



# Sabre Jet Classics

Volume 7 Number 1

SPRING 1999

*A publication of the F-86 Sabre Pilots Association*



*RAF Sabres To Italy, The Saga Of  
Acro Andy, Cross Country To Mexico,  
'Bones' vs. 'Casey Jones', More!*

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SPRING 1999  
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(front cover) An ex-RAF Sabre F.4 (F-86E) enroute to Italy in 1955. The Sabre has RAF camouflage with US Air Force markings. (credit - Gary Sparks)

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# THE PRESIDENTS NOTEBOOK

Our coming reunion in Las Vegas, April 18-22, highlights some important points. First and foremost, the form you need to register for the reunion is included in this issue of *SabreJet Classics*. This form will NOT be distributed except in the magazine. Another reminder concerns building our membership. Periodically, membership applications are included in *SabreJet Classics*, and may be reproduced as needed. Please use these forms to recruit new members.

Hey! Members all! As we prepare to mail the 1999 Membership Roster, we discovered that about 40% of your telephone area codes are now invalid due to a change by Ma Bell. And we estimate that about 60% of your E-mail addresses are also probably in error. Worse, when you move, and IF we learn of it, the information usually comes from the Postal Service in the form of returned magazines. This means that if you haven't sent us your new address, you may not receive the

latest issue of *SabreJet Classics* or other notices that we might send out. Then too, our roster may not have your correct address, meaning that many of your friends will lose touch with you. Please bring us up to date as soon as possible.

Remember all those stories you and your buddies tell when you're having a "There I was..." session? Most of those tales would make gripping narratives for readers of *SabreJet Classics*. And they're probably much more interesting to our readers than you might imagine. Not only that, but Editor Larry Davis is a wizard at producing colorful and descriptive text to enhance your story, if need be. Why not submit your story (and photos if you've got them) for a future issue of our magazine.

Any ideas or suggestions? Your Association wants you to tell us how we can improve our operation or the magazine. Please send these to our Secretary or Staff Executive Officer well ahead of the reunion. You may find your suggestion on our agenda for the business meeting.

Our organization is going strong as we enter the last year of this century. Please do your part to help boost our efficiency by checking off the list below:

Are your dues up to date?  
Register for the reunion. (There's a \$25 late fee.)  
Recruit a new member.  
Please send a story to our editor.

So dust off your fighter songs, and feel again the powerful flow of those days as you signaled to rev up the Palouste unit. "Throw a nickel on the grass"!!!

In closing I'd like to pause for a reflective moment and spend some time staring into the blue. A long time friend, fellow fighter pilot, and outstanding officer, General John Roberts, folded his wings the other day in San Antonio. From winning the High Individual Trophy in the first jet fighter gunnery meet at Nellis in 1950, to his multi-gunned F-4 at DaNang when he was the Commander of the 366th Tactical Fighter Wing and his "Gunfighters" were the scourge of the enemy, he was a role model for all fighter pilots. In later years, as a senior officer, he never forgot his fighter beginnings. So farewell my friend. We'll be seeing you.

Cheers, and keep your airspeed up!

**Bruce Hinton**  
President

## FOLDED WINGS

Ben L. Armstrong, January 2nd, 1999

George F. Metts, November 7th, 1998

John Roberts, January 8th, 1999

Richard A. Rung, July 29th, 1998

Dallas P. Sartz, October 17th, 1998

Walter E. Williams, May 13th, 1997



**Major Gerald R. 'Jerry' Weiland,  
USAF (Retired)  
Secretary, F-86 Sabre Pilots Assn.  
Last Flight - May 2nd, 1998**

The Summer 1998 issue of SabreJet Classics carried the "Folded Wings" entry for our great friend, Jerry Weiland. As the secretary of our association, Jerry was one of those absolutely indispensable individuals who work behind the scenes, quietly and tirelessly.

He became the secretary of our staff in Las Vegas in 1993, and held that position until his untimely departure. The secretary performs duties quite similar to those of the adjutant in most military organizations. Records must be maintained, monetary receipts must be received and deposited, and the mail must be checked, distributed and answered - to name a few of the unglamorous, yet essential chores. Jerry did all these things and many more, with great precision. Indeed, over the six years that he served, he received and deposited about a half million dollars in small checks. Yet he was embarrassed that there had been one small discrepancy of \$5! What a batting average! During each of the last three reunions, Jerry and his wife, Diane, worked as a team - always there when they were needed. At the 1997 reunion alone, he managed transactions amounting to over \$140,000.

Jerry finished flying school at Bryan AFB, Texas, with the class of 54H, then went through F-86 Combat Crew Training at Nellis. He flew the Sabre and Super Sabre with the 48th Fighter Wing at Chaumont AB, France. In Vietnam, he flew the F-4 with the 433rd Tactical Fighter Squadron, "Satan's Angels", in the 8th Fighter Wing. He is survived by Diane, sons Scott and Mark, and two grandchildren.

Jerry left his mark on our organization, and it is indelible. We miss him. And as the Sabre Pilots bid a fond farewell to Jerry, we are thankful that Diane will carry on for him as the secretary of our association.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

With regards to the pilot and airplane that appeared on the rear cover of vol. 6, no.3, an F-86D driver and aircraft from the Western Air Defense Force, several members responded with names and units. We thank all those who responded.

The consensus opinion is that the pilot of "Kentucky Rifle" is Capt. George Otis. Member J. Carr was the first to ID Captain Otis. Carr mentioned that the photo was taken when the two of them were assigned to the 413th FIS at Travis AFB in 1955.

Member Bob Grosz also identified Captain Otis, but mentioned the squadron as the 82nd FIS at Travis, and the photo was taken in 1955 at the Air Force Rocket Meet held at Vincent AFB, Yuma, AZ.

In checking the history of both units I found that both members were correct. It was the summer of 1955 that the Air Force, under Project ARROW, re-designated many of the squadrons back to historically correct numbers for the wings they were assigned to.

On 17 August 1955, the 413th FIS was based at Travis AFB, California. On 18 August 1955, Project ARROW changed the 413th FIS to the 82nd FIS at Travis. Both units were assigned to the 28th Air Division, within the Western Air Defense Force. More on Project ARROW in the near future



The F-86 Sabre Pilots Association

# TWELFTH REUNION



## APRIL 18-22, 1999

AT THE MONTE CARLO HOTEL, LAS VEGAS

SPECIAL GUEST SPEAKER  
MR. J.D. WETTERLING  
FIGHTER PILOT, WRITER, PATRIOT



### BE THERE!



**TWELFTH REUNION, APRIL 18-22, 1999**  
**F-86 SABRE PILOTS ASSOCIATION—MONTE CARLO HOTEL, LAS VEGAS**  
**REGISTRATION FORM**

LAST NAME \_\_\_\_\_ FIRST NAME \_\_\_\_\_ M.I. \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
 ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ E-MAIL \_\_\_\_\_  
 SPOUSE/GUESTS, (FIRST & LAST NAMES) \_\_\_\_\_

<u>EVENT</u>	<u>FEE</u>	<u>NO. IN PARTY</u>	<u>TOTALS</u>
REGISTRATION: Total No. in Your Party	\$45.00	X _____	= \$ _____
REGISTRATION LATE FEE (Post marked 3/16/99 or later)	\$25.00	X <u>  1  </u>	= \$ _____
HORS D'OEUVRES BUFFET/COCKTAILS (No-Host Cash Bar)	\$30.00	X _____	= \$ _____
BANQUET (No-Host Cash Bar)	\$55.00	X _____	= \$ _____
TREASURE HUNT (Ladies Event) If desired, you can accompany your wife	\$ 5.00	X _____	= \$ _____
RAFFLE TICKETS (6 Tickets for \$5)	\$ 5.00	X _____	= \$ _____
GOLF TOURNAMENT*	\$50.00	X _____	= \$ _____
	<u>REUNION FEES</u>	<u>SUB-TOTAL</u>	\$ _____

99 DUES IF APPLICABLE (\$25 for 1 yr., \$50 for 3 Yrs., Life \$200) \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Check your mail label for dues expiration date!  
 RED FLAG TOUR:\*\* YES  NO  TOTAL FEES & DUES \$ \_\_\_\_\_

CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST\*\*\* Monday, 19<sup>th</sup> of April No. in Party \_\_\_\_\_  
 CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST\*\*\* Wednesday, 21 of April No. in Party \_\_\_\_\_

\* Golf Tournament—Please List your PGA Handicap \_\_\_\_\_ or Strokes/18 Holes \_\_\_\_\_  
 Please List Your Guest Golfer's  
 Name: \_\_\_\_\_ PGA Handicap \_\_\_\_\_ or Strokes/18 Holes \_\_\_\_\_  
 ( For guidance, check instruction sheet. Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup> of April, Bus departs Hotel at 0600)

\*\* Red Flag—Charter Members Only! Do not sign up if you have previously attended this event.  
 Limit 160 attendees First come basis for selecting attendees. Tuesday, 20<sup>th</sup> of April

\*\*\* Continental Breakfasts—This is a freebie for all attendees. However, we do need a head count for the hotel and our own protection! This is an expensive affair so don't sign up if your not sure you will attend.

We need Volunteers, both gentlemen and ladies, for assisting in the Registration Processing and Country Store Operation. Please indicate availability by number volunteering in your party.

Registration       Country Store

**PLEASE HELP SHARE THE WORKLOAD—REGISTER EARLY**



# THE SAGA OF ACRO ANDY

by Robert J. 'Andy' Andrews

This is the saga of Andy Andrews - an exciting experience I had in early 1951 on a combat mission with the 335th Fighter Interceptor Squadron. We were flying the F-86A Sabre, and were based at Suwon (K-13), South Korea.

My story begins during my Sabre transition training at Langley Air Force Base, before the 4th Fighter Wing moved to Korea. It was during these transition flights that I gained experience in spinning the Sabre. I was 'Green 4', and we were practicing combat spread formation flying.

My flight leader decided to do a loop with us all spread out line-a-breast. He was way too slow on the entry and on the top. And of course, since I was 'Green 4' and way out on the end of the whip, I was really slow. I mean really slow! So guess what? I stalled-out while inverted and spun ever so graciously to a controlled pullout over the tree tops of Virginia. Now that was thrilling!

In November 1950, the 4th packed up and shipped out for a "short TDY" to someplace called Korea. The communists had invaded and they'd brought along the best in the Soviet Air Force arsenal - the MiG-15. The MiGs came up quite often in those early days, until they found out that we could not only stay right with them, but beat them in almost every facet of combat flying. After we shot a bunch of them out of the sky, they started hanging back, and only came out to play when they felt they had a big advantage.

I encountered MiGs only a couple of times in my sixty-one missions with the 335th, before they shipped me home in ice bags. (I had contracted malaria in July) My biggest thrill was on one mission when someone called the 'break' as we were being jumped by MiGs at our 9 o'clock position above 33,000 feet. I never did see the MiGs. But being a really smooth-sticked combat ready fighter pilot at the time, I rammed the stick hard to the left, while simultaneously yanking it full back into my gut. The g-meter told me that I was pulling 10+ Gs. Wham! Away she went into a series of violent snap-rolls, with me banging all over the cockpit and my head ricocheting off the inside of the canopy.

Well, you can imagine, the Sabre ended up spinning from around 33,000 feet - down, down, down!. I didn't know if I was right-side up or upside down. I fought it all the way down to 5,000 feet, and prepared myself for pulling the ejection handles.



(l) Captain Robert 'Acro Andy' Andrews and (r) Jack Bryant in front of the flight crew tents at Suwon in 1951. (credit - Lon Walter)

I let go of the Sabre's control stick at some point, and that old girl must have felt sorry for me because she came out of that spin all by herself. I think I remember someone telling me to do just that - just let go of the stick and stop fighting the airplane.

I was a bit north of the Yalu River as I completed my low-level acrobatic maneuvers over Manchuria. From that day over the Yalu, while performing my 'acrobatic air demonstration show' for the North Koreans and the Chinese, I wore the name "Acro Andy", which I am still addressed as even today - but only by my really close fighter pilot buddies. Maybe because that Sabre brought me home in one piece, they made me 'D Flight' commander, and gave me a spot promotion to Captain. Our flight tent sign read "Acro Andy's Array of Attractive Aggressive Aviators". I wonder what ever happened to that sign.

Sign outside "D" Flight tent at Suwon in the late Spring of 1951. (credit - Lon Walter)



Major W. W. "Bones" Marshall,  
Commander, 335th Fighter Interceptor Squadron  
F-86E #50-625

## "Casey Jones"

Someone in one of the other squadrons transmitted the call that "Casey Jones" was aboard. There he was, a single contrail sitting high above all the other MiG formations. "Casey Jones" was the legendary "trainman". A code name given to the MiG tactical commander, the guy who directed all the "bandit trains" out of Antung. He flew in a single MiG, well above all the MiG flights, directing the air battle. With him aboard we knew we could expect a hell of an air battle.

Prior to the advent of "Casey Jones", it had seemed that the MiGs were making only individual attack runs, usually low and at the six o'clock position.

But with 'Ol' Case' directing the fight, the MiGs put emphasis on coordinated high side attacks, in conjunction with their normal 6 o'clock passes. While you were turning into the pair making the high angle attack, two more were coming up your tailpipe. They were attacking in groups of four to six aircraft, which was more than the two-ship F-86 element could cope with. Interestingly enough, even with these tactics, we were still maintaining the large kill ratio that we'd had from the beginning. But now we were having to do a hell of a lot more fighting than in the past.

Our three squadrons had entered MiG Alley in the basic combat formation of four ship flights, the 'finger four formation'. But when the fight began, we quickly broke down into elements of two, which was our best fighting posture. It was estimated that the number of MiG contrails overhead now exceeded 70+. I would have been completely confident of success in the face of even those odds, with my own wingman. But given the situation, it was the bloody end if you had a wingman who couldn't hack it.

I'll remember this mission for all the days of my life. Never have I had to fight so hard to survive. And surprisingly, in the act of surviving, I fell into the lap of Lady Luck and destroyed my antagonist.

We had just rolled out from breaking into two attacking MiGs, when almost immediately, my cockpit was surrounded by a hail of bright tracers from the cannons of the MiG on my tail. They looked the size of oranges as they went by the canopy. My wingman had said nothing. I jerked the stick

back so hard that I easily exceeded the aircraft 'G' limits. The MiG went one direction and my wingman the other. I had lost them both.

Before I could take a breath, I was again the target of a stream of tracers; but they were a lot closer this time. There was a second MiG sitting right on my tail. Startled, I again slammed the stick back, trying to 'split S' out of there. It produced spectacular results. My Sabre did a neat snap roll, and I ended up in an inverted spin with zero air speed. This was a great evasive maneuver, I thought. No one could have stayed with me through that gyration.

Except, when I looked out through my canopy, there was a MiG. And we were both spinning down together, canopy to canopy. In seconds I made a quick spin recovery. But so did he. We had ended up in a flat spin, with very little air speed, in a nose-up attitude. Except that his nose was almost pointing at me. I expected him to start firing at any moment.

(l-r)Major George Davis, Jr., Col. Benjamin Preston, and Major W.W. 'Bones' Marshall on 30 November 1951, the day both Davis and Marshall made 'ace'. Together, the trio would down 24 1/2 MiGs in Korea. (credit - USAF)





As an illustration of the great flight stability of the F-86, my aircraft responded well when I again slammed the sloppy stick to one side, kicking the rudders as hard as I could. It worked! I was off in another spin, slower but more controllable this time.

Then the impossible happened. There was my MiG, also spinning down in the same air space with me. We were fast losing too much altitude, so I again made a spin recovery. The MiG recovered right beside me. Except this time, he was at my 12 o'clock position - directly in front of me. It was a simple task to open fire..I must have hit something vital as the MiG suddenly caught fire and exploded.

What a great fighter pilot that MiG guy was. I thought he was Ol' Casey Jones himself. Other Sabre pilots that had seen the fight said that the MiG appeared to have stuck with me in my hard break, until we both snap-rolled and fell off in that first spin. That MiG driver proved to be one hell of a wingman, when he stuck with me in a formation of sorts, as we both spun down the second time, with destination unknown. It was just Lady Luck riding with me, that he ended up in the dead center of my gunsight. Otherwise, I don't know. I was well below 'Bingo' fuel, and it was either then or I wouldn't have made it home.

That fight had probably lasted little more than five minutes, but it seemed like a lifetime. It seemed impossible that in so short a period of time, I had been shot at twice, would exceed the aircraft 'G' limits with my maneuvers, and had snap-rolled and spun the airplane twice. All the time being together with an enemy aircraft, until I recovered in a position to shoot him out of the sky. What an air battle!

As I headed home, about 200 miles away, I realized that I had concentrated so hard on that MiG and my survival, that I had heard no radio transmissions from any other Sabres in the area. I half regretted the loss of such a great pilot, even though he was on the other side. He certainly looked ten feet tall to me. I would have loved to have sat down for a



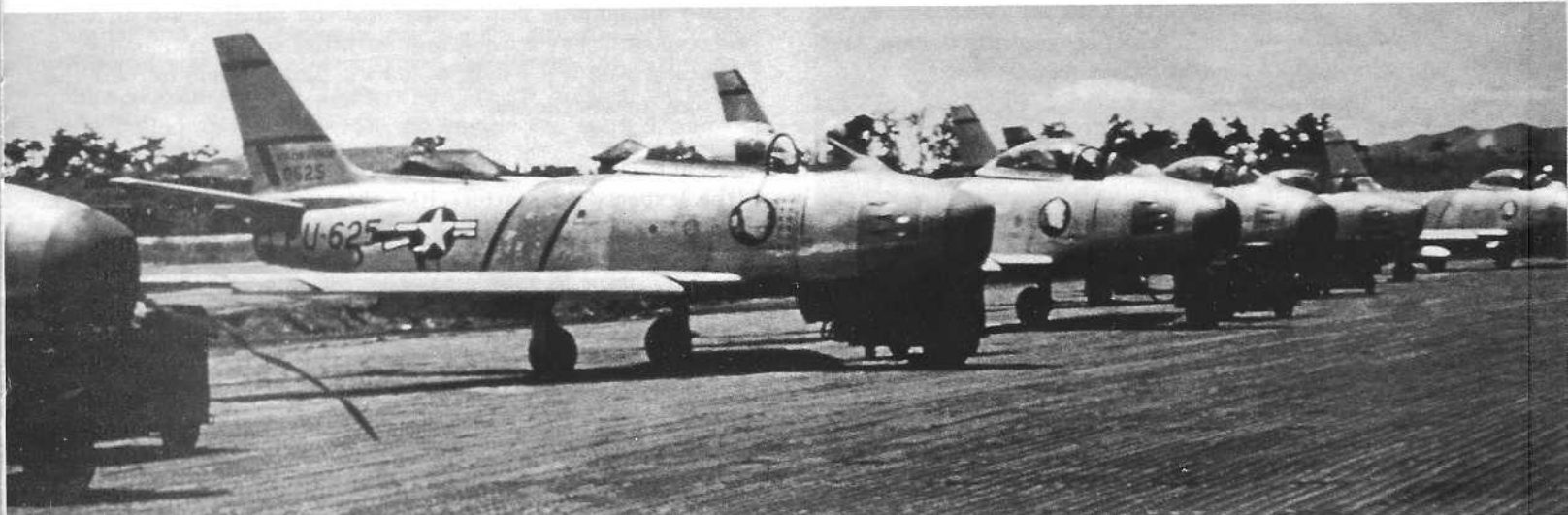
"Mr. Bones V" was Major W.W. Marshall's assigned airplane when he commanded the 335th FIS, and carries his score on the gun bay door - 7 kills, 1 probable, and 5 damaged. (credit - W.W. Marshall)

beer or vodka at the O-club with that guy, trading fighter pilot stories together.

What was different between his MiG and my Sabre, that he could stay with me through such high 'G' turns? Did he purposely fly into the snap roll and spin to stay with me? Or was it an unexpected maneuver, as it had been for me? Why didn't he shoot at me when we both recovered from that first spin? And finally, was his fuel as low, his flying suit as wet, and his arm as tired as mine was in those last few seconds?

It had been one hell of a 'Milk Run' day. I am sure that my wingman will remember it for days to come. He probably pulled more 'Gs' that day than anytime in his life, as he survived several attacks by that bunch of MiGs. He could be proud that he did the best he could under those circumstances.

A lineup of 335th FIS F-86s in the alert area of Kimpo AB in 1952, with 'Bones' Marshall's "Mr. Bones V", F-86E #50-625, in the foreground. Note the 14 red stars on the right gun bay, indicative of 14 MiG kills by pilots flying -625, not just Major Marshall's score. (credit - Karl Dittmer)





1/Lt Robert Makinney, 334th FIS, Kimpo AB 1951.  
(credit - Robt. Makinney)

It was January 1953, and the country was about to inaugurate a new President - Dwight D. Eisenhower. The word came down from Headquarters, Air Defense Command, that each of its fighter squadrons would provide 16 aircraft for a mammoth flyby at 1,000 feet, right down Constitution Avenue in Washington during the ceremony. Bases at Delaware and Maryland would host these airplanes, and there would be one practice flight before the big day.

At George AFB, home of the 94th Fighter Squadron, things really started happening. The squadron ops officer began selecting the lucky pilots who would go, and those who would stay to perform our primary mission. Maintenance crews worked overtime to make sure the most reliable Sabres were ready for the long cross-country mission. A special effort was made to paint distinctive markings on the birds so that they could be easily seen among the hundreds of airplanes in the formation.

Our squadron commander, Lt.Col. James Raebel, and a wingman, took off two days early for New Castle, Delaware, our assigned staging area. There, he was joined by other commanders to plan the myriad of details required of an operation of this magnitude.

On the day of departure, the rest of us were briefed about the flight and our aircraft assignment. The plan called for three flights of four and a two-ship element. We'd refuel at Albuquerque and Oklahoma City, with an overnight in St. Louis. On the second day, we'd refuel at Wright Patterson AFB, Ohio, and make a final landing at New Castle. We were to fly under visual flight rules, no IFR weather flying.

The first day went without a hitch. The next morning, however, there was an overcast in the St. Louis area that extended about 10 miles to the east. After takeoff, we stayed below the clouds until we reached a large patch of clear sky, then climbed through to "VFR-on-top" and proceeded to Wright Pat. The first two flights and the element landed without incident, retiring to the snack bar for coffee.

The third flight never located the field. The flight leader received a station passage to Wright Patterson radio, began a let-down to the east and made a procedure turn back to the field. Unfortunately, during the turn, the radio station went

# The (Almost) Inaugural Flyby

by R.L. "Bob" Makinney

off the air. He had turned down the volume on his ADF receiver and didn't notice, missing the field on his approach from the east. Now he had to find it again.

After too long at a relatively low altitude, the entire flight ran very low on fuel. The leader flamed out near the Ohio-Indiana border, making a dead-stick, gear up landing in a corn field. The other three airplanes landed on a 2,000 foot grass strip a few miles northwest of Cincinnati.

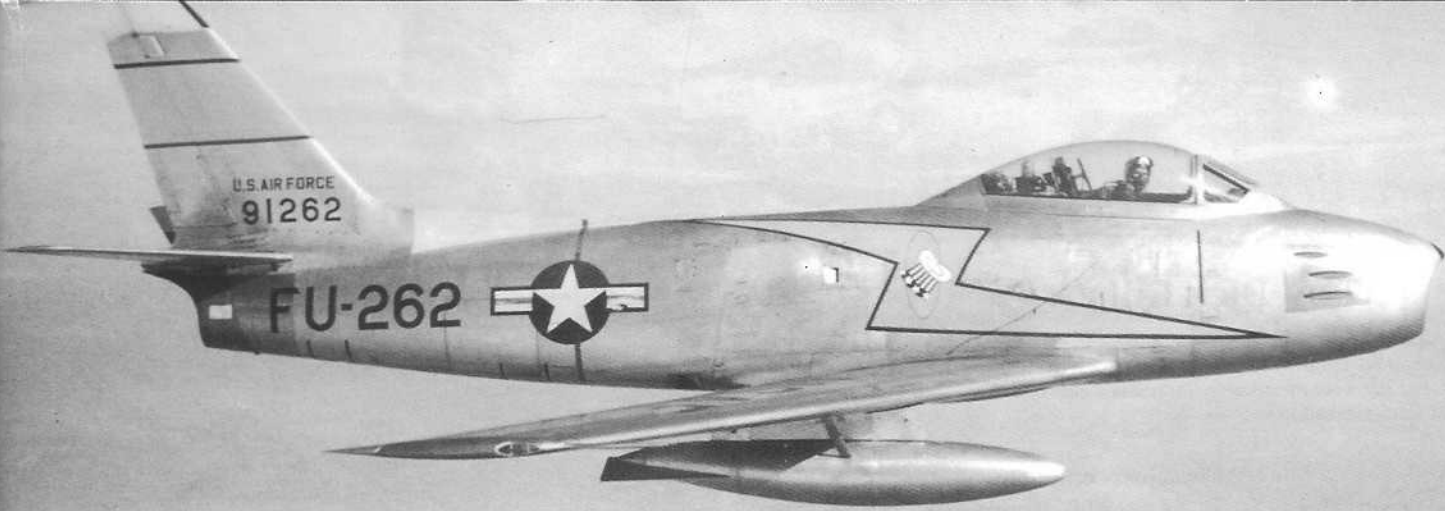
Back at the Wright Pat coffee shop, things became quite tense because no one knew what had happened to the third flight. Pilots from other units enroute to the ceremonies were asking the embarrassing question, "What happened?" Finally, we got the word that no one got hurt, and that three of our F-86s were flyable. But their immediate future was somewhat uncertain.

As the situation calmed down, the rest of the birds continued on to New Castle. Ironically, shortly after landing, we were notified that the Inaugural Flyby was cancelled.

Lt.Col. Raebel's attention now turned to the problem of the three birds near Cincinnati. The dilemma he faced was how to get the aircraft out with minimum effort and risk. The three F-86s were on a short, muddy landing strip, with 50 foot trees on the far end of the strip. The Pilots Handbook presupposed that all takeoffs would be made from a hard surface runway. To run the J47 to 100% rpm necessary for takeoff would probably cause the landing gear to dig into the mud. Could an F-86 achieve sufficient acceleration for liftoff speed in that short a distance? And if it could, would the pilot be able to clear the 50 foot trees at the end?

Lt.Col. Raebel asked the aeronautical engineers at Wright Pat (the 'experts' in matters like this) what options we had. Specifically, could the F-86 be modified to accept JATO (Jet Assisted TakeOff) bottles to shorten the takeoff roll? Their answer - "No, not readily." They recommended the birds be hauled out on flatbed trailers after removing the wings. At that point, ownership of the airplanes would pass from our squadron to Wright Patterson, i.e. we'd just lost three Sabres.

After carefully evaluating the situation, Lt.Col. Raebel decided to test three of the Sabres at Wright-Pat to determine the best short field takeoff procedure. Several ideas were put forth,



A 94th FIS F-86A wears the special markings applied for the 1953 "Inauguration Flight" that would be part of the ceremonies for President Dwight D. Eisenhower. Although the ceremonial flight did not take place, the markings were retained by the squadron, and were even carried over onto their F-86D aircraft. (credit - Budd Butcher)

including increasing the tailpipe temperature and deflecting thrust by positioning 'mice' in the tailpipe. This would create more thrust. And the internal fuel load was held at 600 pounds, about 100 gallons. As a bonus, the tests would be flown by the pilots who had been chosen to bring the Sabres out of the muddy strip.

For three days, various configurations were tried. Was it better to have full flaps on takeoff roll or lower them at takeoff speed? Would full flaps provide greater lift, thus reducing the weight of the bird moving through the mud?

Observers were placed along the Wright Pat runway at 100 foot intervals, to mark exactly where each test aircraft broke ground. With 600 pounds of fuel, the Sabre easily broke ground in 800 feet. Once airborne, they could easily clear a 50 foot obstacle at the 2,000 foot mark. But, the tests were measured from a concrete runway.

Based upon the tests, and after personally inspecting the muddy strip, Lt.Col. Raebel drew heavily on his own experience in the F-86 and made his decision. (I suspect there was also a silent prayer involved here.) Contrary to the advice of all the 'experts', we'd fly the Sabres out!

The big day turned out to be cold and blustery. Typical February in Ohio - temperature about 30<sup>o</sup>, wind gusts to 30 knots, and snow showers. About 150 square feet of PSP (pierced steel planking) was laid on the muddy strip. At a time coordinated with Greater Cincinnati Airport, each F-86 was pulled up onto the PSP, the engine was started, and the takeoff roll commenced.

One by one, the three Sabres accelerated to liftoff speed well short of the field boundary, then cleared the trees at the far end. WHEW! Each one climbed to an altitude of several hundred feet, turned south across the Ohio River, and landed at Greater Cincinnati Airport, where they were refueled and made ready for the return to George AFB.

*EPILOGUE*: This incident demonstrates a number of factors relating to leadership and decision-making by a unit commander responsible for the safety of personnel and care of costly property entrusted to him:

- 1) Consultation with recognized 'experts' was certainly the proper course of action. However, the commander rejected their recommendation and proved that operators who know their equipment sometimes have a better grasp of how that equipment performs than the 'experts'.
- 2) While the successful completion of this operation was a happy event, had the results ended in disaster, there would undoubtedly have been many an "I told you so!" from the experts.
- 3) A good commander must be ready to stick his neck out to support his strong convictions.
- 4) A little luck never hurts either!

The 94th FIS gunnery team poses by one of their F-86As at the 1953 Nellis Gunnery Meet. The aircraft still wears the markings applied for the 'inaugural flight' demonstration. (credit - Larry Davis)





# Run For The Border

by Dick Gilbert

(Shooting down a MiG-15 on my 97th mission in the Korean War was one mission I'll never forget. But my most memorable flight was a real boo-boo, or in Air Force terminology, "Head's up and locked".)

It was late 1952 and our class was just completing gunnery and fighter tactics in the F-86 at Nellis AFB. There were six or seven pilots in the class who needed another hour of night cross-country time. We were briefed by the instructor that our flight would be from Nellis to Flagstaff to Phoenix to Blythe, and then return to Nellis. Make sure you have your maps, flashlight, and money. Now why would I need money? I'm going to be back in an hour and I have twelve cents in my flight suit!

It was just getting dark when I departed Nellis. Fifteen minutes later I reported over Flagstaff. Looking south, I could see the lights of Phoenix glowing on the horizon. Twelve minutes later I was over Phoenix. The heading to Blythe, California, was  $270^{\circ}$ . And this folks, was where the boo-boo began.

I reached up and turned the slaved gyro to  $207^{\circ}$  and departed from Phoenix. The leg to Blythe was also about fifteen minutes. But ten minutes later I was in clouds and flying completely on instruments. Other pilots who left Nellis with me were reporting that they were in the clear. But I was busy on the gauges and wondering when I was going to get station passage from Blythe on my radio compass.

After about twenty minutes, I knew I was off course. I called the instructor and told him I was lost. He told me to go to 38,000 feet, and get a DF steer back to Nellis. I turned north and coaxed that F-86A up to 38,000 feet. Still nothing. Even at 38,000 I couldn't pick up the Nellis beacon. What to do now?

I switched to 'D' channel and declared an emergency. Almost immediately I got a response from a San Diego tower, and from George AFB and El Centro Naval Air Station. Help was on the way! They asked me for a count so they could get a DF steer on me. I was getting a little nervous by then. I could count to ten OK, but from ten back to one didn't come out right. They all heard me but couldn't get a bearing.

By now my fuel was getting low, and I announced that I was starting down. At 12,000 feet I broke out under the clouds. Pitch dark, no city lights anywhere. Below me to the left was a dark line. After two more minutes I saw a few scattered lights and then a small town. And at the edge of the town were some runway lights. I chopped the throttle, put out the speed brakes, and went down fast. My fuel gauge was now reading 400 pounds.



1/Lt Clyde 'Dick' Gilbert, Suwon AB 1952. (credit - Dick Gilbert)

Straight down the runway, I called the tower, "Air Force jet 1021 over an unknown field. Request landing instructions!" No answer. By now I had no choice - I had to land! After pitching out, I lowered the flaps and gear and lined up for a short final. As the main wheels touched down, the landing light didn't show either concrete or asphalt - just dirt. The runway lights were going by. But wait, those aren't runway lights! They're flare pots! It must be a small private field. I better ease on the brakes.

I finally stopped about 200 feet from a fence. Turning around took a lot of power and kicked up a lot of dust. Back at mid-field was a small concrete pad that I pulled up onto and shut down the engine. As the engine spooled down, I opened the canopy. I looked around and saw several hundred people gathering around the airplane. I removed my helmet, looked down and asked the nearest man where I was?

He looked up and said "Mexicalli"!!! I said "Where?" He repeated himself, "Mexicalli, Mexico." Oh boy! I just sold an F-86 to the Mexican government. My buzzing the airport had stopped the baseball game that was going on across the road. The entire crowd had come over to see the nice, shiny new jet airplane. The dark line that I'd seen as I broke out of the clouds, was the coast line of the Baja Peninsula. I'd been out over the Gulf of California and it sure was dark down there!

Fortunately a gentlemen who spoke English, came forward, and said he'd take me across the border to a telephone. Four Mexican Army troops, with guns, guarded the airplane while we drove to the first motel across the border near El Centro. Reversing the charges, I called Nellis Base Ops and told them



A trio of 'Cadillac Squadron' F-86As over the Nellis Range in early 1951. Interestingly, both 48-240 and 48-244 were originally assigned to the 4th FIW, but were traded for newer models when the 4th deployed to Korea in November 1950. (credit - Peter Bowers)

that I was down safe and the airplane was OK. What should I do now? The guy at Nellis asks if there are any good looking girls down there. I answered "Yes - but what about the airplane?" He's calm - "Sit tight! We'll come down tomorrow and get you out." So I returned to Mexico and my Sabre.

The Mexican Army guys stayed with the airplane all night. I sat in the cockpit for awhile. Then crawled up inside the air scoop, but still couldn't sleep. The next morning I got a good look at the strip. It was only 2800 feet long, and the flare pots had been put out for a DC-3 that had landed at 9PM and then departed for Mexico City. At 6AM, another DC-3 landed and the co-pilot, who had flown 109s in World War 2 got out to look at the Sabre.

About 7AM, the gentleman who had taken me across the border returned and bought me breakfast. He also gave me \$2.50 in American money to help get me home. I told him that someone would pick me up later and tried to return his money. But several of the locals told me that I had to keep it or I would hurt his feelings.

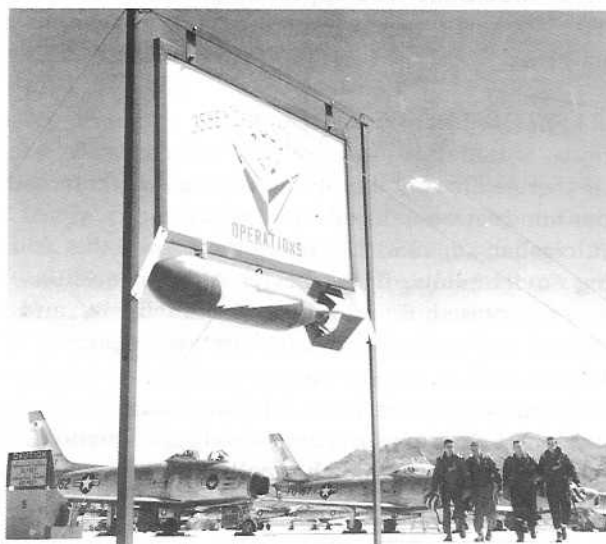
(right) The 3596th FS was known as the "Cadillac Squadron" at Nellis AFB and was part of The Fighter School that trained F-86 pilots. (credit - NAA)

(below) 2/Lt Dick Gilbert in the cockpit of a 3596th FS F-86A at Nellis AFB in 1952. (credit - Dick Gilbert)

About 1pm, a truck arrived from El Centro. Then a B-26 flew in with two Nellis pilots aboard. The truck was borrowed from the Navy, and it carried a starter cart and 100 gallons of JP-4. The 100 gallons of JP-4 cost \$11.00 duty to cross the border, which I later paid into the Nellis "Knucklehead Fund". One of the Nellis guys climbed into the cockpit. The plan was to take the airplane to El Centro, refuel, and then return to Nellis.

With several hundred Mexicans watching, the starter cart was humming and the pilot started the engine. He got a 'hot start' and a ten foot long flame exploded from the tailpipe. This spooked everyone in the crowd and they all took off running. On takeoff, the pilot held all three wheels on the ground as long as possible before slowly lifting off the dirt strip. He just cleared the fence, leaving a big cloud of dust behind.

We drove the truck back to El Centro with the starter cart in tow. I then climbed into the rear of the B-26 for the ride back to Nellis. Walking into the squadron operations building, I noticed a large sign on the blackboard - "GILBERT BACK FROM FOREIGN DUTY - 3 POINTS". NOT FUNNY GUYS!





The Mikoyan-Gurevich type 15, i.e. the MiG-15, was the best airplane in the Soviet arsenal at the time of the Korean War. This example was flown into Kimpo AB by Lt. No Kum-Sok of the North Korean Air Force in September 1953. In Lt. No's book, "A MiG-15 To Freedom", he talks at length about Soviet pilots and their role in the air war over the Yalu River. (credit - Larry Davis)

## WHO WERE THOSE MASKED MEN? Soviet Pilots In The Korean War

Edited for SabreJet Classics by Lon Walter

Except for personal comments by the *SabreJet Classics* editor, this article is largely an abridged version of "Uncertain Enemies: Soviet Pilots In The Korean War", written by Captain Michael J. McCarthy, USAF, and published in the Spring 1997 issue of *Air Power History*, published by the Air Force Historical Foundation, George C. Marshall Library, Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, VA 24450. The F-86 Sabre Pilots Assn. is indebted to the Air Force Historical Foundation for permitting the use of their material.

This article may come as no surprise to some readers of SabreJet Classics, but I suspect many of you will file it under "suspicions confirmed". Those of us who flew against the MiG-15s in the Korean War may recall that we were more than a little suspicious about who was in the cockpit. Most of us got close enough to easily identify the markings on the enemy fighters. Until 1953 these were almost always North Korean or more rarely, Chinese. Some of us were able to look our enemy in the eye, although usually not for long. In my case, a MiG pilot once joined on my wing, and we stared at each other before we separated rapidly for a variety of reasons. Behind his oxygen mask, his eyes were as big as saucers. And I suspect, so were mine. The appearance of these enemy pilots gave rise to some pretty educated guesses about their nationalities.

### IDENTITY OF MIG PILOTS

Well, if there were any doubts remaining out there, you can put your minds at ease. If you flew in the early days of Sabre vs. MiG combat, i.e. 1950/51/52, odds are good that you were fighting Soviet pilots, flying Soviet Air Force MiGs. Their units were rotated in and out of Manchuria, and were constrained by many operational limitations similar to our own. Chinese MiG units were operational in late 1951, and they stationed MiGs at three bases in Manchuria. North Korean involvement in the air war is not widely documented, but is presumed to have been much smaller than the Soviet and Chinese.

Much of this has been revealed since the 'end' of the Cold War, although except for publications addressing military aviation matters, it has not been widely reported. Many of the clues which confirmed this activity were based upon intercepted radio transmissions. As reported by Colonel Walker "Bud" Mahurin in his biography "Honest John" "...all of the enemy air-to-air and air-to-ground radio transmissions were in Russian." Other Americans reported pilots with distinctly non-Asian appearances parachuting from MiGs. And in 1952, a Polish Air Force MiG pilot who defected in Europe, reported that Soviet flight instructors in his country had flown combat in Korea. Final confirmation of the identity of most MiG pilots came from debriefing returning POWs, many of who had observed Soviets flying MiGs.

### REASONS FOR MAINTAINING SECRECY

What may be news to almost everyone is that our leaders, both military and civilian, were aware of this early in the war. Yet they chose to enlighten neither the American public, nor, by the way, the guys who were fighting in Korea!

In fact, both the Soviet and U.S. governments kept this a secret for almost forty years. Early on, both governments chose this course in order to avoid public reaction which might have led to a larger conflict. Later it was simply easier not to raise the issue. For whatever reasons, it wasn't until 1989 that both governments admitted that they actually fought against each other in the early days of the Cold War. Lost in the euphoria of



a declining Cold War, these revelations were greeted with hardly a raised eyebrow. Since then, Soviet pilots have provided in-depth interviews, describing their experiences.

## ORGANIZATION OF SOVIET FORCES

The extent of direct Soviet involvement in the Korean War would have shocked most Americans. Soviet air defense forces were organized under the 64th Fighter Aviation Corps, headquartered at Andong (Antung to Sabre pilots), in Manchuria. Flying units operated from three bases in the region, namely Andong, Tungfend, and Myau-Gou, and were organized in three fighter divisions, a night fighter regiment, and a naval fighter regiment. A fighter division was rotated as a unit each six to eight weeks, which meant that periodically, 'green' units were engaged.

The units were drawn from Soviet Air Force Air Defense Units or PVO. Generally the best units and pilots had been stationed in the Moscow Air Defense District, and most units were drawn from that area. Most pilots were veterans of World War Two, although apparently only a few were 'aces'. The size of the 64th Corps eventually reached 26,000 personnel, and altogether 72,000 Soviet military personnel, including 5,000 pilots, served in the Korean War. The total aircraft strength of the corps reached at least 150 MiG-15s.

## KILL RATIO CLAIMED

Soviet forces claimed 1309 American aircraft kills of all types, while admitting to losing some 350 aircraft and 200 pilots. American records generally agree that U.S. losses were around 1300, but only 139 were lost in air-to-air combat. The rest were lost to anti-aircraft fire or for other reasons. The U.S. claims 823 MiG-15 kills (792 by Sabre pilots). Some of the downed MiGs may have been piloted by Chinese or North Koreans.

## FLIGHT RESTRICTIONS ON MIG PILOTS

While American pilots were chafing at restrictions which prevented them from attacking enemy airfields and overtly conducting operations north of the Yalu River, Soviet commanders voiced similar complaints. Their air operations were limited to avoid the possibility that a Soviet pilot could be captured. In May 1951, a Soviet lieutenant was shot down while attacking B-29s, ejected safely, and landed in UN-controlled territory. Using his pistol, he committed suicide rather than be captured. In another case in early 1952, a MiG-15 pilot bailed out over the Yellow Sea, and U.S. airmen set up a fighter cover while calling for rescue forces. Other MiGs broke through the cover and strafed their man in the water. He was never found by American rescue forces.

As seen by Lieutenant General Georgi Lobov, the corps commander, the restrictions levied by Soviet leadership on their units flying in Korea included 1) no flying over water, and 2) no flying over enemy-controlled territory. Evidence that these rules were precisely followed can be found in the fact that MiG-15s were almost never seen south of a Pyongyang-Wonsan line, and generally remained north of Sinanju. General Lobov complained that these restrictions created a 'sanctuary' for American pilots, and the Americans



A flight of 39th FIS F-86Fs over North Korea in 1953. The F-86F was more than a match for the MiG-15 in the hands of a veteran USAF pilot. (credit - Larry Davis)

'craftily' took advantage of the situation by going out to sea when they found themselves at a disadvantage, then returning to resume the fight. Sabre pilots voiced similar complaints about their adversaries.

Orders from higher headquarters plagued Soviet commanders in other ways. Colonel Yevgeni Pepelyayev, the highest scoring Soviet ace, complained about his pilots being ordered to speak Chinese or Korean on the radio, "It was impossible psychologically in the heat of battle to use a foreign language you hardly knew. So after a week or two we just decided to ignore the order. The top brass started complaining, so I told them, 'Go and fight yourselves!'"

## OTHER OPERATIONAL PROBLEMS

Apparently MiG pilots, as do all fighter pilots, detested sitting alert. General Lobov described some of his problems: "The enemy outnumbered us 8-1....We had to sit stewing in our cockpits for hours on end. We had to be on duty, waiting, but the Americans could choose the time. When (we learned of approaching Americans), I had only seconds to prepare my men....It was very tough always having to give orders at the last minute over the radio. Many pilots fell sick. We did not have state-of-the-art flying suits which the Americans enjoyed."

## SOME CLOSING THOUGHTS

Clearly, the lives and experiences of Sabre pilots and MiG pilots were marked by certain undeniable similarities. Looking back, words spoken by ace Yevgeni Pepelyayev, except for the specifics, might have been spoken by a Sabre pilot: "For us, Korea was both a love and an anguish. Back in the 50s we were defending North Korea, and we learned to care for the people....We also felt love for the Chinese people, on whose land our regiments were stationed. But I lost friends there. Soviet pilots lie in the Russian cemetery at Port Arthur. I still remember those sorrowful moments when they buried my fellow servicemen, excellent pilots, my wingman Sasha Roshkov, Fedya Shebanov,...."



One of the ex-RAF Sabre F.4s on the ramp at Practia de Marie AB, Italy in 1955. The Sabre F.4 was a Canadair-built F-86E that had the '6-3 hard wing' installed during its service with the RAF. Canadair built 350 Sabre F.4s for the RAF. (credit - Gary Sparks)

## TOURING EUROPE IN THE F-86E A Dream Assignment

By Major Gary E. Sparks, USAF Ret.

I think everyone feels his career could have been much different, depending on the timing. In my case, I flew the P-51 Mustang in the wrong war (Korea), the F-86 Sabre when we had no war, and never 'went north' in the F-4 Phantom. But, as one of my friends said - "We're still alive!"

By 1954, I had flown the F-86F at George AFB, California, home plate for the 21st Fighter Bomber Wing, and was now at Chambley AB, France, where I was a flight commander in the 416th FBS. The 416th was commanded by Lt.Col. Morgan R. Beamer, one of the finest officers I ever knew. He had been my squadron commander in Korea, where we flew the RF-51D in the 45th Tactical recon Squadron during the 'Police Action'.

Although we were flying the '86F, Chambley sure wasn't the place any of us would go on vacation. Certainly not if you were a young bachelor. Under the NATO agreement, we weren't allowed to have nuclear weapons in France. Thus, all our 'Victor Alerts' were pulled in Germany. My flight was assigned to Bitburg AB, Germany, so we got to know a lot of the guys in the 36th Fighter Day Wing. The 36th had just gotten the F-100 Super Sabre. It just didn't get any better than that in those days. And most of us would gladly have traded places with any of them. When we were on 'Victor Alert', we were carrying a pair of 200 gallon drops, a single 120, and a 'shape'. And this configuration did nothing for the performance of the F-86F.

I had been lucky enough to get a 'FOX ABLE' flight back to the States in early 1955, ferrying an 'E' model Sabre, and had met a lovely English gal. So, when Col. Beamer called and asked if I'd be interested in going to England for a 90 day TDY, I jumped at the chance. As it turned out, it was a PCS, not a TDY. I was one of the Air Force acceptance pilots who were test flying some F-86Es that had been overhauled by British aircraft companies.

The RAF had received about 350 Canadair Sabre Mk. 4s (F-86E equivalent) in the early 1950s, and since they were now getting the Hawker Hunter, they were unloading their Sabres. They were scheduled to go other NATO countries - Italy being among them. Prior to being delivered, they had to be returned to original specifications, and after a British company flew a test hop, I would give the aircraft a final check on behalf of the US Air Force.

The program headquarters was called the London Air Procurement Office, which was located in downtown London about three blocks from the US Embassy. I was assigned to Airwork Ltd., one of the British companies that were refurbishing the Sabres. On my first day, I drove down to Dunsfold to meet the civilians with whom I'd be working. When

1/Lt. Gary Sparks, 45th TRS, Korea 1952. (credit - Gary Sparks)







A 234 Squadron Sabre F.4 shares the ramp with the aircraft that would replace it in the RAF by mid-1956 - the Hawker Hunter F.4. (credit - R.L. Ward)

I arrived at about 0745, the main gate was locked and the gate guard looked at me and said, "You must be the American chap who's going to be working on the Sabre program." I told him that I was, and offered to show him my AGO card. To which he replied, "No, that's not necessary. There's no one here at this hour anyway. They normally come in about 8:30 or thereabouts."

That certainly seemed like a reasonable hour for people to come to work, compared to the hours we worked in the squadron. He offered me a cup of tea and we shared a cigarette. (Most of us smoked in those days, as well as doing some other things that might not readily be accepted in today's society.) Not only was Airwork Ltd. located at the field, but so was Hawker Aircraft which did all the final testing and fine tuning of the new Hunters they were producing for the RAF. During the next three years I got to know the famous Neville Duke and many other fine Hawker test pilots.

Looking back at my Form 5, I see that I flew the first flight out of Dunsfold on 4 January 1956, delivering the first Sabre to Italy on 23 January. We flew them to Practia de Mari Air Base near Rome. Normally, we made a refueling stop between England and Italy, but I delivered several aircraft non-stop. There had to be decent tail winds and you had to get the bird up to 40-45,000 feet - but it could be done. For a short time, I held the unofficial world's speed record from London to Rome. One of the Hawker pilots actually set the official record from London to Rome using the data from the flights I had made. Good publicity for the Hunter, although there were several planes flying at that time that could probably have beaten the Hunter.

We'd return to England via commercial airliner. What a deal! Pan Am was flying DC-7Cs (possibly the finest piston-engined airliner ever built.), and flying first class from Rome to Paris on the return (Pan Am didn't go into London from Rome) in a DC-7C was really living it up! There were free drinks, steak or lobster, and the stewardesses were always young, pretty, and friendly. And they usually ROned (Remained OverNight) in Paris. You could catch BOAC or Air France from Paris to London the next day to complete your trip home. All of this was courtesy of MDAP, the Mutual Defense Assistance Program.



As RAF Sabre F.4s were replaced by Hunters, they went through a modification program at Speke Airport before being delivered to Italy. Since US pilots were delivering the Sabres, US Air Force markings were carried. (credit - R.L. Ward)

I made forty-three trips to Rome, and most of them were enjoyable. But one of them stands out clearly in my memory. It all started with a busted weather forecast from Practia de Mari. Instead of the forecast 5,000 ft. scattered and 5 miles visibility, I broke out over the ocean at 600 feet in a snowstorm, with about 2 miles visibility! Practia de Mari had no GCA, and while trying to home in on their beacon, I kept getting lower and lower. Finally, I broke out right over a 10,000 foot runway. But there were trucks and heavy equipment all over the runway, so I knew that this field wasn't open. (I found out later that I had just buzzed what was to be Rome's new main airport.)

By now I was very low on fuel, and I decided it was either land there or bail out. I buzzed the field twice, and all the trucks cleared the runway for me. I went straight in, landed, then radioed a TWA Connie and asked them to let Rome Air Traffic Control know that I was on the ground OK and please close my flight plan.

The real fun began when I tried to explain to the Italians that this was an airplane that I was delivering to the Italian Air Force. And that I needed a telephone so I could call the American Embassy in Rome. I spoke no Italian, and no one around me spoke American (or even English!). Finally a guy came up who spoke some English and he took me to a small nearby village. We found a phone, which just happened to be in a bar, and I asked the Embassy to send a car to take me to Rome. They said it might take about 45 minutes or so, but they'd get a car on the way.

By this time, quite a crowd had gathered in the bar. And through my English-speaking friend, I was informed that someone wanted to buy me a drink. I had gotten pretty well chilled unloading the '86. Looking around I noticed a bottle of Canadian Club on the back of the bar. I said I'd like one of those, and the bartender poured a very generous shot into a water glass. Many words were then spoken in my direction, none of which I understood. Then my new friends made the universal gesture of holding the glass up and drinking it down. Since I didn't want to appear unappreciative or unfriendly, I emptied my glass.



Well now, it turned out that there were quite a few Italians who wanted to buy a round of drinks. And by the time the Embassy car arrived, I was ready to promise them that I would land the next Sabre on that exact same spot on the field. A photographer arrived at some point, and several weeks later I received a copy of their local newspaper with a front page picture of me and my new friends in the bar. Several comments were offered by my boss, none of which need repeating here.

It was truly a 'once-in-a-lifetime- assignment, and it's no wonder that all the young F-86 pilots stationed in Europe, were scrambling to get those 'TDYs' to the London Air Procurement Office. Looking back on those great days, I'm afraid I didn't appreciate what I good deal I had. Life is like that, I suppose.

Two of the English workers that prepared the Sabres prior to their sale to the Italian and Yugoslavian Air Forces. (credit - Gary Sparks)

Capt. Gary Sparks in F-86E(M) #19718 at Dunsford RAF Base in 1955. The F-86E(M) was the US designation for the Sabre F.1 during the ferry operation. (credit - Gary Sparks)



## SABRE REUNIONS

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CONTACT GENE BOSSARD, 2931  
HARPOON LANE, SAINT JANES CITY, FL  
33956, PH. (941)287-9627

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CONTACT - JOHN J TAYLOR, 15807 EL  
CAMINO REAL, HOUSTON, TX 77062-4416  
E-MAIL: JJT54H@AOL.COM

**WANTED** -Contact with F-86F fighter-  
bomber pilots serving with the 8th and  
18th FBGs during the Korean War.  
Material to be used in a book on fighter-  
bomber operations. Contact Warren  
Thompson, 7201 Stamford Cove,  
Germantown, TN 38138, or e-mail  
<migaley@ibm.net>

58th Fighter Bomber Grp (Korea)  
June 23rd 1999 in Dayton, OH.  
Contact Bob James, 13083 Ferntrails LN,  
St Louis, MO 63141, ph. (314) 878-5953.

**WANTED** - INFORMATION AND PHOTOS OF  
USAF F-86 AIRCRAFT AND CREWS.  
CONTACT DAVID MENARD, ASC. EDITOR,  
SABREJET CLASSICS, 5224 LONGFORD RD,  
DAYTON, OH 45424 (937)236-8712

444th FIS  
April 8-11, 1999 at the Holiday  
Inn/Airport, North Charleston, SC.  
Contact Wallace Mitchell, 535 Mimosa  
Rd, Sumter, SC 29150, ph (803)469-3297



The dedication ceremony of the F-86 Sabre painted as "Ebe" Ebersole's aircraft in Korea was attended by many of Ebe's old comrades including (l-r) Crew Chief Ted Karl, "Ebe", Crew Chiefs Charlie Rothe and Ed "Shag" Shaughnessy. Also attending was Jim Campbell, first President of the F-86 Sabre Pilots Assn. (credit - Howard Ebersole)

## Sabre At Selfridge is dedicated in honor of Howard E. "Ebe" Ebersole

An F-86F on display at the Selfridge Air Museum was dedicated in honor of Association member Lt.Col. Howard E. "Ebe" Ebersole on 13 September 1998.

"Ebe" Ebersole was born in Detroit in 1922 and raised in Plymouth, Michigan. He joined the Army in July 1942, where he earned his pilots wings and was assigned to B-24 Liberator bombers. He accumulated 16 missions before the end of the war in Europe. When the war ended, "Ebe" went home and joined the Reserve unit at Selfridge, before transferring into the Michigan Air Guard in 1948.

In January 1951, he was part of the call-up during the Korean War. "Ebe" served in Korea with the 12th Fighter

Bomber Squadron, initially flying F-51D Mustangs before transitioning to new F-86Fs in January 1953. He flew 70 missions with the 12th FBS in Korea, and was Operations Officer for the squadron. His awards for service in two wars include the Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, and five Air Medals.

"Ebe" Ebersole retired from the Air Force in 1969. He was an active volunteer at the Selfridge Air Museum, and was inducted into the Michigan Aviation Hall of Fame in 1997. The airplane dedicated in his honor carries the markings of the 12th FBS aircraft that "Ebe" flew in Korea, including his personal markings on the nose. The F-86 Sabre Pilots Association takes pride in saluting one of its own!

**YOU KNOW** - A recent article by AP writer Mike Feinsilber, talks at length about the chemical/biological warfare accusations made by the Communists during the Korean War. Recently uncovered documents in the Russian archives, indicate that because so many North Koreans were dying of cholera, the Red Chinese told their North Korean comrades that the US Air Force was using germ warfare on North Korea.

However, the recently uncovered documents located in the Presidential Archives in Moscow, quote a resolution made at the 2 May 1953 presidium of the Council of Ministers of the USSR, which stated "The Soviet Government and the Central Committee of the CPSU (Communist Party of the Soviet Union) were misled. The spread in the press of information about the use by the Americans of bacteriological weapons in Korea was based on false information. The accusations against the Americans were fictitious."

Interesting, but I know you all knew that anyway.

### HELP

I AM RESTORING F-86E #50-600 THAT SERVED IN THE 51ST FIW IN KOREA. I NEED FIVE (5) AIR WORTHY FUEL TANK BLADDERS TO COMPLETE THE PROJECT. ANYONE WITH KNOWLEDGE OF WHERE I CAN OBTAIN THESE PARTS, PLEASE CONTACT MEMBER JAMES W. WALKER, 1025 N. 73RD PLACE, SCOTTSDALE, AZ 85257, PH. (602)945-6207

**WANTED** - Information regarding an F-86E assigned to the 334th FIS, 4th FIG in Korea, that was experimentally armed with a pair of 20mm cannon at Tachikawa. This was NOT part of the GUNVAL program! CONTACT LARRY DAVIS, EDITOR, SABREJET CLASSICS, 4713 CLEVELAND AVE. NW, CANTON, OH 44709 (330)493-4122



WHAT IS IT? OK gang, here's a real strange one for you. This aircraft is the second F-86E-10 built by North American. At some point in its career it was modified with a faired-in, side-opening canopy and the guns were deleted. The wing is radically changed. It has a 6-3 outer wing with a larger aileron assembly. But the inner wing is extended both fore and aft to create a 'gloved wing'. Does anyone remember this airplane and the modifications? What was the purpose of the gloved wing mod? Why the F-84F style canopy? Anyone with information about this airplane is asked to please contact your *SabreJet Classics* Editor, Larry Davis, 4713 Cleveland Ave. NW, Canton, OH 44709, (330)493-4122 ,or e-mail >Sabre Clsx@aol.com<.

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