

Summer 2016

Issue 31

# *The Intake*

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



— “Hun Legacy Display Collection” —

*Saint Maries, ID, Muni Airport: Hun Number 56-3819* (Credits, page 2.)

*The Duane Baker Story: A KIA Hun Driver's Son Grapples with the Truth*  
(Featured article, page 30.)

*Nothing Is As It Appears* (Article by Jackie Douglass, page 10.)

# The Intake

Summer 2016, Vol. 2, Issue 31

JOURNAL OF THE SUPER SABRE SOCIETY

- 3 Staff Corner: Pres. & Editor
- 4 Incoming/Outgoing Correspondence
- 6 Stake Your Claim (SYC) Dept.
- 7 SYC Bonus: Two Flameout Landings, By Don Emigholz
- 9 Too Foggy at Woody, By James E. Smith, Jr. *79<sup>th</sup> TFS Tale of Yore*
- 10 Nothing Is As It Appears, By Jackie Douglass *"From a wife's perspective."*
- 12 Dumb Things Done In a Hun, By Ron Green *Flying under a boat?*
- 13 Let's Kill the Captain, By Mark Barent *Rumble in the Jungle*
- 17 Current Events: Palm Springs Air Museum Annual Gala Report, By Al Dempsey *Another memorable affair.*
- 20 The Way We Were, By Shaun Ryan *Popular Center Spread Dept.*

- 22 A Ft. Wayne After Action Report, By Don Shepperd *"Would you believe four sorties in a single day!"*
- 28 My First F-100C Flight at the Luke School House, By Roger Carleton
- 29 The Unforgotten War, By Vito Tomasino *Generation to Generation*
- 30 The Duane Baker Story: A KIA Hun Driver's Son Grapples with the Truth, By David D. Baker
- 34 Another Dumb Thing Done In a Hun, By Davey Sanderson
- 35 A Harry Brown SYC Revisited, By Medley Gatewood
- 36 The SYC Evidence Room
- 37 High Jinks at Itazuke, By Willie Wilson *Via Daryl Hubbard*
- 38 The Ballad of "Joe" and "Passion." By Greg Butler *Another Hoax Story*



Front Cover Credits

Photo Editor Shaun Ryan doesn't recall how/when he came by this pic of an F-100F that looks like a typical "Hun on a stick." But closer inspection of [56-3819](#) reveals that it is actually a working weather vane converted to that function for their muni-airport by citizens of Saint Maries, ID. Shaun found and sent us a May, 2004 newspaper clipping that tells the tale of how they acquired the aircraft, put it back together, and mounted it, completing their effort on 7 May 2004. What a journey. Read all about what a small town did over a 13-year period to get "their Hun" on page 18!

## Dues Status

If your DUES STATUS (printed on the envelope this came in) is **"In Arrears,"** our records show that as of 10 July, you had not paid for 2016: **\$35 payable on or before 1 January of each year.** If you are **"In Arrears,"** please take care of that **MEMBER responsibility ASAP!**

If you're not sure of your dues status, **take action to find out!** Contact: CFO (David Hatten) at email, [david@houseofhatten.com](mailto:david@houseofhatten.com) / phone (512) 261-5071, or Membership (Dewey Clawson) at [deweyclawson@hotmail.com](mailto:deweyclawson@hotmail.com) / phone (724) 336-4273.

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**From the President's Desk**

Clearly it's kudos time for three of our most deserving: Medley, Hoppy and Win Reither. What these guys have done for us, much unseen and under-appreciated, is simply amazing.

First to Medley: our undying thanks for perhaps the finest journal of its sort in existence. John Schulz's masterful prose in his "From the Editor" column says it all. What seems easy usually isn't, and Medley has made it all seem easy, readable and enjoyable from the beginning with three doses of humor, history, and fighter pilot horror per year in our *Intake*. Our gratitude is replete, but our reward is simple. We're conferring upon Medley the title of "Editor Emeritus." Why? Because we can! And, because it's well-deserved (and it doesn't cost anything)! When we announced our decision in the June board meeting, Medley was genuinely moved. Sometimes the best things in life are free—the deep appreciation, thanks and admiration of friends and colleagues in a respected profession.

To Hoppy: the Ft. Wayne F-100 flying event was enjoyable and emotional. Hoppy envisioned it, organized it, paid \$5,000 of his own money to make it happen for the rest of us, then conducted it with the skill of a symphonic maestro—flights, barbecues, dinners and two new traditions: a Doolittle Raiders-like "Last Man Standing" toasting cabinet that's truly a work of art, and a "Fighter Pilots Table" with memorabilia in memory of comrades flown west. We saw 17 F-100 rides in four days without an abort, all accompanied by smiles, hugs, kisses and tears from friends and family—well done, Hop, and THANKS! None who attended will ever forget this Ft. Wayne event.

To Win: a website could be constructed by our grandkids, but designing a quality, secure and appealing website with our legacy in mind is no simple task, especially on a limited budget. Working with our new web design expert, Jack Paddock, Win has provided a site that, when complete, will be the Internet equivalent of *The Intake*. It will be key to inserting our bios securely, with video interviews that can be viewed by our great, great grandkids 150 years from now—as well as containing current events, photos and news of upcoming events. Early glitches are being worked out and you will be amazed by the result. We are already receiving much attention from outside visitors on the Internet, making others aware of our history and the amazing things we did in peace and war, thus, as our mission statement says, we "preserve the history of the F-100 Super Sabre and the men who flew the aircraft"—thanks Win and Jack.

Planning for our next big event is well underway for April 25-28, 2017, when our reunion will again be at the Gold Coast Hotel in Las Vegas. Details and registration instructions will be on the website and announced by emails. We hope to make this BIG, with some interesting new tour options and some surprises. It comes on the heels of the F-86 Sabre Pilots Association reunion. Come see some exciting new project proposals: a monument, a book, and a video. Most important, just come visit and laugh, lie, drink and remember with old friends—we aren't getting any younger. **ONWARD AND UPWARD!** — *Shep*

**From the Editor**

Learning all the Hun emergency procedures? The Dash-1? Mastering the Hun, till it was just a piece of you, going next, unthinking, wherever you wanted to be? All a piece of cake compared to the myriad details involved in producing an issue of *The Intake*! Would you believe about six or seven steps and clicks just to insert one picture?

Medley Gatewood has been doing all that, and then nursing each issue through publication and distribution for nigh on a decade or more. I've worked with him ever since Issue 4, providing whatever insights or knowledge I had acquired as editor-publisher of a monthly journal and news magazine back in the '90s. But then I had a guy who did all the "layout stuff." Now dat be *me*!

With each of many "phone-a-thon" tutorials from our very patient "Pub Med," I've grown in my admiration for what he has done, and the tons of hours it took to do it. We've been mighty lucky to have him. And Medley is lucky this journal is only published three times a year or he would have no other life at all.

Learning the many tricks and secrets of the MS Word program from him may have tried his patience more than somewhat. I rate my learning curve as "well below mediocre." I shouldn't be allowed lunch breaks or recess—I forget stuff fast.

Our goal is to make this transition without a drop in the quality of this remarkable journal. Medley and I are working hard to ensure that. As for the future? I am ever mindful that we want to convey the "history, heroics and humor" of a remarkable, gifted and hand-picked group of men who were, so proudly, "Hun Drivers," and rightfully, remain proud of that to this day.

There are still lots of stories to be told, but our "story stash" is in decline. So "*Uncle John needs you*" to send us those stories you have been telling during "war story time" over the years. Please grab a keyboard and start typing! A team of extremely able folks, listed on the inside cover, is standing by to "invisibly edit" and process your work. This collective effort results in the high quality journal you've come to expect and enjoy as you begin another trip down memory lane.

Medley has *loads* of work as publisher, and is still honcho for several sections in each issue. And he'll guide me as I crawl up the learning curve to bring you each new issue. There is an old saying about church: "Ch and Ch mean nothing unless UR in it." Ditto for *The Intake*. You're cleared in hot with your stories! — "*JJ*" Schulz

Here are several items of interest received from members or other sources since Issue 30 hit the streets. Here we also publish other pertinent information we consider worthy of note. As always, we welcome comments, additions and especially corrections (heaven forefend that we ever need correcting!).

As indicated in “From the Editor” on the previous page, we are in an Editor-transition phase from R. Medley Gatewood to John J. Schulz. And because most all the Incoming correspondence post-Issue 30 was directed to Medley, we’re going to let him “do” this department “**one more time.**” Beginning right now, please send correspondence to the Editor (emails, phone calls, or snail mail) to me at [jjschulz@bu.edu](mailto:jjschulz@bu.edu) or via my other contact data you’ll find on page 39. I look forward to hearing from you. Thanks, and take it away, Medley (Publisher, or “PUB” for short)! — **Newbie Ed., JJS**



#### General Comments on Issue 30

I used this space in Issue 30 to indicate my appreciation for the tons of “thank you notes” we received concerning my 10 years of service as Editor. Again, after Issue 30 went out, more thank you notes poured in. The subject of the first of those, from Don Campbell, was “We’ll Miss Ya.” And that is a very good summary of what all the rest of them said! So, I’m riding into the sunset of my “only-the-publisher” world with mixed emotions. A bit weary, but mighty proud of what our journal, *The Intake*, has come to mean to our readers, and particular grateful to the many people who have helped make that accomplishment a reality: those people being the Intake staff, other officers and Board members of the SSS, our printer (presently RedStone Visual) and our mailing contractor (Metro Mailer). All those folks contribute to the kudos; this one may be one of the best: “No magazine among the many I get brings as much anticipation and happiness as *The Intake* (including the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit edition). You’ve done a hell of a job. Thanks.” (Name withheld to protect the innocent submitter.) Now, to finish up this Dept. “one more time.”



#### Specific Comments on Issue 30

▶ The very first comment to arrive was from one of our Final Proofreaders, **Crow Wilson**. Ever the eagle-eye in that critical job, Crow had pointed out before we went to press that Pete Fleischhacker’s name in an article on page 38 “had one too many h letters.” So I took a quick look at the offending spelling, knowing well that Pete’s last name really does have two adjacent h letters. Seeing the multiple h letters, I assumed that Crow didn’t know that the spelling really did have two h letters, and that all was copacetic. WRONG. When Crow’s comment AFTER he got his printed copy came, it simply said, “Did you miss fixing my find about Pete Fleischhacker’s last name on page 38?” Puzzled, I quickly looked up Crow’s original description of his “find,” and compared it with the printed document. Oops! There are THREE, not two, h letters there! Well, as they say in the first word of Sierra Hotel, sierra happens! So, apologies went out quickly to both Crow and Pete. And, thank goodness, both forgave me for my way-too-quick-a-look at what Crow had correctly found. Case closed.

▶ **Dick Hefton** was an early commenter, too. In addition to nice general kudos on *The Intake*, he particularly praised the story about Yeager’s Hun, “The City of Barstow.” But he took exception to one phrase by the author of the *Desert Dispatch* newspaper article, Steve Smith, on page 24. To the right of the picture of Yeager in front of the 1<sup>st</sup> FDS building, Smith says, “At George, Yeager was named the leader of the 1<sup>st</sup> Squadron (Day), the first supersonic squadron.” “Not so,” Dick affirmed, “It was the 436<sup>th</sup> FDS, which received the first F-100As.” Dick went on to give some history of the Huns at George, and we’ll take his version that the 436<sup>th</sup> was actually the first Hun-equipped squadron as the truth in this matter. Dick also said, in so many words, that other than that mistake, Mr. Smith had done a fine job (for a layman civilian) with his “flashback” contributions of Hun history. We agree with Dick! So let the record be set straight about the first supersonic unit.



436<sup>th</sup> FDS



#### Recruiting New SSS Members

This email from **Charlie Parker**, poses an important question that I address in my reply to him. “I recently met a Hun driver who is not an SSS member. Are there any spare copies of *The Intake* available that I could send him to generate some interest? I’ll gladly pay for the copies and mailing. Hope all’s well with you. Issue #30 came out looking great. I was glad to have been a part. Cheers,” (Charlie is one of our new Final Proofreaders.)

All: please take note of this reply in case you have opportunity to recruit other Hun Drivers to the SSS: “Charlie, We have quite a few ‘surplus’ copies of most editions of our journal, and using them to recruit new members is a good thing to use them for. So give me the guy’s name, Hun experience, and contact data, and I’ll send him a few copies. We don’t charge the cost of the copies nor the postage for



Charlie Parker

recruiting work like this. Yep, Issue 30 is one of the best, if not THE best issue we've done. Glad you enjoyed your part on this one and will be working with us for the foreseeable future. — **Medley**"



### SSS Board of Directors Election

Very important! Please see page 19 for election of Vice President and Director-at-Large procedures.



### Wanted: HELP!

This item is a NOTAM of sorts and a cry for help from **PK Robinson**, who writes: "I am doing a little research to determine combat sorties in Vietnam in support of KB Clark's SYC on missions flown ... and to uncover what some mission symbols that are other than O1A and O1B (KB has counted only O1A/O1B missions for his SYC). Do you think you could slip the following inquiry into the next Intake? 'PK Robinson is trying to determine what type of flight the following Form 5. Mission Symbols represent: O2, O2A, O3, O3A, O8, O8A, T3, T3A. Please reply to: [pk-robinson@msn.com](mailto:pk-robinson@msn.com).' "

OK troops. Flood PK with your answers, and we'll make sure to pass the results on to all of you.



### FSS Website and Huns on Display Maps

Once again, SSSer and FSS CIO and Webmaster **Bob Weston** has come up with, well, a masterpiece for the FSS website. And given our Intake Issue 31's spotlight on an SSS Hun Legacy Display Collection aircraft on both the front and back covers, we need to make all SSS members aware of Bob's achievement. The best way to do that is to guide you to Bob's masterpiece. Go to the FSS website homepage at <http://friendsofthesupersabre.org/>. There, click on the "Displays" link at the top right of your screen. A dropdown list will appear. Click on the United States Map as an example. You'll arrive at a page with a Google map that looks like this. Wow! How he do dat? No time for construction details, but here is the color code used for each model type of Hun: Red = A, Yellow = C, Blue = D, Green = F, and Black = QF-100 D or F.



"Ok, now what?" you say. Lots of options. You can zoom to and click on any Hun symbol and get the basic info about that particular jet. For example look at the F-model at the D-M Heritage Park that we featured on our Issue 29 front cover.

Bob supplies all the data he has on each Display Hun: basic "now" stuff, and ancillary items, like more pictures, and, for instance, the assignment history of the selected Hun. Bob gets that kind of info from Associate SSSer Henk Scharringa's F-100 Serials Database website: <http://www.supersabre.org/f100.html>.

Bob gets that kind of info from Associate SSSer Henk Scharringa's F-100 Serials Database website: <http://www.supersabre.org/f100.html>.

**F-100F 56-3727**

Heritage Park  
3369 S. Craycroft Rd.  
Davis-Monthan AFB  
Tucson, AZ  
Maj. Bill Douglas and Maj. George Day painted on the canopy rail.  
On loan from NMUSAF

[More Pictures](#)  
[History](#)  
[Web Site](#)



Serial	Type	Act.	Cmd	Unit	Squadron	Code	Station	Date
56-3727	F-100F	AV						
	F-100F	GA	AMC	NAMIC		PP	INGLEWOOD, CA	1-3-1957
	F-100F	GF	AMC	NAMIC		EB	INGLEWOOD, CA	7-4-1958
	3F-100F	G	AMC	NAMIC		EB	INGLEWOOD, CA	3-3-1959
	3F-100F	G	SVS	SWCCE		E1	KIRTLAND AFB, NM	30-8-1962
	3F-100F	GB	LOG	SMAAR		WO	MCCLELLAN AFB, CA	25-5-1964
	3F-100F	GF	SVS	EGCCE		EH		31-7-1964
	3F-100F	GB	SVS	SWCCE		EH	KIRTLAND AFB, NM	18-8-1964
	3F-100F	GB	LOG	SMAAR		WO	MCCLELLAN AFB, CA	15-6-1966
	3F-100F	GB	SVS	SWCCE		EH	KIRTLAND AFB, NM	28-7-1966
	3F-100F	GB	LOG	SMAAR		WO	MCCLELLAN AFB, CA	2-9-1966
	3F-100F	GB	SVS	SWCCE		EH	KIRTLAND AFB, NM	2-9-1966
	F-100F	GF	ANG	114-TFG	175-TFS	CC	JOE FOSS ANG, SD	10-4-1970
	F-100F	GB	ANG	114-TFG	175-TFS	FL	JOE FOSS ANG, SD	10-4-1970
	F-100F	GF	SVS	BDCC		FL	HOLLOMAN AFB, NM	14-5-1970
	F-100F	GB	ANG	150-TFG	188-TFS	FL	KIRTLAND AFB, NM	26-5-1970
	F-100F	GF	ANG	150-TFG	188-TFS	CC	KIRTLAND AFB, NM	3-6-1970
	F-100F	G	ANG	159-TFG	122-TFS	CC	NAS NEW ORLEANS, LA	___-1974
	F-100F	G	ANG	162-TFG	152-TFS	CC	TUCSON IAP, AZ	___-1976
	F-100F	GF	LOG	MSDC		FE360	DAVIS MONTHAN AFB, AZ	7-9-1977
	F-100F	G	MUS	MUSEUM			WRIGHT PATTERSON AFB, OH	22-9-1993
	F-100F	G	DIS			SS	DAVIS MONTHAN AFB, AZ	___-1994
	F-100F	G	MUS				WARRIOR PARK, AZ	___-2006

You get the gist of this masterpiece of an idea? We hope so. At least you should understand enough to start exploring this truly original and useful creation, now available for all who have enquiring minds and long to visit the world of all known

## HUNS ON DISPLAY!

For further details and help with this site contact Bob Weston or Medley Gatewood.



### IMPORTANT NEW INFORMATION ON IDIOPATHIC PULMONARY FIBROSIS VA CLAIMS

Many SSS members have been diagnosed with Idiopathic Pulmonary Fibrosis (IPF), which has a direct correlation with toxic MIL-STD 7808 oil mist bleed leaks from the J57 engine. After years of lobbying by **Win Reither** and a few others, and, more recently, many others, the VA has issued its second approved claim for 100% service-connected disability for an F-100 pilot—this time, Gary Parent, who died in 2014—the 29<sup>th</sup> in a long line of Hun victims. His widow has received Widow Indemnity Compensation and Texas Property Tax exemption for life, as a result of lobbying that forced this decision. Prior to their deaths in 2013 and 2014, afflicted F-100 pilots Parent, B.V. Johnson and Phil Edsall worked long and hard to publicize IDF and to try to convince the VA of the connection to military service.

**Win** wrote recently to say that if you, or any other F-100 pilots you know are suffering from IDF or have been diagnosed with the disease, they should contact him at [win@reither.com](mailto:win@reither.com). ■



Stake Your Claim (SYC)

By Jim Brasier [Jim's contacts: [f100sabre@cox.net](mailto:f100sabre@cox.net), (602) 757-2636]

*Memories are still as sharp as ever as the SYCs come rolling in. This issue has three new claims and two claim challenges. Don Emigholz's recollections of his two successful flameout landings while flying with the Skyblazer acrobatic team in Europe is particularly gripping and a must read (see page 7).*

**New Claims — ► Gary Nopsker** is seeking to get onto the SYC Scoreboard with his claim that, as a stud going through the Luke F-100 long course back in the day (13 June 1963), he achieved something remarkable. While equipped only with an F-100D, a BDU-33 practice bomb and a GI wrist watch, he employed an upside down way of delivering a bomb at the ground by tossing it skyward in what is affectionately known by all Cold War F-100 pilots as the "Over the Shoulder" maneuver, or OTS for short. And, after the "air gods" had their way with the BDU-33 during its approximately one minute flight over the Luke range (and to the astonishment of the IP, Mike Filliman, RIP), said bomb splashed smack on the target's "Bullseye" and *within one second* of its assigned Time On/Over Target (TOT). This herculean accomplishment, which many have attempted, but few have achieved, was duly documented for posterity on Gary's grade sheet, (see framed document on page 36). The SYC Dept. therefore and forthwith awards Gary Nopsker the valid claim of **"Only Luke AFB F-100 long-course student pilot to deliver an OTS practice bomb that hit the Bullseye within one second of its planned TOT."**

► **Gary "Goose" Gulbransen** was inspired to submit this SYC by Root Beer Hires' SYC "Longest service as a spare deployment pilot, for one leg out and back to home base" (see I-29). It turned out that Goose did a similar deployment as a spare pilot out of Homestead AFB, Florida, to Cigli AB, Turkey. However, Goose was awarded the Air Medal for his effort (he enclosed the citation as evidence). Therefore, a new SYC Claim goes to Goose, drum roll please: **"Only Hun pilot to receive the Air Medal, as a spare pilot, for an over-12-hour non-stop overseas deployment."**

► Having been an ADC Voodoo and T-Bird pilot for a number of years, **Pete Fleischhacker** was finally tabbed to go to SEA as a FAC in 1967. So he dutifully completed a short course at Luke to get an F-100 AFSC into his resume before heading overseas. That course came with only an IP demo of KC-135 Air Refueling (AR), i.e., no hands-on practice/qualification for the stud. Then came a couple of months back with his ADC unit before his shipping date. He never asked why, but for some reason his FAC assignment was canceled and he found himself at Phan Rang AB—and soon was a flight leader in the 614<sup>th</sup> TFS.

Not long after that, Pete was scheduled as Flight Lead for a fragged mission that included KC-135 AR over the Gulf of Tonkin with a load of snakes and napes. Whoa! No hands-on AR ever before this! But nobody seemed to know

that, and "Fearless Flash" wasn't about to tell anybody about that either. Rather, he played that one IP demo over in his mind and after quite a few "stabs" managed to take a full load, thus qualifying himself; and from there on, AR for Pete was a piece of cake.

Therefore, we hereby grant Pete a "target" SYC of **"Only Hun pilot to AR qualify himself flying as a flight leader on a combat mission."** Now we need to see if anyone can tie this claim. It may be that it'll stand forever—or maybe not?

**Claim Challenges — ► Don Emigholz** challenges Frank "Frosty" Sheridan's claim of **"Most successful flameout landings in a finite time = 2 in 2 months."** (I-9). Don claims that while flying his Hun with the Skyblazers based at Bitburg AB, Germany in 1957, he experienced two flameouts within a 46-day period resulting in two successful "dead stick" landings. The first one occurred on 18 April 1957 flying out of Bitburg while doing barrel rolls when his engine suddenly flamed out and he skillfully squeaked it into Bitburg AB. The second occurred on 2 June 1957 while doing a loop at the Paris Air show over Le Bourget airport, France. The team leader, Bill Creech, told Don to eject, but Don was able to again artfully and skillfully land his Hun successfully at Le Bourget; the only damage being to the seat cushion and a pair of wobbly knees upon exiting the jet. Although both pilots accomplished remarkable feats of "derring-do," Frosty's SYC goes to Don Emigholz, modified to say: **"...finite time = 46 days."** (Frosty gave no dates on when his flameouts happened, only within a 2-month period). See full versions of both of Don's flameout landing stories on page 7.

► In a behavioral manifestation of the SSS motto of "First Class or Not at All," SSS President Don "Shep" Shepperd has grudgingly relinquished his SYC title of **"Youngest individual to break the Mach in an F-100 = 18 years, 6 months"** (I-17) to **Rudy Bow**. Seems both Shep and Rudy received their supersonic rides at George AFB, CA. while on their 4<sup>th</sup> Class USAFA TDY to George at the same time. Rudy recently advised Shep that he is 45 days younger than Shep. Therefore, the SYC title now goes to Rudy with the title adjusted to **"... = 18 years, 4.5 months."** Although Shep's noble gesture of relinquishing his coveted SYC title to his classmate was First Class, Shep's initial response to learning of Rudy's birthdate update to this SYC had something to do with the word "excrement."

**That's All Folks — ►** Let's see what turns up for Issue 32! **JB**

After all ... "The show must go on."

## SYC Bonus: Don Emigholz's Two "Flameout" Landings – The Devil's in the Details!

By Don Emigholz (Skyblazer Right Wing, '56 – '57)



Don Emigholz, aka  
"Old Blaze 3."

We've had a few SYCs and many other nail-biting articles by USAF Thunderbird pilot members of the SSS, but we've never had SYCs submitted by a USAFE Skyblazer pilot member of the SSS. So, we welcome the SYC submitted by Don Emigholz which is reported in the SYC Dept. of this issue on the previous page..

When submitted, Don went into quite a bit of detail about both of his two "flameout" landings. And, as promised in the SYC Dept., we here present his accounts of the two incidents with only minimum editing, in order to preserve the flavor of this celebrated acrobatic team pilot's recollections. In addition to the airmanship demonstrated in saving two aircraft, we also get an invaluable peek at the devotion and passion of the entire team to make sure they adhered to the phrase, "the show must go on," one of the maxims in all forms of entertainment,

(including national airshow teams—within the boundaries of good flying safety, of course). Ed.



USAFE Skyblazers  
Hun era patch.

The first 1957 incident began when we took off in formation on Runway 06 at Bitburg AB to perform our 20- to 25-minute routine for Secretary of Defense Stuart Symington and his entourage. [Symington was the first SecDef of the Air Force when it was born in 1947.]

After takeoff, we circled around the town of Bitburg to the north, doing practice barrel rolls along the way, and ended up crossing the Trier highway heading southeast. Bill Creech began another barrel roll just off the deck, at an estimated 420 kts, when my J57 flamed out. For a millisecond, I thought there was something wrong with my throttle arm, but then I instinctively zoomed up to about 5,500' and 220 kts. The engine RPM was at 20% and stayed there until I was on the ground a few minutes later.

I tried an airstart with the emergency fuel system with no success and was about to eject, when, over my nose, I saw the town of Bitburg. I didn't want the jet to crash there, so I looked left, then right, and there, over my right shoulder low, I saw the Bitburg AB runway. I thought I just might make the runway and banked steeply to the right, gliding at 220 kts, Soon, I'm pointed toward the runway at about a 45-degree angle, and things were happening real fast.

I needed to make that 45-degree turn to line up with the runway. So I had a lot of bank in (maybe 50 or more degrees) when I felt the jet trying to settle. Immediately, I took out some of the bank, batted the gear handle down, pulled the emergency handle, felt the main landing gear "clunk" into place (never checked to see what the gear indicators read—couldn't care less at this point) and landed about even with the GCA shack, 500 feet down the runway.

Dick Carney, the narrator for our team, was standing by the GCA shack (on the south side of the runway) and later told me that at one point, I was headed straight for him, but the jet ballooned a bit before touchdown and made it back over to the runway. Carney also told me that the nose gear had not fully extended when I rolled by with the nose up and on the main wheels. Luckily, I got a good chute and was able to coast off the far end of the runway and

somehow stopped. I told my crew chief to get in and hold the brakes because my knees were shaking so much.

We had a spare jet available and ready for flight. I asked Woody Davis (our DO at the time) if I could jump into the spare jet to fly the airshow. He just stared at me ... and didn't say "no." So I jumped in, got started, took off, and in short order, joined up with the team, and the Skyblazers still managed to put on a helluva airshow for our honored guests!



So much for wing tip clearance! "The Show Must Go On!"

The second 1957 incident happened at the Paris Air Show in front of lots of people (250,000+ estimated). Those five days were the most exciting in my entire life. We were introduced to the French Press by none other than Kirk Douglas and met and talked to John Wayne and his wife while we were walking casually down a beautiful street in Paris.

We also had the luxury of having the ambassador's chauffeured Cadillac at our disposal. And North American Aviation treated us to dinner one night at one of the Paris restaurants that featured waiters in formal dress, and where the champagne glasses were filled after every sip.

The Le Bourget show is one of the best attended airshows in the world. As best I can remember, there were formation jet acrobatic teams from England, Italy, France and the United States. On Saturday we flew our first show and during a loop over the middle of the airfield, going straight up, I experienced my second flameout in less than

two months in the same aircraft. This one was a bit more manageable because, apparently, some jet fuel *was* getting to the engine and I think it ran at 50% for the duration of this flight [normal Idle is 55% to 60%], even with the throttle at Full Mil!

I managed to get lined up with the runway about two miles out and kept the airspeed at 220 kts, thinking that if the engine quit completely, I'd have enough speed to gain altitude and eject. During the approach, Bill told me that I'd never make the runway and to get out.

With that suggestion, I stared at that runway like I never stared at anything in my life, and I noticed that my sight picture of the runway during my 400'-a-minute descent was *not* changing (as best as I can remember). So, if the runway did not flatten as I looked through the combining glass, I knew I had a chance of making the runway and a safe landing. I waited till the last minute to lower the gear, got a good chute ... and started breathing again!

In this case, I didn't have to take the spare to make sure that "the show must go on." Gordon Eells, who had been practicing with the team for a while, was scrambled to fill in for me, and the show went on as advertised.

A sidelight to this incident that surprised me happened when I was talking to Jack Waite (our North American tech rep) afterwards. He asked me, "Did you think about using afterburner?" My recollection is that I gave him a blank look and thought to myself that using the burner when you don't know what the heck was going on back there was the *last* thing you would want to do!

**Sidebar...** Another interesting sidelight, somewhat connected to this incident, was that the Russians and their

*Skyblazers Late 1957, after Don Emigholz PCS'd Stateside.*



*L-to-R: Alt.-Dick Carney, RW – Gordon Eells, Lead – Bill Creech, LW – Gordon Scharnhorst, Slot – Nevin Christensen.*

*Always, "The Show Must Go On" – Safety Permitting!*

*Camel transport aircraft, took off last that day and wouldn't have anything to do with us after that show.*

*The next day we put on what was probably the best show ever while I was flying on the team and the Russians changed their tune and came over to congratulate us. We showed them our jets and they invited us to look at theirs.*

*Climbing up the stairs to get into their Camel, I followed a female stewardess and couldn't help but notice that her nylons had runs in them, that their jet was dirty and that the interior reminded me of a train that I rode from Belle Plain, Iowa, to Davenport in 1949.*

*(The conductor came around and lit the gas lamps as I played bridge with some female school teachers. We sat on embossed velvet seats that were as old as the hills. And the interior of the Russian jet at that Paris Air Show was not much better.)* ■

## Odds and Ends

*Here are a couple of non-related items ranging from a humorous contest to a delightfully semi-serious and short poem.*

### The Great SSS Caption Contest

Hoppy Hopkins suggested we see if there's interest in a periodic Caption Contest and furnished the picture at right, taken at the Ft. Wayne Hun flying event, to serve as a test. "Why not?" we thought. We tested a Cross Word Contest once upon a time (results are secret).

You know the rules: There are no rules! So give your best shot to Hoppy (by email or phone). He'll form up a bevy of beauties for judges, and we'll post the winner and a few losers in the next issue of our rag.

Who knows. This might catch on. Hoppy's at [harmonyhse@yahoo.com](mailto:harmonyhse@yahoo.com) See other contact data on page 39.



Your winning caption here!

### Poets Corner

*This installment of a popular Intake Dept. features another short, but wonderful poem by R.Y. Costain. Here 'tis, perfectly framed.*

~//~

#### AVIANS

*As the lumbering Crows and the Magpies fly by,  
I hearken to years that I spent in the sky.  
But not in the heavies, I'm happy to say,  
I flew like the nimble small birds in the fray.*

*Their acro, like fighters, astound and amaze,  
I watch them pull hard Gs, and smile at those days.  
When my reverie breaks, I am still up for more,  
By watching the birds bring my past to the fore.*

October 2015



## Too Foggy at Woody

By James E. Smith, Jr.



*"Every Man a Tiger!"*

It was one of those foggy winter weather times in England. And on this particular day, it was pea soup foggy at RAF Woodbridge, resulting in four of our F-100Ds having to divert to RAF Upper Heyford. The weather at "Woody" remained below minimums, so the pilots were brought back by bus over the always treacherous East Anglia roads.

When the weather improved later in the day, the squadron decided to fly four of us in our L-20 to pick up our stranded jets. Gene Beresik was to fly the L-20 and deliver us to RAF Upper Heyford. I can only remember Gene, Bob Pardo and myself of the five of us. I'm afraid I can't remember the names of the other two pilots.

All five of us climbed into the L-20 and headed for Upper Heyford.

When we arrived, the weather had gone below minimums in fog. It was one of those days when from above, you could see the ground straight down, and sure enough we had arrived smack over the runway. We circled, looking down at the end of a 300 foot wide, 8,300 foot long runway hoping the weather would change. When it didn't, we decided to cancel IFR and spiral down VFR. This we did, and all went well until Gene leveled over the runway overrun, lined up with the runway at about 50 feet in the air. But as we looked forward, the visibility suddenly went to zero. No problem, Gene kept slowly descending as we kept looking down and telling him how high we were. We managed to land in a fog bank and quickly came to a stop. Gene called the tower and told them we couldn't see well enough to taxi to the ramp and that we were going to taxi off the runway onto the grass and shut down, which we did.

When we exited the L-20, we could hardly see anything but the fog. We knew that the base complex was off to our left. So, we spread out just far enough to still see the guy next to us and started walking in that direction. After a little while, one of us shouted out, "I've found a building." From there, we managed to find our way to Base Operations.

We spent the night at Upper Heyford, and when we woke up the weather was good, but there was a bit of snow on the runway. We called Woodbridge and learned the weather there was also good, except for patches of ice on the runway. We were told to get airborne and get home to Woody ASAP and to make single ship landings because of the ice on the runway.

Bob Pardo was our flight Leader, and when we got to Base Ops, he briefed us on the flight as follows: "We will start up on tower channel, check in, taxi to the runway and line up and take off *in fingertip formation*. Once airborne, we'll drop the speed brakes and go burner to get our fuel down for landing at Woodbridge. Let's make single ship landings with wide spacing to allow each aircraft to clear the runway with patchy ice *before* the next airplane lands." This was perfectly clear to all four of us. However, we did not realize the SAC Airdrome Officer, a young captain (who we needed to sign our flight clearance because we were all young lieutenants), had overheard our briefing.

The dialogue went something like this. SAC Captain: "I don't think I can sign a clearance for your flight as you briefed it." Bob Pardo: "Captain, you sign the clearance...and we fly the airplanes." The flustered young Captain then signed the clearance—and walked off in a huff.

We flew the flight plan *exactly* as briefed, and all landed safely back at Woodbridge. Mission accomplished!

The Upper Heyford tower later called the 79<sup>th</sup> at Woody to thank us for cleaning all the snow from their runway. It must have been quite a sight with four burners in fingertip screaming down that 300 foot-wide runway!

**Postscript:** Gene Beresik brought the L-20 home safely, but we lost him years later in an F-105 over North Vietnam.

*Note: Yes, the Lt. Bob Pardo Flight Lead in this story is the Capt. Pardo of "Pardo's Push" fame, an incredible feat of airmanship. Ed.*



*79<sup>th</sup> TFS flagship, usually the CO's jet.*



*Silver Star for Pardo and Wayne.*



*Capt. Bob Pardo and WSO Steve Wayne (USAF Photo).*

## “From a Wife’s Perspective”

### Nothing Is As It Appears

By Jackie Douglass

This is the third of what we hope will be frequent contributions from the ladies, whose perspectives and adventures are very much part of the story of the F-100 and the men who flew her. Each day, sometimes for years on end, our marriage partners would say after breakfast, “See you at dinnertime,” but did so with fingers crossed that we would, indeed, be alive and well and at the dinner table. **SSSers one and all:** please share this and any further “Wife’s Perspective” stories with your bride. And then encourage her to write about her own recollections or vivid incident. You may learn something when she does—and so will the rest of us! **Ed.**



Jackie, married at 18, June 8, 1963.

I WAS EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD. An Air Force father’s daughter recently moved to RAF Lakenheath. It was Christmas in England. I was a guest at North Court, an English manor near Brandon in Suffolk County. The resident fighter pilots were consummate holiday hosts. The parlor’s decorated tree filled the ceiling to floor windows. The fire warmed its alcove and I was under the mistletoe wrapped in the arms of a flight suit. OMG! THE FLIGHT SUIT...filled with 25 years of blue-eyed, soft spoken fighter-pilot Perfect. OMG! It was NOT my father’s Air Force.

How challenging could it be to go from military brat to fighter pilot bride? I was replete with warrior wife requisites: fairly easy on the eyes, mildly entertaining, agreeably flexible and totally in awe of the man and his mission. I was a product of a lifetime of military mother-models who could do it all: partner, perform, provide and pack household and kids to re-make “Home” when and where duty called. I was ready for the promise of the wedding day journey to the altar.

Events leading to my marrying an F-100 pilot are the stuff of romance novels: a lovable hero and heroine, common love of country and service, and a cast of men and women who are passionate about their commitment to one another. To quote the words of a wise warrior, however, “*Nothing is as it appears.*” The back story is the invisible and more harrowing reality of the fighter pilot’s purpose and practice. Fighter pilots are warriors, a 24-7 role for which their mentality is fine-tuned and their skills constantly honed to meet a call to war and its attendant sacrifices.

War had not made its call to my 15-month marriage. My story ends, nonetheless, with a knock on the door. Mother’s entry was followed by the wing commander, the chaplain and a doctor. It was 17 September 1964. Of all the can-do’s a military mom takes on, how does she tell her daughter that her fighter pilot husband will not be coming home?

It was an Iowa funeral. I returned to my parents’ home at Lakenheath. Mother was in London with the Wives Club. There was a knock on the door. What a gracious welcome home I surmised before the base commander, the chaplain and the doctor began telling me that my father had collapsed from a fatal heart attack that morning while TDY in London; that Mother was being escorted back to Lakenheath. It was 16 October 1964. My military breeding arrested the words: “You have got to be F’n kidding me.”

Breathe. Just breathe and do what comes next: pilot’s wife survival tools number one and two. I have been humbled to witness our country’s embrace of its Family members in times of loss. When military service exacts the ultimate sacrifice, the valued warrior is forever honored. He is additionally honored by the benevolence his country provides and the care, compassion and inclusion that his comrades devote to those left behind. Though my “romance” included the required elements of obstacles to overcome and a black moment, I was rabidly confident of happy endings.

I had lived with warriors and the business of war all my life. There was a parallel world that made possible living in that shadow. That world was my collective family. That Family was Home. Ideals like patriotism, self-discipline, courage and personal sacrifice were spawned there. No greater fear had I than the prospect of being ejected into the alien world of civilians.

Vietnam launched the military back story onto the front pages and into the lives of every warrior’s family. That story is forever written on the hearts and souls of those warriors. At no time in my history was I made more aware of how *unaware* I was of the nature of warriors and the layered facets of their interior world. I had lived with a myth that allowed warrior families to maintain a life that was contrary to the purpose behind war games. The contradiction behind the myth was that scripted aerial combat and munitions delivery maneuvers were practice for sanctioned aggression, destruction and death. Countless issues of *The Intake* tell stories of the horror and heroism that pave the runways of a fighter pilot’s career. I much preferred clinging to the myth; continuing my learned practice of denial, stoicism and acceptance—pilot wife survival tools three, four and five. I had been a spectator of the warrior world until Vietnam turned the page on what it meant to be the wife of a fighter pilot.

Bill Douglass had defended his bachelor status for 32 years. Had that Vietnamese basket man not ventilated Bill’s O-1 on a recon pass down a small Quang Ngai mountain trail (See *The Intake*, Issue19); and had he not spent six months in





Jackie (age 21) and Bill Douglass wedding, April 23, 1966.

Boston's Chelsea Naval Hospital; and had he not, perhaps, needed a rest from the demands of bachelorhood; he would have sensed a motive behind my Christmas card inscribed with my phone number and the message that read, "Don't call collect." Six feet two inches of lean; blue eyes, curly hair, a winning smile; fresh from the war zone; a wounded warrior in recovery and wearing a FLIGHT SUIT. OMG! You CAN go home again! The fighter pilot family blessed our union and for the next 46 years I was a *bride to amazement*.

When asked over the years, "Weren't you terrified" when Bill re-deployed to Vietnam after finessing his return to flight status? I knew he craftily bypassed the flight surgeon at San Antonio when securing clearance to return to the cockpit. I knew he was fulfilled having a wife and prospective family to return to. I knew he had studied the history of Vietnam and its people. I knew he was bonded to the warriors who would join him in

battle. And I knew he was a fighter pilot with a mission to complete. I was armed with warrior wife survival tools three, four and five—denial, stoicism and acceptance. I knew how to manage whatever would come my way and how to focus on happily-ever-after. I knew what was expected of a wife in the military.

The wake-up call for me was Bill's third Vietnam tour in F-105s. I was aware of pilots who kept volunteering to return to Vietnam. I wondered "Why?" such behavior. I concluded that it must be a response to unhappy relationships behind closed doors; that a war in a faraway place must seem easier to navigate than whatever disruption prevailed at home. Consequently I was mystified when Bill announced he was volunteering to go back to Vietnam. The mystery wasn't in his desire to be with his comrades. The mystery was, what unhappiness had I created that made him want to escape? That is when I decided to become a psychotherapist.

A fighter pilot wife cannot travel her Life's Review without mention of fighter pilot reunions. I regret my failure to fully appreciate their value. I now understand that they are so much more than ritualistic gatherings of story-telling and affirming camaraderie. Those animated hand displays of strafing, bombing, landing and soaring are more than earned bragging rights. I realize that they are individual stories of survival and bonding that give them a sense of belonging to a purposeful place in history. Their story is our story. Their place in that history is also *our* place: the wives, children, families and communities who held their space for them. It is at those reunions that we wives share stories of our heroes' undaunted confidence, i.e.: "Let's just play it by ear. Just because it's July 4<sup>th</sup> at Jackson Hole doesn't mean we won't find a room," followed six-hour's-looking later with: "We're going to Afton to see the Pitts factory anyway so let's drive there, sleep under the rotating beacon at the Afton airport and be all ready to go in the morning." *OR*: "Don't worry. Radio reports of snow and road closures on I-80 at Grand Island are always exaggerated."

Raging-snow-storm, ice-covered-roads and no-rooms-available later: "Let's just sleep under the take-out window of this Chinese restaurant where we are out of the wind." Then the No-Fault clause comes into play when this amazing man looks up from his *Wall Street Journal* and morning cup of coffee and says, "I love how everything lights up whenever you walk into a room."



Jackie in 1967 with William Douglass III, age 14 weeks.

It is only the moments between the lines that one gleans a Knowing of a Fighter Pilot, the Man. I have been blessed to live my life in the company of Warriors; those in uniform and those who hold the values of those in uniform. Those values elevate us all to levels of heroism. I learned from Bill that warriorhood is a condition of maturity, of being whole of spirit and fully integrated in personality. Robert Moore describes warriors as having full command of their resources, their gifts, and their abilities; able to organize, mobilize and direct them into service.

Armed accordingly in the civilian world, Bill eased through classrooms as a teacher; became director of power generation for a major Iowa power company; and modeled leadership, integrity and life skills for family, friends and co-workers. At Bill's side, I lived a life of amazement and learned that between the lines, a Fighter Pilot is a Renaissance Man in a Flight Suit. ■



Jackie and Bill Douglass at a Dining Out in 1972.



Ladies, in Issue 22, Dovie Templin wrote her favorite story about husband Max (who had flown west). Then, at the Udvar-Hazy event, Asst. Ed. Dave Burke's wife Nancy suggested a whole new concept: stories written by wives. We "struck gold!" In came Rose Shepperd's tale of the "worst year of her life," (Issue 27), starting when she and Don arrived at Hahn AB, Germany to begin life in an operational unit. Last issue, Alice Murch highlighted the plusses and minuses of a vagabond life and their great times at Kadena AB in Okinawa. Above, Jackie Douglass, a professional psychotherapist, has provided us with highly perceptive insights about the mindset of warriors. Now, we want and need MORE GOLD from the hundreds of you ladies, who led immensely challenging and interesting lives while we...played around in airplanes. – Ed.

“...you can fly under a boat.”

## Dumb Things Done in a Hun (DTDH): Crazy Fighter Pilot Trick # 2

By Ron Green

On page 27 of Issue 28, we told of two Ron Green stories he submitted as SYCs that we downgraded to DTDHs, with his concurrence. We published the first of the two on that page. It was titled “Crazy Fighter Pilot Trick # 1,” and boy, was it crazy. Now, three issues later, we give you the second of those two DTDHs. As you will see, it may be even crazier than the #1! Fortunately, as you will read, he swore off of tricks like these from then on and survived to tell these tales. *Ed.*



Ron Green

The so-called “shortage of ordnance” during the Vietnam conflict in 1966 must have affected my judgement, because I did some crazy things during that time, flying with loads of just two weapons on the wing stations instead of four and only 50 rounds of 20 mm Ball in each gun instead of the normal 200 rounds of HEI per gun.

But, after the “shortage” subsided, I *never* (well maybe almost never) did anything resembling those stunts after we started flying with full loads again.

One afternoon, I was scheduled to lead a 3-ship from TSN in IV Corps in an F-model. I really hated to fly with an empty back seat, but by the time we’d briefed, nobody had been assigned to the backseat yet (last flight of the day). As we left the Squadron building, I ran across one of my contemporary Captains (Ralph Cunningham) and asked him if he’d like to fly with me in the back seat. He said: “Yeah, I’ll get my gear and meet you at the airplane.”

We flew to the target area and dropped our two bombs each on some trees. As we pulled off, the FAC said he badly needed to destroy a long-boat sunk in about 3-feet of water about a mile south of the target and needed us to strafe. The boat was between two trees in a line along the bank and pretty well centered between those two trees that were about 40 feet (our wingspan + a few inches) apart. We pinpointed the two trees in question and started an orbit.

Since we had the two trees, our FAC saw no need to mark the target and we didn’t either. I told him we’d make firing passes east to west, perpendicular to the canal running north and south, but first would go down and see if we could see the boat before we started strafing. To do this, I made the first pass at our recommended altitude and rolled to about 60 degrees of bank as I went over the target. #2 and #3 followed me but none of us saw the boat on our first passes.

I then told Ralph that we were going to go down low and slow and see if we could see it then. I got down to where we were level just off the ground, slowed to 250 kts and

rolled to a full 90 degrees of bank as we flashed across the channel. This enabled both Ralph and me to see the boat sunk in about 3 feet of water, about 6 feet from the bank and centered between the two trees (dumb VC decision, because this let us actually pinpoint the boat’s position).

As we came around again, I told Ralph that we’d make about a 400 kt pass at 10-15 degrees of dive angle and open fire at about 800 feet...and not to jump out of the airplane. I wanted to impart as much kinetic energy on the Ball ammo as possible. He said, “OK.” Neither #2 or #3 had seen the target yet, so I told them to follow me and strafe where I did, and that I’d concentrate my burst about 10 feet from the bank.

I rolled out on my final and started shooting with a short burst at about 800 feet. Resulting from my burst, I saw a plume of water *and then the boat* come up! It must have gone straight up to at least 30 feet. It looked like the whole long-boat but I’m sure its bottom was gone from the explosion (it must have been loaded with ammo). I knew we’d hit the airborne remains if I did a normal pullout, so I went over where the boat had been at about 3 feet and level, and somehow got exactly between the two trees.

This put us just below the pieces of the boat, probably just inches above the bank, thus proving you *can* fly under a boat. Ralph got very quiet and never said a word on our RTB.

As we walked back to the Squadron building, I patted Ralph on the shoulder and asked him if he had learned anything on the flight. Ralph looked at me and slowly said, “Yeah...I learned *never* to fly in an aircraft with you again!”

By the way, I washed the Hun off with the water and there was “NO” damage.

This DTDH? Much like my Trick Number 1, **Risking a Hun, and two lives and/or limbs against a target of questionable value using tactics with little to zero margin for error.**

Thank God. Once again, “He was looking after me,” in spades!!! ■

*If there is a soul among us who has not done something dumb in the Hun, luckily survived it, and learned some life-saving lessons from it, let us know. We will set up a special table for either Heroes or Liars at the next Vegas Reunion. – Ed.*



**Speaking of Vegas...**Mark your calendars now and start thinking about flight and hotel reservations for April 25<sup>th</sup> through 28<sup>th</sup>. But don’t do *nuthin’* else just yet. We’ll have a full article in the fall issue of *The Intake*, outlining the plans for those days, plus all the necessary details on how to make your hotel reservations and fill out the SSS reservation form to sign up for the various optional events such as golf and the planned tours. — *Ed.*



## Rumble in the Jungle

### *"Let's Kill the Dai Uy" (Vietnamese for Captain)*

By Mark Berent

In the fall of 1966, I was an F-100 fighter pilot at Bien Hoa Air Base in South Vietnam and, among other things, played a little soccer with the Vietnamese Air Force, so I thought I was in fairly good shape. That assumption would soon get me into trouble while on a real jungle adventure that I thought would be easy. While on that tour, I also spent a fair amount of time working and playing with a special unit, the III Corps Mike Force Det A-302 Special Forces Team. And that's how I got into "the big adventure."

**(A Little Background:** Hooking up with those Special Forces (SF) guys, I was reminded of my introduction to and appreciation for the SF troops 10 years before. Back then, I was selected by USAFE to earn my paratrooper wings (and become a jump-qualified FAC) by attending the jump school run by the Army's 10<sup>th</sup> Special Forces Group at Bad Tolz, Germany. As a young lieutenant and the only USAF fighter pilot in the class, I had the weight of the whole fighter community on my shoulders. So, during our long runs and other exercises, when the sergeant called out "What are you?" We were supposed to answer: "We're straight legs, Sergeant." A "leg" was a non-jumper. I would always answer, "I'm a fighter pilot, Sergeant."

Well, that called for many "Drop down and give me 10," then 20, then 30 pushups plus a lot of extra solo runs with an instructor. On one of those runs, with a Lt. Medaris (I think it was), I was retching and gasping for breath, and he shouted out the usual question, and I gave my usual answer. Hands on hips he stared at me and, referring to fighter pilots, asked, "Are they all as nuts as you?" Still half retching, I could only nod.

Those SF guys in Europe were my heroes, so I was thrilled to get to know some of their brothers 10 years later at Bien Hoa. [We will be using Mark's full length story about him surviving that 10<sup>th</sup> Special Forces Group's jump school in Issue 32!-Ed.] **End of Background)**

Det. A-302 was a 12-man team commanding a battalion of Chinese mercenaries called "Nungs." They had two missions: support any outpost in danger of being overrun; and second, to make deep jungle penetrations searching for Viet Cong and North Vietnamese units. Once in contact, they would call in whatever Army units were necessary to wipe them out. Frequently they would request air support, which is where my fellow F-100 pilots and I came in. The team members often talked about their jungle combat operations and, because I had supported many of them from the air, I asked if I could go on a patrol. "Something easy," I added.



*Arrow, on stilts (in foreground), ready to be "lit up" to show attacker's direction.*

I don't recall who the Team Leader was at the time, but he most likely was not consulted. Two of the Det's advisors, Joe Lopez and Paul Taylor, said I could go out with them on a "short jaunt" up into the rubber plantation near Loc Ninh. Sounded just fine to me, particularly since Loc Ninh had an A Camp that I was responsible for. So that was a nifty deal.

**(More Background:** Each F-100 pilot in the 531<sup>st</sup> at Bien Hoa was assigned a specific camp to become totally familiar with: First and mainly to be able to attack the enemy while being directed only by a flaming arrow when the camp was in danger of being overrun and ammo was out; second, to fly by the camps at unexpected times—daytime, or sometimes at night. The flybys usually meant a low altitude, high speed pass kicking in the afterburner right over the flag pole. We would always save a few rounds of 20 mm from whatever mission we had been on

and would ask the RTO on the UHF radio where was a good place to shoot. The idea was to keep the bad guys unnerved about when and where we would show up. So I was happy to be able to visit a camp I had flown over so many times. **End.)**

I rendezvoused with the patrol at a point off base as agreed to with Joe and Paul when we planned this caper. The patrol consisted of those two SF guys, 75 Nungs and me, John Wayne. I wore a steel pot, a USAF survival vest over my flight suit, a web belt with two canteens, some ammo pouches, and a K-Bar knife. I was warned not to wear underwear but I did anyhow. Oh yeah, I also wore my Mike Force scarf.

On "hiking day," early in the morning, we started, and I was so hot to trot my boots were on fire. By noon I was more than a basket case—if anything I needed a litter and a Dustoff rescue helicopter! First I gave my pot to the Nung behind me and put on a boony hat. Next I draped my fancy USAF survival vest on the Nung in front of me. It came down to his ankles. I did retain my M-16 and web belt with the canteens. I might look like a coat, but I am really a sweater. And I mean *sweat!* I was processing water like the Grand Coulee Dam. It got to the point I would have to take a swig every ten slogging paces and tank up at every stream. Not knowing better, I also popped a salt pill or two every couple of hours.



*Mark Berent  
Fighter pilot and  
author of five  
wonderful books.*



*Mike Unit members proudly  
wearing their unit scarves.*

By two o'clock I was barely moving. We would "take ten" every hour and I would collapse in a red haze. We marched through elephant grass, forest, weird growths, and forded many streams. At one stream I was a little late in getting across and had been looking down to maintain my footing. When I reached the opposite bank, I looked up and saw nothing but impenetrable green jungle in front of me. There was absolutely no sign where 30-some Nungs had climbed the bank single file. They had simply disappeared. Jesus Keerist! Why hadn't I stayed in the sky where I could at least *see* something! In seconds the Nung behind me tapped me on the shoulder and silently pointed to a certain bush among thousands and I climbed up, once again in trail with the front half of the patrol.

I truly distinguished myself quite spectacularly at another stream. The bank there was steep, and to break my slipping/sliding/downward out-of-control movement, I quickly locked my left elbow around a conveniently bent tree trunk just at the right height. Due to my forward momentum, my whole body swung around the tree and two major disasters occurred: my butt knocked the RTO, radio and all, sprawling into the water, and my M-16 whooshed off my right shoulder and buried itself muzzle down in the muddy stream. I was lucky not to be knifed on the spot.

Later that day, we came to the edge of a clearing that led to a rubber plantation. The manicured lawn had long gone to seed; the Olympic-sized pool was full of green slime and the ARVN had used it as an outhouse. The French plantation manager warily invited the two SF guys and me onto the veranda for a warm coke. The Nungs sat under the nearest shade. It was clear we were not welcome, and I got the distinct idea that I knew how the Nazis felt as they marched into France. I inhaled the coke and, as politely as I could, asked for another. Our unsmiling host complied.

We left as soon as possible when it turned out he had no information to impart about the placement of Vietcong in the area. I'm sure he had the information but wasn't about to tell us. I can understand why. To keep the place running and to stay alive, he not only had to pay off the Viet Cong, he had to protect them as the need arose. We formed up and marched back into the jungle.

It was at the next red-hazed break, a break where I was as flattened as a soggy pancake and just as useless, as Joe Lopez told me later, the lead Nung sidled up to him and earnestly said, "Let's kill the Dai Uy." Joe just as earnestly explained that I was part of the air support that had been at their beck and call and the best thing they could do was keep me alive. He admitted it wasn't the best of ideas to have included me on the patrol.

Near dark we came into the rubber, as they called the hundreds of acres of rubber trees with the deep, narrow trenches between them. We found a place to bivouac for the night. During the entire patrol we had been silent—and stayed that way in camp. With hand signals, Joe put out the guards, arranged relief times, and pointed to where I should set up. Setting up meant tying a rubber ground sheet to two trees to form a hammock. I did. We ate a dry dinner, and then I saw what sunset was like in the jungle. There was no graduation from dusk to twilight. One minute there was light, the next it was as black as the inside of a bat's ass. The triple-canopied jungle effectively blocked all the glories of an Asian sunset.

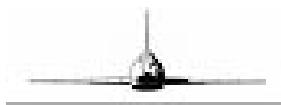
I recall three things happening that night: One of the SF troops forgot to rub bug repellent on the ropes to his hammock and I was awakened by whispered curses and great swattings as he got rid of the ants. Well, he didn't really wake me up—because second, I could hardly sleep because of the cramps in my feet and calves. Whether it was too much salt, not enough water, too much slogging around, or a combination of all three, I'll never know. But I became an expert at laying silently while trying to mentally make them go away. I found I could start a cramp in my toes, then one in foot, then a calf, just by thinking about it, but couldn't make them go away. So much for Yoga mind control.

The third event of the night was the sound of small arms and mortars not too far away. It was coming because of an enemy probe at the Special Forces camp at Loc Ninh and there wasn't a thing we could do about it. Joe had whispered conversations on the PRC-25 radio and they decided it wasn't that critical. Besides, running through the rubber at night would most likely put everyone at the bottom of the plantation irrigation trenches.

We broke camp at first light and in just a few hours I was at the makeshift, outside bar of the Loc Ninh Special Forces camp having a cool one—feeling more like Woody Allen than John Wayne, but a *live* Woody Allen. Oh yeah, the underwear? It came off in gobs, just like Joe Lopez said it would. ■



Members of the A-302 Special Forces team.



*Mark Berent had three combat tours in SEA, the first in the Hun with the 531<sup>st</sup> at Bien Hoa, the next at Ubon, Thailand, in the only all-night-flying F-4 unit, and the third, in Cambodia, "flying things with propellers on them." His combat decorations include the Silver Star, two DFCs, the Bronze Star, 25 Air Medals, the Legion of Merit, the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry, and the Cambodian Divisional Medal.*

*He is the author of the outstanding five-book "Wings of War" Vietnam air war series and numerous articles about his combat experiences. His website is at [www.markberent.com](http://www.markberent.com). Ed.*



## Current Events: PSAM Annual Gala Report

By Al Dempsey (Gala Photos by Dave Mosby)



**"CNN Travel" ranks PSAM as one of the World's 14 Best Aviation Museums!**

Last November, the Palm Springs Air Museum (PSAM) threw a two day celebration of their acquisition and restoration of a flyable F-100D, serial 55-2888 (Triple Eight). It was a real blast, as we reported in Issue 30, with some 50 former Hun pilots in attendance (most of them SSS members). The PSAM Annual Gala was held on February 12, 2016, too late for inclusion in that issue of our journal. This was unabashedly a fund raising event (black tie or military uniform) and also one of the highlights of the Palm Springs social season. Quoting the PSAM website, "Attendees dance and dine inside the hangars surrounded by vintage aircraft. 2016 was a banner year, with over 600 attendees, and people danced until 10 PM!" Because there were many invited SSS members in attendance, we asked Al Dempsey to do a report on the Gala goings on, similar to his and Bob Lilac's report on the 55-2888 blast. Here's Al's report, and as usual, it was turned in well ahead of our deadline, and significantly under budget. Ed.

The theme of the gala event this year was "To the Limit and Beyond," honoring the courage of some of our outstanding heroes. Specifically, the program was to honor the heroism of an eight-man, Special Forces (Vietnam) "A" Team that survived an attack by 2,000 North Vietnamese soldiers at Camp Tong Le Chon, 80 miles east of Saigon on August 6, 1967.

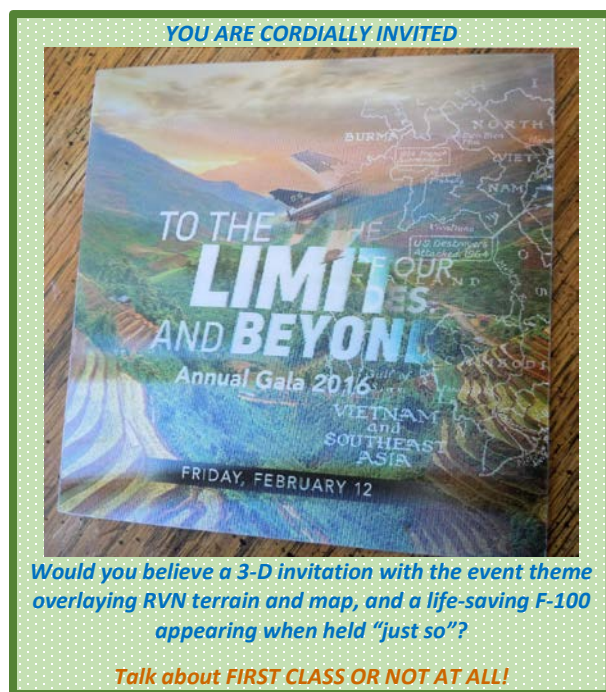
The key to their survival was *close air support* (CAS) provided, in part, by the 614<sup>th</sup> and 615<sup>th</sup> TFSs flying F-100 Super Sabres out of Phan Rang AB. The 614<sup>th</sup> missions were led by then-Lt. Col. Ken Miles with "JO" Hanford on his wing. Al Gatto and Thad Crooks provided support from the 615<sup>th</sup> TFS. The firepower from the several alert-pad missions flown that night by these, and other, valiant Hun warriors forced the North Vietnamese to retreat, and the next morning helicopters were able to rescue all the members of the embattled A Team. Thus, the PSAM's F-100D played a prominent gala role—on special display in the "happy hour hangar" as a reminder of the Hun's importance in that long-ago war.

The evening program at the gala honored the above-mentioned Special Forces team for their heroic stand against what seemed like insurmountable forces. Also honored was the CAS team flying F-100s, without whose help all would have been lost. The keynote speaker was Col. Mike Morgan, Deputy Commander, Army Special Operations, who gave a superb and emotional account of the action carried out on that August night in Viet Nam. Five of the eight surviving members of the team were present or represented, and all received a standing ovation as they were individually introduced by Col. Morgan.

The Super Sabre Society was well represented at this special event with three tables for 10 set up to accommodate the attendees from the SSS. Included in this group was President Don Shepperd, Founder Les Frazier and wife Sharon, and Air Museum Docents Bob Lilac and Al Dempsey playing the role of hosts. We were especially pleased to have Al Gatto, there with his daughter Ann, and Thad and Norma Crooks. These guys were part of the saving-the-day CAS team on that stormy night in Viet Nam. Other members attending the event included Dave Mosby, Buzz Lynch, Vic Vizcarra, John Bode, Rob Pollock, Chuck Beverly and Dave Barnett. We were fortunate to have two of the honored guests at our tables. All agreed it was a spectacular evening.

Obviously, the objective of the gala affair was to raise money for the Air Museum, and another successful mission was accomplished! With some 600 guests filling one of the hangars, the "raise your paddle" mock auction was a great success. Starting at \$50K bids and moving incrementally down to \$100, the museums coffers were filled with over \$550,000 by the end of the evening. The majority of this money will be used to complete the financing of the Museum's fourth hangar, the "Ken Miles Korean and Viet Nam War Hangar." Ground breaking for this addition is scheduled for June 2016, with completion set to be in time for the PSAM 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary Gala on February 17, 2017. Mark your calendars now. This one will really be special, so watch for invitations.

*This report continues as a photo essay depicting key "moments" of the narrative submitted by Docent Al. Next page!*





Mosby pictures—generally in chronological sequence with the Dempsey text on the previous page.



Palm Springs community assets arrive early and practice for guest arrival show and program support within the museum.



Uncovered local high school Junior Marine Corps ROTC Color Guard members greeting guests walking the Red Carpet inside the museum.



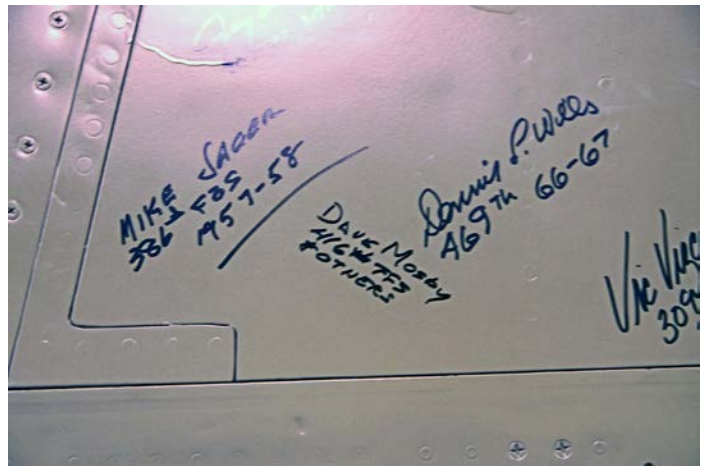
PSAM's caterer wisely set up multiple bars (stocked with the good stuff, yet) for an SSS-style "First Class or Not at All" gala!



Triple Eight strategically positioned as a reminder of the Hun's importance in saving the day for the honored men of the A Team.



Talk about a posed picture? A stand-in photog focused on (L-R) Dave Mosby, Al Dempsey, Chuck Beverly, Don Shepperd and Dave Barnett.



Extreme-close-up of the graffiti on Triple Eight applied by SSS and other Hun Drivers back at the Nov. 6 & 7 roll-out of this flyable jet.



Eventually some 600 folks were assembled and, after a lengthy happy hour, were called to tables. See next page.





*Finding reserved seats takes a while. It looks like SSS President Don Shepperd (R) is zeroing in on two other SSS members engaged in a discussion. No doubt Shep'll want to do a Video-of-the-Month session with them as subjects!*



*Not to worry: Pro musicians helped the transition from happy hour wandering to finding one's proper seat in the dining area.*



*After "table call" & posting of the colors, Managing Director Fred Bell welcomes the attendees and goes over the "drill" for the evening.*



*There was a good mix of musical and theatrical entertainment; almost an hour, telling the Special Forces honorees' story; and last, but not least, a most successful and interesting fundraising auction!*



*After the gala formalities were over, the crowd began to say their goodbyes, which (naturally) took a fair amount of time. In fact, it was into the wee hours before the last guests slipped away.*



*Die-hard gala stragglers await their transports. Bottom-line: The whole evening was priceless.*

*We close this report with the reverse of the obverse color, 3-D invite.*



*Yep, had you been there, you'd agree. Priceless!*



## The Little Town That Could

This Intake article is a story about a small Idaho town’s self-initiated effort to get a jet fighter to display at their airport. The core of our story is a 12 May 2004 article from the town’s weekly newspaper, the St. Maries Gazette Record, written by its Owner/Publisher Dan Hammes. We use Dan’s article with his permission, making [ ] parenthetical comments where necessary to clarify and add details to the narrative, to let you know of this patriotic mission completed by local townsfolk.



### Volunteers Place Air Force [Jet] on Pedestal at SM Airport.

[Nearly] fifty years after it rolled off the assembly line, the Air Force Super Sabre made its last flight Friday [7 May] at the St. Maries airport.

It was a brief affair.

When it reached an altitude of 20’, Fred Guenther dropped the fighter bomber onto a pedestal at the St. Maries airport, and Colin Herr moved in with his welding torch to secure the 25,000 lb. jet.

The work Friday was the culmination of an 18-year effort to secure, transport and assemble a military aircraft at the St. Maries airport. Jack Buell, an avid pilot and Benewah County Commissioner, started work to find a jet for the county-owned airfield in 1991.

He elicited the help of John Harns, a retired naval aviator, to investigate the possibility of getting a surplus jet for the St. Maries airstrip. When that effort failed, George Currier—who replaced Mr. Harns as the county’s civil defense director—asked the Air Force if it had a jet available.

Almost *two years* after the request was submitted, the county received a response.

“It really was a stroke of luck for us,” Mr. Currier said. “The F-100 they had available was already crated-up ready to be moved. It saved us a lot of money because we didn’t have to take it apart”

The Air Force had planned to use the jet, built in 1957, for target practice but plans changed and it became available to St. Maries. Mr. Buell arranged and paid for the three trucks it took to transport the aircraft to St. Maries.

It arrived in St. Maries in 1994. The [still crated] jet survived a flood [the 1996 record-setting flood of the St. Joe river which flows right by the airport] before a crew of volunteers went to work to re-assemble the 54’-long aircraft. Larry Linnemeyer and Richard Schumacker helped

Mr. Buell and Mr. Currier as they started putting the jet back together.

“We were fortunate when Jim Neufeld, a Master Sargeant in the Air Force and former crew chief for an F-100 helped with the assembly,” Mr. Currier said.

Mr. Buell provided equipment that made the job possible.

“We were able to do it with a lot less manpower because of the equipment we had,” Mr. Currier said.

[At this point of his narrative, the Hammes article omits several years of the jet’s history at St. Maries airport. According to Mr. Jack Buell, sometime in 1997, maybe 1998, the bird was put on static display (location unspecified) at the airfield. A few years later, “the keepers of the F-100F” came up with a “phase two” idea, which culminated with the conversion of the static display aircraft to a *fully functioning weather vane on a pedestal*, as told in the opening paragraphs of the Hammes article!]

Mr. Herr and Jim Bencik, who work for Jack Buell Trucking, built a base on which to mount the fighter bomber: They used a turntable, the piece on which the machine swivels, from a Cat 225 log loader as a base. It allows the jet to move with the wind, much like a giant weather vane.

Ken Mueller painted the plane and Fred Guenther and his crane were enlisted to lift it onto the pedestal. Frank Buell, Mickey Buell, Josh Buell, Gary Hart and Jody Hendrickx (*spelling IS correct*) helped with the job.

Records that accompanied the jet show it was based throughout the United States and was deployed to Iran from 1960 to 1964. [We are not sure what records came with the crated Hun, but according to Henk Scharringa’s F-100 Serials Database, 56-3819 was never assigned to a unit outside of the U.S. See our explanation below.]

*We found most interesting Mr. Hammes’ article about how a group of local aviation-oriented citizens of a small town acquired an F-100 for static display at their county airport, and later elevated it (pun intended) to become a fully functioning weather vane. In a sense, their journey to that end was much like the acquisition, restoration and display of many other Huns ... a true “labor of love”! Our congratulations to all involved with this effort, including the reporter, Mr. Hammes.*

*Oh, and what about that so-called deployment to Iran from 1960 to 1964? Here’s our take: whatever else the records may have said, we are sure that they didn’t indicate a stint in the country of Iran. According to Henk Scharringa’s data, the bird did go to McClelland AFB periodically, as did many a stateside-based Hun, where those aircraft went through the familiar periodic maintenance function known as *Inspect and Repair As Necessary*—or its acronym IRAN. Go figure. It’s no wonder the civilian keepers of the St. Maries’ Hun and its records thought it had been to Iran! Over and out. Ed. ■*

## Election of SSS Vice President and the Director-at-Large

### Two Key SSS Positions Up For Elections This Fall

By Dewey Clawson, Election Committee Chair

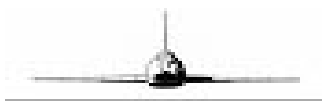


Elections for SSS Vice President and SSS Director-at-Large are scheduled for this fall. The nominating period is 15 July to 31 August. Any member may nominate one candidate for each office. Yes, you can nominate yourself. The polls will be open from 1 to 31 October. Only Charter or Regular members are eligible to vote or serve. If you are willing to serve, or know of someone who is willing to serve for a four year term as Vice President or Director-at-Large, please notify our CEO, Hoppy Hopkins, in writing, by email at [harmonyhse@yahoo.com](mailto:harmonyhse@yahoo.com) or by letter to the SSS address in the text box of page 2. Hoppy will then submit each nomination to the Election Committee for eligibility review.

The Vice President performs such duties as may be assigned by the President. In the event the office of the President is vacated for any reason, the Vice President performs and is vested with all the duties and powers of the President for the duration of the unexpired term of the President, unless and until the Board of Directors, by majority vote, determines otherwise.

The Director-at-Large shares in the responsibilities and enjoys the full authority of a voting member of the corporation's Board of Directors. The Director-at-Large shall perform all duties incident to a Director of the Corporation and such other duties as may be prescribed by the Board of Directors.

Details for the election may be found on the SSS website. From the home page, click on "Member Area" and log on if asked to do so, then click on "Governance," and then select "Election Policy and Process." A PDF file will download to your computer. There, you'll find the functions of and the processes used by the Election Committee. For the full job descriptions of both positions, see page 4 of the Bylaws, which are also on the Governance page. ■



### Singular Honor Given to SSS Associate Member

#### Laird Leavoy Receives a Rare and High Honor from the Order of Daedalians

SSS Associate Member Laird Leavoy, son of five-time F-100 squadron commander Les Leavoy (RIP), was inducted into the Order of Daedalians as an Honorary Member on 21 April 2016 at Randolph AFB. The Order of Daedalians was formed in 1934 by a group of World War I pilots to advocate for air power in the United States. It has over 14,000 military pilot members from all military branches.

Only 46 Honorary Memberships have been awarded since its inception. This honor is given to distinguished persons not otherwise eligible for membership who strongly promote the objectives of the Order and also strongly support military aviation. Laird joins previous Honorary Members such as Orville Wright, Jack Northrop, Scott Crossfield, and Bob Hoover.

Laird was honored for his significant efforts to promote the heritage of military aviation and for inspiring our youth to pursue a career as military pilots. He has sponsored numerous reunions for the 90<sup>th</sup> TFS and the 368<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group to honor many Vietnam and World War II era pilots. In 2006, Laird honored his dad's 34 years of service as an AF fighter pilot by funding the "Les Leavoy Cadet Flight Indoctrination Program" through the Daedalian Foundation. Les holds the SSS Stake Your Claims record, commanding five F-100 squadrons in his career.



Laird awarded high honor in April

The Leavoy Program funds 100 percent of the training for six cadets annually through their first solo flight. As of the summer of 2015, over 40 young people had soloed, with six more commencing training this summer. In 2015, Laird added the Col. Tom Tapman and Col. PJ White Cadet Flight Indoctrination Program to the Leavoy Program to honor these F-100 combat pilots who gave so much to our nation.



Les Leavoy with Cadets, 2007

In addition, Laird has donated well over \$100,000 so far to the Daedalian Foundation for this critically important training to inspire our youth to pursue careers as military pilots. He plans to continue to build the "Les Leavoy Cadet Flight Indoctrination Program" as a proud honorary member of the Order of Daedalians and an associate member of the SSS. — Ed. ■



## *The Way We Were*

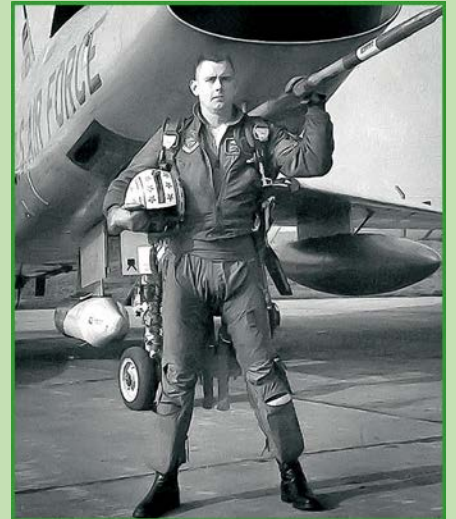
*Fifty years younger and 40 pounds lighter, we were always ready to kick the tires, light the fires and belly up to the bar at happy hour. Those were the days!*



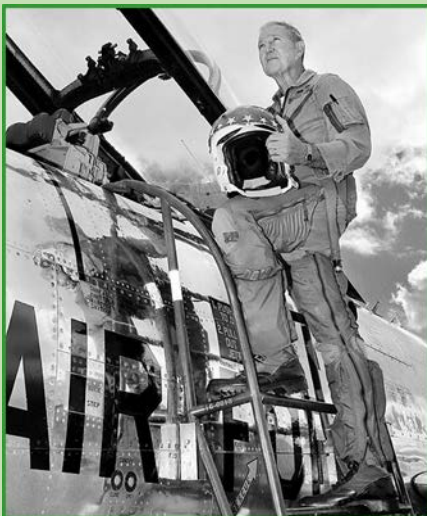
*Ken Bankus*



*Jack Beschta*



*Jim Branch*



*Bob "Hoppy" Hopkins*



*Jim Matchette*



*Karl McCulloch*



*We have 400 "Hero Pictures" out of 1,962 total members (including Inactives & RIPs). We've now published 312. It's time to add lots of others to our supply, before more of our heroes fly west. So, please dig out your favorites and participate ASAP! We prefer scanned photos (at 300 PPI) emailed to Photo Editor Shaun Ryan at (f100plt@gmail.com). If you have no way to scan, snail mail it with a return address to Shaun at 6610 Sutherland Ridge Place, Tucson, AZ 85718, and we'll return the originals. Thanks P. Editor*



*George DeMone*



*Gene Flanagan*



*Guy Hecker, Jr.*



*Don Miller*



*Bill Newell*



*Charlie Parker*

## Would you believe four sorties in a single day?

### *A Fort Wayne After Action Report*

**By Don Shepperd** (With a supporting cast of hundreds ... !)

*Last September, when CEO Hoppy Hopkins was investigating the feasibility of a SSS get-together at Ft. Wayne to fly some of our members in Dean Cutshall's Hun, he reported to the Board of Directors and other officers that the prospects for such an event were good. Based on that thrilling possibility, I made plans to be there thinking, if not lucky in the ticket drawing to get a ride, at least I could be there for a good time AND to do an after action report for The Intake, as I have done for all such events and reunions since the founding of our Society. Alas, fate intervened and I had to choose between those plans and a "pick-up" event, namely a wedding in my close family. Naturally, the family affair took precedence and I painfully canceled my reservations at Ft. Wayne.*

*However, in my new SSS role as Publisher of The Intake, and with our new editor, John Schulz, unable to attend in my stead, I arranged for sometimes-after-action-report-writer Dewey Clawson to take on this responsibility. Dewey must have volunteered Shep to relieve him of his burden, because when Dewey sent the draft of this report to me (on time, yet), he explained that the majority of the work was Shep's and to "give credit where credit is due." So, Editor Schulz and I, as PUB MED (for Publisher Medley— just PUB for short), give thanks to Dewey, credit to Shep on the "byline," plus more thanks to all the photographers who produced the hundreds of pictures we have to choose from to illustrate the written words of this report (we're going to use quite a few of 'em). Enjoy! — PUB*



*Cutshall's Hun seemed to rule the roost at Fort Wayne International Airport.*

"Nostalgia" doesn't do it justice. The Ft. Wayne F-100 Flying Event was much more than a wistful affection for the past. It was an emotional experience for both those who flew and those who watched. Throat lumps, smiles and even a few tears were part of the event.



*SSSers gather en masse for a nostalgia trip like no other.*



*The Cutshall welcome mat was on display from the get go!*

Conceived, organized and conducted by Hoppy Hopkins, about a hundred Super Sabre Society members (including accompanying family and other guests) congregated at the Ft. Wayne, IN, International Airport to watch one of the unique historical flying events of all time: the chance for 16 former Hun drivers to relive their pasts by flying an F-100 again—most probably for the last time. An added bonus: the three days of social activities and the overall, self-financing event more than broke even, thus contributing excess dollars to the SSS bank account.

The aircraft owner and pilot, Dean "Cutter" Cutshall, agreed to make his pristine F-100F available for those 16 stalwarts. Fourteen of the flyers had previously purchased \$5,000 rides. The other two flyers were winners of a fair and balanced drawing. Many of our non-aircrew Associate members would have liked a chance to win a ride, but for valid safety reasons, rides were limited to flight qualified SSS aircrew members. One hundred tickets were sold at \$100 each, with two lucky winners to be drawn when the official get-together began on the evening of 19 May (and you didn't have to be present to win).



Cutter's Hun (Serial No. 56-3948) was initially recovered from Turkey and rebuilt in the United States. It eventually passed through other owners until it came into the capable hands of Cutter and his maintenance crew, who provided professional mission and safety briefings to the flyers, support personnel and spectators before each ride. What a hoot!

Flying wasn't the only pleasure; camaraderie reigned supreme at other venues, first at the Thursday night buffet, where Hoppy, ably assisted by a gorgeous entourage of Carol Conway, Nancy Clawson and Gladdie Hopkins (no admitted relation) drew the two winning names for a never-to-be forgotten Hun ride. Steve Young was the lucky winner of the first drawing and Darrel Couch won the second ride. Steve had his PE gear preflighted and was immediately raring to go. Alas, Darrel was not so fortunate. Here's why and what came of it:



*The first lucky winner, Steve Young was raring to go!*

When Dewey called Darrel at home in Little Rock to give him the good news, he was thunderstruck to say the least. After 30 minutes or so wrestling with the logistics, he finally admitted to himself what he knew even before buying the lottery ticket. "I was overjoyed at winning the drawing, but even as my head was spinning, I knew, in my heart, it was not to be."

Darrel then told Dewey that he didn't know if he would be able to make it to Ft. Wayne, and before he called back to give us his final decision, Al Rimkus stepped up and offered to buy Darrel's winning ticket for substantially more than Darrel had invested



*Darrel in his prime. He was a ride winner, but couldn't take advantage of his good fortune.*

(one ticket/\$100) because he didn't want to be "outbid" for a winning ticket that the winner might not be able to use. When Darrel finally replied that he couldn't make it to Ft. Wayne for his ride and learned of Al's offer, always a gracious person, he refused to accept *any* money for his ticket. But he agreed to accept Al's generous offer with the stipulation that the money be added to the SSS general account. A heartfelt "Thank You" goes out to both of these fine gentlemen. Case closed!

Hoppy and Shep unveiled the new LAST MAN STANDING "toasting cabinet," which was authorized by the SSS Board as an investment in the future of our Society. This incredibly beautiful and fully functional cabinet will be stocked and ready for any SSS member desiring to drink a toast to his comrades at each SSS reunion and other appropriate SSS functions.

Shep and Hoppy also introduced a new SSS tradition, THE FIGHTER PILOT TABLE. This table will be set up at SSS banquets in remembrance of our fallen comrades. It will be adorned with items actually used by our comrades on missions in the defense of freedom around the world.



*History in the making. The SSS "Toasting Cabinet" is rolled out.*



*More history rolled out. Fighter Pilot items to remind us of "details."*

Friday came with another beautiful day. Having already flown seven sorties earlier in the week, Friday was surge day. Dean's crew chiefs, Paul Swick and Jim Prezbindowski, with over 60 years of F-100 maintenance experience between them, did a fantastic job turning the old gal. And with a "YUGE" amount of Hun time between Cutter himself and each of his "FNG" back seaters, *four more sorties in one day* turned out to be *no problemo!*



*Dean and ground crew with a happy SSS troop.*



*Pre-packed chutes helped make a record four-sortie day possible!*



Dean got the last sortie back on the ground in plenty of time for everyone to get back to the hotel to join the “convoy” of about 25 cars for the short drive thru the countryside to the Joseph Decuis Farm (Decuis is pronounced day-QUEEZ). Peter and Alice Eshelman, the owners, put on a Kobe beef-burger picnic for us with an adult beverage “Happy Hour” and horse-drawn or surrey tractor carriage tours of their elegant farm. The slogan for their overall operation is “Indiana’s ‘Farm to Fork’ Destination.” Check it out at <http://josephdecuis.com/>.



*Farm fare at the farm. Shep is holding up four fingers. They must have been discussing the 4-sortie record day?*

Saturday included a tour of the Air National Guard’s 122<sup>nd</sup> Fighter Wing and its A-10s at the Ft. Wayne Airport, including briefings, aircraft displays and simulator rides. Attendees were blown away by the appearance and professionalism of the unit and its personnel and equipment. Inside the Guard Ops building you could not hear anything of the airfield operations, except when 56-3948 once again took to the skies. As the building shook, there was no doubt as to the origin of that “sound of freedom.”

Saturday evening included a relaxed formal, dress-up “Dining-Out” at the Ft. Wayne Country Club with a lobster and steak dinner, *and* superb wine supplied by SSS member Lanny Lancaster. 122<sup>nd</sup> FW Commander Col. Mike “Stoli” Stohler gave an informative briefing of the unit’s recent six-month deployment to the Middle-East, including descriptions of interesting combat missions. SSSer B/G Dave Brubaker also added some interesting stories and insured that the new Last Man Standing Cabinet was put to good use.



*Formal wear was suggested, but was not mandatory.*



*But most, like this elegant couple, did go with the suggested garb.*



*After being broken in on Thursday evening, the Toasting Cabinet was put to a formal stress test with good results at the Saturday gala. A nice piece of art!*

**First Class or Not at All**

~~//~~

allowed them to make the takeoffs, low passes, landing approaches and certain “air work” ... including mild aerobatics such as rolls as they danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings.

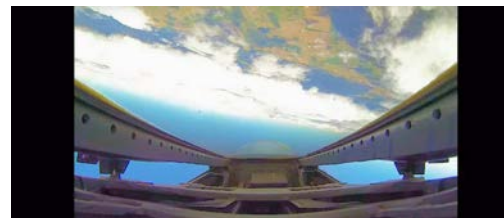
Throughout the days of this event the F-100 flyers all returned from their rides with wide smiles. Most just sat in the cockpit for a few extra minutes to savor the experience. They reported the old “wing wobble” on takeoff from years of “jet rust” but seemed to settle-in with airspeeds and power setting memories quickly returning. Dean



*Wide smiles of afterglow.*



*Cockpit-Cam says it all: Dancing the sky ...*



*... in a familiar world turned upside down.*

Super Sabre Society members weren’t the only ones interested in the F-100 Flying Event. AOPA Magazine and local newspapers covered the action, and numerous professional photographers (including AOPA photog Mike Fizer, son of SSSer Bob Fizer) snapped photos of flyers *and* spectators. Dean Cutshall arranged for a local friend to take photos and videos of takeoffs, landings and low passes from an airborne Jet Ranger helicopter. Flyers provided interviews recorded by AOPA that will be available on their site starting approximately in September.

SSS member Tuck McAtee and his friend, SSS member and EAA legend Keith Phillips, arranged with Dean to fly formation in their Swearingen SX-300 aircraft: the Hun at 225 kts, half-flaps and the SX’s at full throttle—a photo-first! A

few of these photos can be found at URL [johnwillhoff.smugmug.com/Super-Sabre-Society/Air-to-Air-with-the-Hun/](http://johnwillhoff.smugmug.com/Super-Sabre-Society/Air-to-Air-with-the-Hun/). And to keep the spectators busy, SSSer Dave Brubaker gave water rides in his Searey amphibian and ANG member Brent Mutton gave helicopter rides in his Robinson R-22 heli.

Perhaps this event was best summed-up by Joe Breen in his quote published on the SSS website: *“What a dream come true, being back in the bird once again. I don’t know how many times in the past 50 years I have fallen asleep and found myself taxiing out in the Hun as I dreamed of days gone by, and to actually do it again is beyond words. I told Dean and the guys they’d better have a bunch of Kleenex at the ready because there will be a lot of wet eyes come next week. To stand there touching the beast again, and as she sits there at the ready, really put my heart in my throat—55 years rolled away and I was 20 again!”*

And a good time was had by all: 16 sorties, no ground aborts and four flights in one day with a 60 year-old aircraft and pilots slightly older—you gotta be kidding me ... ALL HAIL, DEAN CUTSHALL! And ALL HAIL, HOPPY!

**The flyers were:** 1. Joe Breen, 2. Joe Broker, 3. Richard Graham, 4. Don Campbell, 5. Doc Gold, 6. Ed Haerter, 7. Bill Lynch, 8. Leo Mansuetti, 9. Roger Nylin, 10. Dick Pietro, 11. Roger Root, 12. Al Rimkus, 13. Gary Silence, 14. Lou Silvestri, 15. Bob Terbet, and 16. Steve Young. Here are comments about this event from some of the attendees:

**Bob Terbet**



When I saw Dean's offer I considered it a chance of a lifetime. It was expensive, but I would have taken out a loan if need be. I was very fortunate to be one who got to fly that beautiful plane. It was an event for my family because my wife Ida, son and daughter Michael and Colleen and my 8-year-old grandson Jacob attended. It had been 50 years since I last flew the Hun at Bien Hoa. I still had my boots and was able to squeeze into my flight suit. The sounds and smells brought many memories. I had flown the Hun for eight years and logged 2,000 hours. Dean is a gentleman and was a pleasure to fly with. If the event is ever offered again I would strongly recommend members of the SSS to take advantage of it. — **BT**

**Roger Root**



I was one of the guys fortunate enough to get a ride in the Hun at Ft. Wayne, a very special 40 minutes of my life made even more special because my daughter flew in to see it all happen. Dean Cutshall is a great guy and made the ride a lot of fun. Brought back many memories for me from the cockpit smells, the round dials and the kick-in-the-butt burner!!

I was very impressed with how well all events went the entire time I was there. Everything was well planned and a lot of fun. This speaks highly of the outstanding leadership we have in the SSS. Special thanks to Hoppy for all the thought and work he put into it! Thanks again, — **RR**

**Bill Lynch**



I was one of the fortunate few who got to fly. What a hoot! It was worth every cent and worth every minute of the nine hour drive. The airplane was wonderful, but the better part was the people and experiencing again the common bond that we share. It was as though nothing much had changed over the last 40 or 50 years. Although one of us was 92 and others decades younger, we each had something in common with the other F-100 guys. It was a great experience and I can't wait for Las Vegas.

My congratulations (and thanks) to Hoppy, Shep, and all who made it a first class event that was relaxed and comfortable. — **BL**

**Ed Haerter**



Because of a host of other commitments that couldn't be moved, mostly doctor appointments, we had to leave Wednesday morning. However, from the time we arrived Monday afternoon everything was awesome. We had dinner with Cutter Monday night, and he was an exceptional host. My wife, both sons and one grandson were along for the experience, and everyone had a great time talking with Dean, especially my ex-F-15 driver son.

The flight itself was almost too much. I'm still smiling widely while writing this over a week later. The fact that Cutter let me fly the entire ride, from taxi until touchdown was unbelievable. I'd expected a ride in the back seat. What I experienced was a real flight, with lots of "Gs," rolls, afterburner passes, etc.

Not having flown a Hun since 1969, and my most recent experience in transport aircraft, I started out somewhat ham handed, and over-controlled a bit. But after a few minutes, everything seemed to come back, and all of a sudden 50 years melted away, and in my mind's eye I was back doing my favorite, and by far, best job I ever had—flying a fighter—and, even better, this time I don't think anyone was shooting at me.

I am incredibly proud of my service, especially the time spent as a fighter pilot in SEA, and exceptionally proud to be one of so many fine young men who put their asses on the line for this country, both sitting alert in peacetime or flying combat missions that were principally designed to support the grunts on the ground who depended on us so much. We truly were/are a band of brothers. Simply put, an incredible experience that is not to be forgotten. Best Regards, — **EH**



**Roger Nylin** I just added 48 minutes to my log book and to the 25-year love affair I enjoyed with the United States Air Force during my active career. "First class or not at all" describes the event orchestrated by Hoppy, Dean and all the SSS officers. The sights, sounds, smells, and experience of flying that beautiful Hun (especially clean) for one last time are something I will treasure forever. At our age it was the best value for money that I can imagine, and I could not have been prouder to have been a part of such an awesome group. Thanks for the memories. — **RN**



**Gary Silence** An overall comment: I thought the whole event was just great! Clearly the main event was the F-100F rides. That was very special for everyone and will never be equaled in the future—Hoppy and Dean exceeded all expectations. And the tour of the ANG unit was a great chance to see what the current breed of pilots is doing, and their equipment. I especially liked the hotel accommodations from the room to the staff, and the breakfast was the best I have seen. The planned events (buffet, farm, formal dining out) were just the classy, comfortable, first class activities I was proud to be part of and enjoyed immensely. There was plenty of time to relax and visit, plus just the right pace of activity to allow us to enjoy everything. Great job all around! — **GS**



**Dick Pietro** Here is my overall feeling: this event was an opportunity of a lifetime. I went to FTW with no intention to fly. I had to go two days early to help Hoppy with the various events we had scheduled. After seeing the first few guys fly and the emotions of the moment, I told Carol, "I have to do it." I would have regretted it forever had I not. The sights, sounds, and smell of the old Hun, and getting to touch her again, will be in my mind forever. The flight was a thrill and Dean made it all the more so. What a gentleman. What a professional.



The cookout at the Decuis Ranch was terrific. Not just the food, but once again the atmosphere. An unbelievably beautiful setting, and it was a real pleasure to meet Pete and Alice Eshelman, who were fantastic hosts.

We had a great tour of the 122<sup>nd</sup> Fighter Wing facility (formerly flying F-100s, now flying A-10s) arranged by the wing commander, Col. Mike "Stoli" Stohler. They couldn't have been more gracious. Can you imagine what we could have done with a payload like they carry in our CAS missions in Vietnam? Think of the lives that would have been saved. Also, we got to fly the A-10 simulator and had a great briefing on exactly what they are doing in Syria and the entire region as well as the high tech avionics these guys have available. Unfortunately, we also found out, not that we all didn't already know it, that the same political bullshit regarding target acquisition and approval is as bad or worse than it was for us in Vietnam, proving the old adage that politicians make wars and young men die.

The final banquet at the Fort Wayne CC once again took place in a beautiful setting. The banquet itself, although a formal affair, was done in a very fun and casual atmosphere. The Power Point presentation by "Stoli" was very informative and his co-presenter, SSS member BG Dave "Bru" Brubaker, added a few colorful and funny closing remarks. — **DP**

**Leo Mansuetti** You probably know that the comments are going to be off the chart good. I didn't think the Smithsonian Udvar-Hazy party could be beat, but if you discount the airplane ride this was equal. The Thursday night party was super. Meeting old friends and making new ones among this fantastic group of people was really special. There was plenty of time to tell lies and listen to new ones. The only thing that could have been better was the lottery outcome. The hotel was very nice and the staff was exceptional.



Friday at the airport was amazing. Sitting in on Dean's briefing, then going out to watch the guys climb into the airplane, smelling the jet fuel, was just too much for me to stand by and not participate. I talked with Hoppy and he managed to get me a slot on Saturday. I also enjoyed the helicopter ride. I swear the only time we got over 20 feet was dodging a power line. We hovered in the corral of the magnificent ranch where we later had supper. That place is really beautiful and would have been a super event on its own.

The highlight Saturday was of course THE RIDE. My performance in the airplane could have been better but as I told my friend, how many 80 year old farts do you know that can say, "I FLEW A FIGHTER TODAY." Dean is a super guy and it would be nice if we could do something to recognize him. I met him four years ago and three times since. I've always enjoyed talking with him. The country club dinner was really nice. Great conversations. The only improvement I can think of is reinstating the old Air Force precedent of requiring the speaker to keep his hand in an ice bucket for the length of the speech. When the hand comes out so does the hook. I told Shep if there is another party planned I want to be on the list—and Carolyn feels the same. — **LM**



*A quiet moment in the bar of the Farm before the crowd showed up. Dewey and Dick tied in the Most Decorated Leather Jacket Contest!*



**Don Campbell**



May 16<sup>th</sup>: One of the best days of my life! My flight in Dean's F-100 took me back to 1969 and Bien Hoa. I was scheduled to fly on the 17<sup>th</sup>, but after checking wx at Ft. Wayne it looked "iffy." I called Dean and asked about flying on the 16<sup>th</sup>, and he said, "come on up." Off we went from TN, arrived Sunday evening (the 15<sup>th</sup>). Dean took us to dinner and I had him and 948 to myself on Monday.

Wow! What a ride! Top of Bucket List! Upside down and all over the sky, plus a Hun airshow at the airport! Last F-100 flight Oct. 1969, combat mission out of Bien Hoa, VN. Thanks Dean & Hoppy!!! (Videos and story to follow.) — **DC**

As a next-to-final note we'd like to thank all the photo and video folks whose selected images are used in this report. They are: Ray Steup, Online Creative Content Producer for INFortWayne.com (still outtakes from a video titled "Welcome Super Sabre Society"); SSS Associate Michael Benolkin, Owner and Webmaster of the <http://f-100.org/hun.shtml> website; SSSer Dewey & Nancy Clawson; and unknown SSS Members or other photogs in attendance whose images have been collected by the SSS CIO and are available on its Website and/or Facebook Gallery.

There you have it. Filmmakers and Broadway producers would be green with envy at the madly enthusiastic reviews in this report from one and all. And there's also a larger lesson here: Boys don't grow up; their toys just get more expensive! — **ED** ■



## A Prequel to the Ft. Wayne Hun Flying Event

This article was sent by Keith Acheson of the Des Moines ANG wing that celebrated its 75 Anniversary on 11 June, just over a week before the Ft. Wayne Hun flying event reported above. Wouldn't you know that Dean "Cutter" Cutshall and his 948 Hun were the star of that show, too! Here's what we have from Keith to "Newbie" Editor John Schulz:

Hi John. Thought the SSS might be interested in this event held Saturday, June 11, 2016. It was in honor of the 75<sup>th</sup> year of the 132<sup>nd</sup> Wing. We flew Huns 1971-1977.

Dean Cutshall flew his "F" in for static display. His arrival show was outstanding, as was his departure. He used A/B on every pass and had the entire crowd in WOW mode. Ole 948 stole the show away from the Viper arrival and static display. (Viper drivers were noticeably jealous of the performance of the Hun.) Cutter and crew definitely got the juices flowing.

CONCERT • STATIC AIRCRAFT • VENDOR FAIR • FAMILY DAY & F-CUBS

### 75TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE 132D WING



South Ramp Entrance, 1945



Members of the 124<sup>th</sup> Obs Squadron, 1941

On February 28, 1941 the 124<sup>th</sup> Observation Squadron received its Federal Recognition from the National Guard Bureau; realizing a 16-year old dream for a group of local investors and several native, World War One pilots that only took six requests and several trips to Washington D.C. to achieve.

The 124th Observation Squadron was allotted a strength of 27 Officers (13 of which were pilots), 110 Enlisted, and five aircraft. Today, we have over 900 unit members, multiple enduring missions, and the support needed to ensure future generations have the opportunity to serve their Nation, State, and Community.

JUNE 11, 2016 ★ WEST HANGAR, BLDG 100 ★ 1 - 4 P.M.

For more about the 132d Wing, find us on:  
Tag your memories: #132DWING75YRS @132dWing



132<sup>nd</sup> Old Timers: L-R; Jim Fitts, Keith Acheson, Don Armington, Gerry Schwartzbaugh, Bruce Smith, Doug Pierce, Davey Sanderson, Jon Larson.

Thanks for this brief report, Keith. The whole event must have been fantastic. So glad to learn of Cutter's prequel performance hit. It was a good warm-up for the following FWA event! **Ed**. ■

## I was...challenged as a wet-behind-the-ears flight lead.”

### My First F-100C Flight at the Luke School House

By Roger Carleton



After reading a draft of this article, Ed Wells says the gist of the story seems familiar, but hazy.

From April through October 1969, I was assigned to the 4510<sup>th</sup> CCTW at Luke AFB, AZ, checking out in the F-100 Super Sabre prior to transferring to the 35<sup>th</sup> TFW, 615<sup>th</sup> TFS, Phan Rang, RVN for my combat tour. As a recent UPT graduate, I was more than elated to land these assignments in a single seat fighter. At Luke, I was assigned to the 4515<sup>th</sup> CCTS in the flight commanded by Major Robert “Root Beer” Hires. This is the tale of my first solo flight in the F-100C, May 2, 1969.

After eight rides in the family model, it was time to step into the “C” model. I was eager to strap on the jet as a solo fighter pilot. Little did I know that I was soon to be challenged as a wet-behind-the-ears flight lead. [Ed’s hazy recollection: is typical for IPs with hundreds of “Studs.”] As I recall, my IP that day was Major Ed “Blackhawk” Wells.

The briefing was standard, i.e. the IP would lead us to *and* from our assigned training area. Once in the area, I was to be given the lead, with the IP transitioning to a chase/safety observer position as I performed the many briefed maneuvers. His last words to me as we rode in the step van to our jets was something to the effect of, “Don’t pay any attention to me until it is time to RTB.” “Piece of cake,” I thought—wrong!

The first gotcha on this sortie came as I lit the AB, accelerated and started pulling Gs for over-the-top maneuvers. The seat bottomed out! (Remember, the C had manual seat positioning, unlike the electric system in a D or F.) Surprised, but clear-headed, I found the ejection seat safety pin in my G-suit pocket, gingerly pinned the seat and raised it back to a comfortable level. I made certain the seat was firmly in place before removing the pin. I then continued with slow flight, a gear extension exercise, stalls and other maneuvers.

The F-100C flight controls were rock-steady compared to the F-100F, and I was feeling great—enjoying the freedom of solo flight on a clear Arizona day. What a thrill to be strapped to a supersonic fighter while “slipping the surly bonds of earth.”

Every now and then, I looked aft to ensure my IP was still there. Toward the end of my scheduled maneuvers, I realized I’d not heard from my IP for a while, so I initiated a fuel check. Silence (this is not good)! Rocking my wings and slowing to 300 KIAS, Major Wells quickly joined. He gave me the radio out hand signals—no transmit or receive capability. After a visual fuel check, he essentially gave me the lead to get us back to Luke.

In my cockpit, things now got hectic. I had expected my IP to lead us home and now it was MY responsibility. Fumbling through the local In-flight Guide, I found the route out of the area. Once our flight was pointed in the right direction, I called the SOF, explained my IP’s NORDO situation and asked if he’d coordinate with RAPCON for a formation low approach to Runway 03. The SOF did his magic, and soon we were on short final with landing gear down. When my IP was cleared to land, I gave him the lead, switched to tower freq and requested a closed, full stop. “Finally, I could relax somewhat,” I thought. “Negative closed, re-enter,” was the tower’s response. Damn. Back to the In-flight Guide, so I wouldn’t screw up the pattern.

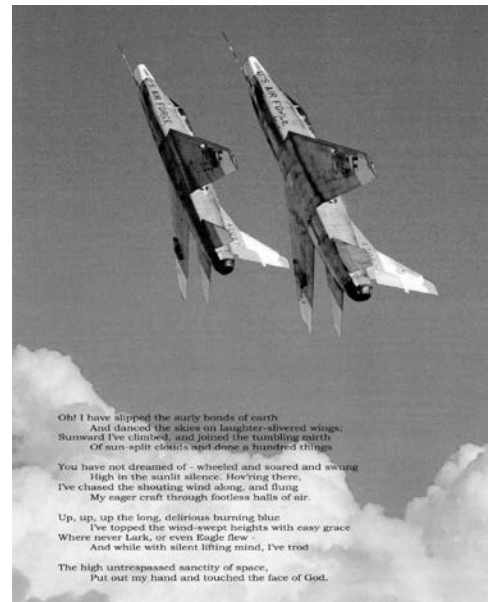
After yielding at the entry point for a flight of F-104s low on fuel, I was at last on initial. I called “initial, full stop,” but again the tower told me to re-enter for an inbound emergency. Now my attention was 90% focused on my fuel state because it was approaching min fuel. Fortunately, when again on initial and transmitting “min fuel, full stop,” I was cleared to land. Upon landing and after deploying the drag chute, I let out a *big* sigh of relief. My first solo was complete, despite the sortie’s unexpected turn of events.

I can still recall the details of that flight, now some 47 years ago. My biggest lessons learned were two-fold: (1) never be complacent and (2) always be prepared from takeoff to landing. Both of these served me well during my 29+ years in the Air Force.

*Breathes there a man among us who can say he didn’t have to learn (and quickly), and then often apply some life-saving lessons that too often came with a rush of adrenalin when the dear old Hun suddenly played one of its many tricks? Ed. ■*



After Luke, Roger had Hun tours at Phan Rang (615<sup>th</sup> TFS) and England AFB (416<sup>th</sup> TFS).



Two “Cs” “slipping the surly bonds” at Luke. Original pix was by Big D Simmonds. A color version of this image by Wally Mason was on the back cover of *The Intake, Issue One!*



## From Generation to Generation

### The Unforgotten War

By Vito Tomasino

David and Sarah Lee arrived at McCarran International Airport, Las Vegas, on December 20, 2015. The South Korean teenagers came to the United States under the sponsorship of Dan Stegemann, who had taught them English while he was working in their country. He had brought them here several times before, along with their younger sister, Esther, who stayed home this trip. This time, however, more than anything else, they wanted to meet with a U.S. serviceman who had served in Korea during the war to personally thank him for saving their country from communism.

Dan contacted Keith Rogers, the *Las Vegas Review Journal's* military reporter, who asked me if I would meet with them. It was an easy “yes” for me, and for my wife, Ezdy. We met in our home on 16 January 2016. Thus, through these remarkable youngsters, a grateful nation thanked me for my service; which I humbly received on behalf of all who served in that war. Their message brought closure to my Korean experience.

I was with the 1st Marine Division during my time in the Korean war, and returned 18 years later as an Air Force officer. To learn from these remarkable youngsters—more than 60 years after the war ended—that the people of South Korea were so grateful for what we did, they made sure that their children, and their children's children, kept the memory alive. It touched the heart of this old warrior and reinforced my belief that, sometimes, we do get it right.



David and Sarah represent the third generation of Koreans who have never forgotten what we did for their freedom. (Jan 2016).

asked for nothing more than the chance to find honest work to care for their families. They were not greeted with open arms, or given anything for free. Nonetheless, they were in a country that would reward hard work and perseverance. And persevere they did. Their ultimate goal was to become American citizens, and they did.

“In the struggle for freedom—won for us by our founding fathers and later reinforced by our immigrants—the unlimited potential inherent in every human being was unleashed. Our history, and that idea, is inculcated in the psyche of every American. It's in our DNA. America is a unique phenomenon of the ‘New World,’ unencumbered by thousands of years of subjugation and oppression experienced by almost every other nation on earth. No other people on this planet identify with the plight of the downtrodden like the American people, because, not too long ago, *we were them*.”



Vito in 1953 in South Korea as a 19-year-old combat Marine holding his Able Company flag. In Sasebo, Japan, before deployment, a woman there did his portrait.

“So when asked to pick up a rifle or strap on a fighter jet to help those in a little-known country on the other side of the world secure *their* freedom, we feel a special obligation to answer the call, and welcome the opportunity to pay it forward. It's who we are!”

Dan and the kids were probably as surprised by my answer as I was. It felt like a reenactment of the scene played out that summer of 1951, when my high school friends questioned my decision to join the Marines.

As they did then, my words flowed as easily and true; this time, however, with 65 more years of life experience to draw from!

Sarah and David are back home now, sharing their recent experiences with family and friends—ensuring that America's legacy in Korea is passed on to the next generation. ■



Vito Tomasino



(Seoul, Korea 1953) These kids, and the millions like them in this world, are, for me, what makes any sacrifice worthwhile.

Vito says this article is going to be in the last chapter of his newest book, titled *Close Calls*. Based on this fine human interest story, we look forward to its publication and opportunity to do a book review on it. Stay tuned. **Ed.**

*The Duane Baker Story: a KIA Hun Driver's Son Grapples With the Truth*

By David D. Baker

*This unusual and revealing story by Dave Baker was, as he put it, “written mostly for my kids to read and understand who their grandfather was.” The result is a human interest story involving the Hun, its history, and the impact on families when Hun drivers “bought the farm.” Dave’s father, Duane, died in Vietnam combat in 1967 when Dave was only five. But his years of acceptance of that loss when he was so young turned to surprise and anger—due to a passage in a birthday present he recently received from his mother—a Misty book that told the real story of how his father died. And his hatred of the F-100 only grew as he researched more about the plane, its missions, and the attitudes of those who flew it—and love it to this day. His follow-up correspondence with Misty Mick Greene, who had investigated the crash, and with book co-author Don Shepperd, to verify details, sparked more anger. But it also resulted in his guest attendance and speech at a subsequent Misty reunion banquet, where what he learned by meeting the Misty pilots helped him heal his new “open wound” and to reappraise his attitudes about the F-100 in a whole new light. Ed.*



*The author at Lake Tahoe in 2015.*

**Prelude** Captain Duane S.

Baker loved to fly. When he was four, his mom, “Lila” Marie Baker took him to an airshow. Fascinated, he asked, “What made it stay up?” From then on, he wanted to be a pilot. If he could connect it back to airplanes in school, he would, frustrating his teachers.

One teacher assigned him a report about Native Americans, thinking this would give him a break from the flying business. Instead, he found a Native American who was a pilot in WWII and wrote about the plane he flew. Duane graduated from Oregon State with an A- average in aeronautical engineering. He joined the Air Force and wanted to fly the F-100 Super Sabre, known to pilots as “The Hun.” In pilot training he worked hard and graduated third in his class, and then second in gunnery school at Luke AFB.

**Duane Baker’s Cold War Fighter Pilot Duties**

I remember my dad as a calm, gentle man. This is how everyone described him: calm, gentle, and a good pilot.

From 1963-66 Dad flew F-100s in Germany. First produced in 1953, the F-100 was capable of supersonic speed in level flight. It was a sleek design employing heat-resistant titanium and swept wings. It also had an “afterburner.” The pilot pushed the throttle outboard, dumping fuel directly into the afterburner section of the engine, giving a quick burst of thrust. Test pilot George Welch (later killed in an F-100 crash) described the effect of cutting-in the afterburner as being like “...a kick from a well-fed mule.”

Much later, I learned that in addition to Dad’s preparedness and training routine as a fighter pilot, he and his squadron mates periodically sat alert (behind locked gates near the planes) with a nuclear bomb loaded on their F-100s in case the Soviet Union invaded Western Europe. If the “horn went off,” they would have to fly low level toward their targets, pull up at the last moment, release their bomb, make a hard turn and get away as fast as possible.

The bomb would arc up, giving the pilot time to escape, before detonating. Delivering the weapon and escaping was the least of their problems; the main threat would have been nuclear bombs going off all over their route to the target and on the way home. Further, there was no chance of their base still being there when they returned. They had alternate bases designated, but they likely would not be there either. There were also deep targets—and that meant there would not be enough fuel to return. The pilots had pre-planned E&E (escape and evasion) areas where they “might” get picked up later, after the war, when radioactivity permitted.

Mom told me neither Dad, nor anyone else, ever talked about nuclear weapons. Mom was given a list of instructions telling her to keep two weeks of food on hand, keep the car full of gas and, if directed, to drive with other families west toward France. Desperation plans in an insane world, but a sign of the times.

**Hun Pilots’ Love Affair with “The Widow Maker”**

Due to its swept-wing design, F-100 approach speeds were higher than previous jets. Because of its wings, the new fighter had abrupt stall characteristics.

New “Hun drivers” were required to watch a film that showed “The Sabre Dance,” in which the pilot of an early F-100 came in for an emergency landing, raised his nose too high as he neared touchdown and his plane began to stall. He selected afterburner with the nose of the Hun high in the air, putting the aircraft further “behind the power curve.” The plane yawed back and forth going into an even worse stall, then crashed, killing the pilot. It was a sober introduction for student fighter pilots to the dangers of the Hun.

According to the book, “Boyd, *The Fighter Pilot Who Changed the Art of War*” by Robert Coram, chronicling the life of James Boyd, one of the Air Force’s top pilots, the F-100 was a lieutenant-killer, a widow-maker, a death-trap with a fearsome reputation.

One quarter of all the F-100s produced were lost in accidents. A forgiving aircraft tolerates mistakes by the pilot; it will not, as pilots say, “Rise up and bite you in the ass.” The Hun was one of the most unforgiving airplanes



ever built. It had to be flown every second; it demanded attention. One pilot with 2,000 hours of experience described an F-100 landing as a controlled crash. From the time a pilot taxied out to the runway until he landed, the F-100 was trouble waiting to happen. The standard admonition for F-100 pilots at the end of each preflight briefing was, “DBYA— don’t bust your ass.”

Boyd loved the airplane’s evil quirks. “It bites back,” he said. He thought the F-100 was a great aircraft for students; *if they could fly the Hun, they could fly anything!* Other pilots also fell in love with the airplane’s ability to pass the speed of sound in level flight. “There I was, going severely supersonic,” became a new phrase among Hun drivers. The fact that the new jets could go faster than the speed of sound amazed people. Airshow spectators stood and watched as the F-100 approached silently, passed by, then the sound—*KABOOM!!!* In the 1960s, the big bombers of the U.S. Air Force’s Strategic Air Command (SAC) were king. First the B-47, then the B-52, were the prides of SAC. General Curtis LeMay had early-on boasted that no fighter could climb high enough or fast enough to reach his bombers. With the advent of the F-100, a SAC bomber pilot could look out his cockpit window and watch a Hun driver do a barrel roll around his aircraft.

As an instructor at the Air Force’s fighter pilot school in the mid to late 1950s, Boyd, in his F-100, allegedly won every mock training battle except one against a U.S. Marine Corps pilot that ended in a tie; this included students in F-100s and every other fighter aircraft from the Air Force, Navy, Marine Corp and foreign students. Many came just to take on Boyd in his F-100. Pilots were often embarrassed and humbled by the experience, but left as better fighter pilots and with a greater respect for the F-100.

The Hun was dangerous to fly under the best of conditions, but pilots fully understood the dangers and tended to develop a false sense of bravado, recklessness and invincibility to deal with fear, shown by their popular post-mission utterance said with a smile, “We have challenged death once again.” All of this gave me insight into my dad, who wanted to fly a plane that seemed to be ridden more than flown.

#### **Duane Baker in Vietnam: November '66-June '67**



*Dad at Bien Hoa in 1966.*

Dad volunteered for Vietnam. In a letter to Mom (high school classmate Lillian Hale), Dad talked about how hard it would have been for him not to go to Vietnam when others did. He arrived in Vietnam on Nov 24, 1966, assigned to the 416<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Squadron at Bien Hoa. He believed in the war.

He wrote Mom about what the North had done to people in the South and felt we would lose some of our sense of morality if we did not help. Later, Dad was sent to help set up a new base for his squadron at Phu Cat. In addition to the administrative duties, he laid tile in the shower room

because no one else knew how. In his letters, Dad talked about how much he wanted to get back to his daily flying routine.

In another letter to Mom, Dad wrote, “Sometimes I get afraid that I have been gone so long that I won’t know how to act. If I did not have your pictures and your letters and your love, Honey, I would feel like I was lost. I’ll always love you and I’ll spend my whole life making you happy.”

Obviously not the cold, detached, impersonal warrior characterization of military men portrayed by anti-war protestors. I have a memory of going up to a mountain view when I was three or four years old. When I saw how high we were, I cried to go down. Dad carried me. At the bottom, I felt bad that Dad did not get to see the view and told him he could go up if he wanted. Dad said no, he didn’t like being that high either and would rather stay down with me...an interesting statement from a man who rode planes to 40,000 feet faster than the speed of sound.

In June 1967, two men in uniform came to our door and asked to speak to Mom. I was five years old. I closed the door and called Mom. A strained look came over her face. I went back to watching TV. I then heard Mom crying. When I went to look, Mom was sitting in a chair near the door with the two men talking to her. I didn’t understand, or did not want to, and went back to the TV. I never asked Mom if this is how she found out. Over the years I decided I didn’t want to know. Later, Mom told my brother and me about Dad’s death and how we had to stay a family. I remember I did not like what I was hearing and chose to not accept it. Mom received a letter from Colonel Ed Schneider, the commanding officer of Dad’s wing. The letter said Dad was “shot down by ground fire” while strafing a suspected VC location west of the Marine Corps base at Chu Lai.

Life goes on. In 1985 I went into the U.S. Marine Corps as an Infantry Officer. I would have been a pilot in the Air Force, not so much to follow my Dad, but because it sounded like a great job. But my eyes were not good enough, so I learned to sleep on the ground and eat rations out of a plastic bag in the Marine infantry. I later went into the FBI as a Special Agent and became a bomb technician.



*Lt. Dave in 1985.*

#### **Learning About Dad’s Death—Stunned and Angry**

In April 2006, I was married with two young children, living near Houston, Texas. Mom sent me a birthday present: the book, *Bury Us Upside Down*, by Don Shepperd and Rick Newman, to help me understand Dad. The book is about the Vietnam unit, Commando Sabre, 416<sup>th</sup> TFS Detachment 1. Their call sign was “Misty.” The book tells the story of a handpicked group of Hun pilots using two-seat F-100s and working as Forward Air Controllers over North Vietnam. The front seat pilot flew the aircraft while the backseat pilot worked the radios, maps and a handheld

camera. They looked for targets like SAM sites, truck parks, POL and supply areas, and marked them with smoke rockets for bomb-laden fighters. Apparently, Mom did not read the book before she sent it.

I recognized the 416<sup>th</sup> as Dad's squadron, but Misty was a separate unit. I also realized that they were stationed at Phu Cat, the same base Dad helped set up. As a history buff, I found the book interesting until I got to page 212, which discussed Misty's operations officer, Mick Greene, who said he had been given his first in-country check ride *by Captain Duane Baker!* Greene said that a few weeks later, Dad was attacking a suspected VC location west of the Marine Corps base at Chu Lai "when the wings came off his airplane during the pullout from a bombing run." The plane went straight into the ground, taking Dad with it. Greene and Colonel Lee, the vice wing commander, were sent to the crash site to find out what happened. The flight surgeon recovered Dad's body. The cockpit section of the airplane was in a shallow creek; the rest of the plane was scattered elsewhere.

I was stunned, left staring at the page. At first, I believed Greene made a mistake. The book was written years after the war and maybe Greene confused Dad with someone else. Col. Schneider should not have lied to us about how he was killed. I sent an email to the publisher asking if they would forward it to Greene to clarify what happened. A day or so later, Greene kindly replied and confirmed what happened, but he did not know we had been told Dad was shot down. Greene wrote; "As far as Colonel Schneider lying to you, I don't think that was the case. In his mind, a shoot down was probably more heroic, understandable and palatable to relatives than a structural failure. I don't agree, for whatever that's worth. Your dad was a skilled, respected and well-liked fighter pilot." Don Shepperd, another Misty pilot and author of this book, also sent me an email. He told me he was in Germany with Dad, but in a different squadron. They flew together on training flights in Libya. Shepperd described Dad as a superb and well-respected pilot, an "old head." Dad won many of their friendly bets at the gunnery range.

Mom and I decided it didn't matter. Dad volunteered to go to war because his country called. Dad was firing on the enemy in support of U.S. troops on the ground when the wings came off his plane and it exploded. I would not have cared if he slipped in the shower, hit his head and died. He died a hero, serving his country.

### **Rethinking Things, Thanks to the Misty Pilots**

The Misty pilots invited us to their yearly reunion. Shepperd said, "We are all here for you if we can help." Though Dad was not in their unit, was not a close friend, and they did not know me or Mom, they were kind enough to treat us as if we were a part of their group. They did it out of respect and to honor a fellow airman. They let me speak at their formal dinner. I told them this story and how the book had brought out many old feelings my family had buried. I thanked Lee and Greene for being on the team that

went out to get my dad. I thanked Shepperd for writing the book that brought this out and told the group how much our family appreciated their attention, sensitivity, concern and honesty.

These were military men, warriors. To be able to face the possibility of dying every day, it is necessary to embrace the concept and honor of dying in battle. Every culture has done this, but it is not easy to describe to someone who has not fought in battle. Colonel Schneider and the others understood the dangers of war and the honor of serving. Nowhere is it written that to die an honorable death for your country you have to have been trying to kill or have someone trying to kill you. Maybe Colonel Schneider was afraid we would not understand. But we do. We are proud of Dad and hold no animosity toward anyone in the Air Force.

### **Researching Why the Wings Snapped Off**

Leading up to the reunion, I did more research on the plane and its many problems, failures, and the deaths that resulted. The F-100 was a work horse. It flew more missions in Vietnam than any other aircraft. The F-100 was not originally designed as a bomber, rather an air-to-air fighter. When it was modified for bombing, the repeated stress on the wings and fuselage caused metal fatigue that led to cracks near the center wing box.

Greene's analysis of Dad's plane helped identify the problem on the F-100 and that the same thing likely happened to other pilots.

According to the book, *F-100 Super Sabre Units of the Vietnam War*, by Peter Davies and David Menard, this metal fatigue could have also caused the structural failure and explosion of several other F-100s during this period, including Major Len Niski in May 1967 and 1<sup>st</sup> Lt James Cumiskey in June. According to other pilots, F-100 pilot Clyde Carter at Bien Hoa was returning from his last mission and started a high-G rolling pull up when a wing came off, causing his fatal crash.

The final incident came on Oct 21, 1967 during a USAF Thunderbird flight demonstration team show at Laughlin AFB, Texas. Merrill A. (Tony) McPeak (later a Misty pilot AND a four-star general Air Force Chief of Staff) was flying solo for the team. I found his account of the crash difficult to read because it likely described what had happened to Dad. The team was about to perform their signature maneuver, the Bomb Burst. The four planes in the diamond formation pull straight up and then roll out to four different



**Thunderbirds' signature Bomb Burst. What they were planning for...but was not to be that day.**



directions. McPeak was to follow by pulling straight up through the center of the “burst” made by the other planes.

McPeak started an aggressive 6.5 G pull to the vertical when his F-100 exploded. Flames filled the cockpit; McPeak was still fairly high in the air, so he ejected and survived. McPeak’s flight boots and his flight suit were charred. The plane crashed in a field, fortunately not hitting any of the spectators. McPeak learned later the wings had come off his plane. The F-100 has a large fuel tank in the fuselage. When the wings separated, a large amount of fuel dumped into the engine, causing the explosion. *Déjà vu.*

The F-100’s wings mate into a wing box at the center of the fuselage, the strongest part of the airplane. The manufacturer, North American Aviation, tested a similar box on a bend-and-stretch machine. It once again broke along a wing fatigue crack at an equivalent load of 6.5 G, the same flight condition when McPeak’s wings separated (and likely my dad’s). It shouldn’t have happened, because the F-100’s positive load limit is 7.33 G. The recovery from a combat dive-bomb pass is a lot like McPeak’s pull-up into the Bomb Burst.

McPeak survived because he had sufficient altitude at the time of wing separation to successfully eject. From Greene’s study of Dad’s plane, the review of McPeak’s crash and others, the Air Force developed a fix for the fatigue cracks in the wing box. They attached reinforcing straps that kept the wings from separating and extended the life of the plane.

### Hasty and Angry Conclusions Get Tempered

As we discussed this, Mom forwarded the emails to her friends. Some of these discussions were forwarded to the Misty group. After reviewing the problems and the deaths caused by the F-100, in a fit of anger, I emailed Mom that the F-100 was a “piece of crap.” Bob Sarchet, a longtime friend of Mom’s and an F-100 pilot who flew with Dad, wrote back in an angry tone defending the F-100 and said that I did not understand.

You don’t insult a craftsman’s tools. These men risked their lives flying this plane in peace and war. The plane accomplished what they asked it to do and brought them home. As happens between people working together in stressful situations, a relationship developed between the pilots and their planes, though sometimes a dysfunctional

*After Dave Baker contacted me and we continued our dialogue, I began to realize that his story would be a moving and most unusual one for readers of The Intake. So he and I worked to put together this no-holds-barred article that is unique in many ways, and touches on the raw emotions and terrible impact for those who were left behind whenever one of our “brother men who fly” fell victim to the vagaries of war or the Hun’s omnipresent deadly design peculiarities — Shep.*

one. One of the Misty pilots, Tom Tapman (RIP), who saw this exchange, emailed a quote from Ernest Hemingway and said this was how he felt about the F-100:

*“You love a lot of things if you live around them but there isn’t any woman and there isn’t any horse, not any before nor after, that is as lovely as a great airplane. And men who love them are faithful to them even though they leave them for others. Man has one virginity to lose in fighters, and if it is a lovely airplane he loses it to, there is where his heart will forever be.” – Hemingway*

You also don’t insult a man’s first love. Later, Sarchet wrote “[Dad was] just a good pilot doing his job when the machine we all knew and trusted failed.” In these emails, I heard Dad yelling at me that the F-100 was a good plane.

Was it fair for me to call the F-100 “crap?” The F-100 was dangerous to fly, but Dad chose to fly it. James Boyd, who wrote one of the many manuals on air-to-air combat for the Air Force, loved it. Every F-100 pilot at the Misty reunion loved the plane.

Everyone Dad flew with loved the F-100. In everything I have read about the F-100, none of the pilots bad-mouthed it; but it killed Dad. The F-100 pioneered the design of operational swept-winged supersonic aircraft. A fighter has to fly fast and turn hard, the same as a race car vs. a family sedan. We were in the middle of the Cold War and refused to accept that we could lose. Bottom line from all this?

Dad was part of a team. The pilots who flew the F-100 and the mechanics who worked on them kept detailed records of the problems so they could be fixed and that new aircraft would be improved from that knowledge. There was no cover-up. It is a tough business.

The Air Force and pilots knew the dangers and did their best to correct them, but they had a job to do. I hope pilots today know their wings are less likely to separate because my dad and others flew planes on which that did happen.

**Epilogue** Every so often, I realize *I’m older than Dad ever was*, this man I remember being strong, wise and grown-up. The F-100 taught me much about my dad; the man he was, what he believed in, how he felt. I’m sad the F-100 took him away from us so early.

But, in my heart of hearts, I’ve apologized several times to Dad for bad-mouthing the F-100. ■



*Unlike combat losses, Tony’s canopy remains and all other debris were available for post-game analysis. Wing center box failure was identified as the culprit, and a fix was designed and implemented for the fleet.*



*Capt. Baker was part of a team, as in “Band of Brothers.”*

## Another Dumb Thing Done in a Hun (DTDH)

By Davey Sanderson

Full afterburner barrier engagements are not widely recommended. Indeed they are frowned upon in some circles and no one is a better authority on why that's so than SSSer Davey Sanderson of the 124<sup>th</sup> TFS, Iowa ANG. He explains the "why and how" better than we could, so read on! *Ed.*



"Davey"

It was a typical Volk Field summer-camp in 1971. [At the time, Volk Field in Wisconsin officially was an ANG Permanent Field Training Site.] Weather forecast for tomorrow was rain, fog, etc., so tomorrow's flying was cancelled by 1600 hrs and switched to a ground training day for pilots. We rushed to the O' Club to consume Wisconsin cranberry juice and brag about our gunnery scores. But the ground pounders never get a break; tomorrow would be a perfect opportunity for the Civil Engineers to time-change the BAK-12 engagement brakes in the pits, and they needed a live test.



124<sup>th</sup> TFS

That night, the club was jumping—except for me. I was scheduled to be the SOF (FCF, Maintenance Officer, IP, and all around good guy), so I volunteered to do the high speed "taxi" test. I turned in early, sans any spirits. The second most sober pilot, Dale Sorensen, pulled RSU (and took the picture below.)

Only a skeleton force was working that morning: Civil Engineers, Fire Rescue, Tower, and a few crew chiefs. Crummy weather, but good enough for a BAK-12 cable pullout. Aircraft maintenance had one suitable Hun for my use, a clean one with about 1,000 pounds residual fuel from the previous day's mission. Don't know what the exact Hun weight was, but I recall we couldn't find acceleration charts for that low of a "take-off" weight. WAG it! Probably close to 21,000 lbs.

**THE PLAN:** Set up on centerline with the tail over the approach end overrun. Lock the shoulder harness. Tail hook down. Run-up to mil power. Full A/B. Release brakes. Come out of burner at about 100 kts. Throttle back to idle and let the HUN coast into the cable. Piece of cake!

**REALITY:** On engine run-up to 100%, brakes started sliding due to the light aircraft weight, painted runway markings, and wet runway. Quickly lit the A/B; the acceleration was something I had never experienced in my life! Before I could focus my eyes, the airspeed suddenly jumped to over 120 kts in a blur. My intention was to come out of burner when the BAK-12 lighted marker moons were at about 45 degrees. My brain gave an instant command to my left hand to come out of A/B and retard the throttle. The 'ol neurons didn't travel fast enough to the arm. Cable moons went by in a flash. While I was still in full A/B the arresting hook engaged firmly and the deceleration "Gs" threw me forward against my locked-but-loose shoulder harness, and my helmet hit the combining glass.

To make matters worse, the deceleration force also straightened out my throttle arm, keeping the engine in full A/B while the cable played out. Never saw the peak airspeed, but would guess it was at V1, VR, and V2 at the same instant. By that time, the 1,200' cable had played out, while I was still in full A/B. Airplane stopped nicely, right on centerline. Finally I wedged my hand behind the throttle and pulled inboard and aft. Came out of A/B and back to idle at about the same time.

**UGLY ENDING:** I had planned to have maintenance unhook the cable and raise the arresting hook so I could taxi in, just like the Navy guys do on a boat. Instead, maintenance gave me a quick shut down sign. I figured the cable had some kind of defect. (It couldn't be hot brakes—they weren't used!) I climbed down and went to see why the crowd of mechanics was walking around the tail. Up drives the carload of Civil Engineers. Everybody was pointing at the hook—and the hole that was punched in the tail. Apparently the arresting spring steel had so much sudden stress that the hook snapped upward and the hook shoe poked a large hole in the empennage right beside the tailskid. Don't recall that it damaged the engine. I asked the CE guys how much cable came out, they responded, "All of it—all 1,200 feet!" "Nice pullout!" They asked what the weight and airspeed was, so I gave them the rough weight and said the airspeed was still increasing thru 140 kts when I lost track. The sheet-metal guys were roused out of bed for some unscheduled work in the rain. All's well that ends well. ■



Second soberest 124<sup>th</sup> TFS summer camper witnessed and documented Davey's DTDH in sloppy weather with a light-weight Hun from the RSU/Mobil Control Unit.

Davey's SYC turned DTDH: *Light Hun weight, slick runway, unexpected acceleration trumped the original plan. Lesson: Be prepared, per the Boy Scouts Marching Song. Ed.*



## A Harry Brown SYC Revisited

By Medley Gatewood

Way back in April of 2012, Harry Brown submitted an SYC about the last official Hun combat mission in Laos. We evaluated it and in Issue 19 awarded him a valid SYC title that read “**Last official Hun combat mission in Laos = 06/25/71.**” Harry had also claimed an SYC of “Last trucks destroyed by an F-100 in SEA.” At the time, Ed Wells was the SYC Editor, and he and I agreed that Harry’s second part of the claim was simply a happenstance related to the mission, and not a valid SYC. We did mention the four truck kills as earned BDA for the flight, but did not award a separate SYC for that claim.

In his submission, Harry had also mentioned that he and his wingman (Al Struthers, not an SSSer) hurried on back to Phan Rang to see the landing of the last-ever combat sortie in SEA, supposedly by the wing commander. That story, facts about which are hard to find, is a doozy and deserves to be published. So we promised Harry that if he’d write it up, we’d run it in a future issue of The Intake. Well, Harry has been busy (no story as yet), but the offer still stands and we invite him to get to a keyboard and write it up with the style, flare and insight that Harry can do as a master storyteller. Meanwhile, here’s the full text of Harry’s Last Laos Mission SYC submission FYI.— **PUB**

The 35<sup>th</sup> TFW at Phan Rang, RVN was to fly its final combat missions on 25 June 1971. Col Craig P. Nolan was to lead a four-ship that afternoon as the last official F-100 combat mission in Southeast Asia. All missions that day were fraged as in-country.

I was a Flight Commander in the 612<sup>th</sup> TFS and was to lead a sortie into Northern I Corp accompanied by Capt. Al Struthers, one of my Flight members. Our scheduled take-off was about 2 hours before that final Wing flight and flying my bird, ‘ole 101, all went as planned until check-in with the FAC well west of Da Nang. Unable to get a response from him we went back to the TACC controller. Initial reply was “glad you’re back ... you’re being diverted to a ‘Covey’ [FAC] in Laos with some trucks.” Music to our ears ...

The weather over Laos was unusually beautiful with visibility close to unlimited. Upon making contact with Covey he briefed that he had an unknown number of trucks under trees just off the road. Reaching the rendezvous point and having visual contact, he advised he was receiving ground fire. We set up our load of MK-117 “slicks” for a one pass drop. He marked and we both put our bombs exactly on target. Covey was pleased and stated he could see more trucks if we wanted to make a strafe pass. I got that “devil made me do it” feeling and agreed to one pass. Dropping down to an *asking-to-be-shot-down* low angle, throttle against the stop, 90 degrees to the road pass, I trimmed nose down and eased off the back pressure as I kept the piper on what I believed my eyes saw as trucks. I emptied my 20 mm load in a concentrated pattern and Al followed suit from a different angle. Well, we got away with it and left with much black smoke coming out of the target area.

Covey gave us *one* truck and the usual “will pass on any further BDA.” We made it back, with no holes, debriefed and were able to get to the de-arm area for the welcoming back of the final 35<sup>th</sup> TFW combat flight.

A couple days later, I stopped by Intel and found that Covey had passed on *four* trucks destroyed for our flight. Therefore, my claim, for Al and myself is to have flown the last OFFICIAL F-100 COMBAT MISSION into LAOS and the LAST TRUCKS DESTROYED by an F-100 in SEA.

As noted in the Intro, Harry’s claim for the last official F-100 combat mission in Laos was awarded and the BDA given by the FAC was mentioned in the text of our SYC analysis, but the BDA didn’t merit inclusion in the official title of the SYC. Current SYC Editor Jim Brasier and I (as Publisher) believe that Ed Wells and I made the right call. And after a discussion about this with Harry, I think he’s OK with things as they stand. Let’s hope that Harry will get that doozy of a story about the landing of the last ever F-100 combat sortie written pronto so we all can enjoy it ASAP. — **Medley** ■

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

Henry “Hank” Hartsfield  
July 17, 2014

Thomas Emmett  
December 25, 2014

George Holliday  
August 28, 2015

Ted Banick  
December 24, 2015

Wayne E. Davis (SC)  
March 4, 2016

Brad Telshaw  
February 19, 2016

Arlo Wenstrand  
March 8, 2016

Raymond A. Malacarne  
March 26, 2016

William F. Pearce  
April 10, 2016

Paul “Matt” Dillon  
April 13, 2016

John Bales  
April 17, 2016

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# Serious Paper Work at TAC Pilot Training Schoolhouses

## The SYC Evidence Room

### Ground Attack Mission

#### Grade: Pete McCue:

Grade sheets like this were mandatory at TAC formal schools conducting syllabus courses at CCT and RTU units.

As you can see, record-keeping AFTER each flight consumed lots of IP time as well as the mission prep-, briefing-, and debriefing-time. These record-keeping documents were developed by TAC Education Specialists in conjunction with various Training Offices at the unit and MAJCOM levels.

Assoc. SSSer Bud Stoddard, who recently flew west, was among the very best of those Ed. Specs., as those of us who worked with him will readily attest.

INDIVIDUAL TRAINING MISSION GRADE GROUND ATTACK				MISSION NUMBER	POSITION NUMBER	MISSION DURATION	DATE
NAME <i>MCCUE, PETER W.</i>				<i>GA-1</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>1+10</i>	<i>8 MAY 67</i>
AIRCRAFT NUMBER				<i>563870</i>	<i>F-100F</i>	INSTRUCTOR <i>BOND, R.D. MAT.</i>	
CRITICAL ELEMENTS				REMARKS (Continue on Reverse Side)			
				Mission briefed and critiqued in accordance with the Phase Manual.			
				<i>a very strong mission for GA-1.</i>			
1. TAKE OFF				<i>overshot on join up and didn't align</i>			
2. JOINUP				<i>his fuselage with lead's on the "re-attack"</i>			
3. FORMATION				<i>flew excellent route formation to Rng.</i>			
4. GUNNERY PATTERNS & DELIVERIES				<i>was able to stay ahead of the situation</i>			
A. SKIP BOMB				<i>most of the time. On skip he was</i>			
B. STRAFE				<i>not arriving at 50 ft until over</i>			
C. ROCKET				<i>the target but got 2 for 4. Caution on</i>			
D. 30° DIVE BOMB				<i>steepening up bank close to the ground</i>			
E. 10° GLIDE BOMB				<i>to avoid overshoots. Strafe patterns,</i>			
5. POP-UP PROCEDURES				<i>dive angles and firing ranges were</i>			
6. REJOIN				<i>outstanding. Must have had good</i>			
7. TRAFFIC PATTERN				<i>proper placement - shot 53%! IP</i>			
8. JUDGEMENT				<i>demo on rocket roll in and recovery.</i>			
9. LANDING				<i>His finals were overshoot and steep</i>			
NON-CRITICAL ELEMENTS				<i>due to wing over type roll ins.</i>			
10. EMERGENCY PROCEDURES				<i>Fired rockets in a bank for 107'</i>			
11. FUEL PROCEDURES				<i>and <del>missed</del> bumbled aircraft some on</i>			
12. RADIO PROCEDURES				<i>reconies. IP demo on an</i>			
13. RESPONSE TO CORRECTION				<i>emergency landing pattern at Difa Bend.</i>			
14. SIGHT AND ARMAMENT PROCEDURES				<i>No pattern, too high and fast touched</i>			
15. ATTITUDE				<i>down at</i>			
OVERALL GRADE				SIGNATURE OF INSTRUCTOR <i>R. D. Bond</i>			
TYPE DELIVERY	TYPE ORG	NF. RELEASED	AV SCORE				
<i>50' SKIP</i>	<i>MK106</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>50%</i>				
<i>STRAFE</i>	<i>20mm</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>50%</i>				
<i>Rx</i>	<i>25° FPAR</i>						

### Navigation Mission Grade:

#### Grade: Gary Nophsker:

Like the evidence supporting Pete McCue's SYC, this grade sheet for Gary leaves no doubt in the minds of the SYC submission evaluators that the claim was valid.

In this case, the IP, Capt Filliman was a witness to an amazing bit of Idiot Loop accuracy and TOT/Impact. Filliman also included a bit of effective visual techniques to graphically get the point across with a minimum number of words.

Thanks to both Pete and Gary for sending these historical documents that give us pause to savor those ancient schoolhouse days.

INDIVIDUAL TRAINING MISSION GRADE NAVIGATION				MISSION NUMBER	POSITION NUMBER	MISSION DURATION	DATE
NAME <i>NOPHSKER, HOWARD G.</i>				<i>NAV-3</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>2+00</i>	<i>13 JUNE 63</i>
AIRCRAFT NUMBER				<i>55-3771</i>	<i>F-100D</i>	INSTRUCTOR <i>CAPT FILLIMAN</i>	
CRITICAL ELEMENTS				REMARKS (Continue on Reverse Side)			
				<i>Students was observed only on final run-in, on delivery and return to</i>			
				<i>hub -</i>			
				<i>TOT and bomb delivery were truly</i>			
				<i>outstanding. Bulls eye OTS, only</i>			
				<i>one second off on TOT. A distinct</i>			
				<i>pleasure to observe such results</i>			
1. PRE-FLIGHT PLANNING							
2. TAKE OFF							
3. JOIN UP							
4. FORMATION							
5. TANKER RENDEZVOUS							
6. REFUELING PROCEDURES							
7. POSITION REPORTING							
8. PILOTAGE HIGH							
9. PILOTAGE LOW							
10. DEAD RECKONING							
11. RADIO NAVIGATION							
12. CRUISE CONTROL							
13. TARGET RECOGNITION							
14. TIME ON TARGET							
15. DELIVERY EFFECTIVENESS							
16. RADIO PROCEDURES							
17. INSTRUMENT LETDOWN							
18. TRAFFIC PATTERN							
19. LANDING							
20. RESPONSE TO CORRECTION							
21. ATTITUDE							
OVERALL GRADE				SIGNATURE OF INSTRUCTOR <i>Cap Filliman</i>			
<i>7/11</i>				STUDENT'S INITIALS <i>HN</i>			
<i>2.43</i>							



## The Good Old Days: Pulling Off a Great Prank—Well...Almost!

### An Itazuke Night With the Boys at the Officers Club Bar on the Strip

By Willie Wilson (RIP Feb. 5, 2014)

In 2012, when Daryl Hubbard published his book, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Vietnam*, he included a full “Part 2: Stories by Friends.”—written by his fellow *Hun Drivers*. Daryl recently sent us this story by Willie Wilson. The two were stationed together at Itazuke Air Base, Japan between June, 1959 and June, 1962, when this tale of high jinks and an elaborate hoax took place. It batted .500 with the “medics”: one bought the fake wounds; one smelled catsup! **Ed.**



Bill Slocum (l) and “Wee Willie” Wilson at a 2010 reunion.

Around 7 PM one Tuesday night in 1961 at the Itazuke Air Base, Japan, Officers Club bar on “the strip,” about 10-12 or so of us fighter pilots were thinking up some playful pranks to carry out. Off-the-wall ideas were abundant. Everyone had something in mind.

Finally, we came up with the far-fetched idea to drive, push, pull, lift and swing a mini 1950s vehicle (of some make or other) into the officers club, and stage an automobile “accident.”

You got to be kidding me! An indoor automobile accident? Good grief! What booze was the bar serving to our beloved protectors of freedom? But, really, us fighter jocks didn’t really give a rats! *Chug-a-lug, baby!*

We finally managed to get the vehicle into a rather large room adjacent to the entrance to the bar. One of the more sober jocks (sober? I know that’s hard to believe) phoned Dr. Rudy Vollman (80<sup>th</sup> TFS flight surgeon) at the “Zash House,” a bachelors’ off-base pad, and told him that Willie Wilson was involved in an automobile accident ... . Bleeding profusely ... . Is incoherent and is insisting on talking only to Doc Vollman.

On a good traffic day, the Zash House is about 15-20 min. from the “Zuke” Air Base Officers Club on the strip. While we were waiting for the Doc to show up, one of the fighter jocks spotted a female nurse coming toward the club front door. I think the nurse was “Jan the Horse,” but I can’t remember for sure.

Just before she entered the club, I smeared catsup on my face and flight suit and positioned myself under the front wheels of the vehicle. (We already had the catsup at the ready while we were waiting for the Doc to arrive).

When the nurse entered the club, we all did our pretending and reacting to the bogus automobile accident! When “Jan the Horse” saw me, “the accident patient,” she went into her automatic “nurse-caring mode.” She went down on her knees and cradled me in her arms, yelling for someone to call the base hospital. “And do it QUICK,” she yelled as she looked down at me with an expression of unbelievable distress and agony. After 5-10 seconds of being cradled in the arms of “the Horse,” I looked up at her

and in my best loving, puckered-lips voice, said “I think I love you!”

Holy cow! Now she really goes bananas! She starts “chewing out” everyone—especially me! Why me? I thought to myself. I didn’t do anything. She was reprimanding everyone for the dastardly deed! Of course this made the ridiculous situation all the more thrilling. We were just some fighter jocks having good clean fun. *Chug-a-lug men. Rum, rum, makes you dumb... Give me some!*

What baffled us clearer-headed jocks the most was the fact that here is a car inside the officers club, which several of us had to lift and turn to get it there, and my “injuries” indicated the vehicle had to be going 30-40 mph when it “smacked” into me! Why didn’t she put all the 2 and 2s together? But, she didn’t. Honest! I guess we’ll never know! *Have another drink old pal!*

After we assured “the Horse” we had temporarily lost our way as officers and gentlemen, Jan settled down. So, we ordered more drinks, invited “Jan the Horse” to join in, and she did! We all waited for our main victim, Doc Rudy Vollman, to arrive. We were on a roll! *More drinks... Chug-a-lug... More drinks. Down the hatch!* Tony, the Japanese bartender, had a huge grin on his face as he shook his head in disbelief and pleasure. It was starting to be an excellent Tuesday night at the club bar! Things were looking up and getting better. The drinks flowed like *velvet Champagne!* *Chug-a-lug! RUM, RUM... The demon rum, give me some!*

Fighter pilots are very crafty people! Cleverly thinking ahead, we placed one of our fighter pilots as a “sentry” in the bushes outside the front door of the club to keep a sharp lookout and inform us when the doctor arrived. One of the jocks thought it would be a good idea for the “sentry” to take a few bottles of beer with him so he wouldn’t have to leave his post to come in to get another drink, thus abandoning his assigned duties. After all, 10-15 minutes sitting in the bushes without a drink would have been asking too much of any fighter pilot! The drunk was pleased that we were looking out for him and assured us that he would man his post conscientiously.

As it turned out, 10 minutes later the drunk from the bushes ran into the club and bellowed out, “The Doc is here. Can I get another beer?” As we suspected, it was a false alarm. The drunk was really out of beer, and wanted a resupply. We sent him back to his post with two more bottles of beer. As he stumbled back out to the bushes, he

was giggling and snickering like a 14-year-old junior high school student getting his first free feel on the front porch. Ten more minutes went by and, again, the drunk from the bushes informs us, “The Doc is here! Honest, no lie this time! Can I have some more beer?”

With this latest intelligence report we all assumed our “hoax accident” positions. As the Doc came into the club, he quickly surveyed the situation and started laughing. He said, “Come on Willie, get up, I can smell the catsup!”

It didn’t come off as planned...but that didn’t stop the drinks from flowing. Maybe the hoax accident had gone awry, but there was still booze to be had! The doc asked, “How in the hell did you get the car inside the club?” We spent several hours over drinks explaining how it was done. Meanwhile, the Doc and “Jan the Horse” were making Goo-Goo eyes at each other! The Doc seemed very happy we called him. “Jan the Horse” seemed happy too. All the “boys” seemed happy as well. *Chug-a-lug!*

During the final “last call” for drinks (which we all ignored) the Doc told us that while he was driving to the club from the “Zash House” he was flipping those “*mox nix* sticks” as emergency lights/signal. (You know, those little lighted “arms” operated manually by the driver from inside

the vehicle. Actually, they *were* the foreign-made vehicle’s turn signals, back in those days of the 1950s and earlier.)

We all had many belly laughs the rest of the evening. Later on, the drunken “sentry” was found sleeping (passed out) in the bushes. He was promptly loaded into another drunken pilot’s vehicle, and driven home for his 4-5 hour crew rest. He was scheduled for an early morning flight briefing the next day. *No big deal! Chug-a-lug baby!*

Sadly, the bar finally closed at midnight. Most of us had early-morning flight briefings, and we needed to go home and get our crew rest. “Jan the Horse” went home with the Doc, who had a grin on his face from ear to ear.

As usual, the next morning, everyone was in the cockpit—on time, flying another exciting F-100 mission! Man-O-Man, was Itazuke great or what?

**Daryl Hubbard Postscript:** *I was at the bar when all this happened; it was the most hysterical thing I may have ever seen, and I was there from beginning to end! The 1950s and the early 1960s at Itazuke Air Base, Japan were extraordinary times! It’s a real pity those magnificent and glorious days of yesteryear are long since gone—never to return! –DH ■*



## Another Time, Another Place . . . Another Hoax Has Found a Space

### The Ballad of “Joe” and “Passion”

By Greg Butler



Greg Butler

As a bachelor in the 478<sup>th</sup> TFS (474<sup>th</sup> TFW) at Cannon in the early 60s I occasionally volunteered to deploy with other squadrons; I much preferred Aviano to Clovis. Upon rejoining the squadron at Cannon one time, I noticed a new name on the scheduling board’s roster, a Lt. Budabushcheck. I’d yet to meet “Joe” who, I was told, had just graduated from the Hun “B” course at Luke.

After noticing Joe’s conspicuous absence from morning pilots’ meetings, and anywhere else in ops for that matter, I soon realized that he was really only a figment of the squadron’s collective imagination. I don’t recall ever learning exactly who invented “Joe” and his lovely wife “Passion” (of course), but their existence was at least tolerated by Doc Savage (RIP), the CO, and Dick French (RIP), the Ops Officer. In retrospect, I wouldn’t put it past Dick to have been the instigator.

Turns out, the prime target of the joke was intended to be the squadron wives. As you might expect, they couldn’t wait to get their hands on Passion to properly orient her to “the ways of Air Force fighter jocks (and their wives).” The married guys had been doing an outstanding job of goading

them on, despite misgivings by some of the spouses. So it was decided to finally unveil Joe and Passion to all before the cat got out of the bag.

Seems there was a drama professor from Eastern New Mexico University in nearby Portales who liked to frequent the O’ Club bar. Arrangements were made for him to find a young and attractive pair of drama students to play the parts. They were invited to spend the next Friday at the squadron to get a little OJT and to pick up enough fighter jock lingo to get by at a squadron party at the club that night.

The kids did a marvelous job and the jocks all had a heck of a time holding back the laughs as the wives tried to do their motherly thing. I don’t recall whether the pair eventually slipped up and blew their cover, or if the wives had to be told, but before the party ended we all had a great laugh about the infamous Joe and Passion Budabushcheck.

Ah the good old days!

*Let’s see now: the SSS has charter members, regular members and associate members. Maybe we also need fictitious members. Any other applicants out there? –GB ■*



“Green Foxes”



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

## \*Reminder\*

SSS Membership Comes With Annual Dues of \$35 (beginning with 2016), Due On or BEFORE 1 January.

If You're Among Those **Still in Arrears**, as of **Right Now**, Why Don't You Take Care of Business **Now** and Not Still Be Among the **Dues Not Paid** Members Come the Fall Issue of *The Intake* and **At Risk of Suspension!!!**

Why not save a Forever Stamp by paying online at our website, or send a check to the address at the bottom of page 2!

## *Laughter-Silvered Wings*

*This is the 14th installment of the LSW "mini-department," featuring short, humorous "fun in the Hun" anecdotes. We all have funny yarns to share, so please get on the stick and send yours to Intake Editor John J. Schulz, [jjschulz@bu.edu](mailto:jjschulz@bu.edu).*

o-0-o

While stationed at Myrtle Beach ('59-'63), I had to deliver a Hun to McClellan AFB, CA, for heavy maintenance. I stopped at Tinker AFB, OK, to refuel but ran into a problem that required repair and an operational check flight before I could continue.

Next day, looking at a local area map, I spotted the small town of Pauls Valley, near the Texas border, where an old buddy, Carroll C. Ballard ("C-Squared") grew up; said he was the only pilot from there.

So, after the ops check, I flew to south of Pauls Valley, then came in low and hot—right up Main Street! I made a low, quick reversal and, again very low and fast, lit the burner right over the center of town. I scooted south a ways, made a wide circle to avoid the town and flew back to Tinker. Once the Hun was signed off and refueled, I headed off to McClellan. Got away clean for sure!

It was either in 1965 or '68 at the Bien Hoa O' Club, I'm having a beer and in walked C-Squared! He was flying C-124s (Old Shaky) with a Reserve outfit based at Tinker. He'd flown non-stop at a cruising speed that was likely less than a Hun takeoff or landing speed.

After a few rounds, I was feeling sorry for him and decided to cheer him up by telling him about my "Pauls Valley Air Show." He slammed his beer mug down: "Why you Son of a Sea Cook! [Ok, words to that effect.] Everybody in town has been giving me grief for years, and I haven't convinced a single soul that I didn't do that show!"

So much for cheering him up. *No good deed goes unpunished!*

– Bill McCollum

*P.S. I think the statute of limitations has expired!*

o-0-o

*OK, Guys, we've all heard about 100 great radio calls and fun stories. Send yours along ASAP. My storage bag is near empty. Don't worry too much about length; Mack the Knife leaves "nary a trace of red" doing edits. — JJS*

## *Back Cover Credits*

Not long after Shaun Ryan sent us the front cover pic, SSSer Chet Parham (who summers in Idaho, lucky guy), precisely on 4 August 2015, sent us an email with his three pictures of the weather vane Hun on the back cover. Could this be one of those coinkydinky things Jack Doub speaks of, or just providential? In any case, we were pleased to get Chet's pics, and for the first time we have a back cover that directly connects with the image on the front cover!

Chet said he tried to get a video of this unique wind-direction-giving Hun, but the wind wouldn't cooperate and his battery was beginning to die. No matter, Chet, we can see that the contraption really does work, and we thank you for your timely submission of this little-known Hun, still serving—with a critical mission—in the wilds of upstate Idaho!

## *Parting Shots about Your Dues*

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

*Because (now, 2016 and beyond) \$35 dues are payable on or before 1 January every year, it might be a good idea to remember that (and take care of it regularly). To do that, try putting the SSS on your Christmas Card List and include your check for \$35 every year. "Works good and lasts a long time!" (Quoting the many Luke Hun academic IPs.)*

\*\*\*Have a nice summertime! Ed.\*\*\*

# Super Sabre



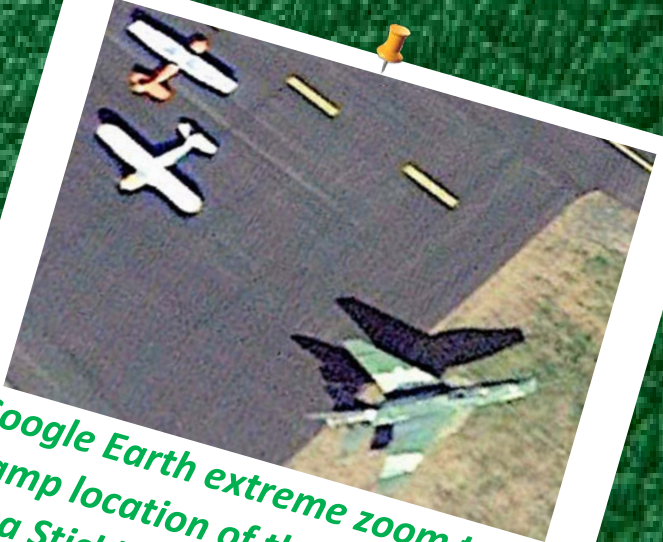
Chet Parham's Pic 1. Wind out of the southwest.



Chet Parham's Pic 2. Wind veered to the west.



Wind backed to the southwest. Or did Chet push it back by hand?



Google Earth extreme zoom to the ramp location of the "Wind Vane on a Stick" at the Saint Maries, ID, airport.

# Snapshots