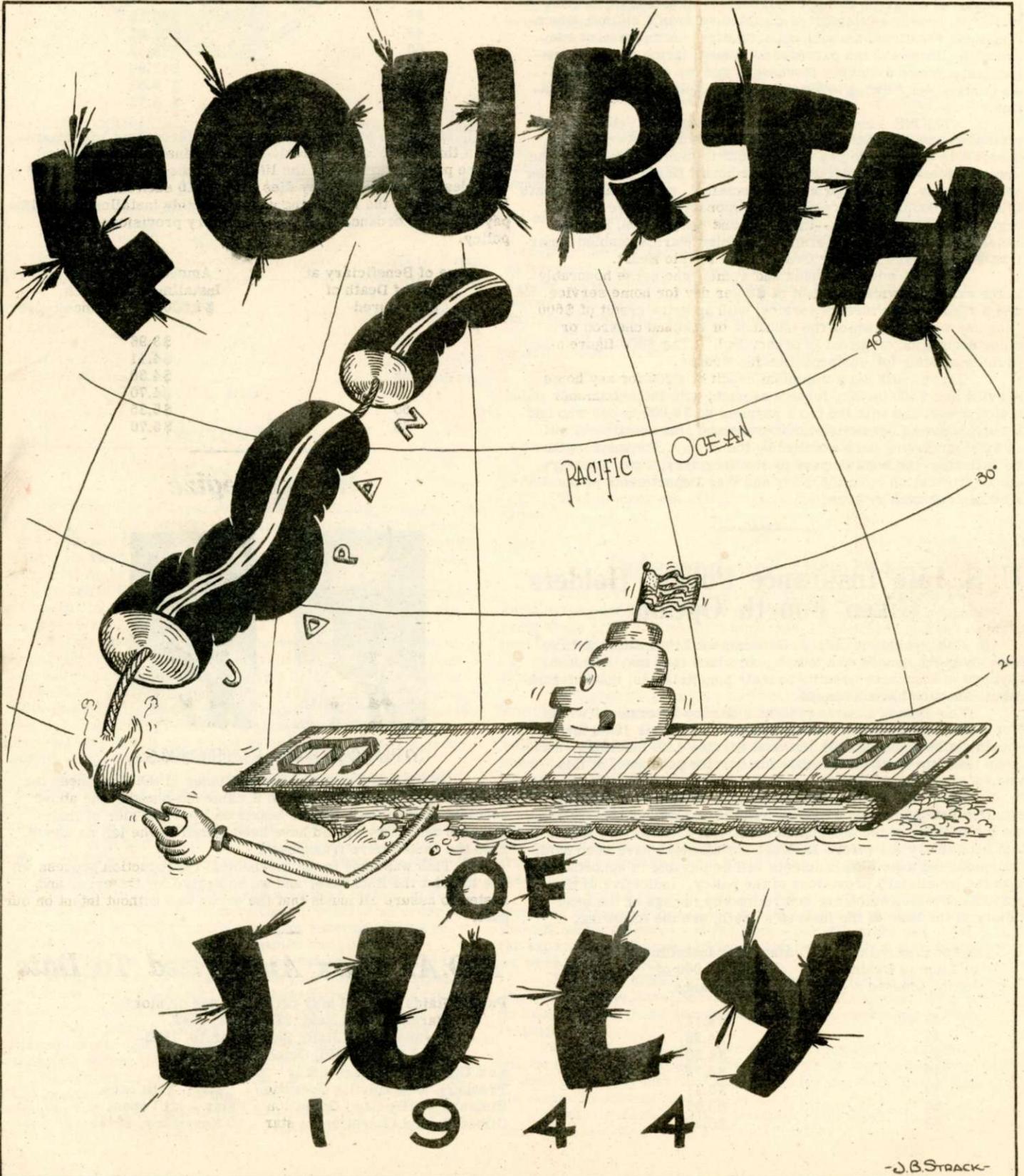


# U.S. S. ESSEX BUCCANEER



## Legislative Matters of Naval Interest

Post-war planning for veterans of this war is moving forward rapidly as a number of bills intended to aid in the readjustment of those in the Armed forces returning to civilian life.

Among legislation recently enacted into law that is of concern to those in the Naval Service is the so-called "G.I. Bill of Rights," which President Roosevelt recently signed.

This bill was sponsored by the American Legion and many members of congress and the U.S. Senate. It provides hospital facilities, speedy settlement of disabled veteran's claims, educational and vocational training opportunities, unemployment compensation, loans for the purchase of homes, farms or small businesses, a board to review discharges and the concentration of all government service to veterans under Veteran's Administration.

The bill carries the largest proposed Veterans Adjusted Service Pay Act of 1944, also authored by several members. It is designed to pay up to \$3,500 to men and women of the armed forces for duty within the continental limits and \$4,500 for overseas duty. Total appropriation entailed will be approximately \$30,000,000,000. The measure is sponsored by five national organizations of veterans--the Army and Navy Union, Regular Veterans Association, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Disabled American Veterans and Military Order of the Purple Heart.

The bill will give men and women who serve honorably in the armed services a credit of \$3 per day for home service and \$4 per day for foreign service, with an extra credit of \$500 "for any wound for which the issuance of a wound chevron or other decoration or medal is prescribed." The \$500 figure also is the maximum for compensation for wounds.

There will be a minimum credit of \$100 for any home service and \$500 for any foreign service, with the maximums stated above, and with the top a payment of \$5,000 to one who had the maximum of service (\$4,500 overseas) plus an extra credit of \$500 for having been wounded by the enemy. Payment will be in the form of bonds issued by the Secretary of the Treasury upon certification from the Navy and War Departments of the amounts due each veteran.

## U. S. Life Insurance Policy - Holders Given Fourth Option

Policy-holders of U. S. Government Life Insurance have been given the benefit of a fourth plan which they may select for payment of insurance benefits to their beneficiaries, the Veterans Administration has announced.

This type of insurance is held only by veterans of World War I and those who applied for it before 8 October 1940, and should not be confused with National Service Life Insurance, set up on that date forth on that date for service personnel of this war.

Under the new method, designated as Option 4, U.S. Government Life Insurance would be payable in installments throughout the lifetime of the designated beneficiary. However, should this beneficiary die before 120 such installments have been paid, the remaining unpaid installments will be payable in accordance with the beneficiary provisions of the policy. Indicative of the amounts payable, which are determined by the age of the beneficiary at the time of the insured's death, are the following:

Age of Beneficiary at Time of Death of the Insured	Amount of Installments for each \$1,000 of Insurance
25	\$4.11
30	\$4.28
35	\$4.50
40	\$4.79
45	\$5.17
50	\$5.67
55	\$6.30

Of the three other plans of settlement to the beneficiary, the first is payment of the insurance in a lump sum.

The second option permits the insurance to be payable in elected installments for an agreed number of months (not less than 36) to the designated beneficiary. If such beneficiary dies before the agreed number of monthly installments have been paid, the remaining unpaid installments will be payable in accordance with the beneficiary provisions of the policy.

Number of Monthly Installments	Amount of Installments for Each \$1,000 of Insurance
36	\$29.19
48	\$22.27
60	\$18.12
96	\$11.90
120	\$ 9.83
240	\$ 5.75

Insurance payable in installments throughout life constitutes a third method of settlement. These installments (below) will be payable throughout the lifetime of the beneficiary, but if such designated beneficiary dies before 240 such installments have been paid, the remaining unpaid monthly installments will be payable in accordance with the beneficiary provisions of the policy.

Age of Beneficiary at Time of Death of the Insured	Amount of Monthly Installment for Each \$1,000 of Insurance
25	\$3.96
30	\$4.11
35	\$4.30
45	\$4.70
55	\$5.35
65	\$5.70

## We Apologize



C.O. BLACKWELL, DTR% E. PNIERWINSKI, S%

On the front cover of the last issue of the Buccaneer the above picture was reversed and it came out showing the above seamen wearing their purple hearts on the right side of their jumpers when they should have been shown on the left as above. Also the names were transposed.

This was done in the mechanical reproduction process we use to print the Buccaneer and we apologize for the error and hasten to assure all hands that the error was without intent on our part.

## P.O.A. Stars Authorized To Date

Pacific Raids 1943 - 1 star ONLY for one or more:

Marcus Island Raid, 31 August, 1943.

Tarawa Island Raid, September 18, 1943-

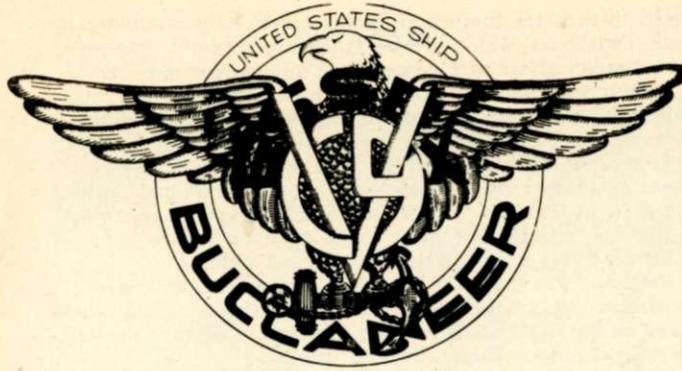
Wake Island Raid, October 5-6, 1943.

New Guinea Operation! 1 Star - still open.

Treasury-Bougainville Operation - 1 star - still open.

Bismark Archipelago Operation - 1 star - still open.

Gilbert Island Operation: 1 star - 20 November, 1943.



Vol. 1. July 4, 1944 No. 5.  
 Commanding Officer..... Captain R.A. Ofstie, USN.  
 Executive Officer..... Commander F.T. Corbin, USN.  
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## **Seriously Discipline**

Recently Walter Lippman, one of the leading writers of the present day, wrote an article regarding a certain naval operation. In the article he stated that everyone knew that we had the ability to build a big fleet, big ships, big planes and a big Navy. No one in industrial America ever doubted it.

He stated that the most significant thing about the operation was that in two and a half years we had been able to discipline a large Navy.

Now by discipline he did not mean the holding of men in line; punishments for offenses in time of war; or the indoctrination we all passed through at some time or another from civilian life to military life. The thing he was talking about is the result of military discipline and he rightly regards it as an accomplishment which makes it possible for a group of men on a group of ships to act as one unit and strike as one unit instead of a group of individuals who would be weak and puny against a foe.

These things don't just happen - they are planned; and many of the things we detest in military life are the things which, if properly understood would mean the most to us. Eating at a certain time each day, sleeping certain hours each night, systematic physical drill and regular physical examinations get our bodies ready to meet military requirements. Obeying orders promptly and without question is another form of discipline, in an emergency you will react the way you have been trained to react. In such a situation you will not have time to analyze an order to see if it is right or wrong but your prompt reaction will be reflected in the safety of your fellow seamen and yourself.

When you get to studying over in your mind how hard the life you are leading is and how it upsets your peace of mind and independence, just remember that the sacrificing of these things for a short while will bring them back to you in the form of victory over the country's common enemy. Our whole country is disciplined to war and the length of the war is determined by the way in which we use the tools that the country is producing for us.

We are all a part of a big team. So big that it challenges the imagination to picture the big punch it can deliver. If it were broken into individual punches they would be only a pat. Other countries tried to win with pats. We cannot be blinded into the

mistakes they made, if we are willing to go along and be a part of the team instead of looking to the grandstand all the time we are in the field. And on top of that we are personally safest when we react as a team. If you have any illusions about Naval Discipline, you had better get these facts squared away in your own mind because you alone can do that.

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"A man of our generation who has missed the war will not have lived at all.....He will be a poor thing compared to the others. It is a game in which one must take a chance. It is better to die than to have missed it." Louis Bromfield.

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## **Your Record In The Fleet**

As you live and as you fight during the time you are in the U.S. Navy so you write your own service record. It is a running account of just what you did for your country in the war. You write your own record.

Naval records are uncompromising - you are either a good sailor or you are not a good sailor - there is no in-between.

In the course of one cruise the Navy can tell from your record whether or not they want you. You are either recommended for reenlistment or you are not shipped over. Right now the Navy is nearing top strength. Many men want to make the Navy a career. The Navy will be able to choose the men it wants from the largest fleet ever assembled in the world.

How will they decide - your service record tells very plainly whether or not the Navy wants you. Keep it clean!

### Safety Precautions Now In Effect

- Have helmets and flash proof clothing instantly available at your battle station.
- Put fire retardant covers on bedding at all times when not in use.
- Stay in complete uniform at all times with sleeves rolled down.

## **Independence Day 1944**

This year we look back at the gala July 4th holidays we knew in the past with a sigh of regret. We recall family reunions, great stone crocks of ice cold lemonade, home fried chicken peeping from under the clean cover of a picnic basket and a lot of fun we had while we frivolously overlooked the true meaning of the day.

The present grim war is a real reminder that we have to work to get the lemonade, the chicken, the reunion and all we enjoyed in the past. It also tells us in two-foot marquee letters that we have to fight for the things we want and for the celebrations we and our loved ones will enjoy in the future. It also tells us that we must be vigilant and make sure that in looking to the future we don't miss the things under our very noses.

This Independence day we are alert on all the battle lines and we are sure that, when the whole story is told, our loved ones will be able to take a lot of honest pride in saying that we are truly worthy of the traditions found in the 150 years of American Independence.

We are all proud of July 4th. We are all proud of our fine Navy and other branches of the military arms of our nation and we look forward always - never back - but still make use of all the experience and advice of those who held the front lines while we were getting ready.

We of the ESSEX are young in the fleet but we have all the experience of the Naval Service at our side all the way. What we do today will aid those who follow us and take over when our job is done.

Ours is a must job - also it is glorious and our reward will be found in the annals of the fleet if we do the job that is to be done day by day and find satisfaction for our souls in the simple every day routine jobs that we all have.

And, incidentally, don't you think "Old Glory" is just a little more beautiful flying at the staff today?

#### FOURTH OF JULY DINNER

Cream of Pea Soup	
Crisp Saltines	
Roast Young Tom Turkey	
Cranberry Sauce	
Oyster Dressing	Giblet Sauce
Cream Whipped Potatoes	
Buttered Asparagus	
Pumpkin Chiffon Pie	
Tea	Rolls
Bread	Butter
Fresh Fruit	Ripe Olives
Cigarettes	Cigars
Stuffed Candy	
Iced Tea	

### Results of Bomber's Poll

Personality? Yes! Compatibility? Yes! That's what the prospective bride of an ESSEX Bomber Gunner must have -- but most of all she must have that indescribable something known as "oomph".

So voted the gunners in a poll conducted by the squadron newsheet, "Bombing Bullsheet."

Their ideal woman they decided should have "oomph" most of all with personality, compatibility and intelligence thrown in for good measure. So come peace and tranquility that's the kind they will be looking for.

The poll also asked the gunners opinion on other subjects. It was their almost unanimous opinion that FDR would be the next President. Rum 'n Coke is the squadron's favorite drink with many favoring Calverts 'n Coke and enough voted for plain ole milk to give it third place in the poll's results.

As to the actress they'd like most to have in a "dive", Marie Montez and Betty Hutton tied for top honors with Ginger Rogers and Lana Turner runnersup. Betty Grable, usually considered the pin-up favorite of the armed services, didn't stand a chance.

New York topped Chicago as the favorite liberty town of the gunners (Ah, them were the days!). "Life" is their favorite magazine and Glenn Miller (pre-war version) their favorite dance-band.

As to movies, the boys liked "A Guy Named Joe" as the best they had seen in the last year or so. And last -- but not least the poll gave the boys a chance for their biggest gripe in the Navy --lines (those long, slow-moving chow, pay and "gedunk" lines) ---that is the boys biggest gripe.

### A Sailor Cowboy Now in Essex

There is nothing which appeals to the imagination of an Easterner and holds more of a holiday delight for Westerners than the great colorful annual Rodeos of the west. The Rodeo has grown from a free annual showing off of good cowhands to an athletic attraction that rivals anything in the West. It is unquestionably the most popular sport in the states on this side of the Mississippi than anything else because usually local boys and men, daredevils all, participate.

Ralph E. Nettleton, Fireman First Class of the "B" Division, now doing a turn of Messcooking, has been taking part in Western Rodeos since he was sixteen years old. Now 25, the ex-broncbuster is "bustin" out stores in the commissary issue gang,

but he still lives in the fanfare of the big meets he participated in at Nowata, Oklahoma, which is near his father's home. The meet was a tri-district affair with competitive elimination in broncbusting, calf-roping and bull-dogging. Entrants were from Tulsa and Oatmaulga; the meet was held during the 4th of July season and was held alternately at the three cities of the district.

From this meet emerged the state champions of the various events and they went on to the Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas tri-state meet at Houston, Texas with the champions of this meet touring the U.S. with final showing at the Madison Square Garden in New York. Every cowpuncher's dream and ambition!

Nettleton was twice the champion of the Oklahoma meet but was eliminated in the tri-state. He thinks that handling crates and stores on the ESSEX will put him in shape to capture the bull-dogging title when he returns after the war.

Nettleton is married and already has bought a 120 acre farm near Oswego and he plans to go back there as soon as possible and start getting his "hand back in" at roping and riding.

A colorful figure on the ship and popular, he plays the guitar and sings. Cowboy songs are his speciality.

### Birthday Party!

This may be a little late to write about it but who can remember the big party we had on 19 June. Boy, what a time was had by all hands - it reminded you of the climax football game of the season combined with all the devilry of Halloween and staged in a geographical location which the censor says isn't mentionable.

Everyone who came aboard brought some kind of a present. Of course the wrappers weren't as fancy as those the clerks at Saks, Macy's, Kauffman's put on the presents you buy there but the only reason for this is the fact that the fancy trimmings just weren't available.

The ship's fighter squadron was the most impressive and they, being younger than the average on the ship, seemed to take an unholy delight in breaking out some new gift. In fact they averaged one and one third presents each.

The Air Group Commander outdid everyone else as he came toting in seven offerings which were so rich they would shadow the jeweled gifts of a Babylonian prince.

Of course, it was just a simple birthday party for Lt. Joe Turner and his chief of staff, S. J. Harris, Prtr 1c. The boys on the ESSEX think the occasion will live forever in the annals of the ship's history. Could be!

### "Miss Steery"

I stood aft and watched the churning foam in the wake of the ship. Lights seemed to come and go in the phosphorescent waters, or was it reflections from a million stars in a blue Pacific night? I couldn't say, but the night seemed to hold me in its spell in the same gently urgent manner it had pulled me from a deep sleep.

No other ship was visible at midnight, no sounds were aboard except the repetitious churn caused by the great ship's engines pushing through opalescent waters -- a throb as if a heavy monstrous heart were pounding pulses to end the peace. As if a giant warrior were hurrying up a grade to meet a foe.

I turned to go below but still I could not leave -- a hidden voice, a message trying to get through my sleep-fogged brain. I couldn't quite hear, I couldn't be quite sure, I was pulled gently between two forces.

And a monotone seemed to cause me to start. I was wide awake with a jolt. I could feel an eerie presence, I could hear a whispered voice, I couldn't make out its owner. Beads of sweat came on my forehead, tho the night was cool. When I looked forward it seemed to come from aft, when I looked to port it seemed to come from starboard -- elusive, intangible -- an elf? a ghost?

My mouth was dry but I wasn't thirsty, a lump was in my throat but yet the battle was between fear and curiosity inside my head. My own heart beat could be heard above the giant's -- no steps, no sound, but the voice seemed to ask "Yeoman, what is the dope?", and then I knew him for what he was -- the phantom of the fantail where all scuttlebutt starts!

Elder: "Red, you are a regular landlubber."  
McDaniel: "Yeah, and I just found out how much I lubbs it!"

## "Oshetobadjo"



"Oshetobadjo", the new battle cry of the ESSEX, is a word coined by the Top Side Reporter in the early darkness of morning when he tried to read a paper on which was written a Japanese word he wanted to use. The first attribute of a good supply officer is resourcefulness, a characteristic which is the dominating feature of Commander W.W. Whitside, Jr., Supply Corp, USN.

The above picture shows him at his post with the microphone of Radio Station "Queen George" strapped around his neck. Also in the picture is Chaplain McKelway, friend and advisor of The Top Side Reporter.

Without a doubt the Top Side Reporter's only rival on the ship for the most popular person aboard would be Captain R.A. Ofstie. Everyone knows him, everyone likes him and he is a gentleman, an officer and a darn good provider.

In addition to his multitude of duties - such as getting airplane parts and equipment, and, incidentally, airplanes, keeping small stores stocked with the needs of some twenty odd hundred sailors, running a press shop, laundry, cobbler shop, soda fountain and ships store, procuring food and issuing it systematically to insure that it foots the bill required, and the thousand and one proverbial things that people can think of to want - the commander finds time to round up all the scoops possible to give the crew a blow by blow description of what is going on top side when they are sealed below decks at their respective battle stations. He also finds a little time to devote to his bridge games, it is said.

To express the feelings of those whose only source of information is the Top Side Reporter could only be likened to listening to Bill Stern report a Rose Bowl football game. Below decks the men hang on his every word. Like all good reporters he is getting a staff of newshounds gathering ship's news for him and at times he seems to scoop the Captain and the other high ranking officers aboard the ship. A key man here and there around the ship gives him more tip-offs than Walter Winchell has been able to gather in the biggest city in the world.

After going to various and sundry schools and colleges and working a year as a civil engineer, Commander Whitside says his life began in 1931 when he was commissioned an Ensign in the

Supply Corp of the Navy. He was immediately assigned to the USS WRIGHT, a seaplane tender, under instruction. After a year on the WRIGHT he went to a destroyer tender, the USS WHITNEY, as assistant supply officer. Next he had duty of a year's duration on the USS CAIN as disbursing officer, then at the Navy Yard, Washington, D.C. he was stock control officer for three years. His next move was into aviation on the staff of Admiral William F. Halsey, Commander Carrier Division TWO, then to the USS ENTERPRISE as assistant supply officer. In 1941 his time was divided between the Naval Aircraft Factory, Philadelphia and Staff, Commander Patrol Wing Support Force, North Atlantic Patrol with headquarters in Iceland. In April 1943 he came to the ESSEX as supply officer.

Commander Whitside is married and his home is in Front Royal, Virginia. He has a son five years old who will be a big league, left-handed first baseman when he grows up. He says he joined the Navy because he had heard it was a damn good outfit and since then he has found this to be true.

Sparce chestnut hair crowns a high forehead under which deep brown eyes betray a keen sense of humor. He sees the fun in anything that is going on and this is very evident as his spleen reaches a new high every time another Japanese plane is seen burning on the horizon. Clean shaven, smooth fair complexion, a fine narrow nose beneath perfectly spaced eyes. The commander is not handsome but in any circle he would be a hail fellow, well met.

"When I retire I'm going back to Virginia and raise race horses," is the way Commander Whitside closed the interview.

Photographer's Mate First Class "Bill" Hicks suggested the caption "Praise the Lord and pass the information" for the above picture.

## That Man is Here Again

Having a position as collection agent for a finance company is a ticklish job, for when the average person hears the words, "Daddy, that man from the Finance Company is here again.", he usually assumes a belligerent attitude.

That is the opinion of Leroy F. Vey, EM2c who held that job with a finance company in Missouri for several years before he joined the Navy.

Vey had some unique experiences in dealing with people while he was "that man". His job consisted of recalling cars when the payments were overdue for a long period of time.

Said Vey, "We were usually pretty lenient with most of the people. If a man told us that he just got a job and would make a payment next week, we usually let him ride to see if he was telling the truth or just trying to keep the car a little longer."

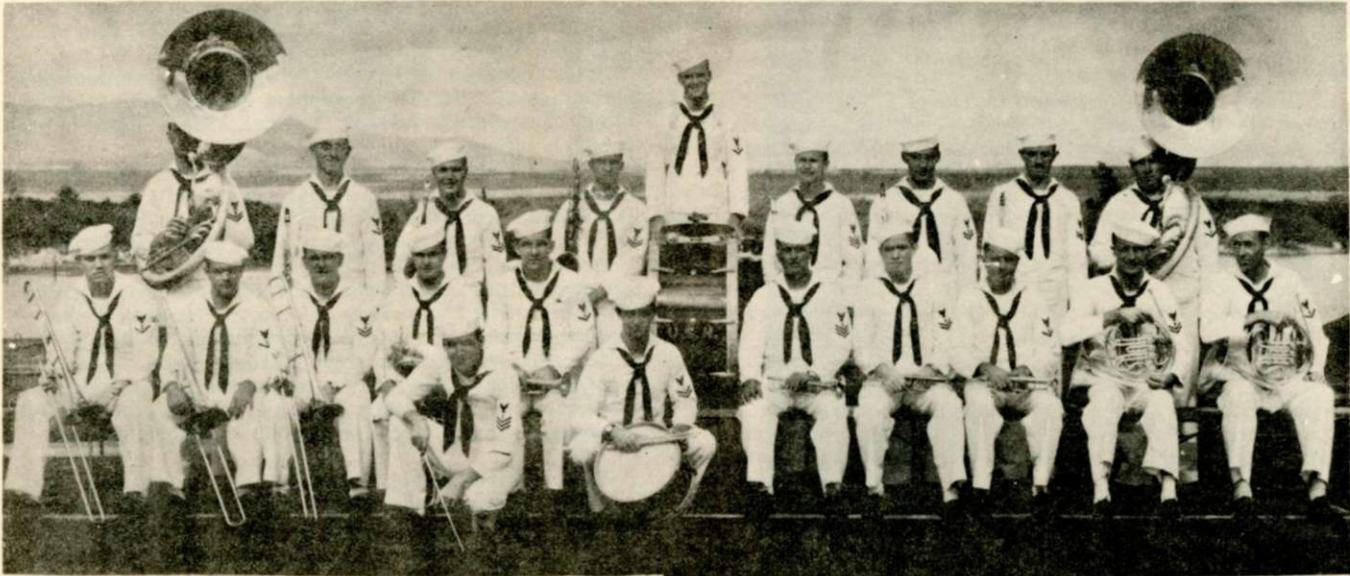
Sometimes a delinquent debtor would go to extremes to keep from having to turn his car back in. Leroy related one instance.

"One case I remember quite distinctly. An ex-dentist who was bankrupt sold everything he owned and all that was mortgaged he let go back. That is, all except his car. He hung on to that car as it was his very life. After trying unsuccessfully to get him to pay some money on his contract several times, the company sent my partner and me after the car. When we arrived at the address, we found that the dentist had left, lock, stock, and barrel, leaving us with a no-good contract. However, we did find out from a neighbor that he was headed out of state to try to get a new start. After learning the approximate route he was taking, we started after him. We followed him over a hundred miles, then realizing that we couldn't catch him before he crossed the border, we phoned the border police to apprehend him, giving them the description of the car, license number, etc. Somehow he eluded the border police and doubled back on the highway, passing us some fifty miles from the border. We recognized his car as he went past, and I guess he recognized us too, for when we finally caught him, he had run the car over an embankment, smashing it almost beyond repair, just to keep us from reselling it."

Most of the people he had associations with, Vey said, seemed to value their car above all other earthly possessions. After several years of this brain-wracking work, Vey finally joined the Navy to "get away from it all."

Vey is married and plans to return to Missouri after the war, but "not as a collection agent!"

# Meet the Essex Band



Chief Musician A. J. Giacomini

The crew of the ESSEX is fortunate in having what we think is one of the finest bands in the fleet. The "Jive-Bombers" as they have named themselves, is a very appropriate name for the swell dance orchestra they have been able to form from the members of the band.

At the few ship's dances we were lucky enough to have, our band outdid themselves providing the music for the jitterbugs on board as well as playing some swell sentimental pieces for those who take their dancing more seriously.

Whenever we have movies the band is always right on hand to provide super entertainment for at least an hour before the movie starts.

All of the members of the band are outstanding musicians. The ship's song, "The ESSEX Buccaneers" was written by two of the boys, Schurman, R. M. Mus 2c and Mariconda, N. T. Mus 2c and was welcomed and well received by the crew as a well be-

fitting song for our ship.

Some brief facts about the musicians who comprise the band:

Chief Musician A. J. Giacomini, U.S.N. enlisted in 1928 at St. Louis, Mo. He attended boot training at Great Lakes, Ill. and Music School at San Diego, Calif., is popularly known as "Bandy."

Richard A. Gamble, Music, plays trombone, violin, bass viol; is assistant Band Leader; home: Butler, Pa.; went to Fleet School of Music; has played in many ship's bands and at Great Lakes, Ill., and Navy Pier, Chicago; Ambition: "To be a Pay Clerk in U. S. Navy"; Nickname: "Dick".

Charles A. Roeper, Music, plays piano and french horn; home: Butler, Pa.; played in several ship's bands and at the Training Station Newport, R. I.; Ambition: "To play for the ship's dance in Tokyo"; Nickname: "Chuck".



## ESSEX BUCCANEERS

Chorus:

Ahoy! You ESSEX buccaneers  
And hoist that anchor high,  
Sing out, you ESSEX buccaneers,  
We're here to do or die.  
From year to year our spirit lives  
And sounds our battle cry --  
We're out to win, we won't give in,  
We're the buccaneers of CV-9.

Verse:

General Quarters, Man your station,  
Everybody on the ball,  
We can take it, we can dish it --  
And we can lick them all.

Bardwell M. Donaldson, Mus1c, plays alto sax; home: Daytona Beach, Fla.; received B of M degree at Stetson University; played with Central Florida Symphony Orchestra and Stetson University "Mad Hatters"; Ambition: "To be an apprentice civilian"; Nickname: "Square".

Robert H. Butts, Mus1c, plays cornet; home: Lockport, N. Y.; received B of M degree in 1938; taught music in high schools, later worked for the railroad; Ambition: "To end the war and return to my wife and fireside."; Nickname: "The Lip".

Nicholas T. Mariconda, Mus2c, plays the trombone; home: Bridgeport, Conn.; played with Buddy Arnold, Newt Perry of Yale University; Co-writer of the ship's song; Ambition: "To live with my wife, and raise a few terrific musicians"; Nickname: "Nicky".

Bernard Lubitz, Mus2c, plays drums; home: New Haven, Conn.; played with Buddy Arnold, Newt Perry of Yale University, and Artie Shaw; Ambition: "Don my drapes, dig the chicks and knock myself out playing with some fine outfit."; Nickname: "Buddy".

Edward D. Ring, Mus2c, plays french horn; home: East Bridgewater, Mass.; played with school band and V.F.W. band; played semi-pro baseball; Ambition: "Live with my wife."; Nickname: "Ringo".

James T. McKee, Mus2c, plays trumpet; home: Port Neches, Texas; played with high school band and Sam Houston State Teachers College Band; Ambition: "I want to become an Aeronautical engineer"; Nickname: "Terry".

Frederick J. Lodge, Mus2c, plays baritone; home: Brooklyn, N. Y.; played with 23rd Regiment National Guard Band, 12th St. Band, Symphony Orchestra, Citadel Band; Ambition: "To be back with my wife."; Nickname: "Poi-Belly".

Fred L. Going, Mus2c, plays sax; home: Winston Salem, N. C.; connected with R. T. Reynolds Tobacco Co.; then to music as a profession; Ambition: "To return to civilian life and forget music."; Nickname: "Punkey".

James R. Barber, Mus2c, plays trumpet; home: Youngstown, Ohio; played with local symphony, Youngstown College Band; Ambition: "To become a businessman."; Nickname: "Jimmy".

David R. Hargrove, Mus2c, plays baritone sax; home: Denver, Col.; played in local high school band; Ambition: "To stop carrying the big baritone sax around."; Nickname: "Private".

Leroy L. Fuller, Mus2c, plays bass horn and string bass; home: Gilman, Vermont; played with Gilman Concert Band, Stan Bacon's Orchestra; Ambition: "To be a civilian."; Nickname: "Roy".

C. Aubrey Sievers, Mus2c, plays clarinet; home: Greenville, Miss.; Graduate of Louisiana State University, Vandercook School of Music in Chicago; played in Band and Symphony Orchestra at L.S.U.; Band Director at Hinds Jr. College, Raymond, Miss. Ambition: "To be my own boss again!"; Nickname: "Prof".

Robert F. Hayes, Mus2c, plays trombone; home: Salem, Mass.; played with American Legion Band, V.F.W. National Champion's Band, and local dance bands; Ambition: "To have a civil service position in a post office."; Nickname: "Bob".

Robert M. Schurman, Mus3c, now transferred to V-12 training; studied automotive design, music was merely a sideline, Co-writer of ship's song; Ambition: "To play nursemaid to a nurse, my future wife."; Nickname: "Lucky".

Joseph N. Lambert, Mus3c, plays tenor sax; home: New Orleans; played with Pat Barberot for "Kicks and Cash"; Ambition: "To get a kick with the civilian cats"; Nickname: "Chop".

James E. Stewart, Mus3c, plays trumpet; home: Mobile, Ala.; played with Charlie Hartman, Fleet School Band at Terminal Isle, Calif.; Ambition: "To cruise around the world in a yacht"; Nickname: "Stew".

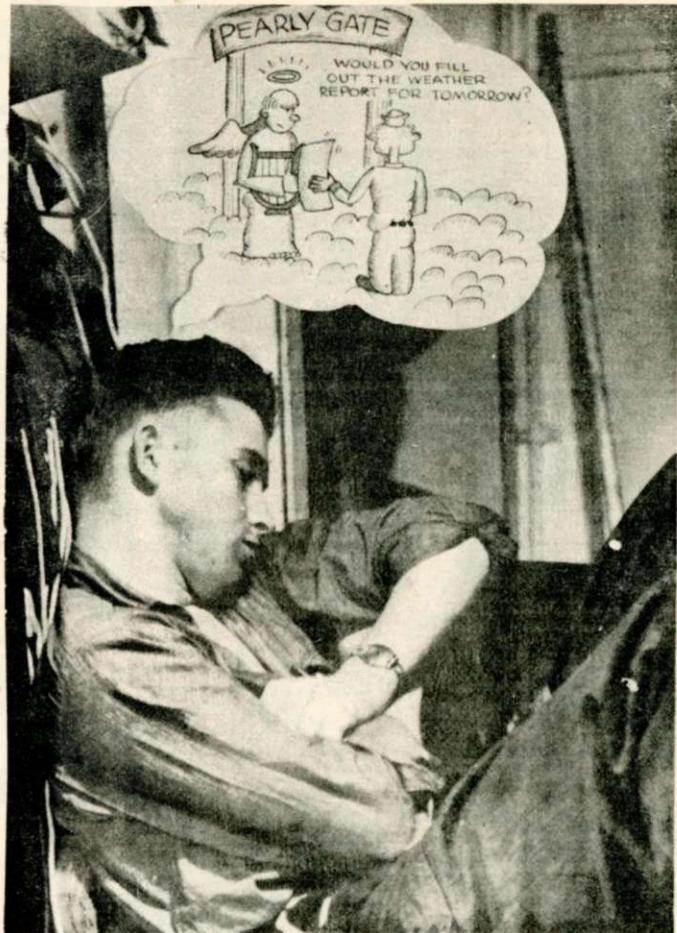
Charles E. Beall, Mus3c, plays Bass Drum; home: Harrisonburg, Va.; played with Bridgewater Concert Band and local high school band; Ambition: "To own a sweet show"; Nickname: "Carlos".

William M. McWhorter, Mus3c, plays trumpet; home: Houston, Texas; played with Harry Hughes Dixieland Band and high school band; Ambition: "To be an individualist again."; Nickname: "Tex".

Harold McCard, Mus3c, plays sax; home: Atlanta, Ga.; played with Georgia Tech Technicians; Ambition: "To raise Georgia peaches"; Nickname: "Mac".

Daryl S. Lint, Mus3c, plays bass horn; home: Battle Creek, Michigan; played with Wright College Band, Chicago; Ambition: "To be a doctor."; Nickname: "Doc".

## ESSEX AEROLOGY REPORTS COME THE HARD WAY!!



The Tale of Sim - Reprinted from Time magazine for 11 May, 1944.

Ottawa's bureaucracy was not amused last week when a 15 year old schoolboy satirized Canada's red-taped National Selective Service (the Dominion's version of the War Manpower Commission.)

Donald Sim, son of a Government official wrote that he visited Selective Service headquarters in Ottawa and told a functionary:

"I've found a job for the summer and I'd like the necessary permits to take it."

The rest of the interview, as recorded by Donald for his high-school annual:

"For answer the man pulled out a pad of very official forms.....(and) stiffly replied: "You mean you want a permit to look for a job."

"No, I don't. I've already found the job."

"According to the laws of Canada," he warned, "You haven't yet. But by following His Majesty's orders you will be permitted to look for one. Sign here!"

"Well, now that you are permitted to look for it, I'll give you a permit to accept it," the man said, "After a week, when you have your job, come back."

"But, I've got the job now."

"Now, take it easy, son. This is the Government. You don't understand it and I don't understand it. The only difference between you and me is that you're trying to understand it and I'm not. I've given up."

"So I left Selective Service. For the next week I did nothing. A week later I found another boy had got my job."

When Ottawa newspapers seized on Satirist Sim's story, Selective Service officials complained to his teachers. Donald Sim had to appear before the assembled student body, read a prepared retraction. The students who heard him preferred to believe his first story. When he mentioned Selective Service, they burst out laughing.

# OH! FOR THE LIFE OF AN ORDANCEMAN...

