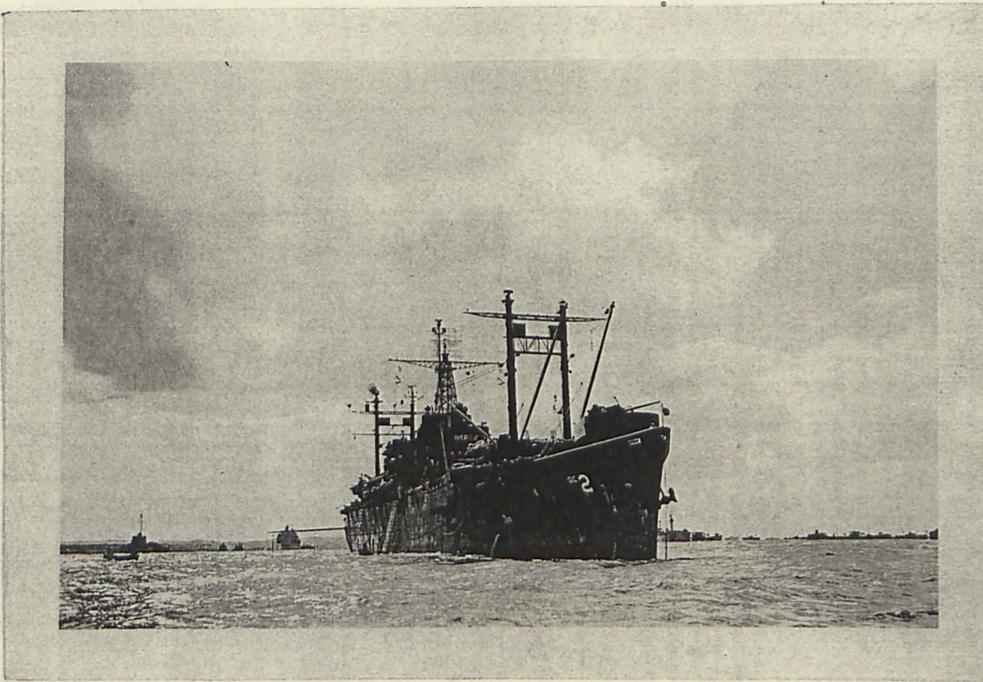


**A WAR STORY**  
**(World War II)**

By  
**Charles L. Phillips**



FLAG SHIP  
AN AMPHIBIOUS GROUP COMMAND SHIP



V...- MAIL RECEIVED BY AUTHOR FROM DRAFTSMAN  
FRIEND OF AMPHIB GROUP COM 12. HE AND I WORKED  
TOGETHER WHEN WE WERE A PART OF TASK FORCE 122 IN LONDON.

O F F E R   N O T   Y O U R   S Y M P A T H Y  
G R A N T   M E   Y O U R   T H A N K S

MY WAR TALE might not be interesting to some readers since I had no one shooting directly at MY TAIL, but the Kraut and Nips provided an assortment of ordnance in my immediate area to the extent that they got my utmost and undivided attention. And, when I say ordnance, I'm talking big stuff. Like, aerial bombs, submarines, torpedos, V-1 (buzz-bombs) and the scary, high altitude and long range V-2's. And let us not forget those confounded Jap suicide planes. Some of these encounters were cause for me to have serious doubts of a future for yours truly.

After basic training during World War II, my special orders invited me to become a member of Naval Task Force 122, and further suggested that I appear in London, England on the double; yet, the Bureau of Personnel sent me via L.S.T. (Landing Ship Tanks) in a slow moving maritime convoy. The North Atlantic route we took was a brute; it was in March 1944, stormy, and bitterly cold. We encountered ice flows daily. Then, one morning...there it was, laying off the port-quarter... A huge iceberg, so white, so pure, glistening in the morning sun. I have oft viewed mountains, the Grand Canyon, vast waters of the ocean surrounding the ship under me, but nothing has held me in such awe as did this colossal, crystalline beauty, spawned by mother nature in all her glory.

Those of us as passengers, had various duties. I had wheel-house duty as a lookout. One night while on duty, we were listening to some beautiful German music picked up on the radio. Suddenly the sky lit up brightly. I was peering through a watch slit at the time. A fuel tanker had been hit, and was completely ablaze; and some German submarine officer had earned his badge of marksmanship. This was the first deadly encounter we rookies had experienced, and it gave for some somber thinking.

And the LST, along with the other ships of the convoy pitched, rocked, rolled, yawed, shuddered and pitched some more as it plowed on relentlessly. Eventually, entering thru the North Channel, between North Ireland and Scotland, we sailed into the Irish Sea where we put into some port in the Liverpool area; then, we put over our piggy-back vessel that had been carried over on the main deck of the LST. The LSU vessel was slid off sideways by tilting the LST. Worked like a charm. After this we cruised on down to Southampton, England, where I disembarked.

After arriving in Southampton, a group of us boarded one of England's quaint steam driven trains and journeyed up thru London and on to Scotland where we ferried over to Northern

Ireland, thence to Londonderry where the U.S. had a naval receiving station. I was there only a couple of days, but long enough to be in an Irish parade. A small contingent of Naval Personnel was sent in to town to represent the Navy Base in honor of St. Patrick. While there, I also noticed a lot of the Irish people reminded me of some of my own kin.

As soon as the paperwork was finished, I boarded a train to travel back to London. All this travel thru the countryside of England might have been considered by some as a waste, but I beg to rebut. The English countryside, with all of its greenery, the quaint cottages, the stone wall fencing, the hedgerows, farm animals, all of this and more, was a treat to feast the eyes upon.

After arriving in London, the first thing my newly aquired travelling buddy and I had to do was find lodging. He was not associated with me in work, only in sharing a room; his duty was with mail handling. We located a suitable room with twin beds and private bath at 24 Berkeley Street. We had to take our meals out. No problem. The Navy paid us Six Dollars per diem for off-base room and board, which at that period of time was fine. The residence was only a short walk to Grosvenor Square where the American Embassy is located. My place of work was in this area. Our office hours were 8 to 5. Therefore, we had a good bit of time for personal activities. Hyde Park, and its Hyde Park Corner (with its freedom of speach allowance) was right at hand. We shipmates often would listen to the various orators, on their soap boxes, speak against anything or anybody, even Sir Winston. Piccadilly Circus, Buckingham Palace Gardens, and many very important governmental buildings were all around me. I was in the very heart of the famous and historic capital of the United Kingdom. Of utmost interest to the average G.I. was the American Red Cross Serviceman's Club located at 32 Golden Square.

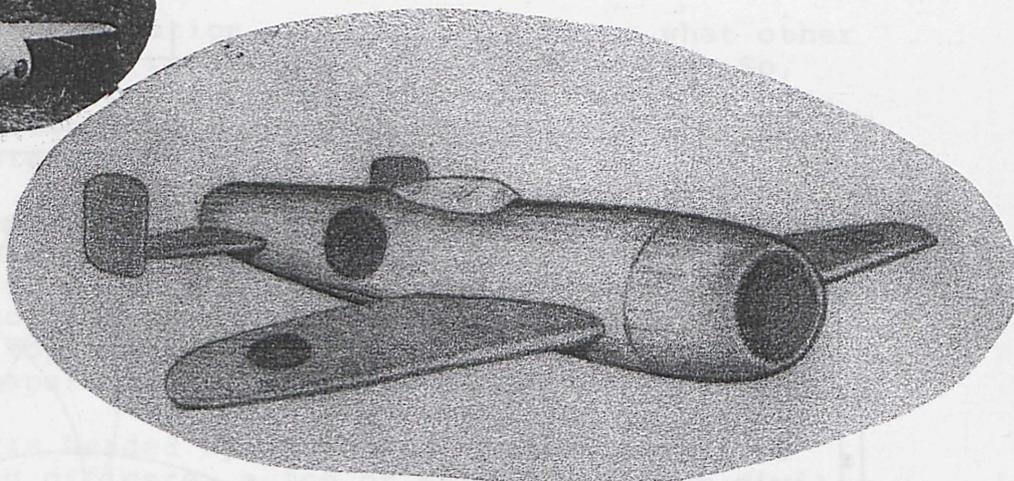
German aircraft with various types of bombs had inflicted a lot of damage to the grand old city. It seemed to me quite odd that the four corner buildings of street intersections were so often destroyed by bombing, where only a few of the inner-block buildings were hit. The British, expediently removing the rubble once a hit was made, indicated to me just how dauntless these people were, as they brushed off the dust and prepared for the next onslaught.

Prior to joining the United States Navy Reserve, I had a couple years employment with the Navy, Bureau of Ordnance, in Washington, DC, being hired as a draftsman. Our work was to do with degaussing ships, which amounts to levelling out magnetic fields created by the ship, The intent was to obtain a low profile of magnatism from stem to stern on each ship, thereby reducing greatly the possibility of setting off magnetic mines. To qualify for a job of this nature, one had to be very carefully screened by the Fed-



CAPTURED BOMB

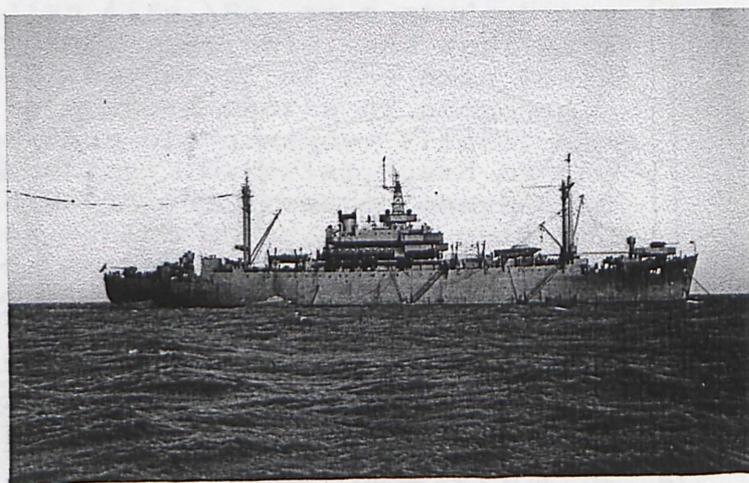
BAKA BOMB



AUTHOR'S SKETCH FROM DESCRIPTION OF FIRST BAKA SEEN BY GUNNER'S MATE ON DESTROYER ESCORT SHIP



AUTHOR ENJOYS A BIT OF LEISURE ON MOG-MOG

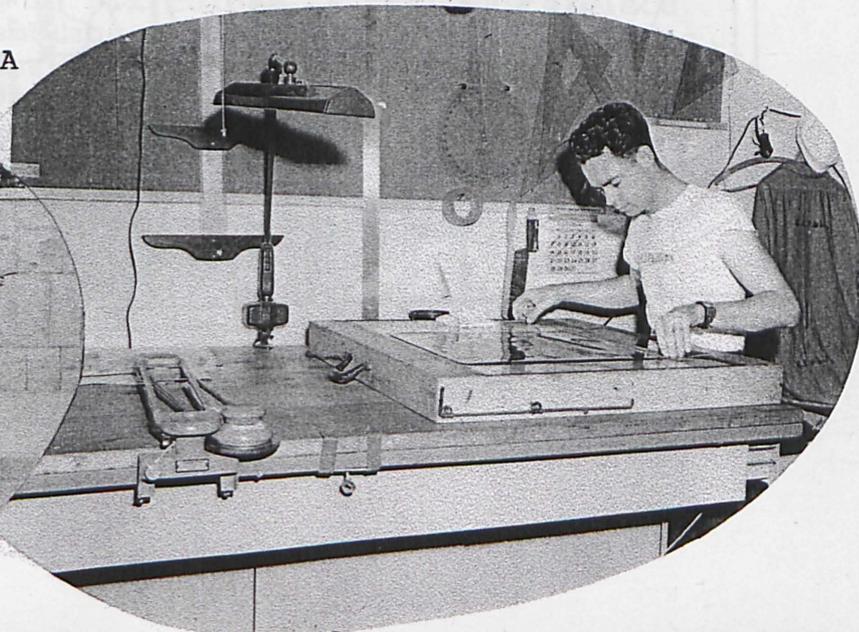


USS WASATCH - FLYING HOMEWARD BOUND PENNANTS - THE AUTHOR IS ABOARD 11/45

MORE LEISURE, TSINGTAO, CHINA



HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT THE AUTHOR AT WORK





eral Bureau of Investigation, and God only knows what other agencies. The work was regarded as highly secretive. So, when the Navy Task Force 122 asked the Navy Bureau of Personnel for a draftsman that could pass secrecy muster, I must have been standing next in line.

In order to be associated with any facet of the forthcoming invasion of France, a person who would learn date or place information was given special security background checks. If they qualified, they were described as "Bigoted". So I became Bigoted. Top Secret - Bigot was a code stamped on all associated paperwork. Everything was Hush-Hush.

Task Force 122 was headed by an admiral and his staff of many high ranking officers, a lot of which came from civilian walks of life such as: artists, architects, engineers, and professors in various fields. I worked under one of the artists, Lt. William Bostick. Enlisted men attached to Task Force 122 were, for the most part, former draftsmen and artists straight from civilian life. So, as a student of Architecture, I had put my studies on hold, and applied my drafting capabilities toward the defeat of the Axis Powers. One purpose of TF 122 was to prepare charts of proposed invasion landings on the beaches of Normandy, France. We also produced various instructional material, used by the assault forces. The British/Canadians prepared charts for Sword, Juno and Gold Beaches, which their forces used. U.S. Beaches were Omaha and Utah; Omaha Beach-East (Coleville-sur-Mer), Omaha Beach-West (Vierville-sur-Mer), Utah Beach-North (Ravenoville), and Utah Beach-South (La Madeleine). The beach portion of the charts showed high/low water lines, flood/ebb current data, water depths and other data. The land area showed terrain characteristics, roads, buildings, and other pertinent data. Below the beach, a panoramic shoreline sketch, as seen at water level, was illustrated. The rear side of the chart showed sunlight and moonlight tables, beach gradients, tidal stages, and much other data.

Besides the various other accompanying matter, there were four charts in a set, 17" x 22", printed on a water resistant type Bristol board in six colors. A real masterpiece in its content and assemblage. My contribution, as well as my fellow drafting shipmates, to the great D-Day Invasion was deployed on those charts.

Let us never forget, or overlook, the many courageous souls who endured pain and suffering, some even giving up their precious lives, in order to gather and transmit to the Allied High Command information needed to carry out the planning of the greatest military undertaking the world has ever known. The underground of France and other enslaved countries, and courageous ones venturing into subjugated lands to obtain this information, should be lauded for this vital undertaking provided by them.

Some short while prior to D-Day, we in London noticed the stepped up aerial activity overhead. During early morning as we were going to work, the sky seemed to be darkened by vast numbers of bombers winging their way back to their home bases. The steady, deep drone of so many engines amazed me. Areas of upcoming assault, as well as decoy areas, were really being pounded. The streets and roads were filled to capacity with convoys loaded with men, weapons and supplies headed toward embarkation points. The enormity of planning, coordinating, stockpiling of materials, assemblage of fighting forces and carrying out the whole endeavor was, and still is, beyond one's imagination.

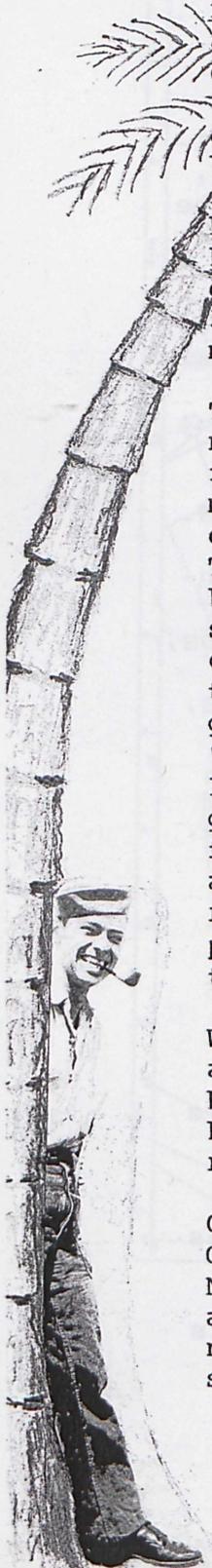
June 6, 1944, D-Day happened....Meanwhile, in London, the V-1 bombs (called buzz-bombs) continued to come in. The fighter pilots shot down most of them. Also, the barrage balloons en-snared their share. But...London later began to be considerably worried by the V-2 guided missile. It was capable of rising 60 miles into the air and travelling at 3,600 miles an hour (faster than the speed of sound) which means you could not hear it; until it exploded.

Task Force 122 having served its purpose, was no longer needed and dissolution took place. I then became Petty Officer, Specialist "X", (Draftsman) Third Class. Guy Barnum, my close friend and co-worker from the Lone Star State became Petty Officer Specialist "X", (draftsman) First Class. Together, we boarded a C-47 personnel plane at Southampton, heading out for our next operation. After settling into my seat belt, the first thing I noticed was the plane was, indeed, full of the highest ranking officers.... except for two Petty Officer Peons. There were admirals, captains, generals, colonels, and a couple ensigns. There was so much "brass" around me I had to put on my shade glasses.

I kept wondering, just what did all this "brass" think, regarding these two commoners booking passage on the same flight with them. Then it dawned on me: each serviceman is a cog in this war machine; and Barnum and I had talents really needed. You just don't walk out on the street and pick up two guys with qualifications we bore. Just maybe, these guys felt the same way.

We flew out over the Atlantic and avoided land masses until arriving in Africa, where we dropped passengers at Casablanca. Then, after a very short stay, the C-47 took off, headed for Tunis. From there we set out across the Mediterranean Sea and ultimately arrived in Naples, Italy.

Our new assignment was with a task force based on the Coast Guard ship USS Bayfield, APA 33, tied up to a pier in the Naples Harbor. The ship was not designed for use as an amphibious group command ship. So the work done by the planners had to be done ashore in an office building. The staff spent nights on the ship and was driven to and from the



on-shore-work-station; in Barnum and my case by Jeep. We were planning the upcoming Invasion of Southern France. This was a small operation and took only a short while to complete. However, it was not without its deadly moments. One night in particular, during an air raid by the Germans, one of the enemy planes dropped a bomb that landed just off our fantail, barely missing the ship. We were very surprised the ship didn't sustain 'below water line' damage.

Just a few days prior to embarking on the invasion, Admiral Moon committed suicide. This, of course, left everyone apprehensive. But, adjustments were made and Com Phib Grp 3, with its flotilla, carried out the invasion. Fortunately, for every one, the big push from Normandy was cause for German forces to have pulled out. Our forces landed with less resistance than anticipated and commenced with the pincers move up thru France. In just a very short while the Bayfield and the Group Command Flag were ordered to return to the Norfolk Navy Base. We came back by a southern route across the Atlantic. The flying fish, racing along beside the bow of the ship were fascinating to watch, and we spent much time doing just that; with a 30 day leave awaiting us when we hit stateside, we were in a mood to relax and put behind us that terrible war we had just left.

With a 30 day leave behind me, I reported back to Norfolk, where I rejoined Barnum. He and I had been assigned to an amphibious group command preparing for another invasion. But first, we had to travel to the South Pacific where we would join our new outfit aboard an AGC ship.

An AGC ship was the flagship of a group of amphibious ships. It was jokingly referred to as a floating hotel, as it carried so many flag personnel. Several cargo ships were converted to AGC ships by adding an extra deck above the main deck, plus extra super structure, so as to accommodate the needs of the Amphibious Force Commander and the Commander of Coordinating Forces and their staffs. Facilities for communications were immense. A dead give-away to the enemy, of the importance of the ship, besides the super structure, was a humongous rectangular radar antenna, constantly turning on its vertical axis. These ships were named for mountains i.e., Mt. McKinley, Mt. Olympus, Wasatch, etc.

Accomodations for Map Reproduction, consisting of drafting space, photo lab, printing press, map room and other special work areas, was located near the center of gravity of the ship to provide a calmer movement. There were work stations for eight men: 4 draftsmen, 1 artist, 2 printers, 1 photo/plate man. Besides the drafting boards, and photo dark room, there was a large copy camera, a zinc plate burner and an offset printing press. The press could print up to 17" x 22". Our materials and supplies were of the best quality with a wide variety as might be needed in our line of work. The material we produced was also very professional.

After shoving off from Norfolk, I was again a passenger on a strange ship as we headed for the Panama Canal. Passing thru the canal locks was an interesting study of hydraulics at work. The jungle atmosphere of the canal provided a lasting memory of raw beauty of nature.

Just as soon as we put in at Pearl Harbor, Barnum and I were notified that we would be flying into the South Pacific to join our group. We flew out of Pearl hanksgiving day morning. When we set down at an airstrip on one of the Marshal Islands we ate in a mess hall. There, we were told they had eaten Thanksgiving dinner yesterday. We had missed our Thanksgiving meal because of the International Date Line. After a disgruntled chow we climbed aboard the C-47 and winged on to Guadalcanal. We had come to a place that was extremely hot. A place where the palm trees towered exceedingly high. A place where only recently had been the site of a terrific struggle between Allied Forces and Jap Forces. Many lives were lost, much suffering had been endured, and the results would be seen for years of the maimed service men that survived such a horrible ordeal.

The next day we were crawling into the belly of a Martin Marauder (B-26) which was stripped of all armament to make for more speed and carry more payload. That baby was fast. We flew so close to the ocean, I felt I could reach out and wash my hands. Zooming between and behind islands we were hiding from Jap patrols frequenting the area. We were in cramped positions, and after what seemed like an eternity, we set down in Bougainville. There we met our new unit: Amphibious Group Seven, headed up by Vice Admiral Kiland. We immediately commenced our work on Operation Luzon, Philippines. Then, we had to fight both the Jap air raids and the terribly intense heat. I wondered which was worse.

There was one good thing about being in Bougainville. Our food was excellent. We ate food prepared at a hospital located there. However, our stay was short as our work was finished soon after the USS Mt. McKinley AGC 7, our command ship, put in to pick us up. We were told by crew members that in nearby waters the McKinley had just narrowly escaped being hit by a torpedo which had been seen to pass just aft of the fantail while they were underway.

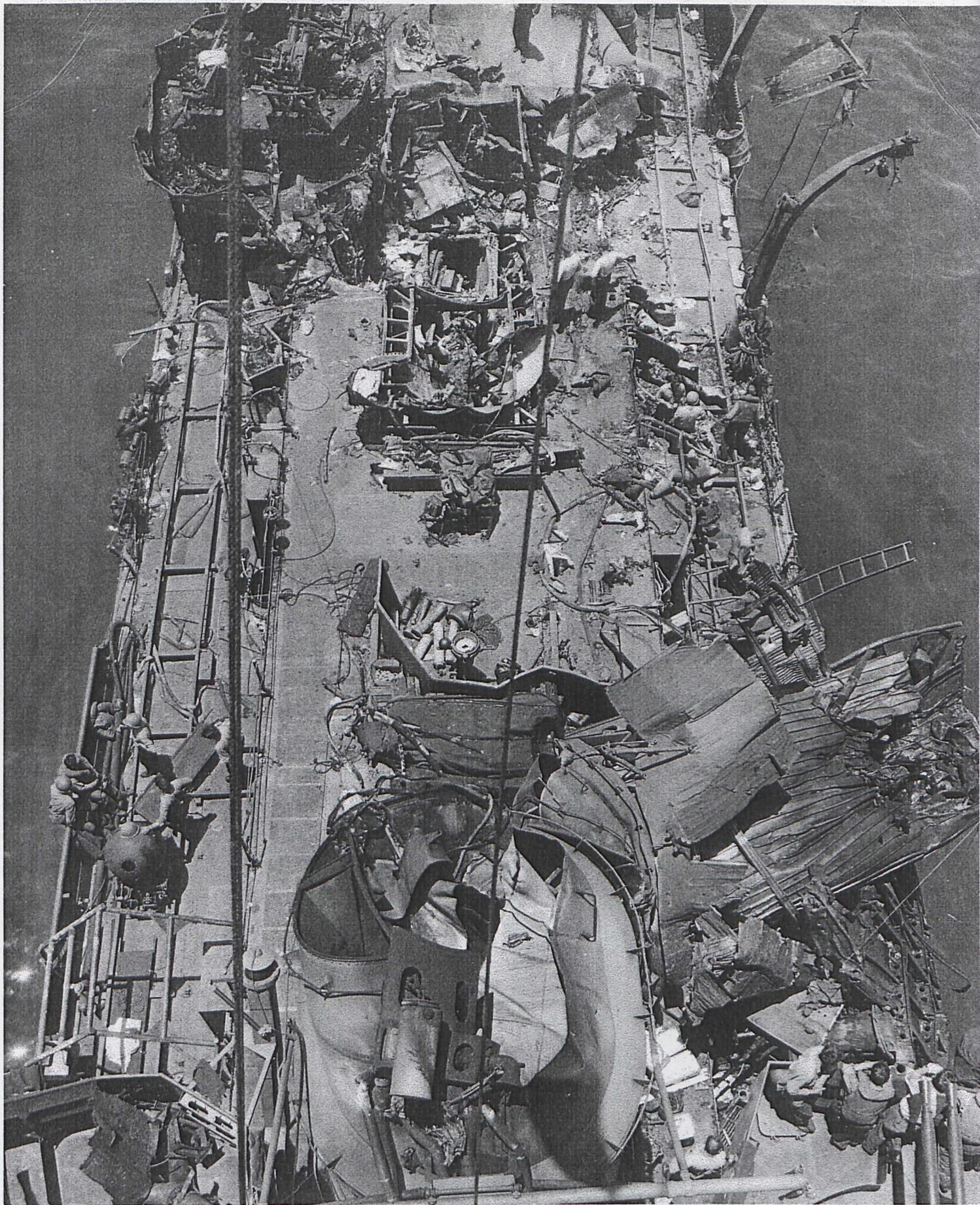
In a few days, the flotilla had gathered, organized and shoved off, with all the escorting protective vessels in proper positions; we were on our way to Lingayen Gulf. We had just passed Mindoro when we saw a baby carrier laying off our port side with a spiral of black smoke rising from the stern. A half hour earlier, another baby carrier had been hit by a suicide plane. Suicide planes came to be more frequent as the Japs stepped up their aerial activity. We continued north, enshrouded by darkness, until we were able to come around into Lingayen Gulf, where, again the



USS LEUTZE DD 481  
Hit By Suicide Plane

Kerrama Retto

04/11/45



USS WARD DM 34      Kerrama Retto      05/05/45  
Hit By 5 Suicide Planes

enemy was hurling his full fury at us: suicide planes, suicide boats, suicide swimmers, all in vain - nothing could stop this massive juggernaut of idealist and weaponry provided by the "American Home Front". The troop transports put over their small LCP boats which were quickly filled with soldiers scampering down landing nets hung over the sides of the transports. Various landing craft skidding unto the beach to emit tanks, trucks, supplies and more men. Nothing runs smoothly and without problems, but the Americans are adept at overcoming difficulties. Our takeover is a resounding success.

After our stay as Harbor Master, we set out on a course for Ulithi, which was a circular group of islands east of the Phillipines, lost in the vastness of the Pacific Ocean and the unbearable, persistent heat so common to the girth of the world; may I never bear it again. However, it made an excellent place for a ship anchorage, security was easily maintained, and a lot of ship repair was done there. It also was able to serve the men with some recreation. There was a small island that was named "Mog-Mog" on which enlisted men were able to take an afternoon of liberty. However, it only had facilities for serving beer, and usually the beer was luke warm. But Mog-Mog gave many a sailor a brief respite from the living hell he had grown so accustomed to.

Com Phib Group 7, had 2 run-ins with a couple of typhoons while we were scooting around in the 'Placid' Pacific. We were able to skirt around one of the 'big-blows', but the biggest one got real familiar with us. When we received information regarding a storm in our area, it was my job to make a layout of the group and show three different plans of travel depending upon which way the storm would travel. Well, somebody with authority picked the wrong chart and we wound up right in the middle of the typhoon. It was a real doozy. We didn't lose a ship or any person. But we did lose a lot of up-chuck material. The galley shut down and "K" rations, and such, were broken out. Our attempts to eat were less than desired. According to my pendulum rig, we rolled about 30 deg. off the vertical.

Com Phib Gr 7 was aboard The USS Mt. McKinley AGC 7, and we were a part of the Seventh Fleet. I felt good about all of those sevens, since I had, for years, considered 7 as my favorite number. Barnum and I suddenly got real busy. We began our part of planning the invasion of Okinawa. Com Phib Gr 7 had been picked to hit and secure Kerrama Retto, a small group of islands South West of Okinawa. This to be carried out some few days prior to the Invasion of Okinawa. by other U.S. Forces. When the planning was completed, the McKinley hauled anchor and we, commanding Group 7, put out on a very dangerous mission.

We moved into Kerrama during the early hours of the morning.

After the cruisers and destroyers laid broadside bombardments on points of interest, our amphib men hit the beaches. We secured the islands, but even so, there were patches of 'hold-outs' to contend with. There were cases of the Nips boarding ships at night via the anchor chain; killing sailors by knifing them. Anchor-watches were established, and personnel was instructed to move about in darkened passages in small groups, never alone. I, and many others, carried personal hunting knives.

Intelligence of our group, had noticed a few small boats at a few points on the aerial photos. What we didn't know was the total number the Japs had, hidden in caves along the shoreline. Each boat had a keg of explosive mounted on the bow. The Japs knew we were coming, but they thought we were to hit Okinawa, and were planning to send over these boats at night and sink our ships. Luckily, we were the smartest.

During the first hours of the operation, Jap activity was relatively under control. But, then Hell broke loose. The skies became full of Jap planes. The planes were coming the few miles from Okinawa, and from their methods of self destruction in their endeavors to kill us, I am sure each of the pilots had his miniature, symbolic casket tucked in next to his heart.

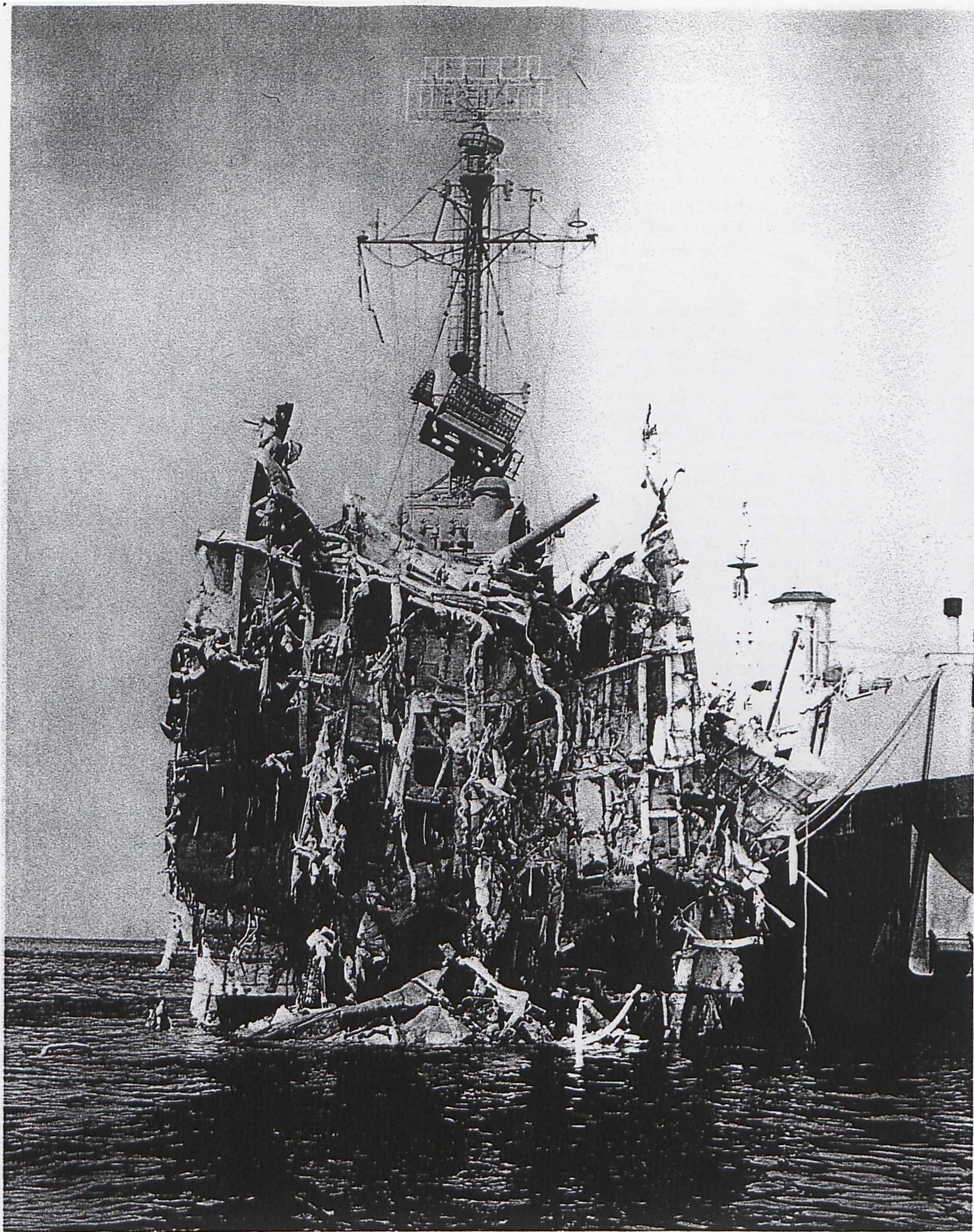
Every gun in the anchorage was firing at the Nips and they were firing at us. I saw one of our planes shot down by one of our ships in the heat of the battle, due to confusion. A hospital ship in an anchorage just behind the McKinley was hit and burning, but was saved. For days following, we were alerted to general quarters repeatedly, day and night.

We had several picket lines of Destroyers and Destroyer Escorts set up in circles around Kerrama. It was intended that these valiant ships would intercept any incoming vessels or planes; thereby safeguarding the foothold we had established. But, the kamikaze suicide planes took a heavy toll on our picket ships. We had established what we called the graveyard in a section of the anchorage where badly damaged ships were moored, side by side. It was indeed a sad sight to review. Every morning we observed these pitifully damaged ships being towed past us on the way to the grave yard. A DM with the entire bow blown away. Then, a DE with the stern missing. A DD with the mid section almost blown through. The framing members, ripped and twisted in tortured shapes. Thick steel plates, crumpled like wads of paper. Our photo unit had pictures taken of mangled bodies and wounded survivors; this was just a small piece of the blood and guts of this great and horrendous war.

I recall one morning of having a feeling of despair. All these ships, and men, had been protecting the flag ship. And I was a part of the 'Flag'. There was nothing I could do, and there was no way I had to impart to them my grati-



USS LINDSEY DM 32      Kerrama Retto      04/14/45  
Hit By 2 Suicide Planes      Magazine Exploded



USS LINDSEY DM 32      Kerrama Retto      04/14/45  
Hit By 2 Suicide Planes      Magazine Exploded

tude. And...that huge radar screen kept turning and turning.

One afternoon, while the McKinley was laying at anchor in its berth in the Kerrama anchorage, a seaman was brought aboard with information he had to share. He had the opportunity to observe close at hand a new type of Jap airplane. The new design stood apart, clearly, from all other planes. I was told to interview him and make a sketch from his description of the plane. I must say this guy had a real good photographic mind. His description was so 'to the point', and in such infinite detail, I was taken aback. The sketch I produced, also in good detail, illustrated his portrayal in an exacting manner. When one of these planes, called Baka Bomb, was later captured intact, pictures made of it showed such similarity that it seemed supernatural. It became known that the small one-man suicide plane was carried under the belly of a mother ship and launched near the target, zooming in on the target under its own power.

A week after we hit Kerama, U.S. forces hit Okinawa. There were some very bloody battles fought and it took some time, but American Forces finally took the island. The Jap Fleet had been so terribly defeated by our forces, they were unable to give us the trouble we had expected from them. At any rate, Amphib Group 7 and Agc 7, in due time, returned to Pearl. Barnum was elevated to Chief P.O. and Phillips was now P.O. 2nd Class.

Shortly after putting in at Pearl, one half of Group 7 disembarked; they were going to commence preliminary work on the invasion of Japan. The other half shoved off for state-side and a much needed 30 day leave. The U.S.S. McKinley put in at the Navy Yard at San Francisco for installation of air conditioning, and for up-dating, while Flag and Ships Company took their well deserved leave.

When we all returned from leave, we found that work on the ship was not complete. While we were awaiting completion of the work, the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and 3 days later, the second atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki.....Japan surrenders.....Amphib Group Command 7, and U.S.S. Mt. McKinley AGC 7 set sail for Pearl. Embarking the other half of the group we put out for Tsingtao, China, where the Flag became Harbor Master for a short while.

After we got back together as a complete unit, I was told that Com Phib Grp 7 was slated to be based on a battleship and in command of the first naval bombardment of the shores of Japan proper. By use of the atomic bomb, we saved countless American lives. It had my sanction. Who knows, I might have been one of the casualties myself. One might complain of the Japanese lives lost and other sorrowful things, but in truth, they brought it on themselves.

During our stay at Tsingtao, Map Reproduction had little to do. I took all the liberties I was given and soon got very proficient at rickshawing.

November 6, 1945, we met the USS Wasatch AGC 9, at Taku, China. The Wasatch hauled down Rear Admiral Noble's flag and ran up the flag of Rear Admiral Kiland; and Com Phib Grp 7 boarded the Wasatch. And, Specialist Phillips was on his way home.

After we put out from China, our voyage to stateside on the Wasatch by way of Pearl was restful and without incident. After putting in at San Diego, California, I put myself on a train headed for home. At the end of a four day rail ride and a 30 day leave, I railed to Norfolk, Virginia, where I received my discharge...Yes, it was honorable, smarty.....

Charles Lee Phillips  
Wilson, North Carolina

Petty Officer, Specialist (X), Draftsman, 2nd Class  
U. S. Navy Reserve, World War II  
834-23-36.

June 2007

## CERTIFICATE OF COMBAT SERVICE

*This Is To Certify That*

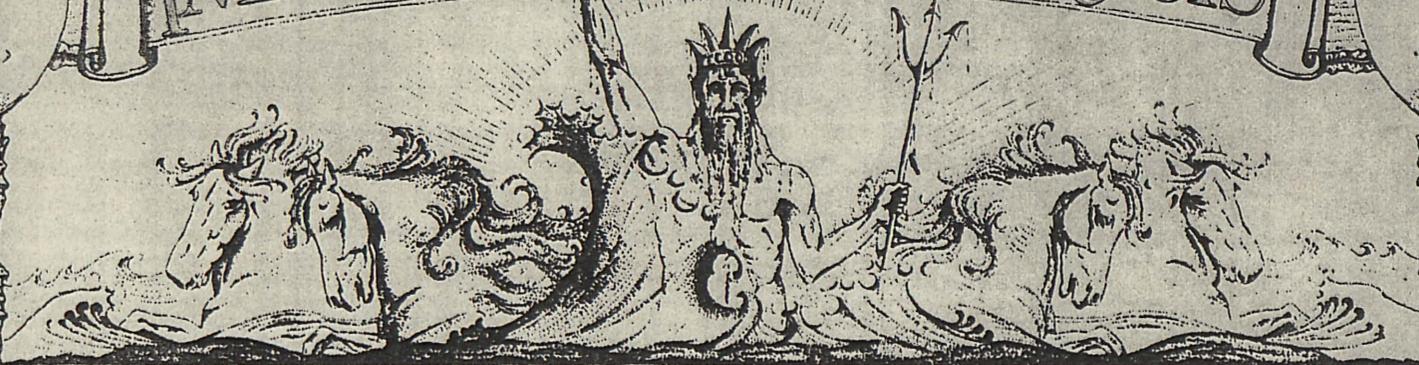
CHARLES LEE PHILLIPS, 834 23 36, Sp(X)2c, USNR

*Honorably Participated In The Following Operations  
For Which Campaign Stars Have Been Authorized.*

INVASION OF SOUTHERN FRANCE  
LUZON OPERATION  
OKINAWA OPERATION

  
RUTLEDGE TOMPKINS  
CAPTAIN, U. S. N.

# IMPERIVM NEPTVNI REGIS



TO ALL SAILORS WHEREVER YE MAY BE: Drunk or Sober and to all Mermaids, Whales, Sea Serpents, Porpoises, Sharks, Dolphins, Eels, Skates, Suckers, Crabs, Lobsters and all other Living Things of the Sea GREETING: Know ye: That on this 4th day of December 1944 in Latitude 0000 and Longitude 176° 15' W. there appeared within Our Royal Domain the U.S.S. General W.F. Hase PA146 bound South for the Equator and for

**BE IT REMEMBERED**

*That the said Vessel and Officers and Crew thereof have been inspected and passed on by Ourselves and Our Royal Staff And Be It Known: By all ye Sailors, Marines, Land Lubbers and others who may be honored by his presence that*

**Charles L. Phillips**

*having been found worthy to be numbered as one of our Trusty Shellbacks he has been duly initiated into the*  
**SOLEMN MYSTERIES OF THE ANCIENT ORDER OF THE DEEP**

**Be It Further Understood:** *That by virtue of the power invested in me I do hereby command all my subjects to show due honor and respect to him wherever he may be*  
**Disobey this order under penalty of Our Royal Displeasure**  
*Given under our hand and seal this 4th day of Dec 1944*



**Dovey Jones**  
His Majesty's Scribe

**Neptunus Rex**  
Ruler of the Raging Main  
By His Servant

**M. T. Richardson**  
Commanding Officer USN



