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**REUNION**

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I went to meet her every night  
At our usual meeting place;  
Though I could neither hear her voice  
Nor see her lovely face.

And yet it brought me peace of mind,  
And filled my empty soul;  
And then I'd seem to hear her voice,  
As I knelt upon that knoll.

I'd feel her arms about my neck,  
And I'd feel no longer alone,  
As the misty moon revealed her name  
Carved in the cold grey stone.

DAVE GILLIS '59

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**FLIGHT TO WONJU**

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The week's leave to Tokyo had been dull. Bill Quinlan had missed his squadron mates. To him Tokyo was a drab city. He had been there several times before and it had nothing new to offer him. The city had been full of American servicemen engaged in diversions which offered no attraction to him.

"I wonder how the Japanese like it," he thought.

It was strange. In Japan the Korean war seemed vague and unreal while a few scant miles away it was a grim reality.

The metal seat was becoming hard. He looked out one of the windows of the C-47 and could see the white caps on the sea below. "It's all crazy," he thought. "I've got a wife and family, and security five thousand miles away. Here I am a pilot, fighting the Russians and Chinese in Korea. Two years ago I hardly had ever heard of it. I'm a champion of democracy fighting atheistic Communism." He chuckled at the thought.

A young serviceman down the aisle was relating his experiences in Tokyo to one of his fellow pilots. "You should have seen Lu."

Bill smiled. After a few minutes he dozed off and did not awake until they landed at Seoul.

The long walk to the operations hut helped him to shake off some of the drowsiness. He checked into Colonel



Baker and signed back into the base: Captain William Patrick Quinlan, U.S.A.F. (R.). Every time he signed his name he realized what an effect that (R) in brackets had on his life. He felt it keenly tonight.

"I can't give a real reason why I joined the reserve", he thought.

He noticed that his name was on the flight list for the next day.

He stepped out of the office and started up the gravel road to his quarters, carrying his B-4 bag. A passing jeep ground to a halt and gave him a lift..

The officers' quarters were noisy. As he entered, Dave's voice could be heard arguing about the Civil War, which was one of his favorite topics.

"I'm glad to be back."

The morning flight was merely a routine mission to strafe and rocket bomb the Wonju freight yards. It was early morning, but the sun was up and its rays were streaming through the plexiglass of his cockpit. There were four other jets with him and he could clearly see the face of the pilot to his left in the formation.

It was Davis.

"I'd like to talk to him, but radio silence is imperative."

He had to be content with scanning his instrument and checking his parachute harness.

They were nearing the target. "This is the worst of it. After the action starts I won't have time to think. I don't think I'm afraid to die but if I die in this little war which is accomplishing practically nothing, my life is wasted. We're fighting a war which can't be won. We're not allowed to attack the Russian bases beyond the Yalu, and the Chinese have an almost inexhaustible pool of man power which cannot be touched. South Korea had been liberated, but the war would end, if and when the Russians wanted it to."

"Target ahead—select target at will—regroup after two passes," crackled over the radio.

He looked out of the canopy and could see the freight yards coming into view far below. He flipped the jet over on its back and then sent it into a steep, screaming dive. The anti-aircraft guns opened up and soon the sky was filled with black puffs of flack. He spotted a cluster of freight cars and framed them in his gun sight. The rockets jerked the plane slightly as they left and traced a trail of exhaust straight to the target. He could see the smoke blossom into the air as he pulled out of his dive.

The altimeter showed 5000 feet when he was hit. The warning light on his instrument panel began blinking off

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and on at a rapid rate. He was surprised at how calm he was.

"This is SB-49—Quinlan, I'm hit. I'm heading for home."

A quick glance at his fuel pressure gauge showed that he'd never make it. The cockpit began to fill with smoke. Hurriedly he unfastened his safety belt and leg straps, and shoved back the plexiglass canopy. After levelling off the plane, he hit the ejection switch.

A cold blast hit his body and he turned over and over. Four seconds later his parachute blossomed out over his head and he drifted easily through the cool morning air.

"The speed of the jet must have carried me at least five miles away from the freight yard. That's good. It's unhealthy for a pilot to come down near an area that has just been strafed because the rules of the Geneva Convention usually go out the window."

He was getting near the ground now. It was in a hilly area and as far as he could ascertain there were no evidences of human habitation in the immediate vicinity.

The landing was rough. A brisk gust of wind caught his parachute and twisted him off balance. He landed on his side and a horrible pain shot through his arm. After a struggle he finally unhitched his parachute with his good arm. He sat down on a rock, and gave himself a shot of morphine from a surette which he carried in his first aid kit. He was suffering from shock, and a nauseous feeling enveloped him. He lapsed into a state of semi-consciousness. He did not hear the roar of trucks in the distance, full of Chinese soldiers, looking for the pilot that had gone down.

On the records of the War Department, W. J. Quinlan is listed as missing in action: believed to have died in a prison camp in North Korea.

William Patrick Quinlan died fighting for his country, in a small war, a war, which in a few years, will be all but forgotten. He lived in the period before his death, fighting a war that was not his country's war, but supposedly that of the United Nations.

JACK REARDON '55