NAVAL AVIATION NEWS

JANUARY 1953

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BRITISH UNVEIL NEW BOMBER

Spectators at the Farnborough air show in England were impressed by the new Avro 698 Vulcan delta-wing bomber. Four Rolls-Royce Avon jets power the big plane, outgrowth of the 707-A and 707-B. Photos from 'Flight.'

IT WAS a hot autumn evening in the dusty Mexican border town of Calexico, a few miles south of El Centro, the Navy's parachute testing station.

Several naval aviators were strolling down the street. Chancing to look in a corner drug store, one spotted an embarrassed-looking pilot standing by the window. He was in a flight jumper. Helmet and goggles were in his hand.

Curious to know what a flier in summer regalia was doing in a drug store at that time of night, the pilots went in and asked questions. He turned out to be a Marine pilot from El Toro. He had started out across the desert to El Centro, but his navigation was poor. He missed a few check-points such as Palm Springs and Salton Sea.

Before he knew it he was lost. It was almost dark when the gas in his SNJ ran out. The worried Marine put his plane down in a beet field. Walking out to a road, he accosted a man in a cotton truck who turned out to be a Mexican who "no spika English". Pointing northward, the pilot conveyed the idea he wanted a ride north, so the peon gave him a 50-mile lift to Calexico while the pilot figured an alibi.

He had just been trying to call El Centro long distance to advise the station why he hadn't finished out his flight plan when the Navy pilots arrived.

After hearing his story, one threw a chill of chagrin into the lost Marine by threatening: "Wait till *Grampaw Pettibone* hears about you! Boy, he'll sure blister you!"

The *Grampaw* referred to was none other than *Naval Aviation News'* own sage of the airways. This month *Gramp* passes his 10th birthday. Ten years of handing out verbal spankings to brain-lazy pilots have made him the most popular and widely-read military aviation writer.

There is no way of knowing how many pilots' lives and how many millions of dollars worth of airplanes *Grampaw* has saved by his constant preaching against the flying sins of pilots. But it is certain both figures are high.

Over the years, Navy and Marine pilots have almost feared to fill out accident reports, knowing they might wind up in *Grampaw Pettibone's* "All-American Dilbert Club". When they did, fellow pilots usually made their lives miserable by "riding" their pals.

No one knew who Grampaw really was but all pilots want to know. Whenever they met a member of the NEWS staff, their first question invariably was: "Who's *Grampaw Pettibone?*" The NEWS will reveal only this much—Capt. Seth H. Warner dreamed up *Gramp* back in 1943 and built up the colorful character until he retired after the war. But let's take a look back over *Gramp's* 10 years . . . .

A month before organized resistance by the Japanese on Guadalcanal ceased and VMF-124 put the first F4U-1's into combat, the Navy decided to do something to cut down aviation training accidents. At its score of training bases, cadets were killing themselves right and left. They forgot to switch fuel tanks, tried to turn back to the field on engine failures and neglected to watch out for other student pilots in the landing circle.

Bureau of Aeronautics established the chair of "Aircraft Safety Counseler" and guess who was picked to occupy it? *Grampaw Pettibone.* On the January 15, 1943, the BUAER NEWS LETTER, as NAVAERNEWS then was called, introduced Capt. Warner anonymously to its readers as follows:

"Gentlemen, meet an old-timer, P. S. ("Post Script) Pettibone, long since retired, but now back in parachute harness. He started flying back in the days when airplanes were built out of cigar boxes and bailing wire; when an airplane was considered a success if the pilot could coax it 50 feet in the air, and a successful landing was anything you could walk away from."

Grampaw, it revealed, was a guy who had made all the errors himself and was a ripe one to pass them on to student pilots. "There is no need for you to repeat them," the introduction said, "May you profit by his mistakes!

"His log book is studded with 'firsts', dating back to such things as: 'first to take off in a seaplane carrying 250 pounds of useful load' and 'first to make a four-hour endurance flight.' In the last war he used to dogfight in a flying boat and use a Colt .45 to help out his combination gunner and bomber in the bow."

How did he get interested in naval aviation again after being retired for high blood pressure and a rheumatic back? *Gramp* was a fishing enthusiast and one day in 1942 was whipping the stream that ran through his farm. A student pilot crashed a few hundred yards away.

"Fortunately, the student wasn't injured, but the airplane caught fire and burned. The reminiscent smell of his burning airplane was too much for *Grampaw,*" the *News Letter* recounted. "He stopped only long enough to locate his lucky helmet and returned with the student."

He had a hard time talking himself past the physical exams of the Navy but his personal desire for "action" and the Navy's awakening to the critical situation in training aircraft accidents opened the gates. *Gramp* was in!

In that very first issue of the *News Letter* introducing him, *Gramp* began lowering the boom on sloppy-thinking pilots. One primary student, he revealed, got lost in misty weather and lost sight of landmarks. He tried to land in a grassy field and his plane nosed over when the landing gear hit a log.

Grampaw Pettibone Says:

Reminds me of the time I got lost. Landed out of gas, in a cow pasture about sundown. When the farmer came out, he said, "Well son, we got only two beds . . . " but maybe I better not tell that story—might only lead to more young fliers getting lost.

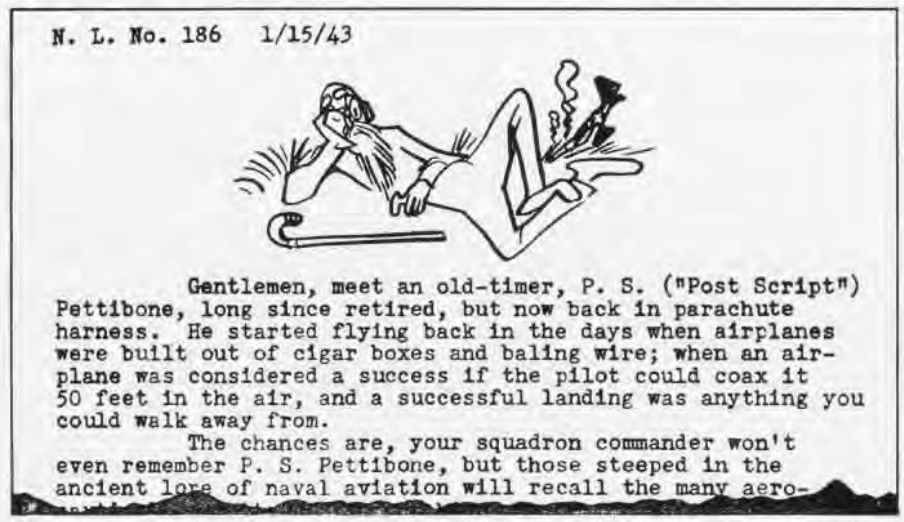
Gramp went on to recount how Lindbergh got lost on a cross-country in Mexico but found himself by recognizing a church. "He'd studied his route so thoroughly that he knew all the landmarks within 50 miles of his course," *Grampaw* related. "Mark my word, it's hard to lose a chap like that. Genius is 99.44% perspiration."

Grampaw went over the dozens of accident reports every day and winnowed out the things which seemed to bother most pilots in training. There was one F4F pilot who tried to bring in his *Wildcat* high and fast, by sideslipping and fish-tailing violently. He ran off the end of the runway.

Grampaw Pettibone Says:

Not worth a thinker's damn, except in helicopters.

Then there was the SNJ-4 pilot who glanced at an outlying field's windsock and then landed parallel to it but downwind. Result: groundloop and nose-over.



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Gentlemen, meet an old-timer, P. S. ("Post Script") Pettibone, long since retired, but now back in parachute harness. He started flying back in the days when airplanes were built out of cigar boxes and baling wire; when an airplane was considered a success if the pilot could coax it 50 feet in the air, and a successful landing was anything you could walk away from.

The chances are, your squadron commander won't even remember P. S. Pettibone, but those steeped in the ancient lore of naval aviation will recall the many aero-

THIS IS THE WAY GRAMPAW'S FIRST COLUMN LOOKED IN JANUARY 1943 ISSUE OF THE NEWS

SILK GABARDINE UNIFORM ON EARLY GRAMPAW

ENSIGN PETTIBONE PATTERNED AFTER WARNER

That Brodie caused the Aircraft Safety Counseler to mutter in his beard and come out in print saying: "This fool maneuver has been going on ever since the first wind sock was invented. This indicates that Darwin's evolution business is working out mighty slow, at least as far as Navy pilots are concerned. Better rely on the old rule-of-sock: Fly out of the sock, not into it."

BUCKLING safety belts or harnesses was something young pilots frequently neglected, but seldom lived to do more than once. One F4F pilot bailed out from his spinning fighter at 6,000 feet. His parachute opened but came down empty, the chute leg straps dangling. The pilot had unbuckled them while flying, for greater comfort. They dug him out of a six-foot hole.

Many years before that, at elimination base at Oakland, Calif., a seaman second class forgot to buckle his safety belt in the rear seat of his N2S. An irate instructor kicked the stick forward and out popped the cadet to straddle the tail and then fall off. His chute was fastened though and he lived to lampoon others as a successor to Capt. Warner when he retired again after the war.

As naval aviators began to read *Grampaw's* columns in the *News Letter*, his sage comments took on more weight. Fliers whose numbskull exploits made his columns anonymously were unmercifully razed by their fellow pilots. Soon *Gramp* was able to point to quarterly flight figures showing accident decline. But he cautioned, "Now don't get cocky.' That's what goeth before a crash."

Then there was the TBF-1 pilot making field carrier landings, who spun in but was unhurt because his shoulder straps were tight.

Grampaw Pettibone Says:

I knew it! There's always a certain percentage of smart fatalists who think nothing will happen to them. They're the type that never take out insurance. And this shoulder harness is the best accident insurance that's been offered to aviators since the invention of the parachute and the safety belt. It's the kind of insurance on which you, instead of your next of kin, collect.

Maybe this harness does take a little time to adjust, but so does a broken jaw.

Two months after writing up the F4F pilot's empty parachute, *Grampaw* recounted another *Wildcat* collision. One pilot's chute was spotted by another plane, the leg straps dangling open and no one in it.

Grampaw stormed: "That one cured me! It's the second similar accident in the past few months. I'll admit I've occasionally unbuckled my harness to be a little more comfortable . . . Anyone catching me that way again, please kick my parachute seat clear up to my clavicle."

LT. OSBORN, CREATOR OF GRAMP'S DRAWINGS

And still the pilots went on doing foolish things. *Gramp's* hammering went over well but there is no cure for knotheadedness. Sometimes *Grampaw's* comments sounded as though he were losing hope. There was an SB2A pilot who went into a 14,000-foot dive without his dive flaps open. He observed woefully: "A pull-out begun at normal altitude, from a dive made with dive flaps closed, is seldom completed above ground."

Three student pilots in a row tried to get back to the field when their engines failed soon after takeoff. All spun in.

Grampaw Pettibone Says:

Why in blazes do so many of you try to make it back to the field when this happens? . . . Unless you are in the proper position and have plenty of altitude, you should land straight ahead."

Probably half the fun of reading *Grampaw Pettibone's* monthly pages in the NEWS has been to chortle over his pithy and frequently irate comments on the accidents. There was the pilot of a brand-new JRF-5 who landed wheels-down in the water. He pleaded "temporary preoccupation."

That brought a snort from *Gramp* that rattled the rafters. "Temporary preoccupation, my ankle! They wouldn't print what I call it!" he shouted.

The Sage of Safety went on to tell about the torpedo bomber pilot who transferred to float planes. On his first flight he tried to land on the runways of his new station. Only the radioman's frantic warnings stopped him.

"Then the pilot circled the field and made a good landing in the bay," *Gramp* said. "After taxiing up to the ramp, he got out on the wing and turned to the radioman and said, 'Good work! That certainly was a dumb stunt, trying to land on the field on floats.'

"And with those few kind words, he jumped from the wing onto the field—I mean into the water up to his neck."

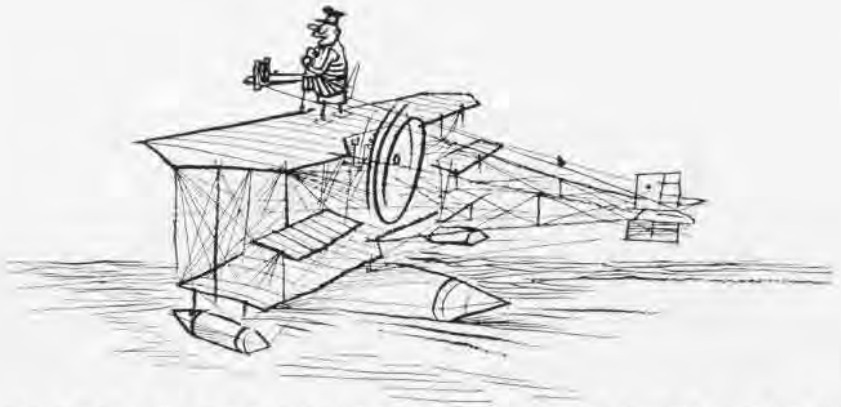
SELF-PORTRAIT OF WARNER'S COLLABORATOR

One day a pilot took up a fighter to get some slow-time on a new engine. Instead he did stunts and promptly set the engine on fire, which caused *Grampaw* to lament, "A guy that would punish a new engine like that probably would beat up little kids in a dark alley."

ALL OF the accidents reported by *Pettibone* in his columns have not been routine, oft-repeated mistakes. One mech got too close to a jet tailpipe and got all of his hair burned off. He bought a wig and went back to work. On his first day the jet intake sucked his wig into the engine. All *Gramp* could think of to recommend to that worthy was "Brother, you've had it! Maybe you ought to get into some other line of work."

Probably the most famous and unbelievable series of mistakes ever made on a single flight were revealed to the aviation world by *Grampaw*. The story involved an F9F-2 flying off the *Essex*. The pilot bounced on landing and instead of going into the barriers he tried to fly it off again. He picked up the nylon tape off the Davis barrier on his hook, clogging it.

On the way up the deck, the *Panther* hit another plane with a pilot in it, knocking off the canopy and doing other damage. The errant jet flew off the end of the deck and skimmed the water, the nylon barrier tape dragging in the jet exhaust-churned wake. Before his next time around the *Essex* cleared the deck and installed a line of tractors behind the barriers to stop him. Without one flap and port wheel, which he knocked off on the first pass, he came in.



GRAMPAW FLEW EARLY PUSHER NAVY SEAPLANES DURING HIS TOUR OF DUTY WITH AIR NAVY

His hook jammed, the plane missed the wires. The pilot poured the coal to the jet again. The F9F sheared off the other two wheels on the tractors, skidded up the deck on its belly, knocking off the remaining flap and damaging the wing tanks and fuselage. Thus torn up, the *Panther* soared off into the air again while the ship tried to figure out what to do next.

About that time the pilot radioed in the understatement of the century: "This is becoming a rather rugged flight." He was ordered to try to fly to the beach and make a belly landing ashore, but ran out of gas 20 miles out and ditched.

Gramp's exhausted comment after that million-dollar mistake was to observe that the pilot had turned in his wings and "doesn't give a hoot about ever trying another carrier landing".

Gramp also was the first to publish the story of the AD pilot at NAAS CHARLESTON who actually took that high-powered attack plane off the runway with his wings folded. He got it 250 feet in the air before it went into a slip and crashed. Aviation experts claim such a feat is impossible but *Gramp* investigated fully before he wrote up the addlepated pilot who did it.

We have told how Capt. Warner came back on active duty in 1942 and headed the Flight Statistics and Safety section of BUAER. Where did the *Grampaw Pettibone* name come from and who did the drawings for the bearded old gaffer?

Official statistics on accidents were too dull reading, so Capt. Warner dreamed up *Gramp*. He appeared on the scene in the NEWS almost full blown. His great age made him all-wise. This, and his low boiling point, plus the fact he had come back from retirement just to do a job on flight safety, all left him free to come out swinging and shoot off his mouth at will on any and all subjects. This he did—and was immediately successful.

The Gramp name came from his old age and the *Pettibone* just came out of a hat, altho it tied in to his great age too. *Gramp* was given character by the individualistic cartoons of LCdr. Robert C. Osborn, former teacher with a flair for caricatures. Osborn is also known for his *Dilbert* and *Spoiler* cartoon posters which decorated every air station's classrooms and bulletin board. Osborn and Warner dreamed up *Gramp* as he is known today—he hasn't changed in the 10 years since he was "born". He looks a little like Warner, in fact.

Osborn got a start in drawing because his father's lumberyard folded and he had lots of stationery and account books to draw and paint on. At Yale he got tossed out of art class because he drew a caricature of G. B. Shaw instead of drawing an egg-shaped cast.

From there he graduated to sketching nudes at British Academy in Rome and Academie Scandinav in Paris. Then for six years he taught painting, Greek philosophy and coached football and trapshooting at a Connecticut school. He began drawing caricatures for his friends when he was ill for several years, then enlisted in the Navy in 1942.

In the service he dreamed up *Dilbert* the Pilot and *Spoiler* the Mechanic. Posters, *Sense* pamphlets and cartoons soon poured from his facile brush—2,000 posters and 1,800 cartoons—in addition to drawing *Grampaw*.

Both Capt. Warner and Osborn, incidentally, were so successful in the field of flight safety that they were awarded Legions of Merit for their work at the close of the war.

During Warner's flying career, he had many kinds of experience, including command of a dive bomber squadron, a scouting squadron and a patrol squadron. He has his share of "sea stories" to relate about his flight training, such as the time he and his room mate, now VAdm. H. M. Martin, ComAirPac, did some dogfighting in HS-2 "flying coffins" with pusher props.

On one pass they started at the same altitude and dove the seaplanes toward each other at the bottom of the "V". "As we pulled out, however, nothing happened," Warner recalls. "Our weight and inertia kept us going right down the 'V'. Evidently our poor aim kept us from colliding, but we whoshed past each other so close we could see the whites of our . . . cheeks. And so we learned about dog-fighting. Understand they have different methods of teaching it now."

Warner was mum about it, but VAdm. Martin recounted another one on the future *Gramp* when he was a cadet. One day during bombing practice, Warner dropped his "eggs" on the rake station repeatedly—then wondered why there were people under the target. Adm. Martin also recalled both he and Warner were "beached" after their close shave in the HS-2's.

HARD-HAT PETTIBONE KNEW HOW TO FLY A JET

Then there was another time when he was sent out in a *Jenny* (Curtiss JN-4) minus a compass to make a triangular navigation flight on a cloudy day. He missed his check points and ran out of gas 50 miles east of Pensacola. After putting down in a hay field, his plane turned over in a soft spot.

His wingman landed and they found the damage was a busted rudder. Two hours later he was back with a rudder and mech, only they had brought an N-9 rudder instead of a JN.

"After much squeezing and bending, however, we got it on," Warner recalls. "When I got in the air, I found I had to use full right rudder to fly straight. Whenever I eased up, the plane swung around to the left.

"The only way I could get back on course again was to continue turning to the left about 340° more, and then try to hold it. Boy, was my leg sore. I can still feel it." They got back home in the pitch dark and landed with the light of three buckets of burning gasoline—his first night landing.

One day Lt. H. M. (*Beauty*) Martin, then CO of VF-2, asked Warner to fly a plane aboard the *Lexington* for the winter cruise. Full of confidence at landing on such a big flattop after quali-

ıying on the *Langley,* Warner came into the groove unable to locate the LSO, who then wore ordinary fliers' clothing. At the last minute, he saw the cut being flashed and crossed the stern as they sounded the crash alarm.

"I saw the arresting wires go by like a picket fence. I hooked the last wire and got out of that with only a blown tire and one busted windshield where my head had crushed it vertically." That was in pre-shoulder harness days.

WHILE WITH VP-10 as skipper, Warner led a mass flight of 18 PBY-2's from San Diego to Pearl Harbor, the longest mass flight attempted up to that date, 1938. They ran into heavy weather and had no oxygen, but the planes soared to 15,000 feet trying to go over it. One plane's radioman passed out. Warner looked at his co-pilot and saw blood dripping from his nose.

Less than halfway across the Pacific, *Gramp* discovered he had used more than half his gas. Rather than turn around and face the bad weather again, he took a chance and led the 18 planes westward, depending on a predicted 12-knot tailwind and lighter gas load to pull them through. They landed safely at 3 a.m. at Pearl Harbor although most of the pilots had never seen the place be-

GRAMP'S HOT TEMPER RAPS KNOT-HEAD FLIERS

fore. No plane had less than 100 gallons of gas in tank which would carry a plane farther in those days than today's gas-gulping jets.

From experiences like these, Capt. Warner drew a knowledge of aviation do's and don't's which formed the basis for his *Grampaw Pettibone* comments in later years. He was no "perfect flier", he'd been through the mill and knew the wrong things pilots can do. He'd done most of them himself—and lived to warn others about them.

During his 10 years of following naval aviation rhubarbs on the seven seas and ashore, *Grampaw Pettibone* has built up a huge following of readers who turn to his sage advice as soon as they get their hands on a copy of the NEWS.

Proof of the readership of *Gramp* was established when the Navy hired National Research Council investigators to talk to 500 pilots and 46 squadron leaders at various air stations. They asked, in a sort of sexless Kinsey Report, which of the Navy's flight safety programs were of the most value.

The survey discovered that 88.2 percent of the 500 pilots always read *Grampaw's* pages in the NEWS; 10.8 percent read them frequently and only 1 percent said they seldom looked at his Advice to the Airborn. Asked which flight safety program did the most good to cut down on flight accidents and save pilot lives and dollars, 77.2 percent selected *Grampaw* on top place.

When the questioners asked the pilots how to improve the *Pettibone* pages, the pilots most frequently answered: "Leave it alone and don't spoil it."

Pettibone's great popularity has long been a source of mystery to NANEWS editors who have caught housewives, schoolboys and other non-aviation people also reading his stories avidly. Proof of his influence over fliers can be seen in the fact he once promised to send a book "Grampaw Looks at the Corsair" to anyone who would write in and ask for it. He was snowed under by 850 letters asking for copies—after the Navy already had distributed it widely to all *Corsair* squadrons.

Gramp is also sort of a friend-of-man to many Navy pilots. He even gets letters from pilots who want his help in swinging some change-of-duty orders. If he makes an error, as happens once in a while, he really hears about it. On an off-day he mentioned that tachometers measured propeller revolutions. The response was deafening. Letters from all over the world bawled *Grampaw* out—any rube knows they measure engine rpm's.

Sometimes pilots write in to inquire why *Grampaw* doesn't pat good performances on the back instead of crabbing about accidents. *Gramp's* columns are based on flight accident reports and his shoulders are bowed by his attempts to keep some of those pilots alive and their planes flyable. Occasionally some squadron writes in to brag about a good record and *Gramp* passes out back-pats along with the brickbats if they are earned. It is really the expensive and fatal crashes that worry Gramp most.

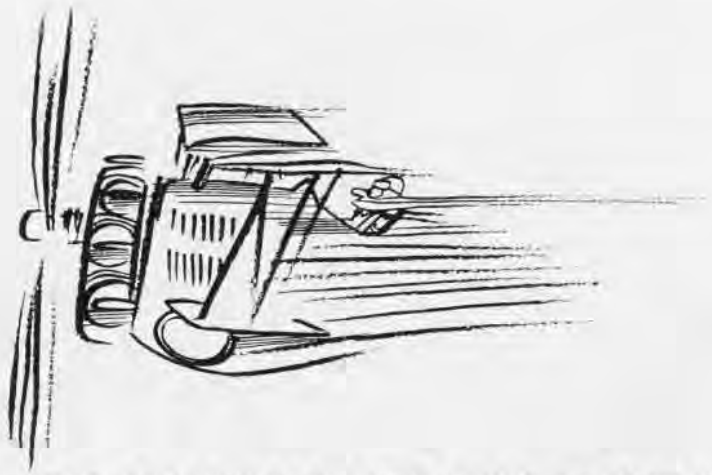
JUST TO prove *Grampaw* isn't always infallible here's another story. His radio out and unable to locate his SNJ light switch at night, he made a downwind landing at Squantum Reserve station after five circuits trying to orient himself. Besides that he picked the wrong runway and almost ran off into the bay. In the control tower, meanwhile, word got around who the pilot overhead was. One staunch reader argued that it "couldn't be, because he's *Grampaw Pettibone,*" and *Gramp* wouldn't be so stupid as to not follow tower instructions.

But it *was Gramp.* When he walked into the operations office, rows of sailors were all lined up, reading a certain *Grampaw Pettibone's* pages in copies of the NEWS. Just to be sure, Squantum officials, after razzing him for his landing, refused to clear him to leave unless he promised to write himself up. They sent in the following poem:

Grampaw, dear Grampaw,
Your face must be red!
Perhaps you'd be safer
At home in your bed!
'Cause landing downwind
Is not very bright,
Especially when
You do it at night.

To which, *Grampaw* humbly replied:

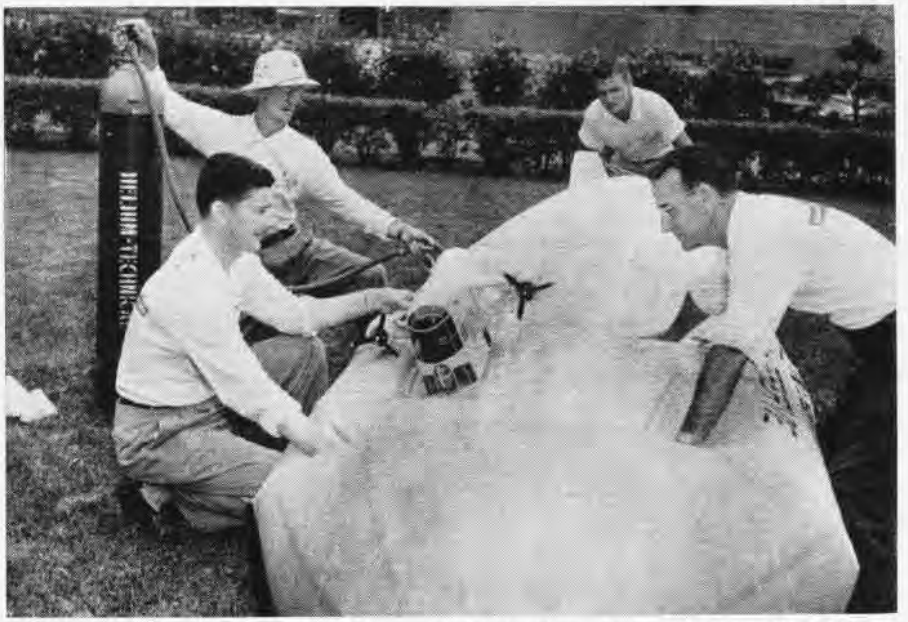
Dear Squantum Reader
You're so right.
From now on I'll
Stay home at night
And try to forget
That Grampaw "P"
Forgot to observe
The Squantum tee.



SPEED-KING GRAMPAW ALWAYS GAVE HIS NEW ENGINE PLENTY OF TIME TO GET BROKEN IN

MODEL AIRSHIP TURNS NAVY RECRUITER

THE UNVEILING! *Lt. E. Cusworth, Lakehurst Reservist helps E. Gaither unfold the model*



THE ERECTING *begins with the helium. Model builders, S. C. Morgan, Max Ripken, James Ripken and Elmer Gaither, all from Baltimore, check all the necessary details*

BUILDUP *almost finished, the model builders are shown topping airship model with helium. Note recruiting slogans on side*

THE MODEL airship which went astray (as described in the October issue of NANEWS) has given up its wandering habits and turned into a model Navy recruiter.

The building of the blimp was a combination project at NAS LAKEHURST under sponsorship of Plymouth Motor Corporation. Plymouth executives are cooperating with the Navy in its NavCad and Naval Air Reserve Training programs by flying the airship at model air meets, football games, baseball games and air shows in order to recruit spectators of military age.

The blimp is powered by two semi-diesel engines turning over 14,000 revolutions per minute. It is flown by remote control radio with two receivers which operate on the 27 megacycle band and react to impulses received from two transmitters, directed by a pilot on the ground. The effective range of this equipment is slightly over one mile.

THE KIDS *are always willing to lend a helping hand with something as exciting as the model blimp. The builders check trim prior to take off on another test flight*

THIS LAD *may someday be a NavCad Recruit. He gets a chance for closeup of the model*

GRAMPAW PETTIBONE

Three Hitch-Hikers

(Editor's Note: When Gramp brought in this story a few days ago, he said, "Here's an accident account that I've been carrying around in the back of my head for seven years . . . that's long enough.' Perhaps when you read it, you will understand why he waited so long to write it up for N. A. News.)

This is the story of three fellows who had a newly-won war behind them. Their main interest was in getting home as quickly as possible. The railroads were jammed with service men bound for

various places in the East; commercial airline tickets were as scarce as hen's teeth. Of the three, one was a pilot on his way home for release to inactive duty, another an aviation radioman. The third and youngest of the group—a ship's cook with 15 days leave and a big urge to spend as much of it as possible in his home town.

They met for the first time at the operations desk of an air station in the Pacific Northwest. They had little in common other than their mutual desire to move either south or east. For the better part of a day it looked like they were stuck. A PV-2 was waiting to head out for an airfield in California—in fact, it had been there for a couple of days—but the weather was too rugged. The crew of the PV consisted solely of a pilot who was familiar with the plane, *but had no instrument ticket*, and a co-pilot, who had an instrument ticket, *but no experience in PV's.*

One of the hitch-hikers was about to give up the idea of catching a flight and get out on the highway. To this end he had just finished rearranging his luggage, when the loudspeaker said: "Any South bound passengers report to Operations."

This was the break they had been waiting for—if they could just get out of this hole, perhaps they would have better luck at a larger air station.

It's doubtful that any of the three inquired as to the pilot's qualifications, or asked just how much the weather had improved.

The takeoff and climb-out was normal and the flight continued in a southerly direction without incident for about 45 minutes. The hitch-hiking pilot went forward and got the word that the flight had been cleared on top. According to the pilots, the weather would be pretty good at the other end of the line, so he set about figuring out a way to keep warm. The flight had leveled off at 11,000 feet.

A few minutes later he noticed that they were climbing again and when he went up towards the cockpit a second time, they were up to nearly 16,000 feet trying to stay on top. The pilots thought that they would be over the high stuff in a few minutes—long before they really began to need oxygen.

A half hour later with the altimeter registering close to 16,500 feet the PV went through the tops of some clouds and broke out in the clear again, and then was suddenly back in the soup. They next thing they knew the plane was in a turn and then apparently in a dive and one engine began to race. The pilot and co-pilot groggy from lack of oxygen and short on experience were struggling to bring the plane under control.

At one time the airspeed hit 270 knots and when the PV was back in level flight again, the starboard prop was malfunctioning. With the throttle way back, the starboard tachometer was indicating 2700 RPM. They watched while the pilot feathered the engine and tried to settle down on a heading that would take them back to the field from which they left less than an hour before.

Someone asked the altitude of the mountains in the area and a glance at the charts showed that they ranged up to nearly 10,000 feet. The PV-2 at this time was just a shade above 11,000 and not quite holding its own. Everyone had the same wish—that the weather would just clear up a little so they could see where they were going and how close the mountain tops were. The pilot seemed to be a bit steadier now and ordered the hitch-hikers to put on their chutes and be ready to jump, if necessary.

The hitch-hiking pilot began to take stock of the situation and volunteered some advice to the others as they adjusted their harnesses. "If we have to jump", he said, "let's go out *one-two-three* so that we'll be together when we land."

As the altimeter touched 10,000 feet, they looked at the pilot and then out into the grey nothingness that was all around them and then they heard the command: "BAIL OUT".

They lost no time in going out the rear door, pilot first, radioman second and the cook third. It was just like they planned—zing—zing—zing and when their chutes opened, they were close enough to shout to each other on the way down. The pilot was the first to break out of the overcast and noticed that they were coming down in mountainous and heavily-wooded country. He shouted for the others to cross their legs in case they should land in the trees, and before he knew it he found himself hung up in a tree—winded and shaken but uninjured. With some difficulty he managed to extricate himself and his chute from the tree and got down on what would have been firm ground, except for the fact that it was covered with nearly three feet of snow.

The pilot could hear the others calling and headed in the direction of one of the voices. It kept getting louder and louder and yet he couldn't find its owner. Suddenly and almost overhead he heard the frightened voice say, "You won't like it when you see where I am!" Looking up, he saw one of the boys dangling helplessly in his parachute harness nearly a hundred feet above the ground. The canopy was caught on the lone remaining branch of a dead tree much taller than those around it.

The pleasure in having located at least one of the others vanished as the pilot realized that there just didn't seem to be any immediate way of getting this fellow down. He tried to estimate how high he might be above the ground. He looked high enough for his chute to reopen in time to break his fall, should he jiggle himself loose—but maybe there was another way. He tried tossing a stone up over the branch thinking that perhaps he could make a rope out of the shroud lines of his parachute and manage to get it doubled over the branch. But even without the line and with a rock of just the right size he could barely reach the branch.

He asked the boy if he had tried climbing hand-over-hand up the chute to the branch, or if he dared try swinging himself over to the trunk. Both answers were negative. The cook had only one idea, "Go for help."

The pilot shouted up that he had no idea where they were or of how long it would take to get help, but the boy in the tree could think of nothing else. He insisted that he wasn't strong enough to climb up the chute and that he might jiggle it loose trying. He kept repeating, "Go for help, I'll be all right. Go for help."

The radioman whose voice they had been able to hear earlier could no longer be heard. The pilot shouted to him as did the lad in the tree. No answer.

Perhaps help was nearby, perhaps the other fellow had landed near a road and was already trying to get help.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when the pilot decided that the lad in the tree was right—the best thing to do was to go for help—quickly—before it got dark.

Even with the overcast, which stretched down to within a few hundred feet of the tree tops, he thought that he could determine which was west. In any event, he could start out by heading down-hill as there was more likelihood of finding a road in the valley.

He had taken a short course in survival training and he cautiously rolled up his parachute and started out with it under his arm. After he had been working his way through the three-foot snow drifts for what seemed like an hour, he heard the chap in the tree calling to him. He stopped and listened and he could hear just enough to know that he was calling for him to come back.

This called for a decision. He was sure that the fellow must still be in the tree or he wouldn't have been able to hear him at that distance. He could still think of no way to get him down. To go back would waste two hours. If he kept on, there was the possibility of finding help in the hour that remained before darkness. He decided upon this course of action. An hour later when it was evident that this was not going to occur, he selected a fairly sheltered spot, cut a few boughs for a windbreak and a bed and wrapped himself up in his parachute for the night. He was exhausted and sleep came quickly.

The next morning the weather was somewhat better and he was able to continue his westward trek. Despite aching muscles and lack of food, he was in pretty fair spirits—surely he would find help soon.

That was what he kept thinking all morning and hoping for all afternoon as he pushed slowly through the snow and underbrush. But he found nothing that day—and nothing the next day. On the third full day, it was hard to keep up hope when there seemed to be so little chance of finding anything.

In fact everything about the three days was hard. Each day required tremendous physical endurance, and time after time there were decisions to make which demanded intelligence and courage. Somehow the pilot managed to make the right decisions, took excellent care of himself and kept heading west.

On the evening of the third day after the bail-out, he came upon a ranger's shack, boarded up for the winter. He pried his way in knowing that the shack would afford shelter for the night and hoping to find some food. Inside he

found only a part of a box of flap-jack flour left from the previous summer. He made a fire, had three rather sad looking but tremendously welcome pancakes, dried his socks and trousers and took stock of his improved situation.

There must be a trail from the shack that would lead him back to civilization. Despite the heavy snow, he would try to stay right on the trail. He warned himself that he must not let haste cause him to make a wrong turn the next day.

At first light he set out. The going was down-hill and his progress was good. There was a trail of sorts; he stuck to it; and shortly before noon, he spotted a road a few hundred yards below.

An hour later he was picked up by a passing car and taken to the nearest hospital. Late that evening he told the story of the bail-out and of his march out of the woods to a flight surgeon and volunteered to lead a rescue party back into the mountains early in the morning.

His feet were in bad shape and the doctors knew that he could not attempt such a trip, but detailed charts were brought to his bedside and he marked out the route that he had taken as best he could. Without waiting for the first light a rescue party set out to hunt for the lad in the tree and for the lost radioman. The next morning planes which had been searching for the missing PV converged on the area, finding nothing.

The rescue party reached the area on the chart which had been marked by the pilot as the scene of the bail-out, but they too met with no success. Word of this failure was radioed down from the mountains a day and a half later.

The pilot's condition had improved greatly by this time, and the doctors decided to allow him to attempt to retrace his steps through the mountains. When the second party reached the first rescue group, the pilot seemed sure that they were on the right track. They just hadn't gone far enough. He led the group further into the mountains, assuring them from time to time that he recognized certain landmarks which he had seen on his hike out.

After several hours, broken by brief rest periods, he stopped and sat down on a rock, as if to get his bearings. Then he said in a rather odd voice. "I was sure that we were right until just a few minutes ago. Now I am completely lost."

The flight surgeon who was with the rescue group noticed that the pilot was in an extremely emotional state, and suggested, "You just rest here for awhile, and we'll look around the area a bit."

With that, the surgeon walked on into

the woods in the direction that the group had been moving. About 200 yards ahead, he spotted the tree, then the empty harness dangling from the limb, and at the base of the tree the lifeless body of the cook.

He sent word back for a couple of people to stay with the pilot while the rest moved forward. He noticed that the body had evidently been given some attention prior to their arrival. A small piece of board was under the seaman's head and his arms were folded across his chest. Someone had been there after the lad's death.

A few days later the body of the radioman was located less than a mile away. He had evidently been walking in circles and had died of exposure.

In the nearly seven years that have elapsed since this acident the wreckage of the PV has never been discovered. It is still listed as a "missing aircraft" although the pilot and co-pilot have long since been declared dead.

In the inevitable investigations which follow an accident of this sort many questions were asked. The surviving pilot appeared, of course, as the principal witness for he alone could tell of the events immediately before and after the bail-out. Near the end of the inquiry one of the investigators asked him, "If you had it to do over again, what would you do differently? Would you have left the boy in the tree?"

The pilot's answer came without hesitation: "Of course not. I kept thinking of him up there in the tree all during my walk out. I thought of one way to get him down safely during the second day and of another way while I was in the hospital . . . I guess I'll go to my grave thinking of ways that I might have used to get him down. If I had it to do over again, I would have spent that first afternoon, even the next day, if necessary, gathering a huge mound of pine boughs from the smaller trees.

"I would have built a great hay-stack of boughs to break his fall. Perhaps while I was doing this, the other fellow might have found us . . . You know they say he came by the tree after I left. With the boy down safely, we could have used the boughs to keep a fire going. The search planes could have spotted this when the weather broke. If they didn't well, then the three of us might have made it out on foot. Yes, if I had it to do over again, there are a lot of things that I would do differently."

Seven Page Explanation

Usually there is not much that a pilot can say when he runs out of gas on a clear day and has to make a forced landing after flying past several possible refueling spots. However, in the latest accident of this type the pilot managed to write a total of seven pages, single-spaced, explaining how he happened to find himself out of fuel after 2 hours and 44 minutes cross country flight in an SNJ.

Although he could have stated his case in fewer words, he was honest in

the final analysis. His recommendations:

(*a*) Don't trust anybody. Always check the amount of fuel on board before take-off.

(*b*) Don't talk yourself into thinking that you have enough gas to reach your destination, when the gauges and/or your hourly rate of consumption on another tank tell you that it may be nip and tuck.

(*c*) Don't fly the SNJ with the fuel tank selector on the "RESERVE" position until you are really down to your last 20 gallons.

Grampaw Pettibone Says: **Amen.**

THE WAR

LAST *minute adjustments on lethal ladder of bombs and rockets slung from the wing of AD Skyraider is made by Luther Bennington, AO1, serving with VA-702 aboard Kearsarge off Korea*

Panthers versus Migs

Latest clash between Navy carrier aircraft and the highly touted MIG-15 resulted in a clear victory for the Navy and brought the score to six confirmed MIG-15 kills against a loss of one shore-based Navy fighter.

The most recent fight began when three F9F *Panthers* from the *Oriskany* ganged up on seven *Migs* off the coast of North Korea at 31,000 feet. When the smoke cleared, two *Migs* were shot down and two others were damaged. One *Mig* pilot was seen to bail out, and the damaged enemy planes headed north, smoking badly.

One of the *Panthers* was damaged slightly, but it returned safely to the *Oriskany* with the other two fighters.

The kills were accounted for by Pilots Lt. E. R. Williams and Lt. (jg) J. D. Middleton, and a damaged *Mig* is credited to Lt. (jg) D. M. Rowlands. The pilots are attached to VF-781, the Los Alamitos, Calif., squadron which volunteered for active duty 100 per cent at the outbreak of the Korean war.

This fight on 18 November occurred more than two months after the previous encounter. A MIG-15 was downed 10 September when Capt. J. G. Folmar and Lt. W. L. Daniels, of the Marine Corps *Checkerboard* Squadron from the *Sicily*, were jumped by four *Migs*.

First Navy-downed *Mig* of the war is credited to LCdr. W. T. Amen, who tallied with an F9F-2B from the *Phil Sea* on 9 November 1950. Nine days later LCdr. W. E. Lamb and his wingman Lt. R. E. Parker from the *Valley Forge* made a kill, and the same day Ens. F. C. Weber from the *Leyte* scored.

Precision Work

Everyone knows the meticulousness of the Japanese race, but Marine Lt. James H. Orr thinks they carry it too far.

On a hurried trip to Japan from a Korean base of the First Marine Aircraft Wing, he ordered a new uniform from a Japanese tailor. As a pattern, he left an old uniform. There was a large visible darn over one trouser pocket.

Several weeks later he went back and picked up the new uniform. Yep, the tailor had made the new one an exact copy of the old—even to an exact duplication of the darned spot.

Cooperation

On a night interdiction mission near Hungnam, Capt. Thomas S. Moore and his radar observer, TSgt. K. Harvey, Jr., of the Marine *Flying Nightmares* squadron spotted four enemy supply trains. They attacked the longest string of about 30 cars, expending all the ordnance their F7F *Tigercat* carried. On a low run, the Marines found they had blown several cars off the track and started two fires. There were several secondary explosions as ammunition blew up.

Moore headed the *Tigercat* out to sea, looking for support so the job could be finished. He found two Navy destroyers and directed them by radio to an offshore point where they could bring their five-inch guns to bear on target.

For an hour and a half, while the cans zeroed in and poured shells into the trains, Moore and Harvey circled the target area, radioing results and correcting aim. The gunfire scored many hits and started fires in freight cars scattered all along three miles of track.

Moore hung around until his fuel was almost gone, leaving only when four trains had been badly damaged.

"It was the most productive mission I've ever flown in Korea," Harvey said after it was all over.

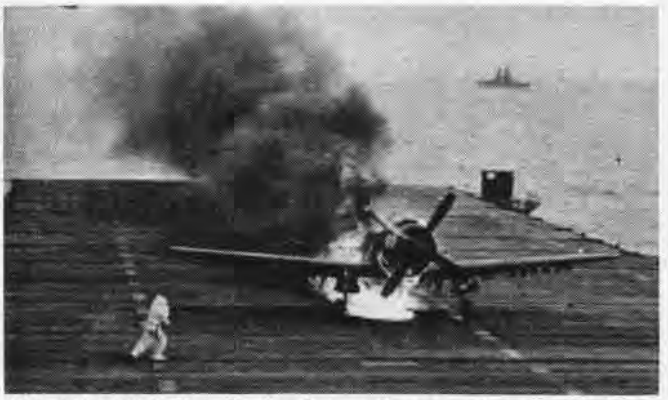
Cleaners' Enemies

Some people carry rabbits feet or four-leaf clover, but Marine *Death-rattlers* squadron pilots in Korea base their luck on dirty flying suits.

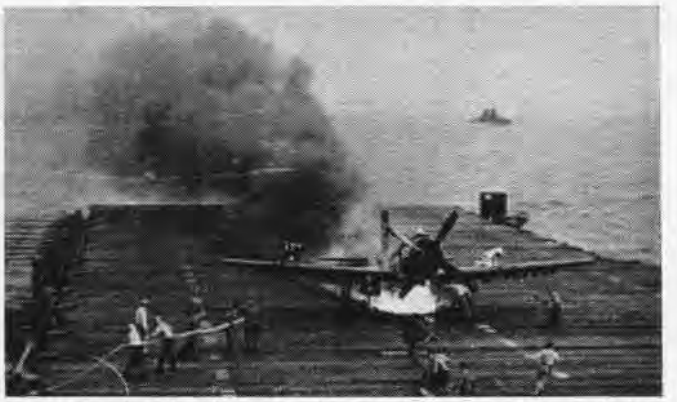
It all started when Maj. Paul Kellogg joined the squadron wearing the dirtiest flying suit anyone ever had seen. Fellow pilots and his houseboy tried to get him to wash it, but he refused.

"The last time I washed my flight suit was at Guadalcanal in 1942," he explained. "On the next hop I was shot down and had to spend several months in the hospital. Since then I've never washed my flight suit and they haven't laid a glove on me."

He's worn his present suit since 1948, having worn out the previous one. The major airs the suit daily, but doesn't allow anyone to wash it. Other squadron pilots thought the idea was a good one and tried it too. So now, flying suits at the squadron are getting dirtier and dirtier and pilots are feeling luckier and luckier. Only the Commies complain.



HOT SUIT MAN *Hal D. Bond in asbestos garb makes dash for burning AD back from raid over North Korea aboard USS Essex*



ON PORT *wing, Bond removes 20-mm shells to prevent explosion. Fire was speedily quenched, so that Skyraider will fly again*

New Red Tactics

Two new kinds of battlefield trickery used by the Chinese Communists have been reported by U. S. aviators.

Capt. Ramon J. A. Gibson, a forward air controller, reported the Reds were sending out four-man task groups against the Marine ground troops. Three Reds carry rocks to throw at bunkers for the Marines will fire and disclose their hidden positions. The fourth man has a rifle. Gibson figured the latter went along to keep the other three pitching.

From VF-11 on the *Kearsarge* came news of the other "dodge." Communists lighted hundreds of smoke pots in an area of vital troop and supply concentrations to hide them.

"From a distance it looked as if the smoke might obscure the target, but my pilots had some experience with California weather," said Cdr. Denny Phillips, the skipper. "When I got into the smog, I felt like I was passing through Los Angeles.

"That smog sharpened my senses as if I were standing at Hollywood and Vine on an opening night. The California boys hope the Commies use the smoke pots some more. It makes them feel like they're home on a short furlough."

Real Hot Landing

The first known helicopter landing on a destroyer took place recently when a chopper from the heavy cruiser *Los Angeles* bounced against a loaded depth-charge rack near the narrow fantail of the destroyer *Orleck* and then settled down with one wheel astride a 400-pound can of TNT. Nobody was hurt.

Piloted by Lt. William W. Wear, the copter was hovering over the destroyer's deck to discharge a passenger by hoist when the craft lost power. Ens. Richard B. Howe, dangling in a harness ten feet below the aircraft when it began to settle, slipped from the hoist and dropped to the deck below. Then, to put it mildly, he ran.

Lt. Wear skillfully slipped the helicopter aft to avoid striking a five-inch gun mount. It was then that the craft came to its lethal resting place.

Jack F. Hatcher, CTM, assisted by John T. Kuoperak, SN, and Billy J. Calhoun, DC2, quickly checked the depth charges and set them on safe. The *Orleck's* exec, LCdr. F. G. Young brought the destroyer alongside, and the copter was hoisted aboard the cruiser, repaired, and put back into immediate service.

Rings Bell Twice

There are many ways of breaking the news to a man that he is a father, but Ens. William Finn aboard the *Essex* off Korea got his word a little different way.

A member of VF-871, he was out on a strike against a supply area in North Korea, dropping his bombs right on them. On the way back to ship his *Corsair* developed engine trouble and had to make a landing at an emergency landing strip.

Before he could climb from his aircraft, a friend of his who also had been forced to land there told him he was the father of twin daughters. The event had taken place two weeks before. Finn's fellow pilot had read it in a newspaper clipping sent to him on the *Princeton.*

Finn's only comment was, "Two girls! How could she do this to me?"

CAPT. *Douglas Call, completing Devilcat's 15,000th combat hop, is welcomed*

TOLD *his wife had twin girls, Ens. Bill Finn howled, 'How can she do this to me?'*

CHOPPER *from Los Angeles had engine failure, set down on the fantail of DD Orleck*

All Hands Hit the Drink

When Col. Jack R. Cram, commanding officer of Marine Air Control Group 2, stood up in an amphibious duck and then jumped into chilly Korean waters, there was method in what might seem to be his madness. He was followed into the drink by Pfc. William L. Inskeep and then by all the pilots and crewmen in MACG-2.

Purpose of the mass dunking was to demonstrate that survival in cold water depends upon cool experience and first-hand knowledge of survival gear. The 33 Marines in the training exercise were equipped with survival suits. Capt. Robert E. Paulson, who straw-bossed the water-survival drills, explained that a man's arms would become numb and useless in Korean waters this winter in about two minutes. "In five minutes, he'd be unconscious and near death," Paulson said.

When the men hit the water, the suits were ballooned out by the air confined inside them, thus providing flotation. The rubber suit has boot-like feet, a draw-string hood, and flexible mittens. The drills, simulating the predicament of an airman parachuting into the sea, required the pilots and crewmen of MACG-2 to undo their harnesses, inflate Mae Wests, and then struggle into the slippery, bobbing life rafts.

After all the pilots and crewmen had gone through the practice run, a hoist line was lowered from a hovering helicopter to Col. Cram as he bobbed in a life raft. He slipped the line under his arms and was pulled aboard the copter with the aid of its crewmen.

SAME *map case turned in by Lt. Buchser in '44 was reissued Maj. Buchser in '52*

Funny Coincidence Dept.

Back in 1944, 1st Lt. Edmund Buchser, Jr., having completed 87 combat missions in the South Pacific with the *Joe's Jokers* squadron of the First Marine Aircraft Wing, turned in his flight gear and was rotated home. An item of his gear was a khaki map case.

Eight years later, Buchser (now a major) reported to the First Marine Aircraft Wing in Korea with the same squadron, now called the *Able Eagles*. Operating *Pantherjet* fighter bombers, the squadron had been flying *Corsairs* when Buchser left in '44.

Before the first mission of his new tour of duty, Buchser was issued flight gear. You guessed it. There was his old map case. Across its khaki front were the worn letters: *E. Buchser, Lt., USMCR.*

Maj. Buchser commented: "Lots of things have changed in eight years. Air warfare is different, planes are different, but map cases are just the same. At least, mine is."

CLAD *in winter survival gear, these 33 pilots and crewmen of a 1st MAW squadron got a real dunking in realistic air-sea rescue drills, conducted in the chilly waters off Korea*

Flying Sieve

The "hard hat" has done it again. This time it seems to have saved a pilot from serious injury stemming—not from crash impact—but flak.

Lt. (jg) Carl B. Austin, AD *Skyraider* pilot of VA-195 operating off the *Princeton*, was flying a close-support mission near the front lines in the Kumsong area. His division had just knocked out six artillery positions and five enemy bunkers. Austin had pulled up for his next run when his airplane was rocked violently by an exploding 37 mm. shell. Dazed by a blinding flash, Austin felt the stick wrenched from his hand. Struggling to regain control of his plane, he noticed that the fuselage, tail section, and canopy of his AD had been virtually riddled by shell fragments.

With half his port aileron blasted away, Austin was nevertheless able to find a friendly airstrip and set down. Once on the ground, he found that fragments had penetrated the canopy, grazed his neck, and imbedded themselves in his hard helmet—instead of his head.

Next day, with his plane patched up, Austin reported back for work aboard the *Princeton*.

SHELL *fragments penetrated canopy, ended up in Lt. (jg) Carl Austin's hard helmet*

Qu'est-ce que Vous Dites?

During World War II, American troops who could talk an Indian dialect confounded the Nazis listening in on their radios to steal military information.

Over in Korea, a couple of Americans are using Spanish to balk the North Koreans. Capt. Ramon J. A. Gibson, a forward air controller with 1st MAW, directed an air strike of four fighter-bombers led by Capt. John P. Sutherland.

When they talked over the radio, they recognized each other's voices. Since both were reared in Mexico, Gibson decided to give target instructions in Spanish instead of English.

"We didn't have any trouble following my directions, but if any Commies were listening in on our frequency, I'll bet they went nuts!" he said.

With Greeks, French, Turks, Israeli, Ethiopians, Thai and Dutch, to mention a few, also fighting in Korea, radio-monitoring in the Red forces probably is not a preferred duty.

CAPT. *Frank Jackson (r) and SSgt. Samuel L. Cummings of* MAG-12 *helped catch a Commie spy, so are made members of ROK police*

HIT *by flak, Cdr. L. W. Chick made forced landing ashore. On return to Essex, he was deloused and dubbed 'Red-Headed Eagle'*

Marine Sleuths

Two Marines who helped catch a top Communist spy long sought by South Korean officials have been made members of the Republic of Korea police force.

The first Americans to be so honored are Capt. Frank M. Jackson and SSgt. Samuel L. Cummings of Marine Air Group 12. Jackson was named a captain and Cummings, a lieutenant.

Both Marines received identification cards written in Korean. Their citations said the Communists they helped capture had ordered execution of six South Korean civilians before being taken.

The citation read: "Both these men came many thousands of miles to help us combat Communist forces trying to overrun our shores. Besides dealing with the world enemies to the north, they are helping our local police to control our enemies on the home front."

Tactical Ground Support

Strange things happen in war. Once Marine aircraft supported ground units. Now the tables have turned and ground units are supporting air.

This teamwork has produced an effective flak suppression system for use in close air support in Korea. It's so efficient that not one close support aircraft had been shot down by the enemy opposing the Marines since last July.

Before an air strike on enemy front line positions, all known enemy anti-aircraft positions in the vicinity of the target area are thoroughly plastered by artillery fire. The artillery fire lifts during the exact time of the strike, then comes down again with its former intensity as the aircraft depart.

Air controllers, rubbing elbows with Marine infantrymen, either in front line positions or in the air as observers, insure essential split-second timing by means of radio contact with the artillery batteries. A few seconds after the last artillery round is fired on anti-aircraft targets, Marine planes have made their strike and are ready for more action.

Another Eagle for VA-55

Red-haired Cdr. Lewis W. Chick, skipper of VA-55 flying off the *Essex*, was attacking a heavily defended supply area in central Korea when his AD *Skyraider* took aboard a .37-mm. shell—a direct hit in the starboard wing. The attack plane rolled on its side, but Chick leveled out and cut his airspeed to 100 knots. He set down on a South Korean airstrip with one good wing and a prayer supporting his gentle approach to the field.

Next day, with his wing repaired, the "flying Chick" flew home to the *Essex*. His fellow pilots—taking a dim view of the sanitation conditions prevailing at some South Korean airfields—liberally deloused him with DDT and christened him the "Red-Headed Eagle". A former skipper of VA-55 was Cdr. Paul Gray, the famed *Bald Eagle*, so dubbed by James Michener, author.

Cries of Protest

A Marine second lieutenant, newly arrived in Korea, was on his first mission over a North Korean stronghold city when AA fire clouded the sky with black puffs.

"Hey skipper, they're shooting at us!" he shouted into his radio mike.

Back into his headphones came the quiet, reassuring words of LCol. Darrel D. Irwin, his commanding officer:

"That's ok, son. They're allowed to."

TRAILING *exhaust-propulsion smoke, this six-inch rocket is headed for its target near Hamhung; the attack on this marshalling yard left the surrounding area a near shambles*

FLARES LIGHT THE WAY FOR FIGHTERS

SKETCH SHOWS PB4Y DROPPING FLARES AS MARINE FIGHTER TEARS IN AT LOWER LEVEL FOR KILL

THE TASK of tearing the dark cover of night off the Communist supply lines in Korea is the mission of Navy patrol bombers who fly far behind enemy lines every night to drop brilliant flares that light the target for fast Marine fighter pilots. With night turned into sudden day as the flares fall, the Marine fliers zip in and spread destruction on the aggressor's line of supply.

The North Koreans can't fight a war without supplies. A large hole in the enemy's rocky supply system has been put there by Navy officers and men who risk their necks night after night to keep the Communists from stockpiling guns and ammunition.

Marine pilots had pasted the routes in daylight, even on foggy days when they use their radar equipment. That had caused the enemy to start running the roads at night, thinking himself safe in the dark, especially since he was a good ways behind the lines. After all, no cannon fire could reach him there.

And then one night a lone Navy World War II patrol bomber was lazily flying back and forth at high altitude, and down lower a Marine pilot in a modern fighter was checking his guns and ammunition. Then suddenly there were lights, as if daylight itself laid the main route bare, and the fighter plane ripped into the line of trucks and had a field day chewing up the road with 20 mm. shells. Night no longer protected the enemy.

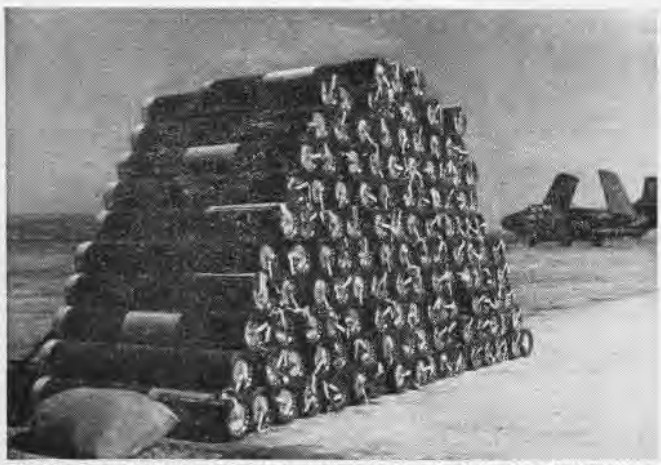
The route to such a decisive strike begins a long way from the battle-ripped paddy fields of Korea. It depends upon long, careful training of pilots and crewmen, for it is no easy task to take off in darkness and turn the night into day.

The pilot must first find his target in the blackest part of the night. (From personal experience, this reporter can assure you that until you have spent the night in Korea, *black* is just another word.) Thoroughly taken up with the complicated job of handling a four-engine bomber and dodging the ever-present flak, the pilot would find his mission more tough if he did not have the assistance of a perfectly trained crew. It's nothing at all like handling a light plane on a Sunday afternoon.

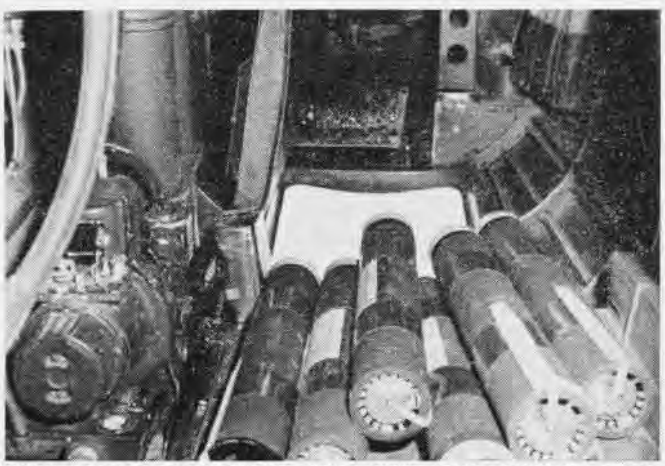
NAVIGATION must be perfect. To miss the target only slightly would be to waste flares and cause the fighter pilot to burn precious gasoline on a dry run. Wasted flares would give the enemy gun crews a good chance to take their time and search out the patrol plane with heavy AA fire which, to the patrol bomber, ranks with the plague.

Under the guidance of the navigator riding in the nose of the plane, the man at the flare tube knows when to drop his flares. He may be any member of the crew who happens to be in the after station at that time. All hands turn to for the exhausting task of passing flares from the bomb bay to the tube. It is the high altitude that makes the task hard and increases fatigue. At the end of a six-hour flight in which over 150 flares have been dropped, all hands are ready to "hit the sack."

Both members of the team, the patrol flare plane and the Marine fighter, are constantly on the lookout for signs of trucks on the roads below. Whenever a row of lights is seen, the word is exchanged and the flare plane navigator quickly fires instructions to the pilot and begins the run against the enemy.



FLARES FOR MISSION ARE PILED AND READY: FIGHTER IN BACKGROUND



WHEN ACCESS DOOR IS CLOSED, FLARE CHUTE IS IN POSITION FOR USE

WALKER AND WARD CHECK NAV BEFORE HOP

"Easy port—more port—easy starboard . . . . Straighten her out a little . . . . Steady, steady . . . . After station stand by to drop."

"After station standing by, sir."

"Drop one, after station."

"One away, sir."

"Drop two."

"Two away, sir."

"Drop three and four away, sir. Flak bursting aft!"

"Hard port! Let's get the hell away from here. They're mad at us."

THE FLARES are set to ignite at whatever altitude the fighter pilot believes best. From high above in the flareplane, it's like looking directly into a photographer's flash. The country lights up brighter than day.

You wait to hear the report from the fighter below the flares. If the drop has been successful and there are targets on the road, the report runs something like this: "Good drop! There's three of the &%&#'s right under me. Watch for hits. I'm going in!"

Then silence. Then a few remarks by the flareplane crew questioning the family background of those below about to meet their ancestors. Then a flash down there, and the happy cry, "We got 'em! Keep it lit up. I see three more!"

The flareplane encores the run, following the instructions of the fighter pilot and using the previous flares as markers. By this time the enemy gun crews have you pretty well in their sights, and it makes the run a little more exciting. The performance is repeated until the fighter pilot is satisfied that there are no more targets, and then you pick another section of the road and start over again.

When the fighter runs out of ammunition and heads for home base, another is on its way to rendezvous for the second half of the operation that night. The evening flights are run in two shifts, keeping the Navy crews over the target areas anywhere from four to eight hours, longer than any other crews fly in the "hot zones."

After this continuous pasting in the middle of the night, the trucks have become a little leary, and there are times when targets are hard to find. This trick of attacking at night under flares has proved very effective, but the fact remains that in order for the enemy to continue the fight, he must have supplies. He must drive trucks down the only available roads at all times of the day and night. So the Navy takes off every night with a load of flares and the Marine fighter pilots do likewise a short time later.

The enemy does not take the dual attack lying down. He's mad as a hornet and just as active. The way he throws radar-controlled AA fire skyward, aided by our own flares, shows he means business. The fighter is vulnerable—he is flying low under the flares. The flareplane is vulnerable—he is flying slow and over the flares.

It is a ticklish situation at either level, and all hands win gray hairs honestly in this type of night warfare.

Preceding these missions every evening, the crews of both ships, the bomber's crew and the fighter plane radar operator, undergo intensive briefing.

Questions from new crews—such as "Skipper, what if the 'goonies' knock us down? What do we do then?"—are all carefully answered until the proper procedure and recognition signals are learned. These signals have saved many men who otherwise would have been lost without the proper identification.

VP-9 men, old hands at flare dropping, are shown in the picture below: front row: J. G. Fuller, C. E. Jones, Patrick Spinella, Thaddeus Maziarz, A. J. Fremer; second row: D. A. Guthmiller, Ens. Joe Walker, Jr., Lt. (jg) Jackson, Jr., LCdr. W. C. Gammon, Ens. R. R. Ward, E. L. Baker and J. E. Mile. They conquer the foe at night.

JONES PUT PARACHUTE FLARES INTO THE BOMBE

Marines See Rocket Firing

Ordnancemen, Mechs Fly for Air Show

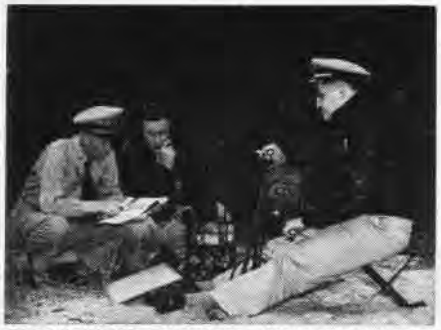
MCAS CHERRY POINT—Ordnancemen and mechanics of Attack Training Squadron 20 had their day recently. The men, who daily toil at arming the guns and rockets and servicing the planes, were taken aloft to watch their pilots on a mission.

Thirty men in an R5C were flown by a Headquarters Squadron pilot, Capt. P. E. Dennis, so they could watch action in the target area. It was the first time the men have had such a chance, and they saw a powerful ordnance show as eight F4U's, some piloted by Reserves in the squadron's refresher program, and others by instructors, dropped 16 of the 10-foot 1250-pound *Tiny Tim* rockets.

The ordnancemen spent six hours assembling each of the giant rockets, then saw their work climaxed in a fraction of a second required for each to be fired. Capt. Joseph Bibee, ordnance officer, arranged the display. Senior noncoms stayed on the ground and did the work so junior men could go aloft.

● USS BENNINGTON—The latest of the Navy's converted *Essex*-class carriers has been placed in the Atlantic Reserve Fleet.

VP-9 MEN KNOW PARACHUTE DROPPING MISSION FROM PRELIMINARY PLANS TO FINAL DELIVERY



CAG-8'S USHER, EATON GET WORD FROM METTES

FLOBERG TALKS TO CDR. MATHER AND CONNOLLY

NEW SPRAY NOZZLE SHOWS ITS WARES AT TEST

Air Support Unit on Move

Takes Training to Oceana Air Groups

When the students can't come to the classroom, there's only one thing to do —take the classroom to the students.

That's what the Air Support School of the Naval Amphibious Training Unit at Little Creek, Va., has done in its training of pilots in close air support operations.

During October a major portion of the school's training staff traveled daily from the Naval Amphibious Base to NAS OCEANA to instruct 100 pilots of Carrier Air Groups 6 and 8.

As a result, pilots could continue their regular flights during half of the day, while receiving a half day's instruction in air support. Sixty-two pilots from CAG-8 attended and 36 from CAG-6.

The training idea has proved highly successful, according to Cdr. E. T. Deacon, officer in charge of Air Support School. Each class received two days of field problems using aircraft from their own squadron. Students not flying control the planes overhead.

Field problems were conducted at Ft. Story, using a mobile tactical air direction center and three tactical air control parties. F9F, F4U and AD planes were used on air support missions. Half the class flew the problems and the rest directed them in locating and theoretically destroying simulated enemy targets. The next day they switched places.

Floberg Tries Out an AD

Widens Knowledge of Navy's Aircraft

NAS OCEANA—The Navy probably never had an Assistant Secretary for Air who was checked out in as many types of Navy planes as Sec. John F. Floberg.

Sec. Floberg flew in at Oceana piloting a new T-28 trainer, soon to begin replacing the familiar SNJ's. Purpose of his visit was to check out in an AD-4 attack bomber preparatory to making carrier landings in that plane.

Lt. Greg McNally, operations officer of VA-25, gave the secretary his preliminary check-out. Then the two took an hour's flight during which Floberg became familiar with the plane. Besides being a qualified carrier pilot, Sec. Floberg recently made a parachute jump at El Centro. LCdr. Jean C. Mills is commanding officer of VA-25.

New Jeep Fire Engine Out

Carrier Deck Operations Made Easier

Navy carriers are receiving a new jeep fire engine which will speed up fighting of aircraft crash fires.

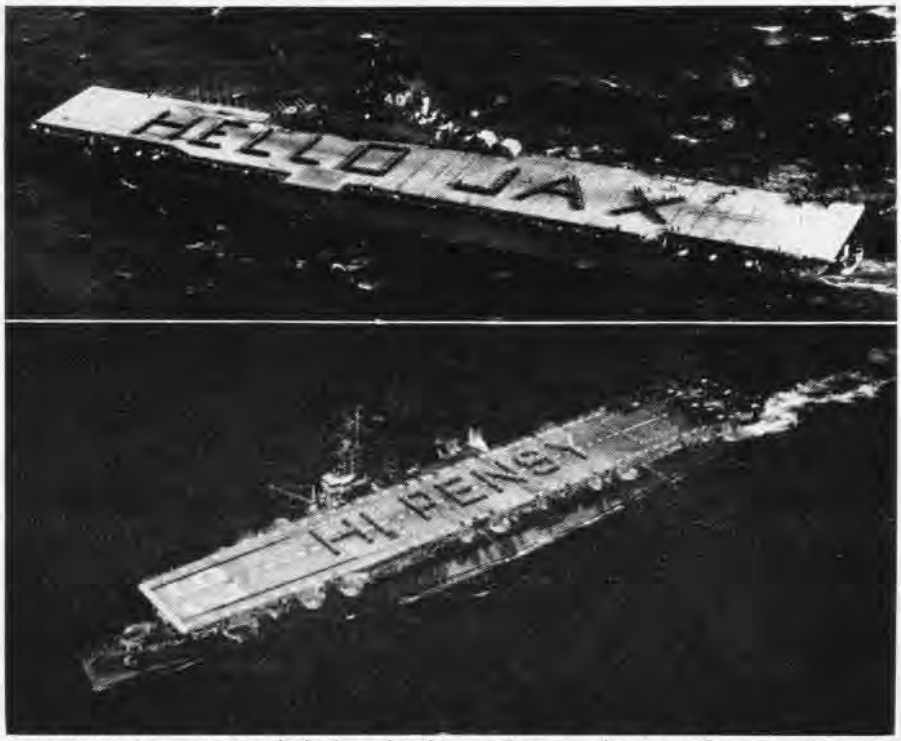
Designed and built by Naval Research Laboratory, it has a fire-extinguishing system delivering 1,300 gallons of new fire-killing foam a minute for more than two minutes without refilling. The jeep's engine furnishes the power.

The midget fire engine can spread a protective cone of foam 30' in diameter over a trapped pilot or crewman. It can throw a consolidated stream of foam 90'. An adjustable nozzle mounted on the jeep fender allows the firefighter to deliver the type of foam needed.

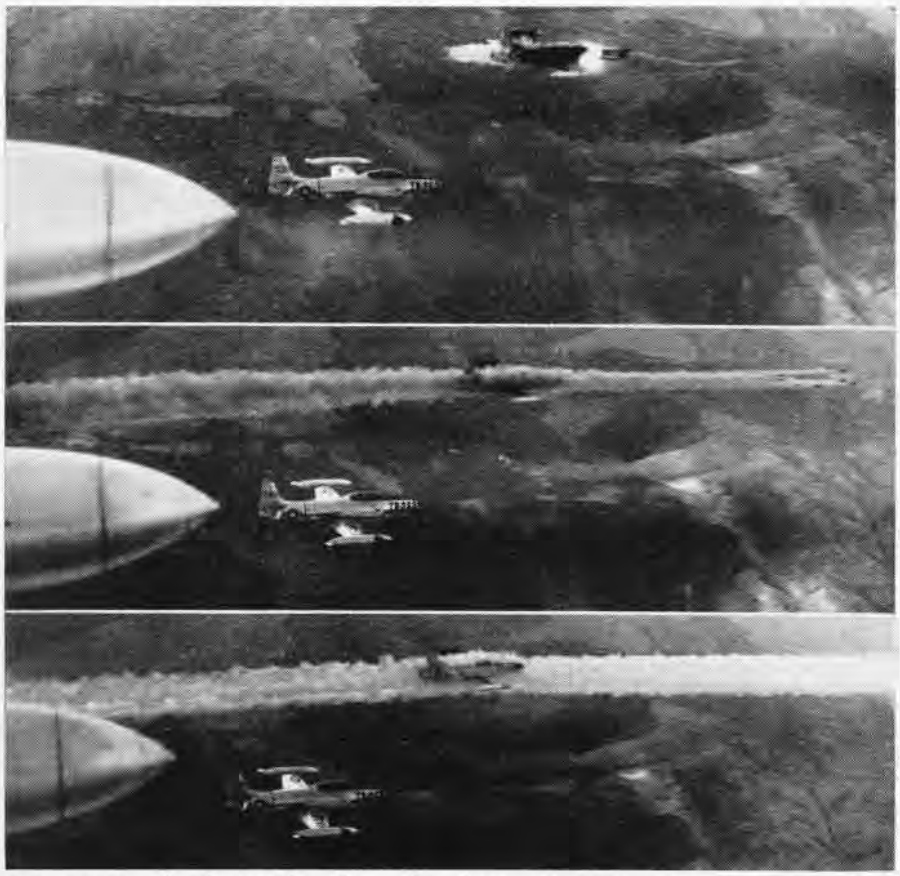
A two-man team operates the jeep—a driver and a nozzleman. In action, the nozzleman forms an approach path and protective foam shield for the "hot poppas" who rescue the pilot and crew.

A new type of foam is created by a pump which mixes air, water and a foam concentrate. Whipping them together, it spews the micro-bubbled substance through the nozzle at two to three times the quantity produced by present equipment.

The jeep supplements the large capacity piped foam systems aboard aircraft carriers. The jeep can be attached to such systems by flexible hose for continuous foam operation.



NAME-SPELLING *on carrier decks long has been a diversion for Navy flattops with a little time and community spirit. Above are two shots reaching the News from the Florida area. The top one shows the Tarawa spelling out a welcome message to Jacksonville residents as it steamed into the new Mayport carrier basin to entertain 12,500 visitors who visited the ship. The lower photo shows the Monterey with a greeting for Pensacola as it arrives to relieve the USS Cabot as training carrier for the Naval Air Training Command. It was the Monterey's second training stint. On her first tour she logged 20,748 landings and 978 catapult shots to qualify 1504 basic and 978 advanced aviation cadets.*



THIS SERIES *of photographs show the firing of 2.75" Aeromite rockets from the nose launchers of a Lockheed F-94C Starfire. The first photo shows a flash of fire and smoke pouring back over the plane. The second shows the rocket flock screaming ahead of the plane as smoke plumes swirl around the plane. In the third, only the smoke trail from the rockets remains, giving the pilot a short period of poor visibility. Any one of the 24 rockets is capable of downing any plane flying. Photo was made by K-25 camera.*

CARRIER SAILOR FIGHTS ASHORE

HEY, SAILOR, take off that white hat! You're a living target."

This was the first command received by Octavio T. Garza, radarman third class from the *Bon Homme Richard,* when as "guest" of the Army he spent five days ashore fighting the Communists in the front lines. Garza says he stowed his white hat and wore one of those "100-pound" Army helmets.

It all started when he set out from Kyushu, Japan, as a hitch-hiker with the Air Force to visit his brother, Cpl. John Garza, USA, whom he hadn't seen since Christmas of 1950. His brother was fighting in an outpost position of the central sector of the line. Radarman Garza landed at Chung-chong, Korea, and then made his way via truck and jeep toward the front.

"What the hell is a sailor doing up here?" was the most frequent question the soldiers asked as Garza was on his way. His standard comeback: "I'm looking for my ship. I'm sure I left her out here somewhere."

When he reached his brother's outfit, the 40th Infantry Division, the G.I.'s were in process of taking three hills. They gave him Army combat clothing, a .45, an M1 rifle, a tin hat, and Garza went into action.

As a Doggie short-timer, Garza handled ammo, ate K-rations, and took a bath in view of a sign which read: 38th Parallel — Russian Sector — American Zone.

On his return trip to the *Bon Homme Richard,* again as a hitch-hiker, one of his fellow passengers was a Turkish colonel. "He was decked out like a five-star general," Garza said.

Back aboard his ship, he commented, "Sure glad to be back aboard. Five days at the front make a guy appreciate clean bedding, showers when you want them, and hot chow."

The Glass Was Really Flying

Canopy Failure Produces 'Cold Stare'

Chief Aviation Pilot Reese of VR-32 can probably lay claim to giving the longest "cold stare" in history.

Reese was ferrying an F9F-5 under VR-31 control at 30,000 feet between Maxwell AFB and Hensley Field, Dallas, when his canopy exploded carrying away his protective helmet, inner-liner and oxygen mask. Most of the glass fragments from the shattered canopy flew into the cockpit, and a small splinter lodged in Reese's right eye.

Afraid that any movement of the eyeball would result in the glass splinter doing irreparable damage, Reese held his eye open until he could return to Maxwell and land. The loss of his vision made the landing operation a ticklish maneuver, but after one "go-around", the plane was landed safely and doctors removed the glass fragment without further incident.

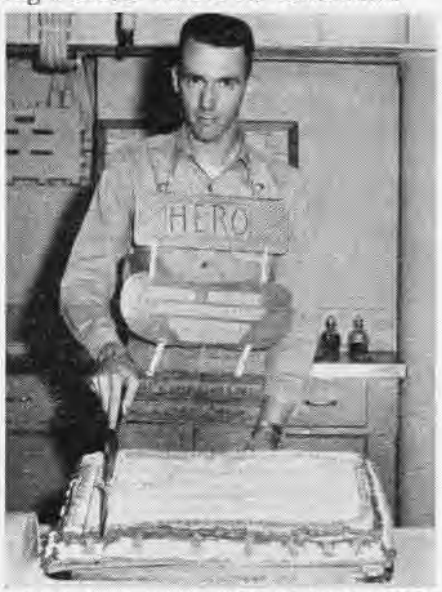
100-Hopper Becomes 'Hero'

He Has Double Motive for Celebration

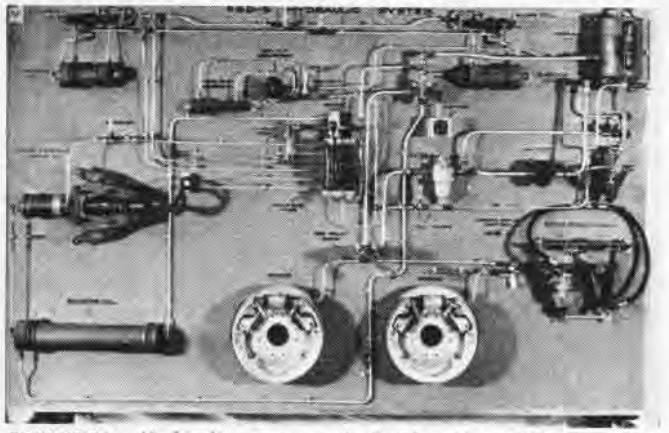
As the last rays of the sun swept over the flight deck of the USS *Essex,* Lt. (jg) John Harris of VA-55 climbed wearily from the cockpit of his AD *Skyraider* to find himself confronted by a delegation of fellow pilots and crew members, led by Capt. Paul D. Stroop, CO of the *Essex.*

After due ceremony and congratulations, Capt. Stroop strode forward to confer upon Harris a huge medal bearing the inscription "HERO," which was hung precariously from his neck. The ceremony continued with the presentation of the "Royal Order of the Green Weenie," a life membership in the "Knights of the Purple Shaft," and cutting of a special cake prepared for the occasion by the ship's bakers.

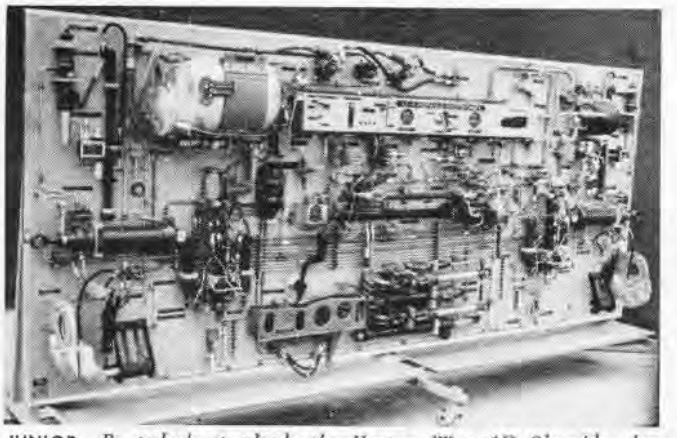
Harris, on his third tour of Korean duty, had just completed his 100th combat mission over Korea. Coincidentally, the fete occurred simultaneously with the pilot's 200th carrier landing, affording a double motive for celebration.



PICTURE OF A 'HERO' WITH WEIGHTY MEDALS



GRANDDAD—*Hydraulic system of Pacific War SBD Dauntless weighed 150 lbs., did its job, and was easy on the maintenance crews*



JUNIOR—*By today's standards the Korean War AD Skyraider hydraulic system is simple, but compare its 600 lbs. with the SBD*

WEIGHT-VERSUS-PERFORMANCE RIDDLE

AN INTERESTING poster on the walls of one of the key offices of BUAER displays a Marilyn Monroe-type girl, appropriately clad for weighing purposes, esthetically poised on a pair of scales. The legend says for all to see: *Simplicate and add lightness.* Intended for the men charged with deciding what kinds of airplanes the Navy will be flying next year and the year after, the message obviously refers to aeronautics and not girls. Another poster, sporting no feminine decorations, bluntly though ungrammatically asks: *There's too many gadgets now. What can you take out of the airplane?*

Such wall posters are only one indication that Navy aerodynamicists have been living for years with the weight-*versus*-performance riddle. The controversy currently raging in the aviation press represents the latest development in a long-standing altercation. New policy plans with great potential impact upon U.S. military aviation could result from it.

The pure aerodynamicist traditionally prefers to regard an airplane as something similar to the girl on the scales—clean, beautiful, and totally functional. This, of course, is an extreme view because, although it is pleasant to think of an airplane as a machine which is designed from the ground up to do nothing but fly, military airplanes have a dual function. They must both fly and fight. And building airplanes which can do a superior job of performing both these functions has thrown designers into a sort of circular rat race. The two functions violently conflict with each other.

As an airplane is made more efficient as a weapon or gun platform, its performance as an airplane drops off woefully. Designers groan with anguish when people start spoiling their beautiful clean lines by hanging guns, bombs, and other impedimenta on the wings; as electronic gear, heavy boost machines, ejection seats, armor plate and whatnot are installed inside the fuselage, making the gross weight soar.

On the other hand, the Navy needs planes equipped for nothing but racing or zipping unarmed and unequipped through the stratosphere only infrequently. The great majority of military aircraft must carry a certain irreducible minimum of military gear if they are to do their job. They must be able to haul considerable tonnages of destruction to the enemy. Yet, high performance must not be sacrificed.

An illuminating sidelight on the current hassle comes from the Navy's experience with the Jap *Zeke* and other high-performance Jap fighters during World War II. People who took the high-performance attitude at that time howled that we had let the Japs outstrip us in fighter development. The *Zeke* was said to be a "better" fighter than anything we had. Well, it was better, in a sense. It had higher rates of climb, greater straight-and-level speed, and was more nimble in maneuvering. There, however, the superiority ended.

NAVY planes found in a dive that was no strain for an FM-2, an F6F or an F4U, the *Zeke* began to shear their wings. They lacked weight, sure; but in this case weight could have meant greater structural wing strength. In our fighters, while the armor plate aft of the pilot undoubtedly added weight and cut performance, it also saved the life of many a pilot, thus preventing the loss of a considerable number of aircraft. In the end, by development of appropriate tactics and reliance upon air discipline instead of circus aerobatics, our fighters licked the *Zeke* problem.

But the present question goes far beyond anything encountered in the past. Responsible aircraft designers state bluntly that most of our aircraft are far too complex. This makes their manufacture ruinously expensive and seriously impairs their performance. E. H. Heineman, chief engineer of El Segundo Douglas Aircraft Co. has stated: "Recent studies [made by Douglas] have shown clearly that weight, complexity, and cost *can* be reduced and at the same time combat effectiveness and the efficiency of the airplane and pilot as a team and chances of survival can be improved considerably."

HE points out that tho a good deal of weight increase can be charged to increased performance, this increase is disproportionate to the increase in performance. He says that maximum aircraft speed at the end of the second quarter of this century has only doubled over that at the end of the first quarter. But the weight of military machines has increased from 10 to 20 times.

He also shows that in 1930, $100,000,000 would buy a little more than 1,100 fighters. In 1950, this number had dropped to less than 100.

Heinemann points out that if an airplane gross weight is increased by 10% in the form of added equipment weight, then wing area, power plant, fuel and structure must be increased by 100%, resulting in a plane of twice the original gross weight if original strength and performance are maintained. The 10% growth factor he used in this illustration was selected because it represents an average of several current jets, although it may vary from 5% in older prop-types to as much as 20% in some modern high-performance fighters.

Figuring an average aircraft cost-per-pound at $40, multiplied by the same 10% growth factor, each pound of added weight to an airplane adds $400 to its cost if performance, range and strength are maintained.

Comparing the Pacific War SBD *Dauntless* with the Korean War AD *Skyraider*, Heinemann states, "In spite of our best efforts to simplify and improve maintenance, airplanes persist in becoming more complicated due to the constant refinement of the science of aviation. For example, the hydraulic system of the SBD consists of a reservoir, engine pump, emergency hand pump, selector valves for operating landing flaps, dive brakes, retractable landing gear, cowl flaps, and wheel brakes. The hydraulic system used on the AD is, by present standards, one of the simplest. . . . A few functions have been added, as well as an accumulator and emergency devices, and it is a more efficient system. Still . . . its complexity and the number of parts subject to failure have increased considerably."

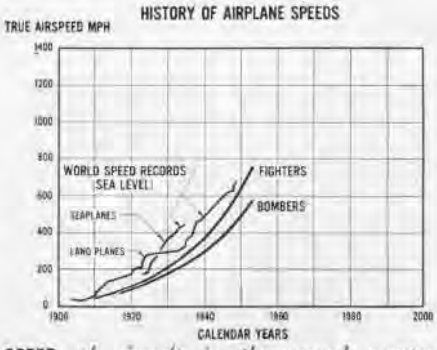
JOHN K. Northrop, president of Northrop Aircraft, Inc., writing in a recent magazine, seems to agree that weight reductions can be made. He specifies: "For example, four vertical gyros are installed in one plane. One of these is on the instrument panel in the gyro horizon, one in the autopilot, one in the fire-control system, and one in the zero reader. They all cost money and weigh pounds, and each pound multiplies itself seven to 10 times if performance is to be maintained."

One approach to the problem, he says, would be to view the airplane, its engine and equipment as a carefully integrated machine without these duplicate elements.

Joining the chorus, Wing Comm. A. U. Houle, DFC, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, writes that some gear needed to make peacetime flying safer and easier is just not necessary in combat. This gear, again, adds weight and cost.

He writes: "Psychologists and doctors point out that roomy cockpits and other comforts cut down on pilot fatigue. Though this is true in pleasure flying, a fighter pilot on operations could not relax even if he were able to stretch out in an easy chair. He can afford to get very tired and uncomfortable, if gracious living in the cockpit is going to bring bullets 'round his head instead of additions to the number of his kills. Therefore, unless the added equipment is an all-'round saving—leave it out."

One approach to the problem, now being undertaken by the British, is the "one-shot" fighter-interceptor. This is a stripped-down, high-performance aircraft—very light and very fast—made for a short life. It will carry only the bare rudiments of radar gear—just enough to get it locked onto its target—and sufficient ordnance to make a kill. Life expectancy of the aircraft will be very short in comparison to that of conventional military planes. The theory is that if the pilot gets hit and can't get home, he can bail out. Loss of the stripped-down airplane will be small in comparison to loss of a conventional interceptor built to fly thousands of hours and carrying the latest in instruments, guns, and radar.



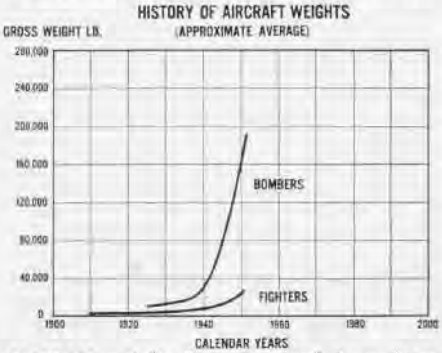
SPEED *of aircraft in the second quarter of century has just doubled first quarter*

LESS *than 100 fighters can be purchased today at the same price of over 1,100 of 1930's*

TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF EFFECT OF EQUIPMENT UPON G.W. AND COST
(TYPICAL FIGHTER)

ITEM	APPROX. WT. OF ITEM	EFFECT ON G.W.	EFFECT ON COST
WING DE-ICING	300	3000	120,000
BARRIER CRASH PROVISIONS	250	2500	100,000
AUTO PILOT	110	1100	44,000
STALL WARNING (MECHANICAL)	4	40	1,600
G LIMITER	20	200	8,000
JETTISONABLE SEATS	100	1000	40,000
DEHUMIDIFICATION OF COCKPIT	50	500	20,000
SINGLE POINT PEDAL ADJUST.	7	70	2800
AUTOMATIC INVERTER CHANGEOVER	7	70	2800
TOTAL	848 LB.	8480 LB.	$ 339,200

SMALL *increases in equipment weight will greatly increase aircraft gross weight and cost*



AIRCRAFT *weights have increased from 10 to 20 times in same period speed has doubled*

Our interceptor problem, it should be remembered, is different from that of the British. It is far more complex and their solution might not apply.

Some aviation writers hold that increased cost and weight are the inevitable result of progress, that the equipment an airplane carries is necessary if the plane is to do its job. Another aviation writer expresses the opinion that "It is only the layman without specialized knowledge of the subject [the complexity of aircraft] who is impatient and critical."

It seems clear that a knotty problem exists. It will not be solved tomorrow or the day after, but the best brains in the country are working on it and there is no questioning the fact that Navy aircraft will continue to be among the best—from the point of view of both performance and military effectiveness.

Navy's 'Cake Bakin'est Ship'

Essex Special Occasions Come Often

The USS *Essex* has been dubbed "the cake bakin'est ship in the Navy" by Associated Press correspondents. It is regarded as the most prolific pastry producer in Naval history.

The custom of cake presentation on a "special occasion" recently resulted in three outstanding examples of the baking art on the event of the 50,000th landing on board the carrier.

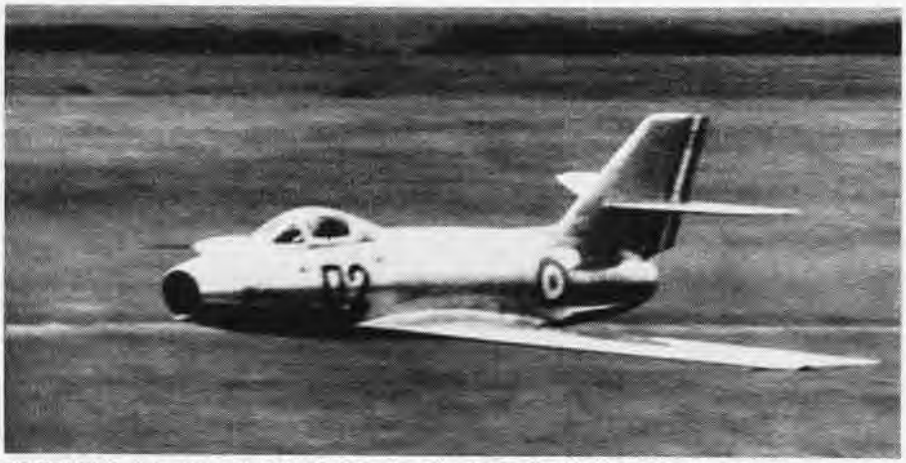
Lt. Robert Bergner, the pilot who made the landing, and Lt. R. H. Neiger, the LSO who directed his descent, each received a frosted delicacy three feet in length. The masterpiece, however, was the six-foot monument in sugar and spice given to the flight deck and hangar deck crews.

The *Essex* crew, never at a loss for a cake baking occasion, has presented a cake to each pilot completing an even 1,000th landing on her 900-foot flight deck. Pilots are welcomed aboard with cakes on the completion of their 100th combat mission, even 100th carrier landing, and whenever the eager ship's bakers find an excuse for *another* cake. They recently greeted the return of Lt. W. D. Willis with a cake bearing the inscription—"Congratulations on the 49,999th landing aboard the *Essex*."

Since the carrier's recommissioning on January 15, 1951, the bakery has prepared about 2,000 "special" cakes in addition to the cakes produced regularly.

But cake-eaters though they are, the crew sends its *Panthers, Skyraiders* and *Corsairs* daily to do their fighting part.

THE FRENCH AIR FORCE



SWEPT-WING M.D. 452 MYSTERE IS ONE OF THE MOST PROMISING JETS IN FRENCH AIR FORCE

THE FRENCH Air Force has made considerable progress since the dark days of 1940 when the greater part of the Armee de l'Air was forced to retreat before the German onslaught to bases in North Africa. Stymied by Petain's armistice with Germany, many of these pilots as well as others left in France managed to escape to England and other British controlled areas.

The gathering together of these French airmen was facilitated at headquarters established in London where the British assisted in the organization of a Free French Air Force. After receiving new equipment, and a period of a reorientation, the French Air Force was once again ready to fight the enemy and participate in the struggle for the liberation of France.

Meanwhile a fighter group named "Normandie" was operating with the Soviet Air Force on the Eastern front. This unit, consisting of French personnel from England and the Middle East, spent the winter of 1942-43 in training at an airbase east of Moscow. Their equipment was mostly propeller-driven *Yak* fighters provided by the S.A.F. In addition to the fighter group a number of French parachute regiments operated with Soviet airborne brigades.

With the defeat of Germany, and the cessation of hostilities, the French Air Force had accumulated an international collection of aircraft. Included in the fighter units were *Spitfires, Thunderbolts, Airacobras* and Soviet YAK-3's. In bomber squadrons pilots flew *Marauders, Mitchells* and *Halifaxes. Lightnings* and *Black Widows* were used for reconnaissance while C-47's/R4D's and JU-52's formed the transport element.

Military aviation in post war France is divided between the Air Force and the Naval Air Arm. The Air Force is an autonomous service under the Ministry of Armed Forces. It is administered by an Under-Secretary for Air. General Lecheres, a graduate of St. Cyr, is the Chief of Staff of the French Air Force.

Until recently, the tactical organization of the French Air Force consisted of the escadrille (flight) of approximately eight aircraft each, the group (squadron), usually two escadrilles, and the air division (USAF WWII wing). Because of NATO and MDAP, the FAF is adopting a modified USAF wing and squadron organization. As a result, the squadron will consist of approximately 25 aircraft.

AIR INTELLIGENCE

THE NAVAL Air Arm is administered by the Ministry of Marine. Rear Admiral Rebuffel is commander of Naval Air.

The Naval Air Arm operates three aircraft carriers: *Arromanches* (H.M.S. *Colossus*), which was purchased from the Royal Navy; a light fleet carrier *Lafayette* (formerly *Langley* CVL-27); and a light escort-carrier *Dixmude* (formerly H.M.S. *Biter*). The old French aircraft carrier *Bearn* is now classified as an aircraft transport.

Since the end of the war the French have made a determined effort to produce their own aircraft. Until 1950 the result was the construction of many military prototype aircraft instead of quantity production of a few approved types. As a result of this situation, the French Air Force in the post war years had to continue to rely on foreign equipment.

With the build-up of European Air Forces under NATO and MDAP, the French Air Force experienced rejuvenation from more modern equipment supplied by the U. S. and Britain. FAF fighter units were the first to be re-equipped when they received de Havilland *Vampire* Mk 5 jet fighters procured from the British. License rights for the production of this aircraft were obtained by the French from S.N.C.A.S.E. and the first model was turned out in January 1950.

Although this version was powered with a *Goblin* turbojet engine, a more powerful version was turned out later, fitted with the French Hispano-Suiza-built *Nene* engine. The *Nene*-powered *Vampire* Mk 53, when French built, is known as the *Mistral*. It flew for the first time in April, 1951.

Later from the United States came

THIS MODEL OF OURAGAN HAS CHEEK SCOOPS INSTEAD OF USUAL NOSE

STRAIGHT, LOW WING ON M.D. 450 OURAGAN, ONE OF FRANCE'S BEST

Republic F-84 *Thunderjet* fighters and Lockheed T-33's for jet training. These U.S. and British jets have replaced obsolescent *Spitfire* and *Thunderbolt* prop fighters. Bomber units have been refitted with Douglas B-26 *Invaders,* replacing World War II Martin *Marauders* and *Mosquitos.*

F.A.F. Transport squadrons are still equipped with C-47's and JU-52's. Augmenting these is a new twin-engined light transport designated M.D. 315 *Flamant.* Quite a few *Flamants* have been turned out since they first went into production in 1948. Ordered by the F.A.F. the aircraft appears in two versions, the M.D. 311 equipped as a trainer, and the M.D. 312 furnished as a six passenger liaison plane.

OTHER aircraft obtained from U.S. include F6F, F8F, TBM's, SB2C's and P4Y's and PBY's for reconnaissance. Most of these aircraft, together with the *Invaders,* are being used in Indochina against the Communist Vietminh troops centered in the main Tonkin theater. A number of British *Lancasters* have been turned over to the French Naval Air Arm and these will be used for anti-submarine patrol duties. In addition, British *Sea Otters* are used for patrol and rescue work while four-engined *Languedocs* are used for transport services.

During the past year the *Arromanches* has been operating off the coast of Indochina in assisting the FAF in aerial support of ground forces. While carrying out these missions, carrier squadrons come under the operational control of the FAF. The aviation component normally carried aboard the *Arromanches* consists of two squadrons; 16 F6F fighters and 6 SB2C attack bombers.

The French hope eventually to replace these aircraft with more advanced types of native design and manufacture. To his end the French Navy has instigated a program of research and development. While the program has not yielded much in the way of production-type aircraft, a number of interesting prototypes have been turned out. Included is the Breguet Type 960 *Vultur,* a twin-engined low-wing naval fighter with a composite turbojet-turboprop power-plant. It is a carrier-based plane with folding wings. If tests prove successful, the aircraft is to be ordered into production.

FRENCH AIR FORCE IS USING A NUMBER OF VAMPIRE JETS, BUILT ON LICENSE FROM BRITISH

A more conventional aircraft, the Nord 1400 *Noroit,* is in production for the French Navy. It is a twin-engined search and rescue amphibian with accommodations for a crew of seven. Mounted high on the hull is a trapezoidal gullwing, spanning 103.7 feet. Its estimated cruising speed is 117 knots at 1,700 feet.

Another Nord product is the *Noratlas* military transport. It is a twin-engined, twin-boomed cargo-type aircraft similar to the C-119.

The FAF in Indochina has received some Hiller 360, HTE, helicopters for primary use in casualty evacuation. Since the receipt of the first 'copters, a tremendous number of evacuations have been accomplished. Additional helicopters have been received from British Westland Sikorsky, who build the S-51, a licensed version of the HO3S/H-5. Currently the French firm SNCASE is engaged in preparation for the license production of the Sikorsky S-55, a version of the HO4S/H-19 helicopter.

Of the numerous prototype jet fighters turned out by French factories, the products of Marcel Dassault have appeared most promising. Best known is the M.D. 450 *Ouragan,* which is in production for the FAF.

The *Ouragan* (*Hurricane*) is a single-seat fighter with a straight wing and a high set fin and stabilizer. It was designed and built in 18 months without a government contract. The aircraft was first flown in February 1949 and has since been ordered into production. During Operation "Swing" in March 1952, four of these aircraft, the first to become operational, participated in the maneuvers.

The M.D. 450 is powered by a Hispano-Suiza built *Nene* rated at 5,000 pounds thrust at sea level. With this turbojet engine, its top speed is slightly in excess of 500 knots at sea level. Its range is around 700 nautical miles; its loaded weight, more than 13,000 pounds. Armament will probably consist of four to six 20mm guns.

AN IMPROVED model, the M.D. 452 *Mystere,* is under development for eventual production. It is a sweptback wing version of the M.D. 450 with a more powerful jet engine. From a recognition viewpoint both aircraft bear a close resemblance to the Soviet MIG-15. The Dassault jets, however, are low-wing fighters while the MIG-15 is a mid-wing jet. Plans call for a portion of the *Mystere* production to be equipped with British *Tay* jet engines while the remainder will be fitted with the French-designed and built ATAR jet engines. The first flight of the *Mystere* took place during February 1951.

Equipped with a *Tay* jet engine producing more than 6,000 pounds thrust, the M.D. 452 has a top speed of 560 knots. It is slightly heavier than the *Ouragan* and has a shorter range.

The M.D. 452 fitted with a *Nene* jet engine has been flown by several USAF pilots and their comments have been favorable. Much hope has been placed in these two fighters and it is the intention of the French to use them as the backbone of their fighter defense.

In addition to Dassault's day fighters, an all-weather type, M.D. 453, is planned. It will feature sweptback wings, a two-place cockpit, and lateral air intakes. An experimental modified M.D. 450 was constructed to test the lateral air intake system.

F-84 THUNDERJETS ARE REPLACING OBSOLETE SPITFIRES, THUNDERBOLTS IN FRENCH AIR FORCE

AIR INTELLIGENCE

High Altitude Photo Mark

Banshee Gets Photo From 54,650

VC-61, MIRAMAR—A new record for high altitude photography is claimed by this squadron which took the accompanying photo of the San Diego bay area from an F2H-2P photo plane from a calculated altitude of 54,650 feet.

Because temperature factors and instrument inaccuracy makes it difficult for a pilot to know his exact altitude while flying, the most accurate way to determine altitude is through scientific analysis of photographs taken from a height.

Lt. S. J. Jaynes, photo syllabus officer of the squadron, reported the distance from the southern tip of Pt. Loma to Pt. La Jolla in the contact print is 7.51 inches and 17.1 inches for a like distance on a map of scale 1:48,000. This relationship gives an altitude of approximately 54,650 feet.

The pilot of the jet *Banshee* which took the picture was Lt. Robert K. Awtrey, Jr., now in Korea on the *Kearsarge*. The photo includes such well-known areas as NAS SAN DIEGO, Lindbergh field, Point Loma and LaJolla, with Miramar in the upper left corner (X-runways). About 120 square miles of land and water are included in the picture. A K-17 camera with 6" lens was used.

The previous "record" high altitude photo was taken by Lt. (jg) Frederick C. Turner of NATC PATUXENT. He flew his *Banshee* 51,089 feet up and photographed Washington, D. C. A few days previously Lt. (jg) Hugh J. Tate had shot it from 48,846, a picture which was widely published at the time of the controversy over vulnerability of high-flying B-36's.

COMMUTERS' 'WHIRLYBIRD' SPECIAL

THE CONVENTIONAL and accepted means of transportation for most working people is a car, a bus or a train. But the Marines attached to the Forestry Department at MCAS CHERRY POINT have gone a step further in travel. They go to work by helicopter.

When the site for a new radio range station was selected, the *Leathernecks* found they had a pretty tough nut to crack. The new installation was to be built in a swamp-like area.

Because the ground was soft, the equipment needed to clear the land for construction of the unit couldn't be carried overland. To make matters worse, roadway construction couldn't begin until surveyors could determine the exact location of the station, following preliminary work on the area.

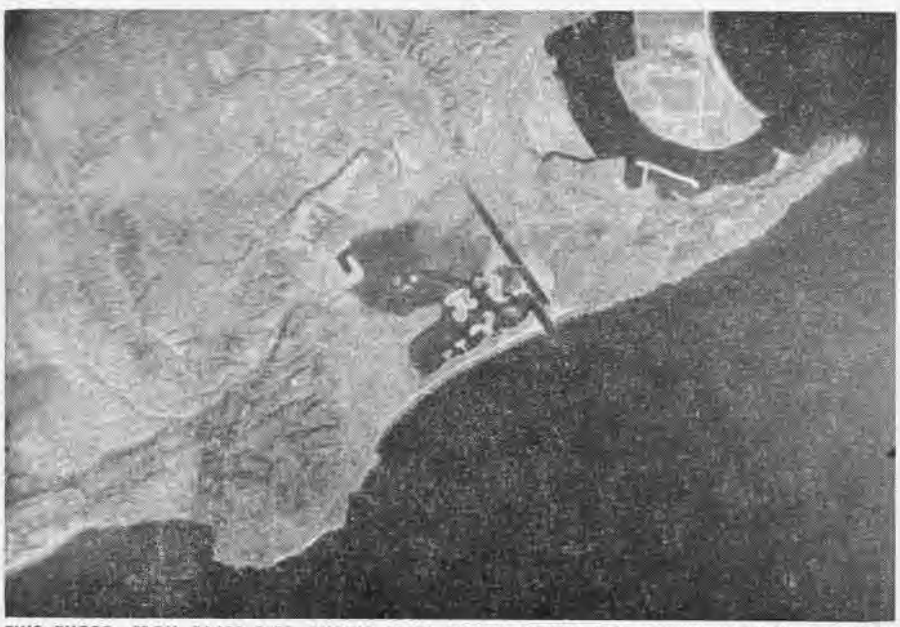
The Forestry Department Marines were momentarily stymied. A way had to be found to carry the tools and dynamite necessary to clear the tract of land without risking losing them through sinkage in the marshy ground.

It was at this point that the helicopter came into the picture. The "whirlybird", which is daily cementing its claim as the most versatile aircraft in use today by such odd tasks as chasing run-away model blimps and the like, proved again that it can do jobs, formerly considered almost impossible, with comparative ease.

The men and the equipment necessary for leveling the area were loaded into helicopters and flown to the station site. While the choppers hovered overhead, the men lowered themselves by cable to the earth, followed by their equipment. It was the first time the Marines had gone to work this way.

They set to work clearing marsh grass and stumps, returning daily by helicopter to complete the operation.

Following the completion of the preliminary clearing project, a steel mesh net was laid over the ground, allowing the 'copters to land at the site. Painted white, it was clearly visible from the air and made contact with the new station simple.



THIS PHOTO, FROM 54,650 FEET, SHOWS FROM NORTH ISLAND (TOP RIGHT) PAST PT. LA JOLLA

Wives Learn Jargon of Jets

Marines Feel Knowledge Cuts Worries

MCAS CHERRY POINT — Wives of VMJ-2 photo pilots got tired of wondering what the "shop talk" of their husbands meant, so they took a quick check-out course here.

Confused by such terms as "mock," "Banjo" and "pickle it off," the wives persuaded LCol. L. R. Seiberg, commanding officer of the squadron, to give them a complete tour. It began with the "molehole" (darkroom) and ended with the "banjo" (F2H photo-jet). Along the way they learned that "mock" signifies the speed of sound and "pickle it off" means snapping individual pictures from the planes.

CAPT. FRIES EXPLAINS F2H TO PILOTS' WIVES

The conducted tour accomplished a dual purpose of definite importance to both the peace of mind of the wives and the operating efficiency of the pilots. Knowing the *Banshee* travels near the speed of sound, and hearing their husbands talk in unfamiliar and often awe-some-sounding terms, the wives frequently spent anxious hours worrying about their spouses when their assigned missions kept them in the air longer than scheduled.

"Before they visited us, many wives used to die a hundred imaginary deaths when we'd mention that someone had a 'light off' or something similar. Now they know that the expression means merely a quick-starting jet, and they don't worry," Col. Seibert explained. The morale of the pilots' wives has definitely been lifted by the check-out.

Twin-Engine Trainer in Use

AWFS Corpus to Get New Trainer

A twin-engine, flight-simulating ground trainer which duplicates the pilots' "office" of multi-engine aircraft down to upholstery and warning placards has gone into service at the fleet's ALL WEATHER FLYING SCHOOL at NAS CORPUS CHRISTI. The simulator even duplicates the sounds and "feel" of flight, flight and engine instruments respond to the controls as in real aircraft, and the instructor can "crank in" emergencies encountered in the air.

COCKPIT OF NEW INSTRUMENT FLIGHT TRAINER

The new instrument flight trainer was designed by the Engineering and Research Corporation under contract to the NAVY SPECIAL DEVICES CENTER. It provdies for simultaneous transmissions from two stations which can simulate the low frequency range, fan markers and Z marker, and in addition, has VOR omni-range with distance measuring equipment, ILS glide path and localizer with boundary markers, and approach error indicators for GCA instruction.

GCA Saves 125 on AF Plane

Japanese Unit Gives Quick 'Service'

NAS ATSUGI—A dramatic race with disaster—with 125 returning Korean war veterans' lives at stake—occurred at this Japanese air station on 9 October.

At 2312, Tokyo Control called the GCA unit and stated an Air Force C-124 was 20 miles south of Atsugi. One engine was feathered and another on fire, and the plane needed immediate emergency assistance.

Since the GCA unit's crew has quarters in a nearby quonset, they were able immediately to man the unit. Radar contact was made at 14 miles south and the plane immediately turned onto the final approach. Since the unit was set up on runway 1, a straight-in approach could be conducted.

Because the huge C-124 had lost considerable altitude, its entrance onto the glide path was late, but the pilot displayed skill and the run was completed only eight minutes after GCA notification. Atsugi weather was ceiling unlimited, visibility one-half mile.

SEA DOG PICKS UP SURVIVORS FROM CRIPPLED BLIMP OFF FLORIDA COAST, GAS LOSS CRITICAL

Sub Saves Airship's Crew

Bag Punctured, Blimp Sags into Sea

NAS GLYNCO—During World War II, airships and submarines were mortal enemies, but today the subs are rescuing the blimps.

For the second time in a few months time, a blimp has come to grief over the ocean and a submarine has gone to the rescue. This time it happened when the airship blew a window out of its cab. The propeller tossed the window into the bag, tearing the ballonet and allowing helium to escape so fast the blimp settled into the ocean 55 miles off Jacksonville, Fla.

The crew, headed by Lt. George R. Keiser, commander of the blimp, swam clear of the settling bag and climbed aboard life rafts. A companion airship called the submarine *Sea Dog* which had been working on a training problem with the blimps. Less than an hour later the crew was aboard the sub, later transferring to the auxiliary repair ship *Escape* which took them to Mayport.

Rescue never was in doubt to the 11-man crew. Calls from the sister blimp attracted several aircraft to the area, and, according to the downed flyers, there were so many wings overhead that the sun was shaded and they got cold on the water.

LCdr. L. W. Strum, Jr., commanding officer of ZP-2, flew to the scene and reported the downed blimp unsalvageable so the sub's guns sank it. Other officers on the blimp were Lt. Paul Fedor, Lt. (jg) H. A. Irwin and Ens. Richard J. Janousek and W. E. Klinker.

Last summer a blimp attached to ZX-11 at Boca Chica dipped down to the water and was towed back to the air station by the *Sea Poacher*.

P5M Taxis 70 Miles North

Long Distance Jaunt Made at Patuxent

NATC PATUXENT—What may be a long distance record for taxiing a seaplane was set here recently when pilots from Flight Test division taxiied a P5M *Marlin* on one engine from this test center to Glenn L. Martin Co. plant in Baltimore, 70 miles away.

The seaplane had damaged an engine during BIS trials and was unflyable. Damage was such that it was deemed advisable to have repairs made at the Martin plant. The *Marlin*, with Lt. J. W. Cox as pilot, used its underwater hydroflaps to steer, offsetting the torque from one-engine operation. Crewmen were A. McTavish, AD1, and J. S. Stewart, AD3.

By idling the single engine and using little power, the seaplane could be taxied on a straight line. The trip took seven hours to complete.

On the trip north, an oil tanker overtook and passed the seaplane—probably the only time in history a tanker ever beat an airplane traveling from Patuxent to Baltimore.

The jaunt was not the longest trip made on the water by a seaplane, however. Back in 1925, Cdr. John Rodgers, on a transPac to Hawaii, was forced down 450 miles from the islands. Ripping fabric from his PN-9's wings, he made sails out of it and sailed his plane that distance.

Serves Twice on the Wasp

Banshee Skipper Returns to Carrier

VF-12, ATLANTIC—History repeated itself when Cdr. John L. Carter directed his *Flying Ubangis* aboard the *Wasp* in *Operation Main Brace*.

It marked the second time he had operated aircraft from the deck of the veteran carrier. The time interval between the two experiences was more than seven years. He came aboard the *Wasp* as a "jaygee" with VF(N)-77 in May 1944. He fought through the battles of the Mariannas, Palau and Okinawa and the Philippine Sea.

In January of 1952 he brought his own fighter squadron back aboard the *Wasp*. The carrier is a new ship now by virtue of being one of the *"Oriskany-class"* modernized conversion carriers.

DESERT *sands were the type of scenery VF-878 pilots encountered over the bombing area near NAAS El Centro, California*

WARM *blue water and the swank shoreline of Miami Beach greet Anacostia pilots winging back on their cruise at MCAS Miami*

CRUISES ARE OVER, MEMORIES LINGER ON

FOR MOST of the Navy's Reserve squadrons, annual training cruises with their crowded schedules of flying and classroom study are over. The hard work is forgotten, and only pleasant memories linger on.

Every year the Reservists wait eagerly to learn whether or not their squadron will be lucky enough to take their cruise away from their own station. Since many men give up their normal vacation time from their civilian jobs to step into a cockpit or join a plane maintenance crew, they look forward to the chance of spending two weeks in different surroundings. There's always liberty too, since all work and no play make the boys dull.

FOR THE *second consecutive year the Conway Trophy is returned to Willow Grove Reserves*

Pleasant memories of off hours linger for VF-662 and VF-663 from NARTU ANACOSTIA. The members of the two squadrons had the good fortune to take their training cruise at MCAS MIAMI. While the ground crews worked diligently to keep their pilots in the air, the F8F *Bearcat* pilots furnished sun-tanned vacationers with a daily air show as they flew over the blue Atlantic on their way to and from gunnery and bombing practice. During liberty hours, the men kept the situation well in hand at such swank Miami Beach resort hotels as the Sans Souci.

VF-878 from NAS OAKLAND was one of the biggest little squadrons to draw a change of scenery for its training period. In the last two years 13 pilots have gone on active duty, leaving only 13 pilots, five ground officers and 52 enlisted men as the full complement.

Four of VF-878's pilots spent their training period at NAAS EL CENTRO where SCARS, miniature bombs and air-to-air gunnery were stressed. They made a complete division for gunnery operations and, though small, were far from being impotent.

HUSBAND *and wife team from Glenview discuss pre-flight plans during cruise at Norfolk*

The other three of the seven pilots taking training went to NAS SAN DIEGO to instrument school. This school, administered by FASRON-7, consisted of 10 days of classes and flying, at the end of which each pilot had qualified for his white instrument card. Each pilot flew approximately 30 hours in SNB aircraft and carried on a very complete ground school course during the training period.

Aircraft availability at El Centro was 100 percent at all times as the three pilots that went to San Diego left their planes at El Centro as spares. During the cruise each pilot flew at least 50 hours, expending 2850 rounds of .50 caliber ammunition, 233 2.25-inch rockets and 374 miniature bombs.

Eleven Naval Air Reserve R4D's airlifted personnel of VF-891, VS-891 and FASRON-891 from NARTU SEATTLE to NAS MOFFETT FIELD for their training. The squadrons were almost entirely self-sufficient and received excellent training in planning and working without the ready support of NARTU SEATTLE. Not only did the cruise give the squadrons a welcome change of scenery which helped to build up their morale, but it did much to maintain their ever-ready status and increase their proficiency.

Even though it wasn't Mardi Gras time, members of VA-673 from NAS ATLANTA visited some of the city's famous landmarks during their cruise at NAS NEW ORLEANS. They weren't in for the surprise that a group of Reservists from NAS OLATHE received during their cruise at Nola when they heard a soft, feminine voice coming from the mike giving out landing instructions. There

hadn't been a woman in the control tower since World War II, but Wave Airman Yvonne Russell took her two weeks of training in the tower, directing the landing and take-offs of scores of planes each day.

Luckiest Reservist on training cruise was Lt. Richard A. Davis of FASRON-725 at NAS GLENVIEW. He managed to have his wife airlifted to NAS NORFOLK to be with him during the cruise. His wife, Mary, is also a lieutenant in the Naval Air Reserve and is Administrative Assistant for FASRON-725.

They both have "wings," although of a different sort. Richard is a naval aviator and Mary is a naval navigator. She also holds a civilian license for single-engine planes. They work as a team on many of their weekend flights.

With fiscal '53 cruises behind them, Reserve squadrons are keeping their fingers crossed, hoping they'll be tapped for training at a station where they can see how the "other half" of the Navy lives.

THIS DUTY *wasn't bad at all. Liberty hours found Anacostia Reservists meeting the girls and keeping the situation in hand at the Sans Souci Hotel on Miami Beach*

Willow Grove Does It Again

For the second time in as many years, NAS WILLOW GROVE won the coveted Edward Francis Conway Memorial Trophy, awarded annually to the station which demonstrates the greatest proficiency. The trophy was presented to the Navy Department in memory of the late Lt. Edwin Francis Conway who commanded Floyd Bennett Field, now NAS NEW YORK.

Three Willow Grove squadrons were also individually honored with the famous Noel Davis Awards as the most efficient squadrons of their type. They were VF-931, VR-931 and FASRON-935. Other winners were: VA-731 of NAS GROSSE ILE, VS-911 of NAS SQUANTUM, VPP-876 of NAS OAKLAND, ZP-751 of NARTU LAKEHURST and WS-81 of NAS MINNEAPOLIS.

NAS LINCOLN received the Chief of Naval Air Training Trophy, another award which has become the object of keen competition. The winner is determined following annual military, logistics and training inspection by CNATRA.

'Bitter Birds' Are Back

For the second time VF-884 is back on the line again, dealing out destructive blows to the Communist forces in Korea.

VF-884 was part of CAG-101, the first all-Reserve Air Group to tangle with the enemy in the summer of 1951. All of the original officers of the squadron from the Kansas City area have been released to inactive duty or reassigned to other billets with the exception of Lt. (jg) Jack B. Radar of Howard, Kansas, who stayed with the squadron.

Once again the squadron has a predominance of recalled Reserve Naval Aviators from all sections of the country.

It is part of CAG-101 based aboard the USS *Kearsage*. VF-884 has been fighting since last fall and so far has flown over 300 sorties against the Communists. The squadron has lost three of its pilots in action.

LOADING *bombs aboard plane during cruise at Moffett are T. Groth, AOT1, and C. Kays, AA, Reservists from NAS Seattle*

PASSING *the ammunition are Atlanta's Jackson, Steinbrenner, Bailey, Jones, Wheeles before liberty in lovely New Orleans*

His Training Paid Dividends

Marine Pilot Ditches With No Hitches

Repeated training in ditching procedures paid off for Lt. Marvin L. Brill of VMF-225 at ALF EDENTON.

Lt. Brill was on a two-plane instrument flight when he saw the oil pressure on his F4U drop alarmingly. He reported the drop to flight leader, Capt. W. H. Garret, who noticed the *Corsair* was smoking.

Brill immediately transmitted his situation to the nearby Coast Guard Station at Elizabeth City, N. C. They sent up a rescue 'copter while Lt. Brill tried to make the Elizabeth City field. He continued to transmit his position, dropping oil pressure and rising temperature.

Keeping over water, Brill finally had to decide to ditch when the oil pressure dropped to zero and the engine ran rough while still five miles short of his goal. In another 30 seconds, the engine quit and the pilot was going over his checkoff list and had rolled his canopy open and locked it. By that time the plane was over the waves, air speed was 80 knots and Brill "popped" his flaps. It wasn't like his "Dilbert Dunker" training, but the splash of water didn't alarm him, and he was surprised by the small amount of jolt.

He released his safety belt, floated out from the plane and inflated his Mae West. With a little difficulty, he took off his parachute, removed the pararaft and inflated it. No sooner had he climbed into his raft than he noticed the 'copter in the distance. Since his training had taught that the raft would be blown away by the blast of the rotor blades, he jumped off his raft and waited.

A 'copter crewman, who had thought he was on a practice drill until the rescue craft was actually in the air, swung the rescue sling to Brill and within a reported six minutes from the time of ditching, he was safe.

THE LATEST *model of the Neptune patrol plane family, the* P2V-6, *has made its flight tests and soon will join the fleet. It is designed specially for mine laying and antisubmarine warfare, although it can serve also for night torpedo attacks, mast-level bombing, horizontal bombing and photo reconnaissance. It is powered by Wright turbo-compound engines, as are in the* P2V-4 *and* R7V-1 *Super Constellation. The new Neptune has a longer nose, smaller tip tanks and smaller radar dome. A new feature is pressure-fueling, for fast-feeding fuel into wing tanks to save time or rapid emptying in an emergency. Engine nacelles are stainless steel.*

How to Eat From Whole Cloth

Swim Suit Scraps Become Meal Tickets

Members of VF-91 each received a small scrap of the bathing suit worn by glamorous Hollywood screen star Mari Aldon, when she visited the boys at NAS ALAMEDA.

Miss Aldon was selected for the rate of *Sweetheart First Class* and returned the souvenirs to the men for a dual purpose. Not only will it serve as a sentimental tie to the "Lady of Their Choice," but also as a one-stand meal ticket.

Miss Aldon provided all hands with an added incentive to return safely from their tour of sea duty. For each man who returns with the cloth remnant still in his possession, a dinner date with the star is in the offing.

Hangar Doors Smash Truck

Donut Deliverer Bails Out Hurriedly

NAS MOFFETT FIELD—Anyone caring for a slab-sided bakery truck can probably buy one cheap from a San Jose bakery whose vehicle came in second in a race with ponderous hangar doors.

The truck started through the hangar doors which were being closed. The driver, seeing the large doors coming near, bailed out and ran for his life, leaving a truckload of doughnuts to fend for themselves.

No serious damage was reported to the driver, doors or doughnuts but the truck is slated for O&R. Best remark heard at the scene was uttered by Chief Baxter, "We trapped her, she's ours—get those other people outa here!"

A3D Makes First Jet Hop

New Attack Plane Rated at 700 mph

The Navy's first swept-wing jet attack aircraft—the Douglas A3D—made its first flight at Muroc on 28 October, it has been announced.

Douglas test pilot George Jensen took the twin-jet off the runway and flew it around the California desert for 30 minutes. The A3D, the most powerful plane designed for carrier operation, is being produced by the El Segundo plant.

Built to fly up to 700 mph, the A3D can be used as a high altitude, high speed attack plane, or at low level for mine laying. It can be adapted for photo reconnaisance and has an internal bomb bay to carry the largest type bomb or torpedoes.

The plane looks from the nose like a swept-wing P2V, with its jet engine pods slung under the wings like in the B-47 and B-52 bombers. A pressurized cabin holds three men—pilot, pilot-bombardier and gunner-navigator.

A simple slide-type escape chute like that used on the F3D *Skyknight* is incorporated in the A3D. An upper ditching hatch is provided. Dive brakes open from the sides like those on the AD. The Air Force is ordering a quantity of A3D's and will designate them RB-66's.

LONG AND *slim is the description of the Navy's newest transport plane, the R7V Super Constellation, first production model of which is shown above. It made its first flight in November. Powered by four 3,250-hp turbo-compound engines, it will cruise at 340 mph carrying 59 passengers when it goes to a Navy VR squadron. Used for two years on P2V's, turbo-compound engines are standard piston types with special exhaust turbines to utilize power otherwise wasted. Plane is 130,000 pounds, 123' wingspan.*

AND THERE I WAS ....

Heavy Baked Goods

AS PART of their tenth anniversary celebration, WAVES from the Twelfth Naval District spent a day aboard the carrier *Antietam.*

Down in the galley, two of the ship's bakers had spent eight hours the night before in building and decorating the cake. The foundation consisted of 13 pan cakes and the over-all weight of the cake was estimated at approximately 130 pounds.

When the moment came to transport the cake from the galley to the hangar deck, the tribute to the gals was loaded on a bomb elevator. Such an elevator is capable of carrying thousands of pounds of bombs, but the cake proved too much for it. The elevator stuck between decks for more than an hour and it required the efforts of several men to get the load topside.

Live and Learn

A NEWLY-arrived Navy public information officer at Headquarters Allied Air Forces, Central Europe, sent his first release, the promotion of an Allied officer, to a French newspaper.

He was extremely gratified when the story promptly appeared in print. He was not so gratified when he received a bill from the paper for 1,200 francs (about $3.50) for advertising. He paid it himself.

Rank Ladder

I DUNNO Dept.:

An Air Force lieutenant colonel, noting FlogWing panel on the passenger compartment door listing names of the plane's crew asks:

"Isn't a captain in the Navy higher than a commander? Then why is the plane commander's name above the plane captain's?"

Flabbergasted Fliers

NOT EVERY aviator's adventures during the last brannigan took place in the blue. Late in '44 an outfit stopped off at a tiny jewel of the Pacific called Ponam. There wasn't much to do except pick at the food and gag over the water, so when all the natives from a nearby island sailed up for the burial services of their king at the Ponam boneyard, it looked like an all-hands evolution.

However, everybody was directed to stay clear of the native village. That night though, two of the braver souls stole a life raft and paddled down the lagoon to watch the ceremonies offshore. It was something. The natives were chanting and leaping and dancing, with the firelight glistening on their wet bodies.

Our boys drifted closer, but soon they were conscious of the fact that they were being watched from shore. Expecting a spear to come whistling out of the night, they went to all astern flank and returned to base.

Then, with the cool of their .38's reassuring them from under their shirts, they made a land assault, slipping from palm tree to palm tree, avoiding the white patches of moonlight that would have made them sitting targets for a cannibal's steel. Soon they could again catch sight of the fire and hear the ominous chanting.

At that moment their blood froze like a relief tube at 40,000 feet. A giant black loomed in front of them. Nerveless fingers could not move toward the salvation of a pistol. It was dark, but a blade *had* to be hovering over their young downy heads. Then their executioner spoke.

"Say," he said in clipped tones, "would you chaps like to step up and watch the show?"

BOB REILLY

WARNER BROS. INC.
BURBANK, CALIF.

Give 'Em the Bird!

ACCORDING to VR-2 flight crews, the VR-2 Detachment has developed an entirely new breed of chicken, peculiar only to the galley at Honolulu. Although no one in the flight crew has ever seen the bird, a sketch has been drawn up in the light of the evidence in their lunch boxes. It is generally agreed that this high flying "foul" has an extremely long, bony neck, little or no meat (but plenty of guts), two or more wings and numerous tails.

Several crew members have refused to comment on the taste, and no comment is required on the aroma. Luckily for those who tangle with this bird, a flight nurse is ready with first aid treatment.

LCdr. "Breast-o-Chicken" Kistler, O-in-C of the detachment, when called upon for comment, proudly announced that "nothing was too good for the 'Fly boys' and as long as he was O-in-C, he'd see they got plenty of it."

Detachment members when questioned further brought out this bit of rare and intelligent logic: "We have absolutely eliminated the arguments among flight crew members over who gets a drumstick, breast or thigh by eliminating those portions of the bird through intensive crossbreeding and extensive underfeeding."

It is to be noted that what appears to be the body on the sketch is only an inflated bag which holds feet, neck and bird together. Upon cooking, this bag deflates, leaving the bird in all its native boniness.

LT. W. F. MCSHARRY

GEN. JEROME, LCDR. LYNCH PEEK AT RAG DOLLS

Vacation Wasn't All Playtime

Marine Juniors Make Dolls For Koreans

The younger set is growing up with the spirit of sacrifice at MCAS CHERRY POINT. They gave up part of their playtime this year to make Christmas a happier one for many Korean waifs.

An idea originated by Mrs. W. G. Manley, wife of the CO at Cherry Point, and supervised in its working form by Mrs. J. P. Grande, resulted in a supply of traditional American home-made rag dolls which were distributed to Korean tots on Christmas Day. The six-to-nine-year-old group of the Junior Red Cross and their instructors gave up two hours of their time one day a week for six weeks to manufacture the dolls. Materials to make the dolls were purchased from funds collected and raised by the Junior Red Cross.

Upon completion, the dolls were packed and shipped to Major Gen. Clayton C. Jerome, ComGen of MAW-1.

Negro NavCad Is a Marine

After More Training Goes to El Toro

The first Negro to receive a commission into the Marine Corps from the NavCad Program at NAS PENSACOLA has been presented his designation as a naval aviator and his Marine commission.

Marine Second Lieutenant Frank E. Petersen, Jr., is the fourth Negro to receive the naval aviator designation. Ens.

WHITNEY GIVES DESIGNATION TO PETERSEN

Jesse L. Brown, the first, was killed in action over Korea in 1951. The second, Lt. (jg) Earl L. Carter, has been flying his *Panther* jet on such targets as Pyongyang and hydro-electric plants in northeastern Korea from the *Bon Homme Richard*. The third, Ens. Albert Floyd, was killed last spring in a *Skyraider* at NAS ATLANTIC CITY.

Lt. Petersen reported to NAATC at Corpus Christi for further training. Upon completion of this training, he reports for duty at MCAS EL TORO.

HOW COULD *one little 3-year-old girl have all those fathers above? It all started when Penny Nelson, daughter of 1st Lt. Forest A. Nelson of the Marine Devilcats squadron in Korea was completely paralyzed by polio on August 14. On Aug. 6 her father had been shot down behind the enemy lines. So the squadron pitched in to raise a "Pennies for Penny" fund to help pay for the little girl's hospitalization. They raised $1,100 as a starter and sent it to her mother. They wrote letters to her and named a plane after her. The idea of a fund for her came from Capt. Richard Francisco and the squadron took it up.*

Economy Drive Is Effective

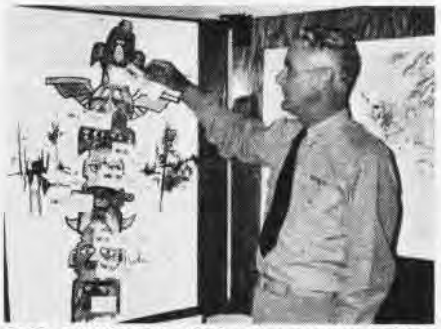
ComFair Hawaii Is Cost Conscious Man

A cost-conscious program, aimed at every officer and enlisted man, has been developed by Capt. Richard K. Gaines, Command Fleet Air Hawaii at NAS BARBER'S POINT.

Capt. Gaines designed a conservation program with a system of point scoring. Each squadron and unit is in the competition which is so designed as to give large and small units an equal chance.

A totem pole was designed with boxes from bottom to top for entering the squadron and points earned. The top position is the coveted spot, and, of course, no outfit wants to end up "low man on the totem pole."

The program is paying off. A yeoman first class developed a system which reduced the consumption of office supplies in his squadron by 40 percent. The fleet



CAPT. GAINES TAGS 'TOP MAN' ON TOTEM POLE

photo lab reduced the number of photo prints by 46,000 in three months, and a target drone unit constructed a recovery barge from salvaged material.

A summary of implementation of Fleet Air Hawaii's cost consciousness and economy program will be furnished upon request.

Choppers By-Pass Beaches

Land Marines Behind Lines in Training

MCAS CHERRY POINT—Helicopter-borne troops from a carrier offshore were landed behind "enemy" lines during TRAEX II and captured a guided missile launching site which was "bombarding" troops landing on the beach.

This newly-developed phase of vertical envelopment was demonstrated successfully in the Caribbean exercises in which more than 40,000 Navy and Marine personnel participated.

Each HO4S helicopter of HMR-261 brought in eight fully-equipped Marines to land them behind the lines. Swooping down in flights of six, they unloaded the troops, then flew out to the carrier and returned with supplies and equipment attached to the outside of the helicopters in slings. Helicopters made an estimated 120 flights during the operation.

RUGGED FORTNIGHT IN THE ROCKIES

HIGH in the Rocky Mountains, Marine 2nd Lt. Albert Hovagian crept through "enemy" territory with four other Americans. He was learning escape, evasion and survival at the Air Force's newly created Military Air Transportation Service Survival School.

The Marine, a pilot in MAW-2's VMR-153, volunteered for the school. MGen. T. J. Cushman, commanding general of MAW-2, encourages aviation personnel to participate as part of Marine aviation's bid to utilize all available means and service schools to better train its men for the days when they may fly in combat areas.

Lt. Hovagian spent the first four days at the school in classroom lectures and demonstrations. The teachers were experts—men who had actually escaped from behind enemy lines. They taught everything from the still secret latest evasion techniques to the art of making a bird snare. By the time the four days were over, the students knew how to climb vertical cliffs using ropes, how to build and conceal a leanto and how to survive otherwise in the wilderness.

The serious business began on the fifth day. Lt. Hovagian was assigned to an escape team, the equivalent of a bomber crew, and was transported by

truck several miles from the school. There the team was given instructions to head for the "border" 14 days journey away by foot. Before being abandoned, the men were given specific points for their nightly camps.

They were given TF-2 rations to last for two days. Each man carried a blanket roll, mess kit, fishing kit (hooks, flies but no line), compass, candle and matches, machete and other small gear. They also carried parachutes to simulate crash conditions.

The going was rough, and it was all mountains. The team had to travel most

of each day to cover the distance. They had to move cautiously while keeping a constant alert for the enemy.

The shroud lines from their parachutes served with hooks from the kit and available grubs and grasshoppers to make a set of fishing tackle. Lt. Hovagian caught 17 brook trout, 9 rainbows and a dozen cutthroats with it in three days. Gill nets, woven from the chute lines, were set up during the nightly bivouacs and along with snared birds and small animals, beans and roots supplemented the two-day rations.

The Marine made a slingshot for himself and with stones from stream beds killed 10 squirrels during the escape. Lt. Hovagian could boast of an accuracy up to 50 feet before the mountain trip was over.

THE ESCAPE team built rock ovens at their nightly camps, wrapped their fish in leaves and then in mud, put them among the heated rocks and covered the ovens with dirt. By morning the fish were thoroughly cooked.

Matches weren't used often; they were being saved for emergencies. Instead, the men started their fires by scraping a machete blade against a pyrite match container cover to get a spark for the dried pussy willow and moss tinder.

One fortunate circumstance gave the Marine an advantage over others in the coldness of the mountains. He carried a set of utility clothes when reporting to the school and found that the realism of the escape program called for each man to wear the uniform he had with him.

As the team approached its destination, the border of a friendly country, "enemy" activities increased and frequent patrols searched for the men. The pilot had a close call one day while lying in some thick grass in a willow thicket. Two enemy guards charged through the thicket, narrowly missing Hovagian as he lay hidden in the grass.

The most difficult part of the trip was the border crossing. Guards were posted at close intervals and caught two members of the team, taking them to an imitation POW camp for interrogation. The pilot safely crossed the border, crawling on his stomach, one morning shortly after dawn.

With the escape completed after 14 days in the mountains, the men returned to the school for a review, final examination and graduation. Lt. Hovagian had lost six pounds during his rugged schooling and while he wouldn't trade the experience, he's not anxious to go through it again.

NAS Moffett Men Play Host

National Kids Day Gives Kids Outing

On National Kids Day, the personnel of Moffett Field entertained over 600 youngsters from surrounding communities.

The idea, sponsored by the Kiwanis Clubs, is to assure all youngsters at least one day a year when they can have an outing. All youngsters are welcome to participate, but emphasis is put on entertaining the underprivileged.

When the children arrived by bus at the main gate, a sailor boarded the bus and conducted his charges around the field. First of all they visited VC-3 where they were allowed to climb into the seat of an F3D jet fighter.

In the parachute loft, the men packed a chute for their visitors and explained all types of aviation survival equipment to them. Over in VR-5's area the youngsters walked in and looked around the R6V *Constitution*.

WIDE-EYED VISITORS GET THE WORD FROM NAVY

Never forgetting the kids' thrill over a special treat, the Kiwanis Club provided coke and ice cream in the Hangar Three cafeteria. As the buses drove off, a lot of youngsters shouted their intention of joining the Navy "some day."

FLIGHT DECK WARMUP FOR SHIVERING UBANGIS

Ubangis Fly in Wide Area

Canal Zone to Arctic Is Flight Zone

VF-12, ATLANTIC — The *Flying Ubangis* are back in the United States after a six-months cruise to the Mediterranean and Scandinavian countries on board the *Wasp*.

Since January 1951, the *Ubangis* have spent more than 16 months at sea. They flew over a wide sea area, stretching from Culebra to the Bosphorus and to the Arctic circle in the North. They got in 7,000 hours and made more than 3,500 carrier landings. Pilots averaged more than 150 carrier landings each.

In the accompanying photo, pilots are shown on the *Wasp's* flight deck at one of the daily *Ubangi* exercise sessions above the Arctic circle, while the *Wasp* was in *Operation Main Brace*.

Quick Thinking in Clutch

First Aid Saves a Shipmate's Life

Calmness plus quick thinking saved the life of a shipmate in VR-22.

When an accumulator exploded and seriously wounded Robert N. Foster, AM3, in the leg, Edward J. Ludlam, AD3, quickly removed Foster's belt and applied a tourniquet across the artery in the joint of the left leg and hip. This action saved Foster's life according to doctor's verbal reports. Amputation of the leg was necessary later.

ROYAL *Netherlands Navy representatives visited Aviation Supply Office, Philadelphia, to make a selection of spare parts to maintain and overhaul aircraft of Netherlands Navy procured under Mutual Defense Aid Program. In the picture are, front, Lt. Ducote, USN; Lt. L. Leonard, RNN; Lt. E. Jager, RNN. Rear, LCdr. McKinney, and Lt. Motley, USN, and LCdr. Koning, RNN.*

CAPT. C. J. LAMB VISITS CENTER FOR VP-23

Navy Drives Help Disabled

Airmen Open Their Hearts and Pockets

Victor Hugo once wrote, "As the purse is emptied, the heart is filled." Navy men agree.

Last spring the enlisted personnel of VP-23, now stationed at NAS BRUNSWICK, read of the use of gamma globulin, a new drug for polio victims, in Houston, Texas. A drive was instituted to raise money to help forward this experiment in the hope it would prove effective. However, the hospital had completed its experiments and were awaiting the results.

The Harris County Chapter of the American Red Cross requested that the squadron's contribution be used to purchase recreational therapy equipment for the children's ward at the Southwestern Respiratory Center in Houston. This request was approved and with part of the money the local Red Cross purchased 25 "book" films to project on hospital ceilings. With the rest of the money, the Junior Red Cross boys in Pasadena High School woodworking class made 15 wooden reading racks to be used at the center. Two adjustable tables were also purchased for use in reading, writing, eating or in recreational or occupational therapy.

On the other side of the world in Korea, all men on the carrier *Princeton* conducted a charity drive, giving five cars as ultimate prizes. Just before the ship reached the United States, all of the air groups, task groups and ship's company divided the profits.

CAG-19 received $3,800 as their share and voted to turn the money over to the Chandler-Tripp School in San Jose, a school devoted to patients afflicted with cerebral palsy. The donation was made by CAG-19 representatives shortly after the *Princeton* arrived home.

MCAS Game Preserve Opens

MAW-2 Marines Use Hunters' Paradise

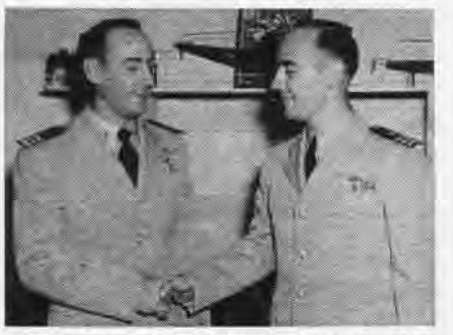
Leatherneck sportsmen with MAW-2 at MCAS CHERRY POINT have found a hunter's dream at their station. Normally a game preserve where abundant foliage and "no hunting" regulations have created one of the heaviest deer populations in the country, the woods of the station were opened this fall to 11 organized Saturday morning hunts.

ONE BOBCAT, FOUR BUCKS WERE DAY'S BOOTY

The hunts were regulated by membership in a new Hunting and Fishing Association to promote safety and allow equal hunting rights to all interested men. On the first Saturday 37 nimrods took their assigned stands in a four-square mile plot of woods. A pack of eight dogs was loosed to stir up deer.

Soon rumors of big bucks missed or seen just out of range began to drift back to hunt headquarters along with grumbles from the men who had seen nothing but does and fawns. The grumbles soon stopped and hopes soared when the word was passed down the line of hunters that MSgt. Joseph Seymour of HMR-263 had shot a seven-point buck. By noon three other bucks were killed.

With the initial hunt proving the abundance of game and wise spotting of stands by CWO F. A. Day, the station forestry officer who planned the hunts and conducted drawings for the available positions, membership in the outdoor club and registration for the remaining hunts boomed. The alternating of wooded areas for the deer hunts and building of 31 blinds for duck shooting meant a heavy demand for the 250 shotguns issued by Special Services.



EVEN *BuPers gets confused about the McClanan twins. They both received their Flight Training at Pensacola, were commissioned and promoted simultaneously. They served together aboard the Tuscalousa until 1944 at which time their paths parted. They met again when LCdr. F. H. McClanan relieved LCdr. F. H. McClanan as Executive Officer of HU-2 at Lakehurst.*

ESSEX FIXES CATAPULT IN RECORD TIME

CRANE HOISTS HUGE BRAKING CYLINDER FOR CATAPULT ABOARD CARRIER ESSEX AT SASEBO

CYLINDER STARTS DOWN BOMB ELEVATOR SHAFT

WHAT HAPPENS when a two and a half ton piece of machinery vital to the operations of an aircraft breaks down in Far Eastern waters? That's what happened recently to the USS *Essex* in Yokosuka Harbor, Japan, just as she was about to go back to the operating area.

A new braking ram for the catapult was needed—and the nearest spare cylinder was 10,000 miles away at NAMC PHILADELPHIA. A dispatch was sent at once requesting the 4,665-lb. steel part.

At that point, the *Essex* proceeded as planned, to the Korean theater. Enroute, the ship's force under the supervision of Chief John Black removed the damaged ram through a ten-foot hole cut in the steel bulkhead of the machinery room. It was then taken up six levels on a bomb elevator to the flight deck.

Meanwhile the new cylinder and catapult experts from the United States began the long trip to Japan.

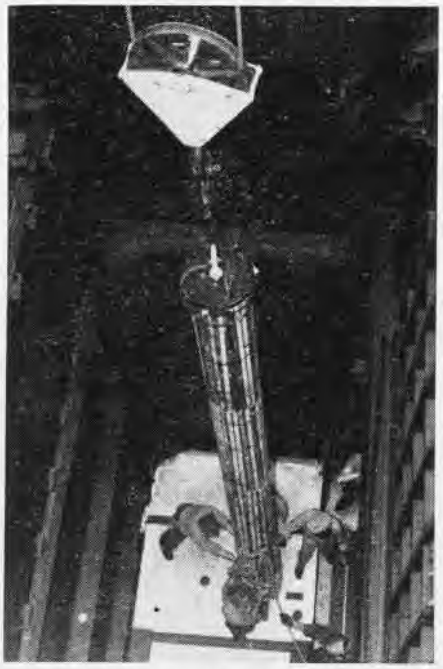
For four days of almost superhuman effort, the *Essex* kept up with the rest of Task Force 77, launching her flights on schedule with only one catapult. She then turned back to Sasebo.

The new cylinder had arrived, having traversed the continent by commercial airways, crossed the Pacific to Hawaii by *Mars*, and to Japan by MATS.

Immediately 31 men of the catapult crew started to work under the direction of Lt. R. B. Cairns to install the 22-foot cylinder. For the next 66 hours, they worked steadily. The USS *Delta* (AR-9), serving as a floating repair shop, manufactured a complicated "follower" mechanism which had also gone bad.

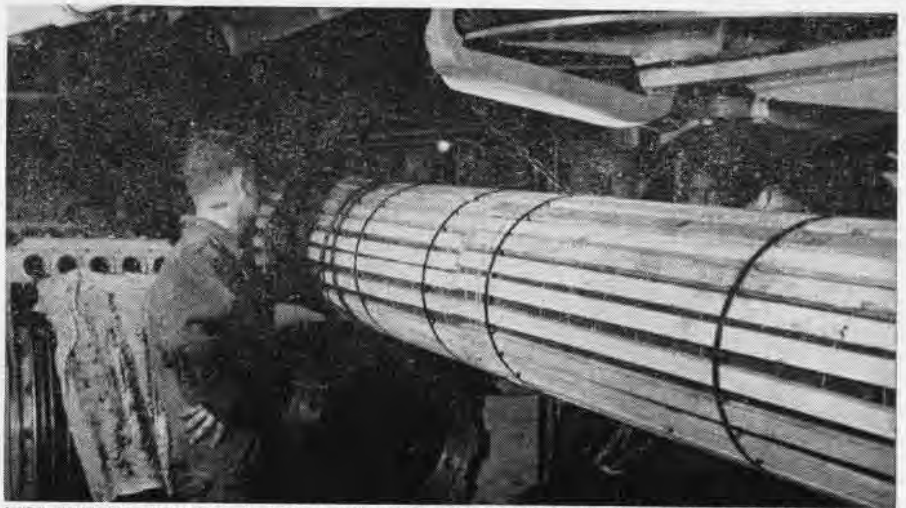
Catapult experts from the United States, LCdr. Julien Torrey and LCdr. Jack Byrne, pitched in. Fleet Activities, Sasebo, supplied a giant floating crane.

Five days after she had left the line the *Essex* was back with TF-77. The whole complicated operation, from the discovery of the broken ram to the final installation of the cylinder took only 12 days—a proud record for the *Essex*.



CATAPULT CREW GUIDES CYLINDER NEAR HOLE

10-FOOT HOLE IN BULKHEAD REQUIRED FOR JOB



HERE BRAKING CYLINDER IS READY FOR FINAL INSTALLATION IN CATAPULT AT END OF 12 DAYS

LETTERS

SIRS:

Is the deficiency in yearly PG quotas due to the lack of persons having the required mathematical background? I say NO!

For instance, there are four officers on this one station that I know of, who have the requirements, but were turned down by Headquarters Marine Corps because we were Reserves. The answer to their applications was in part: "Only regular officers of the Marine Corps are eligible to attend this course." Although the requirements put out in a Marine Corps memorandum did not state that the applicant had to be a regular officer, the Marine Corps has evidently added this stipulation.

I believe that the Navy and Marine Corps can make their yearly quotas, with the present educational requirements if they will consider all qualified applicants whether Regular or Reserve.

Z. E. SPRAGUE
1ST LT., USMCR

MCAS EL TORO

SIRS:

Reference is made to your article in the October 1952 issue of NANEWS, page 30, on "New Compass Swinging Aid for G-2 Compass," as submitted by A. Pikelny.

After spending some time at the General Electric factory in 1948 on the G-2 compass, undersigned returned to this base and began development of test equipment for the compass. Included in the original equipment developed here and submitted to BUAER in 1950 was the test indicator for swinging compasses, the like of which Pikelny has made up.

An article in October 1950 issue, page 31, of Naval Aviation Electronics Digest gives a brief description of a modified version of this test equipment which is available under stock number R88-T-908. Perhaps the known availability of this equipment would be of great help to other activities.

DECKER SMITH
INSPECTOR, A/C INSTRUMENTS

NASAS JACKSONVILLE

SIRS:

FASRon-7, commanded by Cdr. Norbert A. Commons was recently presented the Commander Air Force Pacific Fleet "Fasron Safety Award" by VAdm. H. M. Martin. LCdr. F. W. Holcomb, the squadron operations officer, checked the records and found that the award represented the following:

7605 accident-free hours, flown by 352 pilots from 58 different commands in nine types of aircraft in a three-month period.

LT. J. A. STRINGER
PUBLIC INFORMATION OFFICER

NAS SAN DIEGO

SIRS:

VS—Go Get 'em—22 challenges any squadron in the fleet to beat one of its ensigns for coolness under adverse conditions.

The event that illustrates this coolness took place in the North Sea 100 miles east of Edinburgh, Scotland, at about 0200 on a very dark morning.

The flight that Ens. R. A. Kelsey was part of had returned to the USS *Mindoro* and was orbiting in the ship's vicinity on instruments.

Kelsey was flying wing at approximately 500 feet and was noticed by his section leader to be having a little difficulty. When questioned as to whether he had a little vertigo, Kelsey enswered, "No, just using the relief tube."

Now this may not seem to be much of an accomplishment but Kelsey was wearing a Mk 3 exposure suit!

FORMATION—INSTRUMENTS — 500 FEET — MK 3 EXPOSURE SUIT — AT NIGHT! This ensign's so cool he's almost cold.

LT. (JG) PAUL H. ENGEL
VS-22, ATLANTIC

SIRS:

You question the article about Capt. Lewis T. Ransom, shot down in Korea, who swam 30 yards before he realized he did not know how to swim. (Sept. 1952.) You wonder how he got through flight training without learning to swim.

In 1942, the compulsory rule that Naval Air cadets learn how to swim was not in effect, even though every effort was made to put cadets through a swimming program.

Owing to the fact some classes went through training in the winter months at bases under various stages of construction—some didn't have swimming pools—some cadets never experienced a compulsory swimming program.

The Marines do not forget quicker—it's just that the Navy never taught them.

2ND LT. J. A. MEYERS
1ST MARINE AIR WING
KOREA

SIRS:

I would like to comment on an item on Negro jet pilots in the October issue. I will not dispute the fact that Lt. (jg) Carter is the only Negro pilot in the Navy. However, I disagree with that part of the item which states: "It would have been two but for the death of Ens. Brown."

I contend that it would have been three, or possibly more. Ens. Albert Floyd, Jr., was a Negro pilot. He reported to VC-33, NAS ATLANTIC CITY, on 29 October 1951 from FAWTULant, and served as a naval aviator until 27 May 1952, at which time he died as a result of an aircraft accident in an AD *Skyraider*.

WILLIAM C. WEBER, YN1
VC-33, ATLANTIC CITY

NAVAL AVIATION NEWS

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CONTENTS

● THE COVER

Since Grampaw Pettibone, Naval Aviation News' popular commentator on flight safety, passes his 10th birthday this month, our cover features that gent pondering today's jet as he thinks of the baling-wire crates he used to fly. Drawn by Robert O. Osborn, Reserve lieutenant commander and commercial artist.

● CITIES QUIZ

Top—Honolulu, Hawaii. Two AJ-1's from VC-6 Detachment 1, piloted by LCol. G. E. Dooley and Lt. F. Sepper and Lts. J. W. Walters and D. W. McMaster. The planes flew TransPac from San Diego to Barber's Point, believed to be the first for any carrier-type aircraft. Dooley is OIC of the detachment. Lower—Corpus Christi, Texas. An SNB from All Weather Flight School flies over the gulf coast.

● PHOTO CREDIT

Back cover photo of F2H on Coral Sea courtesy of Barrett Gallagher, New York City.

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● The printing of this publication has been approved by the Director of the Bureau of the Budget, 31 March 1952.

WHERE ARE YOU?

Any naval aviator who has been around much will recognize these two cities from the aerial views shown here. How is your navigation? *Answers are on the last page.*

NAVAL AVIATION

NEWS

This Jet Is Going Places Soon

You can too, by becoming a naval aviator through Naval Aviation Cadet—NAVCAD training. Former NAVCADs are now flying with the fleet throughout the world and from shore stations in the United States as commissioned Navy or Marine officers. If you want to go places, do things, and get somewhere while flying with the best—Go NAVCAD. Get full details on your opportunities in NAVCAD from your nearest Naval Air Station or Recruiter. Do it now.