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A-7D Corsair II, S/N 71-0354 354th TFW, Korat RTAFB 0 Linebacker II 1 June, 1973

My name is Don West, Master Sergeant, USAF Retired. In early '73 I was TDY to Korat RTAFB supporting of the A-7D's assigned to the 355 & 354 TFW, for LINE BACKER II. I was the Supervisor of the Corrosion Control Shop (at the tender age of 22). One fine and steamy morning, as they all were, I was approached by a young A-7 pilot with drawing of some nose art for the Sqn. Commanders' aircraft. Let me interject that the permanent party Korat fighters included herds of F-4 Echo's and F-105's all sporting nasty, macho sharks teeth and I guess the A-7 drivers wanted to hang with the big boys. That being said I took one look at his drawing, of which he was terribly proud, and I pointedly asked him if he and his buddies had already got a real early morning start on the O' Club Happy Hour. I was a veteran of many a nose art creations and this was, in my estimation, the most idiotic, ludicrous, non-fear instilling abortion I'd ever laid eyes on. It looked like fluffy white curtains hung over a red hole with blue lips. And I let him know as much while also letting him know what he could do with his design. The poor young pilot was being bounced back and forth between Mom and Dad--my strong opinion vs the Sqn. Commanders wishes. After copious amounts of pleading, outright begging on his part ( and the ole' reliable--two cases of Oly, still cold of course), I armed myself with a case of spray bombs, masking tape and headed out for the Commanders' bird. Now I know what DiVinci felt like when he was trying to knock out the Sistine Chapel.

The constant stream of ooglers, one of which was our young gopher pilot, certainly didn't help me work any quicker. The snide remarks from onlookers were many, varied and downright embarrassing for me. The things we do for freedom, liberty, the American Way----and free beer! Finally, in the late afternoon, I stood back to (try and) admire my art work---yup, just what I thought--white, fluffy curtains over a red hole with blue lips. Well, truthfully, and I'm being very kind, the bird looked like Walt Disney's "Goofy" and the radome was a perfect cartoon nose. Now for the coupe-de-gras--the Commander soon showed up with many young pilots in tow, to include of course his young project coordinator. One look at the boss's face and it was all too painfully clear--and I'm thinking to myself "Captain, I told you it would look like a barrel of smashed a\*\*holes". Yup, this had been a career limiting move for him. The entourage was snickering and, in some cases, downright laughing their asses off. The Boss stared for some minutes (the drum roll) --not happy (definitely not happy), not sad, kinda shocked. I think he almost lost his composure for a second. Just as quickly he snapped to, did an about face towards our young coordinator and with that firm, non-smiling, commander stuff he told our man that this "creation" would be gone from his airplane by the close of this duty day---so it took me five minutes to paint over my eight hour creation. And that, gentlemen, is the rest of sordid details as I saw them that fine day.

