Fall 2007 Issue Five

The Intake

Journal of the Super Sabre Society

New! - Hun "Landmark Tour" Collection – See Page 2

"South Dakota Guard over Mount Rushmore"

Courtesy of SD ANG Base Photographer
Via Joe Vincent

The Intake

Fall 2007, Vol. 1, Issue 5 *JOURNAL OF THE SUPER SABRE SOCIETY*

The cover photo is the first in a growing collection of photos of Huns near prominent landmarks. Not always to be on the cover, but coming up are Huns at Mount Whitney, Loch Ness and other notable venues. Add to our collection by sending such treasures to us by email or to the Georgetown, TX address below. Let's get enough for a" Landmark" Calendar for next year!

***The Dues Situation and* The Intake**

As most SSS members are now aware, charter, regular and associate member's dues are currently $25 per year. Alas, almost half of our members were delinquent as we neared printing time for this issue of The Intake! There will be much more on this subject elsewhere, but the bottom line is: This will be the last issue of The Intake sent to those members still delinquent come the next issue in the spring !!!

Outgoing – Staff Corner

From the President

This is the fifth issue of *The Intake* and the final issue for 2007. It has grown from the 20 pages in Issue One, to 36 for the special 2007 reunion coverage issue, to our "standard" 32 pages in this issue, all done by a volunteer staff. You will note in this issue that Ron Standerfer has passed the publisher and editor duties to Medley Gatewood. Ron enthusiastically started *The Intake* on a shoestring and was instrumental, along with his team, in making *The Intake* the professional journal it is today. We owe many thanks to Ron for a job well done.

Regarding this issue of *The Intake*, it will be the last some of you will receive unless you pay your back dues. Those regular and associate members who are in arrears are being notified by mail that they have not paid their 2007 dues, and in some few cases, their 2006 dues. If you have any doubts about your status, please check the membership roster at the SSS web site. Check the new last column; "Dues Status". If it is blank, you are behind in payment. (If it shows 2007, you are up to date.) If your status is listed in error, please let us know. Our new tracking system is based on the most current information we have, and there is always the possibility that we have misclassified an individual. If you choose not to pay your dues, you will be dropped from the SSS roles.

Regarding charter members, when we first signed up it was assumed that we would be exempt from paying dues. During the recent board meeting in Vegas, the board decided that charter members should also be required to pay annual dues. The board agreed that the 2006 dues were covered in the $100 payment we made to get the SSS started, but charter members were to pay dues for 2007. While many of the charter members have paid their 2007 dues, not all have. Please check the membership roster for your status. If you haven't paid your dues please do so ASAP. Because the board decision may not have been transmitted to all charter members, please heed this message and pass the word around. You will not be getting a separate letter in the mail, at least for now.

And finally for all, remember that the annual $25 dues are due on 1 January of each year. Prompt payment is encouraged, as dues are the only source of revenue for the publication of *The Intake*. They also offset some of the cost of our reunions.

Speaking of the SSS reunion, we announced at the 2007 reunion that we would look into the possibility of having the 2009 reunion in San Antonio. Phil Edsall and Gus Guenther took the lead and canvassed likely spots for the reunion. They found that the cost of a reunion in SA was in excess of a $1,000 per person more than at the Gold Coast in Vegas. So, after review by the board, we have decided to return to the Gold Coast for 2009. Pote Peterson and Pete Davitto have volunteered to get it started. We are also looking to again have a Red Flag tour and a golf outing. We will, of course, need some more volunteers to put it all together. If any of you Vegas-based SSSers would like to help, please contact our Executive Director, Les Frazier.

Let me take this opportunity to wish you and yours a happy holiday season and a prosperous new year. Keep spreading the word that the SSS exists. And last but not least, God bless the men and women serving in defense of our great nation.

Cheers - *Bill*

From the Editor's Desk

As the President notes, Ron Standerfer recently moved on from leading *The Intake's* staff to attend to other things and endeavors in his busy personal and professional lives. Those of us who have worked with him on behalf of our journal will miss his wit and publisher/editor talents. However, we will continue to pursue journalistic excellence on the course he set for us: "onward and upward." Thanks friend!

We had a problem with Issue Four of *The Intake* in that somehow it was mailed inadvertently by Standard Rate/Bulk mail instead of First Class, as was our intention. In sorting out that SNAFU and its natural aftermath, I discovered that our membership list (from which we derive *The Intake's* mailing lists) contained some serious errors. These included wrong/outdated addresses (both for email and snail mail), missing or out of date phone numbers, etc.

Some errors were our fault, but many were simply because members apparently do not check their data or update it when things change. Nobody seems to mind about those sleeper errors on the membership list, but they sure can bite when it comes to getting copies of *The Intake* to everyone's correct mailboxes (er, containers).

So do us and yourselves a favor by periodically checking your data on the member list at the Web site. Many of you have summer/winter addresses. Lee Graves says if you give him both addresses and the dates you move, he can get the right one onto our mailing lists, so give that a try. As well, we have returned to First Class mail for this and future issues. These initiatives *together* should help us solve our delivery problems!

Happy Holidays, *R. Medley*

Incoming – Correspondence

We are pleased to receive long, short, mostly great and a few not quite so great correspondence items via various media sources. The overwhelming volume is very positive. Here are some samples since the last issue came out.

General Comments on Issue Four

For those who read the From the Publisher's Desk *column you know that Issue Three went out by First Class USPS mail. It was our intent to make that our standard method of delivery for all future issues. That would be in conformance with our SSS motto which is: "*First Class or not at all." *But, unfortunately, due to an unexpected SNAFU, Issue Four inadvertently went out by Pony Express instead. We sincerely apologize for that. If anyone didn't get it (and have not already received a replacement copy resulting from our email and phone "did you get Issue Four" replacement campaign), please let me know (email = rgatewood@comcast.net, phone = (505) 293-8396) and we'll send replacement copies as long as our reserve of extras holds out.*

Otherwise, Issue Four received mostly rave reviews by our most severe critics: you, the membership. Here's a sampling of kudos, terms/phrases and summaries from individual Incoming *emails, which your entire hard working* Intake *staff* ***really*** *appreciates. Ed.*

"Issue Four sets a new, stunning standard." "You guys have packed such an array of stories and photos into issue number, ah, four that every time I pick it up, I find something new to read/look at. I'm really looking forward to issue, ah, five. Thanks for an outstanding effort. Collector's item." "Issue Four did the impossible ... it actually made a reunion report interesting reading." "Outstanding job in abbreviating *(my)* windy commentary *(Ralph Taylor re his Deadstick in the Dirt story)*." "Another great mag! Congratulations in producing a fantastic, professional journal." "A 'Model of Excellence' for military journals." "I'm only about half way through the latest issue (as I read every word), and it's great!" "Thanks for running my TU-104 story and the editorial changes that made it read all the better. And that was great to find the picture of the Tupolev. Keep up the fantastic work." "Just got my *Intake* yesterday. Outstanding work. Best issue yet. The *Intake staff* keeps setting higher standards, and then exceed *the previous* every time. Soon I expect to see the *Intake* on news stands or at least at the grocery store check out counter!" "Great job, guys. I happened to be the captain who flew back seat for Travis Hetherington and did, in fact, bump the stick. Bob Bedsworth. *(Re Dave Menard's letter in the Incoming Department.)*" " 'First Class' You guys who put this together have to be commended." "The *Intake* arrived here in Canberra on Monday 20th August. What a great magazine it is. I get a real kick out of it." "Best ever. Good work! The back cover photo is really great so I scanned it just a little and am using it as my iMac desktop photo. It looks great on my new 20 inch widescreen panel. Keep up the good work." *And so the comments went. Many Thanks, the* ***entire*** Intake *staff.*

Missing Incoming Email Found!

In an unrelated email, Firecan Dan Walsh addressed our request for a missing email in Issue Four's Incoming Department: Howdy Guys, Due to the good *(replacement issue)* work, I now have Issue Four and am enjoying it a bunch. On page five, there is a short paragraph entitled "Missing Incoming Email." I'm the guy who wrote the e-mail supporting Lloyd Houchin's views on "Slavin' for Laven" (George). Cheers, FCD

Firecan: We're glad you came forward with the solution to the missing email mystery. And for the troops, here's your almost-complete message of April 4, 2007, that should have been in Issue Four:

I will start and end this note with the same statement: If you don't know which version to believe, (Lloyd Houchin's or Gorge Laven's) … just ask Bob Fizer.

Here's a little background. The 510th TFS was relocating/PCSing from Clark AB to England AFB in March of 1964 to join the 3rd TFW being reactivated there. The flight of their Huns would be led by Clark's 405th Fighter Wing commander, Colonel Gorge Laven. Fiz was the appointed "seeing eye dog" flying #3 in the first flight in an F model with Gary Fredricks in the back chair.

I had graduated from the 12th TFS at Kadena and was assigned to Flight Ops at HQ PACAF, working for the super (General) John Roberts. I had written the Ops Plan/Order for the relocation, with good help from Garry Willard, and was sent to Clark to "supervise."

When I arrived at Clark, I requested permission to see the wing commander (courtesy call) and was greeted with, "Are you the smart ass from PACAF?" Tommy Knoles was the 510th ops officer, and a good friend. He let me fly in an F with good guy, Jim Lawyer. Seemed like a good way to get back to Hickam!

But like the later first Hun combat mission in June, 1964, Laven did not attend the pre-flight briefings, which made things interesting, and on the flight to Guam, managed to bust his refueling probe. Not to worry, he didn't attend the debriefs either. The Guam-Hickam flight was equally colorful, and it took me two or three (would you believe four or five) Mai-Tai's to get Fiz calmed down.

So, like I promised, I will end with: If you don't know which version to believe (Lloyd Houchin's or George Laven's) … just ask Bob Fizer !!! **— Cheers. Firecan Dan**

Another Dave Menard history lesson …

Re: The Right Stuff: Hun Pilots to Astronauts *story on page 32:* The 40th Air Division at Turner AFB was SAC and then some! Here is the official history of the two wings that were there: 31st was a SFW from 20 Jan '53, became a FBW on 1 Apr '57, then a TFW on 1 Jul 58. It came under 9th AF(TAC) on 1 Apr '57. The 508th (not 8th) was a SFW from 20 Jan '53, and inactivated on 11 May '56, so was never a TAC unit. This information is from the official *AIR FORCE COMBAT WINGS 1947-1977*, published by the AF History Office. Oh, yes, the 8thTFW was at Itazuke under PACAF at the time. Just want to set the record straight. — Cheers, Dave Menard

We replied to Dave promptly offering our apologies for twisting history out of the Editor's ignorance. Such will probably happen again but maybe not if Dave accepts the challenge we gave him in our closing email paragraph:

*"*Thanks again, Dave, for keeping us on our toes. We'll try and double check for correct unit histories in future stories. If I detect that we may have a problem because we don't know the history for sure, I hope that I can call on you to help us out ... before we publish the story?" *Dave responded positively! Ed.*

Joe Vincent omission …

You mentioned "upon further review" concerning the photos used in your reunion ***After Action Report,*** that "all the photos came from only five contributors." I was not listed, yet two of the photos on page 10 are from me. The top middle and top right are from the group that I sent you immediately when I received your request. No big deal, nor is a correction required. I'm glad to see that you could use them. Let me know if you need any more stuff. I gave Wally a CD full of all the photos that I have of Huns. It must have contained 200+ images. Do you have that now? **— Joe**

I'll ask Wally about getting a copy of the CD. But more importantly, we do owe Joe an apology. He was indeed the first responder (of a surprising few) *to our Toss-Bomb request on August 3rd. I sent him a thank-you email that same day. And I sent him a private email of apology the day I learned of the faux pas in our After Action Report review paragraph* (which should have listed Joe as the first of six contributors). *Thanks for your understanding, Joe, and for your open offer to help in any way you can. We'll be calling on you. Ed.*

Super Sabre Society Store = Hot Deals

There are several items for sale on the SSS Web site under the link **Auxiliary Equipment**. As nice as they all are, some of those items bring no cash to the SSS. However, the items shown below (which are a sub-set of those on the Web site) DO bring some cash into the SSS coffers. So belly up and get a hat that's Not Orange, and buy some other sew-on or stick-on items to help you celebrate being an SSS member. Sloan Brooks will process and deliver your order if you send a snail-mail letter with your selections and a check to "Auxiliary Equipment," SSS, PO Box 500044, Austin, TX, 78750, or I'll bet he'd even take an email order from you addressed to sloanb@swbell.net and send the goodies when he gets your check. Good stuff, good cause, good deal!

					
Not an Orange Hat! $15	Small Patch (3.5"x3") $5	Large Patch (7.71"x9") $15	F-100 Patch (3.5 ") $5	Stick-on Decal (2") 2/$5	Stick-on Decal (3") 2/$5

Stake Your Claim

By R. Medley Gatewood

"Belly up to the bar—lay it on the table and see if it gets stepped on." That's what was said in the *Stake Your Claim Department* of *Issue One*, and the beat still goes on—just at a slightly lesser pace than claims explored in previous issues. In fact, we've received written inputs from only four folks plus a couple of verbal claims to record in this issue. Nevertheless …

Leo Kimminau became a Hun driver following a rather "non-standard" path. After a mostly multi-engine prop-job career, he put in a FAC tour in SEA and then hung up his active duty tour. He joined the Wichita Guard, but not as Hun driver. Over the years, he somehow managed to log a little over 100 "P" hours in T-33s, T-37s and A-37s while working with the Cessna Company (100 hours was the minimum jet time for a local Hun checkout per TAC directives back then). When the Pueblo Crisis surprised in'68, TAC granted a waiver to their "in the prior twelve years" part of that jet time requirement, and Leo got a whirlwind Hun checkout at last.

He had three F-model front seat rides in two days comprising 4.7 hours and 11 landings. Throwing caution to the winds, the IP said, "If you feel comfortable about it, go ahead, jump in that C-model and get your solo over." Leo did just that and the rest of his Hun career is history. Not counting the Hun checkouts that came before the introduction and use of the F-model, Leo lays claim to the ***Smallest Number Of Official Dual Rides And Hours Before Hun Solo (three and 4.7 respectively)***. This seems like a reasonable claim—at least as a target! "Cleared in hot," you guys with the spiked golf shoes.

In his email, Leo also noted the claims of **Don Wolfe** in *Issue Four* as youngest SSS member (born 9/18/53) and youngest to fly the Hun (at age 21). Leo's not challenging those claims, but picking up on the second age concept, Leo notes that he was 36 years and six weeks old when he completed his official F-model transition and soloed the C-model. So his claim of ***Oldest To Check Out And Solo A Hun In An Official "Transition" Program*** (not just solo a Hun without F-model training) is a target too. Yet, given the long Hun history with the Air Guard, I don't have much hope for this claim to stand very long, Leo.

In the ***Wife Rides In Hun*** category started by **Bill McCollum** in *Issue Four*, **Greg Butler's** wife **Loraine** at least tied for that honor. But the "rest of the story" is that Greg took **Loraine** for a **second ride** in the Hun shortly after the first! So that's the current mark for this Hun trophy category.

When you read **Dumpy Wyrick's** tribute to General Catledge story on page eight, you'll find that Dumpy once flew a **Hun with Winglets** as I claimed to have done in *Issue Two* (both wing tips bent in my case). I really never expected competition in that claim category, but, amazingly, it turns out that Dumpy had a very similar achievement that also happened at Luke and about nine months prior to my hairy adventure. As it were, his bird only had one winglet, but I feel pretty good knowing there is a runner-up in this dangerous trophy chase. Any more?

When Dumpy replied to my request for an author photo and mini-bio to go with his story, he included another claim which is the ***Oldest SSSer to Eject From a Jet Fighter*** at age ***56***. Although it was in an '86 instead of a '100, this seems a reasonable new category for the SSS to explore. It happened over the drink with eight foot seas. At any rate, it should make for a good story in the Caterpillar Club pages of the SSS Web site.

In his mini-bio, Dumpy mentioned that he has 3,300 Hun hours. Not a claim, just a fact. But it made me wonder who has the ***Hun Total Time*** record? Turns out no one has made a claim in that obvious category yet. The largest figure to my knowledge is the "***over 5,000*** hours in the F-100" mentioned in Gail "Wee Willie" Wilson's mini-bio with his *Back Seat Solo* story in *Issue One*. So, bring out the big guns, guys, and start shootin' at this lucrative but fleeting target!

Chuck Turner jumped all over **Wally Mason's** claim regarding the **Shortest *Flight In A Hun Without RTB With An Emergency***. Chuck writes: "In the summer of 1966, the 417th deployed from Ramstein to Hahn while the Ramstein runway was being resurfaced. On the last day of the deployment two of us took off with full internal and full drop tanks for a regular mission and return to Ramstein. We cleared the tops of a overcast at about 3000 feet and were immediately jumped by my flight commander Andy Anderson. We were in full burner in a turning fight until declaring bingo fuel. I landed at Ramstein with min fuel, and hoping I would not have to go around. I logged a generous 15 minutes, including five minutes for start, taxi and takeoff."

That 15 minute flight officially tops Wally's claim of 17 minutes in this category. However, I wonder if Wally included that "standard" five minutes for STTO time. In any case, Wally, it's way too late to amend your official Form 5!

Recently, we received a tying claim in this category from **Bob Thorpe** with another 10 + 5 (STTO) = 15 minutes flight story (he was with Wally at George: same squadron). Read and enjoy his interesting tale of "Colonel 'Sputnik' " on the next page

Meanwhile, break out your B.S. flags and let us know what you think about all the current (or past) claims by emailing to rgatewood@comcast.net. (Snail mailers can get my address from the SSS Membership roster.) ☻

Colonel "Sputnik" – Fastest Tortoise in the West

"In 1955, I was a pilot in the 434th Fighter Squadron at George AFB, CA. I flew the F-100 Super Sabre. The 434th was the world's first combat ready supersonic fighter squadron, as the F-100 was the only aircraft in the world capable of going supersonic in level flight. In 1957, the USSR launched 'Sputnik' into orbit. Most Americans were quite concerned as it appeared that the USSR was ahead of the U.S. in space technology.

"Coincidentally, our squadron had recently found a medium sized turtle wandering through our area and declared it to be our squadron mascot. We named him 'Sputnik' and put our squadron decal on his shell (without his permission, of course). Our squadron commandeer instructed me to take 'Sputnik' to altitude and go supersonic.

"I made a max performance climb to 35,000 feet and accelerated to Mach 1.2 (about 800 miles per hour). I had to make the flight brief, as 'Sputnik' was not fitted with an oxygen mask. We were back on the ground within ten minutes from launch. That day, 'Sputnik' became the fastest and highest flying turtle in the world! We felt that 'Sputnik' should carry rank commensurate with his aerial accomplishments, so we appointed him to the rank of full colonel in the USAF.

"The photo *(below)*, taken immediately after landing, depicts me holding Colonel 'Sputnik' as our North American Aviation Factory Rep gives him a congratulatory 'foot shake' or 'hand/foot shake' … if you will."

Signed: Robert G. Thorpe, Clinton, WI

This personal letter and photo formed the heart of a unique humor story, titled "Sputnik – TOP SECRET," published some years ago in a newspaper/news letter called "Fly Low." Ed.

Departures

The following Hun Drivers, associates, or honorees have truly "slipped the surly bonds of Earth" and departed the final approach fix en-route to their last PCS and permanent resting places. They will not be forgotten. Our sincere condolences to their families and close friends.

Donald H. Edwards
November 8, 2006

Jim Cook
April 18, 2007

Lloyd Houchin
July 18, 2007

Burt Field
July 26, 2007

Stan Mamlock
August 7, 2007

Richard C. Catledge
August 12, 2007

Willis A. "Bill" Boyd
August 25, 2007

Please provide departure information to the SSS leadership or *The Intake* staff as soon as it is known. We'll do our best to honor our fallen comrades in a timely and professional manner.

"… and I don't want one single word of this <incident> off this base—understood?"

My Most Vivid Memory of General Dick Catledge

By Donald "Dumpy" Wyrick

My favorite recollection of Dick Catledge was while he was the wing commander at Luke and happened not long after he arrived in November of 1967. I was an IP and flight commander in the 4517th CCTS, and the class we had in training had moved into the phase of training where they were doing wing formation landings. One day I had the top student in the class—a very good one in all respects—and I briefed for a wing formation landing, full stop, when we returned from the training mission. The mission's local area work went as briefed, and the student performed well as I had expected.

We RTBed and found Luke was landing to the SW on the outside runway, so we set up for the formation approach with about a six-mile straight in. I checked the student several times, and he was in a strong formation landing position as we were coming down final. He was on my right wing, and I was closest to Mobile and the tower. I checked and rechecked frequently, and he was solid in position each time. I took one last look at him as we were crossing the fence and all was well.

But as we got over the overrun, a little short of the runway threshold and just prior to starting to flare, I suddenly found myself in an un-commanded left bank of about 60 to 70 degrees with a nose low attitude. Mobile was screaming "get it over—get it over," and I thought that was strange because I had full right rudder and full right aileron trying to get the wings level. And I was thinking to myself, "I've landed the Hun a lot of times, but never have I experienced a landing looking like this one; and I am fresh out of ideas!" (Later, I found out the "move over" instructions were being directed to my wingman.) The old Hun responded and finally rolled back to wings level, but I was headed about 30 degrees off the runway. I shot a quick look further right and saw my wingman pointed straight down the runway—really close. That is when I realized he'd hit me!

I had already gone to full mil while I was trying to get the wings level and recover. As soon as I saw the student, I told him to full stop. Just then, my aircraft hit fairly firmly on the runway and bounced as the power was catching up to the throttle position. I departed the right side of the runway, barely airborne, maybe a foot or two off the "dust cover" tarmac, still heading about a 30 degree angle to the runway, but I was flying and had control. (Notice I said "had control," not that I was in control!) After picking up some airspeed and turning to parallel the runway, I ask for a closed full stop and observed my student as he was turning off and dropping his chute. It was really pucker time and I could scarcely talk on the radio. However, on the downwind the aircraft seemed to respond properly, and I didn't notice any unusual flying characteristics, but I thought I might as well take a quick look around for damage.

My right wing's false wing tip was folded up almost 90 degrees and looked like a modern day winglet. But the rest of the landing pattern went as advertised with an uneventful touchdown and landing. I switched over to squadron ops frequency and asked for the squadron commander, A.D. Brown, to meet me at my airplane. He wanted to know what was up and I just replied "Please meet me."

Charter member Dumpy amassed 3,300 Hun hoursfrom1959 – 1994. Hun postings included multiple Luke tours, Nellis, Cannon, TuyHoa, Bergstrom (12th AF Stan/Eval), and Wittmund AB, GAF (Hun Civilian Dart Tow Ops '94).

As soon as I pulled into the chocks and shut down, A. D. was on the ladder leaning into the cockpit and asking what the problem was. I pointed to my right wing tip and told him that my student had hit me pretty hard during a formation approach and landing. His immediate exclamation after looking across the cockpit to the right wing tip was "Holy S---," and he scrambled back down the ladder to go take a better look. Before I could get un-strapped and out of the cockpit, A. D. was back up the ladder, saying, "Have you seen your stabilator yet"? I indicated I had not and he informed me that I had about a 10 inch to one foot gash all the way through it from the aft end and about two feet to the right of the AB section.

A. D. got me and the student back in the squadron, put us in separate rooms and told us to write out statements about what happened. While we were doing this he called Colonel Catledge, who showed up at the squadron about 30 minutes later. (He had been on the line looking at our birds at the time of A. D.'s call.)

Meanwhile, I was preparing to clean out my desk and get all my personal junk together because I was certain that my IP days were over. Catledge read both statements, talked to me and the student separately, and then got us in a room together along with A. D., the ops officer, and the wing vice-commander. After another discussion of about 15 minutes, he looked at my student and me and said, "You two are the luckiest SOBs I have ever seen!" Turning to A. D. and the vice, he said, "I see nothing really wrong here and it looks like it was all by the book except the landing, and that I chalk up to experience or lack thereof." *(Continued on page 13.)*

"Finally, I'm going home." And he was returning with honor!

Bud Day ... American Patriot

By Jack Doub

Charter member Jack is also a contributing editor of The Intake. He flew 3 Tours in Vietnam, including 102 missions with Misty. He is attributed with more combat missions in SEA than any other F-100 Pilot (572).

I first met Bud Day in the Nouasseur Air Base, O'club barber shop just outside Casablanca, Morocco in 1958. I strolled in just after flying with the 357th Fighter Squadron and took a seat. There was this young captain sitting in the barber chair in 1505s reading the European Stars and Stripes*. When he got up I noticed his nametag: "Day." There had just been a guy named "Day" who'd punched out of an '84 in the UK, his chute didn't open and somehow he lived!*

"Excuse me, sir," I asked, "Are you the Captain Day that jumped out of the '84?"

"Sure am, pal," he exclaimed, grabbing my hand, "Bud Day, glad to meetcha!"

Forty-nine years later, here I sit, trying to figure out how to cover my friend Bud Day's remarkable life in the limited space of a magazine article.

Where should I start? His early life as a poor kid growing up on the wrong side of the tracks in Sioux City, Iowa? Enlisting as a teenage Marine in World War II? Earning a law degree before entering the Air Force? Surviving a fire on take-off in the T-33? Ejecting from an F-84F at three-hundred feet, not getting a good chute and living? A shootdown over North Vietnam? Being captured? Escaping from the North Vietnamese and E & Eing all the way back to South Vietnam, only to be recaptured just miles from a USMC firebase? The agonizing march north, then five horrific years in the Hanoi Hilton after his recapture? Or his fight, after retirement, to restore health benefits to millions of U. S. Veterans?

What I finally decided to do was to pick out a few of the highlights and concentrate on the events that would be of interest to readers of The Intake*. For those who would like to read more on Bud's remarkable life, a new book by Robert Coram came out in May of 2007, entitled,* **American Patriot: The Life and Wars of Colonel Bud Day,** *published by Little, John and Company. It is a remarkable read. See* Book Review *on page 24 of this issue.*

One of Bud's first assignments following his graduation from UPT, Class 52-F, was to the instrument school at Moody AFB, flying the Lockheed T-33 "Shooting Star."

Everyone who flew the "T-bird" will remember the plenum doors that opened at low speed to allow airflow to the engine. They closed at about 130 knots when accelerating on takeoff.

T-Bird plenum doors presented a problem with a fire on takeoff.

There was much discussion at the time as to the best way to handle a fire on takeoff in the T-33. World War II ace Don Gentile had recently lost his life in just such an accident. Most folks favored going for altitude in case ejection became a reality. Bud's view was to hold the bird down and go for airspeed, which would close the plenum doors and hopefully blow the fire out of the engine bay.

As luck so often has it, Bud was leading a two ship takeoff when the fire light came on. His wingman called that lead was siphoning fuel, then that he was on fire! Bud, true to his belief, held the nose down, accelerated above 130 knots, the doors closed, and then he pulled up for an emergency landing. After touchdown, they found that the aft end of the plane was burned black. The intense flames had nearly burned through the control cables. Nevertheless, Bud had miraculously escaped a potential low altitude ejection—not a safe bet at all given the ejection seat state-of-the-art in the '50's.

After a not entirely happy F-84 tour in the Far East, Bud received orders to the 20th FBW, 55th FBS at RAF Wethersfield, England. This was to be a turning point for Bud and was probably the tour that kept him in the Air Force. He established a great reputation among the troops (and his bosses) at Wethersfield, eventually moving to wing stan-eval.

Once, on a T-33 night cross-country to France with Bill Moore, a young wing staff officer, they received a call that Wethersfield was zero-zero, and the continent was going down fast. They decided the best course of action would be for them to return to Wethersfield. They reasoned that at least Wethersfield was familiar territory, and the GCA folks were superb. Their plan was for Moore to fly the approach while Bud would take over when he had the runway in sight—if he ever got it in

sight. They reached minimums (one hundred feet and one mile) with just a glimpse of runway lights—off to one side! They went around.

The next approach was perfect: on centerline, on glide path, but at one hundred feet there still was no runway in sight! Not even a runway light! According to GCA, they were perfect, but, from the front seat, Bud couldn't see the runway. .

"Keep on going," he calmly advised Moore.

At fifty feet there was still no runway in sight. At thirty feet, still nothing. Suddenly Bud said, "I've got it!" and they thunked onto the runway. Bud steered the bird on the compass until he got it stopped.

When the tower controller asked where they were, he replied, "On the runway. Can you send a tug?" Bud had just made what very well may have been the first zero-zero landing in a jet aircraft.

On June 11, 1957 Bud launched in an F-84F, chasing a pilot from a sister squadron at Woodbridge (the detached 79th FBS) on a stan-eval flight. Takeoff and en-route to the training area were normal.

F-84Fs en-route to a low level.

As they zipped along on the low level portion of the ride, Bud suddenly got a strong whiff of fuel fumes—a bad sign in the F-84F. He immediately climbed and headed for the field, but as he began descending for Woodbridge, the engine started coming apart. Then a series of explosions rocked the '84. On final, with the airplane shedding engine parts, he made the decision to eject.

Lieutenant John Pardo, the mobile controller screamed, "Eject! Eject! You're on fire! Eject!" Bud pulled the handles. The airplane rolled and exploded; and Bud, now descending on his back, saw that his chute had not deployed. He thought, "I am about to bust my ass!"

He crashed through the trees, slammed into the ground and miraculously survived. Although he was seriously injured and doctors advised him that he'd never fly again, Bud worked hard at the rehabilitation process (just as he had dealt with every obstacle in his life) and in fourteen weeks passed a flight physical. He was in the cockpit again!

Nineteen sixty-six was a big year for Bud. He and his childhood sweetheart, Doris (called Dorie by everyone who knows her), were winding down a great assignment as the RAFSOB (Regular Air Force Son of a Bitch) with the Niagara Falls Air Guard. They now had four kids and a happy life, as Bud's reputation continued to grow around the Air Force.

Bud then decided to volunteer for Vietnam. This was to be ..."his war"

He got his orders and in April, 1967, reported to the 309th TFS at Tuy Hoa AB, RVN. At five feet, nine inches and 152 pounds, he was in the best shape of his life, able to do dozens of one-armed push-ups. Bud flew ground attack sorties daily and by the end of May, had flown 72 combat missions.

On one of these, he and his wingman came to the aid of a Special Forces camp under intense attack, putting their bombs and 20mm strafe dangerously close to the friendly troops, right next to the camp walls. They were given a battle damage assessment of 143 enemy KBA (Killed-By-Air) and recommended for a decoration.

Unexpectedly, Bud was called to Saigon. A new secret outfit with a classified mission was being formed. Operation Commando Sabre would be its name, and he was to be the first unit commander. Bud proceeded to the 37th Wing at Phu Cat Air Base and "Misty" (the first Fast FAC program) was born.

Bud was *(and remains)* Misty 01. Misty 02 was the soft-spoken, laid back, Bill Douglass. The two made a perfect pair. The pilots were all volunteers from amongst the four F-100 wings that were scattered throughout South Vietnam. Their weapon, of course, was the venerable F-100F.

The various folks at Phu Cat were accustomed to watching flights of two, three or four F-100s depart, but they often wondered who those guys were who took off single-ship before dawn, and what it was that they were they up to. Not only that single-ship early takeoff, they seemed to be gone for a long time, sometimes landing after four or five hours, when most F-100 missions lasted about 1.5 hours.

Misty on the hose: explains mysterious 4 – 5 hour missions.

The answer, of course, was that they were flying single-ship, at very low altitude, over Laos and North Vietnam. Anything that moved was subject to an immediate air strike as the Misty birds received high priority from the ABCCC *(control)* planes orbiting Thailand and the South China Sea.

Diverts to Misty soon became a favorite alternate mission for the F-105s and F-4s operating over the North, as well as occasional F-100D flights out of Tuy Hoa and Phu Cat. The word spread throughout the USAF fighter forces that if you want to see some action, get a hold of Bud Day at Phu Cat.

Only 157 pilots served in the secret Misty unit over the life of the

program. At any given time, it was a small outfit, with a "generation" involving about 14 volunteers, on 90-120 day TDY tours from various Hun wings in the RVN. The missions were difficult, dangerous, and as one Misty was heard to proclaim, "The most fun you can have with your pants on!"

Bud was a true leader. His men loved him and would fly through hell with him. (Today, Bud points with pride to the fact that his men never aborted a mission for mechanical reasons.)

Bud loved to fly, and he would get airborne on five or six grueling Misty missions every week. If Bill Douglass talked him into taking a day off, he'd go fly a mission in South Vietnam.

Bud's men worked their magic on Route Pack-1, bringing daytime traffic on trails, roads, waterways and railroads to a complete and utter standstill. But there was a price to pay. The AAA over the North was intense and deadly. Misty losses were very high. Everyone got hit.

On August 26, 1967, Bud and Kip Kippenham launched for North Vietnam. It was Bud's 67th Misty mission. There was an intel report of a new SA-2 site in Route Pack-1. They would attempt to find it in the midst of one of the most AAA infested areas in North Vietnam.

Weather drove them down below a thousand feet AGL. As they were rocketing along at 575 knots, their Hun was racked with multiple explosions. The sky was full of 37mm bursts when the poor bird shuddered and seemed to stop in midair.

"I've got the aircraft," Bud said, taking control of the stricken airplane from the rear seat.

Misty 01—hit hard and headed feet wet.

In burner, they streaked for the coast and the relative safety of going "feet wet," but the bird just died. The stick froze—and Bud called for them to eject.

When Kippenham's parachute opened, he saw Bud in his chute; very limp, apparently unconscious and descending quickly. Misty 01 was down!

Kippenham was quickly rescued by a nearby chopper, but they were unable to find Bud. So started an epic and heroic period in Bud Day's long life of service.

Bud awoke to terrible pain. One of his arms was broken, a knee was dislocated, and he couldn't see out of his right eye. Almost immediately, Bud was captured by villagers who brutally beat him while they moved him to a nearby camp. Nonetheless, he soon escaped and, despite his terrible injuries, made it south to the Ben Hai River which ran through the middle of the DMZ. A Marine fire base at Con Thien was a few miles south of that river.

"Tomorrow," he thought, "I'll be free tomorrow."

That evening he heard the unmistakable whistling of incoming artillery. The first round landed twenty feet away as he cowered in a bomb crater. It was a dud. The next few rounds, all landing within fifty feet, were also duds. He was pissed. Some defense contractor was selling faulty artillery rounds to the U.S. government!

But he was alive!

In an amazing feat of survival he managed to cross the Ben Hai, a large river, about the size of the Missouri, bringing him very close to the friendly fire base at Con Thien.

He figured he was just a mile or so from Con Thien when two teenage boys with AK-47s caught sight of him. He tried to run and they shot him in the left hand and the thigh. Not having eaten for two weeks he was no match for their young legs. The enemy had him again!

The North Vietnamese had lost face when Day had escaped earlier. His treatment during the long march north defies description. He was not fed for weeks at a time. He spent most nights in a hole in the ground. His torture was constant. At times he was left hanging by ropes under his arms for hours on end. The physical pounding they inflicted on him was more than most humans could bear.

Bud spent five years and seven months as a POW, most of it at the dreaded Hoa Lo Prison, known to the world as the "Hanoi Hilton." His main interrogator was a short fat man he nicknamed "The Bug." He was sadistically hard on Bud, who was to endure some of the harshest torture ever administered to a U. S. military man. The detailed story of Bud's imprisonment defies the senses. It is best covered in book form. Nothing I could say here would do justice to the inhumane treatment he received.

Nonetheless, he never broke. He told his captors nothing of any tactical use. Additionally, Bud was a leader in resisting the Vietnamese and was a ranking officer as the POWs formed the 4th Allied POW Wing. (Bud explained later: "The first POW Wing would've been in WWI, the second in WWII, and the third in Korea.")

A vignette from Robert Coram's book is appropriate here. Coram writes, *Bud was a cell mate with young John McCain, a Navy A-4 driver, son of an admiral, and now a U.S. Senator. The two were quite a pair. Day could not use his right arm and had a pronounced limp. McCain could not use his arms and had difficulty walking. One afternoon as they struggled across the prison courtyard, arm in arm, en-route to their weekly cold water bath, a fellow prisoner, Jack Van Loan, called out from his cell, "Hire the handicapped. They're funny as hell!"*

In typical fighter pilot fashion the other POWs could be heard laughing in their cells. Despite their agony, Day and McCain laughed right along with them.

In 1970, before the allied POW's release, the Mistys invited Dorie to a reunion in Phoenix. It would be called the "1st Annual Practice Misty Reunion." The Mistys would not have a "real reunion" until Misty 01 returned.

Back in Hanoi, Bud refused to be broken by his North Vietnamese captors, which earned him special punishment and lots of solitary confinement. Bud's ordeal and constant resistance became a uniting force within the POW structure. When he was released to the general prison population he organized the prisoners, stressing their need to "return with honor."

When they finally put the POWs into larger rooms, Bud knew things were changing. He was teamed with men like his friends John McCain, the brash USN pilot who taunted the guards at every turn and refused early release. Orson Swindle, a large tough Marine pilot, and Larry Guarino, and Jack Van Loan, of the USAF, are but a few of these genuine patriots. Together they resisted the North Vietnamese at every turn, including the infamous visit by "Hanoi Jane" Fonda. (To this very day, the mere mention of her name makes Bud's blood boil.)

Blood boiling trigger for American patriots.

The reason for the move to larger rooms, they believed, was the morning of November 21, 1970, when the men awoke to the sound of distant explosions. Later they were to learn that U .S. Special Forces had made a daring raid on Son Tay, a former POW camp about twenty miles southwest of Hanoi.

Their treatment became a bit better over time. Then, on the night of December 18, 1972, the POWs in Hoa Lo were awakened by the thunder-like detonation sounds of a heavy bombardment. Everywhere around them Hanoi rocked with wave after wave of explosions. Sometimes the blasts were so close they could feel the shockwaves.

The sky was full of SAMs and AAA firing in salvo, but still the B-52 bombers came. President Nixon had decided enough was enough. Linebacker II had begun.

Night after night, waves of B-52s rocked the city. At dawn the smaller attack planes also struck as A-6s, F-105s, F-111s, and F-4s hammered the city. At night the B-52s returned. Occasionally an Air Force fighter would roar low over Hanoi and light the afterburner(s) as the birds streaked over the Hanoi Hilton. Inside, the POWs cheered. Their brothers had not forgotten them!

The bombardment continued for eleven days. During the last few days, not a SAM rose and the AAA was silent. The North was out of ammo. On December 29, 1972, 150 planes attacked Hanoi, and none were lost.

Bud Day was in the third group of POWs to leave Hanoi on March 12, 1973 for Clark Air Base, the Philippines. As the C-141 lifted off, he sighed and thought to himself, "Finally, I'm going home." And he was returning with honor!

In the summer of 1973, the Mistys held their first official "real" reunion at Luke. Misty 01 was back!

In 1974, Bud received orders to Eglin AFB where he was to become vice commander of the 33rd Tactical Fighter Wing. To those who knew him it was assumed he would eventually take over the wing, opening the door for his promotion to general officer.

In 1975, Bud received the Air Force Cross, and on March 4, 1976, President Ford pinned the nation's highest award for valor, the Medal of Honor, on Bud's chest. On that day, Bud Day became, Col. George E. Day, MOH.

Original presentation of the Medal of Honor by President Ford.

Later, in typical fashion, Bud requested former president Nixon to "re-award" the Medal of Honor to him as a show of gratitude for his approving the bombing campaign that ultimately led to the release of all the American POWs. During the conversation that followed, Nixon commented, "You know, I wish I had started the last bombing campaign earlier. It would have brought you all home sooner." Day assured him he had done just fine.

Joyous homecoming.

Bud Day retired from the Air Force in February of 1977 as a bird

colonel, his promotion to general officer blocked by a senior officer who perhaps feared the leadership potential of the POWs. Many of the POWs, in fact, had their careers thwarted in what can rightfully be considered a very sad era for the Air Force.

But Bud's service to his fellow military brothers was far from over. Returning actively to law practice in Shalimar, Florida, he was soon embroiled in saving the medical benefits promised military personnel from outright attack by the Clinton administration. Bud persisted in his defense of those benefits long promised to career military people, eventually arguing before the Supreme Court of the United States. Most readers of this article benefit from "TRICARE for Life," which is a typical and fitting testimony to Bud's indomitable spirit.

Bud turned eighty-two years old in February, 2007. He still practices law on a daily basis. He and his childhood sweetheart, the incredible Dorie, live a busy and nice life in their waterfront home in lovely Shalimar, Florida. They deserve it.

To quote the preface of Robert Coram's book, "*Military men are better than most of us. They live their lives based on clear values—a code of honor and loyalty, a sense of patriotism, a commitment, and a discipline that place them on a moral high ground.*"

That pretty much sums up Bud Day … American Patriot.

EPILOGUE

2001 "Gathering of Eagles" ACSC Illustration. Used with permission. http://www.au.af.mil/au/goe/index.html

I will admit to being a "homer" on this piece. I consider myself lucky to count Bud and Dorie among my friends. Serving under him in combat was indeed an honor.*

Bud is and will always be Misty 01. He attends every Misty function religiously. In fact, the Mistys honor their boss on every occasion, be it the naming of the Sioux City, Iowa, airport after him or his recent induction into the Commemorative Air Force Combat Aviation Hall of Fame in Midland, Texas—where so many Mistys showed up it took a separate tent to hold us all at the accompanying air show. Ross Perot, who did so much for the POWs, was also in attendance.

I would like to thank Bud and Dorie for their help in writing this story, and give a special "attaboy" to Robert Coram for his outstanding book on Bud, and for graciously allowing me to borrow many details of his research for this SSS article. — ***Jack Doub*** ☻

* "An avid supporter of the home team or player; in this case Bud Day." – Author

Most Vivid Memory … *(continued from page 8.)*

Then he said, "I want those airplanes in the hangar, inspected, fixed, and I don't want one single word of this off this base—understood?" He then started to leave the room and said, "Carry on." Then he paused, again shook his head, and finished with, "You guys are really lucky."

My student told me that as we started to flare he got over underneath me and just could not get the airplane to move out. I believe this as there are unusual aerodynamic forces when two aircraft are in that close. His left wing contacted my right and then as he fell back he drifted even further left and under and his left wingtip fence cut the stabilator just like a can opener.

The student continued the Hun program successfully, and years later became a highly qualified and respected F-16 Viper driver.

What a story. In retrospect, with great respect, and fond remembrance, this is how I remember Dick Catledge:

R I P

"A good troop, a truly great commander, and an honest and fair one. God speed General, and may all blessings be upon you. CHEERS to YOU, Sir." — **Dumpy**

Bonus Bud Day Coverage!

Misty Reunion 2007 Snap-shots

By Jack Doub

The Misty reunion in October, 2007, marked the 40th anniversary of Operation Commando Sabre; which became popularly know as "Misty," their call-sign. *("Misty"* was the favorite song of Colonel Day and his wife Doris.)

To celebrate, the remaining Mistys gathered in Destin, Florida as they do every other year. This year was special because the group trekked to Tyndall AFB for a demonstration of the new F-22 Raptor by the ACC's worldwide demo pilot; Maj. Paul "Max" Moga.

Using a Tyndall bird, Max put on a breathtaking display of the new fighter's capabilities. From the minus-fifty knot tail-slide to the zero airspeed "rudder turns," the 30-minute flight left the Misty vets stunned. As Bud Day commented, "He did things with that airplane that airplanes simply cannot do!"

Following the demo flight, the 43rd Fighter Squadron hosted a happy hour for the visiting Vietnam-era fliers in their spacious squadron bar. In his opening remarks, 43rd FS Commander, Lieutenant Colonel David "Kooler" Krumm, toasted the Mistys, saying, "You gentlemen showed my generation what courage under fire and determination is all about. You are the Doolittle's Raiders of your generation!"

Bud Day, Misty 01, has a special spot in his heart for his Misty group, calling them *"My guys,"* and never misses a reunion. To say the Mistys revere and respect Misty 01 would be an understatement. Here's some shots of the Misty reunion featuring our hero, Bud.

Jane Fogleman, Doris and Bud awaiting the first course.

General Ron Fogleman, Bud and Brian Williams.

The old friends (Bud and Jack Doub) first met in '58 in the O-Club at Nouasser Air Base, Morocco!

Mass gaggle at end of the gala banquet.

F-22 IP briefs Mike Hinkle, Bud Day, Gary Tompkins and Jim Mack on aircraft capabilities. Notice Mike's talking with his hands, just like we do!

Paul "Max" Moga explains his F-22 demo flight to Jack Doub, Bud Day and Kip Kippenham.

Max Moga brings a smile to Bud's face as he explains his Raptor duties at Langley.

Bud autographing his recent bio, "American Patriot "(by Robert Coram) for Misty Jerry Marks.

Dean Echenberg gets his copy of Bud's bio book signed by Misty 01 while Jack Doub awaits his turn.

F-22 IP briefs Bud Day and Gary Nophsker (back to camera) on the finer points of Raptor performance.

For me, every September 18th is Art Hall Day.

Double Dead-Sticks at Rivolto

By Alan "Lad" Duaine

At the end of his very happy story called The Day My Real Life Began *in* Issue Three*, we explained that Alan had written it as a chapter in an unpublished work to be called "Cold Warrior." From that same unpublished book, now comes this gripping double dead-sticks story with a very sad ending. It is a tale about some of the real dangers of the Cold War (spoofing), and the tragic consequences that came of that dangerous game one fine day flying TDY out of Aviano Air Base, Italy.*

Right after we *(elements of the 308th TFS/31st TFW based at Turner AFB, Georgia)* got set up on a '58 Aviano TDY, I saw an item in the Stars and Stripes reporting that an Air Force cargo plane, a C-130, was missing and feared down in Soviet Armenia, just a few miles above the Turkish border. There were intimations that the plane had met foul play, but few other details. In the ongoing test of nerves between superpowers, it was just the latest of a long series of such incidents that went on year after year.

We noted that latest episode with the shrug that one gives routine news of any caliber. Then, after our first days of local flying, Jim Kasler, our operations officer, observed that our local area boundaries were unusually well defined.

"How could anyone ever get lost around here?" he asked.

Well, as it turned out, it could be done, with a little help from your Cold War "friends."

* * *

"Okay Lad," said Art Hall, our "pseudo Brit" (born American but reared in the U.K.). "Take it easy on me today. I've had a hard night, so don't overdo it, all right?"

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

"Yeah, I heard you draggin' your dead ass into the room this morning. I had a time gettin' you up," I replied sardonically.

Even from behind his darkest shades, Hall looked like hell. As far as I was concerned, the Royal Air Force could have all that tradition stuff back and welcome to it. When the games got out of control at 0200, I took my busted lip home. Call me "chicken," but I'd had it. Making a show now, I was feeling heartless, in spite of my own throbbing head.

"Art," I laughed, "you passed your Dining-In check last night, but now you've got to pass your gut check."

"It's just a bloody standardization check, Lad."

He wasn't laughing. It was a bitch all right, that we had to make a 0800 launch on this Saturday morning. But it was Art's turn in the barrel, and the standardization job I had coveted was today of pyrrhic character. At least it was a nice day. We'd be all done debriefing by 10 a.m. His tactical training folder would be up to date, and we could return to our rumpled beds in the B.O.Q. We questioned nothing about our situation—the flip side of the fighter pilot mystique called "Exigencies of the Service."

This long-standing precedent had been reaffirmed as our unit strained for operational readiness status, back at Turner. Several men had failed to make the cut; some had been run off, some quit, some died. This unit had been honed to the best that could be had, and each understood: you accept physical retribution for personal indiscretion.

We'd seen men puke their guts out on the ramp, then climb in and fly a gunnery mission to the range. Jerry Cashman once flew *four* consecutive range missions with the most obviously cracked cranium I've ever seen. Was the ops officer who scheduled him sadistic, stupid, or just blind? Well, a man had to hack the job or get out. It was up to the individual to govern himself, as Jerry learned for us. Now, as a combat ready unit, poised on alert status, we

expected of each other that we would make the schedule without “mitigating circumstances.”

The first half of the flight went very well. Art flew his low-level run to the target successfully, and we climbed out to the southwest acrobatic training area. As we broke out of the haze layer, it became more and more obscure below. Up above the clouds we revived our flagging spirits flying formation acrobatics and sucking pure oxygen until our fuel dropped to 30 minutes worth.

Sobering up on 100% O^2 at the very top of a formation loop.

Heading back on an estimated bearing, we tuned our radio compasses to Aviano. I signaled Art to take the lead again. Relaxed in loose wing position, I squirmed around in my chute and shoulder harness. Down below, filtered sunlight glinted off unidentifiable bodies of water in the haze; tiny tile-roofed villages slid by under the wing. Dimly discernible, anonymous roads meandered to undetermined destinations. Visibility was becoming limited to whatever was immediately below, and further reduced to a few occasional holes in the lower deck. Eight minutes passed with the beacon steadfast on the nose. I called Art.

"Did you get a good I.D. on the homer?"

"Rodge," he said

Hmm. Nine minutes … two more minutes. I'm restive. Questions are coming fast. How could we have been so far southwest? Do we have a big east wind today? Nah. Then what? I glance more and more often at the fuel gauge. Better cross check my radio compass ... Ferrara beacon comes in loud and clear, on the tail. OK?!? I retune the Aviano homer ... India, Metro, November, check. On the nose, but I'm worried, confused.

"Okay, Diploma Two, I got the lead." Art drops back, crossing under to my right.

"Let's go over to Jerry Control," I say.

We call. Call again. The ether sighs in my headset. Damn!

"Okay, Diploma Two, go squadron frequency.”

I'm racking my brain for answers. What the hell is wrong? Off to my right, Art sits peering at me over his oxygen mask, silent behind his Foster Grants. Suddenly I realize that this is *my* check ride. I feel my scalp tighten. I suck in a great draught. The oxygen flow indicator winks back at me. Just as I decide to scream “Emergency” on Guard channel, an abrupt swing of the compass needle indicates station passage. There won't be fuel for Art to do his instrument work. I spot a hole at two o'clock. I began an idle descent directly for it. I tell Art we're going to forego the instrument letdown procedure and go south for a visual recovery to the field. The hole is a fair opening, and lying darkly below, barely visible terrain. I know we can follow the dry Piave riverbed to the base.

We pop the speed brakes and plunge for the deck. Nearer the ground, visibility improves. We hurtle through the hole to find ourselves scanning with disbelief at a totally unfamiliar, terrifyingly alien scene. Large, densely forested conifers fill a small valley. Rising terrain disappears into the clouds on all sides.

"I don't see anything I recognize," says Art. His voice is metallic.

"Me either," I answer.

Banking steeply to avoid terrain, I go full throttle.

"Let's climb; I'm punchin' tanks, Art."

I reach over and hit the External Stores Jettison button, a jolting first for me. The drop tanks separate cleanly from the airplane. I glance over at Art in time to see his tanks and pylons tumble away; it's a chilling sight, this shedding. As the first wreathes of cloud wink between us, Art's naked airplane mirrors my fright. As we nose up into a tight climb, he moves in close. From down next to the rocks, we make two excruciating turns in the soup.

Like gasping divers, we burst out of the depths into brilliant light, tight upward spiral now exaggerated by a real horizon. I turn west immediately. The mystery is over. We have come to *terra incognita*, Yugoslavia. Nothing for a hangover like a little adrenalin...

"Diploma Two, go Guard and squawk Emergency."

As our transponder beacons shriek the news to every watching radar eye in range, Art checks in with me on universal panic frequency. *Now* Jerry Control answers me:

"Roger, we have-a you, Deeploma aircrafta. Aviano ees niner-two nautical mile, two seven-a one degrees.”

There it is: my worst estimate in grim detail.

"My god," I think, "what am I going to tell them?"

I'm more worried about answering to authority than about my own skin. I think about losing the airplane, *my* airplane, the only one I've ever had with my name on it, ol’ 813. With 600 pounds of fuel remaining, I wonder if we can even make it back to Italy. We keep climbing. Now beyond panic, I settle into deep resignation. The finality of our situation is so stark, I detach to observer status. Our craft seem pinned motionless, homing snouts lifted urgently west, and nothing moves but the fuel quantity indicator needle. As we hang on this sliver of doom, I tantalize myself. How accurate is this thing, really?

In these final moments of engine life, this arbiter overrides everything. From this moment on, my simile for time running out will no longer be an hourglass, but a fuel

gauge. The radio is no longer silent—Jerry Control is now very efficient—vectors and queries coming in rapid Latin cadence.

“Two hundred pounds,” I answer his latest query about fuel.

“Where were you when I needed you?” I mutter into my mask.

Now, Art’s voice startles me: to my ear, he sounds faintly resentful, accusing.

"Well, that's it … flameout."

He drops back rapidly, nose rising slightly in instinctive effort to hold our altitude. Even as I stare, my engine quits ... just a sigh, no drama at all. Compressor and turbine energy drop, my momentum slackens. Warning lights twinkle like a Bally arcade. Advisories glow:

-Notice -

1. Your generator has dropped off the line ...
2. Prepare for alternate everything ...

"What are you're intentions, over?" asks Jerry Control.

I have just time to marvel at the accuracy of that fuel gauge, and how closely matched the aircraft have been, to have flamed out within seconds of each other. I am still in an out-of-body state, watching from over my own shoulder. Rousing, I realize that now I'm riding a leaden dart, but even so, the ship is flying fine. Peaking a bit over 31,000 feet, we trim for best glide speed. At 220 knots, we're sinking at 2,300 feet a minute. At this rate, our dilemma will be a short one.

Glancing at the flight control hydraulic gauges, I stiffen; both have fallen to zero. I'm beginning to respond to stimulus again. This is stimulus indeed. Without hydraulic pressure, I'm an unguided missile. I make a tiny wiggle on the stick. Growing bolder, I give the stick a slight shake and the airplane responds easily, no stiffening on the controls. Now I see that the emergency flight control system has already automatically actuated the ram air turbine, and the little wind-driven pump is apparently working fine. Belatedly, I restore electrical power with the emergency alternator and am rewarded with normal readings on the gauges. This bird is doing everything as advertised. I feel another pang.

"You're behaving well, old girl. It's all my fault."

Eerily, we glide toward the questions. With my flight helmet and oxygen mask muffling even the whisper of air across the canopy I float in silence, a leaf on a stream. Art's airplane is steady at seven o'clock, a few thousand feet back. Incongruously, I twit him now …

"Diploma Two, get us home and you pass the check ride," I wise-crack. He lets it pass.

Down below, red tile roofs glint dully through an isolated rift. A glinting stream rushes southward through a small town. I shake my local area map out of my G-suit pocket. It fills the cockpit. With trembling fingers, I rip out a small piece from the right center section; I stuff the rest under my seat. There it is—the only city with a north-south river running through it: Gorizia, a border town. We have won Italy, at least. Art breaks his silence …

"When we get down to fifteen thousand, we'll point 'em out to the Adriatic and jump."

"I don't have a better plan," I reply.

But, there! In a hole below, ahead of my steeply declined nose, is ... an east-west runway; I can see the numbers and the white paint of the touchdown area. Salvation! It has to be Rivolto, a sister NATO air base a few miles east of Aviano. Inspired, without a second thought, I lower the nose. Out of 22,000 feet, it's taking a steep bunt to keep that precious vision.

"Art, I’ve got Rivolto on the nose. I'm going for it; you can follow me and do exactly as I do, or jump, your choice."

"Roger."

Google Earth *view approaching High Key, Rivolto AB, Italy*

The test hops—never a one that I didn't finish with a simulated flameout pattern. It's payoff time: all I have to do is make it over the runway with altitude to make one big circle ... but is there room beneath the clouds? It looks better than I thought. The cloud deck rushes toward me at 365 knots. At 9,500 feet, I pop through the hole over the end of the runway, speed brakes coming out. Rolling into the overhead circle, I’m some below my practice altitude but a little fast; it's going to be okay. The NATO standard runway below is 7,800 feet long, no arresting barrier. Damn short, but to me now, a Holy Grail. My conviction is total!

"Lad, I can't tell if my gear is down. Can you see it?"

I glance back. "Where are you Art?"

Hell, I can't tell if mine is down either, the lights are too dim. I'm looking pretty good on downwind.

"Up above you," says Art.

Jesus, he must be 10,000 feet above me, at least.

"Diploma Two, I think they're out; I can't tell. What are you doing up there?"

"I think we're working at cross purposes," he quavers.

He's shook all right, but still using lawyer talk; that's my roomie. A voice breaks in on Guard Channel, familiar, unexpected. It's Colonel McPherson, the ranking Air Force officer at Aviano.

"Okay men, don't take any chances. If it doesn't look right, bail out now."

Baleful words all right, but it's too late for me. I'm falling like a safe. My job is to hit in the right spot, and this voice is distracting. I'm too damned high on final. A half-second's misgiving about how she'll behave, but I do the only thing yet possible, slewing ol' 813 into an unaccustomed, cross-controlled sideslip.

Google Earth *view of hot final approach, dead-stick into Rivolto AB, Italy*

A bit reluctantly, she complies. I see my profile shaping up fast. At 180 knots, I kick out of the slip and rotate above the overrun. Without power, the deceleration is eye-popping. I hold her off until she settles on at a lightweight 116 knots, 1500 feet down the runway. Almost absentmindedly, I pull on the drag-chute handle. It will not budge. Good thing I didn't need it, I think. Fat in my security, I report:

"I'm on the ground, Art."

He doesn't answer.

Murderously fast, Diploma Two tried to spike it onto the parallel taxiway in a blur. It didn't work.

I'm still on the rollout when something flashes on my left. To my horror I see Art scream by, still forty feet in the air. He's murderously fast, trying to spike it onto the parallel taxiway. His gear, flaps, and drag-chute are all out. The 'chute is in ribbons.

As I gape, his ship hits hard and bounds off the end of the taxiway, sliding across the grass on locked brakes. A rising cloud of dust trails behind until, a thousand feet out; the airplane disappears in a tumult of dust and debris. His parachute blossoms for a second and then collapses.

I roll to a stop on the runway exit, not a sound from anyone. The dust drifts down. As the scene clears, I see large chunks of the airplane, scattered into an orchard of leafless trees. Somewhat nearer, I see smaller pieces of the ship strewn across an earthen dike. He must have hit it still doing 150 knots.

The accident board from Ramstein was thorough. The coroner said that Art died five different ways. He had a lot to say about 30-year old pilots with 60-year old livers. The Airways & Communications people confirmed my testimony about the beacon in Yugoslavia. It was putting out 800 watts, on our Aviano beacon frequency and identification, they said. Under pressure, the sergeant from Aviano Tower finally admitted that our own, 50-watt homer, had been out of service for 40 minutes that day, just during the time of the incident. And our sister squadron admitted that only two days earlier, they too, had been lured across the border, but their guys made it back. Fearing USAFE General Spicer's recent edict that there would be no border violations, they hadn't reported it. And finally, if Art and I had flown the regular Aviano letdown procedure off the beacon near Zagreb, we would have hit a mountain in the soup. The board decided that dead-stick landings in the F-100 should be prohibited. They also figured out that in USAF policy statements for Europe, it would be better in the future to admit the possibility of inadvertent border violations.

Months later, back in the States, I was beginning to remember the incident as an isolated event in my personal log when one day I picked up the February 16, 1959 issue of *Newsweek.* They said their story was a real shocker. To me it was just a dull throb, but I was glad that the truth was out, sort of. It said:

> Pentagon sources have confirmed that an apparently deliberate Soviet act had resulted in the inadvertent border incursion of the U.S. Air Force aircraft lost in the U.S.S.R. last September 2nd. Pinpointed was a 'false beacon' in Soviet Armenia, just eight miles north of the Turkish border. The signal beacon was said to duplicate the frequency and identification of the NATO beacon just 16 miles south, in northern Turkey. Air

Force officials stated that the suspect beacon had lured a C-130 crew into Russian territory with the subsequent loss of aircraft and crew.

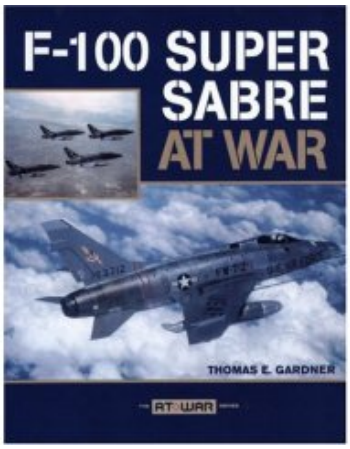
Several months later, the real clincher hit the street in screamer headlines. The story:

Washington, Sept. 12 - (UPI) Ambassador Adlai Stevenson lodged an extraordinary rebuke to the Soviet Union during session at the U.N. today. Stevenson had earlier last week demanded Soviet accountability for the September 1958 incident, in which a U.S. Air Force C-130 had crashed inside Soviet Armenia with the loss of the aircraft and seventeen crewmembers. Today Stevenson revealed that the U.S. had recorded radio transmissions among Russian fighter pilots and their controllers during the deliberate shootdown of the C-130. The startling revelation gave the lie to stone-faced Russian Ambassador Malek, who continued to maintain that the U.S.S.R. had no fault in the matter, while protesting the U.S. incursion into Soviet airspace. U.S. intelligence officials were chagrined, however. Compromised were previously unrevealed U.S. capabilities at listening stations along Soviet borders...

And to the world, so ended this story. But ever since, for me, on every 18 September at some time during the day, I've always said to myself, "Today is Art Hall day." Forever, another missing man… ☻

Book Review Time

F-100 Super Sabre at War By Thomas Gardner. Zenith Press, 2007.



The F-100 Super Sabre was undoubtedly the most overworked, under appreciated fighter in the Air Force inventory during the Cold War and Vietnam War years. Yet, to those who flew and maintained her, she was the best—like your first sweetheart in high school. To the uninitiated—and those who have forgotten—there is no better way to get acquainted with "the Hun" as she is called, than to read Thomas Gardner's book.

Don't be misled by the "At War" part of the title. That is an appendage added because the book is part of the publisher's *At War* series. The book is far more than a chronicle of F-100 combat. Instead, it takes you on a leisurely journey started when the aircraft was first designed through its final maturity with stops along the way to examine detailed engineering drawings, performance charts, and a treasure trove of aerial photography. It is a must for the book shelves of F-100 aficionados, as well as aviation enthusiasts in general. **Ron Standerfer**

(Available at Amazon.com - $13.57)

"Having survived the tortures of normal dental practice …"

A Visit with the Aerospace Jaw Breakers

By Bill Gorton

From 1956 to 1961 Bill accrued nearly 2,000 hours in the Hun. First with the 479 FDW at George and then with the 49 TFW at Etain and Spang. He also flew Huns with the Turkish AF at Eskisehir and the Danish AF at Karup.

There are a number of things I don't like to do, but most of all I don't like to visit the dentist. I don't like it now, and I didn't like it when I was a first balloon in the 476th Squadron back at George AFB in 1958.

In those days, the aerospace jaw breakers at George were complaining to the 479th Wing Commander, Colonel "Bull" Harris, that many of his pilots were not keeping their scheduled appointments. So, Colonel Harris, a man of few words, most of which were of the four letter variety, sent forth a wing directive to all his squadron commanders demanding that anyone who missed a scheduled appointment with the jaw breakers to "reply by endorsement" directly to him! (I never knew what a "reply by endorsement" entailed, but direct communications with Colonel Harris by anyone under the rank of major were normally fatal! Back in those days, lieutenants rarely communicated directly with their squadron commanders, let alone a full bull.)

And so it was, as I was briefing a four-ship flight one bright and cheery morning, that the assistant ops officer, Captain Jim Dennett, came running in to tell me that I was already late for a dental appointment. "Good gosh," (or words to that effect) said I, "who will take my flight?" Jim said, "I will." And off I went to arrive just in time to experience the joys of jaw breaker experimentation.

Having survived the tortures of normal dental practice, I returned to the squadron to find Captain Dennett standing at the ops counter. By now he should have been well into the flight. "What happened," said I, "did you abort?" I don't remember exactly what Jim said, but I was informed that the aircraft that I was to fly that day was now a smoking hole just off the end of runway 21.

Back in those days, we were assigned our own jets. F-100 C 542110 was my bird. My name was on it, and I had the best crew chief on the line. When it was operational (which was most of the time), and I was on the schedule, I flew it. In fact, I had flown 110 the last period on the day before, and was to fly it again on this fateful morning. The only squawk I had on the prior flight was that the Equipment Bay Overheat light had come on for a brief period a couple of times during the flight. As you may recall this was not an unheard of occurrence, particularly at George during those very hot summer afternoons. The difference this time was that my ace crew chief had just PCSed, and his assistant crew chief was now in charge of my jet. (I soon found out that while my crew chief may have been one of the best on the line, he didn't trust his assistant and never gave him any OJT.)

The specialists worked on the bird that night but didn't finish the job *(as it turned out)*. The next morning the jet was on the schedule but still on a red X. Wouldn't you know the new crew chief thought the specialists had forgotten to sign off the X, so he did it for them!

It was later determined that the specialists had disconnected the lead to the primary heat exchanger, and that was as far as they got on the repair job the day before. So that was still the condition of the jet when Jim stroked the burner the next morning and started his take off roll. Of course it didn't take too long after that for the jet to catch fire. According to Jack Parker, Jim's wingman, the whole aft end of the jet, from the saddle back to the tail, was a sheet of flame. Jim pulled up to about 1,000 feet AGL and punched out. Luckily, Jim was one of the few jocks in the wing that was parachute qualified. That was a good thing.

Contemporary aerospace jaw breakers at work. Some things just don't change much over the years.

You see, for some reason the Zero Delay lanyard didn't do its thing and Jim had to deploy the chute manually. But he did get a full deployment and a couple of swings before returning to earth. Good old 110 ended up about half way between the small town of Adelanto and the end of runway 21. Jim was unscathed but, as I recall, somewhat ruffled at my "Did you abort" question.

So, even though I still live in fear of a visit to the dentists, I have to admit that on that day in 1958 at George AFB, a trip to the aerospace jaw breakers just may have saved my life. ☻

From the PIF … featuring John Green in …

Popping the Hun "Clutch" Start

Author Unknown — Forwarded by Jack Hartmann

Aircraft General. The F-100 had an interesting ground starting option, involving a large chamber that held a coffee can-sized gas generating cartridge. When ignited by electrical current, the expanding gas from the black powder-like pyrotechnic cartridge drove a starter turbine which brought the engine up to a self-sustaining rpm via a drive system. This eliminated the need for heavy and bulky ground starting units, but the starter cartridge spewed out a characteristic dense cloud of choking black smoke, which was often mistaken by inexperienced ground crews for an engine fire.

The powder charge for the ground start came in a big sealed can, and on opening and extracting the cartridge, you'd find two small metal tabs on the bottom of the cartridge. These tabs were the electrical contacts that fired the cartridge when the pilot moved the throttle outboard on start, before bringing the throttle forward. As soon as a tiny RPM registered on the tach, you brought the throttle around the horn to feed fuel and engine ignition to the rapidly-accelerating engine start process.

Cart-start with typical choking smoke cloud. Very old photo from Associate Member David Menard and artfully restored by Honorary Member Ann Thompson.

Sometimes the big metal receptacle that held the gas generator cartridge would get so dirty from repeated use that the metal tabs wouldn't make contact. Then the cartridge would refuse to fire, and the crew chief would give the starter receptacle a good healthy whack with a chock, usually curing the powder charge of any reluctance to fire. We'd often take a canned starter cartridge with us as an alternative starting means on cross-countries.

The story is told then (one of few that I didn't witness) of John Green going for a cross-country turn into NAS Memphis, Millington, in an F-100 back in the very early '70s. He was met by a couple of young Marine ground crew types, who asked what kind of plane he was flying. "F-100 Super Sabre" in reply only resulted in further puzzled looks. One of the ground crew said, "Sir, I don't think we have tech data on this aircraft. What do you need for starting this bird, a huffer or just electrical?"

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

"Neither one," John came back. "If I can get, oh, about six guys to give me a push to start me rolling, I'll just pop the clutch and get the engine started that way." More and more doubtful looks! "Yessir" was the comeback. What else would a young Marine say?

(The Hun was pretty finely balanced on the two main gear struts. When you tapped the brakes, the nose strut compressed so much that the nose took a dip, just like the hood of a car dipped when being clutch-started. John slipped the starter cartridge in the bird while the ground crew was rounding up some pushing help. Ed.)

So John soon got his six Marines, who assembled at the ready, all still doubtful—but not about to question an officer on procedure. "Just get me going at about a fast walk," John instructed. "I'll wave you all clear when we're fast enough, pop the clutch and be on my way. Thanks for the good turnaround!"

With six Marines pushing, they quickly got the bird up to a brisk walking speed. John waved his arms, and the Marines jumped warily aside, standing well clear. The nose dipped as John "popped the clutch," and there followed a big cloud of choking smoke as the engine whined to life. Off goes Captain Green in his Super Sabre to the takeoff end of the runway, leaving six wide-eyed Marines in his wake.

I would have loved to hear the conversation when, if ever, the next F-100 taxied to the transient line at Millington for a turn! ☻

*If the original PIF author of this tale will identify himself, we'd like to give him credit in the next issue, **and enlist him** as an author for future tales if he'd like to accept that challenge. Ed.*

WX was oft described as "The crows are walking."

Hahn AB Weather … A Triplet of Tales

By Don Nichols

Anyone who ever was stationed at Hahn AB or flew into it knows that the weather there was about as bad as it gets. Hahn's elevation was about a thousand feet higher than the other fighter bases in West Germany: Ramstein, Spangdahlem and Bitburg. So when those bases had a thousand-foot ceiling, Hahn would have about 200 feet and be below minimums. The reply often given when asked about Hahn weather was, "The crows are walking." Thus, Hahn pilots spent many a day sitting around the squadrons, hoping for a break in the weather that never came.

Tale #1: As a pilot in the 10th TFS, 50th TFW, I was very familiar with this "use it or lose it" approach to scheduling flying time. The goal of the squadrons was to schedule the pilots so that each got 20 hours per month and 120 hours per six-month period. With the terrible weather in November and December, this was often very difficult to do.

In October, 1962, I lucked out and was scheduled for a two-week TDY tour with the 3rd Infantry Division at Wurzburg as their forward air controller. During my tour, the division had their big annual exercise, and I spent most of this time out in the field with my radio team. On Friday right at the end of the exercise, while still in the field, we started receiving messages regarding Khrushchev, missiles in Cuba, etc.

When I got back to the Army post on Saturday, I contacted the 10th and asked when my replacement was arriving. I was told that the commanding general at 17th AF had instructed them to leave me with the division, as "Nichols, having just completed their annual exercise, was the most experienced FAC in the field." This is one compliment I really didn't enjoy, but I remained with the division on alert in case something broke loose in Europe. After another week had passed, things quieted down, and I finally was relieved and got back to Hahn.

Because I had not flown in three weeks, I was low man in the squadron on flying time for that period. In addition to being on the weekday flying schedule every day, I was also scheduled on the weekends for the rest of the year to try to get my time in.

Three other pilots and I would show up about 0630 every Saturday and Sunday, brief for the mission, then sit around watching the fog roll by. When we never got above minimums, ops would call down about 1600 and tell us to "take the rest of the day off!" This was the routine for us from then on—we never flew on a Saturday or Sunday for the next seven weeks! I did get in a few flights on the weekdays, but never on the weekends. It is hard to believe that the local weather could consistently be that bad over such a long period.

Tale #2: In 1962, around Christmas time, we got some freezing rain, then some snow, then more freezing rain. The result was a three-inch-thick covering of ice that one could (and some did) skate on. Nothing could move on the base, so we just sort of took it easy the week between Christmas and New Years.

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

(At this time, a big high moved in over Eastern Europe, and the temperature dropped below freezing and stayed there, 24 hours a day, for the next six or seven weeks. The weather was mostly clear—another anomaly for Western Germany—but flying was totally out of the question because our F-100s didn't have skates on the struts.)

Icicle Alley. Even Patton's WX prayer wouldn't have helped.

When 1 January came and everything was still iced in, the powers-that-be decided the wing had to get back to flying. That is, if we could get airplanes back down to Wheelus AB, Libya, where we could get on the gunnery range, we could get some useful flying time in there. Lieutenant Colonel Kropenick, the wing DO, came up with a plan to get the runway open. He had maintenance tow an F-100 out to the runway and start it up. He got in and tried to burn off the ice with his AB, thus clearing a dry spot where aircraft lining up for takeoff could do their pre-launch run-up. But an F-100 on ice with the AB going, even with the brakes on, wasn't going to sit still, as he quickly discovered, so his plan didn't pan out.

Plan B was a little more successful, but it took lots of manpower. The DO got about 500 troops out on the runway with ice picks, and they chopped away for hours on the ice. That was one time I was glad that I was sitting nuclear alert and thus couldn't get in on the "fun." They eventually got a strip about 75 feet wide down the middle of the runway fairly clear of ice. There were still ice patches here and there, but there was an area clear enough for the aircraft to line up and do their run-ups while holding their brakes. The aircraft destined for Wheelus were towed out to the runway, cranked up, and some gutsy pilots were on their way south. I later talked to Charlie Goodwin (81st TFS) who led the first bunch. He said everything was going OK, but as he roared down the runway, he suddenly realized that if anything went wrong and he got out of that narrow 75-foot strip, he would have the fastest bobsled in Europe!

After about six weeks of sub-freezing temperatures, it got above 32 degrees for one afternoon, and some of the worst spots on the runway and taxiways were cleared a little more. But flying off that runway was still a little hairy, and the hilly taxiways were even more difficult. Often, as pilots taxied back after a flight, they would hit an icy spot, skid off into a snow bank, and have to be towed in.

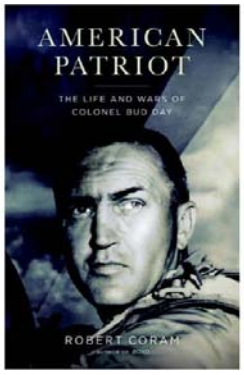
Tale #3: I observed another example of how weird Hahn weather could be when I was getting one of my semiannual TAC Eval rides. The ride was uneventful, but when we came back to Hahn to meet our approach time, we found that the landing runway (22) was below minimums (actually it was zero/zero in fog). Winds from the west were blowing fog up out of the Mosel River valley and across the runway.

We were considering diverting, but the tower called and said, "Wait, the fog is just covering the north end of the runway now, and the south end, for landing on 04, is completely clear." So we switched to 04, came in, pitched out and made routine VFR landings. But there was still one more thing to contend with. It was a bright, sunny day, with no clouds in the sky, and when I roared into the fog bank from bright sunlight about 4,000 feet down the runway at high speed, it was as if someone had turned out the lights! It took a few seconds for my eyes to adjust, and luckily I didn't run off the runway before I could see again. I wonder how many times an airfield has been below minimums at one end of the runway and available for VFR landings at the other end? ☻

Sounds like in them days, you could get away with murder. Ed.

More Book Review Time

American Patriot: The Life and Wars of Colonel Bud Day By Robert Coram. Hachette Book Group, Little, Brown & Co., 2007.



American Patriot Stands Tall

As a former Misty FAC I thought I knew Bud Day, but after reading American Patriot, I realized I was dead wrong. Robert Coram's book profiles a man with a seemingly inexhaustible reservoir of controlled courage and an unimpeachable sense of honor—all of which he gladly placed at the disposal of his country throughout his life.

The book is carefully detailed and written in a manner that even the "great unwashed" who were not fighter pilots can understand. The descriptive scenes involving his torture as a POW are painful to read at times, yet I know that they were not exaggerated—and that's what makes them all the more disturbing.

The words "honor," "integrity" and "heroes" have been trivialized in our society to the extent that few people know or care what they mean any more. In an ideal world, these subjects would be addressed in school, or at least discussed at home. But we do not live in a perfect world,
; therefore, I suggest that *American Patriot* be required reading in every high school and college in America. A profound and moving book. **Ron Standerfer**

"I was quite unhappy about the whole situation!"

Out of the pan … into the fire.

By William Barriere

This story first appeared in the PACAF Flyer/September-October '65. This is a Caterpillar landing and SAR adventure that will be added to the Caterpillar Club collection at the SSS web site after publication here. Enjoy! Ed.

Just the thought of stepping over the side is at best—frightening. Couple it with a sick F-100, the black of night and a thunderstorm, with unfriendly types in the area, and it turns into a terrifying experience. However, the most disconcerting part of the entire episode was when I pressed the mike button and heard myself say, "I'm climbing for altitude to punch out!"

It all started when I was flying wing position during the final approach phase of a TACAN approach. My first indication that something was amiss was when I heard Lead call, "Pull up." At this point the aircraft began bumping and buffeting, and I had to use full control to keep the aircraft straight. I thought I saw Lead's AB light, so I lit mine. I had hit something extremely hard with my right wing and the aircraft rolled to the right into a past-vertical bank of about 110 degrees. I thought about punching out right then, but decided against it because I was too low and practically upside down. I had full left rudder when the AB cut in and kicked the nose back up. I just snatched back on the stick and the wings rolled level—I was up and out of the trees. As fate would have it, I now had a chance to bail out under more favorable conditions (I thought). I was out of the frying pan, but soon to be in the fire!

I caught sight of the field through the driving rain as I started a circling climb for altitude. The fuel was dwindling rapidly and I wasn't sure of the exact amount because only the forward gauge was readable. I came out of AB with approximately 50 *(must have meant 500 – Ed.)* pounds remaining and started to position the aircraft for ejection over the runway. (There were unfriendly types in the area and I thought the safest place to leap out would be over the base.) During the climb, I stowed all the loose equipment in the cockpit (checklist, maps, flashlight, etc.). I wanted to be sure nothing would bind the seat when I went out.

I had to use left stick because of wing damage, and one tank was bent considerably. I zoomed the aircraft to about 140 knots and dropped the left wing 30 degrees. (I couldn't trim out the roll, and I hoped the wings would be rolling through level when I ejected). It took one continuous movement to release the controls, assume seat position, grasp the unlocks, and raise the handles. Then things got tense.

When the canopy jettisoned, the 140-knot wind hit me in the face and my thought processes were immediately arrested. I had practiced countless times in the seat trainer how I would reach from the handles down to the exposed triggers. Nevertheless, I squeezed the unlock levers twice before realizing they were not the triggers. Shocked back to reality, I immediately slid my hands down and found the triggers. The idea of hanging on to the seat for dear life had bugged me before—so I reached down, put my fingers on the triggers and raised them with my hands still open (fist not clenched). That way I couldn't possibly have hung on to the seat.

The rocket blast was a terrific shock. I felt crushed down into the seat with considerable force and had the feeling of tumbling forward like a pinwheel. The windblast and buffeting were quite violent, and my mask went from my chin to my forehead before it stopped. The buffeting quit suddenly (at seat separation, I assume). I threw out my arms and legs to stabilize and reached for the "D" ring. At that instant I felt three quick tugs and the chute blossomed. There was no "opening shock" to speak off—just a mild deceleration. The chute looked mighty fine. After releasing one side of the mask and deploying the survival kit, the sickening swaying motion stopped and the chute was pretty stable.

I had punched out at about 6,000 feet and could see the area quite well, even through the heavy rain. The field was directly under me and a battle was raging to the southeast. The mortars and small arms fire were clearly distinguishable, and parachute flares were being dropped in the area.

Looking straight down was quite startling. The wind was blowing about 30 knots and carrying me directly toward the firefight that was unfolding in the distance. I tried to climb the risers and slip the chute back toward the base, but my 140 pounds didn't seem to tip that bear very much. After a few more futile attempts, I resigned myself to the fact that I was going "anyway the wind blew" and started to concentrate on making a good landing.

The firefight was very near by now, and the flares lit the terrain well. I was relieved to see the area was flat with low bushes, so all I had to do was hit the ground with some semblance of order. I unsnapped my canopy safety covers and kept making body turns to face where I was going. Just before impact, I re-hooked my oxygen mask to protect my face from the bushes.

I hit very easily next to a large bush, and my PLF rolled me into it. A short tug on the harness told me the chute was still inflated, so I hooked my thumbs in the rings and pulled; they released immediately. (I always had trouble practicing with the old release, but found the new ring types extremely simple to find and actuate).

The immediate area was well lighted by mortar flares, and the shooting was close by. I was quite unhappy about the whole situation, so I crawled into the middle of the largest bush I could find. (I looked around for the canopy in an effort to hide it, but to no avail. I found out later that it blew away about one fourth of a mile.)

I unsnapped the holster on my .38, found the lanyard on the survival pack and started to pull the kit to me. It got pretty crowded in that bush when I finally got the one-man dinghy and survival kit in there.

The parachute harness had done its job, and after I located the kit, I slipped out of the harness. Without the flares directly overhead, it was black as pitch, and I spent quite awhile fumbling around inside the kit feeling for something like a radio. (It would be smart money to know what your particular kit contains and how everything is packaged, so if you stow your flashlight like I did, you could still find what you were looking for.) I pulled out the largest sealed package I could find and tried to tear it open. I ended up using the hook blade knife.

The radio and battery were hooked up, so I extended the antenna and started to transmit tone. The choppers were already in the area and lowered their lights to see through the heavy rain. I don't see how they avoided being hit by small arms fire. I took my helmet off and tried to transmit voice without success. When the choppers got in close, I held a steady tone. Within about one fourth mile their search pattern became very erratic, and I thought my radio was faulty. I made several attempts to dry off the antenna, and I put the battery inside my flying suit to keep it dry (I learned later from the chopper pilot that the URT-21 beacon in my chute was overriding my URC-11 survival radio. I should have turned off the beacon in my chute before using the URC-11 for homing.) I hesitated shooting a signal flare for fear some undesirables would see it and get to me before the choppers could.

The flares started dropping again and small arms fire was getting quite close. A mortar shell hit about 50 yards from me, and I figured it was a good time to leave my position. I put my helmet back on (it's a fine substitute for sound suppression) and took the radio with me. I started to move back in the general direction of the base and used the radio to transmit all the while. I traveled about half a mile and saw a chopper set a course that would intercept my path about 40 yards in front of me. When he was about one fourth mile away, I started to run, and his lights caught me just before I reached him.

He set the chopper down directly in front of me, and I was conscious of being silhouetted in those bright lights. The wash from the rotors almost blew me over, but I held my position while one troop jumped from the chopper (to cover me with an AR-15) and another led me aboard. (I was hesitant to run up to the chopper for fear of getting hit by the rotors.) I was never so happy to see anyone in my life, and my first chopper ride turned out to be an extremely delightful experience.

I gained enough experience in one evening to last for a while. I think my outlook now goes something like this: "When things are looking bad, don't worry … 'cause in a few more minutes, things could really get hairy!"

(See page 28 for a Post Mortem. Ed.) ☻

About the Author

First Lieutenant William Barriere received his commission in 1962 upon graduation from Newark College of Engineering where he also received a B.S. in Mechanical Engineering. He was then assigned to Craig AFB for Pilot Training and received his advanced fighter training in the F-100 at Luke AFB. Bill is assigned to the 429th FFS, Cannon AFB, and is currently TDY in SEA. He has logged over 350 hours in the F-100. *(Status at time of first publication. Ed.)*

How To Shoot Down An F-100

By George Elsea

The following article was written by Captain "ELSEA" of the 308thTFS for F-100 pilots at Tuy Hoa AB, RVN. It has been trickling around for years and finally got to Wally Mason who submitted it to The Intake*. We are pleased to publish it now as hindsight to the humor that circulated freely in the Vietnam War environment. Our thanks to SSSer Elsea, who is also famous for the humor of his ever popular cartoons featuring "A Tuy Hoa Ace." Ed.*

After CCT, George's Hun career included '62-'66 with the 492nd TFS and 48th TFW Stan-Eval; then one day in Nov. '66 with the 308th TFS at Bien Hoa, and the rest of a year tour flying 270 combat missions out of Tuy Hoa when the unit moved to that "bare base," then a-building.

(The following is an extract "translated" from a "captured" VC training poop sheet.)

HOW TO SHOOT DOWN AN F-100

In a nutshell:

1. See airplane.
2. Estimate proper lead point.
3. Aim at same.
4. Depress trigger (if 1-3 have been done properly, one bullet will suffice).

Estimating the exact lead point is rather difficult sometimes. Statistics have proven that chances of hitting an airplane are considerably increased if more than one bullet is fired. This is now the standard procedure with our front line units.

Estimating the correct lead point can be reasonably easy. If the target aircraft is flying in a straight line, it will be trailing a thin wisp of dark smoke, also in a straight line. By simply imagining an extension of this in front of the aircraft, at a correct distance the aim point can be determined. We know that attack airspeeds for the aircraft are from 450 to 500 knots; our aim point is then established at "X" meters along the obvious aircraft flight path. A barrage of small arms and light automatic weapons fire directed at that point can be expected to be quite effective against the enemy aircraft. (You will be provided with appropriate aiming sticks and other devices' to help judge lead; some of our more experienced comrades from up north will be instructing you in greater detail).

If the target aircraft maneuvers at all, a new lead point must immediately be figured. Even our radar guns cannot establish a correct lead point on an aircraft which is constantly turning or otherwise changing its flight path an unpredictable amount.

Here's a more complex explanation of the whole process:

STEP NUMBER ONE: Lull the fighters into a false sense of security.

Our seasoned VC veterans rarely fire at a FAC aircraft unless it is at a particularly tempting altitude. We try to make all targets as boring as possible for the fighters. Many of our most noble trees have made the supreme sacrifice in heroic defense of our cause. Their sacrifice has not been in vain. Nothing could be more predictable than the path of a flight of bored fighters on "another damn tree-buster."

STEP NUMBER TWO: Get set up.

Any time a FAC is in the area, fighters might be on the way. Usually fighters will arrive at a high altitude and circle the FAC. If you find yourself in the center of the circle or near it, check your weapon, find a likely place to take cover and/or prepare to shoot at the fighters as they fly by. Do not get bored if you see the fighters go around and around for a long time as they are just burning down their fuel for the strike. Make use of the time to improve your shelter or secure more ammunition. (Occasionally the more cruel fighters will not circle their intended target. Sometimes they will appear to swoop down out of nowhere and will be nearly finished bombing before you can get organized. That's show biz.)

STEP NUMBER THREE: Determine the fighter's target as exactly as possible. Observe what type ordnance they're dropping.

Knowing the target, you can watch a couple of passes to get the feel for the type of ordnance being dropped. By the time #3 rolls in you can guess pretty well about where he's going and what he's going to do. As most similar-type ordnance is delivered in about the same way and most everything requires at least a brief wings-level, non-maneuvering period, your chances of nailing #3 are pretty reasonable, particularly if he tracks a few seconds longer than most. (Sometimes fighters drop mixed ordnance. That makes it tougher. It is also disturbing when the pilots attack from totally different directions. It is difficult to

keep track of which one is coming in next and it is difficult to shift positions to be able to shoot at them.)

STEP NUMBER FOUR: Be patient.

Most flights make lots of passes. Even if you don't get a good shot off on the bomb passes, they might strafe. If there is an abandoned hootch in the open, you can lick your lips and get set for a real good chance at a fighter. An eager aggressive fighter pilot will be gripped by a fanatical desire to "really hammer it." He knows that his gun camera will record the event in living color.

He has been trained to open fire at small targets at close range, striving to put hundreds of his shells in the target. He has been trained to be rock steady and to track the target smoothly. He knows that he can demolish the hootch with a single devastating pass. These pilots can be identified early in their pass by a low roll-in and a comparatively shallow dive. Plan on adequate tracking time especially on the third or fourth pass. The vast majority of our successful kills have been on this type pass (also used by some pilots on napalm and hi-drag bomb deliveries; watch for these, too; they're easy).

* See attachment one for another clever method of destroying this type pilot—it's a gasser.

(Attachment one is inserted here to maintain continuity)

> *An amusing way to knock down F-100's is to place a charge of explosive at a likely spot on the ground. Cover the top of the charge with rocks, rusty bomb fragments, bones, etc. If you build a flimsy hootch around or near the charge, a flight of fighters will be lured in. After two or three passes, a trend will probably develop and when you estimate that one of them is flying low, directly over the hootch (as on a low angle napalm, hi-drag, or strafe pass), detonate the charge. The debris floating around will damage and possibly destroy the aircraft. If it doesn't get him, he will get credit for a "secondary explosion" and will be even more eager on the next hootch,

STEP NUMBER FIVE: (For automatic weapons guys): Don't burn up your gun barrel.

Some flights of fighters will fly their strafe patterns with reduced spacing. When they make a coordinated attack and seem to be going past zip-zip-zip, don't even try to fire at all of them. Try to pick out one who looks easy and concentrate on him. If they are all attacking from various high angles and from different directions, forget it; you'd be pissing into the wind.

STEP NUMBER SIX: Don't waste ammunition.

Almost all of our hits on fighters have been below 1500'. We've gotten a few at 2000'. Above that, you 12.7 mm guys have a chance, particularly if you can see them sailing along in a straight line under an overcast, but there's not too much point in the little guns even trying. Save your ammo for when they do come down low. Then fill the sky with all you have time to fire—that's not wasting it.

STEP NUMBER SEVEN: Live to fight again tomorrow.

If faced with an unusually deceptive flight that takes you by surprise out of the sun, drops assorted ordnance from totally unpredictable angles and directions, with individual fighters constantly turning and feinting, your best bet is to hide in a very deep hole to await better times. This is very good technique as "no ground fire" will be reported and even the best fighter pilots get complacent …

- End of Translation –

This reprint provided by the 614th "Lucky Devils," PACAF-PRGAB,RVN. ☻

Out of the Pan … Post Mortem – from page 26

Additional facts regarding Bill's published story:

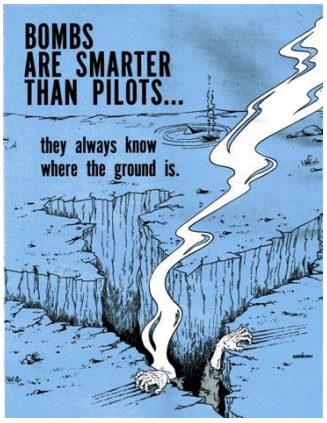
1. Took place during his first month in-country; a night CAS mission with RTB at 0230 Hours L.
2. Ground battle was between Army's 173rd Brigade and V.C.
3. Board found the TACAN approach was "badly designed." Tree height and Bien Hoa elevation were not included.
4. Major B., the flight lead, got low on approach. Hit trees with intake and sheared off nose gear (that was the flash that Bill saw). Lead made it to the runway, thus shutting it down.
5. Lighting his AB saved Bill, but ignited the fuel streaming out of his right wing resulting in big time fire.
6. The Colonel who met the rescue chopper thought Bill was just arriving from Clark and said, "Welcome to Vietnam, Lieutenant Barriere!"

Go figure. ☻

"… they always know where the ground is."

Bombs Are Smarter than Pilots

By Jim Kelm



Dear Ann Landers

I have only been flying fighters here in Vietnam a short while, but I already have a problem that doesn't seem to affect any of the other guys in my unit. Now don't jump to conclusions; it isn't that type of problem. My particular problem is that I can't seem to dud a high drag bomb. None of the others in my outfit have any trouble doing it; in fact, some can even dud two at the same time. Now, I ask you, is this fair? Oh sure, I can dud napes with the best of them, but when it comes to high drags, I just can't come through in the clutch. As a result, my commander's eyes light up when he sees me, but my status with the "jocks" is getting lower and lower. They think I'm brown-nosing, but I really can't help it. How can I start dudding high drags and thus become one of the gang?

Just sign me … a Pilot Requesting Information Concerning Kinetics (for high drags).

* * *

Dear P.R.I.C.K.,

My gracious, you really do have a problem, don't you? I have checked with my weapons delivery expert, Mr. Clyde J. Clutchbutt, and am happy to announce that I have the perfect solution for you. By the way, while he was in SEA, Clyde conducted his own test project on this very same subject, and was able to do it with amazing regularity … that is, until he was grounded (because of suspicions that he was a VC bomb supplier in disguise) and given the job of two-wheel vehicle control officer for the entire Delta region. But back to your problem.

Let's assume that you are the kind that sets his switches up right. Leaving the Bomb Arm switch off is a good way to dud, but it becomes quickly apparent even to the most casual observer. Besides, it takes all the fun and challenge out of the delivery itself. So, the first thing you must do to dud that high drag is get shallow—say 10 degrees. You see, once you are shallow, you can press right on in to a nice low altitude before you release; and, baby, pressing is the whole secret to a dud. In fact, at 10 degrees you may not even realize you are pressing till it is too late, and that is the beauty of being shallow. It boils down to being the relationship between time required for the fuse to arm versus time available from bomb release to impact. If you keep your dive angle up to 15 degrees or higher, you don't have a snowball's chance to dud that high drag by pressing. Oh, you may do it once! In that case, you will either bust your fanny (and that is sort of a rough way to solve your problem), or you will be so limp after the recovery that you won't be able to play with "Missy Wa" for at least two weeks.

In conclusion, Stud, if you want to dud high drags consistently, keep your dive angle at about 10 degrees and press in. In other words, deliver it like you would a 10 degree napalm, and your worries are over. Of course, if you come to your senses and realize that the light in your commander's eyes is one of approval, and is one hell of a lot better than what dubious status may exist in your outfit for an expert dudder, then keep your dive angle up and release at the proper altitude. Clyde agrees with me on this 'cause he says that testing the performance of two-wheel vehicles through the rice paddies in the monsoon season without a snorkel gets a tad gritty. So, forget this mad obsession you have, and stick to the proper release parameters. In your heart, you know I'm right (I've heard that before, somewhere).

Yours for bigger and more frequent ~~boobs~~ booms!
Ann-Baby

P.S. Tell Boots Brown that Clyde himself will soon be answering his letter concerning sight settings for level strafe at 20,000' … something about his last mission. I hope it arrives in time. ☻

This article was written by then-*Major James E. Kelm for the pilots of the 614th Tactical Fighter Squadron in1968 and is reprinted here compliments of the "Lucky Devils." The pre-Fleagle artwork (by Stan Hardison) is from the story's reprint introduction in the April, '70* TAC Attack.

Jim's storied Hun history began at Nellis in the spring of '57. Then came briefly the 405th TFW and the 506th TFW, both of which closed in '58. Next was the 18th TFW, 12th TFS, at Kadena AB, Okinawa from Dec '58 to Jun '62; Luke (4514th CCTS) IP from Jun '62 to Aug '66. (FWS Grad); and finally Phan Rang AB (614th TFS) Sep '67 to Sep '68 — 2750 Hun hours and 366 1/2 combat missions. (What the heck counts as a 1/2 combat mission? Did he have a caterpillar experience? Let us know, Jim!)

The F-4 Puke Patch

By Francis "Rusty" Gideon

In 1971-72, the 48th TFW, RAF Lakenheath, UK, was undergoing a transition from F-100s to F-4s. The three squadrons of the 48th, the 492nd, 493rd and the 494th TAC Fighter Squadrons, were to make the transition. Half the members of the new F-4 squadrons were to be experienced F-4 crewmembers, and the other half was to be former F-100 jocks from the 48th TFW. The former Hun pilots were to be sent to Luke AFB for F-4 training. My 492nd Squadron was the first of the wing's squadrons whose pilots were to be sent to Luke.

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

All F-100 pilots considered F-4 crewmembers to be of a lesser breed. The Hun jocks were single-seat, single-engine pilots; and two-engine, two-seat F-4 pilots were obviously an inferior race. As a rule, Hun pilots referred to all F-4 jocks as "F-4 Pukes." Accordingly, when it was announced who the first group of 11 pilots from the 492nd to be F-4 trainees were, we (I was included, see photo below) instantly became "F-4 Pukes" to the rest of the 48th wing.

L-R: Dick Clark, Bob Patterson, Glen Ramsdale, Rusty Gideon, Mike Mottern, Hugh Gommel, John Nettleton, Bob Scible, Ron Davis, Al Reed, & Fred Abrams

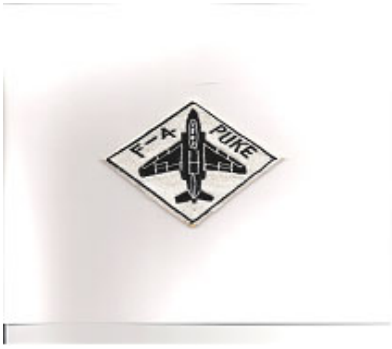
See SSS web site 48TFS/492TFS for names.

In a clever attempt to strike back at this vicious attack on our manhood, we poor "designated F-4 pukes" decided to fight fire with fire and throw the F-4 moniker right back in the face of the rest of the wing. We decided to declare our allegiance to F-4s and become proud members of the "F-4 Puke" community. Unbeknownst to the rest of the wing, we would do this by designing, purchasing, and wearing a new "F-4 Puke" patch.

And a beautiful patch it was! It was diamond shaped, with a white background and a black top silhouette of an F-4, flying upwards, in the center. The words "F-4 Puke" were stitched onto the borders above the wings of the F-4. The plan was that it would be worn on the right shoulder of our flight suit or flight jacket. Fred Abrams designed it and ordered a batch before the group left Lakenheath for Luke.

We showed up at Luke and began our training. Unfortunately, the F-4 Pukes who were our IP's noticed our arrogant attitude right away, and were not particularly pleased. Of course, since we were stellar pilots, they had no legitimate beef with our performance. So training progressed with a silent stand off over aircraft types until one fateful day not long into our training. That day, Fred received the order of "F-4 Puke" patches. Our original idea of wearing the patch when we returned to Lakenheath was a stroke of genius. Unfortunately, Fred's timing was a bit off.

Instead of waiting to don the patch until we were on our way back to Lakenheath, Fred decided to try it out at Luke—a base full of nothing but F-4 Pukes! As soon as he received the patches, he put one on his flight jacket and beat feet to the stag bar. It was late in the evening, and only a couple of people were in the bar, namely the wing commander and the wing ops officer. Fred strolled in, sidled up to the bar and the s*** hit the fan!



The dreaded F-4 Puke patch.

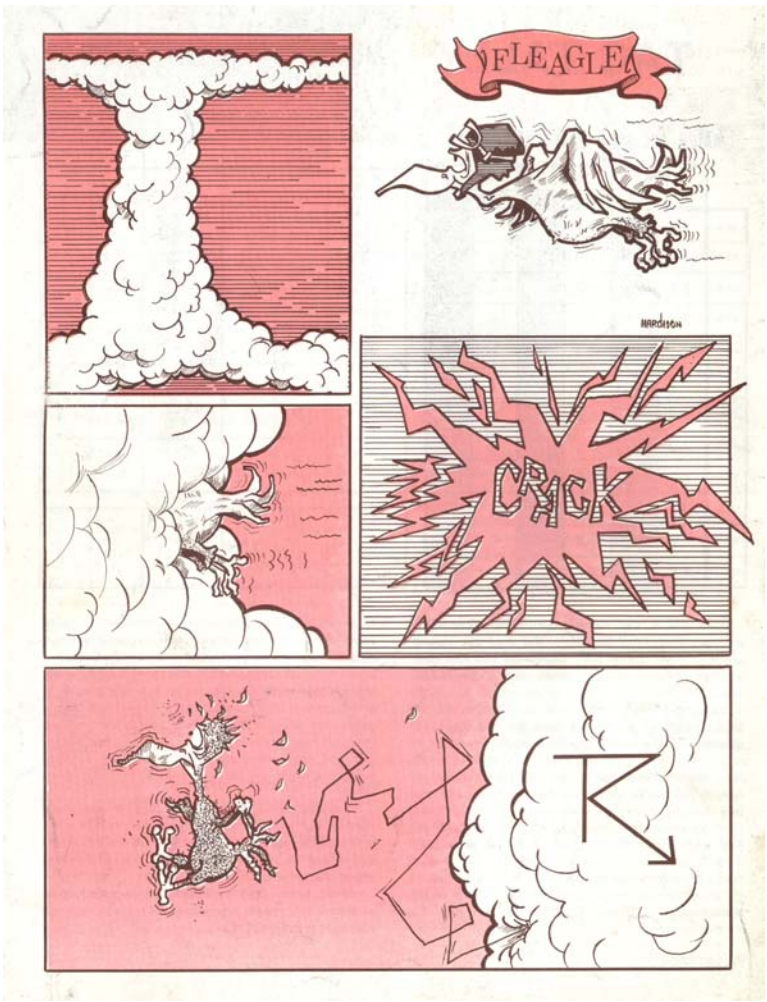
Next thing we knew, all of us Lakenheath pilots were standing at attention out in front of the VOQ in our skivvies, being chewed out by the wing commander for having a rotten attitude and being a disgrace to the uniform. He immediately called our wing commander at Lakenheath, told him we were being sent home, and that no one from Lakenheath would ever again be allowed at Luke.

Well, things settled down by morning. We went on to become little lambs around the F-4 Pukes and graduated with flying colors. When we got back to Lakenheath, our wing commander, who obviously had no sense of humor, announced that he "never wanted to hear the words "F-4 Puke" again," and that if he ever saw an "F-4 Puke" patch, he would immediately court martial the individual who was wearing it. I still have mine! ☻

Hun Fine Art

Prompted by Marylee Moreland's fine art painting and story on page eleven of *Issue Three*, we've had several nice pieces of **Hun Fine Art** submitted to add to our growing collection. We'll be "showing" more of them in coming issues. This third submitted oil on canvas, hanging in his den, belongs to Hal Hermes and was painted **twice** (ask Hal for the story) by his friend, well known Air Force Art Program Illustrator, Bill Reynolds. It depicts a 493rd TFS, 48th TFW F-100C (should be a "D", eh?) over the Grand Canyon. I seem to remember a few rides deep inside that beautiful park trying to get to the nuke targets at Gila Bend ranges, under bad weather, at TOT, plus or minus five seconds. Thanks for your contribution, Hal.

Still accepting more **Hun Fine Art** for future issues. Send them in, please. Ed. ☻



TAC Attack – First Fleagle Strip - June 1970

Return to those thrilling days of yesteryear with Fleagle! These pages of history are courtesy of the beloved Safety Strip's creator Stan Hardison and today's Air Combat Command. Read all about it at URL **http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0JCA/is_7_12/ai_112090770**

☻

Back Cover Credit–Paul Rost

Paul provided the photo used on the back cover of* Issue Three*. It showed the scene off the left wing from the lead F-model's backseat of a 16-ship diamond flyby at Wheelus. to celebrate Armed Forces Day on May 15, 1965.

This issue's photo shows the scene off Lead's right wing while the gaggle was in maneuvering formation. One of the two spares is going high to help shape up the tight diamond for the Pass in Review. The 18 birds came six apiece from the 20th, 48th and 50th TFWs. The crowd was dazzled by this unusual event!

Parting Shot on Dues

Remember to check your personal data at the SSS Web site (or call me). Password is "things on the ass end of the airplane that open up when you call for AB." If "they" don't come to mind, give me a call at (505) 293-8396.

If something's wrong, send the corrections to Pete Davitto. If you're dues delinquent, send the money direct to Lee Graves via the Georgetown PO Box.

Since dues are due on 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 every year. Works good and lasts a long time!

Meanwhile, have a safe and happy holiday season … and check 6. Ed.

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U.S. AIR FORCE