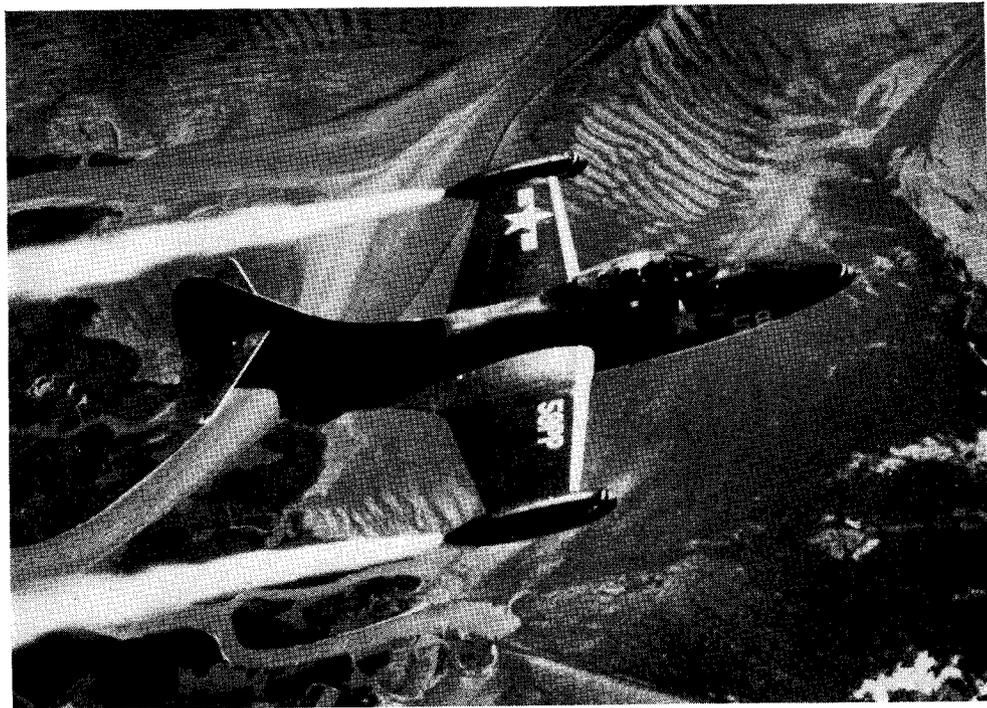


T H E W A R



STREAM of gas flows from wing tanks as Lt. J. Harris, photo pilot of VC-61, releases fuel load over Tokyo Bay prior to landing F9F aboard carrier. Note mud flats, fish trap below the Panther's nose

Lucky Five

"Attack Squadron 55 has another pilot down." Five times the word has been passed aboard the *Essex* and five times *Skyraider* pilots have returned to tell



THANKSGIVING guests on *Bon Homme Richard* watch air launching with RAdm. Johnson

their stories. Their luck has given their squadron an aura of invincibility.

Lt. John Page, his prop blown off while on a close-air-support mission over the central front, crash landed a scant hundred yards behind UN lines. Lt. Jim Norton, hit by flak while on an armed reconnaissance mission, limped out to sea, ditched and was picked up by the destroyer *Ozbourne*. Lt. Tom Davenport ran into enemy AA fire over Tanchon,

ditched off the North Korean coast and was rescued by the destroyer *De Haven*.

Two amazing escapes by *Essex* pilots from behind the enemy lines would fit into any best seller on the Korean conflict.

Ens. Peter Moriarity was the first *Essex* pilot to bail out over North Korea and return. While on a rescue mission for another downed pilot, his plane was hit and he parachuted into the hands of two North Koreans. Unbelievably poor marksmanship saved him. One of the Reds emptied a revolver at him from only five feet away but all six shots missed their target. A UN helicopter hove into view, Moriarity broke from



CHEATING death over North Korea, the lucky five of VA-55 are ready to fight once more

his captors, ran into the middle of a field criss-crossed by rifle fire from approaching Commie troops and jumped into the 'copter. A half-dozen bullet holes were later counted in the "chopper's" thin skin.

Lt. (jg) John Lavra seemed doomed to a fiery death when a burst of flak turned his plane into a flaming torch over the Kojo hydro-electric plant. His fellow pilots watched, horrified, as the orange ball of flame spun earthward for 4,000 feet. They screamed to him to bail out. With only a thousand feet remaining between him and certain death, Lavra finally fought free and jumped. He landed safely behind enemy lines. Despite painful burns, he successfully hid from troops searching for him until the 'copter arrived and whisked him off to safety.

For the helicopter pilot, Lt. Jim Franke, who rescued both of them, the two men will be eternally grateful. Franke has been recommended for the Silver Star for his heroic saves.

They Prayed For Rain

A special Navy airflight brought four soldiers from the front lines in Korea aboard the *Bon Homme Richard* just before dinner time on Thanksgiving day. Compared to life at the front, the men found shipboard life a real treat. They were treated to a turkey dinner with all the trimmings, a visit with RAdm. W. D. Johnson, movies and most delightful of all, a good, clean bed to sleep in for a change from front line mud.

Just before turning in, one of them breathed a prayer that the weather might take a turn for the worse, so they could stay aboard for a month. Sure enough, during the night a cold front moved in and the next morning the rain was pouring down and all planes were kept on deck. Such luck couldn't hold out forever, though, and the magic flying carpet which had brought them aboard returned them to the front on the following day.

The "up front" boys, M/Sgt. A. C. Willis, M/Sgt. K. R. Roberts, SFC R. L. Moore and PFC D. Shlemon, felt like Cinderella returning to the ashes after her night at the grand ball.

Record Smashers

First Marine Aircraft Wing record for tonnage of bombs dropped by a single squadron in a single day was smashed not long ago by the *Wolfraiders*, flying the only land-based AD *Skyraiders* in Korea. With each airplane carrying 2,000 pounders, the squadron bettered the record of 218,000 pounds of high explosives set by the *Deathrattlers* squadron.

The *Wolfraiders* in setting the new record handed Communist front-line positions a terrific beating. Said Col. John P. Condon, commanding MAG-12, who observed the last strike of the day from an accompanying plane: "The day's operation was expertly carried out. MAG-12 can be proud of its *Wolfraiders*."

Sharpshooting Red

A Communist infantryman gave an assist to Lt. John W. Topliff of VA-702, flying off the *Kearsarge*.

Topliff was flying a railway bridge-busting strike near the eastern coastline of North Korea. He dove his *Skyraider* on the target and dropped his bombs.

Upon recovering from the dive, Topliff's wingman radioed that the tailhook on Topliff's plane was down. Having completed the mission, the AD's flew back to the carrier and made a normal landing.

Investigation showed the *Skyraider's* tail hook had been hit by what appeared to be a .30 cal rifle bullet. The bullet hit the toe piece of the hook, causing it to drop sans the pilot's assistance.

Topliff said he liked the idea of not having to extend his tailhook when he went over the check-off list prior to landing. He wasn't so sure the method of extension was satisfactory to use on every hop, particularly when the toe of the tailhook broke off after engaging the wire.

AD'S FROM *Bon Homme Richard* go into a dive bombing run over Tanchon as bombs hit



Chowdown

Keeping *Leathernecks* of the First Marine Aircraft Wing fueled up and topped off for each day's combat is a job which calls for air transportation. Ruminating upon the vast stores of chow consumed each day by men of the Wing's 14 units, the officer in charge of rations, Capt. Ben E. Wall, Jr., observed that the Marines "sure are big eaters". "We fly 1,560 pounds of fresh bread in from Pusan daily, and do the rest of the baking ourselves," he said.

The Gyrenes are not tough enough to eat tin cans, but if you figure in the can's weight with everything else, then each man consumes 198 pounds a month. "The chow in this war is so much better than that of World War II, there's no comparison," Wall said. "We have biscuits every day, and some sort of cake, pie, or home-made ice cream for dessert."

First-Hand Knowledge

One man in the newly elected Congress is going to know what he's voting for when it comes to appropriating money for the Korean war.

When William S. Maillaird was elected Congressman from the Fourth Congressional District of California, he decided he wanted some first-hand knowledge of the war. A commander in the Naval Reserve, he asked for a short tour of active duty in the Korean area. Aboard such Navy carriers as the USS *Kearsarge*, he watched air strikes being launched over North Korea and learned about the workings of our airplanes from company representatives like Mr. Frank Finnell of Westinghouse.

Although entitled to pay for his tour of active duty, Cdr. Maillaird paid for it from his own pocket.

Thanks for a Dud

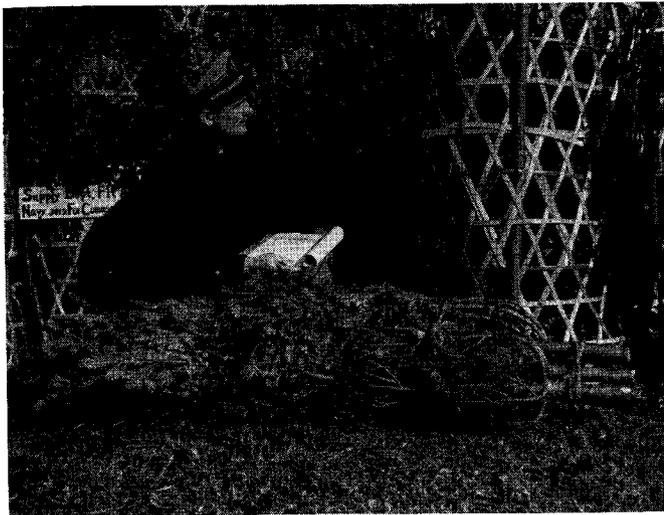
Marine Capt. Richard Francisco of VMA-212 took a direct hit from a Communist 90-mm. shell in the belly of his *Corsair* and flew home to tell about it.

He had started his bomb run over the Haeju peninsula when he felt something hit the underside of the fighter-bomber like a giant sledge hammer.

"I knew I'd been hit, but I didn't know what hit me," he said. "The plane would still fly so I finished the run."

On return to base, ordnance men found a huge dent in the belly and part of the radio gear carried away. They decided the *Corsair* must have taken a direct hit from a dud 99-mm. shell right under the pilot's seat.

"I guess my number wasn't up," Francisco said. "If that shell had gone off, it would have blown the plane to bits. I'd never have known what hit me."



CHRISTMAS trees and wreaths to be distributed to all Navy ships in Korean waters are checked by Chief Warrant Officer Moore



RED RIPPERS pilots, Lts. Cowell and Barrows, head for VF-11 ready room on Kearsarge after successful North Korean mission

Operation Christmas Tree

The Navy units operating off Korea weren't forgotten when Christmas greenery was distributed. Every unit had its own Christmas trees and wreaths.

Distribution of some 1,250 Japanese pine and fir trees and 900 holiday wreaths was begun well in advance of Christmas Day, so that most ships could pick up their trees and wreaths during an in-port period. Trees and wreaths were delivered at sea to those ships not scheduled for an in-port period.

Aircraft carriers, cruisers and battle-ships received 12 trees and nine wreaths. The Navy's smallest combat units, the minesweepers, each received two trees and one wreath. Hospital ships, including the British *Maine* and the Danish *Jutlandia*, received 12 trees, 10 wreaths.

Flies Out, Bikes Back

Capt. Charles A. Willis with the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing in Korea will remember his first Korean combat mission for a long time to come. He started on it flying a *Corsair* and arrived back at base on a bicycle.

Willis' plane ran out of gas as he was returning to his base, and he was forced to parachute over friendly territory. He landed in a rice field near a schoolhouse and was immediately surrounded by about 200 Korean children. A policeman came along, rescued the pilot from his youthful admirers and insisted that the flyer take his bicycle to get home, seven miles away.

Leatherneck Luck

Marine Major Norman L. Hamm calls himself one of the luckiest pilots in the *Wolfraider's* squadron.

While on a strike against power plants in North Korea, a 37 mm anti-aircraft shell tore through the tail section of his

Skyraider, leaving the horizontal stabilizer dangling and useless. He was just pulling out of his dive when the shell hit the tail section. Fortunately it failed to explode or it would have destroyed the entire tail section. In spite of the damage to his aircraft, he completed his flight and returned safely to his home base.

No Sad Songs For Them

A tragedy started the rite of nailing caps above the door of the Officers' Club at one of the Marine Ground Control Intercept Squadrons in Korea.

The tradition started when an Air Force Captain, flying B-26 light bombers against the Communists, asked the Marines to nail his cap to the wall. He was about to take off on his last mission before returning home. Fate willed otherwise, and he was shot down by Red anti-aircraft fire.

His hat with the shiny Captain's bars



SMILING at his luck, Major Norman L. Hamm displays horizontal stabilizer damaged by AA

still hangs above the door with over 50 more caps nailed around it. They range from baseball caps to full dress jobs with patent leather peaks. That first one was the only cap ever to go up before the last mission was completed. The other pilots have completed their missions and have their orders for home in their hands before their caps are nailed to the wall.

"No One Argued"

Lt. Donald D. Hillan, Navy doctor with the First Marine Aircraft Wing, finished a tour of combat duty in Korea and went home. Back in the States, "Things seemed rather dead," he said, "so I extended until June, 1953 and volunteered to return to the battle-front. No one argued."

So, six weeks after completing 11 months as flight surgeon with the First MAW Transport Helicopter Squadron, he's back—this time as flight surgeon for Aerial Observation Squadron 6.

During his first tour of duty in Korea, Lt. Hillan was awarded the Bronze Star, Commendation Medal, and Air Medal.

Marine Orphanage

There are many orphanages in South Korea, but the Marine Memorial Orphanage at Pohang is well on the way toward becoming one of the few self-supporting ones there.

Protestant Chaplain Richard D. Cleaves of Marine Air Group 33 got the idea less than a year ago. Today the orphanage has clear title to six buildings and rice land valued at more than 38,000,000 won. That's equal to \$6,500.

The Rev. William B. Lyon, a veteran Presbyterian missionary, together with other ministers of Pohang organized and incorporated the orphanage. Money

donated by Marines of the First Aircraft Wing bought the land and constructed the buildings. Wing Chaplain Joseph F. Parker took over control of the orphanage when Chaplain Cleaves was rotated.

Much of the food the children live off will be harvested from their own paddies. By winter of next year, there should be enough rice left over to sell.

Hands Across The Border

There's one strange navy blue uniform aboard the *Oriskany* these days, but none of the men aboard the carrier seems to find it out of place.

Lt. Joseph J. MacBrien of Toronto is the first Canadian naval pilot to take part in combat operations against the Communists in Korea as an exchange pilot serving aboard the *Oriskany*. After six months in various training assignments, he joined other VF-781 pilots and flew his *Panther* jet in combat.

For his first combat sortie, Lt. MacBrien drew an armed reconnaissance mission along a heavy Communist supply route, 150 miles north of the front lines. After landing safely back aboard, he was asked in the debriefing room what he thought of his first sortie. Nonchalantly he remarked, "We encountered a little anti-aircraft fire, but managed to cover our route."

Got A Match, Bud?

Marine Major George A. C. Hanna was trying to land a TBM at a forward air base in Korea. An overcast had forced him to circle the field for a couple of hours.

Darkness was closing in and his fuel was almost gone, so the tower ordered him to make a GCA landing. Turning to his approach instruments, he discovered his panel lights were out of order. With characteristic Marine ingenuity, he dug out a box of matches and lit one after



EXCHANGE pilot, Lt. Joseph MacBrien, mans his jet before flying first combat mission

another, making enough light to see his instruments.

He made the landing and turned to his lone passenger, Capt. Jack Lewis, who had sweated it out with him. "We made it O.K.," Hanna laughed. "What were you worried about?"

"Nothing much," Lewis assured him. "I was just wondering what would have happened if you'd run out of matches."

By Light of the Moon

Communications men of MAG-12 recently installed 102 telephones and two switchboards in 22 hours with a 15-man crew—a job comparable to setting up phone facilities for a town of 1,000 people. Because of a power failure, they had to work by the light of matches and flashlights.

The job was directed by MSgt. David S. Kelley, who allowed the crew time out only for chow. He said putting in all those wires by match light was a job to end all jobs.

How to Make Friends

Three Marine Corps transport helicopter pilots from HMR-161, overnighing at an Army base, paid off their hosts' hospitality in a way that made friends with the foot soldiers.

The pilots noticed a pack train of soldiers and Koreans staggering up a steep hill nearby to set up a radar station. There would be no road up the hill for two months.

Within 20 minutes, in a lifting job similar to one in California last summer which made possible the first televising of an A-bomb explosion, the Marines lifted a ton of gear up the peak.

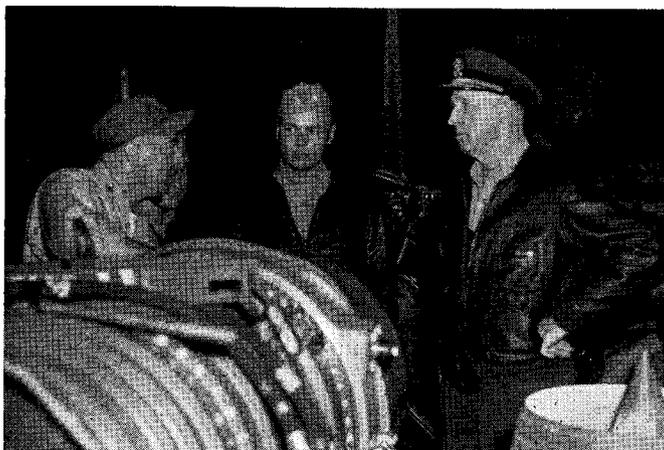
Little Lost Sheep

It wasn't a case of mistaken identity, just a case of prudent airmen who found themselves running short on gas. That's the alibi of four *Oriskany* pilots who landed on the *Kearsarge* and they're stuck with it.

Returning from a strike, Lt. Charles E. Guthrie, Lt. (jg) Henry W. Egan, Ens. Roy Taylor and Ens. Jack Carter landed on the wrong aircraft carrier. Moments before Lt. (jg) Egan got his cut, he heard Capt. Courtney Shands, CO of the *Oriskany*, radio the *Kearsarge*, "Do you have our jets?" and the reply was, "Yes, three, and one in the groove!" By then Egan had no choice but to follow his three fellow pilots.

The jets came back from the mission low on fuel. Even the Admiral, who greeted the pilots after they landed, wondered how they could stay up so long. One of the pilots said he asked them where they hid all their gas.

The flight deck crew and maintenance men of the *Kearsarge* claim the pilots were just plain lost. They decorated the planes with signs saying, "No excuses," "Where am I?" "Which way did they go, George?" and "Eenie, Meenie, Miney, Mo; I should have landed on the O'."



THE WORKING of a jet engine is explained to Cdr. Maillaird (center) by Frank Finnell. Cdr. Boyle, RAdm. Hickey listen too



SHEEPISH *Oriskany* pilots, Egan, Taylor and Carter, pose by one of planes they landed on *Kearsarge* seeking "any port in a storm"