

THE HAVEN STORY

FORWARD

We'd like to tell you a story . . . the story of our cruise on the HAVEN. But first, a little about the ship herself.

Our ship was built originally for the Maritime Commission as a C-4 type vessel. In 1944, however, the Navy took her over and converted her into a hospital ship. She was commissioned on 5 May, 1945, and joined the fleet on 16 June, 1945. Here she began to fulfill her purpose.

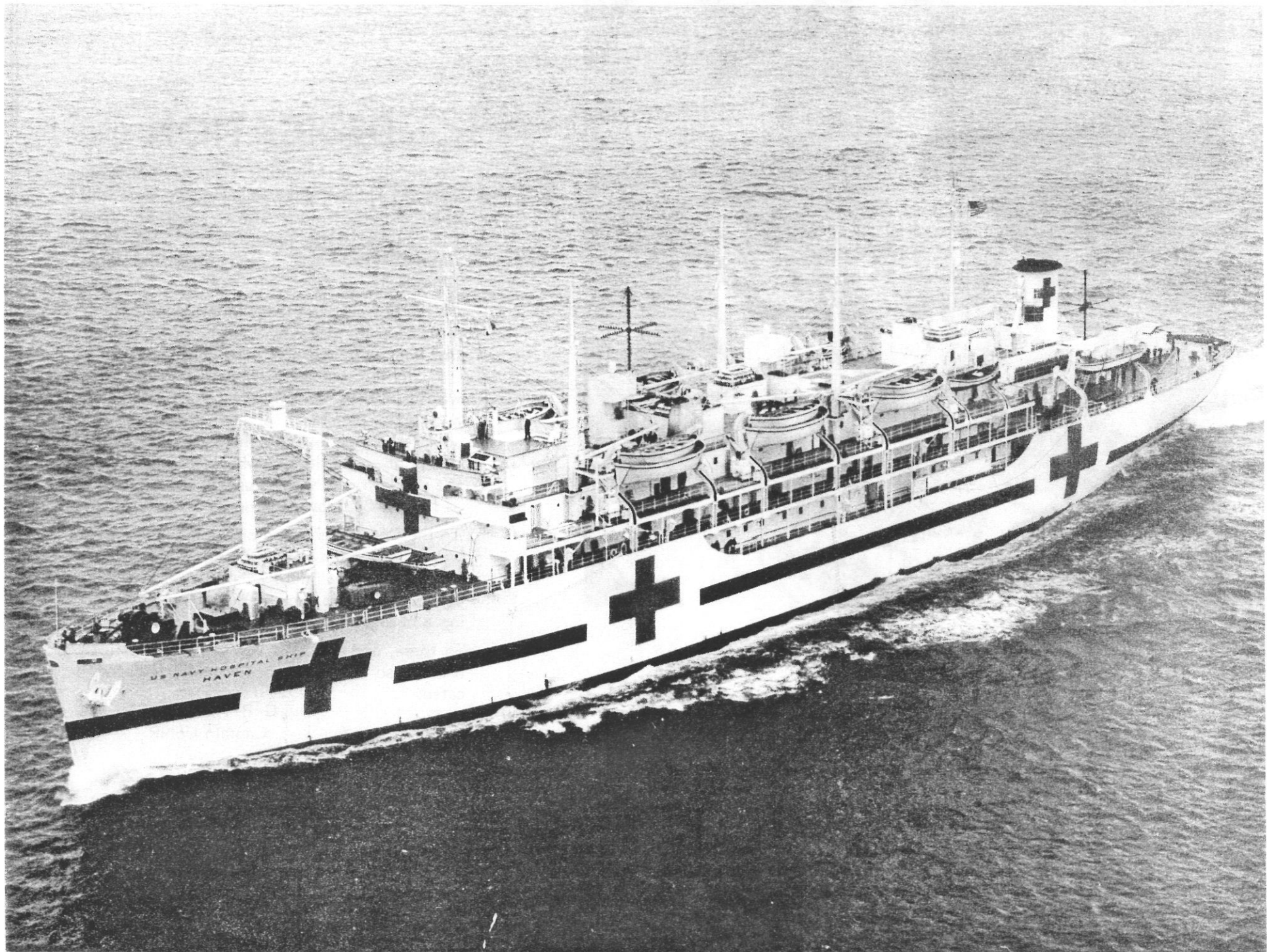
One of her first duties was that of transporting some 691 neuropsychiatric and tubercular patients from Pearl Harbor to the continental United States. She was kept quite busy in those closing days of World War II, and she was seen at Ulithi, Okinawa, and many other places. During a great part of that year she was employed processing, hospitalizing, and transporting some 10,000 ex-prisoners of war from prison camps on Kyushu.

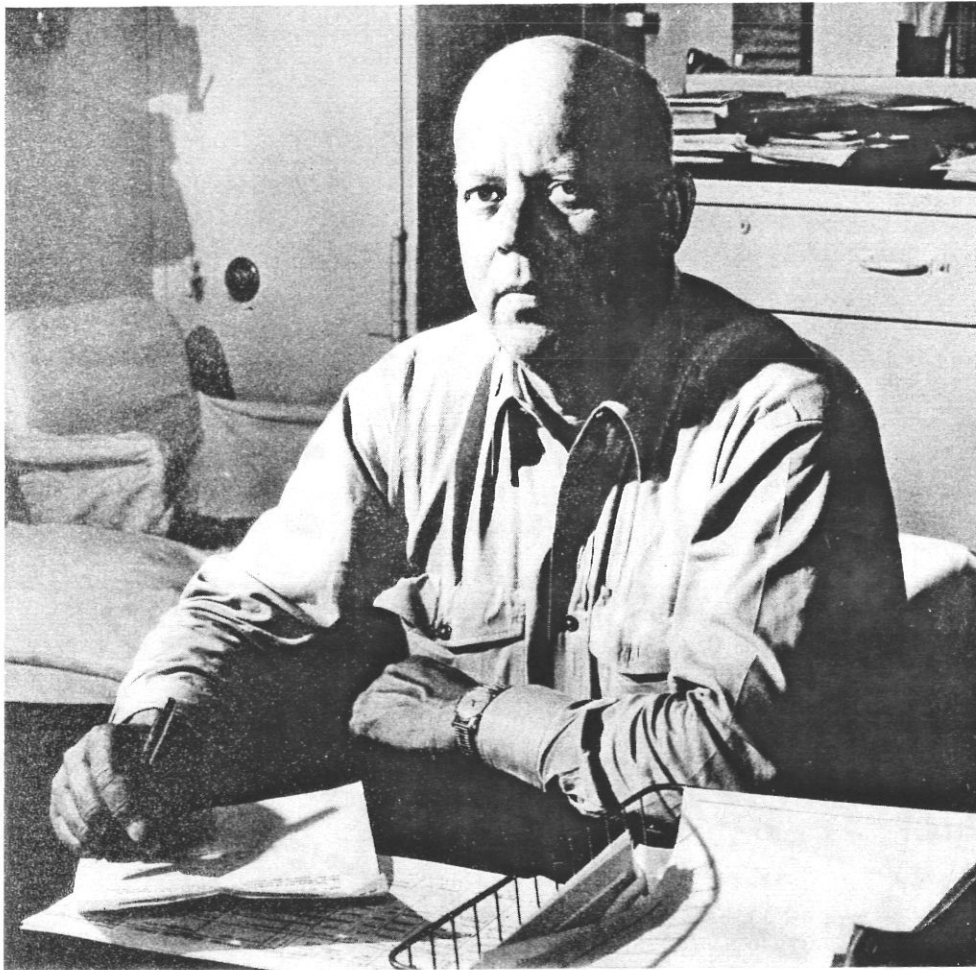
Later, in 1946, she played her part in "Operation Crossroads," serving as a hospital for personnel attached to Task Force One, and performing the functions of a laboratory and experimental station.

Then, on 1 July, 1947, she was escorted to San Diego, California, where she was placed in an inactive status. She stayed in mothballs until she was called again to service and recommissioned on 15 September, 1950, replacing her ill-fated sister-ship, the USNS BENEVOLENCE (TAH-13).

Departing the continental limits of the United States, and having been assigned to The Commander, Naval Forces, Far East, the HAVEN arrived at Inchon, Korea, on 18 October, 1950, and began her duties in conjunction with United Nations forces engaged there. She built up an impressive record during her stay in the Korean area, and on 30 October, 1951, steamed into San Francisco Bay for a well-earned rest.

For most of us, this was the beginning of our life with the HAVEN. We were together for nearly a year, in Pusan, Inchon, and Japan. And this is the story we'd like you to hear, by the people and the ship who lived it.





CYRIL B. HAMBLETT
Captain USNR
Commanding Officer
9-17-51

DEDICATION

To the men and women of the USS HAVEN (AH-12) who wrote the following chapters with their smiles, frowns, sweat, laughter. With their hopes, skills, unselfishness. With their despair and courage . . . and curses, and sometimes tears . . .

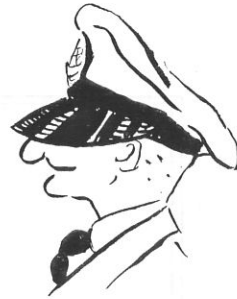
To the guy carrying that "umpteenth" case of lettuce up the gangway. To the guy handling the lines with red and often blistered hands . . . to the woman in grey pin-stripes who wearily walked the passageways checking on a serious patient. To the corpsman who squinted to see a thermometer reading in the dim light . . . to the guy who, sleepy-eyed, felt the shock of cold water sloshing about his feet as he swabbed down the decks at 6 A.M. . . .

To the Doctor lighting a cigarette with trembling fingers after standing long hours operating. To the man intently listening to the dot, dot, dash of a message, and to the man standing a boring and routine deck watch . . .

To these, and to many, many more who contributed so much, this book is sincerely dedicated.

C. B. HAMBLETT
Captain USNR

U.S.S. HAVEN (AH-12)
1951 - 1952



We are the people of the HAVEN!

We're from New York, Wisconsin, Alabama, Washington, Florida, Wyoming, New Mexico, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Texas, California, and of course, from the "best state," our own.

We're doctors, lawyers, merchants, tinkers, tailors, mechanics, cooks, bakers, nurses, students, farmers, miners, foundrymen, carpenters, painters, plumbers, salesmen, insurance men, remittance men, policemen, firemen, confidence men, and almost anything else you can think of.

We're Navy . . . regulars, careerists, single hitch men, Reserves extended involuntarily, ditto voluntarily (!), Reserves who've volunteered for active duty, and "retreads," called back for more service. But one and all, we're Navy.

We're the kind of a crowd you'll see anywhere in America. Some are tall, some short, or fat, or thin, dark, light, ruddy, sallow, swarthy, blond, brunette, red-headed, with blue eyes, brown eyes, or grey ones, green ones. We're handsome, homely, happy, sad, old, young, and in-between.

But wherever we've been, who we were, whatever we are or hope to be, we're every one of us here for one thing: we have a job to do.





J. R. WEISSER
Captain MC USN
Officer in Command,
U. S. Naval Hospital
7-28-52

A. ZIKMUND
Captain MC USN
Officer in Command (Acting)
3-30-52—7-28-52
U. S. Naval Hospital
Chief of Medicine
11-13-51

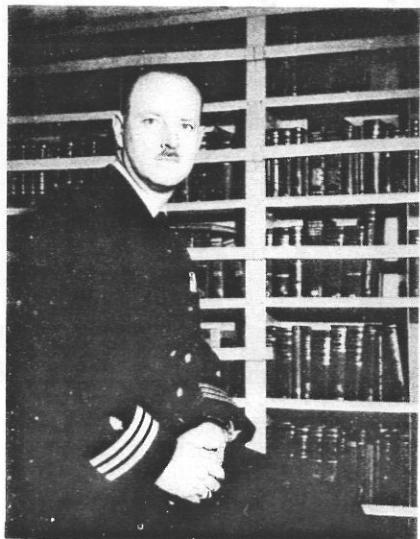


E. P. HARRIS
Captain MC USN
Chief of Professional Services
Chief of E.E.N.T.
U. S. Naval Hospital
7-1-52





E. F. FOSTER
CDR USNR
Executive Officer
7-9-52



J. C. LUCE
CDR MC USN
Chief of Surgery
5-30-52

R. W. OHL
CDR DC USN
Chief of Dental Services
8-28-52



B. E. LEONARD
LCDR USN
Engineering Officer
9-6-51





E. HARRINGTON
Lt. NC USN
Chief Nurse
U. S. Naval Hospital
1-2-52



G. W. BONNETTE
CDR DC USN
Chief of Dental Services
10-30-51—8-29-52



P. G. KROLL
CDR MC USN
Chief of Surgery
10-4-51



F. L. WESTBROOK
LCDR MSC USN
Administrative Officer
4-5-51



FIRST ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Lt. Seiff, S. S., Lt. Higgins, R. E., Lcdr. Bacon, J. C., Cdr. Cunningham, J. K., Cdr. Ohl, R. W., Capt. Harris, E. P., Capt. Weisser, J. R., Capt. Zikmund, A., Cdr. Luce, J. C., Cdr. Kroll, P. G., Lcdr. Westbrook, F. L., Lcdr. Hyatt, G. W., Lt. Schmoyer, M. R., Lt. Pearson, M. C.
 SECOND ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Lt. Le Masurier, R. S., Lt. Jones, K. P., Lt. Lewis, G. B., Lt. Courie, G. A., Lt.(jg) O'Dell, F. C., Lt. Hull, R. B., Lt.(jg) Stern, J., Lt. Crenshaw, W. B., Lt. Brennen, R. G.
 BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Lt. Boyd, G. R., Lt. Peters, J. R., Ens. Summerour, R. J., Ens. Edwards, B. M., Lt. Schachne, L., Lt. O'Regan, J. D., Lt.(jg) Collins, W. V., Lt. Locher, W. S., CWO Amick, L. E., CWO Shick, C. D.

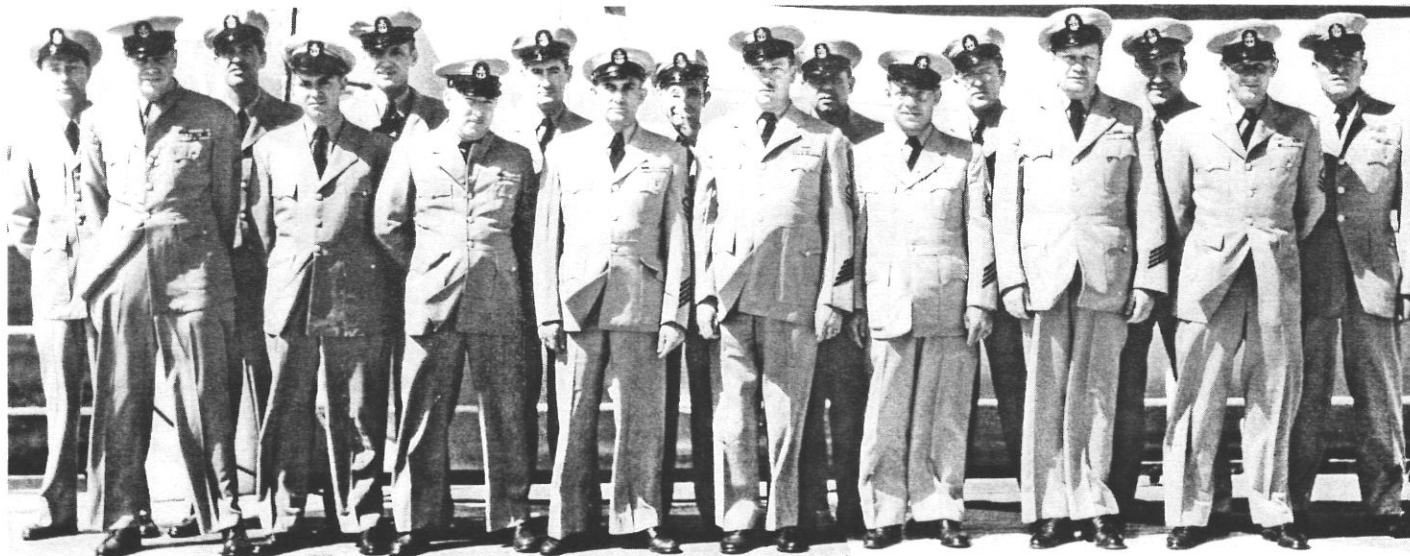
Our group ↓



FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Lt.(jg) Christ, G. A., Lt.(jg) Stary, A., Lt.(jg) Laisure, P., Lt. Ostrowski, L., Lt.(jg) Cleary, V., Lt. Harrington, E., Lt. Nelson, P., Lt.(jg) Revis, M. J., Lt. O'Connor, M., Lt. Carter, M., Lt.(jg) Brown, V.
 SECOND ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Lt. Anderson, J., Lt. Giem, L., Lt.(jg) Christensen, K., Lt.(jg) Howard, M., Lt.(jg) Crosby, N., Lt.(jg) Clarke, T., Lt. Kolbusz, S., Lt. Pelletier, M., Lt.(jg) Daly, V. A., Lt. Scannell, C.



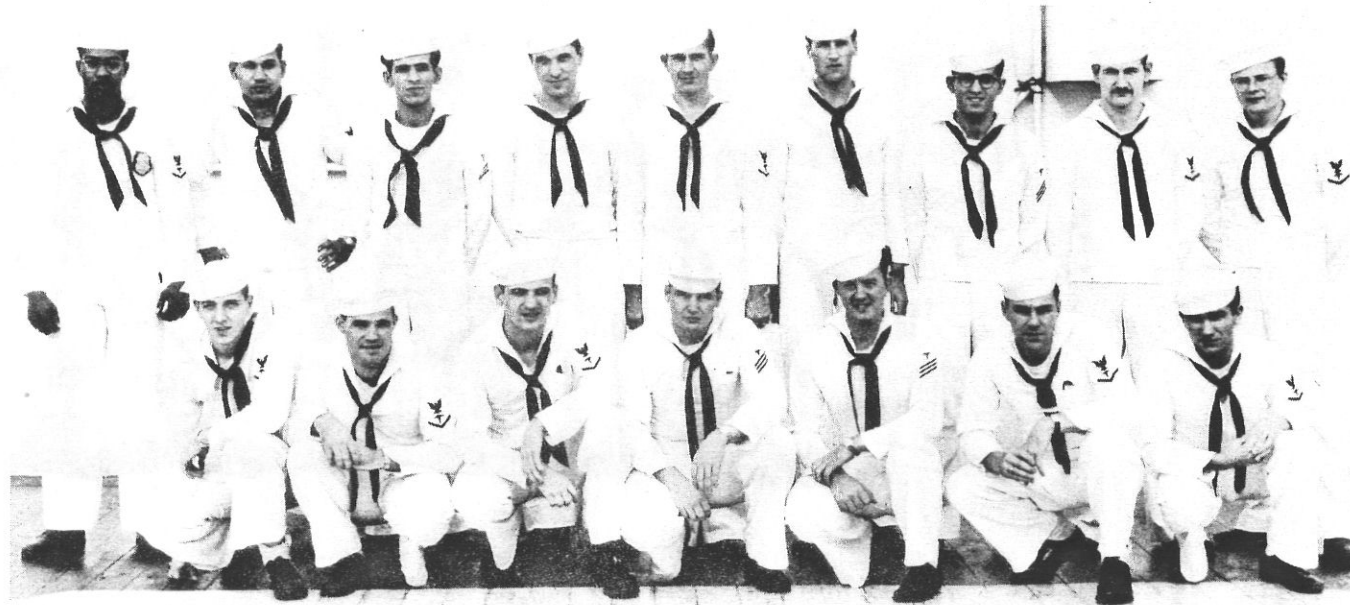
FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Lt. Dippel, J. A., Lt. Quayle, T. J., Lt. Bauman, C., LCDR. Klass, F. J., LCDR. Leonard, B. E., LCDR. Howard, E. R., Lt. Carroll, P. H., Lt. Horning, V. R., Lt.(jg) Glennon, R. F.
 BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Lt.(jg) Siegel, H. E., Ens. Poimboeuf, C. E., Lt.(jg) Lujin, L. L., Ens. Durham, R. E., Ens. Martin, R. D., Ens. Pattillo, Jr., A. F., CHELEC. Efaw, F. S., CHPCLK. Dvorak, V. F., MACH. Messina, S. J.



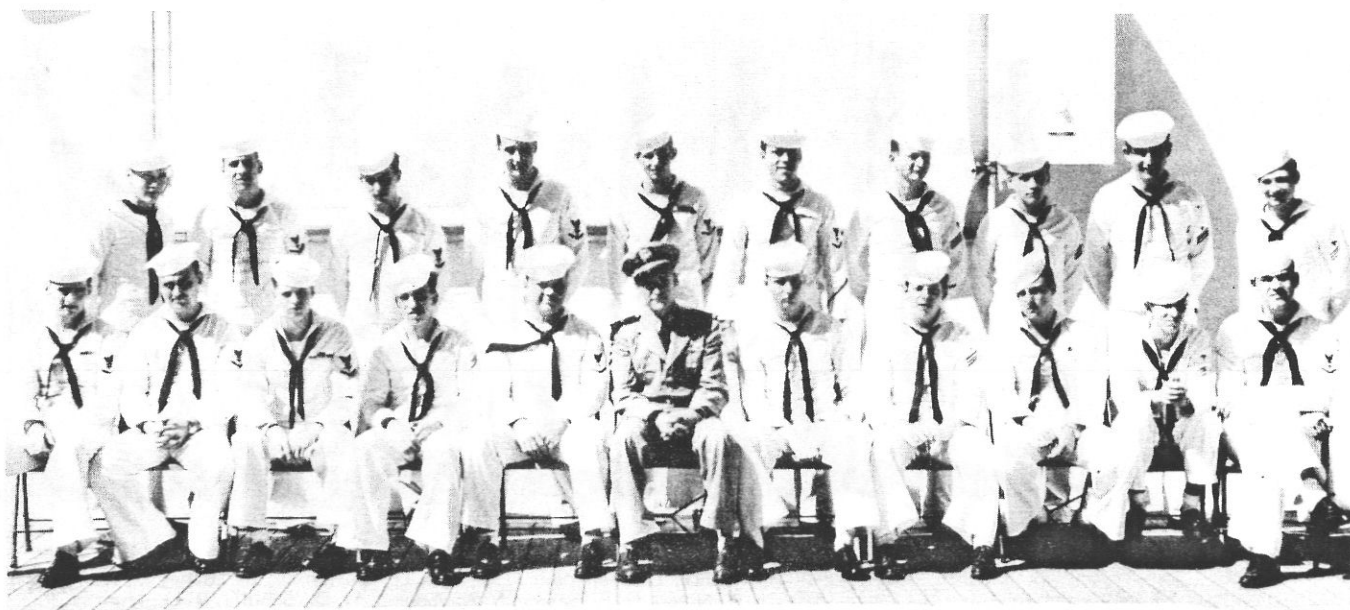
FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Stetson, J. P., Gran, W., Shearer, G., Cary, J. D., Bell, G. V., Gilton, O. G., McLean, J., McWhorter, J. G.
 BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Paddock, K. M., Lovinggood, G. O., Rapp, J. C., O'Connell, J. E., Avey, H. C., Jacobs, C. C., Neel, J. L., Fairchild, H. D., Mack, R. H.



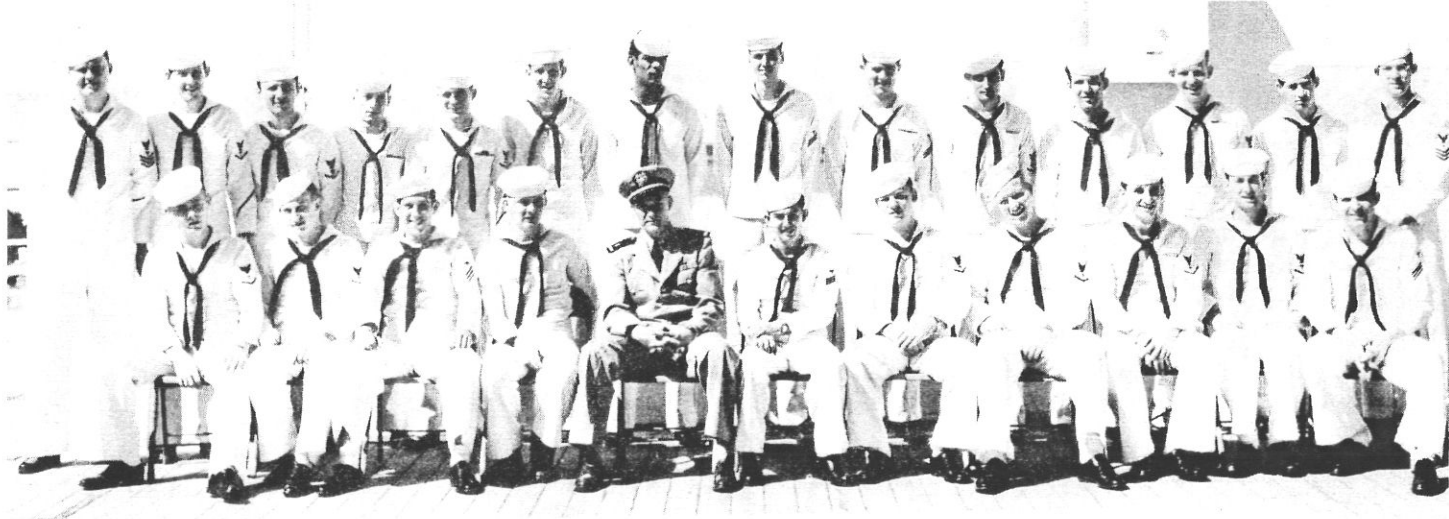
Hospital, M.A.A.



FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: McMahon, R. P., Morris, J. E., Dewald, R. J., Knapp, A. J., Cox, S. T.,
Murphy, L. P., Hogan, R. H.
BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Sloan, F. D., Morris, R. R., Gennello, D. L., Parker, P. J., Clements, T. J., Zauner,
C. W., Leckie, M. G., Harber, B. M., Townsend, R. G.

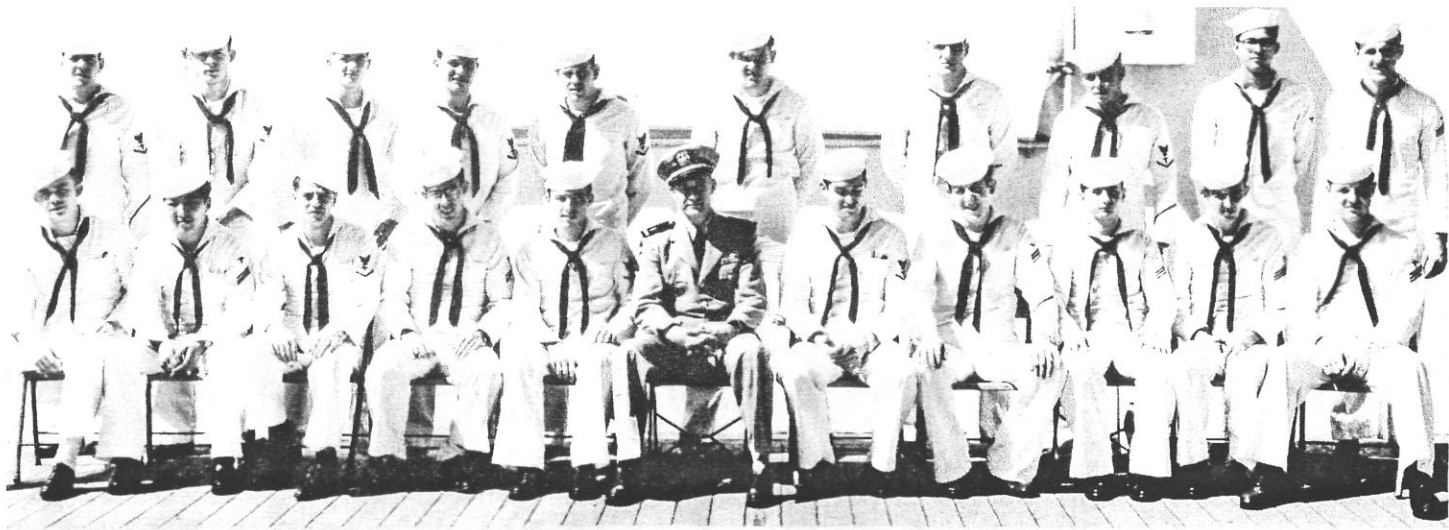


FIRST ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Brown, M. R., Johnson, J. R., Scherler, J. W., Handeland, D. K., Ormsby, W. T.,
Edwards, B. M., Wells, W. W., Soule, J. E., Pearson, M. R., Ambacher, C. J., Makus, C. P.
SECOND ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: McMullen, R. C., Gruenberg, M. J., Taylor, L. C., Kennerly, W. L., Brown,
R. H., Lotz, W. E., Crane, T. E., Record, G. E., Salovitch, R. M., Krump, W. W.



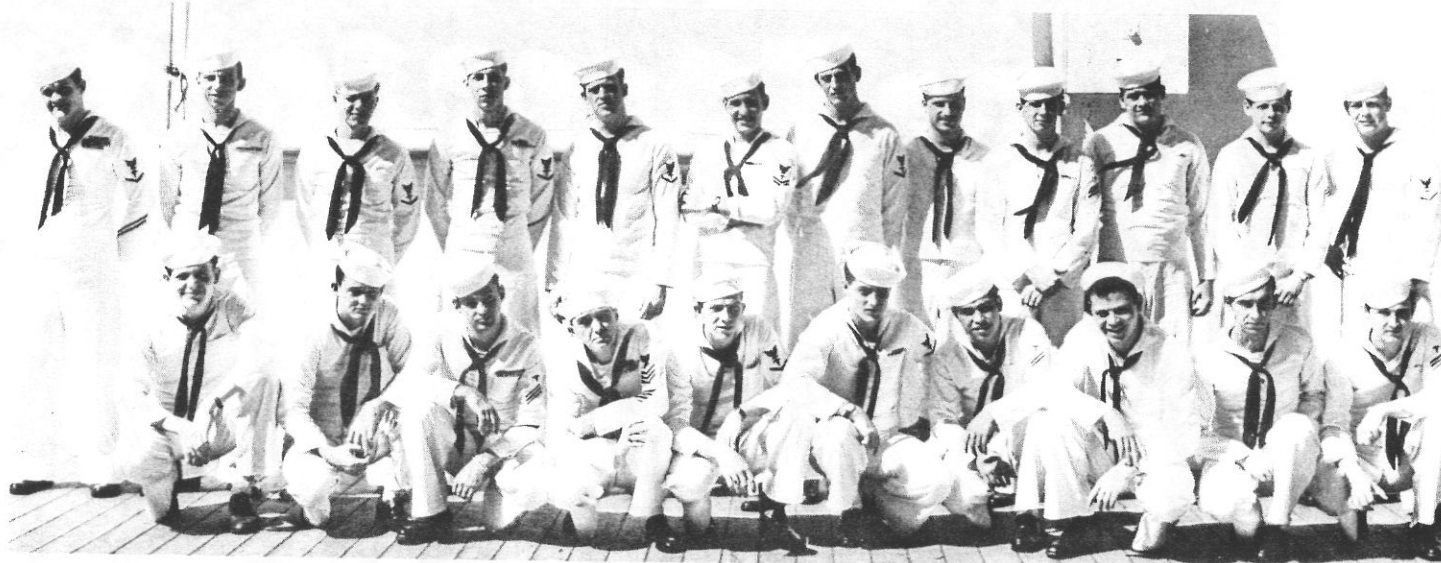
FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Bak, R. A., Classen, H. "C", Carpenter, J. K., Mikesell, K. A., Ens. B. M. Edwards, Hoch, O. G., Komay, A., Britton, J. N., Hurley, C. B., Caldwell, L. H., Corbett, H. W.

BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Surman, R. B., Devol, C. E., Lawrence, R. J., Coffland, L. E., Hale, R. D., Wintz, P. R., Antoinett, S., Swenson, H. J., Frohning, D. E., Norton, B. D., Millimet, S. S., Hoodlet, C. M., Casale, S. J., Tanner, B. J.



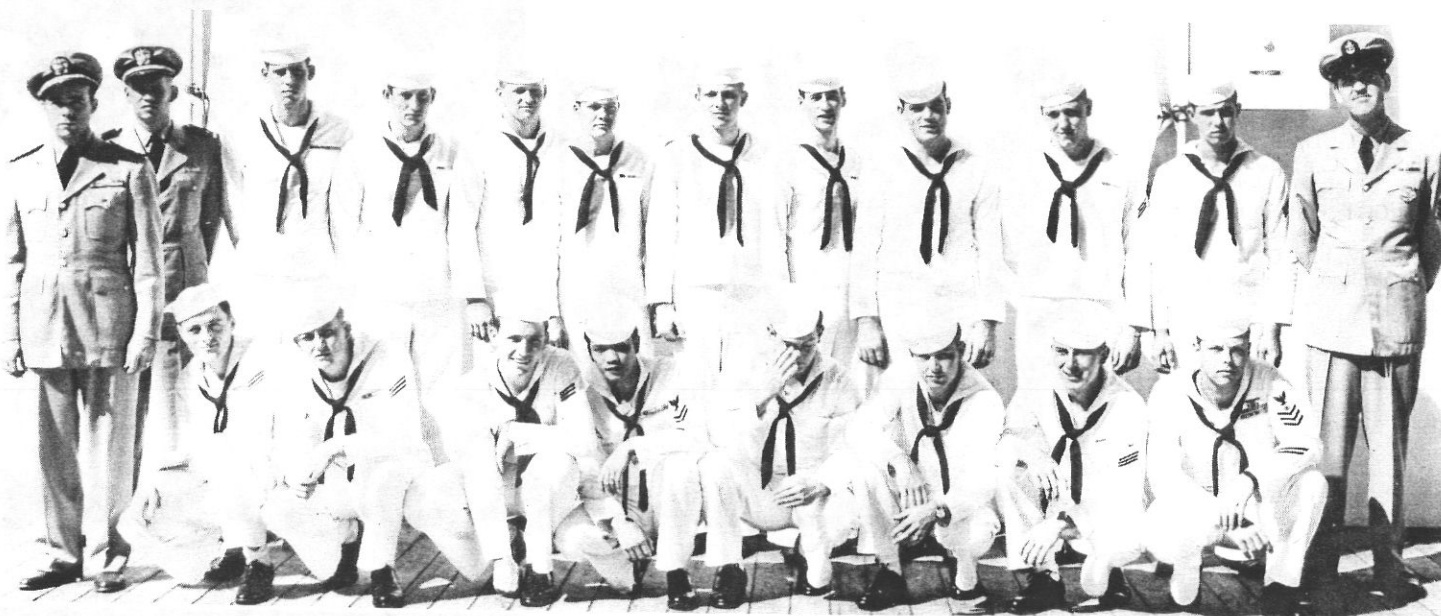
FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Leatherwood, J. H., Lee, D., Button, T. L., Cooney, J. R., Pearson, K. E., Ens. B. M. Edwards, Nixon, G. E., Searcy, S. A., Gobbel, H. D., Schultz, R. D., Hunt, J. F.

BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Panzella, W. A., Brown, R. E., Skiles, D. N., Stottlemeyer, H., Allman, R. M., Rothwell, "J" "C", Thomas, P. A., Fuller, J. J., Jolley, J. D., Crofton, W. F.



FIRST ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Brown, C. A., Pack, P., Ludden, R. A., O'Simmons, C. C., West, J. C., Masar, P. A., Leyba, F., Arundel, L., McKinnon, G. A., Petersen, B. J.

SECOND ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Coulson, C. R., Thomas, C. A., Lawton, H. T., Rieger, N., Lakeman, R. J., Schodl, J. G., Norris, F. F., Keating, R. E., Ater, L. E., Whitrock, L. K., Henry, W. H., Day, J. W.



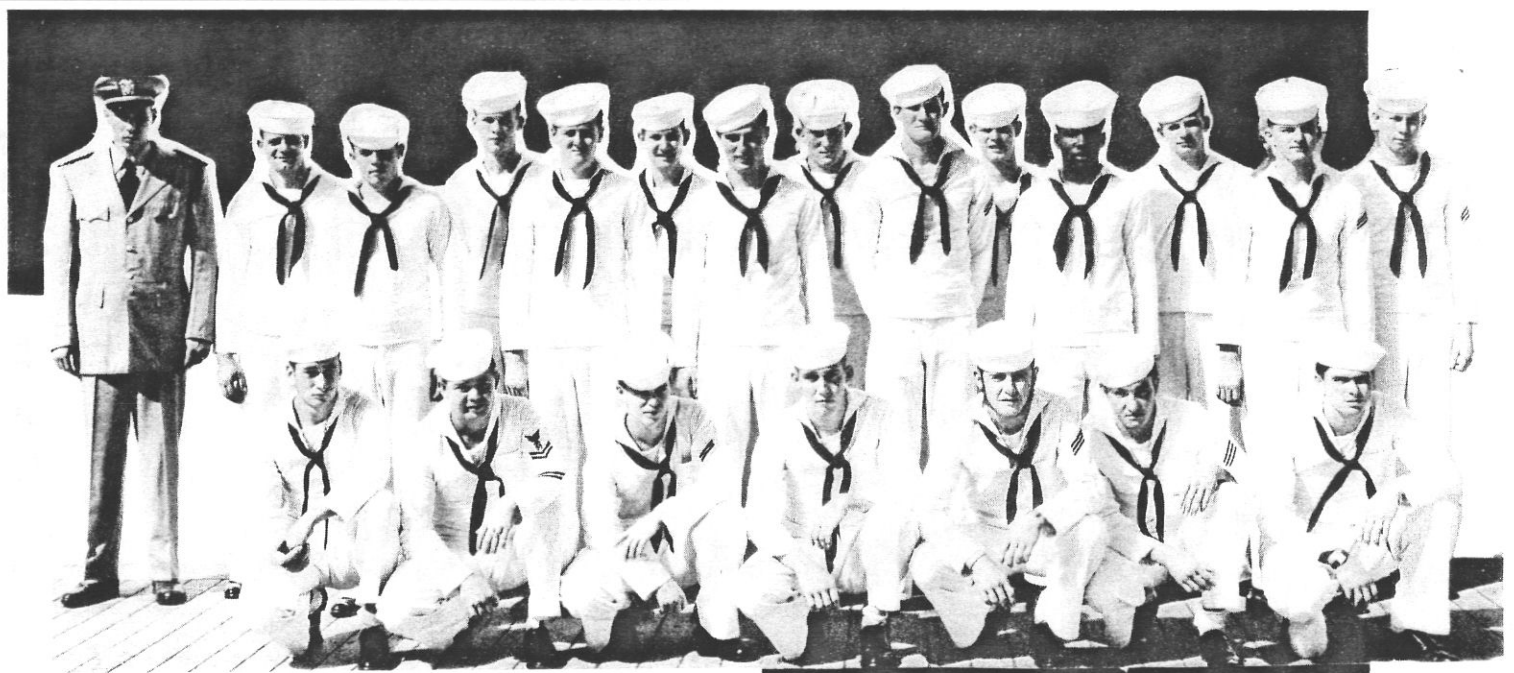
FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Lane, M. J., Mariolle, R. A., Kah, C. F., Quinto, A., Fortenberry, H. R., Jones, L. V., Dourson, L. F., Scheid, J. H.

BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Lt. P. H. Carroll, Ens. R. E. Durham, Ireland, R. A., Root, R. F., Stanfield, H. C., Steele, J. R., Duncan, J. R., Scott, H. H., Taylor, J. A., Westlake, D. S., McHugh, J. L., Lovinggood, G. O.

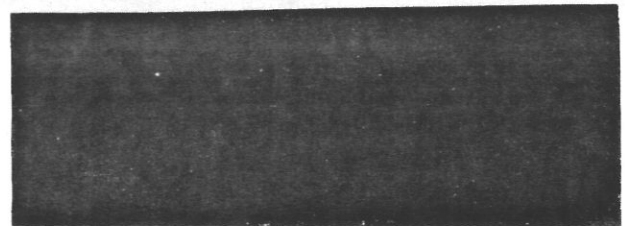
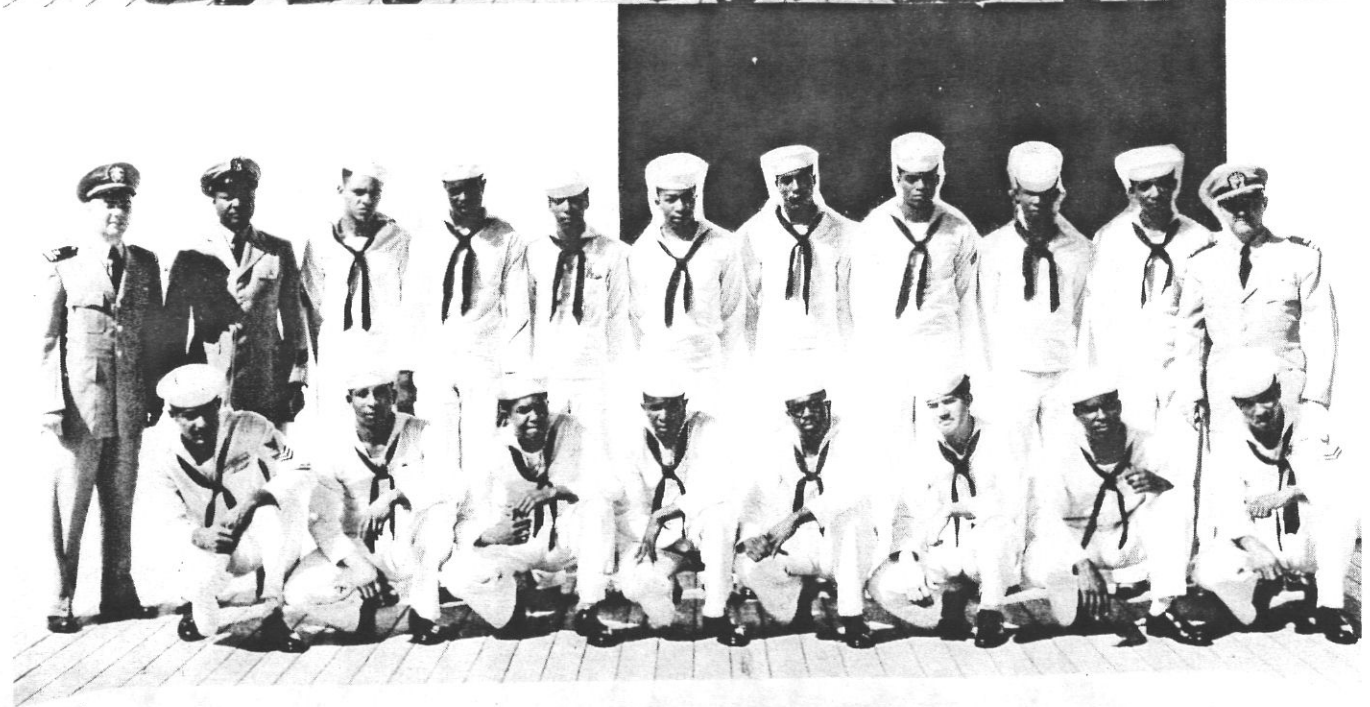
FRONT ROW — LEFT TO RIGHT: Logan, H. A., Gray, E. K., Otis, E. E., Davis, H. G., Harris, E. D., Arceneaux, D. L., Dyer, R. H.

MIDDLE ROW — LEFT TO RIGHT: Fortner, E. E., Runyan, R. E., Giles, J. R., Finnegan, J. R., Yuman, L., Matthews, T. G.

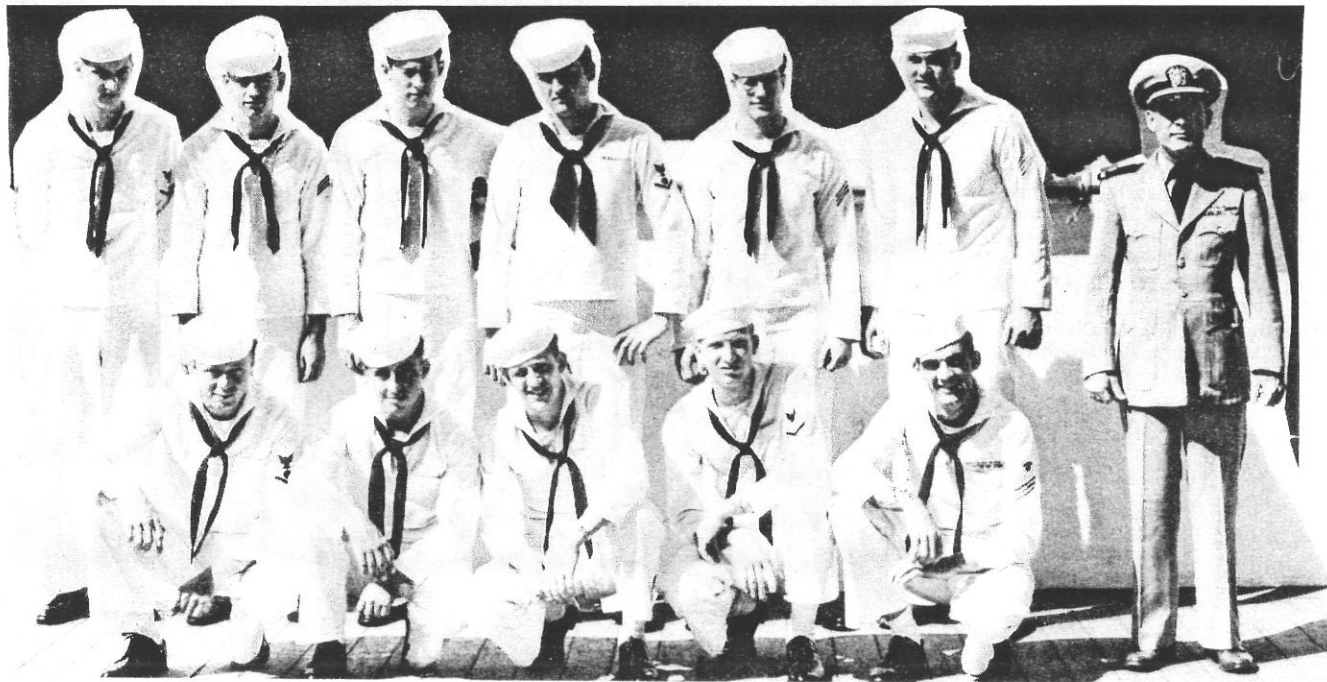
BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Ens. R. D. Martin, Brustoski, M., Olson, G. A., Rosine, W. R., Powell, J. B., Saenger, R. S., Arrant, G. G., Lee, J. M.



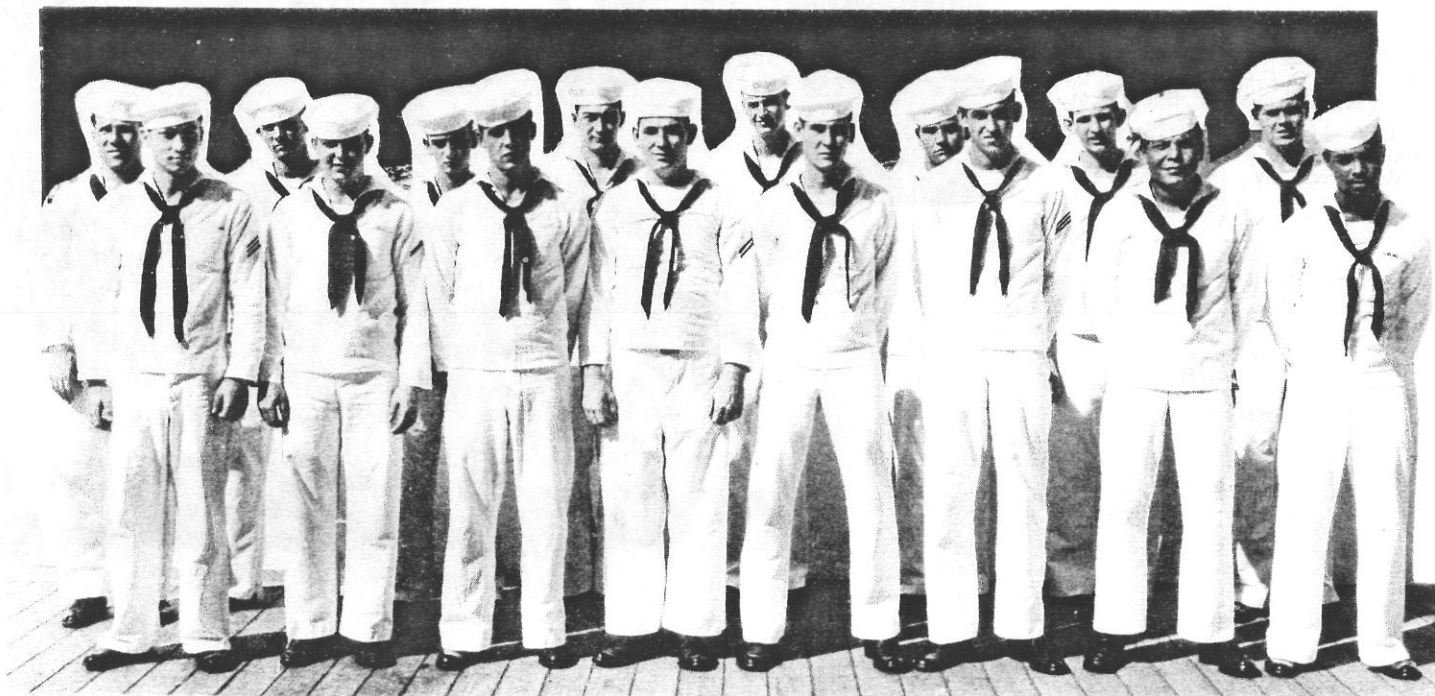
FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Davis, J., Wright, M., Brown, A., Thomas, L., Stewart, H. Jr., Auzenne, R., Flowers, J., Singleton, H. R.
 SECOND ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Lt.(jg) H. E. Siegel, Green, M., Davis, T. F., Swinger, H. J., Brooks, R. W., Collins, J. H., Mathis, C. O., Williams, J. E., Harris, A. B., Walton, L., Baumann, C.



FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Bacot, W.,
 Kash, A. L., Moeller, D., Ingram, R. E.,
 Gresham, J., CHELEC F. S. Efaw.
 BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Hendricks,
 J., Dotson, L. E., Powell, H. R., Ryan, E.
 G., Evans, A., Tyler, V. K.

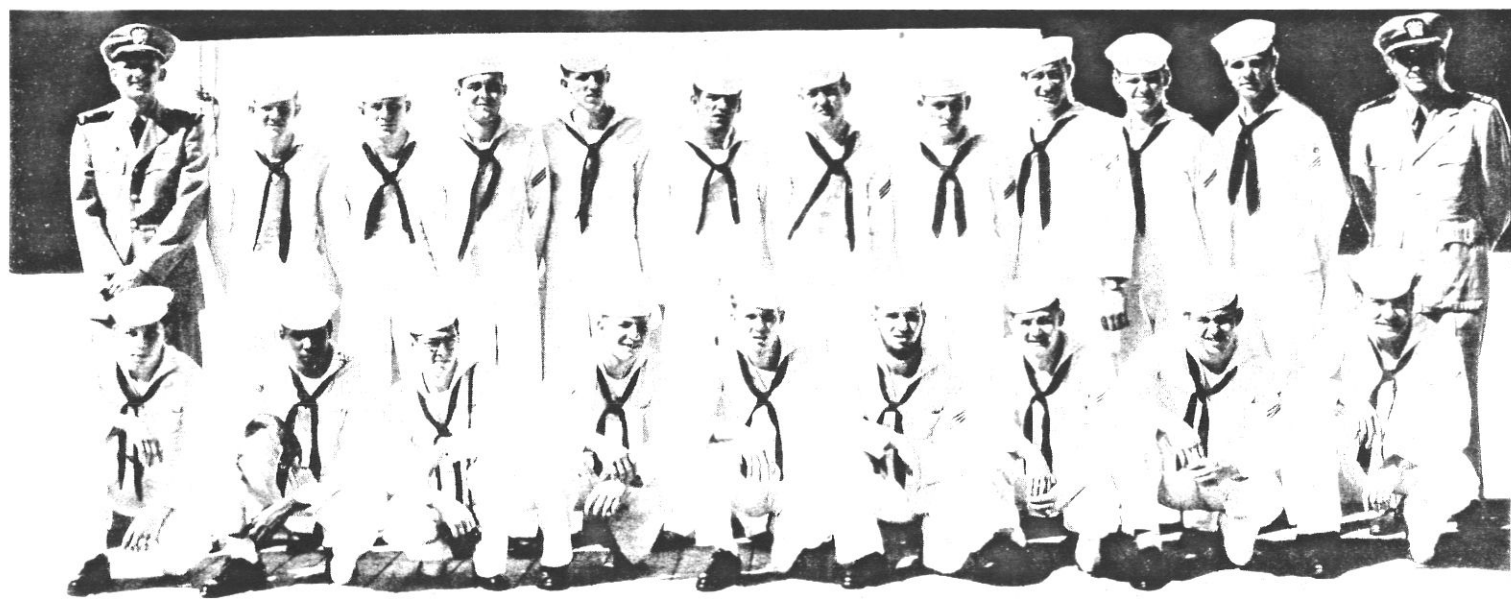


FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Oil-
 and, D. C., Stevens, B. G., Stanger,
 C. O., Rhoden, T. H., Stofa, B. J.,
 Stofa, L. (n), Hoffman, A. F., Larry, L.
 BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Tol-
 bert, J. T., Hinkle, E. W., Tharp, W.
 N., Kelley, C. D., Harvey, C. R.,
 Simon, C. (n), Rogers, F. A., Halley,
 T. J.



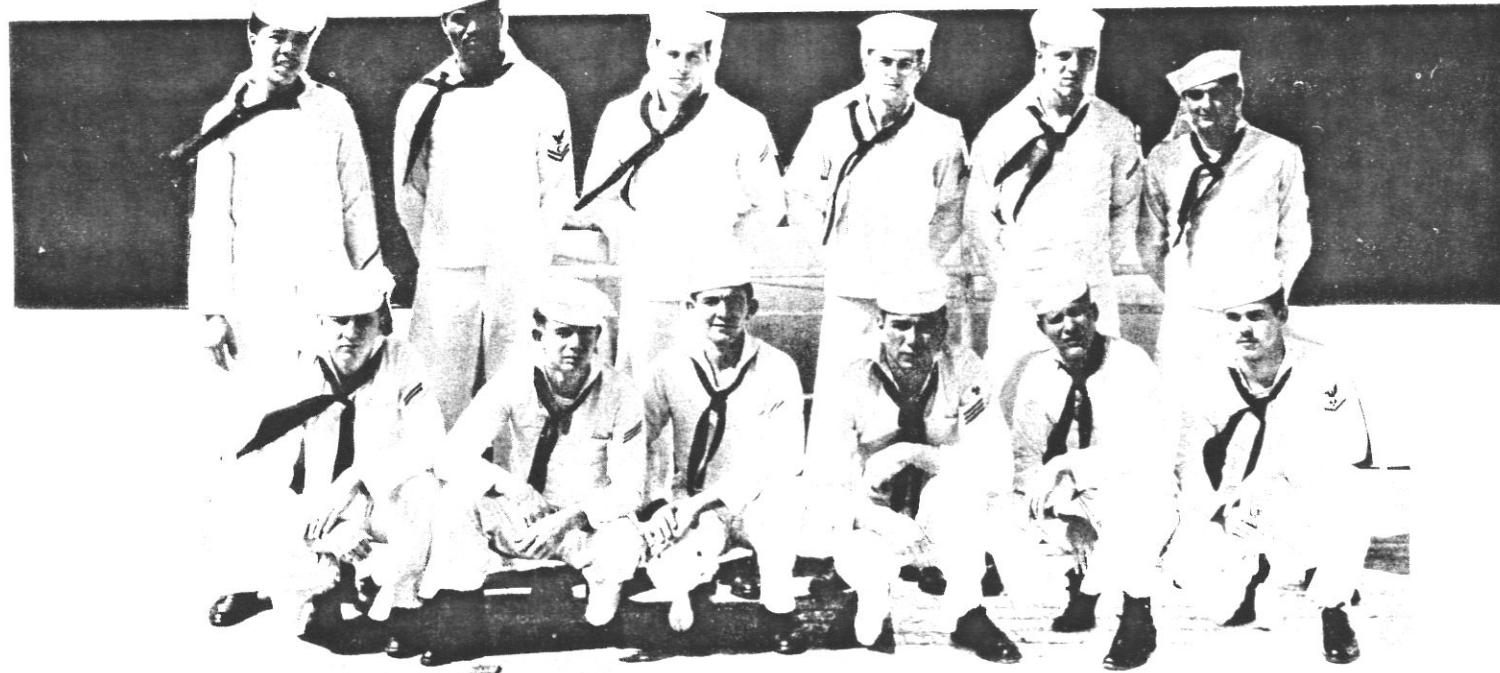
TOP ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Ens. F. S. Pattillo, Clark, E. E., Grimes, B., Huffman, D. S., Harris, E. D., Lance, R. D., Jones, J. L., Boyd, R. A., Miller, J. F., Ray, R. E., Keller, G. E., Llewellyn, L. W.

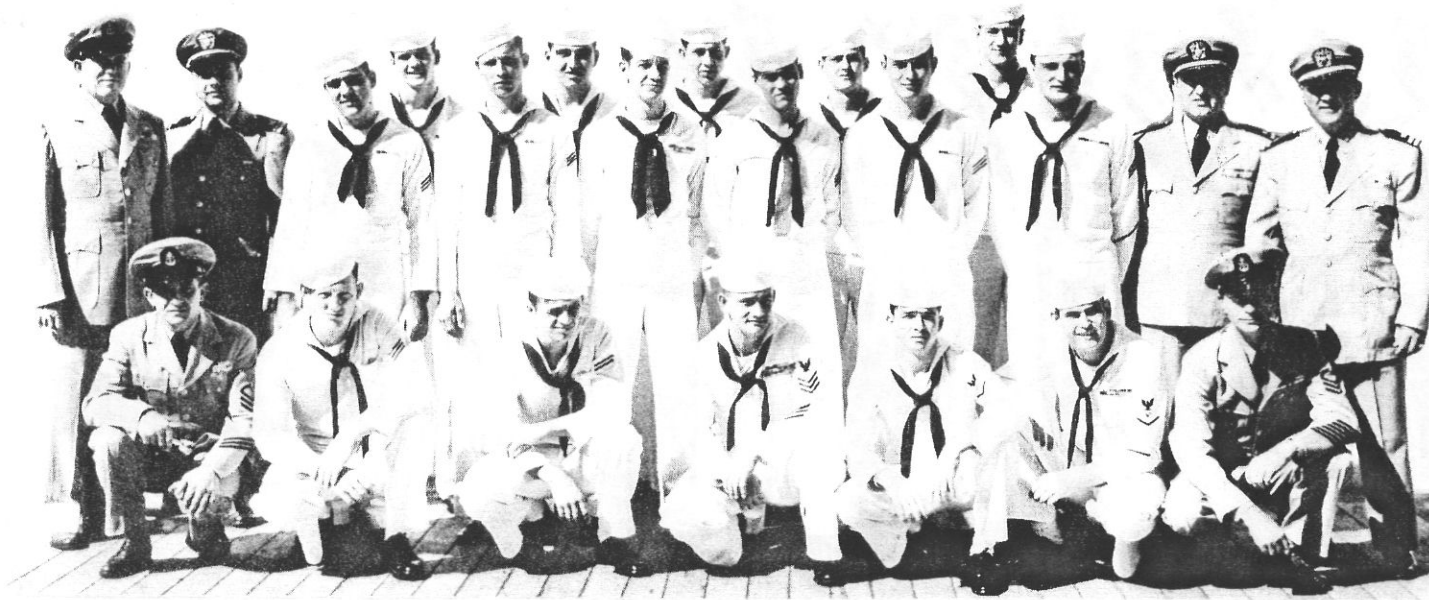
BOTTOM ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Ellston, V. D., Williams, A. M., Landis, C. R., McArthur, L. R., McClain, B., Kinsey, W. E., Hawkins, J. F., Daughtrey, R. C., Gaona, L. N.



FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Mackin, J. A., Travis, D. C., Arceneaux, D. L., Lambert, J. P., McGee, W. R., Deck, D. D.

BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Foster, B., Watkins, C. B., Fay, A. L., Poyntner, H. C., McClintock, W., Huddock, D. L.

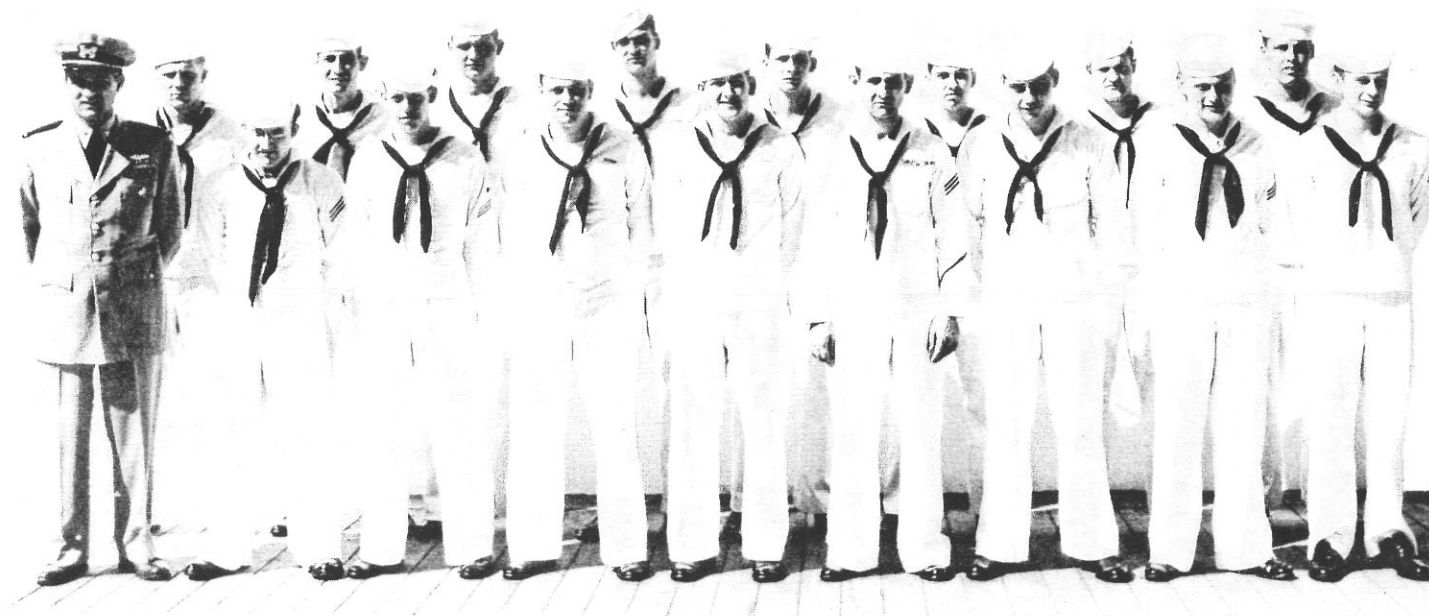




FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: DeMartino, R., Glasier, C. L., Sofie, C. A., Grant, L. D., Jennett, R. L., Ellison, H. A., Paddock, K. M.

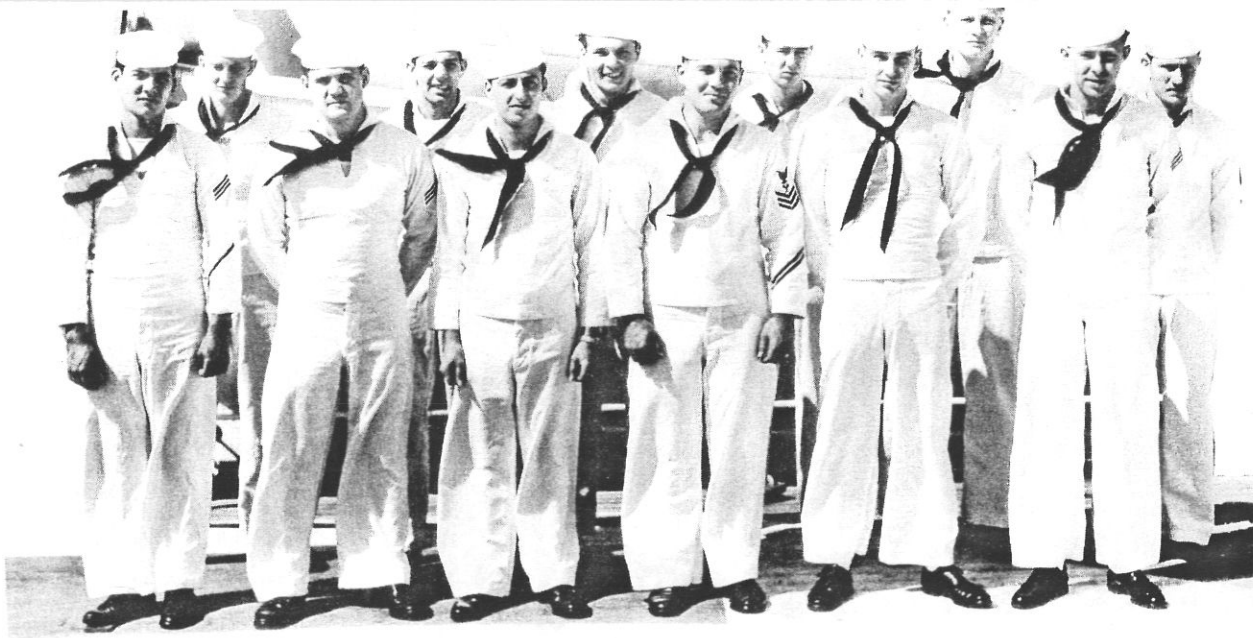
SECOND ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Mack, R. H., Lt.(jg) H. E. Siegel, Henman, R. L., Dabbs, D. E., Shuler, M. D., Ramirez, P. I., Birnbaum, M., Eckert, L. F., CHPCLK, V. F. Dvorak, Lt. C. Baumann

THIRD ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Vaughn, J. D., Shoglow, A. G., McRae, J. R., Giddens, B. E., Murrey, T. A.



FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Machinist S. J. Messina, Michaels, G., Smith, J. V., Nelson, E. O., Hinson, L. B., Payne, A. W., Rogers, T. V., Wierson, L., Parrish, Y.

BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Hart, J. M., Hedrick, L. W., Williams, K. E., Kamberg, J. R., Burger, S. G., Isaac, C. L., Leslie, W. C., Oslin, A. A.



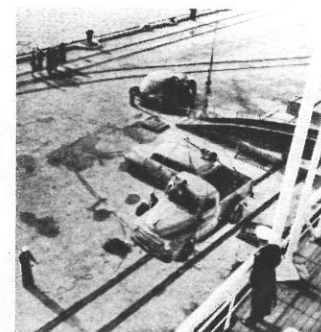
FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Mattoni, J. L., Gremillion, E. F., Hahn, D. L., Renoe, F. R.,
Devries, B. E., Gibbons, D. G.
BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Olesen, L. A., Wright, R. W., Dilger, L. (n), Florance, J. W.,
LaFevere, A. A., Meadows, G. T.



Ship's M.A.A.

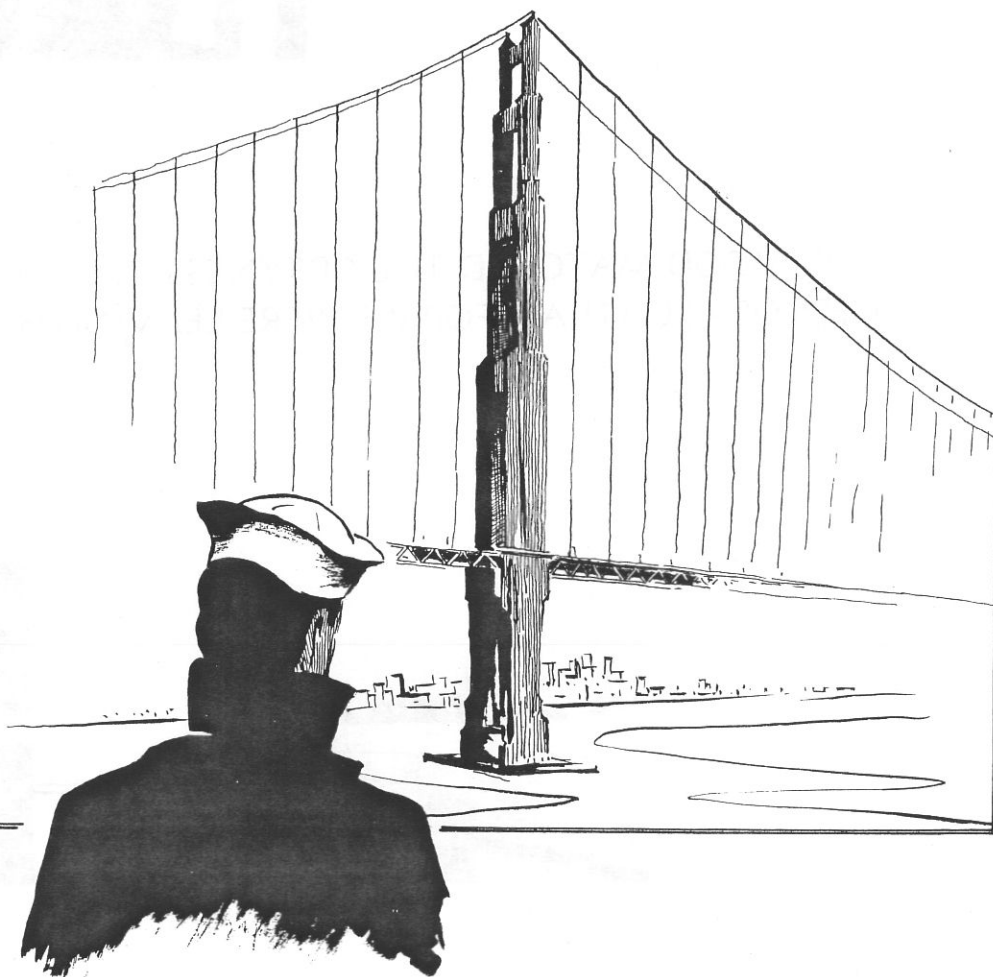


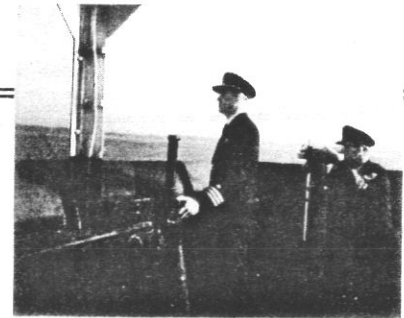
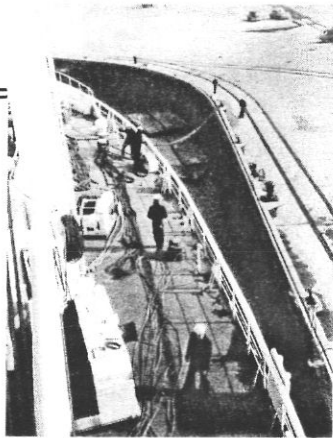
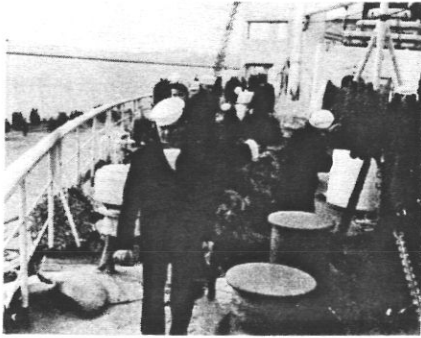
FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Taylor, J. W.,
McCoy, D. L., Thornton, R. G., Cater, W. L.,
Horton, M. W., Petroff, T. L., Kah, C. F.
BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Lucente, J.,
Cuington, W., Giddens, B. E., Tzustacis, J.,
Oliver, J. W.



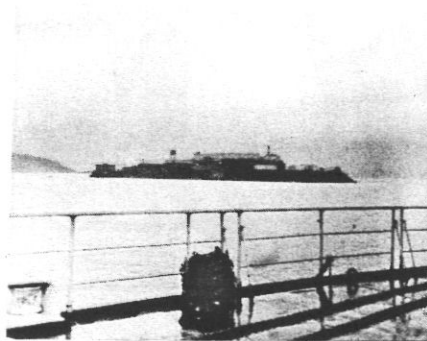
The leave parties returned and the tempo of work increased as we prepared for the Big Day when we were to sail. The gangs from the shipyard swarmed in and over our ship, cleaning, repairing and replacing; helping to make her ready for sea. For us, there was paint to be chipped, rust to be scaled, boats to be painted, decks to swab, equipment to be checked and inventoried, lists to be made, and orders to learn. We loaded stores until it seemed certain there could be no more in the area.

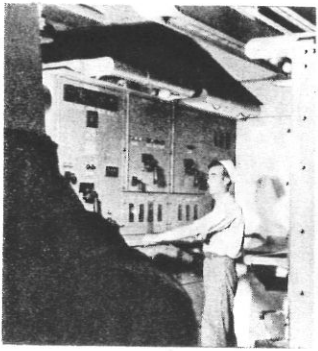
Time passed so quickly that we were somewhat surprised when suddenly it was time to leave. The chipping and painting seemed close to an end (which has never yet been reached), the vehicles were hoisted aboard, and finally, the gangway was taken away. The lines were cast off and we were free of the pier. . . . We took a last long look at our loved ones as the ship slowly made her way through the water.





OUR MOOD MATCHED THE GREYNESS OF THE DAY AND THE BLEAK-
NESS OF ALCATRAZ, FOR WE WERE LEAVING HOME. SOON, HOWEVER.





Sparks



Keep your hands outta the cake!



If Duz don't do it . . .



Jeez, not shots again !!



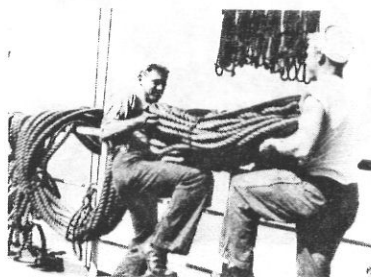
Northside 777?

..WE FOUND THAT LIFE...

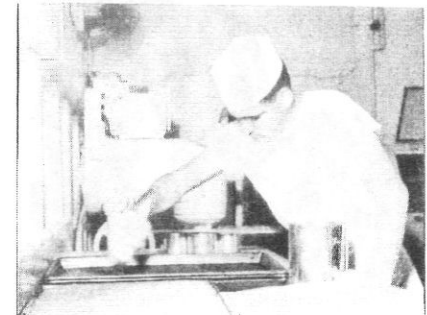
"The smoking lamp is out while taking on fuel."

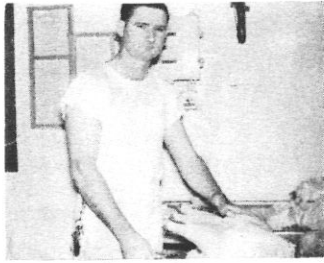


Once I was a 97 lb. weakling

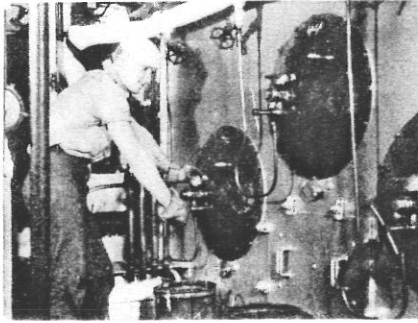


Preparing the mess (no offense meant)

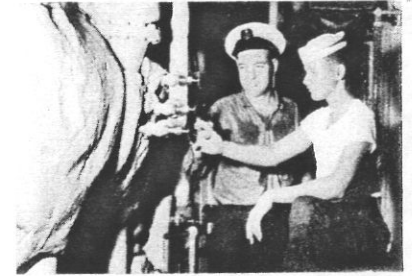




He cuts meat



What do you do?



I give up!

ABOARD SHIP WAS DIFFERENT...



Watch it!

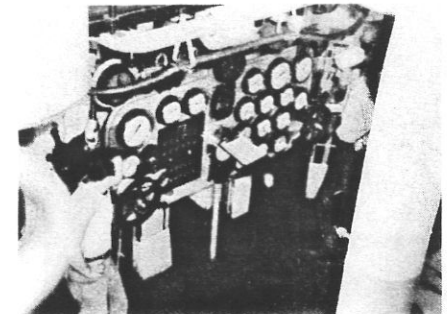
You may take three giant steps



Steaks daily, yah . . .



Tilt !!





I hardly know what to say



Just a light trim, please



No, the nurses can't go out tonight!



Haven, Haven!

Charge it, hell!

WITH IT'S ROUTINE . . .



Whatta ya mean . . . lost something!



This is an imported chambray





"Our band"

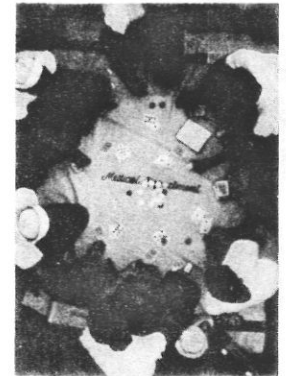


Mail call . . . mail call!



Anyone we know?

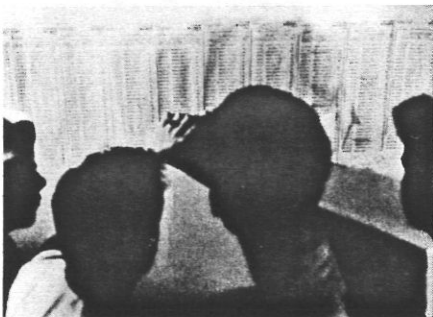
. . . AND OFF-DUTY HOURS



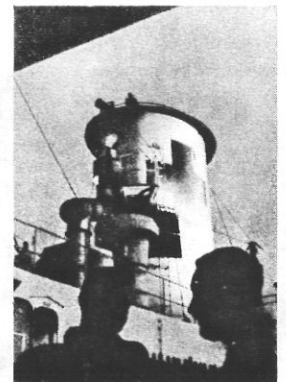
Canasta???

Remember when . . .

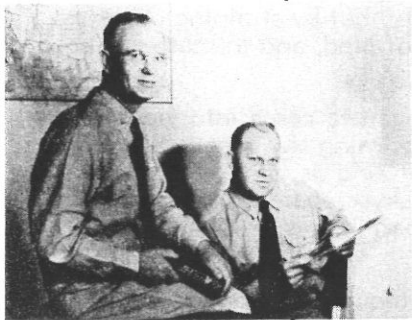
\$ome get it—\$ome don't



From the luxurious white wash room . . .



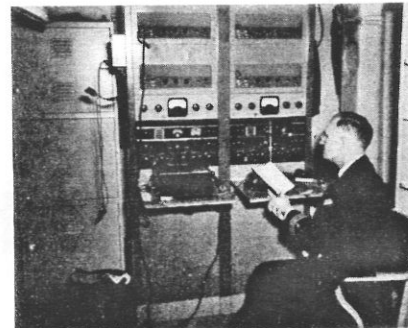
Vertical text on the left margin, likely a page number or reference code.



Catholic and Protestant divine services are held regularly aboard the ship for patients and crew. Simply, but effectively, the mess hall is rigged for church and the three-console electric organ adds its impressive tones to the occasion. For patients unable to leave their beds the services are broadcast via the ship's public address system with earphones at each bed. During the week masses are said and devotions held each morning.



Besides their primary work the "padres" busy themselves at many other tasks. They raised significant contributions for the various orphanages in the Pusan area as well as visiting these organizations; they were active in the various organized recreational activities of the ship such as the library, shuffleboard tournaments for the patients, handling the health and comfort materials contributed by the Red Cross, and serving on the Welfare and Recreation Council.





On a cold, dreary morning in January the HAVEN sliced her way towards the port of Yokosuka, Japan, nearing the completion of a journey . . . a journey that had seemed long, had been interesting, and also at times very monotonous.

The clouds were low and the view was hazy, but by straining our eyes we were able to detect the fuzzy outline of land, and in scattered arrangement, a few lights.

We inched closer and definite objects began to come into view. We saw giant cranes silhouetted against the morning sky, weather-beaten fishing boats scurrying about us, and all around us, other members of our vast American fleet. There were no skyscrapers, no loud noises, not even rumbling ones. For the most part it was too quiet to suit the occasion.

Finally we docked and our predominant thought was a wistful wondering if the place, this place that was to be our home for some time to come, was to be as dull and dismal as appearances now made it seem. We learned quickly that it was not.

Stepping out the main gate was an experience in itself for we couldn't help but notice the terrific atmosphere the place offered. Here were a race of small tan people tripping about in their wooden sandals seemingly going in all four directions at once. Taxis and rickshas were busy conveying people, mostly sailors, to their individual destinations while angry horns blew meaningless notes at them.

Tiny shops were crowded close together. Each had it's "barker" begging the sailors to come in, teasing them to buy something. The farther we walked the more interesting the place became. Up one street, down another, tramping up concrete steps, down again . . . maybe embarrassed.

Entertainment? Various means and ways. Beer halls dominated the place and most were comparable to the "dives" back stateside . . . The people and their customs gave us a unique form of entertainment, for they were all different . . . the points of interest gave us scenes of beauty and sights to remember, and we saw that this land had its own sense of art, architecture, music and drama.

So this was liberty in Japan? We couldn't be sure because this first stay was limited to only five days. However, we left with a strong desire to come back . . . to come back and really become acquainted with Japan, with that part of the world that to us was the Orient.

INTRODUCTION to the ORIENT . . .



The peninsular Korean War has brought home to the United States Navy the absolute necessity for the maintenance of her hospital ships which have been so adequately staffed and equipped for many wars. Unlike the other wars in which the floating hospital was a more or less welcomed supplement to other medical facilities, the present conflict makes us a primary medical establishment for urgent frontline casualties and would almost leave us with complete medical responsibilities in the case of an all-out air raid. The efforts of the Navy in furnishing hospitals at sea which equal or exceed the standards of the world's best hospitals has indeed been rewarded—and she is rightfully proud of this. The following pages depict the hospital at work both in carrying out her present primary duties of taking care of war emergencies and her secondary duties of administering routine medical care to the Armed Forces of the United Nations. Between January 7, 1952 and October 13, 1952 almost thirty-four hundred patients were hospitalized in the U.S.S. HAVEN and literally thousands more received treatment on an out-patient basis.

HOSPITAL . . .

N

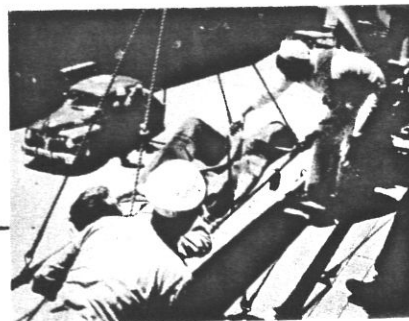
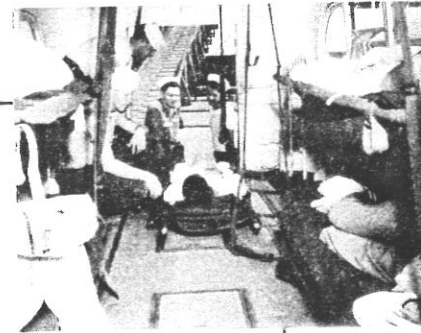
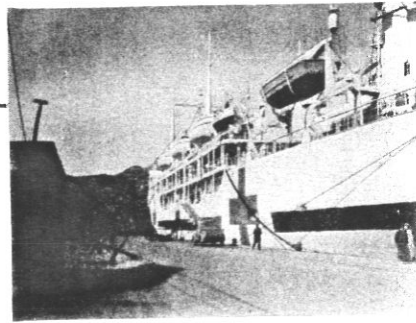
O

W

ALL DUTY LITTER AND

EMBARKATION TEAMS,

MAN YOUR STATIONS . . .

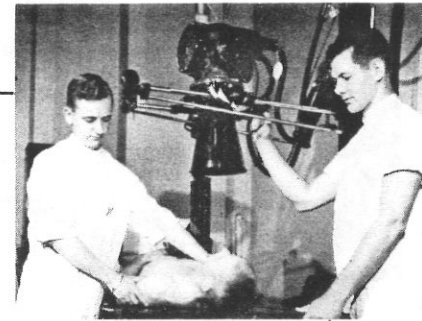




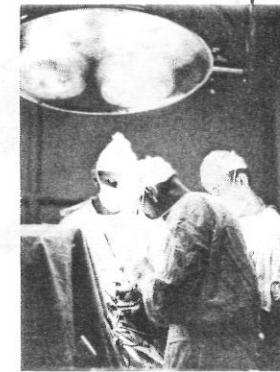
Embarkation tags were issued



Patients admitted to sick list



X-rays were often needed



Surgery when necessary

AND THE WORK BEGAN

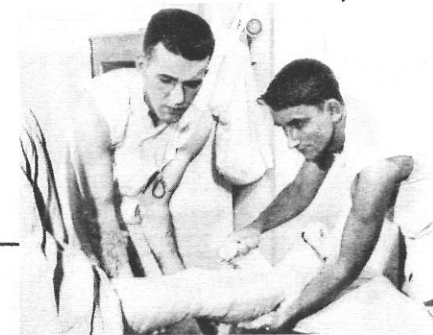
The cast room

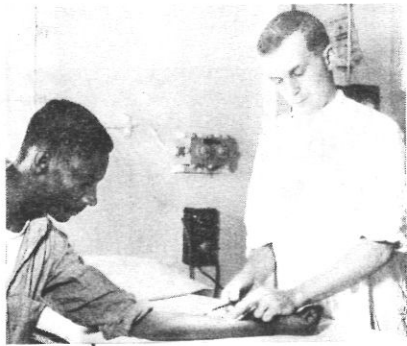


Routine laboratory studies



The patient resting





Dermatology clinic



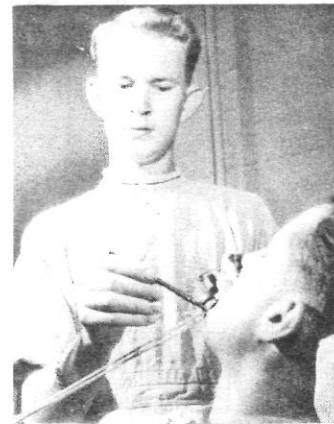
Physio-therapy



Optical clinic



Superb medical attention



Complete dental facilities



EENT clinic

X-ray reading room



Electro-encephalogram



A dentist at work





Pharmacy



Dr. Seiff—Dermatology



Central surgical supply



E.E.N.T.



Admiral's inspection—Admiral Broaddus



Physio-therapy

Medical finance



Dr. Hyatt in surgery



Medical supply



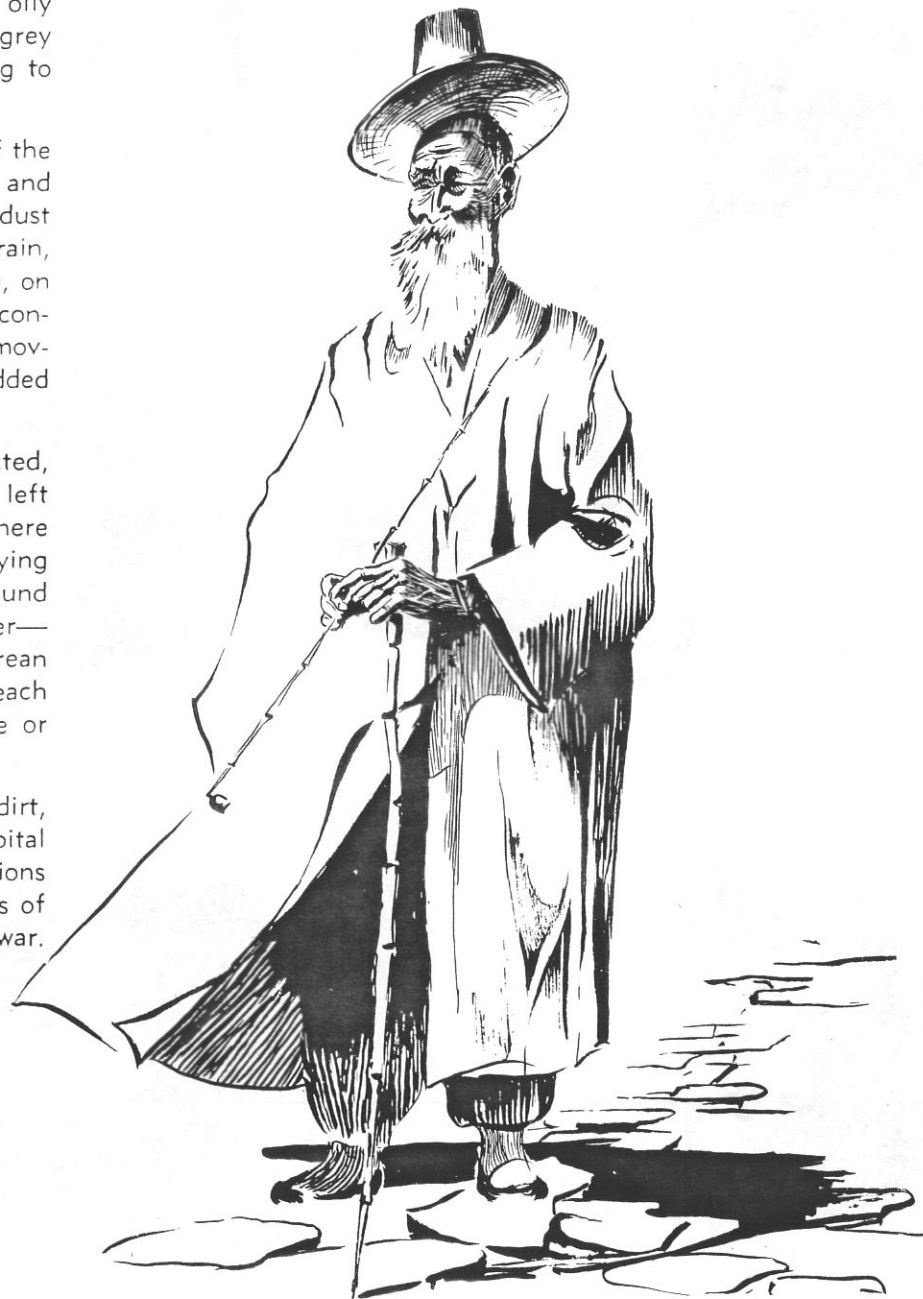
In spite of everything that we had heard about Pusan we were still not quite prepared for it as it really was. Coming into the harbor everything looked grey. There were grey tugs belching black smoke, pushing out to herd us into place, with dingy white bow and stern waves trailing along on the oily surface of the water. Pusan itself was situated among and on barren grey hills with it's tired-looking buildings seeming to huddle together trying to keep warm under their ragged grey blanket of smog.

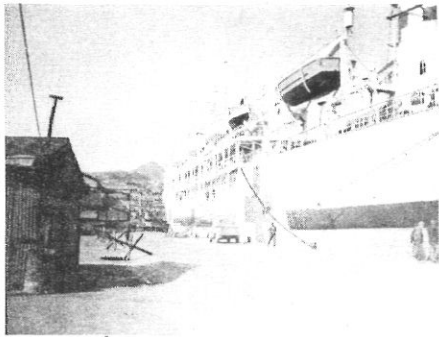
There were relatively few streets, as we know them at home, and most of the city seemed cut up helter-skelter by narrow little alleys that twisted here and there. Many were unpaved. In dry weather these contributed a film of dust to everyone and everything that came that way, while of course in the rain, they became sheets of black, slippery mud. People crowded everywhere, on and off the sidewalks of the few streets that had them, and seemed little concerned about the really considerable volume of wheeled traffic always moving through the city so that a tremendous din of automobile horns was added to the confusion.

The major buildings of the city seemed solidly and permanently constructed, but all were dingy and old with many windows patched with cardboard or left as staring, sightless sockets. In every foot of space not already in use there were tiny shacks made of whatever material was at hand, and in the outlying areas, this was practically the only type of construction to be seen. Around the edges of the city were military establishments of one type or another—United States Army Hospitals, Ordnance Depots, ammunition dumps, Korean Army Posts, British Commonwealth Force compounds, and many others, each surrounded with barbed wire fences interrupted occasionally by a gate or sentry tower.

All the crowding, the traffic, the bustle, the confusion, the noise, the dirt, the misery, helped bring home to us the fact that not only is Pusan the capital of battered and war-torn Korea, and the major supply port for United Nations Forces in the country, it is also the place of refuge of literally hundreds of thousands of Koreans from all over the peninsula made homeless by the war.

PUSAN

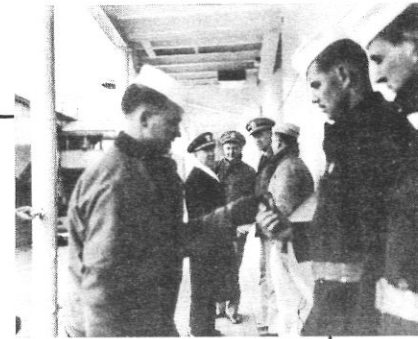




Believe we had a mortgage on this



Is it loaded (the gun, that is)?



Yes, you may have the key to the Henry J



What's this, a fashion show?



Shutterbugs, hava yes



That's nice girls, don't fight!

Overlooking Pusan



Papa San



... and he gave them a party





Party for the "Happy Mount" orphans



Organized fun



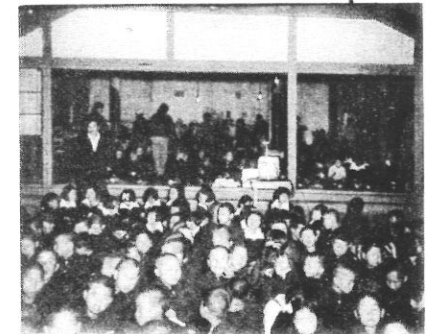
Officers and other boysans



Aw . . . come on, smile!



Don't be so stingy nurse!



They'll never forget us

In appreciation, they entertained



Come filleth thy cup



Keep the line moving boysan!





WE ENTERTAINED . . .





• • WERE ENTERTAINED

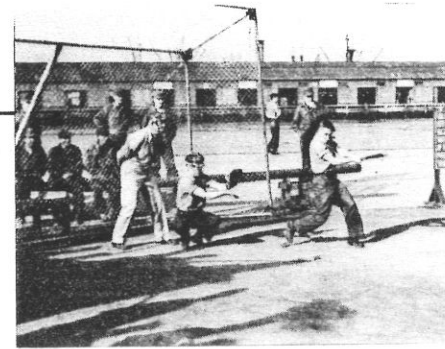




It's a boy



It ain't Atlantic City, but . . .



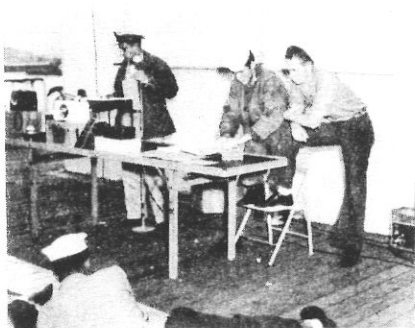
At least a double!

A
N
D

WE ENTERTAINED

OURSELVES

We had bingo, too



Can anyone explain . . . ?



Old Ironsides and some habitues





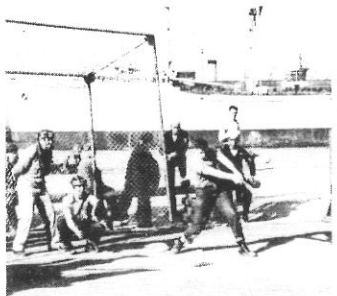
Nice prizes don't you agree?



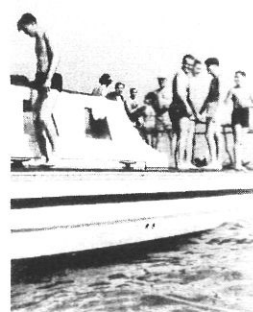
Just so there's plenty of beer



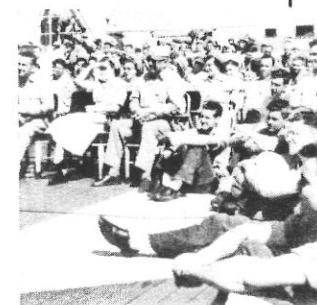
So there I was . . .



Beer and softball



Are those genuine glo-wikkies?



An attentive and appreciative audience

Oh, you're just saying that!



Shades of Johnnie Ray



Go, go, go . . .



IN MEMORIAM

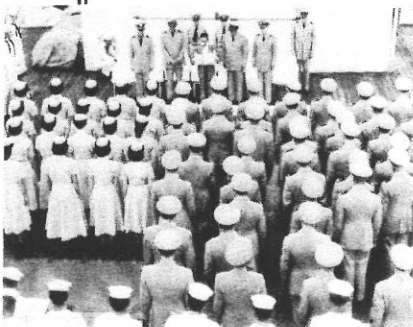


JAMES PARZIALE, Boatswain's Mate Chief, United States Navy

Chief Parziale is, and will be, sorely missed by the men and women of the HAVEN. His was one of the toughest jobs on the ship and he did it as few men could. His cheerful greeting, his confident, friendly grin, his keen insight, born of many years in the Naval service, and his tireless interest and devotion to duty were and are an inspiration to us all. From our hearts we wish him fair winds and smooth sailing until he joins the Great Fleet of the Supreme Captain..

"O Divine Navigator, whose very words mold a tear,
And bid it trickle from its source;
Whose very laws hold this earth a sphere
And bid the planets in their course;
Lead all who sail the sea in ships into Thy heavenly port."

Lcdr. F. J. Klass, Chaplain, USN.



PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION

The President of the Republic of Korea takes profound pleasure
in citing

for exceptionally meritorious service and heroism
during the period from 18 October 1950 to 25 July 1952

U.S.S. HAVEN (AH-12) UNITED STATES NAVY

The U.S.S. HAVEN (AH-12) has distinguished itself in support of United Nations Forces in Korea. This vessel provided medical and surgical care and consultative service in the cases of many Republic of Korea war casualties, many of whom were specially selected cases requiring unusual or particularly difficult types of medical or surgical treatment. The HAVEN thereby contributed greatly to the morale of the Army and to the people of Korea by the assurance of the most modern and effective types of medical care known to science in the many particular instances where these were required.

The medical officers of the HAVEN through extra effort, over and above their already strenuous and full occupation in regularly assigned duties, gave unstintingly of their remaining time in visiting Republic of Korea hospitals and medical installations and rendering instructive and consultative services which did much to improve the knowledge and ability of the Korean doctors in the care and administration of war casualties.

The activities of a hospital ship, founded on the motives of alleviating the suffering caused by war and improving medical care as well as the highly substantial and beneficial effect in the recovery of casualties for further service, served in a great degree beyond the call of duty of its personnel, in the establishment and cementing of relations of friendship between the governments of the United States and of the Republic of Korea and provided an unusually high humanitarian as well as military contribution to the success of the war objectives of the Republic of Korea.

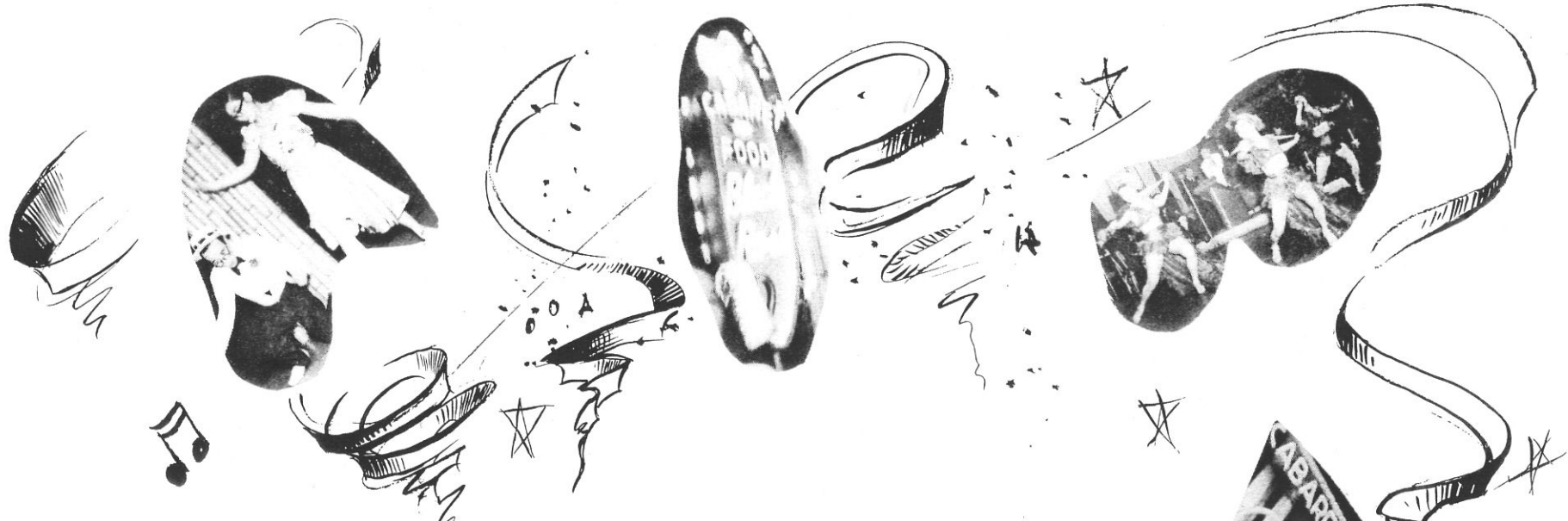
The outstanding performance of duty by each individual member of the HAVEN is in accord with the highest traditions of the military service.

This citation carries with it the right to wear the Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon by each individual member of the U.S.S. HAVEN (AH-12) United States Navy who served in Korean waters during the stated period.

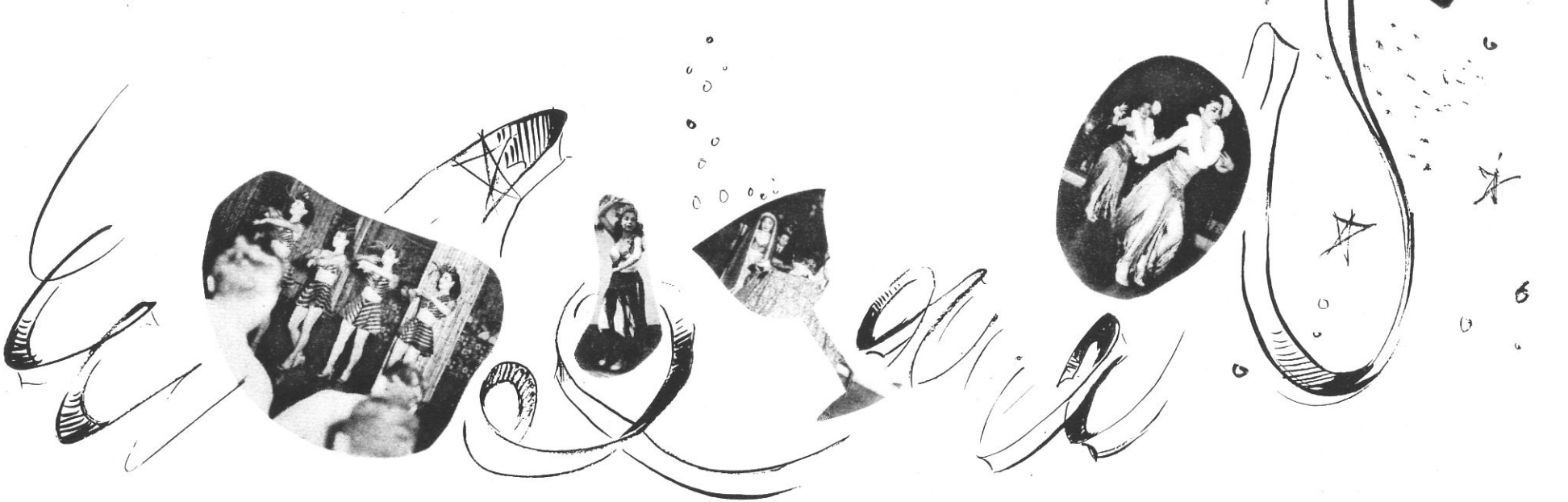
SYNGMAN RHEE



And then came R & R! Rest and Recreation! Those beautiful, peaceful days-off when the ship came into Japan for its rare stays for overhaul. R & R didn't count against your regular annual leave, and whether you spent it at one of the fine Armed Forces resort hotels or in the closest town or in your own quarters aboard the ship, it was wonderful. It was wonderful to get out of bed whenever you felt like it. To eat whatever and whenever it suited your fancy. To go to bed whenever you thought you should. To have a cold beer—right in the middle of the afternoon!



To spend your days and your nights as if they really belonged to you again instead of to your job and the grim business of mending broken men. It was wonderful just to relax for a few days and to feel the strain of months of tension and work slowly ease away and finally dissolve. Wonderful R & R split the necessary but tedious routine of our lives wide open. When it was over our taut and tired sensibilities had been drained and aired. And when the time came to head back to Korea, once again we were fresh and we were ready.





... and Exposed Film

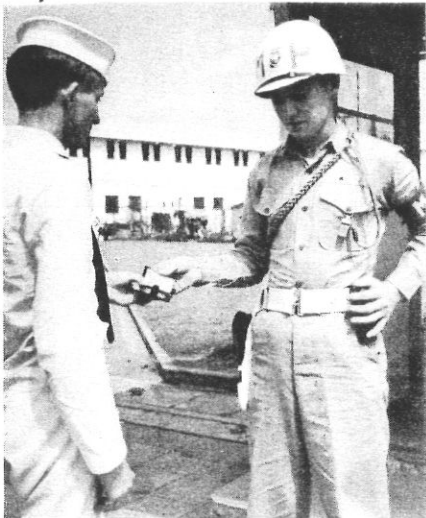


Some Bon Vivants



Life On the Left Bank!

But My Shoes Are Shined!



Look Familiar?



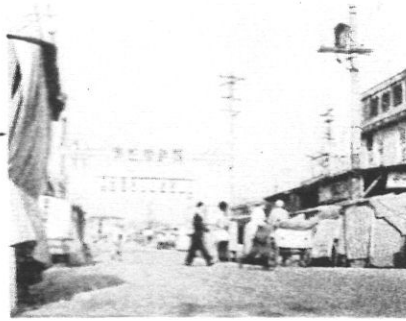
Sto-o-o-oned!!

Wanna Bet?

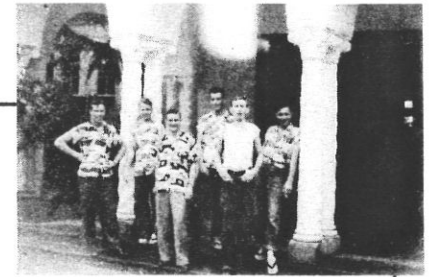




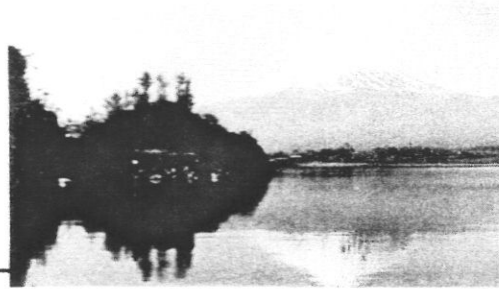
. . . Coke for me, please!



Yokohama, of course



Devol, you're out of uniform!



Mount Fuji in case you don't know

Have youse people met?

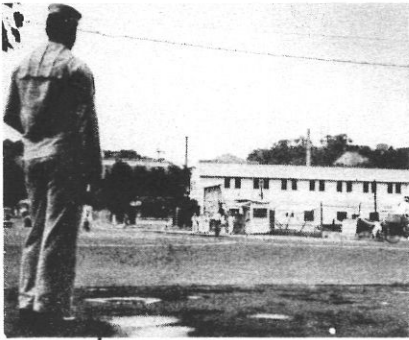


Sunday in the park



And in this corner . . .





The portals of "home."



You speak

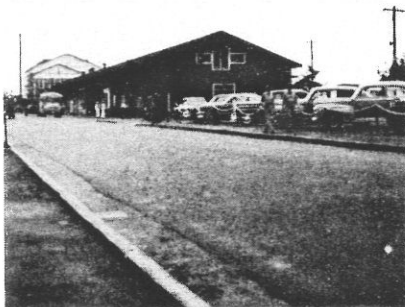


Some wheel, no doubt

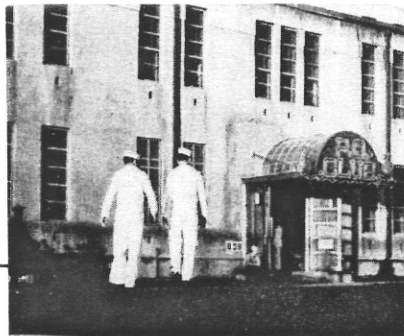


Happy birthday to yew!

Navy exchange



Gotcha book ??

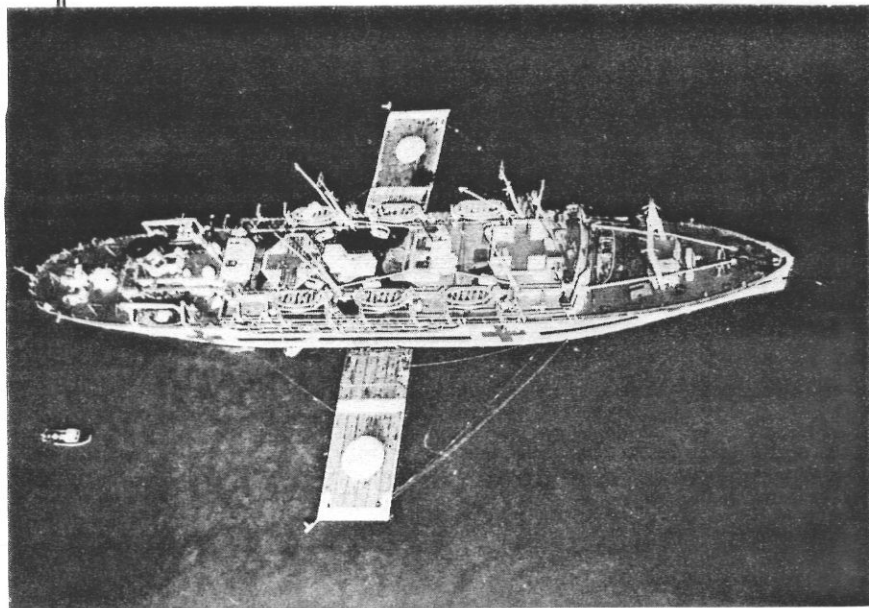


The Exec's—new and old



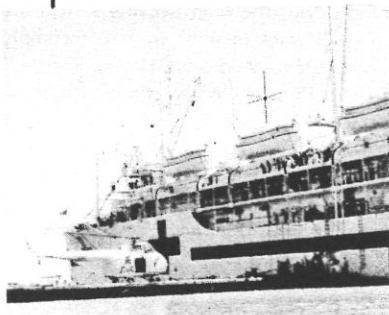
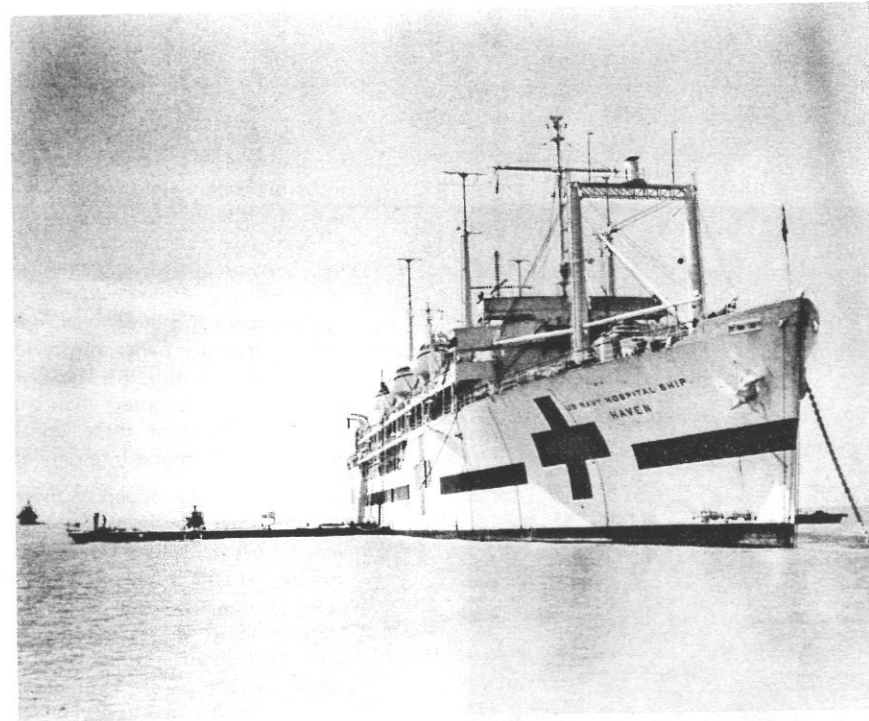


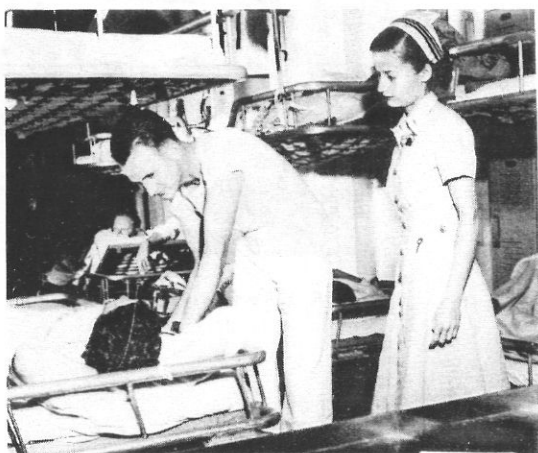
INC H O N



On a hot, humid day late in July we steamed slowly into Inchon's outer harbor. Because of the shallowness of the harbor proper and the tremendous tides (which average nearly thirty feet, with currents of as much as six knots), we lay at anchor for the next five weeks. The HAVEN was at first unable to accept patients brought in by helicopter, unlike the REPOSE and CONSOLATION, which had been modernized with the addition of flight decks. However, this was remedied within a day or two by taking two surplus pontoon barges, about fifty by one hundred forty feet—which had been employed as supply barges—and mooring them on either side of the ship with the longer dimension extended laterally. These were equipped with warning lights, small wind directional indicators, and fire-fighting equipment. *Jacob's ladders* and a temporary gangway provided ready access to the platforms and patients were hoisted aboard with the ship's litter hoists. By this means we were able to accommodate more helicopters than with the conventional flight deck, and at one time, no fewer than four of these ungainly-looking machines were perched on "Hamblett Field" and "Zikmund International Airport."

So a new call was added to the repertoire of the bosun's mates of the watch: "Flight Quarters, Starboard Side!" And not a moment too soon. For soon after our arrival, and the departure of REPOSE, action flared on the fighting front and casualties began arriving, first a trickle, then a steady stream, and finally a flood. "Whirly-birds" dropped down on our landing platforms at all hours bringing seriously wounded Marines to us within minutes after they had been hit. Boatloads of less seriously wounded patients, brought by train to Inchon, arrived at least once a day and the operating rooms were kept busy twenty-four hours a day. During our five weeks at Inchon, 1200 casualties were received, nearly 160 of them by helicopter. Everyone worked long, seemingly endless hours and every time it seemed impossible to continue more patients appeared and hidden reserves of energy were tapped, somehow to carry on a little longer. At last things quieted down, the load became a little lighter, and we were able to pause, take a breath, and look back at what we had accomplished. Then we recalled the words RADM Broaddus, Fleet Medical Officer, Pacific Fleet, had told us months before when he visited us in Pusan: "When it's over, you will be proud to have been there." We were, and we are.

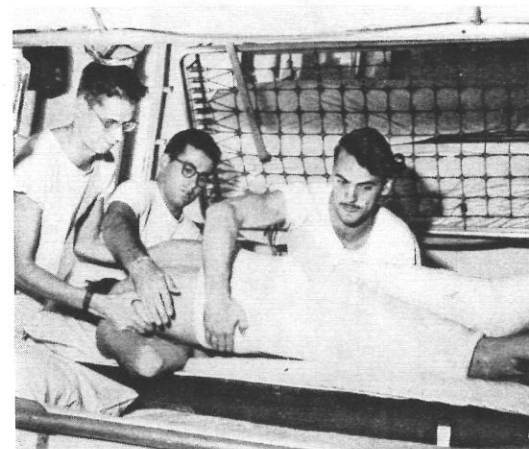




What's wrong Jock?



How's that?



Easy does it

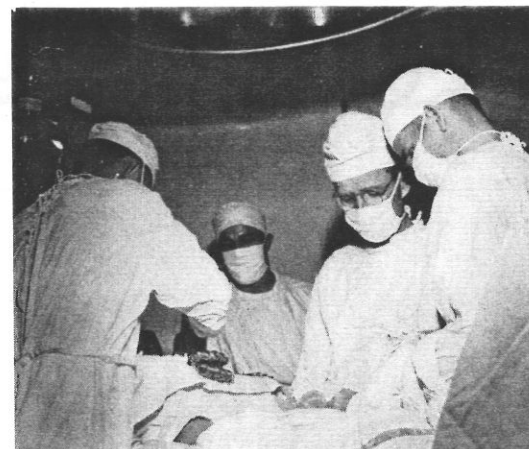
Fresh from the operating room



The capable O, R. gang

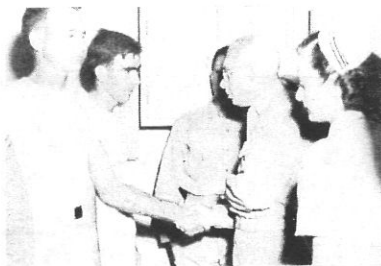


Orthopedic surgery





Distinguished visitor



Admiral Pugh comes calling

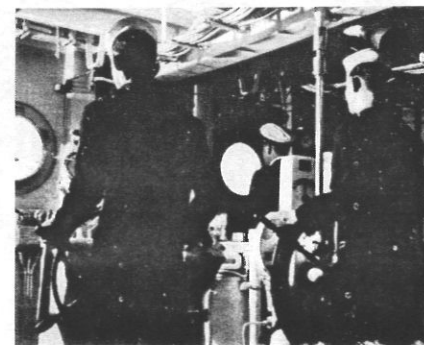


CDR. Luce receives the Silver Star

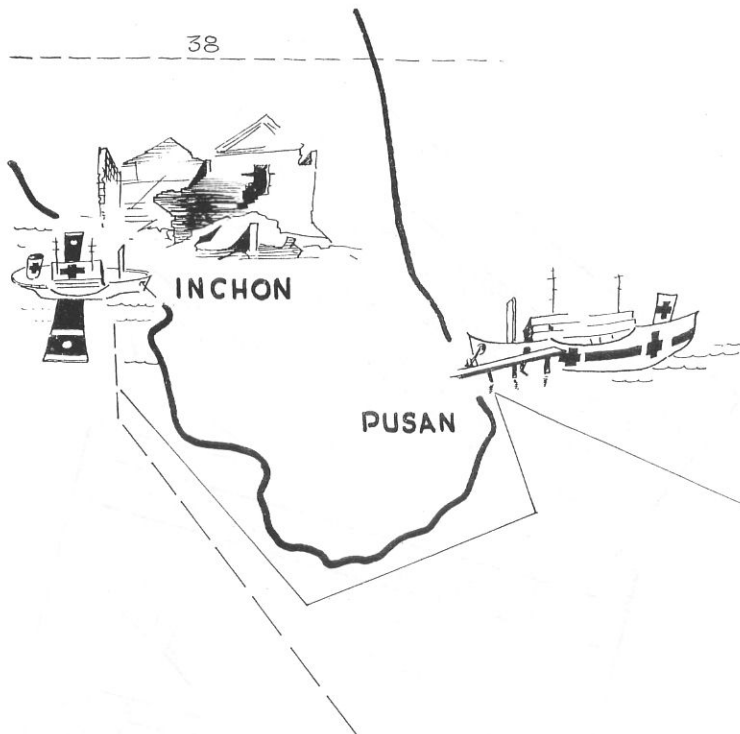
OUR JOB DONE, WE BADE INCHON FAREWELL



Striking sunsets



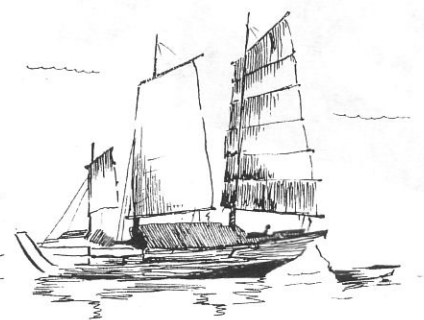
... and we leave

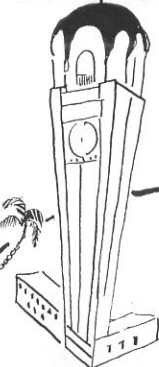
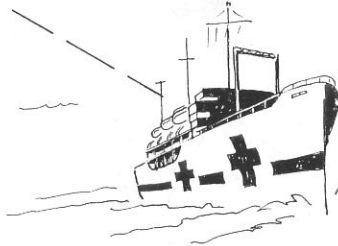
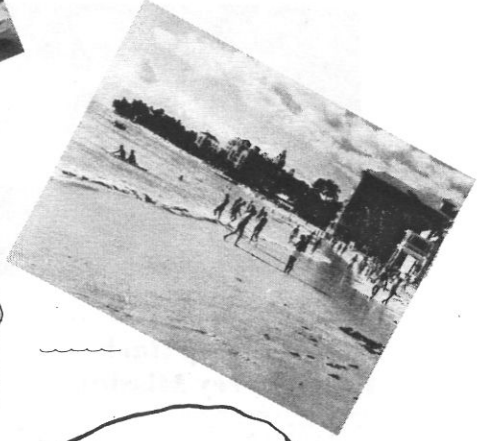


STEAMING MAP..

LEFT SAN FRANCISCO - - -	1- 7-52
ARRIVED YOKOSUKA - - -	1-23-52
LEFT YOKOSUKA - - - - -	1-28-52
ARRIVED PUSAN - - - - -	1-30-52
LEFT PUSAN - - - - -	3-20-52
ARRIVED YOKOSUKA - - -	3-22-52
LEFT YOKOSUKA - - - - -	3-30-52
ARRIVED PUSAN - - - - -	4- 1-52
LEFT PUSAN - - - - -	6-28-52
ARRIVED YOKOSUKA - - -	6-29-52
LEFT YOKOSUKA - - - - -	7-17-52
ARRIVED PUSAN - - - - -	7-19-52
LEFT PUSAN - - - - -	7-21-52
ARRIVED INCHON - - - - -	7-22-52
LEFT INCHON - - - - -	8-24-52
ARRIVED YOKOSUKA - - -	8-28-52
LEFT YOKOSUKA - - - - -	9-24-52
ARRIVED YOKOHAMA - - -	9-24-52
LEFT YOKOHAMA - - - - -	9-26-52
ARRIVED PEARL HARBOR - -	10- 4-52
LEFT PEARL HARBOR - - -	10- 7-52
ARRIVED SAN FRANCISCO -	10-13-52
LEFT SAN FRANCISCO - - -	10-14-52
ARRIVED LONG BEACH - - -	10-15-52

HOMeward BOUND !

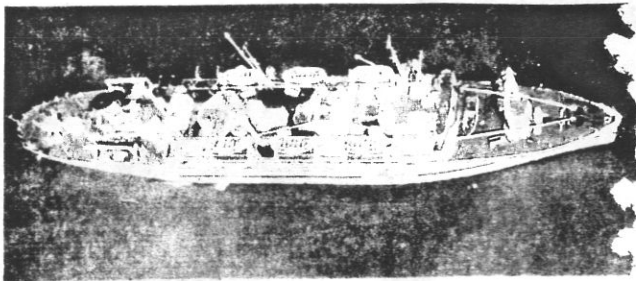




HONOLULU



HAVEN, RETURN



The Navy's floating hospital, the USS Haven, returned to San Francisco today from her second mission in Korea.

She brought home nearly 100 Army, Navy, Marine and Air Force wounded from Far East battlefields.

Hospital Ship Back From Mercy Mission

Home from her second mission of mercy in Korean waters today came the Navy's floating hospital, USS Haven.

She brought with her—in addition to her valiant crew—nearly 300 Army, Navy, Marine and Air Force wounded.

It was her first return since October 7, 1951, when she arrived with 107 stretchers.

Sharing honors Transport General V which, with 1,761 planes representative, was due Mason.

HAVEN
But it is in her constant medical work in Korea.



VIP's who accompanied us from Pearl Harbor



SAN FRANCISCO



LONG BEACH



• • HOME • •

HOME! To each of the 560 odd of us aboard home has a different and special meaning. "Home is where the heart is," or perhaps, where the toothbrush is. It's the wife and kids and picnics on Sunday or it's one of Mom's dinners in the evening with her and Dad. It's a date for the movies or a dance with your girl or having a beer with the gang after work.

Home is that snug little cottage on the farm where the world doesn't seem to press in so closely or it's two rooms with bath (no utilities) for \$80 a month. Maybe it's an apartment, air-conditioned, modern, convenient, and standardized; or just a room with a sagging bed, a cracked mirror over the dresser, one bulb, and the privilege of using the bath.

Home is that special town where all the buildings and all the faces are the ones that belong there and there alone. It's that corner in the city where one meets old, familiar faces on old, familiar errands. It's that bend in the stream where no-one else seems to be able to catch the fish the way you do or it's that hidden valley where it seems you can always bring down your bird.

Home is the old job where the work is somehow a little more familiar, a little less tiring, where the gang is a little friendlier, where the old jokes seem a little funnier. It's the job where the days off come a little oftener and the vacations are a little longer, and somehow, where you're always a little happier to be back at work.

Home means that Special Girl who seems to smile for you alone who'll be there waiting for you no matter how long you're away.

But most of all, now we're here!

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