

THIS BOOK IS HUMBLY

Dedicated

TO THE MEN OF THE

U.S.S. YORKTOWN

WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES DURING

THE ENGAGEMENTS AND ACTIONS

RECORDED HEREIN.



ARTHUR W. RADFORD
REAR ADMIRAL, U. S. NAVY

An admiral aboard his flagship occupies a unique position. He is not directly geared into the running of the ship yet he is most concerned that it is run well, for the flagship must set the pace. Whether it be in smart ship's handling, fueling and provisioning at sea, gunnery or in its primary function of launching and recovering combat aircraft, the flagship must set the example by being faster, better and more alert.

The U.S.S. YORKTOWN has been just that kind of flagship, a tribute to the skill and devotion of the officers and men who have served aboard her.

In the long and arduous cruises that have brought the War to a successful conclusion I have felt fortunate indeed to have had "The Fighting Lady" carry my Flag.

Arthur W. Radford,
Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy.



TO THE SHIP'S COMPANY

A ship is no better than the men who man her. The day I first set foot upon YORKTOWN's decks, I sensed that you—her crew—had the spark which makes a ship great, and I thanked my lucky star for this assignment. You seemed to feel a deep loyalty and affection for your ship. You had confidence in each other, and all hands pulled together. You had the winning spirit.

So it was then, and so it is now. No day has passed that I have not felt some new cause to be profoundly proud of the officers and men of the YORKTOWN. You have fought with distinction through every major engagement and campaign of the past two years in the Pacific, meeting every challenge, and always doing something more than your share. Your cheerfulness has never waned.

Soon many of you will be returning to your homes. While we rejoice that the war is over, there is also a sadness in breaking bonds of comradeship forged in battle. But every man may go with his head held high in the knowledge that he has served his country faithfully and well.



**CAPTAIN
JOSEPH
JAMES
CLARK**

From Commissioning to 10 February 1944.

Captain Clark, now Rear Admiral, who commissioned the YORKTOWN, will ever be remembered for his tenacity of purpose and the ability to get the job at hand completed.

The day previous to the commissioning ceremonies, he advised the assembled officers that the ship would reach the combat zone in record time and in complete combat readiness. Consequently, any officer who remained with her could grade his fitness report a perfect 4.0, as nothing less would be tolerated. Like the crack of the starting gun for a race, his words set in motion a work schedule that was forever trying to crowd two days into one. The relentless energy he displayed, and eternal vigilance of his officers' work never permitted a slight let down. Such a system produced records for time spent in shakedown, and in readiness for the com-

bat zone, so that the character of the ship was molded early in her career.

His proud boast that in his veins flowed the blood of a Cherokee Indian added color to his quest for the scalp of Tojo.

All during the cruise, the personal feelings of officers were stored away, as he was a believer in direct and prompt action. Quick to criticize—he was equally quick to praise. If the method employed was unauthorized, but produced the desired results, he could always be counted upon to stand behind a man's decision.

Perhaps best of all will he be remembered by the pilots who flew from her deck as a man who would go to any length to effect the rescue of a pilot down at sea. If ever his efforts failed, it was because the means at hand were not sufficient, rather than any lack in their application.

His willingness to volunteer gave the ship many added days of operation with other air groups in training, as well as extensive drill in gunnery. Consequently, it can be truthfully said that the ship was never without a job to do.

As a ship handler, he left nothing to be desired, and so trained his officers of the deck that their good work added much to the successful operation of the ship in the hard days of combat later experienced.

Following the subjection of Kwajalein, he departed the ship to be promoted to Rear Admiral. That he left a ship well trained for the task ahead, could never be challenged.



**CAPTAIN
RALPH
EDWARD
JENNINGS**

From 10 February 1944 to 29 September 1944

Upon taking command of the YORKTOWN on her first raid against Truk, Captain, now Rear Admiral Jennings was found to be a man of quiet efficiency who successfully steered the ship through succeeding engagements culminating in the occupation of Saipan and Guam. It was under his command on the second attack against Truk that the ship established its second largest number of sorties and delivered the largest tonnage of bombs upon a target for one day's operations.

He possessed the ability to tolerate an error on the part of an officer or man and so counsel with

him that he was inspired to improve on his effort if for no other reason than to be of greater service to his Captain. Probably all who knew him will remember him as an outstanding gentleman who, no matter how tense or excited became the situation, never lost his calm composure or ability to lead with quiet understanding.

During night landings that occurred after the Battle of the Eastern Philippines, it was his decision to permit the flight deck to be illuminated by the use of a signal light which resulted in the YORKTOWN landing a relatively large number of planes. During this trying experience, he never

once lost his quiet efficient manner, so that his leadership was an inspiration to the officers and men working with him.

His efforts to obtain for the officers and men all the liberty and leave possible upon the ship's return to the States was an important factor in the continued high performance of the ship during the first months of difficult operations which were encountered upon the return to action.

His relinquishing of command brought to many a sense of personal loss. During his stay he had created a happy ship.



**CAPTAIN
THOMAS
SELBY
COMBS**

From 29 September 1944 to 23 April 1945.

It was Captain, now Rear Admiral, Combs' assignment to sail "The Fighting Lady" out from the States with many new and inexperienced personnel aboard, and fight her through the heaviest actions of the war.

With a new air group aboard, he plunged into the heated battle for the Philippine Islands, and showed to all hands what "heads up" ship-handling meant.

From the battle for the Philippine Islands until the completion of the first phase of the occupation of Okinawa, he worked under continuous combat strain, yet continued at all times to exhibit those qualities in a naval officer that permit quick and sound decisions.

During the first part of his tour of duty, when carriers operated in such undesirable weather for

flying, it required the highest order of leadership to maintain the morale of the pilots in the Air Group at combat peak. He well deserved this axiom of truth, "That if the pilots believe in him, no one has reason to complain."

It was during the carrier operation against Kyushu and in support of the occupation of Okinawa that he met his greatest test. With ship and personnel casualties in the Task Force very high, he so successfully maneuvered and fought his ship, that she earned a new cognomen, "The Lucky Y".

By his example, he was able to inspire his men to endure continuous operations in the face of day and night attack, after they had worked far past normal physical endurance. With each day a "Battle of Midway," he fought the ship in such a manner that although she suffered damage, she managed to maintain station in the Task Group and, in company with two CVL carriers, took the van of Task Force 38.

No more intense carrier war was fought than when under his command. His personal modesty in making claims which gave credit to the men who carried the daily burden was a deciding factor in his work as Captain of the ship and as a naval officer.

Upon leaving the ship while at sea, he was given a heart-felt farewell, and it was the feeling of all aboard that all personnel had been privileged to serve under an officer who was worthy, like his two predecessors, of being advanced to the rank of Rear Admiral.



Comdr. Briggs, USN, our first Executive Officer.



Comdr. A. S. Born, USN, number two in the "Hot Seat."



Comdr. M. T. Evans, USN, our Exec. "at the kill."



Comdr. John W. Brady, USNR, former First Lieutenant and the Exec. who brought us home.



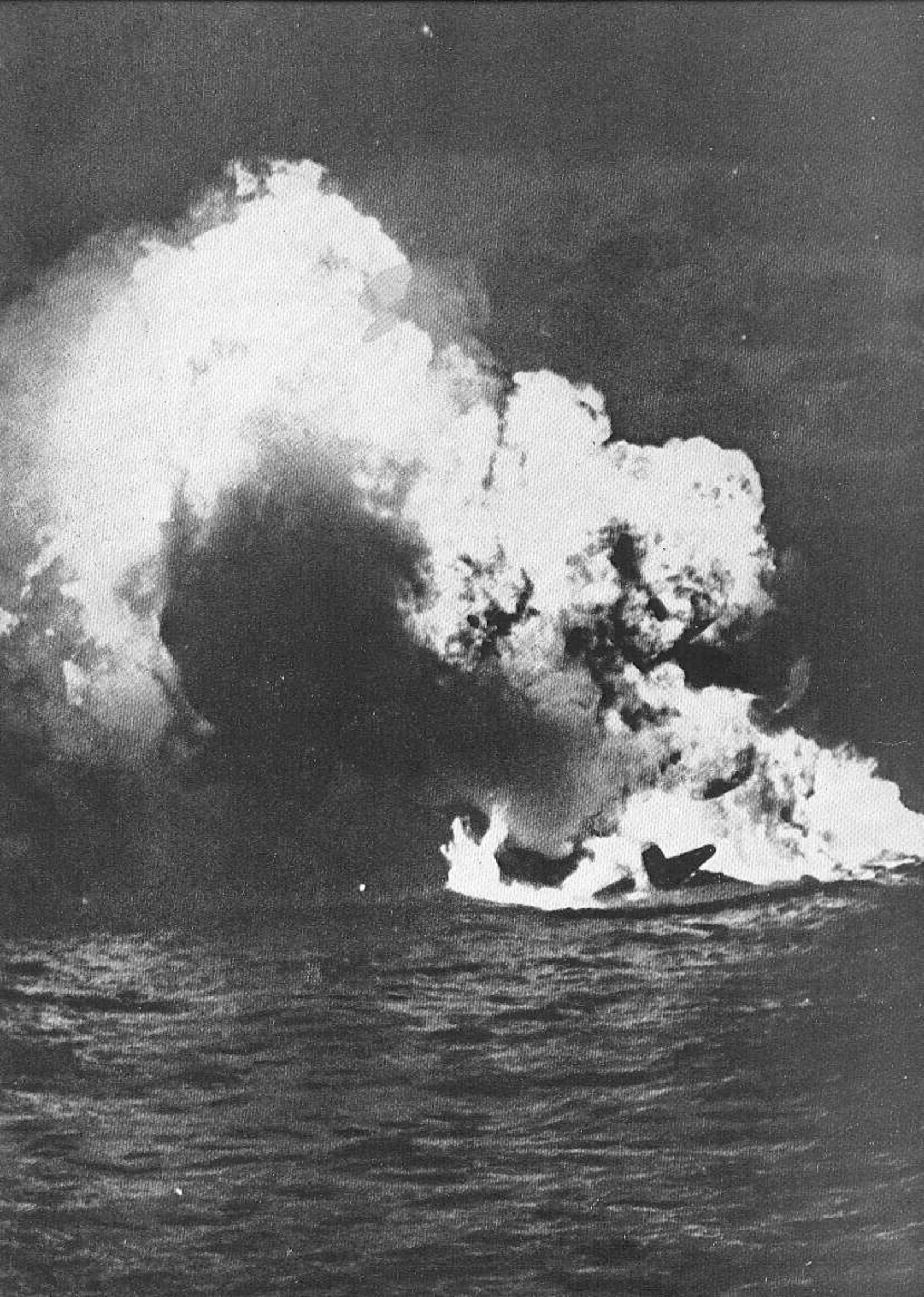
FOREWORD

"INTO THE WIND" attempts to tell in text and picture the story of the YORKTOWN. It cannot be a complete record, for it was born on the day of victory, and its emphasis lies necessarily on the events and persons that shaped the final decision. As far as possible the records were combed to bring back the memories of the past; but there were limits to this effort. A ship is an inanimate thing, but it has a personality, a living spirit that is formed by every man who gave his best to make her great. Many of these were not on board to share her last triumph, but they did shape her destiny. And we who carried on or inherited their tradition, salute our shipmates who went to other duty, in the service, in the nation or in their final rest.



INTO THE WIND

Some call her "The Old Girl," some call her "The Y" or "The Lucky Y," and some call her "The Fighting Lady." Some even call her "The Old So and So," but most seem to prefer just "The YORKTOWN." And in all these names can be detected the underlying affection which everyone who fought the war with her has for the gallant ship. Writers of sea stories have celebrated the feelings which seamen have had for their fine sailing vessels, and one might think that the coming of steam destroyed that relationship, but this is not so. That the passing of the sailing vessel has not quenched that belief in the spirit, the integrity, and the character of a ship, is proved by the story of the YORKTOWN.

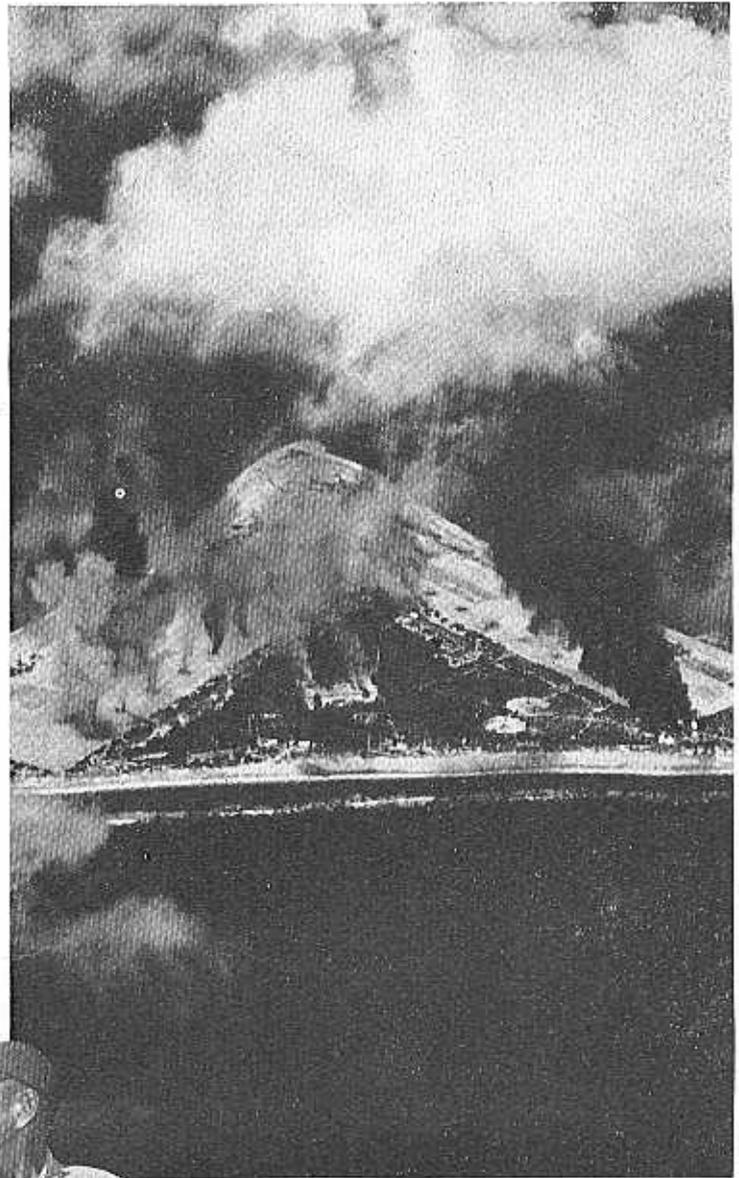


In her first 18 months of combat operations she had become known as "The Fighting Lady," and went on to vindicate that title in the bitterest carrier battles of the Pacific. She fought from Marcus through Okinawa, and finally carried the war to the homeland of the enemy, dropping her anchor in Tokyo Bay. She was gallant, steadfast, adventuresome. She never faltered nor failed those who placed their trust in her.

This is the story of the YORKTOWN and how she fought.

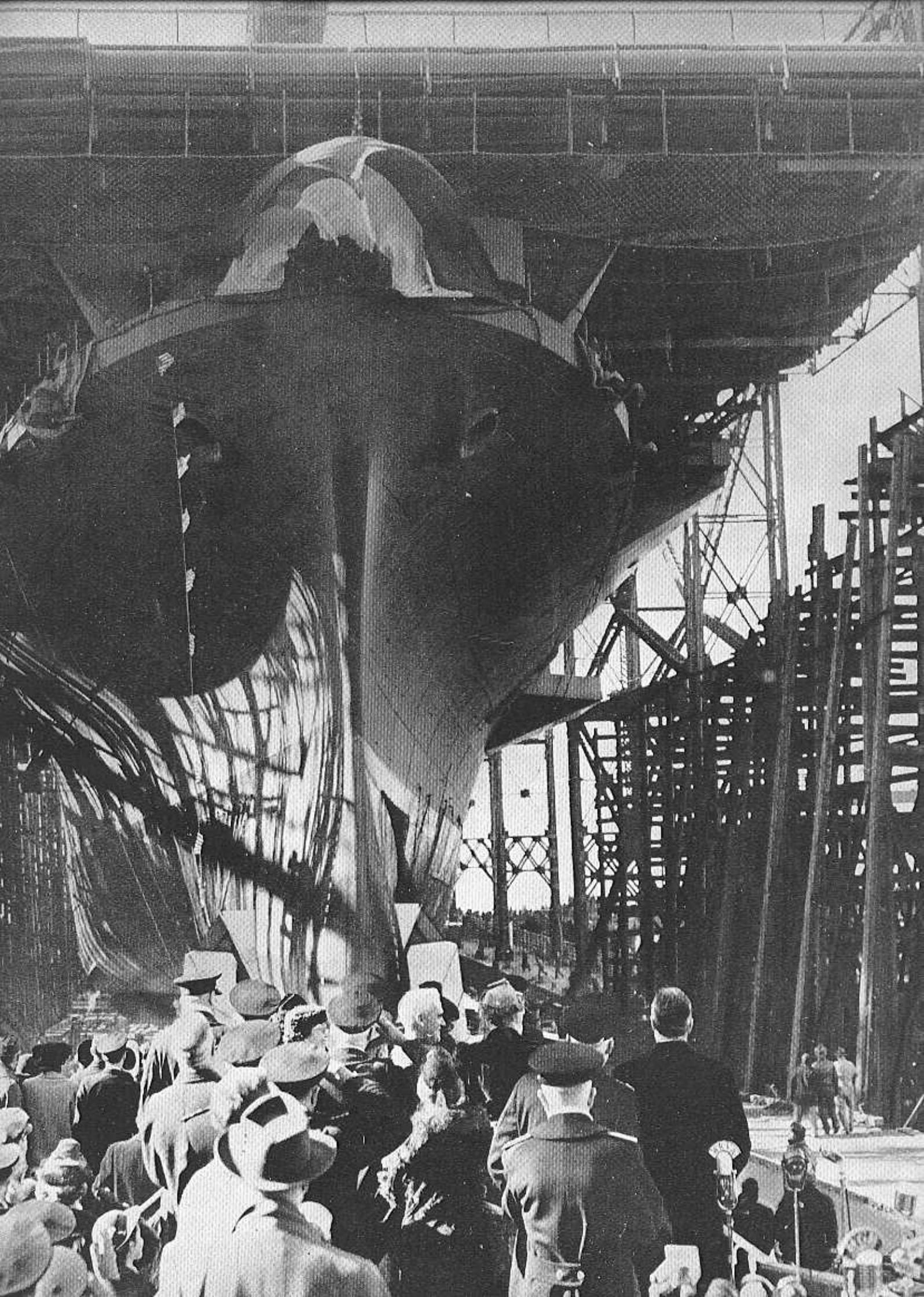
From the time her keel was laid—six days before Pearl Harbor—she was an

... from Marcus ...



... through Okinawa ... (Highway bridge connecting Oshima with the southeastern shore of Okinawa, destroyed by our planes.)

... her anchor in Tokyo Bay ...



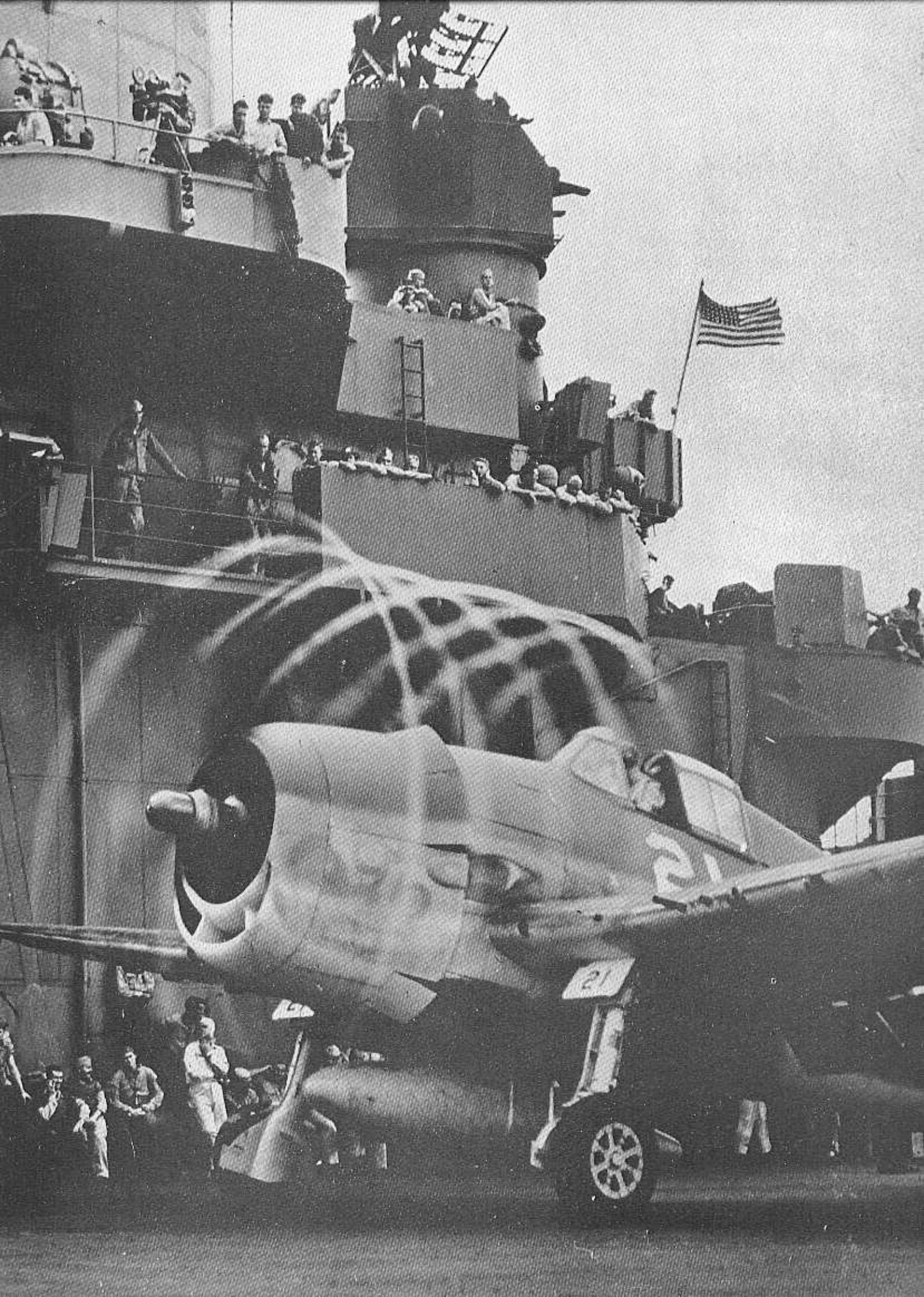
aggressive ship. Her construction proceeded rapidly and she was ready for launching on January 21, 1943. When the time came, however, she just couldn't wait, even though Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was there in her honor. She slid impatiently into the water several minutes before the appointed time. She was commissioned on April 15, 1943, long before active duty had been anticipated for her. Four months later she was fighting the war in the Pacific, sending the fighters, bombers, and torpedo bombers of Air Group Five against Marcus Island.



... Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was there ...



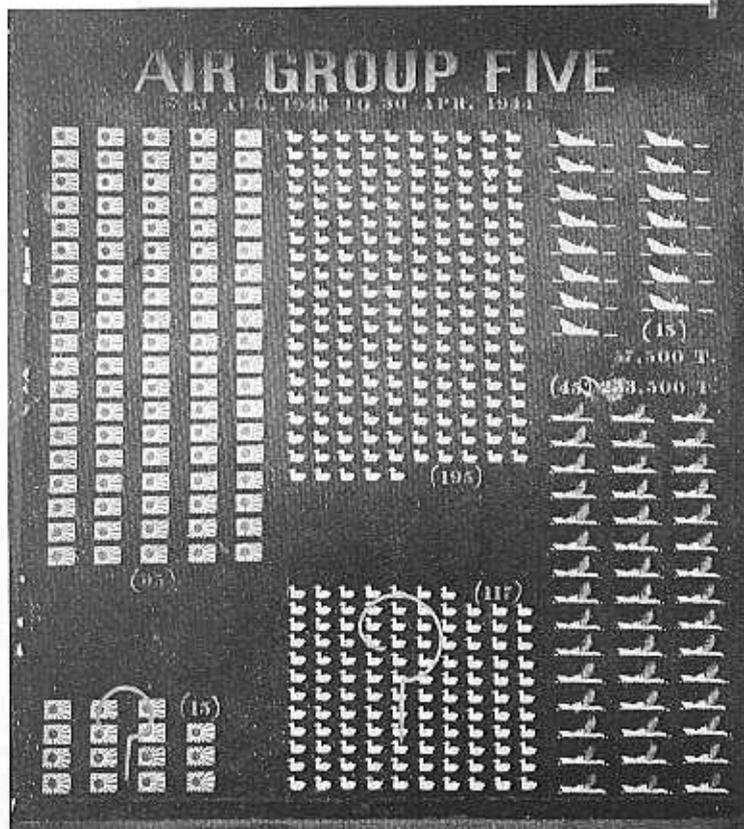
... she slid into the water ...



The first cruise of the YORKTOWN is masterfully portrayed in the documentary film, "The Fighting Lady," the bulk of which was filmed aboard her by both Navy and professional photographers, and all movie-goers are familiar with this early part of her life. However, since memory is short, a recapitulation for the record will be useful.

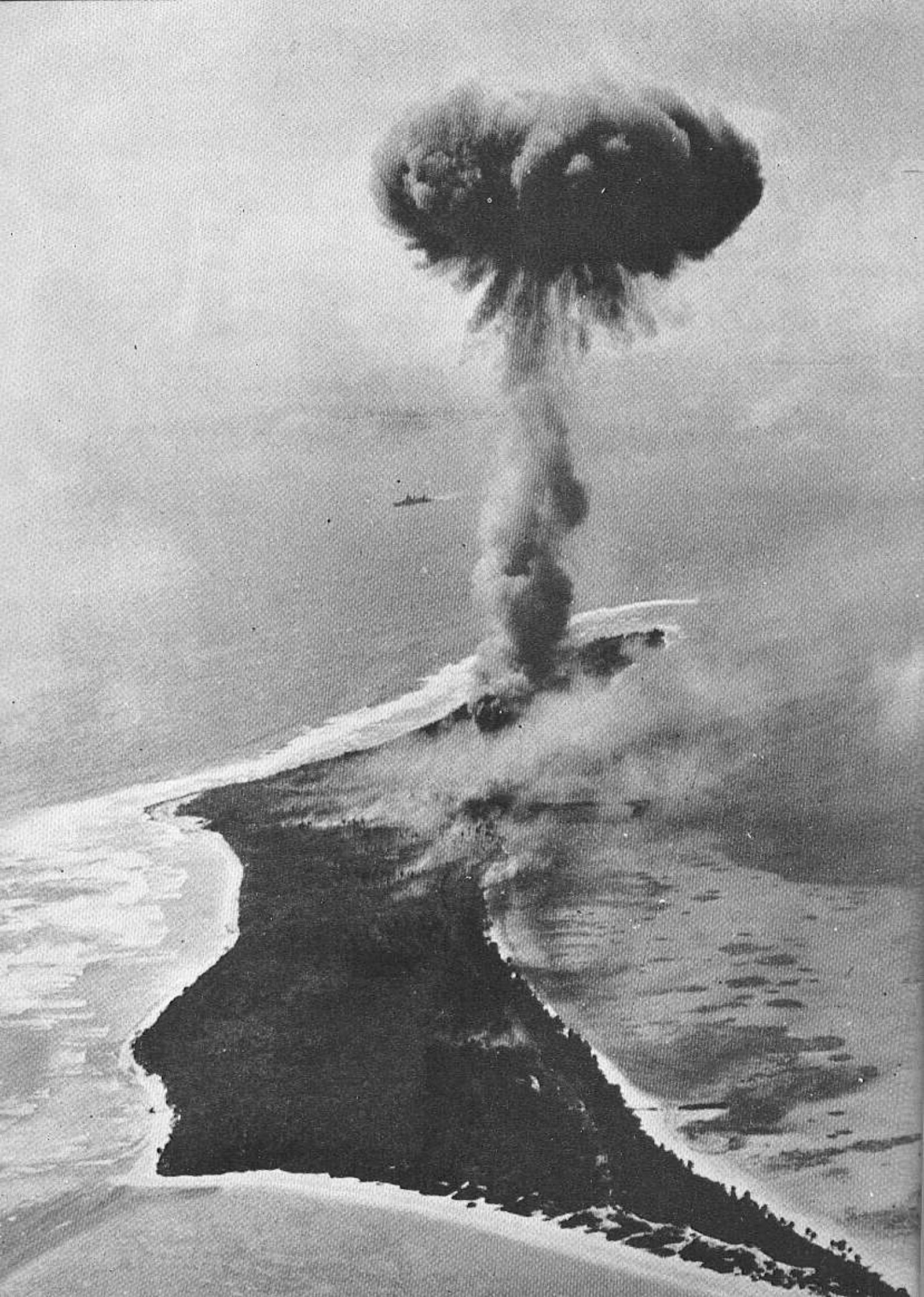
After Marcus came strikes on Wake Island, the Gilberts, and Kwajalein, and by then she was fighting like a veteran. The rows of "setting sun" flags grew upon her island structure. Off Kwajalein, the

... fighting the war in the Pacific ...

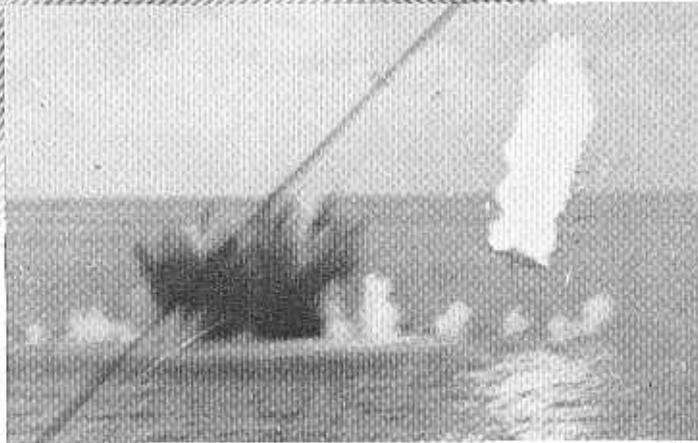


A close one off the port bow of the Yorktown, in the background.

... sending the fighters ...



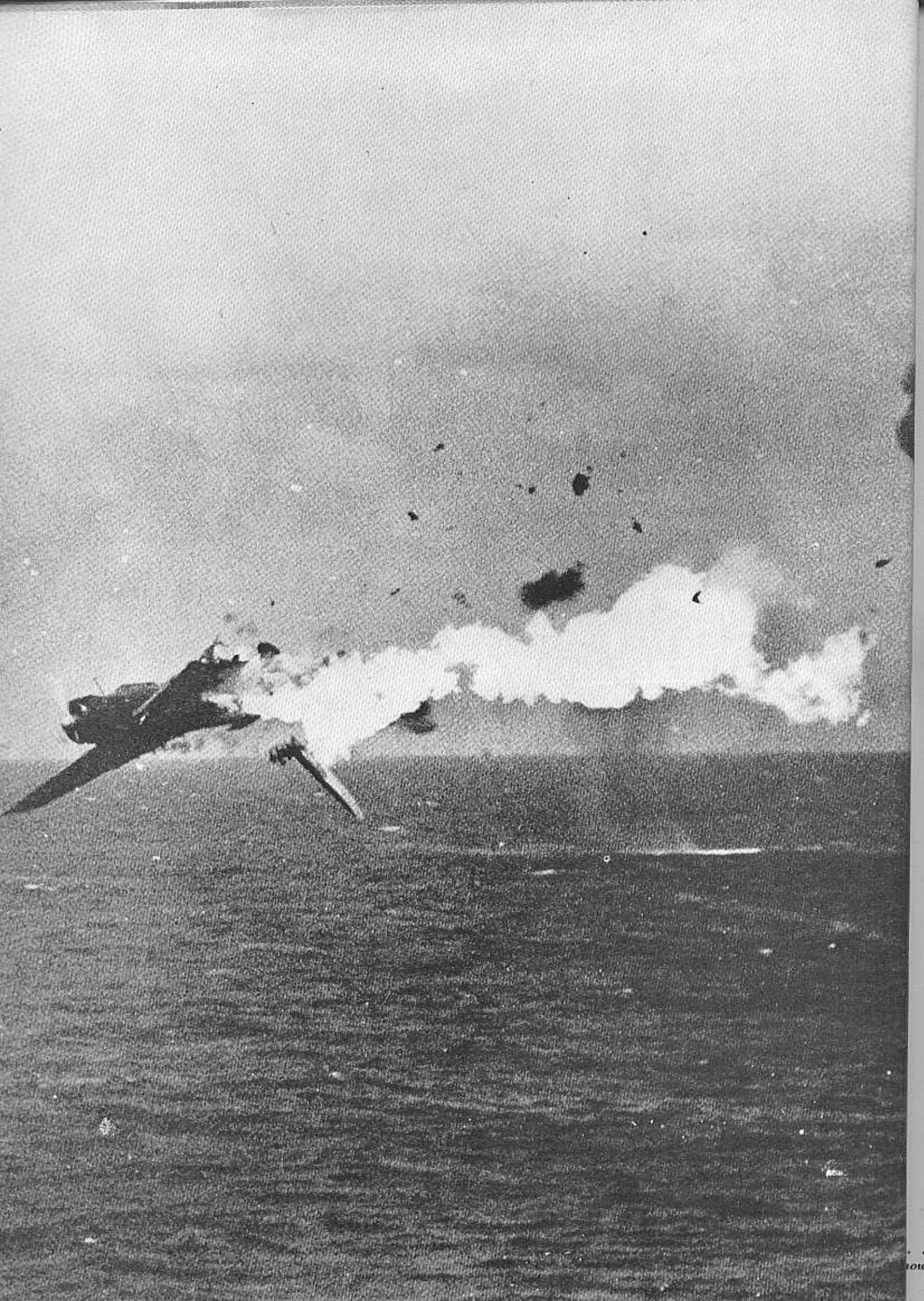
log for December 3, 1943, reads in part: "Four Jap torpedo bombers came in low. Three were shot down by the YORK-TOWN, one by the SAN FRANCISCO." One of these enemy planes falling close astern was captured in a spectacular photo as it burned and fell, a photo that came to be known as "Flaming Kate." That night



One more "Dies for the Emperor."



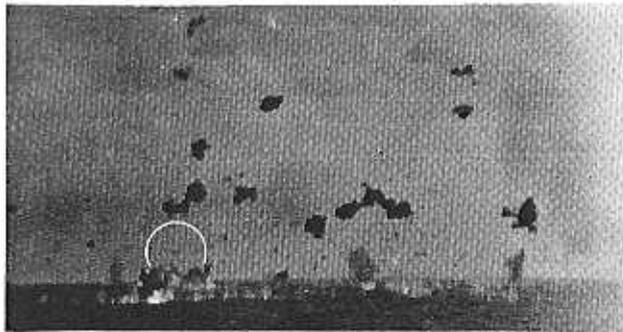
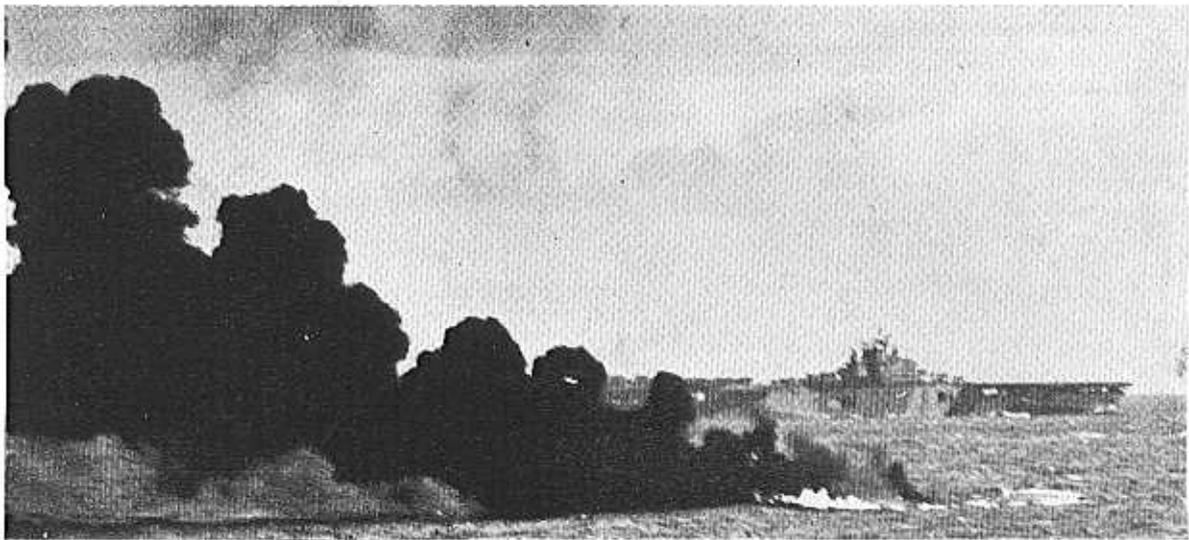
... strikes on Wake Island ...



the fleet was under torpedo attack for four hours. The LEXINGTON was hit but not put out of control, and YORKTOWN, earning her name of "The Lucky Y," came through untouched.

On February 16 and 17, 1944, the YORKTOWN was off Truk, exploding that myth of impregnability with her bombs and strafing fighters. The attack not only neutralized that great Jap naval

... fighting like a veteran ...



*a photo that became
known as "Flaming Kate" ...*



*... three were shot
down by the Yorktown ...*



base, but provided a tremendous boost to public morale at home, where doubt as to our ability to penetrate the "Japanese Pearl Harbor" had grown to considerable heights. The daring strike on Truk gave new heart to the struggle, just as one year later to the day, February 16 and 17, 1945, the YORKTOWN again took part in an action that electrified the world when Task Force 58 struck Tokyo for the first time, thus dispelling another myth of invincibility. An excerpt chosen at random from the ship's log for the Truk action reads:

2301: Night attack again. One shot down by ship's fire.

0030: Two planes making simultaneous runs. Both shot down by screen.

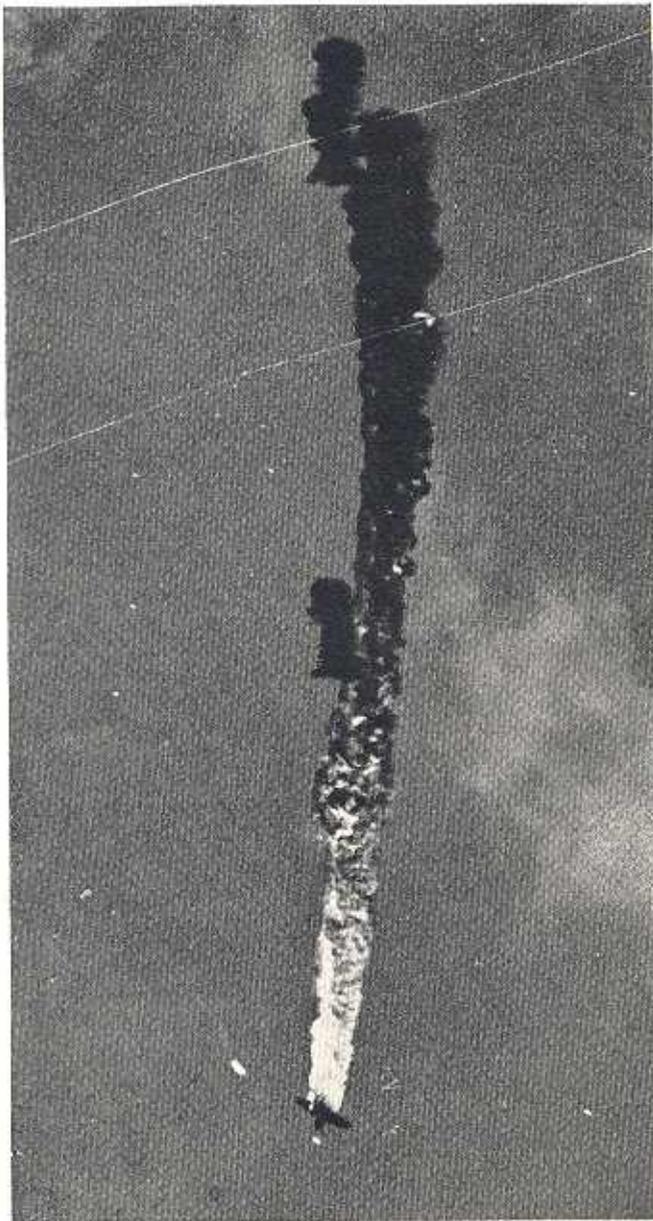


... Truk ...



... exploding that myth of impregnability ...





0503: Enemy plane, type unidentified, shot down.

0808: "Betty" shot down making run.

0920: YORKTOWN dived on by a "Nick." Bomb fell 100 yards astern.

0945: Under torpedo plane attack. Four seen to release torpedoes.



... dived on by "Nick." Bomb fell 100 yards astern ...



... "Betty" shot down making run ...

And so it went through February, March, and April. Her log—Truk, Palau, Woleai, Hollandia, and Truk again—reads like a March-of-Time story of reconquest in the Pacific. The YORK-TOWN was there for them all, bombing, strafing, supporting the tough invasions of each of those milestones.

... Palau ...
... Woleai ...
... Hollandia ...



... Truk ...



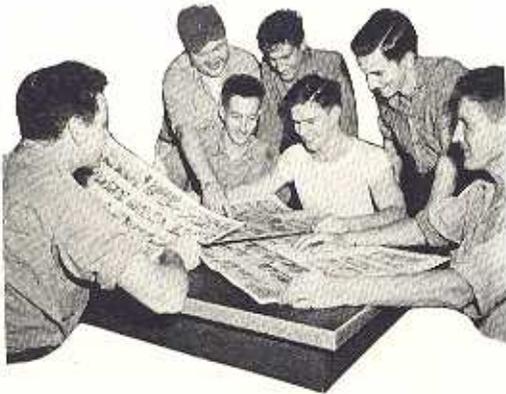


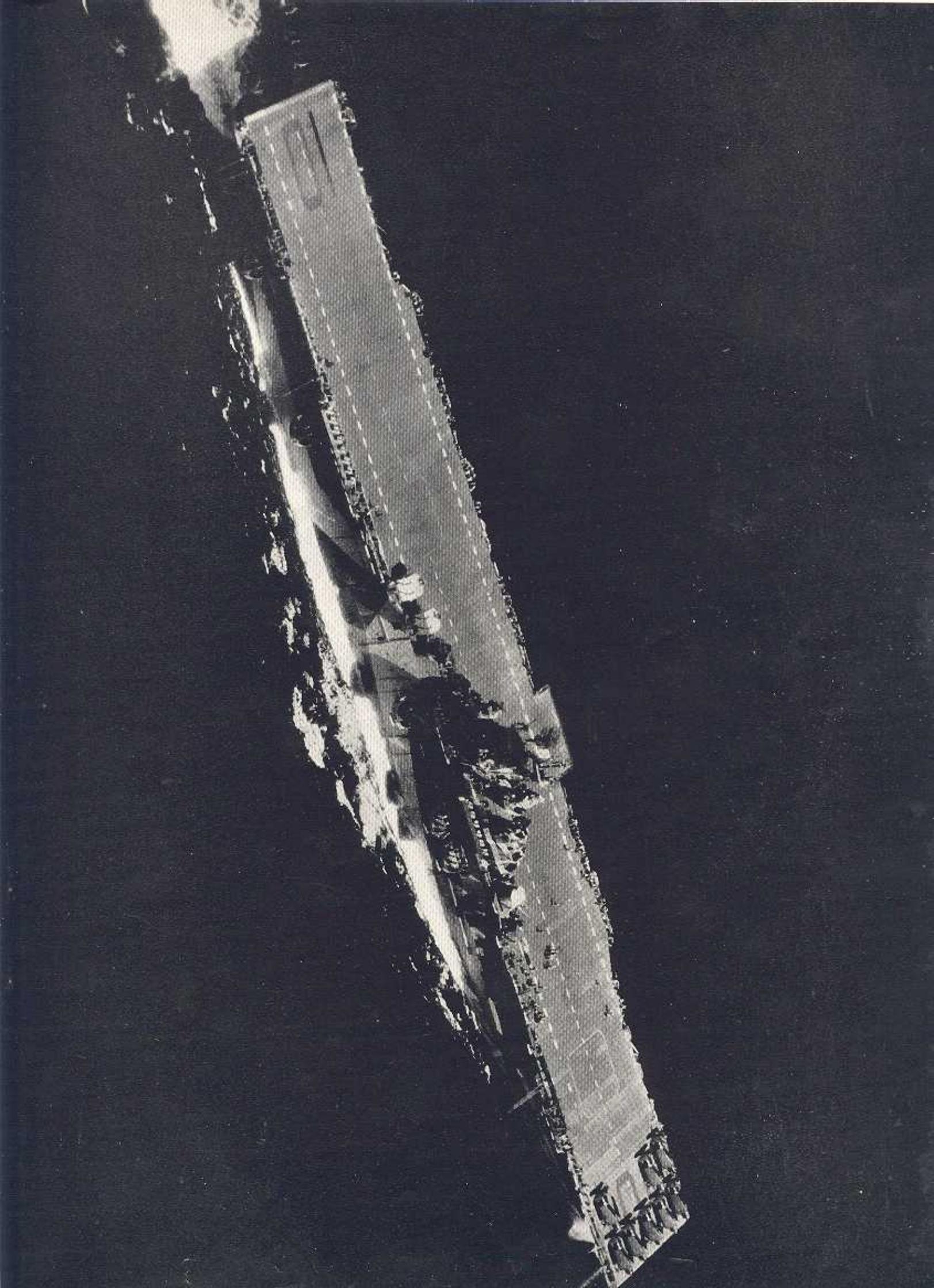
when the pictorial record was released under the title "The Fighting Lady." On her island structure were stenciled well over 400 Jap flags representing planes destroyed, with 200 probably destroyed, plus 30 odd surface craft sunk, and 60 damaged. And as yet she was unscratched by enemy action!

With the coming of autumn, YORKTOWN headed out for Indian Country again, ready for further action, with more fire power and other improvements designed to make her a better fighting ship. In November, her Air Group 3 was striking at shipping in the Philippines, and supporting landings in that area. Manila Bay and Luzon received her attention for several weeks. A typhoon struck the Fleet with great damage on December 18, but YORKTOWN rode out the 80 knot winds and 60 ft. waves without mishap. Other ships were not so fortunate, and operations were suspended while two light carriers fought fires on their hangar decks, and the Fleet searched for survivors of three destroyers which had capsized in the storm. Strange things happened: A man was washed overboard—and washed back aboard again by the next wave; tankers out of control and wallowing dead in the water drifted through the entire Fleet, causing many anxious moments until they were clear. The heavy seas caused numerous casualties, and many empty life rafts and life jackets were sighted in the searches that followed.

A week after the storm, YORKTOWN was spending Christmas in the calm of Ulithi Atoll in the Western Carolines. Indicative of the rapid progress of the carrier forces in the Pacific is the fact that this Atoll, then a rest and recreation center for the Fleet, had been the scene of battle action only a few months before.

*Captain Trapnell, Vice Adm. Towers
Captain Boone, Rear Adm. Radford*

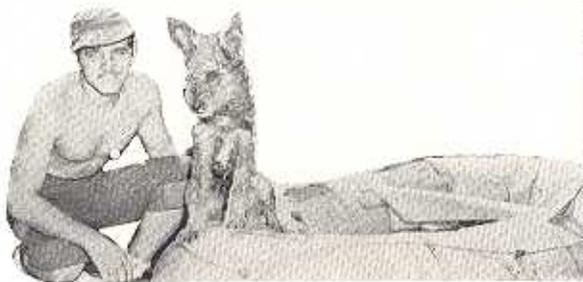
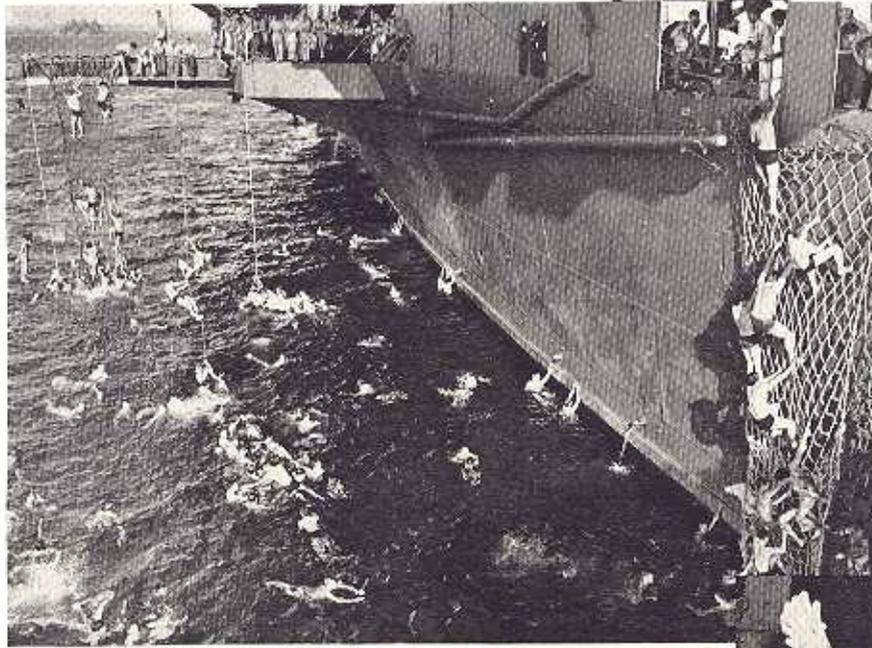


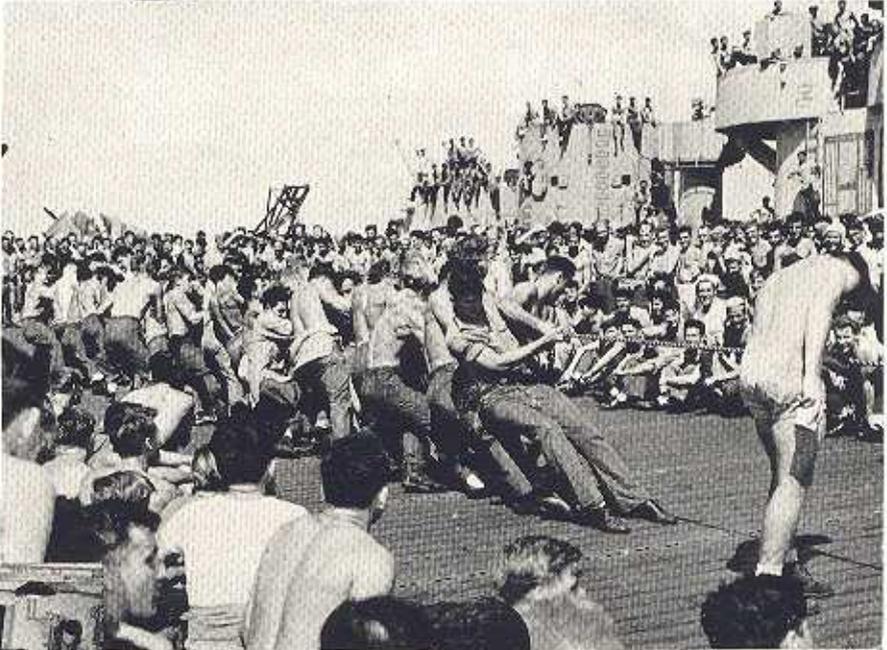




Into the China Sea roved the YORK-TOWN, penetrating an unknown territory literally surrounded by Jap strength in Indo-China, China, and Formosa. The Jap Fleet had been reported in those waters, and YORKTOWN led the way for the Third Fleet in search of it. Secrecy was of the utmost importance, both for the security of our Fleet and success of the









*"Our Chaplains" Lt. Geo. A. Wright, USN
Lt. Comdr. Jos. W. Moody, USNR*



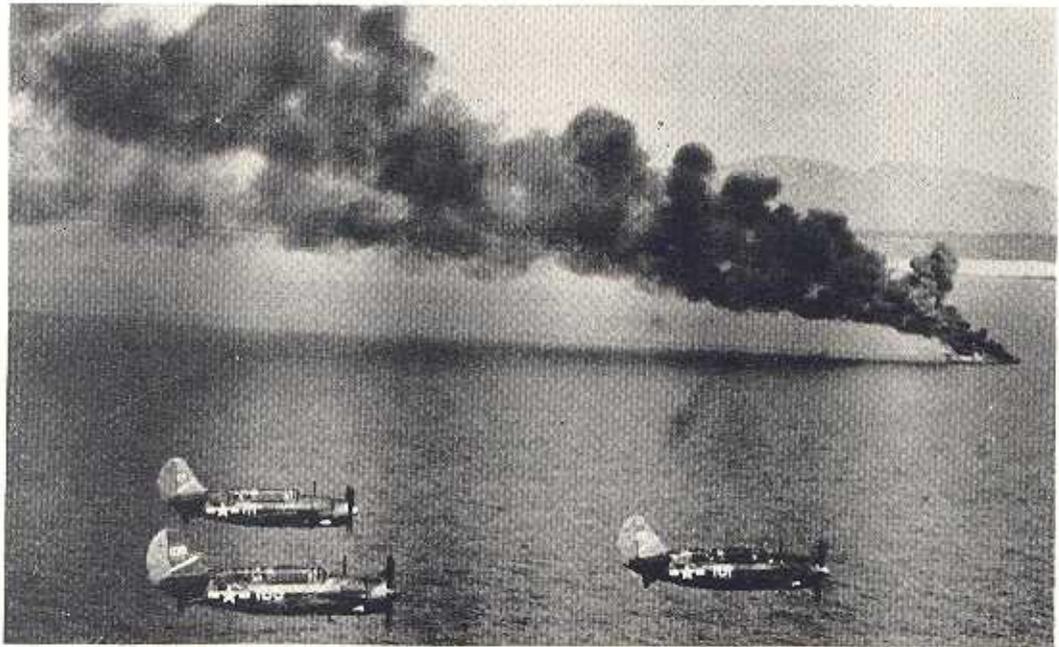
*... must be the
Third Fleet ...*

search, and secrecy was maintained until planes of another command, happening to stumble on our own force, had the following conversation on the radio: "Hey, Joe, lookout all them ships down there—hope they're friendly."

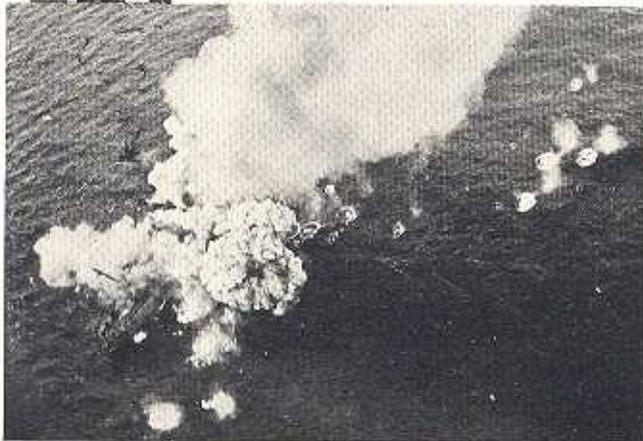
"Yeah—gee—lookut 'em. Must be the Third Fleet."

This may have alerted the Japs, or it may have been for other reasons that no Jap Fleet was found, but successful strikes were carried out on fields in Indo-China, and shipping and fields at Hong-Kong and Canton. When finished with her business there, YORKTOWN led the way out of the China Sea. By now, her presence was surely known, and indeed "Tokyo Rose,"

who always singled out the YORKTOWN for her predictions of doom to the carrier fleet, claimed that she would never get out of the China Sea. Certainly, with the narrow passage of Balintang Channel to traverse, and the Japs fully aware of her position and intentions, the YORKTOWN



Yorktown planes attacking shipping of Cap St. Jacques, F. I. C.



More Jap shipping "sinking for the Emperor."



Hong Kong Harbor gets a "going over."



*... Finished with her business
... out of the China Sea ...*



... The Langley ...



... The Ticonderoga ...

could expect a fight—and she was not disappointed. Day and night battles followed. Night fighters got some of the enemy planes; ship's fire got others. Fourteen were shot down by the Fleet in one day, twelve the next. The Langley and Ticonderoga were hit, but the YORK-TOWN came through unscathed. Back to Ulithi she went, delivering a passing blow at Okinawa, and promising to come again when she could stay longer.

In Ulithi all preparations were made for a series of knockout blows at the heart of the Empire—Tokyo, and for the invasion of the toughest but strategically the most important island of the war thus far—Iwo Jima. Re-arming and refueling went on; briefing of pilots and intelligence personnel packed every day.

Time was taken out, however, for the Pacific Premiere of the documentary film, "The Fighting Lady," to be shown aboard, with Fleet and Press notables present for the occasion. An original print of the film was presented to the ship by the producer, Lt. Comdr. Long. The hangar deck rang



"Shower Line"



*L. to R.—Comdr. Born,
Comdr. Evans,
Captain Combs and
Comdr. Earnshaw.*



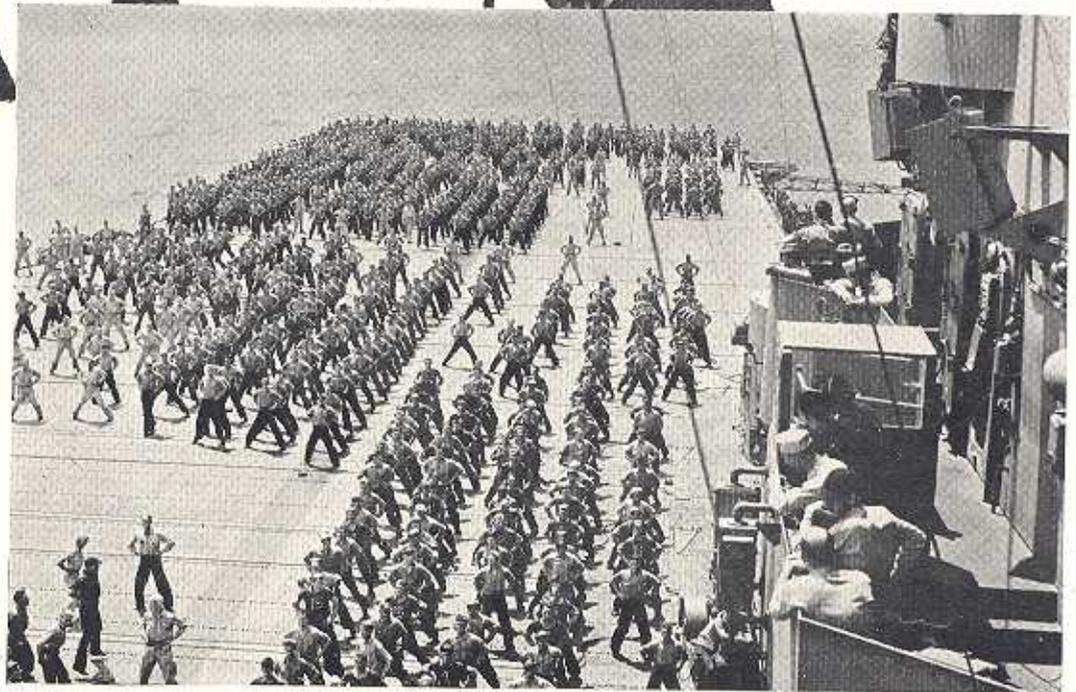
*The plane
pushers worked
long and
hard hours.*



"Snake Dance" with a fuel hose.



"Chow Down"



"Quarters for Exercise"



"getting the word" from Comdr.





Lt. Comdr. D. Long cuts cake for crew.



General view of "gedunk" street.



*Captain Thomas S. Combs accepting
print of "The Fighting Lady"
from Lt. Comdr. Long.*



*Overall view of audience at Fleet
Premiere of "The Fighting Lady."*

to cheers at the stirring action, friendly catcalls at familiar faces which flashed on the screen, and breathless attention as the crew re-lived the tense moments when a Jap kept coming, and KEPT coming.

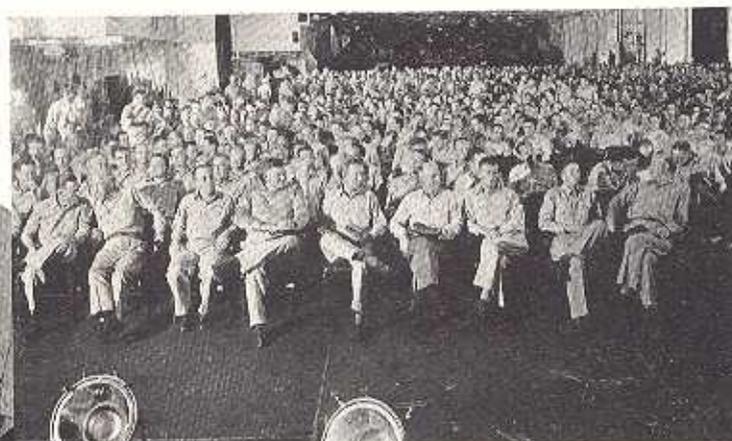
"I thought that so-and-so never *was* going to stop," breathed one, as a sigh of relief escaped him.

On February 10, 1945, Fast Carrier Task Force Fifty-eight set a course for Tokyo, and on the 16th there occurred the day the whole Navy had been waiting for since Pearl Harbor. This was the main event to which Guadalcanal, the Coral

*... familiar faces
which flashed on
the screen ...*



More "familiar faces."



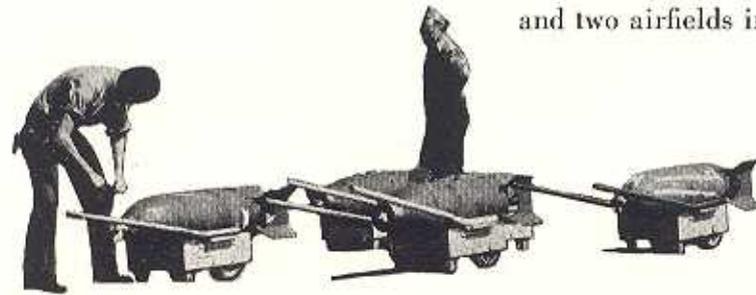
... Fleet and Press notables present ...



*... "thought that
so-and-so never
was going to
stop" ...*

Sea, Midway—all the former battles of the Pacific—had been preliminaries. At dawn on February 16, a raw, cold, windy day with a low overcast sky, the YORKTOWN launched her planes for a full-scale sustained attack on Tokyo. No one who stood on the flight deck in the cold pre-dawn air and watched the props turning up until exhausts flared and bellowed and vapor ribbons streamed back from the whirling blades will forget the moment when the flag shot down and the first plane roared away into the darkness. The heart-filling significance of that moment was felt by all hands. Strangely enough, opposition was light, all missions were successful, and losses were few. The enemy was completely surprised, and displayed his customary lack of ability to recover and counter when caught off balance.

The second phase of the operation—the strikes to pave the way for the invasion of Iwo Jima and the support of that operation—started on February 20. For a number of days, YORKTOWN sent her planes to blast Mt. Suribachi and the caves and resistance pockets of the beaches. With the initial assault troops well dug in, and two airfields in our hands, the Force left Iwo to strike Tokyo



*A "Yorktown" Dive Bomber—
Mt. Fuji in the background.*

again. Snow over the target hindered the attack, and operations were canceled after two strikes.

Still unscratched after the action, back to Ulithi went the YORKTOWN to replenish, to say good-bye to the old air group, and to welcome Air Group 9 aboard. This time, arming, fueling, and briefing were aimed at Okinawa. "Tokyo Rose" again came out with evil predictions for the YORKTOWN. "Think you're nice and safe at Ulithi, don't you, YORKTOWN?" she taunted. "Well, we're fixing up a little surprise for you." At 1212,

... and support of that operation ...



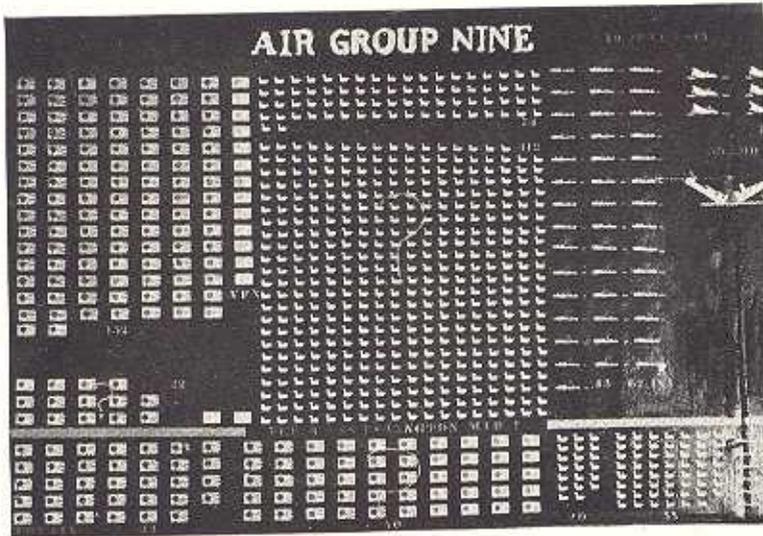
Lt. Robert L. Thienes gets a look at AA shell fragment taken from the base of his skull after successfully landing his F6F back aboard the Y.



Iwo Jima

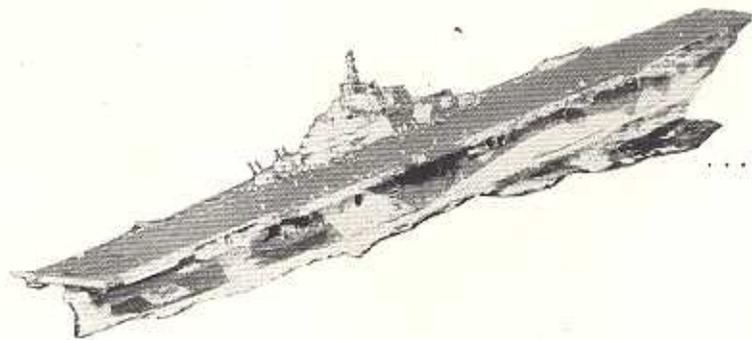


"Planning future operations"



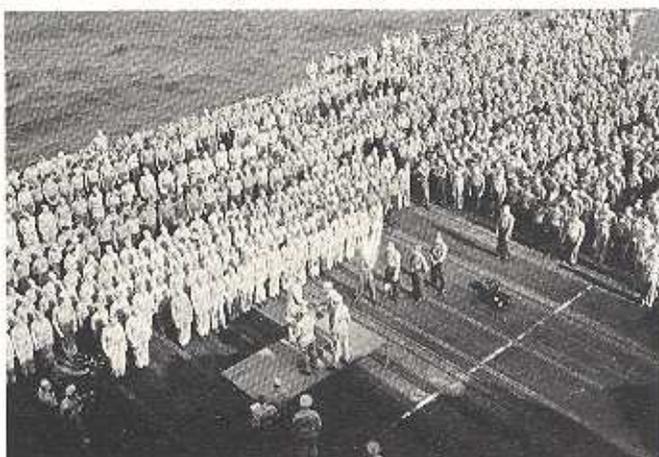
on March 11, a Jap twin-engine plane crashed on the fantail of the RANDOLPH in the berth next to the YORKTOWN. All hands at the movies dove for the deck (no one later could remember what the show was about), then when General Quarters sounded, raced for their battle stations. Another Jap crashed into one of the islands of the group, evidently mistaking its silhouette in the darkness for that of a carrier.

On March 18, the YORKTOWN in Task Force 58 was underway for the attacks preliminary to the Okinawa landing. No one knew, as we shaped a course through peaceful waters, that the Japs were preparing to send over 3000 planes against us in a fanatical attempt to stop the invasion by any means, or that the Kamikaze type of attack was now a major weapon in the minds of the Japanese General Staff.



"D" day was to be April 1, and two weeks of softening up operations were to precede the actual invasion. The Japanese were ready for us. Scarcely had we started strikes when customers began to appear for the Combat Air Patrol and the ship's guns. March 18 was a busy day for YORKTOWN, as her log reveals:

0800: A "Frances" twin-engine bomber came in from the port quarter. Ship opened fire and got

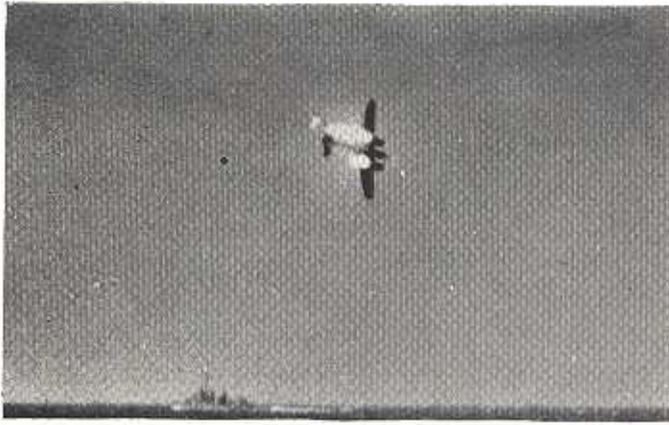


Presentation of awards.

*"We all
knew him."*



... through peaceful waters ...



some hits. "Frances" burned and crashed into water 1500 yards on the starboard bow.

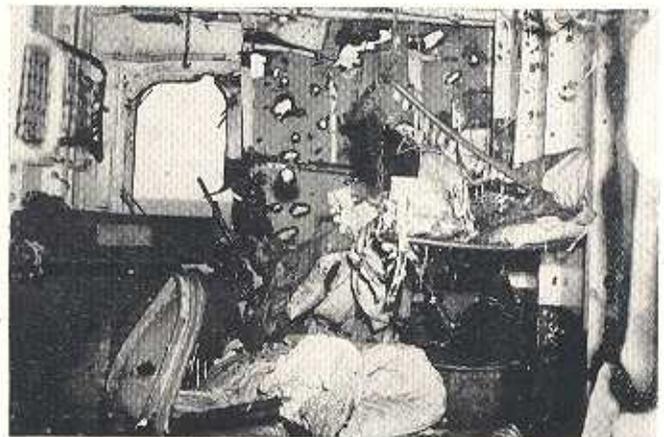
1309: "Judy," single engine bomber, dove on ship from starboard bow and dropped a bomb that landed close on port side near No. 2 elevator. The ship shook as though it had rammed a reef, and a spout of water shot 300 ft. in the air. "Judy" splashed by AA fire of screen.

1317: "Judy" came in on starboard bow at 500 ft., dropped near miss to starboard. No damage, except that both gyros were put out of commission for a short while. "Judy" crashed in flames astern of ship, from ship's AA fire.

1500: Third Judy came out of clouds dead ahead and dropped a bomb that landed on the starboard signal bridge, passed through that deck and down

. . . March 18 was a busy day for Yorktown . . .

Shipfitters Bank Room showing damage from bomb fragments.



through 20 mm. battery number 7, exploding alongside near the second deck. Three men were killed and 18 wounded (two died next day). Two holes 12 and 19 sq. ft. were torn in the side of the ship. One 5" battery out of commission. The "Judy" began disintegrating on pull-out, and the Japs parachuted. One, an officer, was picked up as a prisoner of war. The other did not survive.

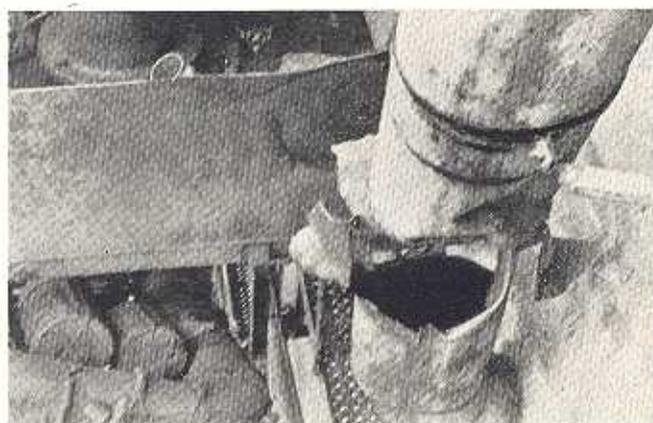
And so the YORKTOWN was finally hit, not seriously, for she remained completely operational at all times.

The Okinawa campaign went on—strikes and sweeps against land installations; pilots shot down; pilots rescued miraculously (Gene Valencia piling up a record that was to see him become the third ranking ace in the Navy, and with the rest of his division, Mitchell, Smith, and French, account for 50 Japs shot down, Johnny Orth becoming the first ranking night fighter pilot in the Navy); others, pilots, aircrewmembers, and permanent ship's company alike, displaying the skill, devo-

... and so the Yorktown was finally hit ...



Path of Bomb through Signal Bridge—starboard side



—then through the incinerator stack and Batt 7



—and exploded along starboard side.





Some of our "fire eaters" in action.



Coming in.

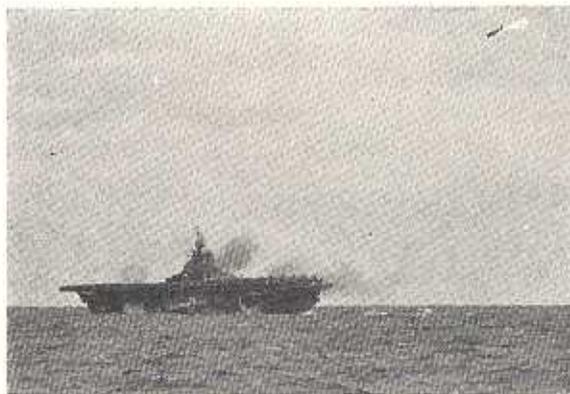


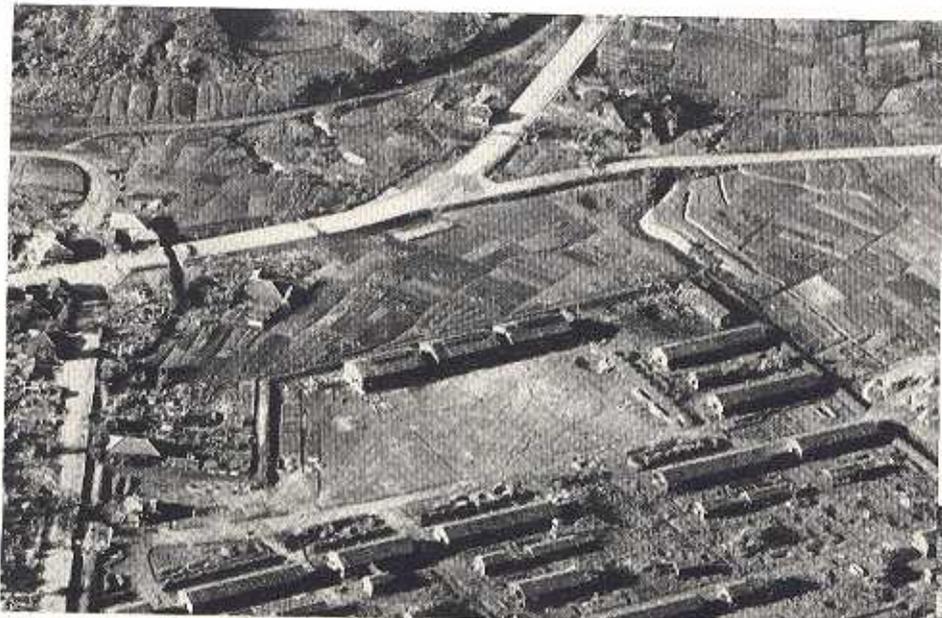
Getting "the word" from Chaplain Moody over the "blow horn."

... account for 50 Japs shot down ...

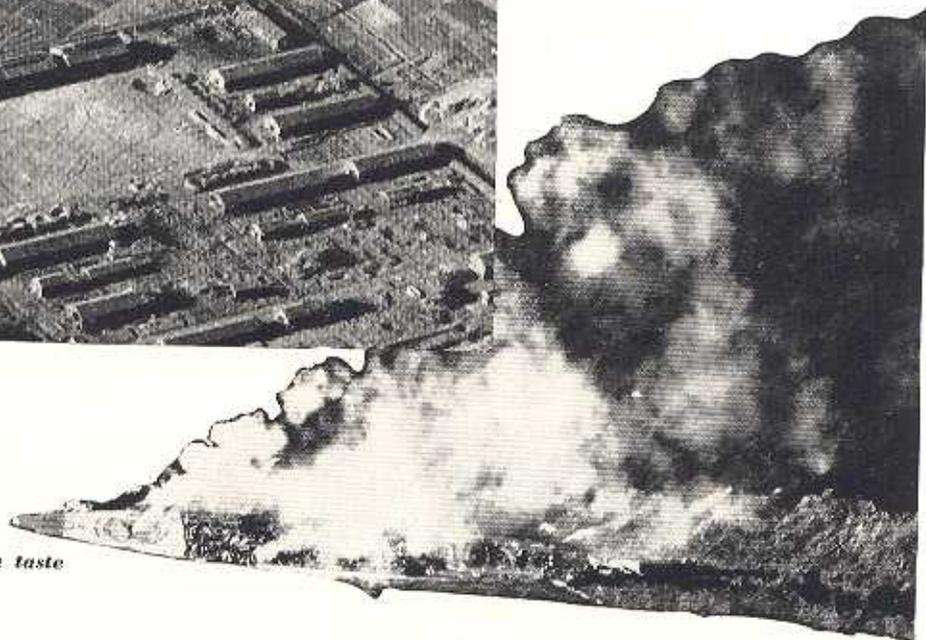
April first was April Fools' Day for the Japs. Making a feint at the east side of the island of Okinawa, we sent our main amphibious forces in on the west side, and secured a good strong toe-hold before the Japs could look behind them. The enemy was strong on Okinawa, and more forces were coming. The night of April first, night fighters from the YORKTOWN discovered a support group of several transports, escorted by a cruiser and some destroyers, about 200 miles north. By strafing and rocketing, they forced the Japs to beach their ships and abandon the venture. Not content with aerial battles in

*... the "Judy" kept coming
—crashed about 60 feet
off the port side ...*





Yonahara Town on Okinawa, after a visit from our planes.



A Teratsuki Class DD gets a taste of our "Air Might."

... our main amphibious forces in on the west side ...



the skies over Okinawa, Air Group Nine put the finishing touches on the battleship YAMATO and cruiser AGANO plus several destroyers. Never again did the Japs venture out with the remnants of their fleet.

The campaign went on—30 days—40 days—strike, strike, and strike—refuel and replenish—then up to the hot corner for more strikes. It was not done without cost. The ENTERPRISE and the INTREPID were hit, leaving YORKTOWN the only CV in her group. Then the HANCOCK, WASP, FRANKLIN, and BUNKER HILL were hit in turn, . . . some of them hard. A great many destroyers, who were doing a magnificent job on picket duty, were crashed by Kamikazes. But YORKTOWN continued, hard-hitting, alert, beating off all attacks and maintaining her reputation for fast launchings, swift recoveries, and good gunnery. On many days, 20 hours of the



. . . put the finishing touches on the battleship Yamato . . .

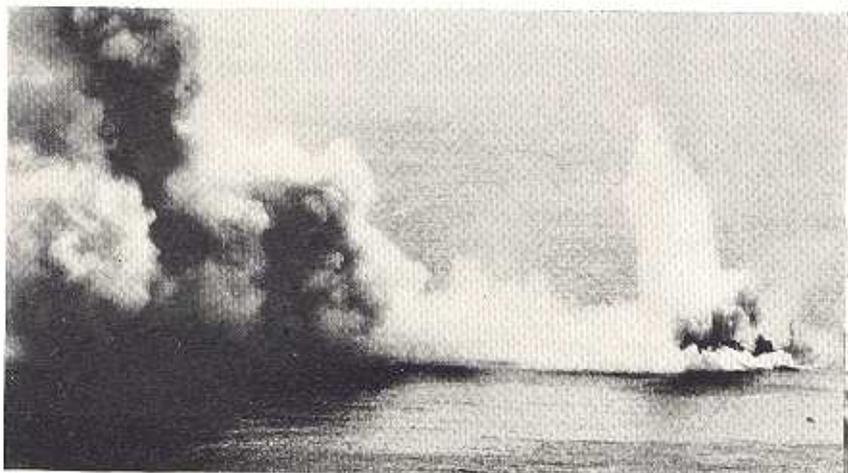




... and cruiser Agano ...



Last of the Yamato



The Agano—"look quickly"

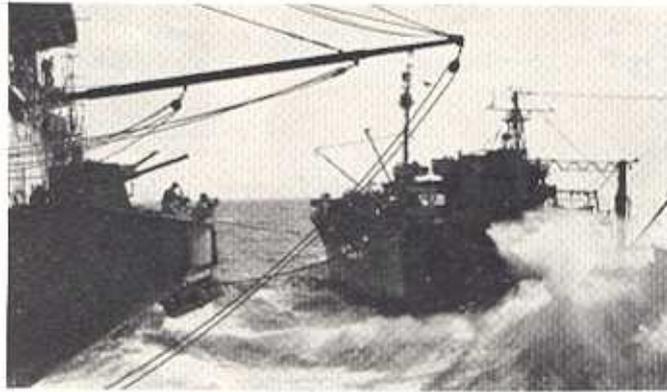


24 were spent at battle stations. For 61 days it went on, and it was the Battle of Midway every day. After long weary days at battle stations, the ship's company



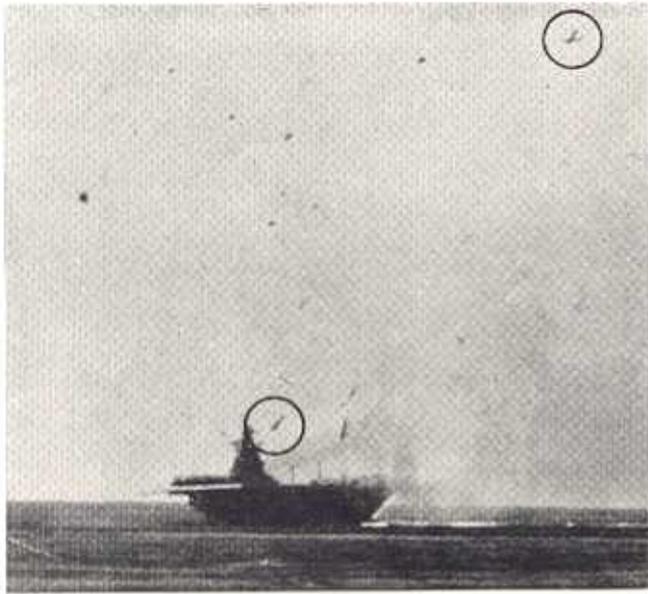
... refuel ...

... and refuel ...



... and replenish ...





... the Intrepid ... hit ...

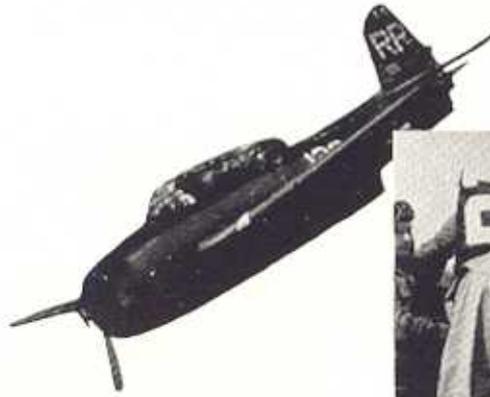


would be summoned from their bunks by the general alarm—Night attack! Then, after a “Betty,” an “Irving,” or an “Emily” had been splashed or driven off, back our men would go to snatch a few short hours of sleep before reveille. A check of the log reveals that of 61 days of the Okinawa campaign, YORKTOWN was under attack on 28 of them—“under attack” meaning that enemy planes were within range of our AA fire. As for raids on the force that were intercepted and splashed before they got in close enough to be fired on, a rough daily average was twenty.

Portions of the log make interesting reading:



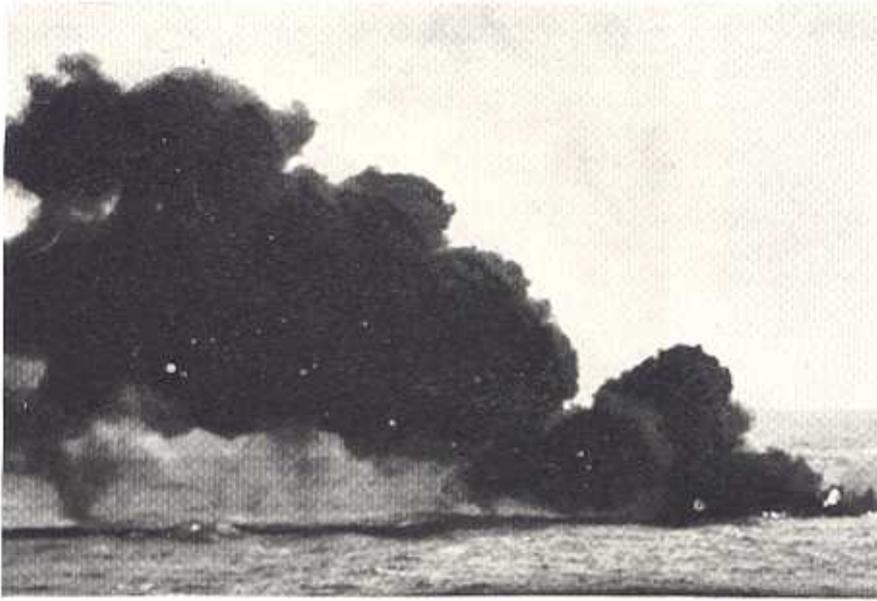
... fast launchings ...



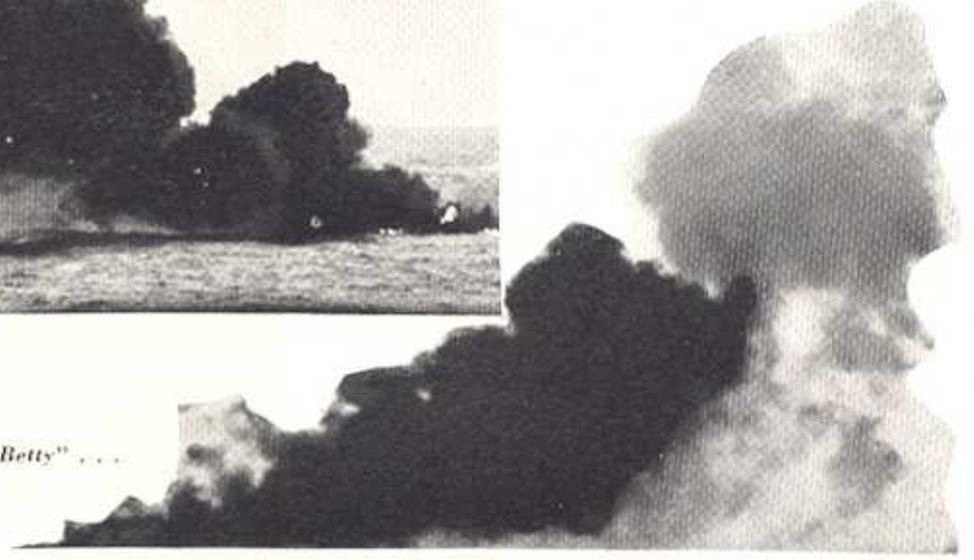
... swift recoveries ...



... For 61 days it went on ...



... a "Betty" ...



... on
"Ireing" ...



11 April

1442: Low flying single engine plane under fire and started burning. Crashed into side of the MISSOURI.

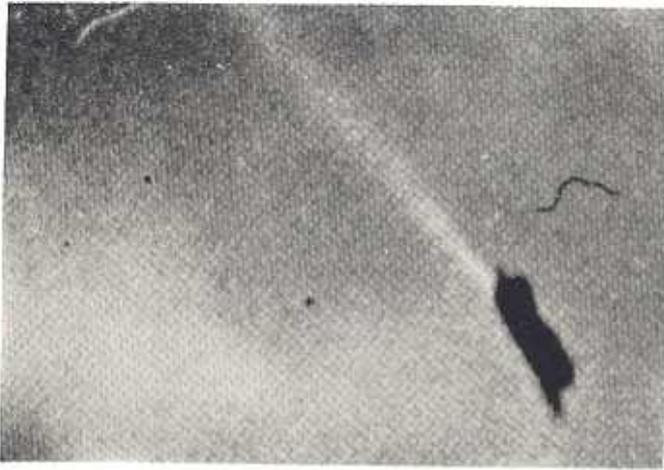
1446: Another single engine fired on by this ship. Hit at 3000 yards. Crashed 1800 yards on starboard quarter.



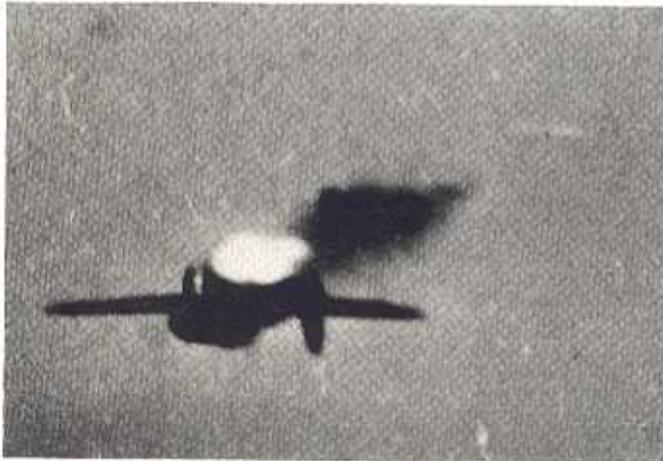
"Vitals" on the go.



. . . a few short hours of sleep before reveille . . .



... enemy planes—within range of our AA fire ...



1851: Twin engine approached. Already burning from attack by fighter plane went under fire and shot down at 4000 yards.

16 April

1320: Five single engine planes attacked. First dropped a bomb (miss). Splashed by ship's fire just outside screen. Second crashed near stern of the MISSOURI. Third shot down near DD McDERMOTT. Fourth and fifth came in together at INTREPID. One, a near miss, crashed near starboard bow; other one crashed on INTREPID'S port quarter with severe damage to hangar deck.

"War Paint."



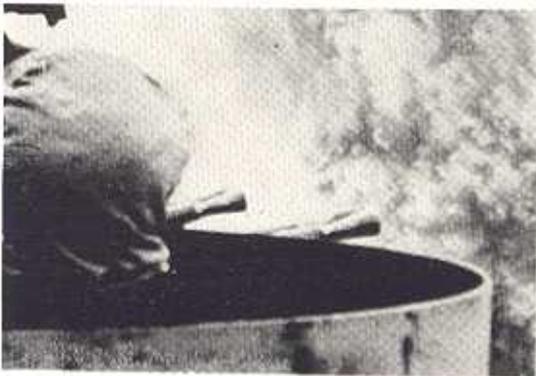
1515: Three single engine planes attacking. Two dove on INTREPID, released near-miss bombs. One was shot down over INTREPID; other pulled away to pass across stern of YORKTOWN from starboard to port. We got him. Third plane was fired on; chased away without dropping his bomb.

So it went for 61 days, good weather and bad, typhoons and flat calms, while the fight for Okinawa continued.

It was not all tension, of course. There were moments of comedy, as the case of the pilot who was relieved on station in a most unusual manner—and the three Marine pilots who landed aboard. The landing of the Marines not only proved the ability of the Marines to make a landing anywhere they choose, land or sea, but gave another instance of the famous YORKTOWN hospitality to strangers; like the time the blimp landed aboard off the West Coast; or the well-remembered night landings after the long-range dusk strike at the Jap Fleet; or the time the RANDOLPH pilot landed aboard with a crippled plane, spraying the whole after part of the flight deck with fire resulting from a loose belly tank, and at the same



. . . The "Judy" kept coming . . . passed close enough to singe the hair of the gunners . . . crashed . . . missing the island structure by a scant fifteen feet.



time his guns going off and spraying the island and flight deck with lead. The landing of the Marines, however, was a happier occasion, though there was much anxiety during the proceedings. Three Marines had become lost while on 30,000 ft. patrol over northern Okinawa, had wandered several hundred miles to sea, and were just about out of gas when YORKTOWN picked up their distress calls. They were directed to a safe landing aboard us, though none had ever experienced a carrier landing before, and one inquired after making a perfect one, "What was that man doing waving those paddles back there?" "Brother—He's the Landing Signal Officer, and he was giving you a wave-off," was the reply.

On the 12th of May, we set out for re-arming and replenishment at Ulithi, conducting AA practice as we withdrew. Two weeks later saw us back off Okinawa, doing business at the same old stand. Operations were interrupted by another typhoon, which reared fifty foot seas and produced 80 knot gales. Spume was so thick that one could not see across the flight deck. YORKTOWN rode it out like a lady, although two sister ships suffered severe flight deck damage, and the cruiser PITTSBURGH had 100 feet of her bow wrenched away.

At 1155 on June 13, YORKTOWN entered Leyte Gulf in the Philippines and anchored in San Pedro Bay. The Okinawa campaign, most sustained and furious carrier action of the war, was over for us.

Leyte and Samar provided slightly better shore liberty than Ulithi, and the ship's company stretched their legs, played softball, saw what they could of the native



... like the time the blimp landed ...

... the time the Randolph pilot landed ...



customs, and bought hats, grass slippers, and other products which the natives quickly gathered up for the sailor trade at ten times the normal prices.

Air Group Nine went home, leaving behind the most imposing scoreboard of the ship's career. Air Group 88 came aboard. Re-arming and replenishing went forward in preparation for the next campaign, which was to be the drive down the home stretch in preparation for invasion of the Japanese home islands.



A small section of Ulithi Lagoon.

*... Leyte and Samar
... liberty ...*



*... typhoon ... The Cruiser
Sante Fe takes a "heavy one."*



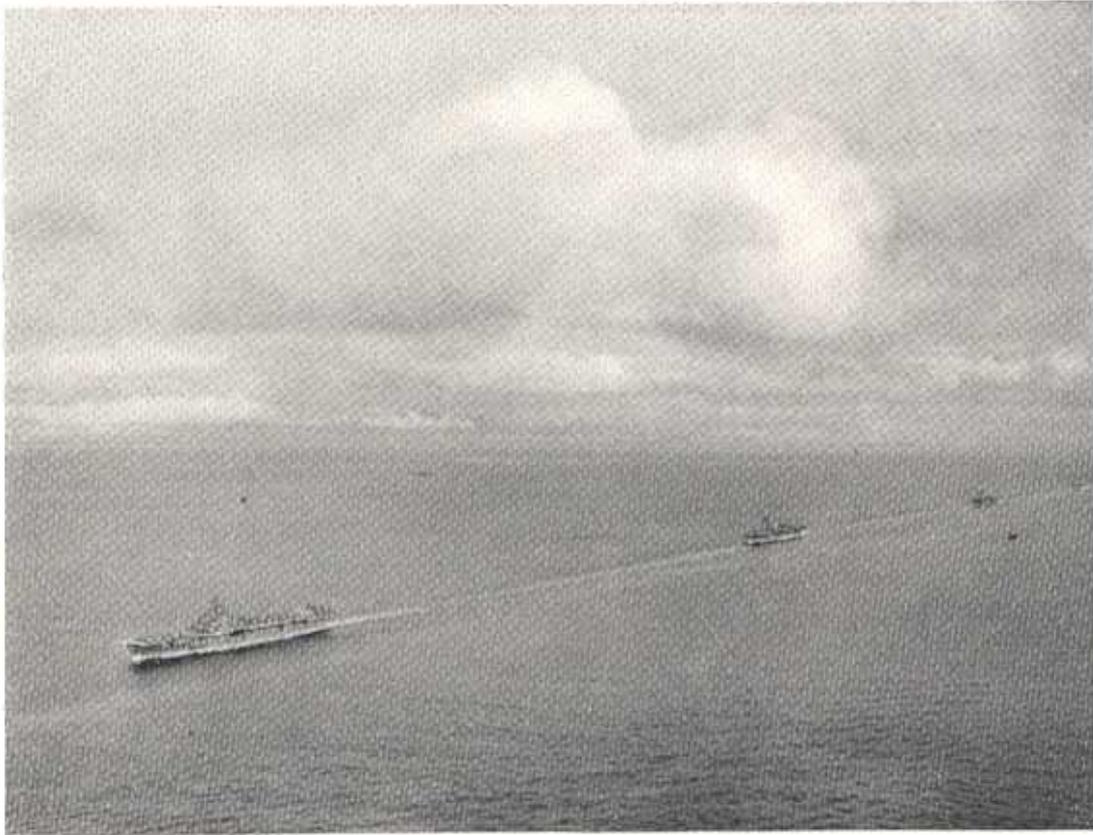


On July 1, the Fleet sortied and set a course northeastward. Then followed month of blows at the Jap home islands of Shikoku, Honshu, and Hokkaido. The Fleet ranged at will up and down the coast, striking out like a scientific prize fighter—quick powerful blows, aimed at strategic targets—Kobe, Osaka, Muroran, Kamaishi. From the cold black waters off Hokkaido to the warmer Toyko area, the Fleet roved and struck.

Even the battleships and cruisers got into offensive action, going in to bombard

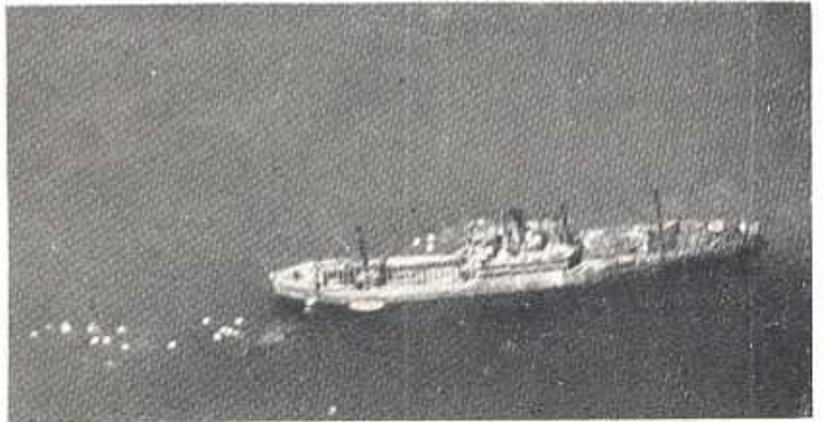
*TF 38 at anchor in
Leyte Gulf, P. I.*



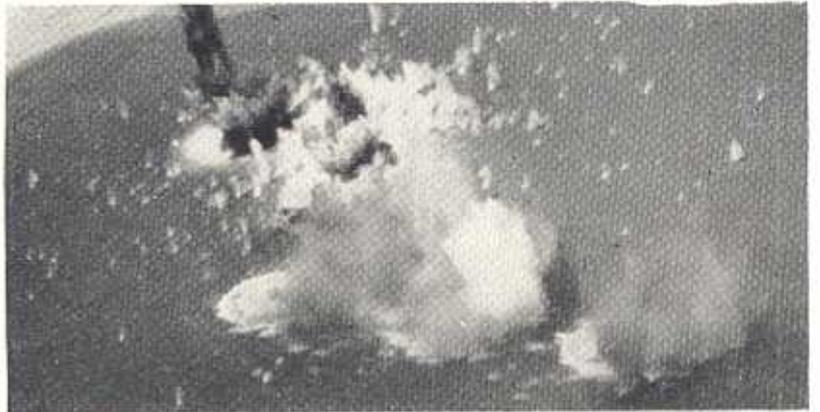


*... the Fleet
sortied ...*

"Now you see it (a Jap ship)

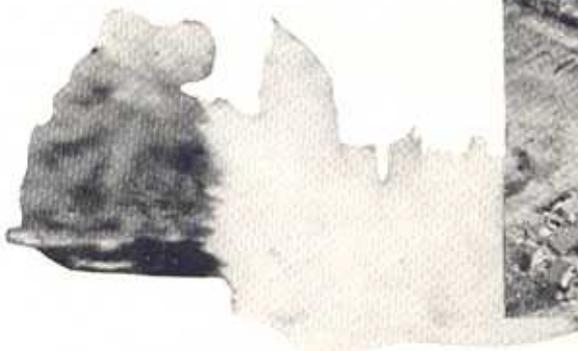


Now you don't.



August sixth found the Fleet off the coast of Honshu, pounding airfields and shipping in routine manner. At 1930 that evening, word came of the dropping of the Atomic Bomb on Hiroshima. Three days later the second Atomic Bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. That same day a Jap "Grace" sneaked in with friendly corsairs and made a suicide dive on the WASP close beside the YORKTOWN.

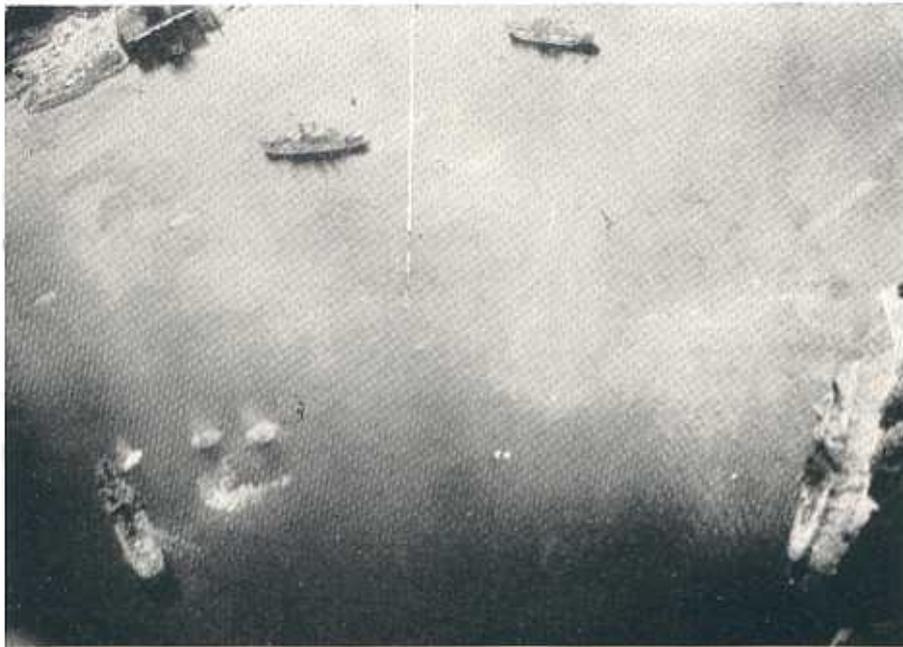
Kushiro on Hokkaido.



Kuro Airbase—Naval Aircraft Factory.



Jap "Sugar Charlie" burns in Muroran Harbor, Hokkaido.



The Conte Verde under bombing attack, with two hospital ships in the background, and the previously unlocated CL Sakawa camouflaged into the shore at right.



The BB Haruna suffers damage to her bow, stern and superstructure as a result of attacks by our planes at Eta Shima near Kure.



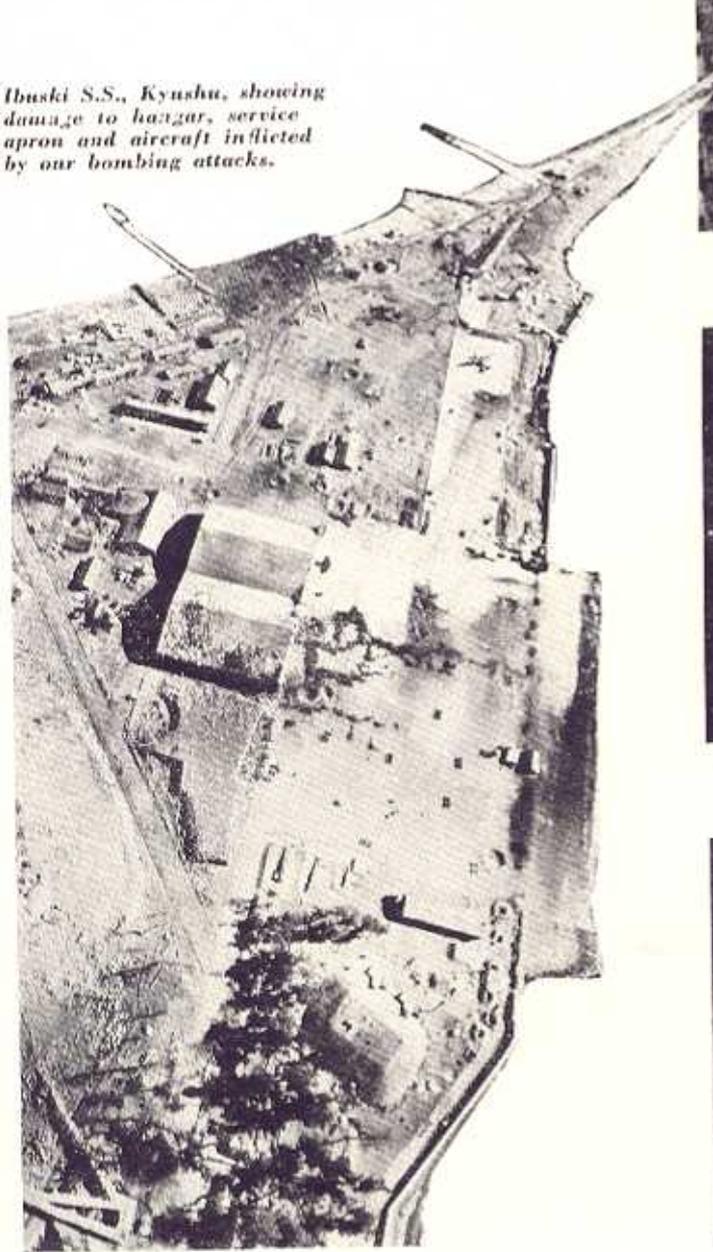
The CA Tone under attack at Nishinomi Shima near Kure.

The Hitachi Engine Works at Toga suffered severe damage from our heavies.



Flamed first by one of WASP'S fighters and again by ship's gunfire, it crashed fifty feet off the starboard bow of the WASP, YORKTOWN getting in a few shots which proved to be the last of the war from her ship's guns. On August 10, at 2050 in the evening, came news of the Japs' offer to consider the terms of the

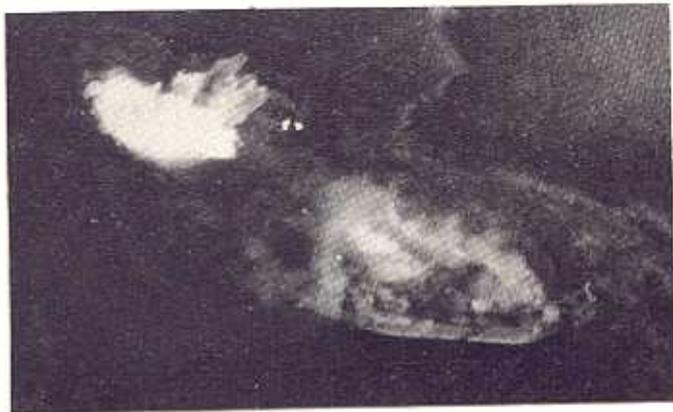
Ibuski S.S., Kyushu, showing damage to hangar, service apron and aircraft inflicted by our bombing attacks.



Kanoya East Airfield, Kyushu. Some handy work by our "Brothers in Arms" who flew the B-29s.



Jap freighter under strafing attack.

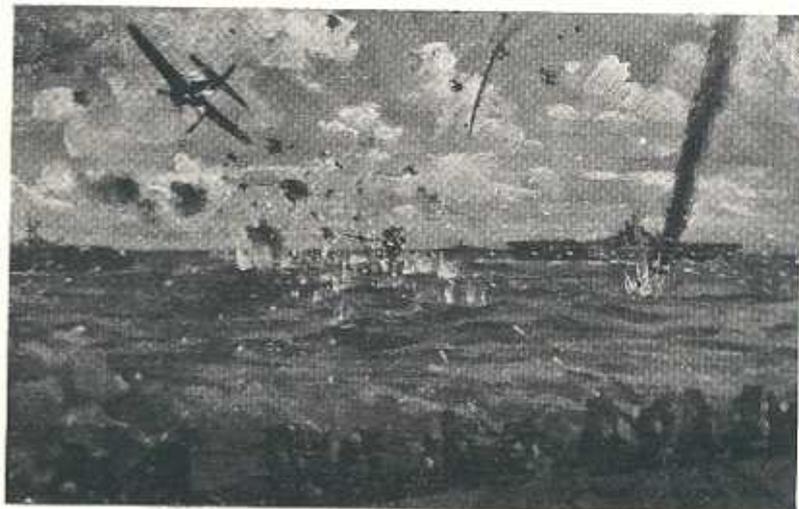




Oita Airfield Kyushu. Showing bomb bursts and fires in the hangar area and aircraft burning on the field. Seventeen aircraft, three hangars and seven other buildings were destroyed.



Artist Lt. W. T. Draper's, USNR, conception of war in the Pacific.



Potsdam ultimatum, provided the Emperor could retain his prerogatives. The days following were filled with fixed feelings of doubt and uneasy joy.

The Japs stalled, and the attack was resumed. If they needed help in making up their minds, we had the necessary persuaders. In a flurry of activity, the Japs showed more resistance than at any time since Okinawa. Twenty-three planes were shot down near the Fleet on August 13th, and twelve on the following day.

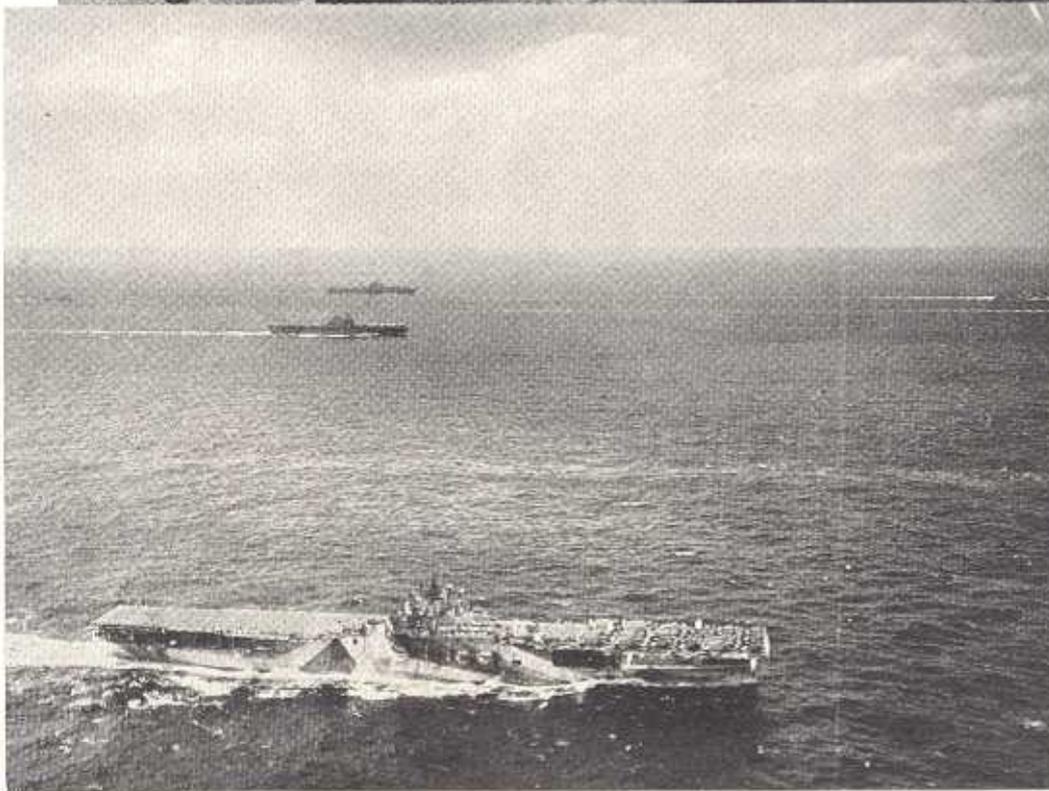
At last it was over. Our counter offer was accepted, and at 0635 on August 15 word came from the Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Fleet, to cease offensive operations. Orders were sent out to all planes to jettison bombs and return to base. Tragically enough, YORKTOWN pilots

on the way home were jumped from above by a strong force of Jap fighters. Four were lost before our pilots could recover from their surprise at this final act of Japanese treachery. The following days were filled with strong combat air patrols to guard against further treachery, relief flights over Japan to drop food and sup-

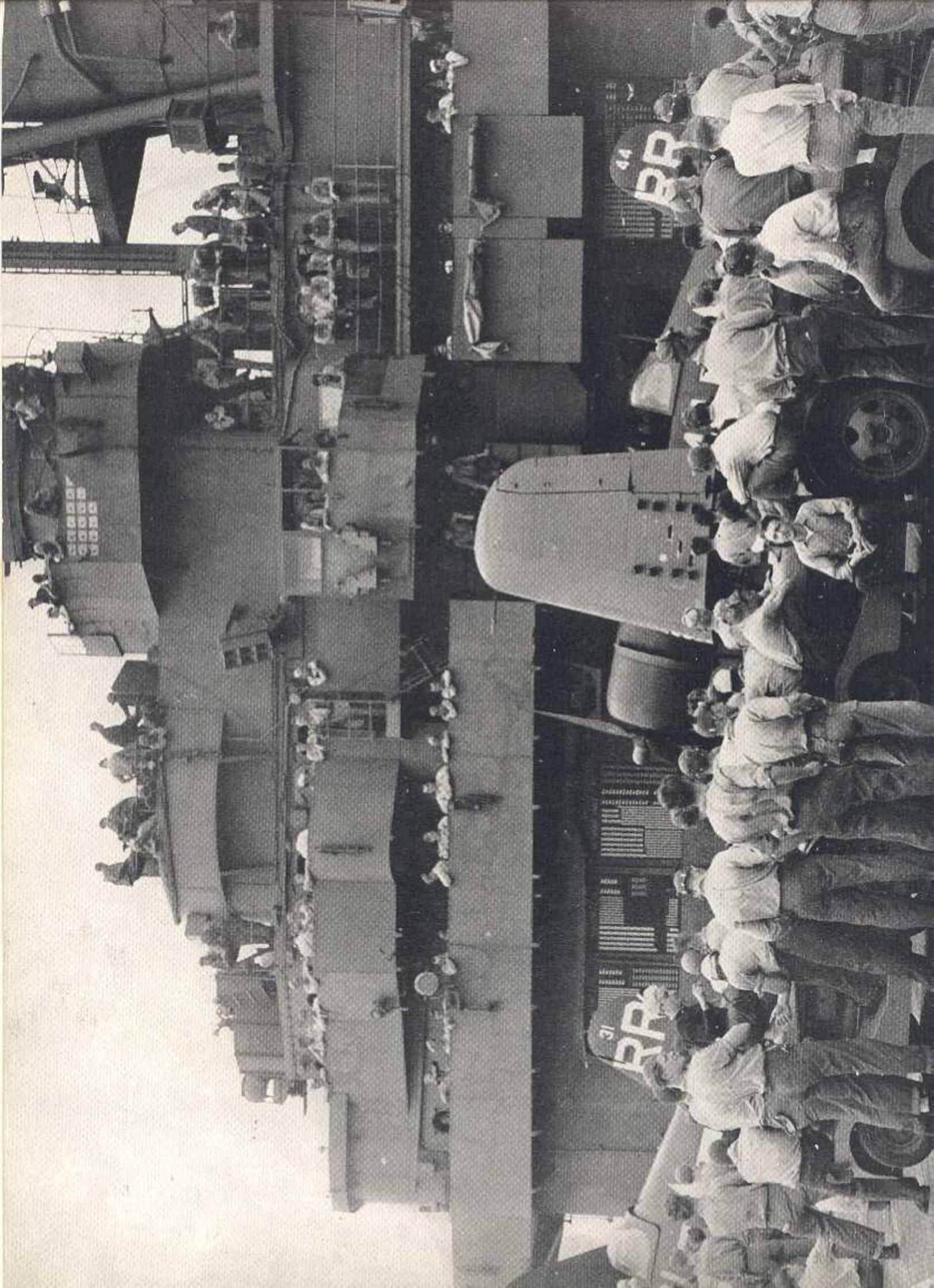


A corner of the Wardroom.

A "hot" crash landing by an S'32C is quickly gotten under control by our "Fire Department."



*"Fore to Aft"
U.S.S. Yorktown
U.S.S. Enterprise
U.S.S. Intrepid*



plies on prisoner-of-war camps, and flights over airfields to make sure that no attacks were being planned and that provisions of the surrender terms were being adhered to.

Members of the ship's company, fortunate enough to get rides, flew over Japan in the rear seats of Grumman Avengers,



Jap aircraft at Imba Airfield lined up in compliance with surrender terms.

A few Jap prisoners—these decided to live.



—the same at Komatsu Airfield.





The sign on the roof of this P.O.W. Camp in Tokyo reveals the presence there of Lieut. J. W. Condit, FT-5, shot down during Yorktown's first strike against the enemy at Marcus Island 31 August 1943.

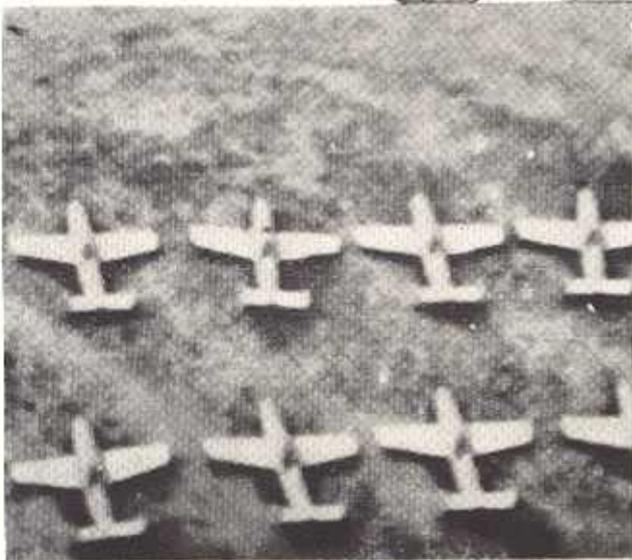
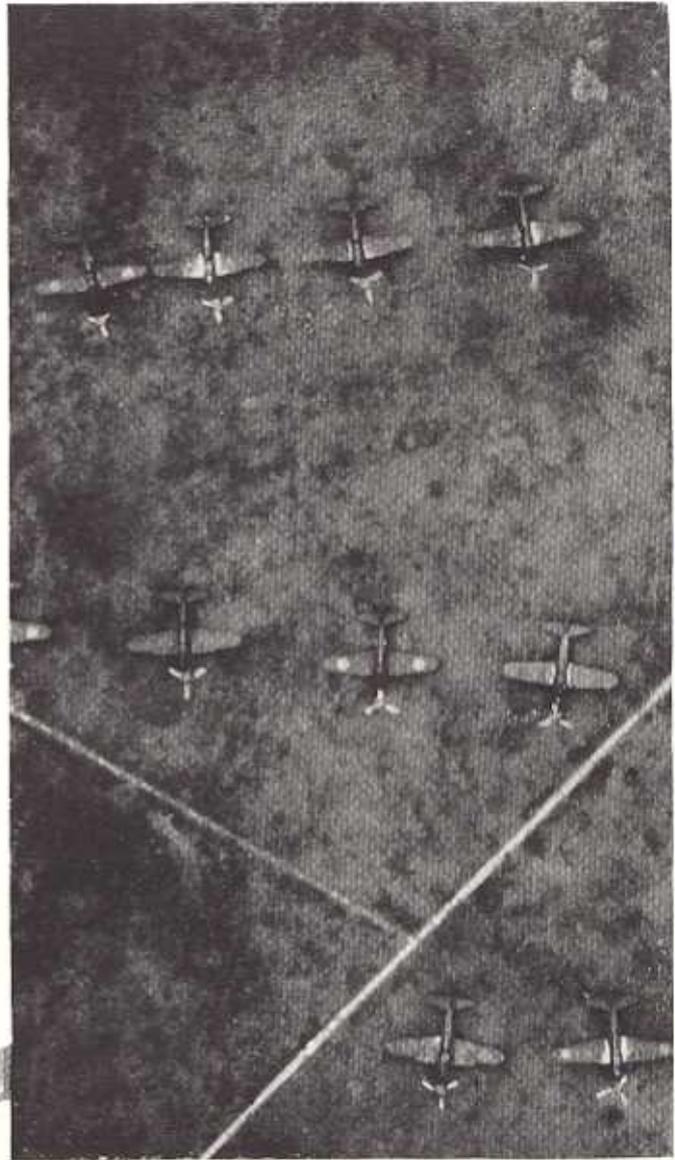


Prisoners of war established communications via signs painted on the roofs of the Camp Buildings located on the Tokyo waterfront



saw all the bombed and fire-seared ruins of Tokyo, which resembled a burned over forest area, chimneys sticking up like forlorn, charred trunks. They saw the tidy, green countryside, with Japanese working peacefully in their fields and paddies, and

Jap planes with props on ground in compliance with surrender terms.



Baka Bombs lined up in open.



Yorktown F6F "on patrol."



A few of the more than 1000 carrier-based planes of the Mighty Third Fleet, which staged an aerial show while awaiting orders to move into enemy ports.

wondered that such small people, in such a small country, could ever have aspired to defeat the United States. They zoomed along at 50 feet above the beaches, with 10-year-olds throwing rocks, and mothers grabbing children, to bustle them away from the flying foreign barbarians.

Peace brought strange sights with it, and none seemed stranger than to look out at night and see other ships lighted up, carriers and battleships and cruisers and destroyers, so that the Fleet looked like a city afloat. Peace meant that the hangar deck curtains could be up for the movies

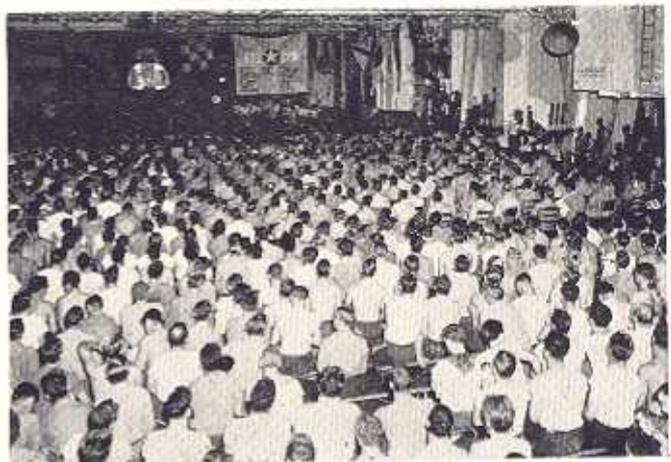
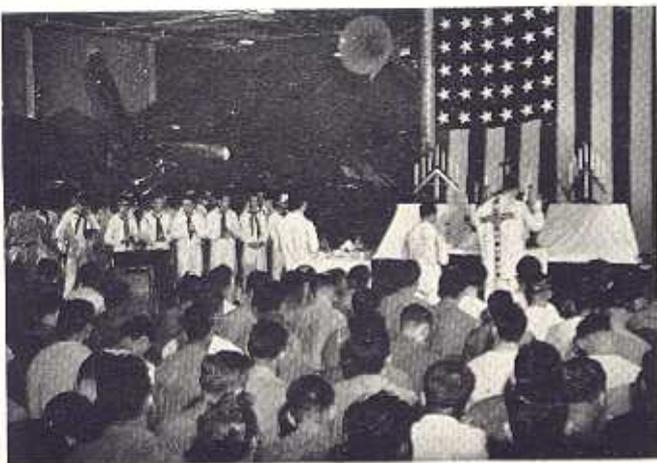


H.M.S. Duke of York in the left background.

at night, and one could look out and see the moon across the water and feel fresh air blowing through the ship. It meant plain language instead of codes on the air, smoking on the upper decks at night, and a strange sense of something missing when the call came, "Sunset" — lacking the familiar "Darken ship" which followed as inevitably as "eggs" after "ham." It meant no general quarters each morning before dawn, and no censoring of mail. It didn't mean going home yet, nor did it even mean going into port, though we had been out over 70 days, a new record of continuous operation for the ship. At last negotiations were all complete, and eventually the YORKTOWN steamed through Sagami Wan and dropped anchor in Tokyo Bay, 78 days after leaving Leyte.



*Chow Line—Divine Services—"Happy Hour"—
all on the Hangar Deck.*





More planes in the Air Show staged off Japan on August 23, 1945.

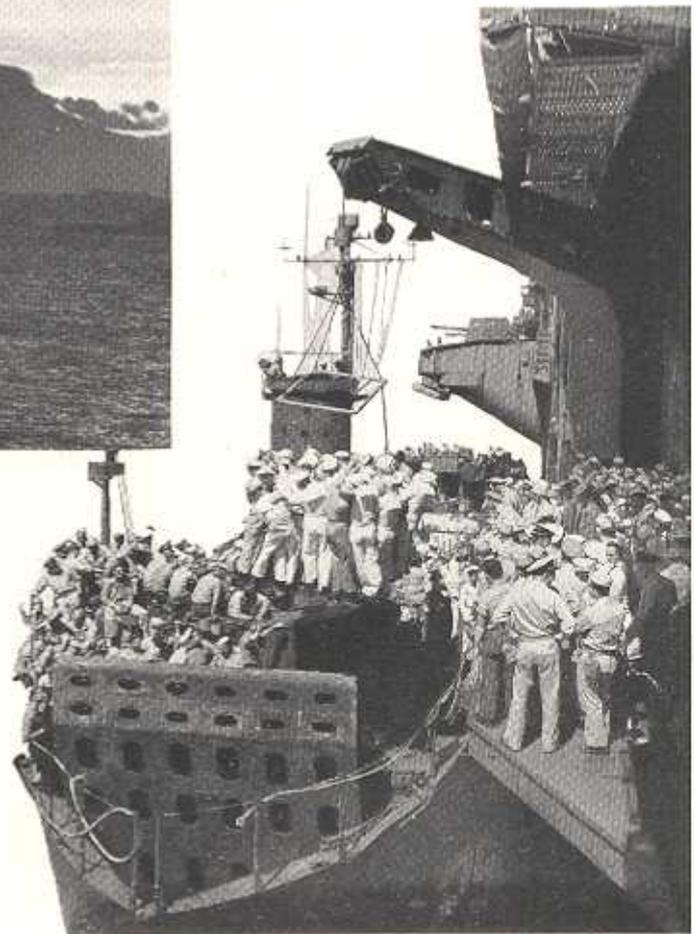


The Fleet in Sagami Wan, a Yorktown Torpedo Plane in the foreground.



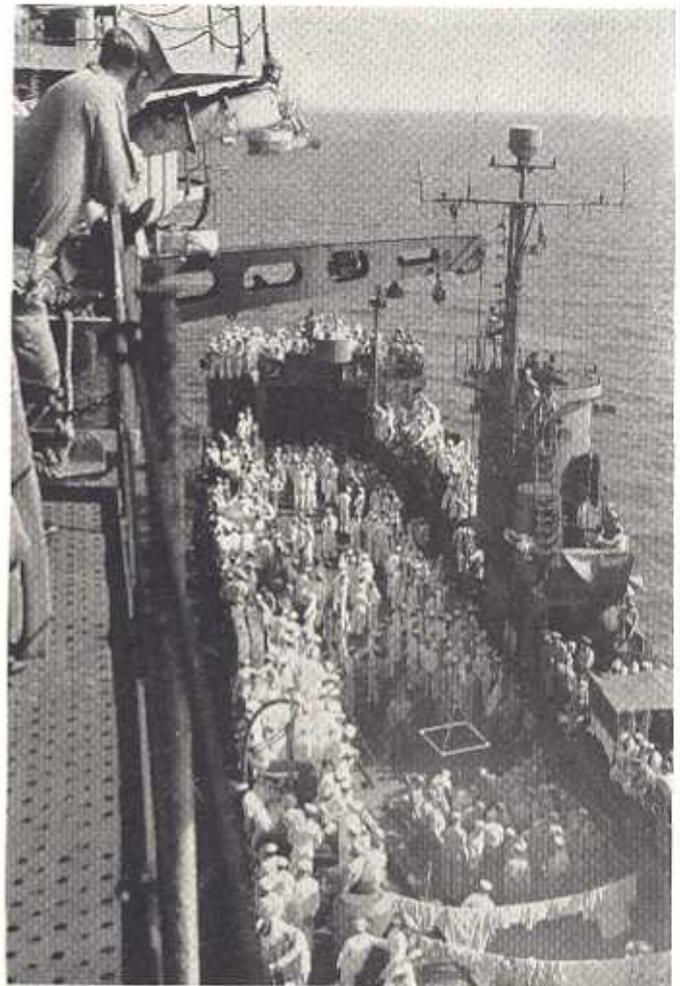
"The Fighting Lady" at anchor in Tokyo Bay with Mt. Fuji for a backdrop.

Tokyo Liberty Party.



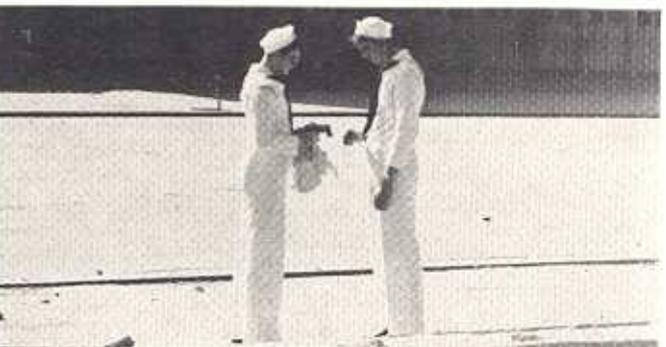
The fighting career of "The Fighting Lady" is probably at an end. She has amassed enough glory to sit the remainder of her life figuratively in her rocking chair and dream of past conquests, for she fought a gallant fight.

Call it luck, call it smart ship-handling, call it a combination of the things that



And still they go ashore.

Yokosuka Street Scene.



"Where'd you pick that up?"

Ashore in Japan.

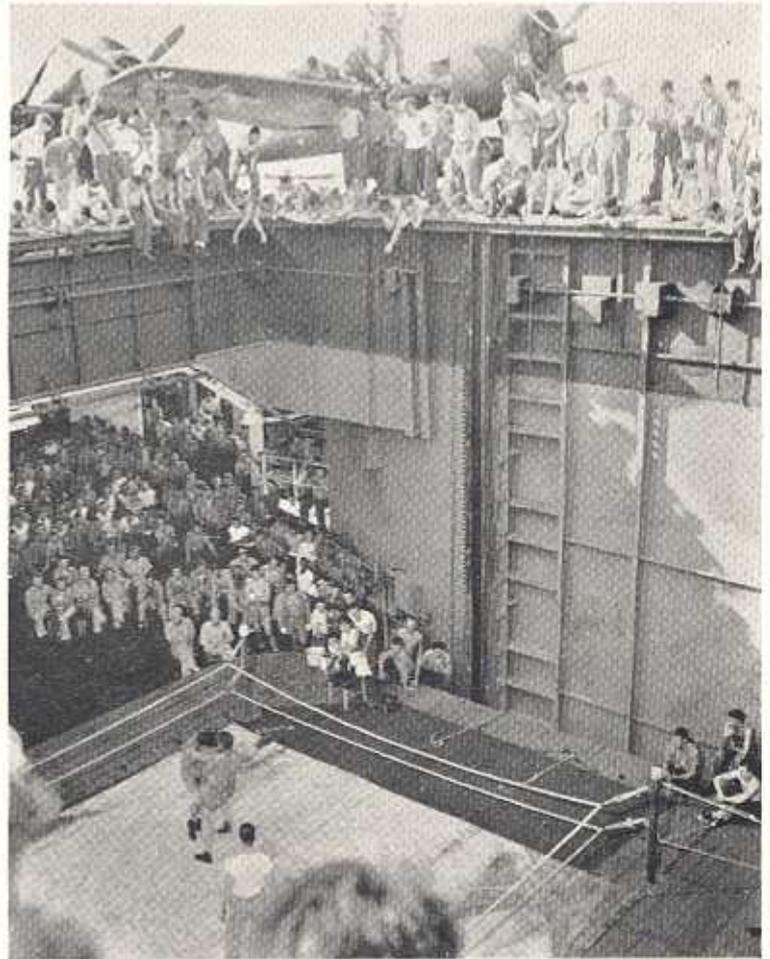
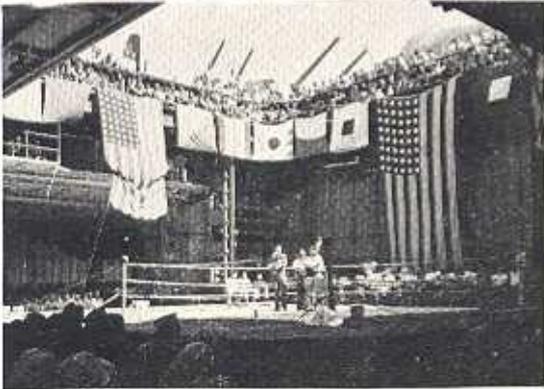
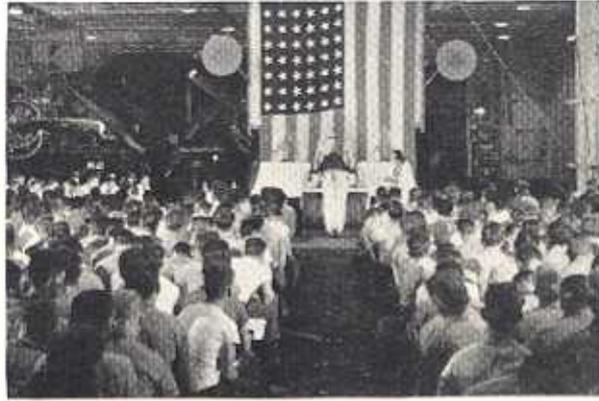


make a ship, it all adds up to the fine spirit of a great fighting vessel. All who served aboard her mention her name with deep pride and affection. In times to come, the name of the YORKTOWN will take its place with those other great ships in the history of the United States who fought gallantly and well to preserve the rights of man.

ROBERT F. HAUGH,
Lieutenant, U.S.N.R.

"At Long Last"—Homeward Bound.





THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting
the PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION to the

U.S.S. YORKTOWN

and her attached Air Groups participating in the following operations:

August 31, 1943, Marcus; October 5-6, 1943, Wake; November 19 to December 5, 1943, Gilberts; January 29 to February 23, 1944, Marshalls, Truk, Marianas; March 29 to April 30, 1944, Palau, Hollandia, Truk: AG-5 (VF-5, VB-5, VT-5).
June 11 to July 28, 1944, Marianas, Bonins, Yap: AG-1 (VF-1, VB-1, VT-1, Part of VFN-77).

November 11 to 19, 1944, Luzon; December 14 to 16, Luzon; January 3 to 22, 1945, Philippines, Formosa, China Sea, Ryukyus: AG-3 (VF-3, VB-3, VT-3).
February 16 to 25, 1945, Japan, Bonins: AG-3 (VF-3, VBF-3, VB-3, VT-3).
March 18 to June 9, 1945, Ryukyus, Japan: AG-9 (2) (VF-9, VBF-9, VB-9, VT-9).
July 10 to August 15, 1945, Japan: AG-88 (VF-88, VBF-88, VE-88, VT-88).
for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

"For extraordinary heroism in action against enemy Japanese forces in the air, at sea and on shore in the Pacific War Area from August 31, 1943, to August 15, 1945. Spearheading our concentrated carrier-warfare in forward areas, the U.S.S. YORKTOWN and her air groups struck crushing blows toward annihilating the enemy's fighting strength; they provided air cover for our amphibious forces; they fiercely countered the enemy's savage aerial attacks and destroyed his planes; and they inflicted terrific losses on the Japanese in Fleet and merchant marine units sunk or damaged. Daring and dependable in combat, the YORKTOWN with her gallant officers and men rendered loyal service in achieving the ultimate defeat of the Japanese Empire."

For the President,

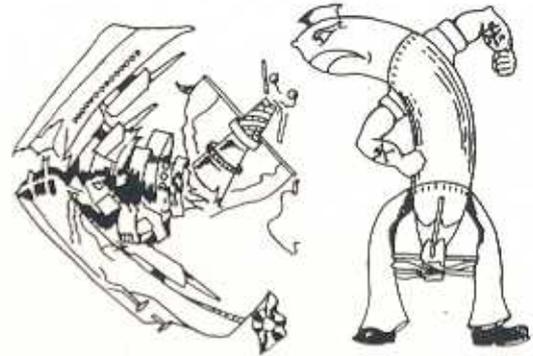
James Forrestal
Secretary of the Navy

AIR DEPT.



Comdr. Robert A. Macpherson, U.S.N.

VIA



VB ARMORY

Left to Right:

Third Row:

R. E. Morrissey
J. W. Manning
Lt. (jg) Flaherty
Ch. Gun. Alford
Lt. Dellenback
Lt. (jg) Obenauf
W. E. Weir
C. W. Sperry

Second Row:

W. J. Gregoire
W. A. Cummins

H. C. Rohmer
E. J. Salazar
R. G. Monson
A. M. Russo
R. C. Wirt
J. C. Nelson

First Row:

W. J. Hegelheimer
J. H. Miller
G. V. Ball
J. W. Jarvis
W. R. Schaffer
L. L. Green
C. R. Cwiklinski
A. L. Wenger



VF ARMORY

Left to Right:

On Wings:

J. J. Pishko
J. J. Pasute
M. L. Fullerton
B. C. Conradson
A. L. Martin
Z. A. Tubak
B. H. Bangle
J. P. Schafer

Third Row:

P. A. Loboda
J. Z. Redman
H. D. Curlett
Lt. (jg) Flaherty
Lt. Dellenback
Ch. Gun. Alford
Lt. (jg) Obenauf
J. W. Manning
L. A. Dziurgot

Second Row:

R. K. Patzold
A. W. Pavcy
R. Dressler
T. E. Schmaeling
R. W. Kester
C. J. Helferich
A. Harris
J. F. Harris
R. E. Perna
B. A. Wolter

First Row:

R. G. Pettersch
E. Gudbranson
R. L. Young
H. Conklin
H. I. Thompson
E. J. N'emie
J. V. Biggs
J. F. Ferrants
A. D. Marsh
C. R. Hamer

VBF ARMORY

Left to Right:

Fourth Row:

N. B. Brazil
M. P. Anderson
H. F. Supple
K. L. Glassmann
R. O. Hooper
D. W. Guadagno
J. P. Patrick
E. E. Gimeno

Third Row:

R. D. Eakins
D. S. Herman
J. Talaba
Lt. (jg) Obenauf
Lt. Dellenback
Ch. Gun. Alford
Lt. (jg) Flaherty
J. W. Manning
C. E. Fletcher
J. M. Cooper

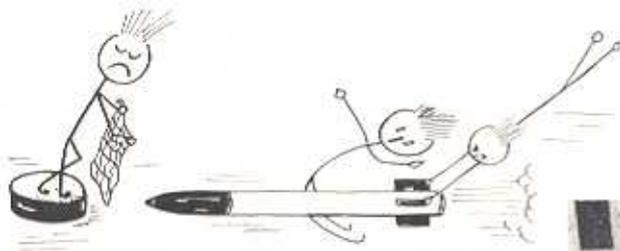
Second Row:

H. O. Walker
E. C. Gillea
A. J. Adams
F. F. Dumboski
E. Montoya
L. J. Gutierrez
E. L. Vollmer
J. J. Lennon
J. D. Rosenbaum
E. S. Soule

First Row:

J. J. Guekin
C. J. Tobias
J. O. Craig
E. Lococo
F. E. Harrison
P. G. S. Evans
J. G. Watts
J. J. Summers





VT ARMORY

Left to Right:

Fourth Row:

J. W. Manning
 Lt. (jg) Obenauf
 Lt. (jg) Flaherty
 Lt. Dellenback
 R. H. Belster

Third Row:

E. Domasky
 V. W. Vore
 C. W. Davis
 F. L. Keller
 J. C. Harper

H. Sydor
 E. C. Watts

Second Row:

J. C. Isehower
 H. J. Hoddinott
 L. Szczepaniak
 J. P. Schafer
 S. G. O'Brien

First Row:

D. H. Staton
 B. A. Wolter
 W. Pawluk
 R. J. Beeson
 E. C. Spong
 F. J. Sanflippo



TORPEDO and ROCKET CREWS

From Left to Right:

Third Row:

Ch. Torp. Whiteside
 A. N. Lesco
 L. T. Horstman
 A. P. Molnar
 A. C. Knudson
 A. C. Jansen
 S. Varecka
 R. E. Miner
 T. A. Piekos
 L. A. King
 K. P. Hudson

Second Row:

Lt. (jg) Flaherty

T. E. Cox
 W. W. Kremer
 D. N. Dowie
 B. T. Hyslop
 J. S. Schumacher
 E. A. Branning
 E. L. Colter
 Lt. Dellenback

First Row:

W. P. Barrett
 T. O. Lehigh
 L. S. Peele
 L. B. Owens
 R. E. Hayes
 R. V. Courtet



Third Deck—Rearming Crews

From Left to Right:

First Row:

F. L. Griffin
 H. J. Hoddinott
 L. T. Horstman
 J. L. Artochevaria
 K. W. Greene
 Lt. (jg) Obenauf
 Lt. (jg) Flaherty
 Lt. Dellenback

Ch. Gun. Alford
 J. W. Manning
 A. C. Musser
 A. F. Simpson
 J. T. Carter

Second Row:

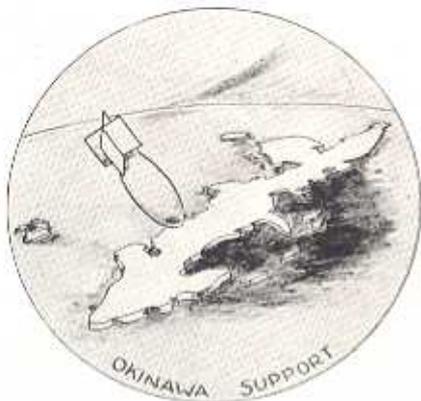
W. P. Barrett
 R. H. Mackey
 M. W. Deich

M. K. Burke
 D. Cerbaro
 J. B. Sardella
 C. W. Hill
 C. P. Wyzkowski
 J. P. Odom
 G. J. Boro

Third Row:

L. S. Bonebrake

J. B. McManus
 H. A. Alperin
 B. P. Shea
 R. W. Johnson
 H. L. Brown
 T. O. Lehigh
 R. L. Labruski
 L. P. Kettenring
 E. S. Hampton
 L. D. Dembkowski
 R. C. Barrett



THE FIGHTING LADY

Built by—Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Co., at Newport News, Virginia.

Keel was laid—December 1, 1941.

Ship was launched—January 21, 1943.

Ship was commissioned—April 15, 1943.

Overall length—880 feet.

Overall beam (including gun sponsons)—147 feet.

Maximum draft—29.6 feet.

Speed—Over 30 knots (exact speed confidential).

Horsepower—150,000.

Nautical miles traveled to October 21, 1945—235,360.

Gallons of fuel oil used—40,315,765.

Gallons of fresh water made daily—86,000.

Times ship has fueled—121.

Total number of destroyers fueled—271.

Total number of meals served—Over 3,500,000.

Number of 5-inch guns—12.

Number of 40 millimeter guns—72.

Number of 20 millimeter guns—65.

Total number of sorties over enemy targets—11,346.

Total number of aircraft landings on board—31,170.

Total tons of bombs dropped over enemy targets—3,640.

Total number of rockets fired on enemy targets—6,814.

Total number of enemy aircraft shot down by ship's aircraft—158.

Total number of enemy aircraft shot down by ship's guns—14.

Total number of enemy aircraft destroyed on ground—695.

Total number of enemy aircraft probably destroyed—1,191.

Total number of enemy aircraft destroyed or damaged—2,358.

Total number of our aircraft lost due to combat—131.

Total number of our aircraft lost operationally—73.

Total number of our aircraft lost, all causes—204.

Total number of enemy ships sunk—119.

Total tonnage of enemy ships sunk—244,770.

Total number of enemy ships damaged—329.

Total tonnage of enemy ships damaged—820,693.

Total number of 5-inch shells fired—15,184.

Total number of 40 millimeter shells fired—167,630.

Total number of 20 millimeter shells fired—472,757.

Total number of officers, ship's company—150.

Total number of officers, air group—175.

Total number of officers, flag—35.

Total number of enlisted men, ship's company—2,550.

Total number of enlisted men, air group—130.

Total number of enlisted men, flag—65.

Total number of officers and men on board—3,105.

CATAPULT AND ARRESTING GEAR



L. to R.: Mears, Sniegowski, Peternell, Clemons, Moore, Kranz, Captain Boone, Adamowicz, Yenisch, Massey, Ship's Baker Allen, Stenernagel, Donohue, Lt. (jg) Blaha, Jenny, Farrel, Nielson, Chief Doerres, Barry, Ferroni, Laderer.



*Lt. Blaha (Catapult Officer)
first Yorktown man under
the Golden Gate Bridge.*



Old Fashioned Stuff

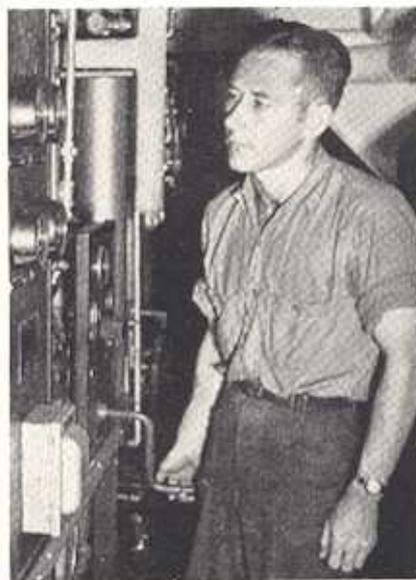


"The Arresting Gear Crew Celebrating the 25,000 Landing." L. to R.—First Row: Lt. Spaulding, LSO; Chief Ciaccio, Chief Fogarty; Hielscher, Springer, Amirault, Gurera. Second Row: Lt. Comdr. "Pappy" Harshman, Lt. (jg) Cozzens, Ast. LSO; Lt. "cake winner" Mauray, Ship's Baker Allen, Kessler, Lt. (jg) Reis, Arresting Gear Officer; Bet-scher, Rutledge, Glinski, Collyear, Kelly, Brummitt, Springs, McLeod, Dunphy, Lohry, Copeland, Pillsbury, Erard, Chaney. Third Row: Cirone, Delik, Cutler, Phelps, Becker, Bohanan. Not Shown: Peacock, Bieker, Adams, Oglesby, Glomski.

VIG



"Blowing down aft"
L. to R.: McAleer and Hritz



"Blowing down forward"
Pingleton, C. A., AMM 2/c



"Forward Speakeasy"
L. to R.: Floyd and Lee



"The Gashouse Gang"

L. to R.: McRoberts, Steubensand,
Lt. (jg) W. J. Sliney, USNR,
and Qualantona



"Aft Speakeasy"
L. to R.: Floyd, Lee, Johnson



*"The pres-
sure's on
forward"*
L. to R.:
Hritz, Holben,
Sloan,
Donavan



*"Does it bother you if I
look over your shoulder?"*
L. to R.: First Row:
Gulick, Stillwell, Mancini,
Rauth, Second Row:
Phelan, Angell, Davis,
Last Row: Hritz,
Slaton, Sahalewski



"The oily holds"
L. to R.: Alfonso, Rosick, Nash,
Greggins, Nale

"The pressure's on aft"
L. to R.: Miller, Stilwell, Slaton



"Mancini gives us the word"
L. to R.: Donovan, Vargas,
Knudson, with phones;
Doran, Houts, with ear
phones; Mancini, with
wrench; Romeno, Maier,
Reilly, in center; Dorn, with
hat squared; Sloan and
Qualantona in doorway



"No gas coupons needed"
On plane, L. to R.: Reiden-
bough, Rosick, Gulick, Nash,
Floyd. On deck, L. to R.:
Evins, Qualantona, Brown,
Rauth, Alfonso, Veasey

THE FOLLOWING is a list of the actions in which the U.S.S. YORKTOWN (CV10) participated since commissioning on 15 April 1943:

Attack on Marcus Island, 31 Aug. 1943.

Attack on Wake Island, 5-6 Oct. 1943.

Attack on Gilbert Islands, and support of invasion force, 19-27 Nov. 1943.

Attack on Marshall Islands, 4-5 Dec. 1943.

Attack on Marshall Islands, and support of invasion force, 29 Jan. to 4 Feb. 1944.

Attack on Truk Islands, 16-17 Feb. 1944.

Attack on Marianas Islands, 21-22 Feb. 1944.

Attack on Palau Islands, 29-31 Mar. 1944.

Attack on Woleai Island, 1 Apr. 1944.

Attack on Hollandia, New Guinea, and support of invasion force, 21-27 Apr. 1944.

Attack on Truk Islands, 29-30 Apr. 1944.

Attack on Guam, 11-13 June, 1944.

Attack on Bonin Islands, 15-16 June 1944.

Defense of Marianas Islands and attack on Japanese Fleet, 19-20 June 1944.

Attack on Bonin Islands, 24 June 1944.

Attack on Marianas Islands, and support of invasion force, 30 June to 21 July 1944.

Attack on Bonin Islands, 3-4 July 1944.

Attack on Yap Island, Ngulu Atoll and Ulithi Atoll, 25-28 July 1944.

Attack on Philippine shipping, Ormoc Bay, 11 Nov. 1944.

Attack on Legaspi Airfield, Luzon, and shipping in Mindoro Strait and Manila Bay, 13-14 Nov. 1944.

Attack on Central Philippine airfields, 19 Nov. 1944.

Attack on Luzon airfields in support of occupation on Mindoro, 14-16 Dec. 1944.

Attack on Luzon and Formosa airfields in support of Lingayen Gulf landings, 3-9 Jan. 1945.

Attack on shipping in South China Sea and airfields along French Indo-China coast, Canton-Hong Kong area, and Formosa, 10-16 Jan. 1945.

Attack on shipping and airfields at Formosa and Nansei Shoto, 21-22 Jan. 1945.

Attack on Toyko Bay area airfields and aircraft factories, 16-17 Feb. 1945.

Attack on Chichi Jima, Bonin Islands, 18 Feb. 1945.

Attack on Iwo Jima, Volcano Islands, and support of invasion force, 20-22 Feb. 1945.

Attack on Toyko Bay area, 25 Feb. 1945.

Attack on Okinawa, and support of invasion force, 18 Mar. to 10 June 1945, also including attacks on Kyushu, Shikoku, and Inland Sea targets, 18-19, and 29 Mar.; 16 Apr.; 2, 3, and 8 June; attack on Sakishima Gunto, 4-6 Apr.; and attack on Japanese task force, 7 Apr.

Attack on Toyko area airfields, 10 July 1945.

Attack on South Hokkaido airfields, installations, and shipping, 14-15 July 1945.

Attack on Tokyo area airfields and combatant shipping at Yokosuka, 18 July 1945.

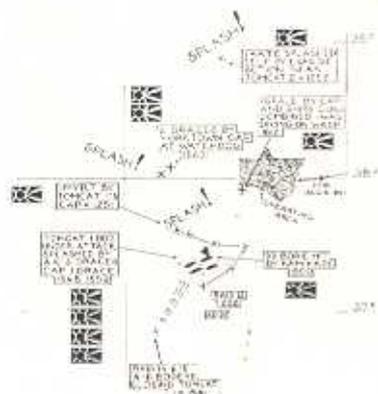
Attack on Kure Naval Base and adjoining airfields, 24, 25 and 28 July 1945.

Attack on Tokyo area airfields and shipping at Maizuru Naval Base, W. Honshu, 30 July 1945.

Attack on N. Honshu airfields, 9-10 Aug. 1945.

Attack on Tokyo area airfields, 13 and 15 Aug. 1945.

Occupation of Japan, 15 Aug. to 1 Oct. 1945.



VIT



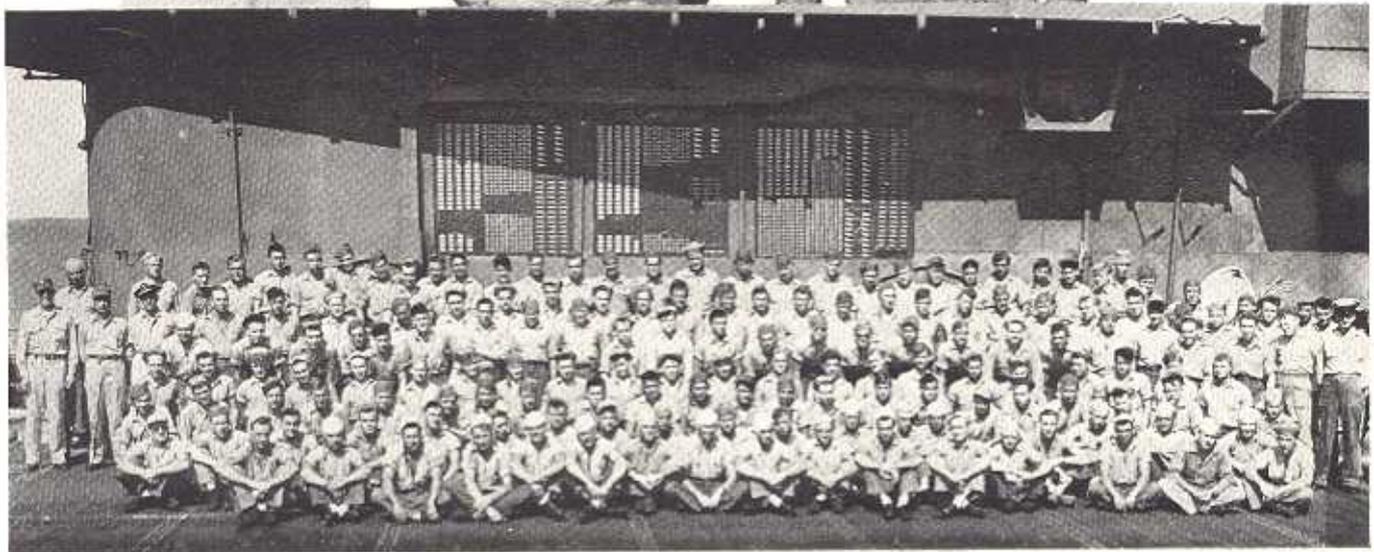
W. T. Hall, ABM 1/-,
"pulling" plane for takeoff.
 Joe R. Connell, ABM (PH) 1/c, holding
 plane awaiting turn to take off.



*"Too bad you can't see Caruso's
 smile that the pilots enjoyed."*
*"Easy—don't catch
 that wing in the prop!"*



Lt. "Bill" Lam, USNR
 —Flight Deck and
 Athletic Officer with
 Chief Randolph and
 Joe De Woskin.



VIT Unit



"He went that way." Fly
One gives the "Go" signal.

"Spreading the wings"

"Hold it—check to see if all's clear"



Front Row: Cumming,
Meece, Smith, Lenord,
Caruso. Back Row:
Briley, Lt. Meyer,
Lt. Stoddard, Connell



VIT Unit—
"Many of these
men saw all
30,000 landings"

V 2



"Precision Instrument-eers"



"Windmill Mechanics"



"Pull Them!"

"Fighter Plane Captains"





Bull Session

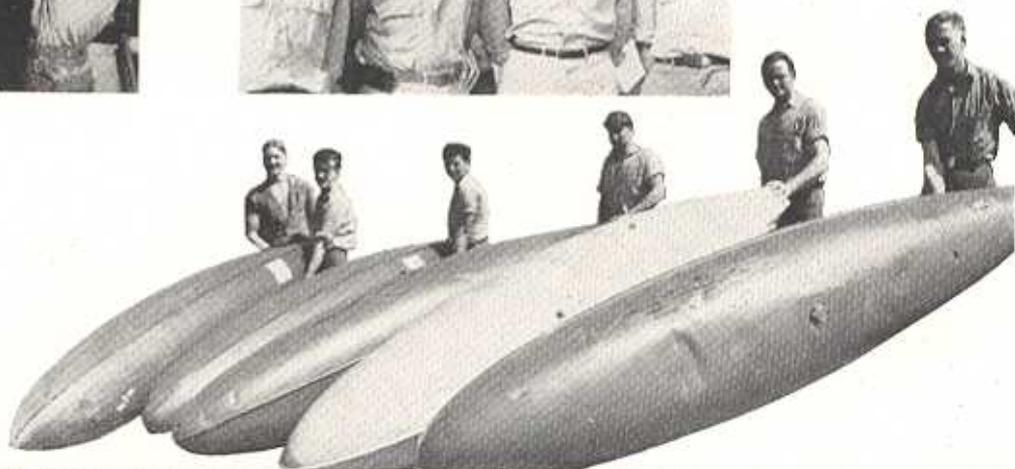
F-2 Division Officer—the "Beast" rests



Engineering Officers "Kremel Needed"



*Hangar Deck Crew
"Belly Tank
Wranglers"*



V. T. The "Queens"



"Aviation Sparkicians"

VB—Engineers and Plane Captains

"Routine Check"



*"Hydraulic Gang—
Fluid Drive"*



*VF—Engineers
—Howland and
Raniowski*



"Fighter Engineers"



"Quick Change Artists" Engine Change Crew.

V-2 Basketball Team.



Parachute Riggers "The Boys you send them back to, if they don't work."



"Fresh Air Boys" from the Oxygen Transfer Shop.



"Tie Down and Secure"



V-2—Metal Shop Gang—"Tiu Benders De Luxe."

AEROLOGY

The men of V-3-A, AeroLOGY, are the Weather Makers, Wind Guessers or, if you want to be technical, the Weather Observers and Forecasters. Their job is to furnish current information of the wind and weather on the surface and aloft at the ship and in the area where the planes are operating, and to estimate what changes will take place in the next five minutes or two days.

To do this they collect all reports that are available from Chungking, China to Honolulu, Hawaii—from Adak, Alaska, to Noumea, New Caledonia. They plot these reports on a large weathermap and then analyze them. They also maintain a watch 24 hours a day to keep a close check on the wind, clouds, temperature and other weather factors. All this is done while consuming numerous cups of "Joe" and smoking innumerable cigarettes. It's good for the nerves, they say.

The characters in these pictures are working, believe it or not. Willie Williams, AerM3c, from Texas, and Hank Haligowski, AerM2c, from New Jersey, are checking the wind speed across the flight deck with a hand instrument to make sure that the ship's anemometers (Wind Vanes, to you) are correct. Dave Davidson, AerM2c, from Chicago, and Jerry Ewing, S1c, another New Jerseyite, are about to indulge in a little higher Math to calculate the winds aloft from the data that Bill Fruehauf, AerM3c, from Seattle; Ed Scofield, AerM3c, from Oregon; and Don Berry, S1c, from Iowa, are going to get by letting that pretty, a la Sally Rand balloon go up and tracking with the Theodolite (that Gizmo on the tripod). Chief Hovland, from South Dakota, is analyzing a weather map to find the answer to the eternal question, "Wot'll the

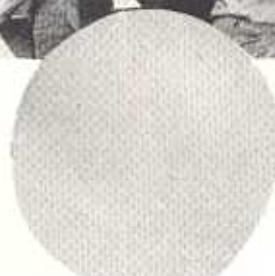
Lt. R. R. Rapp and Lt. S. W. Louprette



L. to R.: Ewing, Davidson, and Hovland



L. to R.: Fruehauf, Scofield and "Bubble Dancer" Berry



wind be doin' tomorrow when the planes take off???" Stan Louprette, AerM1c, from New York State, has just come aboard from a weather hop which was sent out to determine the weather 300 miles away from the ship. The Boss Man Weather Guesser, Lt. Bob Rapp, from Pennsylvania, is in such a hurry to get the information that he met the plane as it came to a stop and picked up the report.

The entire job of the Aerological Unit may be summed up in the following: "The Lord makes the weather and they try to outguess Him."



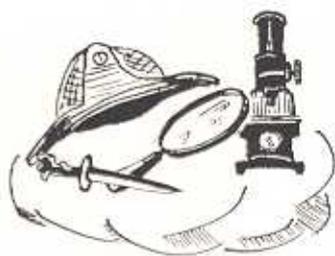
Haligowski and Williams

ACI

Is it a Dinah? Or only a fly speck?

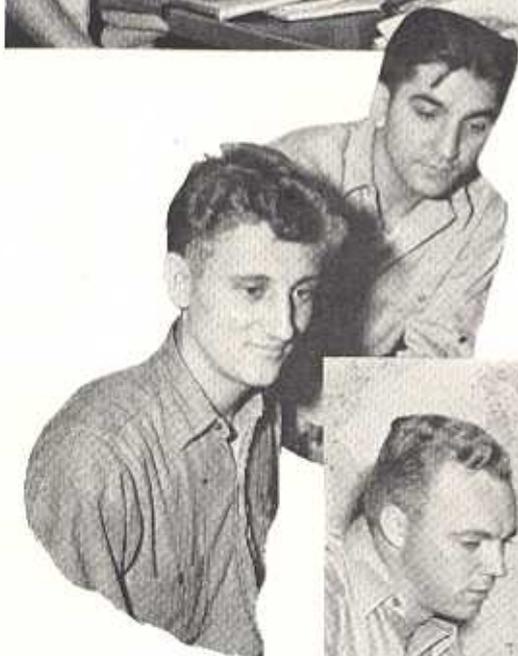
DAVE "I gotta see a pitcher" NELSON, and STEVE "Pilot's pal" ALLEN, the Photo Interpretation team, at work.

(Without a picture of it, they couldn't believe the sun had risen.)



They had the word.

REG CAREY and "Mac" McELWAIN, the Air Intelligence team. (Or if they didn't have the word, they would always sound like it.)



TOM KINZER, "King of the 8 by 8's," and star of "The Fighting Lady," and TOM "Straight Dope," "Five-to-one" AFFRUNTI.

(When all's said and done, they really ran the office.)

Left to Right (seated)
(Lt. (jg) Dave Nelson, Photographic Interpreter; Lt. W. S. Allen, Photographic Interpreter; Lt. Comdr. R. G. Carey, Air Combat Intelligence; Lt. A. R. McElwain, Air Combat Intelligence. (Standing) Tom Kinzer, Y3c; Tom Affrunti, CY;



AIR PLOT



Air Plot Branch of Com. Thibideaux, Weaver, Davidson and Chief Rothenberger.



Air Plot Lookouts Schultz, Bretveld, Guertin and Johnson "seein' things."



A Tall Tale at the Plotting Table. Lt. Lansing and Lt. Reed.



Comdr. Macpherson, Lt. Comdr. McCollon and Wood, S 1/c at Primary Fly.

AIRBORNE RADIO AND RADAR



V3M Group Photo

Back Row:
McCormick
Hoegerman

Zeh
M. R. Brown
McCarthy
Lt. (jg) Allbrecht,
Unit Officer

Wiese
Main
Dewey
Streeter
Benton

Center Row:

Caddel
E. I. Brown
Lalmond
Phillips
Landes
Brown
Johnson

Front Row:

Howard
Morrow
Davis
Hickman
Marvill
Herlache
Hink



Our radio shop is run by Chief Wiese, who said that the best way to conduct operations was from the C.P.O. quarters. Other radio men include Marvill, the sparkplug of the shop and the man who knew all the answers; R. L. Herlache, our muscle man and woman killer; R. L. Streeter, whose cartoons you see in this book, is also quite a barber; E. I. Brown, a former air group man, who just couldn't leave the YORKTOWN when the group did; H. R. Cole, who wanted to get home to the little woman; J. Caddel, from South Texas, although the fellows claim that he really was from Mexico; and R. N. Hickman, who was a good man to have around.

As can be seen from the V3M unit picture there were others in our shop not mentioned above—all hands worked hard and long during our operations against the enemy and deserve the credit justly due them.

The radio and radar shops, which are probably the best ventilated shops on the ship due to numerous prop holes in the overhead, make up the V3M unit. Rates consist of ART'S in the radar shop and ARM'S in the radio shop. The men are experts in fixing cameras, electric razors, motion picture projectors, and what have you—to say nothing of their regular line of electronic equipment.

One of the men in our radar shop was Chief McCarthy, who graduated with 47 points, and whose farewell words were "I'm heading back to Arkansas, Boys; these shoes are killing me." Also from the radar shop were B. Howard, who plays a "blues" clarinet, the noises of which some may call music; M. R. Brown, the apple man from Wenatchee, Washington; J. M. McCormick had a point and a half to go before he could return to Oregon; D. A. Dewey, our radar genius, and E. C. Hoegerman, our mail P. O., whose popularity depended on the amount of mail he was able to distribute.



PHOTO-LAB

Modern war without effective application of modern photography is impossible. Photographic labs throughout our Navy have offered deciding factors on attack, strategy, and procedures. There are other aspects, . . . public relations, historical record, and crew morale. Yorktown's photo lab has entered, successfully, all phases.

Primarily active with reconnaissance photography, V3P operates with the Ship's Intelligence in pre-planning, evaluation of enemy installations. It is interesting to note the tremendous volume of work going through a comparatively small sea-going laboratory. An estimated five thousand photographic prints weekly came out of this lab. In addition to the processing services which must be rendered for our own and other ships coming under our Flag Command, the man behind the camera may be required to: fly combat for special reconnaissance, cover flight deck action, which would include freak or accidental landings and attacks on our force, photograph engineering problems, fires, general accidents, varied ship's operations, then public relations.

Calling the old oh eight hundred muster you'd find quite a few different personalities ready to turn to on the shutter or darkroom. Fran Englehardt, who never seemed to fail the bunch in keeping time with your morale, or you might refer to Don Eppley (the only guy who ever had morning chow served in the sack . . . by an M.A.)!! These and other cameramen like Willie Allison (the photog who lost his uppers and lowers during a Kamikaze attack, and later lost the same set o' teeth on a train from Leyte to Liverpool, Ohio), made life a little easier during the most rugged days of the war. The flying fools of this outfit never failed to let you know who *was* crazy as they climbed into the rear seat for another run over some target . . . guys like Dick Lightfoot or Marv Peebles (who later left us high and dry for a gold-braid status). And speaking of fools, we had our dancing fools, too. With reference to an ex-pro of the resin and hardwood, Johnny Chuhuran, who, together with Tyrone Power—Bob Dillinger used to keep you in stitches on moody days. There's one unforgettable



fellow we all liked, Owen LeRoy Smith, a courageous flying photog who never failed to bring home the goods; who gave his life over Guam while catching all important reconnaissance pictures. Among top lab men, the man behind the "soup" (as we affectionately call our developer), one cannot overlook Len Meyer, Johnny Swigart, or Vern Tucking . . . they should have been pharmacist mates. Then there's the great field of motion pictures with mates like Eugene Sheldon (aid to the picture, "The Fighting Lady"), Jeff Corey, and . . . of course, Ray Shook, producer of a kind giving out with sequels to "The Fighting Lady" reel. Ralph Smith, cumshaw artist and candid expert, and Gremlin Dick Hazleton would probably sell you the quality of commercial stuff, arguing against the better techniques of the man from Mars. You could find a solid argument between Izzy Levin and brother Clyde Helms on "why not to do it this way." And if you hung around very long, you'd find romantic impulses with Jim Tucking (of "Dear John fame"), and perhaps Johnny Parker, who'd never admit he even looks at a gal. We have other features, too . . . Bill Phillips with his handle-bar Hank cookie duster, floor mop, and swab combination mussy . . . like Al Cooperman, the plank owner who actually thought he had the plank coming to him, and tried to rob the flight deck accordingly . . . like Chief L. A. Cumbie, whose most ambitious assignment seems to be worked up around things like scrapbooks, books such as this you are reading. Speaking of Chiefs, one cannot forget the Wizard of the screwdriver, Pete Iversen, who could take five thousand parts from one camera, and then make it work better by putting back one thousand. Chief, too. Jack (Jocko) Lobb, who used to gather us in his folds and explain the facts of life intermixed with the facts of Navy procedure and practice; and . . . Sherwood Kennedy, the guy, the only guy in fact with a plate of dill pickles every morning for breakfast.

Yes, we boasted the keenest bunch of Asiatic Photographers the Pacific has ever seen. The proof will be found with a glance at those photos these same guys (gone Asiatic) have gathered together for your interest. With due affection, we bring to your attention the front page boys of the future . . . Schultz, Summers, Arthur, men of the polished lens.

High in our estimation our photographic officers; presented on the Photo Lab Stage in order of appearance. Lt. Leslie H. Johnson, Lt. Wm. J. Dunn, Jr., and Lt. F. L. Williamson. In closing, it is agreed, if we had it to do over again, we'd like it with the same bunch of shutterbugs we had aboard our "Lady" during that war against the Empire of Japan.



PHOTO-LAB





THIS IS CIC

. . . . "SAY AGAIN"

Presenting an accurate description of C.I.C. is impossible. This chamber, or bogey-locker, is made up of complicated gadgets and more complicated characters.

Let us look in on C.I.C. (Confused Information Center) on a typical strike day. A dozen "squawk-boxes," innumerable radio loudspeakers and LT. COMDR. BALLINGER are causing a din of no small proportions. Simultaneously, LT. "TRUCK" DELLINGER is informing CLARK in Air Plot that a certain blank plane has no blank flaps, LT. SYD HAMILTON is rendering his inimitable version of Tommy Dorsey's trombone and LT. HAUGH is explaining diet control to LOCKHART. Grouped about the horizontal disposition board are BETTIS, GREGG, McCLUNG, BEERY, ROLFES, ELLIS and McGEHEE. "I'll open for ten." "Raise you five," etc., etc. Suddenly TYSON reports a bogey. COFOJOHN claims it's friendly and LOPEZ, NICHOLAS and STAINER evaluate the contact as a cloud. It is decided to intercept. The bogey is closing the formation bearing 270° seventy miles. LT. "CACTUS JACK" MALLOY gives his CAP, stationed over base, a vector of 140° and the bogey is eventually splashed by ship's gun-fire just off our port bow.



Of interest is the IJS circuit over which vital messages are transmitted throughout the ship. The most vitally important messages are those which usually identify the talker even without voice recognition. For example: "That's all I hear—empty the G.I. can," would be NEWMAN. McCORKLE would be heard chiming in with, "That's the damndest point system I ever heard of." There are others like GLAVIC'S "I don't know whether to get married or buy a motorcycle" and ESCHEVERRIA'S "Interrogatory relief?"



"Say again, you were garbled" from anyone to NELSON and "Why in Hell don't you listen, WEBB?" are heard frequently.

Night watches usually bring forth the crooners. Number one on the hit parade is CANNING'S rendition of "When You Wore a Tulip" with JIM WINGATE and BILL WOLF doing "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet," running a close second.

Compartment chatter usually begins with TAYLOR crawling out of his sack murmuring "If I had fourteen more hours of sleep it still wouldn't be enough." This followed by HAUFF'S standard answer to the mail question, "Youse guys will getcher mail as soon as it gits aboard, now git off me ear!" and LEGG'S denouncement of the guy who is always telling us to keep out all lights on the hangar deck. You can always catch TERRY confiding to LT. (J.G.) FREEAR and LT. (J.G.) SKAER "When I get this Navy organized, the first place I'll clean out is C.I.C."; THOMPSON singing "Oh, She Shook and She Wobbled"; HARRY PRINCE still claiming he pulled "BEACHCOMBER" GERES out of the bay at Samar and the seemingly ceaseless Texas-California feuds between WHITE, BRAND, CRANE and SKINNER, ROMERO and HAMER. KESSLER'S "Where's that RAD II book?" after having just made third class won him the vote of "most likely to succeed."

At almost any time, night or day, "MOOSE" MOORE may be found on the prowl for hotfoot victims and "COMDR." WEBER perusing KLIPSTEN'S art gallery.

Sweetest words department: "That raid has been evaluated friendly" . . . "Bogey splashed" . . . "LT. BRANDT has just ordered toast and coffee" (The latter always producing an exuberant "O'Boy!" from HANSEN)

Sounds in the night department: LT. "PICKET PETE" PETERSON, the Pontiac purveyor, over the Flag circuit, "Yes sir, Yes sir, Yes sir!" . . . LAWSON, the Arkansas traveler, singing "Ring Dang Doo" . . .

"CHICK" McGUINN arguing with anyone about anything . . . CHANDLER'S corny harmonica tunes . . . DICKENSON'S philosophical "got no hair but I don't care" . . . "BUBBLES" CAW and "CISCO KID" NEMMERS wondering "What's for chow?" . . . "GRUESOME" GRISSOM'S garrulous narrations . . . the "Bucket-sitters"—PHILLIPS, JOHNSON, CARTER, LINDSAY, FRENCH, FORNEY, HANDLER, BOVEE, MALINEMI, CRESS and ELLIOTT vociferously discussing current events. . . .

Newcomers to the herd include Lieutenants HENDERSON and ZEPP, Ensign CURRIER and the Messrs. ROERDOMP, DOBIJA and HOWE.

Thus ends the "Saga of Kamikaze Center" or "Why War Was Hell for the Average Radarman and CIC Officer."



SYNTHETIC TRAINING

V3T was in charge of all 16MM Training and Educational films and Special Devices. Our film library included a complete line of films covering the various parts of the ship, showing how they operated and how to repair and prevent breakdowns, as well as educational and general interest films. In addition we showed all Gun Camera Shots to air group Commanders and Pilots as soon as they were developed by the Photo Lab.

Special Devices included a Mark 51 director for training of ships' gunners; a free gun trainer that helped developed bomber rear seat men and made the pilot proud to have them along on dangerous missions, and made it possible for these planes to return and keep returning from many missions; a Mock turret trainer for the gunners of the torpedo planes, who through endless hours of training developed a keenness that was necessary to make a good crew complete. These crewmen were ever determined to learn as well as improve their skill. We enjoyed all our time spent with them. The Unit consisted of only four men. They were Howard Humphrey (Hump for short), Petty Officer in charge of the unit. He came from Des Moines, Iowa, and previous to volunteering for service was



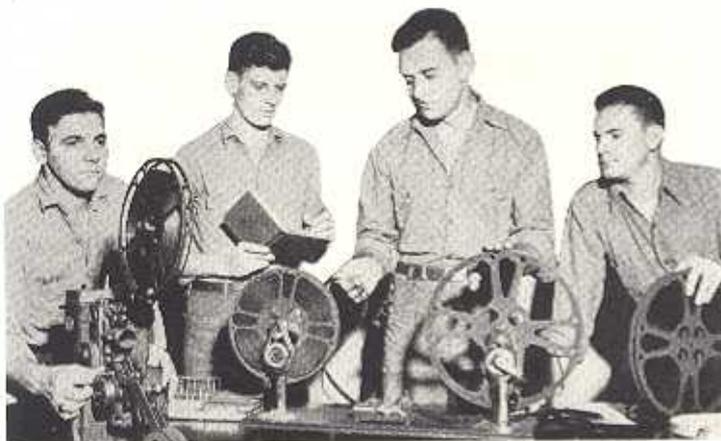
a Police Officer and a Salesman. His duties were to see that as many as possible were given an opportunity to improve themselves in their particular duties, order film and supplies and lookout for the best interest of the men of the Unit.

Herman Brizendine (Briz for short) came from Benton Harbor, Michigan. Before entering the service he worked on the B24 assembly line at the Willow Run Bomber Plant. He was the right hand man of the unit second in charge and carried on the above duties in the absence of the leading petty officer. He was also a Special Device instructor willingly filling in wherever necessary, and in charge of maintenance of machines.

Donald Nigrelli (Nig for short). Before volunteering for service, he worked for Carnegie Steel, connected with the Transportation Dept.

Eddie Bilyeu (Lefty for Short). From Shelbyville, Missouri. Who drove a semi on long distance hauling for Farmers Exchange, Inc.

The latter two were Projection men whose duties were to show the 16MM training films as requested. They could be seen lugging heavy machines (if they couldn't get any one else to carry them) to all parts of the ship, at all hours, often late at nite, trying to build the morale of Pilots and Crew previous to a rough assignment the following day. Much credit must be given to these boys for their willingness and cooperation in making it possible for many to obtain further training in their particular duties as well as a little relaxation.



V-4



LT. COMDR. WILSON, U.S.N.R.
Division Officer

At long last! . . . When V-J Day finally came, this Division had five yeomen aboard who were among the original crew of the YORKTOWN—Plank Owners in other words. They were Audesse, that Ball o' Fire and Field Day King; Smith, fat and happy, who left us to return to wife and fire-side; Daniels, the curly-headed Hill-billy from Tennessee; that griper super-grade, Zachrewicz, who really could put out the work, and who also left us for Stateside duty; and last, but by no means least, Gehrlein, our politician with the glad hand and ready smile that always seemed to get him to the head of the Chow and Geedunk line.

Also with us on that happy day were such comparative newcomers to the crew—five to fourteen months—as Langman (purveyor of Scuttlebutt), Frick, Dompierre (the shirtless wonder), and “Chicken” Nehrkorn, “The Flash.” Then there was Craggs, “the elderly banker type.” He and Langman were soon on their way back to their homes and wives in the States—Langman to raise frogs of all things. The MAA spot was then taken over by Walker, another Plank Owner and a good guy to have around whatever the occasion.

Gone back to other assignments before Victory came—but certainly NOT repeat NOT forgotten were Chief “Pete” Federspiel, Rheinhold—known as “Stinky,” “Old Man” Henshall, Behne and Murphy. These and many others were at one time or another numbered among the Airedale Yeomen or Feather Merchants. We sweated it out together, both in the Office and on our Battle Stations—Primary Fly, Secondary Fly, Repair Stations, Air Plot teletype and wherever a good man was needed.

What will Peace bring? Well, we're all ready and willing to take our chances there. Maybe “The Plan of the Day” will tell us about that too. . . .



LANDING SIGNALS

All in a day's work was the landing of the three Marine pilots from Air Group 33 who were operating with VMF-312 at Katena airfield, Okinawa, when they became lost on May 1, 1945.

These Marine pilots, lost, sent



L. S. O's; Lt. (jg) Tripp, Lt. E. M. Volz; Lt. (jg) J. E. Cozzens and first arresting gear officer Lt. (jg) Angelo Peccianti.



Lt. I. F. Spaulding "accepts one in."



Spatter Peacock and Talker Dumphy.



"Approach, speed and altitude OK," says Lt. "Red" Volz—McKiernan, AMM 3/c, agrees.



"Talking it over," Lt. (jg) Cozzens and Lt. (jg) Swengenger of Bombing 3.



Farewell party for Lt. "Red" Volz, USN, after Marianas operations.

out an emergency call which was picked up by YORKTOWN radar and radio which vectored them into the task group. None of the Marine pilots had ever landed aboard a carrier before and only one had ever tried flying to the signals of an L.S.O. in assimilated carrier landings on land. YORKTOWN radio fixed that by shifting control to a radio unit previously installed at landing signals aft thus permitting the L.S.O. to talk to the pilots direct and instead of using visual signals use verbal. (Lt. (jg) Cozzens handled the radio and talked the pilots around the landing pattern. Lt. L. F. Spaulding picked them up with the paddles on the crossleg and by combination of visual and verbal signals the pilots came in the rest of the way. The first plane piloted by 2nd Lt. Ken Dodson was too low on gas to go the traditional pattern and came in from starboard rather than port landing with only 5 gallons of gas and using only one-half the R.P.M.'s used in a standard carrier approach. All pilots landed safely and with no damage to their planes.



L. to R.: Major Leo F. Tatro, Commander MacPherson, Lt. Commander "Pappy" Harshman, 2nd Lt. Ken Dodson, Lt. (jg) Jim Cozzens, Lt. L. F. Spaulding, and 1st Lt. Allen Kruezerberger.



"Spotter and Talker" J. W. Brummitt, S I/c, and R. O. Willard, S I/c.



"Too High," "Hazy" Cozzens and Talker Dunphy.



Lt. (jg) F. L. Williamson, Asst. from June, 1945, gives a "Roger."



"Standing By," Lt. L. F. Spaulding Asst. and L.S.O. from August, 1944, to Sept., 1945.



"Lookin' Purty" Lt. (jg) "Dog" Tripp, Asst. and L.S.O. from commissioning thru April, 1945.



"Stripped for Action," Lt. (jg) "Hazy" Cozzens, Asst. and L.S.O. from May, 1944.

SAGA OF THE YORKTOWN

Men have sung the song of battle
In the deathless lore of war,
Of fighting men and wanderers of the sea;
Of Brandywine and Lexington
And sad Corregidor,
Of Dewey and of Lafayette and Lee.

There's the famous Lost Battalion
And the Flying Dutchman tale;
There's the valor of the gallant Light Brigade;
There's the hole of Black Calcutta;
There were deeds in days of sail,
And the words they wrote in history never fade.

You can have your Ancient Mariners
And Flying Dutchie Men,
The cloud-hauled ghostly galleons of yore,
For I sing another saga
Of the missing See-V-Ten,
And the legendary company she bore.

She was built of steel and timber,
Of lives, of blood and tears,
And she sailed unfinished out of Norfolk's ken,
Heading straight for the Pacific
With an Indian terrific
Belching smoke and oaths and orders to his men.

She was seen not long thereafter
In the River of the Pearl,
Where her fly-men tried their wings above the foam:
Then she slipped off down the channel
With her petticoats aswirl,
Just like any trollop running off from home.

In the years that followed after
She was seen around the ocean,
At Marcus, Wake and many another isle;
And they say the men on-board her
Had a funny sort of notion
They were going to turn back homeward after while.

There are mystics in Hawaii
Who stir fortune-teller brew
And deal with ghosts and spirits on the sky,
And they claim that during Kona
When the wind is wet with dew
They can hear the "York" men puffing through the sky.

And beyond on the horizon
They can see a form ride low,
And hear the wheezy grinding of her gears,
But no answer greets their hail
From the old men at the rail,
And when the dawn comes up she disappears.

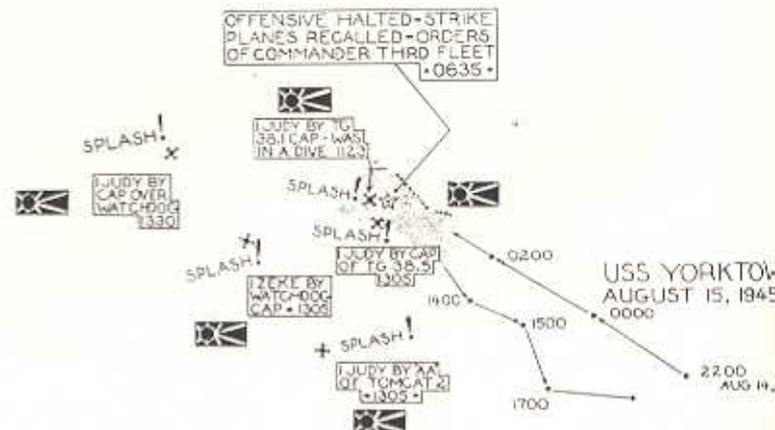
There were yellow men on Kwajalein,
And monkeys up at Truk,
Who saw the ship's old bird men through the flak,
As they winged through any weather
Babbling strange words all together:
"Tally Ho Ack! Tally Ack Ack! Tally Ack!"

They were bearded, gaunt and shaggy
And their whiskers rode the breeze
Like the brooms of ancient witches 'cross the moon:
All their fly suits whipped in tatters
As they'd slap their bony knees
Crying: "Yoicks! We're going to 'Frisco pretty soon."

But they never came to 'Frisco,
Though their wives and sweethearts wait,
Old and feeble, staunch and faithful to the last.
You can see them peering daily
Out beyond the Golden Gate
Where the ships of all the nations flicker past.

But not the phantom carrier,
Not the See-V-Ten
Who scuds the far blue reaches with her crew;
Though some prophets swear they'll see her
Creeping homeward once again,
Probably in 1952.

New York Times War Correspondent.
GEORGE F. HORNE.





COMMUNICATIONS



Lt. Comdr. Peter D. Joers, U.S.N.

THERE ARE many splendid pictures in this book, and they do tell a story. They show, more vividly than words, our life on board a carrier. They give a pictorial account of our crowded days, the bitter moments of combat, our superb record of achievement, our moments of relaxation. Turning these pages, you can form a mental picture of many aspects of our life as we carried the war across the Pacific to ultimate victory.

It may be that the camera cannot lie, but it is equally evident that it cannot tell all the truth. No mechanical eye can record what goes on in the heart of man. No picture can recount how each man met the crisis of battle; how each bore the long months of separation; how each resolved the doubts that stirred his soul. You can look out over the sea, and note the color of its waters, the lashing of its waves, and the sun's reflection on its smiling spray; but you cannot see beneath its surface nor plumb its depths. Neither can a camera gauge what each man thought and felt in action, nor can it find the source of his strength that permitted him to go on.

That a man needs strength in battle is a commonplace, observed by all who have witnessed war. That a man needs the sustaining power of faith in trial is a fact of experience. Action is only the surface reflection of ideas, and in the long run a man acts as he thinks. A man can act courageously, only as long as he finds sources of power within; he can follow a difficult path only as long as his mind has grasped its need, and his spirit is lifted to its challenge.

It is a matter of pride to the Yorktown that thousands of its men sought their strength in God. From the time of her commissioning, divine services were held each day on board, and men found stimulus to action in the religion of their choice. It was not merely combat religion, for while they went to church in battle, they went in equal numbers in time of quiet. The camera does not reveal the energy and faith they found, but the men you see in the planes and on the guns will attest the power they derived from the Source of All.

LT. COMDR. J. N. MOODY,
Chaplain, U.S.N.R.

K-R

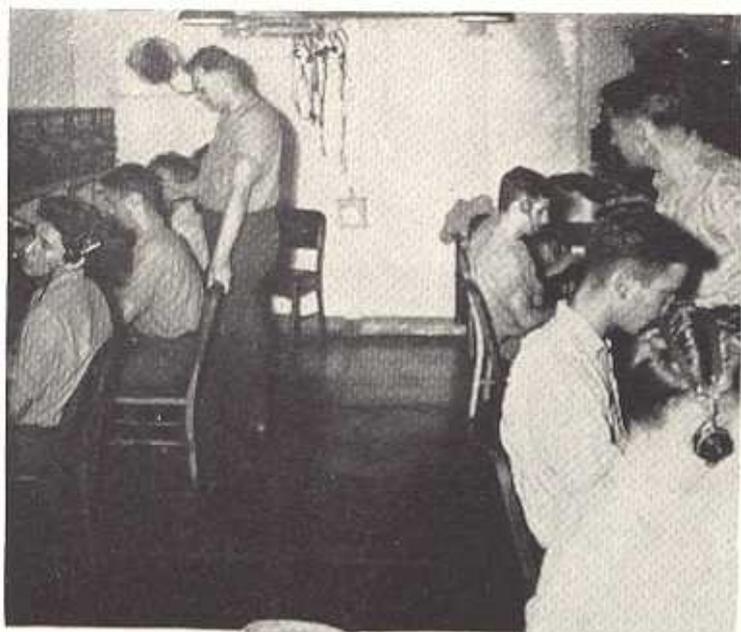


Officers of the Communication Department

Front Row: Lt. Wollgast, Lt. (jg) Rasner, Lt. (jg) Rose, Lt. Comdr. Joers, Communication Officer Lt. (jg) Berrien, Ens. Auger, Lt. (jg) Saul. Second Row: Ens. Cooper, Lt. (jg) Wille, Lt. Points, Ens. Keene, Lt. (jg) Schwemin, Ens. Williams, Ens. McIntosh.



First Row, L. to R.: Sprinkle, Rothenberger, Kinderauter, Thibodeaux, Rogalsky, Fidler, Canfield, Snyder, Davidson, Boniface, Cole, Paolucci, Turano, Knievel, Wamble, Weaver. Second Row: Thornton, Frieß, Berry, Postlethwaite, Schiefelbein, Rowe, Inman, Tecco, Vega, Sergeant, Bishop, Saunders, Vergari. Third Row: Lt. H. Points, Lt. (jg) R. G. Rasner (Division Officer); Myers, Sartelle, Schwartz, Tindall, Fry, Kohnitz, Smith, Bergum, Wilking, Wehrman, Braun, Groene, Sheckells, Perry, Lt. (jg) L. O. Rose, Ens. C. E. Howes. Rear: Cox, Nelson.



Through their headphones and key fingers passed the intelligence which permitted the Yorktown to stay "Ahead of the Pack" as a real fighting ship.



K-S



"Standby your bag"



"Standby to write"



*"The three S's—
semaphore—spotting
—sighting"*



"Steady Dash"



"FLAGS—SIGNAL GANG"

Standing:

Gibbons
Mannier
Kefgen
Johnston
Ens. McIntosh
Joyeusaz
Lt. (jg) Wille
Ens. Keene

Posata
Smith
Hill
Wood

Second Row:

Craig
Dunnire
Shaffer

Brunelik
Bettendorf
McAliece
Mawhinney
Hunter

First Row:

Gorman
Cooper

Boudreau
Eller
Bridgewater
Bassham
Williams
McCaffery

Absentees:

Bradley

Bryant
Cody
Coger
Hertel
Kerls
Leathers
Martin
O'Donnell

DIVISION KT

Division KT is quite new on this ship;
It was formed on the 1st of July;
Before this, technicians were in separate groups,
Here is how they combined and just why:

The radar technicians were under the rule,
Of White and his V3R crowd;
While the radio techs formed a part of KR,
In both cases the "chipping" was loud.

Besides this, the bureau in Washington thought
That the techs should comprise one division
And be able to service all gears on the ship,
so, of course, we obeyed their decision.

And now we've been holding divisional school,
Giving all a much needed review;
Electronics, in general, make up the course,
With reviews of each separate gear, too.

It's time for a sketch of the men in our group.
The officers number just three:
Messrs. Wollgast and Williams and Schwemin they are,
(Lieutenant, an Ensign, "J.G.")

Mr. Wollgast, the head of Division KT,
Came here through the gunnery "route":
During war he kept peace in a wild "C.I.C.,"
While we'd fix any gear that went "out."

Mr. Williams, who joined us a short time ago
(And can play a darn good game of bridge),
Has charge of our radar. And really enjoys
Getting field changes on in a whiz.

Mr. Schwemin is boss of the radio gear,
Side interests are "Gismos" and chess;
He changes some circuits, and adds neon tubes,
Then can "see" the sets working, I guess.

Chief Fertig (our CRT) now is discharged,
At bridge he, too, played very well;
California he spoke of with vigor and zest,
As though it were something to sell.

In this he found aid from a few of the techs,
Who hail also from that great State;
"Pete," "Buck," and Boltz, only to mention a few,
Kept up the talk at a great rate.

And now let us visit the tech's "ready rooms."
We will, first, go to radar room five;
The radar techs hang out here waiting for calls,
You would swear those two there aren't alive:

It's just Johnson and Derick, and they're both asleep,
You get used to them after a while;
And to Beardsley, who studies so long and so hard,
On instruction books out of our file.

A bridge game's in progress, the going is rough,
"Pete" and Frank just went down by two tricks;
Now the Chief and "Buc" Rogers indulge in a grin,
Minutes later they're, too, in a fix.

Mr. Williams and Quinn often join in the game,
If we jerk Quinn away from his drawing.
Friend Boltz just came in from his place up above,
(He and "Hungry" kill much time there jawing;

Or sleeping, depending on which suits them best.)
We know what it is he is after,
As he grabs up a handful of new GLG's
We give out a big round of laughter.

If you're looking for Janis, you might as well quit,
It is seldom he's ever around,
Now it's Wachter and Nachtigall trying to start,
(If a few other players are found),

On a game name of poker, if Tony is sure,
That the log book is right up to date.
And here's "Step" who's the boy with the wide toothless
grin,
Since he spit out his front partial plate.

That just about covers the radar five group.
Now we move on to radio two:
Here's Fritz handing Draher a bit of his "line,"
And Allyn with nothing to do.

Duvall's reading up on a new piece of gear,
While Sprout is asleep on the deck;
But Vostrejs and Young left here some time ago,
"Bugs Bunny" had need of a tech:

"Check the TBS-one and the TBS-three,"
"They don't sound so hot," so he said;
They looked hard as heck, but no trouble was there,
As before, it was all in his head.

Berman is busily writing a chit,
To draw some spare parts from below.
And Haney is combing his long, golden hair,
Which his friends (?) say is starting to go.

Harry Ohl sports a silver star there on his shirt,
He's Division KT MAA:
McDermott (and Derick) are "schooling" at Pearl,
We're expecting them back any day.

That's Fahey who's writing a letter to "Time";
He caught a mistake in their news;
Now Rhodes has the TBM working again,
It was fixed by replacing a fuse.

Our last man is Harris, he's reading right now,
He works on the VHF gear:
That covers KT. Now I hope we can all
Be civilians in less than a year.

B. E. FRANK, RT 2/c.

K-T



Top—L. to R.: Janis, Harriss, DuVall, Berman, Young, Vostrejs, Draher, Haney, Rhodes, Allyn.

Middle—L. to R.: Ensign Williams, Derick, McDermott, Fahey, Stepic, Beardsley, Quinn, Boltz, Nachtigall, Peterson, Rogers, Frank, Johnson.

Bottom—L. to R.: Chief Fertig, Oli, Fritz, Sprout, Hungerford, Wachter, Lieut. Wollgast, Lt. (jg) Schwemin.



K-Y



Captain's Office
(Standing) L. to R.: Ensign Anger, Braswell, Lt. Clifford. *(Sitting) L. to R.:* Reynolds, Hughs, Stevens, Mathews, Kelly.



Print Shop
(Standing) L. to R.: Chisholm, Williams, Kutzki, Unholz
(Squatting) Purucker



Executive Officer's Office
(Standing) L. to R.: Fisher, Flipp. *(Sitting) L. to R.:* Cunningham, Poland, Leach, Bommarito, Curnutte, McNichol, Butorac, Berggren.



Post Office
L. to R.: Harris, Huber, Stiehl, Bolden



(Standing) L. to R.:
 Ensign Flipp
 Lt. (jg) Saul
 Unholz
 Collins
 Cunningham

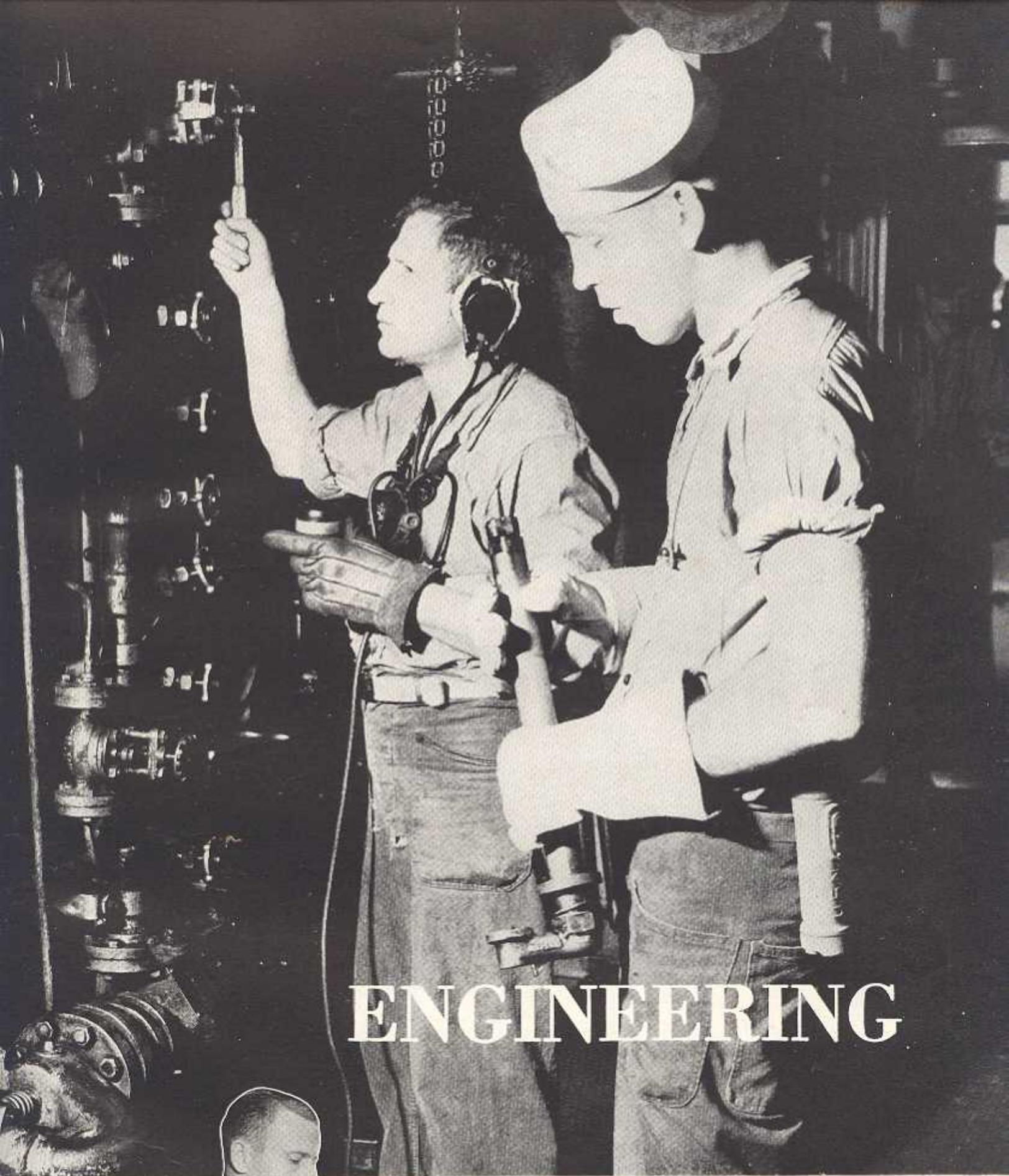
Stevens
 Braswell
 Kutzki
 Chisholm
 Dombeck
 Lt. Clifford

D'Epiro
(Kneeling) L. to R.:
 Hughs
 Poland
 Berggren

Fisher
 Mathews
 Curnutte

(Squatting) L. to R.:
 Roadman

Stiehl
 Shand
 Purucker
 Bommarito
 Hunter
 Harris



ENGINEERING



Comdr. George A. Crawford, U.S.N.



"Machine Shop gangs"



"Turbo generator gang"

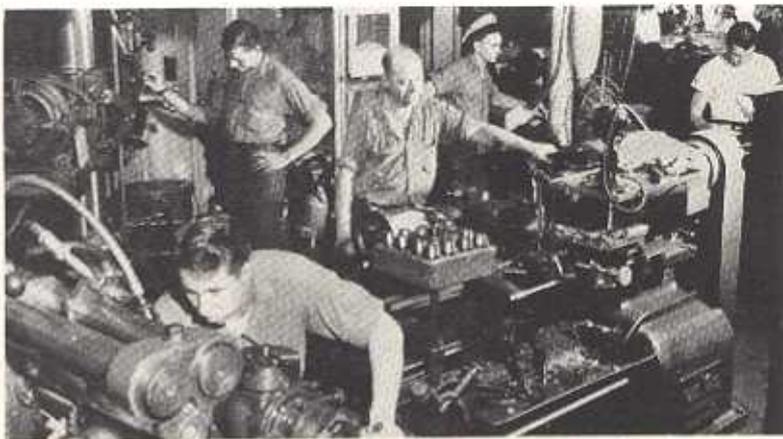
"Hydraulic and Diesel gang"



A DIV.

"A" division has its nose in just about every department on the ship. "A" stands for Auxiliaries—which is another way of saying anything mechanical that no one else handles. We are part of the engineering department, and maintain and repair a lot of machinery, that, though not directly concerned with the propulsion of the ship, is nevertheless of prime importance to the operation of the ship and the well being of all hands.

"Machine Shop Gang"



"Ice Machine Gang"



"Boat Gang"



*"Steam Heat and
Machine Shop Gangs"*

"Turbo-Generator Gang"





Sitting: Bridge, Sigworth, Boll, Holland, Johanns, Bogajczyk, Cooksey, Houser. *Kneeling:* Maxson, Manske, Zukowski, Robinson, McNeerney, Carby, Vaughn. *Standing:* Coleman, Anderson, Marquedson, Mackay, Guger, Suda, Burchard, Schnelker, Johnston, Williams, Spenser, Bodily, O'Connor, Oliver, Hudson.



Steering Gear Gang



Air Conditioning Gang



Sitting: Marshall, Dougherty, Hawkins, Phelps, Duda, Williams, Dryborough, Breski, Finch, Bowman, Oleszczuk, Turumire. *Kneeling:* Kirkham, Stevens, Shipman, VieBrooks, Henry, Baumgartner, Tuchband, Novotney, Keeney, West, Hankins, Seate, Witters, Cognato, Wright, Tucker. *Standing:* Marolda, Raimondo, Bolster, Daugherty, Burtis, Hobson, Hull, Gruett, West, Riley, Hemming, McNeerney, Boone, Siegel, Suda, Barber, Preece, Kast, Sartarocco, Massone, Hammack, Pung, Robbins.

B DIV.

It is the purpose of this piece to introduce to the majority of our shipmates the "B" or Boiler Division, and to familiarize each with the advantages to be gained by being in "B" Division. Many questions have been asked about this fine division, some of which are answered here.

1. What is the function of "B" Division?

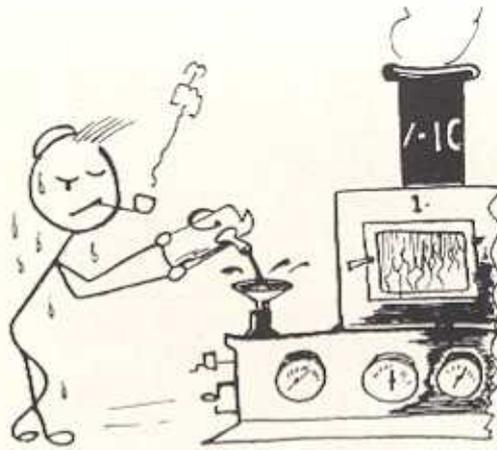
Answer

The primary function of the "B" Division is to produce smoke. A wide variety of shades are offered; a deep rich black smoke which billows from the stack is our specialty, and is very popular with the Captain and the gunnery officer. Another type is our special light brown haze, used principally for obscuring the signal officer while he is engaged in landing planes. All of our smoke is produced under expert supervision in one of our eight smoke generators or boilers as they are commonly called. Modern science has developed a method of using a by-product called steam from our smoke generators, and this is thriftily used to turn the ships' propellers.

2. What are the practical aspects of "B" Division?

Answer

Every "B" Division fireman is given an extensive three months' course in household



B. C. Ward keeping an eye on his boys



Waiting for a Zone Inspection





*"Why don't they
make up their
minds?"*

*Olter and Zepernick
keep it right on
the "Peg"*



arts, or mess cooking, as it's called in the Navy.

This fine course teaches these young men the genteel arts of food serving, proper table setting, preparation of vegetables for cooking, and care of cooking utensils. A few exceptional students are accepted for our advanced course in household cleanliness or compartment cleaning. The fact that all firemen are graduates of at least one of these courses is mute testimony to their popularity.

3. What are the health aspects of "B" Division?

Answer

Doctors have long been in agreement as to the benefits of sweat baths and the harmful effects of sunshine. Purely as a health measure all fire room personnel spend at least eight hours a day in one of our four

*Jones, Gottesman, Crombie and
Zimmerman in a Fire Room scene.*



beautiful fire rooms. These fire rooms are scientifically steam heated to a uniform temperature of 130° F., and maintained at that temperature at all times while underway. Advertisements have long proclaimed the desirability of a soft white skin. By a tacit agreement with the Air Department, flight quarters are sounded immediately should a "B" Division man unthinkingly attempt to take a sun bath. It is only by such rigid measures that the health of "B" Division has been maintained at so high a level.

4. Are there any other opportunities offered by "B" Division?

Answer

This is a question we are happy to answer, for we truly believe that no other division offers a course in Aviation Store-keeping. Every time we are in port, special groups are selected, who are actually allowed to handle the brand new spare parts of aircraft. These groups sometimes spend as much as 18 to 24 hours in this delightful endeavor and literally wear themselves out by their unbounded enthusiasm.

"Watch your steam pressure"



*S. D. Cooksey
testing that
foodwater*



E DIV.



This is the gang that . . .



FIRST SECTION

L. to R.: Front Row: Erickson, Thorpe, CEM N. H. Handfield, Elect. J. M. Owen, DeSalvor, CEM E. Lavallee, Suslowicz, Visel. Second Row: Stanard, Parks, Lubben, Wiltshire, Geisler, McKee, Hughes, Rogers. Third Row: Berg, Miodowski, Eubanks, Mohat, South, Moluski, Lopez, Moody, Meador, Merkle, Sanders, Carder. Fourth Row: CEM H. F. Syfrett, Reiss, Rittman, Slegus, Waymire, March, Miller, Maron, Malok, Benedict, Simpson, Kennel, CEM A. E. Gallman.



... keeps the I. C. equipment in shape



A sight seldom seen



SECOND SECTION

L. to R.: Front Row: Warren, Zivney, Ludeman, Ross, Reed, Macciario, Meysenberg. Second Row: Gray, Ulliman, Murphy, Weber, Lt. W. E. Renn, Jr., Evans, Wimberly, Meador, St. Louis, Borzick. Third Row: Lt. (jg) D. A. Case, Greim, Whetham, Lewis, Preece, Thomas, Carr, Hornback, Johnson, Donahue, Jones, Meyerhardt, Ch. Elect. Hodges.



A busy watch on number two.



More shop work.



Y' can't work without the tools.



THIRD SECTION

L. to R.: Front Row: H. A. Zepeda, J. A. Matheson, L. E. Beason, L. R. Critchfield, C. H. Wahl, J. J. Lucid, G. Melnik, F. B. Green, T. Dragoo, C. D. Merlino, H. F. Bryant. Second Row: R. H. Goodwin, W. W. Guddeck, T. H. Johnston, L. W. Puckett, Lt. (jg) F. E. Kawalerowski, B. Mikalausky, E. C. Hargraves, M. J. Johnson, R. T. Ritchie, R. J. Cook, T. C. Albertson. Third Row: CEM H. E. Wisznieski, R. A. Ellis, P. F. Foley, K. W. Talbott, R. H. Peterson, W. E. Smith, CEM S. Vosicka, F. H. Coyne, J. D. Lindle, G. C. Mooney, J. H. Westerfield, CEM J. M. Moore.

M DIV.



Mach. R. B. Stevens, Lt. (jg) A. C. McQuigg, Jr., Comdr. G. A. Crawford, Lt. (jg) A. P. Gillis, Ch. Mach. H. E. Brouner.



"Dirty, isn't it?"



Taking it easy on the Mid



FORWARD ENGINE ROOM

L. to R.: Front Row: Cummins, McKellar, Kolecki, Akins, Ward, Jacob, Ciesielczyk, Messuri, Kennedy, Kelly, Blincoc. Middle Row: Mikinski, Bond, Shea, Kloos, Kavanaugh, Conway, Harris, Thompson, McMillan, Kopp, Crumrine. Back Row: Lt. (jg) A. P. Gillis, CMM P. C. Boreevkas, Zachrich, Preusser, Kwaitkowski, Swink, Franklin, Anderson, Alsteam, Hudgens, Garrison, Jones, Terak, CMM F. K. Wetherald, Ch. Mach. H. E. Brouner.



the gang, complete with Joe-pot



"Y'see, this piece fits . . ."



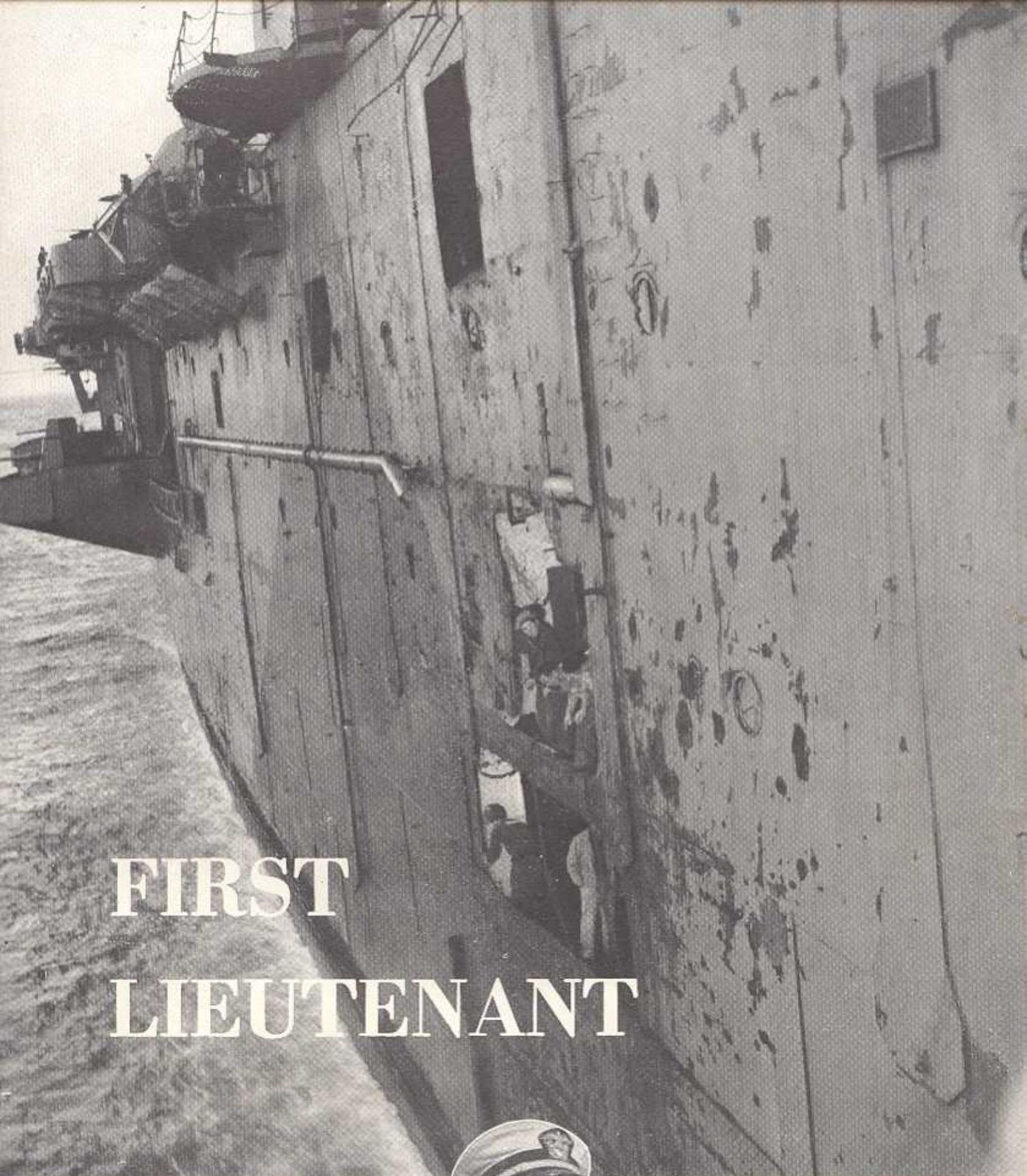
Full speed astern

*Too much sun
for an engineer*



AFTER ENGINE ROOM

L. to R.: Front Row: Fischel, Suder, Black, Skinner, Gorman, Bailey, Kruger, Pearson, Hollywood, Westbrook. Middle Row: Bianconi, Schue, Henderson, Prosser, Avelson, Woodruff, Murphy, Pelaez, Alexander, Hresko, Suniga. Back Row: Lt. (jg) A. C. McQuigg, CMM St. C. Bailey, Smith, Hardin, Ashlock, Schuldt, Wyrick, Boudreau, Gudbranson, Godfrey, Caldwell, Czechowski, Kauffelt, Bruner, CMM W. Peters, Mach. R. R. Stevens.



FIRST LIEUTENANT



Lt. Comdr. Ross E. Rathburn, U.S.N.



The Shipfitter Shop hums on non-strike days to keep the ship in fighting shape.



Carpenters and Shipfitters collaborate to renew our hook-weary flight deck.



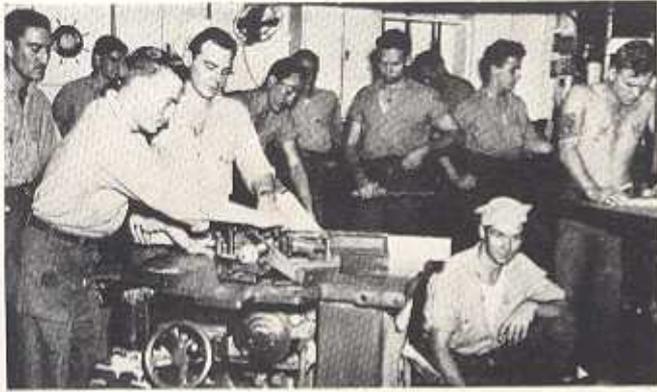
The damage Control Gang regularly tackled their duties with good humor.

C and R

Is the deck drain clogged? Do you need a new metal locker? Is your "head" stopped up? Would you like a beautiful mahogany cabinet, or cruise box (and who didn't after those bargaining days in Yokosuka)? Are the fire-main valves frozen? If so, your first move is to get the R-1 Division, as everyone on the ship knows, only too well. No leak too small, no hole too large, as was found out on *that* day, 18 March 1945.

This in short is the daily routine job of the R-1 Division which is officially known as the Construction and Repair Department. But we've been called everything: take your choice of the printable ones: First Lieutenant's crew, Dam. Con. gang (the spelling's correct), Hull boys (again, that's the right vowel).

Whatever we're called, and whatever the hour, to keep the ship in a seaworthy state is the aim and the division has done a fine



Elbow-grease and machinery combine to turn out the Carpenter's jobs.



Reports and paper work never got the best of our Office Staff.



Ready and eager to let go the hook at the Bosn's Signal for a few days' stay in port.

Air conditioning made damage control watch standing slightly less drudgery.



job of reaching that goal. The long periods of operation with a minimum of equipment breakdown is infallible proof.

There's the Shipfitter Shop where the welders, plumbers and sheetmetal workers are going steadily in order to stay even with the job orders . . . with just an occasional break for a cup of coffee from the largest "Joe-pot" in any Mess aboard. Then there's the Carpenter Shop with its array of pin-ups just to make working a pleasure, at least on the eyes. The Damage Control Gang are busy keeping the fire-fighting equipment in good condition—and at long last they have a shack of their own to work from. The fresh Water King and his men have their hands full, keeping the critical supply of fresh water under control . . . and shifting tanks just when everyone is all soaped up and ready for the rinse.

The colorful scoreboard recording the mighty efforts of the "Lady" against the Nips is just one evidence of the work of the men in the Paint Locker. The oft-remarked cleanliness of our ship is due in no small measure to their shop. And lots of credit to the boys in the CO₂ Transfer Shack, who so conscientiously maintained the vital fire-extinguishers, working with scales and cylinders in their fantail "rumble seat." The

sailmakers had their part in varied jobs, from tarpaulin covers to protect the guns to "kumshaw" sun-bathing mats.

There's always someone who doesn't get the word" . . . and the "Sheriffs" of the R-2 division are soon on their trail. Aided and abetted by the Police Petty Officers of each division, whose familiar "Out of your sack, Mac," is one of the ten best ways not to start the day right, the Masters-at-Arms supervise the execution of ship's orders and keep the chow lines running smoothly. Woe to him who caused the "Gestapo" to get "on the trail."

And just to prove C&R has everything: athletic gear to keep us in shape is in the hands of the Specialist "A," who took his exercise on the bass fiddle—and really beat it out. Finally, we can't overlook the Yeoman staff in the First Lieutenant's Office who truly do "yeoman work" in keeping us straight in administrative matters.

All in all, it's a well-rounded outfit, this C&R department and deserving of lots of credit for doing a 4.0 job on a fighting ship.



The Division Police Petty Officers known for three months as Eager Beavers.



The latest scuttlebutt on an early return to the states always fell on eager ears.

Food, sleep and movies, all in good order, thanks to the direction of the men with badges.

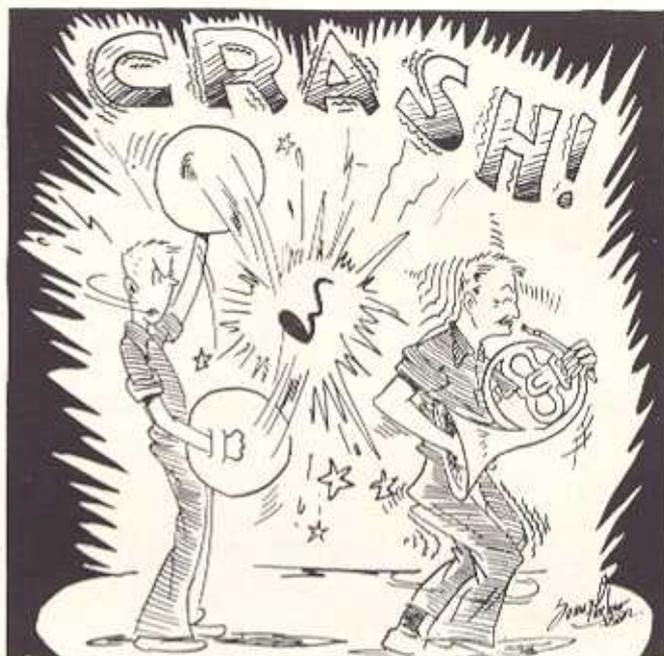


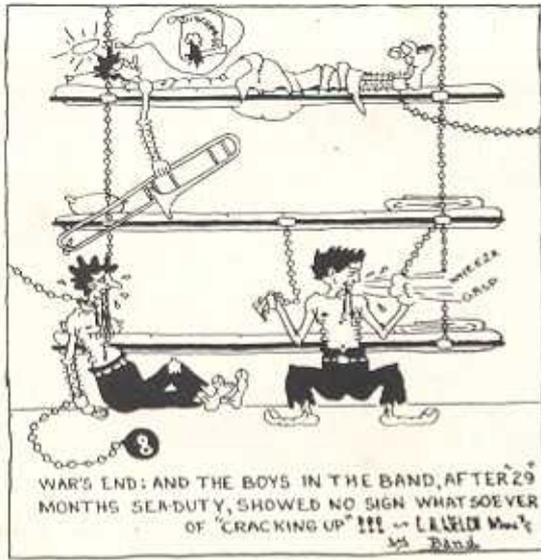
BAND

The YORKTOWN'S "plank - owning" Band deserves a lot of credit for its willingness to pick up instruments at any time and deal out a bit of entertainment and for the conscientious manner in which each member applied himself to the more serious task of winning the War at his battle station. However, their long-held ambition to play in the Emperor's imperial palace was stymied and the Band was transferred to the United States shortly after the close of hostilities for a much needed rest with only this one wish unfulfilled.

The original Band was organized at the Newport News Receiving Station from men drawn from all parts of the country. They came aboard, twenty-seven strong, on April 14, 1943, and played officially for the first time at the commissioning ceremony. Real-

"NEAR MISS"





izing the need for something more than military music the group immediately organized a swing band which functioned at the pre-movie periods, recreation parties and smokers whenever the exigencies of combat permitted. The kingpins of these sessions of jam and jive were Frannie King, Johnnie Prebucki, and "Spud" McClain, with "Spud" and Johnnie contributing many original arrangements. Johnny Hires supplied the rhythm on the snares and the mistreatment of the big bass fiddle came at the hands of Hayden O. Jenks, often called "funny man" for a reason never quite clear. This unit would play at the drop of a hat for the sheer love of swing and had to be dissuaded by the 4th Division from holding a session while being swung over to the destroyer which carried them on their first leg of the trip back to the States.

During the first year of YORKTOWN activity seven men, including Bandmaster L. H. Anderman, escaped the Asiatic threat through transfers to State-side duty. Sam Mandell, musician first class, then assumed charge of the band until late in 1944 when Chief Musician Reilly reported aboard at Pearl Harbor. Reilly had been in charge of the band on the U.S.S. Boston.

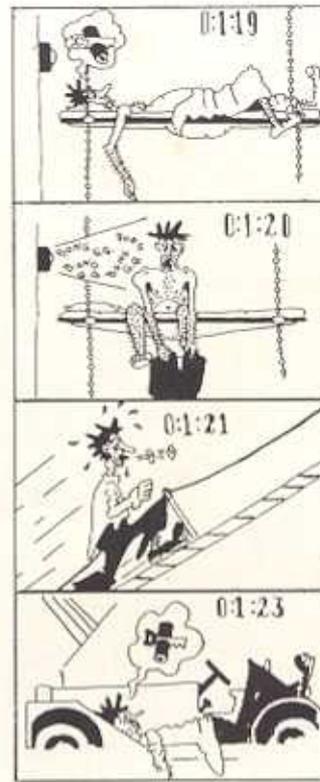
As the War drew on the Band became acquainted with "Beautiful, Beautiful Mog Mog," and many other excuses for terra firma which the Pacific had to offer. While at these important anchorages the swing band often travelled to other ships which had no band, giving concerts for the crews. Men of the U.S.S. JASON, the repair ship which bandaged a few YORKTOWN wounds after the Kyushu "incident," were

particularly grateful for the entertainment supplied by the swing band zoot-suiters. Hayden Jenks, musician second class, and Jim Roberts, musician first class, were given letters of commendation by Captain W. F. Boone, commanding officer. Roberts also received the Purple Heart for which he will always remember Kyushu.

The Band's starting line-up was as follows: L. H. Anderman, J. H. Hansen, Sam Mandell, J. H. Roberts, E. L. Dunning, W. P. Roeder, E. L. Prebucki, R. F. Huston, R. G. Salters, R. A. Allen, B. H. Hernandez, F. X. King, F. A. McClain, A. B. Davis, J. J. Blatz, R. H. Graves, W. Leyto, R. H. Sorrels, J. L. Weed, A. Chakiris, F. L. Lodge, C. H. Welch, B. R. Hartz, R. Myslivec, E. R. Hires, Ivy Le Blanc, H. O. Jenks. Anderman and Hansen were chief musicians, Mandell was musician first class, and the other men came aboard with second class ratings.

After the visit to the States in August, 1944, two new members, Joe Bird and Norman "Small" Parton, joined the Band. Parton gained fame as a politician and Wheezy Joe Bird became recognized as the man who could sleep anywhere, anytime, and in any position (yes, standing up, too). Flat-top Bird often was accused of taking his saxophone to sleep with him but Joe soon assured the boys that the nocturnal music which came from his bunk was purely the result of asthma.

Although happy to be homeward bound, when the Band members left they carried with them many memories of the YORKTOWN and the YORKTOWN retained many memories of them.

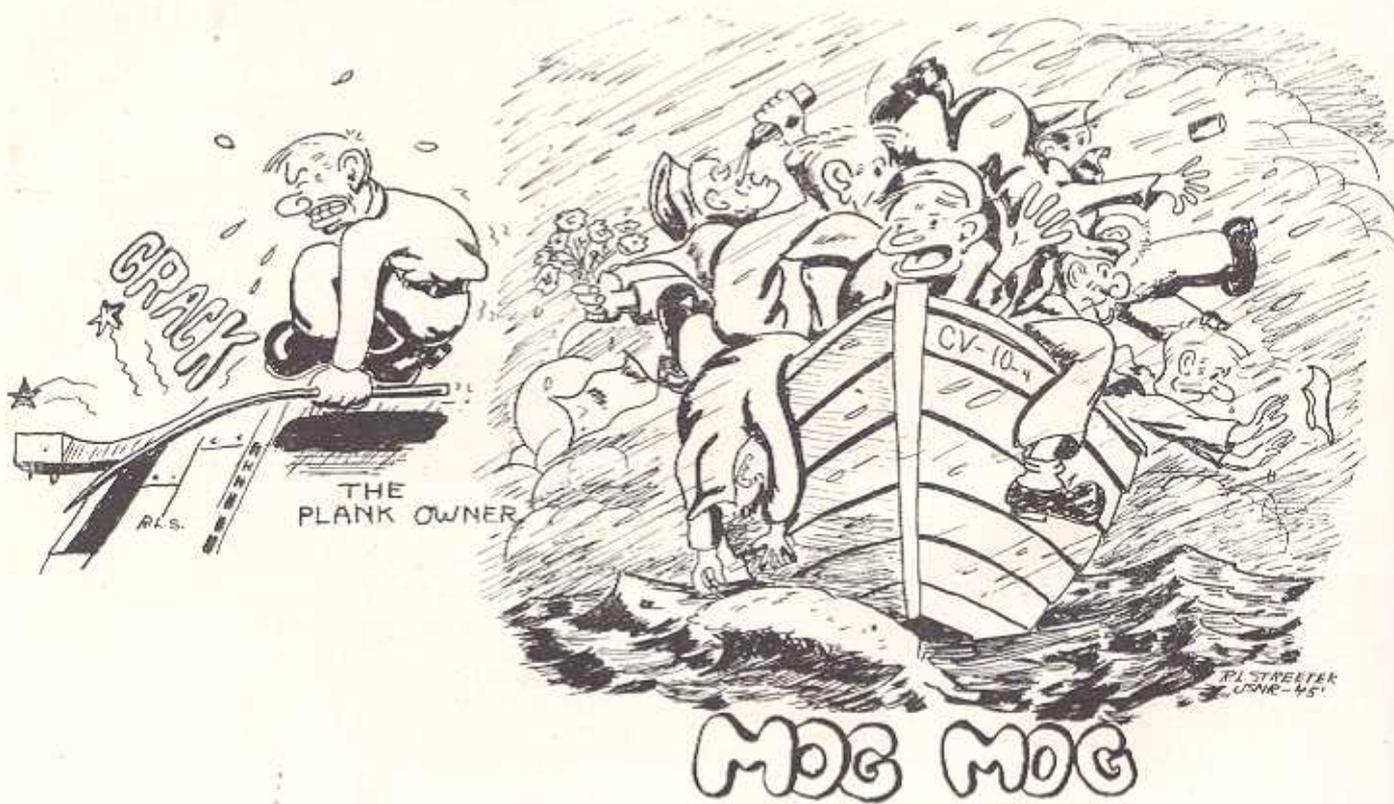


Throughout their stay on the "Yorktown" the Band was noted for their "Alacrity and Alertness"





“STAND BY FOR TARGET ASSIGNMENT”



FLAG



Below the Pilot House is a compartment into which on a strike day, Satan himself would have hesitated to enter; where gadgets on the bulkheads ceaselessly spewed forth their seemingly senseless jargon; where "squawk boxes" abruptly came to life like mechanical Rip Van Winkles to add their share to the mounting decibels; and where the calmest person was as fidgety as a flagpole sitter with a boil. This was Flag Plot, the heart of the Flag, where embryonic strikes were laid, to be hatched on the Japs' front porch.

The signalmen, who stood watches on the Signal and Flag Bridges, and the Yeoman, who worked (?) in the Flag Office, ACI and Operations all eagerly looked forward to fueling days (it says here). How such a small group of men could get so fouled up on such short notice in the limited space of one ship is beyond comprehension, but they did, Brother; they did. It was commonplace to see the Signalmen and Yeomen talking to themselves on a fueling day. The Yeomen however were worse afflicted—they answered back.





Yeomen



Radio Mechanics



*Quartermasters
and Signalmen*



Marines

The radio gang stood watches in the "shack" where they augmented the ship's men. "Stand Watches" is a gross exaggeration. Their natural state was at all times ninety degrees from the vertical, and, believe it or not, they alone could catch up on eight hours' sleep on a six-hour watch.

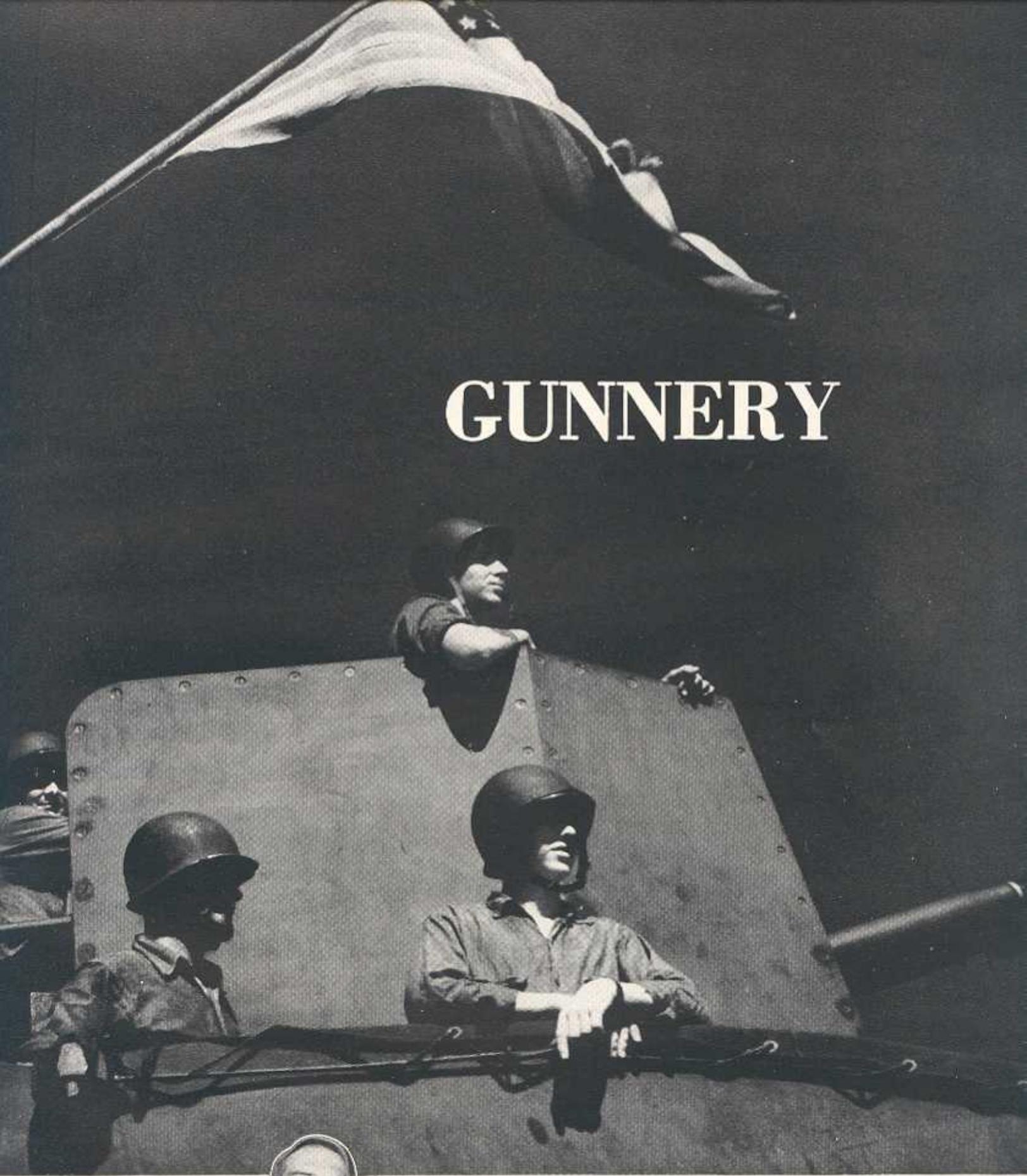
The Flag Quartermaster's work really wasn't too difficult—it merely being necessary to keep six plot boards and the log plotted with up-to-the-minute information; answer two phones which rang constantly; keep the "Staff Watch Officers" posted and somehow fight their way through the crowds of officers that collected in Flag Plot.

The Marines' duties were two-fold. They manned the guns and were orderlies to the Admiral and Chief-of-Staff. They composed the only group in the Flag who could run the gauntlet of the "chow line" three times and still hoist themselves up a ladder. Cast-iron stomachs, steam shovel jaws, and no digestive system—that's a Marine.

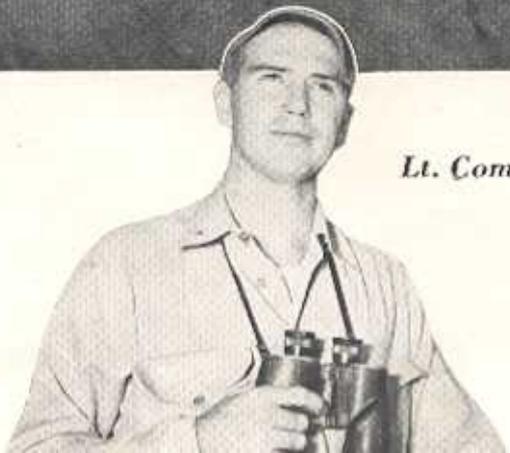
The Stewards were characterized by over-size flapping ears and a slight list to starboard, the result of trying to catch the conversations of "Staff" Officers at meal times. So adept were these men that they could listen to two "hot-dope" reports simultaneously, but how we wish they could have got it straight just once.

We finally come to the crew of the Admiral's Barge—busy men indeed in Port; but we were seldom in Port and just as quickly as we "weighed anchor" the boat crew hit their "sacks" where they could hibernate like bears—and usually did!

These men are the men of the Flag; Swell Shipmates All!



GUNNERY



Lt. Comdr. Daniel J. Garrison, U.S.N.

FIRST DIVISION

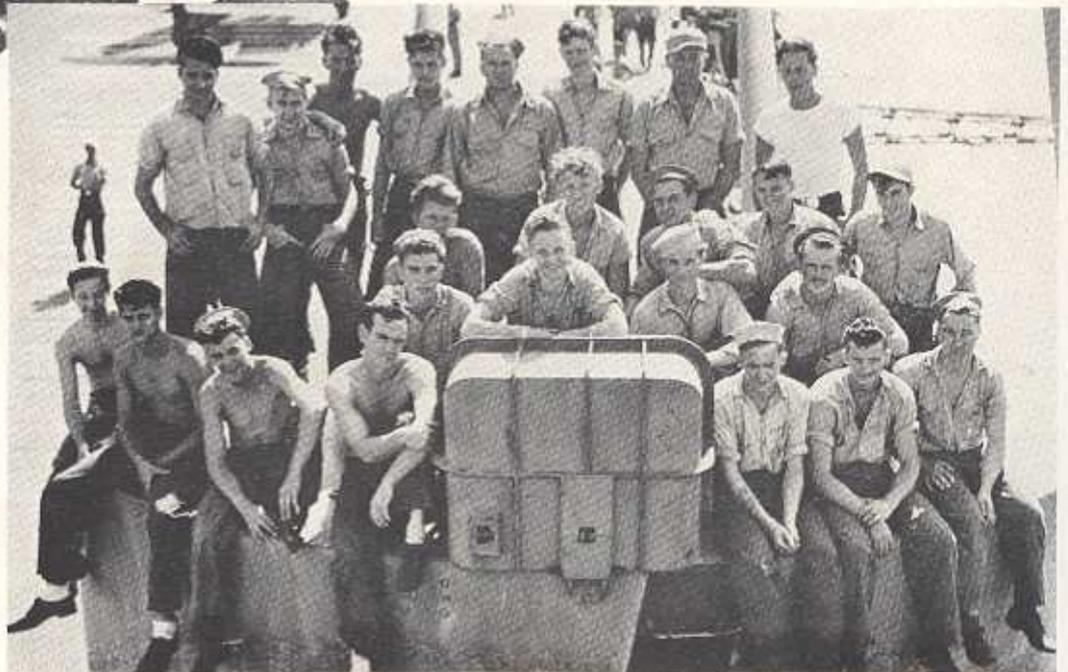


"Neat Job" Boatswain's mates—Morehead, Hock, Division B. M.; Keenum, Schmitt



"Dropping the hook"

"The boys that shot the guns"





Quarters for muster

The gunners' mates kept "em firing." Kibler, GM 2/c; Ristine, GM 2/c; Schnurr, GM 2/c; Markhom, GM 1/c; Burns, GM 2/c; Calvert, GM 3/c; Harrell, Division's Gunner's Mate Garcia, GM 3/c; Quinty, GM 2/c.

They told us our Navy was the cleanest in the world—but no one told us how it got that way.



*"Where else?"
Ens. Love, Ens. Shafer,
Division Officer, and
Ens. Meyer.*

*The boys that
shot the guns*

FIRST DIVISION



"Neat Job" Boatswain's mates—Morehead, Hock, Division B. M.; Keenum, Schmitt



"Dropping the hook"

"The boys that shot the guns"

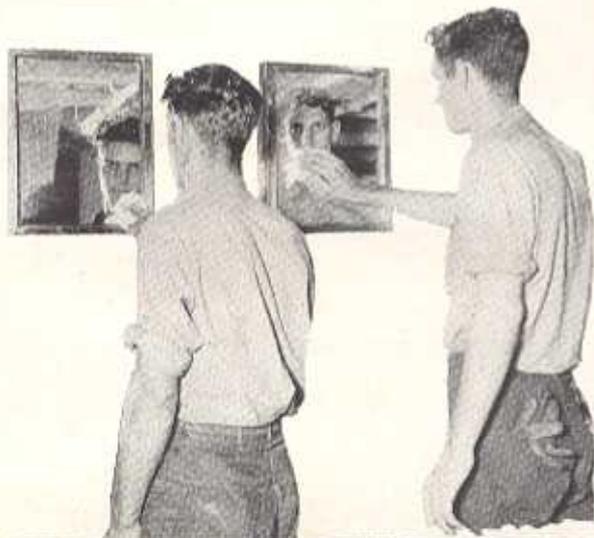




Quarters for muster

The gunners' mates kept 'em firing." Kibler, GM 2/e; Ristine, GM 2/e; Schnurr, GM 2/e; Markhom, GM 1/e; Burns, GM 2/e; Calvert, GM 3/e; Harrell, Division's Gunner's Mate Garcia, GM 3/e; Quinty, GM 2/e.

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Ens. Love, Ens. Shafer,
Division Officer, and
Ens. Meyer.*

*The boys that
shot the guns*

SECOND DIVISION



1st Row Sitting:

Swaney, McKay, Picci-
uto, Lind, Stimmel.

2nd Row Kneeling:

Hart, MacDade, Kuis-
ley, Rog. Smith,
McDonald.

3rd Row Standing:

Schultz, Cook, Rosen-
feld, Murray, Marquez.



1st Row Kneeling: Hanse, Newcomb, MacDade, Shiple, Scott, Orcutt, Copple, Huffner, Taylor, Schipper. *2nd Row Standing:* Shoults, Beacht, Tansill, Waintraub, Perry, Haskins, Simko, O'Brien, Shorey, Dale, Bullard, Ellis, Rumpel, Provost.



Dickerhoff, Collier,
Lt. Boone, Lt. (jg)
Walker, Sagale,
Hensen

*The cake was presented
to this crew for firing
one thousand rounds
through each barrel*



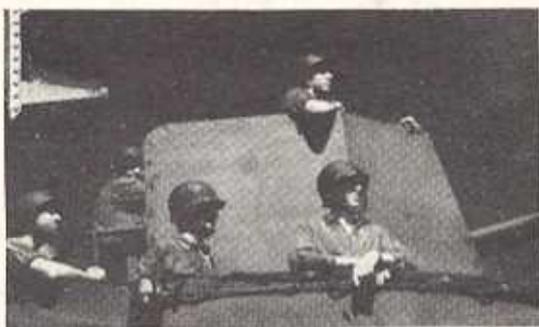
Sitting: Popa, Check, Hoffman, Velasquez,
Horner

Kneeling: Ball, Wright, Kish, Souza, Ferioli

Standing: Moser, Eng, Higgins, Hennes,
Armstrong

Back Row: Ferman, Lindsay, Holmes, Smith

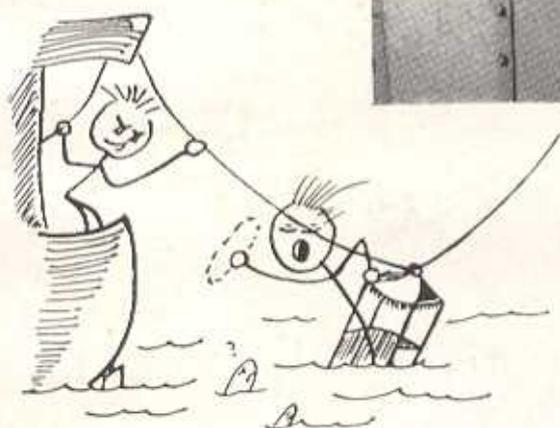
THIRD DIVISION



FOURTH DIVISION



"Ens. Van Lone
and his gang"



"Let's not let that happen
again—fellas?" Ens. Scism,
Chief Boatswain Roberts
and Coxswains



"Eyes front—square your
hats—uncover—tenshun—
at ease—parade rest . . .
oh well!"



*"Paint Scrapers—Line
Handlers—Gunners—
Lookouts—etc., etc."*



"... and blue eyes"

*"Fourth Division—lay aft
to the fantail . . ."*

*"How would 'Nick' (Lt.
Nothstine) have done
it?" Bos'n's Mate
Roberts and Division
Officer Ens. Birbeck*



FIFTH DIVISION

Fire control, contrary to the layman's interpretation, has nothing to do with controlling conflagrations. Instead it is the controlling and directing of gun fire. In our 14½ "shoot-downs," fire control was either directly or indirectly responsible. Our fire control equipment is the finest in the world, but it is the men behind the instruments that really count.

The 40MM spotters, 5"/38 gun director crews, and the plotting room gang were exclusively fifth division personnel. Each man held a key position. The skill and vigilance these men displayed protected



the "Fighting Lady" during her most harrowing engagements. Long weary days at battle stations, and equally sleepless nights found them ever ready to strike just one more blow for our ultimate triumph.



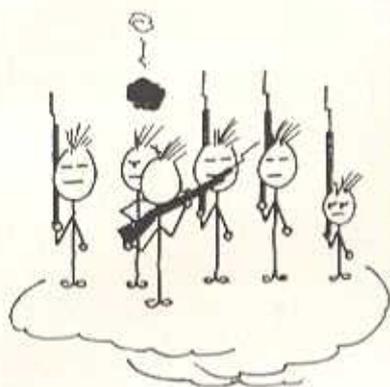
This Gunner's Gang fought the war below decks — as magazine crews they started every bomb, rocket and round of ammunition on its way to the Nips. It was back-breaking work and they never knew what "working hours" meant, for

during strike days they never stopped. They never saw a plane attack, but they sweated out every one sitting on a pile of dynamite. Without such unsung heroes we never could have operated.





MARINE DETACHMENT



"Splash—One Drone"
L. to R.: Trumble, Kray-
niewski, Butterworth,
McCroskey, Martin,
Marksbary, Gammil,
Patch, Barton



Landing Party



"Paper Work, Too"
L. to R.: Krayniewski, Osteen,
Fandel.



"Double Duty"
Marine group who
served on both
Yorktowns



"Informal Guard Mounting." Sgt. Russell mounting the guard of the day:



"Look at the Birdie"
1st Lt. Alexander Kositch,
USMC



"Unidentified Aircraft"
L. to R.: Captain Steve Cibik and 1st Lt. Esmann

"Off to Toyko"
1st Lt. Mitchell O. Sadler, USMC



"Now you see this . . . ?"
Sgt. Luna holding school on the 20MM gun



"Spit and Polish"
L. to R.: Davidson, Eller, Weinstein,
Krayniewski. Sitting: Krabill, Mills

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT



Comdr. Earle E. Metcalfe, M.C., U.S.N.



The principal duties of the Medical Department aboard ship are the care of the sick and injured and the maintenance of health and morale. In addition, the Medical Department is charged with preservation of records, accounting and property under its cognizance and pertaining to its duties.

Comprising the personnel of the Medical Department aboard are the members of three corps: Medical, Dental and Hospital Corps. The Medical Corps is composed of Medical Officers; the Dental Corps of Dental Officers; and the Hospital Corps of commissioned officers and enlisted men.

Medical and Dental Officers are appointed by the President from civil life. Commissioned Hospital Corps Officers are appointed by the President from Chief



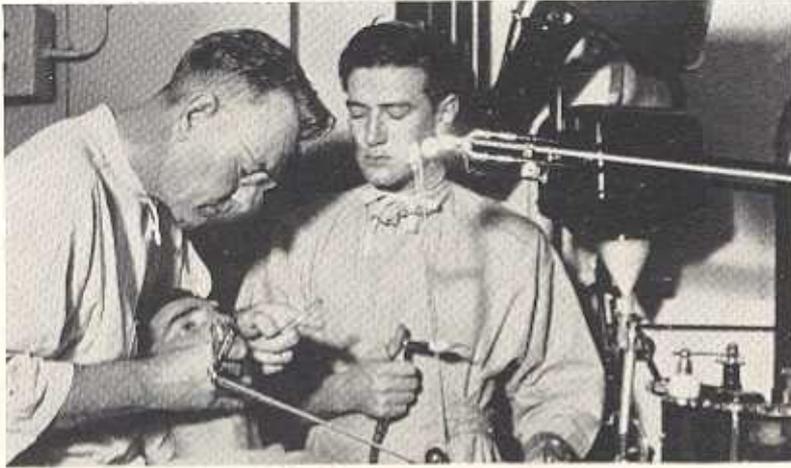
Pharmacist's Mates (enlisted men). Hospital Corpsmen are enlisted or change their rating from other branches of the service to Hospital Corps ratings. These men must meet rigid educational requirements, attend Hospital Corps Schools and serve a short apprenticeship at a Naval Hospital.

In the lower ratings the primary duty of Hospital Corpsmen concerns the care of the sick and injured. As they advance in rating, they necessarily become more familiar with the administrative, clerical procedures, supplies, property and accounting.

During battle conditions all officers of the department and Hospital Corpsmen are disbursed throughout the ship at designated battle dressing stations to take care of all battle casualties and any emergencies.



DENTAL



Lt. Comdr. T. Leslie Brown
(DC), USNR
Senior Dental Officer
R. S. Lapham, P.M. 3/c



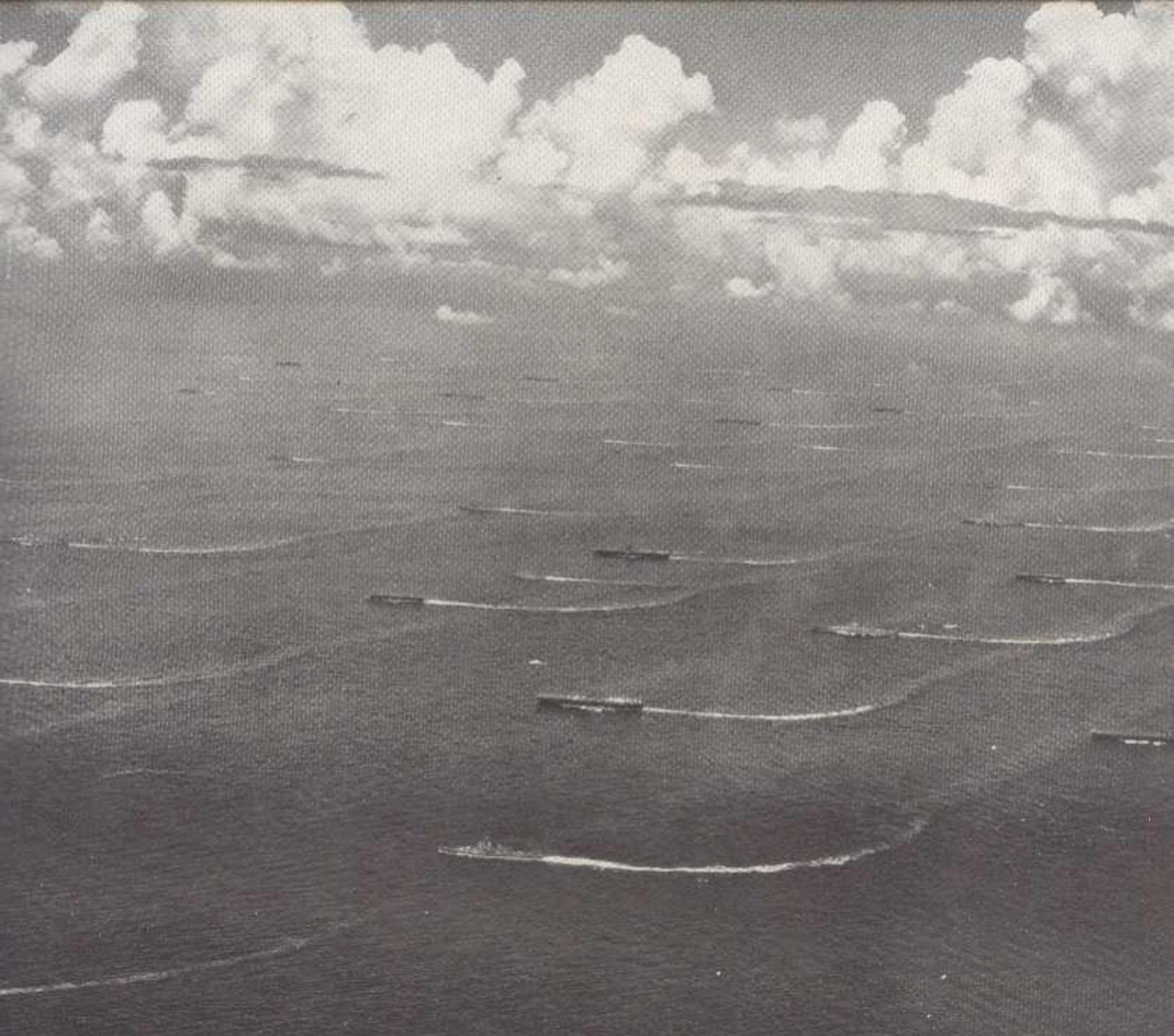
Lt. Geo. F. Smith (DC), USN
Junior Dental Officer
R. DiGiuseppe, H.A. 1/c



Lt. G. H. Larson (DC),
USN
Junior Dental Officer
A. L. Greenberg, H.A. 1/c

L. to R.: Lt. G. H. Larson,
Lt. Comdr. T. L. Brown,
Lt. G. F. Smith





NAVIGATION

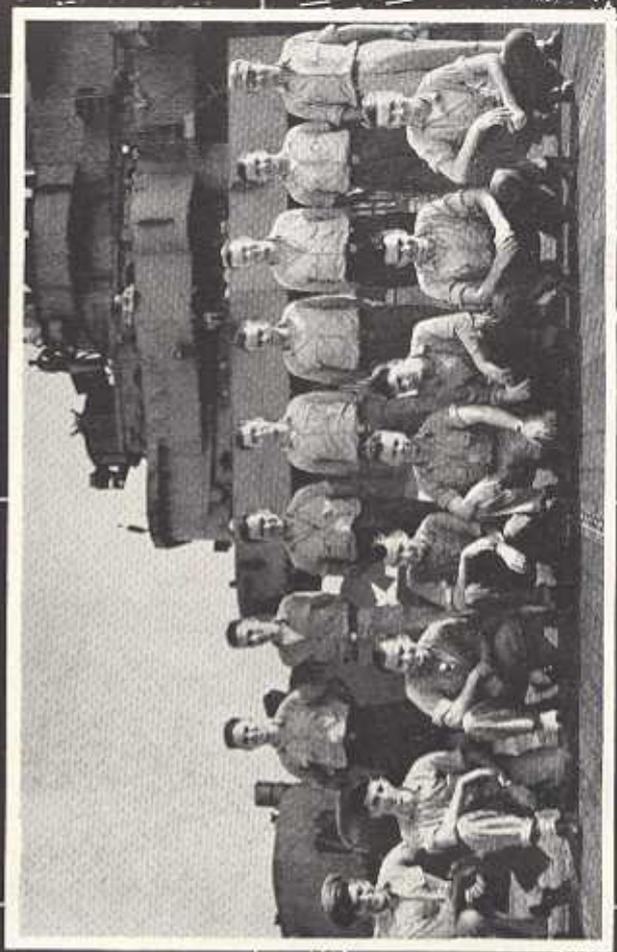


Comdr. Elliott L. James, Jr., U.S.N.

NAVIGATION DEPARTMENT



SAKI LIGHTHOUSE



C-030
S-13

C-080
S-12

C-055
S-15

270

ANNUAL DE

SAKI LIGHTHOUSE



SUPPLY

Comdr. William J. Held, S.C., U.S.N.





"The Brass Hats"

"Just like Mother's"

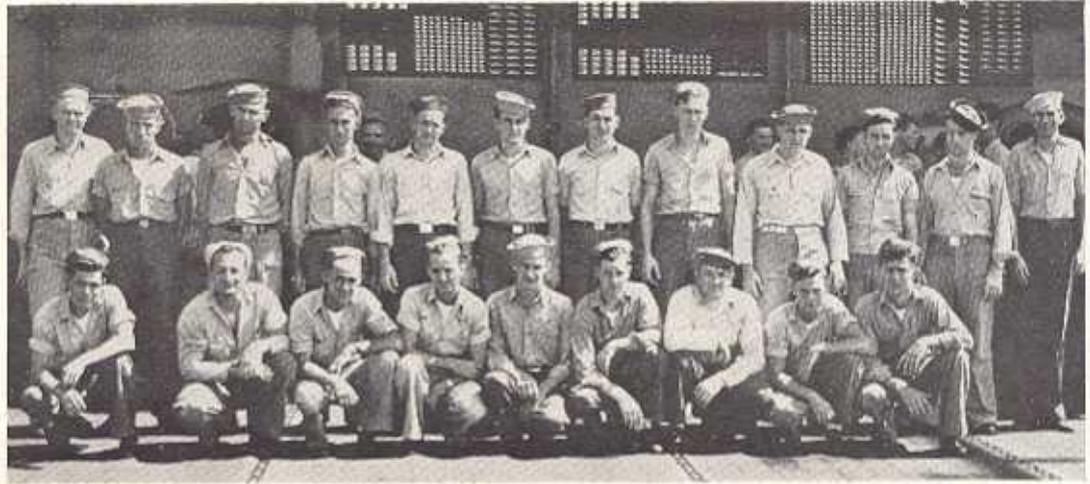


The Breakout Gang—"Tote dat lode"



Stowage Group—"The Boys from Down Under"

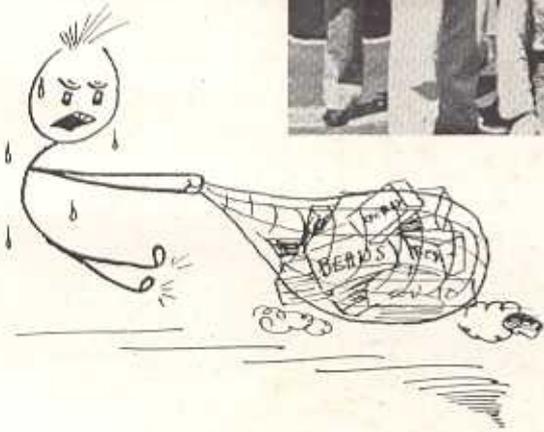




LAUNDRY BOYS
*"No tickce—
 No Shirtee"*



OFFICE CREW
*The "Red
 Tape" Gang*



BUTCHER SHOP
Our only "Slick Chicks" were these

*"Aud what the — is 'Foo-Foo
 on a godunk?"*



"Keep your eyes on the tape"



"Sure—every night except Friday"

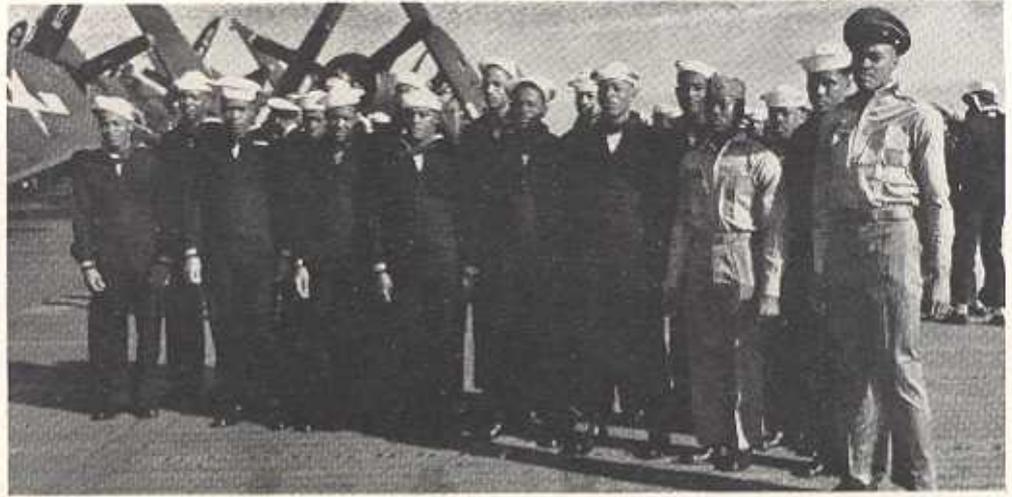


"Our local merchants"



*They have no wings,
But make them fly.
That is the story of
aviation supply.*

S-2



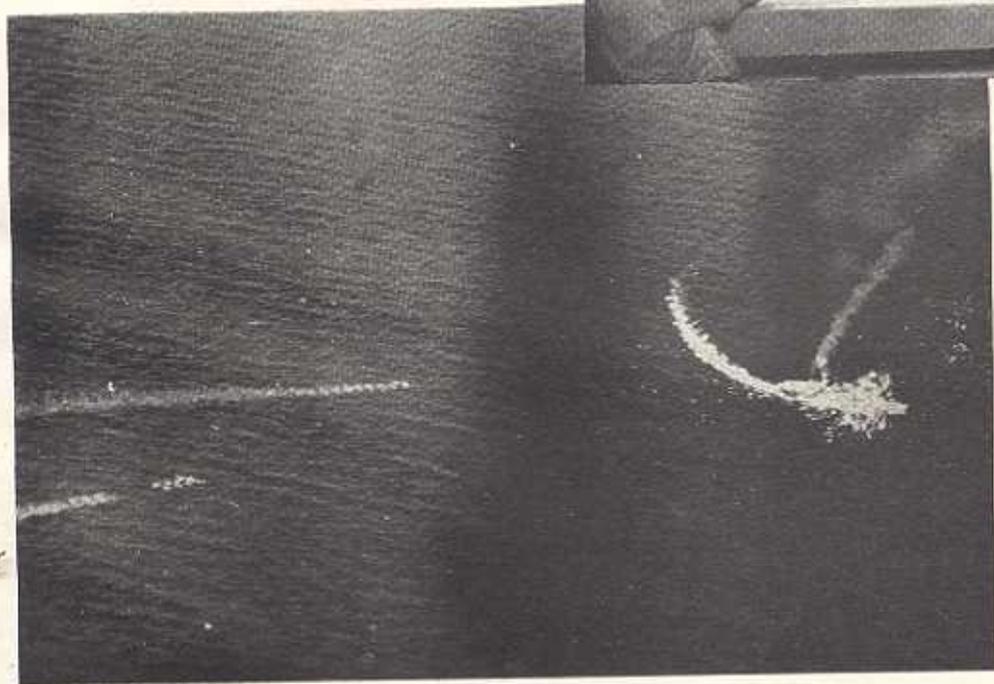


AIR GROUP 88



VF-88 Artist catches pilots in typical attitudes

"Sackout" De Pass alerted by gleeful friends—L. to R.: La Roe, Stackpool, White



Hellcats of VF-88 strafe a "Sugar Charlie" off Niigata 10 August, 1945



VF-88 Skipper, Lt. Comdr. Hart, in "Show Me the Way to Go Home." Lt. McCabe, left, and Lt. Comdr. Rowney, right, approve.



Dr. Helm, center, fills his popular prescription—patients, L. to R.: Kerwan, Goldman, Reinertson, Mattoon, Hannon.



In Front Row, L. to R.: Danne-miller and Halloway listen while VT-88 "Exec" Payne discusses "NAV" problem. In rear row Norris and Hurley listen.

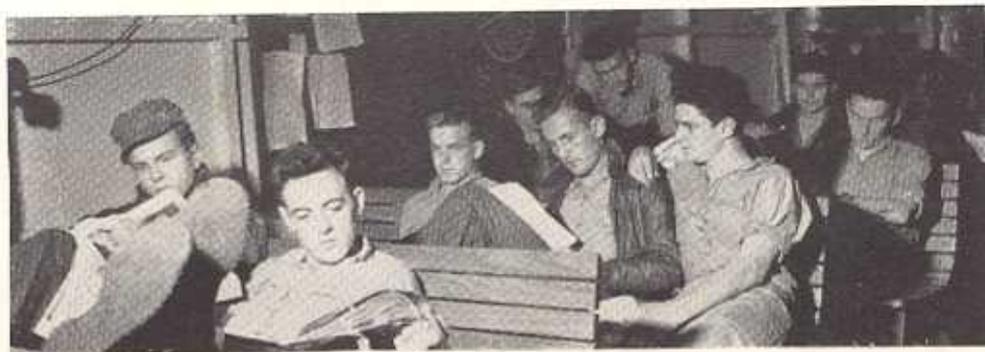


Air Group Commander Searcy, center, dictates to Yeoman Bourdon while Palmedo passes the word to squadron over the "squawk box."



Lt. Comdr. Cagle, VF-88 Skipper, lectures. Listeners seated at extreme left are Sisk and Adams, with Davison at the board.

VB Gunners relax in ready room—Front to Rear: L. to R.: Dresser, Neel, Donovan, Kervin, Levy, Ward, Dewhurst, Jones, Pile.



VT Crewmen prepare for flight. L. to R.: Schuber, Bitsimes, Moulau, Marion, Clements, Harrison, Scott.



VB-88 Skipper Elkins on left and VT-88 Skipper Huddleston on right, confer with Group AGI Officer Reynolds.



VB pilots return from flight. L. to R.: Russel, Mattoon, Levenson, White, Satterthwaite, Montgomery.

"U. S. BENEVOLENCE
September 1st, 1946.

Sir:

I should like to try to thank you and your officers on my own behalf and also for the British staff and patients in Shinagowa Hospital, Tokyo, for the wonderful relief work accomplished on and after August 27th, 1945.

We had been living in suspense in the hospital having no reliable news until we saw your carrier's planes that morning . . . then we knew we were all right!

It is impossible to describe the feelings of relief and happiness that ran through the hospital. Staff and patients alike were delirious with joy. We appreciated our bombs but were even more thrilled by the sight of pilots waving to us from planes flying so low.

Few of us bothered to go to bed that night. It is safe to say that none slept.

Pieces of parachute will be most treasured mementos in many homes all over the world for we had a most cosmopolitan population.

I have been asked to thank you also on behalf of the Dutch patients.

I deeply regret that owing to a present disability I cannot come aboard to pay my respects and to thank you and your officers personally, but hope to be able to do so in the near future.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. H. CLEAVE,
Surgeon Comdr. R. N.
Senior Allied Medical Officer in
Shinagowa Hospital, Toyko."

THE CAPTAIN, OFFICERS
and Men, U.S.S. YORKTOWN

This letter was received from Major E. J. Currah, liberated British P.O.W.:

"I should feel grateful if you would kindly convey my thanks to the Captain, Officers, and Ship's Company of the "Fighting Lady" for their extreme kindness to the Prisoners of War at 20-D Camp Sumidagawa, Tokyo. We had been relegated to oblivion for many moons in this remote camp but strangely enough we were picked up very early by your aviators who literally inundated us with gifts. Be this an everlasting tribute to your pilots and observers. When they first spotted us excitement was unbounded, and when they zoomed low over our heads tears of joy welled into many eyes, but, when it rained parcels we just had to go to the ground. It was terrific. It was a great day for us and an unforgettable one. We feel proud that our first real inkling of the end should emanate from men of such a great ship with such a glorious record. Men who had gallantly fought them bit by bit to our very doorstep. Each and everyone of us will forevermore associate liberty and freedom with the U.S.S. YORKTOWN. You have carved a niche in our memories and usurped a big spot in our hearts."

MISS FIGHTING LADY

Two "Fighting Ladies" met for the first time on Sunday afternoon, October 28th, when diminutive, brown-eyed Betty Jo Copeland, of Fort Worth, Texas, was piped aboard the Yorktown with all the honors customarily accorded an Admiral.

The charming 19-year-old Texas miss had come to San Francisco as the guest of the ship's company to accept her title of "Miss Fighting Lady," after her photograph had been selected from the more than twelve hundred submitted to Life Magazine in a contest to select the feminine counterpart for our famous "Fighting Lady."

From the moment of her arrival at the San Francisco airport to the time of her departure four days later, there followed, one after another, events to gladden the heart of any young lady you might expect to be interested in the attention and adoration of three thousand "men in blue."

Eager guides took her about the ship and then to supper in the general mess. Monday found her back aboard for lunch with Captain Boone. That night she attended the ship's party at the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco and was introduced to the dancers by Chaplain Moody. Captain Boone presented her with a watch, on behalf of the crew. The watch bore the engraved inscription: "Miss Fighting Lady," followed by her initials and the words "Presented by U.S.S. Yorktown."

The skipper rated the first dance with Betty Jo, but was eagerly replaced by the men who had been fortunate enough to have their names drawn as her partners for the evening.

Tuesday found Miss Copeland seeing the sights of San Francisco with members of the selection committee, and she finished off the day with dinner and dancing in the St. Francis dining room. The



"Miss Fighting Lady"



... as she jitterbugged ...



... with all the Honors customarily accorded an Admiral.



Mayor Roger D. Lampham of San Francisco, Betty Jo and Captain Boone inspect a model of the Y.



... took her about the ship ...

... The Skipper rated the first dance ...



... and was introduced to the dancers by Chaplain Moody.



next night the big event on her program was the second ship's dance; and this time she came handsomely off with the honors again as she jitterbugged and waltzed with the best Uncle Sam's navy could offer.

Thursday saw the end of "Miss Fighting Lady's" visit as she boarded her plane to return home. Her parting remark was, "I've had the most wonderful time of my life." She'd been a charming guest, and a proud ship would fondly remember her as its sponsorette.

Early last spring Phm3/c Sam Pearl had conceived the idea of selecting an official "Pin-up Girl" for the ship. He wrote to Life and asked their aid in assembling photographs of girls who might be interested in the honor. Life heartily approved the idea and immediately published an invitation for the submission of entries. More than twelve hundred entries were received and the photographs were brought aboard on our arrival in the States for the examination of a selection committee composed of one representative from each division. Almost at once Miss Copeland was the unanimous choice. She was notified of her selection and left Fort Worth the next day to fly to San Francisco in company with her mother, Mrs. Ruby Copeland.

A Life photographer met her at the airport, along with the Yorktown welcoming committee, and accompanied her throughout her visit, taking pictures for a feature on her visit to be published in the magazine.

Betty Jo calls herself a "brownhead." She's five feet six inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and attended the University of Texas for two years. Presently she is employed as a receptionist in the Fort Worth offices of the Container Corporation of America. About her future plans she says, "I want to have a good time for a couple of years, then marry and raise a big family."

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