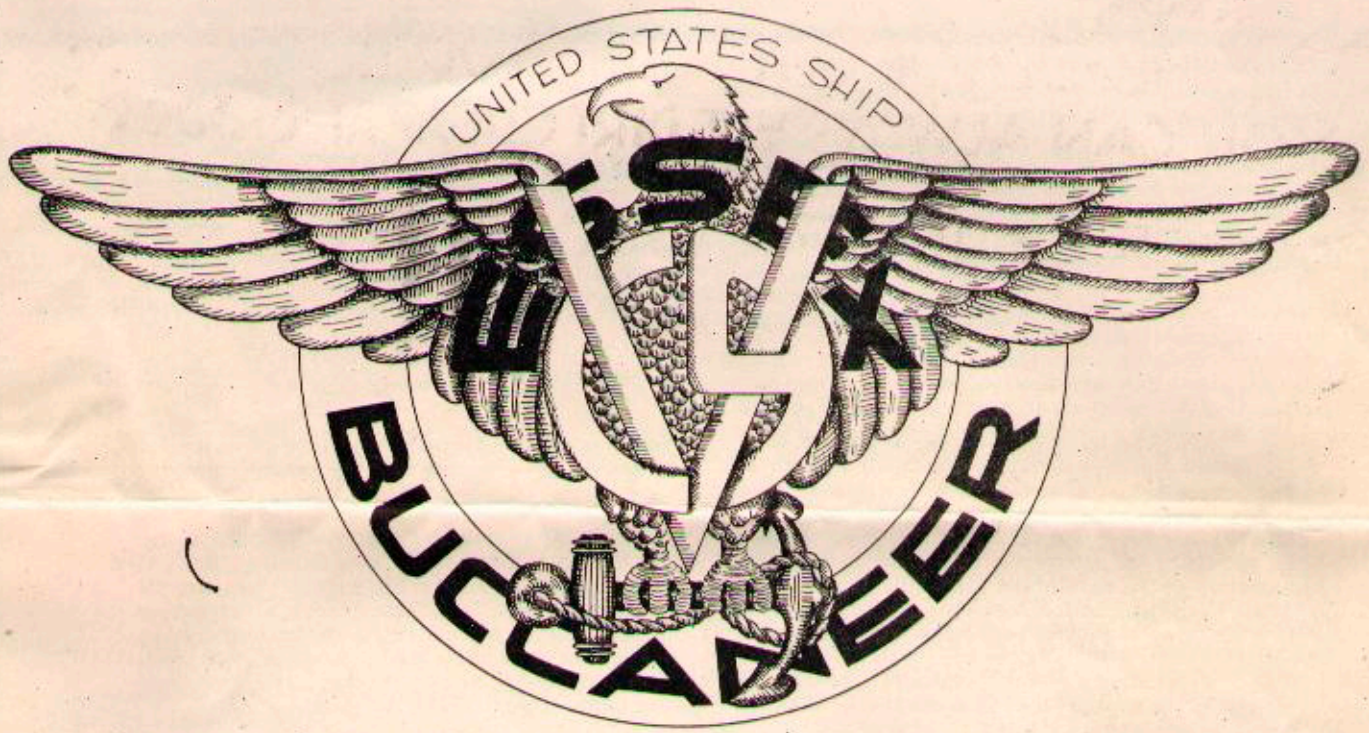

May 9, 1944

Dear Mom,

It is with a great deal of pride that the Buccaneer's staff dedicates this issue to the Mothers of the officers and men of the Essex.

We are trying to make it reflect to you the things we remember about you. The bigness of your heart, the faith you have in all of us, the pride you take in anything we can accomplish, the courage you endowed us with, the prayers we learned at your knee and the warm, cosy thoughts we have of you and home.

We realize that it is futile to ask you not to worry about our personal safety because, if you could do that, you wouldn't be a Mother. We have dedicated ourselves, each of us, to do this job so that you can be justifiably proud of us. The worst that could happen to any of us would be to perform some act that would cause you to be even the least bit ashamed of us.

We want you to know, that on your day next Sunday, you will hold the spotlight of our thoughts in a very special way and that we also resolve that our efforts will be applied to hasten that day when peace, happiness and reunion will be at hand for all of us.

We think of you often, Mom, but we don't always tell you about it. On this Mothers Day we want to say all of the things we feel and we want to send you this message as an open letter for the world to know that the men of the Essex are very humble when they remember you. Without you there would be no officers or men on the Essex. You are as much a part of the ship as if you were actually aboard because you made it all possible.

Therefore, with a hearty salvo of love and devotion we salute you on this Mothers Day.

Your son,

Mother's Day
1944

A Tribute to Colonel Knox

Editor's Note: The following article is the complete text of the address given by Chaplain A. J. McKelway, on the occasion of the memorial services honoring the late secretary of the Navy, on April 30, 1944.

Balancing the urgency of the work to be done against the significance of the occasion for which we are assembled in our worship this morning, the fact remains that it is in every sense appropriate that we should pause for this brief period to pay our respects to, and honor the memory of, Frank Knox, the late Secretary of the Navy of the United States, whose death, to the inestimable loss of the Nation occurred in Washington at 1408 o'clock April 28, 1944.

Frank Knox, of Scotch ancestry, was born in Boston on January 1, 1874. Between that date and a few days ago, when, for full measure, he had vigorously survived a few more months than the alloted three score years and ten, he exemplified to the highest degree, and by high standards, the life of a good American citizen, than which no higher all-inclusive compliment can be paid a patriot.

He was born to neither power nor riches. But better than inheriting wealth or power, he was born and matured in the tradition and faith of a land, which says to its sons, and keeps its promise, "What you get out of life, and what your life will mean to you and to your time, depends not upon what you meet in life, but upon what there is and grows within your spirit with which you meet life as it comes."

Young Frank Knox was selling papers in Boston at the age of only eleven years. He stopped school at 15 to earn more money to help his parents. At 19 he was a salesman making $15,00 a week. When he was about 23 years old he was a member of the Rough Riders of the Spanish-American War, having been sworn in by "Teddy" Roosevelt himself. This was the beginning of a great friendship and a fine loyalty. When he was 24 years old he married Annie Reed and at about that time, having obtained a reporter's job on the Grand Rapids Herald, began one of the most vigorous and distinguished journalistic and editorial careers which this nation has witnessed. The fame of the Chicago Daily News was the fame of it's publisher, Frank Knox.

During the first World War, when he was in his early thirties, he enlisted as a private in the U.S. Army. Sent to an Officer's Training School he was commissioned. His ability and experienced being recognized, he served with the rank of Major in the 78th Division participating in the St. Mihiel and Meuse Argonne offensives. Later he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and in 1937 to the rank of Colonel, Officers Reserve Staff Corps.

After Franklin Roosevelt's election Colonel Knox was one of the outstanding and most determined opponents of the New Deal administration. Yet in the growing peril to the nation in 1940, when the President called upon him to assume the Cabinet position of Secretary of the Navy, he laid aside every political consideration and accepted the challenge of the most enormous task ever laid upon an incumbent of that high office.

In the President's message, announcing the tragic news of the Nation's loss, he said " His active leadership during the current struggle has been an inspiration," and ".....throughout his entire career in public life, in journalism, in the armed services , and as Secretary of the Navy, he has devoted himself unremittingly and without reserve in the best interests of his country and of the Naval Service."

The almost unbelievable and the most amazing fruits of that unremitting and unreserved devotion to his country are known to all the world, and known not only with amazement but with growing terror by our enemies. In 1940 we could boast of little more than mediocre naval power in terms of the naval power of the great nations. In 1941 the disaster of Pearl Harbor, and yet, in 1944 before his death the Navy of which he was second in command only to the President, had become not only the strongest navy in the world, but a greater Navy than the world a few years ago had even dreamed.

We may well be glad to remember that this rich life of three score and ten reached back into those days and years when a devoted, passionate, patriotism was a motivation in life of which one need not be ashamed or embarrassed. His devotion to his country gave distinction and character to his life before the evil days when so-called sophistication became hopelessly confused with plain self-centered shallowness of spirit and blindness to enduring values of life. We are debtors to a leader whose patriotism meant that he loved his country in terms of a practical idealism, who envisioned for his country values of life worth living for, worth fighting for, worth dying for, in fact, more precious than life itself. We are deeply in debt to a man who, during those years which with resonableness he might have claimed for rest after fruitful toil, chose rather to burn out those crowning years in unremitting and unreserved devotion to a vision for other years and other lives to come.

But enough of words in honoring the memory of one known for his deeds accomplished, his tasks well done. If, as may God be willing, our spirits are large enough to be moved by the inspiration of the best that we know in lives larger than ours, let us honor his memory and assume the obligation of our indebtedness to him in terms of courage, loyalty, deeds and tasks well done, finding sufficient motive and the needed strength in our own devotion to the highest vision we have for our land, for the world , and even for other years and other lives beyond our own.

The ESSEX Buccaneer

Vol. 1. **May 12, 1944** No. 3
Commanding Officer.....Captain R.A. Ofstie, USN
Executive Officer.....Commander F.T. Corbin, USN

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Seriously

SERIOUSLY DO YOU KNOW:

1. **How to best protect yourself in battle?**
2. **How to abandon ship?**
3. **The requirements for your advancement in rating?**
4. **How to safely keep your money and other and other valuables?**
5. **The censorship regulations of the fleet?**
6. **How to properly report to the quarterdeck?**
7. **Where the nearest fire extinguisher is located-nearest your bunk and nearest your battle station?**
8. **How to administer artificial respiration?**
9. **What to do in case you discover a shipboard fire?**
10. **The proper way to mark your clothing to insure against loss or theft?**

If there is any doubt in your mind concerning full details of any of the above questions ask your division officer.

"MYSELF"

"I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know;
I want to be able as days go by
To look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I want to go out with my head erect
I want to deserve all men's respect;
And here in the struggle for fame and self,
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluff and bluster and empty show.
I never can hide myself from me,
I see what others can never see.
I know what others can never know,
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens I want to be
Self respecting and conscience free!"

---Author Unknown.

The cover page of this issue of the Buccaneer is the work of four enlisted men: Art Editor J.B. Strack, PhoMlc, designed the masthead; the Mothers Day message was written by Coeditor Spence, Y2c, and drawn in by E.G. Katigbak, Seaman First Class V 1 A Div.; and the layout was prepared for printing by S.J. Harris, Prtrlc.

A Word to the Wise

The ship's evaporators are able to produce fresh water for the crew to the extent of 23 gallons per day per man. This means that there is a definite limit to the amount of fresh water each man can use every day. The laundry and the galley come first and what is left is the amount of water that can be used for the health and comfort of the crew.

When the consumption passes the daily average of 23 gallons per man the entire ship's company **must** be put on a program called "WATER RATIONING" which, we guarantee, no one will like.

The crew of the ESSEX has been on long cruises and it has not been necessary to ration water even in very hot climates. It is possible to stay under 20 gallons per day per man on this ship. This has been done in the past and it will be done on this cruise either by the cooperation of all hands or by water rationing. This is the only choice that is available. You either use water with common sense or you do not use it without supervision. A word to the wise.....

Let's start a CONSERVE FRESH WATER campaign! Perhaps one way in which to greatly facilitate the "Conserve Fresh Water" compaign is to enumerate a few helpful ways to make all of us "fresh water conscious."

One of the most frequent ways excess fresh water goes down the drain is in the showers. Of course, we all like to "soak." Probably this is a hangover from the Saturday night habit we had back home. However, we must all keep in mind at all times that every drop of fresh water used on board is distilled on board!

1. Take the sea-going shower--It ain't so good but it's the best and only one you can get at sea and keep getting it.
2. Don't waste water cooling a cup! That's bad.
3. Send your clothes to the laundry -- You are not going to any fancy balls anyway.
4. One shower a day is all anyone needs to keep clean. This applies to enlisted men and officers alike because rationing, like rain, falls on the just and the unjust.
5. Use your head -- you can't be a wise guy because the water is measured and you will be caught in that long line when you really need a shower.

Follow these five simple axioms -- it'll make life more liveable.

Hull Department Equipment

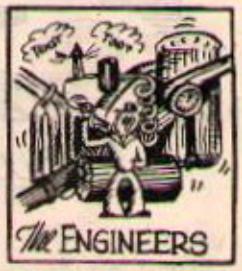
To handle efficiently so complex an organization as this floating airfield on which we are always ready to battle the enemies of our country, live and if necessary die, it is requisite that the functions be divided among the various departments.

How well the Hull Department handles its functions often is noticeable only in a negative way. Inconvenience and discomfort occurs where disruption occurs in any of its numerous fields. Some responsibilities of the Hull Department are the messing, berthing, head facilities, cleanliness of the ship, maintenance of the fire-fighting equipment, providing for repairs, alterations and maintenance of the ship's hull, etc. This, of course, is exclusive of the Boatswain duties, mooring and docking of the ship in port, care and handling of the ship's boats.

To increase the comfort and happiness of the ESSEX crew a 100% cooperation of all hands is required and invited. This can be done by simply complying with the spirit of the golden rule, i.e.: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. You don't need to be a sissy or a tattle tale or squealer to report any malfunction of ship's equipment you may notice to Damage Control Station, phone 882 while at sea or to the First Lieutenant's Office in port phone 885. Water leaks at faucets and minor repairs eat into the ship's reserve supply of fresh water and are the concern of all who depend upon them.

Cooperation is simply the ability to live together. Some people are always going to try to take advantage of the other fellow: dragging on the chow line, using too much water, making a mess in the shower and the head are only a few of these. A good shipmate realizes this -- everyone wants to be a good shipmate and knows how to be -- all that is needed is a little consideration.

— PATTER —



The "H" Division lost the services of two more of its men. Eddie Dick and Murray Bress, both PhMs third class are on their way to New "Joisey" to participate in a little V-12 training. The entire division joins your reporter in wishing them good luck.

Bress should feel perfectly at home in that part of the country, but Dick (the rebel) will have to get used to living up there with those "Dam Yankees."

It seems that some of our new members have found out that the last port was not what it's cracked up to be. Maybe they had read too many of those pre-war travel folders.

R.O. Hightower got his chance at retaliation the other day. He really had a gleam in his eye as he inserted a needle in Dr. Wagner's arm for the latter's typhoid booster shot.

After reading the last issue of the "BUCCANEER", I see that the "H" Division fell below the other divisions in the number of marriages. Not one of the PhMs reached the "I do" stage on leave. Seems the boys still believe in safety first.

Our new corpsmen have pulled some good ones lately. A patient asked Skyles if he had taken his pulse. Skyles answer was, "No, but I'll be glad to help you look for it."

Sullivan, HA2c is still wondering how a patient can take one pill three times a day.

Seen about sick bay: Sid schatz going topside for his daily five minutes of sunshine. "Lucky" Palmer crooning some new numbers. C.O. Phillips composing another poem. Chief Johnson playing stock boy. Abie Alloway showing the boys those pictures of someone named Jean. Wolfe, Division Police Petty Officer wearing out the passageways trying to get work chits signed.----------That's all, brother!!!!!!!!

The Supply Department (you ask for it and see what happens).

Someone should have charged admission to the Sick Bay the other day to witness some of our so-called tough guys get their anti-tetnus shot. Don't know what there is about a needle, but to see some of the expressions on the faces around me, one would think that the doctor was going to sew them up.

Malatak (the boot) wanted to go back for seconds, Bobo (Ensign Ramsey's Assistant) staggered back to his desk and promptly passed out. (He claimed it was the heat) George, (Chotner to you), insisted that if they gave him a shot it would be under duress. First time he ever had anything but a shot of whiskey (remember them days?)

Through it all, Jacks, SK2c was taking a muster of the men as they were going through the line. He was injoying it more than anyone else. He insisted it didn't hurt him a bit.

James, SK3c (Koller, Jr. to those who know) unconcerned as usual, back to his desk in two minutes flat. Marshall, (Railroad, better known as Poochie,) as usual assisted those who were unable to walk.

Bonham (our straw boss in the office) assisted Cason (SK 419) back to his bunk and promptly fell over him--more fun!

Heat (or shots) must be getting me too----so long now!

Oh, yes, before I go, just wanted to tell you that Marshall is not going to sell rides on his scooter on the flight deck as is the current rumor. G'Bye again.

Tommy Uhl, "A" Division's Victor Mature, is taking his nickname very seriously. Seems that he wants to be a Chief Boatswain's Mate too. He says he's got as much time in as Vic. And, why not, we ask.

Marriage seems to have Schultz in its clutches as well as the rest of us. His big problem is, as usual, the eternal triangle, involving his cute school teacher, one Wave and himself. Schultz is determined that the Wave has the tide of his affections flowing her way, but we'll bet that the school teacher wins in the long run.

Looks as if Lister, CWT is going to be shanghied into the "B" Division office. He and Schlatter are both trying hard for the job but as yet neither has been picked. May the best man win!

McGowan is sure down on the mails these days. He hasn't received that expected letter yet! Still doesn't know if he's a new father or mother!

Why is it, we're wondering, that Leroy Herdman and L. C. Smith, "A" Division bedroom commandos, put in so many chits for extended liberties? What is on the beach that has an attraction for these two romeos?

Canzano popped up with this one the other day. "What is the song of the Paratroopers?" We replied that we didn't know and his answer was, "It don't mean a thing if you don't pull that string!"

Someone swindled Samuelson and Streets out of a large sum on that record player deal but both seem very happy about the whole thing. Music appreciation hour is held every afternoon in the old elevator machinery (now elevatormen's bunkroom.)

Then, too, Hutton says he's going to let his moustache grow indefinitely. His story is that he wants to show his child bride what a real man can do!

Lawerence, ex-Master-At-Arms, now serving as the 5th Division Boatswains Mate, is stationed on a 20mm battery. He has always wanted to fire a gun--this is the true happening when he finally got his big chance. While the tow plane was in his sector of yon blue sky, he got the word, "Don't fire". On the next run he received the word "fire". Fire, he did, that is he tried, but alas, the cartridge jammed. Oh, well, now he'll leave the guns to gunner's mates!

When the recent note was put in the plan of the day for any people wanting to strike for Shipfitters to turn their names in to the Hull Office, the complement of the Gunnery Department was reduced, but definitely!! When the time comes, we have a feeling they'll wish they were gunners again!

We hate to see our "Pistol Packin'" Division Officer, Lt. Broderick leave us. We wish you well in your future duties, sir. Good luck.

Since Lt. LaSalle is officially known as Lt.Comdr. LaSalle now, we wish to make it known that when the time comes when those now shiny oak leaves need shining, we'll have the metal polish ready.

In the Gunnery Office a new phenomena has occurred. A striker for a striker for yeoman! Emery, who has been trying desperately to become a yeoman for 'yars and yars' has partially reached his goal. Now he has a striker.

Phipps, Yeoman third class from the Gunnery Office has left for that all-famous V-12 training program. After submitting chits for three six months periods something finally clicked.

This fellow, "Mac", the anonymous squirt - for the benefit of the readers from Brooklyn, a squirt is a drip - who is the author of the "Diary of A Boot Airdale--" did not show up with his copy for this issue therefore it is omitted. When we questioned the said author he said he had to let the diary go because he was too busy rubbing the kinks out of his back. All AP's (airplane pusher's) seem to have that trouble when they first start but after a month or so it gets worse so it is doubtful if "Mac" will ever be able to return. Personally we think that "Rank" trouble is the main reason there was no work done on the diary.

The Big Wave contest has been called off because of the transfer of Yeoman Gene LaFrance. He went back to the land of "Milk and Honeys" and we mean HONEYS. That favorite Wave of his must have good control to pull a guy that far. Eddie Zgut has been declared the official winner by default of the opponent.

Chief Metalsmith McGonicle came in to remark that every issue of the BUCCANEER gets worse instead of better. He had a very gloomy outlook that day because he had spent 65 cents to see the movie on the beach that the ship was showing that night. He figured that he not only had wasted all that money - at least the equivalent of one whiskey sour - but he had also lost a night's recreation.

If anyone has anything of interest that they would like to see in the next issue of the BUCCANEER, just write it up and drop it in the box at the soda fountain. Let's hear from the Airdales. Deadline for next issue is May 20. This is your paper.

G.J. Dexter, striker for yeoman in the Intelligence Office was promoted to S1c and promptly treated the entire Intelligence staff with a bucket of ice cream. Looks as if he's trying to buy his way to Yeoman third.

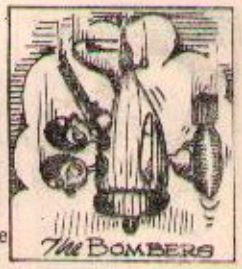
Although the Fighting Squadron claims absolutely no knowledge on the subject, a black six-weeks-old Spaniel-Wirehaired-Cocker-Fox-Terrier was seen the other night being spotted on the Flight Deck, and at the other end of the lanyard was one of our boys, Bill Harrington AMM2c, who seemed to be in charge of Berthing and Messing - with emphasis on the latter. Yesterday the pooch evidently decided to give the Gunners some competition, and learned how to bark for the first time. Never flinching under the strongest gun-fire, when he heard that noise coming from his own mouth, he darn near went up through the overhead! The only intelligence we could get out of the Fighting ACI was that the dog answers to "Zero", thrives on Spam and Navy beans, is very well "ship-broken." We are very sad to relate, however, that the skipper has ordered that we put him ashore. (The dog, we mean.) We are going to give "Zero" a more appropriate home, with the Marines.

Our skipper, "Curley" Brewer is delighted to be back in the safeness of flying a fighter. His recent experiences with a ball and bat had left him with many wounds, including a sprained ankle - and no Purple Heart!

We are proud to announce the well-earned advancement of four of our men: Bert Jones from OM2c to AOM1c, Buddy Owens from AMM2c to AMM1c, Jack Gikas from PR3c to PR2c - and best of all our good old "Workhorse" Born, Y1c made Chief.

If you should happen to hear (and who in hell can miss it?) some wild, wierd noises coming from the port fo'c's'le deck, don't think it's another "Return of the Vampire" movie. It's "The Ham Morris," our Flight Officer, working out on some strange kind of infernal machine you blow through, and from which - he claims - music is supposed to come. Most unfortunately, Bert has discovered that the Assistant Communication Officer has one just like it. God pity the duets we can expect!

Cradle Sweepstakes - For his first born, Lt.(jg) Van Altena received a pink, be-ribboned pottery cradle that tinkles the song "Rock-a-bye-Baby." The music box was passed on to Ens. Crellin when his daughter Elleen Ruth arrived. Only the other day he turned it over to Ens. Brice, another new pappy. Next in line is Lt. Noyes, then Ens. Gunter. First to win it three times get permanent possession. The competition is terrific.



That moustache Ens. Matthews is wearing is the beginning of a disguise - they may still be looking for him. Lt(jg) Barnitz holds the squadron beer-drinking championship - one ounce every three seconds for one hour. No other contenders are in sight. If you need any locks picked, safes cracked, etc., see Ens. McCutcheon (ADV.) For party music, your man is the golden-voiced Boy Tenor, Lt. "Tyke" West. You furnish the party, he does the rest. Excess Baggage - Ens. Hall still carries his PRR annual pass, good only between New York and Washington, D.C. Maybe Tojo would like to borrow it when he goes to the White House to dictate the peace.

Meet some of the gang: Chief Pate, forsook his Indian tribe 'cause it was easier to make Chief in the Navy!.....Chuck Rowland was a traveling salesman, but met the Missus after he joined.....Carl Shetler, ski-jump nosed, squadron jitterbug..... Father-to-be John Peterson "sweats" thru "Miracle of Morgan's Creek"....Cherubic Robert Cribb (confidently thinks Dewey'll win) and Bill Lowe, both laundrymen, both from JawJaw....."Adonis" Dwyer collected snakes, didn't de-poison them.

Bob Krueger, embalmer, truckdriver, railroadman, now imitation-electrician...Norm Schmidt, hot foot expert, of Gackle, N. D.....Blond Ray Kataja once lighthouse keeper off New England Cless Robbins, semi-pro ballplayer before becoming ponderous.. Dean of crewmen--Paul Sheehan, career-gunner, regular....Lou (Sheik) Penza, gay blade from South Philly. More next time.....

The Torpedo Squadron is now a subsidiary of the American Can Company since it has taken over most of their stock by the looks of some of our lockers.

Don Brunelle, the quilla king, spent the first few days aboard looking for a private room.

Bob Egger and Bill Poppel are members of the seemsters union. Pistol holsters is their specialty. Chief Joe Harrel finally got his name on a pay list, and at the top this time. Knives Temple is now branching out. He's carrying a gun now.

F.B. Patterson and J.T. O'Donnell can now be reached at the laundry. Next week they are going to sell chances to see if you get your dungarees back or not.

What happened to Harry Zirbs? Last night he was seen playing bridge. When his partner trumped, Harry yelled out--- "Two cards can't win, sailor."

The Dudley aircraft plant continues to meet government orders.

Harold Schloss is wearing the sad face because the Ship's Post Office wouldn't make him out a 50¢ money order - Save, Harold, Save! In no time you'll have a dollar.

Tex Coleman is back out west with his cowboy boots and book by Zane Gray.

"Greek" Chirimbes is in line for a membership in the dawn patrol, or is he practicing for a job as a milk man?

The other day when a TBF let its flaps down for a landing a sea gull threw the pilot a tow line and they finally caught up to the ship.

White, W. S. Y3c who has taken over a vital job in the Executive Officer's office has notified his bosses that if they can not find him just to call the Sick Bay.

KY has lost the services of Foley, Y2c who has been transferred to steno school in San Diego, Calif.

Crookshank (now Y2c) has, after 137 days, received a letter from his future wife. He sure is a different guy now!

Lieutenant Keller, KR Division Officer has been wondering for the last couple of days. On locker inspection he found a total of seven grocery stores in his division.

If any one is badly in need of a soup strainer we refer you to McNeely, SM2c. Then again, if you are looking for a wirebrush .....well, that's a different subject, or is it?

Rufus Place tells us he is to become a proud pappy anv day now.....

Snivley, Y1c, now the KY Division P.P.O. seems to have trouble getting to sleep at night. He wonders if the M.A.A. is going to come around and roll him out of his sack to get one of his boys to empty the trash can in the compartment.

Little Bobby Kovin, Y2c in the Executive Officer's office, seems to be very happy these days. I guess its because he has that promise of a happy marriage upon return to where she is. Anyhow, we've never seen more work flowing from his desk than there is right now. Love must be grand.....

King, in the Mast Yeoman's chair, claims to be a champion in the softball field. Well, who are we to dispute his word?

And then there was Willis....what else needs to be said?

The editor's of the paper have taken over part of the Navigation space to give this message to the Ship's Company: In the last issue there was an item about the chief buglemaster of the ship. The intent of the editors was evidently misunderstood. (We not only have to tell them now, it is necessary to explain our puny jokes.) The intent of the article was to call attention to the fact that the chief had so many ambitious strikers to do his work for him that he didn't have to leave the confines of the CPO quarters to get all his work done. There was no intention of making any reference to the moral character of the chief and if it was taken in that spirit, we say here, we are sorry that it happened and assure the ship's company that, as far as we know, his moral character is everything that it should be to make a good CPO. - The Editors.

Anyone in ship's company who wants to strike for quartermaster should get in touch with Cook, QM1c. He can be found in the chart house topside, unless he has gotten up enough ambition to get down on the flight deck for a game of football, his favorite sport. He says the part he likes about football comes between halves under the stadium back home.

This doesn't come under the cognizance of the Navigation Department but the Band doesn't have any space in this issue and they would like us to mention the fact that Bobby M. Schurman, Mus3c, co-writer of the ship's song is now on his way to indulge in some of the vigorous V-12 training. Bobby studied Automotive designing before entering the service and music was only a hobby with him. En route he hopes to spend a few days in his home town of Ann Arbor, Mich. Ambition: to play nursemaid to a nurse, his future wife for the rest of his life. Nicknames received while on board (and they seemed to fit, too) "Lucky" and "Ima". Combine these two and you have "Ima lucky (guy)".

Be seein' ya through the long glass.....

D R O S S

THE LANDLUBBER'S LAMENT

I used to dream of rolling surf and the Beach at Waikiki,
Of native beauties dancing beneath a tall palm tree,
The rising moon, the distant hills, the fields of sugar cane,
Sweet-scented breezes blowing, the gentle tropic rain.

I had the urge to wander, across the seas to roam,
I yearned to leave the U.S.A. Oh, I was tired of home!
Honolulu was the place for me, or maybe Singapore.
I'd sail the broad Pacific and then I'd sail some more!

Now that was just three years ago before the fun began,
Oh, I'm an older, wiser man, I've been to sea since then!
I'm in the Flat-top Navy now, I've had my chance to roam,
And Lord! What I wouldn't give for thirty days at home!

Just give me a corner drugstore, and a ride in a trolley car,
Let me shop in a 5 and 10 and loaf at my favorite bar.
Oh, let me walk down main street or shoot a game of pool,
And let me take my gal to a dance in the old high school.

I want a plate of biscuits, the kind Mom bakes so swell.
I want to wander by the creek, with the hound I liked so well.
Just give me pockets in my pants and a job in a grocer's store,
And I'll never crave to ship again, to some distant foreign shore.

ODE TO THE WAVES

There's lipstick on the scuttlebutt,
There's talcum in the head
There's cold cream on the bulkhead,
And hand lotion on the lead;

"Evening in Paris" scents the air
Where once was a salty smell;
I just picked up a bobby pin ----
Believe me, war is hell!!!
---Selected.

THE MOST DREADED COMMAND

There are many thrills and experiences that only a war can provide. The dangers are always minimized both for home consumption and the morale of the crew, division or brigade which takes part.

No doubt the Army and the Marines have their own special drill, alarm or command that tests the courage of the bold, puts sweat on the brow of the brave, ice in the spine of the coward and age on the faces of boys facing their twenties.

But in the Navy there is a special, a five-star variety of different chill-spine-binding calls. There is GQ that echoes the bell of judgment, the bewildering call of flight quarters, the screaming, screeching call to a shipboard fire, and the melancholy bleat of sick call. Hearing these daily sorta toughens you in the transition from a Boot to a sea-going sailor. When they are sounded for the real thing the shock isn't so great.

But after an attack, when you've stood your post of duty since 0230, eaten a couple of sandwiches and are standing by for the counter-attack, which has been expected since dawn and is still held off at 2100 that evening, your stomach seems to strain against your spine, every sound aboard is foreign, your mouth is dry, you must act brave in front of your shipmates and nothing is really happening anyway -

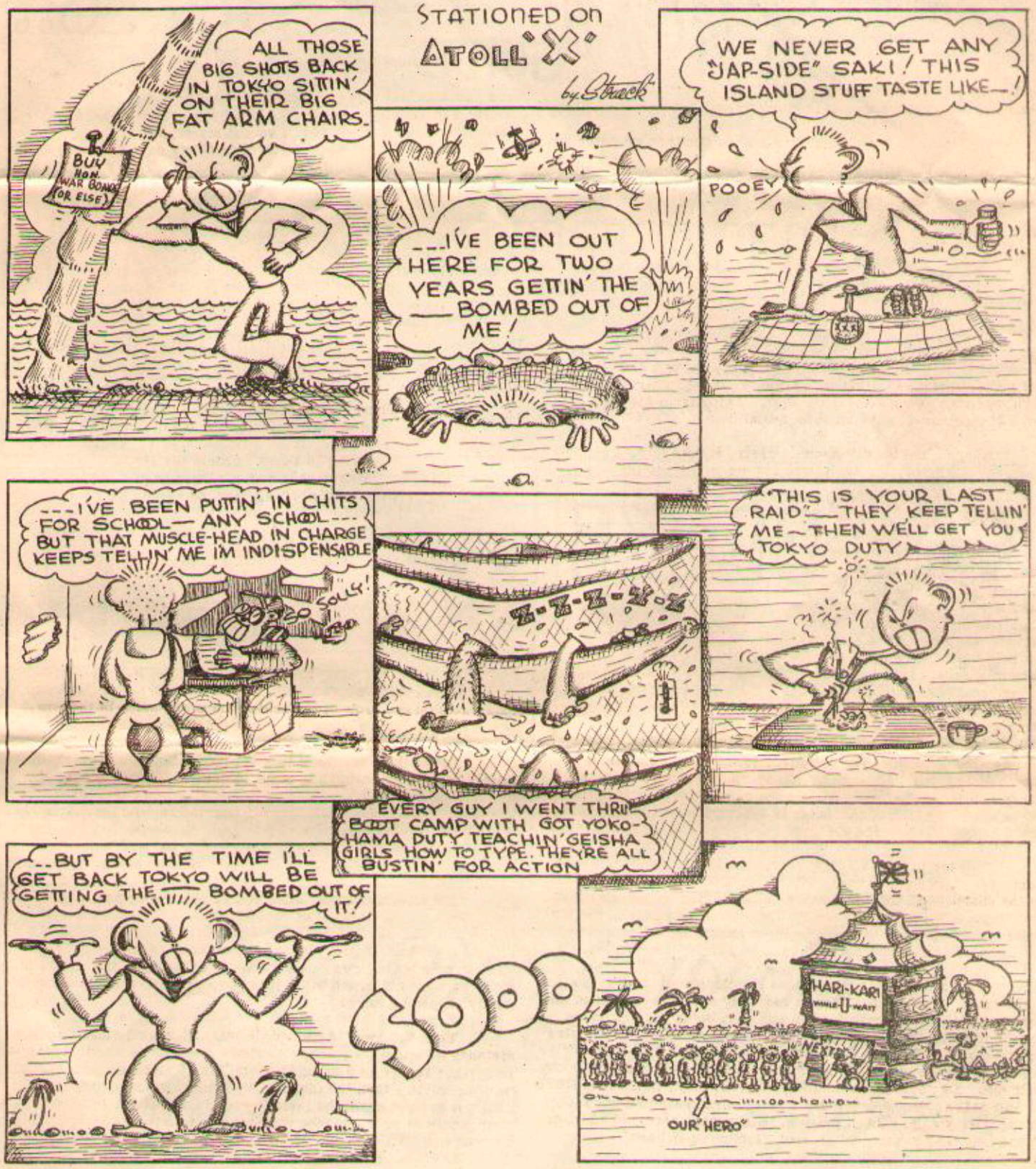
Then the word is passed "Enemy planes on starboard bow distance 33 miles" - you are alerted - word or no word - there is no further report as 3 minutes seem like 10 although your eye is on your watch - then the idea - it was only a cloud - could be - still you are not sure; the lump in your throat starts to leave - your mouth is moist; maybe the Navy isn't so bad and you'll ship over after all - the Admiral is a smart man - you're all set; then out of the night, that is moonlit and bright, and into this cozy reverie of rose-red comes "STAND BY TO REPELL TORPEDO ATTACK" - if you don't need clean skivvies, son, you are a man!

SPAM MOTO

SEAMAN SECOND CLASS JAPANESE IMPERIAL NAVY

STATIONED ON ATOLL "X"

by Strack



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