

Mace/Matador

MISSILEER NEWS

"SERVING THE TACTICAL MISSILE CREWS AND SUPPORT PERSONNEL WHO FOUGHT AND WON THE COLD WAR"

Volume 2, Issue 1

Jan-Feb-Mar 2000

WE HAVE A GO...SEE Y'ALL IN TEXAS

The questionnaire responses are tabulated, and the vote was overwhelming! Over 150 responses were received, and they continue to arrive. To no one's surprise, more than 65% of the respondents expressed a desire to get together again in 2000. By nearly the same percentage, they preferred the event be held in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Since that's what you want, that's what we'll do.

Unfortunately the preferred dates of mid-September to early October were either unavailable at the hotel, or conflicted with reunions being held by other missile units. That necessitated moving the date to late August.

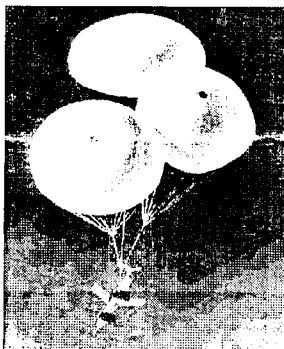
DFW-meet 2000 will take place from 24-27 August at the **Embassy Suites-Outdoor World** in Grapevine, TX.

Thursday will be a day for early arrivals to recover from Jet lag and to get a head start on

some serious reminiscing. Organized activities will get underway with business and fun events occurring on Friday and Saturday. Sunday will have nothing scheduled, so you can have time for last minute visiting.

The response to our question about additional entertainment was varied. While most wanted something besides the banquet, suggestions ranged from tours of aerospace facilities and military installations to golf tournaments, country music, dance party, etc. etc. There was a lot of interest in music and organized group meals, so we'll respond to the majority by combining those activities with a casual Friday night dinner buffet and dancing to music from the 40's, 50's and early 60's.

Friday evening will feature the banquet and lots of visiting. We'll have the room until midnight, so rest up before you leave home.



ABOUT THE LOCATION

The **Embassy Suites-Outdoor World** is a beautiful new hotel located two miles north of DFW Airport. It's within a short drive of RV campgrounds, public golf courses and a large lake. There is easy access to major freeways which lead into both cities, and other points of interest.

We think you will be pleased with the package we've arranged for your visit. Each hotel suite consist of two rooms with a large bath, two televisions and a view of the Texas countryside. Microwave ovens, wet bars and refrigerators are situated in every room, as are ironing boards, irons and hair dryers.

The inside balconies open onto a twelve story atrium with a waterfall and beautiful décor. The hotel opened just a year ago and the they are anxious for it to become one of the premier convention and meeting hotels in the area. This accounts for the great rates they offered our group.

A plus for the location is the proximity to all kinds of shopping. It's directly adjacent to the world-famous Outdoor World/Bass Pro sports store. This 20,000 sq ft store has an indoor putting green as well as an archery range and other places to try out sporting equipment. You can buy anything that has to do with sports, from golf tees to RV's and running shorts to fishing boats.

If your spouse tires of chatter about cathedral, dihedral, and booster bottles, Grapevine Mills Mall, is within easy walking distance of the hotel. For those who wish to save their energy for shopping, the hotel has a shuttle which makes scheduled trips to the mall. Grapevine Mills is the largest mall in the Dallas/Fort Worth area, so bring your walking shoes.

The phone number for making room reservations is: 1-800-EMBASSY and their e-mail address is: www.embassy-suites.com.

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Memories are made of this

- The intense fragrance of orange blossoms blanketing Orlando AFB.
- Falling asleep on Cocoa Beach and having my car flooded by the incoming tide.
- The thrill of seeing the "Sagebrush Kid" in his F-100 chase plane at full throttle only a few feet above the desert.
- Watching in awe as a Matador target drone tumbles from the clear, blue New Mexico sky after a wing is blown off.
- Cruising Orlando in Gene Bozzer's white '57 Ford convertible and hanging out at the A&W drive-in.

COMMANDER'S CORNER



JOE PERKINS, CHAIRMAN
perkster@fcol.com

We have made it official! I signed a contract as the Mace/Matador representative, with the **Embassy Suites— Outdoor World** near Dallas for the **24th - 26th August, 2000** get together. This time slot was not my first choice, but due to the heavy booking in the Dallas area during September-October time frame, we were only able to select the latter part of August to be able to assure we could get a block of rooms (100) set aside for us.

Now that we have committed to have the get-together, I need your support to make it a great time, with a heavy turnout. We are required to have a **minimum of 100 rooms booked to get meeting rooms free**

and not incur extra charges on meeting & unused booked hotel rooms. I was required to put down a \$500.00 deposit (normal deposit is \$1000.00) this is non-refundable, but can be used to cover other expenses. Being, we are not using a company to make arrangements and be responsible for charges, I have accepted and will be responsible for charges and serve as the agent for our organization to the hotel office.

The charges can be real stiff if we do not meet the minimum room numbers! To encourage early registration, we are offering a sizeable discount and I hope you will take advantage of it. I am looking forward to seeing you there with bells on.

EDITORIAL: ARE DUES THE ANSWER?

GARY SAND, EDITOR
gsand@quik.com

At the first reunion in Las Vegas, we decided to form an unofficial organization with the mission to continue our search for old friends and provide a focal point for all who wished to stay in touch. We agreed that all organizing, communication and managing efforts would be done on a volunteer basis. Funding for actual expenses would come from donations and no one would be excluded for financial reasons. Sometimes retirement checks have to stretch to cover a lot of things, and we didn't want to make our friendship and a newsletter in the mailbox, contingent upon payment of annual dues.

Thanks to your generous donations, there is not yet a financial need for annual dues, but we might be forced to do so for another reason.

Less than half the people to whom we've sent newsletters have responded in *any* manner. We don't know if they are receiving out mailings, or if they have a desire to remain in contact with us. Since printing and postage costs are no small item, sending mail to those who have no interest seems a waste of money and effort.

In order to maintain a list of interested people who wish to continue receiving mail, it's been suggested we institute annual dues of \$5. This amount would not cover all mailing and publishing expenses, but by forcing their involvement, it would assure our efforts and good intentions are not being discarded in the trash, along with our correspondence. We would still have to depend on some donations, but not to the degree we do now.

One problem with charging dues, is that we might incur some tax responsibility unless we register as a non-

profit organization. That means more paperwork and possibly adhering to IRS and state tax laws.

A final decision has not been made, so if you have any objections to paying a small amount to help maintain an interested membership, please feel free to make your case. This subject will be on our agenda for discussion at the August meet.

If we have any attorneys in our readership, or someone experienced with rules governing non-profit groups, perhaps you can shed some light on the situation.

.....it's been suggested we
institute annual dues of \$5...

Clark Wingate used to tell about a special button-crushing machine in the base laundry. He said every set of fatigues he sent there came back with damaged buttons.

Something along that line happened to the questionnaire included in the last newsletter. Fully twenty replies were torn or completely mutilated by the time they arrived in my mailbox. Several damaged copies arrived in little plastic bags with apologies, missing info, and no explanation for the damage. I suppose I could have used heavier paper, but my conspiratorial suspicions believe the post office has a special machine that intentionally rips mail, purely to agitate customers.

If I remember correctly, Clark brought his problem to the laundry's attention by carefully sewing Coke bottle caps in place of buttons on a set of fatigues. He said they came back perfectly pressed and not broken! Maybe I should try something equally drastic with the post office next time!

The point I was trying to make is that if it appears I missed certain info you are sure you sent, it might be that your response never made it to Texas and is sitting somewhere in a post office dead letter file.

WE'VE PCS'd!

Please note the address change for our internet web site. The new address is:

***www.homestead.com?TACMissileers/
Missileers.html***

Perhaps this will resolve the difficulty some people experienced finding the site.

**ATTIC SEARCH-PARTY**

If you have any mementos you would like to put on display at the Texas meet, boards and tables will be set up to hold these items. We'd like to have models, pictures, patches and unique uniform items to add to the nostalgia. Whatever you have will be welcome and appreciated.

ARTISTS....LAST CALL!

Only a couple of suggestions were received for a logo/coat of arms, so we are still soliciting contributions.

Here's one Joe and I have been playing around with, and offer for your consideration. It was designed with official Air Force heraldry rules considered. While that isn't an official requirement for our purposes, it maintains a look of authenticity if we adhere to regulation shape, size and color.

The globe and banner backgrounds are ultramarine blue, the sky-light blue, missile-red, border and letters-Air Force gold, stars and globe lines-white. Some features will be edged in black.

The globe represents our multi-theater mission and each star represents a base where Matador and Mace activities took place.

**MAIL CALL!**

George Shute made my day by sending color renderings of the 1st, 11th and 69th squadron patches. In future issues I want to include these for all of you who might have forgotten what they looked like. Yes, I plan to include a color page in a future issue.

Bob Cook sent a suggestion that our coat of arms should include a mailed-fist squeezing blood out of a turnip! There were times we might have felt that's what the Pentagon dwellers expected of us, but we persevered, didn't we.

Jerry Strong and others expressed an interest in a member roster so they could contact old friends. It's in work, and I'm shooting for early March to publish the roster.

Everyone who returned the questionnaire from the last newsletter will receive a copy of the member roster. Only those who gave their approval are on the list. If you wish to receive a copy of the roster, please send me a self-addressed, stamped, #10 envelope, and I will be glad to send a copy. If your name is *not* on the roster, and you wish it to be, let me know that too, so I can include it on the next version.

Mel Jefferis managed to find an unassembled model of a

Mace, MM1 truck and translauncher on the internet. It was a reissue of the original and was made in the 1980's. He had to order it from the Netherlands, but at least we know there are still some available if we search hard enough. Mel, pack it carefully and bring it to the Texas meet!

Thanks to Earl Bruck, Norman Kroschel, Win Benson, George Kennedy and many, many others for their information, clippings, suggestions, and newsletter contributions. Thanks to *everyone* who has written letters, e-mails and helped fill the donations box. Your help, interest and generosity make our goals possible.

Several people have asked how we found them after 40 years. Since some of you did not receive previous newsletters, I'll briefly explain how we got to where we are.

The first reunion held last year in Las Vegas was organized and handled by a professional reunion service. I'm not sure of all their sources, but they came up with a list of several "for sure" and a bunch of "possible" names of former tactical missileers. From that point, one name led to another, sort of like a phone recall. Andy Hernandez furnished several names, as did Ed Lorenz and others. Several folks spent many hours on the phone and on the internet searching for former friends. In other words...a lot of work, a little luck and the miracle of computers and the internet. And it's still working, as nearly every day I am given another new name or two to add to our list.

WATCH ON THE RHINE-WE DID IT OUR WAY

Ed note: All of us had unique, often funny, sometimes sad and occasionally scary experiences during our tour with the Mace and Matador. While we might think no one else would find our stories interesting, rest assured that's not true. Every story told reminds us of little things previously pushed to the recesses of our minds. The following recollections of Fred Horky re-ignited many memories for me, as I'm sure they will for you. I hope you all enjoy them as much as I did. Thanks Fred.

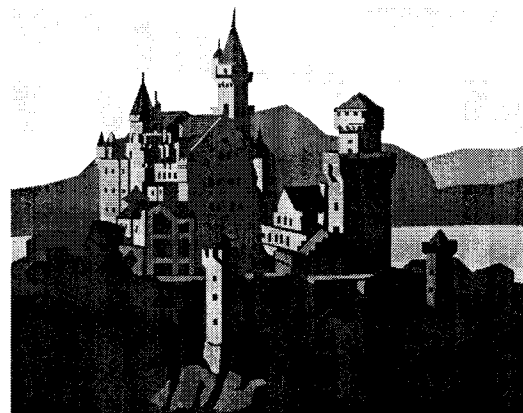
I was with the 38th at Sembach ("C" flight--Grunstadt site--822nd TMS, 587th TMGP; from July '59 to July '61, and then Wg Hq (command post) to July '62. This was after the usual year of six months tech school at Lowry and six months crew training at Orlando and Holloman.

We were initial cadre overseas with the Mace "A"; our Holloman launch training were combined with contractor (Martin & Goodyear) tests and Air Force acceptance testing. My crew was Launch crew 11, and I had the good fortune to actually punch off two test birds, which is two more than most launch officers in any system ever got the opportunity. In fact in my den all these years I've had a copy of the tracking radar map of the first bird, which clearly shows how the bird zoomed around most of New Mexico before a perfect "detonation" of the flash cartridge which simulated the W/H detonation. That was really a long time ago! (1959).

I've often thought how "normal" those abnormal times seemed, during the coldest part of the cold war! I met my wife at Sembach during the latter part of my three year tour. She was a civil service program director at the Sembach service club, and had come over in 1960 from a similar position at Dreux AB in France, when the U.S. was being gradually forced out of France and that base closed.

Typically (for overseas G.I.'s) we were married twice; the first time on Friday Jan 19th 1962 by the burgermeister in the tiny village of Sembach (which was sort of wrapped around by the base) and again the next day in the chapel on base. I'll never forget how romantic that civil ceremony was: the town was so small that the burgermeister was a part time mayor and full-time farmer, and had to come in from the turnip fields for the ceremony. (And who could forget the pungent aroma of that huge pile of manure in the rathaus courtyard as we all trooped past)

This week, Europe is celebrating the ten years that "the wall" has been down and the cold war over. At



the time, it seemed then that the cold war would be forever! It's really odd to recall now that we were there before and when the "Wall" went UP!

Exciting times during that crisis, with every missile loaded and cocked and everybody primed to go. And on the other hand a near "normal" existence of dating, parties, and having a really good time! As "C" flight was the last of the first three flights bringing the Mace to Europe in 1959, we naturally wound up with the site farthest from Sembach. This turned out to be an abandoned Security Service radio site on top of the hill overlooking Grunstadt and the Rhine valley, just off the autobahn from Kaiserslautern ("K-town").

In their wisdom the USAFE planners had provided eight concrete pads surrounded by gravel and a security fence, several abandoned buildings, and little else.

After the fact, it was decided that Grunstadt was too far from Sembach for the enlisted folks to commute, so we missileers were told we would convert all this into a miniature base! With no funding. But we did have our own very resourceful Missileer NCO's, who saved the day. Security folks, firemen, a medical corpsman, etc were all soon tapped to join us from their own squadrons. I became a very innocent-but-learning-fast site supply officer. Our enterprising NCO's soon checked out a huge low-boy trailer from the Sembach motor pool, complete with a big M.A.N. truck to tow it, and went to the salvage yard at Ramstein to claim every piece of junk that appeared to have a future as part of a bed, desk, office chair, file cabinet, wall locker, or other piece of G.I. furniture. Then they "borrowed" (I

never asked where) a compressor, spray gun, and paint. Setting up an assembly line, they cannibalized, assembled, and painted parts until we wound up with enough equipment to house and operate a miniature base.

With half a dozen organizations represented on the base, my biggest worry as supply officer was always sheets and pillow cases, not the six "cans" in the missiles for which I had also signed. (The logic was that if one of them was "misplaced", I wouldn't see daylight again anyway.)

... we quickly realized that our cabbie was actually taking us (launch officers with our T.S., "no-travel-in-the-east", clearances!) on a short cut through EAST Berlin!

As is often the case, some base squadrons used the opportunity to "dump" what they perceived as personnel problems onto us. One was a chief cook who had a problem with the sauce. He also didn't like to feed the troops per USAFE standard menus. He wanted to do better!

Another was a supply sergeant who could have put Sgt. Bilko to shame. But when either of them said "Lieutenant, I'd like to use the Opel" ... meaning the USAFE's locally purchase covered stake-body truck ... I never looked closely at what was in the truck when it left, or came back.

Those forays to the Army's Nike missile site on the next hill and other unknown destinations brought back some wondrous stuff. As a result, Grunstadt became the place where visiting dignitaries, from congressional delegations down, managed to be timed for LUNCH TIME visits. The chow hall was famous all over the wing! We found that G.I.'s back at Sembach were even finding excuses to ride the Grunstadt shuttle bus an hour each way for lunch...The Mace was operational at Sembach for about a year and a half under the original concept which had MM-1/MPT launch vehicles counting down each missile individually. This was the original "long" count, which saw the MPT launch vehicle moving from one to another missile. In 1961 all Mace sites were converted to the RFML (rapid fire multiple launch) system with four missiles grouped around a central blockhouse, with a truncated launch hopefully allowing all four missiles to be launched before we were vaporized by eastern Bloc strike fighters a half-hour flying time away. Shortly after that I went to the wing command post as a duty officer. This amazing place had been constructed back when Sembach had been a recce base, by pushing around the dirt covering the facility so that the result looked like a really neat football stadium seating about 5,000 people! More than one way to skin a cat.... As a pilot, for proficiency flying I had been checked out on arrival in the base flight C-47 "gooney bird" and soon was even checked out on the "Berlin Corridor" of airlift fame. Married pilots often couldn't get kitchen passes for some reason (?), so as a bachelor (at the time) I was often available to fly the weekend cross countries to Copenhagen, London, etc. These were always with an airplane full of "good guy" airmen who had been given passes by their first shirts.

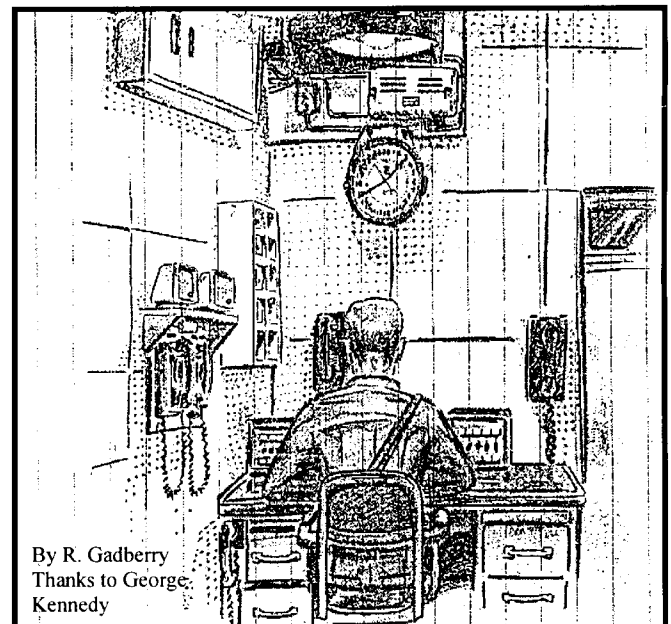
One of my strangest memories of Berlin was being in the back of a Berliner cab at about 3 am on a Sunday morning BEFORE the wall was built, when several of us bachelor lieutenants were bar-hopping West Berlin all night. All of a sudden, the streets got VERY dark and spooky, and we quickly realized that our cabbie was actually taking us (launch officers with our T.S., "no-travel-in-the-east", clearances!) on a short cut through EAST Berlin! Sudden fears of being stopped

and never seeing momma again were allayed when just as suddenly the lights came back on signifying that we were back in WEST Berlin again.

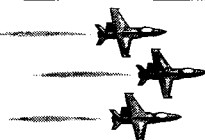
Shortly after that, I wormed my way into flying with the "simulated missile" section, again on my own off-duty time. The "sim-missile" section flew modified T-33's to simulate the TM-61C Matadors still operated by the 585th at Bitburg. (This was as an additional duty on my days off.) The "sim-missile" T-birds had the same APW-11 transponder carried by the Matador, and was "locked onto" by ground radar controllers at forward radar sites who directed the missile to its target. Since radar controllers were involved, they had to be trained and tested, hence sim-missile. This was very delicate flying, involving operating WITHIN the ADIZ (Air Defense Identification Zone) paralleling the border.

All in all, some of my best flying experiences were these missions in a very dangerous place, often in typically crappy German weather, and with very unreliable (by today's standards) navigation aids. (Our jet penetration fix was a NDB (non-directional radio beacon) at Heidelberg which had the power of a dim light bulb, while the bad guys had set up a powerful spoofer beacon the same frequency just on the other side of the fence! Tended to make you pay attention to what you were doing...)

Fred Horky
(then, 1st Lt & Capt, 822nd Tac Missile Wg and
38thTMW



**"This is Cap Gun with a line check...break! break!
Red...Yellow...Blue...Veronica 1... Veronica 2..."**



WAR STORIES

It's been said the difference between a war story and a fairy tale is easy to discern. A fairy tale begins; "Once upon a time....", while a war story begins; "Now this is no s***!" With that caveat in mind, we publish this story submitted by a formerly young airman who experienced it, and swears to the accuracy of his words.

First Snow Fall

by Ray Toe, Airman Last-Class, USAF

Weather conditions in the Hunsruck area of central Germany are generally obscene for about nine months of the year, and only tolerable the other three. So where would you expect the Air Force build a base?...you guessed it!

Living up to a tradition of occupying some of the most undesirable real estate in the world, the US Air Force sent the men of the 405TMS to plant their unit guidon into the honey-wagon sweetened fields affectionately known as Flugplatz Hahn

Let me pause here for just a moment to share a bit of background, as I remember it.

Among the first Mace teams assigned to Hahn AB, our original mission was a semi-mobile concept.. Under this concept, each launch crew had the responsibility for one missile, and was tasked to launch that missile from previously surveyed launch sites scattered amid the dark, evergreen forests of the German countryside. The idea was to be a moving target for the Soviets. Unfortunately, the theory was better than the practice, as bouncing over rough terrain, or even a cobblestone strasse, did undesirable things to delicate on-board guidance electronics.

A single long-count launch was also unmercifully slow, and we knew Eastern Bloc aircraft could blow us half-way to Belgium before we could set up our theodolite. These problems required a serious rethinking of the single-missile, mobile launch concept.

Somewhere deep in the bowels of the Pentagon, a bunch of desk-jockey blue-suits, overdosed on caffeine, hatched an idea to launch the Mace from hard-pad sites containing 8 missiles, all controlled from two permanent block-houses...if you can call 8" cinderblock permanent!

This "improved" concept came to be known as Rapid Fire Multiple Launch, or RFML. I suppose it made sense since a four man crew could theoretically launch four missiles in slightly more than 15 minutes, while a nine man crew required several hours to assemble, program, test and fire a single bird under the long count method.

The American theory of combat in those days was to deploy as many weapons as possible...to overwhelm the enemy with numbers. To that end, RFML fit the prevailing war plan perfectly...or so we were told!

We arrived in Germany shortly before RFML came to fruition, and for several weeks our crews languished between bringing the unit up to combat-ready single-missile alert status, and converting to the new concept.

At the time of this story, German construction crews

had completed the site facilities, and ground support equipment was being installed by Martin-Baltimore contractors. Although a few operational birds were sitting on the pads, they were only capable of being launched individually. Because of the state of flux, we temporarily had more people than missions, so much of our duty time was devoted to training, and building, and improving accommodations. All the while we were fighting the GI's eternal enemy...boredom. But, back to my story!

After endless weeks of fog and drizzle in the winter of '60-'61, we experienced our first snow fall, and despite the extra work the snow created, we welcomed precipitation that didn't run down the back of our necks.

We arrived at the missile site at dawn. The freshly fallen snow, glistening in the morning sun, turned the already picturesque countryside into a storybook scene! The tiny village beyond the security fence had transformed into a candidate for a Hallmark Christmas card. Even the missiles appeared serene and harmless with 4 inches of undisturbed snow softly covering the wings, fuselage and horizontal stabilizer.

Being dedicated, well-trained airmen, we knew our first job of the day was to sweep snow off the missiles and spray de-icing fluid on the stabilizer and wings. The outdoor exercise would be a welcome respite from tedious housekeeping duties, gallons of GI coffee and endless card games awaiting us in the day room.

We took to the task with a rush of enthusiasm, and though there may have been a good-natured snowball fight, or two, it didn't deter us from our mission.

Just as we were putting the finishing touches on our de-ice activity, the site NCOIC came running out the door frantically waving his hands and yelling. As he slipped and slid within hearing range we could make out his desperate plea; "STOP! STOP!!! Leave the snow on the missiles!!"

Now, let it be known that we young airmen were accustomed to doing exactly as he said. The old sarge was a serious soldier, and never known to be a practical joker! As a matter of fact, I don't recall him doing anything more humorous than flashing a rare, grim smile. That usually meant some hapless airman had crossed the line of proper military behavior, and was about to relearn the skills associated with KP! We immediately ceased our snow removal efforts and listened to the words of the red-faced E-8, shivering jacket-less in the snow.

"Put the snow back on the missiles", he said tensely, through chattering teeth. He didn't sound quite normal, and it was obvious he was not relishing the moment.

The sergeant in charge of the detail should have

known better, but he somehow found the audacity to ask; "What did you say, Sarge?...you didn't really suggest we put the snow back on the missiles!!"

Closing his eyes and rubbing his temples, he quietly responded; "Yes, I did...the Old Man wants snow on the missiles. A Stars and Stripes photographer is coming out to take a picture of snow covered missiles and we've been tasked to furnish the view...so please put the snow back the way you found it."

Despite his effort to remain calm, with each word, the super-sergeant's jaws tightened more and more. I swear I could hear squeaking.

"This is a joke, isn't it?" pleaded our incredulous detail NCO. He was trying...logically, but futilely...to be diplomatic, "We can't put the damn snow back the way it was!"

"Put the %*#@& snow back on the #%&*@ missiles like the Old Man wants, or I'll personally march you all in for a *&%#@ Article 15!!"

The eardrum-rending scream from the normally circumspect E-8 made it abundantly clear he was only passing on orders from someone who shall remain nameless, for obvious reasons...(God rest his soul).

As he stalked off, shaking snow from his spitshined low-quarters, he could be heard mumbling affectionate memories of the brown-shoe Air Force.

To assure everyone that we did not question authority, a couple of us quickly set out in search of buckets and shovels.

It was a sight to behold. One man would scoop snow into a bucket and pass it up to another standing on the catwalk of the translauncher. He in turn would throw the snow high into the air above the missile, trying to simulate mother

nature's gentle snowfall. Need I elaborate how successful this effort was?...yes, dammit, I will!

The bucket-sized snowballs descended on the wings and fuselage with a dull thump, leaving mini-Mt. Fuji's scattered randomly atop the shiny silver skin of the once proud Mace! To the casual eye, it appeared the missile had acquired a terminal case of gigantic, white goose-bumps! To those of us involved in the folly, the sole factor preventing mutiny was the perverse hilarity of what we were trying to accomplish.

Because of our frenzied activities, any snow left unsullied, quickly took on the looks of a cattle yard where the cows peed pink! Previously applied de-icing fluid dripped from the wings leaving ugly red blotches on the now hard-packed snow.

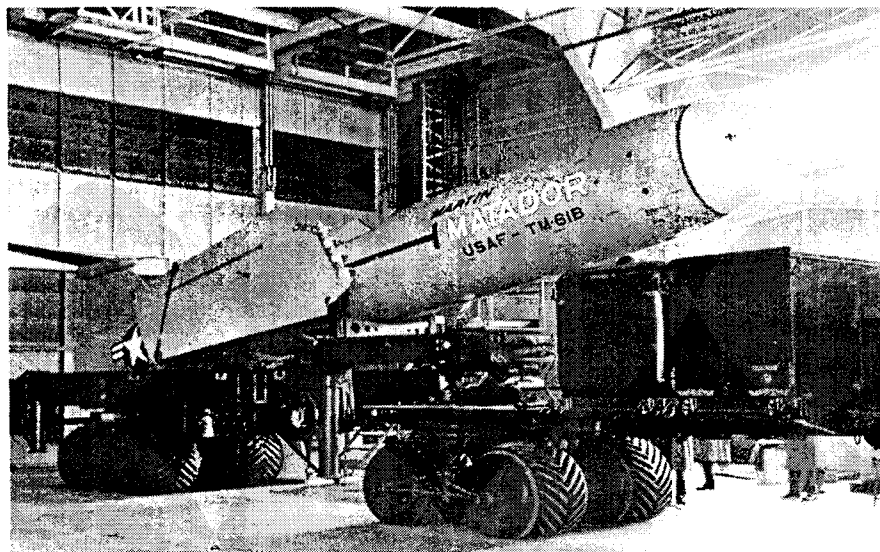
Adding to the mess, the warming sun began to melt the gooey red mixture on the wings, and (sigh)...caused it to drip down the collars of our field jackets! I recall one of the guys whispering the word 'reenlist', mere seconds before attempting to swallow a well-guided bucket of snow!

We eventually succeeded in piling 4" of dirty snow and slush on top of the missiles, then attempted to brush out the hundreds of boot-prints around the translauncher.

It looked terrible!...but I guess it was what was expected...well, maybe not quite what was expected, but at least we had done our best!

As we trudged in the direction of the admin building for a cup of coffee to warm our soaked and chilled bodies, we met our favorite E-8 coming out to meet us. The words he spoke have remained etched in my mind for the past 39 years: "Gentlemen," he mumbled quietly, "The photographer can't make it because of icy roads. The Boss wants you to remove the snow from the missiles and prepare for a simulated launch!"

Oooops!...What's wrong here?



If you ever questioned the parcentage of the Mace, let this photo remove any doubts.

This is but one of many photos from a magazine Fred Horky donated to our library. The magazine is *International Plastic Modelers Society / United States Branch Quarterly*, Summer 1986. Fred and another modeler authored a beautifully detailed two-part series about the history of the Mace. I'll publish a condensed version of the article over the next couple of newsletters and also scan some photos. The story is excellent, as are the photos. My sincere thanks to Fred for all the great material he submitted.

Mace/Matador Missileers
Gary Sand, Newsletter Editor
1486 Rolling Acres Drive
Argyle, Texas 76226



**Postmaster Please Forward
If Undeliverable, Return to Sender**

Matadors ready to roll, somewhere near Hahn AB Germany. I had to repair the photo, which accounts for some of the blurred features. Can anyone identify the location and status of the birds, and what year this was?



EXIT SMILING

This time we take a look at some actual newspaper headlines....enjoy!

"Something Went Wrong in Jet Crash, Expert Says"
"Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over"
"Teacher Strikes Idle Kids"
"Plane Too Close to Ground, Crash Probe Told"
"Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant"
"Two Soviet Ships Collide, One Dies"
"War Dims Hope for Peace"
"If Strike isn't Settled Quickly, It May Last a While"
"Astronaut Takes Blame for Gas in Spacecraft"
"Sex Education Delayed, Teachers Request Training"

EVENT ACTIVITIES AND FACILITIES

Activities: Not all activities have been decided at this time, but we will have a buffet dinner on Friday, to be followed by music and dancing. A well-known party DJ will be spinning records from the forties, fifties and early sixties, with a touch of Texas country. I know a lot of you will be more interested in visiting than dancing, but what better atmosphere to renew friendships than listening to great music from our youthful days. Saturday evening is the banquet, featuring a menu of Top Sirloin and Chicken Provencale (I think that's French for fancy, herbed, chicken breast!). Jackets for the men and appropriate attire for the ladies is suggested.

From 5-7PM every evening, the hotel hosts a reception with free cocktails, and each morning offers a free made-to-order breakfast to all guests. As you can see, we're getting a lot of bang for the buck!

We hope to schedule a couple of other activities for spouses and friends on Saturday afternoon, but it will depend on the wishes of the attendees. Among the possibilities are a trip to The Galleria shopping center, which is home to the world-famous Neiman Marcus store. Another is a trip from Grapevine to the Fort Worth Stockyards tourist area, aboard an old steam train named the Tarantula. If any of those sound like fun, let us know early enough to set something up.

The area has dozens of other interesting places to visit, a few of which are the site of JFK's assassination, Rangers baseball stadium, a horse racing track, Texas Motor Speedway, the Fort Worth Zoo, plus a host of beautiful golf courses. There are at least 3 public golf courses within easy driving distance of our hotel, so you duffers can keep in practice. I'll publish the course names and phone numbers in a later newsletter.

For those wishing to visit a military installation, Fort Worth Joint Reserve Base (formerly Carswell AFB), is located about 30 mile southwest of the event site. Now operated by the US Navy, units from all branches of the service are tenants, and the usual base facilities are available.

The Hotel: Plush and beautiful are the best words to describe the Embassy Suites-Outdoor World. The suites are large, cheery and have all the amenities of home. The hotel opened a year ago in a rapidly growing area just north of DFW airport and right next door to great shopping. The huge lobby with a 12 story atrium is graced by a fountain, forests and quiet seating areas in which to visit with friends. The lobby also features a large sports bar only a short distance from our meeting areas, which made it unnecessary for us to pay extra for a cash bar.

You might even consider inviting some non-missileer friends to join you on your DFW visit. They can stay at the hotel for our special rates, and even attend the dance, although they would not be able to join in our group meals. Make plans to stay an extra day or two and take in the sights of North Texas.

Please make your interests known by filling out the back of the registration form. Send it in early so we can make plans for other activities and also to take advantage of the big savings for early-bird registration. We're looking forward to seeing you in Texas!

In addition to the scheduled events, I would like to:

☐

Ride the steam train from Grapevine to Fort Worth.

☐

Visit the Galleria and Neiman Marcus

☐

Other _____

Dallas/Fort Worth Event Information

The Event: A social gathering of all former Mace and Matador Missileers, their families and friends, to take place at the ***Embassy Suites-Outdoor World*** in Grapevine, Texas from **24-26 August, 2000**.

The Price: For all activities including a Friday night buffet dinner, dance and Saturday Banquet the cost will be **\$90** per individual and **\$180** per couple. If you register and pay in full by 1 May 2000, the **Early-bird discounted** price is **\$70** for an individual and **\$140** for a couple. Additional guests are \$70 and \$90. These fees are strictly for the events and apply whether you stay at the hotel or not. Walk-ins will be charged \$20 per person to attend the Friday dance. This is the only event that may be paid for on a walk-in basis.

The early-bird discount is substantial and only covers actual costs of meals, tax and gratuities. The reason for the discount is to hopefully obtain some funds to offset the required deposits and early incurred expenses. It should also give us an idea of expected attendance so we can better prepare for the event. Any funds accrued above actual expenses will be applied towards the 2001 reunion in Orlando.

Registration: Early-bird registration is any time prior to 1 May 2000. Normal registration will take place between 2 May and 7 August, which is the date when we must furnish a final meal count to the hotel.

Room Rates: The special room rate offered to our group is **\$89** per night. This rate is for up to four people per suite and will be in effect only for the nights of 23-26 August 2000. This allows one additional day each side of the scheduled event for those who wish to arrive early or stay an extra day to visit the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Walk-ins must pay regular hotel rates and will be accommodated on a space available basis.

Rooms Reservations: Room reservations and payment are the responsibility of the individual member and reservations must be made by 7 August to take advantage of the special rates. Remember, we have only 100 rooms blocked, so it's first come, first served. When you make your reservations, make sure you identify yourself as a member of our group so the hotel can keep an accurate record. Our rates depend on it! To make reservations, call: **1-800-EMBASSY** or to contact the hotel directly, call: **(972)-724-2670**.

Cancellations: If you pre-paid the early-bird price, your entire registration fee will be refunded if we are notified by 1 May 2000. Anyone who cancels between 2 May and 7 August will be charged a cancellation fee of \$10 per person. No refunds should be expected after 7 August since meals have already been ordered and paid for, but in case of an emergency, we will be flexible.

Questions: If you have any questions, address them to Joe at 904-282-9064, e-mail: perkster@fcol.com or Gary at 940-464-0490, e-mail: gsand@quik.com.

REGISTRATION FORM

YOUR NAME _____ SPOUSE or GUEST _____

ADDITIONAL GUESTS _____

Please make check or money order payable to

Joe Perkins and send to:

Joe Perkins
2019 Cornell Rd.
Middleburg, FL 32068

Prices

Before 1 May 2000
After 1 May 2000

Individual

\$70
\$90

couple

\$140
\$180

Additional

guests

\$70
\$90

Reminder! This registration does not make hotel reservations, see the newsletter for hotel phone number and reservation info.

Date _____

Total Amount Sent _____