

The Intake

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



— A Retired Hun of the SSS “Hun Legacy Display Collection” —

This issue’s front cover picture frame is a window that shows a popular Snowbird Mecca at Davis-Monthan’s Warrior Park. (Credits, page 2.)

The Making of the “Ballad of the Green Brassiere” (Feature article 1, page 16.)

From the Swamp to the Ramp: The Restoration of F-100D 56-3081

(Feature article 2, page 23.)

The Intake

Fall 2015, Vol. 2, Issue 29

JOURNAL OF THE SUPER SABRE SOCIETY

- 6 Stake Your Claim (SYC) Dept.
- 7 More Dumb Things Done in a Hun (DTHH) Dept. *Four good ones for ya.*
- 9 Crossing the Atlantic in 1958, By Robert "Root Beer" Hires
- 11 "Big Fella's" Hun Save...a DTDH? Not! By Bruce MacLennan
- 12 My First TDY Deployment, By Ron Green *Incirlik AB Turkey, 1961*
- 16 The making of the "Ballad of the Green Brassiere," By Mark Berent
- 18 Would You Believe It...and Other Amazing Stories "Dart Plinking: A Four Gun Kill," By Gary Heartsill
- 19 More WYBI...& OAS Two Dumpty Wyrick "Involvements" By Dick Stamler
- 20 The Way We Were, By Shaun Ryan *Popular Center Spread Dept.*
- 22 The Making of Military Wives, Author Unknown
- 23 "...The Restoration of F-100D 56-3081," By Ken Ramsay
- 27 Champagne Flight, Close Call... By Joe Vincent & Vince Cattolica
- 28 Book Review — The Life and Adventures of an Old Bold Pilot... By Mick Greene
- 29 Super Sabre Snapshots...and Other Important Imagery
- 30 The SS *Mayaguez* Incident — Part III, By R. Medley Gatewood
- 35 An OLD Hun Driver Story, By Jack Hartmann
- 36 Laughter Silvered Wings — It's Fun to Be a Fighter Pilot, By Robert Seal
- 38 Editor's Retirement and Replacement — Current Status



Photo Editor Shaun Ryan recently captured this well-kept and maintained display Hun (56-3727) in the Warrior Park Collection of aircraft at Davis–Monthan AFB. It's too bad that all Static Display Huns are not treated as well as this one. At the other end of Hun display treatment, the absolute pits might be the sorry state of affairs for A-model 53-1600 languishing in the Tucumcari (NM) Historical Museum. See SSSer & FSSer Jim Quick's pictures and very short story on page 26 about this neglected Hun that deserves a better home, like maybe the MAPS Air Museum!

LAST CHANCE !!!

*If your DUES STATUS (printed on the envelope this came in) is "2015 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 39.*

If you're not sure of your dues status, **take action to find out!** Contact: CFO (David Hatten) at email, david@housofhatten.com /phone (512) 261-5071, or

Editor (R. Medley Gatewood) at rgatewood@comcast.net / phone (505) 293-8396.

Founder — Les Frazier



Leadership

President	Don Shepperd
Vice President	Eddie Bracken
Dir.-at-Large	Dick Pietro
CEO	"Hoppy" Hopkins
Exec. Secretary	Jim Williford
Legal Advisor	Pete Collins
CFO/Treasurer	Dave Hatten
CIO	Win Reither
Contract	Brian Butler
Webmaster	

The Intake – Journal of the SSS

Editor & Publisher	R. Medley Gatewood
Photo Editor	Shaun Ryan
Asst. Editors	Dave Burke Jim Quick Bob Salisbury John Schulz
Contributing Editors	Jim Brasier Jack Doub Jack Hartmann Bob Krone
Hon. Photo Ed. Final	Ann Thompson Dewey Clawson
Proofreaders	Bruce Gold Crow Wilson
(Volunteer?)	Seat Open



The Intake is published three times per year by the Super Sabre Society Inc. d.b.a. **Super Sabre Society, PO Box 341837, Lakeway, TX 78734. (Snail mail correspondence and dues should be sent to this address!)** The society is open to all F-100 Fighter Pilots, F-100 Wild Weasel Bears and F-100 Flight Surgeons. Associate Memberships may be offered at the discretion of the Membership Committee. There is no political agenda, although we support the office of the President of the United States. There is no religious agenda, although men who trusted their lives to a slatted wing and a single J57 engine also trust in a higher authority. There is no social agenda, except to meet each other in mutual respect and admiration. We are the men who flew the mighty Hun! Visit our Website frequently at www.supersabresociety.com, where you can also pay your dues online with a major credit card!

Staff Corner

From the President's Desk

There is a LOT going on in the SSS and even more planned. One is a \$10 dues increase from \$25 to \$35 per year. The purpose of financial planning is to stay ahead of the game, not play catch-up. Financial management is the responsibility of the Board. The SSS has approximately 1,400 active members. At \$25 dues/yr., that brings in approximately \$35,000 income. Costs for everything are increasing and dues have not kept pace. Our big planned yearly expenses are *The Intake* and the website. *The Intake* costs for three issues/yr. plus mailing are approximately \$23,500. The website costs are \$8,500 for a total of \$32,000 leaving only \$3,000 for business expenses (\$2.15 per member). We have a bank balance of approximately \$100,000 in unrestricted funds that allows using cash flow management to make large reunion deposits, launch projects, etc. A \$10 yearly dues increase will give us an additional \$14,000 so that our bank balance does not slowly deteriorate, and allows us flexibility for pop-up expenses and day-to-day operations. When we broached this subject in Dayton, the response was that it is OK to raise dues "quite a bit." We don't need to do that, but the Board feels a \$10 increase is appropriate and gives us the flexibility we need.

The second item is tied to the first: due to age, members are "headed west" at an increasing rate. We are seeking to maintain or increase membership in two ways – the first is, EVERYONE GET ONE NEW MEMBER! Please simply ask an old buddy to join. The second is to actively recruit Guard members. I have recently recruited several Tucson Guard members simply by asking and explaining who we are. The Guard was the last military organization to fly the Hun and will carry our legacy. So, we need to actively increase our effort to recruit Guardsmen.

Hoppy is setting up an off-reunion-year event including some Hun rides at Ft. Wayne, IN, in 2016. Hoppy spent \$5,000 of his own money to buy a ride from Dean Cutshall and set this up for the rest of us. It should be a GRAND event. See page 5 and stay tuned on the website, and THANKS, Hoppy.

We continue to make plans for the next reunion in Vegas in 2017. We have signed a contract with the Gold Coast hotel and our event will overlap the F-86 reunion by one day, allowing some synergy and cost reduction for members of both orgs.

We also continue to explore the possibilities for an F-100 monument, a DVD and a book. Progress on each of these will be reported by email and in *The Intake*.

Lastly, we ask members with computers to go to the website and send in a BIO. We are beginning to attach short I-phone videos to our bios to be viewed by our kids, grandkids and great grandkids decades from now—it is called—OUR LEGACY!

It's going to be a GREAT 2016 FOR THE SSS!
ONWARD AND UPWARD! — **SHEP**

From the Editor

Where to start? Well, in this job, the place to start is to repeat the news from this column published in the last issue of *The Intake* (28) that announced the coming retirement of yours truly, now set for 15 April 2016. Why repeat old news? Because there's evidence that some readers didn't get that news, for various reasons. So, if you're one of those who missed my big news, please dig out your Issue 28 and "read all about it" in this column on page 3. Then read some more about it on page 38, where we discuss the ramifications of this decision and announce the beginning of a very urgent search for a replacement.

On the other hand, most members, and other readers, did get the news, and as expected, we were flooded with emails/letters to the Editor. The gist of them all was that lots of readers were sorry to learn of my decision, yet well understood it, in view of my 10 years in the business and other rationale. Most added that it would be a tough job to find a good replacement. I agree with all three of those opinions.

I've already made it clear to the Board that I view the task of finding, recruiting and hiring a qualified replacement as the responsibility of the SSS, not me. But I am working with the Board to help achieve that ultimate end. You'll find more about this subject on page 38. We've made some progress, but not as much as we'd like to have—four months into the recruiting effort.

~//~

Shifting gears: Congratulations are due to SSSer--FSS CIO Bob Weston who, all by himself, created a *New FSS Website* using **WordPress!**



<http://friendsofthesupersabre.org/>

It's nice to see the FSS website updated using the same website development tool the SSS is using. Perhaps we can share some design techniques to mutual benefit? Bye, for now. —

R. Medley



Uncle Sam wants YOU for Editor of The Intake

Incoming/Outgoing — Correspondence

Here are several items of interest received from members or other sources, and our replies, if any. Member/reader feedback remains very positive. We also publish here other pertinent information that we deem worthy of note. Thanks. **Ed.**



General Comments on Issue 28

Still no negative comments of serious consequence; a good record for nigh onto 10 years of our journal. Adding credence to that record, many an SSSer has declared that *The Intake* is top-ranked as their aviation-related publication of choice for sheer enjoyment. The entire staff can take great pride in that repeated judgement. Most of the general comment superlatives about Issue 28 were embedded in a large stack of “incomings” that had to do with the announcement of the pending retirement of the current editor, yours truly. I’ll share a few of those on pages 37 and 38.



Specific Comments on Issue 28, in Order of Submission

► **Ron Barker** wrote: “I can’t believe how well that B & W pic reproduced for our back cover! Mary was very proud to know that our picture might mean so much to other ‘TDY gals.’ She asked me to request five more copies. We will be with all four of our kids next month in Michigan, so would like to surprise them.” A worthy request from the wife of the “TDY guy” who supplied our Issue 28 Back Cover photograph titled “Daddy Home.”

The extra copies were in the mail the very next day. A note on extra copies: These types of requests come frequently, and we are glad to provide them, within a reasonable number, **particularly to story/picture contributors**, IF our stash of extras permits—usually the case. But sometimes, if the stash is low, in fairness to others, we may have to limit the quantity of extras we can willingly supply.

► Here’s another example of requests for extras from **Sallie Frogge**: “I received Issue 28 of *The Intake* today and thank you so much for including Jim’s picture [in the TWWW Dept.]. There are so many wonderful memories of that great plane, and it means much to have *his picture published with ‘his’ Hun*. I look forward to receiving the extra copies so I can share with Jim’s children and grandchildren. Thank you again. **Sallie**” *Jim hadn’t sent in his Hero Pic before flying west, so Sallie asked Photo Editor Shaun Ryan, if she sent in the pic, could she get a few extra copies of whatever issue it was published in (I-28). Our answer was, “Heck yes,” and we are happy to do things like this, usually with no charge!*

► **“Big Fella” MacLennan** was quick to send an email (among other things) praising our coverage of the Dayton Reunion: “Due to physical problems, I don’t travel at all well—so I don’t. Thus, I’ve not attended any of our SSS reunions. HOWEVER, due to your write-ups of those events, I usually feel *almost* like I had been there. This year’s *Reunion 2015 After Action Report* was the exception!! **I WAS THERE**—in spirit with you and Barb, Bob Hoover, Wilbur and Orville, “Schulzie,” and all the 350-plus members, spouses and guests at what read like one fantastic event. THANK YOU!”

When I read this email, I almost had tears in my eyes. It just doesn’t get any better than that for any reporter of current events. My reply: “Much appreciate your email with cogent compliments. I used to say right out, in the After Action Report introductions, that our aim was to write them so that folks who were there would say, ‘That’s exactly the way it was,’ and for folks who were not there, to write and show lots of good pictures so as to whet their appetites to attend the next reunion. Been succeeding in both those aims right along.

“I’m sorry to learn you’ve been unable to attend for physical reasons, but I’m very proud that this time we got it perfectly right, so that **YOU were ACTUALLY AT THIS REUNION with the rest of us, having a great time, and leaving with fond memories of ‘the Dayton experience.’** THANK YOU, **Big Fella! Medley**”

► **Kudos for the Front Cover!** There were several! “Love the front cover on Issue 28—I have that print hanging on my wall—bought it in 2000 from Brooks Aviation Art (print #625 of 750 made) and have never seen it anywhere else since—check 6! **Charles “Pete” Peterson.**” Another: “I would like to ask about the beautiful picture of the ‘Soon Distant Thunder’ by John Young. I read the information provided on page 2 regarding Shaun Ryan’s treasure. But am the only one asking, ‘Is it possible to have copies made of the painting and of course be suitable for framing?’ Just asking. :)”

“I congratulate the team that delivers the INTAKE. The cover page is always magnificent, the updates and photos are great, and the latest issue with ‘SOON DISTANT THUNDER’ on the cover, also included one of my favorite pictures in ‘THE WAY WE WERE’ Dept., my husband, Darrell. :) **Jackie Hatcher**” *Alas, we can’t make copies of likely intellectual property like this for members, but I did write and thank Jackie for her interest, steering her to a couple of websites that still offer this masterpiece by (now RIP) British artist John Young. No more room here for other Incomings regarding this fine art, but SSSer Keith Ferris will be happy with the multiple kudos sent in regarding his good friend’s artistic talents.*

► **John Donham** much appreciated Jim Quick’s article titled “Are We Expecting Any MiGs Today,” and sent in a short story about a similar experience he had. We’ve put his email and story on page 17 for your reading pleasure.

► **“Herb” Acheson** sent a short note: “I enjoyed Part II of *Mayaguez*. I'm envious. I would love the experience. Looking forward to Part III. *Herb* (Iowa ANG)” *Herb*, it was like “*The best of times—the worst of times.*” You'll like P-III!



About This Issue, Fall 2015

Readers will note that this is the second issue in a row that's been 40 (instead of our standard 36) pages long. Two main reasons for this: 1) Issue 28 expanded to accommodate extra pages of Reunion 2015 at Dayton coverage. 2) This issue (I-29) expands for two more reasons: A) To accommodate page space for observations and comments resulting from the announcement of the current Editor's retirement plans, and B) to maybe become our standard number of pages for each issue of our journal. Reason 2-B is to partially make up for a decision on the part of the Editor to discontinue a yearly, full-color, SSS Calendar. This decision was based on the need to reduce the work load for our Intake Staff, AND conserve dollars (even with dues up to \$35, because of rising publishing and postage costs and other rising costs of SSS operations).

This dues initiative, based on cost analysis and trade study techniques, tends to fly in the face of our long-standing SSS motto: “First Class or Not at All.” Yet, I'm reminded of what good friend Ed Wells told me when I asked him about how it went on a “First Class Return to Europe” trip he and Nancy took some 30 years ago: He said, “Medley, compared to when we lived there back when, it now only costs **a great deal more** to go First Class!” Today, in 2015, that “great deal more” still holds, in spades, compared to most all types of SSS costs of only 10 years ago at founding!



A Thank You, SSS, for Your Help

“Editor *The Intake*: As you are aware, the past 10 months I have been composing a memoir on Ron Berdoy, Fighter Pilot. Ron died in April 1995 [else he would have been a charter member of the SSS, *Ed*.], and I was determined to record his USAF combat life for his children. I was fortunate to have discovered the Super Sabre Society and get your help in this endeavor to locate several F-100 fighter pilots who flew with Ron in Vietnam. The contributions of Jack Doub, Abe Tanaka, John Schulz, Bill Croom, Jim Icenhour and others were critical to my effort. Ron's son, Brad Berdoy, obtained Ron's DD 214 and Form 11. The former lists totals of: 5 DFCs, 3 Bronze Stars, and 31 Air Medals. The latter, “Combat Report,” lists Ron's 100 F-86 combat missions in Korea, where he was credited with 1½ MiGs destroyed and, records that in Vietnam he flew 246 F-100 missions at Bien Hoa and 265 F-100 missions at Tuy Hoa on a second tour. Ron Berdoy absolutely loved to fly combat, something that your readers understand and appreciate. Please pass on to the Society my thanks for their collective assistance in completing this project. [Rod Kontny](#), USAF Maintainer, Brother-in-Law to Ron.”

Happy to have been of service to you in this “discovery” and “preservation” of some more Hun history. Medley.



Palm Springs “Flyable” D-model?

SSSer [Al Dempsey](#), a Docent at the Palm Springs Air Museum, sent an important message to our President: “Well, in the ‘about time department,’ the Palm Springs Air Museum has finally set up a program to honor and dedicate their recently acquired F-100D, N20011U, 55-2888, *the one and only FAA licensed air-worthy F-100D in the U.S.* The ceremonies will start with a Private Reception and unveiling on Friday, November 6th, in honor of Gen. Ken Miles (RIP). We follow up on Saturday, November 7th, with our Public Dedication to include the Museum's 19th anniversary, war-bird flybys, (not the F-100) and special guest F-100 pilot introductions. The cockpit will be open for all F-100 pilot guests (no \$5,000 fee, but the burner won't light). We would like to encourage any and all SSS members to come to Palm Springs that weekend as our guests for the Museum's festivities.” *Thanks for the invite, Al.*

But...well, in the “it's too late department,” The Intake goes to press before this event, so we are printing this announcement as a precursor to a report we've asked Al to write about how this important event turns out! Al, your deadline for submission (with pictures, please) will be 15 January 2016 (same as 4th Quarter Estimated Tax Payment Day). In the meanwhile, Al, our CIO will see that this event gets plugged on the SSS website and in Items of Interest emails! OK?



Next Spring's F-100 Flying Event at Fort Wayne, Indiana

This subject started as a “wish list” idea of Win Reither's but has now gone viral, thanks to CEO Hoppy Hopkins volunteering his Event Organizer Extraordinaire talents. Current plans call for a four-day gathering of SSSers and guests for outright-bought or lottery-won Hun rides; gawking non-flyer flight observations, and maybe some cockpit fam time; plus lots of extra-curricular activities, including a formal dining in or out at the local Country Club, depending on what the meaning of in and out are. Motel accommodations are reasonably priced, albeit in limited numbers (about 120 rooms), so attendance and participation is limited. It looks to be a winner for an off-reunion-year activity in the heart of America.

You can find much more about this event on our website, for those equipped with confusers, er computers. For interested folks with or without computers, it would be a good idea to contact Hoppy ASAP for information or to sign up. Seats and accommodations at negotiated rates are going FAST! See page 39 for Hoppy's contact data.

Incoming/Outgoing Dept. continued on page 37.



Stake Your Claim (SYC)

By Jim Brasier [Jim's contacts: f100sabre@cox.net, (602) 757-2326]

We've had several SYCs submitted since mailing Issue 28, but only five survived the rigorous scrutiny of our criteria and tests to qualify as valid SYC claims, titles and/or challenges. Read on for current results. *Ed.*

New Claims — ► But first, where the heck is Fürstfeldbruck, aka "Fursty"? Probably little known to our younger members, it's a German Air Base way down in the south of Bavaria near the Austrian border. In the early days, it was used by USAFE as a nuke alert dispersal base, but more importantly, the town was home to the famous flying boots hand made by the celebrated Hans Probst Measureboots Company (see <http://fly.historicwings.com/2015/07/usafes-famed-flight-boots/> for a bit of history close to the hearts of us old heads).



In "the day," if you didn't have at least one pair of these, you weren't a "real" fighter pilot! The price was right; I had three, different styles. Ed.

► Now, **David Brown** posits an SYC as being the "**First and only F-100 pilot to fly his first-ever F-100 flight solo in an F-100C out of Fürstfeldbruck AB, Germany, 31 October 1957.**" David was a new pilot with the 461st Fighter Day Squadron at Hahn, Germany. With no F-models available, and because of the terrible WX at Hahn, after ground school and prep (start up, taxi and 100K practice chute deployment) there, he went TDY to Fursty. There, the WX was better, the squadron kept four Cs on standby for alert, and David got his chased Hun checkout. Don't know if "First and only..." will stand long, but for now, we bestow the valid SYC title as given above in **BOLD** to David.

► **Robert "Root Beer" Hires** flat out claimed to be the Hun pilot who flew "**The longest flight as a standby spare.**" What on Earth is he talking about? It's complicated. Here's how we've interpreted his original submission, with subsequent clarifications from Root Beer about what he really meant.

In early fall of 1965, the 90th "Dice" TFS of the 3rd TFW, based at England AFB, was tasked to deploy with 16 Huns to Vietnam. The plan was to have 16 spares ready to launch, should their primary counterpart aircraft abort (e.g., #5 primary aborts; #5 spare cranks and launches). [Nobody seems to know who came up with this idea!] Root Beer was the number 16 spare and concluded that the chances he would be called upon were slim to none. So he packed lightly, just a kit bag with underwear and shaving gear. Wouldn't you know, all went well until Number 16 had a problem, and Root Beer found himself airborne as Four in the final four-ship headed to Hickam Field in Hawaii, the first leg to Vietnam.

The deploying Huns were delayed by WX, and two days later, the support transport bird arrived at Hickam with spare deploying pilots aboard, thus ending Root Beer's participation in the deployment to Vietnam. Now what? Well, Root Beer headed back to England AFB via a C-130 going to Travis AFB. When he got there, the 3rd Wing Command Post "diverted" him to Beale AFB to pick up an F-100 there and bring it home, which he did.

As a result of all this, and much more we had to cut out for lack of space, Root Beer accumulated 10 hours of Hun flying time in five days when launched as a deployment ground spare without leaving the United States. It's the opinion of *The Intake* Editor that this doesn't match the SYC title suggested by Root Beer. However, for what it's worth, we will award him the alternate SYC title of "**Longest service as a spare deployment pilot, for one leg out and back to home base = 10 Hun hrs, in 5 days, wearing the same flight suit.**" Any challengers?

► After protracted analysis, **Skip Cornelison** has come up with a new category and claims he is "**The first to fly all four operational models of the F-100 = F on 25 Oct. '57, A on 7 Nov. '57, C on 14 Feb. '58, and D on 22 Dec. '60.**" Pretty straight forward. So, we hereby award this SYC title to Skip, and wonder how long it will stand and what variations the Form 5 Researchers might come up with as a challenge. Who knows?

Claim Challenges — ► **William Lambertson** says he can beat Jim Wolff's claim (I-25) of being "**First Luke AFB F-100 student to land an F-100C at Gila Bend Aux Field out of an IFE = summer of 1961**" by two years. William landed an F-100C at Gila Bend Aux due to low oil pressure in the *summer of 1959*. Parts is parts, and facts is facts, so this title passes on to William, no question about it.

► "**Tuck**" **McAtee** challenged Mike Mottern's claim to be the "**First pilot to land an F-100 at P'ingtung AB, Taiwan.**" (See I-24. It was in "late 1969 or early 1970.") Tuck says he and Les Long delivered two F-100Ds to P'ingtung AB, Taiwan, from Bien Hoa, AB, RVN, on *16 April 1966*. Therefore, Tuck, being the flight Lead, gets Mike's title (in which we'll now publish the "as of" date). Les becomes a close second, but there's no title for seconds! Sorry 'bout that.

The End — ► Our closing remarks were shortened by Skip's late entry. Even so, it's nice to get some more new categories, and challenges are always welcome. So, keep your golf shoes' spikes sharp and the red B.S. flags flying! **SYC Ed.** ■

More Dumb Things Done in a Hun (DTDH)



Here's a R.Y. Costain DTDH: Fairly early in my F-100 days, when my 613th squadron was heading home after a 3-month deployment to Europe, I decided to take an 8mm movie of myself refueling over the Atlantic.

I was hooked up to the KC-135 and taking on fuel. I held the camera in my right hand while flying with my left (a dumb thing), attempting to fly formation with my left eye on the tanker and my right eye looking through the viewfinder aimed at the probe and drogue (a really dumb thing!). In just a few seconds, I realized things weren't quite right, so I threw the camera onto the instrument panel shroud and grabbed *the stick and throttle properly, while taking in the frightful scene before me.*

The nozzle of the early-design bent-probe was far to the right! I was still hooked up, but had drifted left without realizing it! Would the probe break if I slid to the right to move the nozzle back to straight up again? I had to try, because I might not be able to make any more refuelings with this out-of-position nozzle—and those Atlantic waters below were deadly cold!

Fortunately, the probe/nozzle straightened back up to normal, and no one was ever the wiser. Except for now, dear readers, you. My DTDH: **Another “Camera in the Cockpit” override of good judgement.** — *R.Y.*

This unreported probe incident seems very similar to one reported as an SYC by Ken Ramsay in Issue 27. Check it out!



Here's a DTDH story reported by Thales A. “Tad” Derrick. It may be the first DTDH we've ever printed where the “Dumb Pilot” is not named: Many, if not most, F-100 pilots had a tour in Europe sometime during their Air Force career. The base names of Hahn, Ramstein, Bitburg, Spangdahlem, Aviano, Lakenheath, Wethersfield, Woodbridge, Châteauroux, et al. are familiar in the fighter pilot lexicon. Flying from any of these bases conjures up memories of low weather ceilings and poor visibility conditions for weapons training for all fighter missions. Hence, most weapons training was flown from Wheelus AB, Tripoli, Libya, and on the El Uotia (pronounced El Wa-tia) gunnery and bombing range located 50+ miles west of Tripoli. OK. That's enough background. Now, on to the “Dumb Things Done in a Hun” submission.

North of the gunnery range 15 miles or so, was a white sand beach on the south side of the Mediterranean Sea. It was called the “Cotton Patch” by the fighter pilots. It was used by many flight leaders as the rendezvous point for the flight to join-up and then proceed east to Wheelus. So, pilots coming off the ranges were often “singles” when heading to the Cotton Patch for flight join-up. Enter a “dumb thing”!

Some “creative” Hun driver decided that new pilots, just arrived from the States and who were at El Uotia for the first time, needed to be “initiated” with the “Cotton Patch Ritual.” “What's that?” you say.

Well, it unfolded this way: The unsuspecting, hapless newbie would be motoring along at a comfortable 300K or so at about 5,000'. The gleeful (read that “dumb things”) pilot would spot the “victim,” get into his six-o'clock and punch the airspeed up to around 500K. The “Dumb Things Pilot” would then maneuver just below the “target,” pass under the other aircraft, and as soon as he thought it was “safe,” execute an abrupt pull-up and aileron roll. This shenanigan was sometimes accompanied by a taunting radio call, such as, “Don't forget to check six,” or, “You have just been ‘Cotton Patched!’”

Unnamed Pilot's DTDH: **Invented the “Cotton Patch Initiation Ritual,” a fatal accident just waiting to happen.** It doesn't take much imagination to consider what could have been a fatal mid-air collision if the “Dumb Things Pilot” misjudged, or the “newbie” decided to descend suddenly to take a look at the beach or to execute a roll of his own!

By this submission, I do NOT admit to being the “Dumb Things Pilot,” nor do I admit to not clearing my “six” and getting “Cotton Patched.” I am just your humble reporter.... — *TAD*



Here's another somewhat different kind of DTDH: When we started the DTDH Dept., we assumed that whatever those dumb things done IN A HUN were, they would all be done by an SSSer **pilot**. It turns out there were dumb things done IN a Hun by others, in this case an SSSer crew chief named John Gill. John does admit that this dumb maintenance procedure was used by many maintainers in the early years, until the Safety folks (wisely) put an end to it. The procedure involved someone being **INSIDE** the intake, which was routinely visited for inspection/repair, but in this case **WITH THE J57 turning over**, albeit with only

Palouste (or other) starting-unit-air turning the turbine over. Here's John's DTDH.

The dumb thing I did in the Hun, I did as a crew chief. Not flying, but IN the Hun for sure, inside the ship, specifically inside the intake itself. Sometime around 1959-1960 in the FWS at Nellis, the pilot of my F-100D 55-3794 came back with smoke in the cockpit. I think his name was Capt. Tucker. At the time, we were still leaving much trouble shooting and repair to the crew chiefs. “Communist maintenance” was still far off.

I was pretty sure the smoke in the cockpit was from an oil or a hydraulic leak in the intake. If that was the case, the oil or hydraulic fluid would go through the engine, turning to smoke, then be sent to the cockpit.

I climbed down the intake and took off the cover of the Constant Speed Drive (CSD) unit (some pilots and crew chiefs called this cover "The Dog Pecker"), where the AC generator and two hydraulic pumps were located. When I inspected that area, there was hydraulic fluid all over the place, but I couldn't tell for sure where it was coming from.

So, I got two good reliable crew chiefs to help me: one in the cockpit and one to run the starting unit. I went back down the intake and gave them the signal to run up the starting unit and turn the J57 engine over at about 8 to 10 percent but "NOT TO START IT."

The engine-turning-over test worked; I quickly saw the utility pump was leaking around the base seal. We changed the pump and fixed the problem. I cleaned up the area, reinstalled the cover, did a full engine run-up check, removed the Red X from the Form 781, and we were ready to fly.

The dumb part of all this is that it was a dangerous procedure for several reasons: the most benign maybe being that while the engine was turning over, you had to keep your mouth closed and your head turned just right or the J57 compressor would suck the air out of your lungs. Not a pretty thought! My DTDH: **Willingly performed a common maintenance practice that was later declared too dangerous and abolished.**



Here's a Bob Salisbury DTDH he's been itching to publish. Once upon a time...I ran afoul of the dreaded adverse yaw of the Hun. It was a "teachable moment."



Upon reporting to the 308th TFS at Tuy Hoa AB, RVN, in April 1967, I was introduced to Colonels Warren Lewis and Frank Buzze, the 31st TFW CO and DCO, respectively. One of them looked at me and asked, "Does your mother know you are here?" The other said, "What paper route did they take you from?" While the comments were meant as a joke, they also probably reflected concern over my inexperience. Not only did I look much younger than my 23 years, I was a very inexperienced pilot. I had logged less than 400 total flying hours, of which about 115 were in the F-100, and was starting my first operational assignment. The commanders were likely concerned that I would hurt myself or, even worse, someone else. About three months later, I came very close to causing their fears to be realized.

I was in a flight of three led by an experienced F-100 pilot (name withheld; he's a charter member of the SSS), who led me on most of my flights for the first three months I was with the 308th. We had just completed an attack on a target in a river valley in the central highlands and were circling at less than 10 thousand feet while the FAC completed the BDA. I looked back and noted the flight leader's aircraft closing on me and drawing lead, like he was making a simulated air-to-air attack. My pride took hold and I became concerned about his getting a picture with his gun sight on my airplane. So, I started to tighten the turn to get him to overshoot. As I tightened the turn and increased the G load, *I did not think to add power*. I wanted to get him to overshoot so I focused on his airplane and didn't notice my decaying airspeed. Soon, he began to overshoot.

I was in a tight left-hand turn and planned a reverse to the right. As I started the reverse, I must have applied some right aileron because the airplane suddenly "snapped" to the left; a classic adverse yaw response. Before I knew what had happened, the aircraft was in an inverted dive headed for the river valley. By instinct, I neutralized the controls and took stock of my situation. It was not good: inverted, in a steep dive and airspeed less than 140 knots. Being careful not to apply aileron and using only rudder, I rolled to the upright position. I also applied military power, choosing to *not* select afterburner because I was concerned it would not light at the low airspeed. Then, I waited for the airspeed to build sufficiently to pull the airplane out of the dive.

During the wait for airspeed, a few seconds seemed like a very long time and many thoughts went through my mind, including whether I should eject. Fortunately, the aircraft's trajectory took me into the river valley, building airspeed and descending below the level of the surrounding hills. I finally gained enough airspeed to gently pull the airplane over the next set of hills, began to climb and rejoined our formation.

I must have put on quite a show for the ground troops, because they radioed the FAC and asked what had happened to my aircraft. After returning to base, the flight leader had very little to say about the incident. I think he knew that I had learned a great deal from my mistake and there was nothing more to be said. Just another DTDH: **Foolish pride got in the way of basic Hun airmanship!** Lesson? In these situations, maintain flying airspeed, and, at high angles of attack, *do not* apply aileron. — *Bob Salisbury*

■

*A "Did You Ever...." item filler from Jim Lapine!
Have a GAM-83 "BULLPUP" swerve in front of your nose just as you
were beginning to guide it—seriously compressor stalling the engine?
See back cover picture to jog your memory of this particular happenstance!*

A Steep Learning Curve and a Long, Long Journey.

Crossing the Atlantic in 1958

By Robert “Root Beer” Hires

This is a story with three parts [Part III will appear in Issue 30]. It’s about the “Golden Olden Days,” and as Root Beer explains, “The 401st TFW received their Huns in 1957. I checked out in August of ‘57. I doubt if anyone in the squadron had over 200 hours in the Hun when we made this deployment to Europe. We got our first F-100F just before we left and a new squadron commander about the same time, so he flew in the F. This is a story that I thought should be told, because many young Hun Jocks that I later trained at Luke never refueled on anything but a KC-135. They should know about the good old days.” We agree. Ed.

PART I: Learning to Refuel—on KB-50s!



Root Beer Hires

In 1958, when this story takes place, the 612th TFS at England AFB, LA, did not have the luxury of KC-135s with their maneuvering boom and a drogue on the end. All we had were KB-50s with their retractable long hoses with drogues on the end, one on each wingtip and one out the tail. And the Hun did not have 450- or 335-gallon drop tanks; instead we had non-air-refuelable 275s without a drop-tank fuel gage in the cockpit. Nor did we have a double-curved refueling probe so easily visible just to the right of the cockpit. Instead, we had the original straight (and very, very short) six-foot probe on the right wing.

That was our configuration when TAC alerted us in January to prepare for a TDY deployment in June, via the mid-Atlantic route, to Bitburg AB, Germany, and Aviano AB, Italy—staying three months at each base.

It was time for all our pilots to become proficient in air-to-air refueling. My first attempt came when the Ops Officer said, “Lt. Hires, you and Lt. Sneed are scheduled to fly two Ds today. There’s a tanker overhead. Go learn how to refuel.” So off we went. I was leading. The tanker had the tail drogue out and I began my attempt to refuel.

What made it all so challenging back then was that we had to slow to 180 knots to fly formation with the KB-50. After 10 or 15 minutes with no success, I had Lt. Sneed give it a try. He had just gotten into position when our Wing Commander, Chester Van Etten (and a fine gentleman was he), joined us and tried to help Lt. Sneed. After another 10 or 15 minutes without any success, it was my turn to try again. I missed about two times and then finally made a hookup. I took on some fuel, backed off and tried several more hookups with success. Lt. Sneed tried some more and after 10 or 15 minutes finally got a hookup. When we walked into Ops, the first thing Sneed said for everybody to hear was, “Hires, you big show off!”

Everyone in the squadron got a lot of refueling practice after that. TAC was not about to send the 612th TFS across the Atlantic without proving we could do it. So, soon, it was ORI time. The first task was to fly a route from England AFB equal to the distance to the real first Atlantic refueling point and then recover at Cannon AFB. The route was: take off to the east in an eight-ship formation, fly to Mobile, AL, then make a sweeping turn out over the Gulf of Mexico and join with four tankers abreast of New Orleans.

Lead picked up the tankers and we started down, but he lost the tankers and all of us were concerned because we didn’t have the fuel to make a 180. Lead, with plenty of help from others, found the tankers and we split up, two to a tanker. I had the left wing drogue and hooked up on the first try. I pushed the hose up to refueling position and waited for some fuel. Then the boomer said, “Back off, you’re not getting fuel. Try again.” I backed off, disconnected and was just about to make contact when I felt a little power loss. “What was that?” I thought. I pushed the power up to reconnect with the drogue and then I had a real power failure...I was flaming out! I quickly turned on the drop tanks and called to Three. “I’m FLAMING OUT!”

The RPM went down to around 60 percent, stabilized, and then started to climb. I had pushed the nose over to keep my airspeed up, but now I was below and slightly ahead of the tanker. I was reluctant to pull the power back but I had to get back into position to refuel, so decided to reduce power anyway...carefully. I made another hookup, hoping to continue the flight to Cannon, but had the same results. I couldn’t get any fuel from that drogue. I was south of England AFB and returned there to see what they wanted me to do. They, of course, found nothing wrong with *their* Hun, refueled it and off I went to Cannon. It’s funny now but neither the tanker nor my number Three ever responded to my flame out call. I still wonder why not?

At Cannon I found everyone doing a flight plan for the next day’s mission. The plan was a high-low to Matagorda Island Gunnery Range, TX, do a LABS bomb drop, then return high to our home base at England AFB.



F-100F refueling probe and drogue, circa late 1950s. Photo by Lt. William J. Starr, USAF
(c) John Starr
johnstarr1@aol.com
www.FabulousRocketeers.com

The probe goes into the drogue.



KB-50s could handle up to three aircraft at a time.

The next morning during preflight, we found the ORI team had safety wired the radio compass hand crank so we couldn't use it. We took off single-ship, two-minute spacing, cruised high to somewhere in Oklahoma, and did a right descending turn to the low-level route. TAC had observers at two of the low-level checkpoints to make sure you were on course and on time. Somehow, I missed the first checkpoint but was on course and made the second, contacted Matagorda Range, dropped my bomb from a LABS maneuver, and started my climb back to England AFB. I checked my fuel and the forward fuel tank was lower than it should have been, so I broke the safety wire, tuned in Bryan AFB, TX, and landed there. When I taxied in, there were several other Huns that had landed there with not enough fuel to make it back home. So we made up a flight of four and flew low-level back to England. We didn't pass the tactical portion of the ORI because so many of us had failed to complete the mission by returning to England AFB. Naturally, we had to repeat that portion of the ORI two weeks later, starting from England, going high-low-high, with a bomb drop at Matagorda Range. We passed this time and started to focus on the eagerly awaited squadron launch and TDY across the pond.

PART II: Launching for a Long, Eventful TDY to Europe

As part of our family preparations, my pregnant wife and first child had moved to Indiana to be with her parents while I was away. The night before our initial launch from England, we had one of the longest periods of thunder and lightning and rain I had ever heard. By morning, the thunder and lightning had stopped but it was still drizzling. Undaunted, we began the great adventure by making final preparations to launch the whole 16-plane squadron from England to Langley AFB, VA, for an RON before heading out over the Atlantic to Europe the following day. So, breakfast, briefing, preflight and load the planes. We removed the left ammo cans (shipping them in the support aircraft) and used the ammo bays for our luggage. We took off in two-ship formations, penetrated a low scud deck and joined into an eight-ship before climbing out into some higher weather. I was in the second flight of four, in close trail with the lead flight. When we leveled off, everyone was bouncing around. Three called out, "Hey Lead what is your airspeed?" Lead replied, "I'm going .78 mach." Three answered, "No you're not. You're doing .87 and increasing. Your airspeed must be frozen up." Three finally got Lead settled down with a good cruise speed and the rest of the flight to Langley was uneventful, with clear skies at landing. That evening, we ate our low-residue dinner and went into crew rest for a four o'clock wake up and a low-residue breakfast.

Then all 16 of us took off and went into two loose eight-ship formations, headed for Europe. The weather was good. Our drop tanks were turned off. We found our first group of tankers just east of Bermuda, went two birds to a tanker and refueled. Everyone remained on a drogue and took fuel as needed until the lead tanker said everyone had a successful offload. So, off to the second refueling!

When we made radio contact with the second set of tankers, they gave us DF steers to make sure we were on course with them. They tracked us with their radars, so they knew when to do their 180, allowing us to smoothly fall in behind them. We picked them up and were in perfect position to drop in and refuel. Everyone had a successful offload. After that refueling, we made our climb to altitude and set the power for cruise.

Now came the big test: we turned on the drop tanks—but would they pump fuel? We made frequent fuel checks to make sure everyone had the same fuel load. Then several aircraft had those wisps of fuel that come out of the rudder fuel drain when the tanks are going dry. So, on to the next checkpoint: Ocean Station Echo. OSE picked us up on his radar and said we were on course. They had an ADF radio beacon but I was not able to pick it up. Fortunately, others in the flight did. The next stop was to be Lajes Field in the Azores.

As we approached Lajes Field at 34,000 feet, we picked up their ADF radio, but we were over high cirrus clouds and not looking forward to making instrument approaches because our fuel was down to 2,000 pounds. Then, right in front of us was an opening in the clouds, and there at the bottom was our runway. You never saw eight aircraft pop speed brakes and dive for the runway as fast as we did! The only problem I had was that my airspeed went to zero as we started down. So I called Three and said, "Hey I need to make a formation landing, I have no airspeed...." I joined with Three and that's what we did.

The next day the weather on the continent was doggie, so we went in flights of four to Morocco. The day after that, the weather was good in Spain but still below minimums at Bitburg, our new home away from home, so we went to Torrejon AB. The day after that, the weather was above mins at Bitburg, so we all launched and landed safely. Our Atlantic crossing was a complete success! I think we were the first squadron to make such a crossing in the Hun.

One remarkable aspect of this story was that our crossing began with the full squadron, 16 aircraft, *and all 16 made it to our destination!* This accomplishment was all the more noteworthy when you consider that all of us were very new to the F-100; on average, we only had about 200 hours in the bird. Others tried this same crossing, but were not as successful, most often having one or more planes divert en route...and in one case, losing an aircraft when the pilot had to bail out. ■



Courtesy: Jeff Glasser

For deployments, two birds per KB-50 tanker was the normal drill.

To be continued in Issue 30.

“Big Fella” MacLennan’s Distressed Hun “Save” ... A DTDH? NOT!

By Bruce “Big Fella” MacLennan

Medley: This incident really got my attention back in my junior Hun days. But from ensuing events over my Hun career, I learned not only what the bird could do *to you*, but I was forever impressed with what the bird could do *for you*, as long as you treated it right and knew your emergency procedures. It always did *for me*! Thought you might like this anecdote. Cheers and Check VI, — **Big Fella**



Big Fella's Hun career began at the Luke schoolhouse in Apr '60, went through Nellis top-off, included lots of overseas TDY in the 27th TFW till Apr '63 when he PCS'd to the 416th TFS at Misawa, and ended there when he PCS'd to Saigon, never to fly the Hun again. But he got his share of combat flying in VNAF aircraft, and in later F-4C SEA TDY tours.

One bright and sunny day at good ol' Cannon AFB back in 1961, I was scheduled as #4 in a flight to the Melrose Gunnery Range with my first F-100 combat (CC-coded) squadron, the 523rd TFS. I had been in the squadron for only a few months, but had had many good and varied sorties. I felt quite confident in my ability to handle the Hun and the mission.

Our leader was "Bones" Andrews, one of the most experienced and charismatic guys in our squadron in those days. We completed the regular "skip-dive-straft" mission with no problems, and formed up for some formation acrobatics in the exercise area. We did a few wingovers and then deployed

into trail formation for some good stuff. After a few chandelles and loops, we were getting ready to form up for return to base when, as I was coming just nose up out of the bottom of our final loop, I realized that I had *no fore or aft control* of the bird. I couldn't move the stick in either direction! I ruddered and rolled out of formation and reduced power to see what was going on.

As my airspeed slowed and nose attitude came down, I realized that I was going to have to use throttle/power control to maintain, gain or lose altitude. I couldn't point the nose up or down using the stick. I hadn't been "there" before, even in the simulator, but, fortunately, we were far enough away from Cannon that I had time to practice some impromptu procedures and learn how to control the bird. "Bones" directed me to go through a series of stall and handling checks, including gear down speeds, where I found that landing speed was going to be 15-20 knots faster than normal. And, I was going to have to control altitude, all the way down a long final approach using up and down

power control to try to stick it on the runway at that higher speed. We practiced all that in the local area away from the base a couple of times and then had to do it for real.

On the real landing, everything went as I had practiced, but touchdown was a bit longer than normal, as to be expected. I got a good drag chute, but it streamed shortly after deploying. I was easy on the brakes so as not to blow a tire, and was able to hit the center of the departure end barrier and stop in the overrun. After opening the canopy with a shaking hand and taking many deep breaths, I was escorted back to the Safety and Maintenance debriefs and then to the squadron. Ironically, since it was a Friday afternoon, we were having a regular safety meeting when I got there.

As the meeting was breaking up, the OMS Chief NCO came up to me with a flashlight in his hand. It had gotten jammed in the mechanical stabilator linkage back in the aft hydraulic "pit," which prevented any fore or aft stick movement. The Chief pointed out the initials of the owner, which were scratched into the handle, and said he'd been working in that area before the bird was scheduled for our flight. "Do you want to talk to him?" he asked. I thought about it for a moment and decided it would be better for the Chief to do that, not the Lieutenant. He knew how to impress tool accountability on his young troops better than I did.

So all things over and done with, eh? But wait! I forgot to mention that my bird was one of the first ones at Cannon to have undergone the tail hook mod, and that the runway had also been recently modified with departure *and approach end* cables. That fact had not escaped the eye of the Division Commander, then-B/G Al Schinz. He had joined the emergency respondents in the overrun by the time I climbed down. After thanking me for saving one of his aircraft (HA!), he calmly asked me why I hadn't used the tail hook and the approached end barrier cable instead of running all that anchor chain out into the overrun. GASP!! I'd *never even thought about it* because it was the first time I'd flown with A TAIL HOOK and doing an approach end barrier engagement never even crossed my mind, nor that of our Hun-expert Lead, "Bones" Andrews!

Well, that somewhat tarnishes my personal heroics, and probably puts me in line for a DTDH confession. Alas! — **Bruce "Big Fella" MacLennan** Au contraire, *Big Fella*. If Bones didn't think of it, maybe HE should have. I'd say with all that tail hook/approach end barrier "newness," even DTDH founder, Tom Clark, would let you both off that hook! **Ed.** ■

Was the 481st TFS a “black sheep squadron”?

My First TDY Deployment

By Ron Green

A really neat homemade film has been circulating lately about a 1959 F-100 Cannon AFB-to-Incirlik AB deployment flown and filmed by “Shock” Shockley. In early July of this year, Ron Green sent us an email touting the pleasures of watching that nine-minute nostalgia trip, and saying it reminded him of his first long TDY deployment to that same air base near Adana, Turkey, in 1961. We’ve been asked for more air refueling stories of late, so I invited Ron to write an article about his experience, which somewhat paralleled “Shock’s” flick. Ron did a very good job, in remarkable time, and without further fanfare, we invite you to take a trip to Incirlik. For those of us who’ve “been there, done that,” it’ll be a kick. And for those who have never experienced TDY nuke alert in Turkey, with all its charms, it’ll be an education! Read on. **Ed.**

Prologue: The homemade 1959 movie in question, converted to video at the URL below, brought back many memories. A few I had purposely blanked out, but they all came back—the good the bad and the ugly. View the movie here, preferably before you read my story: <https://youtu.be/5wNeBaBoxBo>. What a GREAT video! Ah, the memories linger on! And, the most important thing about the whole deployment: LOOK GOOD ON INITIAL AND IN THE BREAK! If you need that explained to you, you ain’t a fighter pilot!

o-O-o



Ron Green



*

When I got to Cannon AFB (CAFB) in early February, ’61, just out of “Hun Top Off Training,” I was assigned to the 481st TFS, because they were short on pilots and were the next Cannon squadron scheduled to deploy to Turkey. So, I was to be the FNG (F...ing New Guy) and two more pilots from other squadrons were attached to the 481st for the TDY. This was to be a milestone mission because it would be the *first-ever night deployment of a whole squadron*.

Our deployment was scheduled for the 9th of June, so the Squadron held a going away party the night of the 8th. We were supposed to report to the Q (BOQ) at 0700 for bed rest on the 9th, because we needed to be well rested for this first night deployment. Well, we didn’t think we needed bed rest, so we played poker till time to leave for eating and the brief. And being the FNG, I was scheduled as #4B (B

meant, back seat of an F) in the last plane, with about a 2230L takeoff.

The first refueling was over Michigan and went well, so we continued on to our second refueling just southeast of Goose Bay. By this time, it was about sunrise. When we contacted the tankers, they said that they couldn’t get out of the clouds, but they were not real thick. This gave us two options: 1) abort to Goose Bay, or 2) try for the tankers, and if unsuccessful, to bail out. The vote was 100% to try for the tankers.



In and out of clouds, opting for option 2.

Lead decided to take DF vectors till we were abeam the tankers. Then, he turned to get behind them until we were in trail—500 feet below them, of course. Once we were in trail, we started a slow climb, and when we got to their altitude, we spotted the tanker’s engine swirls and smoke. We increased our speed a bit till we had a Tally Ho on them, and then used boards to join up. Piece of cake!

On the way to the third set of tankers, out of nowhere, I suddenly exclaimed, “OH, NO!” The front seater pondered this odd statement and then asked me if I had seen something wrong with the bird. “No,” I said, “the bird is OK, but I just had a crazy thought that I got Bette (my wife)



A last good-by for a long 6 months.

*Unless otherwise identified by an *, the pictures in this article are still shots from Crawford “Shock” Shockley’s 1959 film that topically fit Ron Green’s text. Just picture 481st instead of 428th TFS birds. Thanks, “Shock,” for the wonderful work, with perfect soundtrack, and your permission to use these “out takes.” It is indeed a work of art and a “thing of beauty.”*

pregnant the last night home before we left.” (It’s weird what comes to mind sitting in the back seat on a long deployment flight. I think that revelation came from God, because I was so certain about it. In my first letter home to Bette from Turkey, I told her about this premonition. Bette didn’t believe a word of it—but six weeks later, her doctor confirmed it!)

When we were south of Greenland, while looking at the icebergs in the water below, the orange juice and soup I brought along got to me, and I decided to use the relief tube. I unrolled the anti-exposure “Poopy Suit” tube and found it was “too long” for me to use, so I held up that bodily function urge. Hate to admit it, but I really was rather uncomfortable. After landing at RAF Wethersfield in England, the crew chief had to help me get the suit top down, because the pain was so bad I couldn’t stand up.

Getting the suit down, I started to relieve myself on the ramp, when all of a sudden, out of my peripheral vision, I noticed two pairs of shoes (one pair high-heeled) about five feet in front of me. It was the Wing CO *and his wife* wanting to welcome me to Wethersfield. I stammered: “Sorry, but it’s been about 12 hours since I last relieved myself and I am in extreme pain.” The wife said, “I understand,” and they turned to walk away. The Wing CO was laughing so hard that he never said a word.

We each had been given three “Go” pills to take in case we got tired and needed a pickup before our refuelings. Many of us chose not to use them during the flight. But we did use them after landing so we could go to London that night. (We had a rest day scheduled for the morrow, so that London trip was added to many of our personal agendas.)

After our day of rest, we took off for an RON (Remain Overnight) at Wheelus AB, Libya. We got there just before



**Wheelus O' Club*



**“Tiger Town” Quarters*



**Day or night, always attractive.*

Happy Hour, put on our glad rags and headed to the O’ Club. The drill was, of course, several drinks and dinner and then back to the bar. Next, we decided to take several bottles back to the Q and party some more there. The whole Squadron was quartered in a one-story building. We got pretty noisy, and soon the OD, a 2nd Lt., came over and told us to be quiet. Well, a couple of the guys got carried away and threw him out the door like a dart.

This questionable, but very effective maneuver, we all assumed, would soon bring a visit by the Base CO, so we picked up our bottles and walked over to the

beach. I have to admit we didn’t get much sleep that night.

In the morning, a lot of the guys just went out to their planes and climbed in without even preflighting them. This resulted in nine “no chutes” upon landing at Incirlik because the red streamer safety pins were still installed. Go figure!



“Incirlik Tower, we have the field in sight.”

I don’t know why, but they (the Incirlik AB permanent party) threw a welcoming shindig for us at the pool. Free drinks and food, and the partying got going again. One of the guys soon had too much and barfed in the pool. This quickly shut down the party, and we all had to leave. The next day, they drained the pool. Some way to start off a tour, huh? Then we got settled in.

To maintain bombing proficiency, we started flying two- or three-ship flights with one practice bomb loaded on the rack of the left outboard pylon. Soon the flights started doing acro, since we didn’t have tanks. One day, they put a four-ship on the schedule, and I was chosen to be #4.



A look at Mt Ararat and some formation practice

Lead put us in close diamond formation, with me in the slot. First time in the slot for me, but I was staying in position pretty well through rolls, etc. After a while, Lead lowered the nose and called for AB. He then called AB Out at just over 400 knots, so I thought to myself that we were not going to do a loop, like I thought he had planned. But next, he put on 4 Gs and we still had 4 Gs when we reached 45 degrees of pitch. So I thought to myself that, yes, he had planned on a loop, *but he should have left the AB in*. Well, at 60 degrees, #3 slacked off the Gs and left the flight. I

should have followed, but I let ego convince me to stay in the slot.

At 90 degrees, the airspeed was down to about 100 knots, and I helplessly departed in a left spin. I was at about 7,000 feet at this time. I guess I really should have bailed out, but seeing all sky for one nanosecond and then all ground the next nanosecond mesmerized me.

After about three turns, the spin slowed down and then stopped with the nose down. During my oscillations, I had noticed #2 in a spiral. We both stopped about the same time and applied power to join up. About that time, #3 made the comment of "Let's knock this off and go to the range," and since he was the ranking man in the flight, that's what we did. We never debriefed the acro, but on walking in from the ramp, the SRO did tell Lead that the AB-less loop was a really DUMB thing to do!



Lots of very low level routes, some lower than others.

We flew a lot of low level, much of it at 5-10 feet, exactly like we planned to fly if we were ever launched on a real mission. One day when I was Lead, I thought I was over open desert, when all of a sudden, right after I went over a hillock (small hill), I flew directly over a shepherd and his flock of sheep. I pulled up some and banked to look back. Where the shepherd had been standing by himself, he was now surrounded by his whole flock that had run back to him for protection.

It turned out that we were really Kamikaze Pilots. Here's what I mean: we were sitting alert with the Mk-28 nuke bomb. Looking at the book, we decided we would just barely escape the bomb blast over-pressure, if we had to go to war with this bomb. However, a later TDY squadron determined we *couldn't escape* the over pressure. So, if we had had a real launch, we would have been Kamikaze Pilots, unable to survive our own attacks!



Tin quarters called for improvisations to survive.

Due to the tin building we were staying in, our sleep was rather sporadic, so we quit flying at noon. And to help pass the time in the hot afternoons, we built a shade lounge outside, in front of our

door. There we installed a soft sofa upon which you could sit and drink a beer or lay down and take a nap if you wanted to do that. And, under the roof of the lounge which had no sides, you were in the shade and cooled by the breeze (if there was one).



** The outdoor, sideless, shade lounge was wonderful!*

When we ate lunch at the O' Club, they always served rolls. They were nice and soft at noon, but hard as a rock at dinnertime, so we never ate them at dinner, just entertained ourselves by throwing them at other tables of people we knew. However, one night one of the targets ducked, and the Ambassador and his wife were sitting at the next table. The hard roll hit the Ambassador's wife in the head. This resulted in a big investigation and blame was eventually laid on our Chief of Intel, even though he had never been known to throw a bun before!

In addition to bun throwing, we entertained ourselves while flying our low levels. It turned out there was a section of beach south and west of Adana that was designated as "topless"! So we'd get near the beach, slow down, get low (about 10 feet) and wave at the secretaries from Western Europe (Germany, France, etc.) as we sailed by, wreaking havoc in our wakes.



Getting ready for a pass at the "topless" beach!

After getting used to life at Incirlik, things settled down and several of us were sitting at our Squadron bar having a beer one night. Our Flight Surgeon (FS) came up and said: "Ron, you're within the eligibility zone for your physical, so let's do that tomorrow at 0600." I replied that I had the 0700 takeoff in the morning, so that wouldn't work out. Well, one of our "on loan" pilots for this TDY spoke

up and said he wasn't flying tomorrow, so he'd be glad to take my place. I accepted his offer.

The next morning, I had finished my physical and was sitting on the "Back Board" (common name for a spinal immobilization board) when the crash alarm went off. The FS said I had passed and he and his sergeant ran off. I walked back to the Squadron and could see smoke from a fire on the ramp. As I walked into Ops, they told me the smoke and fire was from my assigned airplane. The tanks had blown off on engine start and my replacement pilot was hurt badly. Later, we heard that he had third degree burns over 90 percent of his body. He was still in the Wheelus hospital when we left for the States 30 days later. (They soon brought him back to a hospital in San Antonio, where they decided to operate, but he died during the surgery.)



A dawn takeoff, headed home to CAFB by way of Wheelus, Morón, Lajes, and Myrtle Beach.

When we finally left Turkey early one morning, our plan was to first fly to Wheelus for refueling and then on to Morón, Spain, to stage for the homeward ocean crossing. Interestingly, on landing at Wheelus, the Base CO met us and told us we were not spending the night there, period. No sweat, we weren't planning on it anyway. But, while there, the Squadron CO and Ops did manage to see our burned pilot. Then, we flew on to Morón; next stop, Lajes.

As normal, the morning we were to leave Lajes it was raining cats and dogs, and I was scheduled to be #8 in the first flight. A bit soggy, we got airborne and on our way to the first tankers. I hooked up and started taking fuel. I knew the 450s at times would blow a seal if you stayed hooked up too long after filling up, so I was watching and was going to call "Full" and disconnect as soon as my tanks were full. And, as soon as they were full I called to stop the transfer and to disconnect, but at that exact moment, I saw fuel starting to stream back from each of my 450s.

o-O-o

Epilogue: When we were leaving Incirlik, the Base CO came out to the ramp to see us off. I was in an airplane just to the left of the Squadron CO (RIP). The Base CO was standing at the end of the taxi out corridor (Big Mistake). As our CO straightened out he applied Full Mil and the Base CO did some back flips.

About two weeks after we got back to CAFB, the Division CO came down and showed us a letter he had received from the Incirlik Base CO addressed to the 416th TFW. Among other things, it said that we were a black sheep squadron, meaning an odd or disreputable member of a larger group. We explained it all to our Division CO, and since the letter also implied the whole Wing was of that ilk, the General threw it into File 13. End of my story and our 1961 Incirlik TDY! ■

Knowing I couldn't get to the next set of tankers, my Element Lead and I turned back for Lajes. The field was in a sucker hole then, so we started to orbit, using our burners to get down to landing weight. After three orbits, tower called that we'd better land before the next storm hit. Lead pulled it out of AB and we turned Initial, hitting the clouds just at the pitchout point. I pitched out and rolled out on the downwind heading, strictly on instruments. Just as I rolled out, I got a big cloud of smoke in the cockpit. I had blown an oil line in the Constant Speed Drive, the cover for which was commonly called the "Dog Pecker"!

I pulled the cockpit air lever back and bent forward as much as possible. I started to turn base at what I assumed was the right point and began a normal base descent. When descending through about 100 feet, I picked up the beach and overrun. I tried to get to the centerline but only got to the left half of the runway. After touchdown, the wind from the right was so strong it was going to blow me off the runway, so I deployed the drag chute to slow down as much as possible, even if it might force me off the runway. But because the dirt was piled up pretty high in the grass just off the runway, it formed a lip that kept bouncing me back onto the runway. I finally slowed down, and as I turned off, I saw Lead—not surprisingly, he was in the barrier.

We spent two days there and then married up with a squadron from Myrtle Beach and refueled our way across the Atlantic together. After a night at Myrtle, we flew back to CAFB to be met by our wives. My Bette was in maternity clothes! We had been in Turkey for five months because nobody was available to replace us, due to the Berlin Crisis. Fortunes of war, I guess!



"Shock" Shockley's closing caption says it all!

Somebody had to do it!

The Making of the "BALLAD OF THE GREEN BRASSIERE"

By Mark Berent



Mark Berent

The "Ballad of the Green Brassiere" is a song written in 1966 to the tune of the famous Special Forces song "Ballad of the Green Beret." The fictitious girl in this parody was envisioned by the song writers as a rather hippy-ish type who dumped her draft-card-burning Vietnik boyfriend in the States to spend a year in Vietnam at Bien Hoa Air Base, home of the 531st TFS and the Mike Force (MF). [And the 510th TFS, aka the "Five and Dime" squadron. Ed.]

The Mike Force, (Det. A-302), whose call sign was China Boy, was an "A" team of 12 highly specialized Special Forces (SF) troops, one of whom actually commanded a battalion of Nungs. (Nungs were indigenous Chinese mercenaries, renowned for their fierce fighting abilities.) The missions of the Mike Force were always quite hazardous: they were called out to either find Charlie, engage Charlie in his own territory, or to aid another SF camp about to be hit. The skull and crossbones patch of the MF spread terror from Tây Ninh and Lộc Ninh to the "Blue Angel" in Bien Hoa (a local off-base restaurant bar). The wearers of that patch had even been known to become amphibious in the Freedom Pool in Saigon. (That, by the way, is where MF men Frenchy Marquis and Jim Taylor, and F-100 pilot Mark Berent first met. From that aquatic encounter sprang the friendship between the Mike Force team and the fighter pilots.)



"Blue Angel Restaurant & Bar" at Bien Hoa City. A popular MF hang out! Photo: Tommy Japan Collection, Courtesy PFC John M. Howard.

With the call sign of Ramrod, the F-100 pilots of the "Thirsty First" (531st) worked often with the Mike Force, giving them close air support in the form of napalm, 500 lb. Snake-eye high-drag bombs, 20 mm strafe, and that lovely CBU.

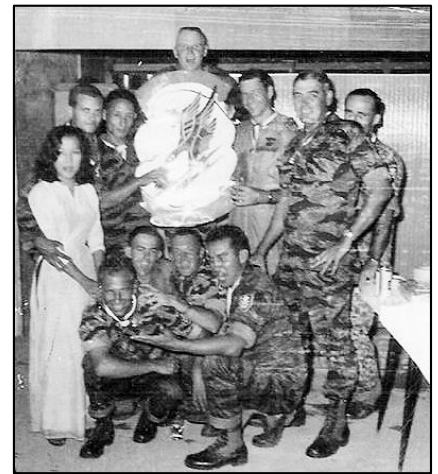
Naturally, the China Boys and the Ramrods had a great meeting of the minds and a very close relationship developed. They grew quite fond of each other, and at any time of day or night, an MF type or a jock could be found at the other's club.



Decked out in Officer of the Day outfit, Ron Barker guards the infamous Hooch T-7.

Of course, whenever and wherever the flight suits and the tiger suits got together, each group went to great lengths to demonstrate their esteem for the other's highly specialized skills. Some of these sessions lasted 'til rather late in the morning, causing the local natives around the Thirsty Firsts' hooch, number T-7, to add to the general din with their quaint native cry of "SHUT THE 'BLANK' UP!!"

And at one point in time, at the MF team house in Bien Hoa, with an assist from Mike Force team



Flight suits and Tiger suits mingle at the Mike Force team's Bien Hoa town house.

member Ron "Oley" Olson, a VC gas stove blew up and flattened the whole building!

The only salvageable item was a huge green brassiere of fantastic, cantilevered proportions. Thoughtfully, the MF brought the surviving brassiere onto the base and hung (if you'll excuse the expression) this marvelous feminine garment on a wall in Hooch T-7. Then the Thirsty First guys went to work and wrote the ditty about what turned out to be our imaginary Vietnam pearl. The inspired creators were Ron Barker, Ron Miller, and Mouse Nordman.

The song tells how the aforesaid "hippy-ish girl" from the States found her way one night to old Hooch T-7, where she was truly appreciated and loved. Silver pilot's wings and silver jump wings were frequently pressed to her chest as she received the exuberant hugs from the troops who loved her so dearly. Tragically, a VC shell came from above and snuffed out the life of this lovely girl. In reverence to her contribution, and actions above and beyond the call of duty to raise the morale of the fighter pilots and the Mike Force, they pressed silver pilot wings and jump wings into her tombstone to let her know she was not alone. And now, we give you the unaltered lyrics of this popular parody, circa 1966.

BALLAD OF THE GREEN BRASSIERE

Put silver wings upon her stone
To let her know she's not alone
We love the girl who's buried here,
The girl who wore the Green Brassiere.

Let me tell you about this girl
She was truly a Vietnam pearl
She wore a flower above her ear,
And on her chest, a Green Brassiere

Press silver wings into her chest
Put there by America's best
She's been loved both far and near,
She's the girl in the Green Brassiere.

In the States a Vietnik waits
Burning cards at the White House gate
He'll get none for about a year,
While everyone else gets the Green Brassiere.

Put silver wings, upon her stone
To let her know she's not alone
We love the girl who's buried here,
The girl who wore the Green Brassiere.

One night she came to hooch T-7
She thought she'd walked right into heaven
The Thirsty First and Five and Dime,
Showed the Green Brassiere a hell of a time.

A VC shell came from above
Left one thing to remind us of
This little girl we love so dear,
A slightly tattered Green Brassiere.

Put silver wings, upon her stone
To let her know she's not alone
We love the girl who's buried here,
The girl who wore the Green Brassiere.

THE SONG WRITERS ARE RON BARKER, RON MILLER, VERN NORDMAN, AND SOME UNKNOWN MIKE FORCE GUY
Thanks Gents. Ed. ■

Incoming Email Regarding Cambodian MiGs

I was really glad to see Jim Quick's article on "fast movers" inside Cambodia. I had a similar experience around August/September 1969.



I was a Missouri ANG pilot attached TDY to the 510th TFS at Bien Hoa. We launched on a day scramble off the alert pad to a target in the vicinity of the *Parrot's Beak*. After a couple of passes, Paris (GCI) came up on guard to advise a "fast mover" inside Cambodia was headed towards us. The details in my memory are foggy, but crystal clear is the urgency in Paris' voice. We switched to guard channel, safed our bomb switches, uncaged the sight, kicked out the sight depression, made sure we had all four cannons selected, and elected to hang onto our external loads until we were sure this mission would turn



into an air-to-air. I suggested to our FAC that he might want to get on the tree tops and clear the area in case we were, in fact, under MiG attack. Meanwhile we'd climbed to around 4,000-5,000 feet and were accelerating in military power.


Arriving at the border, I had to turn our flight back east. Two was in picture perfect fighting wing position as we flew away from Cambodia and the fast mover. Still on guard (sorry to have motor-mouthed guys over-using guard), I told Paris to call when our separation dropped to about 15 miles. On his call, we turned back west and headed straight at our fast mover. Paris was ticking off the distance when, suddenly, the fast mover dropped off Paris' scope! We reached that moment when we should have met the bogey....and still No Joy. When we reached the stream that was the border, we had to turn back east, again. Whoever—or whatever—he was, he just disappeared!

We got back with our FAC, put the rest of our ordnance in on the original target and RTB'd.

All these years I've wondered about that day. Now it makes sense. Sounds like Paris picked up a Cambodian MiG. Thanks, Jim, for your article, "Are we expecting any MiGs today?" — *John Donham* ■

Thanks, John. I'm reminded of the motto of the 510th "Buzzards of Bien Hoa" TFS: see their motto patch, above. Ed.

When Stake Your Claim (SYC) rules changed, limiting submissions to claims that were accomplished in or associated with the F-100 and by or on behalf of an SSS member, we started this department to publish interesting tales outside the realm of SYC that are of general interest or of particular note. Here's another installment. The first story comes from Gary Heartsill. He thought it might be a good SYC title, but upon review by the Intake Editor, such a designation is inappropriate. Yet, it's an interesting tale to which many an SSS member can relate. There's a second story from "Hoppy" Hopkins. **Ed.**

 **Dart Plinking: A Four Gun Kill** I probably wouldn't make a pimple on the rear end of a real Hun fighter pilot—at least one with a lot of combat time—but will match my zeal and passion for shooting the guns with anyone. As they used to say in the 166th at Lockbourne, "It's King's Sport!" The closest thing to "Watch this!" is "Guns and Camera!" Shooting the M-39s successfully is all in the plinking, or maybe just in a single plink (one round per barrel).



Gary Heartsill

My story began on a Guard Weekend in February, 1967, at Myrtle Beach where I was getting qualified in shooting the dart. Having been an ATC puke in T-38s, my skill in punching air-to-air holes in those nasty darts badly needed some systemic direction. During a vodka-inspired happy hour, our "Russian" advisor "Ax" Axakowsky (sp?) explained the art (and science) of dart killing. "Be smooth, have a good closure rate, 'squeeze' the trigger lightly. However, don't shoot until *the dart fills up the windscreen*—this is called a Field Grade Hit." On my next flight the results were glorious and spectacular...the pieces went everywhere, and I thought I had gone to heaven. I got it!

A year later, recalled to active duty after *#\$\$@^ Bucher gave up the Pueblo, I was with the 127th at McConnell. We were going through our pre-shipping ORI before heading to Korea, and I was in Ops trying to snivel onto the schedule. As luck would have it, I got tapped to be Four on an air-to-air mission at Cannon's range, and off we went; three very experienced shooters...and newbie me!

The tow ship was an F-model with a regular Air Force evaluator in the back seat to watch and grade. To pass the ORI, we needed at least one shooter to hit the dart while firing all four guns with 25 rounds of 20 mm. I doubted I'd even get to shoot, what with the three gray-beards firing before me.


Sitting high and outside of Three, I watched below and listened. The air was smooth and the New Mexico weather was just outstanding for plinking. Lead was cleared to fire, and I watched the white smoke from the guns and heard his quick call of, "Off. Winchester." Two began his pass on a descending turn to the left and got the same results: one pass, a little smoke, and he was out of bullets. Three was cleared, and it was same song, third verse.

The tow ship cleared me down for my pass, uphill to the left. The closure was perfect, the sight tracked smoothly, and as I got into range, I thought to myself, "Gray-beards, I'll show you all how to do this! I lightly pressed the trigger, but the guns fired. It was just a single plink, maybe two. I'd barely tapped the trigger, but must have gone through the first to the second detent!

Well, I shot the wire! Down went the dart. Ecstatic, I called out, "Hit! Repeat, Hit!" The tow ship dived to chase the dart, trying to determine if it had any colored bullet holes in it. Initially, they denied my kill. But, "upon further review" credited me with a hit! After all, what were they going to do, *send us to Kunsan*?

I really do miss the smell of Hun gun cordite.... — **Gary Heartsill**

Maybe Gary fired two plinks? He says the end of this undocumented story is that the crew chief reported at the debriefing that the plinks of his cannons only fired eight (8) bullets...plink, plink! Ed.

 **USAFE Well Done Award** We haven't had an article about these kinds of safety awards in a long while. This one from Hoppy is deserving. It happened during his last Hun tour with the 55th TFS at Wethersfield, Jan. '69 - Aug. '70, just before his Aardvark time began. **Ed.**



When the nose gear wouldn't come down, the Mobile Controller, Tower and Wing DO all wanted separate flybys so they could see for themselves that, yes, the nose gear was still up. On downwind, when the DO wanted *another* flyby, I had to decline because (in spite of the citation that said I landed with 800 lbs.) I had 300 lbs. showing on the fuel gage. If I remember correctly, that gage is unreliable below 500 lbs. Anyway, I landed and the jet was so light the main struts were extended high enough that the tips of the drop tanks didn't even touch the runway. From almost flaming out in the traffic pattern, the only thing that got damaged was the front end of the pitot boom, and I ended up with a "Well Done" award and mention



Hoppy Hopkins

in the USAF AIRSCOOP Magazine. — **Hoppy Hopkins**

Well done, indeed, Hoppy. Ed. ▣

Last March, Dick “The Dude” Stamler submitted two stories, both of which he claimed were candidates for the Dumb Things Done in a Hun Dept. He said, “Since my classmate, Tom Clark, invented the DTDH Dept., I thought the least I could do is to contribute. Lord knows that as a 1st Lt., like Tom, I was well qualified in this area.”

After reading the two stories, I told Dude that I didn’t think they were really DTDH-level tales (Tom has a high standard for what he thinks are genuine DTDH items). However, since both stories feature the likes of my good friend and SSSer extraordinaire Dumpy Wyrick (we share the birth date of Christmas Day), we’d love to run both stories in our WYBI... & OAS Dept. Dude replied, saying, “Guys like Dumpy got us through those first combat missions, and we learned a lot quickly from his generation of fighter pilots.” Well said, Dude. So, true to our promise, we herewith present Stamler’s two Dumpy Wyrick-related stories. **Ed.**



1st Lt. Stamler

First Combat Jitters

After arriving at Tuy Hoa in April, 1969, assigned to the 306th TFS, my first combat mission was with Dumpy Wyrick in my back seat. Dumpy was the 31st TFW Director of Tactics. My roommate was leading the two-ship with another IP in his pit. We arrived at the target about 40 miles NW of Tuy Hoa, and when we contacted the FAC, he was really excited. He said he had a very large NVA force trapped on two heavily jungled hills.

With this juicy target at hand, Dumpy started complaining big time about being in the pit when he should be in a D-model...blah, blah. He was as excited as the FAC. Me, not so much, because I was really nervous about this being my first combat mission—and all I could see was jungle. I was sure I was going to be shot down, and Dumpy’s grouching was getting me really worked up. I was breathing hard and trimming like a bandit. We were on the downwind of a bombing pattern when, all of a sudden, there was a ka-thunk, as a 750 departed my bird. It seems in my adrenalin-heightened state, my thumb came off the trim switch and inadvertently hit the pickle button!

If Dumpy had been excited before, he then went off the chart. He told me to safe it up, called the FAC and told him we had a weapons malfunction. I, of course, knew what had really happened and, gathering all my courage, told Dumpy about the errant thumb and admitted I was at fault. I thought he was going to eject! (Or, if he could, *eject me!*)

When we landed, Dumpy braced me up against the wall in the hallway and breathed fire and brimstone up at my face (I was considerably taller than Dumpy: 6’2” to his 5’4”). I don’t think I needed to shave for two days!

To my surprise, I got to fly my next several missions with Dumpy. (You can bet we were both in D-models.) I supposed there was some sort of evaluation taking place. Finally, after several rather uneventful missions, there was another anomaly.

I was dropping napes and my last one was a dud. Whoa! Another SNAFU? The FAC said he had seen where the nape hit and put a WP as close to it as he could to try to set it off, with no success. So he asked me to strafe the general area, giving me pretty good references from his smoke. As luck would have it, I apparently hit the dud nape, it went up in flames and the FAC declared victory. Dumpy was ecstatic.

When we got back and walked into the squadron, Dumpy took me by the arm and paraded me around the duty desk, proudly telling everyone what HIS lieutenant had done. Thank God, I was finally off his sh.. list!

The Cocky Fighter Pilot

About three quarters of the way through my tour, I was a pretty cocky fighter pilot. By then, I was flight lead qualified: in-country and out-country. And, I had developed my own special curvilinear approach for CAS missions that started at 8 to 9K and arrived at low-angle release pretty much on Dash 34 parameters. It involved a fairly high-G turn in the terminal phases. Mix this ingenious maneuver with a bit of non-issue PE (personal equipment), and you have a near DTDH!

One fine day, I looked around and noticed a lot of my Lt. Buddies were sporting gun belt holsters for their .38s, with a lot of spare ammo attached to the belt, and the holster secured to the thigh with a leather loop. It was just plain cool, so I got myself one and went to war with it, attached and secured *as designed* (as if for a gunfight at the OK Corral).

On another fine day a bit later, I was in the final stages of one of my aforementioned curvilinear low-angle passes, when I felt a strange sensation. (Did I mention my height advantage on Dumpy? Yes, I did, so you understand why I had to run the seat full down to be comfortable, particularly on a combat mission.) The strange sensation I felt was my seat running to the full up position! Pretty soon I couldn’t see the combining glass, and soon after that, I was looking at my boots as my head was scrunched against the canopy!

I aborted the pass and discovered the fancy holster tie-down strap had somehow hooked around the seat adjustment switch and moved it to the up position, thus accounting for that up-elevator ride! Needless to say, when I landed, I took my gun and bullets out of the belt, gave the fancy gun belt holster to my crew chief, and never looked back.

Somehow, I survived that Hun combat tour, went on to survive 13 years in the Phantom, and concluded my career flying the Viper for three years. As you can read in the Comments section of my SSS Bio, I thoroughly enjoyed it all: “A career with more fun than the law allows (ask any of my former Squadron CCs!).” And thanks, Dumpy! — **Dude S. ▣**

The Way We Were

Fifty years younger and 40 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!



Paul Boehk



Marty Case



"Tip" Clark



Noel Duncan



Dave Sands



Jim "Dick" Hale

*We have 375 "Hero Pictures" out of about 1,900 total members (including Inactives & RIPs). We've published *288. 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 300 PPI) emailed to Photo Editor Shaun Ryan at (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, Photo Editor*



Dave Clark



Ted Conrad



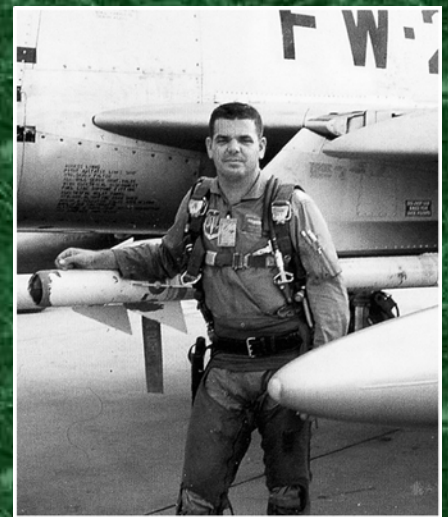
Mick Doty



Chuck Stamschror



Ray Thompson



Loren Welch

** The "photos-published" count given here in the last issue was off by minus six. The total number published as of this issue, 288, is correct. Sorry 'bout that previous error! Ed.*

The more things change, the more they stay the same.

The Making of Military Wives

Author Unknown: Email circulated by Jim Kelm on 12/08/2003 (not a typo)!

When (in Issue 26) we made known Nancy Burke's suggestion to solicit and print articles of interest to all members written by the wives of SSS male members, we got almost an instant response from Rose Shepperd. We printed her article in Issue 27, and it met with rave kudos from lots of folks. It even inspired General Carlisle to begin his remarks as guest speaker at the April '15 SSS Reunion banquet with recognition of the fact that we had printed Rose's article (a good idea, he thought) and, as well, what a bang-up article it was, quoting her liberally and reminding us all how important spouses are to the "incredible partnerships that they have provided us." With all that fanfare, I was certain that other wives would step up to the plate and send in their stories for publication consideration. Alas, that Inbox remains empty!

Nevertheless, we remain hopeful that more wives will respond to this reminder of this new opportunity to have their voices count as we continue to collect and preserve Hun history. While awaiting the hoped-for responses, we think both our male and female readers will appreciate this little story that's apparently been around a long time. Still reads well to me. *Ed.*



Rose at work. We're hopeful that other wives will follow this pioneering leader!

The good Lord was creating a model for military wives and was into his sixth day of overtime when an angel appeared. She said, "Lord, you seem to be having a lot of trouble with this one. What's wrong with the standard model?"

The Lord replied, "Have you seen the Mil-Spec on this order? She has to be completely independent, possess the qualities of both mother *and* father, be a perfect hostess to four or forty with an hour's notice, run on black coffee, handle every emergency imaginable without a checklist and be able to carry on cheerfully, even if she is pregnant and has the flu. She must be willing to move to a new location 10 times in 17 years. And, oh yes, she must have six pairs of hands."

The angel shook her head, "Six pairs of hands? No way."

The Lord continued, "Don't worry, we will make other military wives to help her. And we will give her an unusually strong heart so it can swell with pride in her husband's achievements, sustain the pain of separations, beat soundly when it is overworked and tired, and be large enough to say 'I understand' when she doesn't, and say 'I love you' regardless."

"Lord," said the angel, touching his arm gently, "Go to bed and get some rest. You can finish tomorrow."

"I can't stop now," the Lord said, "I am so close to creating something unique. Already, this model heals herself when she is sick, can put up six unexpected guests for the weekend, wave goodbye to her husband from a pier, a runway, or a depot, and understand why it's important that he leave."

The angel circled the model of the military wife, looked at it closely and sighed, "It looks fine, but it's so soft."

"She might look soft," replied the Lord, "but she has the strength of a lion. You would not believe what she can endure."

Finally, the angel bent over and ran her fingers across a cheek of the Lord's creation. "There's a leak," she announced. "Something is wrong with the construction. I am not surprised that it has cracked. You are trying to put way too much into this model."

The Lord appeared offended at the angel's lack of confidence. "What you see is not a leak," he said. "It's a tear."

"A tear? What are tears for?" asked the angel.

The Lord replied, "They're for all sorts of things, like joy, sadness, pain, disappointment, loneliness, pride, and dedication to all the values that she and her husband hold dear."

"You are a genius!" exclaimed the angel. The Lord looked puzzled and replied. "No, I didn't put that tear there. She's the genius, intuitively knowing the tears are available, if needed, for any pertinent occasion." ■

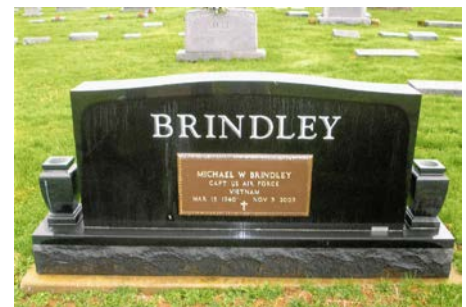
"How they honor fighter pilots in Kentucky, even if the formation's a bit shaky."



Obverse of stone.

Another story about tears!

On his way to the Dayton Reunion, Russ Gentry snapped these pics of a friend's grave at a cemetery in Kentucky. Coincidentally, he and Brindley had been in the 355th TFS at Phu Cat, and the turnoff road to the cemetery was Route 355! With a thunder and lightning storm greeting them, there were a few tears shed at this reunion off Route 355. Russ sent the pics to us so we could all see what he was thinking about at the time. See title sentence above. ■



Reverse of stone.

From the Swamp to the Ramp: The Restoration of F-100D 56-3081

By Ken Ramsay

First a Little History

F-100D 56-3081 was delivered to Cannon AFB, NM, on June 19, 1957. Fifty-seven years later, 081 had been restored and today is on display at the Military Aviation Preservation Society (MAPS) Air Museum at the Akron-Canton Airport, Ohio. This is the story of the seven-year-long restoration at MAPS to get it ready to go on display, a “labor of love.”

For the first eight years of her life, 081 was assigned to wings based at Cannon AFB (312th FBW/TFW till Feb. 1959, when the “paper” 27th TFW, inherited the *inactivated* 312th's missions and assets), deploying to Taiwan and Turkey to sit Victor Alert. In 1965, she was reassigned to the 4510th CCTW at Luke AFB. In April 1967, 081 was deployed to Vietnam to do what she was designed for: combat. She survived 3½ years in Vietnam stationed at Bien Hoa (3rd TFW), Phan Rang (35th TFW) and Tuy Hoa (31st TFW). In the fall of 1970, 081 was flown to England AFB to serve with the 4403rd TFW.

Then came the Air National Guard (ANG) for three years: Lockbourne AFB, OH, (121st TFG); Des Moines Airport, IA, (132nd TFW) and Lambert Field, MO (131st TFW). Finally in 1978, 081 was flown west to the bone yard at Davis-Monthan AFB, where she basked in the sun for 10 years. Then the USAF came

calling again, and 081 was converted to QF-100D, Drone No. 339. As a drone, 081 sustained an unarmed AIM-9 Sidewinder hit in her rudder and left aileron, managing to return to Tyndall, but the nose gear collapsed upon landing.

Shortly thereafter, 081 was transported to the Florida Military Aviation Museum, Clearwater, FL, for museum display. A few years later, the museum closed, and 081 was disassembled and shipped to a swampy field south of Winter Haven where she languished for three years.



Last flying duty as QA339 Drone target. “Battle Damaged,” she became a static display bird.

In late 2004, the MAPS Air Museum received permission from the Air Force Museum (NMUSAF) to retrieve 081 for restoration and display. In November of that year, a team from MAPS traveled to Central Florida and brought back major structures of 081 and three other Century Series Fighters (F-101, F-102, and F-105). The 081 fuselage was brought into the restoration building in June 2005. Seven years later, the restoration of 56-3081 was completed, and she was dedicated on June 22, 2012.



Proudly flying right wing with the Missouri ANG. Last CC-coded duty, 1976.

The Restoration – Corrosion, Damage, Missing Parts

Most people think that aluminum does not corrode, however, aircraft aluminum alloy does corrode and delaminates. Aircraft aluminum sheet has a thin layer of pure aluminum on each side that protects the inner alloy from corrosion. However, any exposure of the inner alloy to the elements, such as a cut edge or a drilled hole, will allow corrosion and delamination to occur. Thus, we found many panels with corrosion around the edges and around bolt/rivet holes. Both upper and lower surfaces of the wings had corrosion pitting around most of the bolt heads up to ¼” deep. The flaps had large patches of corrosion through the skin, and the aft end of the rudder was severely corroded due to the Sidewinder damage and being semi-buried in the swamp.

Aluminum forgings do not have the protective layer of pure aluminum thus the wheels and some thick wing panels had moderate to severe surface corrosion and pitting. We also found rusting of steel parts such as screws, nuts, bolts, actuators, etc., making disassembly of components difficult. Interestingly, we found that the trailing edge of the horizontal stabilator (slab) is made of magnesium, which corroded with many little pits, turning it into a sharp saw blade-like edge.

Damage

Over the years, all aircraft sustain some damage due to accidents, handling, moving, etc. and 081 was no exception. The nose gear collapse caused the forward lower intake panels to be ground off. Lifting straps not properly positioned caused damage to the left wing inboard slat and numerous panels along the fuselage spine. General mishandling caused



Dumped into the swamp.



Wing panel corrosion.



Lots of critter debris found.

damage to the aileron trailing edges, both wing tips and various radio antennas. The windscreens and canopy were discolored, delaminated and cracked. Throughout the fuselage and wings, we found bird, critter and insect nests, and large quantities of dirt and sand (ah, Florida!).

Missing Parts

After four trips to Florida to recover as many parts as possible, we still were missing many items, some of them significant. Parts missing were: left drag chute compartment door, vertical stabilizer fairing panels, all three gear doors, the right link bay panel, air refueling probe, tail hook, belly panel, pitot tube locking sleeve, exhaust nozzle, lower mid fuel tank (right in front of the main gear well), vertical tail light assembly, rotating beacons and all position light lenses. Missing in the cockpit were: the stick grip, all instruments except one, the start panel, the throttle quadrant, six radio/nav panels, seat belt, oxygen hose, seat survival kit and a parachute. The ejection seat was installed incorrectly.

While the restoration was in progress, we were looking throughout the country for parts. We found main gear doors in Long Island; a belly panel in New Jersey; nose gear door, tail hook, canopy and ladder in Texas; position light lenses and main gear tires in Ohio; air refueling probe and instrument panel (with instruments) and throttle quadrant in Arizona; and the tail light fixture and wing tip lenses in California. Some were donated and others were purchased.

Restoration – Fuselage



Headed to the restoration building.

We started the restoration with the fuselage. First to be repaired was the lower forward intake panels. New interior structure ribs were made and installed. The difficult piece was the lower portion of the intake leading edge



Damaged intake.



Repaired intake.

that was ground off when the nose gear collapsed. We machined a piece of aluminum (the original is titanium) using our milling machine and a router. We then carefully bent it to shape and mated it with the upper part. Once the edge was installed and secured, the inner and outer skins were installed.

The missing and severely damaged panels and parts, such as the right link bay panel and the left drag chute door, were fabricated in our shop and installed. A local plastics company molded new windscreens out of acrylic, replacing the discolored and cracked ones. The ejection seat was removed, cleaned, restored, painted and installed correctly. The old canopy was removed. The canopy actuator was disassembled and refurbished to working condition. The replacement canopy was cleaned and painted (frame only) and installed.

The replacement nose gear door had been involved in a gear up landing. The skin was mostly worn away and the frame was bent. The frame was straightened and new skin riveted in place. Two nose gear door hinges were missing, so new ones were machined out of 3/4" aluminum using a band saw and drill press with a carbide cutter. After all repairs were completed, the fuselage was lightly sanded and given a coat of primer.

Restoration – Stabilizers

The stabilizers were in pretty good condition, except for the rudder damage/corrosion and the trailing edge of the slab. The rudder was fixed by removing the damaged and corroded metal, then applying new skin and air flow ribs. Two inch-wide strips of thin aluminum were bent into narrow V shapes and slipped over the slab trailing edges covering the sharp magnesium corrosion resulting in a smooth, safe surface.



Damaged, corroded rudder.



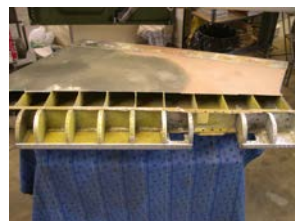
Rudder under repair.

Restoration –Wings

Just moving the wings was quite difficult because they were ungainly, heavy and the trailing edges were fragile. Both flaps had large corrosion holes through the skin. We cut out the corroded areas, which, again, was difficult because the skin and supporting ribs are one integral piece-machined out of a thick piece of aluminum. We cut the corroded skin from the ribs, screwed angle aluminum to each rib to support the new skin and added support strips around the perimeter of the opening. A replacement piece of skin was cut, fitted to the opening and screwed in place with small 4-40 brass screws. Any protruding screw heads were sanded flush with the skin,



Flap corrosion and damage.



Flap under repair.

and the gap around the repair area was finished with body putty. (This repair procedure has withstood three summers and three winters with no sign of repair failure.)

The damaged aileron trailing edges were removed (drilling out lots of rivets), and new aluminum pieces cut, bent, drilled, filled with foam (originals had honeycomb) and attached to the ailerons. The small main gear doors were severely delaminated. Each was disassembled and re-skinned, maintaining the original look.

The most time consuming repair was the corrosion around almost all of the screws on both surfaces of the wings. First the corrosion had to be completely removed. This was accomplished using rotary wire brushes and carbide cutters. Then each screw head had a circle sticker applied to prevent body putty filling the screw slots. Once cured, the body putty was sanded flush with the wing surface, which also removed the stickers. The wings were then primed and stored to await assembly.



Damaged trailing edges.



Aileron under repair.

Assembly

Six years after the start of 081's restoration, we were ready to put her together. We did not have a crane to lift and position



Improvised mobility to ramp.



Left wing first.



Delicate wing joining.



Success brings a BIG smile!

the fuselage on the wing assembly, so we had to improvise. The fuselage was moved to the ramp on the nose gear and aft end carriage. Then each wing was moved so that the inboard ends met under the fuselage (the right wing had the carry through section attached). The wings were positioned to each other using come-a-longs, drift pins and muscle, and then bolted together. The wing assembly was then slowly jacked up and attached to the fuselage.

We gray beards figured we had completed a good days work, but the young guys, my sons included, said, "what about the gear?" So, with youthful enthusiasm, they jacked up the wings further, dropped the main gear struts, locked them in place and installed the brakes, bearings and wheels. The aft end was then lifted by forklift and the carriage removed. Poor old 56-3081 was now sitting on its landing gear for the first time in 15 years. Within a few days, the vertical and horizontal stabilizers were installed.



On her own feet at last.



Vertical stabilizer goes on.

Final Approach

Over the next year, 081 was prepared for her dedication scheduled for June 2012, when she would be 55 years old. Painting consisted of a light sanding of bare metal, a coat of super-duper primer (Sherwin-Williams Pro-Cryl) and two coats of the four Mil-Spec colors (Sherwin-Williams Duration). Paint was applied with a small diameter foam roller, which resulted in a nice satin finish.

The cockpit was completed by installing as much original equipment as we could find. Some of the left and right panels were replicated. The instrument panel lights were wired prior to installation. Seat belt, shoulder harness, oxygen hose, G-suit hose and comm cable were installed on the ejection seat. The seat cushion/survival kit was restored and installed along with a parachute. This completed the cockpit restoration.



Official 4-color paint job.



Can't believe this will rise up.



Yep. Cleaned up nicely!

Other equipment installed were the air refueling probe, pitot tube (along with the sleeve that Bob Dunham made), gear doors, position lights, rotating beacons, antiskid spiders, wiring, batteries and the exhaust nozzle (fabricated using Bob

Dunham's plans). Research of 081's history showed that it served with the 614th TFS "Lucky Devils" in Vietnam. Since the 614th was my first operational squadron, I elected to identify 081 with the 614th's VP tail code.



A "Lucky Devil chose VP code.



All cleaned up, ready to go.



A study in contrast.

[And so, some seven years after being pried from the Florida swamp, 081 was ready to make her public debut. Untold man/women hours went into this condition of readiness. It was truly a “labor of love.” To appreciate the magnitude of this project, study the last pic on the previous page, and compare it to the one below of 081 in her moment of triumph. Ed.]

Dedication



A mover and shaker for this MAPS project, author Ken Ramsay holds forth at the lectern. Ol’ 081 is at last back on duty, preserving history!

On Sunday, June 22, 2012, at the MAPS Air Museum, the restored F-100D 56-3081 was dedicated to all of the men who flew and maintained the Super Sabre. Over 200 people were in attendance and heard talks from the MAPS Executive Director, Kim Kovesci, a WW II pilot; Ralph Lynn and myself. When I introduced 081 by turning on her aircraft lights and raising the canopy, there was a rousing round of applause. F-100D 56-3081 was back in business! — **Ken Ramsay** MAPS, SSS, FSS



Youthful Ken Ramsay

Ken flew Huns on active duty for the better part of six years, and another year and a half with the Springfield, OH, ANG. That strong “attachment” led him to join the MAPS in January of 2005 and embark on the restoration of 56-3081, the subject of this fine article. I suspect his report is perhaps unique. I know of no other complex project of such length, accomplished by volunteers, and *reported so well* in terms of “how we did it” details and “right on” photographic support in the telling. It is a clear candidate for re-publication in other aviation/museum periodicals, and we shall try to make that happen! Thanks to Ken for his perseverance and achievement in preserving Hun history, the right way! **Ed.**

Preserving Hun History a Different Way

In the Front Cover Picture Credits on page 2, we touted the D-M Warrior Park’s F-100 as a prime example of a well-conceived, well-kept and well-maintained display Hun. It is but one of many in that class across the U.S. and abroad. Unfortunately, there are also examples of poorly conceived, poorly kept and poorly maintained Huns displayed across the U.S, and maybe abroad. In that page 2 commentary, we cited the A-model Hun “languishing in the Tucumcari (NM) Historical Museum” as a prime example of a proud Hun that has been, for whatever reasons, neglected...over time.

Should you ever pass that way (“Tucumcari Tonight!” is a catchy slogan invented by the Chamber of Commerce to entice travelers to stay overnight when crossing the desolation of that region via legendary highway U.S. 66), you might want to take a peek at Hun Serial 53-1600. We warn you, it’s not a pretty sight. Here are some pictures of it.



Out to pasture at Kirtland, mid-1960s.



Given to Tucumcari Museum, 1982 or 83.



Canopy trashed (seen in a 2000 photo).



Deterioration continues. Makes you sick!



Glorious TACO paint job almost gone.



Fairly recent “token” canopy fix. Ugh!

Jim Quick’s photos, and he has the full blown story to tell in Issue 30. There may be some relief ahead. MAPS? Ed. ■

Champagne Flight, Close Call — Way Too Close!

By Joe Vincent and Vince Cattolica

In an extended email exchange with Joe Vincent shortly after Issue 28 went out, Joe mentioned that while on Mobile duty in Vietnam, he had witnessed an amazingly low pass by Vince Cattolica that might be worthy of an SYC title. We wrestled with that concept for a while, and I decided that although it was a good “war” story, it did not fit with the lofty purposes of the SYC Dept. Yet, it deserves to be published as an example of how we sometimes escaped bodily harm, or worse, by sheer good luck—after needlessly putting ourselves at risk pressing the limits of derring-do just for “kicks.” Here’s Joe’s version of what he saw, and then Vince’s recollections of the event from his perspective. *Ed.*



Joe: Background: Very late in our tours, I was in the beach-end Mobile for RW 21 at Tuy Hoa [Oct. ‘70]. That Mobile was a small box, in which you could barely stand up, with a small “tower” on top big enough to look out of with a pair of binoculars. Vince’s roommate, Larry Farmer, called, “Sabre 41 North Point Entry with two, requesting low approach.”

Tower told him to call five miles *with gear*. He called “Five miles with two for the low approach.” Tower told him to check wheels down and cleared them for the low approach. At that point, I noted that *Farmer had not called gear on the five mile call*, so out came the binoculars. Looking out over the South China Sea, I couldn’t find them. I kept checking the focus and looking without the binoculars. Finally I looked down. Holy crap!

There they were about 10 feet off the water with Vince in trail, *tucked in tight*...coming at the speed of heat. As they went by Mobile, I was *looking down* at Vince’s tailpipe about five feet off the runway. When they were abeam the 308th’s “concrete sky” revetments, Larry pulled them up into the prettiest victory roll you’ve ever seen, Vince welded into the slot.

They then broke to the downwind and landed.

I figured I would be in trouble for not firing the flares at them. That night in the chow hall, Larry told me that “Hoz” (Bill Hosmer) questioned him, told him not to do it again, and suggested a healthy donation to the current Air Force campaign (CFC, AF Village, I don’t recall what it was back then). To which I replied “Why can’t I be in *that* squadron?!”

Someone told me that about a week later the wing commander tried to do something similar, and they thought he was going to crash—didn’t look good at all. I never heard a confirmation of that. But, I did witness Larry & Vince’s low pass.

I’m sure Vince has more details from the “inside,” but this is the “witness statement” as they say in *Law & Order*.

Sadly, Larry was killed about a year after DEROS in an A-37 accident at Alex—seat kit inflation was suspected.



Vince: Joe, you bring back the memory of my last combat mission as well as an event that turned out to have been fun despite the fact that it was the only time in my 4,400 hours in fighters that I thought *I was going to die* in the next few seconds.

The mission was briefed and flown as a pretty standard event. As we left for the flight line, Larry, rest his soul, asked me if I wanted to do a flyby since this was our last mission. I said, “Sure.” That was the *whole briefing* for the approach and landing. As we approached the field, we checked in with Approach for a formation low approach. It was approved. As we turned final, Larry porpoised his aircraft so I went into *close trail*. He didn’t tell me he was pushing it up so I was actually a couple of ship lengths out of position by the time we reached the shore, but I was right behind him. The last I looked at the ground was as he leveled off to go down the runway. I had no idea how high we were but have heard from a couple sources it was *low*. I didn’t really know how fast we were flying either but knew it was *fast*. When Larry pulled up and started the roll, I thought he was going to downwind but immediately realized he was doing a roll. That also put me a bit out of position but, like a good wingman I worked to get back near where I was supposed to be. As we were approaching wings level again, my peripheral vision picked up that we were still pretty low. And **that** was when I thought I might hit something hard. But I didn’t! Larry then requested a closed and we turned to downwind.

As for consequences, Joe you have them 98% exactly right. The other 2%, for what it’s worth, was that as we entered Ops after the flight, we were both told our presence was requested, as soon as we put our gear away, by, *not* “Hoz” (he was long gone in Oct.), but then-Squadron CO L/C Hank Buttleman. Larry and I were mighty proud to donate a fair chunk of change to that current Air Force recommended charity. Didn’t hurt a bit!

Medley, Joe’s remarks are on target but I can’t vouch for the altitude. I was too busy to check! — *Vince*

“All’s well that ends well,” as in this case, but how many other shenanigans like this example didn’t end so well? We’ll probably never know. But, I do know that I was Two in a flight that made a similar pass at the request of a lonely Army outpost with a short runway, and like Vince, I felt the breath of the grim reaper. Ah, but that’s a tale for another day. Suffice to say, I was extremely lucky, and according to Ernest Gann, “Fate Is [indeed] the Hunter!” *Ed.* ■

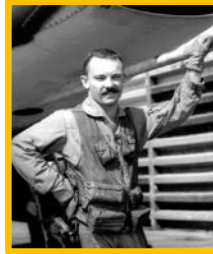
Book Review — The Life and Adventures of an Old Bold Pilot: Skill, Courage, Luck

Author: Mick Greene

Published: 30 June 2015,
Pelican Communications Group

Available: Amazon (Paperback and Kindle)

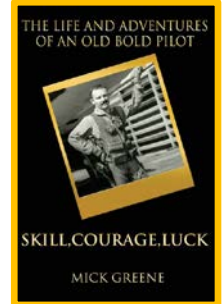
Reviewer: Ron Standerfer, Founding SSS Member,
President of Pelican Communications Group



Mick Greene



War Horse of Choice



A Choice Bio

Synopsis: This action-filled autobiography by former test pilot and decorated Vietnam veteran Mick Greene, with introduction by retired General Ron Fogleman, 15th Chief of Staff of the USAF, is a must read for military aviation historians and aviation enthusiasts worldwide. Greene knew at an early age what he wanted to be—a fighter pilot. But as the youngest of a family struggling to get along, his options were limited. Still, he persisted and managed to get an appointment to the Naval Academy. It was a start. But when he learned that upon graduation from the Academy, he could transfer into the Air Force and directly into pilot training, he knew this was what he wanted to do. Years passed, as Greene honed his flying skills in fighter squadrons and later as a test pilot. Then came the ultimate challenge. A combat tour in Vietnam as a "Misty FAC," a then-classified, extremely dangerous mission, directing airstrikes against targets along the Ho Chi Minh Trail in North Vietnam and Laos. All pilots were volunteers and the losses were high. In his simple, plain-spoken way, author Mick Greene describes how he survived in the flak filled skies over North Vietnam. See the book's website for more: <http://oldboldbio.com/>.

Review: "There are old pilots and bold pilots, but there are no old, bold pilots," E. Hamilton Lee—1949. Most pilots agree that this is good advice—especially those engaged in the more dangerous activities like fighter pilots and test pilots. But Mick Greene was not like most pilots. Far from it. In his new autography, he reveals the secret of how he survived to be *both* old and bold. His secret? Skill, courage, and luck! After reading his compact, well-written, to-the-point book, readers will conclude that he had numerous opportunities to be bold, but not too many to grow old. A notable example occurred in Vietnam when he joined a special unit of high-speed forward air controllers, call sign "Misty," to coordinate our effort to choke off the flow of supply trucks along the Ho Chi Minh trail from North Vietnam to Viet Cong positions in the South. All pilots were volunteers and losses were notably high. Doesn't sound like much of an opportunity to grow old, does it?

A particularly informative and touching part of the book describes the author and five other Misty's return to Vietnam as tourists some 32 years later. He was surprised by the friendliness and lack of rancor with which they were greeted. He also expresses optimism about Vietnam's future, especially in a capitalistic society. ("Letting the tiger out of the cage" as he put it.)

How to sum it all up? General Ron Fogelman, USAF Ret., 15th Air Force Chief of Staff, AF/CC, and a former Misty, read the book and said this about Greene's Misty performance: "For some, the experience was a once-in-a-lifetime event...for others, like Mick, it was a special tour of duty in a lifetime of assignments and experiences that demanded extraordinary skills combined with a boldness seldom seen and little understood by most of the society he defended throughout his life. He is living proof that there really are 'Old, Bold Pilots'...and his story is well worth the read."

I couldn't put it better. — *Ron Standerfer*

Nor could I. — *Medley Gatewood, Editor*

Departures: The following members of the Super Sabre Society have flown west. RIP, Good Friends.

Richard F. Kenney
December 11, 2014

Dale Smith
January 17, 2015

Carlos M. Talbott
February 26, 2015

Turkey Joe Turner
June 10, 2015

John "Chilly" Childers
July 1, 2015

Gordon Young
July 2, 2015

Roland Walter Korte
August 10, 2015

James H. "Dick" Hale, Sr.
August 16, 2015

Kenneth R. Johnson
August 30, 2015

John L. France
October 15 2015

Noel J. Lovellette
October 17, 2015

Robert A. Rasmussen
October 26, 2015

~//~

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. We have four pics for this issue—sort of random, but noteworthy. **Ed.**

Ron Barker has a look-alike brother who played football for Michigan State. Ron snapped this image of a framed pair of pics (propped against a wall) featuring their father making a similarly posed presentation of their “working helmets” to each of his sons. This “big deal” is explained below.



“This is about a 10 X 12 composite. My father handing helmets to his two warrior sons. The border colors show the color of our respective battlegrounds. My brother played football at Michigan State. He scored his first touchdown against Notre Dame on the same day his first son was born. My photo with dad was taken on the flight line at Cannon. Dick’s picture was taken in 1957 and mine in 1958. A new angle for you to ponder.” — **Ron**

Ken Ramsay sent a picture of the MAPS Air Museum’s F-100D 56-3081 shortly after we completed his story about the seven-year restoration project that brought that bird from a Florida swamp to its dedication ceremony in June, 2012. (See page 23.) The Subject of his email was simply, “The Kiss.” Here’s the pic of *The Kiss*.



Whoa! Wasn’t expecting this!! Ken said, “Last week-end, MAPS hosted the Collings Foundation aircraft (B-17, B-24, B-25, P-51) for display and rides. I showcased our Super Sabre and we had over 500 people, of all ages, sitting in the cockpit. On Saturday afternoon a wedding party pulled up in a limo, because the bride and groom wanted pictures ‘with airplanes.’ Here is their photo with 56-3081.”

Ken, tell us some more about the loving couple. Any Hun connection other than them just wandering by the Museum? **Ed.**

“Big Fella” MacLennan dug this 8x10 print up from obscurity in a storeroom (original was a dusty 35mm snapshot taken ‘61-’63?) and sent it to us with a note. Picture first:



In the note, Big Fella says the pic is unremarkable in itself (just somewhere gassing up during his Cannon days), but he is baffled as to what the orange paint on the nose, wingtips, and aft fuselage - vertical tail might mean regarding the early KC-135. We’re baffled, too. Anyone out there with KC-135 history knowledge who can provide any clue as to the significance of this paint job? If so, please reply by indorsement...etc. Thanks for the mystery, Big Fella!

We got this nifty pic via email from Fire Can Dan (FCD) Walsh shortly after a chat about Issue 28 coming out and him receiving it at his new digs in Henderson, NV. Since I didn’t take notes, and can’t remember all the details, I asked FCD to ‘splain things. He did.



“Here ‘tis: This was a flight of four RV’s [*plane maker’s name is Richard VanGrunsven*] that was part of a July 4th flyby down the main street of Boulder City, NV. (We did ours at about 250’!) The owner of #2 asked me to fly with him, and he was very kind to let me fly a lot. But #2 normally flies the left wing (ugh), and I’m a right wing guy, from my earlier days. Finally, when we went echelon for initial and break, we got over to the right wing, and I was a happy camper. Great fun to work up a little sweat again! — **FCD**”

Thanks, FCD. Always a pleasure, hearing from you! **Ed.**

The SS Mayaguez Incident: The Last Battle — Part III

By R. Medley Gatewood



The word got out quickly...

As told in Issue 27's Part I and Issue 28's Part II of this series, our reason for publishing these articles was to rebut a claim that the A-7D pilots of the 353rd TFS made when they came home from Korat in 1973. They said that they had "...dropped the last bomb and made the last strafing pass of the war." (That "war" meaning the Vietnam War and its outliers in other parts of SEA.) Clearly, the content of both Parts I and II support



...and from early on had the attention of the highest level of command & control!

the notion that the Mayaguez Incident was the last battle of the Vietnam hot war chapter of the much longer Cold War era. Having established the fact that the 353rd's claim was overcome by events, our purpose for Part III is simply to close the series and make room for more Intake-quality articles on other subjects of interest.

But before we do that, we're going to share two additional recollections about the incident from three other SSS members. First we hear from PK Kimminau and Gary Lape, who were in the thick of things in their SLUFs early in the morning of 15 May, the last day of combat; and then we'll hear from John Wagner, who was cooling his heels near the end of a four-year staff tour at USPACOM HQ in Hawaii working in the J-5 shop (Plans & Policy) when the Mayaguez Incident came down. Finally, we'll close with the second half of the Time Magazine article titled "The Captain's Log: A Tale of Terror," the first half of which we used to close Part II. Hang on, here we go! **Ed.**

15 May 1975: The Day of Chaos Everyone who was involved on this day that I've talked to has used the word "chaos" somewhere in their recollections. PK Kimminau, who was the 388th TFW Weapons Officer, led "Phil" Flight this day, with Gary Lape as his Element Lead. Together their inputs provide us with rare insight into that chaos in the form of a written account about Phil Flight. PK says he doesn't recall writing it himself. Rather, he believes it's a copy of a report written by Intel folks who attended the extensive Phil Flight debriefing when all four of the flight members got back to Korat. It's a fascinating read, and we deem it historic enough to use it in its entirety.

Be advised, it is rich in detail, and indeed filled with chaos, a frequent numerator of the "Fog of War"! To break up the sometimes chaotic narrative, we've inserted topical titles to help keep you oriented. Read on. **Ed.**

Phil Flight Debrief Phil 1 – Maj. Kimminau, Phil 2 – Lt. Col. Orf, Phil 3 – Maj. Lape, Phil 4 – Capt. Middagh

The Easy Part for Phil Flight Attended the 0200 mass briefing. Briefed the flight on procedures and tactics to be used in the target area in a normal flight briefing. The tactics briefed were those to be used to deliver CBU-30 [CS = Tear Gas], as this was the ordnance Phil Flight was fragged for. (2 CBU-30 per aircraft plus 20 mm) Proceeded to aircraft for a 0450 takeoff. At taxi time, Command Post advised Phil they were on at least a one hour hold. After proper authentication, the aircraft were shut down and topped off with fuel. At 0530, a launch ASAP call from the Command Post was relayed to Phil.



After a false start, launch order for Phil Flight of four comes in the grey dawn.

At 0555, Phil Flight was airborne. Join-up, climb out, cruise was normal.

At 0615, at FL 250 and 30 NM from feet wet, calls by Karen Flight [A-7Ds] calling Knife

23 and "May Day" survivors on the beach were heard. After several calls, Karen finally got "May Day" to relay his correct call sign which was Knife 31. As we proceeded to K.T. (Koh Tang) Island, after checking in with Cricket [Airborne Command and Control C-130] on secondary freq, Karen set up the SAR effort and suppressed ground fire. [Karen was responding to the instant mayhem going on at Koh Tang Island after the Marine's USAF helicopter-assisted assault on the island at about 0600 turned into a really bad SNAFU!] At 0625, Phil Flight arrived overhead K.T. Island and went into prebriefed formations at 13.4 units AOA to conserve fuel and observe the events. (Formation was wing man in 2,000' fighting wing looking mainly for the other aircraft, and the second element in trail 6,000-8,000'.)

The scene was: One helo on the beach of a cove on the eastern side of the island burning, and another on the northern shore of the same cove with the tail rotor boom missing. Karen Flight was conducting a SAR and suppressing ground fire being directed at Knife 31 (where

there were three survivors in the water using the burning helo for what cover they could).



After Knife 23 and 31 were ambushed on the east beach (left), the focus of the air assault defaulted to LZs on the smaller west beach (right).

During the first orbit, Phil 3 advised Phil 1 that a boat was approaching from the north and was about 20 miles out. Phil 1 told Phil 3 to contact Cricket to find out if the boat was friendly.

The Pace Picks Up At about 0640 – 0645, Phil advised Karen that he (Phil Flight) was on-scene and available if needed. Karen advised he still had 10–15 minutes fuel. Cricket advised Phil 1 to contact Bingo Shoes Golf-01 [B.S. Golf-01] and to work with him. Phil went to FM and after several calls, established contact with B.S. Golf-01 [an element of the Marine Ground Security Force, Golf Company, 1st Platoon's Commander.] He and his troops were in place on the beach in a cove on the western side of K.T. Island. At this time, Karen Flight came up on Golf-01's frequency. Phil advised Karen of Golf-01's location, and Karen then proceeded to assist Golf-01, in addition to Knife 23 and 31. Two other helos came in to the beach in the western cove in an attempt to insert Golf-01's remaining troops. The helos called on guard that they were receiving ground fire. Karen Flight strafed the ground fire.

At about this time, Karen advised Phil that he was at Bingo fuel and after as much briefing as possible, turned the on-scene command over to Phil.

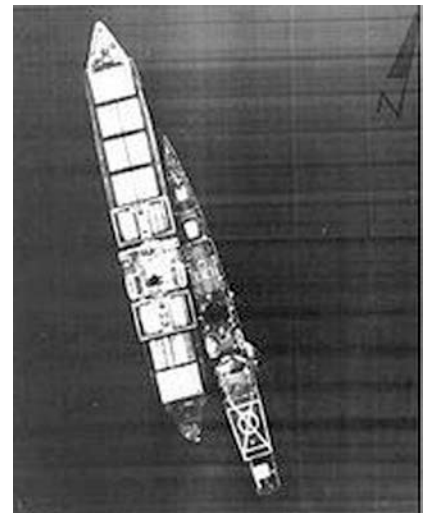
During the descent to take over on-scene command, Phil 1 observed a boat coming from the north and only about five miles north of the [stationary] *Mayaguez*. Phil 1 asked 3 if this was the same boat he had checked out with Cricket and 3 advised Phil 1 that this was the same boat, which was friendly. This "boat" was the ship USS Holt, a Destroyer Escort, with Marines aboard. The Holt's mission was to get their Marines on board the *Mayaguez*. The farewell briefings from Karen and the observations during the high orbiting, plus the news of the *Holt* and its mission, were more than enough data for Phil 1 to comfortably assume on-scene command, which he did.

Phil 1 was aware of Knife 23's and 31's positions, but he was not sure of Golf-01's position. After three dry passes, Golf-01's position was positively identified. Just about then, Golf-01 called that he was taking heavy auto weapons fire. An attempt was made to establish the position

of this fire. After a dry pass over Golf-01's position, the ground fire directed at G-01's position abated enough that Golf-01 felt no more immediate danger. At this time (about 0700 and only 8–10 minutes after taking on-scene command of the SAR from Karen), another A-7D flight lead, Dennis 1, contacted Phil and advised him that Cricket had a different mission for Phil Flight. Phil asked Dennis his position. Dennis was close enough to see Phil, so after pointing out Golf-01's position to Dennis 1, Phil 1 turned the on-scene command for the SAR over to Dennis 1 and went up to 12,000 feet to hold at 13.4 units AOA. (Note: No attempt to point out Knife 23 or 31's positions to Dennis was made because it was *assumed* that Dennis knew those locations.)

The New Mission(s) for Phil After holding for about 10 minutes, Cricket advised Phil that the new mission was to put his CBU-30 on the *Mayaguez*! Time was 0714. Phil 2 was put on the right wing 50' out, and a level pass at 500 feet, 450 KIAS, was made. The system was set up to dispense from both CBU-30 pods on each aircraft. Phil 1 and 2's CBU 30 went down the right center of the ship. Phil 3 and 4, about one minute behind, placed their CBU-30 smack in the middle of the ship. Cricket was advised that the CBU-30 passes were completed at 0716. The USS Holt was in position and moved in on the starboard side of the *Mayaguez*. After Phil had reported mission complete and jettison of the empty CBU-30 pods to Cricket, they told Phil to hold high over the *Mayaguez*, in case their strafe might be needed.

As the USS Holt pulled alongside the starboard side of the *Mayaguez*, shielding itself from the east beach, Cricket advised Phil Flight to strafe the *Mayaguez*! Phil Lead asked for confirmation and clarification about this rather astounding request. And after things got sorted out [they wanted the strafe to be in the water opposite the Holt for warning purposes], he was rolling in from 8,000 feet when Dennis 1 called, saying HE was "IN" for the warning strafe runs on the *Mayaguez*! On the heels of that transmission, Phil 3 asked Phil 1 to check with Cricket to see what part of the ship they were to strafe. Cricket said to hold off till he determined the answer to that question. Meanwhile, Phil observed Dennis Flight (three aircraft) pass by the *Mayaguez*.



USS Holt (right) prepares to board what turned out to be a "ghost ship," recently abandoned by the Cambodians.

[**Break, Break!** Keep in mind that this document is a transcript of the Phil Flight debriefing, some hours after

the events, and may not be completely accurate—on the parts of some or all of the four pilots, or the recording Intel folks. Furthermore, keep in mind that **Chaos** was the word of the day; it applied to what was going on with the crew in the back end of the Cricket bird, as well as in and between multiple flights of multiple types of friendly airpower AND sea power. And as it played out, it was crystal clear that all players were NOT completely briefed in on what and when and who was doing all sorts of tactical things in a fast-paced and continuously changing field of battle! The Intel Report continues.... **Ed.**]

Almost like a “time out,” Element Lead Phil 3 asked about fuel. After the flight fuel check, Phil 1 advised Cricket that Phil 3 and 4 were heading to the tankers. At about 0730, Phil 1 heard Dennis 1 advise Cricket that he and Dennis 3 were going to the tankers, and that Dennis 2 was solo and acting as on-scene commander.

Phil 1 and 2 checked in with Dennis 2 on FM to advise him that they were at 8,000’ holding and had 20 mm available. About two orbits later, Phil 1’s Fuel Low warning light came on, and he and 2 started a climb, headed via Direct toward U-Tapao RTAFB in southern Thailand for an emergency landing. En route, Phil 1 determined the cause for the Fuel Low light, fixed the problem, and he and Phil 2 skipped U-Tapao, RTBing to Korat.

[Thus ended Phil 1 and 2’s early morning mission. But, Phil 3 and 4 remained, on their way to the tankers—and subsequent bouts with Chaos in the K. T. Island battlefield that had turned into a full-fledged SAR and Extraction effort.]

Phil 3 and 4 proceeded to their assigned tankers and on-loaded 4,000 lbs. apiece. While Phil 3 and 4 were on-loading, Dennis 1 and 3 having departed, Dennis 2 arrived at the tanker.

Meanwhile, Back at K. T. Island En route back to K.T. Island, Cricket advised that a SAR was in progress on UHF 282.8, but Phil 3 and 4 heard no activity on that freq and reported that to Cricket. They advised Phil 3 and 4 to contact *Golf-02* on FM and provide him with needed support. Dennis Flight was just departing the scene when Phil 3 contacted *Golf-02*, *Golf Company’s 2nd Platoon’s* Commander, who had landed with his troops while Phil 3 and 4 were refueling.

Much time was wasted trying to accurately pinpoint *Golf-02’s* position. He was taking fire and needed immediate support, but Phil 3 said he would not strafe until he could pinpoint the southern perimeter of *Golf-02’s* position (fire was coming at them from the south). No smoke, mirror or red panels were available to mark, so Phil 3 asked *Golf-02* to put some automatic weapons tracer fire into the sea near his position, which they did. Phil saw that marking fire and made multiple dry passes to pinpoint *Golf-02* before attempting defensive hot passes.

After 8 - 10 combined dry passes by Phil 3 and 4, the area for the needed strafing was agreed upon by Phil 3 and *Golf-02*. At this point, Cricket cut in and gave clearance to

expend on the agreed upon area. Phil 3 and 4 armed their M-61 Gatling guns, and as Phil 3 turned base and rolled out on a long final, *Bingo Shoes Golf (BSG-06, Lt. Col. Austin, the Commander of the HQ Element of the 2nd Battalion, 9th Marines, the last unit to land on K.T. Island in the first wave of the helicopter assault)* cut in on the radio and said that the area Phil was flying over and was preparing to strafe was his location—another LZ to the south of *Golf-02* and *Golf-01*. [Good grief, more Chaos!]



West beach LZ, courtesy of Golf Company CO, Jim Davis. Exact unit locations were difficult to determine.

Phil 3 then went to work with *BSG-06* and *Golf -02* to try and determine how far apart they were, to see if Phil could strafe between them. It appeared to Phil that *BSG-06* and *Golf-02* were much closer together than they thought they were. (*BSG-06* advised that he was taking automatic weapons fire from the north and had seen rounds hitting the sea water up that way: Phil 3 was convinced that these were the marking rounds fired by *Golf-02*!)

Phil 3 advised Cricket that he now had *Golf-02’s* position identified fairly accurately, but was not sure of *BSG-06’s* position. Phil 3 further advised Cricket that he thought *Golf-02* and *BSG-06* were close enough that they might be *engaged with each other*, assuming each other’s activities to be enemy activity!

Cricket agreed that this might be the case and it was decided NOT to expend. [Thank goodness, now we’re facing fratricide!] Phil 3 and 4 hit *Bingo* and *RTB’d*. Dennis 1 and 3 arrived back on the scene as Phil 3 and 4 were out-bound and there was no time available to brief them on the current situation at that point in time.

Official Lessons Learned [This is the end of the Intel-gathered notes from the Phil Flight debriefing session after the flight reunited at Korat, except for a notation of four “Problems” as follows: 1) Tanker was too far away – over 100 NM. 2) Cricket didn’t offer any type of situation briefing prior to passing Phil Flight over to the Marine GSFs. 3) No continuity in passing on-scene command from flight-to-flight. Ground situation had to be re-established between each flight leader and the GSF Commander—much time wasted! 4) The on-scene commander must be very careful when he passes the command to a new flight. NO assumptions should be made! The “old” on-scene commander must ensure that the “new” on-scene commander understands the situation fully.]

So ended Phil Flight's four pilots' direct and collective knowledge of further events in the K.T. Island Theater of Operations that final day of the *Mayaguez* Incident. Our purpose here is not to give a full report on all the combat activities of that final day, but rather, by example, give an idea of the complexity of a slice of the operations and how

difficult it was to provide adequate command and control, at all levels of authority, when the whole day is ruled by **Chaos** and unexpected, unwanted (or uncommunicated) developments. Thanks to PK and Gary Lape, and other Phil Flight and Dennis Flight members who contributed to our report on these examples.

An After-the-fact View of a Higher Headquarters (HHQ)—USPACOM—from John Wagner

Chaos: Not Limited to the Battlefield *Far from the tip of the spear, several layers of Higher Headquarters (some many time zones away from the "action") no doubt contributed to the SNAFUs and FUBARs that were characteristic of all four days of the Mayaguez Incident. The term "chaos" applied well in all the various levels of command and control above or between the "action" and the ultimate "decision maker," President Ford. As an example of the HHQ scene, here's a personal view from a then-staffer at PACOM in Hawaii who sent it to us by email after reading Part I of this series. Ed.*

Finally finished reading every page of latest *Intake* issue [I-27] and got to your neat article on the *Mayaguez*, which was very interesting. I certainly look forward to Parts II & III. All of us can recall where we were, how we were impacted, involved or remember various historical milestones and international incidents over the last 50 - 70 years. For example: Truman declaring a National Emergency in reaction to Communist incursions in Greece in 1947, first USSR Atomic explosion, Korean War, Suez Crisis, Hungarian Uprising, French-Algerian crisis, Cuban Crisis, Kennedy Assassination, Vietnam War, Pueblo Capture, Vietnam evacuation, etc.



In May of 1975, I was finishing a four-year tour at PACOM HQ in Hawaii and recall reactions there to the *Mayaguez* Incident. None of this really merits any inclusion in Parts II or III because it comes from a well-worn memory cylinder, personal opinions or observations unable to be verified. It's FYI only. [*Au contraire*, it explains a lot of what came down the chain of command! **Ed.**]

When word of the incident reached us in Hawaii, it immediately filtered up the chain of command to CINCPAC. Working on the staff in J-5 (Plans & Policy) we were reading the same traffic as the CINC. As I recall (admittedly it's hazy) Admiral Gayler (pronounced Guyler) was off station, and initial decisions fell to his deputy (3-star, later General, William G. Moore, Jr.). This was still the period when Purple Suit joint staff duty was not viewed very favorably by the individual services. There was still a lot of reluctance by all the services to chop forces or operational command to another service. (Note: Gen. Moore was 13th AF Commander in the P.I. when the Vietnam Peace Accords were signed in early 1973, and had hosted CINCPAC Gayler at Clark AB for the POW return. They evidently struck up a friendship as Gen. Moore moved up to become the deputy CINCPAC.)

Anyway, as I recall, Gen. Moore attempted to work the PACOM response through AF channels and a Security Police outfit in Thailand was mobilized as a reaction force.

Something happened (hazy here) during the mobilization in transport of this force—helo crash, accident, I'm not sure. [Right on!] The upshot was the reaction tasking was passed to CINCPACFLT (4-star Navy Admiral) and Fleet Marine Force Pacific whose commander was a 3-star General and Medal of Honor recipient.

The postscript to the above is as follows: after retirement in 1982, we stayed in Hawaii and I became active in the Daedalian's Aloha Flight. I recall two presentations which related to the above. The first was by a FAC who flew an OV-10 and ended up as on-scene commander when the crap hit the fan for the Marine landing. Unfortunately, the hastily planned reaction and uncertain intelligence did have tragic results. The second presentation was by a member of the Joint POW/MIA Accountability Command Task Force. He described in detail efforts to locate and return a couple of Marines that had been left to die on the island. This Task Force has since been disbanded and incorporated into a Defense Task Force as the result of a scathing inspection report on the outfit done in 2014. — **John Wagner**

Thanks to John for this post-mortem report and analysis. Inter-service rivalry and/or personal likes or dislikes between "players," have long been factors in the success or failure of many an acquisition project OR, unfortunately, military wartime campaigns. The Mayaguez Incident was no exception to this behavior.

I believe the OV-10 FAC who gave that Daedalian presentation John spoke of was Greg Wilson, a Nail FAC (69) who helped save the day by helping to clean up the 15 May mess on K.T. Island and getting almost all the U.S. forces there evacuated. In any case, during research for this article, I came across Greg's synopsis of the 15 May action, as he saw it. I highly recommend reading it for "the rest of the story." It's a no-holds-barred version of some tragedies and some real heroics that is otherwise little reported in the piles of documentation on the Mayaguez Incident.

The long URL for this report is:
<http://www.kohtang.com/kohtang-1975/growth-wilsons-account/growth-wilsons-account.html>. **Ed.**

Epilogue So concludes Part III of our series covering the Mayaguez Incident of 12-15 May 1975, which was the last official “battle” of the U.S. in its long involvement with the Cold War’s Southeast Asia Theater of Operations. It wasn’t pretty—it was chaotic. But it did achieve its objective of returning the captured crew of the SS Mayaguez, unharmed, to their ship and to the rule of international law under the protection of U.S. military forces.

As promised, we conclude this part and the series with the second half of the Time Magazine article, which reports on the incident and the crews’ experiences during their ordeal, as stated by Captain Miller in a press conference soon after their release. It begins with their arrival at Kompong Son on the Cambodian mainland and ends when they were returned to U.S. control aboard the USS Wilson. Captain Miller’s closing remarks are from the heart and completely cogent. **Ed.**

The Captain’s Log: A tale of Terror (Second Half)

After arriving at Kompong Som, the crew were taken to a village built on stilts.

“The first man who spoke English greeted us with a handshake and welcomed us to Cambodia. He wanted to know if we were CIA or if we were FBI, and if we had any arms on the ship or ammunition and bombs. We insisted we had no military cargo aboard. We explicitly told them that the ship never went back to the U.S., never went into a military port to load arms. Finally, he was convinced that that was what we were doing. But he was not convinced that we did not have ammunition and bombs in the cargo.”

If the crew were released, Miller told his captors, he would get in touch with his company office in Bangkok and call off the jet fighters. Next morning the Cambodians allowed Miller and his crew to return to their ship.

“The only worry we had was that we would not be recognized in the fishing boat and that our aircraft would blow it out of the water. We took off our white shirts, white underwear, anything white that we had on and rigged them on bamboo poles. A reconnaissance plane circled us five or six times until he finally spotted the white flags, then he came closer and made several more circles. The last time he flew over us we all shouted and waved at him, and he wiggled his wings.”

The crew was picked up by a destroyer, then returned to the Mayaguez. A reconnaissance plane followed them to Singapore to make sure that there were no further mishaps.

“The rest of it you all know. We’re healthy, we’re happy and we’re thankful to our Air Force and Marines. I don’t blame the Air Force for whatever they did, strafing the vessel and dropping gas. They were afraid that if we got to Kompong Som, we’d either be killed or taken off to some prison camp for the next few years. I talked to the Marine major in the first chopper that was shot down who had about a quarter of his back torn out by shrapnel. I cried. People were being killed to save me. I have received many offers from the press all over the world offering me fat contracts for exclusive stories. But as Master of the *Mayaguez*, I’m a well-paid man. I don’t need the money. I think the families of the men who were killed need it. Everybody has his own personal philosophy, and I have mine. — **Captain Charles T. Miller**”



Rare photo of the Thai trawler returning the Mayaguez crew to U.S. forces (USS Wilson) around 1000L on 05/15/1975. Primary Mission Accomplished. But there was a lot of work ahead to extract the Marines from Koh Tang Island. Please see Greg Wilson’s (Nail 69) account of that heroic action at the website given on page 33.



Patch of the Koh Tang / Mayaguez Veterans Org. You can join up!

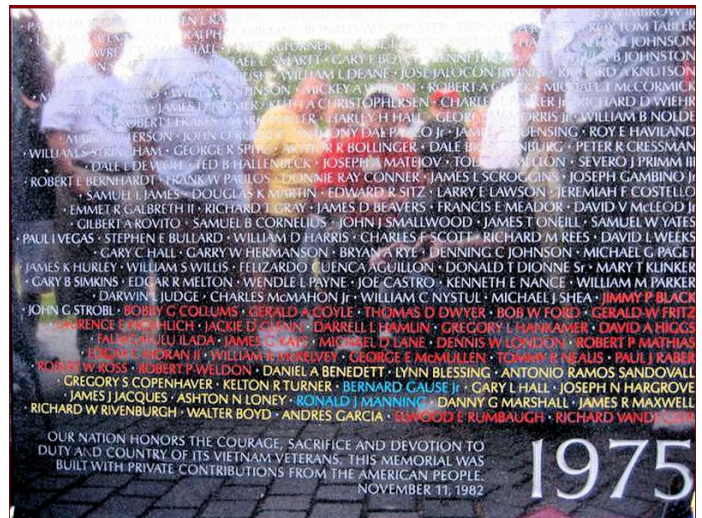


Photo taken by Fred Morris in 2006 at the “Call to the Wall” reunion of the Koh Tang / Mayaguez Veterans Organization. See URL: <http://www.kohtang.com/index.html>. The people you see in the reflection are the vets and families. The names in colors were KIA on 15 May 1975 or in other actions related to the incident: Red – USAF, Yellow – Marines, Blue – Navy. What a stunning picture!

“Lest We Forget,” our thanks to all of them!

“I’m 58 now, and can do no wrong.”

An OLD Hun Driver Story

By Jack Hartmann

We haven’t had an article from Jack (call sign Jackal, a Contributing Author-since-the-get-go) for quite a while. It’s good to have him back, and most fitting that his story is published in this issue of The Intake. That’s because Jack’s story mentions Tracor Hun pilot “The Dickster” Jim Hale, who, sadly, met his fate in a mid-air collision recently. See Departures and TWWW Depts. (Note: The Dickster’s only Hun time was as a civilian, after his Air Force career.) **Ed.**



Jack Hartmann

There I was, sitting in my house in Phoenix feeling sorry for myself. I had just had a stent put into a major artery, and even though I had just passed an FAA Class I physical, TWA said I had to stay grounded for six months (Just to make sure it held....) “Boo hoo” (sob).

Just then... “Ring...Ring.” It was my ‘ole flying buddy, Harv Damschen, calling from Germany! “Hey Jackal, one of my Tracor pilots just quit and I need some help here flying the F-100—towing target darts for the German Air Force. Any chance you could come?”

“WHA...? WHO? ...OF COURSE!” I stammered. “Should I bring my G-suit?” “Nah,” says Harv, “They’re for weenies.”

Next thing I know, I’m taxiing out at Wittmund AB, Germany, with Harv in the back seat (I know...fricking F-model, but beggars can’t be choosers!). The pristine Tracor bird even smelled the same as an old Hun—oily and sweet! “Not to worry Harv. I had my last Hun flight 20 years ago. I haven’t forgotten anything! Remember, I’m 58 now and can do no wrong!”



Hartmann to the rescue, after a Tracor dart tow pilot quits.

I had an “interesting” flight a month later. Four Tornados from the UK were the guest shooters, and the dart pattern was over the North Sea. By then, it was January, with solid clouds from 15,000’ down to the wave tops (poopy suit time). Good flight. The Brits did well and it was time for them to RTB. “Hey guys....I need one of you to confirm the dart drop.... Ready? Here goes!” Uh oh...I didn’t feel that comforting yaw when the dart falls off.

Hmmmm. “Still there,” confirms the Tornado flight Lead, Shooter 21. “We gotta go...bingo fuel.”

“Wait...Wait!” says me. “Let me try the alternate release mechanism.” No luck. I can’t land at Wittmund with the dart in tow, and I can’t jettison the whole dart rig or Harv would kill me. It’s the only one we have!

Just then a “cool idea” sprang into my little brain! “Hey, Shooter 21. You got a radar altimeter on board?” says me, the idea man. “Shooter 21, Affirm.” “Would you lead me down through the murk so I can drag the dart off in the North Sea?” says me (a little too sure of this....) “Shooter 21, how low need you go? Weather goes down to the surface!” “About 100 feet should do,” I bravely mutter. “Shooter 21, hop on my wing, mate...let’s go!”

Try flying close formation on a strange fighter, in soup so thick you could taste it, down to 100 feet above the wave tops (which were 30 feet tall!) and, I hadn’t done this for 20 years!! “200...150...100,” says Tornado 21, and I felt a mighty tug and yaw. “AHA! It’s gone,” I gleefully shouted.

Back out on top we came, where Shooter 21 confirmed: “Looks like the Dart’s gone but you’ve got 1,500 feet of cable whipping every which way behind you. We’re bingo.... Bye and good luck!”

I called Tracor Ops and the “The Dickster,” Jim Hale, answered: “We got ya permission to land with the cable. Just remember to land long enough to save the approach lights.” It looked easy—I just aimed long and was steeper than normal. Later, I talked to the Tracor guys who were at the end of the runway and heard this: “That cable was ‘wooshing’ 300’ on either side of the airplane and almost decapitated four of us!! And yes, as well, you pulled out about 500 feet of runway lights by the short hairs. Harv’s on his way over to the Richthofen Group to apologize.”

“Aah, yes. Nice flyin’ the Hun again!” In 1996. **Ed.**



Hartmann and Boss Harv. A couple of pirates loose in Germany.

■

It's Fun to be a Fighter Pilot

By Robert S. Seal

Normally, our *Laughter-Silvered Wings* features are short pieces imprisoned in a quarter-page box in the back portion of *The Intake*. But this longer piece—either a great “*Hit and Run*” story or a “*Great Escape*” yarn—hit our funny bone, so we decided to run it in its entirety. **Ed.**



Robert Seal

In the late 1950s, I was stationed at George AFB (near Victorville), CA, assigned to the 31st TFW, flying F-100C, D- and F-model Huns. At that time, I was assigned to the 307th TFS, commanded by Major Howie Polen. Our Ops Officer was Capt. John Daly. We had a wonderful outfit, getting about 32 flying hours per man per month. Daly was outstanding at keeping all the pilots happy (most of the time)—and also his boss. One day, John called me to his office and said “We’ve got some F-100s from the Wing over at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, participating in Joint Combat Maneuvers with the Airborne Assault Division. A couple of the planes are AOCP [Aircraft Out of Commission for Parts]. I want you to fly the critical parts over there right away. When can you leave?” I said, “Like now.”

As I was suiting up, I recalled a news article I’d read extolling the virtues of a promising young M/Gen. in command of the Airborne Division at Fort Campbell by the name of William Westmoreland—a rising star destined for bigger things. I ruminated on this and a scenario began to form in my head. “I think it would be great to salute this promising officer with a proper Air Force sonic boom.”

I asked the crew chief to remove the rubber plugs from the gun ports. The fluted gun ports of the F-100 were similar to organ pipes...and at high velocity, they really *scream*. The 101st Airborne Patch is the *Screaming Eagle*, so this plan would be a most appropriate arrival show at Fort Campbell. But first, in my “clean” D-model, I had to make a quick stop at Kirtland for fuel, and then a second stop at Tinker to refuel and pick up the vital parts.

Then, I was positively joyous as I streaked toward Fort Campbell at 42 thousand, VFR all the way. Arriving over target approximately at noontime, conditions CAVU, I circled, looking for Westmoreland’s Command Center. Picking out the most imposing cluster of buildings, I began my roll in. This was going to be neat! Moving to the near vertical, I thought to myself, “Westy, I’m going to blow your brown leather couch two inches off the floor with the Mother of All Sonic Booms!”

With a certain glee, I pressed home the attack with perhaps too much vigor, but by then I was “pumped.”

Recovering from the dive a bit too low, I shot out into the restricted airspace where the Airborne Assault Maneuvers were in full swing. I gasped as I viewed the largest assembly of rotary-wing aircraft I’d ever seen. They were hovering slightly below me and all seemed to be parked in space like so many dragon flies on strings. I was really moving and the scream of the F-100 gun ports and the thunder of my bird added an unexpected touch of drama to the proceedings. I bet some of those paratroopers stained their shorts, because I nearly stained mine. I thought, “Holy Toledo, I do believe I have screwed up!” It was one thing to buzz a building, but quite another to buzz a massive formation of hovering choppers!

Cranking it around to enter the pattern, I landed without further ado, delivered my high value cargo and asked the ground crew to give me a quick turnaround. The Base Ops Duty Officer could not restrain his enthusiasm for the effects of the sonic boom. While filling out a VFR flight clearance back to George, I felt surer of my circumstances. I was feeling hunger pangs, so I asked him if I could borrow the courtesy vehicle for a run to the flight line mess. But of course, *Monsieur!*

Arriving at the mess, I entered, and noted that the bar was immediately to my right. (How come we fighter jocks are always first to lock onto the bar?) There was a Major and two Captains standing at the bar pulling on some long necks. The Major said to me, “Are you the guy who just boomed the base?” I said I was. He then told me, “The MPs were just here looking for you.” I said, “No shit! Really?” “Yep,” the Major affirmed. We all exchanged pleasantries and discussed the effects of the window-rattling blast. While we were talking, one of the Captains looked out the window and said, “They’re back!” And sure enough, another detachment of MPs had arrived. The quick-thinking Major said, “Quick, get in the cooler, there,” indicating the large walk-in beer cooler next to the bar. I jumped into it in a flash. My paratrooper buddies lied their heads off for me. They swore they hadn’t seen hide nor hair of me. What a great bunch of guys!

When the MPs left, the Major became more serious, saying, “I’m not exactly sure what you’ve done, but if I were you, I would get out of Dodge as soon as I could.” Funny, I was no longer hungry. The thought of standing before Westmoreland and explaining myself was not appealing. Peeking out the door of the mess, the coast looked clear. I jumped in the staff car and made my way to Base Ops, signed the clearance, and was on my way. I couldn’t understand why the MPs didn’t park at the foot of my ladder and wait for me. Guess they didn’t think of that. Or maybe, because my F-100 was parked in a row with all the other F-100s there at Fort Campbell for the war games, perhaps my plane was lost in the crowd, so to speak.

On the flight back to George, I tried to think of how this episode would play out. Perhaps the incident report would move vertically through Army channels before crossing over to the Department of the Air Force. Isn’t bureaucracy wonderful? “Sometimes it’s your shield,” I thought, “I may be an old man before something comes of this.” I never breathed a word to Capt. Daly, and he never breathed one either. Miraculously, thank heaven, there was nary a repercussion. ■



The Intake Staffer, Jim Kelm, Retires

Along with Crow Wilson, Jim has been a volunteer “final proofreader” since we created those staff positions at, or right after, our 2011 Reunion. Can’t say enough about the value of those vital jobs (expanded to four, including Dewey Clawson and Bruce Gold) to the overall quality of our journal. After Jim finished his chores on Issue 28, wherein I announced my decision to retire after publishing Issue 30 in the spring of 2016, he sent me an email. Lightly edited, here ‘tis.

“Medley ~ As always, a great issue. Sorry to hear you're stepping down, but understand.

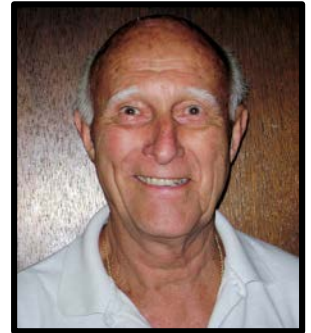
“I, too, must step down from the proofreading duty. I have had Dry Macular Degeneration for several years, but recently it has started to turn bad. As I read, parts of words, punctuation, etc. just disappear. And, they say, it will get worse. Not a lot of fun, particularly since *I love to read*, but especially not good when proofreading.

“So, my friend, I must ask you to find another, and very probably better, person to help proofread *The Intake*. I have loved doing it and thank you very sincerely for the opportunity. Take care! — *Jim*”

My instant reply was: “Jim ~ I am saddened to learn you are a victim of this Macular Degeneration eye problem. I have another good friend (80-year-old widow) who is in the same boat, and it's because, like you, she has **always really enjoyed reading**. So, yes, you are excused from further duty as a proofreader. We shall miss your diligent work and cogent “finds.” Keep in touch, my friend. It's been a real pleasure working with you again [worked together as Hun IPs at Luke]. — *Medley*”

Upon further reflection since this correspondence, I find myself somewhat melancholy as I more and more often consider the effects of simply growing older (I'm almost 76). Especially as I monitor the changing health fortunes of our once totally bulletproof population of SSS members and other now-elderly friends. But such is life, as we journey toward that Last Man Standing status. I'm glad that being a fighter pilot is, indeed, a “way of life,” not just a transient occupation!

By the way, if you look at the names of the Intake Staffers on page 2, you'll see we have a seat open for Jim's Final Proofreader replacement. The pay's lousy, but the rewards can be priceless. So volunteer and enjoy being among the select crew who are the first SSS members to see each issue of our journal...and who **love to read!**



Jim Kelm: “I love to read!”



The Intake: Kudos for Services Rendered, in Order of Submission

Here are pick-of-the-large-crop examples of emails taking note of the current Editor's service before retirement.

▶ This from an SSS widow who we helped through difficult times when her husband's health declined precipitously: Medley ~ If I am reading correctly, you are retiring April 15 of next year. This is not good news for your readers, including me. I know how hard it is to produce such a great piece of work, and all who work so diligent to come up with such a work of art definitely are to be commended. On the other side of the coin, it is a constant, tiring, stressful, but very rewarding job to finish each issue. All of you do a superb job. But the driver's seat will be hard to fill, and as for me, "You will be Truly Missed." Hopefully, you'll have a wave of volunteers! Looking forward to your next issue. — *Colleen Richards*

▶ This from two sisters who subscribe to our journal through their early membership in Friends of the Super Sabre: The first *Intake* issue we read was one that had the story titled, as we remember, "Drama Over the Atlantic." We thought it was scary, funny, and real. We liked it so much we started reading every item in every issue. Every issue displayed the conscientiousness and heart you put into it. It will be hard for the Society to find as dedicated a person as you have been, and we will miss you; but you certainly deserve some rest after all the work you have put into this effort. Good job, Mr. G. — *Janice and Jo Barnett*

▶ This from an Associate SSSer who flew several hundred hours in a Hun back seat as a GS TAC flying training Education Specialist who I worked with for years and greatly admire: Dear Friend ~ You have done a remarkable job as Editor and Publisher of *The Intake*, and along with many other SSS members, I salute you and thank you! This is a first-class publication and has been since the first edition. The new editor will have a tremendous challenge—your shoes to fill. — *“Bud” Stoddard*

▶ This from a fellow Hun Jock and early SSSer I only recently met in person (at the Dayton Reunion), who was an early formal school F-100 IP (ATC and TAC): Another wonderful issue. Greatly appreciate your untiring efforts in getting these very readable magazines published. I recognize and sympathize with your desire to hand over the editor reins. However, I'm afraid you've set the bar so high that we'll be very fortunate to find someone who even comes close to matching your skills. — *John Wagner*

And so the Incoming went from Intake readers of all types and stripes. With such reviews, what's not to like? But, as I've emphasized all along, *The Intake* is not a one person job. All the kudos go to ALL who touch each issue, period! *Ed.*

More Musings by the Incumbent — R. Medley Gatewood (Call 505-293-8396 or Email rgatewood @comcast.net)

In Issue 28, we used this space to discuss the ramifications of the retirement of the incumbent on a date certain (15 April 2016), describe the characteristics of a “perfect” replacement, and announce the beginning of a search for that perfect person. We were hopeful a perfect person, or perhaps multiple people with **some** of the desired capabilities, would volunteer; particularly people interested in assuring that our journal continues to be published well into the future of our Society. So, how is that search coming along and what's the current situation? Ah, “there's the rub”! Read on—again here.

When Issue 28 was mailed, we waited with great expectations to hear from responders to our erstwhile plea for volunteers. Our hopes were soon buoyed by emails from two folks in fairly rapid succession, namely Bob Salisbury and Bob Murphy. Here, in arrival sequence, are their initial emails, both of which show a *strong inclination* to do their best to insure that *The Intake* continues to be our premier member benefit well into the future.

Salisbury: *Medley ~ I received Issue 28 with your "Help Wanted" column and the criteria listed on p. 38. I do not meet all of the criteria but would be willing to offer my services as an assistant to the future editor. I have a fair amount of writing experience, not as a published author but in my previous business career where I oversaw the publication of financial and annual reports. I am reasonably computer savvy and have a lot of experience with MS Word. However, I do not have experience with desk-top publishing, have never been able to get into Photoshop and have never had experience in laying out a journal or magazine. I am a member of the SSS and an avid reader of The Intake. I only flew the F-100 for five years (one year in training, one year at Tuy Hoa and three years in the UK - Woodbridge and Lakenheath). Finally, the "relatively youthful" criterion is difficult as we are all aging; I am 71. So, if you find others who are better suited for the job, it will not hurt my feelings. I would just like to keep The Intake going. Hope you have great success and thanks for all of your work in producing the past 28 issues. — Bob Salisbury*

Murphy: *Mr. Gatewood ~ By way of introduction, I am not a member of the SSS but support it through the Friends of the Super Sabre (FSS) and look forward to each issue of The Intake to see if there is any mention of the guys or events I remember from my Air Force service. My association with the F-100 is based on my experience as a Traffic Management/Aerial Port Officer at England AFB from 1963 to 1965. (I still have a copy of the 834th Air Division Officer's Information Roster from December 1964). We were deeply involved in mobility exercises (ORI's, ORE's - "Indian River", "Big Lift", "Desert Strike", "Night Owl", etc.) and TDY deployments to Incirlik, Clark and Da Nang for the 401st and 3rd Tactical Fighter Wings. I was transferred from EAFB to Osan AB just a month before the entire Division was reassigned to Vietnam. One of my housemates was an F-100 pilot, and I have always had a great deal of admiration and respect for all the pilots in the 834th Air Division and throughout the Air Force. In the Summer 2015 Intake you mentioned that you were looking for "qualified volunteers (or even unqualified ones)" to help with future publications. I definitely fall into the "unqualified" category. I am not a pilot, or a publisher/editor, or proficient in Photoshop or other computer programs. But being retired, I do have some time available for possibly some small administrative tasks. I realize it's unlikely that I can make any meaningful contribution, but I thought that I should at least make the offer. Thanks for all your efforts over the years to advance the goals of the Super Sabre Society! Regards, — Bob Murphy*

Well, as I'm wont to say, “What's not to like” about the motivation behind both these fine, and well written replies to our plea? We immediately fired off thank you emails to both gentlemen, accepting Salisbury to fill a vacant Assistant Editor position, and assuring Murphy that although his tech skills were lacking somewhat, we'd keep his application on file, should we come up with any administrative tasks suitable to his background talents and *spirit of volunteerism* to help sustain our journal. (And who knows, we *just might come up* with some administrative tasks for Murphy!)

So, with these two rapidly received and welcome responses to our recruiting campaign, we still had great expectations for finding either that perfect person, or at least more people with some of the perfect characteristics that would lead to an acceptable alternative solution to our quixotic search for a suitable replacement Editor/Publisher. Zip, nada! The weeks rolled by with no sign of a perfect-person response. That being so, where do we now stand? What's a suitable alternative?

Answer: We're working on it. Our/my first choice is to leave the door open for a valiant SSS volunteer to appear and save the day. Recognizing this as a low probability, we, Shep and I and others, have considered alternatives such as outsourcing the Editor/Publisher job; replacing the printed journal with some kind of a web-based equivalent, etc. More realistically, we've started working on a contingency plan of action. This plan's core involves appointment of an Acting Editor and an Acting Publisher, working as a two person team, to replace the current dependence on a single person to continue the paper-based journal using the current processes and procedures used to develop and publish each edition.

The latter option is a work already in early development. We plan on using the next issue of *The Intake* to further refine this concept, and will roll-out more details of the plan to the Board, and later the membership, if and when we determine this concept to be a workable *interim solution* to the *long-term survival* of our much esteemed SSS magazine...er journal!

So, stay tuned for updates and other recommendations as we wade further through uncharted waters. **Med Ed.** ■

SSS & The Intake *Functional Contacts*

SSS General Ops, Members/Contacts Data, Reunions, RIPs: Robert "Hoppy" Hopkins, harmonyhse@yahoo.com, 317 S. Main St., Lexington, VA 24450, (540) 460-4718 (Executive Director/CEO).

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

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

Hero Pix, Hun Photo Archives, Questions/Help: Shaun Ryan, f100pilot@gmail.com, (520) 907-9775 (Photo Editor).

Call contacts for their snail mail address or mail your material to Contact's 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, Due On or BEFORE Jan 1.

If You Haven't Paid Your **\$25 2015** 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 **\$25 2015 AND \$35 2016** dues together and save a 49¢ stamp!

POET'S CORNER

"R.Y." has had a series of attacks from the ancient Greek Muses of late, and we are the beneficiaries. Here is one of his latest poems. -Ed.

TIME TRAVEL

By R.Y. Costain

I saw a perfect arc today,
A Chandelle, from my past.
A little Warbler pulled it off,
His flying skills were vast.

I harkened back to training days,
T-Twenty-Eight my steed,
With IP in the back who said,
"More Gs, more bank, less speed."

A lifetime later, here I sit,
An audience beguiled—
By skills passed on by Mother Bird,
God's IP-in-the-wild.

~ August, 2015

NOTAM: The "Laughter-Silvered Wings" (LSW) "mini-department," featuring short "fun in the Hun" anecdotes, is running on empty right now. Certainly, we all have funny yarns we share over drinks, so please send yours to our LSW Czar, Assistant Editor John J. Schulz, jjschulz@bu.edu, or to Intake Editor Medley Gatewood, rgatewood@comcast.net

Back Cover Credits

Glenn Ramsdale sent this pic and tells its story here: "The photo was taken over El Uotia Gunnery Range near Wheelus AB, Libya, on my first USAFE tour with the 20th TFW/77th TFS (1962-1966). I was a GAM-83 IP, thus able to get such nice pics. At the time, prior to a shot, all pilots (IPs included) had to make 150 runs in the GAM simulator before a live mission. My GAM IP checkout included six live shots and what a high that was—pure fun, and over the long haul I fired around a baker's dozen. A side benefit was that I learned the piper-eyeball relationship—that is, keep your eye on the target and bring the piper into the proper position while KEEPING your eye on the aim spot (target). Needless to say a lot of folks never developed that "art."

Anyway, after USAFE, I was sent to Luke AFB as a HUN IP from 1966-1968. That's when I entered the TAC & Southern Command Photo Contest. This very picture took *First Place* in "Military Life" and was published in the *AF Times*! I always thought the photo would make a great center spread, what do you say?"

I said, "Sorry, Glenn. That space is reserved. But, we'll proudly let it grace a cover in full 8.5x11 size! Thanks for this pic and the others you sent. We'll be using more of them soon." Ed.

Parting Shots about Your Dues

If you owe dues, pay on the website or send the money direct to Treasurer David Hatten via the Lakeway P.O. Box on page 2. If something's wrong with your personal data, you can fix your profile yourself or send the corrections to Dewey Clawson at his email address: deweyclawson@hotmail.com

Because (now, 2016 and beyond) \$35 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 \$35 every year. "Works good and lasts a long time!" (Quoting the many Luke Hun academic IPs.)

Happy Holidays! Ed.

