

the

WINDSCREEN

SUMMER 2009 ISSUE

JOURNAL OF THE
INTRUDER ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 2



**VMA-242 A-6 INTRUDER
FLYING OUT OF MCAS EL TORO.**



ON TARGET - ON TIME

- **TransPac Memories in the A-6**
- **Off the Range at 12 O'Clock!**
 - **65th D-Day Ceremony**
 - **IA Membership Update**
 - **A Troubled Intruder**
 - **The Gweduck**

www.intruderassociation.org



THE SPAR FROM YAR: A MESSAGE FROM THE IA PRESIDENT

Greetings to all,

2009 has already passed the half way point and is moving fast. The annual **Tailhook Reunion** in Reno is September 10-13, and we are less than a year from our next **National Navy & Marine Intruder Reunion** in Washington, DC, (May 20-23, 2009).

Hook '09 activities will include the *Intruder* booth with videos, membership sign-ups and renewals, etc. We are again co-hosting the "Scooters N Truders" hospitality suite with the *Skyhawk* Association on the third floor of the Nugget and hosting the annual *Intruder* Breakfast on Sunday morning... hope to see a lot of you there.

The Washington, DC National Reunion planning is well underway and will be another successful gathering of Eagles. The reunion will be at the Hyatt in Reston Town Center near Dulles Airport. They are now taking reservations and I urge all who plan to attend or think they will attend to make your reservations now (details in Gator Byrum's Reunion Update).

Our association continues to grow in membership, local gatherings and projects. As I have said a number of times, such growth is very important to the success of the association by increasing our financial strength and allowing increased involvement in worthy endeavors. Special kudos to Dave Williams and his team on their recent completion of the *Intruder* and *Prowler* aircraft display with flags flying at the access road to NAS Whidbey.

I am amazed at times when I meet a former *Intruder* and ask if they are IA members only to find out they did not know there is such an organization, or that they flat did not renew their membership long ago. These same folks typically don't know about past and future *Intruder* Reunions. With minimum talk, they generally agree to sign up. Our growth is still

lacking in membership of our enlisted *Intruders*, and I encourage all in contact with any enlisted or former enlisted alumni, to please let them know about the Intruder Association and let them know "We want you now".



Larry P. Yarham

The perpetual Intruder Association Scholarship via the Tailhook Association is moving toward 50% of our goal. Some of the area gatherings, luncheons and happy hours include a contribution toward the fund as part of the fee. San Diego is hosting the July "San Diego Tailhook Ready Room Happy Hour" at a popular downtown sports bar and watering hole, *The Tilted Kilt*. The gathering will include great food, Tilted Kilt keg beer and a raffle of sports memorabilia donated by the Padre organization, shirts donated by the Tailhook Association, USS *Midway* passes and other items, with all proceeds going to the scholarship fund. I'll let you know how it went in the next issue.

Reminder, individual tax deductible scholarship donations can be made online via the IA website or by sending a check made out to the "Intruder Association" annotated *Intruder* Scholarship to:

Geoff Swanberg
3504 Beaver Ford Road
Woodbridge, VA 22192

Thank you all for your continued membership, support and belief in "Preserving the Legend of the Intruder."

Hope to see you at Hook '09 and Reunion '10.
Best wishes and all take care,
Larry P. Yarham

DEPARTING



VADM Richard C. "Sweetpea" Allen, USN (Ret)
LCDR Bradford B. Betz, USN (Ret)
CDR Ken Russell, USN (Ret)

Intruder Association Financial Report¹

January 2009 to 30 June 2009

Beginning Cash (All Accounts) \$42,606

Receipts

Dues via Check..... 4,005
Dues via PayPal..... 4,980
Scholarship Fund..... 2,805
Total Receipts..... 11,790

Expenses

PayPal Fees..... 230
Legal Fees..... 150

Member Support
Postage..... 199
Windscreen..... 3,489
Hook Ad..... 680
Office Supplies..... 144

Memorials
Scholarship (Tailhook) . 2,500
Other Fees
State Corporate Fee 25
Web Site Maintenance 2,700

Total Expenses..... 10,117

Ending Cash (All Accounts) 44,279

(Submitted by Treasurer Geoff Swanberg)





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FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD: TIM BEARD

We have recently lost a number of our fellow *Intruder* comrades, and we mourn them all. In May, however, we lost one of our all-time stars, Vice Admiral Richard "Sweet Pea" Allen. And I, along with many of you, am deeply saddened with his passing.

I first met Admiral Allen when he was Commander Allen, the XO of VA-85 aboard *Forrestal*, and I was part of ship's company. Air Wing 17 was a good one, and many in that wing, Sweet Pea chief among them, made life great for us in the Air Department. He even roped me into the Buckeye A-6 circle--as it turned out, for the rest of my Navy career. On deployment, Sweet Pea had fun in every evolution, whether it was flying as JB Dadson's B/N or leading his squadron on the beach. It was evident that he was a very special individual, and I hoped he'd go far.

The next time we came together professionally was when he was CO of *America* and I was the O-5 detailer. Captain Allen "re-started" our relationship and was a carrier skipper who was just terrific to work with.

Fast-forward to early 90s, when we were in the Pentagon

together, and I got to work again with now Rear Admiral Allen. Once more, I experienced the pleasure of working with such a great individual.

Sweetpea's next, and last job in the Navy, was as AirLant, and in that position he distinguished himself in many ways, but one in particular made a real warfighting difference: EO/IR/Targeting capability for the F-14. He foresaw the need for this capability on the *Tomcat*, and he drove the integration of USAF's LANTIRN onto the F-14. Little did he know how that would totally change the *Tomcat* community into truly excellent strike fighters and actually enable Navy air wings to more fully participate in Operation Deliberate Force (Bosnia/Serbia/Yugoslavia in the mid-90s). He made the *Tomcat* into what it could and should have been from its inception: the first U.S. strike fighter.

Everyone of you who knew Sweet Pea has multiple and different stories about this storied man. All of us who ever worked with or for him are better off for it; and I know many join me in mourning the loss of this great American.

Tim Beard

99 Intruders: Upcoming Events, Listen Up!

Intruder Reunion 2010

May 19-23, Washington DC
Reston Town Center, Virginia
From Bruce "Gator" Byrum

We have signed a contract with the Hyatt Regency in Reston, Virginia, to hold the 2010 *Intruder* Reunion in Washington DC on May 19-23, 2010. The Hyatt Regency sits immediately adjacent to Reston Town Center on Reston Parkway just off the Toll Road - 267, just outside the Beltway (I-495).

Reston Town Center has a number of stores and restaurants and gives one the feeling of the old European town center. There is ample free parking and we are looking for full participation by all *Intruder* Association members.

Planned activities include: Trip to new USMC Museum; Friday night reception at Navy Museum in Washington Navy Yard followed by Nationals Baseball Game or U.S. Marine Corps Sunset Parade at Marine Barracks, 8th and I; golf and tennis will be offered; Saturday will include visit to Udvar-Hazy Air and Space Museum, or trip downtown to visit monuments followed by wreath commemoration at the Vietnam Memorial. Saturday night our Reunion Banquet will take place at the Hyatt Regency followed by a departure breakfast on Sunday morning. For those who have an extra day, John Fitzpatrick, a guide for the Battlefield at Gettysburg, has also offered to conduct a day long tour of the battlefield on Sunday.

So mark you calendars and look for our official invitations this fall. We will send the program of events out to a large group; seeking maximum participation by our Navy and Marine Corps brethren, and requesting that everyone become members of the *Intruder* Association.

The Intruder Association at Tailhook '09

10-13 September, Nugget Casino, Reno
Submitted by Clyde Cain



Fellow *Intruders*;

It's time again to think about that famous gathering, "Tailhook." The *Intruder* Association will have a booth again this year, as well as a Ready Room we share with the A-4 bubbas.

The world famous *Intruder* Breakfast will be held on Saturday morning at the pool location. For those who want to sign up for breakfast, you can send me an email to get your name on the list. To ensure you have a seat, you will need to pay by Friday morning.

The payment is necessary because we commit to a number of seats based on anticipated attendance. In the past, we have had many folks sign up but not attend. We are on the hook to pay for the number of breakfast reservations, so when folks don't show up, the rest of us have to cover the cost.

I have signed IA up for two tables at lunch and one table for dinner, and will provide Tailhook Association with our 24 names for the lunch tables and 12 names for the dinner table.

Check at the booth and we will have a list of openings that you can sign up for on a first-come, first-served basis. We also need volunteers to provide coverage in the Ready Room and in the booth, in compliance with Tailhook rules. We will have items for sale at the booth with proceeds going to the scholarship fund.

Please send an email to membership@intruderassociation.org with an indication of an interest in RR duty, booth duty, breakfast attendance, lunch and dinner attendance. Come on out and enjoy sea stories with your bubbas. It's a great event and a really good time, with good folks and camaraderie. See you there!

TRANSPAC MEMORIES IN THE A-6.

By Al Siebecke

There were heavy combat losses of A-6 aircraft while deployed in 1967. To replace these aircraft, a large group of six A-6s and two A-3s was formed at Whidbey Island to TransPac to Yankee Station. The A-3s were the "Mother Hen" acting as pathfinders and tankers.

I was pared up with Bob Sample for this gaggle. Bob was the former CO of VA-85 and the senior officer of the group. We made an uneventful passage to Hawaii, via Alameda. That was to change on the next leg as we approached Johnson Island.

Pushing over at 30K, we approached the airfield, a long strip located on a narrow island of coral with buildings lining the right side and mounds of ammo bunkers to the left of the runway. We broke left and put on the *Gs* when the tower transmitted, "Aircraft in break, your aircraft is coming apart," and we felt a large shudder and the warning lights were flashing.

We had rolled to about 120 degrees and I had reached for my ejection curtain to depart, and looking at the water below, I could see the sharks waiting. The Martin Baker seat at that time required 100 knots and 100 foot level flight to be in the ejection envelope. As we slowed down and took stock of the situation, another aircraft joined up and found we had lost the engine bay doors, with one of them wrapped around the port wing. We continued to circle and burn down fuel while the gaggle landed and manned the tower to assist us with the choices to resolve our problems. As a result of the impact by the engine bay door on the left wing, the port slat was jammed and the port main gear remained up. The field had no arresting gear and was unable to spread foam on the runway.

With the defective slat, we had to land well above approach speed and were in for the ride once on the ground. We landed on the far right side of the runway, and as the aircraft

slowed, the port wing made contact with the runway and started to burn. As we slowed down, the aircraft started to depart the runway to the left, and the last thing I saw was a large ammo bunker filling the windscreen.

There was a large cloud of dust and smoke after the ground loop. As I reached to blow the canopy, there was a loud explosion and the canopy was gone--blown by the crash crew. A big man with a large knife was approaching, and without a second thought I jumped out of aircraft to get out of his way. I found out later he was going to cut us out of our harnesses and remove us from the burning aircraft.

After the remaining gaggle of aircraft departed Johnson Island for Yankee station, we returned to Hawaii to attend an accident board. Upon completion of the accident board, we were informed that an A6 would arrive from Whidbey and to deliver it to USS *Ranger* on Yankee station. I thought--*here we go again.*

The aircraft was a basket case, an iron bird at best. With a wet compass and a DR line on a chart, we set off for Wake Island. We climbed to above FL40, and I thought what a comfort level I felt, with the A3s on the first part of this journey across the Pacific Ocean. The search radar was working fine; but when arriving at the spot where Wake Island should appear-- there was nothing on the scope. Nothing but water!

I had a feeling that someone was out to get me. We started a square search and came up on guard frequency with a Mayday call. With the fuel state growing critical levels, our options were running out fast. A faint voice answered our Mayday and the ADF swung over to a Marine C-130, which saved our bacon by giving us a steer to Wake Island where we landed with fumes. The rest of the trip to Guam and the Philippines and Yankee Station was uneventful. Good thing, since I was out of adrenaline by that time.

Welcome Aboard

NEW MEMBERS

For those of you who may not have received an Intruder Association Welcome package, please send an email to membership@intruderassociation.org.

Promises, promises.

To the Editor

From Phil (Seth) Heath:

Just a note to say how much I have enjoyed the most recent issues of *The Windscreen*. I enjoy the “Good Ol’ Days” articles, but also think it is a good idea to include articles about how naval air works without the A-6, i.e., its replacements.

I hereby promise to provide you with an article about one mission that avoided disaster only because the A-6 DIANE computer had that one unique, seldom used feature: landing mode. My old stick, Dave “Geronimo” Jeronimus was paired up with B/N Dickie Davis on the Med cruise following my departure from VA-85 and encountered an emergency when they were on a mission to drop four anti-ship mines but couldn’t get the mines to drop. Even emergency stores jet-tison wouldn’t work. I’ll have to locate and call Dickie to get his input to make sure all the details are right.

I’m a retired newspaper editor/publisher and I know a good story when I see one!

Best regards,
Phil (Seth) Heth

Thanks Phil. We are trying to make this newsletter both a way to relive the old memories and to keep our membership up with what is currently happening in naval aviation. We look forward to your story too. Caz

First TRIM Trip.

To the Editor

From Don Ohnemus CDR, USN (Ret):

After reading the A-6C stories in the Winter 2009 issue of *The Windscreen*, I am motivated to add my two baht’s (ten cents in 1971) worth to the story of the first A-6C TRIM deployment.

I joined VA-165 at Whidbey in September 1969, as a nugget B/N fresh out of the RAG. The squadron was into the training cycle for the next cruise, and in early 1970, CDR Dick Zick, our XO and LCDR Rod Franz went to the Grumman facility at Riverhead, NY to become the squadron gurus on the A-6C system. The squadron was in Gitmo doing REFTRA, and not long after we returned to Whidbey, we got the first of eight Charlies we took when we deployed to WESTPAC.

During the next few months, we got a few more, then the squadron left for ORI and deployment on USS *America*. Six aircrews and some maintenance people were left at Whidbey to pick up the rest of the Charlies from Grumman, finish our A-6C TRIM training, and transpac four Charlie airplanes. We had a lot of work to do to finish the training and to develop fuel figures for the transpac evolution. During that time, I had one flight with CDR Tom Conboy who was in the RAG and to be our next XO.

Finally, on Mother’s Day 1970, we flew the airplanes to Alameda, CA, to kick off the transpac. The Charlie crews were LCDR Jay Grafton and LTJG Ed Engle; LCDR Neil

Holben and LTJG Larry Goff; LCDR Ray Sullivan and I, and LTJG Brent Kirkland and LT Jim Lindt. We had a maintenance group who followed us in a C-131. The next day, we briefed the first leg with the tanker people. On the morning of the flight, Brent Kirkland’s mother sent us each a bag lunch that increased our takeoff weight noticeably, and was greatly appreciated before the day was over.

As it evolved, based on our fuel figures and the predicted winds between Alameda and Barber’s Point, HI, our gaggle for the first leg involved eight KA-3s to tank our four A-6Cs; and called for the A-6Cs to tank twice each off the KA-3s, and for two KA-3s to tank off the other ones. It actually worked, and 5-plus hours later, we arrived in HI. The systems in our A-6Cs worked fairly well; and the one I had worked wonderfully well as a navigator, although the radar only worked on some of the legs to come. Remember that the basic system of the Charlie was the same as the Alpha, so you never were sure how well it would work.

The next morning, it was too warm for our fully loaded pathfinder KA-3 to get airborne from the 8000’ runway at Barber’s Point, so we suffered the evils of Waikiki for another night and left earlier the next morning. Leg two was to Wake Island, and called for us to each tank once, then the KA-3 would land and refuel at Johnston Island and catch up with us at Wake. Two of our Charlies didn’t think they got enough fuel, so they landed at Johnston, too. The other two of us went straight on—over a 7.5 hour flight. We left Barber’s Point so early that no mess facilities were open, so I grabbed a stale sandwich and a couple of Cokes out of a vending machine at OPS, and that had to last Sully and me all day.

The next day was an easy 4-plus hour hop to NAS Agana, Guam, and none of us had to refuel. When we got there, the base had an air show in progress, and they requested we give them a flyby. The KA-3 extended his fueling drogue, and Sully plugged in. We made a low pass with us tanking and the other Charlies flying wing. It was a bumpy ride because we were low, it was hot, and there were a lot of thermals. However, Sully managed to stay plugged in, and we apparently pleased the crowd.

The last leg was an easy jump to Cubi Point, PI, the next day, with no refueling required and my Charlie still navigating like it knew where it was. We all arrived with our airplanes in reasonably good shape. The ship and airwing arrived a day or two later. After the weapons loadout, we left for our first line period on Yankee Station with CDR Fred Backman leading our hardy band of Boomers.

For that deployment, we had fifteen A-6s; eight Charlies, four Alphas, and three A-6Bs that could bomb or fire Standard Arm missiles. We had 17 aircrews, and you were trained for the A & B or A & C systems. There were no KA-6Ds yet, so if the Boomers were tasked for tanking, we used A-6As with buddy stores. The EKA-3Bs in the airwing were the primary tanker assets.

My recollections of the overall performance of the A-6C as a combat asset aren’t as sharp as they could be. The

LETTERS: *Incoming!*

airframes and basic DIANE systems had the same problems as any A-6, and they were plentiful. This was the cruise of the “V-band” coupling failures in the cross-over bleed air piping. The ASN-31(?) INS wasn’t very reliable, which degraded the stabilization for the TRIM pod and hindered the accuracy of the IR and LLLTV systems. When the whole system came together, it worked pretty well; but the weather over the beach badly degraded the range of the sensors a good deal of the time. Chuck Berlemann gave us some words from his perspective in the Winter 2009 issue of *The Windscreen*, and I’ll trust his memory more than mine.

At the end of the cruise, went to Sydney, Australia, for a visit, then on around South America, headed for Rio and on to Norfolk. We subsequently flew off all the Charlies and Bravos to various places and our fly-in at Whidbey was with our four remaining A-6As. During the following pre-deployment cycle, we built up to twelve A-6As and four KA-6Ds

In May 1972, toward the end of my next deployment with the Boomers on USS *Constellation*, I was selected to go to the U.S. Navy Test Pilot School. My selection was based in part on my experience with the A-6C, given that the A-6E TRAM variant was on the horizon. After finishing TPS in 1973, I became involved with the TRAM project, and in the summer of 1975, a test team from Pax River and a flight crew from VX-5 went to Riverhead, NY and did the first Navy assessment (called a Navy Technical Assessment, and concerned primarily with technical aspects of system performance) of the TRAM system during a six week period.

LT Mike Smith and I flew weapons hops; LT Marty Gunther and LCDR O.P. Burch flew IR/laser evaluation hops; LT Ken Pyle and LT Dick Fellows from VX-5 flew a mixed bag of weapons drop, navigation and IR evaluation. Overall, we were fairly impressed with the TRAM system at that point, although there were some bugs that needed to be resolved. During that project and others, I got quite a few hours in A-6E airplanes, and was amazed at the improvements in the overall weapons system compared to the A-6A/C.

After I left Pax River in late 1975, I went to VA-85. We had A-6E airplanes, but never got the TRAM version while I was in the squadron.

So ends the tale of my personal experience and recollections of the A-6C TRIM and the follow-on A-6E TRAM. Since I never got to fly operationally in the A-6E TRAM, I’d really like to hear some tales of its early deployments.

Thanks, Don. There are a lot of great stories out there like yours that will help keep the legacy alive. Any TRAM guys out there who can contribute? Caz

99, we welcome your comments. Email your letters and comments to editor@intruderassociation.org, or address letters to: Steve McCaslin, 839 Hawks Run Ct SE, Leesburg, VA 20175. Include your full name and city/state in all correspondences. Electronic communication is preferred. Letters may be edited for length and style.

INTRUDER PATCH IN SPACE FOR THE INTRUDER READY ROOM

By Larry Yarham

Last November, the *Intruder Ready Room*/USS *Midway* hosted two distinguished visitors. CDR/Astronaut and former A-6 *Intruder* pilot Mark Edward Kelly and newly elected Congresswoman Gabrielle Giffords from Tucson, AZ, toured the *Intruder Ready Room* and the A-6 *Intruder* on *Midway* flight deck display.

Mark, who flew off the *Midway* with VA-115 talked about his experiences during Desert Storm and with NASA. Mark’s twin brother Mike is also an astronaut, making the two brothers a very unique feature of the Shuttle program. Mark was Mission Commander of the May 2008 Endeavour Shuttle mission to deliver the Japanese module to the International Space Station. At the conclusion of Mark’s visit to the *Intruder Ready Room*, he agreed to take an *Intruder* patch and a USS *Midway* patch into space with him. Recently the picture arrived, and is now on display in the USS *Midway* *Intruder Ready Room*.



Shown holding the framed patches now on display in the *Intruder Ready Room* are Mac McLaughlin and Larry Yarham.

OFF THE RANGE AT 12 O'CLOCK!

By John Thornell

You may have recently read of the piles of space junk that seem to pose a hazard to the International Space Station, the Hubble telescope and the Chinese post-Olympics space walk. It may be just an alarmist ploy to get more money for some new radars or photo capability, but I am certain I know where some of the junk came from: A-6 aircrews practicing for the A20R “Special Weapons” certification. Each and every crew, at one time or other, may have contributed to space junk by trying to use the LABS IP and LABS TGT mode of delivery. It was an eye-watering exercise in legerdemain that is the envy of Chris Angel and David Copperfield—how to make a finite object disappear within a confined space.

For those unfamiliar with the training of an A-6 aircrew, it was predicated on the “building block” approach: once one achieved mastery of a certain type of weapons delivery, one could move on to the more complicated forms. The A20R was the “big one.” It was the culmination of a lot of training: converting a lot of JP-4 or -5 into smoke and noise, flying on the clock and strip charts, stealing target times from anyone and everyone on clear days and using all the *Harrier* and *Tomcat* times on IFR days. We’ve all met aircrew where the “laydown” method of delivery was a definite challenge—to do night or IFR high-loft bombing was the stuff of legend. Welcome to the world of the *Intruder*!

To the uninitiated, LABS was a “Loft Angle Bombing System.” To the initiated, it was “Lose A Bomb Somewhere.” The principle was, that should your automated systems fail, there was a method by which you could fly a backup profile allowing one to bomb with a high-angle release (60-80 degrees nose up) with similar accuracy. Using a known Initial Point (IP), or the target itself, and maintaining a set speed over a predetermined time from that point, one could smoothly pull the plane into a half-Cuban Eight maneuver, release the practice bomb directly onto the target during the maneuver, smoothly roll wings level while diving toward the earth and exiting the target area at altitudes between 200 and 500 feet. Looked pretty good on paper!

In reality, it was bumping along at 100-200 feet AGL into the target area in the dead of night or a pea soup fog, trying to bleed off 50 knots of excess airspeed that somehow “just happened;” resetting a clock that didn’t start when you depressed the knob at the last turn point; chasing the steering cues while doing a right or left “Whifferdill” caused by late target acquisition by your cohort in fear; pulling the pole to give somewhere between 2 and 6 g’s (sometimes in rapid succession); sucking down about 1 liter of oxygen and then lofting a Mk 76 bomb with enough energy to get it into low earth orbit.

Success was achieved when that good ole boy at Navy Dare, BT-11, Loom Lobby or Boardman, proudly announced, “No spot!” Or, “Off the range, I do believe.” Yup, another piece of space junk was added to NORAD’s list of UFOs. Twenty five pounds of blue-painted death had been launched into space proving that Newton knew nothing about the ability to defy the laws of gravity.

As a first-tour Marine aviator, I reported into VA-75 in late 1975, ready to do my duty for God, Country and Corps. The Navy guys bought into two of the three, so there was some disconnect, but I had worked with worse odds. Assigned a couple of old-timers

like Bruce Kastel and “Fox” Fallon meant I was supposed to learn something and help the squadron win a Battle E in its turnaround training cycle. I was to do an A-20R! We went through the normal workups and developed a reasonable crew ethic. I think *holy crap* was the term they used for my loft bombing skills. It felt good to be appreciated! After contributing my share of space junk, it was time to put up or shut up. Besides, there was a finite budget for my training, and if I did well, I would actually get to fly a plane with a full-system. And I was the last new aviator for the A-20R this cycle! I wasn’t sure what that “Battle E” stuff was all about, but the Navy guys seemed to take it seriously, so I felt some small pressure to ensure that bomb stayed on the East Coast, if not in the Navy Dare complex.

When I checked the flight schedule the night before the mission, I was shocked! I was going to do my A-20R at night! I had never done a night high-loft, but I’m sure it would be similar to the day profiles I had flown—just less lift, more ‘lurkies’ and lightning. The chosen “victim” for the right seat was poor old Bruce Kastel whose ten good excuses as to why he couldn’t fly that night were not accepted by the powers-that-be. We both failed to convince the SkedsO of the error in his ways, and on taxi out to the runway, we each fought inner demons. I wasn’t sure about the Bernoulli count at night and he wasn’t sure about the Grunt. A fine pair!

The mission went as any A20R would go: late at one turn-point (TP), early at another, another “switchology” check, another “no-go” light. Amazing how that happens; it all works so well in practice! With one more TP to go, Bruce announces that we have no system and we’re going into LABS IP. Oh, cool! The new crew criteria is to stay short of Bermuda with that bomb!

Hitting the IP, Frying Pan Lake, we took up the inbound heading, did some airspeed adjustments (lose 20kts in 5 seconds or less), and settled in for the run. Long an adherent of “busy hands are happy hands,” I focused on the basics: pulling the pole on time, power up, speed brakes back in (oops!), trying to focus on 17 units and staying wings level, watching the airspeed bleed off and Bruce shaking his head out of the corner of my eye were the entire world to me. Over the top it got real quiet and I had heard “one away” which was good.

Coming down the backside of the maneuver we were actually within a few degrees of the forecast heading and the scarce “lifties” were starting to do their thing, allowing the plane to fly. Old Hubert Basnight, the Navy Dare lead target guru, came on the air and announced in his best Outer Banks *almost*-English that our spot was 59-feet at 10 o’clock. I just knew he was mistaken, and that perhaps he really meant our distance from the Christmas Store on Manteo Island. But Bruce wasn’t talking: he was laughing so hard he couldn’t get his lips together to form a word! NOBODY gets a 59-foot hit on a night LABS IP! The “fix” was in: God was looking out for two miscreants. *It’s way better to be lucky than good!*

It sure felt good to walk up in front of the “Punchers” and get that COMNAVAILANT certificate with my new best-buddy, Bruce Kastel. And those full-system planes were nice! Yup, chasing steering on a night high-loft was a fun way to toss bombs into space. Bob Cabana: *eat your heart out and glad you avoided the Intruder space junk!*

THE GWEDUCK: NOT YOUR USUAL CLAM...

By Marty Ellison

Drilling around the ship on the seven mile arc carrying the airwing's "valuable liquid asset," my mind would drift off to more friendly waters in and around NUW (Whidbey Island). Growing up in Seattle, I loved the archipelago of islands shared by the US and Canada. Coming out of Kingsville when I submitted in my "dream sheet," Whidbey and the A-6 were at the top of my list. I was blown away when I got my first choice. Not only was it the most "beautiful" airplane in the Navy, but I'd be back at some familiar fishing spots.

On a drive to Seattle with some RAG buddies to chase stewardesses, I dropped by Boeing field and came eye to eye with the second most BEAUTIFUL airplane in the Navy (albeit an older woman), the Grumman G44 *Wigeon*. It was a 5-place (really skinny guys) WWII utility amphibian. Asking around, I learned it was owned by a group of Boeing test pilots. BS-ing with the line guys I found out it served the collateral purpose of throttling the egos of these hot-shots. Apparently, it was a bit of a handful on the water, and beaching it on the shore of some remote Canadian lake was a challenge even to Boeing's best. But from then on, my idea of the perfect fishing boat was defined--it could float and fly.

As I was clearing my life of some incidentals, like a career, two kids and a mortgage, I joined up with my brother and a few other guys and we turned our focus on the perfect fishing boat. As it turns out, one of these guys was the son of a Boeing test pilot involved with the above mentioned Grumman. As "beautiful" as she was, the G44 was a piece of s--t on the water. Prone to porpoising, barely able to get airborne with the load of fish you'd like to catch (forget fuel), and then there was corrosion. It would take a gang of ADs to keep this thing from turning into a rust bucket, landing as it did on its hull in salt water. My brother Ben was a mechanical engineer by trade; I used to fly *Intruders* (which meant I could sometimes find my keys in the dark) and we needed a non-corrosive flying/fishing boat, so off we went.

That was 19 years ago. What was expected to take two years to design and five to build, kept us humble. Lots of *Intruder* buddies came by to kept tabs on us, hitting us up for a free lunch in Renton and a tour of the "Skunk-Works," and to ask the inevitable question, "When's it gonna fly?" Interspersed were snide remarks about what "NAS 145" was doing while they (VA 52) were out taking the battle to the Northeast rail lines. They might

have been referring to a small matter of a paint scraper being thrown in Ranger's main reduction gear.

The end result was a composite, twin-engine floating hull amphibian which bears the likeness of the old Grumman flying boats. We created absolutely NOTHING new. We borrowed (stole) ideas from many early flying boats, refinements from the Japanese, materials from the boat building industry and advanced manufacturing techniques from the amateur aircraft community.

To bring this story full circle, another important ingredient was the active participation of an old-timer who was once part of the same Boeing flight test group that was so humbled by that G44 *Wigeon*. Not only was Brian Mahon our link to an earlier era of the flying boats, he was onboard the B-707 prototype when his boss, Tex Johnston, rolled it over Lake Washington in the 1950s. Many of the mid-century Boeing brain trust, now in their 80s, are still following our progress (with walkers).

We are now in flight test, and one of these fellows came by recently to help us with an issue of yaw stability. A little stooped over, not moving as fast as he used to, but with a mind as clear as ever. I've concluded from this that if we keep our minds active, whatever the state of our frame, we'll live long and happy lives.

So--even though I've had to trade golf for resin fumes, it's been great fun. What started out as a seven year project has become a passion. It might not be as pretty as an A-6, but it makes a better fishing boat. You can check out a clip of it on YouTube (www.youtube.com/watch?v=QeFkA9wTABg) and follow our progress on our website (www.Gweduck.com). Which brings up another subject: the name "Gweduck." All amphibious planes were named after some kind of waterfowl, i.e., *Widgeon*, *Goose*, *Mallard*, *Albatross*, etc. We couldn't think of an unused name, so we decided to name it after a clam. Go figure!

————— ★ —————

Marty Ellison made two deployments with VA 145 in 1971 and 72' - 73 aboard USS Ranger. Following the Vietnam war, he began his airline career with Western Airlines and just recently retired from Delta Airlines. Along the way, he joined up with his brother in a small development business manufacturing fuel injection systems for experimental aircraft, and the design and construction of new types of aircraft. He lives in Bellevue, WA.



First flight of Gweduck 001 from Lake Washington, pilots Buzz Nelson and Ross Mahon.



Gweduck 001 landing on Lake Washington.

A TROUBLED INTRUDER

By Jim Roth

Piloting a new production A-6 *Intruder* on a Navy acceptance test flight near Grumman Calverton Airfield, had been routine to this point. Suddenly we were dealing with an in-flight emergency. My bombardier-navigator (B/N), seated next to me in the cockpit was puzzled. I was as well. Neither of us had seen anything unusual while completing a hard 360 degree turn at 8,000 feet altitude. As I advanced throttles smartly to full power to regain lost speed, we heard a *thud* and then strange sounds as an engine flamed out.

Loss of an engine in flight is rare. It means instant trouble. I pondered hastily, "How bad are things going to get?" We could only anticipate the worst while hoping for the best, a virtue that serves airmen well. Years of training and flight experience were my preparation for dealing calmly with airborne difficulties no matter what the circumstance.

During my 20-year flying career, I'd flown 5,500 pilot hours in an array of Navy aircraft with an occasional minor emergency. I now was experiencing my first mid-air collision and subsequent engine failure. My 3,000 flight hours in the *Intruder* qualified me to handle most any airborne emergency, so I hoped.

Here was a call for "the right stuff"--'twas time for **attention to detail!** Commencing emergency procedures, we glanced about quickly and listened intently. While assessing the situation, we evaluated the logic of attempting a return to Grumman. One engine was out, and there was no telling if the other might fail. We had an aircraft with unknown damage, but it seemed flyable. In time, further problems could be developing, we just didn't know.

As I hit the dump switch, and observed fuel spewing a trail in the sky behind us, I gently turned towards home. Reducing weight made for safer approach speed and landing. As I scanned engine performance indicators continuously, I sized up what more I could be doing to help save the day. We grasped for better understanding of what had apparently struck the *Intruder*, setting up the anxious scenario that was unfolding.

"Just how hairy is this thing going to get?" I asked my crewmate, knowing that he had no answers either. In short order, we agreed that it was doubtful a collision with another aircraft had occurred.

The situation seemed less critical as we continued, with no new problems. With our plate full already, the good engine kept going. We had flying speed, a safe altitude and normal feel on the flight controls. A quick situation overview eased tension, but confidence in how long things would last was shaky. The fact that I was strapped to an armed ejection seat with a parachute and survival raft didn't enter my mind. There was an unspoken shared feeling in the cockpit that we'd be able to get back on deck safely. Adrenaline was pumping and our "can do" spirit took over.

Keying the mike on my UHF radio, I called to alert Grumman of our airborne emergency.

"Grumman Tower, this is Grumman - 52, over?" I then gave a brief report of our predicament. Tower confirmed receipt of my message, then requested our position and intentions.

"We're out east, near Orient Point at around 8,000 feet. A collision with something has wiped out the starboard engine. We're declaring an emergency and heading your way . . . request straight-in approach with priority landing clearance."

"Grumman - 52, please say again, your transmission is breaking up." Gail, the tower operator, barked at us assertively. She sensed trouble.

This gal was one of the best. I repeated my words slowly so she'd grasp and understand the details in order to quickly pass information along to airfield emergency personnel. Launching the helicopter rescue team and alerting flight operations was step one. Gail's questions came in rapid-fire order. As her interrogation continued, I kept my responses orderly and professional. Timely coordination of the emergency effort was her job. Getting the *Intruder* back on the runway, in one piece, was my job.

"While assessing the situation, we evaluated the logic of attempting a return to Grumman. One engine was out, and there was no telling if the other might fail. We had an aircraft with unknown damage, but it seemed flyable. In time, further problems could be developing, we just didn't know."

Another radio call came:

"Grumman 52, this is Grumman Tower, over?"

"Go ahead, Tower."

"Call, runway in sight."

"It'll be soon, very soon."

"We're rolling crash equipment at this time."

"Thanks!"

"Request present range and heading inbound."

"15 miles . . . 220 degrees."

"Report present altitude."

"Passing 5,000 feet, descending for 'straight-in' to Runway 22. Gear and flaps coming down. Please check us visually. Is arresting gear rigged? Just in case of brake failure?"

"Roger, we're rigged. Request fuel state."

"Fuel . . . 1800 pounds."

"Roger, keep tower advised."

"Grumman - 52, will do. Thanks."

While radio chatter was carrying on, in the cockpit, we were busy flying, adjusting and gaining confidence that we'd make it back safely. The smell of jet fuel after the thud and engine flame-out had dissipated. Chance of fire, or the likelihood of jet fuel leaking internally, was slight, so we rationalized. I kept a keen eye out for glowing fire warning lights which meant *eject . . . eject*, no questions asked! Our confidence grew as things stayed relatively calm, as far as we could tell.

Scurrying through cockpit checks and emergency procedures in an effort to stay ahead of things kept us fully occupied. I worked up a heavy sweat racking my brain to ensure that I didn't omit anything important. My crewmate continued to

SURVIVING A GOOSE'S NOOSE

track and record the order of things, as they were happening. In-depth mission debriefing sessions routinely followed completion of Navy acceptance flights. This wasn't normal routine. We tried to be well prepared with comprehensive details.

With the dead engine's hydraulic system inoperative and the probability of having further hydraulic system difficulties, I lowered the landing gear and flaps early to ensure wheels and flaps down for touchdown. As the duty runway came into view, so did the reassuring sight of a line of fire and crash trucks on the roll.

Aircraft assembly line workers, metalsmiths, electricians, electronic technicians, engineering specialists, jet mechanics, support systems specialist, troubleshooters and company executives toiled for many thousands of dedicated man-hours building *Intruders*, *Prowlers* and *Tomcats*, all mainstays in our nation's defense posture. The reputation for building only the best carrier-based weapon systems taxpayer money can buy instilled strong employee pride. Navy flying personnel, in appreciation of Grumman Aircraft Corporation's good work, referred to the company affectionately as, "*The Grumman Iron Works.*" Safety of flight and excellent performance were the company's traditional workmanship signature.

Back in the cockpit, we knew from experience, as word spread of an "airborne emergency inbound" wide-eyed observers would scoot for the windows, or by open hangar doors, to watch. It behooved us to demonstrate professional airmanship as we nurtured a troubled single-engine *Intruder* to touchdown. The sight of a virgin A-6 aircraft, having just experienced spreading its wings, limping home, with its crew struggling to land safely, unquestionably aroused anxiety among those watching.

Working the *Intruder* towards runway touchdown was going well, almost with ease. Seeing shiny red crash trucks racing down the runway in our direction was reassuring. Feeling the "sweet clunk" of runway contact brought stress levels to a welcomed relief. Our short rollout was anti-climatic.

Once stopped, before engine shutdown, a flight line crewman crawled under the *Intruder* to insert landing gear safety pins to safeguard against inadvertent collapse. Firefighters in full battle gear crept close with fire foam lines charged as they aimed their shiny hose nozzles at the *Intruder* in case fire broke out. Quickly, and with a true sense of appreciation, I shut-down the good engine that had given us sufficient thrust to return safely.

In short order, a waiting tractor hooked to the *Intruder* for tow to the parking area and post flight inspection. We became the center of attraction, as a mega welcoming committee of mechanics, engineers, flight test big-wigs, Navy personnel and curiosity seekers gathered to view damaged to the *Intruder*. Learning more details and the truth of the matter followed. Bleeding red hydraulic oil and looking battered, the sturdy aircraft had returned with its crew, avoiding disaster. Hearty pats on the back and firm handshakes brought broad grins as we strolled back to the hangar for debriefing. The pressure was off; the relief felt damn good.

Not until after extensive post-flight inspection did we learn that a goose, or maybe a couple of them, had been ingested in flight. The engine was destroyed. Goose bones and feathers were found in the intake duct and throughout the engine. Fan blades from the compressor section had broken loose and passed into the hot turbine section where power is produced. Quick stoppage had caused engine implosion hurling steel

"Navy flying personnel, in appreciation of Grumman Aircraft Corporation's good work, referred to the company affectionately as, 'The Grumman Iron Works.' Safety of flight and excellent performance were the company's traditional workmanship signature."

blades out front of the *Intruder*. A hail of shrapnel pelted the aircraft as it passed through the flying debris.

With hydraulic oil spewed inside and out from severed oil lines, the aircraft was a bloody mess with bad smells to match. Upon implosion, the engine's flying compressor blades were like small knives, cutting and denting as they hit and penetrated the aircraft. The sturdy *Intruder* proved durable and capable enough to survive "*the goose's noose.*"

Further inspection found the good engine's throttle cable partially severed by flying turbine blades. The few strands remaining intact provided throttle control sufficient to allow completion of the flight to touchdown. We were lucky things turned out as they did. Crew ejection would have been the alternative had the damaged throttle cable parted while in flight, rendering the remaining operable engine useless.

The freaky bird strike incident had several "ifs and buts." It was the first time in my career I'd made contact with a bird in flight. My wife Bente, whom I'd kept in the dark, first got wind of my *Intruder* being "*goosed*" when she overheard the story told at a social function some weeks later. That evening, during our drive home to bed, the question came up.

"What else do you suppose is going to happen in these last weeks before you retire?" I smiled, winked and kept driving.

◆
Epilog: The day my Intruder had this incident with a goose was 34 years ago. The recent TV news story of the US Air flight that was "double-goosed" and forced to ditch in the Hudson River was a wakeup call for me. Bente and I watched the coverage for hours. Her questions and our discussion brought back vivid memories. I jumped on my computer and cranked out this memoir. US Air's Captain "Sully" had a much tougher job to do — he had 155 lives to save.

Jim Roth flew *Intruders* from 4 February 1963, through 20 August 1975, non-stop, while serving with VA-42, VA-85, VA-42, NARF Norfolk, VA, and NAVPRO Grumman Bethpage--Calverton, NY, logging 2,800 A6 flight hours.

THE 65TH D-DAY ANNIVERSARY CEREMONY

By CAPT Reggie P. Carpenter, USN

An Intruder's Eye View

As the Naval Attaché to France (yes, it's as good as it sounds), I have the privilege of attending and often organizing several ceremonies each year. One of the largest and most widely known events commemorated each year in France is D-DAY, the beginning of the Allied Invasion into Normandy, which started on June 6, 1944, the day the Allied Forces landed on the beaches of Normandy.

This year I had the honor and privilege of planning and coordinating the ceremony to commemorate the 65th D-DAY Anniversary. I had just planned and coordinated the ceremony on September 27, 2008, to inaugurate the first monument in Normandy dedicated to the United States Navy, so the planning process was still fresh in my mind*.

I first became involved with the 65th D-DAY Anniversary Ceremony earlier this year before any presidents were involved. Although we heard rumors that President Obama might come to Normandy this year, it wasn't until the April NATO Conference in Strasbourg that we realized that it was more than a possibility, as President Sarkozy publicly announced his invitation to President Obama to participate in the commemoration.

We started making preparations for a military ceremony with bilateral participation from French and US personnel. In addition to the ceremony itself, I was also charged with assisting veterans attending the ceremony. We immediately began the process of contacting veteran groups and tour groups to ensure all our WWII veterans wishing to attend the ceremony would get the opportunity. It was a tremendous honor and unique privilege to meet and assist these American and Allied Forces heroes from "The Greatest Generation." The number of WWII veterans is rapidly dwindling and we wanted to ensure that all those wishing to attend the ceremony would have the opportunity.

We met with representatives from the French government and agreed to invite and accommodate 7000 people for the ceremony. A ceremony of this magnitude normally takes months to prepare, but we were already inside of 30 days. It



CAPT Carpenter is in uniform and facing the camera during the September 27 event.

was not an easy task, but we did what was necessary to make it happen.

Although this event began as a bilateral event, three weeks prior to the ceremony we received word that Prime Minister Gordon Brown would participate. No problem, add another chair onstage and fold in the British troops for the military formations and the Eurofighter *Typhoons* for the flyby. The British, after all, played a significant role in the invasion, so it was appropriate to have them participate in the ceremony.

A week before the ceremony we received word that the Canadians would attend as well. Like the British, they played a large role as well and were certainly welcome to be part of the commemoration. We added another chair to the stage for Prime Minister Stephen Harper and made accommodations for the Canadian troops in the formations and color guard. Unfortunately no Canadian F/A-18s were available to add to the flyby.

"As the last note of Taps faded away, the formation of French Rafales nailed the time-on-target right on axis. The weather and blue skies held out just long enough for the F-15s to do the missing man pull-up, and then the clouds and rain rolled in. As we often say, sometimes it's just better to be lucky than good"

Just when we thought we had all the heads of government and state accounted for, we learned four days prior to the ceremony the Prince of Wales would represent the Queen of the United Kingdom. Just when I thought I knew everything I needed to know about protocol, I learned quite a bit more. No problem, add another chair, reshuffle the order, and off we go.

In the weeks leading up to the ceremony, we made contact with over 200 US, French, British, and Canadian veterans that were planning to attend. We had no idea how many would show up on the day of the ceremony, but we made provisions for those as well. We thought it would be a nice touch to have the veterans that participated in D-DAY and the Normandy Invasion represented on stage.

On the day of the ceremony, there were well over 300 WWII veterans that showed up and consequently had to accommodate on stage. Fortunately, the USS *Porter* was conducting a port visit in Cherbourg and thanks in large part to the members of her crew who volunteered to assist with escorting veterans for the ceremony, we were able to squeeze everyone in.

As the organizer and planner of the actual ceremony, I was fortunate enough to meet the presidents, prime ministers, and the Prince of Wales as they arrived and assembled at the Colleville American Cemetery Visitors Center. I was disappointed that I didn't have my camera that day, and I didn't notice any cameras as we were briefing the leaders on the ceremony. Fortunately, the attached picture showed up in the French weekly magazine *Paris Match*, (the



THE INTRUDER ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP AWARD UPDATE



How three of our recipients are doing, and why we can be proud.

This scholarship is presented by the Intruder Association to honor those who gave their lives in service to their country while flying the A-6 Intruder. An integral part of Naval Aviation for 32 years, the Intruder flew combat missions in Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Grenada, Lebanon, Libya, Iraq, Kuwait and the Persian Gulf. There were 28 Navy, Marine Corps and Reserve squadrons that operated the five Intruder models (A-6A, A-6B, A-6C, KA-6D and A-6E). Intruder crews specialized in low-level/all-weather attack missions as they evolved tactics during Vietnam and the Cold War. The United States lost 251 aviators in the A-6; this scholarship is to honor their memory and sacrifice.

Recent winners include:

2009

Karson Leperi

Rockville, Maryland

Karson will be a freshman at the University of South Carolina this fall majoring in Chemical Engineering. He has traveled widely to countries that include Australia, Canada, China, Costa Rica, Mexico, and Portugal. His awards include National Scholar Finalist from the National Society of High School Scholars, Maryland Distinguished Scholar, and AP Scholar. While at Richard Montgomery High School, he participated in fencing, martial arts and was a teaching assistant and tutor for students in math and chemistry.

Karson is the son of LCDR Karin Leperi, USNR (Ret), the first female flight engineer in the Naval Reserves to qualify on the VC-131-H.

2008

Stephen Kelly Garcia

Oak Harbor, Washington

A graduate of Oak Harbor High School, he lettered in soccer and cross-country and was team captain. He graduated from Washington State University with a mechanical engineering degree.

Stephen is the son of LCDR Stephen A. Garcia, USN, a Naval Aviator who was killed flying the A-6E Intruder at NAS Whidbey on 8 August, 1989.

2007

James Staton

Born and raised in Virginia, he enlisted in the Navy to follow the legacy of his father, William Franklin Staton. He has served four years in the Pacific onboard USS *Kitty Hawk*. Currently, he is in his senior year at the University of Virginia working toward a double major in Computer Engineering, Japanese Language and Literature

NOTE: To all Intruder Association members: Your tax deductible donations are still being accepted via the Intruder Association website. We are almost half way to our goal of \$40,000 to make this a perpetual scholarship. Consider making a donation to this most worthwhile effort. Visit www.intruderassociation.org.

THE 65TH D-DAY ANNIVERSARY CEREMONY CONTINUED



French equivalent to our *People Magazine*) providing me a photo souvenir of the event.

The ceremony began at approximately 1510 and for the most part went precisely as planned. As with all ceremonies that involve flyovers, my biggest concern was the length of the speeches and whether or not they would cause anyone to bingo if they went significantly long. We had three formations: a diamond of French *Rafales* in the lead, followed by a diamond of British EuroFighter *Typhoons*, and a fingertip of F-15C *Eagles* performing a missing man pull-up at the end. The timing would be critical and once they hit the IP inbound, there would be very little margin for error.

The sequence of events at the end of the ceremony couldn't have been timed more perfectly. After the speeches, which of course went way longer than expected, the leaders laid a wreath at the "Spirit of American Youth" statue. This was followed by a minute of silence for our fallen brethren, a 21-gun salute, and Taps. As the last note of Taps faded away, the formation of French *Rafales* nailed the time-on-target right on axis. The weather and blue skies held out just long enough for the F-15s to do the missing man pull-up, and then

the clouds and rain rolled in. As we often say, sometimes it's just better to be lucky than good.

The ceremony was a huge success and will remain as one of the highlights of my military career. I met some incredible veterans and heard some amazing stories of their experiences on that historic day.

* For those of you who do not know, until last September there were over 60 monuments in Normandy, but none dedicated to the US Navy. I assisted the Naval Order of the United States in coordinating a ceremony for 1000 attendees to dedicate the Navy Monument Normandy at Utah Beach. If you are interested in more information, please visit the Naval Order of the United States Normandy Monument website at: <http://www.normandymonument.org/>

★

CAPT Carpenter flew Intruders off the USS Midway with the VA-115 Eagles during Operations Desert Shield/Desert Storm. He subsequently flew Super Etendards with the French Navy on an exchange tour and finished his last 10 years of operational flying in the F/A-18C Hornet. In 2004-2005 he commanded VFA-83 aboard USS John F Kennedy.

Membership:



Where we are and what we need to do.

Fellow *Intruders*, our membership now stands at 1,350 members, but unfortunately that includes 513 members whose dues have expired and for some reason have elected not to renew. Hopefully, it is because it has slipped their minds. We have changed the dues expiring reminder notice to include how to renew, and that has helped some.

When you scan the list in this issue of the *Windscreen*, please contact those you know to get back on board. They can contact me, membership@intruderas-association.org if they have any problems logging on to their account. With your help, I look forward to reporting to the membership that those members whose dues have expired are at a minimum.

I thank you in advance for helping to get those members back in good standing

Clyde Cain
Membership Chairman

| | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Jim Davenport | Benjamin H. Gillam |
| Alden Davis | Anthony Giorgianni |
| Bill Davis | Michael Gleason |
| Jeff Davis | Jim R. Glover |
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| John W. Fulcher | Alex Horster |
| Bill Galbraith | Alan F. Houston |
| Don Galbraith | John Howard |
| Robert J. Garing | James Hower |
| Mitchell Garner | William Howse |
| Robert L. Gatling Jr. | Brad Hoxey |
| Bill Gaynor | Kirby Hughes |
| Michael D. Gellman | Phil Hullings |
| Nicholas R. George | Peter Hunt |
| Paul K. German | Tom Hunter |
| Michael Geron | Walt Hunter |
| Charles L. Giacomo | Charlie Huston |
| Gavin J. Giddings | Thomas H. Idema |
| Dan Gildea | Paul Ilg |
| Craig Giles | Les Jackson |
| Keith Giles | Ron Jackson |



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| Kris Ackerbauer | Blickensderfer Tom | Richard Carlson |
| Charles Adams | Paul Bloch | Reggie P. Carpenter |
| Nicholas Adams | Fred Block | Timothy M. Carr |
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| Henry C. Allen | Joseph Bonsignore Jr | Donald E. Cathcart |
| Stephen R. Allen | Curtis E. Borland | Raymond J. Cebulski |
| Stu Allison | Larry Bosworth | Jack Champion |
| Dan Ammons | Mark F. Boudah | Maurice Chevalier |
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