

The Further Adventures of  
**YOUTHLY PURESOME**

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“Dork, today I’m gonna kicka you ass!” Puresome thought out loud as he gazed out the kitchen window, with his coffee mug in hand.

“That was rude!” responded the child bride from the breakfast table, whose mother had always maintained that, “If you live with a dog, you get to be like a dog.”

But Puresome was already lost in space, gazing at the perfect F-8 Texas morning sky, planning the moves that would leave Dork picking simulated plexiglas out of the back of his neck and make Puresome undisputed momentary king of the hill.

“Bangety-bang-bang-bang!” Puresome mentally filled the air with 20 mike-mike as his gyro pippier relentlessly tracked Dork’s hopelessly out-manuevered *Crusader*.

## Youthly’s Spin-Ex

Puresome and Dork had a 0800 brief for a 1-v-1 hassle hop. As he banged out the front door and drove to the air patch, Puresome looked at the perfectly clear sky and knew the moon was in the seventh house and that today was indeed the day. Puresome and Dork were pals, but in the great ego pecking-order fighter-squadron competition in the sky, there were no points for second place. What Puresome found intolerable was that their series of fights were evenly split. As he drove through the main gate towards the squadron, his juices were burbling with the fierce joy mixed with apprehension that went with the possibility of a really good fight.

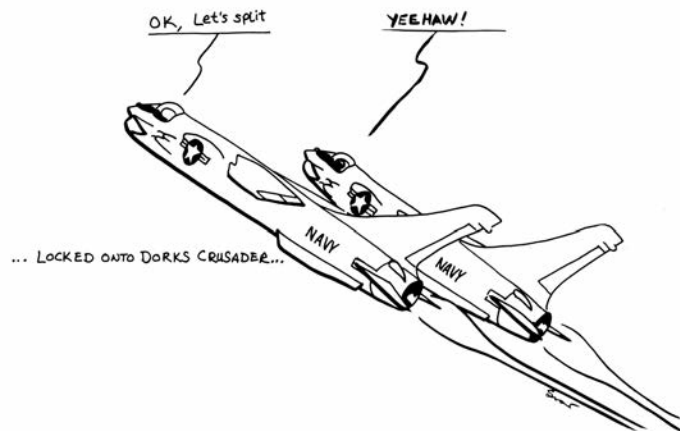
Dork was already in the ready room, so Puresome changed into his flight suit and went in for the brief. Dork was leading, but it was a simple hop in Victor Foxtrot Romeo weather, so the brief didn’t take long. Both Dork and Puresome were in their cool, professional mode, excitement tucked away, viewing each other through half-lidded eyes as Dork briefed a section take-off, the flight to the operation area, the setup and rules for the fights and the other details necessary for the hop.

Finally, it was time to do it. SuperTAR had aircraft numbers for them, so they suited up and walked over to maintenance control to sign out their airplanes. The Martin-Baker leg restraints cinched up just under the knees chinged like Spanish spurs.

Puresome’s day stayed up on the step through the preflight, start, final checks and taxi out in parade formation with Dork. Short of the runway, Dork tapped the side of his helmet and held up two fingers. Puresome switched to button two and heard Dork call for takeoff. The tower cleared them to go.

The two *Crusaders* taxied into position on the runway and stopped, Puresome still in parade position on Dork’s starboard side. Dork held up two fingers and twirled them, and both aircraft ran their engines up to full military power. After checking his instruments, Puresome looked over Dork’s F-8; satisfied nothing had fallen off or was dripping unusually, he gave him a thumbs up. Dork returned his thumbs up, and looking down the runway, bobbed his head and released brakes.

Puresome released brakes with him and maintained his position with small movements of the throttle. After a short interval, Dork nodded his head sideways and they both went into burner. Time compressed for Puresome, holding position with small throttle movements as the aircraft rapidly accelerated and Dork smoothly eased his airplane into the air. Puresome did his thousand-mile-an-hour hands thing as his left hand flew from the the throttle to yank up the gear handle simultaneously with Dork and back to the throttle to keep position. With an exaggerated head movement, Dork moved his head back, then bobbed it down as he lowered and locked the *Crusader’s* variable incidence wing. Puresome’s left hand again danced between throttle, wing handle, locking handle and back to the throttle, this time in perfect sync with the lead aircraft. When Dork again bobbed his head sideways, both aircraft came out of burner in flawless parade formation.



“Yeehaw! Today’s the day they give babies away... for half a pound of cheese!” Puresome sang into his oxygen mask. He smoked along on pure adrenalin as the section climbed out toward the operating area, with Puresome happily working hard flying formation while locked onto Dork’s *Crusader* in the bright blue sky.

Reaching the operating area, Dork didn’t waste time. Leveling at 20,000 feet, he called, “OK, let’s split.”

Both aircraft rolled 45 degrees away from each other. When Puresome rolled out steady, he went into burner. “Cheat and win,” he thought, though knowing Dork would be doing the same thing. As the two aircraft diverged, Puresome locked his eyes on to Dork’s F-8 as it rapidly receded to a tiny dot. Finally, Dork judged they had enough separation and called “fight’s on!”

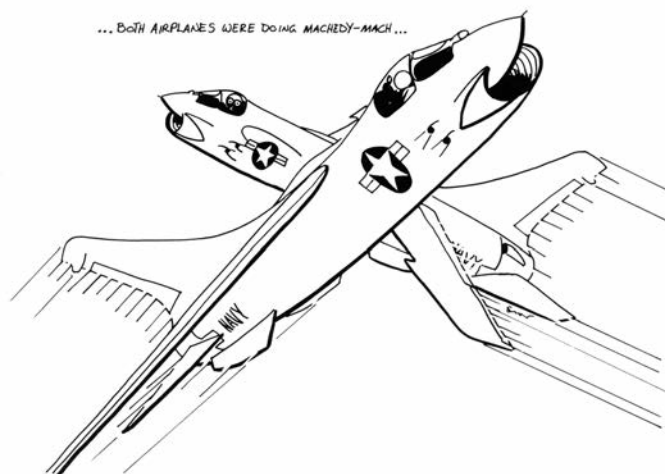
Keeping his eyes locked onto Dork, Puresome reversed hard and nose low back into Dork, who, wise to the easy vertical-angles trick, matched his move. Both airplanes were doing machedy-mach when they crossed head on, already pulling hard into the vertical.

Since Puresome was a semi-stumpy lad, he had long since learned to fight with his seat at the full bottom stop. In this position he could arch his back and look up and back through the ejection seat handles, the better to keep his opponent in sight.

“Raaaauugh!” Puresome grunted against the g’s, barely noticing the oxygen mask down over his chin and g-suit cutting him in half. His vision dimmed as he struggled to maintain a visual lock on Dork.

Dork matched his move into the vertical and both airplanes scissored to get behind the other. They continued to reverse in the pure vertical as airspeed decayed. As the airspeed dropped below 200 knots, Puresome switched to his F-8 slow-fighting mode, since the *Crusader* had very nasty habits with lateral stick at slow airspeeds. He locked the stick in the middle, just using it for pitch, and turned with the rudders. The two aircraft were still at a Mexican standoff as the airspeed approached zero.

Then came the moment of truth — Dork’s nose started to fall away. Pointed straight up, Puresome thought triumphantly, “I got you now! Time to die, Mike Fox!” Looking back over his left shoulder, his left leg



eased in full left rudder, Puresome nursed the  
heavily buffeting *Crusad*