

Spring 2017

Issue 33

# *The Intake*

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



— “Hun Fine Art Collection” —

“Al Dempsey’s 458<sup>th</sup> TFS Hun” by Stan Stokes (Credits, page 2.)

Bob Hoover Celebration of Life Event: After Action Report ( Article, page 8.)

Portrait of a Warrior: Jack Doub, “The Golden G-Suit” (Featured article, page 22.)



# The Intake

Spring 2017, Vol. 2, Issue 33

JOURNAL OF THE SUPER SABRE SOCIETY

## 3 Staff Corner: Pres. & Editor

4 National Air & Space Museum — SSS's Hun Fine Art Project, By "Hoppy" Hopkins

## 5 Incoming/Outgoing Correspondence

8 Bob Hoover Celebration of Life Event: After Action Report, By Don Shepperd

9 Stake Your Claim (SYC) Dept. Plus SYC Scoreboard & DTDH Roundup

14 Travels with "Gentle Ben" Boshoven, By "Greensnake"

*A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Izmir (or) How "Moses Flight" Came to Be*

17 Book Review #1, "Oswald Boelcke: Germany's First Fighter Ace and Father of Air Combat," By R.G. Head

18 The Way We Were, By Shaun Ryan  
*Popular Center Spread Dept.*

20 Book Review #2, "Roles and Missions," By Merrill A. McPeak

22 Portrait of a Warrior: Jack Doub, "The Golden G-Suit," By Jack Doub as told to John J. Schulz

27 1955 North American Aviation F-100 Publicity Document, From Jack Bujalski

28 "A Christmas Thought" (and an interesting poem), From Tom Clark

29 Super Sabre Snapshots ... and Other Important Imagery

30 Berlin Crisis ... , By Jim Smith

31 The Tree v The F-100, By Don Volz  
*"... dammit, Gabe, I want that hill."*

32 Hun Escort for the "Ranch Hand" Spray Missions, By John J. Schulz

35 Laughter Silvered Wings & More, *SSS Contacts, Dues Due, Back Cover Credits/Notes, Closing Remarks*



We first heard of Stan Stokes, the creator of this issue's front cover Hun, when we were working with Al Dempsey on a Palm Springs Air Museum (PSAM) article about their Hun D-model roll-out. Stan was the photog for the pics in that report. In passing, Al told us about the painting of "his Hun" that Stan had done for him some time ago. Turns out that Stan is an aviation artist of great renown (as well as a long time Honorary Director of the PSAM). So, kudos to Stan and thanks for his permission to use "his" painting of Al's beloved 56-3780. It is indeed a Masterpiece!

### Dues Status

*If your DUES STATUS (printed on the envelope this came in) is "In Arrears," our records show that as of 8 March, you had not paid for 2017—\$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:**

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

## Staff Corner

**From the President's Desk**

I just returned from Alaska. Rose asked me why I wanted to go to Alaska in the winter, high -7, low -17. I didn't have a good answer. I really didn't want to leave sunny Tucson, but was invited by Col. Chris Niemi, commander of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Wing. I was in Huns in the 90<sup>th</sup> TFS at Bien Hoa in 1967-68 for part of my Vietnam tour and the 90<sup>th</sup> FS is now at Elmendorf, in F-22s. What red-blooded American could resist a close look at the Raptor and those who fly them?

The unit had just returned from the Mideast, operating against ISIS and dropping on 80% of their missions. Col. Niemi wanted me to speak to the unit about surprises they might encounter in a peer competitor war. I gave a formal speech, participated in their awards ceremonies, flew a C-17 SIM, watched Raptors launch for Bear intercepts from alert and rapped about flying in the "old days," how we were unprepared from our low-level nuke days to fight a conventional war in SEA, and how we were surprised at Bien Hoa when part of the base was overrun early on the morning of Tet '68.

Fighter pilots never change. We like to hear stories about combat and tactics and daring rescues and sweaty palms, and we all like to drink beer while we are doing it, and we have good-looking wives. AND, "we" want to fly the new stuff that operates at 50,000 ft. and pulls 9 Gs and delivers precision weapons from standoff ranges and shoots people in the face.

"They" want to fly the old stuff. I assured them they have the better deal, but they weren't convinced. They have the Air Force we wanted but couldn't get—one that can find and hit targets in all kinds of weather with precision, stationary and moving, day and night.

There are still fighter pilot squadron bars and now there are female pilots (some of the pictures on the wall have had to change), but there is still beer and camaraderie and laughs and the familiar sounds of guys who just like and respect and depend upon each other to complete a mission and maybe even save each other's lives. These kids are unbearably young, obviously not old enough to drive, fuzzy-faced and they have the best job in the world, yet they still want to hear about the old days when we ran around at low level, dropping manual bombs, no chaff, no flares, no RHAW, no ECM, no radar, no night vision goggles and one crappy radio that often failed when you fired the guns.

Yep, we always want what we don't have. I wanted to be them and they wanted to be me, BUT, the common bond is WE ARE ALL FIGHTER PILOTS AT HEART—same competitive spirit, same irreverent sense of humor, same contempt for PC and dumb rules, same love of flying and dedication to our friends, families and the nation.

COME TO VEGAS 25-28 April for our 6th biennial SSS reunion! – Great events. We'll laugh about the old days and toast our buddies from the new SSS Toasting Cabinet and meet some of the new kids who wish they were us and you can see why you'll wish you were them. Laughs, lies and friends—it doesn't get any better and we aren't getting any younger — *Shep*

**From the Editor**

Most of us answered the call when we read the famous "Uncle Sam Needs You!" message. Well, now "Uncle JJ needs You!" Here's why:

Part of the SSS's mission is to "preserve the history" of the men who flew the mighty Hun. A significant chapter of that long history was written during the Tet Offensive of 1968, when all four in-country F-100 bases were attacked within hours of each other early on the morning of January 31, 1968. For a few hours or days after the night attacks commenced, the future of each base was in danger (as were the several thousands of people serving at each location).

For the next 30 days or so, intense fighting involving all the indigenous Viet Cong units and a large number of divisions of invading North Vietnamese Regulars endangered the survival of South Vietnam itself. It is estimated that on the first night of Tet, surprise attacks erupted at 360 different places in the South. The NVA and VC leaders reckoned that they would spark a massive popular uprising that would overthrow the RVN government. Instead, nearly three million well-armed *Regional Force* and *Popular Force* units fought valiantly to protect their homes, families and all the surrounding territory.

For the Hun drivers in all four wings, this Tet became the most intense period of flying and fighting of our entire time in Vietnam. We need to capture that significant piece of Hun history, and that's part of our charter for *The Intake!*

So, beginning with our next issue (34), we will be starting a four-part series to recapture the many exciting and challenging missions, events and anecdotes from that intense 30 day period.

To be systematic, we will focus our several-page articles on one Wing at a time, beginning with the pilots of the 3<sup>rd</sup> TFW at Bien Hoa. We will need contributions from pilots in the 90<sup>th</sup>, 510<sup>th</sup> and 531<sup>st</sup> squadrons. And we need those stories and anecdotes, short or long, *ASAP!*

And, if you were flying Huns at Phu Cat, Tuy Hoa or Phan Rang, don't delay writing your tales. The sooner you send them in, too, the sooner we will fill Tet story stashes for all four Wings.

Anyone who experienced Tet's intense days and nights has a story or humorous anecdote. We expect to get far more submissions than we can use in each of the next four issues, but over time, we'll try to make sure none of your efforts go to waste. So, send your items, NOW, via email to [jjschulz@bu.edu](mailto:jjschulz@bu.edu). Thanks! — "J.J." Schulz



*This is a picture of a "small oil study" in a simple frame. It's only an intermediate, "concept" step toward a finished painting. It's actually only 8 1/2 x 11 inches in size, so gives only a hint of what will be a four or five foot final masterpiece!*

### THE NEXT BIG SSS PROJECT, By Bob "Hoppy" Hopkins (SSS CEO)



*Catwalk view of 440 at 2014 gala.*

The world's finest aviation artist, Associate SSS Member Keith Ferris, is going to do an oil painting of F-100D 56-3440. That's the plane in the Smithsonian National Air & Space Museum's Udvar-Hazy facility that the Super Sabre Society was instrumental in getting on display after 34 years in storage. The aircraft is shown as it would have looked on alert during the 1968 Tet Offensive when it was assigned to the 90<sup>th</sup> TFS at Bien Hoa.



*Keith and Hoppy planning the project.*

The oil painting will bring the static display to life. It will show 440 just after liftoff, loaded with MK-82HDs and BLU-27B napalm, gear retracting, slats still extended, flaps down, burner cooking with flame coming from the tailpipe and heat waves roiling behind. We are working on having the painting displayed next to the aircraft, so the viewer can see the plane in dynamic motion next to the real aircraft.

High quality prints, each hand numbered and signed by Mr. Ferris, will be pre-sold to SSS members. The cost will be \$250 each and can be purchased on the SSS website. The cost for the creation of the painting and production of prints will be \$75,000, so we'll need 300 orders to finalize the artist's compensation and set this project as a "go."

The rough first draft pictured here is a "small oil study." The final painting will be a highly refined version.

I spent two nights with Keith and his wife, Peggy, at their home in New Jersey. There are paintings, plaques, patches, awards, models, Dash-1s, historical documents of aircraft, blueprints and detailed pictures of almost every U.S. aircraft of the last 75 years in Keith's collection. He is now 88 years old and said this may be the last painting he will do. We should be honored that he's doing it of our beloved F-100 Super Sabre at the apogee of its service life.

*Stay tuned for more info on when and how to pre-purchase your print, signed by a legend! — Hoppy* ■



Incoming/Outgoing — Correspondence

Here are several items of interest received from members or other sources since Issue 32 hit the streets. We also publish here other pertinent information we consider worthy of note. As always, we welcome comments, additions and especially corrections (heaven forefend that we ever need correcting!). **Ed.**



**A Pleasant Series of Positive Messages about Our Society ... Kicked Off by a Christmas Greeting**

Here's the SSS President's 24 DEC '16 email message to the troops that got the ball rolling:



SSS Christmas Message Pic

**“A Christmas Message from the Super Sabre Society --** Never a Christmas morning, never an old year ends, but somebody somewhere thinks of – old days, old times, old friends – and that is us. As the grandkids and great grandkids gather around the Christmas tree at our feet by a warm fire, raucous over their presents, a smile comes across our faces – those old days, old times and old friends return in squadron buildings, alert shacks, briefing rooms, parties, bars and base housing around the world. We are a little bent and stooped, our gait a little slower and our hearing slightly impaired, but our memories are sharp – we can start, taxi, launch, climb, fly and land just like the old days – we are young again – what a life! Our

memories and friends never leave us. The sky was the limit, we never had the same experience twice ... we few, we happy few, we band of brothers ... Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you and your families. ONWARD AND UPWARD! — **From the board and officers of the Super Sabre Society: Shep, Hoppy, Eddie, Dick, Jim, Dave, Medley, John, Win, Dewey, Pete.**”

On 25 DEC '16, Dr. Bill Barry responded with a message full of cogent observations and also kudos for our Society:

**“Don:** Although we have never met, I feel I know you. I joined the SSS a few years back, because I was intrigued by an issue of *The Intake*. I am West Point '59. I was sent to Med School by the AF and spent a 20 year career in Biomedical Flight Testing. I flew the F-100 at the USAF School of Aerospace Medicine at Brooks AFB, with FTO [Field Team Ops] at Edwards AFB during test pilot school, and with the Fighter Branch of the 4900<sup>th</sup> Flight Test Group at AF Special Weapons Center, Kirkland AFB.

“I’m writing, because, although I belong to a host of Medical and Flying Organizations—I think the SSS is unique! You guys have created an organization that is unparalleled in its vigor in keeping the membership engaged, informed and excited to see what you dream up for the next Mission. Because someone had a medical problem, I got to fly the Hun at the Ft. Wayne event. It was a remarkable experience (I think I flew home in my Beechcraft Baron the day you arrived). The members I met were terrific ... and from every walk of life after their AF careers. I have noted the dedication speech of your bird in *The Intake*, the myriad efforts for the static displays, and I even got my name on the Smithsonian Udvar-Hazy SSS Airfoil, thanks to your leadership and the good works of other SSSers.



Bill Barry: What a career & still flying after 57 years!

“And, when the upcoming Reunion pamphlet came—with the tours at Creech and Nellis in particular—I thought, ‘Here is another one not to be missed.’ How you were able to cobble all that together, given the current state of uneasiness over terror, etc., remains a mystery. God willing, I’ll see you in Las Vegas.

“I was a White House Fellow in '73-'74 and recently showed another AF Classmate the SSS reunion itinerary. He was as surprised as I was that you [our Society] could get all this put together. So, let a relative newbie member of the SSS send a few Kudos for your countless efforts, and wish You & Yours a very Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy, and Productive New Year, Keep up the good work!” — **Dr. Bill Barry**

WOW! A giant KUDO if we've ever seen one ... . To which Shep replied, in kind, by late evening of 25 DEC '16:



Shep replies to Bill's cogent message.

**“Bill:** Thank you for your thoughtful email. I am sorry I missed you in Ft. Wayne, but I'm glad you got to fly. I assure you we will have an interesting agenda of new projects to announce starting early in the new year. Like you, I believe the Vegas reunion agenda will be enjoyed by all. I must tell you that many of the good ideas come from Hoppy (our CEO), who then inherits the dubious honor of organizing and carrying them out—440 in Udvar-Hazy, Ft. Wayne, the new Last Man Standing toasting cabinet and the proposed Keith Ferris F-100 painting were all his ideas. As you mentioned, *The Intake* is one of our most prized possessions, due to the efforts of Medley Gatewood and, now, JJ Schulz—a truly unique journal. Dewey Clawson carries out the myriad duties of the Membership committee and acts as a source of corporate knowledge and By-Laws expertise. Jim Williford has inherited the unenviable

duties of Secretary, arranging and keeping track of board proceedings. Dave Hatten performs all our financial duties pro bono. Win Reither has been innovative, especially with the new website and Facebook as CIO. Dick Pietro has been

instrumental in increasing Guard membership, and Pete Collins has done extensive pro bono legal work. Meanwhile, Eddie Bracken and I just sit on our butts, take credit for all their good work and handle the occasional member grumbles. The pay is lousy, but the working conditions are great. "We were soldiers once, and young." And, we deserve to be remembered—that is our board's focus—to preserve our legacy for the ages! Thanks for being a member, Bill, and we look forward to seeing you in Vegas!" — **Shep**

*It's a joy to read all three of these messages. The past, we remember well. It's nice to peer into our Society's future!*



**Thanks from "Covey" FAC Tim Eby**

Posted on SSS Website 15 NOV '16 at 07:35h in *What's New* by *Win Reither*.

"I Enjoyed the AOPA videos about the guys flying the Hun one-more-time. [Links to two of these videos were in an email from Mike Fizer thanking the SSS for letting the AOPA magazine folks to film much of the flying activities at the Ft. Wayne F-100 event last May. Mike's email was posted in the "What's New Dept." of our website on 6 OCT '16 and led Tim Eby to the videos that spurred him to send this "Hun love letter." It's nice to have fans like this! Ed.]

"I was an OV-10 Covey FAC, ("Covey 540") in the 20<sup>th</sup> TASS based at Pleiku and flying the Laotian mission, 1970-71. I may be your best non-Hun-qualified fan.

"You guys were the most professional, most accurate, most reliable guys that we FACs worked. Apparently the feeling was mutual, because one flight lead invited me to come down to Phan Rang to party with them. I accepted on the basis of getting to fly with them, too. So I flew three missions that day in the F-model, the last one at night. That's another story in itself.

"Point is, I loved you guys. I remember one mission (actually in Cambodia, where we also flew) with a four-ship of Huns saving some friendlies. I asked them to keep ordnance on the tree line at all times, covering one another, but I might as well have saved my breath. They performed an aerial ballet that brought tears to my eyes. Incredible!

"Hand salute to all of your members!" — **Tim Eby**



**Covey FAC, Tim Eby loves Huns!**



**Smithsonian National Air & Space Museum's Wall of Honor PROFILES**

As we indicated in this Dept. of Issue 32, although the quest to fill all 1,007 name spaces on our SSS Airfoil at the Udvar-Hazy facility's Wall of Honor is over, we need to get a campaign started to submit data "Profiles" (consisting of a

**Donald L. Hutchinson**



**Wall of Honor Location**  
Hall 10 Panel 2 Column 1 Line 12

**Wall of Honor Levels**  
Air and Space Pioneer

**Dedicated Panels**  
F100 Super Sabre Society

**Honored by:**  
Mr. Robert M. Gutwessel

Colonel Hutchinson served his country and contributed to the advancement of aviation through a 20-year career as a USAF officer. Military service in brief:  
 Attended the USAFA, graduating in 1962. Completed pilot training in T-37 and T-38 aircraft at Williams AFB, AZ, and F-100 checkout at Luke AFB, AZ. Flew the "Hun" operationally with the 40th TFW at RAF Lakenheath, UK, with a primary mission of nuclear war deterrence, from June 1966 to December 1966. Stationed for duty as a Forward Air Controller in Southeast Asia (SEA) flying D-1 and D-2 aircraft operating from Bien Hoa Air Base, South Vietnam. Returned stateside in April 1968 and assigned to the 474th TFW at Nellis AFB, NV, flying F-111s till July 1973, after which he attended the Naval War College. Tabbed for a second tour in SEA, serving with the 347th TFW at Korat RTAFB, October 1974 to June 1975. Served as a staff officer for Headquarters USAF at the Pentagon, July 1975 to July 1977, after which selected for instructor duties at the Air Command and Staff College at Maxwell AFB, AL, August 1977 to January 1980. Once more, returned to operational duties in February 1980 with the 27th TFW at Cannon AFB, TX, as the commander of the 27th Equipment Maintenance Squadron and, in turn, commander of the 27th Aircraft Generation Squadron. Retired on 30 September 1982.  
 Military awards and decorations include: Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star, Meritorious Service Medal with 2 Oak Leaf Clusters, Air Medal with 14 Oak Leaf Clusters, Joint Service Commendation Medal, Air Force Commendation Medal with 1 Oak Leaf Cluster, Army Good Conduct Medal, Vietnam Service Medal with 3 Bronze Service Stars, and the Vietnam Cross of Gallantry.  
 In retirement, Colonel Hutchinson continued to advance the cause of Aviation by active membership in the Air Force Association, Order of Dandelions, Association of Graduates of the USAFA, and, not least, the Super Sabre Society. In addition, he was a prolific and generous donor to multiple, aviation-related museums, both in the U.S. and abroad.

**Wall of Honor Profile Example**

of the "free" Profiles, or simply have forgotten that aspect of our near complete SSS Airfoil Project. Please help us finish "the whole nine yards" and complete this project in compliance with our motto: "First Class or Not At All!" Thanks for your attention and action in this matter. — **Your Board & Officers** P.S. Internet Users will find Profile Examples at the

short bio and picture) for as many of our 1,007 Honorees as possible "so that their passion for aviation can inspire others" (to use a phrase coined by the Smithsonian folks). Submission of these profiles to the Wall of Honor database is included in the donations already made for each of the SSS Honorees. So, please take a little time to make your submissions for yourselves or for other SSS members you may have sponsored. "How do I do that?" you may ask. Well, it's pretty easy.

Simply write up what you'd like to say about yourself (or sponsored honoree) in about 500 words, more or less, and send it and your picture of choice (if you desire) to our Smithsonian contact for the Wall of Honor, Ms. Emily Wade (email [WadeE@si.edu](mailto:WadeE@si.edu)) or call her at 202-633-2603 for a mailing address or for other questions you may have. In closing this Profile Alert/Plea, consider these metrics:

Of the 1,007 names being inscribed for posterity to see on our SSS Airfoil, only 102 of those members have database Profiles already submitted. That's a rather poor showing.

We suspect it's mostly because members who have made name submissions never knew



**SSS Airfoil awaiting permanent inscriptions.**



following URL: <https://airandspace.si.edu/support/wall-honor>. For non-computer users, contact Dewey Clawson at 724-336-4273 in PA and ask him to send you a printout of a readable Profile example or two.



### Friends of the Super Sabre (FSS) Update



COO Mike

This from Associate SSSer and FSS Chief Operating Officer (COO) Mike Dean: Hi Medley — Trust you are doing well. I assume you are gearing up for the upcoming reunion; the FSS is also preparing for the event as well. I am sending you the following two announcements in hopes that you will consider including them in the March issue of *The Intake* in an effort to keep the SSS membership current with our progress on the Super Sabre Memorial Exhibit at MAPS. *Can do!*



FSS Logo

\*\*\* The Friends of the Super Sabre (FSS) and Super Sabre Society (SSS) are pleased to announce that a working agreement has been signed by the respective leadership of both organizations in conjunction with the Military Aviation Preservation Society (MAPS) Air Museum located in Canton, Ohio.

The agreement is the first major step in the creation of the Super Sabre Memorial Exhibit (SSME). The exhibit will feature numerous vignettes depicting the North American Aviation F-100 Super Sabre during its 45-year life cycle, serving our country. Exclusive displays will be created covering many of the special events the F-100 crews pioneered during the dawn of the supersonic age and beyond. For examples, but not limited to: Thunderbirds (UE almost 12 years), Victor (Nuke) Alert, Zero Launch, Cuban Missile Crisis, Vietnam, Wild Weasel, Misty, Air National Guard, QF-100s and much more.

The SSME is dedicated to preserving the history and legacy of the F-100 and those who flew it AND served with it. Ultimately, the exhibit will confirm that the HUN will be “Remembered in Time - Not lost in Time!” Stay tuned as this exciting project develops.



First step toward the realization of the SSME concept envisioned by the FSS leadership. Nice touch with co-founder Bob Dunham memorialized with a gate-guard manikin sporting his working uniform from top to toe — helmet to g-suit and boots!

\*\*\* On another noteworthy development, the FSS is pleased to announce the addition of SSSer Ken Ramsay as a Director of the FSS. Ken brings a wealth of experience in museum aircraft restoration and museum operations in his weekly volunteer duties at the MAPS Air Museum. Ken will continue to serve as the museum liaison for all F-100 artifacts and memorabilia donated to the Super Sabre Memorial Exhibit.



Director Ramsay

That’s about it for now. Thanks again for your consideration and support. If you have any questions or suggestions do not hesitate to contact me at 717-929-0219 or via email at [MVDean924@gmail.com](mailto:MVDean924@gmail.com). All the best, — *Mike*

We’d like to add that Mike and other officers of the FSS will again be present at their “FSS Central” info/display table at the SSS reunion at the Gold Coast in Las Vegas this April ... as they have been at previous SSS reunions going back to at least the 2013 Reunion ... and we welcome them back this year as a “partner” organization.



**Comments on Issue 32:** The volume of direct comments on the previous issue has been in decline since we split up the workloads of Editor and Publisher, but we still received a few on Issue 32, typically a passing kudo when writing on another primary topic. One of these from Associate Member Mary Houchin was in praise of the Saving the Ton Le Chon SF Camp article, and particularly its ROUGE BOUQUET REVISITED poem. Thanks Mary, you made my day!

Another comment of note came in a snail mail letter from Bob Finley. Here’s an abridged version of his main points: “I read in the Fall 2016 *Intake* that you are still looking for copies of Issue 2, so enclosed please find my copy to add to your “resupply for higher purposes” stash. I am among the most admiring of those who work on *The Intake*. I love that magazine, and am proud to show it to my friends as a tribute to a bunch of fighter pilots who can put together a professional journal such as *The Intake*, in addition to buzzing around the sky in a wonderful airplane!” *Right on, Bob, and many thanks.*



**Late Breaking Announcement from the FSS:** The FSS recently established a charitable link with “Amazon Smile.” So what is Amazon Smile? It’s a simple and painless way for you to support charitable organizations every time you shop at Amazon, at no cost to you. Next time you plan to buy something from Amazon, consider using the FSS link <https://smile.amazon.com/ch/27-3664499> instead of [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com) and Amazon will donate 0.5% of your purchase to the FSS. The FSS will use these donations to establish and enhance the Super Sabre Memorial Exhibit at the MAPS Air Museum in North Canton, OH. Thanks for supporting this FSS initiative which directly supports the mission of the FSS and the SSS mission, too! — *Bob Weston*, FSS CIO

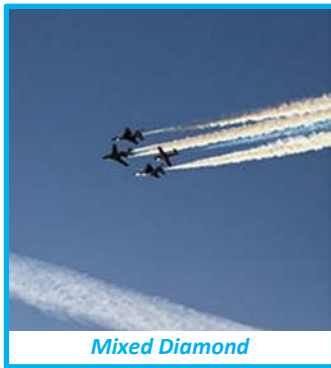
## Bob Hoover Celebration of Life Event: After Action Report

By Don Shepperd

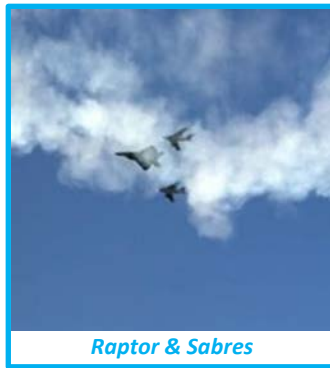
Quite a few SSS members received invitations to attend a Celebration of Life Event scheduled for 18 November '16 after Bob Hoover flew west on 25 October '16. Unfortunately, I had to RSVP negatively, but SSS President Shepperd and several other members did attend, some with speaking roles! Shep's heads up first report, sent right from the venue just after the service was over said, "The memorial for Bob Hoover was superb (some of you may have watched on-line). Will send some pics tomorrow when I get home, along with a rundown." True to his word, Shep sent us a longer after-action report with both still pictures and videos of the event. I was among those who watched it live, thanks to someone sending the streaming video info. So, I can vouch for the accuracy of Shep's report (below). **Pub Med**

The Celebration of Life Event for Bob Hoover was well-attended and well-conducted. Approximately 1,500 aviation notables from family and friends, industry, general aviation, and the military gathered at the Clay Lacy Aviation hangar at Van Nuys Airport, Van Nuys, CA. The upbeat ceremony included a superb video of Bob's life, followed by 20 close friends offering two-minute memoirs that emphasized Bob's expertise as a pilot; his humility; his warm and friendly way of dealing with everyone, be they high and mighty or aspiring youth; and his contributions to aviation safety.

Under a tight schedule tied to three down-the-runway, honorary flybys with their fixed TOTs, the indoor service ended on the pre-planned dot. The hangar doors then opened to bagpipes playing, while the crowd assembled quickly on the tarmac. Then came formal military honors, rendered with a rifle honor guard salute and a flag presentation to family members. That was followed by three flybys: 1) two USAF Thunderbird F-16s in a diamond formation on the wings of a North American Sabreliner with a Canadian CT-114 Tutor in the slot, followed by 2) a USAF F-22 leading two F-86s, and 3) a final four-ship with a P-40 leading a P-47, a Spitfire, and a P-51 that pulled-up in a "missing-man" salute accompanied by Taps. All-in-all, a fitting tribute and farewell to a legend, an icon and friend to all in aviation. — **Shep**



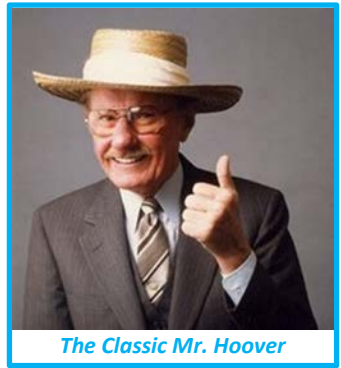
Mixed Diamond



Raptor & Sabres



Vintage WWII for Goodbye



The Classic Mr. Hoover

### Farewell Aerial Parade



SSSer Dick Rutan & wife Chris with President Shep.



Thunderbird 8, Scott Pelz



Snowbird CC, Brad Wintrup



Shep with esteemed SSSers "Black Dan" Druen & JR Alley.

Report author Don Shepperd with notable SSSers and Fly-by pilots—hanging out after the "superb" service ended.

■

>>>>A brief tribute to R.Y. Costain, RIP 18 Feb. 2017: a frequent contributor of Intake stories and short poems.<<<<



The boyhood dream.



The dream comes true!

#### A Lesson Learned (Circa 2016, first Intake appearance.)

The contrail marks an even line  
Across the azure blue.  
It would have been impossible  
Before man ever flew.

Just now a bird makes itself known,  
By matching the contrail's line.  
As if to say, "We were here first,  
Before recorded time."

R.Y.'s short poems are dreams, too—dreams that please all readers, like you!



**Stake Your Claim (SYC)**

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

*Far be it for the SYC Department to claim we possess any clairvoyant qualities, however, one cannot overlook our SYC Parting Thoughts paragraph with its predictions about Harry Brown's two new SYC titles awarded to him in the last Intake, I-32. Sure 'nough, both of Harry's titles have already fallen to others. In addition to those two challenges, we have two new, sort of "Star Trek-like," claims, i.e., they "boldly go where no man has gone before." Paul Pochmara had to remind me when the last F-100 FWIC class occurred, and Glen Ramsdale submitted an SYC category for the "Most Out of Country Combat missions." I can see Hun jocks digging out their old Form 5s right now.*

**Claim Challenges** — ► Intake Final Proof Reader **Charlie Parker**, while doing his thing on Issue 32, was waiting in the sun, ready to pounce, when he read both of Harry Brown's SYC submissions in I-32 having to do with "Youngest" feats of accomplishments. In reporting his proofreader "finds" to us, Charlie mentioned that he could beat the ages given for both of Harry's claims. We agreed Charlie was right, but rather than having to redo the whole SYC Dept., we persuaded Charlie to wait until Issue 33 to formally challenge Harry's claims. So our *predictions* would have been a good bet, anywhere!

That all said, it turned out that although Charlie bested both of Harry's titles, someone else trumped one of Charlie's trumps (see next SYC challenge). So, as it stands, Charlie now holds the title for **"Youngest to become an F-100 Flight Commander in a combat zone = 28y, 4m."** (C Flight, 306<sup>th</sup> TFS, March 1969.)

► **Gary Findlay** is the Hun jock who bested the second of Harry Brown's "Youngest" titles given in Issue 32. You might say that Gary lit the AB and snuck up on BOTH Harry and Charlie. Gary got his unit IP checkout, 16 days before his 29<sup>th</sup> birthday, from Bob Fizer (510<sup>th</sup> TFS, April 1966). So, sorry Harry, Gary now holds the title of **"Youngest to get a unit IP checkout in a combat zone = 28y, 11m."**

**New Claims** — ► **Paul Pochmara** submitted a claim to have been one of three students in the last F-100 FWIC class (7T-10W) in 1976. "Whoa, wait a minute," I thought to myself, "I was an IP in the last FWIC class in 1969 at Nellis, and I don't remember this dude." When I queried Paul about his claim, he reminded me that when Nellis closed the course there, it migrated to the Tucson ANG which pumped out Hun FWIC grads for another seven years! So, after eating crow, we hereby award a new SYC title to Gary (the other two students in that class are NOT SSSers). **"Student in the last F-100 FWIC, Class 7T-10W, 1976."**

► **Glen Ramsdale** suggested a new SYC title having to do with F-100 combat *strike* missions flown OUTSIDE of South Vietnam/RVN, saying he had 55 over Laos and four up North. We wrestled with this claim and decided it would be interesting, IF we simplified it somewhat (who the heck wants to define a strike mission—if you were there, you were probably being shot at!) So, with a claim that boldly goes *"where no man has gone before,"* we give Glen the SYC title of **"Most F-100 out-of-country combat missions = 59."** We and Glen as well, suspect challenges to go viral with this SYC!

**Parting Thoughts** — ► Glen's SYC reminded me of flying my first F-100 mission into Laos with four GAR-8s (Aim-9Bs) and a full load of 20 mike-mike in May 1961, when deployed to and flying from *Don Muang International Airport, Bangkok, Thailand*, while assigned to the 510<sup>th</sup> TFS based at Clark Field, PI. This was the genesis of flying Huns in combat in Southeast Asia. However, I did have the privilege of adding to that F-100 Laos mission count again in 1964 flying out of Da Nang, and again in 1968 from all four F-100 bases in South Vietnam. **JB** ■

← **Break, Break! Full SYC Scoreboard & DTDH Roundup Follow. It's Required Prep Reading for Reunion 2017 Attendees!**

*Remember, the SYC Scoreboard will be a regular feature in each **spring issue**, but only infrequently be in summer or fall issues. (However, members can access the current Scoreboard on the SSS website, anytime.) SYC Ed.*

<b>SYC Scoreboard as of Spring 2017 Issue</b>	
<b>Claim Categories/Details/Record</b>	<b>Title Holder(s)/Reported in Issue #</b>
<b>General:</b> Commanded most Hun squadrons = <b>5.</b>	Les Leavoy/ <b>I-3 = Issue 3, etc.</b>
Served in the most active duty Hun squadrons = <b>9.</b>	Elmer Slavey/ <b>I-13</b>
Most consecutive years flying the Hun = <b>17y, 8m, 3d.</b>	Pete Noebel/ <b>I-10</b>
Most non-consecutive years flying the Hun = <b>45.5y.</b>	Bill McCollum/ <b>I-4</b>
Last to fly the Hun = <b>November 3, 2014.</b>	Charlie Friend/ <b>I-28</b>
Last to fly a C-model = <b>September 6, 1989.</b>	J.R. Alley/ <b>I-28</b>
Last fully combat ready USAF/ANG pilot to fly the F-100 = <b>03/28/81.</b>	Bob Dunham/ <b>I-17</b>

## SYC Scoreboard as of Spring 2017 Issue

First Hun pilot to be successfully rescued in SEA = <b>August 18, 1964.</b>	Arnie Clarke/ <b>I-20</b>
First Hun pilot to be successfully rescued in SEA by USAF SAR forces = <b>March 31, 1965.</b>	Ron Bigones/ <b>I-20</b>
First to fly all four operational models of the F-100 = <b>F on 25 Oct. '57, A on 7 Nov. '57, C on 14 Feb. '58, and D on 22 Dec. '60.</b>	Skip Cornelison/ <b>I-29</b>
First pilot to fly the QF series F-100s = <b>10/17/1980.</b>	Charlie Friend/ <b>I-18</b>
First pilot to land an F-100 at Pingtung AB, Taiwan = <b>16 April 1966.</b>	"Tuck" McAtee/ <b>I-29</b>
First and only F-100 pilot to fly his first-ever F-100 flight solo in an F-100C out of Fürstentfeldbruck AB, Germany = <b>31 October 1957.</b>	David Brown/ <b>I-29</b>
Most Hun hours = <b>5,330.</b>	Gail Wilson/ <b>I-5</b>
Lowest total Hun time on record = <b>25.5 h.</b>	Gene Kranz/ <b>I-16</b>
Lowest type time for Hun CCT/RTU IP qualification = <b>24.15h.</b>	Jerry Fowler/ <b>I-23</b>
Lowest type time and total hours to qualify for an F-100 ferry High Flight to Europe = <b>29h and 744h.</b>	Jerry Fowler/ <b>I-24</b>
First F-100 pilot to fire a GAM-83/AGM-12 missile in combat = <b>09/30/65.</b>	Tad Derrick/ <b>I-25</b>
Student in the last F-100 FWIC, Class 7T-10W, 1976.	Paul Pochmara/ <b>I-33</b>
Most combat missions in the Hun = <b>572.</b>	Jack Doub/ <b>I-11</b>
Most F-100 out-of-country combat missions = <b>59.</b>	Glen Ramsdale/ <b>I-33</b>
Most combat missions in the F-100 for a 1-year tour = <b>361.</b>	K.B. Clark/ <b>I-18</b>
Most consecutive years same active duty squadron = <b>7y, 11m.</b>	Harry Wiggins/ <b>I-12</b>
Consecutive years same Guard squadron = <b>15y, 7m.</b>	Ira Holt/ <b>I-3</b>
Youngest pilot to fly the Hun (as a student) = <b>20y, 8m, 12d.</b>	Phil Drew/ <b>I-32</b>
Youngest individual to break the Mach in an F-100 = <b>18y, 4.5m.</b>	Rudy Bow/ <b>I-31</b>
Youngest to get a unit F-100 IP checkout in a combat zone = <b>28y, 11m.</b>	Gary Findlay/ <b>I-33</b>
Youngest to become an F-100 squadron Flight Commander in a combat zone = <b>28y, 4m.</b>	Charlie Parker/ <b>I-33</b>
Youngest pilot to eject from an F-100 = <b>23y, 10m, 13d.</b>	Ken Peterson/ <b>I-19</b>
Fewest "F-available" dual hours before solo = <b>2.2h.</b>	Dick Hale/ <b>I-6</b>
Fewest "F-available" dual flights before solo = <b>1.</b>	Ron Lord/ <b>I-8</b>
Fewest Hun flights prior to a major accident = <b>1.</b>	Norm Turner/ <b>I-23</b>
Oldest to solo after "F" transition checkout = <b>39y, 9m.</b>	Perry Lusby/ <b>I-11</b>
Shortest non-IFE Hun in-flight time = <b>5 minutes.</b>	Walt Cornelison/ <b>I-6</b> & Bob Railey/ <b>I-9</b>
Shortest non-IFE Hun flight distance = <b>2.5 NM.</b>	Steve Altick/ <b>I-11</b>
Shortest Hun flight time involving an IFE = <b>3 seconds.</b>	Lee Howard/ <b>I-13</b>
Shortest F-100 in-flight time from takeoff to a dead-stick landing on the same runway due to an IFE = <b>about 1 minute.</b>	Bob Titus/ <b>I-25</b>
Shortest time between takeoffs in two different F-100s = <b>20min.</b>	Jim Brasier/ <b>I-20</b>
Oldest Hun driver to eject from a jet fighter (F-86) = <b>56y.</b>	Dumpy Wyrick/ <b>I-5.</b> Update/ <b>I-21</b>
Most ejections from the Hun = <b>3.</b>	Rezk Mohamed/ <b>I-4</b>
Shortest time from ejection till return to flight as a Hun PIC = <b>20h.</b>	Paul "PK" Kimminau/ <b>I-14</b>
Only Hun pilot to eject at 400 feet AGL on final to landing and survive with only minor injuries.	Strawberry Reynolds/ <b>I-27</b>
Shortest, continuously operational time to 3,000 hours = <b>11 years.</b>	Glenn Ramsdale/ <b>I-22</b>



## SYC Scoreboard as of Spring 2017 Issue

Most hours without a drag chute failure or barrier engagement = <b>3,000.</b>	Greg Butler/ <b>I-22</b>
Only flight surgeons to eject from the Hun.	Larry DeSanto/ <b>I-13</b> & Bill Berkley/ <b>I-16</b>
Only two brothers who both ejected from Huns.	“Dumpy” & “Champ” Wyrick/ <b>I-14</b>
Youngest Hun pilot to emergency egress from an airborne F-100 without the use of an ejection seat = <b>23y, 28d.</b>	KB Clark/ <b>I-20</b>
Pilot who gave his own wife a Hun ride = <b>Twice.</b>	Greg Butler/ <b>I-5</b>
Most civilian hours in the Hun = <b>1,872.</b>	Rod Beckett/ <b>I-23</b>
Most Atlantic Ocean crossings in a civilian F-100 without having to use the drag chute = <b>5.</b>	Rod Beckett/ <b>I-23</b>
Longest service as a spare deployment pilot, for one leg out and back to home base = <b>10 Hun hrs, in 5 days, wearing the same flight suit.</b>	Robert Hires/ <b>I-29</b>
Only Hun pilot to receive the Air Medal, as a spare pilot, for an over-12-hour non-stop overseas deployment.	Gary Gulbransen/ <b>I-31</b>
Longest time between ground school and flight = <b>17y, 10m.</b>	Dick Hefton/ <b>I-16</b>
Longest time between C-model flights = <b>11y, 2m, 19d.</b>	Bill Swendner/ <b>I-8</b>
Longest time between Hun flights as pilot = <b>31y, 10m, 19d.</b>	Don Schmenk/ <b>I-14</b>
Most checkout/recurrent Hun training = <b>Tied at 4.</b>	Bill Swendner/ <b>I-8</b> Joe Turner/ <b>I-10</b>
First SSS pilot to fly the Hun = <b>Oct. 28, 1954.</b>	Bob Wilson/ <b>I-13</b>
First “Brown Bar” to check out in the F-100 = <b>May 3, 1955.</b>	Bob Thorpe/ <b>I-19</b>
First Luke student to land an F-100C at Gila Bend Aux Field due to an IFE = <b>Summer 1959.</b>	William Lambertson / <b>I-29</b>
Fastest Mach in the Hun = <b>1.7 M.</b>	Al Bartels/ <b>I-19</b>
Fasted landing speed in a Hun = <b>250K.</b>	Keith Acheson/ <b>I-22</b>
Tallest Hun driver on record = <b>6’ 6”.</b>	Butch Viccellio/ <b>I-13</b>
Shortest Hun pilot on record = <b>5’ 4”.</b>	“Dumpy” Wyrick/ <b>I-14</b>
First and only Aussie (RAAF) to fly the Hun.	Jim Flemming/ <b>I-18</b>
The father/son Hun pilots pair with the longest interval (10 years and 6 months) between the father's last flight (Apr '58) and the son's first flight (Oct '68).	Jim Icenhour, Sr. & Jim Icenhour, Jr./ <b>I-26</b>
The father/son Hun pilots pair with the longest interval (15 years) between the father's first flight (Apr '57) and the son's last flight (Apr '72).	Jim Icenhour, Sr. & Jim Icenhour, Jr./ <b>I-26</b>
First Hun pilot to lead a team in the restoration of an F-100 for museum display = <b>completed: 22 JUN '12.</b>	Ken Ramsay/ <b>I-30</b>
<b>Operations:</b> Consecutive flights barrier engagements = <b>Tied at 2.</b>	Forrest Fenn/ <b>I-3</b> & Bill Collette/ <b>I-4</b>
First approach end barrier engagement involving an IFE flight.	George Branch/ <b>I-10</b>
Unintentional approach end barrier engagement.	Jack Van Loan/ <b>I-10</b> , Fred Cherry/ <b>I-12</b>
Only Hun driver(s) to hookup on a Navy tanker.	Tom Godfrey/ <b>I-2</b> , “Crusher Flt.”/ <b>I-28</b>
Only Hun driver(s) to hookup and refuel from a Navy tanker.	“Crusher” Flight of 4/ <b>I-28</b>
Most continuous flight time hooked up with a KB-50 tanker = <b>2.5 h.</b>	Walt Hersman/ <b>I-18</b>
Only SSSer to air-to-air refuel in a civilian F-100.	Rod Beckett/ <b>I-23</b>
Only Hun pilot to AR qualify himself flying as a flight leader on a combat mission.	Pete Fleischhacker/ <b>I-31</b>
Only SSSer to ferry a civilian F-100 single-ship across the Atlantic without a GPS.	Rod Beckett/ <b>I-23</b>
Only pilot to have flown an F-100 solo (no wingman or tanker) across the North Atlantic via island hopping, twice!	J.R. Alley/ <b>I-28</b>
First Hun pilot to AR with the bent probe way out of its normal vertical position = <b>22 Oct., '63.</b>	R.Y. Costain/ <b>I-30</b>

## SYC Scoreboard as of Spring 2017 Issue

KB-50 supported flight distance record = <b>6,400 NM.</b>	Dan Walsh/ <b>I-1</b>
KB-50 supported flight time record. = <b>14h, 4m.</b>	Jack Bryant/ <b>I-6</b>
KC-135 supported flight distance record = <b>6,600 NM.</b>	Dick Mason/ <b>I-2</b>
Most KC-135 full offloads taken on one Hun flight = <b>8.</b>	Dick Mason/ <b>I-26</b>
KC-135 supported flight time record = <b>12h, 20m.</b>	Norm Battaglia/ <b>I-3</b>
Fewest Huns on KB-50 supported crossing = <b>Flight of 2.</b>	Battaglia/ <b>I-3</b> : N. Turner, Hermes/ <b>I-16</b>
Highest number of Atlantic Ocean crossings = <b>13.</b>	Charlie Mason/ <b>I-10</b>
Highest number of Pacific Ocean crossings = <b>5.</b>	Tom Tapman/ <b>I-11</b>
Last Hun trans-oceanic crossing, island hopping = <b>06/28/02.</b>	Dick Hale (#1), Rod Beckett (#2)/ <b>I-6</b>
Dead-stick Hun landing from the back seat = <b>1.</b>	Joseph Haines/ <b>I-7</b>
Only SSSer to land an F-100F from the back seat with the throttle stuck in afterburner.	Thales "Tad" Derrick/ <b>I-23</b>
Most successful flameout landings in a finite time = <b>2 in 46 days.</b>	Don Emigholz / <b>I-31</b>
Saved an F-100 by landing on the El Uotia emergency jet landing strip.	Dennis Wolfe & Jim Brasier/ <b>I-21</b>
Smallest target drone shot down with 20 mm = <b>12-foot wingspan.</b>	Joseph Haines/ <b>I-8</b>
Largest percentage of hits on the dart = <b>7 of 14 rounds.</b>	Ed Wells/ <b>I-4</b>
Best student dart kill ratio = <b>7 of 7 missions.</b>	Ed Haerter/ <b>I-16</b>
Best rag target strafe qual event = <b>100+ Hits.</b>	Jim McKean/ <b>I-20</b> & Max Templin/ <b>I-26</b>
Highest Strafe event score ever obtained by a Luke Long Course student on first Ground Attack range mission = <b>53%.</b>	Pete McCue/ <b>I-30</b>
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 Nophsker/ <b>I-31</b>
Hun flight with two "Winglets." (Only one winglet is not a tie.)	Medley Gatewood/ <b>I-3</b>
Only Hun jock who managed to land safely with both ailerons up.	Mick Greene/ <b>I-13</b>
Highest altitude reached in a Hun not participating in official high altitude testing = <b>57,000'.</b>	R.G. Head/ <b>I-23</b>
Highest altitude reached in the Hun = <b>73,000 feet.</b>	George Demers/ <b>I-13</b>
Highest recorded G pulled in a Hun (without a malfunction) = <b>8.5.</b>	Ed "Hawk" Wells/ <b>I-22</b>
Highest recorded positive and negative Gs pulled in a HUN on the same flight (with a control system malfunction) = <b>+10, -4.</b>	Vern Nordman/ <b>I-32</b>
Closest to the ground loop recovery = <b>5 feet.</b>	Ron Catton/ <b>I-10</b>
Non-AB takeoff from the shortest runway = <b>6,000 feet.</b>	John J. "J.J." Keller/ <b>I-12</b>
Last Hun flight with <b>Buddy Refueling system.</b>	Ron Barker/ <b>I-10</b>
Last official Hun combat mission in Laos = <b>06/25/71.</b>	Harry Brown/ <b>I-19</b>
Only Hun pilot to land with two live napalm cans.	Bill Sauers/ <b>I-10</b>
Only Hun pilot to jettison two SUU-21 dispensers from the centerline pylon through no fault of his own.	Jack Cousyn/ <b>I-13</b>
Only Hun pilots to nearly shoot themselves down while strafing = <b>Tied.</b>	Bob Hires/ <b>I-11</b> & Bill McCollum/ <b>I-13</b>
First Hun landing from back seat at night = <b>April 1962.</b>	Gus Guenther/ <b>I-12</b>
First Hun pilot to deliver ordnance at night without flares: <b>May 30, '65.</b>	Ron Green/ <b>I-17</b>
First to fly a Hun through the UK Gliding Championship = <b>1968.</b>	Dave Bockelman & Ron Green/ <b>I-19</b>
Hottest temperature at takeoff with a clean F-100D = <b>140 F.</b>	Ron Green/ <b>I-26</b>
Hun pilot with the shortest time in South Vietnam before having to eject from his crippled F-100 = <b>4 days.</b>	Bill Barreire/ <b>I-30</b>



## SYC Scoreboard as of Spring 2017 Issue

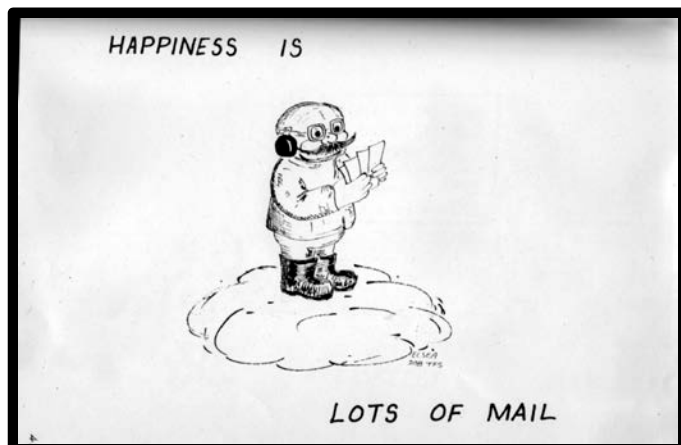
Only Hun pilot shot down in his home base traffic pattern.	Darrell Couch/ <b>I-14</b>
Only Hun jock to take small arms hits to the body while airborne and recover his Hun safely.	Pete Noebel/ <b>I-13</b> & reworded in <b>I-14</b>
Most Hun sorties flown sustaining battle damage = <b>107</b> .	John J. Schulz/ <b>I-23</b>
Most combat sorties in the Hun by a non-rated officer = <b>17</b> .	Darrell Jones/ <b>I-13</b>
Member of the only F-100 combat mission to deliver ordnance on its own air base = <b>Bien Hoa, Tet, 31 January 1968</b> .	Fred Abrams/ <b>I-24</b>
<b>Odd Claims:</b> Only turtle to fly supersonic in the Hun = <b>“Sputnik.”</b>	Bob Thorpe, Pilot/ <b>I-5</b>
Only pilot to fly the Hun with a snake in his helmet.	Jim Lapine/ <b>I-9</b>
Only Hun pilot to refuel towing a dart.	Keith Clay/ <b>I-10</b>
At least one take-off and landing in the most countries = <b>17</b> .	Skip Cornelison/ <b>I-11</b>
Only pilot to napalm his own Hun with POTUS as witness.	Fred Dent/ <b>I-11</b>
Only F-100 pilot to have made engine mounts for the F-100/J57 BEFORE becoming a Hun driver.	Alex Sapyta/ <b>I-25</b>

## Dumb Things Done in a Hun (DTDH) Roundup

Description of Dumb Thing	Confessor/Reported In
Nearly busted his butt while near-level strafing a worthless hootch in mountainous terrain.	Rusty Gideon/ <b>I-23</b>
Most out-of-limits gear extension = Over 450 KIAS & 4 Gs.	Tom Clark/ <b>I-23</b>
Totally planned and premeditated violation of standing drag chute usage guidance, and getting caught at it!	Rod Beckett/ <b>I-24</b>
Not one, but two roof-top-level passes (the second with AB) disturbing a friendly village in an allied country.	Don Volz/ <b>I-24</b>
Failed Preflight 101. Didn't notice the refueling probe was missing.	Chet Parham/ <b>I-26</b>
A DTDH with a loose camera that almost cost us an innocent Hun.	Medley Gatewood/ <b>I-26</b>
Attempting complex acrobatics with an ugly, asymmetric load.	Larry Van Pelt/ <b>I-27</b>
Inaccurate scramble strap-in almost got me killed!	Jim Pollak/ <b>I-27</b>
Risking a Hun, and life and/or limb against a worthless target.	Ron Green/ <b>I-28</b>
Another “Camera in the Cockpit” override of good judgement.	R.Y. Costain/ <b>I-29</b>
Invented the “Cotton Patch Initiation Ritual,” a fatal accident just waiting to happen.	Unnamed, by Tad Derrick/ <b>I-29</b>
Willingly performed a common maintenance practice that was later declared too dangerous and abolished.	John Gill/ <b>I-29</b>
Risking a Hun, and <i>two</i> lives and/or limbs against a target of questionable value using tactics with little to zero margin for error.	Ron Green/ <b>I-31</b>
Full afterburner barrier engagement! Light Hun weight, slick runway, unexpected acceleration trumped the original plan.	Davy Sanderson/ <b>I-31</b>

□

### More of SSSer and Artist George Elsea's Pen & Ink Tales of the “Tuy Hoa Ace”: The “Happiness” Series



□

## A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Izmir (or) How “Moses Flight” Came to Be

### Travels with “Gentle Ben” Boshoven

By B.W. Boshoven (Major – 55<sup>th</sup> Tactical Fighter Squadron – D Flight) [Submitted 4/8/2009]



20<sup>th</sup> TFW unit at RAF Wethersfield.

On 4/8/2009, Ben Boshoven (an extraordinary SSS character with many nicknames) submitted three “Funny” stories, written some 36 years previously, to document some of the 20<sup>th</sup> TFW’s history while he was in it, and to explain to his descendants how he got to be so weird (Ben’s wording). We published the first of these in Issue 18, three years later—its title: A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Bergen, and boy, was it funny!

**Ben flew west in 2014:** It’s high time we published more of his wit and wisdom found in his writings—in this case, 12 vignettes. Here we go! **Ed.**



Ben Boshoven:  
Extraordinary!

**What We Were Doing in Turkey:** In the mid-1960s, the 20<sup>th</sup> TFW deployed regularly to Cigli Air Base, Turkey, to sit Victor



Destination Cigli AB – One of our Mediterranean playgrounds.

(nuclear) Alert. USAF ran the base, located on the western shore just north of Izmir (site of ancient Smyrna). Ruins of many civilizations were evident every half mile or so in every direction. Ephesus, just south of Izmir, is one of the better preserved Roman ruins. One of our Victor Alert Duty Officers (VADO) spent his whole tour bartering with the farmers for ancient coins and amassed a collection that must have been worth a fortune. Don’t know how he got them out. They surely didn’t get declared on his *Bayonami*, the infamous document that compared what you brought in with what you were taking out for tax purposes. The contrasts in the countryside were amazing. You could watch a freight train pulled by a steam engine, and nearby plodded a caravan of 20-30 loaded-down camels carrying who-knows-what and from where. The seawater was crystal clear and you could see bottom for many fathoms—lots of expensive yachts cruising everywhere along the coast. One day I turned the corner from the “Gold Street” and came face to face with a big black bear standing up on its hind legs. Turns out he was on a leash and was just a dancing bear, but the damage to my shorts was already complete.

**In-flight Emergencies:** On one deployment, I was leading a four-ship from Aviano to Cigli, and passing the last base in Greece, I noticed my wingmen were creeping past me ... and I was starting to get pissed. This astute observation was followed by a weird radio call: “Lead, how about pushing it up a couple?” It was a bit mushy at 35,000 ft., and after checking airspeed, rpm, etc., I complied. Nothing happened when I clobbered the throttle forward ... except increased angle of attack by the wingmen. Turns out, after a lot of conversation, that my fuel control was stuck at about 83%, and the throttle was useless. After my dumb decision to press on instead of landing in Greece, I started a long, slow toboggan across the Aegean to Cigli. Perspiration increased by the second until I was soaking wet and we hit a modified high key at 3,500 ft. Landed without incident, taxied in without flaming out, and lived to screw up again another day.

**Local Life at Ease:** Our stays at Cigli were very pleasant (and I actually preferred it to Aviano, except that it didn’t have Walter, the World’s Greatest Bartender). Lunch every day included *fresh* head lettuce, cucumbers, luscious tomatoes and melons that we really missed in England. The valleys between the mountains were rich farmlands and the Turks grew fabulous produce. Street vendors peddled every nut in the world. Someone (maybe Wayne Davis) introduced us to a local businessman who invited us to his home for dinner on several occasions. The Turks hated the wild boars for tearing up their crops and our host fixed us up with a “boar hunt.” They gave us weapons and parked us on the top of a little mountain. Then hundreds of them (banging on pots and pans and firing every kind of weapon imaginable—one an actual blunderbuss), came charging up the hill. I knew some of us would die. The old boars were tough as shoe leather, but the little ones were indescribably delicious (barbequed by the OOM’s Turkish chef on the BOQ patio).

**Boredom Relief Ideas:** Wayne Davis was the Command Post MFWIC and performed above and beyond the call of duty, keeping the permanent party from throwing all of us in jail. I don’t recall how it started, but boredom forced us to start “McNamara’s Band” at the OOM. The club had a set of drums and a piano. We located other things to play including a guitar, washboard, and washtub w/broomstick and string. Having no musical talent (found that out during violin lessons as a child), I got to play the washboard we acquired from the maids. We attempted to sing all the latest ‘60s hits. Drove the locals nuts!



**Seaside Boredom Relief:** We also became acquainted with a fishing village chief north of Izmir, and we spent a lot of time with him and his “one-lunger” boat. He loved American beer, so we took plenty, along with about 10 pounds of butter. There was a natural Olympic-size pool in the rocky shoreline, which was fed by the tides underneath the surface. However, we spent most of the time on a nice sand beach diving with only mask and fins in 10’ of water for “Langusta” (lobster with no big claw). Nothing like drinking beer and eating lobster all night!

**Something NOT to Like:** The only downside in Turkey was the bus ride from Cigli to Izmir, which followed the coast and passed an *abattoir* [slaughterhouse] about half way. The offal was dumped directly into the saltwater, and, other than the sewers at old Kai Tak Airport in Hong Kong, I have never smelled anything worse. The game was: hold your breath until you went by. Wrong! You couldn’t even make it half way. Gasp!

**Downtown Attractions:** The modern Ephesus Hotel in Izmir was a popular watering hole and had a glass wall between the bar and swimming pool (awesome views). Each year, Izmir sponsored an international trade fair, and the Russians sent lots of representatives. One day, three of us brush-cut skinheads got on an elevator in front of three Russians, who immediately started running us Yankee pilots down in very derogatory terms, convinced we didn’t understand. When we left the elevator, I turned to the head spokesman and, in my pitiful Russian, greeted him and followed up with the ancient obscene Russian curse concerning his mother. Jaws dropped and embarrassment was plainly evident. My finest hour during the Cold War.



*Ephesus Hotel at twilight.*

**Inland Navigation Findings:** Our low levels were pretty interesting. You would pass 100s of miles of wheat, and suddenly, there was a tractor. Never could figure out where they came from, because there weren’t any buildings or roads. We tried to make it to Mt. Ararat but didn’t have quite enough fuel, unless we planned a high-level. I never did get to drop at Konya Range. For a long time we always planned the afternoon mission for a dusk arrival at the new Akisar Airfield, just over the mountain NE of Cigli. There was only one building on the whole patch, and you *never* saw vehicles. Every now and then, we would catch the Blackbird landing and disappearing into the building. Powers that be decided we shouldn’t be doing that and read us the riot act.

**Italian ATC English:** On one return flight from Cigli to Aviano, we heard the most humorous conversation I have ever heard on the radio. The weather was dog\_ \_ \_ \_ , solid to infinity with thunderstorms everywhere. We were trying to pick our way around them in what appeared to be brighter areas. When we switched to Roma Control, the airline jocks were driving the controller crazy with requests for altitude and course changes, all talking at once. Roma Control finally had enough and said, “Dis is Roma Control – Everybody quit talking atta same time. Next time somebody talk atta same time, Ima go offa de air for 10 minoots.” Dead silence. A couple of transmissions were OK when the Controller came back up, and then two clowns cut each other off again. “Dis is Roma Control. Ima go offa de air for 10 more minoots.” Click. There was dead silence for 10 minutes (except for the four of us laughing like crazy to ourselves). Sure enough, he came back on the air as advertised and said, “Dis is Roma Control – Ima back on the air – now everybody taka turns.” It took five minutes for anyone to muster the courage to key a mike.

**Overnighting Downtown:** The 2<sup>nd</sup> ATAF headquarters in Izmir maintained a downtown officer’s club/BOQ with a nightclub on the top (about the 6<sup>th</sup> floor). One night, the place was a bit dull, and one of my inebriated companions, who shall remain anonymous, decided to catch the resident cat. He did, and the next thing I knew he was swinging it by its tail and informed us that the cat was going swimming. The harbor was beyond a 4-lane road below the hotel. I panicked as legend has it that the great Turkish hero, Ataturk, was reincarnated as a cat. We were too late to stop him and, as expected, the cat didn’t quite make it to the water. We beat feet out of there before we were drawn and quartered.


**Sitting out a War:** We spent the Six-Day War stuck in Cigli, cut off from the rest of the world. The Turkish government stopped all flights including their own fighters and our embassy runs. Since Turkey was 95% Muslim, they figured the government would fall from rumors that they or we were helping the Israelis. The only news we received was from a Voice of America international short wave broadcast to the region. After the war was over, we found that the descriptions of the war were very accurate. (*Editor’s note: Loved reading this comment, having worked for VOA later, from 1971-’92.*)

**The Moses Flight:** Anyway, I digress. One night, Virgil Thomas, David Milam (Milo P. Fenderbender) and I decided the three of us could no longer stand drinking alone at the downtown OOM, and that we should sample the night life on the Izmir waterfront. We proceeded by local transportation to a sleazy waterfront bar. After hemming and hawing outside, we entered and took a table (no one with weapons was evident). Dave was a fine looking young man and it took at least 30

seconds for this gorgeous, dark-haired girl to plop down on his lap. After she had a few sips of her drink (ginger ale), she calmly asked, “What your name?” Milo replied, “David.” She got a strange look on her face and turned to me, “What your name?” I, of course, replied, “Ben.” She then turned to Virg, took a good look at his large nose, and jumped off Dave’s lap, swiftly departing the area – convinced we were Israelis. For the rest of our tour in Europe, D-Flight ignored the wing-mandated call signs and used the “Moses Flight” check in. “Moses Flight, check.” Response was: “David – Ben – Gurion.” Anyway that is really how Moses Flight came to be. Much later when Dave was an aspiring astronaut (until he got bumped by the 1<sup>st</sup> female candidate), I used to call him at Edwards AFB. Some female secretary or special assistant, guarding his time, needed a bit of prodding. I would tell her to inform his highness that this was a Moses Flight check in and he’d better check in, NOW! And he did.

**Disclaimer:** This story was written for my children and Denny Schaan (55<sup>th</sup> TFS Historian) after 36 years of constant brain cell deterioration, so any discrepancies are attributable to my advanced age/faulty memory. — Ben “Greensnake” Boshoven ▣

FYI: One of the 48<sup>th</sup> TFW squadrons from “The Heath” had a similar check in, at least when flying out of Wheelus. The flight call sign was Bonanza (as in the ‘60’s TV show), and the check in response was, of course, “Adam – Hoss – Little Joe”! Ed.



*Remember the Cartwrights?*

**Picture Caption Contest — Go consult your Funny Bone**

AND THE WINNER IS ... FROM ISSUE 32 ... TA-DA!



*Holy crap! I'm over an ocean! How in hell did I get over AN OCEAN???*  
**Tom Clark's Winning Caption for the Issue 32 Caption Contest**

AND FOR ISSUE 34, WE HAVE . . . TA-DA . . .



. . . a picture from Keith Acheson in need of a caption. It's circa 1972 showing a laydown skip hit by Capt. Jim Larson at the Hardwood Range, WI, in his F-100C. Although a bit underdone in resolution, its contents offer a wide range (pun intended) of possible captions from all you avid contest players out there. So, give it your very best shot!

As you will recall, it was CEO Hoppy Hopkins who suggested this Caption Contest, and he remains the sole and unchallengeable judge and jury for picking the winner. But as we move into Round Three, there's a bit of a procedural change for the sake of efficiency: Henceforth, please send your caption submissions to the Editor at [jjschulz@bu.edu](mailto:jjschulz@bu.edu), and they will be relayed to “Hoppy.” \*

*\* There may be a 5% handling fee starting next year! JJ ▣*



## Book Review Time #1 — “Oswald Boelcke: ...”

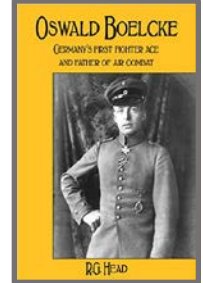
Full Title: *Oswald Boelcke: Germany's First Fighter Ace and Father of Air Combat*  
By R.G. Head ... Hardcover Published August 2016  
Available at Amazon <http://www.amazon.com>.

When SSSer R.G. Head approached us regarding getting a review of his new book into the next issue of *The Intake*, we replied without hesitation that it would be “no problem, it’s our policy to support authors, particularly SSS members.”

But as we cast about to find a good SSS member to read and then write the review on short notice, we stumbled upon the perfect person for a perfect review: Charter SSS member Ron Fogleman. “Why Ron?” you ask. Simple: He’d already read the book AND written a powerful review that’s already published in the Amazon Books Dept. So, bye, bye short-notice problem. Read on! **Ed.**



Author R.G. Head  
Aviation Historian



Aviation History

[Five out of 5 stars](#) “[Superb book on WWI Aviation](#),” By [Gen. Ronald R. Fogleman](#) on October 5, 2016

It gives me great pleasure to introduce this marvelous book about Oswald Boelcke and the early days of military aviation. Oswald Boelcke was a pioneer, one of the first pilots in World War I, flying monoplanes and biplanes in an open-air cockpit. After several combat tours, he was inspired to put on paper the lessons he had learned—the first combat tactics manual. Fortunately, we have an authoritative record of his exploits and tactical thinking from his letters and German Air Service documents. This book provides an excellent narrative on the state of military aviation among the opposing sides. On one level, the book is an excellent history of the overall war in the air in The Great War. It rises to this level because we are treated to five aviation stories: a definitive biography of Oswald Boelcke; a very informative description of his *Albatros* [German spelling] aircraft; the general state of aircraft manufacturing; the personal and physical challenges to be a pilot during WWI; and a comparison of Boelcke’s thinking about leadership and tactics at that time, to that of leaders of modern fighter operations. R.G.’s personal insights from his own career add value to the story. Indeed, this is the only book on World War I aviation I know of that was written by a combat fighter pilot from the jet era.

I believe this book is important for three reasons: 1) It is excellent military/aviation history; 2) It describes the early air-to-air regime and tactics in a way that modern readers can understand; and 3) It shows how a set of values (“Dicta”) can be developed and adopted by a large organization. R.G. has done all of us a great service by writing this book on an extraordinary man, Oswald Boelcke, who did great things at the dawn of military aviation. ✈

As it happens, the customer review just below General Fogleman’s military-slanted review at the Amazon page is one written by a non-military lady, but one who also personally knows author R.G. Head. It’s a powerful review, too. So, we offer it as a second opinion from a slightly different perspective. Enjoy. **Ed.**

[Five out of 5 stars](#) “[The definitive book on my favorite fighter pilots of WWI](#).” By [Monta Z. Briant](#)

It [R.G.’s new book on Oswald Boelcke] is extremely well researched and very well written, with plenty of excerpts from Boelcke’s flight logs and letters home, as well as those of his contemporaries. These excerpts give a good insight into the thoughts and mindset of these pioneers of air combat during the early years of the war. The descriptions of what it was like to fly and fight in these planes, under the sometimes harsh conditions, is starkly vivid and gives one a tangible sense of the mortal danger and constant discomfort facing these pilots. This section of the book was the highlight for me and could only be described this accurately by someone who has experienced air combat, as Brig. Gen. Head has.

The book covers every aspect of Boelcke’s war experience, as well as a lot of his personal life, and gives us a complete picture of the man, the evolution of the planes, fighter tactics, the war as a whole and the German air fighting forces’ progression and development. If you are a student of air combat, it is what I would call “A thumping good read.” It is also highly entertaining, and I found myself randomly opening the book to read a few paragraphs—and then not being able to put it down.



R.G. and the model in question.

I am also very fortunate to live in San Diego and have seen the scale model of Boelcke’s *Albatross* that was painstakingly built by Brig. Gen. Head. It now resides in the San Diego Air and Space Museum and is fascinating to see, because only half of the model is fabric-covered and shows how these planes were constructed. It is faithfully reproduced and the detail is amazing. It is a real treat for enthusiasts, and I highly recommend going to see it if you are in the San Diego area. ✈

There you have it; a two-for-one review for an SSS member-author seeking some good publicity. We’ll leave you with good news from R.G. himself: He just got word that as of mid-January, sales have moved over the 1,000 mark. Congrats, R.G.! **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!*



*George Bracke*



*Jack Cook*



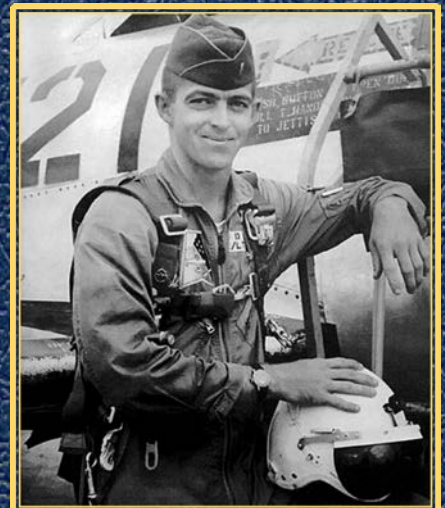
*Bob Finley*



*Gary Michels*



*Willis "Bill" Pembleton*



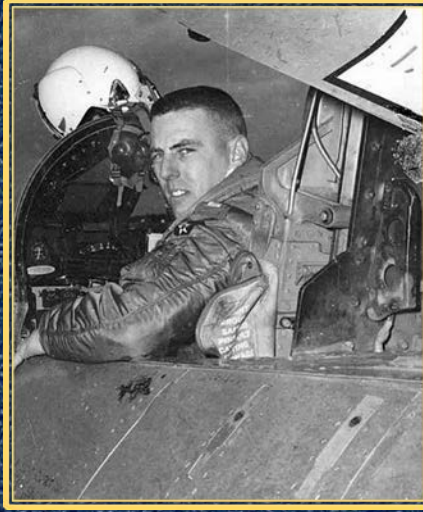
*Harry D. Scott*



**RED ALERT – ALERT!!** We have about 36 “Hero Pictures” left in our dwindling supply (out of 1,971 total members since our founding –including Inactives & RIPs). We’ve now published 336. 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](mailto:f100plt@gmail.com)). If you have no way to scan, snail mail it with a return address to Shaun at 6610 Sutherland Ridge Place, Tucson, AZ 85718, and we’ll return the originals. Thanks! P. Editor



*Bud Hall*



*Ken Kerwin*



*Howard "Tick" Loitwood*



*Allen Strasser*



*Abe Tanaka*



*Jim Tilley*



## Book Review Time #2 — “Roles and Missions”

Title: *Roles and Missions*

Author: Merrill A. McPeak - Publisher: Lost Wingman Press

Official Website <http://generalmcpeak.com>, Available in Leatherbound | Hardcover | Paperback | Kindle | Nook | iBook | Kobo. Note: All print copies purchased on this official website are autographed!

Also available at Amazon <http://www.amazon.com>.

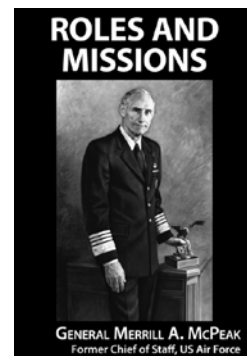
Reviewed by: R. Medley Gatewood, (Feb., 2017), Editor Emeritus & Publisher of *The Intake-Journal of the Super Sabre Society (SSS)*, Founding Member – SSS.

**5.0 out of 5 Stars—Again!** Official Website's Brief Description

*“In Roles and Missions, we meet General McPeak as Air Force Chief of Staff. Volume 3 of The Aerial View Trilogy concludes the most comprehensive memoir ever produced by one of America's service chiefs, offering deep insights into what it takes to get the job and, then, how to do it.”*



Tony McPeak  
Thunderbird 5/6



Third book of “The  
Aerial View” trilogy.

If you’ve read either of Tony’s first two books in “The Aerial Trilogy,” or better yet, both of them (*Hangar Flying* and *Below the Zone*), you know you are in for another treat; because as John Schulz (then an Asst. Editor) put it in his reviews of both of them (back in 2012 and 2013), in so many words, “This guy can bloody well write.” And, having read both earlier books with great relish, and now the third (after four years of waiting for its publication), I totally agree with “Schulzie”!

Now, where to start our review of Book 3? After pondering all that I read, and read closely (including welcome and copious footnotes), I think the answer to that question lies “*between the lines*” comprising each section of the 394-page scholarly tome, *beginning* with the Preface. In it, the 14<sup>th</sup> Air Chief explains that his broad career background (see first two books) seemed ideal preparation for “a job sometimes described as being a principal military advisor to the Secretary of Defense and the President.” But he soon discovered that role was “the domain of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the service chiefs playing only a cameo role.” So, McPeak “watched from the sidelines.”

But he “didn’t have the strength to stay quiet,” as we learn going forward. “Here,” he says, “I report observations, for what they are worth.” And they are worth much, particularly to students of history who will enjoy an inside account by General McPeak of the Air Force “doings” during his four years as Air Chief (“simplifying, tidying up, making it more suited for use in combat”). More importantly, he addresses at length a much larger issue (“a job for the Secretary of Defense, or even the President”) of “how the services should *collectively* provide integrated combat forces at reasonable cost.” “This,” he says, “is the *Roles and Missions* question, an important one, and one *not yet answered* as this is written.” Hence, the Book 3 title!

One of the real strengths in Tony’s first two books was the richness of detail and accuracy of the information he wove together to create his memoirs, generally in chronological sequence. And that strength held in Book 3. It’s as if he turned to a well-kept diary to almost effortlessly “get it all right.” Regardless of how he really did it, Book 3 also benefits from his well-organized, masterful approach to storytelling. Moving from the premises established in the Preface, he picks up the story from the end of Book 2 with easy grace. He was sworn in on the morning of 7 November, 1990 and was immediately immersed in the preparation for and (by 7 January 1991) the execution of Operation Desert Storm.

Tony devoted two chapters of almost equal length to covering this full-up war (what he calls a Type A war). Chapter 1 was “what happened,” warts and all. And Chapter 2 was “lessons learned” from what became known as the First Gulf War. This sequence of “facts” and subsequent “analysis/conclusions” is typical of Tony’s writing style (even within a single chapter), and I dare say, his thinking style. After a while, it’s a style that “grows on you,” and it is very effective!

After the first two chapters about a major war, well covered, Tony turns in Chapter 3 to the *raison d’etre* (reason for existence) of the Department of the Air Force. In a nutshell, from Title 10, US Code, the *functions* of the Department are to “organize, train, and equip air combat forces, then provide them to the various commanders for operational use.” After pondering this “charter,” weighing it against the realities of declining budgets and threats (thanks to the end of the Cold War); and bouncing it off his admirable, self-established challenge to leave behind an Air Force better than the one he had inherited; he came to a strategic conclusion. The challenge was to do all that while spending a lot less money. As Tony put it, “Business as usual wouldn’t be good enough. We’d have to reorganize!”

And so begins the General’s three-chapter-report on his vision and plans for his tour as Air Chief (and the outcomes therefrom). Those three chapters are titled *1991 Organization*, *1992 Train*, and *1993 Equip*—indicating which of the three core functions he decided to focus on in each of his remaining full years as Chief. Unsurprisingly, it’s a methodical approach to the job AND to explaining to readers his aspirations and accomplishments, as well as his “trials and tribulations.”

Suffice to say, this three-chapter section deals mostly with Air Force “things” that could be, and were, addressed internally under a set of “unifying themes,” applicable universally: *Simplify, Streamline, Flatten, Decentralize*. I found this



(165 page) structure and its contents fascinating. Although my AF career included a tour at TAC HQ ('77-'80) (where I had opportunity to observe and learn about the “inner workings and hidden mechanisms” involved in the AF Dept. charter at the Pentagon and elsewhere), reading Book 3 I learned I was only a 3-level Apprentice in my knowledge of the nitty gritty goings on at the pinnacles of power (at the Air Staff level and above). Having now been educated by General McPeak’s *Tour de Force* (in this section and those that follow), I can comfortably claim I’ve now advanced to a 5-level Journeyman!

After his “Three Functions” tutorial, McPeak addresses the conduct of, and lessons learned from, what might be called lesser events he experienced during his tour, using the same methodical approach of all his writings. He lists them by chapter numbers and names: 6, *Bosnia*; 7, *Women in Combat*; 8, *Gays in the Military*; and 9, *Somalia*. Again, I found my knowledge of these profoundly important topics significantly enhanced by the General’s cogent reporting and observations.

In the last two chapters, General McPeak returns to his area of chief concern, as per the title of Book 3: *Roles and Missions*. Here, he presents the post-WWII history of the U.S. services—warts and all, particularly with respect to inter-service rivalries—from the National Security Act of 1947 (which established the Air Force as a separate service and birthed the concept of “jointness”) to the present day. His thesis is that this concept of true jointness, although it is theoretically a giant step toward significantly more effective and efficient national defense, “...has been hard to achieve because the legacy services have opposed every attempt to reduce their autonomy.” Wow! I thought, as I prepared myself to read on, it looks like Tony is about to step on the “third rail,” or, as he put it, “tilt with windmills that can fight back.”

Long a student and champion of “true jointness,” the General prefaces these chapters of consequence with a quote. The fulfillment of the quote’s substance (I would say) is his continuing mission—and shield of honor. The quote:

*Given the costs associated with unnecessary duplication, DoD must make every effort to ensure that appropriate jurisdictional boundaries are established. It is not clear that the rigorous analysis required to establish these boundaries has been conducted at any time since enactment of the National Security Act of 1947. — Defense Organization: The Need for Change (Locher Report), 16 October, 1985*

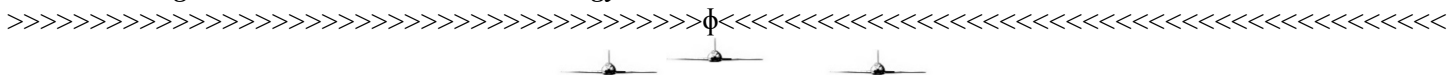
Needless to say, McPeak is at his peak (pun intended) in this complex arena and does a 7-level Craftsman’s job in making his case for a new national armed force. His summary for such an initiative, after lengthy analysis and observations, is worth reading (just below), before you rush to obtain your own copy of this most enlightening and well-constructed tome, which ends his most excellent trilogy of memoirs—*IMO*, a job well done about a career well done! The Chief’s summary:



*Thus, we need a different kind of force, smaller and changed in its nature. However—and this is an important caveat—having won the Cold War, we will seek relief from the defense burden. We are unlikely to finance the equipage and sustainability needs of even a smaller force unless we act vigorously to reduce the duplication of military capabilities among the services and amputate much of the logistic support tail that our combat forces drag behind them. Assuming we find the courage to face the roles-and-missions and tooth-to-tail issues, we can create conditions allowing for prudent reduction in the size of our forces and transfer a substantial amount of money to investment accounts, providing the wherewithal to modernize our forces for the post-Cold War world.*



**Note: This is probably the longest book review ever to be included in The Intake. But, because of the importance to get the “conversations” within all three of General McPeak’s books, especially those of Book 3, into the literature about roles and missions, we’ve decided to go to this length ... and to invite, indeed entice you to join those conversations in a helluva closing volume to the “Aerial View Trilogy” — RMG ■**



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

<i>Robert L. Brusenhan, Jr.</i> March 16, 2015	<i>James “Jim” G. Allen</i> November 18, 2015	<i>Charles “Chuck” MacGillivray</i> December 6, 2015	<i>Leslie “Les” E. Smith</i> February 2, 2016
<i>Ben Patterson</i> August 8, 2016	<i>Richard James Miles</i> August 8, 2016	<i>Clarence P. “CP” Bell</i> September, 12, 2016	<i>William “Bill” Whelchel</i> September 16, 2016
<i>Earl James Archer</i> October 3, 2016	<i>Warren M. Vanderburgh</i> November 17, 2016	<i>Leo Joseph Canavan</i> November 19, 2016	<i>Dave Graben</i> January 1, 2017
<i>Elmer L. Slavey</i> January 12, 2017	<i>Logan J. “Jack” Doub</i> January 13, 2017	<i>Harry D. Scott</i> January 29, 2017	<i>Waldron A. “Ron” Schanz</i> February 12, 2017

~~/ R.Y. Costain: February 18, 2017 //~~

## Portrait of a Warrior: Jack Doub, "The Golden G-Suit"

By Jack Doub as told to John J. Schulz

From time to time we publish multi-part articles focused on one of our most notable and admired SSS comrades, in line with The Intake's mandate to "preserve the history, heroism and humor of the men who flew the mighty Hun." This time, we feature the remarkable, dynamic and irrepressible Jack Doub, who flew F-100s into harm's way 572 times (744.6 combat hours), certified by North American Aviation as having flown "the most F-100 combat missions in SEA." For the past 18 months or more, Jack battled cancer, and sadly, the day after he and I completed the first draft for this "Part I," word came that I'd lost yet another dear friend: Jack had passed away in the morning hours of Friday, January 13<sup>th</sup>, 2017. But anyone who ever met Jack will never forget him, and so now, posthumously, we will press on to chronicle the remarkable life and times of the "laughing warrior," whose email address for many years was "WGFP"... i.e., "World's Greatest Fighter Pilot." Many who knew him or flew combat with him would, to this day, say, "Yeah, that's probably right." **Ed.**

### PROLOGUE

As many a story-teller knows, sometimes, beginning in the middle is a great way to catch and hold the audience. In this case, we're going to do just that: start in the middle, where I first met the remarkable, indomitable Jack Doub, our "most Hun combat missions" champ.

Of all the colorful, crazy, hilarious guys who ever flew in my Bien Hoa combat squadron, or in any other F-100 squadron for that matter, then-Major Jack Doub, from Georgia, probably tops an impressively large list. Possessed of brilliant flying skill, steel nerves and an omnipresent sense of humor, he was, during his first combat tour throughout 1967 as a member of the 90<sup>th</sup> TFS "Dice," the ringleader of many spur-of-the moment pranks and acts of outright skullduggery so wonderful for morale.

For example, he prided himself on being the spokesman for his fictional "Senior Advisory Council," a group composed of the four flight commanders. He would explain that the Council's sole purpose was to keep the Commander and Ops Officers "squared away" and well informed of any (usually fictitious) goofs, or wrong decisions they might have made. The four "Councilmen," all Majors, with Jack in the lead, would storm into the poor harassed Ops Officer's office grinning from ear to ear to demand some new concession "for the men." The other three would nod in happy assent while Jack explained that if the demands weren't met, they would hold out for "better jobs, higher wages," and lead all the Dice pilots out on strike for a week in Bangkok.

True to form, good old Major Dale Rook or his deputy, Major Al DeGroot, would throw them bodily out of their Ops office, with Jack all the while loudly protesting: "But, sir, you're becoming too short with the men. You need a rest, you're becoming nasty...the war has hardened you."

But there is more, a very great deal more to the story of Jack Doub, "The Golden G-Suit" (and where did he get that nickname?). We'll get to that later, in Part II. Best we now re-begin at the beginning, more or less.



"JJ" Schulz after 275 missions with "Dice" in 1967-8.

### Back to the beginning....

Jack can still vividly recall the day he decided he wanted to be a fighter pilot. "I was about nine. It was a warm and pleasant day in Norfolk, Virginia. My Dad, a surface Navy officer, took me to work with him one Saturday morning.

"As he toiled away inside a small building that said 'Radar Fire Control,' I sat under a tree watching the fighter aircraft coming from their aircraft carrier to the airstrip across



Jack Doub: 287 combat missions with Bien Hoa Dice Squadron 1967

the street. They were landing at Chambers Field, now called NAS (Naval Air Station) Norfolk.

"The squatty little F4F Wildcats launched from the carrier (out of sight way out in the bay), circled over the airfield in impeccable order, dove into position, and sort of crashed on the runway in what I was to learn was typical USN fashion. By the time my Pop came out to share his

paper bag lunch, I had made up my mind. 'I know what I want to be when I grow up,' I told him matter-of-factly."

Later that day his dad took him over to the fighter ramp and they walked among the Wildcats as the maintenance crews scurried around the airplanes, preparing them for their next cruise. As Jack recalled, "All the little birds had just returned from a WWII combat cruise, and I saw small patches covering bullet holes. On one machine, there was an unrepaired bullet hole made by an enemy bullet! The crew chief was so proud to show it to me. His plane had been hit and made it home!

"The year must've been about 1943-44. In 1967, I would see bullet holes in my own airplane. And like that plane way back when, we both made it home."

### Sports and More Sports Growing up

Much of Jack's early life revolved around Navy bases, his favorite being San Diego. "Kids in that idyllic town are lucky. You could do any kind of sports year round, plus surfing. My pals and I could walk from our homes to surfing at Ocean Beach, with weather perfect...every day!"



After the war, Jack's father and an old Navy friend started a business requiring a move to Florida. When they set up their factory near St. Petersburg to make insecticidal paint, they attracted customers all over Florida and the Gulf states, and even in foreign countries in Central and South America, where they got hefty contracts to paint entire city developments with their bug-killing house paints.

The move to Florida was a bit of a cultural shock, but Jack quickly joined the neighborhood kids playing baseball, basketball or football, depending which was "in season." He also loved to fish, and after one of the older boys "showed him the ropes," fishing became a big favorite. Jack and his new friend would catch 5 to 7 lb. bass and sell them to the tourists for 25 cents a pound "So they (the buyers) could show their wives their monster catches!"

Early in grade school, Jack's neighborhood teams began to take on an organized flavor and quite a league developed. Jack was a biggie for uniforms, so he organized stencil and spray events, painting the team's nickname, "Seminole Heights Flyers," on white t-shirts.

"The shirt was our only official piece of gear, other than bats, balls and gloves." That changed in junior high and high school, with organized, uniformed team sports. He reports, "Sports became our life. That, and girls!"

There weren't many overweight or particularly large kids in those schools then, so most of the boys played on the football team. Jack reached a robust 158 pounds in high school, and moved from sport to sport as each came into season—with a dual springtime chore in his case: track, as well as baseball.

"I was probably second or third fastest in school, so the track and basketball coaches insisted I report after baseball each day to practice fast starts for the 100, 220, the 440 relay *and* the low hurdles. (I rarely won a track event, but scored my share of seconds and thirds, which garnered points for the track team against other schools.)"

While he underplays his athletic achievements, he was, in reality, a gifted athlete, despite his average height and slender, wiry build. Indeed, in sports, Jack rose to levels of achievement reached by very few members of our SSS, or most other organizations.

Baseball was his first love, and where he was most notably successful. Long before playing on the Legion team in high school, he worked very hard to hone his skills. During high school, he would often play a full nine innings against another Legion team, then head back to the neighborhood to square off against guys there for "Game Two," playing until dark. He loved playing the infield, and hitting was his passion. As Jack tells it, "I was one of those line-drive hitters. Lots of legged-out doubles. Usually I hit between .325 and .350. I got on base a lot."

Football was his second love, and playing on defense was his passion. But in those days, everyone played both ways, so there were no "defensive units." In his senior year, as a 158-pounder playing halfback and defensive back, he recalls, "One of my fondest memories was filling in at

middle linebacker when our star got hurt. We were playing the Lakeland Dreadnaughts, who had a huge fullback for those days, 230 pounds or so. On the first play at middle-linebacker, their quarterback took one look at scrawny little me and sent the monster right up the middle! I hit him with all I had, and immediately saw stars, but he only gained about a half yard! That made any pain and all the stars go away quickly. Great stuff when you're a kid!"

#### **Freshman Halfback at National Champ Georgia Tech**

In mid-1952, at the end of his senior year, Jack had two offers to play college baseball, one from Stetson University in Deland, FL, the other from Rollins College near Orlando. His dad "was aghast" when Jack told him he'd like to major in art! Dad's mantra was: "Major in something useful! Art majors and liberal arts majors don't get jobs!"

So, his dad wrote to Georgia Tech, and they offered to let him walk on in baseball or football *or both*! That was a pretty big deal back then. First of all, "walk-on" invitations then, and now, are not handed out like lollypops by any half decent athletic departments in what used to be called "Division 1A or 1AA." Second, Georgia Tech was the Alabama of that era in football: The Ramblin' Wrecks were always nationally ranked, finishing fifth in 1951 as SEC winners and Orange Bowl Champions. The next year, Jack's freshman year, they were National Champs.

Tech Coach Bobby Dodd played a lot of smaller guys; his national champions featured 170-lb. All-American fullback Leon Hardeman and a 162-lb. starting halfback.

Back then, and for about two more decades, freshmen weren't varsity eligible—there were freshman teams in most college sports except baseball and track. Jack made the freshman football team as a "walk-on," which was *and still is* a major feat for any "walk-on," at any college, in any sport.

Recalling those days recently, Jack said, "I played a lot of defense in practice and almost exclusively defense in games. We had an 8-game schedule against other SEC freshman teams. There were about five guys faster than me running the ball and four or five much larger guys than me in the defensive backfield. One thing I did well, though, was tackling. I had been well-schooled in that fine art. It was a long season in a tough league, on a team loaded with talent, even at the freshman level, so I figured it was a coin-flip whether I'd make the varsity my sophomore year."

That first semester he was practicing—at least three hours a day—or playing games, six days a week, while carrying 17 credit-hours of classes in the ever-demanding academic environment one would expect at the number three engineering school in the country.

#### **Life as a Minor League Baseball Player**

Getting back to baseball in January was almost a relief after the intensity and daily violence of the football field. In baseball, he was trying out for the varsity, and he became the starting shortstop. As he recalls, "We had a good season. I hit about .320, had quite a few stolen bases, and played well in the field—only two errors all season as I recall."

One day after practice, he was approached by a scout for the Brooklyn Dodgers (remember them?). In the 1950s into the mid '60s, professional baseball (and football) salaries were simply laughable by today's standards ... *infinitesimal* is an understatement! The Dodgers offered him "small money and a chance for fame," playing in their minor league chain. He took the offer and when college classes ended in June he reported to the Thomasville Dodgers of the Ga-Fla "D" League. ("D" Leagues, then and now, were mostly rookie instructional leagues for the hand-picked few best college and high school boys.) As Jack put it, "The players were good. Most had been the best at their high school or college and were there for polishing. I alternated at shortstop for some weeks but then was moved to third when the team needed me there. I had the arm for it

and didn't mind playing up close at third. It was a fun bunch of guys on that team. A lot of camaraderie, which I didn't expect."

The rookies lived in two large rooming houses where meals were served southern style, with lots of fried chicken and country fried steak, with mashed potatoes and gravy. They played home games "in a nice little stadium." Attendance was great, and although Thomasville was a small town, of about 10,000, Jack notes that "there were lots of girls. The southern belles won our hearts."

When the season ended at the end of August, the Dodgers assured him they wanted him back. He'd had a good year, and indications were that while he'd start in Thomasville, he'd likely move up to a "B" or maybe "A" affiliate by mid-season.

*Being with Jack at Bien Hoa as a fellow Diceman, and flying with him often, on and off the Alert pad, some 13 years after he played pro ball, he never mentioned that experience, and as for football, he once made passing reference to "playing awhile at Georgia Tech." That said, there were several occasions, most notably on the court, where hints of his superior athletic abilities would appear. Despite an atrocious backhand, he was a half decent tennis player, with lightening quick moves and a vicious forehand. He was a ringleader of the Dice squadron's revolving "Bien Hoa Wimbledon" tourneys. He'd often play, but just as often, our newly minted Major, third drink in hand, would place a slightly elevated chair beside the net and "umpire." The matches then switched immediately from tennis in three sets to comedy in three acts, with Jack's hilarious running "radio commentary," interrupted by "Umpire's rulings" with added explanations that defied sanity, or any rules of tennis ... .*



*Bien Hoa Wimbledon Participants, a.k.a. "those crazy Dice guys are at it again!" Left to right: Clyde Carter, Al DeGroot, Jack Doub and the long-suffering Dale Rook (in reality Rook and Doub were fast friends).*

### **Fulfilling that Childhood Dream to be a Pilot**

When Jack returned to college for his sophomore year, he couldn't play college football or baseball, *because he was technically a pro*—ineligible for any amateur sports.

In part because of his status, his life changed in the spring. It came like a bolt from the blue, a kind of *déjà vu* from age nine. Outside the AFROTC office at Georgia Tech was a poster of a guy sitting on the cockpit rail of an F-80, gazing off at the far distant horizon and wearing his flying helmet. The colorful poster advertised the Aviation Cadet Program. It called for only *two years* of college, which Jack would complete in a few months! He signed up.

"Seventy-two of us reported to Moody AFB for three days of testing: written, psychomotor and physical." Each day the numbers of guys still in testing got dramatically smaller, so that by the day three, "One guy was offered navigator training, another—a violin major from LSU—pilot training. I was offered my choice of either, and squelched that navigator idea instantly, if not sooner. I was given a start date in cadets of January, 1955.

"When school ended, I played summer pro ball again, but the Dodgers released me about mid-season when my Air Force plans became known. I talked to some Dodger execs about my chances of making the majors (with the idea of getting out of my AF commitment if I might make it to "the bigs"). The response was polite but to the point: a pat

on the knee, and a fatherly, 'You go ahead and go fly airplanes, Jack.' And, thus, my potential career in sports ended." (Note that in the 1950s there were quite a few minor league teams around the country, but far fewer major league teams. All those AAA, AA, A, B, C and D-League teams were loaded with highly talented aspirants ... only a handful in each league ever reach "the bigs." Ed.)

"The hard part was telling my Dad I was dropping out of college, and I held off doing so until Christmastime, 1954. That was just a week or two before I was to report to Lackland AFB, TX. He was not pleased."

### **The Real Air Force**

"There were lots of fun and games ahead, as I was to find out at Lackland. After a long train ride from Knoxville, TN to San Antonio to report in, I was informed that my pilot training class had been pushed back to September."

Going back to Georgia Tech was not an option, so he went through airmen's basic training, then on to a "pre-cadet detachment" at Reese AFB in Lubbock until September pilot training. But about two months into Basic, he came down with bronchial pneumonia, spent 32 days in Lackland's hospital, and had to re-do all of Basic Training.

At Reese, the "pre-cadets" worked at a job in the morning and "played cadet" in the afternoon. Jack's job in squadron ops of a B-25 training squadron meant he got to fly in the bubble-nosed B-25s quite a bit and was generally



happy with life. "I even dated a Dallas stripper for a few months, but that's another story. Oh, and I did get to meet Candy Barr a few times!"

In September 1955, Jack started pre-flight training at Lackland with Class 57-F. None of his earlier enlisted AF training fully prepared him for the rigors of preflight. He was a bit stunned (and ticked off more than somewhat) when the captain giving the arrival briefing made clear that their job was to get the cadets to give up! The captain explained: "It'll be a lot cheaper for the Air Force if you quit now before you begin flying our expensive airplanes!"

"Right then," Jack recalls, "I decided, no matter what these panty-waists threw at me, I was not quitting! I must confess though, there were times later when I doubted my judgement a bit.

#### **DOUB'S CIVILIAN AND MILITARY EDUCATION**

Georgia Tech, Engineering Major 1952-'54  
Airman's basic training, Jan. 1955-  
Pre-Cadet "holding" duties: Reese AFB 1955.  
Preflight Aviation Cadets, Lackland AFB 1955 Class 57-F  
UPT, Class 57-F, Spence/Bryan T-34, T-28, T-33  
USAFE E&E, Ramstein AB, GE 1958  
BIS, Randolph AFB, TX, T-33, 1960  
SOS, 1962  
IPIS, Randolph AFB, TX T-38, 1963  
F-100, 4514<sup>th</sup> CCTS, Luke AFB, AZ, 1966  
AF Survival School, Fairchild AFB, WA, 1966  
F-100 Requal, Cannon AFB, NM, 1969  
AF Water Survival, Homestead AFB, FL, 1969  
USAF Jungle Survival School, Clark AB, PI, 1969  
Army Command & Staff Col. Ft. Leavenworth, KS 1970  
Industrial College (ICAF), Ft. Meyer, VA 1971  
Academic Instructor Course, Maxwell AFB, AL, 1971

"I forget all the details of pre-flight, but I recall a killer schedule that began each day well before dawn and ended long after the world grew dark. And all of it done at a near trot and always, *but always*, in formation! We took restroom breaks in formation! We ate in formation! We took academics in formation, then did "cadet-like things" the other half a day ... all in formation.

"Later, in advanced training, flying T-33s, I recall one morning this guy named Ryan—smart, good sense of humor—just threw his razor down, wiped the cream off his half-shaven face and proclaimed, 'Okay! That's it.' With that, he exited the packed latrine. It was the last time I ever saw him. When a guy SIE'd (Self-Initiated-Elimination) he simply vanished. Months later I received a postcard from Mexico. It was a photo of a smiling Ryan holding a tropical drink as he stretched out on a hammock with two lovely señoritas at his side. The inscription read simply, 'Hola, suckers! Love, Ryan.'

"Another thing about marching: Later in training we were about four platoons marching to the flight line. If you

fell out of step, some 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. ROTC whiz was sure to stop you for a lesson on the History and Tradition of the USAF!

#### **AFROTC Guys vs. "Us Poor Cadets"**

"The ROTC guys were the chief nemesis of us hard-working aviation cadets. They'd drive in from their air-conditioned apartments in town in their sleek (*always* top-down) convertibles. They took to heart the credo that 'every officer is a TAC Officer for the Aviation Cadets!' Some of the brown bars were fun; some were ... well ... *not!*

"Town! Another thing of the past. Cadets were base-bound until they were "upper-class" near the very end of each phase of training: first pre-flight at Lackland, then primary at a civilian contract school (most were in the deep south, but there was one in Marana, Arizona, but only for the ROTC folks) and another country club in Bartow, Florida (again, only for the convertible crowd). We cadets, however, continued life in our '*hut-one, hut-two*' world and vowed that upon graduation, we would *never ever again in our lives go for a walk!*"

Near the end of training, they got an "Open Post"—a day off in town from 09:00 until 18:00 Saturday. "A group of us found a cool bar and began drinking the local beers. No hard liquor as I recall, just beer. No matter, we all reached the throwing up phase (rather expertly) in fairly short order. The bus headed back to Lackland was full of sick-looking young guys."

The second Open Post involved an overnight stay. "We were cleared off base after our usual Saturday morning parade and didn't have to sign in until Sunday evening. I met a young lady on that trip. I just started a conversation on the street.

#### **DOUBS'S OPERATIONAL UNIT ASSIGNMENTS**

1957-9, 357<sup>th</sup> FS, Nouasseur AB, Morocco, F-86  
1959-60, Flight Test, Moody AFB, GA T-33, F-86  
1960-63, UPT Instructor Pilot, Reese AFB, TX T-33  
1963-66, Basic Instructor School IP, Randolph, T-33 -38  
1964-65, Student, BS, Operation Bootstrap, Omaha U.  
1966, 4514<sup>th</sup> CCTS, Luke AFB, AZ, F-100  
1967, 90<sup>th</sup> TFS, Bien Hoa, RVN, 287 F-100 missions  
1968-69 CINC Briefer, PACAF HQ, HI, T-33  
\*1969, 510<sup>th</sup> TFS, Bien Hoa, F-100  
Oct 1969-May, 1970, Misty Pilot, F-100F, 102 missions  
\*1970, 531<sup>st</sup> TFS, total Bien Hoa missions '69-70 = 183

**(NOTE: TOTAL COMBAT MISSIONS: 572.**

**Most all time for F-100 pilots who served in Vietnam)**  
1970-71, Student, Army Command and Staff College, Ft. Leavenworth, KS; T-41  
1971-73, TAC AIR Instructor, Army Command and Staff College, Ft. Leavenworth, KS T-41 & C-131.  
1973-77, 181<sup>st</sup> Tac Fighter Group, Indiana Air National Guard, Terre Haute, IN. F-100.  
1977 Retired from the Air Force.

“She agreed to a dinner date, so I decided to spring for a nice place to stay, the \$10 hotel vs. the usual \$6 dream castles in which the other guys were doubling up. It was a famous old place, and while I can't recall the name, it will forever hold a place in my heart.

“Driving through the gates of Lackland that Sunday evening, my heart sank with dread. Back to the 24-hour job of cadet life. At least we were now upper classmen and dished out the grief rather than bearing it all.”

*Jack's vignette below concludes our Part I. Ed.*

### Night to Remember: Burial Services for Jack Doub's Smile

*Your real nemeses in pre-flight were the upper classmen, not the TAC officers. One morning about 3 AM, we were rudely awakened by the lights flashing on and guys (“uppers” at it again!) beating on pots and pans with all manner of blunt instruments. The noise was deafening. As we stood by our bunks at full attention in our AF issue boxers, the face of a rather nice upper appeared just inches from mine. He had on his wheel hat, backwards, with that little decorative strap in the front pulled down under his chin and looked ridiculous. I burst out laughing, which is a big no-no. He ordered me to wipe that smile off my face and strangle it, whereupon I jumped into my role enthusiastically, falling to the floor as I strangled the dreaded smile. “Mr. Doub” he screamed, Is it finally dead?”*

*“Yes sir!” I answered. “It is dead, sir” The barracks fell quiet as he leaned down, once more in my face, and whispered, “Did I tell you to kill it?”*

*There followed a solemn funeral, with speeches to the now deceased smile and an almost eerie funeral march to the lawn, where we took turns digging a proper grave for the late, lamented smile. We concluded this drawn-out burial ceremony with each of my classmates taking a turn to throw a few spades of dirt on that now-gone grin. The funeral proceedings ended around 04:45. They played reveille at 05:00. So much for a good night's sleep! That's why we despised our upper class. And yet, I pulled the same prank on our under class when we gained power. To those poor souls, I apologize. — Logan J. Doub ■*

### To Be Continued in Issue 34 ■

**Note: This Jack Doub vignette concludes our Ranch Hand article, which begins on page 32. Start reading there, then come back here and read this article's cogent ending!**

### Putting on a show at the Bien Hoa Home Base: “Take a look at THESE tight pitchouts you Hun Drivers!”

*As indicated on page 32, the first flurry of emails involving F-100 pilots and their Ranch Hand missions circulated during 2013 in response to the request from Tom Pilsch, who was a FAC in northern I Corps in 1968-9, and had directed many spray missions back then. His extensive series of articles on the Ranch Hands (done in the early 1980s) is a definitive collection of information about the Ranch Hands. It is available at a Georgia Tech website listed on p. 34.*

*Then, just months ago, in October 2016, a bit out of the blue, the ever-hilarious Jack Doub, 90<sup>th</sup> TFS “Dice” (Jan 1967-Jan '68) weighed in with a doozie of a story about the Ranch Hand guys and their antics.*

*I was on Mobile Control duty one morning early when a flight of seven Ranch Hands taxied out. As they drew near Mobile I spied a guy in the “hole” above the cockpit of the lead aircraft. He was holding something that looked like a flag or banner and as they taxied by me to set up for takeoff, I put the glasses on the flag, which was all purple with white letters. Finally I could made it out: It read:*

*“F\_\_\_ COMMUNISM!!!”*

*They then proceeded with a snappy line-up and departure, including jaunty turns out of traffic. But, they weren't through by any means! When they entered the overhead pattern, they came in a seven-ship echelon. They proceeded to pitch out and called for a gear check as they rolled in off downwind, in what was a very tight fighter-type base turn.*

*On touchdown I spied a troop on the lowered rear deck of the Lead aircraft. To my astonishment, he threw a large bundle out of the rear of the plane and on to the runway. As it deployed, I realized it was a drag chute!!*

*Poof! It deployed! Going along with their “shtick,” I transmitted, “Lead, good chute!” “Click-click: he replied.*

*Then, “Two, good chute!” Click-click*

*And so on down the entire seven-shipper!*

*They made a pretty sight, and as they slowed, each 123 moved to the far left side of the runway—all tucked into a neat line with their drag chutes, probably our old drag chutes, resplendent in all purple and billowing behind!*

*It was as fine a display of precision and unit esprit as you're ever likely to see! — Logan J. Doub ■*



## 1955 North American Aviation F-100 Publicity Document

Here's another publicity document submitted a while ago (6/2/2014) by SSSer Jack Bujalski, who said, "Ran across this 1955 ad in the yearbook for the USMA Class of 1955. I find interesting the verbiage used by North American, with also a plug for the USAF." We too find the plug for pilots interesting. And we also find the "pen and ink" artwork interesting. Shades of George Dubick's front cover artwork for Issue 32 last fall. Another "coinkydink," as Jack Doub would say! Ed.

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The engineering skill that created the World War II Mustang and the Korea-famed Sabre Jet met today's challenge with the history-making F-100 Super Sabre . . . first and only operational jet capable of breaking the sonic barrier in level and climbing flight. Today F-100's are being delivered to the Air Force, and Supersonic

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This is one more example of the research and development that keeps North American ahead in aircraft, rocket engines, guided missiles, electronics and peaceful uses of atomic energy.

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ENGINEERING AHEAD FOR A BETTER TOMORROW

# NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.

*Selling airplanes was a vital part of Hun history ... and national security!*

■



Don't forget those poor kids on the ground.

## A Christmas Thought

From Tom Clark

On Dec 20, 2016, at 11:46 AM, Tom Clark <[thomashclark@sbcglobal.net](mailto:thomashclark@sbcglobal.net)> sent an email message to some of his friends. His main message about an early morning combat mission he flew on Christmas Day of '69 caught our attention, and we decided to publish it and a poem Tom recently found on the web. The poem sums up his closing admonition to remember those "kids ... who would not get to RTB to a warm bed that night" in his closing paragraph. It does fit well! **Pub Med.**

During the 1969 Christmas "truce" in Vietnam, I was scrambled off the Phan Rang alert pad at 2 AM on Christmas morning to respond to a firefright in III Corps. On the way to the target, I listened to AFN Christmas carols on the ADF. After getting the FAC's briefing and mark, I rolled in on the first pass just as *Silent Night* came on. While lining up the target, I joined in, singing in full voice into my oxygen mask.

I figured if I were to die that night, I might as well die full of joy and singing. Halfway through the attack, the song switched to *Deck the Halls*, and I continued at the top of my lungs, interrupting only with "Lead's in." That was a Christmas I'll never forget, especially my thinking about our poor (infantry) kids on the ground who would not get to return to base and go to sleep in a warm bed that night.

That whole experience was absolutely surreal, one of the most bizarre events of my life—and it comes back to me every Christmas, even now, nearly 50 years later.

So friends, don't forget those poor kids in our present day armed services, out there somewhere standing duty all over the world this Christmas. Say a prayer for them, and wish them a safe and quick return. Merry Christmas! — **Tom**

*"A Different Christmas Poem" [Snopes.com says it's by Michael Marks, circa 2000]*

The embers glowed softly, and in their dim light,  
I gazed round the room and I cherished the sight.

My wife was asleep, her head on my chest,

My daughter beside me, angelic in rest.

Outside the snow fell, a blanket of white,

Transforming the yard to a winter delight.

The sparkling lights in the tree, I believe,

Completed the magic that was Christmas Eve.

My eyelids were heavy, my breathing was deep,

Secure and surrounded by love, I would sleep,

In perfect contentment, or so it would seem,

So I slumbered, perhaps I started to dream.

The sound wasn't loud, and it wasn't too near,

But I opened my eyes when it tickled my ear.

Perhaps just a cough, I didn't quite know,

Then the sure sound of footsteps outside in the snow.

My soul gave a tremble, I struggled to hear,

And I crept to the door just to see who was near.



*A kid on the ground!*

Standing out in the cold and the dark of the night,

A lone figure stood, his face weary and tight.

A soldier, I puzzled, some twenty years old,



*Tom Clark's Hun on a 2 AM Christmas Day scramble for TIC. Fighting to Xmas carols!*

Perhaps a Marine, huddled here in the cold.

Alone in the dark, he looked up and smiled,

Standing watch over me, and my wife and my child.

"What are you doing?" I asked without fear,

"Come in this moment, it's freezing out here!

Put down your pack; brush the snow from your sleeve,

You should be at home on a cold Christmas Eve!"

For barely a moment I saw his eyes shift,

Away from the cold and the snow blown in drifts,

To the window that danced with a warm fire's light.

Then he sighed and he said "It's really all right,

I'm out here by choice. I'm here every night.

It's my duty to stand at the front of the line,

That separates you from the darkest of times.

No one had to ask or beg or implore,

I'm proud to stand here like my fathers before.

My Gramps died at Pearl on a day in December."

Then he sighed, "That's a Christmas Gram always remembers.

My dad stood his watch in the jungles of 'Nam,

And now it is my turn and so, here I am.

I've not seen my own son in more than a while,

But my wife sends me pictures; he's sure got her smile."

Then he bent and he carefully pulled from his bag,

The red, white, and blue...an American flag.

"I can live through the cold and the being alone,

Away from my family, my house and my home

I can stand at my post through the rain and the sleet,



I can sleep in a foxhole with little to eat.  
 I can carry the weight of killing another,  
 Or lay down my life for my sister or brother,  
 Who stand at the front against any and all,  
 To ensure for all time that this flag will not fall."

"So go back inside," he said, "harbor no fright,  
 Your family is waiting and I'll be all right."  
 "But isn't there something I can do, at the least?  
 Give you money," I asked, "Or prepare you a feast?"

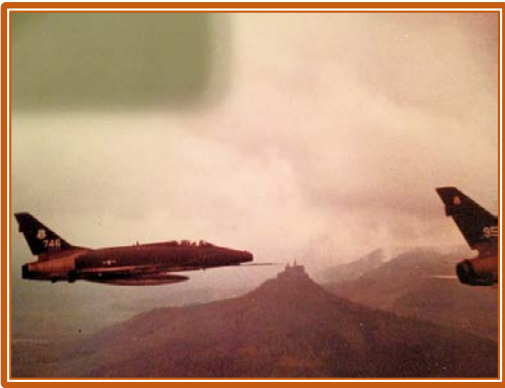
It seems all too little for all that you've done,  
 For being away from your wife and your son."  
 Then his eye welled a tear that held no regret,  
 "Just tell us you love us, and never forget  
 To fight for our rights back at home while we're gone,  
 To stand your own watch, no matter how long.  
 For when we come home, either standing or dead,  
 To know you remember we fought and we bled  
 Is payment enough, and with that we will trust,  
 That we mattered to you as you mattered to us!"

**Postscript:** *Within days after Tom’s emailing of this memoir and attached poem, one of his email recipients, Doug Servet, had produced a much slicker PDF and video version of what you see above. The video part, with more cogent pics, and set to music (you guessed it, Christmas carols) went viral. Check out the video by visiting the URL below. Superb! Ed.*

*[TinyURL.com/PhanRang69](http://TinyURL.com/PhanRang69) [Just type this URL into the address bar of your browser and press “Enter.”]*

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

*This department provides a venue for stand-alone imagery of note, or imagery with connections to other articles where space for supporting photos was limited, etc. In this case, we present a “Hun Landmark Collection” picture first submitted on 2/17/2014 by Keith Acheson, along with his short story about a significant event in ANG Hun history: “the first ANG deployment to Europe since the Berlin Crisis in 1961.” It’s time to shine some light on this little known ANG achievement and some of the participants. And, as it turned out, there were actually two pictures of note to explain. Read on. Ed.*



*Huns and Castles in the Mists*

When SSSer Keith first submitted the “Huns and Castles” picture (our name for it), he didn’t give a lot of info about the picture itself or the deployment (where, when, why, etc., they were there). So, we asked for more details. Within hours of the request, the picture taker himself (SSSer Wayne Davis) responded. Here’s what he said:

“Iowa ANG units from Des



*Redeploy tanking in mid-Atlantic on 17 May 1976.*

Moines and Sioux City were deployed to Aviano AB, Italy in May, 1976. This was the first ANG deployment to Europe since the Berlin Crisis in 1961 and involved 12 F-100 aircraft. Unfortunately, shortly after safely arriving at Aviano, a deadly, magnitude 6.5 earthquake struck in the foothills of the Italian Alps, just northeast of Aviano. More than 500 people died and 80,000 Italians were left homeless. Many ANG enlisted troops were sent to help the Army set up large tents and clean up some of the damage. But the Italians didn’t want noisy aircraft flying in that area due to possibly causing further damage on the ground. So, it was a while before we were able to do much flying.

“Finally, USAFE got permission for a one-time flight of three aircraft to Ramstein AB in Germany. This photo was taken on a local area checkout flight of two F-100Ds and one-F-100F in Germany on/about 12 May 1976. Aircraft #746 was flown by Capt. Jon L. Larson and the F-model #956 was flown by Capt. Doug Pierce (with a local active-duty pilot in the back seat). I took the photo from the second D-model (quickly) and it turned out pretty well, but I haven’t found the negative, so we are left with this somewhat-faded print pic. As you can see, the weather that day was not so great, but you can clearly see the famous Hohenzollern Castle just under the pitot boom of ole’ 746. As most of you know, that castle was used as a model when Disney built the castle at Disneyworld! [Our research indicates this may be a “false fact!” **Pub Med**]

“By the way, we also have a great picture of one of the refuelings on the 9.9 hour return flight from Torrejon to DSM.”

*When offered a good refueling picture, we nearly always say yes, so we requested the “great refueling picture” and Wayne sent it back by overnight email. He’s right, it IS a great refueling picture. So we threw it into this department (above) to balance our imagery layout. It was taken by LeRoy Nielson (the Sioux City base photographer) aboard the tanker and captures one of the SUX birds. All 12 of the deployed aircraft flew via direct to their home bases that day in three flights of four with one hour separations. Capt. Dave Sanderson III led an all D-model flight to DSM, while the other two flights were led by F-models. Good on ‘em all, concluding a successful and history-making ANG deployment. Ed. ■*

## 1961 Berlin Crisis — 309<sup>th</sup> TFS Deploys to “Spang”

By James E. Smith Jr. [Original Submission 7/14/2009]

After learning of the 1976 ANG Hun deployment to USAFE, the first ANG deployment to that theater since the 1961 Berlin Crisis, we found this story about the 309<sup>th</sup>'s 1961 deployment in response to that Cold War confrontation. So, we now take you back to 1961 and find, like many others, a deployment involving a SNAFU along the way, at least for two pilots. **Ed.**

The picture on the back cover of Issue 8 of *The Intake* that shows two Huns, both equipped with, lightweight refueling booms (which were later retrofitted with heavyweight booms) and 335 gal. tanks, brought back some memories of the distant past involving those lightweight booms and tanks.

In 1961, the 31<sup>st</sup> TFW deployed the 309<sup>th</sup> TFS from George AFB to Spangdahlem AB, Germany, in response to the Berlin Crisis. The deployment route was via Myrtle Beach AFB, SC, to Torrejon AB, Spain, with KB-50 tanker air-to-air refuelings near Bermuda and the Azores; then on to Spangdahlem.

The leg to Myrtle Beach went without a hitch. We all went into crew rest at 16:30 and arose at 03:30 for our steak and eggs breakfast. We were all airborne on time, heading for our first refueling down track from Bermuda. As we approached the refueling area, our primitive rendezvous procedures in those days went like this: Someone came on the air and said, “They should be around here somewhere.” A little later someone said, “I got them ten o’clock low.” With good DR and good eyesight we joined to refuel. Then, the fun started for me and a couple of others trying to get fuel from these old, well-worn KB-50s.

As I approached the right wing on my tanker, I was cleared for contact. I approached the drogue with my 5-7 kt. overtake to keep the drogue from moving aside before contact could be made. As the probe went into the basket, the hose from the tanker buckled and we had an immediate disconnect. I asked the boom operator if his take-up reel was working. There was no immediate response. Then the operator said, “I think it is working now. Try it again.” That I did, and again the take-up reel didn’t work. And before I could disconnect, the hose snapped my light refueling boom cleanly from the wing. No refueling for me today! I reported my situation to the leader and made a climbing turn back toward Bermuda.

Lead sent Don Emigholz back to escort me, but we never saw each other until we both were on the ground. I was in the weather at 35,000 ft. to conserve fuel. After discussions with Approach Control, I made an en-route decent and broke out about 2,000 ft. on the downwind and landed with 600 lbs. Emigholz landed a short time later.

Meanwhile, Don Castleman and Bill Ellander couldn’t refuel from their tanker either and also returned to Bermuda.

The powers-that-be told us to launch two of the four airplanes to continue on to Germany. Before daylight the next day, with Ellander as a spare, Emigholz and Castleman (on the right wing) lined up for take-off to meet the tankers and press on. As they lifted off, Castleman’s right 450 gal. tank, full of fuel, departed the airplane. The airplane yawed into the Lead and Castleman flew under and between the Lead’s aircraft and the runway! Pucker-Pucker! Castleman was able to recover and land safely, but that bird couldn’t continue on with one tank. So Ellander took off, joined Emigholz and they proceeded on to their final destination with no further problems.

That left Castleman and me stuck in Bermuda. My airplane had no probe, and, after removal of the remaining tank on his, Castleman had a clean airplane: no way for either of us to get across the Atlantic. So we launched for Myrtle Beach where we would get further orders, arriving pretty much on schedule.

Once there, the powers-that-be decided that rather than staying with our aircraft, we should catch up with our squadron ASAP, and we were given Priority One orders for military air travel. So we relaxed, expecting to catch an early flight to Germany. Wrong! Then came the dreaded SNAFU!

We were taken to Florence, SC, by staff car, where we boarded a train for New Jersey, where we transferred to a shuttlebus to McGuire AFB, and waited, and waited and waited for a MATS flight to Germany. So much for Priority One orders. After a few days, and many Johnny Walker Scotch Mists, we finally arrived at Rhein-Main AB in Germany.



Found this castle again, while looking for “Spang.” Another coinkydink?

Travel weary, we hadn’t a clue as to how we would get to Spangdahlem, but we chanced to meet a C-47 driver at Base Ops who said he was going that way and would drop us off. Sounded good to us, so we had a party that evening with our new friend. The next day the weather was bad, and the next, and the next: no ride! After a few days, Don Woske, our Ops Officer, decided we had partied enough and drove over in a staff car to get us. What a marathon, just to catch up with the rest of the 309<sup>th</sup>!

It was nice to be with the squadron again, albeit, we were hard pressed as to how we could accomplish our mission with those dammed 450 gal. ferry tanks. We finally figured out how to outfit our Huns with the much more versatile 335 gal. tanks. But, as they say, that’s a story for another day. ■



James E. Smith Jr.  
Early Hun driver.



## The Tree v The F-100

By Don Volz (Submitted on 8/11/2008)

In keeping with our pledge to “catch up” with our “First In – First Out” policy for submitted articles, we dug into the Story Stash and came up with this long-overlooked story from Don Volz. In addition to the facts of the accident/incident that were the heart of the tale, Don brings forth some rather interesting characteristics and “manner of speaking” of some high-ranking Air Force denizens of the USAFE world back in the ‘60s. Good stuff! We start with Don’s note to then-Ed. Medley Gatewood. **Ed.**



“Medley, in reading ‘The Tree’ – A ‘Response’ Poem’ by Gary Ball in Issue 7, I was reminded of my experience with a tree in my C-model at Bitburg AB in, I think, 1960. You might find it interesting for a future issue.” [Right, like in 2017!]

### “The Tree” – A “Response” Poem

I swear to God I didn't see  
The branches of  
That F\$%&\*@# tree  
It jumped in front of me so quick  
I had no time to pull the stick  
A tree that simply had to wear  
An F-one hundred in its hair

I know that there will never be  
A rule that undeniably  
States with such finality  
With force and great velocity  
“You may not strike mahogany  
... only God can hit a tree”

Gary Ball, Phan Rang, Jan 1968  
Mac Staples, Witness - (It wasn't that tree's time.)

I was making an approach to runway 06 at Bit, and just off the approach end of the runway was a small hill with some scrub apple trees on it. The F-100s and F-102s on approach would often kick up dust from that hill as they passed over. As I was coming in that day, I noticed I was getting somewhat lower than our usual long-flat-dragged-in approaches we did with the flapless C-model. I added some power but saw I was still sinking and gave the throttle a big shove when I heard a loud *thunk* on the bottom of the bird. I knew I'd hit something but didn't know what—could be a gear—so I gingerly put the jet on the runway. I was ready to go around if I thought one of the main gears might have been affected, but they both touched down and I taxied into the refueling pit. When the crew chief came up the ladder to greet me he said, “Lt., your speed brake is broken.” Say what? I got out and checked, and sure enough I had hit a small tree with the speed brake—and it was not looking very good!

I reported in to Major Van Chandler, my Squadron CO, and told him what had happened. I told him I didn't know if I'd hit a downdraft or what. The Major didn't have much to say at that point. But I was ordered to be in dress blues the next day, because I and the 36<sup>th</sup> Wing Commander, Col. Benjamin (Benny) Putnam, were to be taken in a Gooney Bird to Ramstein AB, USAFE HQ, to tell our story to Gen. Gabriel P. Disosway, Cmdr. of the 17<sup>th</sup> AF. Well, with that prospect, I figured my flying career was about over.

At USAFE HQ, we were escorted into a large conference room with about the biggest mahogany conference table I'd ever seen. Shortly, in came General Disosway. I snapped to attention and gave him a smart salute. He said, “Sit down, Lt.” He asked me what had happened to break the speed brake, and I gave him my story. When I was finished, the General looked at Colonel Putnam and said, “Well Benny, what do you think?”

Putnam was a squat, stocky man who smoked cigars and resembled Gen. LeMay. He took the cigar out of his mouth, slammed his fist on that big table and said, “Goddamn it, Gabe, I've been warning you that someday one of my boys was going to bust his ass on that hill out there. Volz is lucky he didn't buy the farm yesterday, so dammit, Gabe, I want that hill.” The general said, “OK, Benny, you've got your hill. Now get the hell out of here and don't bother me again for a while.”

A week or two later, the Air Force made a deal with that little hill's property owner and a bunch of earth movers showed up and leveled it. Nothing more was said to me, and the damage to the speed brake in question was charged as a “reportable incident”—not an “accident.” I didn't find out about “The Rest of the Story” for a couple of years.

When I left Germany in April, '61, I was assigned as a project engineer for the F-100 at McClellan AFB, Sacramento (SMAMA). I soon got to know most all of the civilian engineers who worked there, and one day I asked them, “Did any of you ever hear of an F-100C that had a speed brake broken by hitting a tree on approach at Bitburg?” A couple of the guys said, “Yes, we know all about that. Why do you ask?” And when I said I was the pilot, they all said, “So *you* are the guy who gave us all that trouble two years ago!”

It turned out that, by regulations, aircraft damage must be listed as an “accident” if a major component is broken and cannot be repaired within (I think) 100 man-hours. But the 36<sup>th</sup> Wing maintenance people had said that they could repair it in under 100 hours ... and NAA and McClellan engineers said “no way” to that judgement. The engineers had pulled out a folder about ½” thick with correspondence going back and forth arguing the accident/incident point—until the 36<sup>th</sup> Wing's maintenance won out—and I didn't get an accident on my record: All's well that ends well. My hat's off to the 36<sup>th</sup> Wing's maintenance troops! — **Don** ■

## Flying Hun Escort for the Ranch Hand Spray Missions

By John J. Schulz

The nine-year story of the C-123 Ranch Hands’ (1962-’71) spray missions over many parts of South Vietnam (and at times in Laos and North Vietnam), is far more complex than first meets the eye. In researching this article, I soon found parallels to “The Blind Men and the Elephant” story: The more I learned, the harder it got to “stay focused.” I even learned a bit about what went on in their cockpits, thanks to Col. Ralph Dresser, USAF (Ret.), who commanded the unit and flew 350 spray missions (Nov. ’65-Nov. ’66) at Tan Son Nhut, just before they moved to Bien Hoa. In sum, I learned many new things about our “Ranch Hand Buddies,” and after you give a gander to this hydra-headed story, I think you’ll say the same. *Ed.*

### Operation Ranch Hand

#### MYTHS AND (VERY DIFFERENT) REALITIES: THE C-123 RANCH HAND SPRAY MISSIONS, RVN, 1962-1971

- “Ranch” began in Jan. 1962 with three C-123s at Tan Son Nhut. Their mission lasted 9 years—until 1971.
- The first USAF combat aircraft loss in Vietnam was a C-123 spray bird. Total losses: 26 aircrew, 11 C-123s.
- The name for the entire U.S. herbicidal effort was Operation Hades, later changed to Operation Trail Dust. The USAF part of the mission was “Ranch Hand.” “Cowboy” was their call sign; “Trail Dust” and “Hades” also.
- The unit scarf was based on a banner given them by Air Marshall (later President) *Nguyễn Cao Kỳ*, after he flew several cover missions with them. They were “as important to us as our flak jackets and groin protectors.”
- For most of the war, *Ranch Hand* was based at Bien Hoa (1966–1970) focused on the Mekong Delta. Central coast and Ho Chi Minh trail missions operated out of Da Nang Air Base (1964–71). There were smaller units at Phù Cát (1968–1970), Nha Trang (1968–69), Phan Rang (1970–71), and Tuy Hoa (1971).
- All spray missions for nine years in hostile and unpopulated areas were flown with fighter escort.
- Spray missions were flown 150 ft. above trees, circa 200 agl. at exactly 130 kts. when at max gross weight.
- All spray missions were in dry, low-wind conditions with temperatures below 85 F. “Dawn TOT” was normal.
- From the time the first “silver” Huns arrived at Tan Son Nhut, until Nov. 66, “Ranch” often used them as escorts, doing a joint briefing the day before. They loved their Hun escorts. (See Dresser’s text box, p. 34.)
- You May Not Know: The type of target (V.C. crops, jungle, hidden trails, etc.) dictated which of several types of herbicides would be spread. The types were color-coded 50-gal. drums: Purple, White, Blue, Pink or Green. “Orange,” later called “Agent Orange” when controversy arose, was not in use at all until mid-1965.
- In 1967, the Ranch Hands picked up a new and different mission, spraying Malathion, a Malaria Control insecticide, over all military bases, South Vietnamese cities and large troop build-up areas. Defoliation and VC crop-killing missions took only five to 10 minutes” and one pass. The “Malaria Prevention Target” missions took up to 4 hours, and were repeated every 10 days. *It was these spray missions that exposed most ground troops, who say they were “saturated frequently with Agent Orange.” Actually it was non-toxic Malathion.*
- Col. Dresser says no Ranch Hand crew member has had any ill effects from exposure to now controversial Agent Orange. He said he used to put some on his hand and lick it off “to show that it was safe.”

The genesis for this article begins in 2013, when several members of the 90<sup>th</sup> “Dice” TFS (all were at Bien Hoa during 1967-8) sent email responses to former Ranch Hand pilot Eugene Rossel, who was writing an article about their spray missions in SEA and wanted more information from some of the fighter escort pilots. The Dice guys wrote about what great fun they had flying Ranch Hand escort missions in III and IV Corps in 1967. Reading the exchanges more than three years later, it occurred to me they were talking about an important piece of Hun history that we needed to examine more fully and preserve.

This article is a blend of background and anecdotes, with the trilateral effort to understand the Ranch Hands and what they did, our missions flying escort at virtually all the Hun bases, and the FAC’s viewpoint also. For all of us, this was a memorable, unique mission, protecting the low and slow—and mighty brave—C-123 Ranch Hand pilots and air crews. [It must be said that the whole focus of discussion on spray missions shifted, years after the war ended, with the “talking points” now focused on “Agent Orange.” It is a highly charged and controversial health topic that was not mainstream discussion during the nine years of Ranch Hand herbicide missions.]

Here, then, are Ranch Hand support recollections from three Hun pilots from Bien Hoa, and a FAC operating in I Corps.



C-123 Ranch Hands on an herbicidal spray mission: U Minh Forest, IV Corps.



**Wells Jackson, 90<sup>th</sup> TFS, Bien Hoa, recalls Ranch Hand escort missions in 1967:** I flew a number of escort missions for those guys as an F-100 pilot with the Dice Squadron at Bien Hoa in 1967-8. Those missions were fun! The slow Ranch Hand C-123s were at near treetop level and were sitting ducks. They took a lot of hits.

We briefed with them the night before, and early the next morning, a flight of four F-100s would rendezvous with them over the intended spray target area. We were loaded with high-drag 500 lb. bombs and napalm. Usually, at least one of us would have CBU-2 (Cluster Bomb Unit) on the outboard pylons instead of “napes.” We would set up a thousand or two thousand feet above them, two on each side. As they flew along at 150 feet above the trees, we’d dive underneath and go out ahead of them at tree top level.



*The Ranch Hand's scarves were “part of the uniform,” based on the ribbon awarded by Nguyen Cao Ky.*

One Hun would dart out ahead from one side, and when he was about half a mile out in front, another would dive down in front of the spray birds and do the same thing while the first Hun whipped up and around to get back in position for another run when it was his turn to go again. We kept this daisy chain of Huns going until the spray birds pulled off the target. The herbicide spray missions only took between five to 15 minutes, and that one spray pass was all that was needed to denude the trees for several years. [Note: that was very different from the unescorted, oft-repeated four-hour anti-malaria spray missions over military bases, cities and towns, populated areas, etc. **Ed.**]

The idea was that the fast, very noisy F-100s would cause any anti-aircraft gunners to think twice before they got up and started shooting. An F-100 at treetop level in mil power made a lot of noise. If anyone called out ground fire or took hits, the FAC could direct one of the Huns to attack right away, or sometimes, the FAC would wait until after the 123s were done and then put in the fighters.

As I said at the beginning, these missions were fun, because it was flat-out legalized buzzing at tree top level—HOOO DAWGGIES!!! I have to also say, the Ranch Hand guys were a proud and professional bunch, and all of us fighter pilots enjoyed hanging out with them. They took their job seriously, flew a very dangerous mission and played hard. They were fun to be with, and I always enjoyed the camaraderie. My hat is off to all Ranch Hands!

— **Wells Jackson, 8 May 2013**

**Jack Doub, a “Diceman” in '67, also responded:** I have very vivid memories of our Ranch Hand efforts. I LOVED that mission! I distinctly recall one mission we briefed with the Ranch Hands and the “Buzzards” (510<sup>th</sup> TFS). We had come up with a new way to fly cover for their spray missions in bad guy country. It would be an eight-shipper, with the 90<sup>th</sup> (“Dice”) guys on the left side of the 123s, the 510<sup>th</sup> on the right. I think that was the only time we ever did

two squadrons-eight Huns on one mission. It didn't turn out all that well, but it should have!

We arrived at our rendezvous, armed with CBU canisters, Mark 82 high drags, and full loads of 20 mm. As briefed, we flew with 1,000 ft. altitude separation and positioned ourselves on our appropriate sides.

*Then the fun began!* Our Lead dropped down, and in near perfect synch with the Buzzard lead, streaked past the heavies on the left, edged over a bit and “thousand one ... thousand two ...” began laying a perfect CBU-2 (fragmentation bomblets) carpet. This was early in 1967 at the start of my tour, so I was “Dice Four.” When my turn came, I streaked down the “Hands,” edged to the right a bit. About then, I realized there was a string of explosions going off to my right and just in front of me!! I gutsed it out and finished my “thousand one ... thousand two” and started pickling. My trusty Hun bounced through the turbulence from the explosions, which ended soon after I started.

As I went up, left, hard and jinking, Ranch Hand Lead calmly said, “I suggest we commence our CBU a bit farther out in front of them.” Dice and Buzzard Leads acknowledged and the game went on. About then, I could see both my CBU smoke and that from the other “Four.” That is to say, “Buzzard Four,” a 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. and nice guy, but he had obviously counted too quickly: “tho-one-tho-two” and then pickled, leaving a trail of exploding bomblets *directly under the Number Five C-123!* The rest of the mission was “normal-normal.”

Back at Bien Hoa, I rode down with the old heads (me on my nifty Honda 90) to the nearby C-123 ramp. The Number Five plane looked like it had about 300 holes in the belly! None of them had actually penetrated the skin, but most of the CBU pellets had left small dents, and it looked like the plane's belly had acne!

The Ranch Hand guys were not a bit concerned; they were slapping the pilot of Number Five on the back and laughing. His only complaint was that the turbulence of the explosions under him made it a bit harder to stay in formation. But the other Hun drivers in our flight who could see what was going on were a lot less casual, saying that poor Number Five had driven along directly over the long string of CBU detonations with the whole string going off directly beneath them! That's about the only screw-up I can recall from any of my Ranch hand missions. Thank Heaven for those sturdy old C-123s! — **Jack Doub, 7 May 2013**

**Bob “Hoppy” Hopkins, Bien Hoa “Buzzard,” wrote:** Like Wells Jackson and Jack Doub, I flew F-100 escort for the C-123 Ranch Hands on their spray missions. Wells and Doub have very accurately described the mission. If a C-123 took ground fire, a Ranch Hand crewmember would toss a colored smoke grenade out the back and that would mark the area for us to strafe, napalm or bomb. Also, one of our F-100s would usually drop a string of CBU-12 (white phosphorous smoke bomblets) perpendicular to the spray path, a very visible mark for beginning of the spray area. The Ranch Hands I flew with sprayed three types of

defoliant: Orange, White and Purple, depending on what they were defoliating on that mission.

As Wells said, the Ranch Hand pilots and crews had a fighter pilot's attitude. The first day I arrived at Bien Hoa, in Oct 1967, I went to the Officers Club for some breakfast. All these guys with purple scarves and Aussie style hats with one side of the brim turned up were already partying with champagne. These were Ranch Hands who had already flown their early morning mission (or two!) before the winds got high and the temperature went above 85 F. They were already unwinding at the Club.

*"Despite the difference in airplane performances (C-123 vs F-100) we loved to have you guys with us because of your professional and courageous approach to your mission of helping us."*

— Col. Ralph Dresser, Ranch's C.O., Nov '65-Nov '66

Returning from their missions, they would fly in echelon formation over the runway and pitch out like fighter planes. I remember seeing one C-123 throw a drag chute out the back end as he touched down. (Drag chutes were used by the F-100s to help them slow down after they landed at about 175 mph.)

The C-123s were imitating the fighters but they landed so slow that the (very unnecessary) chute never inflated, and so they just dragged it along to the end of the runway. Their unit color was purple, and it was not unusual to see them pop purple smoke grenades while in the traffic pattern. A truly great bunch of guys!

— Bob "Hoppy" Hopkins, May 2013

**A Trail Dust Mission Up North: A FAC's perspective. | Tom Pilsch, O-2A FAC, I Corps, 1968:** [*This extract is from Pilsch's comprehensive work written in the '80s, posted at: <http://www.cc.gatech.edu/fac/Thomas.Pilsch/AirOps/facs-2.html>*]. "Trail Dust" was the phrase used in the classified tasking messages we received that tasked us to support the herbicide spray missions. We put in a lot of the Trail Dust missions in northern I Corps (Thua Thien and Quang Tri provinces) during my tour, 1968-'69. The Ranch Hand squadron needed to spray early, before the temperatures reached 85 F, when the rising warm air prevented the spray from settling into the intended area. Our O-2A FAC planes were based at the Hué Citadel airfield, but we would fly over to Da Nang the afternoon beforehand, then launch before dawn to be in the target area at first light.

Our main task was to mark the start point and any turn in the planned track as the UC-123s made their runs. Precise navigation over the jungle at low altitude was difficult enough, but the Ranch Hand crews did not have the luxury of being able to circle the area and map-read their way into

the desired start coordinates. That's where we gave them a hand, but they also appreciated us riding shotgun for them with our four-ship of fighters. We were always there with fighter escort on their crop-dusting missions. They were always in free fire zones, so we were pre-cleared to respond immediately to any ground fire. When the five-ship Ranch Hand gaggle was inbound to the starting point (I remember their departure call from the IP: "Saddle up, Cowboys!"), we would put in the first "Willy Pete" (white phosphorous) rocket to mark the starting point for the spray run. If there was a turn point (not usual), we would hustle ahead of the formation to put in the second mark and then start a climb.

If a spray plane took ground fire, a loadmaster would toss out a smoke grenade. After the spray run was completed (usually 5-10 minutes total time), we would direct the fighters to hold high (10,000 to 15,000 feet) and proceed back to the smoke grenade. We would fire a rocket to mark a point about 200-300 meters back from the smoke and then direct the fighters to attack with all their ordnance, usually a close-air-support load (Mk 82 500 lb. high drags and napalm), 200-300 meters either side of the spray track. All the Trail Dust spray tracks were free of all friendly forces, so we were authorized to return fire without additional clearance. Because of the heavy foliage, we seldom saw any results from these counter-fire fighter air strikes, but I'd like to think that even if we missed, we got close enough to make them think twice before shooting at the big green airplanes again.

If the spray flight did not take ground fire, we usually directed the escorts to expend their ordnance against other free fire zone targets (suspected supply or troop concentration areas) in our area of operations. By the time they had made multiple high speed, low altitude suppression passes along the spray track, they were low on fuel and didn't have enough "play time" to divert to another target except for any nearby "troops in contact" situation. They did not like to take their bombs home, and we were more than happy to put them to work taking out some of our "hip pocket" targets (targets of interest that were not given high enough priority in the strike planning process).

I remember the sight and the smell of the spray. In the early morning's low angle sunlight, it appeared to have an orange hue; at the time I thought (incorrectly) that this was how "Orange" got its name. It smelled like a combination of motor oil and heavy bug spray (DDT). I have since learned that they did add diesel fuel to the spray mixture.

And yes, we did fly through the mist. We were told it was not harmful. On one of my first Trail Dust missions, I had dinner the night before with some of the Ranch Hand crews at the DOOM (Da Nang Officers Open Mess). I asked them if the stuff they sprayed was harmful, and I clearly remember the answer: "That stuff is harmless. We have had guys drink the stuff with no problems."

— Tom Pilsch, 8 May 2013

*Well, we're out of space here. Perhaps a Part II of the rich Ranch Hand saga later? Meantime, don't miss the GREAT vignette from our recently RIP'd pal, Jack Doub, that closes this article. Enjoy! It's on the bottom half of page 26. Ed.*



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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 Haven't Paid Your **2017** Dues Yet, Why Don't You Take Care of Business **Now** and Not Still Be Among the **IN ARREARS** Members Come the Summer Issue of *The Intake*.

Save a 49¢ stamp by paying online at our website, or send to the address at the bottom of page 2!

## *Laughter-Silvered Wings*

*This is the 16th installment of the LSW "mini-department," featuring short, humorous "fun in the Hun" anecdotes. We all have funny yarns to share, and my bag is near empty, so please get on the stick and send yours to Intake Editor John J. Schulz, [jjschulz@bu.edu](mailto:jjschulz@bu.edu). My job? Make it fit."*

o-0-o

"The penalty for DWI was stiff in the 1960s and 1970s in England (and maybe still is)." So said the opening sentence of the LSW story here in last fall's Issue 32. As it happens, our story for this issue also addresses the consequences of DWI in England during that era—and the lengths we took to avoid being caught DWI by Her Majesty's Bobbies on the backroads of East Anglia's Suffolk County.

Sometime mid-way through my '63-'67 assignment with the 79<sup>th</sup> TFS Tigers (a detached squadron at RAF Woodbridge of the RAF Wethersfield-based 20<sup>th</sup> TFW), probably when I was the "Snack-O," the Wing King called for all officers not on Victor Alert to attend a Dining-in at the home base.

Based on painful previous experiences, the Tigers had long learned to take all of our officers to those Wing-dings via a blue AF bus with a qualified, enlisted man as a Designated Driver (pledged, under penalty of a court-martial, not to drink a drop!). But that pledge didn't apply to passengers, so the Tigers had a 50 gal. steel barrel aboard filled with an assortment of brews to see them through the long haul to Wethersfield—and back!

As it turned out, our Squadron CO's Navy Captain brother-in-law was visiting, and L/C John Bartholf decided he'd drive the two of them to Wethersfield in his staff car. Back in the bus, we wondered how the Col. and Captain would get home?

After our arrival, *I learned* the answer to that question: Shortly after we arrived, Col. B. came over to his faithful Snack-O and said, "Gate, that's your last drink—you're the Designated Driver to get me and the Captain home safely in my staff car." "Whoa, or woe is me," I thought. "Aye, aye," said I.

Fast forward to midnight: this very sober Snack-O was approaching a large and well-lighted roundabout at Ipswich, nearly home. Barreling into the lights, I spied on the far side a bicycle-mounted Constabulary Bobbie. And to be on the safe side, I quickly slowed to the legal speed limit. I felt a tap on my shoulder and heard Col. B's slurred question, "Why are you slowing down, Gate?" "Because of that Bobbie on a Bike over there, Sir." I'll never forget his priceless reply, "Step on it, Gate—he'll never catch you!"

*Thanks for the memories Col. B. (now a BG). ■ — Medley Gatewood*



## *Back Cover Credits*

The two views of a Thunderbird Hun on a stick in the entryway of the National Museum of the USAF (NMUSAF) are from a PowerPoint briefing related to a possible SSS F-100 Memorial Project under investigation. This initiative was among the several ideas under consideration for a Hun memorial (somewhere, TBD), as outlined in the SSS Strategic Plan.

In developing the PowerPoint briefing, CEO Hoppy Hopkins commissioned a graphic artist he had worked with before (Donelle DeWitt of Vesuvius, VA) to create the two conceptual images that became the center pieces of the NMUSAF presentation.

Although the NMUSAF didn't "buy" the proposal (for several reasons), they were impressed with the idea embodied in Donelle's artistry. So were we! Thanks, Ms. DeWitt.

Stay tuned for further news about a go or no-go on the concept of a SSS F-100 Memorial. It'll probably be up for discussion at the reunion.

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

*\*\*\* Happy Happy Springtime! Ed. \*\*\**



*A Super Saber Society  
Dream for NMUSAF ...*



*South Entryway View*



*North Entryway View*

*... Was Nixed in Favor of  
"Security Upgrades." Yikes!*