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# Acknowledgments

In the preparation of this new edition, I received help, advice, and hair-raising anecdotes from dozens of people in the know. Thousands of military pilots have enjoyed Red Flags E-ticket ride, and fortunately they love talking about it. I'll mention only a few; but as the saying goes, the rest of you know who you are. My thanks go to Gen. Chuck Horner, chief architect of our enormously successful air war in the Persian Gulf and one of Red Flag's earliest cheerleaders. Thanks also to Capt Eric "Neck" Dodson, a Silver Starbedecked Falcon driver who's experienced both Red Flag and the more realistic version south of Baghdad. And to Red Flag staff officers Col. Jim Henderson, Lt. Col. Murky Waters, Lt. Col. Phil "PT" Finke, Maj. John "Bunky" Barrett, and intel whiz Capt. Heidi Kasel, who gave me up-to-date poop on how things are run in today's desert exercises.

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Kudos as well for the Rio Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas, my favored hangout when staying in that decidedly strange town. It's new, hot, and very well run; it even has a pool with a real sand beach! Eschew the Strip and try it next time. And no this is not a paid plug.

The photos in this book were taken on many flights over the vast Nevada ranges during the last dozen years. On my one and only fast-mover hop in a real Red Flag exercise, I was so terrified by the spectacle of seventy jets within Sidewinder range that I could scarcely focus the camera. More relaxed flights in tankers, AWACS, and C-130 bush-beaters yielded the best shots. My thanks to a hundred nameless pilots for pretty posing and shit-hot flying.

George Hall  
October 1992

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