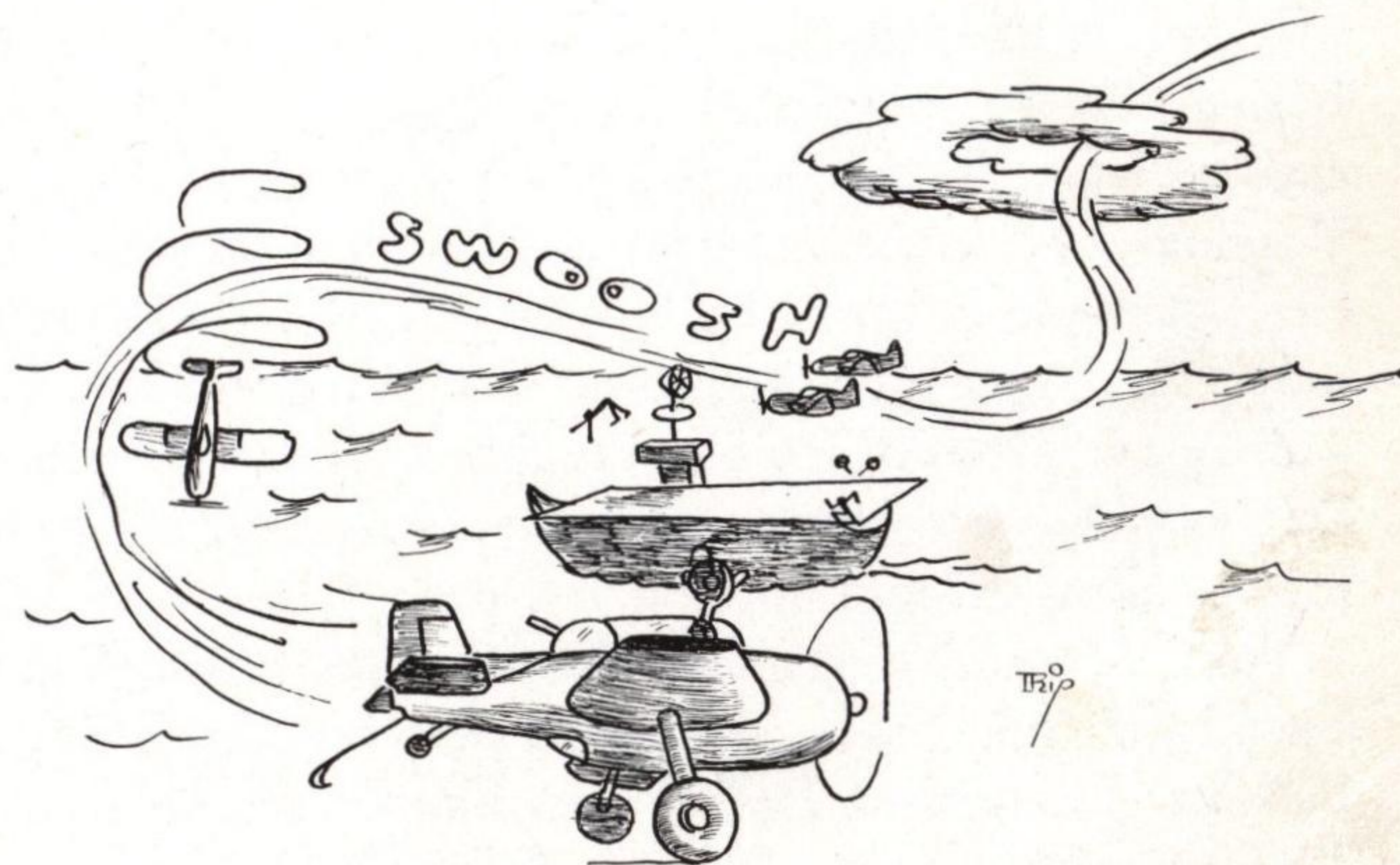
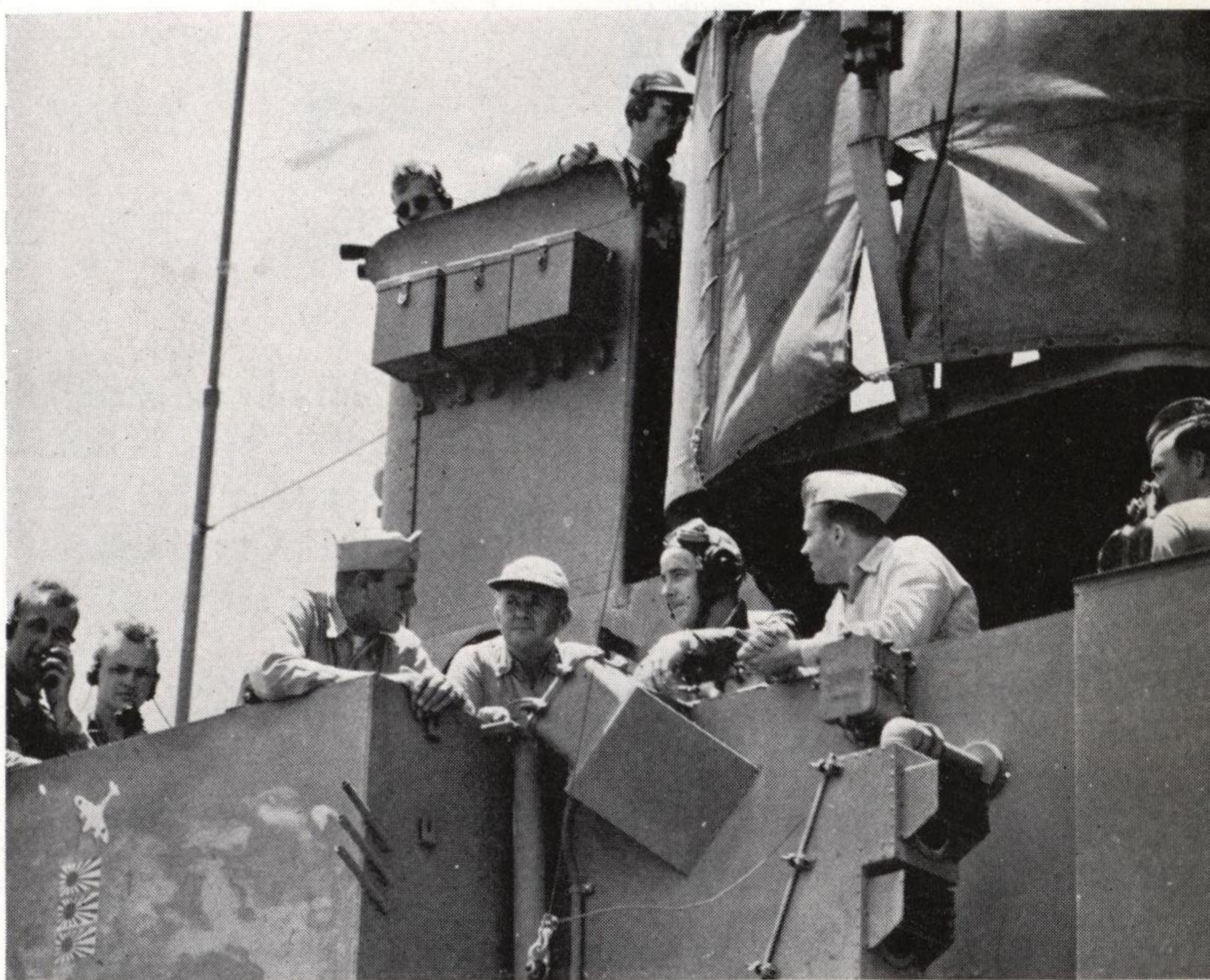


wonder what the next few hours will bring if our bedding is hung over the fo'c'sle rail. Hence, aerology plays a rather important part. An approach as innocent as "Well, what's the weather for tomorrow?" will bring from Bob Hasling or Jim Bateman "Weeell, there's a disturbance about 376½ miles south-south-east of us and it is moving at the rate of seven knots in our direction. Now, if there is continued low pressure in the area where the ship will be in 18 hours and the disturbance continues to move at its present rate, and the cumulus remains in a status quo, or our orders aren't changed, there is a possibility that the barometer reading may remain the same." Anyway, it is so much easier to wait and see what tomorrow brings in the way of weather. After all, there is little we can do about it.

We sailed in circles, responded to General Quarters morning, noon and night, and stumbled about the flight deck after "darken ship". It was monotonous until one morning we got the word that our fighters had sighted an enemy plane and were hot on the trail. Gone was the boredom, the cussing, the griping; and present was as keen and as electrifying a feeling as at a title boxing bout or crucial World Series game. This was it—and the Cape was to be blooded.

First Lieutenant Philip E. Fuller did the double baptism—for himself and the Cape—and his victim was a twin engine reconnaissance, which he knocked out of the sky 25,000 feet over the glinting blue water. He gave the plane a short burst amidships and set it to trailing smoke. The enemy gunner was peppering away, but his slugs went wild. A second pilot made a run and cut loose, but the plane continued to make headway. Fuller made a second run, sank a long burst in the vital spot and the ship burst into flames.

It was a triumphant welcome for the man who drew first blood. Fuller was landed last and all hands who could tear themselves away from tasks lined the catwalk



--- The Bridge gave the turkey "Dog"