

NEW
NO
MAY

YOKOSUKA
JAPAN

SAN DIEGO

HAWAII

HONG KONG

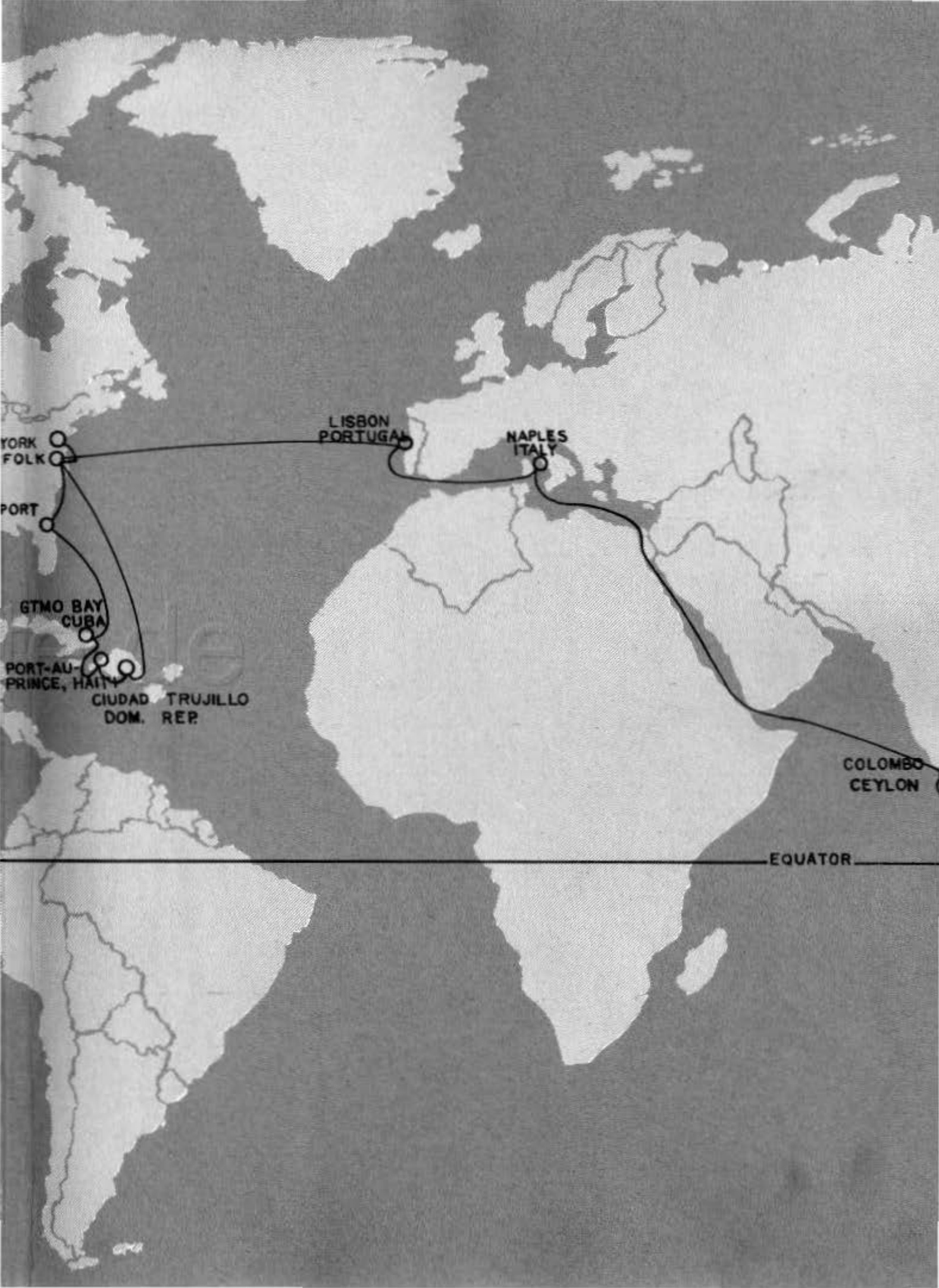
MANILA
PHILIPPINES

SINGAPORE

EQUATOR

CROSSING OF
THE LINE
JUNE 24, 1954.

NAVY



NEW YORK
FOLK

PORT

GTMO BAY
CUBA

PORT-AU-
PRINCE, HAITI

CIUDAD TRUJILLO
DOM. REP.

LISBON
PORTUGAL

NAPLES
ITALY

COLOMBO
CEYLON

EQUATOR

CBH 073
A36

the
1954
world
cruise
of
the

USS HORNET CVA 12

carrier air group nine

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USS Hornet CVA 12







**Captain
Milton A. Nation, USN
Commanding Officer**

Captain Milton A. Nation, USN, took command of the USS HORNET on August 10, 1953, shortly before the ship went into commission.

A native of McLeansboro, Illinois, Captain Nation graduated from McLeansboro High School and from the Naval Academy, Class of 1927.

His Naval career commenced with duty on the USS PENNSYLVANIA; student aviator at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, where he was designated aviator; duty on the USS TENNESSEE; at VP-18, Pearl Harbor; VS-1B, USS RANGER; and at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida.

In 1939, Captain Nation was ordered to the USS ENTERPRISE for duty, from which he was transferred to CAG-27, USS SEWANEE in 1942. Thence, he was transferred to serve as Operations Officer, Fleet Air Quonset. In 1944 he was appointed Chief of Staff, Commander Carrier Air Group Eighth Fleet (Southern France). He next served as Operations Officer, Commander Escort Carrier Force, and in 1945 became Chief of Staff of a Fast Carrier Task Group.

During the war years he participated in the Marshall and Gilbert Raids; Wake Island and Marcus Raids; Invasion of North Africa; Invasion of Southern France; Leyte Campaign; Lingayen Gulf Operations; Iwo Jima Operations, and Okinawa Operations. He was decorated with the Navy Cross, Legion of Merit, and the Bronze Star.

From 1945 to 1947 Captain Nation saw duty aboard the USS MIDWAY and the USS FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT as Chief of Staff of Carrier Division ONE. From 1948 to 1950, he commanded the Naval Air Station, Dallas, Texas, and from 1950 to 1951 he commanded the USS MINDORO. From 1951 to 1952 he attended the Naval War College, Newport, R. I., and in July of 1952 he became director of Aviation Training for Chief of Naval Operations.

On July 19, 1954, Captain Nation was relieved of his command aboard the HORNET by Captain F. A. Brandley, having completed almost one year aboard this vessel.

Captain Nation makes his home in Washington, D. C., with his wife and two daughters: Carol, 19, and Patricia, 17. He has a brother in the Navy, Captain W. W. Nation, who has just completed a tour of duty as Commanding Officer of the USS YORKTOWN, and has recently been ordered to duty as Chief of Staff, Commander First Fleet, Pacific.

In June of 1953, Commander William F. Bringle, USN, assumed duty aboard the USS HORNET as Executive Officer.

Commander Bringle was born in Covington, Tennessee, attended the Covington High School and was graduated from the Naval Academy, Class of 1937.

Following duty aboard the USS SARATOGA from 1937 to 1940, Commander Bringle attended flight training at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, and earned his wings in January of 1941.

During the Second World War he served as Senior Aviator on the USS MILWAUKEE; Commanding Officer of CruScoRon TWO (Atlantic and Pacific) and was Squadron Commander of Observation Fighter Squadron ONE (VOF-1) aboard the ships USS TULAGI, USS WAKE ISLAND, and USS MARCUS ISLAND.

In August, 1945 Commander Bringle reformed Carrier Air Group 17, as Air Group Commander in Fallon, Nevada; and in October 1946 reported at the Naval Academy to serve a tour of duty as a Battalion Officer.

From June 1948 to June 1950 he commanded Carrier Air Group ONE, serving aboard the USS TARAWA, and the USS PHILIPPINE SEA. He was a member of the Staff of the Superintendent of the Naval Academy from June 1950 to July 1952. Commander Bringle completed the course of studies at the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island, shortly before reporting aboard the HORNET.

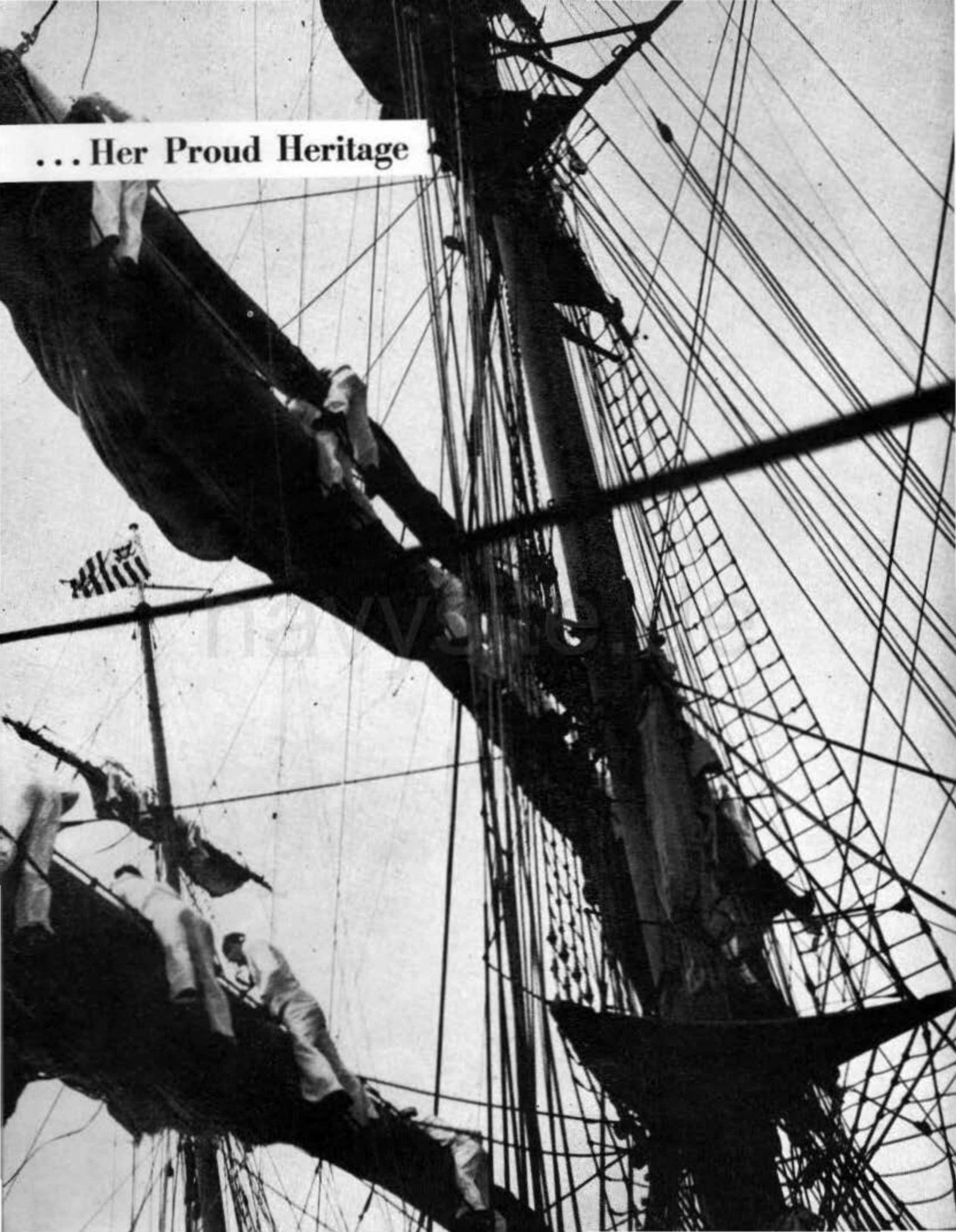
Commander Bringle's decorations include the Navy Cross, the Croix de Guerre, six Distinguished Flying Crosses, 17 Air Medals and two Navy Unit Citations.

He is married to the former Donnie Godwin, daughter of the late Captain D. C. Godwin, USN. Commander and Mrs. Bringle reside with their daughter Lynn, 7, at Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Commander
William F. Bringle, USN
Executive Officer



... Her Proud Heritage



Though the name HORNET may seem to have been especially chosen for a mighty aircraft carrier with her buzzing, stinging brood, it is a heritage handed down thru seven ancestors. A great name, a proud tradition, and HORNET Number Eight chosen to carry on a tried and true fighting name.

The first HORNET was a 10 gun sloop and commanded by Captain William Stone. Originally attached to Commodore Hopkins' Delaware Squadron, the HORNET served as escort for merchantmen supplying the Colonies with supplies during the Revolutionary War. She was ordered destroyed to evade capture by superior British Forces in the Delaware River on November 15, 1777.

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The second HORNET was a 10 gun sloop commanded by Lieut. Samuel Evans and formed part of Commodore Rodgers' Squadron in the Mediterranean during the Tripolitan War. On April 25, 1805 she distinguished herself by bombarding the Turks in Derne, Tripoli and forcing their surrender thus paving the way for the eventual signing of the Peace Treaty. She was sold out of the service at Charleston, South Carolina in 1806.

The third HORNET was a brig rigged sloop of war. She distinguished herself by forcing enemy blockades during the War of 1812. Her most famous commander was James Lawrence who succeeded in defeating the British Brig of War, PEACOCK, in one of the remarkable battles of the war. It was Lawrence whose dying words uttered on the ill-fated Chesapeake remain one of the great traditions of the navy today — "Dont Give Up The Ship."

The fourth HORNET was a five gun schooner and carried a crew of 57 men. She was employed principally on bays and rivers as a dispatch vessel. Between 1813 and 1820 she was commanded by Lieutenants Lewis Page, Jesse Wilkinson, James Ramage and John P. Zantzinger. She was sold out of the service in 1820.

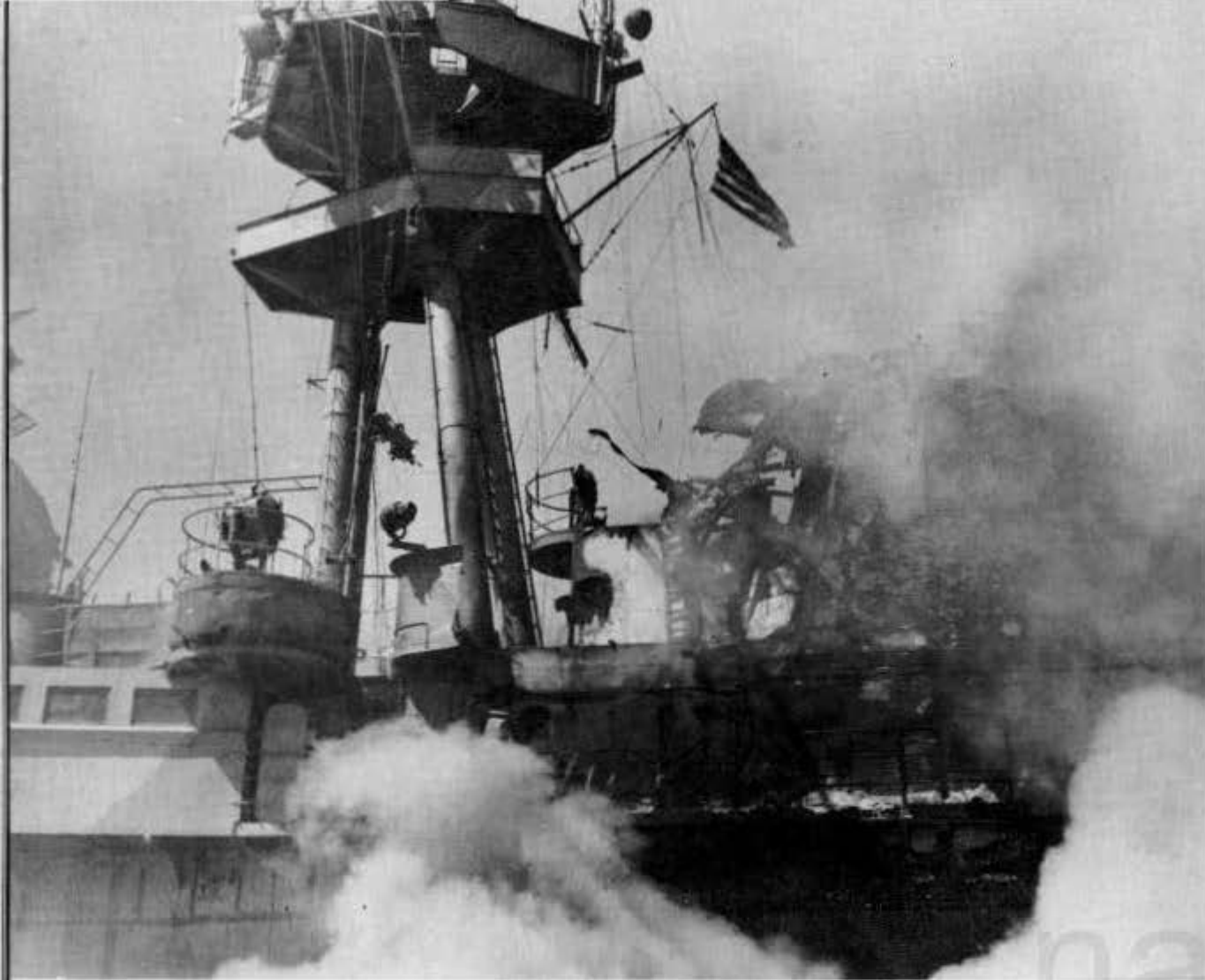
The fifth HORNET was an iron side wheel steamer captured off North Carolina on October 28, 1864. On June 17, 1865 she was in service under the command of Acting Master Joseph Avant. Four months later she was ordered to Havana, Cuba to receive the surrender of the Confederate Ram Stonewall. Upon returning she was laid up in the Navy Yard at League Island, Pennsylvania where she was later sold.

The sixth HORNET was a converted yacht which was purchased by the Navy and outfitted for battle during the Spanish-American War. She served with Admiral Samson's Fleet in and around Havana supporting troop movements and distinguished herself by destroying most of the enemy fleet in Manzanillo Harbor.

known as Shangri-La . . .



To the world, it was the seventh HORNET from which Jimmy Doolittle's flyers took off on their famous raid on Tokyo on April 18, 1942. This, however, was a small part of the action the HORNET saw during the early years of the Second World War. The saga of the HORNET began in May 1942, when she was ordered to action in the western Pacific against Japanese Forces. This action was the turning point of the war. Commanded at the climax of her career by Admiral Charles P. Mason, the HORNET made the Japanese pay dearly for her sinking. After 10 hours of repeated attacks by the enemy, the badly damaged HORNET was ordered sunk following the Battle of Santa Cruz Islands. Her five months in action in the south Pacific played an important part in the ultimate victory for the United States. On October 26, 1942 the seventh HORNET slid beneath the waves, a gallant death for a fighting ship.



the death of a gallant fighting ship

Hornet Number Seven is towed away from the scene of battle and sunk by American Destroyers—a gallant death for a fighting ship.



Still another Hornet to carry on her name.

The eighth United States naval ship to bear the name HORNET was the CV 12. She was launched on August 30, 1943 just ten months after the seventh HORNET had been sunk. Originally to have been named the KEARSARGE it was decided to give her the famous old name so that again there would be a HORNET in the Navy. The eighth HORNET participated in almost all the important strikes during the latter years of the war in the south Pacific earning for the ship and men





after an absence of several years,

the Hornet was recalled to

active duty, given a face lifting





Weird monsters called "Yard Birds" swarmed over the dormant HORNET, welding, burning, painting. Taking off huge hunks of her frame and remolding her into what BuShips called "The Oriskany Conversion." And while they worked, the new crew began making preparations for putting her back into commission—this meant meetings, conferences and planning—and it all took place in the temporary HORNET Headquarters in Building 192 in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.



Under the towers and bridges of Manhattan.



The Supply Department makes its preparations.





and then came



Above: "Communicators talking it over."

Left: "A flightdeck panorama."

The loading up



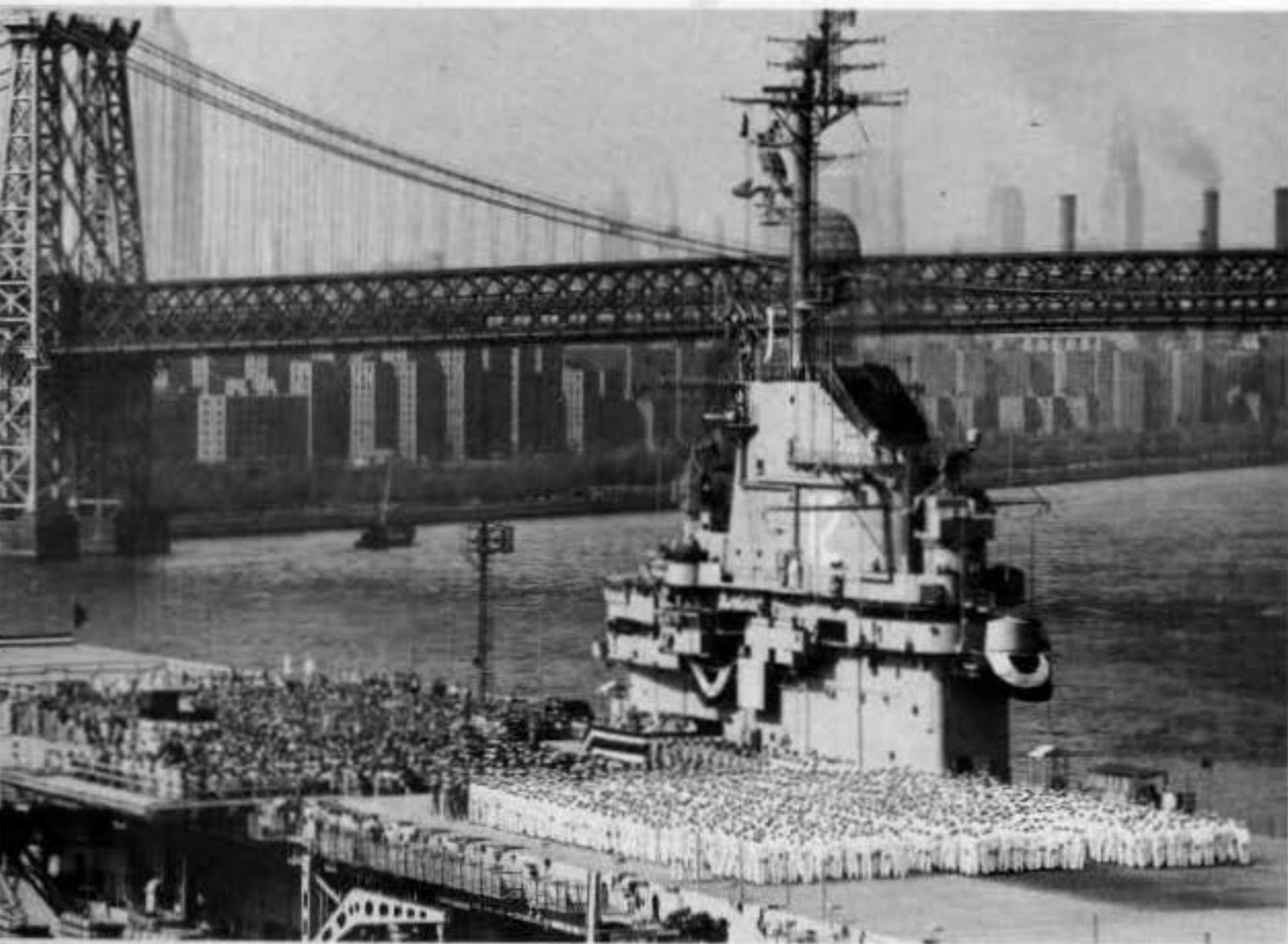
Like a real lady, she was painted and powdered and covered with bunting and banners for the big day when she was to be Recommissioned, but amidst all this frivolity — the loading went on.





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Recommissioning!



Left: Admiral Lynn D. McCormick, CINCLANT and CINCLANTFLEET is piped aboard.

Right: The ships company during the invocation.

navy

"Hand Salute!" . . . Two! So the day began . . . Honors and ceremonies, with important personages of the entire fleet and nation taking part on that Recommissioning day. Even those at home across the nation were with us via national movie and television coverage; the towers of Manhattan stood at respectful attention throughout, this, the beginning of another glorious chapter in the history of the "United States Ship HORNET."

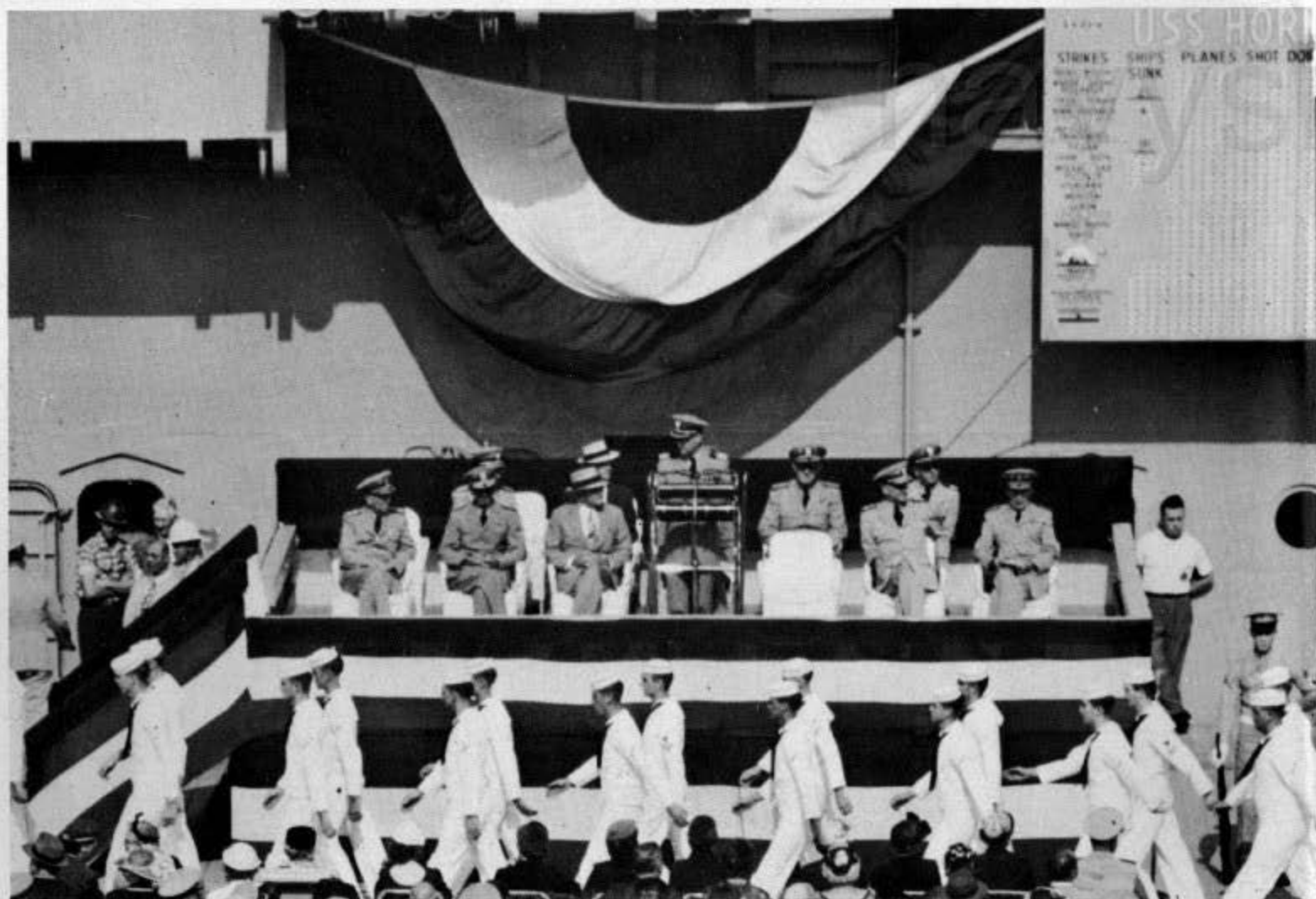


“Now—Set the Watch. On deck—first section”

Navigator, Cdr. W. H. Withrow receives the long glass and orders to set the first watch from the Executive Officer, Cdr. W. F. Bringle.

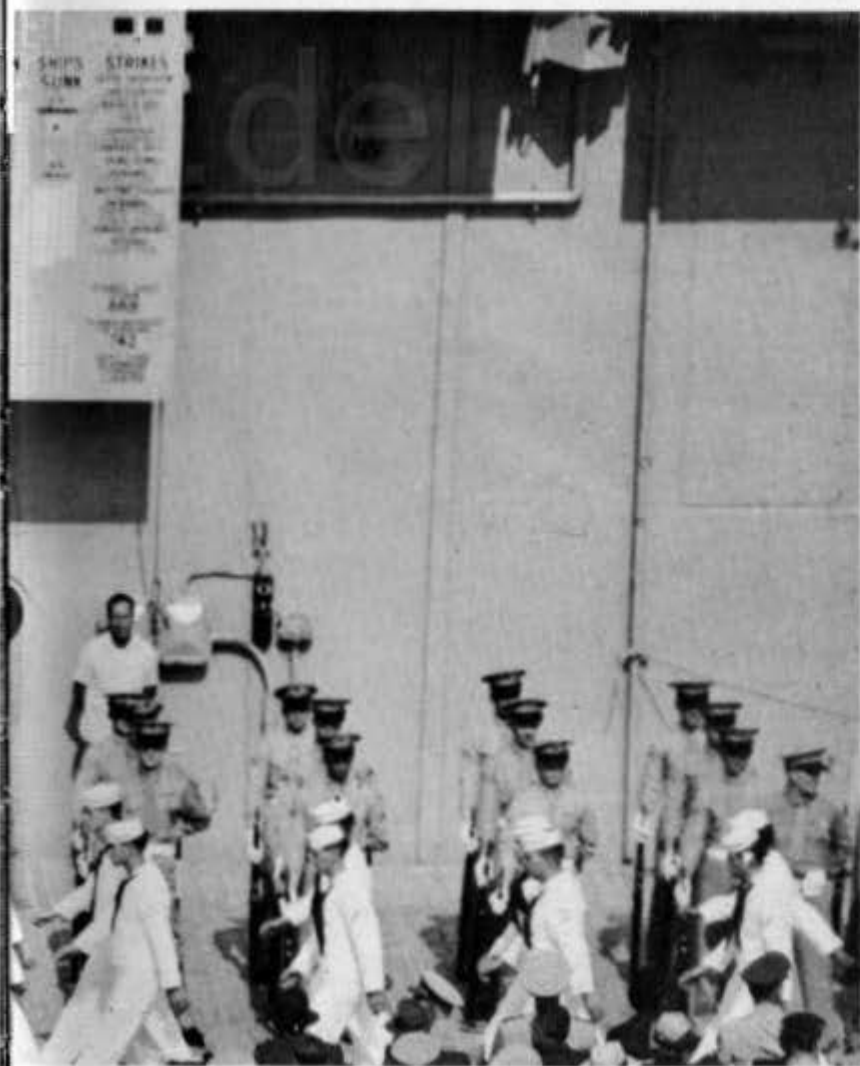


Below: “The OOD marches the first watch off the flight deck under the scrutiny of Captain M. A. Nation.”



Right: CNO ADM R. B. Carney, VADM J. J. Ballentine COMAIRLANT, ADM L. D. McCormick and other dignitaries leave the speakers' platform.

Right—Below: Fleet ADM W. F. Halsey leaves the speakers' Platform with Captain M. A. Nation, Commanding Officer of the Hornet.





festive turmoil follows ceremonial dignity . . .

As the guests refresh themselves beneath the signal flags which lent a rainbow hue to the stark steel grey bulkheads. Tours followed during which the guests saw all the workings of this — the latest product of naval engineering — the eighth HORNET, the newest member of the fleet. Hangar deck exhibits reminded them of the proud HORNET heritage.



Above — Right: CDR. Bringle, Executive Officer, cuts the huge cake, a replica of the Hornet as eager guests, young and old look on.



Right: An appetizing line of appetites.



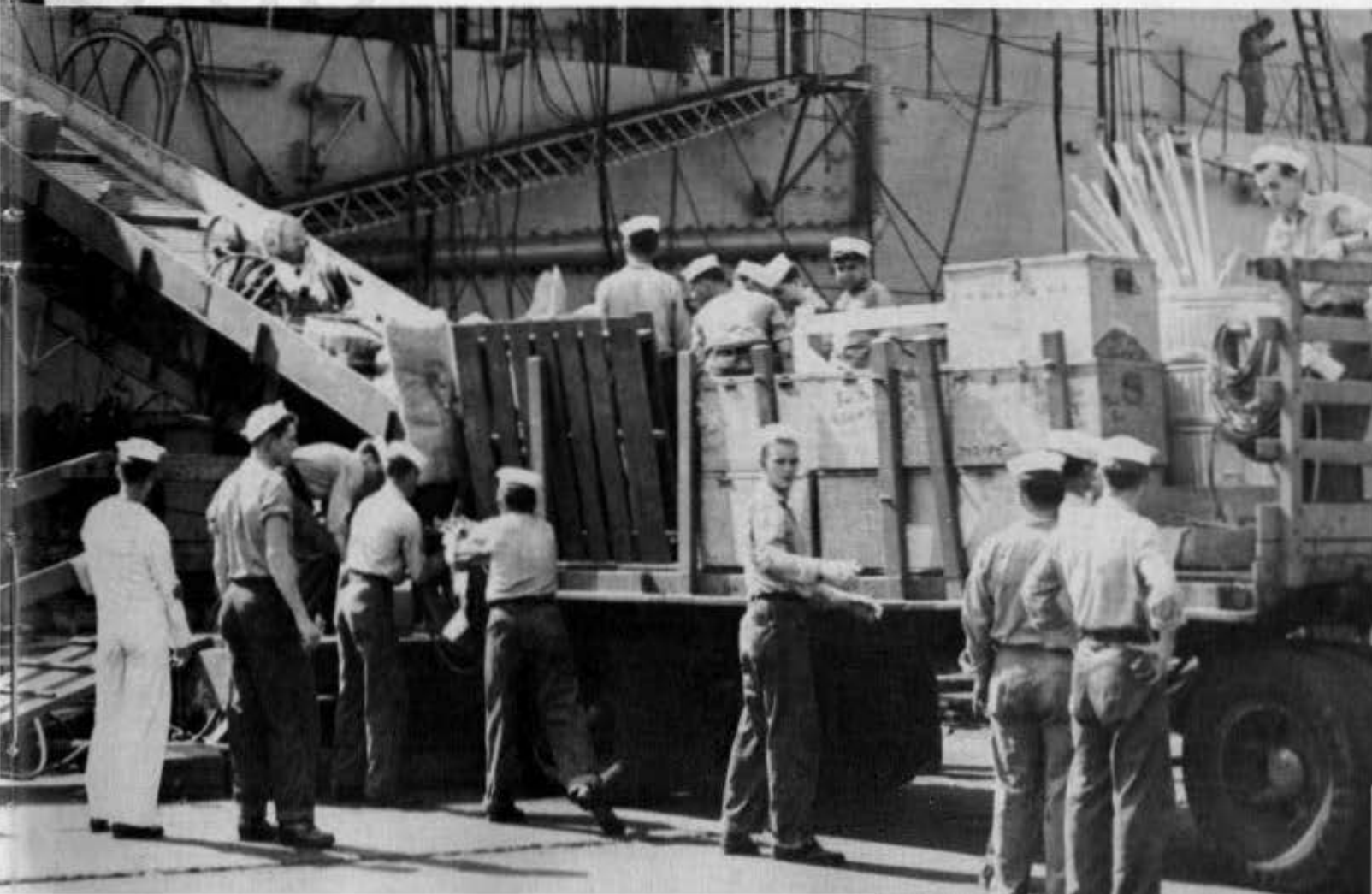
Far Left—Upper: The ceremonies are over, the first working day starts in the ships offices.

Middle: Chaplain McGowan looks over the stacks of books being catalogued in the ships library.

Lower: Thomas Ulyon, AO1, the first man to re-enlist on the Hornet since her recommissioning is congratulated by Capt. M. A. Nation.

Turn to — commence ship's work

Below: The deck divisions continue to stock up the ship in preparation for getting underway.





“Blood, Sweat and Cheers . . .”



The SWEAT, during that first Captain's Inspection — braced and polished, we stood stiffly at attention while closer and closer came the Inspection Party. And then it was over. BLOOD donors filled Hangar Bay Number One. In response to the campaign, the HORNET men showed their willingness to aid their fellow fighting men and gave a record amount of blood. CHEERS of the NATO countries represented were heard around the world following a North Atlantic Treaty Organization dinner aboard the HORNET.



Mrs. Robert Patterson; Admiral Lynde McCormick, USN, Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic; His Excellency A. D. P. Heeney, Ambassador of Canada; The Honorable Livingstone T. Merchant, Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs.





Her maiden voyage

After two years in the New York Shipyard undergoing complete overhaul and conversion, the USS HORNET CVA 12 steams down the East River. This was her first mile but far from her last. A big day in the lives of all of us and of our ship. We stood there at Flight Deck Parade and watched the small tugs puffing and straining to move us and then escorted us down the East River. Seeming to look as proud of being with us as we were to be making this first trip. Slowly the Brooklyn Naval Shipyard faded around the bend in the East River — The HORNET, a star boarder there for two years was leaving — A tribute to the engineering skill of modern naval ship building. The usually blasé New Yorkers stood on the bridges and stared in wonder as this mighty ship barely scraped under the towering bridges connecting Brooklyn and Manhattan—Under way at last.

navys



Left: The first helicopter off the Hornet.

Below: Captain R. F. Barton, U.S.M.C., CO of the Hornet Marine Detachment prepares to cut the cake in celebration of the 173rd Anniversary of the Marine Corps.





loading up: ammo . . .





... turkey and fixin's
vysite.de





all aboard . . .

Air Task Group comes aboard at Norfolk, Virginia, to participate in all phases of the Hornet's Training cruise at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

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The first plane of ATG 181 is hoisted aboard at Norfolk, Va.

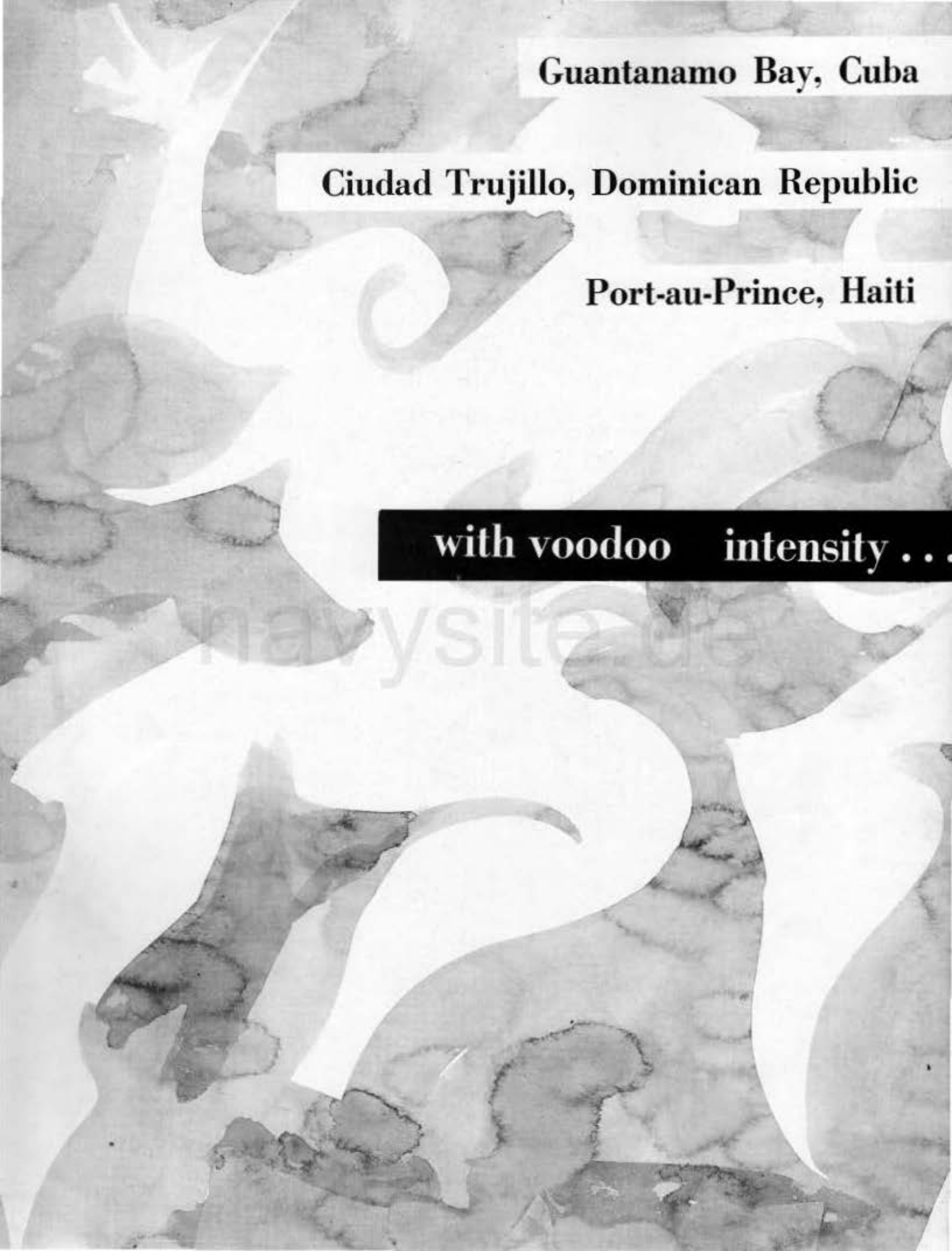
On 8 December 1953, LTJG R. G. Wallace of VF-41 piloted the first jet aircraft, an F2H-3 Banshee to make an arrested landing on the Hornet off Norfolk, Va.



... and Away We Go

The Hornet is pushed from Pier 7, Norfolk, on departure for training exercises at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.





Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic

Port-au-Prince, Haiti

with voodoo intensity . . .

na ysite



. . . the crew of the HORNET, which was but newly emerged from the cocoon, went to work to develop her sting.

Arriving in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, after having passed her shipyard inspection and sea trials, the USS HORNET entered into a new phase of duty: drill, drill, drill. During operating hours, not a spare moment could be wrung from her schedule. Regular ship's work had to be carried out despite Air Defense and General Quarters exercises; Fire and Man Overboard Drills; refueling operations; AirOps and the myriad other details of a shakedown cruise. Slowly but inevitably, by dint of much conscientious labor and constant interest, the HORNET, ship and crew, underwent a metamorphosis. From a largely inexperienced crew, and as-yet-untested ship, the HORNET became an integral fighting unit of the fleet.

But our shakedown cruise was not *all* work. The ship spent many in-port hours, during which men from the HORNET and the many other ships which were also in training at "Gitmo," enjoyed liberties and divisional parties on the base. Fishing parties and other activities were organized for those who were interested in participating.

For many of us, Cuba was a distinct change from what we had known previous to embarking aboard the HORNET. The nearly tropical climate and the corresponding scenic differences were both interesting and enjoyable.

While swimming in the gentian-blue waters of the Caribbean we could see fish and coral growths of seemingly impossible colors and shape. Palms and the brownish hills of Cuba formed sharp contrasts in the landscape. Aboard ship crewmembers could sit on the fore-castle and view lurid sunsets . . . and think of the folks back home who were, if not downright cold, at least chilly: **FOR IT WAS JANUARY.**

Left—Above: Planes of Air Group 181 rev up prior to launching.

Middle: The USS Allagash refuels the Hornet and the USS Currituck simultaneously in the Caribbean.

Left: The USS Allagash refuels the Hornet off Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.



Top Right: On Jan. 19, 1954 Admiral Lynne D. McCormick, Commander in Chief US Atlantic Fleet came aboard the Hornet to observe flight operations and gunnery exercises of Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. He is shown here with Captain M. A. Nation, Commanding Officer of the Hornet.

Across Middle: The Hilly Billy Hotshots whoop it up on the first of the Hornet's "Variety Shows."

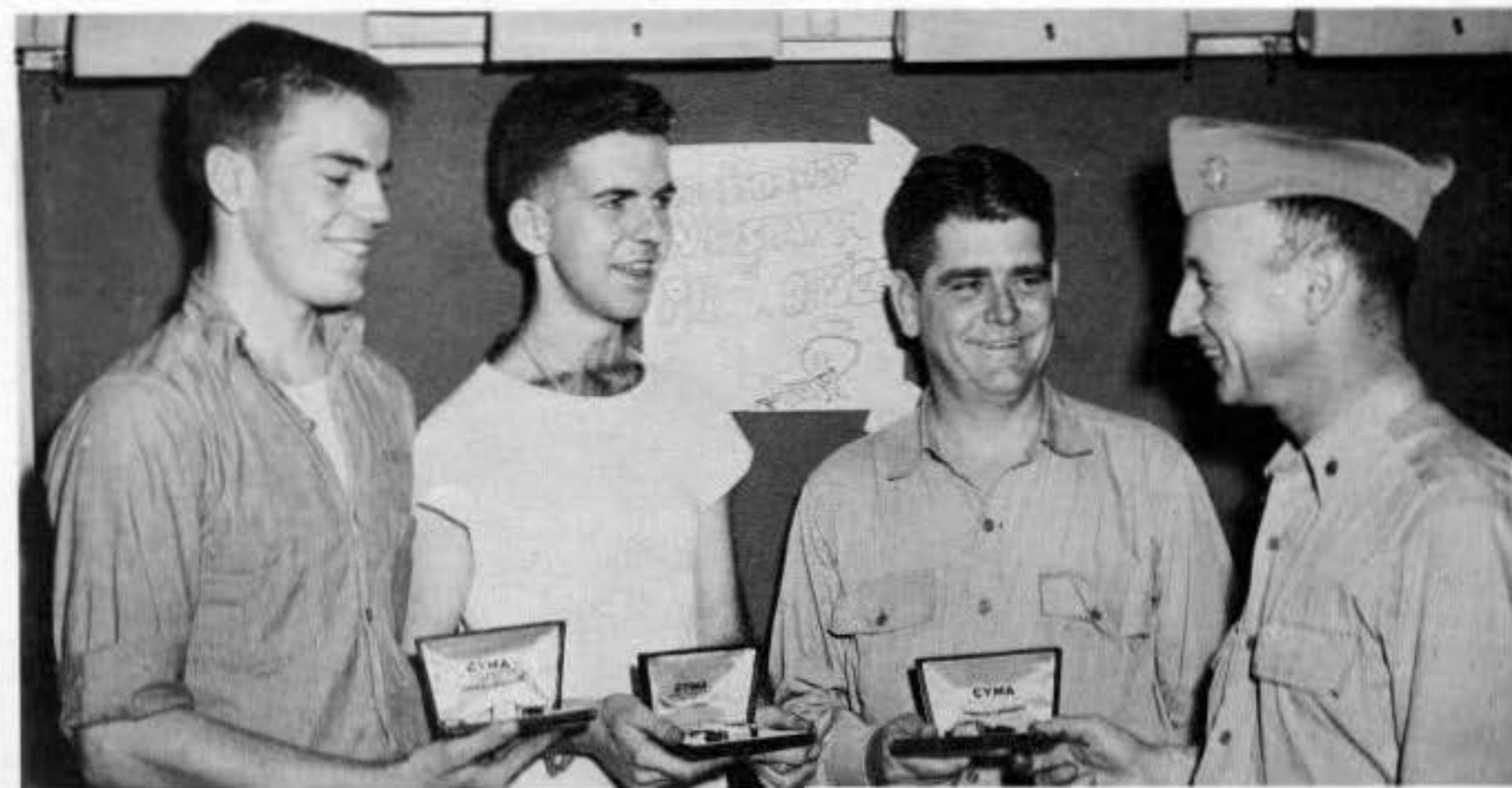
Across Bottom: Three watches are presented to winners of the Name the Paper Contest by Commander D. M. Szabo (Right), the smiling winners are (L. to R.) H. R. Toso, F. J. Fritz, and R. E. Stewart—the winning name, "The Buzz."

navysis

Above: Chaplain J. J. McGowan is strapped into the chair transfer by high line to the USS Borie in order that the men on the Borie could attend divine services while the ship was at sea.

Right: Hal Payne of the Hornets lays one up while the Hornet Basketball Team goes on to score another of its many wins.







na
PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI





Then came the day we visited Haiti. The ship steamed into the harbor between vast, eroded hills and verdurous shoreside farmlands. Ashore, the market place seemed like a page out of a pirate story. We were offered articles made of mahogany, teakwood, and alligator skin. Much of the city of Port au Prince was not changed from the days of Henry Morgan. Much of it was squalid and even sordid. But all of this merely emphasized the truly modern portion of the town: tall buildings of progressive architecture, exotic night clubs and hotels, and spic-and-span living districts. Many American tourists were on hand to greet us.

Opposite: The Iron Market.
Above right: A mahogany shop.
Middle: Voodoo dance.
Below: Haitian rhythm band.



more Haitian divertissements . . .





A Haitian beauty.

Below: So long Port-Au-Prince.



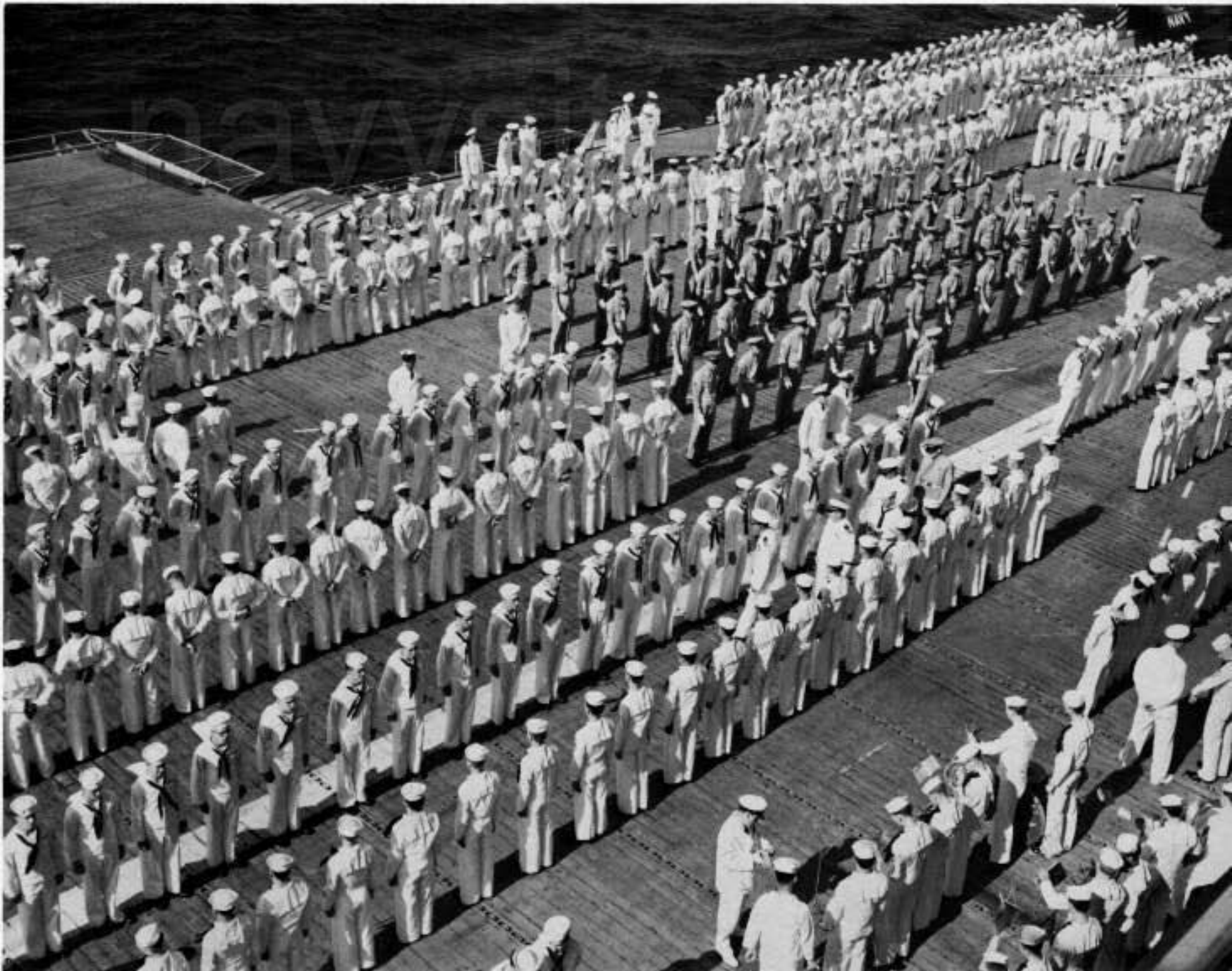


Captain M. A. Nation and the inspecting team stride aboard.



Comfletragru inspects the Hornet

Whites under a broiling sun.



Ciudad Trujillo



In many ways, it



Fifty-four students from St. Thomas' Seminary, Ciudad Trujillo sing Gregorian and Polphonic music at the solemn mass celebrated aboard the USS Hornet.

Across Left: Solemn Mass is celebrated aboard the Hornet while anchored off Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic by students of St. Thomas' Seminary. Chaplain A. C. Volz of the Hornet is the celebrant of the Mass.

Right: The capitol building of the Dominican Republic.

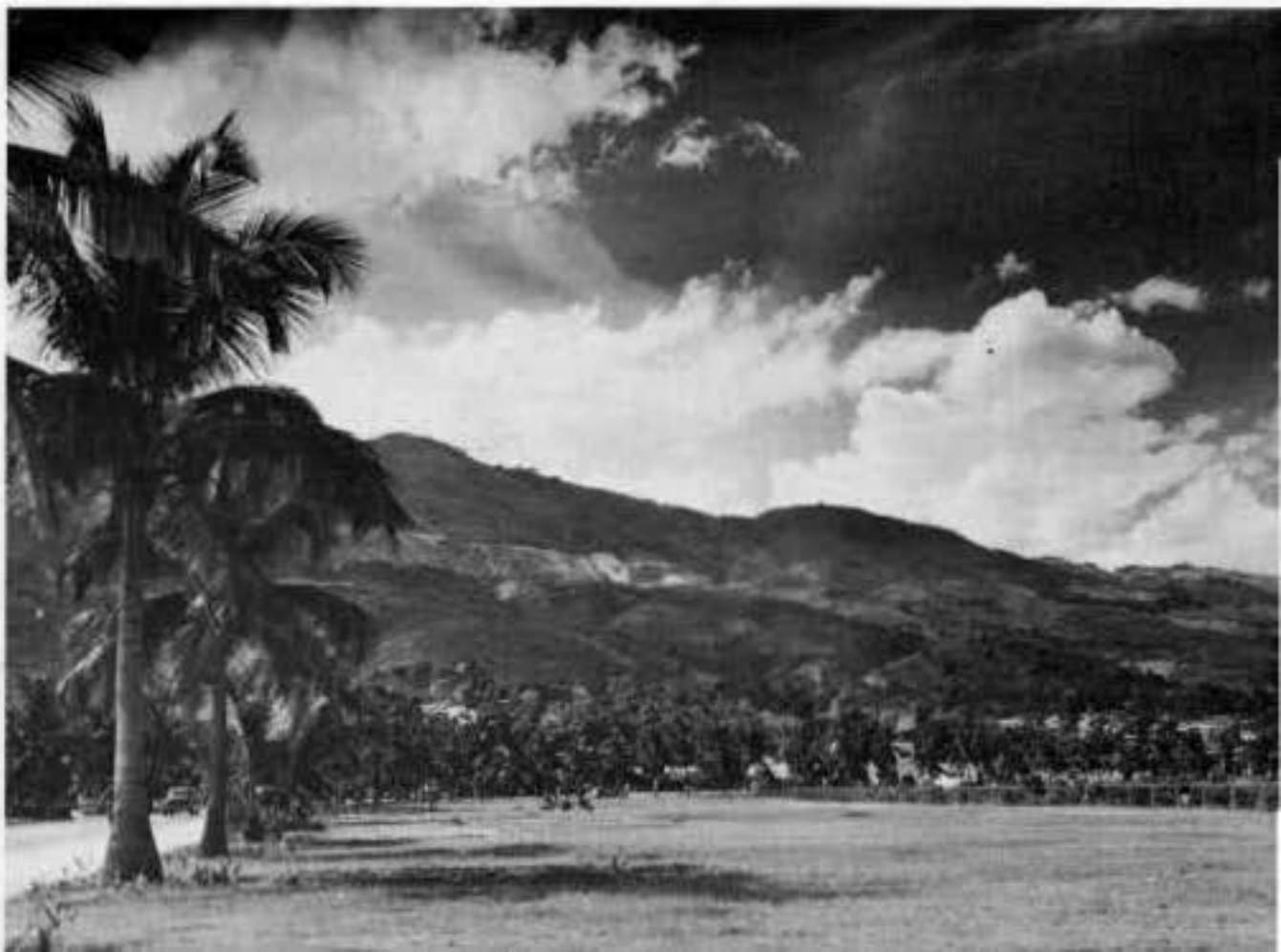
Middle: Hornet vignetted by palms while anchored off Ciudad Trujillo.

Below: Clouds swarm over a mountain range of the island of Hispanola as seen from Ciudad Trujillo.



was a typical Spanish settlement

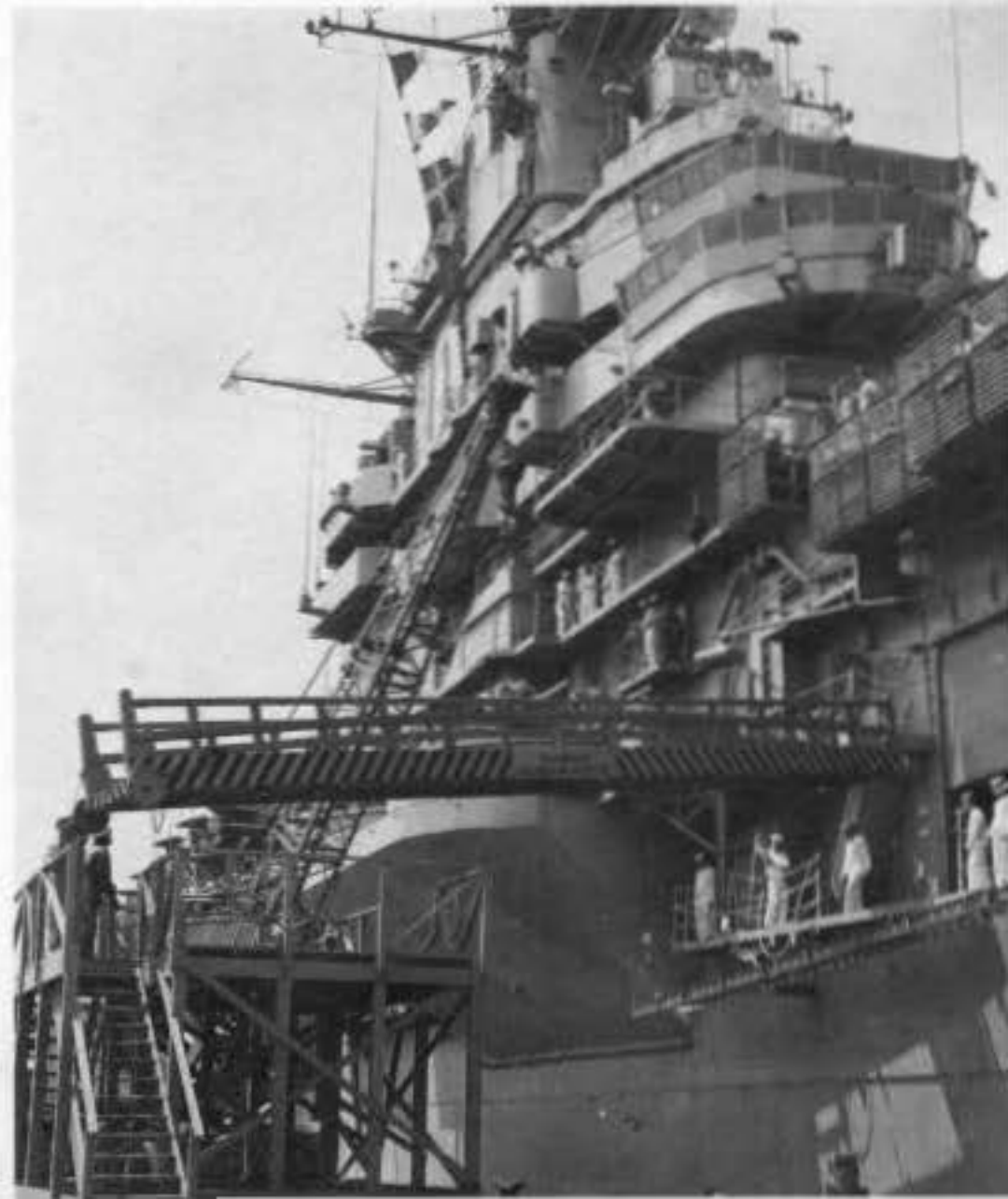
Winding streets and picturesque houses blended with archaic ruins and cathedrals. This is the final resting-place of Christopher Columbus; a town of forts and churches, naked children and amiable people. A discordant note was struck by the market place, which was housed in a huge stone building of modern design: a sort of department-store gone native. Many interesting hours were spent here on tours and in souvenir collecting. The crew of the HORNET absorbed as much of the widely varied recreations as was possible during our short visit. At last, however, it was necessary for the ship to return to Guantanamo Bay and our final testing period prior to returning to the States.





Back to Brooklyn to gather momentum

During the last days of February the HORNET, having proved herself capable and ready for regular duty, returned to Brooklyn, New York via Mayport, Florida and Norfolk, Virginia, to undergo final routine adjustments at the shipyard. We were nearly ready. Soon we would depart on our first tour of duty: a 'round-the-world' cruise and assignment to the Pacific Fleet.



LISBON



“... many shaped
navys

bent around





and pastel colored . . . ”

te.de
hills and lacy

The City of Lisbon, many-shaped and pastel-colored, sat on soft hills gently sloping into the sea. Narrow, tortuous streets were bent around the hills and, sporadically, at deep intervals, broad boulevards sliced into them and sent long arms of bright light down dark silent corridors. Proud and urbane men walked out into the light and strode along the boulevards with beautiful ladies on their arms. They wore dark suits in greys and blacks and browns and some of them brandished copious moustaches which would gently rise and fall as they greeted each other along the way. They moved with ease amidst the throbbing traffic, precisely anticipating speeds and distances, avoiding like all urban men the lurches and halts of the countryman. They walked past bright modern shops — the coiffeurs, the haberdashers, the silvermasters, the winers. Gleaming silver trays shone out from the windows, and bright milky cheeses and delicate lace gloves and silent purple wines and carefully fashioned cork and jewels, cut in squares and set in heavy gold bands.

And, then, as the long shafts of light were swept back from the corridors into the boulevards, and, even there became sparse and tentative, the narrow streets took life. Less formal men threw open restaurant doors, spread their arms wide and smiled broadly at their visitors. Inside stern faced men were bent over guitars and mandolins and violins, tightly strung like their owners. And a thin girl stood before them and flashed her teeth as she sang whole refrains in one breath and chopped sounds into crystal pellets which stung the ear. The musicians followed her, sometimes led her, moving their fingers against the strings, furiously, as if their hands were spasmed. They sang to their visitors of the vigor and joy of the Portuguese. And when they were through they smiled because their song had been understood.



“... in gnarled and formal charm ...”



Left: Tortured trees line the avenue in Sintra, Portugal.

Above: The Queluz National Palace, “The Portuguese Versailles,” dignity in pastoral surround.



“Serene Sentinels . . .”



. . . were the palaces built overlooking the villages and the bays and inlets. Each had its surrounding hamlet whose streets, like corridors of the mind, wound from the ever present conscience.

Top: The Palace at Sintra built by the Moors in the 9th Century.

Middle: The Palace at the beach Tamaritz, in the summer resort town of Estoril, Portugal.

Left: The Neptune Fountain at Quelez National Palace.

Right: A street corridor under the vigilant eyes of the Moor castle at Sintra.

ESTACAO

CT
SELOS

CMS
VISITEN
MATA MUNIC

RGE



BOB





... Toreadors and Terraces





Above—Left: The terraced gardens at Quelez National Palace, Portugal.

Above: The palm lined terraces at Estoril slope down to the waiting sardine fleet.

Far Left: "Ven aqui, Senhor Torro."

Left: A renegade bull in Lisbon.



ROME

... of ritual,

NAPLES

CAPRI

POMPEII



glory and withered columns



When the *Hornet* visited Italy, the Roman Catholic Church was, during the same weekend, canonizing Pope Pius X, Papa Sarto, and there were hundreds of thousands of religious pilgrims and tourists there. The great cultural depth of the city and the mighty power her past still has to attract was never more apparent. At Saint Peter's on the afternoon of the canonization, sitting on the roof of a large bus were people of five nationalities: an American sailor, two old patient French peasants whose voices in song were stronger than anyone else's, a young English couple on their honeymoon, an Italian family, and a group of German merchant-class women. Space on the bus roof was at a premium and the sun was hot, but international good will had a sort of field day. The German women had a thermos jug and shared their ice water. The Italians explained what was taking place. The American sailor took pictures of them all.

There is something ritualistic about visiting Rome for the first time. There is so much that *Must Be Seen*—for instance, one is required to visit the Colosseum, the Fountain of Trevi, the Catacombs, Saint Peters, just as, upon entering college, one is required to take certain elementary courses—that, with only a weekend available, there is time for little else. The famous sights and ruins and tourist spots are not disappointing. They are beautiful and look exactly as they should—one shoulder of the Colosseum is certainly ripped off, there is no doubt about it; the Fountain of Trevi surely sparkles, by day from the sun when the sun is right and by night from the lights in the pool; and the pines along the Appian Way are formal and straight, just as in the pictures of them.

The greatest pleasure does not come from sightseeing, however. The greatest pleasure is simply the feeling of being in Rome. Part of it is the pension where you stay over the weekend. The place looks shabby from the street but it is clean inside with rooms that have yellow marble floors and beds with clean rough sheets and a big window that looks out over the roofs of the city. And part of it comes from eating breakfast. There is a little sidewalk cafe below the pension and there, in the mornings, there are sweet rolls and thick hot chocolate and damp, fresh fruit, oranges, and grapes which still smell faintly of the cork they were packed in. And at night in the trattorias, the small white, well lighted restaurants, any of which, picked at random, will serve you a magnificent meal for a pittance. At first, the trattorias seem almost sterile from lack of color with their strong white walls and white tablecloths and glaring lights, but the color comes with the food and the whiteness of the restaurant emphasizes it. First there is the small vase of flowers the waitress brings to your table, and then the litre of rich purple wine and the brown bread and light yellow butter and best of all the bowl of fruit which comes at the end of the meal. Each color is sharp and even the taste of the food seems better defined.

A person enters Rome with expectancy and leaves with regret.

**Welcoming arms and bosom
of Naples invite
the HORNET into her berth**





The USS HORNET enters Naples Harbor beneath fog-enshrouded Mount Vesuvius





“We pause at the gateway of Naples . . .”

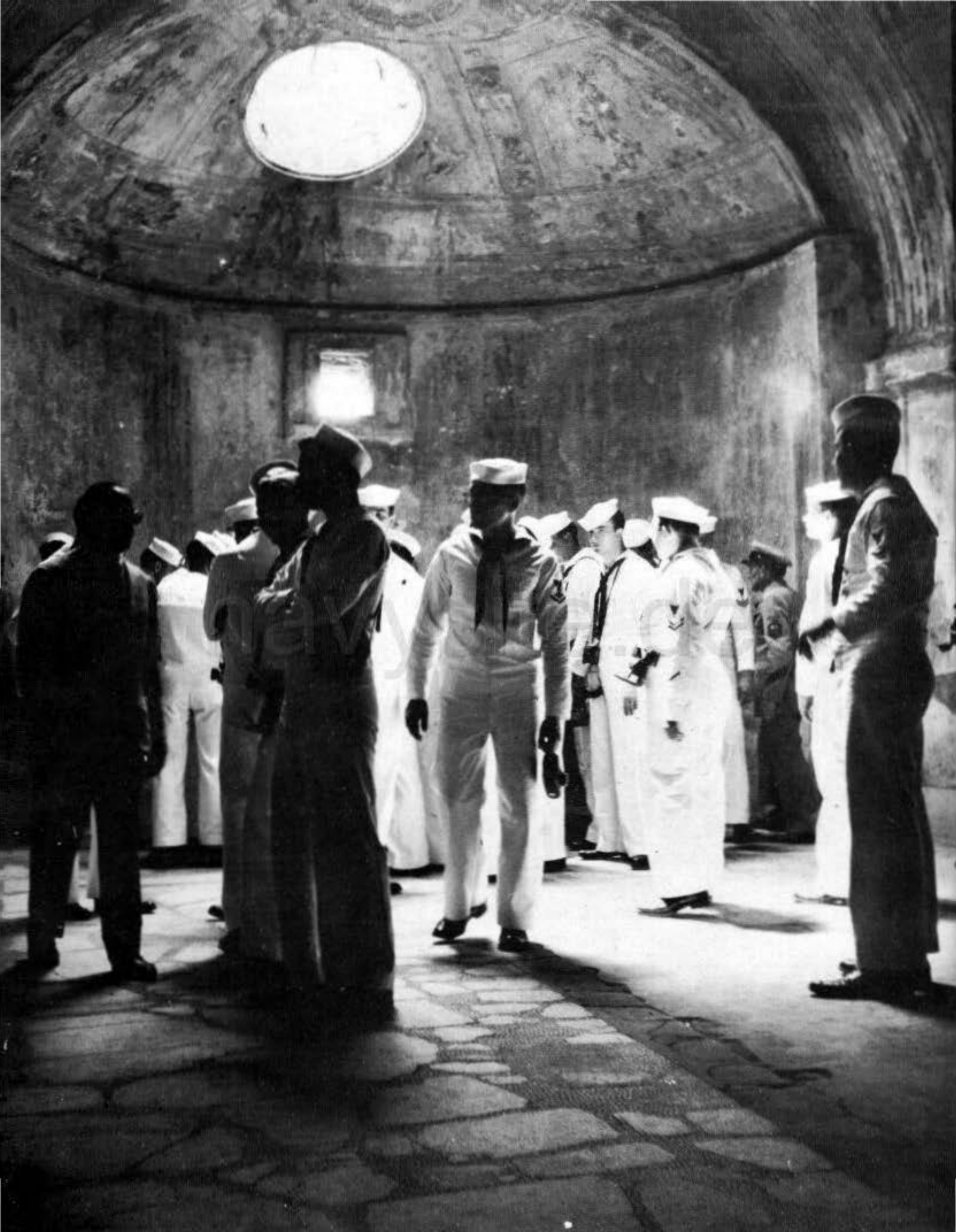


Opposite Left: Vine covered walls line a side street of Naples.

Above: Sorrento lies dormant on precipices overlooking the blue Mediterranean.

Sailors stroll along a desolate boulevard of Pompeii.





Left: Sailors examine thermo-walls in a bath of ancient Pompeii.

Right: Drum-like ovens provided bread from this crumbled bakery.

Below: Il Vesuvio peeks over a lintel at the caprice of an unemployed water sprite.



“... baths and bakeries of Pompeii”





columns,



columns,

columns,



Opposite: Reaching Roman arches of the Church of the Lateran in Rome, Italy.

Left: The monument to Victor Emanuel in Rome.

Below: Multi-shaped columns surround a courtyard in Rome.

Bottom: The square of St. Peter's during the canonization of Pope Plus X, Vatican guards line the processional route.





all roads lead to . . . decadence



Above: The evening sun lays its shroud of shadow on the deceased Roman Forum.

Left: The Colosseum — a monument to Christian Martyrdom.

Right: A pendulum chandelier points to the Museum of Rome and the Fountain of the Piazza Del Esedra.



Three Thousand Coins in



the Fountain

Left: Legend says that he who throws a coin in the Fountain of Trevi may be granted one wish—to return to Rome. The 3000 men of the Hornet all made that wish and for some of us, it may come true.

Below: Rome behind, the Hornet transits the Suez—a steaming passageway thru the Arabian Desert. Africa to starboard, Asia to port.



... on through the Suez Canal

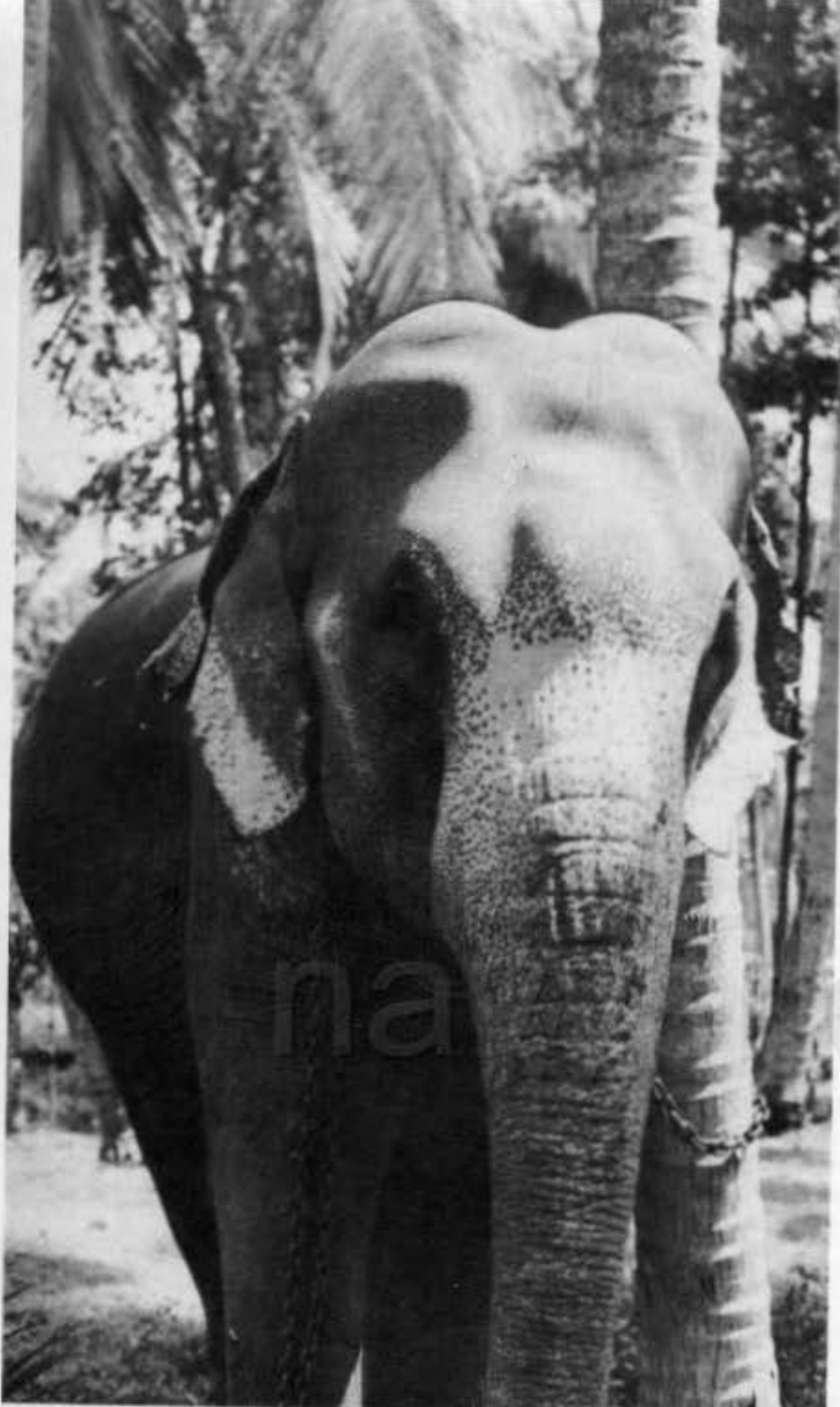


COLOMBO



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Gardens, Elephants



and Caveat emptor . . .



We left Naples reluctantly, with thoughts of Rome and its beauty still fresh in our minds. Our bow was pointed south, and we coursed the Straits of Messina and the Mediterranean to Suez before we began to think again in terms of the future, and Colombo, Ceylon our next port of call. As we advanced into the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean thoughts of land and relief from the heat naturally developed Ceylon into a refuge, a promised land; at the least it would be a two day break in the monotony of two weeks cruising. To some it proved to be a place of rest and relaxation, to others, it was a rich and varied experience, their first contact with a people with a truly different culture and heritage. Here the Christian did not reign supreme; the climate was tropical and vegetation lush; the poor were apparent and the Colonial atmosphere developed through years of British rule still was close to the surface.

Colombo was clean — it was hot but cooled by the breezes of the southwest monsoon which whipped its surf into a dangerous froth, and drove breakers into its beaches all along the west coast of Ceylon. Colombo, the major port in Ceylon . . . was crowded with tourist ships and steamers from all over the world. But this pulse of modern commerce does not alter the basic lives of the people. There are the cars, and buses, modern places of business, but there are the dark tired peoples who wander the streets looking for a living as in all the other ports of the world.

From the Galle Face Hotel terrace you could look out on the old parade ground across from the barracks, and beyond, a beautiful view of the beachline and the pounding surf. As always there were waiting boys handy and cool drinks were readily available. The more adventurous souls found tours available to Kandy and Negambo. There were rickshaws to ride and old men to argue with concerning the price. The bazaar shopping district, the Pettah, was frequented by many of us.

There was a booming business in ivory figures and the dominant theme of these figures was of course the elephant, the religious and national symbol of Ceylon. Great care was necessary on the part of the purchaser when he attempted to buy gems; many is the man who has found himself the proud possessor of a beautiful piece of colored glass. Caveat emptor, the theme of the traveler held true here.

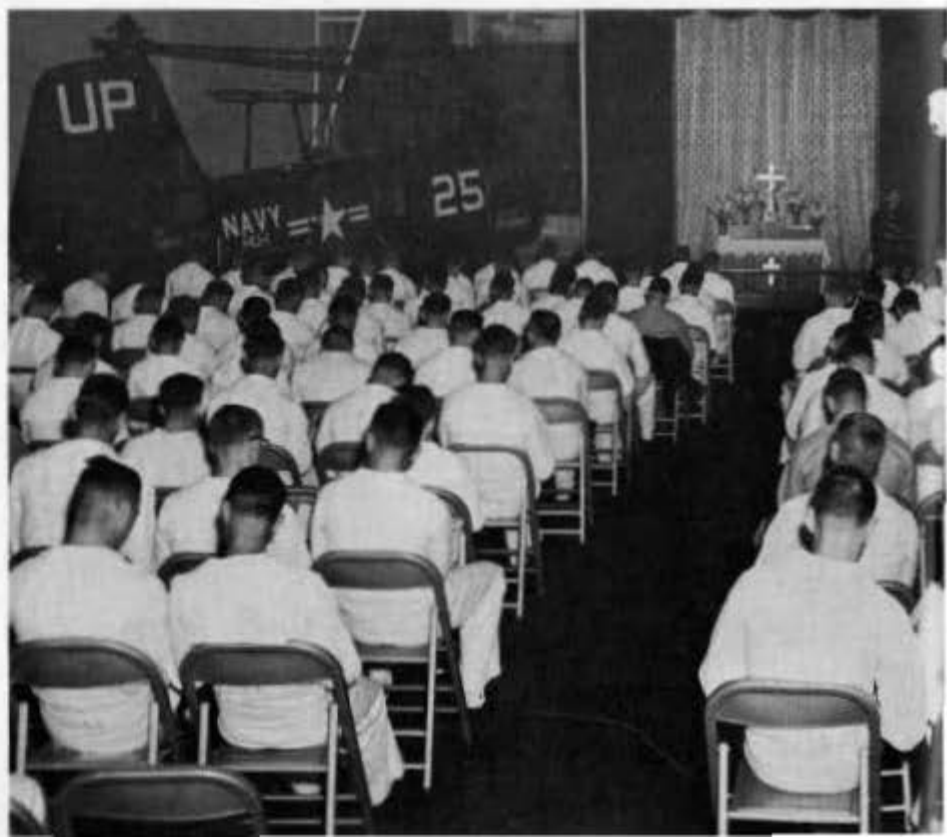


Widely varied houses of worship contrast

Above: Wood burning tugs edge the Hornet into her berth in congested Colombo harbor.

Right: Protestant divine service in Hanger Bay One prior to entering harbor of Colombo, Ceylon.

Opposite: A frosty buddhist shrine in Colombo. Buddhism is the predominant religion of Ceylon.






In Colombo



The land of



tea, charm and . . . king cobra

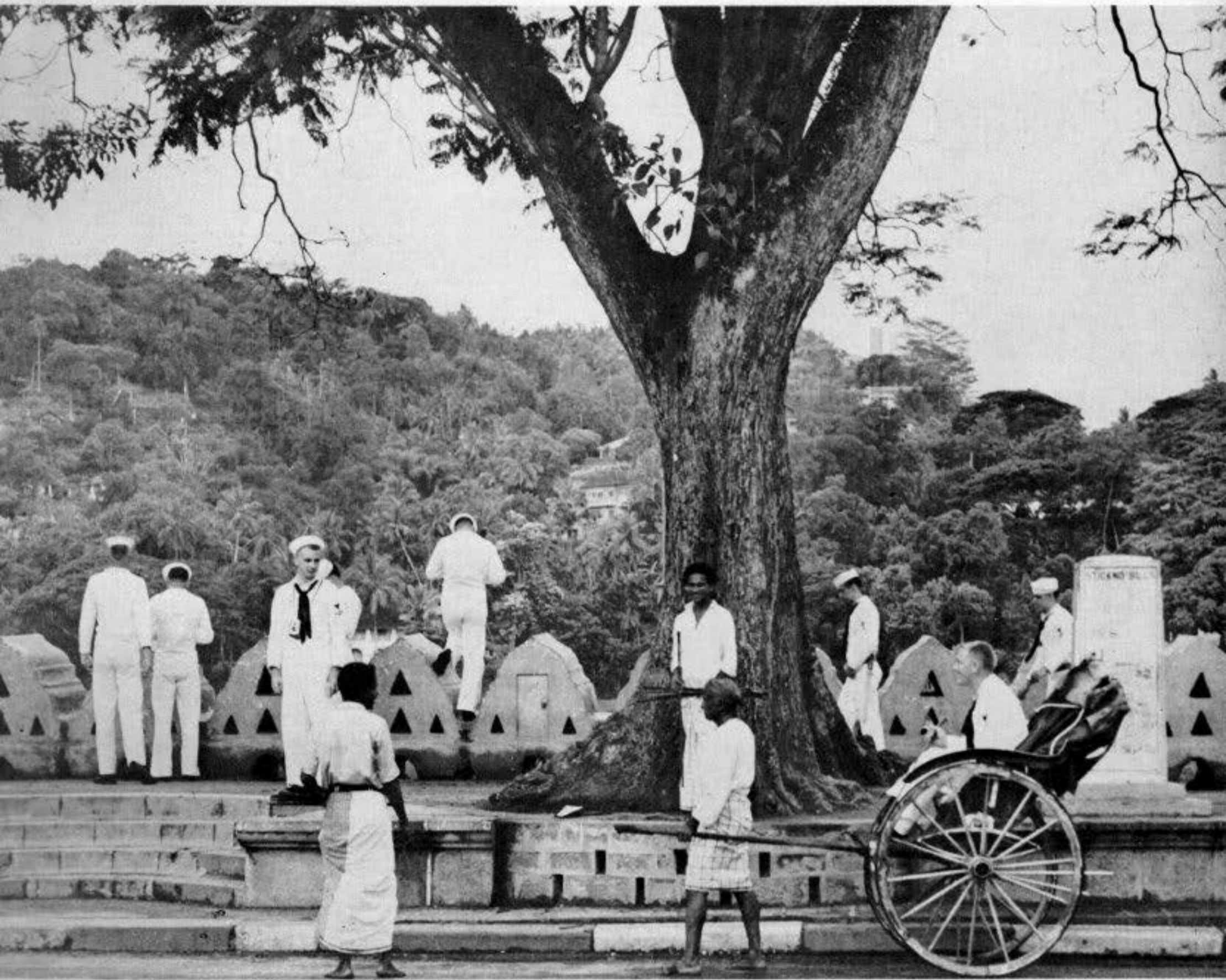


Opposite Bottom: From the passenger jetty and customs house, the main street of Colombo, Ceylon.

Opposite Top: A touring party from the Hornet poses in front of a tea storehouse in Ceylon.

Left: A hooded king cobra rises from its basket to the wheezing chords of its charmer.

A rickshaw man pauses in Egyptian profile . . .

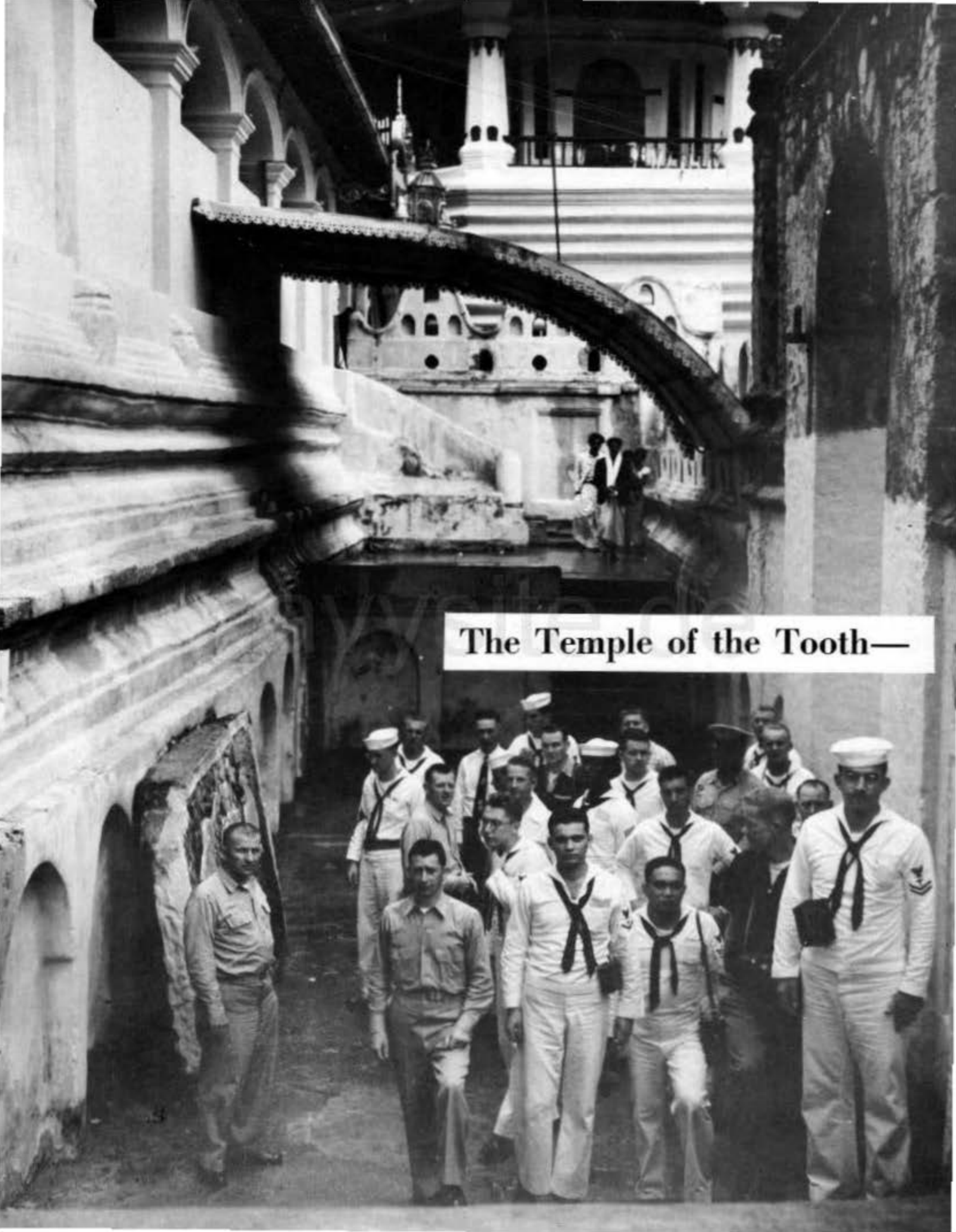




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Ceylonese monkeys shine



The habitually vague faces and vacant stares.



The Temple of the Tooth—



Fourteen days of mail greet the Hornet in Colombo.

final resting place of the Kandyan kings



SINGAPORE



... and the



The sun was hot and bright when the HORNET dropped anchor in Singapore harbor on 20 June 1954. The city lay like a crescent off our port beam, and myriad islands and ships flying many flags, speckled the waters to the horizon.

For many of us, this was the first time we had seen junks. They were a strange sight as their weather-beaten hulks and matted sails wove in and out among Chinese freighters and Dutch liners, South American and island trading ships, and tankers from the United States, making for the open sea or berths in the harbor.


Singapore is a conglomerate city. Founded by an Englishman, its population composed of Chinese and Indians for the most part, its trading facilities used by nearly every country in the world, it is the hub of commerce for the Orient. As each liberty party went ashore, the crew of the HORNET found that Singapore was more than just conglomerate: it was fascinating.

Those of us who took the tour to Johore Bahlu on the Malayan mainland saw much of Singapore through the windows of a bus. We passed native market places and modern department stores, mosques in the traditional Arabian manner and a tremendous Church of England; blond and auburn-haired Englishwomen and swarthy Asiatic girls, all of whom looked perfect to the eyes of sailors who had been at sea for a time.


Johore Bahlu is connected to the island of Singapore by a causeway. As we passed from Singapore into its sister city, we left the Occident and entered the Orient. The Sultan's Palace was huge and golden as we passed it on our way to the Sultan's Mosque. Its grounds were extensive. Small elephants and chickens seemed to be the sole inhabitants of its gardens and woods.

The Sultan's Mosque was painted blue and gray and was built of stone. We took off our shoes, and went in. Inside, marble pillars and great crystal chandeliers vied for our attention with such modern adornments as microphones and loudspeakers. A brass altar and brass incense burners fringed the rugs which covered almost every square inch of floor space.

When we left the mosque, our bus took us back through gardens and roads which twisted through the outskirts of a zoo. Half the day was gone.



domain of briny depths





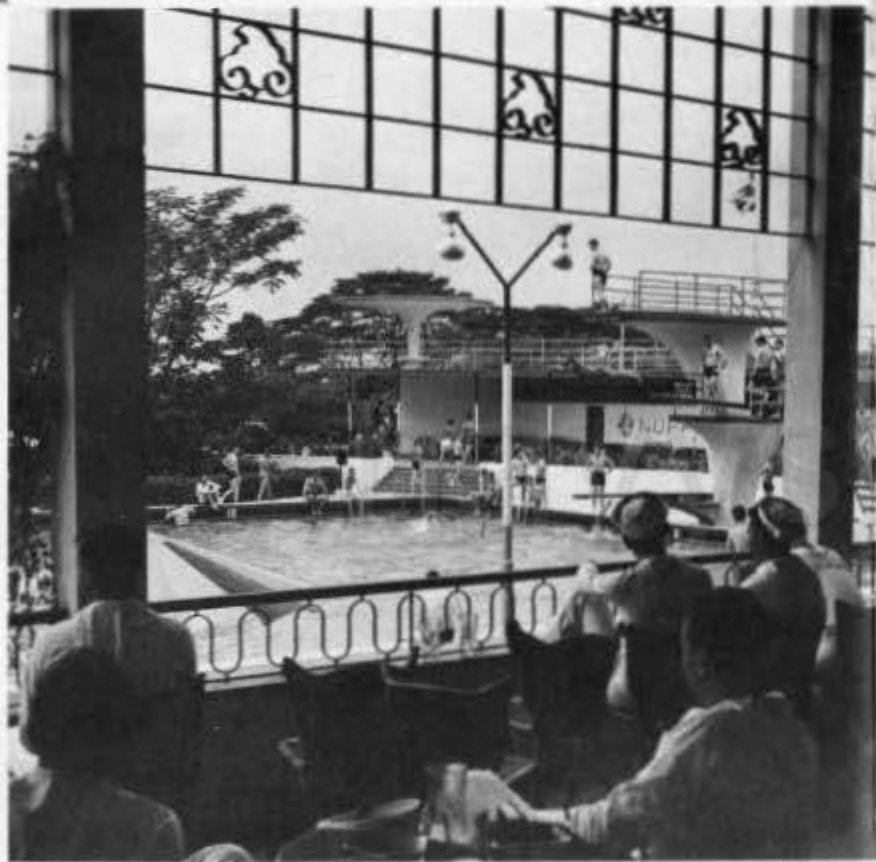
Left: Anxious looks from the first liberty launch into Singapore.

Right: The Hornet basketball team meets the Asiatic champs—results: Hornet won two, lost one.

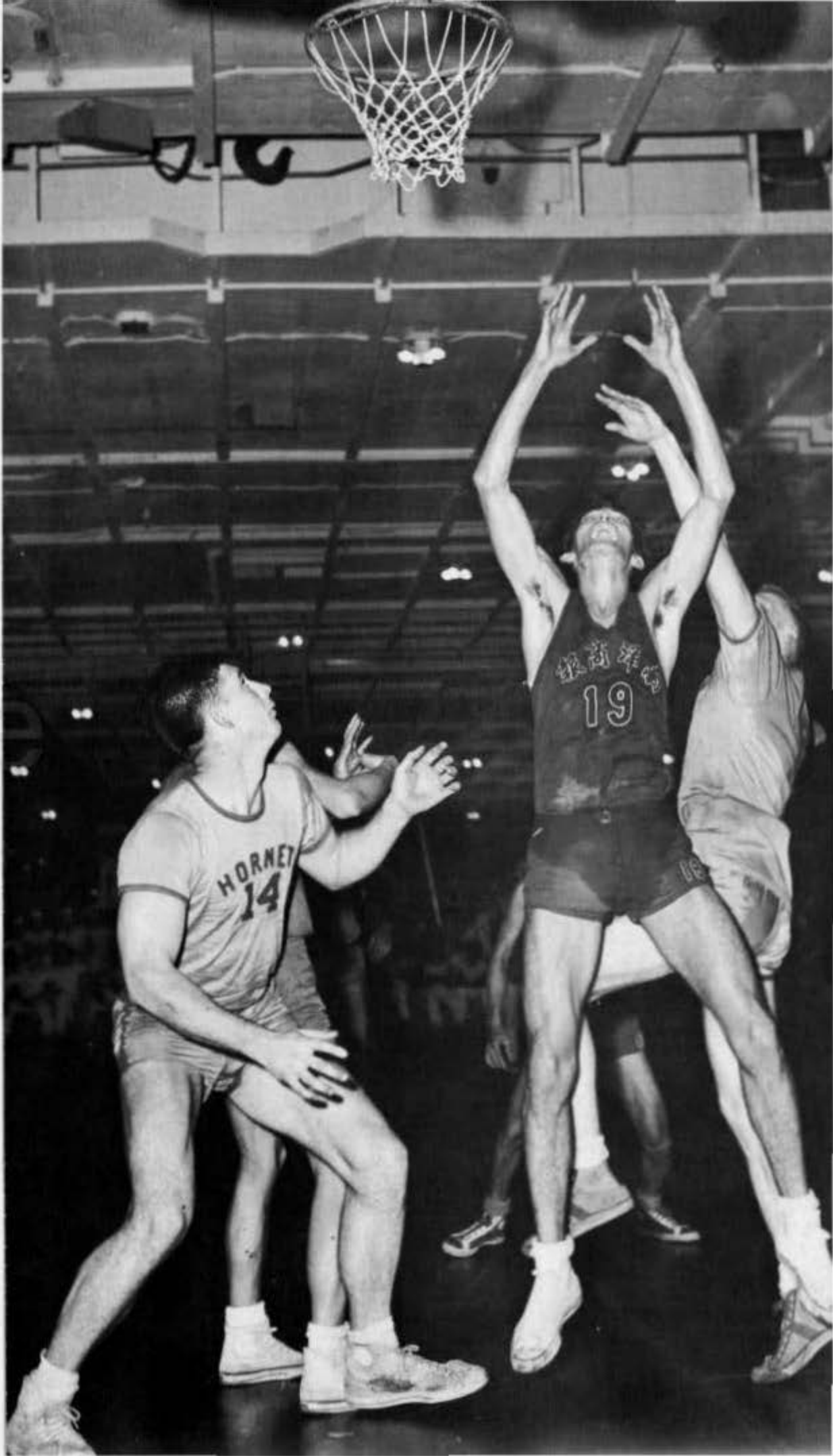
Below: Enlisted men take advantage of the club facilities offered by the English.

Finally back in Singapore, we took advantage of the two beautiful English clubs, whose services were kindly offered for the use of the crew of the HORNET. When we had eaten and were refreshed, we again sallied out into the streets and alleys of Singapore.

Night was falling. Around us the stone buildings and monuments took on the grey tints of evening. In the harbor, lights were lit aboard the ships and the varicolored flags were furled. The water became dusky, and the ripples stirred up the ever-moving junks; bumboats glinted in the sunlight reflected from the clouds. Silhouettes of ships became black, and then indistinct, fading at last into the darkness. Then we heard the bells of our liberty launch. Our day in Singapore was ended.



Singapore-Slings and Stretches







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—and Chinese gardens of fantasy





And so on the 24th of June 1954, the USS HORNET bound southward for Manila in the Philippines, did pass into the domain of Neptunus Rex, ruler of the seas above and below. At approx. 4:15 pm, the King's emissary Davy Jones did board the ship and demand audience with the captain, informing him of the forthcoming visit of Neptunus Rex, his royal family, and court, having informed the captain of his negligence in bringing such a scurvy crew of landlubbers, bilge-rats, skates, sea suckers, and all other lffes of low caliber, he did give warning to the captain to expect no mercy for his scurvy crew. And as Davy Jones left the ship a detachment of the Royal Kops stayed on to see that all orders would be obeyed. Thusly, on the 25th of June we, the crew of the USS HORNET bowed down to the mercy of King Neptunus Rex.

“Crossing the Equator”

and into the briny depths







The Royal Party comes aboard

The die was cast and justice was swift. As we ran through the gauntlet of shalies, clubs, and any other instruments of torture the Royal Torturers could find, we were led before the Royal Court to plead our case. Guilty they cried before we could plead, and on to the coffin. Now the coffin itself wouldn't have been so bad, it would have been quite restful, except for the fact that it was filled with rotten eggs, potatoes, vegetable soup, and other types of garbage; the Royal Barber was next and the golden locks of fairhaired sailors fell before his shears. The Royal Baby, fat and pompous as he sat upon his throne, laughed merrily as we bent down to kiss his royal tummy. But the end was close at hand and new spirit was instilled, as we made a fast sprint toward the dunking tank, there we were met by hardy shellbacks administering the final phase of punishment. As we left the tank we were pollywogs no more, but a part of an ancient and proud order of seafaring men, Shellbacks.







Left: The Royal Family—kissing The Royal Baby.

Below: The Royal Court.

Opposite Above: The Royal Surgeon administers his medicine.

Opposite Below: Ugh — The Royal Slop Chute.







The lowly pollywogs emerge as

Left: Emerging from The Royal Coffin.

Lower Left: Lt. Commanders sing for their supper.

Below: The "Bears Pit"—and now I am a shellback.

Right: The Stockade and Royal Egg Shampoo.

Right: Gone fishing.



loyal subjects of Neptunis Rex





MANILA

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subic

a detour—and a new skipper



Captain F. A. Brandley, prospective skipper of the Hornet, steps aboard his new command for the first time.



Left: Vice Admiral W. K. Phillips, Commander First Fleet, addresses some remarks during the change of command ceremony while Captain F. A. Brandley looks on. The Hornet was the flagship of VAdm Phillips and the First Fleet Staff during operations in the South China Sea.



Above: Captain F. A. Brandley reads his orders and assumes command.



Left: Captain M. A. Nation, out-going skipper of the Hornet, delivers his farewell address to the officers and men.



Captain Frank A. Brandley, USN

Captain Frank A. Brandley, USN, commanding officer of the USS HORNET, is a native of El Reno, Oklahoma. He was graduated from El Reno High School, and attended Oklahoma A. & M. College for one year before entering the Naval Academy. He graduated from the Naval Academy and was commissioned as an Ensign June 6, 1929.

Captain Brandley's early Naval Career included duty in the USS COLORADO; student aviator at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, where he was designated a naval aviator; duty aboard the USS LEXINGTON as a torpedo and bomber plane pilot; in the Canal Zone as a patrol plane pilot; with the heavy cruiser TUSCALOOSA as Senior Naval Aviator; and again with a patrol plane squadron attached to the USS LANGLEY.

After three years shore duty at the Naval Air Station Anacostia, D. C. Captain Brandley received his first command — Commanding Officer of Patrol Squad 23 in November 1942. After a year he was transferred to Fleet Air Wing One as Chief of Staff until being ordered to duty in December 1944 as prospective Executive Officer for the new carrier BOXER. He became Executive Officer of the BOXER and served as such until December 1945. Then followed 19 months Washington duty in the Office of Deputy Chief of

Naval Operations for Air; 5 months as a student at the Armed Forces Staff College in 1947; and a year's duty as Commander Tactical Air Control Group One with the Amphibious Forces Pacific.

In February 1949, Captain Brandley took command of the USS SUISUN (AVP-11), and in January 1950 became Commanding Officer of the Naval Air Station, St. Louis, Mo. From July 1951 to October 1952 he served in the Atlantic attached to the Staff, Commander 2nd Fleet. His second ship command came next, the USS KULA GULF (CVE-108). Before coming to the HORNET he served some 15 months at Malta with the Allied Mediterranean Staff.

He has been decorated with the Legion of Merit with the Combat "V." His other decorations include the American Defense Service (with bronze star), American Theater, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign (with 3 stars); Navy Occupation (Japan), China Service, World War II Victory, and the National Defense Service.

Captain Brandley assumed command of the HORNET July 19, 1954 while the HORNET was at anchor in Manila Bay.

Mrs. Brandley, the former Suzanne Rule of Coronado, California, and their five children are residing in Coronado while the Captain is on sea duty.



For several hours, The Hornet hanger deck

is transformed

Three hundred girls from the Manila area were invited aboard the HORNET for an old fashioned Saturday nite dance. Music was furnished by the HORNET band and needless to say, a fine time was had by all.



de

into a ballroom



U.S. PILOTS DESCRIBE BATTLE; REDS 'FELL INTO HORNET'S NEST'

NAVY WARNS AGGRESSORS

**Admiral Says U.S. Ready To
'Hit Hard If Attacked'; P.I.
Integrity To Be Protected**

A stern warning to future communist aggressors was issued Saturday by Vice Adm. W. K. Phillips, commander of the United States First Fleet, who underscored the U.S. navy's readiness to "hit hard if attacked."

Adm. Phillips made this forceful statement of naval policy during a press conference on board the U.S. carrier Hornet. The conference was held in order to reveal for the first time the full details surrounding the July 26 air battle off Hainan island in which U.S. navy planes shot down two attacking communist fighters.

Rear Adm. Hugh H. Goodwin, commander of U.S. naval forces in the Philippines, also took the opportunity presented by the conference Saturday to express the sincerity of America's desires to protect Philippine integrity in case of war.

Adm. Goodwin pointed to the continued presence here of powerful U.S. navy units (currently the carriers Hornet, Tarawa and Philippine Sea) as concrete evidence of American intentions to back this country.

By ANTONIO ESCODA
On the morning of July 26, a United States navy air search party composed of thirteen planes was scouring the high seas 13 miles east of Chinese communist-held Hainan island. Object of the search was to spot survivors of the ill-fated British airliner that had been shot out of the skies by Chinese red aircraft just three days before.

At approximately 1010 hours, two strange fighter planes "painted mottled olive drab with Chinese communist markings" attacked the search group's top-seaward.

Reaction was instantaneous. With orders to "hit hard if attacked" still fresh in their minds, the U.S. navy pilots wheeled to meet the unprovoked red onslaught. As group leader Cmdr. George C. Duncan later described it: "It was one big ball of fire." The "ball" lasted for only two or three minutes. When it was over, both communist fighters had been "splashed into the sea."

The full details surrounding this hottest of "cold war" incidents were released for the first time last Saturday morning when, during a press conference held on board the U.S. carrier Hornet, local newsmen obtained firsthand accounts of the air battle. Despite this being the age of jet propulsion, it was strictly a battle between propeller-driven planes. For the U.S. there were nine Douglas Skyraiders of fighter squadron 54 and four F4U Corsairs, all from the carrier Philippine Sea. The two red

(Continued on page 15)

Below: Pilots and crew members at the Skyraider Squadron involved in the "Incident," relate their experience during the press conference on the Hornet.



Below: Left to Right: Prospective COMCARDIV 3, Radm. R. Ruble, USN; COMNAV PHIL, Radm. H. H. Goodwin, USN; COMCARDIV 3, Radm. H. D. Felt, USN; Com. First Fleet, Vadm. W. K. Phillips, USN; CARDIV 3—staff, Lcdr. C. Swenson, USN; First Fleet Flag Lt., Lt. F. Frediani, USN.



“back in the headlines—”

It didn't take long for the HORNET, as a part of TG 70.2 to make the headlines all over the country. On July 25, while searching for survivors of a downed British airliner, planes from the Task Group were attacked by two Chinese fighter planes. Both planes were splashed. During a press conference on board the HORNET, VAdm. Phillips explained the incident and the United States stand to a wardroom packed with representatives of press, radio and television.



“Now, commence normal routine—”

Captain F. A. Brandley, C.O. of the Hornet, cuts the cake commemorating the 5000th landing as Lt. E. Huber, pilot, looks on.





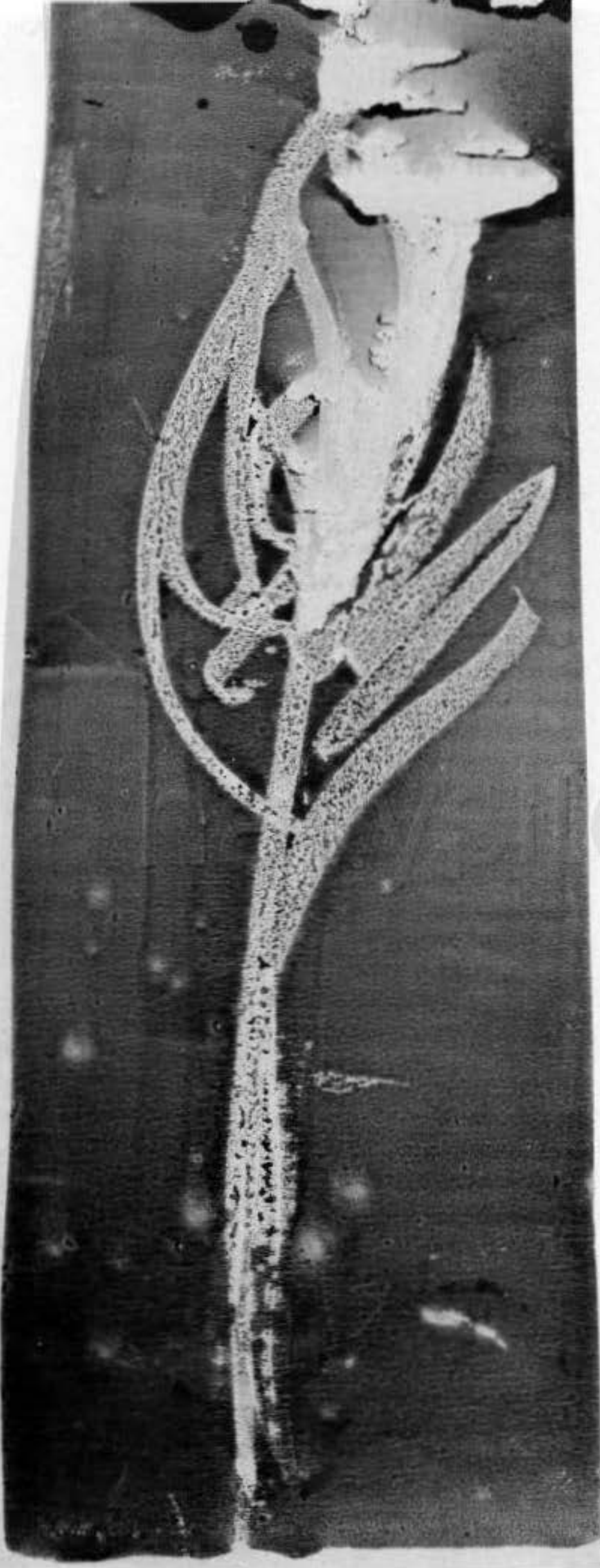
Left: The 4th Division bos'n chair, with scoreboard attached, makes a highline transfer while refueling in the South China Sea.

Below: Looking brand, spanking new, here is the enlisted men's bus, "The E M Club Special," and the men from V4 Division who converted it from an old Mail truck.





JAPAN



We waited a long time for our Japanese liberty, but when we finally got it, it was well worth the delay.

Yokosuka Harbor looked almost like a miniature Portsmouth as we slid alongside Piedmont Pier: the first time we'd been tied up since Naples. The only incongruous note in the landscape were the tunnels, caves, and dugouts which could be seen in every cliff big enough to house a colony of mice.

The familiar bustle of a naval shipyard swept aboard as soon as the plank was down. The little Japanese yard workmen looked strange wearing the same steel helmets we'd last seen worn in Brooklyn. The same giant cranes towered over the ship like prehistoric reptiles: even the ships scattered throughout the harbor looked like fleet landing at Norfolk.

It didn't take the crew long to catch on to the yen situation. At first it was a little confusing using both MPC's and yen, not to mention silver change aboard ship. Usually you'd be able to tell a HORNET sailor by going over to the gedunk and watching to see which white hat would haul a handful of change out of his pocket and then turn red as he remembered the "play-money" MPC's in his wallet.

After the first day of liberty the ship took on the look of a bargain basement. The hangar deck was converted into a department store, and the men who returned to the ship after a sortie into Yokosuka were, as a rule, laden with everything from porcelain pipes to bolts of silk.

The EM Club, located off the base in Yokosuka, turned out to be a fabulous place. Every night there was a turnover of bands in its several hallrooms. The big building contained every convenience, including a yen exchange, ship's stores, several tap rooms and a large restaurant.

Some of the crew went to Tokyo and other localities for "R & R" periods. They always found the Japanese people amiable and glad to help in any way they could. In many ways, Japan was more typical, or what you'd expect to be called typical, than any of the other Oriental countries we had visited. In other ways, it was much more modern than would have generally been believed.

The terrain around Tokyo Harbor is very hilly. The Japanese, whose propensity for industry is persistent enough to be a trait, have burrowed tunnels through any hill that happened to stand in their way. Miles and miles of catacomb-like networks can be found burrowed through the rock. Within these hills, hundreds and hundreds of sailors, marines, soldiers, and representatives of every branch of the service can be found. Also, you can find almost anything else you'd care to look for.

And nearly everyone did: from good food to knickknacks.

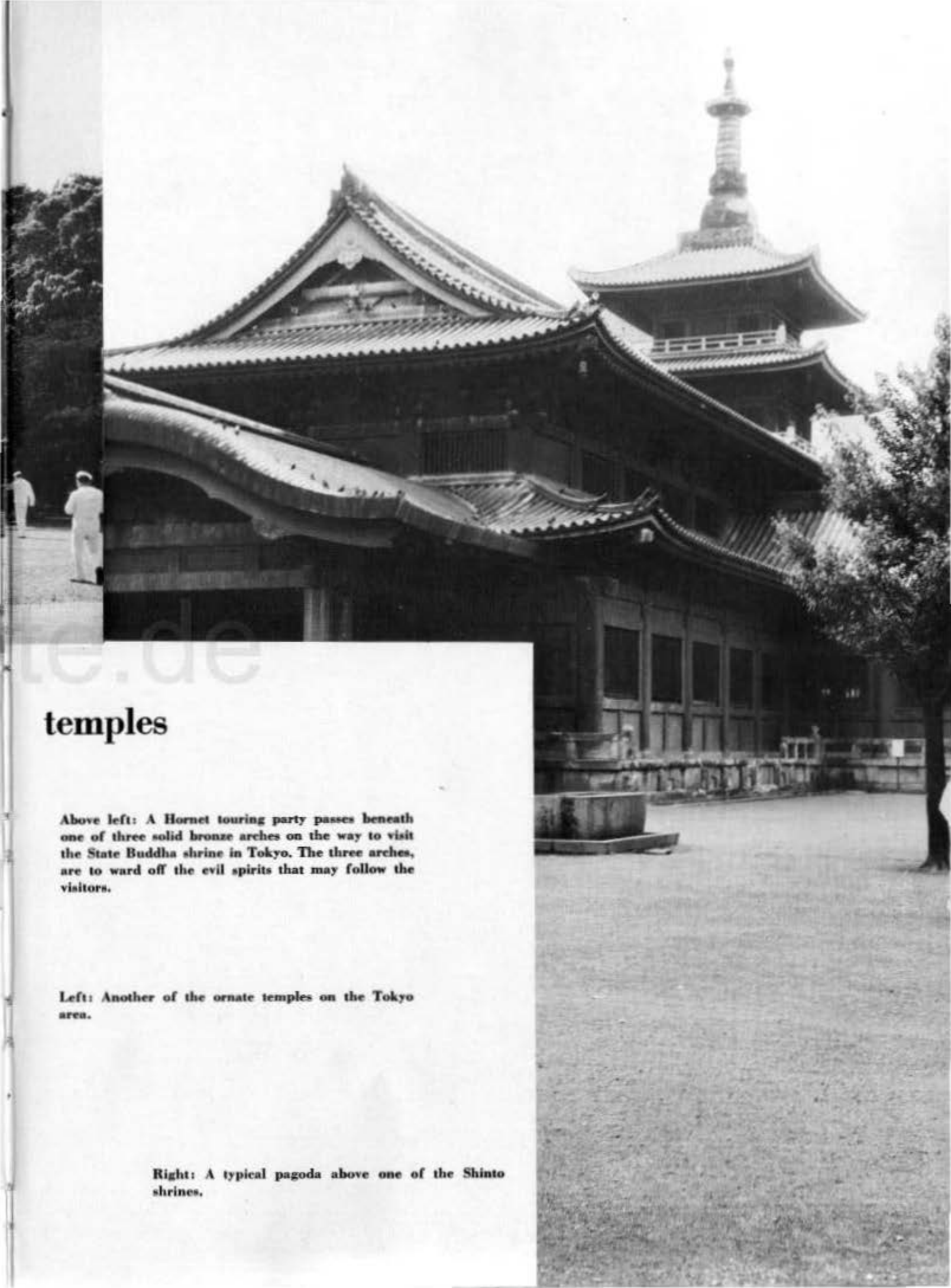
Our stay in Yokosuka was brief, only two weeks. But that was plenty of time for nearly the entire crew to spend their pay. We only hope that next time we pull into Yokosuka, it will be after having spent three or four months at sea where, as every good sailor knows, it's practically impossible to use up all his funds.



navys

gardens and





temples

Above left: A Hornet touring party passes beneath one of three solid bronze arches on the way to visit the State Buddha shrine in Tokyo. The three arches, are to ward off the evil spirits that may follow the visitors.

Left: Another of the ornate temples on the Tokyo area.

Right: A typical pagoda above one of the Shinto shrines.





Above: The group views some of the pictures depicting scenes from the life of the donor of the Tokyo Museum of Art.

Left page: The touring party passes thru the garden of the Toshogu shrine which was built in honor of the last shogun—Tyoser Toyngowa.

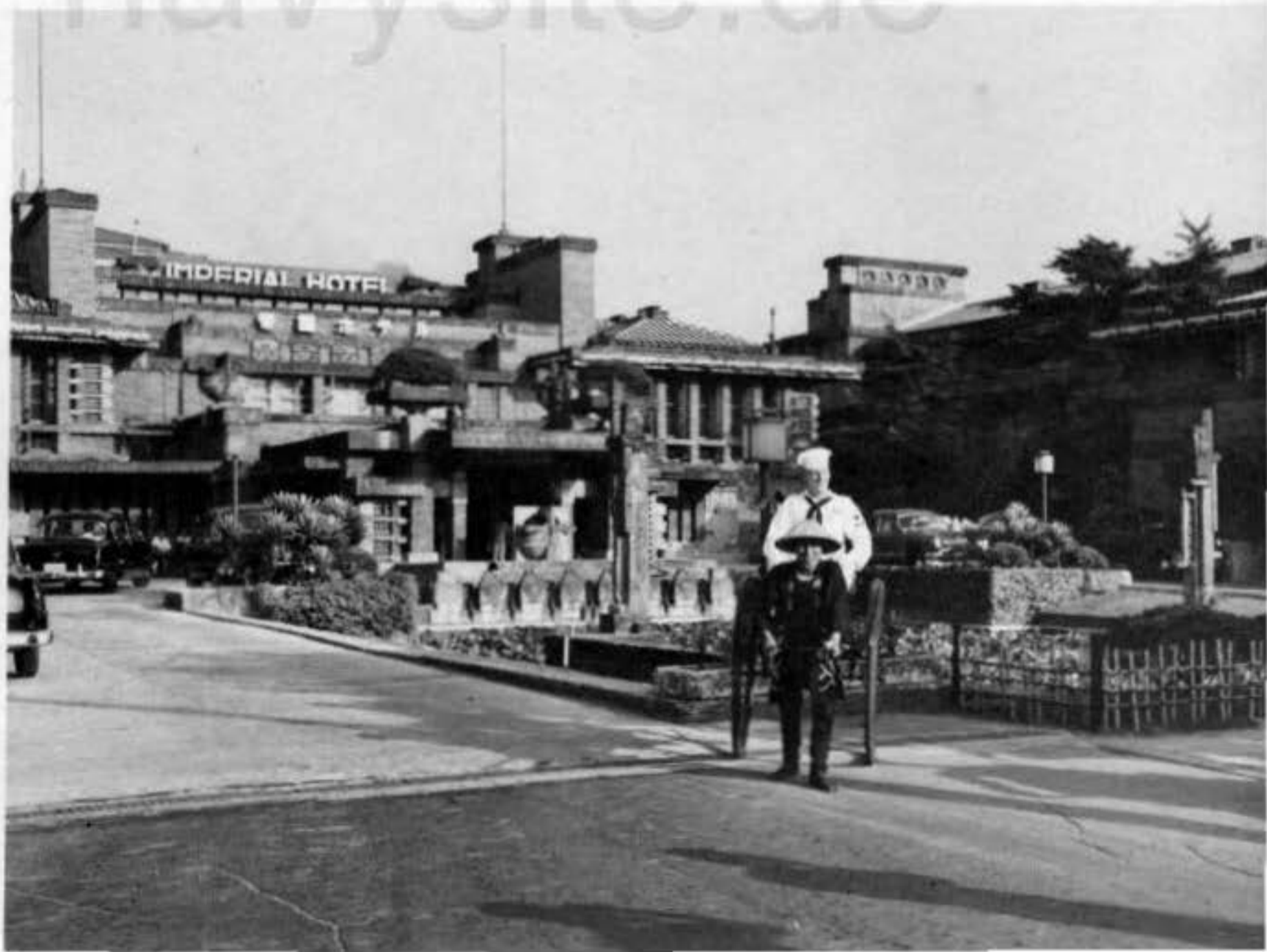


Right: One of the typical crowded side alleys in Tokyo.



Japan - the ancient and the new

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Opposite Top : The Diet Building, here the Japanese congress meets.

Opposite below: An ancient rickshaw pauses before the Tokyo Imperial Hotel. A Frank Lloyd Wright spectacular, it was one of the few buildings to stand the earthquake of 1936.



The many Hornet division parties in Yokosuka featured ancient- and modern-Japanese dances, and a little three-part harmony.



HONG KONG ...





Hub of the Orient...



Hong Kong: what a town! We hauled into the harbor and dropped anchor. Mary Soo, "Garbage Mary" was there with her girls before the anchor chain had time to get well-soaked. So were the sampans and bumboats. And the water-taxis. Maybe the taxis were lop-sided and couldn't do more than 1 knot, but they got us ashore. And they got us back aboard: loaded like barges with "Real 'No-Squeak' Young" boots, Taj Mahal suits and trousers, bamboo furniture, carved chests and . . .

Anyway, Hong Kong was a crazy town. Ashore we jostled along through crowds of Chinese, Indians, British troops, American tourists; beleaguered and badgered by rickshaw boys and sidewalk vendors; awed by women in the slinky slit skirts which have been the fashion thereabouts for millenniums, I guess.

Hong Kong: King Kong of the Chinese coast. But it loomed even larger in our eyes for a simple reason: it was nearly the last stop.



And a Shopper's Paradise

There were suits, real "no squeak" shoes, and a million other bargains to be had. The American club provided girls who furnished information as to where to go, and what to see and buy. And of course, when the very pretty salesgirls in their split-seam dresses were doing the selling, who could refuse? But we all returned to the ship with a "real, genuine" bargain.





HAWAII

Aloha Tower wasn't the first touch of Hawaii that we saw, but just the sight of the beautiful waving palm trees and the people on the beach made us feel as welcome as any *Lurline* traveler. For this was Hawaii—part of the United States and our last stop before home.

For some of us, the first stop was at Waikiki—a beautiful beach not far from the very metropolitan part of Honolulu. The commercialization on the beach conflicted greatly with Diamond Head—a great peak that loomed beyond the white sands of the beach like a dark savage. Those of us who went a little farther inland in the Island of Oahu were even more impressed with this native natural beauty. Tropical flowers were everywhere—each one trying to outdo her neighbor with her beauty. The blazing, dazzling colors burst out of trees, from bushes, even out of sheer rock. Their melodious Hawaiian names were a perfect complement to them.

The beaches on the other side of Oahu made Waikiki seem insignificant. There were none of the graceful, gliding surfboard riders as at Waikiki because here the spectacular surf raised his green head high in the air, threw off his white foam and dashed at the white sands of the beach like a mortal enemy—only the daring could swim here. Not far from these beaches, the mighty surf roared upward thru holes in the black volcanic rock forming a geyser of amazing heights. The winds here in the central part of the island put on a show that would amaze even Barnum—it made waterfalls fall upward and could easily turn cars over with a healthy gust.

Yes, this was the Hawaii we had read and imagined and we hated to leave her Polynesian beauty—but the next stop was home.



Open that Golden Gate !!

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HOME COMING



Reporters, Photographers and guests fill the open gangway.

CDR Allman, VA95, and family.

Miss Hornet is piped aboard.

(Below) Miss Hornet (Leslie Ann Lebkicher) presents the key to the city of Alameda to CAPTAIN Brandley while her fiance, LT(jg) Carlos Baker, VF-91, looks on.



Morris, VA95 greets wife and children.

From the Captain:

On 11 May 1954 the HORNET sailed from Norfolk, Va. on what, to you, was a highly advertised world cruise. That cruise will end at 1500 on 14 December 1954 in San Diego, California, seven months after leaving the U. S. From June 1954 until December 1954, a period of some five months, there was an interlude in the world cruise while we conducted operations in the South China Sea-Formosa-Japan areas.

Now that we are nearing the completion of that cruise (we have the Golden Gate Bridge bore-sighted dead ahead!) I think the time has come for us to discuss this business we are in. No doubt some of you are wondering what it is all about and what did we accomplish.

The U. S. did not spend millions of dollars in converting and recommissioning the HORNET for the sole purpose of showing the flag on a 'round the world cruise. The real reason was to provide a hard-hitting and ready unit for the protection of the Free and Democratic peoples of the world. The HORNET and Air Group NINE, as a closely knit and highly coordinated team, formed that unit and took their normal turn on the cold war front line for that interlude of five months in the Western Pacific. With other carriers, our screening and support ships and our logistics support force we were a major unit in a strong retardation force ready to strike in retaliation if ordered by U. S. authority.

What did we accomplish? By our mere presence we indicated that U. S. forces were ready to insure the security of the free people in the Western Pacific. Secondly, our allies and Free people of the Western Pacific were very happy that we were there, and our position was strengthened with these people.

While we were in Yokosuka, making preparations for return to the U. S., I called Vice Admiral Pride, Commander U. S. Seventh Fleet. During our conversation he gave me a message to pass on to you: "Tell your ship and air group they have done a fine job out here. They have carried out their mission and deserve a well done."

This has been a fine cruise for all of us. You have seen a lot of the world that the average American would give plenty to see. It was a fine privilege given to you and undoubtedly has provided you with pleasant recollections which will remain with you for life. Along with these should always be the proud memory of having upheld your part in the cold war at the same time.

As for me, this has been the most satisfactory period of my career. To have command of such a fine ship and excellent crew is the climax for which every Naval Officer strives. I feel very proud and grateful for being given the privilege of commanding this ship and being shipmates with you. No one could ask for better.

In conclusion I want to thank you, each and everyone, for the fine work you have been doing. I wish you a completely satisfactory leave, a very Merry Christmas, with plenty of Santa Claus, and the best of success for the New Year. May we all sail together again in the near future!

CAPTAIN F. A. BRANDLEY, USN
COMMANDING OFFICER

The Final Log

55,211 miles travelled on cruise

69,268 miles since
recommissioned

4,518 Catapult shots

2,546 Deck Launches

6,603 Landings

10.2 sec. best deck interval

19.3 sec. best jet interval

782 Combat Air Patrols

810 Completed intercepts

15 Typhoons Recorded

2,122 patients treated (Dental)

2,399 teeth pulled

752 teeth extracted

11,555 patients treated (Medical)

11,385 Shots

117,500 APC's

2,871 X-Rays

4,209 rounds of 3"

1,394 rounds of 5"

55 sleeves shot down

10,226,567 gallons fuel oil

11,216,553 gallons fresh water

4,593,805 gallons feed water

80,000 Special Requests

2,200 Transfers

3,000 Advancements in Rate

823 Correspondence Courses

2,616,000 lbs. of food

(General Mess)

1,593,600 Meals served

(General Mess)

1,090 pounds of food per man

54,500 Hamburgers served

after movies

\$3,812,936.00 Payroll

This concludes the cruise portion of this book and affords us an opportunity to express our thanks to those who made it possible: to CHPHOT J. Malito and the men of the Photo Lab who contributed much time and all the pictures seen in this book, many of them worthy of far wider distribution than we can give; to CAPTAINS Nation and Brandley and COMMANDER Bringle for their aid and suggestions in spite of their many other duties; to LCDR Johns, P.L.O., for his never ending interest.

Thanks also to the many fine writers whom we were fortunate to have on our staff; LT(jg) Thomas Ross, who wrote our Lisbon article; to LT(jg) Douglas Kiker for his Rome article; to Turco, L. P., YNSN, for several articles including Japan, Hong Kong and others. Also to ENS Robert Flack, Colombo; R. Wright, A. N., Port-Au-Prince and the Equator crossing.

And finally, our thanks to CHAPLAIN Garrett and the Special Services Fund without whose aid we would never have been able to publish this—the first "Hornet World Cruise Book."

— The Editor

AIR OPERATIONS

Step by step, the daily air operations of an aircraft carrier.



Planes are gassed . . .



Banshees hooked up to cat,



Launch the cougar,



Landings are never routine but . . .

and the planes are gassed again.

When they're all back safe,
the helo lands . . .



not always this unroutine.



THE HORNET ... at work



LT Fuller and the Turnapull.



Gun crews in action.



Adjusting rotor blades.



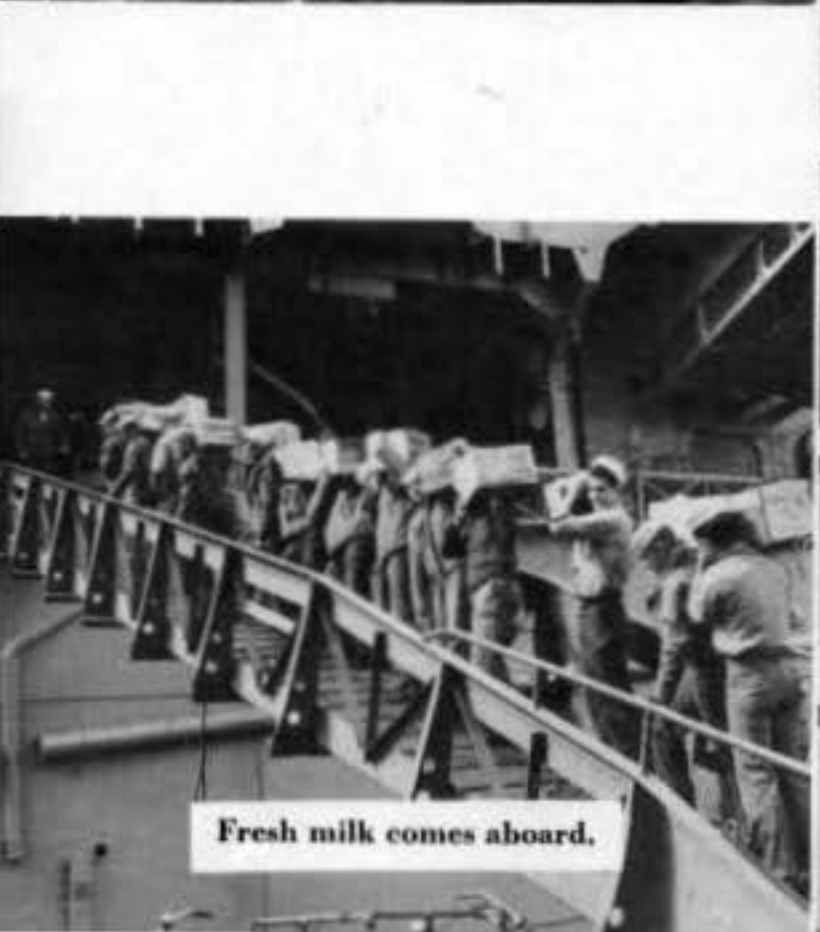
Tractor crew on Fuller's Beach.



Fueling the jets.



Signalmen hoist flags.



Fresh milk comes aboard.



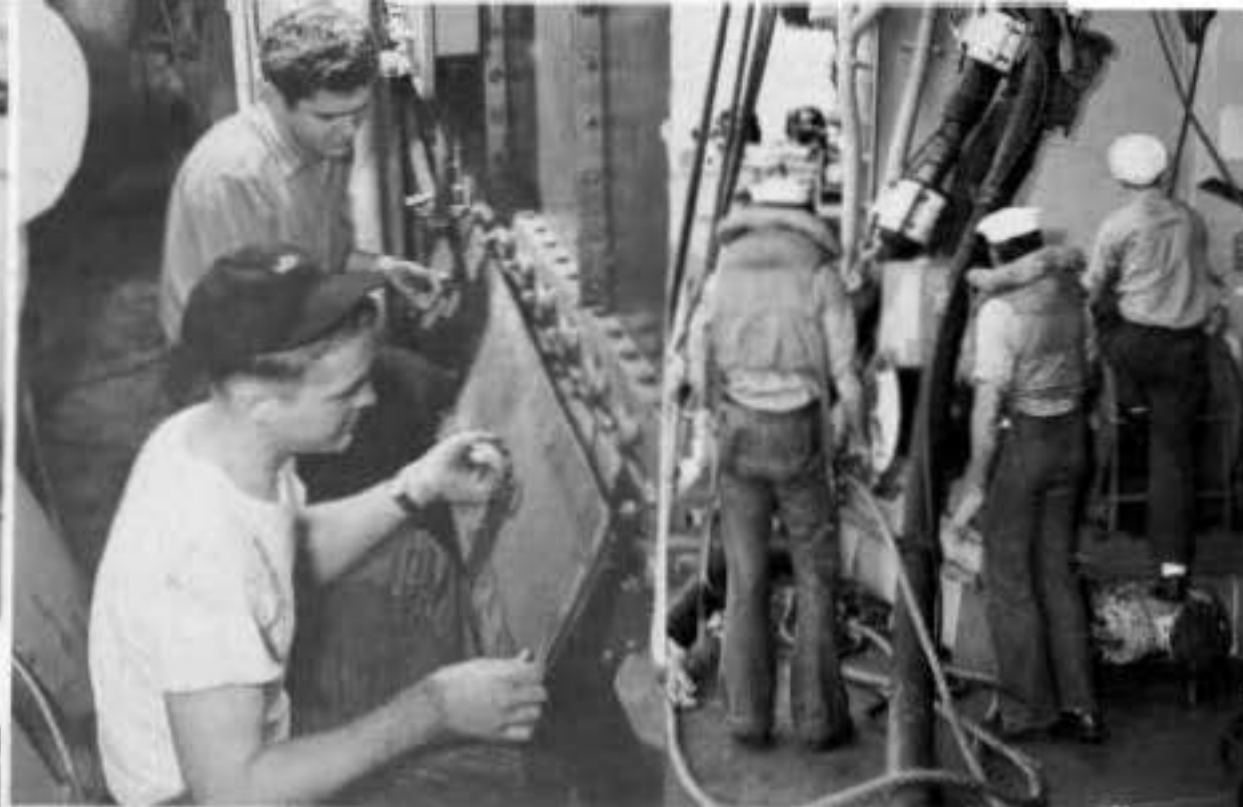
Radiomen at work.



In the pilot house.



Stirring soup.



Snipes at work.

Ready for refueling.



The wardroom galley.



Chipping boilers.



The photo lab and more prints.



Aerographers hoist a weather balloon.

The printer's devils.

SGT Gordon at his desk.



... and relaxing



At the Gedunk.



At the starlight theatre.



The best food in the fleet.



In the compartment.



The Chief's mess.



Knots to you.



Tonsorial splendor.



A trip to the Dentist—relaxing?



Intramural basketball.

OPERATIONS

COMMANDER J. M. WEST, USN
Operations Officer

An aircraft carrier, like a human being, must have sense organs. The Operations Department gives the ship eyes, ears, and a voice and sense of touch.

The Operations Department, headed by CDR J. M. WEST, plans and co-ordinates the operation of the ship and her aircraft.

In Air Operations, CDR L. W. ABBOTT, aided by LCDR C. N. SEAVER and LT S. CARLISI plans and schedules air operations.

LCDR D. E. JOHNS is the ship's Aerologist in addition being the HORNET'S PIO Officer.

LCDR P. A. LEGARE, Communications Officer sees to it that the ship's ears and voice are operating.

LCDR P. W. HARGROVE, Air Intelligence Officer, gathers and disseminates the intelligence information so necessary to the Air Group.

LCDR T. H. STEARNS, CIC Officer, controls the Combat Information Center where everything from the nearest land to an approaching "BOGIE" is plotted.



DEPARTMENT STAFF

Front Row, left to right: LCDR D. E. Johns, CDR L. W. Abbott, CDR J. M. West, LCDR P. A. Legare, LCDR P. W. Hargrove. Back Row: LT S. Carlisi, LCDR T. H. Stearns, LCDR C. N. Seaver.

OA DIV

LT(jg) J. L. ELLIOTT
Division Officer

Accurate plotting of raging typhoons affecting the ship's course or operations; processing important aerial photography or popping a flash bulb as a visiting VIP is welcomed aboard; gathering operational intelligence for the command and embarked squadrons; planning and guiding the ship's air operations; performing the yeoman tasks of departmental coordination and correspondence; publishing the morning radio press—these varied tasks are conducted by the talented personnel of the OA Division.



Front Row, left to right: Judy, J. R.; Fay, C. V.; Mitchell, R. E.; LT(jg) J. L. Elliott, Jr.; LCDR D. E. Johns; Zaffino, J.; Driggers, D. L.; Skinner, T. G.; Nowak, V. M.; Myers, R. J. Back Row: Hughes, P. E.; Hain, D. J.; McKay, H. A.; Johnson, R. R.; Zimlinghaus, C. F.; Kropf, R. E.; Troy, R. J.; Birchfield, R. L.; Walczak, H. J.; Heckman, H. C.



PHOTOGRAPHY

Back Row, left to right: Daugherty, W. L.; Richey, R. E.; Jensen, R. L.; Catoe, J. (n); Schreul, R. D.; Wilkins, C. M. Second Row: Wilson, H. F.; Evins, E. W.; Crain, D. L.; Kolnsberg, H. J.; Denegar, C. E.; Smith, E. E.; Tremblay, R. R. Front Row: Barnard, J. H.; Arsenault, O. W.; CHPHOT J. P. Malito; Smith, R. A.; Burwell, J. W.; Mount, E. G.

LT R. C. DUNBAR
Division Officer

The O-E Division is charged with the responsibility of proper maintenance and repair of electronics equipment. The personnel of O-E Division are electronic technicians highly trained in the technical knowledge and skills necessary for maintaining the radio and radar equipment in proper operating condition.

Front Row, left to right: Ferdico, S.; Smith, H. O.; Bishop, H. N.; Powell, A. E.; CHRELE L. J. Beilstein; LT R. C. Dunbar; Trayer, E. G.; Miller, T. L.; McCray, E. T.; Bridge, W. M. Middle Row: Klair, G. R.; Coulson, J. T.; Thomas, D. L.; Phillips, J. H.; Reibel, P. R.; Clark, A. L.; Rouse, C. R.; Gereg, C. V.; Kiefer, F. L.; Ketchum, F. G. Rear Row: Roscoe, D. E.; Edwards, D. B.; Snow, R. L.; Weber, E. H.; Carbone, J. T.; Foster; Jenzen, E. E.; Lawson, E. C.; Divinsky, W.; Downhill, O. W.



OE DIV

OR DIV

Basically the O-R Division is responsible for the handling and dissemination of all communications other than visual that enter or leave the ship. This includes all dispatch traffic, both plain language and encoded, guard mail and U. S. mail. To achieve this end its 66 enlisted men and 9 officers man and maintain 12 radio and teletype spaces, the post office and main comm, the central distributing point for all operational communications.



Front Row, left to right: Knauer, R. C.; Wilder, O.; ENS H. G. Koenig; LT(jg) T. B. Ross; ENS J. F. Mirabito; TEC D. L. Buckley (DIV CPO); Neal, N.; Baker, L. J.
Second Row: Heacock, R. W.; Thomas, C. E.; Lee, G. M.; Eltringham, G.; Hart, R. H.; Austin, R. F.; Mann, K. L.; Murphy, W.; Haller, T. J. Dunlap, W. M. *Third Row:* Reed, G. L.; Watson, R. K.; Martinetti, A. J.; Biesbrock, E. L.; Paulus, C. W.; Aichinger, R. J.; Donahue, C. S.; Jett, C.; Wojdula, J. W. *Fourth Row:* Foust, H. W.; Donohue, D. P.; Curry, J. P.; Simbari, C. S.; Madden, A. G.; Whitkanack, J.; Bresnie, J. F.; Midyett, D. G.; Ramsey, E. L.; Davis, J. C.



Front Row, left to right: Falcone, J. F.; Atwood, A. B.; Sanchez, A. J.; Noland, P. F.; ENS R. E. Fleck; LT(jg) B. K. Coryell; ENS G. F. Lewis; McAllister, J. J.; Hedderman, M. J.; Demetrius, J. A.; Tuomie, N. R. *Second Row:* Polich, C. J.; Yasi, W. J.; Letsch, E. F.; Szczesny, J.; Ferentheil, E. J.; Callahan, L. A.; Allen, R. L.; Thomas, W. R.; Egbert, D. W.; Torres, P.; Barrar, R. W. *Third Row:* Neal, D. R.; Burns, J. P.; Basile, C. N.; Shearn, C. J.; Crouse, R. H.; Beer, J. T.; Lindstrom, F. J.; Baker, R. J.; Williams, D. J.

OS DIV

ENS J. G. GORMAN
Division Officer

The "O-S" Division functioning as an essential part of communications aboard the Hornet maintains a twenty-four hour visual watch utilizing twenty men, one Chief Quartermaster and two Officers. The "Signal Gang," complementing the job of the "O-R" Division, is responsible for all visual means of communication, including flashing light, Nancy, flag hoists and semaphore. The high degree of efficiency with which they performed their tasks during Task Group Operations earned them a hearty "well done."

Front Row, left to right: Thompson, C. B.; Rowland, J. I.; Norcross, H. K.; ENS J. G. Gorman; Molina, G. G.; Heisler, D. V.; Evans, G. D.; Schram, L. W. *Middle Row:* Chadwick, J. D.; Carlson, H. F.; Weiland, K. R.; Maier, N. L.; Starry, M. F.; Robertson, G. L.; Daugherty, J. *Rear Row:* Clark, D. L.; Babbitt, J. P.; Myers, J. A.; Bossoni, J. T.; McGee, L. M.; Ferguson, R. A. *Missing from Picture:* Truhn, F., QMC; Aleman, L. A.





O-I DIV

LCDR T. H. STEARNS
Division Officer

CIC is the eyes and ears of the ship because it detects air and surface contacts, electronically speaking, long before they come within the range of optics. "COMBAT" collects, displays, evaluates, and disseminates information concerning these contacts. Its function is to keep the command and necessary, dependent stations informed. An additional responsibility is the control of combat air patrol and other airborne aircraft.

To accomplish these tasks CIC employs the technical skill of a highly specialized team, the men and officers of O-I Division.

Back Row, left to right: Gaine, G. E.; Meline, J. I.; Warren, A. D.; Dortch, R. L.; Bloss, R. L.; Wylie, K.; Walston, H. A.; Kerr, R. E.; Esposito, F. K.; McClard, G. L. *Third Row:* Savage, J. R.; Vogt, J. D.; Vetter, W. R.; Young, E. J.; Whalen, T. J.; Wheeler, R. B.; Adkins, M. A.; Barkley, D. A.; Bodycombe, D. E. *Second Row:* Chalfin, P. R.; Phillips, F. E.; Dowling, E. R.; Hubert, G. M.; Nichols, R. D.; Nichols, J. R.; Hauck, E. A.; Stelfox, R.; Engel, E. L.; Johnson, J. S. *Front Row:* Adams, M. E.; Mundy, C. S.; LT D. D. Causer; LT J. D. B. Pamp; LCDR T. H. Stearns; LT T. B. Longley; LT(jg) J. H. Disney; Faircloth, G. B.; Jones, J. R.



Back Row, left to right: Cowles, D. R.; Jeffries, J. A.; Herhold, R. F.; McCloskey, E.; Schneck, D. M.; Kelly, J.; Callahan, D. M.; Filbert, D. A.; Sokasits, F. *Third Row:* Robinson, W. A.; Nickel, R. R.; Maeder, G. B.; Rinier, R. L.; Kirschner, J. H.; Kuykendall, R. R.; Sharpe, D. J.; Weist, H. E.; Miller, D. M. *Second Row:* Martin, D. E.; Matthews, W. D.; Wessels, J. H.; Jerlow, A. B.; Harrington, J. D.; Cavanaugh, R. R.; Rule, R. L.; Robinson, J. A.; Pierce, D. R.; Carozza, P. D.; Smith, R. C. *Front Row:* McCausland, R. C.; Konopa, F. J.; ENS K. J. Sherman; ENS L. W. Fowler; LT D. T. Rust; LT D. P. Riley; LT(jg) H. B. Hudson; LT(jg) E. Berman; Walsh, F. Park, G. C.; Rose, J. D.

Bottom Row, left to right: McIntyre, N. P.; Barclay, G.; Harp, D. W.; CHSCLK E. Lasky; ENS H. L. Waldman; LT V. T. Cheek; LT(jg) G. C. Freeman, Jr.; CHSCLK A. Sutula; Ressler, J. D.; Maier, J. A. *Second Row:* Cox, A. G.; Pappidas, A. L.; Lewis, R. H.; Dunlap, J. H.; Baublitz, R. S.; Dotzauer, C. E.; McClure, C. D.; Bishop, L. J.; Blakeley, J. O.; Paulson, J. R. *Third Row:* Schneider, E. A.; Lynch, F. J.; Moore, D. T.; Sieber, B. L.; Hall, R. G.; Randall, R. T.; Lewis, H. E.; Johnson, L. J.; Soergel, D.; Payne, H. J.; Novotny, E. J. *Fourth Row:* Holmes, R. A.; Bennett, D. D.; Vandersommen, V. J.; Marden, R. D.; Noble, C. F.; Tursack, R. S. Hutchinson, C. L.; Cowell, J. P.; Edman, R. P.; Wood, W. D.; Johnson, M. L.

ADMINISTRATION

LT(jg) G. C. FREEMAN
Division Officer

X DIVISION

The larger part of the X Division might be called the "main office" of the ship. This part includes the Captain's Office, Personnel Office, Administrative Office, Legal Office, the Education Office and the Print Shop. Through these offices goes the major part of all ship correspondence.

The Special Services are also part of X Division. It includes the Chaplain's Office, the Ship's Library, the Hobby Shop, the Hornet Radio Station and the Athletic Gear Locker.

X Division also provides the musical entertainment for the ship through the Hornet Band.

Last, but not least, in the division is the police department which is very capably handled by the Master-at-Arms Force.





GUNNERY

LCDR R. E. EDWARDS, USN
Gunnery Officer



GUNNERY DEPARTMENT OFFICERS

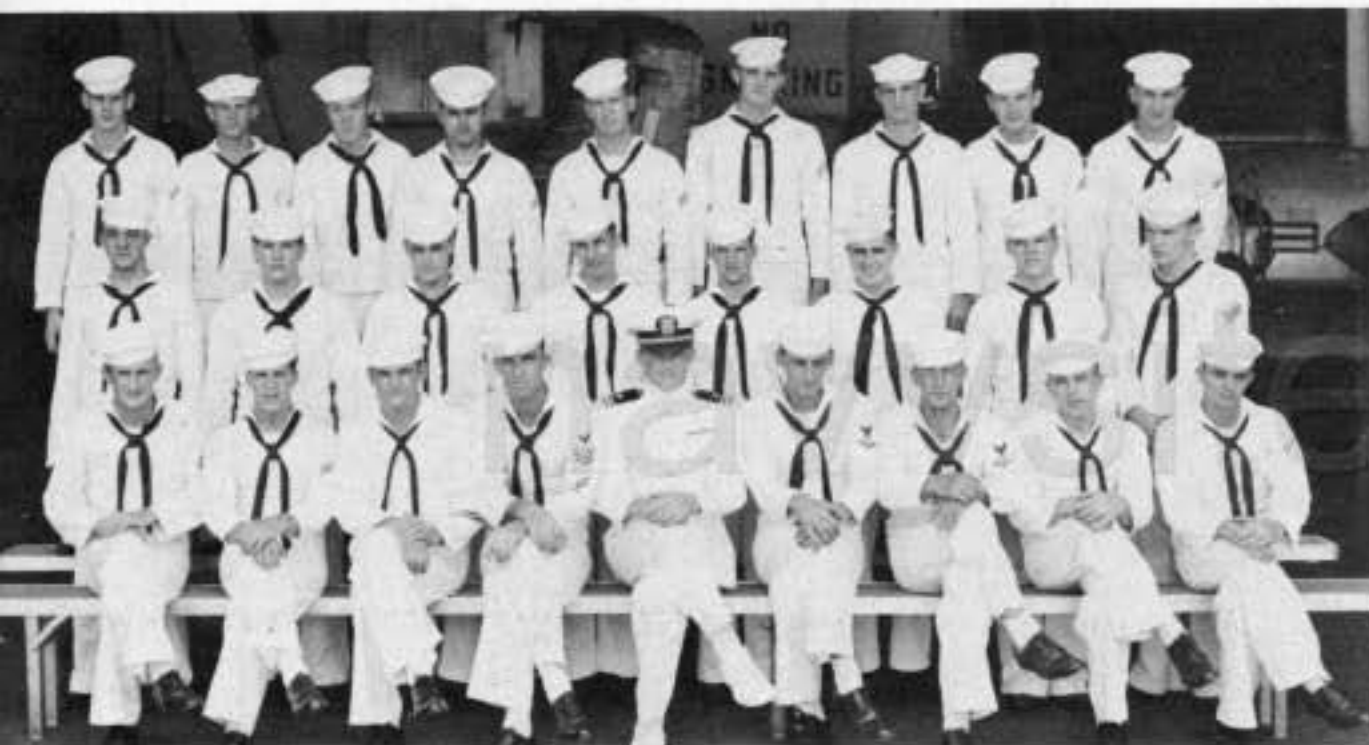
Front Row, left to right: LT(jg) T. A. Flaherty, LT(jg) R. D. Kiker, LT W. D. Davis; CAPT R. J. Barton; LCDR R. E. Edwards; LT E. A. Magni; Lt(jg) E. F. Pine; LT(jg) J. E. L. Eldridge. Back Row: CHGUN S. G. Jenkins; ENS J. T. High; ENS R. J. Schmitz; ENS J. D. Tedrow, Jr.; ENS F. C. Roberts; ENS R. A. Erb; ENS F. E. Suddouth; ENS B. F. Hestor.

FIRST DIV

LT(jg) R. D. KIKER, JR.
Division Officer



Front Row, left to right: Harris, R. W.; Barlage, C. K.; Foster, W. M.; Flinta, W. W.; McGarrity, P. E.; ENS J. T. High, Jr., Ass't Div. Off.; LT D. E. Rockwell, Jr., First Lt.; LT(jg) R. D. Kiker, Jr., Div. Off.; Williams, W. R.; Glowa, J.; Popwell, C. M.; Goldsberry, W. J.; Poerner, R. F. Second Row: Pitts, F. F.; Vincze, S. W.; Morgan, W. K.; Dunser, J. F.; Sauer, R. J.; Baker, H. L.; Redwine, F.; Vyeda, R. J.; Minford, R. R.; Geter, F. J.; Soden, R. J.; Ackerman, T. B.; Cabral, F. Third Row: Christian, C. F.; Rashick, T. G.; Chapman, W.; Eicher, G.; Martin, L. J.; Mayne, R. V.; Austin, B. F.; Therrien, W. J.; Thomas, R. G.; Carter, R. A.; Schwindel, G. C.; Whelan, T.; Pfeffer, G. J. Back Row: Schneider, E. F.; Berrio, W. M.; Cassidy, D. W.; Wallace, A. D.; Cheffins, R. H.; Colavito, T. J.; Bianchi, R.; Erler, R. J.; Heggy, G. W.; Potter, H. O., Jr.; Betser, B. L.; Barber, R. C.; Fisk, R. T.



First Row, left to right: Bowers, J. R.; Tallent, M. A.; Jones, B. R.; Saner, G. J.; LT(jg) K. B. Kimball; Mehr, R. D.; Rowe, D. P.; Miller, W. C.; Roddy, D. L. Second Row: Fercho, V. (n); Caniecki, A. J.; Jones, T. R.; De Graff, C. E.; Callahan, T. K.; St. George, N. S.; Blood, R. (n); McFarland, G. R. Third Row: Beers, E. W.; Norris, D. E.; Apple, O. (n); Mula, J. (n); Parris, P. B.; Godwin, C. J.; Van Dyke, R. D.; Lafferty, W. D.; Ensor, R. (n).

SECOND DIV

ENS R. J. SCHMITZ
Division Officer

"Man all replenishing . . . rearming . . . refueling . . . fueling stations" are all very familiar words to the Second Division as they man all of the forward stations during each of these operations. The division's cleaning stations include the weather decks and hull surrounding Hanger Bay One as well as Officer's Country on the second and third decks.

During General Quarters, Air Defense, and Condition watches the division mans the forward 3" Battery. During normal cruising the division stands bridge and life boat watches.

During the cruise there never seemed to be enough time for all the jobs that had to be done, but somehow or other the division always met the deadline—a tribute to R. W. Smiley, BM1, Division Petty Officer, and every man in the division.

SECOND DIVISION

First Row, left to right: George, R. A.; Fulkerson, L. D.; Spencer, J. D.; ENS R. J. Schmitz; ENS A. M. Tortora; Smiley, R. W.; Byrne, R. J.; Carr, J. J.; Dellinger, E. K. Second Row: Bellmay, W. P.; Tindall, A. M.; Miller, D. E.; Wood, H. G.; Cole, D. L.; Jordan, C. T.; Ealy, K. (n); Civitella, J. V.; Meixell, A. N. Third Row: Bush, G. F.; Woelkers, M. J.; Root, H. M.; Schuetz, D. R.; Rohm, W. B.; Curran, J. (n), Jr.; Parker, R. L.; Swanson, K. H.; Ribovich, J. G., Jr. Fourth Row: Jones, L. F.; Siezmore, B. D.; Piat, W. H.; Redkey, P. E.; Campbell, J. (n); Ford, J. B.; Gremillion, O. L., Jr.; Brandoff, J. J.



THIRD DIV

ENS F. E. ROBERTS
Division Officer

Long before the ships of our Navy were propelled by steam, they were manned only by "boatswains." Today, the men of the deck not only chip the paint, tend the lines, and man the helm, but also maintain a position as a part of the modern Navy. As well as keeping up over one-quarter of the ship's hull and manning seven of the HORNET's sixteen gun mounts, the Third Division mans fueling stations both for taking on fuel, and for refueling the smaller ships of the force. Maybe the most familiar job of a boatswain's mate is to start the day of each man on the ship with the words, "Heave out and trice up . . ."



Top Row, left to right: Sosnoff, G. S.; Bowers, B. L.; Rodenhizer, C. A.; Corbett, M. H.; Bernudez, J. S.; Rossano, F.; Mrozik, J. E.; Long, J. V.; Ingerson, W. L. Third Row: Jones, J. P.; Card, M. D.; Luckenbach, R. C.; Sterling, J. L.; Reo, V.; Bittner, C. E.; Slonaker, P. H.; Guidice, F. C.; Grisham, W. O. Second Row: Rigoni, F. C.; Dague, R. L.; Houkins, C.; Schall, A. H.; Bramney, E. L.; Chafin, R. C.; Hetherington, N.; Smith, W. W.; Smith, P. J. Bottom Row: Hliwski, S. J.; Sands, H. L.; Smith, W. L.; Brown, T. J.; LT(jg) Eldridge (former Div. Officer); Butters, B. J.; Hall, L. A.; Pickell, D. R.; Russomano, G. G.



Top Row, left to right: Kimberlin, W. W.; Ryan, J. J.; Holmes, B. A.; Ramsey, J.; Vest, J. P.; Gerling, L. H.; Wiltse, C. D.; Hodgkins, J. W.; Dabbs, J. P. Third Row: Gagliardi, F. C.; Parker, M. L.; Crotty, R. T.; Curry, R. L.; Burrington, C. E.; McKee, R. L.; Saldamando, J.; Quill, G. G.; Deschuiteneer, R. L. Second Row: Schweitzer, D. R.; Birt, B. O.; Hill, W. L.; Rossell, B. L.; Cimaglia, T.; Potter, D. L.; Shea, J. E.; Garrison, J. E.; Kostrezba, W. J. Bottom Row: Sheil, J. J.; Kearney, J. S.; Witt, J. E.; Austin, E. D.; ENS Roberts (Division Officer); Underwood, T. L.; Pontiff, N. L.; Potter, E.

FOURTH DIV

LT(jg) D. C. STANFILL
Division Officer

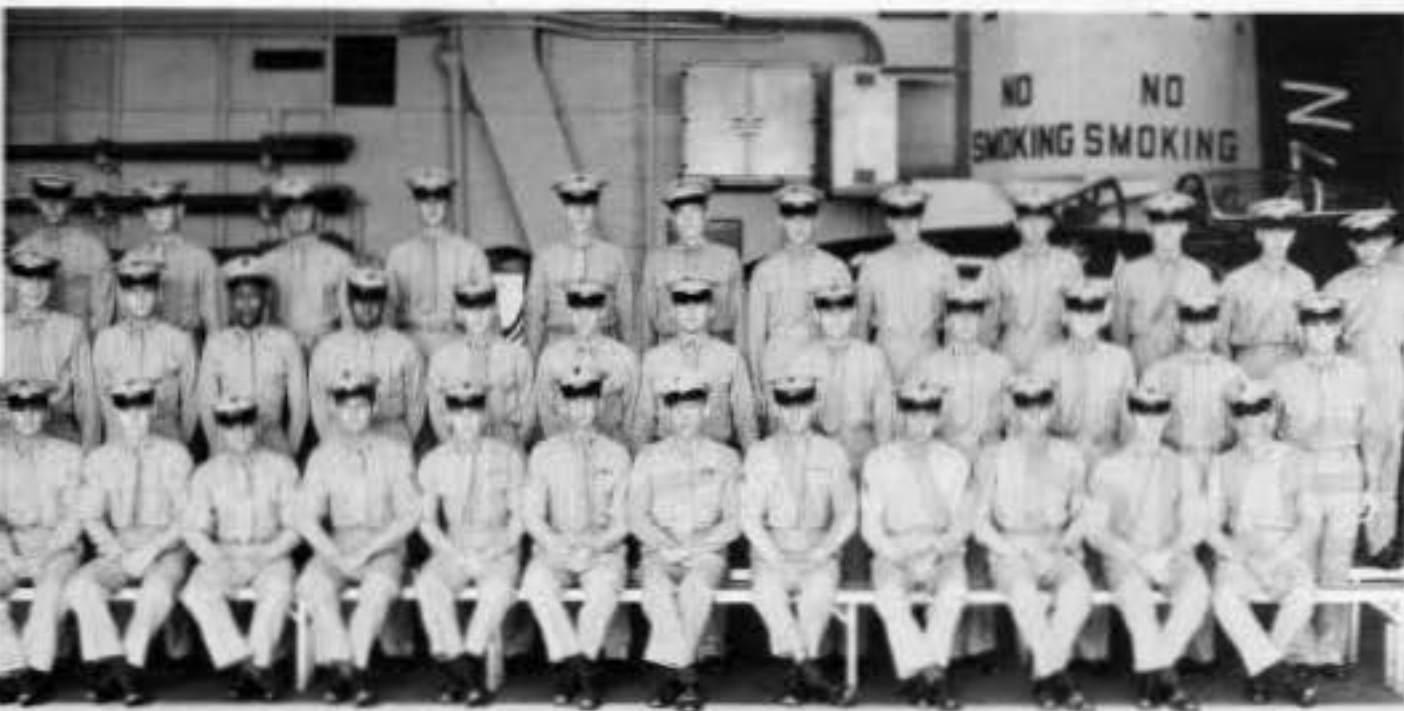
The fourth division has responsibility for deck spaces from fr. 165 aft to the fantail, and overall supervision of the Captain's Gig and Ship's boats, besides conducting training of boat crews. All Highline transfers and guard mail exchanges are performed by the Fourth, as well as the manning of the replenishment and rearming station using the Le Tourneau crane on the flight deck.

Back Row, left to right: Jones, L. L.; Bryan, G. L.; Addison, H. R.; Fitzpatrick, D. C.; Johnson, R. G.; D'Angelo, P.; Fitzgerald, C. C.; Isaac, E. E.; Thompson, C. L.; Galit, D. Middle Row: McClellan, O. C.; Parker, D. M.; Fisher, W. P.; Paffenback, R.; Aird, W. R.; Bianchi, J.; Tuttle, J. L.; Beglinger, R. J.; Ranstrom, R. C.; Bush, W. P. First Row: Shaw, H. W.; Bain, J. D.; Giacomelli, M.; Snider, E. R.; LT(jg) D. C. Stanfill; Shockley; Beard, M. P.; Eure, W. M.; Holmes, J. P.; Flemming, G. G.





Back Row, left to right: Jones, B. F.; Rompa; McGahey, L. E.; Eubanks, J. O.; Crisman, P. A.; Anderson, C. T.; Hora, G.; Taylor, V. E.; Dudley, R. D.; Damico, H. L.; Dashem, D. E.; Brodeur, J. J. *Middle Row:* Stewart, J. P.; Webster, J. L.; Brennan, J. L.; Lynch, F.; Thoreson, L. E.; Kelly, J. A.; Little, T. W.; Jenkins, R. E.; Lehr, E. J.; Hedrick, P. A.; Jaffeires, J.; Flirt, R. D. W. *First Row:* Stork, D. V.; Rice, G. P.; Steffy, E. B.; Whitten, R. W.; Southern, G.; ENS Lora; Eakin, R. B.; Herkert, J. A.; Sulouff, T. E.; Ricks, B. C.



MARINE DETACHMENT

CAPT R. J. BARTON
Division Officer

Front Row, left to right: Steinman, G. D.; Leverett, G. T.; Thomas, W. A.; Wright, W. T.; Carver, E. K.; Kemp, V. P.; Barton, R. J.; Ragsdale, J. R.; Martin, D. N.; Rhodes, W. D.; Giles, R. E.; Lisenba, A. *Second Row:* Austin, J. C.; Perry, C. J.; Scott, W.; Smith, J. E.; Egleston, H. J.; Pike, M. E.; Brooks, J. L.; Gerardi, V. N.; Clemens, R. D.; Pike, D. E.; Linkes, C. A.; Spinney, E. F. *Third Row:* Peters, E. O.; Smith, W. H.; Pfohl, J. G.; Kruszynski, E.; Burton, C. H.; Housley, L. A.; Roberts, G. E.; Wellman, F. E.; Walk, R. L.; Mills, W. R.; Ayers, R. L.; Espaillet-Sanz, R. G.

Front Row, left to right: Shoda, W. J.; Leming, A. "C"; Beck, R. N.; A'Brial, A. A.; Starr, L. G.; Rogers, R. F.; Gordon, M. P.; Haas, T. E.; Sierzchula, S. E.; Japp, L. M. *Second Row:* Griffin, A. D.; Lucas, D. J.; Hall, R. C.; Brady, E. J.; Wright, R. L.; Biery, F. H.; Jordan, C. D.; Siler, R. R.; Rogers, J. W. *Third Row:* Allen, E. R.; Myers, W. E.; Shinault, H. W.; Epps, B. R.; Cosgrove, T. G.; McTeer, L. F.; McTeer, D. L.; Gatavetsky, J. C.; Hart, R. E.; Busler, R. G.



The primary mission of the Marine Detachment aboard ship is to provide a landing party, trained and equipped for immediate commitment ashore, to conduct land operations in the seizure and defense of naval installations.

Additional missions of shipboard Marines are to provide internal security for the ship, man a section of the anti-aircraft battery and to provide honor guards.



SEVENTH DIV

LT(jg) E. F. PINE
Division Officer

The seventh division is assigned to the three-inch anti-aircraft battery. Its job is to throw three-inch projectiles into the air as rapidly as possible and to see that the intricate mechanisms of these modern weapons are always in operating order. An enemy aircraft coming in on the beam can be met by over 350 pounds of TNT per minute by the time its gets to within five miles of the ship.

Front Row, left to right: Stalnaker, W. E.; Burge, C. B.; McCoy, C. E.; Valentine, H. E.; ENS Suddoth; LT(jg) Pine; Bobbish, N.; Booth, L. G.; Dannaldson, L. L.; Babb, M. E.; Ballard, C. L. Second Row: Tibbits, R. D.; Shorter, W.; Camillo, W. A.; Napolitano, J. J.; Verrones, A. J.; Bajoros, M. J.; Decoursey, J. N.; Megna, J. V.; Blake, M. L.; Parker, C. R.; Spingas, R. E. Third Row: Hotaling, C. E.; Cello, J. J.; Ford, M.; Whidden, J. P.; Daniher, G. W.; Moore, W. L.; Auclair, T. A.; Connors, P. G.; Smigielski, J. F.; Carson, L. F.; Muleahy, J. F.; Seymour, D. A. Top Row: Adney, L. G.; Michael, D. F.; Sikes, D. D.; Adams, J. D.; Britton, B. R.; Hudson, W. J.; Willis, R. C.; Houston, W. C.; Childers, B. C.; Davis, G. M.; Jolley, J. E.; Overby, C. C.

EIGHTH DIV

Top Row, left to right: Johnson; Altman; Leatherman, L. L.; Templeton; Preacher; Hofman; McMeins; Notini; Shaleesh; Schimmele; Riddell. Middle Row: Jacquet; Adams; Lam; Muraska; Valentine; Griffiths; Kipp; Kramer; Breidenbach; Darby; Zigo; Lopez. Bottom Row: Leatherman, J. E.; Swanzie; Mills; Wenzel; Henson; Lascaro; Dalian; Akers; Moody; Cheshire.

ENS J. D. HENSON
Division Officer

The primary function of the 8th Division is the maintenance and preservation of the eight 5"38 gun mounts distributed around the ship. These guns demand technical knowledge, to repair casualties as well as constant attention, to combat deterioration and the never ending infiltration of dirt. Both of these qualities are found in the 8th for these gunners mates eat, sleep and think in terms of their weapons; they are their responsibility as well as their pride and joy.



Top Row, left to right: Teague, J. B.; Tilton, E. E.; Balestino, J.; Verhault, R. T.; Langkil, G. P.; Perival, J. J.; Brown, L. A.; Knake, M. F.; Sucky, M. V.; Van Pelt, G. K. Middle Row: Kunze, W. K.; Storelli, J. J.; Marrie, J. H.; Pagano, A. J.; Preston, J. C.; Aukamp, G. A.; Riveria, J. E.; Lamagro, F. S.; O'Brien, J. P. Front Row: Fanning, T. R.; Dennison, R. C.; Thompson, C. E.; Hester, B. F.; LT(jg) T. A. Flaherty; Gardner, R. E.; Sammons, J. F.; Howe, J. L.; Lacharite, L. R.

NINTH DIV

LT(jg) T. A. FLAHERTY
Division Officer

The Ninth Division under the supervision of the Ship's Gunner, Ch.Gun. S. G. Jenkins USN, maintains the magazine spaces, receives and issues to the Air Group through V-6 Division all required ammunition for operations from a 2000 pound bomb to .38 caliber pistol ammo.

The Armory section maintains the ship's small arms for the Landing Force Party and external security of the ship. It issues and receives spare parts for maintenance of the ship's 3" and 5" batteries and fires salutes for visiting Flag Officers and Dignitaries.



W DIV

LCDR H. R. YOUNG
Division Officer

First Row, left to right: Jorns, C. J.; Swan, R. H.; Young, B. L.; Anderson, M. P.; Pokarth, E. J.; Cunningham, M. D.; McFarland, J. H.; Cothran, J. O., Jr.; Newsom, G. T. Second Row: ICC A. L. Coffman; ICC J. A. Phinney; ELEC R. L. Thompson; LT C. W. Karn; LCDR H. B. Young; LT W. D. Davis, Jr.; GMC E. W. Ball; EMC C. A. Stierwalt; EMC R. C. Fackler.



ENS J. D. TEDROW
Fox Division Officer

LT E. A. MAGNI
Zebra Division Officer

Bottom Row, left to right: Alpert, R. M.; Osthimer, R. B.; Fairall, H. L.; Waltigney, G. W.; ENS Tedrow; LT Magni; CHGUN N. Adams; Bovee, F. C.; Ivie, D. D.; Logan, J. D.; Mains, C. H.; Finnegan, J. J. Second Row: Antonelli, J. N.; Cozzolino, C. J.; Elliott, D. E.; Waara, V. R.; Morrison, F. T.; Peterson, E. G.; Turco, L. P.; Kunch, S.; Zumbo, A. F.; Coulston, G. A. Third Row: Coleman, M. G.; Conover, E. L.; Kincaid, D. G.; Dierekins, R. D.; Richardson, J. R.; Conley, B.; O'Connor, W. J.; Littlefield, R. A.; Trerise, B. L.; Amrock, J. F.; Senese, J. P. Top Row: Wilson, N. E.; Bialoglow, J. F.; Mazanek, R. F.; Wilkins, D. T.; Hall, J. E.; Dorton, L. F.; Dezutti, A. A.; Alexander, H. G.; Gabaly, N.; Krueger, R. J. Not Pictured: Dollens, K. L.; Horcky, R. M.; McGunnile, P.; Miller, D. W.; Perkins, P. R.; Szatkowski, R.; Webb, N. R.

F & Z DIVS

BAND

CHIEF MUSICIAN R. A. GAMBLE
In Charge

Bottom Row, left to right: Vaughn, C. S.; Evans, D. E.; Poet, S. G.; Kotas, L. D.; CHMUS R. A. Gamble; Segal, E. R.; Johnson, B. E.; Giovanelli, V. A.; Frable, P. A. Second Row: Fraticelli, R. J.; Harrison, P. L.; Rooker, H. T.; Schnieder, C. W.; Fields, J. S.; Gibson, C. H.; Yancey, O. D.; Tate, R., Jr.; Collier, K. N.



M. A. A.

BTC A. R. BYRNES
Chief Master at Arms

Bottom Row, left to right: Massie, R. H.; Ramsour, J. B.; Avery, W. A.; BTC A. R. Byrnes; Elliott, T. V.; Coney, J. R. Top Row: Arbus, S.; Messer, E. L.; Mitchell, J. H.; Hampton, J. H.; McCool, M. D.; Pierce, R. E.



ENGINEERING

COMMANDER J. MERCER, USN
Chief Engineer

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT STAFF

Bottom Row, left to right: LT(jg) W. Shapiro; LCDR J. D. Young, Jr.; CDR J. Mercer; LT C. J. Boyd; LT(jg) B. Abrams. Top Row: ENS F. Walker; ENS R. W. Comey; CHELEC A. Stimar; CHCARP J. Schienfeldt, CHMACH H. C. Nadreau, CHMACH H. P. Rodgers.





A DIV

LT(jg) W. SHAPIRO
Division Officer

A Division is composed of eight distinct and important groups, and its function requires the skills and services of three different ratings, Machinist Mates, Machinery Repairmen, and Enginemen. A Division is responsible for producing the water, ice, oxygen, nitrogen, cold air, high pressure air, the maintenance and repairs of auxiliary equipment, and the actual manufacture of machinery parts for the entire ship.

Top Row, left to right: Warren, J. A.; Peitzmeir, P. H.; Lorenzo, G. S.; Schuessler, R. E.; Remington, A. J.; Jackson, A. L.; Smith, A. R.; Pfirmann, R. W. Second Row: Pune, R. A.; Guerin, J. E.; Straub, T. A.; Caruso, W. D.; Kozo, E. E.; Reimer, A. N.; Kelley, R. P.; Gianotti, P. A.; Graham, D. E. Third Row: McCully, W. E.; Beaudry, R. E.; Summers, W. R.; Gully, G. W.; McCammon, G. A.; Davidsavor, E. E.; Babbirk, M. L.; Scaramuzzini, P.; Mastrotta, T. E. Fourth Row: Tardif, R. E.; Finch, R. D.; Kawiecki, E. C.; CH R. J. Blake; LT(jg) W. Shapiro; CH W. L. White; Murphy, L. T.; Worley, J. G.; Martin, P. M.

Top Row, left to right: Allen, D. L.; Marshall, B. A.; Meyers, C. F.; Timberman, L.; Levensky, R. S.; Pastor, A. F.; Kniska, J. A.; Mundy, B. T.; Carleton, A. V. Second Row: Rowland, R. H.; Schmidt, R. H.; Martin, H.; Shihadeh, M. Y.; Smith, C. F.; Babb, A. C.; Anusiak, H. W.; Ketchum, K.; Kacchle, A. J.; Montgomery, J. T. Third Row: Bresnahan, L. W.; Porst, R. S.; Meland, W. M.; Dankowski, E. J.; Gardner, R. W.; Bowens, M. M.; Uvenio, F.; Nave, H. E.; Hand, R. L.; Chapman, E. U.; Dayhoff, E. G. Front Row: Madden, H. R.; Flowers, L. W.; Sharer, W. A.; CH E. S. Leblanc; Mr. H. Nadeau; CH J. W. Patton; CH S. M. Yando; Bonesteel, F. W.; McAuley, W. E.; Schreiner, R. W.; Casity, L. H.



"B" DIVISION

Top Row, left to right: Horton, K. E.; Smith, F. A.; Henrich, J. A.; Beidelman, R. F.; Davison, W. F.; Mitchell, I. B.; Clayton, J. E.; Nobles, T. B.; Raymond, W. J.; Von Behren, A. E.; Canty, J. B. Middle Row: Bowman, D. E.; Walters, M. D.; Donovan, D. J.; Jones, R. L.; Allbritton, H. L.; Mars, H. E.; Corn, R. M.; Ostrander, H. E.; Tye, T. J.; Maxwell, I. M.; Daley, J. P.; Maxwell, W. I.; Wilson, G. J.; Sarracino, B. (n); Smith, R. G.; Sembler, D. K.; Foote, D. E.; Campbell, B. M.; Crehan, T. J.; Logan, H. (n). Bottom Row: Schazel, A. L.; Estep, E. G.; Cramer, M. (n); Persinger, D. A.; Saxon, C. A.; LT(jg) R. Cosaro; BTC Paulk; Miller, L. E.; Hill, L. (n); Dolan, J. (n); Deterick, J. D.

B DIV

LT(jg) R. COSARO
Division Officer

The primary function of B Division is to maintain and operate the boilers and associated equipment which generate the power necessary to turn the screws, produce electricity, and operate all auxiliaries. In addition, the Division has the responsibility of storing and transferring fuel oil, feed water and fresh water, and making periodic tests to determine the purity of these liquids. B Division keeps the heart of the power plant in top operating condition, thus insuring the ship's ability to meet all operational requirements within its capacity.



B DIV



Top Row, left to right: Cochrane, B. H.; Contacessa, J. M.; McCormick, J. (n); Pascascio, F. B.; Knotts, J. C.; Mitchell, R. (n); Riggs, R. E.; Repsher, D. L.; Sackett, R. W.; Smith, R. L.; Wojtowicz, R. E. *Middle Row:* Lawton, P. A.; Hoskins, R. A.; Stewart, W. L.; Mick, D. W.; Longamore, D. F.; Horner, J. H.; Coburn, T. J.; Ross, E. C.; Klinger, W. H.; Barch, A. J.; Dalton, C. O.; Collier, D. K. *Bottom Row:* Place, B. H.; Janowski, L. (n); Hardway, D. R.; Wagner, H. C.; ENS Langendoerfer; BTC Dumas; Trahey, J. (n); Queen, G. C.; Schaurer, C. E.; Mitchell, J. H.



Top Row, left to right: Yansick, F. (n); Bechtel, F. W.; Nelson, C. M.; Ventura, C. J.; Harmon, D. R.; Douglas, F. D.; Kemmerling, J. J.; Fannin, B. W.; Town, D. L. *Middle Row:* Abbot, C. P.; Metzger, W. J.; Feil, F. (n); Hurteau, R. S.; Latchford, A. F.; Evans, E. D.; Clark, R. M.; Szczepkowski, F. S.; Angelow, C. J. *Bottom Row:* Poret, H. A.; Herrle, R. L.; Patterson, J. C.; Hootman, D. H.; BTC Harmon, Nation, R. F.; Jones, J. (n); LaBass, R. C.; Bachicha, B. L.

Top Row, left to right: Kisko, G. (n); Martin, C. D.; Hudson, C. W.; Gallagher, C. M.; Ask, R. R.; Pankas, G. D.; Carney, E. F.; Kiely, E. J.; Trondle, G. A.; LaVoye, R. E.; Watson, R. D.; Fritze, J. J.; Price, R. D. *Middle Row:* Brumer, A. L.; Fairclough, J. J.; Heagle, R. A.; DiRuzza, A. G.; Ellingwood, D. E.; Voge, M. R.; White, F. A.; Rogers, H. C.; Ziel, C. C.; Rapacki, R. (n); Letsinger, K. E.; Heath, H. A.; Potasnik, S. J. *Bottom Row:* Minor, "L"; "C"; Wogomon, M. (n); Richitelli, E. M.; Kerr, S. (n); Hayes, C. F.; Wilson, V. R.; Loibl, W. F.; Berkibile, D. A.; Horn, E. E.; Waryold, J. C.; Rater, R. A.





R DIV

ENS F. WALKER
Division Officer

The purpose of the R Division is to perform all operational maintenance, alteration, and repair of the ship's hull, watertight fittings, damage control equipment, and engineering piping systems, and to make repairs to the other equipment beyond the capacity of the division to which it is assigned.

To accomplish this task the R Division is composed of the metalsmith, pipefitter, carpenter, and CO₂ transfer shops and contains men trained in each of these rates.

These men besides being highly trained in their rate are also skilled in all damage control procedures so as to form a nucleus for the ship's damage control organization.

Top Row, left to right: Tomasek, C. G.; Stablien, O. J.; Scogno, G.; Crall, R. D.; Swartchick, S. J.; Gray, C. W.; Clark, N. W.; Sexton, F. D.; Kier, D. N.; Vona, D. J.; Kunshier, D. D. *Second Row:* Wright, C. A.; Kizze, R. A.; Wels, N.; Brown, D. A.; Fagerstone, W. L.; Simonetti, M.; Stephens, M. E.; Nowlin, K. A.; Dunn, J. C.; Rickards, R. C. *Bottom Row:* Salvato, G.; Brancaleoni, J. S.; Gillin, D. L.; Martinez, N. L.; ENS F. G. Walker; Matthews, W. B.; Kriegel, R. B.; Bauer, E. T.; Decourcey, L. G.



Top Row, left to right: Garrison, W. L.; Mahrley, N. A.; Gorzynski, J. S.; Cashwell, B. M.; White, D. J.; Strobel, E. W.; McCutcheon, B. H.; McGuire, K. P.; Lewis, R. W.; Beaubout, E. T. *Second Row:* Davis, R. E.; Gavren, M. S.; Orozco, R. E.; Zimmerman, D. L.; Kraus, H. L.; Bennett, J. D.; Pennington, R. L.; Niedzwiecki, D. G.; Steel, J. E.; Dougherty, J. J.; Savoia, V. P. *Third Row:* Andersen, J. A.; Tribble, V. D.; Youngs, P. E.; Oestreich, R.; Laudenslager, D. J.; Berdanier, R. D.; Forner, R. T.; Mitchell, R. D.; Smith, F. S.; Tilton, C. A. *Bottom Row:* Wallace, W. T.; Park, J. B.; Matyasovics, J. V.; Peck, W. E.; McKim, C. E.; Schmitt, H. H.; CHCARP J. Scheinfeldt; Antal, P.; Iverson, G. S.; Heddens, H. W.; Dougherty, J. H.; Erickson, E. W.

Front Row, left to right: Rice, J. D.; Ward, R.; Groff, H.; Anderson, L. B.; CHELEC A. Stimac; LT(jg) B. E. Abrams; Henderson, A. W.; Huff, O. R.; Lombardi, V. F.; Oliver, P. R.; Quint, H. *Second Row:* Nagel, L. T.; Johnson, K. W.; Murray, H.; Smith, G. H.; Moran, T. W.; Garrison, R. W.; Francisco, G. B.; Heath, N.; Brandt, K.; Slider, R. L.; Vivenzio, A. R. *Third Row:* Blume, D.; Miastkowski, H.; Cederholm, H.; Coudriet, J.; Broahn, J.; Shores, C.; Spearrin, R. C.; White, V. A.; Schaub, W.; Donaghy, H.; Evans, J.

E DIV

LT(jg) B. ABRAMS
Division Officer

Under the supervision of the Electrical Officer and with the assistance of "E" Division Officer and "E" Division Material Officer, the 95 men of "E" Division operate and maintain all shipboard electrical equipment such as: gyro compasses, generators, lighting and ventilating equipment, motors, pumps and compressors, interior communications system and steering engines.

The importance of the electrician's job cannot be overemphasized as the operation of 90% of all vital shipboard equipment on the Hornet depends on electricity for power.





Front Row, left to right: Gibbons, J. J.; MacPhee, R. M.; Friedrich, H.; King, W. E.; Riddle, C. G.; Bruner, F. J.; Lynde, L. C.; LT C. J. Boyd; Neeten, H.; Rice, J. H.; Kerker, J. J.; Scholan, M. J.; Paul, P.; Thomas, H. E.; White, J. H. Second Row: Fiedler, R. M.; Koshgarian, M.; Stoever, J. F.; Liszewski, J. J.; Terreri, A. N.; Peehter, P.; Menges, W. A.; Spataro, A. S.; Smith, D. H. N.; Gorman, R. E.; Rhindress, K. E.; Fent, D. F.; Jurkowski, R. M.; Roberts, R. R. Third Row: McKinsey, R. K.; Marr, C. F.; Chaplin, H. F.; Boncoski, P.; Eubanks, J. D.; Mellinger, B.; Magee, J. H.; Hafen, R. G.; Campbell, D.; Provost, J. L.; Clark, J.; Tepper, S.; Brogan, J. F.; Walsh, J. J. Fourth Row: Armstrong, A. L.; Hetheox, J. E.; Menges, R. J.; Fordham, R. J.; King, T. C.; Skewes, R. J.; Pinkston, D. M.; Simmons, L. W.; Christian, R. A.; Arkerman, F. E.; Newman, K. J.; Armstrong, D. L.; Crafton, R. D.



First Row, left to right: Clark, J. A.; Trujillo, A. T.; Oliva, D. D.; Strickler, L. P.; Jennings, D. W.; Rodgers, H. P.; Fisher, L. W.; Worrells, A. M.; Pittman, R. L.; McKenna, J. W.; Michelson, J. E.; Parent, A. J. Second Row: Pence, J. D.; Kow, C. R.; Barker, D. C.; Ritter, C. E.; McMillin, M. E.; Parmeter, B. J.; Pearson, K. E.; Powers, A. G.; Krejce, R. E.; Lovitt, F. T.; Bowman, D. D.; Mabery, E. R. Third Row: Pavlovsky, D. S.; Perkins, J. A.; Lavis, C. D.; Lyons, J. E.; Samboy, M.; Cochrane, R.; Evola, F.; Mackie, A.; Wilce, R. B.; Johnson, D. E.; Vallee, R. A.; Chenoweth, R. J. Fourth Row: Goodale, C. F.; Burket, C. G.; Still, R. E.; Irwin, J. H.; LaLonde, J. R.; Walker, J. A.; Beck, G. L.; Mitschke, W. G.; McIntyre, D. G.; Toller, J. E.; Boggs, F. D.; Fisher, R. E.

First Row, left to right: Hiquet, A. W.; Schmidt, D. D.; Olsen, J. H.; Delk, J. H.; Baldwin, G. R.; Comey, R. W.; Treiber, F.; Higgins, G. E.; Southam, J. H.; Hertlein, G. M.; Cotton, W. G. Second Row: McAndrew, R. F.; Vaughn, H. D.; Jenkins, J.; Kessler, W. R.; Mummert, G. N.; White, P. J.; Lavelle, J. J.; Lambert, D. A.; Sauter, N. E.; Lovitt, F. T.; Rydelek, J. R. Third Row: Ruch, R. O.; Hastings, J. R.; Martin, R. A.; Hartwick, B. J.; Johnson, T. L.; Clark, E. V.; Sanderson, D. H.; Jensen, F. K.; Kearns, C. J.; Gibbs, O. P.; Reasoner, G. L.; Austin, M. M. Fourth Row: Franklin, C.; Royer, D.; Eckhardt, W. R.; Ainsworth, T.; Kendrick, R.; Friend, J. R.; Shaw, E. A.; Carter, R.; Parks, H. G.; Kwiatkowski, A. J.; Heath, W. H.

ENS R. W. COMEY
Division Officer

"M" Division duties consists of the maintenance and operation of the ship's main engines, main turbo-generators and the various pumps and equipment necessary to keep the engines running. It is not the least bit unusual to call upon the men to work round the clock in temperatures ranging from 115 to 130 degrees in order to make necessary repairs. The men of this division have proven that they are made of the fibre that makes a navy great.



M DIV



COMMANDER C. F. PALMER, SC, USN
Supply Officer

SUPPLY

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT STAFF

Front Row, left to right: ENS F. L. Neumann; LCDR F. C. Winkels; CDR C. F. Palmer; ENS W. I. Davidson. Back Row: CHPCLK J. A. Lasko; ENS R. P. Owens; CHPCLK M. W. Cwikla; ENS R. A. Tripeny.





S-1 DIV

ENS F. L. NEUMANN
Division Officer

The S-1 Division supplies the "hardware and housekeeping" supplies needed to run the ship. In 32 storerooms, including 4 issue rooms, the division maintains approximately 23,000 electronics items, 9,500 general stores items, and 15,000 different spare parts. Also, it maintains the necessary inventory control and accounting records for this stock, and keeps track of the ship's monetary allotment and the departmental budgets.

Front Row, left to right: Dillon, E. R.; Williamson, K. R.; Hall, R. V.; Robinson, E. M.; Shaffer, H. D.; ENS F. L. Neumann; Higgins, R. L.; Jersey, N. J.; Lieder, R. W.; Hans, J. V.; Judge, W. P. *Second Row:* Wagner, R. C.; Dunston, C. L.; Topchak, J.; Russell, D. H.; Crudup, R. E.; Campbell, D. R.; Thacker, J. E.; Solis, G.; Piccio, J.; John, W. J. *Third Row:* Olson, F. L.; Halliday, J. P.; Boemer, L. J.; Brockman, C. H.; Black, W.; Cook, J. E.; Gray, F. S.; Strobbe, H. T.; Boetel, E. H.; Hickey, J. J.; Owens, T. *Fourth Row:* Whiteside, E. H.; Conklin, J. R.; Rhodes, S. F.; St. Arnaud, L. L.; Smith, J. R.; Osbahr, R. L.; Jones, D. F.; Burgess, D. P.; Occhipinti, E. F.; Graves, C. M.

Top Row, left to right: Viola, J. P.; Bushey, E. J.; Sheats, E. W.; Hamilton, R. E.; Valeno, R. A.; Passione, A.; Nesbit, H.; McAnuff, T. J.; Mazur, J. E.; Kvasny, T. G.; Minopoli, C. *Bottom Row:* Elliott, R. P.; Vassau, H. J.; Toms, H. W.; Nutile, F. S.; Dunich, F. F.; Reiter, W. H.; Wiles, D. E.; Cooper, V. W.; Olson, D. O.; Olson, H. G.



S-2 DIV

CHPLK M. W. CWIKLA
Division Officer

The Commissary Division of the Supply Department is responsible for feeding the ship's crew. Three times a day, approximately 2,500 men "select" their meals at the galleys and depart feeling a thousand times better for their visit. In addition to the regular meals furnished, the Commissary Division serves Hot Dogs or Hamburgers after the movie, and a full course hot meal is provided at 2330 for those men who are on all-night shifts.



Top Row, left to right: Hudson, J. N.; O'Neal, C. G.; Wallace, B. R.; Kosatko, P. J.; Dasch, C. A.; Kobrin, M.; Gollon, O. A.; Dionisio, M. A. *Second Row:* Brooks, P. V.; Favorito, J. A.; Pastors, T. E.; Wallin, M. A.; Bergen, E. (n); McGinnis, W. H.; Knoebber, T.; Williams, J.; Robinson, J. N.; Andreani, L. *Third Row:* Tynan, J. O.; Lucas, D. L.; McAnuff, T. J.; Tellalian, V.; Fugett, E. W.; Bruffett, A.; Carlisle, L.; Smith, B. G.; Lowery, D. W. *Bottom Row:* Ashcraft, A. K.; Hillis, E. L.; Reid, H. E.; Gray, F. W.; Cwikla, M. W.; Clary, J. C.; Stigliano, C. N.; Goode, A. W.; LaVoie, C. L. **ABSENTEES:** Sinninger, F. P.; Drummond, J. E.; Bryant, H. B.; Aldi, J. G.; Sack, F.; Trimmer, E. H.; Francica, N.; Farrell, R.; Dunn, L. S.; Perricone, J.; Cassidy, J. C.

S-1A DIV

ENS W. I. DAVIDSON
Division Officer

The Aviation Stores Division of the Supply Department provides "around the clock" support of aeronautical spare parts required by the Air Group. This division is responsible for the procurement, receipt, storage and issue of all aeronautical spare parts required on board. All items of photographic, aerological, barrier and arresting gear and catapult supplies are also procured by this division. If you require an aircraft engine, flight deck clothing, a "gismo" or "gadget" for your aircraft, and it's not included in the 16,000 items of aeronautical spare parts carried on board, the aviation storekeepers will get it for you.



Front Row, left to right: Mangrum, W. J.; Holland, J. F.; Helmuth, W. J.; ENS W. I. Davidson; Pisacreta, M.; Kelley, R. H.; Snyder, E. E.; Thompson, N. *Second Row:* Holcomb, D. C.; Waits, F. N.; Simpkins, J. G.; Kresse, M. W.; Morris, F. R.; Cheshire, B. W.; Zinoble, R. S.; Musiol, L. G.; Vorisek, E. R. *Third Row:* Bunce, B. L.; Bryan, M. D.; Taylor, J. C.; Harkins, M. J.; Kolumban, A. L.; Tarbett, L. A.; Senappe, R. G.; Allen, W. F.

S-3 DIV

CHPCLK J. A. LASKO
Division Officer

The Sales Division is primarily concerned with making life more pleasant aboard ship. Storekeepers, merchants and artisans of several trades make up the division. It operates two ship's stores, a clothing store, two soda fountains, two laundries, two barber shops, a tailor shop, a cobbler shop, and the cold drink vending machines. In foreign ports, the ship's store gang purchases foreign merchandise for resale to the crew at bargain prices. From "gedunks" to haircuts, the Sales Division gives service with a smile.

First Row, right to left: Lee, J.; Weldy, H.; Bryson, R.; Lowe, L.; SHC J. R. *First Row, left to right:* Lee, J.; Weldy, H.; Bryson, R.; Lowe, L.; SHC J. R. Daugherty, S-3 Ass't Div. Off.; White, B.; Waters, J.; Querido, P.; West, N.; Rodriguez, R. *Second Row:* MacDonald, R.; Applewhite, H.; Overstreet, C.; Latanshyn, J.; Shope, J.; Brown, C.; Thompson, J.; Hadley, D.; Norwood, J.; Leonard, J.; Williams, C. *Third Row:* Fern, C.; Ross, A.; Evans, W.; Robertson, A.; Castro, H.; McCormick, B.; Upchurch, J.; Hilgeman, W.; Owens, G.; McEntire, L.; Parton, B.



First Row, left to right: Osborne, C.; Feeley, W. T.; Henry, E.; DeMille, H.; CHPCLK J. A. Lasko, Division Officer; Finley, R.; Scalia, A.; Thompson, L.; Pepke, A. *Second Row:* Caciola, L.; Anthony, B.; Blackwell, C.; Johnson, T.; Lowe, H.; Veazey, W.; Armilotti, A.; Boyle, M.; Goebel, J.; Wilson, H. *Third Row:* Carney, C.; Lingerfelt, A.; Pool, R.; Wood, R.; Medley, M.; Klaf, D.; Bertscha, R.; Sheetz, R.; Leiderman, R. *Fourth Row:* Miller, J.; Szykowski, S.; Sturgeon, G.; Gillock, R.; Calvert, L.; Foley, R.; Goodwin, J.; Gallagher, O.; Haviland, W.; Renforth, C.



S-4 DIV

LT(jg) W. C. BRINKLEY
Division Officer

The Wardroom Mess Division is concerned with the berthing and feeding of approximately 240 officers (with the Air Group aboard). The manner in which this is done affects the morale of the entire ship. Sometimes, due to flight operations, meals must be served from early morning until late in the evening and at odd times throughout the day. Other services included the preparation and sale of sandwiches at night, and the sale of ice cream, candy, cigars, etc. in the wardroom area.



First Row, left to right: Ningola, F.; Ranaig, F.; Ward, S.; Thourman, E.; Rogers, W.; LT(jg) W. C. Brinkley; Young, R.; Davis, L. Kellum, J.; Johnson, H. *Second Row:* Jackson, M.; Jones, K.; Still, C.; Granby, B.; Bland, W.; High, G.; Jackson, B.; Turner, C.; Flewellyn, L.; Bryant, I. *Third Row:* Hamilton, E.; Richards, G.; Baustista, S.; Egana, F.; DeGuzman, A.; Bunguyan, J.; Rador, E.; Ragadio, H.; Sullivan, J.; Guiller, S.; Tan, D.



First Row, left to right: Becerra, H.; Reyes, I.; Baltazar, J.; Conception, J.; LT(jg) W. C. Brinkley; Muse, M.; Knox, N.; Peterson, J.; Mafnas, J. *Second Row:* Jarrett, J.; Shields, J.; Washington, N.; McCartney, J.; Ishmeal, H.; Dabney, W.; Mitchell, J.; Bailey, L.; Hall, W.; Whitted, W.; Mathews, E. *Third Row:* Wych, H.; Langit, J.; Anderson, O.; Conyers, R.; Rigsby, R.; Jenkins, C.; Guy, L.; Abunda, V.; Long, E.; Blancoflor, B.; Ebbatt, F.

Standing, left to right: Eischen, H. F.; Ryan, T.; Doyle, E. C.; Rogalinski, R.; Tompkins, R. N. *Seated:* Hickson, R. D.; Arvin, M. L.; ENS H. L. Wolff; Surbert, H. V.; Masten, D. L.; Carmasino, E.



S-5 DIV

ENS H. L. WOLFF
Division Officer

The Disbursing Division is responsible for all official money transactions aboard the HORNET. Best known of their services are the pay days twice a month when from 120 to 180 thousand dollars are handed out—for pay receipts, of course. S-5 is also concerned with the reimbursement of travel and shore patrol expenses, per diem and safe keeping deposits of the crew. In every foreign port they handle the foreign currency exchange lines. The exchange of military payment certificates is also part of their job. Disbursing at all times strives for top grade service to all on board.

NAVIGATION

CDR W. H. WITHROW, USN
Navigator

The Navigation Department is headed by Cdr. W. H. Withrow and is composed solely of the N Division. The Division is responsible for fixing the ship's position accurately by use of Loran, celestial observations, Dead Reckoning, Fathometer sounding, and terrestrial sightings. Equally important duties performed are the determination of tides and currents, time of sunrise and sunset, correction of navigational charts, rendering honors, and maintaining the gyro and magnetic compasses. The Quartermasters of N Division are required to be well qualified helmsmen, proficient signalmen, authorities on the Rules-of-the-Road, and, above all, assistants to the OOD. They must also fill the role of historians, for a vital side of their work is the detailing of every incident of importance that occurs daily concerning the ship.



Front Row, left to right: Brockway, B. B.; Hobbs, J. R.; Ackerman, T. R.; Myers, M. L.; Tomaskevitch, T.; CDR W. H. Withrow; LT(jg) W. J. Kirkman; Simmons, R. W.; Field, A. R.; Bishop, L. T.; Andrews, S. P.; Dalton, M. L.; Matzke, M. L. *Back Row:* Brown, J. L.; Wright, W. H.; Van Orden, C. R.; Smith, R. W.; Mullens, O. E.; Sealese, J. T.; Chalmers, K. Y.; Laird, D. M.; More, J. E.; McGaughey, J. R.; Herbek, D. A.; Strait, C. M.



DENTAL

**COMMANDER
R. W. LAWRENCE (DC), USN**
Dental Officer

D DIV

LT I. J. WEBER
Division Officer

The function of the Dental Department aboard the Hornet is to promote and preserve the health of the teeth and allied structures of the mouth by providing complete dental service for the officers and men. This department endeavors to maintain the highest ethical standards of the dental profession and the Dental Corps in the prevention, as well as the treatment, of diseases and injuries of the oral structures.



Rear Row, left to right: Lippert, A. E.; Williams, D. R.; Edwards, S. K.; Orlando, J. A.; Lee, P.; Sorak, D. L. *Front Row:* McBride, G. E.; Sepe, G. J.; CDR R. W. Lawrence; LT I. J. Weber, Jr.



Front Row, left to right: Stephens, W. S., Jr.; Goldader, T. G.; Nealon, T. F.; CDR W. S. Lummis, Jr.; ENS D. C. Bieler; Sylvester, D. C.; Mishler, E. H.; Goodman, R. E. Second Row: Emmons, R. H.; Holtman, J. R.; Rogers, J. D.; Howarth, S. A., Jr.; Willhoite, W. A.; O'Neill, J. J., Jr.; Schroeder, L. J.; Hall, F. J.; Welsh, D. L.; Kaiser, E. H. Third Row: Lee, F. R.; Fleisher, T. E.; Beaudin, J. L.; Wake-ling, A. C.; Reichardt, A. G.; Fair, G. P.; Mistretta, F. J.; Carvin, C. S.; Lassel, A. G.; Rabbits, E. W.

H DIV

ENS D. C. BIELER
Division Officer

The Medical Department of the U.S.S. Hornet is charged with maintaining the health and well being of the crew through the promotion of physical fitness, the prevention and control of diseases and injuries, as well as the treatment and care of the sick and injured. In order to fulfill this responsibility, its doctors and corpsmen are actively concerned with all phases of life on the ship and make recommendations to, and advises all, department heads, on matters which may affect the health of the ship's personnel.

MEDICAL

COMMANDER
W. S. LUMMIS, JR. (MC), USN
Medical Officer and Flight Surgeon





AIR

**COMMANDER
R. W. PHILLIPS, USN**
Air Boss

AIR DEPARTMENT OFFICERS

Bottom Row, left to right: LT F. C. Williams; LCDR A. R. Gerber; LCDR J. C. Davison; CDR R. W. Phillips; LCDR E. C. Miller; LT L. A. Dewing; LT R. Fuller, Jr. Top Row: LT A. J. Moro; MCAH F. D. Adkins; LT(jg) R. B. Carothers; CHGUN E. J. Schmitt; LT(jg) P. W. Hanson; BOSN W. J. Mitchell.





Top Row, left to right: Mills, L. W.; Giordan, A. J.; Newburn, C. F.; Pownall, J. H.; Proulx, A. J.; Thompson; Messaros, W.; Shepardson, R. L.; Usselman, A. J.; Kidd, E. B.; Brenner, S. *Middle Row:* Worthey, C. W.; Smith, B. J.; Willingham, B. F.; Ellis, J. A.; Kubiak, S.; Mendoza, H. C.; Littrell, C. E.; Bigjohn, J. E.; Riley, D. R.; Bopp, R. B. *Bottom Row:* Gardner, L. A.; Clement, P. T.; Gordan, D. L.; Stieha, K. E.; LT L. A. Dewing; Hefty, W. A.; Johnson, R. J.; Jones, L.; Moran, B. G.; Wadsworth, J. D.



Top Row, left to right: Fullmer, W. K.; Jenney, W. L.; Cassidy, G. C.; Stoecker, G. R.; Bird, J. H.; Klinge, R. D.; Millhoff, R. L.; Levin, S. R.; Cottrell, C. W.; Cote, J. L. *Middle Row:* Becker, L. O.; Ceiloha, J. T.; Walters, D. D.; Swanson, J. E.; Riebeaud, L.; Wileman, G. D.; Leise, H. J.; Lonergan, P. F.; DeFrancesco, C.; Wilson, T. E. *Bottom Row:* Mischel, F. P.; Thibodeaux, B. C.; Ventura, F. J.; Lucido, J. B.; LT R. Fuller, Jr.; Nelson, K. O.; Cordice, J.; Scheiner, E. L.; Graham, R. C.; Sionion, J. M.

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V-1 DIV

LT. R. FULLER
Division Officer

The function of the V-1 Division is primarily that of handling all aircraft on the flight deck. Flight deck directors, fire fighters, crash and rescue personnel, phone talkers and elevator operators compose the V-1 Division. The movement of all aircraft whether taxiing, being towed, or "pushed" by a handling crew, is supervised and accomplished by the men of this division. A sub-division of V-1 is Repair VIII whose main function is that of fire fighting and crashed aircraft removal.

Top Row, left to right: Schaeffer, R. J.; Holl, D. K.; Rust, C. B.; Gorman, D. L.; Aebly, E.; Messina, V. S.; Bock, E. G.; Tackett, L.; Berneche, E.; Soyder, J. F.; Klingensmith, R. V. *Middle Row:* Mullin, M. M.; Coxe, J. E.; Ficoy, J. R.; Neumann, W. E.; Schnieder, H., Jr.; Ely, C. P.; Schlobohm, T.; Terwilliger, L. M.; Spaeder, G. J.; Patterson, R. E.; Brooks, B. *Bottom Row:* Dupuis, E. A.; Williams, N. R.; Adams, D. A.; Hines, R. P.; Nelson, R. J.; BOSN W. J. Mitchel; Fisher, C. M.; Winterly; Douglas, E. H.; Zarling, J. P.; Purcell, W. R.





V-2 DIV

LT. F. C. WILLIAMS
Division Officer

The V-2 Division is responsible for the launching and arresting of aircraft and for the maintenance and upkeep of all catapult, arresting gear and barrier machinery spaces. The personnel are divided into the Port and Stbd catapult crews, arresting gear and barrier operating personnel.

Bottom Row, left to right: Roth, J. L.; Szafranski, H.; Flick, E. J.; Trivett, R. L.; McCaughin, E. F.; Earley, L.; LT F. C. Williams; Leach, C. C.; Quackenbush, E. R.; Alexander, R. J.; Maurer, J. V.; Fogg, R. E.; Anderson, C. L.; McDonald, Barber Shop. *Second Row:* Buckley, R. F.; Lary, W. J.; McConville, F. J.; Ezze, R. E.; Lewis, H. V.; Parker, B. W.; Gill, T. P.; Jackson, L. E.; Sciffers, J. R.; Hyzy, W. M.; Robinson, J. J.; Soumas, T. *Third Row:* Levan, E. C.; Croucher, J. R.; Buckalew, J. R.; Adams, C.; Herbst, F., Jr.; Hardin, C.; Swafford, R. B.; Walsh, R. M.; Iraci, A.; Hale, J. W.; Stevenson, R. L.; Gibson, P.; Alberbon, C. L. *Fourth Row:* Convery, J. P.; Taggart, J. A.; Wilbur, R. A.; Odom, W. M.; Eland, B. W.; Murphy, L. J.; Lownes, W. A.; Gardon, L. P.; Coszella, P. F.; McClelland, J. E.; Peavy, J. R.; Hood, J. C.; Spencer, D. E.; McMahan, R. E.; Blanche, R. A.

V-3 DIV

LT. A. J. MORO
Division Officer

The V-3 Division is responsible for the handling and spotting of all aircraft on the hangar deck and for the maintenance and upkeep of the hangar deck spaces. The personnel are divided into four plane pushing crews, telephone talkers, elevator safety operators and conflagration personnel.

Bottom Row, left to right: Sylvester, T.; Yates, W. M.; McMurray, B. J.; Fischer, D. J.; LT A. J. Moro; Hughes, T. H.; Berkowitz, D.; Bickham, R. T., Jr.; Kwedar, K. L.; Burnham, J. P. *Middle Row:* Christensen, W.; Heine, C. E.; Sloan, L. H.; Allen, V. E.; Hersam, V. D.; Fournier, L. S.; Reilly, T. W.; Crawford, G. M.; Krueger, E. P.; Gzywinski, J. L. *Top Row:* Beaty, C. R.; McMahan, W. H.; Schoenborn, S. J.; Dill, R. J.; Buchanan, J. E.; Held, R. J.; Caputo, P. A.; Sleezer, H.; Johnson, J. H.; McCarthy, C. R.; Miller, J. J.



Bottom Row, left to right: Spagnola, J. J.; Gilberg, G. E.; Eversdyk, P. J.; McMahan, J. H.; Brewster, W. C., ABC; Herwig, M. C.; Broadbent, T. L.; Koznetski, L. W.; Dorr, C. F. *Middle Row:* Katan, R.; Finney; Briedenbach, W. W.; Elliott, J. H.; Boening, D. J.; Gardner, R. L.; Peluso, M. A.; Whittmer, V.; Nute, J. E. *Top Row:* Dement, C. R.; Weber, J. C.; Vincent, G. A.; Anderson, D. W.; O'Connor, J. M.; Dickey, C. T.; Seaman, R. C.; Schroeder, H. A.; Jones, S. E.; Ransom, W. C.



V-4 DIV

LT.(jg) R. B. CAROTHERS
Division Officer

Bottom Row, left to right: Roskoski, Lunger, Kelly, Dungan, Jobe, LT(jg) R. B. Carothers, III, Crites, Morlier, Roberts, Robinson, Bal-lenger. Second Row: Schultz, Graham, Graber, Brady, Henderson, Schnackenberg, D'Antonio, Schlotter, Schermerhorn. Third Row: Herr-mann, Ward, MacIntyre, Caruso, Maranto, Suf-folk, Hobbs, Sperber, Walker, Ellis, Potter, Brunetti Zeolla. Fourth Row: Jessup, Manley, MacFarlane, Weidenbenner, Casey, Collier, Ellis, Schuler, Nowak, Licare, Squire.



V-4 Division, the ship's aircraft maintenance unit can actually be divided into four separate activities: transportation, aviation repair, electronics, and parachute rigging facilities. Rates found working in these various activities are AD's, AM's AT's, AE's and PR's.

Jet starting, aviation metal work, maintenance of ship's aviation electronic devices, supervision of parachute rigging and upkeep, along with the maintenance and upkeep of hangar bay #3 round out the activities of V-4.

The primary function of the V-6 Division is to service the various aircraft squadrons with machine gun ammunition, bombs, rockets, towing gear, and other ordnance gear. The V-6 Division also furnishes the men for the maintenance and loading of all aerial mines and A.U.W. gear.

Prior to the embarkation of the Air Group the V-6 Division turns over to the various squadron armories and spaces subject to the operation of the squadrons.

V-6 DIV

CHGUN E. J. SCHMITT
Division Officer

Seated, left to right: Deerinwater, B.; Buckles, B. J.; Hanrahan, S. J.; Burton, J. F.; Murray, W. J.; Ziegert, A. F.; Beaudry, C. E.; Tausch, G.; Silvia, J.; Beilke, W. G. First Row: Brown, R. D.; Sanborn, M. H.; Evans, A. L.; Zaccaro, J.; Gibbons, D. G.; Nacca, J. J.; Kurdziel, R.; Pfeiffer, H. H.; Burrough, G. H.; Wright, G. H.; Festoff, R. M. Second Row: Mott, G. L.; Arkell, R. E.; Lupton, H. E.; Gindhart, G. F.; Scarborough, J.; Dietz, D. R.; Putman, M. R.; Tirone, J. J.; Grimes, L. V.; Redding, W. R.; Zollinger, K. L.

Seated, left to right: Long, R. C.; Beumer, R. R.; Collins, J. R.; Hintzen, R. F.; CHGUN E. J. Schmitt; Pritchett, J. B.; Elliot, T. V.; Ramsour, J. B.; Barnhill, J. E. First Row, standing: Bunton, J. W.; Cody, B. W.; Meitz, E. F.; Lange, R. E.; Huling, D. E.; Zanin, F. P.; Quinn, F. J.; Russo, F. J.; Guerrero, J. R. Second Row, standing: Naylor, K. R.; Coney, J. R.; Gastineau, J. L.; Moss, C. D.; Hogan, E. (n); Hubner, R. A.; Causey, J. O.; Bemis, J. G. Third Row, standing: Gaughan, J. J.; Hoffman, R. C.; Palmer, R. D.; Hall, J., Jr.; Flynn, J. J.; Nicoll, A. J.; Rensch, L. N.; Smith, T. J.; Busse, A. R.





SNJ CREW

SNJ CREW

Left to right: Komanecky, Nokes, Deig, Peterson, Mortensen, Ford, Goebel.



HELICOPTER SQUAD ONE UNIT SEVEN

The functions of the Helicopter Unit during this cruise were many, as they flew plane guard, made photography flights, transported personnel, cargo and mail, and were ready for any type of rescue work at a moment's notice.

The helicopter was available to give service at all times, as the maintenance ability of the crew was excellent. The "Windmill" flew a total of 410.5 hours, transported 680 passengers, carried 17,598 pounds of mail and cargo, rescued one person and made 1,160 landings. Well Done, Unit SEVEN!!

Front Row, left to right: Tyburski, M. P.; Martin, R. L.; LT L. D. Nelson; Anlick, G. G.; Davis, D. L. Back Row: Nisbet, H. R.; Merritt, R. B.; Andreasen, K. E.



V-7 DIV

The V-7 Division is charged with fueling and defueling of embarked aircraft, and the maintenance and upkeep of the ship's aviation gasoline, heat and aviation lubricating oil systems.

First Row, left to right: Langton, A. L.; Lilley, J. T.; Bevenour, J. B.; Calciano, B. F.; Powell, J. A.; MACH F. D. Adkins, Division Officer; Anderson, R. E.; McLeod, J. J.; Armstrong, W. J.; Kinabrew, B. B.; Haynes, R. L. Second Row: Whittaker, B.; Massoletti, G. R.; Pardee, M.; Collins, G. M.; Gillespie, H. E.; Brey, R. A.; Fitzgerald, W. J.; Muesel, G. H.; Carten, D.; Mullins, G. M.; Coury, W. J. Third Row: Cochrane, B. W.; Clark, R. W.; Hoveling, R. B.; LaPlaunt, R. D.; Durand, R. P.; Provost, W. A.; Seaholm, R. A.; Overs, G. P.; Ellis, B. J.; Tracy, D. W.; Moudakis, T. P.

MACH F. D. ADKINS Division Officer

First Row, left to right: Lake, V. N.; Johnsen, J. W.; Baum, R. H.; Smith, K. J.; Hartwick, P. W.; Leach, C. V.; Lacy, W. M.; Jacobs, P., Jr.; DePiano, P. J. Second Row: Blatnica, R. R.; Searlett, J. D.; Palmer, L. S.; Lear, F. A.; Tanking, S. C.; Watford, C. E.; Krause, J. M.; Probst, B. R.; Collins, R. E.; Hoelting, M. S. Third Row: Hemby, L.; Neburka, J.; Gluszek, A.; Kline, L. D.; Stranahan, W. W.; Tynan, J. J.; Barber, L. A.; McLeod, N. J.; Lynch, R. L.; Waddell, L. C.; Arteberry, E. D. Fourth Row: Reeves, F. E.; Sellers, C. E.; Foster, C. E.; Hall, C. L.; Abney, C. E.; Wright, R. P.; Brightwell, W. E.; Frederick, A. N.; Miller, R. E.; Cybulski, R. W.; Courtney, J. R.



The men of CAG 9

CARRIER AIR GROUP 9

COMMANDER J. G. HEDRICK, USN
Air Group Commander



CARRIER AIR GROUP 9 STAFF

Front Row, left to right: Bedford, A. R.; Dibble, H. M.; Spindler, T. F.; Bounds, D. W.; Hedrick, J. G.; Blatmann, W. C.; Wilson, H. (n); Huber E. (n), Jr.; Burge, R. H.; Dahlen, W. A. *Second Row:* Hovey, A. L.; King, R. W.; Eubanks, R. O.; Brudvig, A. R.; Carlson, A. M.; Hildebrand, B. V.; Guadalupe, A. (n); Kilgore, H. T.; Hooper, L. G., Jr. *Third Row:* Self, D. L.; Rork, D. (n), Jr.; Bold, K. D.; Frazier, W. A.; Needham, D. E.; Naugle, Roy (n); Bowie, H. W.





VF-91

COMMANDER RED VOLZ, USN
Commanding Officer



SECTION ONE

First Row, left to right: Beck; ENS Pritscher; LT(jg) Kelley; LT Snyder; CDR Volz; LT(jg) Baker; LT(jg) Adams; Miller; Bennett. *Second Row:* Haecker; Vestgard; Brandon; Miller, A. R.; McMillan; Johnson; Tobin; Stafford; Portillo; Laguzzi. *Third Row:* Cannon; Cox; Jeffcoat; Chapman; Brantley; Chambers; Higginbotham; Gillespie; Lardner; Sogomonian. *Fourth Row:* Sherard; Curley; Reinsel; Flora; Daniel; Stump; McCarty; Parker; Dunigan; Erb; Pardee.



SECTION TWO

First Row, left to right: Epps; Smith; LT(jg) Salin; LT(jg) Cauffman; ENS Hubbard; LCDR Hitchcock; ENS O'Brien; ENS Fox; LT(jg) Tebo; Slack. *Second Row:* Myers; Wielgoszynski; Bedsworth; Styers; Simpson; Lepore; O'Neill; Moonier; Dodge. *Third Row:* Barnes; Gramlich; Dunn; Channell; McDermott; Lambert; Mansell; Summers; Macer. *Fourth Row:* Miller; Taylor; LaVoie; Johnson, J. W.; Robinson; Mann; Hutchens; Spicer; Woerner.



SECTION THREE

First Row, left to right: White; LT(jg) Shimer; ENS Thomas; ENS Blackman; LT(jg) Gray; LT(jg) Goslow; ENS Hargrove; Roby. *Second Row:* Morrison; Heriza; Steffen; Zubrod; Briles; Wilson; Somma; Vick; Perkins; Hardin. *Third Row:* Saah; Samuelson; Evans; Hutto; McGee; Williams; Balzer; Smith, I. E.; Hurtado.



SECTION FOUR

First Row, left to right: Stephens; ENS Parr; LT(jg) Berven; ENS Woodberry; LT(jg) MacDonald; LT Westmoreland; ENS DeGarmo; ENS Bender; Peck. *Second Row:* Kineron; Moore; Irvin; Nickel; Billings; Babbitt; Craft; Crutchfield; Huntley; Chormley. *Third Row:* Hull; Leslie; Linkletter; Ramsey; Page; Street; Hatch; Deckert; Pounds; Harvey; Smith, J. H. *Fourth Row:* Schroeder; Bettencourt; Bonesio; Ladouceur; Driscoll; Barnes; Buzzard; Mundy; Smicker; Smith, J. L.



VF-91 at work

Right: LCDR Ed Hitchcock, Executive Officer, prepares to launch.



Ready to go.



On the Cats.



Airborne.



Back again.



1

HISTORY
CDR E. M. VOLZ took command of Fighter Squadron NINETY-ONE on 1 September 1953 at NAS, Alameda, California. Equipped with 20 F9F-6 Cougar Jets and manned by 31 officers and 140 enlisted men, VF-91 commenced a new training syllabus in preparation for this cruise. This training consisted of operations in the Alameda area and carrier qualifications aboard three different CVA type carriers. In addition five weeks were spent at NAAS Fallon, Nevada where gunnery strafing and close air support were emphasized.

On 24 April 1954, the squadron deployed for NAS, Norfolk, Virginia to be based aboard the USS HORNET (CVA-12).



2



3

1. Parachute Riggers.
2. Radiomen.
3. Metalsmiths.
4. Yeomen.
5. Ordnance.
6. Power Plants.
7. Electronics.



4



5



6



7

VF-93



**COMMANDER JESS BARKER,
USN**
Commanding Officer

After delivering devastating blows to the Korean Communists in 1953, the "Blue Blazers" of VF-93 returned to Alameda to reform. F9F-2 aircraft were replaced by the faster F9F-5 "Panthers," and a concentrated period of training was begun. Ordnance training at Fallon, Nevada, Carrier Qualification Cruises at San Diego aboard the Philippine Sea and the Boxer, and again off San Francisco aboard the Yorktown, were completed in rapid succession. In late April FITRON NINETY-THREE, tuned for action, flew to Norfolk to embark in the mighty HORNET.



Front Row, left to right: LT(jg) R. R. Drury; LT M. A. Zesiger; LT F. K. Lissy; LCDR C. M. Dangott; CDR J. T. Barker; LCDR M. D. Smith; LT C. E. Smith; LT R. P. Armstrong; LT(jg) P. D. Smith. Second Row: LT(jg) W. R. Stewart; ENS G. S. Bride, Jr.; ENS W. E. Nichols; LT(jg) J. G. Wallace; LT(jg) T. M. Gardiner,

III; LT(jg) C. G. James, Jr.; LT(jg) H. D. Arnold; ENS R. L. Gray; LT(jg) D. (n) Gallegos, Jr. Third Row: Smith, L. R.; Capehart, L. A.; Cartmill, C. A.; Livingstone, K. J.; Shepherd, W. H.; Worthington, P. (n); Greigo, J. B.; Egge, E. J.; Brown, S. J.

Front Row, left to right: Callan, R. L.; Arnold, W. M.; Hansen, R. C.; Wilson, R. (n); Gaines, W. A.; Hinds, W. L.; Waters, R. F.; Pittman, R. R.; Hughes, T. V.; Clark, E. D.; Thompson, M. A. Second Row: Hayes, P. A.; Harguth, D. W.; Panepinto, P. (n); Ingram, W. A.; Messer, E. L.; Haddock, E. J.; Jensen, R. L.; Lambert, J. R.; Sanders, J. W.; Maness, B. D.; Bettis, B. G. Third Row: Ricketts, E. E.; Greene, D. R.; Pearson, L. A.; Thomas, J. R.; O'Doan, G. D.; Handbury, D. J.; Reese, R. A.; Opland, P. R.; Peterson, R. T.; Dewar, J. E.; Byron, M. E. Fourth Row: Brown, D. L.; Schenkweiler, D. L.; Ford, R. D.; McMahan, J. W.; Wendell, G. W.; Smith, G. E.; Zak, J. C.; Cope, J. C.; Borkowski, W. W. A.; Cooper, R. (n).



Front Row, left to right: McGee, D. L.; Pierson, E. M.; Clark, E. (n); Selby, M. E.; Rogers, R. L.; Turner, C. H.; Ketterling, E. E.; Houck, D. R.; Imlay, R. G.; Benjamin, J. E. Second Row: Woodford, R. J.; Brock, M. L.; Stergeos, G. (n); Lambert, G. W., Jr.; Barcelona, L. J.; Alves, B. B.; James, J. L.; Whinery, W. H.; Harrell, J. W.; Chennault, L. R. Third Row: Thomas, W. E.; King, D. C.; Ewert, E. W.; Sheridan, J. A.; Yocum, B. G.; Oechlin, C. J.; Howell, E. J.; Hanners, W. R.; Martin, J. (n) Jr.; Russell, B. L.

Front Row, left to right: Davenport, J. W.; Smith, C. M.; Coggeshall, E. J.; Wilcox, D. E.; Peterson, M. E.; Radtke, F. J.; Gormly, W. W.; Gallivan, R. J.; Ramos, S. (n). Second Row: Engen, A. E.; Svec, N. L.; Oye, H. A.; Bagnall, C. L.; Reuther, J. F.; Faulkner, L. A.; Reynolds, E. A.; Roach, N. P.; Koch, E. E.





CHIEF Shepherd and the radio gang.



Keeping the records straight.

navysite.de



Compartment cleaners did an outstanding job.

SMILE.





Power plants kept them running smooth.



The electricians.

The "Blue Blazers" in flying togs.





VF-94

**COMMANDER W. T. HARDING,
USN**
Commanding Officer

Some of our birds coming home to roost.





After the squadron returned from a Korean combat tour, in August, 1953, Commander W. T. Harding took command at Alameda, and approximately seven months were spent in reforming and training in F9F-5 aircraft. Six weeks were spent in Fallon, Nevada, and two carrier qualification cruises were completed before deploying, giving the squadron its first 3600 hours, accident free.

The squadron departed from Alameda, April 27, 1954, enroute to Norfolk, Virginia, and after a very eventful, thunderstorm encountering trip, arrived. After a short cruise on the USS HORNET, the squadron departed on the Hornet World Cruise, stopping first in Lisbon, Portugal. Next was Naples, then through the Suez Canal to Ceylon and Singapore. In July the ship arrived in Manila and joined the fleet to operate for the next five months. During the cruise the pilots averaged about 40 landings, and 70 hours flying. Several aircraft received class C or D damage, but the squadron had no serious accidents, and no pilots were ever injured.

Three trips were made to Japan and one to Hong Kong before the ship departed for Hawaii, enroute to the U.S. When the ship arrived in Alameda, the squadron moved to Moffett Field to start the cycle over again in F7U-3's.



LT(jg) Russ, LT Moore, CDR Harding, LT(jg) Cross.



LT(jg) S kyrud, LT Herbert, LCDR Richey, LT (jg) Solomon.



LT(jg) Apostolou, LT Foxton, LT(jg) Moore, LCDR Ochenrider.



LT Slade, LT Feldmeyer, LT(jg) Merrill.



Beginning a flight.



PLANE CAPTAINS—*Sitting, left to right:* Mewhinney; Foster; Park; Holden; Bryson. *Kneeling:* Brown; Bonavita; Coffey; Jewell. *Standing:* Maris; Olds; Berkley; Murphree; Maxwell; Penne; Heino; Zenner; Leather; Schmittou.



ELECTRICIANS—*Kneeling, left to right:* Regenwether; Potter; Ashrener; Kenny; Dunn; Busby. *Standing:* McInerney; Lazzini; Wozniak; Sparkman; Cook; Schoessler; Mainelli.



RADIOMEN—*Kneeling, left to right:* Henson; Terrell; Jensen; Joslin; Kasik. *Standing:* Speer; Gault.



ORDNANCEMEN—*Kneeling, left to right:* Winter; Zegen; Jiles; Proctor; Madrid; Dobleman; Wagner. *Standing:* Shanklin; Saupp; Bushey; Engel; Coney; Jarrell; Rowan.



Home to roost.



ADMINISTRATION—Kneeling, left to right: Schwieters; Barrett; Fava; Kirkwood. Standing: Andrews; Benson; Rae.



METALSMITHS—Kneeling, left to right: Lyon; Blandford; Jorge; Baertschiger; Donnerstag; Smicker; Bombardier. Standing: Martin; Strickland; Paulsen; Metzger; Kirk.



LT(jg) Aldred and LT(jg) Rio.

LEADING CHIEF Windham.

PARACHUTE RIGGERS: Crowley; Lewis.



On the wing.



MECHANICS—Kneeling, left to right: Griffin; Schlaefer; Ullerick; Dalpiaz; Gaul; Atkins. Standing: Hedges; Van Lue; Little; Perkins; Fox; Pannell.



VA-95

CDR DAVID L. BERREY, USN
Commanding Officer
Aug. 1953 — Oct. 1954

CDR JOHN C. ALLMAN, USN
Commanding Officer
Oct. 1954 — Jan. 1955





Bottom Row, left to right: LT H. C. McClure; LT R. Ritchie; LT R. J. Ogle; LT P. W. Schoenleber; LT W. F. Nickel; CDR J. C. Allman; CDR D. L. Berrey; LT L. Wilson; LT M. D. Blixt; LT T. E. Rushin; LT P. E. Porter; LT(jg) R. M. Stanley. *Middle Row:* ENS T. W. Tanner; ENS R. J. Schweitzer; LT(jg) D. L. Watson; LT(jg) C. R. Frudden; LT(jg) G. A. Peel; LT(jg) A. C. Brady; LT(jg) W. J. Schutz; LT(jg)

G. W. Gurnee; LT(jg); J. F. Gaskill; ENS E. M. Clemens; ENS W. E. Shumway; LT(jg) A. R. Houbein; ENS R. W. Valentine. *Top Row:* Galloway, R. M.; Roper, D. P.; Dexter, D. C.; Smith, H. G.; Postlethwaite, C. L.; Ferguson, V. P.; Ackman, L. H.; Barry, R. G.; Hoffman, A. A. *Not Shown:* Rodgers, L. M.; Clayton, A. B.; Wiggins, B. H.



Bottom Row, left to right: Rumburg, W. S.; Lagoni, R. R.; Edwards, A. H.; Stanley, W. J.; Haddock, W. R.; Fitzmaurice, P. M.; Shoemaker, C. E.; Burdick, R. H.; Stedman, J. J. *Second Row:* McCullough, C. D.; Limes, D. M.; Dilts, R. D.; Akerson, R. D.; Williams, J. C.; Petrovits, W. J.; Broderick, C. D.; Walsh, J. P.; Nicholson, W. M. *Third Row:* Kempton, A. F.; Wolfe, J. P.; Gols, J. L.; Morris, K. B., Jr.; Grey, F. R.; Gabrielson, R. E.; Dinnel, J. W.; Allen, K. D.; Head, C. T. *Top Row:* Ylinen, R. E.; Gurwell, J. K.; Atkinson, W. B.; Dillingham, A. D.; Rhodes, I. E.; Trimble, H. R.; Greenamyre, C. V.; Dillinder, C. J.; Lahmers, G. A.

Bottom Row, left to right: Swam, C. L.; Albin, R. E.; Paine, D. B.; Landrum, A. O.; Brooks, T. L.; Rudisill, H. W.; Giachino, A. A.; Bentley, J. E.; Pryor, W. G. *Second Row:* Redding, F. J.; Hooma, R. H.; Childers, D. L.; Bruce, P. F.; Gabel, A. A.; Imboden, T. R.; Seitsinger, F. E.; Kornetzke, K. C.; Norris, A. W. *Third Row:* Hoyne, J. R.; Stromeier, K. F.; Wootten, W. C.; Frost, J. S.; Prance, D. D.; Clark, D. A. D.; Gazewood, M. J.; Miller, D. D.; Murray, F. H. *Top Row:* Goldizen, J. D.; Derrick, R. E.; Loney, K. B.; Steiner, P. W.; Transtrum, F. "D"; Swanson, W. C.; Lerwick, R. R.; Morgan, N. C.; Gallant, G. E.



Bottom Row, left to right: Dossett, V.; Groth, R. F.; O'Connell, R. J.; Specht, H. M.; Morris, J. E.; Cochran, M.; Cole, H. L.; Bohannon, R. E.; Baltrusch, J. L.; Wachutka, A. E. *Second Row:* Scriba, W. L.; Sykes, T. J.; Berman, H.; Stafford, M. F.; Abrigo, J. C.; Musselman, H. L.; Carcia, V. J.; Mefford, R. E.; Blancaflor, H. B.; Blanco, J. *Third Row:* Williams, R. W.; Foote, J. A.; Farrell, E. V.; Weiss, J. C.; Warren, S. A.; Rapp, D. L.; Gomez, A.; Haight, J. F.; Guglieimetti, J. C.; Kamberg, R. C. *Top Row:* Aspenleiter, W. C.; Ernst, J. R.; Van Gorder, K. W.; Campbell, G. A.; Felder, H. J.; Limes, D. M.; Bobier, D. R.; Cook, E. N.; Jones, L. O.



The men behind the scenes

"Engine Bulletin Umpty-Ump" gets a going-over by LT McClure; Atkinson, AD3; Chesler, AD1; Campbell, AD3; and CHIEF Smith.



"Metalbenders" Kornetzke; Gabel; Giachino; Balt-rusch; Musselman; and Brooks hanging a 150 gal. tank.



Rudisill, AD1, giving some prop dope to O'Connell, AD3, and Wooten, AD3.

UHF is no problem to Scriba, AT2; Rumburg, AT1; and Stedman, AT2.

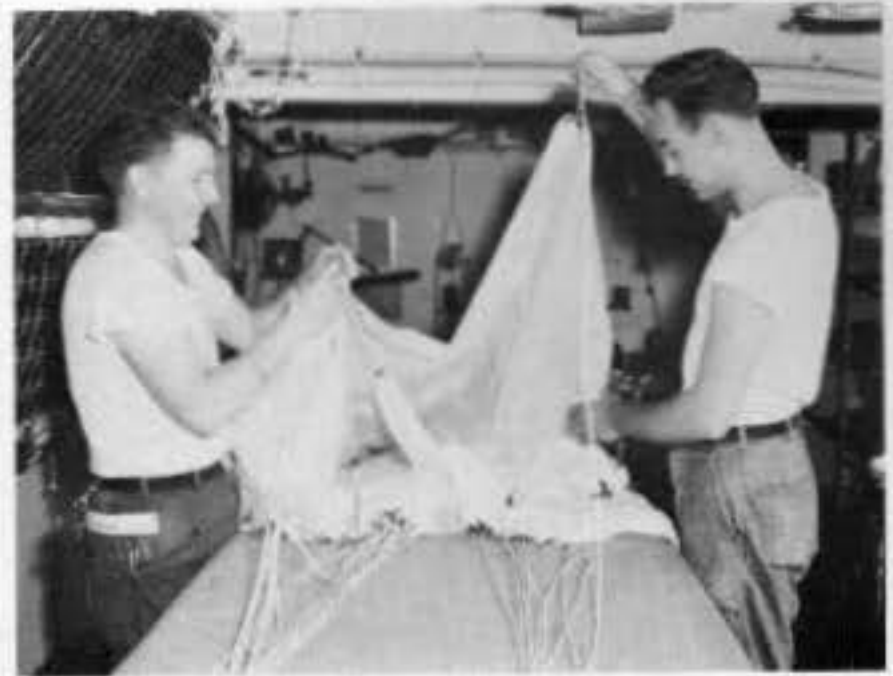


Flight deck "Troubleshooters"—*Front Row:* Petrovits, AT3; Ackman, ADC; Broderick, AT3. *Rear Row:* Landrum, AD1; Fitzmaurice, AD1; Legoni, AM2; McCullough, AE3; and Clark, AM3.





Oiling ammo are Van Gorder, AO3; Swanson, AO3; Dilts, AOAN; Mefford, AN; and McDermott, AO3.



Haddock, PR1; and Kempton, PR3, working on Life Insurance (Aviator type).



LT Nickel; Lamp, AKAN; Derrick, AK3; and Cook, AKAN turn to in the Material cage.

Morris, BM1, checking out Stafford; Hoyne; Limes; Seitsinger; Gazewood; and Swanson on some "required reading."





PHOTO ESCORT.

NIGHT FIGHTERS VC-3

DETACHMENT MIKE
LT J. W. JENKINS
Officer-in-Charge



THE CHIEFS.



THE PILOTS.



THE NIGHT OWL.



THE TEAM

First Row, left to right: Brunger, R. I.; Henry, A.; Butler, J. D.; LT A. Miller; LT J. K. Arthur; LT J. W. Jenkins; LT D. B. Edge; LT W. L. Murphy; Crilly, B. J.; Anderson, L. E.; Moses, R. E. Second Row: Ayer, F. E., Jr.; Scallon, R. M.; Rands, R. R.; Kiernan, C. T.; Bryant, I.; Hartzell, R. A.; Marotz, K. W.; Sucki, G. K.; Heitlinger, L. J. J.; Knight, E. E. Third Row: English, R. J.; Burke, D. J.; King, F. J., Jr.; Tomson, M.; House, C. "E", Jr.; Treat, T. N.; Fullerton, E. J.; Horne, A. W.; Paulus, L. R. Fourth Row: Harrigan, M. J.; Jones, G.; Weekley, W. W.; Hilton, R. E.; Brown, B. T.; Finneran, H. V.; Abrego, M. A.; Byrom, J. R.; Armetta, E. A.; Taylor, R. D.

Night cap ready for action.



Think we should change it?





VC-11

DETACHMENT MIKE
LT R. B. HOWARD
Officer-in-Charge



THE GUPPY DRIVERS and Ned Washington, Steward—Par Excellence. Coffee Break.



THE HUB AND THE SPOKES
CHIEF Campbell—Power Plants.



CHANGE IT? Let's think this over some more.



MORE SPOKES—CHIEF Parnell and his flight crew.

Six Plane Captains and Bosun's Mate.

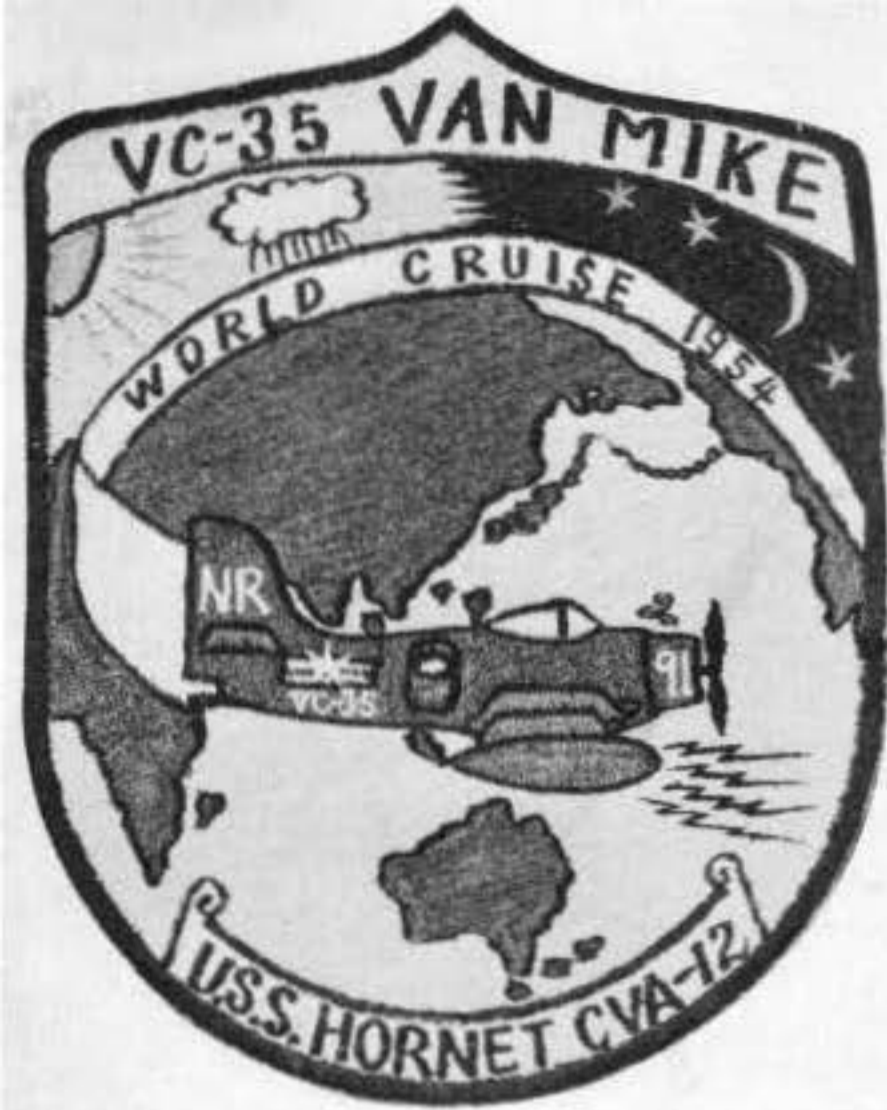


NEW SPARK from Clear, Ettles and Young.



HOWARD'S BIGGEST COWARDS. Airframes and Electrical.





VC-35

DETACHMENT MIKE
LCDR M. S. ESSARY, USN
Officer-in-Charge



An effective combination—Created . . .



Of spit and polish . . .



Automatic pilots . . .



Skillful management . . .

Well tuned hands . . .

for electron's gadgets . . .

and ready and able chargers!





LT W. R. Zimbeck
 LT J. F. Condren
 LT G. R. Monthan
 LT(jg) N. Kuehnl

Arpelar, E. R.
 Card, A. L.
 Chacon, D.
 Davis, L. P.
 Driver, G. D.
 Dykema
 Edwards, F.
 Hackett, T. R.

Hanley, T. G.
 Isbell, M. J.
 Kuczynski, J. D.
 Majors, M. C.
 Marston, D. R.
 McBride, S. S.
 Meadows, H. W.
 Myers, J. B.

Nelson, R. E.
 Perry, F. E.
 Pratt, G. L.
 Stringer, V. G.
 Trivette, H. E.
 Weum, K. V.
 Wild, W. F.

DETACHMENT MIKE
LCDR D. G. JACKSON, USN
Officer-in-Charge



Lucky Seven.



Always out in front.



Our three birds.



Where was this taken?



We fix 'em.



... We wreck 'em.



Jack of all trades.



The flight deck jockeys.



They never fail.

ATHLETIC TEAMS

HORNET VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM

Won 12 — Lost 2

Front Row, left to right: Sherrard, R.; Percival, J.; McLaughlin, J.; Wakeling, A.; Zanin, F.; Dinnel, J.; Ohsbar, H.; Russamono, R. Rear Row: Corbitt, F.; Payne, H.; Soergel, D.; LT(jg) J. Gorman; Pearson, A.; Kraus, H.; Mains, C.; Alexander, J. Missing from Picture: O'Connor, J., Manager.



HORNET BASKETBALL TEAM

Won 70 — Lost 13

Front Row, left to right: Jones, K., Manager; Sherrard, R.; MacLaughlin, J.; Parrmeiter, R., Manager. Back Row: O'Connor, J.; Kraus, H.; Manning, W.; ENS James J. Gorman, Coach; Mains, C.; Soergel, D.; Payne, H. Missing from Photo: Schmitto, W.; Kline, E.; Evangelisto, A.; Reynolds, E.



SOFTBALL TEAM

Won 15 — Lost 3

Kneeling, left to right: Waara, Manager; Colavito; Hoelting; ENS Henson, Coach; LT(jg) Berman. Standing: Crawford; Bialoglow, Leming, Bettis, Chennault, Lake; Smith.



SOCCER TEAM

Top Row, left to right: Zaccaro, J.; Marshall, B.; Miller, J.; Hans, J. V.; ENS F. G. Walker; Notini, E. J. Middle Row: ENS R. C. Myers; Zanin, F. P.; Williamson, K.; Shihadeh, M. Y.; McCloskey, E. R. Bottom Row: Walk, R. L.; John, W. J.; Coleman, M. G.; Celler, R. E.; Thacker, J. E.



THE SAGA OF THE HORNET

The fabulous Hornet, which took part in the tense rescue of passengers of the British airliner shot down by the Reds in the China Sea last summer, was taken out of "mothballs" some time ago and refitted. During her final maneuvers before joining the Pacific Fleet, Seymour Ettman spent a week aboard her, getting material for the story of her achievements and those of the seven fighting predecessors to bear her famous name.

ON a warm Sunday afternoon in May, I climbed up the port gangway to the quarter-deck of the aircraft carrier *Hornet*, the eighth ship of that name in the tubulent history of the United States Navy.

I was promptly guided to the wardroom mess, where Lt. Commander Dan Johns took me in tow. Commander Johns, *Hornet* weather man and public information officer, is a mustang—an officer who came up from the ranks. The service is his pride and the *Hornet* is his joy. His enthusiasm for The Fighting Lady and for the Navy in general is infectious; I'm convinced that if he ever cuts himself shaving, he'll bleed Navy blue.

The *Hornet*, a fast task-force carrier of the *Essex* class, was due to get under way in the morning. There was nothing for me to do that night but pay my respects to the bridge and work out a kind of road map which would take me through the labyrinthian passages between deck frames. Topside and below, I felt I could figure out for myself. Before I turned in, I walked along the huge hangar deck and gawked at the planes—Panthers, Banshees, Cougars, and AD's. They roosted like falcons with folded wings, sleek and trim and deadly.

"They sure look mighty fast," I said to Dan.

"Fast?" he echoed. "These jets go through the sound barrier within 15 minutes of the time we cat them off!"

"Routinely?" I asked.

"Routinely as beans," he said. "And if the wind was right, the Cougars could probably do it in ten."

It was hard to believe that on this same hangar deck—just ten short years before—jet was only the color of coal, and the only sound barrier anybody knew was the booming of the big guns of the Imperial Fleet in Saipan Channel. In those days, the hot planes were Avengers and Hell-divers, and it was the flak that gave the boys the most trouble. Admiral Marc Mitscher, who once had commanded *Hornet* number seven himself, was heading up Task Force 58 when the Jap fleet, after a year and a half of hiding, showed up in the Marianas to challenge American supremacy in the waters of the Western Pacific.

That afternoon of June 20, 1944, was a field day for the *Hornet*. Her combat air patrol flushed the first Nips in the strike.

Since the days of the American Revolution she's sailed the seas in many guises. But cutter, sloop or aircraft carrier, she's a ship of destiny.

By SEYMOUR ETTMAN

While the fighters scratched meatballs right and left—402 planes were destroyed by the task force in that single day—the *Hornet's* bombers bagged a first-line carrier of the king-size SHOKAKU class, and the torpedo squadron knocked out a nice medium CHOKAI class cruiser. The fighters went a little out of their line and dropped a 500-pounder on a carrier of the HITAKA class. It started a lovely fire. And all this at the cost of one bomber crew which never made it back to be tail-hooked home.

Not every day aboard the *Hornet* is as memorable as that afternoon of the First Battle of the Philippine Sea, but few duty days are dull. When the smoking lamp goes out and the bull horn squawks and the ship heads into the wind for a launch, there's always action enough and to spare.

On my first night out, while we were off the Carolina coast, there was a qualifying launch. The *Hornet* was traveling with three West Coast squadrons, and the pilots were new to the ship. Group tactics and recovery were on the air operations schedule for the night. I was down in the ready room while the pilots waited for the 20-minute call. The boys were all in their gear. The briefing was over and the jets were positioned on the flight deck and on the ouija board in the control room.

One of the pilots, Lieutenant J. K. Arthur, was checking his Very pistol. I watched him slip it back into his holster. Lieutenant Johnny Wright was fitting me into a spare LSO suit, since I was going out to the Landing Signal Officer's platform to see the jets come in. Red Volz, commander of Fighter Squadron 91, poked his crew-cut head through the door to hunt for the CAG—Jim Hedrick, Commander of the Air Group.

Then Lieutenant Freddy Foxton, the LSO from Squadron 94, dropped by to pick us up. "It's about that time," Fred said. "We'd better get on back there."

We took the escalator up to the blacked-out flight deck and walked cautiously between the parked planes. Lieutenant Ernie Hubbard, the third LSO, was on the platform waiting for us. Up forward, the cats began to howl as the jets leaped into the dark. The launch had begun.

It was a peculiar kind of night. Around us, the sea sparkled with phosphorescence in a tight circle. Beyond was a perimeter of

fog. There were stars if you looked straight up and nowhere else.

"Kind of like we're in a milk bottle," Ernie Hubbard said.

He was right. The *Hornet* seemed to be in a shaft of clear weather which accompanied her through the peregrinations of her course. We stood around talking about flying and fishing and home. Beneath us the sea swirled past like the rush of time. In the distance the destroyers blinked dimly through the fog. Before long, the first flight of jets roared above us in tight formation, then climbed upstairs to begin their breakup and landing approach pattern. Johnny Wright took the paddles in his hands and stepped up front. Fred plugged in the light jack, and Johnny, with rows of tiny lamps on the bands of his LSO suit, was immediately lighted up like a Christmas tree. The Banshees circled the ship again. Ernie Hubbard kept his eyes trained on their fire.

"Johnny," he said tensely, "that last banjo peeled off to starboard flying low."

Johnny Wright tried to stare into the murky blackness that closed in from the right. "How low?"

"Too low. I didn't see him complete the turn."

"How was his fire?" Freddy Foxton asked anxiously.

"Looked okay from here. But he was mighty low."

"How cold is that water. Did anybody take a look at the board?"

"Fifty-four, fifty-six. Something like that. If he dunks, the cans might pick him out before he gets too cold."

All of us turned to look at the destroyers, wheeling a parallel course into the wind.

"What happens now?" I asked. "How will we know?"

"If he hit," Ernie said, "we should be seeing his tracers right about—"

He never finished the sentence. A red signal flare shot high into the murk from about two miles off the starboard beam, glowed for a brief instant and then faded away.

"He's down!" Johnny said. He dropped his paddles, yanked out the jack, and shouted to the white-hats in the phone well. "Plane down! Throw over everything you've got! Flares, smokebombs, the works! I'm coming down to help!"

He jumped into the phone pit and started throwing smoke-bombs overside with the grim-faced crew. Ernie and I stared anxiously at the destroyers training the *Hornet's* wake. Freddy Foxton was watching the blackness to starboard for another signal light.

The destroyer searchlights began to sweep the sea from where the first light had come. The *Hornet's* light knifed through the murk in a tortuous, slow arc. Just before the three beams met in the water, another red flare rocketed into the night.

For 20 minutes of mounting tension the shortening beams of the destroyers closed in on the patch of sea where the plane had gone in. Finally the *Hornet's* bull horn belled the good news which we were praying to hear.

"The destroyer *Boderlon* has just picked up Lieutenant Arthur, who crash-landed in the sea. The pilot is in good condition after 22 minutes in the water."

Johnny Wright called Pri Fly on the phone. "What's the score?" he wanted to know. "How about the rest of the boys upstairs?"

"We're sending them in to the beach," Air Boss, Commander Phillips, told him. "Knock off for tonight. You can wave them aboard in the morning."

There was another flight of planes which Hornet number seven, the predecessor of the present Hornet, once sent to the beach. But it was an alien beach in the heartland of the foe, and they were Army planes—huge, lumbering B-25's, their bellies freighted with bombs. It was the gale-ridden morning of April 18, 1942, and Jimmy Doolittle was leading his squadron on the impossible Tokyo raid.

When Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, not all of our screaming was wordless. The great hue and cry went up from all over the land—"Bomb Tokyo!" It was a brave pair of syllables, and it sounded fine. Any barroom commando could tell you that the majority of Japanese houses were built out of rice paper and matchsticks. All you had to do was drop a handful of incendiaries from a fast plane and Tokyo would disappear from the face of the earth.

Even if these two conceptions were true—and they weren't—the idea of getting a flight of bombers over the Japanese capital in that time of trouble was something ripped out of the most lurid science-fiction. The vaunted Flying Fortress, the best plane we could put into the air, couldn't make the round trip to Japan with a full bomb load from any base which was at our disposal. The Russians weren't going to let us use Siberian bases. Hawaii and Alaska were too far away. Free China had no airfields adapted to four-engined bomber operation. But the American public wasn't interested in the facts; we needed a shot in the arm. Defeat after defeat had left the gritty taste of ashes in our mouths. We badly needed a victory. Something had to be done at once.

President Roosevelt called a conference of his top military advisers. Jimmy Doolittle then a Lt. Colonel, and Admiral Bull Halsey were present at the meeting. The strategy which finally evolved from that conference was the fruit of over two months of top-level, top-secret planning.

The *Hornet*, CV-8, seventh of her name, had just finished shaking down in February of 1942. Captain Marc Mitscher was in command. Just before March, two Army Mitchell bombers—B-25's—were lifted to her flight deck with a crane. Their wing-spread was a shoehorn fit between the deck edge and the island. No catapult in this

world had kick enough to sling them off. And they were strictly land ships which needed nearly 2,000 feet of runway, whereas the *Hornet's* flight deck was only 809 feet, 2½ inches long.

Captain Mitscher took the *Hornet* to sea and a precedent-shattering experiment was just about to take place when the carrier's sonar apparatus contacted a submarine. The pig-boat had to be knocked on the head. With a great deal of careful juggling, the *Hornet* was able to cat off a trio of scout bombers after worming them out of the hangar deck. They dropped a number of depth charges where the sub was supposed to be and then returned to circle the ship. With careful juggling again, they were tail-hooked home and stowed below. The stage was set again. With Navy pilots at the controls, the two Army craft were warmed up on the runway. They took off at top speed, their starboard wings nearly brushing the island. The *Hornet* was forging into the wind as fast as her new boilers could move her. The wind was gusty and strong. The B-25's lifted in faltering, heart-wrenching climbs and circled the ship before disappearing in the west. There was no leeway of any kind. It had to be right on the button or the deal was kaput. *But it could be done! Medium land-based bombers could be flown off the deck of a carrier!*

The *Hornet* was fueled and provisioned at Norfolk. Then one night she slipped into the channel, blinked a fond farewell to buoy two-charley-baker, and steamed out to sea. She whipped south, ducked through the Canal, headed north with a troop convoy, and finally moored across the bay at San Francisco.

In Florida, at Elgin Airfield, Lt. Colonel Doolittle was training Air Force crews for an unnamed mission. The men were all volunteers. They were told, very frankly, that the job they were slated for had "importance equalled only by the extraordinary hazards involved."

Training for the mission included a meticulous study of detailed maps and photographs of the Tokyo area. It also included taking off from the field in progressively shorter runs, each marked with white lines at the start and point of total lift. In a surprisingly short time, the big B-25's were able to hop into the air after an even more surprisingly short run.

One more development took place at this time. Captain C. R. Greening monkeyed around with a pair of pliers and a couple of wire coat-hangers and worked out a bomb sight which cost slightly under 20 cents. This gadget was installed in the training squadron's planes, replacing the top-secret Norden bomb sight which could not be permitted to fall into Jap hands. After concentrated training with the new sight, the period of preparation was over.

In the middle of March, 95 Army fliers were put aboard the *Hornet* in San Francisco harbor. Sixteen B-25's were secured to the flight deck. Under cover of darkness, the *Hornet* slipped out to sea in the company of the *Nashville*, the *Vincennes* and a division of destroyers. The Fighting Lady was on her way to launch a reprisal raid against supreme Imperial Headquarters, Tokyo itself!

Bull Halsey, in a task force centered about the carrier *Enterprise*, headed west-northwest to rendezvous with the *Hornet*. With the 16 B-25's on her flight deck, the *Hornet's* own planes were, for all practical purposes, locked in the cellar. Without her protective umbrella, she was a sitting duck

for enemy surface, sub-surface, or aerial attack. The *Enterprise* was given the job of flying cover for the combined task force.

Every officer and white-hat was told the score. In its conception the plan was so simple and daring that it defied all but the most active imaginations. The deal was to sneak in to about 400 miles off the coast of Japan, launch the bombers in the direction of Tokyo, and then run like hell. The planes would come in at low level, lay their eggs on predetermined targets, and streak for bases in Free China. With luck, the Japs—and the whole world, for that matter—were in the for the surprise of the century.

Radio Tokyo, on Friday night, April 17, pulled what Garry Moore would call a booboo. A Jap with a sing-song voice hissed a beautiful spiel about how Tokyo could never be bombed. He picked a good night to pop off.

A 60-mile gale was blowing when the sun came up the next morning. The *Hornet* and company were within 800 miles of Tokyo. A day's run would cut the distance in half, and then the next night would make for a quick bombing run, target illumination by flares, and retreat to China in the darkness—all with gas to spare.

It was a happy prospect until an enemy patrol boat cut over the horizon from the east. The situation had suddenly and dramatically changed. It was a time for decision. The Jap ship had to be sunk before she could radio the alert to Imperial Fleet Headquarters. And there wasn't any margin for error. She had to be sunk in record time.

The *Nashville* was ordered in to blow up the Jap patrol boat with her six-inch guns. Maybe the target was small. Maybe the gun-layers were jittery. Anyway, it took the *Nashville* 10 minutes to score a hit, and they did it, according to fleet scuttlebutt, without using any more ammo than they'd need to sink a first-line battleship.

What to do—If the Jap patrol craft had radioed "trouble" before she went to the bottom, the Tokyo raid was as good as over and done with—even before it began. Bull Halsey, Jimmy Doolittle and Marc Mitscher put their heads together and decided on an immediate strike. The *Hornet* turned her nose into the gale and headed toward Japan.

With 16 bombers lined up on the flight deck, Lt. Colonel Doolittle, first away, had only half the run of the last plane in which to take off. The pitching of the carrier had to be taken into consideration to keep the heavy planes from spinning into the drink. At the trough of each sea, a bomber thundered forward up the deck. At the crest of the wave, the heavy plane hopped from the lead edge of the runway and faltered into a climb. All 16 bombers got off and streaked east. The *Hornet* and her escorts wheeled out of the wind and began a headlong rush to the south where the water was only warm instead of hot.

The rest is history. President Roosevelt borrowed the never-never land which is the locale of author James Hilton's *Lost Horizon* and told the country that Jimmy Doolittle had taken off from Shangri-La. The Japs and Nazis took him seriously. "Doolittle carried out his air attack from the air base Shangri-La, which was not otherwise described by Roosevelt."

Thanks to the valiant *Hornet*, America had a brief and welcome vision of ultimate victory to light the way through the cruel years ahead.

The Tokyo raid of the *Hornet* is perhaps the peak in the unfolding of a proud tradi-

tion of naval service which spans nearly two centuries.

There have been eight *Hornets* in all. Number one was a ten-ton sloop, cutter-rigged, which was commissioned by the Continental Marine Committee in 1775 and harassed the British off the Delaware Capes in 1777. The second of the line, also mounting ten guns, was purchased in Malta by U. S. agents who sent her into action with Commodore Rogers' squadron at the siege of Derne. She helped General Eaton dictate an American peace to the Bashaw of Tripoli. *Hornet* number three was the command of Commodore James Lawrence who gave the Navy its stirring watchwords. "Fight her till she sinks, and don't give up the ship"—the famous dying words he later uttered while in command of the *Chesapeake*,

Hornet number four was a five-gun schooner and saw service in Southern rivers and bays as a dispatch packet between 1813 and 1820. The fifth *Hornet* was an iron, side-wheel paddle steamer used for river patrol during the Civil War. *Hornet* six, a converted yacht, was intended for use as a dispatch vessel in the Spanish-American War. She cut the Havana Cable in Manzanillo Harbor and fought a number of skirmishes out of her weight and class to uphold the honor of the name.

It was the third *Hornet* that established the line's peculiar knack for turning up to do battle in unlikely segments of the globe.

Below Capricorn at 37° 3' south latitude and 12° 9' west longitude—and for no apparent reason—rises a saddle of rock surrounded by thousands of miles of sea. On the South Atlantic chart, it is listed as Tristan da Cunha, one of three volcanic upthrusts aptly known as the Inaccessible Islands. To find it on the map, you need plenty of patience and a strong magnifying glass. To locate it at sea, you need a master mariner and a good compass equipped with iron navigator's balls.

On the morning of March 23, 1815, Master Commandant James Biddle stood by the taffrail of the brig-rigged sloop-of-war *Hornet*, Price built in Baltimore, of French design, and mounted with a battery of 20 guns. The captain held a brass sight-tube to his eye and surveyed the conical peak of Tristan da Cunha, rising sharply above the gray South Atlantic swells. Then he swept the sea, searching for signs of Commodore Decatur's squadron—the frigate *President*, the war-sloop *Peacock*, and the storeship *Tom Bowline*. They were nowhere on the bowl of the horizon. Evidently the *Hornet* had beaten them to the rendezvous at the northwest point of the island, the only feasible anchorage according to John Petton, an American whaling master who had wintered there in 1791.

"The wind's dropped a little, Mr. Conner," the commandant said to his first lieutenant. "We should haul down in about an hour. Put a good leadman in the chains. This water might suddenly shoal."

"Yes, sir," Conner said. His eyes were troubled. "I wonder if the squadron—"

Biddle cut him short. He wondered too. It had been two months since he had seen the commodore's pennant through the flying scud of a Hatteras gale. "We can't beat back and forth on the lee of a rock pile forever," he said. "I daresay the squadron will arrive when it does and not a moment before."

Conner went to join the master's mate and the midshipman of the watch at the chain plate. Biddle looked through the glass

again. This time he made no pretense at scouting the island.

The *Hornet* was Biddle's first command. She had been James Lawrence's ship (before he was promoted to captain and given command of the *Chesapeake*) and had scourged the British since the third day after the declaration of war. Chafing for action, Biddle had been blockaded in New London along with the frigates *United States* and *Macedonian*. Before that, he had languished in an African dungeon for 19 dreary months, a prisoner of the Bashaw of Tripoli. Now, a captain under Commodore Decatur, he was spoiling for a fight. Two months out of sight of land, out of contact with the squadron, had only honed his mettle to a keener edge.

Up on the masthead, the lookout cupped his hand to his mouth and sang out. "Ahoy the deck! Sail on the lee bow!"

Biddle strained his eyes in that direction but saw nothing. He strode to the lee mainshrouds and fought a losing battle with what he termed his professional dignity. He was too new a captain and too lately a lieutenant to keep his hands off the ratlines. He swung himself up, braced against the plunging motion of the ship, and trained his glass forward.

There was a sail, all right, southward and to the east, steering to westward under a spanking south-southwest wind. Two masts—that would make her a brigantine—with bare poles down to the fore and main up-pertops'ls.

"Mr. Conner!" Biddle hailed.

The first lieutenant came on the run.

"She's a brig," the captain said. "Perhaps the *Peacock*, but more likely a lobsterback. We'll run out and see. Put the helm up and we'll bear down on her, Mr. Conner, if you please."

With a creaking of blocks, the little *Hornet* danced into the new tack under jib, staysails, and the boom mainsail. Sailing a close course on the wind, she handled like a fore-and-aft rigged sloop. She made good time, shouldering the oncoming seas and nosing through the needle spray that drove along her flush decks to where Biddle wrapped himself in his heavy blue coat, and hitched up his sword, a present from his friends and neighbors in Philadelphia.

"Mains'l sheets!" Conner bellowed, and to the helmsman, "Steady as she goes." He turned to the captain. "Orders, sir?"

Biddle had his eyes on the strange sail. "She couldn't be the *Peacock*, unless the gales drove her off course to east. I'd guess she's an Englishman on the west run in from Africa. We'd best be ready, Mr. Conner. I'd suggest we clear for action and run out the carronades."

"Call all hands!" Conner roared at the midshipman. "Beat to quarters!"

The roll of drums throbbed through the ship and the hands raced to their stations. Even though the strange brig was still a long way off, the 18 carronades were run out on their trucks and the gun-layers stood by the breeches with smouldering pots and linstocks. Biddle looked at the men, proud of their eagerness, a little awed by their spirit. If there was a fight, there would be a butcher bill to pay, but no one thought of it now. There was only a contagious fever of excitement, keyed by the wild wind thrumming in the lines, by the jaunty cant of a wooden deck, by a strange sail on a distant sea and the glory of a proud ship from a young land.

The *Hornet* bent on sail and tacked to port, waiting for the strange brig to come

down. She was larger than the *Peacock*, higher out of the water than the *Hornet*. Biddle watched her shorten sail, slowly, with a clumsiness which seemed almost by design. She came down stem on, and the first lieutenant couldn't understand the reason why.

"What do you make of it, sir?" he asked the captain anxiously.

Biddle had seen a lot of tactics while in the service aboard the *Constellation* with Truxton and the *Philadelphia* under Preble.

"She won't show us what she mounts on her broadside," he said. "Perhaps she thinks we'll run."

"Run from a fight?" Conner looked incredulous. "She misjudges the *Hornet*, sir."

Biddle smiled grimly. Lawrence wouldn't have run. Evans wouldn't have run. They had commanded *Hornets* before him. Praise God, the *Hornet* would never turn tail, not while there was powder and shot, flesh and steel, and the stars and stripes of the new Republic.

"Lay her two points off the wind, Mr. Conner," he said. "Two can play this game. If she aims to pass under our stern and engage us to leeward, she'll have to outsail us first. I don't think she can do it, Mr. Conner."

The *Hornet* wore ship three times before the stranger came within musket range without firing a shot. At 1:40 p.m., if there was still a doubt that she was a British sloop of war, she hauled her wind on the starboard tack, hoisted the English jack and fired a shot with her chase gun. The *Hornet* immediately luffed to, ran up her ensign, and raked the now declared enemy with a withering broadside.

Bright yellow flashes blossomed from the English brig's side. A ball tore through the rigging over Biddle's head. There was a ragged crash below as a load of grape struck home. All about him was the clatter of falling blocks and lines. Biddle braced as the *Hornet's* decks shook under the recoil of repeated broadsides. Each time the acrid smoke cleared away, he strained his eyes to survey the enemy's damage. Her deck was a shambles and her sails were rags. The foremast was splintered from truck to futtock shrouds, yet the lobsterback backed her braces to bear up on the *Hornet* and run her on board.

"Mr. Conner!" Biddle shouted hoarsely. "They'll try to board us on the quarter-deck. Have the gunners load with grape and set your pikemen on the rail!"

The two vessels, like ponderous leviathans, came together in a shattering crash. The *Hornet's* pikemen crowded the rail, rushing to board the enemy only to have their officers call them back. The bowsprit of the English brig had come in between the main and mizzen-rigging like the formidable snout of an enraged swordfish. Heeling hard to port, the *Hornet* rose with a heavy swell that lifted her ahead while the enemy's bowsprit sheared away the mizzen-shrouds, stern davits and spankerboom.

But the brigs weren't clear. The *Hornet* shuddered forward with the Englishman hung up on her larboard quarter.

Biddle, smoke-blackened, bleeding from a bad splinter cut on the head and almost blinded by the flashing of the carronades, called for the master to go forward and set the foresail. The gun trucks rumbled like thunder as the pieces were run out again. On the Englishman, a lieutenant rushed to the rail, tore off his white stock and waved it frantically.

"Brig ahoy!" he hailed through a speak-

ing trumpet. "We submit! Hold your fire!"

"Do you strike your colors?" the captain called back to the Englishman.

The answer and a volley of musketry sounded at the same time.

"Yes, God rot you!"

Biddle dropped to the deck. A hot musket ball had ripped open his chin and passed along his neck, tearing through his cravat and waistcoat collar.

Reprisal came swiftly with a double burst from the *Hornet's* long 12 swivel guns. The length of the Englishman's decks was raked with hot grapeshot that scythed a swath of destruction from stem to stern.

The *Hornet's* foresail bellied out with wind and the American brig tore free of her enemy, ripping out the British brig's bowsprit as she surged ahead. The brig's foremast was gone and she lay dead in the water. The *Hornet* wore ship to give her a fresh broadside, but the British ensign slowly fluttered down from the spanker gaff. Her colors were struck and the fight was over, exactly 22 minutes from the time the first shot was fired.

The ship's surgeon and two crewmen tried to carry the wounded Captain Biddle below. He refused to go. They stripped off his shirt and tied it around his throat in an improvised bandage. He wouldn't permit them to dress his wounds until the *Hornet's* seamen were attended to.

The butcher bill was one man killed and ten wounded. Not a single round shot had pierced the hull of the *Hornet*, but her sides were scarred with grape and her rigging and sails were cut to ribbons.

That evening, the American sloop of war *Peacock*, and the storeship *Tom Bowline* sailed over the northern rim of the horizon. The storeship was converted into a cartel to carry the British prisoners to San Salvador, and on the 12th of April the *Hornet* and the *Peacock* set sail and headed east to round the Cape of Good Hope and begin the long voyage home.

* * *

These days, they fold wings aboard the *Hornet* instead of bending sail; and when Pri Fly asks for a ready deck, no drum corps rolls the beat to quarters. In accordance with the strident march of time, the enemy is scouted in the crystal ball of the radar screen instead of from the crow's nest on a swaying mast. But the courage of the men is the same as it always was, and no braver ship than the *Hornet* ever faced a foe.

At the time of her death, *Hornet* number seven wrote a flaming testament to the line's proud heritage of valiant service.

October 25, 1942. Buildup elements, sneaked ashore during night runs by the Tokyo Express, had reinforced enemy concentrations along the Matkinau River in Guadalcanal. A heavy Jap attack, launched with tanks and artillery, imperiled Marine and American Division positions on the island. A torrential rain which started in the early morning had softened the airstrip at Henderson Field, and with air operations curtailed, the U. S. perimeter was in grave danger. This was the prelude to the great naval battle off the Santa Cruz Islands. Two gargantuan Japanese flotillas had been assembled for the knockout blow. One was composed of elements scattered around Buka, Bougainville and Rabul. The other, containing the aircraft carriers *Syokaku* and *Zuikaku* was steaming south from the mandated islands of Truk and Ponape. The Jap mission was a powerful carrier drive to knock out the planes grounded at Hender-

son Field—then a clean sweep of American vessels in the Esperance narrows and naval bombardment from battleships and heavy cruisers to smash ground resistance once and for all. Another Nipponese victory seemed to be in the cards. But there was a joker in this stacked deck. An American Flying Fortress piloted by Lieutenant Mario Sessa spotted the main Japanese naval force north of the Solomons. Gaggles of zeros rose to intercept him, but Sessa streaked for home base with a fix on the Jap position.

East of the Solomons, in the gray mist of morning, the *Hornet* and her destroyer escort cut feathery chevrons in the blue-black sea. Admiral Tom Kinkaid's task force, flexing its muscles after a successful peck at the fortified Jap islands near Buin-Faisi, was patrolling the salt floats along the right-of-way of the invincible Tokyo Express. Aboard The Fighting Lady, the butcher bill for Midway was still a throat-catching memory. All planes lost, and only one pilot, Ensign G. H. Gay, of Torpedo Eight, limped home to roost on that black morning of June 4, 1942. There were new faces in the squadron mess and reconstituted tails warmed the theater seats in the ready room.

Up on the bridge, Rear Admiral Charles Perry Mason already had the word that the Japs were striking for Henderson Field. The word from the flagship was "Get those Jap carriers." The attack launch was set for 0830—bombers, torpedo bombers, and fighters. Scouting Eight would have to supply some of the bombers for the run.

Lieutenant Commander William J "Gus" Widhelm walked down the ready room aisle, and the briefing began. There would be interference from a heavy Jap umbrella, since the enemy was wise to the game. There would be every shape and form of flak in the books, because the big guns of murderers' row were out there, waiting to bark their bid for the vital field on Guadalcanal.

The *Hornet* headed into the wind. The Air Boss in Pri Fly hauled in the red flag. The airdales set the chocks and slung the cats. Admiral Mason watched the clock, the sea, the course and the men, and the *Hornet* was less a lean, striped ship on a distant sea than a bastion of hope in the heart of home.

0813. Pilots, man your planes. Check prop clearance, winglines, wheel chocks, fire bottles, flight deck uniform, and loose gear about the deck.

0814. Stand by to launch. Stand clear of propellers. Start engines.

There was a long blast on the warning yodel. The green flag went out, a white flag in front of it. Heads up on the flight deck. The white flag is out.

0830. Launch one!

Hurling her planes aloft, the *Hornet* held course and waited. The high angle turret guns guarded the leaden sky. Pom-poms bristled beneath the bridge. The AA gunlayers were on station at the deck edge along the beam and forward of the LSO platform. The wait wasn't long. At 0950, the call came in.

"Cootie to Daisy. This is Cootie four. You got troubles, kid. Visiting attack force dead ahead. We'll ask for their tickets, but some of them are going to crash your party."

At 0959, 40 miles from the carrier, Fighter Eight engaged seven Japanese bombers and shot down three. Four got away. But there were more, lots more. A flight was coming in at 18,000 feet, and torpedo planes—escorted by Messerschmitt

109's—were spilling out of the clouds nine miles away.

The *Hornet* steamed a steady course, northeast at 20 knots. The cans and escort cruisers laid down a screen of smoke and the carrier settled into it like a striped Easter egg in cotton wool. The thunder-claps of the first shots boomed out over the sea as the cans began to fire.

1009 hours. A flight of enemy dive-bombers, cut ragged by fighter interference, wove through the black lace of anti-aircraft fire. They came in shock waves, and 15 of them managed to punch through the screen.

The *Hornet's* five-inchers spit blood-colored flame, and over their jolting WHAM-WHAM the one-point-one inchers barked and the smaller weapons suttered. A slim, silver monoplane reeled crazily just above the island and disintegrated in midair. Another streaked through the tracers to lay an egg on the fantail. It was a near miss, and the Jap dive-bomber spun into the sea. Two more started their runs, overshot, and got clear.

In the puff-dotted sky, one more dive-bomber circled the target, then darted across the tracer lines at 2,000 feet. His engine sputtered a beard of orange flame as the AA fire found the range. He was falling fast, and in a straight line—way past his red-line limit. This was a Kamikaze plunge, the aerial equivalent of a Banzai charge. The Jap pilot was out to deliver his bomb load in person!

The plane screamed toward the deck, and the sound was even louder than the devil-belching of the guns. Up on the bridge, Admiral Mason and the watch officers gasped for air in the partial vacuum created by the gun blasts.

Wreathed in a rising sun of flame, the Jap hit. He glanced off the funnel and knifed across the signal bridge. Shorn of its wings, the heavy fuselage crashed into the flight deck 60 feet below. It hammered a hole through the deck and rammed into the hangar beneath, blazing like a bonfire among the parked planes around the aft elevator.

The Japs' 1,500-pound, armor-piercing block-buster ripped loose from its housing outside the ordnance room! It didn't explode, and was actually disarmed by the heroic ordnance chief who removed the bomb's warhead *in the dark*.

The two smaller bombs with which the Jap was loaded caused serious fires—one topside, the other in the hangar deck machine shop. The dive-bomber's engine tore loose and ripped through a steel bulkhead to land in one of the squadron ready rooms.

On the signal bridge, twisted girders loomed through a geyser of flame as a second Japanese dive-bomber delivered its full load. Through the smoke—a picture etched into the minds and hearts of all who saw it—Old Glory still fluttered defiantly from the halyards.

What happened in the next 20 minutes aboard the *Hornet* was like the preview trailer of a visit to Hell.

Two more Jap bombers crash-dived on the ship and seven torpedo planes cut through the screen and leveled off to attack. Three were shot into the sea, but the other four settled down to their deadly business. Two torpedoes pooped along, trailing white streaks in the choppy sea. Both hit on the port side, amidships. On the ship, the main water lines and the primary electric cable were cut. The *Hornet's* engines stopped turning over and The Fighting Lady

drifted dead in the heaving sea.

In an amazingly short time, four scattered blazes were under control, but the most serious of the many fires had begun to gnaw away at the *Hornet's* vitals. A thousand men were organized into bucket brigades to fight the flames.

From starboard, the *Northampton* came up with cables and took the wounded carrier in tow. At 1100 hours, a new wave of Jap torpedo planes knifed through the screen. One of them muffed a sitting duck shot by a matter of yards. The other planes, possibly because they believed the *Hornet* a gone gosling, headed out of the screen and made for the *Enterprise*, Admiral Kincaid's second carrier.

Damage control aboard the *Hornet* became a matter of muscle and indomitable will. Executive Officer Captain Appolo Soucek worked with the crew to manhandle the anchor chain and cable. By 1400 hours, fire no longer menaced the ship.

The wounded went over the high-line to a waiting destroyer. Repair parties had the generators turning over by 1530. One turbine was about to spin when the Japs came in for one last run with torpedo planes and dive-bombers. They were through in a hurry, and when they left there was nothing to do but abandon ship. Raked with bombs and listing from at least one more torpedo hit, the *Hornet* was done for and the crew was ordered to hit the boats. By 1700 all but 129 men of the ship's complement of 2,900 were aboard other craft.

After ten hours of constant attack, the valiant *Hornet* was a listing, burning hulk. But she was still afloat. Two U. S. destroyers came in close to deliver the *coup de grace*. They pumped 300 rounds and 12 torpedoes into The Fighting Lady's hull before she went down.

At that, it was more than the Japs had been able to accomplish. Perhaps it was prophetic that as the *Hornet* slid beneath the surface and settled for her long, canting plunge to the bottom, the day faded and the Pacific sun went down.

The passing of that *Hornet*, seventh of her line, was sad news mitigated by only one heartening fact. Squadron Commander Gus Widhelm, rescued from the drink after his bomber was shot down over target, sent the news by radio to Admiral Mason.

"Scratch two Jap flattops," Gus told his rescuers. "You should have seen those Zeros hit the water when they came back home. Our boys worked hard. There weren't any broodhens for the chicks to come back to."

When the official score was tallied, the fight off the Santa Cruz Islands put two Jap carriers out of action, damaged two battleships and four cruisers, and sank two destroyers. The brave death of the *Hornet* had far-reaching consequences. On Guadalcanal, Henderson Field remained in Amer-

ican hands, and the Imperial Fleet retreated north, never again to risk its carriers in South Pacific battle.

There was an eighth *Hornet* on the high seas within 10 months of the day number seven sank beneath the Southern Pacific swells. She took terrible and telling revenge on the enemy in the closing years of the war, proving herself to be a worthy heiress to a noble name.

In the fall of 1944, the war was drawing to a close, but the Jap fleet was still to be routed and crushed. Admiral Halsey had yet to carry through the great strikes on Leyte Gulf, Manila Bay and Luzon. What has been called "The most decisive campaign in American naval history" was not yet won.

October 26, 1944, was heralded aboard the *Hornet* number eight by two provocative specimens of wartime literature. The first was the official "plan of the day," duly entered into the log. The second was a piece of doggerel composed by some anonymous poet in the Chief Petty Officer's Mess.

"Today will be a field day," the official log reads. "Air department, dust off all overheads, removing any snoopers which may be adrift, and sweeping all corners of the Philippines, sending incineration or throwing over the side (first punching holes in bottom) any Nip cans, AP's or AK's still on topside. Gunnery department will assist as necessary. Engineering, continue to pour on the coal. Medical, stand by with heat-rash lotion. Damage Control, observe holiday routine."

The verse is in like character:
"Fill the bomb-bays. Take on ammo.
Hornet-men, these are our plans—
We will steam to Jocko-Jima
Where Jap maidens ply their fans.
First we'll pulverize their cruisers,
Then we'll perforate their cans."

Morale ran high aboard the *Hornet* on that last day of the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea. The Fighting Lady had raced 605.2 miles in 24 hours in order to reach her station off the southeast coast of Samar. She was there when a steel-shod prong of the triple-headed Imperial Fleet tried to sneak through the slot on its way to Leyte Gulf.

The Nips had tasted blood. Seven U. S. ships of a small carrier force built around the *Princeton* had been put out of action on the punch to Leyte. Only the *Hornet* stood in the way of a drive to relieve the besieged Jap garrison ashore. The ensuing battle was one of the most furious in the history of the *Hornet*.

While the heavy Jap guns hurled box-cars of explosives to bracket the *Hornet*, the carrier's Helldivers leveled off and streaked over the flotilla in the Slot, wrecking terrible havoc among the desperately maneuvering surface craft. A *Kaga* class

carrier launched a swarm of *Kamikazes* which fell before the *Hornet's* guns like swatted flies.

A dauntless dive-bomber plunged through a screen of flak to drop its full load on the Nips carrier's flight deck. The *Kaga* blossomed like a flame-colored chrysanthemum and began to settle in a steep list to port. A heavy Jap cruiser rushed in to stand alongside of the crippled carrier, but the *Hornet's* skip-bombers sent her reeling away with a shattered stern. Overhead, Jap planes which had escaped the *Hornet's* fighters circled in a vain attempt to land on the smashed carrier. They made precarious passes, wheeled and returned. Then, like weary birds, they began to drop into the sea.

Aboard the *Hornet*, the gun crews worked like goaded toilers in King Solomon's Mines. They poured on the heat and established a ship's record for rounds fired in a single six-hour period. The *Hornet* maneuvered out of the way of suicidal Japanese attacks like a whirling ballet dancer. She seemed to be wearing a screen of invincibility which left her unscathed while her adversaries plowed curved wakes and foundered into watery graves.

Despite strike after strike, until the end of the war the *Hornet* number eight wore her aura of invincibility like a jaunty cloak.

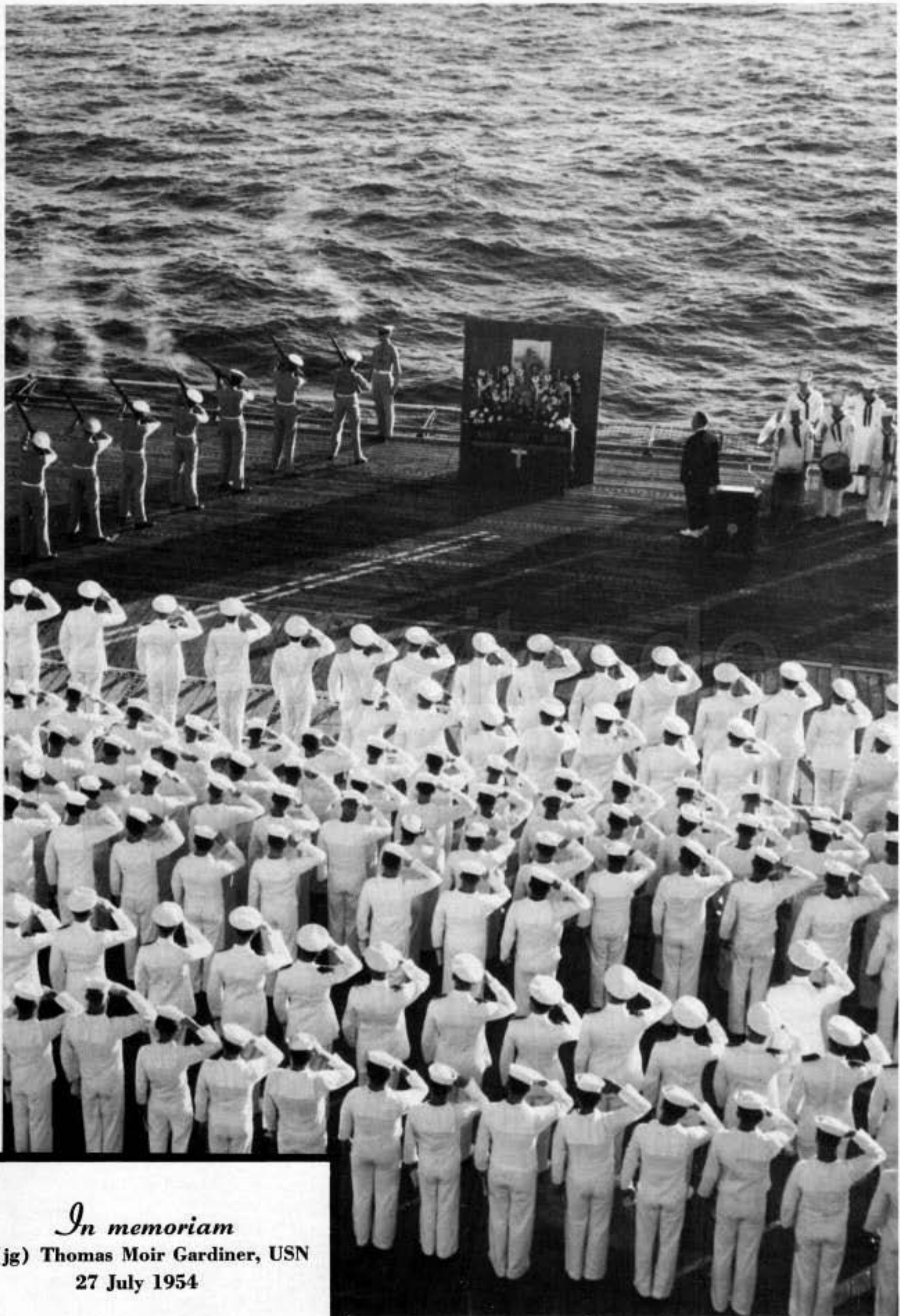
After serving as a troop transport in the great Homeward Bound operation of 1946, the famous Fighting Lady was consigned to "mothballs." But the old girl wasn't destined to remain in storage overly long. Recently converted in an up-to-date fashion that made her a bit too broad in the beam to be accommodated by the Panama Canal, she was recommissioned in September, 1953, and ordered to report back to duty with the Pacific Fleet.

Before setting out on a world cruise that would take her to her new duty station, she went through the previously mentioned maneuvers off the Atlantic Coast.

The revamped *Hornet* has a new deck-edge elevator and a buttressed flight deck measuring 151 feet by 880. Generating 150,000 horsepower, she is in the over-30-knot class, and with a full load displaces 32,000 tons with a 29-foot draft. She stands a towering 190 feet above the waterline. Her normal complement is 2,700 men, 210 officers, and 80 planes. She is armed with eight single five-thirty-eights and 28 rapid-fire three-fifties. There are a few other weapons, besides, but we can't talk about them here.

Right now, the *Hornet* is flying jets—F9F5 Panthers, F9F6 Cougars, and F2H3 Banshees. She also carries a normal contingent of prop-powered AD's.

But most of all she carries a good American crew, a flaming pride rooted in a great tradition, and a name that will live as long as there is a United States Navy.



In memoriam
LT(jg) Thomas Moir Gardiner, USN
27 July 1954