



1st Pursuit Group

1st Fighter News



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P-38 Crewchiefs of the 1st Fighter Group helped protect President Roosevelt's trip to Yalta

Sgt Eugene Miller (right) of the 94th was one of the crewchiefs for P-38s flying top cover for President Roosevelt in the cruiser USS Quincy as he went to Yalta to meet with Churchill and Stalin. The Quincy had to sail the length of the Mediterranean Sea in February 1945 under the threat of German air attack. These crewmen made the escort possible. Secrecy was effective, and the ship was not attacked. An excellent pilot's report of the mission, by Al Eberhardt, is in our August 2004 issue.



USS Quincy

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71st WW II Diary

As everyone is aware, the Association, thru Mac MacAllister, presented the 1st Fighter Wing with the original copy of the 71st WWII diary. The note below from the Wing Historian provides some detail on how the diary is being preserved and shown for all to view in the foyer of the Wing HQ building. Additionally, to enhance preservation the plan is to have a more recent copy available for folks to review the diary with out disturbing the original. Hopefully the USAF will pick up the reproduction tab.

The Historian would like to display the diary with patches from the other 2 squadrons. Although he does not state I am almost sure he would like patches dating back to as early as possible and up to present day. If possible please query your folks to see what we have available for display along with the diary and 71st patches.

The Historian, Brian Laslie, says:

The Air Force Historical research Agency has a high speed scanner that I might be able to make use of the next time I am down there this fall. As far the original goes I have put it on display in the lobby of the 1 Fighter wing as part of my update to our historical collections. It is under glass and locked, however from time to time I will turn the pages and go different entries. I have it setting next to both a 1 Fighter Group emblem from the era as well as an original 71st patch. More to follow as I make the 1 FW archives worthy of its rich history and heritage.

I'll tell you what I'd like to archived here in the HQ are patches from the 27 and 94 as well. If you have any contacts or know of anyone willing to donate items please let me know.

-Brian

Brian D. Laslie
 1st Fighter Wing Historian

In Memoriam

Francis Fiedler	71st
Marvin Green	71st
Irv Styer	27th

Note from the Secretary

As of this publication there are 348 active members of the Association of which 54 are Life Members. Look for a mailing in January for the annual membership drive. *Pete*

RACQUET'S REMARKS

THE DEED IS DONE!! At 0971 [1011 EST] on 30 Sept 2010 the last nail was put in the 71st FS coffin, at least for a little while. At that time, in the 71st hangar, L/C Joel "Knuckle Cook,



shown on the right, furled the Squadron flag for the last time and presented it to Col Richard "Chase"



Boutwell, 1st FW Operations Group Commander It is the end of an

Active-duty era for this landmark Squadron but the traditions and heritage will live on in our Association to be remembered and practiced for years to come.

To that end we have made arrangements with L/C Cook, former 71st/CC, to collect up all the remaining Squadron memorabilia and have that for sale during the next reunion. Additionally, an interim display of 71st memorabilia to include the original WWII Diary that Mac McAllister presented to Col. Molloy, 1st FW/CC, and an original 71st WWII patch are now on display in the foyer of the 1st FW Headquarter's Building.



Your Association is working with the new 1st FW historian, Brian Laslie, shown with Racquet, to display as much of our memorabilia as can be practically displayed in the limited space available.

Our latest addition, by way of Randy "Mopar" Dodge is a virgin 27th patch that Randy has been holding on to from his active duty days. This patch is our next addition.

We are working with the Historian, 27th Squadron/CC and the Wing to receive an ACC waiver to place a Maloney's Pony logo on a Raptor. Things were moving slowly while the 27th was TDY but I expect the pace to pick up in the weeks ahead and hopefully we will receive approval to move forward. We will get the word out when we know something.



Lastly, your Board, in coordination with Jon Goldenbaum, have been working to coordinate our next Reunion and I am pleased to announce that we have settled on a location, the Riverside, CA area, dates 14-17 September, 2011 and we are in the final discussion with potential hotels to achieve the best combination of rates and facilities. So mark you calendars for another great

Reunion in a historically significant location from the 1st Fighter Wing and 1st Fighter Association's past.



The Word from Bubba

Editor's Note: Among the photos from the 71st deactivation were photos of a bottle of Jeremiah Weed. I looked it up on Wikipedia and saw this:

Jeremiah Weed is a bourbon liqueur manufactured in Connecticut and sold in limited quantities in the United States, mostly at and around Air Force installations. Its alcohol content by volume is 50% (100 proof). Jeremiah Weed is a product of Diageo.

Jeremiah Weed has earned notoriety and has become a favorite drink of the American fighter pilot, especially in the United States Air Force. It is so popular among this demographic that it has gained a cult following. Jeremiah Weed is a very significant element of American fighter pilot culture; how it came to be the drink of the fighter pilot is a matter of legend.[1]

The fighter pilot band Dos Gringos wrote a song titled "Jeremiah Weed" for their album Live at the Sand Trap about this notorious pilot's beverage. Gary Jules also produced a song titled "Jeremiah Weed" in 1998. Ohio troubadour Eric Nassau has also recorded an ode to Jeremiah Weed "Jeremiah Weed" for his 2009 record What's Left of Empty Space.

I asked Bubba what was important about the bottle - and got this reply:

Here is the true story behind Jeremiah Weed. Jumbo, Goldy, and others can attest to it's authenticity. Nort Nelson and Joe Bob Phillips are modern day legends (and still going strong, I might add). I spent two years in Saudi with Nort from 2001-2002 and he hasn't changed. Also spent time with Joe Bob at Fort Worth when he was in BD at Lockheed Martin.

To this day, every fighter squadron bar keeps a bottle of weed on the bar...Normally covered in tape. If you pick it up, you have to pour a shot. If it's the last shot, you owe the bar another bottle.

'The True Story of Jeremiah Weed'

From *'Sierra Hotel - Flying Air Force Fighters in the Decade After Vietnam'*, by Colonel Clarence Richard "Dick" Anderegg, USAF, (Retired)

Every USAF fighter squadron has a lounge where the pilots sometimes gather for a cold beer after the flying day is over. Every refrigerator in each of those lounges contains a chilled bottle of a 100-proof product called Jeremiah Weed. For special occasions, and sometimes for no reason at all, someone will bring out the Weed, fill a shot glass for each person present, and propose a toast. At the conclusion of the toast, all down their Weed in a single gulp. It is not tasty. To many it seems like drinking kerosene, and it leaves a very strong aftertaste. Be that as it may, few refuse because the downing of a Weed is a ritual deeply imbedded in the fighter pilot culture. That ritual started long before today's squadron commanders were even in college, and stories abound as to how the custom started. A famous newsman once said, "When there is disagreement between the legend and the truth, always print the legend." Since I disagree, here is the true story of Jeremiah Weed, and I know it's true because I was part of it.

On December 1, 1978, I was flying as an instructor in the back seat of a F-4E, tail number 649, on a BFM hop out of the 414th FWSq at Nellis Air Force Base, Nevada. The student in my front seat, Maj. Nort Nelson, was a highly experienced F-4 pilot with hundreds of combat hours. Leading the flight was Capt. Joe Bob Phillips, who had in his back seat Capt. Larry Ernst, an instructor who was just along for the ride. The mission called for Joe Bob to attack Nort in a scripted scenario that gave Nort the opportunity to use his best defensive BFM to defeat Joe Bob's attacks. The mission did not last long. On the first engagement, Nort managed to put the airplane into a position from which I judged that recovery was impossible (The details are for another story, which I will tell in a future book). I ejected both of us from the jet. Neither of us was injured, and within an hour we were picked up by a helicopter that returned us to Nellis. It probably goes without saying that Nort and I had different views: he thought he could miss the ground; I did not. It was too close to bet my life

on. The accident investigators agreed with me. They determined that ejection was the only possibility for survival. Further, they believed that if I had delayed more than a second, one or both of us would have died in the desert seventy miles north of Las Vegas.

A year later, both Joe Bob and Nort were members of the F-16 Multinational Operational Test and Evaluation squadron at Hill Air Force Base, Utah. On the first anniversary of the accident, they were flying to Nellis to participate in Red Flag. As they passed over the crash site, which Joe Bob easily found since he had circled our downed position many times, they sketched some brief road maps on cards in their cockpits and decided to return to the site by car.

The next day, a Friday, they drove out of Las Vegas with a friend, Pete Mock, intending to find the site and camp out in the crater that the crashing airplane had gouged in the high desert. However, it was dark by the time they got to the dirt road they thought would lead them to the site. After a couple of aborted attempts to drive up dirt roads to nowhere, they decided to go back to a roadside café they had passed to ask directions.

They entered the Paranaghat Bar and found no customers, only a bearded bartender who looked a lot like Grizzly Adams. When they told the bartender what they were up to, he was delighted to tell them he had seen the fire from the crashing airplane the day of the accident. Further, he was very pleased that he had three real fighter pilots in his bar. He had heard that fighter pilots knew many bar games (true), and he wanted to play games for drinks. When they balked at the idea, he persisted, and after much cajoling asked them if they knew the game "horses." They shook their heads no (not true). Over the next several minutes, the bartender "taught" them horses, finally saying that whoever lost had to buy a round of drinks. After three games of horses, the bartender had bought all three rounds. And after three rounds the pilots were a little less stressed to get to the crash site.

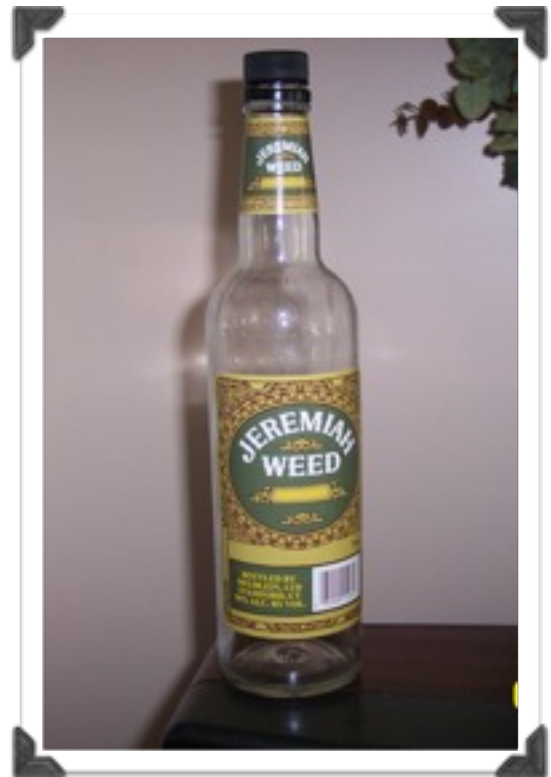
Joe Bob asked the bartender if he knew how to do afterburners. No, the bartender said, he had never heard of that game. So, Joe Bob explained to him how a shot of brandy in a shot glass is ignited so that the alcohol on top burns, and then the drinker throws down the flaming shot. If done correctly, all the brandy is emptied from the shot glass, so that when the drinker puts the glass down, a small, blue flame still burns in the bottom. The bartender was eager to play but said he had no brandy. Nort suggested that any high-proof booze might work, and the bartender fumbled around under the bar for a moment. He straightened up and plopped a tall, brown bottle with a brown and green label on the bar, and said, "I've got this here stuff—it's 100 proof." The brand name on the green label proclaimed that it was Jeremiah Weed. The three fighter pilots filled their shot glasses and demonstrated, all three glasses returning to the bar empty except for a small blue flame flickering at the bottom.

The bartender immediately poured one for himself and lit the top. Now, these were no ordinary twentieth-century shot glasses. Joe Bob thought they might be from the 1800s because the glass was very thick, and the bottom was probably an inch of heavy glass. When the bartender picked his up, he held it by the bottom while he licked and smoothed the mustache of his thick beard out of the line of fire. He took several moments on his grooming, not realizing that as he held the thick glass at the bottom, the top near the fire was heating quickly. By the time he tilted his head back and put the glass to his lips.....well, Joe Bob says you could probably hear the s-s-s-s-sizzle of the hot glass barbecuing the bartender's lips halfway to Las Vegas. Then the bartender made his second mistake and flinched. The flaming Weed went all over his beard, and by the time Joe Bob, Nort, and Pete could beat out the flames, the bar was filled with the smell of cooked lips and singed hair.

As soon as things calmed down a bit, the trio, feeling badly that they had not paid for a drink all night and greatly embarrassed that they had nearly immolated their new friend, bought another bottle of Weed from him and left again for the crash site, this time guided by one of the bartender's friends who had entered the bar just in time to witness and smell the blistering. The friend showed them the correct dirt road, and the trio found the crash crater, where they spent the rest of the night camped out and drinking the entire bottle of Weed.

The next morning they dragged themselves out of the crater, gathered a few souvenirs from the parts still lying around, and headed straight for the Nellis Air Force Base Officers' Club. There they found the manager, showed her the empty bottle, and strongly suggested she add it to the bar stock. She did. Soon, the Nellis fighter pilots were downing shots of Weed (nonflaming) for no good reason except it was different, and it was a good excuse to toast "fallen comrades." As Red Flags came through the Nellis club, they saw the weapons school guys doing it, so they did it, too.

And that is the true story of how Jeremiah Weed started. I have a bottle in my freezer.



Editor's Note: During the 1950's the 1st Fighters flew the F-94 Starfighter, our first all weather jet interceptor. It was based on the T-33 trainer with a more powerful engine and an afterburner. It saw action as a night interceptor in the Korean War. Originally equipped with four .50 caliber guns in the nose, it was modified with 2.75" unguided rockets. The aircraft radar brought the fighter to a firing point where all the rockets were fired at once in a shotgun pattern, as any one hit could bring down a bomber. The version here, the F-94C, carried 24 rockets in the nose and another 24 in pods under the wings. The nose rockets created so much smoke that they blinded the crew and could cause the engine to flame out. The F-94 was replaced by the F-86D with a rocket pod under the nose, and then by the F-102 which had our first guided missiles but still had 24 rockets inside the missile bay doors. The 1st Fighters flew all these airplanes.

The 1st Fighters have very few stories from that period, so this story by Dan Riley and his photos are presented for your enjoyment.

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Subject: Big Mistake

To: Roy Parker

Date: Thursday, October 7, 2010, 3:31 PM

"Bubba", you certainly have a way with the vernacular! Although you didn't ask a direct question about the Moody AFB caper, you hinted at it. Big mistake, that was incentive enough for me!

My passion for telling stories hit a peak in 1997, when I was the coordinator for our first ever Class 54Q Pilot Training reunion. One day I found a big note on the door of our hospitality room which said, "Don't ask Riley any questions, we're only going to be here three days!" One may have taken offense to that but I didn't.....I took it as a compliment, and began recording all my military stories. I quit at 18 chapters, and have since condensed them. All this was self serving, lest I got too old to remember, and some day it may give those a chance who missed the stories, by leaving the room. My four children were instrumental in getting me started. I digressed.....the Moody caper:

During the Spring of 1955, the entire 27th Squadron went to Moody for rocket training on the Gulf water range. Guts, feathers, and all. Enlisted, officers, and as I said.....24 F-94Cs, a T-Bird and a



B-25. I think we were due to stay there 30 days. Burlington VT picked up our alert for us. We were housed in old WW2 barracks converted to rooms. After about a week, the new wore off and the adventures began. It was about 1 AM when I awoke to a loud rumbling sound coming from the hallway. It was a long hallway, the original old wooden floor, running the entire length of the building. The rumbling always ended with a much louder "crash".

Pete Gauchus was an RO, and a young athletic type. We were all young, and I was a new brown bar. When I opened my door, I saw a drunk Pete at one end of the hall rolling his shot-put, bowling ball fashion, at a Sunroc water cooler at the other end of the hall. The shot-put must have been doing about 40 when it passed me. He succeeded, hitting the cooler and converting it to scrap metal. The water line broke and looked like Old Faithful.

Col Davenport was the Base Commander and he blew his top. Who could blame him. Incidentally, he had his own personal F-94C parked in front of Base Ops. It glistened like it was chrome! Everything finally died down and was getting back to normal when it happened. I was awakened again, this time by my RO, John Staples. He was yelling, "Get up, get up, and start packing!" Half asleep I asked, "Where are we going?" He replied "Back to Griffiss!" "Who's going!" I asked. The next words were the shocker...."The whole GD squadron. We've been kicked off Moody."

It seems a few hours earlier things got out of hand at the Moody Club, some 27th jocks apparently got mad, and started throwing everything they could get their hands on into the swimming pool. I didn't witness this but I was told it was pretty bad. A few hours later I was back in my room at Griffiss. But the crisis wasn't over. Later that night my Flt Cmdr, Capt Les Hauer, called and told me to flight plan for two F-94s to return to Moody early the next morning. He told me when the enlisted people pulled out, they stole an enormous amount of Moody's GI blankets. Moody was holding our supply officer hostage. The blankets would be strapped into the rear seats of the two aircraft. I was ready at Base Ops the next morning when Hauer walked in and said they got all the blankets into one aircraft, but since I was already there, I may as well go also. I called the BOQ and asked my RO if he wanted to go....."Naw, I'm going back to bed." So I went with an empty back seat.

Not much fuel on board an F-94 and it was two hops each way. Can you imagine something like this happening today? Airplanes were cheap, flying hours were cheap, and no one really cared about sortie utilization. I often wondered about the cost of those blankets vs the sorties to return them. Looking back, I know I was in at the right time!

Now you know why..... "Don't ask Riley any questions!"

1stFighter.com Website Update

Several years ago the 1st Fighter Association made a commitment to build a new generation website that would meet seven criteria.

1. Memorialize the 1st Fighter Wing historical documents, photos, videos and stories that had been part of the association website to date;
2. Create a "members only" side of the website for dues paying members to access information that was not appropriate for the public (like Bubba doing shots of weed);
3. Empower each member of the association to upload content from their personal archives in the same categories as the historical information;
4. Use a social network strategy to encourage existing members to reach out to former & active 1st Fighters and encourage them to join the website and the association;
5. Engage internal dialogue systems so members could connect, chat and develop a robust 'virtual' camaraderie that would lead to growing membership;
6. Manage a real time calendar system to ensure members could access all 1st Fighter related activities, including active duty updates;
7. Use technology to effectively inform, promote and facilitate reunion planning and execution.

To accomplish these objectives, I worked with the executive team and many of the association's founding members to define specifications for the website, go/no-go items and a timeline. My technical team identified what we believed to be the best programming solution to deliver what the association needed now. The site was also designed for future organizational growth without having to rebuild a website every few years.

At the Langley Reunion in 2009, we introduced the new platform and began to ramp up the user participation. During the first few months of operation many of our members used the site and attempted to load content and use some of the administrative features. Some of the site worked well, but other parts were more challenging. As we continued to refine the site, we fixed bugs, and added new features. For example, we added a simple landing page where new visitors could identify themselves as a member or guest and thus move to the appropriate part of the website.

Designing websites is one thing, using them is another and maintaining them is yet another. To make sure the site could be easily maintained, earlier this year I positioned 1stFighter.com on US Based servers with a well established company in Lynchburg, Virginia with whom my company has done business for over 5 years. Several months ago, I was notified by the hosting company that our website had to be taken offline because a hacker had violated our site and it was being used to send out millions of virus emails.

My team and the hosting company went to work immediately to identify the source of the intrusion and after what seemed like an eternity, we discovered there was a vulnerability in the open source code upon which the member area of the website was built. Over the ensuing weeks, we had to find all the viruses that had planted themselves in our site, remove them, plug the holes and prepare the site for re-launch. As of this writing, the website is online and we expect to have all the programming complete by the end of October.

Lessons Learned

In this day and age, websites are absolutely critical to organizational communication. I happily volunteered for the role as the next Association webmaster because I wanted to contribute to an organization that means so much to me. I did my best to coordinate the project and produce a product that was in line with the associations budget and would meet the expanding list of requirements.

However, as technical challenges came up, my role as the association's webmaster competed with my full time business. I needed to be much more attentive than I was and the association suffered because of it. The association needs a dedicated, US based technical team available to respond web needs asap as opposed to an 'additional duty' webmaster.

Action Steps

1. The 1st Fighter Association now has a direct contract with the US Based company for hosting, technical programming support.
2. The 1st Fighter Association 'webmaster' will serve more as a liaison to ensure specifications from the executive team are communicated and carried out by the technical company.
3. I'll buy the first round at the 2011 Reunion.

Onward, *Buick*

Editor's Note: A few additional questions further defined that:

- 1) The large quantity of invaluable information on our previous website has not been lost.
- 2) Online means the website is accessible through the internet as opposed to when it was suspended offline while the virus was active.
- 3) The way we designed the site means that members cannot upload anything that is seen by the public unless the executive team approves it and we publish it on the home page. With regard to member content, we've not set any guidelines for content but we probably should. That's up to the board to set general guideline.

The main difference between now and the end of the month (or as soon as we are notified by programmers) is there is vulnerability FROM hackers to our site which in the worst case scenario could take it offline until the holes are secured. Because the programmers were able to remove the viruses, they have been able to leave the site online and accessible. By 1 November, members can start uploading pix, video and documents again.

The help of volunteers, such as Buick, is essential to the survival of the Association. Sometimes things go wrong, but we still owe them our support and thanks for doing their best. Buick deserves a toast at our next Reunion! --- Bruce

Letters to the Editor

This Newsletter is open to deeper thoughts by our membership about air power and the future of aviation. Keep politics out of it, but strategies and military budgets are fair game. To start it off, "Bubba" Parker, President of the 27th Fighter Squadron, sent this analysis:

Bruce,

Just a thought. I often speak to groups about the evolution of airpower from the great thinkers such as Douhet and Mitchell, the results of the strategic bombing survey, the horrible losses in WW-II, etc. What I focus on is the promise of Air Power - ability to strike directly at the will and capability of a nation state to wage war without the horrible loss of life and treasury that ground warfare entails.

I would suggest to you that the promise of airpower has only started to be delivered. Gulf War I was the roll out of a new Air Force that people like Dixon, Creech, and Russ envisioned. What are the capabilities I'm referring to? I would suggest the following:

1. Precision guided munitions. When you look at the probability of kill of a target with a given weapons system, it is fairly easy math to figure out how many sorties you need to achieve a given Pk of kills. As an example, in WW-II to guarantee destruction of a 50,000 square foot war house required 75 sorties to achieve a 95% probability of destruction. In Korea, there were some improvements and the same target now took 50 sorties to achieve the same Pk. In Vietnam, there were also some improvements - the same target now took 25 sorties to guarantee destruction. Of course, each of these were exposed to horrible attrition, loss of aircraft, and lives. I would suggest in Gulf War I, we could launch a single F-117 and have the same probability of kill with a single aircraft - and we got the aircraft back! (by the way, the figures are notional that I use above, but you get the idea. I have actual numbers).
2. Low Observable technology - Enables us to go into very heavily defended areas with minimum chance of detection as well as loss of the asset. Also minimizes/eliminates the need for ECM, etc. and all the assets required for that mission.
3. Technologies that turn the night into day. We can now wage aerial warfare 24/7 with the same effectiveness. No other country in the world can do that. There is no longer a sanctuary for the enemy due to darkness. I can remember walking down the hall in HQ TAC in the early 80s when General Creech had LANTIRN as the number one priority of the TAF RD&A list. We "iron majors" would giggle and talk in the bar about the foolishness of hanging a LANTIRN pod on a single seat F-16 and fly through unknown terrain at 300 feet at night. You know what? Gen Creech was right...we can and they do!

When you look at the horrible losses of WW-II (8th AF in Europe lost more lives than the entire USMC in WW-II for an example), Korea and Vietnam and compare that to Gulf War I where a total of 250 or so lives were lost totally, the promise of airpower starts to be witnessed first hand. And we've only improved since then.

What does it all mean to me? It means we need fewer aircraft, fewer munitions, fewer people, etc. to achieve the same combat results we saw in Vietnam. The fear I have is that we are always comparing to Vietnam...and, while a couple of wings of F-22s and JSF possess the same combat power and effectiveness of the entire USAF in Vietnam (again, notional), people get the idea that's all we need. My believe is that we have to structure against the larger threat - say China, Russia, India, etc. That's obviously the ongoing debate. I hope strategy drives the answer and not budgets. We'll have to see.

Editor
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Place Stamp Here



Bud Butcher with his F-86E at George AFB in 1951