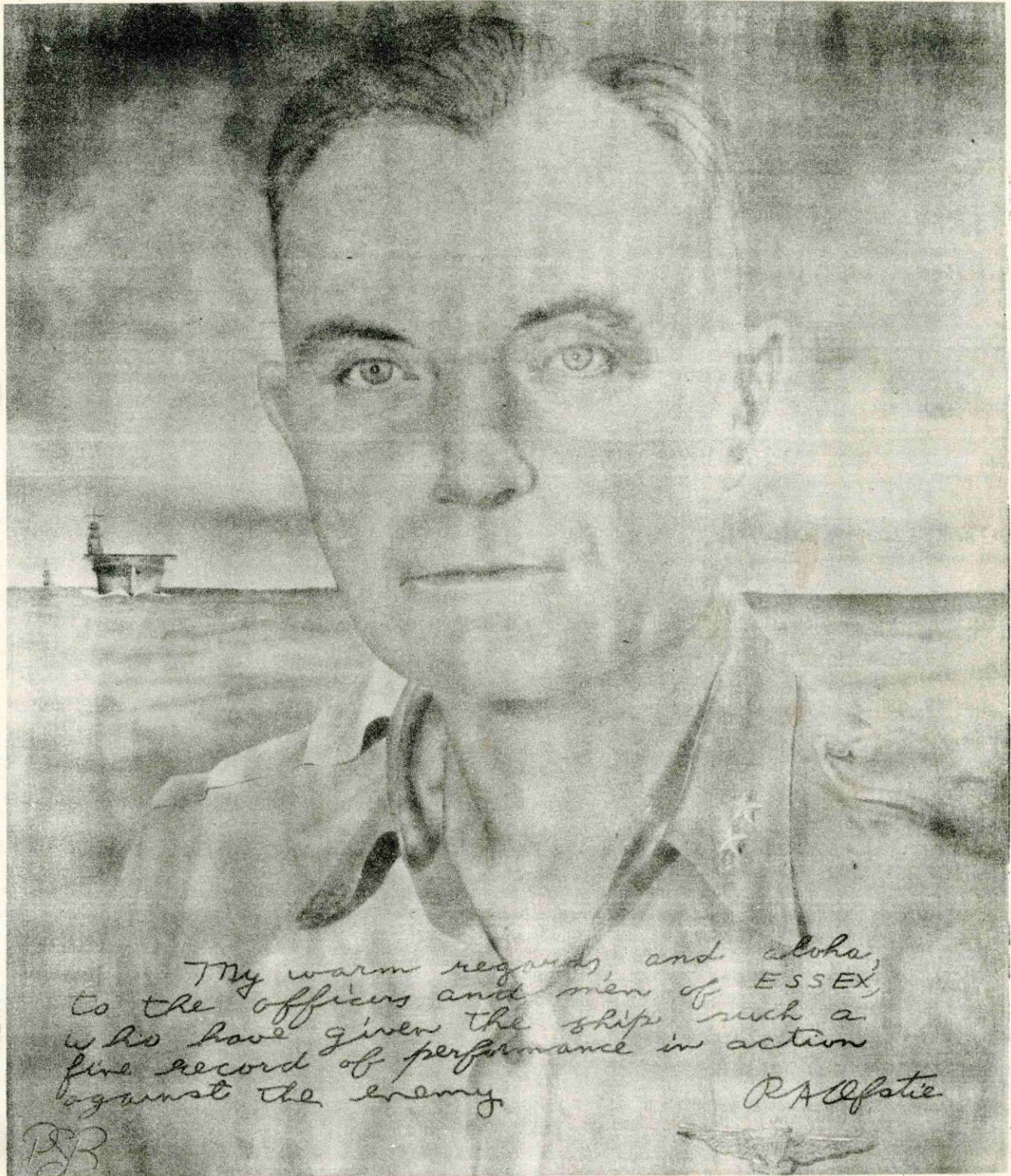


U. S. S. ESSEX
BUCCANEER

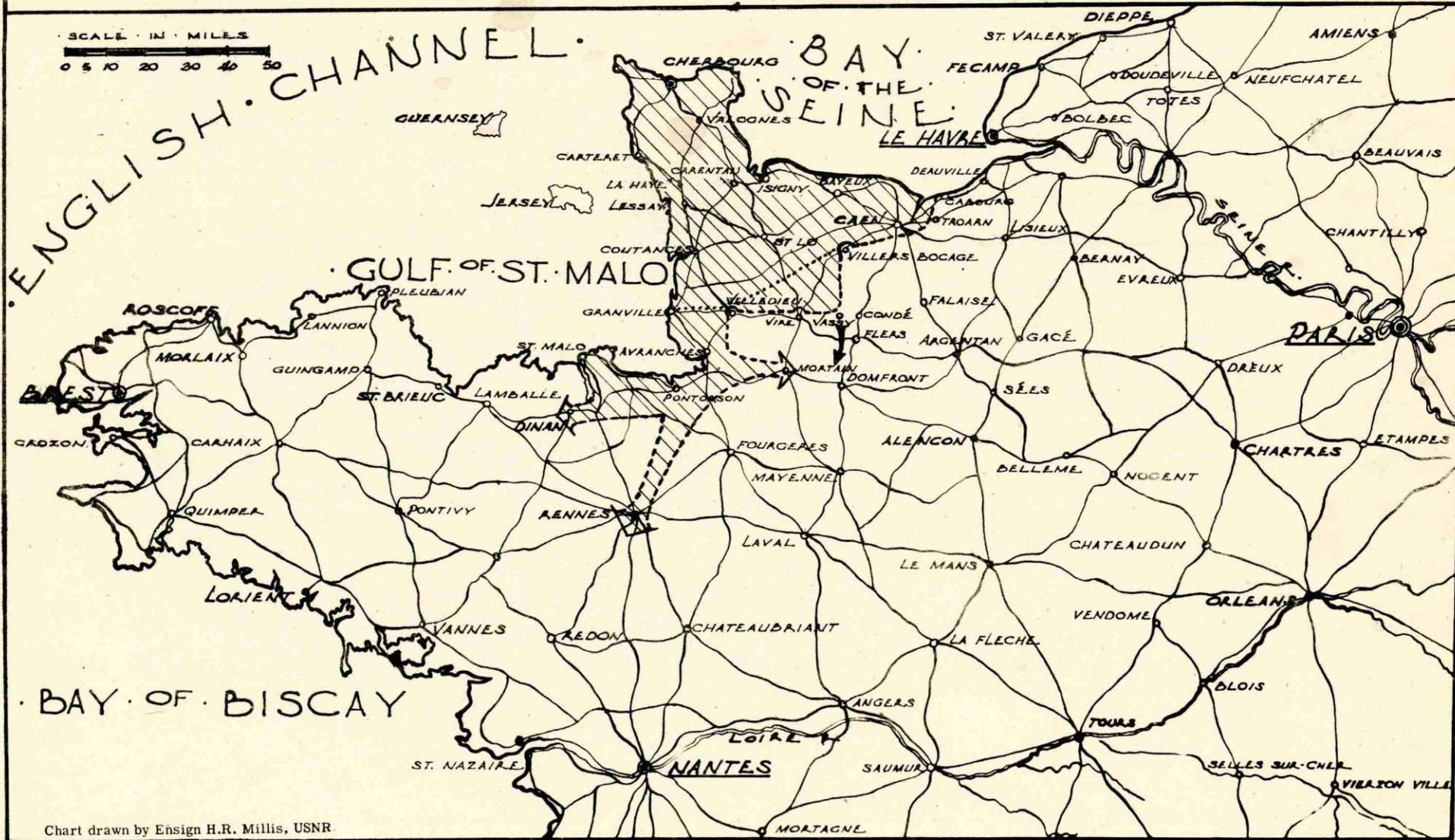


*My warm regards, and aloha,
to the officers and men of ESSEX,
who have given the ship such a
fine record of performance in action
against the enemy.*

R.A. Ofstie

REAR ADMIRAL R.A. OFSTIE, USN
ESSEX CAPTAIN APPOINTED TO FLAG RANK

Lines in France - Normandy, Brittany



Growth and Importance of Allied Position in France to Aug. 3

By Lieut. G. C. Waldo,
A. C. I. Officer

Recent developments in the advance of our Allied forces across western France bring into perspective the strategy in the original planning of the invasion and make it possible to foresee more clearly its ultimate results - which no longer seem remote.

A summary of our progress since the landing was made on June 6th may help, in conjunction with the map on opposite page, to give a comprehensive picture of the situation as it exists today. It must be remembered how in recent months of her long insistence on a second front, Russia has been making the confident prediction that as soon as an invasion began in the west she could speed up considerably her advance toward the eastern border of Germany. Thus, the over-all plan was to engage all divisions of the German Army, leaving it with no reserves and with each unit so pinned down that mobility would be denied the Germans while the Allies could direct their drives with comparative freedom of choice. Toward this end there began in Italy on May 11th a drive of such proportions that it now can well be considered a third front - occupying as it does the full strength of ten or more German divisions.

There are three phases of every amphibious operation, each vital to the success of the undertaking. These are -

1. The initial approach and landing.
2. Establishment and consolidation of beach-heads with facilities being arranged for unloading and handling vast quantities of supplies and heavy equipment.
3. The advance inland.

The first of these phases is the most crucial and during it the defenders have the best chance to repel the invasion. The Germans missed this chance. Despite the pounding which the area of the landing beaches had already received, a considerable number of guns were still in action on D-Day. However, our invasion fleet suffered announced losses of only two destroyers and a large landing craft. The surprising weakness in the defense was the virtual absence of serious air opposition. It could be inferred from this that the German planes available (and in production) are so few that they can be risked only in more equal, though hardly more important, combat.

Landings were made by the Americans on the southeast coast of the Cherbourg Peninsula, while the British and Canadians landed on the southern shore of the Bay of the Seine between Isigny and the mouth of the Orne River, northeast of Caen. Paratrooper units seized positions several miles inland more rapidly than would have been possible by troops penetrating from the beaches. The beach forces and paratroopers, reinforced by gliderborne units, quickly joined forces - thereby securing broad zones which were adequate for establishing defenses of our front lines. These were in most cases still within the covering fire from our heavy naval vessels offshore.

In the second phase the British and Canadians advanced eastward across the Orne and after bitter fighting also approached Caen (June 12th), thereby cutting the trunk-line railroad from Paris (128 air-miles to the southeast) and Cherbourg (67 air-miles to the northwest). Juncture was made at the same time between the British and American beach-heads. To the Americans fell the task of capturing Cherbourg in order that we might have the excellent port in which to unload from large ships the supplies necessary for an operation on the largest scale in history. This was accomplished against desperate resistance and frequent counter-attacks. The drive was first made to the west coast which was reached on June 18th at Carteret. A corridor some seven miles wide was cut through the German defenses, segregating all those to the northward and severing all overland communications with Cherbourg. By the 22nd we had flanked Cherbourg on east and west, while our warships made hopeless any attempt at evacuation by sea. On June 27th Cherbourg fell and a few days mopping up cleared the enemy from the northern end of the peninsula.

Then, to broaden our foothold in France, the pressure of all forces turned southward. The British entered Caen on July 9th and shortly thereafter the Americans pushed as far as Countances and St. Lo.

An interesting observation is that up to this time there had been a comparative lull on the Russo-German front. It is impossible now to tell whether this was a deliberate plan to effect diversion of all possible German forces to the west or whether Russia was gathering strength for the terrific push which began on June 23rd and has carried her to Warsaw and the border of East Prussia.

After logistics were well organized and an area had been established which was large enough to marshal all our forces, two alternatives presented themselves to the Allied Command. One was to fight eastward to Paris and directly on toward Germany; the other was to drive south across the Brittany Peninsula to Nantes. In the latter part of July slow advances were made by the Allied Armies in heavy fighting. It is not certain whether this slowness was caused by determined German resistance or whether we were probing their defenses before committing ourselves to a definite campaign. At any rate, by the month's end our lines ran between Granville, Villedieu, Villers Bocage, Caen, Troarn and Cabourg.

Then came the American break-through. Jumping off from the Granville-Villedieu line and sweeping rapidly along behind heavy tanks, our men stormed into Avranches within 4 days. A short distance south of that town our spearhead divided into three prongs - without losing any of its momentum. The center continued to advance southward and on August 3rd had occupied Rennes, the capitol of Brittany and center of roads and rail lines to the peninsula. By the same date the right flank had passed through Dinan and was speeding toward Brest. The left flank turned eastward and captured Mortain while the British pushed southeast as far as Vassy, where German counter-attacks have halted their advance. These joint moves of the American and British forces threaten to encircle three German divisions defending the Mortain-Villedieu-Vassy salient.

In capturing Brest, we will gain a harbor even larger than Cherbourg through which to rush additional armies. German submarines have been operating out of Brest, Lorient and St. Nazaire - bases which will apparently be denied them in the near future. The occupation of Nantes places us astride another main railroad which will expedite our eventual advance on Paris. Germany now controls only one French port on the Atlantic - Bordeaux, on the Bay of Biscay 150 miles south of Nantes.

Here, however, communications have been disrupted from within by French patriots to whom General Eisenhower broadcast that a signal would be given for their uprising. What more hopeful signal could there be than the crumbling of German defenses as our own forces swell. True, there is still much grim fighting before us and the toll in lives will be heavy but the internal disintegration of Germany is so similar to 1918 that no doubt can exist as to a reasonably early end of the war in Europe.

BOMBER A.R.T. IS SQUADRON FAVORITE

For lion-like tenacity, for sticking to his job through hell or high-water, you can't beat the Bombing Squadron's radio technician -- red-faced, chain-smoking Robert A. Clark, ARTIC of Chicago.

But Clark -- a familiar flight deck figure in his sagging dungarees and little duffle bag of antennae and radio repair gear slung over his shoulder -- is more than just a technician. He's the confidante of the squadron's sixty aerial gunners, the mother of transmitters, a poet, a philosopher, the mistress of radar receivers.

Puffing deeply at his cigarette -- which he smokes ravenously -- Clark ponders conscientiously his burdensome, troublesome, radio problems. He listens sadly to the never-ending tales of radio trouble then he meanders mournfully to the flight deck and begins his slow, arduous work.

For six years before he came into the Navy, Clark was an English teacher at his old high school, St. Phillips, in Chicago. He attended the University of Illinois, graduating with a degree of master of arts and doctor of philosophy. He was a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity and admits that he spent most of his time studying and "inventing methods of staying clear of advanced military training."

Second B-29 Raid on Japan is Recorded

By Tillman Durdin,
(in New York Times Overseas Weekly)

CHUNGKING; China-- Eleven crewmen and myself assembled near the nose wheel, and Maj. Robinson Billings, our pilot Captain, handed out our money belts, first aid kits and language books. It was late afternoon and the take-off time was fifteen minutes away. He sketched the weather prospects for us and cautioned the gunners to keep special watch for Japanese fighters during the time between the take-off and darkness.

"Put on your life jackets, parachutes and flak vests now, he ordered the gunners. "We may have trouble anywhere on the way, and you shouldn't have to waste any time putting your gear on if anything happens."

Then he added: "And everybody keep awake on this trip all night." There were a few more admonitions, but they were finished in a moment and we clambered into our big silver plane. **OFF AT LAST**

Now we were off at last, with the target Japan. Hard on the tail of another Superfortress, Billings wheeled onto the runway. Second Lieut. John Cowsert, Co-pilot, counted off the seconds until take-off time. The great ship got moving and in moments it was pulling along the runway at terrific speed.

Billings pulled his ship up into the murky overcast to clear the mountain barrier that separates west China from central China. The motors hummed joyfully. A few minor crises --hatches that would not close, a gasoline leak, an ailing generator--had been surmounted. Billings said happily: "By God, this ship would fly all the way across the Pacific." He got his altitude and switched on Elmer, the automatic pilot.

We spanned the mountains and poked our way over the flat plains country of central China, riding above a low ceiling of clouds. The weather was acting perfectly.

Darkness closed in swiftly, hiding us from enemy eyes. We began to feel that nothing could go wrong. Billings took out a little steel-backed Bible--a gift from his wife, he told me--from his vest pocket and read a few verses.

Suddenly the appearance of two searchlights far to our right jerked us into a state of alarm. The lights probed inquiringly, through the cloud ceiling, suddenly grown thin and drift.

"A ship's tailing us, major," the rear gunner, Sgt. Eperois Hoist, reported over the interphone. But nothing happened. We soon left the lights far behind, and the plane pursuing us drifted away.

NEARING THE COAST

Our ship neared the China coast. Another searchlight appeared briefly and went out. We were over the Yellow Sea as midnight neared, and the navigator, Second Lieut. Paul L. Westbrook and Special Radioman James G. Christie monopolized the interphone with the problem of giving the true course into our target.

Billings cautioned about showing lights. I sharpened a new pencil. Bombardier Francis E. Meredith, tense, pored over his complicated machines. Sgt. Richard J. Peterson turned out the dim glow above the radio desk.

Meredith, Westbrook and Christie cooperated in giving Billings the course that led over the pinpoint of land off the coast of western Japan. Billings wheeled the bomber sharply. We're heading into Shimonoseki Strait. Our gunners in the tail of the ship competed in reporting lights.

Cowsert suddenly grabbed my arm. Far off to our right, perhaps still thirty miles away, faint searchlights sawed away at an acute angle into the mists. There was a mass of lights, and at their base drifted a dull yellow haze of fires.

MAKING THE LOW RUN

Westbrook brought us in like a veteran. Billings lost altitude steeply, for we were one of the ships assigned to make a low run.

Searchlight cones brightened. There seemed to be scores of them. We could see the ground flashes of ack-ack now and processions of tracers arching skyward.

The searchlight mass straightened slowly, its poles of light converging dead ahead of us.

"They've a B-29 pinned," shouts Brown.

We saw the great plane's bombs explode with a dull glow in mist and smoke below, and the ship twisted to evade the grappling light. Ground guns palpitated in angry flashes that lighted here, there, yonder and everywhere, like a gigantic instrument panel. Tracers raced up toward the B-29. It seemed to be faltering. I lost it as we veered to the left.

"That's where we gotta go. That's the target," said Billings softly.

Meredith took over the plane and evened it off for the final plunge into the fury of flak and lights.

"Bunch of night fighters at 10 o'clock," someone intoned.

"This is it, men," broke in someone else grimly.

Lights were all over us now. I no longer had to stab uncertainly in the dark with my pencil on the notebook page. Flak came up, but I couldn't see any explode. The gunners reported it flying about. I felt a tremor in the belly of our plane.

"Damn, that one was close," Holst exclaimed from the tail.

The bomb bays were open, and after what seemed an interminable, agonizing minute, word came that bombs were away. It looked like a true lay. A glowing fog and smoke covered the area ringed with guns and searchlights, that lay just ahead of and beneath our planes.

It seemed certain that the bombs would smash something down there in the close-packed precincts of Yamat's Imperial Iron and Steel Works.

TURNING FOR HOME

Billings grabbed the controls, while Cowsert reached over and thumbed full power to the motors. We banked and plunged, with light beams and flak trailing.

Billings swung our ship craftily about at terrific speed, and the searchlights lost their hold. Flak continued below us, and then it, too, petered out.

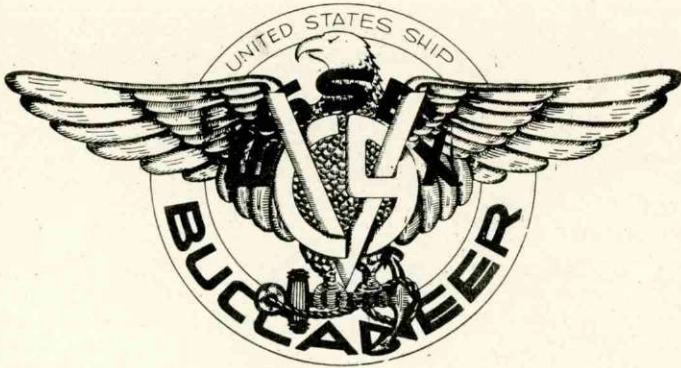
A state-by-state break-down of Navy personnel shows New York first, Texas sixth and Nevada last.

New York.....	272,373	West Virginia.....	45,871
California.....	237,292	Connecticut.....	45,701
Pennsylvania.....	218,968	Maryland.....	42,971
Illinois.....	181,863	Oregon.....	39,725
Ohio.....	156,047	Kansas.....	39,486
Texas.....	144,284	South Carolina.....	36,167
Massachusetts.....	141,955	Arkansas.....	34,728
Michigan.....	112,761	Mississippi.....	33,254
New Jersey.....	112,566	Colorado.....	28,418
Missouri.....	80,506	Nebraska.....	26,127
Indiana.....	73,587	Rhode Island.....	23,746
North Carolina.....	64,585	District of Columbia	19,612
Minnesota.....	62,072	Maine.....	18,315
Virginia.....	60,198	Utah.....	15,608
Alabama.....	58,587	Arizona.....	12,997
Iowa.....	57,730	New Hampshire.....	12,454
Washington.....	56,954	Montana.....	12,351
Florida.....	56,482	Idaho.....	12,006
Tennessee.....	56,312	North Dakota.....	11,183
Georgia.....	54,810	South Dakota.....	10,998
Wisconsin.....	52,575	New Mexico.....	10,185
Louisiana.....	51,794	Vermont.....	6,269
Oklahoma.....	48,710	Wyoming.....	6,211
Kentucky.....	47,906	Delaware.....	5,702
Nevada.....	3,769		

The New York Times rates the show "Two Girls and A Sailor" as the best of the current season on the Great White Way. The theme of the show is shipbuilding and stars two lovely girls who decide to give the USO a little competition. They are sisters and they both fall for the same Sailor. It all gets straightened out in the end and the music is supposed to be super. Watch the Plan of The Day for the date this show arrives aboard and don't miss it.

THE FRONT COVER

The front cover of this issue of the Buccaneer was prepared by ESSEX Photographer Ensign P.S. Rundall. It was done by the brush-spray method and required much skill and patience. This type cover is something very unusual on a ship's paper and the staff of the Buccaneer is just a little bit proud of the effort.



AUGUST 11, 1944

Vol. 1. No. 6.
 Commanding Officer..... Captain C. W. Weiber, USN.
 Executive Officer..... Commander F.T. Corbin, USN.

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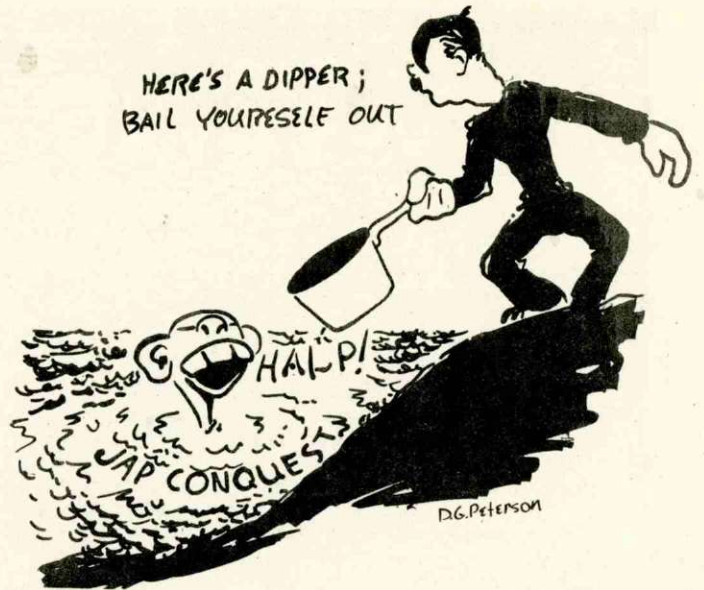
Seriously

CLEANLINESS

Cleanliness is the heart and soul of sanitation. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness". In fact, it may be considered a great attribute to godliness, for cleanliness of body, cleanliness of mind and soul, and cleanliness of our surroundings are essential to a full appreciation of the spiritual virtues. Our conception of cleanliness has greatly changed with our advance in knowledge of the kinds of dirt, the degrees of dirtiness, and the nature of these dangers. The modern conception of cleanliness has expanded with the growth of the sanitary sciences.

We can no longer be satisfied with physical or esthetic cleanliness, but must practice biologic cleanliness. We may not see the infective material upon the common drinking cup, (or the water jug or coffee cup), upon a towel, upon the point of a pencil that has just been moistened with saliva, or in water, milk, or food, although we well know the danger of such invisible "dirt" that these objects may harbor. It requires a bacteriologist to tell the difference between clean dirt and dirty dirt. We lack a sixth sense, or microscopic eye, to see and distinguish the harmful germs or bacteria. We, therefore, must practice scrupulous cleanliness and learn the biologic meaning of this term. Long experience has taught the lesson that cleanliness offers a measure of protection against disease; that clean surroundings are apt to be free of infection; and that clean food is apt to be safe food.

Cleanliness of person and environment results in the diminution of the crop of disease producing bacteria. The mere act of cleaning removes many of the adherent bacteria from surfaces, and scrubbing and washing result in the final destruction of many more, especially when hot water and soap are used. Cleanliness serves another important purpose, so far as infection with harmful bacteria is concerned; it removes the organic matter on which and in which such bacteria may find favorable conditions for prolonging life and virulence. So far as personal cleanliness is concerned, the two important acts, in addition to keeping the entire body clean, are: (1) washing the hands before eating, before handling any food and always after leaving the toilet; and (2) keeping the fingers away from the mouth and nose, and avoiding the use of eating, drinking and other articles mouthed by others.



As the above measures are worthwhile as protection to the individual, cleanliness of environment is important to group protection. While disease producing bacteria are not visible, we can see the dirt on the overhead, in the corners, the accumulation of grease and food refuse in our galleys and messing spaces, the dirty stools, or troughs, seats and urinals in the heads, all of which may be laden with these invisible enemies to our health. Certainly the elimination of obvious dangers to the health of a few is worthwhile, or many, as it might well be at any time, in the case of an epidemic affecting a great part of the crew. Also, these precautions may give us twofold protection at some time, for who would fly the planes, service the planes, man the guns and keep the ship underway, if on the eve of an engagement the majority of us were suddenly laid low with an outbreak of disease? Cleanliness is our safeguard. Bear a hand there.

The *Buccaneer* is printed for the enjoyment of the crew and the idea is always forward in our minds, that we want the paper to have the qualities that will enable it to go to the best homes of the best people in the world - our folks.

There has never been any restriction placed on what could be submitted in the form of poems, cartoons, essays or jokes. All hands have been free to submit for approval anything that seemed to them to be good. We want to keep it that way.

A few of the members of our crew have the idea that the *Buccaneer* should be a clearing house for all the gripes and petty complaints (we admit that some complaints may not be petty) but in good taste we go along with the idea that as soon as this war is won, everyone will be telling his folks just what a fine ship the *ESSEX* really is and just what an easy time he had, compared to some of the duty he could have been assigned. Any-one who is fair will admit that.

We have been spared so far by good management in co-operation with a divine providence that has guided us through without loss of blood. For this we humbly thank God.

Any talent for writing, drawing or jokes that your kid sister could read and enjoy is welcome in the *Buccaneer*. The Chaplains still take care of the complaints and it is such a thankless job that no one has yet offered any competition.

If you are one of the writers of the few unsigned pieces we have taken from the news box, you will appreciate that we cannot make of our paper a growl sheet. The *Buccaneer* is still the crew's paper and we want it to reflect the best side of life on a carrier in time of war rather than the sordid outlook of those few who are tempted to feel sorry for themselves.

Any fair-minded member of the crew will agree. If you have something to boost the Navy, any member of the crew, or the ship, we will be glad to have it.

WHEN IT'S GREENWICH TIME IN FLATBUSH

(Dedicated to those who have difficulty deciphering Time Charts)

When it's Easter Morn on the Matterhorn,
Where the Edelweiss is dewy,
It's also Sunday on the Bay of Fundy
Unless the chart is screwy.
When the hum of bees in the Celebes
Proves the sun shines bright in Bali,
We know the owl is on the prowl
O'er moonlit Mexicali.
When the Jap takes a nap on the Isle of Yap,
The Russians are arising,
To score a goal at Tarnopol,
Now isn't that surprising?
When the sun is low over D'Entrecasteaux
The Tibetan wakes his llamas,
And the Melanese sheds his B.V.D.'s
And puts on his pajamas.
When it's half past two in Timbuctu,
(That is, by G.C.T.),
By the town-hall clock in Vladivostok
It's time for the mayor's tea.
When Kipling's dawn with a thundering yawn
Comes out of China's bay,
Back in Budapest it's time for rest
At the end of a Magyar day.
When it's Christmas in the Isthmus
In the Panamanian zone,
In far Bangkok the first Yule sock
Dangles empty and alone.
The Evening Gazette appears in Tibet
To inform the dealers in silk
That half a world away in Sheepshead Bay
They're bringing in the milk.
I think that's it--but wait a bit,
Just where does the day begin?
Does the first ray of glory bathe an observatory,
Or a maneater's dorsal fin?
When we bomb Palau, what time is it now,
In Nauru, or Funafuti?
Do you add or subtract to obtain this fact?
To answer is my duty.
But actually, buddy, whether it's Passamaquoddy
Or the time in Pantaleria,
Don't shoot me the query, for honestly, deary,
I haven't the slightest idea.
I don't give a damn for the hour in Siam,
Or in India, Burma or Thailand,
What the cuckoo is shrieking in Rome or in Peking,
Or a cell in Alcatraz Island.
I'll swear on a Gideon the Greenwich meridian
Is a meaningless line on a map.
For the East is West and the Worst is Best,
--A lot of chronological crap.
I admit I get lost. When the dateline is crossed,
Is it yesterday or tomorrow?
You can take Time and lump it till Gabe sounds his trumpet.
Just leave me alone with my sorrow.

. . . . Cpl. Lou Huston
A-2 Section, 7th A.A.F.

MY ROSARY

Each bead a prayer, each prayer a plea
To guide my darling on the sea,
To grant him courage in the fight,
To keep him ever in the right.
To train his eyes to see all things.
The lurking sub, the flash of wings;
To hold the wheel with steady hand
And guide the ship safely to land.
This, O God, my fervent plea
When I say my rosary.

----Betty Reynolds

OLD VETERAN

By R. G. Graves, V 2 C.

An old man sat in the courthouse square -
He was bright of eye, though white of hair.
The kids gathered 'round him seemed filled with awe
As he said "Now I'll tell you what I saw
When I was a sailor, back in '43 -
(He sat by a statue of General Lee
Beneath an old Magnolia tree)-

I paused to hear what he had to say -
This gruff old salt, who, in his day
Had sailed in '43 (and 4)
Those long past days of the last World War.

He drew himself erect with pride,
As he spoke to the youngsters by his side -
"Why, my ship was queen of the seven seas,
And the mortal terror of them Japanese!

Say, her planes were like a swarm of bees,
And her bristling guns were thick as fleas -
She was the fastest in the fleet
She just couldn't be caught when they turned on the heat!"

"When the Nips heard she was on the way,
They just quit, and began to pray.
They wished they'd stayed in Tokyo,
And cursed the name of 'ole Tojo -

"I was a gunner, one day when we were on the ball
Our thousand pounders blew 'em up -
The Japs, Palm trees, and all -
We sank a dozen warships,
We burned a dozen more -
While I picked off the Zeros
I really had a score!

We got a Navy Cross for that -
And then we took on (censored)
Oh! we hit censored and censored, too
Yes, we were fools for luck -

Three planes were shot from under me
The day we hit censored
But I got back, as you can see,
I was rescued by a "can" -

But I still craved some action,
So I asked for just one more
"We're saving you for bigger things",
My friend, the Admiral swore.

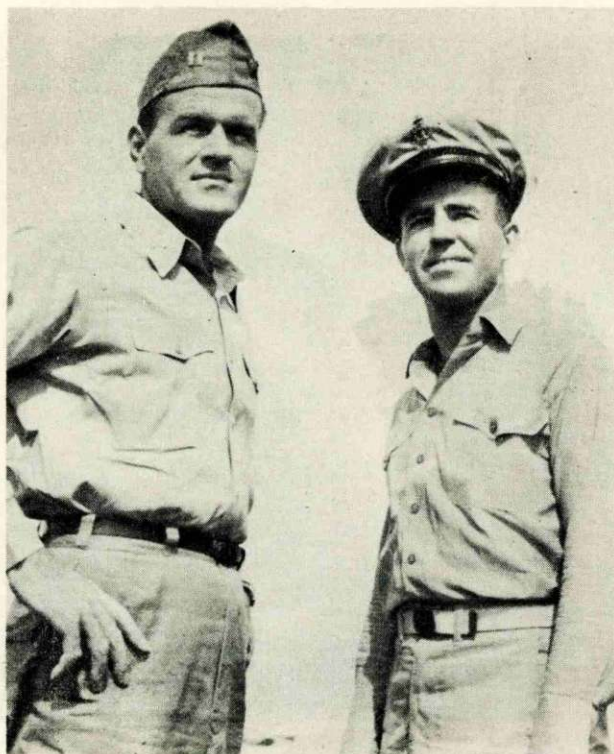
"What ship?" The warrior asked, "I thought you knew,
Why just lookee here, at my tatoo."
He bared his ancient chest, and there
In all her glory, brave and fair
The carrier 'ESSEX', all her guns ablaze
Came charging proudly through the battle haze.

"Oh Gramp" the kids cried, tell us more
'bout how your ship, the ESSEX won the war.
"Okay" he said, as he drew them near,
"Here's a goodun, that I know you'd like to hear."

Then, from across the courthouse square,
A woman's voice shrilled on the morning air.
"Grandpa, leave those younguns be,
And take this package down the street for me."

"Oh dang!" the old man said and winked at me
"Guess folks have forgotten 'bout the war in '43."
"Not me" I said, "I understand."
And one old airdale shook another's hand.

Athletic Officer and Assistant



The physical fitness program on the ESSEX is under the direction of Lieutenant W.O. Jorgensen and Chief Specialist W.B. Taylor, pictured above.

Lieutenant Jorgensen hails from San Mateo in sunny California where he graduated from St. Mary's College, after playing three years of varsity football against the best teams of the West Coast. After college he coached a couple of high school football and swimming teams and then signed with the National League Brooklyn Dodgers, coached at that time by Paul Schisler. He stayed on the next season when the Dodgers were coached by the famous Potsey Clark now Lt. Commander in the Naval Reserve.

In the Navy his duties have been confined to physical fitness programs at Corpus Christi and as swimming instructor at Kingsville N.A.A.S. Also, in the Navy he played center for the N.A.S. Comets at Corpus Christi.

With the Ship's Athletic Officer is shown his assistant, Chief Specialist W.B. Taylor, graduate of the University of Tennessee with the class of 1938. He played varsity football at a half-back post on the team coached by Bob Neyland. Now he is playing left end for Chief Carpenter Hutchin's Repair Eight outfit on the ESSEX. Prior to that he was in the Athletic Department at the Naval Air Station, Barber's Point.

Taylor is interested in all sports but his favorites are football, basketball, baseball, track and boxing.

With the above leadership a great impetus has been noticed in the ESSEX Physical Fitness Program. An aviation conditioning room is still available for the pilots of the ESSEX planes but for the entire crew of the ESSEX an acre and a half playground has been made available outside for all sports and organized recreation that the various departments would prefer. Men from below decks enjoy lying in the sun, or taking a stroll into the wind for fresh air and relief from the fireroom heat. Others take to baseball, tossing a football or playing touch football. Medicine balls are available and there are 3 volley-ball courts on the main deck out of the sun. Badminton Courts are also available.

On the fantail a light punching bag has been rigged, and a weight exercise machine has been installed. In a nook on the main deck, starboard forward, is a heavy bag for real training.

Boxing is fast becoming a favorite and every day after recreation hour has been sounded there is a huge crowd watching the ex-golden gloves simon pures slugging it out. Some of the boys who never saw a boxing glove before are becoming quite adroit at offensive and defensive boxing.

This program is being pushed along under the tutelage of McRae, J.V., EM1c, who watches over the boys from his 6 foot 3 inch natural balcony and keeps things moving in an orderly manner. The big fellow is also quite a favorite and works with the men like a big friendly truck horse.

From now on it is planned to have an official softball league if and when we are near enough land to find a diamond. Batting averages, league standings and other information will be furnished the Buccaneer and the Press News and over the ship's speaker system. A basketball court will be erected on the main deck just as soon as operations and working conditions permit and much rivalry is expected in the forthcoming tournament.

Ambitious and popular the above officer and chief petty officer have caught the fancy of the ship's crew and the flight deck is a literal bee hive of activity. In addition to this, the Athletic Officer stated that he was perfectly willing to conduct setting up exercises and organized physical drills for any group who requested them either regularly or on the spur of the moment. However, he emphasized, that a steady program of exercise and physical drill or play is needed to build up and keep in trim the human body.

An effort is being made to get material together for a good smoker and boxing show. If it is possible to get some mats ashore, wrestling will also be on the card.

Interest in a program of this kind will carry it a long way. Also, it was mentioned that, if the softball equipment continues to go over the side, it is just a matter of time until there will be nothing in the way of equipment to take its place. It is an "all hands" job to take care of the things we have - there is a very definite limit to the supply.

V 2 C KEEPS 'EM FLYIN'

The next time you hear a Fighter, Bomber, or Torpedo Plane take off from the flight deck, pause if you will to consider the men who made her ready for the flight -- the men who have kept her in that dynamic, roaring fighting trim so essential to successful operation.

They're not much to look at, perhaps, at the bad end of a 3 a.m. reveille. Sort of bedraggled lot, all odd shapes, sizes, ages and dispositions. A motley, unmilitary looking crew, thrown together haphazardly by the fortunes of war, but bound together by one purpose -- to keep 'em up there when the going gets rough. Picked at random from all walks of life; a few mechanics by trade -- some who never looked at an engine, or had a close-up view of a military aircraft in their lives before Pearl Harbor -- some kids just out of school -- some not so young, but all doing a job, all taking part and by the combined efforts and teamwork of all, doing a tremendously important job in this war!

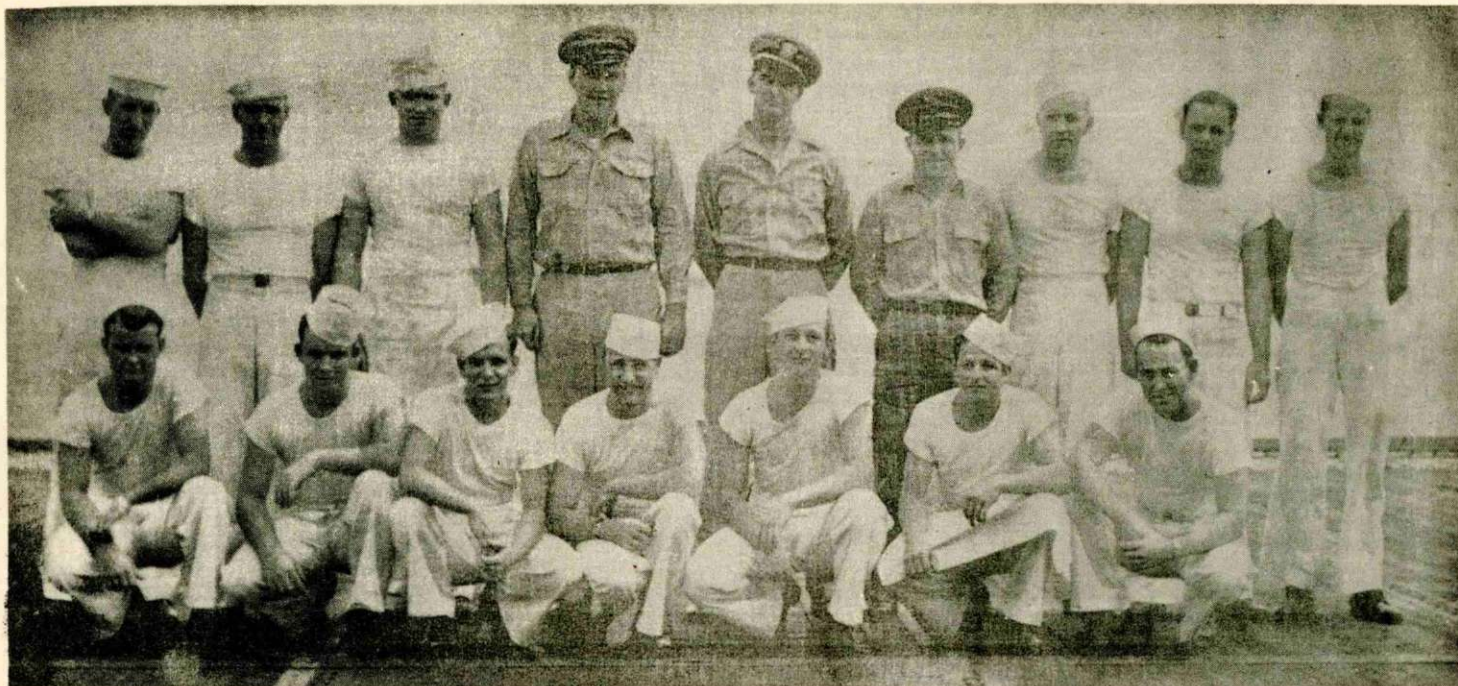
They gripe. Sure, they grumble as much as the average sailor. Sometimes more, perhaps, but there isn't a one of them that doesn't feel a thrill of pride (although he probably won't admit it) when he hears the throaty, powerful din of the engine at the take off spot and knows that he has had a part in putting that plane in commission.

These men know the long, stifling hours of the night, when most of the ship is asleep. The grease and sweat, eyes heavy with lack of sleep, the miserable soreness that comes with working long hours in a cramped cockpit, or clawing about, flashlight in hand, to get at some deep-seated engine part. These things are all a part of the day's (and night's) work.

Then, when the action comes, these men probably feel more keenly the dread and the thrill of "sweating it out", than some of the others, for they realize that the success or failure of the Air Group's defense or attack, may rest upon the result of their handiwork.

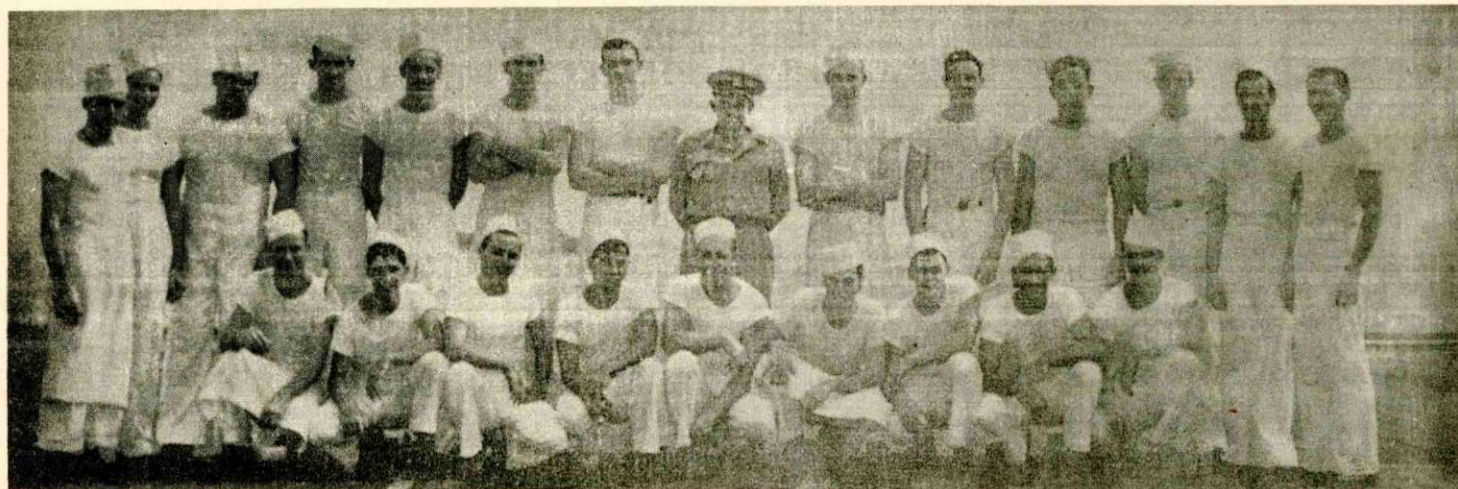
I doubt seriously if any of V-2-C from Lt. Comdr. Kersting and his able assistant, Lt. "Bill" Bush and the chiefs down to the greenest striker would "swap" for another branch of the service given the opportunity. For they all know, or sort of feel, that they are a pretty important cog in this mighty military machine. This pride is reflected in the quality of the work done in our airplane "garage".

Essex Ship Cooks, Bakers



Standing left to right: H.F. Zobel, SC1c, E.C. Peck, SC1c, H.L. Barney, SC1c, L.S. Makowski, CCS(AA), C.P. Ramsey, Ensign (SC), H.W. Lange, CCS(AA), J.M. Longway, SC1c, F.M. Johnson, Bkr1c, T.R. Boyce, SC3c.

Kneeling left to right: T.S. Giaconda, SC2c, H.J. Larrow, S2c, N. Hutnick, SC2c, R.E. Ward, SC2c, L.J. McCauley, SC2c, A.G. Perez, SC3c, H.C. Carter, SC1c.



Standing left to right: A. Correute, SC1c, S.J. Rebis, S2c, D.A. Crowe, S2c, L.R. Million, SC3c, G.W. Forst, SC3c, T.H. Stewart, SC2c, F.R. Corse, S1c, G.E. Horne, Lieut. (SC), G.C. Miller, SC3c, J.E. Adcock, SC3c, W.L. Prescott, Bkr1c, E.T. Simmons, Bkr3c, A.D. Adams, Bkr3c, M.J. Easley, Bkr2c.

Kneeling left to right: L.L. Hicks, S2c, J. Calo, S2c, B.D. Weakley, SC2c, C.F. Blumenthal, SC3c, C. Marx, SC3c, M. O. Casio, S2c, E. Brecka, S1c, A.A. Matson, SC3c, G.E. Dillin, S2c.

Can you Bake a Cherry Pie? Here is a good Recipe for One!

The ESSEX Ship Cooks and Bakers, pictured on the opposite side of the page, offer the following recipe for Cherry Pie. This is the favorite of the bake shop and the crew and after the victory is won they are sure that rationing will be at a low ebb, food will be plentiful and the wives and mothers of the ESSEX crew will enjoy putting this recipe through the family kitchen "for the boys".

Take eight hundred and forty pounds of canned cherries - either home canned or tinned - add one hundred fifty pounds of sugar, being careful to stir it into the cherries so that one pie won't be sour and another sweet, then stir in twenty-five pounds of cornstarch and five pounds of salt. That makes the filling.

To prepare the crust for this you simply sift three hundred pounds of flour into anything that is handy, mix in by hand one hundred sixty pounds of shortening, season to taste and roll out flat to fit a ten inch pie plate. You will find that this will make one piece of pie for the entire crew of the ESSEX.

But seriously, feeding the crew of a ship of this size is one of the many wonders of the every-day world found on the third deck. It is really a little world of its own. They are always either finishing up a meal or starting another and the endless chain is bound to come up with a few meals which are not as appetizing as others. They do try to prepare meals that are palatable and it is doubtful if anyone on the ship would like to trade places with them.

From Ensign Ramsey, "Escoffier" of the ESSEX galley, down to the supervisor of the china clipper, this section of the crew take their jobs with the utmost of sincerity. They put their best into bringing out dishes that balance the qualities that entice against the calories the Navy says must go into the diet of a fighting man at sea.

The menu of the favorite meal of the majority of the crew would read something like this:

Soup - Tomato.
Meat - Baked Ham - Smithfield.
Vegetables - Peas, corn or green beans.
Salad - Lettuce and tomato (when available).
Dessert - Cherry Pie.
Drink - Coffee or Iced Cocoa.

The favorite cereal is cornflakes and fresh fruits are very popular.

The Commissary Department spends \$10,000 per week for food. In the eighteen months since commissioning the crew of this ship has eaten 555 tons of meat, 150,000 dozen eggs, over 600 tons of potatoes, 40 tons of Navy Beans, 400 tons of flour, 90 tons of coffee, 250 tons of sugar, sixty-five tons of butter and other miscellaneous items in proportion.

The messing facilities are inspected once each week for cleanliness and the cooks and bakers are given regular physical examinations. Their motto is "Get in there and fight" and they do it with food.

Veterans Insurance

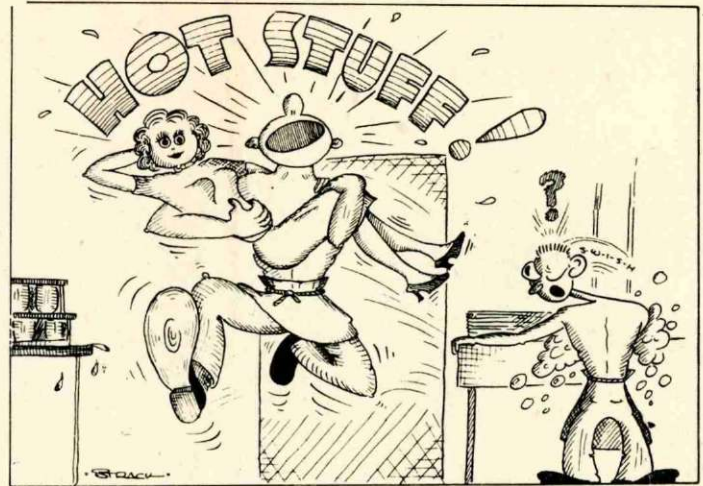
The Veteran's Administration offers members of the armed forces of our country in time of war the only insurance that will accept war risk at this time. The cost is low because it is a non-profit organization and premiums are based on the actual percentage of the claims it must pay.

You can buy insurance on your life in the amount of \$10,000. It is good business to have this insurance so that dependents will not be left destitute if something should happen to you.

If nothing happens to you, you will still get your money's worth because your premiums will help to pay the claim that some one else, who was not as lucky as you, will leave for his dependents.

Veteran's Administration Insurance does not average 10,000 dollars per man in the Pacific Fleet. If you don't have that much insurance you should check up and see what it will cost to increase your policy to that amount. It is just good business to take care of problems of this kind before they come up, instead of trying to after it is too late.

Messhall Mirage



CHAPLAIN: "Wilt thou, John, have this woman as thy wedded wife, to live together in so far as the Bureau of Naval Personnel will allow? Wilt thou love her, comfort, honor and keep her, take her to the movies and come home promptly on all 48s?"

MAN: "I will."

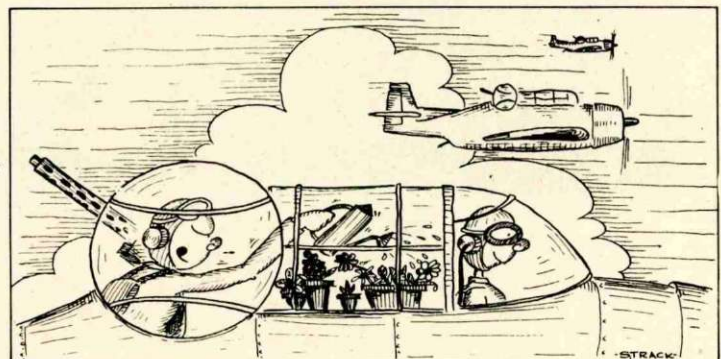
CHAPLAIN: "Wilt thou, Mary, take this sailor as thy wedded husband, bearing in mind liberty hours, ship schedules, restrictions, watches, sudden orders, uncertain mail conditions and various other problems of Navy life? Wilt thou obey him, and love, honor and wait for him to learn to wash, fold and press his uniforms?"

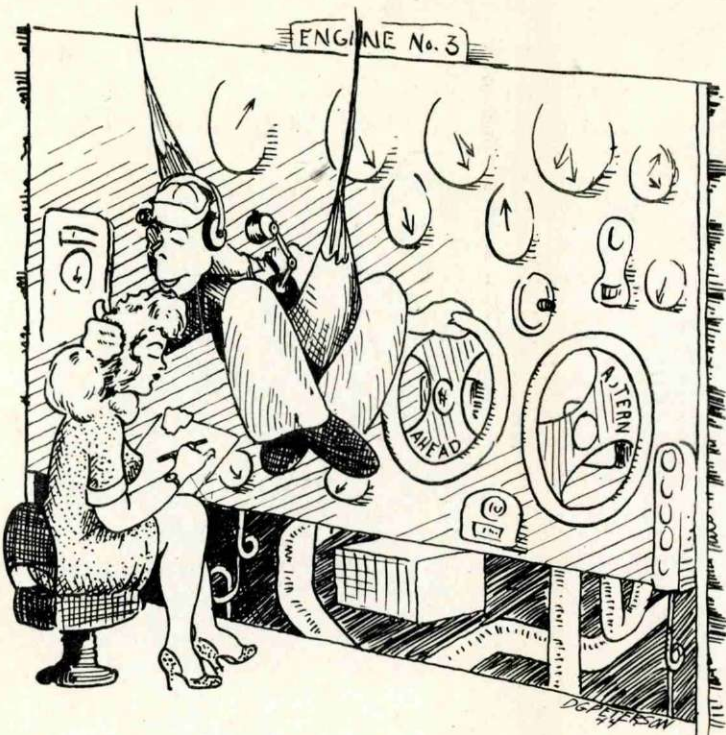
GIRL: "I will."

MAN: "I, John, take thee, Mary, as my wedded wife from 1700 to 0730, as far as permitted by my commanding officer, liberty hours, subject to change without notice, for better or worse, for earlier or later, and I promise to write at least once a week."

GIRL: "I, Mary, take thee, John, as my wedded husband, subject to the orders of the officer of the deck, changing residence whenever the ship moves, to have and to hold as long as the allotment comes through regularly, and there I give thee my troth."

CHAPLAIN: "Then let no man put asunder these whom God and the Bureau of Naval Personnel have wrought together. By virtue of the authority of Navy regulations of the Bureau of Personnel Manual and the latest bulletins from the Bureau of Personnel concerning matrimony, you are now man and wife, by direction of the commanding officer."





" LOG 158 TURNS AT 0231, BUTTERCUP "

NOTE : THIS AINT THE ESSEX ENGINE-ROOM

NAVY EXPRESSIONS

THEIR MEANINGS

Take necessary action
We should confer

It's your headache now.
Send your yeoman over to see mine.

Forwarded

Pigeon-holed in a more ornate office.

Take immediate action

Do something in a hurry before we both catch hell.

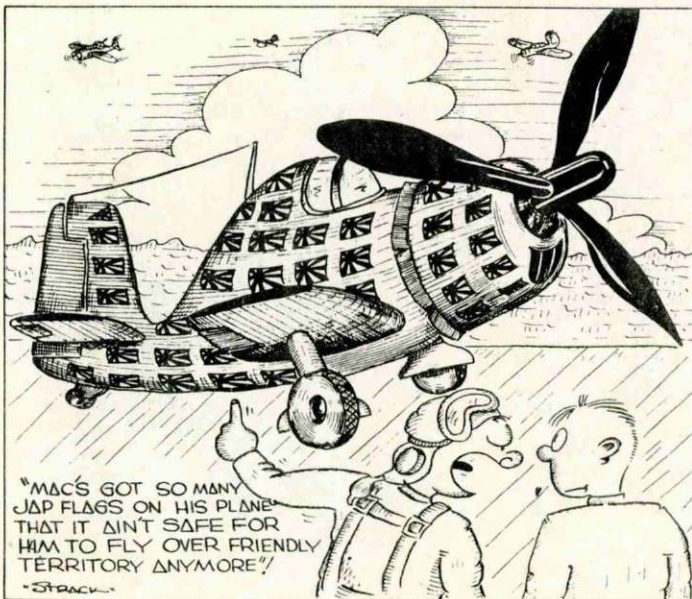
For your information
Your department is negligent
Naval tradition demands

Let's both forget it.
I have just been given hell.
I have just been talking to an old Chief.

You will show him every courtesy
Your observations are desired

His uncle is an admiral.

Do the dirty work so I can write "Forwarded".



"MAC'S GOT SO MANY JAP FLAGS ON HIS PLANE THAT IT AIN'T SAFE FOR HIM TO FLY OVER FRIENDLY TERRITORY ANYMORE!"

REPAIR EIGHT IS ROUGH, TOUGH, HAPPY OUTFIT

At the blast of "Flight Quarters" or even "turn up" one of the ship's hardest-working crews mans its station -- it's Repair VIII -- whose domain is the acre-and-a-half of flight deck.

Hard-working, you say, and you're not kidding! During the recent operations the men of the repair crew were at their station a good share of the time for 18 hours at a stretch.

"Cominch" of the red-shirted roughnecks is crusty Chief Carpenter Hutchens, senior warrant officer aboard, who first went to sea when he was twelve. Even he was heard mumbling to himself that the most stupid order he ever gave in thirty years at sea was giving his crew three minutes to man their stations causing him to lose plenty of poundage trying to beat them there.

The jobs in Repair VIII range from standing by with the CO2 bottles at "turn up" to cleaning up the strewn wreckage of a barrier crash in the shortest time possible.

Of course, the pride of the outfit are those two "Men from Mars" in the asbestos suits -- Webb and Many. Both were caught sleeping in their suits at 0200 by the MAA and their alibi was that they'd been wearing them so long they thought it was the "uniform of the day!"

You see, the rigors of their tasks doesn't cut down on the hilarity a bit. Even the "Bull of Repair VIII" was seen to smile when just after he gave the order to never let a CO2 bottle get adrift, Highball Petersohn dropped one in a direct hit on his big toe!

Curly Rodriguez, recently promoted to S1c, puffed his chest in full authority and gave his section leader -- Chief Taylor -- three midwatches for being three seconds late in manning his station. Meanwhile, the gang grounded Leading Chief McMasters (known to his intimates as "Blimp") for making a forced landing and refusing to drop his belly tank.

Porky Gavin, PR1c, was caught much against his dignity, on a "spud" working party but felt better after it was explained to him that it would "peel off" his 112 lb. overweight. Another Rigger, Rebel Lockey, PR2c, is in line for congratulations -- He has become the "pater" of a 9 lb. boy.

Even the troubles of romance smote these hardy men of Repair VIII. Take Latini, who was very blue after mail call he reported that it was because a 4F boid from the Bronx beat his time with his goil from the Joisey side. And everybody thought Plouri, AMM2c, had gone Asiatic when he announced his intentions of putting in for permanent duty at Saipan -- but he got plenty of sympathy with the report that his true love had transferred her affections to someone closer home!

Drawdy, another Repair Eighter, was accused of having acquired his cauliflowered ears from fighting. This he denied, however, saying it was caused by manning the 2JGs for 18 hours a day last month!

And McClain, the crash crew boss, is trying to shift his rate to yeoman. Reason enough: he's too light and weak for his present rate. Rogers (Tilly Cox 4c) was a very fortunate fellow recently. He fell three decks down an open cargo hatch but landed on his noggin.

And the boss of the gasoline fire eaters -- Sambrito is on the prowl. He's trying to find the "rat" who rang in a pair of honest dice in a game he claims cost him 50 bucks.

One of the outfit's wiseacres remarked that "From the looks of the tans the crew is getting it won't be embarrassing for them to take their "true loves" down River Street in a little while."

All in all, it's quite a gang -- this Repair VIII -- and they deserve a lot of credit for a job that requires constant, monotonous attention day after day after day and they find a lot of joy in watching that the record they are making is one of the finest in the fleet.

