

# *The Intake*

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



— QF-100D, Serial 56-3109 —

**Huns Soldier On After Operational Life Ends** (Credits, page 2.)

**Number 167 of Hundreds of FSAT Drones (Full Scale Aerial Targets)** Feature article, page 20.

# The Intake

Fall 2011, Vol. 1, Issue 17

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](mailto:alleyoop3@cox.net)).



The front cover photo is from Wikimedia, Commons, a freely licensed media repository. It's fair to say that few Hun drivers know very much about the QF-100 FSAT/Target Drone Program, aka "Pave Hun." Jack Doub did a magnificent job capturing the story behind the program, working with SSS'r Bob Dunham, who was the TAC Test Director for the project, and others who "flew" the QF. After you read the story, you'll be amazed at how the Huns soldiered on in support of development and training associated with many of America's USAF and Army advanced weapons systems.

## LAST CHANCE !!!

If your DUES STATUS (printed on the envelope this came in) is **"DUES NOT PAID,"** your **membership BENEFITS** will be **SUSPENDED** and this is the **very last issue** of THE INTAKE you will receive until you **get paid up!** See page 35.

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



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## The Intake - Journal of the SSS

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Photo Editor	Shaun Ryan
Asst. Editors	Dave Burke John J. Schulz Jim Quick
Contributing Editors	Jack Doub Jack Hartmann Bob Krone Wally Mason Ron Standerfer Ed Wells
Hon. Photo Ed.	Ann Thompson
Graphic Designer	Sara Gosselin
Final Proofreaders	Jim Kelm Crow Wilson



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Staff Corner

**From the President's Desk**

**Les Frazier's Resignation**

As most of you know, Les Frazier has decided to resign as SSS Executive Director. He will step down on 6 January 2012 to spend more time with his family. Les will continue to send out the occasional Toss-bombs. And although Les is stepping down as Executive Director of the organization that he started, he will always remain as the driving force behind the SSS and the Uber-Founder

In accordance with the SSS bylaws, the Board has appointed Dewey Clawson to serve out the remainder of Les' term. That term ends 31 December 2012 with the election of the next Executive Director.

**Election of SSS Directors**

Also to be elected at that time are the next SSS Vice Chairman/Vice President and Secretary. The election will start early next year with the nomination of candidates. The election process will be conducted based on findings from the report of the Election Review Committee and their recommendations as to what improvements in the process are needed. The Committee's report is due to the Board in November.

**Member Names on the SSS Airfoil**

Recently an SSS member visited the Udvar-Hazy facility. He was surprised to find his name was not on the F-100 Super Sabre Society airfoil even though he had sent in his \$100 last year. For him that problem has been fixed, but it may be that *your* name was also left of, even though you filled out the form and sent in your money. Here is what you need to do to insure your name is on the airfoil. **First**, check the certificate they sent you upon receiving your \$100. If, in the lower left, under Air and Space *Friend*, it says F-100 Super Sabre Society, go no further; your name is on the airfoil or will soon be added. **Second**, if F-100 SSS doesn't appear on your certificate, go to the Links tab on our web page. Click on the last link (Wall of Honor) to see if your name is on or waiting to be on the airfoil. If not, then **Third**, contact Elizabeth Wilson at the NASM: (202) 633 2606 or email [wilsonej@nasm.si.edu](mailto:wilsonej@nasm.si.edu) to sort out the problem. For those who have not yet signed up, the best place to do it is online. In so doing you can easily select the SSS airfoil on your application using the "...panel...reserved...organization" menu.

**Reno Air Show**

Finally, I was very glad to hear that of the many SSS members in attendance at the Reno Air Show, only Dave Mosby suffered physical injury. He took some small debris in the back, requiring three stitches. If there were others, please let us know.

OBTW Hoz, I hear you were once again in the right place at the right time doing the one thing we all know how to do.

Cheers

*Bill Gorton*

**From the Editor**

As announced in a 3 October 2011 NOTAM and repeated in the column at left, Lester Garland Frazier is resigning as Executive Directory of the SSS effective on 6 January 2012. Les chose that specific date because it will mark exactly six years since he decided it was time to form an organization of men who flew the F-100: pilots, Wild Weasel Bears and squadron flight surgeons. The rest is history, and we owe Les our everlasting gratitude for his vision and the founding of our society.

Part of that vision was his idea of the organization having a periodic publication with real class: "FIRST-CLASS OR NOT AT ALL," as the motto for the new organization puts it. And that's exactly what *The Intake* has become—an overall experience of great enjoyment—as reported by member-readers.

This achievement was based largely on continuous improvement, from the journal's inception under the able leadership of first editor and publisher Ron Standerfer, to the present day product produced by the current staff of 14 dedicated, volunteer members who are featured in the Issue 16 center spread.

But the real secret to the success of *The Intake* is, in a word, the DIVERSITY we are blessed with in three aspects, which I described in my column of Issue 13. I know that Les Frazier enjoys those strengths of diversity in our journal, because he has supplied many well-written kudos from issue to issue, as you've seen in our Incoming/Outgoing department. But, as good a writer as Les is, he's never had a story of his authorship published in these pages!

Rather, he's been content to see inputs from other members come to life in a journal, generated by his creative imagination. Well, when he actually retires from his current post, we're going to change that. Les, you're then going to be "Cleared in, hot," anytime you feel a good story coming on! And if you don't volunteer, with all that time on your hands, we're going to "mine" the mother load of stories you've already written that are stashed on your own website. Check it out at <http://www.lesfrazier.com/>. If you haven't been there before, you owe it to yourself.

Happy Trails, Les & Sharon. *RMG Ed.*

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 16**

As hoped for, the special Center Spread with its celebration of the “sweet sixteen” issues published so far, showing their covers and putting faces to the names of the people who make The Intake possible, was a big hit with many glowing kudos received. Probably the best was the shortest one, “Shack!” Believe me, each of those 15 faces appreciated them all, and rededicate to our motto, “Onward and Upward.” We follow with some selected specific observations and comments from members. (Be advised that senders of ALL incoming comments have already received replies shortly after their inputs arrived.)



**Issue 16 Publication Goofs**

It's happened before, and it may happen again, but we hope it doesn't. We misspelled Associate Member Henk Scharringa's last name in the front cover credits on page 2. This was discovered just after I had approved the digital “proofs” and too late for correction. A FLASH email to Henk went out, and Henk graciously forgave me. Thanks, Henk.

On page 20 in “Marios Tale,” the serial number of the first Hun Rezk unassed (Les Frazer's term) was 54-1989, not 54-1899. Thanks to FSS'r Larry Natrass whose sharp eyes and clear mind found this obvious example of dyslexic typing.

In The Last Flight of the (Operational) Hun, on page 27, the caption of the photo showing “Hett” passing on paperwork for the “City of Terre Haute” actually says “Spirit of Terre Haute.” We got it right in the body text, but I screwed up the caption, and the name is clearly painted on the airplane in the pictures! Apologies to our Indiana friends.

In the story about finding the guy who saved Ron Catton's bacon when he was shot up and bleeding fuel on pages 28 & 29, “Ubon” is spelled “Udon,” twice. We're pleased to say it's not our fault. That was a copyrighted story used with permission, providing no changes are made to the published text, per the caveat printed just above the story. Truth be told, though, I didn't actually notice the error till after publication...else we would have corrected that obvious error.

On page 32, it says that Ken Weiss was towing a dart with a 44<sup>th</sup> TFS Hun C-Model. Everyone (but me) knows that PACAF never had any C-models. My error in not communicating clearly with Ken when editing his input.

On page 34 “Super Sabre Snapshots...,” the introduction starts under the title bar, but mysteriously finishes underneath the four photo/text boxes. This was OK in the PDF sent to the printer, but somehow happened during their processing. Lesson learned is to chastise the printer's QC, but also scrutinize the digital proofs more stringently.

Also on page 34, the caption under the NF-100F picture says there were three of that variant. That came via direct from a Wikipedia article on the Hun. Dave Menard said he only knew of one NF and pointed out that there are many errors in Wikipedia articles. We concur. We checked with George Kinnison, a longtime NAA test pilot/manager, and he agrees with Dave. If we ever get some “spare time,” we'll submit some corrections to Hun lore/non-lore on the Wiki sites.



**Peter Potts Adds to the Hun License Plate Collection**



This from Peter: The C plate is on a Lexus RX, the D plate is on an Acura TL and the Motorcycle C plate was on my Ducati 999, which was Class 26'd when a deer took it out from under me at

60 MPH. The perp was KIA, and I went to intensive care by helicopter (yes, I was wearing a helmet). — **Peter Potts**

To which we replied: “Got it OK. Vehicles noted = OK. Assume you BBQ'd the road kill.” In any case, thanks, Peter. Now the question remains, “...there just have to be more Hun plates/tags out there?”



**Some Interesting Additional Facts about the “City of Terre Haute” Story and the Airframe Itself**

Dave Menard's input covered several areas in addition to info on the NF Hun. As Dave freely admits/boasts, he's “a numbers guy.” And we freely admit and admire his uncanny ability with numbers, particularly serial numbers and associated dates, places, and lots of other facts about all things Hun. He sent this about serial 56-2979: “As for that last Hun from the IND ANG: Being a numbers guy, I noticed that, quite by accident, 56-2979 retired in November 1979. Hmmm, take that 2979 number and notice that 2 + 9 = 11, and then there is a 79. So 2+9 then a 79 for 11/79.”

That was an interesting play on numbers of the serial and the coincidental month-year of delivery of the bird to the D-M graveyard, there to rest for eternity...or so I thought. I replied to Dave, "That's quite a 'numbers game' you came up with. I suspect others will like to see that connection, particularly, Hett Hettlinger who just happens to be a friend of mine." But this numbers game was only the beginning of "discovery," especially about other interesting facts about 979.

To begin with, I had not paid much attention to the serial number at all, till Dave mentioned it. As I followed his math, I took more interest and realized that's the number of the Hun model Don Schmenk made up for me a couple of years ago (right). He asked what airframe I'd like, and I said something from my first operational squadron, the 79<sup>th</sup> TFS, 20<sup>th</sup> TFW. He, of course, researched what birds were there during my '64 - '67 tour and picked 979 because the last two numbers were the same as the squadron. Sure enough, I flew 979 many times all over the skies of USAFE! Small world.



Pilot name, Lt. Medley Gatewood?  
Not! Reserved for 79<sup>th</sup> TFS CC.

And it gets smaller. Previously mentioned SSS'r George Kinnison sent a packet of really welcome info about 56-2979 and its big send-off at Hulman Field on November 12, 1979. He was there! In fact, he was one of the many distinguished guests invited to make remarks at the gala "Sunset Ball." Representing North American Rockwell, he recounted the highlights of the multi-year Hun program from the "A" to the "F", and presented the plaques approved by his boss and good friend, Bob Hoover, to Jack Doub and the three Hun time-hogs. But the real surprise was George's direct connection with 56-2979. In researching the history of the bird all the way back to the plant, it was found that he had flown the very first flight of that jet when it came off the assembly line! How's that for coincidence. George sent a photo of him shaking hands in front of 979 with the ceremonial "last flight" pilot, 1/Lt. Bill Layne. We'll share that surprising and historic photo in the next issue.

But the biggest surprise about 979 (to me and to many others) didn't come till Jack Doub was working with Bob Dunham on this issue's feature story about the QF-100 FAST drone program. Would you believe that Hett's ferry flight to MASDC was NOT 979's last flight, as we portrayed it to be in closing Jack's story about it? No, it was NOT 979's last flight. It turns out she had been selected to be the first Hun converted into a QF-100, and that Dunham (the TAC test director) was waiting at MASDC to pick up the bird for the program. And he did! Read all about it, starting on page 20.

There were several other glowing comments on Jack's "Last Flight" story, and I know he received others sent directly to him.



### Owner of the Sting Ray "Follow Me" Fesses Up!

In Issue 14's inaugural running of "Super Sabre Snapshots...", we mentioned that we couldn't find some photos of a Corvette on a ramp with a Hun sent in long ago by an unknown SSS'r, and asked the sender to please respond. Dead Silence.

By Issue 16, after many maddening file searches, I finally found the photos, but still had no clue as to who had sent them. So, we published the two pics in Issue 16's second running of "Super Sabre Snapshots..." Voilà! Just after Issue 16 hit the USPS mails, the second Incoming email (after President Gorton's) was from the proud owner/submitter, "Pistol Pete" Davitto." Part of Pete's congratulatory email said, "I was jumping up and down this morning, and my Bride wanted to know what was going on. I told her (showed her) that I was in *The Intake* four times...but the last two were only the pix of my Vet circa 1974 ('71 Vet—'74 Pix). That's OK. Just proud to be in *The Intake* at all. Don't know how I missed the Issue 14 request. Go figure." — **Pete**



One of the missing pix, '71 Vette.

We don't know how you missed the Issue 14 written-in-red request either, Pete, but we're glad we found you, Vette guy, and that you recognized the pix in Issue 16.



### Expanded Member Data Initiative

At the last reunion, Dewey Clawson, the then-new keeper of the vital SSS membership list, instituted the collection and publication of three new elements of information about our members. They are spouse's first name, cell phone number, and wings, squadrons, and/or other units the member served in during his Hun years. Now, some six months out, he reports that only about 50% of our members have responded to his paper and email petitions for inputs. I told him I thought that was a pretty good response. But Dewey being Dewey said, "No way. It ought to be 100%!" So, if you didn't get the word, forgot the request or just put off replying to his entreaties, how about sending Dewey your information (see page 35). That'll make his day. **BREAK, BREAK.** One other item about the membership list: Currency of your contact data (snail mail address, email address, and phone numbers) is vital to insure you get your copies of *The Intake* on time. We continue to get copies Returned to Sender (meaning me) for various reasons, mostly when the Forwarding Order expires. Please save me countless hours searching for folks who have moved and FAIL to report their contact information changes promptly. Thanks for keeping this problem in mind, and please don't contribute to it. **Ed. ■**

## On Building a Hun...the Hard Way

**By Associate Member Peter Rob** (Peter earned his membership by virtue of his dedication to Hun history captured and maintained on his astounding website at [www.supersabre.com](http://www.supersabre.com). Please visit and become a contributor! Ed.)

**The “Why” of It** Why would anyone even think of building an F-100? Or even a major fuselage segment, for that matter? Well, I suppose a touch of insanity is helpful. But the main driving force is a simple love affair with the Hun. In my case, that love affair started when I saw my first F-100C, 54-2016, at Soesterberg AB, the Netherlands, in 1956. I knew perfection when I saw it . . . and when it taxied by, I was hooked.

Actually, the hook was baited long before I saw my first Hun. (If you want to read the details, take a look at the “About me...” link on my [www.supersabre.com](http://www.supersabre.com) website. That website also shows you a much more detailed documentation of the “home-built” Super Sabre project. It is not practical to put that much text and many dozens of pictures in *The Intake*, not to mention that the editor would probably do unmentionable things to me if I submitted such an article...)

OK, so being slightly (?) nuts and loving the Hun are important when you try to tackle a project as daunting as building even part of a Super Sabre. The really crucial project catalyst was my wife, Anne. I retired as a Professor Emeritus (Database Systems Design, Statistics) in 2002, after teaching, research, and writing for 32 years. Naturally, I had a thousand projects in mind, but the Hun always occupied my thoughts. I had built many F-100 models and collected many hundreds of F-100 photos...but there was that dream of owning an F-100. Anne encouraged this clearly over-the-top notion, so I started doing some serious searching. When I finally located a former Danish Air Force F-100D, I picked up the phone and prepared to buy it...only 40 minutes late. (That F-100D was subsequently restored in Thunderbird colors and was later offered for sale for many multiples of the original asking price.)

Pete Felts, a former F-100 crew chief, located several F-100 aircraft that were displayed as gate guards...and he even found three Huns that had been used in security training. Initially, I was told that I could have my pick of the three, but was subsequently told by the WPAFB folks that former USAF birds were off-limits. OK, how about scrapped fuselages? They might be in sad shape, but I thought that I could restore one of these birds...so I was prepared to buy one of those jewels-to-be. That’s when I discovered an awful and fundamentally stupid truth: If the aircraft in question was a former USAF jet war bird, there was no way to legally own it. (Never mind that U. S. taxpayers paid for the aircraft...they are not allowed to buy and own such aircraft even *after* they have been scrapped.)

What is particularly galling is that I could legally buy, restore, and own a former *foreign* military combat jet aircraft such as a Russian MiG-21, a British Hawker Hunter, or a French Ouragan. But I could not own a former USAF combat jet aircraft such as an F-100 Super Sabre, unless that aircraft had been formally transferred to a foreign government prior to its sale to me. (Some years ago, at the annual Oshkosh event, all the beautifully-restored F-86 Sabres shown and flown there were foreign in origin. So we honored our Korean War vets by flying former Canadian F-86 aircraft in USAF colors. Surely such a situation is best described as irrational.)

So much for owning an F-100—and back to building F-100 models. The really large and very realistic (Bob Violett Models) BVM Jets F-100, with its small jet engine, would have to do. Anne thought that would be a good alternative choice. But when I mentioned that I would really like to have something full-sized that, if necessary, I would build myself, her response was: “OK, why don’t you get started?” Looking for an excuse not to tackle such a daunting project, I mentioned that something that size would have to have its own building. Anne’s quick response was “so let’s build one across the driveway.” I couldn’t think of any other cop-outs, so here’s the story about “the project.”

**Getting Started** Building almost anything starts with a blueprint, right? Well...that turned out to be the first big problem. There were no useful F-100D blueprints to be had. North American Aviation had disappeared into the embrace of Boeing, and Boeing had no interest in making even a feeble attempt to help. Forget Wright-Pat—no interest in helping a mere modeler.... Finally, after spending a few months trying to chase down usable drawings, the Air and Space Museum came through and sold me a set of what appeared to be 1:8-scale blueprint copies. Scaling those drawings up would be a major undertaking, but I caught one really lucky break. Tom Reilly in Kissimmee, Florida, had a wrecked front fuselage piece and he was willing to transport it to my home in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, on his way to a war bird restoration he was doing in Ohio.

In due time, the piece arrived on my doorstep. Now what to do? I thought I could “fix” that piece, but I had no metal-working skills. Then I caught my second lucky break when I met Steve Rettell, who had a lifetime’s worth of race car building under his belt and who had the superb skills, the equipment, and, most of all, the patience to teach me how to work with aluminum.

After examining the F-100 front fuselage piece—you can see it in Figure 1’s upper left-hand corner—Steve explained (and then demonstrated) that the piece was too badly corroded to be restored. (Some of that corrosion is visible

in the small inset in Figure 1's upper right-hand corner.) Aside from the corrosion, the bent and twisted, hard aircraft-grade aluminum could not be repaired.

**Figure 1 – Getting Started**



had to make stringers and end caps out of 1/8" (2" wide) aluminum so that the skins could be riveted on. (Yes, when I traced the skin panels on thin paper, I had made sure that I had rubbed all the rivets and other fasteners through the paper, so every single rivet and fastener would reflect precisely what was found on the original fuselage piece.) We did make one simplifying modification—we used cherry rivets that could easily be applied with an air-driven rivet gun. The small holes in the rivet centers were filled in with Bondo and sanded, so that the final product looked like it was flush-riveted as it was on the original. (And, yes, Steve taught me how to use Clecos to hold the aluminum skins in place as we drilled, burred, and countersunk the rivet holes....) As you can tell by looking at Figure 1, the new aluminum skin plates looked pretty good. (By the way, the front pitot boom segment was made of PVC pipe....)

Now that the first piece was done, it was time to think about getting more tracings. Fortunately, Mark Brown, a former student and copilot during my early teaching/flying days, knew his way around the Carolinas Aviation Museum in Charlotte, NC. (Mark is now a US Airways pilot and just retired as a Tennessee Air Guard Lt. Col. While in the Air Guard, Mark flew the C-5A as an aircraft commander. Earlier in his career, Mark flew the C-130 and then the C-141.)

**Figure 2 – Tracing Skin Plates**



Anyway, Mark secured permission for us to trace skin panels on the museum's F-100D, so we spent a lot of time climbing all over that airplane to get a really good collection of tracings. These tracings enabled me to make sure that every skin plate was precisely cut and that every single rivet and other fastener would show up in exactly the same place on my Hun. Figure 2 shows me tracing a panel. Note that I have already rubbed the fasteners and the underlying framework to get a precise template for the new pieces to be built.

Figure 3 (next page) shows the project two years after the Charlotte excursion. You can see several stages of the process. First, the top left corner shows the plywood bulkheads lined up and fastened to the plywood base. That base made a fine bench (much later!) to work on the fuselage interior. (Note the completed spine section, also built on a plywood frame.)

The top right panel in Figure 3 shows the completion of the frame and the installation of the end caps and stringers. The lower right panel shows me in front of the completed and attached bottom skin panels. (Note that we have placed the fuselage segment inside a roll cage we designed and made so that we could work on each segment standing up or sitting. Lying below a fuselage to drill holes, to apply Bondo, and to sand is hard on the body and especially on the eyes....) The lower left-hand panel in Figure 3 shows the completed metal work. The fuselage has been taken out of its roll cage and sits on its trailer. At this point, Steve and I had worked on

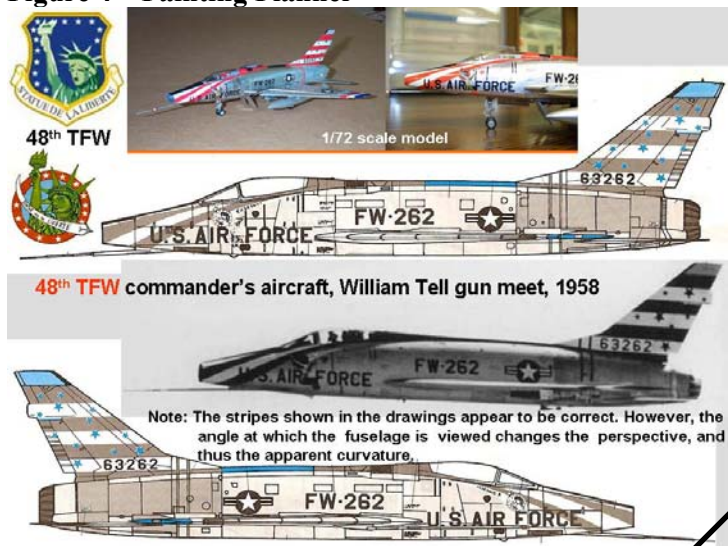
the fuselage for more than three years. It took another year to make and insert the ejection seat and to make and attach the instrument panel.

**Figure 3 – Finishing the Metal Work**



can be used to recreate, pixel by pixel, a really good template from a relatively fuzzy photo. So, after more than a year's worth of research and planning, I was ready to tape the paint outlines on my fuselage segment. (Figure 4 shows a composite picture of the painting planner.)

**Figure 4 – Painting Planner**



And waxing is not a good idea if you plan to do some painting.

Planning a proposed paint job is one thing...making sure that the plan is properly executed is another thing. For example, thanks to photo enhancement, I knew exactly how large the wing badge was. (Counting rivets became second nature.)

At this point, I knew precisely how large the wing badge components were and where, precisely, it was to be placed. Now it was time to actually make that wing badge. I can make simple drawings, but getting a good color drawing with the proper perspective is a different ball of wax. Fortunately, Anne came to the rescue. She is an accomplished artist and jeweler, so she took my drawings and converted them into images that would become the basis

While we were preparing the fuselage section for painting, I had to select my favorite paint job. I liked the bright colors of the mid- and late 1950s, and I finally settled on the colors carried by 56-3262 during the Nellis (William Tell) Gun Meet in 1958. This Hun (262) carried Col. Smith's banner. (Col. Smith was the 48<sup>th</sup> TFW Wing Commander when 262 was based at the Chaumont AB, France.)

Making sure that the paint job on my "model" was accurate turned out to be a major challenge. I did have a photo of 262 in flight during the gun meet, but that photo was very grainy. I needed something that would show me precisely where each paint line should be placed and where the wing's badge would fit. I did have a very good 1/72-scale model's drawing that depicted the paint scheme, but that drawing was insufficiently detailed to let me plan the paint job precisely. Fortunately, professional photographers have access to a remarkable set of tools that

Naturally, the paint layout required some modeling. I had already built the 1/72 scale model that you see in Figure 4. Seeing the paint scheme in 3-D reinforced my belief that my choice would be a great way to display the full-sized fuselage segment. (The composite picture in Figure 4 also shows the photograph that became the basis for my paint planning, as well as the drawings that turned out to be useful.)

With detailed drawings and photos in hand, I taped the paint job's outlines on the fuselage. (Blue painter's tape works well and it's cheap.) Figure 5 shows the basic outlines of the paint-job-to-be. Note that we had already sanded the fuselage's new aluminum panels to ensure that the paint, to be applied later, would hold properly. I also learned that new, very shiny aluminum doesn't stay shiny long—oxidation takes care of that, unless you apply wax.

**Figure 5 – Taping the Paint Job**





for a really challenging paint job. (See Anne at work in Figure 6.)

Converting Anne’s art work to a paint job applied to a curved fuselage panel was the stuff of which nightmares are fashioned. That’s where Jack Harrell, who has been in the business producing absolutely incredible art work and lettering on buildings, cars, busses, and airplanes came into the picture. Jack took a look at the art work and proposed that we let him make vinyl decals for the lettering and all the art work. Because Jack uses the actual scans on his computer, the results are accurate and flat-out gorgeous. But before Jack could do his magic, the image Anne had produced had to be converted to a perfect set of pixels. That’s where Beth, Jack’s wife, came in. Beth spent untold hours getting the image ready for decal production.

Figure 7 shows me applying the final decal. (Jack and Beth had already spent hours putting the lettering and the wing badge on.) No, the job is not done yet. But you can at least see what the final product will look like. At this point, I’m working on the instrument side panels...and that job will keep me going for another year or two. Also, as you can see in Figure 7, I still have to get the windscreen front and side panels done. And then there’s that canopy to worry about. Five and one-half years’ worth of work at this point—and counting. Yeah, a touch of insanity definitely helps....

**Figure 7 – Finishing Touches**



*Having skimmed the scores of web pages and hundreds of photos/images Peter has used to document this epic project (so far), we’d like to congratulate this skilled author for the marvelous job he did in intelligently cramming a first rate summary of his model-building adventures into only four pages. Those awed by the short version, with more than casual curiosity, are urged to explore the full version of Peter’s “major modeling project” under the “Restorations” link on his website (see intro for URL). It’s a long tome, but would be very enjoyable if digested in several, serial readings. Ed.*

**Figure 6 – Making Templates**



Figure 7, I still have to get the windscreen front and side panels done. And then there’s that canopy to worry about. Five and one-half years’ worth of work at this point—and counting. Yeah, a touch of insanity definitely helps....

Can you build an F-100 fuselage, or even the whole aircraft? Yes, you can. All it takes is a lot of time, people who can teach you the necessary skills, and money.

If a fuselage is too big a project to cut your building teeth on, you might start on a drop tank. Actually, that’s what I did, as you can tell by the 200-gallon tank with the “Itazuke Express” paint job and the red 275-gallon drop tank you see in Figure 7. Or, you might be lucky enough to find an F-100 piece that never left the factory after the cancellation of the F-100 contract, and that was, therefore, never in the USAF inventory prior to its “scrap” status. Starting with that piece, all you need to do is build the rest of the Hun....

**The Future of It** So what will I do with this mini-museum exhibit? Well, I’ll enjoy it while I still can. After I’m gone, the collection will go to a museum...the *Friends of the Super Sabre* museum comes to mind. Do I hear Houston calling? ■

**Departures:** *The following members have flown west. They will be remembered.*

Gerrit S. Van Riper  
December 12, 2009

Richard M. Mischke  
March 16, 2010

Frank Frulio  
July 23, 2011

Roger Morrison  
September 11, 2011

Paul D. Burton  
October 3, 2011

■ R.I.P., Good Friends ■  
~//~

Robert E. “Bob” Borden  
October 11, 2011

## And the Beat Still Goes On!

### Stake Your Claim (SYC)

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

*Initially, not long after Issue 16 was published, it looked as if we might have an uptick in claims. Alas, that was not to be. After receiving several claims and a story or two, the flow stopped abruptly and, although we have three new claims and one challenge, the pickings were once again very light. Perhaps we have pretty much covered the full realm of possible SYC categories? Naw, surely NOT! — Hawk*

**Claim Challenge** — A new member last summer, **Joe Breen** checked out the SYC Scoreboard and immediately picked up a title over Mack Angel in the category of **Youngest pilot to fly the Hun** (as a student). Mack was 21y, 0m, 14d. Joe was **20y, 11m, 21d**.

**New Claims**— **Bob Dunham** claims to be the **Last fully combat ready USAF/ANG pilot to fly the F-100** and is hereby awarded that SYC title. He was combat ready on November 13 of 1979 when General Hettlinger turned in the last operational F-100 to MASDC. In fact, Bob was at MASDC waiting for “Hett” to arrive. It seemed 979 had previously been identified as the first Hun to enter the new QF-100 Pave Hun drone program and Bob flew it on several flights before it was delivered to Sperry at Litchfield Park for modifications. He also flew the Pave Hun program’s “plain Jane” F-model and checked out other non-Hun-pilot program pilots, but he was the sole and last combat ready Hun pilot in the USAF, until his currency lapsed. Please see our feature story on the QF-100 program at page 20 for the exciting details.

— **Bob Dunham** further claims to be the first pilot to fly a QF-100. It was a YQF-100D. See the page 20 story. He is awarded the title **First active duty pilot to fly the QF series F-100s = 03/28/1981**.

— **Don Shepperd** was a 18 years and six months old USAFA “Doolie” when he got an orientation ride in an F-100F at George AFB in March, 1959. He was given a Mach Buster pin after the flight. Don is the — **Youngest individual to break the Mach in an F-100 = 18y, 6m**. We suspect there are lots of other USAFA Doolies out there who might challenge this title.

— **Ron Green** says he thinks he is the first Hun driver to deliver ordnance at night without benefit of a flare ship. It happened at Da Nang during one of the 416<sup>th</sup> TFS’s many TDYs before the 3<sup>rd</sup> TFW PCS’d to Bien Hoa. Ron’s flight had launched in response to an emergency call from an Aussie adviser that they were in danger of being overrun. The flare ship aborted due to engine problems and there were no others available on short notice. With little moon and low visibility, the target

was marked by tracers and Ron dropped 750 lb. bombs and strafed, successfully ending the attack. Two days later he and the Aussie met at the DOOM (the Da Nang Officers Open Mess). Ron reports he couldn’t buy a drink! We’ll award Ron the new title of **First Hun pilot to deliver ordnance without flares at night = May 30, 1965**.

But, we suspect there are many others who have delivered ordnance at night without flares. It’s more a question of who was first. Any SSS challengers out there?

**Claim Challenge** — Crow Wilson has to have the shortest lived claim on record. Only three days after Issue 16 was mailed out, **Jim Pollak** bested Crow’s 346 by claiming to have flown 355 combat missions between August 28, 1967, and August 13, the following year. Jim and Crow were both in the 31<sup>st</sup> TFW at Tuy Hoa, but in different squadrons. Crow agrees that the 355 figure was easily possible, given the “action” then. Jim now holds the record for **Most combat missions in a 1 year tour = 355**.

**Wrap** — Five new claims and one successful challenge. That’s it for SYC this time around. Updates reflecting these will be posted on the SYC Scoreboard of the SSS website by the time this issue hits the mails. Check out the new scoreboard under the link “The Intake – Journal of the SSS” and get your thinking caps out. We need some new categories and some new SYC players!

Give it a try. Notwithstanding the usual risk of red BS flags and being run over by steel spiked golf shoes, becoming a SYC titleholder is a fun and challenging thing to do. Who knows, we just might have to have a side-bar at the next reunion where SYC title holders can gather to discuss the stories behind their stories. ■



*In full combat garb, Ron makes a nervous pit-stop at a primitive Da Nang privy.*

#### **Here’s some more “Did you ever...” one-liners to ponder from Jim Lapine.**

— Have a sticking slat, and the crew chief whipped out his squirt can of JP-4? — Ponder as to why your flight lunch suddenly started being packed in a "catheter bag?" — Have mobile control duty while Bob Hoover flew his "F-100 Demonstration," and wonder if you were expected to tell him to "bring it up to the field?" ☺

“[Takhli] was not exactly resort living.”

## The Great F-100 Toilet Paper Raid on Ubon

By Don Rebtoy

As many SSS'rs are learning, memory is a fragile thing, and you can't trust Wikipedia to be right all the time! Examples:

When Don first submitted this tale of derring-do, he placed the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF) squadron at Chiang Mai Royal Thai Air Force Base (RTAFB) and the date of the action in 1963. I never got to Chiang Mai, but thought it a bit odd to have Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO) allies based there. Google searches yielded a couple of hits pertinent to Don's story. One indicated that there were RAAF Hunters at Chiang Mai briefly in 1961, but the other clearly placed the RAAF 79 Squadron's Avon Sabres of Don's story at Ubon RTAFB, beginning in May of 1962. That "other" hit was titled "Super" Sabre: the RAAF Avon Sabre and was written by SSS'r Jim Flemming for the Sabre Jet Classics magazine some time ago. An email exchange with Jim confirmed that Don's "target" was indeed at Ubon, not Chiang Mai, and that Jim had been the 79 Squadron Commander at Ubon, later-on, after his USAF exchange days.

Then came Wikipedia research time, trying to nail down when and which of the Cannon wings/squadrons took up the extended tasking for Huns at Takhli. Wiki results were mixed but generally said it was 27<sup>th</sup> TFW jets that were the first Cannon Huns to Takhli in May of 1962 in the original Operation Saw Buck. Wrong, it was the 478<sup>th</sup> TFS of the 474<sup>th</sup> TFW that led that series of temporary deployments for Cannon-based wings. Herewith, then, is a short vignette about certain happenings in Thailand at that time of prelude to war. **Ed.**

The time frame for this historic raid was spring of 1962. I was a member of the 478<sup>th</sup> TFS, 474<sup>th</sup> TFW, stationed at Cannon AFB, New Mexico. With the help of our KC-135 friends, our squadron proceeded to Clark Air Base in the Philippines, where we spent two weeks awaiting diplomatic clearance to proceed to Takhli RTAFB. We were headed there to boost Thai defenses following a threatening border incident with Laos, a Cold War prelude to the hot war to come in Southeast Asia.

When we finally got to Takhli, we discovered the base had a new runway for our use, but there were no living quarters or other buildings on our side of the runway, except for a rundown, two open-stall fire station with no other doors or windows. Also present was a rickety, wooden-pole tower with only a small, open platform with a roof at the top and no radio equipment.

Having some warning of the Takhli bare-bones situation prior to departing Clark, during that two week layover, our first sergeant and several teams of midnight procurement specialists went to work gathering "needful things" (my specialty was refrigerators). The solution for the pilot's quarters was moving the fire trucks permanently out in front of the building and setting up an open-bay sleeping area at the back of the fire house.



Although from a later TDY by a different Cannon squadron, Greg Butler provided this shot of the Firehouse accommodations that Don accurately describes.

We were able to hire Thai workers for clean-up and a bartender for the recreation area. It was not exactly resort living—more like a scene from WWI or WWII! When the OSI personnel from Clark arrived looking for the culprits that had absconded with refrigerators and other Clark AB necessities, they quickly observed the living conditions and after a cold beer, departed, thus ending the investigation.

A couple of months later, the RAAF's 79 Squadron arrived in-country to further bolster allied forces and was based quite a few miles east of our Takhli location at

Ubon RTAFB. They soon decided they needed to announce their arrival to us, and one morning about sunrise, four Avon 6 aircraft (super F-86s) in trail, each slightly subsonic, came across our firehouse just high enough to miss the shaky tower. (It turned out we had to repair the tower poles and ladder on the side of the tower.) Needless to say, we all were up and out of bed rather early that morning!



Don flew the F-100A, D and F models over a 10 year period, logging 2,800 hours. After checkout, his tours included time with the 7<sup>th</sup> TFS, 49<sup>th</sup> TFW, at Etain, France, and Spangdahlem, Germany; the 478<sup>th</sup> TFS, 474<sup>th</sup> TFW, at Cannon AFB; the 4511<sup>th</sup> CCTS, 4510<sup>th</sup> CCTW, at Luke AFB; and the 510<sup>th</sup> TFS, 3<sup>rd</sup> TFW, Bien Hoa AB, RVN. Later, he was CC of the 3<sup>rd</sup> TFS (A-7Ds), 388<sup>th</sup> TFW, at Korat RTAFB. The scoreboard: 202 total combat missions and retired as a colonel in '76.



Four Avon 6 Sabres gave an early wake-up call.

Obviously, the 478<sup>th</sup> TFS was not going to let such a “dastardly” act go by without fitting retribution. Planning began that very morning, and several methods of revenge were suggested. My idea was a trick I had pulled off before, with just one F-100, involving toilet paper munitions. The idea was to cut a bunch of toilet paper rolls in two, open the speed brake on the ramp, line the entire inside area of the speed brake with the half rolls, then close the speed brake. Talk about “lock and load!”

Our commander and ops officer decided to go with the toilet paper trick, fragging a four-ship for the retaliation raid. They and everybody else wanted to go on the raid. I didn’t think it would be a good idea for either the commander or ops officer to be involved and said so. They agreed to this wisdom and said, “You lead it ‘Reb,’ and you can pick the other three pilots.” So be it.

I wanted the other pilots to be from my flight and let the guys draw straws for the honor of defending the honor of the squadron. We studied a map of the Aussie’s runway, verifying what we’d already seen from altitude. We came up with a plan, briefed the boss, and he said, “Let’s do it!”

The plan was simple and here is what we intended to do. If they had a tower operator, we would get clearance for a fly-by. If not, it would be a surprise attack. The first two F-100s would be in spread formation at 1,000 feet AGL, with the 2<sup>nd</sup> element following in the same formation at 1,500 feet, one-half mile back, all at 400 knots. Lead and Element Lead would call for “speed brakes now,” and all would go simultaneously to 100% power. The aim point would be between the taxiway and their aircraft parking ramp. And, B - I - NGO, it would be snowing on the RAAF.

Per the ancient flying training axiom, “Plan your flight and fly your plan,” everything went off without a hitch. Nobody used their speed brake prematurely, the Ubon tower operator granted our request, so the Aussie’s gathered on their ramp to observe and critique the Yanks, and the snowflakes were spread from the “beets to the cabbage patch!” [As Vietnam Vets will instantly recognize, that quoted phrase was used years later by a young USAF captain to describe his deadly accurate delivery of napalm against the Viet Cong during an international press conference, later parodied humorously as the *What the Captain Means Press Conference*. Ed.]

**Epilogue:** After we conquering heroes returned, and the telephone conversation between the two squadron commanders was over, it was clear that the two squadrons should get together for a mutual admiration party. The ground rules were simple: the RAAF would bring the cold Aussie beer in their Avon 6’s wing storage tanks, and we’d provide the rest: hard stuff, the bar, bartender, chow and overnight accommodations. The RAAF agreed to reciprocal parties, and hosted the next of several that followed, making the TDY a real adventure. International harmony? Mission accomplished! ■

**Bonus Story** SSS’r Greg Butler, who consulted on Don’s tale, suggested we include this “In a Nutshell” remembrance: “For what it’s worth, one of my fondest memories of Takhli was one evening when we were chatting about running, which, in those days, none of us did much of, including me. I said I’d bet a bundle I could run down to the end of the runway and back non-stop (about two hot miles). You gotta remember, back then, power conditioning was only for guys like Les Holland. Anyway, several takers put up several dollars, and Rex Hammock and George McKnight volunteered to follow me in Major Red Herman’s Jeep as snake patrol. Well, following the turn, as I headed back, George and Rex had a serious conversation as to whether or not to ‘run over the little SOB’ to avoid loosing the cash. Ignorant of that plan at the time, I trotted up to one of the fire trucks, opened a valve, and took a refreshing cold shower, just prior to collecting my winnings.” (Greg was in the group from Cannon who replaced Don’s original group at Takhli, Ed.)



Photo provided by D.O. Williams. The sign behind the jet shows a painted King Cobra with text saying, “Welcome to the Land of the King Cobra,” and they weren’t kidding, eh Greg? Snake Patrol, indeed! As D.O. said, “We had lots of encounters with those buggers during our watch.”

Hal Hermes sent this shot of the Takhli fire truck “after the rain.” Maybe Greg’s earned pot O’ gold is at the end of the rainbow behind the covert ops C-46, also an early local tenant of the growing Thai Air Force Base?



## TAC Rote to Phalsbourg: Chaos in Motion

By Jim Brasier

We often receive, and print in the Incoming/Outgoing department, additional details about articles previously published in our journal. However, it is rare to have an opportunity to publish another complete account of the same event (in this case, a deployment) written independently by a different eye-witness who was also a participant. Such is the case with this story by Jim Brasier about his perspective on the “Great TAC Rotation” of 1963, previously reported by R.Y. Costain, in Issue 16, as he had experienced the event. See “Drama Over The Atlantic” on page 23.

As it turns out, Jim’s version was actually written before R.Y.’s version, but it was buried deep in our Story Bin folder since he submitted it back in September, 2009, and we’ve only recently rediscovered it. Nevertheless, both authors have the core elements of the deployment pretty much the same, but the subtleties vary a bit. Why? Probably because Jim was one of the squadron “old heads” that R.Y. mentions who, in their wisdom, gave “new guys” like him suggestions as to how to improvise ash trays. Read on.... **Ed.**

Chief of Staff of the Air Force General Curtis LeMay got a burr under his saddle and decided he would launch several TFSs to Europe in the fall of 1963 to see if they were really as mobile as they claimed to be. For the 613<sup>th</sup> TFS/401<sup>st</sup> TFW at England AFB, Louisiana, this was what we trained for throughout the year. The 613<sup>th</sup> TFS was scheduled to go on its normal rotation to Cigli AB near Izmir, Turkey, anyway, so this was going to be just another routine deployment.

Per the Ops Plan, the 613<sup>th</sup> launched 24 F-100s out of England AFB, air refueled and landed at our staging base, Loring AFB in northern Maine, some 1,700 miles away. Loring was a SAC base that provided a good East Coast base from which to launch airplanes to Europe. We arrived about noon, and already the ramp was full of TAC fighter squadrons that had been tasked to go on this deployment. There were F-100s, F-105s and RF-101s among the Loring-based B-52s and KC-135s covering the ramp.

After landing around noon, someone suggested we go to the Loring Officers Club because the TAC crews were gathering there for a practice party. What a concept!



The “Squids” were up for a practice party anytime, anywhere!

As we entered the O’ Club, Captain Wayne Fullum from the 4<sup>th</sup> TFW at Seymour Johnson AFB, North Carolina, met us at the door. (I had known Wayne previously when we had been in the same fighter squadron in the Philippines.) Wayne had taken the nozzle off the usual fire hose near the front door and proceeded to “toot” us into the club.

Wayne pointed us to the bar area, and continued to herald more fighter pilots into the club.

As I entered the bar, an F-105 pilot by the name of Hall, who had just finished his martini, proceeded to eat

the glass down to the stem. Unfazed by this fairly common trick in those days, I looked around.

The bar was full of fighter pilots in smelly green flying suits, drinking whiskey as if there would be no more tomorrow: which was a likely possibility. The lunch dining area was adjacent to the bar, and the smelly goat skins spilled over into that area. The local SAC lunch patrons, dressed in their class B, tan uniforms, had retreated to a far corner away from the bar, in fear they had been invaded by some foreign Air Force. Mind you, it was only about 12:30 PM. We all proceeded to party hard throughout the afternoon, and then checked into billeting for room assignments. The bartender had said it was the best party he had ever seen in the Loring O’club and that he probably could almost retire on the tips he got that day.

The next day, we were told that the 613<sup>th</sup> was going to launch the squadron to and operate from Phalsbourg AB, France. This base was located in eastern France near the German border. It had been kept in a caretaker status for NATO, to be used if needed if war broke out in Europe, or for training purposes like the deployment on which we were about to embark. Phalsbourg was about 3,400 air miles from Loring, about an eight hour trip,



Jim had a long and storied Hun career starting with an A-model gunnery checkout at Nellis AFB in '58. Next was Turner AFB (309<sup>th</sup> TFS Jun – Dec '58); Clark AB, P.I. (510<sup>th</sup> TFS Sep '60 – Feb '62); England AFB (613<sup>th</sup>/614<sup>th</sup> TFS Mar '62 – Jan '65); Wheelus AB, Libya, (50<sup>th</sup> TFW/401<sup>st</sup> TFW Liaison, Feb '65 – Oct '67); Tuy Hoa AB, SVN, (306<sup>th</sup> TFS Dec '67 – May '68); Tan Son Nhut AB, SVN, (7<sup>th</sup> AF Tactics Jun – Dec '68); Nellis AFB ( F-100 FWS IP Jan – Nov '69). Then, it was on to the Aardvark world till retirement in Jun '76.

hopefully nonstop, over the North Atlantic with KC-135 tankers. As usual, we would take off at O' dark-thirty so we could land while it was still daylight in France.

We ate an early breakfast at midnight in the chow hall and received the mission briefing at two o'clock in the base theater. The route would be from Loring to a radio beacon at Chatham, New Brunswick, near the eastern coast of continental Canada, thence out over the North Atlantic to France. The water was below 55 degrees, so we would wear anti-exposure or "poopy suits," as we called them, with no further explanation necessary as to how they got that name. There would be rain showers in the Loring area for takeoff, but the weather en-route would be good, and Phalsbourg was estimated to have a 2,000 foot ceiling and three miles visibility.

The 401<sup>st</sup> TFW Commander, Colonel Richard Travis, got up and gave the standard "Safety is paramount on this deployment," briefing, and "Oh, by the way, our En-route Support Team (EST) hasn't arrived at Loring yet, so you pilots may have to help each other get your jets started." He allowed he would be staying behind, observing thru heavy lenses as we deployed, and wished us "Bon Voyage." (The EST was our ground personnel and/or airplane crew chiefs who took care of our jets and ensured they were in good mechanical condition to safely fly. There is always some glitch on every "over the water" deployment, but this last minute "bomb" was not expected, and few of us had any idea what a huge impact it was going to have on our launch.)



615<sup>th</sup> TFS

Captain Daryl "Mother" Hubbard, from the 615<sup>th</sup> TFS at England AFB, had come along to Loring to assist in coordinating the launch. I talked to him at the mission briefing, and he said he would be in the Command Post for our launch. We picked up our

poopy suits and parachutes and jumped into the bread wagon headed for the flight line to man our jets.

It was overcast with a slight drizzle. Because we were going to be gone a couple months, we each had a B-4 bag for our clothes. The B-4 was big and bulky and would just fit into the ammo can area of an F-100D, but not anywhere in an F-100F. When I got to my jet, there was an airman with a SAC patch on. He said he would get me started, but after he pulled the air start hose out, he'd have to go to the next jet and get them started. He said he would take the ladder down and pull the chocks, but didn't know the hand signals to check the operation of the speed brakes, flaps, etc. That meant there would be no one on the ground to fully check the operation of those items necessary for flight. Not good.

When I got the jet started, the DC generator would not come on line. I informed the Command Post that I was aborting, and they said, "Find another Hun and head east."

I was supposed to be leading the second element of the third flight of the second group to launch, but now, I had no idea where I would be, even if I found another airplane. I got my B-4 out of the aborted F-100D and started looking for an F-100 that wasn't occupied. In my poopy suit, dragging a B-4 bag, parachute and helmet, I looked like a Louisiana swamp monster looking for prey in the early morning on the soggy Loring ramp.

I came upon an F-100F that had the canopy cover still on. There wasn't a ground crewman in sight. I started to untie the cover, when I felt someone tugging the cover from the other side. I looked over and saw Captain Jim Goode untying the cover on the other side of the jet. We had a split-second discussion on who would fly the front seat, and because Jim was a flight commander and I was not, it was a *fait accompli*.

We got the canopy cover off, then looked around for a start cart. We found one and pulled it over to the F-100F. Jim preflighted the Hun, and because our B-4s would not fit in the F-100F, we took some clothes out and put them in the smaller gun bay area of the "F". We left our B-4 bags on the ramp hoping someone would find them and send them on to Phalsbourg.

Jim climbed up on the wing and got in the front cockpit. I hooked up the start cart to the jet and cranked up the starter unit. I acted as crew chief, as Jim started the Hun and went thru the ground checks. He gave me a thumbs-up. I pulled the chocks, climbed up on the wing and into the rear cockpit of our shared steed. God willing, it would get us to Phalsbourg.

The UHF radio was abuzz with radio chatter when we got on Loring's ground frequency. "Two are you up?" "Lead, this is Three, I'm now in 864." "Four's an abort." "What's our launch sequence now?"

In this din of chaos, we used Jim's original call sign, and Ground Control cleared us to taxi to the takeoff runway. As we taxied, we didn't hear any of the original call signs in Jim's or my original flight, and when Ground Control asked how many in our flight, Jim answered, "We started with eight ships, but we're down to one now." As we approached take off position, we switched to Tower frequency, just as a trio of KC-135s took the runway.

"F-100 waiting to take off, after the last KC-135 rolls, you're cleared into position and cleared for takeoff." As we taxied onto the runway, another F-100D taxied out with us and lined up on our right wing. There was no radio contact with this stray Hun, so Jim ran it up, gave a head nod, lit the afterburner and we rolled down Loring's runway in a two-ship formation takeoff...with no clue who our number two was. We switched to Departure Control and followed the last KC-135 ahead of us. We were on our way to Phalsbourg, come hell or high water!

A little over an hour later, we approached the eastern Canadian coastline and the first light of day. It was only then that we started to get some semblance of how the launch sequence from Loring had actually played out.

Jim had followed the last tanker lights, and with first light, we were able to discern the other two KC-135s ahead in the distance. We were now at the contrail level, and the sunrise reflecting off the cons of all the tankers was spectacular.



*Dawn was always a welcome sight.*

When I looked back to check on our new wingman, who still hadn't come up on frequency, to give him a radio frequency via hand signals, I was astonished to see five other F-100s in our formation. Apparently their launches were as chaotic as ours had been, so they just took off and joined on the aircraft lights ahead of them. This was not unlike a reenactment of the Pied Piper story.

We now were leading a six-ship, and we were the only one on tanker frequency. Jim asked the tanker Lead to try to contact them and have them come up our radio frequency. One by one they checked in. "This is Smokey 42 on your left wing," and Jim would say, "Is that you Sistrunk?" "No," came the reply, "this is Coleman." "Ok hold your position until we get all of this gaggle on frequency." This went on for about another 30 minutes, with Jim sorting out this unexpected six-ship flight and assigning each to one of the three tankers.

As we bored on eastward, our new number two wingman called and said, "Lead, I see something flapping around your gun bay vents." We hadn't had time to tape up the gun bay vents on our F-100F at Loring, so our clothes were taking a beating from the 350 KCAS wind whistling thru the gun bays.

Taking a tactical fighter squadron over the pond successfully is not so much a science, but rather, it relies on the sum total of the individual skills of the pilots involved. Even for an experienced fighter pilot, flying in trail formation with an airliner-sized airplane at 480 KTAS and sticking a pipe on the right wing of an F-100 into an 18-inch-round basket on the tanker, in order to transfer jet fuel, was still a challenge.

This was my third ocean crossing, but for many of our guys, this was their first. And there were some that could not refuel from the tanker, or they bent their refueling probes trying, and had to divert into abort bases on the east coast of Canada. They would all get rescheduled with another KC-135 and follow on later.

When we got to France, we were in weather and made separate IFR letdowns on the ADF into Phalsbourg. After landing, they parked our F-model in a revetment that would hold two jets.

While we were postflighting our Hun and checking the wind damage to our clothes, another Hun taxied into our revetment. It looked like "Mother" Hubbard, but he was supposed to be in the Command Post at Loring. He wasn't scheduled to be on the deployment at all. But, it WAS "Mother." When I asked him how he got to Phalsbourg, he said that when the launch confusion developed at Loring, he was told to "grab any jet and head east," so he did. He returned to the states via commercial air the next day.

Over the next few days, the remainder of our squadron straggled into Phalsbourg. And although the launch from Loring had been chaotic, the squadron experienced no serious problems or casualties on the Phalsbourg part of our deployment—save, perhaps, for a wing commander's career. ■



*Typical in-flight lunch box OJ can with a small teardrop opening works fine as an ash tray!*



**In the chaos of motion, "If you abort, grab any jet and head east!"**

## Profiles — Kenneth “Ken” McDaniel: Avid Modeler of a Different Type

By R. Medley Gatewood

About a year ago, shortly after Ken joined the SSS, he sent a grainy picture of a strange looking airplane to us. Curious, we gave him a call to find out what the heck kind of aircraft it was. It turned out to be an F-100 model made out of light-weight metal pipe, featuring—get this—a propane afterburner! Ken’s story of his initial admiration of F-100s, his career flying them, and his rather unique hobby in retirement make for an interesting member profile. It starts with a letter to the editor telling of Ken’s love affair with the Hun, and we’ll get to the modeling part of his story after that background.

**Letter** “I fell in love with the F-100 in 1958 or 1959. I had made an emergency landing in an F-89 at Cannon AFB, arriving there around midnight. The next morning when I returned to the flight line, I went up in the tower and, there before me, beheld a beautiful sight. There must have been over 100 of the shiniest F-100s I’d ever seen sitting on the ramp. I thought, “I have got to fly that plane!”

“After the F-89, I transitioned into the F-101. Fast and pretty, but NOT a Hun. My next assignment was to Japan flying B-57s. It was built for ground attack and carried just about everything the Hun did, including four 20mm cannons. For the next three years, I sat nuke alert at Kunsan, Korea, and pined for the Misawa F-100s sitting across the ramp from me. Grrrr!

“In May of 1964, I left Japan for Cannon AFB, finally with an F-100 assignment. I’d always wanted to go to Europe, and had heard Cannon’s rotation tour base was Aviano. I was one happy fellow. My orders, and those of a few others, called for a local checkout. Well, the 27<sup>th</sup> TFW balked at that idea, so we flew T-33s for a few months till Cannon worked out a deal with Luke for a short course: a week of ground school, eight hours per day, and then some transition flying. I got 28 hours and 50 minutes before returning to Cannon and getting fully Operationally Ready. Then, in February of 1965 as I remember, we left for Misawa. Well now, here I’m back at Kunsan, sitting nuke alert again. But now, I fly the Hun!

“Vietnam was heating up, and we flew our jets back to Cannon to get Night Owl qualified. In a couple of months, we were to fly back across the Pacific to Saigon to join the war. NOT! Just one hour before going into scheduled crew rest, 10 or so of us got orders to Vietnam as GROUND Forward Air Controllers (GFACs). GASP! We left the next day alright, but on a C-123 headed to Shaw AFB for three or four days of briefings about Army operations. We went over to Saigon in C-124s. Thank God it was only for six months on a TDY tour, and we turned into O-1 FACs after three months.

“On return to Cannon, I checked out as an RTU Instructor Pilot. Total F-100 time by then was 275 hours. Happy times were here again. I stayed at Cannon until August of 1968 and was then assigned to Phu Cat. The squadron then moved to Phan Rang. I left there in May of 1969 and went to Alaska, then to Langley AFB. After that, I was assigned to the Arizona Air Guard as an active duty RTU IP. That was my last F-100 assignment. I ended up with 1,500 hours in the Hun, and truly loved almost every minute of it. Except, of course, those proverbial few moments of stark terror! — *Ken*”



Ken McDaniel

**Retirement & Hobbies** Ken eventually retired and settled into the rural life of an active rancher in his native state of Oklahoma near Maud, a little place not far southeast of Oklahoma City. There, he raises cattle and farms a bit, including a fine stand of producing pecan trees. He had always enjoyed painting and was pretty good at it, judging from some mid-‘70s examples he recently sent, one of which is of a Hun about to engage a MIG-21, in the vertical, yet! This is probably a flight of fancy, but it gives a clue as to what Ken would have liked to have done in his Hun, given “artistic license.”



Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Ken says he took up modeling of aircraft about 25 years ago. Modeling’s not that strange within the SSS; Don Schmenk, Dave Menard, Michael Benolkin, and others involved in parts of that trade come to mind.

However, Ken decided to do things a little differently and make his models out of metal—heavy metal, in some cases. He started with steel silhouettes, the first of which were Huns, mounted on his humble mailbox (and in need of repainting after 25 years) and his 35-foot-high flag pole.





Having dabbled in creating a 3D model of a C-130 (using multiple sizes of metal pipe for his son's flag pole), about six months ago, Ken decided to advance his state-of-the-art techniques and do the same for his beloved Hun. He took one of his silhouette models and started converting it to the 3D type. While doing this, sort of experimentally, he thought, "Why not put an afterburner in it?" *Shazam!* And the labor of love for 3D pipe modeling reached for new heights.

The process has been iterative, with the usual "in-progress modifications," as you will see in the following kaleidoscope of picture frames showing various stages of this on-going project. Ken reports it wasn't easy, particularly in finding the right nozzles for the burners (he's still working on that). And we meant that word, burners, to be plural, for, as you will see, Ken also did a 3D pipe model of his second love, the F-101 Voodoo.



*This was the grainy picture of a strange looking airplane Ken sent that started this article.*

*Same model on the workbench for scale and detail.*

*The Voodoo was close behind in development, but the burners were really tricky.*

*Voodoo on test bed, note decals and paint job progress.*



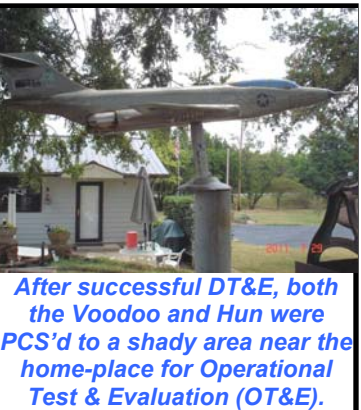
*Live-fire test of dual F-101 burners: in need of a smaller drill bit, less than 1/16<sup>th</sup> inch. Clip from grainy test video.*



*Paired test beds constructed for ambitious Developmental Test & Evaluation program (DT&E) of "Barnyard Burners!"*



*The "Red Baron" tri-plane weather vane on the gazebo indicates a clear, calm DT&E day for Barnyard Burners.*



*After successful DT&E, both the Voodoo and Hun were PCS'd to a shady area near the home-place for Operational Test & Evaluation (OT&E).*



*The Voodoo passes OT&E with minor write-ups requiring a fire guard when at full afterburners.*



*The Hun passes OT&E with minor write-ups, also requiring a fire guard when at full afterburner.*



*Now standing guard at the McDaniel ranch: Hun and Voodoo, the Red Baron & a B-57. Can you find the latter??*



*Should you like to see these Barnyard Burners, you're welcome to visit Ken and Gerry's ranch, but call ahead!*

So, here ends the profile of Ken McDaniel, for now that is. Ken says he's starting on an F-89 and may work up to an A-7, an A-8 1/2, an A-10; the possibilities are endless, it seems. With or without burners, you gotta give Ken credit for taking on the challenge of 3D model-making from metal pipes. Of course, metal pipes are pretty plentiful in Oklahoma—think oil well drilling pipes—all over. So, if you're in the vicinity of Maud, OK, consider dropping in on Ken and Gerry at 32510 Highway 59. Please call (405) 374-2237. ■

# The Way We Were

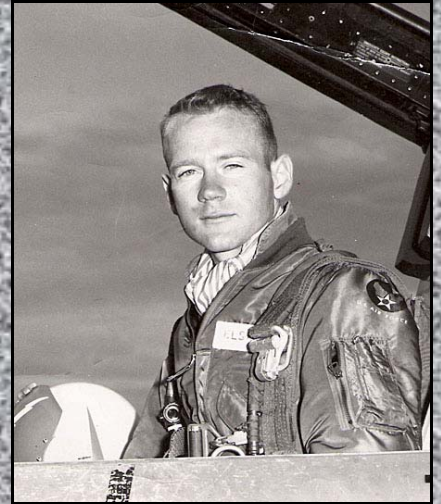
*Fifty-five years younger and 45 pounds lighter, we were always ready to kick the tires, light the fires and belly up to the bar at happy hour. Those were the days!*



*B.W. "Green Snake" Boshoven*



*Alan "Lad" Duaine*



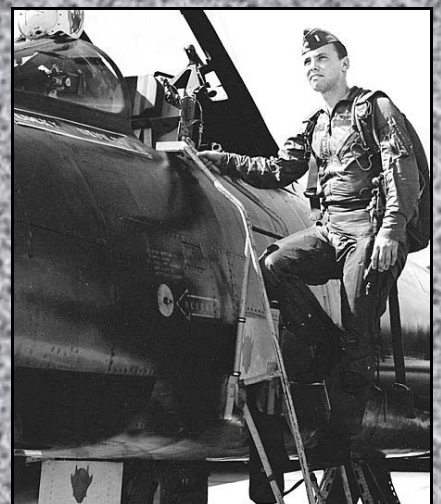
*George Elsea*



*Les Frazier*



*Charlie Gulley*



*Dan Heitz*

**We have "Hero Pictures" of only 195 of 1,300 members and we've published 144. It's time to add lots of others to our supply, before more of our heroes fly west.**

**So, please dig out your favorites and participate ASAP!**

**We prefer scanned photos (at 300ppi) emailed to Photo Editor Shaun Ryan at ([f100plt@gmail.com](mailto:f100plt@gmail.com)). If you have no way to scan, snail mail it with a return address to Shaun at 6610 Sutherland Ridge Place, Tucson, AZ 85718, and we'll return the originals. Thanks, P. Ed.**



*Bill Kriz*



*Bob Lilac*



*Carl Lyday*



*Ron Miller*



*Don Sheperd*



*Ralph Taylor*

## QF-100: The Final Hun

By Jack Doub

**FYI** The official name of the Hun drone program was “QF-100 Full Scale Aerial Target (FSAT),” and its development and test code name was “PAVE Hun.” The PAVE (Precision Avionics Vectoring Equipment) code name originated with PAVEway laser guided bomb programs, and was later used for any system with PAVE equipment. This is not really “Techie” stuff, but an interesting tidbit of acquisition history. **Ed.**

**PROLOGUE** In the last issue, we presented the final days of the “operational” Huns, courtesy of the Indiana Air Guard's 181<sup>st</sup> TFG. Initially, we had intended to present that article as “The Last Hun.” That is, until we received a huge, “Hey, wait a minute!” from a group of SSS’rs who had been involved in the USAF target drone program. Fearing an open rebellion, we fell back and regrouped. This is the honest-to-goodness “Last days of the Hun,” at least with the USAF, and, as you'll see, even in her final days, the old girl performed admirably, and was a tougher “foe” than you might imagine!

This, then, is the story of the QF-100: the final Hun.

**THE HISTORY OF DRONES** The earliest recorded use of an unmanned aerial vehicle for warfighting most likely occurred on August 22, 1849, when the Austrians attacked the city of Venice with unmanned balloons loaded with explosives. Unfortunately, shifting winds blew some of the balloons back over Austrian lines, so it was back to the drawing board for the concept of aerial attack by unmanned aircraft!

During World War I, the idea again surfaced, and among several related projects, the “Kettering Bug,” a small, pilotless craft, was designed and tested by the Americans, but the war ended before it could be used operationally. (Interestingly enough, even back then, it was the Sperry Corp. that provided the guidance expertise.)

During World War II, several B-24s and B-17s were modified for drone use, with spotty results. The Germans, however, got spectacular results from their V-1 Buzz Bomb, or “Doodlebug” as it was known colloquially in Britain. The V-1 was a rail-launched, pilotless drone controlled by a rudimentary autopilot, powered by a small pulse-jet, and capable of about 400 mph with a 160 mile range. The concept was simple: aim it at London with enough fuel to reach the city, and when the engine flamed out, the aircraft went into a steep dive with its 1,900 pound warhead. In all, 9,521 of the small planes were launched toward Britain, inflicting an astonishing 22,892 deaths and uncounted injuries.

A concept had been born...and proven.

The idea of using obsolete military aircraft as targets had been around since WWI, but really took off after WWII and Korea, reaching its zenith following the war in Southeast Asia. As the F-4 began replacing many of the old air defense fighters, the F-102 was converted to a target drone, and a new era of combat-capable drones emerged. Eventually, as the F-102 inventory declined, the search began for a replacement with harder turning capability than the delta-winged F-102, i.e., a more maneuverable, full-size, high-G target drone.

### THE QF-100 Program

In August of 1979, the USAF awarded a contract to Sperry Flight Systems to convert nine Huns to QF-100s and then test and evaluate them as replacements for the QF-102/PQM-102 drones. Two were to be YQF-100s with added cockpit controls so pilots could fly them to evaluate systems, three were to be modified to Air Force configurations, plus four to be modified to Army requirements for anti-aircraft and surface-to-air missile testing. One other, a “plain Jane” F-100, was assigned to the program for ferry, chase, training and maintenance by Sperry under the contract.

This initial contract included combined Development Test and Evaluation (DT&E) and Initial Operational Test and Evaluation (IOT&E), as was common in those days for economic reasons.

Why the F-100? In addition to the Hun's hard maneuvering capability, there were the economics of the time. A Firebee II supersonic drone in use at the time cost about \$750,000, while the Huns, destined to be melted down at D-M, had a current value of roughly \$235,000. Throw in the life span comparison and it was a no-brainer—the Firebee was good for five, maybe six missions; the QF-100 usually made 10 or so; one old bird survived 15 live firing events!

Our second SSS “Outstanding Member Award” recipient, Bob Dunham, was the test director for TAC as the QF-100 program was launched. At the time, Bob was the last fully combat ready (CR) USAF pilot current in the F-100! (How's this for a claim—he was the ONLY CR F-100 pilot in the entire USAF? See SYC, page 10.)

In Bob's words, “When Gen. Hettlinger flew 979 (the “City of Terre Haute”) to Davis-Monthan, I was waiting to refuel her and later delivered her to Sperry. Before then,



I'd been able to maintain CR status by flying DACT and some range missions with those ANG units that still had Huns. A while after that, I lost CR status because, by AF regulation, I couldn't use contractor airplanes but for proficiency flights, including cross-country, instruments and VFR.

Yet, did get several opportunities to dog fight the F-106s at Tyndall ...Grapes!" ("Grapes" is Bob's slang term for "easy pickin's!" Ed.)

[Author's note: When the average jock explores the many technical aspects of transforming an operational fighter into a drone, the eyes tend to glaze over and the brain numbs from the piles of "technical data" available. We won't go into that here.]

It was Dunham's job to oversee the development of the QF and bring it to operational status. To do that, he checked out a few active duty troops, plus the civilian pilots authorized by the civilian contractors on the project. Combined, they would fly over 500 sorties, including test and ferry flights, before the program became operational.

In all, they had nine YQF/QF-100s and the plain Jane "utility" F-100F for the IOT&E before they turned the QF-100s loose on the Tyndall and White Sands ranges for the shooters. (The program at White Sands was primarily an Army program to provide realistic targets for AAA and SAM weaponry. Some F-15 firings using the QF-100 were done at White Sands, but for our purposes we will concentrate on the USAF mission at Tyndall.)

As the program developed, the Sperry engineers made a few changes to the Hun. Dunham comments, "Sperry removed the 'standard' antiskid and installed a constant-G device set at ¼-G constant deceleration to apply the brakes. It beat the old antiskid by several thousand feet! The autopilot was new and we nicknamed it 'Atilla' (as in '...the Hun') and he was a dandy! Atilla had AAR (all attitude recovery) and would water your eyes in 'unusual attitude recovery.' Atilla also had LOC (loss of carrier) routine, so if telemetry commands were lost, Atilla would take over, go to a designated radial/DME and altitude, set up a standard holding pattern and hold at 300 KIAS for 15 min. At one minute prior to "Time Out," a tone on Guard alerted everyone the QF was about to blow. At Time Out, she self destructed with the AIM-9 warhead mounted in the saddleback area."

The two YQF-100s were interesting airplanes and a bit scary. Two "D" models were wired to control the autopilot from within the cockpit, simulating the range



**How many folks knew 979 flew on into more Hun history after Hett Hettlinger left her at the D-M Boneyard and Bob Dunham picked her up?**

controllers input from the Eglin/Tyndall site. In other words, the pilot could fly the airplane from the cockpit using the same telemetry the range controllers would eventually use from their ground sites at Eglin. This greatly helped resolve uplink or downlink problems, because the airplane could be flown with the autopilot using cockpit controls, just as the range controllers would do from their "bubbles on the beach."

As for the YQF's controls, Dunham says, "I had the 'bright' idea of using the Bullpup joystick, which we got and hooked up. You also had to use something for throttle and rudder. Our bright engineers came up with the trim switch, fore and aft for throttle, left and right for rudder. Of course, you used the Bullpup joystick for pitch and roll. Try that and chew gum! First you are 'flying' with your throttle hand, and then you are using power with the flying hand!"

More than a few humans had trouble landing the Hun, so imagine the skill and cunning involved with getting the bird down by remote control. "The devil is in the details," and the details of this clever operation are fascinating.

[Author: However, as promised, we will tell it in "war story" fashion and not go "techie!"]

Simply put, the QF-100 was handled on the ground by two controllers positioned near the end of the runway. Once airborne, they handed the bird off to a third controller in a fixed-base, ground station who actually controlled the machine while it performed its pre-programmed maneuvers as dictated by the scheduled firing mission on the Gulf ranges. If the aircraft survived the mission's attacks, it was returned to a handoff point, and control was again passed to the two ground controllers positioned near the runway for landing.

As the PQM-102 program was winding down, Bob's job became the checkout of a crew of F-102 pilots who had no clue as to the difficulties involved in flying the Hun. As Bob puts it, "These guys were all spoiled rotten! Good sticks, all of them, but lulled by the Cadillac capabilities of the F-102, and the simplicity and ease of handling which that bird possessed. It didn't take too long for them to wake up and realize that they had their hands full to learn all the myriad tricks the Hun could—and would use—trying to kill them!"

It's important to point out that these project pilots often sat in the cockpit as safety pilots while the engineers on the ground actually flew the airplane!



**By this time in the program, the unofficial PAVE Hun logo had been designed. "Atilla the Hun" was also known as "the Red Eagle," so the guys worked that into the image, and to improve morale, the intrepid test crew proudly wore it on their visors.**

Compared to training the pilots, though, nothing prepared Dunham for the process of dealing with the engineers, who would design and program the QF-100 modifications. Perhaps the most telling example was the simple issue of turning the drone. The engineers wanted to use aileron with rudder, as in most “normal” airplanes. Experienced Hun drivers are already chuckling. In Bob’s words, “...one of the test parameters was an 8-G break. To do that, the autopilot had to roll from wings level to about 90 degrees bank while developing a pull to 8-Gs in two seconds. My many hours in the briefing room, describing to the software engineers how and why the F-100 pilots used RUDDER to roll the airplane under G load, were a total waste of time. I am 100 percent certain that not one of them listened or wrote it down!”

Commenting on the predictable results, he continues, “It is one thing to put yourself into adverse yaw reversal—it is a totally different sensation to just sit there and watch it happen! The ‘I GOT IT!’ came pretty quick the first time. By number 50 or 60, you knew what was going to happen, and you watched with great interest, ‘What are they going to do to me next?’”

But as we know, engineers can eventually solve most problems, although in this case it took longer than usual. Bob recalls the resolution of the turning problem: “The engineers were determined to turn the drone with ailerons AND rudder, but they couldn’t find the right combination of one or the other. Slowly, we worked our way through every possible combination of one or the other, and eventually established an initial roll with ailerons and coordinated rudder. But as the G load increased, they washed out the ailerons and increased the rudder input until they reached the final bank angle of 90 degrees. THAT was eye watering! We were over 90 days late on the test program line because of the turn issue, but I did learn (from personal experience) that a properly programmed autopilot can do what a man cannot! That revelation, even way back then, told me the days of manned flight were probably numbered.”

In simple terms, to create a drone, the engineers added an autopilot for actual aircraft control and a computer to receive and translate the telemetry from the ground-based technicians.

The big challenge was to train the ground-based controllers to “fly” the drone. Of great importance, of course, was getting the sometimes testy Hun off the ground...and back! To do that, an actual person had to sit in the YQF-100 while the telemetry was developed and the “ground pilots” learned how to take off and land the always difficult Hun.

Thus, much of that training occurred with a human pilot sitting in the bird, while the ground-based controllers gave it their best shot. (A frightening thought at best!) In Bob’s words, you can detect the utter horror of it all, “100 feet in the air on short final: nose comes up, and the power goes to idle!!!! THAT will bring you out of a deep sleep!

It will also keep you on the edge of your chair for days on end, and often give you some really vivid nightmares.”

The mind boggles at the thought of your job being to sit in an F-100...day after day...while a ground-based guy lands it remotely!

The ground handlers also had a tough job. They had to get the QF off the ground before turning it over to a remote-based mission controller, who then handled the bird over the Gulf ranges. To reduce workload on takeoff and landing, two controllers would be used: one to control elevator and power; the other to control roll and heading. Because the ground-based unit had limited telemetry power, they handed the drone off within 20 miles to the mission controller who had a 200 mile radar capability downrange.

The “droneport,” located just east of Tyndall’s main base, is oriented north-south, with all takeoffs to the south and recoveries to the north. For takeoff, the Mobile Control Unit (MCU) was positioned on the runway, about 800-1,000 feet behind the drone, with rudder/heading being of prime importance. A cleverly designed automated takeoff system (ATO) flew the runway heading, tracking the centerline, and performing the actual rotation and liftoff. While rudder control sounds most challenging on takeoff roll, Dunham says the ATO actually did a good job of tracking runway direction.



**Technicians swarm over the “City of Terre Haute” QF-100 being readied for takeoff on the runway at Tyndall AFB. Note the MCU 800 feet behind the drone on the runway centerline.**

Landing, however, was another story. It was here the ground controllers earned their money! After takeoff, the MCU would be repositioned to the landing end of the runway about 1,000-feet down the runway on the left side. The chase plane, usually a Tyndall-based T-33, would escort the drone to a point about 10 miles out, where the mission controller at Eglin would hand off to the ground controllers. This can be a challenge for the elevator controller, who handles pitch and power, because there is always a wind shift as the drone crosses the beach. But, it’s the rudder/direction controller who really has his hands full! Bear in mind, the rudder controller is looking over his shoulder at an angle to the approaching drone,

i.e., not directly at the drone, as is the case on takeoff. This offset angle becomes greater as the QF approaches the runway and often requires line-up corrections just as it approaches touchdown.



*The MCU in takeoff position 800 feet behind the QF poised on the centerline. Takeoff was easy, but for landing, it was positioned off the runway, about 1,000 feet from the approach end. Given the parallax effect, that was where the Mobil Controllers really earned their pay. See Charlie Friend's anecdote below.*

In the words of long time ground controller Charlie Friend, “During one of the unmanned missions (called NULLOs), it became apparent to me that on short final, I had the drone too far to the right. This required a momentary correction to the left, which had this unmanned QF-100 pointed directly at the MCU. Of course I knew that I would be turning the drone back to the right to align it with the runway heading. There was a government rep on the mobile for all NULLOs. He was standing just to my right and I could see him in my peripheral vision. As the drone rolled out of my heading correction, pointed directly at the MCU, he rapidly started for the ladder on the side of the MCU. About that time, I turned the drone back to the runway heading, and he aborted his escape attempt. The government rep getting ready to bail out was none other than SSS member Bob Dunham. I think I got Bob's heartbeat up a little that day.”

Airborne, the challenge was to achieve the QF-100's full capabilities. Once the engineers had learned how to achieve max turn rate, the bird proved to be truly amazing. While the 8-G turn in zero to two seconds was an eye-watering turn, eventually, it was programmed as a routine maneuver against the F-16s and F-15s using the ranges.

Dunham then describes the first operational mission: “On the day of the NULLO flight, we went up against an F-16 carrying an AIM-9L. He gets in trail with the drone (450 KIAS, 25,000 ft MSL). Burner ON...a good growl on the missile. ‘Turn the drone,’ was his call to George Totten in Range Control. George hit the ‘initiate switch,’ and the next thing we heard was, ‘OH SHIT!’

“In the debrief, the shooter pilot said all he saw was a HUGE intake coming straight at him! The drone (remember, he was called Atilla) went from wings level,

1-G, to 90 degrees bank and 8.6-Gs in 0.2 sec—airspeed still 450 KIAS, but George Totten allowed the nose to bury a bit, and we held over 400 through most of the turn. Damn impressive, if I do say so.”

As they worked the bugs out of the system, things went well, indicating the Hun was to become the best full-sized fighter drone yet—a fact that swelled the test crew with pride in their increasingly successful program. Bob Dunham summed it up this way: “We had nine YQF/QF-100s and the plain Jane F in our fleet. The test stats showed 200 engineering test sorties, 29 record missions, four NULLO (unmanned) missions, and 282 “other” sorties (ferry flights, chase missions, and training flights). In total, the test program completed 515 sorties while bringing the QF-100 to operational status.”

**THE OPERATIONAL QF-100** Following successful DT&E and IOT&E with the original birds converted by Sperry, Sperry had follow-on contracts for additional blocks of 27 and 72 more QFs that were delivered, for a total of 108 Sperry QF-100s. Thereafter, a few hundred more Huns were converted to QF-100s and/or used by Tracor/Flight Systems International (FSI)

Initially, the only obvious differences in the appearance of QFs and regular Huns were the bright red-orange paint scheme and several blade antennas on the QFs. That changed over the years as several tactically oriented improvements were added to the QF, including a heat shield over the exhaust area and flare pods on the wingtips to try to slightly divert the missiles, thus prolonging the life of the drones.



*In its heyday, the QF-100 program dominated the ramp at Tyndall AFB. Here, six QF-100s await their call to battle.*

The Hun proved a sturdy and worthy opponent, even in her last years against the best fighters in the world at that time. Recall, the average drone survived about 10 missions and one wily machine lasted 15; with often four shooters per mission, that old girl survived as many as 60 missile shots!

Dunham discusses the actual range capabilities, “The drone flew a set racetrack so the shooters could get positioned and within range. Usually, they had to have a

visual on the drone, so they'd close to within visual range and get a 'Tally' on the target. Then they'd get in the vicinity of the desired position and start the attack. Usually, Lead would call 'turn the drone' or 'maneuver the drone,' and, depending on the mission profile or shooter objectives, you would maneuver the drone accordingly: sometimes a predictable turn or snap, sometimes a rolling reversal, sometimes you'd go free-for-all, and they'd have no idea what you were going to do. Once the missile was away and we got a valid score from "DIGIDOPS," we'd then knock it off and reposition the drone for another shot. Fuel was a big factor, because almost all maneuvering was in AB." (*DIGIDOPS stands for Digital Doppler System, a Tactical Scoring System mounted on the QFs; the results for each shot were automatically reported to test or range operations. Ed.*)

As the operational program cranked up, range safety became a major factor. If you're going to have unmanned Century Series fighters running around your ranges as targets, everyone must be on the same page. When you consider the possible consequences of an errant drone, there was dire punishment awaiting violators.

Bob Ekstrom was a range safety officer for the Eglin Ranges. He recalls, "I actually got to Tyndall several months after a USAF F-4 shot his wingman down, mistakenly identifying him as a QF-102. The squadron was packing his bags before he landed!" Ekstrom also offers a good look at the target drone operation from inside the radar bubbles at Eglin: "Back then, they weren't called Unmanned Aerial Vehicles (UAVs), they were Drones (Firebee I and II) or NULLO's (full scale QF-102, QF-100 or QF-106s). During my tour, we had a wide assortment of air-to-air targets. The full-scales came online as their type was used up. First the 102, then the Hun, then the QF-106. We also shot at a variety of smaller drones such as the Firebee family and the Mach 3 BOMARC. For the BOMARC, guys were cleared to 'Arm Hot' before the missile ever launched from Cape San Blas, Florida, near Eglin. Very unusual.



*A QF-100 takes the lead over a PQM-102 it was designed to replace by attrition.*

"I thought the Hun made a great target (no offense). On more than one occasion, after a NULLO QF-100 recovered, you could actually see the skin split open by an

AIM-7 fin from intake to tail pipe, or down the width of the wing, and she still flew home. I don't have photos, but I believe several Huns came home with pieces of AIM-9s in them.



*Yup. Here's a survivor with severe flare pod damage from an AIM-9*

"All of us (Tyndall guys) were pulling for every Hun to return safely and live to fight another day. I thought we had one, maybe two Huns that had flown over 10 missions. (There were three.) This is significant, because on each mission, four shooters fired either AIM-7s (in the face) and/or AIM-9s (post-merge, turn and burn). The drone controllers devised some very ingenious ways of defeating AIM-7s and AIM-9s. Since these missiles were primarily equipped with a Telemetry (TM) pack instead of a live warhead, survivability was a matter of angles and knowledge of how the seeker actually worked, as opposed to how most aircrews thought it worked. But even without a warhead, an AIM-9L/M was a force to be reckoned with in the hands of jocks who knew how to use it. Yet, during William Tell, the premier AF air-to-air competition, the drone controllers were told to stop using their various maneuvers: politically, too few QFs were being killed!"



*A QF-100D all spruced up for static display during a William Tell air-to-air gunnery meet at Tyndall. Drone mods you can see with a magnifying glass include the flare pod on the right wingtip to preserve the QF by decoying heat seekers. Also, along the aft fuselage is the Thunderbird smoke system; a long, thin tube which used engine oil sprayed into the exhaust plume to produce white smoke to mark the drone's position for the shooters. A number of small telemetry antennas are obvious in the nose area, along the dorsal line of the fuselage, and dotting the vertical tail.*



Yep, these old Huns were worthy opponents, but there were losses. But, considering the QF-100 was operational until 1992, these were old, old airplanes by fighter standards. And given the complexity of getting a remotely piloted F-100 up and down, it's amazing a Hun wasn't lost every day. Actually, the accident rate was quite low ...considering.

Bob Ekstrom further remembers, "I know of one QF-100 that crashed into the Bay on take-off. Only thing I remember is that the pilot ejected after the QF started an uncontrolled roll. I believe he got out at just about 90 degrees of bank! His parachute deployed as he was about to hit the water in the horizontal. The base newspaper had an article on it as well as the Panama City paper, which carried a photo of the QF-100 buried in the beach with its tail sticking almost straight up!"

Ed O'Connor recalls their accident history: "As for accidental losses in the program, there were several between Holloman and Tyndall. I was the Ops O for the 82<sup>nd</sup> ATS (Aerial Target Squadron) at Tyndall from Jan '86 until Sep '89, and during that period, I recall at least two takeoff accidents caused by bad pitch rate gyros in the A/P (autopilot) system, a nose gear landing gear failure due to a remote landing PIO of a manned QF during controller training upgrade, and two that slid off the runway and burned due to missile damage during a shoot. In both of the latter cases, we were unable to keep them on the runway during recovery at Tyndall.

"We also had one loss during a mission because of a short in a switch that caused the aircraft A/P to change to a manned remote control condition, when it was in fact, unmanned. This switch was referred to as a NULLO switch. It allowed the aircraft to be flown remotely from the ground while manned by a safety pilot who could disengage the A/P and take control in the cockpit, if required. When this switch shorted to the manned position with all the other switches set to unmanned, it could not be controlled from the ground. It crashed in the Gulf after doing two huge loops.

"Just prior to my arrival at Tyndall in 1986, they lost a QF on T/O when the engine caught fire. This one was caused by a TCTO that had not been performed on the burner cans, and one broke loose with high pressure fuel burning a hole in the side of the engine. The bird had somehow gotten to Tucson for storage without the TCTO being done, and this was missed during subsequent inspections. Paul Grignot was the pilot of that aircraft.

"Bad pitch rate gyros caused several QFs to over-rotate during the auto takeoff sequence and just continue to pitch up beyond where the aircraft could fly before the controllers on the trucks could regain command of the bird. This made for some spectacular impacts right on Highway 98 to Mexico Beach. We, of course, would close the road for at least a day due to the AIM-9 warhead on board that was the destruct explosive carried on unmanned flights.

"There was one really peculiar incident. We lost Carl Jeffcoat to a physiological 'happening' involving a QF-100. He was suffering from the bends when he landed at England AFB while ferrying a QF to Holloman. He died in the altitude chamber at Lake Charles later that day while being treated for this rare disorder. It was the first death the AF had experienced from the bends since 1955 or so. We determined he had been flying unpressurized at 29,000 and was pressure breathing all the way. Simply wore himself out trying to breathe. He and his wingman had declared an emergency and diverted into England when he started to show the classic symptoms. (We later discovered why the airplane depressurized but it took some time.)"

But, all in all, the Hun proved to be a magnificent target drone and brought a new level of maneuverability and durability to the program.

Sal Bonacasa was a fortunate soul who spent time flying in the QF-100 era as an active duty pilot. He followed that with the QF-106, and only recently retired from the QF-4 as a contract pilot. He was around during the Hun's final days in 1992 and recalls, "In all, I believe we flew 1,090 unmanned missions with the QF-100."

He adds, somewhat whimsically, "In all, we lost 25 aircraft in the operational years of the QF program for a pretty high accident rate compared to operational manned fighters. It was damned high by airline standards, but it was about half of the loss rate we suffered with the QF-106! I flew wing on a disabled QF-100 as it went stupid out over the Gulf and impacted from a 20-degree dive at about 550 knots. Simply disappeared in the drink...no explosion...just a big light blue spot on the water."

In a testimony to the Hun's sturdiness, Bonacasa recalls chasing a damaged QF-bird in for landing with only two feet of slab remaining on both sides. The bird landed just fine and was flying the next day with a new slab.



*Ed O'Connor, checks out the damage to a QF-100 at the Chino, CA, air museum. This sturdy Hun survived an AIM-120 (AMRAAM) attack by an F-15!*

The author was surprised to learn of the QF-100's formation capabilities. Bonacasa says many missions were flown with 2, 3, or 4 ships at Tyndall. The system allowed as little separation as 25 feet vertically and 200-foot horizontally, but usually were flown with about 6,000 feet horizontal separation and more extreme vertical splits. The Holloman operation flew more 4-shippers, particularly during the AIM-120 (AMRAAM) testing with F-15s as the shooter. With the targets stacked vertically, the first test scored kills on three of the four QF-100s.

He also spoke of the towed target modification, where a small towed target became the shooter's target, hopefully sparing the QF to fight another day. (After the Hun enters the range, the target is released and deployed from an under-wing tow reel. It then trails the QF by about 150 feet.)

Mike Weppner remembers the QF-100 with a bit of nostalgia, "I was fortunate enough to command the 475th Test Squadron at Tyndall in the early '80s. I was flying an F-106 on one of the first, if not the first, live-fire missions against a QF-100. A screw-up in munitions led to a cold mission. The interesting part was flying close formation with an unmanned Hun, just about 11 years after flying the Hun in 'Nam. Hard to adequately describe the sight of an empty cockpit!"

Years passed and eventually, as the QF-106 came up to speed, the decision was made to replace the trusty Hun with the newer, faster, delta wing version of the QF family. Bonacasa recalls there were six new QF-100 drones being readied for flight when the orders arrived to cease Hun operations. And so, in July, 1992, the last QF-100 sortie flew and the remaining birds made the long trek

**EPILOGUE** I was skeptical about writing this sort of article for *The Intake*, but thought it only fair to all those who participated in the QF-100 program, especially after running the "Final Operational Hun" story in the last issue. What I found was a truly fascinating story about a dedicated group of professionals performing what, at times, seemed an almost impossible task. Everyone mentioned in this article made invaluable contributions, and I am deeply indebted to them for their time and willingness to make sure we got the facts straight. A special thanks to Bob Dunham who lived the QF-100 story; also my thanks to "Doc" George, Charlie Friend, Bob Ekstrom, Ed O'Connor, Sal Bonacasa, Jim Olsen, and Mike Weppner. Without your enthusiastic inputs there would've been no story. With them, we could've written a book! — JD ■

**Editor's Notes:** Since we put this puppy "in the can," we've learned that SSS Associate Henk Scharringa's "F-100 serial database" website includes information on all the QF Hun birds in a separate section. If you've never visited his website, you'll find it a MUST for your Bookmarks/Favorites research URL collection: <http://www.supersabre.org/f100.html> SSS members can enter for free using User ID = sss members (lower case) and the current password for the SSS website's restricted access areas. After you sign in, you'll spot the "Drones List" among the links on the left side of the home page. The drones are listed sequentially by the "QF Code" numbers starting with the first conversion which was QF 092. QF 093, however, is listed after the last QF Code number, because it was, and remained, a YQF bird. QF-100 fans are urged to go to Henk's website and enjoy his compilation of historical information on these Huns that soldiered on in support of development and training associated with many of America's USAF and Army advanced weapons systems. If you find any errors in Henk's QF-100 history, he'd be glad to be so advised and update his database accordingly.

to the boneyard for the last time. But there's more for the old warrior!

Because many of the remaining Huns had been converted to QF status, you'll still find them sitting on pedestals around the country, and also in a number of foreign lands, proudly protecting parks, military installations and various civic locations.



QF-100D, 56-3046 on display at Amarillo, TX, and looking sharp...showing the additional antennas added to the QFs.

The next time you see an F-100 on display, you might want to check: Does it have an oil smoke tube down the right side? Are there flare pots on the wingtips? Is the top and bottom arrayed with many small antennas, even the top of the tail? If so, you're probably looking at a former QF-100.

Still on duty!



Charter member Jack Doub 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).

## Les Frazier and the Three Stooges

By John Haley

In January 1964, the future Founding Father of the SSS, Les Frazier, of the 4514<sup>th</sup> CCTS, first met his F-100 students of class 65-A-2. They were 2/Lts. Mike Gallagher (RIP), Joe “CT” Wang, and me, John Haley.

Les was (and still is) a grand guy and a fine IP, and we all got along well. I knew CT from Willy, and Mike and I knew each other from high school and had joined the Iowa Air Guard at the same time.

Things went well as we progressed through the program, with only an occasional stubbed toe or scraped knuckle, and we were all cooking along pretty well. Then came Lester’s *one week from hell....* I started it off.

**Strike 1** I was on my first solo air-to-ground range ride. I don’t recall the problem (maybe the burner blew out), but I aborted on the runway as number three on takeoff. I was so pumped about the first solo, and so pissed about the abort, that I rolled to the end, turned off, dropped my drag chute and taxied back to the parking ramp.

The crew chief put the ladder in place, scampered up, and said, “Where are the pins?” I think I said, “Oh, shit!” I had forgotten to de-arm. The crew chief put in spare pins, nothing nasty happened (no cook-offs), and I breathed a deep sigh of relief. I saw Les in Ops shortly thereafter, and he didn’t chew on me hard, but he did nibble a small bit of my ass. A few minutes after that, I had a somewhat more lengthy chat with Knobby Walsh, the 4514th Ops Officer. Knobby is also a very nice guy, but he reamed what Les had left intact.

**Strike 2** I think it was the next day that CT Wang came back to the BOQ from a judo lesson, threw his ghee (It’s “gi,” John. Ed.) on the radiator in his room, and left. The garment caught on fire. Fortunately, the conflagration didn’t burn down the entire BOQ, just a small portion of it. Surprising how much damage a burning gi can do to walls and furniture in a very short time. Joe and Les had an extended chat after the incident. I wasn’t present, but do know that afterwards, CT looked like he’d been rode hard and put away wet.

**Strike 2 ½** A couple of days later, CT was at the base gas station in his shiny new Volvo. He finished refueling, started the Volvo, and very adroitly backed into a big sedan sitting behind him in the gas line. In that big car was a lady by the last name of Hendry, the Wing King’s wife. You’d be amazed at how much damage a little thump from a Volvo can do to a big sedan. I conveniently left the squadron before CT and Les had a second discussion.

**Strike 3** A day or two after that, Mike Gallagher was sitting on the apron, engine running, awaiting take-off clearance for a timed and graded low-level nav mission. He was released to go by Mobile (or whoever released us to go) and pushed the throttle up. But he only went

forward about eight feet, because, somehow, he had clipped wingtips with the Hun parked next to him. Surprising how much damage a little thump from an F-100 wingtip can do to another F-100 wingtip. I stayed far away from the briefing room that afternoon.

The next day, Captain Les Frazier had his three stooges, er students, sitting (or maybe we were in a brace) at his table. If Les Frazier is anything, he is intense and takes things to the depths of his heart. He looked definitely sorrowful as he talked to us at length. He never lost his temper, and I’ll never know how he kept it. After a long period of silence, Les said to us, “I’ve been in the Air Force for quite a few years, and you guys are the only real black marks on my record,” after which, he quietly walked away. He may have been in tears or maybe not, but I swear that I saw smoke coming out his ears!

I guess it all got repaired somehow, because all of us except Gallagher (who went RIP in a “C” in 1965) subsequently flew combat tours in SEA. I believe Les had at least four tours there, probably trying to achieve some attaboys to offset the black marks with which we had besmirched his otherwise sterling career. It must have worked, for low and behold, Les was highly decorated and made O-6 before he retired.

On a wall in the 4514th at Luke, there once existed a plaque commemorating this fateful week I’ve written about. I only saw it once, but if memory serves, it was titled the “Gallagher-Wang-Haley Safety Award.” A small horse model from a kid’s farm set had been sawed in half, and the rear end of the horse was attached to the plaque. I think it said some unkind and inappropriately ugly things about the recipients of the award. I’d give a lot to have that plaque now, recalling that in 1964, it was the star of the wall hangings in the 4514<sup>th</sup> CCTW building.



Class 65-A-2 1964  
Wayward Studs Valiant IP

I guess all’s well that ends well, right Gar? ■ True Hun history written by John as requested by Pete Davitto. Ed.

**A Rather Unique Image of the SSS Website's History in Cloth Patches & Group Photos Collection**

(Clickable emblems link to additional material)



3 TFW



4 FDW/TFW



8 FBW/TFW



18 FBW/TFW



20 FBW/TFW



21 TFW



27 TFW



31 FBW/TFW



35 TFW



36 FDW/TFW



37 TFW



39 AD



45 FDS



48 FBW/TFW



49 FBW/TFW



50 FBW/TFW



57 FWW



58 TFTW



83 FDW



101 TFS



103 FIG/TFG



107 TFG



113 TFG/TFW



114 TFG



116 TFG/TFW



119 TFS



121 TFG/TFW



122 TFG/TFW



122 TFS



125 TFS



127 TFG/TFW



127 TFS



131 TFG



131 TFS



132 TFG/TFW



140 TFG



149 TFG



150 FIG/TFG



162 FIG/TFG



178 TFG



179 TFG



180 TFG



181 TFG



185 TFG



188 TFG



312 FBW/TFW



322 FDG



323 FBW



325 FWW



354 FDW/TFW



366 FBG/TFW



388 FBW/TFW



401 FBW/TFW



405 FBW/TFW



413 FDW/TFW



450 FDW/TFW



474 FBW/TFW



475 TFW



475 WEG



479 FDW/TFW



506 FBW/FDW/TFW



1708 FW



3525/4530 CCTW



3595 CCTG



3600 CCTW



4403 TFW



4510 CCTW



4520 CCTG/CCTW



4925 TG



6200 ABW



7272 FTW



ADC



ARDC



Skyblazers



Thunderbirds



USAFFWS



USAFTAWC



USAFTFWC



Wild Weasels



F-100 Related Items



Allied Hums

## Review of SSS Website's History in Cloth Patches & Group Photos

By R. Medley Gatewood

Randy Troutman, author of the Hun History in Cloth recurring department, is taking a breather this issue, so it's a good time to review some of the improvements to our website's collection of Hun-related patches and group photos. Randy recently led this initiative, working closely with Webmaster Ron Doughty and Group Photo Guru Joe Vincent.

When we started this collection of major units and squadrons numbering about 295, we had only graphic images of unit patches, and many of them were of current-day units, not Hun era, real patches. That's now changed to mostly real patches of the Hun era units and other patches closely related to the men who flew the Hun. We're talking deployment and aerial competition patches and photos, down to flight patches with individuals' names, and fun items like bachelor pad associations. In all, thanks to Randy, the number of patches in our collection is up to around 500, a startling increase of Hun History in Cloth items! The image (opposite) of all the 91 top level patches of the collection is impressive in itself!

The last time we reviewed the SSS Website was in Issue Six, Spring 2008. In that review, we outlined the "drill, baby, drill," mechanism that you use to navigate the matrixes of the collection, e.g., if you click on any of the top level patches on the home page that are "hot"—and most are—you come to the next level down, where other hot patches may be found. In some cases, there may be hot patches at even lower levels. So, given that mechanism, let's explore the current collection for specific examples of some new and interesting additions...and more Hun history.

**Fighter Gunnery Teams** The 18<sup>th</sup> Fighter Bomber Wing was chosen to represent PACAF in the 1958 USAF Fighter Gunnery and Weapons Meet, Fighter Phase, conducted at Nellis AFB, NV. Let's check out what we have on that unit and that event. Clicking on the "18<sup>th</sup> FBW/TFW" patch (represented by the TFW patch only) takes us to the second level of the matrix where we find both patches (right) from Randy's huge private collection.

Not shown in this crop from the 18<sup>th</sup>'s second level are the total of 13 other patches associated with the 18<sup>th</sup>, which, by the way, transitioned from a FBW to a TFW in 1958. Of the 13 other patches here, we show only the one designed for wear by the 18<sup>th</sup>'s 1958 Fighter Gunnery Team, composed of five members. This patch (below) is "hot" and when clicked takes you to a photo of the team in full competition uniforms.



18 FBW

18 TFW

Kadena AB, Japan 1957-1963



18 FBW FGT

As usual, there's an interesting story as to how we came by this historic photo. This time, as I understand it, the story started when a "Facebook Friend" of Herb Meyr named Dale Messimer, a patch and photo collecting policeman from Mountain View, CA, posted this "eBay" find (right) on his page. He had ID'd the unit by reading the 18<sup>th</sup> FBW team patch with a magnifying glass, but requested further help on names from Herb. So Herb put it out via the PIF



L to R – Capt. Dwight Mason, Lt. James Orvis, Capt. Clayton Squier, Capt. David Auld, Col. DeWitt R. Searles.

(Pilots Information File, an SSS email chat room) asking for help. Help from Pete Carpenter and others completed the names and provided a few more scraps of information. Namely, Pete said, “Believe this picture was made on the ramp at Cannon ’57 – ’58 time frame and the Hun is a 474th bird. We played host and provided A/C rather than having them make the long flight from Kadena.” After winning the right to represent PACAF in the world-wide, stateside competition, the team added the PACAF patch (right) to their uniforms and pressed on to Nellis (via Cannon) for the big show. And it was really big! See the back cover picture of the observation area, “fully manned,” somewhere in “the vast training complex known as Nevada” (as described by Dan Druen in *Issue Three Ed.*).



After the PIF email exchanges identified each of the team members, Herb remarked to me that “...now, all we need to know is who else participated in the event and who won.” Herb then went to work on his own question and with a little help from Google, discovered that Col. Searles went on to retire as a Major General, after a distinguished career that included leading this team to third place against the best teams from Europe and the United States (see official Bio at URL <http://www.af.mil/information/bios/bio.asp?bioID=7098>).

Herb then contacted General Searles, who was actually celebrating his 91<sup>st</sup> birthday when Herb called him. The General has tons of data on the historic 1958 meet, including photographs, meet rules and procedures, and results (team and individuals). He’s sent this treasure trove of Hun history to Herb, who will pass copies on to *The Intake* and make the originals available to the Friends of the Super Sabre (FSS) Hun Museum when its time comes, as surely it will. Needless to say, we are actively recruiting General Searles for membership, and you can bet we’ll have a major article about the entire 1958 meet in a future issue! Thank you, General Searles.

**Flight Patches** I was never in a squadron that had flight patches, but apparently they were fairly popular, particularly in PACAF. There, patch-making seems to have been a thriving cottage industry that also supplied many USAF and stateside units. A good example of flight patches newly added from Randy’s collection is under the 8<sup>th</sup> FBW/TFW top level patch of our collection’s matrix.

Again, clicking on the “8<sup>th</sup> FBW/TFW” patch (represented by the TFW patch only) takes us to the second level of the matrix where we find both wing patches, the transition between which also happened in 1958. Again, not shown in this crop from the 8<sup>th</sup>’s second level are 13 other patches associated with the 8<sup>th</sup> in some way. We’ll look at three of them.



**8 FBW/TFW**

At left, the first two are the 8<sup>th</sup> TFS “Headhunters” patch and its “A Flight” patch. In some cases, like this one, flight patches are further individualized with the name of the flight member. Here, we happen to have an SSS member many of us know well, 1/Lt. Frank Byrne. Frank was the author of a fine article titled “Converting to the Century” originally published in the April, 1957, 5<sup>th</sup> AF *Flight Safety News*, and reprinted in the Fall 2008, Issue Eight, of *The Intake*. Frank and his lovely wife Nancy currently reside, in long-time retirement, at Cave Creek, AZ.

There are six other 8<sup>th</sup> TFW squadron’s flight patches on this page of our collection, but only one other is individualized with the pilot’s name. Apparently, because there was no regulatory guidance at this level of unit identification, it was strictly laissez faire according to the druthers of the flight members themselves. What a concept!



80 TFS



80 TFS A Flight

**Bachelor Pad Associations** I was a bachelor for the first seven years of my Air Force career, so I was well acquainted with the concept of “bachelor pads.” But, it was BOQ only for me through pilot training at Willy, Hun checkout at Luke, and for the first year or so at my first ops assignment with the 79<sup>th</sup> TFS Tigers at RAF Woodbridge. Eventually, I managed to bail out of that rut and find a place to live “on the economy.” I was fortunate to land in a three-

man, been-around-a-long-time, bachelor pad known as “The Beggars Roost,” famous locally for hosting fabulous parties. These ranged from small, intimate groups to full-blown squadron bashes on the spacious grounds we acquired when we moved into marvelously landscaped new digs on the Johnson Farm at Martlesham Heath, Suffolk.

There were other bachelor pads of renown in USAFE and I knew many of them around Bentwaters, Lakenheath and Wethersfield. But the bachelor pad operated by PACAF’s Kyushu Bachelors Association (KBA) takes the cake. I first became aware of it when their patch (right) appeared in our collection and the hunt began for its background. First, closely examine the patch (at right), the third patch we said we’d look at under the 8<sup>th</sup> FBW/TFW, then we’ll get to the story behind it.



Kyushu Bachelors' Association

Naturally, the hunt began (again) on the PIF when Bob Dunham put a scan of the patch he had found and some questions in an email to all PIF members back on 02/08/09.

“In an effort to track down life's many mysteries, I have come across this patch: The resident patch expert, Randy Troutman, says it stems from the “Kyushu Bachelors Association” at the 8<sup>th</sup> TFW, Itazuke AB. Can anyone provide just a bit more ‘fill-in’ on this? Semper Rageum? Anyone know Latin - Art, Norm? Don’t you guys have to know Latin? The last time I did this, I asked Father Morgan—90<sup>th</sup> TFS Chaplain—to translate a porn book I picked up in Formosa (Ching P’ing Mei). I didn’t see my book for a month—and when he gave it back, he’d only give me the ‘highlights, not the details! Also, what are the crossed objects? Thanks in advance for straining your brains. Cheers, — **Bob D.**”

Herb Meyr (again) forwarded Bob’s PIF request for help, this time to Buster McGee, who he suspected would know the answers. Buster indeed did. Here’s his reply:

“Yes Herbie, that is the Kyushu Bachelors Association (KBA) patch. The crossed objects are umbrellas with black Bowler hats on the points. In the winter we wore the Bowlers, in the summer, straw ‘Skimmers.’ Additionally, we had red brocade vests with matching bow ties for ‘Formal’ events. All of this was worn with the AF uniform blue blazer and gray slacks. ‘Semper Rageum’ was a corruption of Latin for ‘Always Partying.’

“Don't know who started it all but when I arrived at Itazukke in March of ‘60, the group was in full swing. Moon Mullens, Carl Jeffcoat and I had the patch painted on the doors of our cars. All was very informal. The only requirements for belonging were to be a Class A bachelor, want to join, wear the proper gear and like to party. There was many a time [when] very drunk members who were unable to talk were thrown in cabs in downtown Fukuoka and delivered out to the Suenaga House simply because of the identifying vest. Seems all the cab drivers around our hangouts knew to bring the stupefied members to our place where we’d put them up and make sure they got breakfast before taking them home.

“There was a picture some time back of a big group of guys on the front steps of the Zash house. Will look through my ‘Save’ folder to see if it is there. Like I said earlier, ‘We lived in the best of times.’ — **Buster**”

When Herb forwarded Buster’s reply to the original questions posed, Bob Dunham replied, “Herb, Great stuff—Now THIS is history! Please thank Buster for me. Cheers, — **BobD**”

And a big THANKS, Buster, from all the SSS for digging up that picture which Joe Vincent has captioned and placed in our collection “under” the KBA patch/link. Enjoy!



**Conclusions** *My first conclusion is that this article ran a page longer than planned, but it was worth it! Second conclusion is that we’re always looking for missing or additional Hun era-related patches and/or photos. Contribute patches themselves via snail mail to Randy Troutman or scans of them by email ([drtroutman@cox.net](mailto:drtroutman@cox.net)); call Randy at 804-695-0173 for his mailing address. Send group photos to Joe Vincent ([hundriver@earthlink.net](mailto:hundriver@earthlink.net)), or call 901-755-0204 for his mailing address. Finally, stay tuned for further Hun History in Cloth articles. As has been suggested, Randy will probably start including cogent unit history and images along with the unit’s heraldry emblems. Till next time.... ▀*

“It’s a small world.”

## Mel Fowler’s Final Flight

By Bill “Hawk” Mol



*Bill’s Hun career started with a George AFB C-model checkout as leading cadre for the 31<sup>st</sup> TFW when it was converting to TAC and F-100Ds. Then it was back to Itazuke in ’57 for three years with the 8<sup>th</sup> TFW. After three more years languishing in SAC as a maintenance officer, Bill got back in the Hun as Ops Officer of the 432<sup>nd</sup> TFS at Cannon. In ’66, he was shipped out to an O-1 FAC job in II Corps at Ahn Khe, RVN, but bailed out after six months to Bien Hoa where he was promised a squadron (see story intro). When the F-5s were given to the VNAF, Bill finished his tour and his Hun career there at Bien Hoa. Then, it was on to bigger things (F-4s, F-111s, etc.) and a long and fulfilling AF career, ending as Chief of Staff, 12<sup>th</sup> Air Force.*

and Stripes and need no elaboration. But, they are only part of this story. [Now is a good time to pause and read the ancient *Stars and Stripes* article at right. Ed.]

After that flight, Mel and I had a few libations in his squadron “hooch” bar, got to know each other better and, over time, became friends. When our tours ended, we went our separate ways and didn’t cross paths until years later, thus proving the old adage, “It’s a small world.”

I retired in Austin, Texas, and wanted (needed) to continue flying. I had flown the Stearman biplane (PT-17) as a teenager, and wanted to fly it again. After searching, I found one for sale and was soon turning money into noise with that beautiful, round-engined biplane. I built a hangar at a small grass field called “Kitty Hill” north of Austin and began enjoying the kind of pleasure that only flying an open cockpit can provide.

One day, I noticed a new hangar under construction next to mine. Lo and behold, it was Mel Fowler! Mel related that after he retired, he moved to Liberty Hill, a small town north of Austin, where he pursued his second love, sculpture. He went to Italy each summer to find the right kind of stone, and to learn from the local sculptors. What had been his hobby was now his avocation. He was very successful

*We published Bill’s first story for The Intake in Issue Nine. It was excerpted from his riveting autobiography titled Closing the Loop. If you haven’t read it, you should get a copy and enjoy the work of a skilled writer who relates a fascinating life enmeshed in aviation from the get go and pulls no punches in accurately reporting both the joys and frustrations of a fighter pilot’s career. Here’s a “short story with a difference” that Bill says, “...has been on my mind for some time.”*

Lt. Col. Walter M. (Mel) Fowler was the commander of the 531<sup>st</sup> TFS, 3<sup>rd</sup> TFW, (F-100s) and I was the commander of the 10<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron (F-5s) stationed at Bien Hoa Air Base, Vietnam, in 1967. I got to know and became friends with Mel in an unusual way.

My wingman and I (in F-5Cs) were on the five-minute-alert pad when we were scrambled, told to head southeast and contact the FAC over an area locally called the “Tiger Swamp.”

I briefed single ship takeoffs due to our heavy configuration. Just as I broke ground, my wingman aborted takeoff. It was 3<sup>rd</sup> TFW policy to not fly single ship combat missions. The Wing Operations Center informed me that they were scrambling a “Ramrod” flight to cover the scramble request, and I was to burn off some fuel and recover. I asked permission to join the Ramrod flight, and they agreed.

The details of the ensuing flight are described in the attached article from *Stars*

## Lone F-5C Mixes With F-100 Pair

BIEN HOA—Seeing a mixed flight of F-100s and F-5Cs is an unusual sight at any base, but even more unusual is having two squadron commanders on the same combat mission.

Well it happened at Bien Hoa AB last month.

The two squadron commanders were Lt. Col. William D. Mol, Clovis, N.M., 10th Fighter Commando Squadron and Lt. Col. Walter M. Fowler, Austin, Tex., 531st Tactical Fighter Sq.

According to Colonel Mol, he was scheduled to lead an F-5C flight to strike a new enemy base camp. A few seconds later, Colonel Fowler and his wingman took off on a scramble mission. Since aircraft are not sent alone on a mission, Colonel Mol joined the F-100 flight as the number three man.

“I had no idea who was leading the flight, but it was a bit of a surprise later when I found out it was Colonel Fowler,” chuckled Colonel Mol.

Arriving on target a puzzled forward air controller contacted the flight, asking if that wasn’t an F-5C on the tail end of the flight.

Colonel Fowler calmly answered, “Roger.”

“It was a real good mission. Colonel Fowler placed all of his ordnance right on top of the marked targets on each pass. I had real good luck, too,” remarked Colonel Mol.

Returning to the base, the number two man in the formation, Capt. Joel T. Hall, 31, Shawnee, Okla., developed an in-flight emergency. While Captain Hall landed his F-100, the two commanders circled the field and landed together.

The flight was credited with two structures destroyed, two bunkers destroyed, 20 meters of trench destroyed, and one secondary explosion.



and achieved national acclaim, but he still wanted (needed) to fly. I helped Mel finish his hangar, flew with him in his new plane, and spent many hours retelling tales of combat and comrades. Some were even true. Life was good!

One day as I was gassing up my bird at Kitty Hill, a young man appeared and introduced himself as Mel's son. He had sad news. Recently, Mel had been cleaning his sculpting tools in a stream in Italy, had a heart attack and died on the spot. Mel had willed that he be cremated and his ashes deposited on the high school campus at Liberty Hill, where he had conducted a summer-long seminar and created works with other nationally known artists. Mel's son asked if I would be willing to fly over the school and scatter his remains over the campus, where the sculptures remained, donated to the school. I, of course, said yes.

The next Sunday, Mel's son, along with other family members, arrived with Mel's last mortal remains enclosed in an earthen urn.

There was concern that dispensing Mel's ashes in the urn, from an open cockpit biplane in flight, might return ashes to the cockpit, or onto the tail section of the Stearman. After some emotional deliberation with the family, Mel's ashes were placed in a large brown paper sack.

There was no intercom in the Stearman. The plan was that after flying over the campus to check the wind, I would position the aircraft over the drop zone, and raise my arm. Then, I would skid the aircraft and drop my arm.

Upon seeing my arm raised, the son would hold the sack over the side of the cockpit, as low as possible, and when I dropped my arm, tear the sack so that Mel's remains would fall softly (and completely, we hoped,) to the ground. This unorthodox, fighter pilot improvised procedure worked like a charm. Mel was successfully launched on his final flight.

When we landed, I remembered someone had left a bottle of champagne in the refrigerator in my hangar. Along with Mel's family, we popped the cork and drank from paper cups, toasting the memory of a beloved family member, comrade and friend who had lived a full life and paid his dues...a true fighter pilot who will long live in our memories. ■









*Bill and Mel both "...wanted (needed) to continue to fly." Bill and his PT-17.*



*Bill Mol didn't make it to Reno this year, but many SSS'rs did, some of them witnessing the tragic accident of 09/16/11 that closed the show. At least one SSS'r was actually wounded by flying debris, but only lightly. As an organization with our roots in flying, we offer our condolences to all the avid aviation buffs who were injured, and to the survivors of those who flew west. May the races continue, in the spirit of aerial competition and camaraderie that they have so well, and for so long, epitomized. Ed.*

### 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](mailto: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

## Super Sabre Snapshots...and Other Important Imagery

This department provides a venue for stand-alone imagery of note, or images with connections to other articles where space for supporting photos was limited. Here are a couple of historic photos: one that connects to the search for the "Follow-Me Vette" and its contributor (see page 5); the other, another classic automobile on the flight line. Below these, are two very relevant photos that we had no room for in the Editors Notes about the Hun of Mr. Tokopf that morphed into Bud Day's Misty 01 jet, then added to the Collings Foundation's "Vietnam Memorial Flight" (see Issue 16, page31). Enjoy! (By the way, would the person who sent us a color photo of some guys in partial pressure suits in front of a Hun at Williams AFB get in touch with me. I can't seem to find that rare picture either. May have been a Look/Life Mag pix) Ed.



Pete Davitto says that back in the good old days, "World's Greatest Flying Club" (ANG) pilots took civilians up for dollar rides in the interest of good community relations. Here's Pete preflighting with Terre Haute, IN, Mayor Kenneth Thomas before an exciting backseat ride to the Camp Atterbury bombing and gunnery ranges. In Pete's email, he wondered, "...what happened to all that thick hair?" Mustachio trimmed and hairdo clipped for the next ORI by the Actives, no doubt?



Photo of 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Alex "Deadly" McDermont's restored 1930 Model A Ford, Town Sedan, on the Luke AFB flight line in 1966. Alex wrote, "I enjoyed chauffeuring Ben Briggs (RIP), sitting in the backseat, dressed as 'Melle Capelli' (a fictitious Italian gangster who Ben enjoyed playing in a pin-striped suit with his violin case), to the entrance of the O' Club to raise some hell on a Saturday night." My reply, in part, "What a treasured photograph that must be to you, Deadly. Here's to Ben Briggs and all our fallen comrades from the good old days. DB" -



As related in Issue 16, Mr. Tokoph bought 56-3844 from Tracor/Flight Systems Inc. (who got it from the Danes), and it wore this 188<sup>th</sup> TFS NM ANG paint job till 2002 when it turned into Thunderbird #9 to appear at a Thunderbird function at Nellis. What we didn't know when writing the Misty 01 Flies Again report was, "How come the Taco Guard/ 'Enchilada Air Force' vintage paint job?" As RAFSOB to the 150<sup>th</sup> TFG ('80-'83), I was more than a little interested in solving this mystery. Queries to three ABQ SSS'r Guardsmen yielded a vector to a fourth retired Taco named Steve "Sheet Metal" Smith, whom I knew as their Stan/Eval Chief during my tour with them. Turns out, after he retired, he worked for one of Mr. Tokoph's companies down at El Paso for a while and was there when Tokoph acquired 56-3844. See continuation of story at right.



I tracked Steve down at his Arizona home in Coolidge. And when asked why the NM ANG paint job, he said, "Mr. Tokopf asked me what I thought we should change the Tracor paint job to, and I replied that I was kind of partial to NM ANG colors, having flown in them for years. I went up to ABQ, took a picture of our A-model on a pedestal, showed it to Tokopf, and the rest is history." And so it was, till the Thunderbird function of 2002, previously mentioned. Thanks to the Tacos for their help in delving into some really obscure Hun History. After the call to Steve, I went to the Air Guard area at Kirtland, AFB, to take a snapshot of 53-1532, which still guards the HQ grounds today.

## SSS & The Intake Functional Contacts

General Topics: Les Frazier, [supersabresociety@suddenlink.net](mailto:supersabresociety@suddenlink.net), (512) 930-3066 (Executive Director).

Dues, Money Matters: David Hatten, [david@houseofhatten.com](mailto:david@houseofhatten.com), (512) 261-5071 (CFO, Chief Financial Officer).

Membership/Member: Contact Data/Dues Status: Dewey Clawson, [Deweyclawson@hotmail.com](mailto:Deweyclawson@hotmail.com), (724) 336-4273 (Committeeman).

The Intake/All Matters: R. Medley Gatewood, [rgatewood@comcast.net](mailto:rgatewood@comcast.net), (505) 293-8396 (Editor/Publisher).

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.

## \*Reminder\*

SSS Membership Comes With Annual Dues of \$25, Due On or BEFORE Jan 1.

If You Haven't Paid Your 2011 Dues Yet, Your SSS Benefits Are Suspended & This Is Your LAST ISSUE of "The Intake"

Until You Get PAID UP!

If this applies to you, why not pay online at our website or send in your 2011 AND 2012 dues together and save a 44¢ stamp!

## Laughter-Silvered Wings

**NOTAM:** This is the fifth installment of the LSW "mini-department" in this space, featuring short, humorous "fun in the Hun" anecdotes. It alternates with "Fleagle." We all have funny yarns to share, so please get out your "wit" pens and send yours to our LSW Czar, Assistant Editor John J. Schulz, [jjschulz@bu.edu](mailto:jjschulz@bu.edu), or to Intake Editor Medley Gatewood, [rgatewood@comcast.net](mailto:rgatewood@comcast.net).

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### Roma Control: Another Lesson in How to Handle Air Traffic

By: B.W. "Greensnake" Boshoven (Capt – 55<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Squadron)

I was leading a 4-ship from Cigli AB, Turkey to Aviano AB, Italy in 1966. The weather was clear and a million from Cigli to Athens, where we ran into an unforecast wall of clouds that lasted the rest of the way up the boot to Aviano, solid from surface to infinity with massive thunderstorms buried everywhere. We were trying to pick our way around them in what appeared to be brighter areas, without success, and I seriously considered breaking up the flight to avoid a cluster midair. When we switched to Roma Control, the airline jocks were driving the controller crazy with requests for altitude and course changes, all talking at once and cutting each other off. Roma Control finally had enough and screamed:

"Dis isa Roma Control - Everybody quita talking atta same time – Next time somebody talk atta same time, Ima go offa da air for 10 minooots." Dead silence. A couple of transmissions were OK and then two airliners cut each other off again.

"Dis isa Roma Control – Ima go offa da air for 10 minooots." Click. There was dead silence for 10 minutes (except for the four of us laughing like crazy). Sure enough, he came back on the air as advertised and said: "Dis isa Roma Control - Ima back ona da air – Now, everybody taka turns."

It took 5 minutes for anyone to muster the courage to key a mike!

OK, Guys. Get on the stick. We've all heard 100 great radio calls and know of other fun stories. Send them along ASAP. My supply is near empty. Don't worry about length; getting to 300 words has been my job for 30 years. jjs

### B&W Back Cover

Jim Lapine provided this ancient USAF photograph of the reviewing stands and tower in view of the air-to-ground ranges for the historic 1958 USAF Gunnery & Weapons Meet held at Nellis AFB. Jim says this photo was taken from an RF-101 Voodoo making a supersonic pass down the "show" line, hence the blurring in the foreground. The battered and tattered original picture was artfully restored by Photo Shop-talented Photo Editors Ann Thompson & Shaun Ryan. One can now clearly see details such as the ZEL Hun on its launching pad that SSS'r Bob Titus demonstrated on another day and the hundreds of unexpected observers in the crowd. Boom—BOOM!

### 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.

Because \$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.)  
\*\*\*Happy Holidays! Ed.\*\*\*

