

The Intake

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



— “Hun Fine Art Collection” —

32 x 18 Oil on Canvas by Lou Drendel (circa 1966)

Bought (circa 1971) by Bill Barry

(Credits/details page 2.)

“Forrest Fenn’s Caterpillar Club Story” (Featured article, page 23.)

“The Forgotten Call-up of the ANG,” (Pt. 1 of 3) (Second featured article, page 25.)

The Intake

Spring 2019, Vol. 2, Issue 39

JOURNAL OF THE SUPER SABRE SOCIETY

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Front Cover Art Credits

Here's Bill Barry's acquisition story: I first saw this large, striking F-100D painting by Lou Drendel on the cover of the Magazine Section of the *Chicago Tribune*, before my Vietnam tour. Since I had flown Huns while I was at the USAF School of Aerospace Medicine at Brooks AFB, I kept a copy.

After Vietnam, I flew with the Fighter Branch of the 4900th Flight Test Group, AF Special Weapons Center, Kirtland AFB, NM (F-4s, F-100s, T-38s). I wanted a companion to a large oil painting of an F-4 that I had commissioned by John Cleveland.

I heard that Lou had moved to Florida, so I contacted him to try to get a lithograph copy of his Hun painting. I was stunned when he said he thought he might still have the original! He searched his Archives, and called back after a couple of weeks.

He had it, we struck a deal, and it has hung proudly in my den ever since!

Dues Status

If your DUES STATUS (printed on the envelope this came in) is "In Arrears," our records show that as of 8 March, you had not paid for 2019—\$35 payable on or before 1 January of each year. If you are "In Arrears," please take care of that MEMBER responsibility ASAP!

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

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Staff Corner

From the President's Desk

As Medley said in the last issue, "Tom will have his work cut out as we continue Onward and Upward ... he'll be stepping into some pretty big shoes, given the tracks Shep made during his term of excellence." That statement was so vivid in my mind as the realization of being elected President of this magnificent organization sank in. Now, a month into this new adventure, the full impact has started to settle in. The warm congratulations that you all have given me has really softened the landing.

The reception and support I've received from Shep, Eddie, Hoppy, Leo, Jim, Dick, Dewey, Dave, Medley, JJ, Jack and Win has been tremendous. It's made me fully realize how many people and how much hard work it takes to make this SSS so great. To quote Shep, "Much of the effort performed by all these board members, officers and volunteers is unseen, unpaid and underappreciated."

I hope everyone can bear with me as I get up to speed and digest the huge data dumps I've received over the last two months. Leo Mansuetti and I have joined hands and are in close communication on a wide variety of issues. So, hopefully, the transition from Shep and Hoppy to me and Leo will be smooth and seamless. I have also had some wonderful exchanges with Mary Elizabeth Barrett, who is worth her weight in gold. Her advice and help in delivering our message is going to be very important. MB is doing a fantastic job completing missing biographies. We still have a ways to go, and I urge all of you who don't have bios on our website to get crackin' and get them done. All of our bios are important pieces of our history.

The next significant event on our calendar is the dedication ceremony of our Rock Monument outside the Weapons School at Nellis AFB on Friday, March 15th at 1630. This project was conceived by Shep, who worked very diligently to make it happen. He coordinated with the F-86 group to put our Monument near their F-86 Monument. The two sit ideally across the sidewalk from each other near the flagpole and entrance to Waxman Hall. Every student who passes these monuments will be reminded of the men who went before them, and flew these two jet fighters, respectively, in the Korean and Vietnam Wars. They represent several Aces, Medal of Honor recipients, POWs, hundreds of thousands of hours of combat time, and unfortunately, hundreds of men who lost their lives fighting for our country.

In May we gather in San Antonio on the 15th to the 19th. We still don't have an accurate count on attendance, so, if you plan to attend and haven't registered, please do so ASAP. It will help us immensely in tackling the logistical matters. Our special guest speaker for the Saturday evening banquet, Eileen Bjorkman, will talk about the early days of the F-100's development. Her father, Arnold Ebnetter, one of the first F-100A pilots at Foster AFB, TX, will be there also to share his experiences. Joe Ashy will lead a session on Saturday with a group of his old compadres discussing their years of flying the Hun. Anyone interested is more than welcome to sit in on the discussions. — **Tom Griffith**

From the CEO

The CEO position has been a fun learning experience. We have some great people who do a lot of volunteer work behind the scenes without much recognition. Past President Don Shepperd's work the last four years has been impressive, and we are all thankful. His new Rock Monument will be seen by all entering the Fighter Weapons School. Our new President, Tom Griffith, has jumped in with both feet to continue working toward our goal of promoting the F-100 and the men who flew it. His terrific Board of Directors generates great ideas that are possible to achieve.

A group of dedicated people, headed by Medley Gatewood and John Schulz, produce our outstanding *Intake* Journal, which started out great and just gets better. This is a massively time-consuming job, and you can soon read most issues online. CIO Win Reither does a super job with the website, and with the help of MB Barrett we have over 1,000 bios. I wholeheartedly suggest you read through them. It will water your eyes and make you laugh at the same time.

CFO Dave Hatten keeps us out of the fangs of the IRS—or debtor's prison!

And a big shout out to Hoppy Hopkins as well for all he has done over the past four years. The SSS has come a long way with his guidance and ideas. We are much more unified because of all of these men.

When I first came on board, Grady Talbot suggested that we come up with a new Challenge Coin. He backed it up with a generous donation that got things started. It was a huge success, well over expectations. We had 800 coin orders in a week! Getting more made and shipped was another story. Thanks to those who waited patiently.

The Fort Wayne, IN, flying experience was really fun, thanks to Dean Cutshall and his crew of professionals. During our three fly-ins they produced 3-5 sorties a day each week. Seeing the grins on the faces of our member pilots made it all worthwhile. Three offspring, all former F-16 pilots (Kevin Wilson, Marty Case and Bobbie Doorenbos), got Hun rides, while other relatives flew chase for Hun takeoff and landings from the helicopter flown by Pete Keelan. The "after parties" and storytelling added to the fun.

The next project is the lapel pins, coming soon. Our big event, the reunion in San Antonio, is shaping up to be a blast. I look forward to seeing many of you there. — **Leo Mansuetti**

Incoming/Outgoing — Correspondence

Here are several items of interest received from members or other sources since Issue 38 hit the streets. Here we also publish other pertinent information we consider worthy of note. As always, we welcome comments, additions and especially corrections (heaven forefend that we ever need correcting!). **Ed.**



Correction Needed in I-38's Featured Article!

The ink had hardly dried on I-38 when Publisher Medley (aka Pub Med) came across a serious mistake in our featured article that was not forfended and in need of correcting. And no, the fault was not by author John Haltigan. Rather, it was squarely Pub Med's fault, having to do with Don Kilgus' family members who were incorrectly ID'd on the family tree. Alas, it was only after Medley had a telecom chat with **Jim** Kilgus, who straightened out the family tree by informing Pub Med that he was seven years younger than Don, and thus, the caption about the Mess Dress picture of Don should have said, "... photo from **younger** brother Jim was a family favorite." "So let it be written ...," wished Medley, but it was way too late. Fortunately, Jim was most gracious in forgiving Pub Med, saying, "It was the only discrepancy of note that I found in the entire article, so it's not that bad." After Jim's forgiveness, he gave Medley a short rundown on his relationship with his "Big Brother." And he gave us permission to share the life-changing impact a suggestion from Don made on his younger brother.



Younger brother Jim at graduation from Basic.



Family favorite Pic (L) and Hun model in a glass display case.

"Don was my mentor and hero when I was growing up. When I dropped a class in college, I lost my college deferment for the draft and was reclassified '1-A.' Hot meat! Don said one of us in the family getting shot at was enough and advised me to enlist in the USAF. That I did and spent four years from July, 1966, to July, 1970, at Lackland AFB as a small arms instructor, training Security Policemen (from A3C to Lt. Col. who were Vietnam-bound) in a 10-day course of basic defense. I'm proud to have served, too, and would do it all over again!" *Must close*

here, but want to thank both John Haltigan and Jim Kilgus for "The Kilgus Story" article. It covers a lot of ground. Stay tuned for another tribute to Don from his younger brother Jim, having to do with a scale model of Don's Hun (encased in a glass display case) and how that came about. Should come out in Issue 40, in July! **Ed.**



Correction Needed in I-38's "The Way We Were" (TWWW) Dept. [The inner workings of this popular Dept.]

This is another case of a serious misidentification found and submitted by David Kramer, the aggrieved victim, who (fortunately) has a good sense of humor. Writing to Dewey Clawson (why Dewey?), David (aka Bobcat) said, "Hey Dewey: On page 21, the bottom right photo is of me, but the caption sez I'm 'Glenn Wheekus.' Don't know Glenn, but my apologies to him for having to look like me for this issue." When Dewey passed this news flash on to us, it was not a complete surprise.

"Why?" you ask. Well, when Photo Editor Shaun Ryan passed the pic to Medley some time ago (like a couple of years ago, or more), neither Shaun nor Medley recognized the name, and a search of the SSS database came up dry. So we put the non-member pic in reserve, figuring it was probably a good friend of a member who submitted it, not knowing that member pics take precedence, unless the submitter gives a good reason why we should use it (like his name is Hoot Gibson and recommended by a founding member). So, after looking at the pic in question for years, and with the stash of TWWW pics rapidly dwindling, Medley made a command decision to finally give this stranger (who had patiently waited so long) his due.

There you have the "Why Wheekus?" Yes, sometimes we use non-members, and Medley was hoping that whoever had submitted the pic would come forward and thank us for finally using his friend's mugshot. But, neither Medley nor Shaun were expecting this non-member guy to turn out to be a member-in-good-standing! So it is nice that we now have solved the mystery of a guy named Wheekus. But another mystery remains, "How in heck did Shaun come up with a name like that in the first place?" Anybody out there who DOES know anything about this "Glenn?" Let us know!



Who IS the real Glenn Wheekus?



AF Reactivates 308th Fighter Squadron



An early Hun squadron, dating from 1957 in the 31st FBS at Turner AFB, has come to life **again**; according to ever-watchful Jim Brasier, who found this news at "Military.com." "The Air Force 308th Fighter Squadron was reactivated in a ceremony at Luke Air Force Base on 30 Nov. 2018. The squadron will house the Royal Netherlands Air Force's and the Royal Danish Air Force's F-35A Lightning IIs as part of a training partnership. With Lt. Col. Robert Miller assuming command, the fighter squadron is scheduled to begin operations in December, 2018. Throughout the next two years, the Dutch and the Danish air forces will be sending their jets to populate the squadron and help Luke AFB's mission

of training the world's greatest fighter pilots. The 308th FS's goal is to train as efficiently as the rest of Luke AFB's fighter squadrons." Go Emerald Knights—with your proud Hun heritage through 1970 at Tuy Hoa AB, RVN !!! Ed.



"The 'Nellis Rock Project' is near completion!"

So says outgoing SSS President Don Shepperd. Here's "Shep's" summary of the doing's, as of 1/1/2019. "Donations were received in the amount of approximately \$28,500. Almost 300 members donated and the average donation was \$91. Sincere thanks to all who participated. The cost of the monument is approximately \$5,000. A final accounting will be provided after installation. Disbursement of excess funds is explained below. (Should anyone still wish to participate, send donation checks to: Dave Hatten, Super Sabre Society Rock Project, PO Box 341837, Lakeway, TX 78734.)



"Pilgrim's Progress," L to R: We started in early 2018 with a PowerPoint plaque design and a very rough rock. By New Year's Day of 2019, our rock guys (from Las Vegas Rock) had cleaned up, shaped and polished the rock with a sand-blaster, shaped an insert for the high-quality bronze plaque that had been shipped cross-country from our vendor in Marlborough, MA, and installed the plaque so it would "last a thousand years." What an adventure all that was!

The next step was to transport and install the "Monument" at Nellis. The site is along the sidewalk entrance to Waxman Hall by the Fighter Weapons School and across the sidewalk from the F-86 Rock Monument. The two are complementary. Our monument will likely be installed sometime in January or February. After installation, a short local ceremony, an FWS briefing, and a no-host lunch will be scheduled with invitations issued to any SSS member wishing to attend. The ceremony will be scheduled around FWS events at Nellis. Photos of that event will later be provided in *The Intake* and on our website.

The Super Sabre Society members can be justifiably proud of this monument—it will far outlast all of us and is dedicated to today's fighter pilots in honor of ALL who flew the Hun in peace and war, those with us and those departed. The remaining \$23,000 of donated funds will be disbursed per SSS Board approval as follows:

Ten thousand dollars will be donated via the Friends of the Super Sabre (FSS) to the MAPS Museum in North Canton, OH, for the **Super Sabre Memorial Exhibit**, an F-100 exhibit and first-class experience like no other. (See article on page 14.) MAPS is the official Museum selected for display of Super Sabre Society member artifacts. It will become "THE" museum of choice for F-100 information and a major factor in preserving our legacy. Our donation will add to the \$10,000 previously contributed by the FSS (the organization slated to maintain our legacy management when we are all gone). Regular reports will be made to our membership in *The Intake* and on our website as the construction of this exhibit proceeds. Instructions for what, when and how to donate items will be forthcoming. You will be mighty proud of this facility.

The final \$13,000 will be retained for future legacy projects approved by the Board.

To ALL Super Sabre Society members ... **WELL DONE!** Many future fighter pilots will pass by a reminder of who we were and what we did ... "First Class or not at all." ONWARD AND UPWARD! — *Shep*



"The 'Nellis Rock Project' is REALLY CLOSE to completion!"

Shep, the visionary behind this project, has been working overtime and reports that the project is all done but the shouting (more on that later). Here's his take on the current status, as of an email to Newbie POTSSS Tom Griffith on 24 January 2019 at 1:18 PM (wherever Shep was at that time). Caution: a few minor repetitions might be found. — Ed.

"Tom: the members donated a lot of money, and I think it is important to let the membership know that our rock has been placed and the dedication ceremony will be held in mid-March. The next *Intake* issue comes out about that same time and Medley and JJ may want to use some of this. I suggest you have Win put it out by email and on the website. Below is the suggested text for all three media ... your call — *Shep*"

"It was a lousy weather day at Nellis, cold, wet, windy, but our Super Sabre Society Rock Monument arrived on time and in good shape. The monument was conceived and approved by the board in the summer of 2017. Initial contact was made with the F-86 Association to ensure they had no objection to placing an F-100 monument near theirs (by Waxman Hall at the Nellis FWS). Approval to proceed was obtained from Col. Steven



The delivery crane cometh on time.
"Where ya want it, anyhow?"



"OK, we'll drop it right there on the flat ... after I finish my business."

"Cajun" Behmer, FWS/CC who coordinated approval with base officials. After research, Las Vegas Rock of Jean, Nevada, 30 miles south of Vegas was selected to find "THE" rock and arrange delivery and placement. Dona Boyung and Fidel Pina of Vegas Rock found our rock in a quarry 25 miles west of Jean and cleaned and shaped it for display. Ethan Askew and staff of FastSigns in Tucson designed our plaque and had it cast by a high quality brass contractor in Massachusetts. Major Derek Arnholtz of the FWS was our POC for final details. The delivery and placement by DBrady Landscape of Las Vegas occurred without a hitch. Our monument complements the F-86 monument in size, design and purpose and both monuments sit on either side of the entrance walk. A dedication ceremony will be arranged in mid-March. We envision a quick lunch, an UNCLASS FWS brief, a monument dedication ceremony, then adjournment to a RED FLAG FRIDAY NIGHT BEER CALL at the club (details to follow). Approximately \$29,500 in donations were received from members, enabling us to complete the rock and proceed with other legacy projects. This is a quality gift to today's fighter pilots in honor of all who flew the Hun, those still with us and those flown west. It will be in place to remind others of who we were and what we did ... long after we are all gone. — **Tom Griffith, POTSSS**"

*Lots of video and photo links to the delivery follow in the digital media. Here are some still picture examples: **Ed.***



"Fidel, it sure looks to me that this rock is tilted at an ugly angle."



"Shep, do we have to stand here in the rain to hold up this tilted rock?"



"All joking aside, this Hun project was worth the blood, sweat and tears the SSS put in to balance out these tilting rocks!"



A Witness to Disaster

This from Greg Butler. "Medley: Great issue # 38, as usual. I took special interest in John Lowery's article on the F-100F collision with an airliner over Vegas on April 21, 1958. That's because I was an eyewitness of sorts to that disaster.

That morning I was up on my F-100F "dollar ride," having just arrived TDY to Nellis from Luke and the F-84F course there. While shooting landings, and on a right closed downwind to 21 Right, there was panicked chatter on tower and/or guard. When I looked over my right shoulder, I could see the smoke from the collision and both crashes. It made for a rather unique first Hun flight. Apparently, it didn't affect my landings, because my Form 5 shows two short F-100A flights later that day. It was probably one of the few three-hop-days in my 12 years in the Hun, and, sadly, one of the more memorable. P.S. John and I were in the 36th wing in Germany later that year on my first assignment out of Luke and Nellis. Cheers,"

*Thanks, Greg. Wonder how many other SSSers may have witnessed this "memorable event"? — **Medley***



HELP WANTED for the 7th SSS Biennial Reunion After-Action Report

Ever since our first reunion in 2007, the goal for all our after-action reports has been: "to reinforce the 'It was a Huelva Good Time' memories of the attending members and guests, and to whet the appetites of those unable to make it to the chosen venue—such that they'll start planning to attend the next reunion ... come hell or high water! We've pretty much achieved that goal, thanks to inputs from either wannabe or drafted reporters and photogs.

*So, when Reporter-in-Chief Medley Gatewood (aka Jack of all trades) taps you on the shoulder for "embedded" reporter duties (he can't be at all the events) and/or begs for Blue Ribbon photos from experts or amateurs, please say "Yes" and do your very best in your assignment. The pay's no more than Medley's (0), but the results can be priceless! Thanks ahead of time. **Ed.***



Help is welcome and much appreciated.



Stake Your Claim (SYC)

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

The Holiday Season refreshed a few memories and we've received a moderate number of SYCs to consider for this issue, some valid, some not. But after struggling with some SYCs we've settled on four claims that have made the grade, albeit after gathering additional data from some of the submitters before they could be accepted. And one more time: The simple SYC rules are that whatever the worthy thing is, it must have been done in or in association with a Hun. JB

Claim Challenges — ► Amazingly, we had not a one for this cycle!

New Claims — ► **Allen Strasser, Jr.** – In reading I-38, Al noted Gary Silence's late breaking SYC submission and award of "Last Hun pilot to land an F-100 in SEA!" No, Al was not the guy who made the last Hun takeoff in SEA, a question posed by the Editor in closing Gary's SYC (and still unknown). Rather, Al submitted a well-documented claim that (in conjunction with the USS Pueblo Incident) he was the pilot who flew the last Hun into Korea AND the last Hun flown out of Korea. We suspect this valid SYC will stand as "**Last pilot to fly a Hun into Korea (1 June 1969) and who flew the last Hun flown out of Korea (10 June 1969).**" Al's adventures in doing these feats will appear in Issue 40, this summer.

► **Glenn Ramsdale** - Glenn made a somewhat convoluted claim about the combat sorties he flew at Tuy Hoa. Here's his explanation of how he was enabled to achieve his SYC: "I flew my combat tour with the 31st TFW. The wing had five squadrons, three regular AF (306th, 308th, 309th) and two Guard Units with C-models (188th TFS New Mexico and 136th TFS New York). I was attached to the 308th TFS, but as the Wing Weapons Officer, I flew with all five squadrons, flying the C, D, and F. The time frame was Aug. 24, 1968, thru Jul. 2, 1969. All air frames were based at Tuy Hoa and all 240 sorties were flown out of Tuy Hoa. No air frames were counted more than once." So, with all that to juggle, here's Glenn's SYC.

"Flew the most combat sorties in different Hun air frames (counted by tail numbers and all three models) for one PCS tour from the same airbase = 54" And, we hereby confer this valid title to Glenn. It'll probably be lasting!

► **Ed Haerter** - Ed says he was wingman on the last (2-ship) F-100 Operation Rolling Thunder mission in North Vietnam on 11/1/68. It was a real doozy and we're going to publish the whole story in Issue 40. Meanwhile, we award his SYC submission as follows: "**Member of the last F-100 Operation Rolling Thunder mission in North Vietnam on 1 November 1968.**" Oops! As we were working up this SYC for Ed, Medley had a very strong feeling of "*déjà vu all over again,*" as *Yogi Berra would put things*. And sure enough, when we did an auto-search on the whole of 38 published editions of *The Intake*, there on page 26 of Issue 35 was Ed's "real doozy" of a story. Talk about short-term memory and aging!

 So, with apologies to ourselves, we'll skip republishing Ed's thrilling adventure and simply verify that  his new SYC remains ... perfectly valid! *Ed.*

► **Jim Mayton** – Jim submitted two SYCs he thought would qualify as valid claims. Both had to do with him earning the coveted Barry Goldwater Top Gun Award upon graduation at Luke in Class 68-F. After much pondering, we decided that Jim really had only one valid SYC that might hold up. So, we combined his claims and hereby award Jim this valid SYC: "**Only recipient of the Barry Goldwater Top Gun Award whose plaque was (upon request) personally signed by him and handed back to the awardee.**" Jim explained it this way, "I had a friend who was in Admin at Luke who told me to go down to Goldwater's office and ask the Senator to sign it. That I did, and asked the secretary if I left the plaque and came back later, could she see if the Senator would sign it. She said, 'Just a minute; the Senator is in.' She took the plaque into his office and in a few minutes, he came out. 'The Great Man' shook my hand, congratulated me on winning the trophy and handed it back to me. He had signed it on the back. It read, 'Get one for Me! Barry Goldwater Senator/MG USAFR (Ret)' 'Made my day,' said Jim!"

Parting Thoughts — ► Youngster Denny Wolfe submitted an SYC claim that he is the "Youngest SSS member—DOB 9/18/1953." Well, that may be so. BUT it's not a valid SYC ... because that factoid has nothing to do with doing something "in or in association with a Hun!" (The simple rules.) He also had the temerity to wonder "who the 'oldest SSS member' may be." Anyone up to admitting to that factoid? To save a long suspense for the answer, we can report that Ray Kleber believes he currently holds that factoid record at 94, come 4 April 2019. Any disputers out there?

In light of a late submission by Charlie Neel, in addition to the "Simple Rules" we've discussed, we need to go over a few more rules that have to do with who is eligible to play "The Game" (simple answer = SSS **members**) in terms of who can submit SYCs and when (answers = members for themselves and members on behalf of other members *under certain conditions*). Space here is too sparse to treat this subject thoroughly, but we'll weave this info into the full rules and discuss it further at the coming reunion business meeting for attendees and in Issue 40 for everyone. Bear with us, please!

Finally, the SYC staff (Medley and myself) respectfully ask that when submitting your SYC, please state your specific SYC **succinctly** and give as much detail for supporting data as you can recall; such as dates, aircraft, units, locations, names, Article - 15s, etc. This will help us in expediting the processing of your submissions. Thank you. — **JB**

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

SYC Scoreboard as of Spring 2019 Issue	
Claim Categories/Details/Record	Title Holder(s)/Reported in Issue #
General: Commanded most Hun squadrons = 5.	Les Leavoy/ I-3 = Issue 3, etc.
Served in the most active duty Hun squadrons = 9.	Elmer Slavey/ I-13
Most consecutive years flying the Hun = 17y, 8m, 3d.	Pete Noebel/ I-10
Most non-consecutive years flying the Hun = 46.6y.	Charlie Friend/ I-34
Last to fly the Hun = November 3, 2014.	Charlie Friend/ I-28
Last to fly a C-model = September 6, 1989.	J.R. Alley/ I-28
Last fully combat ready USAF/ANG pilot to fly the F-100 = 03/28/81.	Bob Dunham/ I-17
First Hun pilot to be successfully rescued in SEA = August 18, 1964.	Arnie Clarke/ I-20
First Hun pilot to be successfully rescued in SEA by USAF SAR forces = March 31, 1965.	Ron Bigoness/ I-20
The first and only pilot to fly the F-100A, C, D, & F models with the same unit.	George Demers/ I-34 & Ira Holt/ I-35
First to fly all three ‘Single-seat’ operational models of the F-100 = F-100C 30 March 1956, F-100A 6 June 1956, F-100D 2 December 1956.	Jim Ellis/ I-37
First to fly all four operational models of the F-100 = F-100A 19 APR ‘57, F-100F 2 DEC ‘57, F-100C 25 FEB ‘59, F-100D 8 JUN ‘59 [Hal Gabby / I-34
First pilot to fly the QF series F-100s = 10/17/1980.	Charlie Friend/ I-18
First pilot to land an F-100 at Pingtung AB, Taiwan = 16 April 1966.	“Tuck” McAtee/ I-29
Only F-100 pilot(s) to RTB with an AAR drogue basket on the refueling boom.	Bill Kriz/ I-37 & Dave Kramer/ I-38
First and only F-100 pilot to fly his first-ever F-100 flight solo in an F-100C out of Fürstenfeldbruck AB, Germany = 31 October 1957.	David Brown/ I-29
Only Hun pilot to fly his first ever F-100D flight on a combat mission.	Ken Luedeke/ I-38
Most Hun hours = 5,330.	Gail Wilson/ I-5
Lowest total Hun time on record = 25.5 h.	Gene Kranz/ I-16
Only F-100F IP to never have flown from the backseat before.”	Herman Westbrook/ I-35
Lowest type time for Hun CCT/RTU IP qualification = 24.15h.	Jerry Fowler/ I-23
Lowest ranking and lowest total time to enter the Luke AFB CCT/IP training = 2nd Lt. 650.	Tad Derrick/ I-35
Lowest type time and total hours to qualify for an F-100 ferry High Flight to Europe = 29h and 744h.	Jerry Fowler/ I-24
First F-100 pilot to fire a GAM-83/AGM-12 missile in combat = 09/30/65.	Tad Derrick/ I-25
Student in the last F-100 FWIC, Class 7T-10W, 1976.	Paul Pochmara/ I-33
Most combat missions in the Hun = 572.	Jack Doub/ I-11
Most F-100 out-of-country combat missions = 109.	Dave Thomson/ I-38
Most combat missions in the F-100 for a 1-year tour = 361.	K.B. Clark/ I-18
Most consecutive years same active duty squadron = 7y, 11m.	Harry Wiggins/ I-12
Consecutive years same Guard squadron = 15y, 7m.	Ira Holt/ I-3
Youngest pilot to fly the Hun (as a student) = 20y, 8m, 12d.	Phil Drew/ I-32
Youngest individual to break the Mach in an F-100 = 18y, 4.5m.	Rudy Bow/ I-31

SYC Scoreboard as of Spring 2019 Issue

Youngest to get a unit F-100 IP checkout in a combat zone = 26y, 10m.	Pete Robinson /I-34
Youngest to become an F-100 squadron Flight Commander in a combat zone = 28y, 4m.	Charlie Parker/I-33
Youngest pilot to eject from an F-100 = 23y, 10m, 13d.	Ken Peterson/I-19
Youngest pilot to eject from an F-100 TWICE = 25y, 6m, 11d.	John Painter/I-37
Fewest "F-available" dual hours before solo = 2.2h.	Dick Hale/I-6
Fewest "F-available" dual flights before solo = 1.	Ron Lord/I-8
Fewest Hun flights prior to a major accident = 1.	Norm Turner/I-23
Oldest to solo after "F" transition checkout = 39y, 9m.	Perry Lusby/I-11
Shortest non-IFE Hun in-flight time = 5 minutes.	Walt Cornelison/I-6 & Bob Railey/I-9
Shortest non-IFE Hun flight distance = 2.5 NM.	Steve Altick/I-11
Shortest Hun flight time involving an IFE = 3 seconds.	Lee Howard/I-13
Shortest F-100 in-flight time from takeoff to a dead-stick landing on the same runway due to an IFE = about 1 minute.	Bob Titus/I-25
Shortest time between takeoffs in two different F-100s = 20min.	Jim Brasier/I-20
Oldest Hun driver to eject from a jet fighter (F-86) = 56y.	Dumpy Wyrick/I-5. Update/I-21
Oldest USAF operational Active Duty F-100 pilot at 52 years.	Les Leavoy/I-35
Most ejections from the Hun = 3.	Rezk Mohamed/I-4
Shortest time from ejection till return to flight as a Hun PIC = 20h.	Paul "PK" Kimminau/I-14
Shortest time-period between two F-100 ejections = 8m, 10d.	John Painter/I-37
Only Hun pilot to eject at 400 feet AGL on final to landing and survive with only minor injuries.	Strawberry Reynolds/I-27
Shortest, continuously operational time to 3,000 hours = 11 years.	Glenn Ramsdale/I-22
Most hours without a drag chute failure or barrier engagement = 3,000.	Greg Butler/I-22
Only flight surgeons to eject from the Hun.	Larry DeSanto/I-13 & Bill Berkley/I-16
Only two brothers who both ejected from Huns.	"Dumpy" & "Champ" Wyrick/I-14
Youngest Hun pilot to emergency egress from an airborne F-100 without the use of an ejection seat = 23y, 28d.	KB Clark/I-20
Pilot who gave his own wife a Hun ride = Twice.	Greg Butler/I-5
Most civilian hours in the Hun = 1,872.	Rod Beckett/I-23
Most Atlantic Ocean crossings in a civilian F-100 without having to use the drag chute = 5.	Rod Beckett/I-23
Longest service as a spare deployment pilot, for one leg out and back to home base = 10 Hun hrs, in 5 days, wearing the same flight suit.	Robert Hires/I-29
Longest overwater F-100 flight, terminating in a flameout landing = 3,511 miles.	Ray Laird/I-38
Only Hun pilot to receive the Air Medal, as a spare pilot, for an over-12-hour non-stop overseas deployment.	Gary Gulbransen/I-31
Longest time between ground school and flight = 17y, 10m.	Dick Hefton/I-16
Longest time between C-model flights = 11y, 2m, 19d.	Bill Swendner/I-8
Longest time between Hun flights as pilot = 31y, 10m, 19d.	Don Schmenk/I-14
Most checkout/recurrent Hun training = Tied at 4.	Bill Swendner/I-8 Joe Turner/I-10
First SSS pilot to fly the Hun = Oct. 28, 1954.	Bob Wilson/I-13
First "Brown Bar" to check out in the F-100 = May 3, 1955.	Bob Thorpe/I-19
Only recipient of the Barry Goldwater Top Gun Award whose plaque was (upon request) personally signed and handed back to the awardee.	Jim Mayton/I-39

SYC Scoreboard as of Spring 2019 Issue

First Luke student to land an F-100C at Gila Bend Aux Field due to an IFE = Summer 1959.	William Lambertson /I-29
Fastest Mach in the Hun = 1.7 M.	Al Bartels/I-19
Fasted landing speed in a Hun = 250K.	Keith Acheson/I-22
Tallest Hun driver on record = 6' 6".	Butch Viccellio/I-13
Shortest Hun pilot on record = 5' 4".	"Dumpy" Wyrick/I-14
First and only Aussie (RAAF) to fly the Hun.	Jim Flemming/I-18
The father/son Hun pilots pair with the longest interval (10 years and 6 months) between the father's last flight (Apr '58) and the son's first flight (Oct '68).	Jim Icenhour, Sr. & Jim Icenhour, Jr./I-26
The father/son Hun pilots pair with the longest interval (15 years) between the father's first flight (Apr '57) and the son's last flight (Apr '72).	Jim Icenhour, Sr. & Jim Icenhour, Jr./I-26
First Hun pilot to lead a team in the restoration of an F-100 for museum display = completed: 22 JUN '12.	Ken Ramsay/I-30
Operations: Consecutive flights barrier engagements = Tied at 2.	Forrest Fenn/I-3 & Bill Collette/I-4
Led the first and only Active Air Scramble in an F-100A aircraft.	George Demers/I-34
First approach end barrier engagement involving an IFE flight.	George Branch/I-10
Unintentional approach end barrier engagement.	Jack Van Loan/I-10, Fred Cherry/I-12
Only Hun driver(s) to hookup on a Navy tanker.	Tom Godfrey/I-2, "Crusher Flt."/I-28
Only Hun driver(s) to hookup and refuel from a Navy tanker.	"Crusher" Flight of 4/I-28
Most continuous flight time hooked up with a KB-50 tanker = 2.5 h.	Walt Hersman/I-18
Only SSSer to air-to-air refuel in a civilian F-100.	Rod Beckett/I-23
Only Hun pilot to AR qualify himself flying as a flight leader on a combat mission.	Pete Fleischhacker/I-31
Only SSSer to ferry a civilian F-100 single-ship across the Atlantic without a GPS.	Rod Beckett/I-23
Only pilot to have flown an F-100 solo (no wingman or tanker) across the North Atlantic via island hopping, twice!	J.R. Alley/I-28
First Hun pilot to AR with the bent probe way out of its normal vertical position = 22 Oct., '63.	R. Y. Costain/I-30
KB-50 supported flight distance record = 6,400 NM.	Dan Walsh/I-1
KB-50 supported flight time record. = 14h, 4m.	Jack Bryant/I-6
KC-135 supported flight distance record = 6,600 NM.	Dick Mason/I-2
Most KC-135 full offloads taken on one Hun flight = 8.	Dick Mason/I-26
KC-135 supported flight time record = 12h, 20m.	Norm Battaglia/I-3
Fewest Huns on KB-50 supported crossing = Flight of 2.	Battaglia/I-3: N. Turner, Hermes/I-16
Highest number of Atlantic Ocean crossings = 13.	Charlie Mason/I-10
Highest number of Pacific Ocean crossings = 5.	Tom Tapman/I-11
Last Hun trans-oceanic crossing, island hopping = 06/28/02.	Dick Hale (#1), Rod Beckett (#2)/I-6
Dead-stick Hun landing from the back seat = 1.	Joseph Haines/I-7
Only SSSer to land an F-100F from the back seat with the throttle stuck in afterburner.	Thales "Tad" Derrick/I-23
Most successful flameout landings in a finite time = 2 in 46 days.	Don Emigholz /I-31
Saved an F-100 by landing on the El Uotia emergency jet landing strip.	Dennis Wolfe & Jim Brasier/I-21
Smallest target drone shot down with 20 mm = 12-foot wingspan.	Joseph Haines/I-8
Largest percentage of hits on the dart = 7 of 14 rounds.	Ed Wells/I-4

SYC Scoreboard as of Spring 2019 Issue

Best student dart kill ratio = 7 of 7 missions.	Ed Haerter/ I-16
Best rag target strafe qual event = 100+ Hits.	Jim McKean/ I-20 & Max Templin/ I-26
Highest Strafe event score ever obtained by a Luke Long Course student on first Ground Attack range mission = 53%.	Pete McCue/ I-30
Only Luke AFB F-100 long-course student pilot to deliver an OTS practice bomb that hit the Bullseye within one second of its planned TOT.	Gary Nophsker/ I-31
Hun flight with two "Winglets." (Only one winglet is not a tie.)	Medley Gatewood/ I-3
Only Hun jock who managed to land safely with both ailerons up.	Mick Greene/ I-13
Highest altitude reached in a Hun not participating in official high altitude testing = 57,000'.	R.G. Head/ I-23
Highest altitude reached in the Hun = 73,000 feet.	George Demers/ I-13
Highest recorded G pulled in a Hun (without a malfunction) = 8.5.	Ed "Hawk" Wells/ I-22
Highest recorded positive and negative Gs pulled in a HUN on the same flight (with a control system malfunction) = +10, -4.	Vern Nordman/ I-32
Closest to the ground loop recovery = 5 feet.	Ron Catton/ I-10
Non-AB takeoff from the shortest runway = 6,000 feet.	John J. "J.J." Keller/ I-12
Last Hun flight with Buddy Refueling system.	Ron Barker/ I-10
Last official Hun combat mission in Laos = 06/25/71.	Harry Brown/ I-19
Last Hun pilot to land an F-100 in SEA = Late AUG 1971	Gary Silence/ I-38
Last pilot to fly a Hun into Korea (1 June 1969) and who flew the last Hun flown out of Korea (10 June 1969).	Allen Strasser, Jr./ I-39
Only Hun pilot(s) to land with two live napalm cans.	Bill Sauers & Hal Gabby/ I-10 & I-34
Only Hun pilot to jettison two SUU-21 dispensers from the centerline pylon through no fault of his own.	Jack Cousyn/ I-13
Only Hun pilots to nearly shoot themselves down while strafing = Tied.	Bob Hires/ I-11 & Bill McCollum/ I-13
Only Hun pilot to hit the dart target on the first live fire <i>trigger pull.</i>	Jerry de la Cruz/ I-37
First Hun landing from back seat at night = April 1962.	Gus Guenther/ I-12
First Hun pilot to deliver ordnance at night without flares: May 30, '65.	Ron Green/ I-17
First to fly a Hun through the UK Gliding Championship = 1968.	Dave Bockelman & Ron Green/ I-19
Only SSS Hun pilot to take-off on a VFR clearance in Zero/Zero weather conditions.	Ron Green/ I-35
Hottest temperature at takeoff with a clean F-100D = 140 F.	Ron Green/ I-26
Hun pilot with the shortest time in South Vietnam before having to eject from his crippled F-100 = 4 days.	Bill Barreire/ I-30
Only Hun pilot shot down in his home base traffic pattern.	Darrell Couch/ I-14
Only F-100 pilot to be shot down on his birthday (19 January 1970).	Lynn Farnsworth/ I-37
Shortest time between F-100 combat shoot downs = 2m.	Lynn Farnsworth/ I-37
Only Hun jock to take small arms hits to the body while airborne and recover his Hun safely.	Pete Noebel/ I-13 & reworded in I-14
Most Hun sorties flown sustaining battle damage = 107.	John J. Schulz/ I-23
Most combat sorties in the Hun by a non-rated officer = 17.	Darrell Jones/ I-13
Flew the most combat sorties in <i>different</i> Hun air frames (counted by tail numbers and all three models) for one PCS tour from the same airbase = 54	Glenn Ramsdale/ I-39

SYC Scoreboard as of Spring 2019 Issue

Member of the last F-100 Operation Rolling Thunder mission in North Vietnam on 1 November 1968.	Ed Haerter/I-39
Only F-100 pilot to fly combat missions without any formal F-100 CCTS/RTU gunnery training.	Pete Biddle/I-37
Member of the only F-100 combat mission to deliver ordnance on its own air base = Bien Hoa, Tet, 31 January 1968.	Fred Abrams/I-24
Lowest number of Night OWL combat IP checkout rides = one.	Al Bartels/I-34
Odd Claims: Only turtle to fly supersonic in the Hun = “Sputnik.”	Bob Thorpe, Pilot/I-5
Only pilot to fly the Hun with a snake in his helmet.	Jim Lapine/I-9
Only Hun pilot to refuel towing a dart.	Keith Clay/I-10
At least one take-off and landing in the most countries = 17.	Skip Cornelison/I-11
Only pilot to napalm his own Hun with POTUS as witness.	Fred Dent/I-11
Only F-100 pilot to have made engine mounts for the F-100/J57 BEFORE becoming a Hun driver.	Alex Sapyta/I-25

Dumb Things Done in a Hun (DTDH) Roundup

Description of Dumb Thing	Confessor/Reported In
Nearly busted his butt while near-level strafing a worthless hooch in mountainous terrain.	Rusty Gideon/I-23
Most out-of-limits gear extension = Over 450 KIAS & 4 Gs.	Tom Clark/I-23
Totally planned and premeditated violation of standing drag chute usage guidance, and getting caught at it!	Rod Beckett/I-24
Not one, but two roof-top-level passes (the second with AB) disturbing a friendly village in an allied country.	Don Volz/I-24
Failed Preflight 101. Didn't notice the refueling probe was missing.	Chet Parham/I-26
A DTDH with a loose camera that almost cost us an innocent Hun.	Medley Gatewood/I-26
Attempting complex acrobatics with an ugly, asymmetric load.	Larry Van Pelt/I-27
Inaccurate scramble strap-in almost got me killed!	Jim Pollak/I-27
Risking a Hun, and life and/or limb against a worthless target.	Ron Green/I-28
Another “Camera in the Cockpit” override of good judgement.	R. Y. Costain/I-29
Invented the “Cotton Patch Initiation Ritual,” a fatal accident just waiting to happen.	Unnamed, by Tad Derrick/I-29
Willingly performed a common maintenance practice that was later declared too dangerous and abolished.	John Gill/I-29
Risking a Hun, and <i>two</i> lives and/or limbs against a target of questionable value using tactics with little to zero margin for error.	Ron Green/I-31
Full afterburner barrier engagement! Light Hun weight, slick runway, unexpected acceleration trumped the original plan.	Davy Sanderson/I-31
Explored near-outer space without near-outer space PE gear!	Ray Kleber/I-39



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

Robert C. Crim
December 1, 2015

John B. Murphy
August 11, 2016

Ray G. “Hoss” Thompson
February 18, 2017

William V. Keenan, Jr.
April 18 2017

Robert D. Reichart
October 9, 2017

Vincent Paul Bakies
April 12, 2018

Charles Brumfield Gulley
July 12, 2018

Lew Daugherty
October 16, 2018

Robert Dundas
November 4, 2018

Tom “Fuzzy” Fussell
November 7, 2018

Kenneth E. Staten
November 7, 2018

Norman “Norm” Schaap
November 9, 2018

Gordon “Gordy” Williams
November 22, 2018

Darrel B. Couch
December 4, 2018

Clifton A. Birchman
December 13, 2018

John “Jack” Drittler
January 11, 2019

Robert A. Hanson
January 18, 2019

Donald G. Miller
January 18, 2019

Eugene C. “Butcan” Buttyan
January 21, 2019

Murphy Neal Jones
January 31, 2019

“Charlie” J. Stamschor
February 14, 2019

Richard Ronald “Dick” Sharpe
February 19, 2019

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7th Biennial Reunion 2019 — Late Breaking Info and Tips

The 7th Super Sabre Society reunion will be here soon. In Geezer years, it is right around the corner, May 15-19, 2019. Headquarters will be at the Historic Menger Hotel in San Antonio near the Alamo Plaza. There are some great events planned for those who want to tour the area. If you just want to socialize, there will be a room set aside where you can be comfortable doing just that. It will have a bar nearby if you get thirsty. The hotel's room reservation website and the Military Reunion Planners (MRP) website (for reunion registration and event selection and payments) are accessible via separate links on our own website's front page at www.SuperSabreSociety.com.

There are two special *ad hoc* events that are private for Super Sabre Society members and guests. There are still a few seats left in the front seat of a PT-17 Stearman Bi-Wing, open cockpit World War II trainer. The rides will take place at Stinson Field. There're **FREE**, but we suggest a donation to the very worthwhile project called Ageless Aviation that provides airplane rides to Vets in assisted living facilities around the country. To sign up for a ride, email Leo Mansuetti at LEOCEOSSS@gmail.com. It is first come, first served.

The second event takes place in the very private Air Legend Hangars of Rod Lewis, located at the San Antonio Airport. You will see many of the most meticulously rebuilt, mostly World War Two aircraft that can be found anywhere. All are flyable. For example, the P-38 Glacier Girl, which was recovered from under 268 feet of ice in Greenland, where it made a forced landing on a Ferry Flight to England for the war. The event is **FREE**, except for the cost of transportation to and from the airport.

You can learn more about these exciting events on the Super Sabre Society website.

Looking forward to seeing you in San Antonio. Leo Mansuetti, SSS CEO

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 — Update on Quintessential Fund Raiser for FSS

Ref. this project we plugged in Issue 38. The plan and hopes for this 2nd quilt project got off to a good start, thanks to a solid response (so far) in initial ticket sales, possibly by "players" who loved and participated in the first FSS quilt raffle draw at Reunion 2011. So, please keep the ticket-sales ball rolling right on as we approach Reunion 2019, May 15 - 19; and yes, there will be tickets for sale at the reunion, right up to the Saturday evening banquet! Goal? Top the \$10,000 raised in 2011 to \$ 15,000! Raffle refresher details below:

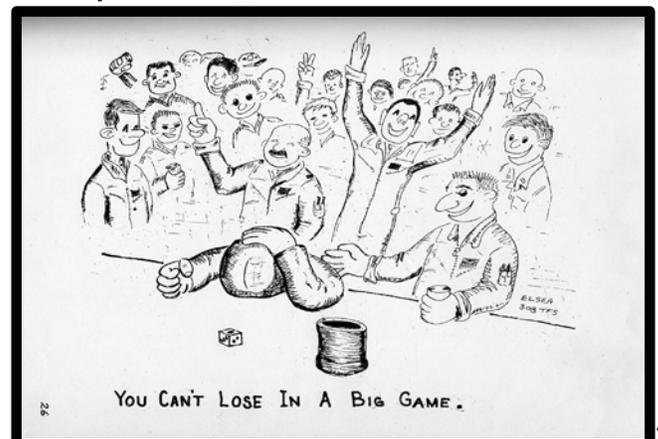
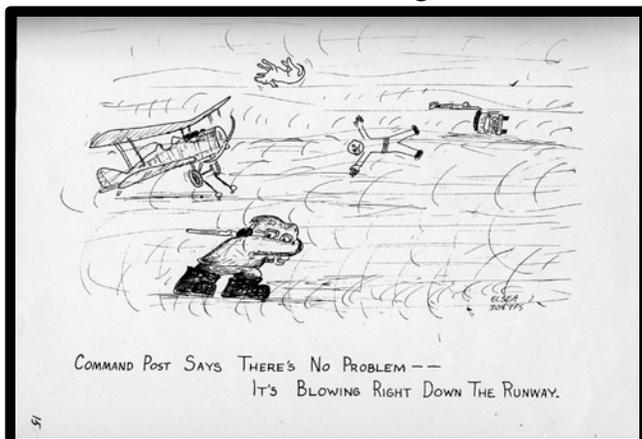
Winner (need not be present) will be drawn at the reunion banquet. Tickets are \$2 apiece, six for \$10, etc. GET YOURS TODAY and sleep cozy, come the next winter. Scores of SSSers and other folks have participated already, but we need many scores more for "the cause." And this time, anyone can play, not just SSS or FSS members; tell friends and neighbors about this ongoing effort! (Tickets would make fine presents for any special occasion: Birthdays, Vernal Equinox, Easter, Mayday, What Have You, etc.)

Ticket Sales Before or at Reunion: 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. Prior to Reunion, mail to Pam Dunham at 320 Cherokee Trail, 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. The FSS is not-for-profit, so your raffle dollars may be tax deductible (see your tax advisor). We hope this year's raffle participation is HUGE, to enable the FSS and SSS dreams and plans for the *F-100 Super Sabre Memorial Exhibit (SSME)* at MAPS to continue. Raffle or SSME questions to FSS Director Pam Dunham pameladunham320@gmail.com or (512) 632-9746. ▣



Every dime from the beautiful new quilt project supports the SSME at MAPS See page 14.

"BEST" of SSSer and Artist George Elsea's Pen & Ink Tales of the "Tuy Hoa Ace" @ I-18: The Book Is Priceless!



THE SUPER SABRE MEMORIAL EXHIBIT AT THE MAPS AIR MUSEUM

By Mike Dean (Friends of the Super Sabre’s Chief Operating Officer) and Past SSS Pres. Don Shepperd

The mission of the Super Sabre Society is to “preserve the history of the F-100 Super Sabre and the men who flew the aircraft.” We intend to accomplish that mission in several ways: Our journal, *The Intake*, gathers our stories; our website records our bios, provides current event news and notices of those flown west; our “Wall of Honor” airfoil and the Smithsonian’s aircraft 440 display at their Udvar-Hazy Museum provide public access to our names in history; new efforts such as the Nellis Rock Monument Project add to preserving our legacies. Now there is a NEW ADDITION on the horizon: THE MILITARY AVIATION PRESERVATION SOCIETY (MAPS) AIR MUSEUM’s SUPER SABRE MEMORIAL EXHIBIT (SSME).

The MAPS Air Museum is located on the Akron-Canton Airport in northeast Ohio. It is a first-class air museum, rapidly becoming a destination for those interested in aviation history. We have selected MAPS as the “museum of choice” to display the collected history of the Super Sabre Society and its members. Although many museums collect memorabilia, few will dedicate considerable space to a specific aircraft. MAPS has decided to do just that. In addition to the F-100 on public display that includes cockpit access (on special request), our histories and personal memorabilia will be displayed in the SSME in a large 29’X24’ room also containing displays showing the significant events and accomplishments of the HUN and its crews during its 45-year history serving our country.

The “Friends of the Super Sabre” (FSS at <https://friendsofthesupersabre.org/>), the organization that will carry our legacy and manage our website after we are all gone, donated \$10,000 to begin the SSME project. From excess funds donated to the Nellis Rock Monument Project, we matched that donation and construction is underway with the exhibits expected to be open in 2020.

The exhibits will comprise about 20 individual vignettes depicting significant events in the history of the HUN, the WHO - WHAT - WHEN - WHERE- WHY - and - HOW *we did it*. Each display will include a full narrative of the given event to include photos, artifacts and memorabilia. The vignette titles (suggestions?) will include but are not limited to:

North American Aviation development and flight testing	The F-100 Wild Weasels
Challenges with the early F-100As	Hun CAS in Vietnam
Rollout to TAC fighter wings	Misty – F-100 Fast FACs
The early TDY and deployment years	Tet ‘68
Nuclear alert – the Cold War	Guard squadrons in Vietnam
“Slick Chicks” – the RF-100A over the Soviet Union/China	The Crew Chiefs, Specialists and Loaders
ZEL – Zero launch	Hun POWs
Hun Thunderbirds	The Guard receives HUNs
The Cuban Missile Crisis	QF-100s – the past helps the future by becoming targets
Deployments to SEA	Notable Flyers
The only F-100 MiG engagements	Proudly still flying – flights in Dean Cutshall’s F-100

The curator staff at MAPS will create each vignette in the exclusive SSME room located on the second floor of the museum (which has elevator access). When completed, this will be the ONLY “EXCLUSIVE” exhibit dedicated entirely to the F-100 Super Sabre.

Your participation in this project is of critical importance. This is your personal story, FIRST PERSON STORIES! We will collect stories and memorabilia in an organized fashion. First, we will finalize planning for the vignettes. Then, we will ask for your help in the following ways:

- #1 If you participated in any of these designated events, we need your story.
- #2 If you have specific knowledge but did not participate in the event, we still need your story.
- #3 If you know of an individual who is not active in the HUN community but participated in an event, we seek your assistance in locating that individual.
- #4 We will be requesting photos, artifacts and memorabilia that are specific to the vignettes from those who participated or have firsthand knowledge. We are not attempting to assemble a huge collection of random memorabilia, rather we are specifically looking for information and/or memorabilia relating to the selected vignettes.

IMPORTANT NOTE: “YOUR PHYSICAL DONATIONS, OPTION A or B”

A) Memorabilia donated to MAPS becomes the property of the MAPS AIR MUSEUM for display in the Super Sabre Memorial Exhibit.

B) Memorabilia designated as “ON LOAN” are transferred to the MAPS Air Museum with the restriction of ultimate disposition being at “the discretion of the LENDER.” If you or a family member requests a return at a later date, it will be honored.

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 two pairs of similar images for this issue. Enjoy! **Ed.**



SSS Photog *extraordinaire* Tom Clark finally got his Hun ride with Dean Cutshall last fall (starting with salutes to the ground crew *extraordinaire* [Paul Swick and Jim “Prez” Prezbindowski] at taxi time) with great *expectations*. Here’s his caption for one of the en route pleasures he enjoyed on the flight (R): “The world looks so much better when viewed through the top of an F100 canopy!”



As usual, Tom managed to bring home tons of super pics, “Most by my son, Danny, who flew in the front seat of the photo chase.” Click on URL given below for pix gallery. @ tinyurl.com/Flying-the-Hun. Here’s what Pub Med had to say about the gallery, “Another triumph of a photo article, needing no words. Several out-takes will go down in SSS history alongside your ‘From the NMUSAF Balcony’ portrait from the Dayton Reunion!”



Our *Hun License Plate Collection* stalled out some time ago at 12. Recently, we picked up a couple of plates that are close enough to go into our license plate collection. A trouble with this first one is that we saved the picture when it came in a few weeks ago, but darned if we can find the email that would tell us who sent it and the story behind “the plate.” Help! Let us know the **WHO**, and we’ll give him full and proper credit!

If the WHO is a member of the 20th Wing Assoc., he should donate it to that organization at their next reunion.



This semi-license plate came in from Shep on 2/5/2019. He **reports** on its heritage: “Our USAFA class of 1962 (fourth graduating class from the Academy) was known as ‘The Original Red Tag Bastards’ - our class color was red, also the color of our ID nametags and bathrobes. One of our classmates and an SSS member, Art Farrington, had this plate made for his car.” – *Shep SSSer* and “the” artist, Keith Ferris, will be mighty proud of this unexpected “app” (application to us pre-digital geezers)! ■

EPITAPH: “MY WAR”

When you come upon the place
where, after so many “sales” nearly made,
I finally “bought the farm” at last,
and now am laid...
Warrior, Poet, Scholar and much more...
the thing that even now
I must explain is still...
My War.

For all that time we fought
and killed, and grieved,

and found out soon or later
that we had been deceived,
It did not make less true
our sacrifice, or courage or great skill;
Somehow the thought is lost (and long has been, I fear):
The simple answer to “What are we doing here?”
was given long ago, and by another:
“Amen I say to you that greater love hath no man,
than that he’ll lay down his life for his brother.”

— John J. Schulz, Cape Charles VA, 1999
“Songs From A Distant Cockpit,” p. 166

Current Events: Two SSS-related Hun Lovers Cross Paths at an Unlikely Event

For SSS Intake readers who know little about the government program at the core of this story **from SSSer Bill “Doc” Barry**, here’s a short tutorial that you need to read to fully appreciate his reporting.

“Founded in 1964 by Lyndon B. Johnson, the **White House Fellows** program is one of America’s most prestigious programs for leadership and public service. White House Fellowships offer exceptional young men and women first-hand experience working at the highest levels of the federal government. Selected individuals typically spend a year working as a full-time, paid Fellow to senior White House Staff, Cabinet Secretaries and other top-ranking government officials. Fellows also participate in an education program consisting of roundtable discussions with leaders from the private and public sectors, and trips to study U.S. policy in action both domestically and internationally. Fellowships are awarded on a strictly non-partisan basis.” A natural outgrowth of this program is The White House Fellows Foundation and Association (WHFFA). In short, these Fellows are the *crème de la crème* of America’s future potential leaders! Now to Barry’s piece.

What are the odds that two Hun lovers who’d never formally met before would “run into each other” at the 53rd Annual Leadership Conference of the WHFFA in Washington, D.C. this past October? I’d say that the famous adage “slim to none” would just about cover that question. Yet, at a late afternoon wreath-laying ceremony at the Vietnam War Memorial that kicked off the conference on 24 Oct. 2018, this coincident really did happen ... despite those odds! Here’s the gist of that encounter.

[Note: This WHFFA ceremony was part of the 13-year “Commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of the Vietnam War” authorized by public law in 2008 and beginning in 2012. It was an optional conference event without which this coincidental meeting most probably would never have occurred! **Ed.**]

At the end of the formal wreath-laying ceremony, the WHFFA alumni, their families, and other participants gathered around the wreath at the center of the Memorial. While congratulations and thanks for their service were being rendered to the attending Vietnam War Veterans, SSSer Dr. Barry was approached by a lovely young woman. The usual questions were “what military Service were you in?” and in the case of Air Force veterans—“what did you fly?” etc. Well, this led to some remarkable coincidences. The lovely Lady turned out to be a retired ANG BG, Bobbi Doorenbos, a WHFFA member from the “Class of 2007-2008!”



Bobbi and Bill: Strangers in the night discover some unexpected connections.

So, there you have it, a couple of genuine “coinkydinks,” as RIP SSSer and Ace Intake storyteller Jack Doub would have put it! We’ve barely touched the importance of the White House Fellows program, and, while that’s a worthy topic, such a tutorial is beyond the scope of most Intake articles. However, for those in “the WHF know,” author Dr. Barry would like to mention that his WHF service was as a Special Assistant to the NASA Administrator, Dr. James Fletcher, during 1973-1974. And, BG Doorenbos served as a Fellow in 2007-2008 at the Department of Agriculture. Lastly: all this happened before Intake Issue 38 was published, so, during this October encounter, Barry didn’t have the benefit of reading the several “Bobbi” articles/mentions therein. **Ed.** ■



A few of the WHF (White House Fellows) program’s crème de la crème Vietnam War Vets with wreath.

After the preliminaries between two total strangers, Bobbi and Bill discovered that they had both flown F-100s, and, in fact, each had recently enjoyed a terrific flight with Dean “Cutter” Cutschall in his beautifully restored F-100F, 63948, at separate, SSS-arranged “fly-ins” at Ft. Wayne, IN. Bobbi went on to describe her early fascination with the F-100, citing some fond remembrances from when her father (ANG SSSer Rod Doorenbos) flew it. She said that the Hun had served as the initial stimulus for what turned out to be her long, productive and enjoyable ANG career. Although both Bill and Bobbi (as a guest) had attended the 2017 SSS Reunion in Las Vegas, their paths never crossed until this WHFFA conference—so this remarkable circumstance (beating the “slim to none” odds) was all the more appreciated by these two avid Hun lovers, both of whom are looking forward to meeting again at the San Antonio SSS reunion.



Bill Barry: What a career & still flying after 63 years!

Steve Amdor's F-100 Caterpillar Club Story

I had just joined the 494th TFS at Lakenheath, UK, after 500-plus hours of combat time at Phu Cat, SVN. I was on my first USAFE



Just Joined

deployment, sitting Victor Alert at Cigli AB, Izmir, Turkey. The date was 1 May 1969 – MAY DAY (How appropriate!) Carl Jefcoat and I were on a low-level training mission that went south over Ephesus then turned east along the southern coast of Turkey, north over Cleopatra's Baths and then back west to Cigli near Usak, Turkey.



Approaching Usak, I noticed an unfamiliar, consistent vibration. I asked "Jef" to look me over to see if I had a loose tail hook or split wing tank fin. Nothing abnormal, so we did a mil power acceleration check to see if there were any

differences in power. Checks were good and the vibration seemed to diminish, so we headed to the target (an abandoned airfield) and made a few simulated bombing passes. A quick fuel check indicated that we could continue back to Izmir at low level. I had just descended back to 300 feet AGL, pushing the power up to maintain 420 KTAS, when the motor just quit. I said: "Jef, I think I just flamed out!" He said, "No SHIT!" as he blew by. I immediately started trading altitude for airspeed and jettisoned all of the external stores. Next came the air start procedures – throttle idle, emergency fuel, air start switch – on. When I peaked out around 3,000 feet AGL, I established a 220 KIAS glide while waiting for the engine to light. Nothing was happening, so I stop-cocked the throttle, counted to 10, and returned it to the idle position. The EGT started up along with the RPM. *SHIT HOT* – this is looking good! I was trying to be patient with the throttle since I was in Emergency Fuel mode; however there was a ridge line coming up that I needed to clear. Matching RPM and EGT, I kept squeezing out more thrust. Meanwhile Jef is calling out altitudes. As I was going through 1,000 feet AGL and the RPM just above idle, the engine flamed out again, and Jef told me I had raw fuel coming out the back end.

As I was telling Jef that I was getting out, I was already raising the ejection handle with my right hand. I dropped my left hand down on the left handle, slapped my head back and squeezed the triggers. I was around 600 – 800 feet AGL. The initial portion of the ejection sequence was perceived in slow motion. I watch the glare shield slowly slide away below me, the 781 and low level maps seemed to just float along with me as I came up the rails away from the airplane. As the seat started to tilt backward, the butt-snapper fired, kicking me out of the seat. As it did, I was pitched head down and lost the horizon. It looked like the ground was very close, so I put out my arms – like that was going to do any good. My senses must have been very acute, because I heard the chute unraveling from my back pack. Good chute! I reached down and released the survival kit and then started assessing a place to land as the plane impacted the ground in a spectacular display of fireworks.

I saw a man plowing with a horse, and being a farm boy from Illinois, I "ripped four (four line cut)" and tried to steer toward the farmer. I quickly discovered that the wind was strong (estimated at 20+ knots). I gave up on picking my landing spot and got into the pre-PLF position. The chute immediately aligned with the wind. I went over a ridgeline and down the back side facing forward. I hit hard, then went ass over tea kettle, bounding down the mountain. I ended up on my back with my feet propped up against a scrub tree. I knew there was something that I needed to do urgently but couldn't think of it. Finally, it dawned on me that I could be dragged to death by the wind. I quickly unclipped the harness releases and then took another five minutes to extricate myself from the parachute. As I bounded down the mountain, I had wound myself up in the shroud lines and canopy. First business was to get the radio out of the survival kit, call Jef, who was orbiting above, and find out when I was going to be picked up.



Just Joined

Jef was talking to another F-100 overhead Cigli. Jef didn't have good news. I was out of range of the HH-43 Kaman Husky and there were no roads near me. The closest helicopters with sufficient range were at Wheelus and they would take several days to get there. They suggested that I continue down the mountain and wait in the valley below. Meanwhile a farmer came running down the mountain yelling "Allah, Allah." His eyes were wide and he was pointing to the sky. I wasn't sure what to do. I had a hunting knife on the back of my G-suit, but instead stuck out my hand and said: "Me Americano." He smiled shaking his head. I threw the chute and survival kit in the deployed raft. The Turk was puzzled that I had a raft in the middle of Turkey, but he helped me carry the raft down to the valley to a rock-walled sheep/goat corral. Soon a number of other Turks started arriving, some with articles from the cockpit – 781, maps, even the canopy. One arriving

farmer was mad as hell, waving his arms and shaking his fists at me. Apparently, the plane landed on his property. I found out later that the airplane had bounded over an artesian well after impact, but no one was injured.

With evening approaching, a T-29 was sent out from Cigli to boost my morale. I was informed that they were working the problem but no pick up today. So I settled in, smoked a few Turkish cigarettes – they were really strong with no filters! The Turks brought in a goat, killed it, put it on a spit and roasted it. We also had warm goat’s milk to drink. The legend was that if you bailed out in Turkey and spent the night, you would be offered the virgin of the village. Thankfully, that legend proved to be false – I didn’t see any attractive Turkish women in this camp. I dozed off and on throughout the night. At first light, one of the Turks pointed to the south and mouthed “WAP! WAP! WAP!” I grabbed the radio and vectored the HH-43 to the coral.



Innovative Husky crew to the rescue!

Slung under the HH-43 in a cargo net were three 50-gallon barrels. The rescue guys had been innovative. They went to the wharf in Izmir, purchased the net, filled the barrels with JP-4, dropped them in the corral, then landed beside them. Using a rotary hand pump, we transferred the 150 gals of fuel into the HH-43 – adequate to return to the Izmir. We left the empty barrels behind and flew back to Cigli AB.

Epilogue: The vibration was due to the N-2 stator collar failing and compressor blades from one section were grinding against another. Eventually, the blades were distorted sufficiently to interrupt air flow, particularly at high RPM settings. This was the first of several engine failures due to this problem. ■

A “Teaser” for advanced Hun inner workings and hidden mechanism lovers!

From the Bowels of the Dash-1: The Dreaded “Gradient Shift Changer”

George Goodall

This is one of two stories George recently submitted to Medley and JJ as a “teaser” for folks who enjoy exploring the details about the various “systems” that make our Super Sabre tick. In this case, the item in question is probably not well known by many Hun drivers because it only comes into play near or past Mach 1. George encountered this bit of hardware while flying tests as a Systems Command puke stationed at Kirtland AFB for several years. Heavy stuff. Ed.

I was stationed at ABQ for several years in the early ‘70s flying the F-100. I was in Systems Command. One of our missions was to support testing activities at White Sands Missile Range (WSMR). One mission in particular was to support calibration of the WSMR radars. Someone was shooting Athena rockets from Green River, Utah, into WSMR (testing ballistic missile reentry nose cones, I think). Our job was to drop calibrated aluminum spheres over the range just prior to the Athena firings. The Range wanted them dropped from as high as possible. We did this about 2 o'clock in the morning (late Friday/Sat). Anyway, we flew over the range at 50,000' and dropped the spheres on command. We were clean except for the sphere dispenser. So here I am at 50,000', trying to keep 300 kts. That made me transonic and the stick *starts moving back and forth!*

Digging through the Dash-1 after landing, I discovered a feature of the F-100 called the Gradient Shift Changer (at least I think that was what it was called). Turns out that when the wings start going supersonic, aerodynamically the center of pressure on the wings makes a dramatic shift in position. The Hun was smart enough to figure that out and automatically moves the slab (and stick) to keep the beast in trim. As I moved in and out of supersonic, the gradient shift changer was being activated in and out. I suspect that this feature was activated by the Mach meter. I can't find my Dash-1 to verify this, but that's what I remember.

My speculation is that with tanks on, supersonic was usually only obtained with very rapidly changing altitude and too many things changing at the same time to notice the stick movements (at least by me).

My interest in this gismo is to see if any other Hun pilots remember this feature of the Hun and can verify my recollections. Perhaps you [Medley] or JJ still have a Dash-1. If you think this feature of the mighty Hun might be of interest to the readers, then please feel free to make this a filler article for *The Intake*. [Done!]

P.S. After my Calibrated Spheres Drop mission, I would go home, get my son up and we would lay out in the back yard and watch for the Athena. It would pass over ABQ just after apogee, and the third stage would fire up to boost their speed to ICBM entry speeds. One could see the thing moving in the night sky; the Rx would light up, rapidly accelerate and disappear to the south. Sincerely, George ■

Any Gradient Shift Changer experts out there, please get in touch with us and we'll set you up for a conversation with George—and a tutorial article here in The Intake. We have inquiring minds, and want to know the straight poop on this little known, but important system ... if you're doing much transonic business on purpose! — Ed.



George Goodall spent some time in Systems Command doing test work.

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!



Joseph "Joe" Ashy



Keith "Herb" Acheson



John "Walt" Harrison



Roger Nylin



Gary Olin



Ralph Robinson

RED ALERT – ALERT!! Although there's been a recent up-tick, we have **ONLY** about **24** "Hero Pictures" left in our dwindling supply (out of 2,450 total members since our founding –including Inactives & RIPs). We've now published 408. 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



Walt Hersman



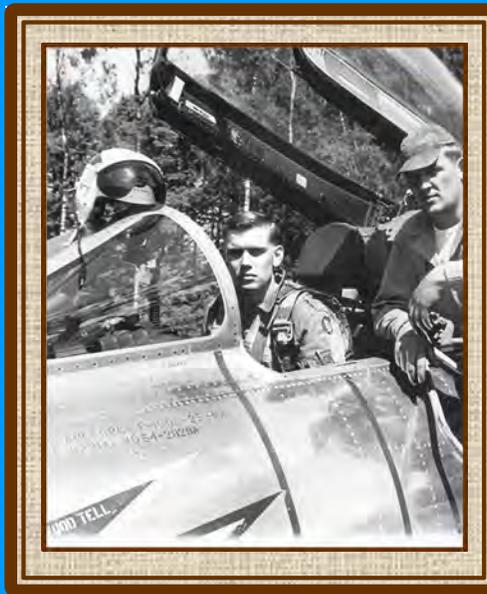
Les Long



Charlie Mason



Hank Stumpf



Durwood Tell



Larry Van Pelt

Review by John J. Schulz

Because I abandoned the "children's library" the summer following 3rd grade and started coming home with a bicycle basket full of thick tomes from "the upstairs" part of the library, it's rare now for me to say, "I couldn't put it down." But let it be so said for Vito's new book; it was utterly compelling.

His is a series of short stories from a very adventurous life—as a young enlisted Marine in Korea toward the end of that war—as a FAC and later a "Hun Driver" in Vietnam, his second war—close calls as an F-111 test pilot—and the critical role he played in smoothing bilateral relations with Libya just after Gaddafi took over that country in a military coup and ordered all Americans out. Those major segments of his career contained most, but not all, of his numerous "Close Calls," and yes indeed, "Other Neat Stories."

Put simply, the book title is no exaggeration. Besides the significant number of heartwarming stories, there are the many "close calls" that lots of us experienced during our times in the Hun and/or in combat.

But Vito's was not an ordinary or "standard issue" AF fighter pilot's career. A very important adventure came while he was an advisor to the young Libyan Air Force (just five years old and not very large) and also an IP for Libyan fighter pilots transitioning to the F-5s Libya had purchased from the U.S. That two year assignment with a large USAF Advisory Group spanned times before, during and after the Libyan coup by Muammar Gaddafi; and thanks to Vito, the eventual departure of U.S. forces was amicable. Vito had become good friends with a Libyan pilot, recently promoted Major Bashir Mekeshber, who, despite his rank, was the *de facto* commander of the Libyan Air Force.

There is much to the tale of that friendship, and the dangers "Bashir" faced after the coup (anyone in the Libyan military over the rank of captain was imprisoned and faced possible execution after that coup by lower-ranking officers). Bashir's contacts with Vito and subsequent adventures occupy several fascinating chapters.

Because of anti-American sentiments among a fair portion of the Libyan population after the coup, Vito realized the dangers to be expected in exiting Libya as ordered by then-Col. Gaddafi. So, Vito privately briefed the new Wheelus AB CO ("Chappie" James) on the merits of three staff-suggested options as to how best to leave the country hastily. Vito's recommendation would preserve bilateral relations and the potential to improve those relations in the not-distant-future. The other two choices, advocated by his angry fellow officers, would pretty much do the opposite. Col. James followed Vito's advice, and thus prevented a dangerous, chaotic exodus! That command decision was a "close call" of a different kind.

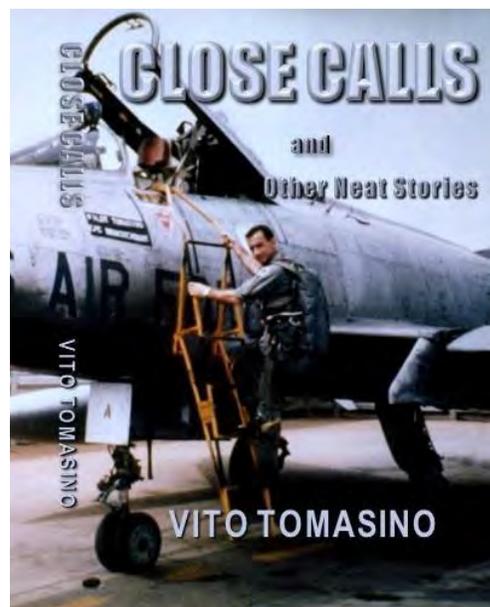
Vito also recounts in detail several other close calls that occurred while he was flying high performance jet fighters, including a flameout during his Hun checkout at Nellis in 1954. Another came years later, on a TDY in Turkey, where he put on an air show for villagers in the mountains, but found himself trapped in a narrow, steep valley and ended up making the tightest high-g turn of his life to reverse direction without hitting a mountainside. As we can all relate to, there were several "sporting events" in bad weather, flying through severe thunderstorms in formation, trying to land in extremely low visibility, low-cloud conditions, and/or with only gas fumes left in the tanks. All of these were "darn close calls."

Woven through a number of his stories, and a constant throughout his adult life, are thoughts and acknowledgements of the vital role played by his lovely wife Ezdy, the mother of their five children. Ezdy recognized the dangers, but shared his love of fighter flying, though not a pilot herself.

Once, right after takeoff on an FCF in an F-111 at McClellan AFB in CA (uniquely, Vito was a triple-qualified FCF pilot), an engine blew out just after takeoff, creating huge shrapnel holes in the plane. Nearby, Ezdy was watching as she did often, and was terrified—as were the tower people, the DCO, and the Wing Commander, who ordered her to leave the area. Naturally, she stayed. The CO got preoccupied, and the guys ordered to remove her "sorta forgot" to do that. Vito landed the badly crippled aircraft safely—another of his *very* "Close Calls."

These close call examples are just brief summaries of a few of the many stories of danger, war and adventure that Vito recaptures in vivid, riveting prose. Indeed, the adventures and interesting (sometimes very heartwarming) stories of his life and times "keep coming," and in the process will provide immense and continuing pleasure to readers. ■

"Close Calls" will be published on March 1st. It will be available on all the on-line book stores, most notably Barnes and Noble and Amazon. For details on how to get the book, and to get further details about the book itself, go to www.kracek.com. You'll be glad you did. — jjs



Cover of his new 34 -chapter book. Feb. 2019.



Ezdy, "The wind beneath his wings."

Forrest Fenn's Caterpillar Club Story

It was 1755L on December 20, 1968, when I floated down into the beautiful Laotian jungle near the DMZ. What a paradise! I had been leading a flight of four D-model F-100s out of Tuy Hoa on what was to be my last mission (number 327). Both my wingman and I had four CBU-34s and the other two had four M117s with instant fuses. Our mission was to mine the main trail at Tchepone, and we planned it for a late TOT to take advantage of the low sun.

My first pass was up the canyon, along the road and into the sun, 200' and 500 knots, hoping to surprise the guns we knew were there. It took about 10 seconds for the cluster bomblets to roll out of the canisters, so I was straight and level for a long time. I probably took hits on that pass. At the end of the run, I pulled up and came back out of the sun for the second pass, expending both inboard CBU-34s.

Toward the end of the run, I saw multiple muzzle blasts at 11 o'clock and level with me. I think they were holding a couple of ZPUs steady so I could fly through the bullets. My first indication of trouble was when the canopy shattered and thick pieces of plastic hit my body and scarred my visor. Both drop tanks had ugly 50 caliber holes, fuel was pouring out (we had just exited a tanker), and the engine started going through withdrawal. It kept chugging and trying, so I felt it didn't really want to quit. When it did, I knew my life was about to get exciting.



ZPU-2 14.5 MM

So I made a tight 270-degree turn to the right, heated the guns, and gave the NVA guys about 200 rounds of HEI. When I pulled up and looked back, they were still shooting.

“Nail 74” (the FAC, Lt. James Swisher), who was four miles away, said I was trailing smoke, so I turned 30 degrees and instructed my wingmen to hit my mark with all they had. Later intelligence reports said they got secondary explosions.

I left the target without a lot of things working for me except the red and yellow lights on the instrument panel. I extended the RAT and noted the airspeed – 385 knots.

Jagged pieces of the canopy were still hanging to the front frame, and that got my attention because I figured the ejection system might have been hit also, so I would have to crawl over the side. Although I wasn't ready to eject, I raised both armrests and the canopy frame blew off as advertised. I felt a little better.

The jungle was dense, but I still didn't want to go out until the last minute for fear of being shot on the way down, or at least to lessen the chances of someone seeing my chute. A 1,000-foot high karst appeared under my nose on the left, so I decided to punch out over it in hopes of landing on top, thinking the enemy wouldn't be up there. Besides that, it would be a good place for a chopper to pick me up.

I was still ready to go over the side as I ran through the checklist: gun film in my G suit, visor down, chin strap fastened, head back, boots in the stirrups, pull both triggers. So at about seven miles from the target, at 240 K and 1,500', I had a great rocket ride that took me up 150 feet or whatever.

The butt kicker worked, and I was in one of the greatest experiences of my life. All pilots should get to do that once a year instead of taking a stan/eval check.

The next thing was to pull the lanyard and drop the survival kit and dingy, so of course the damn lanyard wouldn't pull. I jerked it hard a couple of times and the handle came off in my hand. Go figure!

And worse, I missed the karst by a little, mostly because I couldn't remember which risers to pull that would fly me to a landing on top (I never was very good with math). As it happened, the wind blew me over, and while I don't remember my body hitting the bluff, the chute did, so it dragged for a while and then streamed. Now I was falling face down with mean looking rocks and trees approaching at flank speed.

With a big limb dead in my trajectory, I closed my eyes and wished I'd gone to church more, as my body bounced off of hard things for what seemed like an unfair length of time. Finally, all was quiet as I gently bounced up and down. My chute had caught on a low limb and when I opened my eyes I was hanging about 18" off the ground. I couldn't believe it!

Everything had happened so fast that I wanted to just sit there for a minute and soak it in. None of my body parts were giving me major pain (they would later that night), but I was bleeding from my nose and head. (That's the best way to get a Purple Heart.)





After a few minutes, I felt myself going into shock. Hot, clammy, apprehensive, shortness of breath, symptoms that I had learned at Snake School in the Philippines. So I climbed out of the harness, elevated my feet, closed my eyes and thought about sitting on the bank of the Lampasas River in Texas with a bobber in the water, catching 5" blue gills. It worked, and after maybe 30 minutes I was back to normal again.

By this time it was getting seriously dark, so I pulled the dingy about 50' into some dense undergrowth, leaned it over a log and climbed under. I could hear dogs barking, and that wasn't a good sign since the Pathet Lao didn't take prisoners.

It was just cool and damp enough to keep me awake most of the night, and when I did doze off, the flights of three hero B-52s from Guam woke me up by spacing out 324 five-hundred pounders all around me. I told them on guard channel to go play somewhere else, but they didn't respond. I think they were listening to Bing Crosby sing Silent Night on AFN radio.

At 0800 the next morning, here came Lt. Swisher again. He had to give up the night before because of darkness, but was up at 0200 and out again at first light. Don't you love a guy like that? Although I couldn't see him, I could hear his putt-putt. He responded to my call and asked me to pop smoke, which I was reluctant to do, so I moved over to the bottom of the karst where there were large rocks.

When I spotted his plane, I told him to start a left turn and stay in it until I said stop. "Now look down your wing at a large pile of rocks. That's me waving like a windmill."

That was fun until he told me to hang tight, that he'd be back later. Well, I remember thinking I'd just as soon he'd hang around for a while, but before I could tell him, he was gone.

So after about 30 minutes, there were so many aircraft in the sky it made me feel important. A Crown C-130 flying high and directing traffic, four Sandy prop jobs (one was Capt. James Jamerson, later a "four star") flying low to keep the enemy heads down, a flight of Huns making tight circles at high speed, and two determined looking Jolly Green Giants coming in fast. It was just like in the movies.

The low chopper (the "Candy Ann"), flown by Lt. Lance Eagan (U.S. Coast Guard), asked me to move away from the karst so he would have more rotor clearance, so I went into the trees again.

After confirming that I was alright, a heavy jungle penetrator came crashing down bringing a lot of limbs and foliage with it. It took 240' of cable, and I quickly unfolded two legs and strapped on. The ride up was slow enough for me to maneuver around some of the larger limbs, but I just crashed through the others because the cable was twisting and the chopper was moving.

It didn't help my morale any when I looked up and saw the hoist operator (M/Sgt. Maples) with his hand on the emergency cable cutter; the "Guillotine." But when I cleared the trees, he signaled the pilot, and we were up and away at flank speed.

When I got up to the door, the PJ, A1C Sully, jerked me in and yelled, "Quick, jump across the flak vests and get in the back." On the way to Nakhon Phnom and after high-fives all around, I took inventory. I had lost my pistol and gun camera film in the trees, but I had my head, my arms, my legs, and memories of a bunch of great guys who knew how to make things work. It beat the hell out of walking home.

And would you believe it? The co-pilot of the high Jolly was taking color pictures while they were pulling me up through the trees. As it turned out, I was the 1,500th air crewman to be rescued by the ARS in SEA and the 331st by that unit. (See *Daedalus Flyer*, Vol. IX, No. 3, September, 1969, for the chopper pilot's description and pictures of the rescue).

Because that mission was supposed to be my last, they had closed me out, so it took a call to Saigon to get one more. Who wants to be shot down on their last mission? The general said "OK, but keep him in-country." Two days later I walked through my front door in Lubbock, Texas. My lovely wife and two daughters were grinning. It was Christmas Eve!

Addendum: I had been shot up a few months earlier, flamed out, and dead-sticked a D-model into the short runway at Bien Thuey in the Delta. After touching down at 205 knots, my hook grabbed the approach end anchor chain so I pulled that thing the wrong way. They said I stopped in 250 feet! The leg straps on my chute were pulled so tight I thought for a while I had been placed into a different social stratum. I'd always rather be lucky than good. — **Forrest Fenn**

Forrest originally said this ejection was from a C-model, but it was actually a D-model. Our website version has been corrected, after confirming the error with author Fenn in person. — Ed. ■



Forrest on left with crew of the "Candy Ann" Jolly Green who rescued the downed Hun Driver.

a front-line force capable of quickly integrating and fighting alongside their active duty counterparts. However, the [then] recent *performance of these reserve components had been mixed, at best.*

The inauspicious performances of the Air Guard during the Korean conflict created distrust and disdain among their active duty counterparts. Although two Air National Guard (ANG) fighter wings were sent to the Far East and compiled excellent combat records, the vast majority of activated ANG fighter units lacked flying proficiency, had inadequate gunnery and unsatisfactory bombing proficiency, and had below average aircraft maintenance. The ANG's spotty record to date caused General Curtis LeMay to remark in the fall of 1959 that "weekend warriors were not much good to the Air Force." The performance of the ANG improved only marginally in the following years.

For example, in 1961 the Guard and Reserve, and in particular the Air National Guard, had been called upon to assist with the Berlin crisis. Indeed, between October 1961 and August 1962, nearly thirty-three percent of the Air Guard's strength was mobilized to help serve as a diplomatic counter-weight to Soviet efforts to eject the western powers from Berlin. However, their success was limited and the product of outstanding improvisation rather than sound reserve forces policy and planning.

Consequently, following the Berlin crisis the Department of Defense's (DoD) emphasis upon stronger conventional military forces under the flexible response strategy, and Secretary of Defense (SECDEF) Robert S. McNamara's determination to create a select force of immediately-deployable reserve units in support of that policy, provided the impetus for the transformation of the Air Guard. Additionally, the growing American involvement in Southeast Asia (SEA) had an important impact in that air guardsmen and reservists increasingly shouldered a growing share of the burden of routine Air Force operations.

However, Secretary McNamara's intensified emphasis upon reserve readiness was of foreshadowing importance to the Air Guard.



SECDEF ponders.

Frustrated by Congress in his attempts to reduce the size of the Army's reserve components and merge them into a single organization, McNamara directed the creation of a Selected Reserve Force within each of the armed forces. This force, which included nine tactical fighter groups from the Air Guard, would constitute America's strategic reserve while the bulk of the active duty establishment was preoccupied with SEA. The Department of Defense authorized Selected Reserve Force units to draw equipment on a high priority basis, recruit to wartime manpower levels, and perform additional paid training. It did not take long for this program, and the Air National Guard in particular, to be tested by real-world events.

In January of 1968, the seizure of the USS Pueblo by North Korea shocked the United States and put pressure on President Lyndon B. Johnson, who was already struggling to balance military commitments against inadequate resources and to hold together declining public support for the Vietnam War.

The administration had been under fire, from both the public and professional military advisors, for deciding not to mobilize reserve units, which were draft-exempt, to augment the initial American military buildup in Vietnam and rely, instead, on volunteers and draftees to fill the expanded ranks of the armed forces. Not only did this decision incense many Americans whose sons and husbands were being drafted to risk death in SEA, but also called into question the military utility of the reserves, the socio-economic biases of a mostly white, middle-class reserve force, and the political acceptability of reserve forces in general.

In late January, 1968, the Tet offensive in South Vietnam placed additional pressures on U.S. military resources, further exacerbating military requirements and domestic pressures. Faced with increased military pressures and unrelenting public ones, President Johnson, in order to "display American resolve" and minimize chances of armed conflict with the North Koreans, dispatched Air Force aircraft to South Korea and mobilized approximately 14,000 naval and air reservists. Included in these activated air reservists were eight tactical fighter groups whose units were participants in the SECDEF initiated Selected Reserve Force program, called "Beef Broth" in the Air Force (and later "Combat Beef").

Out of these eight activated tactical fighter groups, the SECDEF alerted four Air Guard F-100C fighter squadrons in late April, 1968, for deployment to South Vietnam. Each squadron deployed to South Vietnam and spent approximately one year valiantly fighting and dying alongside their active duty counterparts. These units were Denver's 120th Tactical Fighter Squadron (TFS), Sioux City's 174th TFS, Albuquerque's 188th TFS, and Niagara Falls' 136th TFS. In addition, the 355th TFS, an active Air Force unit deployed to South Vietnam, was approximately 75 percent manned by air guardsmen from mid-1968 to mid-1969 and contributed mightily, and professionally, to the war effort.

Collectively, these Air Guard units flew approximately 30,000 combat sorties and 50,000 combat hours in SEA. Upon first glance, these milestones are significant in themselves. Upon further examination of their service in SEA, one consistently finds countless records of achievement, pride, and heroism in the face of grave danger and thankless work. While few have ever heard of the Air Guard's participation in combat operations in Vietnam, fewer still know of their sacrifices, accomplishments, and heroic deeds. *While not a complete record*, what follows is a brief, historical account of these forgotten heroes' legacy of bravery and professionalism.

“COLORADO COUGARS”

The 120th Tactical Fighter Squadron, an F-100C fighter squadron based at Buckley ANG Base, Colorado, was the first ANG unit called to active duty in January, 1968.” The “Colorado Cougars” were well prepared, as they had gained valuable experience with regular Air Force units by participating in Exercise Deep Furrow. Deep Furrow was a six-day North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) exercise in Turkey in October, 1967, in which twelve Colorado ANG F-100 aircraft and 125 men participated. Deep Furrow was the first such NATO exercise to utilize an Air National Guard unit.



120th TFS Cougars

At this time, the 120th was well known for its readiness and capabilities. In November, 1967, the 120th was awarded the “Most Operational Readiness” plaque by the Air National Guard Association. Additionally, in February, 1968, the Commander of Tactical Air Command (TAC) presented the Air Force Outstanding Unit Award (AFOUA) to the parent organization of the 120th TFS, the 140th TFG, for “meritorious service as an increased readiness unit.” To many, it was no surprise that the 120th TFS would be the first ANG fighter unit to be called to Vietnam.

The 120th TFS began its deployment to Vietnam, from Buckley ANG base, on April 28th, 1968. Led by squadron commander Robert C. Cherry, twenty F-100Cs arrived at Phan Rang AB, Republic of Vietnam (RVN) on May 3rd, with the remainder of the support personnel and material following close behind. The aircraft and personnel were then assigned to the 35th Tactical Fighter Wing (TFW), which included three active duty (AD) F-100D/F fighter squadrons, one B-57 tactical bomber squadron, one RAAF Mk-20 bomber squadron, and various other operational and support units. In all, 31 officers and 365 enlisted men were involved in the deployment. Of this total, approximately 29 officers and 125 enlisted men remained with the squadron. The others augmented various units within the 35th TFW.



35th TFW - Phan Rang

The pilots began orientation flights on May 8th and all of the aircrews were checked out and ready to fly combat missions within two weeks. As an indicator of their readiness, the 120th deployed with 100 percent of its unit operationally ready and with 100 percent of the pilots flight leader qualified. Additionally, 33 percent of the pilots were qualified as instructors. The pilots of the 120th integrated with host active duty fighter wing operations immediately and by the end of June already had over 70 confirmed

enemies Killed by Air (KBA) and over 900 bunkers and 40 sampans destroyed. As remarked by a 120th flight commander a short time later, “...it’s not bad for a bunch of civilians, but you ain’t seen nothing yet!”

Indeed, the 120th became well known throughout II, III and IV Corps (and Laos) and letters of commendation from Forward Air Controllers (FACs) began to arrive, praising them for their accuracy and professional skills. Normally, the 120th TFS was tasked with flying missions such as Direct Air Support, Close Air Support (CAS), Trail Dust (air cover for defoliation missions), Bookie Escort (air cover for transport aircraft on re-supply missions), Landing Zone preparation (suppression of enemy during landing of ground troops), and Landing Zone construction (blowing down trees for helicopter landings). Additionally, the 120th was tasked with providing aircraft and pilots to sit 24 hour alert, primarily to assist Troops-in-Contact (TIC) situations.

The 120th TFS’s pilots faced danger on a daily basis. Indeed, in some of the first months of the deployment twenty 120th TFS aircraft received battle damage. For example, on December 29th, 1968, the unit lost an F-100C to hostile ground fire. The pilot, Captain Joe O’Neill, ejected safely and was recovered unhurt by an Army helicopter of the 64th Advanced Team, MACV. Subsequently, other such encounters followed, not all of them ending happily.

On 27 March, 1969, the 120th TFS lost an F-100C while on a strafing pass in the vicinity of Song Be Mountain. The aircraft was on its second strafing pass when it was hit by enemy ground fire, causing a premature napalm bomb explosion. The pilot, Major Clyde Seiler, was killed. Considering that the 120th TFS was within weeks of returning home at that time, the unit’s only pilot loss was especially heartbreaking.

Nonetheless, while the pilots were flying into harm’s way, it was often just as dangerous on the ground. This was obvious as some of the first “awards” given to the 120th TFS were Purple Hearts awarded to 120th TFS enlisted members for wounds sustained in mortar attacks on the base. Indeed, during the 120th’s tour at Phan Rang the enemy subjected the base to 15 separate attacks, with close to 400 rounds of enemy mortars and rockets impacting the base. As one 120th report noted, “There are no rear echelons in this war.”

Like the dangers that they shared with the enlisted members, the pilots were not the only personnel of the 120th to shine. The 120th, arguably, had the best maintenance unit of the entire 35th TFW. For example, during the 120th’s tour of duty they maintained an Operational Rate of over 86 percent (USAF standard was 71 percent) and an abort rate of 0.5 percent (7th AF standard was 3 percent). Even more, the 120th set the wing record of seven days without a dud weapon or an unfulfilled sortie request from the wing. Individually, the squadron

received laurels such as one of the weapons load crews from the 120th was selected as the 35th TFW outstanding load crew for August, 1968, and in January, 1969, one of its crew chiefs was the 35th TFW crew chief of the month.

The men of the Colorado ANG had truly racked up an outstanding list of accomplishments and awards before their return home in April, 1969. The 120th was credited with over 750 confirmed KBAs, and 4500 bunkers and 350 sampans destroyed. Additionally, the 120th, to include its enlisted members, were recognized with numerous awards such as Distinguished Flying Crosses, Air Medals, Bronze Star Medals with Combat Vs, and Purple Hearts.

Thus ends Part 1 of our three-part series that was Major Speed's ACSC's homework—which was mostly all serious business. So, we'll leave you with a bit of humor about the 120th Cougars, taken from Allen Strasser's version of Major Speed's coverage of the "Forgotten Heroes." Said Allen, "I delivered an F-100C to the Denver Guard to serve as a ground spare in April, 1968. After landing, I looked at the Denver ANG aircraft, all lined up for departure the next day, and chuckled when I read the motto on their aircraft, 'Peace is our Profession, War is our Hobby!' The airmen, soldiers and citizens of the West were no shrinking violets when it came to supporting our nation, which was then engaged in the Vietnam War!"

To be continued in Issue 40.

More KB-50J Refueling Recollections

By George Goodall

"Medley: I believe we met in ABQ at a 613th reunion some years ago." Thus did George open his submission of this short story. He was right, the reunion was in September of 2009 at the then-Albuquerque Hotel, and I was the guest speaker for the "Squids." I don't recall much talk about KB-50s, but there was plenty of talk about other Hun days of yore. Good time! In his text here, George wonders if there are other articles about refueling in the Hun. I assure him and readers there are plenty out there, but it's always a joy to hear "how we did it back then," Take it away, George! — Pub Med

While reading my latest copy of *The Intake*, I started musing about my air-to-air refueling experience. No particular connection. Perhaps there is an article somewhere about air-to-air-refueling in the F-100. Personally, I did three Atlantic crossings using the KC-135. However, I started air-to-air refueling from the KB-50J while at Luke, then doing a local checkout on the KC-135 at England AFB. Research says that the KB-50J was retired in 1965, so perhaps there are a number of readers who might not have experienced the KB-50J.

It was a B-29 air frame with four upgraded prop engines plus jet engines near the wing tips. There were three air refueling stations; one close to each wing tip plus one on the tail. The conventional wisdom was that the tail hose wasn't used unless it was an emergency, because it was very turbulent. The tanker prepared for refueling by reeling out some 50 ft. of hose on each basket and pushed up to 210 KIAS. At around 20,000 ft., we configured to roughly half flaps. Since the F-100 only had full flap position, the flap circuit breaker was configured with a little loop of safety wire. You reached around by your left shoulder, pulled the CB out, then put the flap handle down. Then you reached around to the CB again, pushed it in, counted for two seconds, and pulled it back out. Hooking up was a challenge. As you approached the basket, the airflow around the nose would make the basket jump. The trick was to aim for about 2 o'clock and approach slowly. If you missed the connection, or if the take up reel on the hose

Furthermore, the quality and expertise of the 120th was evident to the entire wing. Of the over 200 members of the Colorado ANG that were assigned to other various units in the 35th TFW, 43 of these men held positions of commander, NCOIC or supervisors in the units in which they were serving.

The men of the 120th TFS in Vietnam, then numbering 317 enlisted men and 26 officers, returned home in April of 1969 to exultant family members and a proud state. Indeed, the 120th TFS had convincingly shown why they were the first activated, and chosen to be the first deployed ANG fighter squadron of the Vietnam War! ■

would be slow to respond, one could end up with hose draped around your wing. After hookup, we added power and moved up to around 10 ft. of hose showing. Then we would wait until everyone in the flight was hooked up.

The tankers had two radios and talked to each other. As one approached "full," we would run out of excess power and the hose would slowly start to unreel. After reaching the end of the hose, if one were really smooth on the controls, you could get "towed." Engagement springs in the basket connection were: easy in, more resistance out. Too much movement of the stick, and you would fall off. The goal was that everyone could reach full at about the same time. Then disconnect, clean up, accelerate back to 300 kts., climb to cruising altitude as a group and proceed on our way. So much for KB-50J refueling recollections.

As an aside, when we started refueling with the KC-135 at 30,000 ft., we would run out of power as we approached full fuel. Initially, the proposed solution was to use afterburner. Not good because we burned almost the same amount of fuel as transferred. The next great idea was to start a gradual descent ("toboggan") with the tanker. Seems we ended up just lowering the refueling altitude! ■



Courtesy: Jeff Glasser

For deployments, two birds per KB-50 tanker was the normal drill.

A Hun Crash and Zipper Problem in Bangkok

By Daryl Hubbard

This story is pretty long, but I used it in my book A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Vietnam. I've told it many times to gatherings and groups and always got a big laugh at the end. I also composed the limerick, (see below). — DH



Daryl's last Phan Rang mission, 1966.

It was about noon on July 31, 1961. I was stretched out on a bunk in a tent over in the alert area at the south end of Don Muang International Airport (Bangkok, Thailand), when the landline alert phone started ringing. That only meant one thing: we were being scrambled to intercept some inbound aircraft (probably a Pan Am Boeing 707) approaching the airport. I was the designated Lead that day and my wingman was my good friend, Col. Rufus Woody, the 36th TFS CO.

We were a small group, all TDY from our base at Itazuke AB in Fukuoka, Japan (a northern large city of the southern island of Kyushu). Our TDY assignment to Thailand was for about 30 days. Our group had arrived on July 20th and had been routinely training with the Thai Air Force pilots. The Thais were flying F-86s and we were flying F-100s.

On training days, either the Thais or the Americans would all launch within a few minutes and run intercepts on each other. The training was also a benefit for the Thai controllers, who would alternate using one group as the target and the other as interceptor.

We'd practice this intercept exercise several times, until one group or the other called “Bingo” fuel, whereupon we would break off the engagement and return to base.

This particular day, there had been no training scheduled with the Thai F-86s; so if we were scrambled to our “cocked” airplanes, we knew we were going out for a local intercept of some inbound commercial air carrier.

Col. Woody and I ran to our airplanes, climbed in, pushed the “start” button, brought the throttle “around the horn” from “off” to “idle” and while the engine was accelerating to idle, we'd strap into our parachutes and seat, and don our helmets, with the aid of our crew chiefs. As soon as the engine was at idle, I called for a radio check-in, motioned the crew chief to pull the wheel chocks and then changed the radio to tower frequency for “scramble clearance” for takeoff. The tower came back with a direction and altitude for us after we departed the airfield and then cleared us for takeoff.

As we lined up for takeoff on the north runway, I looked over at my wingman, who gave me a “ready” nod, after which I dropped my head for brake release and another nod for afterburner ignition. With a clean F-100 full of fuel (about 8,000 pounds) and 800 rounds of 20 mm ammunition, acceleration was rapid. Just 1,500 feet down the runway we were approaching nose wheel lift off speed—about 150 knots. I slowly began backpressure to start the nose up to a takeoff attitude, but something wasn't quite right!

The nose did not come up. I'd never experienced this sort of thing before. I quickly scanned my instruments to see if anything was amiss and then put both hands on the stick grip and pulled several times with both hands ... hard. *Nothing!* By that time, I had accelerated way past takeoff speed but was still on the ground and going faster all the time with the afterburner still cooking. About that time, my peripheral vision caught my wingman popping off the ground. He realized something was wrong and had taken over his own takeoff as a single ship. I quickly pulled the throttle out of afterburner, retarded to idle power and applied the brakes. (Later, when we discussed what happened, we figured that I was doing at least 200 knots [230 mph] on the ground ... probably more.)

The end of the runway came up quickly. There was no barrier to stop me from going off the end, and there were about 50 or 60 workers in front of me. They were lengthening the runway and had removed the arresting barrier.

Everything was moving rapidly, but it all seemed to take place in slow motion (*hard to explain*). I saw some family member's faces flash before me ... I thought I had only moments before the end came. The workers on the end of the runway slowly parted and there was an opening in front of me. I quit trying to brake because it was useless to keep trying to stop. In the next moment I considered how to get out when I stopped—and whether I'd be right side up. I reached up to the left of the instrument panel, grabbed the canopy eject handle and pulled.

It sounded like a faint pop, and then the canopy was gone and air was rushing in all around me. As I left the runway, it got very smooth and I braced for the impact. (The aircraft actually flew through the air for nearly 100 feet because the excavation dropped the elevation at the end of the runway I'd just crossed.)

During the last split second when it got real smooth, I reached up and put both hands on the instrument shroud, expecting a hard sudden stop.

It *was* hard and it *was* sudden, but my inertia reel worked as advertised and kept my head from banging forward on the stick and panel. The last thing I saw before I left the runway was a pile of rocks in front of me. I knew I was in for a hard hit. When the airplane finally hit the ground, it hit that pile of rocks almost simultaneously. Everything happened so quickly: I hit the rocks—sudden stop—straining on the shoulder harness—dust and dirt everywhere—and rocks rocketing into the cockpit.

And then, just as quickly, I was stopped—still upright but very low to the ground. When I hit the rock pile, all three landing gear sheared off at their attach points on the bottom of the wing and nose area. (I later found out that none of the tires had blown.) It didn't take me long to realize I was still alive! I quickly got out of my parachute and pulled my helmet over the top of my head—I couldn't find the chinstrap. I stepped up on the seat then onto the side rail and jumped down.

I fell immediately because my left leg wouldn't hold me up. I tried to stand but immediately fell again. I rolled over and heard the engine grinding up rocks that I had just plowed through. I managed to get myself up to the side of the plane and shut down the engine. When I stop-cocked the throttle, I grabbed the frequency card on the side of the left canopy rail (the only classified thing in the cockpit).

I didn't know the fuselage fuel tanks had ruptured when I hit the pile of rocks. The ruptured fuselage tank holds about 4,000 pounds of JP-4 fuel and was pouring out of the belly of the airplane. The hot engine quickly ignited the fuel that was pouring out. I tried to stand up and run away but fell because my left leg would not support me for some reason. About that time, an airman who was driving by stopped, ran over and pulled me away from the burning airplane. We hid behind another pile of rocks until it appeared that the airplane was not going to explode. (*The young airman was Richard L. Mills, attached to the 6100th Supply Squadron. He was later awarded the Airman's Medal for heroism—the highest medal given for heroism that didn't occur during enemy contact.*)

About that time, a Thai ambulance drove up and two medics jumped out, opened the back of the ambulance and pulled out a stretcher. One of the rather diminutive medics insisted that I lay down on the stretcher so they could put me into the back of the ambulance and take me to the hospital. I tried to convince them that I was alright and could ride up front with them, but they insisted I lay down so they could push me into the stretcher rack inside the ambulance. Finally, I gave up and did what they wanted. I was still breathing rapidly and deeply and sweating profusely. (I had a major shot of adrenalin coursing through my system.) As they pushed me into the confines of the ambulance, my breathing became labored because the temperature inside the ambulance was boiling. The little medic was kneeled down beside me as they pushed the stretcher inside. I began breathing even deeper and told him I could not breathe very well and that it was too hot!

That's when the medic reached over to my flight suit front zipper and hauled down on it as far and as quickly as he could. Unfortunately for me, my boxer shorts were allowing my male member to protrude slightly and was up against the zipper. Well, the zipper made immediate and positive contact with my manhood, which became lodged in the zipper mechanism.

That was a startling development for which I was not prepared! The pain was immediate and excruciating. I yelled something and tried to sit up at the same time, grabbing for the zipper to solve the "entrapment" situation. As I sat up, my forehead made hard contact with a steel bar just above the stretcher. I hit the steel bar with such force it nearly knocked me out. I fell back onto the stretcher, moaning, while the medic ran screaming from the ambulance. *"I've killed him, I've killed him!"*

So there I lay, overheated with my male member locked up with a huge zipper, in pain from that, and from smashing my head into that steel bar above my head—all in a matter of seconds!

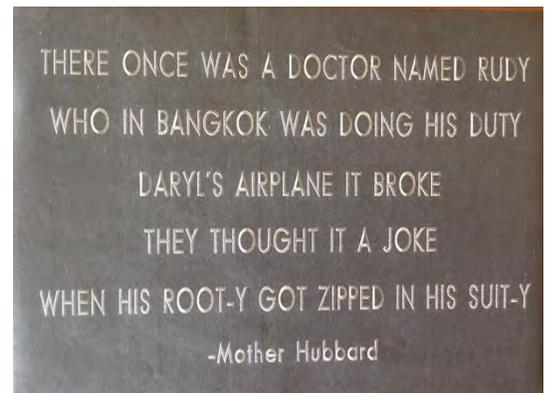
I had survived running off the runway in a disabled jet and got pulled away from a fire by a heroic airman, only to be disabled by an enthusiastic Thai medic, just trying to do his job and thinking he killed me after all that. When I disentangled myself from the zipper and got the medic back inside the ambulance, off we went to the hospital where I stayed until I was Med-Evac'ed to Tokyo and the U.S. Hospital at Tachikawa, Japan.



Pictured here are two Flight Surgeons: Dr. Charles Farmer, Navy Ft. Surgeon (l.), lives in Tulsa, Dr. Rudy Howell from Chester, VA, (r.), who was attached to the 36th TFS when we were in Bangkok on a TDY. On a trip together to D.C., they visited the Udvar-Hazy museum at Dulles.

There's a "**post-script**" concerning my care at the Thai hospital. Our deployment force included the Flight Surgeon Commander from Itazuke, Dr. Rudy Howell. At the hospital, after seeing the x-rays, the Thai doctors decided I had a broken vertebra at L-5/S-1 and wanted to do surgery on me. Dr. Howell argued with them at length to prevent them doing this: "No way are you going to subject this man to surgery." Rudy won; the Thais lost. Lucky for me; I saw the x-ray, and it showed a fractured "vertebral process" that happened years before. Go figure. ■ *Owee, ouch! Man, it just wasn't Daryl's day!* — **Ed** ■

*This is a frightening tale and well told. However, there is NO mention of the cause of the incident/accident. Would be nice if we could get Daryl to supply the pertinent findings, and if the bird ever flew again under her own steam? **Pub Med***



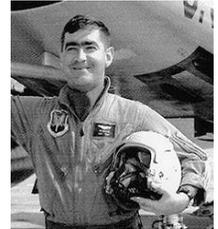
614th TFS Deployment to Vietnam Gulf of Tonkin, August 1964

By Jim Brasier

Jim started work on this article a couple of years ago when, after some internal research, he noted that Intake stories covering the times just before and for a time just after the Gulf of Tonkin incidents were few and far between. Since his unit at the time was one of the first to respond to that rapid escalation of the war, “Who better to write a definitive account of those frequently chaotic times, sometimes filled with really crazy SNAFUs,” thought Jim. Here’s his opus! — Ed.

Introduction

During a momentous summer at Nellis AFB in Las Vegas Nevada, I had just completed the F-100 USAF Fighter Weapons Instructor Course (FWIC) and married my sweetie. Newlyweds, we hoped to take our time driving back to England AFB at Alexandria, LA. I phoned the 613th TFS of the 401st TFW requesting a week's leave.



J. Brasier



Coveted
USAF FWIC Graduate
Patch

The 613th administrative officer informed me that I was no longer in the squadron and to call the 614th TFS. This change of squadrons while on temporary duty (TDY) was not a big surprise to me. Why? Because when I left England AFB, I knew I was probably going to be moved to another squadron because of an incident that took place at Cigli AB, at Izmir, Turkey. It happened a few months earlier when the 613th was TDY there on our normal rotational duty, pulling nuclear alert. Yes Virginia, America did not rely entirely on Strategic Air Command (SAC) bombers and missiles to defend our country during the Cold War. Rather, we had single seat jet fighters upfront, close and personal, ready to drop the “Big Ones,” too!

The then-new 613th Squadron Commander, Major Bob Ronca (more on this guy later), and I had previously had a disagreement in Turkey, and he opined we would both be better served if we were in different squadrons. He, being the squadron commander, and I a mere flight commander, meant I had to be the one to leave. The short version of the whole story is that he had called me a liar in a fit of pique, and I felt obliged to take a swing at him for his insulting remark. Not very professional, on either of our parts, but as far as I was concerned, I felt it was the right thing to do at the time. It was tantamount to saying an unimaginable four-letter word at Thanksgiving dinner in front of your mother, where you can never take it back, so you move on. Thus, my punishment for my insubordination had been the TDY to the FWIC at Nellis for three months. Throw me into that briar patch, anytime!

Two weeks after getting home from Nellis, settling into married life and checking in to my new squadron, President Lyndon Baines Johnson stopped all regular TV programming on the afternoon of 4 August 1964. He announced that a North Vietnamese patrol boat had fired on a U.S. Navy warship in the Gulf of Tonkin and he was sending additional American military forces to the area. Minutes later, my home phone rang when the 614th TFS initiated the mobility recall plan. I finished packing my already almost packed B-4 bag and a hang-up bag to put in my F-100, kissed my new bride goodbye and said, “Keep the home fires burning.” However, the only fire burning at that moment was the “WTF” expression on my new bride's face (to this day still etched in the cobwebs of my mind) as she dropped me off at the 614th. Welcome to married life with an Air Force fighter pilot.



614th Lucky Devils

I signed into the squadron and went immediately into crew rest. After a midnight breakfast of high protein steak and eggs and an extensive flight briefing of how to get from here to there, at o-dark-thirty, around two in the morning, I was number three in a four-ship, going into burner in the mighty Hun and rolling down the England AFB runway, headed westwards toward Vietnam. The first scheduled stop was Hickam AFB, Honolulu, Hawaii, some 3,700 nautical miles and five air-to-air refuelings away.

Leg One: England AFB to Hickam AFB, Hawaii

We met the KC-135 tankers en route at 25,000 feet over New Mexico, California and a couple more times over water between the west coast and Hawaii to take on fuel as needed. Midway between the west coast and Hawaii, my AC generator failed, affecting some of the airplane's electrical-powered systems, but not any other major systems. The AC generator was in the nose section of the J57 engine, enclosed in what was known in slang terms as the “Dog Pecker.” It didn't take a fertile imagination, (once you looked at the housing enclosing the AC generator) to understand why the generator housing was so aptly named. But the bad news was that, depending on how badly the AC generator was damaged, it could fling all sorts of metal parts into the engine. If this occurred, it could cause an engine flameout and possibly a fire, mandating that the intrepid fighter pilot take a nylon letdown into the Pacific's briny deep. The Emergency

Procedures checklist directed us to "land as soon as possible," and because there was no place to land in the middle of the ocean, the airfield, that night was going to have to be Hickam!

TAC, which our fighter wing came under, had experienced some night VFR traffic pattern accidents about a year or two earlier and therefore had prohibited night VFR overhead landing patterns, and instead mandated instrument straight-in approaches to landing. Before we departed England AFB, our 614th TFS Squadron Commander and formation flight leader, Lieutenant Colonel Cregg P. Nolen, had briefed us that for the night landing at Hickam; we would split into flights of two and land from a two-ship formation, instrument approach. But when we got within radio contact with Hickam Tower, our flight leader issued this command to our flight, "It's clear at Hickam. We'll do a four-ship VFR overhead pattern." None of us had done a night VFR pattern in a couple of years, but no big deal.

As we approached Hickam, which also serves as Honolulu's major International Airport, I was now number two in the formation, and it was going to be a right turn onto initial with a left-hand pitchout. It was about three o'clock in the morning in Hawaii and the lights from Honolulu provided some light, so we could see each other's airplanes. I was in close formation on the inside of the 30 degree banked right turn when the flight leader signaled for the flight to assume right echelon with *much* more than a standard quick wing dip into me. Rather, he racked his airplane toward me into a *sixty-degree bank* that caused me to instinctively pull my Hun to the burble and stomp on the rudder to avoid a midair collision. This resulted in a high "G" barrel roll to the left to miss colliding with lead's Hun. My maneuver while turning initial left me about a hundred knots slower and 500 feet behind the flight.

The other three Huns pitched out in sequence, leaving me to call "Four's in the break," about 30 seconds after the last of the three had called the pitch. It was a good thing I had just gotten out of the FWIC where, after no matter how many flight hours one may have in the F-100, when you get to Nellis AFB the FWIC teaches you how to fly the airplane at both ends and at the edge of the flight envelope. This FWIC training had just saved my bacon. However, it had never occurred to me I would have to use that bit of expertise over Honolulu at 3 AM on my way to war.

I touched down at Hickam AFB eight hours and fifteen minutes after leaving England AFB in the early morning of 5 August 1964. I was a little pissed, to say the least, that my flight leader broke into me turning initial with such abandon, considering I did have a legitimate emergency, but also grateful that we didn't have a midair collision over Honolulu. That would have been a spectacular sight to the tourists sipping their Mai Tai's on the beach. "Look at that Martha, fireworks!" At the flight debriefing, I had to bite my tongue when my new Squadron Commander asked, "What the hell happened to you, Brasier?" I thought to myself, "This is going to be a long war," and little did I know at that time the prophetic nature of that thought.

Leg Two: Hickam to Guam

My broken bird with the bad AC Generator was not fixed yet, and I was tasked to baby sit it while the rest of the 614th TFS took off for Clark AB, Philippines. Two days later, the maintenance troops advised me to look for another ride because my F-100 wouldn't be fixed for a while. There were other F-100s coming thru Hickam from Cannon AFB. I was finally assigned a two-seater F-100F and was informed I would have someone in the back seat. My new back-seater was a young lieutenant from Cannon AFB by the name of Karol Bobko. He, too, had lost his steed to mechanical failure on the way over, and he needed to get to war as well, so he jumped in the back seat of *my* F-100F. If memory serves, my wingman was Captain Richard Campbell of the 510th TFS, also from England AFB, flying a single seat F-100D. We took off on 7 August 1964 as a flight of two F-100s heading for Clark AB, Philippines, some 4,600 plus nautical miles away with scheduled air refuelings over Wake Island and Guam.

Crossing over Wake Island, the number one flight control hydraulic system in our jet failed while air refueling. The Emergency Procedures systems checklist directed that we land at the nearest suitable landing field, which happened to be right underneath us. But, the number two flight control system was still working, so discarding any good judgment I may have stored for occasions like this, I decided to press on to Guam, another 1,300 NMs away. We didn't have any airplane fixers at Wake Island, but I knew we did at Guam. I opined this was war and we had to get there lest we'd be left out. To quote a passage from the movie *Patton*, "Later, when your grandson asks, 'What did you do in the war, Grandpa,' you won't have to tell him that you shoveled shit in Louisiana."

As we approached Anderson AB, Guam, for landing, my wingman said that when I lowered the landing gear, hydraulic fluid came out of the nose gear wheel well and flowed into the intake of the F-100F. Yep, we could smell the fumes in the cockpit. That's when the cat was out of the bag, and I declared an Aircraft Emergency for the number one flight control failure. Otherwise, the landing was uneventful ... with another eight-hour flight after landing at Anderson AB, Guam, 8 August 1965, and having crossed the International Dateline!



Hickam AFB at night. Picture by U.S. Geological Survey in 1968.

Leg Three: Guam to Clark, AB

It became obvious to even the casual observer that our two-seater Hun was down for the count sitting on the ramp at Anderson. Our F-100F was dripping red hydraulic fluid out of every orifice from the speed brake on the lower fuselage, forward to the nose intake. The only other Hun on the ramp was my wingman's F-100D, and luckily it had no maintenance write-ups. However, there was a slight problem. There were now three anxious fighter pilots on the ramp, equally eager to get to our destination at Clark AB, and hopefully, on to Vietnam.

What to do about that? Well, my wingman and I deemed that Bobko, the hitchhiker, didn't get a vote. So, the two of us squadron mates flipped a coin, and I won the ride to Clark AB in the "D." That ride started the next day.

I held short of the Anderson runway as my very own KC-135 tanker rolled down the runway in a cloud of black smoke as the water injection was turned on. *Yes, my tanker.* We were to be a two-ship heading for Clark AB. The KC-135 would be in the lead carrying enough JP-4 fuel in its belly to get me to London, and I, his single wingman, only needing two air-to-air inflight refuelings to get me safely to Clark AB.

Anderson Tower cleared me for takeoff, and as the KC-135 emerged out of the black smoke remaining over the runway, I engaged the Hun's afterburner and started my takeoff roll. The gauges looked good and takeoff distance was less than half the distance of Anderson's 12,000-foot runway. As I passed over the cliffs at the east end of the runway, I checked in on departure frequency as Number 2 and exchanged pleasantries with the tanker crew. The tanker had started a left turn to the west, making the join-up a piece of cake. We climbed to flight level 280 and leveled off for our cruise to Clark, some 1,330 plus NM to the west.

As we cruised along, I reflected on the fact this was day three after departing England AFB on 5 August 1964, to Vietnam. It seemed to me that it was a slower process to get to war than I had anticipated, given that so far, I had encountered two aircraft emergencies, one on each of the first two legs of this trans-Pacific adventure, and now I was in my third F-100 tail number, still heading west three days later. We had started out as a four-ship of Huns on the first leg from England AFB to Hickam AFB, Hawaii. The flight had dwindled to a two-ship from Hickam to Guam the third day and now I was a single Hun going from Guam to Clark. What else could go wrong?

About 300 miles west of Guam, the two 335-gallon external wing tanks had gone dry and the internal fuel gage read 5,000 pounds of fuel remaining, making the first scheduled air-to-air refueling in order. If for some reason the Hun would not take on fuel from the tanker, I had enough fuel to return to Guam. The tanker cleared me to the pre-contact position. I lined up with the air-refueling lights on the belly of the big bird. As I closed to the pre-contact position, I glanced out to see how the Hun's refueling probe was lining up with the tanker's refueling basket. To my surprise, I didn't see the probe. "Damn, I'm sure it was there on preflight at Guam."

The boomer said it looked like the refueling probe was 180 degrees from where it should be. Instead of being in the upright erect position above the wing where the nozzle end would normally be at the 2 o'clock position from my eye-level in the cockpit, it had somehow come loose at the wing root and swung down where the end of the probe was completely out of sight from the cockpit. This was going to make this air-to-air refueling interesting!

I flew the Hun up into the wake turbulence of the KC-135 to see if the boomer could maneuver his boom low enough to line up the basket with the Hun's drooping air refueling probe. In a coordinated effort of the boomer's calls of "Move left, move up a little more, move forward, etc." he finally said "I've got it, Contact." Hearing that call, I slowly moved the airplane down and slightly to the left and up came the probe where I could see it. I was able to get the probe back to its normal erect position and began taking on fuel. But when I had taken a full load of gas, backed off and disconnected from the basket, the Hun's probe again swung down out of sight. All my elation of a "piece of cake flight" into Clark was again being plagued with gremlins typical of a fighter aircraft ocean crossing.

The second air-to-air refueling was like the first, but it went much better because of our "practice" on the first refueling. At disconnect from the tanker and 300 miles east of Clark and under Clark Approach Control, the KC-135 said they were going to RTB to Kadena AB, Okinawa, and peeled off to the north. As I proceeded inbound to Clark, I contemplated landing there with my drooping air refueling probe which I couldn't see. So, I advised Clark Approach of my situation and that I might have some problem crossing the departure end arresting barrier after landing. They calmly said they would advise Tower.

It was *déjà vu* as I approached Clark at about 5:00 PM local time. It had been two-and-a-half years since I had departed Clark AB after being assigned PCS to the 510th TFS flying F-100s. To my surprise the ramp area was full of airplanes of all sorts. So much for the sense of urgency to get to war.

I made a straight-in approach to the south, keeping in mind I had no idea how secure the drooping air refueling probe was or even if it was still on the wing. Flying an overhead landing pitchout might just fling the probe south toward the Philippine airbase at Basa. The other pending problem was, after touchdown, would the drooping probe be close enough to the runway to pick up the departure end barrier as I taxied over it. The landing at Clark was normal, given the



"Enough JP-4 to get me to London."

circumstances, and the airfield barrier crew had detached the departure end engagement barrier for my landing. I pulled into the de-arming area with the drooping probe and shut the bird down.

Whew! What a journey clear across the Pacific Ocean. However, I still had not arrived at my Vietnam destination. As I observed all the other jets on the ramp at Clark, it appeared that the “sense of urgency” to get to war had been curtailed by someone or something. As it turned out for all us eager fighter pilots ready to get to war, the higher headquarters said, “Not so fast.”

The Status Quo Creeps Back

That “sense of urgency” to get to Vietnam that filled the air a few days ago after President Johnson's speech declaring war on North Vietnam for allegedly shooting at our Navy ships in the Gulf of Tonkin, had just turned into a “business as usual” atmosphere at Clark AB, Philippines. As the Clark ramp continued to fill with jet fighters, nobody was going anywhere until we were all subjected to briefings *ad nauseam* in a “you can't go, unless you've been there before” mentality. However, what really surprised all of us, after bringing a squadron of 24 F-100s to the war zone, was puzzling as well: we were told by the “powers that be” that the squadron would not be allowed to have more than eight F-100s at a Vietnam air base at any one time!

Meanwhile, we flew a few training sorties at Crow Valley gunnery range and even loaded some Navy MK 16 5-Zuni FFAR (Folding Fin Aerial Rocket) rockets on our F-100s, launching them on the range from a LAU-10 rocket launcher. This rocket had never been tested on the F-100, nor had it ever been mentioned while I was at the F-100 Fighter Weapons School. And it was not listed in the F-100 Dash-1 as a certified weapon. Nevertheless, we fired several of them and they worked well.



Impromptu munitions certification for Huns.

Too well, as a matter of fact, for the Aborigine lads at the range. Their day job was normally running onto the rocket target circle between 2.75 rocket attacks and planting their personal identifying markers next to the hole the rocket made in the ground upon impact, then run back to safety away from the impact range area, while the next rocket firing pass was made. They would come back after the mission to dig up the metal as a prize. It seems the 5-inch rocket was a bit faster than the 2.75 rocket they were accustomed to and their timing was a bit off. Unfortunately, one of the lads became the first friendly casualty of the war!

When we were not flying, or getting lectured by Intel types on what to expect when we got into combat, the squadron pilots were engaged in making flight planning cards with every conceivable weapons load one could carry on an F-100D or F-model. Even as a recent F-100 FWIC graduate, I had never heard of some of the weapons. Captain Don Ehrhart, 614th TFS C-Flight Commander, was a trained aeronautical engineer. Miraculously, he came up with some easy-to-use mathematical formulas to produce the flight data cards without having to spin an E-6B all day to complete the cards. We therefore were able to increase our time at the O' Club bar by at least two hours because of Don's aeronautical engineer expertise. ■

Continued in Issue 40.

“From a Wife’s Perspective”

Appreciating The Intake — And a Hospice Lesson

By Julie Gallo

It's been a while since we've had an article for the very popular and important “From a Wife’s Perspective” series. We came across this one in an unexpected way: an email to our Membership Committee Chairman (Dewey Clawson) telling of a cancelation of her SSS Widow Benefit of Associate Member status (and thus her receipt of our journal). In addition to her appreciation of that status, she was able to keep track of some of the “early Hun years” pilots from her husband’s “class” for a while, but not so much anymore, hence her decision to cancel. We've respected Julie's request, but asked if we could use her cancellation request rationale AND the sobering Life Lesson she shared with us in a P.S. about a coincidence she and Vince experienced when he was in Hospice Care. She agreed. Thanks so much Julie! — Ed.



Gallo's wedding day.

I received my copy of *The Intake*, Issue 37, and thanks so much!

My husband, Lt. Col. Vincent J. Gallo, retired in 1972 and passed away five-and-a-half years ago. I have been receiving complementary copies of *The Intake* since then. I have enjoyed every one!

Vince was with the 531st TFS when the F-100s began their air war in Vietnam. The squadron had gone TDY to Clark AB. I was watching the evening news a few weeks later and was shocked to see the F-100s flying missions in Vietnam. If I remember correctly, I said “OH MY GOD!” The wives were officially told a few days later. “Yes, the fighters you saw on the news were part of the 531st TFS.”

As you know, that was so many years ago and many of the pilots from those days have passed away. I do not recognize any of the names or photos in *The Intake* any longer and have been thinking for some time that I would cancel receiving *The Intake* and now is the right time to do so.

I appreciate all of the copies I have received. It was the one way I had to keep track of the brave pilots and all of their hilarious and glorious stories!

Good luck to the Journal and the SSS! God's Blessings to all those courageous pilots who have passed and those who continue to tell of their extraordinary feats in an aircraft that will have a special place in history.

Sincerely, **Julie Gallo**

P.S. I was debating about sending this account of an incident that took place when hospice was here at our home during Vince's final days, but decided you might be interested in it. [*You betcha, Julie!*]

The nurse who headed the hospice team was named Ny Yen; he was oriental and had an accent. We asked about his home country. He said, "Vietnam." We looked at each other, wide-eyed. He must have seen the looks on our faces and added, "South Vietnam." What a relief that was. He said, "I noticed the airplanes and other military items in the room over there (Vince's den). They belong to patient?"

"Yes," we answered.

He went to Vince's bed and held his oh-so-thin hand and asked, "You fly jet planes in Vietnam?" Vince nodded his head. Ny Yen shook his hand with much care and explained, "I want to thank you and my people want to thank you and all Americans for helping us. The planes come and fly down river where enemy hide. The river was fire! We hear loud voices for help. My people run to river, they jump and shout and put hands in air. They know Americans help them. I thank you, and my family thank you."

Yes, there were tears, including those of Vince and Ny Yen. He explained he was a small child at the time, but he would never forget the noise of the planes and the fire and the smiles on the faces of his people!



Vince as a Major.



Vince (ret.) in party duds.

What an extraordinary time for this incident to occur, after nearly 50 years and when Vince was so close to passing, that these two special people meet! It was a thanks so meaningful from a Vietnamese that it refutes all of the negatives that were cast on the military about the war. I wonder, could it have been Divine Intervention?

Before Ny Yen left for the day, he assured us that Vince would be a special patient, and he would see that the rest of his team knew that as well.

Good luck to *The Intake* and the SSS. GOD's Blessings to all of the courageous pilots who have passed and those who are continuing to tell all of their exciting, fearless flights in an aircraft that my husband would gladly pass up on an Italian dinner just for a flight in an F-100! — **JG** ■

*In addition to giving us permission to use her email and article, Julie fired off some photos to fit the article and that we can use in an SSS Bio for legacy purposes. Then, on top of that, as a result of her conversation with Medley, she more or less talked herself into trying to make it to the 2019 Reunion, hoping to find some 531st TFS friends and other acquaintances from bygone reunions. Ever a student of SSS rules, she said she best get her dues paid up for ... "one more year." Atta-girl, Julie. Hope to see you there! — **Pub Med***

Checkouts, Checklists and Grumpy Old Men

By **Jim Serrill**

*While this vignette comes from A-7D days, it is about two ex-Hun Drivers and typifies the mentality of the single-seat, single-engine fighter pilot.— **Ed.***

One of the early events in the A-7D transition syllabus was a "Supervised Cockpit Procedures" lesson where the student sat in the cockpit and went over the pre-start, start, taxi and pre-takeoff checklists while the instructor pilot observed, standing on the ladder and hanging over the cockpit rail.

As a young IP, I reported to the designated jet on the flight line at 0600 on an already-hot day at Davis Monthan. My student was a crusty old Major with thousands of hours of fighter time and at least two combat tours in the Hun.

As he went through the checklists, I commented on several switch errors that he made and on his general lack of checklist use.

He turned to me and with cigarette and stale beer breath said, "Captain, I have more hours from roll in to pickle on a dive bomb pass than you have hours in the Air Force. This is my fourth fighter and they are all the same. You put all the shiny toggle switches to the 12 o'clock position, half of the rheostats to 10 o'clock, the other half to 2 o'clock and you NEVER mess with a red covered switch. Now get off the ladder and leave me alone."

There were no more comments from me. — **JS** ■

Secrets of the Museums

Although the project had been in the works behind the scenes for some time, it was in the Spring 2017, Issue 33 of *The Intake*. that then-CEO Bob “Hoppy” Hopkins rolled out a Board-approved initiative he called “THE NEXT BIG SSS PROJECT” on page 4. It was to be a commissioned oil painting of the Smithsonian’s F-100 (440) by World-renowned aviation artist and SSS member Keith Ferris. And, amazingly, the project came to pass, including the pre-sale and production of 300 numbered and signed-by-the artist high-quality lithograph prints!

The project officially ended with a gathering of members and guests of the SSS at the Smithsonian’s F-100 display in the PM of January 31, 2018. The event was to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the start of the Vietnam Tet Offensive, to unveil the original Keith Ferris painting of 440 titled “Super Sabres Respond – Tet ’68,” and to dedicate a unique back-lit “light box.”

That event was fully reported in the Spring 2018, Issue 36 of *The Intake*, where we learned that Keith had persuaded the Smithsonian to build the light box for permanent display alongside 440, instead of the traditional print of an original painting that helped explain Smithsonian aircraft on display. And as far as most of those attending this event knew, that light box showing off Keith’s masterpiece was the only one of its class so doing. But recently, we’ve learned there is now another, very similar light box, doing “Super Sabres Respond – Tet ’68” display duty along with the original light box at the Smithsonian. Here, gathered from the principal players, is the story of that # 2 light box, long an accidental secret to many! — **Ed.**



Inner workings and hidden mechanisms of a typical back-lit “light box.”

Background on Light Box #1

Shortly after the Board’s green light for this SSS project by March, 2017, Hoppy and Keith met with the Director of the National Air and Space Museum (NASM), General “Jack” Dailey and his senior staff to advise them of the project and request that a reproduction of the painting with appropriate explanation of the aircraft be permanently displayed next to the aircraft wherever it was displayed in the museum. The General (an honorary member of the SSS) readily approved the request in concept, but the details of design and specifications for the reproduction display were not addressed.

As the project took shape, Keith suggested a rather unique design for the display of the reproduced original painting. His idea featured a back-lit light box mounted on a moveable base so the whole display could travel with the aircraft, should it be moved from time-to-time. After further study involving desirable specifications, the job was determined to be doable by the Smithsonian techs, but that the cost would be high. Nevertheless, General Dailey approved the idea and its design plans—with one stipulation: The SSS would have to pay for construction of the back-lit light box!

The estimate for this job was \$10,000. Fortunately, the Misty (Fast FACs) organization took the pressure off the SSS and generously donated \$10,000 (out of their general fund) to get the light box construction underway. With that hurdle behind, Keith Ferris went to work. He contracted with a New Jersey digital lab to provide NASM a large digital file of the painting from which they created **two** large heavy-acetate digital transparencies, one for use in the NASM back-lit light box display next to the aircraft ... and one provided to Ferris for his approval of the image’s quality (normal practice in Keith’s line of work), which was deemed “perfect.” With the first transparency installed in the NASM’s light box, Keith says Hoppy then requested his “creator’s” copy of the transparencies—which he happily gave as a gift.

With the second transparency in hand, Hoppy consulted with the SSS Board of Directors via telephone and the decision was made to give the second transparency to the MAPS Air Museum, if they agreed to display it as part of their F-100 collection. The gift was made to the Friends of the Super Sabre (FSS) COO, Mike Dean (representing the MAPS Museum), on January 31, 2018, just prior to the main unveiling and dedication event at Udvar-Hazy. To date, the F-100D on display at Udvar-Hazy is the only plane in the Smithsonian to have a back-lit light box illuminating a reproduction of an original oil painting displayed next to the aircraft. And *NOW* the MAPS Museum has the only other back-lit light box display of the original Ferris painting titled, “Super Sabres Respond – Tet 1968.”

Acquisition of Light Box #2

Mike Dean picks up the “the rest of the story.” “My wife, Linda, and I and several other SSSers, were invited to attend the January 31, 2018, dedication of the Keith Ferris painting at the Smithsonian’s Udvar-Hazy Center. Just prior to the formal presentation, Don Shepperd and Hoppy Hopkins took us aside and told us that *there was a second transparency* available for the MAPS Air Museum to construct a second back-lit light box and eventually display the digital image in



L-The NASM “light box” on moveable base.
R-Original oil painting goes home with Keith.

their Super Sabre Memorial Exhibit (SSME) as well. So, they gave it to us to pass on to the MAPS folks and work with them to expedite completion of this unexpected, call it “serendipitous,” development! WOW! Only two ‘Super Sabres Respond – Tet ‘68’ back-lit light boxes in existence ... and we’ll have one of them! When it’s constructed, of course.

“A few weeks later, we met with the Executive Director of the MAPS Air Museum, FSSer and SSSer (Triple Threat), Ken Ramsay and members of the MAPS curator staff. After we gave them the background of the painting and the construction of the NASM’s back-lit light box, we presented the second transparency to them. To say the least, this was an ‘AH-HA moment’ for all those in attendance. No one had ever seen anything like this, and as it became clear that MAPS now had the ONLY other transparency of the original oil painting, building a second back-lit light box was going to be a BIG DEAL. (As Hoppy would have put it, ‘THE NEXT BIG FSS & MAPS PROJECT.’) Discussion flowed around the room on how best to display it in the SSME when it was finished (it was then still under construction). But the Lead Curator said, enthusiastically, ‘Why wait; let’s build it now and put it up in our temporary FSS exhibit’—which is exactly what was done—eventually!

“Before it was to be displayed, I wanted to do some research on how best to construct the light box, with a significant amount of caution to ensure it was done properly to prevent any possible damage. My concern was exposure to excess heat from the display unit. This prompted me to study up on heat transfer of LED lighting and the electrical transformers, which can be a major heat producer. I just wanted to be sure that we not screw this up! I even contacted Keith Ferris to discuss my concerns and get his assurances we were going down the right path. After additional discussions with the MAPS curators, we moved forward with vigor and are proud to report the second Ferris Art light box is on display at a temporary location as planned, thanks to Keith Ferris, the SSS, FSS and MAPS ... working together!”— **MD** ■



Ferris-designed light box dominates temp location of his latest SSS Hun Fine Art.



“How do I get my copy?”

Book Announcement – “Vietnam to Western Airlines” Chronicles of the Air War in Three Volumes

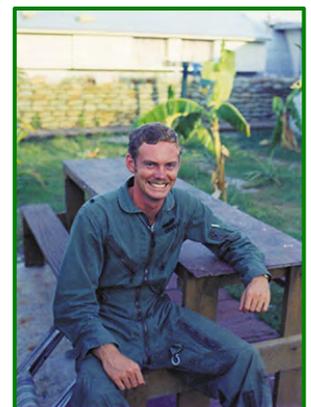
Produced/Edited by Bruce Cowee, Advocate-R. Medley Gatewood

If Producer/Editor Bruce Cowee’s name seems familiar to our avid aviation readers and collectors of top quality aviation books, it’s because we’ve reviewed and recommended two previous volumes of his works in the past (see Issues 24 and 35).

As those readers will recall, his genre is to collect and publish Vietnam War era first-person stories written by fellow Western Airlines (WA) pilots who, like Bruce himself, are veterans of that Cold War conflict and who’ve “been there, done that.” A C-7 Caribou pilot himself, Bruce’s vision for his original concept was to persuade a bunch of WA pilots who flew all kinds of aircraft in diverse military services to write up their wartime “adventures” and publish them for posterity.

That would complete his personal goals for this project, with that one book published in 2013.

But NO. Rather, the continuing enthusiastic response from ex-warrior WA pilots pointed the way to a second volume, published in 2017, a third volume in 2018—and a final *fourth* volume, probably in 2019!



Bruce Cowee in Nam, ‘68 – ‘69.



Each volume, so far, averaged 600 pages. Heavy stuff!

Oh, and may I throw in that the SSS is well represented within the lists of the contributing authors in each of the published volumes, so far (in V3 the SSSers are “KB” Clark, Jerry Potter, and Dick Pietro).

So, “how do I get my copies?” Well, Bruce has elected to skip the usual Amazon provider stuff and take orders (V1, 2, or 3 or any combination) on the “Vietnam to Western Airlines” home page on the web at <https://vietnamtowesternairlines.com/>

There you can read more about Bruce, his reasons for this project, book extracts, more about the authors, and how to order books. If you’d like personalized inscriptions, contact Bruce by cell phone (925-518-0392) or email (B2ACOWEE@aol.com) and he will personally take care of your order or answer any questions you may have. I’ve found all three books to be absolutely Sierra Hotel! — **RMG** ■

Dumb Things Done in a Hun (DTDH) Revived!

Tom Clark suggested this Department and we initiated it in Issue 23. Participation was moderate until after Issue 31 when submissions went dark. Not sure why, but 94 year-old Ray Kleber came up with a perfect example of the genre. **Ed.**

 Here's Ray Kleber's DTDH: I was always ashamed to admit this tale, but here goes. In 1957, while in North Africa at Sidi Slimane Air Base, Morocco, I flew an operational flight check in an F-100C. When everything checked out AOK, I thought about Jackie Cochran's claim to have seen the curvature of the earth and the stars at noon at an altitude of 55,000 ft. (*Stars at Noon* was the title of a book or article she had written.)

Having a clean bird, and a beautiful, empty atmosphere overhead, I got the idea to take a look-see. So I stroked the burner and after a good light at 45,000', began my climb to stargaze and maybe to a personal altitude record. I went supersonic shortly thereafter and eased the nose up to about 30 degrees. Wouldn't you know, at about 55,000', the afterburner quit. No problem, I pulled the throttle inboard and gently pulled back on the stick in a right wing low position and continued to climb, topping out at 64,000'. I saw no stars, and no earth curvature. *Bummer!*

I fell off to the right and didn't think that I had good aileron or rudder control until around 45,000'.

I returned to the field and landed uneventfully. At the debriefing, I met our maintenance officer (Capt. Massey, as I recall) and proudly told him about my Stars at Noon-dispelling adventure. His first response was, "Where did you get the pressure suit? Do you realize that had you lost pressurization, you would have died in seven seconds or less!" Pretty humbling words to hear, and such a dumb stunt to have tried on my part. And when I later saw other pilots touting how they had flown the Hun to greater heights than mine, but *with the correct equipment*, out of contrition, I just kept my mouth shut.

Maybe, I should just leave this story alone ...but NO. After all this time, I'm glad to get it off my chest. Tail Winds, my friends. My DTDH is: **Explored near-outer space without near-outer space PE gear!** —Ray

Lesson: *Don't tell about your DTDH unless you can take the heat. Naw, this Department is just for fun. I have a sneaking suspicion that over the long haul of aviation history, there have been many personal high altitude records achieved that were never recognized by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale (FAI) score keepers.* **Ed.** ■



Ray in his prime. Later awarded the Congressional Gold Medal.

Picture Caption Contest – Go Consult Your Funny Bone



Winning Caption for I-38

"You're going to have to do some upper body work if you want shoulders like mine ..."

Submitted by Jim Barnes, OH ANG



A tight cluster of Huns dropping napes ... somewhere?

Ok, have at it with your suggested caption.

Mine would be:

Oops! Sorry guys, I gave the wrong command! – Ed.

LIGHT RESPONSES THIS TIME. C'MON! GET ON THE STICK AND KEEP THOSE CAPTIONS COMING!

Former CEO "Hoppy" Hopkins suggested this Caption Contest. The challenge is still the same: Put your funny bone to work and produce a caption! The pic needing a caption is above on the right.

NOTE: Jim also had a great second caption for the left pix: *"Hey Kid, MY Burner's bigger than Your Burner!"*

SSS & The Intake Functional Contacts

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Hero Pix, Hun Photo Archives, Questions/Help: Shaun Ryan, f100pilot@gmail.com, (520) 907-9775 (Photo Editor).

Call contacts for their snail mail address or mail your material to Contact's Name, c/o Super Sabre Society, P.O. Box 341837, Lakeway, TX 78734.

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

Reminder

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

If You Haven't Paid Your **2019** Dues Yet, Why Don't You Take Care of Business **Now** and Not Still Be Among the **IN ARREARS** Members Come the Summer Issue of *The Intake*.

Save a 55¢ stamp by paying online at our website, or send to the address at the bottom of page 2!

Laughter-Silvered Wings

NOTAM: This is the 22nd installment of the LSW "mini-department," featuring short, humorous "fun in the Hun" anecdotes. We all have funny yarns to share, so please get on the stick and send yours to LSW Czar and Editor John J. Schulz, jjschulz@bu.edu, or to Intake Publisher Medley Gatewood, rgatewood@comcast.net.

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First Time in the Clouds

By Jim Serrill

As a newbie Lt. in the 510th TFS at Bien Hoa in the spring of 1969, I'd just completed my combat checkout and was on Alert Pad duty. My Lead, Major Old Head (sorry, forgot his name), told the Command Post we were cocked and ready. The weather was close to minimums (300/1) with a big thunderstorm off the end of the runway.

Halfway through breakfast, the Klaxon blared, "Scramble Buzzard One." As we taxied out, I realized the weather was stinko: low clouds, rain and fog. Undeterred, we hit the runway and Lead began his takeoff roll. Thirty seconds later, I began mine. I noticed that Lead disappeared into the fog and mist, and I couldn't see past the middle of the runway. At rotation, the entire world disappeared and I transitioned to instruments. It was then that I had a fleeting thought that even though I was a current and qualified instrument pilot, this was my first "for real" ITO (Instrument Take Off). It was dark, rough and sheets of rain pelted the canopy as I turned left to avoid going into Cambodia. I remember hoping that the engine would not flame out due to the massive amounts of water inside the thunderstorm.

A short time later, Lead called and asked if I had him in sight, "Negative, I'm still in the clouds." He replied, "Buzzard One is at xx DME, 5,000 feet, in the clear." I looked at my altimeter and was startled to see it passing through 15,000! I retarded the throttle, began a descent, broke out at about 8,000 feet, found Lead, joined up and completed the mission.

It didn't come up in the debriefing but 50 years later, I can 'fess up that as I fought vertigo and struggled to stay upright during my first time in clouds, I forgot to come out of burner and had made a full-burner climb! — JS ■

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Ok folks, I'm low on "LSW supply" so it *really is* time to start writing and sending those funny stories you tell over beers with the guys. — Ed.

Back Cover Credits

This Day in Aviation—29 November 1957: The third production Boeing B-52A-1-BO Stratofortress strategic bomber, 52-003, was flown from Boeing's Seattle plant to the North American Aviation facility at Air Force Plant 42, Palmdale, California, to be modified to carry the new X-15 hypersonic research rocket plane. The NASA photo here features an Edwards AFB North American Aviation F-100F Super Sabre chase plane checking an X-15 as its APUs are activated just prior to being released from NB-52A 52-003, circa 1958. (NASA). BUFF NB-52A 52-003 is now on display at the Pima Air and Space Museum, Tucson, Arizona. Thanks to Hun lover Bryan R. Swopes, owner/webmaster of *This Day in Aviation*.

Publisher's Parting Post

POTSSS sent this pic of Hun art, taken by his son in the Kirtland AFB AF Safety Center building. I'm going hunting for the story behind the art and will report my findings after the safari is over.



Stay Tuned!

*** Have a nice springtime! Pub Med ***

