

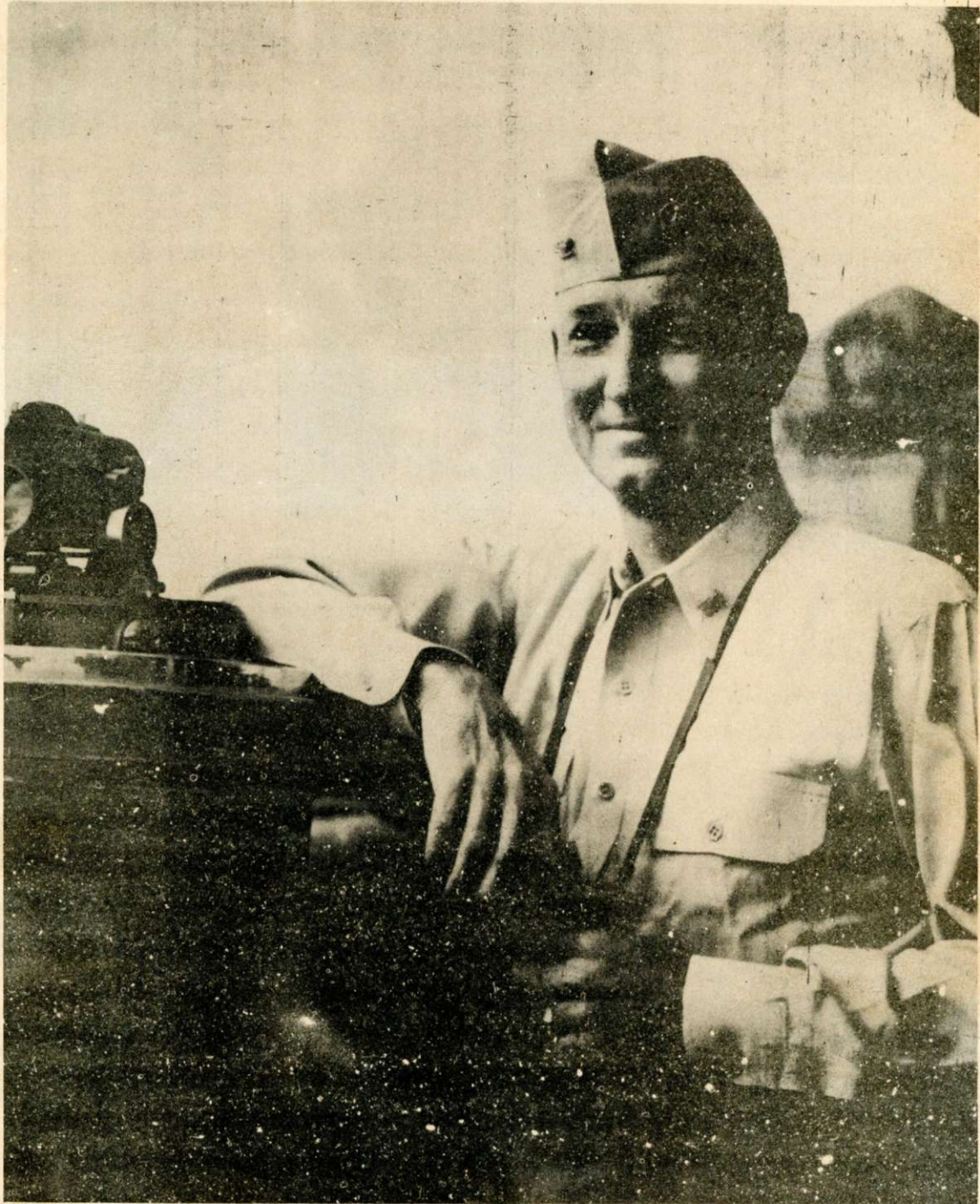
U. S. S. ESSEX

BUCCANNIER

VOL. 2

AUG. and SEPT. 1945

No.'s 5 and 6



Weatherly

Captain R. L. Bowman, U. S. Navy, Commanding Officer of the ESSEX during the final assaults against the Japanese Empire..... "there will be no routine General Quarters on the way home" "there will be lots of leave and liberty".



Vol. 2 Aug. - Sept. 1945 No.'s 5-6

THIS ISSUE MAY BE MAILED
HOME NOW!

Commanding Officer
Captain R.L. BOWMAN, USN
Executive Officer

Commander L. O. MATHEWS, JR., USN

The Staff.

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HOME IS THE SAILOR, HOME FROM THE SEA

The long days at sea are ended. Only in restless dreams we will hear "Set Condition One in the Gunnery Department" or "Pilots, man your planes". We are on the way back.

As the years lead us forward memory will, with increasing fondness, recall the shipmates who proved their worth at Rabaul, Truk, the length and breadth of the Philippines, at Tarawa, Iwo Jima, Okinawa and on to the heart of the Empire. Those who flew in planes and fought them, those who kept them flying; those who fought the ships, those who performed the countless duties that enabled the ship to make a mighty record, all these have made the ESSEX glorious. All of us are shareholders in the fame of the Mighty E.

Yes, we are one the way back. Back to wives, sweethearts, children, parents, and friends. Back to the ways of peace. Yet we can never go back, only forward. We will not find conditions just as we left them. The buildings, the land, the trees will still be there, but we cannot expect to find people unchanged. Those with whom we worked and played, many will not be there; others will have developed new friends, new interests, different habits. Even we ourselves will not be quite the same. Men who have had to face the probability of death day after day, week after week, will always look at life through different eyes. The normal man will have a keener appreciation of the values that

contribute to life. He will appreciate many kindly, true, and beautiful influences he had, before the war, taken for granted. The near-neurotics will try to make the world give them a living, will more and more tend to live in the past nursing their grievances, pathetic creatures who won a war and lost their souls.

Shipmates, we cannot go back, only forward. All of us having a lot of living yet to do. We can make the years ahead great in accomplishment, rich in satisfaction. We had what it takes to win a tough war, we cannot fail to win our personal victory when we return to the ways of peace.

May you all be blessed with that inner strength and peace which the world can neither give nor take away.



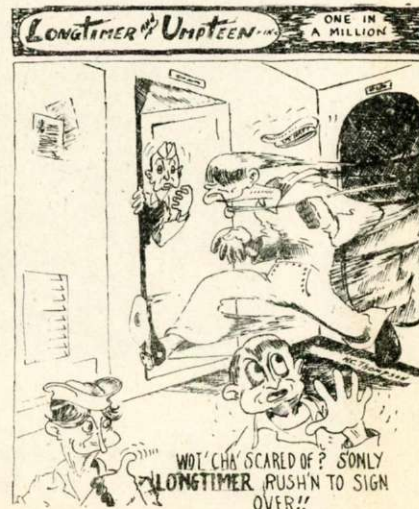
Chaplain Victor H. Morgan, senior ESSEX Padre, will see his family soon. Mrs. Morgan and three children, Gail, 9, Henry, 6, and Michall, 3, await his arrival at Orinda, Calif. Veteran of two world wars the Padre was a field artillery man in the last wargets kidded about his swim on the forecandle when Jap near-miss flooded the bow with deluge of water. The story goes that he thought he was knocked into ocean and was seen frantically trying to swim.



Commander L. O. MATHEWS, Jr., former Air Officer, climbs the ladder another rung as he takes over as Executive Officer.



Commander S. C. STRONG, former Executive Officer, prepares to leave for N. A. S. Atlanta, Georgia, where he will assume his new duties as Commanding Officer.



The country has followed with pride, the magnificent step of your fleet into those waters. In addition to the gallant fighting of your flyers, we appreciate the endurance and supreme seamanship of your forces. Your fine cooperation with General MacArthur furnishes another example of teamwork and effective and intelligent use of all weapons.....FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

The Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet desires to express to all the officers and men of the fleet, his pride and gratitude for the courageous and aggressive manner in which they have done their utmost to destroy the enemy in the recent fighting in the Pacific. To those who have fought in the air on the surface and in our submarines "Well Done". To those brave men who have gallantly given their lives to achieve victory for our country our reverent and lasting respect. Their high example will inspire us all in the completion of our task of destroying the enemys of the United States.....NIMITZ.

Congratulations on your splendid recovery. My most sincere admiration to the old girl for licking her wounds and getting back into the fight so quickly.
From: ComCruDiv 17

What do they mean "ESSEX Class"? She is in a class by herself.....COMDESRON 62

BOX SCORE TO DATE			
PLANES DOWNED BY SHIP'S AA.....33			
PLANES DESTROYED BY AIR GROUPS.....		ON THE GROUND	
IN THE AIR			791
	SUNK	PARTIAL CREDIT FOR SINKING	DAMAGED
CARRIERS	1	2	5
BATTLESHIPS		1	7
CRUISERS		2	24
DESTROYERS	6		48
SUBS	1		1
AUXILIARIES	92		217
ESSEX HAS STEAMED 244,000 MILES			
AIR-GROUPS HAVE MADE			
31,601 LANDINGS ON FLIGHT-DECK			

Sincerely admire today's performance by ESSEX gunners. It is a pleasure to be with such a good shooting ship.
From: U.S.S. SOUTH DAKOTA

A mighty well done for 1944 and a happy and prosperous new year for 1945. Keep the bastards tired....HALSEY.

Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard personnel in Pacific Ocean Areas purchased war bonds during Independence Day Drive amounting to \$11,889,027. Kindly accept and pass to all hands my congratulations on this outstanding performance.
Tomorrow we may have a golden opportunity to completely annihilate an important enemy force. You all know that is what I expect you to do. Give them Hell and God Bless you all.....HALSEY.

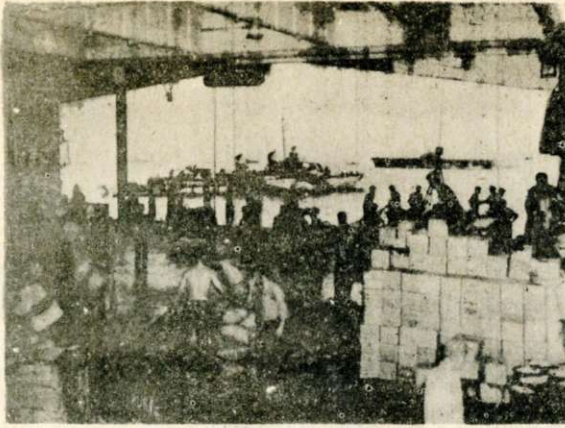
Congratulations again on an extremely well done job. Weather was against us all the way but the utmost that could be done was done by both air and surface units. I am sure the entire force gives the destroyer sailors a high hand for the pounding they took and the way they kept going. Better luck next time - Better performance could not be asked.....SPRUANCE.

The recent attack on Tokyo was an ignominious defeat for the enemy made possible by the combined efforts of all hands. Singled out for particular commendation are our valient pilots and aircrewmn, a Banzai attack by ramming and sinking an enemy picket boat. The captain and crew of the Waldron who broke up record your deeds in bold letters.....MITCHER.

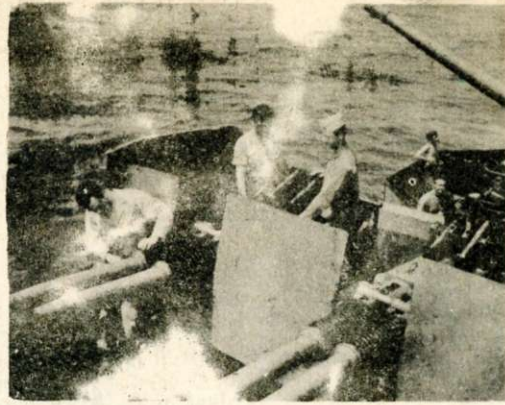
Yesterday's action and that of the day before made history that will stand in the annals of the American Navy as long as there is a Navy. This Task Group bore the brunt of the enemy's all out air attack and wiped out the cream of his carrier and shore-based air. During and following this and in spite of the loss of the daring and gallant Princeton we contributed our share with the other Task Groups of its major portion. With justifiable pride in the forces under my command, I say "Well Done" which words seem inadequate to express what is in my heart.
FREDERICK C. SHERMAN

All hands again take hats off to the Third Fleets performance.
.....FORRESTAL
It was an all hands evolution, well done by all hands....HALSEY

This has been a hard and historic operation. At times you have been driven almost beyond endurance but only because the stakes were high. The enemy was as weary as you were, and the lives of many Americans would be spared in later offensives if we did our work well now. We have driven the enemy off the sea and back to his inner defenses. I am so proud of you that no words can express my feelings. Superlatively "Well Done".....HALSEY



Vexing problems of logistics are solved aboard the ESSEX as the entire ship's company "turns to" with the Supply Department

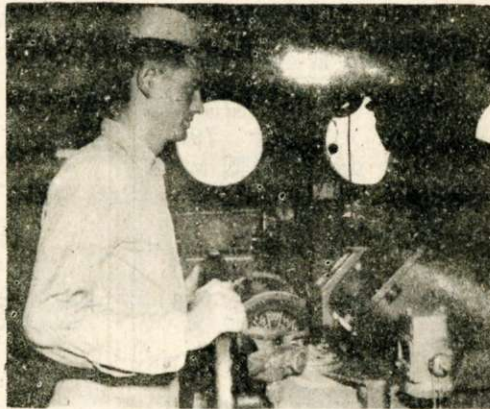


Sea-going Marines take pride in their equipment. Cpl. Roy Broussard of Lafayette, La., Sgt. Andrew Yurko of Sharon, Penna., and PFC Albert F. Gurback of Painesville, Ohio, put this 40MM in order from which Japanese planes have felt the thud of hot steel in tense moments of battle

OUR ROVING PHOTOGRAPHER



The Fantail is manned graciously to receive Uncle Sugar mail from destroyer. Here, S1c John Danlucz, New Briton, Conn., S1c Robert Moses, Neodesha, Kansas, and Coxswain Allen R. Scroggins, Columbus, Georgia, do the honors while Chief Boatswain G. L. Parker, San Diego, California calls the score. Lt(jg) C. E. Summers, Opelika, Ala., (in background) tries to pawn guard mail.



Formerly production manager of WRRM, Marion, Ohio, QM2c Lou T. Marsh steers a straight course. Mrs. Marsh and children Nancy, 6, Jamie, 4, and Louie, Jr., 2, live in Marion.



First mail call in six weeks found mailmen working feverishly. (L to R) Here, MaM1c C. C. Lynch, Pickens, S.C., MaM2c J.F. Rager, Belmar, N.J., and S1c R. V. Hohensinner, Kansas City, Kansas are making their contribution to a happy shipboard life.



ACMM, R.G. Graves, Sheveport, La. builds morale in Air Department. His sense of humor has broken into BUCCANEER pages many times.....former restaurant owner. Has son James Conrad, age 10



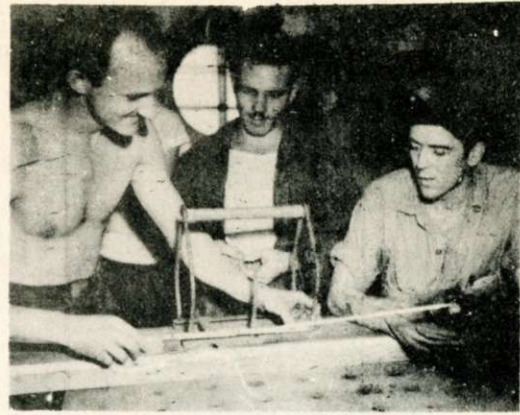
Probably more rejoiceful in a personal way than anyone else, that leave is in sight for his shipmates, is Chief Spec. W. B. Taylor, Hollow Rock, Tenn....devoted much time and effort to recreation parties at Ulithi and Leyte.....in battle wields a 40MM gun....earned degree of Master of Arts at Peabody; earned title of "big brother" on the ESSEX.



Courteous and tactful is S1c A. J. Cox, St. Petersburg, Florida....gets important dispatches delivered on time....plans to become a mechanical engineer.



The situation is in doubt as Ensign O.W. Donnelly of Baltimore, Maryland, patronizes ESSEX cafeteria run by officer's cook third class J. G. Barker of Sherman, Texas; StM3c E. G. Pittman, of Newport News, Va., and StM1c J. Harris of Cleveland, Ohio.



At home in Shipfitters' Shop, these metal artists keep the ship welded together for long periods at sea. SF2c M. R. REDWINE, Maynard, Arkansas, tries to convince MM1c D. G. Peterson, Salt Lake City, and SF1c G. Ward, North Platte, Nebraska. Ward plans to go into the welding business after the war.



Wartime training will provide solid basis for regular Navy career planned by GM1c J. H. Dean, Clarendon, Arkansas. He survived the first U.S.S. WASP and is a plank owner of the U.S.S. ESSEX.....fired into 30 of 33 Jap planes downed by ESSEX.



Senior plank owner of the ESSEX Commander Henry P. Wright, Jr., USNR, has been safely through all seven hells with the "fightingest ship in the Navy".....set a record when he received 23 destroyers alongside in one day during OKINAWA operation...as First Lieutenant, was commended by Admiral W. F. Halsey when the ESSEX resumed launching aircraft in half hour after being hit by Jap suicider.



A good shipmate is QM1c, L. A. Reed, Dearhart, Oregon....plans to return to civil service and his family-after war... has written stories for press and BUCCANEER....proud father of two daughters, Barbara Jean, 10, and Patricia May, 8.



Navy experience will contribute good judgment to the future law career of PhM2c W. R. McBride, New Albany, Indiana. He plans to study at Purdue.



Recording ESSEX war record is the job of these photographer's mates. (L to R) S.J. Yish and R. J. Sullivan of Bridgeport, Conn., and P. J. Madden of Boston, Mass.



"THERE I WAS — "

Lieutenant (now Lieutenant Commander) T.H. Reidy, Commanding Officer of VBF-83, of 273 Central Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois, shows pilots in his squadron how he shot down his tenth Jap plane on the last day of the war, August 15. It was the last Nip to feel the sting of an ESSEX pilot's guns, and that was only 30 minutes before recall.

On hand to hear the Commanding Officer tell his story are, Left to right: Lieutenant W.P. Harris, Waldron, Ark., at Lieutenant Reidy's elbow; above him, Ensign Adolphe C. Le Fevre, 4129 "M" Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ensign Charles L. Wilcox, 1013 Robinson Street, Knoxville, Iowa; and Lieutenant (jg) Peary D. Stafford, 1605 Allison Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Partly hidden behind Lieutenant Reidy is Lieutenant Harry Jacobs, 936 Morningside Avenue, Jackson, Miss.; and above him is Ensign Harold A. Lloyd, 202 West Suffolk, Dallas, Texas. Also partly hidden at top beside Ensign Lloyd is Lieutenant (jg) John C. Marcinkoska, 2135 Logan Street, Murphysboro, Illinois.

Breaking into a huge smile as the C.O. tells his story is Ensign William D. Farnsworth, Route 1, Box 78, Chandler, Arizona, and hands on hips looking as if he were about to explode with "I'll be darned," is Ensign Theodore L. Andrew, Amity, Pa. to the far right is Lieutenant (jg) Robert B. Morrissey, 4308 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

"AND THEN I LET HIM HAVE IT."

Credit for the last enemy plane to be shot out of the sky on the last day of the war by a pilot from this carrier goes to Lieutenant (now Lieutenant Commander) T.H. Reidy, 32, Commanding Officer of VBF-83, the corsair bomber-fighter squadron attached to this leading flattop.

A headline athlete in the Middle Atlantic during his college days, Lieutenant Commander Reidy did some headline shooting in the Pacific. In the thick of the Okinawa-Kyushu battles earlier this year he had scored five Jap planes for his ace rating. On August 15 he scored his last Nip and the last one for the venerable ESSEX to bring his score to an even ten.

He was leading the first flight from the ESSEX for a strike in the Tokyo area early that morning when they spotted a Myrt about 50 miles from shore. One section of the group jettisoned bombs and peeled off to wish the Jap a warm "Good Morning." It didn't take long to finish the job with Lieutenant Commander Reidy swooping in for the kill.

During their briefing the pilots had been advised to be on the alert for a recall should the Japs make up their minds to hoist the white flag. But no word had come to them over the radio so they maneuvered into a cloud formation preparing to descend on the target.

It was just 30 minutes after the ESSEX ace had splashed the Myrt and just when the attacking planes were ready to spray a rain of lead on the target that they received word to return to their carrier, "The war was over."

On their return trip after all bombs had been jettisoned, the pilots played around in the sky like in the old days when they were carefree cadets back in the states.

They had set some records in the Pacific but were glad that it was all over. This squadron led the list in combat time, having flown 36,841.1 hours. During the Okinawa campaign they raised the ESSEX one day total from 68 1/2 Jap planes to a round 70 for a new ship record. And this was done when the hunting was not as good as in the days of the "Mariana Turkey Shoot," nearly a year before.

With the tension of war suddenly gone, these pilots returned to their ship with a feeling of relief; but getting into the landing pattern Lieutenant Commander Reidy found he had one more little battle of his own to fight that morning. The plane's flaps wouldn't come down into landing position.

Just in case he should have some trouble which might damage the well worn flight deck and delay the other pilots. The squadron C.O. circled until his, was the last plane in the air. During this time he managed to work the flaps down into position and brought the corsair in for a normal landing.

The plane was brought to a quick stop. After being released from the arresting gear, the traffic director gave him the signal to taxi forward. Easing the throttle back a bit he waited for the engine to swing the prop a little faster. There was no reaction. Lieutenant Commander Reidy glanced at the prop. It was going slower

and slower and finally stopped.

"I guess the airplane knew the war was over", he said laconically, "But I did have a little carburetor trouble during the fight."

A loud cheer went up from the crew after his engine quit and Lieutenant Commander Reidy was startled, thinking, something was wrong. He soon learned the crew had just been informed that his last plane to land and that the war was over.

After more than two years in the heat of the Pacific battle, the leading lady of the ESSEX carriers was on her way home in early September, carrying a huge load of Navy men. Among them were the members of Air Group 83 and the C. O. of the fighter-bomber squadron.

Now his thoughts were turned to his Highland Park, Illinois, home where his wife, Mrs. Barbara Tennant Reidy and their two young sons, Dustine H., 1 1/2 years, and James T., 6 months, awaited

ESSEX PILOT FIRST TO LAND ON HONSHU

One of the strangest air-sea rescue stories to come out of this war occurred in the closing days of the conflict near the Ominatu Naval Base at the northern end of Honshu Island August 10.

In an exaggerated view, the upper end of this Jap Island looks like an eagle's beak, the eastern projection of land forming the curved portion of the bill, jutting north then suddenly westward at the upper end. A strip of land also protects the west end of the body of water and the Naval Base is on the north side of the bay.

The story begins on the afternoon of August 9 when Lieutenant (jg) Vernon T. Coumbe, VBF-83 pilot from the USS ESSEX dived his corsair on a freight transport in the Ominatu Bay Area. After dropping his 500-pound bomb he was retiring from the scene when his plane was hit by 25 MM fire from the east shore. The oil cooler had been hit and the engine froze.

Lieutenant (jg) Coumbe ditched the plane five miles south of the Ominatu Base, climbed into his raft and awaited developments. Hoping for a rescue mission that afternoon, he held his position against a strong west wind that threatened to blow him to shore.

No help arrived that evening and during the night he managed to nap for about 45 minutes. At 0300 when the eastern sky began to lighten, the pilot awoke to find he had drifted nearly seven miles due east and was within one mile off the shore of Nakanosaw, a small fishing village.

A mile north of the village he spotted a good beach with a small wooded area behind it. Beyond the wooded area was a railroad track. Lieutenant (jg) Coumbe paddled furiously to reach the beach, arriving on the shore about half an hour later.

Taking his raft into the wooded section which started about 100 feet beyond the beach, he hid himself and the equipment in the oak, spruce and pine underbrush. He was half asleep at 0600 only to be awakened by a familiar droning sound; it was the first flight of corsairs from the ESSEX led by Lieutenant Jack H. Tripp, 3544 Park

his return. They reside at 273 Central Avenue.

Graduating with a Bachelor of Science degree in business administration from Lehigh University in 1935, Lieutenant Commander Reidy was employed in the sales-engineering Department of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation in Chicago before he went to the Navy three years ago.

As a half back he played three years of varsity football at Lehigh and was the fastest sprint man in the league in 1934. He took the middle atlantic championship by covering the 100-yard dash in 9 4/5 seconds and the 220 in 21.6 seconds.

But now the war is over and the Commanding Officer VBF-83 is back in the States and once again is Commanding Officer of the T.H. Reidy household? At home a captain's inspection undoubtedly carried top priority because he had never seen his youngest son who was born while he was in the Pacific.



AFTER THE RESCUE

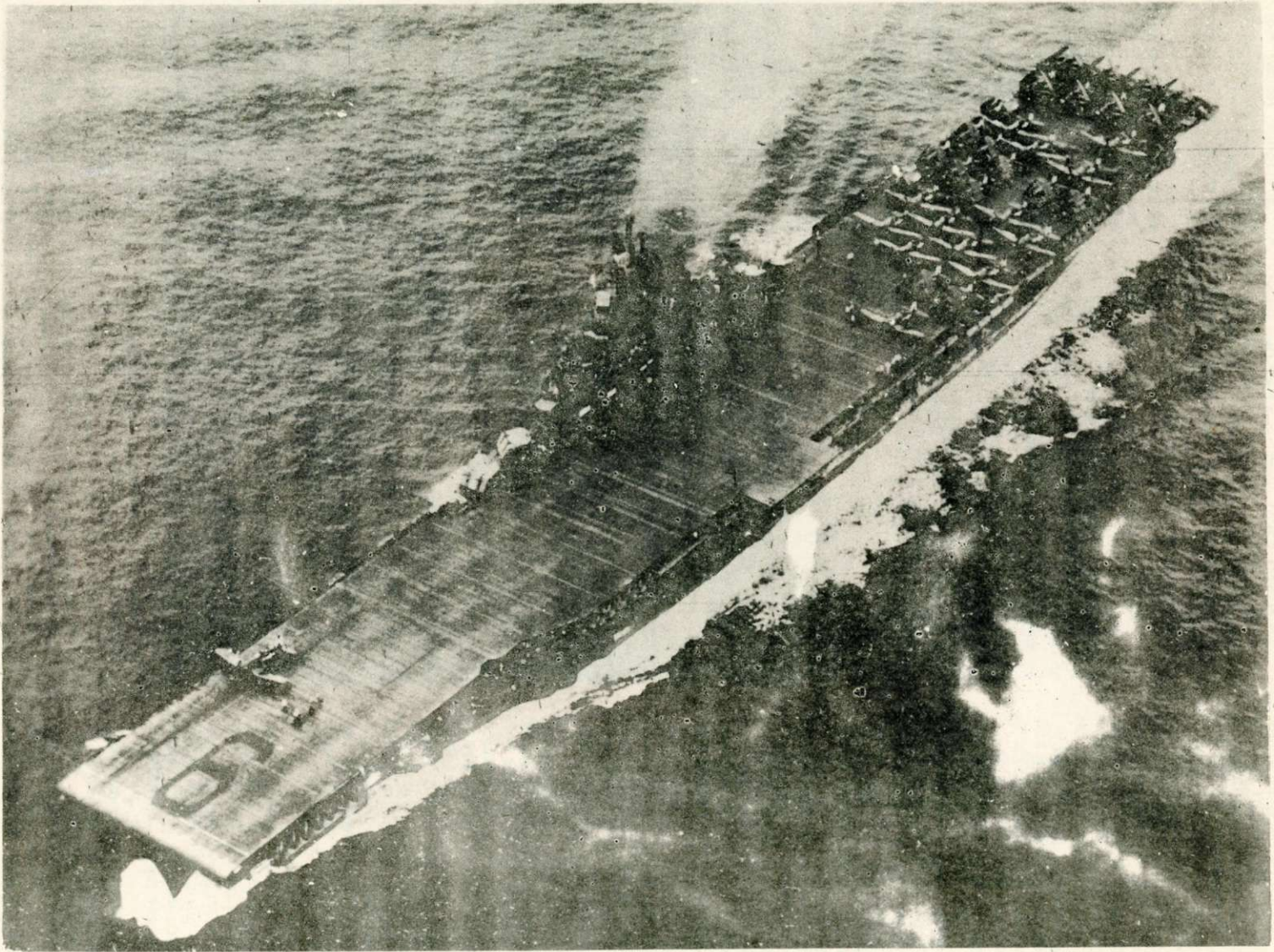
Lieutenant (jg) Vernon T. Coumbe, 103 Greenfield Avenue, Lombard, Illinois, in the cockpit of a Corsair, flashes a smile of genuine happiness after having been rescued from under the nose of the Japanese out of Ominatu Bay in Northern Honshu. After a night on the island, it took two Kingfishers to rescue Lieutenant (jg) Coumbe in one of the strangest experiences of the war but the job ended successfully.

Ave., Riverside, Calif., proceeding directly overhead to the ditching position of the day before.

The sun was too low to use a signal mirror but Lieutenant (jg) Coumbe didn't need the sun. He fired a very star pistol and waved a white scarf. He was spotted by Ensign Joseph W. Jones, 38 North State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, and the position was relayed immediately back to the combat air patrol.

Lieutenant (jg) Coumbe again took to the water, paddling his raft about 300 yards off shore. He held this position for three hours against the wind but could hold no longer. He retired to the shore again watching from the north side of the woods for a possible rescue mission.

cont. on page 9



The indomitable floating airdrome, U.S.S. ESSEX, leading lady of the mighty carrier armada.

FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE!

Aboard the USS ESSEX off Tokyo Bay September 3, 1945, -- The indomitable floating airdrome, USS ESSEX, (not the class but the individual ship herself), dubbed the "Fightingest ship in the Navy" as far back as December 1944, is homeward bound, after remaining in the combat zone for seventeen continuous months - the longest unbroken period for any carrier.

Hovering off Tokyo with her crew alert and her planes poised for instant battle should the Japanese waver, the gallant leading lady of the mighty carrier fleet witnessed the final signing of the Nipponese surrender then set her course toward the rising sun for a victorious voyage to the United States, the first big carrier to return since the war ended.

Her flag-staff was decked with bright new battle colors signifying the victory over a savage and treacherous enemy which she had fought so long and hard to defeat. As her proud bow settled on an eastward course, her happy crew streamed a specially made "Homeward Bound" pennant, 2,694 feet long - one foot for every crew member. It was decorated with 312 stars - one for every officer aboard.

The first of her class, built and commissioned after Pearl Harbor, the ESSEX has set a formidable list of records some of which are "firsts" for Naval History. Chief among these is her record for operating combat aircraft for 79 consecutive days during the occupation of Okinawa. Also, she produced the leading individual Navy Ace, Commander David M'Campbell, who shot down 34 planes and the leading air group for combat hours is Air Group 83 last aboard, who flew 36,841.2 hours up to August 15, the war's end.

The USS ESSEX was the first carrier to receive bombs aboard at sea in the combat area and the first carrier to take a Marine Air Group into combat.

Reporting to Admiral Nimitz for duty May 18, 1943, the ESSEX has fought in combat operations against the Japanese, starting with Marcus and Wake, straight through all the stepping-stones to Tokyo. Her own anti-aircraft guns have shot down 33 attacking planes, her air groups have destroyed 1,531 Jap planes - an additional 800 probably destroyed.

Her aviators have sunk 25 Jap warships and 86 noncombatant vessels. Ships of all types sunk and damaged add up to 419 with a tonnage of 1,692,310.

Long in need of a new flight deck, planes still take-off and land safely on her over-age "strip" on which 31,015 landings have been made.

The ESSEX has steamed 233,419 nautical miles since commissioning; since last seeing continental U.S., she steamed 152,909 miles up to the war's end. During her record breaking 79-day continuous launching cruise off Okinawa, she steamed 33,865 miles without anchoring. She has never had an engine room casualty.

Among other "first" set by the leading lady, the ESSEX was the first of her class to transit the Panama Canal and cross the Equator, first to enter Pearl Harbor and anchor at Majuro, Saipan, Kossol Passage

Ulithi and Leyte Gulf. She was the first of her class to land planes with destroyers alongside both port and starboard quarters and a tanker along the starboard side.

She was a unit of the first task group to hit Tokyo with carrier based planes; also Okinawa, Iwo Jima, Formosa, Swatow, Pescadores, Hong Kong Hainan, Saigon, Camranh Bay, Kyushu, Luzon, Guam, Saipan, Truk and Hokkaido.

Her good luck bespeaks tribute to her outstanding gunners, many of whom are survivors of the ill-fated first U.S.S. WASP.

Only once has she been hit and then by a Jap suicide single-seater. She was launching planes at the time. Within 30 minutes the fire was extinguished, a metal plate placed over the hole in the flight deck and launching resumed.

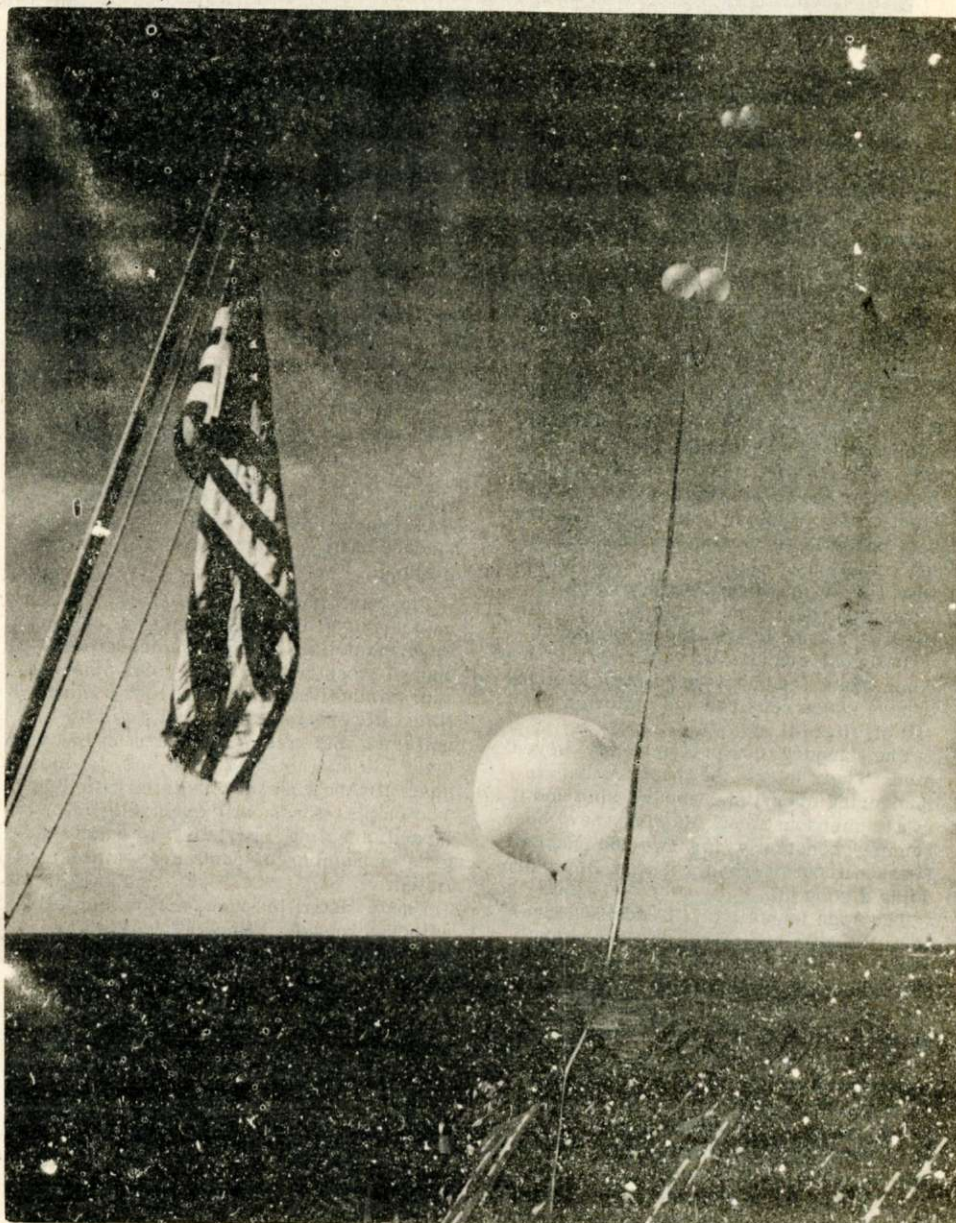
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At about noon a rescue mission of three corsairs and one hellcat from the ESSEX led by Lieutenant T.H. Reidy, Commanding officer of VBF-83, of 273 Central Ave Highland Park, Illinois, and two Kingfishers from the North Carolina.

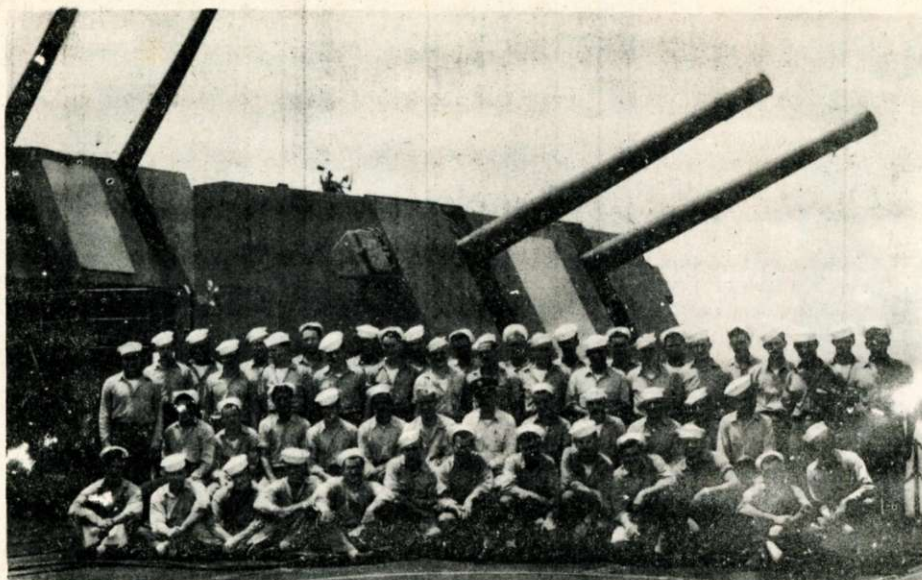
The first step in the rescue process proved fatal for one of the corsair pilots when he dipped low over the water to drop a raft. What happened was not definitely determined but his plane went into a steep turn and plunged into the water. There was no survivor of the crash.

At this time Lieutenant (jg) Coumbe abandoned his old raft. Being a good swimmer, he put out into the bay. One of the Kingfishers piloted by Lieutenant Jacobs landed in the bay and taxied to within 60

cont. on page 10



The long awaited "Homeward Bound" pennant is streamed at last. Aerological balloons pull it aloft in honor of the officers and men of the ESSEX.



"THE SERVICE DIVISION"

The Service Division of the Supply Department consists of the cobbler, tailor, and barber shops; laundry, clothing issue room, two ship's stores, and the soda fountain. Their primary purpose is to provide a convenient means for the procurement of necessary allowed articles, which are in constant demand by the ship's company, in a reasonable variety of brands, and to render the best services possible.

The Service Division under Lieutenant Commander G.L. Bennett (SC) USN., is comprised of one chief pay clerk and fifty four enlisted men of various ratings. It is their job to keep the Service Division functioning properly and to render the best possible service under the most trying conditions. Let's take a look and see what the various branches are doing.

Eight barbers are assigned to handle the hair cutting of the ship's company.

Two cobblers and two tailors try to accommodate the many customers desiring to have shoes repaired and uniforms pressed or altered.

The laundry comprises twenty seven men. Their job is the hapless one of laundering everything aboard ship and it is a tremendous task. Machines have been running constantly for two and one-half years without overhaul. These Boys are doing a good job.

The soda fountain or "Geedunk Locker" is well known and patronized accordingly. You can't possibly have escaped noticing the tremendous line of men each awaiting his turn to buy a "geedunk". The top capacity of the freezers is fourteen hundred cups of ice cream. A ration of eight hundred twenty five cups of Coca Cola are dispensed daily to patrons numbering from seven to nine hundred. They are served quickly and efficiently by three men in less than four hours. Many, after "sweating out" the line are turned down, but we hope to remedy this as soon as the alterations to the soda fountain are made. This will increase the present capacity eighty gallons. The soda fountain also acts as a clearing house for the various activities which require chits for service rendered.

This ship's stores, numbered one and two, take care of the necessities and luxuries for the crew. A steady flow of humanity passes by both stores daily and on paydays, or when candy is to be had, the number exceeds one thousand. A normal day registers from four to six hundred, purchasing anything from candy, nuts, and tobaccos, to razor blades, tooth paste, and various other items that are too numerous to mention. The large lines are handled quickly and in a matter of hours are dispersed or reduced to a minimum.

The clothing and small stores issue room takes care of the necessities of the crew in the line of wearing apparel. Complete stocks are maintained at all times whenever it is possible to obtain them, and dispensed quickly to from two to three hundred daily in need of various items of clothing.

The total money value of stock carried on board averages one hundred seventy thousand dollars. This tremendous amount of stock requires a replenishment of approximately thirty five tons a month. Nine storerooms are used to stow this material and are taken care of by five men. Items not available, as is most generally the case, necessitates rationing. The ship's stores will eventually be enlarged, enabling operators to handle a greater number of customers more efficiently.

These activities are not maintained without expense. When stores are received short in shipment they must be surveyed. The cost of operation of the laundry amounts to approximately five hundred dollars a month. Extra compensation to the various non rated men working in the laundry, cigars and cigarettes on holiday meals, beer for recreation parties, prize money for the Buccaneer news letters, crew's ice cream, and various other items, as authorized by the Commanding Officer, are charged against the ship's store profits.

Even if money grew on trees, there are many persons who are so lazy they wouldn't climb the trees to gather it.

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yards of the shore. Against the strong surf, Lieutenant (jg) Coumbe swam within 25 feet of the seaplane. To help the swimmer, Lieutenant Jacobs put one foot out on the wing, keeping the other in the cockpit on the seat, when the plane lunged in the surf. The Kingfisher pilot's foot evidently kicked the throttle open. The plane went scooting off in the water, knocking the pilot overboard.

Now there were two pilots to rescue instead of one and to make matters worse artillery fire had opened up from the naval base, two shells landing within 50 yards of the two pilots.

But the picture wasn't clear to the pilots in the air. Seeing the plane taxi away from the beach, Lieutenant Reidy went down low for a look. He saw no passenger in the rear cockpit. His first thought was that the pilot had been scared out. He took another look and saw no one in the front cockpit. This was too much.

"I thought I was dreaming," Lieutenant Reidy says. "The plane was taxiing in a straight course better than most pilots could do."

He swung around for another look reassuring himself before reporting what he had seen.

After it became clear what had happened, Lieutenant (jg) Oliver in the second Kingfisher landed, taxied to within 50 to 75 yards of the shore and picked up the two pilots. He made a good take-off in fairly rough water.

In the meantime the pilotless Kingfisher was serving its purpose too by drawing the shell fire away from the rescue operation. But its usefulness had ended. It was strafed by Lieutenant Reidy and left sinking.

Lieutenant (jg) Coumbe and the Kingfisher pilots arrived at the USS North Carolina at 1615. Returning to the ESSEX the following morning, the corsair pilot was well suntanned, hale and hearty.

Many men have stories to tell their Grandchildren but Lieutenant (jg) Coumbe won't have to wait that long to tell a good story.

INCOME, WEALTH AND TAXES

Eighteen months ago William K. Vanderbilt died and left an estate of \$35,000,000. It is now reported that Federal taxes took \$25,000,000 and New York State taxes another \$5,000,000, thus leaving \$5,000,000 for the heir. The news item points up the extent to which our tax laws have gone in redistributing wealth. The trend has been sharply accelerated during the war. Federal taxes on individual incomes now take 50 per cent when taxable income is in excess of \$14,000, 75 per cent when it is in excess of \$44,000, and 90 per cent when the \$100,000 mark is reached. In fact, less than \$30,000 (before State taxes) is retained out of the first \$100,000 of earnings, and only \$7500 out of the second \$100,000. With such steep tax rates, incomes have been leveled in a manner never previously seen in our history.

In the face of such taxes it is virtually impossible to accumulate large fortunes. This Trusts and Estates Magazine has recently published estimates which showed that after a modest allowance for living expenses, in order to accumulate \$100,000 under today's tax schedules, it would be necessary to earn \$65,000 a year for 10 years. To accumulate \$250,000 would require annual earnings of \$600,000 for a 10-year period, or \$190,000 a year for 20 years. To accumulate \$1,000,000, annual earnings of \$2,130,000 for 10 years or \$1,075,000 for 20 years would be required. Of course, if such earnings were accumulated, large estate taxes on the accumulation would then have to be paid to the Government upon death. Even after post-war tax reductions are considered, it seems improbable that it will be possible to earn large fortunes. The rate of accumulation could be speeded up by means of increases in capital values because the capital gains tax is lower than the income tax, but this merely means that a larger share would be taken by estate taxes.

These figures will come as a surprise to many persons because of the continued emphasis by some groups upon the need to redistribute income and wealth and the tendency in referring to current incomes to emphasize incomes before taxes. The fact is, however, that the distribution of income and wealth has been equalized to an extent that, before the war, would not have been thought possible. ~~any~~



Enslin: "What's that gurgling noise?"
Lois: "That's me trying to swallow your line."

It was raining cats and dogs and there were poodles in the road.

Girl: "My dad takes things apart to see why they don't go."

Boy Friend: "So what?"

Girl: "You'd better go."

Don't worry if your job is small
And your rewards are few.
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

Alas for little Willie
We'll ne'er see Willie more
For what he thought was H₂O
Was H₂SO₄.

Sailor: "Any nice girls in this town?"

Civilian: "Sure, all of them."

Sailor: "Damn, How far to the next town?"

Mary had a little lamb
(The doctor fainted)

Not an arrow into the air
I'll to earth, I know not where
(I lose more gol-durned arrows)

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on her tuffet
Eating her curds and whey
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her
And said, "I'm Rigor Mortis. May I set in?"

The mosquitos on Okinawa were supposed to really be large.

One Marine tells us that one of them sidled up to a B-29 and said, "Is you is or is you ain't my baby?"

Dr. LeGuerre: Stop waving your arms and making faces. I haven't even touched your tooth."

Patient: "I know it but you're standing on my corn."

One of these mosquitos landed on our flight deck and Harvey put fifty gallons of gas into it before he found out that it wasn't a SB2C.

Love is like an onion
You taste it with delight
But when it's gone, you wonder
Whatever made you bite.

A Scotchman can drink any given amount.
A bird in the hand is ----- bad table manners.
Little elephants have that no other animals have?
What do elephants have that no other animals have?
Little elephants.

She this.
was like
the at
kind looked
of you
a chat
girl

If a man still has his tonsils, adenoids and appendix,
the chances are two to one that he is a doctor.

Did you ever notice that artists models make only a bare living?

A consultant is a man who is called in at the last minute to share the blame.

Skyles attributes his low number of points to the fact that he was born so young.

Worried mother: "My baby just swallowed a .45 slug. What shall I do?"

Doctor(over the telephone) "Just give him some castor oil and don't point him at anybody."

It usually takes five to six years for a tree to produce nuts. This isn't true of a family tree.

Little Eva: "Papa, did Edison really make the first talking machine?"

Hen-pecked father: "No Larling, he just made the first one that could be shut off."

A conductor noticed a red lantern hanging up in the center of a pullman car and called the porter to find out what it was doing there. "Well suh," said the porter. "The rule book done said that when the rear end of a sleeper is exposed, hang a red lantern.

H.O. Wilson: "No more poker for me; I played last night and got cleaned."
Laurence: "A dollar and sixty cents."
Laurence: "You weren't very dirty were you?"
The class yell of The School of Experience is "OUCH."
Love is the delusion that one girl differs from another.



GUNS

In the gingervating ghastrness of a momentary stance
A Myrtle, Zeke or Judy does a cirro-stratus dance;
It's the eerie, sultry stillness of the day or early night
When the fated kamikaze reels his maltruistic rite
O'er the sunny slopes of ether, in and out through palls of flak,
Though a-far and out of distance he is met with swift ack-ack.
Nosing down into the ocean--pray? That's quite benign,
Too bad, thou son of Nippon; the number's *C V NINE!*
Whilst the clanging, twanging, fanging of the gen-er-al alarm
starts the guns of every cal-i-bre to deal unusal charm!
It's the rumble, trundle, grumble of the cannon's fast recoil
and the screaming, careening, preening of the banzai grad in foil.

To the portside, to the starboard, on the f'cisle and stern
All the gunners on their stations; they'll subdue his final fears!
All the fighters in their Hellcats--their pride! Their great concern:
To bereave the son-of-heaven of ill-famed ten thousand cheers!
Whilst the pouncing, rouncing, trouncing of a steep and lightning raid-
It's the chatter, clatter, tatter of the sailor's tools of trade.

All hands a-gaze to skyward toward a blinding, haloed sun,
A pair of Zekes, a Myrt, and Judy perched in a deadly run;
Standby! The Captain orders. Open fire! all hands that bear.
And the pair, the Myrt, then Judy cleared of freedom's acrid air.
Whilst the flaming, taming, shaming of a suicidal thrust
brings a cheer from every shipmate and their hearts are
full of trust;

It's the marking, barking, harking of their masterful foray
And the mutters, stutters, sputters that will splash the banzai
brothers and flame the last and final of the Nipponistic sons.
It's the frightful fight for freedom, man! of the guns, guns, guns!

Contributed.

