



## Lynn Roger Hebler

December 10, 1935 - May 31, 2017

Over eighty years ago, a boy was born near a small town in the far eastern part of Iowa. The lad grew up on the banks of the Mississippi River, where he learned to hunt for rabbit and pheasant and fish for bluegill, crappie and catfish. He went to several grade schools and later attended Clinton High School, where he participated in the student government, theater, athletic and social programs, making many friends and cultivating a well-rounded education, always seeking to learn more. During the summer, he attended water safety courses offered by the Red Cross. He became a Life Guard and taught many young Clintonians how to swim.

After a somewhat confused year after high school and a mediocre year at the local community college, he decided to join the United States Air Force to see if he could create a better person and a better life. So he left the plains of Iowa and embarked on a journey that would take him around the world several times, take him to the backside of the desert as well as to the garden spots of this earth.

On this journey he attended language school at Indiana University, where he met a young girl with whom he instantly fell in love. A Southern Indiana girl who became a fantastic wife, a terrific mother, an excellent cook, a great seamstress, a mentor to the younger military wives and a tireless worker for all things good. Into this union came three children. Although constantly uprooted from their social and school bonds, and having every opportunity to go bad, they remained strong and grew to become fine Americans.

He became part of a brotherhood of men with unbreakable bonds, forged on lonely midnight shifts and even lonelier Christmas days. He became part of a hard-working, hard-drinking, hard-playing group that didn't know when to quit. That bond has only grown stronger over the years of retirement. Vicarious pleasure is taken when the old timers recall their many sorties, sometimes stretching the truth a bit.

So now that 18-year old kid is retired, not quite as fit as before, a little heavy around the paunch, grey hair thinning, but thankful for those years, for those comrades both living and gone, thankful for an opportunity to be part of this thing of ours, thankful for the hours of boredom and the few moments of an adrenalin rush that can't be matched when the challenge is there right in our midst. We are a group of rapidly aging and steadily disappearing veterans of a war that was fought with skills and talents not normally associated with the military, nor understood by the general public. Our pride is in accomplishments that are often secret, and memories are about things that happened, but will be officially denied.

In another time, a long line of young men boarded piston-engined, fire belching Military Air Transport Command aircraft or gut-wrenching, corklike Military Sea Transport Service ships, headed for various corners of the world. Earlier, some basic training designed to instill a unique military bearing and attitude had been completed. They learned to march, salute and keep the gig line straight. After taking a battery of aptitude tests, the various counselors decided which career field was best suited for these young men, after which they were sent to a variety of stateside schools where they would be instructed in the unique craft of gleaning intelligence on enemy threats to the United States. They would accomplish this through the acquisition and analysis of foreign military communications. These young men, thrust into a job they previously didn't even know existed, represented a major cog in the key to America's success in the Cold War. It's been said that an army moves on its stomach, but equally important is that it moves on intelligence.

The '50's and '60's were unique in communications intelligence. Never before

or again would there be such numbers of people deployed to such a wide variety of foreign posts – in both wonderful locations and tiny little out-of-the-way places considered to be hardship tours. One of these men initially went to Germany. That was where he honed his skills as a personnel specialist, a linguist or an analyst. It was one of those wonderful locations.

He wasn't just effective on the job though. He was a person of many interests who quickly fit in with the other operators both on and off the job. This resulted in being awarded the Air Force Commendation Medal three times, and also the Meritorious Service Medal.

The Cold War was a watershed time in modern history and Hap was an important part of it. Like the rest of us, he probably didn't appreciate the significance of his contribution as it was happening, but it really was a special time filled with special people. Those comrades of mine are closer to me than brothers. They know more about me than my family does, good and bad. We conquered insane missions together, roomed and drank together, calmed each other when troubles came. We knew each others' secrets, observed each other in the best and worst of situations. We backed each other absolutely, or cornered one another for a little "career counseling" over beer and sighs when something went wrong. We knew how to make the mission work, a mission whose peculiarity lay in the concept that it was better to be known as someone who could competently and consistently perform at the top of his or her potential without regard for rank. It was terribly fraternal, and it was perfect.

Time has a way of moving quickly and catching one unaware of the passing years. It seems just yesterday that I was young, newly married and embarking on life with my mate. And yet in a way, it seems like eons ago, and I wonder where all the years went. I know that I lived them all. I have glimpses of how it was back then and of all my hopes and dreams.

But, here it is, the winter of my life and it catches me by surprise. How did I get here so fast? Where did my youth go? I remember seeing older people

through the years and thinking that those older people were years away from me and that winter was so far off that I could not fathom it or imagine fully what it would be like. But, here it is. My friends are retired and really getting gray. Some are in better shape than me. Some are worse, barely hanging on, and still more are gone, good memories to those of us who remain. Each day now, I find that just getting a shower is a real target for the day. So now I enter into this new season of my life, unprepared for all the aches and pains and the loss of strength and ability to go and do things, often ending up in utter frustration. The winter has come, and I'm not sure how long it will last. There are things I wish I hadn't done, things I should have done, but there are many things I'm happy to have done. It's all in a lifetime.

# Previous Events

## Visitation

JUN 9. 2:00 PM - 3:00 PM (CT)

Mission Park Funeral Chapels Cherry Ridge  
3401 Cherry Ridge Dr  
San Antonio, TX 78230  
(210) 349-1414  
<https://www.missionparks.com/>

## Celebration of His Life

JUN 9. 3:00 PM - 4:00 PM (CT)

Mission Park Funeral Chapels Cherry Ridge  
3401 Cherry Ridge Dr  
San Antonio, TX 78230  
(210) 349-1414  
<https://www.missionparks.com/>

# Tribute Wall

ST

“ I had the rare opportunity to know Lynn in Germany and years later in San Antonio where we had the unique opportunity to form up the 37th Civil Engineering Squadron after the closure of SARPMA IN 1989. We both had transitioned from the field of intelligence tok CE. He headed up the squadrons computer unit, and I as Chief, Industrial Engineering. His outstanding devotion to duty helped us earn top honors in AETC on four consecutive occasions and the top honor in the AF in 2000. I never met a more competent and dedicated individual as Lynn. He was also a patriot who loved his country and people of all ethnicities. As an African American, he along with our mentor, Pop D'arcy, were the two men I loved, and looked up to throughout my 48 years of military and civil service careers.

Sanford "Joe" Turner

---

Sanford "Joe" Turner - July 26, 2021 at 06:28 PM



“ Pretty Please was purchased for the family of Lynn Roger Hebler.



---

June 06, 2017 at 07:17 PM

FJ

“ Lynn and I went to language school together in 1955, went to Germany in the same outfit and our paths have crossed several times throughout our careers. We kept in touch after our retirements and got together several times throughout the past 61 years. We both shared a love for hunting and did so whilst in language school at the Univ of Indiana. We also kept in touch through the internet on an almost daily connection. We "hit it off" and were always close due to our similar interests and personalities. We shared many memories and similar experiences and I will miss him dearly. Rest in peace Good Friend.

*Frank J. Valois Jr.*

---

**Frank J. Valois Jr.** - June 05, 2017 at 12:15 AM

JT

“ John Toillion lit a candle in memory of Lynn Roger Hebeler



---

**John Toillion** - June 03, 2017 at 06:20 PM

JT

“ I first met Hap in Darmstadt in 1970 and we hit off from the start as we are both from Iowa had many common interests (hunting, fishing, sports). He was a fun guy to be around and a mentor to us all - even us Ditty Boppers.

---

**John Toillion** - June 03, 2017 at 06:20 PM

LH

“ 2 files added to the album New Album Name



---

**Linda Hebler** - June 02, 2017 at 09:08 PM

LH

*Photo Of Lynn Hebler when he was 20 year old in Grunstadt, Germany.*

---

**Linda Hebler** - June 02, 2017 at 09:11 PM

RW

“ *I, like Red Barthel met Lynn in 1956. It was my first assignment to USAFSS and Lynn took me under his wing and treated me like a brother rather than "a newbie". The gang out at Grunstadt hill were a great bunch to be with an Lynn always had a story to tell which always kept us in good spirits. Rest in Peace my brother. Kay and I send our condolences to the entire family and I appreciate Steve for keeping everyone informed.*

*The blond haired jeep.*

---

**Ron Weaver** - June 02, 2017 at 01:02 PM

MB

“ I first met Lynn in 1956 when I was assigned to the 6914th RSM at Sembach AB, Germany. We served at various locations throughout my AF career and he was the last guy I talked to the day I retired from the AF. As a result of the internet, I was able to reconnect with Lynn and we were able to share memories from our days in the AF. My condolences to the family and I pray for the Hebel family. Rest in Peace dear friend.

*Merritt "Red" Barthel*

---

**Merritt Barthel** - June 02, 2017 at 04:05 AM