

T H E W A R



MARINE ingenuity in Korea is befuddling Red Artillerymen; helicopters fly in rocket launchers, which fire their lethal loads, then are flown out by helicopter before Chinese spot their positions

Ole Sarge Papa-san

"Papa-san" is the honorary title bestowed upon the airborne intercept operators of the First Marine Aircraft Wing's *Flying Nightmare* squadron who are being retired from combat flying upon completion of their quota of missions.

Recently qualified to receive the venerable title—it means "retired farmer" in Korea—is MSgt. Robert I. Ward, until recently a back-seat driver of the squadron's F7F *Tigercats*.

Papa-san Ward has completed all his night missions and is the oldest radar operator in the Marine Corps. Holder of nine Air Medals and three Distinguished Flying Crosses, Ward took up his calling back in January, 1943. He joined the Marine Corps five days after Pearl Harbor and has flown 123 mis-

sions in two wars.

Col. Frank H. Schwable, known as the father of Marine night fighters, was Ward's pilot in the South Pacific during World War II. They were credited with destroying four and a half enemy aircraft.

As a Papa-san, Ward is entitled to wear the Korean hi-hat or bird cage, and to smoke the extra-long reed pipes used by the old men of Korea, so that Ward is almost in a class with *Grampaw Pettibone*. He is also permitted to offer sage advice to newly-arrived intercept operators on how to use the radar gear in the back seat of the F7F.

Leading Mig Killer

Number One *Mig*-killer in the Marine Corps or Navy, as of the middle of October was Maj. Alexander J. (Rocky) Gillis.

During a 90-day tour with the Air Force as a *Sabrejet* pilot, he destroyed three Communist *Migs*, one probable, and damaged three others. On the last day of his Air Force tour, he got two of those three, was shot down himself and picked out of the sea after four hours of floating around.

Gillis got his first *Mig* on that final day when he and his wingman cut one out of a formation near Sinanju. They stayed on his tail until the *Mig* went out of control and crashed.

Later in the day, his flight saw four *Mig's* and chased them down to 19,000 before losing them. Then Gillis saw another *Mig* all alone below him.

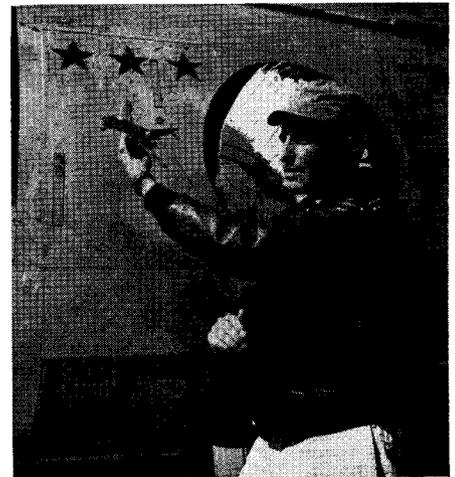
"I rolled over and came down behind him," Gillis reported. "He didn't see me until I started shooting. I let go with five bursts and hit both wings and then my buddies warned me on the



PAPA-SAN Ward of *Flying Nightmares* is oldest radio operator in Marines, is claim



RED AA fire knocked this big hole in Lt. (jg) Robert Notz' AD prop over North Korea



MIG-BAGGER Gillis, with three Red jets to his credit, holds model of the enemy plane

radio that there were other *Migs* behind me.

"I looked in my rearview mirror and saw two on my tail. They opened fire and hit my left wing just as the pilot of a *Mig* in front of me ejected and went flying past my wingtip. I rolled over on my back but the two behind me followed, guns blazing. Several cannon shells struck my fuselage and engine, and broke my throttle.

Gillis started gliding for the China Sea 50 miles away. The *Migs* pulled up alongside him about 150 feet off and stayed there briefly, then turned away.

"They must have been out of ammunition or thought I was dead," the major said, "because they took off without firing again."

The enemy fire had hit his radio wires, but he held them together long enough to report his position. He ejected from his cockpit over water at 4,000 feet. He wrenched his shoulder getting out.

Including a Sink

The aircraft carrier *Princeton*, commanded by Capt. W. R. Hollingsworth, now can boast it has dropped everything "including the kitchen sink" on the North Korean capital of Pyongyang.

VA-195 unleashed its "secret weapon" by attaching a hard-to-find real kitchen sink to a 1,000 pound bomb, hitching them on a bomb rack and flying over Pyongyang. Pilot of the plane was Lt. (jg) Carl B. Austin.

The whole idea came from a chance remark by LCdr. M. K. Dennis after an attack on North Korean power plants. He said, "We dropped everything on them but the kitchen sink." R. B. Deland, ADC, standing nearby, overheard the remark. "Why not that?" he said.

Deland and H. J. Burdett, ADC, put their heads together with the maintenance crew and came up with a fix on how to hang the bulky piece of metal to a bomb which would be on a plane flying 300 mph.

Despite some predictions the plane would not get off the deck with the apparition on its rack, Austin took it up along with a full load of other bombs.

When he got over the Red capital, the sky was so full of AA bursts, he began to wonder if he could get in with the thing. The expected trouble during the pushover and dive failed to materialize.

"I couldn't see what happened after the drop," Austin said, "but if any Reds saw the thing coming down they probably are still running."



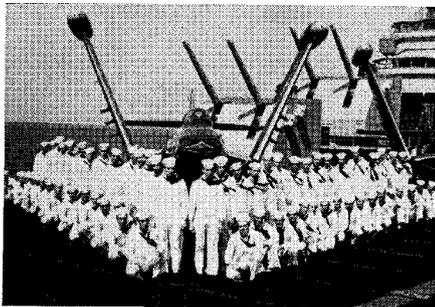
LT. AUSTIN of the *Princeton* inspects kitchen sink he dropped with bombs on *Commiss*



STANDING in the hole through his wing, put there by AA, is Lt. Everling of *Princeton*



'PRINCETON University' aboard flattop convenes classes to improve learning of men



31 SETS OF brothers aboard *Princeton* pose on deck; four *Gilmores* in apex of the 'V'



CAPT. RAY asks question of ex-Jap Captain Watanabe as Capt. Stroop, Takada listen in

Grateful Pilot

When Lt. (jg) Jack Everling came back from a strike over North Korea, he had a hole in the left elevator of his AD *Skyraider* big enough for him to crawl through.

Flying from the *Princeton*, he didn't notice any aircraft fire as he neared the target at Kowan. Then he heard a loud "pop" and thought his engine was running rough. Just as he reached for the throttle to adjust the engine, something hit the plane hard enough to jerk the stick out of his hand. The glass cover on the clock shattered, throwing glass around the inside of the cockpit.

He leveled off and climbed to about 4,000 feet. His wingman was with him and radioed that he had a big hole in his left elevator. The plane was hard to fly, but by holding back on the stick and putting a few more degrees on the trim tab, he managed to keep the plane straight and level and headed back to the carrier.

He landed safely and found that a rivet from the armor plating behind his seat had blown out and shattered the clock. The concussion from the explosion had buckled the heavy plating. After examining the plane and counting 200 holes, he changed to counting his blessings.

'Princeton Afloat'

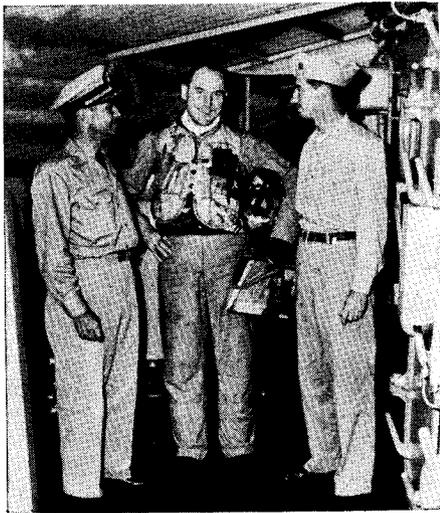
Without ivy-covered bell towers or any other traditional marks of erudition and culture, the Navy's "Princeton University" located somewhere in Pacific waters is dispensing the same thing as its famous namesake—education.

In acreage and attendance, it doesn't quite measure up to Princeton University in New Jersey, but it does afford personnel aboard the TF-77 carrier a chance to acquire high school and college credit. Courses are offered through USAFI. Tuition is only two dollars, and this initial payment entitles the individual to enroll in as many courses as he desires.

The professor of "Princeton University Afloat" is Ens. John D. Scull. The program enjoys the full support of the skipper, Capt. W. R. Hollingsworth.

"Professor" Scull supervises all examinations and send the papers to Madison, Wisc., for correction. General Educational Development tests, which enable personnel to acquire high school diplomas, are corrected aboard ship and the results are sent to USAFI headquarters. The *Princeton* is one of only eight ships qualified to give these tests.

Since Ens. Scull has reported to the carrier, enrollments have increased 50 percent. "We are giving an average of 20 examinations a night," says Scull.



ACE PARKER with Capt. Hollingsworth, Cdr. Denton Hill CAG-19 aboard the *Princeton*

100 Combat Missions

A hundred combat missions over North Korea and 300 hours of combat flying, without ever sustaining so much as a small bullet hole in his plane, is the record racked up by Cdr. E. A. "Ace" Parker, CO of VF-192. A direct descendant of Ethan Allen of Fort Ticonderoga fame, Parker also holds the distinction of having made the 18,000th arrested landing aboard the *Princeton* since her recommissioning in August 1950.

As exec of VF-192 in 1950, Parker flew his first combat mission in close air support of Marines cut off from UN forces at Chosen Reservoir. On one such mission—when almost everything that would fly was directed in an all-out effort to help the Marines—Parker led his flight over a 10,000-ft. overcast, came down on instruments to the attack area, and found only a few hundred feet clear of fog in which to attack. At this altitude, small-arms fire and flak was rough, but the flight stayed and fought with the Marines as long as it could, contributing substantially to their breakout.

Later, Parker gave up a rest period in Japan to go ashore in Korea to act as observer on the Naval air program for the Joint Operations Center. The weather was bitterly cold, but Parker spent considerable time at the front and made several hops in Army observation planes.

Parker's squadron has been the first in Korea to fly consistently with regular carrier-based night-fighter units on night combat missions. It has spearheaded CAG-19's attacks on such heavily defended targets as Pyongyang, Hamhung, and the "lights-out" attacks on North Korean power plants.

Admitting there are times when low

flying is necessary, Parker still censures any pilot who risks his life flying too low. His theory: "The lower you fly, the more accurate the enemy fire." Only one pilot in his squadron has lost his life since leaving the United States in March, 1952.

Good Samaritan

Off in one corner of a room in a South Korean orphanage stood a little Korean girl, watching the others play. She fell as she tried to move toward TSgt. Louis E. Hendricks, a Marine electronics technician with the *Flying Nightmares* squadron, to get a piece of candy he offered her. She had only one leg.



SGT. HENDRICKS helps Korean girl use the crutches he got to replace her lost leg

The little girl's leg was mangled by a bomb which hit her home in North Korea two years before. UN troops found her frost-bitten body three days later and took her to a field hospital where a doctor amputated the leg.

"All the way back to the base I thought about the little girl," Hendricks said after he saw her at the orphanage. "I have a son who is her age. I couldn't help seeing him in her place. I had to try to do something to help her and others who had no shoes or clothing."

He wrote to his wife back in Livermore, Cal., to send him some crutches and clothes. It took two months for them to arrive, but when they did the girl, Lee Kyong Ho, was the envy of every kid in the place.

Refight the War

The battle of the Coral Sea raged recently—aboard the carrier *Essex* anchored in Yokosuka, Japan, harbor.

The opponents were the same as in 1942, only this time ex-Jap Admiral

Yourgi Takada and ex-Captain Toshitane Watanabe were in civilian clothes. Capt. Paul D. Stroop, commanding officer of the *Essex*, was a lieutenant commander and served as tactical officer for RAdm. Aubrey S. Fitch, commanding the American carrier force during the 1942 battle.

Takada and Watanabe were luncheon guests of Capt. Stroop. Watanabe was aboard the battleship *Yamato* and Takada was masterminding the show back in Tokyo. The three got together in the captain's cabin on the *Essex* and settled some questions which had been baffling them for years.

Watanabe explained one reason for the terrific toll of Japanese lives taken was the fact the Jap ships were still operating on Tokyo time, hence rising an hour later than the Americans who were using the correct zone time for the Coral Sea.

"You caught many men getting up," Takada explained, "We were not yet as ready as you were, hence our losses were higher than they might have been had we been using the correct time."

The battle ended with both carrier forces suffering heavy losses. The Japs lost the light carrier *Shoho* and the U. S. lost the *Lexington* aboard which Capt. Stroop was serving. It was the first naval battle ever fought in which the opposing ships never met each other, all fighting being done by their planes.



MAJ. SLAPPEY of VMO-6 hands over his flak vest to relief, LCol. Dew, at forward base

Also attending the Yokosuka "reunion" were RAdm. Frederick W. McMahon, Chief of Staff, ComNavFE, and Capt. C. C. Ray, communications officer, who was on the *Yorktown* at the Coral Sea fray.

"Big Happy Family"

Thirty-one sets of brothers are serv-

ing aboard the *Princeton*, fast carrier of TF-77 in Korean waters. This includes one set of four brothers and three sets of twins. *Princeton* skipper, Capt. W. R. Hollingsworth, says, "We're just one big happy family."

The twins, being identical, look so much alike one of them has had to grow a mustache so their shipmates can tell them apart.

The brothers—who hail from all sections of the country—work together in some cases, but their battle stations are in separate sections of the ship.

Arrival of Harold Gilmore, SA, who had three brothers aboard, is believed to have smashed the record for number of brothers from one family serving together in any unit of the Armed Forces since the famous five Sullivans of World War II.

The *Princeton* brothers are:

Roy, Delmar, Harold, and George Gilmore; Billy T. and Bobby T. Springle; E. W. and R. H. Tolman; V. D. and R. S. Garrison; John and Joe Kalenda; H. A. and H. F. Schaffran; L. P. and Felix Hernandez; H. M. and D. N. Gamblin; C. L. and F. H. McGinnis; L. P. and E. A. Dixon; H. E. and J. R. Hayward; L. F. and M. F. Herbert; C. M. and T. M. Bragg; B. J. and H. H. Claypool; J. M. and H. J. Kizziyah.

R. J. and A. S. Maniscalco; L. C. and L. L. Smith; C. L. and F. E. Foley; H. J. and E. E. McCollum; D. E. and G. A. Manning; C. D. and F. J. Conroy; J. W. and D. E. Batterton; R. L. and D. R. Hatter; K. D. and W. P. Givens; Fritz and J. D. Fink; W. S. and L. S. Federico; W. T. and L. V. Mauldin; LeRoy and L. I. Charters; W. A. and J. L. King, Jr.; R. R. and C. F. Silagy; F. D. and S. N. Tyler.



GEN. MARK Clark on Kearsarge control post with RAdm. Hickey view air launch on Reds

Adventurous Day

With his jet engines already cut, the Marine photo pilot still was traveling 185 mph. His left aileron was almost shot away and his hydraulic system knocked out. His speed brakes and flaps wouldn't drop. The landing gear wouldn't go down.

Capt. Robert E. Benton a MAG-33

photo pilot, was making a low, long approach with his flak-battered jet on a Korean crash strip.

He hit the strip hard, bounced. Fire broke out in the rear of the fuselage. He hit the ground again, skidded 800 feet into a two-ton grain spreader, tearing off the left tip tank and several feet of the wing. Then a whip-like spin pitched his jet into a seven-foot ditch, the impact sending Capt. Benton's crash helmet out of the cockpit. There was a small explosion under the instrument panel.

Untangling himself from his harness straps, the Marine pilot plunged out of the burning aircraft, stumbled behind an embankment and waited for the ex-



MARINE 'copter salvages wrecked AD which crash-landed in mined area behind lines

pected fuel explosion. It never came. The crash crew was on the job to put out what was left of the battered jet. Capt. Benton, in prayerful relief, patted the solid ground.

Although the nose of the jet was smashed and battered, the valuable cameras and film that had taken important pictures of enemy installations were intact.

Benton's jet was hit by flak on a mission near the Yalu river. He had been escorted home by a *Sabre* jet which had shielded him against an attack by a flight of *Mig's*.

The whole hectic mission—the flak, the *Mig's*, the crash landing—left Capt. Benton with only a bruised knee, a cut hand, and a sprained back.

When he came back and looked at the battered jet all he could say was: "I still can't believe I came out of it alive!"

Right the First Time

When it comes to bailing out, it's an old axiom that you have to do it right the first time. Here's a story about two



HANGING head down from falling plane was hair-raising experience for Major Collen

Marine Corps combat pilots in Korea both of whom did it wrong—and lived to tell about it.

Col. Robert Galer, trying to make a quick departure downward from his disabled airplane, got his foot tangled in the shoulder harness. He dangled head downward in midair for a while as he thought the situation over. Then he hauled himself back into the airplane, disentangled himself, and tried again. This time, he made it. Col. Galer landed behind enemy lines, where he was picked up by a rescue helicopter.

Well, not long afterward, the same thing happened again. Maj. Frank R. Collen, flying with the First Marine Aircraft Wing, finding himself hanging from the straps after an attempted bailout, climbed back into the cockpit, and crash landed his plane in friendly territory.

He said later that he had intended to ditch the plane in the water after regaining his balance. But he couldn't get his shoulder straps fastened properly and apparently decided a crash landing would be safer.

Maj. Collen was flown back to his home base from the ditching site and, without stopping for lunch, led another strike against enemy positions.

His comment at the end of the day: "I'll leave the aerial acrobatics to those that like them. I don't."

They'll Get By

A Marine combat photographer, MSgt. Forrest H. Hale, walked into a Korean orphanage. Two seven-year-old girls spotted him, sang out "PIO" and hastily straightened their dresses and combed their hair.

● **NAS PENSACOLA**—The USS *Monterey* has assumed duties as training carrier for the Air Training Command, relieving the *Cabot*.