaha, Nebraska, where I was assigned as a Missile Staff Officer. I quit flying Tankers and from then on it was mostly smaller utility type aircraft. With the exception of a year at Danang, Viet Nam, I managed to get back into the airplane business. The rest of my career was associated in the various ways with the Air Forces Ballistic Missile program. During the five years I was stationed at Omaha, the Air Force decided that I needed to be qualified in Jet Aircraft, so for six weeks I was in Randolph AFB in Texas flying the T-33 and enjoying it more than I thought I would. I had always preferred multi engine aircraft, but the T-33 was quite reliable.

After the SAC Headquarters tour, during which I was promoted to Major, it was on to Beale Air Force Base in Marysville, California for a relatively short tour (one year and eight months). Primary job was as a Titan II Missile Maintenance Staff Officer. Also I was the only U-3 (Cessna 310 Twin Engine Utility Airplane) Flight Instructor. Standardization and Instrument check Pilot in the Sacramento Valley, that included four other AF Bases. Although I was a Missile Maintenance Officer, I spent a lot of my time flying, giving check rides to about 15 or so U-3 Pilots from the 5 bases. Managed a promotion to Lieutenant Colonel on 1 July 1964. This was the first time our family lived in Base Housing, Dennis had

graduated from high School in Nebraska, he went to a Wheatland High School just off Base, John and Rich went to the elementary school on base.

On my off-duty time, I designed and fabricated a houseboat (shown at right). It really wasn't a "house" but we lived on it on weekends, I used 55-gallon drums for flotation, it had a 35 HP outboard to propel it and as you can see, it was quite spacious, we had sleeping bags and used the top deck for sleeping, we also had an outboard motor boat we used for water skiing. We kept them both on a reservoir just a short way off base. One good thing that can be said for the boating idea, was that after five summers in Nebraska with each one of the boys playing baseball on four different teams, this activity really brought the family back together again. My transfer to Washington D.C. left the whole family with a serious emotional loss because we couldn't take the "houseboat" with us.



The Transfer to the Pentagon in Washington on the 1st of March 1965 couldn't have happened at a more inopportune time. Jim was about to enter his senior year in High School and he was really broken to have to leave Wheatland High School and his friends. Dennis did go back to Virginia with us and went to work for the Government and eventually enlisted in the Air Force, Jim just couldn't seem to adjust to the new school in Springfield, VA and I believe we mistakenly agreed to let him return to Ralston High School in Nebraska to finish school. He stayed with a friend and his family. Nothing happened during that year that was out of the ordinary or embarrassing to anyone, but I felt uncomfortable the entire year and if I had it to do over again, I would do everything I could to prevent it from happening.

The Pentagon Tour was for three years. Because the Vietnamese War was in progress, the Air Force ruled that "Rated Officers" (Pilots) would automatically be transferred to a flying job in Viet Nam after a three-year tour in the Headquarters.

I liked the work in the Pentagon. My job was to monitor the Logistics activities of all Air Force Missiles, that included all Air to Air, Air to Ground, Ground to Air and also the Ballistic Systems, but because of the war, most of my time was taken up trying to get the "Falcon" Air to Air Missiles adapted to an Air offensive capability instead of a defensive system it was originally designed for. It was a tough assignment and the darn thing never did a very good job. It was credited

with some enemy “kills” but there were lots of misses that was very disappointing for lots of the Fighter guys.

I know I said I liked the work in Washington, but I never did like the working conditions, took me at least 45 minutes to drive eleven miles from our house in Springfield, VA to the Pentagon (four lane highway) and when I arrived, there wasn't usually a place to park so I usually went to work an hour early and most often stayed two hours late to avoid the traffic on the way home, so my day was usually ten to twelve hours, but there was always enough to keep me busy.

The Washington tour was outstanding for the boys, there's unlimited history and education possibilities in that area and I believe we took advantage of the opportunities that were available to us. All in all, I'm happy to have had the assignment for the three years

At the end of my Pentagon tour it was time for me to pack up and move on to Viet Nam. I packed up what was left of the family, sold the house in Springfield, and moved them to Glendora, CA. That move was to get Doris closer to her family in case something happened to me in the next year. Jim and Dennis were both in the Service, so it was just John and Rich and Doris, and they stayed in Glendora the year I was in Viet Nam.

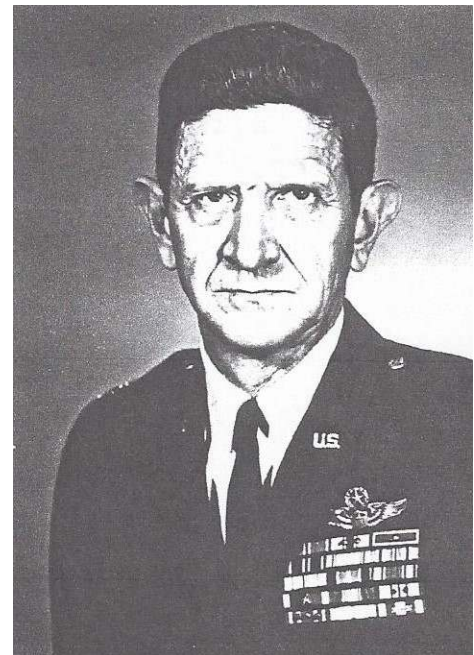
I arrived at Danang Airbase in the northern part of South View Nam, assigned as the Base Operations Officer, but the primary mission was to fly the base assigned C-47 moving supplies and equipment all over South Vietnam, to Bangkok, Thailand, and to Hong Kong, and China. Danang was the northern most base in South V.N and was home base for the Air Forces 366th Tac Fighter Wing (F-4 Phantoms) a “Ranch Hand” outfit (Defoliation Spray), a US Navy F-4 outfit and several other small Tactical fling organizations. There were 2 parallel runways and both were busy 24 hours a day.

After about 2 months at Danang, I was transferred to the 366th Tac Fighter Wing as the Commander of the Field Maintenance Squadron. Our Squadron was 600 Airmen, 4 Officers and me. Our job was to ready ten F-4s with fuel, guns, ammo, missiles and bombs two times each day, using some 40 aircraft assigned. The job was almost impossible because it meant that most of the sorties had to be turned around and the F-4 wasn't designed for that kind of duty, it required a lot of maintenance.

It was a very interesting tour and I managed to get quite a bit of flying time in the ancient, but still fun, old C-47. In August of 1968 which was about half way through my tour, I was promoted to full Colonel, a rank I never thought I would achieve, and soon after that I had an opportunity to meet Doris in Hawaii for a two-week R & R (rest and relaxation period) it was a great vacation for both of us. Just before it was time to come home, I was given a questionnaire asking what my next assignment preferences were. Naturally I chose Hawaii, Southern

California and Florida in that order, and what do I get? Minot, North Dakota. Needless to say, that represented a lot of genuine disappointment. I was selected to be the Commander of the 91st Strategic Missile Maintenance Squadron, a unit of about four hundred Airmen and about fifty-five Officers, responsible for the maintenance of 250 Minuteman Ballistic Missiles scattered across the North-western part of North Dakota. Normally in an Air Force Squadron make-up, the ratio of Officers to Airmen isn't as high as it was in that Squadron, however, we had a responsibility for re-targeting the Missiles whenever necessary and it required two officers to do it. I didn't mind the Command, although I'd had better, but the weather conditions were awful. I often accompanied some of the "troops" out to the missile sites on some of the jobs and I've been out there when the temperature was 53 degrees below zero and the wind made the Chill temperature at least 65 below. Outside work that normally took 45 minutes to accomplish took about 3 and a half hours at those temperatures. One interesting note was we lived on base and from our house we could see Rich's school (less than a block away) and yet he was required to ride a school bus from our house to school. Cold temperatures cause lots of problems.

My assignment in Minot only lasted a year and five months and I was reassigned to Hill AF Base in Ogden, Utah, and which incidentally turned out to be the terminal assignment in my 35-year military career. In early August 1970, I arrived at Hill AFB not more than 25 miles from where I first entered the service close to 30 years earlier. My assignment was to manage the Logistic support program for all the Air Forces Ballistic Missiles, and there were some other systems thrown in, such as the Bomarc (ground to air) defense missile and a couple other Air to Ground small missiles. It was a big important job and I really liked it. The Division I had consisted of about 350 people, mostly Civil Service, only about 6 other Military people. My assignment at Hill lasted very close to five years, and then I retired, this picture was taken about the time I retired.



We lived in base housing for the first three years, and after a lot of soul searching, Doris and I decided that the Utah area was as nice an area as we were going to find to live in after retirement, so we bought a condominium in South Ogden and moved from the Base. All the boys were out of public schools, John was going to Weber State so it really was a sensible move. Fact is, here it is now

September 1996 and Doris and I are still living here. The condo is probably worth close to four times what we paid for it originally.

After my retirement from the Air Force, I became a consultant for several large Aerospace Companies. The pay was great and the work was interesting, but most of the money I was making went to the government as income taxes.

Early in 1986, we found out that Jim had a tumor growing on his brain and underwent an operation to remove it. It was determined to be malignant and the surgery wasn't able to clear it all out. Jim seemed to do quite well until about the first part of July 1987 and that's when I ended my consulting career and Doris and I went to Jim's in Chico, CA to try to help. He died on the 16th of August 1987. I've always heard that it's difficult to lose a child and although Jim wasn't a child at the time, losing him was a terribly emotional time for our entire family.

It's now September 1996. I can't think of anything noteworthy that's happened in the past nine years. Doris and I have celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary and we have been doing quite a bit of traveling and having fun, primarily in the Western part of the United States and Canada. I have had a couple of minor medical "bouts" but as I've grown older, I notice, like everyone else does, the old body seems to be wearing out, but at the same time Medical Science seems to be getting better and better at keeping people going longer and longer. I consider myself a very lucky person to have lived the life I have. I am extremely appreciative of my family, particularly my wife Doris, all my friends and associates and to the opportunity to have been able to travel and see a large part of this world.

EDWARD D. HAWKINS