Fall 2018 Issue 38

The Intake

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

— Our *New* "Guest Covers Collection" —

Fabulous Artworks from the Sixties, Front and Back!

The Don Kilgus Story (Featured article, page 22.)

The Intake

Fall 2018, Vol. 2, Issue 38 — ***JOURNAL OF THE SUPER SABRE SOCIETY***

Front Cover Art Credits

In early Aug., Charter Member Steve Kearney suggested to us that if we ever get short on artwork for our covers, we should contact the Nellis *Fighter Weapons Review* publishers. Seems Steve recalled one of their issues that had a Hun on takeoff coming at you (an excellent line drawing) and the back cover was the same plane, different perspective (going away).

Long story, short: Steve got in touch with the Nellis guys, who responded favorably by sending Steve a PDF of that ancient periodical, and sure 'nuff, there were the covers he remembered so well on the Dec. 1963 edition of the Fighter Weapons Newsletter! WOW! (Cont. on p 39.)

Last Chance !!!

If your DUES STATUS (printed on the envelope this came in) is "2018 DUES NOT PAID," your membership BENEFITS will be SUSPENDED and this is the very last issue of THE INTAKE you will receive until you get paid up!!

See page 39.

If you're not sure of your dues status, take action to find out! Contact: CFO (David Hatten) at email, david@housofhatten.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

SSS Election Results from the CEO

The 2018 SSS Presidential Election ended on 31 October. The preliminary results, as of press time for *The Intake,* were: of the **568** votes cast, **133** for Bob Herculson, **138** for Les Frazier and **297** for Tom Griffith. These numbers may change slightly after we receive all the paper mail-in ballots. Congratulations to our new President-elect, Tom Griffith, who will officially assume the office on 1 January 2019 (pending official certification after our press time). As outgoing President "Shep" will attest, Tom will have his work cut out as we continue Onward and Upward!

And, as Tom would agree, he'll be stepping into some pretty big shoes, given the tracks Shep made during his one term of excellence, by "putting the Super Sabre Society first." A well done job that will stand for years beyond the current 12 since our founding. Enjoy your retirement, Shep. You've certainly earned it!

From the President's Desk

Not to wax biblical, but the time of my departure has come. I am stepping aside with a smile on my face. I have been supported by a GREAT Board and officers, a GREAT past CEO, Hoppy, and a GREAT new one, Leo Mansuetti. We have the BEST professional journal, *The Intake*, due to Medley Gatewood, JJ Schulz and *Intake* staff; the BEST professional website due to Win Reither and Jack Paddock; the BEST effort to collect our bios with MB Barrett, and good ideas for the future. Eddie Bracken, our V.P. has been a no-nonsense stalwart of advice and common sense. Dick Pietro, our Member-at-Large is innovative, energetic and a hoot. Jim Williford provides the thankless tasks of any Secretary, managing board meetings and minutes. Dave Hatten manages our finances, accounting and the IRS reporting. Pete Collins provides Pro legal advice. Dewey Clawson manages our membership software (no small deal) and chairs the Membership and Election Committees (with able help from Jerry Key and Bill McDonald on the latter committee). Much of the effort performed by all these board members, officers and volunteers is unseen, unpaid and underappreciated, but on behalf of all of us — THANKS, GUYS, WE ALL OWE YOU BIG-TIME.

And thanks to all who took the time to vote, and to all candidates who took the time to craft campaign statements and run for office. Whether or not your choice was elected, we have a new President: Tom Griffith. I know him well. He's a GOOD guy with a terrific fighter pilot background. PLEASE support him. I stand by to help and work on projects, but I must repeat an extract from the last President's column in Issue 37:

I have some advice for the next President (now Tom)*, 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."*

With that bit of advice, there's much left to be done. WE HAVE CROSSED THE RUBICON - "*allea iacta est*" — the die is cast. The harsh reality is we are now losing members faster than we can recruit. It is our desire to continue three yearly issues of *The Intake*, to continue our world class website and also to gather more bios for our legacies. All of this costs money. Increasing dues to $50/yr. should allow us to continue these efforts for another five years. I don't think that will rock the boat, and I plan to discuss this need with the Board and President-elect ASAP.

We will launch the "Authors Corner" this month, attempting to assist prospective SSS authors. Also, we will launch the "Nellis Rock Monument" project – a gift to all who flew the Hun from the Super Sabre Society.

A final idea is to begin investigating a "Super Sabre Society Endowment Fund." Such a fund would be designed to have a large enough principal to allow regular monthly withdrawals to cover maintenance of a Super Sabre Society website that contains our bios, photos, patches, stories and issues of our *Intakes* "in perpetuity." I think this can be done with a combination of a capital campaign, donations and seeking grants from organizations that support veterans' causes. I will also discuss these proposals with the Board and pass the ideas to our new President.

I want to thank Les Frazier for founding this worthy organization of Hun drivers. It's easy to gather for parties, reunions and beer, but far more difficult to perform our stated mission of preserving history and legacy of the Hun and its pilots – that's what your Board and officers strive to do. It's hard, time-consuming work.

Please support your new President. You will like Tom. He is smart and capable with a fighter pilot's heart — what more could we ask?

Finally, thank you for the opportunity to serve as your President. It has been a privilege and an honor. I am reminded daily of old friends, old faces, old bases, briefings, alert, calls on Guard, parachute beepers, beer … or what have you

FAREWELL — ONWARD AND UPWARD! — ***Shep***

Incoming/Outgoing — Correspondence

Here are several items of interest received from members or other sources since Issue 37 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 Sabres Respond" Litho, More News

We *have some new news about the Ferris Lithos framing "styles" that came in since we challenged more folks to send in their framed Lithos to add to the collection of styles in Issue 37. We now have three more styles for your perusal.*

*The first responder (again) was Shep, but this time his submission was NOT one of the several he bought; rather, it's a picture of Eddie Bracken's Litho. Here's what Shep said in an email to all the present SSS leadership with several slides attached: "*Rose and I visited with Eddie and Nancy Bracken at their beautiful home in the Black Forest in Colorado Springs. We were in town for a USAFA classmate's funeral, MGen (Ret.) Fred Fiedler." *Here's Eddie's framed Litho. Note the notch or window where the title of the Litho is; it's a fourth way to do the title.*

Eddie and his Litho style.

Darrel's Litho style.

PCA looks something like this.

*Darrel Couch was next in the Litho display game. Here's what he had to say: "*Medley - You wanted other Keith Ferris Litho framing pics. I had mine mounted (Hobby Lobby) with a 2-part frame with a gold inner border and no mat. I wanted the limited edition notation to be visible. I also hung the smaller Print Certificate of Authenticity (PCA) just to the right of the pic." *Since Darrel didn't send a picture that portrays the whole layout, we've placed a PCA to scale with his Litho picture.*

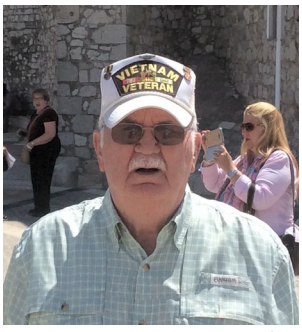
Hope you don't mind this addition, Darrrel. In any case, thanks for playing the game!

Looking at a "bright shiny day."

Last, but not least, comes (as you will learn, if you haven't heard already) our NEW CEO, Leo Mansuetti's entry to the "My Litho Framing and Display Game." Leo put a description of his submission like this:" Hi Medley, I read that we are looking for ideas for mounting the Ferris Litho. I have had a lot of compliments on mine. It was framed at Michael's. There is a triple mat, two shades of tan with a green one between. Rectangular cutout at the bottom for information. I think what sets it apart is the photo light at the top. It highlights the airplane and makes it look like it is coming out of the picture. Sort of 3D. The shiny brass light is also from Michael's. — ***Leo***" *To which Medley replied with one simple word, "Sweet!" In a follow-on conversation, Medley allowed that the overall effect of the art display light makes the Lithograph jump out at you almost as brightly as that of the expensive "lightbox" of the full painting beside #440 in the Udvar-Hazy Center's Boeing Aviation Hangar in the Museum. Such a deal; now Medley's looking for* ***his*** *shiny brass light!* ***Ed.***

News from SSS Partner Organization FSS (Friends of the Super Sabre)

The FSS is pleased to announce the appointment of SSS Associate member Pete Felts as Director/Historian of the FSS. *(And the SSS is pleased to learn of this news.* ***Ed.****)*



Pete on vacation in Israel.

Pete attained the rank of MSgt, USAF, during his 22 years of service, assigned exclusively to the F-100 A, C, D and F. Pete's assignments include George AFB, Homestead AFB, Bien Hoa AB, Torrejon AB, Ubon RTAFB, and Randolph AFB. Pete is one of few (and possibly the only) maintenance individual who has participated in the complete operational life cycle of the Hun. Clearly he has a wealth of maintenance experience and operational knowledge to share with all interested parties. Pete is poised to contribute his knowledge to the creation of the Super Sabre Memorial Exhibit (SSME) at the MAPS Air Museum.

At the conclusion of Pete's AF career, he started his second career in Facility Management, located in San Antonio, TX, but he found it difficult to leave the Hun behind. Hence, Pete developed a third career that provides research related to all Hun topics worldwide … he is now in his 36th year. So if you have any Hun-related questions, Pete is your GO TO GUY for the answer. Pete's contact information is: 210-661-4168, PeteH.hundr56to78@yahoo.com. — ***Mike Dean, FSS COO***

Pete Biddle Conversation: *A few days after Issue 37 was mailed, Medley Gatewood got a phone call from Pete expressing kudos for another fine edition of our journal. But he also had a couple of beefs about some of the wording in our*

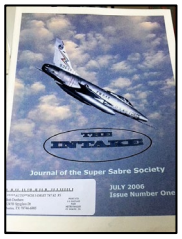
*treatment of his SYC submission, which we had awarded as a valid claim. His original submission began with this phrase: "First and probably the only … etc.," and he wondered why we had shortened the beginning to say, "Only F-100 pilot … etc." Medley explained that we always attempt to minimize the length of SYC titles following the good writing rule of "clear, concise, and complete," especially in consideration of the SYC space available on the SYC Scoreboard. And, in this case we felt that the "First and probably the only" phrase was superfluous because if you're the "**Only**," then you were also the First! Pete agreed with this ruling and we left the title as written. But, Pete's second beef was right on.*

In evaluating the submission's particulars, Medley had mentioned that "… Pete's F-100 gunnery training was all local *(guns {dart} with the TACOs …) etc." Pete's problem with that sentence was that at that time, the TACOs were flying "A" models and that the target back then was the venerable "RAG"! "*Mea Culpa*," said a chagrined Medley. Fortunately, this mistake did not affect the SYC title, but all we can do with this published error is alert our readers of this SNAFU.* ***Ed.***

Note of Appreciation from RIP Bob Dunham's Widow

Pam Dunham

Pam Dunham, who is a Director of the Friends of the Super Sabre (FSS), wrote a letter to Intake *Publisher Medley Gatewood concerning certain FSS activities covered elsewhere in this issue. Her introduction was about her appreciation for the SSS and our members and, particularly, our journal. With her permission, we'd like to share her moving missive.* ***Ed.***



Bob's coveted Issue One.

"Hi Medley: It was so nice to see you at the 2017 SSS Reunion in Vegas! I do hope that you are planning on attending the coming May 15-19 2019 SSS Reunion in San Antonio; will you be there? As you can see from the attached picture of *Intake* Issue One that hangs in our office (it's very special to me), Bob kept every *Intake* issue, and I'm definitely carrying on that tradition! I look forward very much to receiving each new edition, and I'm very thankful to be included as an Associate Member. It certainly means the world to me! The articles are so informative, knowledgeable and interesting!

The SYC Scoreboard is one of my favorites, because I love seeing Bob's name under the Claim Category of 'Last fully combat ready USAF/ANG Pilot to fly the F-100 = 03/28/81!' I absolutely love the humorous items scattered throughout *The Intake,* too! Fighter pilot humor is unique, and I get it, completely! 😄

You SSS guys are truly my people—my group, and I feel a deep connection with all of you … as *my forever family*! The respect and admiration I have for your individual and group strengths and courage fills my heart completely full! Let's face it, F-100 pilots are brave, brilliant and sexy, and it doesn't get any better than that in my book! — ***Pam***

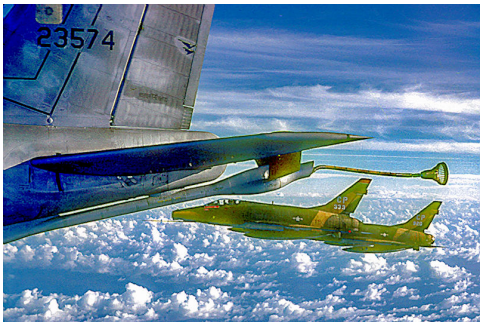
Wow. What a tribute to our journal and our Hun Drivers! And yes, Pam, Medley and Barbara will be at the reunion.

Late Breaking SYC Submission … Re Last Hun Landing in SEA!

Here's an email to the SYC Editor, Jim Brasier. It is SURE to stimulate an SYC about the Last Hun Takeoff in SEA!

"Hi Jim: I have been enjoying *The Intake* for several years and always like to check the SYC column for the latest 'claims.' I think I got interested in it when I learned my old pal, Charlie Friend, held a couple of them. At any rate, my claim is that I think I may be the last Hun pilot to land an F-100 in Viet Nam. Here's the story.

In late June 1971, the 35th TFW (612th, 614th, 615th and 352nd squadrons - I was in the 614th, Lucky Devils) flew their 'Fini Flights' at Phan Rang AB and the Wing shut down combat ops as the last F-100 unit in Viet Nam. After some weather delays, we ferried all the Huns across the Pacific to ANG units in the states. After I delivered mine to the Terre Haute, IN, Air Guard, I enjoyed some leave, but had to return to Viet Nam because I had only arrived in SEA in January and had six months remaining on my tour. Most guys in this situation ended up in a command post somewhere to complete their tours, but I was lucky enough to be selected to be Aide-de-Camp to the Vice Commander of 7th AF at Tan Son Nhut. So it was that in August of 1971, I was called by the maintenance guys up at Phan Rang. It seems one F-100 had developed maintenance problems during the exodus and was still at Phan Rang. It needed a test hop by a Functional Check Flight (FCF) qualified and current F-100 pilot, and apparently, I was the only one left in Vietnam. So my boss cleared me off to Phan Rang. I flew the hop, LANDED, and cleared the plane for its flight out of country back to the states. I think that was the last F-100 to leave SEA and I think I was the "**Last Hun pilot to land an F-100 in SEA**!"



531st Huns flying home during the "exodus." (A repeat of the back cover of I-26. So pretty!)

Smiling Gary

I think that all this is everything needed to support the claim. That last flight was in mid to late August of 1971. I just thought it would be fun to be on your SYC Roll, so we'll see if it floats. *[It does. Title awarded to Gary — **Jim Brasier**]*

Thanks and keep flying with the Eagles! — ***Gary Silence*** *So, who was the guy who took the last jet Stateside?* ***Ed.***

510th Fighter Squadron: "Falcons to First Buzzards and Beyond"

This article from "Randy" Troutman, our "Hun History in Cloth" Associate SSSer, explains a lot! Read on. ***Ed.***

Our Patches Expert

After receiving Issue 37 of *The Intake*, I came across the article by Peter Wirth, "Wonderful Hun Memories and a Few Others." It was a well-done article, detailing some aspects of the author's time in the F-100, starting with the 510th TFS at Langley AFB, Virginia. However, a couple of quotes caught my eye. The first was a note by the author himself, stating that in those days there was a Falcon on the patch, not a Buzzard, and that it was too bad it was changed. The second was an insertion by the editor about the 510th TFS Buzzards patch design from Bien Hoa being used only in SEA. There is, as always, more to the story! Let's address two separate entities: the official 510th patches and the "Buzzard" patches. *Yes, that's a plural "patches."*

In 1957, the 510th officially changed their patch from the previous WWII-based design. They wanted to better reflect their current mission, worldwide deployment and tactical nuclear strike. *The bird's head on the patch, then and now, has always been a Falcon.* So, where and when did the "Buzzard" moniker come from, and why? That was a real mystery. In conversations passed on from Medley Gatewood, no one at Clark AB (where the 510th TFS moved to in 1959), had heard of it used as late as FEB 1962 when Jim Brasier left the squadron. After much digging, the answer may have been found. According to a 510th FS (present date) Facebook page, it happened like this: Prior to arriving PCS at Bien Hoa, the 510th went by the call sign "Eagle." When the 510th got to Bien Hoa (officially on 10 NOV 1965), they were told that the Eagle call sign would be taken over by the 3rd Wing for its command post and that the squadron would have to change its call sign. According to now-retired Col. Gerald Delagarza, "… after a much heated discussion, the squadron (I don't know who in particular) finally said, '%$#@ it. We'll be the Buzzards!'" True? Hopefully, someone out there can confirm this story of the birth of the Buzzard call sign connection with the 510th that continues to present day.

Having "become" Buzzards, but unable to change their 1957 official patch with its Falcon, we suspect it was not long after the "We'll be the Buzzards" decision that the 510th came up with an unofficial "Buzzards of Bien Hoa" patch. The designer remains "unknown" for now, but we hope this article will bring him, or someone else who knows the history of the patch, to step up and enlighten us about this important bit of Hun History in Cloth. It well could have been the 510th Snack-O!

Popular '60s Poster, Inspiration?

The design itself may have been borrowed from a popular poster at the time. The 510th TFS was inactivated on 15 November 1969. It was reactivated with A-10As at RAF Bentwaters, England, on 1 October 1978. And (contrary to Medley's SEA-only goof in Issue 37) sure enough, a second generation Buzzard patch made its appearance across *The Pond*! Thereafter, "Buzzard-style" patches have been used to represent various contingencies the 510th found itself taking part in. Coincidentally, they all seem to start with "B." The now 510th Fighter Squadron appears committed to remembering its history throughout the years, using a design that had its start when the unit flew the mighty F-100 … in SEA!

Additional information about each of the numbered patches addressed by this article is in a numbered list on the next page.

1

2

3

4

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8

1. F-84 era: 510th FBS, based on WWII design with "Willie the Wolf" and prop plane, replaced with a jet. Also was start of using purple for squadron color, unique in the USAF. Used 1953-1956 at Langley AFB, Virginia.
2. 510th FBS design approved in 1957 after getting Huns at Langley in 1956. The bird is a Falcon. Basic design, with minor variations, used until 1994. The unit was re-designated a TFS in 1958, with Tactical being dropped in 1992.
3. First known unofficial "Patience My Ass" (PMA) patch, and first known usage of the Buzzards nickname, somewhere between 1965 and 1967. Unit was stationed at **Bien Hoa** AB, RVN, flying the F-100D/F. Inactivated November 1969.
4. In 1991, the 510th TFS deployed from **Bentwaters** to Incirlik AB, Turkey, in support of Operation Desert Storm and Operation Provide Comfort. In October of 1991 they deployed to Dhahran AB, Saudi Arabia.
5. In 1993, the 510th relocated to Spangdahlem AB, Germany. During 1993-1994 they deployed to Aviano AB, Italy, in support of Operation Deny Flight over **Bosnia-Herzegovina.** The 510th was deactivated in April 1994 and reactivated at Aviano AB, Italy, on July 1, 1994, now flying the F-16CG. They flew combat sorties supporting Operations Deliberate Force, Deliberate Guard, and Allied Force over the Balkans from the mid to late 1990s. Note the now politically correct motto change.
6. 510th FS patch used since reactivation in 1994 at Aviano AB, Italy. Shield placed in a disc per an AF Instruction.
7. The 510th Expeditionary Fighter Squadron was deployed several times, with units flying from **Bagram AB,** Afghanistan.
8. Patch for Operations *Odyssey Dawn* and *Unified Protector*. Missions flown against Libya from Aviano AB in support of rebels attempting to overthrow the Gaddafi government. Think *No Fly Zone* and **Benghazi!** ◘

And The Beat Goes On … Fall 2018

Stake Your Claim (SYC)

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

*Air-to-Air Refueling must have been on the minds of a few SSS members as their distant memories recalled the "#Me Too" event of an AAR drogue basket still hanging on their Hun's refueling boom as they RTBed. We received three of these SYCs from our members since the I-37 SYC titles came out. However, SYC policy allows only the first claim received after the original SYC to become a tie on the SYC Scoreboard. Therefore only the "early bird" gets the tie. — **JB***

Claim Challenges — ► **Dave Kramer** - Claims, after being prompted by his F-100 colleague at the Luke school, Cal Campbell, that he had tied Bill and should submit an SYC to co-hold the honor with Bill Kriz of **"Only F-100 pilot(s) to RTB with an AAR drogue basket on the refueling boom = Bill Kriz, Dave Kramer."** Dave did just that and shares that title! Again, although we know there were several others who were "also rans" for this honor, we don't do multiple ties.

► **Dave Thomson** - Claims he has more out of country combat missions (OCM) than his fellow Misty pilot Lynn Farnsworth, who claimed 74 OCM (I-37). Dave claims he has a total of 109 OCMs, of which 103 are Misty missions and 6 are strike missions. Therefore the SYC of **"Most F-100 out-of-country combat missions =109"** goes to Dave Thomson.

New Claims — ► **Ray Laird** - Claims to have the "Longest overwater F-100 flight of 3,511 non-stop miles, (Andersen AFB, Guam, to Hickam AFB, Honolulu, Hawaii) terminating in a flameout landing." Ray was in a flight of three F-100s being ferried from Misawa AB, Japan, to the USA. After a stopover at Andersen AB, with several AARs, thence on to Hickam, Ray's J57 engine swallowed a fastener off the AC generator housing (Dog Pecker), trashing the engine while turning initial at Hickam. Ray said the engine was turning with no power, and no fire. He set up a straight-in to Hickam. The flight controls functioned normally and the flaps lowered normally, but Ray had to pull the "Emergency Gear Lowering Lanyard" to get the gear down. Ray said he was able to turn off the second "turn-off: after a normal touchdown. Ray Laird is awarded the SYC of the **"Longest overwater F-100 flight, terminating in a flameout landing = 3,511 miles."** Congratulations to Ray for making a serious emergency situation a successful one.

► **Ken Luedeke** - Claims to be the "Only Hun pilot to fly his first ever F-100D flight on a combat mission." Ken was the Engineering officer for the 308th'TFS/31st TFW in 1966. Ken had a couple hundred hours in the F-100C at Holloman AFB, NM, before joining the 308th TFS at Bien Hoa AB, South Vietnam. Ken wanted to fly the Hun with the 308th TFS and talked his "hooch-mate," who happened to be the Squadron Operations Officer, into a Hun checkout. Ken flew in the F-100F model on a bomb dropping mission out of Bien Hoa and was signed off. The squadron then moved up to Tuy Hoa AB, South Vietnam, and on 30 October 1966, Ken flew his first-ever F-100D flight out of Tuy Hoa on a combat mission. SYC is awarded to Ken Luedeke of the **"Only Hun pilot to fly his first ever F-100D flight on a combat mission."**

Parting Thoughts — ► In the last issue of *The Intake*, Summer 2018 (I-37), the SYC page acknowledged two separate categories for the "shortest time between those 'unseating' two Huns." One category was "Shortest time-period between F-100 ejections," and the other was "Shortest time between F-100 combat shoot downs." These titles are somewhat puzzling. So, henceforth, these SYCs will be categorized as the "Shortest time-period between ejections in a non-combat zone," and "Shortest time between F-100 combat shoot downs," (the "shoot downs" inferring that there was a resulting ejection). ***JB***

Changing of the Guard on 31 August 2018: So Long Hoppy — Hello Leo!

By SSS President Don Shepperd

I.A.W. SSS Bylaws approved by the membership, the elected Board of the Super Sabre Society is responsible to appoint a member as CEO to conduct the organization's business. This responsibility has been performed by "Hoppy" Hopkins since late 2013. We ALL owe Hoppy (and Gladie) thanks for what he has done to further achieve the realization of our mission. Hoppy monitored the Smithsonian's refurbishment of aircraft #440, conceiving and overseeing the ceremony and dinner celebrating the roll-out of #440 into the Udvar-Hazy Smithsonian Museum. Including the dedication of the SSS Airfoil, it was a GREAT event. Over a million visitors each year see our names and view the actual aircraft in which we flew. Ever busy, Hoppy: ♦ Conceived and had constructed our unique "Toasting Cabinet" that at SSS events enables the clink of glasses and tilt of brandy to departed comrades. ♦ Planned and executed the Dayton and Vegas reunions along with the myriad of aggravating details and things that can go wrong. ♦ Found Dean Cutshall, owner of one of two flyable F-100s, and arranged memorable events two years in a row, bringing smiles and memories to many members as they slapped the afterburner outboard for "one last flight in the Hun." ♦ Visited and solidified our relationship with the MAPS Museum in East Canton, OH, to act as recipient of Super Sabre Society-donated memorabilia. ♦ Commissioned the painting *"Super Sabres Respond - Tet '68"* by world famous aviation artist Keith Ferris that adorns many of our home or office walls (or pilot "I love me" rooms), and arranged for the lightbox display at Udvar-Hazy. In short, Hoppy has done much for all of us (a lot of it unseen and under-appreciated), and he's ready for a rest. He wants to pass the baton. In typical fashion, he searched for and has found a terrific replacement, Leo Mansuetti. Hoppy loves the SSS and will stand by to help. Thanks, Hop, from all of us!

Hoppy in #440 cockpit just before …

… she goes to her inside display.

Three SSSers at Keith's art affair.

Hoppy's ideal Toasting Cabinet.

Leo Mansuetti is truly one of us, a fighter pilot in heart and soul. He started out as an Aviation Cadet in 1959 as an RO in F-89s and then F-101s. When his squadron deactivated, his first choice of assignments was pilot training. He left Hamilton AFB, CA, (where, nearby, he had just met a beautiful dental assistant named Carolyn) for Del Rio, TX. Carolyn would have to wait, but not for long. Leo bought a ring, caught up with her and offered better, more exciting life opportunities: Luke AFB and the jet noise of F-100s followed by Hahn Air Base in the Eifel of Germany, 10th TFS, Deutschmarks at 4:1, Mosel wines, skiing in Austria and Switzerland, etc. How good could life be? An ALO tour in Munich, and a son, followed by F-100 requalification, Snake School and Phu Cat—238 missions. After war, he went to Cannon, then AFIT. He then learned to speak "Guard" as an advisor with the 138th TFG/125th TFS in Tulsa and began to make friends in the warbird community with P-51s, T-6s, P-38s and T-28s, also getting to fly the F-86. Carolyn remained in Tulsa while Leo went remote to Korea and she became, of all things, a "hand model." Next came staff at Shaw, OV-10 IP duty and also back to school for a Master's degree in Math. After retirement, Leo became a school principal for 10 years while Carolyn started a successful real estate career. Leo joined her in real estate and they became a very successful real estate broker couple in Sumter, SC. However, Leo could never shake his love of aviation, so he built his own Pitts Special and maintained close contact with, and participated in airshows and activities with the homebuilt and general aviation community that he maintains today. Leo says his airshow and acrobatic career days are over, and he recently donated his Pitts to the MAPS Museum where it hangs proudly from the ceiling. Leo is the right guy with the right background and energy to take over from Hoppy. WELCOME LEO AND CAROLYN to CEO-dom! If you need help, Hoppy and Gladie aren't far away. Did I mention that Carolyn is also a pilot and beautiful? And furthermore, she's even nicer than she is beautiful! — ***Shep***

The Mansuetti's taasting attire.

Leo's second love, a real Pitts.

The Pitts now in MAPS's care.

"Dress as you will," coming back?

7th Biennial Reunion 2019 — Registration & Reservations Processes Overview

*This SSS reunion is coming up 15-19 May 2019 next spring to be held in **San Antonio**, TX, per reasons and decisions to continue alternating our biennial reunions between Las Vegas and "elsewhere" announced by the Board of Directors at the 6th reunion in Las Vegas. So here's a preview of our current approach to reunion planning you need to know about, and to then make your plans to attend another of the "Best Ever" SSS reunions—again, or for the first time! Read on.*

As you read this in mid-November, it'll be time to commit as soon as possible to attending the reunion, and that means doing the paper work by making your **hotel room reservations (**at the *Menger Hotel***)** and **reunion registration** and **event reservations** early. Here's what you need to know about those processes.

For the third time, after our evaluations of the quality and cost effectiveness of their services in helping us set up and conduct the 2015 **Dayton** and 2017 **Las Vegas** reunions, we have elected to again use "Military Reunion Planners" (MRP) of Grapevine, TX, to do a lot of the "nitty-gritty work" involved in planning and executing first-class reunions, such as our coming reunion at San Antonio. You can read all about the MRP and its services on their website at http://www.militaryreunionplanners.com. As we write here in early November, they have been busily working with SSS officers and volunteer members to finalize the specific events and costs that need to be covered by our Reunion 2019 Registration & Event Reservation Process (registration fees; banquet; optional events like guided tours, etc.; and other miscellaneous costs per person).

That said, when the list of reunion events and costs per person is finalized, MRP will provide us with both an *online* method (the recommended "way to go") to complete your reunion & reservations and pay your fees and event costs, *and* a *paper* version of that form. For those wanting to use the online method, we expect to have a prominent link on our SSS website (www.supersabresociety.com) no later than 15 November that will take you to the 2019 SSS Reunion Registration & Reservation Process on *MRP's* website. Note: We expect the MRP's Registration & Reservation Process to be straightforward, tested, and easy to use, as we found it to be for our 2017 Reunion.

For those without online capabilities, or who don't want to use the MRP's online process (for whatever reason), the envelope that brought you this issue of *The Intake* also contains a separate, four-page "Unclassified Reunion 2019 'Need to Know' Booklet" that provides an overview of all Reunion 2019 events, times and costs, and other pertinent reunion information. It includes a Registration & Event Reservation Form on the back page that you should *make a copy of* and then fill in both the original (for your records) and the copy. After filling in *both forms*, mail your completed *Copy* form and your check (made out to "MRP") to: MRP, Box 1588, Colleyville, TX 76034.

(Note: for either online or paper reservations, consider this: 3 April is the Reunion Registration & Reservations due date. After that, payments are non-refundable unless you have purchased cancelation insurance. Also, there is a nonrefundable, late registration fee of $15. Both these cautions are covered in the Reunion Booklet.)

This is an overview of our **Reunion Registration & Event Reservations** process. Complete details, including how to make separate ***Room Reservations*** at the ***Menger Hotel***, are in the Reunion 2019 Booklet enclosure**. Ed**.

SSS Reunion Attendance Stats FYI: 2007= 470, 2009=630, 2011=650, 2013=450, 2015=335, 2017= 413, 2019= ???. See you? ◘

"The Hun Quilt" Project II — A Fund Raiser for Friends of the Super Sabre (FSS)

The Hun Quilt Project II supports the SSME at MAPS.

This is a reprise of the original project that netted $10,000 from the drawing at the Third SSS Reunion in 2011. The plan and hopes for this 2nd quilt project are about the same. Create a desirable, world-class Hun memento, raffle it off, and donate net proceeds to an F-100-friendly museum (which is now being realized in partnership with the SSS, FSS and Military Aircraft Preservation Society {MAPS} Air Museum at North Canton, OH). First step: a patriotic, queen-size Hun quilt designed, quilted, and finished early next year, according to honchos Pam Dunham and Sharon Frazier. Les Frazier himself will test the quilt to certify its "raffle-ability."

Winner (need not be present) will be drawn at the reunion banquet. Tickets are $2 apiece, six for $10, etc. GET YOURS TODAY and sleep cozy, come the next winter. Scores of SSS'rs and other folks have participated already, but we need many scores more for "the cause." (Tickets would make fine presents or stocking suffers for Christmas 2018!) And this time, anyone can play; tell friends and neighbors about this ongoing effort!

Details: Make raffle checks for the cost of the number of tickets desired (see above, multiples of 2 or 10 $s) payable to FSS and put "Quilt" on the memo line. Mail to Pam at 320 Cherokee Trl., Georgetown, TX 78633. Please also include as many "return address labels" as tickets so the volunteers needn't write names and address on the ticket halves going into the drawing jar. We also encourage cash donations to the not-for-profit FSS, so both the raffle and cash donation may be tax deductible (see your tax advisor). For cash donations, include a separate FSS check, with "Donation" on the memo line. We hope this year's raffle participation is HUGE to enable the dreams and plans for the *F-100 Super Sabre Memorial Exhibit (SSME)* at MAPS to continue. Questions to Pam Dunham (512) 632-9746, or pameladunham320@gmail.com.

Alternatively, contact Sharon Frazier at (512) 930-3066; she doesn't do emails. ***Ed.***

Current Events: Third Ft. Wayne Hun Flying Event Report-in a Nutshell

By Leo Mansuetti

On 23 September 2018, four Super Sabre flyers and I arrived at the Hilton Garden Inn: Ray Kleber, Ken Ramsey, Darrel Couch and Jack Wilson. Dean Cutshall gave a flight briefing in the hotel for the Monday flyers. Monday was an acceptable weather day and three flights were completed. Tuesday flying was canceled due to weather. The rest of the fly-in had perfect weather and there were five flights on Wednesday by Darrel Couch, Bob Salisbury, Tom Clark, George Franzen, and Gene O'Baker. Darrel also took photos for the Super Sabre Society. Thursday was our scheduled down day, but there were two makeup flights: Myron Ashcraft and Barney Higgins. Dave Barnett, Fred Abrams and Gordy Billington flew on Friday. When the flying was over, 18 of us went to dinner at a *Casal Restaurante*. We had a private room that allowed everyone to catch up with old friends and tell stories.

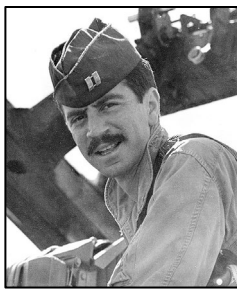
"Making the turn." Typical fighter pilots, talking with their hands!

The Super Sabre Society had an insurance rider on Dean Cutshall's policy that was thought to be in force until 30 September. However, on the morning of the 25th, Dean was given the word that his policy was to be renewed on the 26th , which included our rider. After talking with Don Shepperd, I was given the okay to write a personal check for the Super Sabre Society rider.

Saturday was a rescheduled down day. On Sunday Al Winkleman and Bobbi Doorenbos flew.

I watched Dean Cutshall's every takeoff and landing. He followed the mission profile as briefed, and pilot performance was excellent. The F-100 turned 15 times without a write up, including five times in one day! Every flight was chased by a helicopter flown by Peter Keellan. It is a four-seat Jet Ranger that was modified to civilian standards and is beautiful.

One of the photographers rode in the chopper to record brake release, burner light and take off. Pete hovered behind the F-100 until burner light then accelerated to stay alongside almost until nose wheel lift off. He also hovered near the runway to witness fly-bys and landings. Fliers' family members also were invited to fly in the heli and take photos. They thought it was awesome to see their hero up close and in action. Some had never been in a helicopter. We operated out of the Fort Wayne FBO, and they could not have been nicer. Dean is well liked by the tower people and approach control. They flight-followed all our flights and granted certain "special privileges."



Leo, Back in the Day.

Bobbi Doorenbos flew last on Sunday. She is a retired Brigadier General who flew the F-16 in combat. Dean said he gave her control of the airplane for taxi, take off and throughout the flight. His comment was she flew it better than most of the old guys. Her comment was, "It flies like a real airplane, and you have to fly it the whole time." After exiting the airplane effortlessly, she ran and jumped on her father to say thanks. *(See next page for Bobbi's report.)*

A good time was had by all, mostly due to Dean and his crew. They are all retired Air Force and National Guard. The lead crew chief, Paul Swick, has 60 years working on the F-100. There were two assistant crew chiefs, two engine specialists, ground power technicians, drag chute packers and several others. Dean Cutshall's Photogs, Heather Wesley and Jack Lahrman, handled the photography–one in the heli and one on the ground. The chopper is equipped with several Go Pro cameras, including one that records the back seat pilot throughout the flight. This Go Pro also has audio. Heather transcribed all the camera work to a flash drive and will mail a drive to each pilot.

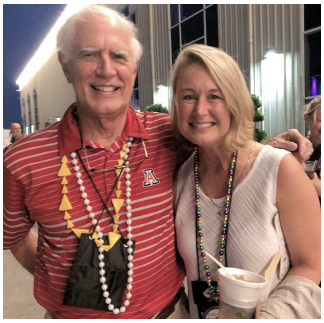
The addition of a "working" helicopter hauling photogs and flier family members was a new twist much appreciated for its "bird's eye" view on every flight!.

Dean's F-100 is superbly maintained, including a 150-hour inspection completed last summer. The tail section and engine were removed and all the tech order items covered. Dean loves working with the Super Sabre Society pilots and families, and he goes all out to make it a fun experience. — ***Leo Mansuetti*** ◘

We SSS History jocks appreciate that Leo doesn't mind doing his share of the reporting! ***Ed.***

"Flash's" Lifetime Dream Fulfilled: She Got to Drive the Hun!

By Bobbi "Flash" Doorenbos



The Story Behind This Story: *We were first introduced to Bobbi in an email from President Don Shepperd reporting on a recent ANG shindig at New Orleans. Here is what Shep said about a picture he had attached to his email.*

"This is Guard F-16 pilot BGen Bobbi Doorenbos, daughter of SSS member Rod Doorenbos, and me at the National Guard convention in New Orleans. Bobbi is a great officer, an American Airlines pilot, and a class act who flew in the Gulf War. Rod has purchased a Hun ride for Bobbi in our September Ft. Wayne fly-in. She is excited, says the Hun afterburner motivated her to fly. I'll ask her to write a short story about her flight for *The Intake* — ***Shep"***

And we're pleased to publish Bobbi's outstanding response to Shep's request. ***Ed.***

Bobbi with Dad and Dean Cutshall

I vividly recall at the age of 5, sitting in the SOF truck at the end of the runway in Sioux City, Iowa, watching my dad take off in an *F-100* to be delivered to Turkey. I will never forget that moment ... the roar of the engine ... the smell of jet fuel. A dream was born that day. But in 1975, that was an unlikely dream for a young girl. So it was a particularly ironic moment, 43 years later, to be sitting in the cockpit of 948–the sole remaining operational F-100 in the world—about to take the final flight of my 24-year Air Force career in the very type of jet that had sparked my fighter-pilot dream.

As an F-16 driver, I'm no stranger to high performance aircraft, but what a treat it was to experience first-hand the jet that launched the supersonic era. To climb the ladder, settle in, and actually know what 1960 smelled like. And to delve into the recesses of my brain to recall how to use trim and rudder! Or not, as the case may be. Surely, we didn't die this day because the Hun's owner, Dean Cutshall, kept his feet firmly on the rudder pedals, where he knew that mine were likely not.

We climbed and turned and rolled ... all with the unspoken agreement that we'd keep it to less than 3 Gs ... because we're both too old for that shit. I loved the weight of it. There are real connections between stick and flight controls—luxuriously missing from today's advanced aircraft—but reminiscent of an era when flying was more "real" somehow.

And I was awed by the generation of pilots who mastered these beasts.

All too quickly it was time to return to the pattern, where Dean's four low approaches with perfectly-timed afterburner lights were awe-inspiring to any within range. And it was then that I was bombarded with a variety of emotions. Sadness that these moments diving at the runway would be my last in an AF fighter ... but also profound gratitude and joy that my end could come on this beautiful September day, in this way, with my dad watching, as I did with him so many years ago.

I can think of no better ending to an Air Force career than riding atop the world-famous hard light of the F-100 afterburner. Thank you Dad, for inspiring the beginning, and also for providing such an inspiring ending! And thanks to Shep, Dean, Leo, and the Super Sabre Society for making this flight a reality, and to the entire amazing crew of professionals who keep this icon of aviation airborne. You are awe-inspiring in every way! — ***Bobbi*** ◘

Member Profile: In a Nutshell

Ray Kleber has done more in his 93 years than most families combined. He joined the Air Force as an Aviation Cadet after graduating from Aliquippa High School in Pennsylvania. He has been in the military during three wars. He has received several awards for valor in combat; Congress has chosen him to receive the Congressional Gold Medal. The first recipient of this honor was George Washington. Since that time there have been only 154 recipients of this award. These include Orville and Wilbur Wright, Brig Gen. Billy Mitchell, Gen. Ira Eaker, Neil Armstrong and a select group of others.

93 and going strong!

Ray has flown 88 different airplane types in his long aviation career, from a J-3 Cub to an F-100. During the last Super Sabre Society Fort Wayne Fly-In, he became the oldest SSS member (or any other pilot) to fly the F-100. Amazingly, he is still able to climb the ladder into the cockpit. Something else that is amazing about Ray is his memory. He remembers names of comrades from World War II to Viet Nam, where he was the commander of the 612th TFS. He flew 300 combat missions in an F-100 out of Phu Cat. Ray can give call signs and radio frequencies used with the call sign. He currently flies gliders.

On top of all that, he is really a nice guy and a pleasure to hang out with. One of his hobbies is making handmade, multi-colored exotic wood bracelets for his friends. These will be treasured by those friends forever. Next time you see Ray, ask him to tell you a story, and it is guaranteed to be one you have never heard before because he has so many. – ***CEO Leo***

Midair Collision: An F-100F and a United Airlines DC-7, Killing Everyone

By John Lowery

On April 21, 1958, an F-100F, on a local instrument training mission at the Fighter Weapons School, Nellis AFB, Nevada, collided with Denver-bound United Airlines Flight 736, killing all aboard both airplanes. John Lowery has done extensive research on that tragic event. Here is his story, taken from his book, Life in the Wild Blue Yonder. ***— Ed.***

Sabre-755: The early morning instrument training flight was the student's first time "under the hood." With an instructor (IP) in the front seat of the new two-place F-100F Super Sabre, the mission was designed to accustom the student-fighter pilot to the feel of the aircraft's sensitive flight controls. This was done by having the student fly solely by reference to the flight instruments, which also prepared him for flying in bad weather and at night in more changeable climates such as Asia and Europe.

John Lowery at Nellis AFB in the 1950s.

The mission profile called for some basic practice maneuvers followed by an instrument approach into Nellis AFB. The approach procedure consisted of an ADF (Automatic Direction Finder) tear-drop penetration from high altitude, using Las Vegas commercial radio station KRAM as the primary non-directional beacon for the approach.

The weather that day was typical for the Nevada desert area: clear with 35 miles visibility. They were airborne as scheduled at 0745 PST, with the student assuming control once the landing gear retracted and the J57 engine's afterburner had been shut down.

The airplane's high indicated airspeeds, combined with the pitch sensitivity of its hydraulically-operated flight controls took lots of practice to master. To get used to its feel, the climb schedule to altitude involved a very detailed procedure: The student was tasked with achieving .67 Mach at 5,000 feet, .70 Mach at 10,000 feet, and ultimately leveling at 30,000 feet at .82 Mach. For the next half hour, he was to practice maintaining 280 knots indicated airspeed while performing various maneuvers with the basic flight instruments.


F-100F Instrument Panel.

Other requirements involved normal 30-degree banked turns and steep 45-degree banked turns, while maintaining altitude and while changing airspeeds from a slow 220 knots to .9 Mach. (*Note: At that time, "altitude" was the phrase used; "Flight Levels, which begin at 18,000 feet, had not yet been established.*)

Once this basic instrument practice was completed, the IP selected the appropriate UHF frequency for "Nellis VFR Approach Control" and requested assignment to an altitude to begin their practice jet-penetration and approach. (It's especially important to note that Nellis VFR Approach Control was <u>not</u> part of the control tower operation. The VFR controller was simply a jet-instrument instructor *acting* as an unofficial controller to keep instrument training flights separated.)

Commercial broadcast station KRAM was used for practice instrument approaches into Nellis AFB because its stronger signal improved the accuracy of the obsolescing low frequency, so-called coffee-grinder ADF radio. The station was located very near the Las Vegas radio range (LAS), the official station used by civilian aircraft for low frequency instrument approaches into McCarran Field, the municipal airport (now classed as an International Airport). LAS was also an important navigation point along the low altitude AMBER-2 airway. In addition, the so-called high altitude airway, Victor 8N, passed almost overtop LAS and Nellis AFB.

The tear-drop penetration involved a departure from the initial approach fix (KRAM) on a descending outbound course that was offset to the southeast of the inbound course. After losing roughly half the altitude, the pilot turned back through the airway to intercept the inbound final approach course. The ADF's inbound track to the airbase was well within the established Air Traffic Control (ATC) controlled airspace. Thus, the entire procedure was to be done under visual flight rules (VFR), euphemistically known as "see and be seen."

At their call, Nellis VFR Control promptly directed Sabre-755 to "descend to and maintain 28,000 feet." This would be the altitude from which their let-down procedure would begin. At 0828 PST, Sabre-755 reported over KRAM at 28,000 feet, where they were cleared by the VFR controller for an immediate jet penetration, with a request that they report completing the penetration turn. Three minutes later, at 0831 PST, Nellis VFR Control heard a weak but clear call, "Mayday, Mayday, this is 755, we've had a flameout." (The last word could have been "bailout" but the investigator wasn't certain.)

United Flight 736: United Flight 736—a Douglas DC-7—had departed Los Angeles with a crew of five and 42 passengers. The ultimate destination of this transcontinental flight was New York City, with intermediate stops in Denver,

United Airlines Douglas DC-7.

Kansas City and at Washington National. For the Denver leg, they were assigned 21,000 feet along the Victor-8 Airway, which as mentioned earlier, ranged overhead both Las Vegas and Nellis AFB.

After reporting over Daggett at 0811, United 736 advised Los Angeles Center they were estimating LAS at 0831. Their next message was, "United 736, Mayday, mid-air collision over Las Vegas." No other transmissions were heard, nor did the crew respond to repeated calls.

The Collision: Approaching each other on a near-head-on course, the two aircraft had an estimated closing airspeed of 665 knots (765 mph). Just prior to impact, the F-100F instructor pilot apparently saw the DC-7, and in a desperate effort to avoid colliding, he made a frantic last second 90-degree bank to the left while pitching down about 17-degrees. Nevertheless, the right wing of the descending jet fighter clipped off eight feet of the DC-7's right wing, causing both aircraft to go out of control. The DC-7 spiraled earthward in a near-vertical descent, trailing black smoke and flames, then crashing just south of McCarran Field—almost exactly on course for the Victor-8 Airway.

The F-100F, with its right wing and right horizontal stabilizer torn off, corkscrewed down violently and impacted in the desert south southwest of McCarran Field. Despite having ejection seats, neither of the Supersabre pilots survived. Investigators thought the two pilots probably failed to eject due either to disorientation caused by the aircraft's erratic tumbling, or injuries that occurred in the collision.

Accident Board Findings: The Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) (predecessor organization to the National Transportation Safety Board, or NTSB) stated the probable cause was the human limitations caused by restricted cockpit visibility in both aircraft, and the very high rate of closure in the near head-on collision.

The military accident board had one Primary Finding, along with two Contributing Factors to the mishap. The primary cause of the accident was listed as "... inadequacy of the present control system, which allows two or more aircraft to occupy the same airspace at the same time, and relies solely on the ability of the individual pilots to see and avoid one another, i.e. "the see or be seen concept."

The two contributing factors included the high rate of closure of present-day aircraft, "which exceeds the limits of human visual clearance while flying under VFR (visual) conditions." They felt too that "the pilots of both aircraft could have been preoccupied with normal crew duties, which diverted their attention ... ." The second contributing factor was the limitation to visibility "caused by the cockpit enclosures which restrict the pilot's visibility at certain angles... ."

Both the F-100F and DC-7 had very restricted forward visibility, making it unlikely they could have seen each other.

The ATC Factor: Four years before the accident, in the spring of 1954, the author, then assigned to the Nellis AFB jet instrument school, was tasked with establishing Nellis VFR Approach Control. Its primary mission was to separate base T-33 instrument training flights and thus avoid mid-air collisions. (The F-100F was not a factor until 1957.) In due time, VFR Approach Control was established at the base and was controlling all the T-33 jet instrument training flights.


DC-7 Cockpit and Instrument Panels.

Because three airways intersected almost directly overhead the airbase, and instrument approaches to both McCarran Field and Nellis AFB were done using LAS radio range or VOR procedures, it immediately became obvious that something was missing.

And because we were all using the published ATC instrument approach procedures, in an effort to avoid having a mid-air collision, it seemed important to establish some means of coordinating our prolific jet instrument training flights with the civilian air traffic flow. So I went to the control tower at McCarran Field to discuss coordinating our VFR (visual) jet instrument training flights with the Air Traffic Control (ATC) chief.

The ATC tower chief took me to his office on the floor beneath the tower cab and closed the door. When I briefly explained my mission, he exploded like a class-6 thunderstorm. "I won't have anything to do with a hare-brained VFR Approach Control," he screamed. I was flabbergasted. While I was only a first lieutenant, I had never been screamed at by another adult in such a hostile manner. When I attempted to further explain the safety aspects, he went into a complete rage. And while stabbing his finger towards his office door, he screamed, "Get out of my office with your stupid proposal." With that, I departed, more or less with my tail between my legs. Inwardly, I was aghast at both his attitude and behavior!

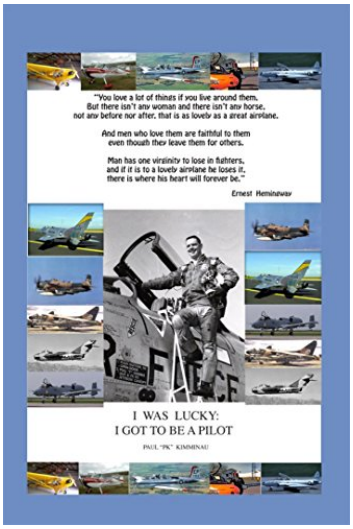
Finale: By the time the mid-air collision occurred, I had been transferred to Williams AFB, Arizona. And to this day, I regret not being more assertive and going over the ATC chief's head to establish some type of traffic coordination. The accident *did* result in an agreement requiring close coordination of air traffic between Nellis AFB and the ATC system. But 49 people had to die needlessly to make it happen.

Meanwhile the Nellis AFB flying safety officer, a captain who had flown combat in Korea, resigned his commission and went home to Wyoming to teach school. He told me later, "John, I just got tired of picking up body parts."

Legal Aftermath: A total of 31 lawsuits were filed seeking damage from either or both the U.S. Government and United Airlines. On September 24, 1958, based on the Federal Tort Claims Act, United Airlines filed for damages in the U.S. District Court for the District of Delaware. The airline company claimed that the United States, through its agents in the U.S. Air Force, was negligent in the operation of the F-100F and sought $3,576,698 in damages. The court found neither crew was negligent for a failure to see and avoid each other, but found the United States was liable because of other negligence. Ultimately on December 17, 1962, the United States settled with United for $1.45 million.

Then, on January 8, 1964, surviving relatives of two of the United Airline crew were each awarded $343,200 from the government, with U.S. District Court Judge Hatfield Chilson finding that the "Air Force pilots did not use 'ordinary care' in operation of the jet fighter, and should have yielded the right of way to the DC-7 airliner." *Judge Chilson also criticized the Air Force for not coordinating instrument training flights with civilian instrument flight rules traffic, and for failing to schedule flights to minimize traffic congestion* (author's italic emphasis). (*Source: Wikipedia 14 July 2011*) ◘

SSS Member's New Book — "I Was Lucky: I Got To Be A Pilot" — Review by R. Medley Gatewood



This is Paul "PK" Kimminau's first book, and at first look, I said to myself, "It's going to be a very fascinating, 'tell it like it really was' reading journey." And I was right; in his back cover synopsis, PK says, "This is the story of my adventures, good, bad, fun, and not-so-fun!"

And there's plenty of each in all those categories in the 275 pages (including seven "Attachments") wherein he focuses, not so much on a full autobiography, but on *his life as it played out in direct connection with aviation*—a rather effective *modus operandi*!

After a brief dedication of his work to his wife (Lois) and four children, PK wryly addresses readers, saying, "After you read this, you will understand just how much they had to put up with as the United States Air Force had me going all over the world. Thanks, Family!"

PK's Preface tells of his fascination with airplanes and aviation and a bit of background about himself "to help in understanding how I learned to love flying." In a nutshell, in addition to plentiful post-WWII military and civilian airplane traffic across the plains of Kansas for the youthful PK to admire, two of his four older brothers were pilots in the USAF, and their adventures preconditioned the young PK to pursue a similar career. In his case, he chose AFROTC at Wichita State University as the pathway to his dream. His Preface ends with, "Now I'll start my story of flying." *Warning:* LOTs of Pics!

Keeping to his story-telling *modus operandi*, PK begins Chapter 1 with recollections of his *very first ride* in an airplane, a Piper Cub wouldn't you know. And 213 pages later, he ends the last chapter (14) with an account of his *very last flight* as a pilot at the controls of an airplane, an ANG F-4, flying in the back seat as a Hughes Tech Rep passenger!

In between those two time-points, in strict chronology, is a plethora of adventures to please the palates of aviation story enthusiasts of all stripes. Private License; AF Primary and Basic; Hun Schools; Hun Ops Stateside, PACAF, USAFE; A-1 Skyraider Combat and MACV Frag Desk; Hun FWIC; ALO with Grunts; A-7D SLUF Stuff at D-M, Nellis, and Korat, TDY and PCS; D-M again, Stan/Eval Chief, SLUF and Warthog.

USAFE 20th TFW Huns

All in all, PK had quite a career and tells cogent tales in each of his chapters from the beginning to the end. And he did all the writing and publishing himself, with little help from practicing or professional editors. Consequently, some of the writing mechanics and grammar may be lacking a fine polish, but the content is credible, first-person, fighter pilot stuff worthy of being in the collection of any discriminating aviation buff … because PK's remarkable storytelling (the good, bad, fun and not-so-fun adventures) comes from the heart!

I highly recommend PK's opus "for family, friends, and a few aviation enthusiasts." He has about half of his 200-book "run" by "RoseDog Books" on hand and will gladly send you a copy, including shipping, for a 25 Buck "donation." Email him at papakilo@centurylink.net, or call PK in Tucson at (520) 296-2108. You'll be glad you did! — ***R. Medley Gatewood***

Blown Tire on Takeoff and Its Hairy Consequences

By Pete Page

It's unlikely that anyone who flew the Hun managed to avoid one or more pretty sporting emergencies, some so bad that bailout was the only option left. Here is one of those tales from the early days of the Hun, where a blown-to-smithereens tire on takeoff provided several opportunities to buy a piece of farmland near Chateauroux, France, and as Pete Page, the back-seater that day, recounts, the guy up front handling it all had absolutely magic hands … and lotsa guts. ***— Ed.***

By orders dated 15 May 1959, the brass at Cannon AFB put together a hybrid squadron of six pilots each from the 523rd and the 522nd TFSs to take our Huns to Hahn AFB, Germany, to pull Alert duty. I was only too happy to be one of them, because I had never been to Europe. I was a new white bar flying on the wing of squadron mate Reginald Stelpflug when, just crossing the coast of France, I got an AC generator warning light.

That was an official invitation to step over the side of the Hun, because the AC generator was located in the housing in the front of the J57 engine. Its failure could send shrapnel through the engine with disappointing results. But I was never trustful of warning lights, and never fond of the idea of ejecting, so I was happy to follow Regie through the overcast to the runway of Chateauroux AB, France, where I think he had once been stationed. Because it would take time to get parts, I was told to board a C-123 for Hahn to carry on with the mission.

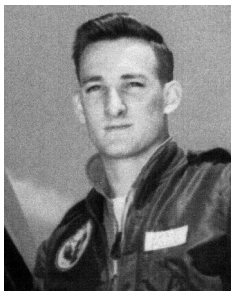
The day came for me to return to Chateauroux to pick up my bird. I was to be taken there in an F-model piloted by Capt. Walter Paluch, whom I had never met. He was a nice fellow who seemed to know his stuff. *Boy, did he!*

I followed him through the walk-around. We noticed that the tires on the main landing gear were brand new, manufactured by a well-known maker of automobile tires. They still had the paper stickers on the tread. We had full 450s.

When we were given the signal from the tower to take off, we enjoyed the push from the afterburner, and I waited for the klunk of the gear signifying that we were on our way. But it didn't happen. About the time we reached 160 kts., 15kts. short of liftoff, I noticed black chunks flying by the cockpit. We weren't accelerating. We had blown the right main tire.

(*For those who didn't fly the Hun, the unusual characteristic known to F-100 pilots as "adverse yaw" occurred at high "G" loadings or low speed. It caused the aircraft to roll to the right if the stick were moved to the left and vice versa. The only way to maintain lateral control was with the rudder pedals and a centered stick. Worth knowing as you read on -* ***PP****)*

Capt. Paluch, with the kind of instantaneous instincts born of God-knows-what, punched the button to blow the tanks. The right one went, the left one didn't. As a result, the right wing flew, the left one didn't. The bird reared like a wounded horse, right wing up and rolling, with nose high 30, maybe 45 degrees.



Pete Page, c. 1959.

The brain does funny things in split seconds. Full afterburner – nose high-stall-*Sabredance*!!! Yet I was enveloped with the most indescribable sense of calm. Perhaps the sense of calm between the bang and the bullet when you face a firing squad. The airplane fell back to the runway, contacting the left wingtip, the left horizontal stabilizer and the left main gear. The left 450 then went. The airplane bounced and went airborne again..

I was knocked from my reverie with a whack on my left knee by the deflected stick and a blur of rudder pedals. Both knees were blue by the time we dragged our gear through the pines at the end of the runway. When we had gathered our wits in a slow left turn around the base and Capt. Paluch called in, the kid in the tower was crying. He thought the black smoke from our burning 450s was *us* becoming "crispy critters."

Some nearby Hun jock who heard the conversation flew by to look us over. He reported that we had significant damage to the left wingtip and the left horizontal stabilizer, and that the right main gear had only shreds on the magnesium hub. The right flap was in tatters.

Capt. Paluch said, "Well Page, if you have ever had an inclination to jump out of one of these things, now's your chance." I said, "Captain, if you could get this son-of-a-bitch off the ground under these circumstances, I think I'd just as soon ride it down with you."

Someone said from the ground, "What would you like when you get down? I don't remember what Capt. Paluch's preference was, but I said "I'd appreciate a water glass full of Bourbon!"

They decided to foam the runway … and set up cameras to see if we would become "crispy critters" in phase two.

Capt. Paluch brought the "F" down a bit faster than prescribed, because we had been under a low overcast, a bit low to play around with experimental stalls. He contacted the runway with the right wing up, and when we hit the foam, he popped the drag chute, jammed the nose wheel down, and was standing on the ground while I was still unbuckling. He shouted up. "Get the Hell out of there!" Which I did. The worry was that when you shut down the engine, unburned fuel was vented between the wheels.

Once on the ground, someone jammed a Becks Beer into each of our hands as we looked at our wounded bird. Becks was the communion chalice after ocean crossings or other hairy events.

The base newspaper, the *Hahn Hawk*, reported a couple of days later: "Hahn Air Base witnessed one of the best and most professionally carried out emergency landings in many months last Tuesday morning, when Captain Walter Paluch and Lt. Peter Page landed their F-100F with the left tire blown."

(It was the right one. If the left one had no tire when we landed, it undoubtedly would have dug in resulting in a fatal cartwheel. — PP)

The newspaper's praise of Capt. Paluch was a huge understatement. His instant assessment of the problem and immediate, precise, perfect countering of the Hun's adverse yaw in a potentially fatal full afterburner stall saved our lives! There must be a bunch of "firsts" for him to claim. The *Hahn Hawk* gave me some credit for all this, but I didn't touch a thing– I was just along for the ride. ◘

*P.S. Pete left the Air Force in 1960, and while in law school flew F-84s with the ANG for three years. He later rose to become a judge, and by golly, eventually DID buy a farm … this one is Montpelier, VA! ☺ (Ok, his family already owned it, but why ruin a good punch line.) — **Ed**.*

Two Vignettes from the Good Old Days

By Jim Serrill

*Jim Serrill has an impeccable sense of timing. We were a long ways down the road toward completing this issue when Jim sent me three or four short vignettes (OK, vignettes are, by definition, relatively short, I know, I know, but stick with me here) that were well-written, interesting, and couldn't have come at a better time. I'll bore you with some "insider stuff" about putting this glorious rag together by telling you that we often have empty spaces here and there due to the varying length of articles, and we leave those "holes" until last to fill. Then comes the occasional problem: "With what???" Jim came to the rescue, with items of almost perfect length, and with the added quality of being a combination of a wee bit of Hun history and a smattering of whimsical humor. Enjoy! — **Ed.***

Vignette One: An Impressive Airplane:

We launched out of Bien Hoa in a two-ship to the far west corner of IV Corps, near the Cambodian border. The mission was to provide "ground fire suppression," supporting two Australian B-57 Canberra bombers. After we neutralized several groves of palm trees and rice paddies, we pulled up to watch the Canberras.

They flew a huge box pattern with a long, straight final at about 3,000 feet. I knew that accuracy improved with dive angle, so I anticipated results similar to B-52s missions, with acres and acres of bomb craters like to the surface of the moon. But the first Canberra's bombs were direct hits and the second Canberra had direct hits just on the edge of a 10 foot canal.

I was impressed.

Several weeks later, a couple of Canberra pilots were at our squadron bar, and I found out that the airplane had a very sophisticated computing bomb sight that, from low level, had miss distances of less than 10 meters. I also found out the bomb bay could carry cases and cases of Foster's beer in 24 ounce cans.

Again I was impressed!



Vignette Two: Aircraft Loss--A Matter of Perspective

In the middle of the night sometime in the summer of 1969, the Bien Hoa base siren wailed, followed by the distinctive "whump, whump" of incoming rockets. I grabbed my flack vest and helmet and stumbled out to the revetment between our hooches. The sound of more inbound rockets, secondary explosions, outbound artillery and a flickering glow of a large fire near the flight line followed. Finally, "All Clear" sounded.

I went to the flight line the next morning and was amazed to see two pungent, smoldering, two-foot high heaps of blackened aluminum and rubber that once were proud F-100s. A VC rocket had landed underneath one of the loaded Huns and the ensuing fire had "cooked off" the rocket pod on one of the wings, sending two or three rockets screaming across the ramp into another loaded Hun in a revetment. Miraculously, there seemed to be no casualties or injuries.

In the following days, the Air Force appeared to regret the loss of two valuable and irreplaceable combat aircraft. The squadron and the wing appeared to regret the loss of sortie-generation capability. The lieutenants, on the other hand, were remorseless because both "victims" were F-models. That meant fewer backseat rides watching someone else fly, and fewer IPs in the back seat, chiding, critiquing and making unwanted inputs and noise.

It was just a matter of perspective. ◘

A Skyspot Mission that Went All to Hell

By Les Long

*Most of us who flew Huns in Vietnam probably flew at least one of those god-awful Skyspot missions, acting like B-52s and dropping bombs from 20,000 feet under orders from the distant controller. I can personally verify that some were virtual terror trips instead of the most boring Hun rides in history. Thnderheads! Yikes! As Les Long tells us here. — **Ed.***

Les at Bien Hoa, 1966.

It was a dark and dreary October night in 1966 at Bien Hoa. A quiet night for the alert trailer, with eight of us waiting for something, somewhere to pop up so we could get on with it. The aircraft were loaded and primed and the guns were charged. No stopping at the end of the runway tonight to finalize the prep for us. Lt. Dave Henderson and I were Dice 01 & 02. We were loaded with four 500 lb. bombs each plus 800 rounds of 20 mm high-explosive incendiary (HEI) in our four cannons.

Only the Buzzards had been scrambled so far, and it was approaching 2300 hours. We, as Dice 01 & 02, were next in line for that horrific bell that could wake the dead.

And then the phone rang. The regular old ordinary phone. We only half jumped. The phone *did* ring occasionally, but we always expected the klaxon, and it always took a half a heartbeat (maybe more) to return to normal rhythm. Someone picked up the phone, and Dave and I resumed our relaxed mode, though we did have boots and G-Suits on and half zipped since we were "next."

Whoever answered was writing down a lot of information. When he hung up, he informed us it was for us alright, but no hurry. I call it an "*unalert*"—we had a 0200 scheduled takeoff for a "Skyspot" mission somewhere north of Pleiku.

We got off OK and made the right turn toward North Vietnam, climbing to 20,000 feet. I was on the right wing, so I wouldn't have to look at a lot of the lightning. Maybe 80 miles or so out, we began to encounter some scattered cumulonimbus clouds, then broken buildups (with lots of free turbulence tossed in) and Lead's wingtip light started coming and going. The thunderstorms were really with us, and I was working very hard to keep Dave in sight, but separated from him.

That probably lasted five to ten minutes, but seemed like the rest of my tour when Dave became the lightning rod. It got him on the front of the pitot tube and proceeded back, jumping to the nose, the canopy (I'm getting a real good view now), down his right wing, jumped to my left wing, and over my canopy. That only took about 3/8 of a second!

I called, "Two's Out,"—a term I'd never used before. I was blinded by a total whiteout, and I thought, "This is not good, and I haven't even been shot at yet!"

I started a real nice slow-roll turn to the right that quickly became the worst Split-S I ever did. I was heading somewhere around south when the nose of my plane came up toward the horizon. I could see the instruments somewhat through hazy eyes that refused to re-focus. The Attitude Indicator remained reliable, fortunately, and I realized I was alone and down at 10,000 feet. I knew Dave and I were now two solos. I told him I was returning to base; I knew we could never rejoin.

But now I have different problems: my bomb load.

I have four big ones here. Part of me says "punch 'em off," and then I begin to reconsider. I hated the idea of just wasting these beauties, considering everything they'd gone through to get where they were. Besides, just a short few days ago we had no bombs, no napalm, just a few rockets and some ammo, but we actually had been flying missions with no external weapons. Couldn't get 'em. Didn't have 'em: someone in Supply forgot to order more bombs. Duh!

I had enough fuel for about three days, and I not only didn't need it, I didn't want it. Of course I could stay out here and burn it off, but the weather was "delta sierra," and at 3 a.m. it probably wasn't going to improve.

I was about 60 miles away from Bien Hoa and had cockpit and arrival checks to make, and I needed to contact Bien Hoa Approach Control for landing instructions. It was raining now at Bien Hoa and cloud ceilings were dropping.

Approach Control had worked overtime (by order of Col. Wilson) to improve their GCA proficiency, and it had become noticeably better. I felt confident about a successful approach and landing, even though I'd be coming in at speed some 40 kts. faster than I ever had before. I figured that with a good drag chute all would be fine.

So Approach Control read me the weather, and I informed them I would be fast on final.

"Roger that. Ceiling and visibility 300 and 2 miles."

I don't remember how much fuel I still had but it added up to over 200 kts. on final approach. Adding 2,000 pounds worth of bombs plus fuel {*lots* of fuel} with a base speed of 155 kts. required that speed. I also recalled the drag chute max speed was 195 kts. So the numbers on final were big, but I knew I didn't want to stay up in this trash any longer than needed.

So I pressed on, lowered everything and started a descent rate around 1,000-feet per minute. Then came: "This is your final controller … break out, runway is dead ahead (he could use a different term I guess). There was no appreciable wind (darn, it would have been a great time for a 30 kt. headwind!). I put it down, saw the airspeed at 195 and pulled the handle. Chute deployed. *Ahhh*! *But wait!* That's not much of a pull! *I wasn't decelerating*. I'd shredded the chute. I was on the runway centerline, but not decelerating. Not good! And my brakes were useless because of all the water on the runway. I was hydroplaning

to beat the band. I thought the airspeed indicator was stuck on 185 kts.

Over 7,000 feet of runway to go. Quick options flash through the mind: (1) *Go-Around:* nope, I'm down and I'm stay'n. (2*) Drop the bombs:* (No I didn't really think that, honestly). (3) *"Drop the damn tailhook, Idiot!"* OK, OK, now, where is that damn button anyway? I knew it wasn't in the normally lit area for night operations.

(As a quick aside: One of the guys had had a similar event. Couldn't find the button at night a couple of weeks back and ended up in the mud. *NOT ME BABY!)*

I reached down and turned up the lights. *THERE* it is!

Punched the button, again, again. NO LIGHT. Oh wonderful. How's your night going Les? Got bombs. Got hydroplaning. Got dark. Got speed. Got radio ???

Radio! I went to GUARD channel: *"Bien Hoa Tower, Dice 02 on the runway. Do I have a tailhook?"* … No answer. Repeat … still no answer.

A later discussion with tower personnel revealed they *did* hear those transmissions, but then said, "Man you should have seen the sparks, the fireworks that tail hook was throwing out through that water."

(I would still be in prison if I was in the tower when I was told that.)

So there I was, still in hydroplaning mode, midway down the runway doing 175 kts. I was out of ideas. Eject? Couldn't force myself to seriously consider that unless the front wheel had just gone off the end of the runway at high speed.

So it's "hit the tailhook button" another 4,762 times until, with a smile on my face as I watched the barrier go past at the 1,000-foot marker, I was happily thrown forward in my shoulder harness at 155 kts.

The de-arming crew stood in the rain and watched me raise the canopy. Sitting there 50 yards from the end of the runway, in the rain, with all those bombs. *"Sorry guys, but you're going to have to come push me back off this hook so I can taxi in. Come on, I have a war to fight."*

Post Script: I had one write-up discrepancy for the logbook: "Tailhook release light inoperative." And, oh yeah, later (60 years later!), Dave Henderson told me that because I closed the runway, he got to spend the night at Tan Son Nhut. ◘

More Current Events: Extreme High Honors

In Issue 36, we alerted readers of the election of SSSer Ron Fogleman for an extremely high honor; enshrinement in the National Aviation Hall of Fame. Here's how that recently went down as reported by our President, Don Shepperd. ***Ed.***

SSS member, Gen. USAF (Ret.) Ronald R. Fogleman, was inducted into the National Aviation Hall of Fame (NAHF) in Washington D.C. in a gala ceremony at the National Building Museum on 28 September 2018. This is "The Oscar Night of Aviation," honoring four inductees each year who have touched the world of aviation and contributed significantly over long periods of time. The nominees are chosen by 120 national aviation leaders for a lifetime of dedication and contribution to aviation. The audience was composed of aerospace leaders and previous recipients from across the U.S. Gen. Fogleman was the 15th Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force and the third Chief to be so honored, joining Generals Hap Arnold and Thomas D. White. Gen. Fogleman joked that his wife, "Miss Jane," has always kept him humble, but now he has an official document showing he is an "aviation legend." Gen. Fogleman's introduction was delivered by Super Sabre Society President, MGen. USAF (ret.) Don Shepperd.

Upon a darkened stage:-L-R, Jack Dailey, Judi Dana, Walter Cunningham, Ron Fogleman.

In addition to Gen. Fogleman, this year's inductees were Gen. USMC (Ret.) Jack Dailey, Vietnam veteran, NASA Deputy Administrator and former Director of the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum; Mr. Bill Dana (posthumous, accepted by his wife, Judi), legendary NASA test pilot, X-15 Project Officer and engineer; Col. USMC (Ret.) Walter Cunningham, Korean War veteran, fighter pilot and Apollo Astronaut. ***Shep***

Hoppy presents Honoree certificate to Jack.

We would add that Gen. Dailey is also an Honorary SSS member! As we put it in Issue 36: "Then-CEO "Hoppy" Hopkins pointed this out and he should know: it was his idea to bestow Honorary SSS Membership (at the 08/09/2014 Gala Roll-out Dinner in the Museum) on four Smithsonian staffers (including Gen. Dailey) for helping to get 440 on display in the Boeing Aviation Hangar at Udvar-Hazy." And, as also promised in our Issue 36 alert, we're again proud to pass on this "something to crow about" (two SSSers for extreme honors in the Class of 2018) to all our members and other readers. ***Pub Med*** ◘

More DWI Adventures on English Roads Back in the Day

By Ross Becker

This came to us as a "Laughter Silvered Wings" item from Ross. Too long to fit there, but worth chuckles here. ***Ed.***

After reading other DWI-avoidance efforts back in the '60s in England, I thought I'd add mine to a no doubt endless collection of stories of young fighter pilots driving difficult and dangerous English highways after imbibing a bit too much.

W0X0F? Let's open the bar ASAP!

My adventure began at Wethersfield on a day when bad weather had us stand down by mid-afternoon on a Friday, so the 55th TFS squadron bar was opened by 3:30 pm.

After a couple of hours of beers and darts, I changed into my civies to go to a house-warming (a beautiful thatch-roofed cottage) party thrown by a newly arrived DODDS schoolteacher, Bob McGuire. I'd been tasked to bring the ice cubes to the party (ice cubes had not yet been discovered by the Brits!), so after swinging by the Club for the ice, my bachelor-pad mate, Hank McCauley, and I departed, headed for the party in my car.

The first community we passed through was the picturesque village of Finchingfield ("the most photographed village in all of England") which had a 120-degree turn in the road at the village center. Well, you'd think my new Triumph GT6 sports car could have handled that turn but, no, it drifted into the opposite lane resulting in a slow speed, but head-on, collision with an old couple in a Ford sedan. (Funny, I have been telling this story for almost 50 years and have always described the nice people I hit as an "old couple." My wife just showed me a weathered press clipping and it describes the driver of the other car as a "56-year-old man"! My, how time changes the relativity of things!)

The Bobbies soon arrived and immediately observed all the ice cubes on the road around my sports car! Needless to say, they promptly gave me a breathalyzer test—which I failed. Fortunately, their device was considered only a preliminary test, giving them authority to take me to the local police station to administer an official test. I smoked at least a half a pack of cigarettes during the drive to the police station, which must have worked because I passed the official test!

I was told I wouldn't be charged with a DWI (whew!) but *would* be charged with reckless driving, and then, being typically courteous British Bobbies, they offered to drive me to my destination (the party at Bob McGuire's cottage).

And what a party it was! Chugging contests, carrier landings, all the "normal" goings-on. As was also the norm back then, it was daybreak when Hank and I took a taxi home. But my morning sleep was interrupted by a phone call from my squadron commander telling me to report to the ADO's office ASAP (obviously my accident was in the morning's police blotter). I staggered out of bed, had a cold bath (hot water was also a rare commodity in England back then) and drove Hank's car to Wethersfield.

Finchingfield's finest thatched-roof party cottage?

By the time I got to the base, I thought I was in pretty good shape. But apparently not, because after "reporting" as best I could in front of the Colonel, he said to me, "Christ, Becker, you smell like my Uncle Harry!" A thorough chewing out followed.

The other significant thing that happened that morning was that new Teacher Bob McGuire was evicted from that beautiful thatched-roof party cottage! Ah, the good old days! — ***Ross Becker***, 55 TFS, 67'-'72 ◘

[Break-Break: W0X0F = Ceiling Indefinite, Zero Obscured; (vis) Zero, Fog. "Gasp." Thanks to Crow & Dewey! ***Ed.]***

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

Patricia "Pat" Billman *October 21, 2015*	*Tom Pitcher* *November 14, 2015*	*Paul Da San Martino* *December 1, 2016*	*Gordon L. Scharnhorst* *April 11 ,2017*
Clive James Grewell *June 20, 2017*	*William "Bill" J. Becker* *August 3, 2017*	*Donald "Buns" Fraizer* *August 9, 2017*	*Jack Funke* *February 11, 2018*
Robert "Bob" Spielman *February 25, 2018*	*Ellsworth "Bob" Tulberg* *March 2, 2018*	*Ronald "Ron" Schaertl* *May 1, 2018*	*John "Jack" E. Downey* *June 23, 2018*
Jerry Hallman *July 8, 2018*	*Bobby W. McClinton* *July 18, 2018*	*William P. Acker* *July 24, 2018*	*Don Majors* *July 30, 2018*
George "Stump" Kahler *August 20, 2018*	*Robert "Bob-O" Konopka* *August 27, 2018*	*Donald "Pete" Peterson* *September 19, 2018*	*Earl R. Gundlach* *September 20, 2018*

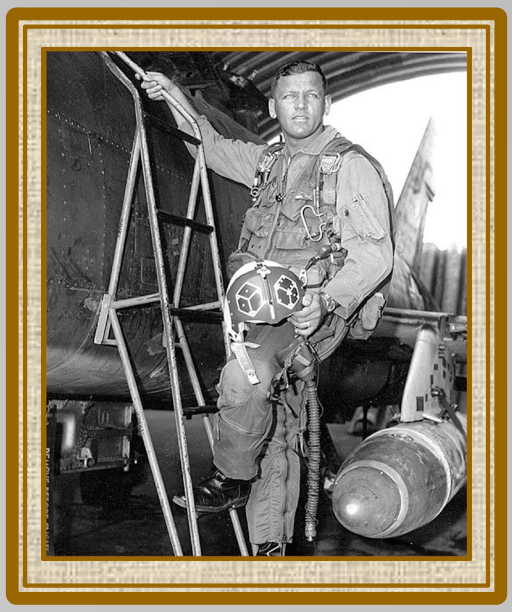
The Way We Were

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!

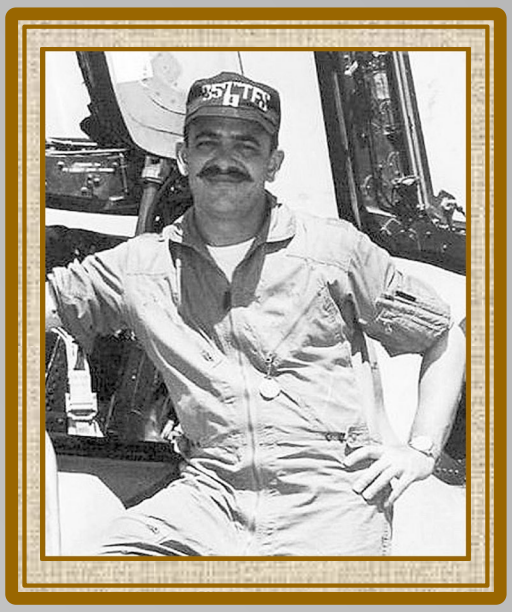
Jim Bosick

Milus "Cal" Campbell

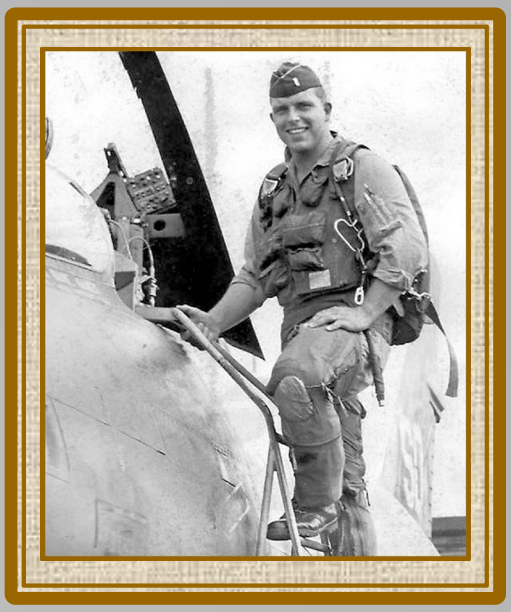
Neil Eddins



Ken Schweitzer

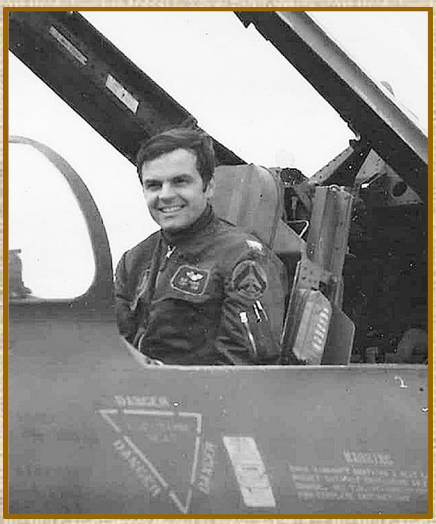


Billy Sparks

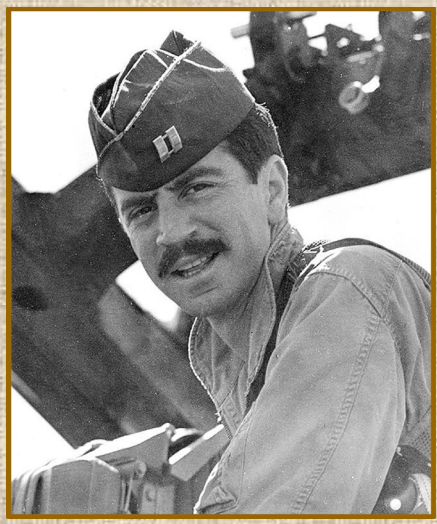


Richard Stamler

RED ALERT – ALERT!! *Although there's been a recent up-tick, we have* ***ONLY*** *about 40"Hero Pictures" left in our dwindling supply (out of 2,450 total members since our founding –including Inactives & RIPs). We've now published 396. 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*

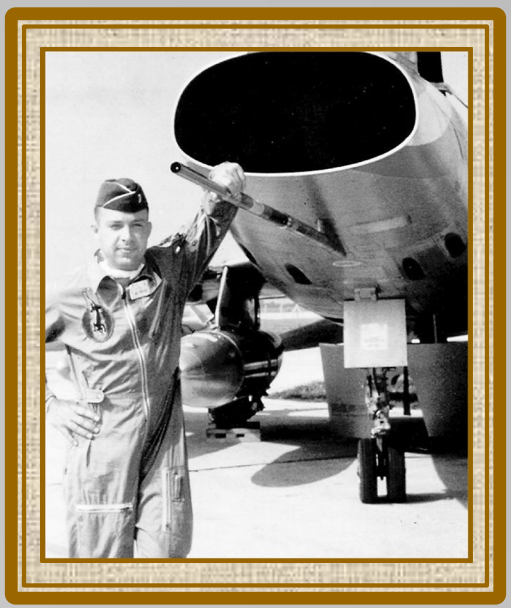


Ron Hunter



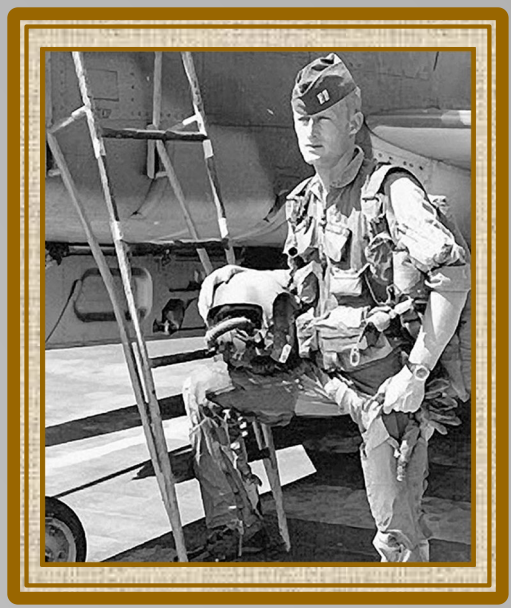
Leo Mansuetti

Frederick Miller



Jim Tarro, MD

Robert D. Weaver



Glenn Wheekus

A Tribute to a Fighter Pilot's Fighter Pilot

The Don Kilgus Story

By John Haltigan (Misty Intel-2)

John at Phu Cat.

*Thousands of talented and courageous pilots served the Air Force with distinction during the years of the Vietnam War. They flew all types of aircraft on many different missions from bases throughout Southeast Asia. One of those pilots was Colonel Donald W. Kilgus, whose service from nearly the beginning to near the end of U.S. operations in the Vietnam War, stands out with special distinction. Above other military virtues, Kilgus valued teamwork the most. He never failed to put the supporting team first, over any individual accolades. His personal story, filled with many remarkable and special accomplishments, deserves to be better known and studied. To that end, I dedicate this article. — **JH***

BACKGROUND AND COMBAT SERVICE SUMMARY

Donald W. Kilgus was born in Detroit, Michigan and grew up in Dearborn, where he attended local schools. He graduated from nearby Wayne State University in June 1960 with a degree in aeronautical engineering. While at Wayne State, he participated in the Air Force ROTC program and was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the U.S. Air Force upon graduation. After completing pilot training and F-100 combat crew training, he served as a Super Sabre pilot with the 416th Tactical Fighter Squadron (TFS) "Silver Knights" at Air Force bases in Japan, Louisiana, and Da Nang and Tan Son Nhut (Saigon) in South Vietnam.

During the Vietnam War, Don Kilgus flew a total of 624 missions, 214 of which were flown over North Vietnam/Laos, amassing a total of 1,426 hours of combat flying time. This remarkable record was compiled over a period of nine years, spanning eight separate tours of duty, ranging in length from six weeks to one year and various roles and missions. Examples: He served as a SLOW FAC flying the Cessna O-1 "Bird Dog" as a Forward Air Controller. He also flew tactical air and ground support strikes in the single seat F-100D Super Sabre. He went on to be a FAST FAC in the two-seat F-100F Super Sabre. Following all that action, Kilgus moved on to fly the F-105 Thunderchief in the WILD WEASEL mission of Surface-to-Air Missile (SAM) suppression.

Kilgus was one of the early Air Force fighter pilots to serve in Vietnam in October 1964. Nine years later, in early 1973, as U.S. involvement in the war wound down, he would be Number 4 in the last flight of F-105s to leave Thailand to return to the United States. As he put it, "I was there practically from start to finish." Highlights of those nine Kilgus war years follow in chronological order.

SLOW FAC — FORWARD AIR CONTROLLER

As American involvement in Vietnam accelerated after the 4 August 1964 Gulf of Tonkin Incident, Kilgus "volunteered" in October of 1964 for a three month Temporary Duty (TDY) tour serving as a SLOW FAC, at Pleiku Air Base (AB) in the Central Highlands flying the O-1 Bird Dog and the U-10 Helio Courier, assisting and advising the South Vietnamese armed forces.

416th TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON — SILVER KNIGHTS

Following his SLOW FAC TDY assignment, he returned to the 416th Squadron, which deployed to Da Nang AB, in South Vietnam. On March 2, 1965, President Johnson authorized the aerial bombardment campaign against North Vietnam that was to last until October of 1968. Kilgus was in a flight of F-100s that conducted the first OPERATION ROLLING THUNDER strike in North Vietnam, attacking a storage depot several miles north of the DMZ in the panhandle of North Vietnam.

MiG 17 ENCOUNTER

Front Cover of Issue 18.

A month later, on April 4, 1965, while flying a MiG Cap mission for an F-105 strike on the Than Hoa Bridge, he engaged a MiG 17 in aerial combat. This was the only such occasion in the war involving F-100 flights dueling with MiGs. Although not credited with a "kill," his 20 mm cannon fire may well have inflicted damage on a North Vietnamese MiG 17. Don stated, "On 4 April, 1965, I got a 'probable' kill on a MiG 17 by chasing him down into some coffee-brown haze and popping off 20 mm bursts at him. I literally scraped the belly of my F-100 against the Gulf of Tonkin when pulling out." He further stated that he, "saw sparks and pieces flying off the vertical tail of the MiG before pulling out." North Vietnamese pilots who flew that day have confirmed that two MIGS were lost due to a mid-air collision and a third crashed while attempting to land. The possibility exists that 20 mm holes in the tail could very well have caused the crash landing of the MIG. If

ever confirmed, it would be the first MiG downed in aerial combat in the war and the only one shot down by an F-100. [See *Intake* articles covering this in Issues 18 (P 20) and 35 (P 18).]

Although he flew strike and MiG Cap missions in North Vietnam, most of his missions in 1965 and 1966 were sorties "in country," primarily in ground attack and close air support roles in South Vietnam. The painting at right by aviation artist Simon Atack, depicts one such mission. Titled *Knights Charge*, it shows Kilgus in the foreground at full power leading an attack by a flight of F-100 Silver Knights on May 14, 1965, against enemy forces in the Bac Lieu region of South Vietnam. Having dropped napalm and high explosive bombs, the F-100s continue to spray the area with 20 mm cannon fire. [See *Intake* Issue 12 Front Cover and credits on P 2.]

"Knights Charge"

MISTY FAST FAC — FORWARD AIR CONTROLLER

In June of 1966, Kilgus was reassigned to be a flight instructor in the F-100 and left the "Silver Knights" for Luke, AFB, Arizona. He interrupted his instructor tour at Luke in March of 1968 when he again volunteered and brought his pilot skills to a two seat F-100F detachment performing a very demanding and dangerous mission in Vietnam. With other select volunteers at Phu Cat AB, he completed a four month TDY with the Misty FACs, who flew the two-seated F-100F along the Ho Chi Minh Trail over the southern panhandle of North Vietnam and Central Laos. These were areas where the heavy anti-aircraft arsenal of the North Vietnamese prevented the Slow FACs from operating. The Air Force, in June of 1967, had initiated the MISTY program using high- performance jet aircraft as Fast FACs, seeking out targets of opportunity and marking them with smoke rockets for attacking aircraft. The first commander of the unit was Maj. George "Bud" Day, who was shot down and captured in August of 1967. Day was a fierce resister among the POWs and would later receive the Medal of Honor for a daring escape that ended in his recapture and return to prison.

Bud Day was Misty 1!

A Misty sortie would, on many occasions, last for close to four hours, with two to three refuelings from KC-135 tankers orbiting nearby. Misty FACs flew with two pilots. The role of the back seater or GIB (Guy in the Back) would be to chart maps, compile bomb damage assessment from controlled strikes, identify targets and take hand-held photos with a 35mm camera. The front seater flew the plane, talked to the strike aircraft and fired the marking rockets. This Misty program would prove to be extremely successful, and as the Vietnam War progressed, would morph into spin-off programs using the more advanced F-4 Phantom jet with callsigns such as Laredo, Owl and Tiger. Don Kilgus, either as the pilot or GIB, flew 53 Misty missions between March and June of 1968. On June 9, 1968, he was in the back seat when he took part in one of the most dramatic and dangerous rescue operations that Misty was involved in during the war—the successful rescue in North Vietnam of Master 01, an F-105 out of Thailand.

WILD WEASEL

In January 1970, following his F-100 instructor assignment at Luke, Kilgus transitioned to flying the F-105 Thunderchief and moved to McConnell AFB in Wichita, Kansas. Over the next three years, out of bases at Korat and Takhli in Thailand, he would fly in the F-105G as a "Wild Weasel." The Wild Weasel mission was one of SAM Suppression using Shrike anti-radiation missiles that would home in on the electronic radar signals of the SAM guidance system. An Electronic Warfare Officer (EWO) was in the backseat monitoring the SAM electronic signal and arming and directing the missile attack. The motto of the Wild Weasels was "First In, Last Out," thus exposing them to more sustained enemy anti-aircraft fire and possible MiG attacks than other strike aircraft. The Wild Weasel pilots and EWOs worked as a team. The pilots were generally with the same EWO on every mission. Don worked many of his missions with Clarence "Ted" Lowry.

Don was ever the volunteer and team player.

SON TAY PRISON RAID

Planning photos for Operation Ivory Coast.

Perhaps the most significant of his many Wild Weasel missions took place the night of November 21, 1970, when Kilgus**,** with Lowry as the EWO, participated in one of the most daring and significant missions of the war, the surprise raid on the North Vietnamese POW camp at Son Tay. Son Tay, a village approximately 25 miles west of Hanoi, was thought to be a POW camp holding most of the American captives in North Vietnam at the time. Kilgus flew as Firebird 5, in reserve to replace the first F-105 that might be lost. The Firebird mission was to suppress air defenses and divert attention away from the lower and slower C-130s and helicopters participating in the raid to free American POW**s**. When the Number 3 Weasel was indeed hit by SAM fragments and had to return to base, Firebird 5 took its place!

The SAM attacks and the F-105 counter-attacks continued. The North Vietnamese launched four SAMs at his F-105. Kilgus, through rolls and changes in airspeed, managed to evade three, but the fourth SAM detonated approximately fifty yards away from his aircraft, tossing the plane like a toy and damaging the fuel tank. He was able to control the aircraft, and indicative of his skill and courage, when Lowry (as described in his monograph on the mission *Thuds at Son Tay*), suggested they vacate the area, Kilgus replied "We still have troops on the ground down there, so we are staying." Shortly after, they engaged another SAM site and deployed their last Shrike missile successfully.

Within seconds of firing his last missile, Kilgus saw that the SAM explosion had blown holes in his fuel tank. They were losing fuel faster than they were burning it and would have to prepare to bail out. Kilgus radioed for help as he was flying the aircraft west over the mountains into Laos. Firebird 5 flamed out within sight of the refueling tanker, and both Kilgus and Lowry ejected at approximately 2 am about 100 miles north of Udorn Royal Thai AFB. Both were located by rescue personnel, spent the rest of the night on the ground, and were safely picked up at first light, approximately 10 miles south of the Plain of Jars.

EWO Ted Lowry was a frequent team player with Kilgus.

The Son Tay Raid has been well chronicled and analyzed. Although it was found that the prisoners had been moved several weeks earlier, the raid scared the North Vietnamese and compelled them, for the first time, to bring all the POWs together in Hanoi. This movement, together with the special effort to free the prisoners at Son Tay, was a huge boost to the morale and comfort of the POWs.

Reflecting on the Son Tay Raid mission, for which they received Silver Star medals, as well as the many other Wild Weasel missions he flew with Don Kilgus, EWO Ted Lowry said: "Kilgus may have been the best stick and rudder guy I ever flew with. He could literally make the Thud (F-105) dance and did. He was absolutely fearless and totally dedicated to getting the mission done. He was the prototype for a fighter pilot. He had courage, great skill and the unique ability to remain calm in the most difficult circumstances."

OPERATION LINEBACKER 1

Following the massive 1972 "Easter" invasion of South Vietnam by North Vietnamese army forces, President Nixon ordered renewed large scale bombing of key targets in North Vietnam centered around the capital of Hanoi and the port of Haiphong. On May 10, 1972, Operation Linebacker 1 began with Air Force, Navy and Marine aircraft all taking part. Kilgus was in the air that day flying a Wild Weasel SAM Suppression mission as Calgon 2 in a flight of four F-105s targeting SAM sites protecting the Yen Vien Rail Yard just outside Hanoi. Operation Linebacker1would last until October 23, 1972, when President Nixon halted the bombing as the Paris Peace negotiations appeared to be close to a successful conclusion.

DEVASTATING RUNWAY ACCIDENT -- KORAT AFB

One week after Operation Linebacker 1 had commenced, on May 17, 1972, tragic misfortune would strike a Kilgus sortie. Shortly after takeoff, due to a malfunction in his F-105, he was forced to return to base with a full load of armament. Upon landing, the left tire blew and the wheel strut collapsed, causing the plane to slide the full length of the runway on a fuel tank that ruptured and ignited. Kilgus and his EWO were able to quickly escape the burning plane and the base fire crew was able to extinguish the flames. Unfortunately, however, about eight minutes later, as the fire crew was still standing nearby, a Shrike missile cooked off and exploded, killing two American airmen and four Thai firemen, and seriously injuring several others.

OPERATION LINEBACKER 2 — 11 Days of Christmas, 1972

Two years after the Son Tay Raid, in December of 1972, the American POWs, who were now all together at the "Hanoi Hilton," were thrilled when the bombs from a massive B-52 raid began raining down on Hanoi. As North Vietnamese officials in Paris started backing away from previously agreed-upon terms, President Nixon again ordered massive bombing of targets in and near Hanoi and Haiphong, but on a much larger scale. The operation, code named Linebacker 2, lasted from the night of December 18, 1972, until dawn of December 28.

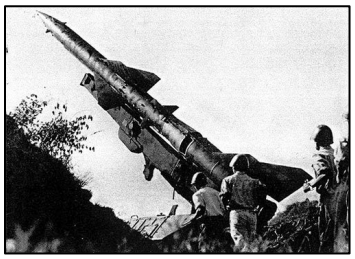
Wall to wall B-52s, night after night for 11 days!

Every night, B-52s from Guam and U-Tapao RTAFB flew wave after wave of strikes, some of the largest bombing attacks in history. The skies over Hanoi were like a massive 4th of July fireworks display night after night as North Vietnam air defense forces exhausted their SAM inventory in an effort to shoot down the B-52s. The POWs could sense that this massive show of air power would force a change in the North Vietnamese attitude. They could see how scared the guards were, and soon they began to receive much better treatment. The captured pilots knew that this show of air power would force a change in the North Vietnamese attitude, and soon the North Vietnamese government did agree to discuss peace terms.

Kilgus played a significant role in LINEBACKER 2 as the Force Commander out of Korat RTAFB of all Wild Weasel operations: flying the SAM Suppression role, attempting to protect the B-52s and other Air

Force and Navy fighter aircraft. He was "First In, Last Out," flying Wild Weasel sorties in the deadly nighttime skies over Hanoi on 10 of the "11 days of Christmas." He received his second Silver Star for his mission on the last night, December 27. The prestigious award write-up reads in part: "Major Kilgus, the pilot of a specifically equipped fighter aircraft and the commander of a force of like aircraft, was tasked with the responsibility of escorting one of the largest strikes of B-52 bombers ever assembled penetrating deeply into one of the most heavily defended areas of the world and preventing those defenses from attacking the strike force. In an outstanding display of gallantry, Major Kilgus attacked and destroyed at least one surface-to-air missile site, suppressed others and placed himself in a position to decoy the surface-to-air missiles and artillery defenses from the bombers to himself."

The Vietnam peace agreement was signed on January 27, 1973, and in the following weeks, the POWs were released and American involvement in the Vietnam War drew toward a close. Nearly nine years after he first arrived in Vietnam, Kilgus would be Number 4 in the last flight of 4 F-105s to depart Thailand and return home, literally being the "Last Out" of the F-105 Wild Weasels at the end of the war!



Weasels against the most heavily defended target in the war.

POST VIETNAM ASSIGNMENTS

The Warrior Kilgus' Official Photo

Following Vietnam, Kilgus served in various personnel slots at TAC headquarters at Langley AFB, Virginia. In January of 1977, he was named Commander of the 8th TFS "Black Sheep" at Holloman AFB in New Mexico, a unit made up of F-4 and F-15 aircraft, both of which he would fly. From July 1980 until July of 1985, he served at the Pentagon in Washington in the Office of the Inspector General and as Chief of the Office of Nuclear Safety and Nuclear Surety. On July 1, 1985, with the rank of Colonel and following 25 years of service, he retired from the Air Force. Including training time in the T-33, 34, and 37, he logged 4,254 hours. He was the recipient of 2 Silver Stars, 8 Distinguished Flying Crosses, the Purple Heart and 40 Air Medals, among other awards and decorations.

Don's favorite steed.

VIETNAM WALL MEMORIAL

In February of 1988, Colonel Kilgus was asked to testify before Congress on a bill to add a Women's Memorial to the Vietnam Wall Memorial on the Mall in Washington, D.C. He opposed the idea, fearing it would only lead to a progression of more and more "special groupings" and dilute the important concept that in combat, *no team member is more important than another*. He testified in part as follows:

"To add one statue, representing one additional group, however worthy their participation in Vietnam may be, is to detract from the simplicity of the monument that makes its meaning so clear. It is also to deny the concept of team over self that enabled so many of us to survive the rigors of combat." [*For whatever reasons, the Women's Memorial was a go*.]

LEGACY

Four months later, on July 16, 1988, the Air Force fighter pilot who amassed 624 missions in Vietnam, 214 of which were over North Vietnam and Laos, and with 1,426 combat hours, was tragically killed, at the age of 51, in an automobile accident on a state road southeast of Fredericksburg, Virginia. He left a wife, son and daughter, and was buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

The career and legacy of Air Force fighter pilot Colonel Donald W. Kilgus encompassed a love of country, a love of flying, marvelous skill and abundant courage. Foremost, he had a strong belief in dedication to the mission and the value and the importance of teamwork over the individual.

Noted military aviation author Robert F. Dorr dedicated his 1989 illustrated book, Vietnam - Combat From the Cockpit*, to Don. That dedication is most fitting; it reads as follows:* "**This book is dedicated to Don Kilgus, who helped in its preparation and who went over to Southeast Asia every year we were in the war. On the green slope at Arlington where we lay our heroes to rest, there is a space that belongs to Don — all honor to his name."** Mess Dress photo from older brother Jim was a family favorite!

DONALD W. KILGUS: 1937 – 1988

See also this URL: http://www.veterantributes.org/TributeDetail.php?recordID=1665 *for Veterans Tribute*.

510th TFS Deployment to Bangkok, Thailand, from Clark AB, Philippines — April of 1961 !

By Jim Brasier

Our SYC Editor is listed on the page 2 "masthead" as a "Contributing Editor," and he's recently decided to start doing more articles outside of his SYC duties. Since he's an "old head" Hun Driver (first encounter in March 1958) we welcome his recollections and adventures. There'll be many more … coming soon. ***Ed.***

405th Fighter Wing
Huns, Deuces, B-57s

J. Brasier

Some folks are of the impression that the U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia and South Vietnam in the 1960s began with the Gulf of Tonkin incident in early August 1964. However, the USAF became involved much earlier when the 405th FW/510th TFS, stationed at Clark AB, Philippines, was designated to provide jet fighter support for a "Joint Task Force" (the exact name and charter of which is lost in the mists of time) and was deployed to Don Muang International Airport, Bangkok, Thailand, in the early spring of 1961. Here's how things went down.

As I recall, it all began in late March 1961, when several C-130s started dropping Marine paratroopers just east of the Clark AB runway, which also happened to be located right behind my quarters in what was called the Dau Area on base. Tents immediately went up and a whole tent village literally sprung up in our backyard. Later that day, a Marine Warrant Officer knocked on our back door asking for a cold beer. When we asked, "What are you doing here?" He replied that the only thing he was told was to get his "stuf" together at his base in Okinawa, and that they were going to do an "exercise" jump at Clark AB, in the Philippines. Later, we discovered the Marines were also part of this Joint Task Force.

The Marines were camped beside the Clark AB runway for about two weeks, and then they suddenly disappeared, tents and all. But before that disappearance, we got a call from the beer-drinking Warrant Officer, saying that he was in downtown Angeles City, that he had fallen amongst thieves who robbed him, and would we please bring him some "clothes and a few pesos." My friend Willie Utterback did as he had asked, and that's the last we ever saw of him!

510th TFS

Near mid-April 1961, we got the word that we were going to deploy to Don Muang International Airport at Bangkok *the next day* with six F-100s. Not the entire squadron, mind you, just one flight. The 510th had four flights, "India," "Juliet," "Kilo" and "Lima," all with specific fighter specialties; i.e., Air-to-Air, Air-to-Ground and Nuke. We were told India Flight was chosen because it was the "Conventional Air-to-Ground" flight. We all assumed we would be doing some serious bombing somewhere after we arrived. It started getting serious when they issued us our side arms!

510th TFS India Flight

My logbook reflects that on 20 April 1961, six F-100s and seven India Flight pilots departed Clark AB, Air-to-Air refueled from KB-50s between Clark and Da Nang AB, South Vietnam, overflew the Da Nang radio beacon, thence via direct to Ubon, Thailand, and then landed at Don Muang International Airport, some three hours and thirty minutes later.

(According to Hun History experts, SSS Associate Members Peter Davies and David Menard {in their definitive book *F100 SUPER SABRE UNITS OF THE VIETNAM WAR*}, this was the first F-100 deployment to Thailand, codenamed Operation *Bell Tone,* by six 510th TFS jets in response to the downing of a 315th Air Division SC-47B by Pathet Lao forces on 23 March. Ostensibly, the Huns were to provide added air defense alert, as requested by the Thai government.)

Upon landing, two F-100s were immediately reconfigured with 4 x GAR-8s (Aim-9Bs) and a full load of ammo, (800 rounds) of 20 mm and were put on "5 minute alert" at the south end of Don Muang airport complete with an Army tent, two Army cots, and a hand-cranked field phone; shades of the "Old days." Two more F-100s similarly configured were kept in a hangar as replacement alert aircraft, if the first two F-100s were scrambled. The other two F-100s were backup spares. The good news was the "Alert Status" was daylight hours only.

The navigation aids available at Don Muang airport were sparse. As I recall, they had a VOR and ILS (at the time only our F models had ILS. The D models did not) and for the first month, Don Muang had no GCA, so IFR recoveries were surveillance radar only. I don't recall any aircraft arresting barriers on the field either. Also, at that time there was no GCI radar in all of Thailand. Pretty primitive, to put it mildly.

The Thai Air Force also sat alert with two shiny new F-86Fs, right next to our two F-100s. The Thai F-86 pilots had many hours of jet time, but none of the Thai pilots were instrument qualified and consequently, never flew in the weather. When Don Muang got a USAF GCA unit a few months later, our pilots gave them basic instruction on how to fly a GCA approach, and it became a new toy for them. The Thai F-86 pilots used it diligently on their recoveries.

The "Scrambles" were surreal. Two pilots sitting in a WWII Army tent waiting for a hand-cranked field phone to ring. When it rang, a voice on the other end would say "Scramble," and that was all. We quickly donned our "G" suits, jumped in our Huns and started engines, while Tower halted all commercial airliner traffic. We would taxi onto the runway and

when Tower cleared us for takeoff, we would light the afterburners and off we'd go. I can only imagine what the passengers on those holding airliners thought when they heard the Huns' afterburners kick in. "I say Hortense, I do believe we may be under attack, ole girl."

After switching to Departure Control, we would get a vector north from them, and then we were cleared to our squadron radio frequency. At that time, there was no radar control to contact, so we would go to the northern part of Thailand and look around for anything interesting. Most of the time there was nothing of military significance, so we'd RTB. However, across the border in Laos there was plenty of military activity going on!

One day while RTBing from one of those "Scramble" missions, a voice came up on Guard radio channel, "Aircraft heading south toward Bangkok, come up radio frequency 'xxx.xx'." We switched over to that frequency and checked in. "This is so-and-so GCI radar. We are just setting up here, can you help us calibrate our radar and check out some radio frequencies for us?" I recognized the voice and said, "John is that you?" And the reply was "That you Jim?"

Prior to my PCS to the 510th TFS, I was a GCI Tactical Weapons Controller with the 728th AC&W squadron at Shaw AFB, Sumter, SC, and John was there with me. (The interruption in my fighter pilot career was a result of the USAF standing down 10 Tactical Fighter Wings in 1958. My first F-100 fighter assignment had been with the 309th FBS/31st FBW at Turner AFB, Albany, Georgia, and I was cut short after six months. Being a second balloon in one of those 10 Fighter Wings generally got you a "do not pass go, do not ever fly again" ticket to a GCI assignment. And that's why I was a GCI Weapons Controller for a year and a half before getting back in the F-100 when I was reassigned in the summer of 1960 to the 510th TFS at Clark. But I digress.)

We normally left our F-100s at Don Muang and rotated our pilots every 15 days via C-130s. On one occasion going back to Clark, we stopped at a base in northern Thailand that was under construction. There was a mixed bag of aircraft and helicopters on the ground there with no markings, however, they were all U.S. made. I spotted a single RT-33 and went over to look at it. The pilot was there and I recognized him as a RF-101 recce pilot I had known at Shaw AFB. He said he was doing recce in Laos and that when I got back to Clark, I should go to 13th AF Intel and look at some of the photos he had taken. I did and they were pretty scary. One showed him in Laos, nose-to-nose with a four-barreled ZSU-23 with tracers going by on both sides of the RT-33. He also said, in case he got shot down, he expected *us* to be the covering firepower for his rescue!

USAF RT-33 … Say What?

Things were beginning to make sense as to why we were there in Thailand. These mindless scrambles were producing nothing, if only to help out the GCI unit get their radar system operational. We also found out a USAF SC-47 had been shot down over the Plain de Jars in Laos in March, a month earlier. As the North Vietnamese were beginning to construct the Ho Chi Min Trail thru Laos, they were supplying their Laotian surrogates, the Pathet Lao, with some pretty lethal AAA weapons—and they were beginning to use them effectively. Thailand was concerned that the hostilities would move south into their territory and had requested U.S. assistance to ensure that wouldn't happen. Ah ha! It was this military activity in Laos that prompted the creation of this Joint Task Force and our presence at Don Muang.

So why did PACAF pick India Flight (the Air-to-Ground Conventional flight) and not an Air-to-Air flight from the 510th TFS? Or for that matter, why didn't they tap the 509th (a sister squadron in the 405th FW at Clark) flying radar equipped F-102 Delta Darts to provide Air Defense for Thailand as part of the Joint Task Force? As usual, our pilots later found out that India Flight was selected in case things got out of hand *on the ground* in Laos, militarily. And, if Thailand was seriously threatened, *we* were to move from Don Muang to either Korat, RTAFB or Takhli RTAFB (both about 150 miles north of Bangkok), load up with bombs and do what India Flight did best, Air-to-Ground conventional weapons delivery against the bad guys in Laos. But that contingency was not ordered during my four or five stints at Don Muang with the 510th from April through September of 1961.

However, after this "first" Hun deployment to Thailand, it wasn't long before other USAF fighter units deployed TDY to Thailand, including more F-100s at Korat and Takhli, and (would you believe it) those 509th F-102s to Don Muang, starting in March of 1962! Yes, folks, "escalation" became the word of the day … and the rest is history! ◘

Warning! As most of our astute readers know, Wikipedia*, although handy for research on all sorts of things, is not at all 100% accurate. Jim Brasier found a real doozy example when he looked up this First USAF jet fighter squadron deployment to Thailand. The glaring error he found, in so many words, said those "Huns were Deuces!" Fortunately, Asst. Editor Dewey Clawson was able to fix that problem by editing the mistake. You can view the repaired page at the following URL.*

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Don_Muang_Royal_Thai_Air_Force_Base#USAF_Advisory_Units

Jim's discovery reminds us to not trust Wiki stuff out of hand without corroborating evidence. Not by a long shot!

Remember: You get what you pay for. ***Ed.***

The Golden BB Takes the Crown

By Jack Sanders

As Jack Sanders explains here: "Before 'Gunsmoke,' 'Match Point' was the TAC-wide air-to-ground gunnery competition. With Match Point IV approaching in the fall of 1964, the leadership of the 354th TFW at Myrtle Beach AFB decided to pick the team by having a wing-wide competition by flights. It was a tough competition, but our flight from the 356th TFS 'Green Demons' won the wing-wide turkey shoot. Here is how it went after that." *And with that intro, enjoy the story!* ***Ed.***

Jack Sanders in Vietnam.

In the week before Match Point, we flew twice a day, and at night the maintenance troops tweaked the jets and harmonized the guns. For the competition, teams would fly from Hurlburt Field to the Eglin AFB range complex. We flew to Hurlburt, landed with five Code 1 jets, and were met by our maintenance team, which had flown in ahead of us. By then, the team had been set: Leigh Holt was Lead, me #2, Capt. Steve Cucci (RIP), attached from Wing Stan/Eval, was#3, and "JP" Browning was #4. Lt. "HC" Rose was our FAC. Jerry Saunders got the short straw and served as our spare, but he never got off the ground.

We were one of the first teams to fly. The morning load was napes, rockets, and 20 mm, with HC Rose controlling from a bunker. During a Match Point a year or two earlier, someone had fired a pod of rockets into the occupied scorer's bunker, resulting in tragic loss of life. The officials, understandably concerned that it not happen again, placed restrictions on our run-ins and required each of us to acknowledge visual ID of the bunker, which was marked with long orange panels in a large "plus" shape.

HC Rose did a great job directing us to different targets and reported good hits. The only glitch was on my nape pass. As required with napes on the inboards, we had to drop in pairs, and I had one can hang up. An umpire called a timeout, had me fly past the bunker to confirm the hung nape, and then had me make a level pass across the range with him calling the pickle. AUX release worked as advertised, and we went back to work.

For the afternoon go, the configuration was 4x500 lb. slicks and 20 mm, with HC Rose FACing from the back seat of an O-1, giving verbal directions instead of firing Willie Pete rockets. He again provided great directions. He had about run out of targets when he spotted a truck in the trees at the crotch of a Y in the road. I rolled in and reported "no tally" on the truck. He replied with a quick, "20 meters from the crotch!" I made a fast guestimate at 20 meters and pickled. HC called, "Shack, 2." I had never seen the truck! When we had dropped all our bombs, HC started pointing out strafe targets.

1st Lt Jack N. Sanders, Jr; Capt Stephen C. Cucci; Capt Leigh M. Holt, Flight Leader; 1st Lt John P. Browning, and 1st Lt Jerald D. Saunders

MATCH POINT IV

A flight from the 356th Tactical Fighter Squadron, 354th TFW, Myrtle Beach AFB, South Carolina can rightfully claim to be the best in TAC. In winning Match Point IV, the team scored 21430 of a possible 35000 points. Well Done.

Most were pretty easy to spot and to strafe. In particular, large, white zigzag panels represented enemy trenches. If we didn't have anything else in sight at the moment, we strafed those panels. HC Rose later reported major league overkill on the "trenches." As we were approaching "Winchester," HC spotted a missile (a long piece of pipe) in the trees and tried to direct our eyes to the spot. No tally! Then eagle-eyed JP Browning said, "4 has a tally," rolled in and fired the last of his 20 mm in a short burst. The rest of us still could not see the missile! Later, the scorers reported a single hit on the pipe, resulting in a total "kill" of the missile. It was the only time it was hit during the entire competition.

At the end of the first day, our team held a slim lead. The following day, we flew back to Myrtle Beach, not knowing where we would end up. It wasn't until the next day that we learned our slim lead had held up and *we* were Match Point champions! Our plaques say, "Best In TAC." It took a real team effort to be the best. Maintenance provided great jets with guns that fired through the pipper, Leigh was a strong flight lead, HC helped us put eyeballs on the targets, and when all the scores were tallied, it was JP's "Golden BB" on that missile that made the difference. Viva El GOLDEN BB! ◘

The Widowmaker — A Long Story of Various, Sometimes Fatal, Problems

By Don Delauter

Intro: *It was January 1958, and I had been at Etain Air Base, France, for only a few weeks. Most of my squadron (8th FBS) was deployed to Wheelus for weapons training. A few pilots remained at home and flew the yellow-tail jets that also remained. I was not then familiar with the term "Widowmaker." I noticed its use in Tomasino's piece in the spring issue of* The Intake*, and was reminded of my early days in the 49th TFW at Etain and then Spangdahlem AB, Germany.* ***— D.D.***

Don Delauter back in the day.

The 49th TFW had a com-mitment to supply a fighter pilot for forward air controller (FAC) duty with the 11th Arm-ored Cavalry Regiment (ACR) at Straubing, Germany. As an FNG awaiting in-theater check out, I was an easy pick for this short TDY. I soon found my-self aboard an L-20 Beaver en route to Stuttgart with an intermediate stop at Wiesbaden.

I was in the rear compartment of the aircraft. Next to me was a body bag containing a dead squadron mate. A pinkish fluid oozed though the bag's zipper, and a strong odor of formaldehyde permeated the air. The day before, he had crashed off the departure end of runway 2, never having gotten safely airborne. He died in the crash, and his body accompanied me for a drop-off at the Wiesbaden hospital. Thus, his wife—who had not yet arrived in theater—became the first widow in my F-100 experience. After we dropped off the body, the Beaver crew flew me to Stuttgart, where an 11th ACR driver took me to Straubing. I knew next to nothing about being a FAC—knew little about army organization or the mission of the 11th ACR. But I filled the FAC square for two weeks and returned home.

I don't know what caused the accident that killed my squadron-mate. But, sadly, I do recall numerous other situations that helped the Hun earn its infamous name. Some of the older SSS members will no doubt also remember some of the problems we dealt with.

One problem that comes vividly to mind involved flight control hydraulics. Air for cockpit heating, cooling and pressurization was bled off the compressor. A Marman clamp securing the duct at the 16th stage of the engine was prone to failure. When it failed, extremely hot air poured over the hydraulic lines. If it wasn't possible to land immediately, flight control failure was imminent. I recall at least one such failure resulting in the death of a married Stan-Eval chase pilot—he was too low and slow to eject, but too high to land.

Another problem involved attitude indicator failures. Unpowered, the instrument showed an "off"' flag. But the problem was that the instrument could fail during flight without the off flag showing. The pilot would see a continuous straight and level flight indication. A two-seater Hun from the 9th Squadron crashed shortly after takeoff, creating two more widows. It was determined that the attitude indicator had failed while they were in heavy weather. The crew thus lost control of their Hun and "bought the (French) farm."

The D-model had a constant-speed drive unit for electrical power which used the same oil system as the engine. Thus, a failure of the drive unit might well cause engine failure. I don't know of an instance where this failure created another widow, but the problem was serious.

Older Hun pilots may also recall the Hun's heat and vent problems. The last step in a hot cockpit situation was "jettison canopy." Perhaps the most well-known runaway heat problem was the "too late, too late" accident that occurred during a deployment from England AFB to Morocco. My understanding is that the aircraft had a runaway heat situation, but owing to a cockpit full of various gear, the pilot elected not to jettison the canopy. Eventually overcome by heat, he crashed and died somewhat short of the destination airport. I knew and loved this pilot and his wife (widow) from our university days and was quite torn up about that incident.

We lost another guy on a close-air-support (CAS) mission, but that was probably pilot error and not an aircraft problem. For all of us flying Huns in practice or in combat, high speed maneuvering close to the ground was a frequent part of the job that created its own difficulties. With the primary nuke mission in Europe and in the Pacific units as well, CAS was an infrequent requirement.

A 48th TFW Hun behaving itself, 1958.

And there were other problems that could be fatal. Not least among these was adverse yaw, which initially was not well understood by me and my young colleagues. And even though the C- and D-models had a larger rudder than the A, adverse yaw could still cause serious control problems. We learned to deal with it, sometimes after a very scary first manifestation of that problem because we hadn't used rudders as we initiated turns.

"Widowmaker" the Hun may have been, but we loved this wonderful flying machine. Almost every pilot I knew hovered around the ops counter hoping to get on the schedule. Project High Wire and other upgrades over time eliminated many of these early problems, so that by the time I got to Phan Rang in the 614th in1968, the Hun was a great warbird. Even then it was not problem-free, the most prominent being metal fatigue at the wing roots in late 1967. That cost us six more guys at Phan Rang alone in nine days, and created several more widows. ◘

A flight test that was not in the books.

The 60-Second Landing Pattern

By Larry Van Pelt

*I doubt many of us, no matter how adventurous we were in our exploration of the Hun's limits—and our own, ever attempted to tighten the landing pattern so much that we could go from overhead break to touchdown in 60 seconds. But in his adventurous youth, Larry Van Pelt did just that—but only once, and for good reason. — **Ed.***

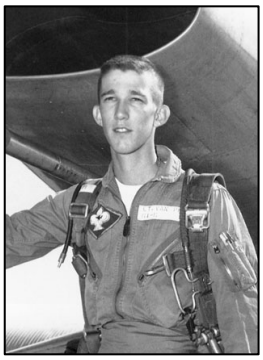
As a young and curious test pilot, I was always eager to investigate new flying challenges. Sometimes those challenges were precipitated by something as innocent as a casual passing comment. That happened one evening when I was talking with an aging fighter pilot who flew F-86 Sabre jets when that airplane was king of the hill (and I was just beginning high school). He just happened to mention the "60-second pattern," implying that it was a mark of airmanship amongst the F-86 fighter pilots.

I quickly deduced that the "60-second pattern" referred to the time from pitch-out to touchdown when flying an overhead pattern. That comment really piqued my inquisitive mind. I couldn't help but ponder, *"Is it possible in today's fighters?"* (I was mainly thinking of both the F-4 and the F-100 fighters I was currently flying on functional check flights.) On my very next flight, in an F-4, I timed my overhead landing pattern and found it to be way beyond one minute. I thought I had always flown a very tight pattern—but now I knew better. Reducing my pattern time to under 60 seconds would be very difficult in an F-4. Not to be summarily undone however, as a good test pilot I began some flight tests.

After timing my pattern while flying the F-4, I concluded that my chances were better in a different airplane. So I elected to use the F-100 in my attempt to emulate the "60-second pattern" mark of airmanship. My first attempts were well over 60 seconds. *"This was going to be tough!"*

As I analyzed the patterns, I began to make incremental adjustments, and after several modifications, I thought I was ready for the challenge. Flying Initial at 300 knots proved optimum. At that speed I was able to make a very brisk pitchout and a tight turn to downwind by adding power and pulling as many Gs as I could, thus completing the 180-degree turn in minimum time, bleeding off just enough airspeed to roll out on downwind at gear limit speed. Power back, gear and flaps down immediately. *"Come on landing gear! Hurry up!"* I shouted. Then, with gear and flaps finally down, I began the tough part: the maximum performance base turn.

Performing such a turn while flying the 180-degree base-to-final turn in a Hun (notorious for its adverse yaw characteristics) had ended in disaster for many an F-100 pilot. I had to be on my toes—*literally*—with a robust application of rudder coordination. The F-100, with its full-length leading edge slats, could really turn at that slow speed … *if* I used plenty of power along with dutiful attention to rudder application. But during that turn, the F-100 really talked to me with its burbling stall warning vibration (buffet), telling me that I was right on the edge, *so be careful!*



A youthful Van Pelt.

Completing that maximum performance descending base leg turn, and rolling out lined up with the runway for the final approach was indeed a relief—the anxiety level subsided somewhat. But then the power had to be reduced dramatically and the speed brake extended to quickly slow to final approach speed—just in time to begin the flare to touchdown. I had shortened the final approach phase by bringing my base leg turn in as close to the end of the runway as possible.

From there on, the clock ruled. Lined up with the runway I could only watch the clock tick down as I closed on the touchdown point. Still under one minute—but the secondhand was moving very fast! My task now was to be patient and not touch down at a faster than normal speed (that would be cheating!). The flair-to-touchdown seemed to take forever, as I watched the secondhand on the clock move closer and closer to one minute.

With my finger on the clock and my eyes on the runway, I punched the secondhand stop button as the main wheels finally touched down. My concentration now was focused on completing the landing by lowering the nose, pulling the drag chute handle, and maintaining directional control. With bated breath, I was then able to glance down at the clock and evaluate my results: **59 seconds!! Success!! It *was* possible!!** The "60-second pattern club" had a new member!

But was it really worth the effort?

Success was not without its risks. It didn't take a steel trap mind to figure out that flying the F-100 at maximum performance in the landing pattern left little margin for error. Any flight system anomaly or failure during that one minute, particularly during the last 30 seconds, would have been very difficult to overcome. Consequently, I was not eager to report my achievement to *anyone*—and didn't—*until now*, many years later. They might be tempted to be foolhardy also.

I never tried it again—in any airplane. ◘

*Hmm. Could this be one of those "Dumb Things Done in a Hun" Tom Clark is always looking for? — **Ed.***

"High Flight" Revisited

By Ev "Razz" Raspberry

*Yes, in our younger days, as bright adventuresome Hun Drivers, we "lived in a world of dazzling speed." But there was a lot of "hurry up and wait" when we were working in "bad weather" parts of the world with lots of fog and snow or six months of daily monsoon rain and low clouds. This is the tale of some young "Gentlemen Songsters off on a spree" in their mighty Huns, with a lot of down time on their hands, far from home over the Christmas Holidays. Lots of fun times, and … as would you expect with "the Hun," some close calls as well, as we learn in this TDY tale from the "early days." — **Ed**.*

Lt. Razz was picked!

"High Flight" is the poem normally read at our funerals or printed on the brochure people find at the entryway prior to the service. But in this case, it has a little different meaning to me. It's more synonymous with *Murphy's Law* than anything else. That's the "law" that says, "Anything that can go wrong, will go wrong." In several cases I thought my own High Flight would be the cause of my funeral, not just a consoling piece of literature at funerals.

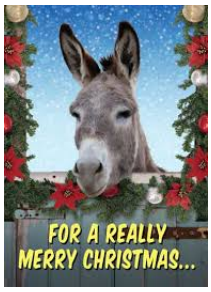
Shortly after our 309th squadron transitioned to the F-100 from the F-84F in 1957, I was one of the pilots picked for a "High Flight" from Robins AFB to somewhere in Europe (I can't remember where because we never got "there"). Our four-ship group reported in to the Ferry Command Detachment at Robins AFB and met our flight lead, Jim McInerny. At that time, all "High Flights" were led by a member of the Ferry Command, likely because they knew how to get wherever we were going. This particular flight was scheduled to go from Robins AFB to Dover AFB, DE, on to Harmon AFB, Newfoundland, then to Lajes Air Base in the Azores and on to somewhere in Europe. Our aircraft were configured with a 275-gallon tank on both intermediate stations and 200-gallon tanks on the inboard stations. There was no baggage pod and no air-to-air refueling was planned.

On the day of our departure from Robins, we had our preflight briefing on the ramp next to Jim's aircraft. While we were briefing, the detachment commander drove up and reminded Jim that there would be no more four-ship takeoffs. As soon as he left, Jim reminded us that he was the Flight Lead and when he nodded his head we would all go. Everything was "normal-normal" during the taxi out and runway line up. We all ran our engines up, checked the gauges, and waited for Jim to nod his head. He nodded, we all released the brakes, lit the afterburner, put the light on the star, and away we went. We began to rotate at nose wheel lift-off speed and soon had lift-off. That's when things went to hell in a handbasket. Almost immediately after liftoff, my afterburner blew out for reasons unknown. The one good thing that happened is that the afterburner eyelids closed, so at least I had full military thrust. But, there I was, behind the power curve and falling out of formation—for which I am getting chewed out by the flight lead.

It is amazing how much zips through your mind at a time like this. First of all, I knew better than to try to raise the gear. Anytime the gear handle is moved in the F-100, the first thing that happens is these great big wheel well doors open, which is the next "best" thing to using the speed brake (I sure as heck didn't need that!). The next thing was to use the rudder and keep the ailerons as close to neutral as possible. After what seemed like an eternity, I nursed my trusty steed high enough above the trees so that little-by-little I could pump the stick forward to lower the angle-of-attack and gain a little airspeed with each application until I could safely raise the gear and call myself flying again. Bottom line, we all made it to Dover AFB in one piece.

By then, it was getting to be just a couple of weeks until Christmas, and the weather at Harmon just kept getting worse. That meant we just sat around with nothing to do—and that was not a good situation for a group of young fighter pilots!

We did notice that we seemed to be in a whole different culture from what we were used to at Turner AFB. For example, on one occasion we noticed that the Officer's Wives Club had a mule tied up outside of the club to advertise a Christmas play. Being the gentlemen we were, we went out in the snow, untied the mule, and brought it into the main bar for a beer or two. That is not a recommended procedure because as it turns out a mule with metal shoes cannot stand up on tile floors. Shortly thereafter we were all given vouchers for first class round trip tickets to wherever we wanted to go for Christmas, as long as we were back by New Year's Day.



During the first week of January we finally made it to Harmon Air Force Base, Newfoundland, and there it was "same song, second verse." To make it from Harmon to Lajes we had to have at least a 10 knot tailwind, so once again, we sat around and waited. Every few days we would get to fly locally and chase caribou around the mountains. We also did a lot of bowling, where I was able to pick up some spending money.

Being a terrible bowler, all I knew was to roll the ball straight down the alley. All the good bowlers had these curve balls that just weren't breaking like they should.

Come to find out that European alleys (which these were) are several feet shorter than U.S. alleys (*sorry guys, it's too late to get your money back*).

Finally, one day at our afternoon briefing, we were told that no way would we have the required tailwind, so just sleep in. It just so happened there was a USO show at the Officers Club that night. It was a really good production, so once again we did the gentlemanly thing. We ordered two punch bowls of French 75s delivered to the party room and invited the entire cast in for refreshments.

I think they must have enjoyed the party because they essentially performed the show all over again. Finally we made it back to the BOQ about 01:30 in the morning, knowing we could sleep in for a change.

Guess what! At 04:30 they came through the rooms rolling us all out of the sack (Murphy's Law again). The weather pattern had changed, so it was time to go. We packed our belongings, got into our exposure suits ("Poopie Suits"), and reported to Operations. We laid down in the snow outside for our preflight briefing so we didn't get overheated and therefore probably sick. The flight plan was simple: climb straight away to 38,000 feet on essentially a SSE heading and about three hours after takeoff we would see this little island. *Land there!*

Here comes Murphy again! After taxi onto the runway for takeoff, I noticed my canopy unlock warning light was on. After some serious neck twisting I could see that my clothes bag was interfering with the locking mechanism. There was only one thing to do: unstrap from my seat, take off my chute, turn around while holding the brakes and reposition the bag. That's what I did, but somewhere in that operation, unbeknown to me, I must have loosened the cannon plug containing the wires that control the cockpit heating and pressurization. I sat back down, closed and locked the canopy, got my chute back on, but forgot to fasten the seat belt and shoulder harness. So here we go fat, dumb, and happy— full "military power," release brakes, hit afterburner, and head for 38,000 feet like a homesick angel.

After a few minutes I thought, "Sure is cold in here, and why am I having a problem breathing?" One look at the cabin altimeter and both questions were answered. I was pressure breathing because I had no pressurization or bleed air for heating either. The condensation from my breath was icing over the inside of my canopy, which made it a little difficult to keep visual contact with my fellow flight members. That wasn't too bad until we started to get into some high cirrus clouds. *Not a problem either*: just take a glove off and hold it on the canopy to melt the ice. Works pretty good until your hands start to get numb in that -58°C temperature. Believe me, it was a wonderful sound and feeling when we were able to pick up the radio beacon at Lajes and that skinny little needle swung around and pointed directly off the nose.

The rest of the flight was uneventful except two guys (I was not one of them) had drag chute failures and ended up on the departure end overrun. I was ready for a hot coffee after 3+ hours of cold soak and to find out I had just flown across the North Atlantic Ocean without even being connected to my ejection seat (not that it would have mattered).

A funny thing happened the next day. We went to the O' Club for lunch. It must have been bridge day for the Wives Club because the dining room was full, so we were put in a little adjoining room. After a couple of hours, the Officer-of-the-Day showed up to inform us that the ladies thought we were making too much noise. We promised to behave ourselves and he went on his merry way.

You've got to picture this though! The OD who showed up had obviously had some kind of accident and it left one side of his face with some scrape marks. When he entered the club to talk to us, that side of his face was away from the ladies gathered in the dining room. When he left, of course the scrapes, etc., were visible to every lady in the room. Shortly thereafter, our little party was joined by four squad cars of Air Police. It seems the ladies reported that we had beaten up the OD and he was bleeding from the face. Thanks ladies! The good news was, we got rides back to the BOQ.

I'm sure, much to the relief of the Lajes' Base Commander, we soon departed for Nouasseur Air Base (currently named Mohammed V International Air Port), Morocco. This is where we finally turned over the aircraft to the USAFE representative. We were then told it would be a couple of days before we would be booked on a C-130 flight to Charleston AFB, SC.

Our welcome briefing at Nouasseur included a warning: "Do not go into Casablanca!" So guess what? Two days in a row, a couple of us rode the local bus into town and back with no problem. It was a great place to shop and bargain over the prices. The people were friendly, but not exactly trustworthy. We were told Casablanca is one of the oldest cites in the world, so there were lots of historical sites to visit.

Finally the day came that we boarded the C-130 and headed west for home. Our aircraft was loaded to the gills with everything from motor scooters to silver tea services. That's when I quit worrying about the little diamond I had tucked away in my flying suit. More good news: not a single Customs Agent came within 50 feet of the aircraft at any of the three stops. The "fix" must have been on! ◘

Blowing Myself Up

By Daryl Hubbard

*This story is going to seem a little silly, but at the time, I wasn't sure I was going to make it back to my home base at Phan Rang. As it turned out, I didn't. — **DH***

Daryl Hubbard, last mission, Phan Rang 1966.

October 13, 1966: The day started off easy enough. I was leading a 2-ship up near the Laotian border. When we arrived, I called the FAC and he answered, saying that he was a few miles west of our rendezvous point, so we proceeded on a westerly heading. He spotted us coming and directed us to his position. He proceeded to give us the target briefing, which was pretty short. In essence, he'd spotted a couple of folks near the top of a hill who appeared to be carrying something into the underbrush—supplies of some sort—and that everyone in the area was very unfriendly, so it was open season on the suppliers.

The FAC rolled in on the target area and fired a "Willie Pete" (White Phosphorous) rocket. When WP goes off it produces an immense cloud of brighter than white smoke that lingers. He then said, "Hit my smoke," which generally means drop on anything in close proximity to his mark.

I rolled in on the target. My wingman and I were carrying the "F-100 Standard Load," which was 2 Mk 82 snake-eyes, 2 cans of napalm and 800 rounds of 20 mm HEI. Because the target was at the top of a 500-foot hill, I came in with a slight dive angle but almost level. When the target disappeared under my nose I pressed the bomb release button. I could feel the "bump" of the bomb rack cartridges as the bomb was blown off the rack … but almost immediately I felt another larger bump and heard a muffled explosion!

That was the first and only time I had such an experience when my bombs came off the airplane. Almost immediately, my wingman said, "Hey Lead, you got something streaming from your airplane." I responded with, "I'm pulling up over the target, come in and take a look at me." In a few seconds he joined up on my left side and said I had a large hole in my wing and that fuel was coming out pretty fast. I immediately broke off the turn and headed for home. The last thing I heard from the FAC was, "Good Luck."

And the FAC said, "Go get 'em!"

As we left the target area, I quickly calculated how much time I had before I'd run out of fuel. The needle on the fuel gage was visibly moving toward zero. Near as I could calculate, I had about 20 minutes before all the JP-4 was gone. That wasn't enough to get back to Phan Rang. The closest piece of concrete was Pleiku Air Base, about 100 miles away in the central highlands and home of the Montagnard tribesmen (friendlies). The elevation was fairly high, but I figured I'd be pretty light. I jettisoned the rest of my ordnance in a free-fire zone northeast of the airstrip when I got close to Pleiku and landed, after which the maintenance men took charge of my aircraft.

Bomb lug fragment lodged inside a fuel cell.

I hitched a ride back to Phan Rang the next day and typed out a short summary of events for the record. I still have that note *plus* a fragment of a bomb lug the maintenance guys had pulled from my left wing fuel tank (where it shouldn't have been) and gave to me! I've kept the fragment in a small tin box in my desk for 40+ years. It's truly amazing what a small piece of metal can do to an airplane if it hits the right spot.

Here is that summary**:** *F-100 aircraft sustained major damage while attacking enemy troops in Laos. Fragment is from a 500 pound fragmentation bomb. Fragment entered left wing immediately adjacent to the fuselage, damaging wing fuel cell and left an eight-inch hole in the bottom of the wing. I departed the target area and proceeded to Pleiku Air Base in the central highlands. The aircraft was losing fuel so rapidly that the remaining ordnance had to be jettisoned and an emergency declared. I landed at Pleiku with about 1,000 pounds of fuel remaining. After the aircraft was safely stopped off the runway, I had to make an emergency evacuation due to the remainder of the fuel gushing out of the wing, causing a serious fire hazard. I slipped out of my parachute and crawled over the nose of the plane and jumped into the arms of the two firemen. We were all standing ankle deep in fuel and departed the area quite rapidly as the fire trucks and other fire fighters began spraying foam on the fuel all around the aircraft.*

Some Useful Background Information: This area was in the part of Southeast Asia known as the Ho Chi Minh trail. It ran from North Vietnam south and west into Laos and Cambodia, and then back into South Vietnam. Numerous trails went into those two countries but all of them ended up in South Vietnam, where the supplies were needed and sent by the North. Importantly, our leaders in Washington wrote our "Rules of Engagement," which

Definitions

WP = White Phosphorous (a very bright white marking smoke delivered by FACs in a 2.75" rocket)
Willie Pete = White Phosphorous rocket used by FACs
UCMJ = Uniform Code of Military Justice
ROE = Rules of Engagement
Snake-Eye – Mk-82 500-lb. high-drag fragmentary bomb
HEI = High Explosive Incendiary (a type of 20 mm ammunition)

stipulated that we were not allowed to cross the borders into Cambodia or Laos, even though our intelligence (with pictures) demonstrated that this is where the supplies to the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Regulars were coming from. So, the borders became somewhat blurred when it came to going after the bad guys. Most of us considered "Hot Pursuit" as going after the enemy on the ground as well as enemy jet fighters.

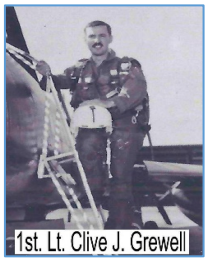
We had to use some discretion, here, but if our FAC said, "Go get 'em," I figured he knew where the border was and I was good to go. If we knowingly violated the "Rules of Engagement," we were subject to disciplinary action, including being sent home and prosecuted via the UCMJ … punished for trying to kill the enemy. Gasp! ◘

My Caterpillar Club Story: Ouch, Ouch, Ouch!

By Clive J. "Ollie" Grewell (RIP)

When Dick Pietro recently heard the news of "Ollie" flying west, he replied to the Board and Officers thusly: "Gents - This is a shocker for me. Ollie was a squadron mate of mine in the 174th TFS "Bats" of the IA ANG serving at Phu Cat. I'll notify the rest of the Squadron. Ollie ejected from his aircraft just a month before our return and deactivation. After years of trying to convince him to write his story for the SSS Caterpillar Club, he finally did after the last Vegas reunion *but delayed submitting it*. I have the copy of his story if we can still insert it in the Caterpillar Club Section." *Thanks Dick. We here provide the latest Caterpillar Club submission, expecting it to appear in the appropriate SSS website pages soon.* ***Ed.***

My "unassing" came late in the afternoon of 14 March 1969, when Willie Reeseman and I were doing a road cut on the Ho Chi Minh Trail on the Cambodian border west of Phu Cat.



Ollie in better times.

I was in a 30-degree dive at 470 kts. and just ready to release when my flying steed, #54-1740, wound up an aileron roll at about 360 degrees per second. The last thing I recall is grabbing the ejection handles. The chute did not have time to open fully and I went through a tree, which is what saved me. I came to a few minutes later and found my helmet was on the ground in two halves, broken like an egg shell being held together by the oxygen mask, and fastened to my parachute harness by the hose.

The FAC, Troy Usher, was on the radio coordinating the rescue, and Reeseman was at altitude on a tanker when an Army Huey called in, asking if they could help. They were only five minutes away, hauling supplies to a firebase camp, and the FAC directed them to my location. The Jolly Green that launched to rescue me was still 30 minutes out and there were empty enemy bunkers in the area, so I took the Huey's offer to give me a ride out of there.


Bedridden at first …

The Huey dropped a 100-foot rope with a noose on the end and slung me up and out, over to a clearing, where they landed and pulled me on board. As they exited the area, they emptied their automatic weapons on the bunkers, so the floor of the chopper where I was lying was covered with hot brass. They took me over to the Army base hospital at Pleiku. The Jolly Green crew was not happy that I took the first ride offer out of Cambodia, acing them out of a rescue.


… feeling better on my feet.

My left elbow was broken, but other than that I was just severely bruised from head to toe. CWO Bonebrake, the Huey AC, and his crew, brought my bricks and six shooter to me a few days later in the hospital, so I was able to more properly thank them for the ride. A week later, I was sent to a hospital in Japan and then to the hospital at Scott AFB, IL, until I was released from active duty in July, 1969. ◘

"A Little Too Close" — A Third Vignette by Jim Serrell

"In the summer of 1969, I was a newbie lieutenant in the 510th TFS at Bien Hoa flying a mission in the wetlands of IV Corp. On the last pass, I rolled in fairly close to Lead, wanting to impress him with my superlative wingman skills by doing a quick rejoin off the target. As I recall, minimum spacing between bomb impacts was 30 seconds and I was "*somewhat early*" this time. As I pulled off, I flew right through his bomb cloud and suddenly the canopy was covered in thick mud. I could only see through a small clear spot on the left quarter panel. Somehow I managed to rejoin and requested a wing landing because of my limited visibility. Lead took us through some clouds, hoping rain would wash away the mud, but the clouds were dry and so we committed to a wing landing.

"In the de-arming area after landing, the crew chief said to shut down because the airplane couldn't go back to the alert pad. I shut down, unstrapped and humbly, walked around the airplane. Not only was it covered in thick, stinky mud, but there was a 4-by-4 inch piece of Lead's bomb fragment stuck in the left stabilizer! Fortunately the fragment had missed the engine and the hydraulics. *After all these years, I still wonder how God has managed to protect all those Dumb-Ass lieutenants through the years."* ◘

"A Fort Wayne pilot owns a one-of-a-kind plane that has quite a story."

If These Wings Could Talk ... .

By Jennifer Blomquist *(Business People* Staffer, 8/7/17, "Proud" Photo of Dean Cutshall **by Jeffrey Crane.)**

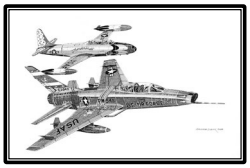
When Asst. Intake *Editor Bob Salisbury was prepping for his assignment to attend and report on the June 2018 SSS Ft. Wayne Hun Flying Event, he came across this article covering SSS Member Dean Cutshall's background and how he came by his celebrated personal F-100, Serial* 56-3948. *Bob thought it would be a natural to re-publish it, supplementing SSSer George Dubick's front cover artwork planned for Issue 37 this past summer. It was a sketch featuring a T-bird AND 56-3948 at the time both aircraft belonged to the "Wild Weasel Museum," a company operating out of Sherman, TX, at what used to be Perrin, AFB. "Too late!" we had to tell Salisbury, because by that time, we were full-up for Issue 37, and it was too late to slip Dubick's artwork to Issue 38. But we now bring this fascinating article for your reading pleasure.* ***Ed.***

If Dean "Cutter" Cutshall's F-100F Super Sabre could talk, it would tell you how it went from being a United States Air Force test aircraft to a sand-filled fighter in the Turkish Air Force to resting comfortably in a Fort Wayne hangar.

Proud and long-time owner of "948."

"I started flying early in high school," says Cutshall. "I would ride my bike to the airport when it was called Baer Field to attend Van Stiffler's ground school and then take flight training from Margaret Ringenberg. The summer after receiving my diploma from Hillsdale College, I joined the Navy. After the service, I moved to Michigan as a flight and ground instructor and an aircraft salesman. Returning to Fort Wayne, I flew for a charter operation until it eventually folded. After that, I got into the banking business, but continued to fly."

As an aviation enthusiast, Cutshall surrounded himself with a circle of friends who shared his interest. One of them was John Dilley, who owned Fort Wayne Air Service. "One day John called me and said, 'Hey, Dean-O, there's an F-100 for sale … are you interested?' The plane was in Mojave, California, and was being sold by a company called Tracor Systems. They owned numerous military aircraft, everything from F-4s to F-100s. They had a contract with the U.S. government to do various tests with the F-100, but the contract fell through, so Tracor put it up for sale."



"948" & T-bird chase circa service years with the "Wild Weasel Museum." See I-37.

Cutshall and Dilley, along with two other friends, Paul Swick and Jim "Prez" Prezbindowski, went to California to check out the aircraft.

"It was a mess," recalls Swick. "It was in the Turkish Air Force olive drab colors and the paint was peeling. It was nasty-looking." Cutshall put in a bid, but was unsuccessful.

"Two years later, we got a call from a doctor in Dallas who had purchased the aircraft and wanted to know if we were still interested. So, the four of us went to Dallas to take a look. I made the same offer I had made in California, but the doctor turned it down. Nine months later, he called again and said, 'I really want to sell this airplane.' We flew to Dallas again and I made the same offer of $250,000 that was originally made, but this time indicated he had to throw in a pristine-looking T-33, an Air Force jet trainer, which was sitting next to the F-100. He accepted and I flew the F-100 and hired another pilot to fly the T-33 to Fort Wayne."

The doctor had the aircraft repainted, so it looked better, but still needed over $600,000 worth of work. Cutshall's friends, Swick and Prez, who are the crew chiefs, and some of their friends from the Fort Wayne Air Guard Base, spent nearly two years rebuilding it.

"948" in Turkish colors at Mojave.

"The only thing we didn't do was take off the wings," laughs Swick. "We replaced the engine – a Pratt & Whitney J57 – all hydraulic lines, some of them 30 years past due for replacement, rebuilt the nose gear and realigned the slats to name a few of the major items. It's in better shape today than it was when it was in the service."

The aircraft was manufactured in 1958 at the North American Palmdale California Plant and delivered to Holloman Air Force Base in New Mexico by Lt. Harry Eckes.

"This particular plane never saw combat while it was in the United States," says Cutshall. "The Air Force used it as a test platform for new weapons systems. There were approximately 2,300 F-100s manufactured, of which 340 were F-100F models. Of all the F-100s manufactured, this is the only operational F-100 in existence. Many were used in Vietnam. Others are on display or have been destroyed during missile tests. Some were moved to the military boneyard, Davis-Monthan Air Force Base in Tucson, Arizona, and some were scrapped."

Cutshall says after Holloman, the plane was put into storage in Tucson. Eventually, it was rehabbed and sold to the Turkish Air Force where it was used in combat during the Turkish invasion of Cyprus in 1974. It remained in Turkey for more than a decade before being purchased by Tracor and flown to California where it was put up for sale.

"During the renovation, we emptied hundreds of pounds of sand out of the "Hun" – the nickname for the F-100," says Prez. "I mean, it was sitting in a desert in Turkey for ten years. When Paul removed the ejection seats it was just a sandbox."

That was more than 20 years ago. Today, Cutshall's F-100F Super Sabre is kept in the Premier Avionics hangar at Fort Wayne International Airport. It is meticulously maintained by Swick and Prez.

"I couldn't ask for better crew chiefs," says Cutshall. "Paul has nearly 60 years of experience on the F-100 and he's done more work on that type of aircraft than any living person. Prez has 45 years of experience with the F-100 and is an expert on the J57 engine and a master when it comes to sheet metal work. We take it to airshows throughout the year and various events like that. This year, my old friend Harry Eckes, the lieutenant who delivered the aircraft to the Air Force, will come from his home in Texas for one more flight in the Hun on his 85th birthday. Last year, members of the Super Sabre Society, a group of men who flew the F-100 in Vietnam, came to Fort Wayne for a last ride in the beloved Hun. It was a great thrill for those guys and they laughed and all said the same thing after the ride: 'The seat is still uncomfortable'." ◘

"Cutter", CC Paul Swick, very happy SSSer "Flyer" Ed Haerter, CC Jim "Prez", at the July '16 flying event.

This account of the travels of Dean Cutshall's "948" is informative, but does not completely cover all those travels from delivery to the Air Force in 1958 all the way to its delivery to Dean around 1996, particularly it's time in Texas beginning in 1992. A fuller accounting of all of "948's"history will make an interesting article in a future Intake*! **Ed.***

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 three images for this issue. Enjoy! **Ed.***

As attendees of the A-7D recent reunion who toured the Pima A&S Museum will vouch, their Hun was in desperate need of a makeover paint job. Turns out, it WAS slated for exactly that. Here she is nearing completion.

And here she is back in her place "on the line" of PASM's outdoor display area … back in the sunshine, again. Oh, yeah, she's a C-model, serial number 54-1823. Thanks to SSSer Russ Violett for these snapshots. ☺

On another note, here is another Hun on display. Here's the story from Bruce Cowee, Editor of the acclaimed "From Vietnam to Western Airlines" series, in an email to SSSers Medley Gatewood and Dick Pietro. "I met Jerry Potter yesterday in Sparks, here for the Hot August Nights car show. Jerry has a 1956 Ford F-100 and had the Hun picture painted on the tailgate. Pretty clever, Jerry. BTW, our *Intakes*, Volume 3 should be available by the time you are reading this!" BTW readers, there are several SSS authors again in 3! ***Ed.***

◘

Bob Dunham's Caterpillar Club Story

On 24 Feb. 1978, 10:09 EST, a flight of three F-100s from the 181st TFG departed Hulman Field, Terre Haute, IN, for a local training mission. The mission was briefed as an air support tactics and low level training on TR779 Low Level Route. The flight entered the Low Level Route less than five minutes after takeoff.

The lead element moved to tactical route formation at 1,000′ AGL and 335 KIAS. After one tactical turn and evasion maneuver, Lead noticed white vapor trailing from Two. Seven to ten seconds later, Two called that he had both a Fire Light and an Overheat Light illuminated. Two to three seconds later, the vapor turned to black smoke, then to visible flames. Lead transmitted confirmation of the fire and told Two, "You're on fire, get out." Two acknowledged and ejected. A total of 10 seconds had elapsed since the first indication of a problem.

From the cockpit, I (#2) felt and heard a "thump" that led me to believe I had hit a bird. I turned left to check the wing, and when I swept through the cockpit to check the right wing, I noticed the Fire and Overheat lights were both ON. I made the initial radio call then. I saw the oil pressure decrease rapidly to zero, and other engine instruments start to unwind, so I made the decision to eject.

My plan was to stay "eyes wide open" to watch the whole ejection sequence, but I soon found that the "G" forces and windblast were more than I had anticipated.

The Ejection System was equipped with the DART Snubber modification and a ballistic drogue chute in the parachute. I initiated the ejection at about 1'000′ AGL and with something over 300 KIAS.

I didn't zoom, because I decided airspeed and time were better than altitude and I didn't know what was next for the airframe. BAD decision.

I placed my feet in the stirrups, sat erect, and pulled the handles. When the rocket fired and the windblast hit, I thought it would break my legs under the seat–it was pretty strong.

My first real recollection was in free-fall waiting for the opening shock of the chute. I noticed something flailing out of my right peripheral vision. I reached out and gathered it in, only to realize it was my right leg and combat boot! That occurred about the time of opening shock, so I was left holding my leg with my right hand and trying to steer the chute with only my left.

Analysis of the seat showed that the DART Snubber system worked properly through the line play-out. However, the Development Test Report of the DART-Snubber system states that "at approximately 300 KIAS, the *seat will reach the end of the lanyards and the 'dummy' will not completely separate from the seat." In my case, this proved to be true.*

The seat hit the end of the lanyards, the lap belt had opened, so there was not enough weight in the seat to break the frangible links, yet the butt snapper had not (yet) fired to get me away from the seat. The left snubbing lanyard held as advertised, but the right lanyard failed to hold, causing the seat to do a snap roll to the left.

With my right foot held firmly in the stirrup, the seat snapped my right femur just below the hip joint, leaving a length of about 10″ of bone shards no bigger than a thumbnail. Yet the skin was never broken and no blood was lost.

Once I achieved touchdown in the chute–FAH (foot, ass, head), I was extremely relieved to be safely on the ground. The weather was cold, with about two feet of snow on a plowed field. I let the chute drag me for about 100 yards before jettisoning the canopy.

I was picked up by local civilians and carried to the highway where they put me on a stretcher and laid me in the middle of the road. That was my first moment of fear, because I just knew I would be run over by a truck as I lay there. My recollection to that point was no pain, just a lot of adrenaline.

I was taken to Jewett, IL, hospital for an initial medical evaluation and then transported to Chanute AFB by ambulance. I was to become very familiar with the Chanute AFB Hospital Orthopedic unit, because I spent five months there in traction, where I learned to put up with Ted Turza, my hospital roommate.

Photo taken at 181st TFG (ANG), Hulman Field, Terre Haute, IN, the day prior to the ejection.

As for the Hun's fate, it was a smoking hole. It turned out that the engine developed a cracked weld in the Number seven nozzle cluster that allowed hot air to stream out under the fuel-oil cooler, initiating the fire and releasing fuel into the lower engine compartment. **— *Bob Dunham***

We might add that at the time of this incident, Bob was on the 12th AF IG Team and flew frequently with ANG units. ***Ed.***

The Real Story to my SYC for Shortest non-IFE Hun Flight Distance = 2.5 NM

By Steve Altick

Steve in his prime.

In 1965, I joined the 523rd TFS at Clark AB, PI, as part of a composite wing commanded by Chuck Yeager (who flew with us often). We had only enough aircraft to pull nuclear alert at Tainan AS, Taiwan, so our only flying time was TDY to Bien Hoa to fly with the 90th and 531st squadrons. As we picked up more aircraft and some F-models, I had the opportunity to give a ride to Hal Needham, a Hollywood stunt man and movie producer (RIP) who was making a movie for the Air Force at Clark and was anxious to get a flight. We planned a two-ship, with SSS member Bill Barreire in the other aircraft.

We were going to fly to Tainan to swap out alert aircraft, and also do some air-to-air training with the Chinese F-100A models when we hit the coastline. All went well, we did some air-to-air practice combat, which Hal enjoyed, taking pictures the whole time. Bill hit "bingo" fuel and headed to Tainan.

Hal wanted to see a low-level run up the beach before we landed. It was a very hazy day with low visibility, but we made our beach run, then hit our minimum fuel as we entered the initial for landing. I called for a full stop, pitched out and landed. The next thing I saw and heard was the "5,000 feet remaining" marker and a Chinese tower operator saying "American jet landing Alpha Kilo, say call sign." *Oops!*

I said to Hal, "You might have just flown with me on my last flight." He took lots of pictures, which he later sent me, titled "the wrong airfield." I requested an immediate takeoff, jettisoned our chute, took off, hit initial over Tainan with emergency fuel, and requested a full stop. The tower replied "understand this will be a no chute," so my secret was at risk.

When we landed, not a word was said. One of the guys from the alert pad drove to "the other base" and retrieved our drag chute. Hal never said a word, nor did the pilots who knew about it. My confession came at our final squadron going home party at Clark, where I finally told my squadron commander (Jack Downey, RIP). The next time it came up was in the SYC, which required me to get maps of the Tainan area and measure the 2.5 NM between the right and wrong bases. So now you know the rest of the story! ◘

Picture Caption Contest – Go Consult Your Funny Bone

Winning Caption for I-37
"Whoa...look over there...isn't that 'Hoppy' Hopkins!"
Ron Hunter, CT ANG

Fill In your caption on this Langley AFB June 1977 picture taken after the Paris Air Show debut of the F-16.
(Mine would be: *"Hey, kid, think you're my replacement? You're little, skinny and your paint job is too flashy."*) — *Ed.*

PRETTY GOOD RESPONSE AGAIN THIS TIME. KEEP THOSE CAPTIONS COMING!

Former CEO "Hoppy" Hopkins suggested the ongoing Caption Contests. As we move to the next round, the challenge is still the same: Put your funny bone to work and produce a caption! The picture needing a caption is above on the right.

OTHER RESPONSES TO OUR I-37 CONTEST. MANY THANKS, GENTS!

"Our landing field is actually that way." **(2nd one):** ***"When we get to the equipment room. we can take off these helmets."*** **-- Ken Luedeke**

"There it is!! Over there. That's gotta be the "Follow Me Jeep!" **-- John L. Wagner**

"There he goes with our space ship! I guess we'll use this thing behind us to catch him." **--Paul Kimminau**

"Now when the big hand points to Mickey Mouse and the little hand towards Donald Duck, we all close our face plates." **(My bad!**
The name of the author of this proposed caption "got lost," I fear. Please email me and "own up to this one so I can give credit. -- *jjs*)

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

Reminder

SSS Membership Comes With Annual Dues, Due On or BEFORE Jan 1.
If You Haven't Paid Your $35 2018 Dues Yet, Your SSS Benefits Are Now Suspended & This Is Your LAST ISSUE of "The Intake" Until You Get PAID UP AND Ahead of the Power Curve!

If this applies to you, why not pay your $35 for 2018 AND $35 for 2019 online at our website or send your $70 total to REINSTATE Your Membership to the SSS PO Box given in the Contacts text box on this page.

Laughter-Silvered Wings

NOTAM: This is the 21st 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.

"NOT YET BABY"

We all recall during our Luke AFB initial Hun training we had to qualify in air-to-air gunnery on a target dart towed by another F-100. I was fortunate to get a hit on my first attempt (probably more luck than skill) but some of my classmates were having difficulty. Two of the guys came up with a creative and helpful solution.

You'll all recall that when a student pilot was taking his turn on the dart, the instructor would be nearby on his wing. As the student was approaching the minimum firing range (I recall it was 1,000 feet), the instructor would radio, "Break it off."

The new suggestion from our two classmates was that when a student heard the "break off" call, he would say to himself "Not yet baby," and then squeeze off a short burst of 20 mm. The obvious benefit was that at the shorter range the dart was easier to hit.

Fast forward a couple of years and it was time for me to requalify at Wheelus AB in Libya. When it was my time to shoot, there was no instructor chasing, but I chose to take a similar approach.

As I approached what I felt was the minimum firing range, I muttered a quick "Not yet baby" and fired a short burst. Problem was that instead of hitting the dart, one of my rounds hit the tow cable and detached the dart.

The next thing I knew, the dart was coming right at me! I did a quick pull up and reversal, then breathed a quick sigh of relief when I was fortunate not to feel any impact.

A day or so later when I reviewed the gun camera film, the dart filled up the windscreen. I was lucky I didn't suck it down the intake.■

— Bob Salisbury —

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Covers Credit (Cont.)

(Clarification: The early *Fighter Weapons Newsletter* was the predecessor of the present *Fighter Weapons Review.)* So, we contacted the current keepers of the *Review* for permission to use the fantastic Hun covers, which was granted by John "Taco" Martinez ("cleared in hot") with our promise to credit the covers to MSG Howard L. Turner, who was the Art Director in the day. All thanks to SGT Turner for the art, and to Steve for the tip!

Aviation Trivia

On 20 October 1922. This guy,

1st Lt. Harold Ross Harris, engaged in simulated air combat, lost control and bailed out successfully. Thus, he became the first member of the Irvin Air Chute Company's "Caterpillar Club"! Who would think it could come to this? [Credit: "This Day in Aviation"]

Publisher's Parting Post

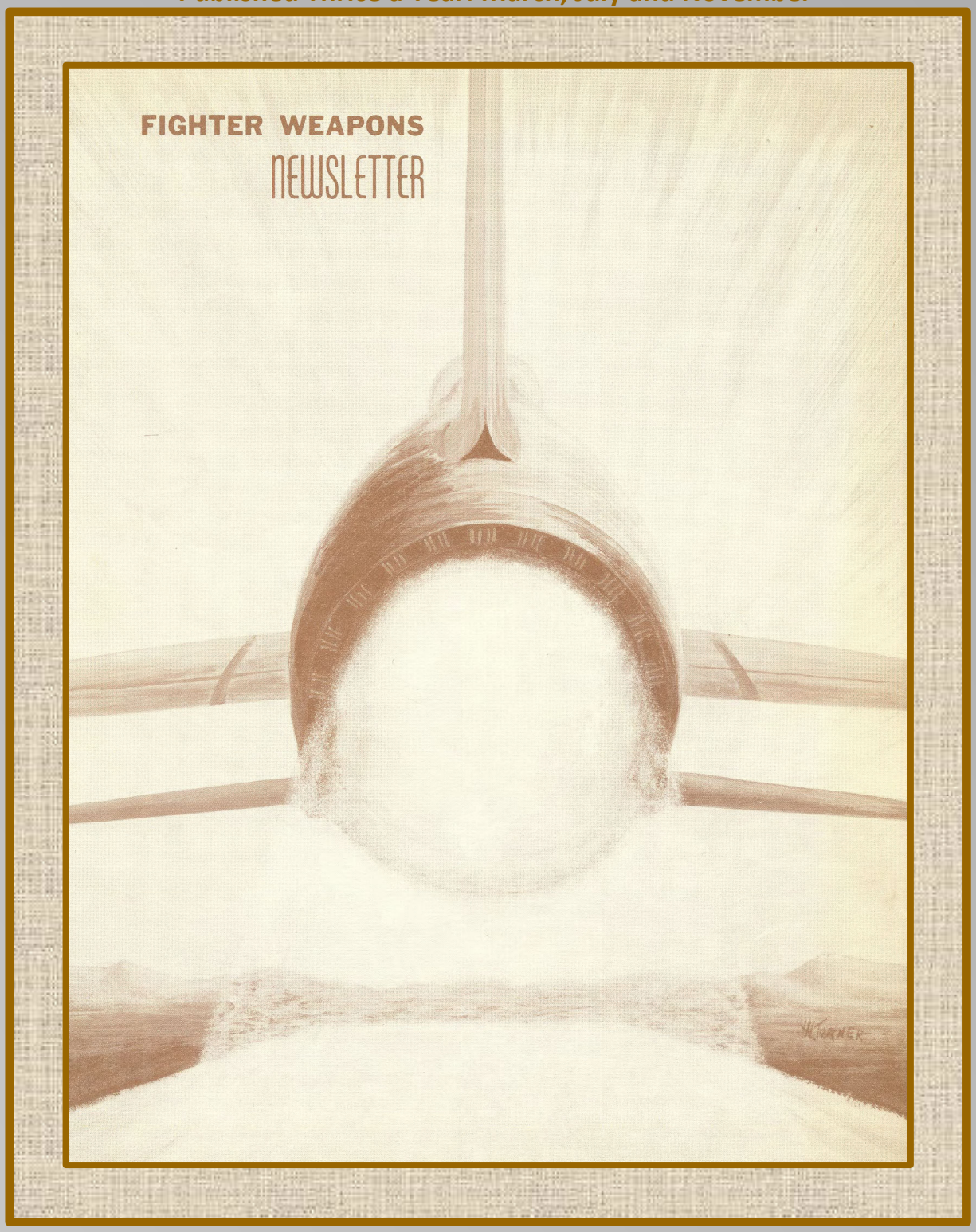
The above "Aviation Trivia," as I put it, is a condensation of facts from the credited source, the URL for which is www.thisdayinaviation.com. It's a most interesting place to visit daily (which I do faithfully).The site's owner is Bryan R. Swopes who takes his avocation seriously, producing (truly) a labor of love. Check it out (daily, too)!

**** Have a nice wintertime! Pub Med ****

Fall 2018 Issue 38

The Intake

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



— Thanks to the Fighter Weapons Newsletter Folks !!! —

An Awesome Pair of Covers