

THE A-4 EVER

SKYHAWK ASSOCIATION JOURNAL VOL 27-3



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*Skyhawk Association
Spring Board Meeting
TBA*

Fall 2021

<http://skyhawk.org>



THE PREZ SEZ

By George "Woodpecker" Blosser

As I write the Prez Sez for the fall edition I have just returned from attending Tailhook 21 and our Annual Fall Board Meeting. Attendance in Reno was back to previous levels and this year's theme centered on the conflicts in Vietnam and Iraq during a Friday afternoon symposium. Details of the Skyhawk BOD Meeting are listed below.

BOD Meeting

- The association arrangement with the *Distinguished Flying Cross Society* is continuing. The Skyhawk Association Hook 21 ad has been published in the DFC Magazine and the DFC Ad appeared in our spring and summer issue of the Journal. Clearly this is a benefit for both organizations and we anticipate this arrangement will continue in the future.
- Due to recent health issues, A-4 Journal Editor *Bob Hickerson* has resigned his position as editor of the magazine effective immediately. Bob has served many years as the editor and we will always be grateful for his dedicated service to the association. Skyhawk Director Dave Dollarhide has stepped up and with the concurrence of the BOD has agreed to accept the position as Editor of the *A-4Ever Skyhawk Journal*. Thanks to Dave for helping out with this important part of our continuing effort to support the legacy of the A-4 Skyhawk.
- Director *Terry Wolf* has advised the board that due to his continuing health issues he has decided to resign from the board at the end of his term on September 11, 2021. Terry has held several important positions and we thank him for his contribution to the association.
- I am pleased to report that Skyhawk Member *Dennis Carroll* has been nominated to fill this vacancy and the board has approved his nomination. Dennis started his BOD position effective September 12, 2021, for a term of 3 years. Welcome aboard Dennis and thank you for your willingness to serve.
- Director *Todd Frommelt* reported that the number of A-4s still flying is the same as reported in February of 2021 and is estimated to be 43. The Still Flying Report is also on the Association Website and the menu line is "The A-4/TA-4 Skyhawks Still Flying."
- Association Secretary Terry Cooney reported the current Skyhawk membership is holding steady at 730 paid memberships.



THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS SOCIETY

Douglas A-4 Video

An A-4 YouTube video recently came to our attention that was produced by Douglas Aircraft early on in the manufacturing process of the aircraft. It details the engineering design concepts of the original A-4 and is most interesting. The web link for this video is as follows. I Hope you enjoy; <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i0ph7y-7g8k>



George "Woodpecker" Blosser

Challenge Coin

Skyhawk Challenge coins are now available on the Skyhawk Website. Go to the "Association" section, click on "Ship's Store" to locate the coins.



SDOs

Our *Squadron Duty Officers* (SDO) program continues to be an important part of our Skyhawk Association structure. We have a few empty slots that need to be filled. In the interest of bringing this to everyone's attention, please take a look at the following list to see if you would be willing to help out with these vacancies.

- Navy SDO Vacancies:** NARF NAS Alameda, CA, VF-101, VF-171, VT-27, VT-35, VA-210, VA-304, VA-776, and VA-892. The Navy SDO Coordinator is Charlie Stender (charlie.stender@verizon.net)
- Marine SDO Vacancies:** MAG-11, MAG-13, MAG-15, MAG-24, MAG-32, MAG-42, MALS-42, VMA-123, VMA-124, VMA-134, VMA-143, VMA-144, VMA-211, VMA-212, VMA-223, VMA-242, VMA-332 AND VMA-533. The Marine/International SDO coordinator is Director Bill Egen (bill.egen123@gmail.com).

The Passing of RADM Morin

As any Navy or Marine Aviator will tell you, the first squadron CO after receiving their *Wings of Gold* is one you will never forget. For me that was VA-155 in 1964. Officially he was known as *CDR James B. Morin*, but for those that served with him in VA-155 he was "Our Skipper." Not only did he teach us the intricacies of flying, on and off of an aircraft carrier, he taught us leadership and how to be an effective Naval Officer. His style was teaching by example.

cont. page 4...



IN MEMORY OF
M. DAVIS "WHIZZER" WHITE, D.D.S.
(1939-2007)
FOUNDER OF THE SKYHAWK ASSOCIATION

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BOMBS AWAY!

• Fall 2021 •

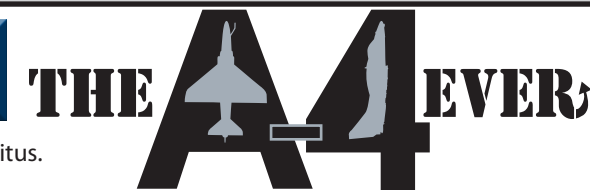
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Contributions

We actively seek contributions from members, including news, photos, historical documents, anecdotes and other items of interest. Submissions may be edited due to space limitations in the newsletter. Contributions may be emailed to the Journal Editor at sa-journal-editor@skyhawk.org. Stephanie Davis, graphics, skyhawk@ncflight.com. Printed by Acculink, Greenville, NC.

On the Cover: A-4C 149606, painted in Argentine Navy colors with an A-4B nose is being flown over Marana, AZ by Scott Roth. The only airworthy "Charlie" was formerly restored and flown by Skyhawk Ventures, then flown by the Titusville, FL Valiant Air Command Warbird Museum in VA-86 colors. Now restored a second time by Mike "Maj" McDougall, the airplane is presently for sale. Photo by Aerial Photographer, Keith Charlot, lvkeith83@yahoo.com.

Read?

you think
we read?

A-4 SKYHAWK VS NORTH VIETNAMESE AAA NORTH VIETNAM 1964-72

Author: Davies, Peter E.
Osprey Publishing, 2020. Oxford, UK.
80 pp. Ill. \$22.

No. 104 in Osprey's highly successful Duel series, this new book from prolific author Peter Davies is definitely one of his best. It showcases his ability to research and absorb history and facts, figures and first-person impressions into a highly readable history of its subject that could serve as one of the growing number of books on aviation during the Vietnam War. It is also one of the most technically complicated of this series' books.

The book describes how the North Vietnamese used their array of various anti-aircraft guns, their development and dispersal around the North Vietnamese landscape. Included is how various U.S. Navy and Marine Corps A-4 squadrons and their pilots defended themselves against these dangerous ground-to-air weapons at the height of the long war.

While the other defenders, namely the vaunted SA-2 surface-to-air missiles and the squadrons of MiGs, accounted for their share of losses of all Allied aircraft and crews, the various flak guns presented what was arguably the most consistently "productive" of the curtain of defense devised by the North Vietnamese, assisted by their Russian and Chinese advisors and sponsors.

Davies account goes inside the North Vietnamese organizations, getting unique first-person information on what it was like to confront an incoming raid of Navy Skyhawks, often preceded by Iron Hand A-4s armed with Shrike missiles and ECM-equipped EKA-3s, that also functioned as aerial tankers standing by to help struggling A-4 pilots low on fuel exiting the target area. And early on, EA-1F Spads that contributed their own valuable brand of ECM. So many different aircraft and their brave crews were part of the overall Skyhawk story over Vietnam. Many authors have tried to tell this story, including so much of the wide-ranging activities of all the communities, aircraft, ships and different personalities that fought this long-lasting conflict



that in many ways, affected how we fight the same wars today.

As he usually does, Mr. Davies has done a fine job pulling all of these threads together to weave that story into one multi-colored fabric supported by fine graphics and photos that have become so much of the traditional product we have come to expect from Osprey, again ably supported by the series creator and editor, Mr. Tony Holmes who actually designed Osprey's Duel, Aircraft of the Aces and Combat Aircraft series, which have sold thousands of copies world-wide and have gone to great lengths to tell the stories of these aircraft and their people ranging from the early years of aviation to the present day.

Reviewed by Peter Mersky

THE PREZ SEZ

continued. from page 2..

He was always the first in the ready room and he flew more than his fair share of combat missions. VA-155 was comprised of 22 officers and over a hundred personnel from all walks of life. Due to the Skipper's leadership over the course of 50 some odd years, we have enjoyed many squadron reunions and have remained good friends. This is a remarkable achievement and Skipper Morin deserves all the credit for making this happen. He left an indelible impression on all of us and he will be sorely missed. God bless Skipper Morin, may he rest in peace.

Odds and Ends

- Limited copies of the A-4Ever Journals are available for those wishing to purchase back issues. Contact *Ted "Bear" Langworthy*, 2043 Williams Lakeshore, Kingsland, TX 78639. \$2 per issue minimum order of three, postage included. (Domestic only)
- If your contact information has changed don't forget to forward that information to Secretary *Terry Cooney* (skyhawkasn@gmail.com) so we can update our records.
- Director *Charlie Stender* has volunteered to assume the duties of Navy SDO Coordinator following the resignation of Terry Wolf. This change is effective immediately.

Kind regards to all.
A-4s Forever
"Woodpecker" sends

HOOK 21 - LIVING LEGENDS

By Dave Dollarhide

The Tailhook Reunion is always a big event with many surrounding activities taking place, with golf, tours, seminars, the Bug Roach mixer, tons of contractor booths and Naval Aviators all over the place. I never heard the official number of attendees, but I'm guessing there may have been three thousand people in attendance. The vast majority were light years younger than us old guys, laughing and having a grand time while wearing their green flight suits. However, there was a good turnout of people from the Vietnam era, which was the theme of this year's reunion.

However, the "gem" in the crowd was Dean "Diz" Laird, who flew combat in WWII, Korea and Vietnam. In fact, Diz is the only Naval Aviator to have shot down enemy aircraft in both Germany and the Pacific. He's credited for 5.75 kills, making him an Ace and that just scratched the surface on his long Navy Career, in which he qualified in 100 different airplane types.

At a table in the "Attack Ready Room," Diz is on the right next to Dave "Thorny" Thornhill, whose father, also



Willie Sharp-Dave Thornhill-Diz Laird.

a Naval Aviator, knew Diz, but was unfortunately killed in an aircraft accident on the West Coast in the 40's.

In 1967, Thorny was shot down in his A-4 Skyhawk by anti-aircraft fire over North Vietnam and was saved by two A-1 Skyraider pilots who strafed several fast boats coming Dave's way. A Navy helo made the pickup.

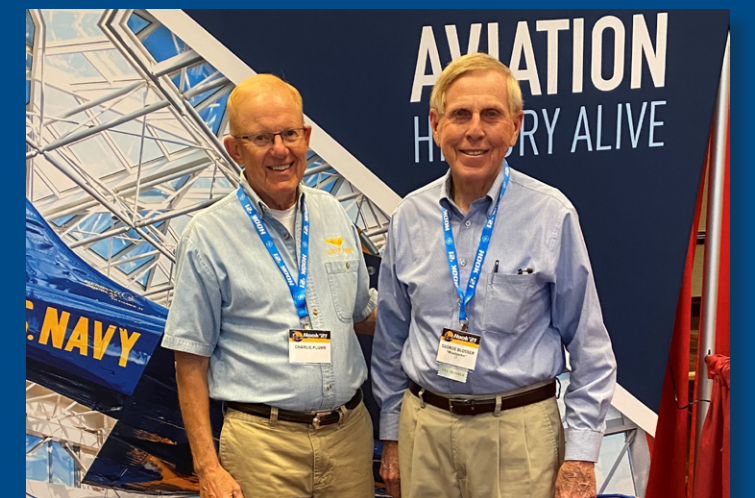
The salty fighter pilot on the left is Willie Sharp, who was shot down and ejected over North Vietnam in his F-8 Crusader in 1965. Once below the undercast in his parachute, he found himself over The Gulf of Tonkin. A dramatic rescue involving several aircraft ensued and Willie was rescued, thus avoiding captivity.

That's what the Tailhook Reunion is really all about, the ability to sit down next to living legends and hear the tales of yesteryear.

Charlie Plumb With the A-4 Skyhawk Association

At the Tailhook 2021 Reunion and A-4 Skyhawk Association member luncheon in Sparks, Nevada, Charlie Plumb was our guest speaker. Charlie spoke of his time as a Prisoner of War in North Vietnam and it was a riveting account of both terrible and humorous events, told in his very special way. We all left with a better appreciation of those difficult years and are indebted to Charlie for taking the time to be with us.

Charlie Plumb and George Blosser, Skyhawk Association President, pose for a photo.



Ignorance is Bliss

By Kit Sanders

Back in November 1961, I was an LSO in VA-85, flying AD-6's out of Oceana, and attached to Air Wing Eight and *Forrestal*. The CAG LSO at the time wanted all Air Wing LSO's checked out in both prop and jet aircraft, so I got orders to VA-44 at NAS Cecil for said check.

My first attempt was in the back seat of a *Cougar* for a couple of hops, a day off, then I was back in an AD as a COMPEX observer for VA-35, and then comes the magic day.

Lt Gerry Stark was to be my chase pilot. He briefed me fairly thoroughly, checked me out on all the "Secret Stuff"

in the A4D-1 and showed me how to start this strap-on bomber. During the brief, he mentioned several times that there would be a lot of vibration from the nose wheel. Since the AD didn't have one, he stressed it pretty heavily.

Suit up, pre-flight and start/taxi were all normal. I called for takeoff, and started my roll. During my takeoff, my chase pilot called the tower, and told them he had a "down" bird, and was returning to the ramp. I noted my speed, and the pretty heavy vibration, cracked the nose wheel off the deck, and was flying.

I switched to squadron common, and the duty officer notified me to continue my hop as briefed, come back after my air-work and make a few touch and go landings. Yippee! I climbed the little toy heading west, reached the coastline, and turned south. There before me was the whole map of Florida! I leveled off at 370, and kept well away from any airways. In 1961, there weren't a lot of commercial aircraft that would be at my level.

Finishing my airwork, I pointed the scooter back toward Cecil, descended, called for pattern entry and touch and go landings. The break was fun! I slowed, heading downwind, ran my check list and made the first touch and go landing. Wobble, wobble yep, there was that durned vibration again, so I pulled the nose off the deck and completed the "go" turning downwind for a repeat. The same thing happened on the next three passes, and finally the Tower asked that I make the next landing a final and they mentioned something about a blown tire.

Touchdown was normal, but the vibration was pretty fierce, so I rolled to an exit, departed the active and shut down the aircraft. A crash truck rolled up next to the aircraft, and hosed down the nose gear with a bit of something. A tug arrived, they jacked the aircraft and replaced the nose wheel. While being towed back to the line, I pondered what I had done to deserve such attention.

After departing the aircraft, Gerry Stark called me aside, and asked if I felt the nose wheel vibration. I told him I had, and that he had mentioned it pretty well in the brief. "Well, he said, "You just took off, flew around and made 5 landings on a blown nose tire, it should have vibrated."

Ah yes, ignorance is bliss!

Six years later, Gerry Stark was killed in his cockpit on the flight deck of USS *Forrestal* during its infamous fire and bomb explosions in the Gulf of Tonkin

— Editor

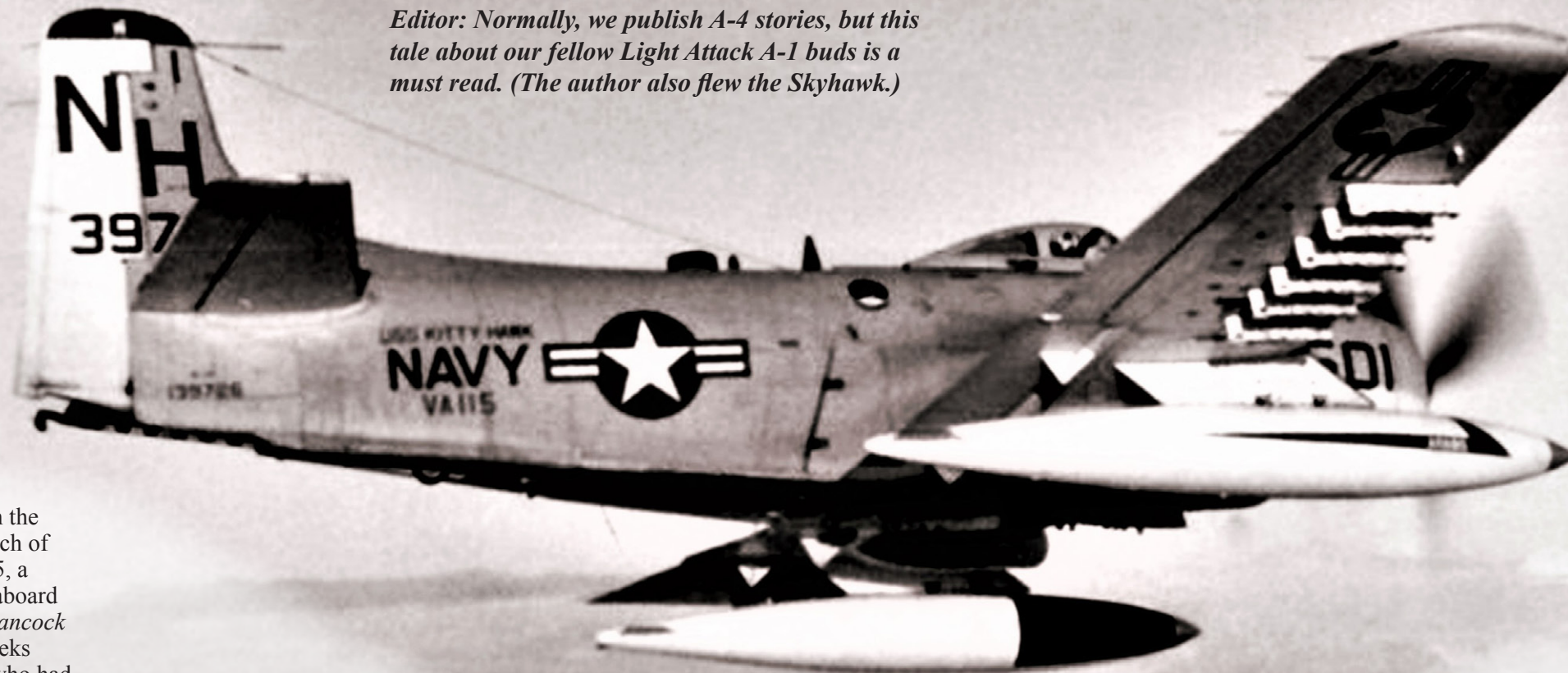


US Navy Photo

FOUR LOST UP NORTH

By Arnie Henderson

Editor: Normally, we publish A-4 stories, but this tale about our fellow Light Attack A-1 buds is a must read. (The author also flew the Skyhawk.)



It was late afternoon in the Gulf of Tonkin, early March of 1967. I had joined VA-115, a “Light Attack” squadron aboard the aircraft carrier USS *Hancock* (CVA-19), a couple of weeks earlier, to replace a pilot who had crashed into the ocean after an engine failure. I had flown one combat mission that day and wasn’t on the flight schedule again, but a fellow pilot who was suffering from the flu asked me to take his “manned spare,” which meant that I would attend the brief, go up to the flight deck and start the engine, and, if all four of our squadron’s scheduled airplanes launched, I would shut down the aircraft and go back to the ready room.

As it happened, one of the four airplanes had a problem and I was launched to take his place. The Commanding Officer (“Skipper”) of VA-115 was leading the flight and he split us up into two “sections” of two aircraft each, in order to be able to accomplish two

gunfire spotting missions. As I was new to combat (this was my 10th flight), the Skipper told me to fly wing on Brev Moore, who, although he was junior to me, had the experience of a full combat deployment in 1966.

We found the destroyer for whom we were to spot gunfire a few miles offshore and about 40 miles north of the DMZ (the De-Militarized Zone dividing North Vietnam from South Vietnam). We flew just under a 1,000-foot overcast at opposite ends of a racetrack pattern so that one of us was always in position to spot the explosion of the shell and tell the ship how far they had missed the target, which was a number of cargo barges in the mouth of the Song Ca river.

After about two hours of this, during which the ship never scored a direct hit on the barges (they were shooting at the extreme end of the range of their old 5-inch guns), we had to leave in order to have time to find a target on which to expend our ordnance and make it back to the *Hancock* for our scheduled recovery time.

I joined up on Brev and we climbed up through the clouds. After we broke out on top, he immediately turned back toward land, and I said to myself, “I’ll bet he’s going after those barges the destroyer couldn’t hit!” Sure enough,

after we were probably a few miles inland, he gave the signal that he was breaking off, turned back in the direction of the water, and disappeared into the top of the clouds. I waited about 30 seconds and did the same, being careful to keep the airplane in a very shallow dive.

By luck, when I broke out under the clouds, I saw the Song Ca river and followed it to the coast. Just as I fired all of my rockets (72 of them) at the barges, I noted a hundred or so tracers going by in front of me. Unfortunately, not all of them went by, because my right wing was shortly on fire. I dropped

down to a few feet above the water, then calmly and coolly transmitted on the radio, “I’m hit, I’m hit, and I’m gonna ditch!!!” Then, the ammunition in the right wing began exploding, causing me to put in more and more left stick to keep the wings level. When I couldn’t hold the right wing up any longer, **I dropped the airplane into the water. ①**

The engine didn’t come off, which caused the airplane to head nose-down toward the bottom. In the excitement, I had forgotten to blow off the canopy while still airborne, and when I tried it underwater, the two little “shotgun-shell” charges simply lifted the canopy a couple of inches and it

fell right back down. I decided to cut my way out of the Plexiglas canopy, but my summer flying gloves were so slippery that I couldn’t get the strap on my knife sheath unsnapped. About then, I decided it was all over, but reached up and found I could get my fingers between the windshield and the canopy and was able to pull the canopy back manually.

I released my lap belt, pushed out of the cockpit with my legs and (figuring I had been holding my breath for about four minutes and was probably 300 feet underwater) I swam and I swam and I swam... and when I finally broke the surface of the water, there was the tail of the airplane still going down! (I had probably been underwater about 30 seconds and was about 30 feet down!)

continued...

I didn't inflate my raft right away, because I could see the shoreline and figured I was only about three miles offshore. After awhile, a ship appeared and I recognized the destroyer for whom we had been spotting. I fired a "pencil" flare, and the ship flashed a light at me. But then, the destroyer started taking fire from the beach, and returned fire with their 5-inch guns, and I'm right in the middle of it, saying, "Don't shoot short! Don't anybody shoot short!!" The destroyer took a hit and retired from the scene, heading seaward. I personally applauded that decision since I don't think either of us would have survived had they decided to stick around and try to pick me up.

It was pretty lonely for awhile, and then dusk came and I felt safe in inflating my raft and climbing into it. This gave me the opportunity to pull out and explore the capabilities of my PRC-63 survival radio and I figured out how to broadcast

on "Guard" (military emergency frequency) and then go to "Receive" and listen. I found out from the rescue coordinator overhead (my squadron-mate, Cliff Johns) that they had me pretty well located and a rescue helicopter was on the way. The helicopter showed up in the rapidly deepening darkness and made a high-speed pass right by me. Afraid that they really hadn't seen me, I fired several tracer rounds from my .38 caliber pistol. The helo turned downwind, came around for another pass and hovered over me. I jumped out of the raft and started swimming for the rescue pickup "horse collar." I wasn't making any progress, so I looked back and discovered that I had forgotten to release the lanyard connecting me to the raft which was blowing in the helicopter "rotorwash."

As I was reeling in the raft to disconnect from it, the helicopter abruptly hoisted up the "horse collar"

and left, leaving me there saying, "Come back...!!" I got back in the raft and on the radio with the rescue coordinator, who said, "Do you have the Skipper in sight?" I said "No" and he said, "Yeah, he just went into the water near you." ② (The story was that he had a midair collision with his wingman (Apparently this happened right at the time the helo was over me, so that I neither saw, nor heard the collision), **both airplanes went in the water** ③, and only Skipper Bailey somehow popped to the surface sans aircraft.

He inflated his raft and was paddling furiously to get away from the North Vietnam coast, but kept hearing this grating sound. Finally, he

I fired a "pencil" flare, and the ship flashed a light at me. But then, the destroyer started taking fire from the beach, and returned fire with their 5-inch guns, and I'm right in the middle of it, saying, "Don't shoot short! Don't anybody shoot short!!"

looked down and saw that he had a compound fracture of the right arm! Quite awhile later another helicopter came and eventually picked me up. They said, "We were so glad when you ran out of those damn flares, because we had to go on instruments to keep from flying into the water and couldn't keep looking for you visually."

While we were enroute to the *Hancock*, my helo got the word that another helo had picked up the Skipper. When my helo landed on the flight deck of the *Hancock*, the first person to greet me was the Executive Officer of the ship, who said, "What happened to Brev Moore?" I, of course, had not a clue, and said so.

Brev, it turned out, had gotten hit ahead of me by the same automatic weapons fire that brought my airplane down. Brev, however, lost only his radios and all flight instruments except the primitive wet compass and turn-and-bank indicator. He flew



out to where he thought the *Hancock* would be and couldn't find it. At that point, all he had to do was fly back to the coast of North Vietnam, turn south and fly about 100 miles to the major U.S. Air Force base at Da Nang. Instead, he continued searching for his aircraft carrier until darkness came.

Then he decided to descend below the overcast again and ditch alongside a ship before he ran out of fuel. However, the first vessel he saw was a merchant ship heading northwest in the Gulf of Tonkin, which would probably have resulted in his turnover to the North Vietnamese as a

Prisoner of War (POW). But, shortly, he decided he was going to run out of fuel any minute and **ditched his aircraft in the water** ④, forgetting to take his raft with him. He bobbed around with only his Air Force LPU-2 "water wings" for support until 3:00 in the morning when he spotted a ship. He fired one pencil flare, and a U.S. Navy oiler, that was 50 miles off course, came over and picked him up! He was returned to the USS *Hancock* the same afternoon.

So, in summation, VA-115 launched four A-1 *Skyraiders* and three pilots and zero aircraft returned. As the Rescue Combat Air Patrol (RESCAP) coordinator, Lieutenant Commander Cliff Johns, said, "Not since the days of Torpedo Eight..." (This referring to the World War II squadron that sent all of their torpedo planes out against the Japanese, and none returned).

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IAF SKYHAWK SCORES MIG KILLS

Israeli Air Force Article

A recent discussion within the Skyhawk Association focused on the number of MIGs shot down by Skyhawk pilots. T. R. Swartz is the first pilot to come to mind, killing a MIG-17 with a Zuni rocket in Vietnam. Member Rami Lothan, who flew the A-4 with the Israeli Air Force till age sixty, points to the following article, in which Col. Ezra "Beban" Dotan scored two MIG-17s in one flight. That makes the count three MIGs by two pilots that we know of. The IAF flew the A-4 for 48 years, parking them in 2015.

(Our thanks to the IAF. Graphics added by the A-4Ever Skyhawk Journal – Editor)

"I decided to use ... the air-to-ground rocket pods."

One result of the French embargo on Israel after the Six Day War was the order of Skyhawks from the US. The first Skyhawks were put into service at the end of 1967.

The late **Col. Ezra Dotan "Beban,"** aka "Mr. Skyhawk," scored the first Skyhawk kill and in an original way, he shot a MIG-17 down with antitank rockets, that are not intended for use in air combat. (2.75mm rockets – Ed)

On May 12th 1970, IDF forces raided the "Fatahland" area of southern Lebanon, near Har Dov, in an attack on Palestinian terrorists. Ten Skyhawks provided close air support. Dotan recounted: "We circled at a height of several thousand feet, trying to locate enemy tanks. We descended a bit, and in the very same moment I identified some enemy vehicles, when Number Two (*Wingman* – Ed) informed me that he saw MIGs beneath us. I hesitated for a moment, and then we lowered our noses and went after them. I soon identified the planes myself. They were a pair of Syrian MIG-17s. My Number Two opened fire and his shells just missed one of the MIG's tail."

"I completed the descent to the MIG's altitude and sat on the tail of one of them. I decided to use the fire power of the air-to-ground rocket pods in order to hit the MIG. I shot off a first salvo from both pods, at a range of 50 meters. The rockets went very low and passed under the MiG without the pilot even noticing them. I raised the sights, shot off another salvo, and the **MiG disappeared in a great explosion.**"



and mouse, he banks right, I turn to follow. He banks hard to the left and I do the same. At a certain point I shot a burst at him. The bullets ripped off the left wing and the **MiG rolled and rammed into the ground.**"

Knowledgeable sources have it that Dotan was not certain about having shot down the second plane until he landed back at base. When the controller announced that two planes had been shot down, Dotan's partner shouted, "That's mine!" The London Daily Express reported later that Israel's attack planes had used a mysterious secret weapon to shoot down the two Syrian planes.

Israel's Mirages were not idle either. They shot down another MiG-17 that day.



"I immediately turned hard, following a warning from my Number Two. Four more MIGs had appeared to our right. The third MIG was flying at high speed, and passed in front of me. I could see the large flame that emanated from his afterburner. I tried to cut him off at the turn, but I was too slow. I realized that I was diving toward the side of the Hermon mountain, and immediately released the pods. The Skyhawk regained altitude and began climbing rapidly."

"I had come out of the dive at tree level, with the MIG in front of me the whole time. He was alone. All his friends had gone home. This is when I said to myself, *'this guy ain't going home.'* However, I had two problems; The MIG had disappeared between the hills in very low flight, and Mirages that had appeared on the scene were asking me where the battle was. I was afraid that they would take the MIG from me, so I told them on the radio, 'Guys, this MiG is mine, go find yourself another MIG.'"

"We continued northward and at a certain point I discovered the MIG. I found him exiting one of the wadis (*dry riverbed or lake* - Ed) with a sharp bank. I was going about 570 knots, and in order not to pass by him, I deployed the air brakes to slow the plane down and would have spread my ears as air brakes too, if that could have slowed the plane some more."

"I pulled up so close to him that I couldn't even point the nose down at him. He got some distance between us and we started playing cat

HISTORY OF THE SKYHAWK ASSOCIATION WEBSITE

An email communication to the Board from Bud Southworth, founder of the Association's website.

The beginning of the Skyhawk Website was in 1972, at Mankato Minnesota State University Graduate School of Media Science (Library Science).

As a MSU grad student I started to gather A-4 Skyhawk squadron and pictures of Skyhawks with Bureau Numbers (BUNO) visible for school projects. We had several UNIX mainframe computers and one was for use by our graduate school. First, using punch cards, I outlined A-4 Squadrons, their COs, bases and deployments. By 1973 I had researched and had punch cards for most Navy and Marine Squadrons.

About then, Minnesota State Colleges and Universities had formed a Bulletin Board Network to send messages and provide-share data. I joined a network group called "Gopher Net." We wanted to improve the Bulletin Board network to have exchange home sites for each school. To do this we needed a more complex language than using UNIX & ASCII and our project was to create HTML (Hyper Text Markup Language) and soon after, "Gopher Net" started using HTML in writing

sites or "web sites." Other universities joined in and by 1974 we could access most major college's UNIX websites on mainframe computers.

About 1975 we started to be able to use graphics, but memory prevented much transmission. About then, we started to have picture formats. I remember BMP, GIF and JPG, but storage was the problem. I was drawing squadron patches and airplanes and there are still a few early graphics on the Skyhawk site, like this one.

We stored most info on cards and big magnetic tapes and then we got the 12" floppy disc for memory, then 6" floppies and later 2 1/2" floppies.

Things developed and the micro-computer came big about 1979 and memory increased. The floppy discs improved storage to over a megabyte. At this time, I started collecting Skyhawk pictures from books, magazines and academic people around the world... Spain, Japan, Argentina, Australia, Italy and England.

On my city's mainframe, I built a Skyhawk website (I ran the library and connected to Gopher Net and no one else in the city had a clue what the mainframe did other than the payroll).

About 1984 I had transferred my data and pictures onto my personal

CP/M computer and established a crude Skyhawk web site on our local ISP.

We formed the Skyhawk Association in 1993. In about 1997, I demonstrated my Skyhawk Website project to the Skyhawk Board at a meeting in Dallas on a MS-DOS 2.1 computer. The Board approved, but I don't think they even knew what the Internet was or its potential, except for Tom Brown and Wynn Foster (Capt. Hook) whose son-in-law was an ISP (*Internet Service Provider* - Ed).

Meanwhile I was FTPing (*File transfer protocol* - Ed) pictures and info from/to people all over the world as they found the "Net" and our website. **At one time the Skyhawk Website was the most accessed site on the internet** (At that time there weren't that many websites).

Then we had a Skyhawk President that tried to hijack my Skyhawk website to his other military organization. I resigned and gave the site to David Weber. Gary Verver and others helped too. They did an outstanding job...super well!

Weber discovered people were hijacking our information and pictures for their own use and sites. He started watermarking our pictures. But by then much of our stuff had been copied.

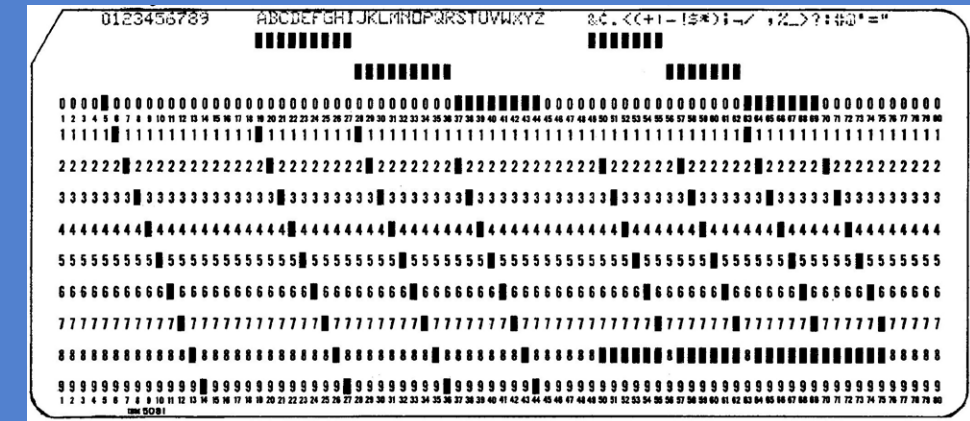
It may not be such a bad thing. Whizzer White, our founder would say, "Skyhawks Forever!" With the preponderance of data and pictures and documentation now in the computer world, our story will be told and the Skyhawk will live long, long after we do!

PS: Harry Gann was a Douglas employee. When Douglas went to Boeing, Harry grabbed "everything Skyhawk" and took it to "his" MCAS El Toro museum. There were truckloads of Skyhawk "stuff." Later, El Toro closed and Harry set up a (his) museum at NAS/MCAS Miramar. Supposedly all the Skyhawk stuff went to Miramar. Hook and I tried to get a handle on Harry's items. I asked the Seattle Boeing librarian about Skyhawk items and Boeing said there was nothing! Then Hook and Harry died and now Miramar (*Flying Leatherneck Aviation Museum* - Ed) seems to have died too. Gone away? And... Boeing is leaving Seattle, Everett and Washington State.

So, what ever happened to all the truck loads of Skyhawk "Stuff?" Huh? Whatever!

As WW-I Lafayette Escadrille pilot Ted Parsons once wrote, "Only the Clouds Remain."

Early computer image of an A-4..



Punch card



A-4 Skyhawks at the Flying Leatherneck Aviation Museum

DEAR SLAYDEN MATTHEW

The Origin of VA-45 Det One

By Joe Gilmore

Editor's Note: Joe Gilmore recently sent his Great Grandson a cherished framed photo from his days as the Commanding Officer of VA-45 and with it, this explanation of why it represented a unique part of Joe's Navy life.



“ I made the final carrier landing of my Naval Aviation career on USS *Intrepid* in one of the A-4Es, Bureau Number 151040 (second closest in the photo), on 15 November, 1972 ”

Dear Slayden Matthew,

So, here's a bit of background having to do with this photo and why it's significant to me. I'd taken command of VA-45 on May 24, 1972. Our primary mission at the time was instrument training. Our requirement was to certify a large portion of Navy jet pilots on the East Coast for instrument flight on an annual basis. We also had a four plane A-4C detachment on USS *Intrepid*, CVS-11 on a North Atlantic deployment...but suddenly a significant change occurred.

A couple of months after taking command, I received a phone call out of the blue from Vice Admiral Michaelis, Commander, Naval Air Forces, Atlantic Fleet. At the time, the Vietnam War was still hot and heavy and the US also had a NATO commitment for two Attack Aircraft Carriers (CVAs) in the Mediterranean. The USS *Forrestal*, an East Coast carrier operating off Vietnam, had sustained major damage due to a fire that began on the flight deck and would continue to be out of service for an extended period. As a result, there were not enough attack carriers to go around, specifically for our NATO commitment in the "Med."

The good Admiral's potential solution was to convert USS *Intrepid* from CVS (Anti-Submarine) to CVA, simply by adding sixteen A-4E aircraft to handle the fighter and attack requirements. His question to me was whether or not we could put together and train twenty four pilots for that purpose as well as the attendant requirements for sixteen recently reworked A-4Es, in a very short time frame. Fortunately, we had some extremely well qualified officers/aviators and petty officers. We studied the issue, decided we could, briefed the Admiral and away we went. Virtually anything we wanted/needed was prioritized. We got the job done, VA-45 Det 1 came into existence and had a superb deployment.

There were a couple of interesting asides, though. The first involved a bit of skullduggery. Why a detachment and not a new squadron? The answer is that it would literally require an "act of Congress" to commission a new squadron, so, the detachment technically belonged to me, although I did not deploy with them.

The second had to do with my personal connection to this photo. I made the final carrier landing of my Naval Aviation career on USS *Intrepid* in one of the A-4Es, Bureau Number 151040 (second closest in the photo), on 15 November, 1972. I was bringing the plane to the ship because it had not been ready earlier, due to needed repairs from a bird strike, when the Det departed for their readiness inspection. Also, as I recall, my approach and landing were both rated as excellent! What else would you expect me to say?

Cheers and love from your Great Grandad.

Joseph M. Gilmore



THE ONLY ONE UP THERE...

By Steve Pollock

Once upon a time, many moons ago, my *nugget cruise* was aboard the USS *Roosevelt* (CVA-42) in the Mediterranean flying A-4Bs (Basically an A-4A with a refueling probe and a rudder with external ribs). I was one of just a couple of VA-72 Blue Hawk “*nuggets*” on that cruise. It seemed to me that all the old hands in the squadron were really good and they had the landing grades to prove it.

My landings were acceptable during the day but I was *waved off* high about 1 in 4 passes at night. I don’t remember getting any better as the cruise

progressed, although I like to think I had some improvement. The cruise ended and I was still in one piece so based on the old adage, “*Any landing you can walk away from is a good landing.*” I had a successful cruise.

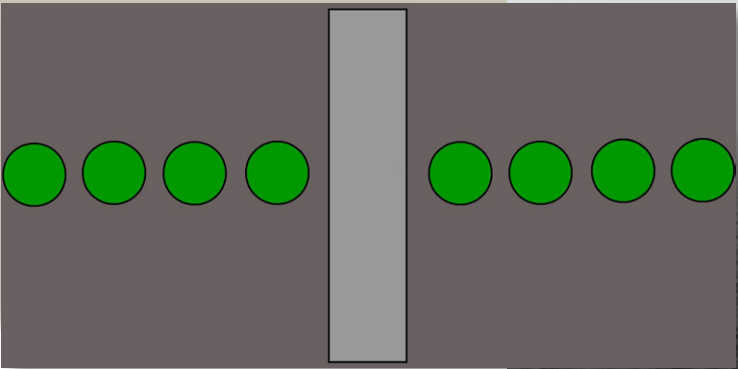
We had a month or so off, followed by some instrument flights, safety lectures, a bunch of night Field Carrier Landing Practice (FCLP) flights and we were off on our second cruise, this time aboard the USS *Shangri-la* (CVA-38) and again deployed to the “Med.”

This time, it was different and I had somehow figured it out. An “OK3” landing grade day or night was now my

norm. I received 70 OK3s in a row ... well almost. In the middle of that string, I received a “*Cut Taxi 1 wire*” grade from the LSO. How in hell did that happen? During my first cruise, all of my LSO directed waveoffs were graded as *waveoff high* and suddenly I almost planted one on the **ROUND-DOWN!** (The very aft portion of the flight deck – Ed)



VA-72 patch



Lens with no ball.

Well, here’s how it happened. In my defense, which is no defense at all, but stating it makes me feel better, my A-4B with its basic instrument panel, was equipped with a small pull-to-cage gyro that would precess about 5 degrees per hour. No precision guidance, as in modern aircraft, was available, just my little gyro, RMI compass, VSI, an angle of attack indicator, and three flashlights. A-4Bs also had exceedingly unreliable constant-speed generators and carbon pile voltage regulators.

The night, as nights go, wasn’t that bad, but as usual, it was dark as Hell. Our “27 Charlie,” small deck carrier was pitching just a little bit and there was some *St Elmo’s fire* dancing on the airframe. Actually, that qualified as a pretty nice night. So, I’ve got her down to 1,200 feet, dirtied up, on speed, on the correct azimuth and the ship’s Carrier Controlled Approach (CCA) controller started me down about 4nm astern and I set the descent at 600 ft/minute. Eventually, the controller comes up with “*A little low and correcting.*” I added some power and brought the VSI up a bit and shortly I got the same call, “*A little low and correcting.*” OK, so I added more power and slowed my decent a bit more. Again, I heard a CCA call “*A little low and correcting, call the ball.*” Very shortly after that the LSO piped up with, “*Call the Ball.*” It’s now head out of the cockpit time and there was no ball. The mirror was aglow but there’s no ball. I gave a “*no joy*” ball call and the LSO responded with “*Roger, you’re low.*” I added some power, still no ball. Then I got a loud panic call, “**Power, Power, Power!**” it was full power, then **BANG!** I hit the deck. Apparently, I had just cleared the round-down for a “*Cut Taxi 1.*”



USS Shangri-la (CVA-38)

I was really upset with myself. I had screwed up big time. I kept it coming with no ball, which is pretty terrible headwork. I could have blamed it on the Air Boss for not saying there was 40+ knots of wind over the deck, or on the CCA controller for saying “a little low and correcting,” when I was obviously very low and not correcting, or on the LSO for letting me get in so close without yelling at me for being very low, but NO! I remember what the instructor pilots drilled into our heads over and over again, “*The only one up there defending you is you.*”

Well, I hadn’t heeded that advice and it nearly got me killed, but why? **Overconfidence!** I had it figured out and that overrode common sense. Overconfidence is synonymous for **arrogance**. They say the two most dangerous times in Naval Aviation are one’s *nugget cruise* and when one finally figures it out, which is usually in the 1000 to 1200 flight hour range. Arrogance nearly got me killed. After sitting on a sponson for an hour or so, I got my head screwed back on correctly and went back to OK3s for the rest of the cruise. I accumulated 300 traps during my two A-4B cruises, and one *cut pass* ... one too many.



A4 VA-72 Steve Pollock.

Later as an instructor pilot in the A-7 RAG, during every brief I reminded my students that “*The only one up there defending you is you!*” ... a pretty good life lesson!



A-4B-cockpit.

TINS!*

By Gene "Blade" Atwell

ONE - TWO - THREE

In the early eighties, gun squadrons at MCAS Cherry Point, NC were fragged to support TBS (The Basic School) at Quantico, VA. Three different times my name was on the flight schedule to support the lieutenants at TBS and while not chronologically listed, these are my recollections of those three flights.

Out of the back doors of the now demolished O'Bannon Hall, MCB 3 (Road west of Quantico, VA - Ed) still leads towards the FBI Academy and that macadam road was where we lieutenants would try to reach our goal of three consecutive six minute miles for an 18 minute three mile run and 100 points towards the 300 needed to max the PFT (Physical Fitness Test). No, as an aviator, I dutifully never maxed the PFT.

The **FIRST** event involved flying down MCB 3 (Paved road-Ed) at treetop level after multiple simulated gun runs. That mil-power, high-speed pass brought the lieutenants out of the woods that day and their enthusiasm and fist-punching is why I clearly remember that flight. The "wingnut" bagging time in the back seat of the OA-4 was probably feeling like I did at Fallon as Vic Tabor got down in the weeds when I was working up for my FAC(A) qual (Airborne Forward Air Controller).

There's something about the slope of the canopy rails in the back seat of the Scooter which wasn't noticeable in the front seat that gives the illusion that you're descending. That illusion had me standing on my tip toes and whimpering like a pup until we had something better to do.

The **SECOND** memory was reveille for the lieutenants as they were fighting their three-day war. The sun had barely risen with some morning mist partially obscuring the colored



Blade and a gun.

smoke which the ground FAC used to designate where he wanted the simulated Aero 14B chem attack to begin.

Once again on the deck, at the same moment I squeezed the trigger to release the water, Farmer Brown was on his tractor tilling his field. The FAC told me later he wasn't knocked off the tractor, but he was soaking wet.

Memory number **THREE** was a softball field along that same MCB 3 which the FAC illuminated for our IP (initial point) the night we were tasked to sally forth with two A-4M aircraft, each with two pods of 5-inch Zunis for a night fire demonstration for the assembled crowd.

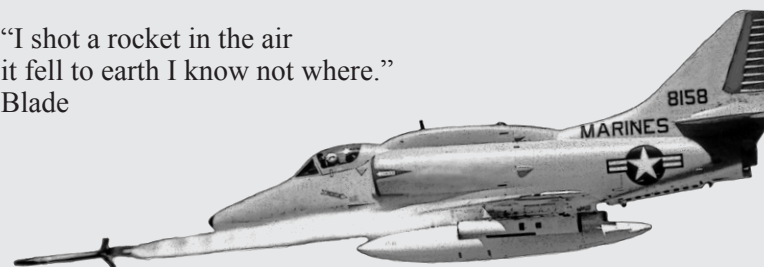
Circles and straight lines from the IP were meticulously drawn so we'd windup close to a 10 degree pop-up delivery at night and we briefed one pod of 4 Zunis on each of two runs. Shortly after we were cleared hot by the FAC, night was turned into day and another trigger pull would live in farmer infamy.

This lieutenant thinks one of the four fins on one of the then airborne Zuni rockets failed to deploy and it went corkscrewing off at about a 30 degree upward trajectory. Ruh-Roh!

"CEASE FIRE, CEASE FIRE!" rang aloud in our earpieces and we headed back to KNKT with our tails between our legs and 12 of the original 16 Zunis.

The next morning BJ and I had been excused from the morning AOM (All Officers Meeting) and allowed to sleep in. Upon arrival at the Ready Room, Lizard, the Ops-O, had scrawled this quote on the blackboard:

"I shot a rocket in the air
it fell to earth I know not where."
Blade



I'm still waiting for the middle of the night door knock of that Virginia farmer looking for me after all these years.

FROM THE ATTIC

Mailbag

~ Operation Tinker Toy ~



"The smoking lamp is out throughout the ship while re-winding A4D's," was the word passed one fine morning by the VA-15 Valions to their cousin squadrons, the VA-172 Blue Bolts and the VA-46 Clansmen aboard the USS Franklin D. Roosevelt, CVA-42. The occasion of this intra-Air Group One harassment was Operation Tinker Toy, performed by the VA-15 AD-6 Skyraider prop drivers during the FDR's concurrent deployment.

Equipping the two squadrons of A4D's with a "wind-up key" was the work of VA-15's Lt. Gordon F. Udall and AMC Jesse B. Hartley. News of the day aboard the FDR was that in-flight rewinding should double the range of the A4D. Front to back VA-172 Blue Bolts A4D-2 Skyhawks AB-301, AB-307, AB-308, and VA-46 Clansmen A4D-2 AB-40x, with the auxiliary wind-up keys installed, USS Franklin D. Roosevelt, CVA-43, MED, 1959. Name below the canopy of AB-301 is Cdr. A. Barker Jr.

Thanks to Jack Woodul



142790 A4D-2, 1959-60, VA-172, AB-301, USS FDR, CVA-42.

NEW MEMBERS

Michael Murlowski, Scotsdale, AZ
Dick Ward, Cumming, GA
Alan Lamb, Severence, CO
Joseph Gilmore, Orange Park, FL

George Chalke, Gilbertsville, KY
Sid Linton, Dunwoody, GA
Loren Heesacker, Huntington Beach, CA
John Binford, Willow Grove, PA

Charles Bush, Hanford, CA
Christopher Patton, Goldsboro, NC

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Contact Terry Cooney at
skyhawkasn@gmail.com or at
2421 Clubside Dr., Beavercreek, OH 45431



Skyhawks Still Flying

Fall 2021 Privately Owned Skyhawks Update

Hun reporting

Of our now 43 Skyhawks still flying, 5 of them are owned and operated by private individuals or concerns. Those of you out there who are sharp might have caught that '43' total and '5' private are both one-off of our last report. That's an intro to our only major change to those totals.

As I've mentioned for several years now, Mike "Maj" McDougal is the man behind *Fighting Classics Restorations* down in Marana, AZ and now is working from his shop in Idaho as well. Maj's major work over the past several years has been getting 2 A-4C's airworthy, one painted in Argentinian Air Force camouflage and the other in Argentinian Navy colors for an Argentinian buyer, Mr. Fred Machado. The "Charlie" in Navy colors was previously restored by Spangler/Carr at *Skyhawk Ventures*

and later flown by the *Valiant Air Command* Museum in FL. That air-plane essentially only needs a generator replacement, while the other Charlie sits at Maj's new location up in Idaho needing an engine reinstallation.

Well, just as both aircraft became operational, legal issues developed and currently, both aircraft are for sale and bank owned. Both could be flyers easily, but you won't find a bank willing to finance the work. Check them out for sale at roughly \$1 million each on *controller.com* and *trade-a-plane.com* by Platinum Sales. In any case, it seems appropriate to drop at least one of them off the private flyers list, leaving us with 43 total.

Our other private owners are still going strong: *Collings Foundation* still has a back seat available for training in its TA-4J for \$8,000 per hour.

A-4's Still Flying!
as of September 2021
12 Military
26 Contract
5 Private
Total: 43



The *Warbird Heritage Foundation*, owned by *Paul Wood* has a strong A-4B (The only one flying as far as we know!). *Pacific Aero Ventures'* TA-4J is still gorgeous and actively flying. And ... *Vic "Ditch" Miller* still is loving the Visalia, CA airspace in his TA-4J with its distinctive blue/grey camouflage paint scheme.

Thanks to all our lucky private owners/operators for keeping some Skyhawks flying! The complete *Still Flying* report is on our Association website!



SIZE DOES MATTER

Modelers' Corner

By Joe Turpen

HASEGAWA A-4C KIT

Here is Hasegawa's 1/48th scale A-4C Skyhawk kit #07222 which is also listed at PT22 and was produced in 2001. It's listed as a "Rebox," that has been updated with new parts. This kit comes with two sets of markings:

- VA-15 AA-401 BuNo 148543 from USS Forrestal CVA-59
- VA-153 NL-302 BuNo 147825 from USS Coral Sea CVA-43



Visit [<http://skyhawk.org/article-modeling/modelers-hangar-bay>]

Both aircraft are painted in the standard Gull Gray FS36440 and Insignia White FS17875 paint scheme of the time. One of the interesting things about the kit is it has parts that aren't used, but are the parts that would turn this kit into a Lima. This is a common practice now.

148543 was assigned to the following squadrons: VA-44/36/15/106 and 66, as well as MARTDs at South Weymouth and Alameda along with NATC Patuxent River and NAS Memphis. It's currently on display at the Virginia Aviation Museum marked as BuNo 148442.



For lists of A-4 KIA and operational losses, members can sign into <http://skyhawk.org> and go to the "Ready Room."



TAPS notices may be sent to Dave Dollarhide, davedollarhide@msn.com

Dick Briner, 10/18/2021, Sanger, TX
Jack Harper, 6/10/2021, Pensacola, FL
Dale "Snort" Snodgrass, 7/24/2021, Lewiston, ID
Col Dick Sargent, 7/15/2021, Golden, CO
Bill Calahan, June 2021, Tucson, AZ
Art Zasio, January, 2021, SoCal
Robert Tyler Schneider, 2021, TX



Tribute to Snort

Dave "Hide" Dollarhide

Snort's gone and aviation is worse off for it. If you haven't heard already, Dale Snodgrass was recently lost during what appears to be a loss of control accident in his SIAI-Marchetti 1019, during departure from the Lewiston, ID airport.

Sure, he was way out there with his impressive Navy and Air Show flying ... got him in trouble a bit during his famous F-14 days, but what a great pilot and easy-going friend he was to many. Snort was a special supporter of the Skyhawk Association and our treasured jet over the years. Let it be known that Dale Snodgrass loved the "Scooter," especially the former Israeli Air Force A-4N, with its J-52-P408 high-thrust engine that he flew as the Chief Pilot with Draken International.

Snort joined us for dinner at VaBeach after our Board meeting in 2014. The next year, I was invited

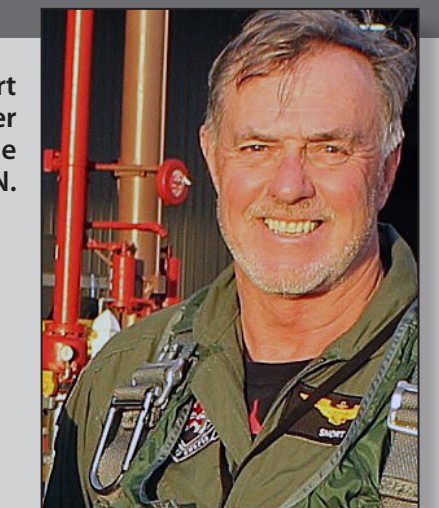
to their Draken headquarters and hangar in Lakeland, Florida for a barbeque in 2015. His eyes lit up when talking about the Skyhawk flying they had just completed that day, training several former F-16 pilots in the Scooter. I saw the enthusiastic look again when he spoke at the Skyhawk Association luncheon at Hook 2018 and whenever we had a question about Draken flying, he was there to assist.

Snort leaving the chocks at Lakeland.



Snort after flying the A-4N.

Snodgrass speaker SA luncheon Hook 2018.



After retiring from Draken, Snort entered another phase of his flying career, but it was time to enjoy a different kind of aviation and the beautiful Idaho mountains, but sadly, this was to be his final adventure.

He was a legend in his own time and is greatly missed.

Puresome Unplugged

~ YP's Excellent Adventures ~

BLOOD BROTHERS AT CUBI

By Jack "Youthly Puresome" Woodul

The Cubi Point O-Club was crowded as hell with aviators fresh from Yankee Station, and Puresome and Weed had been there since early afternoon, when they had snuck off from their respective extremely responsible junior officer collateral duties aboard CVA-62. They were at the stage of beer-swilling (short of bullet-proof and invisible) where the facial muscles are paralyzed, limiting the subject to a single, silly-assed expression and terse speech.

Early-on camaraderie had gradually lost out to sullen belligerence as the Club had filled up with Phantom pukes, A-6 pukes, RIO pukes, and some ship's company pukes, including the Air Boss, who was, besides being a commander, generally considered to be an arseholt.

Not only were most of the crowd not righteous A-4 drivers, their noise

was drowning out the Filipino band's version of such favorites as "You Better Quit Kickin' My Dog Around," which usually caused Puresome to get all wet and runny.

"Hey, Weed," Puresome nudged his room-mate, "lookit that weenie Air Boss sitting over with that bunch of blackshoe weenies!" "Yup," commented Weed incisively. "I vote we launch an Alpha Strike," continued Puresome. Other malcontents joined up, selected ordnance, and considered mil settings. None of the shot glasses lofted from the bar across the smoke-filled room actually struck the target, but its approaches were severely cratered.

Though it had seemed like a good idea at the time, Puresome and Weed found it prudent to exit at low altitude and high speed for a different part of the crowd away from the bar to avoid



Jack "Youthly Puresome" Woodul

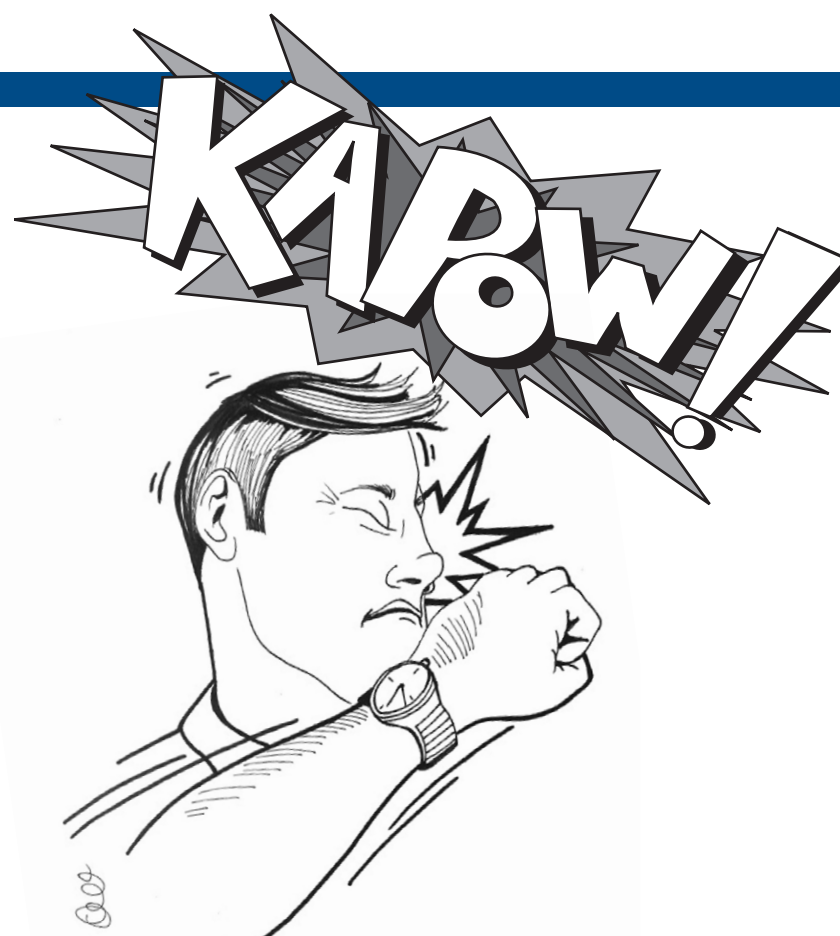
missiles and considerable flak launched from the impact area. Puresome was also moved by the relentless filtration of San Miguel through his system, and he left Weed for the long trip to the head or the bushes outside, whichever came first.

After a trip outside and a furtive stop back at the bar for more cold beer, Puresome eventually found Weed in intense conversation with a short, skinheaded individual. Weed was staring down like a snake stares at a conejo. "I bet you're a...gah...damm...MARINE!" Weed was saying. "I bet you're a gah...damm...CAPTAIN!" he continued. "I bet you're a gah...damm...ROTORHEAD!" Weed hissed, about two inches from skinhead's face.

To Puresome, grinning fixedly, time went one-potato, two-potato, while the object of Weed's withering scorn deliberately shifted his bottle from his right hand to his left; drew back his fist, estimated range, elevation, and windage to Weed's nose, and fired...smack! ... rendering Weed's normally perpendicular snoot about forty-five degrees port.

Time again went one-potato, two-potato while a thin trickle of blood started seeping out Weed's bent nose. The little captain just leaned back and surveyed his work. Weed was still grinning, the neural road to awareness somewhat awash in San Miguel.

Finally, the truth dawned. Puresome and Weed slowly faced each other. "Goddam, Weed," said Puresome, "He hit you!" "Yeh, goddam, he did!" Weed acknowledged.



"Let's hit him!" suggested Puresome, who was not a LT(jg) for nothing. Weed nodded his head in agreement. "One...two...three!" The section turned, aimed, and fired, nailing the Jarhead, who had not moved from the original scene of triumph. He dropped out of sight in a forest of legs. "Fixed his ass," said Weed.

The killer duo had hardly completed their first triumphant swig of beer when a slightly bent Capitano struggled up from the floor and yelled, "Goddam, for a couple of Squids, you guys can hit!" "Aw, hell, a section ought to nail a single anytime, and you punched OI' Weed a purty good one, too," offered Puresome. "Hell of a deal anyway, pardner," said the Marine, "Us go get a beer!"

"Bet your ass," snuffled Weed.

The rest of the evening was a paragon of inter-service tolerance and buddy-dom. Whiskies were drunk; war-stories were traded; even the Commandant was toasted. When the Marine finally wandered off into the bleary distance, Weed allowed that he was a "good ol' boy."

Aboard ship next morning, a befuddled and bent Weed roughly shook the sleeping Puresome awake. "Hey, did you see the sumbitch that hit me?" he said, pointing to the forty five degree list of his nose.

"Yup," replied Puresome. "It was a god...damm...Marine!"

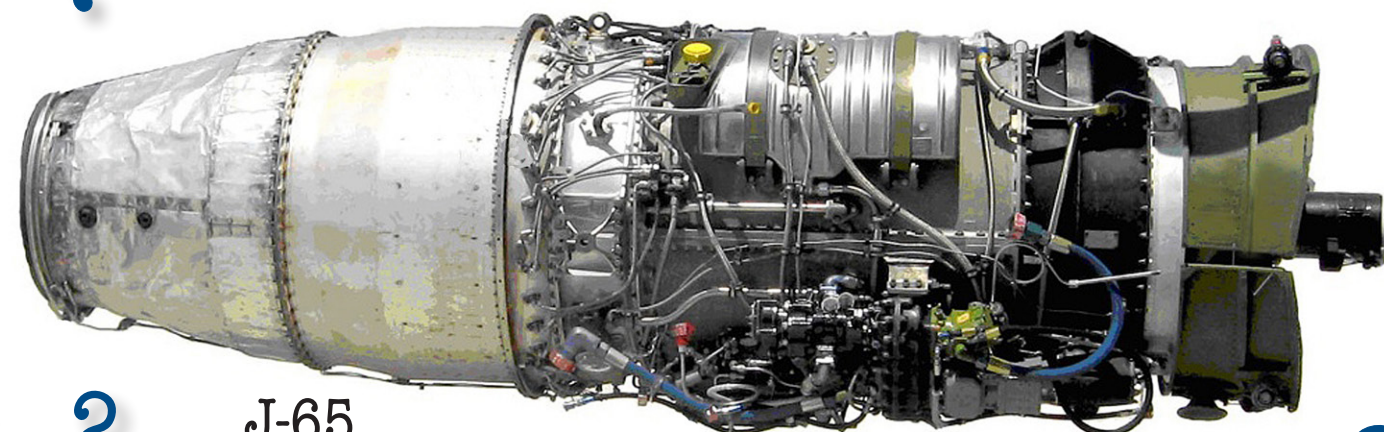
TRIVIA ANYONE?

from Dave Dollarhide

A-4 Engine Oil Systems

? Next Question:

How does the J-65 oil system differ from the J-52 system?

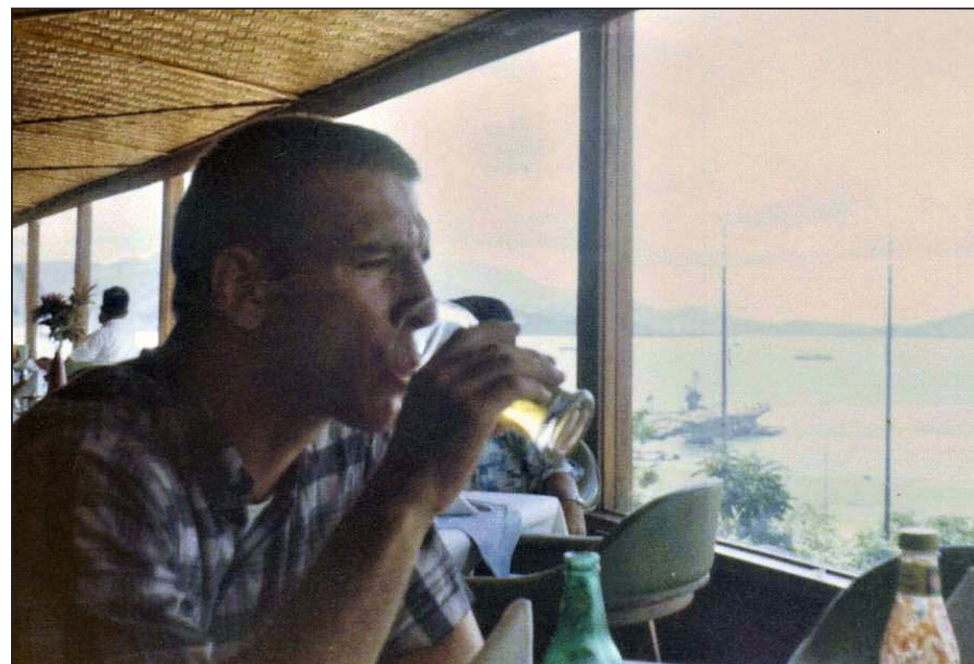


?

J-65

?

Send your answers to: davedollarhide@msn.com



Cubi Point O' Club



Skyhawk Association
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