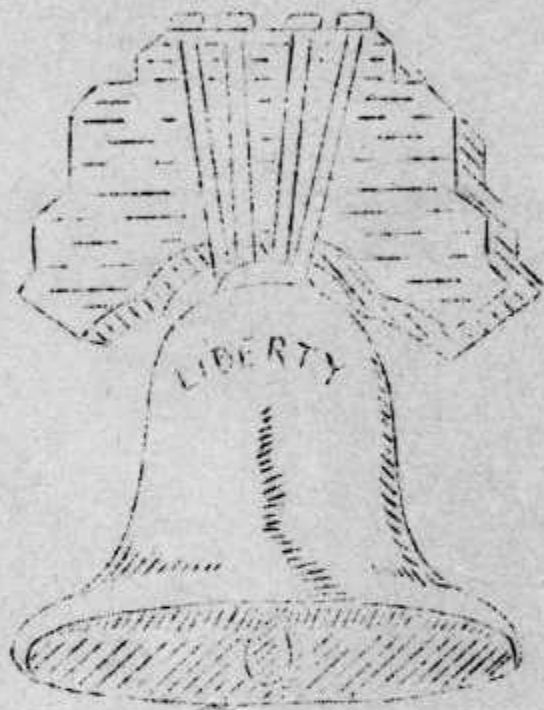


THE
PHILADELPHIAN



EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY
EDITION

November 17, 1944.

U.S.S. PHILADELPHIA



We celebrate today on 17 November 1944 the birthday of our ship -- the anniversary of her launching eight years ago here in the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

Our Chaplain has recorded in the following pages, her progress through these years. It has been a highly successful progress; 259,445 miles of cruising that have reached from Midway in the West, to Malta in the East. It has included an expenditure of some fourteen thousand rounds of six inch ammunition, over nine thousand of them fired at the enemy. But, neither cruising nor shooting would have come about except for the five thousand officers and men who have served in the ship, have warmed her, and given her life and character. It is in that bond of her life and character made from hard work, trouble, some pain, some play, and not a little achievement, that we rejoice together today.

Fortuitously this year's anniversary coincides with our return home from an eventful year's action in the distant Mediterranean. It becomes, therefore, for us, a doubly happy occasion.

For the many anniversaries to come, we wish our gallant ship and all who serve in her the same good fortune that has attended us.

Walter Ansel

WALTER ANSEL.

The Morning Orders for this day, 26 October 1944, inform all hands that the long trick in the Mediterranean comes to a close today. They tell us that at 1630, Chief Boatswain Larsen will have his Special Sea Detail ready to cast off all lines for home sweet home. If your imagination is very vivid, you might be able to see the ship, herself, at 1700, straining to part the lines, to get past the submarine net and out to the open sea; for it's "Home, Boys, Home" in a very special way to all of us, as the U.S.S. PHILADELPHIA pushes her way back to the place where she was spawned, almost eight years ago to the day to the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

Seldom has any ship enjoyed the good luck to unite in one happy chain of coincidences the bright good fortune that we will enjoy on this homeward voyage. First, our course is West. Second, in a few days we will celebrate our ship's birthday. Third, with any sort of luck, we will celebrate our ship's birthday in the place where she was built; and if you search the history of the ship, you will find that she now returns to the United States after one of the longest separations from her home shores. No wonder that she will strain to get free, for she has an appointment with destiny at the Yard where she came into being. We have a date with a birthday!

To a very few of us the pages which follow will not be necessary. Those very few are the twelve plank-owners who have been with the ship from the first. They can narrate her history with the ease of men who have been a part of that history. Ask

Chief Quartermaster Gravel, for instance, where the ship went, what she did those first few months of infancy, and he'll say something like this:

"I can recall pretty well when Captain Jules James, our first Skipper, took the PHILADELPHIA on the "River Run" on 19 October 1937. The river was the Delaware, and we were heading for the Atlantic to undergo some preliminary trials at sea. Yes, we were then sent on a shakedown cruise to the West Indies, and I remember President Batista of Cuba coming aboard for a visit to see the ship. In those days we were the very latest model in cruisers, and I guess even the "Strong Man" of Cuba had a yen to see what we looked like. Commander Davis was our Executive Officer, and had us looking our best in gleaming whites and gold that glittered."

That, Shipmates, is an example of how a favored few know the PHILADELPHIA; where it went, what it did, and all the incidents which go to make up the life history of a ship. For the many non-plank owners we have a record of the ship's activities, compiled, for the most part, with the aid of one man's tenacious memory -- the above mentioned Chief Gravel.

Now, if you ask Chief Commissary Steward Tisdale to continue on from the 1937 West Indies Cruise, he'd tell you that the ship returned to Philadelphia for a check-up before holding final trial runs off Rockland, Maine, in March of '38.

Chief Bitcon ("Swede", to you), would easily take it up from there. He was around when the big event happened. Let him tell it:--

"Yes, sir, we went down to Charleston Navy Yard - must have been about the end of April, '38, and then the big honor came to the PHILADELPHIA. President Roosevelt came aboard for a 'Presidential Cruise'. I remember us manning the rail - all at attention and 'bug-eyed'. It was a great day for the PHILLY when we headed for the West Indies with the President aboard. He brought along a lot of fine fishing tackle - had a special barge, coxswain, and all. But the first fish he hooked measured from head-to-tail about six inches. He seemed to enjoy the joke more than anyone else - except the poor fish, of course. Anyway, he laughed the loudest, and we sort of realized he was one of us.

Down around the Dominican Republic we touched coral bottom, and put a slight hole in our Sound Room, which was then directly below the anchor windlass room. It wasn't serious enough to interrupt the trip, which took us through all the old time pirate haunts of the Spanish Main. We took the President back to Charleston and went on ourselves to Philadelphia to have the hole patched up."

Mr. McMullen, who is still interested in Gunnery, will tell you of that summer of '33 with the ship firing test shots in Long Island Sound. He took part in that exercise - the first firing since the commissioning of the ship. He never realized then that the main battery, one day, not too far distant, would be firing close to a thousand rounds in a single day in the Sicilian fracas.

"All that fall of '38, we spent in Chesapeake Bay, where Short Range Battle Practice was held. With its firing tests completed, the ship left on a "Good Will Tour" of the West Indies,

