

U.S.S. ESSEX BUCCANEER



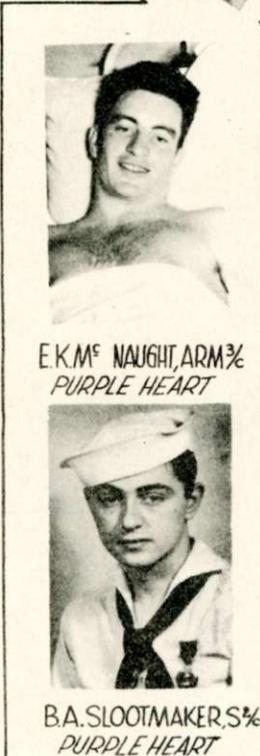
A.H. FREEMAN, CRT
BREMENDE MEDAL

LT. R. L. STEARNS
PURPLE HEART

COMDR. P. E. EMRICK
DIS. FLYING CROSS

LT. COMDR. R. AGULICK
AIR MEDAL

LT. COL. L. KENNEY
PURPLE HEART



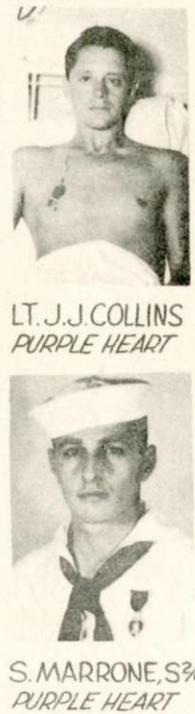
E. K. M^c NAUGHT, ARM^c
PURPLE HEART



B. A. SLOOTMAKER, S^c
PURPLE HEART

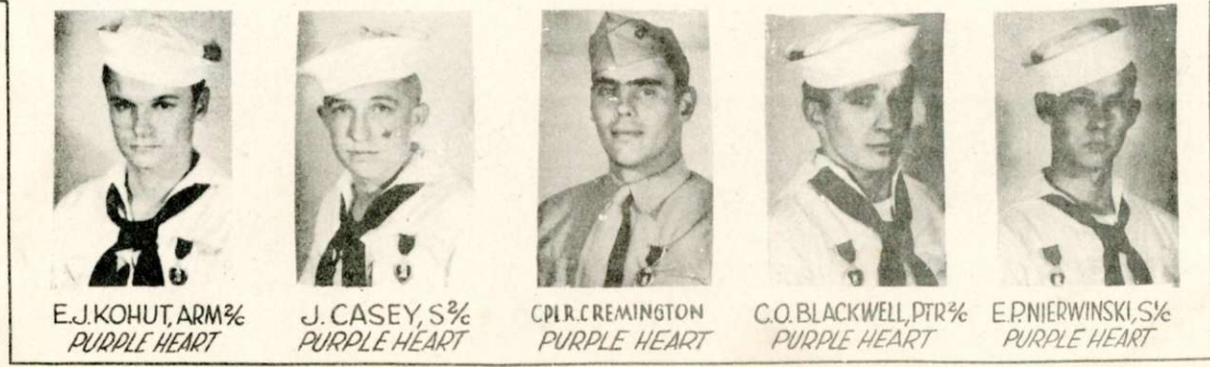


REAR ADMIRAL W.K. HARRILL IS SHOWN PRESENTING
THE AIR MEDAL TO LT. COMDR. C.W. BREWER.



LT. J. J. COLLINS
PURPLE HEART

S. MARRONE, S^c
PURPLE HEART



E. J. KOHUT, ARM^c
PURPLE HEART

J. CASEY, S^c
PURPLE HEART

CPL. R. CREMINGTON
PURPLE HEART

C. O. BLACKWELL, PTR^c
PURPLE HEART

E. P. NIERWINSKI, S^c
PURPLE HEART

'Bean Bag' Brings 'em Aboard



Uncle Sam's carrier bombers don't need rudders when they have pilots like Lt. (jg) James Wanner Barnitz, better known as "Bean Bag", to bring 'em back aboard.

Pretty discouraging, too for the Nip AA gunners. They don't get hits of any kind very often, and when they practically tear off a dive bomber's entire rudder -- well, by all odds it should be something to tell the Son-of-Heaven about.

Better not tell him about this, or he'll be sending that jeweled sword to the gunner, as a gentle hint that it's time for him to become an ancestor.

Because "Bean Bag" took everything they had, after depositing some hundreds of pounds of high explosive on a tender portion of the Empire's anatomy, and still came back aboard without even signaling for a forced landing.

It was all in a day's work for Barney and his 18-year-old gunner, Herbert N. Stienkmeyer, ARM3c, U.S.N.R., a St. Louis boy who would have been right in the middle of the burst had it occurred a thousandth of a second sooner.

Barnitz, long known to his fellow pilots as "Barney" came by his additional "Bean Bag" nickname when, as assistant squadron communications officer, he was made responsible for installation of sand-filled message drop "Bean Bags" in the squadron's planes.

It had nothing to do with the fact that his father, Eckert W. Barnitz, 2310 Harlan Street, Indianapolis, is office manager of the Bemis Bag Company in that city.

Barnitz, who is 24, has a younger brother, Gerald, 18, who is a U. S. Army aviation student in Texas. "Bean Bag" himself, after three years of mechanical engineering at Purdue was an aviation cadet at Corpus Christi when the storm broke over Pearl Harbor. This is his second trip out, as he saw considerable carrier service in the South Pacific before joining his present outfit.

Stienkmeyer quit Southwest High School in St. Louis after three years to join the Navy. He is the son of Charles Henry and Dolores Stienkmeyer, 5007 Bancroft avenue, St. Louis. He has two brothers, Lawrence, 20, who is home from the Army on a medical discharge, and Charles, 5, and one sister, Margaret Ann, 4. His father is in the trucking business.

In the background of the picture are two of Stienkmeyer's fellow gunners. To the left of the prop is Charles Lossie Rowland, and to the right, his face partially obscured by the prop, is Stanley Nelson Whitby. Both are ARM2c.

The Buccaneer Salutes

On the front cover of this issue is pictured the men who were decorated by Rear Admiral W.K. Harrill at Meritorious Mast held recently on the ESSEX.

The principal award went to Commander Paul E. Emrick, at present Navigator of the ESSEX. He received the Distinguished Flying Cross with the following citation:

In the name of the President of the United States, the Commander South Pacific Area and South Pacific Forces takes pleasure in awarding the DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS to Commander Paul E. Emrick, USN for service as set forth in the following Citation:

"For extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight as commander of an air group during a strike on enemy shipping at one of the Empire's major outlying bases. The attack led by Commander Emrick through intense anti-aircraft fire and heavy fighter opposition, resulted in the destruction of one enemy destroyer, severe damage to six heavy cruisers, damage to three light cruisers, and the destruction of sixteen Japanese aircraft. Although participating in the air engagements with the enemy, Commander Emrick successfully obtained valuable photographs of the action. While taking off for a second strike later in the same day, the task group was attacked by over one hundred enemy aircraft. Units of his air group, including his own, which could be launched prior to the full development of the attack, repulsed the enemy, destroying forty-six of their planes in the action. Despite the fact that he was piloting a plane unsuitable for such purpose, Commander Emrick dived on enemy aircraft enabling his combat crew to destroy two of the Japanese planes. His outstanding leadership, excellent training program and courageous devotion to duty were largely responsible for the complete success of the missions and the severe damage dealt to the Japanese forces. His conduct throughout was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

W.F. Halsey,
Admiral, U.S. Navy.

The Air Medal was awarded to Commander C.W. Brewer. At the time of the citation he was Lieutenant Commander. Also, receiving the Air Medal was Lt. Commander R.A. Gulick. Both received meritorious citations.

A unique distinction went to Chief Radio Technician A. H. Freeman when he was informed that he had been awarded the British Empire medal for services while on duty in England. At the time of the award he was ART2c.

The Purple Heart, the oldest military award and one of the most honored, went to Lt. R.L. Stearns, Lt. J.J. Collins, Lt. (jg) L. T. Kenney, E.K. McNaught, ARM3c, B.A. Sloomaker, S2c, E.J. Kohut, ARM2c, J. Casey, S2c, C.O. Blackwell, Ptr2c, E.P. Nierwinski, Slc, S. Marrone, S2c, and Corporal R.C. Remington, USMC.

The Buccaneer joins with the entire crew of officers and men of the ESSEX in giving these shipmates a hearty salute.

The Conserve Fresh Water Campaign

Since the last issue of the Buccaneer the fresh water index has steadily gone down. There is still no margin of safety and water rationing is still in prospect unless further reductions are noted. Rationing is a must, unless each man takes it upon himself to use as little water as possible. The roving reporter actually ran into a man the other day who thought that he should drink 23 gallons of water per day. The 23 gallon figure includes everything that water is used for, the laundry, the galley, fresh water for cleaning, and the drinking water. This actually means that each man can use about 5 gallons of water per day and stay inside a safe margin to prevent water rationing.

For the benefit of those who did not get a copy of the last issue, we repeat: Take the sea-going shower--wet down with a small trickle of water, soap up and wash up with the water SHUT OFF, then rinse off with a small trickle. You will get clean and still save water. Send your clothes to the laundry, they even press them for you now so there is no reason for washing your own clothing. Use your head



How Well Do You Do Your Job?

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 Commanding Officer.....Captain R.A. Ofstie, USN.
 Executive Officer.....Commander F.T. Corbin, USN.
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Seriously

Memorial Day 1944

By Lt. John L. Sullivan, U.S.N.R.

Recurrent in all our tributes to those who fall in battle is a dominant resolve, that their sacrifice somehow shall bear fruit. How, we do not know, except in terms of generalities, even platitudes, about a bright new world which shall rise out of the desolation of war. This is our answer, and the only answer we have, to the wanton waste of blood and treasure which is the essence of war.

Our fallen comrades-at-arms need nothing from us - no praise, no promises. Their work is finished. They were our friends, our shipmates. We shared with them common aspirations, common loyalties, and a common purpose. In leaving us they have not passed on the torch for us to hold aloft; we had been carrying it all along, right from the beginning, side by side with them. Nothing fundamental is changed, unless it is our own realization of the trust our country has placed in us, the responsibility it has laid upon us, the sacrifice it may yet require of us.

We know we will achieve Victory, and it is not enough. Not enough to justify those brave young lives we have spent. Not enough to satisfy that gallant campaign of the dead, if it should ask: "What have you gained to pay for all you lost?" For Victory alone is inconclusive. It decides the conflict, it ends the war but of itself it settles no problems, establishes no principles. It is purely negative, for it brings us back where we started, and it was not for this that our comrades died.

We are taking the first objective of this war, which is Victory. But our sights must be lifted higher. Beyond Victory lies Peace. Will it be the kind of Peace those men had in mind? It is for us to answer that question, all of us. If we answer it well and faithfully, if our voices and ideals help to make the Peace just as our weapons help to make the Victory, then in the years to come, years untroubled by the march of armies, we shall be able to say, in truth, that we have kept faith with those who died. We can do no less, and we can do no more.

The Smaller Vessels

All you ever hear of in the newspapers in this war is the releases regarding carrier actions and fleet actions involving other heavier units of the fleet. This is written to remind the whole world that we of the ESSEX know that the smaller vessels which screen us as we operate are a very important part of every thing we are able to accomplish. We know that without them and their constant watches we would not be able to put our heads peacefully on our pillows and go to sleep at night safe in the knowledge that they are on watch and on guard. We use them, we know their value---it is priceless!

A letter came aboard from Captain A.E. Chambers, U. S. Army Air Force, which said in part: ".....we are based somewhere in Italy. I traveled on a Navy ship to debarkation point and it was swell. They certainly did take excellent care of us - food, entertainment, in fact everything. It really was a large ship and my hat is off to the Navy boys, when it comes to efficiency they can't be beaten."

Some ship did a good job and the entire fleet gets credit for the good impression they made on the Army passengers they had aboard.

This was most likely a routine cruise for the ship on which this officer traveled. To him it was a big thrill and something far from the ordinary. The impression he and his squadron got is lasting and reflects credit to the Naval Service.

We are all a part of a big team; each with his special job to do. The fighting efficiency of the ship and the impression we leave with strangers depends on how well we do the job we have been trusted with. Often it seems that our jobs are insignificant - but this is not true. No chain is stronger than its weakest link and if every job is done well, the chain is strong.

You can't "dope off" on a Man o' War. This is especially true on a carrier. There are added dangers from non-combat hazards - propellers, elevators, jeeps, barriers, arresting gear and other operational equipment which are not found on other types of ships, which present a constant danger to personnel on type of ship.

It is good business to do your own job well, to keep clear of things which don't concern you or your job, to stay (using Captain Ofstie's words) "on your toes" all the time.

A recreation party was planned. Word was passed for 30 volunteers to put refreshments on ice. No one showed up. The party had no refreshments. Everyone let George do it. The wise guys were so sure that the dopes would volunteer. Everyone was a wise guy. No one was smart.

Personal Cleanliness

by L.P. Austin, CPhM, U.S.N.

Shipmates, I have been asked to write about this subject because it has been brought to your attention several times; yet nothing has been done about it. Personal cleanliness is not being practiced to a high enough degree among our number. There is no excuse for any man aboard our ship constantly going about wearing dirty clothes and remaining dirty in person. The old excuse, "All my clothes are in the laundry," just shows carelessness and laxity on the person's part who says it. Since we all get paid twice a month and have Small Stores aboard, you will have to admit there is no excuse for a person "running out of clean clothes." How about it; can't the situation be remedied?

Seems to me that we should have pride in our personal appearance. All women are not beautiful; all men aren't handsome; but, everyone can have clean personal habits. The idea that no one of any importance will see you while you are at sea is all wrong; the impression you make on your associates will not be forgotten; it is well to remember that.

Aside from personal pride, there are other factors that enter into the picture; two of these are Hygiene and Sanitation. Medically speaking, the practice of both has a great deal to do with the prevention of disease. We perspire a great amount in the tropical areas and therefore are prone to getting infectious rashes, boils, carbuncles, and colds; not to mention the nauseating subject, B.O.

Due to the close conditions in which we live, one infected person can infect many others. Shipmates, it is imperative that you look out for your own personal physical welfare and report to your Division Officer any of the members of your department that insist on the continuance of dirty personal habits.



Although somewhat belated, we wish to take the opportunity at this time to welcome to our Detachment, Captain Robert L. Gillis as our new Commanding Officer. Previously 'blessèd' with sea duty, he has already shown himself to be outstanding as a leader and really keeps "us commandos" on the ball. That in itself is quite a problem.

It is said, "with the good must come the bad". We have found that quite true in the recent transfer of First Sergeant James V. Valentour. Only with us a month and a half, it was necessary for him to leave due to ill health. As a veteran of Guadalcanal and Tulagi, he contracted malaria and his return again to active duty found it starting to appear once more leaving no alternative but to release him for proper care. We all wish him good luck, good health, and God's speed for a quick recovery.

Just a few comments that will enlighten the minds of all and satisfy the writer immensely:

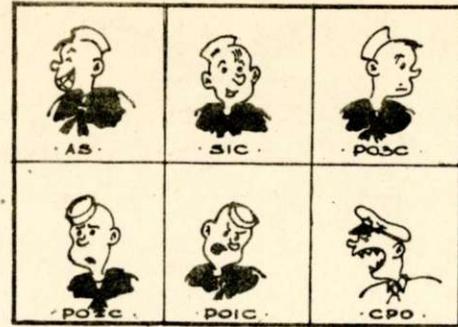
On a recent trip to the country of sunshine, laughter and beauty (Noo York) PFC C.B.E. spent pleasant moments with old acquaintances and making many new friends. To hear him talk about it you would think he was the only Marine on leave.

How was our Detachment Librarian chosen? A question asked by all. It must be because of his fearlessness and ability to wade through the uncertain terrain of books, books, and more books. We only hope he gets a plentiful supply of "Superman" and "Green Lantern" comics so that Happy Demion finds his spare time put to good use.

Believe it or not (apology to Mr. Ripley) -- We are all happy to announce the newly acquired "friendship" between our No. one woman hater, Bob (Leo the lion) Kelley, and his cute senorita, Lena. Now let's see him get Alcorn between the lockers for a little "snow job".

Famous words written to a big strong Leatherneck: "Bobsie, I woves ya". Tich! Tich! Tich!

Now that it's time to close, I must do so with a story that, unlike our present day motion picture plots, ends with sadness and distressing sorrow. We, who witnessed, saw the expression of heartbreaking emotion on the faces of one Platoon Sergeant (oop's) and his lovely little Miss Rice Inhaler as they waved farewell on a recent departure from CENSORED). What would R----- think?



CHIEF'S SQUATTERS

Congratulations, Hutton, on getting married. Now if the wife doesn't get the right amount payday - so solly, the paymaster made a mistake. Sorry to see that you got mangled up, but cheer up, they can't accuse your wife.

What's this mean? Batey is smoke stacking again. He must have gotten the call.

Congratulations, etc., to all the chiefs of the air group on being aboard a "fighting ship".

Since Stacks came back off leave, having gotten married, he says his blood pressure is low (stew lad, stew.)

The next painful ditty is that painful little ballad sung by Huck-em Wise in a bucket of smashed buttons entitled "Mairzy Doats".

Hale isn't the same since his singing partner Ratliff left. What happened to the banjo, Hale? Did Eddie Peabody get it?

Zangs, I'm certainly surprised at you. What in the world did you do with that gas nozzle?

What redheaded chief machinist mate (not an aviator) tears up his mail without reading it because he was accused of being inebriated by a fair young lady? Tell her a sailor doesn't get drunk --it's shore shickness.

The chiefs had a beer party on the beach and it was a beach!

Ask Ginn how big that crab was he saw climbing a tree and who retreated.

I don't know who has put the most inches around his waist, Deserano or Reynolds. Reynolds claims he hasn't seen his feet since coming back from the states.

Sorry to hear that our top kick Valentour has gone to the hospital. Hurry back, Sarge.

Mason, are you sure it was cat's eyes you were looking for?

Farrington says all he does is shovel dirt against the tide on the hangar deck.

Boy, I sure like to hear these fellows gripe, it shows that they are contented. A good sailor man will always cus and growl; if he doesn't he's sick!

I heard a certain small chief say that if Austin (the big bum) doesn't quit fooling around, it'll be too bad for him.

Hey, Bandy, how about a song dedicated to the chiefs for our next beer party and also throw the words on the screen at the community sing-song each night at the movies? Make it something on the order of Spanish and Scotch (hot and tight).

That's all for now, more next time.

Late News Items Reported From Home Front

Interesting Selections From The New York Times Overseas Weekly

WAR BRIDES

San Francisco was host last week to ninety Australian war brides and sweethearts of American service men. The women, nine with babies and many others expectant mothers, disembarked from the same ship which brought Prime Minister John Curtin from Australia. The Red Cross and emergency housing bureaus provided initial care for the pretty young voyagers, who will scatter to all parts of the United States as soon as they are able to obtain travel accommodations. The girls, whose average age is 20 years, were almost as excited about the chance to buy unrationed clothes as at the prospect of seeing the United States.

SANTA CLAUS FOREVER

In Columbus, Ohio, last week Edward J. Hummel, Secretary of State, rejected a corporation's petition to use the name Santa Claus, Inc. "Santa Claus," Mr. Hummel ruled, "is too important to the life of our children to be commercialized."

SOUTH HIT BY TORNADO

A tornado which whipped across Northeast Georgia and into South Carolina last week caused the death of forty persons and injuries to 300 others. Throughout the stricken area Red Cross field workers, doctors and nurses maintained temporary shelters in churches, homes and service clubs and fed the homeless at field kitchens. The War Production Board authorized preference ratings for lumber and other materials with which to repair the storm damage. Property damage was estimated in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. The communities hit hardest were Royston, Bio, and Franklin Springs in Georgia and Greenwood, Abbeville and Ninety-Six, S.C.

MICHIGAN SMELT RUN

Smelt were running up Southdown Creek from Lake Michigan last week, demonstrating their return to the lake and its tributaries but leaving the mystery of their non-appearance in 1943 unsolved.

Crowds turned out at Manistique, Michigan to scoop the little, silvery fish from the creek into pails, tubs and other containers but Conservation Officer Tom Mellon described the spawning run as moderate. The spring Spawning run of smelt ordinarily is an annual event eagerly awaited by dip-net fishermen. Southdown Creek had been the scene of heavy runs for several years until last season, when no smelt appeared.

NO VACANCIES

In Manhattan last week the apartment situation neared a crisis. As the May 1 moving day approached apartment seekers were faced everywhere with the sign: 100 per cent rented. Real Estate Board figures showed the reason why: Less than 1 per cent of Manhattan's 321,765 apartments were vacant, in contrast to the vacancy rate of 9.8 per cent in 1942 and 17.7 per cent in 1932.

DOMESTIC CASUALTIES

Casualties at home since Pearl Harbor have been greater than those on the battlefield, the National Safety Council reported in Chicago last week. In contrast to the war-casualty total of 189,309 there have been 220,000 deaths and twenty two million injuries resulting from accidents in the factory, on the roads and in the home since December 7, 1941.

TELEVISION CONTRACT

Jessica Dragonette, one of the first singers on the radio established another precedent this week when she became the first "name" on the air to sign an exclusive contract for television. She will appear regularly on W2XWY in New York.

HARRY JAMES WITH NEW UNIT

After disbanding his orchestra because of uncertainty over his draft status, trumpeter Harry James finally was classified 4-F. He is organizing a new unit for radio and hotel dates. Meanwhile, Benny Goodman has shown no inclination to go back to work until his fight with a booking agency is settled, which may not be until the expiration of a contract that still has a year to run.

GANG SLAYING IN CHICAGO

Shot between the eyes, the body of James Larkin, a long-time mobster, was found huddled in a West Side alley in Chicago last week and police connected his murder with the struggle for control of Chicago's vice rackets between a new gang and hold-overs of the Capone regime. Larkin, 51, worked in one of the gambling houses operated by Jack Guzik, syndicate business manager. Police found evidence indicating that Larkin had been killed in a tavern operated by Matt Capone, younger brother of Scarface Al, and his body carted several miles to its dumping ground.

NO 'DETROIT' ON THE SHENANDOAH

In Virginia's Shenandoah Valley last week residents were resolved to preserve the fine farm-lands, pastures and orchards of Shenandoah from the blight of increasing industrialization. The Shenandoah Valley, Inc.--an association of local business interests--agreed to encourage only a limited group of industries to provide employment for valley residents. E. E. Keister of New Market, Va., president, said: "If we were to make the valley a Pittsburgh or a Detroit, it would change the whole nature of a section whose appeal is cultural, historic and scenic."

JAPANESE ON TRIAL

Courts-martial of twenty-eight Japanese-Americans, who refused to accept military training at Fort McClellan, Ala., infantry replacement center, were in progress last week. Brig. Gen. Wallace Philoon, Commandant, said that the men refused "to accept training under the American flag" and that they "have lived for several years in Japan and have become indoctrinated with the military philosophy of that country." The twenty-eight were members of a special battalion formed principally of second generation Japanese-Americans. General Philoon said all other members of the unit accepted training willingly.

JOB PRIORITIES FOR VETERANS

From Detroit last week Henry Ford promised war veterans priorities on post-war jobs in his vast enterprises. On the same day, in Washington, the House of Representatives voted overwhelmingly to give the veterans the first call on all Government payrolls. Mr. Ford, whose plants now hire 180,000 war workers, said veterans will get the preference when the war ends because "people have made a lot of money out of this war and the servicemen nothing." He made the pledge in a letter to Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, director of Veteran's Retaining and Reemployment. The House bill, backed by President Roosevelt who told a Congressional committee the Government should set an employment example for private industry, provides that the names of servicemen and the wives or widows of disabled veterans go to the top of Government job lists. In civil service ratings ten points would be added for disabled veterans and their wives or widows and five points for all others who were in uniform.

C O N T R I B U T I O N S

TO YOU

I built a fence around my world,
And prayed that it would stay.
But fate had other plans in mind,
Now you are far away.

That fence now lies in crumbled heaps,
My thoughts are sometimes blue.
But I turn my mind to other things,
And mostly I think of you.

Perhaps you too are lonely,
And miss the things you had,
The things we never realized,
The things that make hearts glad.

The things a tiny little lad,
Can do to a daddy's heart.
And make a smile come to his face,
Although they are miles apart.

Our sacrifice is not in vain,
For the things that are really worthwhile
Must be achieved through struggle and strife,
And a ready and willing smile.

My fence will again encircle my world,
With a broader, and lovelier view,
And my heart shall be thankful we have in this world
Husbands and Fathers like you.

Husbands and Fathers, brothers and sons,
Who know that it's not all in vain.
Who willingly give at the cost of their life,
That their loved ones shall never know pain.

I only pray when your job is done,
For the Victory that shall be yours,
May the Lord see fit to bring each one,
Safe to his own home shores.

By Mary Samuelsen, the wife of a
man in the Engineering Department.

Breathes there an ESSEX sailor with soul so dead,
Who never to his Division Officer has said,
"What could I do short of winning the war,
That would hasten my seeing my native shore?"

"The horse and mule live 30 years
And nothing knows of wine and beer.
The goat and sheep at 20 die,
and ne ver taste Scotch or rye.

The cows drink water by the ton
And at 18 are mostly done;
The dog at 15 cashes in,
Without the aid of rum or gin.

The cat in milk and water soaks
And then at 12 short years it croaks;
The modest sober bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at 10.

All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and sinless die;
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten."

SCUTTLEBUTT

Ole' Man Scuttlebutt is the cantankerous, changeable, deceiving,
heartbreaking, lying, ornery husband of Dame Rumor.

Scuttlebutt is as heartening as a beefsteak sandwich,
As sought after as leave papers and as fickle as a 'Frisco blonde.

Scuttlebutt raises your hopes, fills your soul with anticipation
and then knocks you flatter than a galley flapjack.

Scuttlebutt will cause you to gamble away your last dollar,
Fight with your best friend, and drive you nutty as a fruitcake.

Scuttlebuti is as exciting as a date with Dorothy Lamour,
As dull as McGonicle's shark knife and as sad as a bloodhound's
profile.

Scuttlebutt is as deceptive as a chorus girl's smile.
As false as a set of mail-order teeth and as mean as a Bos'nmate
with a hangover.

Scuttlebutt is as soothing as a tall beer, as irritating as the spik-
itch, and as aggravating as an early reveille.

Scuttlebutt is as badly wanted as a trip to the states
Dreaded as much as a 0200 G.Q. and repeated oftener than a
woman's secrets.

Scuttlebutt will raise your morale, inflate your ego, and then
knock the props out from under you just for the hell of it.

Scuttlebutt is quoted more than Shakespeare, denounced more
often than Hirohito and denied as often as a 48 hour liberty.

Note: Webster says: "A scuttlebutt is an automatic fountain."
---by R. G. Graves, AMM1c

WHAT MY AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP MEANS TO ME

What does my citizenship mean to me? It means a spark-
ling Monday wash swaying lazily on the line; excited exchange of
chatter across the back yard fence; the clasped hands of true
friends.

It means the sleepy nod of daisies along the roadside;
fleecy clouds bobbing in a peaceful sky; the wind playfully stirring
the leaves of a maple tree.

What does my citizenship mean to me? It means grateful
hearts lifted in prayer on Thanksgiving; the rise of church bells
with the sun on the Sabbath; the newspapers on corner stands and
the campaign buttons on coat lapels.

But it also means the determined song of soldiers march-
ing to war; the hum of factories releasing deadly weapons; the
angry blast of cannon searching for their enemies.

What does my citizenship mean to me? It means the daz-
zling fireworks on the fourth of July; wistful little boys trotting
after a band on parade; the blind faith of children in their
Santa Claus.

It means the picture of "teacher" on the blackboard; a
little girl's worry over her doll's illness; the "five and ten cent"
flag hanging proudly from a tenement.

What does my citizenship mean to me? Why, it means
happiness!

--written by Joan Sprague, 13-year-old
daughter of Lt. A. W. Sprague.



What Goes On - Topside and Below Decks



SEEN HERE AND THERE IN AN INFORMAL TOUR OF THE ENGINEERING SPACES: "Spongehead" Simons now striking for yeoman in the Log Room; Adolph Solarik, (Jasiewicz, Jr.) "B" Division yeoman and the "Wyandotte Weasel" Sucky Smith, tearing his few remaining hairs out over Cubby Long, (Cubby, that's short for Cub-tracks, that's little Bear-tracks, get it?); "Gold-miner" Monosky, mining in the dark and dreary bilges of the fireroom, really finding the dough in the last few weeks; (F.D.R.) Davidson with his purple heart medal presented by the officers of this department upon his receiving several wounds in connection with attempting to smash an airplane with his "He-man" chest and with further commando tactics in the Log Room; John (The Belly) Primrose striving in vain for that first class crew; "Now salute me" Deserano with his new gold braid; Mortimer Tinsley, and his handle bar moustache and his tatoos; "Sack-out" Banry, never eats breakfast, doesn't get up in time; Sack-out has turned over the Wardroom coke machine to "Broad-shoulders" Christopher while he catches up on his sleep; "Mattress-back" Tommy and his records officer striker, Vincent; Miss Trepanier, the engineer; "Kid Galahad" Yuhas, still a sub-man at heart; Meyer, "The Foreman" laying down the law in the shop; "Ubangi" Mc-Daniels and "Breakwater" Fountain against "Eskimo" Wilson and "The Indian" Chandler in a hot casino game; "Sheriff" Hartell shining his badge; "The Rat" Hodos having a heart to heart with "Stew" while Murphy, "The Irish" gripes on the fantail because "Stew" won't read enough; Joe "The Mug" Garrison studying for chief with his "Green Lantern" comics; Morrison, "The Kibitzer" watching "Dreary" Watkins play checkers and yelling "No kibitzing" with the accent always on the "bit"; Schultz, "The Dutchman" always goes dutch treat; "Kid McRae", the greatest little feather weight in the Navy; "Simp" Bumgarner, "blowing-up technician"; Starkey with weighty problems and headaches; Chockley, Admiral's favorite; "Poker-face" Lewis; Nicelli, the "Spagetti bender"; Kwaitkowski, "All American-Panama Kid"; Petrucci, claims he's a descendant of the Chippawa tribe; Shufflebarger, the casualty slip writer; "Chief Yeoman" Reese; and last but not least, Commander Merkle, the Chief Engineer himself.

Meet some more of the Bombron gang -- Venerable Pop Downey, able gunner, able ballplayer.....Baltimorian, Ken Bussy, co-editor of the squadron newsheet....Texans--(We men from Texas are supermen!) -- Jack Hooten, Al Harris, Jim Hammons, Ken Jackson.

Jive-hounds--Al Fraioli, Andy Gotsis, Gene Murphy, Ronnie Guilbeau....Technician R.A. Clark, hardest working guy in the outfit....C.J. LaBorde, P-Boat grad....The Adams -- Chuck and Oscar -- no relation but thicker 'n' molasses....Main booster, ebullient Frenchy Lemieux...Smilin' Sam Dorosh....Guy, 5 x 5 Henry....Ray Flanagan, fervent pen pal of a Bostonian....Neal Stienkmyer with life-jacket dubbed "Ruby"....Smilin' Chuck Swihart....Porky Duncan, chased fly balls on White House lawn.... more of the gang next time.

Investigation shows there is no truth to the report that the Lone Star flag of Texas flies above the sack in Ens. Wilfred Bailey's cabin. But he admits it would if he had one.

We give you Ensign Fred Talbot, as probably the only pilot who not only has a complete Shakespeare aboard, but actually reads it! It's the Boston background coming out, no doubt.

Co-editor Crossette has already started a chicken farm in the log room. He claims that he rescued the chicken as it was being manhandled by a bunch of rough sailors. Just as soon as he finds out what the sex of the chicken is he is going to get special leave to hunt up a mate suitable for it. Also, he is holding the christening exercise in abeyance until he finds out whether it should be Mary or Joe.

It is reported that a Baker Ic had his picture in the hometown paper recently and was quoted as saying, "I just can't wait to get a crack at those dirty Japs". Maybe he intends to throw those biscuits of his at them.

In the last issue of the Buccaneer there was a poem entitled "A Landlubber's Lament". This poem was written by R. G. Graves, AMM1c, of V 2 C Division. No credit line was given because at the time of the last issue, we did not know who wrote the article as it was unsigned. It was pretty good, wasn't it? Incidentally, Graves had some poems published in Our Navy Magazine.

"Cousin" Tommy Thompson, new photog aboard, has earned the nickname because he has been taking good care of the boys who like to play a little game called Blackjack.

George Scarengos, Navigator's Yeoman, intends to ship into the Greek Navy just as soon as the emergency is declared ended.

Harry Skopp, manager of small stores, is planning to run a special on white mattress covers at \$1.00 each or two for \$1.98. He claims that business is all leaving small stores and going elsewhere leaving him with nothing to do.

One of the most accommodating men on the ship is Storekeeper Shires in the disbursing office. He can always find time to do a shipmate a favor.

The Topside Reporter has been getting in some extra-duty rehearsals. His latest innovation is to stand on the flight deck near the bow as the ship turns into the wind and yelling at the pilots in the landing circle. He claims that when he reaches the pitch where he can be heard, he will be able to address the entire ship's company without using the RBO facilities.

In the V 3 E unit a going-away party was held for D.C. Guidicelly, Slc and then Lt. Hopkins got orders to leave. Both are plank owners and both hated to leave. However, William A. Ivie, Slc, also detached, wanted to get back to the states as he says he has a score to settle with a longshoreman in 'Frisco. Ray Hendrix, John Schneider, Earl Holt, Joe Barch, Gus Cox, L. D. Wood (the guy who worked Guidicelly so hard), Doug Bordeau and the rest of the older men in the unit had long faces for three or four days because they hated to part company with their shipmates. Everything is still fair in love and war though.

Ensign Millis, photographic interpreter, is studying to be an efficiency expert. He has a problem which is taking considerable amount of time to work out. He wants to prove that it is possible for a man to get 22 hours sleep every day without missing a meal.

G.C. Hill, CAMM, moved into Chief's Quarters June 1 as his CPO appointment went into effect.

"Sam, you made the pants too long" Derderian can't decide on a moustache. It's on again, off again. Let's get on the ball, Sam-----

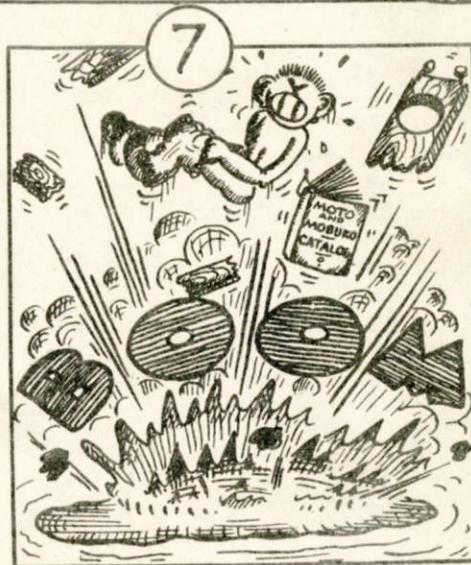
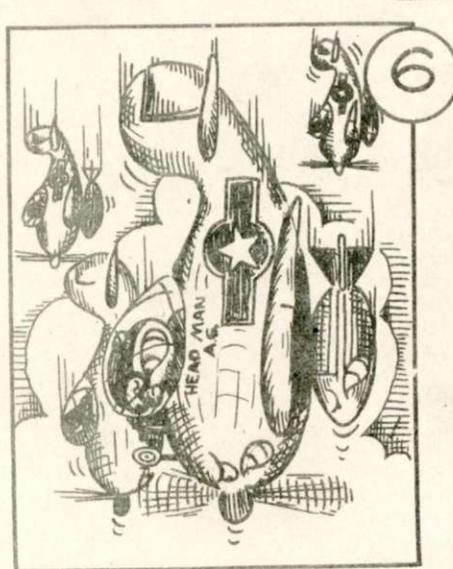
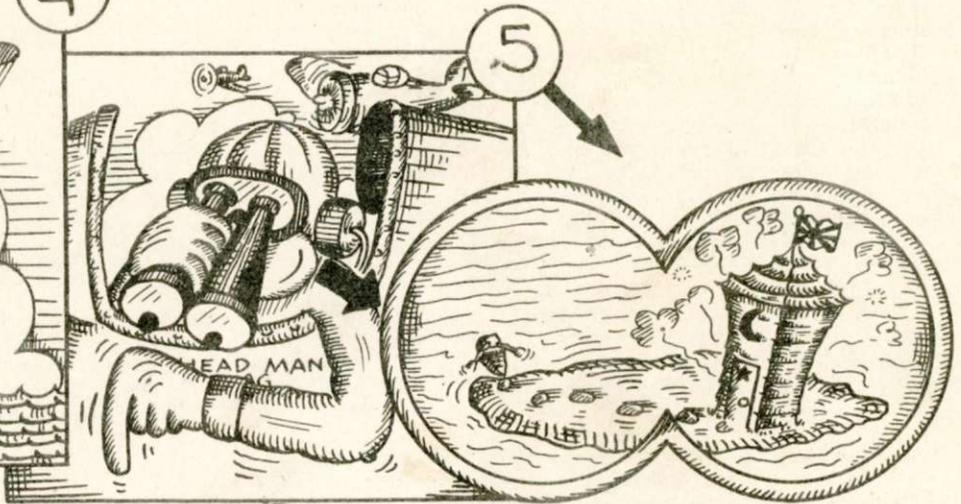
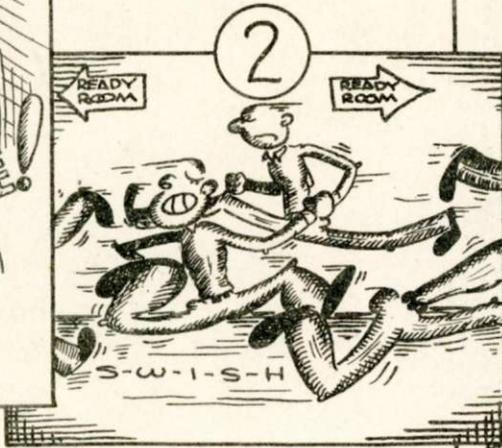
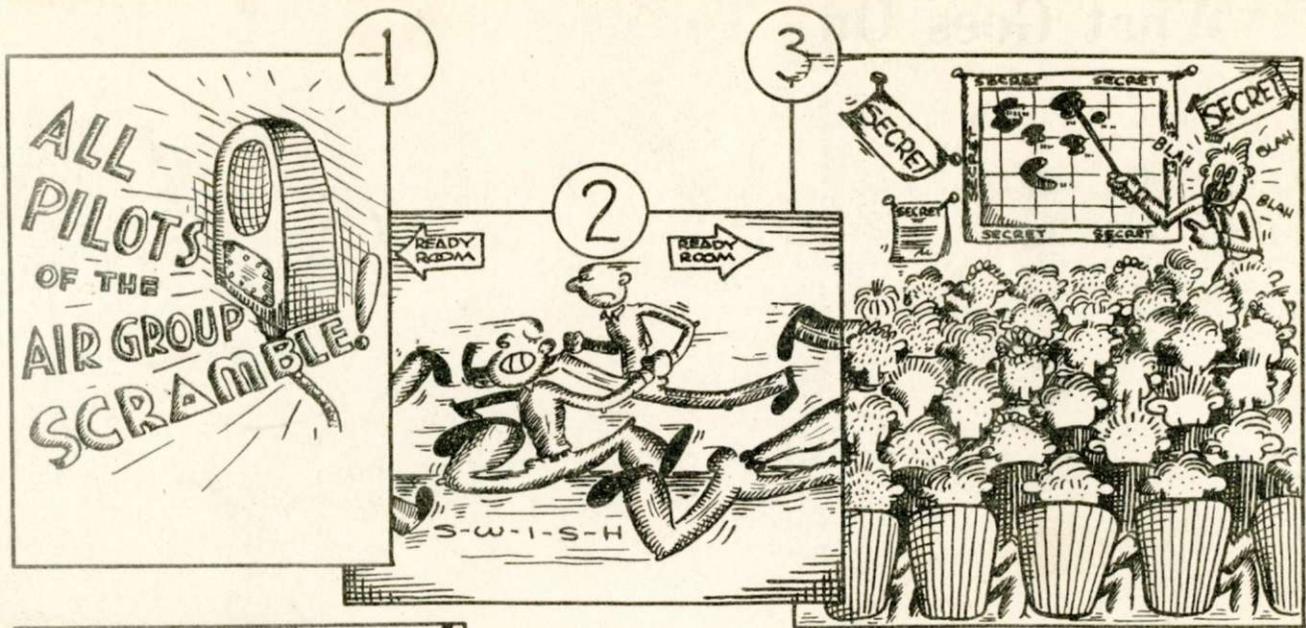
McCarty, the guy who gets the bulk of the enlisted men's mail in the squadron, just can't seem to get enough; as soon as that mail call sounds, he's there with that familiar, "Any mail, Milo?" On the Q.T., "Carty", everyone agrees with you that the mail call is the best sounding music in the ship's bugler's repertoire.

Incidentally, Stafford, "Staff" to all his buddies is the Laundry P.O. and is working on the bright idea of inveigling the Laundry Boys into using one of the jeeps for delivery service. It takes a little bit more than the promise of cigarettes and ice cream, Staff, or maybe you used the wrong salesmanship, and I'm sure you're due for a disappointment, but start on another brain storm and maybe it will bear fruit.

Chief Miller is expecting the heir to the Miller millions sometime in July. Nope, Chief, we're sure you won't be home when the stork arrives but let's hope you can see him before he's old enough to vote.

Then there's Ferguson, "Fergie" to the fellows, who is also looking forward to becoming the proud Dad of an all American. Fergie's greatest trouble is trying to decide on a name for the little guy, what say we give him a hand with a few suggestions. Here's one, Fergie, "Barnacle" (corney, eh!)

In the Supply Department you "ask for it and hope for the best". Everything is running along smoothly in the Supply Department outside of not being able to furnish the boys with anything to drink (not counting beer), we are still managing to hold our own. Who was it that said, and I quote "It's good while it lasts".



and
 ONCE AGAIN
 OUR AIR GROUP
 CATCHES THE JAP
 WITH HIS PANTS
 DOWN!!

Streck