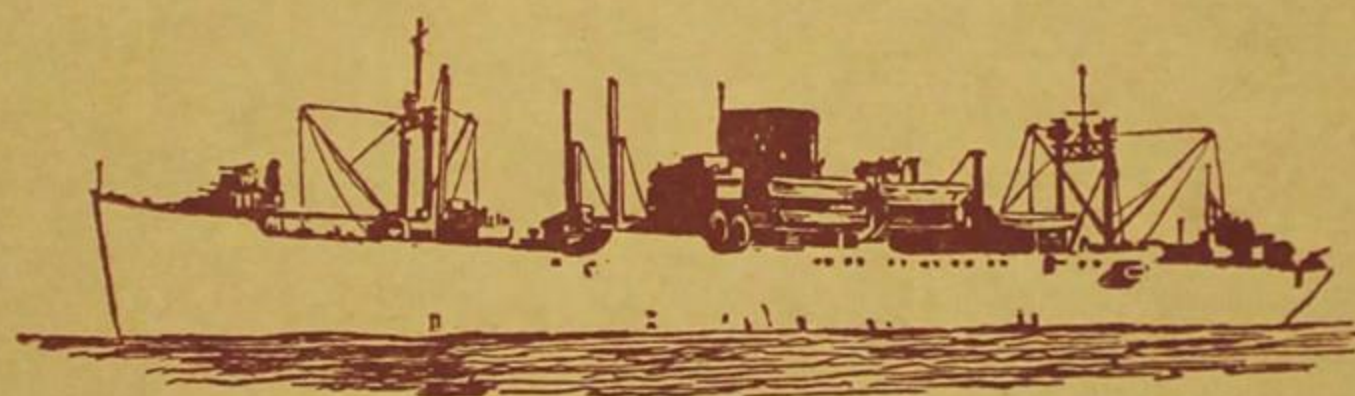


USS THOMAS JEF-
FERSON (APA-30)
JUL - NOV 1945

IN ORIENTAL WATERS



USS THOMAS JEFFERSON

JULY - NOVEMBER
1945

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Thomas Jefferson
(APA-30) July - November 1945

IN ORIENTAL WATERS

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1945



USS Thomas Jefferson (APA 30)

PUBLISHED BY
SHIP'S WELFARE DEPARTMENT
Editor: LT. (j.g.) W. H. ROGERS
Photographer: LT. (j.g.) F. J. COPPINGER





JOHN F. MADDEN

Captain, USN

Commanding



GEORGE E. TWINING

Commander, USN (Ret.)

Executive Officer

WAR and PEACE in the PACIFIC

◀ Spurrier was chilled. The Captain asked him: "Spurrier, are you cold?" and Spurrier was so cold he couldn't even reply. So the Captain dispatched his orderly to get a foul weather jacket for the slender yeoman.

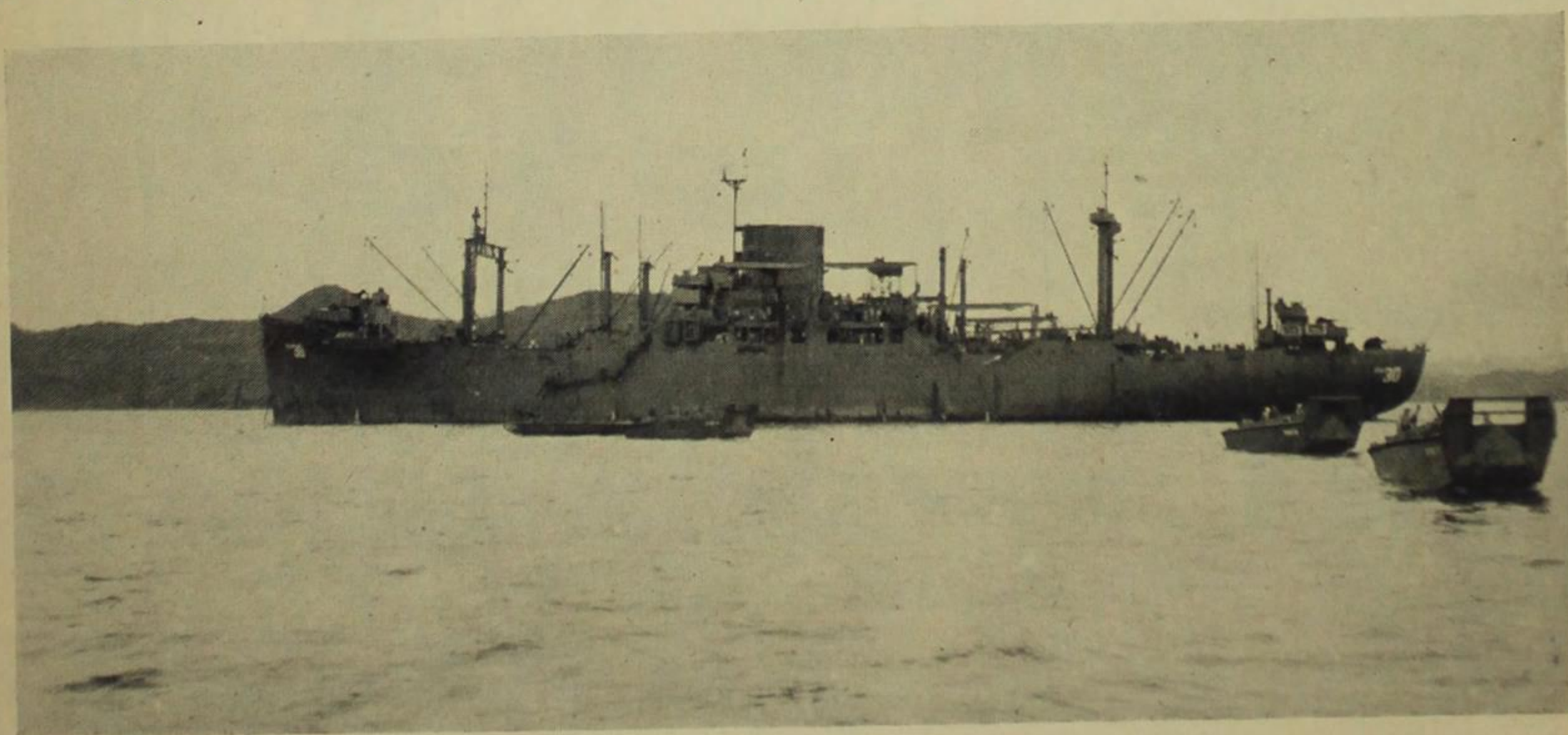
It was hard to believe that anywhere in the United States could it be so severely cold in the summer. Inside the Golden Gate, under which the ship had just passed, the air was clear and balmy; the winds had been channeled up the green California valleys, sweeping up the warmth of the land. But suddenly, as if thirty degrees of latitude had been traversed in five minutes, the weather descended upon the officers and men of the *Thomas Jefferson* and upon the pilot who was conducting her to the outer buoys of the channel.

It was July 18, 1945, and after three days in San Francisco, the ship was underway again. It was hard to take. Only three days in Frisco after so long! And worse, the war had still to be fought to completion, the Jap had to be dug out of every foxhole, perhaps even in his native village on Honshu, and the enemy was reported to have nine thousand planes in reserve for the suicide assault on the invasion. It would be a long time before the ship returned home; thoughts like these were in the mind of every man who sailed with the *Thomas Jefferson* that day.

Did anyone notice, in the greyish mist, the formidable shape of the heavy cruiser *Indianapolis* that Wednesday morning, cautiously bound for Saipan, and later for a grave in the Philippine Sea? If so, no one reported her to the Captain. There is no entry in the log. But now, when the talk takes a fanciful turn on the midnight watches, you'll find a man here or there who says he saw her, practically following in the *T.J.'s* wake, so the story goes. The frightful atomic bomb she carried to the waiting 20th Air Force on Saipan was well buried in her guts, however, and even if she had passed us close aboard, it would have seemed just another heavy cruiser on its way to fight the Japs.

So then, twenty-seven days before final catastrophe hit the Japanese, the USS *Thomas Jefferson* sailed for the war zone.

The route was devious. After leaving San Francisco, the ship headed south (for which Spurrier was grateful) and in a day's time, put in at San Diego for the loading of Marines. Then, the six-day voyage to Pearl Harbor. In the ship's newspaper, the morning following our departure from San Diego, appeared the news that the USS *Thomas Jefferson* was to become an APA-H, to be converted in the Navy Yard at Pearl to a new





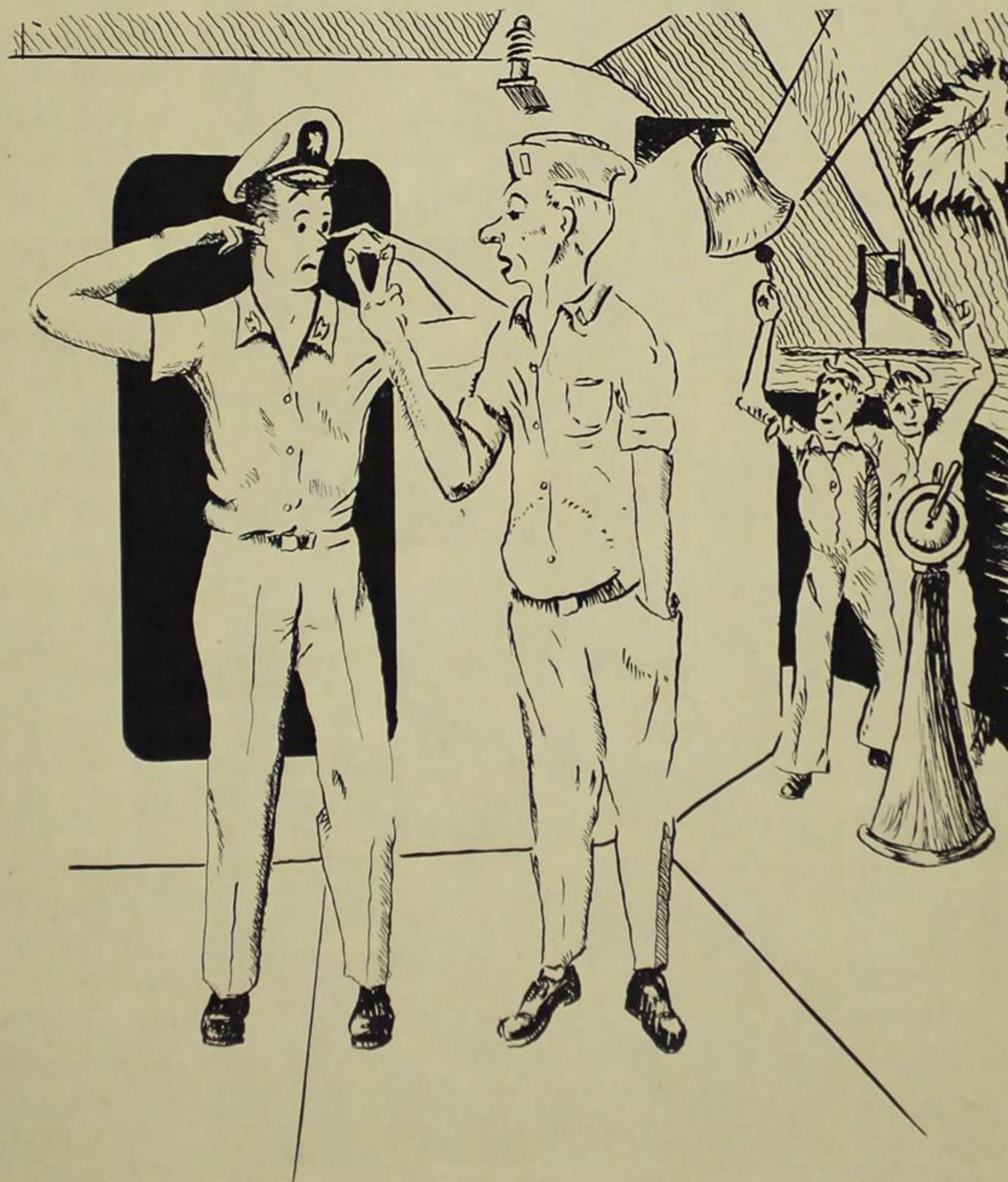
"SPURRIER WAS CHILLED . . ."

type the Navy felt was needed in a large scale operation. The APA-H was to have large bays for the sick and injured, and special facilities for medical treatment. This would involve internal structural changes on the main deck amidships, tearing out of bulkheads, enlarging of other medical centers, and the addition to ship's company of a large force of doctors and corpsmen. To most of the officers and men, it also meant that the duty would become perhaps more hazardous than ever before. Lying off the hostile coast, day after day, waiting for casualties to be embarked, and once on board, away with them to a hospital ship, and back again for more punishment. But no one was particularly perturbed.

Had not the *T. J.* taken the worst the Germans could throw, in the grimmest days of the war? Had not she gone through two sessions at Oki-

nawa? Was she not a lucky ship? Spirits rose with the gradual approach of the emergency, a phenomenon reported often during the course of the war in every phase of every service.

It was at Pearl Harbor, while the ship was tied up near the battleship *New York*, that the end of the war could be discerned approaching swiftly. It didn't come in a single day of collapse—one noticed only that people didn't laugh any more when somebody said it would be over in two weeks—"mark my words!" But the awful engulfing of the enemy, the beating down of the will to fight, the shattering of Japan's remaining resources in the tremendous last days of the war was plain to everyone. At last, on the 14th of August, the end was officially proclaimed. At Pearl Harbor, where the war had started, all hell broke loose.



"V FOR VICTORY, SIR!"

THE OCCUPATION

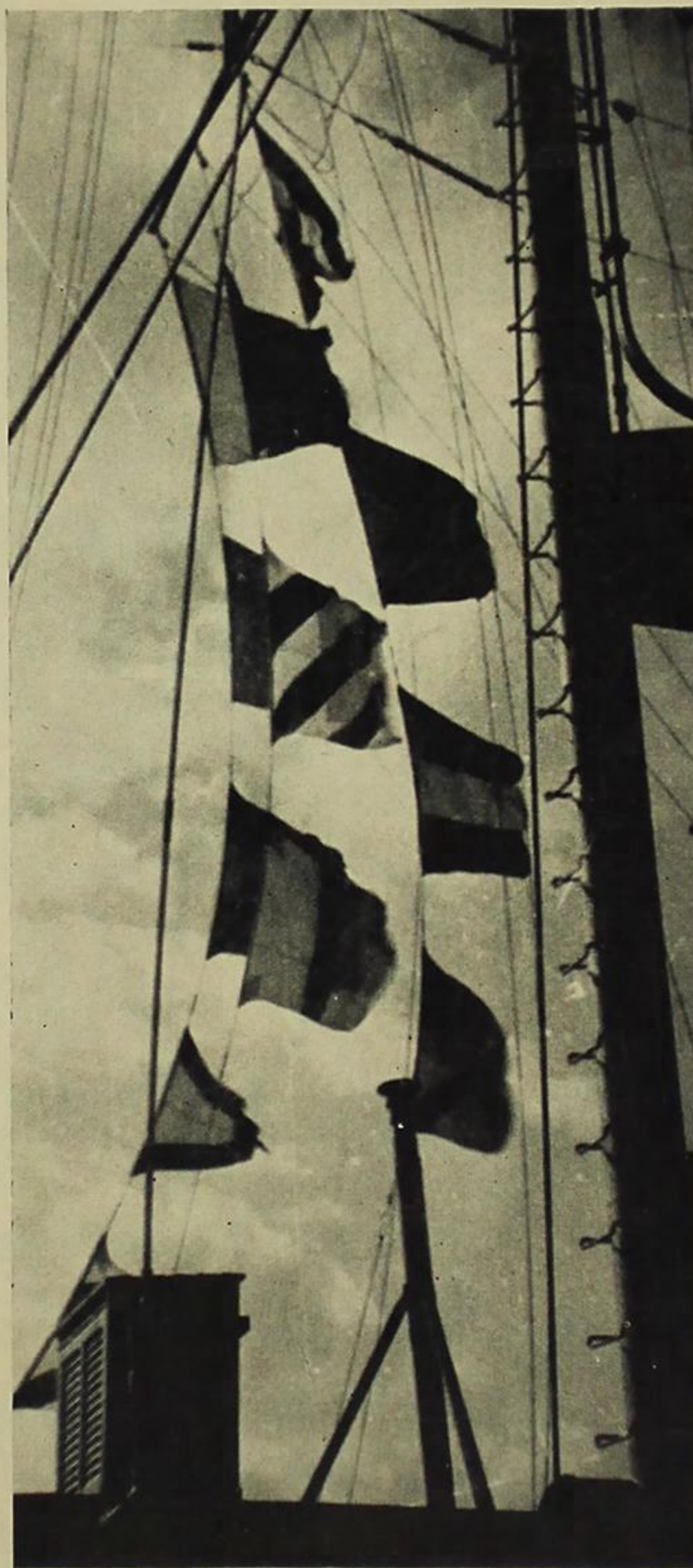
◀ The United States was quite used to winning battles by this time; winning the war itself, however, caught us with our trousers just slightly unhitched. You can't get an army of occupation together and stage them over thousands of miles of ocean in a single week, or even a month. But, fortunately, the invasion of Japan had been intricately planned, and gigantic naval forces assigned to it. It was not long before it was realized that the occupation would have to be the "invasion." And the *Thomas Jefferson* had been assigned a rôle.

Late in the afternoon of August 24, the ship steamed out of the roadstead of Pearl Harbor bound for Maui Island, where a thousand Marines had been waiting for the invasion. It took very little time to embark them but their cargo caused more than one large headache on the *T.J.* The aspirin supply dwindled as the Boatswain and the First Lieutenant figured how the gol-darned stuff was to be kept in order (their very words). Nothing was labeled accurately, and all the junk the Marines had on the island of Maui came aboard, from tents to typewriters.

After returning to Pearl Harbor to join up with Transdiv 39, which was part of the large convoy designated Transron 22, we were informed that we would have a Transport Division of our own as far as Saipan, and that Captain Madden would be its Commander. Six ships behind us in column, taking orders from us.

On September 13, we arrived in the Marianas. Most hands had been in Saipan before, on the Okinawa campaign. So it was no novelty. We stayed several days, trying to get fueled. This was finally done, and we set off in a general northwesterly direction. Only then did we learn officially that we were going to Sasebo, on the island of Kyushu, in Japan. Most of the men had guessed that it would be *somewhere* in Japan, and the grapevine had not been wrong in saying Sasebo.

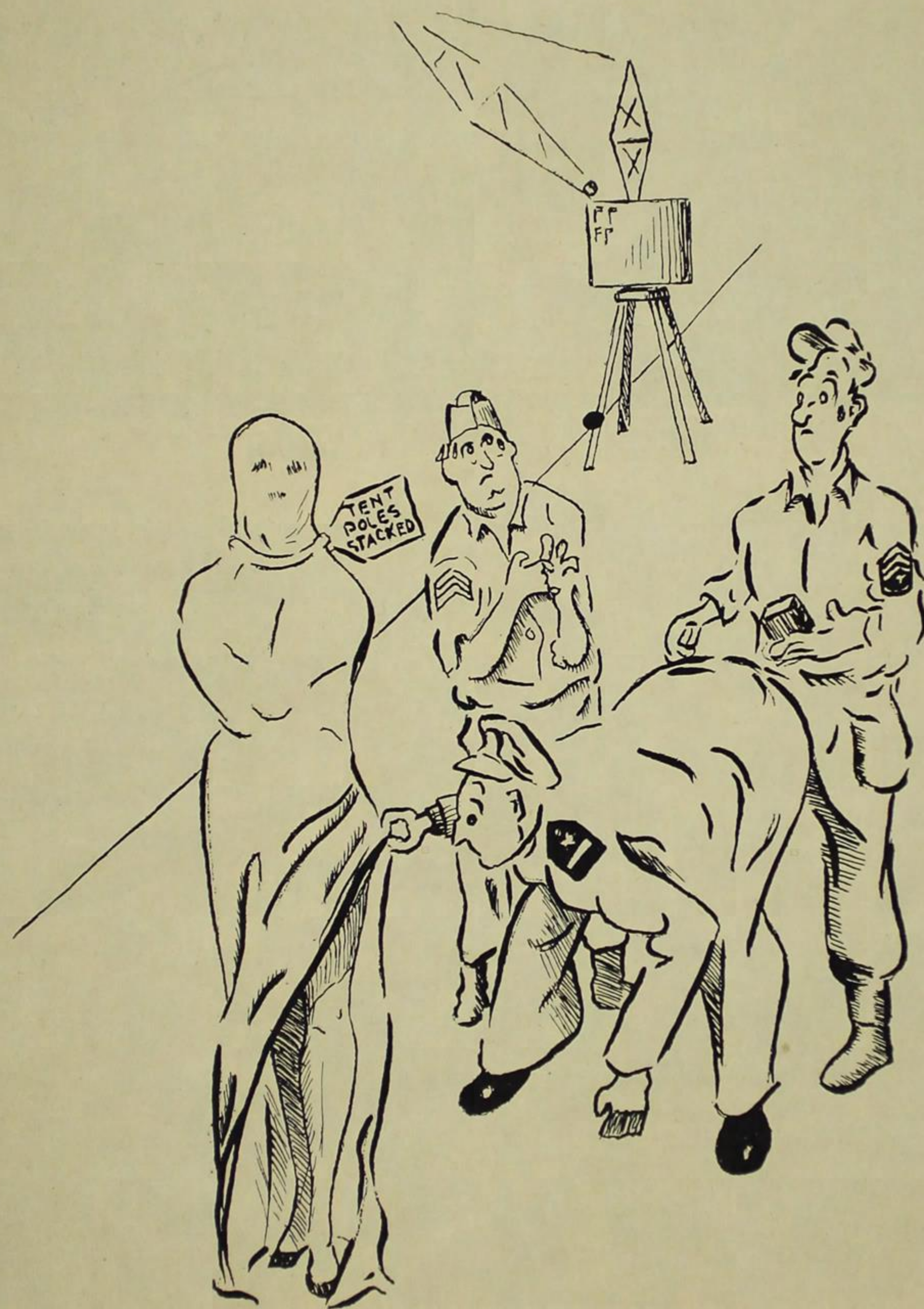
The men had got it from the chiefs, chiefs got it from the officers, and the officers got it from the steward's mates. But now it was official. The occupation was to be carried out as if it had been an invasion. In fact, the more pessimistic aboard fully expected a few shots to be fired by fanatics, or even more large scale forays, which was not bad reasoning considering the nature of the late enemy. But, as the *Thomas Jefferson* approached the entrance to the harbor of Sasebo in company with the other ships in the convoy, protected by cruisers, destroyers, and minesweepers, the few Japanese we saw were quite uninterested. The magnificent line of ships filed through the narrow channel entrance, past an old man, a peasant, fishing on a dock of rotting wooden boards. He didn't even turn around. This was the introduction to the foe. And this, we thought, would be all we would ever see of him, for liberty was not to be granted during this phase of the occupation. Sasebo



COMTRANSDIV 22 WAS IN THE
JEFFERSON

itself is a splendid harbor, but small in size. It is surrounded by mountains of a sort, resembling those in western Pennsylvania, and the crew could see plainly the Japanese efforts at farming. These people showed a yen for the kind of land a plow-jockey of the Adirondacks would have given up long ago. Many of the farms were more in the vertical than the horizontal. The long-glass on the signal bridge got a workout the several days

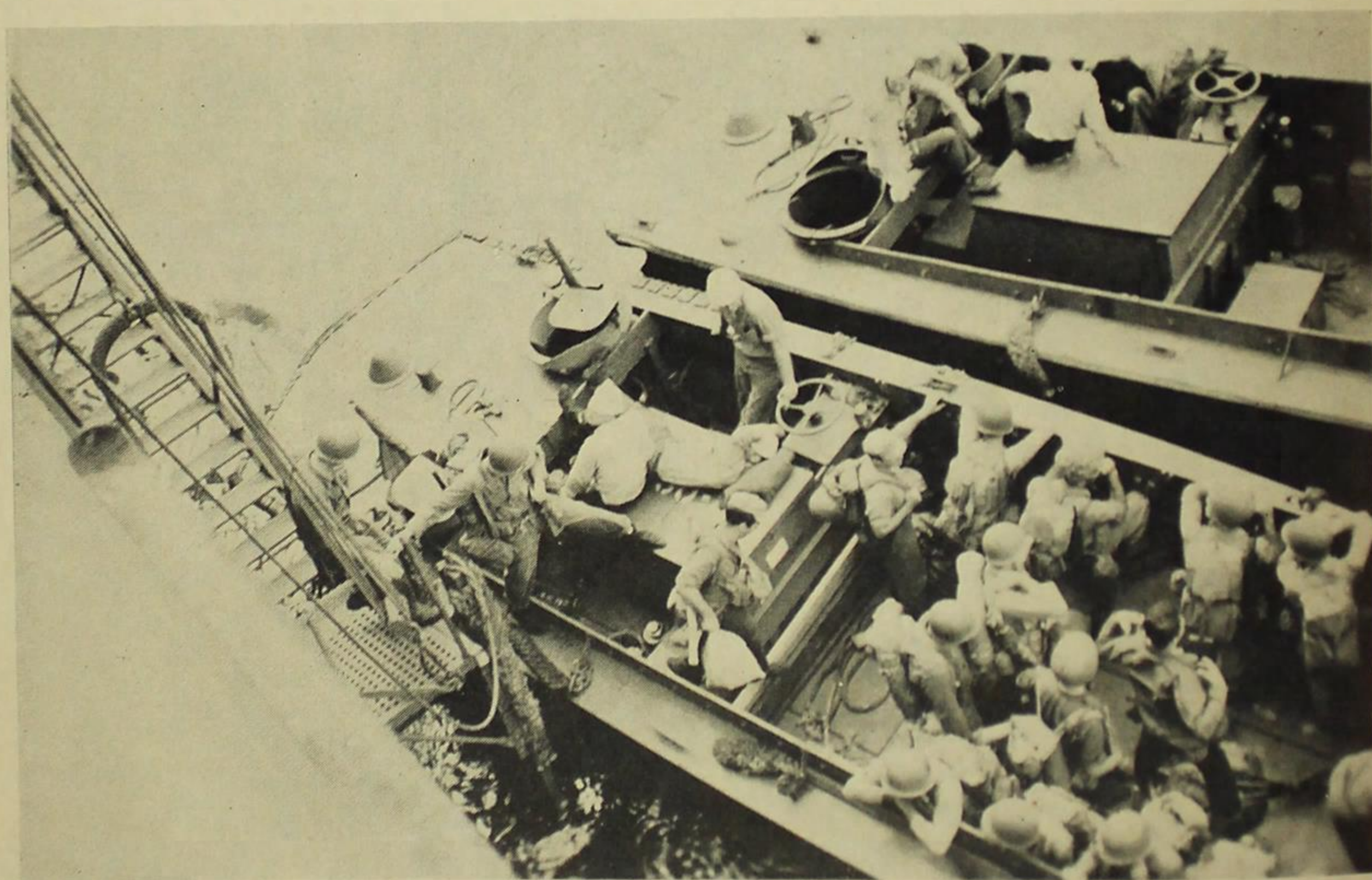
we were there, with even the engineers, some climbing into the higher altitudes for the first time, cocking a grimy eye at the Jap landscape. The city of Sasebo could not be seen, since it was behind a large mountain, near to which we were anchored. Curiosity was great, but not destined to be satisfied immediately. For we had heard that after unloading the occupation troops, our division was to proceed next to Manila.



"NOTHING WAS LABELED ACCURATELY . . ."



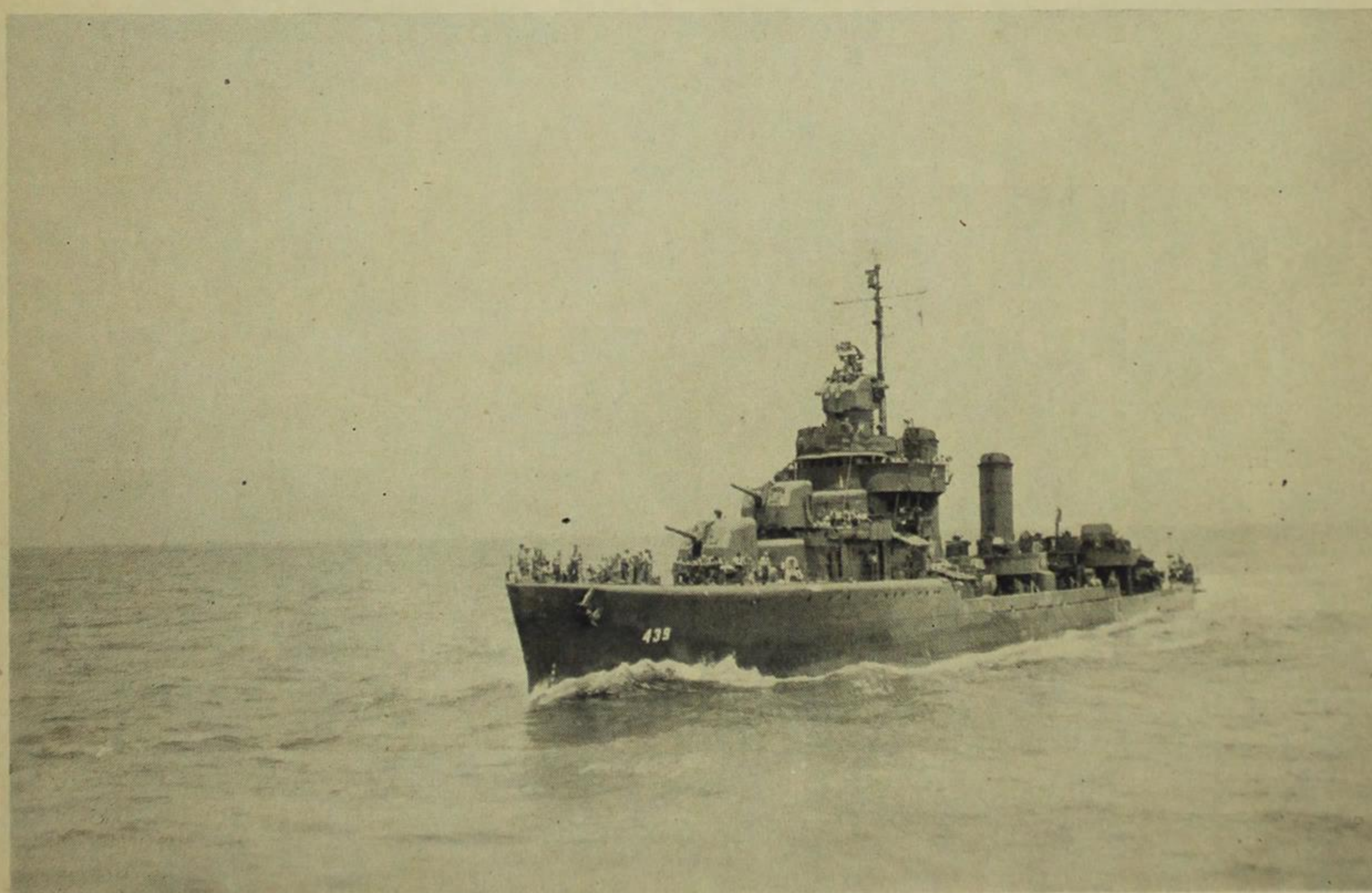
THE CONVOY EN ROUTE TO SAIPAN



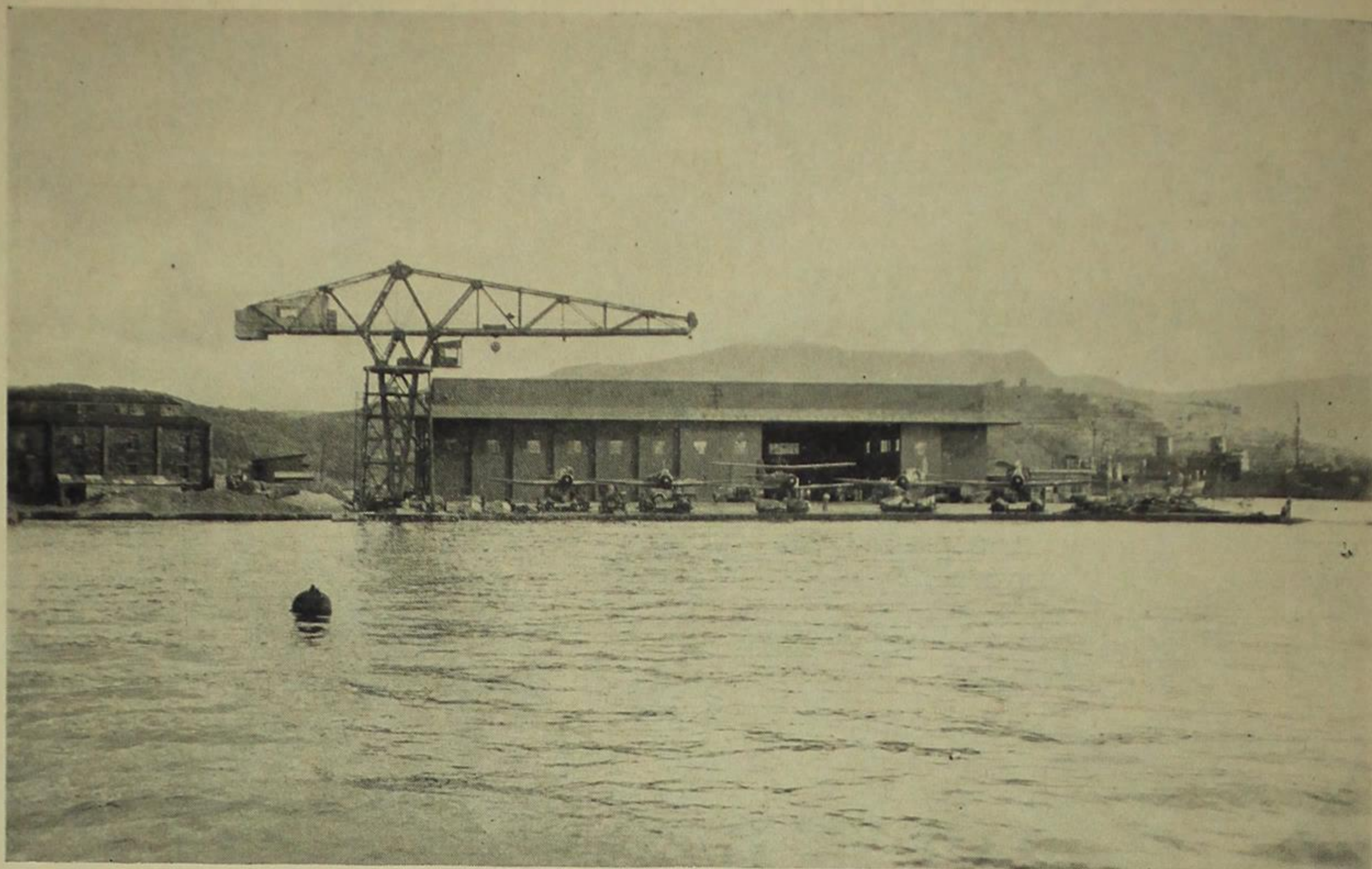
MARINES DISEMBARKING



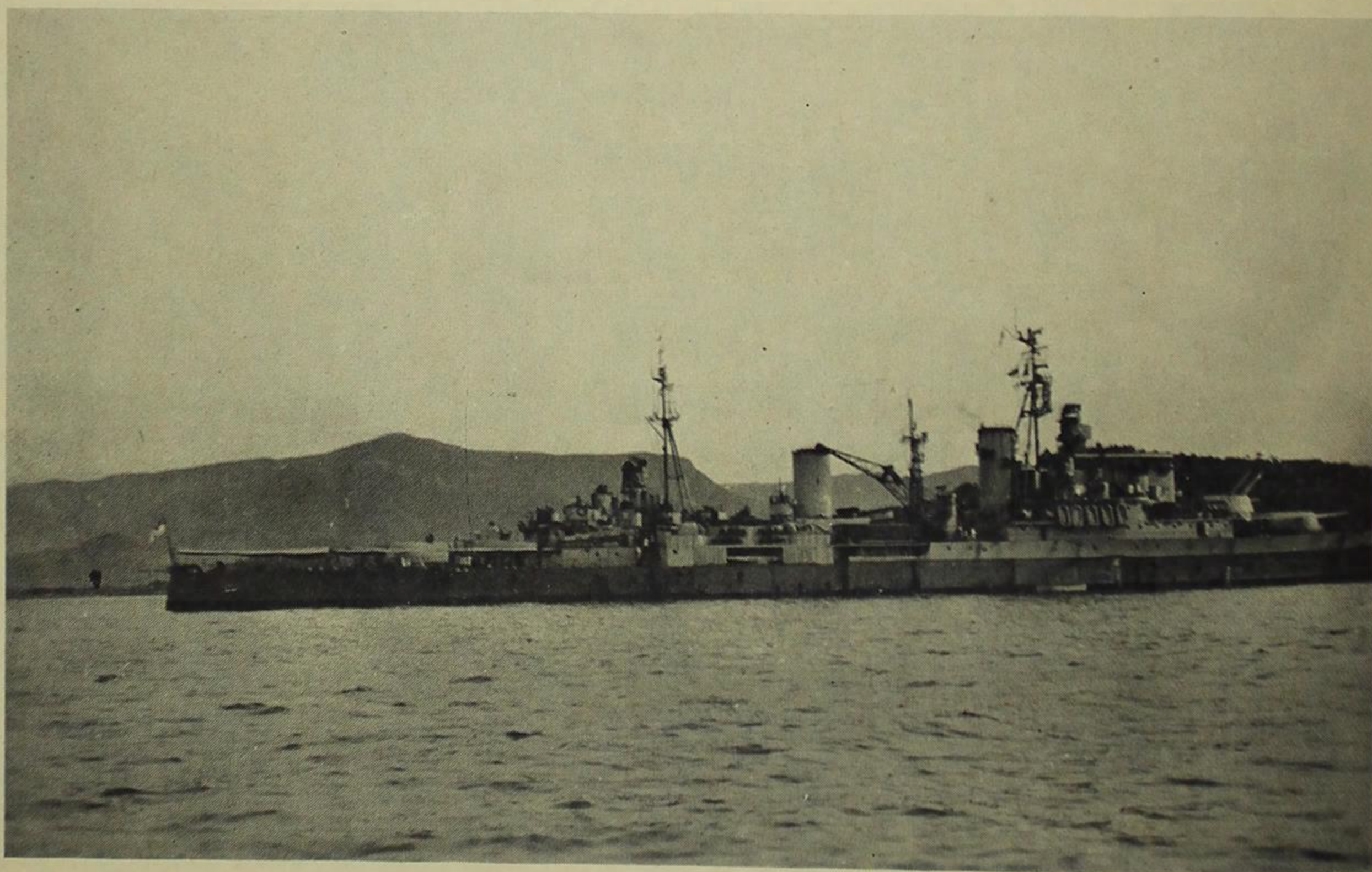
APA 137's BOATS CIRCLING FOR THE OCCUPATION



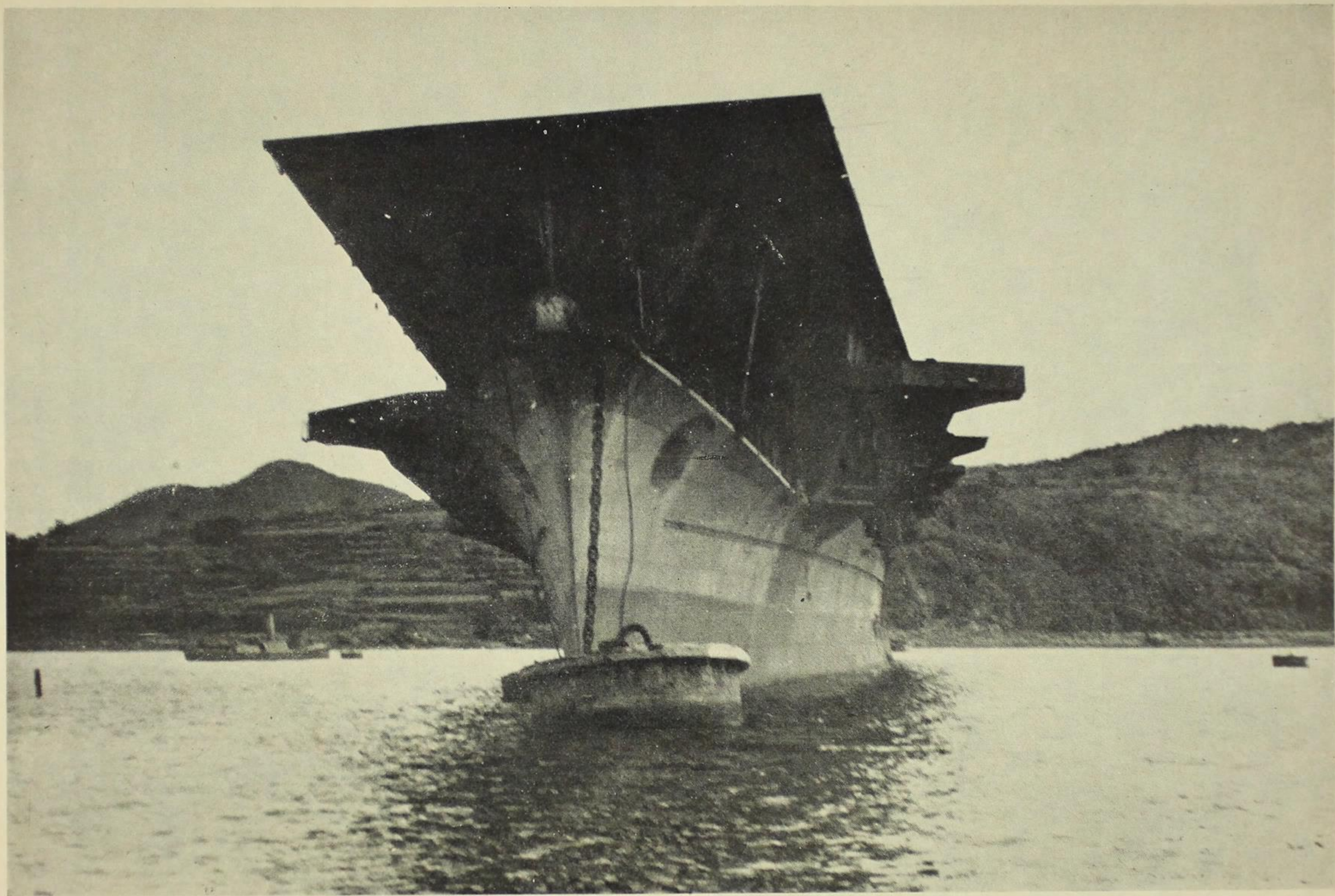
ESCORT COMING ALONGSIDE FOR GUARD MAIL



COUNTRY COUSIN OF FORD ISLAND



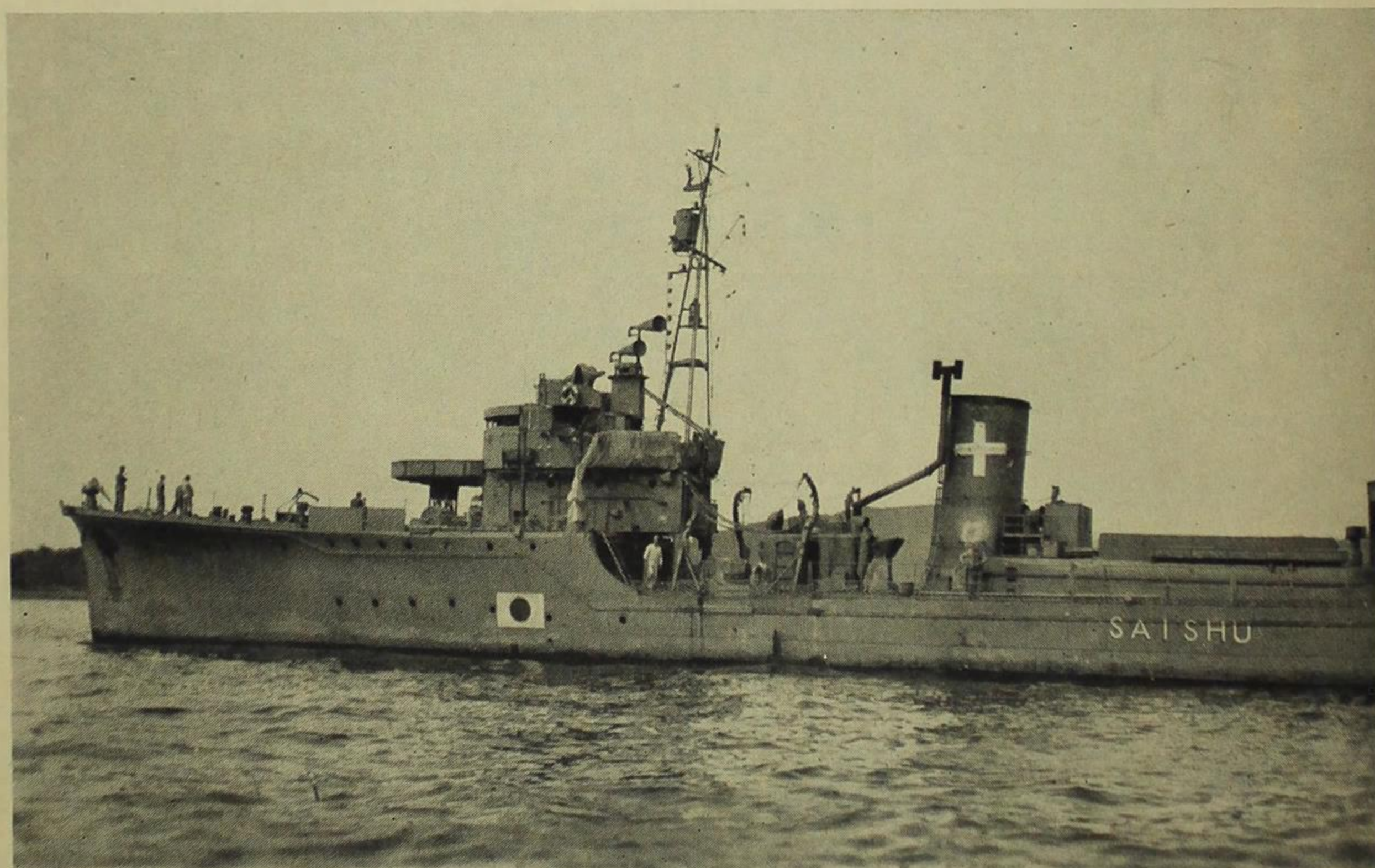
AMERICAN FIRE POWER AT SASEBO—USS WICHITA



A RELATIVELY UNDAMAGED JAPANESE CARRIER



TERRACED FARMLAND AND VILLAGE NEAR OUR ANCHORAGE



THE LATE ENEMY



"CURIOSITY WAS GREAT . . ."

"THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT"

◀ On the morning of September 25, the ship weighed anchor and proceeded in company out through the narrow entrance and headed southward. At 2200 on the 26th, Okinawa hove into view on our port bow. A great sentimental curiosity seized the men. Here was where they had sweated out the original invasion and a follow-up. The furious destruction of so many U. S. ships was fresh in their minds as they gazed at the now victory-flushed, lighted and peaceful shoreline. Even the landing of Marines in Sasebo could not bring home so clearly the fact that the war was really over.

Okinawa was left astern and two days later the coast of Luzon appeared ahead. Down past Lingayen, down past Bataan, and finally, as darkness fell, past Corregidor into Manila Bay. It was quite dark and raining that night, with visibility so bad you could hardly see the fo'csle. The *Thomas Jefferson* anchored safely near the center of Manila Bay and the next morning moved into her assigned anchorage.

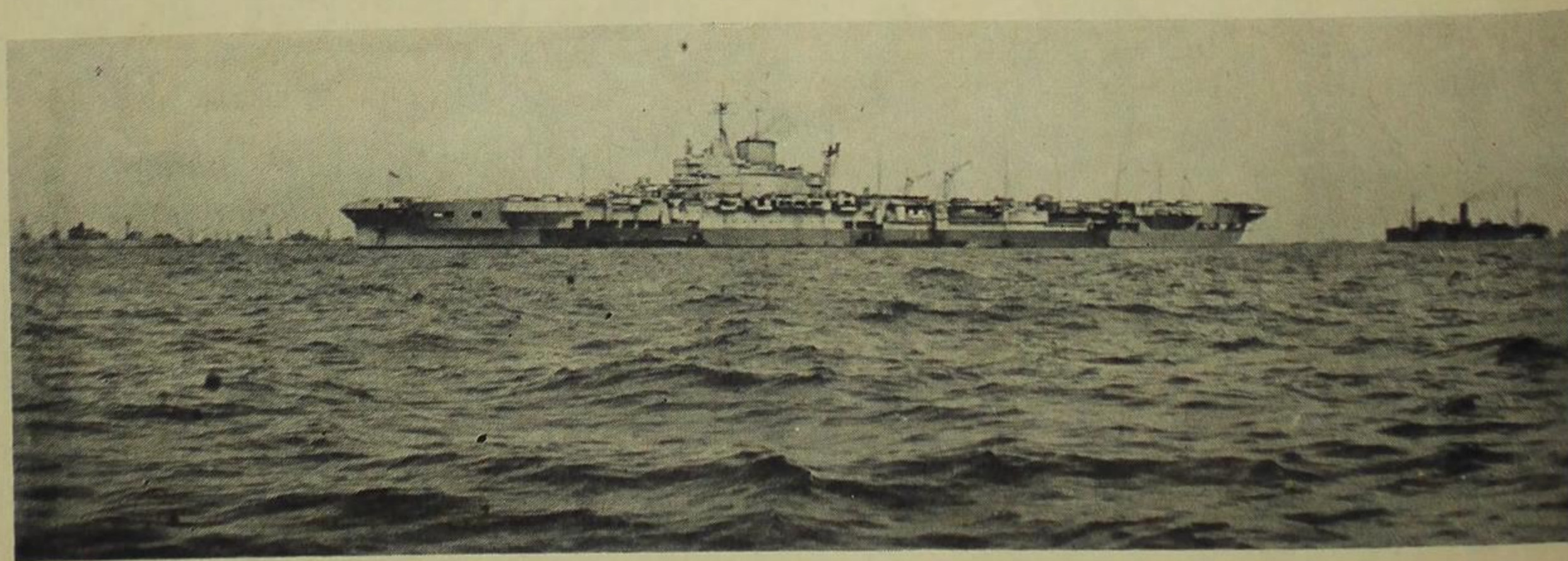
Manila was once called "The Pearl of the Orient." Her grandeur came from a peculiar mixture of the Spanish, American and native influences. The old ravaged forts were picturesque standing next to widely spaced, modern buildings, with neat parks and well ordered roads. Now it is impossible sometimes to tell the old ruined forts

from the newly ruined buildings. Ivy and weeds grow in the parks; the roads are muddy and badly drained. A luxuriant black market is in full swing, and prices are so high that a single meal costs around six dollars.

But the people are happy. They actually are. Gangs of Filipinos labor on roads, but they are smiling and joking. Tradesmen have a smile for anyone, although they'll gyp you out of your last peso. But Manila will still be a long time rebuilding.

Only a few of the crew had liberty ashore. Coming back to the ship, they report, was a hard trip. It took an hour and a half in rough water, the ship being anchored so far out in the bay the coxswain could never make her out among the hundreds of large craft anchored there. He would steer for the middle of the bay on a compass course, then peer around through the gathering gloom until the fat stack of the *T. J.* caught his eye. It was always a wet and dragged-out group of officers and men who returned.

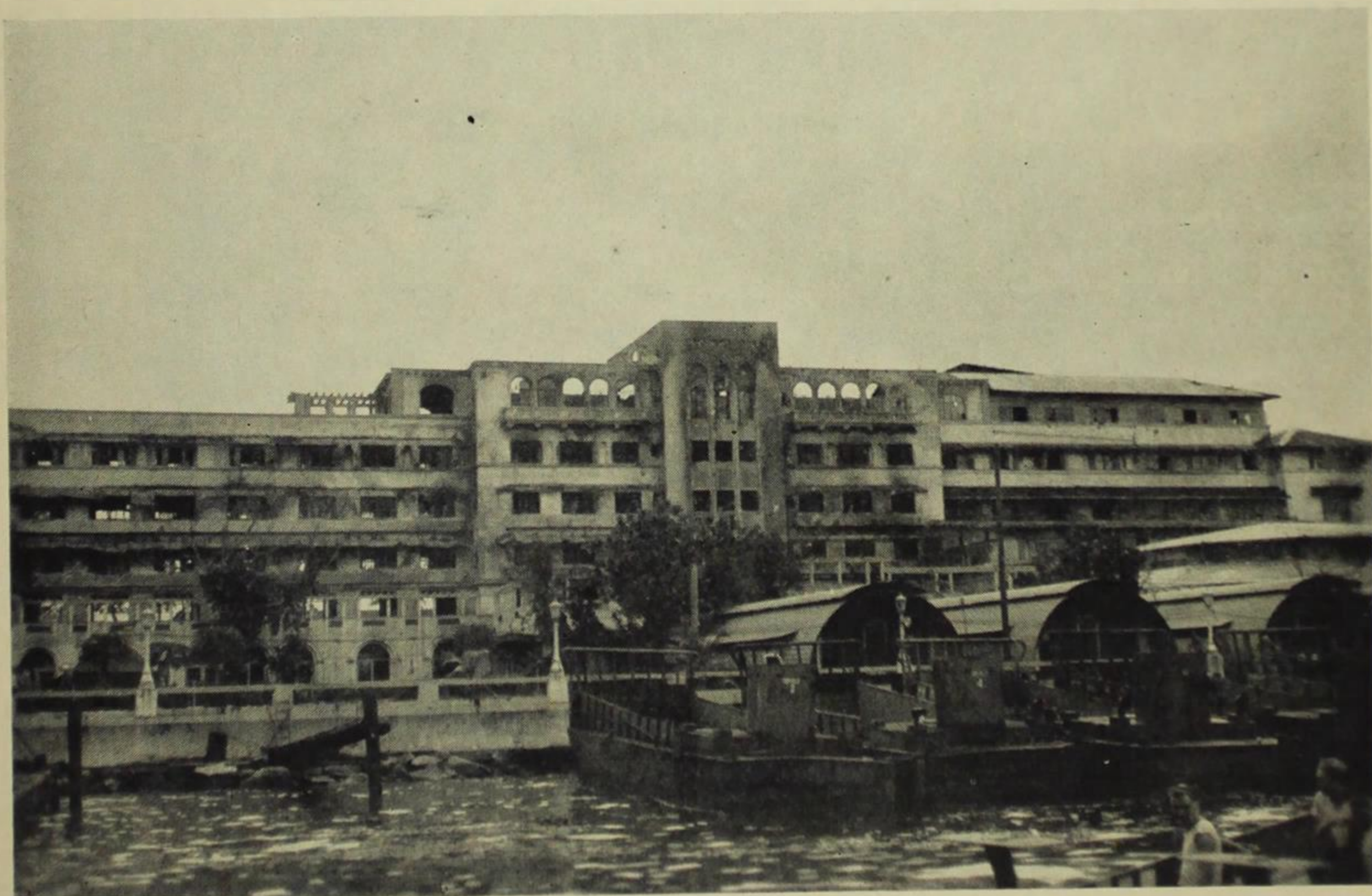
We left Manila after fueling and steamed northward up the coast of Luzon and then down into Lingayen Gulf where we were scheduled to pick up Army troops for the second round of occupation. Recreation parties were organized by the Chaplain. Finally, on October 9, we shoved off for Sasebo.



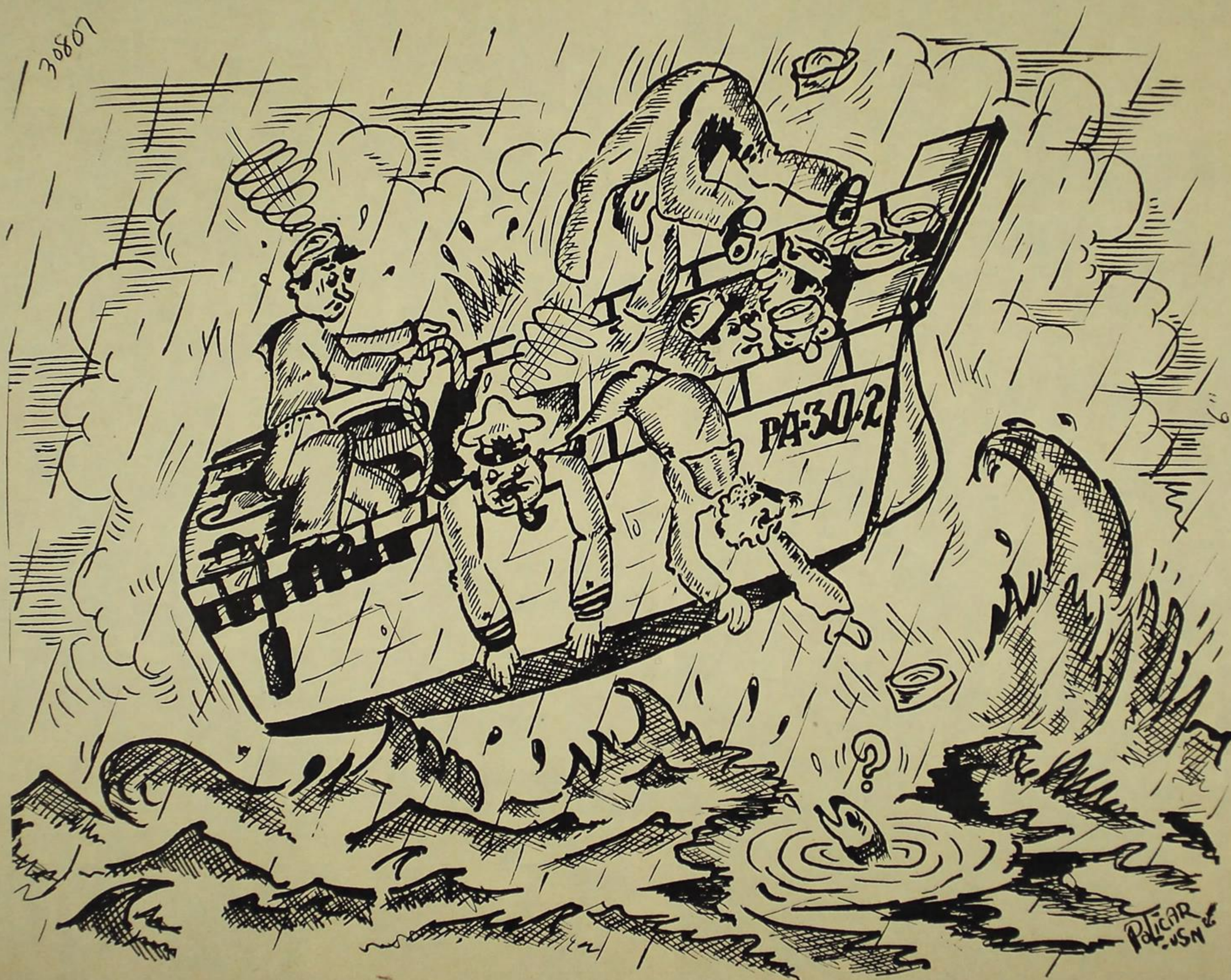
BRITISH AIR POWER IN MANILA BAY



RECREATION PARTY AT LINGAYEN



RUINED BEYOND REPAIR



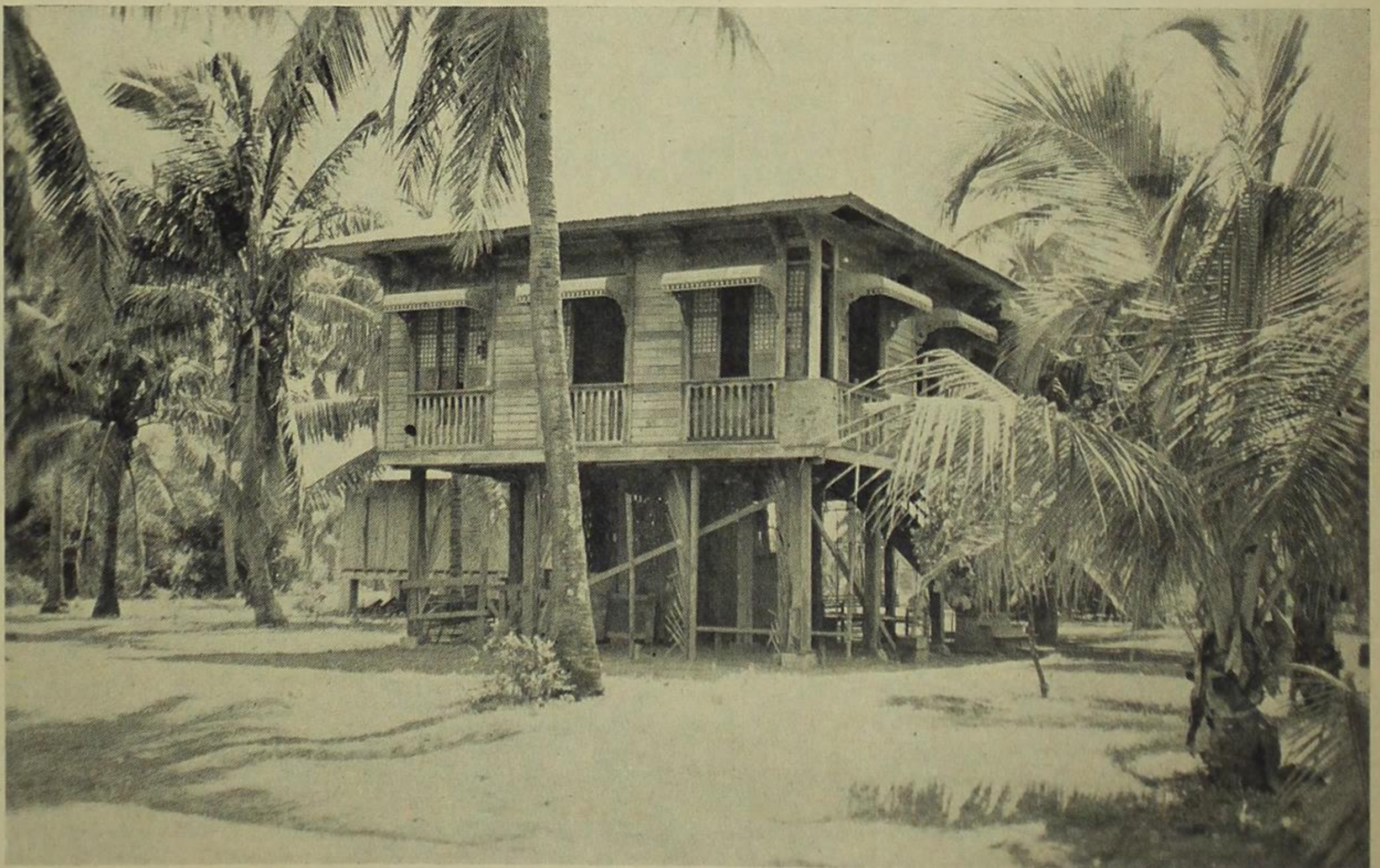
"A WET AND DRAGGED-OUT GROUP . . ."



FATHER AND SON



THE LIBERATED



A NATIVE RESIDENCE



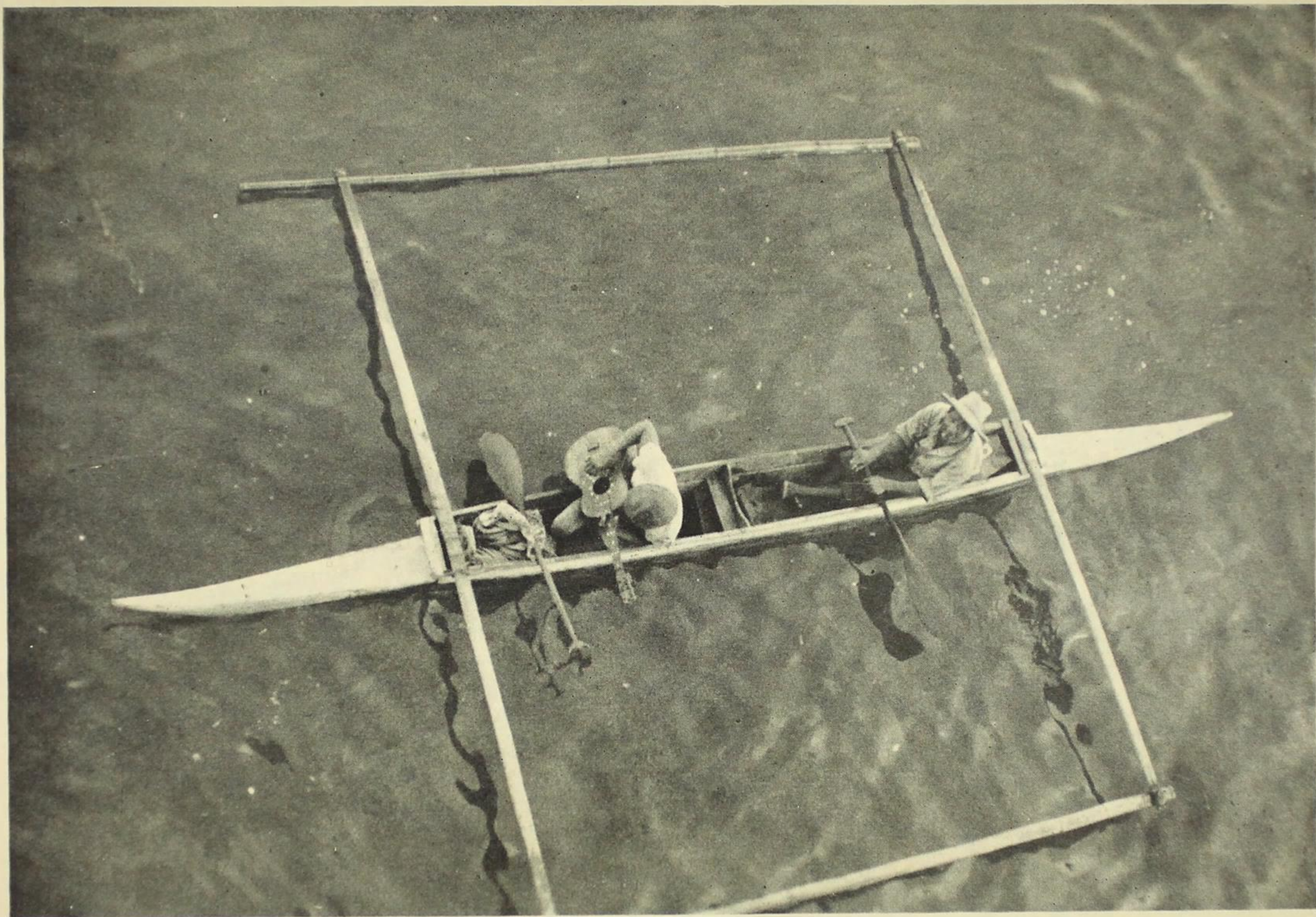
THE LINGAYEN LIMITED



LINGAYEN GULF



THE JAPS PILLAGED EVERYTHING



SERENADE FOR A PESO

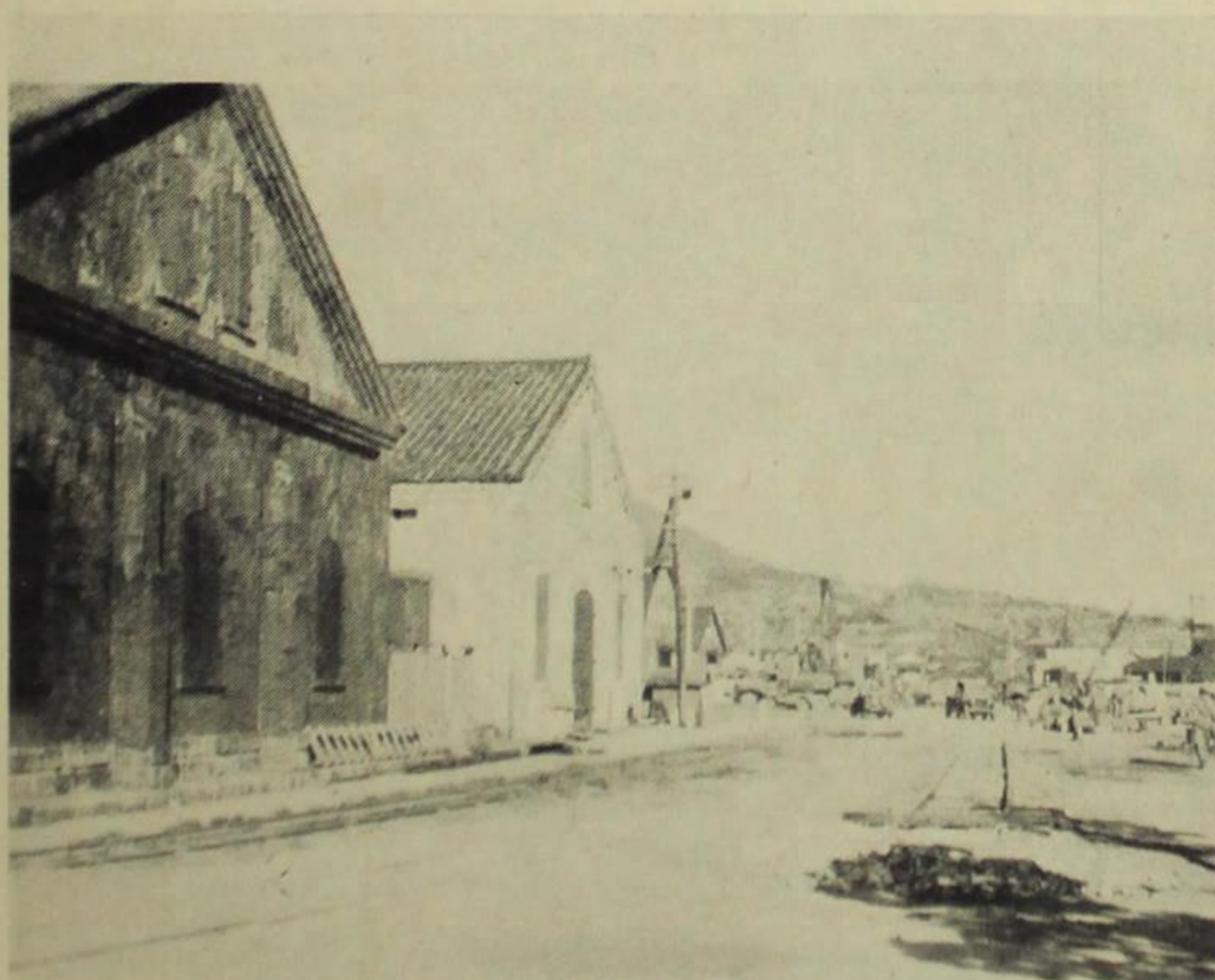
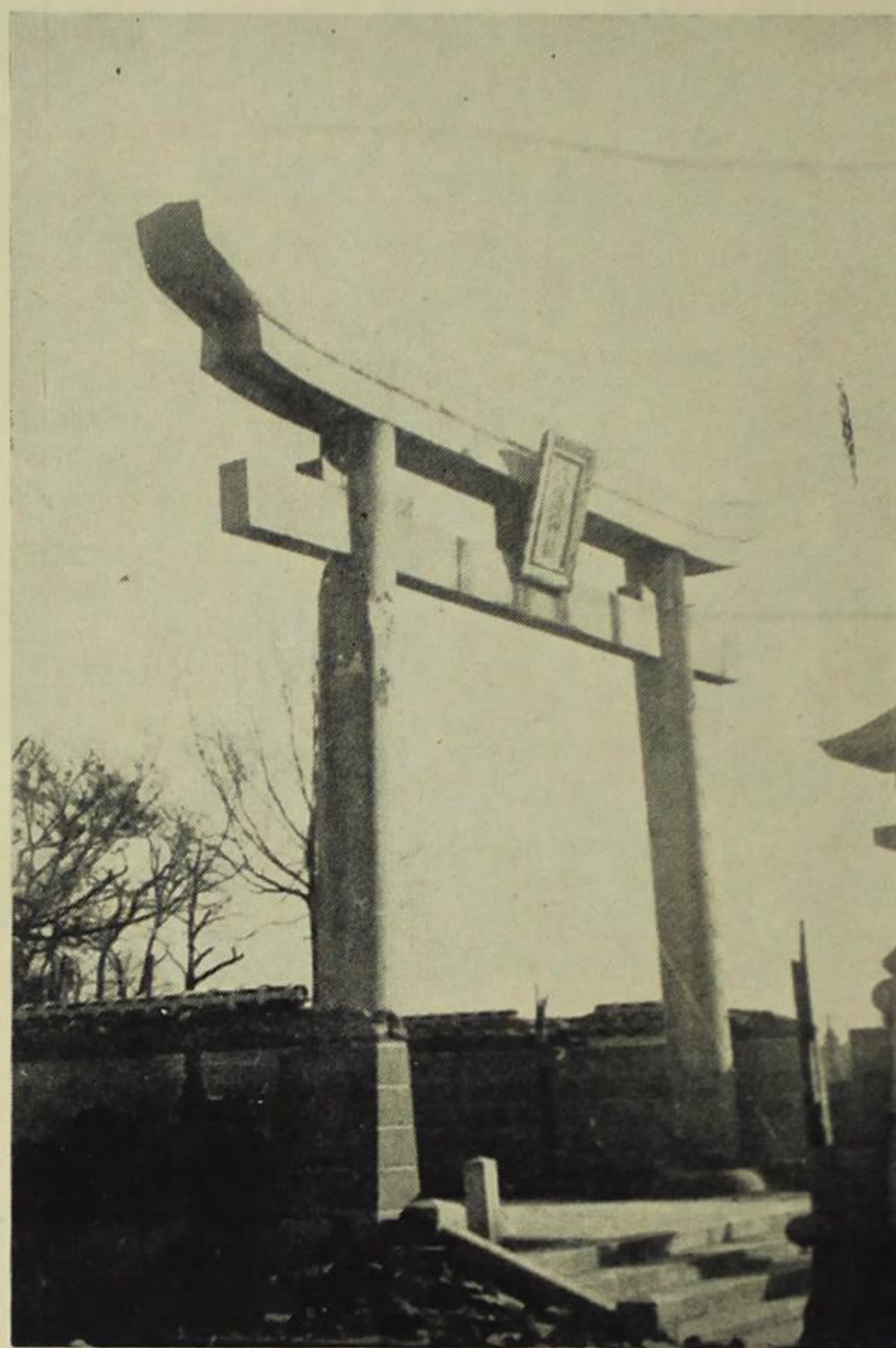


FLOWER OF THE EAST

SASEBO REVISITED

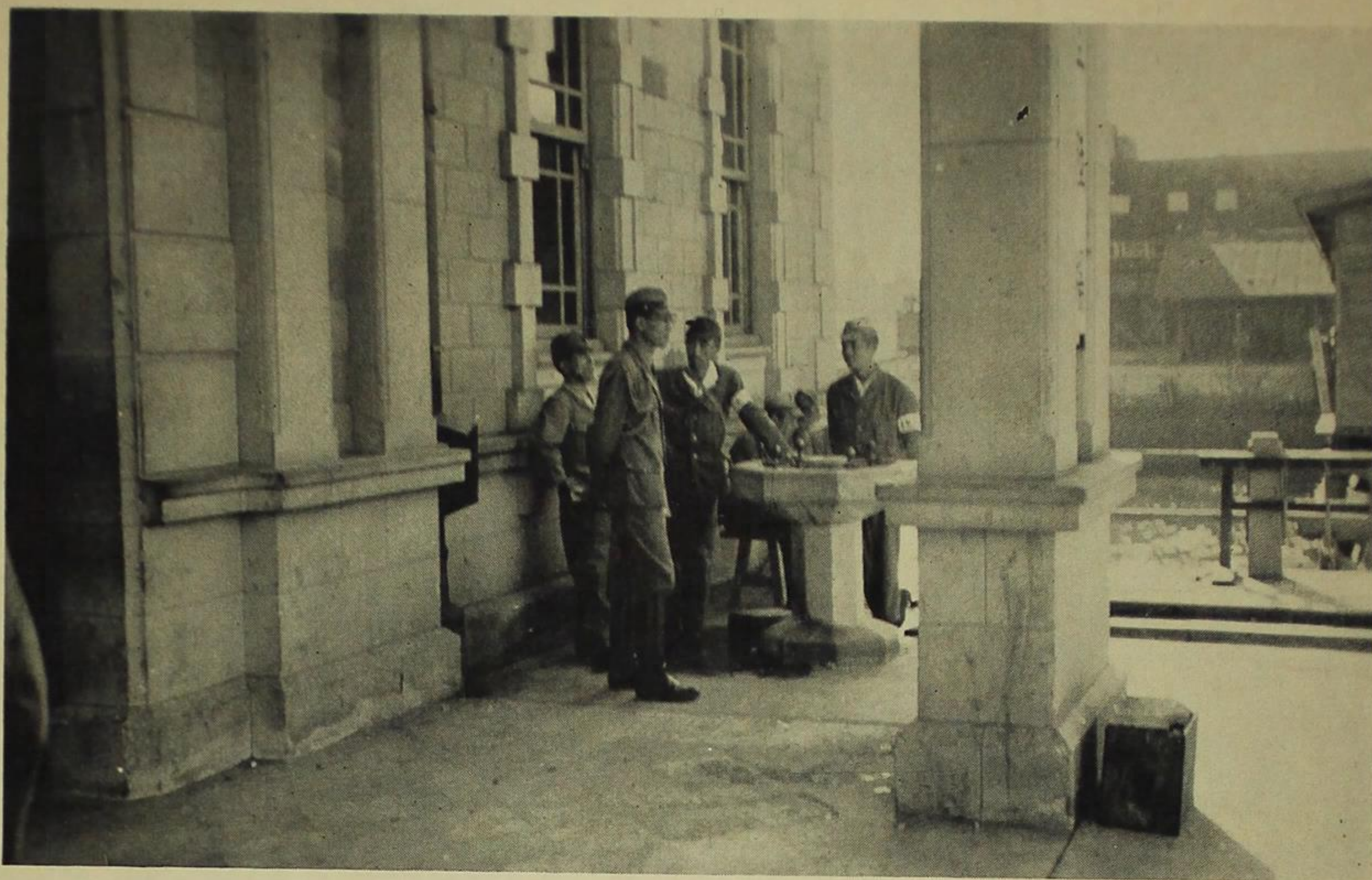
◀ The rumor was widely circulated that extensive liberty would be granted in Japan this time, and it proved to be true. After unloading the Army troops the ship granted liberty to as many as the Port Director would allow, and every man on the ship had at least one chance to go ashore.

When you approach the city of Sasebo from the waterfront you do not notice the effect of the American bombings. Instead you come to a rather shabby dock-like structure which has not been damaged, but needs repair badly. A large clock points eternally to ten minutes of ten. The hands are rusted. The dock leads through an archway into a building which must have been a customs house of some kind, but now is the station of Shore Patrols and Military Police. Through the archway and through the building walk hundreds of American sailors. Into the streets of Sasebo, on the island of Kyushu in the Empire of Japan, walk the boys of this ship and other ships, who, several years ago, thought that a trip to the nearest large city was a great event. The street winds onward into the city. On sunny days, there is a fine, gritty dust on the road. On wet days the dust turns into twenty times its volume of mud.

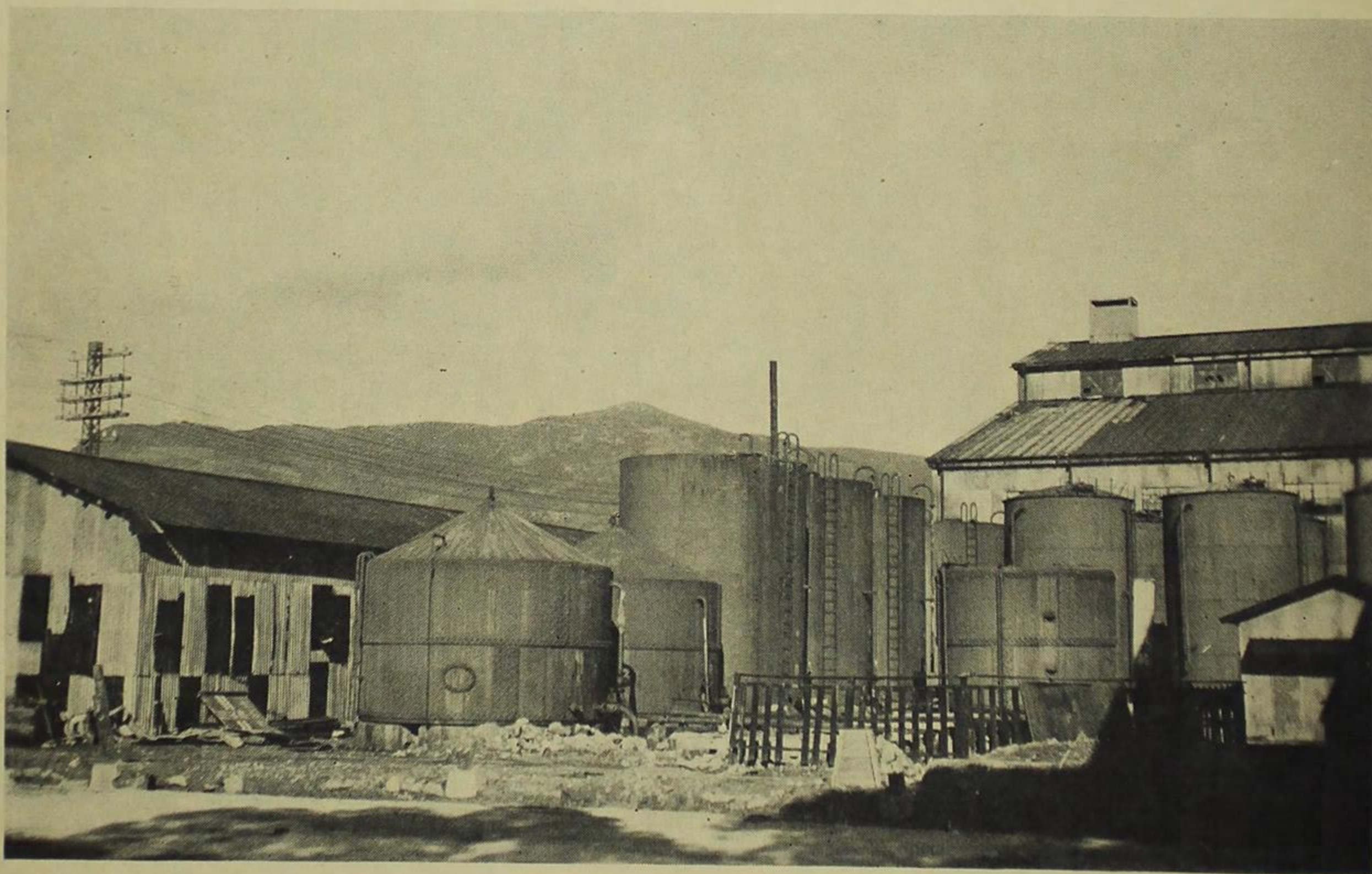


THE LIBERTY LANDING AREA

Near the waterfront there are no Japanese. But on the winding, slowly uphill climb into town they are to be met; women, old men, and many young children. The young men are absent, not having been demobilized. Amazingly, most of the people smile at the Americans. You wonder what sort of people they are. The women and old men smile humbly, like people who wish to be forgiven. The little boys salute you with a wide grin and remind you of the kid brother who brags on you and wants you to go out to see him play baseball with his gang. The little girls titter and run when you speak to them. You are more than amazed; you are aston-



JAPANESE PETTY OFFICIALS

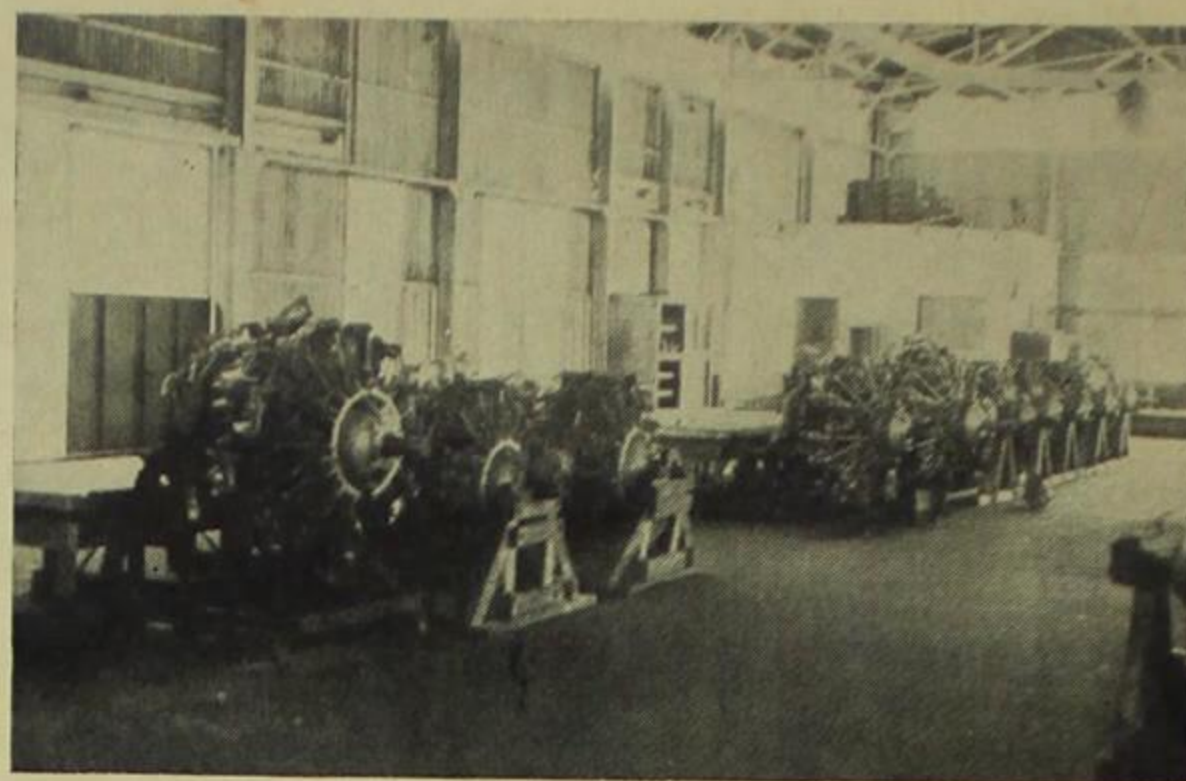


THE B-29's MISSED THESE OIL TANKS

ished. You realize the tremendous prestige America must have in this poverty stricken land. But you remember, by and by, that the fanatics who fought against you are still in the army. Perhaps old people and children are alike all over the world, and these are all you see.

The women wear slacks as a rule, very loose and baggy in the seat. They prefer not to have their pictures taken; it is considered indecent in Japan for a woman to appear in a snapshot. But they realize that when in a city the Romans have conquered, one can not help doing somewhat as the Romans do. The modern young ladies will sometimes pose, but the older ones usually decline. The children pose eagerly and keep trying to edge into pictures where they are not wanted.

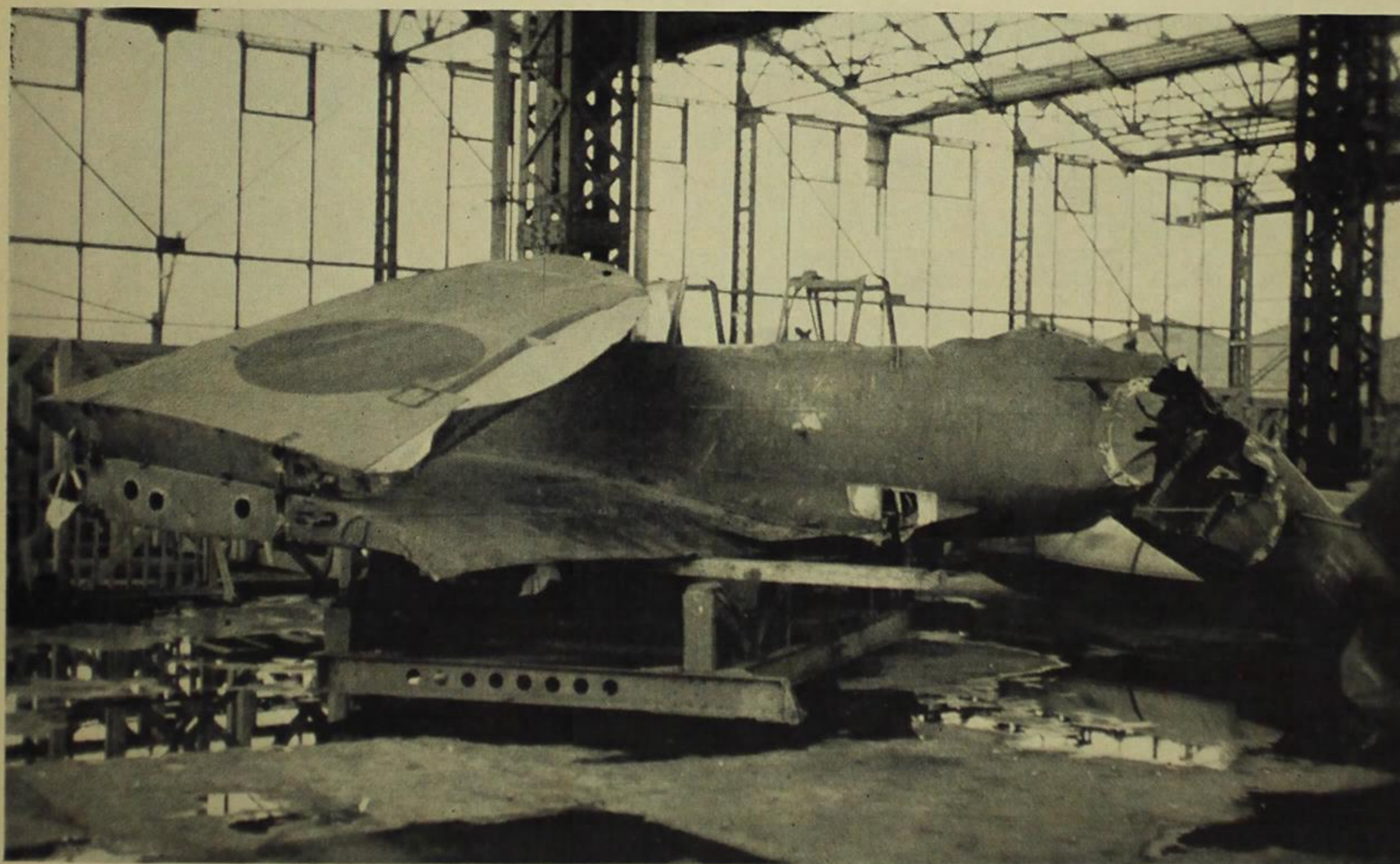
There are many ruins in Sasebo. It is impossible to tell whether they were homes or factories because nothing but flat rubble is left. But when you come upon a spot with hundreds of broken dishes, vases, and pots, lying in the debris you conclude a pottery shop must have stood there. Sasebo lies in a valley somewhat like the towns of West Virginia, and the part that is lowest, near the winding



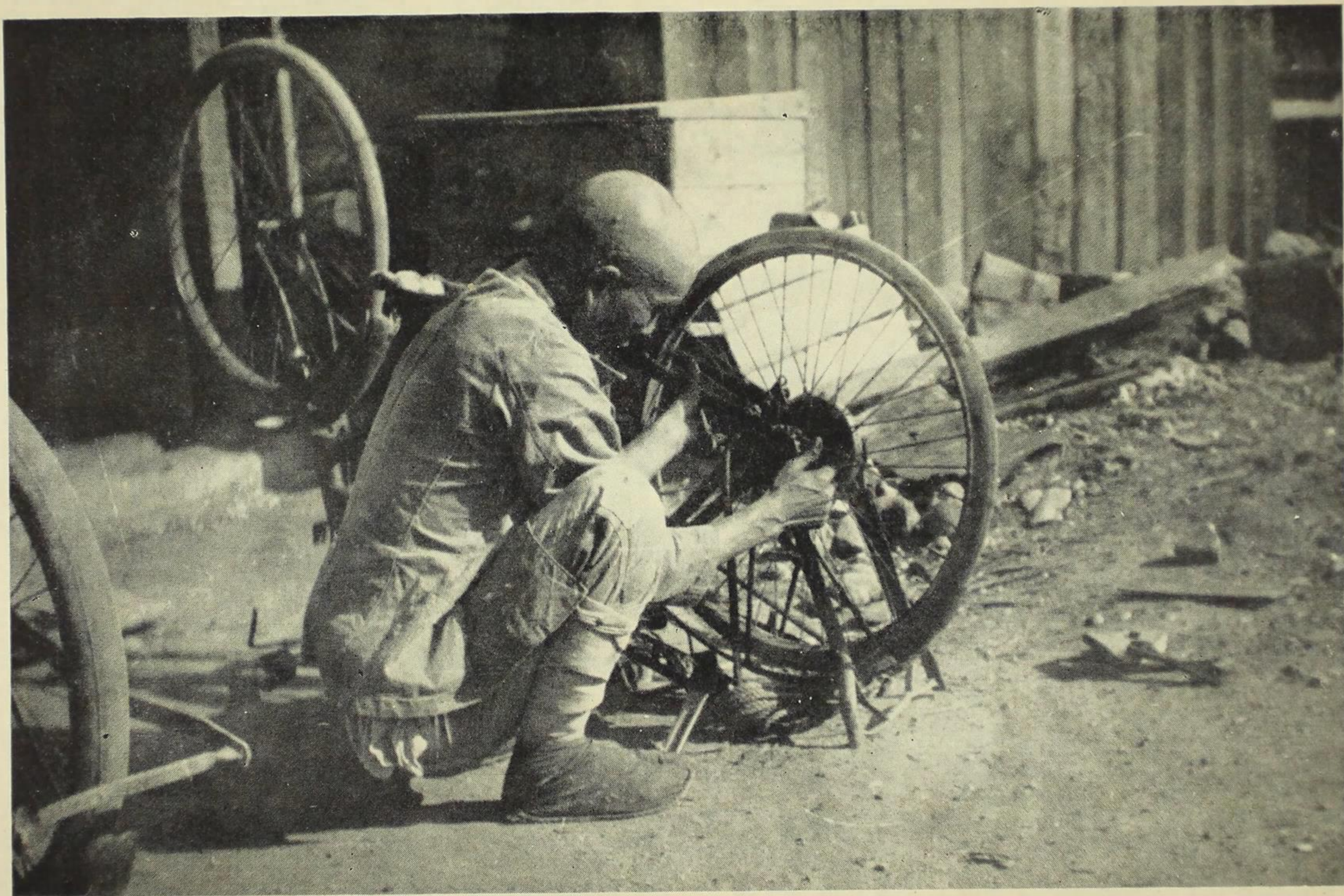
A STOREHOUSE AT THE NAVAL AIR STATION

river, is blown to pieces, while the residential district of the sloping hillsides is left untouched. These houses seem crowded, poor and ill ventilated. Every one that has any space around it has its garden, still growing here in October, with a number of strange-looking vegetables.

There is not much to buy in Sasebo. One shop, set up in the second floor of a ruined building, is well patronized by Americans. Here you can buy tasteful art objects at little expense.



ZEKE IS IN BAD SHAPE

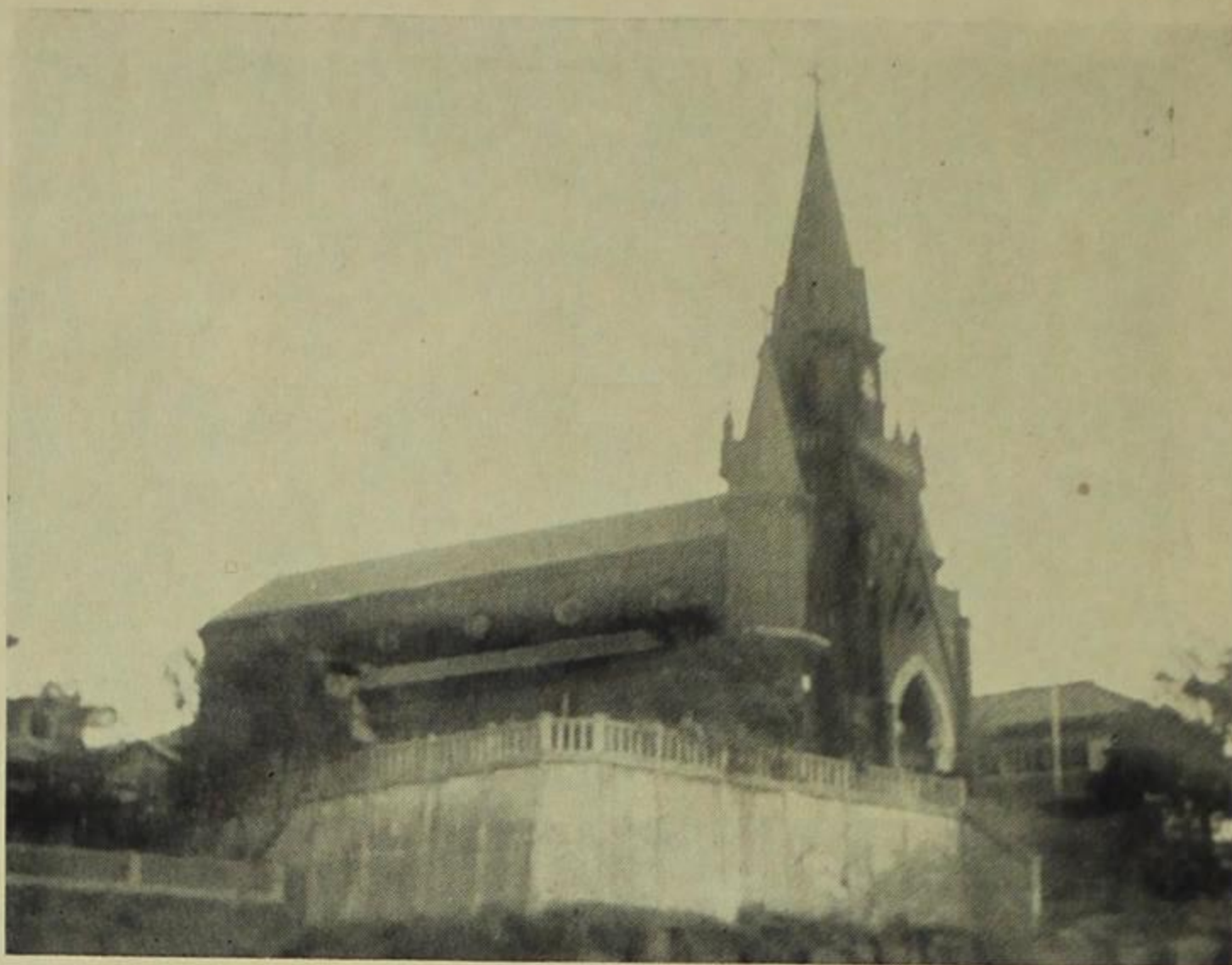


MITSUBISHI'S NEW VOCATION

One hour left before you must return to the landing. There is much of Sasebo left to see. The bank was smashed flat, but the institution is not dead. It has set up in a moderately undamaged building across the street. The post office is still standing. Barber shops are plentiful, and do a rushing business. The women and little girls go there for haircuts as well as the men. There are few restaurants.

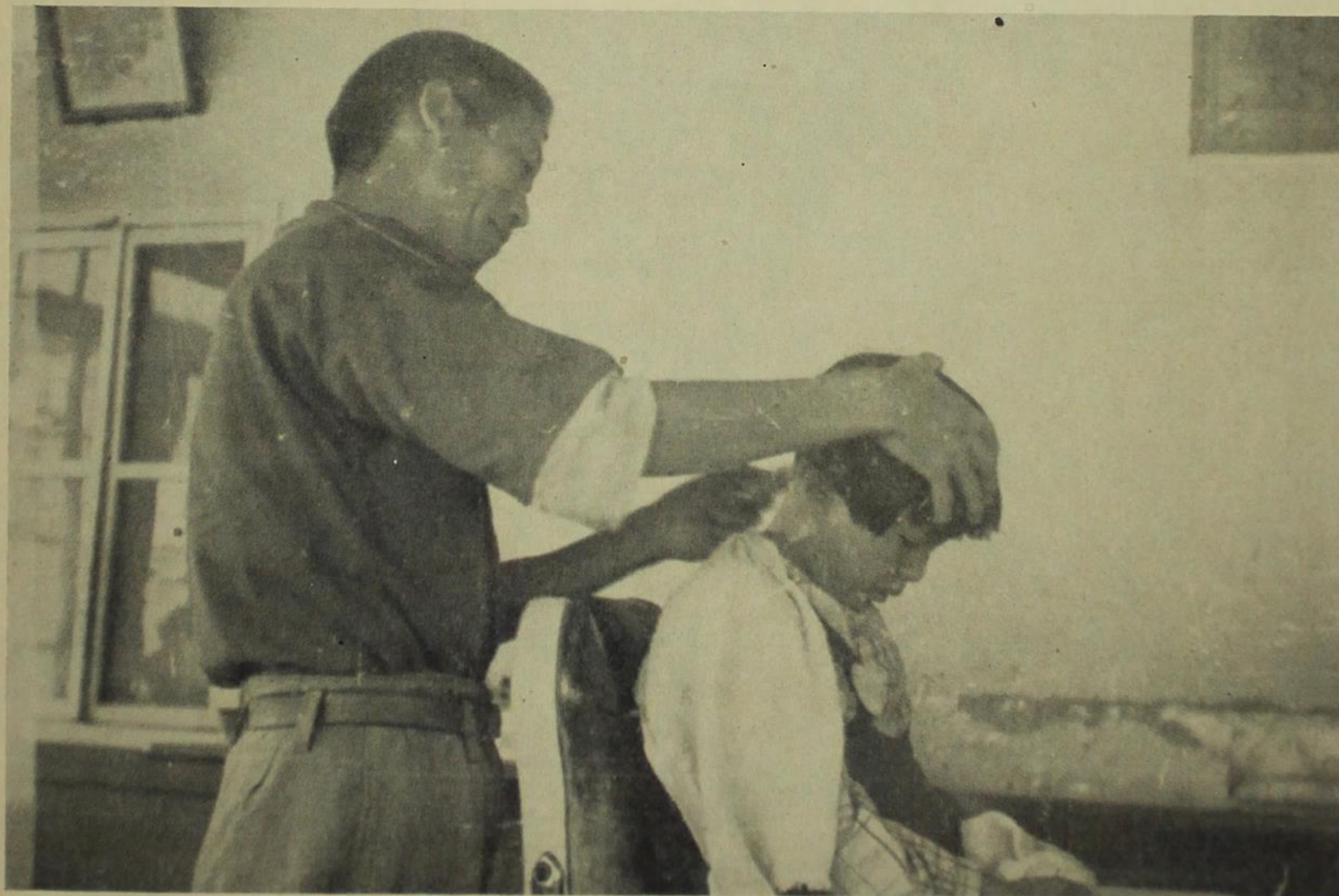
You walk back to the landing, slowly, because you still have twenty minutes to spend on Japanese soil. Perhaps you notice for the first time the Japanese Annapolis, the naval college, whose two or three large buildings are still standing and have been taken over by the Marines for their headquarters. Japanese guns and torpedoes are mounted in the courtyard for inspection. They must have been there many years, for they are old and tired looking weapons.

Back to the landing, through the faded customs house with the clock still reading ten minutes of



UNDAMAGED CATHOLIC CHURCH

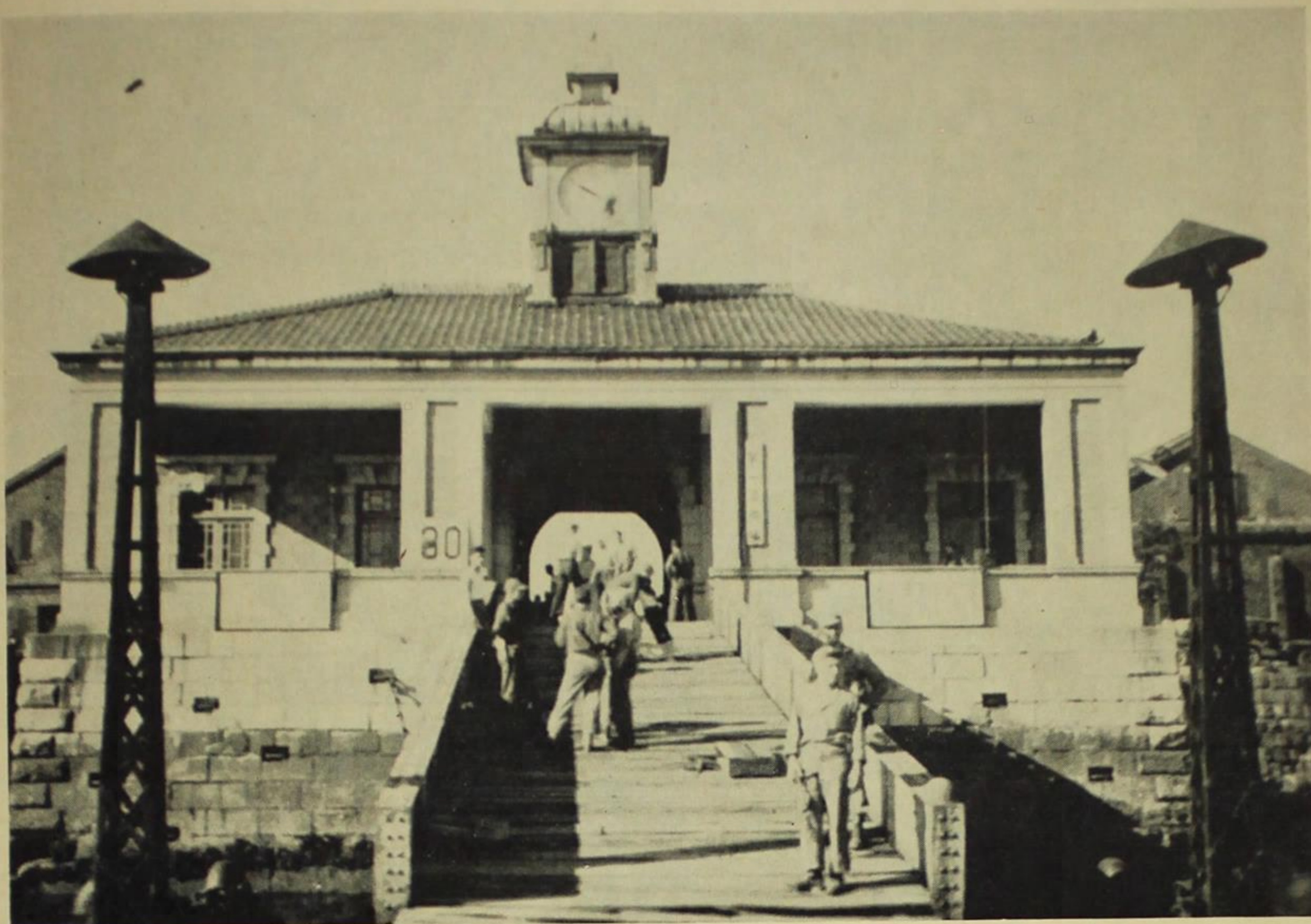
ten, back in the boat with your souvenirs, and past the shattered Jap aircraft carrier with the starboard list. Finally, you are on the United States Ship *Thomas Jefferson* and not really in the Orient any more.



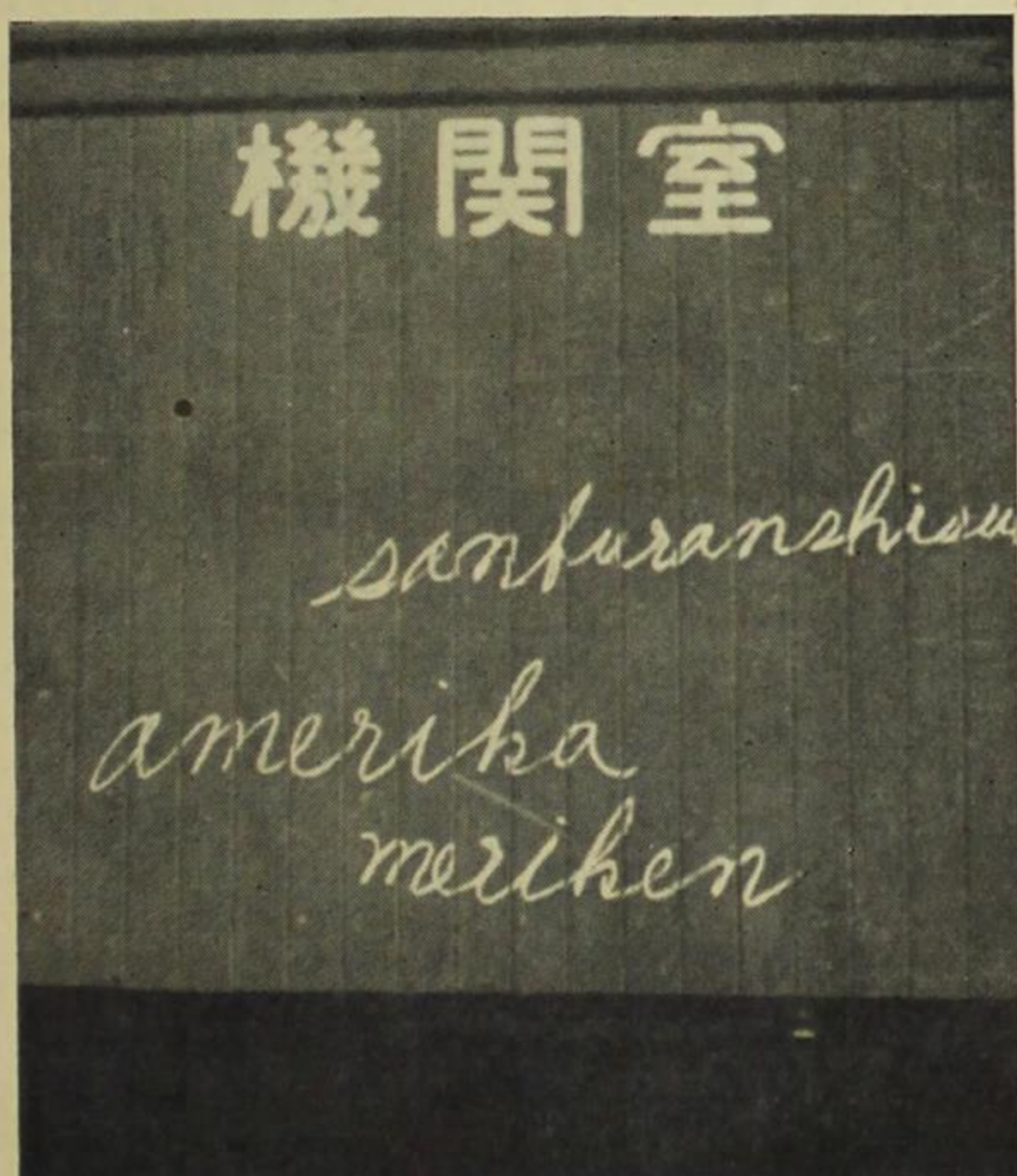
CLIPPERS ON THE SIDE, PLEASE



A CORDIAL FAMILY GROUP



"THROUGH THE ARCHWAY . . ."



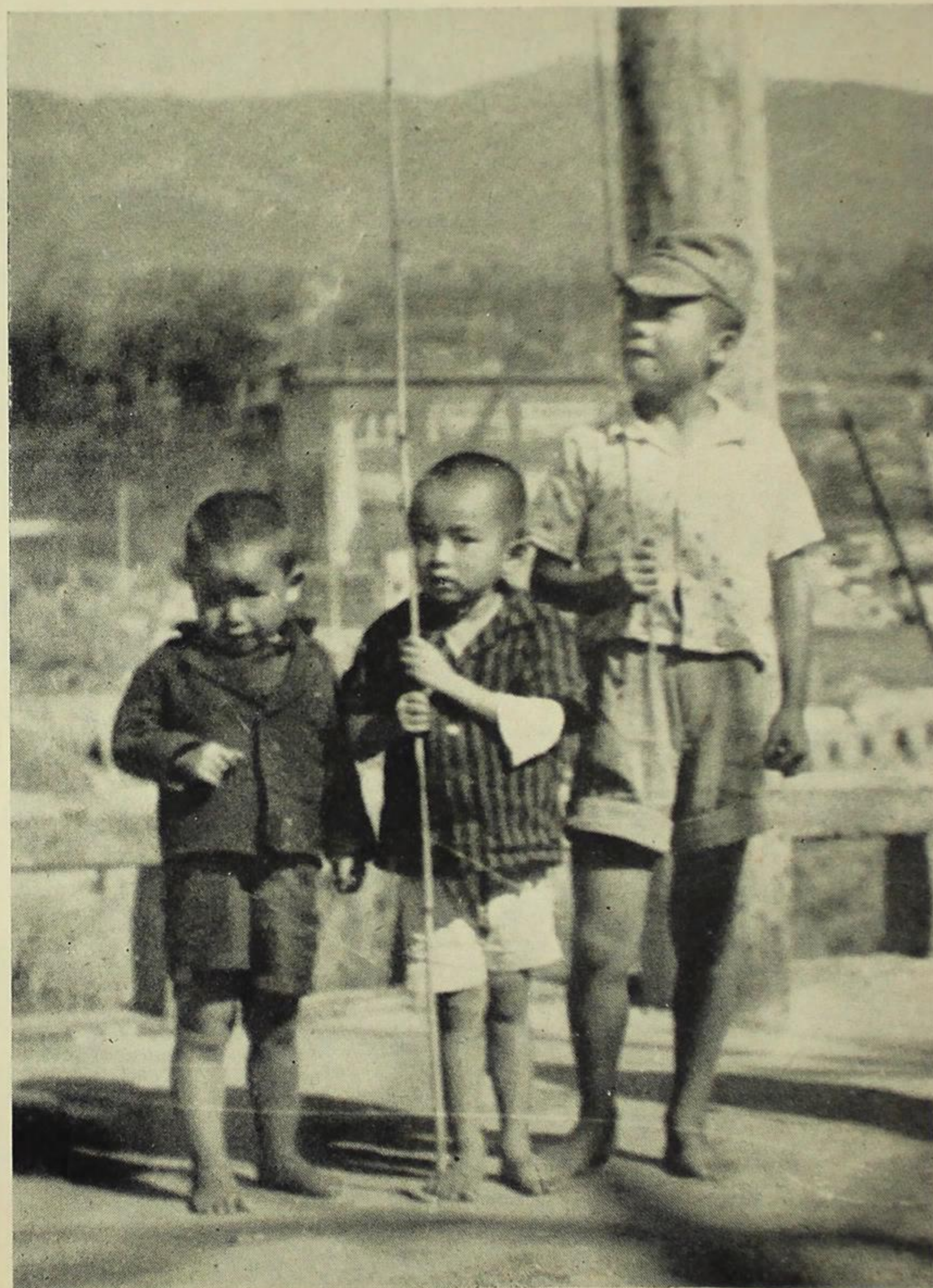
BOXCAR WRITING—JAPANESE SPELLING OF
SAN FRANCISCO



EVER TRY THIS?



THE NEW JAPAN



THEY JUST AIN'T BITIN' TODAY . . .



MEMORIALS TO THE DEPARTED



OUT
SHOPPING



TRY CARTER'S
LITTLE LIVER
PILLS, MISTER

MORNING SHADOWS on the FANTAIL

◀ On the large square-looking maps that hang in schoolhouses all over America, the shortest distance between Saipan and San Francisco looks like a straight line running a little north of due east. But on the charts of the *Thomas Jefferson*, the Navigator plotted a long sweeping curve, bulging upward toward the north. *This* is actually the shortest distance, the Great Circle route, and on Sunday morning, October 28, the ship glided out of Saipan Harbor, through the well marked but narrow channel, through the torpedo nets, and began slowly to crawl along the Navigator's track. We had been in Saipan less than a day after having come down from Sasebo to pick up homeward bound Army troops, but no one was sorry to see the land fade away in the hotness of the morning.

On easterly courses, there are early morning shadows on the fantail. The sun rises ahead of the

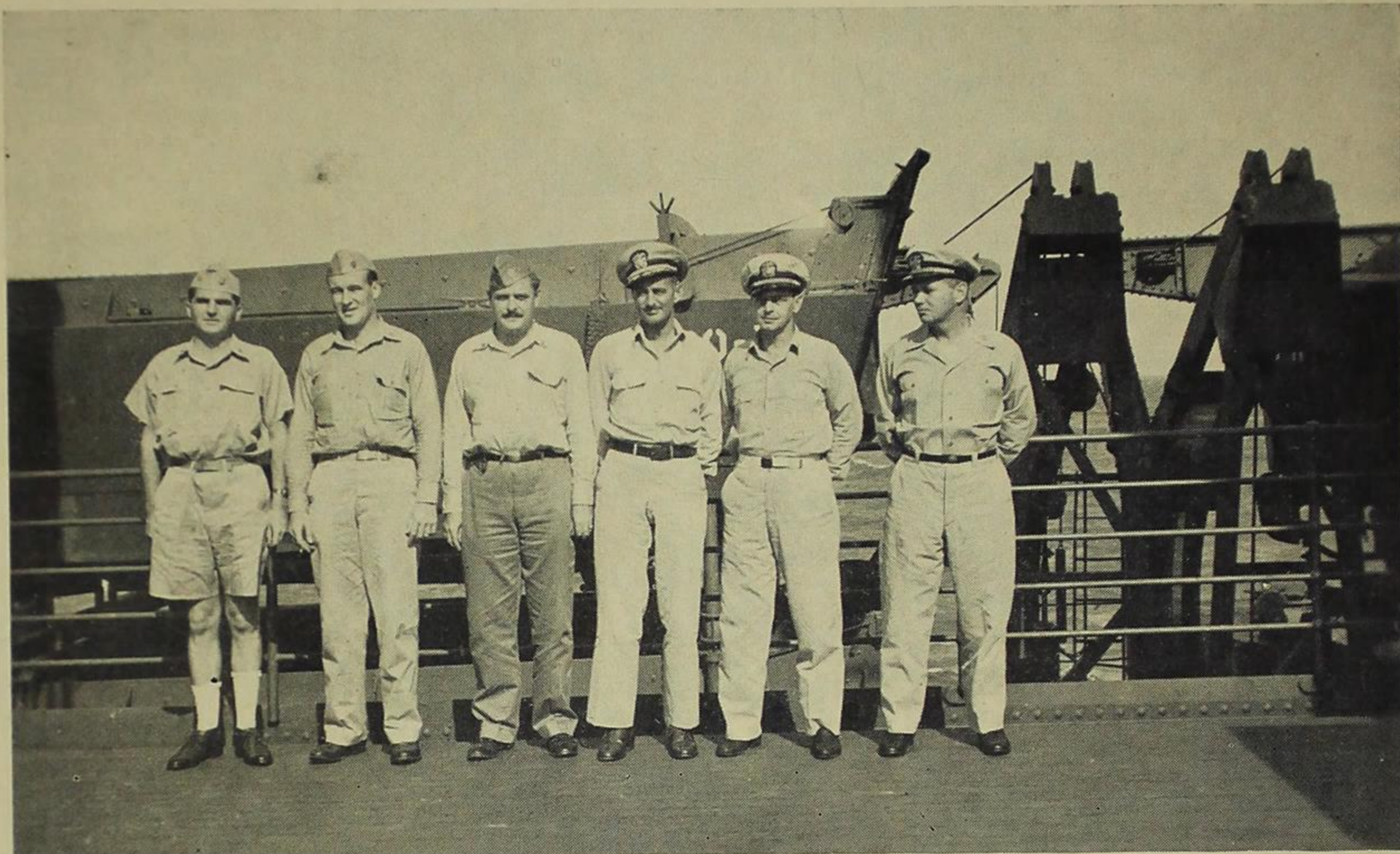
ship. On this trip, after sweepers had been piped in the afternoon, some of the crew sat around and smoked, watching the sun set into the leisurely miles of blue water.

The voyage home was uneventful, except for a severe storm which tossed the ship around north of Midway. It began to get cold, and the watch wore foul weather gear most of the time.

The morning before dawn of November 11 was clear and cold. As cold as the morning four months before when the Captain had the orderly bring Spurrier a foul weather jacket, and as clear as a frosty night in March. The half moon hung in the sky surrounded by a dozen of the bright stars of the East, and underneath, glittering in the early morning chill, lying clearly before us like diamonds on a distant carpet . . . was San Francisco.

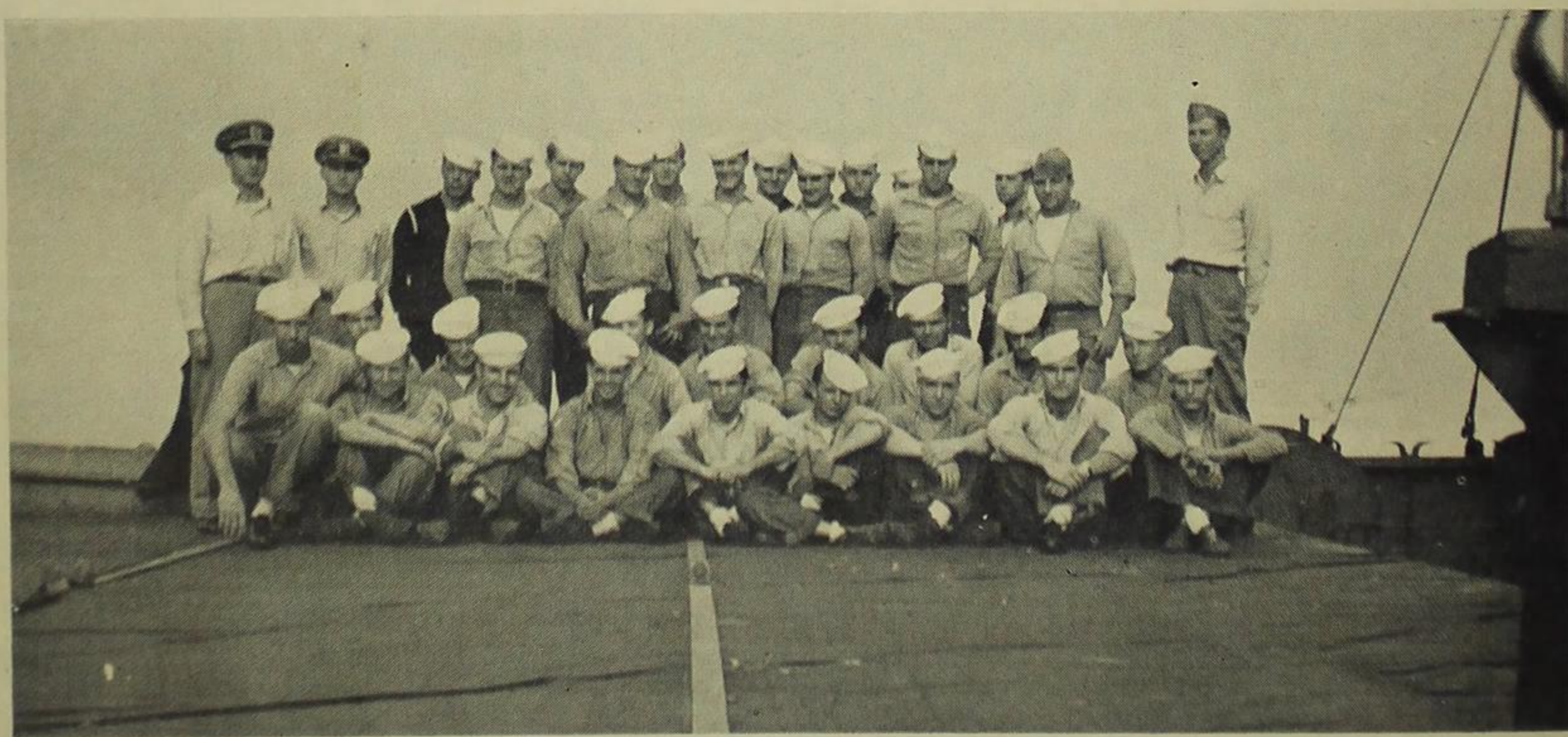


THE MEN



(Left to right): LT. BLACK, LT. KANE, LT. HAVERBECK, COMDR. LEGGE, LT. McINTYRE, LT. HARRIS

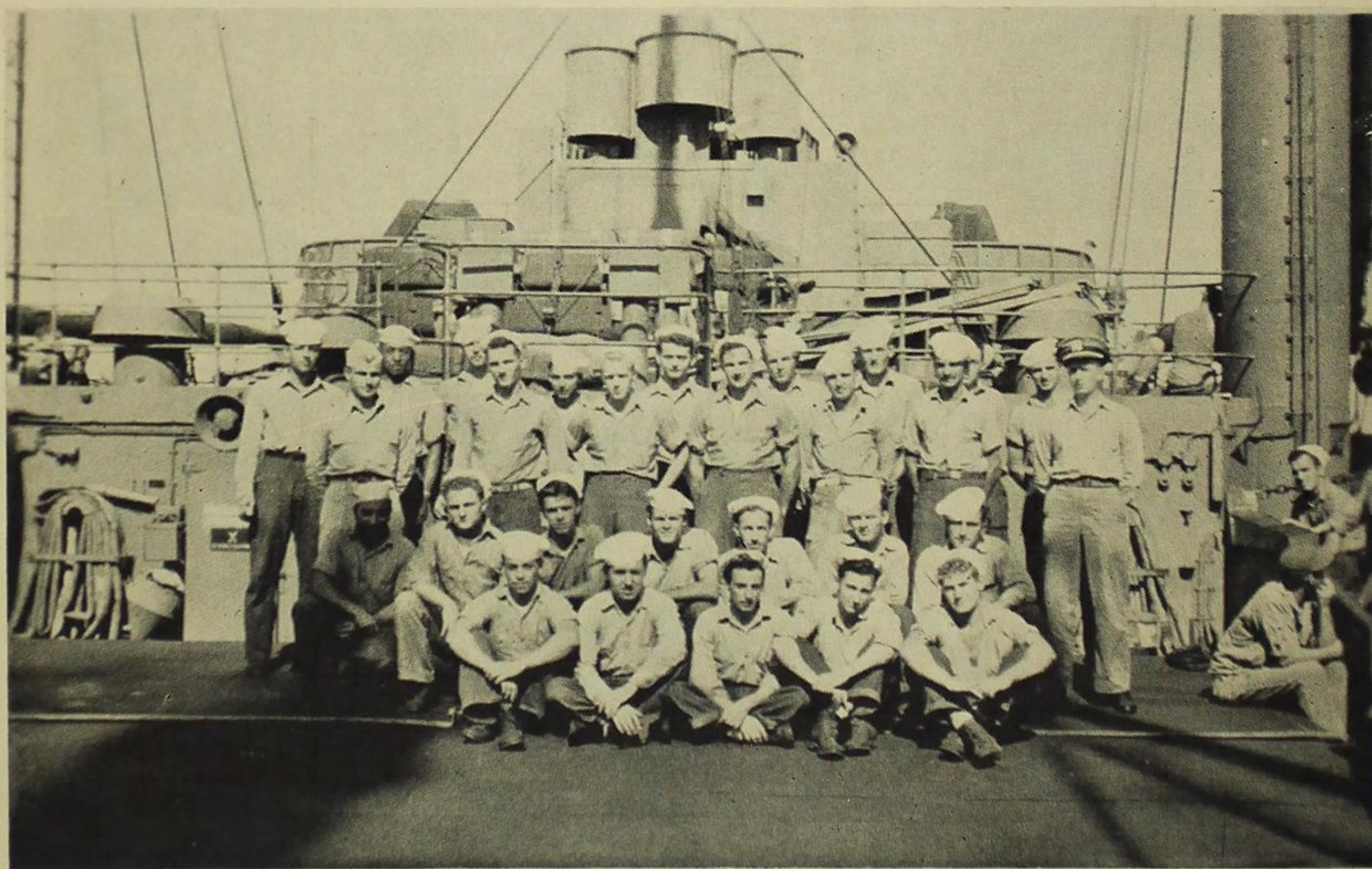
1st DIVISION



2nd DIVISION



X DIVISION



X DIVISION



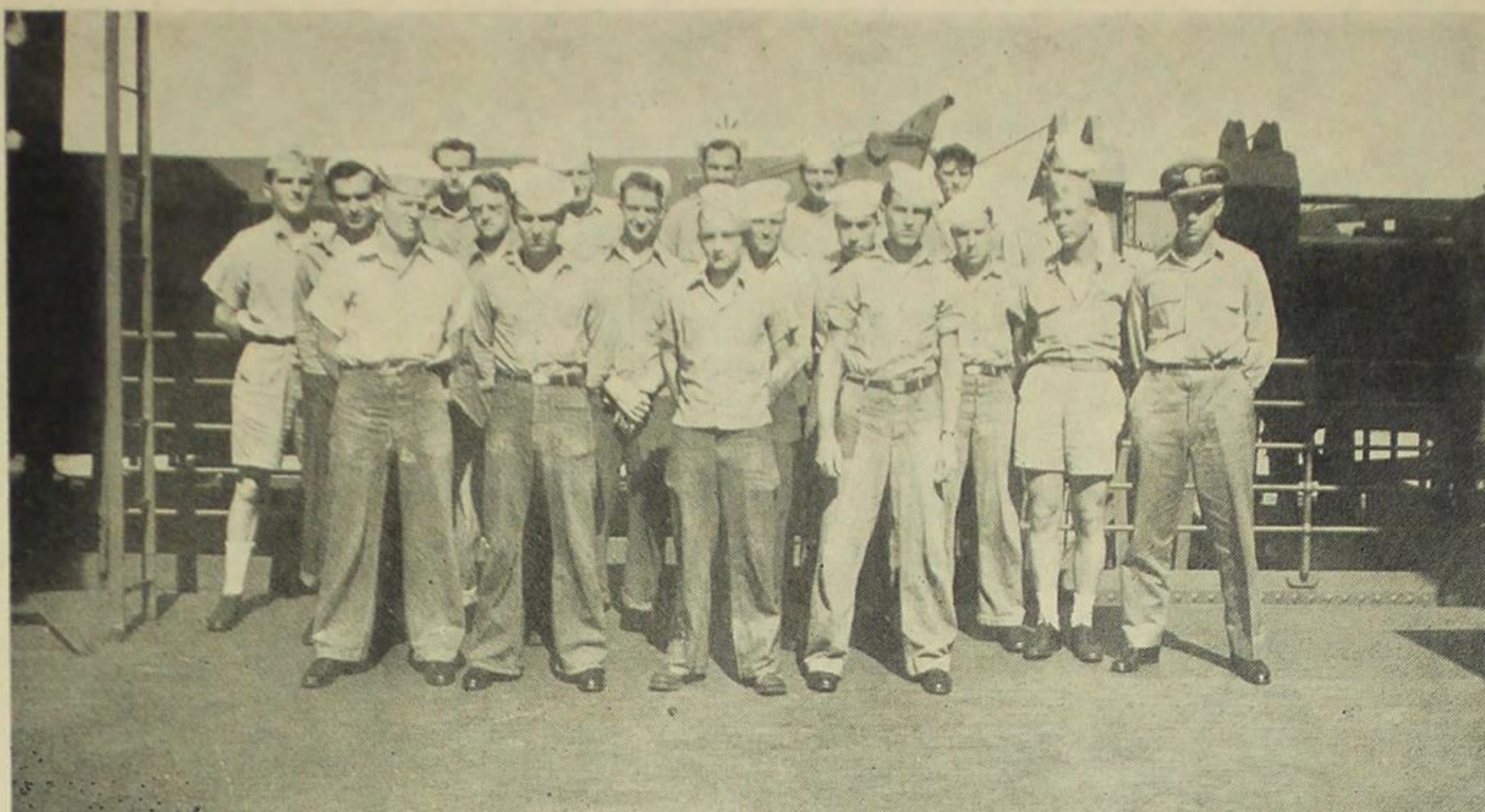


N DIVISION



Q DIVISION





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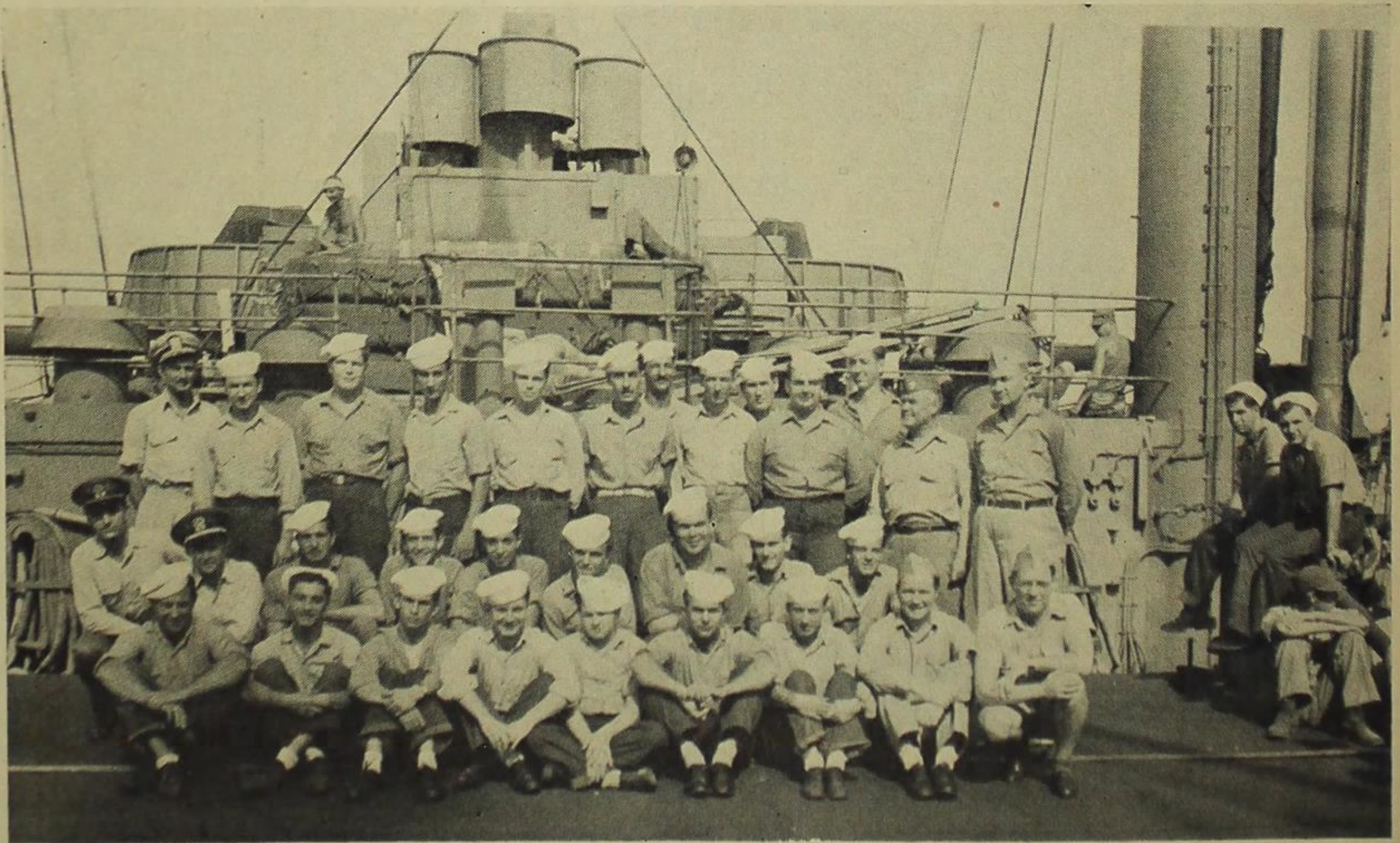


R DIVISION

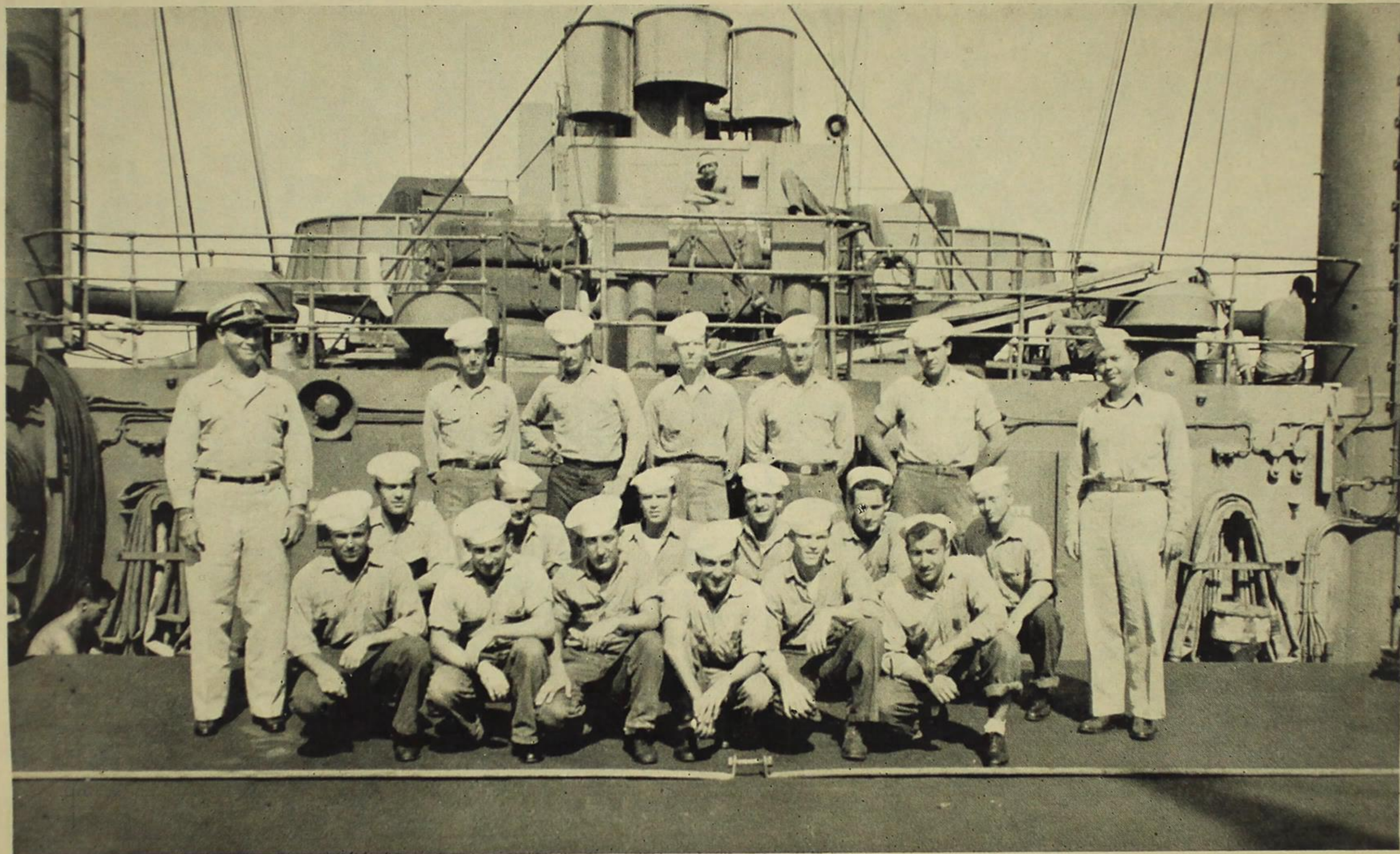




H DIVISION



F DIVISION





ENGINEERING DIVISIONS



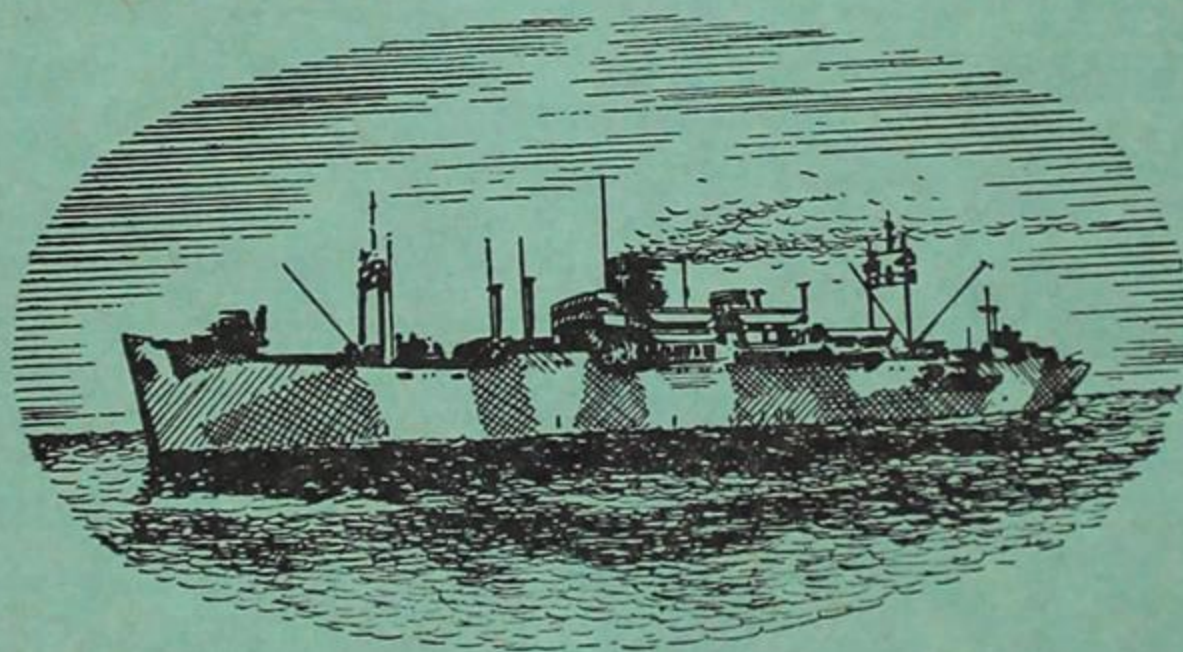
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USS THOMAS JEFF-
ERSON (APA-30)
JAN - JUL 1945

A
WAR CRUISE
of the
PACIFIC



USS Thomas Jefferson

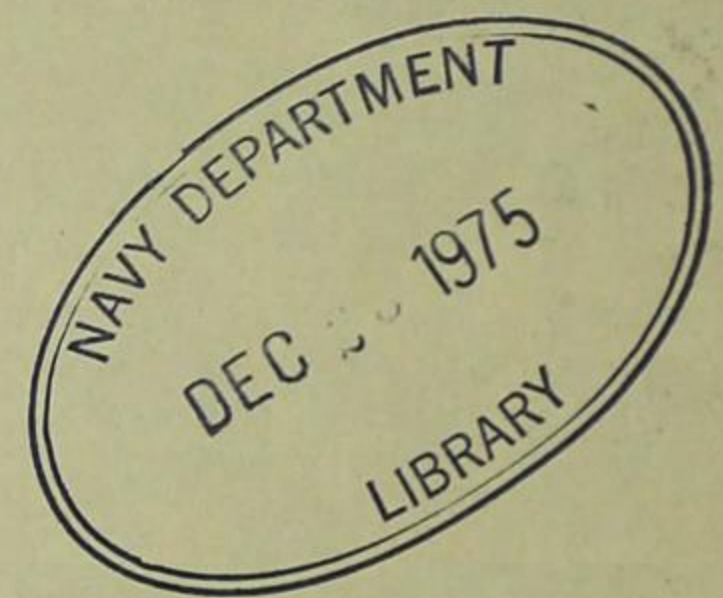
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*Thomas Jefferson (APA-30) 1945
January 1945 July*

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1945

*PACIFIC
ISLANDS, PEOPLES
and
Crossing the Equator*



USS Thomas Jefferson
(APA 30)

PUBLISHED BY
SHIP'S WELFARE DEPARTMENT
1945





Captain

JOSEPH R. BARBARO, U.S.N.

Commanding

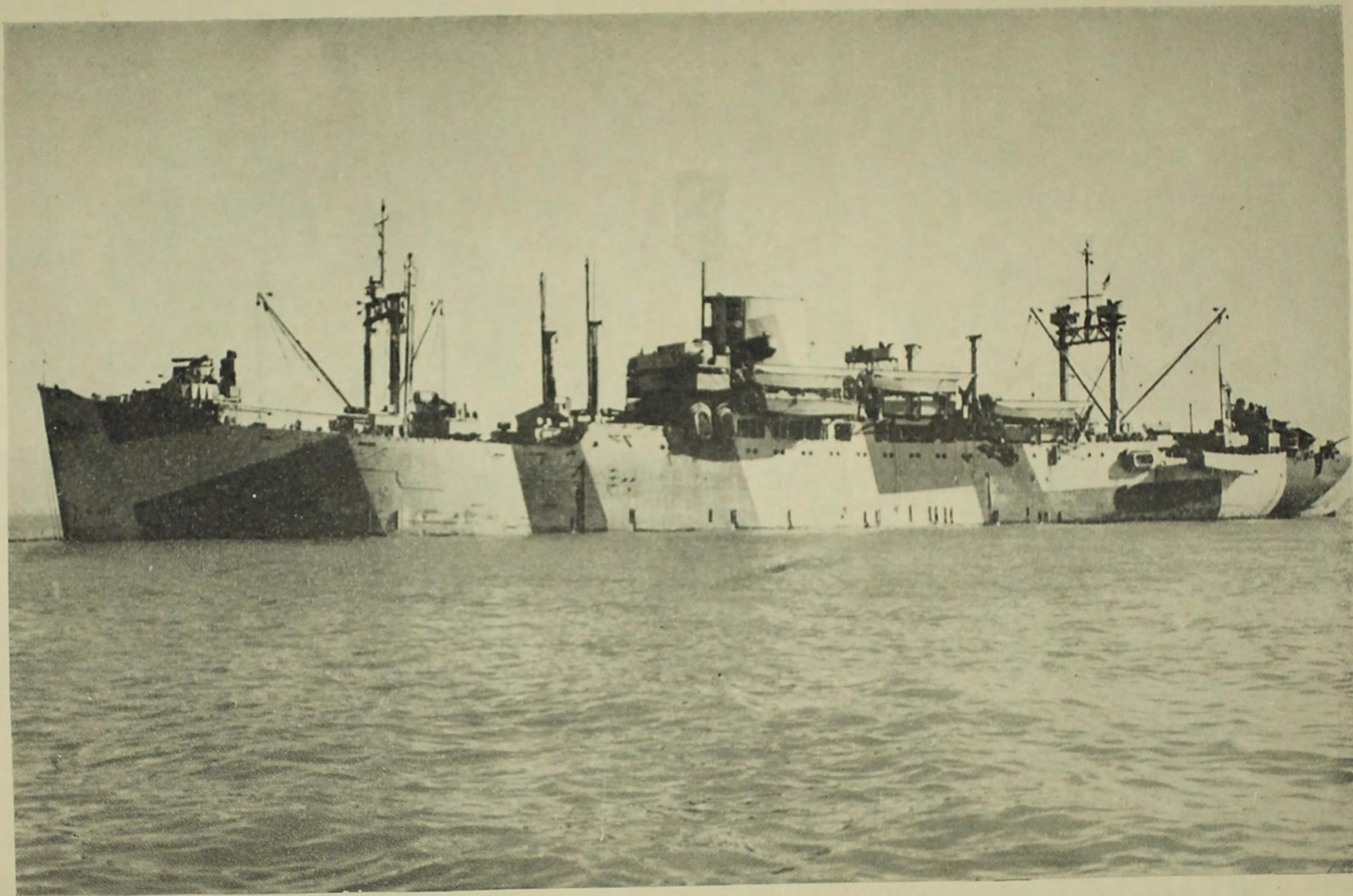


Commander

G. E. TWINING, U.S.N. (Ret.)

Executive Officer





U.S.S. THOMAS JEFFERSON

Invasion Record

FEDALA

SICILY

SALERNO

NORMANDY

SO. FRANCE

OKINAWA

Ports of Call

Morocco

Algeria

Tunisia

Sicily

Italy

France

England

Ireland

Scotland

Panama

Australia

Norfolk

New York

San Francisco

Hawaiian Is.

Guadalcanal

Tulagi

Florida Is.

Russell Is.

Ulithi

Okinawa

Saipan

Eniwetok

Espiritu Santo

New Caledonia

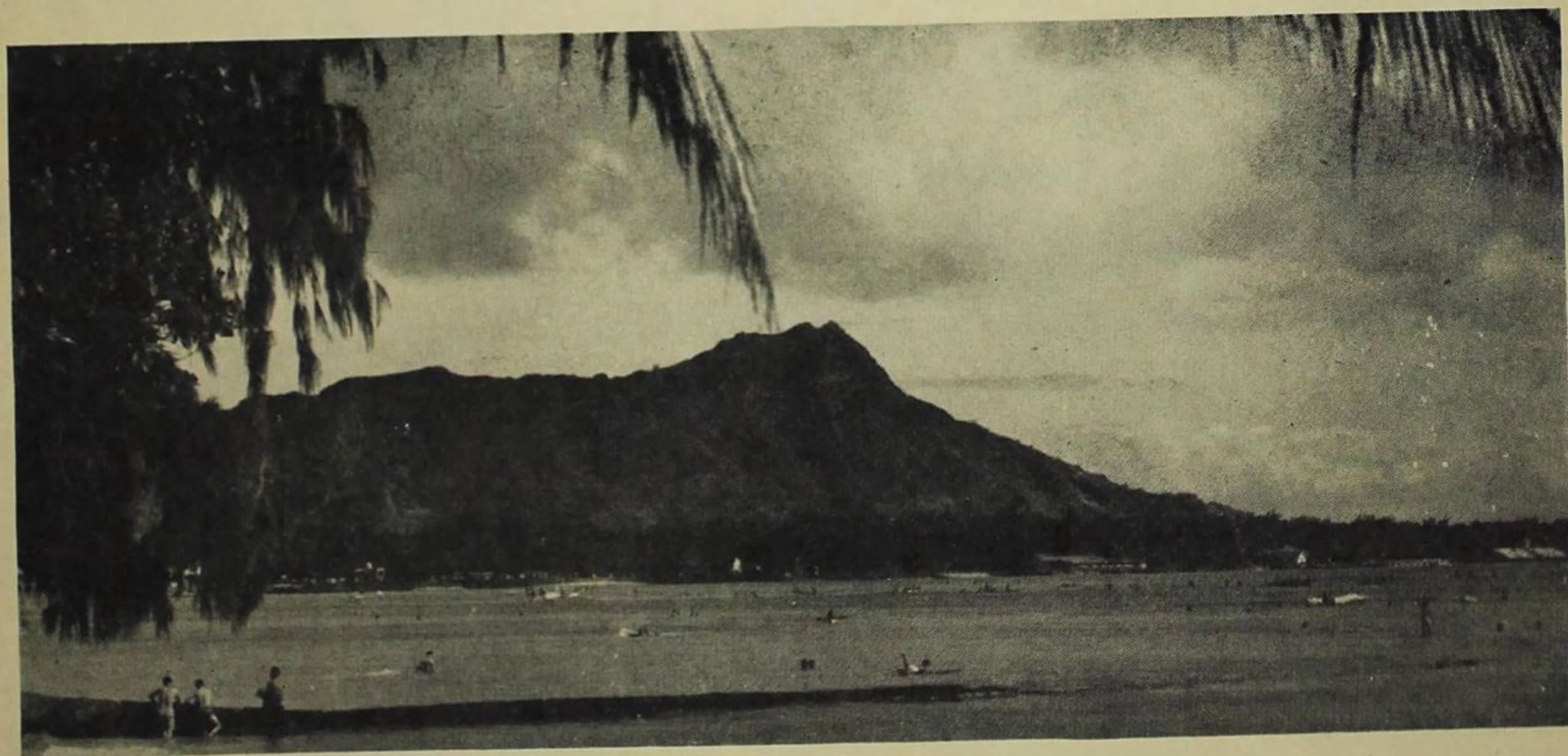
HAWAII... "*Paradise of the Pacific*"

We reached the Hawaiian Islands on our first visit on the morning of Jan. 26. Proceeding up the channel to our assigned berth, we beheld a panoramic scene of renowned Diamond Head, Waikiki, the large white Moana Hotel, the coral stucco Royal Hawaiian and the city of Honolulu with the Aloha Tower standing out over the harbor. After docking came the eagerly-awaited announcement—liberty to start at 0900 and expire at 1800, the hours a result of wartime conditions and early curfew.

The main target of the liberty parties was Honolulu—seven miles by the old narrow-gauge Oahu railway, bus or by "thumb". Honolulu contained both surprises and disappointments; the war had closed many clubs and other places of entertainment, but it was a thriving, modern city much like any its size back in the states—or, as we learned to say, "on the mainland". Its shops were many, neat, modernistic, well stocked and busy, though prices were somewhat high. Streets were crowded and laden with traffic, but amazingly serene and orderly. Girls—pretty and gaily clad in summery attire—were abundant. There were curio shops in every block, penny arcades, and photo booths with grass-skirted models to pose with for quick-delivery pictures. Sightseers found many subjects, with main attention focused on the Aloha Tower, the Royal Palace, the statue of King Kamehameha III, the Dole pineapple cannery, parks filled with tall, slender, stately palms and hibiscus, and beautiful homes and churches in garden-like settings.

A short ride from the city lay such spots of scenic and historic interest as the Nuuanu Pali, mountainous rock cliffs with a narrow, twisting pass and roller-coaster like ride down to the coast below, Kaneohe, and the southeastern beaches famed in the islands history. In another direction lay the much-glorified Waikiki Beach. To many it was below expectations, smaller and less picturesque than imagined and there were no grass-skirted beauties strumming ukeleles and singing native tunes. The surf and swimming were good and there were recreational facilities provided by the Navy-operated Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Cameras and film were available and shutters snapped continuously at the hotel, beach, Diamond Head in the background and sailors with fresh flower leis around their necks. Across the street from the hotel grounds sat the beautiful, modernistic Waikiki Theatre, and all along the avenue there were curio shops, stores, taverns and numbers of hamburger, soft drink and ice cream stands. Crowded and active all day, the scene was one of an almost sudden tranquillity as evening approached and servicemen loaded crowded busses for the trip back to stations and the fleet landing to make the 1800 deadline.

Much of these famed islands was left unseen regretfully; time was short but there had been many pleasant times to insure happy memories. After ten quick-passing days we weighed anchor and set out for forward areas and the work and operations that lay ahead.





(1 to r) : Statue of King Kamehameha, Waikiki Beach, Royal Palace, Downtown Honolulu, and Annie's Lei Stand

ENIWETOK... *Marshall Islands*

Eniwetok, a small flat atoll lying in the westernmost part of the Marshall Islands, was under Japanese mandate for many years and the scene of one of the prominent battles of the Pacific war when U. S. forces landed and occupied it in early 1944. Flat, sandy and almost completely devoid of vegetation, it represented a picture in keeping with our imagination of what the far Pacific atolls looked like.

Liberty at Eniwetok took the form of recreation parties in dungaree uniforms, leaving the ship about 0900 and returning aboard late in the afternoon. Clean, crystal-clear, blue-green waters provided excellent swimming and there were long beaches of fine, white sand that dazzled in the brilliant sun. There were athletic facilities such as softball and baseball diamonds, volleyball and outdoor basketball courts, and for collectors, shell hunting was a lucrative pastime in the abundant shell beds along

the reefs and rocky upper coastline. The sun was intense and inflicted many a burn of varying degrees, for there were no trees to offer any shade protection. A "picnic" area was set aside for the serving of refreshments, including cold beer and coke packed in "GI" cans filled with ice, and C rations. Huge sheets of canvas were stretched over the tables on corner uprights for shade and smoke barrels fringed the area to drive off invading mosquitoes. For the officers, there was a small and resourcefully decorated Quonset hut-type club with a bar, snack counter and bathhouse with salt water showers.

Despite the heat and barren terrain, all hands found an enjoyable time in this visit and relaxation from underway routine. Our visit was short, but all sections rated a day ashore before we once again put out to sea.

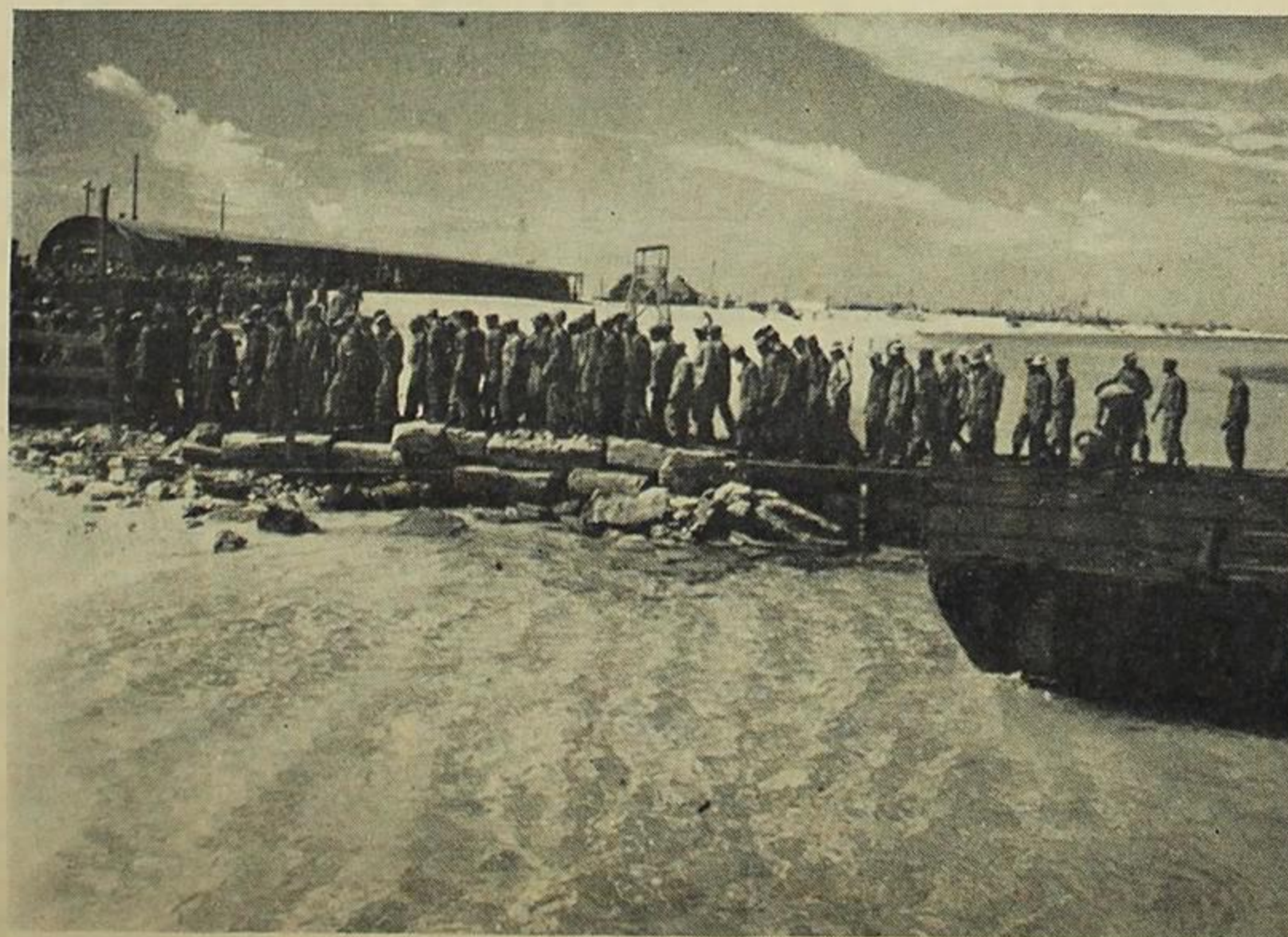




Everyone's having an enjoyable time.



The swimming was the best in the Pacific.

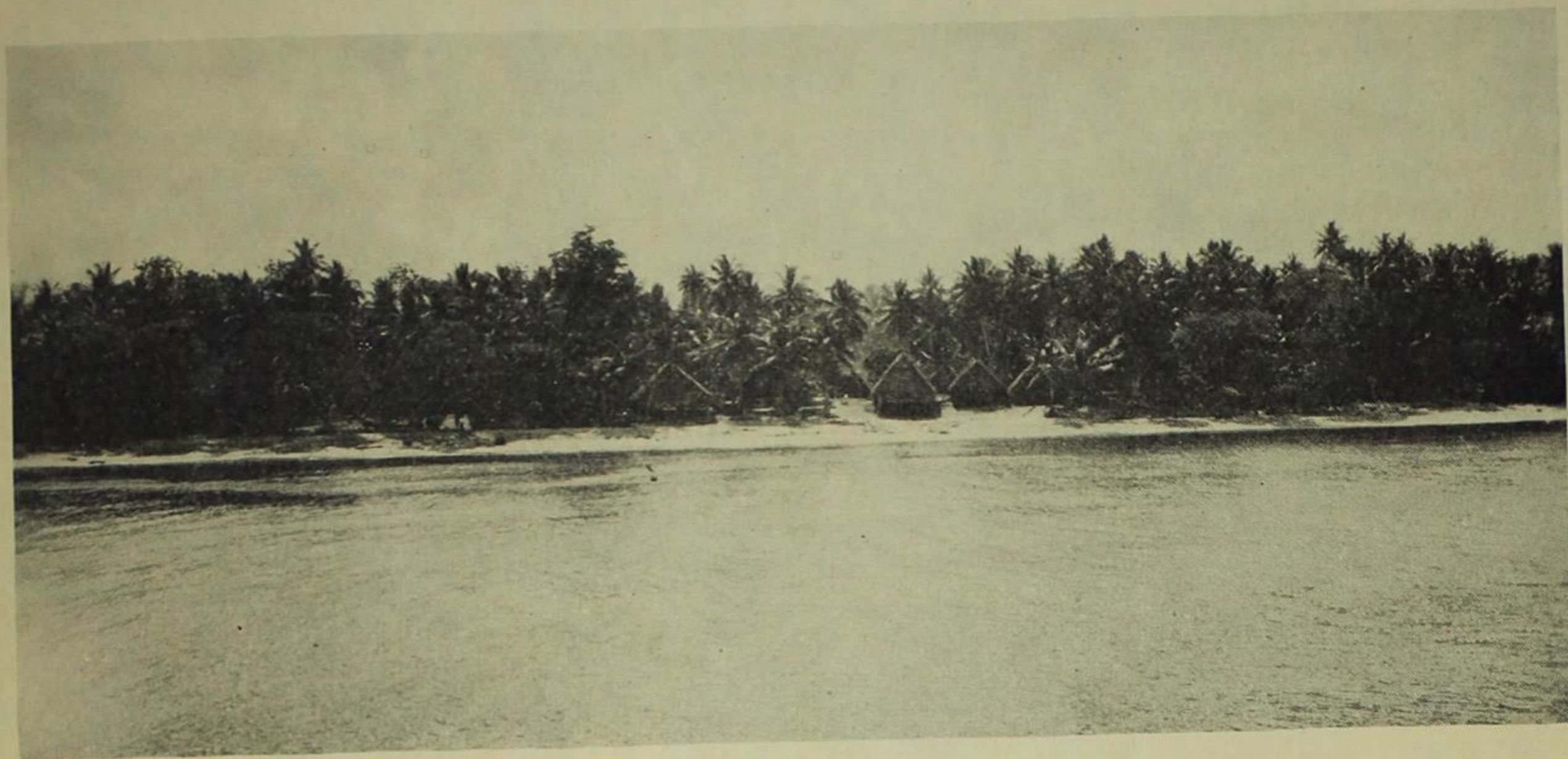


Time for cold drinks and chow!



The recreation party comes ashore.

ULITHI... *Western Caroline Islands*



Ulithi lies on the western edge of the Caroline Islands, Japanese ruled from the last world war until U. S. forces landed there and occupied it in September, 1944. Its name is the native name given to the group of several small, flat islands fringed by a coral reef that compromise the atoll; a huge lagoon inside the reef gives the atoll its main strategic value. In contrast to Eniwetok, this atoll was thickly vegetated and dense with tall fruitful coconut palms.

Some islands were inhabited and thus out of bounds except for visits with special permission. One of the strictly military occupied—Mogmog—was set aside as a recreation area for liberty parties of ship personnel. There were such facilities as swimming, softball, basketball and volleyball; a canteen provided cold beer and coca-cola for those parties not so supplied by their ships. Other past-times were shell hunting and coconut gathering, the latter both for eating and for the shells which were cut and polished into such souvenirs as bracelets, brooches, ash trays, etc. for those back home.

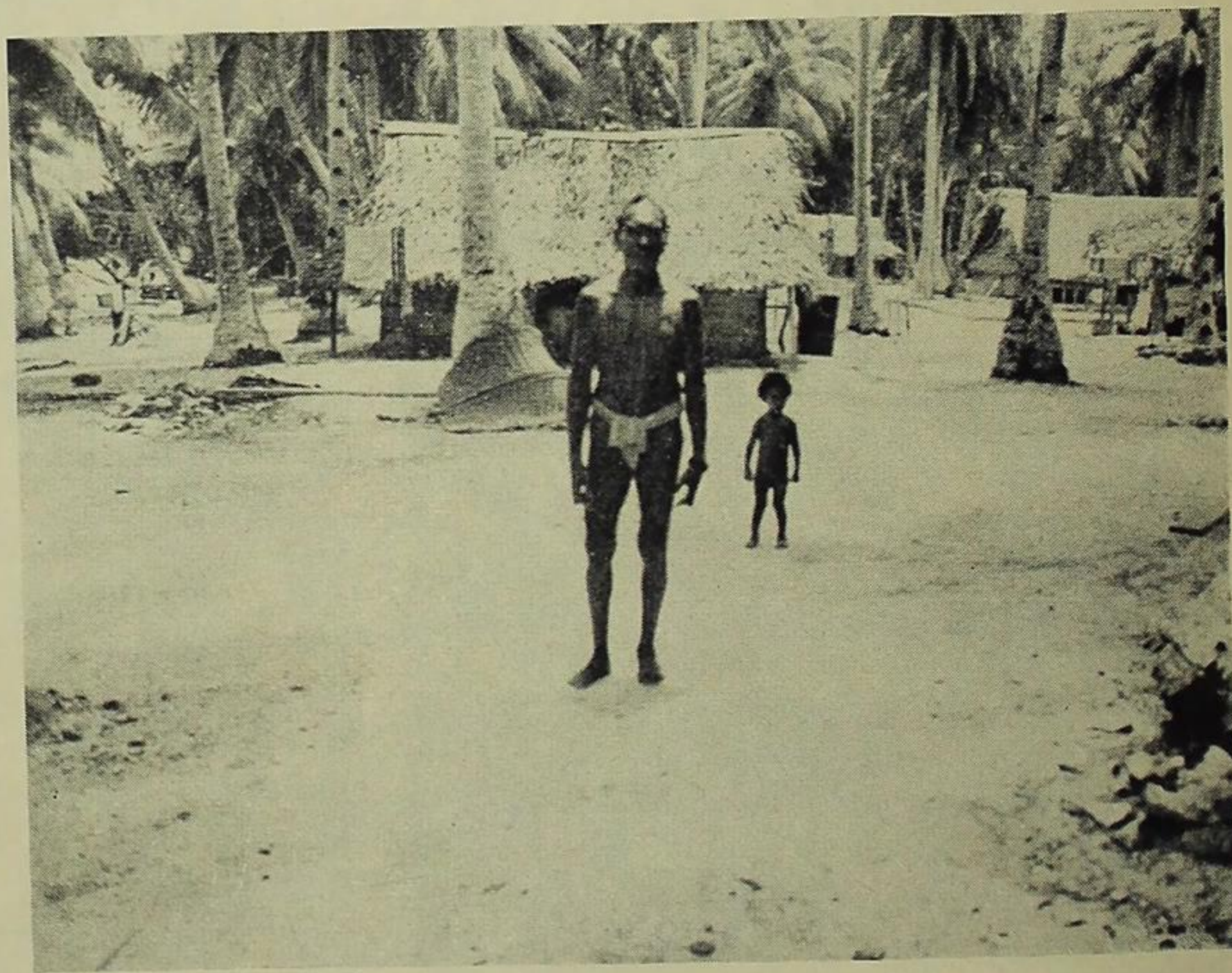
Of the inhabited islands, perhaps the most interesting was Fassari. The natives, Polynesians, were

light brown in color, pleasant, well-mannered and very intelligent people. Their language was that of their own group tongue, but many understood and spoke English. They were taught English, as well as American customs and methods of medicine and hygiene, by a young Navy Medical Corps Lieutenant named M. P. Wees who was stationed on the island. This doctor had performed such service to the natives in curing a dreaded disease called yaws and other afflictions that the tribe awarded him the symbol of honorary king—a beaded collar worn only by the king of the island.

The native ruler of the island held the title of king and was elected by the tribe to serve for life; there was no hereditary succession. Most of the tribe presently was composed of elderly people and children, for the Japs had carried away the young people before our occupation. The entire tribe extended a very cordial welcome to the Captain and his party on a visit to the island and every one of them proved willing subjects for the camera. The photos of the natives, their village and activities follow herein.



Captain and party call on the island King.



Native elder and child; village in background.



Children romp in coconut grove.



Sewing circle, native style.



Tribal elders; marking is traditional tattoo.



Turtle eggs, a leading diet item.

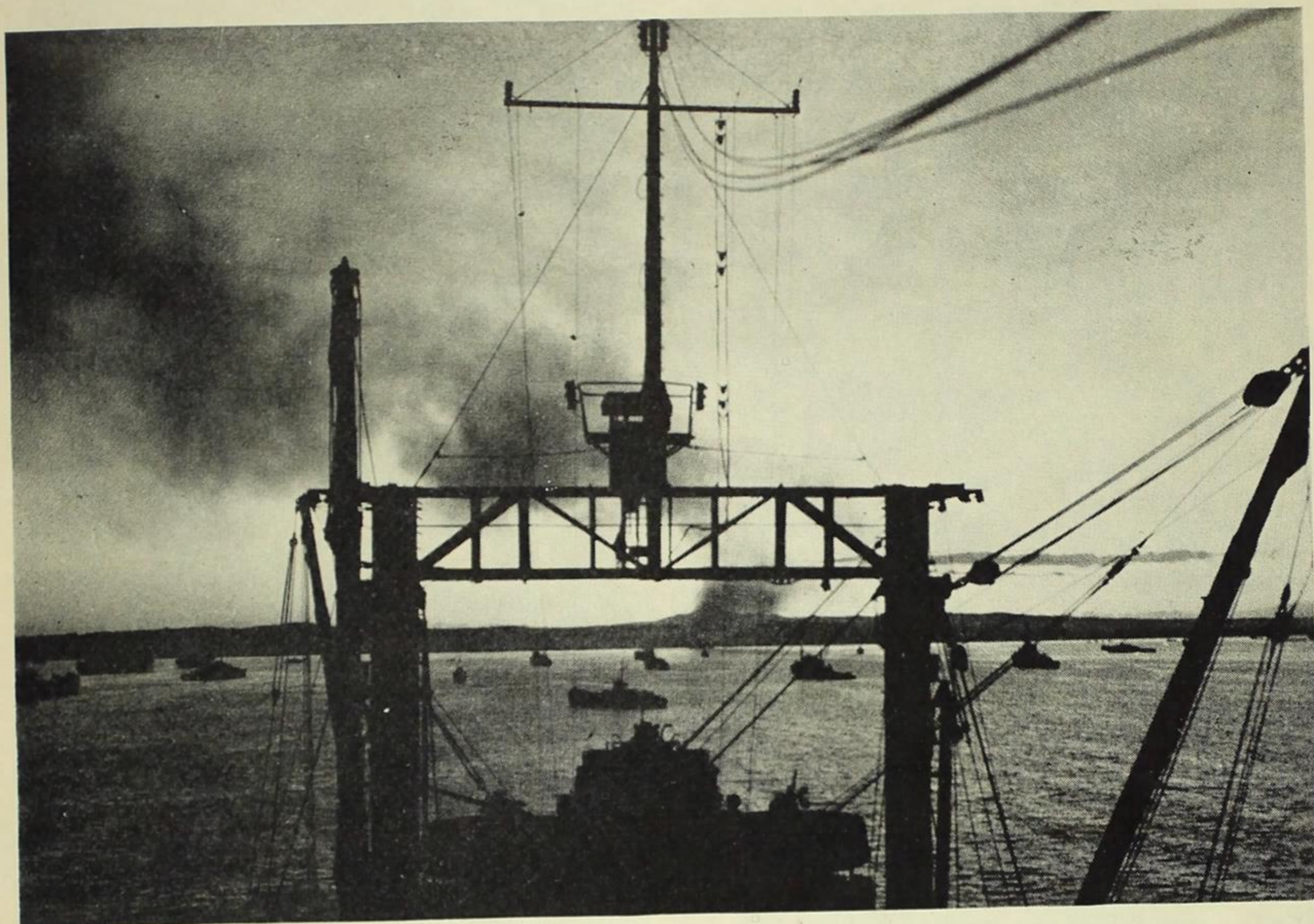


Native fishing boat; note insignia.



Top (l to r): End of busy day. Mixed reactions to camera. Bottom: Children in playground. Powdered milk, vitamins for children.

OKINAWA... *Ryukyu Islands, Japan*



Okinawa is the main island of the Ryukyu Island chain that extends southwestward from Japan toward Formosa. This doorstep to the Japanese homeland was invaded by our forces on April 1, 1945, and secured after one of the bitterest campaigns of the Pacific war on June . . . The climax of a 4000 mile sweep up the Pacific, the Okinawa landing was the largest single amphibious operation to date in the war against the Japs. The highly successful role played by the USS THOMAS JEFFERSON in this operation is a highlight in her war record and our participation is recorded in photographs taken dur-

ing the operation which are published for ship's company in a separate album.

The photos of Okinawa which follow were taken at L plus 68, on our second trip, and present scenes of its people, the aftermath of battle, and the picturesque tombs which are representative of the native religion of ancestral worship.

A daring and epochal campaign of the Pacific war, Okinawa—with its suicide planes, long nightly "GQs", and devastating plane, naval and artillery bombardments—will be remembered by all hands as one of our most active and exciting operations.



They liked the Americans.



Farmers work unmindful of battle.



Destined end for Jap planes.



Tombs in hillside below Yontan.

ACROSS THE EQUATOR

Of the many traditions and legends of the sea, none is perhaps as well known and observed as the custom of initiating sailors into the Ancient Order of the Deep on their first crossing of the Equator. The history of the tradition is controversial, but the ceremony and procedure have been quite uniform for many years. Landlubbers who have never crossed the Equator—Pollywogs—are subjected to a ritual by those who have crossed before—Shellbacks, the faithful and trusted subjects of Neptunus Rex, Ruler of the Raging Main and King of the Domain of the South Seas.

Preparations for the initiation are made beginning a few days before we reach the Equator, when it is announced that King Neptune is aware of our approach to his Royal Realm and has directed his trusty Shellbacks to plan an initiation for all Pollywogs aboard which will duly initiate them into the Ancient Mysteries of the Deep and teach them the proper respect for the sovereignty of His Majesty. From among the Shellbacks a Royal Family is chosen, a Royal Court and the host of legendary characters that make up the Royal Party. Costumes of ingen-

ious design and colors are made, secret meetings are held behind closed doors, and each Pollywog's personality, conduct, and performance of duty are scrutinized for items to make up charges that will go into his subpoena and on which he will be tried by the Royal Court. The conviction which always follows is the basis for the punishment he will receive, the ordeal he will endure to qualify as a tried and trusty Shellback.

On the eve of our crossing, Davy Jones, King of the Dead Men of the Deep, Royal Scribe and emissary of Neptunus Rex, boards the ship with his Royal Pirates and presents a summons from His Majesty to the Captain concerning the morrow. It is with the arrival of Davy Jones that the ceremonies begin.

During her present tour of Pacific duty, the USS THOMAS JEFFERSON experienced two ceremonial crossings of the Equator and initiated over four hundred officers and men as fully qualified Shellbacks into the Ancient Order of the Deep. The photos and account which follow herein present the composite story of the two initiations.

Davy Jones arrived aboard at 1800, in traditional manner, emerging from the hawsepipe and followed by his Royal Pirates. He hailed the Officer-of-the-deck on the bridge from the forecastle.

Davy Jones to O.O.D.: Ship Ahoy!!

O.O.D.: Aye, aye, sir.

Davy Jones: What ship?

O.O.D.: The USS THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Davy Jones: What course?

O.O.D.:

Davy Jones: Very well, sir. I have been awaiting your arrival. You will notify the Commanding Officer that I, Davy Jones, have a message to deliver to him from his Royal Highness, Neptunus Rex.

O.O.D.: Aye, aye, Sir.

Word was then sent to the Commanding Officer who soon appeared for the meeting.

O.O.D.: Your Honor, the Commanding Officer awaits you.

All hands assembled with the Captain and Heads of Departments while the Officer-of-the-Deck escorted Davy Jones before the Captain. Attention was sounded as the O.O.D. appeared before the gathering with Davy Jones.

O.O.D.: Captain, a Royal visitor has arrived, the emissary of His Majesty King Neptune, Ruler of the Raging Main and Lord of the Depth of the Sea. 'Tis none other than his Royal Scribe, the famous Davy Jones.

Captain: Greetings, Davy Jones.

Davy Jones: My congratulations to you Captain; some few years since I last saw you.

Captain: Yes, it was on the USS Moonstone in 1942.

Davy Jones: I have a summons to you from Neptunus Rex.

Captain: I will be glad to receive it.

Davy Jones then reads the summons
in a hoarse loud tone as follows:

"From: Neptunus Rex, Ruler of the Raging Main, King of the Dead Men of the Deep.
To: Captain Joseph R. Barbaro, U. S. Navy, Commanding Officer, USS THOMAS JEFFERSON.
Subject: Welcome to the Royal Domain.

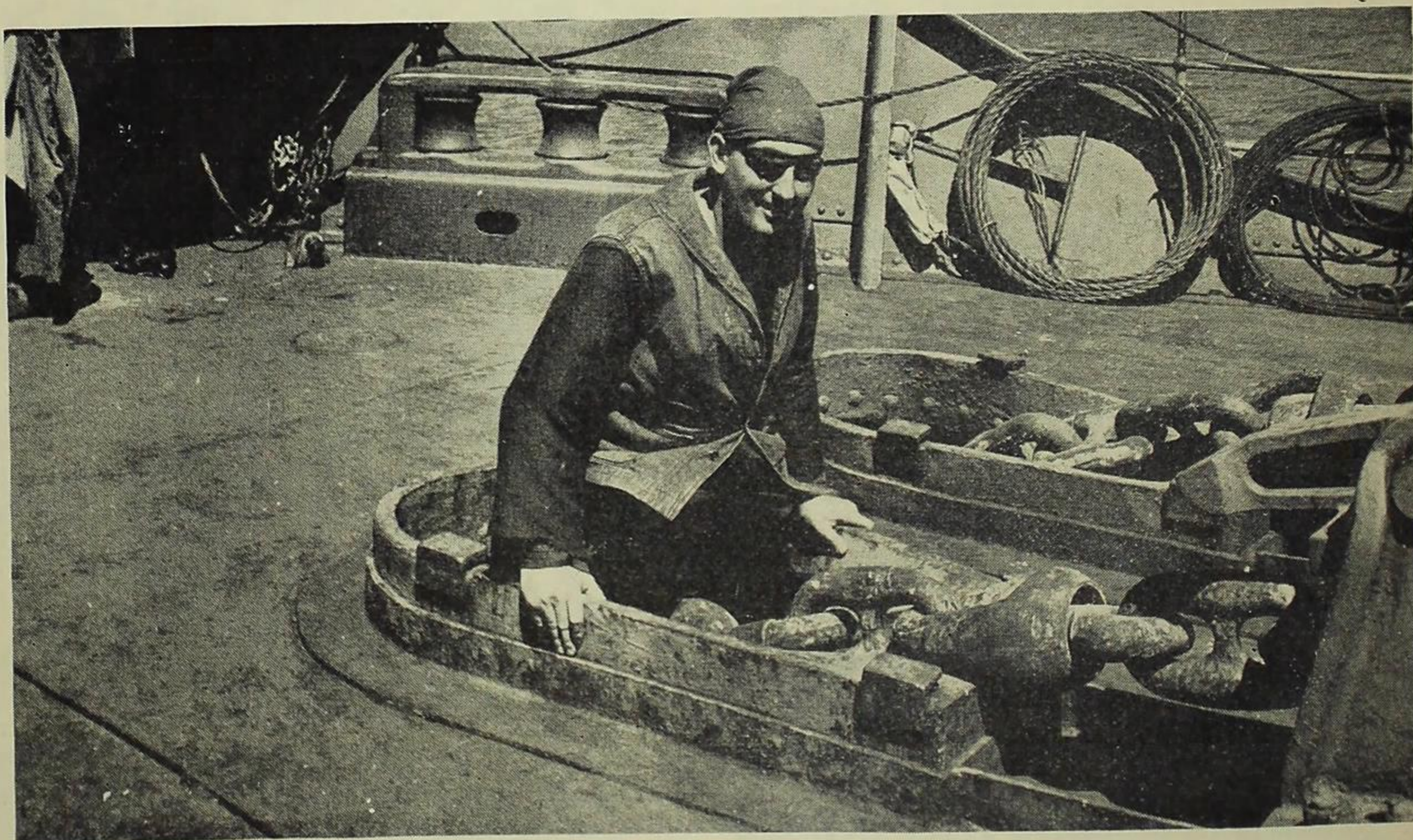
1. Greetings.

2. A Royal and Hearty welcome is extended to you and the faithful Shellbacks of your command. I wish to commend you for the meritorious deed of assembling such a large and healthy collection of Landlubbers, Pollywogs, and Beach Combers on board the good ship THOMAS JEFFERSON and assure you that the modern tortures devised for this initiation into the Ancient Order of the Deep will prove to be both interesting and amusing.

3. Upon entering my Royal Domain tomorrow, you are directed to have the THOMAS JEFFERSON and her crew in readiness for a very rigid inspection by myself and the Royal Court. Subpoenas will be delivered this date by my Royal Representative, Davy Jones, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, and all Landlubbers, Pollywogs and Beach Combers are directed to spend the night in repentance of their past misdeeds and are also directed to prepare their defense to be submitted before the Royal Court tomorrow morning.

4. I have further directed my Royal Chief of Police to place under arrest and lock up for safekeeping a number of the most notorious offenders. Your cooperation is anticipated.

NEPTUNUS REX,
Ruler of the Raging Main."



Davy Jones arrives aboard . . .

Davy Jones then shook hands with the Captain.

Davy Jones: I will await your pleasure tomorrow, Sir, and will see you when I return with my Royal Master. Before I depart, I must require certain watches to be posted in accordance with the list handed you herewith. Good night, Sir.

Davy Jones left the bridge, walked forward and disappeared through the hawsepipe. The Captain then gave instructions concerning posting of special watches, assigning certain personnel and giving them instructions as to uniform, hour of watch, etc.

The uniform prescribed for special watches set and the watch schedule for the night on the bridge and forecastle follows:

Equatorial Condition Hypo Two Optional

Officers
Blue Trousers
Dungaree Shirt
Necktie
Mess Jacket
Service Blue Cap
Overcoat
Megaphone
Leggings

CPOs
Dungaree Trousers
Khaki Coat
Gray Shirt
Necktie
Service Blue Hat
Overcoat
Arctics

Enlisted Men
Heavy Underwear
Undress Blues
Neckerchief
Arctics
Peacoats
Flat Hats



. . . and is greeted by the Captain.

Navigato El Pollywogo (Bridge — P & S)	Watch	Searcho El Pollywogo (Forecastle)
Lt. Comdr R. Shero	2100	Lt. (jg) W. J. Johnson
Lt. (jg) W. P. Kain		
Lt. J. L. Bruckner	2200	Ensign L. Gouaux
Lt. (jg) R. E. Schumann		
Lt. (jg) W. M. Harvin	2300	Ensign F. J. Coppinger
Chief Yeoman W. Drawbridge		
Bosn. A. V. Smith	2400	Lt. (jg) D. W. Osler
Lt. (jg) M. S. Hunting		
Lt. J. I. Medoff	0100	Ensign R. Glover
Lt. (jg) A. Weisberger		
Lt. (jg) W. D. Seidler	0200	Ensign H. B. Norton
Lt. J. H. Black		
Lt. (jg) P. F. Shea	0300	Lt. (jg) F. Larsen
Lt. C. C. Jones		
Lt. H. D. S. Haverbeck	0400	Lt. (jg) A. C. Maher
Lt. (jg) A. H. McIntyre		
Lt. (jg) R. E. Tibbetts	0500	Ensign R. Carroll
Ensign C. Simon		
Lt. (jg) A. L. McDonald	0600	Ensign J. Rooney
Ensign G. Hawley		
Chief QM E. Quick	0700	Lt. M. H. Harris
Lt. (jg) J. Kolody		

Grapnel El Pollywogo
(Bridge — P & S)

Ploeckelmann — Cox — X Div.	2100	Malles — Cox — X Div.
Kucharski — S1c — X Div.	2200	Schaffer — M.A.A.
Myatt — CM3c — C & R	2300	Page — S1c — X Div.
Cole — PhM2c — H Div.	2400	Kountnik — S2c — 2 Div.
Blose — Cox — X Div.	0100	Nastasi — EM3c — E Div.
Hillicker — CM2c — Q Div.	0200	Cox — Bkr 2c — 6 Div.
Wood, L. A. — Cox — 2 Div.	0300	Scott — FC3c — F Div.
Hoppe — Y1c — N Div.	0400	Sullivan — Y2c — N Div.
Menichelli — S1c — 6 Div.	0500	Hayden — CM3c — Q Div.
Burrows — S1c — 6 Div.	0600	Ahlin — S1c — N Div.
Fertal — S1c — N Div.	0700	Ezell — S1c — 1 Div.

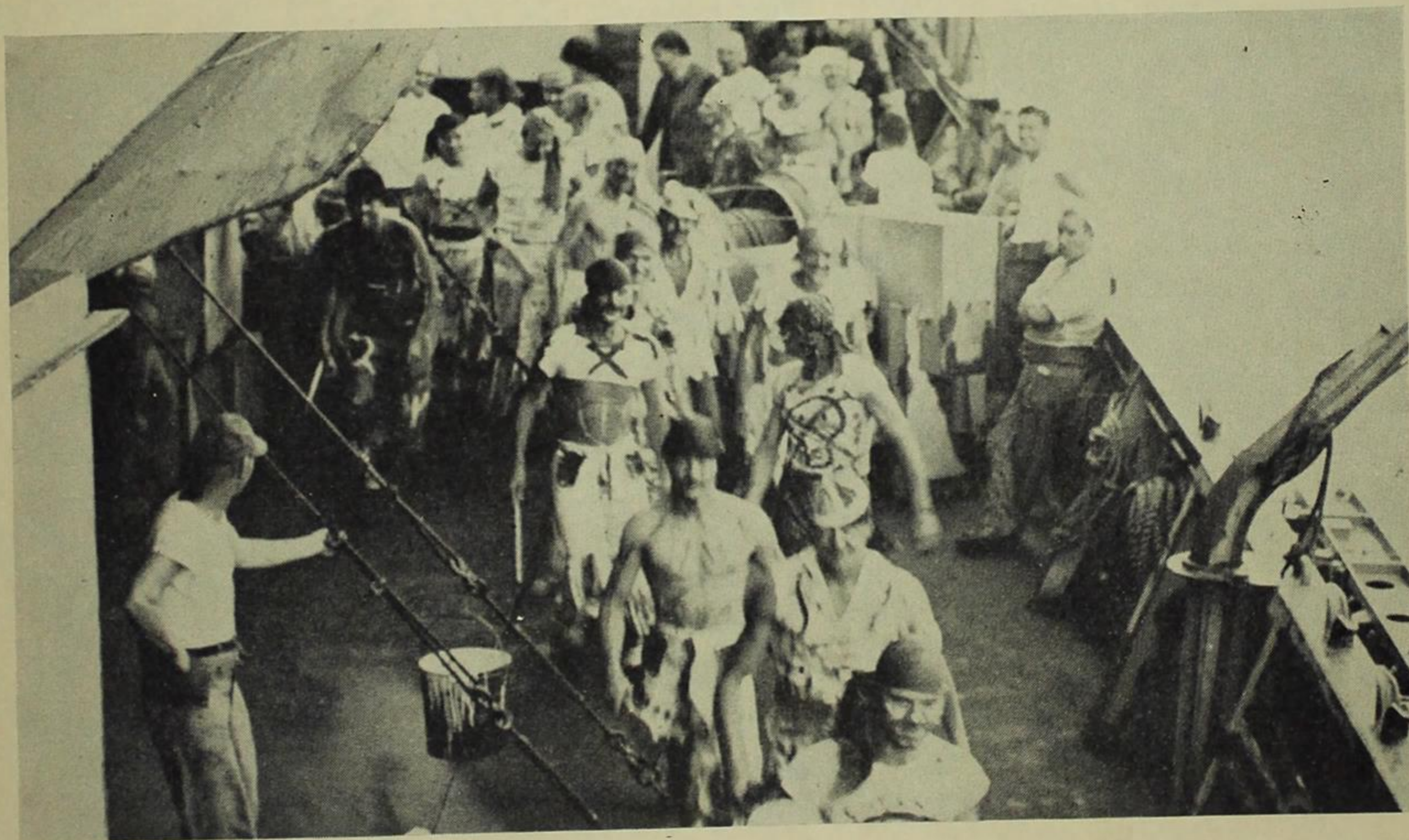
The Royal Pirates, who had boarded the ship with Davy Jones, remained after his departure and spent a busy evening rounding up the more notorious Pollywogs and keeping law and order. Agitators among the Pollywogs were numerous and ring-leaders sought to seize equipment designed for their initiation the next day. Caches of spoiled eggs and fruit were uncovered and heaved overboard before the Royal Pirates could intervene. Pollywogs stealthily gained access to the starboard yardarm halyards and were about to bend on the pirate flag when the ruse was discovered by alert signalmen Shellbacks and a clash took place on the forward main deck which was broken up with an all hands call. Clashes broke out in the mess compartment and the Royal Pirates were forced into dealing out prelude bits of initiation torture to resistance leaders, as well as enthusiastic use of canvas clubs packed with sawdust. Outnumbered by more than three to two, the Shellbacks had a difficult time keeping an upper hand; nine o'clock lights brought the preliminary festivities to an end and all hands turned in to rest for the ceremonies the next day.

Early the next morning, the Navigator reported the ship on the line and preparations were made to receive King Neptune and the Royal Party. Davy Jones again boarded the ship via the hawsepipe and reported to the O.O.D. that His Majesty was about to board. The Captain ordered Attention sounded and in a few minutes Neptunus Rex, the Royal Family and Royal Court came aboard and were escorted by the Royal Police to the bridge as the Royal Standard was broken at the starboard yardarm. Neptune (to Davy Jones): Well, well, well! What a fine ship! But what a cargo of landlubbers! I could smell them long before the ship reached the Equator!

The Officer-of-the-Deck salutes and with much dignity reports that the Captain is waiting the Royal Party. The Captain then stepped forward to greet Neptunus Rex.

Captain: A sailor's welcome to you, King Neptune; it is a great pleasure to have you with us.

Neptune: The pleasure is mine, Captain. Allow me to present the Royal Navigator Shellback who will



The Royal Pirates make their rounds.

The Royal Party



(First Initiation)



(Second Initiation)

relieve you. I am glad to be with you again, Captain, and have prepared for a busy day in order to make your landlubbers fit subjects of my great sea domain.

Captain: May I invite your attention to the fact that I have several young officers and members of the crew aboard who have not been in the service long enough to have had an opportunity to visit your domain and become Shellbacks. I beg you to be as lenient with them as possible.

Neptune: Ah, Captain, I will be as severe with them as I can—as severe as I can! !

The Captain then introduced officers who have crossed the line before. As the rest of the party appeared, they were assembled in parade formation preparatory to inspection of the crew.

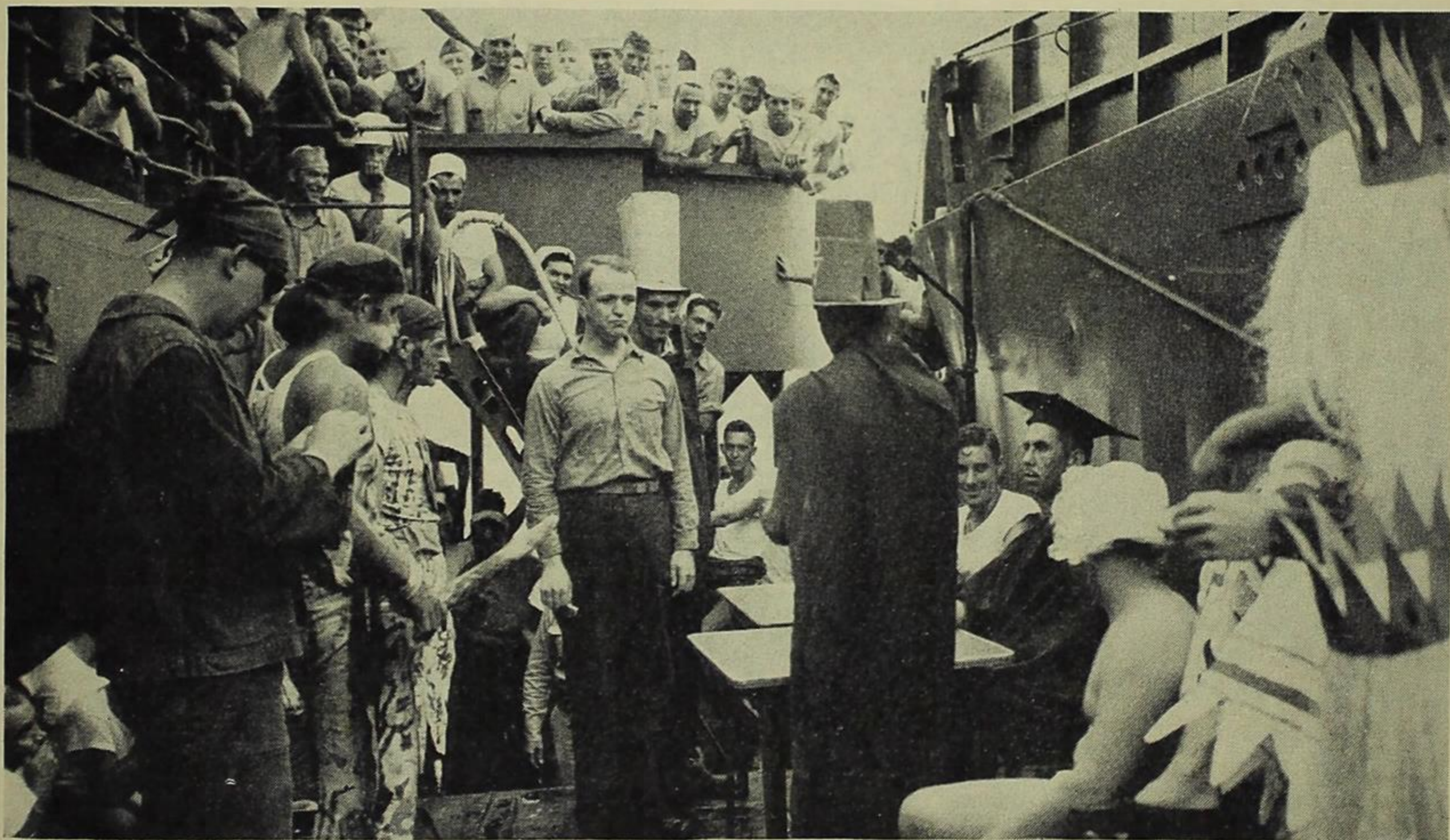
Captain: King Neptune, I turn over my command to you for such time as you wish.

Neptune: Very well, Captain, thank you. (Turning to the Royal Navigator) Navigator, direct the ship on the course assigned.

The Royal Party then made a round of the ship

on a tour of inspection of all personnel and wound up at the point of ceremony on the after main deck. The King and Queen were seated on the Royal Throne on Number Five Hatch and the Royal Court was opened to mark and enroll new subjects into Neptune's Royal Domain.

Divisions were assembled when called from the bridge in the after part of the main deck starboard passageway and were escorted before the Royal Judge and Royal Prosecutor individually—officers first, followed by their men. The summons previously delivered to each man and containing charges based on past misdeeds was handed the Royal Scribe, who passed it on to the Royal Prosecutor. As each charge was read, the accused was given an opportunity to plead—and, of course, always plead guilty. The Royal Devil stood behind the accused and applied frequent jabs with his electric-charged fork. Judged ailing by the court, the Royal Doctor was summoned and administered the bitterest and spiciest of specially-concocted potions. The defense attorney offered matter in defense but was either ignored or argued down; needless to say, he lost every case.



The court . . . is in session. First case!



The Royal Doctor "treats" a victim.

The victims were assigned varying degrees of punishment, but all received the maximum. They were placed head and arms in old-fashioned stocks, then released to be seized by the Royal Barber who cut odd designs in their hair. The Royal Painter came in to appropriately decorate the victim while the Royal Electrician applied electric charges through the chair's seat. Passing the Royal Party, the victims were obliged to kiss the feet of the Royal Family and the black-greased Royal Baby, while the Baby playfully covered their heads with a colored mixture of flour paste. Then came the operating table and a massage of black sticky oil and grease from head to toe. Next came a canvas tunnel filled with mild refuse, through which the victims crawled on hands and knees while Shellbacks helped them along with healthy strokes of specially-constructed paddles. The victims emerged after the endless trip into the face of a salt water hose which dealt out a lusty stream. Through a gauntlet of Pirates packing clubs of sawdust wrapped in canvas, the victims ran from the scene of the trial around the fantail and to freedom on the starboard side. Then to the showers

for a long, vigorous scrubdown, the victims nursed sore, tender spots for days to come—reminders until their certificates were issued that they were now truly Shellbacks and men of the Ancient Order of the Deep.

The initiation ceremonies were concluded in mid-afternoon after about six hours of ordeal for the Pollywogs. Fifty-one officers and three hundred and twenty men of ship's company were initiated as well as a number of passenger personnel in addition. With the ceremony over, King Neptune thanked the Captain for his cooperation and expressed great satisfaction over the success of the initiation. With his Royal Party, he departed into the seas of his domain with wishes for a happy voyage midst farewells from both his old and new subjects. The day's events came to a happy ending with a Neptune dinner in the mess compartment at 1700, prepared by the ship's cooks in conformity with a specially devised Royal Menu. The "T.J." continued on her way into the South Pacific—her crew a salty and happy one at the close of a memorable day.



A little groggy—but now a Shellback!

YE OFFICIAL SYMPATHY CHIT

This chit entitles bearer to consideration and sympathy upon signing and submitting to His Majesty's Chaplain, Sven Skapoyka.

(.....)
 Name in full Rate Complaint
 "Come unto me, ye helpless Pollywogs—I, too, show no mercy"

There was no consideration, no sympathy!



The Princess was a sensation!



Royal Baby is playful.

SUBPOENA AND SUMMONS EXTRAORDINARY

The Royal High Court of the Raging Main

District of EQUATORIS

Vale of Pacific

Domain of Neptunus Rex

TO WHOM MAY COME THESE PRESENTS:

GREETINGS AND BEWARE

WHEREAS: The good ship USS THOMAS JEFFERSON, APA 30, bound southward for is about to enter our domain; and the aforesaid ship carries a large and slimy cargo of landlubbers, beachcombers, sea-lawyers, lounge-lizards, parlor-dunnigans, plow deserters, park bench-warmers, chicken chasers, hay tossers, chit signers, sand crabs, four flushers, squaw men, and all other living creatures of the land, and last but not least, he-vamps and liberty hounds falsely masquerading as seamen, of which low scum you are a member, having never appeared before us: and

WHEREAS: The Royal Court of the Raging Main has been convened by us on board the good ship USS THOMAS JEFFERSON, APA 30, on the day of, 1945, at Longitude West, Latitude and an inspection of our High Royal Roster shows that it is high time the sad and wandering nautical soul of that much-abused body of yours appear before the High Tribunal of Neptune; and

BE IT KNOWN: That we hereby summon and command you,, now a, US Navy, to appear before the Royal High Court and Our August Presence on the aforesaid date at such time as may suit our pleasure, and to accept most heartily and with good grace the pains and penalties of the awful tortures that will be inflicted upon you. To be examined as to the fitness to become one of our Trusty Shellbacks and to answer to the following charges:

CHARGE 1: In that, now a, US Navy, has heretofore wilfully and maliciously failed to show reverence and allegiance to our Royal Person, and is therein a vile landlubber and pollywog.

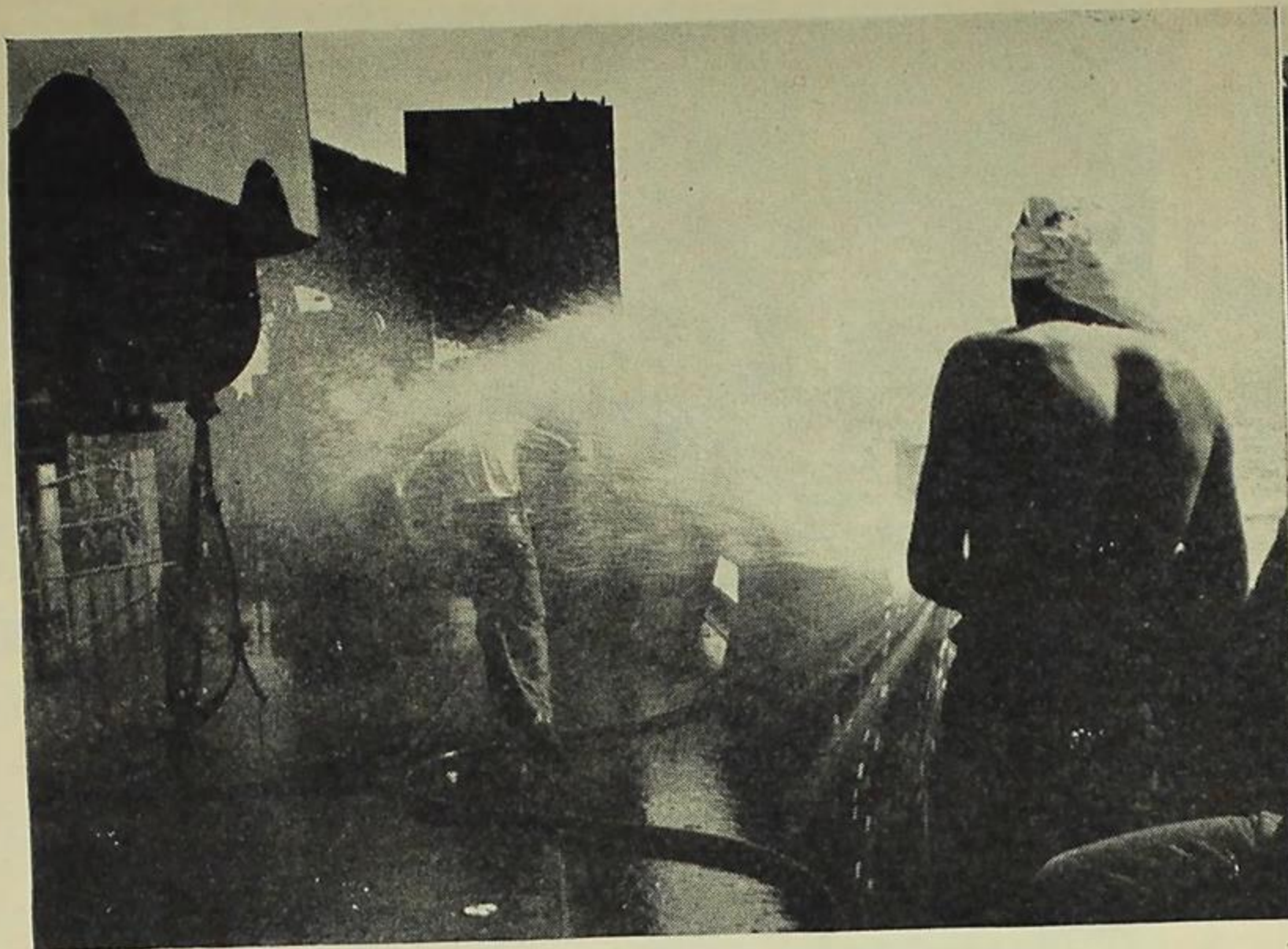
CHARGE 2:

Disobey this summons Under Our Swift and Terrible Displeasure. Our Vigilance Is Ever Wakeful, Our Vengeance Is Just And Sure.

Given under our hand and seal:
Attest, for the King:

DAVY JONES

NEPTUNUS REX



Hurry up—it's almost over!



The judge decided he needed a scrubbing.



Officers earn their Shellback certificates too.



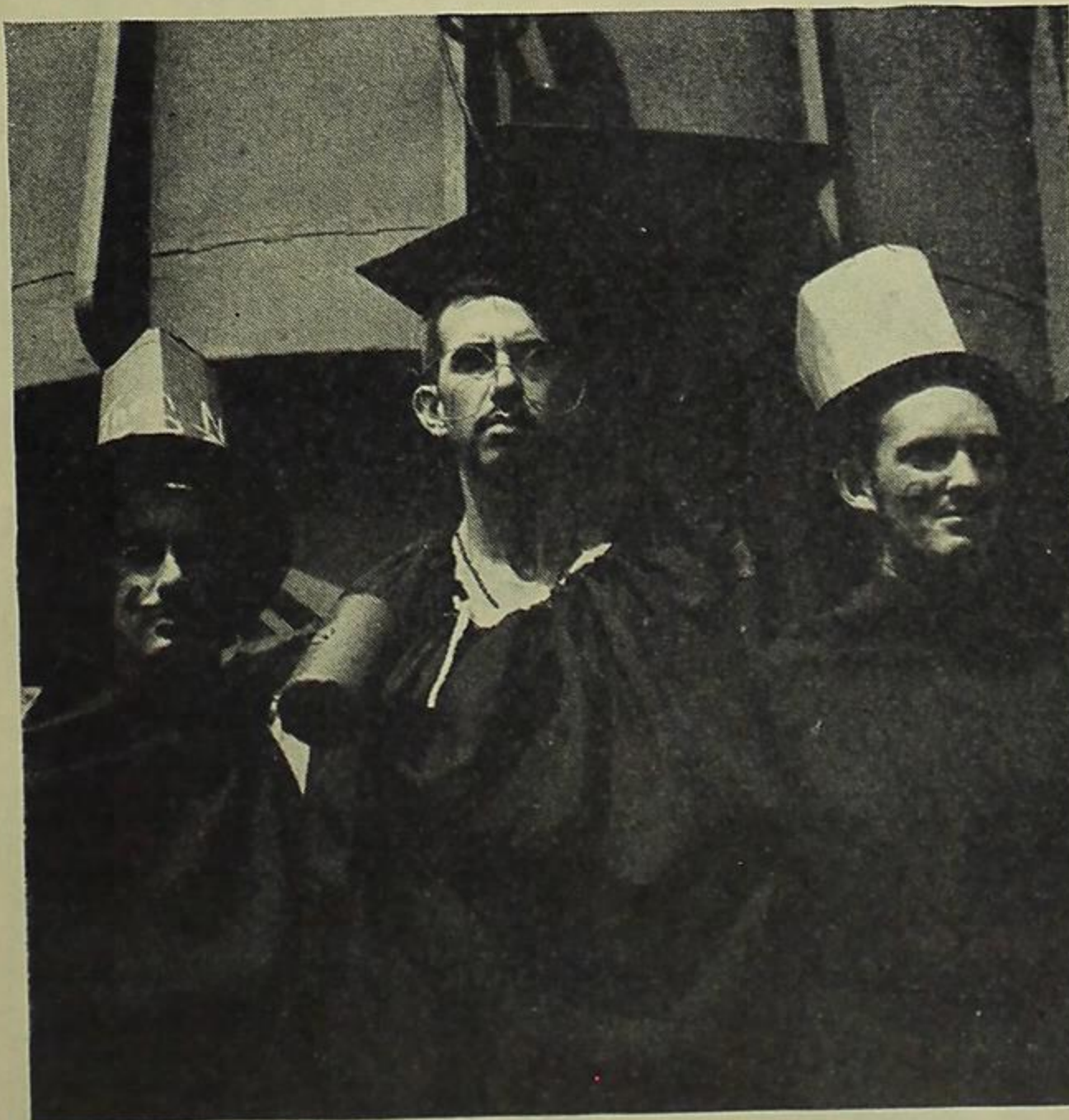
The "Exec" and men enjoy the proceedings.

Neptune Dinner

R O Y A L
M E N U

Mess Compartment 1700

NESTED ALBATROSS
(creamed chicken on hot biscuits)
TUBEROS A LA NEPTUNES
(baked potatoes)
CULTIVATED KELP
(buttered asparagus)
SHREDDED SEA MOSS
(cold slaw)
COAGULATED SHARKS BLOOD
(cranberry sauce)
MERMAID'S DELIGHT
(cake)
SOLIDIFIED WHALE JUICE
(ice cream)
DAVY JONES SEA BISCUIT
(bread)
CHURNED SEAL MILK
(butter)
BILGE SEEPAGE
(iced tea)



Prosecutor, Judge, and Defense Attorney.



Neptune, Queen, Princess and Baby.

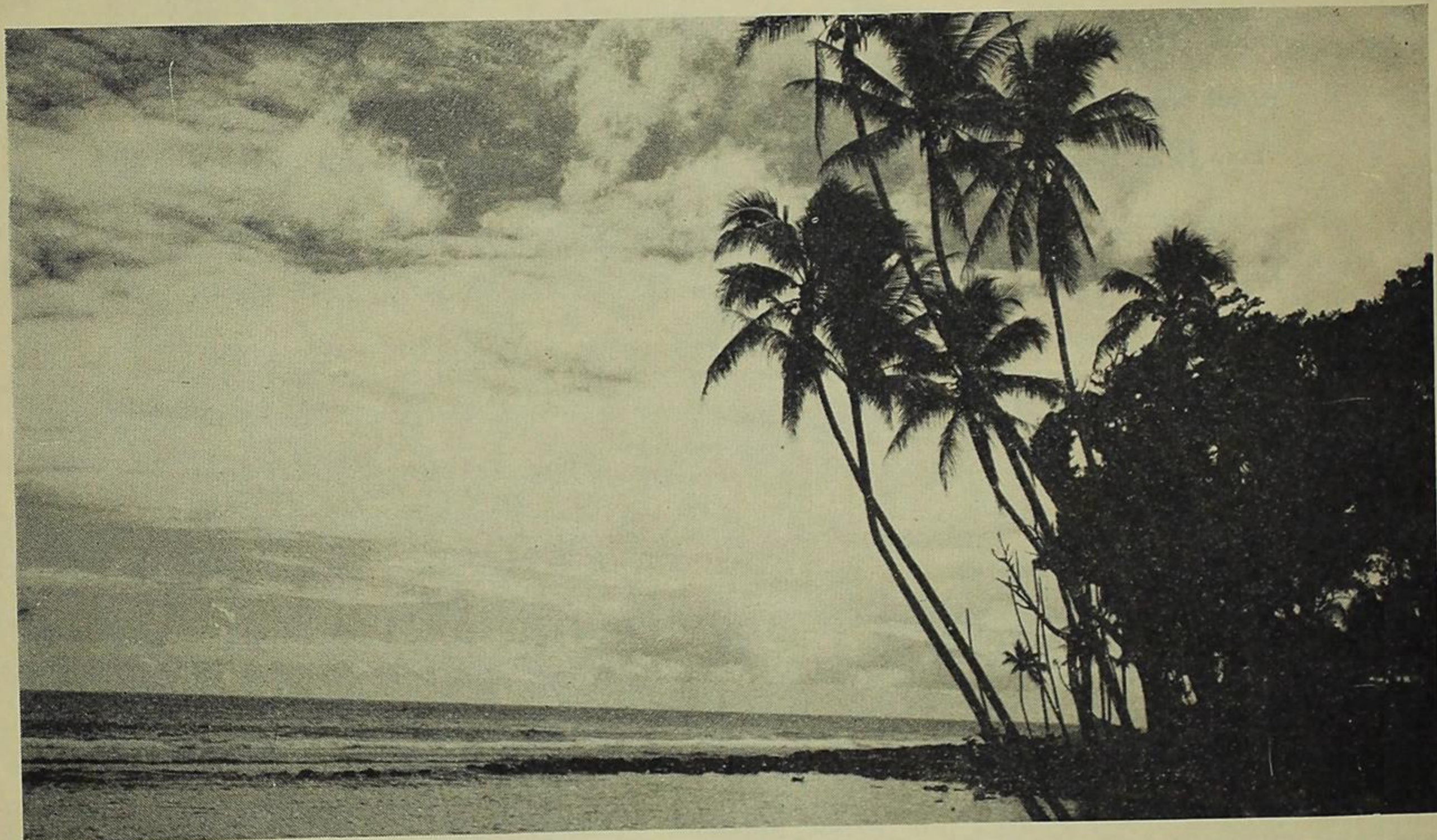
The Royal Party

Neptunus Rex	A. N. Palumbo, CBM, USN
Queen Amphitrite	L. R. Grimes, BM1c, USN
Royal Baby	H. D. Pack, S1c, USNR E. F. Ackmann, SC3c, USNR
Royal Princess	J. R. Jenkins, SK3c, USNR
Royal Nurse	E. Plante, GM1c, USNR
Davy Jones	W. N. Kendall, BM1c, USNR
Navigator	G. P. Limberis, Lt., USNR
Chaplain	P. Sacco, SK1c, USNR
Judge	W. V. O'Connell, BM2c, USNR
Defense Attorney	G. A. Herman, BM1c, USN
Royal Prosecutors.....	Wm. Tokowitz, SM1c, USNR D. E. Clark, SM1c, USNR
Royal Electricians	R. P. Concannon, EM2c, USNR L. Powell, CEM, USNR
Chief of Police	J. J. Pecchio, Cox, USNR
Royal Policemen	W. K. Garrison, CGM, USNR S. H. Ragland, MM1c, USNR
Royal Undertaker	L. M. Murphy, Lt., USNR
Court Clerk	V. Wagner, SK1c, USNR
Royal Doctors.....	A. J. Kelley, SF1c, USNR D. T. Mordh, PhM2c, USNR
Royal Dentist	R. A. Murphy, BM1c, USN
Royal Barber	A. J. Hill, EM1c, USNR
Royal Devil	J. N. Doggendorf, EM2c, USNR
Royal Painter	W. C. W. Roberts, Ptr2c, USNR
Royal Carpenter	W. R. Mann, CM2c, USN
Royal Jester	A. W. Milton, S1c, USNR

THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Our ventures into the South Pacific both came as surprises, for it was not until we were underway on both occasions that our destination was announced. The first was of several weeks duration and was spent in the torrid temperatures that summer in that part

athletics, cold drinks in a shady coconut grove and fishing in waters filled with tropical fish of varied species and color. The scenery, like most of the Solomons, was a mass of thickly wooded mountains, steaming jungles, and huge plantations of coconut



of the world brings, while the second was in direct contrast—our stops were short and the cool temperatures of the winter season were ideal. Our days were busy ones, but we were afforded the experience of seeing many historic spots of the Pacific war—Guadalcanal, Tulagi and Florida Island; Savo Island and “Iron Bottom Bay”; and the early southern bases at Espiritu Santo and New Caledonia.

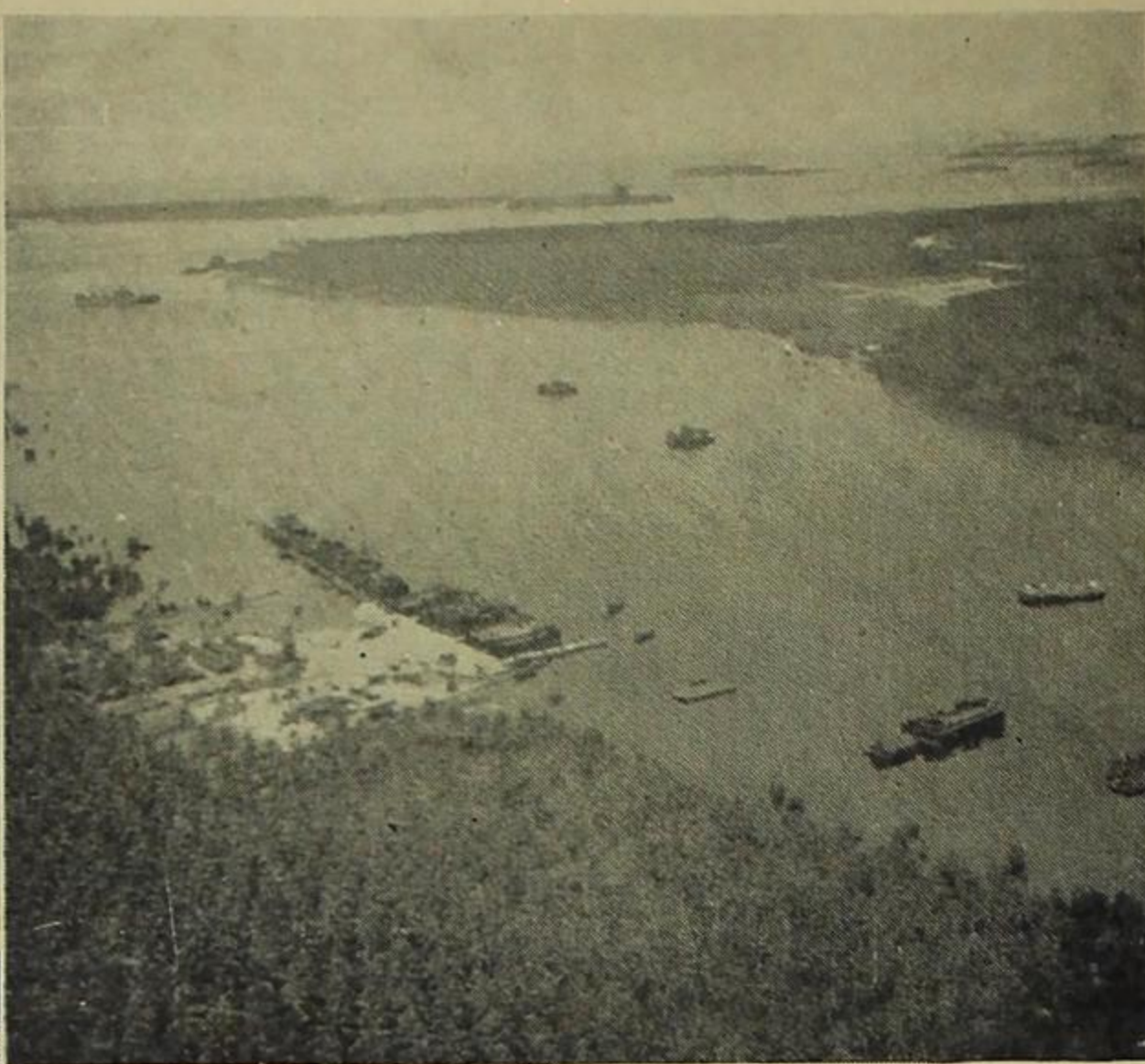
Perhaps the best remembered island of our southern jaunt was Banika, in the Russell Islands (Solomons). Here we had time for liberty and recreation parties went ashore for swimming at Lingatu Beach,

palms growing majestically in even rows which stretched for miles.

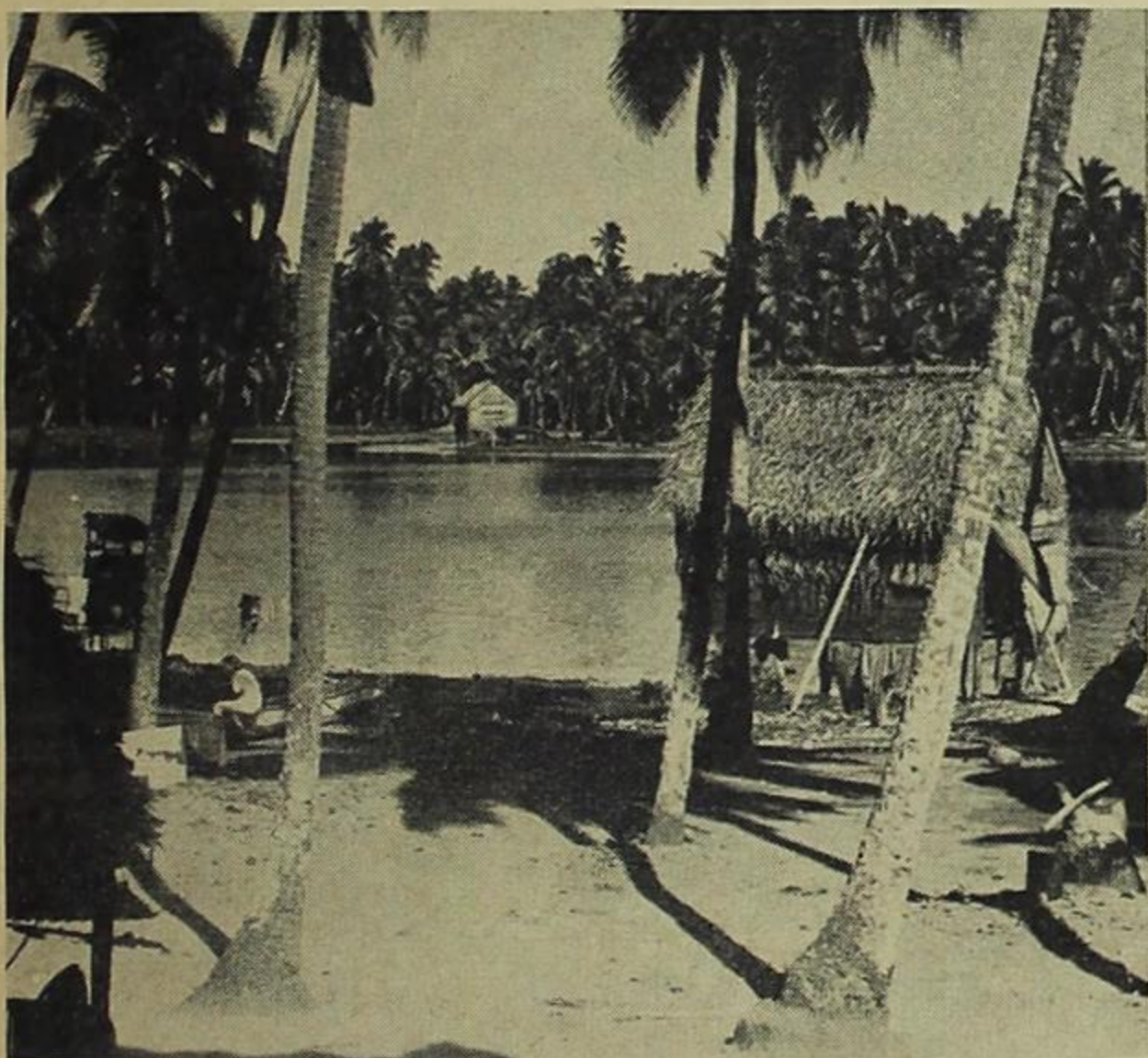
After the Solomons came the first vestige of civilization in some time. At Espiritu Santo and New Caledonia we saw towns and a fair-size city and numbers of British and French people. The islands were a peaceful and beautiful sight—green and mountainous, a coast dotted with picturesque little harbors and royal blue waters studded with white sailboats. Our quick farewell, however, saw a happy crew at their special sea detail stations, for our course was northeast and we were “homeward bound”.



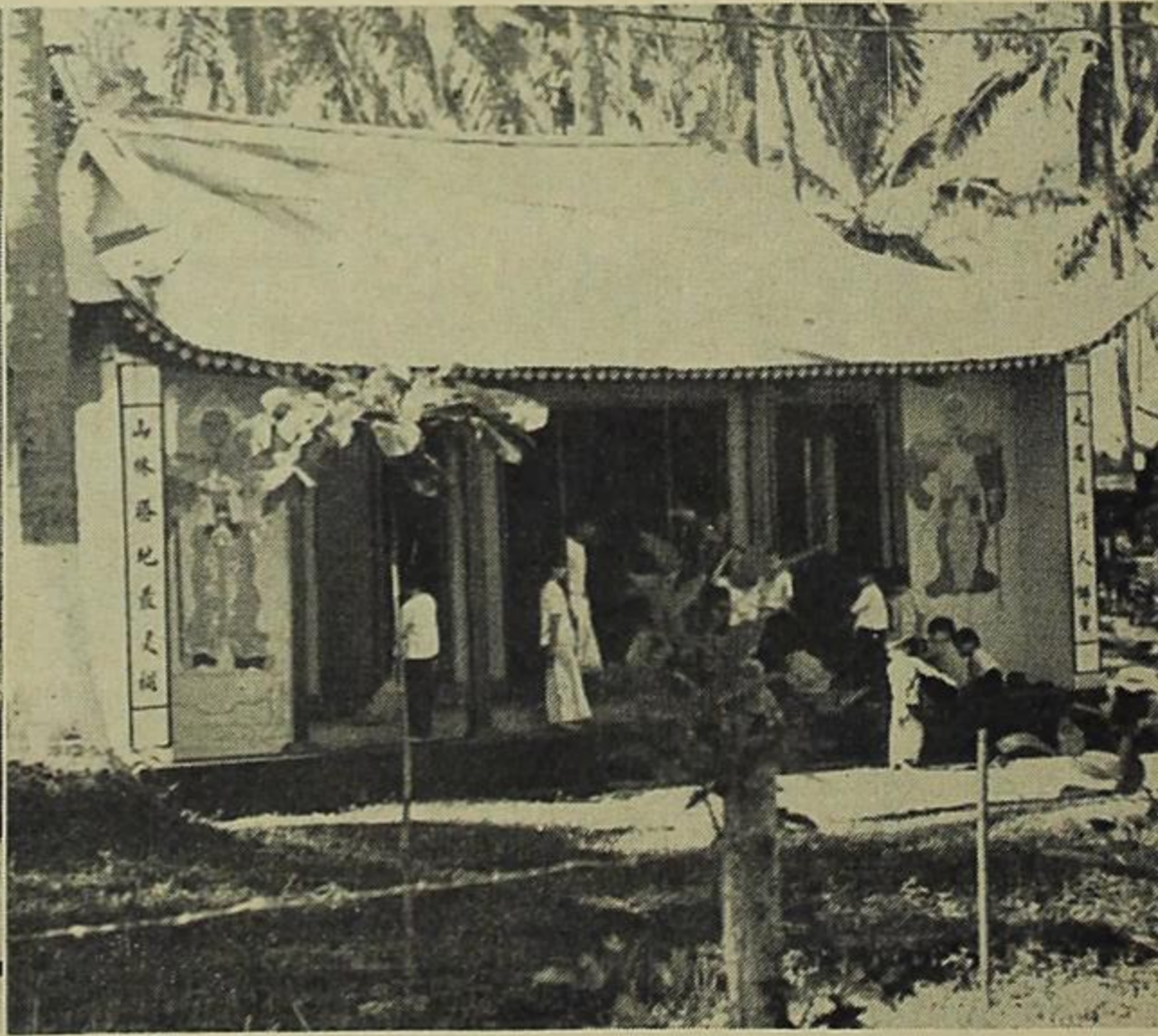
A section of Guadalcanal coast.



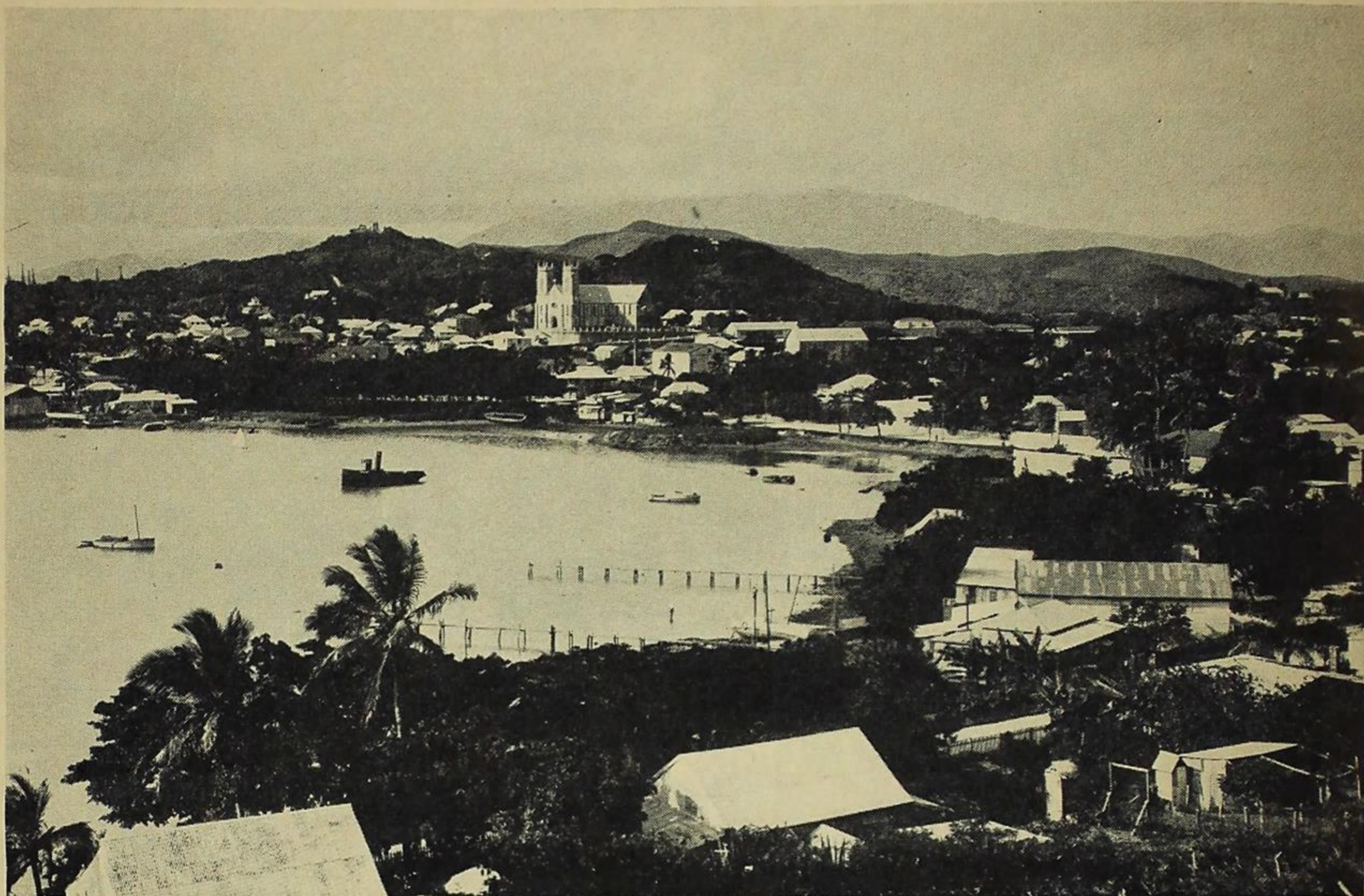
Sunlight Channel, Russell Islands.



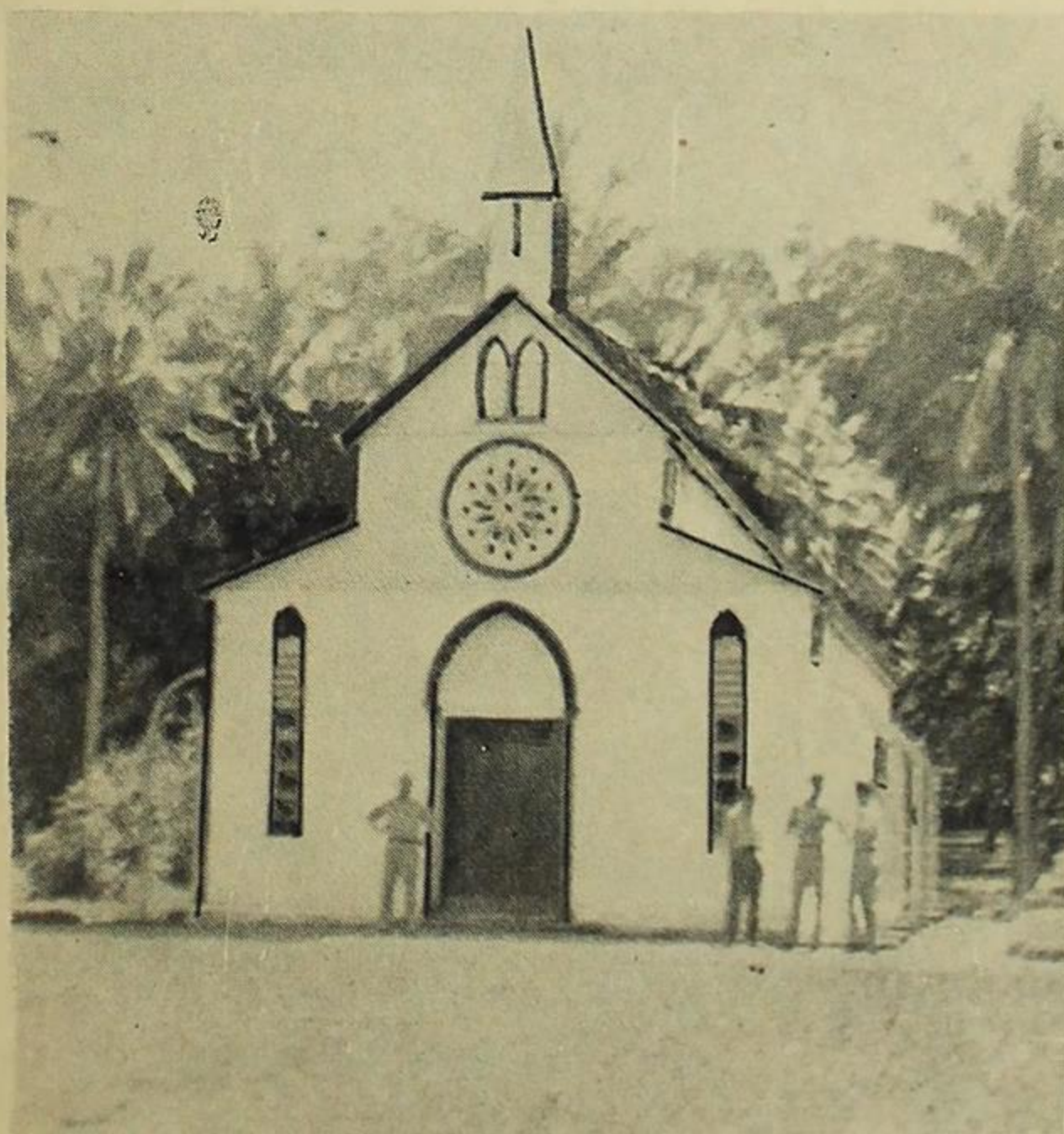
Native huts on Banika in the Russells.



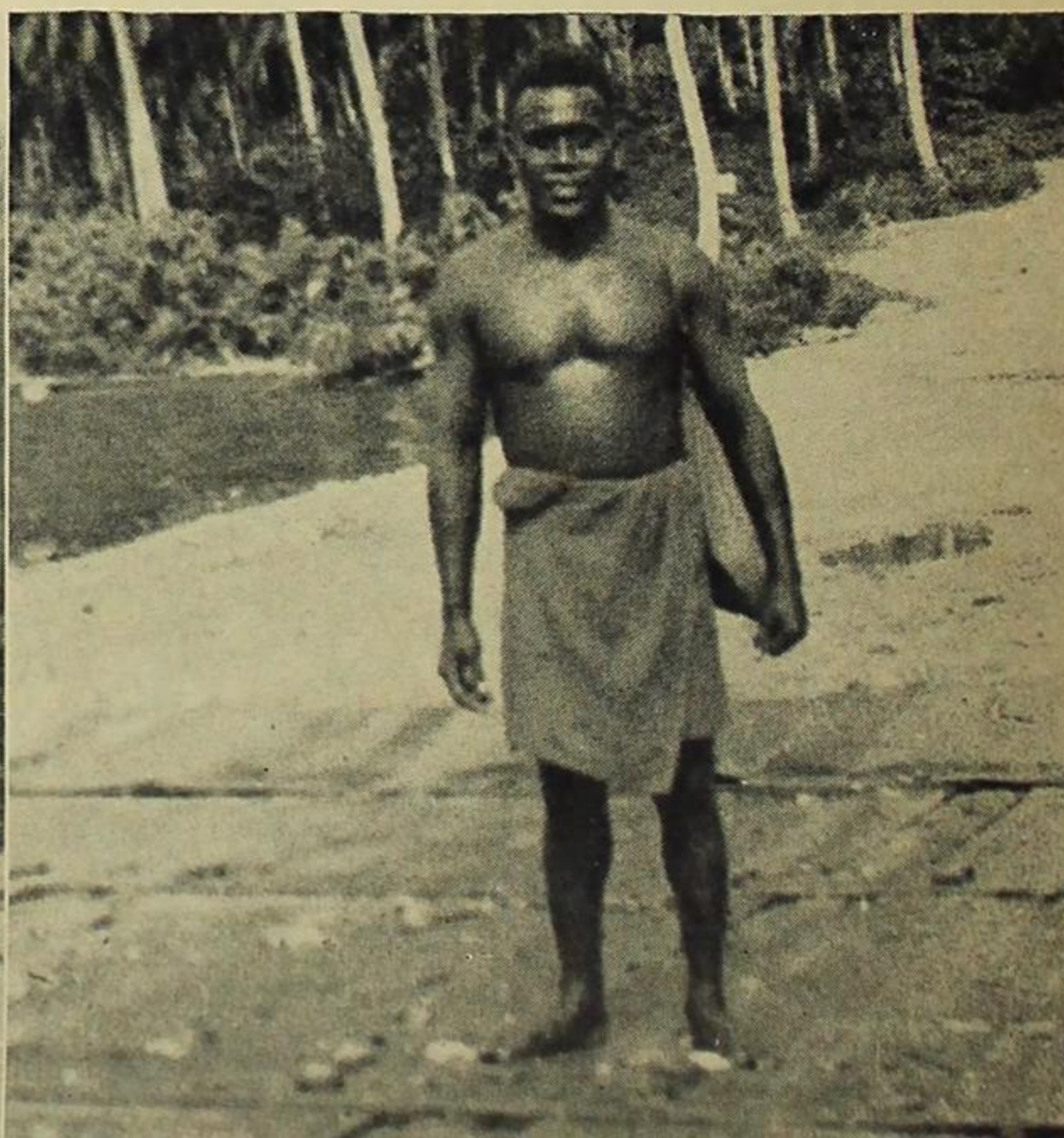
Tonkanese church-schoolhouse at Espiritu.



Noumea



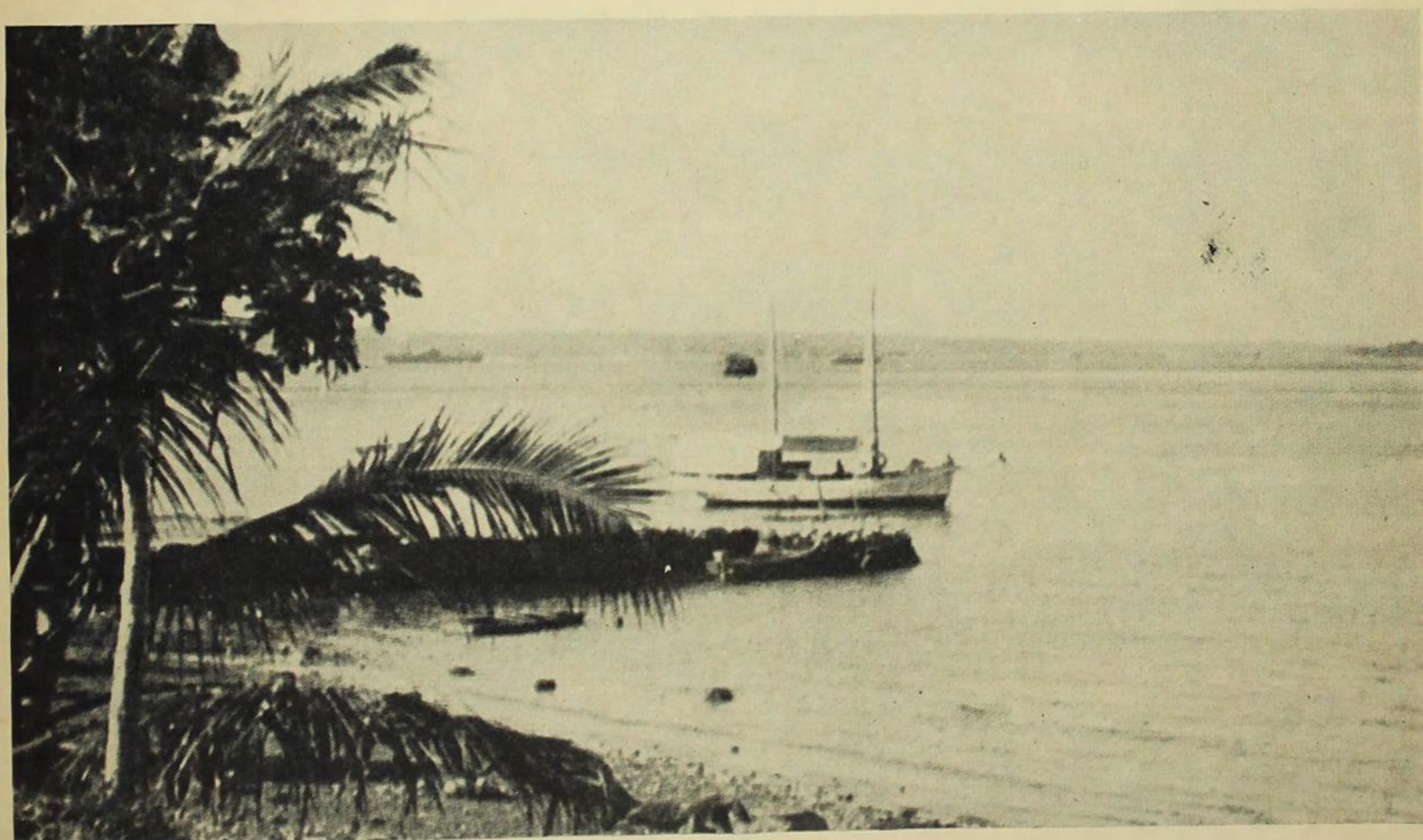
Chapel near village on Espiritu.



"Joe" — native worker on Banika.



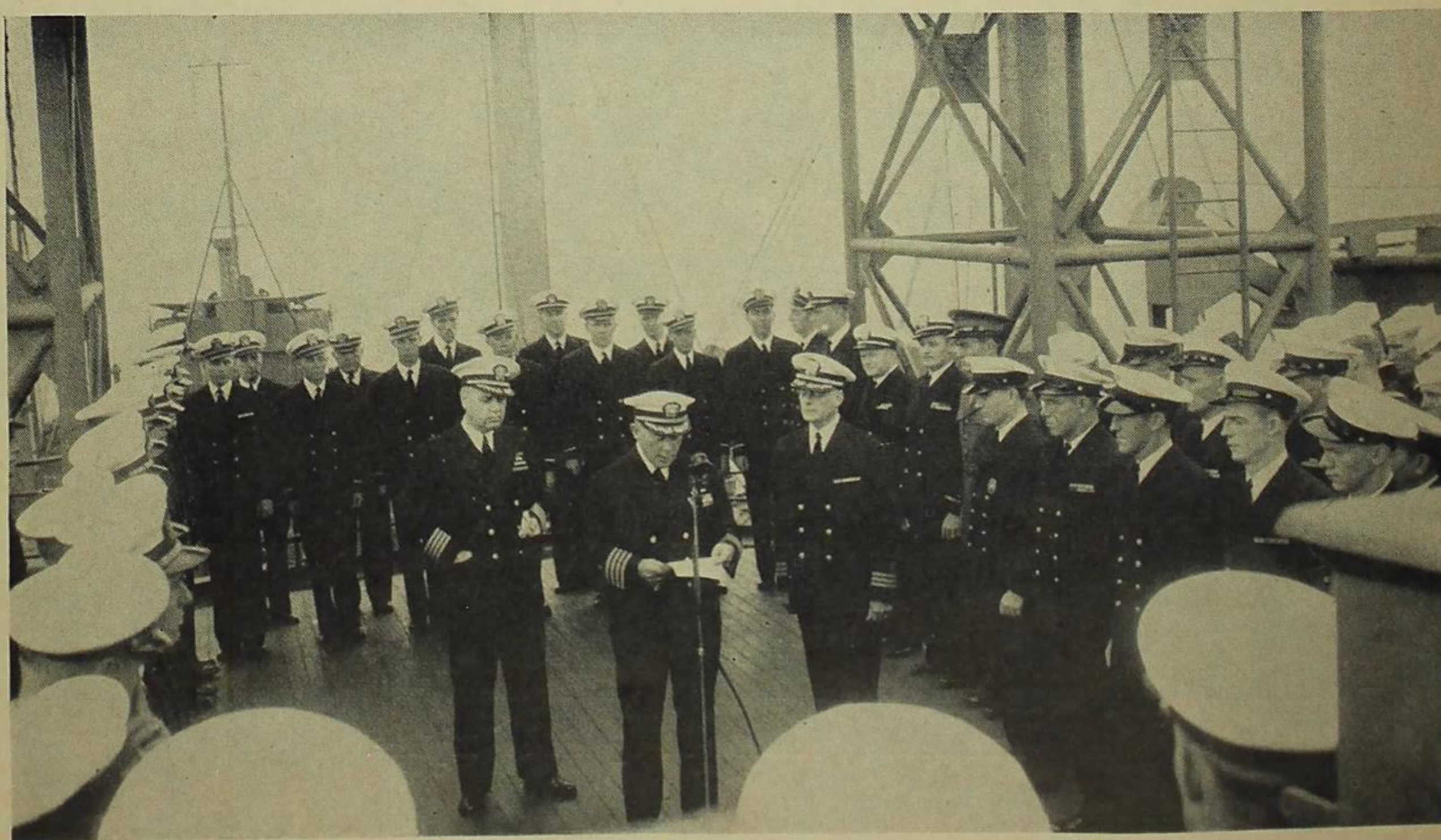
American-built chapel, Russell Islands.



Beautiful and peaceful sailing harbor, Espiritu.



Culminating our first Pacific cruise and long voyage home, a change of command took place on Saturday, July 14. Captain Joseph R. Barbaro, commanding officer for eighteen months, was relieved by Captain John F. Madden, U.S.N. The change of command ceremony was held on the after bridge deck after inspection, attended by all officers, chief petty officers and leading rated men of all divisions. Photos above and below show Captain Barbaro bidding farewell to all hands and reading his orders of detachment as our new skipper, Captain Madden, stands by to assume command.



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