The Intake

Journal of the Super Sabre Society

Spring 2007
Issue Three

The Intake

Spring, 2007, Vol. 1, Issue 3 *JOURNAL OF THE SUPER SABRE SOCIETY*

3 Outgoing – Staff Corner

4 Incoming – Mailbag

7 Stake Your Claim

8 The First F-100 Combat Mission in the Vietnam War
By Lloyd Houchin
A tale with two viewpoints. It was at the beginning of "a long learning curve."

12 The Golden Years
By Wally Mason
The action spreads to USAFE.

16 Something New at Nellis
By Dan Druen
" … if this practice of wide and sloppy patterns is permitted to continue, …"

17 The Morning My Real Life Began
By "Lad" Duaine
Another Hun love affair begins.

21 Flying the Deadly 1-E3 Configuration—and with a Pigtail Fire
By Curt Burns
No one said flying the Hun was safe and easy.

23 A Very Short Indoctrination Flight
By "Lon" Walter
"I'm sure the cadet never forgot that day."

24 Confessions of a GIB
By "Bud" Stoddard
Would you believe his personal call sign really was Lilac?

25 The Legendary Bob Hoover
By Don Nichols
" … he always did his show in a suit and tie …"

26 The Way We Were
Those were the days!

28 The Day I Was Grounded
By Russ Violett
My wingman sounded desperate, and said he was on needle, ball, and airspeed.

29 Never Give Anyone Your Gun
By Keith Connolly
"But sir, what about the gun?" the lieutenant said.

30 The Hoax on Babe Branby
By Stu Galland
Doc asks, "Where does it hurt?" Babe wails, "Everywhere!"

31 The Case of the Missing Hun
By Ron Standerfer
"Shakey" was certain he landed at Iwakuni. Now he wasn't so sure.

33 Flameout!
By William "Eibs" Eibach
Four flameouts over the Med … and a fifth at High Key? An unforgettable memory!

34 Checking out the New Guy
By "Rusty" Gideon
The IP flew home in silence, thinking of a cold beer at the O'Club to calm his nerves.

35 Humor in the Air
By Jack Hartmann
"*My F-100 Pals," or*
"With friends like these …"

Outgoing – Staff Corner

Notes From the President

As I write this column we have just reached 1,000 members in our Super Sabre Society. By the time you receive this edition of the Intake, I am sure we will have continued to grow. Let's keep it going. Each of us should make an effort to contact old buds and let them know that we exist and what we are doing.

As you are reading this edition of the Intake, we are only a few days away from our first annual reunion. The response and the projected attendance have been well beyond our most optimistic projections. As of now, we are anticipating that close to 500 folks (members, wives, guests) will be in attendance. Just goes to show you how many of us want to retell all those old lies!

From an organizational stand point, we have been very busy over the last few months. First, the Super Sabre Society Bylaws have been approved and published. Should you wish to review them go to our Web site, www.supersabresociety.com, and click on "Governance." Scroll down to "Bylaws" and click on that word/link. After reading the Bylaws, if any of you barracks lawyers think they should be amended, there is a procedure outlined in the Bylaws for that purpose.

Second and most important, we now have an officially established SSS Board of Directors. As most of you know, the initial board was 'appointed.' This, of course, was necessary in order to get the show on the road. But, once again, in accordance with the new Bylaws, we had to provide for nominations to the various Board positions.

That nomination process for Board positions closed on 28 February, and there were no additional nominees beyond the previously appointed members. So your 'new' SSS Directors are:

Bill Gorton: Chairman/President
Jack Van Loan: Vice Chairman/Vice President
Executive Director: Les Frazier
Treasurer: Lee Graves
Secretary: Art Oaken

My thanks to Phil Edsall, Glenn Nordin, and Les Leavoy for their work on the Nominating Committee. OK, so it wasn't a heavy workload, but you did a very necessary job.

Now, on to Vegas to renew many old friendships and tell more war stories—at least those that we can remember!

Cheers and Check Six

Bill Gorton
Chairman/President

From the Editor's Desk

Repeating, quality issues of *The Intake* don't just "happen." They are the product of an iterative process that begins and ends with you, the membership. You are the source of most of our construction items, i.e., story ideas, draft stories, and photographs. From these raw materials, we craft a polished journal whose only purpose is to please SSS members — you.

To that end, we continually solicit those raw materials needed from you. We prefer inputs via email, addressed appropriately to me or our Photo Editor at the addresses found at the bottom of the SSS web site Home Page. Yet, snail mail will find us too, if sent to the SSS at the address found in organizational data at the bottom of page two of each issue.

Our policy on usage of your inputs is generally, "First in, first out," with some obvious caveats and prioritization rules, which are evolving. Appropriateness for publication is a given. So far, all submissions have been that, and have been published or are in the works for future issues. I'll be speaking more on those evolving prioritization rules in the next issue.

Thanks for the kind kudos on the first two issues! We aim to please—voluntarily.

Toujours Prêt,

R. Medley Gatewood

Incoming – Mailbag

The volume of letters and emails we have received so far has been overwhelming, and almost all have been very positive. Here are some samples:

 *Wally Mason's articles about the F-100A and C days in Issues One and Two drew an interesting letter from Carey Murphy, another F-100 pioneer. His comments are excerpted below. Ed.*

All delivered F-100A models were returned to North American Aviation's Los Angeles factory for a new vertical tail with 25% larger area to fix an instability/tumbling problem that grounded the fleet. I got to fly two of the small tails when we ferried them back to LAX for this mod, but didn't experience the tumbling problem.

Because most of the aircraft mass is along the centerline, rapid roll maneuvers at high angle of attack and high speed can cause inertia coupling to yaw and pitch. A rapid roll could cause pitch and yaw such that the aircraft tumbled rather than flew nose first. If structural limits where not exceeded, recovery was possible in some cases.

For technical minded troops, listed below are two NASA/NACA technical reports (extremely technical) detailing the inertia coupling stability/tumbling problems. The first is a 1997 NASA historical review by a Richard E. Day, a former RCAF and Army Air Corps pilot and later a NACA research engineer who in 1954-55 was in the middle of it all. Inertia coupling problems occurred with the X-2, X-3, X-15, F-100A, and YF-102. The second is a 1948 NACA report by William H. Phillips that theoretically predicted such problems. The report was virtually unknown until the F-100A grounding, per R. E. Day. Both reports are extremely technical. If you don't like differential equations, you may not like the reports. The flight test records in Day's report are most interesting.

Day, Richard E; Coupling Dynamics in Aircraft: A Historical Perspective, NASA 532, 1997
http://dtrs.dfrc.nasa.gov/archive/00000169/01/SP532.pdf 70 page pdf file

Phillips, William H; Effect of steady rolling on longitudinal and directional stability; naca-tn-1627; June 1948
http://naca.central.cranfield.ac.uk/reports/1948/naca-tn-1627.pdf 35 page pdf file

There were several different landing techniques supported by strong opinions in the 479th in 1955. Since I got out before the later models came along, I'd like to know how the F-100A with no flaps compared to the C, D, and F models. I'd expect that they were easier to land? Perhaps we could have a forum on this subject at a forthcoming reunion.
– Carey E Murphey: Class 52H, Bainbridge, Bryan, Nellis, George - 435thFDS, 479thFDG 1954-55

 Dick Mason, in his letter in the Dec. '06 *Intake* referencing the 308th deployment from Homestead to Cigli AB, Turkey, made a grievous error when he said, "The pilots were … " Dick did indeed list the names of "**SOME** of the pilots." Missing from the list of folks making that trip are such notable F-100 drivers as Willie Wilson, Dale Shaffer, Bill Smith, and ME !!!
– Carl Young

 I received my copy of "The Intake," Issue Two, yesterday. Professional job. I have really enjoyed reading it, especially the article by Bob Fizer on Wheelus. That brought back a lot of memories.

I had only been at Wheelus (transferred from the 524th at Cannon) for two or three months when things went to hell. When I arrived there, I found out that the manning for gun plumbers had been cut. I only got a couple of missions on El Uotia range before they pulled the cannons off the birds and took the combing glasses out. That was interesting. You could certainly see better, but that's like making a steer out of a bull.

On the morning of Sept. 1, 1969, I had a golf match set up, and I was trying to shave without cutting my throat after a big night at the club. As I was shaving, it finally dawned on me that a lot of F-100's were taking off; and this was supposed to be a non-flying day. About that time, my boss, Don Zimmerman, showed up and told me about the coup and that we were all restricted to the base. All the planes from the continent were quickly being sent home. Life as we knew it on Wheelus certainly changed then. Luckily we had recently had a change of Wing CC's. Chappie James was now "the" man. There was no doubt that he was the right man at the right time & place. I think he put the fear of Allah in some of the Libyans. The planes had been de-armed before Chappie got there; but after the coup, he had the maintenance

people pull the Huns into the hanger one at a time and put the guns back on them. He said that the guns might not fire accurately, but at least if the Libyans ever tried to overrun the base, we could at least fight back. At that stage of the game we didn't know what might happen.

Part of the duties of the Hun drivers was to check out in and fly the U-6. We flew personnel and supplies out to El Uotia. That got interesting after the coup. When you showed up at the U-6, you had to have flight orders with everyone's name on them that was going on the plane, and you had to have a manifest listing all cargo. You had to stand beside the plane until a Libyan soldier got there to check all paperwork. Once he said it was okay, you could take off. When you returned to Wheelus, you could open the doors on the U-6, but you weren't allowed to get out. You had to sit there and sweat until the soldier showed up again to check your paperwork. He would look at it intently for quite a while and then nod that everything was okay. I personally don't think the bastards could read English, and maybe not even Arabic.

I also enjoyed the article that Chappie had written. I remember seeing it in the base paper. He did take some, shall we say, journalistic license with it though, which was fine. I led the last F-100's out of Wheelus on Dec. 19, 1969. I had Charlie Soucia on my wing, and we flew two C models out to Lakenheath, via Aviano. Chappie didn't talk to us before we left, but I did call his office before take off. Flying was tightly controlled, and I wanted to see if he would approve making a wide 270 on take off and making a fly-by down the main street of the base. Whoever I talked to came back and said that Chappie said no. He was under a hell of a load of pressure right then, so I sure didn't push it. We took off and went on our merry way. Note: there were two or three of Wheelus' C models over at Adana when the last ones left Wheelus. We did a little dart towing over there, but we took them direct to Lakenheath and they never got back to Wheelus.

7272 FTW F-100C #54-1929 Could it be the last dart tow bird out that Jerry flew? Goodbye to Wheelus! Ed.

Again, great job with the magazine and thanks, Bob *(Fizer)*, for the article.

– Jerry Hicks


I certainly appreciate your mailing of *The Intake*!! That is a most professionally created publication, and I did not expect it. That would be quite a chore and expense for 900 plus members. It was great to read the article and to see the photos of Wally. He was fellow jock at Hahn in the 461st FDS (1957 -1959), and a great pilot and friend.

I just joined the SSS by virtue of a letter received from a gentleman in Amersfoort, Netherlands, looking for a 461st patch to add to his collection. He suggested the *(SSS)* site to me via our email exchanges. I had no idea that the page existed.

I am a member of the "Bought the Farm and Ate Desert in the Hun Club." The powers that be should create such a chapter for those of us that survived without the product of a silk worm!!

Prior to closing, I would like to purchase Issue Number One of The Intake. Warmest regards!! :-)

– Ralph Taylor

The word on the existence of the SSS spreads in mysterious ways. Ralph's "survival" story is amazing and will be in a future issue soon. Ed.


I want to stake four claims in the Hun.

1. I flew from MYR to Orland, Norway, in May of 1965 as a flight lead for eight F-100's. We rendezvoused with four KC-135 tankers over Bangor, Maine, and flew with them until reaching a point just north of the UK over the North Sea where they left us to fly on our own to Norway. En-route, my number five man had an oil system failure and punched out about 300 nm west of Ireland. Number six went down to spot him landing in a very rough sea with a 700 foot overcast. The KC-135 successfully refueled number six under the overcast, and number six subsequently landed in Ireland where the aircraft was impounded for over six months. Number five unfortunately did not survive. Number six was released by the Irish Government a week later. The rest of the flight continued on, and it took the rest of us a total of 12 hours and 20 minutes, non-stop, from Myrtle Beach to our landing at Orland AB, Trondheim, Norway. I can look over my USAF log sheets for exact date and times if necessary. I still have my flight records somewhere in my attic.

2. I was assigned to the 355th TFS and reported for duty on April 6, 1960. I was discharged from active duty at Myrtle Beach and finished my assignment with the 355th as a pilot on Nov. 5, 1965. My claim is for five years and seven months with the 355th and the longest assignment as a Hun driver to one squadron.

3. I led a flight of two F-100's from Langley AFB, Va., to Moron, Spain, utilizing KB-50 tankers with three separate rendezvous and refuelings for a total of 8 hrs 15 minutes. We used "DF". direction finder procedures to effect our rendezvous. I stake a claim for the smallest flight (two) of F-100's to cross the Atlantic Ocean nonstop without sophisticated navigation equipment aboard. My wingman on that two ship crossing was Dick Bolstad who will testify to all of this and our overshoot of one of the KB-50 tanker rendezvous over "Ocean Station Vessel Echo." Very hairy, but fun—when it was all over.

4. I flew an F-100 across the Atlantic Ocean, nonstop, on ten separate occasions from 1960 to 1965. I stake a record for the most Atlantic nonstop crossings in the F-100. On eight of my crossings I was the designated flight lead.

– Norm Battaglia (Batman)

 I just received the second issue of "The Intake"—fantastic. The articles are great and the pictures beautiful. Let me step up to the "Stake Your Claim" challenge on behalf of Les Leavoy.

First claim challenge for Les is consecutive years in the F-100. He flew the F-100 a little over sixteen consecutive years from 7/60 through 8/76. He flew it in 1958-59 but had a break in there for Command and Staff … so he beats out his buddy Bob Hires.

Second claim is that Les commanded five F-100 Squadrons over eighteen years. We have not heard from anybody so far that commanded that many F-100 Squadrons: 4515th CCTS, Luke 5/58-7/59; 90th TFS, Alex/Da Nang/Misawa, 6/64-10/65; 416th TFS, Tan Son Nhut, 10/65-3/66; 90th TFS, Bien Hoa, 3/66-10/66; 4511th CCTS, Luke, 3/67-6/69. The gauntlet has been thrown down!!!!!

– Les & Laird Leavoy

 I just finished my second Issue of "The Intake" and while the story "Sleepless on the Alert Pad" is still fresh in my mind. I thought that I would offer you one of my own --- **Don Schmenk** 1966-1970, RAF Lakenheath - Tuy Hoa, RVN: USAF 1957-1977, Aviation Cadet Class 58-P and 59-A. Over fifty years as a pilot. 11,000 + hours TT in the USAF and corporate world. I don't count the time in my 1947 Ercoupe. That's just for fun! *(The dashes< ---> in Don's letter lead to a great story, indeed similar to "Sleepless." It involves a rote crew change in the midst of an ORI at Cigli. The full story will be in Issue Four, guaranteed! Ed.*

 ***Re Issue One –***

Got my copy of *THE INTAKE* in and you did one outstanding job of it! Great war stories, and seeing the hero shots under the noses of the Misawa birds sure brought back some memories. I may have a few stories of my own from the wrench benders point of view, if interested? One minor nit pick, however. On page 15, right hand column, Huns carried ordnance, not ordinance. You are not the first to mix these two words and will not be the last by any means. Just thought you would like to know. And am sure you agree with me that no combat medal is ever "won" but is awarded, and then the chap is a recipient or holder of said medal, not the "winner of." Seeing the media refer to winner of the Medal of Honor, AF Cross, etc., gets my teeth on edge big time.

Again, you did a great job and look forward to seeing future issues. Cheers, Associate Member **Dave Menard**, Huber Heights (Dayton), Ohio.

Dave wasn't the only one to pick up on these two goof ups. But, he was the most elegant in making his points. Thanks, Dave, and we'd love to see some wrench bender stories from you and others, from time to time. Ed.

 ***Re Issue One –***

My name is **Jack "Suitcase" Simpson**. From what "Pete" Peterson and your editorial "We're In Business" has told me, I would say you gentlemen have done a outstanding job in creating the Society. Congratulations!! My membership application is on the way along with a check for $25.00.

I never flew the F-100 in a squadron. My flights in the F-100 series started with the YF-100 on August 10th, 1954. I was the AFPR's designated test pilot on the XF, YF, and F-100 A & C before, and after, it was grounded. My website will give you all the details about the development, the grounding, my first flight, and the description of a dead-stick landing through a partial overcast at LA Int'l. The site is http://socratesnsuitcase.com/.

I flew '86s with the 8th Fighter Bomber Group, 35th Squadron at K-13. I planned to attend the reunion and I understand the *SUPER* will follow. I'll look forward for more info and will be happy to meet you gentlemen at that time.

In the interlude, the best of everything in 2007. **– "Suitcase"**

Stake Your Claim

By Ron Standerfer

"Belly up to the bar—lay it on the table and see if it gets stepped on." That's what I said in Issue One. Norm "Batman" Battaglia not only bellied up to the bar, but used his elbows to clear out a wide swath. Four claims! See his letter in *Incoming*. How did he make out? Read on.

Les Leavoy and his faithful sidekick, Laird, were not shy either. In their Incoming letter they said that Bob Hire's fifteen consecutive years in the Hun won't cut it. Les flew the bird for over sixteen consecutive years. He also commanded five F-100 squadrons, he went on to say, which may be a record. Meanwhile, a letter from Jack Hartmann suggests that the search for the most non-consecutive years in the Hun is over. The winner is, Harv Damschen with over forty-one years, and that's the end of that—maybe.

We received several new claims, including one from my friend, Forrest Fenn, who managed to make two, rather hairy barrier engagements on back-to back-flights. The first occurred as he was trying to land at Binh Thuy; his bird losing fuel rapidly because of battle damage. It flamed out at three hundred feet on final; he lowered the hook, and dragged the chain the wrong way in an approach end engagement. The next night, he returned to Tuy Hoa, landed in a rainstorm on slick PSP, and trickled into the barrier on the far end. Forrest was also shot down twice in one SEA tour, which suggests he needed to find a safer line of work. He eventually did, and is enormously successful in it.

Chain barrier – approach end engagement results.

Lastly, we received several claims about the most consecutive years in the same squadron. For obvious reasons, there should be two categories; one for active duty pilots, and one for guard types.

Here's where we stand with existing claims.

- Most non-consecutive years flying the F-100–**Harv Damschen (41+)**
- Most consecutive years flying the F-100–**Les Leavoy (16+)**
- Most consecutive years in same F-100 Sqdn.–**Carl Young (7 yrs., 7 mos. in 308th TFS)**
- Most consecutive years in same Guard F-100 Sqdn.–**Ira Holt (15 yrs., 7 mos.)**
- Longest KB-50 assisted flight– **"Fire Can" Dan Walsh (12 hrs. and 35 mins.)**
- Longest KC-135 assisted flight–**Norm Battaglia (12 hrs. and 20 mins.)**

And the new claims:

- Back to back barrier engagement on two consecutive flights–**Forest Fenn**
- Least aircraft on KC-50 assisted Atlantic crossing–**Norm Battaglia (flight of two)**
- Most non stop Atlantic crossings in the F-100–**Norm Battaglia, (Ten)**
- Commanded most F-100 Sqdns.–**Les Leavoy (5)**

One final note: I continue to believe that some unlucky Hun driver out there punched out of three birds. The question is, who is he? Also, no one is willing to step up and say that they absolutely have more Hun time than anyone else. What's going on here? Has an epidemic of golf shoe phobia broken out within our ranks? Meanwhile, break out your B.S. flags and let me know what you think about the current claims by emailing me at intakepublisher@eagleauthor.com.

Missing Painting

Ron Battaglia painted a very large oil painting that was displayed over the coffee bar in the 355th Ops pilots lounge at Myrtle Beach AFB , sometime in '64-'65. It was about three by four feet in dimensions and mounted on a one by one inch frame. The picture was of an F-100 flying directly towards the viewer, very similar to the SSS logo. Does anyone happen to know the whereabouts of this treasure? He tried to locate it when they had a reunion in 1997, but has yet to find it. "It looked just like the airplane was coming out of the canvas and had great 3D qualities." Norm's last name is signed in the lower right hand corner. **Any fine art sleuths out there?**

Departures

The following SSS members have left us. They will not be forgotten. Our sincere condolences to their families.

Lloyd "Boots" Boothby
November 2006

James "Slip" Arthur
December 2006

Please provide departure information to *The Intake* as soon as it is known.

A tale with two viewpoints: It was at the beginning of "a long learning curve."

The First F-100 Combat Mission in the Vietnam War

By Lloyd Houchin

The first F-100 squadrons to deploy to Southeast Asia were part of "Operation Saw Buck." Beginning May 18, 1962, Saw Buck rotated squadrons from Cannon and England AFBs to Takhli RTAFB, Thailand on TDY. But when and where was the first F-100 combat mission flown—and by whom? I have the answer to that question, and I ought to know—I was there.

The 615th TFS deployed by C-130s to Clark Air Base in the Philippines on the 3rd of June 1964. Our mission was to pick up the F-100s of the redeploying squadron and assume nuclear alert in Taiwan—but I could tell by listening to the people who met our aircraft that something else was going on—something much more important.

After grabbing a few hours sleep at our quarters, we went to the changeover briefing. That's when we learned that a Navy RF-8 reconnaissance plane had been fired on in Laos. The maintainers and pilots who where going to assume the nuclear alert commitment briefed and flew to Taiwan. The remainder of the pilots, including the squadron commander, Major John D. Ward, and myself, were directed to flight plan for every jet-capable base in Vietnam and Thailand. The F-100 was about to be deployed for combat in Southeast Asia for the first time!

After a day or so of planning and waiting, we finally got word that eight F-100s plus one spare would deploy to Da Nang on the 7th of June carrying 2.75 rockets for a strike that would follow two days later (there weren't any rockets at Da Nang). The mission would be led by Colonel George Laven, the Clark AB wing commander.

Colonel Laven didn't attend the flight briefing on the morning of 7 June even though he was going to lead it. I assume he had other pressing duties. As his wingman, I did the preflight inspection on his aircraft and checked the cockpit switches. When the start engine time came, Colonel Laven arrived in his staff car, climbed in, and started the engine.

The nine aircraft took off, but one aircraft, piloted by Captain Robert Crim, couldn't retract its landing gear and had to abort. Since Colonel Laven had not attended the flight briefing, he had to ask over the radio what the climb speeds were, the heading, the altitude and the cruise settings. It was not a good beginning! To make matters worse, we flew through heavy rain that destroyed the frangible nose cones on the rocket pods, so they were no longer aerodynamic and ,instead, presented an almost flat surface about 18 inches in diameter, thus increasing the drag.

The maintenance and armament crews arrived at Da Nang about five hours after we did. The pilots were billeted in a building next to the officers club, and we had a trailer for intelligence purposes and target study. The maintenance and armament crews set about preparing the aircraft for the mission. We learned that the target was a AAA site in a Star of David configuration. The mission was to be flown with no external fuel tanks but with 500 lb bombs on the inboard pylons, napalm on the center pylons, and 2.75 inch rockets on the outboard pylons. We would need air refueling to reach the target and maybe post strike refueling as well. This support would be provided by KC-135s deployed from the States specifically for this first combat mission.

Charter SSS Member. Hun tours: 35th TFS, Itazuke AB '58-'61; 401st TFW, 614th and 615th TFS, England AFB '61-'65. Lloyd was a FWS graduate, and deployed for four of the seven year he flew the Hun. Fun jobs like Berlin Crisis, Cuban Missiles Crisis, this Da Nang adventure, and many more.

As the squadron stan eval officer and a graduate of the USAF Fighter Weapons School, I was amazed at the informal messages and hand written notes delivered to the squadron detachment suggesting mission weapons and tactics deviating from much of our training. I thought the situation approached the surreal. The target was in an area where there was no radar coverage and no nav aids, so the mission would have to be flown by dead reckoning and map reading. I spent several hours target studying and plotting several courses to the target from recognizable terrain features; a precaution that would prove invaluable as the mission progressed.

On the morning of the mission ---June 9, 1964 --- about two months before the Gulf of Tonkin incident when North Vietnamese gunboats supposedly attacked a USN destroyer --- with the aircraft fully loaded, and a few hours before engine start, we received a message requiring a configuration change. We had to

download napalm and replace it with 500 lb bombs. We were told that it was the ambassador to Laos (his name was Sullivan, I think) who required this. We were also directed not to over fly Thailand "under any conditions." Armament personnel performed yeoman service to reconfigure the aircraft in time for departure to make our refueling time and place.

The mission pilots were my flight leader Colonel Laven, myself, Captain Tom Gough, and Captain George Baker. The second flight was led by Major Ward. The other pilots in the second flight were Captain Ray Howell (now a retired airline captain), Captain Gordon Williams, and Captain John Edelblute. The flight departure was uneventful. The four tankers *(scheduled for refueling eight Huns, both inbound and outbound, Ed.)* were professional, on time, and at the appointed places. However, inbound, we were hampered by towering cumulus, which we were circumnavigating to the north and east. The other strike package aircraft refueled with no problems, but my flight lead was having immense difficulty making contact to transfer fuel. Approaching a situation when a return to Da Nang was imminent to prevent fuel exhaustion, he finally connected and received most of a full fuel load before he disconnected. Due to the time delay in refueling and weather avoidance, our drop off was probably 60 miles from the planned drop off point.

A navigator on one of the tankers said, "Your target is 295 degrees, 187 miles" (my estimate after all this time). I immediately plotted our position on the map and began following our progress. My flight lead proceeded in a northerly direction avoiding the weather. After about ten minutes, he said something to the effect "which way now?" I gave him the correct heading and distance to the target. When we arrived in the general target area, it was obvious that he didn't know where to go next. Each time I gave him headings he would follow them for a few minutes and then begin circling. When we finally entered the target area we were above 20,000 feet, which was a good place to be until we could identify the target. But then the flight lead began descending and slowing down, circling aimlessly as he did. Soon we were at about 16,000 feet and our airspeed had decreased to 270 knots. That's when we began to see flak bursts 2,000 feet below us.

At this point, I began to worry about the safety of our flight. Something had to be done. I asked the flight lead to let me lead. He refused. I asked him again several times. Each time he refused. There was nothing left to do but press on and hope for the best. I finally got the lead to stay on one heading long enough to take us into the vicinity of the target, so I could identify it. Meanwhile, the second flight of four had long ago broken off and was nowhere to be seen.

615th TFS Paint Job on First SEA Combat Mission

We were approaching bingo fuel, so I departed the flight lead and made a rocket attack on the target. The rest of my flight followed close behind. After lead fired his rockets, he asked how to set up the switches for the bomb attack. I had already dropped two bombs on the target; so I told him how to set the switches for bombs. He dropped two bombs and I delivered my final two bombs. After I pulled off the target I saw him departing the target area with the remaining two bombs. He was heading in a southerly direction about 45 degrees off the heading to Da Nang. Three and four started their RTB to Da Nang, and I caught up with lead as we passed over the KC-135s. I pointed the tankers out to him but he just kept going. At that point, we were over thick jungle and I told him how to set the switches to release the bombs. He did so.

We crossed over the Mekong River going south and I tuned in the Ubon Air Base ADF. It was right on the nose. The flight lead contacted Ubon tower and stated his intention to land. When we landed, he burst one or both tires. I landed successfully behind him. We were on the ground at last——in Thailand, the place we were not to fly over under any conditions. As for the second flight, they managed to deliver their ordnance on an anti-aircraft position similar to the one targeted, but several miles away. Unfortunately, the site they hit was in plain view of a team from the United Nations International Control Commission who happened to be in Laos checking on treaty arrangements.

As soon as we got on the ground at Ubon, I called our detachment at Da Nang and requested maintenance and tires for Colonel Laven's aircraft. I also requested a pilot to fly my aircraft because I refused to fly with Laven again. I'd had it! Late that afternoon, he departed for Da Nang with the replacement pilot, Captain Jerry Dixon, on his wing. When he arrived, it was almost dark and a light rain was falling. Once again, he burst one or both new tires on his aircraft upon landing, ran off the runway, and severed the temporary runway lighting circuit, leaving the

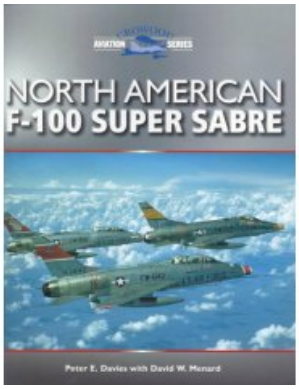
runway in complete darkness. Meanwhile, his wingman was still airborne and with insufficient fuel to divert to another base.

On his last landing attempt before having to eject because of fuel starvation, Jerry Dixon managed to land. He was assisted by an enterprising pilot of a C-130 on the ramp providing visual GCA instructions via aircraft radios and several vehicles using headlights to light the touchdown area of the runway.

The mission was personally debriefed at Da Nang a few days later by Major General Joseph Moore, Commander of the Second Air Division, who was the senior Air Force officer in the theater. It was a contentious meeting with much discussion about who did what to whom and when. Fortunately for us, an Air America C-123 was in the area the day of the mission and one of the crew members taped our flight's radio transmissions. The mission lead was reassigned shortly thereafter.

The first F-100 combat mission in Southeast Asia was a disaster--- what we used to call a "group grope." A harbinger of things to come? Far from it! By the time the last F-100 squadron left Vietnam in 1971 the old Hun had become the backbone of tactical air. A work horse that had done it all--- close air support, interdiction bombing, Wild Weasel, fast FAC, Ranch Hand escort --- the whole nine yards. And it did it with style and class!

Lloyd Houchin's description of the first combat mission in SEA is well written and the events described therein have been validated by several participants. Still, like many historical accounts, his story has a troubling side to it as well. Specifically, we have no way of interviewing the mission commander and leader of the first flight, the late Colonel George Laven, a decorated World War II and Korean War veteran, to hear his side of the story. Fortunately for us, he wrote a letter to the late David A. Anderton in which he described the mission as he saw it. The letter was subsequently published in Anderton's all encompassing book, "North American F-100 Super Sabre," and in the interest of balanced reporting, is published below in its entirety.



Laven described the mission in a letter as, " … one of the worst I had ever flown. The pilots of the TDY squadron (the 615th TFS) had been at Clark for less than a week and had never flown in the Vietnam area. Some had never flown combat. My instructions were to carry ordnance needed to attack an undefined ground target in Laos. We were eight pilots, flying F-l00Ds; I briefed and led the flight from Clark to Da Nang (the northernmost RVN air base).

The target was in the Plaines des Jarres. There was no photo intelligence on the approaches, but good information on the target itself. It was an enclosed fortress area, with a thick wall about four or five feet high around a small motor pool with vehicles, a single building, and a covered shelter with what looked like a single 50-cal machine gun.

I was allowed to choose takeoff time and the weapons load, 38 rockets (two pods) and four 500-lb (227-kg) bombs for each airplane. I also decided we'd need tankers for refueling after takeoff, and on standby, if we needed them on the way back.

We were to go around dawn, so I went to bed early, only to be called at about 2300 hrs by the Commander of the 2nd Air Division, changing our ordnance to a loading I didn't think suitable for the target. This load changing continued for three days and, by the third evening, I was beginning to feel that the squadron commander was LBJ, McNamara was ops officer, and (USAF Chief of Staff General Curtis E) LeMay was flight leader.

I had selected a time over target between the burn off of the morning fog and haze, and the buildup of the afternoon thunderstorms. Instead, the attack times were changed on orders from above, so that they would put us over the target at the height of thunderstorm activity.

We briefed, with explicit instructions to the second flight of four to follow me. If I found the target, my flight would hit it and then I would call in the second flight. If I missed, we'd all miss, and it would be my responsibility.

We took off (on 9 June) and hit our rendezvous with the tankers, to find them way off the course we'd been told they'd be holding. Besides that, they were in and out of bad weather. There was a KC-I35 for each pair of fighters and we all eventually hooked up. I checked that all eight had been refueled, and then asked the tanker commander for a vector to the target. "What target?" he asked.

(With respect to the tanker commander, he and his crew were on the first combat deployment of the Yankee Team Tanker Task Force, sent from Andersen AFB on Guam

just two days earlier. Also based at Clark, they were as unfamiliar as Laven's pilots with the territory.)

Fortunately, I'd kept track of time and approximate distance, and so I headed for where I thought the target was. My only instructions to the second flight were as before: follow me. Flight lead answered and said he was following.

When I was about at bingo fuel (fuel required to get back to base), I spotted the target, called my flights and said I was going in. Each of us in my flight made two passes, and we felt we had done about 40 per cent damage, not bad for visual bombing in lousy weather. After my last man pulled off the target, I called the second flight lead and told him to make his passes. One of my bombs had hung up, so I dropped it; then my wing man radioed he didn't have enough fuel to get back to Da Nang. We headed for Udorn RTAFB, the first base in Thailand south of the Mekong River. I blew a tire landing, and we had to wait for a crew to change it, then refuel and head back to Da Nang.

The runway at Da Nang was then only about 6,000 ft (1830 m) long and was being lengthened. I landed and again blew a tire; my F-100D had a faulty anti-skid system. I turned off the runway, ran over the wires to the runway lights, cut them and left my wing man with no runway lights. I positioned my airplane with the landing lights on, and asked for some trucks to help me give him some lights and perspective, and he landed safely.

By the time we got to operations for debriefing, the second flight was reporting in. When we compared notes, not all of them matched, but that wasn't too unusual. Three days later, when RF-101s came back with photos, there were 17 bomb craters not in the target area. One was my hung bomb, and the other 16 had been dropped by the second flight about 25 miles (40 km) away from the assigned target. Photos showed we had done about 40 per cent damage, as we had claimed, and had hit the building which was an ammo storage area. We destroyed some vehicles and knocked a hole in the wall.

There was an investigation, and I was blamed. For some years, before things were finally cleared up and I was completely exonerated, I was "the guy that bombed the wrong target." My tour as Wing Commander was cut short by a couple of months, and I was given my choice of any job in the USAF, if there was a vacancy. I knew I wouldn't make Brigadier General, so I chose an ANG slot as Senior Advisor to the Colorado Air Guard."

And now you know of Houchin's tale about this historic F-100 mission from both his and Colonel Laven's documented viewpoints. In any case, the event was at the very beginning of the long, air combat, learning curve for Hun pilots, as well as Hun operations and maintenance personnel, in the Vietnam War. There was much to learn. But as said in the conclusion to Lloyd's story; collectively, the total Hun community learned things well, and all involved have much about which to be very proud. Editor.

Fine art oil on canvas by Marylee Moreland, circa 1970. Sunset takeoff at Luke AFB.

17" x 30"- Marylee was later an Illustrator for the USAF Art Program

If/when we find Norm Battaglia's painting (see page 7), we can add it to *The Intake's* growing collection of **Hun Fine Art**. How many others have such collectables? Let us know! This fine piece hangs over the Editor's mantle. It's one of many that the artist made for appreciative Hun drivers back when. Thanks, Marylee !

The action spreads to USAFE; and today, "All we have left are the memories."

The Golden Years … Hahn Air Base July, 1956

By Wally Mason

About the time my tour was finishing up at George, a slot opened up in USAFE. The unit in Germany was scheduled to get the F-100, and it was an offer I couldn't refuse.

I was assigned to the 36th Fighter Day Wing at Bitburg, which had five squadrons at four bases. The 22nd and 23rd were at Bitburg, the 53rd at Landstuhl, the 32nd at Soesterberg, near Amsterdam, and the newly founded 461st at Hahn. I was farmed out to Hahn.

There was a indoctrination at Bitburg, and one day when we were driving around the ramp, we came upon a few clean F-100A's with bullet holes in them. They had camera ports on the fuselage and no markings or ID. Supposedly, they'd take off and go somewhere with drop tanks and always come back clean, usually with the bullet holes. Turned out these were the "Slick Chicks." I think they were forerunners to the U-2's that were spotted here and there.

Later, when we were on alert at "Fursty," Furstenfeldbruck, Germany, right near Munich, Pete Everest's buddy from Edwards, Robin Olds, dropped in and we checked him out in the Hun. He told us about the U-2's. Seems the whole thing stemmed from the fact that all the maps covering Russia were deliberately misaligned, and we had to get the lat/long right for use with the new missiles.

The 461st was mostly derived from the 527th, an F-86 squadron at Landstuhl. The guys from the 527th were at Sidi Slimane, Morocco, checking out in the F-100 when I got to Hahn. As they got checked out, they came back to Hahn and we all became the 461st, called the "Deadly Jesters." The story was that Sandy Vandenberg and some others designed the logo and picked the name at the bar. Lt./Col. Bill Haning was the CO, a consummate gentleman. He had four kills in WW II, two by ramming when he ran out of ammo in a P-38.

Once the troops got back from Sidi, we settled into our mission, which was Zulu alert: two on five minute and two on thirty minute; from thirty minutes before dawn to thirty minutes after sunset—pure day fighters.

Scramble two "Deadly Jesters."

The contrast between George and Germany was stark. At George, clear skies, straight roads, and everything yellow. You could see the cement plant from 100 miles out. At Hahn, you never saw the ground, and when you did, you couldn't tell where you were. The only noticeable geographical highlight was the north/south autobahn from Frankfurt to Munich. Five minutes east, and you were in the ADIZ. The only beacon was at Heidelberg, and you didn't want to go much east of there. We only had one ADF in the plane. On the other side of the border was a decoy beacon that was supposedly used to suck you over, so you had to know where you were. We had a Canadian GCI site somewhere, call-sign of "Cornbeef." It had a 200 mile range and they could tell your altitude within a hundred feet, even above 30,000.

Charter SSS member and Photo Editor of* The Intake. *Early Hun driver, accident investigator, aviation writer, and airline pilot.

Once we got the planes, we'd go all over to shoot gunnery at places like Wheelus at Tripoli (before Kadafi), Nouasseur in Morocco, and Cazeaux near Bordeaux in France.

The flying at Hahn was a little more serious than at George. It was always the same: climb through a overcast, do whatever it was you were doing; then recover, shoot a tear drop approach over the beacon, and then get a GCA pickup. The bingo's were pretty serious too (3000lbs); because if the weather went down, you had to go a long way to get to a suitable alternate.

A guy named Rezk was shooting a GCA at Soesterberg when the weather went down. He missed the GCA, tried again, and missed again. Pretty soon, he was too low on fuel to go any place else and headed to the North Sea—and punched out. We all kept that incident in mind.

One day I was flying out of Fursty, and the weather was around 500 feet ragged. I came in with a wingman, dropped him off and then went around. We only had PAR there, and the beacon was five miles west of the field. I came in over the beacon, tried to remember how to keep the needle lined up behind me, and then gradually broke out. But the field was at ten o'clock, and I just didn't think I could make such a sharp bend. Keeping Rezk in mind, I climbed out to about 18,000 feet, with about 800 lbs of fuel left. I told GCI to get me in somewhere, or I'm getting out. They vectored me to the northeast. I asked

where we're going. He said "Geiblestadt," and I wanted to know how much runway, where it's at, and all that. (I thought about taking out the let-down book, but even if I had, I doubt I would have been able to read it.)

GCI said, "Don't worry," and vectored me around until the field was right on the nose, so I got down okay. I was thinking about not using the chute, because I didn't know if they'd have anybody there to pack it. But, I figured I'd better use the chute in case there was an accident board. A Follow-Me truck picked me up and I parked.

They were going to refuel the bird, and so we drove to the chow hall. I was told not to mention anything about a plane that was parked out on the ramp. It was a U-2. Everybody looked at me when I walked into the mess, because when we were on alert we really looked like hell—greasy flight suits and G-suits, un-shaven—just like killers are supposed to look.

Back on the ramp, I called my Ops, and they knew all about it. Then they told me I'd have to pack my own chute since no one at Geiblestadt knew anything about how to do that. "How?" I said. They said, "There's a maintenance manual right in the area where the chute was." I got it out, and it had the step-by-step instructions. But I still had to lie on my back to squeeze it in while the other guys jammed the doors shut. I was worried it

The "pastoral" flight line at "Fursty."

wouldn't work when I got back, but it did.

Early one Sunday morning at Fursty, we got scrambled. Weather was a low overcast and lower to the east. I was on Willie Christman's wing. He asked for a heading of 090. We were about five minutes from the border. GCI advised us we were heading for the ADIZ. Willie said give us a heads up at five miles. We were at about 35,000 feet. Then we went into burner and headed down, going Mach one point something and accelerating. GCI gave us the heads up, and then Willie called for speed brakes, we split S to the deck, and headed home. That'd teach them to go drinking on a Saturday night!

Several years later, Bob Parsons, one of our 461st guys and later project officer for the F-111 at Edwards, said Intel noted that there were a lot of losses from the other side, because they weren't too versed on instrument flight. They did it to us, too, whenever they got the chance.

A Word About Tactics

Tactics wise, it was also a little more serious. We always kept in mind that any scramble might be the real thing. Plus, there was a little ego involved. You didn't want some foreigner bragging about nailing a Hun: like the Brits or French up north, the Canucks down south, or especially the MIG drivers across the border.

Our tactics evolved as a matter of necessity. We never had too many birds in commission, and besides, the mission called for flights of two—a lead and a wingman. The tactics we used were not much different than what you'd do in a pick-up touch football game. Draw the play in the dirt, and go out and cut back. Why have a wingman who did nothing but hang on to you? Thus, it sort of evolved that; when making an intercept, for example, one guy would go in and make an ID, and the other guy would cover, usually sitting high on a perch. If the intercept made a hostile act, like turning into you, then you'd get out of the way, and the wingman would come in on his tail.

Therefore, it came about that the flight of two became a sort of "fluid two," each guy an offensive weapon, and each covering the other. The variations were—you could either fly a high-low position or line abreast and spread out. In either variation, each could watch the other and cover the other.

Another aspect we kind of refined was the rat-race thing. Among ourselves, we could get into a fur-ball, but not with others. Knowing that everything in the sky could out turn us, our only real advantages were speed and ability to climb. The Canadians had the Mark 6's, a hopped up version of the 86-F, with a better engine. They would cruise in flights of four to up around 50,000 feet, so they were always above you. If you tried to tangle with them, you were dead meat, and so the answer was keep the speed up. We could climb at 1.1 mach, but they couldn't do better than .96 no matter what they were doing. So we could always initiate the fight and get out of the way whenever we wanted—if we kept the speed up!

Years later, I ran into one of our guys, Kermit Haderlie, a really sharp guy, who told me that they started adopting those tactics in the F-4. Still later, the F-15 guys were doing the same thing. (Haderlie was killed in an F-104 at Edwards doing an over the top maneuver when his space suit inflated at about 80,000 feet).

About Being a New Head

When I first got to Hahn as a new head, I didn't know where the hell I was, or who we were talking to, much less on what channel. I just hung on the wing for dear life. It wasn't like George and good old VFR flying.

One of the pearls of wisdom passed down by my mentor there, a crusty old first lieutenant named Joe Gildea, was, "Never, ever request anything! You demand it! Radar works for us, not the other way around." I remember one time GCI told me to hold at some fix near

Heidelberg, and in the C-model even taking out a map and unfolding it was an exercise in juggling—let go of the stick and you tip over! I told GCI, "Negative, I'm heading 130 degrees … " It worked. I never had to take out a map again.

It took me six months before they'd even let me go solo to Weisbaden. Strange signs, strange talk, strange everything.

In mid '57, Col Frank K "Pete" Everest came in to command the squadron—his first command since leaving Edwards. He was really a cool guy: very low key to us, and always asking a lot of questions. Not so to the senior guys, captains and above, who were all scared of him. It's funny but all the FNG's (new guys) were senior guys from ATC. The lieutenants were the old heads. We learned everything from the older, old heads who came up from Landstuhl and who were leaving after their tours.

The first thing Everest did when he got there was have the yaw string attached. It was just a nylon string with a knot in it, but it really worked, and you could see how much the plane yawed even when you thought you were straight and level. And it helped with the gunnery scores too. He also put a lot of emphasis on slow flight and getting used to it; and reduced the final approach speeds to about 170, which also reduced the number of blown chutes. At the time, we had no antiskid, and also, almost always, damp runways; and, of course, the NATO runways were all only 8000 feet long.

Everest's first real order was, "Inspection in three weeks!"– planes and all. And we needed it, because every plane had a different color scheme, from high-flight red to every other concoction. Also, the older guys got to put their name on the planes—more incentive.

Everest was transferred to Bitburg as Wing Safety Officer for a short time, and then went down to command the Wheelus gunnery camp. Everest was a tough act to follow at Hahn. He was replaced by a WW II ace with eleven kills. He was more an executive type, and the day to day flying and alert duties were left to the little people.

The alert shack was such a rat hole that no higher ups would even visit. It was literally a rat-hole, and one of our pastimes was chasing down a lone rat/mouse who we couldn't seem to capture. John Sercel finally got him with the flare gun we had there for mobile, whenever somebody scrambled.

M1-A1 Alert Shack at Hahn.

Somehow we started accumulating a lot of "safe hours of flight" (despite having totaled about thirty cars on the wet, winding road to Weisbaden). But there are two things that gentlemen should not crow about: prowess in bed, and safe hours in the air. It has a jinxing effect. Yet, it seemed like too many times we'd come down from a flight and there'd be the base photographer chalking up another flight safety record. None of the guys were too happy about that. This went on for quite some time.

Top L-R: Bob Parsons, Bill Locke, John Armstrong, Dick Lavash, John Morgan. Bottom: Geo Land, Herb Haight.

Around mid '58 or so, a change took place. We went from FDS to TFS and soon learned that Hahn was slated to close; and the mission was to change to nuke alert. We were not affected, because we would soon be gone. But a tech rep came in one day during a morning briefing, and asked if we wanted an over-view of the new mission since some of us remaining might be transferred to other bases. We booed him out of the place. We knew enough.

Zulu or Victor, alert duty in the "Rat-hole" was pretty much the same.

The 461st was scheduled to deactivate and shut down on August 1, 1959. My tour was up on July 1 and I was looking forward to my next fighter assignment. But USAF decided about then that they didn't need fighter pilots any more, because they now had missiles. So, I was slated for a scope dope assignment with no way out. I declined that assignment, bailed out of active duty, and took off for Copenhagen to decompress as a civilian.

After a few months, I came back through Weisbaden en-route to the states through Frankfurt and had a last stay

at the "Von Steuben." I ran into the Hahn PIO. He asked me, "Did you hear about the 'last flight?'" When he told me about it, I had to chuckle—all the way home.

It turned out that our safety-minded CO, somewhat confused by an in-flight emergency aircraft recovering in the pattern in front of him, just happened to forget one item on the GUMP check. Consequently, amidst all the yelling in the headset, the horn going off, and the disconcerting flares shooting off from mobile, he landed gear up!

He came to rest at the far end of the runway—with the burner going and the speed brakes ground off. Frosty Sheridan, the guy with the emergency, who had shut town in the de-arm area, and his armorer, helped pull the CO out of the cockpit. No injuries except to the ego.

Naturally, Second Lieutenant Frick, the mobile officer, took the fall, while the CO rotated home and got promoted.

A classic ending to a great squadron!

Epilogue

That great squadron, the 461st Deadly Jesters, reactivated again some years later as the 461st CCTS, an F-15 training squadron at Luke. We joined them in some re-unions, and the tactics of the old days seem to have still survived—even though the F-15 had at least thirty different types of offensive weapons, every kind of electronics imaginable, and the capability of picking up a target well before it could be seen. They said they still had fur-balls, although I am not sure about that when you're using real bullets.

Old Heads Greg Butler, Bill Christman, and Jim Truscott at a mini-reunion at the Luke O'Club.

The 461st deactivated again a few years ago when the F-15E assets reorganized, becoming part of a composite wing at Seymour Johnson, I believe. All we have left now is memories.

This is the last of a three part series about the early days of the F-100. Fighter pilots have a saying that, "you are where you went." Consequently, we owe Wally Mason a vote of thanks for sharing his stories and for showing us "the way to where we are." And one more thing—since this story was written, the 461st was re-activated again as the 461st Fighter Test Squadron at Edwards testing the F-35 Joint Strike Fighter. As Yogi Berra would say, "It ain't over 'til it's over"—especially for the Deadly Jesters! Ed.

"Do You Remember" – Update!

On page five of Issue Two, we reported that a MIA nostalgia piece, produced by the Tucson Guard, called "Do You Remember?" was found and provided to The Intake by Randy Steffens. Then, in light jest, I suggested that "Randy's possession of the last known copy should be in the Stake Your Claim Department, 'cause we haven't heard a peep from any of the old Tucson Guard gang yet?"

Wrong!!! Lost in the post-Issue One flood of emails was one, **pre-dating** Randy's, yet. It was from Jack Hartmann forwarding a PIF message from Tony "Silver" Bulat that provides insight to the origins and a electronic copy of the words of wisdom originally penned by Harv Damschen! Indented below is the PIF posting (date unknown) that Tony wrote to introduce his copy of "Do You Remember?" Attaboy to Tony too! Look for several more one-liners from Harv's Historic Document in this and future issues.

> "I was rummaging through the dungeon the other evening, and found this 'gem.' All credit goes to Harv Damschen of the 162nd TFG in Tucson.
>
> I was the Jr. RAFSOB (Regular Air Force SOB) at the time, and Harv had just converted to the A-7. He was one of the last holdouts—almost went to Phoenix to fly the KB-50 instead—yeah right, and that's what they flew at the time.
>
> Anyone who ever knew Harv was well aware of his writing skills. He never asked for advice—just found a cozy corner and put pen to paper. Brilliant is the word—a very funny man, great fighter pilot, and a joy to work with in the ANG FWIC at the Guard in Tucson. I hope all of you enjoy these old "one liners."
>
> I always wondered what Harv wrote when he flew the F-16? He sure didn't forget much about the old days—read on and enjoy. *(The Intake has this collection of One-Liners in the Archives and will tap it frequently Editor.)* This I hope will spark some more discussion. **– Silver**" (*Posted on PIF prior to Jack Hartmann sending 6 August, '06. Editor.)*

"… if this practice of wide and sloppy patterns is permitted to continue, …"

Something New at Nellis

By Dan Druen

Dan Druen is a charter member of the SSS. He first started flying the Hun in the mid-50's in the FWS at Nellis, went on to Clark in the early 60's in the 510th TFS, and finished up as a IP at Luke in December '64.

It was another clear and 35 day at Nellis and flying was on its usual steady basis. Luckily, today the same number of airplanes taking off was the same number returning to land. Not something always true. The base, at the time, was the primary combat crew training school using the F-86 Sabre made famous by its success over the skies of North Korea. But change was in the making.

To watch the constant take-offs and landings was like watching bees buzzing around a hive. Flights of four constantly approached for landing while others were launching for missions someplace within the vast training complex known as "Nevada." Those aircraft entering the landing pattern made their approaches by turning on to what was referred to as, "Initial." The initial approach altitude for the speedy Sabre was 1000 feet AGL so the airplanes could easily be seen from many vantage points on the flight line. To add to the continuing air show, most patterns were crisp and tight with idle power from pitchout to landing being the norm for the lead aircraft. Very seldom did the downwind and base legs go outside the base boundaries.

To aid in the control of these many aircraft, a Mobile Control unit was placed near the landing end of the runway. Its main purpose was to insure each and every landing plane had its landing gear in the down and locked position. It was amazing, but there were times when pilots would forget those most important appendages during the grueling pressure of landing. The Instructor Pilot (IP) on duty as Mobile Officer was also expected to aid pilots who were having obvious problems in their landing attempts. Sometimes the criticism was more than warranted. It is said that one pilot who had received more than his share of "Help," called Mobile just prior to touchdown and said, "Mobile, when I shake the stick, you've got it!"

Not all IP's were so verbose when performing this less than desirable duty; most would grade the patterns on a printed rating slip, which was provided. Comments such as; wide on base, low drag-in final, or landing long or short, would be passed to the squadrons for corrective action. However, some more studious Mobileers were known to send in lengthy comments to Group Headquarters suggesting action to be taken by this higher power.

That was the practice of one of the more experienced IP's at Nellis, Nifty McCrystal by name. Nifty had sent many missiles to Group suggesting such things as purchasing and anchoring a War Surplus Barrage Balloon so a proper turn-point for base leg could be established. He further advised it be placed at an altitude where it could easily be seen to avoid a collision, and to have large, black lettering saying "**TURN BASE HERE.**"

Then one day when Nifty was pulling the duty, something new occurred. His write-up to Group went as follows:

"Aircraft #542 was very high on his initial approach. His pitchout was very tentative, not crisp and sharp like a normal fighter pilot's. He went so far out on the downwind leg that he almost went out of sight. (But with my trusty binoculars I was able to keep him under close observation). His base leg was so far from the field; he was almost closer to Las Vegas than he was to Nellis. I instructed him to bring it up to the field. He immediately added power, and blew dirt for a mile or so before he got to the end of the runway. After touchdown, he was so disgusted with the entire pattern he unbuckled his parachute and tossed it out the back of his aircraft. I couldn't blame him; I would have probably also thrown my helmet with the chute. It is recommended that if this practice of wide and sloppy patterns is permitted to continue, Mobile Officers be supplied with extra powerful binoculars."

Group sent Nifty the following:

"We are off to bigger and better patterns, Nifty.

The F-100 Super Sabre Has Arrived."

The wily West Pointer from Alabama had one last trump card, and he played it brilliantly.

The Morning My Real Life Began

By Alan "Lad" Duaine

A few times during my later flying career with Braniff Airways, I have found myself looking down on Albany, Georgia, tracing the Flint River to where it meanders south of town and about two miles southwest of a once familiar runway. There, on a rocky bank, they picked up what was left of my good buddy, Roger Noble, and his crashed '84F in 1955.

I look those two miles to the northeast from that tragic spot, and … there's ***nothing*** there! From the air, it's as if Turner Air Force Base, once the home of the proud 31st Fighter Wing, never existed. Looking down at that landscape, much changed since Turner was closed in 1976, I think of the many great past adventures launched from that base. Among them is one that happened on the morning that my real life began.

"Google Earth" depiction of Roger Noble's 1955 crash site and the present-day former Turner AFB area.

* *

In the spring of 1957, things started turning around at Turner Air Force Base. In quick succession, the 31st Strategic Fighter Wing was transferred lock, stock, and barrel to Tactical Air Command and renamed the 31st Tactical Fighter Wing. We moved to our new concrete block, air conditioned (!) squadron building, and we began transitioning to a new airplane.

The North American F-100 Super Sabre was the first operational fighter capable of supersonic speed in level flight. It was the younger, but bigger, brother of the famous F-86 Sabre Jet of Korean War fame. Our early brief by an authority on the plane was quick and dirty:

"It isn't that the F-100 is such an aerodynamic breakthrough. It's just a bloated, slicked down '86. What makes it go is the afterburner, a fuel guzzling kick in the ass. You just dump enough raw fuel back there, and brute force smashes you on through the sonic shock wave at Mach 1, or the speed of sound."

After our days in the solid but underpowered old Republic F-84F Thunderstreak, the prospect of flying the F-100 with that thunderous afterburner and supersonic reputation was intoxicating. We were going to be flying the new D model.

In Riyadh during Ramadan, 2002, "Lad' wrapped up "damn near 50 years in the cockpit. My final landing there ended ten years of corporate flying out of Paris Le Bourget and 23 years with Braniff International, but none of that flying ever matched my first twelve Air Force years in Superhogs, Huns, and Thuds."

In those exciting times, it seemed that every day brought some amazing new spectacle, from the first multi-ship flyby, to the first checkouts in the 308th Tactical Fighter Squadron. As one brand new airplane after another came in from the General Motors factory at Port Columbus, Ohio, I had to go see it. I spent every unscheduled moment walking around the flight line, soaking up the mystique, watching preflights, taxi outs, takeoffs, landing patterns, and touchdowns. I couldn't get enough of that explosive AB, as we were already calling the afterburner in G.I. slang. When it ignited with that huge boom, flame, a third of the length of the airplane, blasted out of the tail; and when the pilot rotated to fly, that pillar of fire would bend against the runway for a moment before flight. After the lumbering '84F, the liftoff and initial climb of the F-100 was like a rocket.

Though the '100D was much larger than the '84F, it was really not as pretty. Alexander Kartveli's '84F design was esthetic. In comparison, the F-100D, with its swollen mid-waist and elongated snout, looked like a pregnant

sow. But it was the rear of the airplane that held our keenest interest. Most of us hadn't been so anally fixated since our crib days. The exhaust tailpipe, that anus tyrannous with its integral AB unit, was markedly different from the simple stovepipes with which we were familiar. The AB assembly, wrapped around the tailpipe, culminated at the visible exterior tip in what were to be known as eyelids. This assembly was actually a variable nozzle that enabled the diameter of the tailpipe to be opened to accommodate the greater thrust during AB operation. In normal thrust, the tailpipe was pinched down in a conically narrowed aperture. So a new term entered our vernacular: "eyelids of the AB." However, the variable nozzle always reminded me more of the throbbing thorax of a wasp.

Another strange new aspect of the aft section was the extensive use of titanium around the AB section, to withstand the terrific heat. The stress would imbue the titanium with color permutations of blue and purple, reminiscent of a scorched teapot.

Like its older sibling, the '86, the '100 had slats on the leading edges of the wings. In cruise flight, these normally faired flush with the leading edge. At high angles of attack, they would extend progressively, delaying the onset of stall buffet. At rest on the ramp, the slats hung down limp and lifeless. From the front, they gave the '100 the padded shoulders look of a "zoot" suit from the '40s.

The '84F's symmetrical speed brakes deployed out the sides from just in front of the tail; the '100D had an enormous plate that popped out of the belly, just below the cockpit. Sitting on the ramp with the speed brake open, the airplane looked like a baby with his diapers falling off. For all this derisive comment, it was still with great excitement that we circled the beastly looking brute. Then came terrible news.

My time in the service was up in May of that year. As a short timer, I was now to be barred from checkout in the new airplane. So it was with wistful preoccupation that I watched these proceedings. At odd times, I would go out and slip down into the bucket seat, stare at the strange instrument panel, soak up the new airplane smell - fresh paint, hot metal, plastic and rubber sealant, mixing with the ever-present *eau de JP-4* fuel in the air on the flight line.

I loved to fondle the throttle handle. Rather than the massive, horizontal metallic device in the '84F, the '100D go handle was of plastic, rested almost upright, and incorporated a lateral arc of movement to the outboard as well as the usual forward and backward arc along the quadrant. This lateral arc was the magical AB selector range, available at the flick of the wrist.

There were several more new features that we hadn't seen before: a folding, nose-mounted pitot boom, nose wheel steering, anti-skid brakes, a two-stage compressor or, twin spool engine, with its new power instrument, the Engine Pressure Ratio (EPR) gage, an in-flight refueling probe instead of the preferable boom receptacle of the '84F, and just sheer mass. The '100D weighed as much empty as the '84F did with a full load of fuel.

Glumly, I moped through days of bitter gall. I hung out at Maintenance, to watch them do F-100D work. I sat in the back of the familiarization classes all pilots were going through. I sat out on Mobile Control at the end of the runway, watching others take off; on the way to a world I was not to know.

Leaning on the end of the coffee bar, I listened avidly, as each novitiate in sweat stained flight suit recounted his coup. Bright new patches began appearing on the breasts and shoulders of flying regalia, the wearer marked as one of a most special fraternity. Daily, my depression deepened. After two lackluster years of life in SAC, we were moving to the fast lane, and here I was headed for the frontage road.

As my separation date drew nigh, there began a most agreeable new interest in the future of 1/Lt. Laurence A. Duaine *(hence "Lad")*, AO3037027. Later, I learned that my father and my squadron commander had engaged in spirited correspondence on the matter. My father had big plans for my return to civilian life, while Major Pitts's priority was a high pilot retention rate. To all outward appearances, I seemed committed to go back to Corpus Christi for a life in civil engineering, but the wily West Pointer from Alabama had one last trump card, and he played it brilliantly.

One fine morning at the daily roll call and briefing, he announced to us assembled pilots that he was going to check me out on the airplane, give me the dollar ride. He was at his droll best, wagging his closely cropped, round head.

"Lad's done us a good job. I think we owe him at least one ride in the airplane. I'm going to chase him myself."

I was too young and ignorant to recognize in him one of the finest officers and men that I would ever know, but I did take it as quite an honor that John Pitts was going to fly as my chase, or advisor pilot, on this day.

More startling was the dispatch with which this was accomplished. The all-important paperwork was done before the first morning coffee pot went empty. I had to fill out a transition test on the F-100D aircraft Dash 1, of course. I had to take a blindfolded cockpit check to prove I could find everything in it, but Major Pitts gave me credit for my many hours of observation and particular interest in the maintenance hangar. I even skipped the taxi practice, the AB practice run down the runway, and the practice drag chute deployment; all of which had been the usual routine.

With the first cup of coffee the next morning, he gave me what I remember as a thorough but not especially

lengthy briefing. Shortly I found myself climbing the ladder to the canopy rail, with a chute on my back and my scarred helmet and clipboard clutched in my free hand. Settling into the cockpit, connecting the oxygen hose and radio cord, pulling the seatbelt and shoulder harness up snug, adjusting the rudder pedals for my length, I set the seat height and, for the first time, entered the target setting for takeoff power on the new EPR gage. With my mask connected, I listened to my breathing on the hot mike as my goatskin-gloved fingers moved around the red, grey, and black selector devices in preparation for engine start.

Soon, with a panel of busy systems gauges, I am at last in concert with this most lusted for creation: now, this air-breathing thing is coming alive under my hands, speaking to me in compliant hums, hisses, squeals, and groans as I lower the canopy to taxi, press the toe brakes, caress the nosewheel steering button, and move the flight controls. The crewman pulls the chocks, gives me a grinning thumbs up, and dances smartly backwards, inviting me to take his pride and joy out to show her stuff. Adding power and getting under way, I note the sensation of life and movement in a gentle, bobbing motion of the elongated snout out front, above the nose gear strut. After the stiff-legged, solid stance of the '84F, this lady seems very light and springy on her toes. From the nose high taxi attitude, I glance back at the broad Duralloy flanks in my mirror; beyond, I see the vertical fin of the good major's airplane. He calls me over to tower frequency for takeoff.

It's here. As I swing the nodding nose around, the long runway shimmers in the morning heat. Pitts eases up into position on my right. I clamp on the brakes and twirl my index finger overhead. His ship dips forward like a runner at the blocks as the immense constrained thrust compresses the nose strut. We check our gages at full RPM. To my questioning glance, he nods, and I bring my head back in an exaggerated arc to the headrest. As I snap it forward, we simultaneously release our brakes, and our ships rear in release. A second head snap and we pop the ABs. As the eyelids open, the EPR gage gasps, and a second later, surges, as I feel the boot in my spine for the first time—no agonizing '84F-style runway surveys today. This is serious acceleration. As the magic speed of liftoff approaches, I feel the stabilator's effect as we spring off. Immediately, I sense a lightness of response I have never known. It is like having my arms around the slender waist of a Tinkerbelle who sprightly twirls at my gentlest touch. As the landing gear disappears, there's a satisfying 'thunk'. My transformed ship is mirrored by Pitts's, out there on my wing. With our smooth bellies we are two shining arrows arcing up into the cloudless Georgia sky. At a very quick 220 knots, we cut off our 'burners. Everyone has commented on it, but still, I have a bad instant—the sudden reduction in thrust feels like the engine has quit!

Doughty John Pitts, hunched under his canopy, his singular helmet and sunglasses combination an unmistakable signature mark, even with his face completely hidden behind the regalia of his trade. Pitts's helmet is an artifact from his combat tour in Korea. It looks like one Jim Thorpe broke in, but it was long ago custom made, to fit his outsize cranium. It doesn't even have that cool green security of a visor that snaps down over your mask. (You look up and see yourself reflected in the canopy, a giant dragonfly face.)

We clear tower frequency, and on our discrete frequency out in the acrobatic area, Pitts tells me to proceed with the familiarization routine he had covered back in the briefing room. I begin with turns and reverses, grinning in my mask at the new shape arcing across the horizon out in front of my windscreen. With every new airplane there is altered perspective, like the first time you dance with a new woman. Some are most notable in their difference from others you've known, some immediately familiar, as if they just fit. Others seem to stir visions of yet undiscovered realms. I am as alert in every sense as a sensual gourmand.

31st TFW, 308th TFS – Circa Late '50s

I try the speed brake and strain against my shoulder harness as it takes effect. I pull in a fresh gulp of the sweet oxygen and twist around to admire Pitts, riding just astern to my right. Up close in flight, here in its element, the '100 is much prettier, even with the speed brake out and slats extended. I feel the sting of the first trickle of sweat on my new blade shave of this morning. I clutch at my mask and lift it off my abraded jaw where it has already worn a circular groove around my nose and mouth. My wings rock slightly as my body movement is inadvertently referred to the stick. I tug at the corner of my helmet just enough to open a gap between my ear and the radio headset inside. Sometimes I like to listen to the airplane. Without a helmet on, a fighter cockpit is a bedlam of business. A cacophony of whining entrails tantalize the mind to guess the sources of the aural strands, some steady, some undulating, some intermittent. It is probably universal that upon the sudden onslaught of sound, one reflexively scans the vital signs. Today,

round-faced monitors remain steady behind their shiny glass.

Coming inverted in a sweeping barrel roll, I glance over at Pitts, in close, riding through with me. The morning sun whirls behind him, flashing on the shiny, almost unscratched flanks of his new bird. I feel a playful squeeze as the slight increase in vertical acceleration teases a huff from my anti-G suit. On my wing, Pitts is frozen, centripetal, like a rock on the end of a string. Out of the corner of my eye, I see his fixedness. It is a thing of exquisite beauty to see. He leads the Gs and roll rate as we start up and over, and just as beautifully eases off at the end of the roll. This precious instant transcends time, mission, rank, and personality. For the duration of this roll we are locked together in an intimacy that, of all outsiders, possibly only trapeze artists can fully know. He gives a slight nod, glances over his shoulder and slides out again. He mashes the microphone button.

"Banjo Two, go ahead and try your afterburner."
I plug it in and pull up into a loop, the biggest one I have ever seen. Coming out the bottom, I go up again into an immelmann. Next, a playful whifferdill, but coming back down I inadvertently slip through the Mach, laying a sonic boom on southwest Dougherty County. Damn! Just like that! Back over the field I enter the 360-degree overhead pattern for landing, Pitts hanging on me like a mother hawk. I roll out on final; he adds power and climbs away.

"Banjo One on the go. You got him, Mobile."

Mobile Control has his glasses on me. I start bleeding off to final approach speed. I want to get the speed right on back. I have learned in Maintenance that the '100 has small brakes for its size. I have already seen two guys take the barrier when they landed hot and then had drag chute failures—not uncommon.

"Don't let her get too slow," admonishes Mobile, as my nose high attitude becomes more significant. I 'Roger' him, but hold what I have.

Can't blame Mobile for being spooky. We have all seen a film clip taken just recently out in California. Mordantly titled "Sabre Dance," it is a chilling scene in which a routine touchdown becomes a bizarre ballet of destruction. The hapless pilot rounds out high, keeps increasing his pitch attitude higher, higher, still not on the ground.

He tries to go around, lights the burner. The sudden increase in thrust forces the nose even higher, past any semblance of controllable flight. The aircraft is very light, remaining airborne on thrust alone. It is literally waddling down the runway on its tail. It hangs a wingtip, and cartwheels off the runway in an awesome, ballooning pyre of orange flame and black smoke. It is a fatal accident, but there is not a mark on the pilot. He has strangled on his puke.

I touch down right in front of Mobile. As pretty a roll-on as you could want. It has been a perfect ride. Jettisoning my drag chute, I crack the canopy a tad, and sail on back to the ramp. At the foot of the ladder waits a whooping welcoming committee. Climbing down with a sweaty grin, I thank them for their kind words. They bundle along as I march into the squadron adjutant's office, 'chute on my back, helmet in gloved hand.

From the time I shut down the engine, it was the end of even thinking about going back to Corpus Christi to be a civil engineer with my father. Basic determinants of my future are locking into place. It is a great relief to be involved, to declare what I want to do—to realize that I have really left home and grown up.

"Draw up the papers, lawyer," I tell the adjutant, "I'm signing up for Indefinite Reserve status." Would you believe he already had the papers ready?

Active Turner AFB circa '66 – Launch site of many "Great Adventures."

(Editors Note: This gem of a story is an extract from an unpublished manuscript that "Lad" is working on. Given the quality of this example, it should make a great read. "Comina to bookshelves near you soon," we hope.)

FLASH !

For those without email, here's a really big news item from the CEO Toss-Bomb of February 22nd, 2007. "The big news is [rim shot] we just passed 1,000 members in the SSS. Number 1,000 is DALE ROOK, Sun City, AZ, beachfrontrentals@cox.net. If you have a chance, welcome him to the group. We've come a long way since 11 Jan. '06. Got a long way to go. Welcome to the group Dale. Sociably, Les"

No one said flying the Hun was safe and easy.

Flying The Deadly 1-E3 Configuration—and with a Pigtail Fire

By Curt Burns

In June, 1958, the 53rd Day Fighter Squadron at Landstuhl AB was re-designated the 53rd Tactical Fighter Squadron, and its mission changed from air superiority to nuclear strike. As we were completing our training to become "Bomb Commanders" the Lebanon Crisis occurred. All the squadron's F-100Cs were loaded with 1,700 pound Mark 7 atomic bombs and lots of external fuel, and placed on full alert. Each was ready to go on a one way mission in case the Soviets started World War III.

After the Lebanon Crisis was over, we started pulling regular Victor Alert. We also began flying all C-model training missions loaded with the prescribed nuclear combat configuration, minus the Mark 7 bomb. The resulting "1-E3" configuration consisted of 200 gallon drop tanks on the left outboard and right inboard stations, and a 275 gallon "banana" tank on the right intermediate station. The fundamental reason for regularly flying in this configuration was inadequate manning.

1E-3 Configuration – max alert load- out problem "work around."

With the shift in mission and no additional manpower positions assigned yet, there were not enough bomb dump and crew chief personnel available to rapidly load the fleet from scratch with bombs and tanks. But somehow we had to comply with the one hour maximum time limit imposed by higher headquarters when a max effort alert was called.

Thus, flying all missions in the 1-E3 concept worked for the war planners. If a full alert was called, all maintenance had to do was hang a Mark 7 on the left intermediate station of each aircraft. This could easily be done well within the fleet load-out time limit. *(Editor's Note: the left intermediate station was the only station on the F-100C that had the nuclear bomb monitoring and release wiring.)* However, the wisdom of this "work around" was questionable—certainly so for safety reasons. The fact was that this 1-E3 configuration caused serious asymmetric flying characteristics brought about by both drag and weight distribution factors. The result was borderline instability!

We received very little guidance from higher headquarters (HHQ) on how to fly this oddball configuration safely, particularly in the landing phase. All HHQ really said was that we absolutely should not land the airplane with fuel remaining in any of the three tanks. So, each pilot had to experiment, and decide how he was going to handle the trim issue on final approach. There were only two real options. The first was to hit the trim-for-takeoff button in the pattern and hold left rudder and left aileron coming down final to compensate for the drag of the unbalanced tanks. The second was to trim the slab, ailerons, and rudder to fly hands off on final. However, with this second option, the rudder trim would tend to veer you off the runway if the nose wheel touched down at high speed with nose wheel steering engaged. Not a good move on wet runways!

SSS charter member Curt's Hun career started with the 53rd DFS at Hahn and a C-model checkout at Wheelus in late '57. Then came the 53rd's transition to a TFS and mission change to nuclear strike. His USAFE tour and Hun career extended through a stint as Group Flying Safety Chief at Aviano; maintaining currency with TAC rotational squadrons TDY there. Retired after 21 years with almost 5,000 total hours in multiple aircraft.

Early in my 1-E3 configuration trim experimentation phase, I landed in the rain using the second technique. When the nose wheel touched down the airplane abruptly veered off the runway. I was very lucky that I had slowed considerably using aerodynamic breaking, and that it hadn't rained enough to make the ground really muddy, such to cause gear collapse and damage to the aircraft.

After that incident, I personally decided to use the first option, even though it meant flying near minimum control speed on final approach with what was essentially pro-spin controls with left rudder, stick back, and left aileron. The 53rd lost two pilots in the first six months we were flying the 1-E3 configuration, with both losses directly attributed to the use of this technique. I was almost a third. No one said flying the Hun was safe and easy—especially in the deadly 1-E3 configuration, and particularly when compounded by a serious in-flight emergency.

During the early days of flying in the 1-E3 configuration, I was making a formation takeoff on a typical German day. The ceiling was 200 feet with solid clouds going up to about 10,000 feet. After nose wheel liftoff and before we were airborne, the tower called the

warning, "Number two, you are on fire." I glanced away from the flight leader's airplane into the cockpit and saw the Overheat Warning Light on. I knew that I either had an engine fire or an afterburner fire caused by a broken "pigtail." The pigtails were aluminum fuel lines to the afterburner that were coiled in a corkscrew shape like a pigtail so as to be able to expand and contract with heat changes whenever the afterburner was turned on or off. If the fire was caused by a broken pigtail, coming out of afterburner would shut off the source of the fire. If it had been an engine fire, the engine would have blown up shortly, so ejection without much delay would have been the textbook solution.

We were approaching the cloud deck when I had enough speed to come out of afterburner. Glancing at the panel, I saw that the Fire Warning Light had not come on, but the Overheat Warning Light was still on. I pulled the throttle inboard and made the decision to stay under the overcast. Then, I dumped the nose to stay below and called the flight leader that I was staying under the overcast. In just a few seconds, I had the airplane stabilized in level flight and just then, the over heat warning light went out. I assumed the fire had gone out, and the engine probably was in no danger of blowing up. But I figured I'd better land immediately—in case the fire, while it was burning, had done any damage to the flight control system.

The pigtail fire went out … but now I had to land with three full tanks.

I made a very careful, low-banked 180 degree left turn to the downwind for runway 27, which placed me turning directly over Landstuhl Army Hospital—no place to jettison the full drop tanks. On downwind I was over the eight foot cliff parallel to and on the south side of the runway. I had only about fifty feet above the treetops and below the overcast in which to maneuver. Still, there was no place to drop the tanks. On downwind I used the rule of thumb and calculated my final approach speed with the drop tanks and an almost full fuel load to be 215 knots indicated airspeed (248 miles per hour) and a touchdown speed of 190 knots (220 mph). With the cautious turn to downwind, I was about twice as far from the runway as normal, but figured I was OK as I wanted another very cautious 180 degree turn to final approach. The airplane felt very heavy, which it was, but it didn't give me any more problems. I had a long shallow final approach and was able to touchdown right on the end of the runway.

On touchdown I knew I had another problem. The 190 knots touchdown speed was ten knots above the design failure speed of the drag chute cable. So I was in a thirty two thousand pound tricycle going 220 mph with nothing I could do until the speed bled off to below 180 knots. At 180, I pulled the drag chute handle and the drag chute deployed as advertised. I then gingerly got on the brakes and hoped that the antiskid didn't fail me. Fortunately, it worked too, and I was able to stop before the barrier.

I knew the Davis barrier would not help me, as the tanks would deflect the cable down so that it could not engage the main gear struts and pull the battleship chains to stop the airplane on the overrun. If I jettisoned the tanks on landing, they would likely catch fire and go bouncing down the runway underneath the airplane. Sometimes you just have to put your faith in the system. If either the drag chute or the antiskid had failed, I wouldn't have been able to stop.

Later, the flight leader questioned my decision not to stay on his wing. My reply was, "My call! I felt like I had to get it back on the ground without delay and I wanted to stay VFR." That was it. It came out OK, so the decision was OK. If I had rolled it up into a ball, the accident board would have had cause to criticize my decision—I wouldn't have cared.

I've always figured I earned a career's worth of flying pay that day.

Pre-Takeoff Checklist—SSS Reunion

The SSS now has over a thousand members. Yet, very few have taken the time to tell us what they think about The Intake, or more importantly, how it could be improved. Getting your feedback is essential if we are to grow. The editorial staff will be out in force at the upcoming reunion, arriving a day or two before, and staying to the very end. Take a moment to introduce yourself and give them your thoughts. And while you're at it, a word of thanks wouldn't be bad either. They work hard—so hard in fact, that we desperately need volunteers to help us publish the magazine. It's a fun job and you get to meet a lot of old friends. Talk to Medley Gatewood, Wally Mason, or Ron Standerfer about how you can help.

While we're on the subject of checklists, don't forget to bring your cameras and take as many pictures as you can. We'll need them for The Intake for sure, and probably the website too. After the reunion send your pics to wallybird@iq.net, and don't forget to include to everyone's names. See you there!

I'm sure the cadet never forgot that day, and that very short F-100 indoctrination flight!

A Very Short Indoctrination Flight

By Alonzo "Lon" Walter

Charter SSS member young "Lon" c.'51 in Korea. Flew F-86s, F-100s, and many other fighters at Eglin as a test pilot. Hun time in all four models and may have fired more Sidewinders (50+) than anyone else. Also a Sidewinder "Ace," having shot down five drones and countless target rockets.

During the summer of 1958, a group of U.S. Military Academy cadets came to Eglin AFB for orientation and exposure to the U.S. Air Force. As part of this program, each cadet was offered the opportunity to fly in the back seat of a T-33 trainer, piloted by an Eglin test pilot. One outstanding cadet was rewarded with a ride in an F-100F Super Sabre.

Being an F-100 test pilot and instructor, I was the pilot for this mission, and I briefed the "lucky" cadet about the flight we were about to undertake. He was properly impressed to learn that we would easily exceed Mach One, and would be performing various aerobatic maneuvers. He seemed to be an alert and highly motivated young man, and as I strapped him into the rear seat and gave him a tour of the cockpit, I was confident that he was taking in most of what he was told. As the last part of my briefing, I told him that various little lights would be going on and off throughout the flight, but that he should not be concerned. I would be talking to him on the intercom, and would answer any questions he might have. In closing, I pointed to the red Fire Warning Light and the Overheat Warning Light at the top of the instrument panel, and told him that, although I had never personally seen one of these lighted, that if either one of these came on, we might have to eject. Then I went through a thorough "how to eject" briefing. "Any questions?" "No sir!"

Start up and taxi-out were routine, and my cadet was communicating without any "heavy breathing," so I anticipated that we would both have an enjoyable flight on a beautiful day. Line-up and run-up were routine, and I told my passenger we were rolling. Afterburner light was the usual kick-in-the-pants, and we rotated into a steep initial climb as the landing gear came up.

Just as the gear "thunked" into the wheel wells, my attention was seized by a beeping warning sound in my headset, accompanied by a bright OVERHEAT WARNING LIGHT. Simultaneously, my cadet said, "Sir!, Sir!, That light! It's on!" Instinctively, I came out of afterburner, declared an emergency, told my cadet to sit tight, and that I would tell him what to do if things got worse. As I turned on a downwind leg for an immediate landing, the Overheat Warning Light flickered off. But I was still wary that the wiring may have been burned through, so I wasted no time turning base to final and putting the gear down (three greens, thank goodness!). After touchdown and a good chute, and quick braking to a stop on the runway, I shut the engine down, and was surrounded by crash-rescue personnel. My cadet and I exited that Super Sabre without delay.

As we walked around our aircraft, we were attracted to a large (about twelve inches in diameter), round, fire-scorched hole in the tail section just forward of the left elevator. That overheat warning light had probably saved our lives, since I had no other indication of a problem. My cadet didn't have a whole lot to say, but I suspect his buddies got an earful that night. I never heard from him again, but I'm sure he never forgot that day—the day of his very short F-100 indoctrination flight. I never did.

***Post script*:** At the time of this exciting flight, the F-100 series throughout the Air Force was having an alarming number of similar incidents, many of which resulted in loss of the aircraft. The cause was usually traced to "pigtail failure" in the J-57 engine afterburner section. The "pigtails" were small fuel lines operating under high pressure, which fed fuel to the afterburner when the pilot selected that engine option. (They were so-named because they were small in diameter and had curly loops, similar to a pig's tail) If they sprang a leak, raw fuel was sprayed onto the outer surface of the tailpipe, between the engine and the fuselage skin, and a roaring fire ensued. Without quick action by the pilot to shut down the afterburner, the entire aft section could be engulfed—usually with catastrophic results. In the later years of the F-100 program, and with improved maintenance and production standards, this problem became very rare.

Would you believe his personal call sign really was "Lilac?"

Confessions of a GIB

By Bud Stoddard

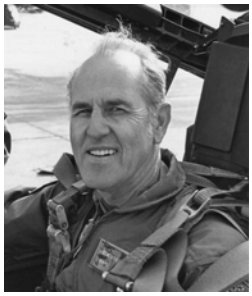
Mr. Stoddard, as he was officially called, was for many years a civil service Educational Specialist for aircrew training elements of Tactical Air Command.. He started at Nellis, advanced to Luke, and finished his Air Force career at TAC HQ working training issues in the Deputy for Operations "crucible." As far as I know, he was the only civilian employee authorized and encouraged to fly in fighters as part of his training job. He didn't officially log his flying time, or get flying pay, but over the years he amassed a surprising amount of hours in a variety of fighter types. His favorite was, of course the Hun, in which he was the Guy In Back, before there were GIBs, for a little over 1,000 hours. I regret that I never had an opportunity to be Bud's pilot. Editor.

My first flight in an F-100F was the first leg of an out-and-back from Nellis to Luke, and it was pure pleasure. The return flight via a mission to a Nellis gunnery range was a disaster—for me! I should have taken a barf bag and tightened my g-suit and mask.

When we stopped at Luke, we had a big lunch (a BIG mistake for me), and then briefed for the gunnery mission and return flight. Captain Alfred "Hoppy" Hopkins explained everything and promised me some "whifferdills," about which I knew nothing, but was soon to find out. As we approached the range, we were flying at fifty feet above the desert floor and I was impressed with how fast the cacti were flying by. Just as I leaned forward to find the "speedometer," Hoppy pulled back on the stick, and we entered a LABS delivery doing four G's in two seconds. It sure seemed to be a whifferdill to me. Of course, I couldn't lift my arms to raise my mask that had fallen below my nose. There was a sickening feeling in my stomach, and I called out to Hoppy that I was not feeling very well. His only response was to ask if I had seen where the bomb dropped. Before I could mutter a weak "no," he turned the F-100 on its side and said, "There it is!" That maneuver didn't help my condition, and I kept swallowing hard to try to keep my lunch, but when Hoppy made the usual tight fighter pilot turn onto base, I lost it all

As a civil service Education Specialist, working with fighter pilots, I knew I had to lick this thing; and when Hoppy asked me the next day if I wanted to do it again, I managed a brave, "Yes." That third Hun mission was a two-ship flight with Hoppy as lead and Captain Waymond Nutt on the wing. I was mesmerized when Captain Nutt took over lead by rolling right over us—we were canopy to canopy for a second. We made five LABS passes on that flight, and I was struggling with my grunts and holding my stomach. My mask was so tight that it left marks on my nose for two days and my g-suit was tighter than a fat lady's girdle. After the last bomb was dropped and Captain Nutt joined up, he called to ask if I was OK. I lied and said I was.

After many more missions flying through every weapons delivery maneuver assigned to the Hun, I became a pro, loved every flight, and admired the IP's with whom I flew. After that second flight disaster, some of the pilots flying with me in their back seat for the first time **tried** to make me sick. None were successful. You know the drill—"Close your eyes, Bud." Some HUN drivers would ask me to call out the altitude on a dive bomb run. One pilot hung a silver dollar beside his mirror, and in a dive bomb pass would monitor me in his mirror. When my eyes got as big as the silver dollar, he would pickle and pull.



Fighters Bud flew in included the FT-33. F-100, F104, F-105, F-4, F-5, & F-15. He retired as GS 13.

The greatest compliment I ever received from a fighter pilot were the words one of my associates added after introducing me to a group of his friends. After the specifics, he concluded, "And he flies, too!"

What a wonderful career! If I had to do it all over again, I would do it all over again, but start earlier.

P.S. The fuzzy 1963 picture shows me with Major David Schulstad on the occasion of reaching my 100th hour in theF-100F. After all these years, I am proud to be an associate member of the elite Super Sabre Society. **– Bud**

100TH HOUR — Carlton B. Stoddard, educational specialist, confers with Maj. David T. Schulstad on the flight they had just completed. The refueling and combat profile mission marked the 100th hour that Stoddard had flown in the F-100 Super Sabre.

Fuzzy, but historic clipping documenting a significant milestone in Bud's unique flying career.

"… he always did his show in a suit and tie …"

The Legendary Bob Hoover Puts on Two Hun Shows in One Day

By Don Nichols

For many years, Bob Hoover entertained and awed people with his flying skills at air shows all over the country and abroad. While working for North American Aviation, he flew many demonstrations in the F-100 that thrilled thousands, especially those pilots in the crowds who knew and flew the F-100.

On Armed Forces Day in May of 1961, when I was instructing at Luke AFB, Arizona, Bob put on his show in one of our F-100Cs. He was also scheduled to do a show that afternoon at Castle AFB, California. Castle was a SAC B-52 base and did not have any F-100s, so I was standing by to fly Bob there in a two seat F-100F after the Luke show. He would then do his show in the "F," return to Los Angeles, and I would fly the bird back to Luke.

Bob's show at Luke had a little more excitement than normal. Right after takeoff, his aircraft had an engine fire, so he whipped it around, landed and was given another bird to continue the show. When his performance was over, he changed into a flight suit (he always did his show in a suit and tie but didn't want to wrinkle it during the flight to Castle), and joined me at my aircraft.

We then launched, and I had some interesting conversation with Bob while we were airborne. His shows were excellent PR for North American, but he told me that some in the company had reservations regarding his "hairy" demonstrations. He would go to an F-100 base where a show was scheduled and pick up an aircraft from the host unit in which he would fly his show. Depending upon where he was, he might be flying an F-100A, C, D, or F model, and in some cases, it might be four to five months between shows.

Anyone who flew the Hun knew that fifteen to twenty hours per month were barely enough to keep one proficient, so being able to do the things Bob did in his show, despite long periods between flights, took a lot of skill. He said that some of the higher-ups at North American were afraid he might splatter himself in front of 20,000 people, and this would not be good PR for North American. He told them that either they let him continue doing these shows, or he would quit and go somewhere else. In the final analysis, they decided the positive publicity he brought to the company was worth the risk.

Castle had a long runway, and Bob told me that he might try to improve on one of his stock maneuvers. The one he had in mind was the one where he comes in with gear and flaps down, touches down on the runway, lights the afterburner, takes off and rolls the aircraft, touches down again, and then makes a go-around. This stunt really makes the hair stand up on a Hun pilot's neck when he sees an F-100 on its back with gear and flaps down (pointing up) and the afterburner going—thirty feet above the runway. Because of the long runway, Bob was thinking he could make this his final maneuver and come to a full stop after the second touchdown! I asked him if he would have to use the drag chute to stop because, if he did, I would have to repack it before I returned to Luke. He said it would take the chute to get it stopped, so he decided not to try it this time.

Return author, Don is a charter SSS member. He flew the Hun stateside and in Europe. He was also an IP at Luke in the early 1960s.

One major difference in this show was that he would be flying the F-model. Bob said he had to be very careful in setting up the rear (empty) seat, so after we landed at Castle, we made certain there was nothing that could come loose back there. He was very meticulous in buckling up the shoulder straps and seat belt, thus insuring nothing could interfere with the stick while he was doing his show.

After we landed, we were taken up to the officers club for lunch, and Bob changed back into his suit for his afternoon show. A big convertible drove up to the club. They seated Bob up in the rear with a blonde and a brunette on each arm, and they made a triumphant drive back down to the aircraft on the flight line.

Castle's B-52s had the same jet engine (the J-57) as the Hun, so they had the units necessary to start Bob's aircraft. However, they didn't have anyone familiar with F-100s, so I was there to assist the Castle maintenance troop who plugged in the starting unit. Bob got in the cockpit, gave the start signal, the airman fed the air to the engine, and – nothing!

I climbed up on the ladder; asked Bob if he was having any problems, and he said it just didn't start. I got down, and we tried it again – still no luck.

There were about 30,000 people on base for the show, with the ropes holding back the crowd only about fifty feet from where the plane was parked. Those in the front row were getting a good view of the proceedings, and were growing a little restless.

Continued on page 34 …

The Way We Were

Forty years younger and forty 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!

Don Volz

Norm Battaglia

Herb Meyr

Dick Rutan

Bob Thorpe

Bob Wilson

Dick Mason

Ron Green

Ken Peterson

Ben Stanton

Bob Graham

Paul E. Orf

John "Cappy" Miller

Tom Treuhaft

Jim Miholick

Ron Herrick

Hal Hermes

Ron Standerfer

So far, we have "Hero Picutres" for about 100 members and we've published 72. We prefer scanned photos (at 300 dpi) emailed to our Photo Editor, Wally Mason [wallybird@iqmail.net]. But if you have a great shot and no way to scan, snail mail it with a stamped return envelope to Wally via his address on the SSS Membership List. Thanks, P.E.

"My wingman sounded desperate and said he was on needle, ball, and airspeed."

The Day I Was Grounded

By Russ Violett

Russ flew the Hun from '60 (ejected on takeoff in training at Nellis in a C-model) to '63 at Misawa; and later flew the Thud, Phantom, and Warthog; logging over 3,600 hours total. He retired as a Maj. Gen. and now is a Trustee at the Arizona Aerospace Foundation.

It was a typical late spring day at Misawa AB, Japan, in 1962. As usual, weather was frequently a player; rolling in off the Pacific when an easterly wind was blowing. Ceilings were always low, the tops somewhat unpredictable, and visibility either horrible or about five miles in smoke and haze. I was on the schedule to lead a four ship to Ripsaw Range, about fifteen miles north of Misawa. After a low level navigation mission, we planned to make some conventional deliveries and then a couple of LABS deliveries. The ceiling was at about 2500 feet, and the tops were forecast to be about 7500 feet. This would give us the VFR conditions needed for entry and recovery at the top of the maneuver: conditions needed for the ops officer to turn on the mission. So, we took off and all went normal to the range.

At the range, the conventional deliveries went as planned. We then took spacing for the LABS portion of the mission. I was on downwind of the LABS pattern when number two said he thought he had an airspeed indicator problem and wanted to get an airspeed check. He joined on me in the base to final turn, and everything was fine. He turned away and I continued on my final, concentrating on airspeed, altitude, and the pull up point (PUP). At the PUP, I pulled four "Gs" in two seconds, centering the needles on the LABS indicator. As usual, I pulled back a little harder at the 90 degree point to keep the "G" needle in the marks, and watched the J-8 attitude indicator "tumble" about the same time, which was normal. I continued towards the 180 degree roll at the top of the Immelman, when I heard a radio transmission, "What are the tops?" And then again, "What are the tops?"

I wasn't sure who wanted to know, but I had not broken out at the forecast weather altitude and was still IFR. In reply, I so stated, and said I was descending on downwind to break out again underneath. In the meantime, number two said he was having trouble with his attitude indicator and airspeed, and was climbing through 10,000 feet, still in the weather. He sounded desperate and said he was on needle, ball, and airspeed. Shortly thereafter, he announced he had broken out on top and requested I join up with him so he could check his instruments.

We had been on our next to last delivery when all of this took place. I told three and four to abort their deliveries, rejoin, and RTB. We were approaching bingo fuel at this point, but still had a little margin to work with. Now, I needed to find two, and get him back down through the weather to Misawa. "Did he have a bad attitude indicator? Was his airspeed indicator wrong as well? Where was he?" were questions I pondered while climbing back up to VFR conditions on top. By the time I got there, I was at bingo, but could not locate number two immediately. A few minutes passed till we spotted each other and rejoined.

Weather was frequently a player.

With two safely on my wing, I called Misawa approach, declared emergency fuel, and requested descent from present position to a VFR straight in from over the water to Misawa. The VOR/TAC was off the air, but the ADF was working. I started pushing the needle so as to line up with the runway and broke out over the water about five miles east of the base. We landed in formation, taxied in, and shut down. I had 400 pounds on the fuel gage, number two had a little more.

We were met by the air division commander (a BG); and my squadron commander, ops officer, and flight commander. I was given a severe dressing down and reprimanded for almost losing two aircraft. I accompanied my ops officer to the squadron. There he asked me how the hell this happened? All I could explain was my part of the story which I told him. The real question was what the hell happened with two. So, number two finally got to tell his story.

He said he'd rejoined on me after he turned away from our brief airspeed check encounter in the base turn to final for my first LABS delivery. He stayed just behind and slightly low on me when I entered the soup till I got to the 90 degree (vertical) point in the LABS maneuver, when he lost me in the weather. Then, when he first looked at his attitude indicator, it was tumbling, and he was losing airspeed rapidly. He managed to get the nose down to execute a separation maneuver on me, but this maneuver ended up in a vertical descent, and the indicator tumbled again. He described how he

somehow managed to get reoriented (on needle, ball, and airspeed), recover the aircraft, climb to VFR on top, and finally rejoin after we spotted each other. It wasn't a pretty story.

With two young lieutenants shaking in their boots, the ops officer asked me when I was going on my recently authorized leave. I told him I had planned to depart the next morning for ten days. He smiled and said to me, "If anyone asks, you have been grounded for ten days—have a nice trip." Then he frowned and told number two, "They need another aircraft in Korea ASAP. The bird will be ready in two hours. Plan your flight, fly your plan, and get the hell out of here!"

(A most satisfactory ending to an unexpected adventure for Russ … on a fine spring day at Misawa. Ed.)

"But sir, what about the gun?" the lieutenant said.

Never Give Anybody Your Gun

By Keith Connolly

One of the additional duties F-100 pilots endured in the early '60s while stationed at Itazuke AB, Japan, was the occasional Officer of the Day (OD) stint for the weekend. Such was the fate of my friend, Ron Williams.

Itazuke was wide open in those days and practically "anything went," especially on Friday nights during happy hour. A group of us were enjoying the festivities at a drinking table in the corner of the bar. Ron, who was the OD and in uniform, joined us. About this time our operations officer, a hard nose major who loved to give us second lieutenants a hard time, also joined us.

The major turned to Ron and said, "Let me see your '45 pistol." Ron complied.

"Ever 'field strip' one of these?" the major asked.

Of course, we were wide eyed as the major commenced to take the '45 pistol apart, explaining each piece and its function. As he concluded the operation, we literally had a table full of gun parts!

Abruptly, the major stood up and announced, "Well, I have to leave now!"

"But sir, what about the gun?" gasped Ron.

The major responded, "SON — LET THIS BE A LESSON, **NEVER** GIVE ANYBODY YOUR GUN!"

After checkout at Nellis, charter SSS member Keith's Hun service included the 80th TFS "Headhunters," Itazuke AB '60-'64; short tours at Myrtle Beach AFB and Misawa AB with worldwide deployments as a Victor Alert Strike Pilot; and England AFB as a Flight Examiner with TDYs to Takhli RTAB and Da Nang. The Hun part of his career ended upon being reassigned as a FAC at Fort Carson in June '65.

The next Monday morning found Ron standing in front of the ex-SAC light colonel that ran the OD Program. The OD Program was this guy's empire and he required all to stand at parade rest in front of his desk as he reviewed their weekend reports. Finally satisfied with the report, the lieutenant colonel asked Ron for his issued equipment: badge, gun belt, and finally gun. Ron placed the first two items and a brown bag on the desk. The lieutenant colonel asked what in the hell is that, and Ron responded, "The gun sir." Ron said and explained the whole incident.

After which, the lieutenant colonel proclaimed, "SON, DON'T YOU KNOW, YOU **NEVER** GIVE ANYONE YOUR GUN !!!

For his penance, Ron had the pleasure of being OD for the next three weekends!

As for me, I have never forgotten that lesson Ron learned the hard way, from both a major and a lieutenant colonel!

"Do You Remember?"

Discovering the drag chute cable lacked 1/2 inch of reaching the locking jaws—which meant you had to lay on the wet ramp AGAIN to open the doors and re-arrange the harness— nd then the pilot chute popped out in your face 'cause you forgot to re-install the safety pin?

“Doc” asks, “Where does it hurt?” Babe wails, "Everywhere!"

The Hoax on Babe Branby

By Stu Galland

One of the funnier war stories to come out of the Super Sabre Society PIF (Pilot’s Information Folder), and the first story from that source to be in The Intake. *Ed.*

26 years in the cockpit. Active Hun tours at Luke ’63 and RAF Woodbridge, 79th TFS “Tigers” ’64-’67. Went with Illinois Guard. More Hun time including ’69 combat tour at RTAF Ubon. Hung it up in ’87 with 4800 total jet fighter hours (Hun. F-4C.D).`

It's amazing how these old stories catch up with you. I'm sure this stunt has been played more than once, so I'm not the only idiot in the crowd. This particular party (79th TFS of the 20th TFW) started out as a flight party at our Quonset hut Officer’s Club at RAF Woodbridge—vintage ‘62 or ’63. Things went downhill rapidly, and since I was the last one to make a Wheelus booze run, we progressed to my house in Ipswich. My wife at the time was not a happy camper since she was banished upstairs with two babies still in diapers.

Babe Branby

The poor victim was named Babe Branby. He was assistant A Flight commander and was constantly being harassed by our flight commander, Robby Robinette. Babe fit the picture. A great guy and a hell of a stick and rudder man, as I remember. He was about 5'7" tall and weighed about 240. Built like a perfect brick. Played college football somewhere out West *(University of Colorado, Ed.).* He was accused of not being the sharpest knife in the drawer and would bite on the slightest of Robbie's stupid pet tricks.

Babe had the booze tolerance of a seven-year-old kid and promptly barfed all over the living room rug where we were in the midst of the world championship arm wrestling contest. He then passed out, so we rolled him over and proceeded with the contest in the dining room. Sometime thereafter (many empty bottles later), Babe barfed again. Robbie staggered up and said something profound like, "Babe, you SOB. You're ruining the party." Then Robbie somehow got him up in a fireman’s carry, walked over to the front door and bodily threw him out the door into my wife's flower garden.

He whacked his lower leg on a brick front door column, but didn't make a sound, so we continued on. Stacy (I'll be a sum’bitch if I can remember his last name), our “great guy” flight surgeon, had driven the hospital meat wagon into town because he knew there would be WIA (Wounded In Action) who couldn't drive back to base housing. About three a.m., Babe showed signs of life like "oowwww, who bit my leg?" Robbie says, "Don't worry Babe. Stacy’s' here and will fix you up." So everyone loads into the meat wagon, and the party heads out to the dispensary to patch up Babe’s leg. Of course, red lights and siren were full up. We hoisted Babe (still semi-conscious) up on the table where Stacy performed his exam. There wasn't a mark on him, but Stacy deduced he might have a broken ankle and proceeded to get a cast ready.

Right next to the treatment area was a rehab setup with a set of adjustable weights. The Brits used to adjust them by filling them with ball bearings about three quarters the size of marbles to the desired weight. You can guess what happened next. Stacy carefully taped a marble tight between each of his toes and a few under the sole of his foot. By this time, we were all rolling on the floor with drunken black humor and ministering poor Babe with a few more shots of cognac. Doc strapped him down hard to the table in his new cast, hooked him up to a piss tube and told the nurse (she was in on it also) to just give him fluids if he woke up and tell him "Doc" would check him out first thing in the morning.

We all stayed on base because no one wanted to miss the action when he woke up. We waltzed back over about eight a.m. and could hear Babe from a block away. Pissed off does not begin to cover it. Stacy calmed him down by telling him he had suffered a serious leg injury the night before, which Babe bought hook line and sinker.

Then came the trying to walk part. One step on the cast and he's down to his knees. Doc asks “Where does it hurt?” and Babe wails "Everywhere!" We (six of us) can't keep it together and are absolutely on the floor. The funniest part is that Babe is full bore pissed at us because he thinks he really is injured, and we are all laughing at him. And the thing drags on a couple more hours while Doc wheels him down to x-ray to "look for more serious complications." Oh, the joys of a fighter pilot—and being in a detached squadron where you could get away with crap like this — **Stu.**

"Shakey" was certain he landed at Iwakuni. Now he wasn't so sure.

The Case of the Missing Hun

By Ron Standerfer

This story was making the rounds in Japan during the early 1960s. While the details remain clear in my mind, I have long since forgotten the characters involved. Their names, therefore, are fictional.

Present day Ron is the Publisher of The Intake, a former Misty, and the author of The Eagle's Last Flight, the story of a Hun driver during the Cold War and Vietnam.

The center of all social activity in the nuke alert facility at Kunsan Air Base, Korea was the pilots' lounge. That's where pilots from Misawa's 416th and 531st squadrons gathered every evening to pass the time and pursue their favorite hobby, which was storytelling. Everyone liked a humorous story about a practical joke recently played on one of their brethren, or perhaps a major screw-up by one of the young pilots.

One evening, "Moose" McIntyre, a flight commander from the 416th, was holding forth about the trials and tribulation of "Shakey" Morgan, one of his young lieutenants. Everyone gathered around to listen. Moose was one of the best storytellers in the squadron.

"It was a typical winter day in Misawa," he began. "The weather was bad all over Northern Japan and there was a bunch of aircraft in the air. Meanwhile, Shakey managed to get himself separated from his flight leader and was trying to land before a snowstorm arrived. But just as he started his instrument approach, the visibility turned to dog manure. He had to go around. 'No sweat,' the supervisor of flying (SOF) told him, 'Go into orbit and wait. It'll probably clear up in a few minutes.' Shakey did as was told, and sure enough, it cleared up. He made another approach but before he could land, the visibility dropped to zero again.

This time, the SOF told him they'd found a tanker that was airborne and had fuel available to offload. 'Hit the tanker and get some fuel,' he said, 'and then come back and orbit some more. It's bound to clear up soon.'

Shakey was not thrilled with this idea. He's tired, and his ass was getting sore. But he did it anyway. He only downloaded two thousand pounds, though. He figured if he takes more, they'll make him stay up there forever.

He spent another hour in orbit and he's starting to get pissed. Finally the SOF told him it was not going to clear up and sent him south to land at an alternate airfield. So the next thing you know, our boy lands at Iwakuni right into the hands of the Marine Air Wing based there."

The listeners began to smile. They could see what was coming. The Marines stationed in Japan had a reputation for heavy drinking, hell-raising, and creating mischief in general. This was because, unlike the Air Force, they were not allowed to take their families overseas. So their tours resembled one long, drunken bachelor party.

"Things started out pretty smooth when Shakey arrived," Moose continued. "A couple of young pilots met his aircraft to welcome him and told him their squadron would be his host while he was there. 'We'll take care of your aircraft,' they said, 'and get you checked into your quarters. Then we'll go to the club. We've got a party planned in your honor.' It all sounded pretty good to Shakey. He was tired and in need of liquid refreshment.

That night the party was the usual Marine group grope; with lots of yelling, screaming, loud singing, and spilling drinks on each other. They tried their best to get Shakey drunk, but by the end of the evening, he was still standing. There were only two fights at the bar and he wasn't involved in either one. All in all, it was a successful evening. Score one for the Air Force!

The next morning, he woke up with a vicious hangover. After downing a handful of aspirins and a couple of cokes he headed down to base ops. The weather was clear as a bell. When he got there he called Misawa. It was clear there too. After filing a flight plan he strode out the door confidently, standing tall and looking good. But when Shakey walked out on the ramp he got a big surprise. His aircraft was not there! He looked up and down the ramp. There were dozens of Marine A-4s, but no F-100."

Has anybody seen an Air Force F-100?

"While Shakey was standing in the middle of the ramp with his thumb up his rear end, a young sergeant drove up in a jeep. 'Can I help you, sir?' he asked.

'Yeah, I'm looking for the F-100 I parked here yesterday, Serial Number 225.'

The sergeant looked genuinely puzzled. 'F-100? I just came on duty but I don't remember seeing one. Let me call the command post and see if they know anything.' The command post assured them they knew nothing about an Air Force F-100.

By then, Shakey was totally confused, and it was hard to think with his hangover. He couldn't figure where

the aircraft could be. It was like the *Twilight Zone* or something.

'Maybe somebody came and took it back,' the sergeant offered. 'Or maybe it's at another Marine base. Are you sure you landed here?' It was hard for him to say the last sentence with a straight face, but he managed. Shakey gave him a filthy look and stomped into base ops.

After thinking it over, Shakey decided it was best to stall for time until he sorted things out. That's when he called me. 'Boss,' he said, 'I won't be able to make it back today. I have a small problem with the aircraft.'

'What kind of problem?' I asked.

'Nothing serious.'

Right away I'm suspicious because he didn't volunteer any info on what was wrong.

'Okay,' I said, 'but get back here tomorrow.'

The next 24 hours were a carbon copy of the previous ones—more drinking, another hangover, and no F-100. Shakey was starting to panic. Everybody at the base was sympathetic, but nobody knew where his aircraft was. He needed more time. When he called again, he told me he was sick and couldn't fly. I knew he was BS-ing me, but I figured what the hell. He probably fell in love with some Japanese bar girl. He'd been working hard lately, so I decided to cut him some slack. 'Okay,' I said, 'but I want you back tomorrow, for sure.'

On day three, Shakey was beside himself. He was out of time and out of excuses, and his aircraft was still missing. He knew he had to call me, but what was he going to say: 'Sorry boss, but I can't come back because someone stole my aircraft?' No way. Anyway, he finally called. When he started talking about still being sick I jumped right in with both feet. 'Listen up, Lieutenant,' I said, 'I want you to get your ass in that aircraft and be back here by two o'clock this afternoon. Do you understand me? That's an order!' "

Moose to the Rescue

"Young Shakey was tough but I could hear his voice starting to tremble, like he was on the verge of crying. Finally it all came out. 'Well,' I said, 'that's different. Just hang loose at base ops while I sort this out.' Then I hung up.

I was pretty sure I knew what happened, and what I had to do to fix things. I had to get those Marines' attention, which meant a head-on, ball-busting, frontal attack. It's the only language they understand. So, I picked up the phone and called the wing commander's office at Iwakuni. The young major who answered the phone was a cool customer. I could tell right away he wasn't going to be bulldozed by some Air Force type.

'This is Captain McIntyre up at the 39th Air Division in Misawa,' I began. 'We're thinking of sending thirty-six F-100s down to your base this afternoon for a kind of no-notice exercise.'

'Thirty-six aircraft? We don't have a lot of ramp space here.'

'Oh, we wouldn't be any trouble. We'll just fly down, park the aircraft and maybe stay awhile…if we have to.' I dropped that last part about staying awhile on him real slow, so he would get the message.

The young major didn't take the bait. 'I don't think that would be convenient, Captain,' he said.

'Well," I said, 'I'm sorry to hear that. But look, how about this idea? Instead of us sending thirty six F-100s there, what if you were to send one F-100 up here? Wouldn't that be a lot simpler?'

'I have no idea what you are talking about,' he said. 'Besides, I would have to get the wing commander's permission to do something like that. I don't have the authority.'

I thought to myself, he thinks I'm bluffing. It's time to drop the other shoe.

'Oh, don't you worry about the permission part. General Beverly, our division commander, will be calling your boss in about an hour to discuss this project.' That got his attention. I could tell he was about to fold.

'I don't think we need to bother the colonel with something like this. Let me see if I can work something out.'

'I would appreciate that,' I said. 'We need the bird here by this afternoon.'

An hour later, the phone rang. It was our base ops calling to say an F-100 was inbound from Iwakuni. Shakey was in the chocks at two o'clock sharp. He had flown all the way home at high mach cruise."

Moose sat back in his chair looking very pleased with himself. Clearly, he'd enjoyed explaining how he had saved the day.

"Where was the aircraft all that time?" someone asked.

"Where was it? Practically under Shakey's nose, that's where. As soon as he left for the BOQ they towed it through a gate next to base ops, across the highway, and into an old barn that belonged to some rice farmer. Shakey said when he went to preflight it there was still straw in the intake and on the wings."

"Was General Beverly really going to call the wing commander?" another asked. Moose rolled his eyes at the speaker as if speaking to a child who was not very bright. "Are you kidding me? Not even my ops officer knew about this, much less our division commander. It was sheer bluff all the way!"

Four flameouts over the Med en-route to Wheelus, and a fifth at High Key? An unforgettable memory!

Flameout !

By William "Eibs" Eibach

It was September 6, 1966, and I was flying cross-country in the front seat of an F-100F from Torrejon AB, Spain, to Wheelus AB, Libya, with an official passenger. Strapped into my back cockpit was Colonel Ralph C. Jenkins, Vice Commander of Sixteenth Air Force. Col. Jenkins, a career SAC pilot who held fighter pilots in less than high esteem, had been directed by his commander "to go learn about the fighter business." And I, as an Instructor Pilot, had been scheduled to fly him down to Wheelus in a fighter to start his prescribed orientation. Unknown to either of us, we were about to create an unforgettable memory.

Our flight proceeded normally until we reached a point 130 NM north of our destination. We were still over water when the cockpit suddenly filled with smoke followed by the AC generator going off line. Following emergency procedures, I attempted to reset the AC generator several times before it came on line. About five minutes later it failed again. The engine continued to run normally for another four or five minutes when suddenly it began to surge between 85% and 90% RPM. We were then only sixty-five to seventy NM out. Reducing the throttle setting, I selected emergency fuel and initiated a descent from FL 330. As we reached approximately FL 300, the engine flamed out.

I accomplished an airstart using the emergency fuel system and set the power at 90%. The engine performed normally for about three minutes when a second flameout occurred. After another successful airstart we experienced two more flameouts and successful restarts, keeping the power constant at 90% when the engine was running. And, with more good fortune, we were right over the Wheelus runway at 13,000 feet (a near perfect High Key position) when the fifth and final flameout happened.

I then turned my attention away from further airstart attempts and concentrated on the flameout landing pattern. I briefed Col. Jenkins on our situation, recommending that we eject if the pattern was not perfect at the Low Key and base leg (270 degree) points. Actually, at both those points the situation look pretty perfect, and we both elected to commit to landing the aircraft. We continued the approach and landed quite successfully!

After this first eventful fighter flight for him and subsequent safe landing, Col. Jenkins upgraded his negative attitude toward fighter pilots quickly. His conversion was first evidenced by his buying numerous rounds of drinks for all the thirsty, "professionally interested," fighter pilots as we debriefed our adventure publicly in the bar at the Officer's Club. Col. Jenkins continued his successful "fighter business" orientation on the Wheelus gunnery ranges by flying two flights a day for the remainder of the week—in the back seat of other Huns with other instructors.

In 14 years of flying the Super Sabre, it never let me down, at least to the point of joining the Caterpillar Club. But this mission was sure pushing that limit. I wonder how many others have experienced the excitement of a dead stick landing in a two seat Hun?


WELL DONE

WILLIAM J. EIBACH
Captain
307 Tac Ftr Sqdn

***SSS Charter Member. Hun time includes operational tours at Clark '60-'61, Itazuke '61-'63, Alex '63-'66, Torrejon '66-'69, Tuy Hoa '69-'70, and* Shaw 9AF Stan/Eval '70-'72.**

Editor's Note: Captain William J. Eibach was awarded the USAFE "Well Done" Award in July 1967 for "his professional skill and flying ability preventing the loss of an aircraft." His write-up also appeared in the July 1967 USAF Aerospace Safety Magazine.

Military Truisms
WISDOM - FROM THE MILITARY MIND

"It is generally inadvisable to eject directly over the area you just bombed." - U.S. Air Force Manual
"Bravery is being the only one who knows you're afraid." - David Hackworth
"If you see a bomb technician running, follow him." - USAF Ammo Troop
"The only time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire."

" … he could only fly home in silence, dreaming of a cold beer at the O'Club to calm his nerves."

Checking Out The New Guy

By Francis "Rusty" Gideon

Here is one that may or may not be true. And if it is true, it may have happened to someone other than I remember. But I have been telling this story the same way for over thirty years, so here it comes again. As I heard Chuck Yeager explaining just the other day, "I tell it like I remember it, not necessarily like it happened!"

The tale is about an old friend many of you know—Dave Jenny, one of the best single-seat pilots around, including his time in the Hun! But even the best of us have our moments, and if it can happen in an airplane, sooner or later it will.

Dave was nearing the completion of his tour at Phan Rang in 1968. He was assigned to the 614th TFS, 35th TFW. As an IP, he was tasked to check out a new arrival in theater. The new guy was actually an old head in the Hun and just needed some local familiarization flights to be turned loose on the VC in South Vietnam. This particular flight was the last one in the series—a night solo, ground attack checkout. They went in a flight of two. Dave's aircraft had four napes, and the new guy's bird was loaded with four MK-82 HD's.

Regular member of the SSS, Rusty flew Huns at Phan Rang in '68–'69, and at Lakenheath until '72 when they retired the Hun. While not a member of the SSS Caterpillar Club, he later parked an A-10 in the California desert, trying his best to remove ugliness from the Earth. "There's a little Warthog in everybody."

Their FAC had found a large food cache. After hearing about the fighters' ordnance, he decided to have the FNG (New Guy), with his exterior lights off, drop all his bombs first to spread the food around, and then Dave would come in with the napes to burn it up. Dave was to orbit off to the side at a safe altitude with his exterior lights on until the FNG was finished, and then they would change places, and exterior light conditions, while Dave went to work, and the new guy would orbit.

The plan worked well and the FNG did a great job with his bombs. But all hell broke loose when Dave rolled in to start the fires. Tracers were everywhere, streaming by the cockpit on every pass. Dave had to shuck and jive all over the sky to keep from taking a round in his nose. Never had he experienced such a terrifying series of bombing runs. When he finally got out of there alive, he could only fly home in silence, dreaming of a cold beer at the O'Club to calm his nerves.

The maintenance van met them in the revetments to give Dave and his FNG checkout student a ride back to Ops. Seeing Dave still a little shook up, and hearing for the third time how fortunate Dave felt he was to be alive, the FNG drawled, "You know, Dave, if I were you, I would have turned my lights off."

The Legendary Bob Hoover … Continued from Page 25

The starting air is fed into a connection on the underside of the aircraft where a butterfly valve is supposed to open and let the air into the engine. I believed the butterfly valve wasn't opening (I had had this problem before), so I took a panel off to check things out. I asked the airman on the starting unit if he had a hammer, but he didn't. All I had was a flashlight, but I decided that was better than nothing. I told him to give it "air" one more time and I started hitting the butterfly valve with the flashlight. I heard a "click," the valve opened, the air entered the engine, we had a good start, and the crowd cheered!

The Living Legend flew in suit and tie.

In retrospect, I bet a few onlookers in the crowd believed that it takes a flashlight to get an F-100 started!

Bob put on a great show, and several of his maneuvers involved touching down on the runway and then going around. I counted thirteen "touchdowns," and I figured the tires on the aircraft would be in shreds when he finished. With no F-100 maintenance or tires at Castle, I assumed I would be stuck there for a couple of days until they brought in some help from Luke. After Bob landed, I checked the tires and they were in perfect shape. That really required a great touch, and epitomized Hoover's world-class piloting skills. He was indeed a living legend.

"My F-100 Pals," or "With Friends Like These …"

By Jack Hartmann

SSS charter member Jack is a contributing editor of The Intake staff. With over 5.000 hours of single-seat fighter time, his favorite aircraft remains the F-100.

It was 1964, and I'd just graduated from CCTS at Luke. Got my first choice in assignments—the 31st TFW at Homestead AFB, Florida! Whooo-wheee … what an assignment for a bachelor! I was in seventh heaven. I'm sure the guys in my new squadron will take me under their wing and show me the ropes. (Boy, did they ever!). I met Carl Young, Don Duff, Willie Wilson, and my Squadron Commander, Woodfin "Sully" Sullivan, all willing to take good care of the new lieutenant. At the first squadron meeting I heard that our TDY to Turkey was moved up. Stupid me asked, "What do we do in Turkey?" After the laughter subsided and I heard the answer, I whined, "WHAT?!! —sit nuke alert! But I'm a fighter pilot, not a bomber pilot!" I ended up going over in a transport plane. Don Duff explained the rule: "Unless you've air refueled across the pond before, you can't air refuel across the pond." (Made sense to me, maybe that's why Don was a major!)

Well, there we were at Cigli AB heading toward the alert pad for our in-briefing. I sure liked that dice game they taught me at the O'Club last night called 4-5-6. Maybe my luck will improve tomorrow night. As we approached the alert building I commented, "Look! Our building is right near the end of the runway! What an opportunity to get some neat shots of Huns landing. I even brought my camera!"

Paul Da San Martino quickly volunteered, "Hey Jack - you can cut across that field and get up real close to the runway…I got some good shots there yesterday. Why don't you give me your ID card and I'll take care of registering you for your alert badge. We'll tell the duty officer you're out by the runway."

There I was - snapping some cool photos of landing F-100s when all hell broke loose! There must have been a dozen AP trucks heading right at me with their lights a-goin' and their guns drawn. GUNS DRAWN!! HOLY MACKERAL!!! They must think I'm a Russian spy! My buddies must have forgotten to tell the duty officer! "Spread 'em, buddy", barked the big sergeant. "That's no way to talk to an offi … " WHACK * BAM - UGH - * (Sure doesn't take much time to hit the dirt face down when you've got three HUGE APs helping you!!)

"Wait! I'm one of the F-100 pilots! You can't arrest me!" OOF * - SLAM - CLICK* "There's no need for handcuffs … really I'm an Air Force officer and …"

"Save it you commie bastard! We'll teach you to stay away from top-secret places - a real officer would have an ID on him. We've searched you everywhere and no ID!!"

"But … but … I gave it to one of my buddies so he could register me for my line badge over at the alert pad and … "

"Stow it, Russkie. No one in his right mind gives away his military ID. And besides you register for your line badge at SECURITY—where we're taking you!"

I thought it was unnecessary for them to put me in a cell, take my shoelaces and all sharp objects - this was ridiculous! "Sarge, would you call F-100 OPS, they'll explain everything … honest!"

"Hello, Ops?" growled the Sarge. "We've caught this spy hanging around the Nuke Alert Facility - says his name is Jack Hartmann and … you never heard of him, eh? You don't have any lieutenants in your outfit? Ah, yes, I understand. Nuclear bombs can't be trusted to a mere lieutenant! I'm sure he's a spy—no pilot would ever carry a camera near a nuke facility."

"Wait a minute!" I pleaded. "Really … I … I'm a pilot! My buddies are just pulling a joke on me … really!"

"No way, pal," sneered the sergeant. "Colonel Sullivan recommended we turn you over to the Turks for interrogation. Gonna' transfer you in the morning."

I sat on the hard bed pondering my fate for about an hour when I heard a commotion in the front office. Just then, ten laughing, beer guzzling Hun pilots burst into the lockup guffawing and carrying on. The nightmare was all a joke—I'd been had! *(By experts, no doubt. Ed.)*

Front Cover: "A Deadly Jester lands at Hahn" by Wally Mason.

Back Cover: "Last 48thTFW Flyby at Wheelus" by Paul Yost.


B-2
52794
FW-794
U.S. AIR FORCE