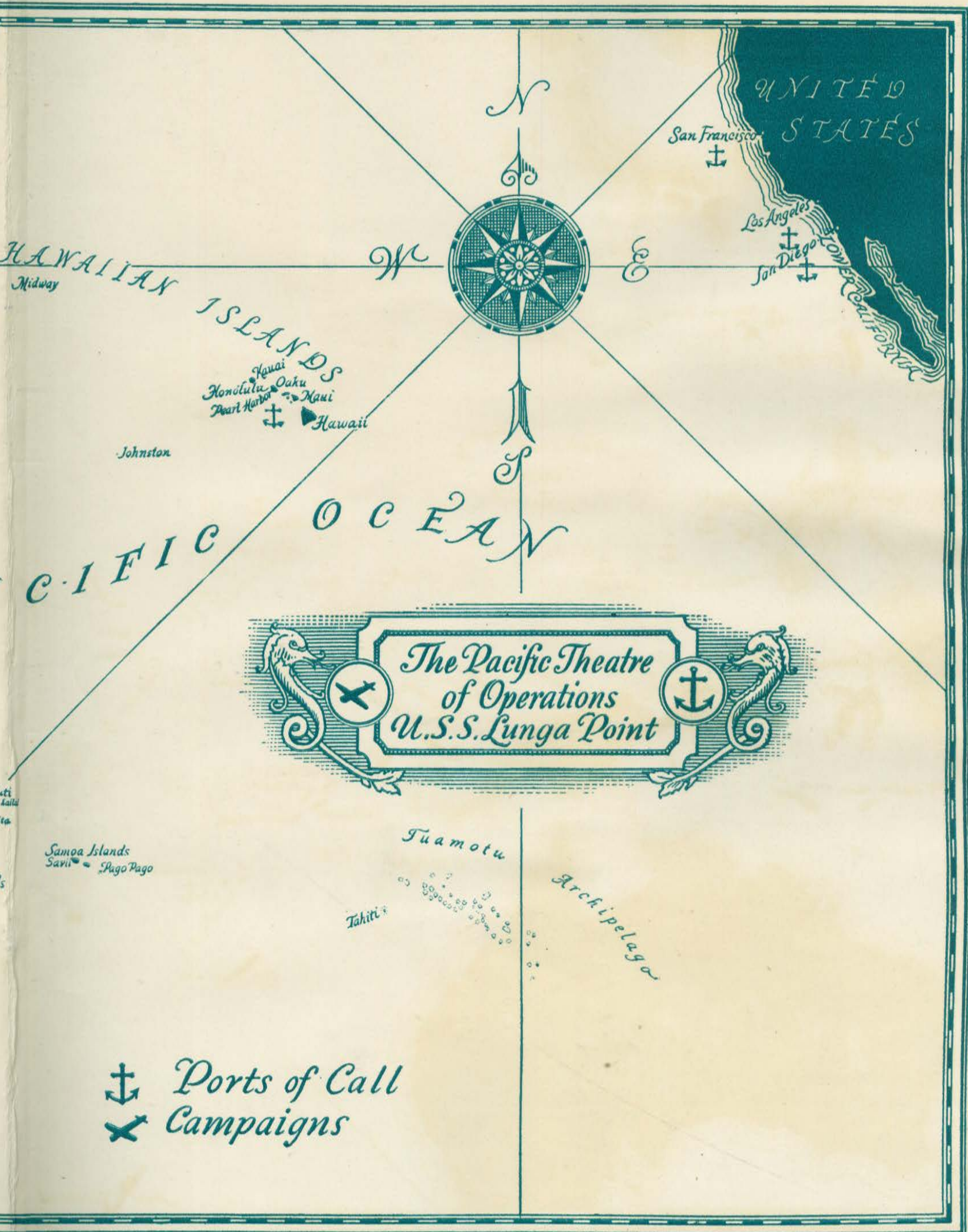




14 MAY - 1944

14 MAY - 1945





UNITED STATES

San Francisco

Los Angeles

San Diego

LOWER CALIFORNIA

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

Midway
Kauai
Honolulu
Oahu
Pearl Harbor
Naii
Hawaii

Johnston

PACIFIC OCEAN

The Pacific Theatre
of Operations
U.S.S. Lunga Point

Samoa Islands
Savii
Pago Pago

Tuamotu
Tahiti

Archipelago

⚓ Ports of Call
⚓ Campaigns

THIS HISTORY OF THE U.S.S. "LUNGA POINT" WAS PRINTED ON WARREN'S LUSTRO ENAMEL PAPER, USING MONOTYPE BASKERVILLE TYPE, BY THE EDWARDS & BROUGHTON COMPANY OF RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, AND BOUND BY THEM IN CASES MADE BY THE S. K. SMITH COMPANY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. THE PHOTO-ENGRAVING WAS PRODUCED BY THE JAHN & OLLIER ENGRAVING COMPANY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, FROM OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS.



THIS BOOK

Was published under the authority of

Captain G. A. T. Washburn

Commanding U.S.S. LUNGA POINT.

It was written by and printed

under the direction of

Lt. S. Linton Smith, U.S.N.R.



GASSING PLANES!



*THE
SMOKING LAMP
IS OUT
THROUGHOUT
THE
SHIP!*





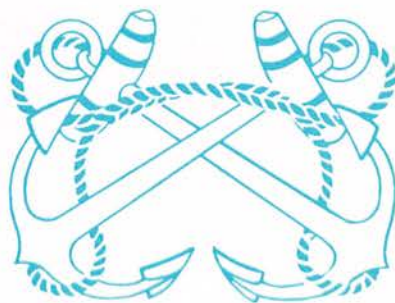
U.S.S. Lunga Point



U.S.S. LUNGA POINT CVE 94



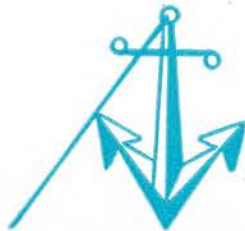
*A Pictorial Log covering the
Ship's Career in the War
against the Axis*



BANGOR
PUBLIC
LIBRARY
BANGOR, ME.

14 May, 1944

14 May, 1945



Our ship has been recommended for a Presidential Unit Citation by COMESCARFORPAC and a Unit Citation by COMAIRPAC. We regret that either or both were not awarded prior to publication.



ADONAS
OLBUN
YHAFBU
3H 200148

Foreword

It has been regretted for some time that, because of Wartime restrictions, personally owned cameras are not allowed on board, and it has been impractical for the Photo Lab to attempt to furnish all hands with pictures of the places we have visited and of the many interesting, thrilling, exciting and even hair-raising experiences that we have had during this, our first year as an integral, fighting part of our Fleet.

Considerable thought also has been given to devising some means whereby the memories of our many experiences, and our everyday life aboard, might be preserved in a definite and concrete form, because, regardless of how anxious we are to get back to our families, and regardless of how arduous, trying, and nerve racking our experiences have been, when the time comes for us to leave the *Lunga Point*, it is confidently believed that our happiness in returning to our families will be mingled with a genuine feeling of regret in having to leave the many friends we have made on board, not to mention the regret we shall feel in leaving the *Lunga Point*, which has, after all, been our home for many months now. We feel that we can say without fear of contradiction that the *Lunga Point* and those who have served in her will have a very warm spot in the heart of every Officer and man who has been privileged to fight her, and that place in our hearts will ever increase as the years roll by.

The *Lunga Point* has had a glorious record, of which every officer and man can be justly proud, whether he was on a gun or in the "Black Gang"; whether he was an Aviation

Mec or a Signaller; whether he was a "plane pusher" or a Radioman; whether he was a Steward's Mate or a Photographer's Mate; whether he was an Officer-of-the-Deck or a C.W.O.; whether he was a Carpenter's Mate or a Quartermaster; whether he was a Yeoman or a Baker. Wherever they served, and whatever their duties might have been, proper execution of their duties was essential to our success. The job assigned us simply could not have been done without the 100 per cent cooperation of all hands. It is felt, however, that we have closely approached that goal of perfection our Captain set for us on 14 May 1944. Every officer and man should, therefore, receive due credit for the part he played, and for that reason, the name, rank or rate, and home address of every member of our Ship's Company will appear in this book, except for some few who have been transferred without leaving their addresses.

In the above paragraphs, this book has its genesis. It is not a perfect book by any means. There have been many obstacles, some of which it was impossible to surmount, but it has been our earnest endeavor, as nearly as possible, to completely and faithfully chronicle our first year for you. If this book achieves its purpose of preserving those friendships and memories of the past year, we will have been well rewarded for our efforts, because, as your Editor, we will have that deep sense of personal satisfaction that can come only from the knowledge of a job well done.

It's been a grand cruise, Shipmates. Au revoir! And God Bless you all.



S. LINTON SMITH,
Lieut., USNR



IN MEMORIAM

Ensign WILBUR FRANCIS BERAUER, USNR, 25 November 1944
Next of kin. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Berauer, Box 175, Waldron, Indiana

EMMETT DOUGLAS FORT, JR., ARM_{2c}, USNR, 25 November 1944
Next of kin. Mrs. Dorothy P. Fort, 922 9th Ave., Bessemer, Alabama

GORDON MALCOLM GREENE, AMM_{3c}, USNR, 25 November 1944
Next of kin. Mrs. Arthur Cobb, 17385 Kentucky Ave., Detroit, Michigan

Ensign WILLIAM ALEXANDER READ, USNR, 24 December 1944
Next of kin. Mrs. Cylvia Read, 2510 California St., Denver, Colorado

Lt. (jg) DELBERT MONT GERLACH, USNR, 1 March 1945
Next of kin. Mrs. June Gerlach, 520½ South St., Rapid City, South Dakota

RANDALL WHALEN BROOKS, ARM_{1c}, USNR, 1 March 1945
Next of kin. Mrs. Ruth Randall Garwood, 5391 Ocean Boulevard, Long Beach, California

KENNETH PHILLIP JOSIAS, AMM_{2c}, USNR, 1 March 1945
Next of kin. Mrs. Jeannette Marie Josias, 3137 Louisiana Ave., St. Louis 18, Missouri

PAUL MATTHEW HUNT, S_{1c}, USNR, 2 March 1945
Next of kin. Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 1209 Leigh Court, Long Beach, California

Lt. (jg) ADRIAN STANLEY BAZZELL, USNR, 6 April 1945
Next of kin. Mrs. Emma L. Bazzell, 609 Planter St., Bainbridge, Georgia

*"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS, THAT A
MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS."* John 15:13



AWARDS AND CITATIONS

For action on the LUNGA POINT



NAVY CROSS
Capt. G. A. T. WASHBURN, USN



LEGION OF MERIT
Capt. G. A. T. WASHBURN, USN



SILVER STAR
Lt. (jg) MAXIMILIAN J. PALENA, USNR



BRONZE STAR
Commander E. R. EASTWOLD, USN 2
Lt. Comdr. R. L. CORKRAN, JR., USNR 2
Lt. Comdr. S. LINTON SMITH, USNR
Lt. Comdr. JAMES R. TIPPETT, JR., USNR
Lt. J. H. GARRETT, USN
Lt. WALTER W. KALTEYER, JR., USNR
Lt. (jg) H. D. HATCHER, USNR



LETTERS OF COMMENDATION
(Commendation Ribbon authorized)
Capt. G. A. T. WASHBURN, USN
Lt. Comdr. R. L. CORKRAN, JR., USNR
Lt. ALVIN H. BERNDT, USNR
Lt. KENNETH B. LITTLE, USNR
Lt. (jg) EDWARD J. BEHN, USNR
Lt. (jg) CHARLES E. STIMSON, JR., USNR
Chief Machinist WALTER J. MITCHELL, USN
THOMAS B. PAUL, FC3c, USNR
SHELDON M. PETTIT, GM3c, USNR



PURPLE HEART
Lt. Comdr. J. R. TIPPETT, JR., USNR
Chief Pay Clerk C. M. COPELAND, USNR
FELIX J. DE MARTIS, AMM2c, USNR
JAMES F. WALTERICH, FC3c, USNR
CLAYTON E. CHARLEY, S1c, USNR
MAURICE J. FOLLEBOUT, S1c, USNR
JAMES C. HEROD, S1c, USNR
GIL V. RAMIREZ, S1c, USNR
JOHN S. SHARP, S1c, USNR
ELMER P. STEVENSON, F1c, USNR
JESSE P. TERRELL, S2c, USNR
ARNOLD L. THOMSEN, S1c, USNR



AMERICAN THEATRE



ASIATIC-PACIFIC



VICTORY



PHILIPPINE LIBERATION

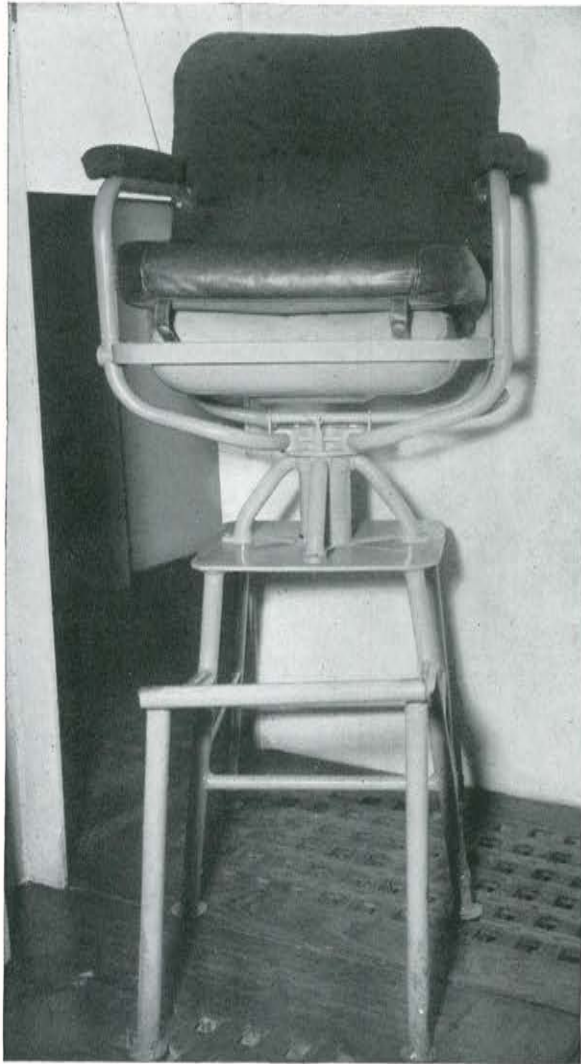
ALL HANDS



Commanding Officer
G. A. T. WASHBURN
Captain, U. S. Navy
U.S.N.A. Class of 1923

As I look back on the momentous year of associating with the officers and men of the U.S.S. *Lunga Point*, it is with a real sense of pride in our accomplishments. It is my hope that each and every one of us will always remember the "spirit" of the *Lunga Point* and carry that spirit on in the Navy or in civilian life. As your Commanding Officer, to each and every one of you a "WELL DONE"!

G. A. T. Washburn



EX CATHEDRA



JUNE 1919



Executive Officer

E. R. EASTWOLD
Commander, U. S. Navy
U.S.N.A. Class of 1932

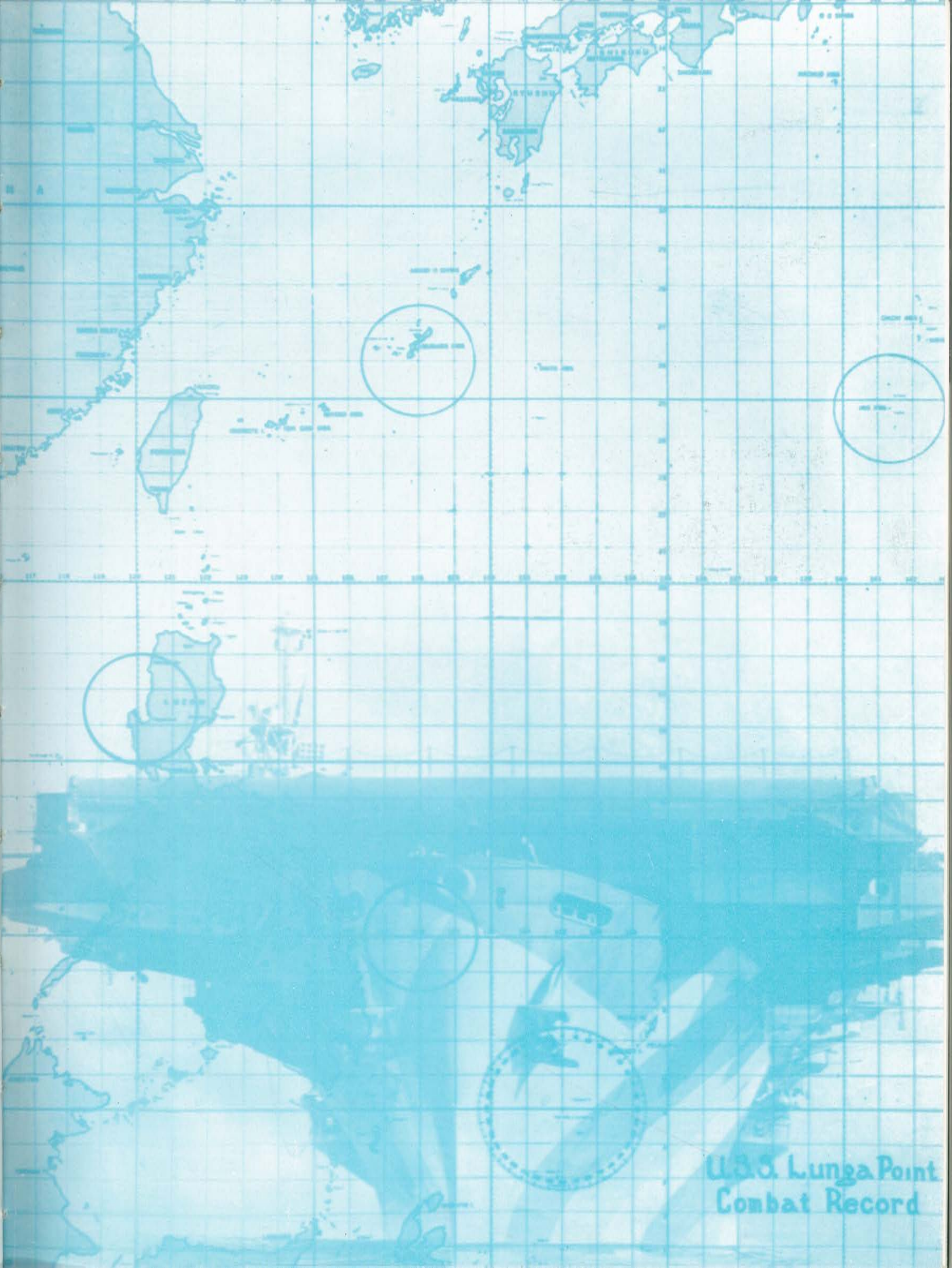
This ship has been trained and has operated with the thought, "If you are going to do a job at all, why not do it as well as possible?" as the driving spirit. As is usually the case, you have little tangible to show for your hard work other than the knowledge and personal satisfaction of a job well done.

We have had our anxious and trying moments; you have all worked long and hard, and you can all feel proud of the part you have

played. I trust this book will serve in later years to help you re-live your life on the *Lunga Point* and also to give you a certain amount of personal satisfaction in the record we have achieved.

I have enjoyed being Shipmates with all of you, and I hope that you will always have the same soft spot in your heart for the "Lunging Lunga" that I will have.

E. R. Eastwold



U.S. Lunga Point
Combat Record

U.S.S. LUNGA POINT

CVE 94

Built By: Kaiser Company, Inc.,
Vancouver, Washington

Keel Laid: 19 January 1944.

Launched: 11 April 1944

Commissioned: 14 May 1944, with Captain G. A. T. WASHBURN, USN, Commanding.

The U.S.S. *Lunga Point* is named for the battle which took place between American and Japanese Naval forces off the coast of Guadalcanal on the night of 30 November 1942.

The main Japanese installation on Guadalcanal was an airfield built near Lunga Point, which, when captured by our forces, was named Lunga Field, and, finally, Henderson Field. It was at Lunga Point that the amphibious assault by the First Division of the United States Marine Corps, under the command of General Vandegrift, was made on Guadalcanal, 7 August 1942.

On the night of 30 November 1942, an American Task Force, under the command of Rear Admiral C. H. Wright, USN, was proceeding to Guadalcanal to intercept any Japanese force which might attempt to reinforce their garrison. This force consisted of five cruisers; the United States Ships *Minneapolis*, *New Orleans*, *Pensacola*, *Honolulu* and *Northampton*, and six destroyers: the United States Ships *Perkins*, *Drayton*, *Fletcher*, *Maury*, *Lawson* and *Lardner*. Upon arriving off Guadalcanal contact was made with the enemy approaching from the north of Lunga Point, presumably to reinforce their troops ashore.

The battle was fought that night, and the results, as regards the total number of Japanese ships sunk, are not known. It is believed that the Japanese lost at least two large destroyers or cruisers, four medium-sized destroyers, two transports, and one ammunition ship. Our losses were the Cruiser U.S.S. *Northampton*, sunk, and the U.S.S. *Minneapolis*, U.S.S. *New Orleans* and U.S.S. *Pensacola*, damaged.

The Battle of Lunga Point, though now known officially as the Battle of Tassafaronga and sometimes referred to as the Fourth Battle of Savo Island, was the last major Japanese attempt to reinforce their forces on Guadalcanal, and, thus, the turning point of the campaign for the Solomon Islands.



Air Officer
Commander E. G. OSBORN, USN,
U. S. N. A. Class of 1935
14 May 1944—2 February 1945

First Lieutenant
Lieutenant Commander I. I. SMITH, USNR.



Air Officer
Lieutenant Commander W. E. BERTRAM, USN,
2 February 1945—

Chief Engineer
Lieutenant J. H. GARRETT, USN.





Communications Officer
Lieutenant ROBERT HOMANS, USNR



Navigator
Lieutenant C. V. H. KING, USNR

Gunnery Officer
Lieutenant R. L. CORKRAN, JR., USNR,
U.S.N.A. Class of 1942
8 September 1944—



Senior Medical Officer
Lieutenant Commander P. C. PLATT,
(MC), USNR,
12 December 1944—



Supply Officer
Lieutenant Commander F. P. MOORE, JR.,
(SC), USNR



Chaplain
Lieutenant JOHN D. LEE, (ChC), USNR

Senior Medical Officer
Commander C. M. TIRRELL, (MC), USNR,
14 May 1944—13 November 1944



Gunnery Officer
Lieutenant B. B. UPCHURCH, USNR
14 May 1944—8 September 1944



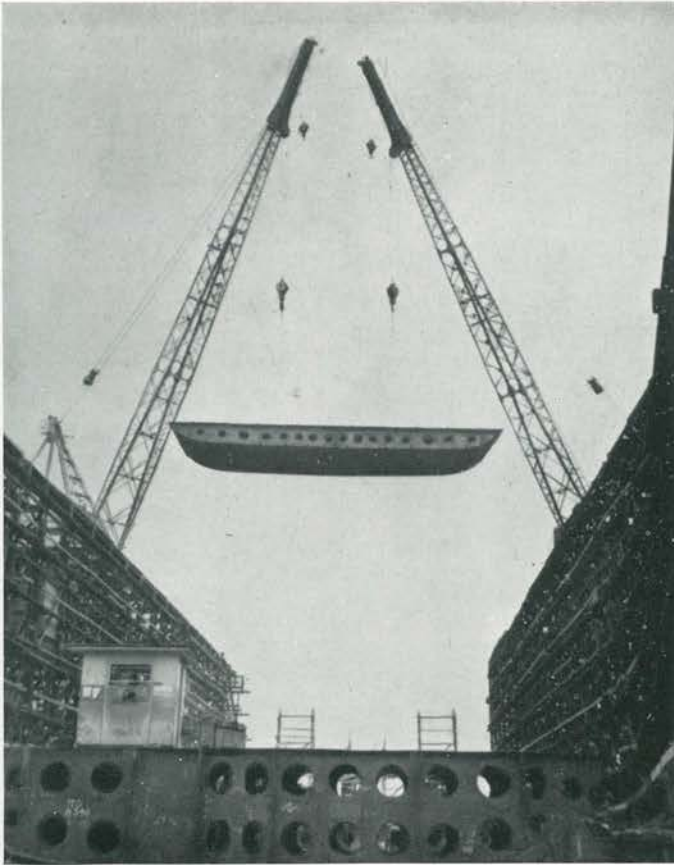
Lieutenant S. LINTON SMITH, USNR
Aid to Executive Officer Personnel Officer

Collateral Duties

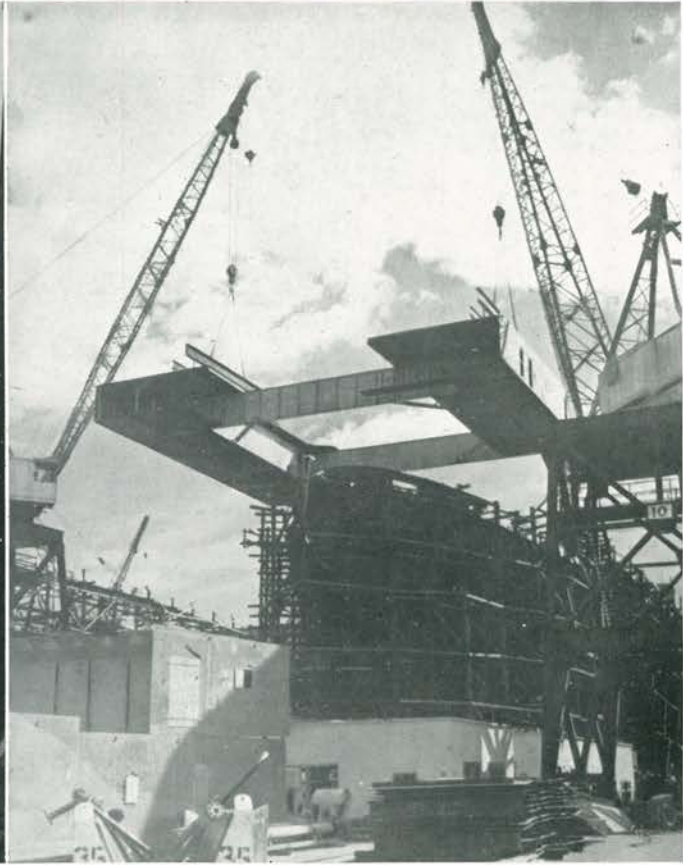
- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Welfare Officer | Voting Officer |
| War Bond Officer | Insurance Officer |
| Editor Pictorial Log | Battery III Officer |
| Wardroom Mess
Caterer | Ass't. Public Relations
Officer |



Pictorial Log Staff.



Double bottom section being installed in *Lunga Point*.



Installing flight deck section on *Lunga Point*.

Here beginneth the story of Hull 340; an inanimate hulk of iron, steel, copper and brass. Follow her through these pages as she takes on life; as she becomes just another ship of the United States Fleet; as she grows through youth into maturity; as she gradually but surely becomes the "Pride of the CVE's." Experience with her again the thrill of growing with her; enjoy again the "Happy Hours"

and the "Sea Stories." Pull up your chair to the fire; light your pipe; and, in the smoke rings, draw on your memories for a replay of the joys and sorrows, the thrills and excitement, the labor and toil, and, above all, enjoy the genuine satisfaction of having done your part in transforming Hull 340 into the U.S.S. "Lunga Point," the Ship with a Soul.



Kaiser carriers on the ways. *Lunga Point* next to the end.



Lunga Point and sister ships at outfitting dock.

PART I

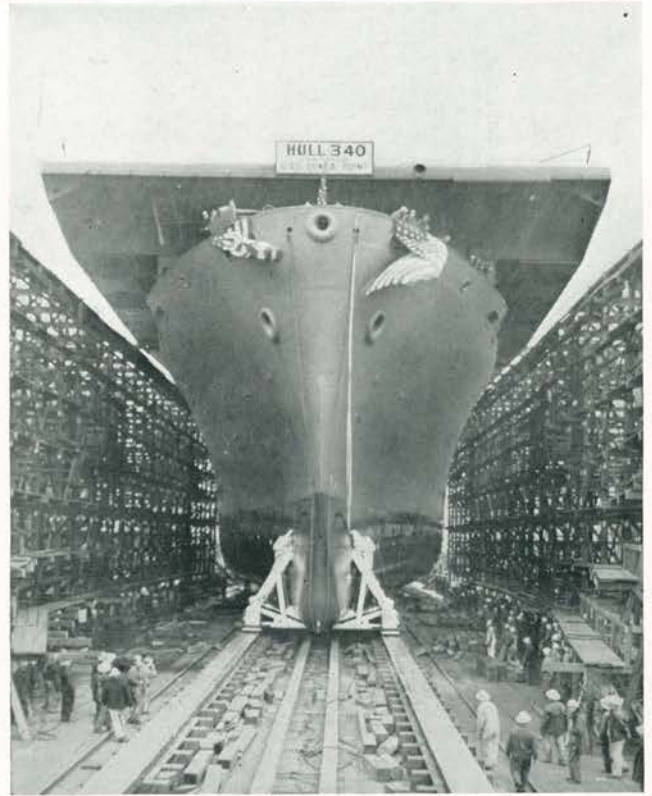
CHRISTENING, COMMISSIONING AND SHAKEDOWN

*The "Lunga Point" was her name
As she went forth to win her fame.
Designated a C-V-E,
An Aircraft Carrier, in fact, was she.
"Baby Flat-top" is plain ambiguity,
For she'll fight her way out of obscurity.*

CHRISTENING

At the Kaiser-Vancouver Shipyards, Vancouver, Washington, on 11 April 1944, a great event took place. Another of Henry J. Kaiser's many ships was being launched. It was just another mass of iron and steel that was to be sent down the ways into the Columbia River. There was, however, something different about this particular launching, something in the air prophesying a grand and glorious future for Hull 340. It was an auspicious occasion when, at exactly 1225, with her Matron-of-Honor, Mrs. R. L. Bowman of Coronado, Calif., standing beside her, holding her bouquet, Mrs. James H. McKay, also of Coronado, Calif., our Sponsor, gave that hull a soul as she slammed a bottle of Champagne against the shiny, new bow, and said, "I christen thee *Lunga Point*!"

Our Sponsor and her Matron-of-honor.



Lunga Point going down the ways.

COMMISSIONING

The night before our Ship was commissioned the Officers had a cocktail party at the Officer's Club, U.S. Naval Station, Astoria, Oregon, which proved to be a most delightful occasion.

Champagne! And a bottle of Coca-Cola would have done just as well.



We were highly honored in having as Captain and Mrs. Washburn's guests, Captain and Mrs. J. D. Barner, Captain Barner being the Commanding Officer of the U.S. Naval Station there, and later, Commanding Officer of the U.S.S. *Shangri-La*.

Since there was little doubt but that we were to be shipmates for a long time, this party was an excellent means of getting the Officers acquainted with each other. Moreover, it afforded an opportunity for most of the wives of the Officers to meet each other for the first time, since most of our wives had followed us, with very little urging, to that beautiful Oregon country. Many Sea Stories were swapped among the Officers, and many a new hair-do was described in minute detail. By mid-night, the air thick with smoke and a spirit of conviviality prevailing throughout the Club, the Officers and their wives began saying their "Good-byes" to Captain and Mrs. Washburn, because a great event was to take place the next morning, and it was to be followed by weeks of hard work, and we needed all the rest we could get. The chairs soon were all empty, but there remained a lingering presence; the ghost of good fellowship rare.

Our first log entry:

"Sunday, 14 May 1944:

0930-1200 Assembled the Officers and Crew of the U.S.S. *Lunga Point* (CVE 94) at quarters on the hangar deck. 0945 Captain Barner, USN, Commanding Officer, U.S. Naval Station, Astoria, Oregon, came aboard. 0950 Lt. (jg) Lee, (ChC), USNR, delivered invocation. 1000 Pursuant to Com13th, Serial: 9505, dated 14 May 1944, the Commanding Officer, U.S. Naval Station, Astoria, Oregon, Captain Barner, USN, read orders directing the U.S.S. *Lunga Point* (CVE 94) to be placed in full commission in active status in accordance with Article 637 (1a) and Article 638 (1) U.S. Navy Regulations. 1005 Captain G. A. T. Washburn, USN, in obedience to Endorsement 5, Commanding Officer, U.S. Naval Station, Astoria, Oregon, with reference to BuPers speedletter 92206 dated 20 March 1944, assumed command of this vessel, the U.S.S. *Lunga Point* (CVE 94), and ordered the watch to be set. Moored starboard side to Berth 9, Pier 3, U.S. Naval Station, Astoria, Oregon, with the following lines in use: Bowline 8" manila, forward bow spring 1½" wire, after

bow spring 1½" wire, forward quarter spring 1½" wire, after quarter spring 1½" wire, stern line 8" manila. No. 1 and No. 2 boilers in use for auxiliary purposes. Receiving fresh water and telephone service from the dock. Ships present: CVE's 91, 92, 93 and various small craft. SOPA in U.S.S. *Makassar Straits*."

The commissioning of a Naval Vessel is always a gala occasion and this was no exception, although it is only natural that there was a more serious atmosphere prevalent upon this Wartime commissioning. It lacked none of the color attendant on a peacetime commissioning, though, in that the usual formalities were rigidly adhered to and there were a goodly number of the fairer sex, dressed in all their finery, to give our commissioning the glamour that appeals to a Navy man. Captain Washburn, Captain Barner, Commander Eastwood, and the other officiating Officers took their places at the forward elevator, while Mrs. Washburn, Mrs. Barner, Mrs. Eastwood, and our other guests, many of whom were the wives of our officers and men, had seats down the port side of the hangar deck. Opposite them, in a column of twos, facing inboard, were the Ship's Officers. Amidships, facing forward, were the Chief Petty Officers, and behind them the enlisted personnel were formed by Divisions. To put it mildly, it presented a picture in keeping with the dignity of the occasion.

Immediately after reading his orders, Captain Washburn extended a word of welcome to our guests and greetings to the Ship's Company, following which, he accepted from Mrs. Warren K. Berner, the wife of the "Skipper"



Lunga Point anchored in Columbia River the day before Commissioning.

of the *Makassar Straits*, a beautiful silver tray, a gift to the ship from Mrs. James H. McKay, our Sponsor, who was unable to be present for the commissioning. Following the formal ceremonies, Captain Washburn invited our guests down to the Wardroom, the C.P.O. Mess and the Crew's Mess for refreshments, and many of our guests took advantage of the opportunity



Captain Barner addressing ship's company at commissioning exercises.

to look around the ship, but many of them got lost, for even their "guides" were unfamiliar with all the many ladders and passageways at that time, not one member of the Ship's Company having been allowed on board before 0930 that day. Soon, our guests all departed, leaving us with a feeling of pride in the fact that our home for months to come had appropriately been commissioned on Mother's Day, a day that is dear to the hearts of all of us.

At 1300 that day, Captain Washburn assembled the entire Ship's Company on the hangar deck where he talked informally to us for an hour, telling us exactly what he expected of us and what we could expect of him as our Commanding Officer. He had just returned from nine months in the Pacific with the fast carriers and knew what he wanted. He emphasized over and over again that, in order to successfully fight our ship, it would be necessary to give more than our best. He admonished us time and again that he wanted our best "plus 25 per cent." He told us quite frankly that he realized the great majority of us were "Boots" in the Navy, and, for that reason if no other, it would be necessary for us to give that "25 per



Captain Washburn reads his orders at commissioning exercises.

cent" extra. To further emphasize his determination to whip us into a first-class fighting unit in record time, he told us that, starting that day, we could expect many drills and classes in various duties. He warned us, also, that he expected us to conduct ourselves in keeping with the dignity of the uniform we wear, stressing the fact that, while he intended to do all he could for the comfort, happiness and welfare of his men, he could make a man feel mighty small at Captain's Mast. Consequently, few men doubting him then, few have



Captain Barner makes commissioning address.

had to face him at Mast to this date. We were all impressed with his sincerity of purpose and felt that we had a Skipper who was going to be tough when necessary but fair always. Many of us, even at that early date, suspected that he



Top: Mrs. Washburn serves the Captain a slice of cake in ward-room following commissioning exercises; center and bottom: enlisted men and guests enjoy commissioning party in forward crew mess.



Captain Barner congratulates Captain Washburn at commissioning exercises.

was a "Perfectionist," although he denies it at this writing, only admitting to "striving for perfection." In either case, "being" or "striving," at the conclusion of his remarks, we knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that we had a long road of indoctrination ahead of us before qualifying to "strive for perfection."

Following the Captain's talk, all hands turned to on fitting out and all that goes with it. The three weeks following our commissioning were hectic ones. Without having gone through it, it is impossible for anyone to appreciate the tremendous amount of work involved in putting a new ship in service. The hangar deck was piled high with what appeared to be mountains of stores, supplies and the usual gear



Ship's officers at ease during commissioning exercises.



Dance on hangar deck at Astoria.



A *Lunga Point* lovely and her husband at dance aboard ship at Astoria.

that is needed to adequately outfit and supply a Naval vessel, and there was even more in the warehouses on the adjacent dock. All hands turned to with splendid coöperation, though, and we all worked long days, passing up many liberties in order to speed up our job.

Many of the Officers and men had their wives with them; so that, on their liberty nights, they had someone to rub liniment into their sore muscles and joints, because both officers and men were doing heavy work in trying to finish up with a tough job as soon as possible.

The housing situation in the Astoria area was about the same as in every other West Coast port, and *Lunga Point* wives were scattered all up and down the Columbia River, some even staying in Portland, Oregon. Most of our couples, though, were able to find places in either Astoria, Gearhart or Seaside; however, we feel that those who stayed at the Gearhart Hotel, Gearhart, Oregon, were the most fortunate of all, because the wartime shortage of labor had made it probably the Country's most unique hotel. We were fortunate enough to have gotten rooms there, and it was at the Gearhart that we first operated a passenger elevator, because the Elevator Boy had gone to war. It was also here that we tipped the Bellboy for bringing our bags to our room on arrival, and he promptly drew himself up to his full height and told us with great dignity that it just so happened that he was the Manager and Co-owner of the hotel. The Gearhart had its own switchboard in the office, but, when you called for ice to be brought to your room, almost invariably you heard the voice of the wife of another Officer saying, "Go get it

yourself, Dearie; it's in the pantry." Many a Navy wife learned to be a switchboard operator at the Gearhart, and Room Service is something we just learned to do without from the very first day. When a guest went to check out, he would nearly always find a Navy wife behind the counter, handling the books and cash register just as though she were regularly employed there. They just all pitched in and helped where they were needed, and it seems they were needed just about everywhere except in the kitchen and dining room and as maids. And speaking of the dining room, you were a total stranger if the waitresses didn't call you by your first name on your second day there, and, of course, they were always expected to join the Navy couples in the bar for a beer after dinner, and the bar tender was practically always a guest of the hotel. Mixing drinks, handling the cash register and cracking ice gave the guests invaluable training for jobs after the war. Probably due to insufficient ration points, they served no lunch at the Gearhart, but the Manager himself served coffee to the wives every afternoon before the big stone fireplace in the lounge. We assume that he felt he simply must give the wives some rest from their daily chores about the hotel.

Not only was the Gearhart Hotel unique, but it was a real pleasure to have been fortunate enough to stay there. There was a spirit of hospitality and congeniality there that has made us determined to go back for another visit after the war. It was a very spacious and comfortable hotel and has long enjoyed an excellent reputation as a resort hotel, being situated mid-way between its own golf course

and the Pacific, and commanding an excellent view of each. There were so many Navy couples there, in connection with the CVE commissionings, that we never lacked for congenial companionship; consequently, we were never lacking for something to do.

Another advantage in staying at either Gearhart or Seaside was the beautiful drive in to Astoria, with the highway literally banked on both sides with Scotch Broom, its yellow blooms giving you a feeling of driving down a highway of spun gold, through the stately pines and fir of the Coast Range, with Saddle Mountain rising in the distance. This was, however, a much prettier drive at sunset than at sunrise as many an officer and man from the *Lunga Point* will agree.

During our fitting out, we were constantly stumbling over shipyard workers who were putting the final touches to our ship, pointing up this and tightening up that. Despite the general confusion, however, we finished with our work in record time and were ready to put to sea. Consequently, the Crew was given a dance on the hangar deck on the evening of Saturday, 3 June, and it was a most enjoyable occasion. The forward half of the hangar deck had the various signal flags and pennants hanging from the bulkheads, forming a very appropriate and pretty setting for the dance. The Astoria Naval Station Orchestra played for the dance, and many a "rug was cut to smithereens" by the Jitterbugs of the *Lunga Point*.

Refreshments were served throughout the evening in both the C.P.O. and the Crew Mess to as lovely a group of ladies as ever graced the *Lunga Point*.

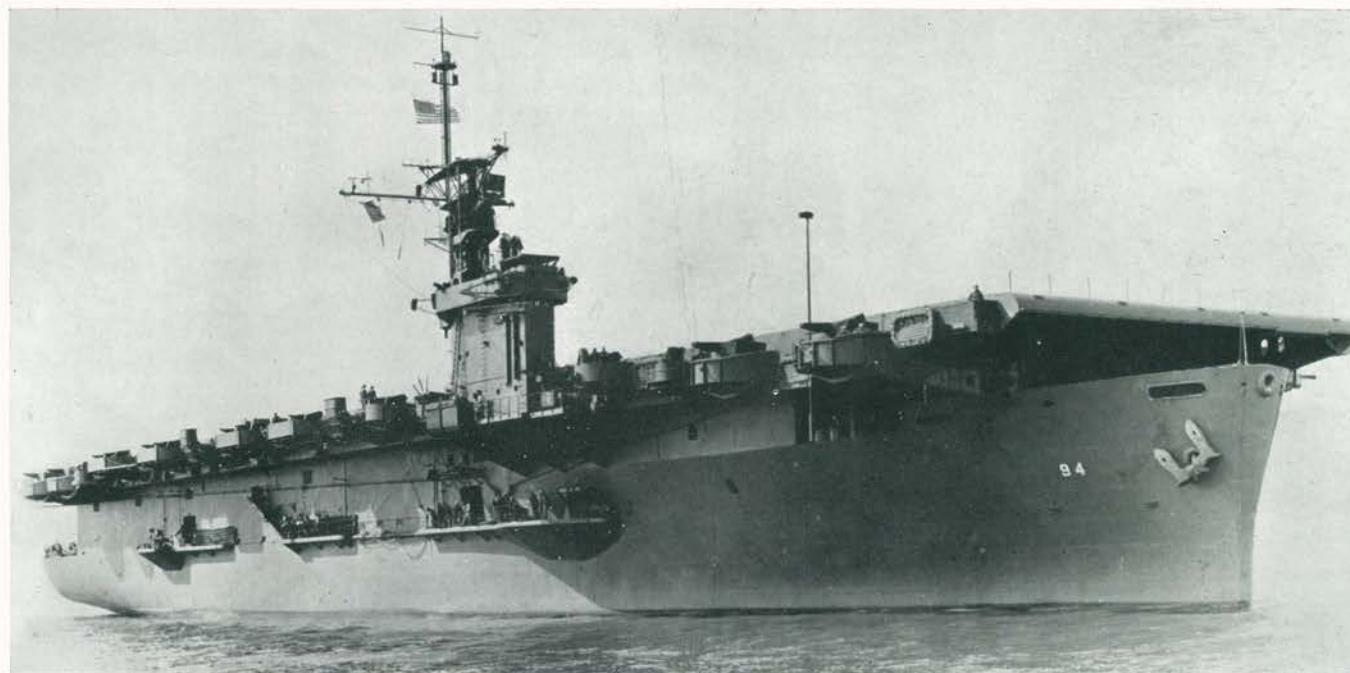
Sunday, 4 June, found most of the *Lunga Point* wives en route home or preparing to leave, because Scuttlebutt, straight from the Chow Line, told us that we would soon be getting underway.

ANCHORS AWEIGH!

Stand Navy down the field,
Sail set to the sky!
We'll never change our course;
So Army, you steer shy-y-y!
Roll up the score, Navy,
Anchor's aweigh!
Sail Navy down the field
And sink the Army; sink the Army Grey!

"Monday, 5 June 1944:

08-12 Moored as before. Set Condition Baker.
0820 Stationed all special sea details. Made all preparations for getting underway. 0857 Underway from Pier 2, Berth 4, U.S. Naval Station, Astoria, Oregon, on various courses and speeds. Pilot, Lt. Cdr. Clark, at the conn. Captain, Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge. 0909 Pilot, Lt. Cdr. Hansen, USCG, relieved Pilot, Lt. Cdr. Clark, at the conn. 0944 Exercised at General Quarters. 0957 Sighted blimp; identified as K-87, U.S.



Getting underway from Astoria.

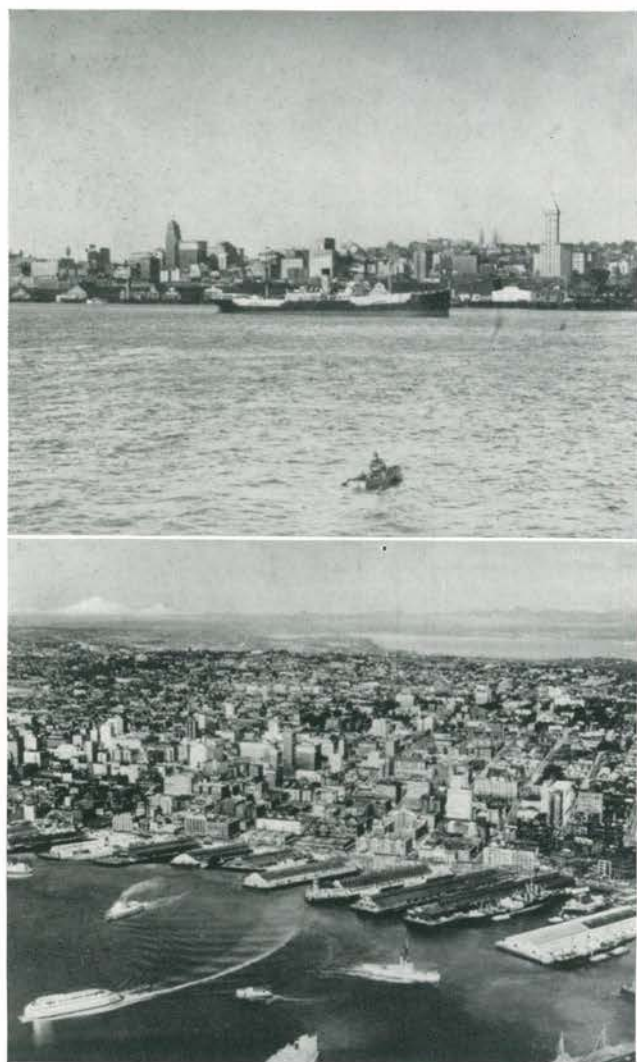
Navy. 1005 Passed from Inland to International waters. 1006 Secured from General Quarters. Set Condition III, Section 3, 1021 Pilot, Lt. Cdr. Hansen, USCG, left the ship. Took departure on course 131°T and p.g.c. 1110 c/c to 164°T and p.g.c."

The above log entry was not needed to convince everyone that we were finally underway on our "Maiden Voyage." Notable among those who needed only the pitch and roll of the *Lunga Point* to convince them that something new had suddenly come into their lives were Lieutenants DeAngelis and Ray, as well as many men scattered throughout the Crew's Quarters trying in vain to calm the seas by laying flat on their stomachs in their bunks, with their agonized heads burrowing futilely into their pillows for comfort, which was nowhere to be found. It was during this period that Lt. DeAngelis introduced a new piece of gear to be carried topside to the open Bridge

by the Officer-of-the-Deck when relieving the Watch—just a plain bucket.

After crossing the Columbia River Bar, we found ourselves in the Pacific for the first time. The Pacific was everything but what its name implies, however, and our ship pitched and tossed like a cork in the mountainous waves, and the plates of the ship resounded with a boom throughout that first night at sea as they gave under the impact of the heavy seas. It was, therefore, a relief to all, and particularly those unhappy "sea-sick sailors," when we entered the quiet and peaceful waters of Puget Sound the next morning. For the next few days, we enjoyed smooth sailing in what is probably the most picturesque sound in the world, while we called at Port Townsend, Illahee, Bremerton and other points in Puget Sound, taking on various stores, ammunition and other gear, and going through various tests of precision instruments preparatory to our Shakedown Cruise, which was next in our schedule.

Top: Seattle from a row boat; bottom: Seattle from air, showing Bremerton ferry.



As we cruised along through the narrow straits of Puget Sound we could not help but feel that we were being allowed much the same view as met the eyes of Captain John Smith as he brought his ships into Jamestown, in the Colony of Virginia, in 1607, because the beautiful pines, firs and spruce so typical of that beautiful northwest country came right down to the crystal clear water's edge, as virgin in appearance as one could possibly hope to see. Despite the fact that huge lumber mills were humming beyond the hills and that we were cruising through waters that are literally a highway of commerce between the United States, Canada and Alaska, the view that met our eyes convinced us in our own minds that we were the first ship to chart a course through that panorama of evergreen beauty.

While we enjoyed the cruise from a scenic standpoint, we had hardly gotten underway from Astoria when we were made to realize that this cruise was not only a preliminary to our shakedown, but that it was the beginning of an indoctrination period that was to grow in its intensity until such time as all hands had been trained to do the job for which they were best fitted and to do that job well. Drills of all kinds were the order of the day—General Quarters, Fire Drill, Collision Drill, Abandon Ship Drill and many other exercises that, thoroughly mastered, would enable us to fight our ship successfully when we had reached that

point of "near-perfection" for which the "Old Man" strove so hard. It was just like going to school again, not only because we were having drills of some kind every day, but because we were going to school in fact. The officers were having classes every day in Officer-of-the-Deck duties, aircraft and ship recognition and so on, while the enlisted personnel were having lookout and recognition classes, too. Actually, it appeared to us that we were being "screened." While, no doubt, the Captain was a little apprehensive at the tremendous number of "dry land sailors" he had under his command, we don't feel that he ever thought he had a hopeless job on his hands, but that, rather, his job was to try us all out in various duties until he had found the job best suited to our individual capabilities. With this feeling in mind, we all went about our duties cheerfully and with a determination to absorb all we could from our various training courses and exercises, and, in retrospect, we can now say with justifiable pride that we do feel that we got off on the right foot and that we have been well rewarded for our efforts.

After several days cruising in Puget Sound and with all hands ready for a liberty or so after our "long" cruise, on

"Friday, 9 June 1944:

12-16 Steaming as before. 1442 Completed measured mile runs. 1445 Set course 300°T and p.g.c. Speed 18 knots. 1500 c/c to 080°T and p.g.c. c/s to 15 knots. 1524 On various courses and speeds proceeding to dock. Lt. Cdr. Willard, Pilot, at the conn. Captain, Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge. 1544 Moored starboard side to Pier 91, Berth How, Naval Station, Seattle, Wash., with two 10" manila lines and six 1½" wire lines doubled."

The Captain, of course, being in the know as to "when and where" we were going, already had things arranged, and he simply had to walk down the gangway and be driven to his home overlooking Lake Washington to see his Skipper, while the rest of us, the proletariat, walked the four miles in to the Seattle business section for much-needed "rest and recreation." This, of course, was not our first visit to Seattle, because we had all spent several weeks in Bremerton, at the CVE Pre-commissioning School prior to going to Astoria to commission our ship; however, we were all kept so very busy



while in Bremerton, attending classes, holding personnel inspections and so on that we had heretofore seen very little of Seattle proper.

Seattle had much to offer us in the way of diversion from our shipboard duties, and we found the typical Northwest hospitality much in evidence, what with various Service Clubs and Fraternal Organizations, as well as the hotels, ready to welcome us with open arms. As a matter of fact, on arrival in the Cocktail Lounge of the Hotel Olympic a short (very short) while after we had docked, we found quite a number of *Lunga Point* men already enjoying their "rest and recreation." The whole city was crowded that night, as well as all the time we were there, because we were not the only Naval vessel in port, and the Bremerton crowd from the Puget Sound Navy Yard was sufficient to over-flow the city, anyway. Despite the usual Seattle wartime crowd, though, we could eventually find a restaurant where we didn't have to stand in line more than an hour, and we even found a couple of night clubs that had room for us. Quite a number of our men from the Seattle-Tacoma area had the pleasure of a short visit with their families. All in all, our first night, as well as the days to follow, in Seattle were most enjoyable.

It was also while in Seattle that we in the Wardroom were served that never-to-be-forgotten dinner—three courses of them—on Saturday, 10 June 1944. It made such a lovely impression on our guests that we shall ever be grateful to our Wardroom Mess Caterer, Lt. (jg) C. C. Smith, for his ingenuity in planning such a delicious menu. As long as we live we shall blush at the sight of a Boston Baked Bean.

Having finished our loading of stores in Seattle, on

"Monday, 12 June 1944:

12-16 Moored as before. 1232 Underway from Pier 91, Berth How, U.S. Naval Station, Seattle, Washington, on various courses and speeds."

But where to?

There are two important censorship regulations that the Navy always manages to keep a deep, dark secret, and they are the time of departure and where we are going. In this particular instance, our Executive Officer pulled a fast one on the Ship's Service Officer before leaving Seattle. He had intimated that we were going to Alameda (San Francisco), Calif. At this particular time the carbonators had not



Civic center, San Diego.

been installed in the Ship's Service Store and we were selling bottled Coca-Cola. Consequently, in order to conserve space, which is always at a premium aboard ship, we took on just enough bottled "Cokes" to last until we reached "Frisco," but we didn't even come

within sight of Seal Rocks, much less pass through the Golden Gate, and we had to go without our "Dopes" for a couple of days, because on

"Friday, 16 June 1944:

08-12 Steaming as before on course of $270^{\circ}T$ and p.g.c., 254° p.s.c. Speed 12 knots. 0810 Exercised at Steering Casualty Drill. 0818 Secured from Steering Casualty Drill. 0920 Land sighted bearing $165^{\circ}T$. 1129 c/c to $320^{\circ}T$ and p.g.c. Passed Bell Buoy A abeam to port. 1133 Stationed all special sea details. Standing in to San Diego Harbor, Calif. on various courses and speeds. Captain at the conn. Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge."

Instead of arriving at Alameda, we made our first call on N.A.S., North Island, San Diego, Calif., where those of us who were fortunate enough to rate liberty had a brief but pleasant visit in the beautiful cities of San Diego and Coronado. It was destined to be a short stay though, because after all, there was a war going on and we had work to do. Therefore, the next day, Saturday, 17 June 1944, we got underway from North Island for several days at sea on various tests and exercises incident to preparing a ship for its Shakedown Cruise. At this point, in addition to our drills and classes of instruction, the Captain introduced another indoctrination program, which was to have various Department Heads address the officers on the functions and operations of their



At "DesBase," San Diego, California.

respective departments, which was, of course, designed to give all officers at least a superficial working knowledge of those departments in which they had no direct interest. This plan not only made us more familiar with our ship as a whole, but it instilled in us a sympathetic attitude toward the particular problems of our fellow officers. Therefore, with our indoctrination program well underway, and feeling that we were ready for our Shakedown, on

“Saturday, 24 June 1944:

16-20 Steaming as before. 1610 Sighted Farallon Islands bearing 189°T. 1611 c/c to 100°T and p.g.c. 1656 Passed Buoy A abeam to port. Maneuvering on various courses conforming to channel into San Francisco Harbor. 1834 Stationed all special sea details. 1835 Passed from International to Inland waters. Passed Bonita Point abeam to starboard. 1843 Passed under Golden Gate Bridge. 1857 Passed Alcatraz Light abeam to port. 1934 Passed under San Francisco Bay Bridge (Some folks call it Oakland Bay Bridge—Ed.). 1938 Passed Goat Island Light abeam to port. 1954 Anchored in Berth 9 in 10 fathoms of water with 60 fathoms of chain out to the port anchor at the water’s edge, on the following bearings: Ferry Building 297.5°T, Goat Island 005.3°T, Red Dock 270°T and Alcatraz Light 313°T. Secured main engines.”

We now found ourselves finally anchored in San Francisco Bay, where we were to move to the dock at N.A.S., Alameda, the next morning.

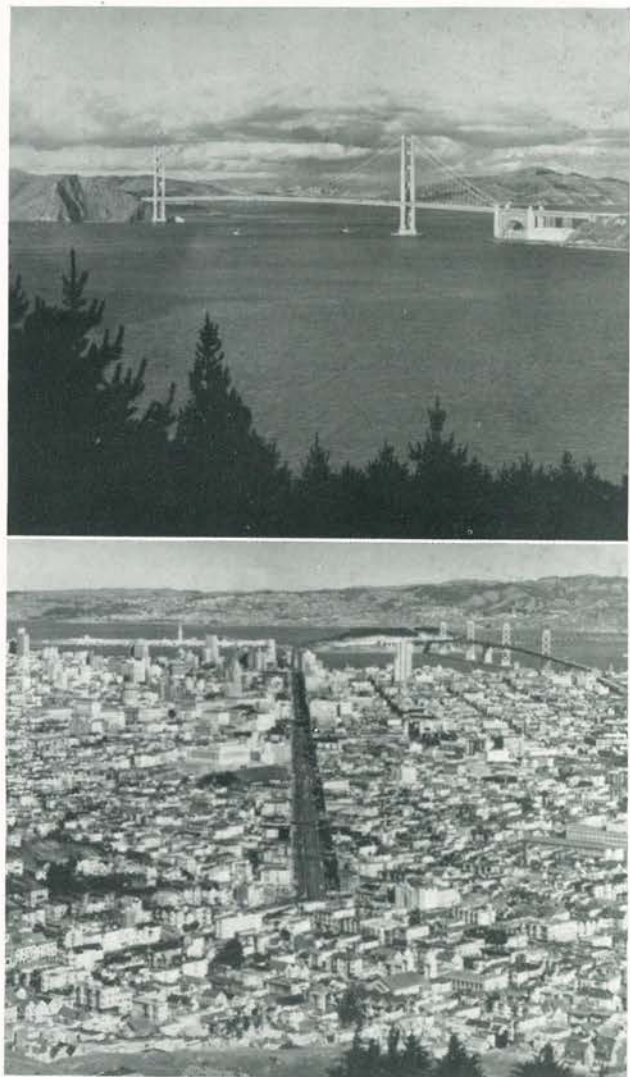
Upon docking at the Alameda pier, all hands turned to on loading stores and other gear for our Shakedown Cruise. It being the policy of our Government to make these Shakedown Cruises pay for themselves, among other things, we took aboard quite a number of planes as cargo, and a large number of officers and men as passengers. We had so much gear to get aboard that it took a couple of days hard work, which meant a couple of liberties for those in the liberty section. Consequently, the *Lunga Point* was very much in evidence around San Francisco, at the Top o’ the Mark, Fisherman’s Wharf, Cliff House, Seal Rocks, the Saint Francis and even Trader Vic’s over in Oakland. Many a *Lunga Point* man could also be seen hanging precariously on the little cable cars as they climbed slowly but surely up Telegraph Hill. This was the first visit to “Frisco” for

many men on the *Lunga Point*, and the quaintness and charm of this lovely West Coast metropolis, with its most genuine Chinatown and Latin Quarter, was thoroughly enjoyed by all of us. Yes, we all had had a good time, and well we might, because we had a long journey ahead of us, which held the unhappy prospect for many of us having to go through the ordeal of being “Pollywogs” until “crossing the line,” at which time we would be well initiated into the ancient and honorable ranks of the “Shellbacks”; so on

Shake her down! Shake her down!!

“Tuesday, 27 June 1944:

12-16 Moored as before. 1215 Stationed all special sea details. Made all preparations for getting underway. 1310 Pilot, Lt. Cdr. H. S. Stengel, USCG, came aboard. 1312 Underway from Carrier Pier, Berth 7, N.A.S., Ala-



Top: Golden Gate bridge; bottom: View from Twin Peaks, looking down Market Street, San Francisco.

meda, California. Pilot at the conn. Captain, Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge. Proceeding on various courses and speeds out of San Francisco Bay. 1354 Passed Alcatraz Island abeam to starboard. 1409 Passed under Golden Gate Bridge. 1418 Passed from Inland to International waters. Speed 15 knots. Passed between Bonita Point and Seal Rock Lighthouse. On various courses conforming to swept channel. 1501 Stopped. Lying to. Pilot left the ship. 1510 Ahead s/s. Set course 201°T, 202° p.g.c., and 191° p.s.c. Exercised at General Quarters. 1519 Secured from General Quarters. Set Condition III. 1530 c/c to 148°T and p.g.c. 1540 U.S. Navy Blimp K-105 reported for duty. 1547 c/s to 16 knots."

Heard among the "Sky-larkers":

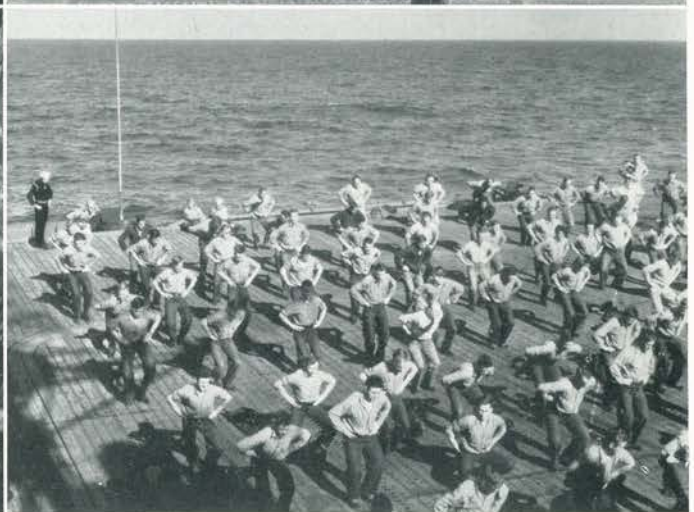
"I got it straight from a Civil Service Quarterman Laborer on the dock at Alameda that we're headed straight for Brisbane."

"My girl friend's brother has a buddy who has a sister-in-law working at the Federal Building in Frisco, and she says we're definitely going to Pearl."

"A waiter in the Lotus Restaurant told me we are going to Ulithi Atoll, wherever that is. Boy, they do have good Chow Mein at that Lotus, too. So that waiter must know what he's talking about."

"Now, listen, youse guys; I've got the dope, and I ain't hankerin' to tell you, but, if you must know, here it is. We're goin' to sea!"

Now, having really gotten underway on our Shakedown Cruise, all hands were told the first night, by our Executive Officer, that we were en route to Finschafen, New Guinea. We are always told, after getting underway exactly where we are going, because, after all, no one is so anxious to let out the information as to want to swim ashore with it. This in-



Top left: A good place to pass by—Alcatraz; top right: Calisthenics on flight deck; bottom left: Caulking off on fantail en route to New Guinea; bottom right: Calisthenics on flight deck (Pixley seems to be having a hard time).

formation was received with ripples; in fact, waves of excitement throughout the ship, because it had been a long time since we had been to New Guinea (never, for most of us). As a matter of fact, it had been so long that we had forgotten all we ever knew about the place; so much so that we were half hoping to find it populated with gobs of those beautiful South Sea sirens, the kind that Samuel Goldwyn had accustomed us to expect, waiting for us on the beach. This happy prospect almost made us forget the unhappy prospect of our coming initiation before King Neptune.

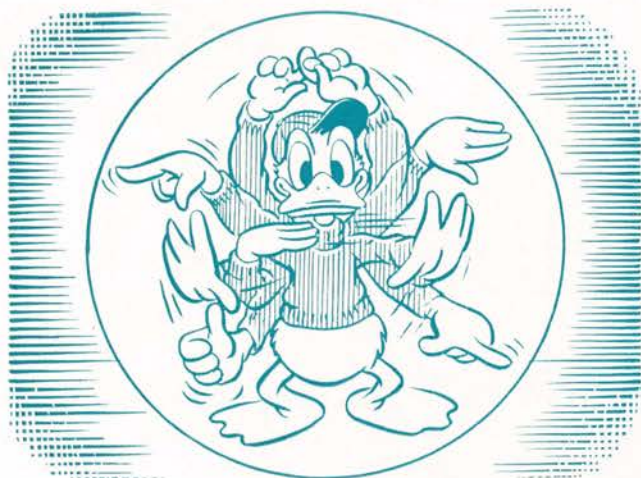
Meanwhile, the "Civilian Officers" of the Ship's Company turned to in their determination to prove to the Executive Officer that he was wrong. For it was none other than Commander E. R. "Swede" Eastwold, USN, who, in his first informal talk with our Officers in Bremerton on 4 April 1944, said, and we quote him verbatim as follows: "Well, I've been looking over the Officer's Roster and I find the Reserves (he meant civilians) in the majority. I understand that other CVE's before us have gone out under the same uncertain and shaky conditions, though, which proves it can be done; so all I want you to do is to prove it to me. I don't see how it can be done, but it's up to you. Do the job; that's all I want." The Exec, however, couldn't have realized how far wrong he was in estimating the ability of his officer personnel. He simply hadn't, at that time, interviewed all the officers to see just what their Naval qualifications were, because we were so fortunate as to have lawyers, engineers, chemists, bookmakers, radio crooners (a National hook-up, too), insurance men, football coaches, petroleum engineers, business men, lumber dealers, rising young business men, dry ice manufacturers, prominent young business men, lawyers, flying machine drivers, dentists, doctors, farmers (gentleman farmers, of course), lawyers, school teachers, Harvard men (a Yale man, too, and also a son of old Nassau), law students to be, salesmen, public welfare workers, Ministers (Methodist), law students, paper cup salesmen, filling station operators, three graduates of the United States Naval Academy, classes of 1923, 1932 and 1935 (adding up and dividing by three gives an average of '30; therefore, we were somewhat comforted to know that three members of the class of '30 were with us to keep us off the coral reefs that lay ahead), detectives, lawyers, lawyers, one child of the Streets of Paris, hauling contractors,

certified public accountants, lawyers, boxing instructors, G.M.A.C. "Bird Dogs," lawyers, obstetricians, and lawyers. For the life of us we can't understand how anyone can feel that all these qualifications can't add up to at least



Top: Our "escort" out of San Francisco enroute to New Guinea; *center:* A part of our hangar deck "cargo" on Shakedown to New Guinea; *bottom:* Hangar deck cargo and passengers enroute to New Guinea.

one qualified Officer-of-the-Deck underway. And besides, the Exec completely overlooked the fact that at least one officer got his commission on the basis of having, for many years, made periodical trips to Cape Lookout and the Gulf Stream in a 50-foot cruiser in pursuit of his favorite hobby of deep sea fishing without once getting sea sick. But all this is actually beside the point; we had the "boat" out there in the Pacific, and we had to drive it; so we figured we might as well drive it on down New



Guinea way as we had been told to do. Here we go, boys! Hold your hats!!

*Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
And many a stormy wind shall blow
Ere Jack comes home again.*

There followed many pleasant days of cruising on the quiet waters of the South Pacific, and we all enjoyed the pleasant company of a fine group of passengers, because, at that time, we "hadn't begun to fight," and we had some leisure time on our hands (Oh, how we long for the leisure, now). It was the first time in those waters for most of us, and we really enjoyed the beauty of the Pacific, with its crystal clear, emerald green water, and its many species of flying fish, not to mention an occasional whale and school after school of porpoise, dolphin and shark. As the time went on, we drew nearer and nearer to the Equator, and the great majority of us, being Pollywogs, looked forward to crossing the line with grave apprehension. It was, however, on "E minus 4" (four days before crossing the line) that the secret leaked out. He had tried to keep it a secret as long as he could, but when Neptune's representatives,

lining up the Neophytes ahead of time, asked him for his Shellback card, he had to admit that, even though he graduated at Annapolis in 1932, he was an humble, lowly Pollywog. Well, to say the least, it was some comfort to us 800 odd genuine and unembarrassed Pollywogs to know that we had a "three striper," 12 years out of "Crab Town," going through the ordeal with us. So, with increased fortitude and a grim determination to undergo our coming ordeal like men of the "Nyvee" of old, we went about our daily tasks, trying to forget that Davey Jones would soon be coming up through the hawse pipes with our Royal Summonses until on Sunday, 2 July 1944, we received a dispatch on board reading as follows:

"FROM: HRH NEPTUNIS REX

TO: USS LUNGA POINT (CVE 94)
302330 X

IT HAS BEEN REPORTED THAT THE USS LUNGA POINT WITH A FULL COMPLEMENT OF GROSS POLLYWOGS IS ABOUT TO ENTER MY ROYAL DOMAIN X IT IS HEREBY DIRECTED THAT ALL MY LOYAL SHELLBACKS ABOARD INSTITUTE A ROYAL COURT TO TRY ALL SUCH POLLYWOGS AS MAY BE FOUND IN THE COMPANY OF REAL SEAFARING MEN X IT IS DIRECTED THAT A REPORT LOG BE KEPT BY A TRUSTY SHELLBACK SO THAT NO IMPERTINENT POLLYWOG MAY ESCAPE DUE PUNISHMENT FOR HIS RASHNESS X ALL SUCH OFFENDERS SHALL BE BROUGHT TO TRIAL UPON MY ARRIVAL ON BOARD AT THE EQUATOR X THIS SHALL BE PROMULGATED TO THE CREW AT QUARTERS X

X 302330"

We continued with our classes of instruction and our various drills with renewed interest and vigor in hopes that we could momentarily forget our impending doom, but even the contagious smile of our popular instructor, Commander E. G. Osborn, USN, did little good in helping us to get our minds off our coming initiation, because on Monday, 3 July, we received another dispatch which read as follows:



King Neptune and his Royal Court.

“FROM: HRH NEPTUNIS REX
TO: USS LUNGA POINT (CVE 94)

IN CONFORMITY WITH THE CUSTOMS ESTABLISHED SINCE MEN HAVE SAILED BEYOND THE SEAS AND INTO MY REALM THE COMMANDING OFFICER IS REQUESTED TO HAVE ALL LOWLY POLLYWOGS FALL IN AT QUARTERS ON JULY FOURTH AT 1400 TO RECEIVE SUBPOENA DIRECTING THEM TO APPEAR BEFORE MY ROYAL COURT ON WEDNESDAY JULY FIFTH X UNIFORM FOR SUCH LOWLY CREATURES SHOULD BE AS FOLLOWS COLON OFFICERS COMMA FANCY GREY OR KHAKI TROUSERS BLUE SERVICE TOP COAT AND WHITE CAPS ENLISTED PERSONNEL WHITE TROUSERS BLUE JUMPER FLAT HATS PEACOCKS AND WOOLEN GLOVES X UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES SHALL SUCH PERSONS BE PERMITTED TO WEAR SHOES OR SOX X SPECIAL OFFICER LOOKOUTS SHALL BE POSTED IN THE EYES OF THE SHIP ONE HOUR PRIOR TO THE ARRIVAL OF MY ROYAL SCRIBE DAVEY JONES X UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT FOR LOOKOUTS SHALL BE PRESCRIBED BY THE SENIOR SHELLBACK ABOARD X”

“Tuesday, 4 July 1944:

12-16 Steaming as before. 1405 Davey Jones welcomed aboard by Captain.”

Sure enough, at exactly 1400, our officer lookouts, being ever on the alert, sighted Davey

Jones climbing the down haul chains out of the depths of the briny deep, right up the bow of our ship and through the hawse pipes, and they immediately reported the arrival of our distinguished guest to the OOD, who, in turn, reported it to the Captain. The Old Man promptly invited Davey up to the flight deck where he extended him a warm welcome aboard, whispering in Davey’s ear that he hoped the Royal Court would give us Pollywogs H--- the next day, particularly the Exec, because it was with a feeling of utter contempt that the Skipper had learned that his Executive Officer, with all his years at sea, had never gotten nearer the Equator than the Atlantic entrance to the Panama Canal.

Davey Jones expressed his appreciation to the Captain for the warm welcome, and then looked down upon the supplicating Pollywogs with a supercilious and gluttonous expression on his weather-beaten face, and commenced reading the charges, most of which were faked, against the individuals bowing in great humility and fright before his Majesty’s emissary. Davey seemed to enjoy the suffering of the Pollywogs immensely as they stood about the flight deck, barefooted, and in pea coats and top coats, with that Equatorial sun beating down upon them (and us), and the perspiration dripping from their chins. His expression seemed to warn the poor un-initiated that where beads of perspiration dropped that day, drops of blood would be dripping on the morrow, after they had been convicted without trial before the Royal Court, and were receiving their “just” punishment. After warning the Pollywogs to be prepared for trial at ex-

actly 1400 the next day, Davey left the ship via the hawse pipes as quietly as he had come aboard.

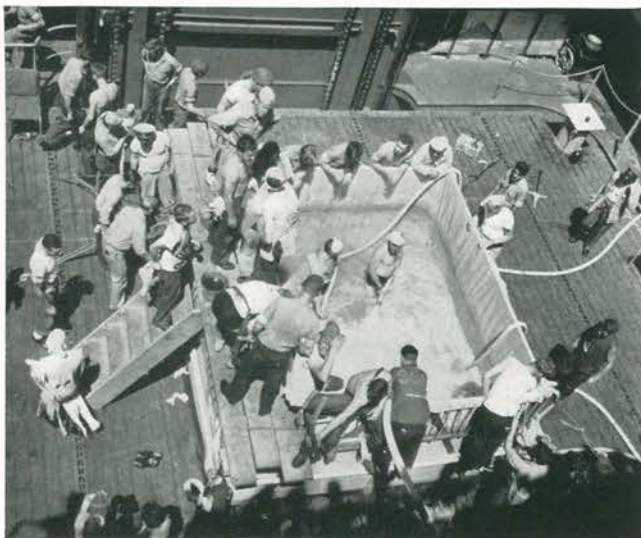
“Wednesday, 5 July 1944:

12-16 Steaming as before. 1400 Conducted ceremonies incident to crossing Equator.”

Oh, me! Oh, my!!

The Royal Court convened on the flight deck promptly at 1400 and had rendered swift and “just” sentences upon the 800 odd Pollywogs at exactly 1401. It is only meet and right that the names of the individuals comprising a Court that can render equitable punishment so rapidly should be preserved for posterity; therefore, the entire Court is given below as follows:

HRH King Neptune C. B. Wagner, CGM
 HRH Queen Amphitrite J. H. Beall, Y1C
 Royal Scribe Lt. (jg) C. C. Smith
 Royal Chaplain R. O. McCormick, CSF
 Royal Doctor Cdr. C. M. Tirrell
 Royal Dentist J. F. Handley, Cox
 Royal Sheriff W. L. Baker, CSF
 Royal Bear L. E. Ewing, CSK
 Davey Jones E. C. Ammons, MoMM2c
 Royal Baby W. W. A. Feurer, CRM
 Royal Nurse G. R. Wallace, AMM3c
 Royal Barber W. W. Partin, Y1C
 Royal Barber W. W. Atkinson, CSM
 Royal Navigator J. L. Nihem, QM3c



Preparing the “ducking tank” for the “Pollywogs.”



Lowly “Pollywog” kisses Royal Baby.

Immediately after the sentences had been rendered, King Neptune extended a warm and cordial invitation to all Pollywogs to join the Court on the hangar deck, where certain secret and ugly looking gear had been set up for the “torture of the damned,” and the invitations weren’t R.S.V.P., either. The only consolation we could find in the proceedings was that nearly all our passengers were Pollywogs also, and they, poor hapless things, constituted nearly half the number being initiated. We of the Ship’s Company would, at least, soon be “giving it back.” After getting us on the hangar deck, they herded the entire lot of us down to the after crew mess, where we waited our turn in line for the privilege of running the gauntlet of Shellbacks the length of the hangar deck to the forward elevator to pay homage to, and receive treatment from the Royal Court.

Pictures can tell the story of what happened far better than words. Suffice it to say that we were a motley looking crew of Shellbacks when they had finished with us, with crosses of silver nitrate on our foreheads that remained there nearly as long as we had to sit on the edge of our chairs at chow, which, in at least one case, was all of a month. And the haircuts presented such a tonsorial array as has never before or since been equalled in originality. The inge-

nunity of the Royal Barbers was simply marvelous.

*We're a bunch of Shellbacks, Now!
Yo! Ho! Ho! And a bottle o' rum.
Beware all lowly Pollywogs,
'Cause our time's sure to come.*

The war having interrupted the education of so many of our Ship's Company, this cruise did serve the purpose of giving all hands something that, at least, had a vague resemblance to a diploma, because, in consequence of our suffering, we were all presented with Shellback Certificates as ornately decorated as any "Sheepskin" we've ever seen, each being appropriately inscribed with the name, rank and/or rate of each new Shellback by Ens. Stuve, our "Catapult King." Now, we were about to receive a pocket-sized "Diploma," because on

"Saturday, 8 July 1944:

20-24 Steaming as before 2024 Commenced blowing tubes and pumping bilges. 2029 Completed blowing tubes. 2030 Completed pumping bilges. 2245 Crossed 180th Meridian at 10°S. Latitude. Advanced ship's clocks 24 hours."

Crossing the 180th Meridian was more or less uneventful, since the usual initiation was waived by the Captain at the request of the Senior Medical Officer, because he had made an examination of the effects of the Shellback initiation on the crew and decided they'd had enough for one week. We were, however, accepted as Loyal Members of the Society of the Golden Dragon, and presented with appropriate cards testifying to that effect. The only occurrence worthy of note, in this connection, was the fact that we lost a Sunday, having



Top left: Captain extends welcome to Davey Jones; top right: Davey Jones responds to Captain's welcome; lower left: "Pollywogs" reporting to Davey Jones on 4 July; lower right: Pollywogs "crawling" the gauntlet of blood thirsty shellbacks.

jumped from mid-night Saturday to mid-night Sunday with very little effort, the principal effort being for the Quartermasters to move the ship's chronometers forward 24 hours. Consequently, we held Divine Services on Monday, but all hands were looking forward with pleasant anticipation to "getting that Sunday back" on our return journey to "Uncle Sugar," which couldn't be too soon for us.

Cruising along over the broad expanse of the Pacific, it suddenly occurred to us that the civilian Nyvee was doing a remarkable job, because we were almost to our destination, and we hadn't "gotten off the road" even once; though, one of those lawyer OOD's did "run us out on the shoulder" about 500 miles a couple of times, but he was assisted to some extent by our Navigator, who is actually a dry ice salesman in civilian life, the extent of his navigating heretofore having been to plot a course from his home to his plant in San Francisco. At any rate, it seemed perfectly uncanny that we were, at least, in the general vicinity of the South Pacific, and not too far from Finschafen, New Guinea. In all fairness, however, we must admit that we had had some help in getting the "boat" that far, because, to be honest about it, there were scattered remnants of the "Old Nyvee" to be found here and there in more or less strategic parts of the ship. Our Air Officer, in charge of "flying



Lowly "Pollywog" receives nourishment.

machine" operations, was of the "fairly old Nyvee," having graduated from the Naval Academy in 1935. Fortunately, our "Head Mechanic" (some folks call him the Chief Engineer) was of the "Fighting Nyvee," and he had five other regulars to help him "grind the valves, put in new rings, clean the spark plugs, remove the carbon, change the oil, adjust the



points on the distributor head, and keep her otherwise tuned up." Then, we had a Boatswain (pronounced "Bos'n") to "pull in the anchor." We had a fellow down in the C. & R. Department to teach us wood-carving as well as to repair leaks in the plumbing. Then there was another one up in the Radio Shack to get the news out of the air for us. We also had another one up there as C.W.O. Then, there was a long, lean and lanky guy known as the "Gunner," who was supposed to teach us to shoot, but we never see him when the shootin's going on. There was also a fellow known as the "Gas King," his job corresponding to that of the corner filling station operator, because it was none other than "that guy" who was constantly and eternally "outing the smoking lamp" while he filled the tanks of our "flying machines." Then, we had a "Ship's Scribe" (some call him the Ship's Clerk), and, believe me, we needed him because anyone who has ever attempted to write an official letter the Nyvee way is thoroughly convinced that it takes a specialist of long standing to write it "according to the book." Last but not least, we had about twenty-five Chief Petty Officers and possibly fifty enlisted men to form a nucleus on which our Skipper had to work in training us into a first-class fighting crew. Therefore, taking everything into consideration, it must be admitted that the civilians didn't "drive the boat" down that far all by themselves, although, even the civilians, at that point, as a result of their intensive indoctrination program, were beginning to take on the appearance of "Old Salts," which was quite surprising

considering the fact that 79 per cent of the Ship's Company had never even been to sea before. It was not, therefore, too much of a surprise when on

"Saturday, 15 July 1944:

12-16 Steaming as before. 1207 Pilot came aboard. 1212 Commenced standing in to Finschafen, New Guinea harbor on various courses and speeds. Pilot, Captain Bell, Royal Australian Navy, at the conn. Captain, Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge. 1233 Stationed all special sea details. 1326 Anchored in Dreger Harbor, Finschafen, New Guinea, in 15 fathoms of water, mud and coral bottom, with 45 fathoms of chain out to the port anchor on the following bearings; Left tangent of Matura Island $039^{\circ}T$, right tangent of Nussing Island $191^{\circ}T$, Nababangdu Point $000.5^{\circ}T$. SOPA: U.S.S. *Lunga Point*. 1355 secured special sea details. Set Condition of Readiness III, Material Condition Baker. Cut out generator 3; cut in generator 2. Generators 1 and 2 in use. All engines in standby condition. 1400 Set clocks back one hour."

New Guinea presented a picturesque sight to us from the ship soon after the first landfall, with her stately coconut palms swinging gently in the breeze, but after coming to anchor we had a close-up view that was not so pretty, because we then saw the ravages of war at first hand. The outer islands were entirely burned out of all undergrowth from shellfire, and even the graceful palms still standing were shell-scarred and broken. While this was a horrible sight to us then, it was to be a common sight to us in the future, since most every island we visited during our first year bore such mute evidence of the ravages of war; damage to nature's beauty that would take generations to restore.

Shortly after arriving in Finschafen we secured docking space and shifted over to the pier where we immediately started unloading our cargo of planes and disembarking our many passengers. Not a one of our passengers knew exactly where he was going; their orders merely designated various bases with code names, however, they all disembarked at Finschafen for further transportation to their ultimate destinations, and they were a funny, yet pathetic sight as they stepped from that quickly thrown up dock into the foot-deep mud of New Guinea, not knowing how or when

they were leaving there or where they were going.

Having gotten our ship down there, we were quite prepared for most any kind of a surprise. The entire West Coast of the United States was, at that time, operating under "dim-out" con-



Top: Docked at Finschafen, New Guinea; center: Aqua-planing at New Guinea; bottom: Marine camp at New Guinea.

ditions at night that closely resembled a "black-out," and all the way down we had religiously darkened ship one-half hour before sunset each evening, and no one was allowed to smoke in any exposed location. What could have been more surprising to us, then, than to learn that there would be no black-out in Finschafen, even in our ship? That night, Finschafen and the surrounding military installations looked like Times Square. It seemed quite bold to us, what with thousands of Japs entrapped just north of us around Wewak. At any rate, we had no attack that night and were able to proceed with our job of unloading unmolested.

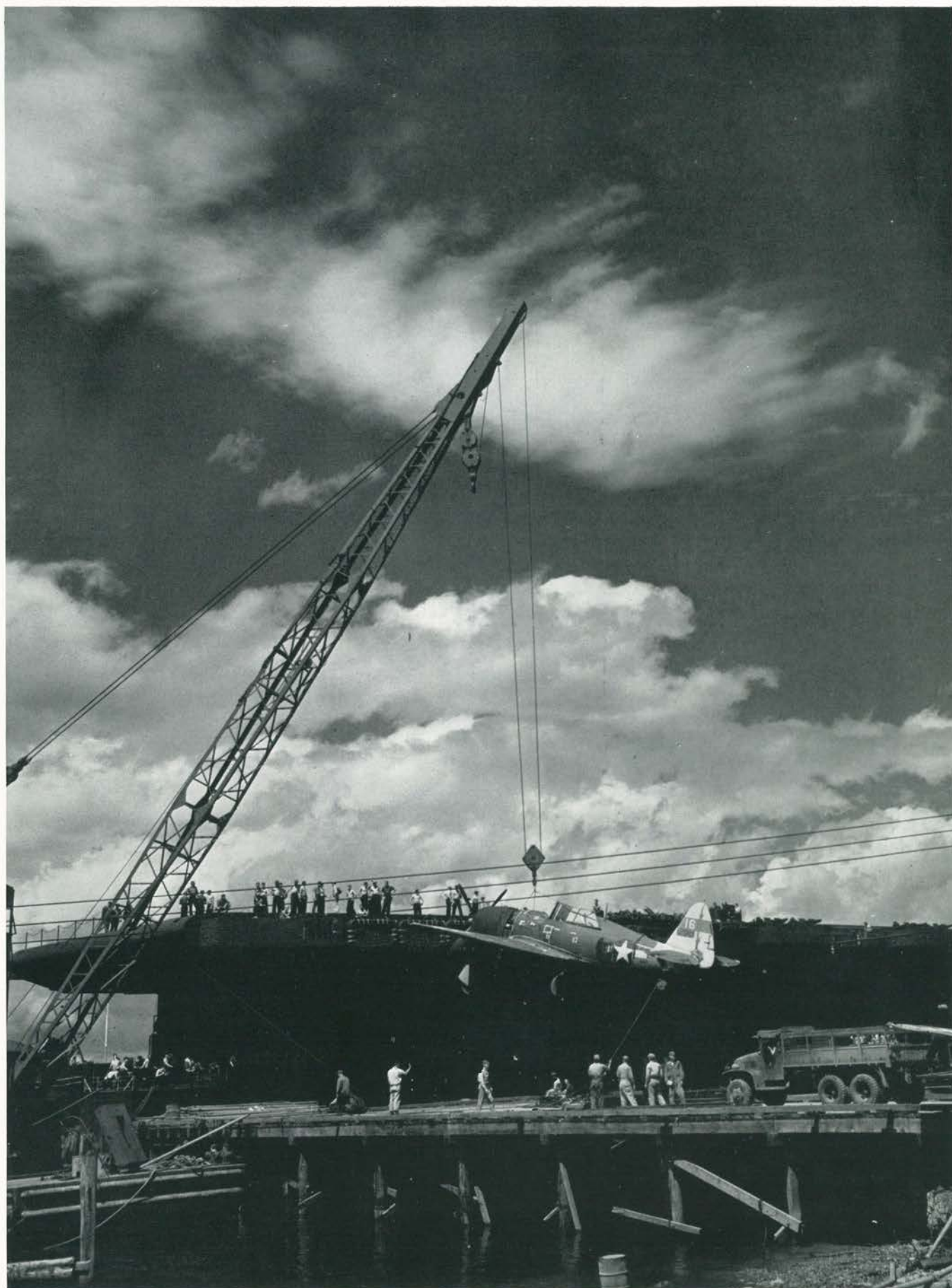
We had another surprise in the distorted picture we had had of the natives. Naturally, we had all read books, and we had all seen movies about the South Pacific, and we expected to find the natives not bad to look at to say the least. Since our stay there was to be short, very few were allowed to leave the dock. Fortunately, however, the Captain needed some khaki pants, and when the Old Man needs khaki pants the Ship's Service Officer has to go into action; in fact, when the Skipper needs anything, somebody has to go into action. The only good thing that ever came out of being Ship's Service Officer was the opportunity to go shopping for the Captain's pants in New Guinea. We, being Ship's Service Officer at the time, bright and early the next morning, took our Number 2 Jeep, hoping to find the Captain's pants at an Army Post Exchange we had heard of about ten miles up the coast. We took along Bos'n Luck and Dr. MacDonald; "Boats" to help us "weigh anchor" in that mud, and Dr. MacDonald to treat us in case of snake bite, because we had already heard of an eight foot python crawling in the bunk of an Army Officer his very first night there.

After leaving the dock, we found that the SeaBees, as usual, had done an excellent job of building roads up and down the coast; so we headed north along a very good dirt road, only occasionally running into deep mud. We passed camp after camp of Army and SeaBee units as we drove along through the hot, humid groves of coconut palms. We finally found the Post Exchange we were looking for, but they didn't have the correct size pants for the Captain; so we began our return journey to the ship.

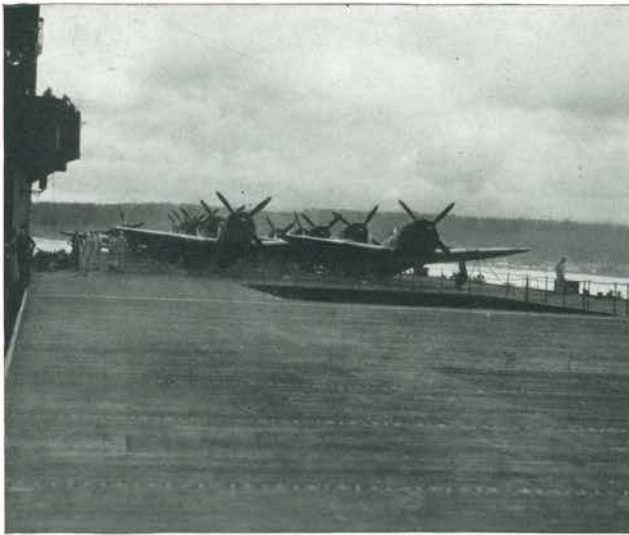
On the way up we had seen numerous natives in British uniform, patrolling the roads, but we

hadn't seen any natives in their native dress. Finally, returning to the ship along this jungle road, we saw two individuals with a very dark "sun-burn" emerging from the jungle on our port hand. Slowing down to get a good look, it turned out that they were none other than New Guinea's "Dagwood" and "Blondie" out for a Sunday morning stroll. We had always heard that the natives in these parts made the women do all the work, and these two confirmed it. "Pop" was out front, wearing a loin cloth and nothing else, and carrying about a six foot staff in his right hand. He seemed to be awfully well built and in the best of shape physically. It was, of course, impossible to tell his age, but, though he didn't look it, we guessed his age as about fifty. "Mom" was trudging along about six feet astern, wearing a length of what appeared to be brightly colored, but dirty, gingham wrapped around her body from her arm pits to just above her knees, and she was carrying a heavy burden on her back, suspended in a sort of sling from her head. She was diminutive to say the least, and appeared to be about 15 years old, but not holding her youth too well under the burden imposed on her by being Dagwood's spouse. She was everything but the Dorothy Lamour type we had expected to find.

Returning to the ship, we found them loading old planes and a few passengers for transportation back to the States. We also found lots of visitors at our "Gedunk" Stand, buying ice cream and anything else we could sell them. These Army lads and SeaBees had been there a long time without too much in the way of luxuries; so it was a pleasure to let them have anything we could spare, including our "precious cargo." We also found three Army Nurses, not too glamorous looking in their cover-alls, waiting for the Ship's Service Officer to see if he would sell each of them one of the pretty leather compacts that were reserved for the Ship's Company. After one good look at them we realized that they were in desperate need of something to combat the effects of the New Guinea climate on their complexions; so we let them each have one, and they were three happy girls if we ever saw any. As a matter of fact, we believe they would gladly have paid five times the price we charged them. The sight of these three girls, undergoing the same hardships as the men in New Guinea, convinced us of the many sacrifices they are



Bringing Army planes aboard at Finschafen.



Part of our cargo of army planes on flight deck at Espiritu Santos.

making in this war, and they are doing it happily, too.

Having completed our loading of cargo and passengers, on

“Sunday, 16 July 1944:

16-18 Moored as before. 1617 Underway from Pier 11, Dreger Harbor, Finschafen, New Guinea, on various courses and speeds to conform to channel. Pilot, Captain Bell, at the conn. Captain, Executive Officer and Navi-

gator on the bridge. 1631 Passed Red Drum Buoy abeam to port, distance 50 yards. 1635 Pilot left the ship. 1637 With Nussing Island bearing 050°T , distance $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, took departure. Ahead s/s. 1642 Set base course 270.5°T , 270° p.g.c. and 260.5° p.s.c. 1645 Ahead full speed. 1735 c/c to 005.5°T , 005° p.g.c. and 357.5° p.s.c. 1738 Darkened ship.”

Again, we were underway for somewhere, and, shortly after leaving New Guinea, where we had been for little more than 24 hours, we were told that we were en route to Espiritu Santos, New Hebrides, where, if we were fortunate enough to get “on the beach,” we might have the opportunity of trying out our French on the natives. The cruise up to Espiritu Santos was uneventful; just the everyday routine, drills and more drills, classes and more classes, the entire Ship’s Company being occupied in teaching or learning to “man a ship.” It was at this point that we began to see the results of our indoctrination. The Captain, who had heretofore felt it advisable to remain on the bridge nearly all the time, except for a few hours at night, began to spend a little less time up there. There was also a definite atmosphere of mutual confidence developing between the Captain and the Ship’s Company.



Harbor view at Espiritu Santos.



Hangar deck passengers returning to "Uncle Sugar" from New Guinea.

We were getting the "feel of the sea." Our Gunners were staying "on target" more and more in our Gunnery Exercises. We had a definite feeling that our "Progress for Combat" was shaping up to the satisfaction of all concerned, and a definite feeling of pride in our ship and in ourselves was beginning to develop. We not only felt, but we knew we were "on our way," and that we had reached that near state of perfection with our many drills and exercises. It was, therefore, a happy and more confident crew that on

ESPIRITU SANTOS

"Thursday, 20 July 1944:

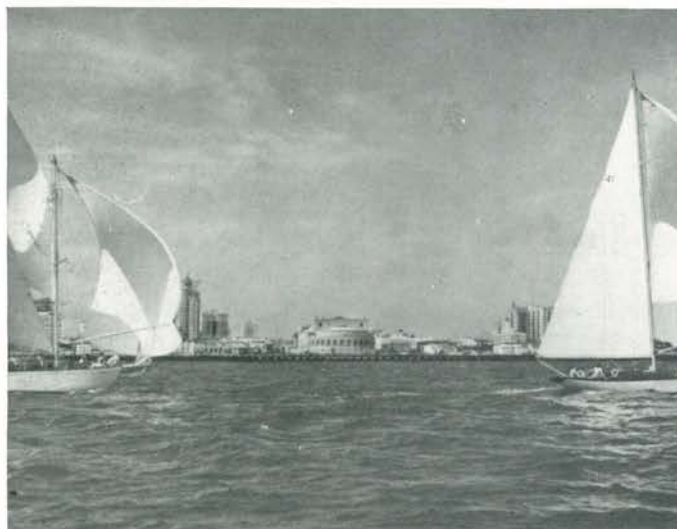
16-18 Steaming on various courses and speeds preparatory to entering harbor of Espiritu Santos, New Hebrides. 1616 Dead in water. Captain at the conn. Executive Officer and Navigator on the Bridge. 1631 All engines ahead 1/3. Maneuvering to enter Segond Channel. 1651 Passed through anti-submarine nets. 1653 Passed Beacon "A" abeam to starboard. 1708 Passed Beacon "C" abeam to starboard. 1714 Passed Beacon "G" abeam to starboard. 1720 Maneuvering to moor at Buoy 16. 1728 Line aboard buoy. 1743 Moored to Buoy 16, Segond Channel, Espiritu Santos Island, with 10" manila bowline and wire preventer. Various cargo and repair craft moored in harbor. SOPA: U. S. S. *Briaius*. 1745 Sludge barge received alongside. Secured main engines. 1757 Executed colors."

The sun having set just as we anchored, we saw no prospect of getting ashore that night, and Scuttlebutt, straight from the Chow Line, having pretty well convinced us that we would be getting underway sometime the next day, our hopes for getting ashore rapidly diminished. Fortunately for us, however, the Captain still hadn't gotten his khaki pants; so he sent us in at 0800 on the 21st to try again to get them for him. We found the pants right away, which we didn't mind very much, because, after all, there were no more places of interest to shop in between Espiritu and Uncle Sugar, and we had every reason to believe we were returning to the States. Our boat was not to return for us until 1100; so we had over two hours to wait. We decided to use that time to look up some friends at our Seaplane Base; so we hopped a ride down there in a Jeep. En route, we were immediately impressed with the fact that the New Hebrides were a much prettier and more civilized "Gunto" than we had expected. There was not as much mud as in New Guinea, and the SeaBees had built perfect sand and gravel roads all up and down the island. The more affluent citizens were of French extraction and lived in very attractive homes scattered along the roads, and many of them had their own French automobiles, though they were of a rather old vintage. Even the natives lived in more civilized homes than were found in New Guinea; however, we saw no villages, the homes merely being scattered sparsely along the roads with plenty of "Leibenstrum."

Having spent a very pleasant hour with our friends at the Seaplane Base, we hopped another Jeep ride back to the boat landing. En route, we passed three natives, dressed in their best loin cloths, with their arms full of miniature out-rigger canoes, which we felt certain they were taking to the landing to sell as souvenirs to the Army, Navy and Marine personnel stationed there; so we asked our benefactor if he would mind stopping long enough for us to buy one. We approached the elder of the three and said, "How much?" Not a grunt was forthcoming, even after the third attempt. Then, in our very best French, which we hadn't used in 18 years, we said, "Qu'est-ce que le prix?" Immediately, the words came back, "Fifty Cents." We finally got out of him that the only English they spoke was "Money," and we can well understand that, because we later learned that, two years before, American service men could buy boars teeth from them

for 25 cents, whereas, now that they have learned that all Americans are rich, they charged "Ten Dollar" for them, and they got it.

With the Captain's pants and our out-rigger canoe, we returned to the ship perfectly content with our three-hour visit to the New Hebrides. Upon arriving at the ship, we saw that the main reason for our calling at Espiritu Santos was to take on a large number of Army, Navy and Marine personnel for transportation back to the States. Our flight deck and hangar deck were loaded with planes, and there were row upon row of cots all up and down the hangar deck for the enlisted passengers, and every inch of space in Officer's Country was taken up with officer passengers. They were a most cheerful lot of passengers, because they were all going back to the States, either on duty or leave, after many months in the New Hebrides getting our various bases established. We, too, were in a cheerful mood, because the prospect of an early reunion with our families meant much to us also. Therefore, it was one happy ship when on



Top: Sailing off Long Beach; below: Rainbow pier and Municipal Auditorium, Long Beach.

"Friday, 21 July 1944:

12-16 Moored as before. 1422 Stationed all special sea details. Made all preparations for getting underway. 1458 Underway from Berth 16, Espiritu Santos, on various courses and speeds proceeding out of Segond Channel. Captain at the conn. Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge. 1546 Passed through anti-submarine nets."

The Plan-of-the-Day for Saturday, 22 July, had thereon the note, "En route San Diego, Uncle Sugar," which was most welcome, but not altogether unexpected news to all hands. Until then, we had been afraid they might, by some remote chance, transfer our cargo and passengers at Pearl Harbor, and send us on the road to Tokyo without another good look at the U.S.A. before starting on our "business trip."

The cruise back to the States was a very pleasant one, with most of our spare time spent either in classes of one kind or another or out on the forecastle or fantail, watching the many species of flying fish as they sailed excitedly away from our ship, and otherwise enjoying the beauty of the Pacific waters, while telling and listening to all manner of Sea Stories.

We could not have desired a nicer bunch of

passengers than we had on our return trip, and many friendships were formed amongst them. The enlisted personnel were a particularly well behaved and orderly group, and at least one of them was a rather enterprising young chap. He was a Marine Private, and he had with him one of those miniature Singer sewing machines. Our Tailor Shop is always rushed with work prior to returning to the States, because they have much work to do, not only in pressing, but also in sewing clean Watch tape and Rating Badges on uniforms, so that the men will look their best when they see their "one and only." Consequently, this Marine, not wanting to overlook a good thing, just set up business right there on the hangar deck, and he did such a thriving tailoring business that there is no telling how much he did make on that cruise. Everytime we passed his cot, he seemed to have all the business he could handle.

As an important part of our training, we never overlooked an opportunity for Gunnery Exercises. Frequently, while at sea, we would have one of our own planes tow a sleeve target for us to practice on, but nearly always, just before entering, or just after leaving port, we would have one or more planes from the beach tow targets for us, because we felt pretty certain that we would soon be grateful for all the gunnery practice we could cram into our routine. Our first contact with the States on our return therefore, was with planes from North Island towing targets for us. We could, at that point, see concrete evidence of the results of our many hours firing at towed sleeves in the hot tropical sun, because we were hitting the target pretty regularly. We had hardly secured from Gunnery Exercises when on

"Saturday, 5 August 1944:

08-12 Steaming as before, 0804 c/c to 064°T and p.g.c., 056° p.s.c. 0807 c/s to 16 knots. 0838 Sighted outer buoy bearing 063°T, distance 2 miles. 0839 a/e ahead 2/3. 0901 c/s to 10 knots. 0917 Commenced maneuvering on various courses and speeds to conform to channel. 0931 Pilot, J. T. Johnston, came aboard. 0957 Passed Point Loma abeam to port. 1030 Moored starboard side to Pier Item, North Island, San Diego, Calif. 1153 Passengers disembarked."

Everyone on board was happy that morning as we docked at North Island, but none were happier than our passengers who were return-

ing to the States after many months duty in the South Pacific, and they nearly went wild with cheers when they saw their first American girl since leaving the good 'ole U.S.A. She was a civilian employee of the Air Station, driving a tractor on the dock, but she looked like a glam-



Top: Beach and Tennis Club, del Coronado Hotel; center: del Coronado Hotel; bottom: Aerial view of San Diego.

orous Debutante at the Stork Club to those boys that morning.

Having disembarked our passengers and unloaded our cargo of planes, liberty started for the Port Watch at 1600, and that night the telephone lines were busy from Coronado and "Dago" to all sections of the country, as *Lunga Point* men awaited their turn in line to call their wives and families. It being pretty well understood that we would be in and around Dago and Long Beach for several weeks at least, many *Lunga Point* wives were given orders to return to that area with least possible delay, since many of them had returned to their homes, scattered all over the country, after we shoved off from Astoria on 5 June, exactly two months before.

The next day, 6 August, we got underway for Terminal Island, Long Beach, Calif., where

we were to go into the Yard to find out just how well we had "shaken her down." Most of the men spent their first few days there trying to find a room, any kind of a room, for their wives, because the housing situation was something terrible. Many a wife was en route, not knowing where she would stay; however, they were all taken care of one way or another, either in hotels, apartment houses or private homes.

While at Long Beach all hands were offered five days leave, with most of the single men going to Los Angeles, Hollywood, San Francisco and San Diego, and most of the married men remaining in Long Beach with their families. Quite a few *Lunga Point* men were able to get rooms at the Hotel Hilton or the Villa Riviera in Long Beach, while those in the "upper bracket" stayed at the Biltmore in Los Angeles. Actually, we had one representative from our ship in that upper bracket. It mattered not to us of the "proletariat," though, because we could get to Los Angeles on the Pacific Electric in forty-five minutes. In any event, it was here at Long Beach that many lasting friendships were made amongst the wives of the *Lunga Point* men; friendships that were going to mean much to them during their lonely hours awaiting our return from the fighting front later on. One event in particular did much to cement the friendships amongst the wives of the officers, and that was the luncheon that Mrs. Washburn gave for them in the Rendezvous Room of the Biltmore in Los Angeles during our Long Beach sojourn. We husbands, of course, did not "rate" the luncheon, but were told all about the delicious food, the lovely centerpiece, and *some* of the gossip that night.



Two views of Captain at personnel inspection, North Island.



Personnel inspection, North Island.

There they were, all together, about thirty of them, and the field wide open for gossip, discussion of the latest styles, the latest hair-do, the latest book, and the new movies. The luncheon was at 1300; however, it was 1700 by the time they returned to Long Beach just "talked out." There is no doubt but that that luncheon was the "starter" for many friendships, because, even that night in the hotels of Long Beach, the "gals" started all over again, talking about the hair-do that hadn't quite "set" when they left the Rendezvous Room.

After necessary work had been completed on our ship, most of our wives followed us on down to Dago, from where we were scheduled to operate for several weeks, and, after another frantic rush to find rooms, most of the wives settled down to "wait," because that is just what they were doing a good part of the time there. We went out on short cruises, lasting from two to ten days, going through various exercises and tests, and, of course, our wives never knew when we were coming back; so each time we came in we got just about as big a thrill as we did on returning from our Shake-down Cruise.

Lunga Point wives could be found in almost every hotel and apartment house in Dago and Coronado; therefore, the *Lunga Point* was always very much in evidence around the U.S. Grant Hotel and the El Cortez in Dago and the del Coronado in Coronado. In fact, our men and their wives could be found almost anywhere you went in that area.

Our stay in the San Diego area was not only a pleasant and happy one, but also an interesting one, since many availed themselves of the opportunity to visit places of interest in the vicinity while on liberty, not the least interesting of which were Tia Juana and Agua Caliente, Mexico. There, one could see the races on Sunday afternoons or spend an evening browsing around the many gift shops of Tia Juana, buying leather goods and Mexican silver, after a delicious dinner at the American Club, highlighted by one of those tempting Romaine salads.

The San Diego area was a most pleasant one in which to be from another standpoint—the fact that it is truly the "Cross-roads of the Navy." There is seldom a day passes that you don't run into friends you have known somewhere else in the Navy or in civilian life. This is particularly true at the del Coronado Hotel,

over in Coronado, where almost everyone feels perfectly at home, walking into the lovely and spacious, high-domed dining room or into the Cocktail Lounge, because you are almost cer-



tain to meet up with friends even before you have had a chance to sit down. This only adds to the gaiety that seems always prevalent at this charming hotel.

VC-85 REPORTS ABOARD

On 16 August, our Squadron, Composite Squadron Eighty-Five (VC 85), reported aboard for duty, and we promptly got underway to qualify them. Right from the start they made a most favorable impression on us, and they went about their "Shakedown" aboard the *Lunga Point* with a seriousness of purpose that was bound to have been most pleasing to our Old Man. From that point on, until we left on our business trip a good part of the time for the next several weeks was devoted entirely to shaking down our Squadron. We made several short cruises with them, and they left the ship once for a couple of days special training at one of our nearby land bases. They worked hard and long, and were really shaping up into a fine Squadron, but, because of the intensity of their work, we of the Ship's Company were unable to get acquainted with them as quickly as we would have liked. We were determined to operate as one; so we decided to have a CVE 94-VC 85 "Dutch Treat" Cocktail Party at the Officer's Club, North Island. The party was given in the Sun Room of the Club on Wednesday, 4 October, and it was a

great success. Practically all of the officers and their wives were present, and it afforded such a pleasant atmosphere for us to get acquainted in that we are convinced that that party played a definite role in making us work so well together in the long months of combat that followed. Most of the couples remained at the Club for dinner following the party, getting together in informal groups. Captain and Mrs. Washburn, Commander and Mrs. Eastwold and Lieutenant Commander Herriman, the Squadron Commander, occupied the "head table." The only bad thing about the party is the fact that, as we sit here pounding out this story just off the shores of Okinawa, we can just taste those great big hunks of lobster that literally covered the Hors d'oevres platters, while all we have to look forward to for dinner tonight is more pork chops, because we've already seen the apple sauce on the tables in the Wardroom.

It was while operating off Dago that we learned about "THE CHAIR." Until this particular occasion, no one had paid any special attention to that high chair that occupied a good part of the space on the enclosed part of the bridge. It looked comfortable enough, and, no doubt, had been sat in by many an OOD during the long, dark hours of the Mid Watch; however, Lt. Tippett, our popular Second Division Officer, was found enjoying its comfort on the Forenoon Watch by our Skipper one day, and the Old Man told him off as follows to wit Quote Young Man, I'll have you know that it took me twenty-five years to earn the privilege of sitting in that chair. *That* chair is the CAPTAIN'S CHAIR, and *no one* else is to sit in it. If I ever catch *anyone* else sitting in my chair he will enjoy the privilege of counting rivets in his Stateroom for two weeks Unquote. The word spread rapidly about "THE CHAIR," and to this day, no one has been caught occupying the Captain's Chair, probably because the Captain, by this time, has sufficient confidence in his OOD's not to bother about coming to the bridge during the Mid Watch.

The only draw-back to our stay in the Dago area was nothing new in the life of a Navy man; it was not knowing when we were shoving off on our business trip, so that our wives could make train reservations home. Scuttlebutt had it that we would get underway about 15 September; therefore, most of the *Lunga Point* wives crowded the ticket offices of the Santa Fe,

Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, hoping to get reservations somewhere in the neighborhood of that date. We had a right good break in this respect, however. It seems that some of the men and their wives had gotten rooms at the del Coronado Hotel, among them being Captain and Mrs. Washburn. Along about 10 September, Mrs. Washburn casually remarked to some of the wives that she had cancelled her reservations for Seattle for the 15th. By noon the next day the reservations of all the *Lunga Point* wives had been cancelled. Close tab was kept on Mrs. Washburn thereafter, and, when she let it out that she had made reservations home for 17 October, the railroad ticket offices were again filled with the wives of our officers and men, making reservations for "on or about" the 17th.

That time, Mrs. Washburn didn't cancel her reservations, darn it; so, after fond farewells to wives and sweethearts, on

Tojo, Here We Come!

"Monday, 16 October 1944:

12-16 Moored as before. 1231 Lighted off No. 3 boiler. 1515 Made all preparations for getting underway. 1520 Pilot, H. N. Krog, came aboard. 1527 Got underway for Pearl Harbor in obedience to ComFairWestCoast dispatch 010 of 251702. Pilot at the conn. Captain, Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge. Standard speed. Standing out of San Diego Harbor on various courses and speeds conforming to the channel. 1556 Pilot left the ship. Captain at the conn. 1559 Passed between Points Loma and Zuniga. Entered International waters."

We were finally en route to Pearl Harbor, and all of us felt pretty confident that our period of indoctrination was rapidly coming to an end, and that we would soon be showing those Sons of Heaven how the *Lunga Point* could "dish it out." And there was good reason for that feeling, because we were, for the first time, cruising as a part of newly-formed CarDiv 29, with Rear Admiral C. T. "Cal" Durgin, USN, in the capacity of ComCarDiv 29. The other ships in our Division were the U.S.S. *Makin Island* (CVE 93), U.S.S. *Bismarck Sea* (CVE 95), and the U.S.S. *Salamaua* (CVE 96), with our Flag being in the *Makin Island*. We felt very much at home, now, because we had come to know the officers and men of the other ships in our division just about as well as we knew each

other on the *Lunga Point*. We had all gone through the CVE Pre-Commissioning School and had spent a while at Astoria together just before commissioning, and we knew we would work well together.

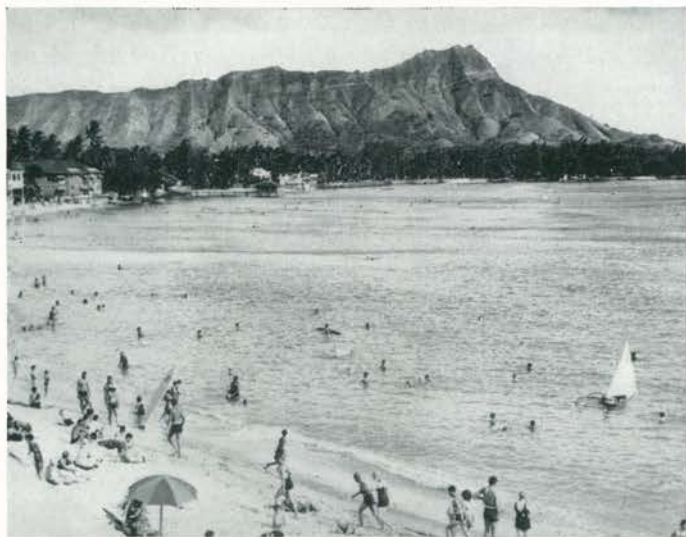
The cruise to Pearl Harbor afforded us the opportunity of training in station keeping and maneuvering as a Division, and much valuable training was received in that respect. It also afforded us further opportunity for the Squadrons of our Division to train together, and the time was well spent in both directions. All hands, including the Squadrons, were kept very busy with their training during the run out to Pearl, and, just before reaching there, we received the following dispatch from ComAirPac:

“COMAIRPAC WELCOMES COMCAR-DIV 29 AND CARDIV 29 TO PEARL AND THE AIR FORCE PACIFIC FLEET.”

That message, while appreciated, drove home to us the fact that we were “in the war,” and would soon be reaping the benefits of our long and arduous training period, and on

“Monday, 23 October 1944:-

08-12 Steaming as before. 0900 Secured all gun stations from firing exercises. Set Condition of Readiness III. 0906 Passed Makaperu Point Lighthouse abeam to starboard, range 2 miles. 0911 Passed Kokohead abeam to starboard, range 2½ miles. 0913 c/c to 170°T and p.g.c., 157° p.s.c. 0951 Passed Diamond Head abeam to starboard, range 2½ miles. 0952 c/s to 14 knots. 1012 Stationed all special sea details. 1024 Entered Pearl Harbor, Oahu, swept channel, passing between Barber’s Point and Diamond Head, entering Inland waters. 1037 Pilot, Lt. James Gillen, USNR, came aboard and took the conn.



Top left: Waikiki Beach, Diamond Head in background; top right: King and Bishop Streets, Honolulu; below left: View of Honolulu business section; below right: Bishop Street, Honolulu.

1125 All engines stopped. 1143 Moored starboard side to Quay F-3, Ford Island, Pearl Harbor, Oahu, T. H."

Early liberty was granted at Pearl, because they still had an early curfew, but, despite this, all hands were able to see something of Honolulu during our very brief stop, since both Port and Starboard watches had a liberty each. Hawaii was nothing new to the "Old Timers" aboard, but, to those new to the Navy, it was a place of great interest. All were impressed with the natural beauty of the islands, Oahu in particular; however, the most interesting thing to those of us who had never been there before was the fact that we found Honolulu such a thriving, modern and hospitable city; very much the same as our own cities back home. In this connection we were much impressed, the one afternoon we had in Honolulu, by several truck loads of school children, riding down one of the main business streets, going to a football game, and singing their school song to the tune of "The Caissons Go Rolling Along." In their haste to see as much as they could while they could *Lunga Point* men scattered in all directions immediately on getting ashore, some going to Waikiki Beach, some to

the Outrigger Club, some just shopping the streets, and some had a very unique experience. It seems that most of the barbers in Honolulu are females. Some of our men had the unique experience of having their hair trimmed by these "Lady Barbers," which is not only the last time they have been near a woman up to this writing, but it is also the last "non-Reg" haircut they have had.

So, with a "boat load" of Hula Skirts, Leis, Ukuleles, and pleasant memories of this most hospitable outpost of the United States, on

"Wednesday, 25 October 1944:

08-12 Moored as before. 0816 Underway from Pier F-13, Ford Island, Pearl Harbor, Oahu, T.H. Pilot, Lt. James Gillen, USNR, at the conn. Captain, Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge. Maneuvering as necessary to clear berth. 0822 Clear of berth. a/e ahead 1/3. On course 153°T, 155° p.g.c., and 140° p.s.c. 0904 Passed lighted buoy No. 6 abeam to starboard, 50 yards. Pilot left the ship. Captain at the conn. 0907 Exercised at General Quarters. a/e ahead 2/3. 0911 a/e ahead standard. 0916 took departure from Pearl Harbor, T.H., on base course of 253°T, 255°p.g.c., and 244°p.s.c."



Diamond Head as seen from our ship.

PART II

LEYTE GULF

*Leyte Gulf was her first operation
In her fight for our great nation,
With her Squadron, tried and true,
Flying away, over the blue.
There she proved herself full-grown,
Thousands of miles she'd sailed and flown.*

Shortly after getting underway from Pearl Harbor we acquired a strange new word for our vocabulary—"Eniwetok," because we were told that we were en route there. After frantic scanning of large scale charts we found a pin point atoll in the Marshall Islands bearing that name. It was not the last island or atoll we were to visit bearing an unfamiliar name, though. In fact, we have visited so many places perfectly strange and unfamiliar to us that we have long since lost confidence in our old brown "Geography of the World."

Now that we were on the outskirts of the combat zone our duties became heavier and the everyday routine was accomplished in a more serious and determined manner. Frivolity was on the wane, and seriousness of purpose was the order of the day. Everyone went about his duties in a grim sort of manner, knowing that we might contact enemy undersea craft at any moment, and that we would soon be within striking range of enemy aircraft. Lookouts were constantly alerted and the Captain spent more and more time on the bridge, because he wanted to be there ready for any emergency. At this point, however, our training had reached such a degree that all hands had been more or less permanently settled in the job where they could serve best. The Captain had selected OOD's in whom he had sufficient confidence to turn over the bridge to a good part of the time. The Chief Engineer had whipped the Black Gang into a smooth operating organization, and the Gunnery Officer seemed content with his gun batteries. In fact, we had practically finished our indoctrination, and were eager to get into combat to see the actual results of our long period of training, which had, quite frankly, reached the point of monotony at times, particularly, as we on the guns stood out in the broiling hot sun at gunnery exercises, hour after hour, preparing ourselves to repel any-

thing the Japs might throw at us. Our Air Officer had built up a most efficient Air Department, and we could already see that we were going to have a record in air operations second to none. Yes, our indoctrination period was virtually over, although we did continue to have classes in aircraft identification, and they continue to this day, so that we can keep up with the latest models of enemy planes. It was, therefore, with a feeling of mutual confidence existing between the Skipper and the entire Ship's Company that we sailed into the West, determined to do our utmost to bring glory to our Country, to the *Lunga Point*, and to VC 85.

Our Squadron had long since sold themselves to the Ship's Company, and, from here on out, VC 85 and CVE 94 were one and the same. We couldn't have desired a finer and better qualified group in any Squadron than we found in VC 85. The sole and primary purpose of an aircraft carrier being to serve its Squadron, we feel that, with pardonable pride, we can safely say that we had already achieved our purpose in that respect. The spirit of cooperation existing between our Squadron and the Ship's Company was certain indication of the joint success we were to achieve in action in the months to come. The only sign of friction ever existing between the Squadron and the Ship's Company resulted from the fact that the Squadron had better "card players" than we had. Even so, it was all forgotten before breakfast the next morning, and plans were again being made for that evening's "recreation." Later on, even this friction was to be alleviated by the Exec's clamping down on "Ten O'Clock Lights."

Already, our planes had taken to the air, and were doing an admirable job in providing us LCAP (Local Combat Air Patrol), and LASP (Local Anti-Submarine Patrol) coverage, and to say that our planes overhead gave us a comfortable feeling is putting it mildly. Enough of our planes had already been launched and recovered by us to convince us that our pilots were able to handle any mission assigned them. We had also seen them operate enough to know that our LSO, Lt. (jg) Hatcher, and his Assistant, Lt. (jg) Whitehouse, were to be largely responsible for the very small number of flight deck crashes on our ship as compared

with the number of such crashes customarily expected. Likewise, our Flight Deck Crews were already operating like veterans as they re-spotted the deck in record time, while our V-2 Division on the hangar deck was "nursing" our planes so well that we were destined to have a "plane availability" of not less than 99.2 per cent at any time during our first year, whether in actual combat or just routine operations. In short, we felt ready.

Finally, after a comfortable and uneventful cruise, on

"Wednesday, 1 November 1944:

04-08 Steaming as before. 0430 Sighted land on horizon. 0457 Ceased zig-zagging. Resumed base course 245°T. 0500 Sounded General Quarters. 0525 Made preparations to enter Eniwetok Atoll. 0551 U.S.S. *Yorktown* passed on opposite course to port, 2500 yards. 0556 Stationed all special sea details. 0701 Secured from General Quarters. 0732 a/e

stopped. 0734 s/e back 2/3. Anchored in Berth K-9, with 90 fathoms of chain out to port anchor at water's edge in 27 fathoms of water, in Eniwetok Atoll, Marshall Islands. 0751 Secured special sea details. Set regular sea watches."

Since we were to be there only one day very few got on the beach; however, it was an interesting stop, since it was our first call on a small Pacific atoll, and we did enjoy the view from the forecastle and fantail. Eniwetok, too, had been torn and burned by the ravages of war, resulting from our having taken the island a few months before, but, from the ship, it presented a rather pretty and typical picture of a small Pacific isle. The entire length of the island was only about two miles and it averaged about a half mile in width. Its highest point of elevation was probably not more than ten feet above sea level, but it was pretty, with its remaining palms swinging gently in the warm



Eniwetok as seen from our ship.

tropical breeze. And, now that we had "seen" Eniwetok, on

"Thursday, 2 November 1944:

08-12 Anchored as before. 0934 Lit off No. 2 and No. 4 boilers. 0945 Stationed all special sea details. Made all preparations for getting underway. 1041 Underway from Berth K-9, Eniwetok, Marshall Islands, on various courses and speeds conforming to channel. Captain at the conn. Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge. 1053 Secured all special sea details. Set Condition of Readiness III. 1059 Visibility reduced to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile due to rain squall. 1150 c/s to 19 knots. c/c to 115°T and p.g.c., 111° p.s.c."

This was to be a "short hop," because on

"Sunday, 5 November 1944:

12-16 Steaming as before. 1234 Sighted land bearing 256°T and 253°T, distance 15 miles. 1433 Entered swept channel entrance to anchorage, Ulithi Atoll. 1533 Anchored in Northern anchorage, Ulithi Atoll, Western Caroline Islands, Berth 153, on the following bearings: Beacon "N" 322°T, Temporary Beacon 336.5°T, Tower on Mangejang Island 057.5°T, left tangent Lolang Island 083.5°T."

Although we were at Ulithi Atoll five days on this stop, only a chosen few were privileged to get ashore due to the shortage of boats to transport liberty parties to and from the many ships present. It seems that a grave emergency existed in the Captain's Cabin, because "Porthole," the Skipper's cat, was in dire need of a fresh supply of sand. Consequently, Boatswain Luck was given orders to do the needful, and he did. He took, in addition to himself, one BM1c, two BM2c, three Coxswains, four S1c and Five S2c, and the Athletic Officer, Lt. DeAngelis (to provide the fishing gear), not to mention the No. 2 Motor Whale Boat and its crew of three, and the "Bos'n's Gig," to get that bag of sand. They were gone all day on this "recreation party" to Lolang Island, 2000 yards on our starboard beam, and we happened to be on the forecastle when they returned that afternoon with the "Gig" just loaded down with all kinds of coral, sea shells and other souvenirs entirely obscuring from view the one bag of sand for the Captain's cat. Looking up toward the aviation boom on the flight deck we could see Porthole's head looking down at that

one bag of sand, with a forlorn expression on her face, as if to say, "It doesn't look like they got enough to last until we hit port again, because the Captain has told me where we're going."

As soon as our forces took Ulithi Atoll the natives were all moved to the island of Fassari, and some of us on the morning watch had a rather interesting experience one morning. We were anchored only about 2000 yards off Fassari, and, with our binoculars, we could get a very good view of the scattered native huts. Just as the sun was rising we had our glasses trained on a fairly large hut, and, as we watched closely, we could see the matted grass curtains pushed aside by a lazy arm, and, there, right before our eyes, was the Fassari counterpart of Dorothy Lamour, stretching and yawning, and, apparently, hating to leave her palm leaf mat just as much as a Park Avenue Debutante hates to leave the percale sheets of her Simmons Beauty Rest mattress. But, being a Ulithi "frau," she had her chores to do; so, finally, she got up and made a dash for the surf, splashing water all over her face and body to thoroughly awaken herself. Having completed her toilet, she returned to the hut to awaken "Pop." With no little effort, he finally got up, and, with spear in hand, walked down to the inlet about 200 yards from their place. After several dives into the breakers made by the coral reefs, he walked triumphantly back to the hut with their breakfast, which appeared to be two very nice fish. You could see them building a fire and cooking, and, soon, we saw no more of them until about sunset when we happened to be on the flight deck. They came sailing by in their over-sized outrigger canoe, with "Dorothy" doing most of the work in sailing the craft, and "Pop" and the kids lolling in the waning sun. Somehow, there was much to be envied in their way of life. We couldn't help recall the Presidential election taking place in the States the following Tuesday and all the sorrow and disappointment that would accompany it, regardless of who won. Such "trivial" matters never bothered "Dorothy" and her "Old Man"; politics was something they couldn't even read about. Then, we thought of income taxes, property taxes, sales taxes, franchise taxes, capital stock taxes, excess profits taxes, tax surcharges, poll taxes, cigarette taxes, gasoline taxes, business licenses, automobile licenses, amortizing the mortgage, life insurance premiums and the many other

“privileges” we enjoy. Yes, there was something to envy in this Fassari family after all. The Captain pondered on this, too. So, in order to prevent wholesale “jumping ship” to take up abode on Fassari, he decided to

“Friday, 10 November 1944:

16-18 Anchored as before. 1632 Made all preparations for getting underway. Stationed all special sea details. 1645 Set Condition Baker. 1719 Sunset. 1725 Underway on various courses and speeds from Northern anchorage, Berth 153, Ulithi Atoll, Western Caroline Islands, on orders from Commander Seventh Fleet Dispatch No. 010321, dated 10 November 1944. Captain at the conn. Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge. 1740 Stopped. Hoisted in No. 1 Motor Whale Boat. 1745 a/e ahead 10 knots. 1759 Set course 215°T and p.g.c. 212° p.s.c.”

The Executive Officer told us that night over the general announcing system that we were en

route to Kossol Roads, Palau Islands. Our geographies had failed us again, because we were again headed for a place we had never heard of, and this also was to be a short hop, because on

“Saturday, 11 November 1944:

16-18 Steaming as before. 1602 a/e ahead 15 knots. 1604 c/c to 172°T and p.g.c., 169° p.s.c. 1656 Anchored in 15 fathoms of water, 75 fathoms of chain at water’s edge, in Kossol Passage, Berth No. 8, Palau Islands, Western Caroline Islands. a/e stopped.”

On this World War I Armistice Day, we found ourselves in strange waters, anxious to prove the results of our long period of training, and determined to do our utmost to prosecute the war to a successful conclusion, and bring about another Armistice Day that would be more significant and lasting than that of 11 November 1918.



The “Old Swimming Hole” at Kossol Passage.



Convoy of LST's approaching Leyte, November 1944.

Even before we got there, we recalled that the Palau Islands had just recently been taken by our forces; in fact, all of them had not yet been taken, and haven't been at this writing. We were anchored about 8000 yards off Babelthaup, one of the larger of the Palaus, and it added nothing to our peace of mind to learn, on anchoring, that the Japs still held that island. We understood, however, that though the island was heavily defended, all their big guns were pointed south in a fixed position, and fortunately, we were north of it. It was mighty fortunate for "our side" that the Japs couldn't train their guns on us, because the anchorage was literally full of all types of naval vessels. Naturally, we not only didn't get ashore here, but we had no desire to. It did afford us much satisfaction, however, to listen to the radio in Combat and hear our Peleliu-based pilots talking to each other as they bombed and strafed the Jap installations on Babelthaup, while, outside, we could see the columns of smoke rising from the island, proving to our satisfaction that the attack had not been in vain.

About the only recreation for all hands while in Kossol Roads on this particular visit was "swimming over the side," which was enjoyed by the majority of officers and men, despite the possible presence of sharks that might be "sympathetic to the enemy." Foreseeing this danger, however, the Exec posted men with rifles on the forecastle and fantail, and the Life Guards in the No. 2 Motor Whale Boat were also armed. While the swimming was en-

joyed, it was marred by an unfortunate occurrence when Dr. Tirrell, our Senior Medical Officer, tried to keep up with the young Bluejackets by diving from one of the Sponsons and came up with a broken arm, which later necessitated his being detached.

Having taken on all the supplies and fuel we needed, on

"Monday, 13 November 1944:

04-08 Anchored as before. 0630 Stationed all special sea details. Made all preparations for getting underway. 0657 Underway from Kossol Roads on various courses and speeds conforming to channel. Captain at the conn. Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge. 0715 Exercised at General Quarters as modified by special sea details. 0726 Passed through Kossol Passage; took departure on course 275°T and p.g.c., 278° p.s.c. Steaming at 15 knots. 0742 Secured special sea details. 0747 c/s to 18 knots. 0750 Proceeding to position 1000 in cruising formation 5-LS at 19 knots."

We were finally underway on our first actual operation of the war, and that night the Captain "gave us the word." It seems that things were not going too well with General MacArthur's invasion of Leyte as far as his supply line was concerned, and the Old Man told us that they had called on the *Lunga Point* and VC 85 for support. This talk of the Captain's was the first he had made to us to keep us "in the know," but, from then on, he never failed to

address all hands over the general announcing system every night that he had something of interest to tell about our own operations or the progress of the war in general. He constantly kept us informed as far as he could conscientiously do so, and this expression of confidence in us undoubtedly made us try a little harder to deliver the goods. Between 1930 and 2030 nearly every night while underway, it became quite common for us to hear the Bos'n's Mate sound attention over the general announcing system, followed by, "Testing; 1-2-3, Uh, this is the Executive Officer speaking. I have the Captain here to talk to you; so everybody stand by. Everybody stand by."

Our mission in the Leyte operations was to proceed with CarDiv 29 to Leyte Gulf where our planes were to cover the convoys as they sailed through the Gulf in to the Leyte beaches. Our planes did a magnificent job of covering the convoys as well as our own Task Unit, and



Top: "Pollywogs" in supplicating attitude on occasion of our second crossing of the line; below: Four "Pollywogs" with new "hair-do's," the work of the Royal Barbers.

many a ship got safely through to Leyte that might not otherwise have made it had it not been for our pilots. In fact, all the Squadrons in CarDiv 29 turned in a most creditable performance.

FIRST JAP PLANE

"Tuesday, 21 November 1944:

08-12 Steaming as before. 0952 Sighted Jap 'Francis'. Ship went to General Quarters. Plane passed overhead firing her guns. Distance about 800 yards. 0955 Japanese plane disappeared bearing 325°T."

At 0952 "that gong" rang out its doleful notes. In a flash, all hands were at their Battle Stations. With all our speed, however, we did not fire a round at him. The Jap had paid us a surprise visit. Not a ship in our Division had picked him up until he was virtually on us, having just sneaked in as they do occasionally. He came zooming by the *Bismarck Sea* (CVE 95), which was dead ahead of us, crossed our bow, and flew down our port side at about 200 knots or better and only about 800 feet above the water. He was strafing as he flew by, but his strafing hit the waters of the Pacific only. We could have opened fire with our Condition III guns very easily except for the fact that the Captain saw that our range was fouled by the *Bismarck Sea* (CVE 95) and the *Makin Island* (CVE 93), and they probably failed to open fire for the same reason. That Son of Nippon missed a golden opportunity to score, because it is not often that an enemy plane can get in that close without our knowing he's coming long before he gets within range of our guns. We will never know what he was up to, and, as he flew over the horizon, we again settled down to our routine with something to talk about for the remainder of the Leyte operation, because it was the first Jap plane most of us had ever seen.

We had a most unfortunate occurrence on the morning of 25 November when two of our Torpedo Bombers collided in mid-air at about 6000 feet, within view of our ship. The cause of the collision was undetermined and resulted in the death of Ensign Wilbur Francis Berauer, USNR, the pilot of one of the planes, and his two Air Crewmen, Emmett Douglas Fort, Jr., ARM2c, and Gordon Malcolm Greene, AMM3c. The other plane made a successful forced landing and the entire crew was picked up by one of our screening destroyers. The loss of

these three men was keenly felt by all Ship and Squadron personnel, but was accepted in the same noble spirit that is always found on the loss of one's Shipmates, strongly evidenced by a grim determination to carry on and bring honor to our ship and squadron with certain knowledge that those who have gone before are equally responsible for future achievements. The Captain attended the Memorial Services the Squadron held for these men at Ponam Air Strip on 17 December while we were anchored at Manus, in the Admiralty Islands.

REVENGE IS SWEET

After a rather tiresome and not too interesting an operation, and with our mission successfully completed, we headed south, and the idea of crossing the Equator again appealed to most of us on board, because the great majority had at this time been trusty old Shellbacks for at least four months, and the idea of getting revenge for all we took at the hands of King Neptune when we deserted the ranks of the Pollywogs was most pleasing. We crossed the line this time on Sunday, 26 November, and the great majority of our Pollywogs were in the

Squadron. As a matter of fact, the only ones we recall outside of the Squadron that "walked the coals" on this second crossing were Lt. Cdr. Sands, Lt. Corkran, Waer, Sic, Longoria, Flc, and McIntosh, HA1c. In any event, we had around 150 to work on, and when it was all over we felt that, after all, it was worth being initiated just to wreak vengeance on that innocent and unsuspecting bunch of "land-lubbers."

We had hardly gotten the ship looking shipshape after the crossing the line ceremonies when on

"Monday, 27 November 1944:

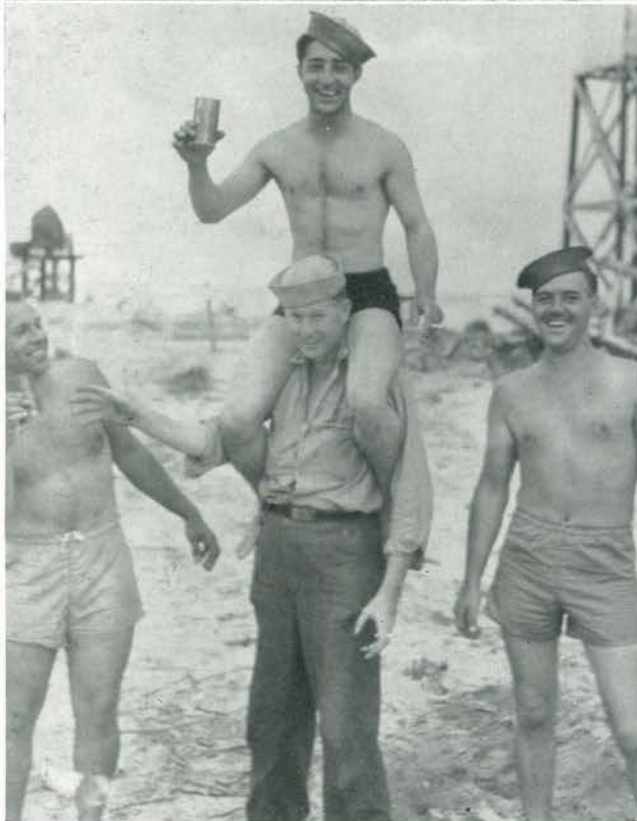
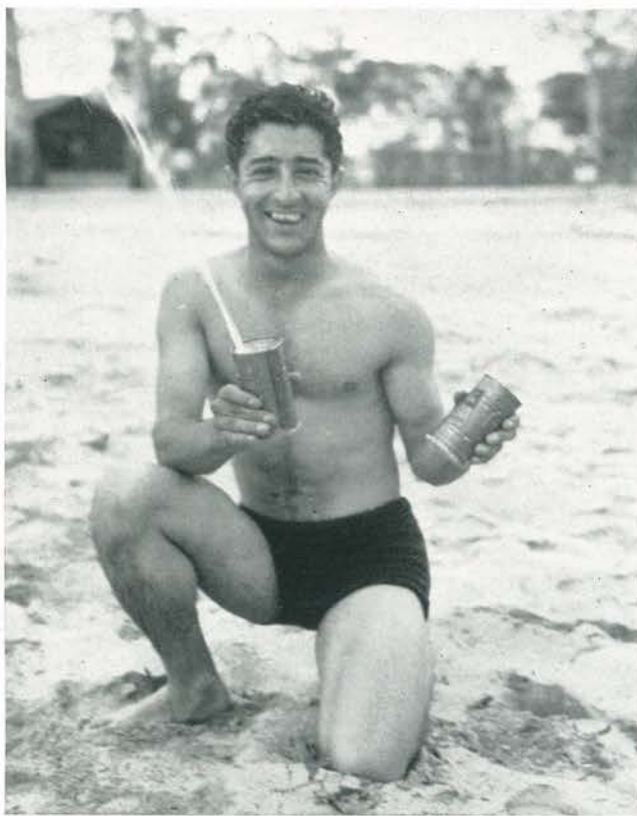
08-12 Steaming as before. 0813 Changed to Time Zone—9; set ship's clock back one hour. 0840 c/s to 14 knots. 0841 Stationed all the anchor detail. 0910 Commenced maneuvering on various courses and speeds to enter Seadler Harbor, Admiralty Islands. 1010 Anchored to the starboard anchor in 12 fathoms of water, 45 fathoms of chain to the water's edge, in Seadler Harbor, Western part of Admiralty Islands, in Berth W-30. 1032 Secured the anchor detail. Set normal port routine."



Softball between officers and chiefs at Pityilu.

THE ADMIRALTIES

Long before reaching Manus, our base at Seeadler Harbor, we had begun to suffer from the heat worse than ever before. While the



Top: Tango on Pityilu with his ration of beer; below: Liberty at Pityilu.



Santa Claus collects nickels and dimes at "Times Square" on Christmas Eve.

air was hot and humid in New Guinea, we weren't bothered by it much because of the excitement of our first visit to a South Pacific island as well as the fact that we were hardly there long enough for it to "take hold." We had now been cruising for several days in the Equatorial heat, and the Admiralties are practically on the Equator. At first, the heat was almost unbearable, and nearly everyone aboard went to Sick Call daily for heat rash treatment. Even at night, we would lie in our bunks literally wringing wet from perspiration. Although, it seemed impossible at first, we did finally become pretty well accustomed to the climate, in addition to which we were to have ample opportunity to swim in the beautiful, crystal clear waters of the Pacific, and this alleviated our discomfort from the heat somewhat. Probably more than anything else, we simply became reconciled to the heat, because we had already heard the most reliable Scuttlebutt, straight from the Chow Line, that we

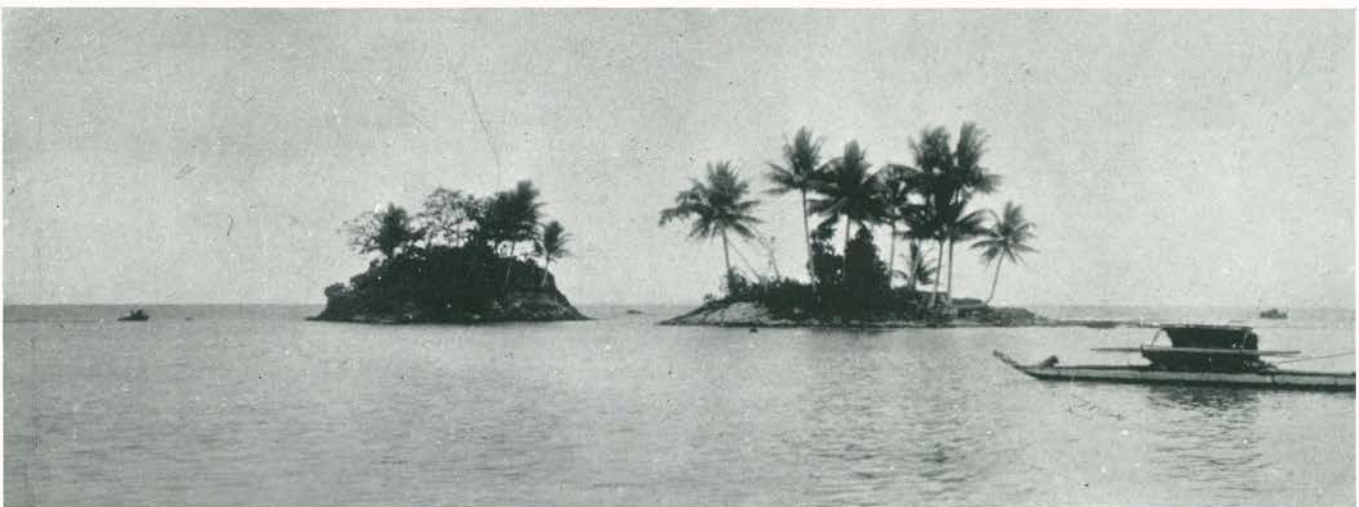


Captain extends greetings to all hands at Christmas Party.

would be in and around Manus for some weeks before our next operation.

We had, at this time, been out of the States since 16 October, and, except for a very few letters awaiting us at Ulithi, we had received no mail since leaving. Mail is the one thing we look forward to more than anything else, being second only to actually returning to the States. Consequently, nothing could have pleased us more than the sight of an LCM full of mail

coming alongside our ship even before we had "dropped our hook" in Seadler Harbor. We received thirty odd bags all told, and nothing could have made us happier at that point than the many letters we received that afternoon, because our men in the Post Office had worked like Trojans to get it up for us at the earliest possible moment as they always do. Also, their desire to get our mail to us as soon as possible made an everlasting impression on us



Scene entering Seadler Harbor, Manus.



Santa Claus passes the quarter deck as he approaches the stage.



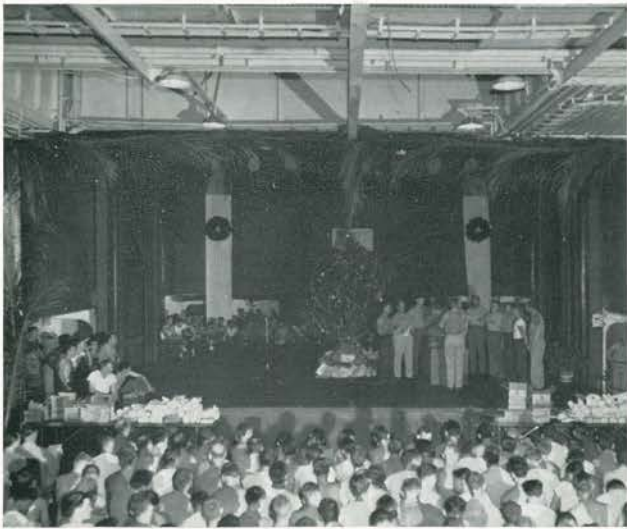
Santa Claus delivers the goods.

of the excellent service that the Manus Naval Base rendered the Fleet. As a result, we believe that all hands really enjoyed their stay in Manus more than at any other place we have called up to this writing.



Native hut on Pityilu.

There were many things to interest us at Manus, not the least of which was the opportunity to visit with friends from the many ships in the harbor, as well as with friends attached to the Naval activities ashore. The recreational facilities here were, by far, the best and most complete we have seen in the Pacific. On Pityilu Island, where we have an air strip, there was an unusually nice enlisted men's recreation area, featuring "Duffy's Tavern," where our liberty parties were allowed from two to four bottles of good, cold beer or Coca-Cola per man per day, depending upon the supply on hand. There were ball diamonds, basketball courts, hand ball courts and tennis courts, not to mention a beautiful white sand beach right out in front of Duffy's Tavern. It was a rather picturesque sight to see the hordes of soldiers, sailors and Marines from the many ships present as they lounged about the tables in the tavern and otherwise made use of the facilities at hand. There were always many of them taking advantage of the opportunity to hunt "cat eyes" and "tiger eyes" and the many other literally thousands of various sea shells peculiar to the Admiralties. Some of the cat eyes found were very pretty, and there is many a "one and only" back home now wearing a cat eye ring made on board our ship from a piece of stainless steel which was also "found on the beach." Another favorite



Choir singing carols at Christmas party.

sport was climbing the coconut palms for coconuts, although that was not necessary, because one could find all of them he wanted on the ground.

It was here, too, that we learned "how" to eat coconuts without very bad and discomforting after effects. After a very hard lesson, we learned that the milk is drunk from the green ones and the meat eaten from the ripe ones, the latter being the kind so many men have sent home as souvenirs.

The Officers and Chief Petty Officers also had their recreational facilities, there being very nice Clubs for both groups in Manus, approximately an hour's boat trip from our berth. We had many a pleasant afternoon there with our friends from other ships; primarily from the *Makin Island*, *Bismarck Sea* and *Salamaua*, since we all, from CarDiv 29, had a very close feeling toward each other, having been together from the very start. However, we were constantly running into friends at the Clubs from other ships present, and some of us were fortunate enough to have friends based there, who were kind enough to show us the "sights" of Manus, the sights consisting primarily of a very pretty waterfall about a mile from the Base.

We did have the opportunity one afternoon of being driven by a friend in his Jeep up to the 63rd Construction Battalion Headquarters, about three miles from the Officer's Club. In driving through those jungles the admiration we already had for the SeaBees increased tenfold. Off the sand and gravel road, you literally could hardly see daylight through the dense growth of bushes, vines and weeds that

bound the forest of larger trees together as one. There were a great variety of beautifully plumed birds flitting about through the trees, and we couldn't help but feel that some of them were flying excitedly away from the sight of a python or other large serpent common to that locality. Nevertheless, the SeaBees went right through that same swampy jungle and built those roads, and in record time, too. Brave men!

It was on Pityilu Island that "Scotty," our mascot, of whom you will hear more later, got on the beach for the first time since leaving the States on 16 October. On this particular day, an emergency existed in that the Exec and several Officers and Chief Petty Officers had some flight time to make up; otherwise, they would lose that flight pay, and, after all, what does a man get wings for if not to get that flight pay? So they decided to go over to our air



Top: Catholic Mass on Christmas Day; below: Protestant Divine Services, Christmas Day.



Preparing Christmas dinner in the wardroom galley.

strip on Pityilu and put in their flight time. We went along with them and carried Scotty with us, because we couldn't wait to see him "make love" to the first tree he had seen in so many weeks. He accomplished the purpose of his first visit ashore with due diligence and despatch, and, since we wanted to get a ride back to the ship before lunch, we started walking down the road to the enlisted recreation area,

hoping to find a ride there. The heat was terrific; so much so that Scotty, with his heavy coat of black hair, just fell over in the road with heat prostration. We carried him in our arms the remaining mile to Duffy's Tavern, where he rested in the shade for an hour, and, when he appeared to be all right, we returned with him to the ship.

SCOTTY GOES "A.W.O.L."

Despite the fact that Scotty showed no further indication of wanting to get ashore, he was destined to see more of Pityilu. One day, one of our Chiefs carried him to Pityilu, and, when the time came to return to the ship, Scotty wasn't to be found. He had gone completely "A.W.O.L." Unable to locate him, the Chief returned to the ship. The next morning we sent word to the Chief Master-at-Arms' Shack on Pityilu for them to be on the lookout for him, and, if they found him, to turn him over to our liberty party returning to the ship that afternoon. Sure enough, when our party returned to the ship, Scotty was the first to leave the boat, none the worse for his experience of roaming the "wilds of Pityilu" all



Godsey, SF1c, leads Christmas chow line.



Christmas dinner on the hangar deck.

night. That was, however, the last time Scotty has been ashore up to the present time, and he seems perfectly content to lounge about the ship just dreaming of Coronado, California.

It was not all play while at Manus, though. All hands knew that we had come there to prepare for an operation, and most of our time was spent in taking on stores, ammunition, fuel, and the gear that would be needed for an extended

operation. Every day the harbor seemed to become even more crowded with ships of all types, not a few of them being transports loaded with troops. There was a great air of secrecy about the ship, and everyone was guessing as to where we were going. While no one was told where we were going, we did know that the coming operation was to be of great magnitude, because, with all the hundreds of ships and thousands of men in the harbor, we were told that Manus was just one of the harbors in which the Fleet was being assembled.

Finally, toward mid-December, we left on a rather mysterious cruise, but, after getting underway, the Old Man told us that we were going out for several days on a practice invasion. That, too, was quite interesting, but lacking in the excitement that accompanies the "real thing." After being out a few days we returned to Manus to wait for orders to move out on our operation.

COMESCARFORPAC

Upon returning from our practice invasion we were all very proud to learn that our own Admiral Durgin had been placed in command of all combat CVE's of the Pacific Fleet, and



Wrestling match during Christmas "Holidays."

would hereafter be "ComEsCarForPac" instead of "ComCarDiv 29." Why shouldn't we be proud; hadn't we helped "train" him? It was with a feeling of genuine satisfaction to all hands, however, that we learned that "Admiral Cal" would continue to be right with us, at least most of the time.

A few days before Christmas our Squadron went over to Momote Air Strip, Los Negros Island, for a few days special training, and we were all greatly saddened to learn that one of our fighter pilots, Ensign William Alexander Read, was killed on an operational flight at the Air Strip on Christmas Eve. Burial and Mass were held for him at the American Cemetery,



Los Negros Island, on 26 December, with all the Squadron and Captain Washburn in attendance, and he was buried with full Military Honors.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ADMIRALTIES

The idea of spending Christmas in the Equatorial heat of the Admiralties was not a situation we would have deliberately chosen, but it was all a part of the war; so we just had to make the best of it. Despite the fact that we longed for a white Christmas back home, we were given a definite and cheerful reminder of the Season as we crossed the hangar deck on Christmas Eve afternoon and saw Saint Nick standing on the corner at "Times Square" ringing his bell, while benevolent passersby dropped nickels and dimes in his kettle hanging appropriately from its tripod.

A coconut palm would not make a very graceful Christmas tree, although it would

have been most appropriate. We, therefore, built us a Christmas tree, using a 4 by 4 and nailing narrow boards up and down the "trunk" at angles to form a conical shaped "tree." We took a boat to Pityilu and got sufficient palm fronds and other greens to tack on the tree, and the result was certainly better than nothing. We had bought an ample supply of Christmas tree ornaments during our stop in Honolulu, and we ended up with a very pretty tree, thanks to the men in the "E" Division who furnished a complete set of varicolored lights, and to Des Jardins, S1C, 2nd Division, and Terrell, S1C, 1st Division, who helped us decorate it.

We had a party Christmas Eve night, and, thanks to Des Jardins, who was a professional window dresser before entering the service, we had a very appropriate setting for our party. He ingeniously used red tow sleeves as backdrops forward of the forward elevator, and completely framed the elevator in palm leaves, making a perfect stage for Saint Nick to pass out his presents from as he stood in front of the large "Merry Christmas" sign painted by Golin, S1C, 3rd Division.

With the stage set, the party was on, and everyone was in high spirits; at least as high as can be expected so far from their loved ones. The party started at 1930 with the officer in charge of arrangements introducing the Executive Officer, who, in turn, introduced the Captain. The Captain made a very timely talk, expressing to all hands his appreciation for their splendid cooperation, and wishing us all a very Merry Christmas. The Old Man had hardly finished his talk when down the after elevator came Santa Claus. He got aboard a hangar deck tractor, with his big bag of toys over his shoulder, and was driven forward where he bounded up on the stage, and immediately began passing out presents to all hands. In addition to the presents, everyone was given two bars of candy, a package of gum and a can of mixed nuts. Periodically, throughout the program, which lasted until about 2200, our choral group, led by Lt. Corkran, sang a number of Christmas Carols, which added much to the occasion. The program ended with the reading of "The Night Before Christmas" by one of the officers standing in the dim light of the tree, and all hands then went below for ice cream and cookies, following which we all turned in "with visions of sugar plums dancing in our heads."

Protestant services were held on the hangar deck by our Chaplain on Christmas morning, followed by Catholic Mass, which was said by a visiting Priest from another ship in the harbor. Both services were very impressive, being high-lighted by the Christmas Story and the singing of Hymns appropriate to the Season.

The enlisted personnel had a treat Christmas Day that was almost worth coming to Manus for. They always have turkey on such days as Thanksgiving and Christmas, but, this time, they not only had turkey and all the trimmings but they were privileged to dine on the hangar deck, where they had plenty of "elbow room" and could take their time as they went to work on their drum sticks.

All in all, it was about the best Christmas a man could expect to have while in a strange land fighting a war. It did seem funny, though, for so many of us to be spending Christmas afternoon walking through the hot palm groves of Pityilu Island, and searching for cat eyes along the sandy beach, while the folks back home were worrying over getting sufficient fuel ration coupons to get oil for the furnace in order to keep out the cold for which we longed so.

The next couple of days were taken up almost entirely with loading stores, taking on more fuel and ammunition, and on

"Wednesday, 27 December 1944:

12-16 Underway from Berth W-45, Western Anchorage, Seadler Harbor, Manus, Admiralty Islands, on various courses and speeds. Captain at the conn. Executive Officer and Navigator on the Bridge. 1234 With black buoy abeam to starboard, distance 100 yards, took departure on course 115°T and p.g.c., 119° p.s.c., at 17 knots."

Shortly after leaving port we had our usual Gunnery Exercises, firing at targets towed by planes from the beach. It was, as usual,

terribly hot out there in the sun as we fired away at the targets, but we were destined soon to be more than thankful that the Skipper and the Gunnery Officer were so insistent that we get in gunnery practice just as often as possible. After all, we were en route to the "real thing," and, with that knowledge, the gun batteries fired away at those targets with even more interest and enthusiasm than they ever had before. It was, so to speak, our final test. Except for our gunnery practice, this short cruise was uneventful, and on

"Saturday, 30 December 1944:

08-12 Steaming as before. 0834 c/s to 5 knots. c/c to 197°T and p.g.c., 180° p.s.c. 0841 a/e stopped. 0921 Anchored in Berth 24, Kossol Passage, Western Caroline Islands, in 18 fathoms of water with 75 fathoms of chain at water's edge to the starboard anchor. 0936 Secured main engines. 0940 Secured the anchor detail. Set Condition of Readiness III, Watch I. 0955 Secured No. 3 generator; cut in No. 2 generator. 1035 Made daily inspection of magazines; conditions normal."

Here we were in Kossol Roads again. And, again, it was to be a very short visit; just long enough to take on some more stores and ammunition, because we all knew that a really big and important operation was in the offing, and we were to be a very active part of that operation. We still didn't know exactly where we were going, but there were many among our Ship's Company who were pretty good guessers.

New Year's Eve this year was not celebrated by us by the ringing of bells, the blowing of whistles and the usual hilarity that accompanies it, but, instead, we were all very busy getting our ship and ourselves ready for the job just ahead of us. As we rang out the Old Year, we also brought to an end another chapter in the *Odyssey of the Lunga Point*.



AIR SUPPORT



LANGAYEN AREA



ACTION REPORT
USS LUNGA POINT
27 DECEMBER 44
23 JANUARY 45..

PART III

LUZON

*Next came the great Battle of Luzon;
It was nip and tuck with the Sons of Nippon,
As our planes demolished shore installations
In liberation of the Philippine Nation,
And our Ship's guns fought off the foe,
In certain victory from the word, "Go."*

"Monday, 1 January 1945:

04-08 Anchored as before. 0430 Stationed all the anchor detail. Made all preparations for getting underway. Set Material Condition Baker. 0601 Underway. Steaming in company with various units of Task Group 77.2 and Task Group 77.4. OTC in U.S.S. *California* (BB 44). Guide in U.S.S. *Makin Island* (CVE 93)".

We had hardly gotten underway when the Skipper told us over the general announcing system that we were a part of one of the greatest military operations in history. We were en route to Lingayen Gulf, where the Invasion of Luzon was to take place, and the number of

ships involved would be one of the largest in world history in a single operation. The large number of ships of all types in our own Task Force was already well known to us, and we were told that we would be joined by other groups from time to time as we proceeded on our way. The Old Man also told us that "S" Day (the Luzon invasion day) was to be 9 January, but that we were to arrive off Lingayen Gulf several days ahead so that the planes of our group could go about the task of bombing and strafing enemy shore installations and otherwise softening up the invasion beaches, paving the way for our landing forces.

New Year's Day 1945, will forever be indelibly impressed on our minds, because, instead of sitting at home by the fire, listening to the Rose Bowl game with a group of friends, there was an even bigger game that occupied us, and we were not spectators, either. Realizing the magnitude of the "game" ahead of us, and determined to live up to what was expected of us, every officer and man turned to with a seriousness of purpose that was bound to spell success for our part of the Luzon operation.

Except for one emergency turn, resulting



"Sail and steam" in Mindanao Sea.

from a submarine contact, our cruise from Kossol Roads to the Philippines was more or less uneventful. However, interest and excitement grew throughout the ship when we entered Surigao Straits, right in the heart of the Philippines, all of whose islands, except Leyte, were enemy held, and from that point on we were to run the gauntlet of these enemy held islands right up to Lingayen Gulf, but not without our share of excitement. The sun was just rising as we entered Surigao Straits, between Leyte and Mindanao, and sailed on into the Mindanao Sea, passing Bohol Island and rounding the southern tip of Negros Island where we entered the Sulu Sea.

There is no doubt that we were seen by the enemy as we proceeded on this course, because we were never out of sight of land until after we entered the Sulu Sea. Quite frequently, we would encounter native outrigger canoes along the route, one of them being so large (about 75 feet) that one of our screening destroyers hailed her and sent a party aboard to investigate to make certain she was not an enemy. It was quite interesting while on watch topside, at night, to see the large number of fires burning on the islands, some of which were, no doubt, in enemy encampments and some in Guerrilla encampments. Likewise, we quite

frequently saw flashing lights ashore, and we just knew they were Japs signalling ahead to the next island, "Here comes 'Cal' Durgin and his boys."

Undoubtedly, the only reason we had not been attacked up until this time was simply because our Task Force was too powerful for anything the Japs had to throw at us then. We felt, however, that, as we cruised north and the enemy was able to concentrate his forces for an attack, we might have the opportunity to prove the value of our many anti-aircraft drills.

Now that we were in the Sulu Sea, our Task Force had grown tremendously; so much so that we could see our Naval vessels in all directions all the way over the horizon. The Japs undoubtedly felt, by this time, however, that they simply had to do something if for no other reason than to "save face." Consequently, on

FIRST JAP FLAG

"Thursday, 4 January 1945:

16-18 Steaming as before. 1705 Manned anti-aircraft batteries. Ship put at General Quarters. 1715 Emergency turn to 147°T and p.g. c., 163° p.s.c. 1716 Shot down one Jap plane, believed to be a 'Zero,' diving from the bow



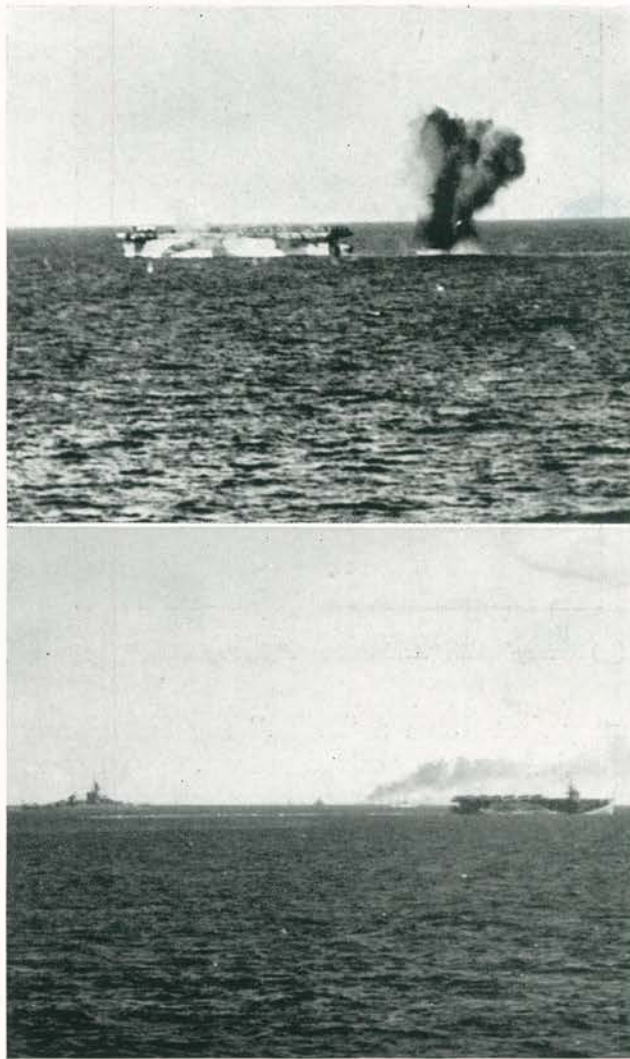
Part of a convoy en route to Luzon.

and crashing about 75 yards astern of the ship. Ship's position $131^{\circ} 16.8''$ E $9^{\circ} 32.3''$ N. 1721 c/c to 090° T and p.g.c., 106° p.s.c. on emergency turn. 1725 Second raid bearing 230° T. 1735 U.S.S. *Ommaney Bay* (CVE 79), bearing 160° T, range 10 miles, which was hit, abandoned ship; destroyers picking up survivors."

We were cruising along, minding our own business, just west of Panay Island and just south of Mindoro Island when we went to General Quarters. From the Log, one can easily see that we had hardly manned our guns when that "Kamikaze" came at us. He peeled off at about 6000 feet and made his dive from dead ahead. We could hardly see him as he peeled off, but as he came nearer and nearer at such terrific speed, his plane grew rapidly in size until it looked like a multi-motored transport. Fortunately, however, our forward guns hit him fatally and at 1716 he was a "dead duck," having crashed with a tremendous explosion just astern of us. There was no damage to the ship; however, one officer and one enlisted man were "nicked" by flying shrapnel from the exploding plane. Chalk up one Jap flag on our bridge! Our first, but by no means our last.

There were Jap planes all around, and we, naturally, remained at General Quarters, although no more got through to us, thanks to our Combat Air Patrol and the lesson we had already taught the one that did get through. At 1735, one of our Sister ships, the U.S.S. *Ommaney Bay* (CVE 79), was hit by a Kamikaze, necessitating abandoning ship, but with comparatively few casualties. She was later sunk by torpedoes from our own destroyers.

Finally, tired from so long at our Battle Stations, we secured from General Quarters at 1902. We had had our first real test; not just a test of the gun batteries and those on the bridge, but a test of the nerve, ability and fighting spirit of every single man in the *Lunga Point*, and we had come through with flying colors. Yes, we had had our first taste of actual combat with the enemy and we had met the test deliberately and with the determination that was to sustain us and bring us successfully through every engagement confronting us in the future. Our long period of intensive training had produced the desired results, and it was a proud and happy Skipper that addressed the men of the *Lunga Point* over the general announcing system that night. While the Captain told us of his gratitude to all hands, he also



Top: First Jap plane we "splashed" exploded just astern of us in Sulu Sea; below: *Ommaney Bay* burning following Kamikaze hit. *Makin Island* right center.

warned us that we had to continue at the peak from there on out, because that was just the beginning of our contacts with the enemy, and that we must be prepared for anything, anytime.

SQUADRON'S FIRST JAP FLAG

"Friday, 5 January 1945:

08-12 Steaming as before. 0817 Dog fight reported bearing 023° T, 27 miles. 0818 Manned all gun stations. 0820 General Quarters sounded. 0824 One enemy plane shot down by our CAP."

Although our Squadron had done an excellent job of flying Combat Air Patrol and Anti-submarine Patrol over our Task Force, they had not, up to now, been able to get in close contact with the enemy. On this particular day, however, our CAP "Tally Ho'd" enemy aircraft about 27 miles away, and Lt. (jg)



Lt. (jg) Ramey has his "steak and cake" for "splashing" Jap plane.

Ramey shot down a "Zeke," the first enemy plane shot down by our squadron. There was much celebration, because our squadron had proven thereby that they could dish it out. Consequently, that night in the Wardroom, Lt. (jg) Ramey had the traditional steak and cake for dinner, while the rest of us had our usual Wardroom meal. And another Jap flag was painted on our bridge.

This was destined to be a big day in the life of the *Lunga Point* and her Squadron, because

FIRST JAP SHIP

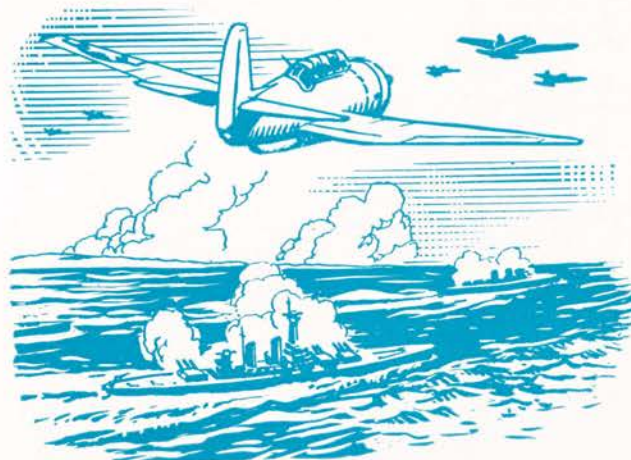
"12-16 Steaming as before. 1445 Received orders from OTC to arm four VT's with torpedoes. 1527 Four VT's ready to fly with torpedoes, and four FM2's with rockets, to intercept reported Japanese destroyers."

Two enemy destroyers had been sighted just off Luzon about 20 miles away, and our planes, in company with planes from two or three other Squadrons, went in for the attack. The net result was that, with our rockets and torpedoes hitting their target, two Nipponese destroyers reported to their "Honorable Ancestors," and a Jap ship is now among the decorations on our bridge. All of our planes returned safely to the ship.

That same afternoon, our Task Force was subjected to a rather heavy enemy air attack, and, while a number of our ships were hit, there was no great damage done any of them and their casualties were small. While we

were at General Quarters this time no enemy aircraft came within range of our guns, although we could see the other ships in our Task Force repelling the attack.

Although we were attacked a number of times and had many a "snooper" coming in to get a look at us, we arrived off Lingayen Gulf on the appointed day, and our planes immediately began their bombing and strafing runs on enemy shore installations, while our "Battle Wagons," cruisers and destroyers stood off-shore right in Lingayen Gulf, giving the enemy beaches a withering gunfire day and night



without let-up, literally pulverizing enemy installations, paving the way for our troops to establish their beach head.

"S" DAY

On "S" Day, 9 January 1945, it was a *Lunga Point* plane, flying high above the Linga-



Direct hit on fuel dump at Aropong, near Baguio, Luzon, "S"—1

yen beach, that radioed the signal for our "Men o' War" to lift their gunfire inland, and at exactly 0930 the first wave of troops hit the beach, followed at periodic intervals by other waves. Our forces of surface craft and planes had undoubtedly left the enemy dazed by their so heavily concentrated attack, because, much to our surprise, the actual landings were made with practically no resistance, and, consequently, with hardly any casualties. We were, therefore, able to put ashore literally thousands of troops, vehicles and other material that first day, and our troops advanced on "S" Day to the point that they had hoped to reach on "S" plus three. In any event, the hardest part of the Battle of Luzon had been won.

On "S" plus two, 11 January, we were particularly pleased to receive from Admiral Durgin the following dispatch:

"I AM MORE THAN PLEASED WITH THE WAY OUR SHARE OF THIS SHOW IS BEING ACCOMPLISHED X WE UNDERSTAND THE REASONS FOR MOST OF YOUR DIFFICULTIES AND ARE TRYING TO CORRECT THEM X YOUR LOCAL COOPERATION HAS EASED THE PAIN OF MANY HEADACHES X SHIP HANDLING IS GOOD X OUR LITTLE FRIENDS HAVE RESCUED EVERY PILOT AND ARE TURNING IN THEIR USUAL TOP FLIGHT PERFORMANCE X OUR AVIATORS ARE EXECUTING THEIR MISSIONS LIKE VETERANS AND ARE MAKING THEIR PRESENCE

FELT AT THE TARGET X FLIGHT AND HANGAR DECK CREWS ARE DOING A WONDERFUL JOB X EVERYONE HAS PITCHED INTO A DIFFICULT TASK WITH SPLENDID SPIRIT X WELL DONE X"

Lt. (jg) GILKEY TAKES A TRIP

We hung around for some time after "S" Day, with our planes continuing to cover our troops as they advanced south toward Manila, and they did a bang-up job of it, too. We were fortunate, however, in losing only one torpedo bomber in the entire operation, but thereon hangs a long story; too long for Lt. (jg) Arthur W. Gilkey of Front Royal, Va. and his two air crewmen. (His story will be found at the back of the book.)

Lt. (jg) REILLY CRACKS THE WHIP

Like all other aircraft carriers, we occasionally have a barrier crash on the flight deck with usually nothing more than superficial damage to the plane's propellor or engine cowling. On 17 January, however, we had a barrier crash that is undoubtedly unique in the annals of Naval aviation. Lt. (jg) R. C. Reilly was bringing his torpedo bomber in for a landing. The China Sea was rough that day, and the *Lunga Point* was pitching and rolling to beat the band. Lt. (jg) Reilly's approach was satisfactory and the LSO (Landing Signal Officer) gave him a "cut." Apparently, he held off too long, and, as he flew just a few feet

Assault echelon en route to Lingayen beaches on "S" Day.

Lingayen Gulf beachhead on "S" Day, 30 minutes after "H" hour. Air strip in center; "Alligators" in foreground.





Top: Enemy trucks destroyed by our planes during Lingayen operation; below: Underground ammo dump near Santa Cruz, Luzon, "S" +5.

above the flight deck, the heavy sea "pulled" the deck down so that his hook would not grab the arresting gear cables, but, instead, the hook caught the top wire on the No. 2 barrier. With a "Bang," his plane landed on the starboard side of the flight deck just forward of the island, not in one piece, but in two pieces. The impact had been so great that it literally jerked that big torpedo bomber half in two just aft of the pilot's cock-pit. It would not have been surprising if the pilot and his two crewmen had been killed or seriously injured. On the other hand, two of them came out unscratched, and the one air crewman who suffered superficial cuts was discharged from Sick Bay the next day. We mention this merely to show that, while we do have accidents occasionally, they do not necessarily result in death or serious injury.

Quite some time after "S" Day we were given orders to leave the Lingayen area, undoubtedly because the Army had the situation

well in hand and now had sufficient landbased air cover to release us. From here on out, the complete conquest of Luzon and, ultimately, the Philippines, seemed to be nothing more than a methodical reduction of the Jap forces by our Army. It had been an interesting and exciting operation, but we were glad to be leaving, because we were very tired from running to General Quarters at all hours of the day and night and attending to the other arduous duties pertinent to our part in the Lingayen operation. The idea of a little rest and recreation in Ulithi was a happy and welcome prospect to us all. We were also quite anxious to get to calmer seas, because that South China Sea had really been rough since we had been there, and it was a real credit to the ability of our entire Air Department, and to our LSO in particular, that our plane handling on the flight deck had been so successful during the operation. How they brought those planes safely down on that flight deck in such heavy seas will always be a mystery to many of us. Then, too, we were most anxious to get our Senior Medical Officer back to waters that more closely resembled the flat prairies of Kansas. All in all, no one was sad when we set our course southward.

En route to Ulithi we could see further evidence of the success of our operations at Lingayen Gulf, because we were constantly sighting our own transport planes flying north to Luzon, unmolested, over routes that just a few weeks before would have been extremely hazardous to say the least. That was all the proof we needed to convince us that we now had complete control of the air over the Philippines.



Lt. (jg) Reilly's flight deck crash.



One of our faithful escorts takes one over the bow, South China Sea.



Lunga Point noses into a ground swell as she turns into the wind preparatory to recovering planes.

“Tuesday, 23 January 1945:

04-08 Steaming as before. 0510 Sighted light on Ulithi Atoll, bearing 045°T, distance 15 miles. 0726 Stationed all the anchor detail.”
“08-12 Steaming as before. 0904 U.S.S. *Shamrock Bay* (CVE 84) anchored. 0923 Anchored

in Berth 261, Ulithi, Western Caroline Islands.”

Arriving in Ulithi, as is usual, the first job at hand was the taking on of stores, fuel and munitions. This done, we were all ready for a little rest and recreation and the four bottles of



Four CVE “Skippers” at one of our “happy hours” at Ulithi.

beer that go with it. Due to the large number of Naval vessels in port, however, it was quite a problem for the local Service Squadron to furnish each ship sufficient boats to handle its liberty parties. Our problem was somewhat solved, though, through the kindness of the AK-35, which loaned us two boats and crews;



thus, we were able to send a Section ashore each day. We were in the Southern Anchorage, however, and it was too long a boat trip to attempt to take our liberty parties to Mog Mog Island where there were organized recreational facilities as at Pityilu. Consequently, we and all the other ships in the Southern Anchorage decided to use Feitabul Island, which was uninhabited and just about 6000 yards from our berth. While there were absolutely no recreational facilities on this mile long island, we managed to get our per capita allotment of beer each day, and it was really a treat to go to Feitabul, because it was the one island we had seen that had been absolutely untouched by the ravages of war. With its many beautiful coconut palms and its very dense undergrowth, it was everything we had expected to find in a typical South Pacific island. Tropical flowers were numerous, and you couldn't step on a spot in the jungle without stepping on coconuts, the ground being literally covered with them. There was a beautiful white beach on the lagoon side, and the ocean side

presented a very pretty sight, with the clear, blue-green waters breaking over the coral reefs 1000 yards off shore. Since so many ships were in the same fix we were in, there was always a crowd on the island. Many parties brought rations along and cooked supper over open fires in the shade of the palms. In one sense it was like Main Street back home, because one was constantly running into old friends there from other ships present.

Even when in port, however, it's not all play with us by a long shot. We are all kept very busy attending to our part in the preparations for the next operation. Then, too, there is no little cleaning of bright work, and there is, of course, the ever present painting to be done. We don't believe there is ever a minute in the day that somebody on board isn't painting somewhere, trying to keep one jump ahead of the rust and corrosion caused by the salt air.

We do, as often as possible, have Happy Hours, which are put on by officer and enlisted personnel from the ship and squadron, and we had one of our best while at Ulithi on this visit. It was highlighted by a boxing match with the team from the *Bismarck Sea* (CVE 95), though we are forced to admit that they licked us in that department, but not without our men putting up a good scrap. As a matter of fact, it was a great fight, and we lost by only one bout. Our spirits were undaunted, though, and we proceeded to put on a good show for them, anyway, with our orchestra, our string quartet, our soloists and our piano-accordionist. We had many guests from the *Bismarck Sea* as well as other ships, not the least of whom constituted the "biggest cargo of gold braid" we've ever had aboard at any one time before. The ship was literally listing to port under the weight of the head gear worn by the Old Man's dinner guests, Captain Whaley of the *Makin Island* (CVE 93), Captain Pratt of the *Bismarck Sea* (CVE 95), and Captain Frank T. Ward, Jr. of the *Shamrock Bay* (CVE 84).

After nearly three weeks of work and play, mostly work, and guessing when we were getting underway and where we were going, we had every reason to feel that we had successfully completed another leg in the travels of the *Lunga Point* and were about to embark on another.

AIR SUPPORT IWO JIMA



ACTION REPORT
USS LUNGA POINT
10 FEBRUARY 1945
11 MARCH 1945

PART IV

IWO JIMA

*Then came the hardest fought battle of them all;
Iwo Jima just didn't want to fall,
But our fighting Marines had a different idea,
They knew the "Lunga Point's" planes were near;
So they forged ahead with grim determination
To win another victory o'er the Japanese Nation.*

"Saturday, 10 February 1945:

12-16 Anchored as before. 1239 Underway on various courses and speeds from Ulithi Atoll, Western Caroline Islands. Captain at the conn. Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge."

In one of his customary "fireside" chats that night, the skipper told us over the general

announcing system that we were underway for the invasion of Iwo Jima. We already knew that Iwo Jima was way up in the Volcano Islands, and right in the Jap's front yard. The Captain didn't mince any words in telling us that it was destined to be a tough scrap, because the Japs would undoubtedly fight to the last man in attempting to hold this air base so near their front door. He told us, however, that he knew we had what it took to carry out our part of the invasion successfully.

The importance of Iwo Jima as an air base in our Pacific strategy could easily be seen by the mighty force of warships of all classes that were sent to insure the success of the operation, and it was really an inspiration to be a part of the powerful Task Force that set its course for Iwo Jima.



First wave approaching southwest beach at Iwo Jima just before "H" hour (0830) on "D" day (19 February). Smoke from naval gunfire and aerial bombardment almost obscure the island. Mt. Suribachi is seen at upper left.

En route, we stopped for a day at Saipan and passed by Guam, arriving off Iwo Jima several days prior to "D" Day, which was to be 19 February. While it was in the cards that we



would have a "hot" time militarily speaking, it was quite a relief to find ourselves far enough north to enjoy the first really cool weather we had had since leaving the States. As a matter of fact, most of us broke out our blankets and they really felt good.

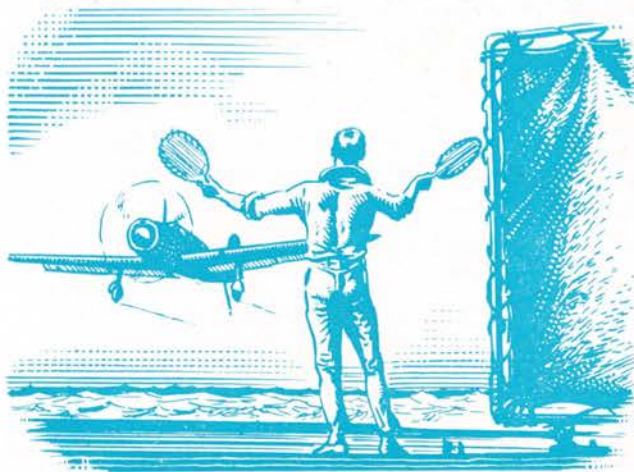
Immediately on arrival, our planes took to the air and began their bombing and strafing of Iwo Jima's military installations co-incident with the withering gunfire of the many battleships, cruisers and destroyers lying close inshore. This was to be a 100 per cent Marine invasion by the 3rd, 4th and 5th Marine Divisions. Many of us had close friends and relatives among those Marines, just as we did among the Army Divisions at Luzon, which made us want to try even harder to do our job while those brave Marines went through that "living Hell on earth" just a few miles from where we cruised up and down, waiting for our planes to come back from their mission of "paving the way" for the Marines. Those men, of whom we are so proud, hit the Iwo Jima beaches right on schedule at 0830 on "D" Day and brought glory to their Corps and to our Nation, but not without days of bitter fighting and heavy casualties. It is our guess that, as a result of this battle, there will be another verse added to "The Halls of Montezuma," and somewhere in that verse will be the words, "To the Shores of Iwo Jima."

While not as gigantic an operation as Luzon, Iwo Jima did prove to be the more spectacular, and by far the most terrific operation in which we have participated, if not, for its size, the

most terrific of the War in the Pacific. Not only was the taking of Iwo Jima the most costly of the Marine invasions—a combination of Saipan and Tarawa—but it also provided us with our toughest fight and most narrow escape. The Japs, even though foreseeing defeat, literally dug into the rugged cliffs and the volcanic lava and held on with the tenacity of fanatics, preferring annihilation to surrender. The whole island was virtually honey-combed with pill boxes and caves, from which could be seen only the muzzles of their guns. The only way we ever got them out was by constant Marine artillery and mortar fire, flame throwing, Naval bombardment from the sea, and bombs, rockets and strafing from our planes in the air. Some, of course, would finally venture out in search of water, but they never went back. From our station off shore, we could see the Naval bombardment of the island and it went 'round the clock, the night sky being brilliantly illuminated by star shells, so that accuracy could be assured in night firing. When those fighting Marines and Sons of Heaven slept, we just don't know. The Marines came through as usual, though, and not long after "D" Day, the Star Spangled Banner was flying serenely above volcanic Mount Suribachi, meaning that we had one more U.S.



J.O.O.D. and helmsman on watch in pilot house.



air base in the front yard of the Japanese Empire.

*Here, also, the "Lunga Point" was distinguished;
Three Jap planes out of four she extinguished,
As, all at once, they dropped their torpedoes;
They came so close they gave us the jitters.
But, nevertheless, our Ensign does fly
O'er Iwo Jima so bright in the sky.*

Our narrowest escape of the war—a real scrap and a tough one—took place during this operation. Knowing that Jap planes were nearby at the time, we were, of course, at General Quarters, waiting. All hands seemed to have a premonition that we were about to undergo a severe attack, because there was a tenseness throughout the ship that kept everyone on the extreme alert. Every man was determined to do his job the best he knew how, contributing all he had to the success of our battle, whether he was in the Engine Rooms or standing by in the Wardroom. Yes, the Steward's Mates, the Cooks and Bakers, the Radiomen, the Pharmacist's Mates and the Mess Cooks all had their jobs to do just as much as the men on the guns. Even though the men below decks might have been expecting a torpedo to come bursting through the skin of the ship at any moment, they never wavered in their duties. The Repair Parties down there were also tense with alertness as they stood by, ready to effect quick repairs. We will never know the emotions of those men at the time, or the thoughts going through their heads. All we will ever really know about them, in that respect, we knew already. They were prepared to meet any eventuality in their determination to sail the *Lunga Point* victoriously back to the States. The certain knowledge of this backing

was more than a help to the men on the guns and on the bridge. It was all they needed to keep them fighting with all they had.

THREE MORE JAP FLAGS

Just at dusk we were subjected to a night aerial torpedo attack by Kamikaze Bombers, and the planes could not even be seen until just within range of our guns. Four torpedo planes, flying at flight deck level, came at us from abeam to starboard. We shot the first one down, and he fell in flames on our starboard quarter, about 200 feet from the ship. He is now enjoying his bowl of rice with his Honorable Ancestors, but we dare say he has an acute attack of indigestion. The second plane, undoubtedly hit by our withering gun fire, turned and flew low over our stern and out of sight, and we have serious doubts that he ever returned to the Empire. We had hardly had time to re-load our guns when the third and fourth planes came at us. We shot them both down in flames, one landing in the water about 300 feet from the ship, and the other bounding across our flight deck, after shearing off his starboard wing and landing wheel as he hit the after part of the bridge and leaving them in the Flag Bag Sponson. He sprayed gasoline all about, set fire to the flight deck, and bounded into the sea and exploded on our port beam, but not without burning several men on our port gun batteries. The fire on our flight deck was quickly extinguished by our Fire Parties without doing any appreciable damage. Meanwhile, the Japs had dropped three "fish," all of which missed us by inches, they having





Third Kamikaze, after being shot down by our AA guns, bursts into flames just before hitting after part of island structure.



After leaving starboard wing and wheel behind, third Kamikaze bounds blazing over port rail into the sea.

apparently misjudged our speed. We on the guns felt mighty lonely for a while as we stood by, contemplating what a narrow escape we had had, but that loneliness was soon dispelled by the voice of the Old Man speaking to all hands over the "Bull Horn," telling them to keep up the good work. We were no longer alone; we were again reminded that we had support from the bridge to the engine rooms. Yes, throughout the ship, every man was on his toes and doing the job assigned him in the manner in which he was supposed to.

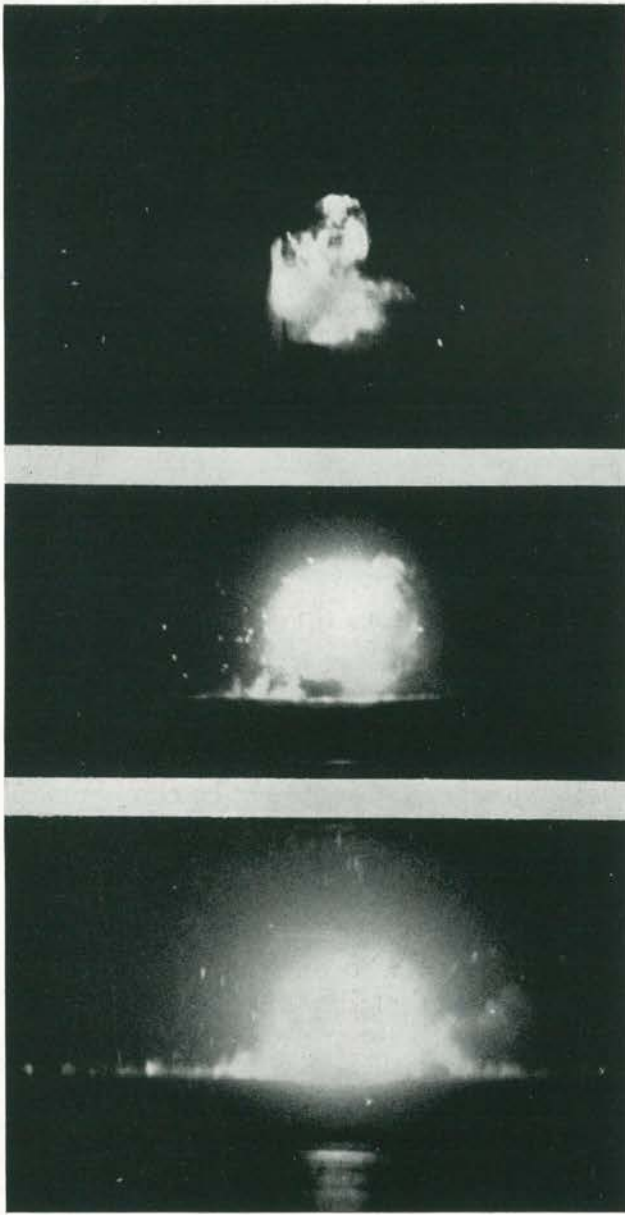
While all this was going on, a sad sight came to our eyes. The *Bismarck Sea* (CVE 95), one of our Sister ships, was hit by a Kamikaze, just 2000 yards on our starboard quarter and she was burning rapidly. We soon learned that Captain Pratt had wisely given the order to

abandon ship, but, seeing that blazing inferno and the explosions that followed, we knew that, though total casualties might be comparatively light, some of us would almost undoubtedly lose a friend on board her. We had started out together and had been together so much that we dare say there is not a man on board the *Lunga Point* who didn't have at least one close friend on that fine ship that was gradually settling beneath the surface of the Pacific. It was a strange feeling, but it made us want to fight all the harder to avenge the loss of the men in the *Bismarck Sea*.

Jap planes were still attacking other ships in our Task Force, and the sky was so full of shell bursts that it looked like a mammoth Fourth of July celebration. We had gone to General Quarters at 1708, and it was well after 2100

Our flight deck was ablaze that night, but not for long; our fire parties quickly extinguished the fires.





Explosions on *Bismarck Sea* following Kamikaze hit.

when we secured, and it was a tired and weary, yet grateful group of men that crawled in their bunks that night. We had hardly crawled in, however, when the Captain talked to us over the general announcing system, at which time he highly commended all hands for their conduct during the terrific attack. He went on to say that he was proud to feel that every man on the ship had done his job well, thereby contributing just that much more to our success. He expressed the sentiments of all hands, in referring to the gun crews, when he simply said, "They were magnificent." Once again, we had met the test; we had come through another crisis with colors flying. Once again, too, we were thankful that we had been put through such a rigid period of training in preparation for just such emergencies as this. It

was not, however, with a feeling of cockiness that we stood around the loud-speakers listening to the Captain. True, we had sufficient confidence in ourselves to meet any emergency, but it was, rather, with a feeling of profound humility and gratitude to Almighty God that we had been spared to fight on to complete and total victory.

HEROISM OFF IWO JIMA

It was during this operation that one of the most exciting, one of the most thrilling, and one of the most heroic incidences of our first year occurred.

Lt. "Bud" Foster had accompanied other planes on a direct support hop over Iwo Jima in his Wildcat fighter, and a part of his mission was to drop a Napalm (fire) bomb on his target. When he got over his target, however, it developed that the bomb release was faulty and he could not release his bomb.

After completing the remainder of his mission he returned to our operating area and called the Captain and told him of his plight, requesting instructions as to whether to bail out or attempt a landing on the ship. The Skipper had Lt. (jg) "Max" Palena, our aviation ordnance officer, report to the bridge where they went into a detailed discussion of



Captain and A.C.I. officer inspect wing section of Kamikaze left on our flight deck after hitting after part of island structure.



Wing and wheel of Jap plane that hit after part of island structure on 21 February.

the release system of the bomb racks. After considerable discussion, it was decided to assist Lt. Foster in further attempting to release the bomb, and, in doing so, they put him through most every maneuver conceivable, in-

cluding flying "on his back," but even fifteen minutes of this failed to shake off the bomb.

The Captain then called Admiral Durgin over the TBS (transmission between ships), and requested advice as to whether he should order Lt. Foster to bail out or attempt to bring him aboard. It was a tough decision to make. If Lt. Foster were to bail out, he would, in all probability, be picked up unharmed, but we would have been short a fighter plane. On the other hand, if we attempted to bring him aboard and things didn't work out perfectly, there was a distinct possibility that many lives would be lost, including that of Lt. Foster, not to mention the possibility of losing our ship and planes. The decision was left entirely up to our Skipper when Admiral Durgin said, "Do what you think best, Good luck, Gat!"

On receiving these instructions from the Admiral, the Captain and Lt. (jg) Palena went into another discussion on the possibility of the bomb's fuse being armed and the possibility of the bomb being released by the impact if a landing were attempted. To ascertain

The "Old Man" supervises decoration of our bridge on 22 February 1945.



whether or not the bomb was armed, the Captain had one of our torpedo bomber pilots fly wing-on on Lt. Foster, as close as possible, to see if the arming wire was still secured to the fuse and that the bomb was secured to the rack. The torpedo bomber pilot's reply was, "Affirmative."

The Captain then asked Lt. Foster if he wanted to attempt a landing aboard, and his reply was, "If you think it advisable, I will land aboard, Captain." Lt. Foster well knew that his life was at stake; yet he made his reply in keeping with the finest traditions of the Naval service. After another ten minutes of maneuvering, trying again to shake off the bomb, Lt. Foster came into the landing circle. All planes were taken below to the hangar deck except two which were spotted forward on the flight deck, and for which there was no room on the hangar deck. All Fire Parties manned their stations and everyone was on their toes. Lt. Foster first made a pass at the ship, flying

close to the bridge, so that the Captain and Lt. (jg) Palena could ascertain that the bomb was secure. Being assured that the bomb was secure, the Captain ordered Lt. Foster in.

Commander Eastwold and Lt. (jg) Palena were the only ones on the flight deck when Lt. Foster came in on a very good landing. For a fleeting moment the bomb remained intact on the plane, but the impact of the arresting gear loosened it, and it slid bounding down the deck in the direction of the parked planes and where impact with the planes might detonate the bomb, throwing liquid fire all over the ship, and possibly causing the loss of the ship and many of our personnel. Lt. (jg) Palena was standing near the island, and, as the bomb slid beneath the third barrier, he "took out" after it and caught it between the barrier and one of the planes spotted forward to starboard. He straddled the bomb and yelled, "Damn it! Somebody give me a wrench!" A big pipe wrench appeared out of nowhere, but it was



Fighter returns safely from Iwo Jima with wing section damaged by enemy flak.

too large. Seconds later, Olup, AOM2c, one of Lt. (jg) Palena's ordnance men, ran across the flight deck with a small wrench for him to use in removing the fuse. Seconds meant the difference between life and death for many of us. While Lt. (jg) Palena was working on the fuse, the Exec was standing by as well as the Fire Parties who had their hoses trained on the bomb. All of this time there was a decided possibility that the bomb might explode and throw liquid fire in all directions. The rest of the story is short, while all that had gone before seemed like an eternity to those involved. The fuse was removed in seconds and the bomb was thrown over the side, with no one the worse for this hair-raising experience.

Lt. (jg) Palena's conduct throughout this trying ordeal was an example of extraordinary heroism, and we are not only proud of and grateful to him, but we are glad to have him as a shipmate. The Old Man, too, was proud, because the Admiral had left him with a "hot

potato," which Lt. (jg) Palena cooled off, and he immediately called Lt. (jg) Palena to the bridge and gave him the traditional Navy "Well Done!"

There is nothing that gives a man more genuine satisfaction than to know that his work is appreciated. It was, therefore, with a feeling of pride in the part we had played that we received, on 22 February, the dispatch from CinCPac, which we quote as follows:

"THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FIRST CARRIER TASK FORCE OF THE PACIFIC FLEET HAVE DEALT THE ENEMY A CRUSHING BLOW WHICH WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED X THE SAME COURAGE, SKILL AND TEAMWORK WHICH ENABLED OUR CARRIER PILOTS TO DESTROY THE ENEMY IN BAD WEATHER OVER TOKYO ARE NOW BEING DISPLAYED BY THE FORCES WHICH ARE TAKING IWO IS-



We refuel in rough weather off Iwo Jima.

LAND ONLY 660 MILES FROM TOKYO X THEY WILL ALSO BRING SUCCESS WHEN OUR TROOPS LAND IN JAPAN ITSELF COVERED AND SUPPORTED BY THE EVER INCREASING POWER OF OUR AIR FORCES AND THE GUNS OF THE FLEET X TO THOSE BRAVE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN AND ARE IN COMBAT AND ALSO TO THOSE WHOSE SUP-



Destroyed Jap planes and "fighting" American planes on Iwo Jima.

PORT AND ASSISTANCE IN REAR AREAS ARE ESSENTIAL TO THEIR SUCCESS 'WELL DONE' X"

We feel it only appropriate to say that every man on board was loud in his praise of our Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Forrestal, when we learned that he had been ashore on Iwo Jima



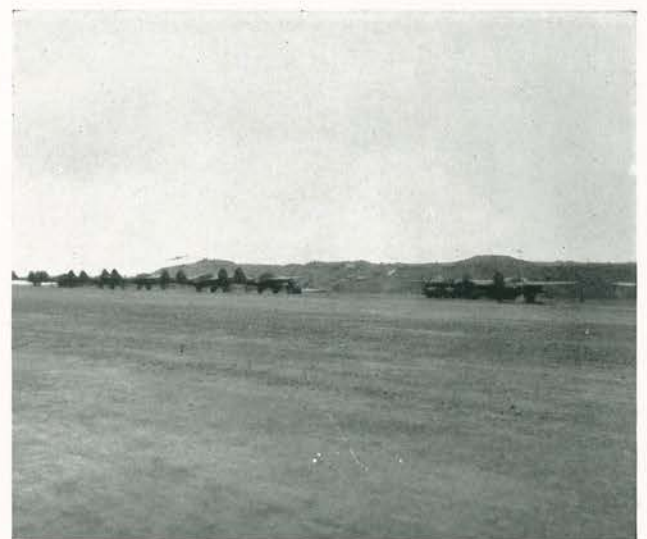
One of our faithful little escorts.



Wrecked Jap plane on Iwo Jima airfield.

shortly after the first waves of Marines hit the beach in order to see first-hand just what "his Department" was up against on that small island. His gesture was unusual to say the least, and it undoubtedly bolstered the morale of those fighting Marines more than we will ever know. It was, therefore, with peculiar pride that we received from Mr. Forrestal, on 25 February, the following dispatch:

"ALL HANDS ON THE CVE'S ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED ON THE CONTINUOUS AND PRECISE SUPPORT GIVEN THE GROUND TROOPS BY THE NAVAL AIR ARM DURING THIS OPERATION X"



American night-fighters on Iwo Jima shortly after "D" day.

Naturally, we are always proud to receive words of praise on our operations, but, occa-

sionally, it is driven home to us that we have to pay a price for our achievements, and on 1 March we paid a big price in the loss of three of our shipmates. Lt. (jg) Delbert M. Gerlach and two air crewmen, Randall W. Brooks, ARM1c, and Kenneth P. Josias, AMM2c, were flying over Iwo Jima, observing Marine artillery fire, when they were shot down by enemy anti-aircraft fire. Lt. (jg) Gerlach and Brooks were buried in the 3rd Marine Cemetery on Iwo Jima on 5 March, and Josias was buried in the same Cemetery on 6 March, all with full Military Honors.

Then, the very next day, we had the misfortune of losing by death our first and only shipmate from the ship's company during



These were Jap planes on Iwo Jima; Mt. Suribachi in background.

our first year in commission. On that particular afternoon, Friday, 2 March, Paul Matthew Hunt, S1c, came up a ladder from the catwalk to the flight deck and, apparently, had not noticed that they were warming up the engines on several torpedo bombers. He ducked under the wing of one of the Avengers and walked alongside the fuselage to cross the flight deck, walking right into a whirling propeller. He, of course, was killed instantly, never knowing what had hit him. We buried him just before sunset that afternoon with full Military Honors, with eight of his buddies acting as pallbearers.

The Marines having the situation well in hand on Iwo Jima, and having completed our mission in the operations, we again turned south with the satisfaction of a job well done, and looked forward with much pleasure to getting on the beach again for a change.

“Sunday, 11 March 1945:

16-20 Steaming as before. 1602 Anchored in Berth 150, Ulithi Atoll, Western Caroline Islands.”

We again found ourselves at Ulithi, but this time it was destined to be a pleasanter though shorter stay than the last. In the first place, we were fortunate enough to get a berth in the northern anchorage, not too far from Mog Mog where there were very good recreational facilities. In addition to this, we had a little better boat service than during our last visit.

While our visit to Ulithi this time, on the whole, was pleasant, it didn't start off so pleasantly. In fact, our welcome was anything but a cordial one, because we went to General Quarters three times during the first twenty-four hours, and it's no fun going to General Quarters either in the dark or at anchor, and we had a combination of both, just sitting there like a bunch of decoys. Things finally quieted down, though, and by the end of our first day there we settled down to our normal routine, and looked forward to a little rest after the trying Iwo Jima operation.

Consequently, after getting fuel, supplies and other gear aboard, all hands were more than ready for a little rest and recreation. We all enjoyed several visits to Mog Mog Island, which held one treat for us in particular. Throughout our entire travels in the Pacific we had never seen a native village, but the authorities at Ulithi, when they moved the natives from Mog Mog, retained their entire village intact, and it was used as a recreation area for the officer and enlisted personnel of the Fleet. What must have been the Chief's hut is now being used as a Club for Flag Officers and Captains, and it is a tremendous thatched roof affair and very spacious as compared to the smaller huts that dot the recreation area. All the huts have one thing in common, and that's a southwest exposure, because none of them have sides extending nearer than three feet from the ground. Despite the intense daytime heat, they are, apparently, very comfortable at night. One thing in particular that impressed us on Mog Mog was the fact that there were several burial grounds there, and all of them Christian. They had tombs built of large coral slabs above the ground, and, without exception, they had crosses at their heads but with Japanese characters on them.

It was at Ulithi that Lt. (jg) “Al” Weintraub

proved his adroitness at aircraft recognition. He and Lt. (jg) "Mike" Owings were "Sky-larking" on the forecastle, discussing the probability of a Jap attack when, all of a sudden, an OS2U from one of our cruisers came flying overhead. Immediately, Lt. (jg) Weintraub yelled, "Jap Zeke with floats."

Aside from recreation, and even more important, we always look forward to going to Ulithi to get mail. The Fleet Post Office there gives us excellent service; therefore, what spare time we had on board was largely used in an-

swering those many welcome letters that were awaiting us on our arrival.

Although, by this time, we were all beginning to wonder when we would be returning to the States, we knew that that was only wishful thinking for the present, anyway. Every indication pointed to the fact that we were slated for at least one or two more operations before being privileged to return to the States for availability and leave. While we, quite naturally, were anxious to get back and see our families, we were also ready to undertake any mission assigned us.





Our own picture of Old Glory flying atop Mt. Suribachi.

AIR SUPPORT

OKINAWA

ACTION REPORT

USS LUNGA POINT CVE 94

PART V

OKINAWA GUNTO

*Okinawa was next in our plan,
As we lunged forward to Japan.
It was a long and bloody campaign,
O'er rough and well defended terrain,
But when the firing did finally subside,
Victory, again, was on our side.*

“Wednesday, 21 March 1945:

04-08 Anchored as before. 0639 Underway from Berth 27-28, Ulithi Atoll, on various courses and speeds conforming to the channel.”

That night, the Old Man pulled “THAT CHAIR” up to the fireside, broke out his mike, and told us all about the coming operation. He told us that this particular operation was to be more of a campaign than a battle, because it would last a long time, and would involve the occupying of several smaller Jimas, Shimas and Rettos before and after the actual invasion of Okinawa Shima, our major objective in the battle of Okinawa Gunto. He told us by name the many large naval vessels that would be in-

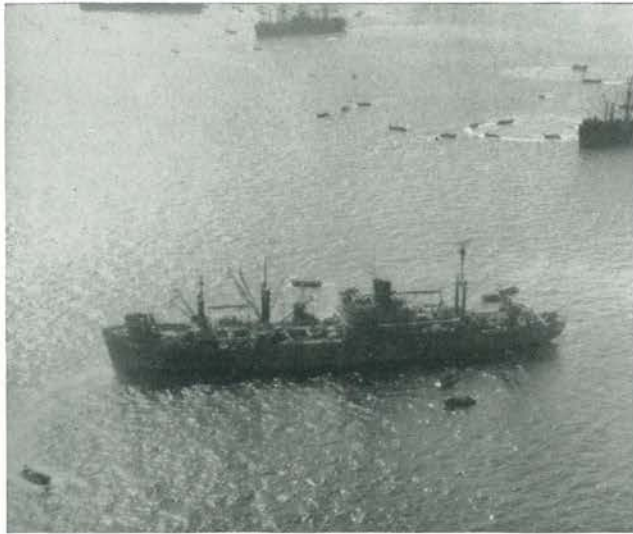
volved in the operation, and it sounded like a roll call of every capital ship in the Fleet. It seemed, also, that there was to be a tremendous



number of destroyers, destroyer escorts, minesweepers, transports and supply ships. In fact, it sounded like the entire Pacific Fleet was being thrown into the operation to guarantee its success. The Captain went on to say, also,



Some of the Jap hulks that littered the Okinawa beaches on “Love”—5, as pre-invasion strikes took toll of enemy shipping.



Landing craft orbiting transports off Okinawa on "L" Day.

that it would be the longest operation of its kind in Naval history. Having "gotten the word" from the Captain, we crawled in our bunks that night, knowing full well that we would in all probability have some tough going ahead of us.

The Captain had already told us that "L" Day (Love Day—the Okinawa invasion day) was to be 1 April, Easter Sunday, and, as usual, the carrier and battle forces arrived off Okinawa Gunto several days ahead. We immediately began our softening up attack on Okinawa Shima, Kerama Retto and other islands scheduled for invasion. Kerama Retto is a small group of islands just southwest of Okinawa Shima, and our forces took the Retto a couple of days before "L" Day, without too much opposition.

Since Easter Sunday marked the invasion of Okinawa Shima, we would be occupied with our attack, and would, therefore, be unable to have our usual Easter Divine Services. Consequently, the Captain had the Chaplain read the Easter Story and say appropriate prayers over the general announcing system on Easter Eve. The next day, however, we did "Welcome Happy Morning" in our own hearts, because, after all, we were giving everything we had toward trying to make this a better world in which to live; a world which would truly be governed by the "Golden Rule."

The invasion on Easter Morn was a combined Army and Marine operation, and our forces went ashore without too much opposition and with small casualties. They were destined, however, to move slowly, because the Japs had "dug in," and were defending this

sixty mile long island of Okinawa Shima from caves, large concrete pill boxes, block houses and burial vaults, and otherwise availing themselves of the natural topography of the island, which lent itself well to defensive operations. Apparently, the Japs had long since realized that they could not prevent our forces from landing on their islands, and they had adopted the strategy of fighting a delaying action, trying to make our conquest as costly as possible after the landings had been made, because here, as at Iwo Jima, they seemed determined to fight to the last man. Our forces moved ahead according to plan, however, and had completely occupied the main air strip, Yon Tan, a couple of days after "L" Day, and, within a week, our Army, Navy and Marine pilots were using the air strip. The island was virtually ours after the tenth day of operations; however, as in all similar invasions, despite tremendous losses inflicted on the enemy, it developed into a systematic extermination of the fiendish fanatics otherwise known as Japanese.

ANOTHER JAP FLAG FOR OUR SQUADRON

On "Love" Day, our Squadron contributed another Jap flag to the decoration of our bridge when Ensign Houk and Lt. (jg) Couch jointly "splashed" a Jap "Tony" over Okinawa Shima



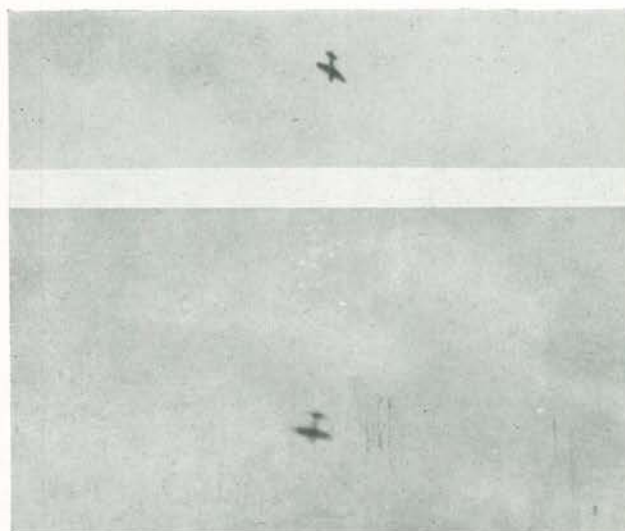
Landing craft maneuvering off Okinawa beaches on "Love" Day
—VC 85 fighter overhead.

and thus sent another Son of Nippon on his way to visit his ancestors. This was just a part of the outstanding work of our Squadron as they supported the slow, but steady advance of our forces on the island.

KERAMA RETTO

“Monday, 2 April 1945:

08-12 Steaming as before. 0803 on various courses and speeds conforming to channel into Kerama Retto anchorage. 0810 Anchored in Berth K-99 in 29 fathoms of water with 75 fathoms of chain out to the port anchor. 0815 Set Condition Baker. 0833 Unidentified aircraft reported bearing 162°T, distance 15 miles. 0837 Set Condition of Readiness III. 0840 Two enemy aircraft reported south of anchorage. Ship went to General Quarters. 0856 One Japanese aircraft, type ‘Tony,’ shot down by this ship; crashed 1250 yards astern on port side of LST 735. 0912 Secured from General Quarters. Set Condition of Readiness III, Material Condition Baker. 0927 Went to General Quarters. Unidentified aircraft reported bearing 000°T, distance 8 miles. 1028 Secured from General Quarters except for AA Batteries. Set Condition of Readiness III, Material Condition Baker.”



Kamikaze in death dive after being shot down by ship's guns at Kerama Retto.

ANOTHER JAP FLAG

Our greatest excitement of the Okinawa Gunto operations, and our most trying day, was on Easter Monday, 2 April. Early that morning we anchored in Kerama Retto anchorage, which, just a few days previous, had been occupied by vessels of the Imperial Japanese Fleet, or, rather, what was left of their Fleet. We had just turned to on the business of our visit, and were riding peacefully at anchor, when that gong began to ring, and we went quickly to General Quarters. At 0852



Jap plane crashes 50 ft. from LST 735, 1,250 yards astern of us, after being shot down by our AA batteries at Kerama Retto.



two Jap planes were sighted flying high overhead, barely within sight, and, as we watched, one of them began a steep dive at us from about 5000 feet, but his aim was poor. He passed overhead through the fire of our guns and pulled up at about 1800 feet, evidently realizing he was going to miss us. He turned from port to starboard, gaining altitude all the while. When he returned to our starboard side he presented a better target for our guns, and, as he apparently began a dive on the U.S.S. *Saginaw Bay* (CVE 82), anchored on our starboard quarter, we hit him fatally and he crashed, out of control, about 50 feet from the LST 735, which was anchored 1250 yards astern of us. We can only imagine how the crew of that LST felt after their narrow escape. Where the other Jap went, we don't know, but we do know that there was another Jap flag painted on our bridge that morning.

"Bogies" were reported around all during the day. Consequently, we remained at General Quarters, insofar as the anti-aircraft batteries were concerned, for the remainder of our stay at Kerama Retto. While no more "Bandits" came at us during the rest of our stay, the

Top: Yon Tan airfield and landing beach, Okinawa, on "L" +2;
below: Showing destruction of Naha airfield, Okinawa on
"L" +2.



Okinawa beachhead on "Love" +2.

thrill and excitement of that Easter Monday was by no means over, because

"16-18 Anchored as before. Continuing to load ammunition. 1641 Stationed all the anchor detail. 1727 Received last load of

Top: Hospital ship off Okinawa. Wherever our troops go these angels of mercy follow in their footsteps; *center:* A lot of Japs enjoy a bowl of rice with their ancestors aboard this warship as she rests on the bottom off Okinawa on "L"—1; *below:* Sea walls common to Okinawa beaches keep tides from flooding rice paddies.

Top: Crazy-quilt patterns of Okinawa countryside broken by trenches and gun emplacements; *center:* We pull away from tanker upon completion of fueling operation off Okinawa; *below:* "remains" of city of Naha, Okinawa, and waterfront on "L" +2.



ammunition from LCM. 1735 Underway from Kerama Retto anchorage. Captain at the conn. Executive Officer and Navigator on the bridge. a/e ahead 2/3. 1737 Ship



went to General Quarters. 1740 Came to course 215°T and p.g.c., 218° p.s.c. 1754 Passed through anti-submarine nets.”

Kerama Retto had been a hot place in more ways than one, and no one was exactly sorry to be leaving; however, our really hot time was yet to come, when

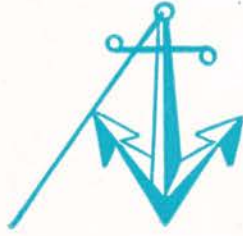
“18-20 Steaming as before. 1809 Secured from General Quarters. Set Condition of Readiness III, Material Condition Baker. 1823 c/c to 104°T and p.g.c., 099° p.s.c. Five destroyers of MinDiv 60 sighted on port bow 2 miles. 1833 Ship went to General Quarters. ‘Bogies’ reported approaching from northerly and southwesterly directions. Transport Group, 6 miles distant on starboard quarter, seen under attack. 1842 c/s to flank. 1843 Two enemy planes approaching our starboard quarter. All guns opened fire. U.S.S. *Mitchell* and U.S.S. *Patterson* also opened fire. One plane hit and believed crashed. The other plane turned away at 1500 yards. 1844 Two enemy planes approaching on port beam. The U.S.S. *Nawman*, MinDiv 60 and this ship all took these planes under fire. Both planes shot down. 1845 c/c to 150°T and p.g.c. Unidentified plane approaching on port bow in low glide. An enemy ‘Nick’ approaching

in diving attack on starboard bow. All guns brought to bear and plane on port bow turned away at 1,000 yards; believed to have been hit and crashed. Planes on starboard bow turned left at 1200 yards and dove on U.S.S. *Mitchell*, dropping two small bombs. The plane then crash-dived on an APD. 1858 c/c to 240°T and p.g.c. Fires observed on APD. 1916 Observed gunfire by convoy bearing 255°T, distance 10 miles. Two enemy planes seen to be shot down in flames. 1942 Secured from General Quarters. Set Condition of Readiness III, Material Condition Baker. 1958 c/c to 270°T and p.g.c. c/s to 14 knots.”

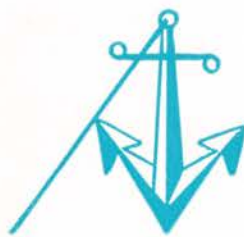
“Bogies” having been reported closing on us from both the north and southwest, we were, of course at General Quarters waiting to open fire just the minute they dared come within range of our guns. At 1843 two enemy planes were seen approaching our starboard quarter and the starboard guns opened fire just before they got within range, throwing up a terrific barrage. One of the planes dared to come in to within 1500 yards, but, apparently, he couldn’t “take it,” and turned and disappeared. The second plane, taken under fire by this ship, the *Mitchell* and the *Patterson*, finally turned to his starboard, low on the



water, and crashed some distance from us. Just about that time, two more enemy fighters approached low on the water to port and were taken under fire by the *Nawman* and probably MinDiv 60. One of them exploded in the air



THE
SMOKING LAMP
IS
LIGHTED!





U.S.S. *Dickerson* ablaze following Kamikaze hit off Kerama Retto.

and the other crashed in flames. At 1845 an unidentified plane started a dive on our port beam and all our port guns opened up, and he, too, couldn't "take" our barrage and he turned away at 1000 yards. We saw this plane no more, and, after the gunfire he went through, it is only logical to assume that he is now enjoying a bowl of rice with his ancestors. While this plane was diving on our port bow, another plane, believed to be a "Nick," was diving on our starboard bow, but he also turned at 1200 yards and attacked the *Mitchell*, dropping two small bombs which fell close astern of her, then heading again for us. Apparently hit by either us or the *Mitchell*, he turned away smoking, and

Admiral Durgin (ComEsCarForPac) honors us with a visit off Okinawa Gunto.



crash-dived into an APD, which we took to be the *Dickerson*, because the ship where the *Dickerson* had last been seen was suddenly a blazing inferno. While those last two planes were diving at us simultaneously, from both port and starboard, every gun on the ship had them under fire. In the semi-darkness, as all guns belched forth flames from their smoking muzzles, our ship resembled a picture of the Gates of Hell being suddenly thrown open on a dark night.

The attacks we had repulsed during that day proved to be by far the most extended period we had remained under attack, and, actually, there had been no time during our combat



Banta, S1c, is returned aboard after jumping over the side to avoid falling plane.

career that we had been more vulnerable. That morning, we had been attacked while at anchor in a coral atoll unable to maneuver. Even had the Old Man decided to get underway, it would have been slow going for us, maneuvering our way out through the hazardous coral reefs that surrounded the anchorage. So we just had to sit there like a Clay Pigeon and fight the best we could from our "sitting-position." That, however, proved good enough. Then, in the attack that evening, we didn't have our usual number of aircraft carriers and as large a screen with us as we had previously had when under attack. There we were, the main target, with only our three destroyers comprising the "Task Force" to fight off all those planes. Even then, maneuvering was none too easy, because we hadn't gotten into the open sea when the attack started, and were bounded by coral reefs not too far distant

both to port and starboard. There is no doubt in our minds but that the planes that came at us that night were all Kamikazes, and all determined to get the *Lunga Point*, but that hail of gunfire that we threw at them at every turn apparently proved to them that their efforts would be in vain, which undoubtedly accounts for one of them doing as much damage as he could by jumping on the APD, a much smaller ship. Finally, at 1942, we secured from General Quarters, with the satisfaction that "our team" had turned the trick again, leaving no doubt in our own minds that we had finally become a tried and tested fighting unit of the Fleet.

We arrived at our operating area off Okinawa Gunto the next day and, again, set about our mission of bombing and strafing the Japs in the face of our advancing troops on Okinawa Shima, and that day, 3 April, proved to be an eventful day in the life of the *Lunga Point*.

MAN OVERBOARD!

At 1045 that day, while we were making a sharp turn to port in a rather heavy sea, one of our fighter planes on the starboard quarter of the flight deck was torn loose from its mooring, and fell "into the drink." Banta, J.P., SIC, was standing watch as Surface Lookout No. 3, and he was right in the path of the plane as she began tearing herself loose. Banta had no idea of letting that plane land on him; so he just jumped "over the side" into the waters of the Pacific. It is said that, even as he was in mid-air on his 40 foot jump into the sea, he took off his 'phones, saying, "Control; Lookout 3 going off the line." Fortunately, he had his

kapok life jacket on, and he jumped far enough for the falling plane to miss him. After floating about in the heavy sea for a few minutes, the U.S.S. *Patterson*, one of our faithful escorts that had been with us since October, picked him up and he was returned to the ship via the



Smoke billows from warehouse near Naha Domar following direct bomb hit by our planes.

breeches buoy none the worse for his experience.

"OUR ADMIRAL" PAYS US A VISIT

The highlight, however, not only of Tuesday, 3 April, but of our entire first year in commission occurred at 1141 that day, when a visiting plane came to rest on our flight deck, and out jumped ComEsCarForPac, Admiral C. T. "Cal" Durgin himself. Not one soul, even our Skipper, knew the Admiral was coming over to see us. In fact, it was so unprec-



Lunga Point from the air, east of Okinawa.

edented for an Admiral to leave his Flag Ship in the active combat zone and fly over to another carrier that the Old Man could hardly believe his eyes when he saw our distinguished guest get out of the plane.

As soon as the Captain got down to the flight deck to greet the Admiral, he immediately told the Skipper that, after hearing of what we had been through at Kerama Retto the day before, he just had to come over to see us. He



Jap *Dinah* destroyed on Okinawa.

also told the Old Man that he wanted to talk to our Ship's Company over the general announcing system. The Captain was only too glad to comply; so, after he had lunched with the Skipper, he talked to us for a few minutes, and he could have talked to us "from now on" without pleasing us more than when he said, "After hearing what you men went through at Kerama Retto yesterday, I just had to come over here and personally see what it is that makes the *Lunga Point* click." His entire talk was most complimentary and was appreciated by us far more than he will ever know. Admiral Durgin is a very busy man, and he had to make his visit a brief one; so at 1334 he flew away from our decks and back to his Flag Ship, leaving us all with the definite feeling that we had reached the climax in our first year's operations. And, with humble gratitude for this gesture on the part of the Admiral, we re-affirmed our determination to continue to justify "our Admiral's" confidence in us.

The Admiral's visit was about all you heard anyone aboard talking about for sometime thereafter. We were, however, also pleased and grateful to receive from Admiral Blandy,

Commander Amphibious Forces, on 4 April, the following dispatch:

"THE AGGRESSIVE SPIRIT SHOWN AND RESULTS ACCOMPLISHED BY ALL OF YOU DURING THE PAST WEEK HAVE MADE IT A PRIVILEGE FOR ME TO BE A MEMBER OF THE TEAM X"

A GRAND SLAM FOR OUR SQUADRON

In all fairness to all pilots everywhere it should be explained that the number of planes shot down by a particular Squadron is, to a certain extent, luck. In other words, the Squadron that happens to have the TCAP (Target Combat Air Patrol) duty when and where the enemy comes in is, naturally, going to "splash" more planes than the Squadron simply flying LCAP (Local Combat Air Patrol) over vessels off shore. It so happened that, up until this point, our fighters hadn't had much of an opportunity to "show their stuff."

On Friday, 6 April, our Squadron finally got the break they had been waiting for. We happened to have the TCAP over Okinawa Gunto that day when the Sons of Nippon came down, and they made a "Field Day" of it, shooting down eight enemy planes late that afternoon. Our pilots who were responsible



Destruction of large building 7 miles N/E of Naha, Okinawa.

for "Splashing" those eight planes were Lt. Pettitt, Lt. (jg) Pleat, Lt. (jg) Ingram, Lt. (jg) Homyak, Lt. (jg) Bazzell, Ens. Swanson, Ens. Prindle and Ens. Turner, with Lt. (jg) Ingram accounting for two planes alone; one "Zeke" and one "Val." These fine pilots had shown they could dish it out, and the eight additional Jap flags painted on our bridge the next day was their visible tribute to our Shipmate, Lt. (jg) Bazzell, who took his last long flight that day after personally accounting for a Jap "Zeke."

It was also during the Okinawa operations—Sunday, 8 April—that Lt. (jg) Cron and his air crewmen had an experience that was hair-raising to say the least. They were shot down behind the enemy lines, and the thrilling story of their experience will be found in the back of the book.

FOUR THOUSANDTH LANDING

We celebrated another event on 11 April when the four thousandth landing was made on our flight deck by Lt. Pettitt. That's an indication of a lot of flying, and is further evidence that we have come a long way since 14 May 1944.

AVENGER TURNS FIGHTER

On 12 April, Lt. (jg) Reilly performed the unusual feat of "splashing" a Jap "Val" over Okinawa Gunto while flying his Avenger Torpedo Bomber on a photographic mission. These powerful planes are not built to be used in a "dog fight." On this particular day, Lt. (jg) Reilly was flying along the beach of Okinawa Shima taking pictures of Jap installations when he suddenly spotted a "Val" crossing his path dead ahead. He couldn't let the opportunity pass; so, imagining himself in one of our fighter planes, he lit out after him, and the last he saw of the rascal was in a funeral pyre on the beach. Lt. (jg) Reilly had brought the "Bandit" down with his fixed guns, but, as he flew low over the target, his Turret Gunner made the kill certain by strafing the "Val" with a stream of lead that left no doubt about that Jap being "out of combat" forever.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

The Okinawa operations were destined to be momentous in many ways, and it was with genuine sorrow and regret on the part of all hands that, on 13 April, we received a dispatch from Secretary Forrestal reading as follows:

"I HAVE THE SAD DUTY OF ANNOUNCING TO THE NAVAL SERVICE THE DEATH OF FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WHICH OCCURRED ON 12 APRIL X THE WORLD HAS LOST A CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY WHO



"Val" burning in Okinawa ravine after being shot down by Lt. (jg) Reilly while on photo mission in TBM on 12 April.

CAN ILL BE SPARED BY OUR COUNTRY AND THE ALLIED CAUSE X THE NAVY WHICH HE SO DEARLY LOVED CAN PAY NO BETTER TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY THAN TO CARRY ON IN THE TRADITION OF WHICH HE WAS SO PROUD X COLORS SHALL BE DISPLAYED AT HALF MAST FOR 30 DAYS BEGINNING 0800 13 APRIL WEST LONGITUDE DATE IN SO FAR AS WAR OPERATIONS PERMIT X MEMORIAL SERVICE SHALL BE HELD ON THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER AT ALL YARDS AND STATIONS AND ON BOARD ALL VESSELS OF THE NAVY, WAR OPERATIONS PERMITTING X WEARING OF MOURNING BADGES AND FIRING OF SALUTES WILL BE DISPENSED WITH IN VIEW OF WAR CONDITIONS X"

Regardless of individual political sympathies, this message came as a distinct shock to all of us. We had lost a President who had been a real leader throughout the course of the war, and one who, no one can deny, had thoroughly sold himself to our Allied Leaders and had gained such harmonious relations with them

that the Diplomatic War, as well as the War of Combat, against our enemies was definitely nearing a successful conclusion. He had made great strides toward the achievement of World Peace; the San Francisco World Peace Conference, in session at this writing, was just one of his achievements. Despite his unquestioned ability, however, no one man in the United States is indispensable to the welfare of our Nation; therefore, the very minute that Vice President Truman was sworn in as President, all Americans everywhere silently assured him of their whole-hearted support and cooperation in the prosecution of the war along the lines already laid out by his predecessor. And it was with great admiration that we, on the *Lunga Point*, recognized his deep sense of humility as President Truman took up the burden of his high office.

At the time of President Roosevelt's death, momentous events were taking place all over the world. Our Russian Allies were rolling

into Berlin from the east, and our own Armed Forces, under the brilliant leadership of General Eisenhower, were forging steadily ahead from the west. Berlin had, by this time, been completely occupied by Russian Troops, and every town of any consequence throughout Germany had been taken by one or the other of the Allied Armies. We received word that Hitler was dead; one report having it that he had died a hero, and another that he had died the ignominious death of a suicide. We chose to accept the latter cowardly cause of his death. Yes, Germany, the homeland of the "Super Race" was truly on the verge of surrender. Then, on "our side" of the world, British, Indian and American forces were routing the Japs out of Burma, and Rangoon, the Capital, had already been re-taken. That great soldier, Diplomat and Statesman, General Chiang Kai-Shek, was giving the Japs many a tough scrap in his vast land of China. And last, but not least, we had the Japs thrown back on their



Underground Jap hangars on Okinawa. Camouflaged airstrip just beyond highway.

haunches, licking their wounds, right in their own front yard. The American Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard were giving him more than he could take, and, despite his fanatical resistance, his fiendish tactics, his inhuman tendencies, it seemed to us who were knocking at his door that he would soon rue the day that he had perpetrated that sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. Yes, we do remember Pearl Harbor, but no one will remember it as long as the Japanese Nation, because they are now paying a heavy price for any sense of guilty satisfaction they might have derived from their villainous act of 7 December 1941. And, with all the suffering the Japs were now undergoing, we were glad that the *Lunga Point* had been, and would continue to be, the cause of no little of their misery.

But, the war is not over yet; even the Battle of Okinawa continues as we near the end of our first year in commission, and we, ourselves, have been in on it from the start—an operation that has lasted longer than any individual carrier operation in history. When the powers that be consider that our job has been completed, and we are ordered to some port for rest, we will have been constantly underway without let-up for a long, long time. The only thing that we have had to console us during this arduous campaign has been the fact that we



As we entered Kerama Retto on 2 April.

have had mail brought to us three or four times by destroyer. That, naturally, is in addition to the satisfaction of a job well done. Our fresh vegetables are gone. We are living on dehydrated "spuds," dehydrated carrots, dehydrated onions, frozen pork chops, synthetic lemon juice, frozen pork chops, powdered milk, frozen pork chops and frozen pork chops. We are tired; very tired. The average man aboard has considered himself fortunate if he has gotten six hours of sound sleep a day, and a good part of the sleep he has gotten has been in



In many instances supplies were dropped by parachute to our forces on Okinawa.



Jap radio station, 7 miles N/E of Naha, Okinawa, being bombed by our squadron.

“cat naps” as he lay exhausted on his flash-proof mattress cover on his bunk, with his clothes on, and with one ear cocked for the sound of the General Alarm. Some of us have stood many a topside watch in the heaviest rain one can imagine, for hours at a time, getting drenched from head to foot. Some of us have had just the opposite privilege of standing engine room watches in the almost unbearable heat. It has been hard on all of us, but no harder on any one man aboard than on any other. But our spirits are not downhearted, because the hardships we have endured have been recognized in so many ways by those under whom we fight. On 14 April, we received a dispatch from Admiral Spruance, Commander Fifth Fleet, reading as follows:

“FOR THE CONTINUED FINE PERFORMANCE OF OUR PILOTS AND AIRCREWS IN OVERWHELMING ENEMY’S HEAVIEST AIR EFFORTS AND FOR FORTITUDE AND EFFECTIVENESS OF OUR SURFACE UNITS PARTICULARLY ON OUTLYING STATIONS IN COMBATING THE SMALL PERCENTAGE OF ENEMY AIRCRAFT THAT COULD GET THROUGH OUR AIR DEFENSE I CANNOT EXPRESS TOO HIGHLY MY ADMIRATION X THIS WILL NOT BUILD UP THE ENEMY’S AIR FORCE NOR HELP HIS MORALE X”

And, speaking of recognition of good work, we are all mighty proud of those Departments responsible for fueling at sea—Gunnery, Engineering and C. & R.—because the results of

their training in this particular job were well proven on 16 April, when we received a dispatch from Admiral Durgin, following a fueling operation, reading as follows:

“WHAT IS YOUR FUELING PROCEDURE THAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO FINISH SO QUICKLY?”

We were further “energized” on the same date when we received a pat on the back by being specifically mentioned in Admiral Blandy’s dispatch reading as follows:

“WE CANNOT TELL YOU HOW HIGHLY WE REGARD THE PERFORMANCE OF THE CVE’S AND THEIR PILOTS IN THIS AS WELL AS PREVIOUS OPERATIONS X YOU NOT ONLY DO YOUR USUAL DIFFICULT SUPPORT TASKS WITHOUT COMPLAINT BUT ALSO TAKE ON IMPORTANT OFFENSIVE MISSIONS WITH EAGERNESS AND SUCCESS X WELL DONE X”

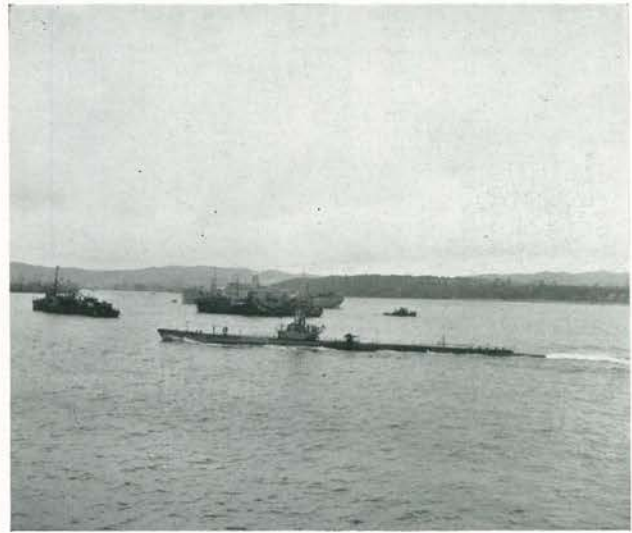
Then, on 22 April, we received the following dispatch from Headquarters 77th Infantry Division:

“THE AIR COVER FURNISHED THE 77TH DIVISION IN THE KERAMA RETTO OPERATION 26 MARCH TO 31 MARCH 1945 INCLUSIVE WAS SUCH THAT NOT A MEMBER OF THE DIVISION WAS LOST OR INJURED BY ENEMY AIR ACTION X THE AIR SUPPORT FURNISHED ON LANDING BEACHES AND UPON SUBSEQUENTLY LIMITED TARGETS IN THE ISLAND WAS OUTSTANDING BOTH IN PROMPTNESS AND EFFECTIVENESS OF MISSIONS CONDUCTED X SUCH SPLENDID COOPERATION BETWEEN ARMS CAN ONLY RESULT IN FURTHERING THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF THE ENEMY RAPIDLY AND WITH MINIMUM LOSS TO OUR OWN FORCES X”

When the end of the Okinawa operations was in sight, the powers that be undoubtedly knew that we were tired and needed a change of scenery, so they sent us off on a special mission where we would be less likely to encounter any Jap aircraft. The night before we took departure from the operating area off Okinawa the Captain talked to us over the general an-

nouncing system, telling us where we were going and what we had to do. At the same time, he told us that, comparatively speaking, it would not be a strenuous operation, that all hands had done a good job thus far and needed a rest, and that he hoped we would be able to relax in the new area and get some much needed rest.

We arrived in our new operating area on 26 April, with all hands looking forward to that "relaxation" the Captain had promised us. We had hardly gotten there, though, when the Exec left the Old Man out on the short end of a limb. The Executive Officer is second in command and is well protected by Navy Regulations, which go on to say that "all orders of the Executive Officer shall be considered as emanating from the Commanding Officer." We had hardly taken station in our "relaxation" area when we picked up the Plan-of-the-Day, covering our work for the first day there, and what to our weary and sleepy eyes should appear but the following note: "Field Day all day throughout the ship!" The words "Field Day" have a number of meanings. To our pilots, it can be a Grand Slam against enemy aircraft; to some of us, it is a day set aside in Prep School and College for a full day of intra-mural track and field events. But

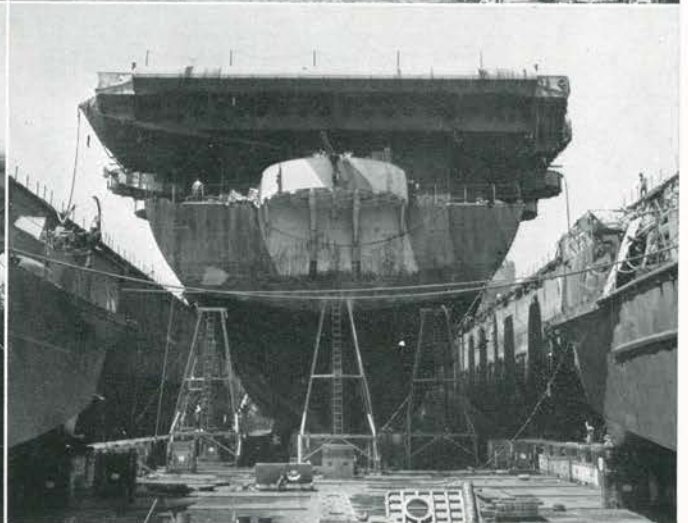
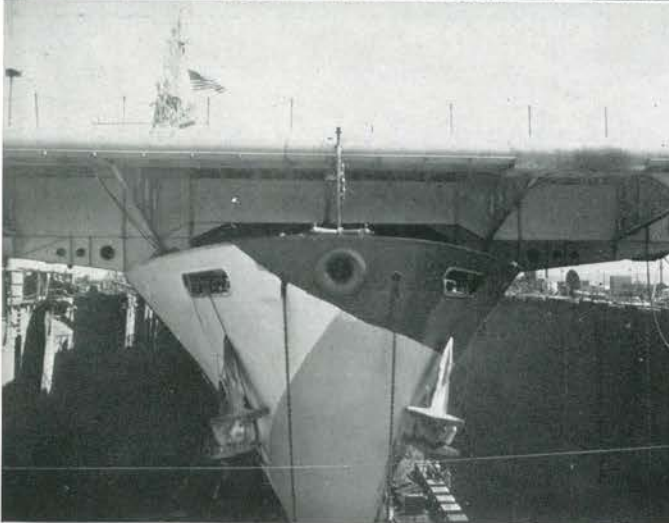


Apra Harbor, Guam.

to the men of the *Lunga Point*, it has a more ominous and dreadful interpretation. It simply means to them that "all day throughout the ship" they will be scrubbing the decks and bulkheads with soap and water, polishing bright work, chipping paint, sweeping down, painting the decks and bulkheads, scraping the ladders with wire brushes, and otherwise "relaxing" as they carry on their work under the ugly stares of a Petty Officer, in preparation for the "flashlight inspection" of the First



Kibitzers on forecastle while dropping hook at Guam.



Top: Just before flooding the dry-dock at Guam; *below:* In dry-dock.

Top: Entering dry-dock; *below:* High and dry.

Lieutenant. The Skipper had told us to relax; so that night, all hands turned in their bunks, relaxed from utter exhaustion. And, though we had soon been in the "relaxation area" for some days, the Field Day went on and on. Little wonder we were all anxious to get orders to a port where we could really relax, and those orders couldn't be coming through too soon for us, because it had been rumored that we would soon be getting underway for our first visit to Guam where we would probably be for ten days or two weeks.

VICTORY IN EUROPE

Sure enough, we got those orders on 6 May, and immediately got underway from our operating area. Nothing of importance occurred en route to port until we got word of the unconditional surrender of Germany. While we had been more or less expecting Germany's complete collapse momentarily, it was with a great

deal of pleasure and satisfaction that we received word that Germany had officially gone down in ignominious defeat. Aside from the satisfaction derived from any Allied victory, we knew that Germany's surrender meant a quicker termination of the War in the Pacific. We knew that increasing help would soon be coming our way, and that we would all soon be celebrating a real victory—a victory and unconditional surrender over the most despicable race that ever walked on the face of the earth. With that certain knowledge to console us for all we had been through, we turned again to the business at hand, and on

"Friday, 11 May 1945:

12-16 Steaming as before. 1205 passed Orote Point and Buoy No. 1 abeam to starboard. 1207 All engines stopped. 1208 Passed Buoy No. 2 abeam to starboard. 1213 Passed through anti-submarine nets. 1215 Starboard



Top: "Over the side all side cleaners"; *below:* A yeoman gets his hands dirty in the all hands evolution of scraping and painting ship's bottom in dry-dock at Guam,

engine ahead 1/3. 1218 Port engine ahead 2/3. a/e stopped. 1223 Maneuvering to take station in Berth 562. 1231 Anchored in Berth 562, Apra Harbor, Guam, in 19 fathoms of water, 75 fathoms of chain out to the starboard anchor, on the following bearings: Range 112°T, Beacon "A" 188°T, Beacon "B" 142.8°T, Beacon "D" 100°T, Beacon "G" 099°T. 1243 Secured main engines."

GUAM

Few men on board had ever been to Guam before, and it was, therefore quite a treat to us to have the opportunity of visiting this important outpost of the United States. As a matter of fact, we would have appreciated an opportunity to set foot on land almost anywhere at that time, because everyone on board was utterly exhausted from having been underway on the Okinawa operation for fifty-one days without stop. In this connection, with the exception of ten days in Ulithi between the Iwo Jima and Okinawa operations, we had, by this time, been underway on combat operations for exactly ninety days, and that's a long time in anybody's language.

Small wonder, then, that we were ready for a rest at this port that was bustling with the business of winning the war. Although, our forces had re-taken Guam from the Japs only about nine months before we got there, from the looks of things, you could well imagine that the Japs had never been there, because there was little outward evidence of their long occupation of this beautiful, mountainous island. The Army, Navy and Marine activities there were doing a man-sized job in logistics and otherwise preparing our forces for the advance to the Empire. Our installations were tremendous and far-flung. Even Admiral Nimitz had already established his Advance Headquarters there, so that he would be just that much nearer the fighting front. We found that they already had just about every facility necessary for servicing the Fleet, and we found the authorities most coöperative in every respect.

The Old Man and the Exec, realizing that we were tired, gave us all the liberty they could. As a matter of fact, during the time we were in dry dock there, when all hands are normally supposed to be over the side, cleaning, scraping and painting the ship's bottom, they let our liberty parties go ashore on schedule just as if we weren't in dry dock. To show their appreciation for this uninterrupted liberty, our men

turned to on our hull so eagerly that they had scraped, cleaned and painted our bottom in the record time of thirty-two hours.

The real treat of our stay in Guam occurred, however, when a representative of ComAirPac came aboard and offered to let groups of fifty men and five officers at a time spend a 48 hour liberty at a rest camp over in the hills. The rest camp was one that they maintain for the rehabilitation of Squadrons just returning from combat, and you can bet your life we were quick to accept their most gracious invitation. Consequently, a large number of the Ship's Company were able to enjoy the facilities of the rest camp, where they could sleep as late as they wanted and not have to lift their hands, because everything was done for them.

Except for the ones who were fortunate enough to go to the rest camp, the rest of us didn't get to see much of Guam. Our liberty parties went to the Gab Gab Recreation Area



Top: Exec bids squadron farewell; below: Squadron commander responds to Exec.

everyday, where the highlight of their liberty was the privilege of actually talking to real, live and attractive American girls who were on duty there with the Red Cross. Then, too, they got their usual ration of two cans of beer per man, which added lots to the singing as they gathered around the piano while one of the Red Cross girls or Talavera, S1C, played.

There was also an Officer's Club and a Chief Petty Officer's Club there, and the Officers and Chiefs had two barbecues at the Chief's Club during our stay, which were most enjoyable as they always are.

Inasmuch as all the villages of Guam were "out of bounds" to military personnel, we saw very little outside of our own military installations and the recreation areas. We did have to go up to CinCPac's Headquarters one day, which, incidentally, is beautifully located up in the mountains. On this trip, we also passed through what *used to be* the village of Agana. Now, it is nothing but ruins, and we understand

that it was demolished by our own Naval gunfire during the invasion, retaking the island. As we rode along the coastal highway we would, occasionally, see a demolished Jap tank out in a field or a stranded American "Alligator" out on the coral reefs. While we rode



Top: VC-85 prepares to depart ship; below: VC-85 departs ship on orders to return to the States for leave and reassignment.



Top: "Silas Green" tap dancing as a member of Apollo Oracles at Guam; center: "Fwankie Sinatra" sings; below: "Wave" Josephine Gisch, S2c, dances.



After years of loyal service Chief Gunner's Mate Wagner is piped over the side to a well earned rest.

along the highway, there was always the possibility that a Jap might be peeping at us from behind a tree, because they still bring in Jap prisoners almost daily, although, comparatively speaking, there are few left there now. That, of course, is another reason we were so restricted as to where we were allowed to go.

OUR SQUADRON LEAVES US

It was as if we had lost an integral part of our ship when, on 11 May, the day of our arrival in Guam, our Squadron left us on orders to return to the States for further assignment. They had reported aboard for duty on 16 August 1944, and had been a part of us ever since. They came aboard as strangers and they left us as friends. They came aboard as inexperienced in actual combat as were most of us, but they left us as seasoned veterans of many an offensive strike against the enemy. They came aboard with a youthful outlook and in high spirits, but they left us as more mature men; men who had, for the first time, in many cases,

faced the stark realities of life. They left with the same high spirits with which they came, but they were definitely more sober in thought and manner. They had proven that, as a cross-section of American youth, they could



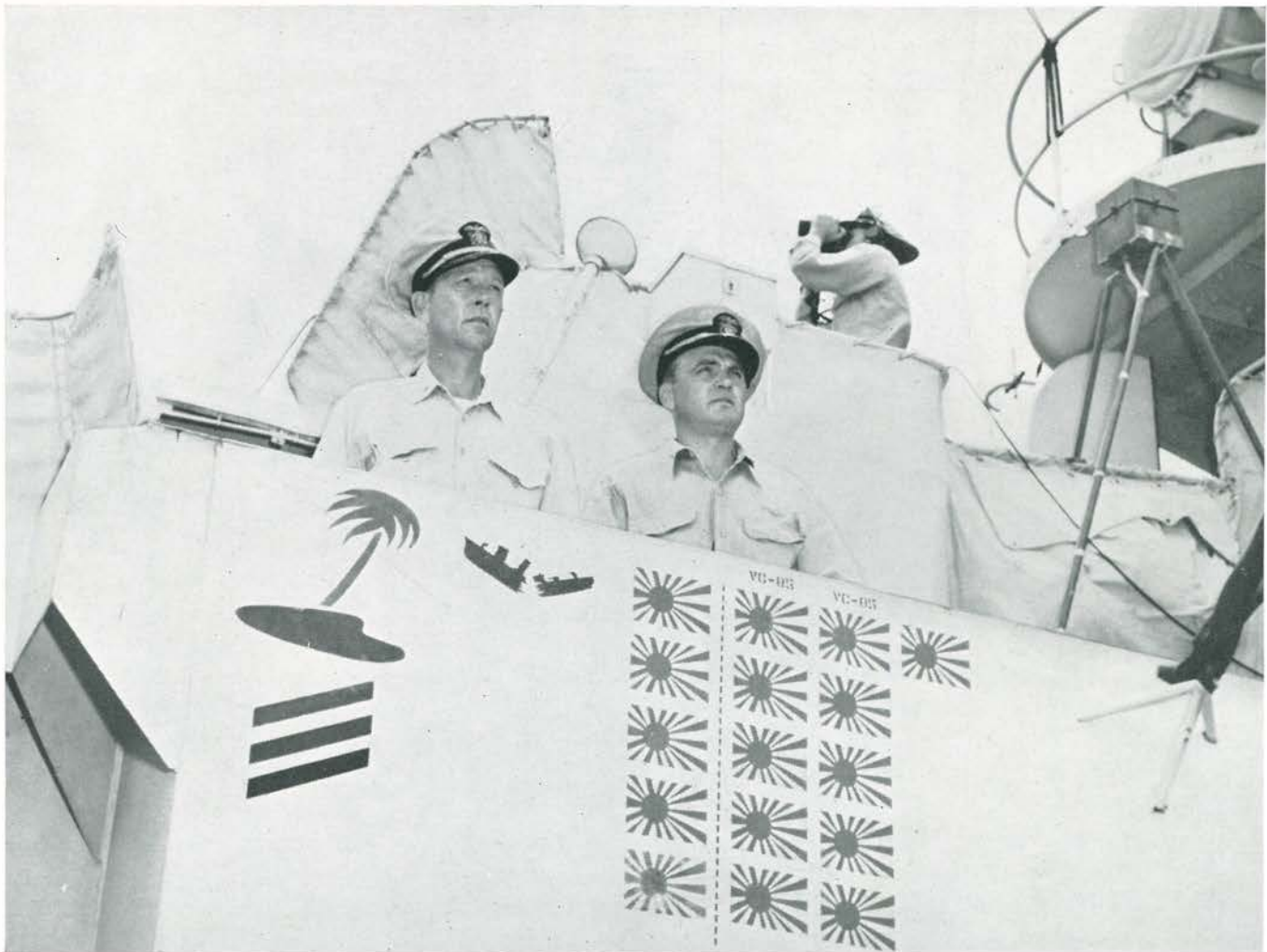
Finale of "Apollo Oracles."

rise to any occasion in the fight for those liberties we hold so dear. We had all undergone frightful experiences we shall not soon forget, and, having undergone them together, our bonds of friendship are even further strengthened. We shall miss "our" Squadron far more than they will ever know, but we are happy to see them return to the States for that happy re-union with their loved ones for which they have worked so hard. They have done a grand job; we are proud to have called them "Shipmates," and we shall ever be interested in their welfare, because, after all, to us, they shall always be a living and breathing part of the *Lunga Point*.

'Twas A Year Ago Today

We arrived in Guam just in time to celebrate our first anniversary. It was on 14 May 1944 that we were commissioned way back in Astoria, Oregon, and, now, on 14 May 1945, we found ourselves a long ways from home. Regardless of where we were, we had every reason

to celebrate, because we knew in our own hearts that we had done a good job. So that night, our Anniversary party took place on the hangar deck. The program started with the officer in charge of arrangements introducing the Executive Officer, who, in turn, introduced the Old Man. The Captain made us a very appropriate talk, briefly reviewing our progress during our first year, and sincerely thanking us for the backing we had given him. Naturally, we had every reason to be proud of his recognition. Likewise, the applause he got at the end of his talk was bound to have given him much personal satisfaction. Following the Skipper's talk, we had a program of entertainment put on entirely by our enlisted personnel. Our old "standby," Talavera, S1C, played his guitar and sang several of his ever popular Mexican songs. Johnson, Y3C, accompanied by Merryman, RM3C, was again well received with his Irish songs. Then, the "LUNGA POINT FOUR," composed of Clark, Smalls, Hale and McLaughlin, all StM1C, with Dale, Std3C, as Manager, gave us several se-



On our first Anniversary the Skipper and Exec seem satisfied but apprehensive.

GASSING PLANES!



THE
SMOKING LAMP
IS
OUT
THROUGHOUT
THE
SHIP!



lections of old time spirituals, which were very much enjoyed by all present. Last, but not least, our old favorite, Sieradzinski, M1C, entertained us with several snappy numbers on his piano accordion. At the conclusion of this part of the program we saw an unusually entertaining movie, "Arsenic and Old Lace," following which all hands were served ice cream and cookies. Then, all hands turned in their bunks ready to start out on our "second leg."

Unknown to us, however, there was another party going on that night, also celebrating the first anniversary of the *Lunga Point*, but it was a long ways from us; way back in San Diego, California, Uncle Sugar. Mrs. Eastwold had gotten a group of our Officer's wives together at her home, and they "chatted away" a whole evening in celebration of the great event. It was most thoughtful of them, and, while we don't know too much about the details of the party, we do know who was there, there being, in addition to Mrs. Eastwold, the hostess, Mrs. J.H. Garrett, Mrs. H.C. Howard, Mrs. N.C. Walton, Mrs. James DeAngelis, Mrs. E.G. Osborn, Mrs. W.A. James, Mrs. I.E. McDougal, Mrs. I.I. Smith, and Mrs. J.E. Duffalo. It must have been a nice party, the only thing wrong with it being that we couldn't be there, too.

Now, as we ride at anchor here in Guam, we pause to reflect on all that has transpired during the past twelve months. We have come a long ways—74,746 nautical miles to be exact, but mileage is not all we are thinking of in retrospect. We are thinking more of the things we have done; what has happened to us, individually and collectively; the contribution we have made to the war effort. We are thinking of the many exciting experiences, the narrow escapes we have had in our ship, and how every man has fought her with all his might and main. We are thinking of those friendships we have made on board; friendships which we hope to preserve and maintain down through the years to come. We are thinking of ourselves and the progress we have made. Some have progressed rapidly and some not so rapidly, but all hands have progressed in relation to the best they have in them, because all hands have given their best. There is not a man on board who is not a little more sure of himself than a year ago. Therefore, the *Lunga Point* is a better ship, and we are better men as a result of having just been together during the past twelve months. We seem to recall that,

during his talk to the Ship's Company on the afternoon of 14 May 1944, the Captain told us that he was determined that the *Lunga Point* should be the best Combat CVE in the Fleet. With pardonable pride, we believe we have the best Combat CVE in the Fleet. It is no wonder, then, that we are proud to have served in the *Lunga Point*.

Yes, we have had an outstanding record, so our superiors tell us. Be that as it may, no one man is entirely responsible for that record. It is the result of the combined efforts of every man on board, from the Skipper on down. There has been an excellent spirit of coöperation throughout every Division and every Department since the day we went in commission, and the results speak for themselves. In every Naval Vessel, however, there has to be leadership; there has to be an established policy. If there is any one man who is directly responsible for carrying us safely and successfully through our first year, it is our Commanding Officer. There is not a man on board who questions his ability as an aviator or a Mariner. He has been a stern disciplinarian. He "bawls us out" when we err, but he is equally as quick to recognize merit. He plays no favorites; yet he is fair to all. He is somewhat a "perfectionist"; he strives for 4.0, but, in so doing, he is constantly bearing in mind his responsibility for the lives of a thousand men and the job that lies ahead. He has never been known to turn down a reasonable request that would add to the comfort, happiness and welfare of his men. He "sweats" our planes on and off the flight deck as if each pilot were his own son. In short, he is a man in whom we have implicit confidence, and, for getting us safely and successfully through this first year, to him, our Captain, we give our humble thanks.

As for the policy of a ship, the Captain establishes it, and the Executive Officer sees that it is carried out. The mere fact that we have come through this first year successfully is sufficient proof unto itself that the Exec has done a good job. While we may not always agree with him, or he with us, he never fails to talk to us straight from the shoulder, and he gets results. He has always shown a keen interest in the welfare of our officers and men, and thereby he has accomplished the execution of the Captain's policy in a manner that, we believe, has been satisfying to the Captain. He has kept himself unusually well posted on conditions existing in the various Departments of the ship,

and that alone has been a great help to him and to us in satisfactorily discharging our duties. He, too, has been fair with us, and, above all else, that is the first trait we look for in an officer. To our Exec, also, we say, "Many thanks!"

And, now, as we come to this last page in our review of the past year, we find more and more of our officers and men getting their orders to other duty. Soon, we will all be getting our orders, and there will not be a "Plank Owner" left on board. To you who will man our ship in the future, a word of admonition. Before reporting to the *Lunga Point* and since, we have often heard the Kaiser-Vancouver CVE's referred to as "Kaiser's Coffins." We are all well aware that they are expendable, but so are other ships. We know that she was thrown together in the haste necessitated by the exigencies of war. No one knows better than we

that she is not a pleasure cruiser. But we do know this; if you serve her well, she will serve you well. Her engines have now chugged along for thousands of miles and there are thousands of miles left in her. She fights just as well as her big sisters. Her record speaks for itself. Take care of her, for she has served us well. Fight her victoriously; so that she will soon be able to return to the States for a well earned rest in that Peace for which she has strived so hard. Many happy cruises, and God Bless you all in the U.S.S. *Lunga Point*.

*And, now that we are in the Japs' front yard,
We shall keep on going, though the going be hard,
Because we know we've got the finest carrier;
Nothing! No, nothing shall create a barrier
To making Hirohito himself anoint
The fighting men of the "Lunga Point."*



PART VI

THE MEN WHO FOUGHT HER

(Ranks and rates shown are as of 14 May, 1945)

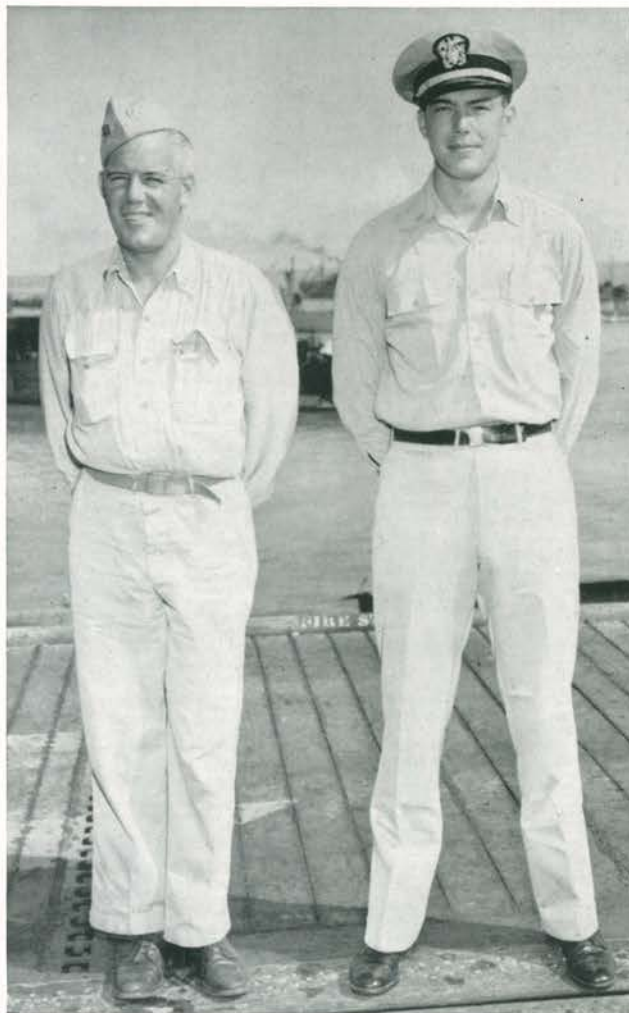
* Plank Owners.

OFFICERS

- * Captain George A. T. Washburn, USN, 12352 Sand Point Way, Seattle 55, Wash., or Navy Department, Washington, D. C.
- * Commander E. R. Eastwold, USN, LeRoy, Minn., or Navy Department, Washington, D. C.
- * Commander E. G. Osborn, USN, 1102 El Centro Ave., Napa, Calif.
- * Lieut. Comdr. Ivan I. Smith, USNR, Ejido No. 7, Mexico City, Mexico.
- Lieut. Comdr. W. E. Bertram, USN, c/o C. S. Aikins, 2511 Linwood Blvd., Kansas City 3, Mo.
- Lieut. Comdr. W. H. Sands, USNR, Gambrills, Md.
- * Lieut. Comdr. Leonard W. Hagstrom, USNR, 4362 Everett Ave., Oakland, Calif.
- * Lieut. S. Linton Smith, USNR, 2205 Beechridge Rd., Raleigh, N. C.
- Lieut. Potter Palmer III, USNR, 1301 Astor St., Chicago, Ill.
- * Lieut. J. H. Garrett, USN, 4534 Alabama St., San Diego, Calif.
- * Lieut. Robert Homans, USNR, 5 Brimmer St., Boston, Mass.
- Lieut. Walter W. Kalteyer, Jr., USNR, 2056 Addison Rd., Houston 5, Texas
- * Lieut. James De Angelis, USNR, 1031 Forest Rd., New Haven, Conn.
- * Lieut. James R. Tippett, Jr., USNR, 1735 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- * Lieut. Frederick L. Marvil, Jr., USNR, 1301 New Road, Elsmere, Wilmington, Del.
- Lieut. R. L. Corkran, Jr., USNR, 724 Raleigh Ave., Norfolk 7, Va.
- * Lieut. C. V. H. King, USNR, 818 Levering Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.
- * Lieut. Ivan E. McDougal, USNR, 4533 30th St., San Diego, Calif.
- * Lieut. B. B. Upchurch, USNR, 862 Park St., Atlanta, Ga.

- * Lieut. A. H. Berndt, USNR, 4945 N. Christiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- * Lieut. Merle Grant, USN, 26227 Alta Vista, Lomita, Calif.
- * Lieut. Kenneth B. Little, USNR, Box 58, Wasco, Calif.
- * Lieut. H. C. Howard, USN, 3806 46th St., San Diego, Calif.
- * Lieut. Robert W. Sutton, USNR, 1118 Oxford St., Berkeley 7, Calif.
- * Lieut. Charles B. White, USNR, 1306 Sherman St., Alameda, Calif.
- * Lieut. Henry A. Harrison, USNR, Box 874, Baker, Oreg.

- * Lieut. Arthur W. Gilmore, USNR, 14115 Greenleaf St., Van Nuys, Calif.
- * Lieut. Wayne L. Black, USNR, 1436 Laird Ave., Salt Lake City 5, Utah
- Lieut. (jg) R. Denny, USNR, 800 Rivercrest Road, Fort Worth, Texas.
- * Lieut. (jg) Albert C. Nolte, Jr., USNR, 38 Willets Ct., Manhasset, N. Y.
- Lieut. (jg) C. E. Stimson, Jr., USNR, 610 Woodland Rd., Pasadena 5, Calif.



Navigation department officers,



Communication Department officers.

* Lieut. (jg) G. R. Siiro, USNR, c/o Breikreutz, Talcott Notch Rd., Farmington, Conn.

Lieut. (jg) R. E. Davenport, Jr., USNR, 1120 Bedford Ave., Norfolk 8, Va.

Lieut. (jg) R. W. Sebastian, USNR, 1415 Estes Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Lieut. (jg) H. D. Hatcher, USNR, Auxvasse, Mo.

Lieut. (jg) M. J. Palena, USNR, 1933 S. 21st Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

* Lieut. (jg) Nelson C. Walton, USN 5310 Swiss Ave., Dallas, Texas

* Lieut. (jg) Wendell L. Phillips, USNR, c/o Walter I. Phillips, 149 Elmwood Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

* Lieut. (jg) Paul S. Smith, USNR, 1225 S. Atlanta Ave., Tulsa, Okla.

* Lieut. (jg) H. T. Haacke, Jr., USNR, 892 Riverview Ave., Dayton, Ohio

* Lieut. (jg) Karl W. Reber, USNR, 9981 Grandmont Rd., Detroit, Mich.

* Lieut. (jg) William F. Nevins,

* Plank Owners.

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Lieut. (jg) John H. Whitehouse, USNR, 24 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* Lieut. (jg) L. J. Cardinale, USN, 441 Ellis St., San Francisco, Calif.

* Lieut. (jg) A. E. Owings, USN, 2838 Kerckhoff Ave., San Pedro, Calif.

* Ensign F. W. Stuve, USNR, 120 Ward Ave., San Antonio, Texas

* Ensign A. P. Czerwenka, USN, 405 Norwich Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

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* Ensign J. J. O'Connor, USNR, 2520 N. Maryland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

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* Lieut. Comdr. F. P. Moore, Jr., (SC), USNR, State Hospital, East Gardner, Mass.

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* Lieut. (jg) William M. Dolan, (SC), USNR, 600 Baker Bldg., Minneapolis 2, Minn.

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Lieut. (jg) James M. Amundson, (ChC), USNR, R.F.D. No. 4, Decorah, Iowa

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* Chief Boatswain E. B. Luck, USN, 47 Des Moines Rd., Quincy, Mass.

* Chief Gunner R. S. Marshall, USN, 3935 Greenwood St., San Diego, Calif.

* Chief Carpenter John S. Weitzner, USNR, 48 Elm Hill Ave., Roxbury, Mass.

* Ship's Clerk Harold C. Devol, USN, RR 5, Parkersburg, W. Va.

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Machinist Walter J. Mitchell, USN, Crofton, Ky.

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* Atkinson, Melvin H., CSM, 202 W. Pitt, Pasadena, Texas

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C R E W

Aberg, John E., AMM1c, 27 Henches Place, Little Ferry, N. J.

Abrams, Wendel J., AOM3c, Stableton, Nebr.



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- * Abshire, Robert C., AMM1c, 1102 S. Polk St., Dallas 8, Texas
- * Adamson, Charles F., S1c, Sidney, Mont.
- Adkins, George W., S2c, RR 1, Bradish Road, Kansas City, Kans.
- Alton, William J., F1c, 69 E. Thomas Road, Phoenix, Ariz.
- * Akers, Trueman L., S1c, Jasper, Oreg.
- * Alexander, Robert E., F1c, Box 265, Pontotoc, Miss.
- * Alligood, Marion F., PhM3c, RR 2, Cochran, Ga.
- * Alyea, Charles E., WT3c, 2124 Sawtell Blvd., West Los Angeles, Calif.
- * Ames, Alvin L., S2c, Thornton, Idaho
- Amundson, Arden O., Y3c, Hanska, Minn.
- * Andersen, Arthur O., S2c, 409 31st Ave. N., Seattle 2, Wash.
- * Anderson, George W., Jr., S1c, St. Paul, Nebr.
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- * Baker, Lewis C., S1c, Washington, Iowa
- Baker, William Jay, S1c, 1005 Stanton Ave., San Pablo, Calif.
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- * Banegas, Cecil C., S2c, 109 E. 3rd St., Hanford, Calif.
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- * Beasley, Ruel O., PtrV1c, 4069 Winona Ave., San Diego, Calif.
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- * Bedont, Jack J., S1c, 203 E. 56 South, Murray, Utah
- * Bell, Graham E., EM3c, 2204 G St., Bellingham, Wash.
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- * Bennett, Carl "F", S1c, 506 Raymond St., Marshall, Mich.
- Berger, Bernard L., AOM3c, 3735 27th Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
- * Berry, Curtis H., S2c, RR 1, Camp Hill, Ala.
- * Best, Harold D., EM2c, c/o Mrs. Clyde M. Best, City Hospital, Columbus, Kans.
- * Bestervelt, Peter A., Bkr3c, 664 W. Michigan Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
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- * Biezynski, Robert B., F1c, 2614 Holmes, Hamtramck 12, Mich.
- Bill, Vernon C., Jr., F1c, P.O. Box 214, Healdsburg, Calif.
- Billings, William P., S1c, P.O. Box 25, Guthrie, Okla.
- Birkhead, Norman C., RdM3c, c/o Mrs. Audrey F. Coslett, 2618 Lidstone, Houston 3, Texas
- * Bispo, Edward F., MMR3c, 740 Cypress St., Monterey, Calif.
- * Blackburn, Harlan D., S1c, 808 Lydia Ave., Kansas City 6, Mo.
- * Blackwell, Paul E., MM3c, 315 Valley St., Poplar Bluff, Mo.
- * Bobier, Edward M., SC2c, Osage Beach, Mo.
- * Bolek, Theodore C., TMV2c, 2239 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill.
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- * Boni, Mitchell, S1c, 235 Academy St., Opelousas, La.
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- * Bounds, Travis D., RM3c, Dumont Rt., Delwin, Texas
- * Bourlier, Lyle D., S1c, 1003 18th St., Auburn, Nebr.
- * Bourne, Frederick M., S1c, 20 Salliotte, Ecorse, Mich.
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- * Bowman, William G., RM3c, 6705 S. "D" St., Tacoma, Wash.
- * Boyle, James P., S1c, Neligh, Nebr.
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Supply Department officers.

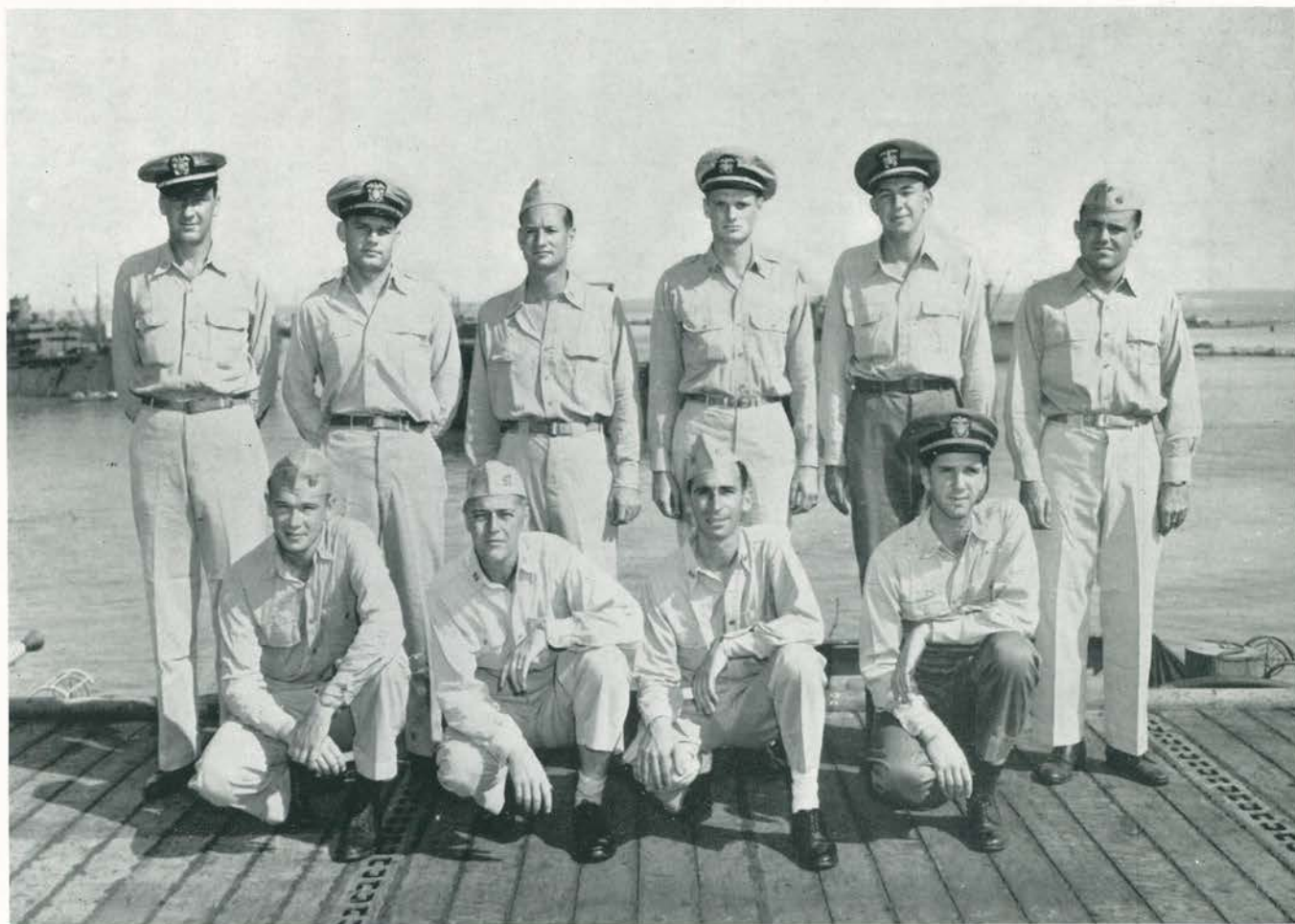


Engineering Department officers.

- Brown, Jimmy L., S2c, Box 252, Denver City, Texas
- * Browne, Peter J., S1c, 510 S. 58th Tacoma, Wash.
- * Brownley, Leo G., S1c, Box 764 Newport, Oreg.
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- * Bryson, John R., S1c, Box 205, Basin, Wyo.
- * Bullen, William B., MM2c, 75 Hinckley St., Somerville, Mass.
- Burch, Richard J., S1c, 327 Nepessing, Lapeer, Mich.
- * Burdick, Donald L., S1c, 148 Railroad St., Gilroy, Calif.
- Burgess, James D., F1c, 1028 Maine St., Barboursville, W. Va.
- * Burke, Gordon D., S1c, 583 Copperfield, Bingham Canyon, Utah
- * Burke, John A., F1c, 328 Lucas St. Sycamore, Ill.
- * Burton, William H., F1c, Moravia, Iowa
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- * Butler, Heral, S1c, Box 265, Oakley, Idaho.
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- Carter, Oscar P., F2c, RR 2, Brownfield, Texas
- * Caruso, Frank P., GM3c, Readsboro, Vt.
- * Casey, Joseph T., Jr., EM3c, 4211 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- * Cayou, Alvin A., SKV2c, 3446 S. Federal, Denver, Colo.
- * C.DeBaca, Alfred T., S2c, RR 2, Box 206A, Montrose, Colo.
- * Chaney, Jack, PR2, c/o Edith Osborne, N. Terre Haute, Ind.

* Plank Owners.

- * Chanyi, Ernest, S1c, RR 2, Pinckney, Mich.
- Chapman, Jack F., S1c, 8 Elm St., Porterdale, Ga.
- * Chapman, Jean W., GM1c, 217 Ninth Ave., N. E., Rochester, Minn.
- * Charley, Clayton E., S1c, Brownsboro, Oreg.
- Chelemados, Fred A., Y2c, 919 Key Route Blvd., Albany 6, Calif.
- * Cherrier, Edker H., SM3c, Box 245, Hinckley, Minn.
- * Childers, Joe E., Cox, Box 5205, Harrisburg Station, Houston, Texas
- * Christian, Gerald D., S1c, Box 304, Cameron, Mo.
- * Christner, Arthur L., S1c, Eldridge, Mo.
- * Chojnacki, Frank E., S2c, 2917 S. Lyman St., Chicago, Ill.
- * Church, Randall D., S1c, Elkville, Ill.
- Clark, Clifford H., S2c, Bastrop, Texas
- Clark, Marcellas, StM1c, 2064 7th Ave., New York, N. Y.
- Clarke, Byron C., S2c, Losarboles Rd., Albuquerque, N. Mex.
- * Clarke, Edward H., WT3c, 1403 Arlington St., Shreveport, La.
- * Classen, Lambert P., Jr., F1c, RR 3, Meadow Grove, Nebr.
- * Clements, Bobby L., S1c, 213 N. Joplin St., Joplin, Mo.
- * Clunk, Robert W., Y2c, 715 Suismon St., Pittsburgh, 2, Pa.
- * Coburn, Billy E., EM3c, 611 Bellview, Shelton, Wash.
- Cochran, Clifton L., BM2c, P.O. Box 355, Wishram, Wash.
- * Cohoon, Andrew J., S1c, 4224 "F" St., Omaha, Nebr.
- Cole, Mervyn R., S1c, 4813 Hillside Ave., Sacramento, Calif.
- * Coleman, William G., Jr., S1c, 4143 Terrace, Kansas City 2, Mo.
- Collier, Dan, RdM3c, Box 83, Union, Miss.
- Comparin, Angel, AMM3c, 109 Frio City Rd., San Antonio, Texas
- * Conrad, Niron C., S1c, 353 Superior Blvd., Wyandotte, Mich.
- Constant, Henton L., S1c, Box 25, Elgin, Okla.
- Cook, Freddie E., S1c, RR 2, Box 223, Winlock, Wash.
- * Cooper, Enos E., StM1c, 1428 S. Johnson St., New Orleans, La.
- * Cooper, Max E., RT1c, 903 17th St., Douglas, Ariz.
- Cooper, William R., S2c, 716 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa
- * Costner, Ivan E., GM3c, 812 Baldwin Drive, Bakersfield, Calif.
- Covarrubias, Ernest G., S1c, 1008 W. Nueces St., Victoria, Texas
- * Cowan, Carl G., S1c, 3610 Krutz St., San Diego, Calif.
- Cox, Charlie R., StM1c, 505 E. Depot St., La Grange, Ga.
- Cox, Henry M., Jr., AOM2c, General Delivery, Rich Hill, Mo.
- Cox, Marshall B., S1c, RR 3, Hamilton, Ala.
- Coyne, Marvin L., RM2c, 3013 Logan Blvd., Chicago 47, Ill.



Gunnery Department officers.



Medical Department.

- * Craker, Lowell E., S1c, 313 Lincoln St., Monett, Mo.
- Crane, Henry H., S1c, RR 1, Chapel Hill, Tenn.
- Crawford, Richard, MME3c, P.O. Box 56, Ware Shoals, S. C.
- * Creekmore, Robert F., S1c, 27 E. 42nd St., Covington, Ky.
- Croley, Joe W., S1c, RR 4, Athens, Ala.
- Cronin, William J., S1c, Ione, Calif.
- * Crook, Joseph R., S1c, Santaquin, Utah
- Crosby, Amos, StM1c, 108 4th Ave., S.W., Birmingham, Ala.
- Crossman, Norman W., S1c, 1104 S. Cypress, Ontario, Calif.
- * Crowder, Jack, SC3c, RR 1, Manzanola, Colo.
- * Crowder, Orville E., WT3c, Shouns, Tenn.
- Culver, Guy R., Jr., AMM3c, 1265 Irving Ave., Glendale 1, Calif.
- * Cummings, George T., MoMM2c, 2658 N. Harding Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- * Cuney, Carl J., S1c, Box 86, Cheyenne Agency, S. Dak.
- Curtis, Myron C., AMMC2c, 2371 Wyandotte Ave., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio
- * Cutlip, Daryl R., S1c, 125 S.W. 3rd Ave., Forest Grove, Oreg.
- * Dahl, Elmer R., S1c, Box 231, Watkins, Minn.
- * Dale, Grady, Std3c, 63 "O" St., S.W., Washington, D. C.
- * Davies, Kenneth M., S1c, Star Rt., Box 3, Yacolt, Wash.
- * Davis, "P" "L", S1c, 1605 Main St., N. Little Rock, Ark.
- Davis, Verner A., S1c, 1519 S. 17th St., Terre Haute, Ind.
- Deeds, Floyd A., Jr., S1c, General Delivery, Victorville, Calif.
- * Degner, Alvin N., S1c, Box 771, Tenino, Wash.
- Delay, "J" "L", AOM2c, 2707 E. 47th St., Chatanooga, Tenn.
- Delucia, Joseph, BM2c, El Sereno, Calif.
- * De Martis, Felix J., AMM2c, 102-54 48th Ave., Corona, N. Y.
- * Des Jardins, Harold G., S1c, 15724 Grayfield, Detroit, Mich.
- * Devine, Ernest A., SK1c, 2831 33rd. Ave. South., Seattle, Wash.
- * Didio, Alfred O., AMM3c, Ross, N. Dak.
- Dieringer, Robert E., ART1c, 3236 S.E. Kelley St., Portland, Oreg.
- * Dilbeck, Leon, S1c, 210½ E. 2nd St., Muscatine, Iowa.
- * Dillinger, Nelson W., S2c, Knox City, Mo.
- * Dillman, Edward C., S2c, RFD 1, Carnation, Wash.

* Plank Owners.

- * Doely, Henry M., Jr., Y3c, Rapelje, Mont.
- Doolan, John W., S1c, 975 B. Park Circle, Long Beach, Calif.
- * Doyle, Bernard E., AM1c, Benton, Wis.
- * Drake, George W., PhM2c, 208 New Litchfield St., Torrington, Conn.
- * Driscoll, Robert C., S1c, 14544 Patton, Detroit 23, Mich.
- Duke, James W., S2c, Box 614, Brownfield, Texas
- Dunbar, Glen, S1c, 418 W. Tishenor, Compton, Calif.
- * Duncan, James E., AMM3c, 7937 Loarin Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
- * Dunn, Stanley R., S2c, Pigeon, Mich.
- * Dyer, William F., S1c, 219 S. 22nd St., Kansas City, Kan.
- * Dykman, Jay S., S2c, 2130 S. 3rd East., Salt Lake City, Utah
- Dykstra, Richard L., RdM3c, 2247 Garfield, Kansas City, Kans.
- * Eagen, Phillip R., TM3c, 776 Scott Rd., Smith Creek, Mich.
- Earnest, Dorris P., AMM2c, Star Route, Ligonier, Pa.
- * Eaton, Charles E., PhM3c, 3609 Livingston St., Chevy Chase, Washington D. C.
- Eberius, Joseph E., SK3c, 165 Northern Parkway, East Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.
- * Eckert, Robert L., AMM3c, RR 2, Benton Harbor, Mich.
- * Ekholm, Vilho, S2c, Deer River, Minn.
- Ekstrum, Willard L., S1c., 123 E. Santa Rosa St., Victoria, Texas
- * Elandt, Edward H., S2c, RFD 4, Bad Axe, Mich.
- * Elgas, Lloyd T., S1c, 114 10th St., N.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa
- * Erke, Arthur R., Jr., S1c, 2327 Jackson St., N.E., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Ervin, Donald F., S1c, Box 734, Lampasas, Texas
- Essary, Paul H., S1c, Box 1021, Roswell, N. Mex.
- * Evenson, Roger A., S1c, c/o Mr. Arthur Evenson, New Richland, Minn.
- Everett, Forrest G., S1c, 1228 North 8th, Albuquerque, N. Mex.
- * Eyring, Adolf R., EM1c, 715 S. Conkling St., Baltimore, Md.
- Falkner, Clyde J., S1c, Box 114, Meadow, Texas
- Farrell, John B., S1c, 1806 N. Mutter St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- * Fegan, Henry T., SCB2c, 1502 Dayton St., Muskogee, Okla.
- Fegley, William A., AMM2c, 1410 N. Marshall St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- * Felix, David S., SK1c, 449 Ashley Rd., Santa Barbara, Calif.
- * Ferguson, Paul E., S2c, RR 5, Trenton, Mo.
- Fernandez, Manuel, AMM2c, 2710 23rd Ave., Long Island, N. Y.
- * Field, Clarence C., S2c, 3234 S.E. Alder Ct., Portland, Oreg.
- Fisher, Franklin K., AMM2c, 805 E. Fairview Ave., South Bend, Ind.
- * Flanagan, Francis W., PhM2c, 78 Nash St., New Haven, Conn.
- * Flansburg, Edward "H", F1c, 85 Newman St., Gloversville, N. Y.
- Fleetwood, Chycobia, StM1c, RR 1, Box 75, Woodland, N. C.



Chief Petty Officers.



"N" Division.

Fleming, Thomas A., ARM1c, Lindale, Texas

* Floyd, Emmett A., S2c, RR 1, Selah, Wash.

* Follebout, Maurice A., S1c, 5529 Manistique, Detroit, Mich.

Fontenot, Robert, S2c, Slidell, La.

* Forrester, Herman A., SKV2c, 1031 Fugate St., Houston, Texas

Foster, Jack W., WT2c, Rock Springs, Wyo.

Foxx, James M., Jr., S1c, P.O. Box 504, Lockhart, Texas

* Freeman, Dan P., AMM3c, 591 Prescott St., Memphis, Tenn.

Fresquez, Ernesto A., F1c, P.O. Box 321, Deming, N. Mex.

* Frizzell, Carl G., WT1c, 600 D. West 161st St., Gardena, Calif.

* Frizzell, Robert V., Jr., Ptr1c, 76 Henry St., Quincy, Mass.

Gage, Julius W., S1c, RR 4, Tahoka, Texas

Galloway, Milborn E., SC3c, RR 2, Sulphur Springs, Texas

Galyan, Kenneth L., S1c, 1327 Eureka St., Bakersfield, Calif.

Galyon, "T" "J", S2c, 3809 San Jancinto, Dallas, Texas

* Gann, John C., Jr., FC3c, 920 Church St., New Castle, Ind.

Garcia, Gilbert L., S1c, 1506 Elysian St., Houston, Texas

Gast, Edward H., AMM3c, 3755 Stella Blvd., Steger, Ill.

Gaumont, Richard J., S1c, 1906 S. Bentley Ave., West Los Angeles 25, Calif.

Gauthier, Royal D., AOM3c, 1806 N. Saginaw St., Flint 5, Mich.

* Gdosky, Edward R., AMM3c, P.O. Box 53, Melcroft, Pa.

Geddes, William A., PhM1c, 1018 Fillmore St., Denver, Colo.

* Geffert, Herbert J. G., SC3c, 534 W. 60th St., Los Angeles 44, Calif.

Gerhart, Ralph L., AMM3c, 316 S. Columbus St., Galion, Ohio

* Ghighi, Natole J., AMM3c, 415 Morris St., Oglesby, Ill.

Gillespie, William G., AOM3c, Rock River, Wyo.

* Glover, John J., Jr., RM2c, 1101 N. Temple Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Glover, Miles J., AMM3c, 4134 Melrose, Chicago, Ill.

* Godsey, Wesley L., SF1c, Crab Orchard, Tenn.

* Golin, Isaac, TMV3c, 386 S. 2nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gomes, James, ART1c, 51 Pacific St., Newark, N. J.

Gomez, Henry, S2c, 2109 Corona St., El Paso, Texas

* Gooding, Paul J., AMM3c, Cromwell, Okla.

Gordon, Kenneth E., S1c, 4017 W. 28th St., Los Angeles 16, Calif.

Granados, Jesus, S1c, 4505 Manzana St., El Paso, Texas

* Grantz, Walter K., AMM2c, 230 N. 3rd Ave., Villa Park, Ill.

Graves, Harry L., AMM2c, 5550 Rambo Lane, Toledo 12, Ohio

* Green, George C., Cox, Box 812, Alamogordo, N. Mex.

* Griffin, Daryl J., RM2c, Box 225, Sauk City, Wis.

Griffith, Tom C., SF3c, c/o Mrs. J. T. Livingston, Bellville, Ala.

* Grigoracos, James, WT2c, 49 New York St., Dover, N. H.

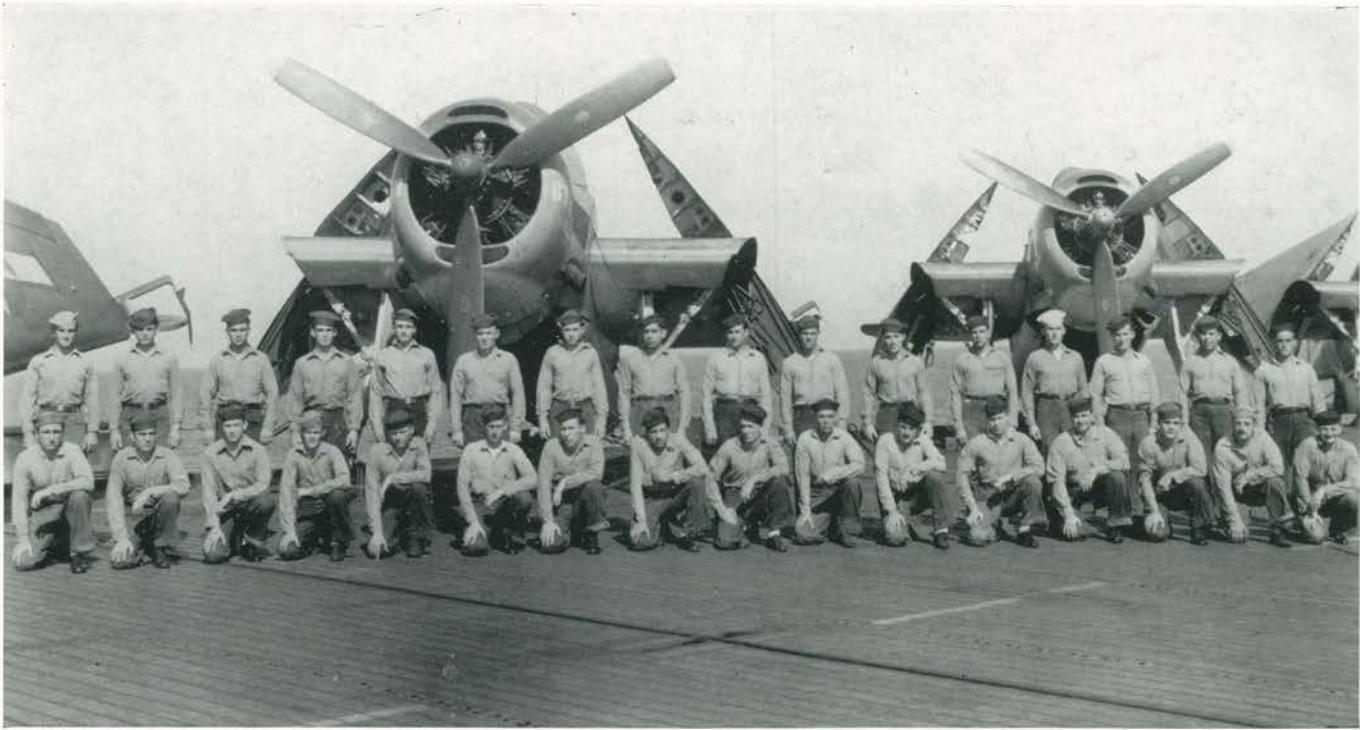
* Grimes, John B., S1c, 906 N. Harrison, Amarillo, Texas

* Griswold, Jay S., Jr., RM3c, RR 2, Camp Point, Ill.

Groves, George W., AM3c, c/o Mrs. H. A. Ressler, 224 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

* Grubic, Walter B., S1c, 1309 8th St., N.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

* Plank Owners.



V-2 Division, first section.

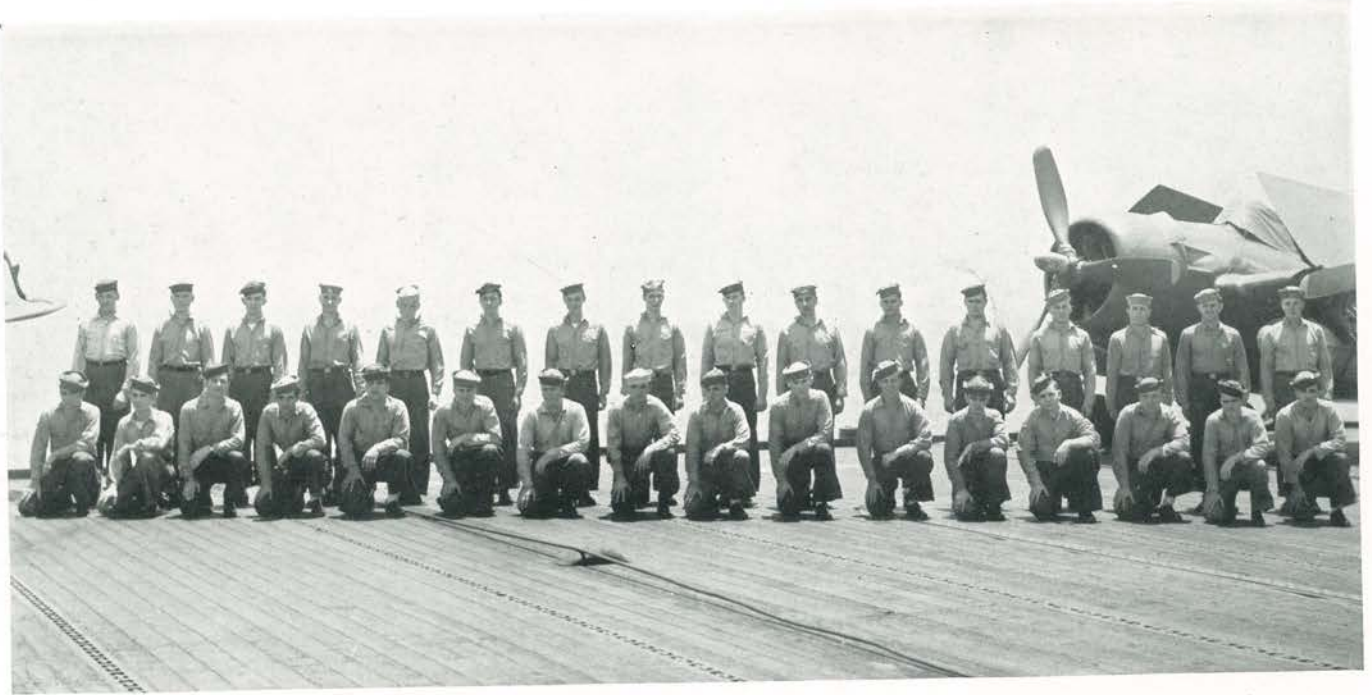
Grumbling, Paul J., S1c, 623 S. Broadway, Redondo Beach, Calif.
 * Gvozdich, Miller W., S1c, RR 1, Smiths Ferry, Pa.
 Hackney, John H., Jr., S1c, P.O. Box R105, Seal Beach, Calif.
 * Hager, William E., EM3c, 5012 Old Spanish Trail, Houston 12, Texas
 Hairston, Benjamin H., Std2c, 150 Bonair Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Hairston, Henry J., StM1c, Box 301, Martinsville, Va.

Hale, Grady, StM1c, RR 1, Box 99, Alexander, Ala.
 Hall, Ralph L., S1c, 953 Faile St., Bronx, N. Y.
 * Halliday, James D., AMM1c, Lake Park, Minn.
 * Halsey, Edward L., Y2c, 876 Rosemount Road, Oakland 10, Calif.
 Hamilton, Paul, S1c, RR 1, Box 213, Yuma, Ariz.
 Hamm, Frank B., S1c, Post Garage, Air Base, Yuma, Ariz.

Hammel, Harold L., S1c, 6243 Riverside Dr., Bell, Calif.
 Handy, Walter C., Jr., StM1c, 232 S. Humboldt St., San Mateo, Calif.
 Harder, Ralph G., EM1c, 529 E. Brandies St., Louisville, Ky.
 * Harman, George "A", RM3c, 248 N. 5th St., Hillsboro, Oreg.
 Harris, Archie L., StM1c, 80 Wiley St., Macon, Ga.
 Harris, Henry B., F1c, 1816 Lucile, Wichita Falls, Texas



V-2 Division, second section.



V-2 Division, third section.

Harris, William A., AOM1c, 223 N.E. 4th, Oklahoma City 4, Okla.

* Haugdahl, Carl A., EM2c, 629 Elfelt St., St. Paul, Minn.

* Hegdahl, Herbert E., MoMM2c, 2089 Monroe St., North Bend, Oreg.

Henderson, Dewitt C., S1c, 629 W. Coda St., Santa Barbara, Calif.

Henderson, George W., RdM3c, 3941 Chase St., Denver 14, Colo.

* Henderson, Harry J., WT2c, c/o Mrs. Margaret Lafayette, 213 Linton St., Saginaw, Mich.

Henne, Glenn P., S1c, 527 S. Fifth St., Hamburg, Pa.

* Henningsgard, Lawrence "S", SSML3c, 2618 27th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.

* Herod, James C., S1c, c/o Mrs. Blanche Walker, Hot Sulphur Springs, Colo.

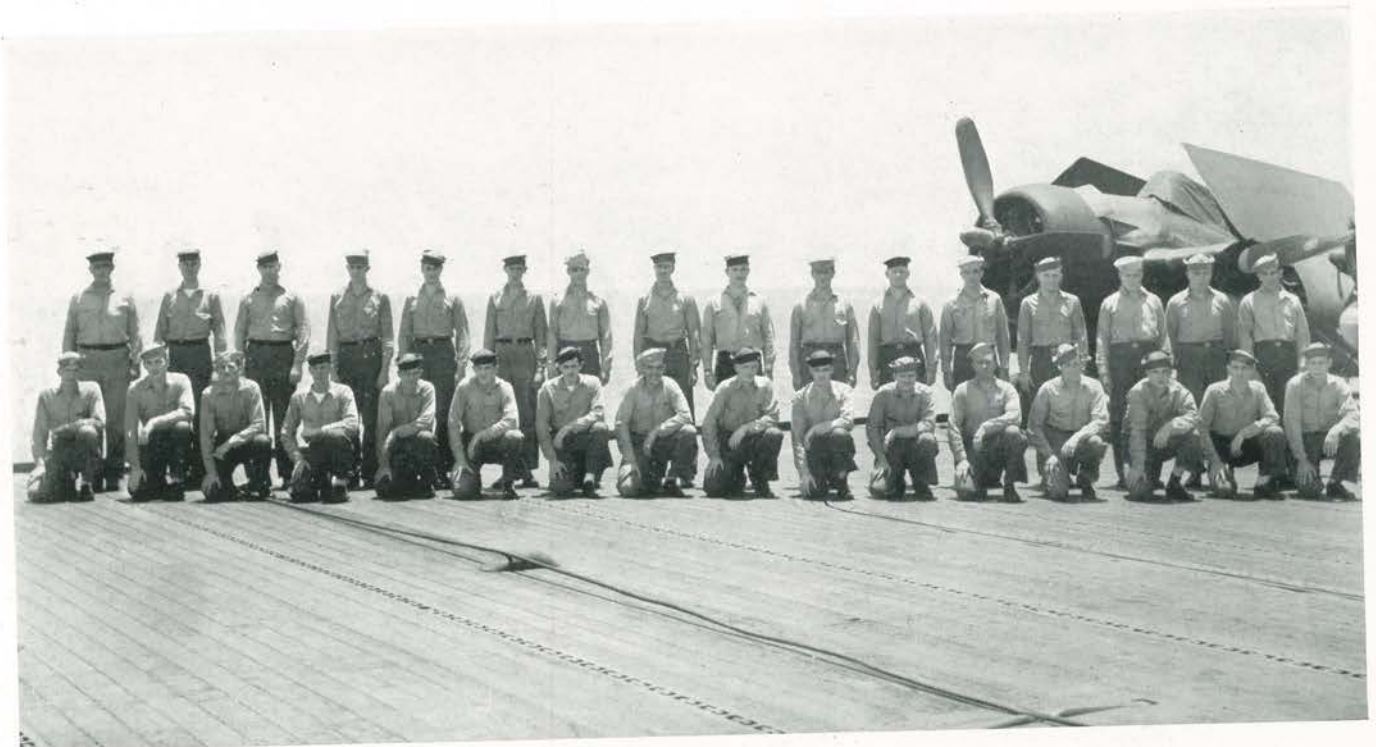
Herring, Billy B., S2c, Butler, Okla.

* Hewitt, Wilbur L., S1c, 1762 N. Taylor Rd., E. Cleveland 12, Ohio

* Higgins, Richard H. J., GM3c, 2 School St., Milton 87, Mass.

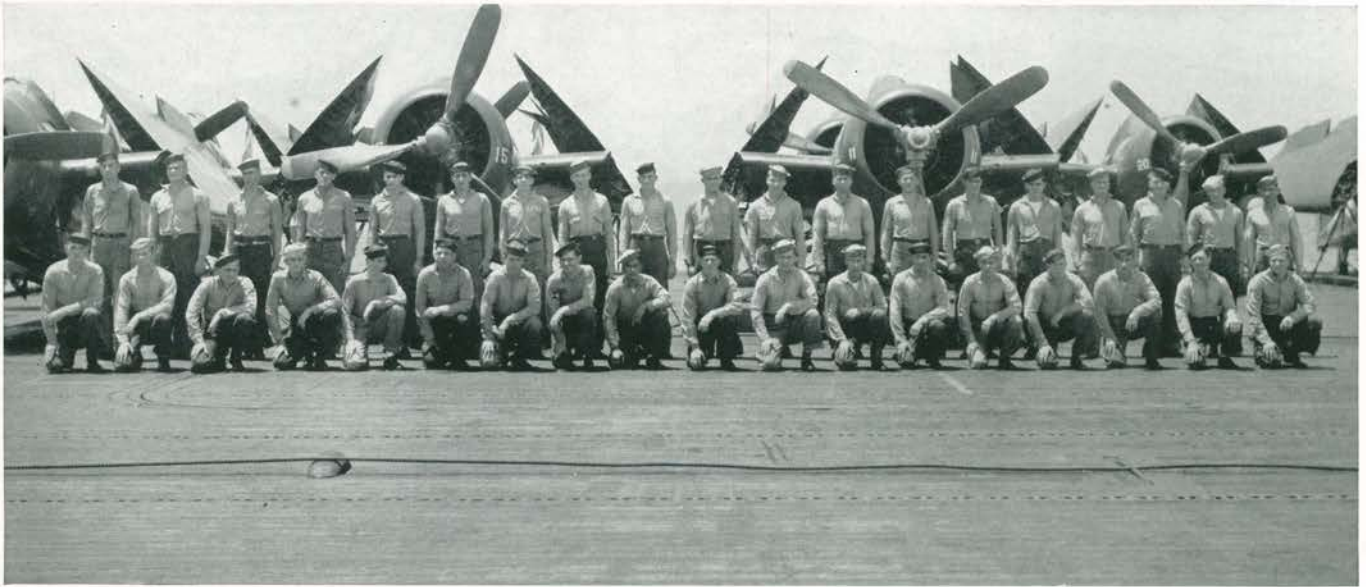
* Hilseth, Gordon P., SM3c, c/o Pete C. Hilseth, Peninsula Hotel, Gig Harbor, Wash.

Hinds, Edward, S2c, Brackettville, Texas



V-2 Division, fourth section.

* Plank Owners.

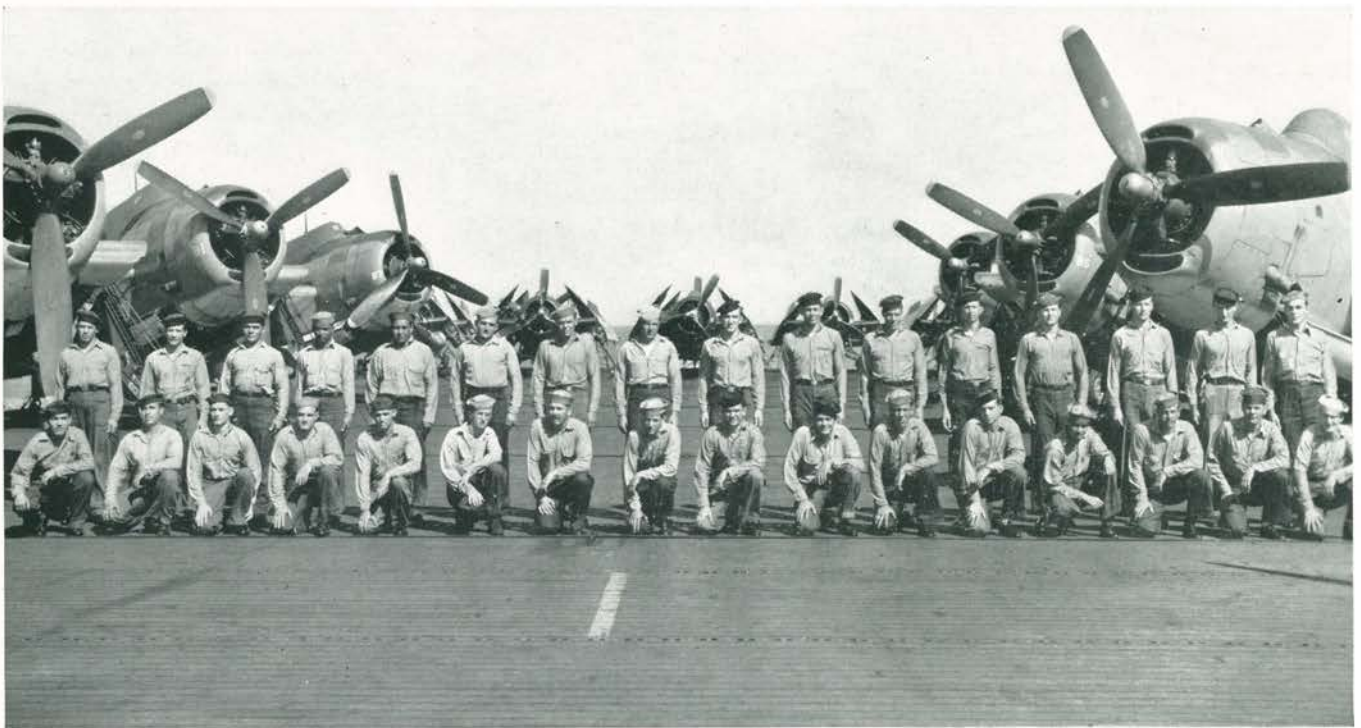


V-1 Division, port watch.

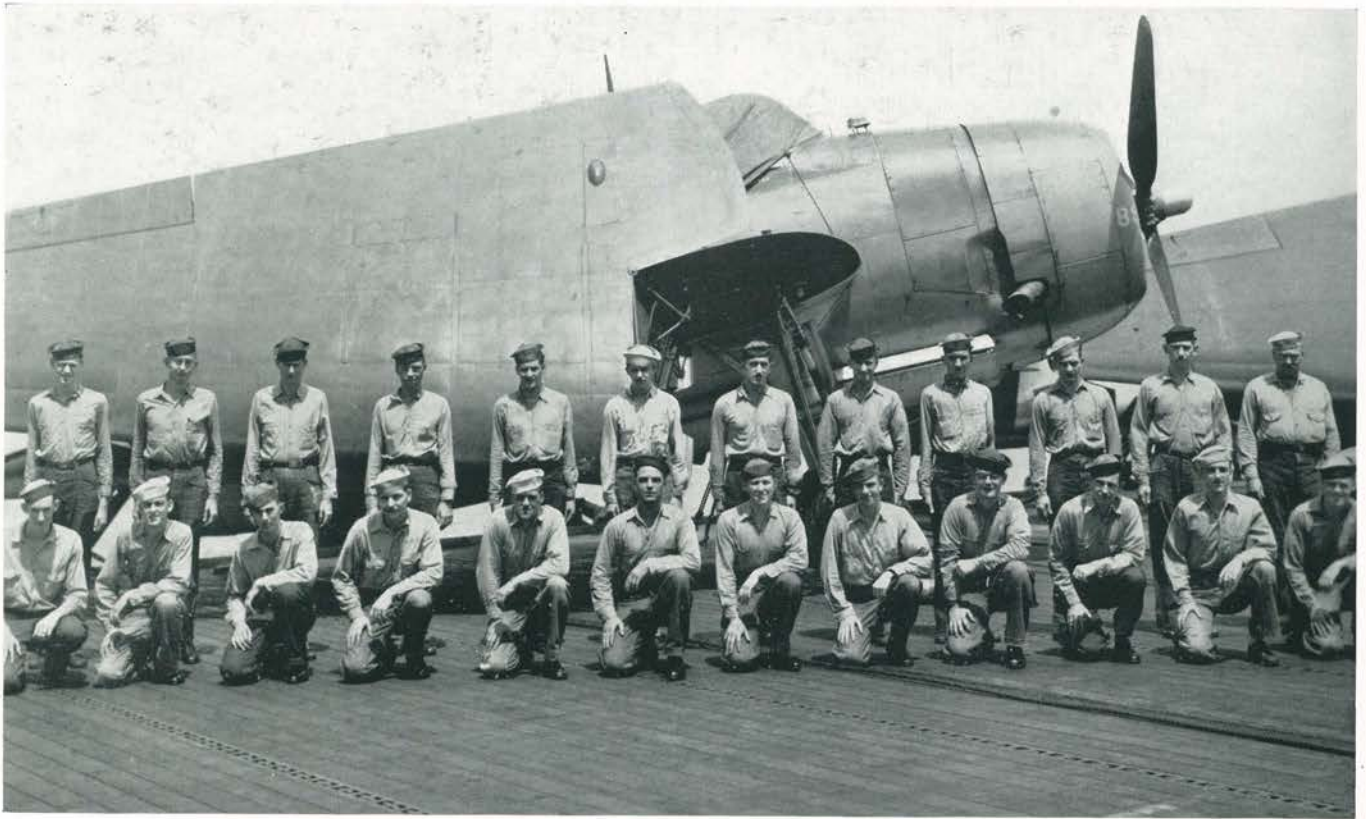
* Hoelter, Alvin F., EM1c, 2220 Lee Ave., Granite City, Ill.
 * Hoffman, LeRoy W., S1c, 1424 W. 3rd St., Davenport, Iowa
 Hoffpauir, Warren J., S2c, Box 225, RR 1, Rayne, La.
 * Hollinger, Vernon K., RM3c, 2580 Story St., San Luis Obispo, Calif.
 Holmquist, Nelson D., PhM3c, 674 Farmington Ave., Bristol, Conn.
 Holt, Ira C., AOM1c, 321 New St., Macon, Ga.

Hood, Alex F., S1c, Box 148, Sureeny, Texas
 Hooper, Wallace R., SM1c, 1910 Granville, West Los Angeles, Calif.
 Houle, Roy A., AMM2c, Beaver Bay, Minn.
 Howard, David, S1c, 299 E. Glenn Ave., Auburn, Ala.
 Hudson, William D., AEM2c, 223 S. First St., Jacksonville Beach, Fla.
 * Hughes, David A., AerM2c, 28 W. Middle St., Gettysburg, Pa.
 Hunt, Paul M., S1c, c/o Mr. E. A.

Hunt, 1209 Leigh Court, Long Beach, Calif.
 * Hunter, Henry C., Jr., Ptr2c, 521 Laguna St., San Francisco, Calif.
 Hunter, John Douglas, StM1c, 302 Lexington Ave., Columbus, Ohio
 * Hupe, Wessel L., EM3c, c/o Mrs. W. H. Hupe, Montgomery City, Mo.
 Hutchison, Harley C., Jr., AOM2c, 1019 W. "B" St., Joplin, Mo.
 * Hydock, George E., F1c, 151 Avenue F., Bayonne, N. J.



V-1 Division, starboard watch.



"E" Division.

- Irick, Dolly C., S1c, Box 476, St. Stephen, S. C.
- Jacobsen, Allen O., S2c, Apt. 3, 277 E. 6th S., Salt Lake City, Utah.
- James, Richard A., BM1c, 517 Marlborough, Inglewood, Calif.
- * Jarrett, Willard E., WT3c, 98 15th St., Wheeling, W. Va.
- * Jasinski, Bernard P., F1c, 6155 Pierson Rd., Flushing, Mich.
- Jeffery, Stephen L., S1c, 961 E. Main St., Batesville, Ark.
- * Jenco, John J., AMM1c, 356 Muir Ave., Hazleton, Pa.
- * Jesus, Manuel J., Jr., AMM2c, 52 Clifford St., New Bedford, Mass.
- Jobst, Charles W., AOMT2c, 401 Polk St., Pontiac, Ill.
- Johanson, Allen N., S1c, Box 11, Cain City, Texas
- Johns, John L., EM2c, 405 Main St. Itasca, Texas
- Johnson, Harold F., Y3c, 1015 N. Long, Chicago 51, Ill.
- Johnson, Kenneth M., AMM3c, RR 1, Box 129, Rapid City, S. Dak.
- Johnson, Robert, AM3c, RFD 1, Nedrow, N. Y.
- Jones, Dwight H., RT1c, 508 S. Washington, Van Wert, Ohio
- Jordan, James "D", F1c, Box 1063, Wichita Falls, Texas
- * Jubb, William P., S1c, 7279 Holabird Ave., Dundalk 22, Md.
- * Jury, George W., AMM3c, 166 Wright St., Oshkosh, Wis.
- Kadlec, Joseph, MM2c, 1473 Fulton Ave., Bronx 56, N. Y.
- * Kalinowski, Edward A., F1c, 4521 S. Mozart St., Chicago, Ill.
- * Kallem, William, F1c, 148 E. 18th St., New York, N. Y.
- Katz, Phillip W., AOM3c, 3613 Dennlyn Rd., Baltimore, Md.
- Keithley, Billy J., S2c, 1105 15th Ave., S.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa
- * Kelley, Woodrow E., BgMstr3c, Head of the Tide, RFD 3, Belfast, Maine
- Kelly, Clarence, Jr., AMM2c, 122 Ironwood Drive, Mishawaka, Ind.
- * Kempfe, Edward B., WT3c, 716 Warren St., Harrison, N. J.
- * Kendecky, Joseph A., MM1c, 2797 E. 125th St., Cleveland, Ohio
- Kennada, Glen W., BM2c, 308 Hogan, Houston, Texas
- Kent, Don R., S2c, 1622 Hayden St., Amarillo, Texas
- * Kielar, John J., F1c, 748 S. Kenneth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- * Kingsbury, Ralph H., SSMB3c, Longbranch, Wash.
- Kirsh, James T., S1c, 202 Walnut St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
- * Knadler, Denman E., Cox, 1920 Nolan St., San Bernardino, Calif.
- * Knauss, Lonnie F., F1c, 1612 4th Ave., Council Bluff, Iowa
- * Kobernusz, Loyal C., S1c, Third & Chestnut, Osage, Iowa.
- Kozakiewicz, Frank J., MM3c, 211 Curtis St., New Britain, Conn.
- * Kudrna, Joseph, Jr., S2c, 1637 S. Throop St., Chicago, Ill.
- * Kudzius, Arnold S., BM1c, 15900 Dexter, Detroit 21, Mich.
- Lackey, Jack W., S1c, Box 1026, Brady, Texas
- * Lake, Arthur S., F1c, 101 Sunset St., Rochester 6, N. Y.
- * Lambert, Elvin H., S1c, 839 W. Walnut, Monrovia, Calif.
- Lambert, Robert R., S2c, RR 1, Fullerton, Neb.
- * Larson, Earl C., AMM3c, Box 217, Moclips, Wash.
- * Lassiter, Thurman B., StM1c, RR 1, Box 12, Scotland Neck, N. C.
- Lathan, Perry R., Cox, 715 5th St., Independence, Oreg.

* Plank Owners.



1st Division, port watch.

Lawson, Elijah J., StM1c, 2534 Washington, Columbia, S. C.

* Layton, Royce V., SKD1c, c/o Grand Paint and Paper Co., Inc., 116 W. Grand Ave., Oklahoma City, Okla.

* Lebelle, Donald J., Bkr2c, 75 Fulton St., Oshkosh, Wis.

Leonard, William H., S1c, Gravette, Ark.

Lester, Hubert I., S1c, Box 322 E.

Brewton Post Office, Brewton, Ala.

* Lewis, Charles H., StM1c, 2245 Pemberton St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* Lightner, Walter E., WT3c, 320 Charles St., Apt. 1, Middletown, Ohio

* Lindenberger, Thomas D., S1c, 1426 W. Second St., Wichita, Kan.

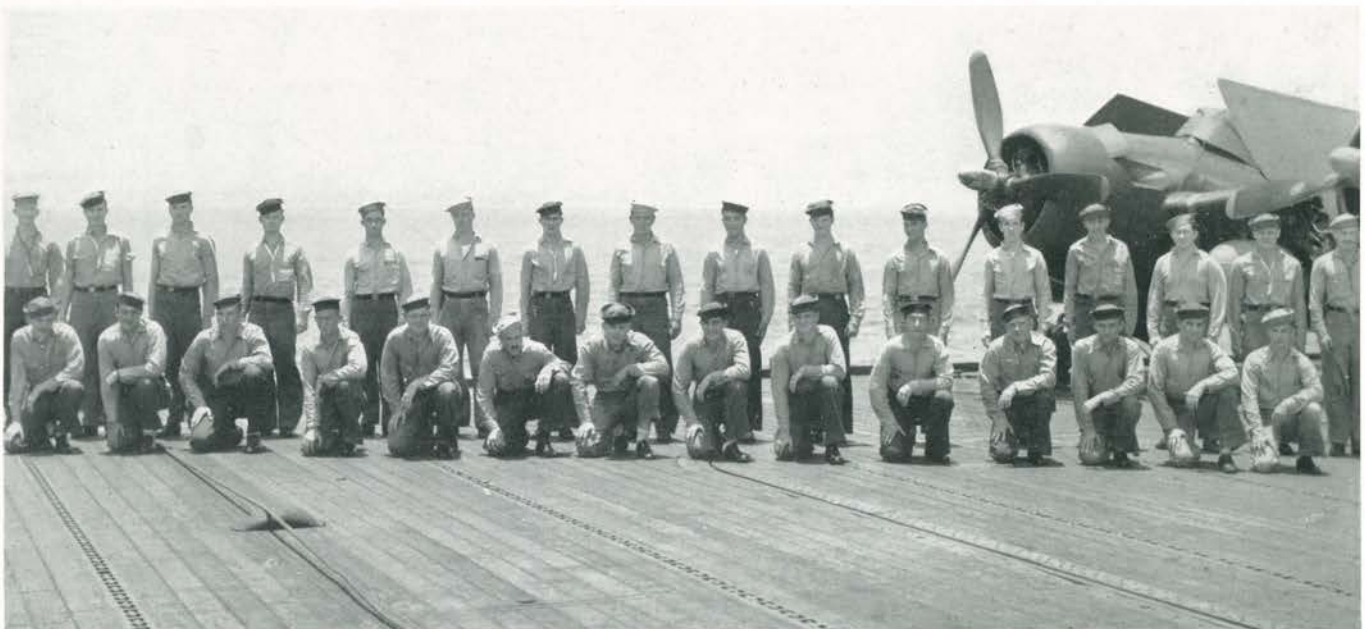
Lindsey, "I" "J", S1c, RR 1, Bexar, Ala.

* Lindsey, John, StM1c, Box 18, Whitakers, N. C.

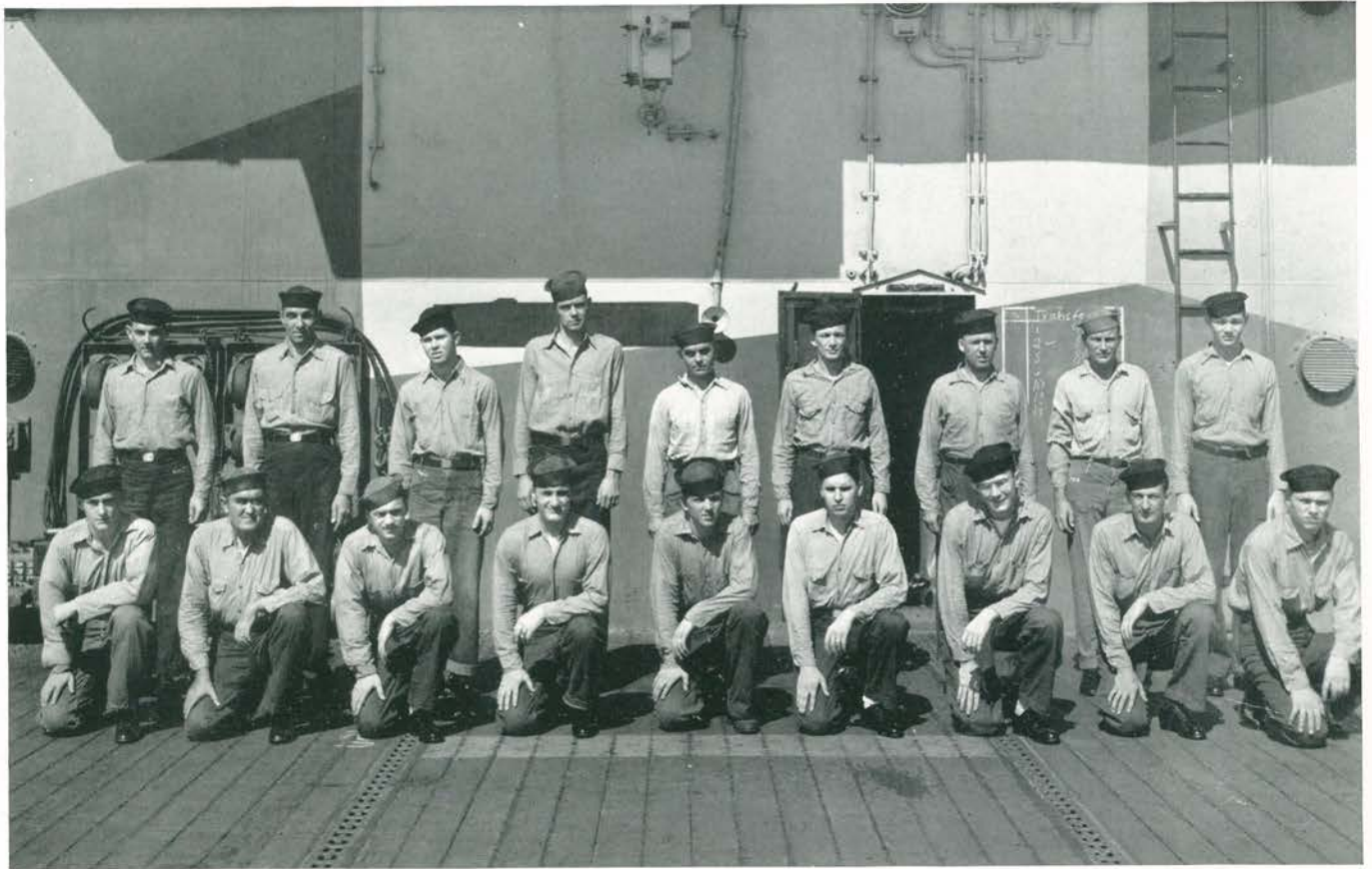
Linenweber, William S., SC3c, 8612 Halls Ferry Rd., St. Louis, Mo.

Little, Carl M., Cox, General Delivery, Shiner, Texas

* Logan, Daniel P., StM1c, 602 Walnut St., Belpre, Ohio



1st Division, starboard watch.



"M" Division, port watch.

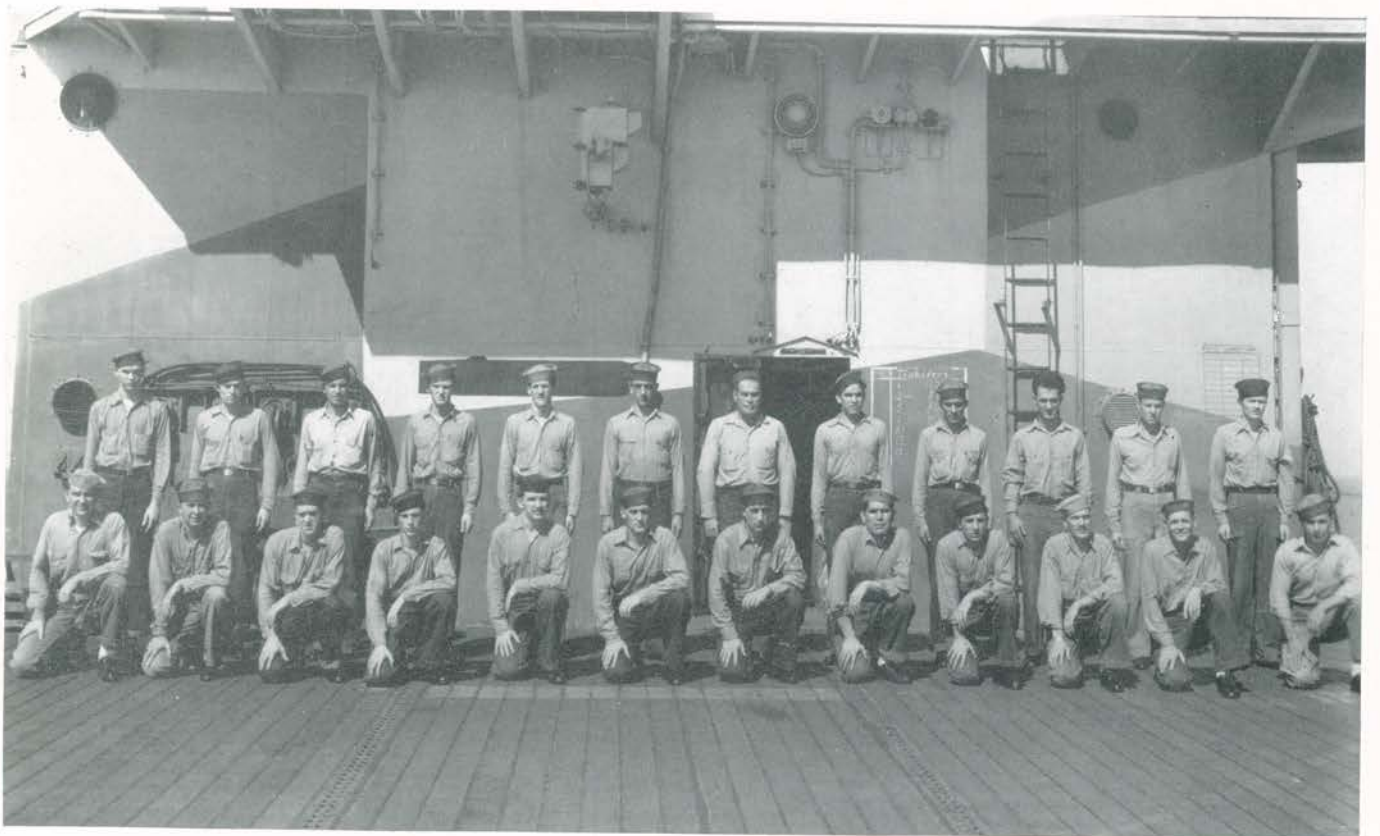


"M" Division, starboard watch.

- Long, Richard P., AMM1c, 10 Jamaica Way, Boston, Mass.
- Longoria, Santiago, F1c, Santa Fe Ranch, Box 97, Encino, Texas
- Lopez, Refugio R., S1c, 1010 Mary St., Houston, Texas
- Lowery, Raymond "E", AMM1c, RR 1, Dyersburg, Tenn.
- * Ludwig, Harold W., Y3c, 3280 Fordham, San Diego 10, Calif.
- * Lukaszyk, Feliks, S1c, 1330 Suness Ave., Utica, N. Y.
- * Lunceford, Bennie L., StM1c, 714 S. Grace St., Rocky Mt., N. C.
- * Lyles, David J., StM1c, RR 1, Box 44, Pauline, S. C.
- Lyles, Lloyd J., F1c, 1439 Perkins Rd., Baton Rouge, La.
- Lynch, Eugene C., QM3c, 135 Glenada Court, Freeport, Long Island, N. Y.
- * Lynch, Jack D., AMM1c, 709 Johnson St., Albany, Calif.
- * Lyon, Edgar R., Cox, 2511 Club Blvd., Durham, N. C.
- Macejak, Milan L., Holzhaver Rd., Macedonia, Ohio
- MacGibbon, Raymond E., F1c, Walton, N. Y.
- Mack, Paul E., F1c, E. 1742 Sanson Ave., Spokane, Wash.
- Maholchic, Eugene F., S1c, 341 Main St., Childs, Pa.
- Makil, Simon, S1c, Box 264, Scottsdale, Ariz.
- * Malcolm, William F., SK3c, 227 N. 15th St., Kansas City, Kans.
- * Marbury, James, Jr., Ck3c, 27 "J" St., N., Alexander City, Ala.
- Marshall, Robert W., RdM3c, RR 6, Pittsburgh, Texas
- * Marshall, Virgil, MM1c, Auxier, Ky.
- * Marthis, John M., Jr., SC2c, 1547 W. Rosewood Ave., San Antonio, Texas
- * Martin, Charlie, StM1c, Bracuy, Va.
- Martin, Francis J., AOM3c, 230 Hart St., New Britain, Conn.
- Martin, Reuben J., S1c, P. O. Box 95, Lampasas, Texas
- * Martinez, Albert J., S1c, 1221 N. 3rd Ave., Albuquerque, N. Mex.
- * Mason, Robert, StM1c, RR 3, Box 84, Emporia, Va.
- * Masterson, Russell J., S1c, 1782, W. 44th St., Cleveland, Ohio
- Mathews, Billy A., S1c, 2837 Columbia St., Flint Hills Manor, Burlington, Iowa
- Matthews, Edward W., S1c, 3984 Texas St., San Diego, Calif.
- * McBee, George O., Bkr3c, Box 61, Bache, Okla.
- McCormack, Francis J., S1c, 949½ S. Normandie, Los Angeles, Calif.
- McDonald, Amos L., S2c, 1306 Cococpah St., Phoenix, Ariz.
- McDonald, Robert M., AM2c, 1504 E. Fourth St., Alton, Ill.
- * McDougall, Donald L., S1c, 13 4th St., Lowell, Mass.
- * McElroy, Theodore, Cox, 10609 Westfield Rd., Houston, Texas
- McFadin, Billie A., HA1c, 221 Commerce St., Fairfield, Texas
- McIntosh, John, HA1c, 416 W. 48th St., Los Angeles 37, Calif.
- * McKee, Rex Earl, EM2c, Memphis, Mo.
- McLauchlin, Nathaniel W., StM1c, P. O. Box 51, Wagram, N. C.
- * McLeod, Gilbert, MM1c, 3978 S. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles 37, Calif.
- McMahon, Bernard P., AOM1c, 992 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- * McNally, Walter W., SSMB2c, Garden, Mich.
- McSpadden, Howard L., S1c, RR 1, West Bloctonn, Ala.
- Meimer, John, Jr., SKV1c, 706 Green St., S. W., Massillon, Ohio
- Mejia, Alfredo S., S1c, Box 655, Lordsburg, N. Mex.
- Mendoza, Manuel, MME3c, 2431 E. Washington Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
- * Mentrup, Felix E., SSML3c, 610 Hawthorne Ave., Price Hill, Cincinnati 5, Ohio
- * Merryman, Gerald G., RM3c, 216 Cherry St., Silverton, Oreg.
- * Merryhew, Elton K., S1c, RR 1, Fruita, Colo.
- * Metz, Richard, S1c, 1319 McCausland Ave., St. Louis 17, Mo.
- * Meurer, Wilton L., S1c, Byrd Island, Minn.
- * Miller, Glenn W., Jr., SSML3c, P. O. Box 171, Livingston, Calif.
- * Miller, Roy E., SF2c, 114 Portage St., Kent, Ohio
- Miller, William I., SF2c, 3964 S. Budlong St., Los Angeles 37, Calif.
- Miscichoski, Alexander, AMM2c, 2327 S. 26th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
- Mitchell, Walter, StM2c, 502 Parkway, Westfield, Ala.
- * Mitzel, Joseph J., S2c, Box 510, Oakes, N. Dak.
- * Momot, Edward J., EM2c, 1313 W. Fifth St., Aberdeen, Wash.
- * Monroe, Nathan E., PhM3c, Garrisonville, Va.
- Monsey, Vollie V., S1c, Box 791, Cross Plains, Texas
- Montgomery, Karl R., S2c, RR 2, Box 217, Blytheville, Ark.
- Moody, Joseph P., RdM3c, 1039 S. "A" St., Rogers, Ark.
- * Mooney, Wallace H., EM2c, 395 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.
- * Moore, William J., Jr., S2c, Veteran's Administration Facility, Marion, Ind.
- * Moosman, Dee S., SM3c, Boulder, Utah.
- * Morris, Monte D., AerM1c, 2108 S. Fairmont, Fort Worth, Texas
- Mueller, Oscar L., AEM2c, 610 S. 7th Ave., Wausau, Wis.
- Muenster, John A., PhoM1c, 1114 N. Durbee St., Appleton, Wis.
- * Mularz, Leo J., F1c, 314 Franklin St., Elizabeth, N. J.
- Mullen, Samuel F., Ck1c, 304 Dison Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
- Muller, Carl O., Bug2c, 255 W. Marquette Rd., Chicago 21, Ill.
- Mullin, Roscoe D., Ck2c, RR 4, Box 169, Grenada, Miss.
- * Mulville, Thomas F., S1c, 140 Walnut St., Waterbury, Conn.
- * Munk, Mark C., S1c, 204 E. 2nd South, Manti, Utah
- Murphy, Luther, S1c, Palmdale, Calif.
- * Murphy, Martin F., Cox, 4343 Brunner Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
- * Myler, Marvin F., F2c, 2219 Sims Ave., Overland, Mo.
- * Neal, Jack D., AMM2c, 3070 W. Lafayette, Detroit, Mich.
- * Neal, James R., S1c, RR 1, Springdale, Ark.
- Nelson, Francis V., AM2c, 188 Justin Ave., Bay Terrace, Staten Island, N. Y.
- Nelson, Oscar C., S1c, Box 261, Crosby, Texas
- Newlands, Douglas D., S2c, 6016 Barton Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
- Newman, Willie C., AOM2c, RR 4, Bedford, Va.
- Newton, Quinton E., S1c, 1515 W. 6th St., Santa Ana, Calif.



"B" Division, port watch.



"B" Division, starboard watch.

- Nichols, Sherman W., S1c, 1303 Fowler St., RR 3, Sweetwater, Texas
- * Nihem, Jacob L., QM3c, 4703 Lawnview, Jacksonville, Fla.
- * Noble, Charles R., S1c, 304 E. Grand Ave., Fowler, Colo.
- * Noe, Gerald B., RdM3c, Box 88, Eddyville, Iowa
- * Noe, James E., Jr., Cox, Menfro, Mo.
- * Noonan, Raymond J., QM3c, 3640 Folsom Ave., St. Louis 10, Mo.
- * Norton, Harold L., S2c, 517 E. 5th St., Lajunta, Colo.
- Noson, Frank L., BM1c, 2715 Belvedere, Seattle 6, Wash.
- Nutt, Lawrence R., S1c, Star Route, Seminole, Texas
- * O'Connor, John V., Jr., S1c, RR 2, Box 1760, Roseville, Calif.
- * Ogle, General, F2c, RR 1, Gatlinburg, Tenn.
- * Oldakoski, Edward B., Cox, 35 Lafayette St., Carteret, N. J.
- Oleson, Robert M., S2c, 720 W. 40th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
- * Oliver, John M., AM3c, Apartment 7196, 10518 N. Force Ave., Portland 17, Ore.
- * Olsen, Raymond M., Bkr2c, 14th St., Columbus, Nebr.
- * Olson, Carl E., S1c, 3807 Seward St., Omaha, Nebr.
- * Olson, Leonard C. M., EM3c, 315 19th St., S.E., Mason City, Iowa
- Olson, Orrin R., AMM1c, Audubon, Minn.
- Olup, Stanley E., AOM2c, 53 Greeley St., South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- * Oreck, Jack H., RM3c, 1914 E. 6th St., Duluth, Minn.
- Orinski, Elmer E., RM2c, 318 Garfield St., Newton Falls, Ohio
- * Oswalt, Milo C., S1c, RR 8, Kansas City 16, Mo.
- * Overy, Edward D., F2c, 910 Lafayette St., Florissant, Mo.
- * Paape, Norman P., S1c, 315 S. Maple Ave., Green Bay, Wis.
- * Paden, Ralph C., TM2c, 809 Grant Ave., Waterloo, Iowa
- Page, Earl W., AM3c, RR 3, Meridian, Texas
- Pahutka, Edward L., RM1c, 240 Main St., Ranshaw, Pa.
- Paine, Ernest L., CM2c, 1720 N. 26th St., Boise, Idaho
- Paliani, Alvin E., MM3c, 810 Franklin Ave., Aliquippa, Pa.
- Palmer, Jackson H., S1c, 60 Westminster Drive, Oakland 11, Calif.
- * Pancoast, Theodore D., RM1c, 706 Grandee St., Compton, Calif.
- * Pannier, Robert G., F1c, 1107 E. 1st., Fremont, Nebr.
- * Park, Jack H., RM1c, RFD 2, Twin Falls, Idaho
- Parkhill, Olan D., F1c, RR 3, Wichita Falls, Texas
- * Parr, Harold L., EM3c, Medicine Lodge, Kans.
- * Partin, Woodrow W., Y1c, Wilmington, Calif.
- Parton, Nathan, RdM3c, RR 4, Cleveland, Tenn.
- * Patterson, Arthur J., S1c, 5409 E. 12th St., Kansas City, Mo.
- Paul, Arthur F., S1c, 110 Clifford St., Knoxville, Tenn.
- * Paul, Thomas B., S1c, Beach Ave., Manahawkin, N. J.
- * Paulton, George W., F1c, Ridge Rd., Thornton, Ill.
- Pearson, Francis L., S1c, Reidsville, Ga.
- Pearson, Sammie L., StM1c, Box 123, Nittyuma, Miss.
- * Peck, Alph G., S2c, Goodland, Minn.
- * Peckham, Theodore L., S1c, Williams, Ore.
- * Pederson, Lester H., S1c, 1123 La Bree Ave. North, Thief River Falls, Minn.
- * Peel, John H., WT1c, c/o General Delivery, Wilmington, Calif.
- * Peelen, Theodore L., QM2c, 787 Hillcrest Drive, Redwood City, Calif.
- * Pehan, James J., S1c, Glentana, Mont.
- Pelham, John P., MM3c, Box 95, Cocoa, Fla.
- * Pelzer, Sylvester F., S1c, RR 1, Kimball, Minn.
- Pena, Ramiro, S1c, 403 S. Navarro St., Victoria, Texas
- Pentecost, Joseph O., PhoM1c, 1352 Lake Point Ave., Grosse Point Park, Mich.
- * Perkins, Joe W., StM1c, RR 1, Box 45, Greensboro, Ala.
- Perrot, John Joseph, PR3c, 1818 Spain St., New Orleans 17, La.
- Peters, August P., S1c, General Delivery, El Campo, Texas
- Peters, Charles "J", AEM3c, RR 1, Milan, Ind.
- Peters, Marlin, S1c, RR 2, Box 102, Kirbyville, Texas
- * Peterson, Calvin K., SF3c, Box 35, Kempton, N. Dak.
- * Peterson, Henry T., AOM2c, Ione, Ore.
- * Peterson, Marvin A., F1c, 1018 S. Alder, Tacoma, Wash.
- * Peterson, Sidney C., WT2c, Fordville, N. Dak.
- * Pettit, Sheldon M., GM3c, RR 1, Lancaster, Ohio
- Phillips, Arthur H., S1c, Box 74, Tulia, Texas
- Phillips, Milton T., S1c, c/o Shop Maintenance, Yuma Army Air Base, Yuma, Ariz.
- Phillips, Roy J., S1c, Box 465, Pioneer, Texas
- Pilfold, Harold M., GM2c, c/o Mrs. Gayle Walters, RR 1, Ceresco, Nebr.
- * Pinkston, William H., Std1c, 48 Moreland St., Roxbury, Mass.
- * Pitre, Mark M., SK2c, 333 Fifth St., Westwego, La.
- Pixley, Earl R., S1c, 1438 7th Ave., South, Fargo, N. Dak.
- * Poppett, Ralph E., S2c, RR 3, Box 22 A, Alton, Mo.
- Posey, Weldon R., S1c, T. C. Ranch, Van Horn, Texas
- Prado, Daniel, AMM2c, P. O. Box 532, El Monte, Calif.
- Preston, Clark M., AOM3c, Oswego, N. Y.
- * Priest, Charles W., F1c, 249 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Ambler, Pa.
- * Priest, Harley W., S2c, 2017 Hoyt, Everett, Wash.
- Quick, William M., S1c, 1008 Acklen Ave., Nashville 4, Tenn.
- * Quinn, Richard G., F1c, 7 Pappert Place, Rochester, N. Y.
- * Racette, Leo W., GM3c, 30 Sprague St., West Springfield, Mass.
- Ramirez, Gil V., S1c, P. O. Box 127, Cucamonga, Calif.
- * Ramsey, Gayle, RM2c, 103 N. Camden, Breckenridge, Texas
- Ramsey, Neal C., AMM3c, 818 W. Belmont, Okmulgee, Okla.
- * Randazzo, Louis J., F1c, 583 N. 17th St., San Jose, Calif.
- * Rasmussen, Nels P., MM2c, Burwood Ave., Los Angeles 42, Calif.



2nd Division, port watch.

* Rateliff, Sherman L., Ck3c, 1908 Grant, Pittsburgh 21, Penn.

* Redlak, Joseph L., S1c, 4967 28th St., Detroit 10, Mich.

Redmayne, John W., S1c, 922 Blaine St., Los Angeles, Calif.

* Reed, Cecil E., F1c, 405 S. Washington Ave., Whittier, Calif.

* Reed, Francis E., Cox, RR 2, Montevideo, Minn.

* Reed, Leo, BM2c, RR 1, Box 139, Sand Springs, Okla.

* Reeder, Robert C., Cox, 1413 Missouri Ave., East St. Louis, Ill.

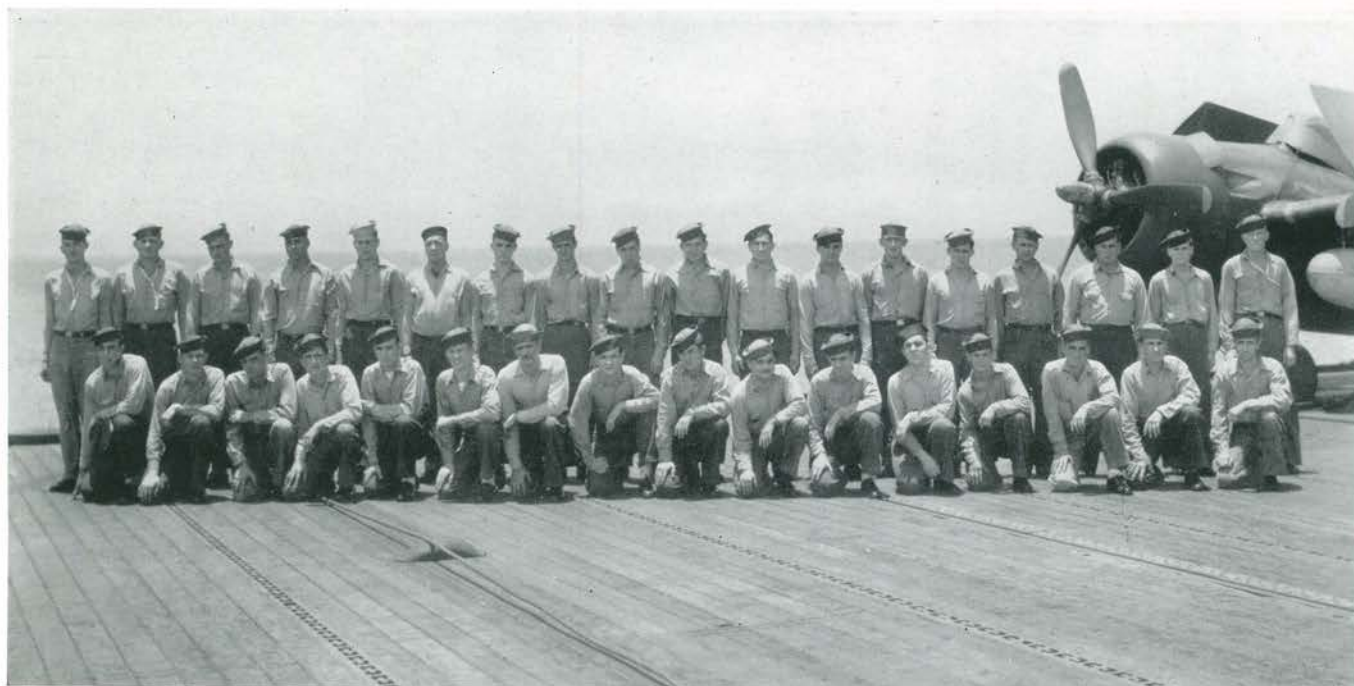
* Regner, Robert D., RM3c, Apt. 6, 3435 N. E. 58th, Portland, Oreg.

Reile, Paul K., MM3c, 16634 Parkside, Detroit, Mich.

Reininger, Leroy Paul, S1c, RR 1, Box 104, Seguin, Texas

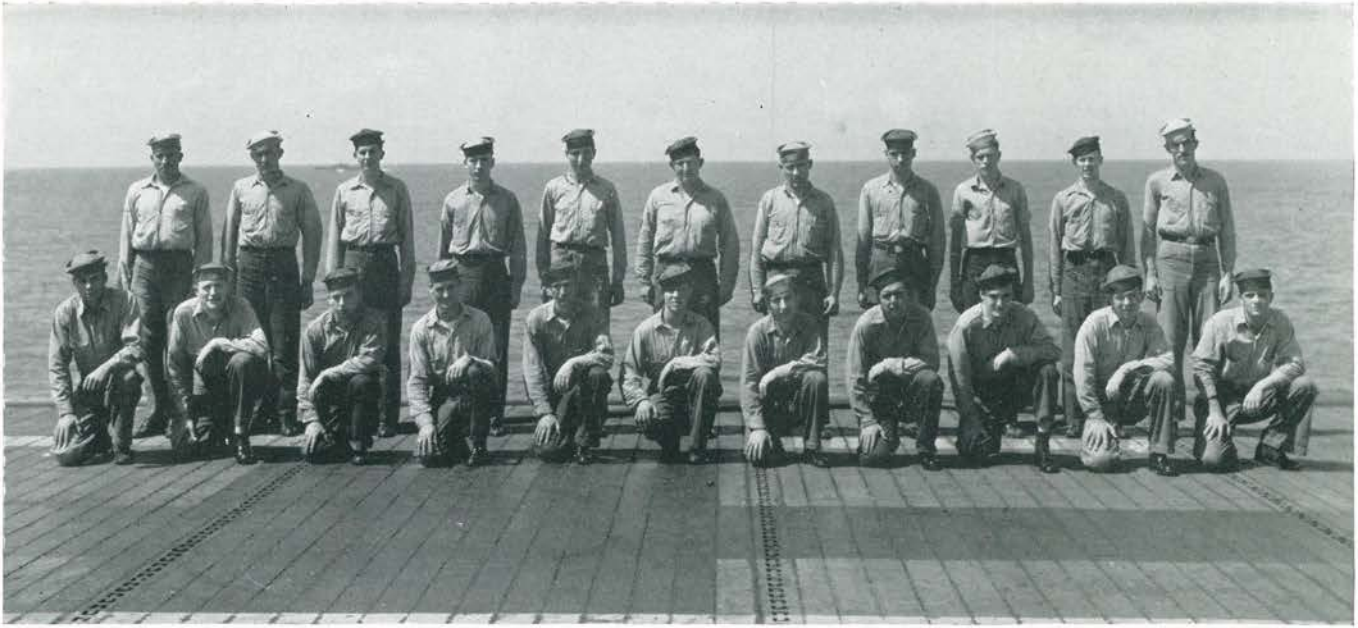
* Reisner, Herbert H., AM1c, 1216 4th Ave. South, Fort Dodge, Iowa

* Reiswig, Floyd R., S1c, 532 Tokay St., Lodi, Calif.



2nd Division, starboard watch.

* Plank Owners.



"K" Division, port watch.

* Rembis, Joseph, AMM3c, 36 Pulaski St., Wallington, N. J.

Rhame, Glenevar K., RdM3c, Long Leaf, La.

* Rhoads, John R., Ptr2c, 545 N. Market St., Shamokin, Pa.

Rhoden, Dallas C., SC1c, 702 N. Quaker, Tulsa, Okla.

Richardson, Arlis D., S1c, Mule Shoe, Texas

* Ritchey, William J., SSML3c, 2416 Copelan St., Cincinnati 6, Ohio

Robbs, Lynn D., AM3c, Hereford, Texas

* Roberts, John M., WT1c, c/o R.S. Smith, Hemlock Station, Chester, S. C.

* Robertson, Murlin W., MM2c, 206 Indiana St., Baytown, Texas

Robertson, Richard R., S1c, 259 W. Aliso St., Pomona, Calif.

Robey, Ralph "J", PhoM3c, 2015 Parker St., Berkeley, Calif.

Robinson, Robert W., Jr., S1c, 101 Lynn St., RR 9, Dallas 10, Texas

Rocha, Valentine N., Box 14, Fernaldale, Calif.

* Rochester, Dean E., S1c, 320 Kemper St., Butte, Mont.

Rodgers, Julius, S1c, Box 365, Steele's Store, Texas

* Roe, Cyrus O., WT2c, 8615 Meridian St., Seattle, Wash.

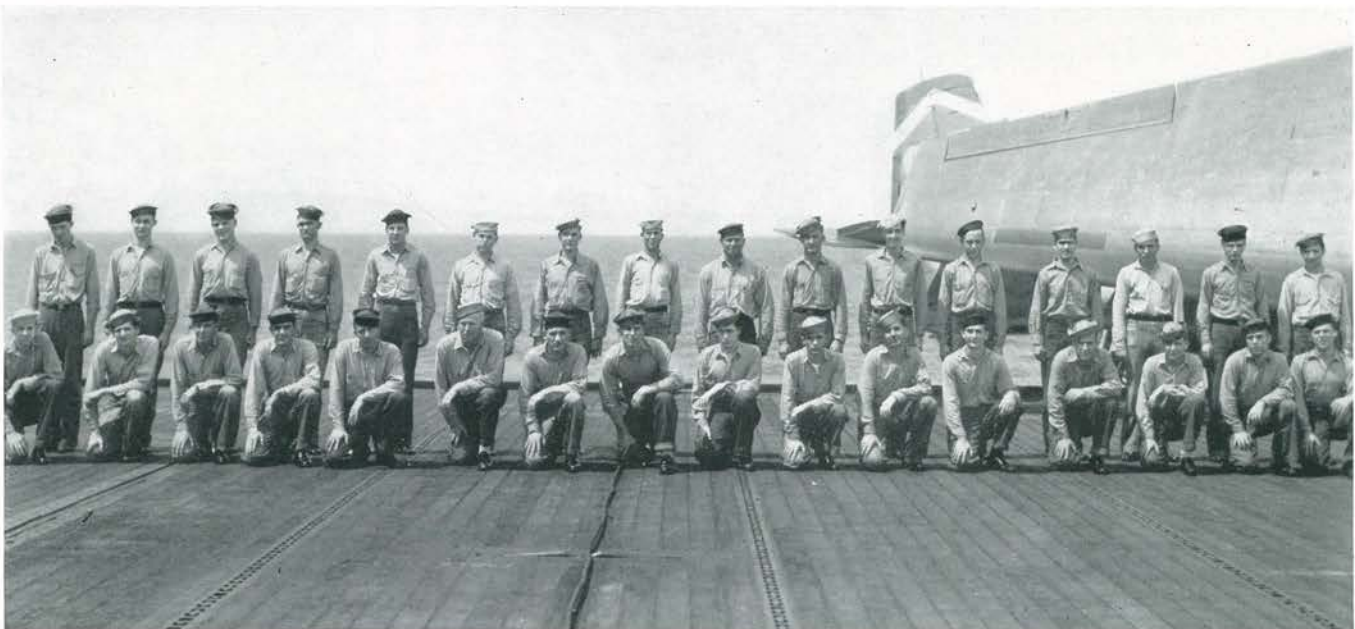
Roe, Ervin C., AOM2c, 2205 North Boulevard, Houston 6, Texas

* Rogoff, Arthur B., SKD2c, 6507 N. Bosworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

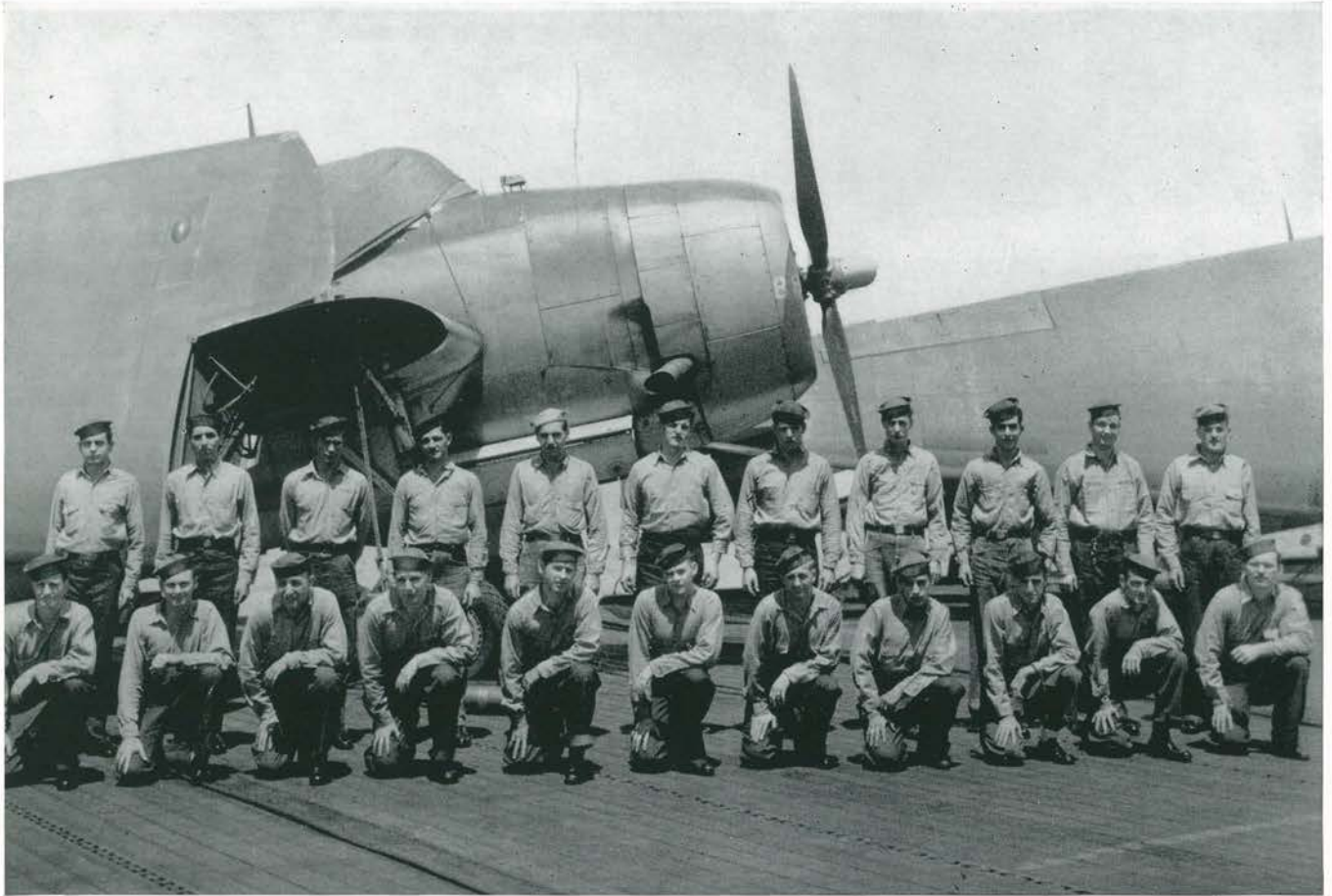
Roman, Pablo, S1c, Box 486, Summerville, Texas

Ross, Eugene E., F1c, 1129 5th St., Lorain, Ohio

* Ross, John T., S1c, RR 1, Box 209, Philipsburg, Pa.



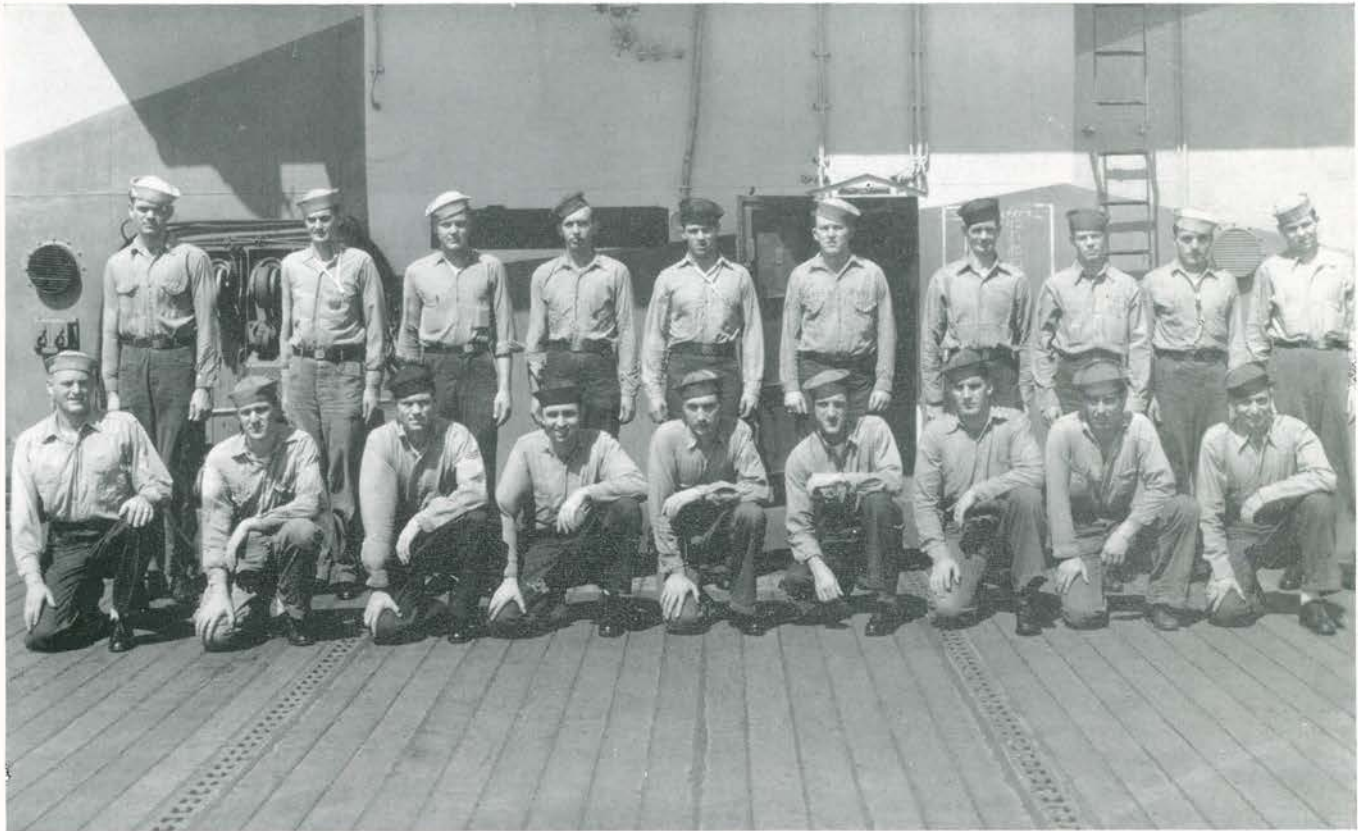
"K" Division, starboard watch.



"A" Division.

- Rowlette, William L., RdM3c, 447 E. Lytle St., Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- * Roy, Russell, S1c, Box 502, Kalispell, Mont.
- * Roybal, Benjamin, S2c, 219 Belview, Lajunta, Colo.
- * Ruland, Douglas H., S1c, 2620 Cornelia St., New York, N. Y.
- Runnells, Robert F., S1c, 819 E. Fifth St., Santa Ana, Calif.
- Runyon, Lawrence V., CM1c, 74 Greenbush St., Manistee, Mich.
- * Rusnak, Frank L., S1c, c/o Craftsman Press, 2030 Westlake Ave., Seattle, Wash.
- Russell, William D., B1c, 558 Long View Place, Decatur, Ill.
- * Ruth, Richard, S1c, RR 1, Richwood, Ohio
- Ryder, Marion J., F1c, 255 Strand, Ocean Park, Calif.
- Sabins, Frank L., F1c, 127 Bierce Ave., Dayton 3, Ohio
- * Sager, William L., S2c, Edmund, Kans.
- * Sagraves, Maxwell E., S1c, 1225 S. Birch St., Santa Ana, Calif.
- * Sahli, Floyd E., Cox, RD 2, Gibsonia, Pa.
- Salinas, Salvador R., Y3c, Box 82, Lordsburg, N. Mex.
- Sandefur, James D., S1c, RR 1, Stonewall, Okla.
- Sandoval, Joe, F1c, 1419 Dana St., Los Angeles, Calif.
- Sanford, Homer L., S1c, 2160 Ripple St., Los Angeles 26, Calif.
- * Santana, Arturo S., MM3c, 2314 Santa Maria St., Austin, Texas
- * Sasal, Charles, S1c, 100052 Wayne Rd., Plymouth, Mich.
- Sawyer, Byron S., S1c, P.O. Box 293, Butler, Ga.
- * Scarpa, Arthur A., PhM2c, 45 Passaic St., Garfield, N. J.
- Scarpi, Walter S., AMMH3c, c/o John Cordor, Lorane, Oreg.
- Schaefer, Howard C., AOM3c, 20125 Monica Ave., Detroit 21, Mich.
- * Scheid, Donald W., EM3c, 4831 Emerson N., Minneapolis, Minn.
- * Schell, Irvin J., F1c, 8601 Shoss Ave., Lemay 23, Mo.
- Schleining, Lawrence, AM2c, 9037 N. Woolsey Courts, Portland 3, Oreg.
- Schultz, Martin A., MM1c, 2005 N. Newhall, Milwaukee, Wis.
- * Schumacher, Edward J., SSMC3c, RR 1, Box 269, St. Helens, Oreg.
- * Schurman, Sylvester G., S1c, Box 36, Melrose, Minn.
- * Seaberg, Perle A., EM3c, 1300 Jefferson St., Burlington, Iowa
- Seber, James A., S1c, 1030 Wakefield, Houston 8, Texas
- Self, Steven L., MM2c, Box 122, Tullia, Texas
- Sens, Robert F., RM3c, Box 687, Wells, Minn.
- Sharp, John S., S1c, Box 397, Imperial, Texas
- * Shaw, Benjamin E., SC3c, 11 River St., Warrensburg, N. Y.
- * Shearer, Henry O., GM2c, 2618 35th St., Sacramento, Calif.
- * Shelley, Kenneth D., S1c, Box 173, Kermit, Texas
- * Shepard, Gary F., S1c, Box 535, Huntsville, Texas
- * Shephard, Harry E., RdM2c, 98-25 Jamaica Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
- * Sherrerd, William R., AMM3c, 9 Vail Ave., Middletown, N. Y.

* Plank Owners.



"R" Division, port watch.

* Shroyer, Willis W., S1c, 915
Warren Ave., Cheyenne, Wyo.

* Shults, Jenson C., F1c, RR 2,
Cosby, Tenn.

Shumway, Richard C., S1c, 2034 N.
8th St., Phoenix, Ariz.

Siekerski, Martin J., F1c, 70 Peck
Ave., West Haven, Conn.

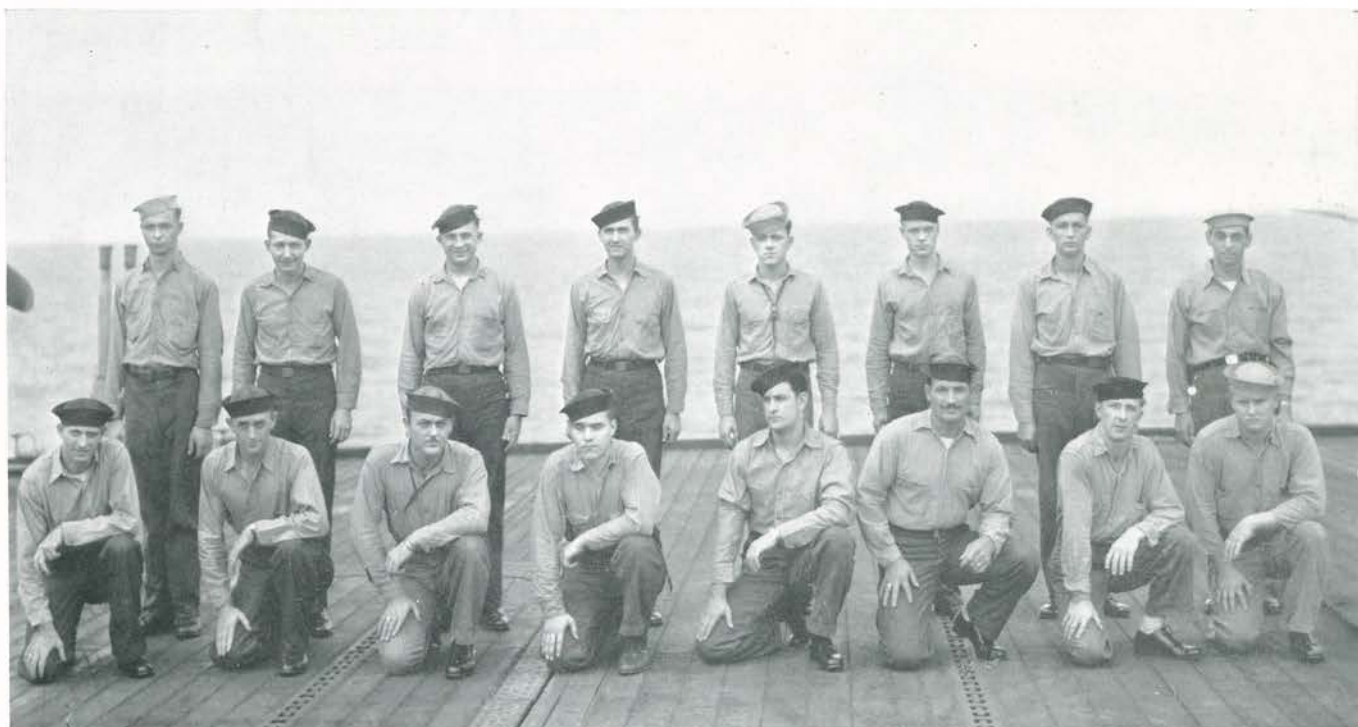
* Sieradzinski, Stanley J., M1c, 20
Prospect St., Springfield, Mass.

* Simmons, Maurice D., Jr., S1c,

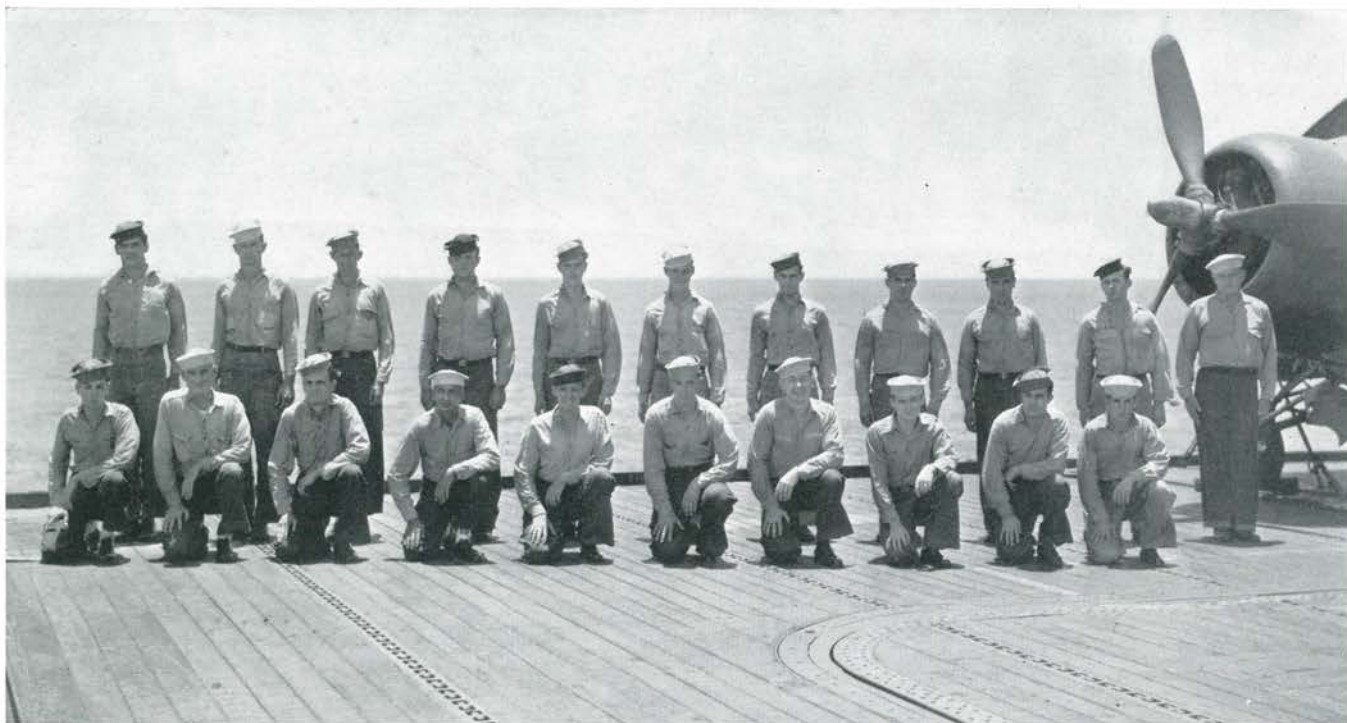
2884 N. W. Savior St., Portland,
Oreg.

Simms, Noble L., StM1c, Federels-
burg, Md.

* Simpson, Clayton, Cox, 954 Rem-
ington Ave., Flint 3, Mich.



"R" Division, starboard watch.



3rd Division, port watch.

* Simpson, Joseph R., BM1c, 4411 Redwood Ave., Richmond, Calif.

Sinex, Warren F., S1c, 410 N. Rossmore Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

* Sippola, Oliver H., S1c, Box 943, Red Lodge, Mont.

* Sires, James W., F2c, 543 Hagood St., Moberly, Mo.

* Sirvidio, Julio J., Cox, 79 W. 34th St., (WP) Patterson 1, N. J.

Sisneros, Jose B., F1c, Box 774, Taos, N. Mex.

Sisson, Lewis H., Cox, 4906 W. Mountainview Drive, San Diego, Calif.

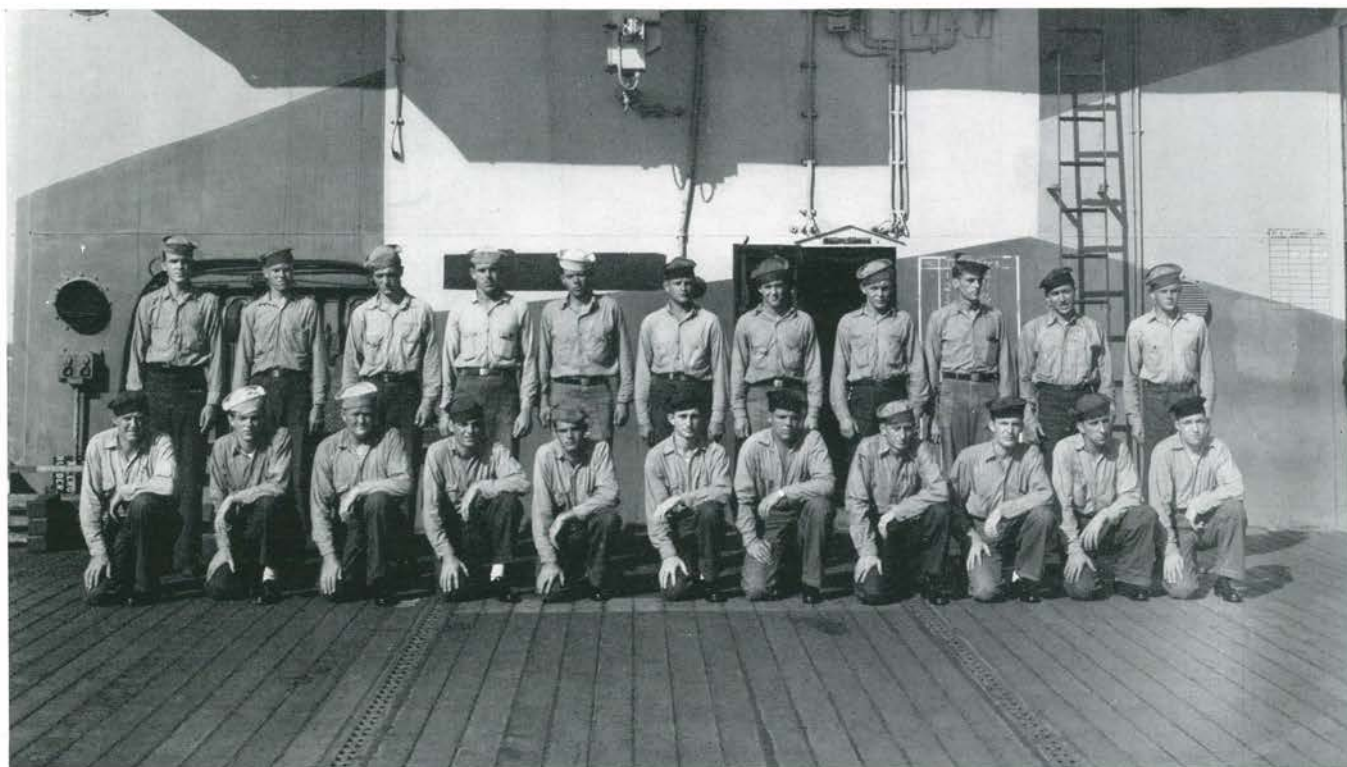
Skrip, Charles, ART1c, 6254 Giddings St., Chicago 30, Ill.

* Slentz, William H., AMM1c, 529½ Upper Broadway, Corpus Christi, Texas

Smalley, Kenneth W., F1c, 117 Wecker Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

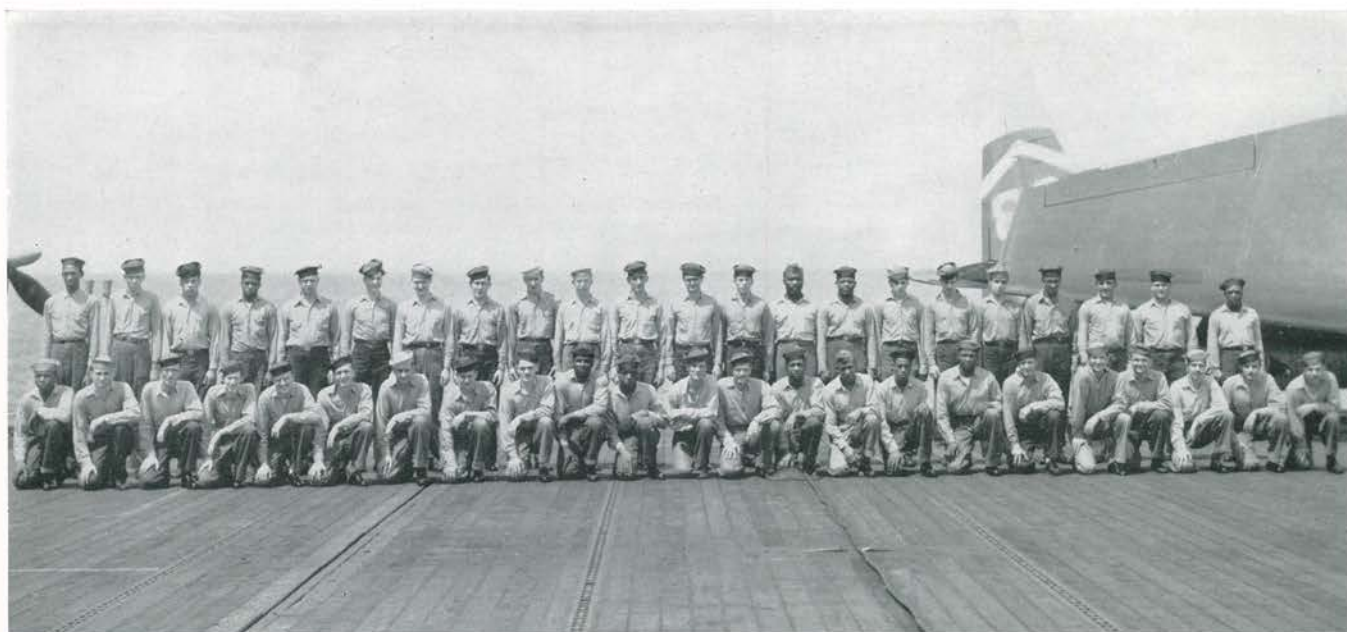
Smalls, Herman, StM1c, 59 Radcliff St., Charleston, S. C.

* Smit, William R., S1c, 709 N. Wenas St., Ellensburg, Wash.



3rd Division, starboard watch.

* Plank Owners.

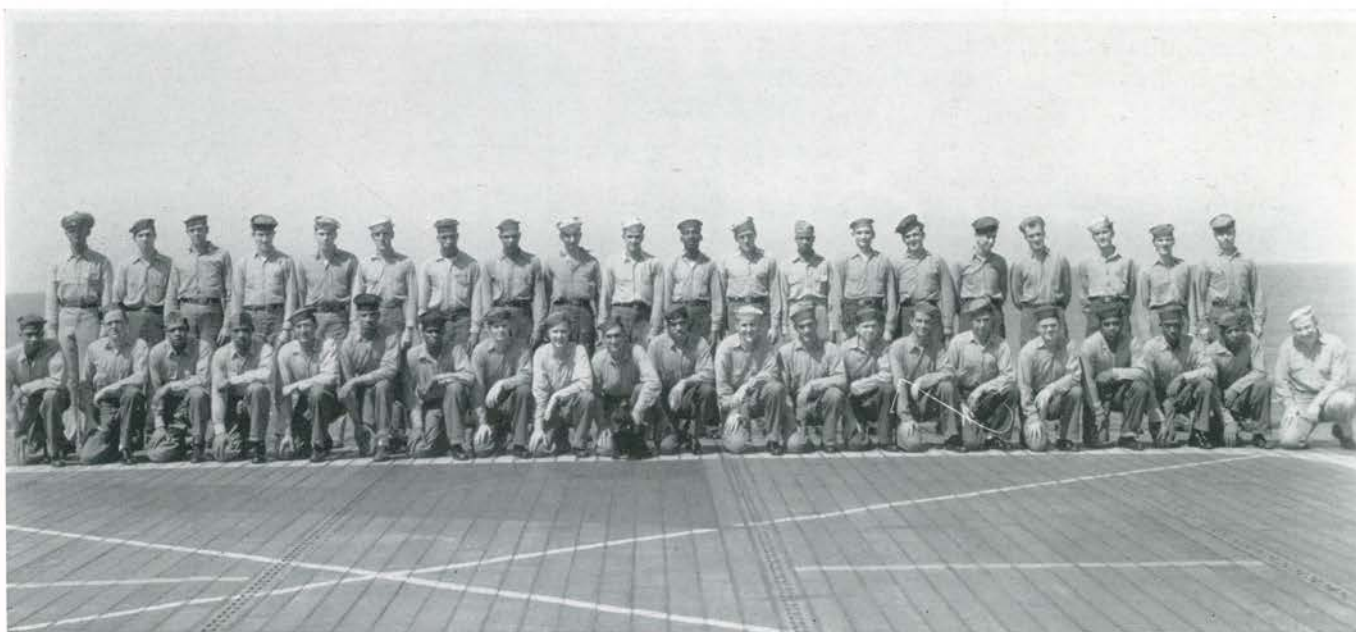


"S" Division, port watch.

- * Smith, Angus M., Jr., AMM2c, 125 E. 116th Place, Los Angeles 3, Calif.
- * Smith, Bud C., MM3c, 643 E. 105th St., Los Angeles 2, Calif.
- * Smith, Cecil E., EM3c, RR 2, Augusta, Kans.
- * Smith, Ernest C., SCB3c, RR 2, Box 453, Oroville, Calif.
- * Smith, George L., WT1c, 131 E. 56th St., Savannah, Ga.
- * Smith, Merrick J., S1c, 728 St. Roch St., New Orleans, La.
- * Smothermon, Talmage A., S1c, 512 Dallas Ave., Huntsville, Ala.

- Snyder, Warren W., AMM2c, 928 40th St., Brooklyn 19, N. Y.
- Soeder, John J., S1c, 7012 Colfax Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
- Sollock, John M., S1c, Box 88, Devine, Texas
- * Sonnenburg, Robert W., F1c, 2717 W. Fourth St., Duluth, Minn.
- * Southern, Norman J., CM3c, 408 Bissell Ave., Richmond, Calif.
- Spencer, Robert S., RdM3c, Bentonville, Ark.
- * Spencer, Walter D., Cox, 1612 Maybert Rd., Portsmouth, Ohio

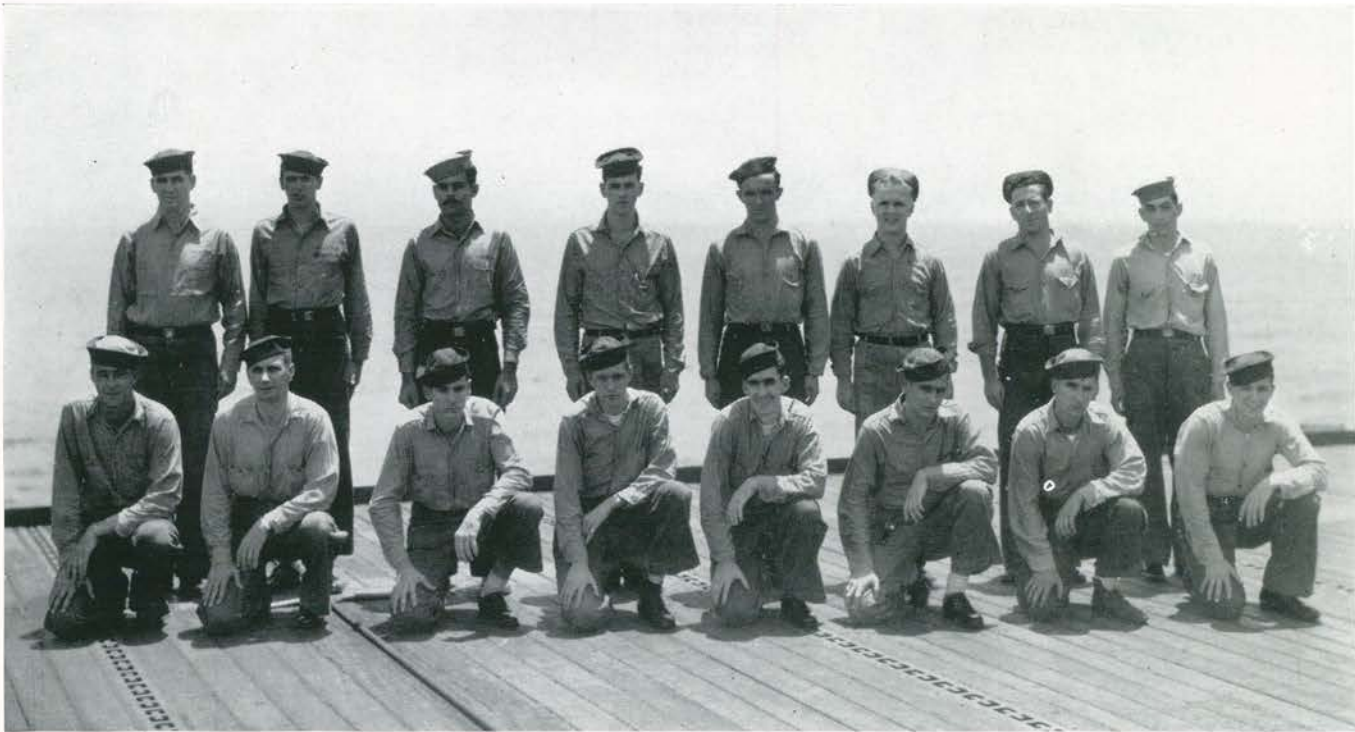
- Squier, Daryl L., SC2c, Box 154, Wheeler, Oreg.
- * Squiers, Frank B., SC3c, 404 Hall St., Tama, Iowa
- * Stage, Frederick R., Y3c, 68 E. Henry St., River Rouge, Mich.
- * Stahlman, George, Y2c, 2720 Woodhaven Drive, Hollywood, Calif.
- Stallcup, Thomas E., Jr., S1c, 808 Austin St., Wichita Falls, Texas
- * Stanek, Stanislaus J., S2c, 1809 W. 17th St., Chicago, Ill.
- * Starr, Roy J., QM2c, RR 2, Arlington, Wash.



"S" Division, starboard watch.

- Steel, Paul T., Jr., AOM1c, 1647 S. 26th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- * Steger, Jacob F., GM2c, Box 303, Neaga, Ill.
- Stephenson, William A., S2c, 861 Killian St., El Monte Calif.
- * Stevens, Hal D., FC2c, 404 N. W. 8th St., Mineral Wells, Texas
- * Stevens, Wilbur G., RdM3c, Plainfield, Iowa
- * Stevenson, Elmer P., F1c, 230 E. Tripp Ave., Peoria, Ill.
- * Stockton, Eudith E., S1c, Box 211, Hayti, Mo.
- * Stohry, Karl W., WT2c, RR 6, Shelbyville, Ind.
- * Stone, Dale B., EM1c, Box 48, Sharon, W. Va.
- * Stresemann, Carl E., S1c, 1746 College Ave., Huntington, Ind.
- Stringer, George, StM1c, RR 3, Box 244½, Monroe, La.
- * Sullivan, Robert K., S1c, 1037 Butte St., Redding, Calif.
- * Sutherland, James H., S1c, RR 4, Box 25, Sherman, Texas
- Svoboda, Roy W., S1c, 1306 S. Home Ave., Berwin, Ill.
- * Swimmer, Arthur M., S1c, 4851 N. Albany Ave., Chicago 25, Ill.
- Talavera, Angel V., S1c, Box 533, Lordsburg, N. Mex.
- Tango, Albert L., PhoM2c, 104 Chelsea St., East Boston, Mass.
- Tapp, Donald E., S1c, 3905 W. Victory Blvd., Burbank, Calif.
- * Taylor, David S., MM2c, 1112 S. Harvard, Los Angeles, Calif.
- Taylor, John T., F1c, 2821 N. Stone Ave., Tucson, Ariz.
- * Taylor, John W., SK2c, 301 Columbia St., Cambridge, Mass.
- * Taylor, Robert C., S1c, Box 144, Duck Town, Tenn.
- Tejeda, Edward, S1c, 1041 Holden Ave., Inglewood, Calif.
- * Templain, Oren G., F1c, Reserve, La.
- Temple, John K., Jr., WT3c, 11 9th Ave., Greenville, S. C.
- Terrell, Jesse P., S2c, Otis, La.
- * Terry, Rufus E., S1c, Moundville, Ala.
- * Thomas, Glen R., EM3c, Cosmos, Minn.
- * Thomas, Roger C., SF3c, 106 Cottage Lane, Olive View, Calif.
- Thomas, William, S1c, RR 2, Louisville, Ala.
- * Thomason, Charles C., S1c, Apt. 415, 449 Peterboro, Detroit, Mich.
- * Thomsen, Arnold L., S2c, Center Junction, Iowa
- * Thorn, Donald L., Y3c, RFD 1, St. Peter, Minn.
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- * Trevathan, Doyle, AOM1c, Centralia, Texas
- Tucker, Kenneth "F", BM2c, Inavale, Nebr.
- Turner, Howard E., AMM1c, 5612 The Paseo, Kansas City, Mo.
- * Upton, Doyn "W", S1c, Isabella, Mo.
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- * Vicente, Pedro, Ck1c, 2118 Kearney St., San Diego, Calif.
- * Villhauer, Leo E., WT2c, 630 S. Johnson St., Iowa City, Iowa
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- * Voigt, Calvin W., GM2c, 1915 Butler Ave., South St. Paul, Minn.
- Wadsworth, Kenneth J., S1c, Box 432, Maricoba, Ariz.
- Waer, James M., S1c, 243 S. Newlin Ave., Whittier, Calif.
- * Walker, King P., S1c, Box 437, Inverness, Fla.
- * Wallace, Gail R., AMM3c, RR 5, Lisbon, Ohio
- Wallen, Eddie R., S1c, 6127 Lorelei Ave., Bell Flower, Calif.
- * Walterich, James F., FC3c, 42 Meriden St., Buffalo, N. Y.
- * Waterson, Charles R., S1c, 2437 N.W. 14th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
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- * Webber, Richard W., S2c, RFD 2, Leslie, Mich.
- * Welch, Jerry B., SM2c, 6616 Newell St., Huntington Park, Calif.
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- * Wild, Warren E., RT1c, RR 3, Box 52, Olympia, Wash.
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- * Wise, Lawrence E., S2c, RR 1, Woodburn, Oreg.
- Wiseman, Robert E., S1c, 427 Clermont St., Dallas, Texas
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- Yeoman, Isaac R., S1c, Box 45, Longwood, Fla.
- * York, Robert A., RT2c, Carey, Idaho
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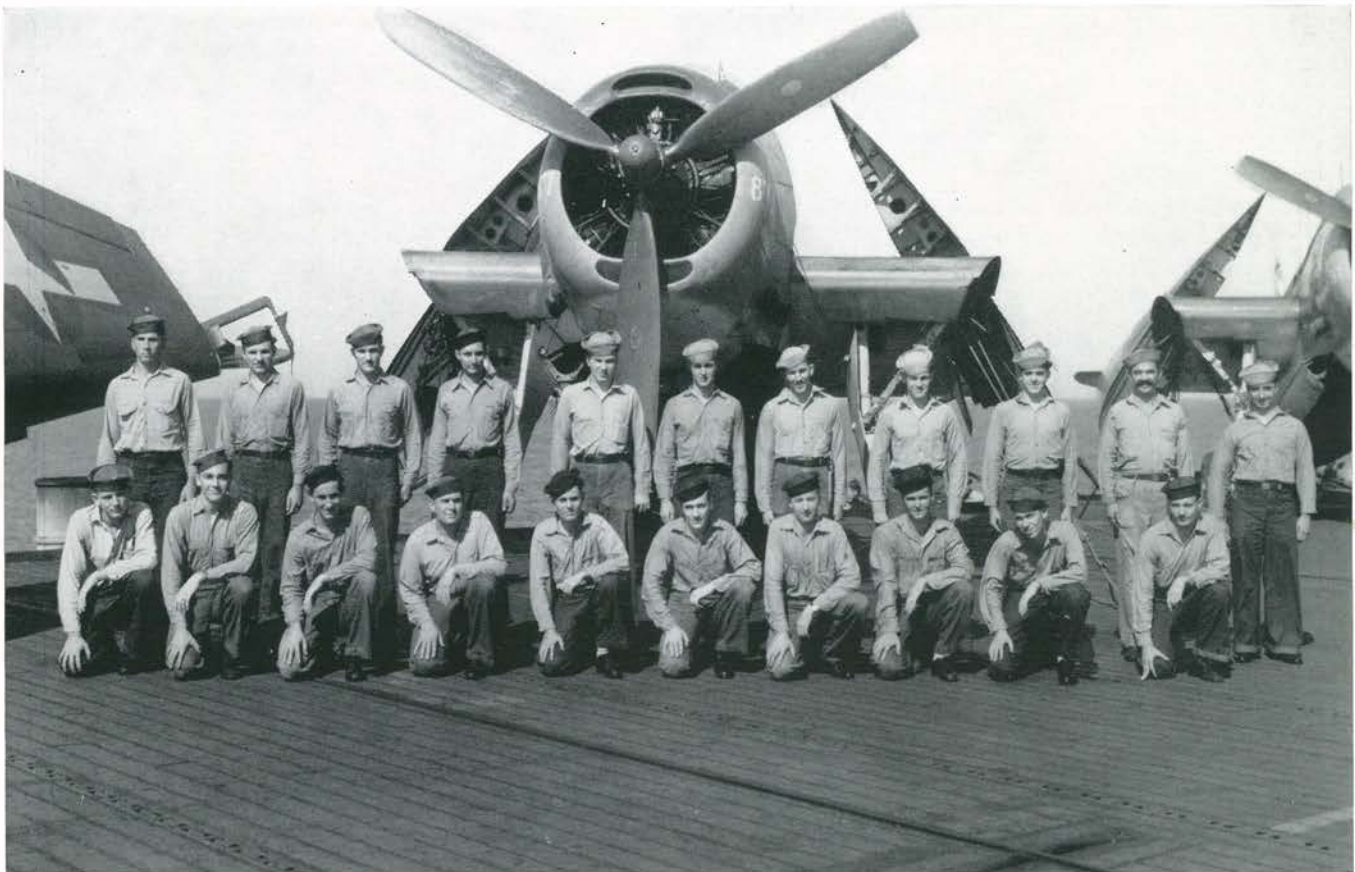


V-3 Division, port watch.

* Zellman, Prosper A., S1c, Carver,
Minn.

* Ziegler, Robert L., S1c, St.
Charles, Mich.

Zintak, LeRoy C., AMMP2c, 3642
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V-3 Division, starboard watch.

PART VII

THE MEN WHO FLEW FROM HER DECKS COMPOSITE SQUADRON EIGHTY-FIVE

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Lt. William A. James USNR, 319 N.
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Lt. Joseph A. Kush, USNR, 3880
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Lt. Robert F. Pettitt, USNR, 320
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Lt. (jg) James D. Ingram, USNR,
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Lt. (jg) G. D. Kerlin, USNR, 3921
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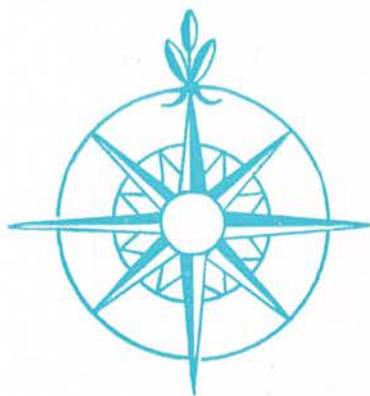
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PART VIII

A
Little
o'
this
and
a
Little
o'
that

A BRIEF STORY OF VC 85

(By Lt. William H. Kearns, USNR, Squadron Air Combat Intelligence Officer.)

Cold and gray, the dawn of 12 January 1944 found a light rain shrouding the buildings and runways of the Naval Air Station, Seattle. Neither the chill nor the falling rain were unusual; yet on that morning, a group of men arose who were to be joined by a common cause into a common body and they alone, perhaps, felt the presence of the hour. Clad in blues, with gray gloves, they drifted to Hangar No. 32 in groups, talking of the future and of the sea. The commissioning ceremony was brief. A bundled up Lieutenant Commander read the Squadron orders. Nobody heard him, anyway; his voice was lost in the roar of a TBF turning up on the apron. It didn't matter. They were formed, united; they were now members of Composite Squadron 85, instead of nameless souls lost in a flight pool.

From that day on the work began. Seattle, with its luxurious quarters and easy life, served only to furnish the planes and equipment. Then, on 30 January, it was left behind as the TBF's and F4F's roared away in formation; destination—Pasco, Washington. Barren, wind-swept Pasco could well be regarded as the base that did the most for the Squadron. As the days rumbled past, coordination matured with every flight; unity and precision came to be the rule instead of the exception. The old F4F's took off day by day to practice gunnery. At first, the sleeves came back with scarcely a bullet hole to indicate that they had been under fire, but, as the weeks lengthened into months, accuracy jumped and sleeves became riddled and torn to the delight of the fighter pilots. Meanwhile, the torpedo planes had not been idle. Methodically, they were loaded with water-filled bombs and set out to practice glide bombing. The pilots made simulated



Top: Fighter plane noses over in barrier crash; *below:* Landing circle stands by waiting for fouled deck to be cleared; taken from escort astern of us.

Top: Avenger takes a wave-off; *below:* Aviation mechs pull routine valve check on Avenger on flight deck.

torpedo attacks on windmills, swooping down over the rolling prairie, and sweated out navigation problems to Grand Coulee and Spokane.

Spring verged on Summer when the Squadron began to pack away the endless gear and prepared to move again. On 30 May the majority of officers and men piled aboard a train and settled themselves for the long ride south to the Naval Auxiliary Air Station, Holtville, Calif. Twenty-one of the pilots manned the planes and lifted away in the still morning air, leaving Pasco behind, a memory, pleasant and fresh. Through the Columbia Gorge; then south past the mountains and marshlands of Oregon into California. Down the flat valley past Sacramento they swept, dipped low like so many pigeons and alighted at Alameda, across the bay from San Francisco. The next morning they were off again. A gassing stop at San Diego; then inland over the coastal mountains where Holtville greeted them with a blast of heat.

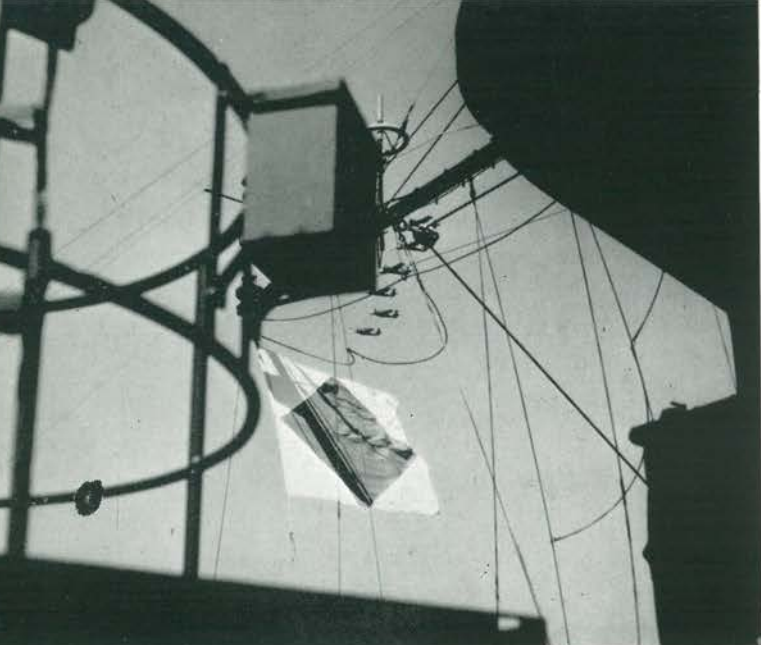
Elsewhere in the world night is meant for sleep. Not at Holtville. When dusk cast long shadows over the desert, men began to stir and engines roared. Night tactics, night bombing, night gunnery, until every pilot felt at home in the black loneliness that comes high above the earth after dark. They wore shorts and baseball caps and acquired deep tans from the burning sun. The torpedo pilots moved over to Salton Sea for five days and learned to hit with rockets while the fighters took a brief rest. The landing signal officers appeared and lost no time in making themselves known. Day after day they stood in the runways and moved the bright little paddles until their arms were leaden and their eyes ached. But the efforts told as approaches became surer and more precise. It was not in the Squadron's blood to stay in one place too long, and itchy feet soon found solace when on 14 July Holtville was evacuated and the trek made to Brown Field, perched high atop Otay Mesa overlooking San Diego.

Brown Field was regarded as a final buffing plant for Squadrons about to go aboard a carrier for combat duty, and excitement ran high, for few in VC 85 had ever served aboard ship. Training was devoted to carrier tactics, breakups, and landings. Frequently VC 85 teamed up with her sister squadrons in "group gropes," and attacked coastal areas in simulated beach assaults or flew out for the fre-

quent "invasions" of San Clemente Island, sixty miles westward from North Island. The fighter pilots moved en masse to the craggy field on that island for a final week of gunnery drill; but, beset by a low and persistent blanket of fog, they had to content themselves with lively games of baseball on the taxi strip.



Top: Flight deck being respotted with aid of tractors; center: The "Old Man" briefs squadron in ready room; below: Avenger engine being given check on flight deck.



Fox Flag two-blocked for recovering planes.

August was barely a week old when the order came to embark on the U.S.S. *Makassar Straits* (CVE 91) for carrier qualifications. With pounding hearts the officers and men thumped up the gangway and watched the planes hoisted aboard, one by one. This was it! For the next eight days the ship chased weather and qualifications were run off when the ceiling lifted. Learning the ways of a ship, the men began to talk like veterans and spoke casually of "the beach," although that word had never before been associated with shore life. Once back at Brown Field they walked with a new lift and looked haughtily at green pilots who had yet to qualify.

The Squadron then left Brown Field and settled at the Naval Air Station, San Diego, on North Island. For nine days the pilots engaged in maneuvers and practiced bounce drill. On the tenth day they climbed into the planes and taxied in a long, winding queue to Pier "Fox" to join forces with the U.S.S. *Lunga Point* (CVE 94), their ship and their new home. It was an auspicious occasion that night when Captain Washburn strode into the ready room and welcomed them aboard. If there was ever a feeling of strangeness it was dissipated then. They belonged.

That cruise lasted ten days. It was followed by two others as the ship and the Squadron practiced teamwork, strove for precision. Between disembarking and embarking, the men made the most of their waning moments in the States. The Squadron received new planes, shiny with paint and throbbing with power.

Good-byes were said and re-said until finally the word came to shove off for duty with the Pacific Fleet.

It was a warm autumn afternoon when the ships left San Diego. The Squadron gathered on the flight deck, squinting into the sun as the little tugs backed the ship into the channel and she slipped into position astern of the Flag Ship. Officers and men stood there, silent, until the settling mist had cut the California coast line to a memory. Then, as if jarred from their reveries by the same hand, the pilots clattered down to the ready room, laughing and oking with a sudden exhilaration. The stern pointed toward San Diego, but the bow was cutting the water towards Pearl Harbor. The training was over. They were out for blood.

Months later, combat wise and with a not unenviable reputation, they were wont to admit that the first six weeks afloat had been the



Top: Spotting forward before recovering planes; center: Avenger airborne after being catapulted; below: Avenger being readied for catapulting.

longest, the most monotonous. But at that time, the horizon was rosy. It was seven days to Pearl. Seven days of simulated attacks and grand weather. The islands broke from the horizon the morning of 23 October, green and wreathed in clouds. It was nearly everybody's first view of Hawaii, and it made a strong impression. The ship slid into the harbor and tied up. There followed two days of liberty, during which souvenirs were bought and sent homeward. Then CarDiv 29 cast off again and set course for the vast reaches to the west.

Eniwetok provided the initial view of a battle field with its denuded palm trees. It was a short look and was quickly replaced by the endless horizon of the sea as the ship and her impatient crew sped on. Ulithi, but a few weeks an American base, provided the next anchorage. Here the Squadron first realized the grimness of war, as mines, torn from their moorings by heavy weather, began exploding on protecting reefs and were found drifting between the ships, necessitating a machine gun and searchlight watch. Kossol Passage in the Palau Islands was where the ship and VC 85 were given their first assignment, providing air coverage for convoys approaching and departing Leyte Gulf. In the light of later developments this was a tame job, but it looked big then. The convoys were guarded with the



Fighter races down deck on fly-away.

zeal of a hen protecting her young. On the rare occasions when one of the patrols caught a glimpse of Jap-held Mindanao, it was re-told in the ready room as a major occurrence. These days, though they were dull and uneventful, broke the Squadron in gradually to the complications of combat flying and sharpened carrier operations to the point where few faults could be found. The days crept slowly past and on 23 November CarDiv 29 was relieved and set course for the Admiralty Islands.

What happened next is a chapter many would prefer to forget. It was painful. Be-



Avenger ready for catapulting into the sunrise.

tween the Philippines and the Admiralties lay an hypothetical line. It was, to be sure, a mere technicality, yet it could not be avoided. It was the Equator. Nor were minds assuaged by the sight of canvas billies that all Shellbacks were industriously fashioning. Still, the Squadron reasoned, "What price surrender?" So they talked it over and evolved a plan of action. The basic theme of this operational routine was this: If one member became overwhelmed he had but to yell "HEY RUBE" and help would be forthcoming. To further confuse the Shellbacks two of the more slippery pilots filched King Neptune's beard and crown at the eleventh hour. This put a definite crimp in the scheduled arrival of the Ruler of the Deep, and by way of punishment all Pollywogs were made to run around the flight deck until such time as the sacred vestments were returned. It was during this Marathon that a billy fell too heavily and the cry of "HEY RUBE" was heard. It was a signal for organized chaos as

the Squadron broke free and made overwhelming gains against weak defenses. While the Squadron was prone to classify this as a major upset, the leading Shellbacks took a dim view and ordered the initiation to proceed in a more military manner, *which it did*. The hapless officers and men were led one by one to the hangar deck and there taught their lesson of never trying to revolt against the Loyal Shellbacks. Like Jackrabbits, they pelted down between the double line of waiting Shellbacks only to be urged to greater efforts en route. Once on the fantail the Pollywogs were made to pay obeisance to the Royal Court. After losing the greater part of their hair and being dunked, they, too, became Shellbacks, although it scarcely smacked of being an honor then.

With the pounding still smarting, the Squadron was launched the morning of 27 November for landing at the small island of Ponam in the Admiralty group. As they circled the tiny bit of coral and sand awaiting their turn to land,



The flight deck is always a busy place.

they marveled at the brilliant colors of the reefs and jungles of Manus, close by. Island life proved pleasant, what with the officer's Club and the lazy days. The afternoons found pilots and men swimming in the lagoon or paddling rubber boats under the warm Equatorial sun. It was a rest and a welcome one.

Two weeks sped past swiftly and then the word came to prepare to embark. Planes were checked, equipment exchanged and replaced, and on 14 December the Squadron returned aboard ready to fight. This time a more ambitious objective was in store as the pilots learned when they were briefed. South the ship sped to New Guinea, where for two days they helped cover a mock invasion, a prelude to the real thing soon to come. Christmas was spent aboard ship as she lay rocking gently in Seadler Harbor, Manus.

The New Year was rung in to the beat of the

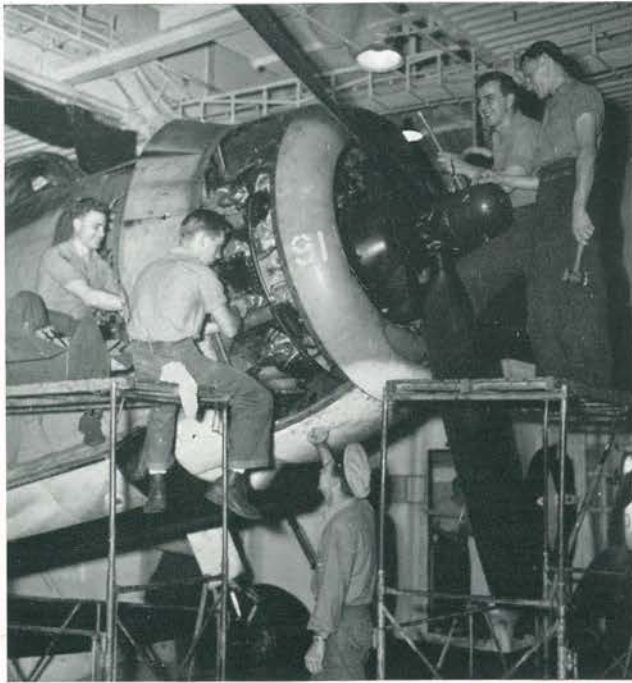
screws of the ship, and her crew pushed back from whence she had come. Back to the Philippines, but this time there was to be no convoy herding. Instead, VC 85 was to cover the in-



Top: Avenger bounces high after engaging arresting gear wire; below: Avenger on fly-away into the sunrise.



Top: Avenger comes in too high and takes a wave-off; second from top: Avenger takes cut from L.S.O.; third from top: Arresting gear wire brings Avenger to a sudden stop; bottom: With tail hook disengaged from arresting gear wire, Avenger drops wings and taxis forward.



Aviation mechs tune up TBM on hangar deck.

vasion of Lingayen Gulf. They did it, too, handling the many duties with skill and finesse. They bombed and strafed; they carried artillery observers and spotters; they photographed the enemy far behind his lines, and ran long searches and submarine patrols. Tired, often with their planes torn with bullet and shell holes, they returned to their carrier after every hop as if drawn by a magnet and set the planes down on the heaving deck with

surprisingly few accidents. After twelve days the carriers pulled out and returned to Ulithi for rest and replenishment.

The lazy port routine was pleasant. Mornings were spent reading or writing a letter or two. In the afternoons there was always plenty of sun to bask in or a basket-ball or volley-ball game on the hangar deck. At night one could see the picture show. Liberty came frequently enough to be sufficient.

One day a group of high ranking Naval and Marine officers came aboard and all pilots were called to the wardroom. It was the briefing session for Iwo Jima. The visiting officers made it clear that Iwo Jima was expected to be a tough nut to crack; no alternative was left except for a frontal attack. The Marines were banking on the escort carriers for air support. There was silence in the wardroom except for the crisp tones of the briefing officers as they sketched the plan of attack and outlined the duties of the pilots. They all felt the weight of responsibility that comes when men's lives are at stake. It was not long after that that the anchor was weighed and the Division of carriers steamed out of Ulithi for the next show.

Iwo Jima turned out to be tough, but not too tough for the Squadron. For the first time they ran into an enemy that shot back in force. The island itself was a hell on earth, covered with smoke and constantly torn by explosions.



Our plane guard returns one of our pilots after emergency landing "in the drink."

To this the Squadron added its bit by daily unloading tons of bombs and scores of rockets on the enemy strongholds. Where the Marines called for bombs, VC 85 put them. The fighters fanned out to Chichi Jima to the north and spread destruction there. Photographic planes from the Squadron handled all the photographic duties required at the objective. Under extreme weather conditions rocket and bombing attacks were executed with gratifying results. When the island was secured and land-based aircraft undertook the protection of the ground forces, the ships turned toward Ulithi again, with the satisfaction of knowing they had left behind a job well done.

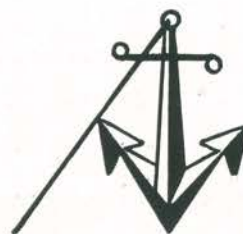
Wars are necessarily run on schedule and schedules cannot always take ships and pilots into consideration. So it was that, instead of a lengthy recuperative period following the Iwo Jima operation, the ship loaded day and night for nine days, readying itself for the next move. The Squadron made the most of those nine days, short as they were, and felt ready to go when the order came. There had been no leaks of information prior to this sailing and scuttlebutt ran high as to the next objective. The air crewmen's ready room, spawning bed of scuttlebutt, proved especially fecund and produced at least one good story per day. But the truth was not long hidden. The night of departure from Ulithi all pilots were called to the ready room and there on the bulkheads they saw the map of a long, twisting island—Okinawa.

It was generally agreed later that Okinawa was the hardest operation engaged in by the Squadron. Certainly the flak was heaviest. At Iwo Jima the planes drew small caliber fire which was not readily seen. But here the strike groups ran afoul of the ugly black puffs that blossomed so menacingly out of thin air. They returned day after day, anti-aircraft fire or not, and carried out attacks in the face of it. The list of destruction at Okinawa makes a formidable box score on paper. It looked even better from the air as the huge columns of smoke arose from blasted ruins. Ten enemy aircraft were bagged by the Squadron planes during the operation, proving that all they had to do was see 'em. In these encounters, not one VC 85 plane was damaged by a Jap aerial gun. Routine anti-submarine patrols and combat air patrols were launched whenever called, and photographic and propaganda planes performed all missions creditably.

Word had been passed that relief was due around 20 April, but that date came and went and the operation continued. At the end of April the ship was ordered to a fueling area to provide air cover for the tankers. This served as a welcome respite for the weary pilots; they flew shortened patrols, not too frequently. At last the long awaited dispatch came ordering the ship to Guam to pick up a new group. It meant that the cruise was over, finished. It meant a great adventure had reached its conclusion.

There is little that need be said about a group of men who, thrown together by chance, have organized themselves and perfected their skills into a smoothly working team. Their record stands and speaks for itself.

If you were to ask one of the pilots what factor pushed VC 85 above the average, he would probably say, "We were lucky—we drew a good ship." Yes, she is a good ship. The Squadron hadn't been long aboard when that became evident to all its members. And the Squadron Officers and men are proud to call the officers and men of the *Lunga Point* "Shipmates." Fast friendships were formed that will continue long after the shooting stops and many of the reserves go back to civilian life. To the officers and men of the ship, the Squadron says, "So long, good hunting, and God bless you!"



STATISTICS

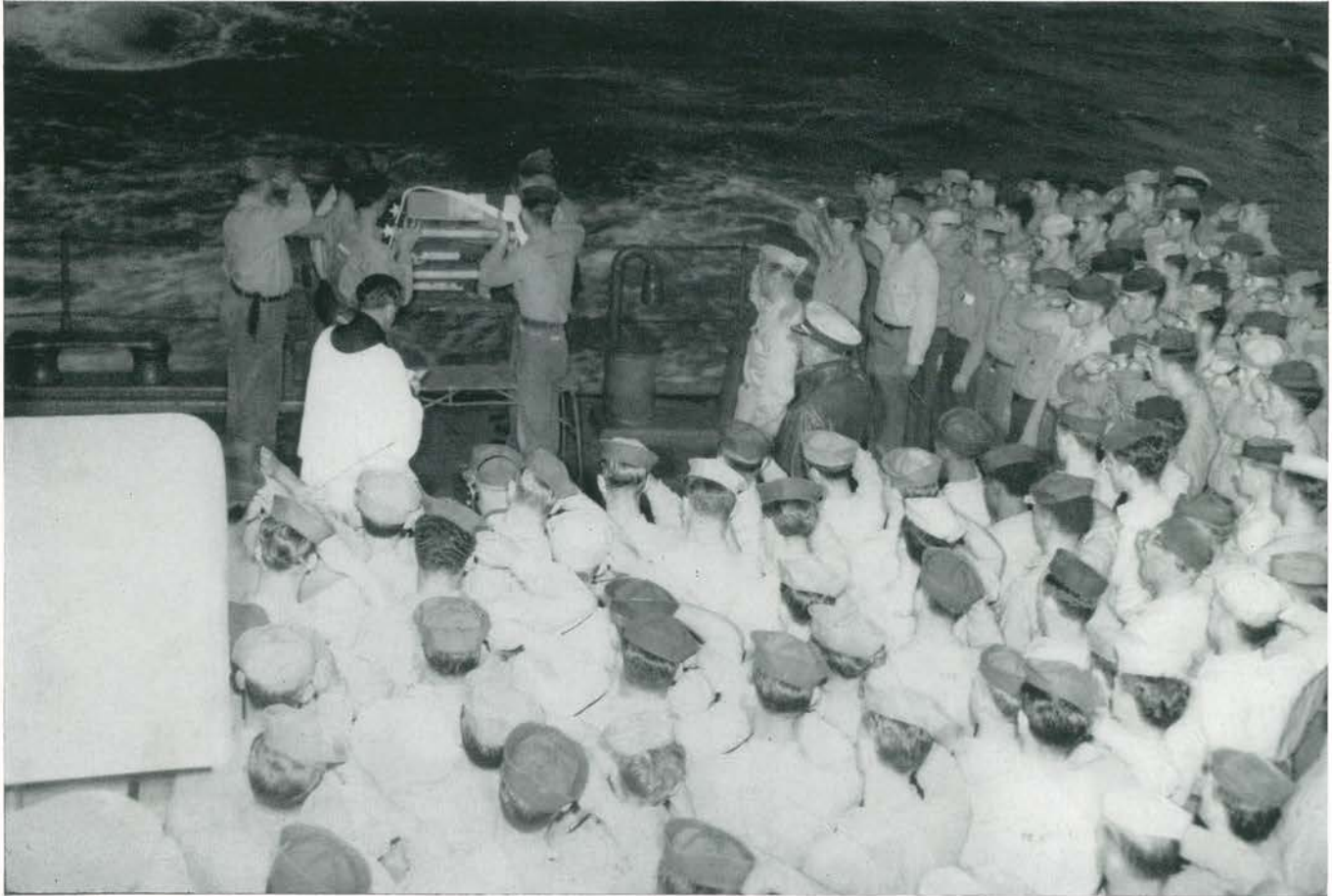
14 May 1944—14 May 1945

Lunga Point

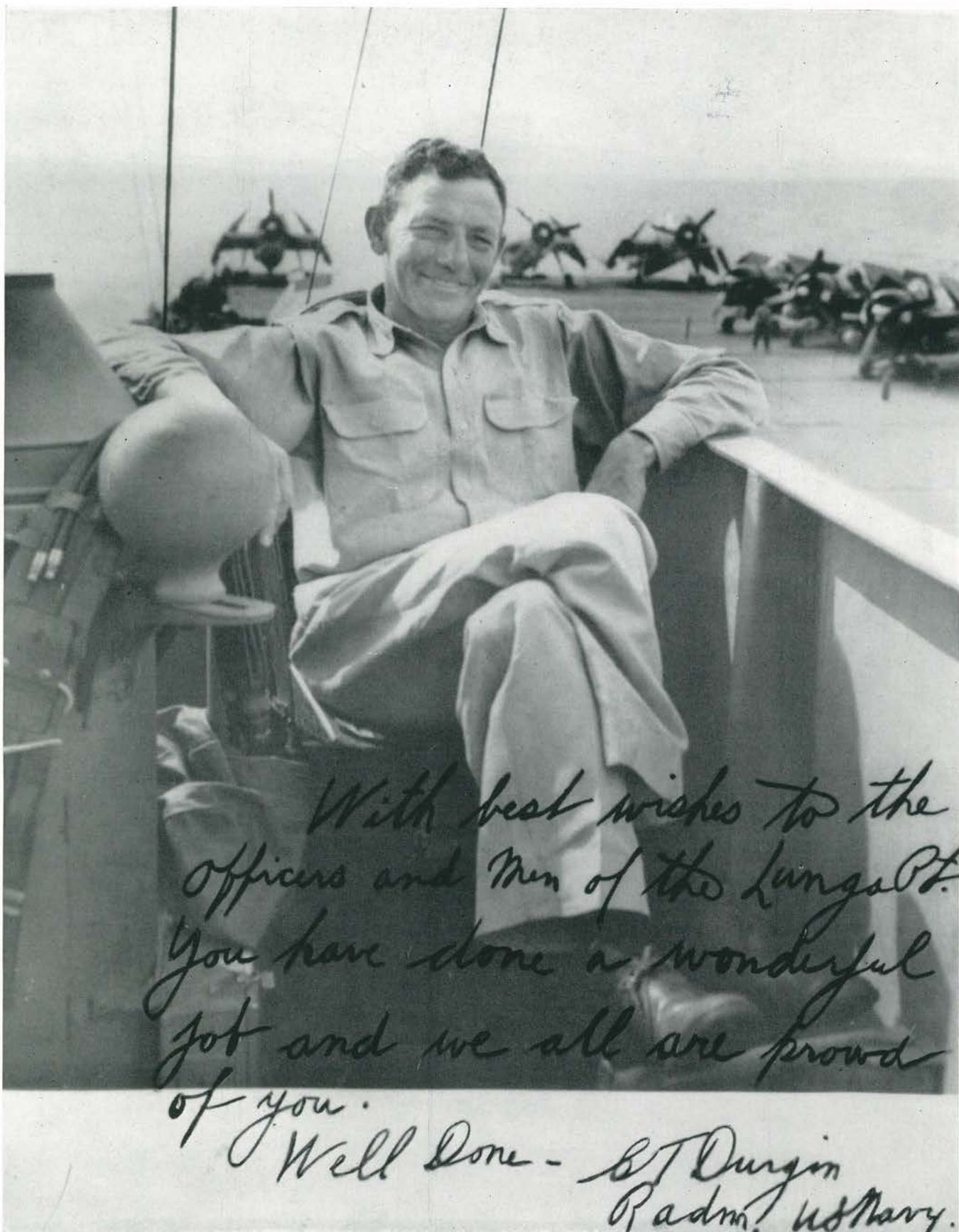
Nautical engine miles steamed	74,746
Statute miles steamed	86,075
Gallons fuel oil consumed	5,094,945
Gallons Diesel oil consumed (Galley only)	8,203
Gallons Fresh water used (Crew and Laundry)	8,191,366
Pounds provisions consumed	1,572,699
Number items carried in GSK	4,772
Ship's store sales	\$96,094.07
Clothing and small store sales	\$31,827.01
Rounds of ammunition expended	166,891
Jap planes shot down	5

SQUADRON

Sorties flown	4,875
Gallons aviation gasoline consumed	635,000
Pounds of bombs dropped	319,250
Pounds of rockets fired	307,270
Rounds of ammunition expended	417,965
Number of landings on ship	4,672
Number of catapult launchings from ship	3,249
Number of fly-off launchings from ship	1,626
Jap planes shot down	11
Jap destroyers sunk	1
Barges and small craft sunk	23
Barges and small craft damaged	49
Buildings destroyed	71
Buildings damaged	43
Military trucks destroyed	53
Military trucks damaged	38
Gun emplacements destroyed	22
Gun emplacements damaged	21
Ammunition dumps destroyed	7
Fuel dumps destroyed	5
Tanks destroyed	6
Supply dumps destroyed	8
Bridges destroyed	2
Enemy planes destroyed on ground	3



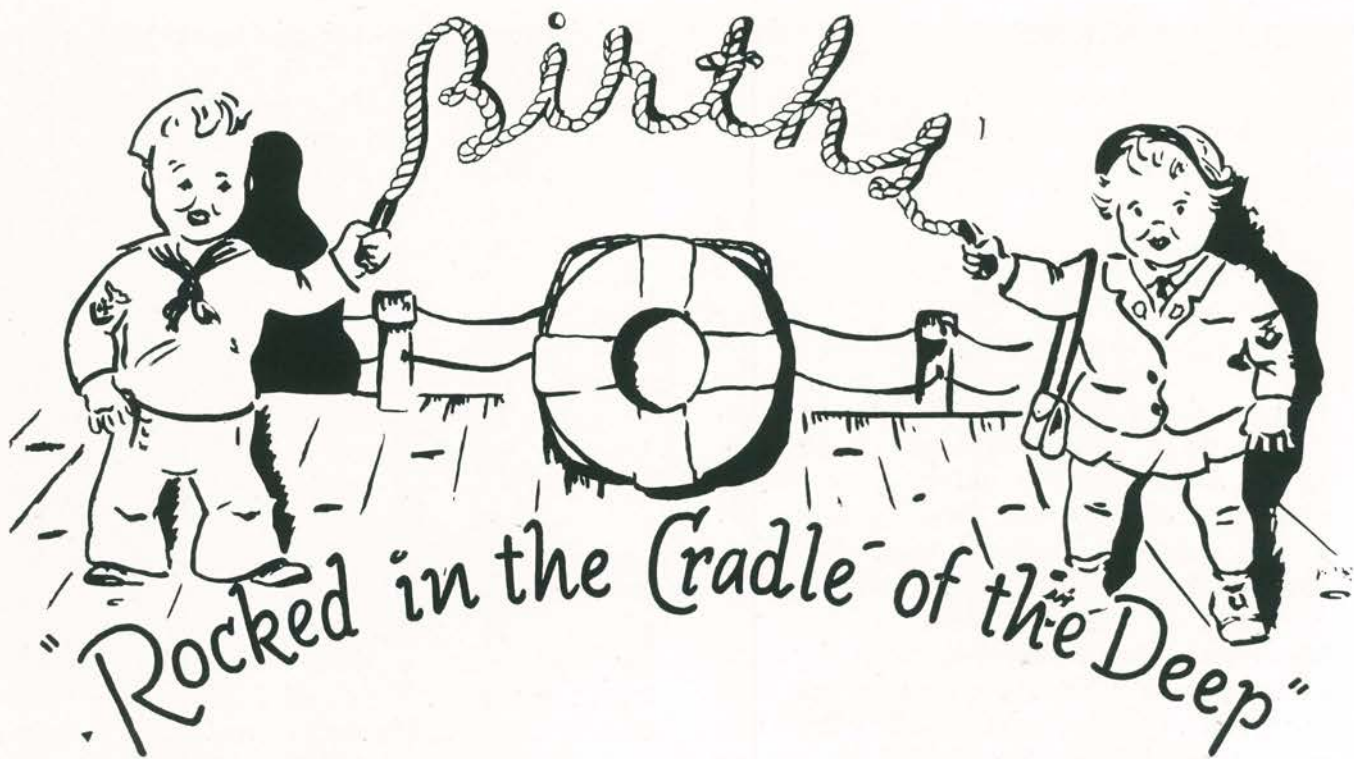
Burial at sea.



With best wishes to the
officers and Men of the Lunga Pt.
You have done a wonderful
job and we all are proud
of you.

Well Done - *BT Durgin*
R adm. US Navy.

Admiral Durgin.



To you "Boots" listed below, we express the hope that, in years to come, when you are able to read your names herein, it will be with a feeling of pride and deep satisfaction in this evidence that your Father served in the *Lunga Point* during what may well turn out to be one of the most momentous years in the history of this world into which you have so recently come. Furthermore, it is our sincere hope that, by that time, civilization and Christianity will have progressed to such an extent that it will never be necessary for you to undergo what your Father has during the period which this book chronicles.

"Bluejackets"

"Waves"

Lance Ira Ray	15 May 1944
William Robert Smit, Jr.	8 June 1944
Walker Dayton Martin	29 June 1944
Frank John Kramer, Jr.	13 July 1944
Jose Pablo Sisneros	29 July 1944
Daniel Lee Rocha	25 August 1944
Sidney Jerry Starr	9 September 1944
Kenneth Robert Grantz	25 September 1944
Richard Joseph LeBelle	27 September 1944
Roger Harrison	17 October 1944
Daniel Eugene Wilkie	19 October 1944
Santiago Guadalupe Longoria	30 Oct. 1944
Kenneth Ray Tucker	23 November 1944
Robert Allen Block	26 November 1944
Howard Joseph Leath	5 December 1944
Frank Vickery Sutton	6 December 1944
William Gerald Ballard, Jr.	19 Dec. 1944
Wayne Lewellyn Kingsbury	13 January 1945
Billy Raymond Wilbur	30 January 1945
Alexander Miscichoski	6 March 1945
Lynn Dean Robbs, Jr.	7 March 1945
Norman Lawrence Runyon	20 March 1945
Raymond Russell Lynch	30 March 1945

Judith Ann Dolan	27 June 1944
Barbara Palmer	30 June 1944
Karlee Karen Reber	8 August 1944
Linda Field Stowell	15 August 1944
Elvita Soliz Mejia	19 August 1944
Beverly Kaye McBee	6 September 1944
Mary Nell Callicoatte	9 September 1944
Sharon Diane Botnen	22 September 1944
Jo Lee Black	25 October 1944
Maria Theresa Baca	24 November 1944
Connie Lou Eckert	24 November 1944
Mary Alice Herriman	31 December 1944
Sharon Ann Harris	6 February 1945
Pamela Sue Stevens	16 February 1945
Carol Ann Kush	22 February 1945
Vickie Murray Linenweber	6 March 1945
Dianne Elise Larsen	7 April 1945
Mary Louise Pettitt	4 May 1945
Jeanne Margaret Dolan	13 May 1945

P. A. L.

Charles Babbitt White, Jr.	15 May 1945
Offense: Over leave 24 hours.	

GUERRILLAS ARE GOOD GUYS

Written by Lt. (jg) Arthur W. Gilkey, USNR, in collaboration with Lt. William H. Kearns, USNR, Squadron Air Combat Intelligence Officer.

(Author's Note.—This is written as a tribute to those bands of fearless fighters, the Philippine guerillas, who have contributed so much to the spectacular advance of our ground forces in the recent invasion of Luzon. Un-sung, ill-clad, and ill-armed, these stout-hearted champions of freedom have fought, harrassed and killed the Jap conqueror behind his lines since December 1941. To their courage and friendship, scores of American airmen, like myself and my crew, owe their lives.)

The South China Sea, spurred on by a 35 knot wind, was kicking up quite a fuss that afternoon of 11 January as we took off from our carrier, the "Lunging Lunga" (U.S.S. *Lunga Point*), and headed toward Lingayen Gulf where two days before the Army had gone ashore as a prelude to the capture of Luzon and the prize plum of the Philippines—Manila.

Our mission was to observe enemy activity ahead of the American lines along the broad, verdant plain stretching between Lingayen and Manila. Aboard my Grumman Avenger as a special observer was 2nd Lt. Charles A. Thalman, 40th Infantry Division, U.S.A., of Floral City, Fla.; also my regular air crewmen: turret gunner Eugene E. Glizczinski, aviation machinist's mate 2nd class, of Toledo, Ohio, and radioman Ronald W. Kirkpatrick, aviation radioman 3rd class, of Washougal, Washington.

Our ship, in company with other support carriers like her under the command of Rear Admiral Calvin T. Durgin, USN, had spear-headed a spectacular advance through the heart of the Philippines under the very noses of the Japs and had arrived off Lingayen Gulf several days in advance of the Gargantuan convoys bearing the main invasion forces. We pilots had been bombing and strafing Jap shore installations, small craft, ammunition and fuel dumps, bridges, trucks, gun emplacements, troop concentrations and other targets of opportunity. We had flown through our own and enemy ack-ack, making low glide-bombing and strafing runs, so this particular "observation" hop looked like it would be a pleasure jaunt by contrast. We would simply fly over roads, towns and hills where enemy

activity was suspected and report by radio anything we saw that looked significant. We had no bombs or rockets aboard as this was not to be a "strike" mission. Of course we had our guns loaded with .50 caliber ammunition (not to mention the .30 caliber pea shooter in the bilge which was Kirkpatrick's pride and joy) and if we saw any Japs—well at least we could shoot up a few just to keep in practice.

It was 1445 Philippine time when I taxied onto the catapult of the carrier, revved up the engine to full power, gave the instruments a final check and signalled the catapult officer that I was ready. Almost instantly we were airborne—gliding out over the turbulent sea and climbing gradually. I glanced back at the *Lunga Point*, her diminutive flight deck pitching and tossing. "Thank God I'm off her for a while and up here where it's smooth," I said to myself. But had I known then that twenty days would pass before I could see the good old *Lunga Point*—and many times during those days I thought I would never see her—I would have eaten those words.

We reported on station as per schedule and were ordered to search the roads and mountain areas in the vicinity of Mangatarem, a village about fifteen miles south of the Lingayen beach. Results of this search were negative and were so reported to Commander Support Aircraft who controlled these flights. The Japs were down there all right, but were wisely keeping off the roads and out of sight of our airmen. We were then told to search the main highway south to Tarlac, an important road junction and Jap strong point approximately thirty miles south east of Mangatarem and forty miles ahead of our own front lines. Sighting nothing significant we continued on south of Tarlac and soon sighted three camouflaged tanks, two trucks and an automobile. I promptly reported this to the headquarters ship.

Calling my crew and Lt. Thalman on the intercom, I told them to prepare for a strafing attack. Although our fliers had shot up plenty of Jap trucks, tanks had been as scarce as hen's teeth and I didn't propose to let these remain operational very long. I made a low-level run and squirted them with my .50 caliber wing guns. After passing over them, I pulled the nose up so my turret gunner and radioman could get the target well in their sights. They didn't let the opportunity go by. The Nips ran for cover like a bunch of scared monkeys, which they undoubtedly were. Quite a few of

them didn't make it, but I don't know how many we killed and wounded.

Turning to get into position for a second run, I saw that the tanks, trucks and the automobile were burning merrily. Just to make sure, I made two more runs. After completing the final attack, and knowing that the Japs would never be able to use those vehicles again, I pulled up toward some low foothills that fringed the otherwise flat plain. Here I saw what must have been several thousand Japs scurrying into fox-holes and fortified caves, the latter reinforced and protected by thick concrete. If I had had rockets and a few bombs I could have made mincemeat out of quite a few of those emplacements and their occupants. However, we still had plenty of ammunition for the guns so we went in and strafed the troops and set fire to a building which might have been a regimental headquarters.

By this time the turret gun was out of ammunition; so Gliszinski called and requested that I fly straight and level for a few moments so he could re-load. Accordingly, I levelled off at about 1500 feet. Suddenly I had a vague feeling that something was wrong with my engine. Checking the instruments hastily, I noticed that the oil pressure had dropped to zero. Also, the prop governor was not functioning. We had seen some anti-aircraft shells burst behind us on one of our strafing runs, but I had not noticed any tracers from machine gun fire. However, it was certain that some Nip had put a lucky shot or two into our plane, severing the oil line.

We were in for it, no doubt about that. These engines are rugged and will take a beating, but they won't run long without oil. I called my crew and passenger to stand by for an emergency landing and looked around for a likely place to set the 15,000 pound plane down. There were plenty of relatively flat fields below; so it was simply a case of picking the best one. Lt. Thalman called Commander Support Aircraft and reported the situation, gave our location and stated we were about to make an emergency landing. He received no acknowledgement of the transmission due to the fact that his earphones had become disconnected. Meanwhile, I was concentrating on getting the plane down as intact as possible, heading in a long glide toward the field I had selected. We glided right over a Jap airfield, around the perimeter of which could be seen several single and twin-engine Jap planes nestling in the pro-

tection of revetments. However, we didn't see any personnel or activity on the field itself.

Cautioning the crew and observer to brace themselves, I brought the plane down in a wheels-up landing on a rice field. The rainy season had long since passed and the field was dry, hard and rough. The Avenger skidded along on her oyster-white belly and came to a stop none the worse for her experience except for a bent propellor. As soon as the plane ceased its forward motion I radioed a message to the command ship and received a "Roger." Well, at least somebody knew where we were and what had happened to us. Help would soon be on the way, we thought.

My immediate concern was for the condition of my passengers, particularly for Lt. Thalman who had been riding in the second cockpit without benefit of a safety belt. Much to my relief, all hands reported "Okay." Not one of us had been so much as scratched.

Upon clambering out of the plane we suddenly saw a sight that sent a momentary chill along our spines. Out of some distant weeds and brush came running toward us some twenty or thirty men. Our first thought was that they were Japs who had seen us go down and were bent on capturing us and our plane. We drew our revolvers, took shelter behind the fuselage of the aircraft and resolved to sell our lives as dearly as possible. As the men came closer, however, we saw to our relief that they were Filipinos—mostly boys in their late teens or early twenties. Suddenly we were surrounded and bombarded with cries of "How, ya, Joe!" "Americano!" and other equally heartening ejaculations.

In surprisingly good English, they told us to come with them, that they would take us to the guerilla leader where we would be safe from the Japs. They also indicated that the Sons of Heaven were in the immediate vicinity and that speed was of the essence. I told them that we would be happy to accompany them but that first it was necessary that we burn our maps and other confidential papers, and also destroy the plane. We immediately set about burning the papers. However, the Filipinos told us not to burn the plane as they would take care of that after stripping it of its precious guns and ammunition which were urgently needed by the guerillas. So we started off with the beaming and gesticulating youths, a small number of whom stayed behind to remove the guns and destroy the aircraft. Before we had

gone scarcely a mile, I looked back and saw a great billow of smoke which marked the final resting place of our gallant Avenger.

We were taken to a village or "Barrio," about a mile and a half from where we landed. This would be about twelve miles south of Tarlac, and near the village of Concepcion. The countryside through which we passed was in the heart of an agricultural district cut up into small rectangular fields and farms. There were few dwellings in evidence, but along the way men, women and children would suddenly appear offering us fresh eggs, little cakes of sugar and other edibles. We had so many eggs that we could not carry them all, but we ate all we could raw and took the rest with us. Everywhere we were greeted with "Americano," after which the people would stare at us as though we were strange creatures newly arrived from another planet.

Soon we reached the barrio. Here were grouped several houses of the thatched roof variety and which in America we would call huts. As we walked into the barrio and through the dusty main street, the whole population turned out to welcome us. Their smiles and laughter would suddenly subside into stares. I have never been so stared at in my life and I guess we did our share of staring in return. For we had never seen at first hand the look an oppressed people bestows upon those who bring them promise of freedom after years of torture and misery. There is a look in the eye; an expression of face that tells what words cannot articulate. We four Americans, in our funny flying suits, toting our parachutes, first-aid kits, life jackets and other impedimenta of our kind, were symbols of imminent release from suffering and heartbreak for which these simple folk had prayed to Almighty God.

Since December 1941—three long years and more—these spiritually stalwart people had seen their land over-run, their crops and livestock stolen, their sons and husbands tortured and killed, and their wives and daughters defiled at the point of gun and bayonet by a Godless army of barbarians. The guerillas told me later that Red Cross shipments of medicines and supplies of mercy intended for our American prisoners of war had been confiscated by Japanese authorities, diverted to their own greedy use, or sold to Filipinos at prices which only a handful could possibly pay. For example, a Filipino, ridden with malarial fever, could obtain a single capsule of quinine only by

paying 1,000 Jap pesos—the equivalent of about \$11.00 in American money. They told me also of many unspeakable atrocities inflicted on our prisoners, too horrible to relate here.

In the barrio we were taken to a house and there introduced to the leader of the guerilla forces in the immediate vicinity. He stated that he was in command of the 2nd Battalion of "Hukbelahops," a unit of the Philippine National Army. "Hukbelahops," my host informed me, meant "Fighting the Japs." Later on we were to hear of many of the exploits of this people's army—as exciting and hair-raising a series of adventures as ever were featured in the celluloid palaces of my home town, Front Royal, Virginia. The guerilla leader was young and said that his men were from 15 to 25 years of age, armed for the most part with old-style U.S. Army rifles and .45 caliber automatic pistols. They also had accumulated an assortment of .50 and .30 caliber machine guns and numerous weapons taken from the Japs they had killed. Their ammunition was of various kinds and vintages and there was always need for more. From the tone of the leader's voice and the glint in his eye, I am sure that little ammunition was wasted. A Jap for every bullet was their motto.

The leader informed us that clothing for his men was a real problem as the country was dependent on imports for its cotton and wool—imports which had been non-existent for three years. Many of the guerillas wore shirts and trousers fashioned from burlap bags and not a few wore parts of Jap army uniforms obtained by the simple expedient of killing the former owners. However, it seemed that nothing was too good for the Americano. Several days later, when my flying suit began to give off something of an aroma, one of my benefactors produced a pair of white cotton trousers, a dazzling blue sport shirt and a straw hat which he insisted that I accept. Not to have done so would have constituted an insult of the crudest kind. So I donned the attire and spent the remaining days dodging Japs in an outfit that would have done credit to a country club sport.

Prior to beginning our flights over Philippine territory, our Air Combat Intelligence officer had issued to each airman a packet containing 100 Philippine pesos, worth approximately \$50.00 in American money. This currency was to be used in the event any of us were forced down and presumably would purchase

for us the bare necessities of life until we could make our way to our own forces. We found, however, that this money was valueless to us, since the Filipinos would not accept payment for food or other articles of supplies with which they were so generous. So we passed the money out to them as souvenirs and they received it with great elation. All of them carried invasion money issued by the Japanese military government but this they would throw on the ground and stomp on, crying "Damn Jap Pesos—no good! American pesos—they good!" One of our pesos was the equivalent of about 40 Jap pesos in purchasing power.

The Filipinos gave us American and Japanese cigarettes. A Spaniard who owned a sugar mill and was the leading citizen of one of the barrios because of his affluence, gave us—of all things—a bottle of Golden Wedding whiskey! He had been hoarding this since before the days of the Jap invasion and had reserved it for a very special occasion. Many of the Filipinos offered us native gin, distilled from sugar cane. It tasted like American gin, but packed a much more formidable wallop.

The food we were given was abundant but monotonous. It consisted of boiled rice, meat from the ubiquitous carabao, chicken, eggs, bananas, and fresh tomatoes which were usually on the green side. The carabao meat was tough but quite tasty and all the food was well seasoned. We considered this surprisingly good for a country whose farms had been picked again and again by the Jap vultures. We knew, however, that our food came from carefully hidden supplies and that many were going without so that we could eat.

The health of the people seemed fairly good in spite of the acute shortage of medicines and medical care. There was much evidence of malaria and of nutritional deficiency diseases. And many of the guerillas had nasty looking leg sores. I noticed one lad in particular who had an unusually ugly sore on his leg. It was open and exuding pus, and extended for six inches across the front of his leg. I told him to go out of the house and he soon returned with no fewer than fifty of his companions similarly afflicted. So we set up a regular hospital ward, applying sulfa powder and bandages from our first-aid kits as long as the supply lasted. To say that our patients were grateful is something of an understatement.

We spent our first night, 11-12 January, as guests of the guerilla leader in a one-room,

thatched-roof house with woven mats for beds. Several guerillas of subordinate rank also shared our room. At bedtime, I removed my Mae West, the bright yellow inflatable life jacket that all carrier pilots and air crewmen wear, my jungle knife and my revolver and holster. The latter I placed several feet from my pallet, whereupon one of the guerillas cautioned me to keep it within arm's reach as I might need it before the night was over. "Japs near—may come," he said.

But the night and the next day were uneventful and Lt. Thalman, Glizczinski, Kirkpatrick and I were given an opportunity to get better acquainted with our new found friends. We discovered, for example, that the guerillas are strictly a military organization spending hours each day in close-order drill and maneuvers. The lads took great pride in their skill with the rifle. One youngster—he couldn't have been more than 15—performed the manual of arms for a solid hour, solely for my edification. Even the toughest Marine sergeant would have admitted that the kid was terrific. He doesn't remember how many Jap soldiers he has killed.

During the early morning we would see Jap planes flying low overhead. Then by mid-morning they would disappear and our own planes would come over. The latter we frantically signalled with the few flares we had salvaged from our plane and with our signal mirror, but to no avail. It gave us a helpless feeling. Just before dusk, the Jap planes would again put in an appearance. Although we had blasted many of them out of the sky and had destroyed many more on the ground, they still managed to get more into the air. We consoled ourselves with the thought that soon our forces would overrun the well hidden Jap fields and capture the planes our pilots couldn't find.

I had been curious to know how the Filipinos felt about the damage inflicted on their homes and villages by our bombers. Many civilians had doubtless been killed and wounded by our air attacks, since the Japs had established fuel and supply dumps and many other kinds of ground installations throughout the island. These could not be destroyed from the air without cost to the Filipinos. Standing in the entrance of our house one night I expressed my curiosity to the guerilla leader. He shrugged. "The Filipinos are very grateful to the Americans. We know that some must die so that

all may be free. It is worth anything to be rid of the Japs."

During the evening of the second full day with the guerillas the leader told us to get ready to move as the battalion was about to head north. He hoped that before many days we could effect contact with the American forces advancing south from the Lingayen area. We were delighted as we had become impatient to get under way. We lived in dread that our commanding officer had already sent official dispatches to our wives and parents, "The Navy Department deeply regrets to inform you that your husband (or son) is missing in action." We must spare our loved ones that grief and anxiety at all costs, and we well knew that every day, every hour hastened that inescapable event.

We started just before dusk. We marched in single file across fields and streams. The guerillas would not let us walk through the streams ourselves but insisted on carrying us on their backs. We avoided the main roads and the areas where the Japs were known to be concentrated. In about six hours we reached a barrio which was an almost exact duplicate of the first. Here we were assigned a thatched hut and a straw mat and were soon sleeping like exhausted children. The next day, the leader told us that we had met up with the 1st Battalion of Hukbelahops and that we would split up, two of us going with each of the battalions. Thus, in case one of the groups ran into trouble, at least two of us Americans would stand a good chance of getting back to our own forces. He also said that it was known that the Japs were combing the countryside for us. The roads were alive with Nip patrols. Accordingly, we split up; Kirkpatrick and I went with the new group (1st Battalion) and Lt. Thalman and Gliszciński remained with the original outfit.

We were introduced to the commander of the 1st Battalion, a Major and a veteran of numerous engagements with the Japs. In the early part of the war he had been captured, subsequently escaping to become an important cog in the vast guerilla organization. Obviously well educated, he was perhaps 25 years old, of slim stature and wore glasses. He was constantly attended by no fewer than six orderlies. He wore civilian clothes with an air of a well trained military man and he had been fighting the Japs since the day they first landed

on the same Lingayen beaches which our forces had so recently secured.

For the next seven nights we travelled from barrio to barrio. One night we halted about midnight to get some much needed rest. I was soon sound asleep. At about 0200 I was awakened by someone shaking my shoulder. "Come quick," said a voice, "Japs!" We were instantly awake. The Major then informed us that one of his sentries had discovered a large Jap patrol moving down a road toward us, not 200 yards away. One platoon of guerillas had crossed a small stream and had stealthily established a defense line between us and the Japs. In front of this line was a fork in the road, one prong leading to our position and the other away from us. If the Japs continued down the road and took our fork, there would be a skirmish. If they took the other fork, they would pass by without discovering us. We waited tensely. In a few minutes a courier appeared out of the night and reported that the Japs had passed by. We breathed considerably easier.

During the day we would hide in a barrio, keeping out of sight as much as possible. Once from our hut we saw a Jap raiding party approaching the barrio bent on stealing food supplies. Quickly we made our way to the opposite side of the village and waited until the Japs had departed. Had we Americans not been with them, the guerillas would have taken care of this raiding party with ease. However, the Major would not risk a skirmish for fear that our security would be endangered.

During our nocturnal travels the Major said that we were headed north. However, we soon discovered that our route was far from a straight one. In fact, after having passed the same sugar mill several times, first on one side of us and then on the other, it dawned on me that we had been travelling in circles. I asked the Major the reason for this and he replied that the Japs had us blocked on the north and he could not risk a skirmish with their patrols until we had been delivered to our forces. Since it was dangerous for us to remain in one spot, it was best that we keep moving, even though we were getting nowhere.

On Saturday, 20 January, we met up with a unit of the Alamo Scouts, a specially picked and trained group of two American officers and ten enlisted men. It was the mission of these intrepid explorers to range far ahead of our advanced lines and report on enemy loca-

tions and activity by means of portable radio gear which they carried. They travelled in a carabao drawn cart loaned to them by Filipinos. They obtained a fresh cart and animal at each barrio through which they passed, sending the previous one back to its owner. The Scouts gave us the heartening news that the following day our patrols would have reached the town of Tarlac, so we proceeded cautiously in that direction. On the next day—Sunday, 21 January—we made contact with the American forces at a barrio four miles south of our expected rendezvous point. Here also we found the 2nd Battalion of guerillas with Lt. Thalman and Glizczinski. They had been following a course parallel to ours.

It was a joyful re-union. The unit with which we had made contact was a large patrol of the 40th Infantry, Lt. Thalman's own outfit. The Army was in the process of setting up

a temporary headquarters in the town and the officials had turned out for a celebration. It was a gay affair with many speeches of welcome. Several of our hosts were graduates of American schools and colleges and spoke perfect English. After the speeches the ladies of the town served food and drinks to all. It reminded me for all the world like a Fourth of July celebration in Front Royal.

Here we took leave of our friends and benefactors. I thanked the Major and many of his men, but I am sure my words did not express the gratitude we all felt. Those fearless warriors in the cause of freedom had saved our lives and those of many other American airmen. And someday, when the medals are passed out, they will have to design a very special one of platinum and diamonds for them. Yes, Guerillas are Good Guys!



Volley ball on forward elevator.





Assistant navigator and quartermasters at work.



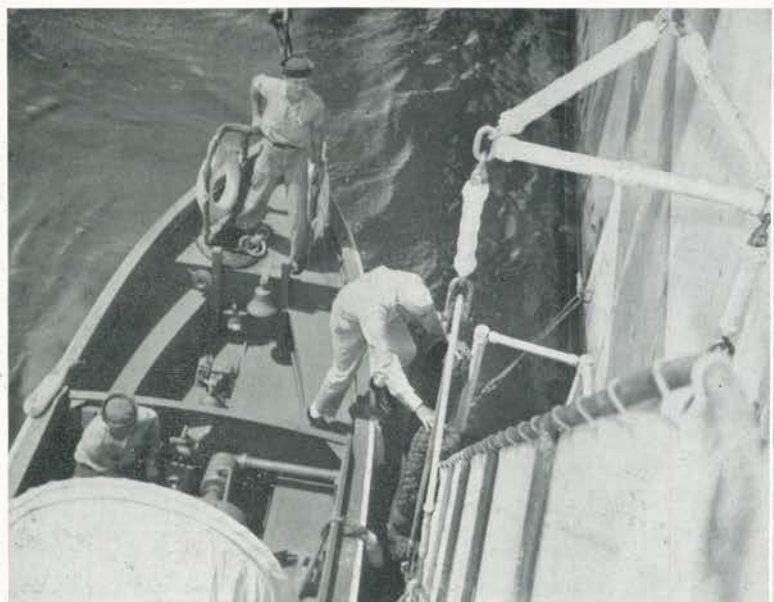
Charting a course.



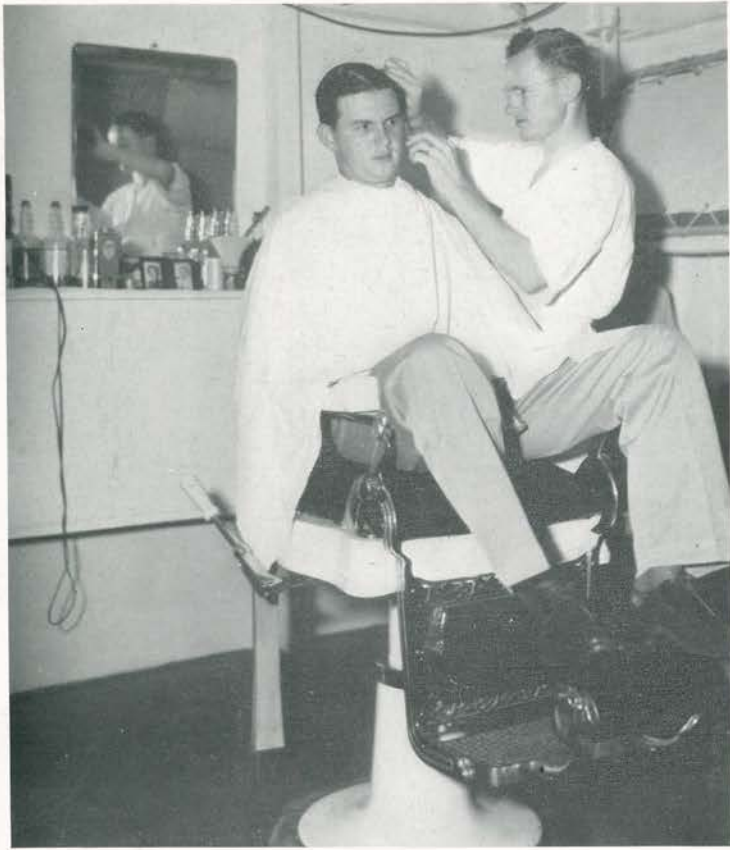
Basketball on hangar deck.



"Painless" Ray at work on a gullible shipmate.



Lunga Point! Lunga Point!



Squadron Commander gets a haircut.



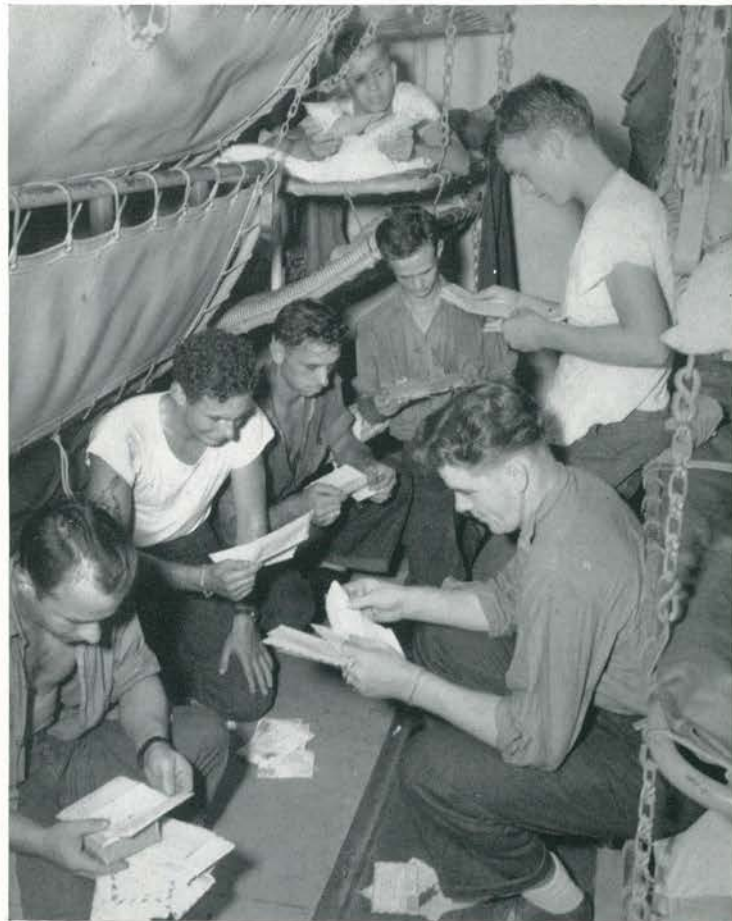
O.O.D., Quartermaster and Boatswain's Mate-of-the-Watch on quarterdeck in port.



Touch football on flight deck.



Getting their "G.I."



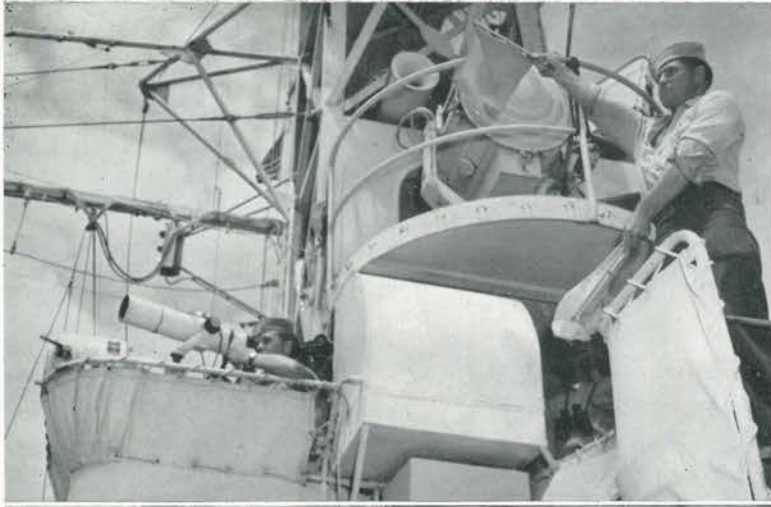
"Mail Call" in 2nd Division compartment.



Ship's cobbler. His name is Schumacher, too.



"Captains-of-the-Head" polishing brass.



Top: "Signals"; below: "Mail Call" in after crew mess.

Top: Every day is "wash day" in the laundry; below: Pay Day.



Coffee, Gin Rummy and cigarettes. Yes, this is the Wardroom (Joe Gilles in background).



Letter writing in C.P.O. quarters.



At work in our machine shop.



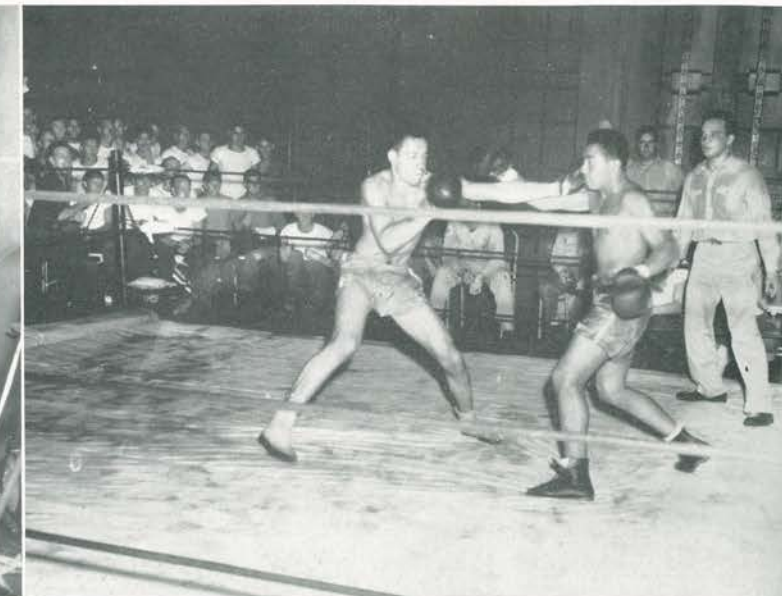
Shipfitters at work in shipfitter's shop.



Carpenter's Mates at work in carpenter shop.



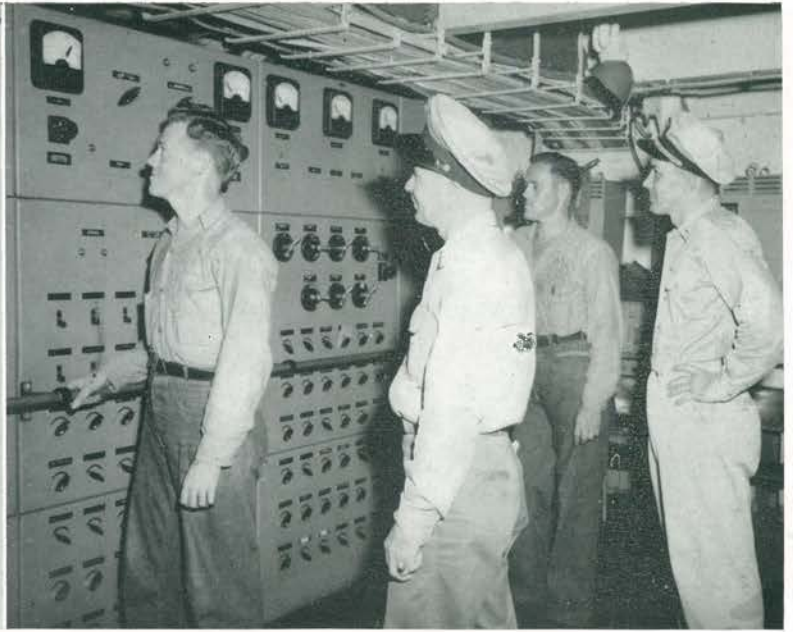
Our tailors at work.



Boxing match—CVE 94 vs. CVE 95.



Wooldrige, S1c, leads singing at Bible study group meeting.



"E" Division Officer, Chief and operators at IC switchboard.



After starboard batteries at anti-aircraft practice.



Dominoes in C.P.O. quarters.



New Chief eats first meal in the C.P.O. mess out of pig trough.



Pork chops again, darn it! Followed by the mid-watch.



There's always time for Gin Rummy in this stateroom.



"Second Division stand by on the fantail to receive destroyer alongside with mail."

PRESS RELEASE

16 April 1945

By Lt. William H. Kearns, USNR

(Aboard a combat support aircraft carrier in the western Pacific.)

15 April 1945 (Delayed).

How it feels to be shot down by anti-aircraft fire behind the Japanese lines on the enemy-held bastion of Okinawa scarcely more than 300 miles from the Jap mainland, to then be chased by Jap soldiers who shot at them with rifles, and to subsequently make good their escape and return to their own aircraft carrier was related today by two of this ship's airmen, Lt. (jg) Robert H. Cron, USNR, of Worcester, Mass., pilot of an Avenger torpedo bomber, and Rual W. Melton, aviation radioman, second class, of Detroit, Michigan.

As one of the formation of carrier-based fighter and bomber planes attacking gun positions and other enemy targets on Okinawa, Lt. (jg) Cron's plane was hit by Jap anti-aircraft fire as he was pulling out of his first dive. He had just launched a salvo of rockets on a group of enemy guns when he saw his engine begin to smoke profusely, apparently due to a severed oil line. His vision obscured by oil which covered the windshield, he leaned out of the cockpit to get a view of the terrain below. He had only 900 feet altitude at the time his engine was hit and he was now losing altitude at an alarming rate. Knowing that he could not remain airborne more than a few minutes, he headed the plane toward a small bay which jutted inland from the coast, intending to make a water landing. But the sea was too far away and it became obvious that he couldn't stretch his glide that far. Turning north, the pilot determined to land as near to the American lines as his waning power would allow. But the friendly lines were still about three miles away and there was now no alternative but to put the plane down in Jap territory.

Skilfully avoiding crashing into a small village, Lt. (jg) Cron made a perfect landing in a level field. The plane skidded along for a short distance, then slewed into a mound of earth and stopped abruptly.

Lt. (jg) Cron released his safety belt and shoulder straps, climbed out of the cockpit and made a quick check on his crew; the turret gunner and Melton. The radioman, reported

"All safe." The plane was now enveloped with smoke and the engine was on fire. The flames licked their way aft along the fuselage. Speed was now of the essence, for in the Avenger's belly were ten live bombs. At any second the mounting heat would detonate them. Lt. (jg) Cron and his crewmen unstrapped the leg straps of their parachute harness and the three airmen ran like rabbits for the safety of a drainage ditch 150 yards away. They had scarcely dived into this shelter when the bombs went off. The torpedo bomber literally disappeared in the cataclysmic blast, which tore a crater in the ground 100 feet in diameter and rained debris on the countryside for hundreds of yards in all directions.

The detonation occurred one minute after the plane came to a stop on the ground. A close call. But they were to have other close calls that day.

Lt. (jg) Cron and his comrades now took stock of the situation. They knew that an unreckoned number of almond-eyed Nips had watched the descent of their crippled plane; many more had doubtless seen and heard the explosion. They prayed that the Japs would believe that the pilot and crew had been destroyed in the blast; otherwise, armed patrols would even now be scouring the vicinity for them. And they knew that the cornered, desperate Japs on Okinawa were taking no prisoners.

Melton fished a battered map from his flying suit. Lt. (jg) Cron pointed to a spot on the eastern side of the southern part of the island, indicating their present position. They were about $3/4$ of a mile from Yonabaru Wan, the bay the pilot had tried to reach before going down. About $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the north were the nearest American lines. Obviously, their best chance lay in making the beach and then pushing north to friendly territory. Between them and this friendly haven, however, lay a sizable unit of the Jap army.

About 100 feet to the north they could see several native huts, evidently the beginning of a small village. So the trio headed east toward the coast, skirting the village. Walking through fields and vegetable gardens, they took advantage of what scant cover was available, realizing that their bright yellow "Mae West" life jackets would be easy to spot from a distance.

After progressing eastward for about 500 yards, the escapers turned north and about

this time American artillery shells began falling nearby. For days now the army had been shelling Nip gun positions which were dug into the sides of many hills and cleverly camouflaged. As the shells began to burst closer and closer, the three airmen frequently flopped on their stomachs to avoid the blasts. Soon the barrage receded behind them and their progress ceased to be thus impeded.

Continuing north, Lt. (jg) Cron and his crewmen saw a camouflaged Jap tank standing at the side of a narrow road. They ducked behind some brush and watched it for a few moments. No crew was in evidence, but not wishing to take a chance the trio turned east again. Some distance ahead they could make out the beach, but between them and it were several houses with thatched roofs. Finding a cleared area between two small villages, the three half walked, half ran through this field and came to a stone and concrete sea wall which skirted the beach. They scrambled over the wall, then headed north-east following the curve of Yonabaru Wan. American artillery shells began falling closer now, the gunner's point of aim being the small villages the airmen had just avoided. They could hear the whine of the big shells passing close above them, then the earth shaking "carr—um—ph" as the shells burst. Hearing the whine, the airmen would flatten themselves against the sea wall, then scramble ahead until the next close one came over. Soon the firing ceased and the trio continued north-east at a fast walk.

Suddenly the turret gunner, who had been looking behind every few moments, gave a warning cry. Glancing backward, the other two saw a terrifying sight. Two Jap soldiers, about 100 yards behind, were running toward them. Their rifles with naked bayonets gleamed in the sunlight. The three Americans broke into a run, their .38 caliber revolvers being no match for the Jap rifles. As they started to run the Japs gave a yell and commenced firing at the fleeing aviators. Bullets whined close but luckily none found its mark. Sighting a break in the sea wall ahead, Lt. (jg) Cron made for it and scrambled through to the land side, followed by the other two. For a few seconds, at least, the Japs could not fire on them until they, too, crossed the wall. If the Americans thought they could find better cover on the other side, however, they were disappointed. Soon the Japs came in sight again and again began firing. Lt. (jg) Cron

knew that it would be only a matter of time before a Jap bullet, or several bullets, found their marks. If they could only get into the sea and swim out far enough to be out of range of the Jap rifles, they might be safe, temporarily at least. It looked like their only chance, so Lt. (jg) Cron motioned his companions to go over the wall again. Once on the other side, Lt. (jg) Cron dashed to the water's edge and into the shallow water. Glancing around he saw that only the radioman, Melton, was with him. The turret gunner apparently winged by a Nip bullet, had failed to get over the wall. Either that, or he had elected to turn landward in the hope of finding cover and escaping his relentless pursuers. But there was no opportunity for the other two to go back to look for the gunner. The Japs were standing on the sea wall and firing. Bullets pinked the water on all sides of the two exhausted fliers, sending up little bursts of spray. The water was just above their knees, and the two survivors plunged into the gentle surf, rolled over on their backs and pushed themselves along with their feet. Miraculously, they were not hit by the Japs' fire, and now with only their heads showing they made progressively poor targets as they slowly inched their way out of range. The Japs made no effort to pursue them into the water but stood on the sea wall watching, like vultures waiting for their prey to fall before swooping in for the kill.

Now 200 yards offshore and just out of range of the Jap's rifles, the pair found a coral ledge which allowed them to stand and rest, the water up to their arm pits. Regaining their breath and some semblance of strength, they made their way slowly along the ledge in a northerly direction. But it is tiring business trying to walk in water of that depth and Lt. (jg) Cron decided to move landward toward shallower water where they could make better time. The Japs, meanwhile, had been following their course from the beach; as the pair moved in closer, the soldiers let out a whoop and began firing again. The fugitives were forced to swim to deeper water as the bullets began splashing close. Again they found a coral ledge where they could stand. Farther out, the waves were breaking over a coral reef which jutted above the surface of the sea at low tide.

During these breathless minutes, the fliers had seen friendly carrier planes winging overhead and when one would come in close, they

put out some dye marker from the small packages attached to their Mae Wests. But none saw the signal and as time went on the airmen became discouraged and cursed their fellow fliers at the tops of their lungs.

Melton began to develop cramps in his legs. The water was cold and the leg muscles, tired by the strenuous exertions of the past few minutes, began to knot. Also, Melton's life jacket only partially inflated and was not sufficiently buoyant to support his full weight. Lt. (jg) Cron gave Melton his life jacket, and thus supported, he was able to take much of the strain off his legs.

At this point it was about 1015 hours (10:15 AM). Friendly planes were frequently sighted, but none saw the marooned men. Finally came the break for which they had been waiting. An artillery observation plane, flying low and slow, came close and the pilot saw the bright yellow Mae Wests and the frantically gesticulating fliers. He swooped low over their heads, circled several times and waved. Then he tossed overboard an inflated rubber raft, which, unfortunately hit the water between the stranded men and the shore; too close to the beach to permit its recovery without bringing the retriever within range of the Jap rifles. Making another low pass, the pilot of the plane cut his engine completely, shouted something

unintelligible to the men below, then gunned his engine and sped away.

"He'll send help," the airmen agreed. Sure enough, in about ten minutes a carrier-based torpedo bomber approached and began circling their position. Fifteen minutes later, two fighter planes relieved the Avenger and maintained a close vigil. No longer were the men in the water afraid of being pursued by Japs from the beach, for the fighter planes could easily hold off any such threat with their powerful wing guns.

At 1300 hours (1:00 PM) two seaplanes approached, made perfect landings on the calm sea and taxied up to the wet, tired men. Lt. (jg) Cron clambered aboard one, and Melton the other. Then the planes took off and a few minutes later the survivors were taken aboard a seaplane tender.

One week later, on 15 April, the two airmen were returned to their carrier and were welcomed aboard by the Commanding Officer, Captain G. A. T. Washburn, U. S. Navy, of Seattle, Washington.

"We're glad to have you two back aboard," said Captain Washburn.

"We're glad to be back, Sir," replied Lt. (jg) Cron.

And he wasn't kidding.



Touch football on flight deck.



"Ski."



Now, we know where all the oranges go—to the C.P.O. mess.



Squadron personnel relaxing under TBM.



Orchestra rehearsal.



Frying eggs is a side line. Barbecuing a pig is his specialty.



In the V-2 enlisted men's compartment after a hard day.



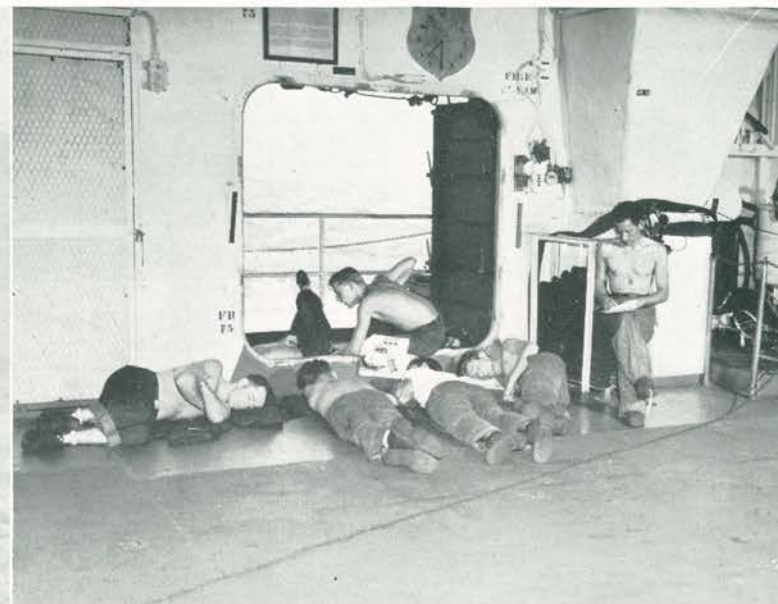
Gunner's Mates at work in Ship's armory.



Poker (no money on table) in the C.P.O. quarters, when there are no "Bogies" around.



Captain's "household."



A V-2 noon-hour pastime. Some answering "sugar reports," some reading, and some just "doping off."



Our "baby" at AA practice.



A little relaxation when day is done, and there are no Japs around.



“CHANG”

He was just a six weeks old Boot when he reported aboard for duty on 14 May 1944, but he rapidly advanced himself in rate to the point that he was rated Kg 3c before we got underway from Astoria on 5 June 1944. In spite of the fact that he was one fourth German Police and three fourths Chow, he carried himself with the pride and dignity that would do justice to the snootiest canine in the American Kennel Club registry.

Chang was a sailor from the start. He rapidly mastered the technique of climbing the many ladders around the ship; was the first one to get to the flight deck when General Quarters was sounded, and the first at the head of the chow line when chow was piped down. Furthermore, the roll of the ship never bothered Chang, even on that long Shakedown Cruise.

When in port, Chang never left the vicinity of the after gangway, which was his Sentry Post; that is, he didn't at first. Finally, as he grew rapidly, and the "call of the wild" beckoned to him, he jumped ship at North Island one day in August 1944, but when we returned from a ten day cruise, Chang was waiting for us

at the dock from which we had departed. He went to Captain's Mast, and was given ten days in the brig on "cake and wine," and the punishment, at first, seemed to have the proper effect.

However, about two weeks before we departed on our business trip, he jumped ship again at North Island. Undoubtedly, he had a girl friend near there, because he hid himself so well that the results of six different searching parties from the ship, looking high and low around Dago, Coronado, and North Island, were to no avail. It was, therefore, with a genuine feeling of sorrow throughout the ship that we had to give up the search for our first mascot, Chang, a Plank Owner, and a Shellback. Chang had gone completely A.W.O.L.

We have a feeling, however, that Chang regrets his action, now, because a number of the crew have received letters with the information that Chang is still at North Island, waiting for the *Lunga Point* to return. When he does return, he will get more cake and wine, but we will all welcome him back, because he is still our Mascot.



“SCOTTY”

Having given up our search for Chang, and knowing that it is very bad luck to go to sea without a dog for a mascot, we set about to get another “Ship’s Dog.” We visited the dog pounds in Dago, Coronado, and National City, as well as the S.P.C.A. kennels in those places, but could not find a dog suitable for the *Lunga Point*.

Finally, a Sergeant of the Coronado Police, whom we had enlisted in our futile search for Chang, felt so sorry for us that he gave us his own dog, a pedigreed Scotty, whom we accepted so readily that we even forgot to ask his name. What we wanted was a dog, and we wanted him “now,” because we were getting underway that afternoon on our business trip.

Just thirty minutes before we got underway, “Scotty” reported aboard for duty, promptly “making love” to one of Bos’n Luck’s beautifully decorated posts on the Quarter Deck, and eyeing his new surroundings with doubtful misgivings. Such a sudden change of surroundings in the life of a gentleman dog!

Scotty was not the sailor that Chang was, because, for the first two weeks, he could not take food or water. How he lived we do not know. He was without doubt the most unhappy looking creature we have ever seen on four legs. He simply could not comprehend all the strange noises on the ship, nor could he understand or appreciate the constant roll of

the *Lunga Point*. He soon acquired the nickname “Sad-Sack,” because it fitted him perfectly. Every time he saw the officer who brought him aboard, he would look at him as if to say, “There’s that man that did that thing to me.”

Gradually, however, he became accustomed to his new life and began to eat and drink occasionally. The most successful person in making him eat was Chief Hamilton; so Scotty joined the C.P.O. Mess, where he knew he would get the best chow on board, and Chief Hamilton, thereafter, became his master. Scotty immediately perked up, and has seemed fairly content ever since. As a matter of fact, he has only left the ship twice since 16 October

Scotty is making us a good mascot, though. Up to this writing, however, he has never learned to climb the ladders about the ship. He just waits at the ladder for someone to take him up or down, because his short legs weren’t built for our ladders. He has a “G.Q. Station” somewhere, but no one knows where. Every time that gong rings Scotty disappears and is not seen until well after we have secured from General Quarters. While he seems reasonably happy, we do feel that he spends a good part of his time dreaming of the cool shade under the trees beside the Police Station in Coronado, California.



“PORTHOLE”

No one seems to know too much about “Porthole,” the Captain’s cat. About all we do know is that Mrs. Washburn brought her aboard the day we sailed from the States on this cruise. Knowing that the Captain must keep pretty well to himself aboard ship, even having to dine alone while at sea, Mrs. Washburn undoubtedly felt that he would be very lonely at times; so she decided to get him a pet for company.

Porthole was just a tiny kitten when she first reported aboard, but she has grown on through the Debutante stage, and is now a dignified and sedate Spinster. She is the only one, besides the Captain, that has complete freedom in the Captain’s cabin, and our opinion is that she just about rules the roost in there. We do know that she occupies the Captain’s comfortable upholstered leather chair as if it were brought aboard solely for her use. We dare say, too, that, while underway, she coils up

and sleeps on the Captain’s comfortable Beautyrest Mattress, while he tries to get in his “cat nap” in his Sea Cabin up in the island structure.

While Porthole is the Captain’s pet, she has meant much to the entire Ship’s Company in that she has added an atmosphere of home to the ship, and all hands enjoy seeing Scotty and Porthole romping up and down the Captain’s passageway, with Scotty usually running from those vicious slaps that Porthole gives him.

Then, too, for those on watch topside during the mid-watch, Porthole has put on many a show as she chases a piece of paper or cotton up and down the flight deck during the wee small hours of the morning, and otherwise cavorts to her heart’s delight while Scotty snores away down in the C.P.O. quarters.

All things considered, Porthole has been a good shipmate to us all, as well as to the Captain.



“EIGHT BELLS”

(and all is well)

Lyrics by Lt. Jack H. Garrett, U. S. Navy,
(Chief Engineer, U.S.S. *Lunga Point*), and
Edwin J. Hill. Music by Don George and
Johnny Noble.

*We listen to the bells that ring at reveille
As they announce the time of day;
We symbolize the sound into a melody,
And this is what they seem to say.*

*“Eight Bells” and all is well
With our Navy personnel.
“Eight Bells” there’s no pretense,
We’re the first line of defense.
“Eight Bells” for freedom ring
To our memories will cling,
While our ships patrol the seas
To protect our liberties,
“Eight Bells” and all is well.*

*When time arrives to fight
We will fight with all our might
To keep our sea lanes clear
And defend this hemisphere.
“Eight Bells” and all is well
For our ships and personnel,
To command our liberties
And the freedom of the seas,
“Eight Bells” and all is well.*

Copyright, 1942,
Miller Music Corporation,
New York, N. Y.

SHIPMATE OF MINE

*I can still see you there,
Bombs bursting in air.
You were fighting with one thought in view,
To keep Old Glory flying,
And there’s no denying,
You gave all for the Red, White and Blue.*

*“Shipmate Of Mine,”
You have sailed beyond the seas;
“Shipmate Of Mine,”
You are in my memories.
We sailed the seas together,
With pride in Navy Blue.
There’ll never be another,
Never a Pal like you.
“Shipmate Of Mine”
You did not fight in vain,
Because you were fighting
For democracy to reign.
How you loved the Navy, too,
I’ll always bear in mind,
And carry on for you,
“Shipmate Of Mine.”*

The above poem is dedicated to the American Blue Jacket, and was written by Lt. J. H. Garrett, USN, Chief Engineer of the U.S.S. *Lunga Point*, as a memorial to Chief Boatswain Edwin J. Hill, USN, who was killed in action at the Battle of Pearl Harbor, 7 December 1941, and was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his heroic action, when, having been blown overboard by the explosion of a Jap bomb, he swam back to his battleship and personally supervised unmooring his ship, thereby saving her from a disastrous fate, but losing his own life.



Lunga Point from air at sunset.

Dear Folks:

Oh—hum! Egad!
Reveille so soon?
I'll be glad when I am Home again;
I'll sleep clear through to noon.

This 0330 reveille
Was not designed for me;
If I'd only known it soon enough
I'd never put to sea.

Four o'clock, Flight Quarters;
All stations must be manned;
Planes fueled, armed and chocked.
Boy, this Navy life is grand.

Four-thirty comes and brings G.Q.
Such a rush you'll never see;
As sailors manning Battle Stations
In enemy sections of the sea.

Five-thirty finally rolls around;
The sun begins to climb.
Two hours now have I been up;
Two hours of should be slumber time.

Six-thirty—Mess Gear;
Seven o'clock, we eat.
It seems the day must soon be o'er;
So I can go back to sleep.

Eight o'clock, sweep down,
The day has just begun;
The second flight's about to leave,
And things begin to hum.

Degassing crews and gassing crews
Are busy at their tasks;
Aviation ordnancemen
Are always running past.

Bombs and rockets fit in place
With a precision how-do-you-do;
All hands run the obstacle course
Set up by the handling crew.

Eleven o'clock, Mess Gear!
How can we ever win?
I know right after chow,
We'll do it all over again.

When evening finally rolls around
All hands will darken ship;
Then it will be too dark to fly,
And I can take that slumber trip.

Just at the final re-spot,
You feel about to relax,
When you hear that familiar "Clang-clang!"
Here come those !!!XXX**!! Japs!

I'll never make a Navy man,
The above I do repeat;
The Navy's not within my line;
I like too well to sleep.

Lotsa love,
Your son,
W. F. SINEX, SIC,
V-2 Division.



Top: 40 MM battery at AA practice; below: 20 MM gun crew doing the same thing.

When Lt. Palmer, occupying the 15th chair in the wardroom and holding napkin ring No. 15 was recently assigned napkin ring No. 25 and Ensign Liddell assigned No. 15, with Palmer still retaining chair No. 15, there were some few who did not quite understand the new system employed by the Wardroom Mess Treasurer. Lt. Cdr. Hagstrom, with his keen, analytical mind, got out his slide rule and logarithm book and went to work. Quoted below is his very simple explanation as taken from the Wardroom Bulletin Board:

NOTICE

Explanation of the Napkin Ring Assignments:

Some confusion has resulted from the recent revision of napkin ring assignments. To clear this up and iron out any misunderstandings, the present system is outlined below:

1. First of all, napkin ring numbers are assigned by rank, the highest ranking officer holding No. 1 and so on. Thus, if you are the 25th ranking officer aboard, your number should be 25.

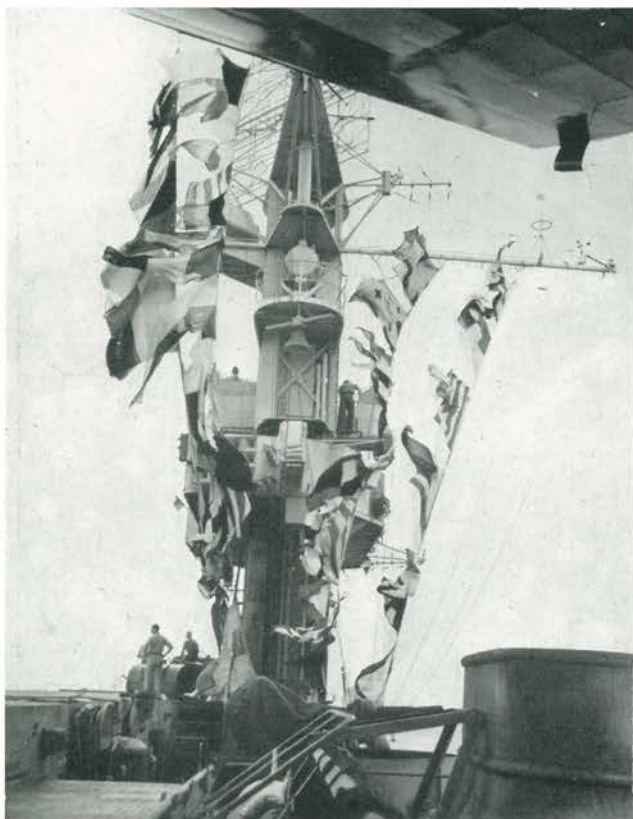
2. However, due to the fact that several officers have designed their own rings and their rings, therefore, re-assigned, this is not entirely true. To overcome this difficulty, Nos. 11, 33, and 76 are assigned alphabetically. That is, if you are a lieutenant and your name is Throckmorton and your date of rank is 17 September 1942, you would ordinarily have napkin ring No. 18 under the rank system, but

if you sat in the chair facing the galley at the inboard forward table, you could possibly hold either No. 11, No. 33, or No. 76. Again, if your ring were none of these three numbers, it may be the result of an adjustment made on 12 November 1944, when all rings were exchanged by each officer with the man on his right. This was to make room for ring No. 7-A as courtesy to a visiting Lt. Colonel, who was a passenger for several days. Unfortunately, when No. 7-A was removed and the shift made to the left, the seating arrangement was not identical with that on the day No. 7-A was inserted.

3. To clear up the napkin ring unpleasantness resulting from the foregoing, and to permit officers to exercise a reasonable choice in the selection of numbers, the rings will be re-numbered as desired, and, where duplications result, as in a heavy preference for No. 7 and No. 11 as against No. 2, No. 3 and No. 12, individual ownership may be determined by examining the napkin itself. By placing your finger in an egg and gently pressing your print on a corner near the hem, that will serve to identify the napkin.

4. Odd numbered rings will be collected for re-numbering on even days for the first half of the alphabet for all officers of the rank of lieutenant (jg) and above, while the last half of the alphabet will be re-numbered for even rings on odd days for all officers below the rank of lieutenant (jg), excluding warrants. Both odd and even rings for warrants will be re-numbered if received by 1600.

5. Suggestions and criticisms are welcomed.



Airing our bunting.



Pharmacist Mates at work in Sick Bay.

U.S.S. *LUNGA POINT* (CVE 94)

Restricted

PLAN OF THE DAY FOR THURSDAY, 21 SEPTEMBER 1944. (SAN DIEGO)

PORT ROUTINE.

- 0600 Reveille.
- 0635 Sunrise.
- 0645 All officers and men attending gunnery school muster on quarter deck.
- 0700 All officers and men attending Fire Fighter's School muster on the quarter deck.
- 0730 Liberty expires on board.
- 0855 Quarters for muster, uniform—dress blues—officers blue service.
- 0915 Captain's inspection of crew followed by inspection of living spaces and food preparation and serving spaces.
- 1300 Working material inspection of ship by Commanding Officer.
- 1500 All divisions draw cleaning gear.
- 1530 Liberty for Port watch to expire 0730 Friday, on board.
- 1849 Sunset.

E. R. EASTWOLD,
Commander, U. S. Navy,
Executive Officer.



The *Lunga Point* version of "Loew's State."

U.S.S. *LUNGA POINT* (CVE 94)

Restricted

PLAN OF THE DAY FOR MONDAY, 19 FEBRUARY 1945. (D-DAY IWO JIMA)

0445 Reveille for Air Department.
0500 Breakfast for Air Department.
0530 Flight quarters.
0545 Reveille.
0610 General quarters.
0630 Commence flight operations.
0710 Sunrise, zone -10.
0715 Breakfast.
0800 Turn to. Muster on stations. Submit reports to the Executive Officer's office.
1834 Sunset, zone -10.

NOTES: 1. All marks for the completion of training courses must be turned in to the educational officer before 1 March 1945.

2. Be prepared to fuel destroyer along side at 0700, and again at 0815.

3. The Japs should be recovering from the fast carrier strike, so don't relax—they'll probably start planes down from the Empire soon.

E. R. EASTWOLD,
Commander, U. S. Navy,
Executive Officer.



Our own "U.S.O."



Sick Bay.

U.S.S. LUNGA POINT (CVE 94)

Restricted

PLAN OF THE DAY FOR WEDNESDAY, 14 MARCH 1945. (ULITHI)

0630 Reveille.

0648 Sunrise, zone -10.

0700 Breakfast.

0800 Muster on stations, submit reports to the Executive Officer's office. Muster liberty party on quarterdeck; use both whale boats to load LCI. Makin Island may send an LCVP to help.

1851 Sunset, zone -10.

NOTES: 1. Division officers will submit liberty lists for tomorrow, from the Port Watch, to the Executive Officer's office prior to 1400 today.

2. Personnel who recently made changes in their insurance will sign the forms in the Executive Officer's office today without fail.

3. 0600—Boat from Makin Island will stop by enroute to Prairie in Southern anchorage.

4. 0800—Boat from Makin Island for mail, movies, guard mail and business.

5. Permission is granted to write of the ports we have been in prior to our participation in the Luzon campaign. Nothing can be said of where we are now. Souvenirs typical of those places may be mailed also.

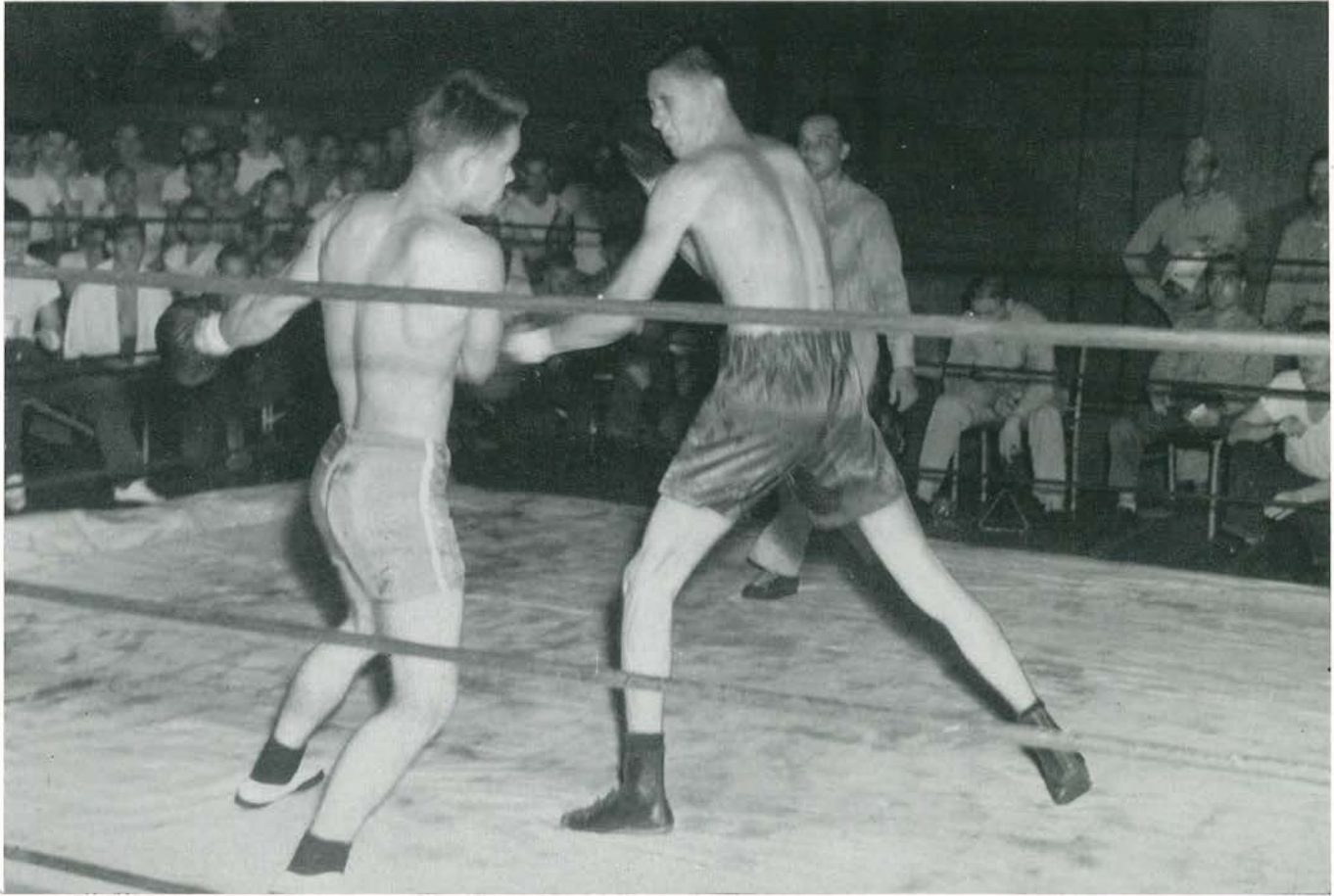
E. R. EASTWOLD,
Commander, U. S. Navy,
Executive Officer.



Super salesmanship at ship's store.



Top: Singing hymns at Bible study group meeting; below: Ship's choir.



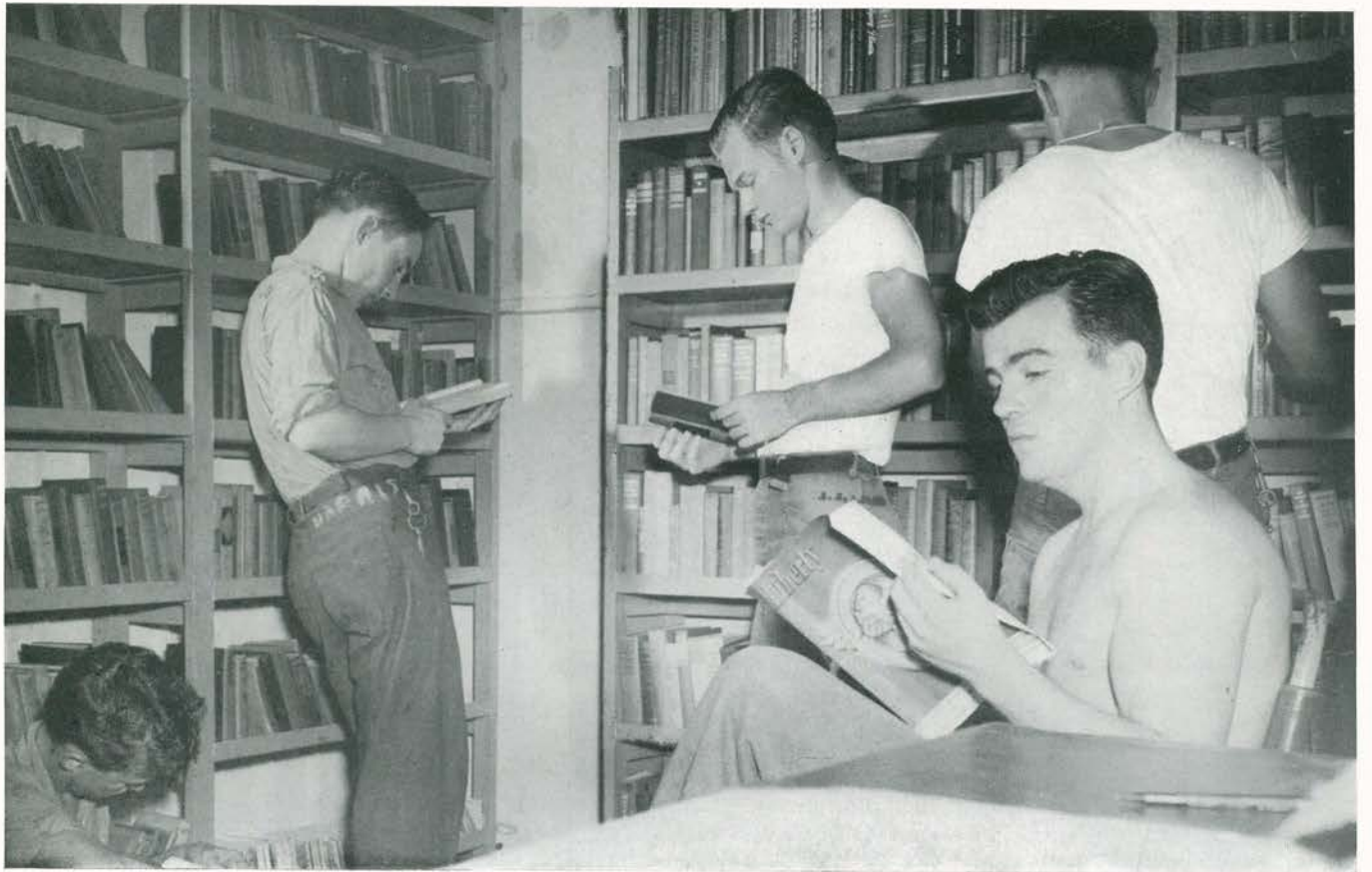
"Mixing it up."



Ship's orchestra.



Lunga Pointer Staff.



Our Library is a popular place.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NEWS RELEASE
SUPPORT CARRIERS PASS BATTLE
TEST

LUZON (Undated)—America's newest offensive weapon in the Pacific has passed its final test. The weapon is the commonplace, comparatively cheap, quickly built little escort or support carrier.

There is a whole fleet of them in combat—not just convoying—in the Pacific under Rear Admiral Calvin T. Durgin of Palmyra, N. J. Never designed for anything but convoying ships and ferrying planes, the CVE's have come of age. They plunged hotly and successfully into the Luzon assault after having fought off vicious Japanese air attacks on our huge convoys en route.

Although they are slower and much more vulnerable than big Essex class carriers, almost all of them were able to continue on the job, protecting our ships and striking hard at the enemy in the air and ashore. Most of their 4,478 sorties in the twelve-day action were convoy protection. Yet, despite the big task of covering hundreds of ships, their planes also destroyed fourteen ammunition dumps and damaged one, destroyed thirty-one fuel dumps, destroyed one supply dump and damaged five, destroyed 107 buildings and damaged seventy-one, destroyed 237 military trucks and damaged ninety-eight, destroyed or damaged twelve tanks, destroyed six bridges and damaged eight, destroyed seven armored cars and a half dozen railroad cars, destroyed pillboxes and strafed and bombed enemy troop concentrations and artillery positions.

In Lingayen Gulf, where the Americans landed on Luzon, the support carriers sank eighty small craft and probably thirty-one others, and damaged fifty-five. In the air and aground more than 100 Japanese planes were

destroyed. The carriers' plane losses have been only eighteen.

Many carriers are still busy ferrying and convoying. Yet an increasing number—several groups to date—are being used for combat under Admiral Durgin, who commands all combatant CVE activities in the Pacific. Thus the big class carrier force in the Third and Fifth fleet now has a counterpart in the new support carrier.

Like big carriers, the support carriers can operate separately or united in one big striking force. They proved their seaworthiness in the Atlantic and in the stormy South China Sea, where iron sides buckled and boomed under the impact of forty-foot waves. Flight decks roll and pitch, but surprisingly few landing accidents occur. Several ships have come through typhoons, although sometimes even ordinary storms inflict minor damage.

One of the Baby Flat Tops principal values is to permit a dispersing of forces so that no one attack can wipe out all. If one bomb strikes an Essex class flight deck, scores of planes are rendered immovable until the damage is repaired. If the same bomb hits a support carrier less than half as many planes are made idle. Also, as the admiral pointed out, two support carriers can launch planes twice as quickly as one big flight deck in emergencies. Planes have to take off one at a time no matter how big the deck.

The admiral and his staff are under no illusions about the support force, however. They realize the vulnerability inherent in every small ship. Although caution took a back seat for the Luzon assault, the admiral acknowledges that caution must always be a greater factor in planning a CVE strike than in using big carriers.

“DOUG MACARTHUR’S NAVY”

*Oh, we’re the boys on the CVE’s
A little bit shaky in the knees,
Our engines knock and cough and wheeze
In Doug MacArthur’s Navy.*

*We operate where it’s hot as hell
Move in close to ring the bell,
Prime targets for a Zeke or Nell
In Doug MacArthur’s Navy.*

*While Jeeps are not dependable
Their actions are commendable,
But gosh, they are expendable
In Doug MacArthur’s Navy.*

*They sent us out to the Philippines
Shuffled supplies behind the scenes,
And all that was left for us was beans
In Doug MacArthur’s Navy.*

*To make the Leyte show complete
They let us tackle the whole Jap fleet,
While the Big Shots sat in a Grandstand seat
In Doug MacArthur’s Navy.*

*Next they sent us to the inland seas
Screened by cruisers and old BB’s*

*Giving cover by CAP’s
In Doug MacArthur’s Navy.*

*For the biggest show of the whole campaign
We entered the Sulu Sea again,
And the Jap attacks were thick as rain
In Doug MacArthur’s Navy.*

*We survived the trip intact (Almost)
Near Lingayen took up our post,
Our fannies exposed to the China coast
In Doug MacArthur’s Navy.*

*Said Halsey to his big CV’s
This time we’ll trap the Japanese,
We’ll bait the trap with CVE’s
In Doug MacArthur’s Navy.*

*Oh, we’ll bait the trap with CVE’s
Those ships that look like a lot of cheese,
And all that we could say was “jeez”
In Doug MacArthur’s Navy.*

*When the war is over I’ll tell it true
We took whatever the enemy threw,
Weathered it . . . MacArthur too
In Doug MacArthur’s Navy.*

ANON.



The “Lunga Point Four.”

Dear Mama and Papa:

I theenk thees Navy she a funny wan. You know they alatime say we go home next week or maybe thee week after that, but do we go? No we do not go. Now thees here ees what shes call scuttlebutt. And the drinking fountain shes also thee scuttlebutt. Wheech you want ess whether you weesh to drink or listen.

Now when you weesh to go to thee front porch eets not thee front porch, eets the fore-castle, but they call heem folk-sil. Now Im ask you ees thees right? Anyhow you can't go anyway as thees ees wat you call Officair's country, wheech means shes for thee Officairs only. Likewise thee back porch shes call a fan tail, but shes don look like a fan or a tail. Thees ess for thee crew only, but thees don stop those Officairs.

Now thees canteen usually ees something wheech ees drink out of, but here eet ees thee store where everybody wait in line, except the Officairs.

When they say quarters, they don mean twenty-five cents, they mean everybody rush lak h— so you can stand longer. Thees ees wan time when they are to be dressed up

except I theenk the Officairs. I theenk I be wan of those Officairs!

I geeve you some words and see do you make some sense from them. Thee wall shes a bulk-head and thee floor ees a deck. Thee ceiling Im told ees an overhead and a mop ees a swab. Also a man wheech nobody like ees a swab too. They have a jail, but shes a brig. You don go to the front or to thee rear. Eet is either forward or aft. Likewise thee left side ees not thee left side, eet ees port. I always before theenk thees ees wine. Thee right side ees star board. Im so ball up by now Im don know eef I perspire or sweat.

Im theenking Im going to bed—no I cant do thees. Ive got no bed. Eet is thee sack Ive got. Eef I stay een heem too long I am thee hound. But thees ees not thee same kind of dog wheech holds thee door.

O wat ever I do to geet so twist up? Im don know wheech way Im turn.

Hello—Im mean goodbye.

Your son,

N. J. SOUTHERN, CM3c,
"R" Division.



"Chow down."

STRICTLY BUSINESS

BY PERRY BEATON, SIC,

"S" DIVISION

*The office is agog these days,
With "G.Q." all the time,
And that's the reason why our work
Is always far behind.
Why the hell is "G.Q."?—and why the hell
Are we?
I'll never be anyone else,
Guess I'll have to be me.
Mr. Moore and all the storekeepers
In our bunch,
By the time we eat our dinner,
It is almost time for lunch.
Running here and running there
When they sound the General Alarm,
And Bozzone sleeping by his gun
To be sure he'll come to no harm.
It just ain't right for a normal man,
To be living like we do,
I'd like to go and tell those Japs
A hundred things or two.
So take my word, when the war is won
And things are going right,
When "G.Q." is forgotten
And you sleep all day and night
Without a care or worry
And fear is out of sight
When things are back to normal
We'll really be all right.
But until that day does come,
Guess I'll have to fight.
Nine months in the Pacific
Is quite enough for me
Give us wine, women and WOMEN
And the love of liberty.*

MAIN ENGINE CONTROL

BY SELF, S. L., MM2C,

"M" DIVISION

*Now MARSHALL'S watch, Machinist First,
is full of vim and vigor,
Especially when H. BARTON'S oilin', he works
just like a nigger.
And BARRY writes the log up in a style you've
never seen,
While CECIL REED, he condensates, and keeps his
station clean.
These boys are all 4.0 with us; just a little bit slap
happy,*

*But doing their jobs in a great big way, giving the
Japs a scrappy.*

*Now JOE KENDECHY has a watch that he keeps
on the beam,
With BURTON pumping condensate, he never loses
steam.
MENDOZA does the oiling and PAULTON
writes the log;
So when they work together, they sure put on the dog.
They're vital to our engine room and Joe's the Senior
P. O.;
So, with his careful guidance, the plant is sure to go.*

*ROBERTSON'S known to all as ROBIE, and he's
the hardest worker;
He is always alert and on his watch, for he is not a
shirker,
'Cause NILS RASMUSSEN oils and oils 'til all
machinery purrs,
With BURKE'S and LAKE'S assistance, the watch
just fairly whirrs.
LAKE is known as SPEEDY BOY: he really takes
the cake,
And J. A. BURKE, the MUSCLE MAN, is al-
ways wide awake.
They make a rare combination that is vital to our
Ship,
And with these four at the engine, through the water
we do slip.
Then there's SELF in charge of turn to, with
FLANSBURG right hand man;
They change the filters, renovator and do what else
they can.
When something breaks, they get a call, in day or late
at night;
So give these boys some credit, too; they're helping in
this fight.*

*HARRIS is another boy down here in this BLACK
GANG.
He hails from good ol' Texas and he runs things with
a bang.
Then there's our PETER CLASSEN who's a pretty
savvy Joe;
There's very little to this plant that PETER doesn't
know.
We have FERGUSON from Missouri, who longs for
home and farm,
But he knows we have a job to do, to guard our land
from harm.
Then there's FRANK EDWARD CHOJNACKI
from out Chicago way,*

*Who dreams of home and beautiful girls with whom
he'd like to play,
But he turns to with the rest of us when Japs are on
the screen;
He fights his very heart out, so his conscience is always
clean.*

*We have guys in this Division from every walk of life;
Boys from Maine to good ol' Texas, who are helping
in the strife;
Some from the hills of ol' Missouri; some are College
Exes, too;
So it's quite a combination fighting for the Red, White,
and Blue.*



Photo gang.

From the "LUNGA POINTER":

Lyon, Cox, 1st Division, walking into the Recruiting Station in Raleigh and saying, "Gimme that ol' sales talk again, I'm gettin' discouraged."

Cochran, BM2c, MAA Force—"How about a transfer to the States? I have combat fatigue, Sir."

Officer—"What gave you that??"

Cochran—"The Foist Looeytenant."

One of our Steward's Mates, Cox, StM1c, became very sea sick after leaving a port in which we had been for a few days. One of his buddies was kidding him by saying, "You is just a landlubber." "Dey is no argument dere," replied Cox. "Ah's jist finding out how much Ah lubs it."

Toward the end of one of the basketball games between VC-85 pilots and aircrewmen, the play became rougher than usual. Finally, the referee, an enlisted man, blew his whistle, faced one of the players and barked, "Just try one more trick like that, and I'm going to throw you right out of the game—Sir!"

Chief Boatswain's Mate J. B. Oliver is always commenting on the General Mess food and the CPO food. He ought to be able to discuss it intelligently; he eats at both places.

Baker, ACM—"How can I save this half of my fingernail?"

Kramer, CPhM—"Pull it out and mount it."

Bailey, CEM—"Do you know that whiskey has killed more men than bullets?"

Gilles, Elec—"Quite true, but we'd rather be full of whiskey any day, wouldn't we?"

Callicoatte, PhM1c—"Wash your hands."

Creekmore, S1c—"Both of them?"

Callicoatte—"No, just one of them; I want to see how you do it."

Jury, ABM2c, picked up a handkerchief dropped by a Wave Lieutenant at North Island and said, "You dropped this, I believe, Toots, Sir."

Southern, CM3c, was running the obstacle course in a Navy Boot Camp, and, after running as long as he could, he stumbled and fell down. The instructor immediately barked, "Hey; get up; what's wrong with you?"

Southern groaned, "Afraid I can't run any more, Sir." Instructor—"Well, don't waste time lying there. Start doing push ups."

Barry, CY—"It was all very unusual. I quit my job, sold my car, moved my wife and kids to a small apartment, wound up my affairs and was given farewell parties. Then the Navy accepted me."

First Lieutenant—"How long have you been working in this Compartment?"

Pehan, S1c—"Ever since I saw you coming down the ladder, Sir."

THEY SAY IT'S TRUE THAT

Flanagan, PhM2c, went to call on a young lady in Seattle last June, and, when he arrived at her apartment house, he found it had a self-operating elevator.

He rang the bell, and the elevator stopped at the ground floor level and the door opened automatically.

Flanagan, always polite, waited for the occupant to leave the elevator until he suddenly realized that the occupant was his own reflection in the mirror in the elevator.

Flanagan swears this actually happened, and only on two beers!

* * * * *

Pitre, SK2c, and Peckham, S1c, are first and second loaders on 20 MM gun No. 35.

During the attack on us of 21 February, off Iwo Jima, they loaded and re-loaded time and again; yet they insist they do not recall loading even once during the attack.

Funny what a little thing like a Kamikaze attack will do to people.

* * * * *

Rhoden, SC1c, and McBee, Bkr3c, nearly broke their legs getting under the galley tables during the evening attack on us at Kerama Retto.

* * * * *

The concussion of his five 20 MM guns gives the Battery Officer of Battery III, Lt. S. L. Smith, a fit during anti-aircraft practice, but, during none of our attacks, has he even heard the firing of his guns, let alone felt the concussion on his ears.

* * * * *

In the British Navy, instead of reveille,

sailors are still awakened by the "immemorial invitation to arise" as follows:

"All hands! All hands! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave ho! Lash up and stow; lash up and stow. Wakey, wakey, rise and shine; the morning's fine; you've had your time and I've had mine. The sun's scorching yer

bleedin' eyes out. Beautiful dreamer lash up and stow. The cooks to the galley has gone long ago. Show a leg! Show a leg! Make a move!"

* * * * *

Lt. Homans *does* own a pair of trousers that come down to his ankles.



Do You Remember?

Lt. "Daniel Boone" Block censoring mail? Bare, ARM2c, and his "hot trumpet"?

Ensign Butcher, the Culbertson of poker, giving Lt. Cdr. Moore lessons for a "nominal" fee?

Lt. Cdr. Hagstrom, our "surreptitious" Poet Laureate?

"Dallas" Rhoden, SC1c, dishing it out "Walgreen" style?

Chief Boatswain's Mate Oliver talking about buying a CVE after the war, and anchoring it off Fort Lauderdale, and using it for a gambling ship?

Chief Zankiewicz starting off a letter with "Now that I have a few moments to spare"?

Tango, PhoM2c, on Christmas Eve night, telling about Christmas in East Boston?

Botnen, BM1c, getting his left leg tangled in his "Gay Nineties" moustache as he hurled the sledge hammer at the chain stoppers when dropping the hook at Guam?

"Hip Hop" Childers, Cox, in his rack?

Bourne, S1c, the "CO2 Kid" of the 1st Division?

Bullen, MM2c, at Mast, telling the Exec, "Yes, Sir! I found a case of beer, but someone stole it from me"?

Hood, A. F., S1c, and Wilkerson, R. L., S1c "mothering" the plane captains?

"Grandpa" Wright, AMM1c, and his fur coat?

"Red" Crane, S1c, and his love letters?

Whether Noonan, QM3c, ever met the lovely lady from Palmyra?

Merryman, RM3c, and his organ playing?

Peel, WT1c, the hardest working and the richest man in "B" Division?

Davis, "P" "L", Cox, trying to grow a moustache?

Lt. "Bill" Kearns climbing the ladder to the bridge with his arms full of intelligence reports.

Lt. (jg) "Bob" Reilly discussing carburetors with the occupant of the upper bunk in State-room 0109 until mid-night every night?

Commander Eastwold having a serious conversation with Lt. (jg) Sebastian, at Eniwetok? Subject—"Electronics," or was it?

Lt. "Freddie" Marvil of the "Eastern Shore" telling us that he voted before he wore shoes?

Lt. McDougal drawing plans for his postwar home?

Lt. Wayne Black standing "continuous" watches in the Com Office.

Ensign "Ed" Behn buying Aiguillettes?

Chief Radio Electrician "Blackie" Blackburn talking about Idaho?

Ever hearing Pixley, S1c, giving out the "straight dope" on our next operation?

Chief Baker hurdling the elevator pit and getting halfway down the hangar deck before finding out they were *testing* the General Alarm?

Chief Gunner's Mate Wagner discussing his investments?

"Fluttervalve" Johnson?

Chief Hamilton bathing "Scotty"?

Murphy and Oldakoski, Coxswains, making the bulkheads of the 1st Division Gear Locker vibrate with their never-ending arguments?

Zappi?

Dunn, S1c, talking about Pigeon, Michigan? (It's a town.)

Myler, F2c, sitting in a poker game and saying, "I don't know much about the game, but I'll call and raise five blues"?

Paliani, MM3c, saying, "Tell 'em, Mac; tell 'em"?

"Big Deal" Schleinig, AM2c, the gadget maker?

"Dangerous Dan" Prado, AMM2c?

Whether Kelley, BgMstr3c, and Westphal, QM3c, ever settled their argument?

Pahutka, RM1c, "silent editor" of the Radio Press?

Newlands, S1c, Lt. (jg) Haacke's "Ace" messenger?

Smith, WT1c, Russell, B1c, Roe, WT2c, and Grigoracos, WT2c, putting eggs in Ensign Cummings' helmet once, just before morning "G.Q."?

Ever seeing Servidio, Cox, when Bearden, Cox, wasn't around?

Lt. "Joe" Kush reading "Forever Amber"?

Lt. Thompson talking about the moon-light on White Lake?

Lt. (jg) "Bill" Couch gathering sea shells by the seashore?

Doely, Y3c, explaining Rapelje?

Lt. Berndt "thinking very hard"?

Dr. Ray taking the gold right out of your teeth?

Lt. (jg) "Peter Sugar" Smith on the Signal Bridge?

Ensign Winter in his dungarees?

Chief Butler barbecuing a pig on Guam and looking like a Sheik?

"Junior Flags" Dougherty telling off the Signalmen on the Signal Bridge?

"Senior Flags" Atkinson telling off "Junior Flags" Dougherty?

Chief Ewing "sweating" a transfer?

The time a pair of lady's panties were found on the bunk of the 1st Division "Pin up Girl," Reeder, Cox?

"Muscles" Mularz, F1c, the kid from Jersey, asking, "Who is this bum Hague?"

Chief Larson telling Chojnacki to take a bight in a line while securing a piston to the hangar deck, and Chojnacki taking the line firmly between his teeth as ordered?

Carter, F2c, the Texas Cowboy, telling of his love for beautiful women and lovely cattle?

Williams, AMM2c, ever talking in a whisper?

Ever seeing "Speedy" Oleson, S2c, carrying on a conversation?

Lt. (jg) Marshall telling all about it?

Lt. (jg) Peebles' pleasure at being returned to the *Lunga Point* after VC 85 was detached?

Lt. "Jack" Garrett singing "Eight Bells" at 0300?

Lt. "Walt" Kalteyer and Lt. "Art" Gilmore "trading" with the Filipinos?

Lt. "Sugar Love" Smith playing "crack the whip" at the John Q. Public's night club in Seattle?

Ever seeing Butterworth, SSMT3c, with Kingsbury, SSMB3c?

Ever seeing Peterson, AOM2c, at the Gedunk stand?

Hearing about Chief Pattie's postwar plans?

Ever seeing Chief Atkinson playing the phonograph in the C.P.O. Mess by the hour?

Ever seeing Chief Altizer stoop-shouldered?

Chief "Johnny" Oberg telling the Air Department Chiefs about his sea duty?

Chief Petyo explaining Wilkes-Barre and its baseball team?

Ever seeing Lyon, Cox, move fast enough to be considered slow?

Cuney, S1c, and his eagle eye, spotting planes before anyone else?

Berry, C. H. S1c, explaining Camp Hill, Alabama?

"Sleepy" Quinn, F1c, saying, "Okay, Scram! I'm awake!"?

The Captain telling Holt, AOM1c, to sleep on the port side of the Ship?

"Corsair" Neal, AMM2c, and his passion for anything mechanical?

Seeing "Sam" Bolonkin, PtrV2c, for "tomorrow's dope today"?

"Sam" Ekstrum, S1c, and his rheumatism?

"Zoot" Lynch, QM3c, the boy "hep to the jive" from Noo Yawk?

How "Black Jack" Nihem, QM3c, used to rave about Detroit and Philly?

Orinski, RM2c, and his watch repair shop?

Stage, Y3c, and his Editorial problems?

Barton, SM2c, bringing candy to the Signal Bridge?

Crowder, WT3c, and his "yapping"?

Ensign Denkler singing "Memphis Blues"?

Ensign Prindle and his bull fiddle?

Lt. Cdr. Luce going on a diet in February and gaining thirty pounds by 1 May?

Hearing Church, AOM2c, tell about the time the pilot of his TBM chased a horse down an Okinawa road at tree-top height while he was rear gunner?

Kojtek, AOM2c, explaining why he spells his name the way he does?

Captain Washburn, answering an urgent call from the OOD on the 4-8, and dashing up to the bridge in his underwear?

Lt. Cdr. Sands explaining Anne Arundel County?

Ever seeing Lt. DeAngelis at morning G.Q.?

Lt. Potter Palmer trying to get a sun-tan to blend with his Marine underwear?

Lt. Merle Grant making the poker game "official" by his presence?

Pehan, John Joseph, S1c, yelling "Turn off the search-lights," during the night attack at Ulithi?

Alexander, F1c, en route to New Guinea saying, "Oh, Lord; just give me a book and put me under a tree in good ol' Mississippi"?

The time several Steward's Mates were standing around the Wardroom when the First Lieutenant came in, and one of them said, "Man your Battle Stations! Here comes the First Lieutenant!"?

Preston, AOM3c, "The Voice" of the ordnance gang?

“Swede” Aberg, AMM1c, the kid from Hackensack?

Earnest, AMM2c, and his “popular” novels? Fegley, AMM2c, the V-2 Poet?

Ever seeing Christian, S1c, with his hair mussed up?

Starr, QM2c, when he became a papa?

Any port in “Uncle Sugar” where “Romeo” Campbell, S1c, failed to find a feminine interest?

Lt. Cdr. Hagstrom continually inquiring as to who is getting the asparagus *tips* during this war?

Rochester, S1c, listening attentively to Chief Dougherty?

Cherrier, SM3c, with his eye glued to the long glass?

Pancoast, RM1c, the “power behind the TBS”?

Lt. “Ken” Little picking out a tune on his Recorder?

Lt. “Charlie” White getting shore duty in Alameda with pie a la mode every day?

Lt. “Bob” Sutton looking outside to verify his weather predictions?

Lt. (jg) Nolte selling his Oldsmobile in Astoria for twice what he paid for it?

Lt. (jg) “Gil” Siiro holding recognition classes in the Wardroom?

Waer, S1c, and the four good looking pictures of his good looking girl friend?

Barney, Cox, cabling his Congressman to lobby against the drafting of nurses?

Lt. (jg) Karl Reber saying “No thanks! I don’t smoke or drink!”

Lt. (jg) “Bill” Nevins and his one meal a day?

Lt. (jg) “Charlie” Stimson playing the Stock Market by remote control?

Lt. (jg) Davenport looking for Granby Street in San Diego?

Lt. (jg) Wendell Phillips and his big cigar?

Chiefs Garrett, Felber, Larsen and Leath holding a meeting of the “Pacific War Council” to determine the best strategy to recommend to Admiral Nimitz?

Chief Hanson playing “solitaire” in the Bos’n’s Locker every night?

Malcolm, SK3c, and his “sunny” disposition?

Partin, Y1c, talking about the “Old Nyvee”?

Chief “Foo Foo” Feurer waiting for an elevator ride to the flight deck?

Chief Marks and his white nose?

Chief McCormick telling about Denton, U.S.A.?

Chief Barry saying, “What’s this now?”?

Curtis, AMM2c, and his “General Store”?

How, as the fighters used to come in, Talavera, S1c, would run out on to the flight deck and grab the wing crank, swinging on to it like a monkey?

Ziegler, S1c, longing for the farm back home in Michigan?

Biehl, WT2c, and Peel, WT1c, the two “old men” of the “B” Division “squaring off”?

Kempfe, WT3c, and Wirtanen, WT3c, the caretakers of the “City Water Plant”?

The time that Bailey, S1c, was cleaning the side so enthusiastically that he pushed the punt out from under himself and fell “in the drink”?

Walker, S1c, playing the piano and making the keys fly all over the place?

Shepard, S1c, telling about the time he was on a mine-sweeper in the Aleutians, and the ship listed 84° to port in a storm, took water in the stacks and put the fires out?

Ensign “Ski” Czerwenka raving about his girl friend?

Ensign “Pete” Peterson indulging in that well-known C. & R. pastime—dodging the First Lieutenant?

Ensign Paul Pierson applying for the Regular Navy?

Ensign O’Connor inquiring the way to the bridge?

Ensign Mortonson “shooting” a truck light for a star?

Ensign Riegelman explaining the best formula for treating Athletes Foot?

Ensign Cummings getting up a Gin Rummy Tournament?

Dr. Platt getting his “sea legs”?

Chief “Fred” Miller and his sunburn?

The time, during the Lingayen operation when G. Q. was sounded at 0200, and Chief Belch jumped out of his sack yelling, “General Quarters! General Quarters! This is it! This is it! All hands, man your Battle Stations!”?

Apostal, F1c, the “B” Division “artist”?

Kielar, F1c, claiming to be a Rebel because he’s from South Chicago?

Lt. (jg) “Bill” Dolan getting sea pay?

Chief Pay Clerk Copeland ever paying anybody?

Ever seeing Ship’s Clerk “Hal” Devol going to the Captain’s Cabin?

The time the Officers left the Exec at the Officer's Club at Manus "sans boat"?

Chief Gunner Marshall eating in the C.P.O. Mess?

Chief Carpenter Weitzner telling about the Invasion of Italy?

Chief Boatswain Luck putting the side cleaners to work?

Chief Pharmacist "Sam" Gallagher following Dr. Ray?

Machinist Mitchell gassing planes and putting out the smoking lamp?

Electrician Gilles imitating a one-man submarine at Manus?

Ever seeing "Daisy" Lyon, Cox, "resting his eyes"?

Ever hearing "Daisy" Lyon, Cox, out the the smoking lamp?

Ever seeing the Exec smoking a cigar?

Pentecost, PhoM1c, when he took his first photographic "hop" in the combat zone?

How they had to ground Lt. Cdr. Herriman for two weeks after he received word he was a papa?

Dr. Duffalo reading "Shore Leave"?

Lt. "Cousin" Howard and his wood carving?

Erke, S1c, and his shaved head?

Waterson, S1c, and his Blue Birds?

Bozzone, SK3c, and his "bevy of beautiful girls"?

Lawson, StM1c, "Manager" of the Ward-room Cigar Mess, doing a land office business after each meal, and wishing he was on a commission basis?

Ever hearing a Texan bragging about Texas?

Ensign "Pete" Peterson, one of the most popular J. O.'s on the Ship?

Wragg, Std1c, telling about his Florist Shop in Philadelphia?

Lt. (jg) Nelson Walton, so anxious to become a Deck Officer that he wanted to stand O.O.D. Watches under instruction in addition to his Engine Room Watches?

How Fleetwood's, StM1c, speed accelerated from 1 1/2 knot to 1 knot when he learned he was being sent back to the States?

Waer, S1c, delivering the Plan-of-the-Day each night and always smiling whether it was 1900 or 0100?

Doely, Y3c, and his expert coffee making?

Robey, PhoM3c, always on hand when something happens, just in case the Old Man wants a picture of it?

Lt. "Joe" Sheehan explaining in minute detail how to make Boston Baked Beans?

The expression on Ensign Swanson's face as he brought his fighter in for a landing?

Ensign Turner longing for a moon-light night on Lookout Mountain, a car, and a beautiful girl?

Chief Lenzner giving Ensign Stuve the word when catapulting planes?

Chief Crockett raving about sunset on the Prairies of New Mexico?

Lassiter, StM1c, explaining how Scotland Neck got its name?

Masterson, S1c, asking for the latest Scuttlebutt?

Elgas, S1c, the Exec's orderly?

Bedont, S1c, also the Exec's orderly, striking for Electrician's Mate outside the Exec's Cabin?

Eyring, EM1c, the hardest working man in the "E" Division?

Godsey, SF1c, and his nightly "bridge" parties in the Shipfitter's Shop?

Boni, S1c, the Captain's orderly, telling that "tall story" of the Bayous of Louisiana?

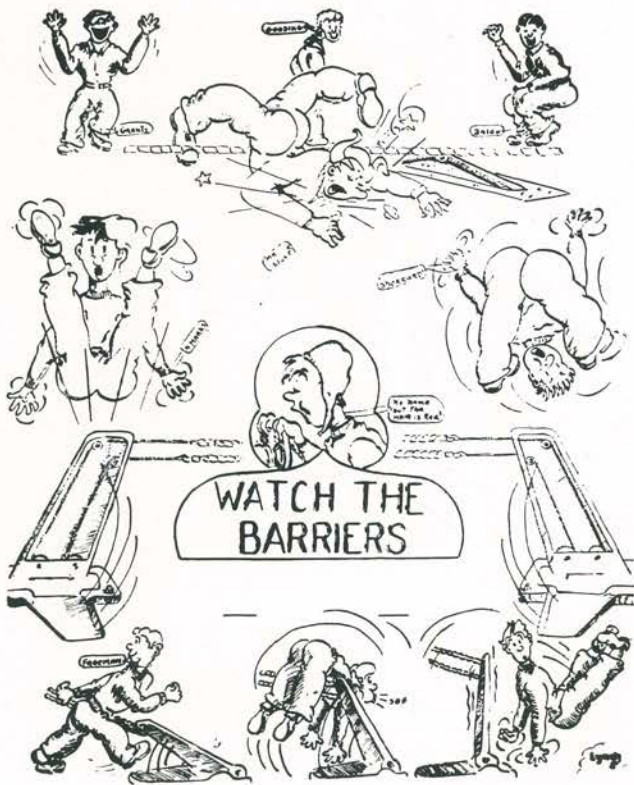
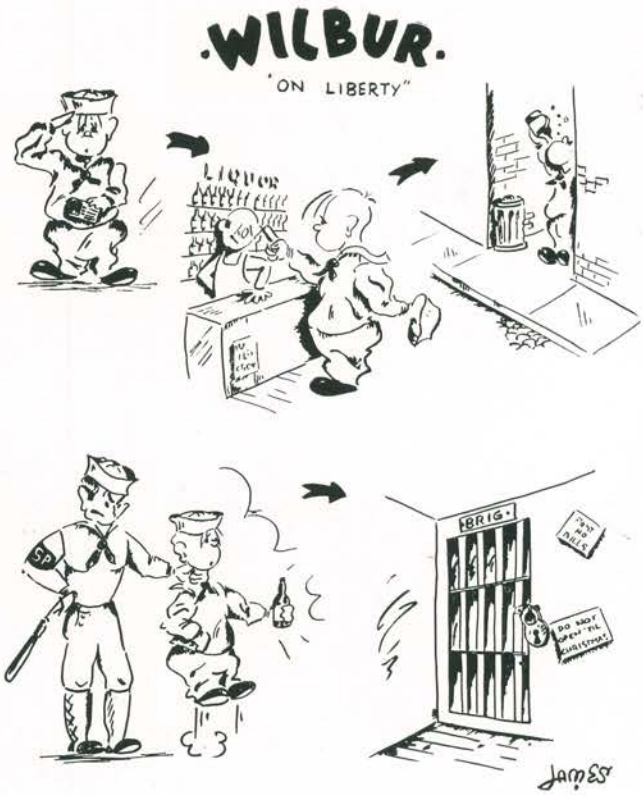
DO YOU REMEMBER?

DO YOU?

WE HOPE YOU DO!

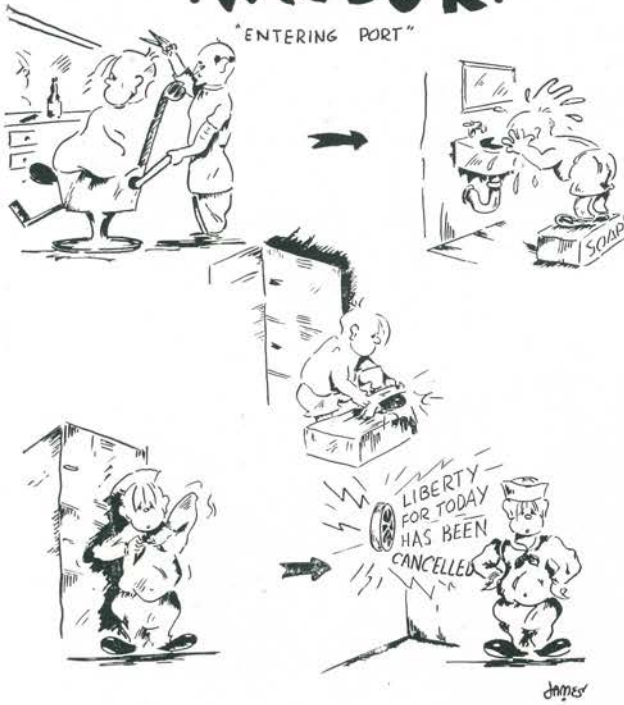
What a Sailor dreams of-At Sea!



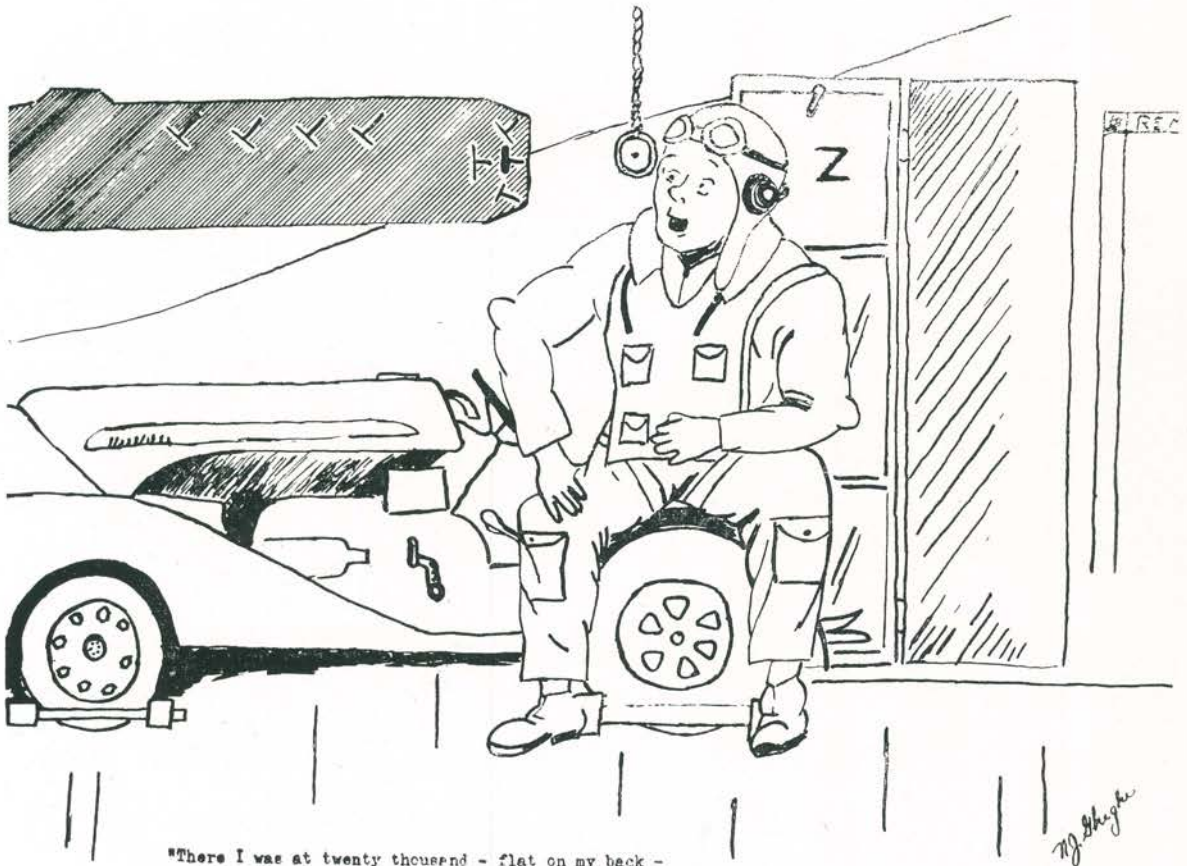


WILBUR.

"ENTERING PORT"



*Our honorable Gunners Think They
Have found Range Now Captain!*



"There I was at twenty thousand - flat on my back -"



Well - The bottom has to be scraped before I'll take her out again!

WILBUR.

"SHIRKING DUTY."



0800 (TURN-TO)

1530 (KNOCK-OFF)

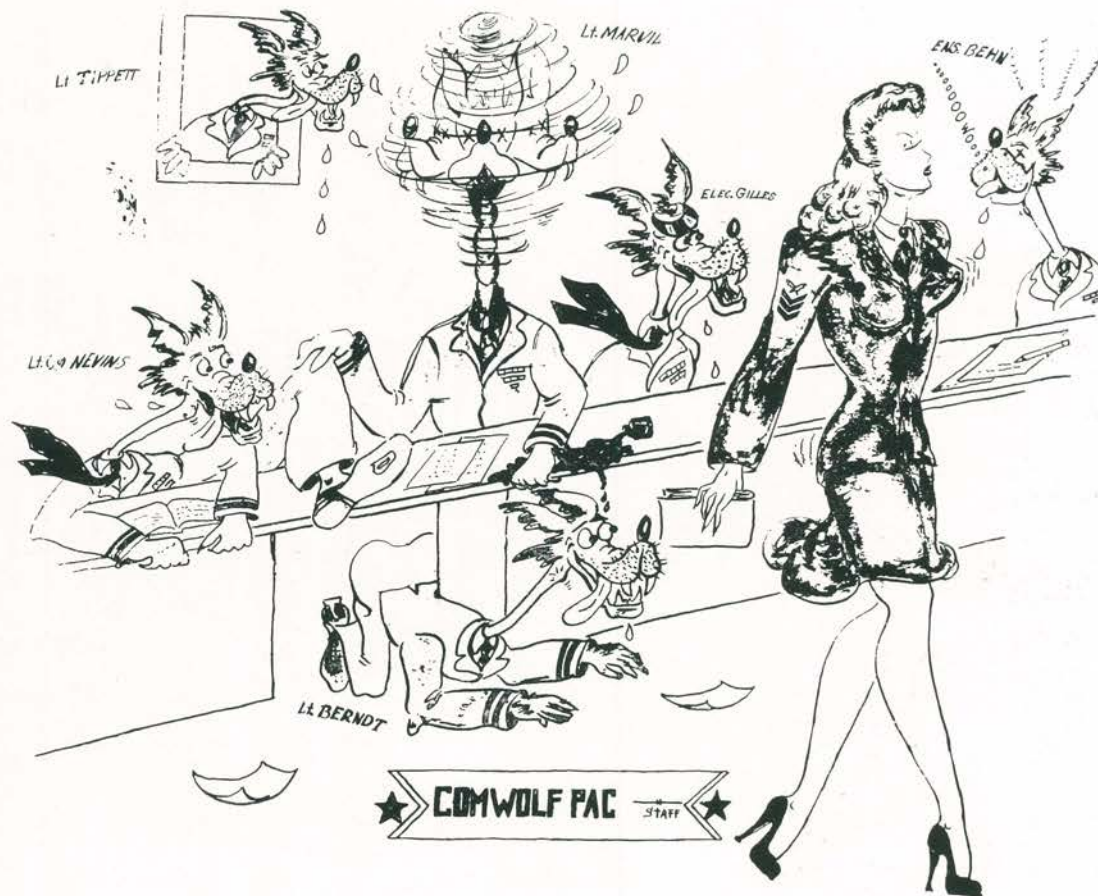


0000 (MIDNIGHT)



P. G. Jones

Captain Washburn: Oh, Tecumseh, throughout all the victorious battles I have been, you have failed to give me immortal words.
 Tecumseh: What the Hell, Gat; I gave you 2.5 many years ago—twenty-five to be exact. However, if you must have immortal words, why not *Kerama Retto*? But, if you're not satisfied, pick up your damn pennies.

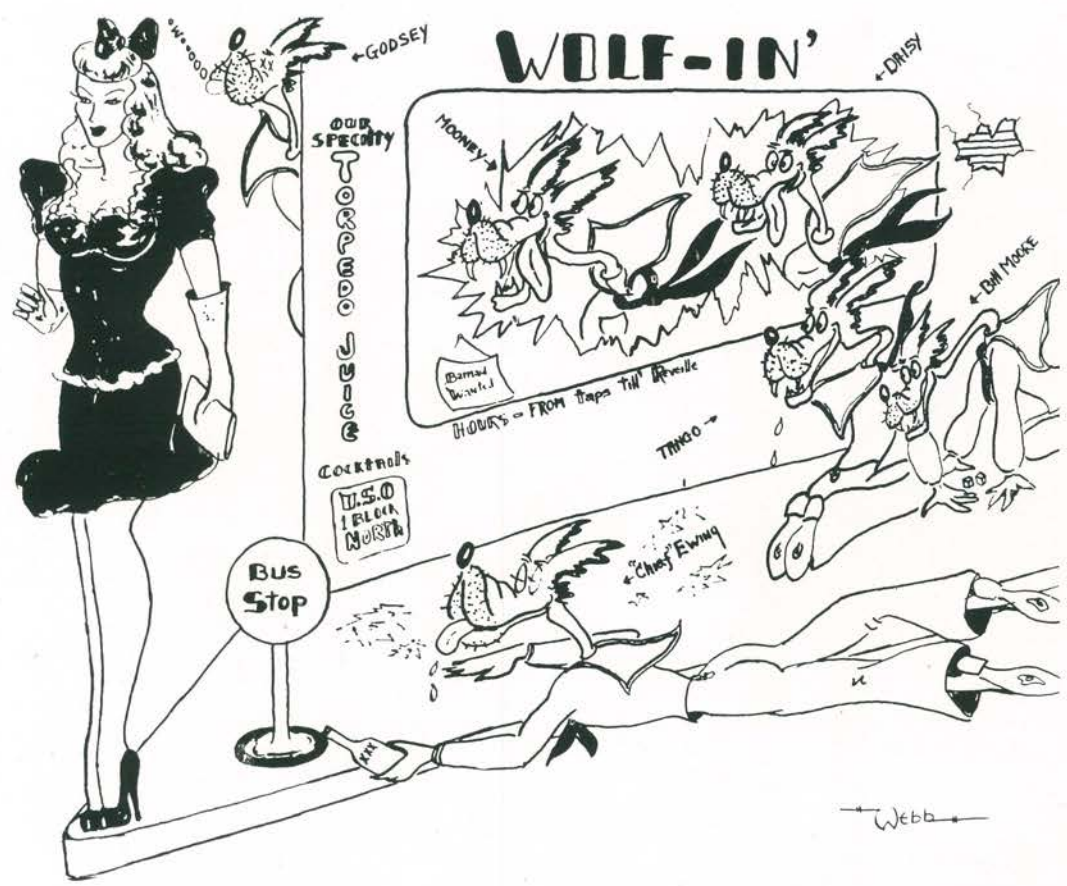
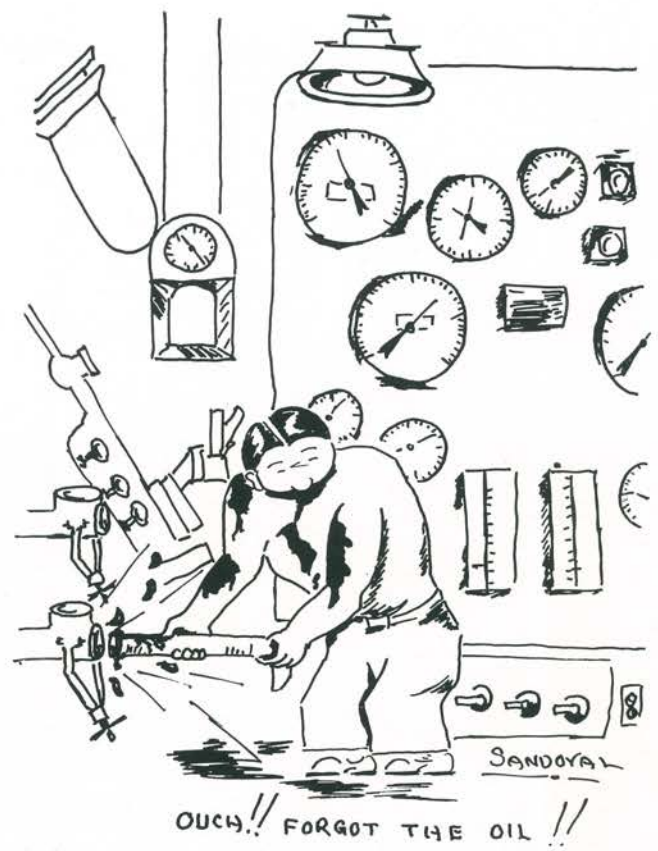


Captain, look out I says ITS a P.B.M.
 but IT Looks Like an OS2U. To me sir!



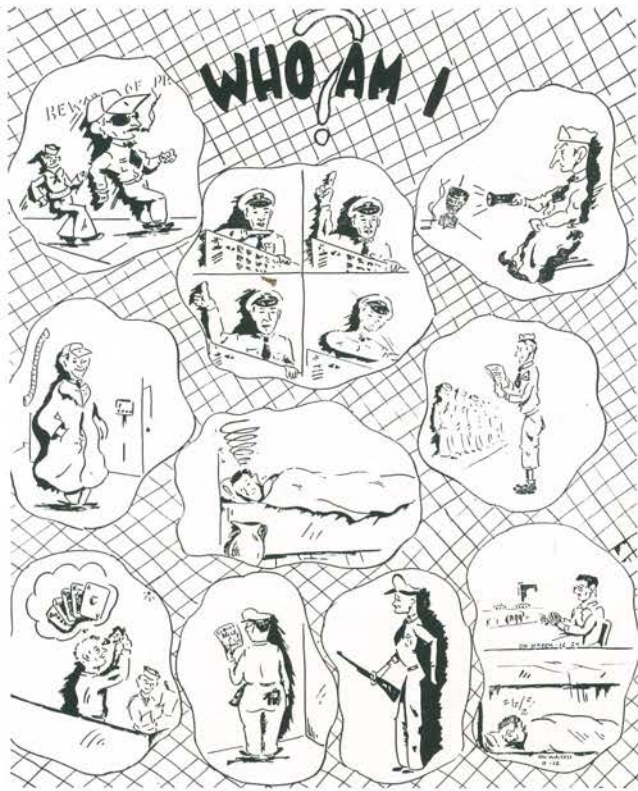
Regular: You should have been in the old Nyvee.
 Reserve: Oh, you mean the fighting Nyvee; fighting the Battle
 of Guantanamo.

DEHYDRATED by Lynch



66 DEHYDRATED 66





Well, mate, you brought it on yourself



"I DON'T CARE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, WE HAVEN'T GOT IT!"



Did you ever hear the Bos'n Mate piping:

On deck the 8 o'clock reports!

All the bomb handling crews lay aft to the
After Mess Hall!

Mess Gear!

Turn to! Turn to!

All hands darken ship; the smoking lamp is
out in all exposed locations!

All hands light ship.

All hands to Quarters for Muster on the flight
deck.

All Divisions muster on station and submit
your reports to the Executive Officer's
Office.

Sweepers, Man your brooms! Clean sweep
down fore and aft!

All hands man your Flight Quarters stations!

Knock off all card playing; keep silence about
the decks; the smoking lamp is out during
Divine Services!

The movie for tonight will be, "The Birth of
a Nation" by D. W. Griffith.

All hands, knock off work!

Sick call!

The Duty P. O. of the 1st Division lay up to
the Quarterdeck.

All hands not actually on watch lay aft to the
fantail to load ammunition!

Taxi Pilots, man your planes!

Second Division lay aft to the fantail to receive
destroyer alongside!

Lt. Smith, report to the fantail with twenty-
five gallons of ice cream in two minutes!

Reveille! Reveille!! All hands heave out and
lash up!

All Prisoners-at-large and restricted men lay
up to the Quarterdeck for muster!

All the extra duty men lay up to the Lucky
Bag!

On deck the anchor watch to muster!

All hands, turn in your bunks; keep silence
about the decks; the smoking lamp is out
in all living spaces!

First Division, rig for movies!

Lunga Point!

Second Division, rig for Church!

Away No. 1 Motor Whale Boat!

Away No. 2 Motor Whale Boat!

Lunga Point! Lunga Point!!

Relieve the watch, fourth section!

The engineer of the No. 1 motor whale boat,
man your boat!

Pipe down all aired bedding!

Groups one and two, air bedding!

Pay day for the crew is now being held in the
After Mess Hall!

Pay day for Officers is now being held in the
Wardroom!

Pay day for Chief Petty Officers is now being
held in the C. P. O. Mess!

All Department Heads report to the First
Lieutenant's Office for Zone Inspection!

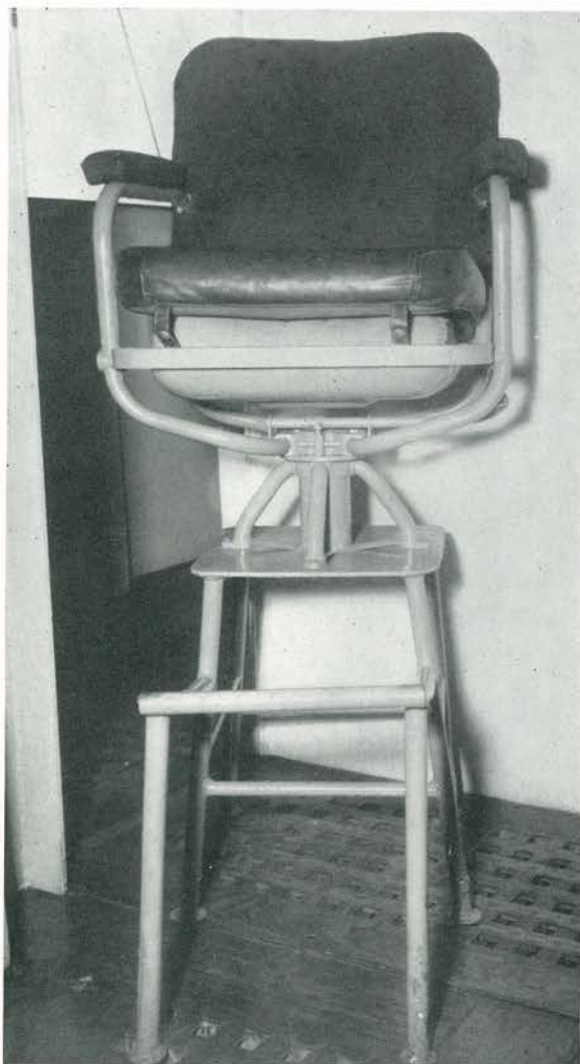
Lt. Cdr. Luce report to the Ready Room
immediately!

Lt. Cdr. Hagstrom report to Fly Control!

White flag!

Red flag! Re-spot!

General Quarters! General Quarters! All
hands, man your Battle Stations!!



EX CATHEDRA

14 MAY, 1944 (It does add up to 25 years, doesn't it?)

THE
SMOKING
LAMP
IS
LIGHTED!

Acknowledgment

First of all, on behalf of all hands, we would like to express our appreciation to Captain Washburn for his enthusiastic endorsement of this project, his sympathetic understanding of the obstacles that confronted us, and his genuine appreciation of our efforts. He was quick to appreciate what this book would mean to his men in years to come and unhesitatingly set aside sufficient funds to insure a copy to all hands. His backing was an inspiration to us at all times and his attitude made our job just a little bit easier and a little bit pleasanter.

We cannot speak too highly of our Photo Gang. The quality of their work is displayed throughout this book, since all of the pictures herein were made by them with the exception of those taken at the Kaiser Shipyards and those of San Francisco, Seattle, Long Beach, Honolulu and San Diego, the Chambers of Commerce of these cities having so kindly furnished us with their pictures as did the del Coronado Hotel, Coronado, Calif. Also, the picture of the Kamikaze exploding astern of us in the Sulu Sea was taken from our Flag Ship, the U.S.S. *Makin Island* (CVE 93). This book clearly shows the volume of work done by our Photographer's Mates, and we can honestly say that they always did every job assigned them willingly and cheerfully. Their contribution to the success of this book cannot, therefore, be over-emphasized. Our deepest appreciation to Pentecost, PhoM1c, Muenster, PhoM1c, Tango, PhoM2c, Robey, PhoM3c and Sinex, S1c.

We feel that all hands will agree that the cartoons herein add much humor and interest to our book. While all of our cartoonists insist they are amateurs, we feel that they are anything but amateurish. Anyway, many

thanks to James, BM1c, Lynch, AMM1c, Ghighi, ABM2c, Jury, ABM2c, Webb, EM3c and Sandoval, F1c.

This entire book was written while in the combat area, and it was a very slow and tedious process, what with the pitch and roll of the ship, an occasional typhoon, and also an occasional "Devine Wind" interrupting our "hunt and peck" system of typing. Therefore, when the time came to make sufficient copies of the manuscript for submission to the publishers, we could not have gotten along with our hunt and peck system, and we relied solely on the Yeomen in the Executive Officer's Office to make the copies. It was no easy task, but they went about their work cheerfully and with much greater speed and accuracy than we could have possibly achieved. Our deepest appreciation, therefore, to Partin, Y1c, Chelemados, Y2c, Doely, Y3c, and Waer, Y3c.

We would also like to express our appreciation to our Advisory Committee for their many helpful suggestions and their constructive criticisms. Many thanks to the Committee, which is composed of Lieut. Comdr. Sands, Lieut. Comdr. Hagstrom, Lieut. Tippett, Lieut. Corkran, Lieut. Garrett and Lieut. Homans.

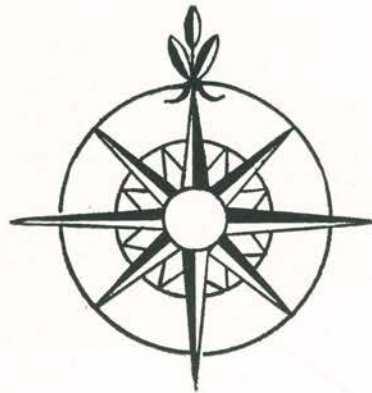
Last but not least, we want to thank the entire Ship's Company of the *Lunga Point*. Had we not sincerely felt that you were the finest crew in the United States Fleet we would never have volunteered to do this job for you. It has not been an easy job, but being Shipmates with you has made it a pleasant and genuinely satisfying one. Many thanks!

S. LINTON SMITH,
Lieut., USNR.

ADDENDA

It is not intended that this addenda be a sequel to the pictorial log covering our first year in commission, but rather that it simply be a brief synopsis of events of interest that have transpired since our first anniversary, up to our return to the States. This has been deemed advisable in the interest of all hands in view of the sudden termination of the war and our most interesting operations in and around Japan and the desire of our present Commanding Officer to make recent pictures available to all hands, it being felt that they would not justify the publication of another book, but would certainly justify an addition to the one that has gone before.

S. LINTON SMITH,
Lieut. Cmdr. USNR



After celebrating our first anniversary in commission at Guam we remained there for several days, and all hands enjoyed liberty at the recreation center over at Gab Gab and at the Officer's Clubs at Orote.

Finally, on 23 May, Composite Squadron Ninety-eight (VC-98), Lt. Cdr. R. Semmes, commanding and Lt. A. Pisani, Executive Officer, reported aboard for duty to relieve VC-85, and on the same day we got underway for our new operating area. VC-98 quickly sold themselves to us, not only as a fine bunch of shipmates, but also in their skill and accuracy in firing on towed spars with their machine guns and rockets, they having conducted practice runs beginning the second day out. We were underway to join a large group of tankers south of Okinawa, where we were to remain and provide air cover for them for a while, and we rendezvoused with them on 26 May and provided them air cover until 2 June, at which time it was intended that we set our course west for attacks on enemy air strips on Saka-shima Gunto, a group of Islands just north of Formosa.

TYPHOON!

We set our course west all right, but soon learned that one of those dreaded China Sea

typhoons was heading our way, so we, naturally, changed our course to avoid being caught in the center of it. China Sea typhoons, however, are pretty difficult to determine the course of and, try as hard as we could, we couldn't avoid getting well on the edge of it. The blow started on the afternoon of 4 June, increasing in intensity until dawn of the 5th, when it began to subside, but it did not entirely subside until mid-afternoon that day. To say that the peaceful waters of the Pacific was a welcome sight to us all is putting it mildly, because few of us had slept at all the night before.

One cannot imagine the effects of a typhoon without having gone through one. Our ship was rolling and pitching as never before all through the night and, although all loose gear and our planes had been thoroughly secured, there was little sleep to be had on board that night, because there was just enough loose gear shifting about the ship to keep us awake. In addition to the noise created by this shifting gear and the mountainous waves beating against the sides of the ship to keep us awake, it was practically an impossibility for us to stay in our bunks. Consequently, most of us spent the night just walking up and down the passageways or in the wardroom. Twenty and

VC-98.



twenty-five degree rolls were more than frequent throughout the night, and, one time, about dawn, we had a forty degree roll, which is just about the limit to which we could go without capsizing. Many times during the night the ship would list to port or starboard and seem to poise at its peak, undecided whether to continue or to come back. The Old Man was, of course, on the bridge all night, and it is understood that quite a few times we rolled



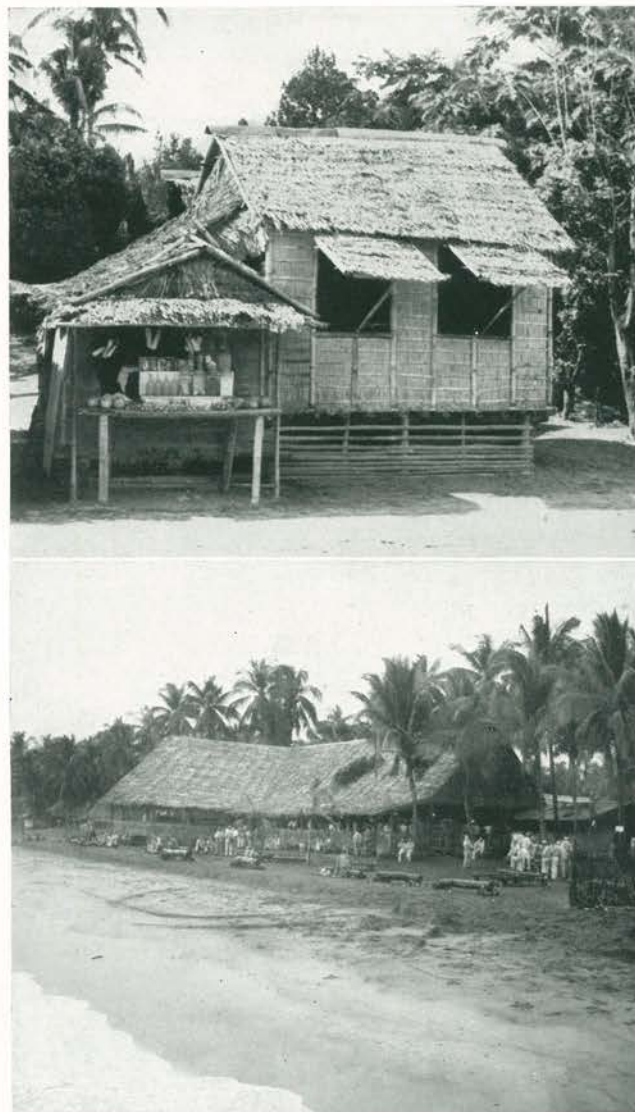
A slight roll during June typhoon.

over so far that the ship poised at its peak long enough for everyone from the Skipper to the Quartermasters to say a fairly long prayer before we rolled back. Waves were continually breaking over the bow, some even coming up over the flight deck, and it is a real tribute to all departments that they had the ship so well secured that nothing more than superficial damage could be found when the storm was all over.

June 7th found us operating off Sakashima Gunto, with our planes making strikes against enemy air strips and other installations. It was on this day that we had our first close contact with the enemy since leaving Guam. We had just secured from morning general quarters when, at 0636 to be exact, a Kamikaze dove into the forward end of the flight deck of the U.S.S. *Natoma Bay* (CVE 62), coming to rest on her forecastle. This was another case of a Bogey slipping in on us without detection, not a ship in our formation having anything on their screen. The *Natoma Bay* was just about 1,000 yards on our port beam at the time, and many of our personnel saw the plane go into its dive. Fortunately, however, the damage to the *Natoma Bay* was not great, and they were able to continue operational with temporary repairs. Just after this, however, a Bogey

was picked up on our screen and at 0637 we went to general quarters. Shortly after all hands had gotten to their battle stations another Kamikaze made a dive at the U.S.S. *Hoggatt Bay* (CVE 75), but missed, diving into the sea and exploding close aboard without doing any damage. The *Hoggatt Bay* was in the middle of our formation and the Kamikazes were getting too close to us for comfort. Later on other Bogies were picked up approaching our formation, but they just looked us over and left. Following this, we continued our operations against Sakashima Gunto for several days with our Squadron making quite a number of successful strikes.

While we were still operating in the Sakashima area Admiral Durgin came aboard on 15 June on an official visit, at which time all hands were called to quarters on the flight deck for the presentation of awards.



Top: Store and dwelling in Toloso, Leyte, P. I.; below: Officer's Club at Toloso.

We continued to pick up Bogies near our formation, but not nearly so often as during our earlier days in the combat area, and those that we did pick up did not seem to be quite as anxious "to die for dear old Nippon" as others with whom we had come in contact. They seemed to be mostly "snoopers" just looking us over. They did, however, continue to be the cause of our going to general quarters at all hours of the day and night and, consequently, the cause of our losing lots of sleep and time from other ship's work.

On 21 June we made another visit to Kerama Retto to re-arm and replenish our stores, and, just to make us feel at home there, a Bogey closed to within three miles of us while on this visit. We speedily loaded our ammunition and stores aboard, though, and got underway early in the afternoon, just in time it turned out, since a few hours after our departure two ships were badly damaged there by Kamikazes. On the 24th we set our course for Leyte, where we anchored in San Pedro Harbor on the 27th.



Top: Residential section of Toloso; below: Business section.

LEYTE

Although we had participated in the Leyte operation in November 1944, this was our first visit to Leyte proper, since our part in the operation had consisted of giving air cover to convoys in Leyte Gulf. Consequently, we found much to interest us on our one or two liberties while there. We found the natives most happy to see us and outwardly grateful to the Americans for their liberation. We also



Lt. Palmer relieves Lt. Cdr. Hagstrom as A.C.I. officer as the latter steps into breeches buoy for transfer at sea off Okinawa.

found that the ravages of war had inflicted almost irreparable damage on them which would take at least a generation to erase. It was quite evident that they would need the moral and economic backing of the United States for some time to come; however, they seemed to have a spirit that would enable them to acquire and maintain independence as a Nation with grace and dignity among the Nations of the World.

Leyte afforded us the first opportunity to buy souvenirs since we left Pearl Harbor and most every member of the ship's company returned from liberty with something in the way of a souvenir of our short visit to the Philippines.

On 1 July we got underway from San Pedro Harbor for the East China Sea, the locale of our next operation. It so happened that Captain Washburn had received orders to be Commanding Officer of the Naval Air Station, Clinton, Oklahoma, during the latter part of May, and, by this time, he had become somewhat concerned over the arrival of his relief. He had felt quite certain that he would be relieved in Leyte. But such was not the case, and he took the conn out of Leyte completely reconciled to another long operation before he



Captain Hollingsworth arrives aboard in Avenger.



Exec. escorts new Skipper to the bridge.

would be relieved. Meanwhile, his relief would be chasing us all over the Pacific. We had hardly gotten underway from Leyte, however, when a Grumman "Goose" (JRF) began circling our ship, and we soon learned that the Old Man's relief was in it. We told them to return to the Samar Air Field and we would send for him. Consequently, we dispatched two Avengers to Samar, and shortly thereafter they landed aboard with Captain William Right Hollingsworth, USN, who was to relieve Captain Washburn.

We continued on our way to our operating area in the East China Sea where a very large group of minesweepers were sweeping an area due West of Okinawa, mid-way between Okinawa and the China Coast, probably preparatory to a landing on the China Coast, because the area swept was approximately 50 by 40 miles—a very large mine field. Our mission was to provide air cover for the minesweepers as they swept back and forth, day



Captain Washburn reading his orders.



"Captain Washburn, I relieve you, sir."



Captain Hollingsworth reading his orders.

after day until the field was cleared. While this was not a particularly interesting operation, it was not lacking in excitement, because mines were constantly being sighted close to us, and our escorts would explode them; however, the knowledge of their presence was not too comforting at night.

CAPTAIN "GAT" LEAVES US

On 5 July, shortly after arriving in our operating area, all hands were called to



Top: Captain "Gat" bids farewell to Exec.; center: Captain "Gat" is piped aboard his plane with Department Heads as "side boys"; below: Captain Hollingsworth inspecting VC-98.

quarters on the flight deck for the ceremony of relieving the command, and at 0824 Captain Hollingsworth relieved Captain Washburn, and at 0839 Captain "GAT" flew away from the decks of the *Lunga Point*, which he had commanded since commissioning, and was landed on YonTan air strip, Okinawa, by one of our Avengers, from which point he was to fly to Guam and thence to the States.

We continued to cover the minesweepers until 15 July, during which time we went to general quarters many times due to Bogies in the area, most of which seemed to be snoopers; one of which a "Dinah," was splashed at 28,000 feet on 6 July by the LCAP from one of our other carriers. None came within range of our ships' guns during this period; however, night fighters splashed quite a number in our area. The increasing number of surfaced mines did make it necessary for us to post extra lookouts. Nevertheless, enemy resistance definitely appeared to be weakening.

On 15 July we left the minesweepers to refuel at sea south of Okinawa, and on the 17th we anchored in Buckner Bay, Okinawa, for replenishment, at 0749, but suddenly got underway at 1430 the same day to ride out a typhoon which was heading our way. Our sudden departure made it necessary for us to leave several officers and men behind, but they were returned to us by a destroyer the next morning. While we encountered heavy seas and high winds we did not hit the center of the typhoon, and we safely rode it out, returning to Buckner Bay on 21 July to continue with our loading of stores and ammunition. At 0128 on 22 July the U.S.S. *Marathon* (APA 200), on our port beam, had a mysterious underwater explosion, following which we went to general quarters, but, although Bogies came within 8 miles of us, it never was definitely determined whether it was a mine, an aerial torpedo or a torpedo from a midget submarine that hit the *Marathon*.

Later the same day we left for the mine-sweeping area, and on the 23rd, the LCAP from one of the other carriers splashed a "Dinah" and a "Judy" before they could get in close enough to do any damage to our unit.

After providing air cover for the minesweepers for several days we found ourselves in the East China Sea, 70 miles off the mouth of the Yangtse River, from which point our Squadron was providing air cover for a cruiser

group that was making night attacks on enemy shipping while the Squadron itself made the attacks during the day. Neither the cruisers nor our Squadron were able to locate any enemy shipping of consequence, however. While our Squadron sank or damaged a number of very small Japanese craft in the Yangtse River, there seemed to be absolutely no shipping getting through to the Empire. The blockade seemed to us to be just about 100 per cent effective.

During this period we were either covering the minesweepers or the cruiser group or making direct attacks against enemy shipping, and on 31 July we again anchored in Buckner Bay for replenishment and left on 1 August for our operating area off Shanghai, China, to continue our attacks against enemy shipping. The day we left Okinawa we encountered another typhoon, with rolls up to 25°, but, despite the pitch and roll of the ship, flight operations continued uninterrupted.

VC 98 SPLASHES A JAP

Bogies continued to send us to general quarters, and on 4 August, the LCAP from the U.S.S. *Cape Gloucester* (CVE 109) splashed a "Tabby," and on the 5th, the LCAP from the U.S.S. *Makin Island* (CVE 93) and the U.S.S. *Cape Gloucester* (CVE 109) each splashed a "Francis." That afternoon Lt. Beckwith, assisted by Lt. (jg) Cox and Lt. (jg) Peebles of our Squadron splashed a "Francis" 13 miles from us, and another Jap flag was painted on our bridge.



Chinese junk seen by VC-98 planes in Yangtse River.

On 7 August we again anchored in Buckner Bay and that night we went to general quarters twice, but the Bogies failed to close in on us. It had been some time then since we had actually been attacked by the enemy. Their offense seemed to have been reduced to the point of waging a war of nerves, because they seemed to be content with simply sending us to general quarters at night, thereby causing us the loss of much-needed sleep. While the purpose of our visit was to take on stores and ammunition, we were honored on the 8th by a visit from Rear Admirals Durgin and Kendall



Top: Aerial view of minesweepers sweeping China Sea. Mine being exploded in right background; below: Another aerial view of mine sweepers in China Sea.

who came aboard for the presentation of awards.

JAPS SAY "UNCLE"

On Friday, 10 August, while riding at anchor in Buckner Bay, we were overjoyed to receive word at about 2030 that the Japs had all but said, "Uncle," by sending word to the Allied Powers through neutral sources that they would accept the terms of the Potsdam Ultimatum provided they were permitted to retain their Emperor. This, by no means, meant the end of the war, but it did very definitely mean that the Japs had just about reached the end of their rope and actual surrender could be expected momentarily.

That same night, while all hands were avidly picking up all the news they could through the radio shack, that gong sounded at 2122 sending us to general quarters. On reaching our battle stations topside a great pyrotechnic display greeted our eyes; shore batteries were firing in all directions all around the bay. Yet Gun Control told us there was not a Bogey on the screen. We couldn't understand it. SOPA must have had some reason to send us to general quarters. Suddenly it dawned upon us that maybe the Army was prematurely celebrating our Victory. Sure enough, that later turned out to be just what was happening, and the firing continued on the beach until Admiral Oldendorff in the *California* assumed command and ordered the firing to cease. It was quite a dangerous celebration, and it's a wonder there were no casualties on our ship. We learned the next day that several were killed and many wounded during this wild celebration on Okinawa.

We continued to maintain the same Condition of Readiness as in the past because we were all too familiar with Japanese treachery, and there was no telling what they were up to. On Sunday, 12 August, at 2045, we heard a dull thud, which turned out to be a torpedo or mine hitting the U.S.S. *Pennsylvania* which was anchored about 1000 yards from us. It has not yet been determined what hit the *Pennsylvania*; whether it was an aerial torpedo, a torpedo fired from a midget submarine or a floating mine. In any event, when we passed the *Pennsylvania* on our way out of the harbor the next morning en route to Saipan she was down by the stern, evidently having been damaged well aft.

Negotiations between the Japanese Government and the Allied Powers continued as we

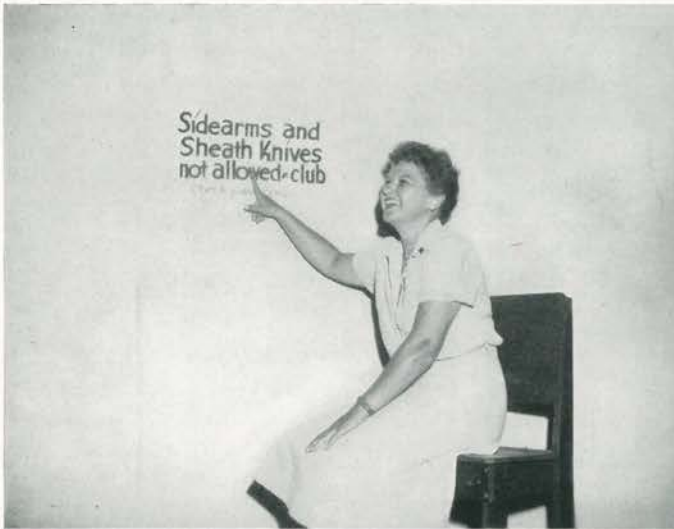
steamed toward Saipan. From what we had gathered from the radio there was little doubt in our minds but that the Japs would meet our terms of unconditional surrender. Finally, on 15 August, shortly after 0800, Captain Hollingsworth announced to us over the general announcing system that President Truman had announced the acceptance of unconditional surrender of the Japanese Government at 2300 GMT 14 August (0800 15 August our time), and that the Emperor was to order immediate cessation of hostilities. Several hundred members of the ship's company were gathered on the flight deck to hear the announcement, they having known pretty well what the announcement was to be. It was quite significant to us that, in contrast with the hilarious celebrations in the States, the men of the *Lunga Point* accepted the news without even a single shout. When the Captain finished, they just walked quietly away and went about their business. They were happy enough, but it was a happiness based on a job well done and the knowledge that their chances of not getting home were now very remote as compared to what they had been a few weeks previously.

Meanwhile, both our own and the Japanese Government ordered cessation of offensive hostilities pending actual signing of surrender terms. General MacArthur was designated Supreme Commander for Allied Powers, and he promptly announced that the surrender would take place aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay at a time to be announced later. We were, therefore, operating in a state of armed truce so to speak, and, except for the danger of floating mines that continued to plague us, we could actually feel that the war was over.

SAIPAN

We arrived at Saipan for a few days availability on 18 August at which time our engines were overhauled, our ship painted and minor general repairs were made. All hands were very tired from our many months of combat duty and it was a great pleasure to us to find that Saipan had such nice recreational facilities. There were clubs there for officers, chief petty officers and enlisted personnel, and we made ample use of them.

We had never had an opportunity for the officers of VC 98 and the ship's company to get together for a party since the Squadron had reported aboard in Guam in May; so we ar-



Top: One of our guests points to warning sign at squadron—Ship's Company officers' dance at Saipan Officer's Club; *center and below:* Groups at dance.

Top and center: Dance at Saipan Officer's Club; *below:* Tango, PhoM1c, goes tangoing at Red Cross dance at Saipan.

ranged for a VC 98—CVE 94 Dance at the Saipan Officers' Club on Sunday evening 26 August. A dance is not much fun without female partners; so we set to work to invite a number of Army and Navy nurses and Red

Cross workers based on Saipan. While there were hundreds of them there, there are still about five hundred men to one of the fairer sex; so we sent a number of our younger officers on a round of the hospitals and Red Cross



Captain WILLIAM RIGHT
HOLLINGSWORTH, U.S. Navy
U.S.N.A. Class of 1926
Commanding Officer
5 July 1945—

centers to extend the invitation. The supply simply would not meet the demand, and the result was that our buffet supper and dance was graced by the presence of only eight girls for the approximately 100 officers. They were a very attractive group, however, and they would have gotten a rush anyway. As it was, though, they were simply rushed off their feet. In any event, a good time was had by all, and when we weighed anchor on 1 September for Okinawa, we did feel that we had at least had a taste of civilization.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER

Our cruise up to Okinawa this time was momentous in that during this cruise, on 2 September, Japanese representatives came aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri*, anchored in Tokyo Bay, and signed our unconditional surrender terms in the presence of various representatives of the Allied Powers. Naturally, we were more than happy to know that the war was over and

that we would all soon be seeing our loved ones after so many months at sea; however, we were faced with the realization that we would not all be going home right away, because it was only reasonable to assume that there was work yet to be done in Japanese waters. There were POW's to evacuate; there were American military personnel to bring home and there was a certain amount of necessary policing to do in this theatre to insure ourselves against any successful Jap treachery.

We reached Buckner Bay this time on 5 September, but we did not stay long. On the 7th we received orders to disembark VC-98 to make more room for passengers, and on the 9th we set our course for Wakanoura Wan, Honshu, Japan, sans VC-98, to assist in the repatriation of Allied Prisoners-of-War. This trip was also momentous in that we sailed with our running lights for the first time since we had been in commission, and it was quite a treat to stroll up to the flight deck after dinner at night just to look at the beautiful lights on our ship as well

as those of our escorts. Even at this writing we get quite a thrill out of the sight of them.

JAP PILOT COMES ABOARD

On 11 September at 0805 a Japanese Pilot, S. Hosono, Master in the Japanese Maritime Service, came aboard to help us through the mine fields as we entered Wakanoura Wan. It was only reasonable to expect that when Lieut. Comdr. Tippett met the pilot at the No. 3 Sponson to show him to the bridge there was a large crowd on hand to see him; however, they were somewhat surprised to find him a slender little man, who, except for his charts under his arm, looked everything but a harbor pilot.

The cruise from there on into Wakanoura was not without excitement, because we were going through waters that were literally infested with mines. The pilot knew where the Jap mines were, but, unfortunately, he and we had only to guess where the B-29's had been dropping their mines. It was some comfort to us to know that we had a large group of minesweepers sweeping a channel ahead of us, but even that does not always guarantee a safe passage. In any event, we got through safely and dropped our hook in Wakanoura Wan at 1833 that day. It was too late for the Jap pilot to leave the ship; so we assigned him a room for the night, under guard, of course, and he left us early the next morning.



Jap pilot salutes as he reaches flight deck with his charts.

JAPAN

Most of us had never been to Japan before and were, frankly, quite appreciative of the opportunity to visit the land of the Rising Sun, even though it did delay our return home a little. All of us enjoyed the view of this mountainous coastal region from the ship; however, only officers and men in a duty status got ashore



Top: The man in the middle is our Jap-pilot into Wakanoura Wan; center: Street car station—Wakanoura; below: Wakanoura police and Red Cross workers.



Jap Red Cross assists with P.O.W. litter cases. (Dr. Platt and Chief Callicoatte to left in picture.)

on this particular visit. Those of us who went ashore at Wakanoura on official business were among the first to occupy this particular part of Honshu; however, we experienced no diffi-

culties whatsoever. The *Lunga Point* had a prominent part in the evacuation of approximately 3,000 POW's from this area, we having officers and men on duty in the Mampa Ro



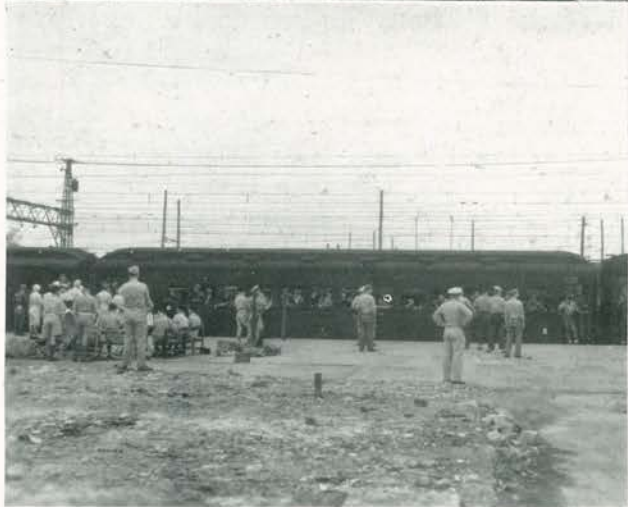
First group of allied P.O.W.'s to reach Wakayama station.



P.O.W.'s at emergency first aid station, Wakanoura, awaiting boats to Mampa Ro Hotel for processing.

Right, top: P.O.W.'s on beach at Mampa Ro Hotel awaiting their turn in line; *next to top:* First P.O.W. train arrives at Wakayama; *next to bottom:* Devastation at Wakayama. (All of the damage at Wakayama is said to have been done by one raid of 100 B-29's, and this is just a small part of it.); *bottom:* Remains of Wakama railroad station.

Left, top: Scene at Wakayama station; *center:* Loading P.O.W. litter cases into ambulances at Wakayama station; *below:* Mampa Ro Hotel.



Hotel (hotel of a thousand waves), at the dock and at the emergency first aid station where the POW's were first brought from the train. While the work at Wakanoura was probably the most genuinely satisfying thing we had done during the entire war, it was not easy, going round the clock. We were, however, amply repaid for our efforts if for nothing more than the look of gratitude in the eyes of those POW's. Immediately on arriving, we commandeered all the trucks, taxis, business buildings and hotels that we would need in our work. It certainly seemed to us that the Japs were mighty happy to have the war over, and they were, consequently, very coöperative. Practically all of the civilians seemed to be very much undernourished, and they had probably been hungry for a long time. We were, however, never able to forget the treachery of the Japanese at Pearl Harbor and since.

We set up headquarters in the Mampa Ro Hotel where all ambulatory POW's were brought for processing. There they were de-

loused, decontaminated, fed, furnished with new clothing, physically examined and assigned to various ships for passage. On the whole they were in pretty good shape, thanks to the B-29's having dropped food into the prison camps for the previous few weeks; however, the stories some of them told concerning their treatment would make one's hair stand on end.

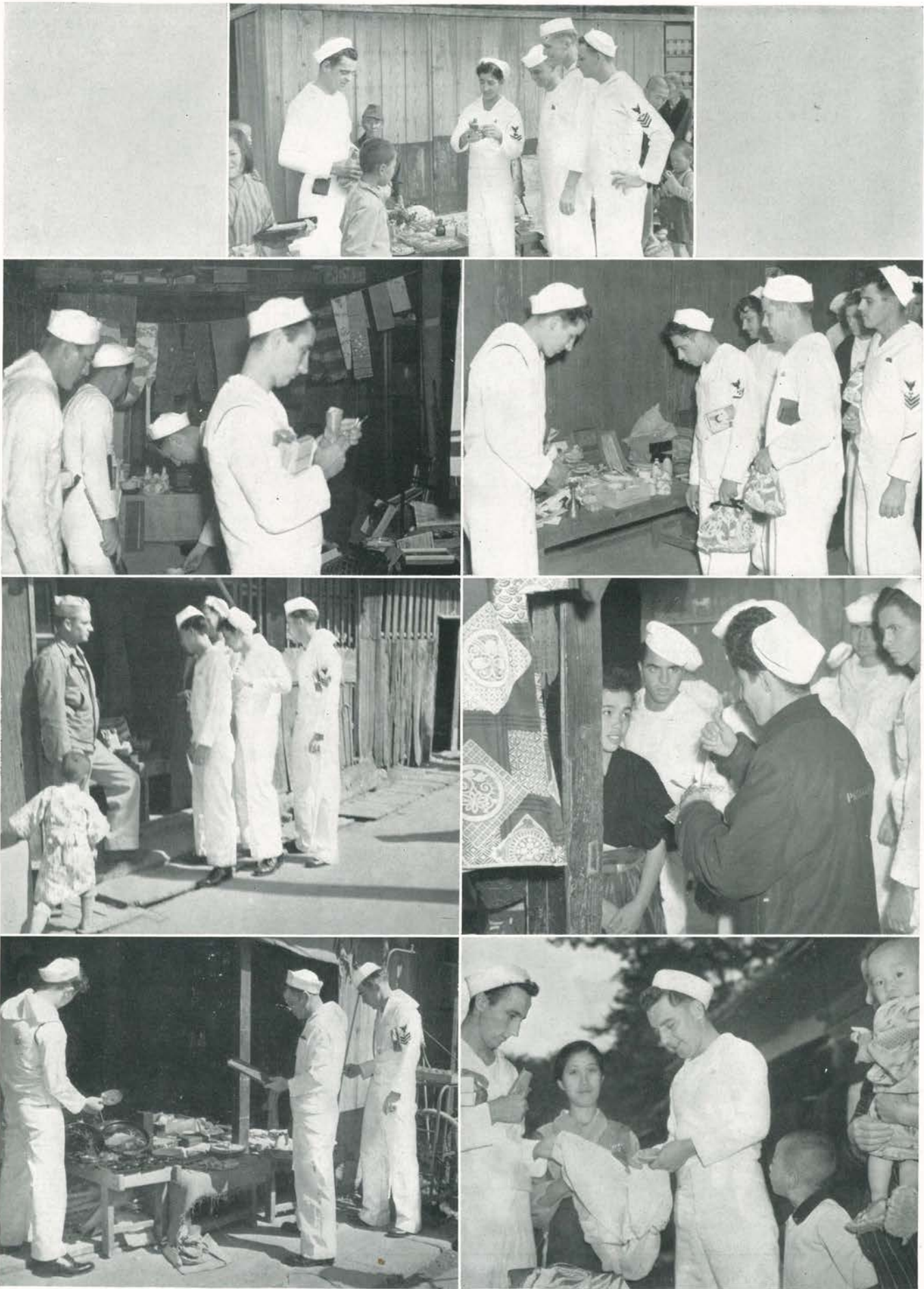
NAGASAKI

All POW's had been assigned to other ships before it became necessary to use the *Lunga Point*; so on the afternoon of 15 September we got underway for Nagasaki Ko, Kyushu, to take on a load, and we arrived early on the morning of the 17th. We were all quite anxious to see Nagasaki, because that is the city where the second atomic bomb was dropped. We were greeted there by a typhoon, though, that gave us a pretty rough time our first night, with some gusts of wind up to 80 knots being felt.



Top: Lt. Senft and Russell, B1c, talking to P.O.W.'s at Wakanoura landing; below: Lt. Marvil and Self, MM2c, talk to litter case while awaiting boat to hotel.

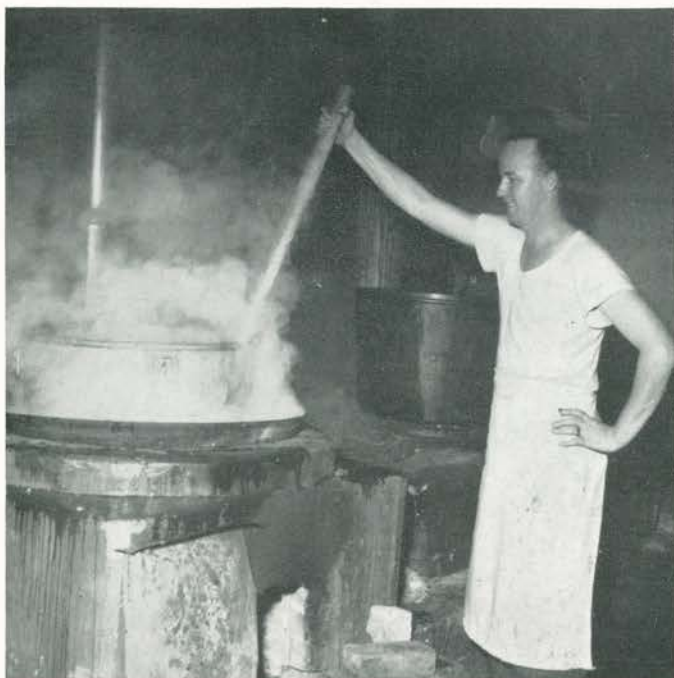
Top: Lt. Cdr. Smith assigning P.O.W.'s to ships at Mampa Ro Hotel, with assistance of Ensign Riegelman, Partin, Y1c, Chelmedos, Y2c, and Doely, Y3c; below, Remains of Wakayama bus station.



Lunga Point men shopping in Wakanoura.



Lunga Point in heavy seas off Wakanoura, Japan.



Rhoden, SC1c, stirs beef stew for P.O.W.'s in Mampa Ro Hotel galley.



Dr. Platt, Chief Callicoatte and Scarpa, PhM1c, caring for litter cases at emergency first aid station in Wakanoura.

Only those on official business got ashore at Nagasaki, but we are thankful that our official photographers were among that group. We commenced taking on POW's as passengers on

the 18th and finished on the 19th when we got underway in the afternoon with 760 of them sleeping on cots on our hangar deck. We took them straight to Okinawa where we disem-

Lunga Point in heavy seas off Wakanoura.





VC-33.

barked them for further transportation on the 21st.

VC 33 REPORTS ABOARD

On 25 September, while in Buckner Bay, Composite Squadron Thirty-three (VC 33) reported aboard for duty, and we got underway for Wakanoura Wan again on the 26th, where we anchored at 1100 on the 28th.

FIRST LIBERTY IN JAPAN

On our first visit to Wakanoura no liberty was allowed, partly because it was too soon

after the surrender and partly because of no medium of exchange for shopping. On our arrival this time, however, we found that liberty parties were allowed ashore in small groups and that we could trade with soap, cigarettes and candy. Therefore, those who were fortunate enough to get ashore this time had no little fun trading a pack of cigarettes for a doll, two cigarettes for a fan, one cigarette for a saki cup and so on. Inflation was such that a packages of cigarettes was worth approximately \$2.50 in our money. Quite a lot of interesting souvenirs were brought aboard each day, and



Remains of Mitsubishi plant—Nagasaki.



Devastation at Nagasaki.

everyone enjoyed this little glimpse of Japan. It might be explained that Wakanoura is actually a beach resort suburb of Wakayama, a city of over 200,000 people. As compared to Wakayama, Wakanoura is just a small village and the shops are almost primitive. Wakayama is, or rather was, quite an industrial city, but now that it has been destroyed by bombing we were not allowed there by our own authorities, probably because there was nowhere to shop. Some of the officers and men did get to the railroad station in Wakayama in connection with evacuating POW's and can testify to the fact that one raid of 100 B-29s levelled the business and industrial area almost 100 per cent.

We remained anchored in Wakanoura Wan until 2 October, giving all hands ample opportunity to learn the Japanese sign language. Consequently, on that day we set sail for Tokyo for bigger game in the way of souvenirs.

TOKYO?

Many of us had predicted on 16 October 1944, that we were on our way to Toyko; so many of us, despite our desire to get home, had an intense feeling of satisfaction in the knowledge that we were about to cross the goal line

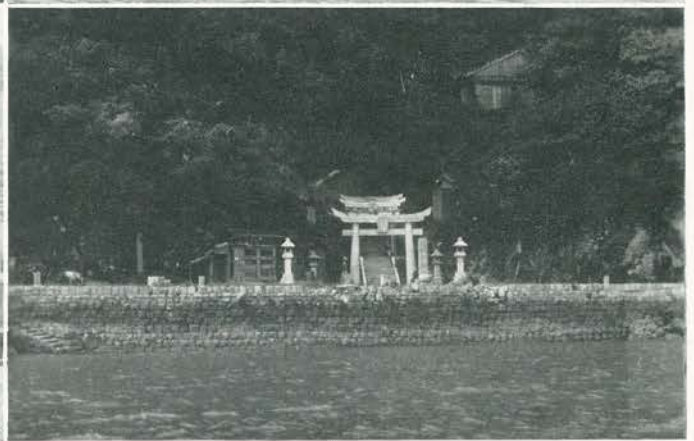
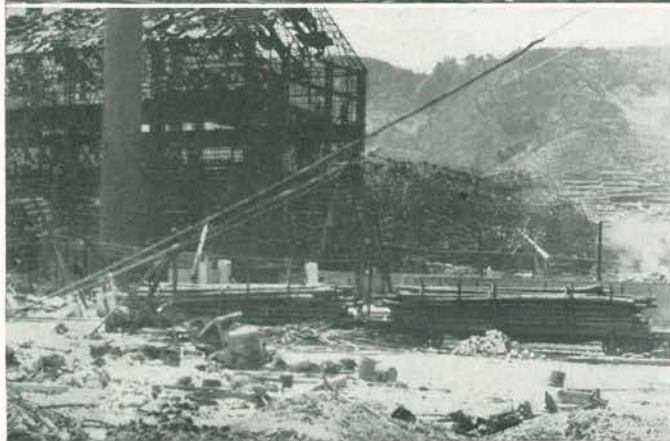
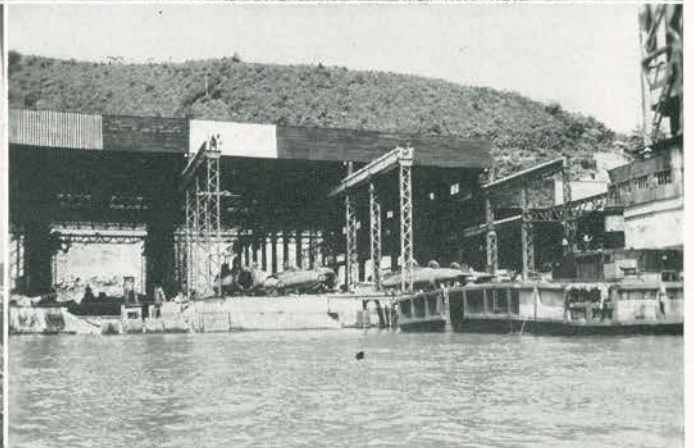


Devastation at Nagasaki.

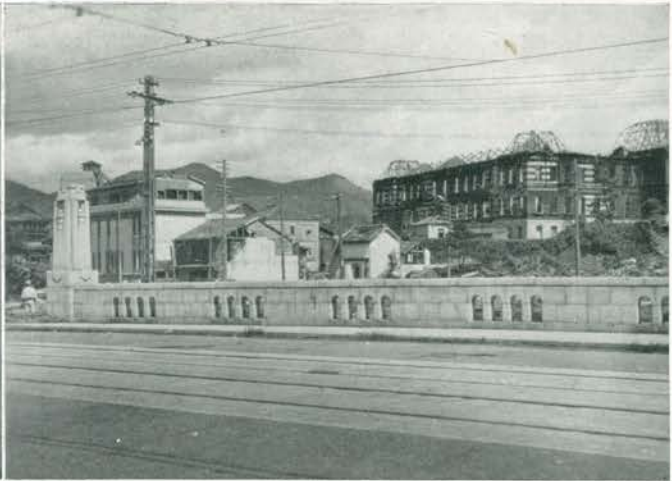
as we steamed North with the *Makin Island*, the *Tennessee* and the *California*—Tokyo bound! But were we? We were due in Tokyo Bay the morning of the 3rd and were almost at the entrance to the Bay when we received orders to change our course for the area South of Wakayama to conduct an air search for Rear Admiral W. D. Sample who had been reported lost in a routine PBM flight since morning. The Admiral simply had not been heard from

P.O.W.'s on hangar deck en route Okinawa from Nagasaki.





Devastation at Nagasaki.
Right, next to bottom: These midget submarines were never completed; *right, bottom:* Entrance to Shinto Shrine at Nagasaki Wan.



Top: P.O.W.'s on flight deck just before getting underway from Nagasaki; *below:* First load of P.O.W.'s reaches ship.

Top: Outskirts of bombed area, Nagasaki; *below:* Devastation.

Jap ferry boat sunk at Nagasaki two miles from point where atomic bomb was dropped.





Top: Imperial Palace grounds, Tokyo, showing moat; next from top: Hirohito lives here; third from top: A Shinto Shrine near fleet landing, Tokyo; bottom: Undamaged part of Tokyo business section.

since taking off from Wakanoura Wan that morning, and our assignment was to make an intensive search of the land and sea areas South of Wakanoura Wan. On arriving at the search area, however, we ran into heavy weather which made it necessary to discontinue search operations while we dodged another typhoon. We resumed the search on the 5th, 6th and 7th, but finally went into Wakanoura Wan to wait for the bad weather to pass over inasmuch as what flying we had been able to do was in vain due to poor visibility.

On arriving at Wakanoura this time we were able to arrange for all hands to get on the beach and we learned that we could finally use Japanese currency, and that is when we learned about inflation. Where we had previously given a package of cigarettes or a bar of soap for an item we now paid 40 Yen, which is roughly \$2.50. Nevertheless, we all had a good time and it was quite a sight to see our liberty parties returning aboard with a variety of souvenirs ranging all the way from a private Shinto Shrine, complete with termites, to a pair of miniature chop sticks.



Lunga Point men shopping on the Ginza.

Another typhoon interrupted liberty on the 9th, and we moved to the outer harbor to ride it out at anchor and spent an uncomfortable day and a half until the typhoon passed on the night of the 10th. This was the typhoon that did all the damage to Okinawa.

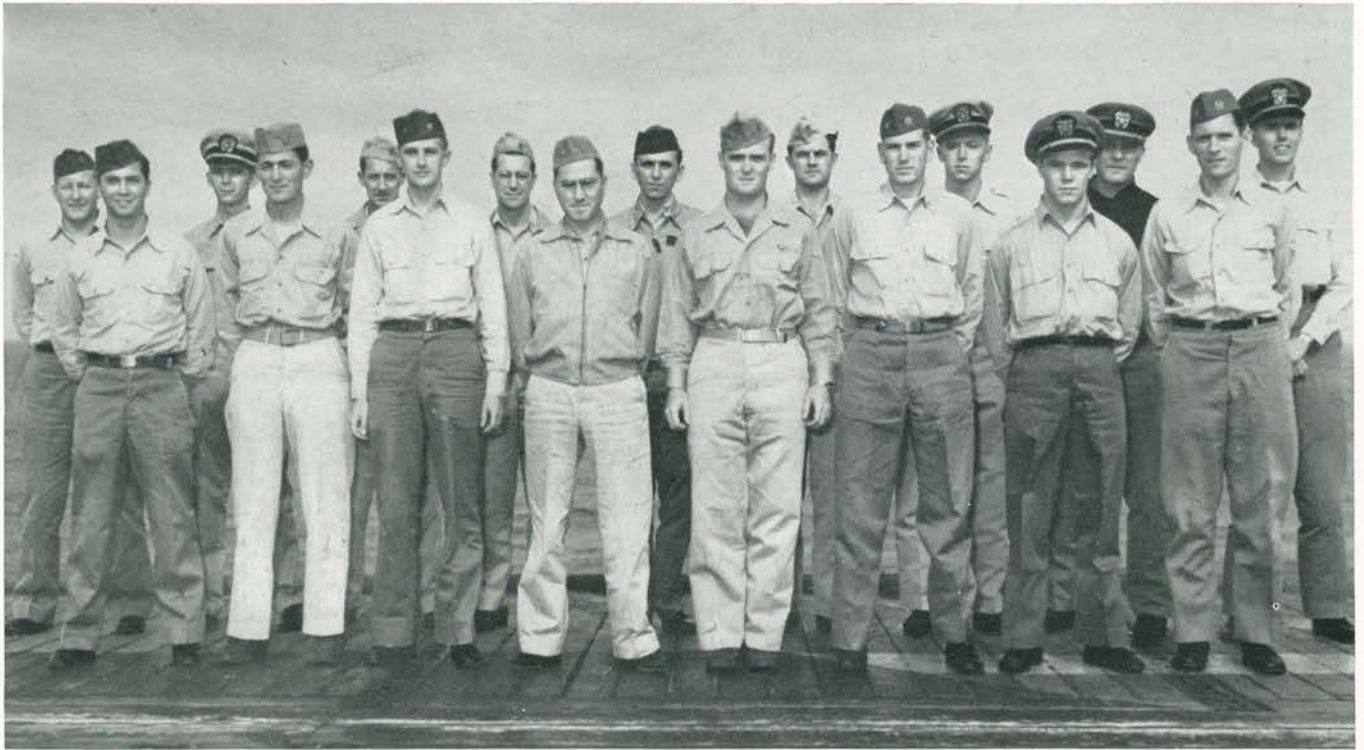
We again spent the 11th and 12th searching for Admiral Sample in company with the *Makin Island*, the *Siboney*, the *Santee*, the *Suwanee*, and returned to Wakanoura for engine avail-



Top: Ship's working party loading Jap rifles at Yokohama—a souvenir for every man on board; center: Same as above; below: Jap battleship, *Nagato*, totally destroyed by fire and bombs rides at anchor in Tokyo Bay with American prize crew aboard.



Top: Liberty party boards LSM at Tokyo for return to ship; second and third views: Yokohama business and industrial area; bottom: A Buddhist Temple in Tokyo.



Officers who reported aboard since 14 May.

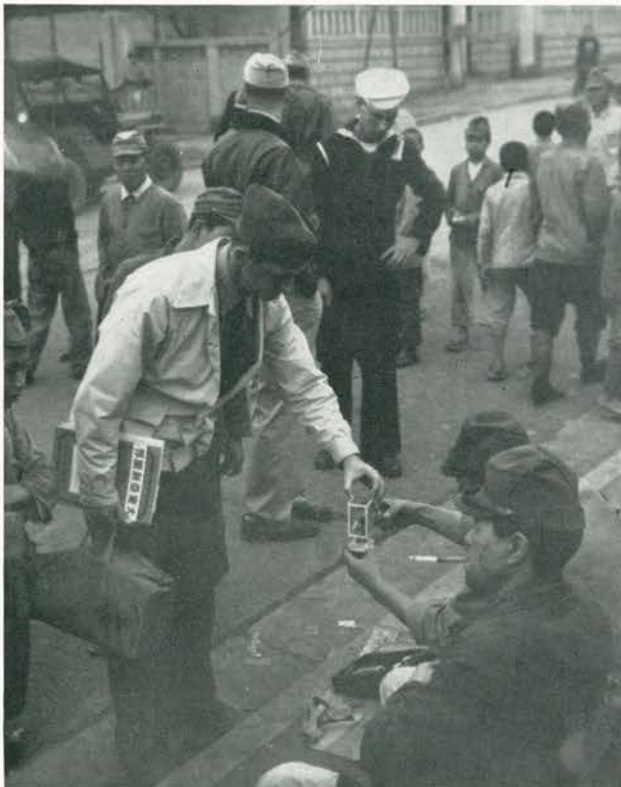
ability on the 13th where we remained until the 16th when we again resumed the search.

TOKYO

On the 17th the search for Admiral Sample was finally abandoned and we set our course

for Tokyo Bay where we anchored at 1847 that day.

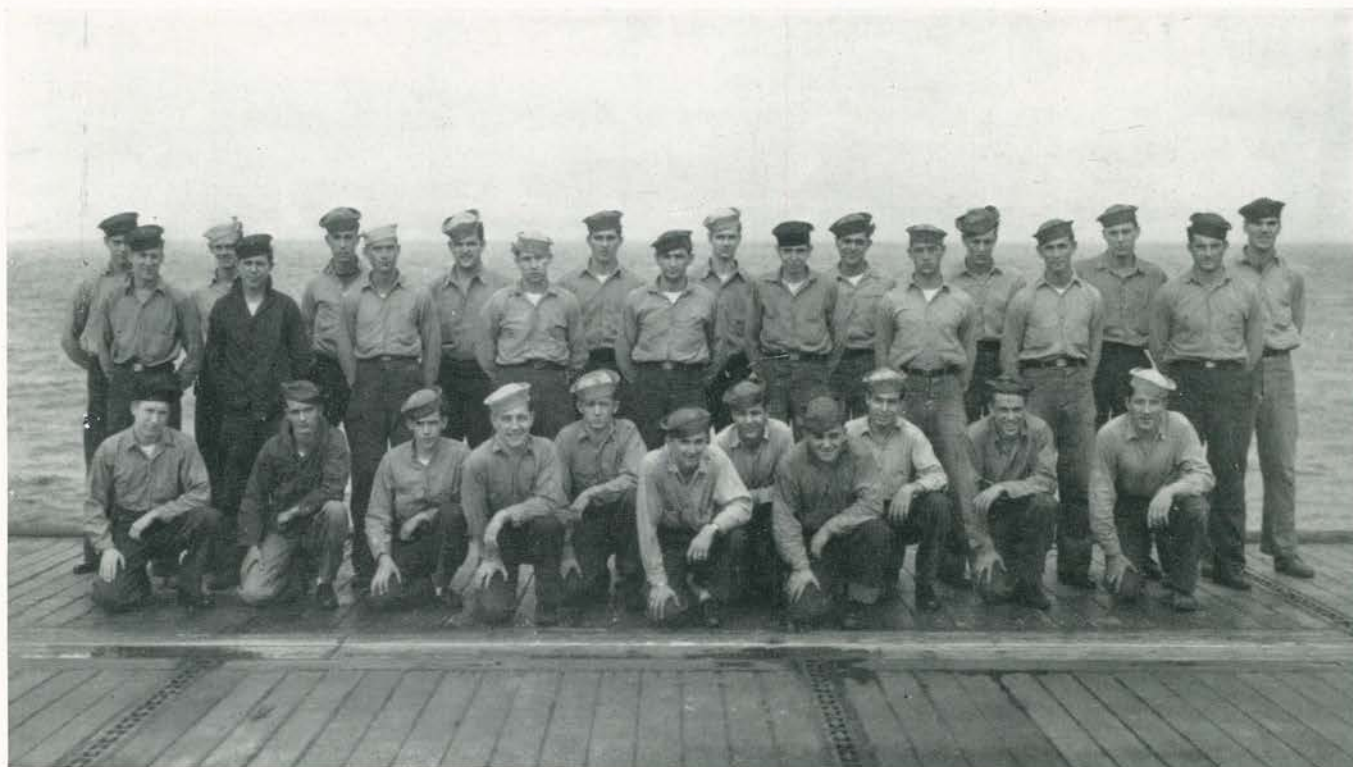
We anchored nearer Yokosuka than Yokohama and Tokyo, Yokosuka being the site of one of the main Jap Naval bases. That base, incidentally, now flies our Ensign. We were



Shopping on the Ginza.



A Yokohama family in front of their home.



Enlisted men who reported aboard since 14 May—(first group).

about two hours from Tokyo; however, arrangements for liberty were well organized and we had an LSM call for our liberty party each morning and they were able to spend the better part of the day there, shopping along the Ginza (Tokyo's Fifth Avenue or Lincoln Road),

sightseeing around the Imperial Palace, the Diet, the American Embassy, the Zoo and other points of interest.

Tokyo turned out to be the modern city we had expected to find; however, we would have found more a year earlier. Yokohama, which



Enlisted men who reported aboard since 14 May—(second group).

adjoins Toyko, was even more modern in its architecture than Tokyo; however, both cities are about 90 per cent destroyed in their business and industrial areas. Shopping was much better in both of these cities, however,



A Tokyo debutante waiting for a street car.

than in Wakanoura, because the stores that were left were modern and you could usually find someone in them who had lived or been educated in the States and who could speak very good English. In fact, some even spoke American. Actually, there were few blocks left in the business section of Tokyo with more than one building standing. Consequently, the crowded streets were even more congested by make-shift shops set up along the edge of the sidewalks where buildings had been burned or bombed out. In any event, just visiting Tokyo as we did was well worth while.

The most important thing that happened to us while in Tokyo Bay, though, was getting our orders transferring us from the 5th Fleet to Magic Carpet duty, meaning that thenceforward we were a transport CVE. Our orders further told us to start loading passengers and, when loaded, to proceed to Pearl Harbor and Uncle Sugar. It didn't take us long to start looking for passengers; however, for several

days, it seemed like we weren't going to get any, they came aboard in such small numbers.

Meanwhile, we had seen in the *Stars and Stripes* that the Army was giving a Jap rifle and bayonet to every soldier going back home on orders and we saw no reason why our Blue-jackets shouldn't get such a souvenir also. Consequently, we sent a working party up to Yokohama and talked the 8th Army into giving us rifles and bayonets. Therefore, every officer and man in the ship's company and Squadron has at least one good souvenir to "take home from the wars."

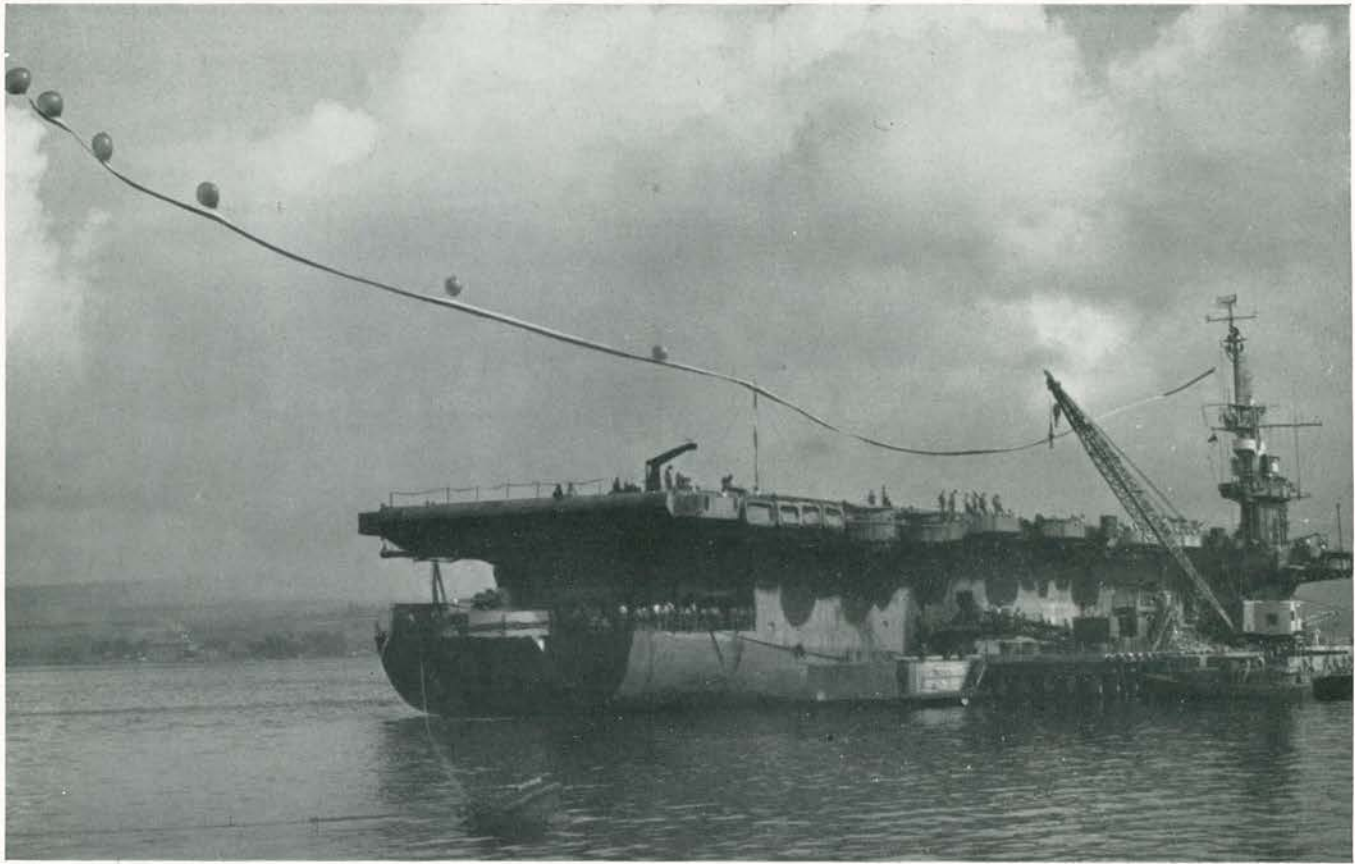
While we were waiting for sufficient passengers Admiral Durgin again demonstrated his desire to show the men under him how much he appreciated their efforts, this time in the form of a letter, of which we are very proud, and which we quote as follows:

"To the Officers and Men of the
U.S.S. Lunga Point:

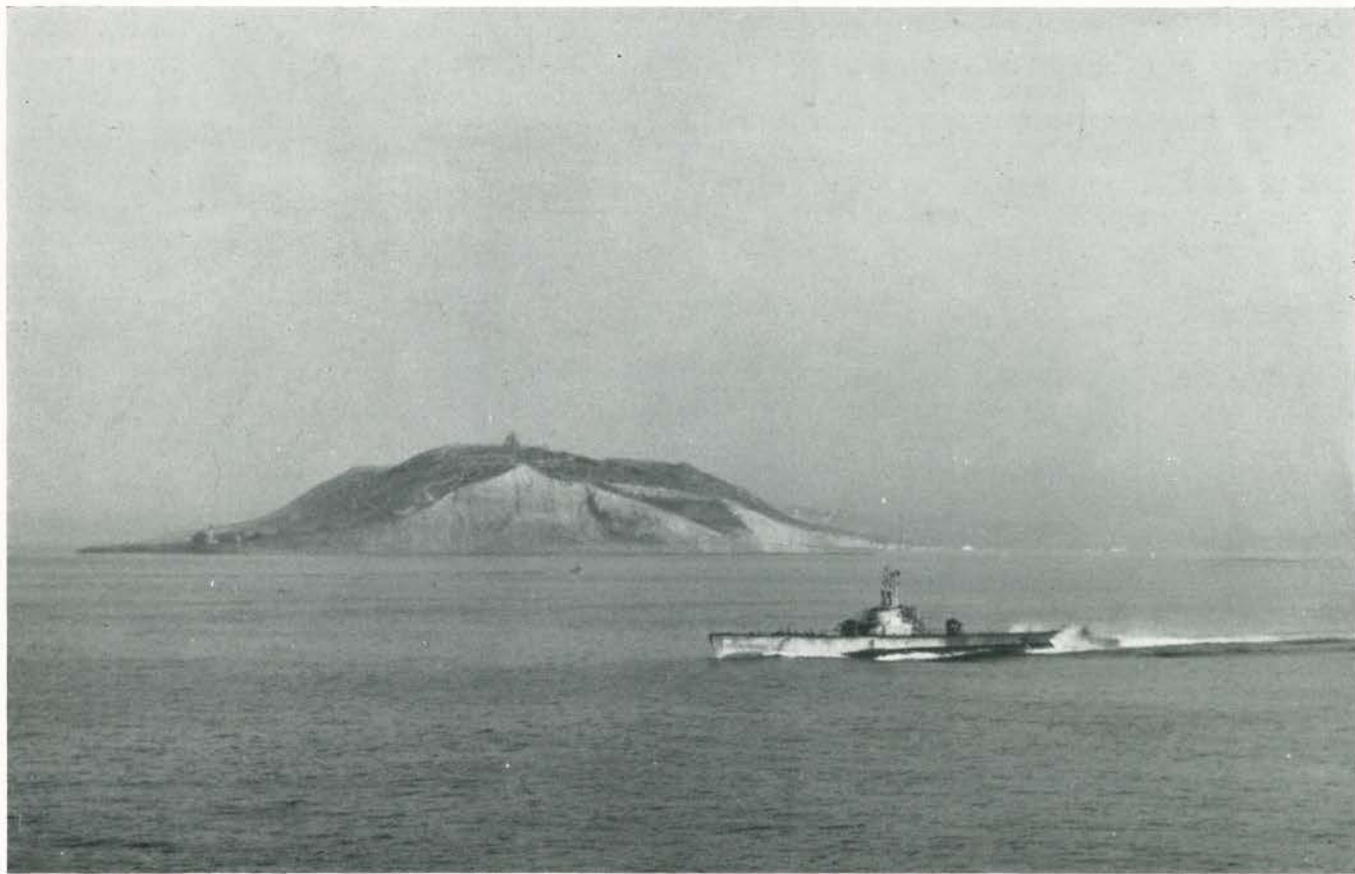
Prior to your departure for the States I want to tell you once more that I am most pleased with the excellent work done by the crew of the LUNGA POINT. We started out together a little over a year ago and have gone through



Youngster eats his lunch amid ruins of Tokyo.



Homeward bound pennant.



Point Loma; our first view of U. S. in over a year.



Welcome Home sign, as we entered San Diego Harbor.

many interesting and trying moments during the strenuous campaigns of Leyte, Luzon, Iwo, Okinawa and the East China Sea. We have learned from the Officers and men of your gallant ship that, when the need arises, there is no limit to the endurance, the will-to-do, the fighting spirit and the courage of our sailor men.

I speak not only for my staff but for all the Escort Carriers when I say the LUNGA POINT is an outstanding ship and we are happy to have had the privilege of serving with it. All of you have every reason to take pride in the achievements of your ship and for your part, which was much more than most of you realize, in our overwhelming victory. I am proud to have been one of you and will miss the good old LUNGA—We all felt safer when she was by our side.

Goodbye and good luck to you all. No other ship more deserves a "Well Done."

(S) C. T. Durgin

Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy
Commander Escort Carrier Force"

Finally, we managed to get our passenger capacity aboard and we set sail for Pearl Harbor on 28 October at 0749, flying a Home-ward Bound pennant 604 feet long and with 38 stars; a foot for every enlisted man and a star for every officer on board who has been away from the States a year or more. To say that we were happy to see that pennant streaming out over our fantail assisted by the buoyancy of several aerological balloons is not only putting it mildly but is absolutely superfluous.

What would otherwise have been such a pleasant cruise, however, was fraught with many things to make it almost unpleasant. We had rough weather all the way to Pearl Harbor; the longest stretch of rough weather we have had in our history. It was so rough that not too much sleep was gotten en route; it was almost impossible to stay in one's bunk at night. Add to that the matter of low rations, most of them dehydrated, and then add a serious water shortage that made it necessary for us to institute water hours and the sum total wasn't too pleasant. If it had not been

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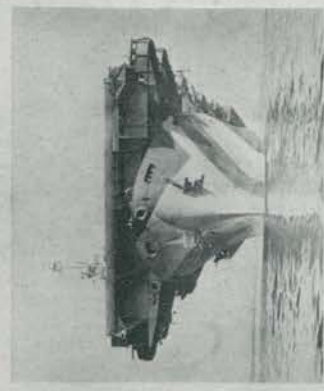
Point



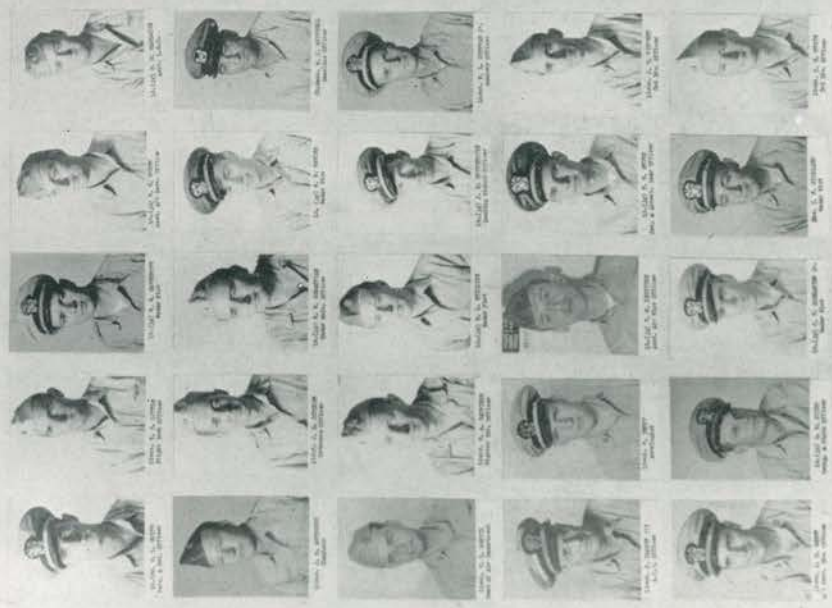
Lunga



U.S.



Ship's Officers



Ship's officers.
(November 1945)

for what was at the other end of the rainbow it would have been a nightmare.

Nevertheless, the rough weather only delayed us one day, and we reached Pearl on November the 7th where those of us who got ashore had our first glimpse of real civilization in over a year. We did not stay in Pearl long, shoving off the very next day at noon for San Diego.

The trip to Dago was nothing like as bad as from Tokyo to Pearl, although the seas were just about as heavy as West of Pearl. The

water situation improved, and, best of all, we were able to get aboard some fresh provisions during our short stay in Pearl and we ate better than we had in months.

And, now, it's the morning of 15 November. Are we happy? Well, who wouldn't be? We are standing on the flight deck of the *Lunga Point*, and out of the corner of one eye we see 17 Jap flags on our bridge, and out of the corner of the other we see old Point Loma rising into the sky, and, by nightfall, we'll be at the other end of the rainbow.

* * * * *

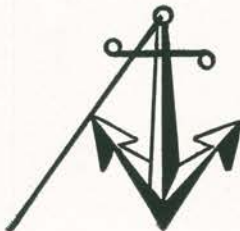
CAPTAIN
WILLIAM RIGHT HOLLINGSWORTH,
U. S. NAVY

It would not only be inappropriate, but it would also be ill-mannered and ungrateful to close the cover of this book without saying a word about our present Skipper.

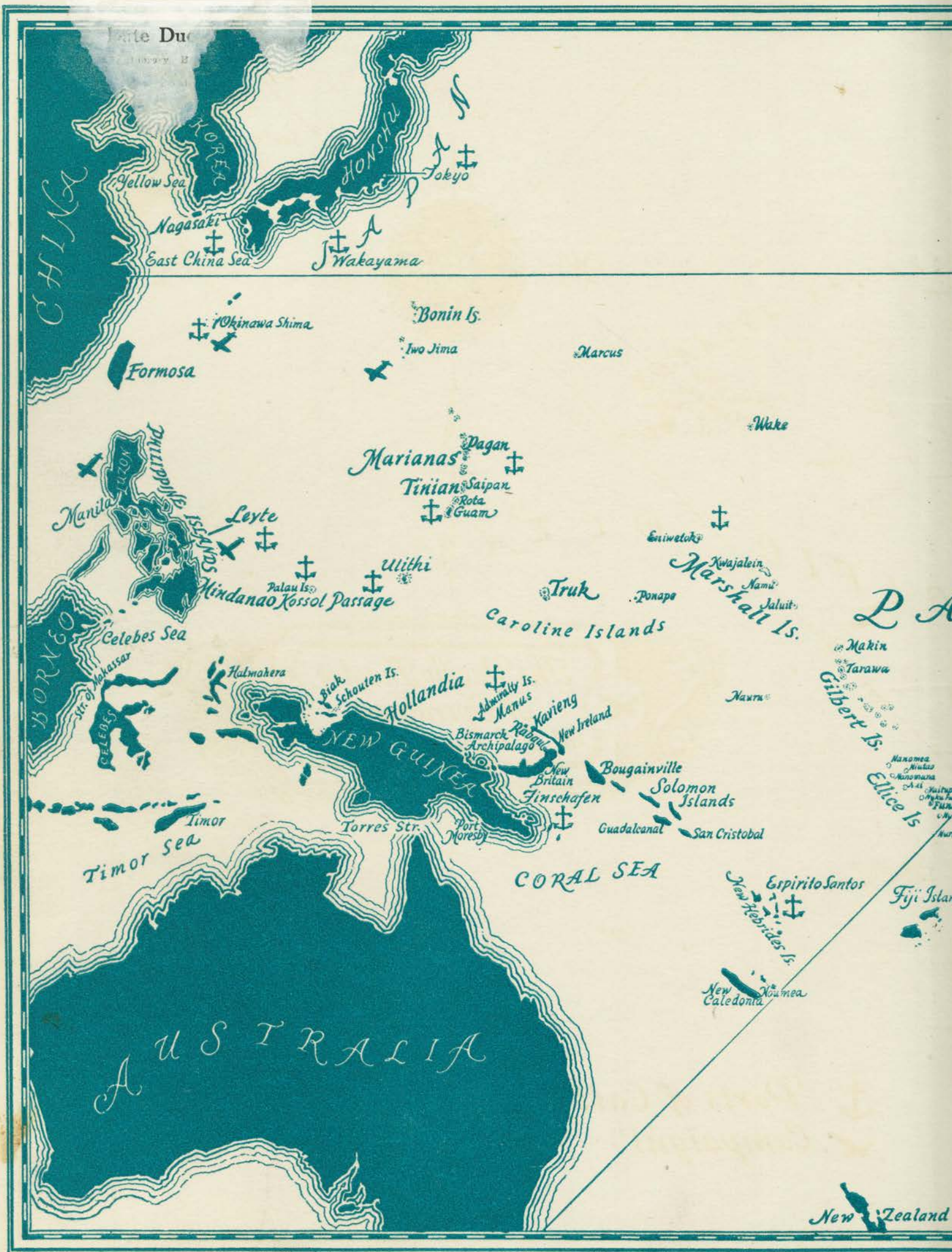
Captain Hollingsworth relieved the command of the *Lunga Point* on 5 July, bringing with him a record of achievement of which he should be justly proud. While it is true that he assumed command toward the closing days of

the war and, consequently, had little opportunity to prove his ability as a leader in battle aboard our ship, he has demonstrated his leadership in so many other ways that there is no doubt in the minds of the officers and men of the *Lunga Point* that he can rise to any occasion.

With great pride in having served under Captain Hollingsworth we say to him, "Good-bye, Good Luck and many happy cruises."



Admiral, R. Kingston
T. A. R.



Yante Duc

CHINA

KOREA

HONSHU

Yellow Sea

Nagasaki

East China Sea

Tokyo

Wakayama

Formosa

Okinawa Shima

Bonin Is.

Iwo Jima

Marcus

Wake

Philippine Islands

Manila

Leyte

Mindanao

Palau Is.

Ulithi

Kossol Passage

Marianas

Tinian

Dagan

Saipan

Rota

Guam

Eniwetok

Marshall Is.

Namur

Ponape

Jaluit

Caroline Islands

Truk

BORNEO

Celebes Sea

Str. of Makassar

Halmahera

Biak Schouten Is.

Hollandia

Admiralty Is.

Manus

Bismarck Archipelago

Port Moresby

Torres Str.

New Ireland

New Britain

Finschafen

Guadalcanal

San Cristobal

Solomon Islands

Bougainville

Nauru

P A

Makin

Tarawa

Gilbert Is.

Ellice Is.

Nauru

Espirito Santos

New Hebrides Is.

New Caledonia

Noumea

Fiji Islands

New Zealand

A U S T R A L I A



HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
 Hawaii
 Honolulu
 Oahu
 Pearl Harbor
 Maui
 Hawaii
 Johnston

UNITED STATES
 San Francisco
 Los Angeles
 San Diego
 Lower California

*The Pacific Theatre
 of Operations
 U.S.S. Lunga Point*

Samoa Islands
 Savaii
 Pago Pago

Tuamotu

Tahiti

⚓ Ports of Call
 ⚓ Campaigns

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