NAVAL AVIATION
NEWS

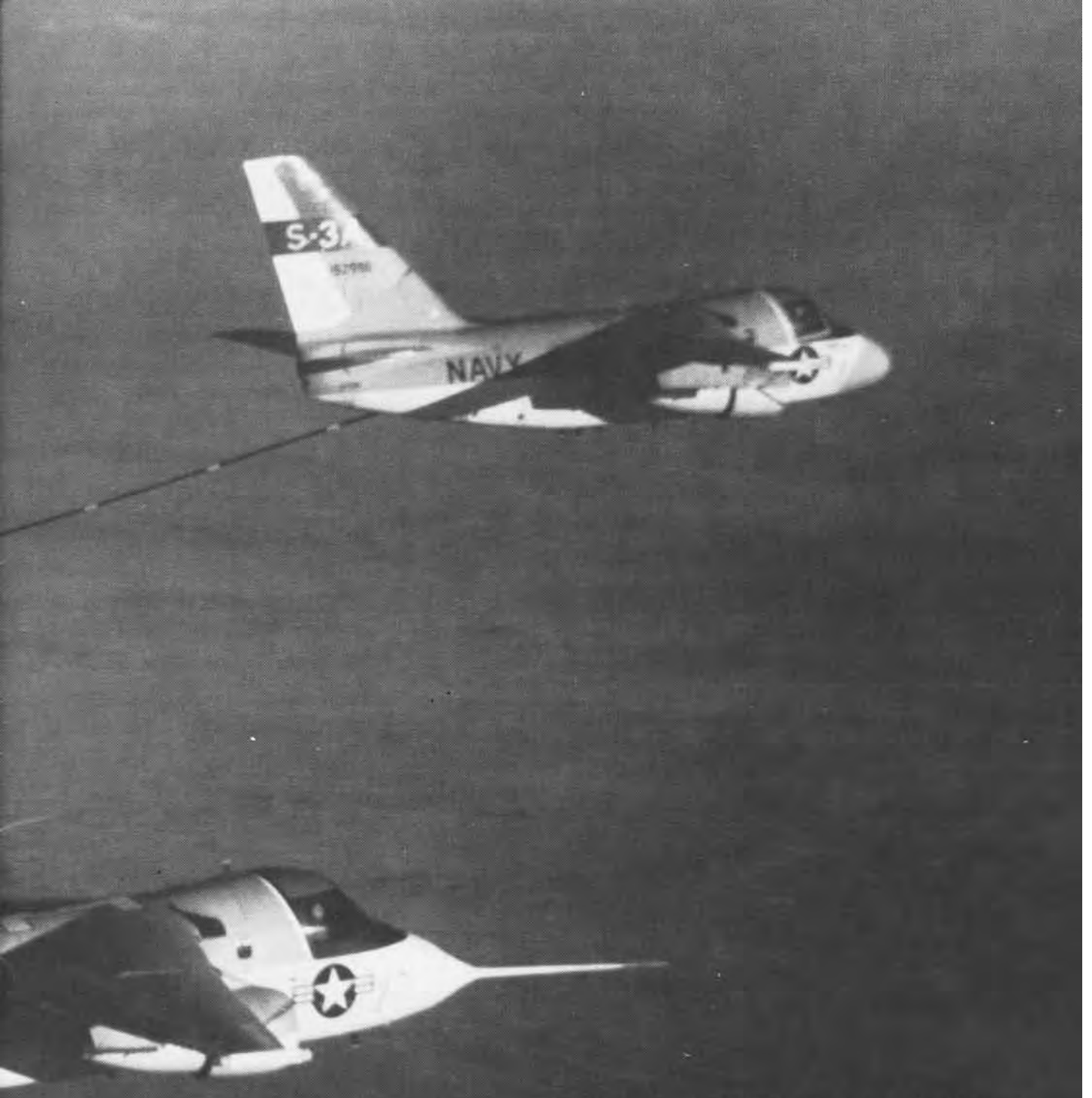
carrier c.o. at sea

JULY 1974

NAVAL AVIATION NEWS

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

THE STAFF



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COVERS — *Front cover shot of Captain Charles Smith, C.O. of Independence and subject of this month's feature, was taken by JOCS Dick Benjamin. Photo on these pages was taken during avionics/weapons system portion of BIS trials at NATC Patuxent River. During the trials, four full system production and three development Vikings, like those above refueling with F-9, were put through their paces. Back cover photo of Adm. Moorer accepting his latest trophy (page 29) was shot exclusively for Naval Aviation News by PHC D. Wilson, SecDef photojournalist.*

Letters

Spark Plug

I am enclosing a copy of a letter I sent to Mr. Evans. It is self-explanatory.

"This is in reference to your letter in the February 1974 issue of *Naval Aviation News*.

"This aircraft was known as an R-6. It was a twin-float torpedo plane, a WW I aircraft with a 400-hp, water-cooled *Liberty* engine, one of three types used in the early naval planes. The other two were the Hispano Suiza, an Italian de-

sign, and the Curtiss. However, Curtiss did make a number of engines, but the most popular was known as the OX type. Later the Douglas Company made a similar type plane known as the DT-1, the type that the old Army Air Corps flew around the world in the early Twenties. It used landing gear in place of floats for most of its flights.

"We had some of these early Douglas planes at the old Anacostia Naval Air Station on the banks of the Anacostia River across from the War College in Washington, D.C. I did a few tours there . . . my first in 1924 and my last in 1959.

"I first came into Naval Aviation in 1919. . . . After leaving the aviation school at Great Lakes in September 1920, I reported to the Atlantic Fleet Air Detachment aboard the first seaplane tender, *Shawmut*. My first aircraft flight was aboard an F5L, built at the then Naval Aircraft Factory in Philadelphia, Pa. . . .

"The first naval insignia that I am familiar with was a Canadian flying goose that we adopted in the early 1920s, painted on the outer side of the two skid fins on the top of the F5Ls. . . . The skid fin, in case you are not familiar with the term, is the upright fixture on the top wing of the plane. . . . Its purpose was to keep the aircraft from skidding in a sharp turn. Our radio antenna wires were also stretched between them.

". . . I retired in January 1966, with a total of 41 years active duty, as an aviation mechanic chief petty officer."

Steve V. Boggs
Apt. 903
1570 Lane Ave. South
Jacksonville, Fla. 32210

DD-305

I am doing some historical research on the four stack destroyer, USS *Thompson* (DD-305).

She was stricken from the Navy rolls in June 1930 and sold to a Mr. E. H. Douglas in June 1931. Supposedly, the former destroyer served as a roadhouse bar in South San Francisco Bay sometime during the period 1931-1944. In 1944, she was repurchased by the Navy for a bombing target and her hulk is still visible in South San Francisco Bay.

I would appreciate receiving any information your readers may have about her, particularly her use between 1931-1944.

W. H. Langenberg, Capt. (USNR-R)
6990 Village Parkway
Dublin, Calif. 94566

14?

I hate to be a nit-picker, but . . . on page 20 of the March 1974 issue of *Naval Aviation News* in the "Naval Aircraft" feature, you state that the F3H-2N *Demon* was first introduced into the fleet with VF-41 in March 1956. I was a member of VF-41 at that time and we had just returned from a Gitmo deployment aboard *Forrestal* with the F2H-3 *Banshee*. We did not receive the *Demon* until the summer of 1957, after returning from a WestPac deployment with the *Banshee*.

Arthur C. Friedman, LCdr. (USN, Ret.)
2284 Buckley Rd.
Columbus, Ohio 43220

Ed's note: Goofed again. We had our digits reversed. VF-14 received the-2Ns in March 1956.

NANews Art Director Leaves

An integral member of our small team, Robert L. Hensley, has moved over to the Department of Interior. As *NANews*' one-man art department from December 1966 to May 1974, Mr. Hensley planned the layout and pictorial arrangement of each issue from the first draft to the final printing phase. His layouts reflected his professional ability, creative approach and attention to detail — and enhanced the magazine's distinguished reputation in the aviation community. In putting the magazine together, Mr. Hensley did not allow the pressures of deadlines and ever-changing subject matter to detract from the finished product.

Our best wishes go with this quiet, affable and highly dedicated professional as he begins his new job.

did you know?

Track of The Cat

Fighter Squadrons One and Two will make USS *Enterprise* and Attack Carrier Air Wing 14 the first operational team with the new *Tomcat*. The F-14A has a landing speed about 20 knots slower than most other carrier-based fighters.

LCdr. G. "Skip" Giles of VF-1 piloted the first fleet *Tomcat* assisted by LCdr. Roger McFillen, Naval Flight Officer. They were joined off the southern California coast by two F-14s from the Naval Air Test Center.

POW to C.O.

Commander Brian D. Woods became the first returned Vietnam POW to command a deploying unit when he relieved Commander Norman D. Campbell as commanding officer of Attack Squadron 195 on June 1 in Hong Kong harbor.

The *Dambusters* are members of CVW-11 aboard USS *Kitty Hawk* (CV-63). *Kitty Hawk* is in the final months of a cruise.

Her crew is still talking about their Indian Ocean cruise from February to April when His Imperial Majesty the Shah of Iran toured the supercarrier with then Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Thomas H. Moorer.

Rear Admiral Donald C. Davis, embarked as Commander Carrier Group One, hosted the Shah and the Chairman as luncheon guests with U.S. Ambassador to Iran, Richard M. Helms, and high-ranking Iranian dignitaries.

did you know?

Toss To The Top

An 18-year-old airman apprentice, with Antisubmarine Helicopter Squadron 15 at NAS Jacksonville, Fla., since last October, managed to get a message to the President the hard way.

On night watch aboard *Guam* (LPH-9) last March, Larry Metivier tossed a ketchup bottle over the side. Two hundred fifty miles away and two months later, President Nixon was strolling along a beach in the Bahamas when he picked the bottle out of some seaweed.

"I'm aboard USS *Guam*. . . . If you find this please write to this address and tell them you found this message from their grandson," the message read in part.

The President called the grandfather who reached Metivier's mother who phoned her son.

"I was dizzy with excitement for about an hour," Metivier said. "When you think about the odds of the President of the United States getting that message, it's unbelievable."

Metivier threw another bottle overboard in Iceland last month and one can only wonder if the Queen is visiting the English Channel.

Sighted Wright Flight

One of the few men to see the Wright brothers' historic first flight, 96-year-old Major Frank Wood, enjoyed his first helicopter ride at the Naval Coastal Systems Laboratory, Panama City, Fla.

The major, who will be 97 on July 29, had ridden in 40 different types of aircraft but never in a helicopter before his briefing by AM2 John Ryan.

He was at Kitty Hawk with Barney Oldfield. Oldfield wanted the Wrights to build him a stronger bicycle for his races and talked Wood into making the trip to Kitty Hawk with him.

Loaders and Launchers

At the Naval Missile Center, Point Mugu, Calif., the first Navy *Harpoon* missile fired from a P-3A scored a direct hit on a remote-controlled *Septar* target boat on April 11 as part of the contractor technical evaluation phase. Operational evaluation will begin in July 1975. The combination air-surface-subsurface-to-surface cruise missile is currently being tested by an Air

Test and Evaluation Squadron One detachment.

LCdr. Robert C. Bates heads the Navy *Harpoon* team attached to VX-1 at Patuxent River, Md. Lt. Ross C. Hansell, the crew's tactical coordinator, commanded the launch.

The ordnance loading crew, AOC Raymond J. McCowen, AO2s Jim D. Autrand and Steve L. Fox, and AOAA Warren A. Garrett demonstrated the use of the new Aero 47A loader to ready the aircraft for the test flight.

The New Breed

After the first updated P-3C *Orion* featuring superior avionics and software was delivered to the Navy at Lockheed's Burbank, Calif., plant on April 29, the Navy announced its plans for the update program's incorporation in all production line P-3Cs by January.

P-3C Update, developed during the last two years, features a magnetic drum to increase the *Orion's* computer memory sevenfold, a new versatile computer language, the *Omega* worldwide navigation system, increased sound processing sensitivity, a tactical display scope for two sensor stations and an improved magnetic tape-transport.

First delivered in 1962, the P-3 is now scheduled for production until 1980 and for operation until the 1990s.

The Madis Manner

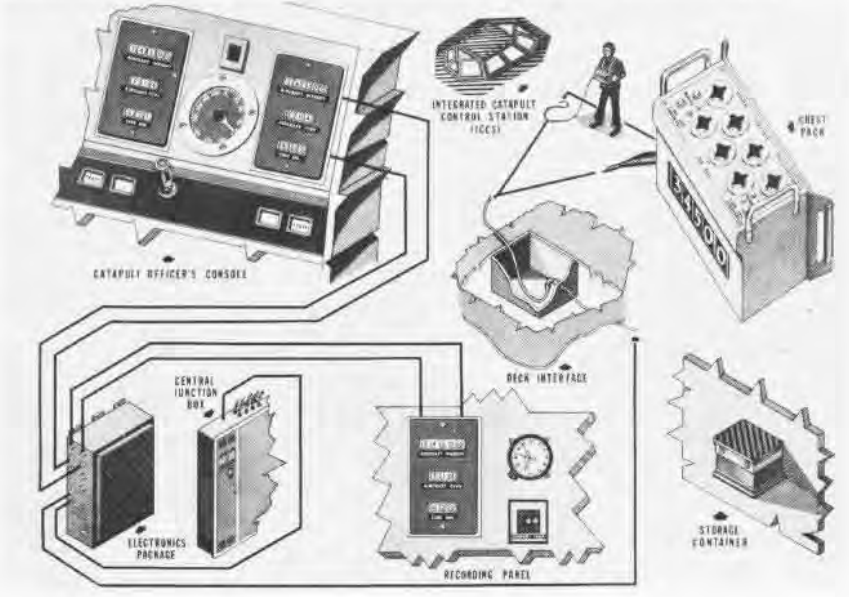
The new manual aircraft data input system (MADIS) is a giant step from the old weight board viewed by a catapult officer squinting from his pillbox station 18 inches off the deck under the integrated catapult control system (ICCS).

The ICCS will remove the catapult officer from the flight deck and this new system will show him the weight of each launch with a casual glance. Installed aboard *Nimitz* (CVAN-68), the system is scheduled for incorporation aboard future CVANs.

MADIS operates between the jet-blast deflectors of two catapults where the operator identifies each aircraft by number, checks weight information and dials weight numbers into the unit. These numbers are visible to the pilot and are also transmitted to the control station console.

Then the catapult is set for launching.

MADIS was designed by the Naval Air Engineering Center in Philadelphia for test and evaluation at the Naval Air Test Facility, Lakehurst, N.J.



GRAMPAW PETTIBONE

The 'LSO Hop'

The student proceeded to the ready room for his brief for a morning practice carrier landing period in his TF-9J *Cougar* at NAS Gulfcoast. After a thorough briefing, preflight, start and taxi, the pilot launched. The portable lens was set up and located five feet prior to the permanent mirror. The pilot joined the pattern and commenced his practice carrier landings. The *Cougar's* first pass was waved off for being heavy, and the second, for poor technique.

On the third pass, after normal start, the aircraft went high in the middle and the LSO asked the pilot, "Where is the ball?" The pilot initiated a correction for this flight condition causing the LSO to comment, "Be easy with it." At this time, the aircraft was approaching the in-close position and establishing a high rate of descent. As the aircraft was descending to one-half ball low, the nose pitched up rapidly and the left wing dropped. The LSO immediately hit the waveoff lights and the *Cougar* continued descending, pointing directly at the LSO platform. The LSO quickly departed the area.

The aircraft began a left roll, causing the left wing tip to impact the

runway as the main landing gear was touching down. The aircraft touched down on the runway approximately 350 feet in front of the portable lens on the extended carrier deck centerline with a left drift. It continued on the deck, in an excessive nose-high attitude, until the port tire contacted the chain gear on the port side of the runway, ten feet prior to the portable lens.

Then it assumed a flying attitude. The main gear was approximately three feet in the air on impact with the portable lens, forcing it aft into the permanent mirror and causing the aircraft to roll right with the starboard wing tip contacting the runway.

The aircraft continued airborne, the pilot checked for controllability and a visual check for gear damage was made. The *Cougar* then made an uneventful arrested landing. Post-flight inspection revealed extensive damage to port and starboard wing tips, underside of port wing, port wing flap and port landing gear door. The portable lens and permanent mirror were damaged extensively.

Grampaw Pettibone says:

Great balls of fire! Looks like this lad didn't pay much attention in his aero classes — raising your nose does not alone decrease rate of descent. That is not news to most aviators. This stud then attempted a waveoff (after searing hell out of the LSO) using, again, improper waveoff technique. This poor LSO was really had. There was no way he could predict this lad's actions when he got in close.

Pilots who know their procedures and are too shook to carry them out, or pilots who don't carry out the correct procedures because of not knowing them, should be placed in the same environment — NON AVIATION!

ILLUSTRATED BY Osborn

And Now for My Next Act

A young but experienced Naval Aviator and an observer were scheduled for a practice naval gunfire spotting mission in an OV-10A *Bronco*. The mission was properly briefed and a thorough preflight was conducted by the pilot. The takeoff, climbout and flight en route to the target area were normal and uneventful in all respects. When they arrived in the operating area, the ship was weighing anchor to position herself for practice firing.

The pilot had the observer request permission to make a recognition pass and this was approved. A roll-in was commenced at about 3,700 feet. A pullout was initiated, followed by a climbing left-hand turn. On reaching altitude, a second run was commenced. On this pass, the dive was continued to 50 or 60 feet and a pullout was initiated, followed by another left-hand turn. The pilot then directed his observer to get permission to fire the machine guns to demonstrate a practice firing run. On receipt of clearance, a third run was commenced from an altitude of approximately 2,000 feet, using a shallow dive angle. At an altitude of 400 to 500 feet and an airspeed of 150 to 160 knots, a pull-up was commenced. With the nose of the aircraft about five degrees above the horizon, airspeed about 130 knots and an altitude of 700 to 800 feet, a roll was performed.

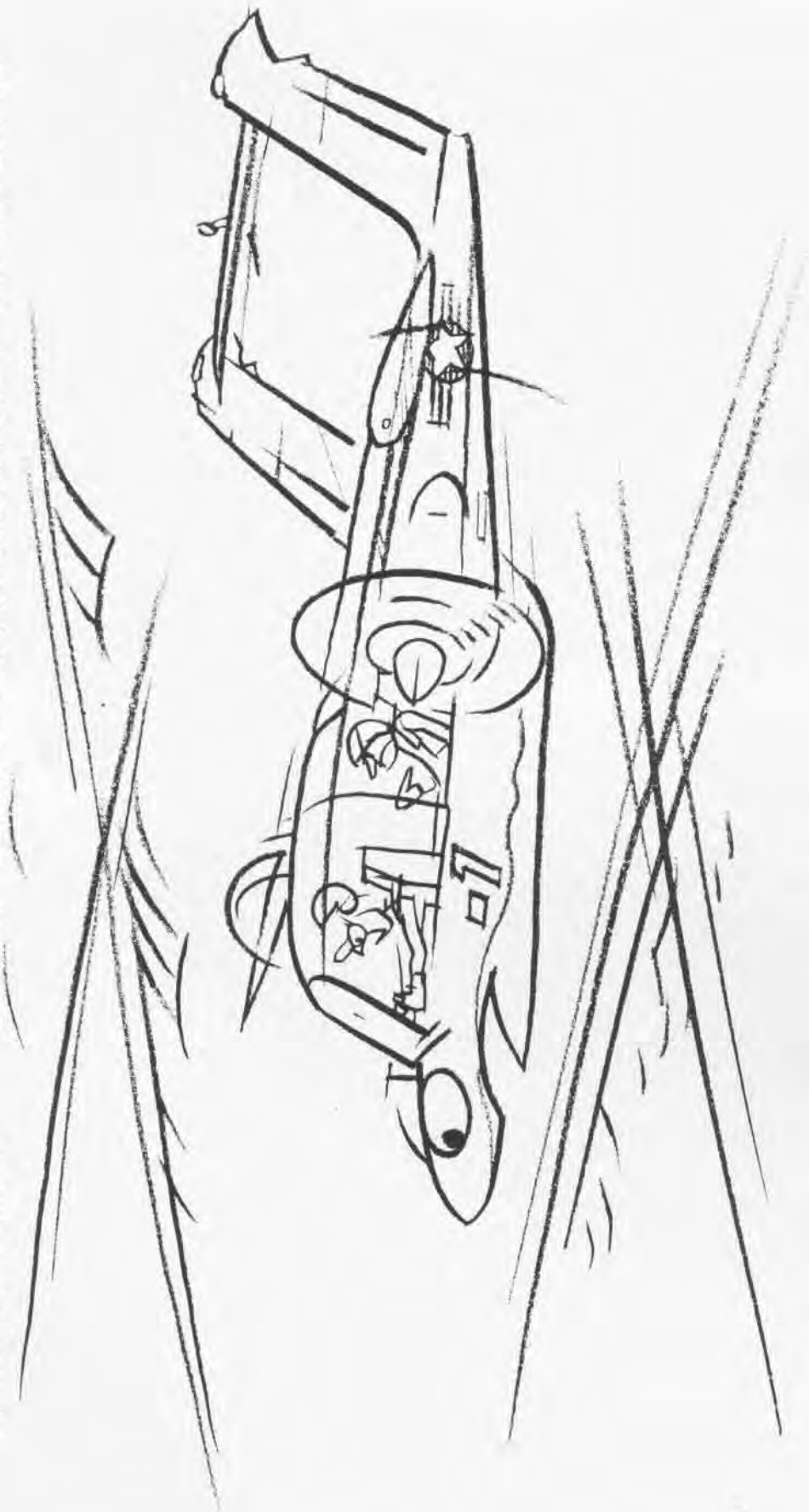
As the pilot completed the roll, the aircraft rapidly lost altitude. In a level attitude, but still descending, it struck the water and pitched sharply nose down and to the right. Just prior to impact, the observer ejected. The pilot received fatal injuries.

Grampaw Pettibone says:

Holy Hannah! What a show! Yes sir, must be really great to show those shipboard fellas a really great air show with a lot of professionalism!?? Bet there were a coupla fellas on board who even *had* considered flight training — at one time!

Just about every time I think I've seen the last of this type of Delta Sierra maneuver, I see it again.

Young aviators readin' this article, lend me your ears. No matter how great the temptation to "show off" — DON'T. If you survive the maneuver (and most haven't), you'll face the long green table . . . believe me.



PH1 Don Grantham

CARRIER C.O. AT SEA

Long Day's Journey into Morning

By Commander Rosario Rausa

Photos by JOCS Dick Benjamin

Hundreds of men go about the exhausting business of preparing the ship for sea. Mammoth cranes swing mighty weights from the concrete pier up and onto the hangar and flight decks. In the cool of the spring morning, determined sailors in dungarees sweat through the frustrating, muscle-tearing evolution of moving cruise boxes. The battered but sturdy metal chests are hefted up and down steep, narrow ladders and along passageways nearly as crowded as a city street at rush hour. A fatigued seaman takes a breather on the bow of the flattop. He watches a flight of sea gulls bank, dive and glide by the island superstructure in graceful emulation of the carrier's aircraft, poised in symmetrical ranks on the flight deck.

This cruise will be comparatively brief — a fortnight of operations off the Virginia and North Carolina coastlines — and thus only a scattering of women and children bid dockside goodbyes to husbands, sons and

We must meet our commitments precisely on time. When we say 0900, we mean 0900. Our superiors rely on us to meet timetables. This is a critical responsibility on our part.

fathers. By summer, though, the ship will deploy with the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. This journey is but a prologue to a far greater drama which, for the more than 4,000 men of CV-62, will unfold over more than half a year's time. It is 0700 at Pier 12, Naval Station, Norfolk, Va.

The Captain, a trim figure in freshly pressed whites, arrives in a black Navy sedan. He emerges from the car and briskly climbs the lengthy steps of the forward brow to the quarterdeck. He salutes his ship and with quick athletic strides goes up several more ladders to his in-port cabin.

Speakers situated throughout the ship announce: "*Independence*, arriving."

In his cabin, he receives several phone calls and reviews some administrative matters before hiking up to the bridge. By 0745 he reaches that elevated, glass-enclosed domain symbolic of a skipper's authority. Fifteen minutes later, the officer of the deck orders "Set the special sea and anchor detail," and a chain reaction of well practiced events begins.

The Skipper watches as Navy tug boats maneuver slowly toward the the gray, steel behemoth and take up positions at the bow and stern. They nudge their diminutive bows at snug right angles against the carrier hull. The larger vessel's power plant comes alive while flows of churning water at their sterns reveal tug engines at labor.

The captain is now concerned with cranes on the pier below. They are impeding traffic flow. Departure time is 0900 and the minutes are rapidly ticking away toward that hour.

Somehow the crane problem is solved and the Captain moves slowly from one end of the bridge to the other, eyes searching the perimeter of the ship to ensure the way is clear. On the hour, with barely perceptible movement and tiny tremors of vibration, the ship slides carefully away from the pier, helped by the tugs. The bow swings gently eastward toward the vista of the waiting Atlantic. A few minutes later, the OOD directs, "Cast off the tugs on the port bow."

The bridge is crowded with more than 20 officers and enlisted men, nearly half of whom are learning, firsthand, jobs to which they will soon be assigned. Once at sea, the numbers will be sharply reduced. Despite this active assemblage, there is a vivid sense of order and purpose. The Captain remains somewhat unobtrusive, in full command, as directives fly across the bridge. The OOD, a seasoned lieutenant, gives heading change orders to the helmsman, a 20-year-old nonrated man who steers the multimillion dollar vessel by turning a large brass wheel. Speed changes are directed at the lee helmsman, another youth, who responds by pushing or pulling the twin-handled engine room telegraph.

Rigged on the bulkhead behind the helmsman is a walnut-colored canoe paddle. In red letters are the words: For emergency use only. Perhaps as a reminder to himself as well as others, a placard is affixed to a window opposite the Captain's chair, with the inscription: Whether I'm right or wrong — I'm still the Captain.

DECK LOG **0800-1200**
USS INDEPENDENCE

Underway pier 12. IAW CTG 41.2 OpOrd 3-74. SOPA is RAdm. Freeman. Ship is in readiness condition V with material condition Yoke set throughout. Steaming independently. Boilers on the line are #1A, #2B, #4A, maneuvering various courses and speeds while transiting Hampton Roads and Thimble Shoals Channel.

Captain Floyd A. Friesen, Indy X.O.

I guess you could say I run the hotel. I'm charged with feeding, berthing and protecting our people.

I run the fire department and the police department.

I see that the stores are open and the telephones and utilities are operating. My administrative functions are designed to keep this hotel humming from the top floor to the bottom basement.

To do this, I look for better ways to do things. If I think something can be improved, I confer with the captain. We encourage new ideas and approaches.

My door stays open from seven in the morning until midnight. Anyone can come in at any time and I'll either talk to him or schedule him for a later interview.

Seeing the ship doing its job gives me a special satisfaction — although there are times when the problems surmount the satisfactions.

People-problems are the most difficult kind. Like any other society, we have people with insufficient self-discipline.

We try to teach our problem people. But if they're too far gone before we get them, some of our salvage efforts only end in their discharge from the Navy.

On the other hand, we have many fine people who spend a very successful tour on board. They do their jobs well.

These self-disciplined people need no special attention from their supervisors. They receive their instructions and take pride in their ability to carry out their assignments.

When they perform, the ship performs and that's the biggest satisfaction for an executive officer.

A successful X.O. has to be a self-starter who knows where he wants to go and has the determination to get there. But you need the ideas of others — so you have to be outgoing and responsive.

Guidance is an important part of the job. You get a lot and you give a lot.

You have to know your people. How reliable is this certain person under specific conditions and in particular situations? You can't manage a hotel if you can't manage people.

You also manage money, material and support. But it's the people who perform and I'm very pleased with their performance.

We have really done an outstanding job of fulfilling our requirements. And that's what this particular hotel is all about.

When I think of all the men and hardware in Independence, I sometimes get a feeling of power. In fact, I was out driving with my wife not long ago. I stopped the car and waited for her to open the door for me. She was rather quick in pointing out that such was not to be the case.

I divide responsibilities into five categories. I must ensure that the orders of the ship are executed. Safe operation of the ship is essential. Maintenance of good order and discipline are also critical. In this area, harmonious working relationships are a must. Also, I have to ensure the welfare of the officers and men aboard. This responsibility probably takes up more of my time than the others. I've also got to look out for myself, my own reputation, in conjunction with the good name of Independence. Our reputations go hand in hand. If the ship does well, I do well and vice versa.

As the carrier passes the Chesapeake Bay Tunnel/Bridge, a trio of helicopters parked in tandem on the bow start engines. The Captain watches through binoculars as each helo, in succession, rises vertically, dips its nose like a bull preparing to charge and fans out forward of the ship. By 1045 the SH-3s are on station and become the eyes, by extension, of the bridge crew.

A bizarre ballet of motion has begun on the flight deck. One of the waist catapults is tested by green shirts from the V-2 division. The shuttle, which resembles a large inverted steel dinner plate, is fired the length of the cat track. This jolting rush is followed instantly by a curtain of steam which curls upward from the open seam of the track. As the shuttle is hauled rearward, a green shirt alongside the catapult becomes Hank Aaron at the plate, swinging an imaginary bat at the sliding dinner plate.

Mostly a general manager, sometimes a coach, the Captain surveys the activity below. In one sense, he is the umpire while others are manipulators of the ship. Like a creature-protector on a lofty cliff, he stands the watch in alert silence.

The land mass slips quietly from view and, at 1105, the C.O. sits down in his chair for the first time since arriving on the bridge nearly four hours before.

One of many brain centers aboard, the Captain's bridge, equipped with multiple banks of telephones and squawk boxes, is clean, carpeted, filled with bright natural light. Its people go about precisely defined tasks with informal formality. Reports flow from the sound boxes, the OOD responds "Very well." The helmsman echoes his orders from the OOD, "Left two degrees, rudder," turns the wheel and seconds later reports, "The rudder is two degrees left, sir."

Men of the bridge crew may not appear at attention but their senses certainly are. The atmosphere is neither relaxed nor rigid with tension. The Captain personifies cool competence, yet he makes an occasional quick march to the navigator's table to verify the ship's course.

Through the remainder of the morning, the ship plows seaward. A succession of people, officer and enlisted, approach the Captain and a series of mini-conferences are conducted.

Shortly after noon, the C.O. goes to his cabin for lunch. Alone, he eats and works, reviewing the cruise order and a variety of dispatches. Wherever he is, he can be reached in seconds. The phone interrupts him three times and in each case he listens attentively and concludes the conversations with a "Thank you."

The men have ready access to me. I am especially concerned with that element of 20-year-old, first-term personnel who comprise about 70 percent of the crew. I am largely limited in what I can do by the support of that 70 percent. The troops have a hard go of it aboard a ship like this, which, despite its size, is sharply limited in creature comforts. Someday I'd like to skipper a great big boat with nothing inside but space and a place for the men to eat, sleep and move about comfortably — just to see what it would be like.

He returns to the bridge at 1320. Comfortable in his chair, he reviews data on the ship's readiness. A half hour later he descends one level to the Flag Bridge. There he briefs the Carrier Group Four Commander, Rear Admiral Dewitt Freeman, on the readiness status of the ship and a variety of other matters concerning scheduled operations in the next two weeks. While a discussion of the vital technicalities of task group operations continues between the two officers, a full range of flight deck functions go on in preparation for the 1500 launch and recovery sequence. A small number of planes will take off on the hour, after which the balance of CVW Seven aircraft — those which weren't hoisted aboard at Pier 12 — will recover and complete the marriage of air wing to carrier.

At 1430 the flyers emerge from ready rooms deep inside the carrier onto the catwalks which run along the edge of the ship. Dressed in green and weighed down by survival gear, they begin the procession to their machines. While they preflight and strap into cockpits, brown-shirted plane captains and blue-shirted sailors from the flight deck crew lug tie-down chains and tow bars to stowage areas.

Soon, with the Captain back on the bridge, aircraft engines are started and the ballet intensifies. In a classic display of physical and mental coordination, directors in yellow jerseys motion taxi signals to pilots. On the bow, a catapult team labors beneath the fuselage of an S-2, fitting cables onto the *Tracker*. The S-2's twin engines send a driving wind against which the sailors struggle. The team leader gives the cables a final tug and, with the rest of his crew, he scrambles away

Don't work harder, work smarter. The first reason to do a good job is to satisfy your own pride. A helluva lot of sailors could be inconvenienced if we don't do a good job. I mean sailors on other ships as well.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like a split end looking for daylight in the secondary. Amidships, men don silver asbestos suits and man the fire truck positioned near the foul line. Other men stand fast, their trousers whipped by the wind as the ship gathers speed.

The carrier wheels into a wide turn, seeking the wind before leveling out. Bells chime 1500 hours, the *Tracker's* engines whirl furiously. The catapult officer jauntily returns the pilot's "ready to go" salute with one hand while waving the other rapidly over his head, the signal for maintaining full power. In a gesture which combines both the grace of a stage dancer and the aggressiveness of a left tackle, he swings his body forward, kneels to the deck and slaps his outstretched fist to the deck, pointing to the bow. The twin-engine prop is released and shot from the bow. An A-6 follows from the parallel catapult while amidship an A-7E *Corsair*, in quick interval, is fired off the deck.

For the uninitiated, the spectacle of carrier flight operations would evoke both exhilaration and apprehension as the whining jets and twin-engine prop aircraft burst into the air with colossal explosions of energy. The Captain, who has seen thousands of sorties begin and end aboard ship and whose own experience as a veteran carrier pilot is measured in part by hundreds of takeoffs and landings at sea, dozes behind his sunglasses. For him, it's the middle of a business day which really never ends.

A sudden and short-lived quiet envelops the "roof" as the final aircraft is hurled aloft. "Launch complete," announces the air boss. "Stand by to recover aircraft. *Phantom*, one zero seven, is on the ball."

On the port side aft, phone at his ear, "Paddles" stands behind a large shield watching a *Phantom*, left wing down, turning off the 180-degree position. The LSO glances at a platform of gauges below the deck edge. "O.K., one zero seven, we've got 26 knots of wind — right down the angle."

Continued on page 20

Rear Admiral Dewitt L. Freeman ComCarGru 4

PH1 Don Grantham

Admiral, how would you define your principal task or tasks?

There are two. First of all, I have an operational task under ComSecondFlt as a task group commander and my staff is capable of taking a carrier task group to sea and operating as a full-blown wartime task group. The second one is what I'm involved in right now, and it is more or less an administrative hat under ComNavAirLant, the type commander, to get this ship ready for deployment. I'm riding Independence *right now in that capacity, working her up. My last job as a task group commander was aboard a sea control ship. We just went through about a three-month period on* Guam *during the test of the sea control concept. That was a task group of nine ships plus* Guam *and we went to sea to do a six-day test of ASW. We went six days around the clock with three nuclear submarines throwing themselves at us all the time. It was kind of interesting.*

What are the most difficult problems for the Flag?

Right now the most difficult problem I have is the retraining of the ships. As you know, a carrier is a fantastic investment and you have to keep her ready all the time. And yet we have a tremendously rapid turnover of people. So, the readiness of a carrier, even in a short turnaround, goes down significantly and must be built back up rapidly to get her ready to go back to the Sixth Fleet.

Based on what I listened to last night at the air wing briefing, and talking to people around the ship, I find that everybody has the same problem: they don't have enough people and those they do have are not qualified — not trained yet.

Is this a trend that you have seen over the years? Is it the same sort of problem you saw 15 years ago in the Navy, or is it getting worse?

It's getting a bit worse. I was just reading Admiral J. D. Richardson's memoirs which have recently been published. That was Richardson's biggest problem in 1937-1939. But the Navy recognized it at the time. His view was that he would much prefer to have 100 ships undermanned in a very lean condition, but that those 100 different crews be well trained as nuclei for whatever expansion might come. I look at it the same way. I think in peacetime you are never going to get up to a wartime complement. We tend to look at the requirement for people on this ship in terms of its full wartime capability.

Would you care to describe the relationship between you, as the Flag, and the carrier commanding officers under you?

Yes. I have three of them. I have USS John F. Kennedy, *this ship,* Independence, *and USS* Saratoga. *I don't always get an opportunity to deploy on everyone of them, although I was deployed in* Kennedy, *am now riding in* Independence *and will get an opportunity to deploy in* Saratoga *in September. So, I do see enough of them to be familiar with their administrative problems. I can intercede in their behalf when they have something wrong and need a little more help. My job as an administrative commander is to see to it that they have the proper environment to work and flourish in, and to conduct the various inspections that I am responsible for. We are getting back to a more formalized inspection program, although we're doing it under OpNav rules which say that you don't use a sister ship's assets to inspect the other. That was the old system. There has been a hiatus in command inspection programs and I have just instituted a program to get these ships back into the business of a formalized inspection that is painless in a lot of ways because it is now done while they're in their workup phase. At the same time that I am training them, I am also inspecting them in all kinds of administrative areas — material inspections, special interest areas (such as human resources management) and all sorts of other things at the same time. So, when they finish this type training period and go through the operational readiness exam, they will also have finished their command inspection program for the year. I do go outside to get help. I get a doctor, chaplain, dental officer, postal inspector and all of the various experts that I don't carry with me as a task group commander. I do not need their services except for this one time of the year when I want them to come and assist me technically in part of the inspection program.*

What are your impressions of the quality of today's aviators and aircrews aboard CVs?

They are better than they ever were and they are getting better all the time. Having been president of the last aviation command screening board, I see the next ten or twelve years, at least, flowing uphill with nothing but the highest and very best of quality. We have some assets coming down the line that are just absolutely gold-plated. Particularly, looking at the Vietnam War experience, I can say it extends to about ten year-groups of people, and for about the next ten years we can rely on having top-notch people to step into command slots — the X.O. and operations jobs in aviation squadrons — the likes of which you've never seen. Several young lieutenant commanders were selected for the "Bobby Soxer" program. It is quite a chore to select one attack and one fighter pilot when you're looking at a number of people, all of whom have finished post-graduate school, have 4,000 hours, 600 carrier landings and as many as 29 air medals — and when you have a large number of those from which you can select just one this year, it makes you feel rich. So we're not hurting in that regard. We have the greatest storeroom of talent for the next ten to twelve years that anybody could ever hope for.

What is your evaluation of the CV concept as it now stands?

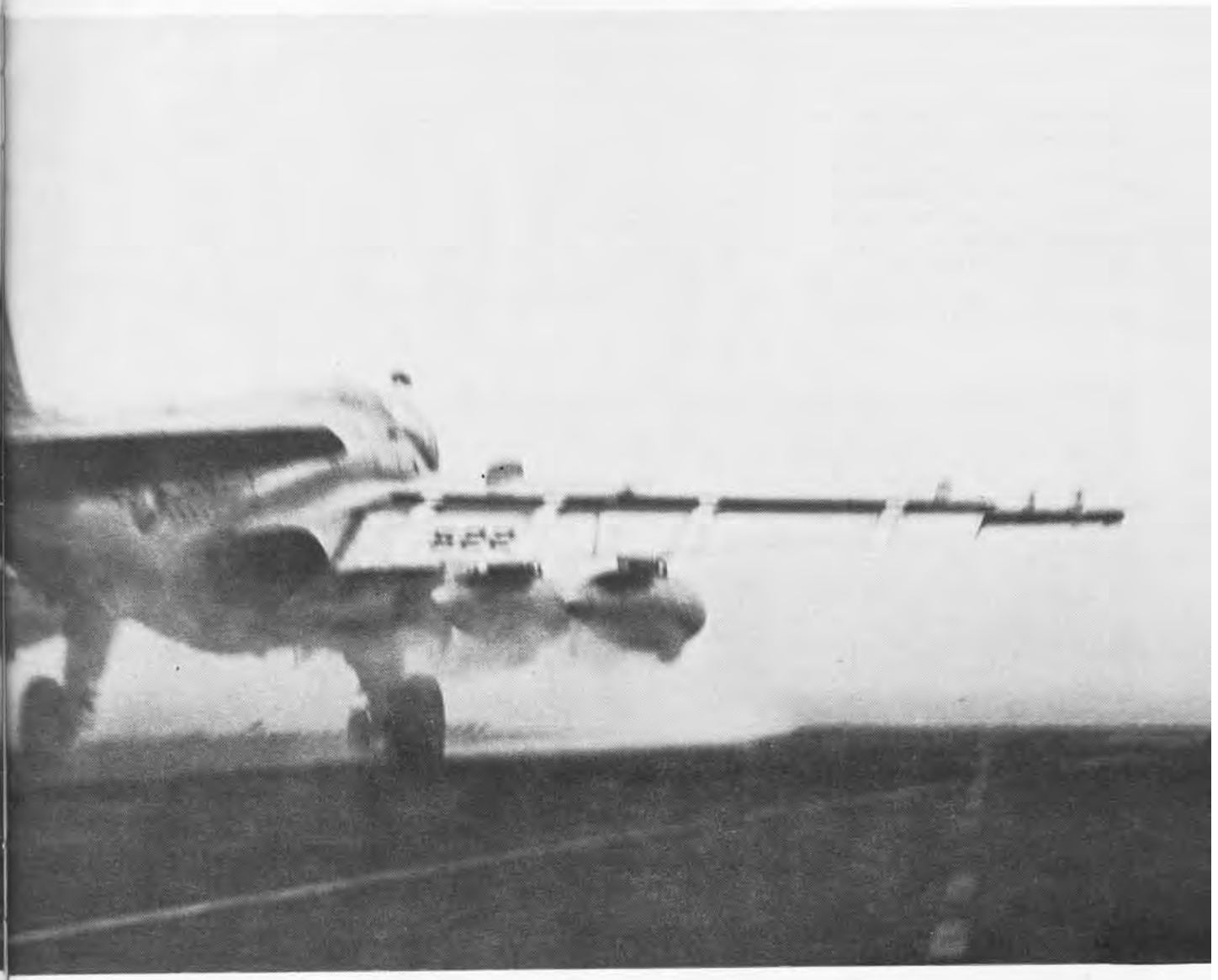
Well, I was captain of Saratoga *and this is my second affiliation with her. At the moment, there isn't any doubt that the* Forrestal*-class ship can handle — can launch and land — the aircraft that the CVS could. But the question is one of mix and balance. The CV was never intended, in the mixed configuration, to equal a CVS, which it won't, not with eight helicopters and seven S-2s. But it can certainly provide a modicum of ASW defense that was not there before. Properly integrated, those helicopters and S-2s, with a good escort force, can do a reasonably good job of ASW. They have a beautiful ASCAC (antisubmarine classification and analysis center) installed in this ship and, of course, this is what makes the whole thing workable. By using the ASCAC in an ASW situation, I can, with destroyers and a reasonable number of helicopters and S-2s, do a halfway reasonable job against almost any kind of a submarine that we might be faced with except, perhaps, our own. We have the flexibility, of course, of taking it all one way — if we decide to go that way. We've got the base facility right here to turn this ship into a super CVS if such were desired. With the S-3s coming along, it will be almost like having a P-3 capability in tactical carrier aviation. I look forward to that. That's going to be a very, very powerful thing. These aircraft will pay for the real estate a lot better than the S-2, as everybody knows. The S-2 community is looking forward to the S-3, and so am I. I'm a fighter pilot, but I can recognize a good thing when I see it, and the S-3 is going to be one powerful weapons system to have on this ship. So, I think when the S-3 gets here I'll be much more satisfied with the CV concept.*

The F-4 powers its way down the glide slope and slams onto the deck, its tail hook pulling the number four wire nearly the full length of the angle. Others follow —*Corsairs, Vigilantes, Intruders*, S-2s, *Sea Kings*, E-2s — and at 1544 the cycle is complete. The ballet of motion slows and the deck re-spot evolution begins. Plane captains ride the brakes. The directors, with omnipresent whistles suspended from their necks, shout and blow signals to tow-tractor drivers. With a precision less dramatic than, but equally as critical and well-practiced as, that of the Blue Angels, airplanes are tucked into neat, close ranks.

Elevators with flying machines carefully secured to them are raised and lowered like gigantic square pistons delivering their cargoes to the hangar deck. Like a game of three dimensional chess, freshly repaired or serviced aircraft are maneuvered from below, upward to the flight deck. Every fraction of the carrier's limited space is filled.

At 1715, the Captain showers and changes into khakis. He rests a bit and by 1830 is hosting dinner for his operations officer and the air wing commander. The repast, a fine steak served on fine china, is replete with subdued exchanges of conversation, a serene contrast to the outside world of fury and noise inherent in flight deck action as the launch and takeoff cycles continue.

I feel no need to be on the bridge every time we conduct flight operations. The OODs fully know when and how to respond to most situations and I am immediately accessible.



My level of interest in the well-being of the ship, the men and our mission is so consistently high that I don't feel any pressure that detracts my attention from the job. I am not confused by the multitude of events that go on because they all fit into a larger and harmonious scheme.

I may not be able to tell you where my car keys are, but I know precisely what the manning levels are in all the departments. I am aware of any hardware problems which affect the ship's operation, be it the propulsion system, catapult gear or whatever. I know where training is badly needed and where it's in good shape.

Shortly before 1900 the Captain descends to the 02 level and, from behind a small desk, he faces a TV camera. It's time for "Captain's Corner" and the Skipper fields questions, from the crew, on live television. He responds off-the-cuff to a full range of queries phoned in.

Thirty minutes later, he goes to the war room which is packed with squadron skippers and CarGru staff members. The admiral, his glasses pushed up on his forehead, listens to Commander Duke Hernandez, CAG-7, relating a report on the air wing's readiness. Although the stakes are considerably different, the gathering is like the board meeting of a large corporation. There are no leather chairs or highly polished mahogany tables or murals on the wall. A green felt cloth covers the plain metal table, maps adorn the bulkheads and folding chairs are situated irregularly in the tight space.

At this same time, a drill is called away on the flight deck. "Rig the barricade," commands a voice from the air boss' tower. In a flourish of action, like players converging on the football during a kickoff, the troops respond. The barricade, a waterfall-like pattern of straps and cables, is raised on the angle. In minutes, it's ready to catch an aircraft sans tail hook or in some other dilemma.

The war-room brief ends at 2110 and the Captain hikes back up to the bridge, now bathed in red light, for the final recovery of the day. Beacons, wing and tail lights flicker as planes fly elliptical patterns overhead, await-

ing approach and clearance. Maintenance crews move in the pale glow of white lights which beam down from the island structure. Aft of the island, the swirling turboprop engines of an E-2 are monitored by a maintenance crew working on a discrepancy. The plane is roped off — a safety measure to preclude someone's making a fatal walk into the propeller arcs. A director acts as an additional safety check as he holds crossed bright yellow wands and eyes the real estate encompassing the airplane.

An EA-6B, both canopies raised to the near vertical, stands beneath the bridge. A pair of cloth-helmeted technicians sit in the pilot and bombardier navigator seats, testing equipment.

Like an umbilical cord, a cable reaches from a ship's power source to a receptacle in the *Intruder*. Power flows through the cable to a complex field of circular instruments. The crimson glow, as seen from above, is like a luxurious display of neatly arranged gems.

Suspended from the overhead, in a corner opposite the Captain's chair, is a PLAT monitor. It is dark but for a digital readout of the time by hour, minute and second.

Voices of a pilot and the LSO, in a concise exchange of data, sound from the PLAT. A *Vigilante* is in the final stages of approach. The Captain watches the monitor as the RA-5C thunders onto the deck. A weird pattern of blurred aircraft lights illuminates the PLAT and the Captain turns left to the deck below to see the identical picture in full-life scale.

It becomes quite challenging to keep things running smoothly when we're involved with air, surface and subsurface operations. Throw in a special mission here and there, such as happened occasionally last year in the Med during the Mid-East war, and we have to really be on our toes.

The pilots are getting better than ever. I know them individually in the sense that I am provided records of their performance around the ship.

I get all the sleep I need, but rarely more than one-and-a-half hours at a time. There are calls, messages needing immediate reply, a variety of matters requiring prompt action. Earlier in my command, we had virtually a brand new crew. I seldom slept more than two hours in every 24. Even now I must admit I don't sleep soundly. I go to sleep thinking and wake up thinking, but it really isn't a strain.

Captain's Corner

Captain Charles Ross Smith, Jr., is a highly decorated, 48-year-old Navy pilot who skippers Independence (CV-62). A native of Dalhart, Texas, and a Naval Academy graduate, he commanded the fast combat support ship Detroit (AOE-4) before his assignment to Independence. In addition to various staff and school assignments, he was X.O. of John F. Kennedy (CVA-67). Although he has flown a variety of aircraft, his principal background is in heavy attack and reconnaissance attack squadrons. He was C.O. of both Reconnaissance Attack Squadrons Three and Six. Capt. Smith has been Indy's C.O. since December 1972.

It is easy for the C.O., an experienced carrier pilot himself, to totally identify with the aviators at the controls as they come down to the ship from out of the night. This is, perhaps, the most challenging and difficult test of carrier flying. Accompanied by the singing whine of jet engines or the flatter bellow of piston power plants, the machines and aircrews carefully master the task of getting aboard after dark.

The last plane traps at 2240. The Captain lingers on the bridge for a few moments, then goes below for his nightly rounds of the mess decks and lower machinery spaces. In the main engineering control room he takes a coffee break with the men and discusses with the chief engineer the problems the ship faces in preparing for a forthcoming inspection. By 0230, the Captain is back at his at-sea cabin after checking the bridge before retiring.

Meanwhile, far into the night, ship's work continues. Engines wind up and down, aircraft are repaired and serviced, watches are stood, food is cooked and served. While many sleep, nearly as many work.

The C.O. will be interrupted several times in the night. Certain matters — an action message requiring response, a report on a malfunction of a system — must be brought to his immediate attention.

Godlike dissertations to the crew over the 1-mc from the bridge don't appeal to me. I prefer a live exchange over ship's television. For me it's a better way of communicating.

Captain, why isn't the air conditioning in B division fixed yet?

I thought that was taken care of. Well, I'll check into that as soon as we go off the air.

Sir, why does the Navy buy shovels for spoons?

You know, I've asked that question myself but it's still a mystery to me. It's been that way ever since I joined up. I admit I can hardly get that spoon in my mouth. Tell you what — when our supply officer's tour ends here and he is assigned to direct the Bureau of Supply and Accounts, we'll have him requisition a proper size spoon.

Captain, are we going into Athens again on the Med cruise?

Oh, yes. At least three times. But we'll see Spain and Italy, too, don't forget.

I had planned to sleep in a bit this morning, but this fog descended on us. I'm not up here because the OODs can't handle the situation. I have total confidence in them. I am here to relieve the OODs of a burden of responsibility which is rightfully mine, should we have an unusual situation due to bad weather. I don't want them to be concerned with that responsibility.

The Captain is on the bridge before dawn. In the operating area, some 60 miles from land, a thick gray mist embraces the slow moving ship. A splash of sunlight through a hole in the overcast plays on the water a mile ahead of the ship. It quickly disappears. The fog horn shouts warnings at regular intervals. Visibility ranges from a half mile to near zero as the wispy shroud engulfs the carrier, even cloaking the bow from view. The Captain spends long moments gazing through a funnel-like shield at a radarscope, studying courses and positions of nearby ships.

The cautious monitoring of *Independence's* course goes on for several hours. By mid-morning, the fog begins to clear and a vista of sky, nearly as blue as the sea, promises good flying.

A general quarters drill is called away at 0900. It is the first of many which will be held on nearly a daily basis in the next two weeks. Flight deck personnel quickly secure helmet buckles about their chins and tuck trousers into socks. Shirts are buttoned full up at the neck. Below decks, a hectic scurrying by all hands as they race to their stations is like an accelerated movie scene.

Within five minutes, the 4,000-plus men aboard *Independence* are at battle stations and watertight fittings are secured at key junctures throughout the ship. "Manned and ready" reports flow to the bridge from all stations aboard.

In the next two hours, other reports and "very wells" echo quietly across the bridge. The Captain sees only a portion of the GQ activity but he knows completely who is where, and what actions his men are required to take in each of the key spaces throughout the ship.

The drill is secured at 1100. Watertight fittings are loosened and the carrier is unbuttoned. Like beavers in the spring, the men of *Independence* emerge and continue the routine work of the carrier. Another symphony of motion begins and the familiar flight deck ballet generates another major production. Today's flight schedule is a heavy one. With the full complement of ten air wing squadrons aboard, succeeding operations throughout the deployment will remain extensive. And the business of running a man-of-war goes on for all hands — most especially, for the man in command, the Captain.

I know I'll have a big letdown when I leave Independence. A captain of a ship enjoys an almost unique experience at being number one. It will be as if I'll never know the feeling again.

I suppose some would say that commanding a man-of-war is a solemn endeavor. I've also been asked if there is any fun in the job. My answer is 'Yes, absolutely.' I've enjoyed every minute of it.

PEOPLE PLANES AND

Thirteen members of **VP-92**, a Naval Air Reserve squadron stationed at NAS South Weymouth, Mass., were in Cartagena for the May antisubmarine warfare exercise *Halcon Vista IX* with the Colombian Navy.

Along with two crews from VP-94, NAS New Orleans, La., the crew flew coastal support missions in P-2 *Neptune* patrol planes.

MCAS **Cherry Point,** N.C., celebrated its 32nd birthday on May 20. Growing from an 8,000-acre project to 17 square miles, the largest Marine Corps air station, Cherry Point is now considered one of the best all-weather bases in the world by its 10,000 Marines.

These **1,000-hour-plus** *Corsair II* pilots are members of Attack Squadron 304, which has won awards in LAtWingPac V and VII Bombing Derbies in the A-7A/B, A-4 category. *Firebird* pilots also won the Golden Bomb in Derbies IV and V. Their C.O., a Golden Bomb winner, is Commander Jerry Kirk.

Ltjg. James F. McMartin III, piloting an F-8J *Crusader* for Light Photographic Squadron 63, recorded the **142,000th** arrested landing aboard USS *Enterprise*. VFP-63, based at NAS Miramar, Calif., trains *Crusader* pilots for the fleet. The milestone landing was the fifth of the day for Ltjg. McMartin.

Rear Admiral Donald C. Davis in May relieved Rear Admiral William R. McClendon as Commander, Attack Carrier Striking Force, Seventh Fleet, and Commander, Carrier Group Five, in a **change-of-command** ceremony onboard USS *Kitty Hawk* (CV-63) in port at Subic Bay. RAdm. McClendon's new assignment is as Assistant Chief of Staff for Plans on the staff of CinCPac.

Kitty Hawk is flagship for Commander Carrier Group One homeported at NAS North Island. Vice Admiral George P. Steele, Commander, Seventh Fleet, presented the Navy Unit Commendation to the staff of Task Force 77 for extremely meritorious service during the period from April 1, 1972, to February 27, 1973.

Twelve years and 3,000 flight hours ago, this new plane commander was ATAN Kenneth Walling, **P5M** radio operator on VP-49's Crew Seven. Now Lt. Walling is a PPC in the P-3B *Orion* with VP-23.

PLACES

In mid-May, the Navy Helicopter Association met its **first Ms.** member, Ens. Joellen Margaret Drag.

The 23-year-old, five-foot-eight blonde is the fourth female to win Naval Aviator Wings and the first woman to complete the Navy's helicopter training program.

Ens. Drag is now serving with Helicopter Combat Support Squadron Three at NAS North Island, Calif., where she will be flying the H-46.

She already has the low-slow attitude of the seasoned helicopter pilot, claiming, "It's the only way to go!"

Joellen received her Wings of Gold from her father, Commander Theodore Drag, USN(Ret.).

The amphibious assault ship USS *Okinawa* hosted 150 **grade-schoolers** from the Dr. Russell School in Garden Grove, Calif. The young tourists were guided through the ship's spaces by volunteer guides from the *Okinawa* crew.

To reach the milestone of attack carrier longevity, USS **Hancock** (CVA-19) survived a decommissioning, two wars, three major overhauls and the supercarrier concept. Now, after her 30th birthday on April 15, she is preparing for her fourth annual "last cruise" in the Western Pacific.

Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Brown, Admiral Zumwalt, Admiral Moorer, General Abrams and General Cushman.

THE CHAIR MOVES TO ADJOURN

By Clarke Van Vleet
Naval Aviation Historian

After serving the Navy and the Nation for over 40 years, the career of the country's top military leader came to a close last month. Admiral Thomas Hinman Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, retired June 30 in ceremonies at Andrews Air Force Base, Washington, D.C.

Appointed in 1970 to the pinnacle post of America's Armed Forces and reappointed two years later, Adm. Moorer leaves in his wake an exciting and illustrious career — from midshipman at Annapolis in the Thirties, through active combat in WW II and on to full admiral by June 1964.

He was the first of his class to achieve rear admiral rank, first to serve as Commander in Chief of both Atlantic and Pacific Fleets, the only officer to hold, concurrently, the three top Atlantic commands, including NATO's Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, the second youngest admiral to be chosen CNO and the second naval officer to chair JCS, the U.S. military's highest office.

Harking back to earlier years at the Naval Academy, his 1933 graduation year book, *Lucky Bag*, revealed his nicknames as *Tom, Brown Eyes* and *Dead Eye* and reported he was on the football team ". . . with body and soul determination. Though he was a bit light on his feet (like a polar bear), he was a good lineman who always made the going tough for the opposition."

The Navy's proud Gray Eagle must have a clear eye, a stout heart, a steady hand and must possess daring defiance.

When war came, T. H. Moorer also made it tough for the opposition in the face of three determined attempts by the enemy to "block him out." That scrimmage started on February 19, 1942, when Lt. Moorer was shot down by Japanese planes and rescued by a ship which the enemy strafed and sank the same day. After being marooned on a South Pacific island for three days, Moorer and his men were about to be picked up by an Australian subchaser when a Japanese flying boat disrupted the rescue attempt with two salvos of 200-pound bombs.

The saga started after Lt. Moorer had taken off from Port Darwin, piloting a PBY-5 *Catalina* with a crew of seven out of Patrol Squadron 22. They were to observe enemy activities in the vicinity of the Japanese-captured base at Amboina in the Netherlands Indies. Dispatches indicated the aggressor intended to thrust southward from Amboina and the southern Celebes as part of a pincers movement to invade Java.

While flying low to investigate the

identity of a sole merchant ship plying the waters off Cape Van Diemen, Moorer's plane was suddenly attacked by nine Japanese fighters which swooped in out of the sun from a formation of 72 planes headed south for the enemy's first attack on Australia. A hail of bullets riddled the *Catalina*, knocking out the port engine and puncturing the fuel tanks and fuselage. Streams of gasoline poured from the tanks as the plane burst into flame. Balls of fire darted about the compartments; several men were hit; Moorer was wounded in the hip. Ens. W. H. Mosley, at the throttle of the starboard engine, was dazed and his head was bleeding, but he kept his hands on the throttle as Moorer prepared to ditch the badly damaged and blazing *Cat*.

With controlled flight no longer possible and no chance to bank and turn the huge craft, Moorer managed to keep the burning plane straight and level for a dangerous downwind landing. He smacked the water with three bounces and, as the flying boat wallowed to a stop, he assisted in the evacuation of the crew members through the navigator's hatch. By then the entire aircraft aft of the wings was an inferno. Gasoline vapors reached the life raft which had been launched and then inflated after the enemy departed. All hands were pulled aboard the dingy; fortunately, none were seriously wounded.

The lone merchant ship turned out to be the Philippine freighter, SS *Don Isidro*, which picked up the VP-22 crew from their bobbing rubber boat. Two hours later, the Japanese were sighted returning from their raid on Darwin. Seven carrier-type dive bombers peeled from the formation and streaked toward the fleeing merchantman. A terrific explosion shook, rattled and rolled the hull as one bomb hit amidships, knocking flat to the deck the men scurrying for shelter. Moorer picked himself up and groped aft among the wounded, ordering his crew over the side.

Soon the vessel was well down by the bow, with stern high and propeller churning the surface. Three more bombs hit the sea and exploded near the struggling swimmers. Two boats had been launched from the *Don Isidro* and the men in the water were hauled aboard. Moorer, who found himself in a lifeboat for the second

Adm. Moorer examines a 50-caliber machine gun aboard a UH-1B Iroquois at Bienh Thuy, Vietnam, in 1969.

time that day, was one of the last to be pulled from the water in which he had been swimming for about an hour. He was suffering from the jarring shock of the bombs that exploded near him. An accounting of all hands found that one VP-22 airman and three of the ship's crew had perished in the attack.

Rigging sail and rowing, the exhausted flyers and Filipinos at last sighted Melville Island to the south and by midnight they rode in on the surf and successfully beached their boats. The next day, a Royal Australian Air Force plane spotted their SOS scratched in the sand. It dropped supplies along with a note telling them they would be picked up the following morning. On February 22, an Australian subchaser arrived offshore and sent out a small boat to save the party. Just as the survivors were climbing aboard, thinking their troubles were over, out of the blue roared a Japanese flying boat, loosing two salvos of two 200-pound bombs that narrowly missed their target.

The chaser laid down a smokescreen, maneuvered into open sea and some hours later returned to pick up Moorer and his men who had beat a hasty retreat. The five-day ordeal finally ended when the subchaser arrived with the VP-22 crew in Darwin on February 23. Lt. Moorer was subsequently awarded the Silver Star, America's third highest medal of valor, for his conduct during and following the attack on his plane and for his ". . . courage and leadership during a subsequent attack upon the rescue ship and while undergoing the hardships and dangers of returning the survivors to the Australian mainland. . . ."

This was not his last act of heroism. Three months later, he flew a VP-101 flying boat from Darwin to the island of Timor, ". . . braved an area dominated by enemy air superiority, effected a precarious landing in the open sea at dusk and took off at night in the midst of threatening swells, with a heavily loaded airplane. His superb skill and courageous determination in organizing and executing this perilous mission resulted in the delivery of urgently needed supplies to a beleaguered garrison and the evacuation of

Top left, Commander Moorer checks out a jet at the Chincoteague Naval Aviation Ordnance Test Station in Virginia. Top center, Adm. Moorer on a 1931 summer cruise as a midshipman. Above, LCdr. Moorer commanded Bombing Squadron 132 during WW II. Left, at Pearl Harbor in 1941, Lt. Moorer poses with Carrie Ellen and Tommy. Below, Vice Admiral William D. Houser, DCNO(Air Warfare), presents Adm. Moorer a plaque at a going away party held in June in Washington. Personnel from NavAirLant NavAirPac, CNET and the Washington, D.C., area contributed the plaque which features insignias from the admiral's previous commands and a golden ensemble of flying helmet, goggles and gloves.

eight seriously wounded men who otherwise might have perished." For this, he was awarded the DFC.

Adm. Moorer received over 40 more medals and decorations, both U.S. and foreign. His background is replete with varied assignments such as: postwar strategic bombing survey, aviation ordnance, carriers and carrier divisions, the Naval War College, aide to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air, command of a seaplane tender, strategic plans, war game matters, CNO's Long-Range Objectives Group, Commander of the Seventh Fleet and, in 1964, Commander of the Pacific Fleet which was followed by an assignment to concurrently head NATO's Allied Atlantic Command, the U.S. Unified Atlantic Command and the U.S. Atlantic Fleet.

In 1967, he was named by President Johnson as CNO and was reappointed to the post by President Nixon in 1969. The following year, President Nixon nominated him as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and two years later he was reappointed for an additional two-year term.

Forty-one years ago, Admiral Moorer's academy yearbook was dedicated: *To Navy's Brood Aloft, and Through Them, to Navy's Greater Effectiveness.* It was an appropriate dedication because T. H. Moorer elected to enter flying and won his wings at Pensacola on June 12, 1936, becoming Naval Aviator #4255. Reflecting on his decision, Adm. Moorer has said: "Even at the Naval Academy, it became clear to me that the airplane was going to play a very dominant role in naval operations of the future."

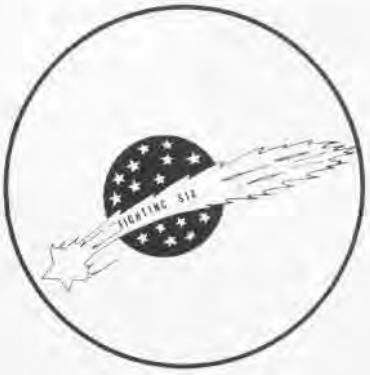
Two years ago, Adm. Moorer received the Gray Eagle Trophy which is passed to the Navy pilot on active duty with the earliest date of designation as a Naval Aviator, regardless of rank. (With his retirement, the honor and the eagle emblem were passed to the next aviator with the longest flying service, still on active duty, Rear Admiral Leroy V. Swanson.)

The order of the Gray Eagle is presented "in recognition of a clear eye, a stout heart, a steady hand, and a daring defiance of gravity and the law of averages."

No words could ring truer than for Admiral Thomas Hinman Moorer.


USS LANGLEY


USS LEXINGTON


FIGHTING SIX


VP-101


TRANSITION TRAINING SQUADRON ATLANTIC


NAVAL AIR FORCE
ATLANTIC FLEET


COMMANDER CARRIER
4
DIVISION FOUR

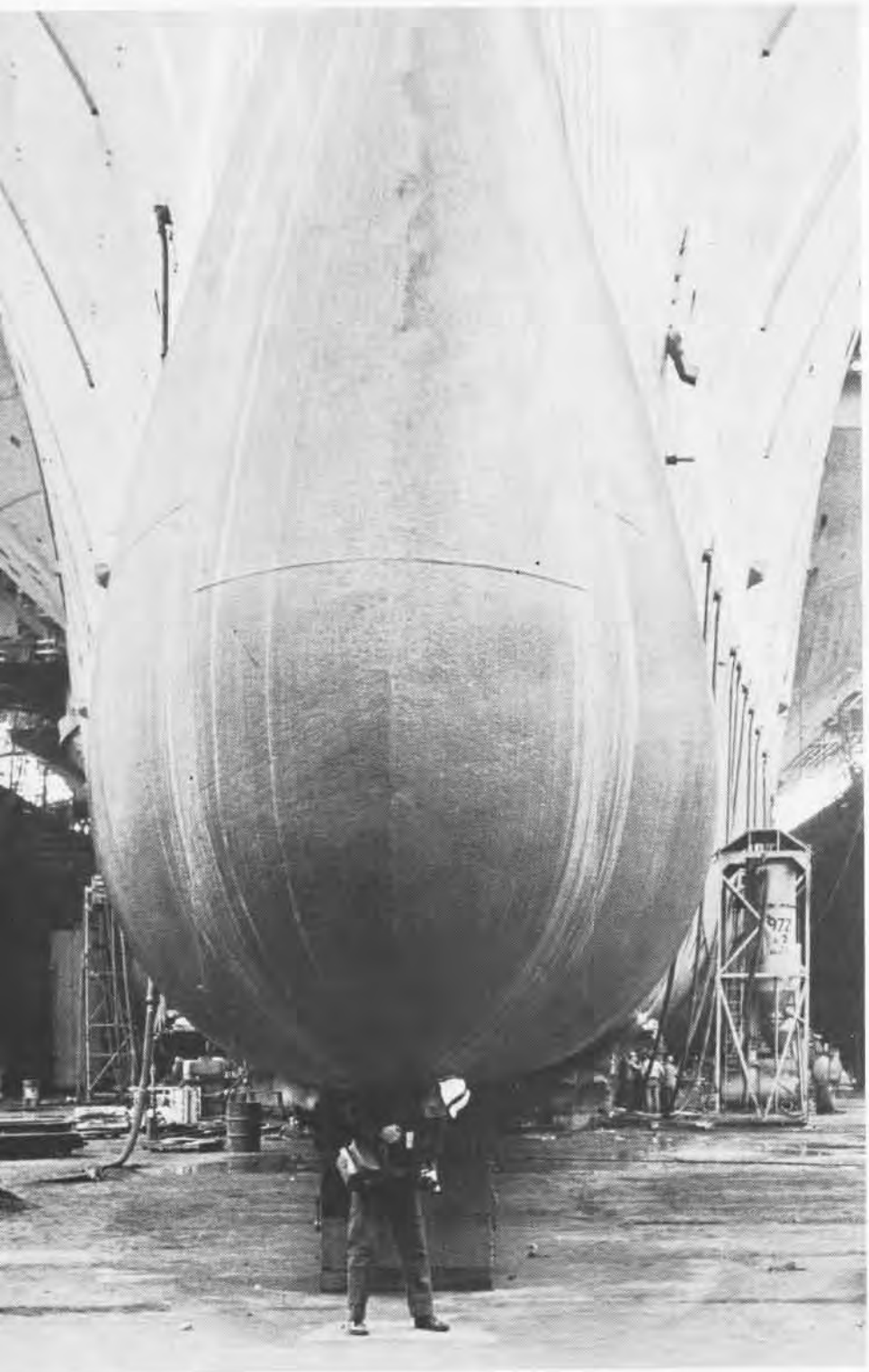

USS SALISBURY SOUND AV-13
13
FORTES FORTUNA IUVAT


Commander Carrier Division Six


COMMANDER IN CHIEF
U.S. ATLANTIC FLEET

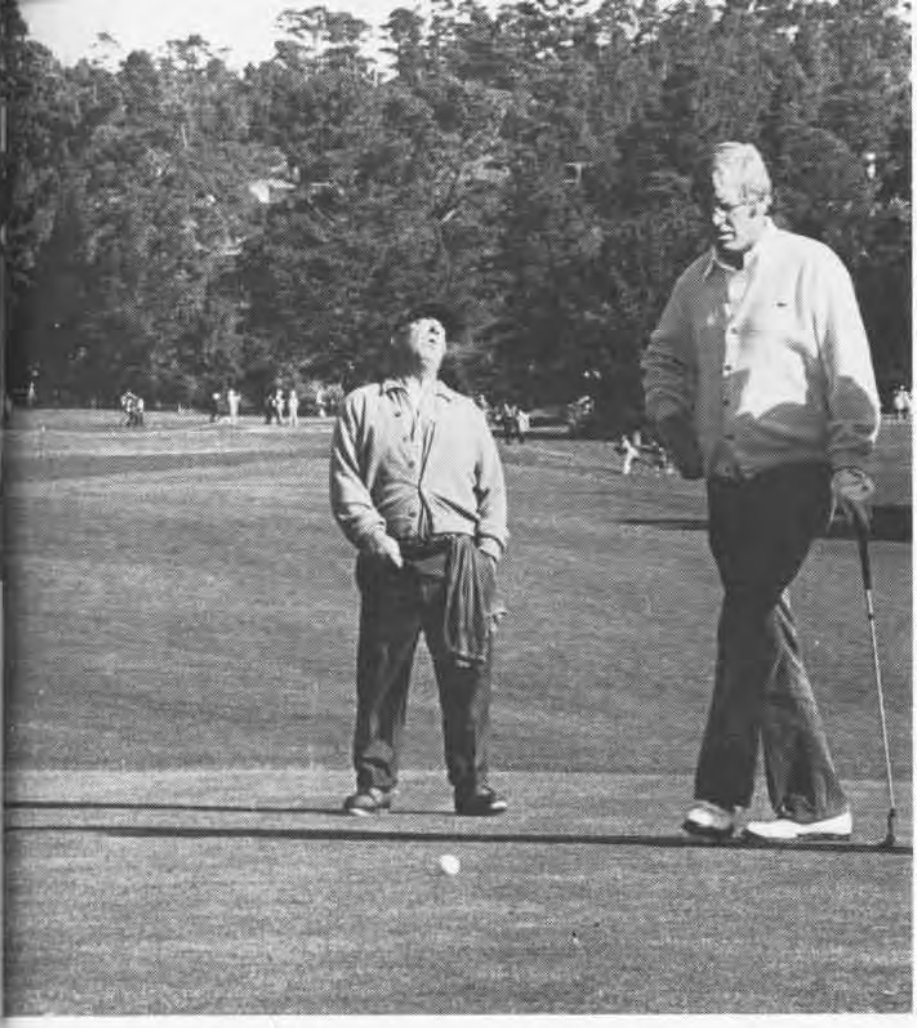

UNITED STATES NAVY
CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS


JOINT
CHIEFS OF STAFF



Atlas

Trying to shoulder the bow of USS Enterprise is no easy task. The carrier was high and dry at the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard.



Retirement Plans

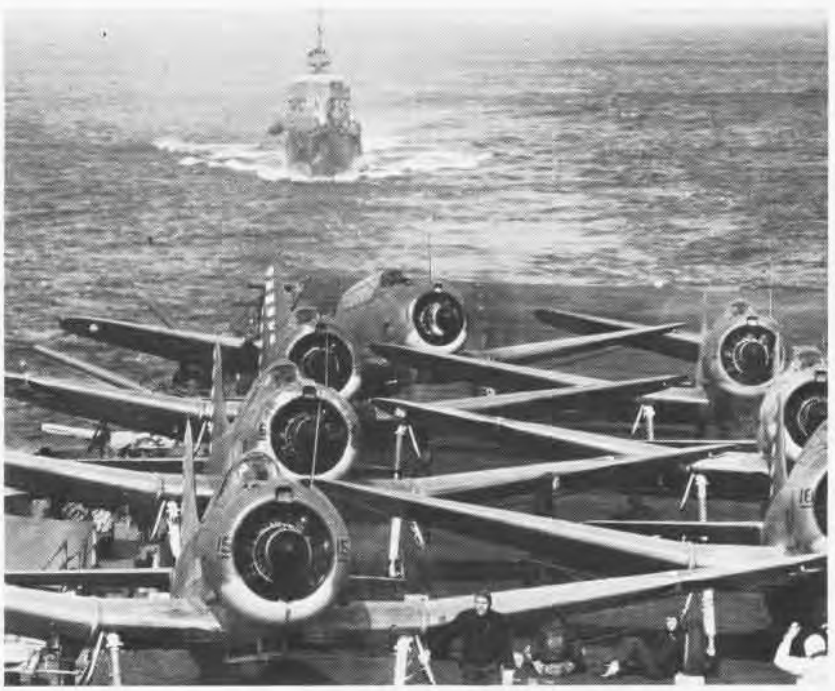
Retiring on 30 last month, Rear Admiral Alan B. Shepard misses a putt at the Pebble Beach, Calif., golf course. The Navy's first space admiral seems to have as much trouble with this game on earth as he did on the moon.

It's Superchute!

Everyone was looking up at this dedication of the National Parachute Test Range at El Centro, Calif.

NEWS LOOKS BACK

July 1, 1934	Commissioned	VB-3B
July 1, 1937	Redesignated	VB-4
July 1, 1939	Redesignated	VB-3
Nov. 15, 1946	Redesignated	VA3-A
Aug. 7, 1948	Redesignated	VA-34
Feb. 15, 1950	Redesignated	VA-35



The Panthers prowled from the deck of Enterprise in April 1942, flying the SBD Dauntless while escorting the carrier Hornet for the Doolittle raid on Tokyo. Today, Attack Squadron 35 flies the Grumman A-6E Intruder.

THOSE PROWLING PANTHERS

Second Marine Air Wing squadron dive-bombers warm up on the line at Guadalcanal's Henderson Field, which the Panthers also used in their island-hopping campaign in support of the Cactus Striking Unit.

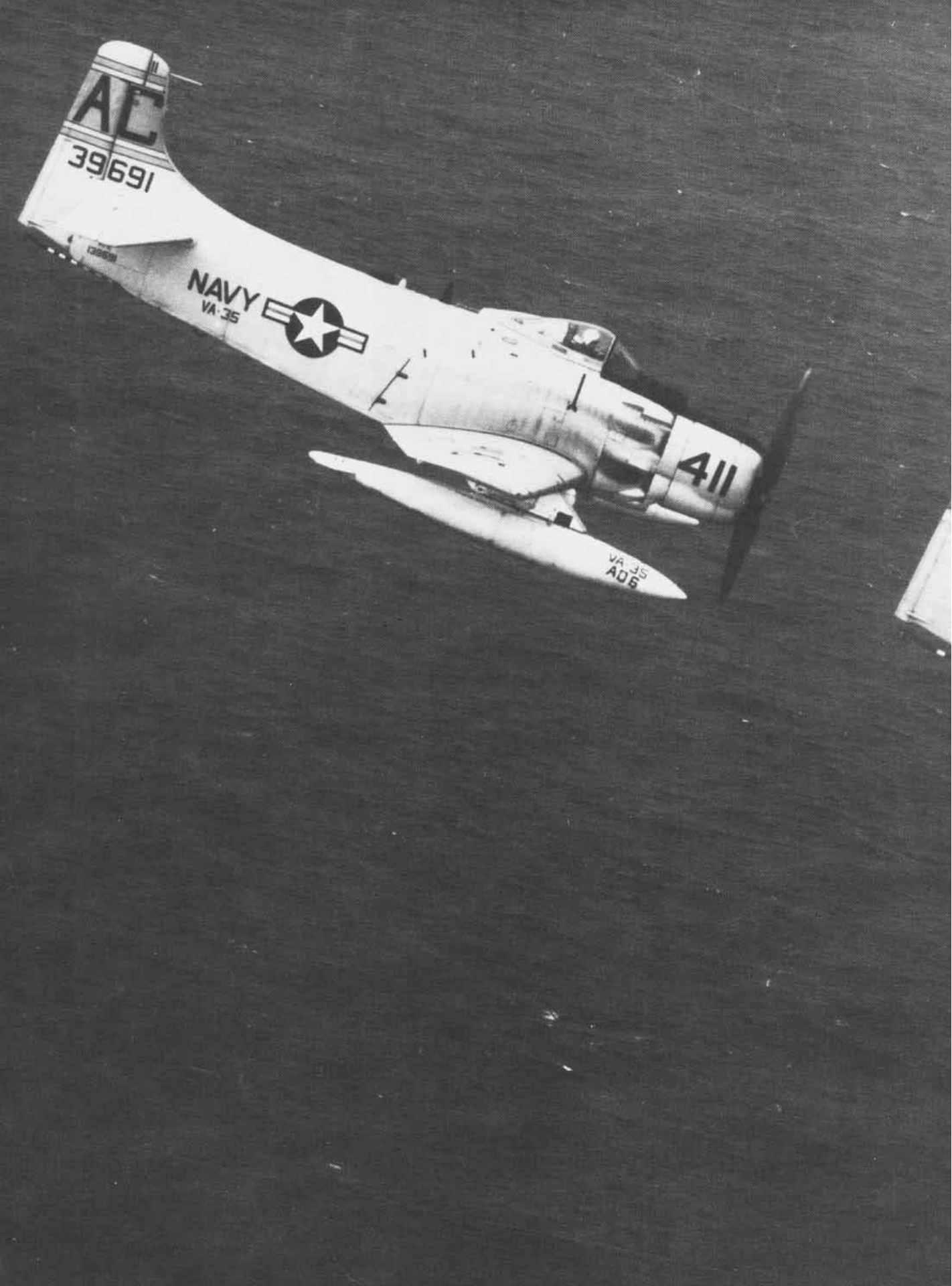
Members of the oldest carrier-based bombing squadron in naval history — Attack Squadron 35 — the *Black Panthers* celebrated their unit's fortieth anniversary July 1, 1974. Now aboard *America* in the Med, they still employ the characteristics of "stealth, diving tactics, speed and decisiveness," the maxim of their insignia, one of the oldest in Naval Aviation heraldry.

The squadron is justifiably proud of its past. Some of the major historic milestones that mark the path of the *Panthers* include participation in the search for Amelia Earhart, the Doolittle raid on Tokyo, the Battle of Midway, the landings at Guadalcanal, the Cactus Striking Unit, the dubious distinction of having had three carriers "shot out from under them," actions that won them Presidential Unit Citations in both WW II and Korea, the Lebanese crisis, the first mine-laying operation in Vietnam, the show of force after the *Pueblo* incident and Operations *Linebackers I* and *II*, which helped bring about the cease-fire in Vietnam.

It was back in 1937, when the *Panthers* bore the designation VB-4, that they were called upon to help search the South Pacific for aviatrix Amelia Earhart and her companion, Fred Noonan, who had disappeared on their ill-fated attempt to fly around the world. Along with elements from other squadrons, *Panther* C.O., Commander Paul Roswell, took ten "Bouncing BG-1s" aboard *Lexington* for the search. The *Lex* team looked for traces of the downed couple for six days until July 18, covering an estimated 151,500-square-mile area at an average altitude of 200 feet without incident. Nothing was ever found, and the disappearance of Miss Earhart remains a mystery.

The next major event in *Panther* history occurred aboard *Saratoga* about a month after the attack on Pearl Harbor. *Sara* was plying the waves 500 miles southwest of Oahu when she was suddenly struck in the side by a deep-running enemy torpedo on January 11, 1942. Three firerooms were flooded but the carrier limped on to Hawaii and disembarked her air units at Ford Island. This was the first incident in which the *Panthers*, then designated VB-3, had their ship shot out from under them. Two more were yet to come.

Meanwhile, U.S. authorities were contemplating some kind of dramatic retaliation for Pearl Harbor. Admiral Bull Halsey's carrier task force carrying Colonel Jimmy Doolittle's Army B-25 bombers toward Tokyo was the answer. The *Panthers*, along with three other squadrons, were selected to board *Enterprise*, Halsey's flagship, to assist in providing combat air patrol and escort duties for *Hornet* with her 16 *Mitchells*. After the bomb-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ers were launched on their successful raid of April 18, 1942, the aircraft from *Enterprise* attacked and sank several enemy patrol craft which, by then, were in pursuit of the daring American force that was only 700 miles from Tokyo.

Admiral Halsey's Story notes that after an enemy boat surrendered, one of her crewmen told how he had alerted his skipper to "two of our beautiful carriers." The skipper, with his binoculars on *Enterprise* and *Hornet*, said: "They're beautiful all right, but they're not ours." He then went below and shot himself.

The *Panthers* lost their second ship five months after their first. They were participating in the decisive defeat — the Battle of Midway — that put an end to Japan's offensive in the Pacific. Aboard *Yorktown*, *Panther* C.O. Commander Maxwell Leslie launched with his 17 SBD *Dauntlesses* the morning of June 4, 1942, and headed in the direction of the Japanese invasion force along with planes from *Hornet*, *Enterprise* and land-based aircraft from Midway. Leslie spotted the carrier *Soryu*, dove down-sun with his squadron, in three waves, and scored lethal hits that blasted the ship into flames. Captain Yanagimoto was left bellowing banzai on the bridge as his crew tried to slip over the side. No *Panther* plane or pilot was lost but the squadron, finding *Yorktown* damaged and listing badly from enemy action, diverted to *Enterprise*, except for two planes that ditched for lack of fuel. In that massive battle, which effectively turned the tide of the Pacific war, five carriers went down — *Yorktown*, *Soryu*, *Akagi*, *Kaga* and *Kiryu*.

The *Panthers* were again on the prowl at Guadalcanal in early August, providing direct air support for the U.S. Marines' first amphibious landing of WW II. The squadron was aboard *Saratoga*, whose insignia was a crowing rooster and who, like any good fighting cock, was back with healed wounds ready for battle.

Following the Guadalcanal mission, *Sara* sailed into the Battle of the Eastern Solomons (August 23-25). The *Panthers* got another good chunk of the action. Under their new C.O., Commander Dewitt Shumway, they attacked the Japanese light carrier, *Ryujo*, along with VS-3, a sister squadron from *Sara*. The 30 *Dauntlesses* dived on the flattop, followed by TBF *Avenger* torpedo planes of VT-8, which streaked in 200 feet above the waves to let go their "fish." *Ryujo* was hit hard and sank that night. But a week later, on August 31, 1942, *Sara* was again torpedoed by a submarine and forced to retire, dropping her squadrons ashore at Espiritu.

During the latter weeks of 1942, the squadron again flew from the decks of *Saratoga* and participated in the continuing campaign for the island of Guadalcanal. By early 1943, elements of the *Panthers* were stationed at Henderson Field in support of the Cactus (code for Guadalcanal) Striking Unit, and in February they flew missions from the famous airstrip against enemy airfields at Munda and Villa. In the spring and early summer, they were back at sea in *Sara*, operating with HMS *Victorious* in the first combined combat operations of U.S. and British carriers in the Pacific. They returned to the States in August.

After re-forming and training, they returned to battle in November 1944, this time in the new *Yorktown*. With the air group, they struck at Leyte, Luzon and Manila Bay, sinking one light cruiser, eight destroyers, four transports and 20 merchant and auxiliary ships in the combined group attacks. After the New Year, they hit targets on Formosa, in the South China Sea as far south as Saigon, and off Hong Kong. They flew in the first carrier strikes of February 16-17, 1945, against Tokyo, a reminder of their mission on *Enterprise* three years earlier during the Doolittle raid. Toward the end of February, the squadron supported combat operations on Iwo Jima and then returned to hit Tokyo again. For all these operations, the *Panthers* were awarded the Presidential Unit Citation. They returned to the U.S. in March 1945.

In the Korean conflict, VA-35 flew from the deck of *Leyte*, providing close air support, armed reconnaissance and strikes against enemy troops and equipment, launching its first missions in October 1950. It provided support for the entrapped Marine forces in the Chosen Reservoir area and for the evacuation of the Hungnam beachhead. Throughout the Marines' withdrawal to Hungnam, Chinese troops were never able to counter effectively the Navy-Marine system of close air support. VA-35 lost its C.O. on December 12 when Commander Ralph Bagwell was downed. Squadron pilots saw Bagwell crawl free of his inverted aircraft and take refuge beneath a nearby railroad bridge. But, before a helicopter could reach Bagwell, *Leyte* pilots witnessed his capture by enemy troops. He survived, however, and was repatriated in September 1953 at the end of the Korean hostilities. The *Panthers* were awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for action in Korea

Japanese bombers, torpedo planes and a submarine sank Yorktown in June 1942. But by October 1944, Bombing Squadron Three was aboard the new Yorktown, namesake of the original ship. A month later the air group bombed Japanese shipping in Manila Bay.

during the period October 1950 through mid-January 1951.

In 1958, VA-35 aircraft from *Saratoga* were among the first to reach Lebanon during that political crisis, and they also participated in the Cuban Crisis in 1962. The squadron transitioned to the A-6A in December 1965 and then trained at NAS Oceana, Va.

The *Panthers* departed San Francisco onboard *Enterprise* (CVAN-65) in November 1966 for their first tour of duty in the Gulf of Tonkin. They arrived in the combat zone in mid-December and after a Christmas standdown, began concentrated strikes on enemy positions. It was during this tour that seven squadron A-6As planted two mine fields on February 26, 1967, at the mouths of the Song Ca and Song Giang Rivers. This was the first air mining operation since WW II, and the first time mines were delivered by jet aircraft.

After a six-month turnaround period in 1968, VA-35 deployed on its second combat cruise to Southeast Asia; however, her arrival was delayed by the *Pueblo* crisis. *Enterprise* and her air wing contingent were the first military forces on the scene. There followed twenty-six days of difficult flying in bitter cold weather as the A-6A pilots supported U.S. operations in the Sea of Japan as part of TF 71's show of force.

In February, *Enterprise* and Air Wing Nine reached Yankee Station and began combat flight operations. Strikes were made on many important targets including the Hanoi port facility, Hanoi radio-telecommunications facility, Hai Duong railroad yards and the Van Dien battery plant. During its second Vietnam tour, the squadron flew more than 1,550 missions and delivered 15,612,435 pounds of ordnance.

VA-35 received the Battle E and two Navy Unit Commendations for the period December 1966 to July 1968, and the Expeditionary Medal for its participation in the *Pueblo* crisis.

VA-35 was back off Vietnam in 1969 and 1970 for its third combat deployment in that conflict, this time flying from the deck of *Coral Sea*. In June 1972, the *Black Panthers* embarked on another combat tour, during which they evaluated the A-6C, using its laser designator to home Air Force "smart bombs" on their targets; mined Haiphong harbor; and flew night armed reconnaissance missions in *Route Pack I*.

Probably their most gratifying experience of the war was their participation in the decisive *Linebacker II* operations which immediately preceded the cessation of hostilities and the return of the POWs. Reports from returned POWs indicate that morale soared in the prison camps as they observed the intense night bombing and sensed that the end was near. VA-35 was en route to its sixth line period when hostilities ceased, permitting its return to NAS Oceana on March 22, 1973.

Commander "Red" McDaniel (now captain), who had observed the bombs from the Hanoi Hilton, arriving home first, was on hand at Oceana to greet the rest of the *Panthers*. They returned as the proud winners of both the ComNavAirLant E and the CNO Aviation Safety Award, their second time to take these double honors.

On April 19, 1973, VA-35 took delivery of its first A-6E. This training period was highlighted by the first entire fleet squadron deployment to NS Roosevelt Roads, the first squadron completion of a training cycle under the new CNAL Training and Readiness Manual, and a second consecutive CNO Aviation Safety Award.

Currently, the squadron is commanded by Commander Gerry Hesse and is deployed with the Sixth Fleet.

During the Korean conflict, VA-35 was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for action from October 1950 through January 1951 while flying from USS Leyte. Aboard Enterprise in November 1967, VA-35's skipper, Commander Glenn Kollmann, briefs President Johnson on a Hanoi bombing strike. Kollmann later lost his life in action on March 12, 1968. Ship's C.O., Capt. Kent L. Lee, now vice admiral, sits left of the President while behind him are Adm. Moorer and Robert McNamara.

Historian's Note

Surveys by Naval Aviation News indicate that historical articles are of great interest to its readers. Through the years, VA-35 adhered regularly to OpNavInst 5750.12B, and retained a good "scrap book" from which this interesting account was obtained.

With attention to operational details and events of human interest, even a new unit can produce an enlightening article. A first anniversary can be as interesting as a fortieth! If someone in the outfit likes writing historical narratives, composing a unit's history can become a hobby as well as a service. If you want to make the *News*, and, therefore, "go down in history," contact the editor.

Squadrons may also send a representative to the Aviation History Office to poke in the files. Several units have done this with good results. It's strictly "self-service," in the sense that the material will be made available, but the actual research must be done by the squadron's rep. Also, a unit may obtain historical photos by writing directly to the Audio-Visual Branch of the Navy Section of the National Archives, Washington, D.C. If you are specific about dates, designations, plane types and actions or campaigns, the "photo-finders" will usually furnish well-composed, action-packed pictures.

Good library sources — like Admiral Samuel Morison's volumes on WW II or Admiral Malcolm Cagle's *The Sea War in Korea* — can also be used to help produce an historical photo feature suitable for publication.

ATTACK AIR WING

Independence aircraft handling crews have an extraordinary variety of planes to shuffle about as the carrier operates as a CV. Prop arcs of E-2s and S-2s represent danger areas, as do the intake ducts and exhaust pipes of the jet powered machines aboard. Then, too, there's the horizontal arc of *Sea King* helicopter blades which, when turning up, may dip perilously close to the deck.

Has the intermix of propeller and jet aircraft created dangers which make the "roof" an even more hazardous environment? Somehow the crew has adapted to the situation. Initial outcries of fear (by some) when the CV concept was introduced have dissipated and the consensus is that most problems have been solved. The men of *Independence* have displayed impressive professionalism in adapting to and successfully managing the intermix.

These crewmen must contend with the following flock of mechanical birds from Attack Carrier Air Wing Seven squadrons whose insignias appear on this and the next page: F-4Js from VF-33 and VF-102; A-7Es, VA-12 and VA-66; A-6Es and KA-6Ds, VA-65; E-2Bs, VAW-122; RA-5Cs, RVAH-9; EA-6Bs, VAQ-132; S-2Gs, VS-31; and SH-3Ds, HS-5. Cdr. Duke Hernandez commands the air wing.

VS-31

VF-13

CARRIER SEVEN

NAVAL AVIATION
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