Summer 2018 Issue 37

The Intake

Journal of the Super Sabre Society
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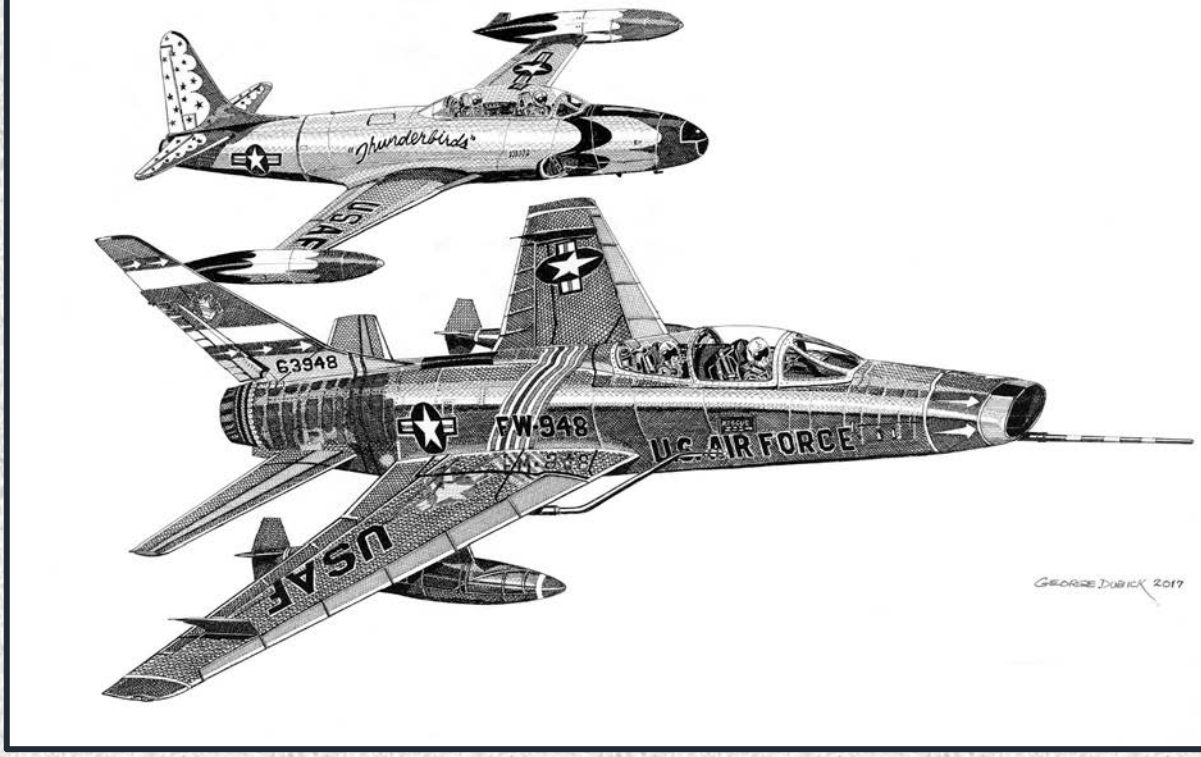


— "Hun Fine Art Collection" —

Two "Wild Weasel Air Museum" Birds Headed to an Air Show … Somewhere.

(Credits, page 2.)

Paul Doumer Bridge, By Bob Spielman **(Featured article, page 27.)**

Chasing the 4-Star, By Greg Butler **(Second featured article, page 32.)**

The Intake

Summer 2018, Vol. 2, Issue 37 *JOURNAL OF THE SUPER SABRE SOCIETY*

Front Cover Art Credits

SSSer Hun pilot and aviation artist George Dubick has finished another of his pen and ink illustrations and submitted it for use in our journal, *The Intake*. It's rather unique because it depicts two different aircraft that George flew himself when he flew with the "Wild Weasel Air Museum" back in the day before they sold their F-model to Dean Cutshall. It's really unique because George used, for his inspiration, a full color, "Tri-media" picture of "948" provided by SSS Associate and aviation artist David Tipps. Thus, this is the first time we've used a piece of fine art that contains elements of the artistry of not one, but two SSS members. See page 39 for more info on this this artwork.

Dues Status

If your DUES STATUS (printed on the envelope this came in) is "In Arrears," our records show that as of 10 July, you had not paid for 2018—$35 payable on or before 1 January of each year. If you are "In Arrears," please take care of that MEMBER responsibility ASAP!

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

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

Staff Corner

From the President's Desk

ELECTION SEASON for the country and the SSS is starting. Campaigning for the nation's midterm elections has begun as we see on the nightly news. ON PAGE 17 OF THE INTAKE you will find how the SSS election will be conducted IAW with SSS by-laws. I sincerely hope our SSS election will be more civil than that of the country at large, but with fighter pilots, there is no guarantee.

I am coming to the end of my four-year term as SSS President on 1 January 2019. I will not seek a second term. I firmly believe in the rotation of leadership, new ideas, new directions and opportunity for others. It has been more than fun to serve, it has been an honor. We have a GREAT board of dedicated Hun drivers. The board has provided vision and direction for Hoppy, the CEO, who has done an incredible job: Dayton, the recent Vegas reunion, Ft. Wayne, putting 440 in Udvar-Hazy, the Keith Ferris lithos, preparation for the next reunion. Thanks, Hop, from all of us.

I have some advice for the next President: be passionately dedicated to the purpose in our mission statement, "To preserve the history of the F-100 Super Sabre and the men who flew it." A worthy goal indeed! Help preserve our legacies; provide vision and new and innovative projects; be prepared for hard work that will require lots of your time in an organization of volunteers with a very slim budget, low dues and little flexibility; promote collegiality and respect—it isn't easy; do not expect many pats on the back, graciousness is not a core competency of elderly fighter pilots; find a way to be patient and keep your sense of humor, you'll need it. I will be your biggest cheerleader (well, maybe Rose), standing by to help or stay out of the way.

There are miles to go before we sleep, new projects: continuing hard work on the bios with MB Barrett's expert assistance; adding videos to the bios; putting access to selected *Intake* articles *by members* into their website bios; perhaps a new SSS monument project for Nellis; adding an Author's Corner to tout SSS authors and help those who want to write; a "stretch goal" of finding the names of "everyone" who flew the F-100 and providing some type of recognition, a simple name on a list, an obituary, a story, a photo. This is going to be REALLY hard, but we've already started the effort, because WE'RE WORTH IT! We are amazing and what we did will never be done again. Our story needs to be told for posterity,

As always, I want to thank the Board and officers for their support. They are terrific. *The Intake*, the website, membership management, accounting, IRS reporting, the projects, the reunions, legal advice don't just happen. The Board issues guidance, someone takes it on and we all pitch in. It is a great and worthy group of friends with most of their effort unseen and under-appreciated, so, what's new in military aviation.

What a group of men, and the women who support them! Could anyone have lived a more fulfilling life than us? ONWARD AND UPWARD **– *Shep***

From the Editor

As the days dwindle down to the precious few before it is time again to send our polished next issue to the printer, one daunting task always seems to loom larger and larger: *what the heck should I say in my column this time?*

I've decided this time to be a nag. I'm gonna keep bugging each and every one of you until we get a written account from you of at least one of your favorite stories, or fondest or most terrifying memories from your days in the Hun.

"Naw," you say, "none of my stuff is all that interesting." Oh yeah? Then why do you tell such fascinating stories about the good old days when you're with your buddies at the bar, or, when coaxed sufficiently, relate to your adoring grandkids some of those high adventures, low moments, or funny anecdotes that you know will entertain your every audience. You know because you've already done that (my wife would say, "way too many times"… when she's being polite about it).

What about that time, day or night, when you didn't think you were going to make it back? Or that time at the bar when you and your squadron mates were giving the bomber pilots a hard time?

Or that combat mission, or that practice mission in peacetime, when things went wrong, as they so often could in the Hun? Aren't those worth telling us about? *You bet they are!*

They are part of the richly woven fabric of our shared history as pilots in the most dangerous operational fighter plane ever built. (The Sopwith Camel ranks second, and the F-104 third in the "highest accident rate" category.) And as my neighbor in the next column over (to the left) put it, "We are amazing and what we did will never be done again. Our story needs to be told for posterity." Translation: "Our story" means the cumulative collection of *all* our stories, gathered and preserved for readers and researchers who will be riveted by it all … long, long after the last of us are gone.

Gee, what should I write about? Think a minute. It's likely we have a category or department in this journal for anything you can come up with, be it hairy, funny, historically or personally important, or—more likely than not, several of the above. Just think: you share with over a thousand fellow members the same sin: a failure to do your share to write and tell us about any of the many things you *could* share, if only you would. Just DO IT! **– *JJ Schulz***

Incoming/Outgoing — Correspondence

Here are several items of interest received from members or other sources since Issue 36 hit the streets. We also publish here other pertinent information we consider worthy of note. As always, we welcome comments, additions and especially corrections (heaven forefend that we ever need correcting!). ***Ed.***

Keith Ferris' "Super Sabers Respond" Litho News

As reported in Issue 36, Keith and Peggy Ferris made good on their promise to get the lithos out to their owners in time for Christmas. Some owners even managed to get theirs framed before Christmas, or soon thereafter. We've had reports from several owners in regard to showing off, donating, and/or comparing their framing designs/titles to Medley's (as he suggested on page 39). Here in arrival chronologic order are those reports. Not surprisingly, Shep was first!

3/2/18 "I took my Keith Ferris (worldwide-known aviation artist) F-100 litho to the Friday Pilots lunch today in Tucson and told the story about aircraft #440, the morning of Tet '68, the painting, the litho and the light box. Someone asked a question about the size of the original painting - the original was 5" wider and taller than the litho image."

Note Shep's design is sans the "Title Drop Cut" per Medley's design.

3/10/18 From Jim Wolff: I'm a member of the SSS and am also a member of the Daedalians and the local George E. "Bud" Day Flight here at Fort Walton Beach, FL. We renamed our Flight (originally Seagull Flight) after Bud's death because he was a native here and a member of our local Daedalian Flight. I'm sure you are aware that Bud was also a charter member of SSS. I just donated my copy of Keith Ferris' painting litho to our Flight and it is shown here as a part of our memorial to Bud. His Daedalian Jacket is encased just below the framed litho. **— *Jim***

Thanks. Didn't know about the renaming. Note the single mat with a plaque covering the printed name and explanation that says simply on three lines. "'Super Sabres Respond', In Honor of Our Flight's Namesake, Col. George E. 'Bud' Day." Nice touch.

3/20/18 From Bob Salisbury: I enjoyed reading Issue 36 and noted your request for pictures and descriptions of how SSS members framed their "Sabres Respond" lithos. Attached is a pic of my framed print in my home office. My wife, who is an artist, and I took my print to the local Hobby Lobby where she has many of her pieces framed. The guy at the frame shop has a good eye.

As you can see, we chose a frame very similar to yours. It is about 1 1/2 inches wide but is in a dark brown with a slightly distressed feature. We chose a cream colored mat partially to capture the colors in the print (similar to the smaller segment of your mat). What I found somewhat ironic is that the wider green segment of your mat is very similar to the color of the wall in my home.

The significant difference in our framers' approaches is the handling of the title. Your print has what you refer to as a "title drop cut" (I liken it to the "notch" at the top of the new iPhone X). My framer created *a "window"* in the mat. We did not intentionally create a somber look but it is quite similar to yours. And we have not named it. ***Bob***

Medley's reply: So far you are the first and only responder to that request. Good, workmanlike description of your frame job. I hope for more. Actually the green mat you mention about our frame job is gray, might be a lighting effect that "greens it up." But with yours, it looks like the cream mat compliments your green wall nicely. Thanks for playing this game! **— *Medley*** *So far, in this game, including Medley's "Title Drop Cut" (see I-36 front cover), we have four specimens that handle the Title situation in four distinctly different ways! Perhaps we may receive additional specimens to add to this collection. Who knows?* ***Ed.***

Comments on "From a Wife's Perspective" Article

*The author, Jeni Halimun Budhkowski, politely noted that we had managed to misspell her middle name, which is Halimun, not Halimum as we had it. By return email, this went out to Jeni: "Dear Jeni: thank you for the kind note and apologies for the misspelling of your name. I thought we had caught that error while we worked through the several iterations of editing and proofreading this issue, which we do for each issue with several sets of eyes. We will definitely have a correction in the next issue, expressing then, and now, my profound apologies. Warmest regards to you both. — **JJ**"*

On a lighter note, Jackie Douglas wrote: "Hi John! I so enjoy THE INTAKE. Called Jeni B. and applauded her wife article. I shall encourage more contributions when I attend the October Misty reunion in Oregon. Fond regards." **— *JD***

Military Aircraft Preservation Society (MAPS) Intake Archives

From Ken Ramsay: "Issue 36 starts the 4th volume of our INTAKE collection here at MAPS (see photo)." **— *Ken*** *Our reply:* "Hard to believe we've been at this for 12 years! Thanks to MAPS for being our third of four air museums (so far) with complete collections of our journal! And thanks to all the SSS Board members and officers for the continuing outstanding support that made it possible." **— *Medley***

News Flash: *Ken found our fifth* Intake *Archive player, thanks to Don "Stymie" Nichols. It's the "Prairie Aviation Museum." See http://prairieaviationmuseum.org/!*

North American Aviation (NAA) Retirees Legacy Program and the Hun

"JJ: The North American Aviation Retirees have a program to install benches at appropriate museums to remember NAA's contributions to military aviation. On 28 March '18, there will be a dedication of the benches recently installed at the San Diego Air and Space Museum. At NAA's request, I will make a few remarks about the F-100. [What a wonderful program and truly professional bench design!]

In Issue 36 of *The Intake,* I noted you have included articles about the early history of the Hun. Do you plan to include any articles from the NAA Retirees Bulletin DVD (I sent to you last July) in future issues of *The Intake*? I know that would mean a lot to them. Another great job with Issue 36!" – ***Dave Barnett*** *You betchum, Dave.* *See page 18!*

Another Name SNAFU

"John: Once again you and your staff have come up with an outstanding issue of *The Intake*. I write to you to offer a small correction in the "The Way We Were" section. The good looking fighter pilot labeled as George Rich resembles how I looked over 50+ years ago. This is a familiar happening to me, having two first names, so I ask that you not make it a big issue of this observation. Thanks for your attention. **— *Rich George*** *We try our best to get names right, but sometimes we miss an error. In your case, the two first names did us in. But Medley would like to apologize because 1) he does that Dept. and failed to convert the picture's file name ("last name first" for sorting reasons), and 2), he should have known better because he was a 79th Tiger with some overlap with your tour. "Yikes!" said Medley when he saw your email.* ***Ed.***

Schulz's "Writing Mandates" Spur a Humorous Short Story

"John: Just got the latest copy of the *Intake* and it was a great one, as usual. I spent the entire afternoon reading it, and I noticed your 'mandates' on writing that caught my attention. 'Adverbs (words ending in 'ly') are far better than adjectives.' This jogged my memory—a true story that I have passed on to a couple of friends." **— *Don Stymie Nichols***

Stymie: Many thanks for the very interesting note. And I note from the "quickly" used in the last sentence that you side with me on that mandate or "suggestion." Cheers and thanks for a great story. **— *JJ*** *(See page 12!)*

Lt. Col. Robert L. Dunham Jr. Memorial Scholarship

The recipient and well-wishers.

The Friends of the Super Sabre (FSS, a partner of the SSS) awarded its first "Memorial Scholarship" on May 15, 2018 to Hannah Shockley. Hannah is a student at Portage Lakes Career Center, Uniontown, OH. She is also enrolled in the Aeronautical Technology program at the Military Aviation Preservation Society Air Museum. The scholarship is awarded to students enrolled in aviation programs and who plan to attend college in an aviation career field. Hannah was an outstanding choice, as she excels in both academic and practical course work, maintains an exceptional attitude, a maturity level beyond her peers, and works with the highest level of honesty, integrity and responsibility. In August, Hannah will enter the University of Cincinnati in the school of Aero Engineering. (Pic men, L to R, Dr. Ben Moore, PLCC; Mike Dean & Ken Ramsay, FSS; Jerry Patton, MAPs.)

If you would like to contribute to the Lt. Col. Bob Dunham Jr. Memorial Scholarship, please send a check to Friends of the Super Sabre, c/o Linda Dean, 9 Creekside Court, Gordonville, PA 17529.

Super Sabre Snapshots…and Other Important Imagery

This department provides a venue for stand-alone imagery of note, or images with connections to other articles where space for supporting photos was limited. We have selected a set of two images for this issue. Enjoy! ***Ed.***

Ninety-three-year old SSSer George Kinnison sent some fascinating snapshots from his NA Test Pilot days. This pic is of the first of the nine total T-bird Cs off the production line, circa 1956. George says he took it (5728) for its first flight. Talk about preserving the history of the F-100 and the men who flew the aircraft … this is the right stuff! Thanks George. P.S. We'll have more Hun history from George in Issue 38. ◘

Jim Brasier found this odd picture online. "The hard-to-read writing at the upper left identifies it as an F-100 — F-101 buddy refueling test out of Edwards Flight Test Center. Surprised me [me too, **Ed.**]. We had an F-100 buddy refueling system with the 510th TFS in the PI and I rode in the back seat of the F-100F 'tanker' once. Cheers, — Jim" *See I-10, page 24!*

Maurice Allen's Caterpillar Club Story

I had the opportunity to "un-ass" an F-100 while returning from Wheelus Air Base, Libya, to Chaumont Air Base, France, in January, 1959. We had a two-ship flight and were still climbing out on departure when the engine of my plane blew.

Of course, everything was shaking and lots of smoke in the cockpit, but the old "Hun" was still holding together. My EGT was pegged, but no fire warning light, so I shut the engine down and turned back to Wheelus. My rescue would be coming from there, and I had not yet been able to pick up Malta on the bird dog. Since we had plenty of altitude, I set up the glide while my wingman called Air Sea Rescue on guard channel. I estimate we were about 100 miles out to sea. As the altitude dwindled and the water loomed closer, I elected to restart the engine to see what I could get. Only 65% on the tach and an acceptable 640 degrees on the EGT. As I got down to 7,000 feet, my wingman reported that Air Sea Rescue was on the way out, so I told him to tell them to hurry, lifted the nose a bit and punched out.

I was in the water for about 2 hours, and fortunately, a Bug-Smasher (type of small aircraft that doesn't fly very high) was returning from Naples and heard my call on Guard. He told my wingman he could cap me all day, if needed, so he could return to Wheelus because his fuel was getting low.

There must have been a big smile on my face when I spotted the SA-16 which picked me up. I love those guys!

The Express-News from San Antonio, TX, reported the incident in their January 24, 1959, newspaper. It read "United States Air Force Lt. Maurice Allen was picked up uninjured from the Mediterranean Sea Thursday, minutes after he parachuted from his F-100 Super Sabre jet, USAF European headquarters announced Friday. A spokesman said Allen, of Hidalgo, Texas, was on a training flight from the Chaumont Base in France when his plane's jet engine failed. A USAF air-rescue plane picked him up almost immediately, the spokesman said." ◘

We're thinking we could publish one of these 70-some hair-raising adventures we have in stock in each issue of The Intake *until the last SSS member isn't standing? Humm: Maybe, maybe not! Do the math.* ***Ed. & Pub Med***

Stake Your Claim (SYC)

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

Last fall was rather sparse on SYC inputs as I-36 had none to publish. However, this vacuum prompted a plethora of SYCs for this issue where we are pressed to fit them all in. The SYC staff thanks those who combed the cobwebs of a distant memory to provide us with your SYCs for Issue 37!

Claim Challenges — ► **Lynn Farnsworth** claims he has the "**Most F-100 out-of-country combat missions = 74,**" challenging Glen Ramsdale's I-33 SYC of 59 missions. Lynn, being a former Misty pilot, agrees there may be more challenges to this SYC. So, let's award Lynn this title with 74 out-of-country combat missions and see what happens.

New Claims — ► **Jim "Bird-dog" Ellis** claims he was "The first to fly all three "single-seat" operational models of the F-100." He first flew the F-100C on 30 March 1956, F-100A on 6 June 1956 and the F-100D on 2 December 1956. Jim said he had 400 hours in the three single-seaters before his unit ever saw a two-seat F-100F. This is a valid SYC claim and Jim is awarded the title of "**First to fly all three 'Single-seat' operational models of the F-100 = F-100C 30 March 1956, F-100A 6 June 1956, F-100D 2 December 1956**".

► **John Painter** submitted two claims: # 1 "**Youngest pilot to eject from an F-100 TWICE = 25y, 6m, 11d.**" This is a unique claim and we hereby bestow the title to John (we did the math from the events and birth dates provided).

2 "**Shortest time-period between two F-100 ejections = 8m, 10d.**" This is another unique claim, at least within our SYC Scoreboard, (yes, we did a "Find" search). So this title also goes to John. Congrats!

► Bill Kriz claims a SYC title of being the "**Only F-100 pilot to land with an AAR drogue basket on the refueling boom.**" As Bill was refueling he noticed some fuel leaks in the hose forward of the basket just before the hose separated at the leaks, draping some hose over the wing. However, prior to landing the hose fell off, but the basket remained on the boom. (It must have been a bit hairy!) The claimed SYC title goes to Bill. Any more similar "events" out there?

► **Jerry de la Cruz** claims that in training at Luke, he is the "**Only Hun pilot to hit the dart target on the first live fire *trigger pull*.**" Jerry gets this SYC title; it's likely to be challenged. (FYI: There are 34 SYC titles with "only" in them.)

► **Pete Biddle** claims to be the "**Only F-100 pilot to fly combat missions without any formal F-100 CCTS/RTU gunnery training.**" Seems Pete's F-100 gunnery training was all *local* (guns {dart} with the TACOs and the rest at Cannon) before going to Da Nang in 1964 and flying combat support missions coded (0-7), and then in early 1965, flying combat coded (0-1) missions. We'll give Pete his claimed title, but suspect it might be challenged, and soon. (FYI: there are now 35 SYC "Only" titles!)

► **Lynn Farnsworth** submitted three claims. Here's our take on each: # 1 "**Only F-100 pilot to be shot down on his birthday (19 January 1970).**" This may stand! Then, maybe not? Lynn has the target title. ("Only" Number 36.)

2 "**Shortest time between F-100 combat shoot downs = 2m.**" Yup, 19 January 1970 to 19 March 1970 is two months. Another SYC title goes to Lynn.

3 "Only Hun pilot to be rescued a second time by Jolly Green Giants crew that were part of the first Jolly Green Giants crew." No, no, no, Lynn. This is *not* a valid SYC title, because who rescued you is external to "what you did in or with a Hun," as our criteria for Stake Your Claim puts things. Sorry 'bout that. **Pub Med** be the arbiter here.

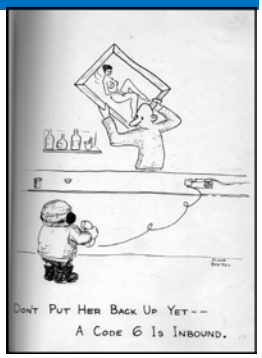
Parting Thoughts — ► Although F-100 pilots were receiving ground fire in Vietnam and Laos in the fall of 1964 after the Gulf of Tonkin deployment, we were subjected to only logging 0-7 Combat Support flying time. It wasn't until early 1965, only after several F-100s were shot down, that pilots then were allowed to log 0-1 Combat time. That early era of the war must have been considered by higher headquarters as just a "scrimmage," rather than a real war. Naturally, Hun pilots being shot at viewed it differently at the time. **JB** ◘

Second Ft. Wayne Hun Flying Event

This 17-24 June event is underway as we near our deadline for I-37 of *The Intake*. There's no time or space left to produce a "First Class or Not at All" after action report. However we do plan to produce and publish such a report in the fall I-38 edition of our journal. Stay tuned!

Grinning Monday Hun Pilot Riders and IP Dean Cutshall

Another Pair of "Tuy Hoa Ace" Cartoons



Lebanon 1958 and the Composite Air Strike Force

By Edward Stellini

This article is based primarily on the author's memories and notes. It also relies on historical sources including information in an article in the Saturday Evening Post *in September 1958, titled "Operation Double Trouble" by James P. O'Donnell, who deployed with the troops.* ***Ed.***

1st Lt. Ed Stellini at Myrtle Beach circa 1957.

354th FDW morphed to the 354th TFW in 1958.

The 354th Fighter Group, known as the "Pioneer Mustangs," was considered the top fighter group in World War II. It flew 18,334 sorties, destroying 956 enemy aircraft, 701 in the air, to establish the highest air-to-air combat record of any fighter group. The group also destroyed numerous bridges, railroad cars, tanks, gun emplacements, ammo dumps, and buildings. On 31 March 1946, the Group was deactivated. Ten years later, in July 1956, the 342nd Fighter Day Wing was activated at Myrtle Beach AFB, SC. Less than five months later, in December, the Wing was reactivated as the 354th Fighter Day Wing, and included the same squadrons as the old 354th: i.e. the 353rd, 355th, and 356th. The best World War II fighter group was put under the command of Colonel Francis Gabreski, the Air Force's top living fighter ace. Lt. Col. Rex Barber, one of the P-38 pilots credited with shooting down Admiral Yamamoto, the architect of the Pearl Harbor attack, near Guadalcanal in 1943, was named Wing Inspector. Later, a fourth squadron, the 352nd, was formed with aircraft and pilots from the other three squadrons.

In January 1957, six of us more senior pilots in the newly formed Wing were sent to George AFB, California, to check out in the F-100 and begin ferrying aircraft to Myrtle Beach from west coast bases to equip the squadrons. Pilots were assigned from gunnery training school and other fighter wings such as the 50th Wing at Hahn AB, Germany.

During the first year and a half, the main activities of the Wing were checking out new pilots in the F-100D, conducting transition and instrument training, getting up to speed on nuclear warfare capabilities, and training in tactical nuclear delivery. We did very little conventional training other than some air-to-air firing on the rag (banner target) and air-to-ground strafing and bombing at Poinsett Range near Shaw AFB, SC.

F-100 Meets the KB-50J

By May 1958, we were pretty much operationally ready and were beginning to train in air-to-air refueling with the KB-50J. By the end of June, most of us had become proficient in day hookups and were starting night training.

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

The KB-50J had four reciprocating and two jet engines. Three basket-type drogues—one from each wing pod and one from the tail—reeled out for air refueling. The tanker flew at about 20,000 feet at about 310 knots TAS. The fighters cruised above 30,000 feet at about 550 knots TAS. Once the flight saw the tankers it would descend to tanker altitude splitting up into 2-ship elements, slow down, and come in from behind, slowly easing up to a position just behind the extended drogues. For the receiver pilot, the hookup involved flying alongside the drogue at the tanker's speed, about 220 knots indicated, and, while flying formation with the tanker and watching the drogue out of the corner of his eye, moving forward until the refueling probe on his right wing connected with the drogue. If he was lucky, he could hook up in one to three attempts. Once hooked up, refueling began, and as the aircraft got heavier, he added power. He disconnected when the tanker told him that he had a full load, which he double checked with his fuel gages. The time to refuel, if carrying 'bathtubs' (450-gallon external tanks) and pretty low on fuel to start with, was about ten minutes.

On 1 July 1958, the designation of the unit was changed to the 354th Tactical Fighter Wing. We were no longer considered to be only a clear-air-mass day fighting organization.

Crisis in the Middle East

In early July 1958, the situation in the Middle East was gaining much attention. Muslim Arab nationalists in Lebanon were rebelling against the government. The President of Lebanon asked the United States for help. He was concerned that his regime was in danger of being ousted by his enemies, with the support of the communists. On 14 July, news about a lightning coup and bloodbath in Baghdad reached Washington. Pro-communist army officers had overthrown the government and declared Iraq a republic. King Fasail and Prince Abdul Ilah were killed. President Eisenhower decided to send 10,000 Marines to Lebanon as a show of force and to send air and additional ground troops to support the operation.

Within an hour, a flash alert went out of the Pentagon to two troop carrier wings at Ardmore AFB in Oklahoma and Seward AFB in Tennessee. Three squadrons (about 50 C-119s and C-130s) were ordered to the Middle East.

"Incirlik Tower, the 355th TFS Huns have the field in sight."

Alerts went out to various tanker, bomber, fighter, and reconnaissance bases. These included: KB-50J tankers and B-57 medium bombers at Langley AFB, VA, F-100s at Myrtle Beach AFB, SC, RF-101s and RB-66s at Shaw AFB, SC, and several F-86Ds at ADC bases. These forces were designated "Composite Air Strike Force Bravo" in the 19th Air Force's Emergency War Plan. The plan specified that the base of operations was Incirlik AB near Adana, Turkey. Incirlik was built in 1954 and was not highly publicized, probably due to U-2 operations there. A Turkish major commanded the base. There were about 2,000 U.S. Air Force officers and airmen in the Base Support Group called TUSLOG (The U.S. Logistics Group).

The alert also went out to the Army. About 1,800 paratroopers in Germany began mobilizing for the trip to Incirlik to serve as backup to the Marines who would land in Lebanon.

The Plan addressed differences in planes, speeds, ranges, and air-refueling techniques and required that all must be phased into a stringent priority timetable to avoid bottlenecks and stack-ups. The "air-superiority" fighters were to be at Incirlik before the transports arrived. The tankers had to be out over the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean area before the fighters arrived at the air-refueling rendezvous points and had to be available for the slower bombers that would follow. Then they were to proceed to Incirlik for operations in the theater. The transports had to go to the various bases to pick up flyaway kits and maintenance personnel and take them to Incirlik as soon as possible to support operations.

The 19th Air Force was a small mobile headquarters located at Foster AFB, TX. It set up to take over operational control of the Composite Air Strike Force (CASF) as soon as it became airborne. The commander of the operation was Major General Henry Viccellio [Butch's father]. While General Viccellio and his staff were en route to Incirlik, they coordinated all activities during the deployments and arrived at Incirlik on 16 July to command air operations.

On 14 July, the 354th Wing was notified at 0945 to put the Plan into effect, and at once began planning for the 6,400-mile deployment to Incirlik. In fact, we were aware that there was a high likelihood that we would be deploying to the Middle East ever since we began air refueling training in May and had already done some planning. The planning involved two sections of 12 aircraft each—Resort Alpha (355th), Resort Bravo (352nd). A third section of aircraft, Resort Cocoa, was to follow as required. Alpha crews were immediately sent home to pack and were told to be back as soon as possible to help with the flight planning and to be briefed. Alpha was to launch at 1550. Bravo crews were told to go home and get crew rest because they would launch about eight hours after Alpha. Cocoa flight was to follow the next day.

Resort Alpha Launches

Resort Alpha was led by the 355th's Commander, Lt. Col. Devol "Rock" Brett. Each flight of four in our section included a two-seat F-100F with a pilot in the back seat to help with navigation. The aircraft were to fly to the first refueling point over the Atlantic, halfway between Bermuda and Nova Scotia, then proceed to the second refueling point over the Azores, to the third refueling south of France in the Mediterranean, and finally on to Incirlik. Resort Bravo and Cocoa sections were to follow the same flight path. The only navigation aids were several CS-54 "Duckbutts" with radar-steering capability, the tankers in the refueling areas with their radars, a little contact flying when we were over land, plus a lot of dead reckoning over water. Some of the pilots had made trans-Atlantic crossings before, but not non-stop flights.

The 355th TFS was the first deployment.

Resort Alpha section, cruising at 30,000 feet at 550 knots burning about 3,000 pounds of fuel an hour of the 8,000-plus pounds aboard at full load, crossed Cape Fear, Virginia, and headed out over the Atlantic. About an hour out, Alpha passed the first and only Duckbutt (of the three that were supposed to be on station). Two hours after takeoff, as the sun set, the section spotted the tankers. Each tanker was to take on two fighters, but because of last-minute changes in plans, only three tankers showed up, and one of those aborted due to low fuel. In the confusion, one fighter disconnected with only half a load and a second got no fuel. Colonel Brett ordered those two fighters to head north to the emergency field at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. But Dartmouth was socked in when they arrived, so they headed for Greenfield, Nova Scotia. One aircraft landed (the one piloted by Capt. Shelby Evans, the squadron ops officer). The second aircraft ran out of fuel and the pilot bailed out, landing near the town of Caledonia, Nova Scotia.

By then, it was dark. There were cumulus buildups and thunderstorms in the area and the tankers were moving in different directions. One tanker with a single F-100, piloted by Lt. Dan Walsh, took a 120-degree turn. Their speed was down to 260 knots and altitude was about 15,000 feet. By the time Walsh disconnected and climbed back to 35,000 feet to get above the weather, the rest of the section was 150 miles ahead.

After losing 25 minutes in the refueling area, the nine remaining F-100s proceeded on to the Azores for their next air refueling, but the section was broken up into singles and 2-ship elements and communications had broken down. Not all aircrews could talk to all others.

En route to the second refueling, three more Duckbutts were supposed to be on station but only two were there. Two of the pilots, Lt. Clyde Garner and Lt. "Zeke" Zielinski, didn't know where they were, and had about ten minutes of fuel. It was about midnight. Zielinski called "MAYDAY, MAYDAY." Garner saw a large red glow below and thought Zielinski has crashed and exploded. He had 700 pounds of fuel when he spotted what he thought was a tramp steamer. He circled it and got ready to eject when he realized the glow he saw was an active volcano on one of the Azores islands. Zielinski got a DF signal from Lajes AB, found Garner, and escorted him to the field. After landing they bought a bottle of bourbon for the DF operator in the tower.

At the refueling rendezvous, Brett had only five minutes of fuel as he approached the tankers. The weather was clear but extremely turbulent. At refueling altitude, about 20,000 feet, the hookups began, but the turbulence was bad and two tankers ran short of fuel while the Huns were attempting to hook up. Brett and three others made only partial hookups and had to land at Lajes. (Later, I recall Brett telling me that he was so mad at the tankers that if he had ammo aboard, he might have fired off a few rounds. He was joking, of course.) Brett ordered the remaining four aircraft to form up as a single flight and head for the next refueling south of France. The four aircraft were piloted by Capt. George Branch and Lt. Russ Youngblood in an F-100F, Lt. Dan Walsh, Lt. Craig Fink, and Lt. Jim Cartwright. In about an hour they saw first light and made landfall on the coast of Portugal. GCI gave them a positive fix. They called the tankers, and they reported the weather was good. Six tankers were on station, more than needed, and the flight to Incirlik was uneventful. By the time they landed, the five pilots had been in the air for 12 hours and 35 minutes. Later, all five received the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Resort Bravo Gets Ready

About 1800 on 14 July, while Resort Alpha was scrambling in the first refueling area, Resort Bravo (352nd) crews were busy drawing lines on maps and preparing flight logs for their mission. Much of the planning had been done for Resort Alpha, but there were a number of changes (e.g., weather, Duckbutt availability, tanker availability). Lt. George Waring, the squadron intelligence officer, and I had the day off. We and our wives went to Charleston, SC, for the day. On the way home, we passed the base and saw all the activity on the ramp—refueling trucks, C-130s with engines running, an unusual number of aircraft departing and arriving. So we went by 352nd ops to see what was happening. The pilots were preparing navigation packages and going over maps. The weather officer was there with his charts. So were most of the other senior staff.

The 352nd TFS was the second deployment.

Lt. Col. Franklin Fisher, 352nd Commander, filled us in on what was happening and told us to go home, pack our bags, and get right back. Waring was not an F-100 pilot and would deploy in a C-130 with other staff. Colonel Fisher told me that because I had not been in crew rest like the other pilots, I would also go in a C-130, even though I was one of the squadron's flight commanders. Waring's wife (they were newlyweds) and my wife (five months pregnant) didn't understand what all the fuss was about and really didn't think much of us "bugging out," but they didn't say much about it. When we returned to ops, at about 2000, Colonel Fisher said he thought I should be part of the flight, but because I had already been up for 14 hours, I would have to go in the back seat of one of the F-100Fs.

Based on tanker availability, launch time was set between 2400 and 0100. For the next few hours, maintenance got 12 aircraft ready, and briefings went on in ops: weather, flight routing, nav aids, survival, emergency airfields, flight surgeon, intelligence and more. Pilot-to-aircraft assignments were made and coordination continued with Duckbutt and tanker operations. Pilots studied their charts, packed their planes with their chutes, dinghies, survival kits, life vests, vacuum jugs with water, flight lunches, and "Go Pills" (Dexedrine). The Wing Deputy Commander was at ops and was trying to talk to each pilot and keep things on track with maintenance. About an hour before time to go out to our aircraft, the F-100F I was supposed to fly in went on a red "X" (out-of-commission). The pilot was assigned an F-100D, and I was told to take another F-100D.

The launch line-up was to have three flights of four aircraft each. Four aircraft would take the active runway at a time in "finger-tip" formation. Elements of two would take off at 5-second intervals. Colonel Fisher was in an 'F' with Lt. Bernie Reck in the back seat. Reck had been a navigator before becoming a pilot. With him in the lead aircraft, our confidence in mission success was pretty high. The second flight was led by Major Stan Mamlock, the operations officer, in the other 'F'. I was No. 4 in the third flight of four.

Resort Bravo Launches

The active runway was 10. Takeoffs began about 0100. After becoming airborne, Colonel Fisher couldn't get his gear to retract and aborted. He told Mamlock, "You've got the stick." The second flight was airborne and the third was on the runway. On takeoff roll, No. 2 called out a malfunction—hydraulics or something. After No. 2 rolled off the runway, the last element of two ran up to military power and went into afterburner. Just as we began to roll, No. 3 called out "high exhaust temperature" and said he was aborting. I rolled past him, got airborne, and bent around to join up with the eight aircraft in front of me over the town of Myrtle Beach heading northeast in the pitch-black night. When we were all together and in radio contact, Mamlock gave us our new position numbers. I was Resort Bravo 9.

The night was clear and the trip to the first refueling rendezvous, about the same location where Resort Alpha refueled, was uneventful. Although Alpha's first refueling occurred while Bravo crews were still in the briefing room, we were kept in the dark (no pun intended) concerning the results of Alpha's experiences. (Probably just as well.) Alpha's second refueling (or fiasco) was underway about the time Bravo was getting ready for takeoff.

About two hours later, we began our rendezvous with five tankers, two fighters to each tanker and me on the fifth one. The night was dark and the weather between 25,000 and 30,000 feet was mostly broken and turbulent. After several attempts, I hooked up, and in about 10 minutes I had a full load. After coming off, I looked for the lights of the other F-100s and tankers, and all I saw was my tanker's lights. I asked the tanker, "Where is everybody? Where did everybody go?" His reply: "We don't know. We're low on fuel and heading for Bermuda. We turned right about 20 degrees about 10 minutes ago." I thought to myself, "The middle of the Atlantic in the middle of the night is a rather lonely place. I should be in bed now. This has not been a boring day."

I tried to contact Bravo Lead and only got static. I began to debate with myself, should I head for Nova Scotia, should I head back to Myrtle Beach, or should I press on and try to find the rest of Bravo? (Little did I know that Dan Walsh had gone through the same thing just a few hours before.) I had a full load of fuel, a flight log someone made out for me when I was a candidate for the back seat of an F-100F, and daylight was imminent. I figured I could dead reckon to the refueling rendezvous at the Azores. I had already started climbing through the broken cumulus clouds. I called Bravo Lead several times, and Mamlock began to cut in. He said they were above the cloud tops, which were about 30,000 feet, and on a specific heading. I continued climbing and correcting my heading to compensate for the earlier right turn while I was on the tanker. Shortly after I broke out of the cloud deck, I saw several contrails up ahead. (I thought about how great it would be if the autopilots installed in the F-100Ds were operational. But they weren't because of their lack of reliability.)

About 30 to 40 minutes from the Azores, I caught up with the rest of Bravo and let down with them for our second refueling. We all managed to hook up, even though we were in and out of the clouds and the air was turbulent. As we proceeded to the third refueling in the Mediterranean, we got a call from Colonel Brett, who was now airborne from Lajes and well ahead of us. He informed us that due to the weather in the refueling area south of France, the tankers had canceled. He told us that we had been directed to divert to Chateauroux AB in France, about 120 miles south of Paris. Brett landed his flight of six at Chateauroux, then proceeded on to Wheelus AB, Libya, and on to Incirlik.

Our flight proceeded on to Chateauroux and landed after being in the air for almost 10 hours. I had been awake for 28 hours and had not taken any Go Pills. We were all exhausted. We got a bite to eat and went to sleep. The next morning, we took off, went across the Alps, passed over Rome, and landed at Wheelus. There we had lunch and went on to Incirlik.

Operations at Incirlik

The 355th and 352nd set up operations in the 100-plus degree temperatures along with the other groups in the CASF. The paratroopers built a tent city and whiled away their hours trying to keep cool by lounging under the wings of the transports parked on the ramp. In the next few days, Resort Cocoa made the trip with additional crews and aircraft. Their flight was made under more optimal conditions—good weather, good tanker support, and shorter legs. But even they had some problems. One pilot lost his canopy over Corsica. He then lost his maps and navigation aids and couldn't hear. His wingman brought him into a French airfield. Another pilot got hypoxia and his wingman brought him into an airfield near Rome.

For two months we sat runway alert, flew instrument-training and combat air patrol missions along the Syrian and Lebanon coastal areas, and spent our free time studying the targets we had been assigned.

In early August I was sent to Wheelus, our rear-echelon maintenance base, to spend a week performing functional test flights on aircraft coming out of maintenance. While there, I went to base ops and caught a hop to the island of Malta, my parents' birthplace. I had hoped to spend a couple days looking for relatives whom I had never seen, or even knew I had. I got a C-47 flight taking some Air Police there to guard one of our aircraft that crashed the day before. I went into base ops and began asking how to get to Valletta and Sliema, where my parents were born and grew up. A guy who worked in ops noticed that I was a U.S. Air Force captain and assumed I was from the U.S. He asked if I might know his wife's uncle who lives in America. I said something like, "America is a big place, so I doubt it." The guy had been in the RAF during WWII and married a local woman. He said his wife's uncle, a widower, married a widow about a year ago. Now that sounded

familiar. My mother married a widower a year ago. Talk about coincidences! The first person I meet on Malta is related to me. During the next couple of days my new friend took me to meet my father's brother and sister and a bunch of cousins I never knew I had. My next problem was how I was going to get back to Wheelus. A couple days later, my friend called me to say there was a U.S. Army plane going to Wheelus.

By September, many of the aircraft in the CASF had returned to their home bases. Crews from the 353rd were deployed to Incirlik and replaced crews and aircraft that deployed during the scorching hot month of July. The 355th left first, and the 352nd left a couple of days later. On the return trip, we went from Incirlik to Wheelus, then on to Chateauroux, where we spent the night. The next day we flew to Lajes, refueled, and went non-stop to Myrtle Beach, refueling over Bermuda.

The Aftermath of CASF Bravo

The deployment of the 353rd was the beginning of regular TAC squadron rotations overseas. After a while, squadrons from the 354th Wing stopped going to Incirlik and began rotating to Aviano AB, Italy.

The 353rd TFS was the third deployment.

In September 1958, as a consequence of the troubles we had air refueling over the Atlantic due to weather (which generally tops out at 25,000 feet), TAC directed the 354th Wing to examine alternative air-refueling procedures. I was tasked to head a flight test program with F-100s and KB-50Js to come up with a better refueling profile. The solution we came up with was a descending-while-refueling profile (which we dubbed "tobogganing"). After hooking up at 28,000 feet (instead of 20,000), we set partial flaps (using the circuit breaker, because there was no intermediate position) and started letting down. We were normally fully loaded by about 24,000 feet. This profile allowed a section of fighters to make a clear-weather rendezvous and hookup near cruising altitude (most of the time). By starting refueling above weather, receivers could avoid cloud buildups during most, if not all, of the operation. And we saved fuel by not descending below 24,000 before climbing back to cruise altitude.

In 1959, the 354th started practicing refueling with the 4-jet engine C-135F, which had a single "flying" tail boom with a drogue operated by a boom operator. The 12 C-135s modified to this configuration eventually went to the French Air Force. The 134 KB-50J/Ks were replaced by KC-135s in the mid-1960s, but a few were still available in 1965 for use in Southeast Asia for emergency refueling of fighters over enemy territory. ◘



Post Script: *Wikipedia reports that the response to the 1958 Lebanese crisis was the first deployment of the Composite Air Strike Force concept by the Tactical Air Command. Subsequent deployments included responses to the China and Taiwan conflict later in 1958 and the Berlin Crisis in 1961. The descriptions in this article clearly demonstrate the logistical and operational complexity of the operation. It is a tribute to the skill (and a certain degree of luck) of the F-100 pilots that only one aircraft was lost, and no one was killed. Stories like these remind us of the exciting times we had when we were young fighter pilot "studs."* ***Ed.***

The General could not abide adverbs and other "ly" words. That posed a problem!

By Don "Stymie" Nichols

In response to our offer to assist "wannabe" authors and provide initial writing tips, this came in the mail:

John: Just got the latest copy of *The Intake* and it was a great one, as usual. I spent the entire afternoon reading it, and I noticed your "mandates" on writing that caught my attention. "Adverbs (words ending in 'ly') are far better than adjectives." This jogged my memory – a story that I have passed on to a couple of friends.

In my tour in Vietnam, I was on the DO staff at 7th AF HQ. This was one of my most interesting assignments, and in addition to a multitude of small tasks, I had two key jobs. One was building up the weekly briefing for General Clay. The other was as the editor of a book on the air war – *Commando Hunt 5* – one of General Clay's important projects. My boss, Col. Charles Anderson, called me in one day and told me that General Clay said he didn't like "ly" words, and he didn't want Nichols using any, i.e., greatly, quickly, (and all other adverbs).

I asked Col. Anderson how in the heck I could put together a 400-page book on air operations in SEA without using the word, "fly?" My boss said, "Get out of here, wise ass!"

After about four weeks of 18-20-hour days, I got the book put together and took it up to the 5th Army printing plant in Japan. After a week of working with the printers, I got the first 10 books off the presses and headed back to Tan Son Nhut. When I landed, General Clay and his exec were waiting. I gave him the books, and they took off for the Pentagon. That job made the time go by quick***ly*** during my tour. ◘ **-- D"S"N**

Part 2 of a 2-Part Series

Early Days of the Hun – Some Interesting TDY Deployments

By Bob Seal

This is the second in a two-part series recalling Bob Seal's experiences in the F-100C and a bit later, in D-models, in California in the late 1950s into the 1960s. In Part 1, he covered the problems encountered during the transition to Huns, which arrived first at his base in California. The problems ranged from deadly technical malfunctions to big public relations problems due to sonic booms throughout southern California. In Part 2, Bob focuses on Hun adventures and interesting activities during TDY deployments from his base at George Air Force Base to Spain and the Philippines. Note: By the time of Bob's Part 2 recollections, the 413th TFW and been ***inactivated*** *on 15 March 1959 for budgetary reasons, and the 31st TFW was activated, receiving the personnel and F-100s of three squadrons that were reassigned to the 31st. Basically it was a paper flip flop during the growing-pain years of Tactical Air Command (TAC).* ***Ed.***

Bob Seal at George AFB in the late '50s.

In June 1959, the 31st TFW deployed its 308th TFS to Spain as part of the Wings' response to support the request of Spain's head of state, Generalissimo Franco, for U.S. airpower. B-47 nuclear bombers were based in Spain, but Franco insisted on fighter cover as well. We departed Myrtle Beach about 0500 hrs. with our first refueling on KB-50J tankers over Bermuda and a second refueling near Lajes, Azores.

I always loved fried chicken, and I wanted them in our flight lunch boxes. Our Flight Surgeon never approved fried chicken on the menu because it made us gassy. I badgered him at Myrtle Beach until I got my way. Little did I know how fortuitous that decision would be. Between refuelings, we all enjoyed our box lunches, after which I had an urgent call of nature. I reached under the seat for the relief bottle, but there was none. I'd overlooked that item in my pre-flight, so now what to do? I was too fastidious to pee on the floor. I considered pouring the water out of my canteen, using that as the receptacle. But liquid on the cockpit floor might cause a short, or "sneak circuit" that might jettison my external tanks. Also, that receptacle would require special aim … and while I'm "at it," who's flying the plane?

Then it came to me: the fried chicken was packaged in a plastic sack. I rummaged through my lunch box, retrieved the bag, removed my mask, and with trembling hands and careful lung power I applied the air integrity test. The bag inflated and held tight: no leaks! "YAHOO!" I exclaimed because the urge was overtaking me. Thankfully we weren't wearing poopey suits. Mission accomplished, I nestled the bag, securely tied off, on the floor out of foot range and looked forward to a nice landing at Moron. There, I parked and shut down, raised the canopy, and handed the surprised crew chief my specimen with the instruction, "Here, get rid of this." He had that "What the f—k?" look on his face, but just nodded.

Beautiful scramble hangars had been built for our use at Moron near Seville, Spain, and Torrejon Airport, Madrid. Maj. Robbie Risner and the troops of the 308th TFS took up the duty: from 30 minutes before sunrise to 30 minutes after sunset. Nice as the scramble hangars were, they lacked air-conditioning, so we sometimes pulled 5-minute alert in our underwear!

Franco was strict. No foreign uniforms were to be worn off base in the civilian community. The Spanish are very prideful people and always dress up when going out. Our instructions were, when going off base, you must wear coat and tie. It was blistering hot in July. One day I removed my sport coat in downtown Seville and folded it over my arm. Two men in suits came up to me and said, "Put on your coat." They were MPs from the base. While we were TDY there, our CO, Robbie was invited to a very important Hacienda in the area, and he took four of us with him. A Hacienda is like a little city, completely self-sufficient, populated by workers and owned by one family. This family had 40,000 olive trees and 17 bull fighting medallions. We arrived and were ushered onto the patio. An attractive woman rose from a couch, and as our party was being introduced, she kissed me full on the lips. I was stunned (there must be a message here, I thought). She was our hostess, and she had three little children—who all had the mumps! We were warmly treated to Spanish hospitality. But within hours, I also had the mumps.

I was admitted to the hospital and confined for two weeks, with the doctor's admonition, "Lie still, rest, and don't play with it." But complications soon arose. The night nurse didn't get the memo.

The flying in Spain was great. We had neighbors on base too: a B-47 squadron. They pulled alert from their barracks. There was a yellow line painted from their barracks to their aircraft on the flight line. When the scramble horn sounded, everyone was to stand clear of the yellow line. SAC pilots would race in jeeps to their planes on the yellow line. Lt. Bob Cecil composed a parody to a song from a film. He called it "Reflex," the scramble word for SAC. We sang it often at the club.

Further Deployments We deployed the 306th and 308th squadrons to the Far East in Operation "Fox Able." We were told to pack business suits, white shirts and ties. We left California via Santa Barbara Radio looking pensively back over our shoulder as we headed west toward a top off about 350 miles out. The second was some distance beyond.

We made our own mods to improve our angle of attack on the KB-50J tanker drogues. We initiated flaps down as we approached the tankers. We would lower the flaps with the control handle, and then stop the flaps at what we judged to be 20 degrees down by pulling out the flap control circuit breaker under our left arm pit. (Jeeze! Why don't you give me a challenge?) Strong finger nails and some gymnastics were required. (We eventually got aluminum "forks" bracketed under that circuit breaker.) This all was necessary because the flap actuator handle only had two positions: full up or full down. Later North American Aviation installed new flap controls that had a median stop detent. Our maintenance guys painted red lines on the flap rear surface area that came into pilot view at 20 degrees down. Whew!

Is there a law that says, "If it's broke don't screw with it"? (Kind of a cousin of that other "law.") I mention this because at the second refueling for our squadron, Capt. Pat Barry found that after dropping off the tanker from his second refueling, he was unable to raise his 20 degrees of flaps after pushing the circuit breaker in. This was no big deal at that point because he could make Hickam Air Field in Hawaii; 20 degree flaps down aren't that big a drag factor. (Remember, we were using the crude circuit breaker method to lower, stop, and raise flaps.) Barry reported his difficulty to Squadron Lead. Pat decided to lower his flaps full down and recycle. *Yoiks!* The flaps wouldn't come up. Now Barry can't make Hawaii or California. Robbie called on guard for the tankers with fuel to turn back. The tanker guys decided who would return, but the one that did so didn't have that much JP-4 left in his tanks. We'd pretty much sucked them dry. With their radar on sector scan, the tanker picked up Barry's four stripes emergency squawk. Rendezvous and hook-up followed. With Barry suckling from the tanker, it was calculated that his fuel burn would exhaust the tanker supply. The rescue tanker called for an emergency scramble from home base in Sacramento, California. The responding full tanker found Pat and led him into George AFB. Pat was exhausted after several hours flying the F-100 at 210 knots snugged up to the tanker. (***Ed. Note**: Pat Barry went on to make 22 ocean crossings in his career.*)

The Squadron, continuing our westward heading, flew via Hawaii, Guam and Okinawa to Clark Air Base, Philippines. Along the way, a pilot cracked a canopy during refueling, and I was dispatched with him to recover at Midway Island. The Air Material Command, USAF, was outstanding in the way they planned for contingencies and supported our fighter units. We soon had the repairs completed, and launched as a two-ship. Two tankers were assigned to meet us, and all was well until we penetrated the typhoon in our path. When we reached the sunny eye of the storm, which was about 75 miles across, we could see clear down to the ocean, which was whipped into a froth. I've never been hit with so much water in flight as we were in the tumult of that storm. My wingman was tucked in tight in the gray-out, and turbulence. When we reached our destination and joined our squadron, we looked over our aircraft. Most of the paint had been washed off in the storm.

At Guam's Anderson Field, I went exploring in the jungle nearby. I came upon the ancient Henderson Field, the base our fighters used in the westward push against Japan during WWII. As I kicked the weeds away from the blue taxi lights of the former active base I heard the words of the popular WWII song, *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else but Me* wafting through my mind. I recalled the massacre of American fighter pilots that had taken place on this spot just a few years before. Japanese commandos had penetrated the field one night and slit the throats of all the pilots while they slept. (In 1972, the last hold-out of the Imperial Japanese Army, Shoichi Yokoi, came out of the jungle in Guam and surrendered. He was in rags, but his weapon was in good shape, lubricated with fish oil.)

From Okinawa we deployed as top-cover for the 7th Fleet off the straits of Taiwan. President Eisenhower was aboard the flagship with the 7th Fleet Commander. There were 150 F-100s and numerous Navy aircraft, some of which were flying a "thatch weave" over the 7th Fleet. Following the escort mission, the F-100Ds recovered at Clark Air Base in the Philippines. Over the next few days we were briefed on our new role as Secret Service look-alikes. The President's Boeing 707 was on the ramp at Clark. Nearby was the Lockheed Super Constellation, the "Columbine," his previous airplane. The next day was Parade Day. The Constellation was to be used to transport Eisenhower to Manilla Municipal Airport from Clark. His limo (flown in) would take him through the Manilla Parade Route. Prior to his ride, all of us pilots, in our business suits, were bussed to town and dropped off every few yards along the parade route to pose as Secret Service. Eisenhower came along the route riding in an open limo, waving to the enthusiastic crowd. Secret Service are not supposed to wave, but I blew my cover and waved as he passed.

Seal (left) & Vandenberg shoving off for Corregidor Island from Bataan c. 1959.

Mission accomplished, we frolicked in the base pool a few days, checking out the babes, and explored the night life.

Sandy Vandenberg and I traced the Bataan Death March road all the way to the tip of the peninsula. From there we commandeered an outrigger canoe and sailed to Corregidor Island. We visited McArthur's "Plantation Mansion" style Headquarters: a wood structure with a yoke flag pole in front made of wood. The jungle had reclaimed it, with vines and overgrowth covering the complex. One could feel the ghostly past hanging as a shroud over the area. We toured "Mile Long Barracks," built low in a long stream bed ravine. This narrow reinforced concrete building built on concrete pillars over the stream

bed was protected by the high berms of the surrounding terrain. Yet the skeletal remains told a story of the violence of war.

Later we entered the mountain cave redoubt where all essential services, hospital, supplies, communications, and fortifications were housed. A miniature railroad carried all heavy loads to and from distant points; down all the side corridors branching off the main shaft. Water seepage from the mountain under which this complex was burrowed dripped from arched masonry roofs. Completely electrified, it was an impressive piece of engineering. We then visited "battery row," with the heavy gun emplacements that guarded Manila Bay for a century. Sunken pits were strategically placed, one after another, each encircled with brick walls and containing small rail tracks in the open spaces of the pit. This was how the heavy mortar rounds were transported to the mortar cannons from recessed cave openings in the battery walls. These were beautiful mortars on tracks that permitted the cannon to be pivoted several degrees. The diameter of the steel mortars was about 28 inches; the interior of which was lined in brass rifling of about 2.5 inches. These were stamped with the date 1865. Left over from the Civil War. The shore batteries were 10-inch cannons with long barrels firing to a range of about 15 miles. They were on hydraulic mounts that permitted the gun to rise out of the ground, fire, and then retract. They were not effective in repelling attacks from Bataan Peninsula because they were facing the wrong way, toward Manila Bay.

Back at Clark, when it was time to fly home, I patiently stood behind the President's flight crew at Base Ops as they received the weather briefing. It was the mother of all briefings, but I couldn't hear it without crowding in. I thought it would never end. Then, as I stepped up for my briefing, I was handed some notes, and best wishes for a nice flight back.

The F-100 squadrons left Clark Field in staggered departures so there would be sufficient tankers to service that many airplanes. The 31st Wing's squadrons; 306th (Yeager) and 308th (Risner) left Clark Air Base for Okinawa, where we arranged ourselves in a 48-ship gaggle. Pilots were merged, with those on flight test orders sprinkled throughout. This would be handy in case of emergencies requiring an element to land at intermediate islands. Yeager was appointed gaggle leader. I was his number two. Chuck's pre-flight briefing was routine until he said: "I'm having all the aircraft towed to the end of the runway. We have enough APU's (auxiliary power units) to allow most aircraft to start on my signal." He hadn't mentioned headwinds. That was when we knew we would be reaching the first refueling station at minimum fuel. Normally there is a tail wind flying west-to-east. Not this time. But we all returned safely to George AFB, Victorville, CA.

Refueling Modifications: Our refueling probes were "bent" like a cobra raising its head. They were originally straight, and it was a bitch to hook up. I heard rumors they were modified and bent up due to a refueling incident where a pilot got in a porpoise while hooked up and came home with that shape (LOL). The early tankers used a 60-foot hose with a solid metal cone drogue. These cones had no stabilizing features, and the approaching aircraft created aircraft aerodynamic shock waves that caused the drogues to dance. Sometime later, this problem was reduced by making a drogue with metal fingers with cloth fabric woven between. Thus, the drogue cone was flying, and more stable.

Refueling on a KB-50 way back when.

As the Wing continued to make deployments to Spain, staged from Myrtle Beach, we experienced some losses. In a February 1960 deployment, after dropping off the tanker near Bermuda, one Hun flamed out. The pilot called *"Mayday,"* and everyone started squawking four stripes on our transponders. The stricken pilot started a glide in the direction of Bermuda. Another pilot took his wing as they descended. The guy with the emergency refused to do an air start because his tachometer showed zero RPM; and he thought his engine had seized up.

Suddenly a booming transmission came over guard channel, "USS Growler here. May we be of service?" The voice came from a U.S. submarine, traveling on the surface. From that point on *Growler* led the rescue. He told everyone but the stricken aircraft to cease squawking "emergency." Meanwhile Bermuda Air Rescue was preparing a helicopter. The pilot punched out at about 5,000 ft. *Growler* noted the location and raced ahead. The escort fighter flew cap, further assisting rescue. The pilot's cold weather emersion suit had some leaks, and soon he was riding low in the water with his life preserver inflated. He was so overweight with water in his suit that he couldn't get into his dingy, but he did open his dye marker and shark repellant. After a couple of hours, the rescue helicopter got him. They exceeded their manifold pressure limits by 5 inches while winching the water-laden pilot and his rescuer aboard. The sub lost the "rescue race," but was pivotal in guiding the helicopter with its radar. North American engineers theorized that the fuel pump drive system had failed.

Passing Thoughts in Closing: I always felt that fighter pilots must have adrenal glands the size of lemons because we exercised them so often and to such extremes. We all had instances when everything was fine, then suddenly we're looking Death in the face. Example: Flying a GAR-8 Sidewinder training flight over Mojave Missile Range, I launched the 5" HVAR (high velocity aerial rocket) as target with four railroad flares braided to the rear of the HVAR. Then, after the required pause, I fired the Sidewinder. The target rocket flares seemed to be spreading. That's weird! Suddenly there it was. One flare had torn off and was tumbling in front of my nose. As the GAR-8 went by the flare it exploded, making a large shrapnel ring like a donut, and I went through the donut hole without a scratch. After that incident the fuse arming distance was extended to 3,000' before the GAR-8 was armed. ◘ ***To be continued in Issue 38.***

Daily Practice Scrambles with a Nuke Aboard: Practice again? … or For Real?

BENT SPEAR Incident at Kunsan AB, South Korea in 1958

By Lacy W. Breckenridge

BENT SPEAR*: A DoD code for incidents involving nuclear weapons, warheads, components or vehicles transporting nuclear material that are of significant interest but are not categorized as Nucflash or Broken Arrow. Bent Spear incidents include handling and security regulations breaches. In the late 1950s, before any agreements or treaties limiting the size of nuclear and poisoned gas arsenals or nuclear weapons types, and before later talks on ways to avoid WWIII, the world was a far more tension-filled place. Children hid under their desks in "nuclear attack" drills, some people built well-stocked underground nuclear shelters, and any number of air and ground "incidents" occurred near the borders between Communist-held countries and Western allies. All that had many implications for our airborne and submarine defense forces: U.S. fighter and bomber forces, "deterrence" and ready alert all were vital missions and roles. The "nuclear triad" was the primary deterrent against aggressive foes, and those weapons required careful handling and strict safeguards. As we see in this narrative from Lacy Breckenridge, even arming such weapons could lead to a possible disaster. — **Ed**.*

Lacy Breckenridge as a captain in the late 1950s.

"Sitrep": East Asia, Late 1950s: Immediately after completing F-84F Gunnery School at Luke AFB, AZ, in May 1957, I reported to Nellis AFB, NV, for F-100A Super Sabre checkout and training with a follow-on assignment to the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing at Itazuke Air Base, close to Fukuoka city on Japan's southernmost island of Kyushu. Fukuoka was on the northwest side of this large island adjacent to the Sea of Japan and had been a major staging base during the Korean War. The 8th TFW was composed of three tactical fighter squadrons (TFS), 35th, 36th (my new one) and 80th. The 68th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, flying F-86Ds, was also at Itazuke.

The 8th TFW had upgraded to Huns about a year before my arrival. The 35th and 36th squadrons were flying F-100Ds and the 80th was flying the C model. The Wing's primary mission was to protect Japan and South Korea with nuclear weapons for targets in North Korea, China and Russia. This was the early stages of the "Cold War" and there were major tensions in Europe and Asia between the Communist and Western powers.

Nuclear weapons were not allowed to be stored in Japan. In the process of becoming operationally ready, Mk-7 nuclear weapons replicas called "blue boys" (*see next page*) were flown in from Okinawa in C-130s for a day so we could train and establish handling procedures for pilots and ground crews. Immediately after the Wing was declared operationally ready, each squadron sent two F-100s to Kunsan Air Base, South Korea where they were loaded with a Mk-7 and put in a cluster of Alert revetments near the takeoff end of the primary runway.

Daily Practice Scrambles: In Kunsan each day at various unannounced times, an alarm would sound and pilots and crew chiefs were transported to their assigned aircraft. Each Alert Hun was loaded with three external fuel tanks, two on the right wing and one on the left wing; the Mk-7 bomb was attached to a special pylon on the left wing. After engine start, the pilots would taxi to the active runway, light the afterburner and roll a short distance before cutting the burner and taxiing back to their individual revetments after being told by the tower that the scramble had been a practice alert. It was very unsafe, with six aircraft "racing" to the runway to be ready to take off no later than 10 minutes after the alarm sounded.

During my three years at Itazuke, the aforementioned nuclear alert posture with six aircraft on alert was increased to having an entire squadron of F-100s deployed to South Korea and/or Kadena Air Base, Okinawa, with 12 or more aircraft on alert while the rest of the squadron flew training missions. By that time, numerous safer procedures and techniques plus new types of nuclear weapons greatly improved the operation, but that's grist for other stories at another time.

OLD COMRADES-IN-ARMS REMEMBERED

Some pilots in the 8th Wing had combat experience in the Korean War and World War II. Here is a list of my 36th squadron mates whose names I remember (some may be misspelled). I want to pay tribute to them for their dedication and loyalty to our country:

Squadron Commanders: Lee Grossouch, Peter Stewart, Hank Wheelhouse and Rufus Woody. *Ops Officers*: Lonnie Hicks and Ralph Ashby. *Flight Commanders:* Robert Krone, Pat Humphries, Galen Fox, Robert Nelson, James Blue, Clyde Strain and yours truly. *Maintenance Officer*: Bill Mol; Flight members: Sam Bakke, Fred Bullard, Robert Crim, Steven Cucci, Robert Dickerson Jr, James Doggett, Don Drabelos, (first name?) Fincher, Tom Fussell, "Hoot" Gibson, Frank Gioco, Robert Gregory, Donald Griffing, John Gromek, Thomas Hopkins, Harold Huffman, Max Ibach, Jonny Jones, Clarence Langerud, (first name?) Linnihan, James Madison, Mot Morrison, Pete Parks, Michael K. Ryan, George Sayre , Winfield Scott, William Smith, Raymond Sturgeon, (first name?) Tatum, Lynn Thomas, George Tommasi, Morvan Turley and John Yarbrough.

Not all of these men were there at the same time. Sadly, most of these great patriots have flown west. — ***LB***

"Bent Spear": On a very cold and bright sunny morning at Kunsan Air Base, South Korea, in early 1958, the alarm sounded and the pilots raced to their nuclear-armed aircraft. In the process of starting the engine, Captain Galen Fox inadvertently pushed the external stores jettison button, which was near the start button. As advertised, all three external fuel tanks, totaling 675 gallons of jet fuel, dropped to the floor of the concrete revetment.

Almost immediately, the bottom of the aircraft was engulfed in flames. Fox climbed out of the cockpit over the windscreen and swung to the ground (using the extended pitot boom as leverage) and hobbled away with a sprained ankle. Fortunately, the fire department was nearby and quickly extinguished the fire, but not before part of the bomb's metal casing melted, exposing some of its 92 shaped charges of highly explosive TNT. It was estimated that if they had exploded, it could have caused a low order nuclear disaster. GOD, our Superior Commander, was protecting us that day (as usual)!

Captain Galen Fox (RIP) was my original Flight Commander. I learned a lot from this outstanding fighter pilot and thankfully this incident did not hinder his career, because he retired as a full Colonel.

Technical Stuff: In the ancient photo (right), is Fred Bullard leaning against a 200 gallon fuel tank. The "Blue Boy" was an exact replica of a Mk-7 nuclear weapon attached to the intermediate wing station. They were for training and I had the "pleasure" of dropping one on a high angle LABS maneuver on a South Korean bombing range. It weighed 1,680 pounds, was 15 feet, 3 inches long and 2 feet, 7 inches in diameter, thus too big for the centerline station. It had a "Y" shaped tail fin and the bottom fin had to be retracted before taxi/takeoff. The Mk-7 had a 20-kiloton yield for an air or ground burst.

At Itazuke AB, Japan, the Blue Boy was used for training. On alert TDYs to Korea, they practiced scrambles with the real thing.

To "nuclearize" the bomb, a load crew would detach part of the tail assembly exposing a hollow sphere almost as large as its metal casing. The sphere had 92 shaped charges of high explosive TNT. The load crew would insert a ball (about 7 inches in diameter) of nuclear material, probably plutonium. The ball was attached to a sort of stem, which made it possible to be inserted into a slide that placed the ball in the center of the sphere.

Each shaped charge had an electronic explosive detonator. Simultaneous activation of the 92 detonators would crush the ball, causing the nuclear explosion. When the Mk-7s were replaced with the torpedo shaped Mk-28 and Mk-43 thermonuclear weapons, they could be put on the centerline station. And both were completely self-contained, so they did not require servicing like the Mk-7. *(For unclassified amplification on all nuclear weapons, see Wikipedia's excellent article.)* ◘

Election Notice — Patriotic Duty Time

SSS Presidential Election: Dates, Nominations and Procedures

By Dewey Clawson, Membership and Election Committees Chair

An election for SSS President is scheduled for this fall. The nominating period is 15 July to 31 August. Any member may nominate one candidate. Yes, you can nominate yourself. The polls will be open from 1 to 31 October. Only Charter or Regular members are eligible to vote or serve. If you are willing to serve, or know someone who's willing to serve for a four-year Presidential term, notify our CEO, Hoppy Hopkins, in writing, by email at **harmonyhse@yahoo.com** or by letter to the SSS address in the bottom text box on page 2. Hoppy will then submit each nomination to the Election Committee for eligibility review.

Details for the election are on the SSS website. From the home page, click on "Member Login" and log in on the page provided. Then click on "Governance Info, Read More," then select "Election Policy and Process," which will take you to that page. There, you'll find the functions of and the processes used by the Election Committee. For the full job description of President, see page 4 of the Bylaws, also on the Governance page. Voting details will be on the web site when the polls open on 1 Oct. Members without an email address will be mailed a ballot and a copy of the candidate's bios.

For this election, we'll use a new web site feature. To ensure we have the software done correctly, we'll have a practice vote available on the web site from now till the end of August. Please participate in this practice ballot and let me know of any problems, difficulty or suggestions you may have. Provisional paper practice will not be used in this election cycle; it's just a preliminary practice. Questions should be addressed to, Dewey Clawson, at email deweyclawson@hotmail.com or his phone in Pennsylvania, (724) 336-4273). ◘

Reprinted From the *North American Retirees Bulletin*

The Hun Also Rises

By Raymond L. Puffer, Historian, Air Force Flight Test Center

Some months ago, Dave Barnett, my old squadron-mate from the 493rd "Yellowtails" at RAF Lakenheath ('68-'71), alerted me to a rich source for more stories about the F-100 that had been published over the years in his NAA Retirees Bulletin. *From time-to-time in the future we will reprint one of the better ones. This was in the* Summer 2001 NAA Bulletin.

A long-established convention was broken on 25 May 1953 when the new YF-100 Super Sabre exceeded Mach 1 on its very first flight. North American Aviation's chief test pilot George "Wheaties" Welch performed the feat. During the 57-minute test hop, Welch leveled out at 35,000 feet, tapped the afterburner, and soon passed Mach 1.1. Supersonic speeds were already fairly common in 1953, of course, but what made this achievement different—aside from happening during a first flight—was that the F-100 was the world's first production fighter designed to exceed the speed of sound in level flight. That same afternoon, the new fighter performed another impressive accomplishment: instead of being grounded for several days of post-flight inspection, Welch took the YF-100 aloft again for its second consecutive supersonic flight.

There was no doubt that the new F-100—"The Hun**"** as it came to be called—was a very hot airplane indeed. Designed while the Air Force's F-86 "Sabres" were battling higher-flying MiG-15s in the skies over Korea, the F-100 was intended to be a fast, hit-and-run day fighter: thin wings swept at 45 degrees; low drag fuselage and canopy; inboard ailerons; low-positioned, and a one-piece horizontal stabilizer. A thin-lip oval engine air inlet fed air to a single large Pratt and Whitney YF-57-P-7 continuous flow axial gas turbine engine rated at 13,800 pounds of thrust. The term "air superiority" had just been coined, and that was what the Air Force and North American Aviation had in mind for their new fighter. Fast it definitely was.

Following its initial flight, the airplane was put in a dive on separate flights to calibrated Mach numbers of 1.35 and 1.40. On 29 October 1953, Lt. Col. Frank K. "Pete" Everest took the YF-100 to a world speed record of 755.15 mph at the Salton Sea—the last time such a record was set at low altitude. If all of this seems somewhat sedate by today's standards, it must be remembered that it all happened a scant *six years* after Chuck Yeager became the first human to fly beyond supersonic speeds in the same skies over Edwards AFB.

But this is more than a story about another very hot airplane at the Flight Test Center. The Super Sabre's spectacular debut also suggested to many in the aerospace world that the state of the designers' art had become more advanced than it really was. It seemed that all they had to do was to fly their aircraft on paper and in wind tunnels in order to solve all of the problems of high-Mach flight.

An A-model from the early days lifts off, and can go FAST!

But test pilots and engineers knew that the air, even more than the sea, can be terribly unforgiving of even the slightest mistake—that conditions exist which neither design studies nor wind tunnels can easily uncover. When the first F-100As came off the production line, they looked somewhat different than the prototypes: the tail stabilizer tips had been cut down. Design studies had indicated that a shorter, thinner, broader-chord vertical tail could reduce drag while maintaining effective directional control.

But the "Unexplored Regions" can bite! The short-tailed F-100As very soon began to show problems with stability and control. Then, on 12 October 1954, George Welch was checking out the problems when his ninth-production F-100A disintegrated in a dive over Rosamond Dry Lake. He had encountered a new phenomenon that was later called inertial roll coupling—yawing and lateral control tendencies that could throw a plane out of control and quickly overstress the airframe. Two other fatal accidents quickly followed.

An exhaustive evaluation program was undertaken that soon identified the culprit, and all F-100As were subsequently reconfigured with larger area tails. The skill and professionalism of engineers and pilots gave the Air Force a versatile fighter that served the nation well for many years thereafter. ◘

The 2nd "Last" A-7D Reunion: After-Action Report

By R. Medley Gatewood

As advertised on page 5 of Issue 35, the 2nd "Last" A-7D Reunion came off as planned from 4-7 April in Tucson. I had one little thing in that plug wrong about the venue being at the DoubleTree by Hilton, Reid Park; that location was NOT the site of the two previous A-7D reunions. My mistake, no harm, no foul; just a bit disorienting. Grrrrr!! Pressing on … .

1st Observation: Head Honcho, ***Rick "Moose" Moisio*** and his crew of volunteers did a splendid job of planning, including the use of the Military Reunion Planners services. Registration went smoothly, as did all their other services, including advance seating for the "casual" Reunion Dinner Friday evening.

Garden like.

2nd Observation: The "Moisio Planners" hit the jackpot in their decision to use a tabled, outdoor garden setting in conjunction with a three-small-room **"2nd Last A-7D Reunion "Hooch"** for the daily Hospitality Suite activities. And, man, was that setup active, with free-flowing beverages and snacks (gratis with a tip to SLUF Lover bartenders). Starting at 1600 on Wednesday, this set-up was BUSY, BUSY, BUSY well past sunset till the wee hours. Fortunately, the Hotel's two restaurants (Cactus Rose = full service continental, and Javelina Cantina = lunch and dinner) were available in-house for those not out exploring other Tucson favorite eateries. But to back up to the start, here are some pics of the Day 1 welcoming going on in civilian garb or sporting aviation gear or party suits, taken and selected by "Moose" Skowron.

SLUF Lover.

(I'm not sure why Ed "Moose" chose three pics with me in them, but maybe it was because I was the only SLUF Driver at this *Third* A-7D Reunion wearing an iconic tee shirt from the *First* A-7D Reunion, circa 2000? Go figure!)

A rogue's gallery of partiers.

Morrissey, Buhl, Lincoln, RMG.

"Warman" blinks for the camera.

Your reporter missed the pic cue.

355th FW

Day 2 began at 0930 for those reunioneers signed up for the main tour: D–M AFB & ANG 162nd FW. Greg Butler was our embedded reporter: "While the base and its buildings at D-M are harder to recognize each decade, the boneyard and its innumerable relics of years of flying gone by is still as impressive as ever. We learned that the golf course is about to spin in due to lack of business and that the Guard's F-16s are on alert protecting our skies *from D–M*, rather than from their home over at Tucson International. Of extra special interest were the outstanding presentations made by the D–M and then the Guard wing commanders—in particular, the down-to-earth question and answer discussions on the state of our beloved Air Force at both stops. Verdict: This tour was very worthwhile, for just those two briefings alone." Thanks Greg.

The main event for me on Day 3 began at 1000 when the bus came for the Pima Air & Space Museum Tour, just across I-10 near Tucson International. This museum opened for business in 1976, one year before I PCS'd from D–M to TAC HQ. Over the years since its opening, I've returned to Tucson on many occasions, but had never taken time to visit this ever-growing A & S museum. So, when I saw the tour was again offered for this reunion, I signed up in a heartbeat. I was NOT disappointed!

Pima A & S M-well packed 80 acres!

Here's some of what Pima says about itself: "We are one of the largest non-government funded aviation and space museums in the world! Featuring over 350 historical aircraft, from a Wright Flyer to a 787 Dreamliner. Over the past 42 years, the museum has grown immensely and today encompasses six indoor exhibit hangars. Docent-led walking tours and museum ground Tram Tours are offered daily." Given the scope of the 80 aces, the Tram Tour was a Godsend to see all the outdoor attractions and have it all explained by a knowledgeable guide. And, yes, our docent for the interior walk was none other than Keith Connolly himself --- still volunteering! (Keith was one of the organizer of both the first two A-7D reunions.)

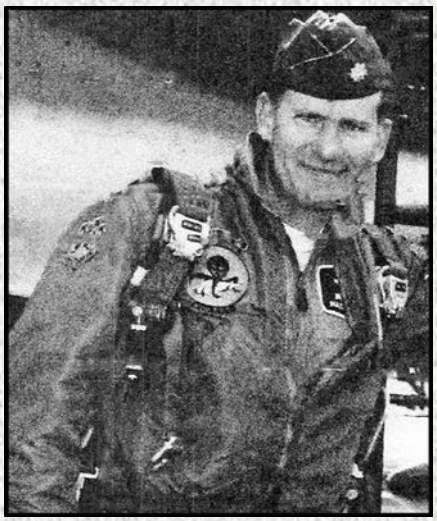
Wrap-up Time: Space constraints don't allow much more coverage of this exceptionally well planned and executed reunion. Yes, there were "lesser" activities and tours. Yes, there was a tournament for the golf addicts. Yes, there was a casual reunion dinner for some 378 attendees (with the "Missing Man Table & Honors Ceremony) and a retreat to the A-7D Hooch after the meal. And lastly, there were rumors floating about concerning the possibilities of a 3rd "Last" A-7D Reunion. Let's hope the rumors come true … in due time. In any case, here's to the success of the 2nd "Last" A-7D Reunion!

Just remember: If you ain't single-engine, single-seat, you ain't S...! (Code Word: Sierra.) ◘

The Way We Were

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

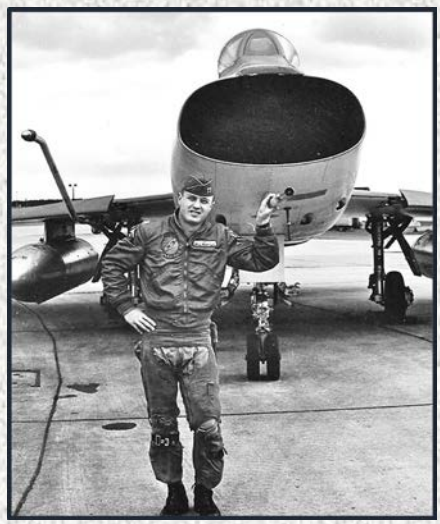
Doug Case



Bill Eibach

Dick Eubanks

Don Mackey

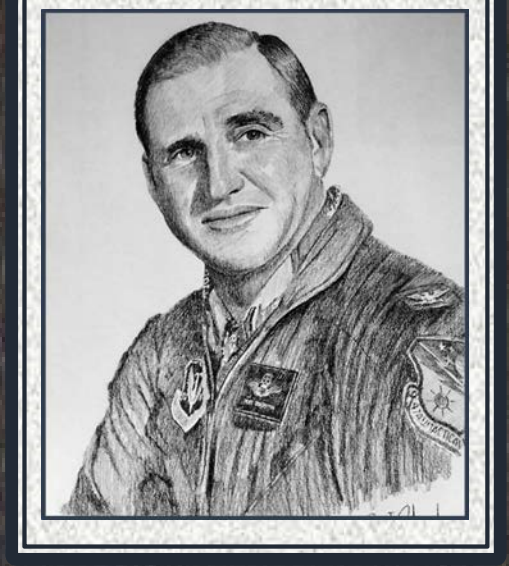


Bill Mantey

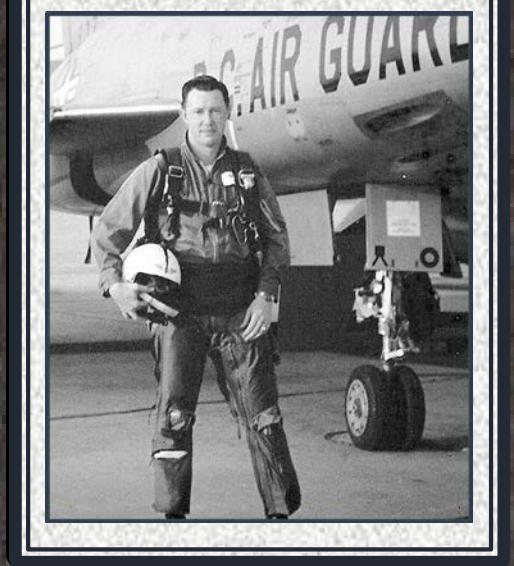
William C. Paulsen

RED ALERT – ALERT! *! We have **ONLY** about 24 "Hero Pictures" left in our dwindling supply (out of 1,999 total members since our founding –including Inactives & RIPs). We've now published 384. It's time to add lots of others to our supply, before more of our heroes fly west. So, please dig out your favorites and participate ASAP! We prefer scanned photos (at 300 PPI) emailed to Photo Editor Shaun Ryan at (f100plt@gmail.com). If you have no way to scan, snail mail it with a return address to Shaun at 6610 Sutherland Ridge Place, Tucson, AZ 85718, and we'll return the originals. Thanks! P. Editor*

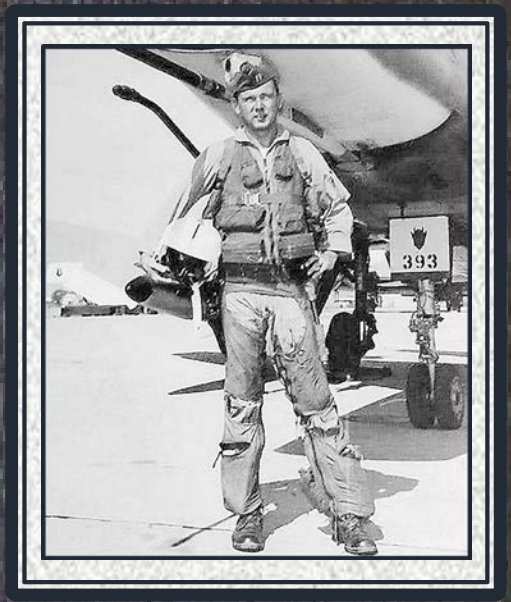
Earl R. Gundlach



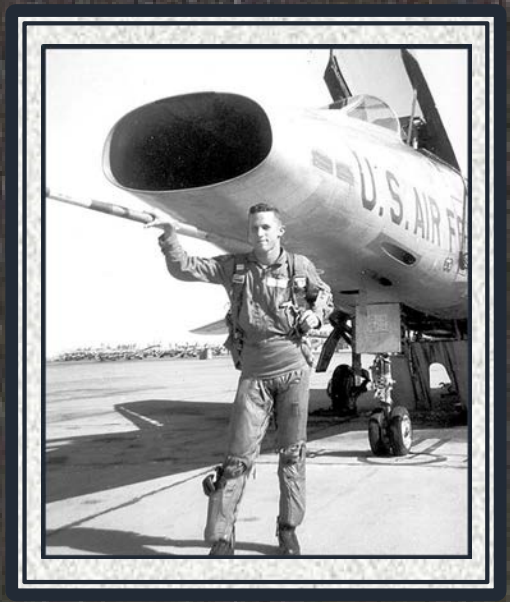
Maurice B. "Duke" Johnston



Allen Krowe



Gordy Pollard



Robert "Bob" Spielman

Edward Stellini

A classic SNAFU situation.

Last Four-Ship Flight for the 461st TFS

By Frank "Frosty" Sheridan (Original Submission: 4/20/09)

The first serial article we ran in our journal was a three-part story titled "The Golden Years" by our first Photo Editor, Wally Mason (RIP 11/1/13). In Part III in Issue 3, Wally closed with a vignette about the "last flight" of the 461st, as told to him by the Hahn Public Info Officer, which ended ignominiously with the CO making a gear-up landing. Thus, as Wally put it, "A classic ending to a great squadron!" Two years later, Frosty (who was #3 in that inglorious flight) sent us a "rest of the story" article to set the records straight as to "who done what to whom and when." Here is his version of how things went down, some of which proved too painful to the troops, but not so much to the true culprit of this incident. ***Ed.***

Deadly Jesters

The "Deadly Jesters" 461st TFS out of Hahn was counting down to deactivation on 8/1/59 with almost a perfect flying safety record. Our commander (CO) decided we should close out with a four ship formation flight. I was a bit bummed, because that would be my last chance for a good rat race … and our boss wasn't the greatest of Leads—having problems with anything over 20 degrees of bank. But what the hell. At least the CO's decision for a last flight of the squadron would be special for the troops, something memories are built on. And, man, did that come true, in spades!

Frosty in his prime.

The first order of business was to assign a Mobile Control Officer. Being few in numbers (five pilots) by this time, the boss named Glenn Frick for the task. I felt I had to object (although it meant I might be given the duty, which was *not* my intention). Heck, no way did I want to spend the outfit's last flight on Mobile, but Glenn wasn't qualified for the job, being the last newly assigned FNG. The boss overrode my objection and named me to the #3 slot. Ah, a glimmer of hope. Never had the boss gotten off on time with me in a flight, so when I went to my plane, I suspected I might just get in that last hassle after all. Sure enough, as I came up on the radio, I was advised the boss would be delayed, I might as well launch and that he'd catch up over the Hahn beacon. "You betchum Red Rider," like I'll be waiting. Well the first 20 minutes were a bust. No contrails, reflected sun flashes and Barber and Yellow Jacket radars had nothing on their scopes.

Jester 3 and 4 launch for a last hassle or to await CO Lead and 2.

Then I got the first call; the boss was airborne and climbing to 30 thousand at the Hahn beacon for a join-up. "Dirty words." It was almost like my bird felt the same way. A quick flash of red caught my eye. When I looked it was gone. I wondered if I really saw it. Then again and gone. I wondered if my imagination was … . Nope there it is and it's the Fire Warning Light! I eased back on the throttle and all's right with the world again … and I head for home. Then it's on again. Longer. Throttle back more, but now it's on for a longer period. Damn! Then it's just a steady glowing red coal in my eye.

In a way, it's a relief. No formation flying today. ("Stupid" also comes to mind, because this is how I lost my first Flight Commander in F-86s.) My wingman sees something but isn't sure what it is, so I go to idle and set up for a precautionary SFO landing, straight in. It's a no brainer, and as I approached the overrun and started my flare, the boss roars right past my right wing (in burner with speed boards out) yelling, "You're Clear!" My thought, in turn, was "D.S."

Touch down, rollout and stop-cock was a nonevent, and I was told that my Armorer was en-route with a tug. I had pulled off on the high speed alert taxiway and stopped on a concrete pad, and as A2C Prior rolled up, he had on the world's biggest smile. Prior, a skinny little kid, had been with me for three years, always with that big grin from ear to ear. We were shooting the breeze while we hooked up the tow bar, when something else caught my eye again.

A red flare. "Now what?" I think. Seconds later, we both stare open-mouthed as an F-100 comes sliding over the runway hump in afterburner … minus landing gear and drop tanks! I'm having a problem because everything is in black and white like I'm watching an old movie, but it's real, and the plane comes to a stop abeam the high speed taxiway. It sits there in burner, canopy closed with a fire growing in the speed brake area and a good half tank of fuel still in its mains. It seemed like we stood there for minutes waiting for something to happen, but nothing changed.

I grabbed Prior and started for the plane when he stopped and said there was no way he was going to get near the burning plane. He was scared. I was stupid. I told him I needed his help; all he had to do was open the canopy and get the hell out of there. I'd get the pilot out.

The kid gave me that big smile, and off we went. I know he was terrified out of his mind, but, damn it, he went.

He opened the canopy, and when I looked in, there was my boss, flying his F-100 in afterburner, trying to get it airborne. I shook him; he looked at me but went back to trying to fly again, so I reached in and shut the bird down but not without a fight.

There stood Prior on the other side waiting for me to "get the hell out of there." Meanwhile I was unstrapping the boss, who was *still* trying to fly. After a lot of tugging, I got him up on my left shoulder and took off running. When clear of the plane, I dumped him on the grass, after which, he called me a "Dumb SOB" for carrying him in front of the guns.

In turn, I told him he was a "Stupid Ass" for not reading his own letters in which he had informed us that all our planes had been *disarmed*! By now I was mad, disgusted and stunk, covered with foam from the fire truck and with a corpsman trying to get me in the attending meat wagon. I finally pushed the corpsman away and went to the bar—where I spent the next two days. But, *the really sad parts* were yet to come.

Aftermath

The next weekend, my loyal armorer, A2C Prior, *drowned in the Mosel River at an enlisted outing*. Yikes! When I tried to put him in for the Airman's Medal, the CO turned me down flat. My last sight of Prior had been as he stood by the burning F-100, waiting to help me *help the CO*. (Even more sadly, Mrs. Prior never knew her son was a hero!)

Meanwhile, the Accident Board had cranked up. It was a wash. As I recall … in sequence:

Glenn Frick was blamed for letting the CO land with his wheels up, although Glenn's radio calls were clearly heard by the tower and all the various flares had duly been fired. Poor Glenn was sent to Turkey as a Duty Officer.

I answered the questions put to me, but it was very evident that my views were the wrong answers.

It was concluded that I contributed to the CO's screw-up because of my Fire Warning Light emergency! And, when all the dust settled, it ended up with me getting assigned to SAC and B-52s. Gasp!

But, wouldn't you know—our CO made "Bird" on schedule? After all, he had a medal for having the best flying record in the world for the F-100. (Awarded to himself three months after arriving—for a record that had stood for two plus years, until that "last flight.")

Safety (and Safety awards) took precedence in them days.

Epilogue

All this is why Wally Mason's article seemed a bit bitter, and I know some of the guys didn't like it for that reason. I finally decided to keep my 36th TFW Flying Safety Award in a paper bag in my closet as a reminder that you're not as SH as you think you are, and when you think you are, bad "Doodoo" happens. All this is also why I believe it's the guys who make the squadron a great unit. The plane, commander and base sometimes help, but I still think the world of the guys I flew with in the 461st FDS/TFS. Despite the last two or three weeks before inactivation, it was still the best squadron I was ever in, and I look forward to seeing those Deadly Jesters whenever possible.

— Frosty Sheridan ◘

Thanks for your insightful "rest of the story," Frosty. The Jesters know who the CO was, but we mention it not here. ***Ed.***

Late Breaking News

Medal of Honor Recipient Bud Day Posthumously Promoted

From the Air Force Association Newsletter of 12 June 2018.

"Chief of Staff Gen. David Goldfein posthumously promoted former prisoner-of-war and Medal of Honor recipient retired Col. Bud Day to brigadier general during a summer concert series at the Air Force Memorial on Friday evening. Goldfein used the stars he had received when he was promoted to brigadier general during the ceremony."

From a Memo from General Goldfein.

"At the United States Air Force's Heritage to Horizons event Friday, I had the honor of presenting the set of stars I wore when I was promoted to brigadier general to Mrs. Doris Day, symbolizing the posthumous advancement of her husband, Medal of Honor recipient Col. George "Bud" Day, to the rank of brigadier general. Bud served in WWII and Korea, and was a Prisoner of War during Vietnam. Having earned 70 decorations, he is one of America's most decorated service members." **Comments from SSS Members:** *Well-deserved - an honor to know the whole family.— Shep. Truly deserved! A great American! — Jim Williford. Long overdue! — Hoppy. Great, just great! — John Schulz. I'm sure that 1,400 other members have similar sentiments about this event at the Air Force Memorial. —* ***Pub Med*** ◘


Dorie accepts the promotion document.

"From a Wife's Perspective"

Marcia's Itazuke Courting Story & Introduction to Air Force Life

By Marcia Royce Majors

*This is the latest in our several-chapter series "From a Wife's Perspective," and underscores yet again how unique each experience has been for the ladies in our lives, even though all of them married a Hun Driver and managed to survive the ups and downs (no pun intended) of life in the fast lane (oops, no pun intended here, either). This "experimental" department initiated about three years ago has turned into a permanent and truly worthwhile addition to our journal. This article came to us quite recently, but the "folder" is now empty, yet again, and so the somewhat familiar "call for more stories" alert must be sounded. Each submission has taken a different approach to the task at hand. This one focuses on the start of her solo teaching adventure in Japan in 1961 through her transition to married life in 1962. A fascinating adventure! — **Ed**.*

Marcia, at Itazuke, Sept. 8, 1962.

June 1959: I was 22 years old and had just graduated from college with a BA degree in elementary education. How I longed to spread my wings! Now that I owned a car and had a teaching contract signed, I wanted to get an apartment of my own. That plan was halted by my puritanical parents proclaiming, "What would people think if our youngest daughter lived alone in a little state like New Jersey?" You guessed it, I was doomed to live forever with my parents—or at least until I could find a way to escape.

The good Lord intervened when I met a girl going to teach overseas for the Air Force. WOW, that sounded good to me and here was my chance. All I needed was to have a valid degree, an easy interview, pass a health physical, get a security clearance for the most honest person I knew (me) and be a minimum age of 23. "Oh dear, I'll have to wait a year. But I could handle living cloistered just one more year." Then another bomb dropped. I had to have two years of teaching experience and I had none as yet. "Oh well, I could suffer anything as long as there was an open door in my future." I then secretly schemed to apply over the next two years. No need to worry my folks. They might put the kibosh on it.

May 1961: A letter of acceptance arrived with an offer to teach in Japan. "Yeah!" Now I had to drop this bomb on my parents. Hoping for the best, they exclaimed with glee that they had always wanted me to travel but could not afford it, and they had saved half my paid rent as a wedding present. I guess it looked like I'd be an old maid, so they changed plans. The new caveat was that the money could only be used to travel. (I took an 18-day tour of the Far East the next Christmas break.)

August 1961: I headed to teach 2nd grade at Itazuke Air Base on the southern island of Kyushu. It was an amazing F-100 base, with more single fighter pilots than married ones and lots of single American teachers. As you'd guess, it was a recipe for many memorable fun get-togethers. Many of the bachelors had pads in Japanese mansions such as the Zashnokuma (*aka* "Zash" house), Suinaga and Kiajima Houses among others. Don Majors (my future husband) lived in the Kiajima House with six other pilots. The Zash house and all single pilots threw a party for newly arriving teachers. I went. It was exciting. We had had a welcoming tour of the flight-line that afternoon, and I later found out that those who came to the party had passed some kind of bachelor mentality test for future invites. I guess I passed, because the next year was a whirl of new beginnings for me. My eyes were opened to squadron and house parties, O'Club Friday nights, BOQ parties, traveling and of course teaching, the reason I was there.

It was not all fun and games though, as when I experienced my first missing-man formation. I was at recess with my second graders. Next door, just below the level of the playground, was the base chapel. A four-ship F-100 formation flew over at low level and when they reached the church spire, the number three man pitched up in full afterburner and disappeared out of sight. I had read of a fatal F-100 crash the previous week, so the meaning of this ritual was obvious. I still get a spiritual chill as I remember that missing-man formation flyby.

F-100 pilots were nothing like any folks I had ever met before. They were the most fun-loving bunch you'd ever meet. They partied heartily but took flying very seriously. My Don was much the same. I had known him for eight months but it was not until **March 31st, 1962**, at a farewell party for Matchet and Mobbly, that we actually started dating. That night, at 12:01 AM, April 1st, they exclaimed, "April Fools, we're not going anywhere" (Just another excuse to party.) We all had gone to the civilian airport to see them off. The crowd erupted and the APs were called by the airport authorities. Don rescued me before the police arrived.

The three squadrons in Japan rotated guys TDY each week to the alert pad at Osan, Korea. Every Thursday, "Old Shaky," a C-124, arrived back in Japan with its load of homecoming pilots ready to kick up their heels for the next two weeks. Fighter pilots with nicknames such as "Tonto," "Willy," "Beetle Baily," "Spiels," "Sam," "Hog," "Buster," "Digger Odell" (the flight surgeon) and "Shakey" (my 1st Lieutenant) could have been the ones returning from the rotation. The

names were always colorful. (By the way, the C-124 was not named after my "Shakey," as I naively thought. Oh so much for me to learn!)

July 4, 1962: Don proposed to me after three months of dating and talking via the command post phone line during each TDY in Osan. After a day of sailing he popped the question on the tatami mats at the Zash House under a drying wet sail. The Zash pilots owned a sailboat and Don and the other Kiajima pilots owned a speedboat (supposedly the fastest boat in Fukuoka Harbor). But this day, the sailboat had to tow the so-called "speed" boat back to port after it broke down while trying to race.

Don Majors at Itazuke, 1962.

One evening, Muff, Dutch, Don and I went downtown to Shanghai Showtime. We went for the show; the guys went for dancing with the hostesses. There were none to their liking, so Dutch said to Muff, "Let's go to the Diamond Horseshoe. Want to go, Marcia and Don?" I was eager to see this seedy place I had heard so much about, so we went. There, Don introduced me as his bride-to-be; and the house cancelled our expense tab as a congratulations gift. To my amazement, I had met many of the lovely, English speaking, educated local women at squadron parties. The place was not at all what I had expected, but I never told my parents about this part of our dating. (Too much information!!)

Don and I got to know each other better via phone every night he was TDY in Osan. He was forbidden to phone Japan from the alert pad, but I could call him from the O' Club. Don had asked me to call, but I first refused because I had been taught to never call a man first. He must do the initial calling. Another pilot gave me a dime to call if I was really interested in him. I was, and so I did. A very good decision on my part!

The Kyushu Bachelor's Association, with their umbrellas, red vests and bowlers "did their thing" at the church wedding.

August 7, 1962: After four months of wild parties, romantic dinners at Kings Restaurant overlooking the moonlit *binjo* ditch (a cesspool in daylight), trips to Ashia Range and to Mobile Control, where I learned first-hand what fighter pilots do for a living besides partying, we were married at Fukuoka City Hall and then at the American Consulate. Both certificates were prerequisites to getting on the housing list and to having our church ceremony on **September 8, 1962**.

The church wedding, (our third ceremony) is another story. Don's Squadron CO, Col. Aaron Bowman, gave me away; neither of our families could attend. The Kyushu Bachelors Association (KBA, Don was a member) commandeered the newly cleaned VIP red carpet from in front of the O' Club and put it on the church sidewalk. The KBA members, wearing their red brocade vests, lined up on each side of the carpet, their umbrellas crossed in an arch to look like swords. We exited the church under the "swords" to find the Zash House's "Yellow Fever" (a WWII ambulance) parked at the curb with its door open, a bed inside, and a Home Sweet Home sign. (Our name had still not appeared on the list for approved off-base housing, a requirement.) Nelson Allen (dressed as a chauffeur) arrived in his Cadillac and took us to Don's Kiajima House and the reception.

The Kiajima House's grounds encompassed a full city block entirely walled and gated. Today, it is a private hotel. There was a three-hole golf course attended by gardeners. 'Twas a lovely place for our outside party and reception. Other Kiajima residents, Dutch, Mudd, Dave, Gordy, Wayne and Larry, were there to host. The others were on duty in Osan. Leaving for our honeymoon to Tokyo, Don was wearing his KBA red vest. But it was quickly ripped off him and shredded by the attending KBA members. Guess that meant he was no longer a bachelor!

In October our name finally came up for housing, and we found a tiny off-base Japanese house in Kasugabaru. No phone or drinkable running water, but a home at last, after borrowing places to live for a month. It was under the downwind approach to the base. Don would sometimes return from Osan via F-100. His only way to let me know he was back was to light the afterburner directly over our house. A terrible roar, but I'd then go pick him up at the base.

Marcia and Don, nearing 56 years of marriage.

The next year teaching, I'd eat lunch at the O' Club. Not many teachers were married to an officer; so I always had a parking space right out front. The sign said, "General Officer Only." I used Don's car with an officer sticker, and in my mind, he was an "any old kind of, *i.e. general* officer," so I knew it was meant for me. What a shock I had when one day I pointed out the always open free space to Don. *Not Good!* (Itazuke's commander was a colonel; no generals on base.) Our marriage somehow survived this misstep and my learning curve increased, despite my naiveté.

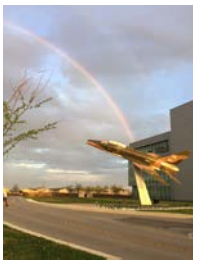
Fast Forward to 2018: We've been happily married almost 56 years, 25 of them in the Air Force. We proudly created three fine sons and four college-age grandchildren. We've traveled all over the world (my folks would be thrilled) and I've overcome my innocence. I remember Itazuke Air Base and my introduction to the F-100 world as the most exciting place, and also my favorite. It was a kindergarten to my falling in love with life and to being married to now-retired fighter pilot, Colonel Donald M. Majors, "The greatest fighter pilot of them all!!" Wonder who said that? ◘

A Letter to President Shepperd: February 9, 2018.

Dear General Shepperd and Members of the SSS …

From Gary Schaap (Son of SSSer Norman Schaap.)

While at my parent's home in Sioux Center, IA, recently, I read my father's Fall 2017, Issue 35 of The Intake, *and he showed me the back cover picture of 56-3880, known to him as "880," displayed outside of the building at Joint Base Andrews named in your honor. It is quite a privilege to have a building named after you and have an airplane on a stick outside said building, also with your name on it, but there is much more to the story of 880. And, since everyone loves a good airplane story, let me share this one about my dad with you and your members.* ***— GS***



The pic that triggered a letter … with a story and more pics!

My dad, Major Norm Schaap, was the last Hun Driver to fly 880 when he delivered it to the Boneyard in August 1977. It is also worth mentioning that there are actually three Hun Drivers' names permanently enshrined on 880, not two. Obviously yours and your back-seater, Jim Fiorelli's, on the canopy rail, but also my dad's name and the date he last flew 880 inside the wheel well of the main landing gear. Allow me to explain.

Major Schaap with "his" Hun … so to speak.

My dad was a member of the 185th Tactical Fighter Group (TFG), Iowa ANG, based in Sioux City, Iowa. His first ride in a Hun was in September 1961, coincidentally in 880, and his last flight was also in 880, in August of 1977, when he flew it to the Boneyard. About 15 years ago, my parents retired and began travelling in the southwestern U.S. during the winter months of January and February. Their travel itineraries varied over the years, but they always stopped at the Boneyard to see if 880 was still there. While the number of F-100s slowly decreased, 880 remained and eventually it was the only F-100 left. Fast forward a decade to 2015 when 880 was resurrected from the desert sun's preserving forces and came back home, coincidentally, to the Paint Booth at the 185th in Sioux City, Iowa!

It was here that my dad was reunited with 880. We still live in the area, so it was a short drive, and we checked in on 880 four times while it was being refurbished and repainted. On the third trip, I brought along a black sharpie to have my dad sign his name in the wheel well of the airplane. He wasn't sure about doing that at first, but the group of maintainers and public affairs officials surrounding him urged him on. 880's new paint job was completed in January 2016, and 880 made the trip to its new home, greeting the Air Guard staff on a daily basis outside of Shepperd Hall.

Major Schaap with his name in the wheel well and indicating he last flew her in August, 1977.

Major Schaap's 880 story ends in Oct. '17, documented with this family snapshot.

My father's story of 880 was finally completed this past October when our entire family travelled to Andrews AFB [Joint Base Andrews] to see 880 permanently displayed on a stick … and it looks GREAT at its new home!

I hope this Hun story is a good one. It's always nice to see an F-100 get some ink every now and again. Thank you for considering it for publication, and feel free to edit as you see fit. Sincerely, ***— Gary Schaap*** ◘

Thanks to Gary for getting his father's story to all us Hun Lovers. We're sure that it ***wasn't*** *a coinkydink that Norm's first and last Hun flights were both in old 880. But there is more to the 880 story that maybe Norm and many others don't know about. SHE FLEW AGAIN! That's right … and all you exceptional smarties have guessed how: It's the Hun Drone Program!*

Yes, after 880 went into storage in August 1977, she was returned to service at Mojave on 8/22/90 as QF-100F #420. But just under 9 months later, she was stored for a final time at D-M on 4/11/91. Here are some pics to close this saga.

Short-lived tour in the Hun Drone Program at Mojave.

Back from Mojave to the D-M Boneyard for the second and final time.

Packed up for the trip to Sioux City, restoration and then service at Andrews!

On guard, day and night!

Always Ready!

Success came on August 11, 1967!

Paul Doumer Bridge

By Bob Spielman

Long story short: Bob flew west on February 25, 2018. MB Barrett of the SSS Legacy Team couldn't find a pic of him to go with his obit for his Bio pages on our website. Dick Pietro suggested we contact Bruce Cowee who had several good pictures of Bob supporting a story he wrote for Bruce's book From Vietnam to Western Airlines. *We got the needed pics. AND, we got permission to publish a slightly abridged version of Bob's Sierra Hotel story about a successful raid against the infamous Paul Doumer Bridge. So here we celebrate Bob's life by bringing his story to light for all* Intake *readers who don't have their personal copies of Bruce's book Volume 1 (now a series going on Volume 3). Enjoy!* ***Ed.***

Bob flew Thuds, but before that, he was a Hun Driver!

I was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant from ROTC at Trinity College in Connecticut and went to UPT with Class 61B at Spence AFB, GA, and Laredo AFB, TX. My initial assignment was the F-100 with training at Luke AFB, AZ, followed by an assignment to Itazuke AB, Japan. I then transitioned to the F-105 and went on to Yokota AB, Japan.

In the summer of 1967, the air war over North Vietnam was getting hot, and the code name for the operation was "Rolling Thunder." The JCS (Joint Chiefs of Staff) began to designate new and more important targets than had previously been hit. The F-105s (Thuds) were carrying the bomb load north, while the F-105 Wild Weasels put down the SAMs and AAA threats, and the F-4 Phantoms flew MiG CAP against an increasing MiG threat.

Five buddies. Bob at left, Art at right. Art didn't make it home.

I was based at Yokota with the 36th TFS. The fighter wing formed a new squadron, the 34th TFS, and sent it to Korat RTAFB, Thailand, to help out with the war effort. When the squadron in Thailand ran short of airplanes or pilots, short-term replacements would be sent from Kadena AB, Okinawa or Yokota AB, Japan, until permanent replacements came from the States. I missed being in this new squadron because I had been sent to Nellis AFB, NV, to attend Fighter Weapons School, but when I returned, I was sent from Yokota to Takhli for a 90-day TDY. Five of us were sent on that TDY, and out of our group, three were shot down, two of whom were rescued, and the third pilot, Art Mearns, later died in a prison camp in North Vietnam. I was 30 years old when my TDY to Takhli was assigned.

The mission *I remember so well* was the first raid on the Paul Doumer Bridge on August 11, 1967. This bridge spanned the Red River on the edge of Hanoi, and had been off-limits to us until this time. It was the main rail link between Communist China and North Vietnam … and it carried most of the major Soviet equipment from China south to Hanoi. This equipment included SAM missiles, aircraft, AAA weapons and ammunition, and general armament.

We were planning our mission the day prior and debated whether to egress across Hanoi after the bomb run or do a 180-degree turn and exit to the north, the way we came in. One of our young pilots, 1st Lieutenant Dick Guild, convinced us that even though the enemy's defenses were concentrated around Hanoi, we would have the element of surprise in our favor, and an exit across Hanoi would be the fastest way out. That turned out to be a good decision.

Takhli's Colonel Bob White (of X-15 fame, and *fearless*) was mission commander and led our 16 strike Thuds. On the day of the strike, we arose at 0230, ate breakfast, and went to the mission briefing. We started engines at 0400 and started our taxi out for departure. We each carried two 3,000 pound bombs that day, plus a Sidewinder air-to-air missile and an electronic warfare jamming pod. We taxied into the arming area at the end of the runway, and here was the procedure there: We stopped the aircraft, set the brakes, and held our hands up in view while the arming crew pulled the pins on the bomb fuses and charged a live round into the 20 mm Gatling gun. The arming crew followed the same procedure for all of us and then waved us off, cleared for departure. As usual when we left the arming area, the chaplain was there to the side of the taxiway to bless us before we got underway. I don't think that was as reassuring as he intended it to be!

Our aircraft gross weight was about 52,000 pounds. Our Pratt & Whitney J75 engines would put out 25,000 pounds of thrust, and we used water injection for an additional 2,000 pounds of thrust on takeoff. It was still pitch-dark when we lined up for takeoff. As each pilot ahead of me lit his burner for takeoff, it became bright as could be, and until the Thud ahead of me came out of burner, it was very difficult to see to join up as we climbed out of the traffic pattern. It took nearly 30 minutes for the 16 Thuds to climb out and rejoin on the way to the rendezvous with our KC-135 tankers over Laos. It was just getting light as we each refueled and then topped off again before we headed off to North Vietnam. Due to our weight, we refueled at a fairly low altitude, perhaps 18,000 feet. We were at such a high gross weight for so long that we were using the J75 engines at much higher thrust and temperature than was intended, thus reducing their useful life by a huge amount.

We headed off for the North at 480 knots in four flights of four, spaced so that our jamming pods covered each other. We flew 500 feet out and 500 feet vertically, so that #4, the farthest back, was within 1,500 feet vertically of Lead, and this effectively overlapped our pod coverage and degraded the North Vietnamese radars' ability to develop azimuth and range information. I was #2 in the last flight of four and flying on Mo Baker's wing. (Mo was shot down and captured later in the war, but, luckily returned home with the POWs.) I do not recall our call signs that day, but one squadron used cars—Buick, Olds, etc.—and another used fish—Marlin, Shark, and so on.

We could see the four F-105 Wild Weasels—the guys with the big gonads—out ahead of us. There was another flight of 16 Thuds from Korat behind us, with 16 F-4s from Ubon behind them, and we could hear the F-4 top cover escorts on the UHF radio, so we knew they were with us, too. Over Yen Bai on the Red River, about 100 miles northwest of Hanoi, AAA always shot at us … if they had gotten their weekly supply of ammunition. Fire they did this morning, but no sweat; we were at 14,000 feet, and it gave us the incentive to push up to 600 knots. We headed southeast and crossed Thud Ridge as it pointed our way to Hanoi. The Wild Weasels radioed that the target weather was clear. Two MiG-17s slid in above us, head-on as we were inbound, but by the time they could turn around, there was no way they could catch us, and the F-4s would, we hoped, chase them away. I could see a couple of SA2 SAMs explode far off to the right and ahead of us.

Bob's gun camera photo of a Thud egressing through flak!

Lead rolled in over Gia Lam airfield, which was located on the northeast side of the Red River, and aimed for a 45 degree dive angle with an 8,000-foot release altitude. This would enable us to pull out of the dive at least 4,500 feet above the ground and keep us out of the range of small arms fire. We went in four at a time, and as our flight of four was coming down the chute, a 100mm AAA round went off between Mo Baker and me, turning our two 50,000-pound Thuds upside down, but luckily, no shrapnel hit either of us. We rolled out and continued on our bomb run. I watched Mo, and when he released his bombs, so did I. My F-105 carried the camera pod, and it captured a beautiful photo of bombs from the first flight of four dropping a span of the Doumer Bridge, AAA firing, and for the first time that we knew about, Thuds going as fast as they could in afterburner across Hanoi. We thought the POWs were in and around Hanoi, and we hoped they could see or hear us, because we wanted them to think they were coming home soon. Ironically, it only took *five more years*!

Only one aircraft was hit on this mission. He took a piece of shrapnel in his windscreen, but otherwise, had no major damage. We all made it home. It was a three-and-a-half hour mission, and we were wringing wet with sweat, but happy, as we pitched out over Takhli and landed. The flight behind us called from Korat and congratulated us—the bridge was down before they rolled in for their bomb run. The brave RF-101 Voodoo pilots flew over later and took a photo that proved it. We had expected to have to go again the next day, unless someone was lucky enough to hit it on the first mission. *Done!*

Post-strike RF-101 BDA = 1 rail and 2 highway spans down!

In doing research for this story, I contacted my friend Mo Baker and asked for his recollections of the mission. He confirmed my memory of that day, including the 100mm AAA round that exploded between us and turned us upside down. *Keith Ferris* said he could see the shiny round coming up in the photo he used to paint his picture of this Doumer raid. I also contacted Jon Reynolds, a friend from Trinity College who was a POW at the time of this bombing mission. Some of the POWs were moved around Hanoi during these raids, and he refers to this in his note back to me. Here's his message:

Your story of the raid on the Doumer Bridge was great—must have been that great English teacher you had at Trinity, Freshman year. Yep, I was around on the Doumer Bridge raids—in fact, I made every one of them until 1972 when they moved us up to the China border. Summer of 1967, however, was the most exciting. They had moved several of us to a power plant not far from the bridge. That was one of Ho Chi Minh's dumber ideas. It seemed like it was early afternoon in late July or early August when the first strike took place. The bombs were close, but the prison walls were thick. The problem was that hunks of the ceiling were coming down, and we had nothing to hide under. One bomb must have hung up, as it hit so close as to crack the wall enough to see light in the cell next door, the sole occupant of which was Bob Peel. That prison was a real pit, known as the Dirty Bird, because of all the soot from that power plant. We could sure hear you all flying. Wish I had known you were there. Dick Guild flew with our squadron when he first got to Yokota. There were three new guys right out of Nellis and Guild was one of them. We later heard that it was Guild who dropped the bridge. Was that true? The air strikes during that period really picked up our morale. And it helped the time pass. Another exciting event was the night of the Son Tay raid, when they had just moved us to a new camp, and we thought the war was almost over. As Bruce Seeber said one day when the bombing was especially close, "Sometimes I have mixed emotions about these air strikes!" We really did appreciate your efforts on our behalf.

Jon Reynolds went POW on 11/28/65 flying a Thud.

Quite a story! But, as a result of our research about this historic mission while doing our "light editing" of this slightly abridged version, we came across another well-done version in an article from the February 1988 edition of AIR FORCE Magazine *titled,* "A Place Called the Doumer Bridge," *by John L. Frisbee. We found a few slight differences between it and Bob's story. And although we did not rewrite Bob's version because it was published first in the Cowee book, and because we suspect that the* AF Mag. *version is most likely the more authoritative, we offer this full disclosure.*

Bob implies that the JCS tasking came sometime on the day **befor**e *the raid was flown, going on to say, "On the day of the mission, we arose at 0230, ate breakfast, and went to the mission briefing. We started engines at 0400 … ." The AF Mag. article says,* "At 1000 hours on August 11, 1967 … received [the] long-awaited orders to hit the bridge—*not tomorrow,* but that afternoon."

Further on, it says, "But a miracle of mission planning and preparation had to be worked in the short time before takeoff." *And then, in direct conflict with Bob, it says,* "Start-engines was at 1350 hours. At 1418, the strike force started to roll. It was clear skies all the way, target time 1558."

So, there you have it. Sadly, we can't ask Bob about this timeline conflict. But you can read the AF Mag. *version in its entirety at the URL below, and you be the conflict judge.*

http://www.airforcemag.com/MagazineArchive/Documents/1988/February%201988/0288valor.pdf

There is an interesting postscript to this story and the successful raid on the bridge. Colonel Bob White was later given our nation's second-highest combat award, the Air Force Cross, and author Bob Spielman was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. ***Ed.*** ◘

Picture Caption Contest – Go Consult Your Funny Bone

New Caption Here

Great response last time!! Did the lovely gal get your attention?

It was "Hoppy" Hopkins, our CEO, who suggested this ongoing Caption Contest. He has been the unchallengeable and only judge and jury for picking the winner. As we move to the next round, the main challenge is still the same for everyone: Put your funny bone to work and produce a caption! The new picture is above. Hoppy's retiring his judgeship. Great thanks for this idea, Laddie!

I don't think you can get in the back seat with that short skirt. You'd better sit in the front with me.
Submitted by **Keith "Herb" Acheson, Iowa ANG.**

OTHER SUBMISSIONS: GREAT "TURNOUT"! THANKS! — jjs

Forgive my presumption as a female SSS member.....however, ***"These boots were made for more than 'walkin'."****....is the ONLY obvious caption!* — **Jackie L Douglass**

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1) ***"You flew in with this Super Sabre and all you want is milk?"***
2) "I told you I would make it in for our date." **— Crow Wilson**

>>

"No that was not me who made the low pass down Main Street and broke the shop windows." **— Robert "Bob" Sarchet**

>>

"I thought the first thing we were supposed to do was read the PIF."
— Robert "Bob" Gallo

>>\

"That's a 'stick'. It's used to drive this thing."
— Keith "Herb" Acheson, Iowa ANG (2nd submission)

>>

"Your drink Sir, stirred not shaken." **—Tom Clark**

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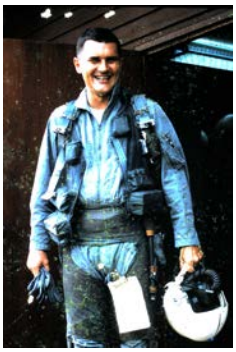
Wonderful Hun Memories and a Few Others

By Peter C. Wirth

We all have more than our share of interesting stories, both from our adventures in the F-100, and perhaps while flying other fighters as well, and it's more than likely that any number of (nearly as many ☺) great yarns have come from adventures and achievements when we moved on to other challenges in life. This summary could almost serve as a model for what to say in a long night at the bar with new friends or when grandkids ask about our flying days and our lives in general. And despite our common Hun years, as Peter Wirth shows here, we all had singular adventures. ***— Ed.***



Peter Wirth, with the 555th at Udorn, 1966.

I believe the Hun to be the best-looking jet on the ground and in the air. She always looked ready to dash like a sprinter at the starting blocks. I also love the phrase "Slick, Shiny, Sexy, Super Sabrejet." Granted, we could put on the F-86 like a sports coat, but the Hun was worn like a suit.

Unofficial Buzzard Patch of the 510th TFS "Buzzards of Bien Hoa."

I trained at Graham Air Base, Mariana, Florida (where I met my wife) and Greenville AFB, Mississippi, where I graduated second in Class 57D and chose fighters. After F-86 training at Willie and Hun training at Nellis in the "Tiger Squadron," I was fortunate to fly the Hun at Langley AFB, Virginia, in the 405th FBW, "Five and Dime" (510th FBS) in 1957-'58 (and in the 50th TFW, 10th TFS, at Hahn AB, Germany, 1961-'63). Note: In those days at Langley in the 510th, there was a Falcon on the patch, not a Buzzard! Too bad it was changed. [*The Buzzard patch was unofficial and only used during the SEA/Vietnam years.*]

Several incidents come to mind while I was flying at Langley. On Armed Forces Day in 1958, Mathew P. D'Addio lost power on a test flight and bailed out in view of the audience and landed in the Chesapeake Bay. The show crowd applauded! Another time, my wingman lost power on the run-in for an over-the-shoulder delivery on a small range off the eastern shore in Chesapeake Bay. He punched out and was picked up shortly. Do any of you remember the water survival practice in the Chesapeake Bay in August? We froze our butts off in the one-man raft in the middle of summer! Then there was the flight when I started in the chocks, engaged nose wheel steering, pushed right rudder and practically pulled my privates' skin off. I had caught part of it in my helmet bag's zipper.

510th Patches in 405th FBW-TFW.

On a sad note, one of our 510th Squadron pilots took off on a cross country, headed east over the Chesapeake Bay, turned right and lost power. He got a good chute but drowned in his risers before the rescue helicopter got to him.

In 1958, from McGuire AFB, NJ, I took a Hun in a two-ship flight to Châteauroux, France, via Harmon, Newfoundland and Lajes Field in the Azores (where we spent three days waiting for surface winds to die down). Then I ferried a Hun to RAF Bentwaters, England, and proceeded to roll a wheel in the deep mud just off the taxiway on the way in. It was a rather ignominious ending to my first tour in Huns.

From the summer of 1958 until the summer of 1961, I was assigned to Intelligence at TAC HQ and the Special Intelligence Squadron, situated on the banks of the Rhine River outside of Wiesbaden, Germany. In 1961, I finally got back into Huns in the 10th TFS at Hahn after camping in Gen. B.O. Davis's (USAFE DO, Wiesbaden) office to beg for my return to fighters. I requalified within a month with a series of flights at Hahn AB, Germany, and at the gunnery range at Wheelus, Libya. My ops check by John Rheman, 10th TFS Ops Officer, involved low level navigation, buzzing a French control tower for a "gear check" and then formation flying up to nearly 49,000 feet. I received an A+.

What followed were many 70- and 80-hour weeks on Victor Alert, low-level navigation training and gunnery at Wheelus. On October 22, 1962, I led the first flight back to Europe from Wheelus AB, Libya, wearing my orange bag (flight suit) with 450s on the wings. As soon as I landed, I went immediately to Victor Alert for three days. They had doubled the number of aircraft and pilots on alert status for a few weeks during the Cuban blockade and missile crisis.

At Hahn, well known for its poor weather, I once dropped off a wingman in below minimum weather conditions from a GCA then, with minimum fuel, performed a miracle 360 back to final approach for my landing. It felt a lot quicker than four minutes!

In the winter of '62, Hahn had ice on the taxiways and runway. Everyone on the base was issued a 5' section of rebar with a 4"x12" iron plate welded on the bottom and we were marshalled in line abreast to move down the runway and chip away the ice. We were out of business for three days. Lt. Col. Bob Cory was the 10th commander, and during my time there we managed to get to several biennial Farnborough and Paris air shows. It was a great tour, but ended too soon.

In December of 1963, I was reassigned by PCS to MacDill and the 555th TFS. My family (wife and two children) and I were scheduled to return to the CONUS via the SS United States from Le Havre, France, to New York City. We looked

forward to "the cruise," but we ran into a near disaster when we started the overall journey at the Kaiserslautern, Germany, train station. We had erroneously been told we could check our baggage there through to Le Havre … which we thought we had done correctly. Fortunately, in the nick of time, we learned of our mistake before the train to Paris pulled out. We returned to the station, retrieved the baggage and boarded the train to Paris (*with our baggage*) where we spent the night. The next day we took another train (*with our baggage*) to the port at Le Havre. All this went on while controlling our 3-year-old German Shepard. What a Chinese fire drill!

To top it all off, we arrived New York City on December 23rd at sunset, just as the snow started. My Dad met us and took wife Christina, daughter Dana (age 6) and son Andrew (age 5 months), and drove them back to DC. I was at curbside with all the luggage and our dog. I was finally able to get a cab (*with* the dog) after threatening the driver. I made it over to the Navy Yard (closed, but I opened it). Our car there wouldn't start, but I got help boosting the battery, and returned to the civilian dockside to find all our luggage was still there! I loaded it and the dog and took only 8 hours to get to DC in the snowstorm to join the rest of my family and my parents there. Whew!!

After Christmas, in early 1964, we drove to MacDill AFB, Florida, where I started my eight-plus years in the F-4 with the 555th Squadron of the 12th Wing. We, the 555th TFS, had two 3-month tours at Naha AB, Okinawa, Japan, in the fall of '64 and again in the fall of '65 until February 1966. In that month, the entire 555th flew to Udorn, Thailand. We finished that TDY combat tour in December of '66.

From Thailand I was reassigned to 17th AF at Ramstein, Germany, for a very pleasant four-year tour in Stan Eval. I traveled with the IG team for Readiness Inspections and got to visit all the USAFE bases, giving periodic Instrument and Ops Ready flight checks. One time, inspecting at the 32nd TFS at Soesterberg AB, Holland, I flew as Number 3 in a 4-ship for formation and air refueling training. When it was my turn to get some fuel, and after seeing the first two take 3-4 minutes to hook up, I decide to hook up the way we did it in SEA. I took less than 35 seconds to get within 20 feet of the probe when the tanker called "Break away, break away!" I broke off and after things settled down I was still in trail. I asked if the boomer had ever been to SEA. He said he had not, so I took it very slowly into the contact position. I semi-apologized in the debriefing … but added that we ought to train on a war footing.

We left Ramstein in 1970 on a PCS assignment to the 8th TFS of the 49th TFW at Holloman AFB, New Mexico, where I eventually became Chief of Wing Stan Eval.

In February 1972, I went on permanent assignment to SEA, this time to the 13th TFS at Udorn, Thailand, where I finished my second combat tour as the Ops Officer of the 13th TFS. In December of 1972, I finished my F-4 career in SEA with 140 missions over North Vietnam.

Pete and Christina in 1976.

I returned to the real world and did a four-year tour in Requirements at TAC HQ, Langley AFB, Virginia. I decided to retire in 1976 when they wanted to reassign me to serve four years in England. I had already spent over half of my career outside the USA, and I'd had enough.

I flew a desk with Eastern Airlines and left before they folded. I went back to school and earned a Master's degree in Computer Science at Pace University in NY. I then had various positions with a local telephone company in eastern New York, then became business manager for an outdoor history museum in Massachusetts, and then did IT for a division of the J. Paul Getty Museum in western Massachusetts.

We moved to the panhandle of Florida in 2002, with me thinking I had finally retired. However, a former Thud (F-105) pilot friend of mine convinced me to join FEMA (the Federal Emergency Management Agency) as a reservist. I did that for eight years, traveling from Florida to Maine to Oregon and several states in between. We finally retired in 2012 to Reno, Nevada. In 2016, we moved to South Bend, Indiana.

Our daughter works for Mayo out of Rochester, Minnesota, and our son is head of Squaw Valley and Alpine Meadows Ski Resort near Truckee, California. Between our two children, they have 6 children

Christina and I have been married over 61 years now and are enjoying life in an Independent Living apartment in Holy Cross Village, Notre Dame, Indiana.

P.S. When I called Pete, now living in South Bend, IN, to discuss details in his fascinating life story, I asked if he had become a Notre Dame football fan. His, reply: "I wasn't initially; I had to become one or be exiled as the only non-fan in the village." ☺ — ***Ed.***

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

John J. Lynch *July 1, 2017*	*Donald Lauron Abbott* *October 17, 2017*	*James A. Bustle* *November 21, 2017*	*Clayton "Clay" E. Fox* *February 4, 2018*
Jon Prescott Haddock *April 5, 2018*	*Richard "Bubba" Heinisch* *May 4, 2018*	*Daniel "Fire Can Dan" Walsh* *May 30, 2018*	*~~//~~*

Chasing the Four-Star

By Greg Butler

This little-known, early A-7D Program adventure of Greg's came to us because of a conversations he had with Medley Gatewood at the recent "2nd Last A-7D Reunion." Greg asked Medley what the policy was for submitting non-F-100 stories for our journal, and Medley reminded him that non-F-100 stories from almost any source are officially OK as long as they are deemed to be of interest to SSS members by the Publisher/Editor of The Intake. *Period.*

With that clarification, Greg went to work after the reunion on his secret-till-now story for his weekly "life-story writing class," and after his reading, passed it on to Medley. He, with some light editing, adjusted it from a civilian audience to military readers. That done, we put it through the usual Intake *development process and pass it on to the SSS.* ***Ed.***

Greg was on the A-7D ground floor!

It was the fall of 1970, and the Air Force had recently received its first brand-new A-7D aircraft. Aside from a couple of airplanes designated for testing at Edwards AFB, all the first deliveries were to Luke AFB in Arizona, where I was stationed as an instructor pilot in the program that trained guys to be fighter pilots in the F-100. I also ran the special weapons section of the F-100 ground school.

An old acquaintance there, Rick Davis, had been assigned the job of developing the academic and flight training program for the new A-7Ds. He would then be running the ground school and serving as one of the first school-house and flight instructor pilots. However, Rick unknowingly decided he would have a very major impact on *my* future, and that of my family, *by turning down those A-7D jobs* in favor of becoming a student and later an instructor at the Air Force's Flight Safety School at Norton AFB. So, by default, I got Rick's A-7D jobs, and all that followed. Thus, along with Al Bartels and four guys designated to do the OT&E (Operational Test & Evaluation) of this new airplane, I found myself at LTV's (Ling-Temco-Vaught) A-7 factory at Grand Prairie, TX, (near Dallas) learning the ins and outs of what made that little SLUF tick. That is, what made the A-7D Corsair II a great fighter aircraft with multiple mission capabilities resulting in "Tactical Flexibility"!

Back at Luke, and after a check-out consisting of one flight each, chased by a test pilot, Al and I found ourselves diving deep into the many ins and outs of that amazing little single-engine, single-seat machine by flying together and doing the things we had done as instructors in the F-100 school. Thus, we developed the original curriculum for the A-7D. The big difference between the Hun and the SLUF airplanes was the futuristic electronics build into the A-7D, including inertial and Doppler nav, a multi-mode radar (forward-looking and terrain-following), and a "Navigation and Weapons Delivery System," the heart of which was a digital computer that could integrate inputs from all sensors. The result was unprecedented information displays including a "Projected Map Display" and an amazing, first-ever operational Head Up Display or HUD (a display of key nav and weapons delivery info projected in the pilot's line of sight through the windscreen).

Our first class of about 10 students was made up entirely of highly experienced fighter pilots, most of whom were current F-100 instructors at Luke, just as Al and I were. One of them was Lt. Col. Bobby Bond, who was the first commander of the new 310th TTS (Tactical Training Squadron) that had just been formed to conduct the A-7D training course at Luke.

New patch designed by "Indian Jim" Graham.

A few weeks into their training, Lt. Col. Bond and I got a very unique assignment from our Wing CO. It seems that General William "Spike" Momyer, the four-star commander of TAC (Tactical Air Command), called to say that he wanted some first-hand experience with the A-7D's unique and ultra-capable avionics system and particularly, the HUD. In response to the Wing CO's question as to when the General would be arriving at Luke to do this, the General replied "No, just have two airplanes and an instructor pilot here in three days." And then he emphasized the point that *no one* except those directly involved was to know anything about this. (The Air Force had a regulation stating that general officers, particularly high ranking ones, were not to fly by themselves in single-seat fighters, only in two-seaters, and then with an instructor pilot. At that time, there were no two-seat A-7s.)

The four-star who wanted a chase flight.

Well, Al and I were the only A-7D IPs at that time (excluding the test guys). I was also the academics chief *and* the ground school instructor for all that avionics stuff that interested the General, so of course I got the job, with Lt. Col. Bond bringing along the second airplane. Before departing, I recalled that one of our other current F-100 IPs converting to the A-7D, Tom Albee, had been General Momyer's aide in Vietnam. Tom assured me that his experience flying in T-39s with the general showed him to be a competent pilot. So that helped a little with my apprehension. (Recent research showed that Momyer was a WWII ace with eight kills and significant decorations. He later commanded the 832nd Air Division at Cannon, flying the F-100D. Knowing all that back then would have helped my angst, too.)

Upon arrival at Langley AFB in Virginia, we were met by the Base Commander, an old friend of the General. He took us to see Major General McBride, another old friend of General Momyer, who was in charge of Logistics and Maintenance for TAC. The lack of any contact with any operational people was conspicuous, and part of the secrecy. It was to be just General Momyer's old friends who knew about this.

I asked if the General might be available that evening to go over some of the details of the A-7D, but was told he had a social commitment and that he would meet us at 8 o'clock the next morning in the VIP lounge at Base Operations. Arrangements had been made for us to stay at the VIP quarters, normally reserved for full colonels and generals, and a car was available to get us around the base. With another caution not to tell *anyone* about this, we were dismissed for the evening.

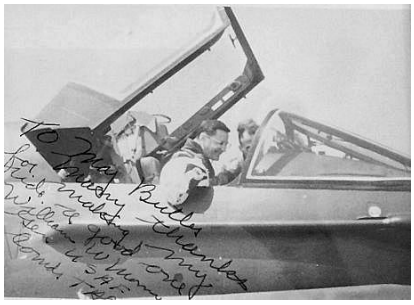
At the Officers Club that evening, we of course ran into several old acquaintances, all wondering what we and those new A-7Ds on the ramp were doing there. We just said we were on classified business and could say no more. Despite the VIP quarters, I spent the most restless of nights. Until that day, I had never even met a general of any grade, let alone the four-star commander of TAC, and I was about to chase him in a single-seat fighter, with no preparation but a short briefing I'd be giving him in the morning. And it was all against relations. I hardly slept at all, which was highly unusual since my well-earned call sign back then was "Sleepy!"

We arose early, grabbed a quick breakfast, and got to Base Ops well before the General. I preflight-inspected both airplanes and even ran up their engines to assure their readiness. The short briefing lasted about two hours. Once I strapped him in and helped him with the engine start, I did another complete walk around preflight check of my own airplane, just to give him a few extra minutes of cockpit familiarity time prior to taxi.

Taxiing and takeoff went just fine, as did the rest of the flight. On the radio, I talked him through experiencing all the magic of the HUD, computer, radar, projected map etc. I tried to get him to do an aileron roll or two but he wasn't interested. I guess I should mention that the A-7D was a pretty easy airplane to fly, especially with the aid of the HUD and its wonderful flight path marker.

However, the airplane did have one very bad characteristic. If you got it down to the stall speed with a high angle of attack, *and* you put in any aileron or rudder at all, it would "depart" from normal flight and do one God-awful wild gyration in both pitch and roll. When experiencing this at altitude, all you had to do was let go of the controls and it would fly out of the "departure" by itself. However, if done at low altitude, as in the landing pattern, it would flat kill you, no questions asked. I had thoroughly briefed the General on this and we avoided extreme low speed and high angle of attack.

I chased him through about four overhead traffic patterns, which he handled very well, except for the final one where I had to remind him to put down his flaps. Then, I pulled up into a closed pattern and landed. Throughout the flight, Bobby Bond was parked near the side of the runway in the General's UHF-radio-equipped car, serving as the compulsory "mobile control officer." He remarked that the General's touchdown was smoother than mine, and I believe it. He couldn't have possibly been as nervous as I was.



The four-star got his chase flight.

We parked, deplaned, and Lt. Col. Bond took some photos with the General's camera. Then, we shook hands, he thanked us for the ride, and drove off to run the TAC MAJCOM. Once our airplanes were refueled, we thanked the two Luke crew chiefs who had been flown in commercially to support us and Lt. Col. Bond and I headed back to Phoenix. En route, we encountered the strongest headwinds I'd ever seen (almost 200 knots), and we had to divert into a base short of Luke for refueling.

A month or so later, General Momyer visited Luke and I had the opportunity to remind him that he had promised me copies of the photos taken during our adventure. He apologized and a week or so later, I received a nice thank you note along with photos of what I must say was one of the most memorable flights (combat included) of my life. (**Note**: *General Momyer passed away in August of 2012 at age 95*.)

And as I implied at the start of this story, Rick Davis's decision to turn down the A-7D job resulted in my eventual deep involvement in the Air Force's "Instructional Systems Development" or" ISD" program. That in turn determined all my future assignments, my retirement career, and the fact that our family would grow up and reside in Encinitas California. What a life-changing event!

The three-star who was killed.

P.S. Bobby Bond eventually went on to make Lieutenant General, (three stars) and became the Vice Commander of the Air Force's Systems Command. During that assignment and just prior to his planned retirement, he was killed in a crash while flying a captured single-seat Russian MiG-23 fighter out of the Tonopah test airfield. I can't help wondering if our experience with General Momyer might have influenced General Bond's decision to make, with no formal preparation, that unusual flight that killed him. (Google Wikipedia for details.) ◘ *Good job, Greg! — **Pub Med***

Another Ocean Crossing Tale

Terror and (a Bit of) Humor in the F-100

By James Kelly Olson

We've all had our days when the Hun we were driving decided to play some "fun and games" that got our attention and sometimes upped the blood pressure (clear to "normal," no doubt, we were all "so cool," right?) This little adventure was one of those, prompting me to ponder: did the Hun mostly pick on the junior officer new guys? Seems so. ***— Ed.***

Jim Olson in 1961

In the spring of 1961, when I was in F-100s in the 307th TFS at George AFB, CA, I had one of those TDYs that turn into an unforgettable adventure. We had deployed on a "good will" trip to Pakistan, to show the flag. I didn't actually make it all the way to Pakistan because I was a "junior birdman"; I was dropped off at Incirlik Air Base, near Adana, Turkey. This story is about what happened to me on my way home.

On the return flight to the USA from Incirlik, we encountered high headwinds and dropped down at Morón AB near Seville, Spain, before the final hop to Myrtle Beach AFB in South Carolina. The planning staff decided that having us try to come home in one long flight meant facing stiff headwinds that would have required at least three aerial refuelings. That would have stretched the available refueling-support resources, so the planning staff decided to have us fly by way of the Azores. We could make the Azores without aerial refueling, because it was less than 1,300 miles of high-altitude flying.

We thus wound up in the Azores. I was assigned to number 864, an F- model, with Dr. Darrell Landry in back. He was the first flight surgeon to fly across the Atlantic (a feat he accomplished flying with our squadron on this TDY to Pakistan).

On the morning we were supposed to depart the Azores, the sky was low-overcast, about 1,000 ft., and the wind was blowing like blue blazes out of the west. The only runway was north-south. It had been raining, so there was standing water on the poorly crowned runway.

I was sure the folks in charge of this operation were not going to let us launch in this bad weather, because if somebody had a problem after takeoff, they'll never get the plane back on the ground with this horrendous crosswind. The "powers that be," however, paid no heed to the weather, and told us we were going anyway.

I was scheduled to take off on the right wing of our squadron commander, Maj. Howard Poulin, with the wind blowing across us from right to left. At least I had the good sense to know when we started rolling to get up really close, almost alongside Flight Lead, because I knew that when he pulled his nose off the runway, his afterburner was going to blow up spray, and if I was back in the normal wing takeoff position, I'd get sprayed so heavily I wouldn't be able to see anything.

We were on the takeoff roll, in afterburner, and the wind was really blowing. Lead is kind of drifting sideways off the edge of the runway. He rotated for takeoff with me almost abreast. We got airborne, and just about that time, on a hot mic from my back seat came the voice of Dr. Landry, yelling, "Ollie, Ollie! We've got a Fire Warning Light."

I said, "Naw, Doc, you mean a Heat and Vent Overheat Light," a different light entirely, which oftentimes came on during takeoff. I couldn't see the annunciator panel with the Fire Warning light, because I had my seat up real high and there was a shroud over the instrument panel.

Landry gave me an A-OK, so, I took no action, and nothing happened. I put my seat back down to take a look at the annunciator panel. No light, so I assumed I'd been right: that it was a Heat and Vent Overheat light, a common occurrence, and not the aft or forward Fire Warning Light, which would have been an unusual occurrence. In fact, the airplane supposedly had a really reliable fire warning system. If the annunciator panel said "Fire," usually you had one. That was the history we lived by.

A Boeing KB-50J "Superfortress" Refueling Tanker.

After about an hour and a half, we came to the first aerial refueling. Back in those days, we aerial refueled off of KB-50Js, which were Boeing B-50 "Superfortress" bombers, i.e. upgraded B-29s from WWII. The upgrades boosted its top speed to just under 400 knots (460 mph), faster than many World War II fighters.

The Hayes Aircraft Corp. converted 112 KB-50s to KB-50Js; the first one was delivered to TAC on January 16, 1958. It was to be an interim tanker until the KC-135s came on line (*see picture above*). The refueling boys promised us that they would give us 220 knots indicated airspeed at 20,000 ft. I don't know if I ever saw that, but I do know they had a difficult

time getting up to that airspeed. On the other hand, if we dropped below 220 knots, we just didn't have enough power to stay on; we'd have so much drag, we'd fall off the refueling basket.

We got a successful connection on the first refueling, probably on the first stab. But on the second refueling, further down the track, I was hooked up to the basket, with my seat way up high so I could see the probe that would otherwise be out of sight down off my right wing, when guess who's on the com again? It's Doc Landry, yelling: "Ollie, Ollie! Fire Warning Light!" This time, because I wasn't involved in takeoff, I looked down, and there it was, the Fire Light was indeed flashing!

We were about full of fuel by this time, so I reduced the power a bit, and radioed Maj. Poulin to report I had an aft Fire Warning Light. He said, "Roger. Go off to the left and I'll have someone come and look at you." So I pulled further off to the left and pushed the power back up.

It occurred to me that every time I pushed the power back up, I'd get a Fire Warning Light, I assumed I had a high-pressure fuel leak on fire some place back there. It was really scary. Realize that we were out over the middle of the raging Atlantic. At 20,000 feet where we had just refueled, we could look down and see the wind tearing the tops off the waves, so it was no place to be bailing out if we had to. This was a springtime ocean crossing. When we made ocean crossings in the winter, we wore full-exposure suits, but not on this flight. Full-exposure suits would supposedly protect us from the cold water. No idea how long.

The Major instructed me to drop my drop-tanks and head in to Bermuda. I brought to his attention that I had seen a recent notice from the safety folks that partially-full drop tanks shouldn't be dropped, because of the possibility of them tumbling and knocking off the horizontal stabilator, so I'd rather not do it. He agreed, telling me again to go into Bermuda.

We stayed with the flight until Bermuda. I then alerted the tower at Bermuda International Airport (now known as L.F. Wade International Airport) on St. David's Island that I had an emergency, but would have to circle for quite a while to burn off fuel. I needed to get my fuel, which was then above 10,000 lbs., down to below 4,000. I didn't want to go into afterburner, which would have gotten rid of the fuel in a hurry, because I thought that would aggravate the Fire Warning system, so I had to orbit at low altitude for about an hour.

Bermuda.

Northeast Bermuda, where the airport is located, is an atoll with an enclosed bay. I tried to circle in such a way that if Doc and I had to bail out, we would try to drop into the bay, and not into the open ocean. We circled until our fuel was below 4,000 lbs. There was a helluva a cross-wind on the ground. It was such a tough landing that I ran out of hydraulic pressure from jacking the stick around so much.

Finally on the ground, with great difficulty, I deployed the drag chute. When we came to a stop, I shut her off, opened the canopy, climbed down, and walked over to the operations building. Some AF colonel sidled over and said to me, "Lieutenant, you know what you just did? You just tied up international air traffic for an entire hour!"

"Sir, I had an emergency." I was so angry I felt like flattening him.

Doc Landry and I then made our way over to a dormitory to spend the night. We were assigned adjoining rooms with a common bathroom. I was lying on the bed, unwinding. Landry had decided to take a shower before retiring for the evening. After his shower, he came waltzing buck naked into my room, holding up his undershorts. "Ollie! See, I told you I wasn't scared!" What he was telling me with this display was that he hadn't crapped in his pants from the panic in the air. That little “show and tell” was really quite humorous, and something I've never forgotten.

There was a movement control team at Bermuda Airport. The mechanics took my F-100 apart. They removed the aft section. But they couldn't find anything wrong! No loose wires, nothing. Their assumption was that it had been a fault caused by a temporary electrical short.

Isle of Bermuda

Capt. Murry Peabody Brush, the guy Major Poulin had sent to look me over in the air when the Fire Warning Light came on after the aerial refueling, had stayed with me into Bermuda. The next day, after refueling, Capt. Brush led the flight back to Myrtle Beach, and ultimately back to George AFB in California.

P.S.: In 1961, Hugh Pierson, who was in my squadron, had 864 up one day out of George AFB with someone in the back seat, showing them the local area. There was an undercast, and Hugh attempted a split-S down through it, got into a spin, and they both had to bail out. Fortunately both Hugh and his passenger survived, but the plane was lost in the desert, and that was sad, because except for that one bad day and the phony fire light warning, it was a really nice airplane. ◘

When we first received this offering, we experienced a déjà vu feeling that we had published it before. But after sorting through all our past published ocean crossings involving Bermuda, we found it similar to others, but in the details, definitely not previously published in our journal. So, thanks to Jim Olson, we have another exciting ocean crossing tale to expand our collections of this genre of Hun adventures. ***Ed.***

So Many "Close Calls" During the Cold War, And This Was One of Them … .

The Day We Thought WWIII Had Started

By Ed Haerter

As a member of the 90th TFS "Dice" in 1967-8, sitting day or night Alert at Bien Hoa, I very much wanted that red phone to ring so I could go fight and kill, again and again, saving some of our kids on the ground. Reassigned to RAF Lakenheath, England, in April, 1968, I had to embrace a totally different kind of Alert mission, with very different rules ... and consequences, when, or if, the command to "scramble" interrupted our quiet time "at the Pad." Sitting nuclear alert in USAFE, each of us had to make peace with the fact that we would be taking one last, terrible and terrifying one-way flight into the jaws of Hell, with our home bases targeted for destruction, and thus our wives and small children pulverized into atoms as we flew the other way. A sad, tough, legitimately terrifying job that we avoided thinking about once we'd made peace with it in our minds some dark night in our very early trips to the nuclear Alert Pad.

This vignette by Ed Haerter occurred in 1986, in the latter stages of the Cold War, and when he was a "Full Bull" and the D.O. of the Illinois ANG at O'Hare in Chicago, flying KC-135s. But he'd had his fair share of Alert Duty in F-105s in Germany and then in Huns during his year at Phu Cat, Vietnam, with the Iowa ANG. Whether it was in a fighter bomber, bomber or tanker, this incident could have happened to any of us on "nuke alert" anywhere, at any time, throughout the Cold War (which ended abruptly with the USSR's collapse in December 1991). ***— JJS***

Relevant background about Ed Haerter: *Upon graduation from the second class at the AF Academy, Ed went to Craig AFB for flight school, thence to Luke AFB in Huns, graduating top of his class in UPT and at Luke. He was sent directly to F-105 training at Nellis AFB and spent 18 months in Thuds at George AFB, CA. He was reassigned to F-105s at Spangdahlem, Germany 1964-'66, until a car accident back home killed his mother and severely handicapped his father. He arranged a hardship transfer to the Air Defense Command Air Division near his home in the States. He tried unsuccessfully to get back into fighters, so in 1967, he left active duty and joined the Sioux City, IA, ANG, flying Huns. They soon went PCS to Phu Cat, Vietnam, for a year. Years later, while sitting Alert in his KC-135, a screwed-up launch order nearly sent his plane and crew to start WWIII over Siberia.* ***— Ed.***

Ed Haerter, Iowa ANG, Phu Cat, '68. Huns, Vietnam '68.

Some tense and downright scary minutes: During 1986, I was the DO of an Air National Guard (ANG) KC-135 tanker Wing stationed at O'Hare International Airport in Chicago. Even though I was a Colonel, I regularly pulled alert duty because it was an easy way to get some office work done without using up active duty days that we needed for training, which were difficult to get. Meantime, SAC paid for our Alert days. SAC liked doing that because it took a lot of pressure off of their active duty crews, and we liked it because it was a way for us to pay some of our furloughed airline pilots in our ANG unit.

One morning, we got a klaxon alert, and the two crews ran out to our aircraft and started engines. We got our message that it was a practice alert and began to shut down the engines and re-cock the aircraft. The crew chief on the ground noticed a leak from one of the engines, and requested that we keep the engines running. The other aircraft shut down and that crew returned to the alert quarters.

After about five minutes, the navigator, who was also the chief of our plans shop, said we had another message coming in. All of a sudden he said "*Shit! Ed it's a F------ actual!*" He got out the classified, sealed packet and was shaking so hard he couldn't use the scissors to open it, so I told the co-pilot to guard the brakes and jumped out of the seat to help our Nav open the packet. It decoded to a "Go." I jumped back in the seat, told the crew chief to button up the engines, and called for taxi. I also told our Nav to ask the Command Post at Wurtsmith to repeat the message. They said, "Stand by," so I switched over to tower frequency and asked for an expedited departure. At that point, Wurtsmith asked our Nav which message we wanted repeated. When he told them, they told us to disregard that message and shut down.

I had sat enough nuke alert in a Thud in Germany years before to know that when we got a "Go" message there was no recall—the Russians knew that, and that's what made it such an effective deterrent. So, I got on the mike and told them we were taking off and that I needed the message repeated. At that point, someone else got on the mike and said in a very authoritarian voice, "This is Lt. Col. Smith, and I'm ordering you to shut down and re-cock the aircraft."

I said, "Well, Lt. Col. Smith, this is Col. Haerter, and we've received a go message, and we can't do that."

Sitting on the end of the runway, it hit me that the other alert aircraft was still sitting there unmanned with all the covers on it. So, I got on our command post frequency and asked them if another message had come through for the alert force. They said no, so we asked tower to let us sit there for just a minute. I asked our Nav to recheck the message, and he told me it was a go. The guy at Wurtsmith was screaming over the radio to abort, and finally admitted that the message we received was a Command Post Exercise that had been transmitted by mistake. So we asked him to authenticate a couple of times, and they were correct, so we taxied back in and shut down.

A KC-135 in the ANG Wing at O'Hare, Chicago, 1986.

When we got back to the alert quarters, I called Wurtsmith and talked to the boss there. He said he was going to report us to SAC headquarters and I replied to go right ahead, and then said that in fact, as soon as we were finished talking, I was going to call the SAC DO, a general I'd known for about 30 years at that point.

That night, after we got off alert, the Nav and I were at the club and he was telling the story this way: "There we were, scared shitless, going to war, and Ed jumps out of the seat, rips open the classified pouch with his teeth, and announces we're going to Siberia. I think he wanted another Air Medal!"

I took a sip of my beer and told them there was no real problem … but that if it *had* been real, in about 10 minutes O'Hare was going to be a giant smoking hole, and I didn't want to be there on the ground when that happened.

When I called, Offut, my friend (the SAC DO) was laughing, because he'd already heard about the incident, and he added that Wurtsmith was going to get a formal visit to take a look at their Command Post procedures. Then he asked me, in a stern voice, "Why didn't you take off?" He was very serious … *and he was right!*

This was a very serious day for about 10 minutes. Then we laughed a little bit about it. But it was too close for comfort!

Post Script: When the B-1s came on line, they needed two refuelings to get to their targets. The ANG tankers, with the JT3D airline fan engines, with 17,500 pounds of thrust, had a much better capability than the SAC birds with their old straight-pipe J57s, so we had a lot of wartime missions where the ANG tankers were tasked to go well into Siberia to give them that second refueling. *Yeah, Siberia, in the USSR, in the mid-80s, the latter part of the Cold War era!!!*

Our mission out of O'Hare that day was a definite one-way mission. That particular combat mission, we were to be the second refueling tanker for a B-1, with a rendezvous deep inside Siberia. We were to give the B-1 all of our fuel except a couple thousand pounds, then clear the track and get ready to bail out after the engines flamed out. Not exactly a "suicide mission," but everybody knew we weren't coming home.

Long before that scary incident, while I was on active duty, sitting alert on in F-105s at Spangdahlem (1964 to '66), I recall getting some important advice: A few of our Thud missions in USAFE actually had enough fuel remaining after delivering our weapon to get back to "our side's" territory and find a place to land. But surviving meant getting to the target with nukes from both sides going off and AAA all around us, then re-running that gauntlet coming back. But then we'd face 'friendly' AAAs shooting at every aircraft coming west. We were to climb to 5,000 feet and squawk a certain code.

A Hawk missile commander told me that was a very stupid plan, because they were going to shoot at everything flying west. Instead, he recommended that we get down on the deck and fly west as fast as we could. Thank heaven, we never had to test that plan, but in Chicago, years later, I was pretty sure we were about to end the world as we knew it. **— *Ed Haerter***

A Second Post Script: One thing I failed to mention about the adventure where we almost went to war was that every Top Secret packet, worldwide, had to be changed because we'd opened ours. I'm sure that happened often. I recall sitting Victor Alert at Spangdahlem in the 1964-65 time-frame where one of the guys tried to bend the plastic Top Secret word device we would break open if it was an actual. He was trying to read what was inside, holding it up to a light to see through it, and it snapped. We all said "*Oh, Shit,*" and the Alert duty officer (non-rated) went 100% ape shit crazy and called the command post and told them the Top Secret packet had been compromised. About 15 minutes later, a very pissed off colonel in a mess dress, who had been at a party and was about half in the bag, arrived from the command post with the new packets. The guy "who got too curious" was sent to Suippes range in France for two weeks as punishment.

One morning I got off Alert and was about halfway home when I remembered I hadn't given the top secret packet to my replacement. It was still in my G-suit pocket. I turned around, went back to the alert pad, got him aside, and handed it to him. He hadn't even missed it. I bet there's a million stories like that. **— *EH*** ◘

WHAT MAKES A FIGHTER JOCK

What makes a fighter jock is simple, plain enough;
It isn't any mystic prestidigitator's stuff.
It isn't any wizardry, it's not a magic gift,
It's simply lifting honestly the load you have to lift.
Or in the game you're playing,
it's giving to the chore
The power that is in you … and one iota more.

That "little more," how much it is!
As deep, and wide … and far
As that enormous emptiness from molehill to star.
The gulf between the earthbound
And the eagles as they soar … .
The fighter jocks, who give their best,
And one iota more. **– *JJ Schulz***

Derived from "What makes a Champion," author unknown, circa 1950

Fire Can Dan: A Tribute

By Dan Druen

Dan Druen in his prime.

Our nation lost a real patriot on the 30th of May 2018. The United States Air Force lost a Top-Notch Fighter Pilot. And I, with many others who served this country, lost a dear friend.

Fire Can Dan was one of a kind, and the many who crossed his path will never forget him. He possessed a sly grin that seemed to say, "How Do You Like Me So Far?" He made friends easily, and he was easy to like, but he could be formidable if you tried to swindle or shame him.

Fire Can in his prime.

I first met Dan at Nellis AFB in the early 50's when he was going through F-86 Gunnery School training. I was his instructor and on one of the early flights we had together, I called for a join-up. Dan was Number Two in the flight, which called for him to end up on my right wing. I'm sure he wanted to get into position as quickly as possible to show me how apt he was. When I looked out at his approach I noticed that he was coming toward me at a higher rate of closure than would be good for either of us. I was quickly trying to determine if I should pull up or dive down to avoid the approaching mid-air collision. At about the exact same time that I had to do something drastic, Dan pulled his aircraft up and rolled over the top of me. He continued the roll upside down over me, passing my left wing and going under my plane, ending up in the correct position on the right wing.

Quite a maneuver, by any pilot, to say the least. I'm sure my wife and future children would have been impressed, had they known at the time. The man could certainly fly an airplane.

I made no comment, either way, as we continued the approach and landing. After parking our birds on the ramp, Lt. Walsh came strolling up the row of parked airplanes headed for the de-briefing. He had his "How Do You Like Me So Far" grin on his face, pausing to wait for me. As he rocked back on his heels, I pushed him solidly on each shoulder causing him to sit down on his backsides, squarely on the ramp.

There was surprise on his face, but he looked up at me with the most honest and innocent expression I had ever seen and said, "Can I take that as the debrief?"

I thought to myself right there, anybody with that kind of sense of humor can't be "all bad."

We became friends after I was assured he wouldn't attempt to run into me again (or show me his high speed rolling techniques). That was my first memorable moment with Fire Can. But as both our careers continued, there were many more to come.

One that comes to mind as pivotal occurred at Kadena AB on Okinawa. We had flown up from the Philippines to spend a night with buddies and check out a couple of new guys with an over water flight. Naturally, Fire Can met us on arrival and we immediately headed to the Club. Dan and I were at the bar when one of my new guys persisted in trying to get Dan to roll the dice for a drink. Finally Dan said, "I will flip you for a drink," and the young lad agreed. So, Dan stepped back from the bar, reached down and grabbed the guy by his ankle and, flipped him. A bit stunned by Dan's actions, he started to rise, so Dan said, "Let's lag for it," and immediately took the young airplane driver over to the shuffleboard and started to lag him down the board. I stepped up and said I needed the newbie to be able to fly back to Clark tomorrow; so Dan released him and escorted him to the bar (in a dazed condition) and bought him a drink. A real touch of compassion, for sure.

There are many, many more outstanding memories and Fire Can tales known by myself and others, but if told here, then this short bit would become a thick book!

Fire Can finally moved to Las Vegas full-time, and it was easier to stay in touch. On phone calls to each other the caller would always say, "This is the other Dan."

Our friendship continued until the 30th of May, 2018, as was the case with his many friends around this Air Force.

So, I'm saying for the last time, "This is the other Dan."

"Rest Well My Friend!" ◘

Fire Can Dan impersonating Louie Prima!

*The author of this tribute knew Fire Can Dan well, and when he mentioned that many "others" knew the man well, too, his tales and antics, he wasn't kidding. For example, on the lighter side; at the 354th TFW's CO's (Gabby Gabreski) suggestion, Fire Can Dan orchestrated and starred (**Louie Prima**) in the "Ball of the Century" … and took it on the road, yet! You can read this yarn in* Intake *Issue 10 on page 22. Yes, Fire Can Dan will be missed by many … "others."* ***Ed.***

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

Laughter-Silvered Wings

NOTAM: This is the 20th installment of the LSW "mini-department," featuring short, humorous "fun in the Hun" anecdotes. We all have funny yarns to share, so please get on the stick and send yours to LSW Czar and Editor John J. Schulz, jjschulz@bu.edu, or to* Intake *Publisher Medley Gatewood, rgatewood@comcast.net.

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Accidental Shooting and "The Great Cover-up"

This vignette occurred during my1964-66 tour at Hahn AB, where we had a crop of lieutenants who somehow survived flying the Hun in the German winter weather. Luck must have been involved.

When we were on Victor Alert, we always wore a pistol as a standard piece of flying gear. Most of us used the standard AF-issued pistol, but we *could* use our personal pistol instead. Lt. Jim (RIP, *last name withheld*) had a new .45 automatic that he was very proud of. He would occasionally eject the clip, clear the chamber, and then practice his aim and trigger pull.

One time, he cleared the chamber before ejecting the clip, thus chambering a round. As he aimed through the window at a truck parked in front of a loaded Hun, he practiced his squeeze and blew a window out of the Victor facility! Fortunately the truck stopped the bullet, so it never got to the Hun or the weapon, thus saving us from a Broken Arrow incident and some very unpleasant UCMJ action.

The enlisted guys acted quickly to replace the window and quietly fixed the truck as well, so the whole thing was kept quiet. Jim was shocked and chagrined, to put it mildly, but it was the last time we ever saw him "practicing" with his new toy.

You know the old saying, "The Lord protects fools and fighter pilots?" Don't always bet on it. — ***Pete Robinson*** ◘

o-0-o

Last minute thought.

OK, Guys, we've all heard a 100 great radio calls and have our own fun stories. Send yours ASAP. My storage bag is now getting close to empty. Don't worry about length; getting to 200 words has been my job for 30 years. ***--JJS***

Reminder

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

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

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

Back Cover Credits

"Moonlight over Tuy Hoa"

This spectacular nighttime view of the Tuy Hoa ramp at night was taken by an AAVS staff photographer. Nice! We got the pic via Gary Michel who donated a stack of AAVS pictures from his personal collection of photos. Thanks!

Front Cover Artist's Offer

George Dubick says that for fellow SSS members, he'd be happy to email a high-grade file suitable for printing and for framing of any of his pen and ink aviation illustrations. Such a deal. Just read his offering details on page 15 in Issue 32 of* The Intake *and make a request to him at the various contacts printed at the end of his article there!!!

Publisher's Parting Post

Had a lot of air refuelings of late … with the usual trials and tribulations. Tuff stuff. Heres's a glimpse of the really early days.

It's 27 June 1923 and you are witnessing the FIRST mid-air refueling! Thanks to "This Day in Aviation." Google for it!

****** Have a nice summertime! Pub Med ******