

Summer 2011

Issue 16

The Intake

Journal of the Super Sabre Society
Published Thrice a Year: March, July and November



— 32nd Fighter Day Squadron on Parade —
“Slobberin’ Wolfhounds” C-model Huns circa 1958

PLUS: Reunion 2011 — After Action Report ... see page 7

The Intake

Summer 2011, Vol. 1, Issue 16

JOURNAL OF THE SUPER SABRE SOCIETY

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NOTICE

SABRE PILOTS ASSOCIATION
If you flew any model of the F-86, you are eligible to join this association.
Contact J.R. Alley
(alleyoop3@cox.net).



A very low resolution copy of the front cover photo was sent in by Bill Swendner about a year ago in response to the Issue 13 story about some 32nd FDS pilots and the double bailouts they suffered near Wheelus. Long story, but we liked the photo a lot. It was taken by Dick Bolstad shortly after famous Korean War Ace "Boots" Blesse took command and changed the Wolfhounds' tail & nose paint jobs from green and white to red, white and blue. Thanks again to Ann Thompson and Shaun Ryan for more Photo Shop magic on a better copy from Henk Scharringa.

Dues Status

If your DUES STATUS (printed on the envelope this came in) is "In Arrears," our records show that as of July 10, you had not paid for 2011: \$25 payable on or before January 1 of each year. If you are "In Arrears," please take care of that Member responsibility ASAP!

If you're not sure of your dues status, take action to find out! Contact: CFO (David Hatten) at email, david@houseofhatten.com / phone (512) 261-5071, or Editor (R. Medley Gatewood) at rgatewood@comcast.net / phone (505) 293-8396.



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The Intake - Journal of the SSS

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Staff Corner

From the President's Desk

This edition of *The Intake* contains many photos and cogent comments regarding our third biennial reunion. With the major exceptions of the Ethiopian fracas and the musical chairs at the banquet, the reunion was another success. While we had no control over the Ethiopians, the hotel at least made amends by keeping the bar open for an extended, on-the-house period. As for the lack of a seating scheme at the banquet, Les Frazier is working on a foolproof plan to eliminate the problem for our 2013 reunion. Bear with us, please.

The 2013 SSS reunion was scheduled early-on for the Gold Coast Hotel (hopefully sans Ethiopians), so it would again dovetail with the F-86 Sabre Pilots Association reunion. That arrangement can't be changed after the fact. As for the 2015 reunion, we are forming an ad hoc committee to examine alternate locations. Cost and access, along with activities, such as golf, will be major factors in the evaluation. As most hotels with conference facilities like to get their conventions lined up at least two years in advance, it is not too early to get started. We intend to announce the new location for the 2015 reunion at the 2013 reunion.

On the right is a photo of what is currently referred to by folks as an "enhancement" to the Flying Tiger's airfoil at the Udvar-Hazy museum. This enhancement was created to provide additional information to the current and future generations of visitors about the Flying Tigers, what they flew and their mission. This "future generations" consideration is applicable to both the F-86 Sabre Pilots Association and the SSS.



Appropriately, both organizations are in the process of obtaining enhancements to their airfoils. Presently, the average Udvar-Hazy passerby has probably never heard of an F-100, let alone the SSS. To provide this needed info, Medley Gatewood has contacted Keith Farris and found him willing to help in designing our enhancement. We are thrilled to have such talent aboard this project and will keep you posted.

After a year, we have only about 400 names on the SSS airfoil. That's not a good response. I've been told that some believe their names were added to our airfoil automatically, just because they are SSS'rs. That is not the case. We encourage those not yet registered to join those of us who are by completing an application and donating a minimum of \$100. See the article on page 26 of *The Intake*, Issue 15, for details.

Finally, here is a reminder that the current Vice-Chair, Ex. Dir., and Secretary terms will end in 2013, and new directors need to be elected to take their place. So, brave souls, give some thought to throwing your hat in the ring. We'll announce the nomination process later this year.

Cheers,
Bill Gorton

From the Editor

My editorial musings can be found on page 17 of this issue, so as to place them closer to our special, center spread offerings on pages 18 and 19. This one-time move also frees up this space to report on the growing Hun Prestige License Plate Collection we initiated at Ken Peterson's suggestion in the last issue on page 7. Neat plates have trickled in! Here's how they stack up.

First in was from Photo Editor Shaun Ryan. When I asked him what make, model and vintage of the fine automobile it was mounted on (standard info for this dept.), he said, "I have to admit it is on a 2010 Honda Fit. After driving a 3/4 ton diesel truck for 10 years, I wanted something that was easy and fun to drive around town."



Next in was a jewel from Wayne Heise. He wrote: "To whom ever is in charge of printing stuff. Re: The enclosed tag picture—it was the best of both worlds! On occasions, I get responses on the road, the latest being some elderly gent in a town car, honking his horn as he went by and giving me a 'thumbs up.' His plate read, 'F-4 - F-16!' —Wayne"



Lastly, an input from Ed "Hawk" Wells. He says, "Here's a close-up of my plate that has been on at least four of my cars, mostly Porsches, for many years. It is now mounted on my BMW 328i convertible, hardtop.



Thanks, guys. Some really great prestige stuff! But, there just has to be more Hun plates out there, one would think? RMG

Incoming/Outgoing – Correspondence

We are pleased to receive long, short, mostly great, and a few not-quite-so-great correspondence items via various media sources. Member/critic feedback continues to be very positive. Here are some incoming samples and outgoing replies since the last issue. We also include some items in need of discussion that aren't directly related to the last issue. Ed.



General Comments on Issue 15

It's always interesting to read or hear the comments on each issue that is published just before a reunion. In this case, particularly so, because the "best yet" verdict curve (which had leveled off somewhat) surged upward again. That was true in the incoming correspondence of all types, and in the plethora of face-to-face exchanges with members at the reunion that I and other volunteers of The Intake's staff experienced. Thanks to all of you from all of us! Now, to specifics.



Kudos on the PIF (Pilot's Information Folder, a SSS "chat room")

As many of you know, I don't participate in the "can-be-rowdy-at-times" SSS PIF because it would be so much fun, my Editor duties might be seriously neglected. However, some of the players there send us some really good stuff from time to time that we've published. There was no room to publish the last item forwarded to me after Issue 15 came out, but it involved some serious kudos (some with appropriate adult phraseology) about the quality and characteristics of our journal and how it reflects some Sierra Hotel work on the part of all of our talented staff. We seriously appreciated the kind words, PIF guys!



"Mr. F-100" Inputs for Issue 15

F-100 authority [Dave Menard](#) was one of the first to congratulate us on Issue 15, and, as usual, he had some additional information and corrections for us. First, there was a color photo of the first F-100A assigned to Wright Air Development Center that Dave suggests was probably the aircraft [Bud Evans](#) flew in his story relating his Hun checkout there back in August of 1955. Second, Dave says the proper nomenclature for the "XF-100F" described in Bud's "Profile" on page 27 was actually the "NF-100F" and sent a photo of it. We confirmed the accuracy of "NF" and discovered that "N" means that modifications prevented such aircraft from returning to regular operational service. These two historic photos from Dave, with additional info, are featured in the Super Sabre Snapshots...and Other Important Imagery department of this issue on page 34.

Lastly, in regard to [Ed Siert's](#) story, titled "Bigfoot Sighting at Bien Hoa," Dave correctly pointed out that Ed's mention of the "613th TFS from England AFB" being the other Hun unit at Bien Hoa at the time was incorrect; it was the 416th TFS which had moved down from Da Nang a month earlier after three hard months of TDY there. Dave said, "I was NCOIC of the tire shop of the 416th and well remember the nice clean Huns of the 307th arriving and wondering how long it would take for them to look like our very tired ones."

In an email exchange with Ed, I told him of Dave's comment. Ed replied, regarding his thoughts when writing the story, "I was hesitant about the 416th/613th so I just guessed, knowing somebody would set it right. I knew they were from England AFB, and I had a number of good friends in that squadron, but my mind has a tendency to transpose numbers and the memory is definitely defective, just ask my wife." So, the correct unit is duly noted. No ruffled feathers! Thanks for all your inputs, Dave.



Typical TAC Rote and "A Cadaver for Évreux"

["Randy" Burnside](#) loved Jim Brasier's tale of derring-do and high jinks during a serious Cold War deployment abroad in 1962. Why? Because Randy was a member of Jim's outfit and eyewitness to back up Jim's outrageous reports and claims. Here's Randy's email and recollections of the various parts he played in the story.

I was an excited 1st Lieutenant who felt qualified to "do it," since I had ferried a short, straight-probed Hun from Hahn AB earlier that year. But once into the deployment, I realized there was a hell of an experience yet ahead.

The night of the launch from Myrtle Beach, the rain was just as bad as Jim described it. Col. Speedy Pete Everest, our Director of Operations, showed up on my ladder in the downpour to wish me good luck. He had on shorts, sneakers and a raincoat with eagles. I was impressed. I was wet. After engine start, on time, the crew chief advised me I had a fuel tank leak and had to abort. Without a moment's hesitation, I shut down and raced to the spare, which was supposed to have been pre-flighted and ready. Trustingly, I started, taxied and managed to skid right in front of a much chagrined Harv Damschen, the number one spare pilot. But what the hell, all's fair in love and war, is it not?

Take-off was scary—all that rain—but it got really scary when I realized I only had a half tank of oxygen (who did the pre-flight on the spare, anyway?). Slow breathing didn't help, and soon I was down to zero: the cruise-climb to 40



Which is Randy?

thousand to avoid weather made it worse. “Lt. sense” kept me from telling my boss that I had a tremendous headache—like an Indian arrow through my head! To add insult to injury, a TDY Tennessee Air National Guard F-104 pilot from Moron hit us head-on supersonic on our decent and my head exploded—so much for the arrow. The rest is as Jim told it.

Oh yes. I avoided the “King’s palm” at Wheelus, and we were intercepted by French Mystères somewhere over the Med. Then after a stop at Aviano, we landed at Incirlik for an interesting five-month tour (think Cuban Missile Crisis in October 1962). — **Randy Burnside** P.S. I do admit involvement in the “cadaver caper.” It seemed like fun at the time!

Thanks Randy, we have another Jim Brasier story waiting in the wings. Wonder if you played in that one too?



Huns in the Horn of Africa Story

A couple of inputs to this story have led to further and interesting developments. The first, a handwritten note from **James “Geech” Hamilton**, said simply, “Really enjoyed the article ‘Huns in the Horn.’ I knew of Huns flown by the French, but not in Djibouti! I read a lot of aviation history because I’m a member of the local [Leesville, SC] International Plastic Modeler’s Society (keeps me out of the bar).” I replied to Geech, thanking him for the input, and that led to a triangular email exchange between the two of us and Dave Menard to evaluate a French booklet of paint schemes for all Hun units including non-USA users. You guessed it; the booklet even shows the paint scheme for the “Sharks of the Red Sea” Huns in the Horn of Africa.

Another kudo on this story came from **Phil Ecklund** who also didn’t know about the Huns of Djibouti, but he did have an eerie experience with French Huns in France. He’s going to try to find some slides he took of these French Huns in 1978, and maybe we’ll have the rest of his story in a future issue.



Art Imitates Art Story

We had several positive responses to this story about how the front cover of Issue 15 came to be. One from **Don Schmenk** includes another look inside the world of airplane modeling that you’ll find in this issue’s “Would You Believe It?...and Other Amazing Stories” department on page 33. Another input from **Peter Vanderhoef** sheds some light on the nose art of “Bunny’s Hunny” and a few others that are of interest. In a handwritten note he sent with his dues, he says, “FYI, Lt. Col. Comstock asked me to paint the ‘Death’s Head’ on his Hun in the summer of 1965. I also painted Paul Cohagan’s ‘Leprechaun,’ ‘Shad’ Dvorchak’s ‘The Shadow’ (from the cartoon in *Mad Magazine*), and my plane (shared with Jerry Salome) ‘Pretty Penny’ (a silhouette of a Playboy bunny).” — **Pete Vanderhoef**, 481st TSN, 1965.” Any other SSS nose art artists out there?



20th Fighter Wing Association Reunion Notice

This from **Dave Skilling**: 20th Fighter Wing Association reunion, all hands, all ranks, 1930s to present 20th FW and predecessors (20th FG, FBW, TFW). San Antonio, TX Oct 26-30, 2011. See further details and sign up at <http://www.20fwa.org/> or if you’re unable, email abbyndavid@aol.com or call 770-429-9955.

I’m a member of this storied outfit and truly regret I won’t be able to make it to San Antonio this year. But by all accounts, and spelled out nicely in their reunion preview on their website, it looks to be a really outstanding event. **Crow Wilson** and his able volunteer staff have planned well and the costs seem very reasonable for this particular venue. So, you “Victory by Valor” folks need to get signed up and enjoy a really first class experience, “...deep in the heart of Texas!” It’ll really be a fun-for-all fling.

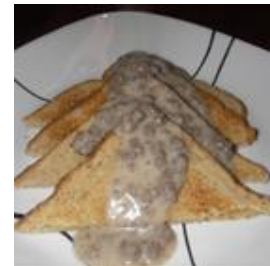


Reunion 2011 Afterburner Brunch-Related Anecdote

Pete Davitto wrote the OPREP for this reunion’s final event, and his report originally ended with an interesting true life adventure. Alas, we had to cut it from the full “Reunion After Action Report” to keep it from going to 10 pages. But Pete’s story deserves to be told, so we simple pasted it here. Thanks for this report from the hills of Habersham, Pete.

Every Wednesday morning at 8AM, a group of old timers and I meet for breakfast at the Batesville (GA) General Store. Its only claim to fame is that it was romanticized in the Robert Mitchum movie “Thunder Road.” Seems we had a ton of bootleggers in these parts back in those days and they bought their sugar in 50# sacks at the store. Mind you this was when they had sugar rationing cards. Oops, one other claim to fame: “Best Biscuits in Batesville.”

I took Hoz’s Marine SOS recipe to the General Store and asked Mark, the cook (owner’s son & a Marine) if he would whip up a batch, which he did on the following Wednesday morning. I made up a nice sign announcing the special breakfast, but the cook and I were the only takers—I had seconds. Seems we have too many Soldiers, Marines, and Sailors in the group ‘cause they said, “Screw You. I had more of that crap in the service than I care to remember and I’m not eating it again.” Their loss. It was very good, but I doubt Mark will make any more, any time soon...Rats! — **Pete Davitto** ■



Finger lickin’ good?

Stake Your Claim (SYC)

By Ed “Hawk” Wells (Contacts: maka@comcast.net, (615) 419-4308.)

SYC inputs continued at a reduced rate, even after the reunion. One from [Mike Paradise](#) briefly posed a problem for us. He suggested we consider claims for given Hun bases and/or the units that operated from them. If we accepted his suggestion and tracked such claims, it would be like opening Pandora’s Box (er Container), i.e., producing a flood of claims resulting in turf battles, the likes of which you wouldn’t believe. To preclude that, and the fact that SYC was established to recognize individual achievement in the Hun (not unit achievements), we’ve declined Mike’s suggestion. However, Mike’s “research” on the twin issues of what units operated what kinds of Huns the longest is an interesting adventure and a tale that deserves to be told—somewhere—and we’ll get to it. Now...on to legitimate SYC stuff. —Hawk

New Claims Searching for a claim that will probably remain unchallenged, [Dick Hefton](#) came up with a good one. He initially attended ground school for the bird in late October 1954 at George AFB; but the Hun “As” were grounded until he separated a year later, and he never got to fly the bird. Nearly 18 years later, he finally was checked out in the Hun at the Fort Smith ANG Base, Arkansas. Dick is awarded the new claim title for **Longest time between ground school and flight = 17 y, 10 m.**

[Crow Wilson](#) writes, “While Jack Doub’s title of **572 combat missions in the F-100** is impressive and a well deserved credit, I’ll claim the **Most combat missions in the F-100 for a 1-year tour = 346.**” That’s impressive too, so we asked Crow for a little more info about how he pulled off that number, before declaring this new category open. Here’s his story: “I arrived at Tuy Hoa (31st TFW, 306th TFS) on 2 Nov ‘67 and left on 2 Nov ‘68.

“Shortly after I got checked out, Dak To got hot and I flew a lot there. Next BIG item was TET. Of course that brought many opportunities to fly a lot, on both scheduled and alert sorties. Then came Hue, Khe Sanh and other hot spots, like Kham Duc, as you [Medley] are well familiar with, etc. I did very little R & R because I didn’t like the hassle of getting there and back. Hence, I flew a lot. Many times, especially during TET, “Indian Jim” Jim Graham, the Ops Officer, would come by our hooch area and ask, “Who wants to fly?”, normally in the evening or night. I did, of course! Of those 346 missions, 105 were at night.”

Crow, you have your claimed title. But, will it stand?

Claim Challenges This one is quite easy. [Bill “Deadeye” Berkley](#) was the flight surgeon whose claim of ejecting from a Hun was misplaced, but faintly recalled and requested by the Editor in the SYC department of Issue 15. Bill let us know it was he who ejected while flying with Bill Barnitz in 1975, thus tying Larry DeSanto’s title of “Only flight surgeon to eject from a Hun.” Larry and Bill will now jointly hold the title — **Only flight surgeons to eject from the Hun.** There may be more out there, but remember, we only track the first two ties of any SYC record, so this is a closed category now. (“Deadeye,” you might want to submit your adventure with Barnitz to the SSS Caterpillar Club, via Les Frazier. RMG, Ed.)

Bill McCollum previously held the title for **Last to fly the Hun = October, 2002.** Beating Bill’s date by a number of years, [Charlie Friend](#) recently made several flights in a former Danish Hun recently acquired from Mr. David Tokopf by the *Collings Foundation*, culminating with its short roll-out ceremony flight carrying both him and **Bud Day** on March 29, 2011 at Ellington Airport. (For further info on this recent Hun flying activity by SSS members, see “Misty 01 Flies Again” on page 30 of this issue.) Since then, Charlie continued to fly that bird, checking out some of the *Collings Foundation* pilots for full-time Hun flying duties. Charlie’s last flight before press time was on April 1 of this year and he holds the title **Last to fly the Hun = April 1, 2011.** Charlie says there may still be some part-time Hun flying for *Collings* in his future. Stand by for title updates...the lucky dog!

It’s long been a mystery to me why no one has stepped up to wrest the SYC title for **Best student dart kill ratio**, a claim now held by Charlie Friend since Issue Nine. As an IP at Luke in the 17th and (later) 15th squadrons, I know for sure that more than one of my students, as well as others, scored seven for seven. [Ed Haerter](#), flying with former Skyblazer Lead Pat Kramer in class 63-A, now makes that claim and now holds the title = **7 of 7 missions.** Congratulations Ed, from “Hawk,” one who knows about dart shootin’, as did Pat Kramer!

Many of us will remember that Laos was hot news in the early SEA days because of the conflict with the Pathet Lao, and that we had a Hun presence at Tahkli as early as 1962. Squadrons from Cannon deployed there as a show of force, and the 522nd squadron with a full compliment of aircraft replaced a 474th Wing squadron. [Norm Turner](#) and [Hal Hermes](#) tied [Norm Battaglia’s](#) claim when they later brought a two-ship flight back to Cannon — **Fewest Huns on a KB-50 supported crossing = Flight of 2** (is now a closed category).

Changes to the SYC Scoreboard as a result of this column will be made and posted on the website by the time you get your copy. Why not review it and be thinking of new categories in which you can set the first mark. Meanwhile, wash out the BS flags and check the golf spikes for sharpness. —Hawk

P.S. See last minute SYC challenge, page 35.

Reunion 2011 — After Action Report

By R. Medley Gatewood

*It's hard to believe that our third biennial reunion has come and gone already, but it has. As usual, in the run up to the big event, speculation as to whether it would be "the best yet" was rampant; the consensus being that it probably would. Well, our poll of attendees gives the nod that, on balance, Best Yet it was; but the devil is in the details. Here then is an account of the goings-on, covering the waterfront of major planned and unplanned activities and events. In any case, we again congratulate **George "Pote" Peterson** and his masterful crew of Las Vegas reunion organizers. We appreciate the hard work of all involved. Here's a chronological synopsis, with plentiful imagery, of the fun and games that preoccupied some 650 members and guests for "the duration," approximately 12-16 April, 2011.*

Again, the SSS Reunion was held hot on the heels of the F-86 Sabre Pilots Association Reunion at the same venue we've used since our first reunion, the Gold Coast Hotel and Casino, just off the Strip in Las Vegas, NV. Again, this reporter and his wife, Barbara, arrived on the afternoon of the 11th to avoid the rush expected on the opening day and its press of hotel check-in, reunion registration and intense "reunionizing" all afternoon after morning travel. Again, we were glad we did and spent an enjoyable evening in the company of many other early bird arrivals, probably more so than last time. In addition to socializing with early SSS arrivers, we enjoyed saying hello to many Sabre Pilot attendees in passing as they hurried off to their final banquet.



Gold Coast Hotel & Casino Venue — 2007, 2009, 2011 and tentatively 2013.

REGISTRATION DAY This year, many SSS members (and guests) were anxious to get the Registration Desk area and the wildly popular (introduced in 2009) "Aux Equipment" shop set up in the foyer outside our Welcome Reception meeting room, the spacious Arizona Ballroom. Then, they planned to help configure the ballroom tables with unit emblem signs, as they had done two years ago. However, this year the Sabre Pilots were having their farewell brunch in half the Arizona ballroom from 0900-1100, and another function was registering in front of the other (Nevada) ballroom on the other side of the foyer. The net results were a classic case of "When Worlds Collide!"

Nevertheless, our Registration Desk was up and ready for the scheduled 1200 opening, but it didn't make the early opening we had enjoyed in '07 and '09, which took lots of pressure off those manning this critical office. Worse, the Aux Equipment store was jammed into half the space they expected, which was just off the escalator on/off ramps. Tough location for the brisk business they enjoyed that first day. Likewise, with our ballroom in the reconfigure mode at the scheduled time of occupation (1200), the placement of the "re-engineered" unit signs showing the shields/patches of some 85 major units and squadrons (295 total units) were very late to be deployed. In fact, I don't think they got put out till the Hospitality Suite (Arizona Ballroom too) opened on Day 2. Not good.



Volunteer Shirley Vanek tries on the improvised Aux Equipment cubicle.

The Opening Bell I was asked to attend the Board of Directors



SSS Founder Les Frazier getting ready for the Registration Stampede.

(BoD) meeting scheduled to begin at 1200 in President Bill Gorton's quarters up on the 10th floor. This coincided with the official opening of the Registration Desk and the Welcoming Reception, so I can't report on specifics of how all that went down. Les has reported in a series of Toss-bombs (SSS periodic emails from the Executive Director himself) that the process was not as smooth as he would have liked, but somehow he and Chief Financial Officer Dave Hatten, with help from a battery of last minute volunteers (especially when those two had to leave for the BoD meeting) managed to sort things out without too many ruffled feathers. Les says the problems were mostly caused because so many people who had not pre-registered and paid their fees via snail mail showed up, and as a result, he and Dave (or their substitutes while they attended the BoD

meeting) were overwhelmed by the sheer volume of members eager to sign up from scratch! Les handled these problems as he would handle any aircraft emergency: 1) Maintain aircraft control, 2) Analyze the situation, 3) Apply the proper corrective action. We understand that part of the fix for future reunions will be lower pre-registration fees and higher fees for on-site walk-ons. Sounds like a good idea. And there are many other good ideas Les has for the next SSS reunion, based on his own observations of operations, and thoughtful feedback from members in response to his REUNIONREPs sent out in a series of Toss-bombs immediately after the reunion. Fact is, this *Intake* reunion coverage relies a fair amount on those reports. Thanks Les, for all your pre-reunion prep, on-site execution, and after-action reporting work.

Welcoming Reception When the doors to the Arizona Ballroom finally opened somewhere around the scheduled 1200 hour, the familiar SSS “reunionizing hum” began to build as members and guests escaped the confines of the foyer for the spacious ballroom. Inside were ample pay-as-you-go bars and later, sumptuous hors d’oeuvres buffets.

Greeting them silently in front of the ballroom stage with an empty podium were three large portrait photographs of General Gabriel Disosway (the fighter pilot commander of both USAFE and TAC in the mid-1960s, smack dab in the middle of the Hun era). No explanation for this display was evident, so included in the usual reunion chatter was casual speculation as to why the General had joined the get-together.

Rumor had it that it might have something to do with the red tickets given to members and guests when they picked up their reunion envelope at the Registration Desk. The mystery was finally solved when Pote Peterson strode to the podium around 1430 with a special announcement. It seemed that SSS’r John Disosway and his sister, Judy Malone, thought it might be nice to honor the memory of their father with a round or two of Happy Hour beverages. (Hence the red tickets, YES!)

And it was nice to drink a toast to a man well remembered for his leadership of tactical air forces as they slowly emerged from the longstanding shadow of SAC. And, as admitted by many present, General Disosway probably played important parts in the career vectors of several prominent SSS members. The proverbial good time was had by all, and the Welcoming Reception played on till 1900 when the Arizona Ballroom bars closed and “free” time took over the reunion agenda.



General Disosway remembered at special Happy Hour.

Free Time The official reunion schedule said that “If nothing is listed at a particular time, you are on your own. This is called free time.” And so it was. For some, it meant they attended the 48th TFW dinner held in a Gold Coast salon and set up by Herk Hercluson, or the Misawa Recall dinner in another Gold Coast salon set up by Ron Miller. Others may have tried the renowned seafood buffet down the street at the cavernous Rio All-Suite Casino. Lighter fare was probably available and abundant at the inevitable 90th TFS Dicemen’s Hospitality Suite. I can personally vouch for Garduño’s Mexican Restaurant across the street in the Palms Hotel & Casino (Garduño’s originated in ABQ, also home to the Palms owner family). Then, there was always the TGI-Friday restaurant and lounge (below) on the main floor of the Gold Coast. Ever popular for gaggles or just couples, it was always available and pretty darned good, too. Where e’er the free time was spent, many SSS’rs stayed up too late. This was particularly true for the Golf Outing guys and gals and the Nellis Tour troops who faced fairly early wake-up calls for the 0800 bus departures on the morrow.



THE FIRST FULL DAY Early risers found the “Java Vegas Café” waiting line tolerable for a light breakfast (avoiding the jam at the TGI-Friday restaurant experienced two years ago). This option was a good choice, especially since they knew their Golf Outing or Nellis Tour came with lunch included this year. We have a full report from the Golf

Guru, Bob “Fanjet” Fanthorpe, but we had no reporter embedded with the Nellis Tour troops. I have informal word that they were treated well and that things hadn’t changed much from the tour two years ago, except the traffic problems experienced back then had disappeared, and that made the journey there and back again fairly routine.

Golf Outing Coverage This, via Direct from Fanjet... .

It was Wednesday, 13 April '11, a day that will live forever in the memory of the 63 Hun drivers and guests who braved gale force winds to win the battle of “The Highland Falls Golf Course.” CINC Golf, Bob “Fanjet” Fanthorpe, briefed their mission as follows:

Your mission today is to deliver your ordinance (that little bitty, white ball) precisely to 18 designated targets. You will use any combination of low and high angle dive bomb, toss bomb, and strafe deliveries to the targets, while keeping any and all collateral damage to surrounding areas to a minimum. From takeoff to approach, make liberal use of the sand bottles on your jets, and in the immediate target area, repair your bomb craters.

Proceed now to your jets, complete your preflight, strap in and light ‘em up.

When the chocks are pulled, and you are marshaled off the ramp, remain in formation during taxi to your assigned departure runway. Once you’re there, arm weapons, and you are cleared for takeoff.



Briefing over the PA.

Immediately after takeoff, proceed directly to each of the 18 targets in sequence via the shortest route. During flight, defueling may be accomplished after targets #6, 14 and 18. Plan your fuel intake and burn accordingly.

After destruction of your final target, RTB to the Highlander Restaurant for BDA analysis, debriefing, and refueling.

FLY SAFE—THERE’S A LOT OF HOSTILE TERRITORY OUT THERE—AND, AS ALWAYS, CHECK SIX. THAT IS ALL. MAN YOUR JETS!

With the mission briefed, 15 four-ships and a single three-ship repeatedly attacked the Highland Falls Golf Course. They were observed using all the weapons in their jets, and every delivery mode imaginable to strategically place their ordnance on target.



The lone three-ship.

They jinked every which way to avoid the many obstacles thrown at them by the enemy, the terrain and the elements. There were misfires, inappropriate weapon choices, dirty ordnance, misaligned sights, obstructive terrain, foliage and beaches, a very unpredictable and extremely gusty wind, and a scorecard that begged for a CPA. However, the persistent Hun pilots eventually destroyed all assigned targets and RTB’d to the refueling area with limited battle damage, albeit some wind-bruised egos.



Roy Anderson Flight

Best BDA went to the Roy Anderson flight with Jim Martin, Ken Peterson, and “Pooch” Kapuscak on his wing (2009 RIP Charles “KAP” Kapuscak’s son, attending with his mom, Sharon). In very close second place, Chuck Shaheen led wingmen Paul Kimminau, Joe Stockett, and Dave Barnett. Stephen Amdor won the Closest (to the pin) “Shack” and the winner of the Longest Strafe (aka Putt) was Jay Blume.

In spite of formidable odds, all 63 participants are to be congratulated with the ever-popular “Mission Accomplished” kudo, and you can bet a good time was had by all. —**Fanjet**

I might add that the Highland Falls snack bar put on a really good luncheon buffet: monster hamburgers and hot dogs with all the fixin’s, with fine sides of every description, plus a nice little dessert and soft drinks. Attaboy to Fanjet! **RMG**

The Wednesday Hospitality Suite



I missed the morning activities here because I participated in the Golf Outing. However, I managed to bum an early ride back to the Gold Coast with Bill Hayes and his son, Adam, to catch the events scheduled for late afternoon. When I got back, I noted that Don Griffing had gotten his multi-media center in operation and had been showing all manner of Hun-related pictures and movies on giant screens in both the southeast and southwest corners of the Arizona ballroom.

That’s Don, in the orange hat and wearing his trademark suspenders, getting all set up in the morning. Note that the previously mentioned unit signs in smart, new, plastic display holders have finally been deployed properly on all the so-called Hospitality Suite tables.

The scheduled afternoon agenda included: 1) a Poet's Recital, featuring SSS'r Vito Tomasino reading his "life's work" poem *Sabre: the Journey*; 2) an Operations Update featuring AF Major Ryan Hayde, fighter pilot son-in-law of SSS'r Ken Peterson; and 3) a Contract Photo Shoot to take small group photographs—with names noted, yet—to document who attended Reunion III and post them on our website. Here's how things went down.



Poet's Recital Vito had set up the multi-media to handle the beautiful personal slides that accompany his poem, and was at the speaker's podium ready to start promptly at 1530. We had seen and admired his moving Hun poem and pictures in Issue 11 of *The Intake*. So, it was with good feelings that many SSS'rs and guests anticipated the live reading of his work in this public forum. His presentation had been received with acclaim at smaller venues for civic organizations and such, but, frankly, it was not nearly as effective in the hollowed enormity of the Arizona Ballroom. Scattered groups of ardent SSS'rs continued their reunionizing right through Vito's presentation, to the detriment of those trying hard to enjoy it. In retrospect, what was needed was a formal SSS call-to-order and introduction of Vito and his purpose. That did not happen, and as the Editor and sponsor of Vito's presentation, I take full responsibility for this failure to introduce and maintain proper decorum for this reunion event. My apologies to Vito and to those SSS members and guests attempting to enjoy his presentation.

Operations Update Originally, this event was supposed to be an update to Ken Peterson's active duty AF daughter Erin Hayde's Intel briefing on the situations in Iraq and Afghanistan she gave at the reunion two years ago. While trying to set this up, we learned that Erin had been tabbed to attend Squadron Officers School and would not be available. So, her active duty A-10 pilot husband, just back from Afghanistan and now an instructor at the Fighter Weapons School, arranged to be able to stand in for Erin. As a sponsor of this reunion event too, imagine my surprise when Pote Peterson came to the podium to introduce Ryan, and both Ryan and Erin bounced onto the stage behind Pote Pete! In any case, following his introduction, the "dynamic duo" put on an outstanding presentation, updating both the Intel and Ops situations in the two war zones on which they are experts. Hats off to both Haydes and thanks for the updates.



Maj. & Capt. Hayde
A dynamic duo, indeed!

Photo Shoot: Not!

While the above events were ending, around 1700, a serious, real-world security incident was developing in the foyer outside our Arizona Ballroom, about which most of the folks in the ballroom were unaware. It seems that again, another event was beginning in the Nevada Ballroom. This was a gathering of Ethiopians to hear an address by their President. Apparently a good sized crowd of opposition Ethiopians decided to crash the meeting in protest. They were not happy campers and didn't mix well with the SSS reunion attendees hanging out in the foyer. I wasn't an eye witness, but I understand it was pretty dicey till a substantial force of hotel and other law enforcement types appeared on the scene. Needless to say, the Photo Shoot was canceled. The Gold Coast felt so bad about the incident and interruption to the SSS reunion that they declared that Happy Hour was on them. Viva la Gold Coast! I'm told some \$3,500 of free adult beverages flowed out of the pay-as-you-go cash bars before they got



Sharon Frazier & Maya Standerfer try to escape the Ethiopian invasion with Aux Equipment shop money bags. President Gordon urged evacuation of the foyer.

shut down for the evening.

More Free Time Probably due to the extended and free Happy Hour after the Ethiopian disturbance, my recollections of Wednesday's free time are less clear than those of Tuesday's free time. I do recall spending some quality reunionizing time with the Dicemen of the 90th TFS in their Hospitality Suite, and ditto quality time with the Friends of the Super Sabre in their Hospitality Suite, both up on the 10th floor. FSS'r Pete Davitto's bathtub, filled with iced-down quality brew, was a nice touch I'd not seen in a long time.

THE SECOND FULL DAY Next morning, as I made my way (slowly) to the "Java Vegas Café" to get a takeout latte and Danish for Barbara's breakfast, I noticed some very dressed up SSS'rs headed for the arrival/departure exits near the front desk. Hummm...those must be the "old heads" who volunteered to brief the Fighter Weapons School (FWS) on how real fighter pilots saved the world back in the Hun era? And sure enough, that's who they were. Ron Standerfer volunteered to head up and organize this group, whose briefings were requested by the FWS as sort of a reciprocal courtesy for Nellis' support of our popular Base Tour, as I understand it. Here's Ron's OPREP on this excursion.

FWS Briefings Shortly after the bus left for the Thursday morning Nellis Tour, a small caravan departed the hotel for the same destination, but for a different purpose. Their mission: to brief FWS pilots and crewmembers on the role of the F-100 during the Cold War. The briefers had much in common. All were retired field grade officers with at least one combat tour in SEA; all had been handpicked from a long list of SSS volunteers; and all had prepared meticulously for their presentations.

The briefings were held in a small auditorium. Each briefer was allocated 20 minutes; not a lot of time to describe a history as illustrious as that of the F-100. Six different briefing topics were presented: 1) The Early Days: F-86 to F-100 (Les Frazier); 2) Operation Double Trouble: the 1958 CASAF deployment to Turkey during the Lebanon crisis (“Fire Can” Dan Walsh); 3) Life on the Nuke Alert Pad and the Art of LABS Delivery (Herb Meyr); 4) Close Air Support Missions in South Vietnam (Ron Standerfer); 5) Commanding the 57th FWW During the Early Red Flag Days (Ron Clements); and 6) The Misty Mission and General Observations About Duty, Honor, Country (Medal of Honor recipient Bud Day). *(I wonder if these briefings were recorded. Lots of Hun history here! RMG)*



Ron introduces...



Les tells it like it was...



“Fire Can” Dan takes questions...

The briefings went well and appeared to be well received. Only one major glitch occurred and that happened before the audience arrived. Specifically, a young PR type cheerfully announced that, “There are cold drinks in the next room if anyone is thirsty.” This evoked a loud cheer and a general stampede toward the door by the briefers. Order was quickly restored when someone explained that, “What the lieutenant meant to say was, ‘there is cold soda and water in the next room.’”

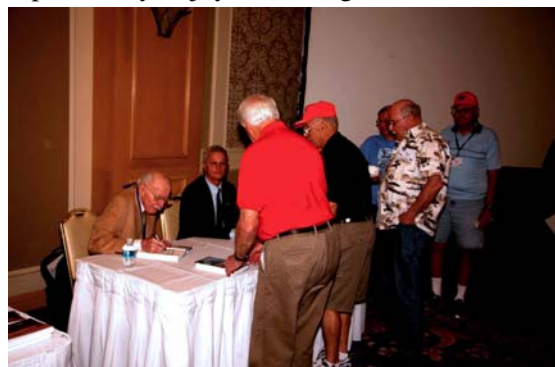
The Nellis briefings provided an opportunity for one generation of warriors to pass along lessons learned in combat to the generations that follow. Was the mission successful? We certainly hope so. The future of our nation’s defense depends on them. — *Ron Standerfer*

The Thursday Hospitality Suite

Right in the middle of Brunch Time, our five authors set up shop at tables provided to the right of the south-center stage in the Arizona Ballroom. From left to right we had Mark Berent, Christina Olds, Jay Riedel, Alan “Lad” Duaine and R. A. “Bob” Hoover. I personally enjoyed visiting with all of these



fine folks, and I thought we had photos of all of them except Jay when first I plowed through about 300 photos from this year’s reunion from multiple sources (thanks to all), but darned if I can’t find but two of them, Christina with a helper, and Bob.



Here they are at work, making lots of people happy. And thanks also to (not shown) Mark, Jay, and Lad—they made lots of people happy too!

Along about 1230, 89-year-old Bob Hoover said he was getting writer’s cramp and asked if he could take a break, but promised he’d come back for more signings till 1500, as scheduled. Well, five minutes later, his assistant (Mike Brasier, son of SSS’r Jim Brasier) was placing an easy chair next to the podium on the stage which got everyone’s attention. Seems Bob thought he could relax for a while by telling some “war stories.” And tell some he did, for over an hour! Everyone was constantly on the edge of their seats, from either fear or hilarity, as this master story-teller wove some pure magic out of thin air, with a sense of timing that was spot on. As good as he was later at the banquet, “with ladies present,” this spontaneous session may have been the high water mark of the whole reunion. If you missed it, you missed a remarkable performance of a great aviator and storyteller. Thanks for this extracurricular bonus offering, Mr. Hoover!

Bob did return to the signing tables, as promised, and he signed my copy of his book, wishing me continued good fortune in editing *The Intake*. So let it be written, so let it be done! Thanks, Bob.

In the Incoming/Outgoing department of *Issue 15*, we foretold the coming of three Royal Danish Air Force Hun pilots who were planning on attending this reunion. In an email to Bob Dunham, Erick “LUE” Lund indicated they would be arriving Las Vegas on Sunday, April 10th, to get over the jet lag, because they, “...want to be A/B Go-Go Tuesday morning!” I only had managed a brief chat with LUE, but he assured me that they were all ready to Go-Go on Tuesday

morning and were having a terrific time at the reunion. He also mentioned that for whatever the reason, he did NOT get his copy of *Issue 15* in the mail. I'm going to look into that delivery problem as soon as I finish this report, LUE, and by the time you get your copy of this issue, you should have your replacement copy of *Issue 15* pretty thumb worn.

Having been a USAFE IP for three months in 1960 working with the RDAF's Eskadrille 727 at Karup, Bill Gorton was thrilled to reunite with our three Danish members, whom he had flown with back then. It was a reunion within a reunion! Here's a photo documenting that meeting after 51 years, and proof positive that LUE, ANS and ESA did attend Reunion 2011. That gave thought to recognition for the folks traveling furthest for this third bash, and Bill promised to introduce these three as clear winners for geographic achievement at the banquet. Skoal!



LUE in red, ANS in blue, ESA in tan with President Bill and Martha Gorton.

General Membership Meeting Thursday afternoon was really busy. After the signing, somehow, the Gold Coast staff managed to reconfigure the Arizona Ballroom for this 1600 meeting pretty much on schedule. Secretary Art Oken took copious notes and produced a thorough set of minutes for the official record. So, I'll just hit the highlights of this important meeting which lasted about an hour. There were no serious interruptions except for Bill Swendner who rose just after the meeting was called to order, was recognized by President Gorton, and offered a motion to adjourn. Bill handled the situation very diplomatically, and the meeting continued. (Maybe that's why Art remarked to me when he sent me his minutes, **"I think you now have at your disposal the makings of a major motion picture."**)

And I think Art was right! First President Gorton introduced the board members and thanked them for their service to the SSS. He also thanked Pote Peterson and his helpers for super work in organizing and putting the reunion together so well. Next, Dave Hatten gave a thumbnail financial report. Bottom line is we're in good shape as reflected by the newly instituted annual financial review conducted by an independent agency. Bill concluded his opening remarks by reviewing the recent election process which "needs refinement." Accordingly, the Board has appointed a committee headed by Phil Edsall (members Dewey Clawson and Medley Gatewood) to thoroughly analyze our election process requirements and recommend a process that will meet those requirements for the next biennial election cycle.

A series of reports and member comments followed. We're going to limit our report to two major items. Members can view Art Oken's extensive minutes at <http://supersabresociety.net/gmmlas.doc>. Please do so at your leisure.



Original Captain America award morphed to the Les Leavoy Captain America award Bob holds.

Last reunion, Les Frazier inaugurated the "Captain America, American Hero 1st Class" award which was presented to Les Leavoy for "...a lifetime of fighting Nazis, tyranny, oppression and the Communist hordes." This year, Les Frazier asked Les Leavoy to present the renamed "Les Leavoy, Captain America, American Hero 1st Class" awards to Bob Hoover and Bud Day.

Les first noted that he had seen Bob Hoover perform throughout the world four or five different times—that Bob was always at the height of his game, very precise, very professional and very thrilling. After Les and Bob told several anecdotes that brought down the house, Les presented the award trophy to Bob "with genuine fondness" for continued excellence "over more years than he could count." A standing ovation ensued.

Next, Les cited Bud Day as one of foremost SSS members and a man who believes in leadership by example, who believes that action speaks louder than words and who believes that, if you're going to do it – do it right. Les then formally announced the award of the second Les Leavoy, Captain America, American Hero 1st Class trophy to Bud Day, in recognition of his unending leadership and his commitment. Applause ensued. Because Bud was not present at this meeting, SSS'r PJ White agreed to accept and deliver the trophy to Bud prior to the banquet scheduled for that evening.

President Gorton adjourned the 49-minute meeting just before 1700—only one hour to suit up for the banquet!

The Gala Affair The Founding Fathers of the SSS viewed a banquet as a sorta necessary evil. They wanted SSS banquets to be casual and brief, so as to not detract from the real purpose of the reunion, i.e., "reunionizing" that produces the distinctive SSS Reunion "Hum." Our first reunion banquet program fit that plan to a "T". Before the meal, we had an Invocation, the Missing Man Table & Honors Ceremony, brief remarks by President Gorton, and a duo singing Bill Hosmer's then-new epic *Hun Drivers in the Sky*. After the meal, we had a few minutes of bar-room songs and back-room ballads sung *a cappella* by the SSS Singers, a motley crew of eight, ably led by Master of Ceremonies (MC) Ron Barker. That was it. The photo-rich, "After Action Report" in *The Intake*, Issue Four, was only six pages long.

Our second reunion's banquet program was practically the same as the first, rearranged a bit because the Gold Coast Hostess announced dinner was served before the program could get started. The only program event added was the inaugural presentation of an "SSS Outstanding Member Award" at the end of President Gorton's brief remarks, and ending the after dinner program. That was it. But the photo-rich, After Action Report in *Issue 10* grew to eight pages!

Now comes Reunion 2011, the Banquet, with a capital B. Yup, we threw the book away and added not only a world-class guest speaker ("*Never in my life,*" *had said Les Frazier when planning the first reunion*), but (*in no particular order*) a dog and pony show, special guests, a quilt drawing, and the pledge of allegiance with audience participation in *God Bless America!* Amazingly, this hodgepodge, in its proper order, turned out to be a delightful and truly gala affair. It'll be hard to top and will probably cause this report to grow to nine full pages!

Again drafted for MC duties, Ron Barker quieted the crowded Nevada Ballroom shortly after the appointed 1800 start time and welcomed all. Then, instead of Pote Peterson delivering one of his trademark invocations, Ron produced one of his own, with subtle humor that repays a careful reading (*textbox, right*).

After Ron led the Pledge of Allegiance and the group singing of *God Bless America* with Dick Suhay accompanying on the Accordion, Art Oken again did a masterful job of rendering the Missing Man Table & Honors Ceremony paying tribute to our POW/MIA comrades. Always impressive!

President Gorton then took to the podium to welcome all, and introduce several special guests. First was a hearty hail to our first Danish contingent of SSS members to attend a reunion and a hope that they would return for the next one with even more of their countrymen.

Ron Barker's SSS Invocation

Almighty God, We bless your holy name and welcome you into our presence this evening. We ask you to watch over this gathering of "Hun Drivers." We also humbly thank you for the honor of sharing your "high, untrespassed sanctity of space" with us. Father, we sincerely appreciate your tolerance and understanding as you, once again, hear our endless stream of "War Stories," the telling of which seems to make them ever more incredible as time passes. Father, tonight, we solemnly remember the names of our fallen and deceased comrades, whose numbers are many, and we pray that you are scheduling them for three gunnery missions a day with Happy Hour every night.

And now we ask you to bless our time together. We thank you for those who so graciously serve us, for our special guests, and for the remainder of our evening, and God, . . . please guard, guide and protect our service men and women and their families and continue to bless the United States of America which we proudly serve.

Amen



ANS, ESA and LUE go formal for the gala banquet. We hope to see them and other foreign comrades at the 2013 reunion as well.

made his way to the podium to accept, after Bill called his name as the second recipient of this coveted token of SSS appreciation and pride. Again, the award was a beautifully crafted Hun on a suitably inscribed pedestal. Having worked closely with Bob on several of his many projects, I was thrilled that this soft spoken Alabaman was so honored.

Bob's ideas and footprints are all over the land of the SSS. They include: the creation and maintenance of our Membership Biographies collection; the research for and creation of the "Definitive Lists," tracing the organization of all Hun squadrons and associated units with their dates and locations during that era; the SSS Hun Driver Memorabilia Project; the recruitment of world-class AF patches expert "Randy" Troutman and development of the concept for the Hun History in Cloth Project, which greatly enhanced our Hun-related Patches and Group Photos Collection on the website; and on, and on and on! This guy is both a Hun Legacy dreamer and a doer of needful things related to the mission of the SSS, which is stated in our Bylaws as: "...to preserve the history of the F-100 Super Sabre and the men who flew her." Well done, Bob!

Next, it was time for a surprise. The SSS Outstanding Member Award (OMA), inaugurated at the last reunion, was conceived to recognize members who have given of themselves "that extra measure" in support of the SSS mission and its motto, "First Class or Not at All." It is not an annual or biennial award (to coincide with each reunion). Rather, it is a very special award, presented only when the Board of Directors deems it has fittingly and properly been earned for meritorious service to the society. "Would there be an OMA presentation this year?" was a question on the minds of many an SSS'r.

The answer was Yes!

And Bob Dunham was in speechless surprise as he



Bob Dunham accepts the prestigious SSS Outstanding Member Award.

Bill Gorton had one more important task to do before announcing, “Dinner is served.” That was to announce the selection of another real American hero for honorary membership in our society. He is Dr. (Col.) Hal Kushner (USA, Ret.) who was the volunteer Flight Surgeon of the 1st Squadron, 9th Cavalry, 1st Cavalry Division, in 1967. Dr. Kushner survived a night-time helicopter crash, was captured and held by the Viet Cong for three years, was then moved on to North Vietnam, and spent a little over six years total as a POW. His ordeal was hellish, and his story and bravery are now legendary (see *Walking in the Shadow of Giants* at <http://www.asjja.com/al-kushner.htm>).



Jack Van Loan (right) presents Hal Kushner's Certificate of Honorary SSS Membership to Bud Day, accepting for Dr. Kushner.

Hal, as he prefers to be called, is retired from the Army but is still a practicing physician residing in Daytona Beach, Florida. On behalf of the Board of Directors, Bill had sent a letter to Hal asking him to be a guest of our society and attend this reunion to receive a certificate of honorary membership in our organization. Unfortunately, due to a previous commitment, Hal was unable to accept, but hopes to join us at future gatherings.

In lieu of a direct presentation, Vice President Jack Van Loan, who had never met Hal, but had read his incredible story and was moved by it, agreed to present the certificate to Bud Day, who does know Hal personally and agreed to accept for Hal and insure delivery of the certificate after the reunion. The SSS is proud of our new honorary member and thankful to Jack and Bud for their parts in Hal's induction into the SSS.

That presentation concluded the pre-dinner agenda and MC Barker (not Bill Gorton) announced that, “Dinner Is Served!” Four meal serving lines and two desert serving lines assured timely consumption of the banquet feast, leading to what we must call the “entertainment” segment of Reunion 2011.

It began with the now-ritual sing-along of Bill Hosmer's epic *Hun Drivers in the Sky* led by Ron Barker's well-rehearsed “Super Sabre Steely-eyed Singers.” As Les Frazier said in naming the singers in his Toss-bomb report, “I've drawn a blank on the guy at the far left, standing. The next guy is Jack Sanders, then it's Ron Barker, Ron Miller, Herb Meyr and Dick Suhay on the Accordion. Seated are Vince Gallo, Jr., on the guitar and Vince Gallo on the banjo.” Our apologies to “Mr. Unidentified.” A valiant effort, guys.



Next, it was “Comedy Central” time. I know for a fact that this bawdy vaudeville act was first practiced on the banquet goers of an Itazuke Hun Afterburner reunion last October in Tucson. That practice gig led to a repeat performance by “Wee Willy” Wilson and Keith Connolly for the 650 SSS'rs and guests at Las Vegas. Here's a recap from Keith:



“The skit [interview style] was a special tribute paid to ‘Mary Ann Burns, Queen of All the Acrobats’ in recognition of that famous back-room ballad sung by fighter pilots around the world. It was noted with great sorrow that Mary Ann Burns had DIED some nine months ago. Representing the Burn's family was Mary Ann's eldest daughter, Bertha. In the interview, Bertha acknowledged the many accomplishments of her famous mother as outlined in the fabled song. Yes, Mary Ann was indeed an acrobat in her younger years. Although now gone, Mary Ann Burns will live in the hearts and souls of fighter pilots everywhere!” — **Keith B. Connolly** Superb act, guys.



Well, after that light-hearted humor, it was time for some gravitas. So Bill Gorton took to the podium again to introduce our speaker for the evening, a man who really needs no introduction to Hun pilots, the legendary R. A. “Bob” Hoover. Bob, an honorary charter SSS'r himself, moved toward the stage to thunderous applause as his trade-mark easy chair and a hand-mike were eased into place. Settling in, it was soon obvious that Bob is a master of serious anecdotes about his true love—flying forever—laced with hilarious quips perfectly timed throughout the monologue. Diplomatic meetings are often described as “wide ranging, and productive,” which perfectly describes Bob's “conversations” with his audiences. And in this case, they were greatly appreciated by a highly qualified band of avid aviators and their guests.

To make that appreciation official, President Gorton joined Bob on the stage, and when the applause finally died down, presented a plaque from the SSS to Bob commemorating his contribution to our society by serving as our first reunion banquet speaker. We have no image of either the presentation or the award for showing, but the salient inscription said: “In appreciation to — Bob Hoover — “Master of the Angle of Attack” — When Bob Hoover talks, Hun drivers listen! — Presented on April 15, 2011.” And listen we did, with much pleasure and respect for this aviation giant and “American Hero 1st Class”!



The last item before the banquet wrap-up had been long awaited and was placed last on the program for good reason. For months, lots and lots of SSS’rs and their spouses had been anxiously awaiting the results of the THE Quilt raffle. The quilt had been lovingly hand made by Sharon Frazier, Pam Dunham, Linda Graves and a few others, and with much



World-class Hun memento quilt was prominently displayed previously, elsewhere during the reunion, and made the perfect backdrop for the gala banquet. Frazier presents. MC Baker awaits “The End!”

publicity. The idea was to create a world-class Hun memento, make some money on it, and donate the net proceeds to the F-100 Museum envisioned by the Friends of the Super Sabre (FSS). Well, this was the big moment! Over \$10K was on the line. To enhance the prestige of the single ticket, winner-takes-all drawing, Bob Hoover’s lovely wife, Colleen, was asked to do the honors. Drum rolls !!!!

“And the winner is...**Joe Coleman!**” This announcement was greeted with incredulity and light applause, because most present probably didn’t recognize the name nor did they know who Joe was. But as the word spread rapidly, applause rose and the crowd came to its feet. Joe turned out to be the husband of Anne Cohagan-Coleman, who just happens to be the President of the FSS, the organization destined to benefit from this benefit raffle! “Say it wasn’t rigged,” Mr. and Mrs. SSS Executive Director. *[That’s said in fun, of course. Couldn’t go to a couple that had invested in more raffle tickets, probably! Congrats. Ed.]*

I don’t think anyone timed this banquet, but it was far longer than any previous SSS banquet. Yet, it was, without a doubt, the “best yet.” MC Ron Baker made appropriate remarks to that effect and succinctly dismissed the troops, reminding them of the Afterburner Brunch on the morrow. Long did folks linger in the Nevada Ballroom, continuing the mystical SSS Reunion Hum there, or in other places where e’er SSS reunionizers wandered...till “lights out.”

THE LAST DAY COMETH When I asked Pete Davitto if he’d like to reprise his 2009 reporting of the inaugural Afterburner Brunch again this year, he jumped at the chance. Here’s his report.



Last official event this year. Hoz and the knights of his Marine SOS round table.”

“When I read the agenda items planned for the 2011 SSS Reunion, I said thanks to our Good Lord and knew it would be Christmas in April. In my AAR from the 2009 Reunion I stated that I hoped Hoz’s SOS would become a regular at the reunion and apparently enough of you did too, because there were about 300 of us who once again enjoyed Marine SOS at the last official gathering of the Reunion.

After discovering that the Gold Coast kitchen misplaced the recipe, Hoz sprang into action and furnished them a new copy. I think the small pinch of garlic did the trick, Hoz. Now for those of you who didn’t attend, hopefully we’ll do it again in 2013. I mean, if 300 folks will spend \$7,500.00 for SOS at the Afterburner Brunch, you just have to know it’s good. And it was.... Thanks, Hoz!” — *Pete Davitto*

THE ENDING Barbara and I had to hit the long road back to ABQ, so we checked out shortly after I said last goodbyes to many friends still at the reunion-ending Afterburner Brunch around 1000. As we headed east, we reflected on our just-concluded third reunion and agreed that, although there were a few bumps, it certainly was “the best yet,” overall. Feedback received by me and by Les Frazier since RTB tends to verify that judgment as a valid consensus.

So, what’s next? Two years till the next SSS reunion. For me and your staff of *The Intake*, it’ll be more “onward and upward” with six more issues published and delivered by then, come mid- July, November and March of each year. One thing’s for sure; whenever and wherever the dates and venue firm up to be, we’ll be at SSS Reunion 2013, in force, to bring you another comprehensive After Action Report!

Finally, many thanks to this year’s many photo contributors, including Bill Gorton, Moose Skowron, Laird Leavoy, Herb Meyr, Dewey Clawson, Dave Mosby, and a few others whose pictures came to us un-credited, but very welcome! ■

The Fighter Pilot has certain characteristics which give him a distinct individual identity. The ideal fighter pilot puts his all into everything he does. He has a "can do" attitude. He displays enthusiasm and instills this feeling in those about him. The fighter pilot believes the job should be done the right way and only one time: the first time. He tries hard to be the very best at everything he does. He expects others to do the same. The fighter pilot tries to be an expert in his field, always seeking new knowledge and experience. He tries to broaden his experience by not confining himself to one narrow channel. The fighter pilot believes in himself. He has a tremendous amount of pride in himself and in everything that he does. He works hard and plays hard; always a competitor in both, to the very best of his ability. When he discovers a problem, he always comes up with the answer. Although he thinks for himself, he never fails to seek the advice of those who might lead him to the right answer. He respects those who have earned respect. He is more than willing to help those who need help. Do "fighter pilots do it better?" Yes, they do everything better! But nowhere above does it state that fighter pilots fly aircraft or engage in aerial combat. You don't even have to fly to be characterized as a fighter pilot. A fighter pilot is more than a flyer. A fighter pilot is an attitude, and people with that attitude, no matter what their station in life or their job, really do it better.

Author Unknown

Here's another gem, from Jim Lapine, with another take on fighter pilots that describes certain attributes that are more a way of life than an AFSC. Jim says, "I had a copy of 'Fighter Pilots Do It Better' framed and gave it to my son Eric when he received his wings in 1996. He had wanted to fly fighters like his dad and was disappointed when his assignment was to the B-1 'Lancer.' He is now doing very well in the B-2 'Spirit.' Someone should know the author, because it was apparently written during the era when everybody was doing everything...better." We agree with the concept that you don't have to fly fighters to be a fighter pilot. And we're glad to know there's at least one fighter pilot out there somewhere (pick any hot spot) flying B-2s: a chip off the old block. Ed.



Jim Lapine
Fighter Pilot

Center Spread — Covers & Comments



Departures

The following SSS members, associates or honorees have truly “slipped the surly bonds of Earth” to “dance the sky on laughter silvered wings” forever. They will not be forgotten. Our sincere condolences to their families and close friends.

Oscar F. “Ozzie” Niedermann
December 5, 2008

William Lee “Bill” May
December 15, 2010

Arthur G. Christopoulos
March 16, 2011

Hugh Meglone Milton III
April 2, 2011

Thomas L. “Wizzer” Wisnousky
May 16, 2011

Marty Loftus
May 24, 2011

Donald “Fritz” Schaller
June 11, 2011

~//~

R. I. P.



“Center Spread: (def.) the pair of two facing pages in the middle of a magazine, newspaper, etc., often illustrated.”

We have, on occasion, used the word Centerfold to refer to the next two pages of our august journal, *The Intake*. Research for this issue reveals that since we don’t actually have a fold-out in the center of this document (think *Playboy*, first to popularize the term Centerfold in 1953), we should confine ourselves to the more proper term: Center Spread. Whatever fits!

In any case, for most of our now-published 16 issues, we have reserved that central space for something really special. Normally, that’s been for the popular department *The Way We Were*, or in one special case, to do justice for a Keith Ferris masterpiece painting of the Thunderbirds (Issue 13).

This issue is another special case: celebration of the “sweet sixteen issues” of *The Intake* now published and archived on our website and at the National Museum of the United States Air Force. So, the next two pages, the center spread, features 1) miniatures of the front covers of all 16 of the issues being celebrated, and 2) a visual connection of the names to the faces of the people who make this official SSS publication possible, featuring casual pictures of our current crew of multi-talented folks.

The **“Thanks for the memories!”** quote at the top left of *The Intake* staff page is, of course, reflective of the late Bob Hope’s theme song. It is also reflective of the staff’s thanks to all the people who contribute articles and materials to help us document Hun history, heroics and humor. And, it is also reflective of what we hear from members and other readers in their plentiful thanks to all of us for documenting all those memories we collectively accumulated over the years—from around the globe—during the era of our beloved Hun.

It’s a very satisfying feeling, knowing that we are/were a part of preserving the histories of the F-100 Super Sabre and its Pilots, Wild Weasel Bears and Flight Surgeons who flew her and remain symbols of our American military aviation heritage.

Our motto: Onward and Upward! For the entire staff,

R. Medley Gatewood, Editor.

Super Sabre Society Store = Hot Deals

There are lots of items available to members on the SSS Web site under the link **Auxiliary Equipment**. The items shown below (a sub-set of those on the Web site) are big sellers. So belly up and get a nice hat and perhaps some other sew-on or stick-on items to help you celebrate being an SSS member. Sloan Brooks will process and deliver your order if you send a snail-mail letter with your selections and a check to “Auxiliary Equipment,” SSS, PO Box 500044, Austin, TX, 78750, or I’ll bet he’d even take an email order from you addressed to sloan@sloan.net and send the goodies when he gets your check. Good stuff, good cause, good deal!



White or Blue

Not an Orange Hat!
\$15



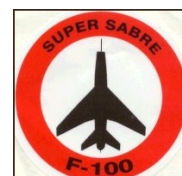
Small Patch
(3.5”x3”) \$5



Large Patch
(7.11”x9”) \$15



F-100 Patch
(3.5”) \$5



Stick-on Decal
(2”) 2/\$5



Stick-on Decal
(3”) 2/\$5



***“Thanks for the
memories!”***

Five and 1/3rd Years of

The Intake

**Journal of the Super Sabre
Society**

~//~

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SYC Title: Most Ejections from The Hun = 3. Now, "The Rest of the Story!"

When the Stake Your Claim department started in Issue One of The Intake, we suggested this category by saying, "Several members have ejected from the Hun twice. Has anyone done it three times? Let us know." The response was thundering silence for almost a year. Then, at the first SSS reunion in April of 2007, Rezk "Mo" Mohamed walked up to the registration desk, signed up for membership and enjoyed that gala affair. It turned out he was the long-sought, triple Hun ejection pilot rumored to be "out there somewhere."

Shortly after the reunion, Contributing Editor Jack Hartmann interviewed Rezk by phone about this dubious accomplishment, and it was quite a story. But in Issue Four, where we awarded Rezk his title, we didn't have room to print it in any detail because of our extensive coverage of the first reunion. We published only the fact that all three "unassments" happened while he was flying C-models with the 32nd Fighter Day Squadron (FDS) out of Soesterberg Air Base in Holland and gave the dates, locations and general causes for each mishap. We closed by promising to get the full story from Rezk and print it in the next issue. Well, that didn't happen. And when Rezk flew west on July 30, 2010, it looked like the full tale of his triple ejections would forever be lost to Hun history.

However, while researching the Issue 13 story titled "Double Bailouts in the Dark at Wheelus" involving four pilots from the storied 32nd FDS at Soesterberg, Air Base, we discovered the "Slobberin' Wolfhounds" website. This site was a gold mine of Hun history, created and maintained by a Dutchman named Mario Warnaar, and we bookmarked it for future use. Recently, I revisited the site and discovered that Mario had written and posted for the record his version of Rezk's triple ejections (or crashes, as he calls the mishaps) on his website.

Upon finding this account of lost Hun history, I contacted Mario and got permission to publish his tale in this issue in fulfillment of our promise in Issue Four to publish Rezk's full tale in Issue Five. So, to that end, Mario's version of Rezk's historic "achievement" follows. But first, here's Mario's reply to our request to use his story. It speaks for itself, and as he requested, we've "checked the grammar" and added information in brackets where needed to improve clarity. Ed.

"Dear Mr. Gatewood—I'm the former webmaster and owner of Slobberin' Wolfhounds website. Of course I want to contribute my story of Rezk Mohamed to your society. Attached [is] a file with the story and two images I have of Rezk. The attached photo is from 1956 or 1957. Does not look like Camp New Amsterdam so I think it is at Wheelus AB. The pilots are: Daniel Daube, Kenneth Culp, Rezk Mohamed, Gordon Michelson, David Scott, Jim Greene. Photo is provided to me by David Culp (son of Kenneth). The other image is a scan of a Dutch newspaper. In it are Rezk and his (former) Dutch wife Willy Schouten. English is not my mother tongue (I'm Dutch) so I think you have to check the grammar of the story. Would be great if you mention my name by the publication. And if it is possible can you send me a (digital) version of the issue? Enjoy your reunion and hope to hear from you, Mario Warnaar"

Mario's Tale

Wolfhounds pilot Rezk Moses Mohamed II had the dubious honor of crashing three F-100s during his service time with the 32nd Fighter Day Squadron (FDS).



Happier days for "Slobberin' Wolfhounds." See Mario's email.

First Crash On October 1, 1956, Rezk was involved as a wingman in a flight of two F-100C Super Sabres scheduled to participate in a joint camera gunnery and interception mission. The mission was both briefed and led by 1st Lt. Andrew P. Spirnock, also of the 32nd FDS.

After take-off, the lead ship experienced afterburner difficulty, and the camera gunnery portion of the mission was aborted. Since no difficulty was experienced in the normal [engine] operation, the leader elected to accomplish the second portion of the mission. Except for take-off, neither aircraft utilized afterburner for the remainder of the mission. Three successful intercepts [were] accomplished with no difficulties apparent.

At the fourth interception, the pilot [Rezk] heard and felt a muffled explosion.... No vibrations were transmitted through the control stick. Upon hearing and feeling the explosion, Rezk immediately rolled the aircraft (54-1899) to a level attitude and brought the throttle back to the idle position. At that time the engine was running very smoothly, and Rezk didn't visually observe evidence of

flames or smoke. He turned full attention to flying the aircraft.

Lieutenants Spirnock and Mohamed [both] searched ...for a suitable place to land the aircraft, selecting Gilze-Rijen Air Force Base.

By this time, the nose of the aircraft began to drop slowly through the horizon, and [Rezk] reached back and pulled the Ram Air Turbine Lever to the "on" position, however control was not regained. The right wing lowered slightly to the right. In a dive angle of approximately 24 degrees, with the altimeter unwinding rapidly, and at an indicated airspeed of 450 knots, Rezk elected [to] abandon the aircraft.

The aircraft came down in the Wilhelmina canal near the village of Oosterhout. Approximately 10 minutes after landing [in] his parachute, Rezk was rescued by a Royal Netherlands Air Force flight surgeon.



32nd FDS Ops, home of the "Slobberin' Wolfhounds."

Second Crash On October 18, 1957, 1st Lt. Rezk Mohamed was the leader of a two-plane simulated combat mission, call sign Haircut Red, from Soesterberg Air Base. His wingman was 1st Lt. John W. Jones. Rezk briefed on the current weather for the proposed flight. Pre-flight, start engines and take-off at 09:12 hours were performed without incident. The flight climbed up to altitude and engaged other aircraft in simulated combat.

[When finished, Haircut] Red flight headed [home] for the beacon, but heard Skeeter Red [a Dutch F-84F] on guard channel trying to locate Skeeter Silver 8, who had electrical failure and was flying at 20,000 feet in the vicinity of the beacon. Haircut Red located the aircraft [Skeeter Silver 8] and got him joined up with the other Dutch F-84F.

After that, they [Haircut Red] were instructed by Air Traffic Control (GCA) to climb to 3,000 feet and hold due to a flight of Meteors being low on fuel. Following this holding pattern, Haircut Red turned inbound at 2,000 feet with 2,000 pounds of fuel remaining.

They [Haircut Red] were just starting down final when GCA said, "We don't have you—proceed on this [current] heading." [At that time,] GCA lost primary source of power and went off the air.

Haircut Red flight broke out over the field but was too far to the left of the runway to make a landing. Mobile Control advised Haircut Red to go to Bitburg AB, but

Haircut Red declined due to his fuel state of 1,500 pounds. Haircut Red elected to make a low visibility approach. While on base Lead noticed the runway lights were turned up to full intensity. Just as he turned final the lights went down. Rezk transmitted, "Don't turn down the lights."

He was still on Channel 3 which was a GCA channel and Tower doesn't monitor GCA channels. Rezk passed to the left of the runway. After that, Mobile Control came over the air on guard channel and said to go to Volkel Air Force Base and contact Stovepipe (Sector Operations Center).

Haircut Red then headed to Volkel and attempted to call Stovepipe. He tried to contact Stovepipe, but realized after one transmission that Stovepipe can not transmit on guard and returned to Channel 1. Mobile control of Soesterberg advised Haircut Red that Volkel was amber (below minimums) and to go to Leeuwarden Air Force Base. (These instructions were issued by Dutch Operations to Soesterberg Mobile Control.) After Haircut Red had started to Leeuwarden, GCA came back on the air and said they had him on scope, QSY [change to] Channel 3.

After Haircut Red was on final, GCA's transmitter became so weak that Haircut Red Lead could not read GCA and Rezk [asked] them to speak louder, but to no avail. GCA finally came in readable, and Haircut Red was cleared to land. He turned onto final and started down glide path when a C-47 loomed in front of him.

The C-47 had been holding under Soesterberg approach instructions while Haircut Red was being worked by GCA. Mohamed [later] stated he may have unconsciously pulled up slightly to avoid the aircraft, which put him higher on glide path.

Haircut Red Flight broke out over the runway at about 150 feet. Lt. Jones, who was down and slightly back, spotted the runway to his right. He descended, turned his aircraft to the left and made a successful landing, touching down about 3,000 feet down the runway.

[By] now Haircut Red Lead was too high to attempt a landing and was directed toward Leeuwarden and/or a safe bailout area over the IJsselmeer [lake]. [Rezk had no chance to make Leeuwarden, electing to punch out over the North Sea.] The aircraft (54-1938) hit the water 1.5 miles west of the city of Workum and Rezk landed [by parachute] with absolutely no injuries near [the city of] Sneek.

[The Unlucky] Third Crash In the early afternoon of the 14th of November 1957, three F-100C aircraft assigned to the 32nd FDS flown by 1st Lt. Rezk Moses Mohamed (Flight Lead), 1st Lt. John Anderson Jr. (Two) and 1st Lt. James A. Haggerty (Three) took off from Soesterberg AB for a tactical training mission. Prior to the flight, [Haircut White] 1st Lt. Rezk Moses Mohamed gave a thorough briefing [to] the pilots in the flight.

After takeoff, Rezk reduced power to 85 percent and started a level, left turn at 1,000 feet altitude. During this turn, Lieutenant Mohamed detected smoke fumes while still on 100 percent oxygen selection. He then observed smoke pouring out the left-side console of the cockpit. He called Soesterberg tower, requesting an immediate landing. He was [under] a ragged overcast [with] approximately four miles visibility. He caught sight of the field in a good position to turn left onto the final approach. By this time, the smoke in the cockpit was so intense that Rezk had difficulty seeing the instruments and the airbase. A few minutes later, flames appeared in the throttle quadrant and smoke increased to a condition that blocked the runway from Lieutenant Mohamed's vision, causing him to overshoot the turn to final.

He made a left climbing turn to a downwind to attempt another landing. Flames and sparks were coming out of the throttle by that time, and Rezk couldn't see the instrument panel and runway [at all] due to smoke. He retracted the gear and started to go around.

The Mobile Control Officer asked for a gear check, and Rezk answered [that] he [was going] around and that he had fire in the cockpit. He then pulled the aircraft into a climb.

Mobile advised that if he had a fire, he should bail out. [Rezk took that advice without hesitation.] He broke out of the overcast [near] Hilversum, drifted to the western edge of town and landed on the roof of an elderly home called "Villa Carla." He received a slight bruise as a result of colliding with a chimney. His [ejection] seat came down in the Coehoornstreet #36 [an address in Hilversum] and got stuck hanging from the roof of the Edelstein family house.

At 13:10 hours, the aircraft (54-2016) crashed on the premises of a camp [Dutch Army barracks, Colonel van der Palm Kazerne] in Bussum, close to Hilversum. At that [exact] time, four soldiers [were walking] between two of the barracks. Right at this spot, the F-100 came down killing all four servicemen. A wing detached and hit another building killing a young sergeant. The impact left a big crater, and the fuel in the wings ignited, setting the barracks on fire. Pieces of burning debris were spread all over the camp and on the nearby street. Within minutes, the entire camp was mobilized and everybody helped the wounded. [Total casualties included six soldiers killed and 12 wounded. It was a collateral damage disaster.]

As usual, some civilian personnel were working at the camp. Among them [ironically!] was [one] G. Schouten, [he] being the father-in-law of Rezk Moses Mohamed II. He heard and felt the impact, and rushed to the crash site. He recognized the pieces of [wreckage] being from a Super Sabre. Knowing his son-in-law [was

scheduled to fly] a practice mission that afternoon, he phoned his daughter who [had] just hung up after talking to her [just rescued] husband. This way Schouten quickly learned that Rezk was unharmed.

The local fire brigade needed two hours to extinguish the fire. All of the windows had collapsed, and the two barracks were pretty badly burned.

Ambulances rushed to and from the camp.

A team led by General J. E. Roberts investigated the cause of the crash but was not able to [determine the exact cause]. They also looked into the fact that Mohamed [had] crashed [F-100s] for the third time. The board of investigators could not find a [causal] relation between the accidents and put it [causal speculation] aside as pure coincidence.

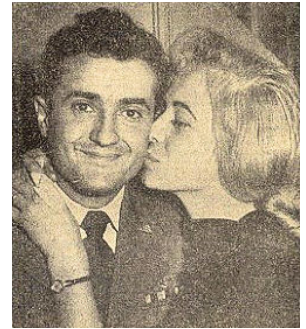
Mario's Tribute to Rezk

After Rezk's tour at Soesterberg AB (1958), he went to George AFB as an Interceptor Controller. Later, during the Vietnam War, he flew over 100 missions as a F-105 "Thud Driver" over North Vietnam and also had four combat jumps in Vietnam with the U.S. Army Special Forces and Vietnamese Rangers. In Vietnam he was shot and hit in a C-47D, a C-123 and a UH-1B Huey. The rumour that Rezk was dismissed by the USAF after a fourth crash in Libya is not correct. But, he [did make] a forced landing into Jidda, Saudi Arabia, when he lost engine #2 in a C-47.

His career did not end with the United States Air Force. He was a 47-year member of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association (AOPA), [was active with] the U.S. Air Force Auxiliary-Civil Air Patrol, became commander of the Nellis (senior) Squadron and was the Nevada Wing Chief Check Pilot. He also flew counter drug and border patrol missions along the Arizona/Mexico border. His accumulated flying time with the USAF and CAP as of May 1, 2004, numbered 10,732 hours.

[Among other decorations,] Rezk was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star Medal, the Meritorious Service Medal and the Air Medal with 10 Oak Leaf Clusters.

On July 30, 2010, Lt. Col. Rezk M. Mohamed II, U.S. Air Force (Ret.) passed away at the age of 78. Rezk was born April 3, 1932, in Manhattan, New York. He was preceded in death by his devoted [second] wife of over 20 years, Donital L. Mohamed. ■



Rezk and Dutch former wife, Willy Schouten.

Thanks for the story, Mario, and thanks to Rezk for his service to our great country. You can read his full obituary at <http://www.legacy.com:80/obituaries/lvrj/obituary.aspx?n=rezk-m-mohamed&pid=144452180>. Ed.

“We were ‘high flight’ virgins no more!”

Drama Over The Atlantic

By R. Y. Costain

One evening sometime in mid-1963, after flying was over for the day, this first lieutenant-bachelor was sipping a few beers with a couple of squadron flight commanders in the O' Club at England AFB, Louisiana. I almost did cartwheels across the floor when I heard the guarded comment that our squadron, the 613th TFS, 401st TFW, was to fly a gaggle of our F-100s across the Atlantic Ocean for a large, combined-forces, North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) exercise. All stateside fighter units involved would work out of various French air bases. The 613th was assigned Phalsbourg AB, located right on the border with Germany, about a mile south of Vilsberg.

Upon completion of the exercise, we were to proceed to Cigli AB, Turkey, to pull three months of Victor (nuclear) Alert. This would be my first “high flight,” and man, even as “Blue Four,” I was excited about it.

The big day finally arrived. We flew 16 Huns in flights of four to Loring AFB, Maine, as did other stateside TAC fighter squadrons, Loring being the launch point for all players. Two days of briefings and low-residue meals preceded our separate four-ship, midnight, foul weather departures. Just the task of getting everyone together at a strange base, all the while struggling around in poopy suits, made for a very difficult time. Then, throw in trying to match launch times with tanker rendezvous times, and the frustration stew was complete.

When I arrived at the flight line in the midst of driving rain, I came upon a colonel from Alex who had the bird next to me. As I was struggling toward my jet, carrying an issue suitcase, parachute and an A-3 bag, this colonel called out to me, “Hey, you! Come over here and load my bags into the ammo bay!” He apparently was as exhausted as I was. I knew who he was from the flight lineup board in Ops, but I figured he didn't know who I was. I had enough trouble of my own, so I just ignored him and pressed on in the darkness toward my jet. My crew chief and I both laughed out loud as I told him about my blatant disregard of the colonel's demand. I must say that ignoring his fatuous command felt really good in the midst of all the other confusion!

After getting airborne, and in spite of the lousy weather, the join-up with our KC-135 tanker, Flapjack 21, worked out well, and all four of us took on full loads of fuel as programmed. As the tanker turned back toward Charleston, we called out, “Thanks, Big Brother,” then pressed on into the black night. Hastening along, I had an eerie feeling, because here we were, striking out at midnight across the icy Atlantic for a destination in Europe we'd seen only on charts. Of course, hundreds of our fighter-pilot brethren had done the same thing in the years before us. But tonight, this was an all new adventure

for the four of us, and our adrenaline was really pumping overtime as we continued our flight into the unknown.

We were now responsible for navigating across the ocean, by dead reckoning, to a point where we would meet a tanker coming from Europe. We flew headings calculated from pre-flight info on wind and weather forecasts, which were, at best, just partially accurate. The only enroute navigation assistance we had was from Ocean Station Vessel Echo, a ship anchored in mid-Atlantic (still several hours away) that was equipped with a powerful radar which helped ocean-crossing aircraft stay on course.

The darkness of the night hid the cumulous buildups ahead of us very well, until bright flashes of lightning signaled their looming presence. Another three or four hours of endurance-draining, close formation flying in very rough weather would be required before we'd detect the first signs of dawn appearing on the eastern horizon.

As daylight took command over the darkness, we were gladly leaving behind, Shotgun 01, our flight lead, kicked us out into route formation—a welcome relief after a tense night. I began to think of the box lunch I had stowed in the rear of the left console, on top of the bomb and rocket armament panel.

I retrieved the box and enjoyed the normally unenjoyable contents, maintaining aircraft control (no autopilot) by alternately holding the stick with my right hand and clamping it with my knees when two hands were required to unwrap something or pop the top on one of the two small juice cans included. Sloppy formation resulted, yet in this case, it was excusable. I could watch the others in the flight and tell when they were eating—or attempting to use their relief tube.

In those times, almost everyone smoked, and I was no exception. “Old heads” in the squadron told us newer pilots that standard procedure on a transoceanic flight was to set an empty juice can on the shroud over the instrument panel; it made a very satisfactory ashtray.

Well, sort of.



R. Y. was an ANG Aviation Cadet who made it to Huns on active duty with the 613th TFS at England AFB by '62. He did a year in A-1s at Bien Hoa and returned to Huns with the 10th TFS at Hahn AB, Germany, '65-'68. After retirement in '79, R. Y. returned to the Hun again, this time with Flight Systems Inc.

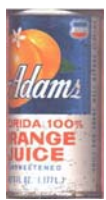


“Smoke ‘em if you got ‘em!”

NOTE: *The Hun's J57 engine exuded many different kinds of foul fumes, many of which found their way into the cockpit. This frequently necessitated 100% oxygen use by the pilot 100% of the time. At high altitude, the cockpit was pressurized to something lower than actual altitude, yet still above 10,000 feet, which was the maximum legal altitude to fly without supplemental oxygen. Therefore, taking off the oxygen mask in flight was deemed to be doubly risky, i.e., breathing toxic fumes and suffering hypoxia from not having enough oxygen.*

Of course, pilots are smarter than rule-makers and regulation writers, so we smoked on long cross-country and over-water flights anyway. We'd release one side of the mask, drag on the cigarette, exhale, then replace the mask. Clever fellows. Chewing a sandwich or swallowing a drink was accomplished using the same mask drill, so smoking was not deemed hazardous in itself.

After finishing my lunch, I lit a cigarette and felt that all was right with the world. Here we were, finally out of the night weather, conquering the Atlantic, and on the way to France for some exciting flying with NATO forces—mixed in with some heavy-duty partying.



Typical in-flight lunch box OJ can with a small teardrop opening.

As I attempted to shove my cigarette butt into the small teardrop hole in the juice can, I inadvertently crushed the fire half-in and half-out of the hole, causing an ember to fall to the cockpit floor. Because of the bulky pooppy suit, I couldn't lean forward far enough to see where the ember went, but rather uncomfortably pictured it dying out on the metal floor. I consoled myself with this thought for awhile—until I smelled smoke! And this while on 100% oxygen, which should have excluded any cockpit smell!

The smoke must mean a sizeable fire, but where? A cold fear gripped me as I remembered the floor well, from which the control stick exited, was covered with canvas, to keep debris out. How clever. Had I set fire to that canvas? Now I could see smoke in the air, and knew that I had done myself in. The fire would spread to the insulation on the wires in that well, then elsewhere, and either loss of control and/or dense smoke in the cockpit would follow. I would end up ejecting into the freezing ocean many hundreds of miles from land—with a very low probability of survival!

After torturing myself with these thoughts for several minutes, I heard a sudden, loud, long screech, like metal-on-metal. Instant terror was then replaced with recognition—THANK GOD! I now was quite sure I knew what the problem was! The turbine cooler in the Hun,

which is the cockpit air conditioner/heater, was known to fail with loud noises as the blower ground to a halt, its axle tortured by disintegrating bearings—all of this accompanied by acrid smoke in the cockpit. That had to be it!

With great relief and as steady a voice as I could muster, I informed Shotgun 01 that I had had a turbine cooler failure, and it appeared to have failed in the hot mode, but not full hot. He Rogered my call and asked if it was hot enough to divert into Lajes Field, the Azores, or did I want to press on to Phalsbourg, with one refueling left to go? I was plenty hot, yet I thought I could stand it for the remainder of the flight. Diverting would cause a host of problems, such as getting a maintenance team and spare parts to Lajes, plus we'd be one jet short for the exercises that were to start in two days. Fixing it at Phalsbourg would be much easier all the way around. So, on we flew.

Rendezvous with our tanker out of Moron AB, Spain, went smoothly, and I was pleased that I was able to "stick" the refueling drogue with my probe on the first attempt, despite my physiologically overheated state. After disconnecting, I was encouraged enough by my overall performance that I thought that my decision to press on was OK.

With our easterly flight path, we were racing away from the sun, and it was getting dark once again. After arriving at Phalsbourg's Initial Approach Fix, we broke up into two flights of two for the IMC (weather) penetration and approach, and prepared to land in pairs. Flying close formation in the weather, all the way down from 20,000 feet to landing and rollout during (now) nighttime was difficult for me, due to the heavy sweat running off my forehead into my eyes. Nevertheless, with me blinking furiously, our element landed without incident on French soil!

How did I spell "RELIEF" as I took landing-roll separation from Shotgun 03? T-O-U-C-H-D-O-W-N!

As I pulled off my pooppy suit in the squadron locker room, I held it inverted for the other guys to see. A considerable volume of moisture accumulated over hours poured out and splattered on the concrete floor.

"See. All sweat and no pee," I announced proudly! "Yeah, sure," replied my smiling comrades. We were "high flight" virgins no more! ■



Imagine a quart of sweat, not pee, pouring out of this well-used, upside-down pooppy suit.

Break, Break — Need Comments on "The Pipper"

The Hun crossword puzzle we first ran as a Bonus Page insert in Issue 15 generated few Incomings. We got only one comment from a guy who thought "...it was kinda fun." Are we wasting valuable space in The Intake and \$s? If you have pro or con thoughts on "The Pipper," please pipe up. We want to get this decision right. Ed.

The Last Flight of the (Operational)Hun!

By Jack Doub [with much help from M/G Frank "Hett" Hettlinger, (Ret.)]

Prologue *By way of full disclosure, I have a dog in this fight. From March, 1973, to March of 1977, I was the Air Force Advisor to the "Fightin'" 181st Tactical Fighter Group, Indiana Air National Guard, at Hulman Field, near beautiful Terre Haute, Indiana, during their transition from the F-84F to the Hun. Next to combat, the 181st was the best flying a died-in-the-wool "timehog" could ever hope for. Then-Lieutenant Colonel Frank "Hett" Hettlinger was the Group Commander at a significant time for the Air Guard, just when a truly combat-ready airplane entered their inventory.*

My relationship with Hett and all the members of the Fightin' 181st remains strong to this day and provided some of the great memories of my military career.

With the arrival of the F-4C drawing near, the 181st TFG, Indiana ANG, faced a dilemma. The Air Force had accepted the first F-100A in 1953, and now, in November of 1979, their storied unit would be flying the F-100 on its final operational flight when they ferried their last bird into the Super Sabre sunset at the Davis-Monthan AFB boneyard in Arizona. Realizing the historical significance of this looming event, Hett Hettlinger (by then the Commander of the 122nd TFW, Indiana ANG) tasked his staff to put together an appropriate farewell for the old workhorse of the Cold War and its subsets, significantly including the Vietnam War in Southeast Asia.

As it turned out, the honor fell to F-100D, Serial Number 56-2979, which the USAF accepted on April 2, 1957 at the North American Aviation factory in Los Angeles, California. As the Belle of the "Sunset Ball," 979 was given a major sprucing-up. On her big day, she looked like a new airplane in her glistening camo paint scheme with the stark white underbelly. She never looked classier!



The last operational F-100D gleams under the main hangar lights as the crew prepares her for the ceremony.

On November 12, 1979, a group of VIPs descended on Hulman Field to participate in a well-planned and executed "Farewell to the Hun Day." The program included an afternoon ceremonial "last flight" in the local area to be viewed by all attendees from the flight line, followed by a banquet that evening honoring the unique history of the world's first truly supersonic fighter.

The Honorable John Myers, U.S. Congressman from Indiana and a friend of the Air Guard, attended, as did Lt. Gen. La Vern E. Weber, Chief of the Guard Bureau; Deputy Chief of the Air National Guard, Brig. Gen. John Conaway; and Major Gen. Alfred Ahner, USA, Adjutant General, Indiana. Additionally, local dignitaries were in attendance as well as F-100 crew members of note from around the ANG and USAF.

For the ceremonial flight, the youngest ranking pilot in the 181st TFG, Lt. Bill Layne of the 113th Tactical Fighter Squadron, was selected to slip the surly bonds for the last local flight of a Super Sabre from Hulman Field, or, for that matter, anywhere in the USAF. Additionally, the bird's Crew Chief, TSgt. Ryan Funkhouser, was also honored as the Outstanding Crew Chief of the 122nd Tactical Fighter Wing, Indiana ANG for 1979.



Charter member Jack is also a Contributing Editor on The Intake staff. He flew three tours in Vietnam, including 102 missions as a Misty. He is attributed with more Hun combat missions in SEA than any other F-100 pilot (572).



Lt. Layne and TSgt Funkhouser were formally introduced to attendees at the gala evening banquet after the last ceremonial flight from Hulman field.

At the appointed time, Lt. Layne, the son of a former 181st fighter pilot, lifted off on the brisk fall day, fully

aware of the historical significance of his flight. There was a little bit of, "Boy, I really can't screw this up!" in the back of his mind as he climbed out toward the Red Hills MOA (Military Operating Area) with some acro on his mind...after all, we are talking about a fighter pilot here!

The first roll was a nice one. Such fun! Then he tried the always-tougher barrel roll and was impressed with how well it went! "Now that was worthy of a final flight!" he thought to himself as he rolled in for a loop.

The loop was splendid, so next he rolled in for an Immelmann...never his best maneuver, but always fun. Down, down...then pull...and over the top...looking good...rudder opposite, then with...as he watched the nose slide level smoothly..."Perfect!" he thought, "The best Immelmann I've ever done!"

He followed that with a cloverleaf and a few Cuban 8s, all of which made his "best of" selection. With a smile, he thought, "Was it him that was hot, or was it ol' 979 coming through for him?"

Noting his fuel gauges, he decided it was time for RTB, and the final landing of an F-100 at Hulman Field! "Wow!" he thought, "No pressure there."

Arriving back at Hulman, he flew a precise initial, and then pitched smartly for a low approach; after all, he knew all eyes would be on him today, plus the old girl deserved a final bow. The pattern looked good. As he rolled out on final, he leveled the bird at about 50 feet, and as he poured the coal to her, he felt the rush as she accelerated toward the end of the runway.

The Guard ramp streaked by on his left, and he calmly requested "...a left closed at the far end."

"Roger, that, Lance 01," replied the tower, "Cleared left closed...for the final time!"

At the start of the closed, he rolled and pulled, maybe just a tad bit harder than normal; after all...it was showtime! He played the winds for his downwind rollout, then breathed a sigh of relief as the wheels came down and locked. Three green! He checked the runway quickly, and rolled in, "Lance 01, base, gear down and checked, full stopper!"

The base turn was perfect (naturally), and he rolled out in the groove...a nice approach. The flare...looking good...nose up slightly...hold it...nose up half a tad...and the mains rolled on the runway...a grease job! Happy, happy, joy, joy!

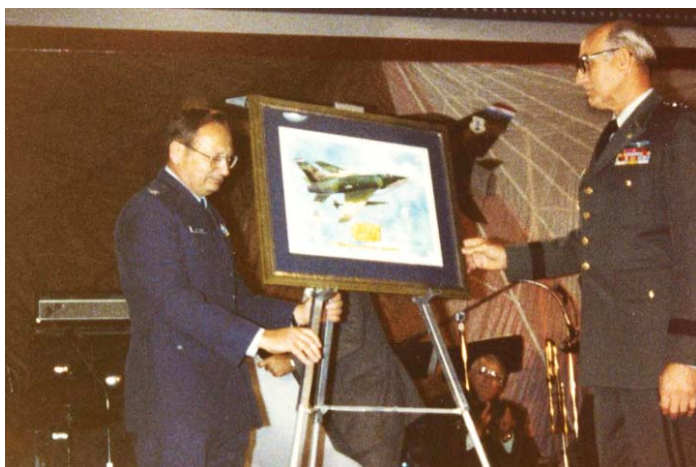
Nosewheel down, drag chute bag tumbles on the runway, then deploys...good chute!

The taxi back went smoothly, and Lt. Layne returned to the cozy Guard ramp and a crowd of appreciative admirers.

Ceremonially at least, an era had ended.

That evening, the "Sunset Ball" banquet truly was a gala affair, and a "grrreat" time was had by all. Among those recognized for making Hun History were three high-time F-100 pilots, all of whom had over five-thousand hours in the bird: Lt. Cols. Willie Wilson and Dick Salazar

of the Tucson, Arizona, Air Guard; and Ed Kohl from the Fort Smith, Arkansas, Air Guard. Also recognized for making Hun History, was your modest author, with a total of 572 F-100 combat sorties.



Colonel Hettlinger presents a commemorative painting of F-100 No. 56-2979 to Lt. Gen. La Vern E. Weber, Chief, NG Bureau.

Additionally, in a very classy move, beautiful replica F-100 models of SN-56-2979 were presented to all the dignitaries and special guests. Especially enjoying the fun, "Wee Willy" Wilson, as he accepted his award for being one of the three high-time F-100 pilots, stepped back and did a acrobatic split-S off the dais! (The other contending high-time pilots gave him a 9.6 score, deducting a few points for missing the landing!)

After the evening festivities, things quieted down and everyone returned to their normal lives. For Hett, the group commander, that meant preparing for 979's real final flight on the morrow: November 13, 1979.



Colonel Hettlinger and TSgt Funkhauser with the "City of Terre Haute" before the ferry flight to Tucson.

It was quiet on the ramp as Hett climbed aboard the glistening bird for her final trip across the United States. He made a normal-normal takeoff and bid farewell to Hulman Field with a simple salute.

Everything went well as he soared across the clear skies of America for refueling in Amarillo, then the final leg into Davis-Monthan AFB and on into the boneyard. Hettlinger's Form 5 shows he flew three hours that day.

Following the rather intricate taxi route to the dreaded boneyard, officially known as the Military Aircraft Storage and Disposition Center (MASDC), 979 was directed to parking for the final time.

Finally, Hett stopcocked the throttle and listened as the J57 whined down for the last time. He paused for a minute, taking it all in. "This is history," he thought.

With a sigh, the future general officer unstrapped and climbed from the cockpit to be met by John Cooney, foreman of MASDC's Aircraft Receiving Section.



John Cooney accepts paperwork on "Spirit of Terre Haute" from Colonel Hettlinger, marking the end of an era.

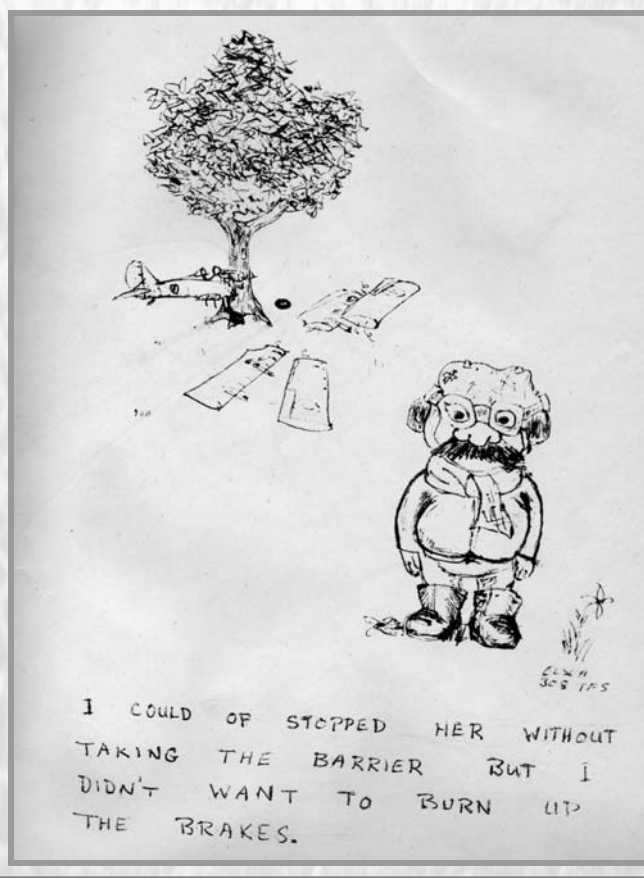
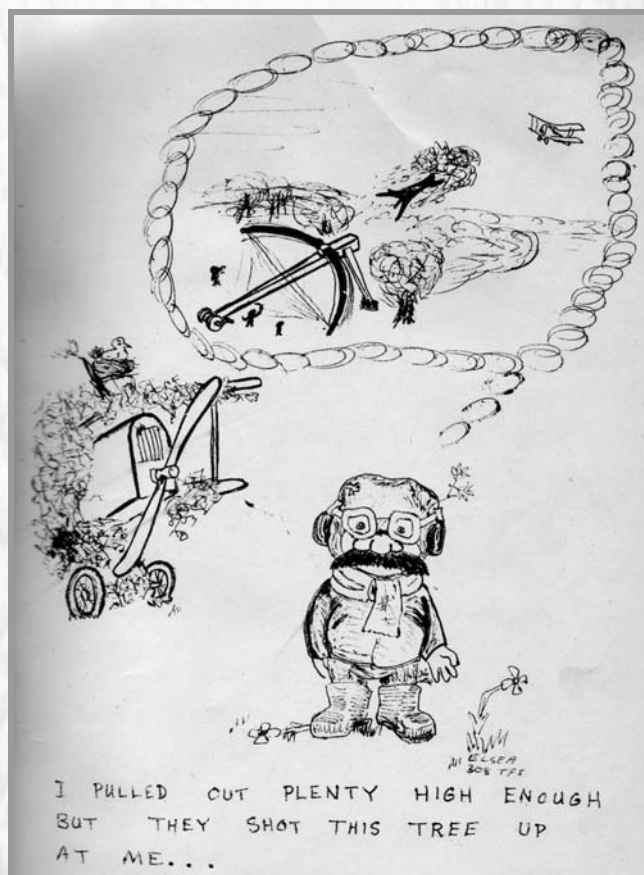
After the lengthy exchange of paperwork...now, officially, an era had ended!



EPILOGUE The "Last Hun" service highlights: SN 56-2979 was accepted on April 2, 1957, at Los Angeles, CA. The bird then served at Wethersfield, Torrejon, Lakenheath, Tucson and Tulsa, before going to Hulman Field on August 31, 1978, and retiring with honors at MASDC on November 13, 1979.

After the F-84 series and the F-100s at Terre Haute, Lt. Col. Frank L. Hettlinger went on to fly the F-4C and E models, and completed an outstanding career with the Indiana Air National Guard. From the Terre Haute unit, he transferred to Fort Wayne when he became the 122nd TFW Commander. In 1989 he retired as a Major General, commanding the Indiana Air National Guard, and is now living the good life in Terre Haute, Indiana, with his lovely wife Lorraine. ■

Back Again, By Popular Request ! More Adventures of "A Tuy Hoa Ace" By George Elsea



Perry Lusby, our oldest SSS'r at 92, called me on March 11, to say he had read an interesting article, originally published in "The Modesto Bee," on Sunday, March 6, 2011. He thought we might like to include it in our Journal. The article describes an adventure involving SSS'r Ron Catton while he was flying an Up North mission in F-4s with Robin Olds.

Ron's original story about that day was well documented by Ron in a fine article he wrote for the Red River Rat's "MiG Sweep" magazine shortly after Robin flew west in June of '07. Its purpose was to provide a "thank you" to Robin's memory for being a one-of-a-kind air warrior. The article is titled, "Downtown with Robin Olds: The Day He Saved My Bacon," and it was retold in Robin's book, "Fighter Pilot," by his daughter Christina with Ron's permission. It's truly a great story.

The newspaper article Perry referred to in his call is a truly great story too. But in addition to a capsule version of Ron's story about being rescued by a KC-135 tanker pilot, who risked life, limb and career (by pushing his tanker far beyond standard tanker geographic territory to link up with Ron's "single engine" F-4 that was leaking like a sieve and escort him to safety), this news story is really about how, 43 years later, the "rescue-ee" and the rescuer finally hooked up again—unknown to each other for all that time, but bonded by heroism in the air over enemy territory. Below is the human interest story Perry found, which, of course, we're republishing for our SSS members to savor and enjoy. **Ed.**

The below copyrighted story is republished in its entirety with no edits or changes in the text per agreement with the Modesto Bee and the author. A copy of this issue of The Intake will be provided to the Modesto Bee for their records. Our thanks to the Modesto Bee and Jeff Jardine for sharing this article with us. It is, indeed, a small world after all! **Ed.**

ANONYMOUS FOR 43 YEARS, RESCUER MEETS PILOT HE SAVED

BY JEFF JARDINE
Modesto Bee Columnist

MODESTO – Wayne Hague always wondered whatever happened to the pilot whose crippled plane he refueled and escorted to safety over North Vietnam in 1967.

Ron Catton always wondered about that pilot who kept him from having to bail out of his F-4C Phantom fighter and into a suite at the "Hanoi Hilton," the nickname for an infamous North Vietnamese prison.

More than 43 years passed since their meeting in the sky over Southeast Asia linked them, even though they never knew each other's name. But fate has a way of working things out.

This head-spinner happened because two men who live more than 900 miles apart told their versions of the same story to the same people who helped them connect.

Here's the gist of it: Hague, 76, retired from the Air Force and spent 20 years teaching. He is a counselor at

the Merced County Rescue Mission in Merced. Catton, 78, owns a financial services business in Spokane, Wash.

In December, Catton spoke to a group of students at Riverside Christian High School, which his grandchildren attend in Yakima, Wash. He regaled them with stories of flying with the Thunderbirds, the Air Force's precision aerial team. He also told them about his near catastrophe during the war and how a pilot and crew of a KC-135 refueling plane disobeyed orders by flying about 100 miles into North Vietnam to get him.

That story sounded familiar to Rick Van Beek, the school's principal. Van Beek had heard it from his wife, Lolly, who heard it from the tanker pilot during a medical missionary trip to Kenya. He heard it again from Paul Emmons, the Yakima doctor who helped organize the Kenya trip, during a dinner at the Van Beeks' home.

"The bells started going off in my head," Van Beek said.

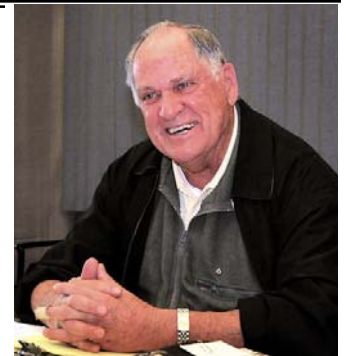
"How can these be separate stories?"

Seeing Catton again at a basketball game a couple of weeks later, Van Beek went to his office and called his daughter, who also went on the Africa trip. She knew the tanker pilot's name. Van Beek then did a Google search on Wayne Hague. He printed the information, returned to the gym and handed it to Catton.

"I said, 'Here's another pilot who seems to have the other half of your story,'" Van Beek told him.

Not so fast. Let's back up a bit to the fall of 1967.

Catton served in the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing under the highly decorated Col. Robin Olds. Military buffs will know that Olds claimed 12 dogfight kills in World War II and four more over Vietnam. A football star at West Point, he later married actress Ella Raines and retired as a brigadier general in the Air Force. On this particular day, Catton flew the lead plane among Phantoms providing cover for bombers on a mission over Hanoi.



Credit: Mr. Bart Ah You, Modesto Bee.
Wayne Hague, 76, a volunteer, flew tankers during the Vietnam War.

Once the bombers emptied their loads, they returned to their bases. Then the Phantoms zoomed down and dropped their bombs as well.

As Catton bombed a railroad bridge, enemy rounds ripped into the intake of his right engine.

"All of that debris went through the engine and wiped it out," Catton said. "My fire warning light was on. I jinked to the left, jinked to my right. I looked over my shoulder and there were three MiGs on me."

One MiG had drawn other U.S. fighters and acted as a decoy, leaving those three to

pounce on Catton's crippled plane.

Catton took his fighter into a hard vertical climb, then came back down and flew right through their formation.

Olds, who had been chasing the first MiG, gave up a chance for a kill to run off the three that were after Catton's plane.

"Here he came, lobbing missiles over my head at the MiGs," Catton said.

The MiGs high-tailed it, with Olds in pursuit.

That threat subsided, Catton still faced another: a plane with one blown-out engine and other major problems, including the fact that he was still above North Vietnamese real estate.

"I was heading back toward Laos, all shot up and leaking fuel," Catton said. "I wanted to bail out over Laos. If I bailed (over North Vietnam), I would have ended up in the Hanoi Hilton."

He put out what amounted to a mayday call, and Hague, flying over Laos in his KC-135, answered.

"When I heard his voice," Catton said, "it was like the voice of God. I told him I was heading west toward Laos. He said, 'Negative, Cadillac Lead (Catton's code name). I'll come and get you.'"

Just one problem: Hague had strict orders not to cross over the border into North Vietnam.

With a pilot in trouble, though, he didn't hesitate. But Hague didn't simply stick the nose of his plane over the border. He hooked up with Catton over the Black River, roughly 100 miles from Laos.

"I just went in and got him," Hague said.

As they positioned their respective planes to connect the refueling boom, Catton radioed: "Understand, I've got a fire warning and smoke in the cockpit. You don't have to take me on."

Hague's response?

"Cadillac lead, get your sorry ass in position for a hook-up before I change my mind!"

Catton's plane leaked the fuel as quickly as the tanker could pump it in. So they stayed connected for more than 200 miles until Catton detached to land at the Udon air base in Thailand. Just as Catton touched down, his left engine quit, too. Hague returned to his air base at Takhli.

Hague never told anyone at Takhli about the incident. Someone else must have. His superiors knew, and the rumor mill soon began to churn.

A day or so later, on the ground at Udon, Catton heard

that the tanker pilot likely would be court-martialed for going over into North Vietnam, putting his crew and plane at severe risk. So Catton went to Olds, who had a simple solution to the problem: He'd recommend the tanker pilot for a Silver Star.

Neither Hague nor Catton can say this for certain, but both heard the Silver Star recommendation arrived at headquarters the same day as the court-martial papers, leaving the brass to weigh an act of heroism that saved a pilot's life against the military crime of blatantly disobeying orders.

Hague never got his Silver Star, but he didn't get court-martialed, either.

"It washed," Hague said.



Ron Catton always wondered about the pilot who violated orders to rescue him.

Through all of this, neither Hague nor Catton learned each other's identity. Catton, in fact, later wrote about the incident, referring to Hague as "Big Boy 31," a name he made up for Hague in lieu of knowing his real one. It stayed that way until

Feb. 6, when Hague got a phone call that went something like this:

"Are you Wayne Hague?"

"Yes, I am," he answered.

"Were you in Vietnam in 1967?" the caller continued.

"Yes, I was."

"Did you enter North Vietnam to pick up a fighter pilot, shot up and going down?"

"Yes, I did."

"I'm the pilot."

Only then did Hague learn the name of the man he had rescued more than 43 years ago.

They met a few days later. Hague already planned on traveling to Lewiston, Idaho, to watch grandson Jason Hague play baseball at Lewis-Clark State College. So he drove two more hours to Spokane, and they saw each other face to face for the first time -- safe, sound and on the ground.

Hague always wondered about the fighter pilot whose life he saved so long ago.

Likewise with Catton.

"All this time, it's been, 'Gee, I wish I knew who it was,'" Catton said. "Then to have it happen like that. He's a really nice guy."

And a lifesaver! ■

Break, Break — Bonus Reunion Pictures

Recently sent by **Gene Hill** of the **Nellis Public Affairs Office**, here are two very nice group photos taken of SSS'rs and guests during the Nellis Tours on Wednesday and Thursday. We don't think the PAO ever did this for us on previous tours. Perchance they were trying to make up for the misunderstandings we suffered in the planning stages this year.

Thanks, Air Force.



Misty 01 Flies Again!

By Jack Doub

THE Flight It was an emotional moment... .

The doors slowly opened to reveal the usual little yellow aircraft tug slowly pulling the gleaming F-100F out of the dark recesses of the hangar, while in the background, the strains of Johnny Mathis singing one of his great hits, *Misty*, echoed in the background.



As the crowd applauds, a smiling figure separates from the crowd of dignitaries and walks eagerly to the ladder, hanging from the left side of the pristine bird. Though slightly bent from his POW years, his gait is sprightly, his smile is broad.

SSS'r Bud Day has just been reunited with one of the great loves of his life!



Soon he is joined by his pilot, SSS'r Charlie Friend, and they climb aboard. Bud is all smiles as he straps in the old war bird. Then, the familiar whine of the J57 spooling up and it's time to go. Under increasingly threatening skies, 951 starts rolling toward the end of the runway at Ellington Airport, the old Ellington AFB near Houston.

She stops for awhile on the runway. Then the engine noise increases to a roar, everything looks good and the familiar “BOOM” of the afterburner echoes across the ramp. The old girl is moving!



In Bud's words, “That dude hustled right along...faster than I remembered...then Charlie rotated and we were flying.

“The weather didn't cooperate...we had to stay VFR. We were in and out of the clouds at about 600 to 800 feet, so we decided to cut it short and just make a wide downwind pattern. As we started our base turn, the wheels and flaps came down and we lined up perfectly for the landing. Piece of cake!



“We touched down smoothly, got a good chute and rolled out to the end. No sweat!”

Bud's final words, “I'm still smiling.”

Background It's March 29, 2011, and thanks to the *Collings Foundation* (not to be confused with the *Collins Foundation*), one of this country's greatest warriors has been honored with a fully operational piece of Hun history.

Just forward of the cockpit on the left side, a blue box contains his name: “Maj. Bud Day.”

Under the blue box is inscribed: “Misty 1.”

A fitting tribute to one of our nation's most honored heroes, former POW and Medal of Honor recipient Col. George E. “Bud” Day, USAF (Ret.).



Shot down and captured on a SAM hunt over North Vietnam, it's doubtful a commander anywhere is more revered by his troops than is Bud Day by the Misty pilots who served under him—and they will quickly point out that, even after his capture, “We all served under him!”

This airplane is not a display—not a monument. It's a fully functional tribute to a very special airplane and a remarkable group of pilots. You can walk up and touch 951...feel the camo paint...smell the smells...sense the pride in this remarkable testimonial to Vietnam War veterans.

The *Collings Foundation* was founded in 1979 to support “living history” events for Americans, initially concentrating on ground transportation. In the mid-eighties, that emphasis shifted to include aviation as well. The “Wings of Freedom Tour” brought perfectly restored World War II aircraft to the American public, including a B-17, B-24, B-25 and a number of fighters.



This eventually led to the “Vietnam Memorial Flight,” a collection of operational Vietnam era combat aircraft that now includes the only civilian F-4D, a UH-1E Huey, and, interestingly, a Navy TA-4J painted in the colors of the “Playboys,” an all-volunteer Marine Fast FAC group flying out of Da Nang AB. (Misty actually had a hand in their development.)

The impeccably restored F-100F now joins that impressive group and will appear at airshows throughout the country—over 150 yearly. It is estimated over 4-million spectators have watched the *Collings Foundation* performances.

For Bud and Dorie Day, however, few events will top this one for personal thrills.



As Dorie says with a broad smile, “I haven’t seen Bud that fired up in a long, long time! That’s what keeps him so young!”

EPILOGUE An inevitable offshoot of Bud’s flight will be comparing “longest time between F-100 flights.”

Bud flew the F-100F during 1973-1976 on official VIP trips. The author will research this point, but it appears his time between flights will be in the 36-year area, which might make him the new SYC title record holder.

On another happy note, the *Collings Foundation* will fly 951 to Destin, FL for the Misty reunion in October, 2011, for the entire Misty group to enjoy. ■

Editor’s Notes: This happy event at Houston was long in planning and development by the *Collings Foundation* (CF) folks. It started several years ago when they made an executive decision to pursue acquisition of an F-100F to add to their “Vietnam Memorial Flight.” And, to SSS members, CF’s journey to find an aircraft and honor Bud Day will be as interesting as was the ceremonial roll-out article Bud and Dorie helped Jack Doub write (above).

As CF’s search was progressing, about a year and a half ago, Chief Executive Officer and Chief Pilot Rob Collings suggested that they follow CF precedence with other aircraft, and upon acquisition, configure whatever airframe they got as nearly as possible to how the type would have looked in the “glory days” of a famous specific airplane of the type. Or, as an alternative, configure it as it was when flown by a revered aviator who flew the type. For this F-100 acquisition, it was a no-brainer. Rob Collings chose Bud Day and “his” Hun, Serial 56-3951.

As it happened, CF found a civilian-owned F-model Hun (56-3844) in near-pristine condition that had been maintained in near flight-ready status, even when flown infrequently by its owner, a Mr. David Tokopf, owner of “Grecoair” and other companies in El Paso, TX. This bird had been acquired by Mr. Tokopf from Flight Systems Inc. in late ’97. Under his ownership, it was in a vintage NM ANG paint job till 2002 when it morphed into Thunderbird #9 till CF took delivery in February of this year.




SSS’r Charlie Friend drew the long straw over SSS’r Bill McCollum for rights to fly the T-bird version to Midland, TX on February 10, 2011. There, it was artfully converted to the Bud Day version by “Evolution Aerostyling” (using a color photo of the plane and precise “technical data block” info for Bud’s original Misty bird, Serial 56-3951, provided by SSS’r Dave Menard). Check out the conversion from T-bird to Misty 1 at their website: <http://www.evolutionaerostyling.com/f100gallery.html>.

Bottom line is that the *Collings Foundation* has taken a giant step in preserving the legacy of the venerable F-100 and the men who flew and maintained her. Later generations will be able to experience the old Hun herself as a living, flying thing, not just a static slice of things that were so dynamic...long ago.

The SSS is proud of its members who have helped the *Collings Foundation* fulfill one of their major program objectives. We look forward to a long association with CF and its Vietnam Memorial Flight, now including the work-horse tactical fighter of that era—here’s to The Hun! **Ed.**

Would You Believe It? ... and Other Amazing Stories

When Stake Your Claim rules changed, limiting submissions to claims that were accomplished in or with the Hun and by an SSS member, we started this new department to publish interesting tales outside the realm of SYC that are of general interest or of particular note. Feedback has been very positive, so here's another installment. **Ed.**

 **SYC Claim: Not. Caterpillar Club: Not. Another Amazing Story: Yes!** Leo Mansuetti sent us an email looking for the previous password for the SSS website (highkey.) Once he was clued in, he said he should have remembered it easily because he once started a precautionary or simulated flame out pattern (SFO) at "high key" and had written up the adventure for submission. Reading in haste, I thought he was trying to submit a SYC claim and said it might better fit in the Caterpillar Club. He wrote back that because he didn't have to "unass" the bird, it didn't fit there either. So guess where it does fit? WYBI?...and OAS Dept. Read on.

I took off from Phu Cat leading a flight of two F-100s in the fall of 1968. The target for this mission was not very far away, in the vicinity of the western border of Vietnam, across the valley west of Pleiku. Arriving in the area, I coordinated with the FAC and proceeded to roll in on my first pass.

Climbing back up to get ready for my second run, I noticed my drop tank light had come on. I thought it was a little early, but was not very concerned. Getting ready to roll in for the second pass, I noticed my fuel gauge had dropped faster than usual, which really got my attention. So I decided to make this my last pass, get rid of the remaining ordnance, break it off and RTB. I hadn't noticed any ground fire and was still thinking it might be a gauge problem.

The possibility of having to make a nylon letdown hadn't entered my thought process yet. The FAC reported I was streaming something. Taking up a heading for home, I advised my wingman who then dropped all his bombs and started to rejoin. He reported that I was streaming fuel. Watching my fuel gauge, I thought I still had enough to get to Phu Cat. I rejected the idea of lighting the burner to get altitude and just kept it at full Mil.

Getting close to the Army field at Pleiku, I finally woke up to the reality that Phu Cat was not in the picture. I found the frequency, called an emergency and set up for high key at Pleiku. The gods were with me, and I hit all the SFO points on altitude and airspeed with the engine still running.

Rolling out on final, the gauge was at zero which really looked strange. All kinds of weird thoughts went through my mind: like, "turn away, punch out and hope to land near the base." I released the RAT, pointed at the numbers and the engine quit on short final, I had enough hydraulics with the RAT to flare, land, pull the chute and hold the brakes until I stopped on the short runway. When I got it stopped, the thing that impressed me most was that my heart wasn't jumping out of my chest. I guess I hadn't had time to get excited!

When I got out of the airplane, I noticed that a little bit of fuel had leaked out on the runway, maybe a cup full. It turned out the problem was the fuel line going into and out of the inverted fuel tank had a hole in it. I guess it just wasn't my day for a stroll in the jungle.

A few weeks later, I was called to the wing commander's office and was, of course, wondering about what I had done recently to warrant a personal chewing by the boss. I was chagrined when he presented me the PACAF Able Aeronaut Flight Safety Award for "saving a valuable Air Force asset." I refrained from telling him that the asset I was saving was a little more personal!



Leo sent a second message with a hero picture and another of a Pitts Special that he said we could discard. He closed the email by saying, "As for sheer pucker factor, I have a better story [than the Phu Cat one] about having to do a real FO pattern in my Pitts Special on the initial test hop and check out after I built it. It was the first flight for me and the airplane's engine quit. Hope to see you all at the reunion. Thanks." When we looked at the Pitts Special picture, there was no way we were going to discard it. Rather it's a "must share" photograph of Leo in his bird—and his new wingman in his. (A grandson named Will!) PRICELESS!



Pleiku would have to do!

 **Hun Pilot Makes Water Entry PLF — IN His Life Raft!** Astute observer Ken Weiss reports a probable "first and only" event from Okinawa in 1958.

I took off from Kadena AB in a 44th TFS Hun C-model, towing a dart target, with Capt. Dave Auld following me to the practice area. Because I would be much slower getting to altitude than he, Dave thought he would kill some time by buzzing some whales that were being chased by a Japanese whaling ship. He hoped he could help the whales get away.

Dave finally joined me, and we proceeded to fly the prescribed pattern for firing on the dart. After starting his first pass, Dave's Hun experienced the mother of all compressor stalls, and he elected to shut down the engine. He would not even consider restarting, no matter how much I tried to talk him into it, because he was afraid that the engine would explode. I followed him down from 30,000 feet to 15,000 where he bailed out.

I couldn't believe what Dave did next. He pulled up the lanyard attached to the life raft until he was able to SIT in the raft! I could not believe my eyes. (It turned out he couldn't swim, so there may have been some sense to his actions.)

When he hit the water, he went right through the bottom of the life raft, followed by his chute. For the moment, only the raft with no floor was visible. Then, Dave came sputtering up and climbed back into the raft.

Earlier, I had called the base to tell them what was happening, and when they called back, they said a vessel was on its way to rescue Dave. Wouldn't you know; it was the Japanese whaling ship! I wasn't sure Dave would make it back alive.

This was Dave's THIRD bailout of his career. Once in an F-80, once in an F-86 and now this one in a Hun.

A sequel to the story is that of the last 80 pilots to PCS away from the 18th TFW, all but one, were sent to SAC (including a B-52 for me). Dave Auld was the exception. He was sent to Edwards as a test pilot. I guess the powers-that-be felt his bailout experiences would come in handy in that job. — *Ken Weiss*



The rescue ship, paradoxically, had been the object of Dave's curiosity. But would the natives be friendly?



How To get "Your" Hun Modeled and Painted *As promised in the Incoming/Outgoing department, here's Don Schmenk's offering about how things go, or just happen, in the world of airplane modeling and painting.*

After seeing the last issue of *The Intake*, particularly the "Art Imitates Art" article, I got to thinking about how the markings for "my" F-100 that I flew with the 308th TFW, 31st TFW, at Tuy Hoa RVN became so widely known! It certainly wasn't because I did anything out of the ordinary. Here's my story and I'm sticking with it:

The aircraft assigned to me, SM (tail code for the 308th) 580 (last 3 digits of the serial #) is now usually identified with the name "Mary Jane" and a little mouse on the left nose. This nose is composed of the name of my late wife, Mary Jane, and a comic book character named "Sniffles," who was affiliated with a little girl character named Mary Jane.

Back in late '69, I scaled up a picture of the little mouse and painted the name etc. on SM580's nose with model enamel. I remember thinking at the time about WWI and II aircraft nose art and how popular that genre had become. The thought crossed my mind of how that happened, and what were the odds that my nose art would be famous, too!

Well, it happened, sort of. I am and have been a lifelong model builder. While I was at Tuy Hoa, I drew up a sketch of the scaled markings on my assigned aircraft and sent it to "The International Plastic Modelers Society," of which I was member # 403. Their magazine had started running a recurring feature called "Planes the Members Flew"! My sketch was featured in one issue, and, as I remember, it was one of the first articles on Vietnam era aircraft.

Shortly after my plane markings had run, a Japanese model company, *Hasegawa*, released a plastic 1/72 scale model of the F-100. Included were decals with the markings for SM580. I purchased only several dozen kits! This "coincident" had to have come about because of the IPMS article.

Later, *Monogram Models*, released a 1/48 plastic F-100 model with my markings on the decal sheet, and the journey began! Plastic modeling was very popular in the '70s and model and decal makers were doing whatever they could to profit by offering optional markings for existing kits. Several decal "after market" companies released decals with my markings. One company used photos from Tuy Hoa that I provided and released two sheets of decals including F-100s with markings for Tony Myers, Frosty Coward, Capt. Montrick, Lt. Triplett, Capt. Cotton, Lt. Joe Vincent, Maj. Eibach and Jack Cousyn, to name a few!



Don's Emerald Knights Hun had his wife Mary Jane & Sniffles on left, and on the right nose was his crew chief's wife's name, Carol Ann! (Nice work, Ed.)

Not long ago, diecast model companies started featuring lots of Vietnam era aircraft. One company, *Hobby Master*, has released a 1/72 scale model of 580. Another has released a 1/144 scale (small!) scale model of the same aircraft.

I recently saw three very nice computer generated paintings of F-100s bearing the markings for my aircraft. They can be seen at < <http://drphilart.ifp3.com/#/page/home>. >

It's amazing to me that the information age allows seemingly simple tidbits of information to spread so widely that a lowly nose art guy can be featured on models and in artwork along with guys who actually accomplished something! ■

It looks like there's a lot in the worlds of modeling and painting we still don't know about. More, next time! Ed.

Super Sabre Snapshots...and Other Important Imagery

After its genesis in Issue 14, this department returns to explore Hun history evidenced in imagery, some in our archived



According to Henk Scharringa's "Serials" website, 775 was the first Hun delivered to Wright-Pat, on 07/26/54. Dave Menard says this may be the bird Bud Evans checked out in. However, Bud's story says his flight was on 08/31/55 and that it had arrived "some days before," so it's likely 775 was NOT his check-out bird. Henk shows two A-models arriving in mid-July, '55: 53-1539 and 53-1540. Maybe Bud's bird was one of these? What say you, Bud?



This is the first of three NF-100Fs (NOT XF-100Fs) flown at Wright-Pat. See Bud's "Profile" stories on page 27 of Issue 15. Dave points out that it had no afterburner, and thought the takeoff roll would have been "really, really hairy" on those hot and humid summer days in the valley of the Miami River in Ohio, back in the mid-'60s days of the NASA tests. Care to add your comments, Bud?



In Issue Seven's Incoming/Outgoing department, Perry Lusby told of a remarkable record for "his" Hun. Flying it and crewed by the same crew chief for over four and a half years, he "never even had a yellow caution light during the entire time." Perry intended this recognition as a tribute to his crew chief, S/Sgt. Peterson, 474th TFW at Cannon. "His diligence and professionalism will never be equaled in my book," said Perry. Perry recently sent in this photo of himself and Crew Chief Peterson, circa 1959. This photo and Perry's story is testament to the superb personal relationships that made it all work (even under AF Manual 66-1, "Communist Maintenance")...the men who flew and nurtured our loving Hun!

files and some recently acquired. First up, a couple of Incoming/Outgoing department having to do with "Bud"



In this department of Issue 14, we featured two pictures of Huns and vintage cars. I was bedeviled by the fact that I knew of another (because someone had sent me photos of his Corvette next to his Hun), but I couldn't remember who sent them, nor find the pictures. I asked the submitter to "please respond"—and heard deafening silence! Well, I've since found the pictures, shown here, and now repeat my request for the contributor to speak up and be recognized. Who the heck sent in the neat Sting Ray "Follow Me"?



ancient photos from Dave Menard, as promised in the Evan's "real" test pilot stories in Issue 15. Ed.

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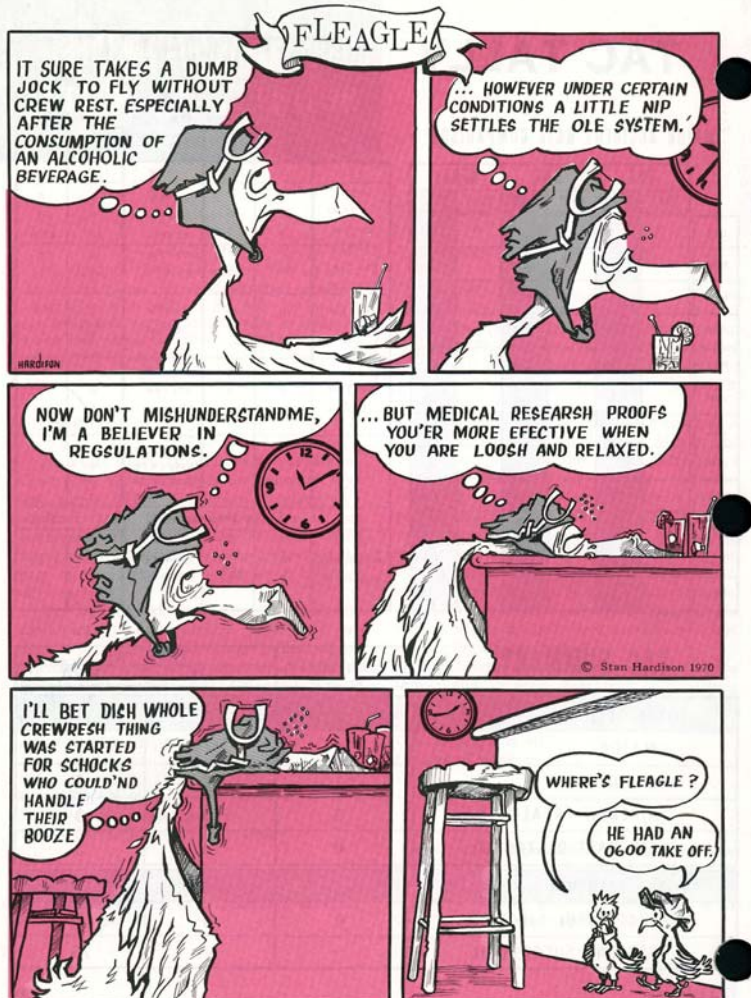
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Call contacts for their snail mail address or mail your material to **Name**, % Super Sabre Society, P.O. Box 341837, Lakeway, TX 78734.

Note: The Intake – Journal of the Super Sabre Society is published three times per year. Mailings are planned for delivery (stateside) in mid-March, mid-July, and mid-November. If you don't see yours by the end of the next full month, contact the Editor. It might be a simple address problem, or your dues status may be way overdue.

Last Minute SYC Challenge Arrives

Jim Gibler thought his **Lowest total Hun time on record = 74.45 hrs** might stand up, but it's now fallen with a thud. **Gene Kranz** posted his SSS Bio on June 24 and takes the title with **25.5 hrs total Hun time**. An Aero Eng., F-86 FWS grad, just beginning his unit-level Hun checkout at Myrtle Beach in '57, Gene got irrevocable orders saying he was needed to fly F-86Fs at Osan AB, Korea. Off he went, never to return to the Hun. Instead, he joined the fledgling NASA in '60, and the rest is (truly) history. Among other achievements, try being a Co-Recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom, for the safe return of Apollo 13 in 1970, as Flight Director!



TAC Attack – Ninth Fleagle Strip – Mar 1971

Return to those thrilling days of yesteryear with Fleagle! These pages of history are courtesy of the beloved Safety Strip's creator Stan Hardison and today's Air Combat Command. Read all about it at URL

http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0JCA/is_7_12/ai_112090770.



Back cover "Snake Eye Goes Slick" photo came from Larry Woodcock among several others that were offered at most Ops counters in SEA. These were taken by AAVS combat Photogs in back seats of F-models. This one is rather unique in that it captures a pair of Snake Eyes, one of which has gone finless very shortly after pickle. FWS grads Jim Brasier and PK Kimminau opine that either the "D" dropping the bombs or the photo chase, or both, are damn lucky to have survived this munitions malfunction! Both their technical discussions of the possibilities in this case are beyond my need to know! But thanks much for the effort, guys. Ed.

Parting Shots on Your Personal Contact Data and Dues

Remember to check your personal data at the SSS website. Current password reminder is "impolite, mixed company name used for the cone-shaped, nose section engine accessories cover at the front end of the J57; two words condensed to one, lower case." If that name doesn't come to mind, or you don't have web access, give me a call at (505) 293-8396.

If something's wrong with your personal data, send the corrections to Dewey Clawson. If you owe dues, send the money direct to David Hatten via the Lakeway P.O. Box.

Since \$25 dues are payable **on or before 1 January every year**, it might be a good idea to remember that (and take care of it regularly). To do that, **try putting the SSS on your Christmas Card List and include your check for \$25 every year.** "Works good and lasts a long time!" (Quoting the many Luke Hun academic IPs.)

Have a nice summer. Ed.

