

Chapter XXX

Assuming Command

June 1, 1951 – July 3, 1951

After breakfast at the hotel, Sheffield put on his dress whites, complete with all of his medals and ribbons and his ceremonial sword. Not part of his uniform, but something that had become a part of Sheffield was his walking stick. He had used it ever since he recovered from his injury at Salerno. Over the years it had become scarred up from being dropped or banging into things. As a going a present, the kids had presented him with a new walking stick. It was solid oak and had been handcrafted with a spiraled shaft. Ramona and the girls put on their Sunday best for the occasion. It was too bad that Craig and Edith couldn't come, but he had a lot going on. Sheffield wondered how it went for him at the recruiter the day before.

A staff car picked them up at the hotel and took them to the base. Norma and Janet had heard their dad talk about aircraft carriers and had seen pictures of them, but when they pulled up next to the Essex tied up at the dock, they couldn't believe how huge one was.

The first time Sheffield saw the Essex, she was still under construction. He next saw her soon after she had been commissioned when the Reprisal returned to Norfolk from the South Atlantic and the two ships were on opposite sides of Pier 7. The Essex was a great ship and had served with distinction during the war.

Now, in June of 1951, she looked very different than she had the last time he saw her. After the war, she had been decommissioned and sat idle at Bremerton, Washington for two years. Then in January 1949 she was towed to Puget Sound Naval Yard where for the next two years she underwent a major overhaul and reconstruction.

She had received new clipper bow which gave her a greater over all length of 888 feet. Her longer flight deck had also been reinforced to handle the larger jet aircraft in service. Her armament had also changed. The five inch guns forward and aft the island structure had been removed and the quad forty millimeter anti-aircraft guns had been replaced by the more effective twin three inch, fifty caliber guns. Her island had also taken on a new shape. It was taller



with a redesigned stack and a new mast.

Following reconstruction, she was recommissioned on January 16, 1951 under the command of Captain Austin W. Wheelock. Later she conducted her shakedown cruise in Hawaii. Now she was ready for service and sail off to war, and Sheffield was taking her, her air group, and her escorts there.

He found it ironic that his orders was to take them to Japan. He had been to Tokyo during peacetime in 1922. Then in 1942 he got as close as the launching point for the Doolittle Raid, and again during the summer of 1945, sending his air groups on sortie after sortie to bomb enemy factories and shore installations.

Sheffield and his family were escorted aboard by a Marine corporal, also in his dress uniform. Out of the corner of his eye he admired Norma while showing them to their seats. Who could blame him, she was a very pretty girl. After all of the dignitaries and their guest were seated, the change of command ceremony began.

Admiral Brason was called forward and stood at the podium with Rear Admiral Leslie Krainer, the man he was succeeding as the Commander of Carrier Group One. Admiral Krainer was forced to relinquish his command and resign his commission in the Navy due to his poor health.

With the words, "Sir, I relieve you." it was official. Sheffield moved to the podium and gave the remarks that he had prepared the day before on the flight to San Diego. This wasn't anything new to Sheffield as he commanded a carrier division off Japan during the final weeks of the war.

Following the change of command ceremony, the staff which he inherited from his predecessor introduced themselves to Admiral Brason. They were all men who he had never met, but knew a little about each one from the information that had been sent him. He knew nothing of their personalities or how they conducted themselves.

Then the admiral and his family were given a tour of the ship. Throughout the tour, sailors were turning their heads to get another look at the two young women. Not one of them dared whistle or make cat calls since their father wore two stars on his shoulder boards. The tour concluded at the admiral's suite on the galley deck, just below the flight deck. Over all, the layout of the ship was very similar to the Reprisal, only larger.

Ramona and the girls joined him for a luncheon in the Admiral's wardroom, which was hosted by his chief of staff and attended by by his senior staff members. His chief of staff was Captain Don McLearner, a 1932 graduate of Annapolis and had earned his wings the following year. He began his naval career as a dive bomber pilot on the Ranger and later on the Wasp. In fact he was the squadron commander when she was sunk. Just prior to his assignment with Carrier Division One, he had been in command of an escort carrier.

Right from the start, there seemed to be some reason that he didn't click with Admiral Brason. Sheffield couldn't quite put his finger on it, but something told him that there might be friction. In a way, he reminded Sheffield of Commander Southridge, who has been his executive officer during the Arctic cruise in 1943. Sheffield could tell that he was trying to restrain himself in the presence of his wife and daughters.

After the luncheon, Sheffield had the rest of Friday afternoon and the weekend free. They returned to their hotel and changed into something more casual for a sightseeing tour. Sheffield had arranged for a rental car and they were off to show the girls around.

On Saturday, they took the ferry across the bay to Coronado. Sheffield couldn't resist driving past the apartment where he and Geannie had lived for all of those years. It still looked pretty much the same. The kids had heard so much about Geannie, Sandy, and Austin from their mom and dad that they felt as if they knew them. In fact, they referred to Geannie as Aunt Geannine. They spent a good share of the day at Coronado Beach. It was easy to tell which footprints in the sand were Janet's. They were the ones with only four toe prints on the left foot.

The last time they had been to the beach in Hawaii, the bikini was a fairly new fashion in women's swim wear. Two piece bathing suits had been around for a long time, but the bikini was much more risqué. Since then, they had become even more popular and even more revealing. That day, a good share of the young women at the beach were wearing them. Janet, who's figure at fifteen was really developing as she blossomed into a woman, wanted to get a bikini. It was a good opportunity for Ramona to re-explain to her what she already knew. She must have gotten the message because she never asked again.

Sunday was Ramona's forty eight birthday. They weren't sure where the nearest LDS meetinghouse was so they attended services at a nearby United Methodist Church. It had been three and half years since they left the Methodist Church. The contrast between what they had then and what they now had was real eye opener and they went away grateful that they had found the church and embraced it.

The rest of the day was spent at Balboa Park, near the Navy Hospital where Ramona had been stationed during the early part of her career. They visited the San Diego Zoo, the Museum of Man, an anthropology museum housed in the California Building and Tower, with its carillon that chimed every quarter hour.

Monday morning began early as Ramona and the girls had to fly home. After breakfast, they loaded their luggage into the rental car and Sheffield had his belongings taken over to the Essex to be put in his stateroom. At the airport they bid a tearful farewell as they didn't know when they'd be together again. Of all of the farewells that Sheffield had during his long naval career, this one pulled at his heart most of all, especially when Janet broke down. She had the hardest time saying goodbye.

Sheffield had gotten used to civilian life and being a true family man. But duty called him once again,

hopefully not for too long. After seeing his family off, Sheffield returned the rental car and took a cab to the base.

The first order of business was to meet with his staff. Most of them had been hand picked by Admiral Krainer and had been with him since he assumed command of Carrier Division One. Understandably they were extremely loyal to him. Sheffield almost felt like an intruder. Captain McLearner especially seemed to resent him.

The meeting didn't get off to very good start when some of the men went to light up their cigarettes and he informed them that the flag offices and the flag bridge were no smoking areas as of now. As the meeting progressed, he got the idea that the way he did things was out of harmony with what they had been accustomed to. It became very apparent when the subject of nighttime operations came up.

"That's not what Admiral Krainer did." Captain McLearner quickly pointed out. "He thought it was a waste of time."

"Is that a fact." Sheffield said calmly. "We'll I'm not him and now I'm in command. I understand that you were all part of team but now you have a new coach. Don't get me wrong, I'm open to suggestions and will consider all input. But I have my own approach to things. If any of you are not willing to work with me, come and see me in private and I'll do what I can to get you transferred to a more suitable assignment, with no hard feelings. I'm perfectly willing to work with you, but I need your cooperation in working with me, or this command is doomed from the beginning."

By taking command of the situation, Sheffield got their attention and cooperation for the rest of the meeting. Over the next few days Captain McLearner wasn't able to adjust very well to his new boss. Finally at the end of the week, he came to Sheffield and asked for a transfer. Sheffield treated him cordially in his request saying that it was in everyone's best interest.

If he could have anyone he wanted for his Chief of Staff, it would have been Mace Owen, but he wasn't available. He needed someone that he knew well and trusted. Someone that he shared a history with. After giving it some thought he requested that Commander Ronald "Cowboy" Perry. He first got to know Cowboy back in 1929. Over the last twenty two years they had served together from time to time. It was Cowboy who replaced Tomcat as his wingman. Geannie had taken his wife, Francis, under her wing as a new navy wife. As a section they worked together and socialized together. Sheffield, Scoop, and Cowboy had made a good team. When Sheffield left the squadron for his first assignment at the Bureau of Aeronautics, Cowboy took his place as section leader.

Their paths crossed again when Sheffield assumed command of the Reprisal. At the time, Cowboy was executive officer of Fighting Eleven and later the commanding officer. Then when the Reprisal became Sheffield's flagship when it sailed for the Pacific, Cowboy was the air group commander, a position he held

until the Reprisal sailed to New York City after the war. He stayed in the Navy after the war and at the time the executive officer of the Valley Forge which was in San Diego, having returned from her second Korean cruise in early April.

As with everything else in the Navy, the transfers would take time to process. In the meantime, Captain McLearner filled his duties as best he could under the circumstances.

Sheffield also set about looking for a personal assistant. He knew that he would never find another Morris Gover. According to protocol, he had to be an officer. He didn't want to settle for just anyone, it had to be someone who he could depend on and trust one hundred and ten percent. Finding just the right person could take some time.

Although not a member of his staff, another important position to Sheffield was his mess attendant. Like his staff, he inherited his attendant from Admiral Krainer. He was Seaman 2nd Class Alejandro Mantequillas Helada. Seaman Mantequillas was a Mexican-American from Brownsville, Texas and had been in the Navy for just under two years. He was a cheerful, congenial young man who went out of his way to please. In a lot of ways, he reminded Sheffield of Reggie Jackson.

Because of the integration order issued by President Truman in 1948, colored servicemen were beginning to find their way out of the mess halls and into other ratings. That was one area in which Sheffield applauded Truman.

Anxious to put to sea, Admiral Brason accompanied the Essex to sea for a two days of carrier qualifications on Thursday and Friday. A lot had changed in the short time that Sheffield been out of the Navy when it came to carrier aircraft. Carrier Air Group Five consisted of a squadron of Grumman F9F-2 Panthers; a jet fighter, a squadron of McDonnell F2H Banshees; also a jet fighter, a squadron of Vought F4U-4 Corsairs; a more recent version of Corsair used in the later years of the war, and a squadrons of Douglas AD Skyraiders, a carrier based attack aircraft. In addition to these squadrons there were detachments from composite squadrons with specialized versions of the aircraft in the standard squadrons. The one exception was the one HO3S-1 Dragonfly helicopter.



Admiral Brason observed the flight operations from his flag bridge with keen interest as he got acquainted with the aircraft and pilots he would be taking into action. Three of the squadrons had seen combat over Korea but had regrouped with several new pilots since returning. The entire air group needed more training before they would be combat ready. After two days of air operations, the Essex returned to San Diego on Friday afternoon.

Sheffield had contacted the base chaplain to inquire if there was place where the Mormons met. He was told that they met in a training room in the administration building. On Sunday Sheffield left the ship and found the location. As he entered the room, the fifty or so men jumped to attention when they saw a rear admiral enter the room.

“At ease, men.” Sheffield said. “I’m just here to attend church with you. In here, I’m just another elder.”

Church services was on place where the lines between rank blurred, but not totally erased. He took his seat and waited for the meeting to begin. The others were hesitant to engage him in conversation. As he looked around the room, they were all young men, mostly enlisted men with the exception of a few junior officers. There were also four middle aged men in civilian clothes in attendance.

One of them approached Sheffield and introduced himself. “Hello, I’m Nathan Frost, the Branch President. It’s nice to have you with us Admiral.”

“I’m pleased to meet you, President Frost. I’m Sheffield Brason from Roanoke Virginia. I’ve just been recalled to active duty and just reported to my new command.”

“Please feel free to participate with us. We look forward to getting to know you.” President Frost said as he shook Sheffield hand.

He returned to the front of the room and called the meeting to order. He introduced Brother Brason and asked him to tell where he was from and what his duty assignment was. Sheffield stood and briefly told a little bit about himself.

The meeting began with an opening hymn, sang without accompaniment, followed by an invocation, just like a typical sacrament meeting. Following the opening prayer, they held a brief quasi priesthood meeting. When it came time to administer the sacrament, it was blessed by a Petty Officer Third Class and a Lieutenant junior grade and passed by four seamen. The talks were given by three sailors and a marine. The young men who spoke were all very knowledgeable and sited examples from their missions in addressing their topics.

After the meeting, Sheffield mingled and got to know some of the men. Seaman Patrick Bates introduced himself as the group leader for the men assigned to the Essex. He said there were several LDS men stationed on the ship. When they were at sea they met in a corner of the dry stores storeroom. Sheffield offered his wardroom instead for as long as he was aboard.

He also got acquainted with the other three civilians. Two of them were the counselors in the branch presidency and the fourth was a member of the stake high council. The San Diego Serviceman's Branch was part of the San Diego Stake and served all of the naval facilities in the San Diego area. They were allowed to use the classroom and had their own closet where they kept their hymnals and sacrament trays. He also

learned that Seaman Bates had been called and set apart by the stake president to preside over the Essex Serviceman's Group. Before leaving, he was invited to speak the following week and tell about his conversion. Sheffield left the meeting uplifted and had felt the Spirit.

On Tuesday, Sheffield was happy to get a letter from home and retired to his office to read it.

June 7, 1951

Dear Sheffield

It has been a longtime since I have written to you. I haven't had to for a long time. Now were back to writing letters again. It's not the same as having you here, but it will have to do. This big house is empty without you. And then on top of that Craig has moved out too. Now it's just us girls. One thing about it, we don't have to worry about who might catch us in our underwear, or less for that matter.

I have to tell you about our trip home. The flight from San Diego to Los Angeles went well but the flight from there to Washington D.C. was delayed by mechanical problems and was about two hours late. Needless to say, we were late getting in and missed our connection to Roanoke. We ended up staying in a hotel and came on home the next day.

I sure hope we're through with going places for a while. These last couple of weeks have been a whirlwind. I'm looking forward to a nice and easy June with all of its majesty.

Craig was busy while we were gone. On Thursday the 31st he enlisted in the Navy Reserve. He reports to the Banbridge Naval Training Station at Port Deposit, Maryland, next Monday the 11th, which doesn't give him much time before he leaves. He could have waited three weeks but this will let him get through basic training and his advanced training this summer and be finished and home for school to start at Virginia Tech in the fall according to plan.

After all of that, he reported to the Selective Service Board and had them update his status. At least now, he won't be drafted into the Army. His friend Read has filed for a farm deferment.

Now for Norma. While we were gone, she received notification that she was awarded a scholarship to Hollins' music program. She is excited and is looking forward to this fall. She had decided not to live in the dorms and live at home with Janet and me. I'm glad, this house would be too much for just Janet and me.

Speaking of Janet. I swear that girl is accident pron. Now I know why

God gave me that child; so I won't forget my nursing skills. Yesterday morning we were having breakfast when the milkman came, as usual. Janet went out to bring the milk in and when she went to put them in the refrigerator the jugs clanged together, breaking one of them.

The jagged glass made a deep gash in her right leg, just above the knee. All of a sudden we were in a crisis. I wasn't so worried about the gallon of milk spilled all over the floor as I was the blood that mixed in with it. It was a pretty deep cut and it bled a lot. The only way I could stop the bleeding was to apply a tourniquet. Norma and I left the milk and the blood on the floor and rushed her to the hospital.

It took several stitches to close the wound. She's got it bandaged up and is hobbling around on her crutches again. Craig came over and gave her a blessing. He did a nice job for his first time.

Other than that, things are fine around here. Craig is mowing the hay today and hopes to have it baled and stacked before he has to leave. With Janet out of commission, he said he'd bring Edith to help haul it in and get it stacked.

I hope all is well with you and that you are settling into your new responsibilities and surroundings. I'm sure it's like riding a bike for you. After all, it really isn't anything new for you.

We'll remember you in our prayers. We miss you but will get along. Don't worry about us and focus on the job at hand. I hope it's not too terribly long before we see you again. Perhaps you'll get lucky and will be able to come home for a week or two sometime.

Love, Ramona.

Sheffield was glad to get her letter and wrote back to her in repose to what she had written and all of the latest news since he had seen her and the girls only the week before.

On Monday other key staff members also put in for transfers. Now he found himself posting billets for an operations officer, an intelligence officer, and a communications officer. The rest of the staff seemed content to remain with him. In requesting replacements, he wasn't as specific as he was in his request for a chief of staff. It wasn't that the men who wanted to leave were not capable, they were. It's just that they were used to Admiral Krainer's style of doing things. By bringing in new personalities, they would come expecting to fit in. Where as these men were expecting Sheffield to be the one to fit in to their world.

The first of Sheffield's requests were both approved. Captain McLearner was a good officer in every way and Sheffield had a great deal of respect for his ability. It's just that the two of them were not a good

match. His new assignment was to take command of the Crown Point, a new carrier under construction at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and would be commissioned in the next several months. As for his other request, Commander Perry was assigned to the staff of Carrier Division One. He reported for duty at the beginning of the third week in June.

A couple of days later, Sheffield found his personal assistant in the person of Lieutenant (junior grade) Phillip Moncur, United States Navy Reserve. Lieutenant Moncur was a graduate of the University of Kansas in Lawrence in 1947 with a bachelor's degree in Public Administration. At the same time he received his commission in the Navy through the ROTC program. While at Kansas University, he played basketball for the Jayhawks as a forward. Before being called up to active duty, Phil worked for two years as the personal assistant to the Lieutenant Governor of Kansas. His current assignment was scheduling for the base public affairs office.

Lieutenant Moncur was a fairly tall, slim young man; slightly effeminate in his features. He had a smooth, narrow face that was devoid of any facial hair. His hands were slender with long fingers. He did have a rather prominent Adam's apple.

His mannerisms were also somewhat effeminate in his body language. His appearance suggested that he was much younger than twenty six years old. Phil was married and he and his wife had a three year old daughter. He had been among the first to be called up to active duty nearly a year earlier and had just returned from being home on leave in Topeka, Kansas when he received his orders to report to Admiral Brason.

Sheffield found him to possess the experience that he was looking for. He also came with the personal qualities that attributes that he had hoped for. He wasn't Morris Gover, but he was a close runner up. He had a pleasant demeanor and other than an occasional beer, was free from most of the vices that seem to be inherent in military personnel.

Quickly to follow Lieutenant Moncur, Sheffield's operations officer, intelligence officer, and communications officer joined his staff. Now it had the makings of a good, solid team with men on whom he could rely and depend on. Men committed to his vision of how his command should function.

In addition to Commander Perry, the staff officers included Commander Ross Fendwick, the Operations Officer; Lieutenant Commander Melvin Manchester, the air officer; Lieutenant Commander Gaylord Harriman, the communications officer; and Lieutenant Commander Alexander Lasko, the intelligence officer. The staff also included a number of junior staff officers and enlisted men.

At the end that week, Lieutenant Moncur brought Sheffield two important letters. There wasn't any question as to which one he was going to open first; the one from Ramona. This was the third letter that he had got from her in the three weeks since he had been there. She said that everything was fine at home.

Janet was healing up from her most recent accident. She got a short note from Craig telling her that he was alright but he didn't have much time to write and he wanted her to tell his dad that things were going well. She said that his father continued to deteriorate and was becoming more frail all the time. Her letter also included short notes from the girls.

After reading her letter, he opened the other piece of mail. It contained his orders. He was to take the Essex along with Air Group Five and a division of four destroyers to Hawaii for further training before proceeding out to the West Pacific for duty off Korea. They were to sail on Thursday the 28th.

He then wrote back to Ramona to tell her all about Lieutenant Moncur and his new staff officers and his orders to sail to Hawaii. He knew that would make her envious because she missed the islands. He mentioned how his talk in sacrament meeting had gone, after it had been postponed for a week. Last of all he conveyed his love for her. He included personal notes to both Norma and Janet. Then he wrote a letter to Craig and had Lieutenant Moncur take them ashore to the base post office, which would get them on their way a day sooner than what it would have taken from the ship's post office.

On Sunday, Sheffield attended the San Diego Serviceman's Branch one last time. The next few days were spent getting things in order for sailing. On Tuesday Air Group Five formally reported for duty and came aboard and got squared away. The ship was a buzz with activity as provisions and stores of all kinds were brought aboard. Sheffield and his staff had turned their attention to the training exercises and what they hoped to accomplish in Hawaii.

Without anyone on the dock to see him off, Sheffield looked on from the flag bridge as the carrier slipped her moorings and was pulled out into the harbor by three tug boats. Once Captain Wheelock gave the order, the ship started making its way through San Diego Bay. As the ship passed North Island, Sheffield's mind took him back many years to his early days flying out the facility and his life with Geannie on the other side of the air station when Sandy and Austin were little.

As the Essex rounded rounded Point Loma with her bow heading out to sea, Sheffield's reflections were replaced by what he had missed about being at sea for the last five years. He never tired of the warm sea breeze, the scent of salt water and nothing but ocean for as far as the eye could see.

Later in the day, after getting farther out to sea, the carrier changed course into the southwest, into the wind, and began bringing the air group aboard. Sheffield watched from the railing just outside the flag bridge as the planes began coming aboard. He was amazed at the jets as they streaked around in the landing circle and made their landing approach before coming aboard. They were a far cry from the biplanes that he used to fly in what seemed another age.

Once the air group was aboard, the five ships resumed their course for Hawaii. Later in the afternoon. Admiral Brason issued his order to commence the first phase his training plan. The Essex was

virtually a new ship in most ways with a fresh crew. He wanted them ready for whatever this war might through at them.

This was not going to be a leisurely cruise to Paradise. Even though the possibility of an enemy air attack was highly unlikely, he had the gun crews as well as those aboard the destroyers put in hours and hours of target practice. The possibility of damage to the ship was real due to the nature of flight operations and he directed that the Captain have his damage control parties practice for anything from a deck crash to a torpedo hit. The destroyers weren't just tagging along. They too were hard at work improving their skills, including anti-submarine work. The air group concentrated on flight operations. Combat operations would be covered in the next phase of training once they reached Hawaii.

On Sunday, Admiral Brason relaxed the training routine enough to give the crews a little respite. That morning he hosted the shipboard Serviceman's Group in his wardroom. Seven men attended, including Seaman Bates, the group leader. In addition to the seven in attendance, there were six other known members of the church who either participated sporadically or chose to not participate at all.

Sheffield was the only officer among them. The other six were all enlisted men who had been in the military for a year or less. All of them were from the Intermountain Mountain West, three from Utah, two from Idaho, and one from Wyoming. Three of them, including Seaman Bates were returned missionaries.

Seaman Bates presided and his assistant, Seaman Jared Martin conducted. After signing a hymn, Admiral Brason was called upon to offer the invocation. Two sailors blessed the sacrament and a marine passed it to the rest. Seaman Bates gave a combination talk and lesson. The meeting, which lasted about forty five minutes, was closed with another hymn and a benediction.

The three who had served missions were; Seaman Patrick Bates was from Spanish Fork Utah and had served a mission in the Southern States Mission, headquartered in Atlanta, Georgia; Seaman Jared Martin from Tooele, Utah who served a Spanish speaking mission in the Spanish-American Mission with headquarters in El Paso, Texas; the Marine in the group was Private 1st Class Orrin Powell from Afton, Wyoming who served in the Argentine Mission, headquartered in Buenos Aires. The other three were: Fireman Apprentice Kevin Riggins from Midvale, Utah; Seaman Apprentice Cameron Wells from Pingree, Idaho, and Seaman Gerald Linmann from Preston, Idaho.

After the service they had a few minutes to mingle before returning to their duties. During the last few weeks in port they got used to having an admiral among them and began to look to him as a father figure. Their association with him had to be kept strictly within the confines of their meeting because of Navy protocol. Since they used his wardroom for sacrament meeting, Sheffield provided storage space for the sacrament trays, hymnals, and other material.

After the sabbath lull in the training exercises, the drills continued through out Monday and Tuesday.

Monday afternoon was marred with incident. One of the Skyraiders lost power and went into the sea after being catapulted off the flight deck. Captain Wheelock ordered a hard turn to starboard to avoid hitting the wreckage. The helicopter was dispatched to search for the pilot and joined by one of the destroyers. The pilot was never found.

Then on Monday night, one of the destroyers found itself directly in the path of the Essex. To avoid a collision, the destroyed went to emergency speed and narrowly missed being ran down only to be broadsided by one of the other destroyers. Admiral Brason detached both damaged ships to limp into Pearl Harbor together, behind the rest of the group.

On the afternoon of Tuesday the 3rd of July, the Essex and her escorts pulled into Pearl Harbor. Admiral Brason directed Capitan Wheelock, the air group commander, and the commander of the destroyer division to give their men a holiday liberty in Honolulu but to be ready to sail the following Monday to get down to business in their training routine.

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Admrial John A. Perry was the actual commander of Carrier Division One flying his flag on the Essex. The Captain of the Essex was Captian Austin W. Wheelock

For the story of Commander Southridge, see The Business o War Chapter 23.

Admrial Krainer and the staff members are all fictional characters.

The San Diego Serviceman's Branch is a fictional representation of an LDS Serviceman's Group.