



# *Revenge Of The Hellcats*

*A Back-to-the-future mission where the  
Scourge Of American Roads are eviscerated.*

*The total destruction of mindless  
Tweeting Twits of Texting (T<sup>3</sup>)*

**A spectacular attack on the Isle of Rhode.  
A known redoubt of T<sup>3</sup> evil.**

# SCOUTING FLIGHT

Back from a scouting mission, PBY-5 pilots reported a significant increase in enemy convoys between Warwick and East Greenwich.

Led by Tokyo Rose, the enemy was in constant texting communications with their minders back at the Butler Psychiatric Hospital. Intercepted TEXTS disclosed unruly and uncouth detours into Sexting and other before-radar naughtiness. Fleet Admiral "Do Something Now" ordered an immediate attack.

# The Mission

READY ROOM

0800 hrs USS Sangamon

VF-33 pilots are briefed about moving targets on roads between Warwick and East Greenwich, RI.

They're informed the enemy often moves in surprising ways; darting-across-the-center-line Big-Bogie moves.

Some pilots (red-lined) are nonchalantly thinking *"whatever"*.





## **FIREPOWER**

Ordinance of the day includes 50-cal wing guns and a top-secret prototype air-to-ground rocket known as **Tiny Tim**.

This rocket was developed at the Naval Ordnance Test Station (N.O.T.S.) China Lake, CA where draftsman Glenn L. Flock created some of the engineering drawings.

A known trivia fact that supersedes any trivia question ever imagined.

After the pilot briefing, all hands are on deck to launch the strike.



Gangs of **T<sup>3</sup>** are about to be *heavily-put-upon*  
by the Hellcats of History. **BE AFRAID!**

## INTO THE FRAY

**Lt (jg) Loren "Walt" Flock** starts his engine. Checks the mags and radio; lowers the flaps; cycles the F6F controls; two-blocks the throttle and waits for his catapult signal.

Today would be an important day. Too long he'd been chafing at the bit to get even for what a **T<sup>3</sup>** fool had done to one of his pilot buddies.

This particular **T<sup>3</sup>** driver had become a severe aggravation for the entire VF-33 Squadron.

It seems she was constantly Texting (Sexting?) as she jinked and jerked in every direction without *any* consideration for the climate-changing environment of her fellow drivers.

Her *Magical Thinking* mindset has been engraved into her 50,000 year old cave-woman brain.



Grumman F6F Cockpit

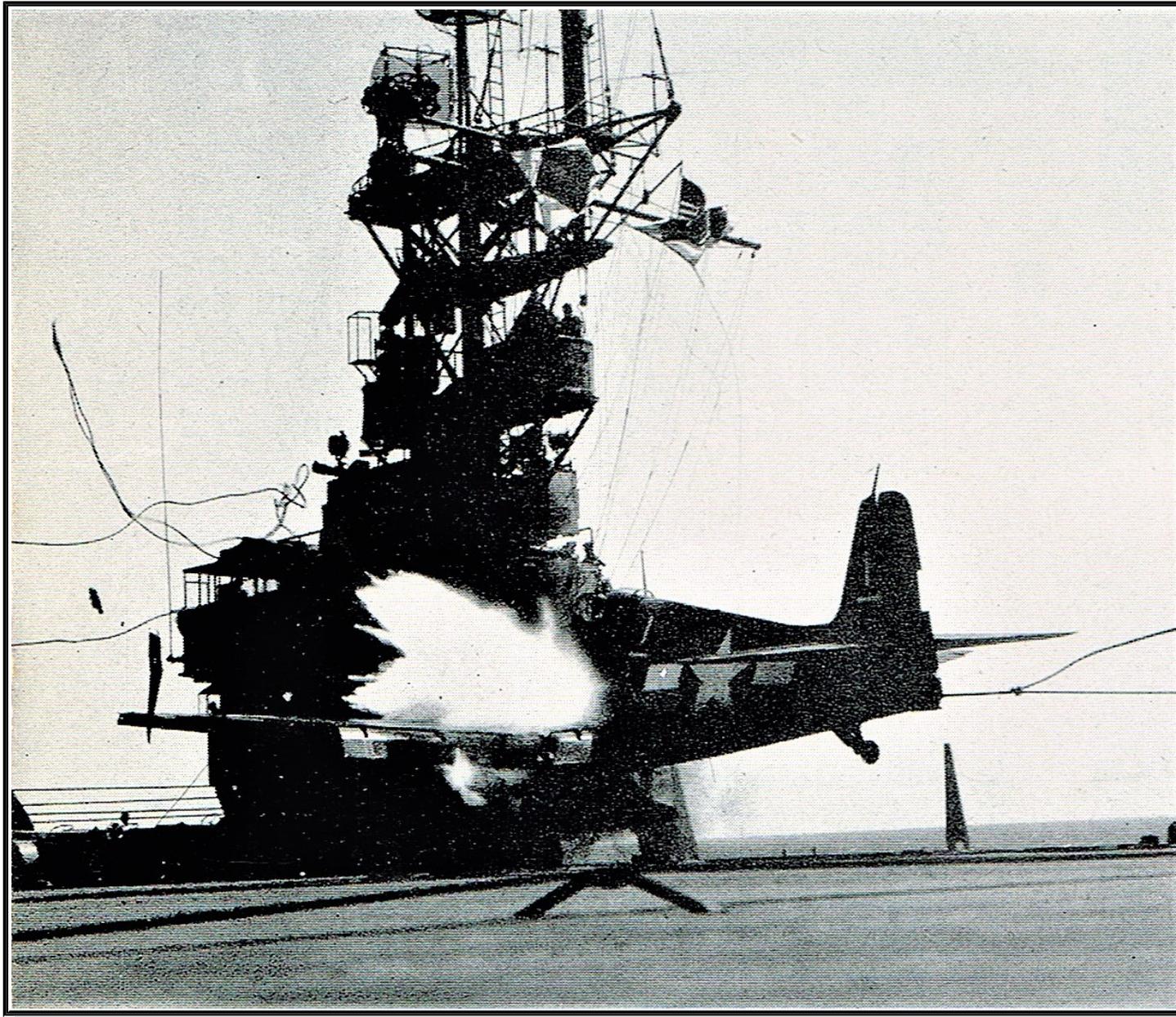
©2011



***Her name is Tokyo Rose***

She's oblivious to ANYONE within line-of-sight. Always flying on autopilot, she's enamored with her elite position as the *Center Of The Universe*.

Her mind has evolved into the persona of a crazy **T<sup>3</sup>** on the Isle of Rhode. Even becoming an existential threat to KFC lip-smackin' chicken eaters.



It seems like only yesterday when the detested Tokyo Rose swerved right in front of **Lt (jg) Bill Bailey** as he was making a normal 90-knot approach on the carrier USS Sangamon; an eagle's nest for VF-33 *Hellish-catheters* flying Grumman F6F fighters.

This untoward maneuver required quick action by Bailey to jam his throttle full-on; thereby interrupting a rather polite landing with a burst of speed.

This surprising spurt caused a dynamic disassembly of the arresting cables. Naturally, this set everyone's hair on fire.



Lt (jg) Loren "Walt" Flock  
awaits the launch signal

AIRBORNE

The Hellcat Strike Begins



Target:

Tweeting Twits of Texting (**T<sup>3</sup>**)

On The Isle of Rhode

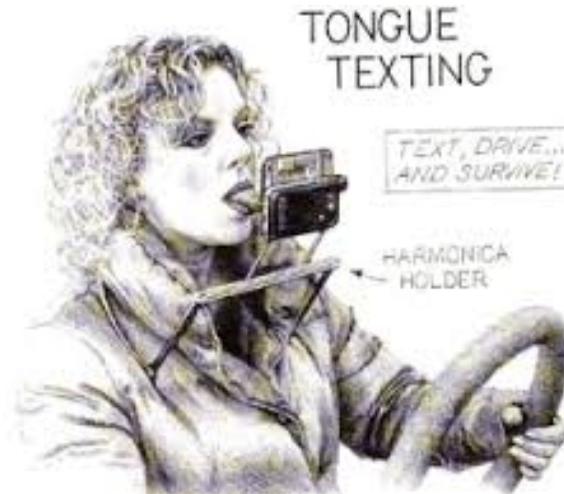


Having experienced great success with many strafing and bombing runs on **Le Shima Island** off the coast of Okinawa, the Hellcat strike force was at the ready to eviscerate the bowels of every **T<sup>3</sup>** who had the gall to Text & Drive.

# TARGETS SIGHTED!



Tatted TweetieBoy  
from TwinkleToe.com



**Code Talker**  
(WWII Vets and  
inquiring minds will know)



Beware the  
**Ides of Mindless**  
For they are DOOMED!



Realizing just how big  
some Hellcat guns are.

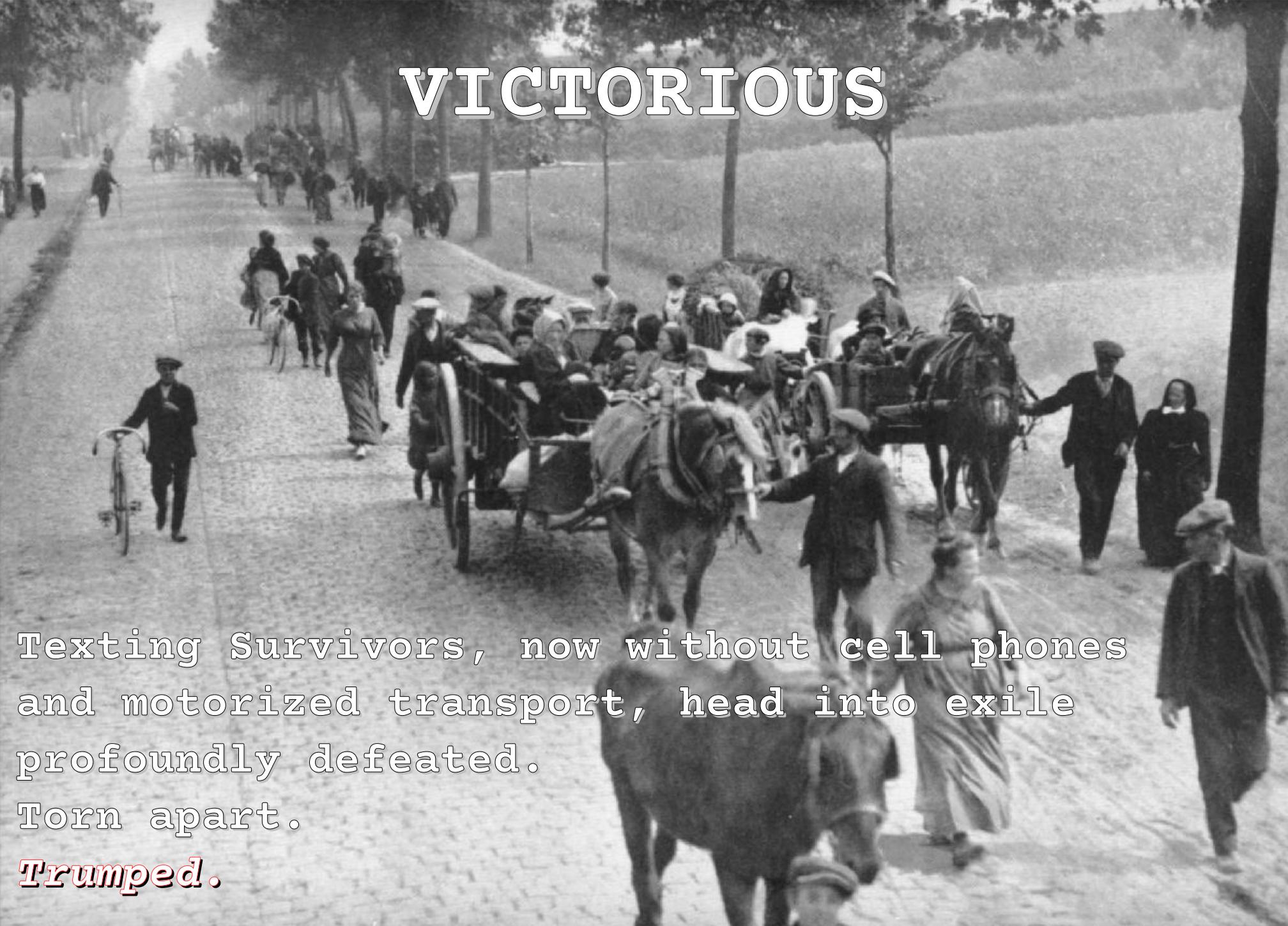


Collateral Damage.



Some die hard.

# VICTORIOUS



Texting Survivors, now without cell phones  
and motorized transport, head into exile  
profoundly defeated.  
Torn apart.

*Trumped.*

# Casualties

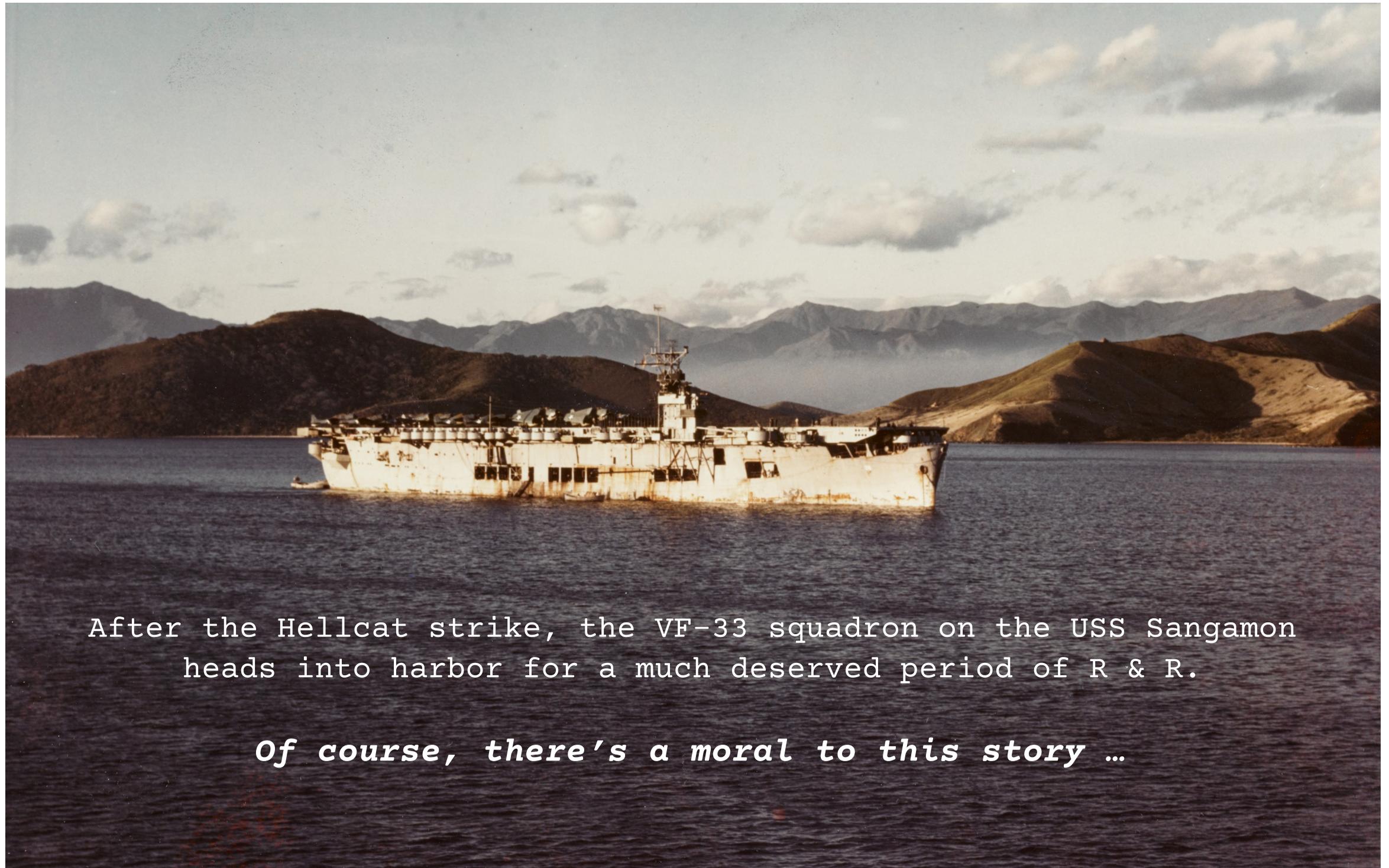


As with all wars, some lose their ass.

A few Kamikaze T<sup>3</sup>'s got in their  
clicks as well.



**Soon after one of the Kamikaze  
attacks on the USS Sangamon.**



After the Hellcat strike, the VF-33 squadron on the USS Sangamon heads into harbor for a much deserved period of R & R.

*Of course, there's a moral to this story ...*

*Don't Ever Piss On A **Hellcat's** Tail*



*You'll be rent asunder by  
Charter Members of the Tailhook Society.  
They'll come out of the Sun Of History and ...*



# Tall Tale Simulacrum

From the [Go2Future Humor Dungeon](#)



In celebration of my brother, Loren "Walt" Flock,  
One of the last surviving pilots of Fighting Squadron VF-33.  
Now in his 95<sup>th</sup> year, he's living large in Warwick, RI.



**Glenn L. Flock**  
**March 18, 2017**  
**Salem, OR**

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