

# THE RANK'N FILE

## “MAKE SMOKE”

SAND SO, AS THE SUN SETS SLOWLY IN THE WEST-WE SAY  
FAREWELL TO OLD' OKEY' SHIMA---  
ISLAND OF KAMIKAZE & FLASH RED!!

ALL GUNS-CONTROL  
DO NOT OPEN FIRE UNLESS  
YOU CAN FIND YOUR GUNS

CONTROL-40-2  
PORT GENERATOR  
CRAPPED OUT!

COMMENCE  
THROWING CARGO  
OVERBOARD

NOW HERE DIS!  
FLASH PINK  
CONTROL ORANGE!

EXCUSE PLEASE  
IS THIS THE  
5" GUN?

COMBAT-  
ANYTHING ON  
THE P.I.P.  
SCOPE

WHERE  
IS HE?



LOST &  
FOUND DEP.

YOU SON-OF-A %  
# % \$ # \$  
GET THE #  
ON THE PORT  
SIDE!!!

WALK TO YOUR  
BATTLE STATION

ARE YOU  
KIDDIN'?



BUTTON UP YOUR LIP!  
IDLE TALK COSTS LIVES!!

When the ship docks in San Francisco, we'll all be going ashore for some much needed "rest and recreation." Have fun, relax, but for your own protection, observe this precaution: WATCH YOUR TALK!

Censorship regulations permit you to write or talk about where the ship has been. Such information can no longer be of any value to the enemy. However, it is **ABSOLUTELY PROHIBITED** to speak of other things you have seen or heard. To reveal the names and whereabouts of other ships; the composition and movement of task forces; the nature and amount of various installations on the beach; the location and size of airstrips and fields, etc.; to reveal such information is a major criminal offense!

San Francisco is crowded with F.B.I. men, plain-clothes detectives and Japanese agents. They hang out mostly at bars, night clubs, restaurants, hotel lobbies and public gathering places. All of them are listening for information. Don't give it to them! Remember, be darn careful what you say. **IDLE TALK COSTS LIVES!**

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# EDITORIAL

## REVIEW

It's been almost 5 months since Ye Old commissioning ceremony took place at Charleston. Most of the original crew are still aboard - most of you can look back and reflect on 5 full months gone by.

After we went in commission there were about 10 furious days of taking on stores, ammunition, fueling, etc. Everyone got in a few last good liberties - partook of that old Southern hospitality. Then on to Shakedown in the Chesapeake. ~~The~~ ~~was~~ really rigged! Four days of fiendish work - Snafu-Fubar - and "Who in the hell ever thought this one up"! No one believed we'd ever get back into the Navy Yard in 1 whole piece but somehow we did - miracles never cease.! Another 5 or 6 days of crowded leave, liberty and love-making and off - - "We are now underway" - - - to Panama - - - Not all of us got ashore there but the boys who made the one night stand say they really left sump'n for the Natives to remember us by. Good work men - we think we know what you mean.

San Francisco was our last look at the good old U.S.A. for a while and didn't we get to town! The boys took over the bars, barmaids, hotels, night clubs, etc. and worked them to a fare - thee - well. Some of them worked a little overtime and almost missed the ship of all things. Tut Tut! Finally got away and headed for the "forwarded areas" and beautiful Hilo on Hawaii. We dumped enuf wire there to build 40 fences around Texas and in all too short a time were unloaded and at sea again, going through these nightmarish Maneuvers off Maui. From Maui on to Pearl and a few weeks of relaxation - - - What a thrill in Honolulu when we learned about that load of ammunition! Watching some of the stevedores handle the stuff really gave us the Willies.

From San Francisco to Pearl was just a hop, skip and jump compared to the next leg of our journey. Many of us seriously doubted that we'd ever find Ulithi - just a speck of Coral in the Carolines about 1000 miles away. But hats off to the Navigator - He took us there without a detour - then on to lovely old Okinawa Shima-land of the Kamikaze - flash red - make smoke - chowdown for the Stevedores - 19% unloaded - and duck duck, who's got a duck. After 17 days of that all of us were battle hardened veterans.

When the Captain gave us the lowdown at Saipan we really hit the overhead. Three months at sea and we all feel like old salts. Coming back to Frisco gives us a chance to look back and see how far we've come since last we saw the Golden Gate. In 3 months the ship has been transformed from a fumbling assortment of officers and men, into a well-rounded, smoothly functioning unit. We've all learned a great deal on this Maiden Voyage - we've got a great deal more confidence now than ever before.

We've worked hard and we've been fortunate too. All in all it's been a successful cruise in every way and for your share in making it so - we extend to all hands a hearty - - Well done!

What I want  
most is a  
nice cold  
coca cola  
Quinn Br2c

Think I'll  
take some star  
sights--Sharp

A whole days  
liberty!!  
Oh Gee!!  
Chief Bowlin

I'm going on an  
amphibious operatio  
going to hit the  
beach with the first  
WAVE--Q11c Du Bose

I'm going to stay  
aboard to censor  
mail--Proccie

Anybody want to  
buy a nice fresh  
hotel room?--White  
Warner--Worthington

- Frisco !! Here -  
- A Come !! -

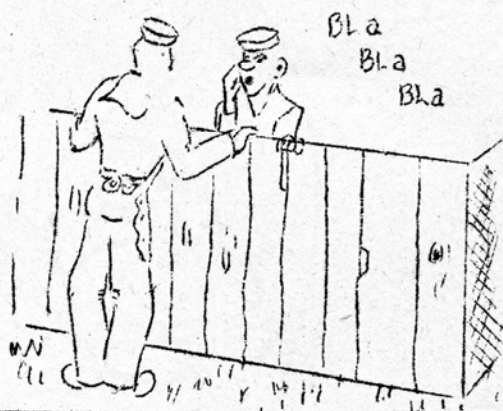




# RAMBILIN

## The RANKIN

"OUR OWN GOSSIP COLUMN"



After Okinawa some of us looked and felt like smoked ham - the stevedores did a fine job - some days the hatch tenders even worked standing up - It didn't take the duck drivers long to find out which holds we were working - after that our boys turned to - The Bos'n called the stevedores and everyone else "Mallards" but seemed to enjoy the whole operation anyway. Sorry to drag you away after only 17 days Boats! - - - The smoke boats did a fine job of laying a smoke screen over Yontan. Pardon us fellows, but who did you say that you were working for? - - - We understand some of the Chiefs are teaching some of the other Chiefs the fine art of poker playing. Because of the expert instruction - lessons are pretty expensive. - - - Quinn Bl/c states "While on leave my address will be the U.S.O., San Francisco." "Seems to me I've heard that song before!" - - - Was everybody surprised when we carried the "Rankin Racketeers" at our Community Sing? Those "Hot" numbers were 4.0 judging from all the comments. The boys were really so good tho that they have had numerous offers since opening night - some weren't exactly legitimate - but after all - - - Messrs Cotsirilos and Zulkofske did the officers proud, just a couple of personality kids - Rivers and Thomas and those hillbilies were in there itching too - - plenty of support from the mountaineers on board! - - - Picture real affection - boys in the boat shop call Mr. Roll - "Daddy". - - - Inspiration for the song "Has Anybody Seen Joggie With The Big Black Whip" - is "Doggie" Dawson, popular "L" Division Coxswain. - - - Mutual admiration society.

Parker GM1/c calls Markow MoM1/c "Gripe and Growl". Markow calls Parker "Moan and Groan". STICKS AND STONES WILL BREAK MY BONES BUT - - - Incidentally the boat shop boys now have a Alex coffee maker - that certain MoM2/c can have his coffee while horizontal - Beware of tell tale ridges on your back! - - - Shorey MoM3/c sent a 5000 volt current thru Akonom SF2/c's seat by accident - Says Akonom - "I felt something itching" - What do you carry back there mister? - - - Some of the boys are talking about getting dates at Finocchio's - Things are tough everywhere but even so boys - - - The Frolics was a big success - some of the sweetest Hula girls in that 1st division - and what about Gashgarian? He was so good he had some of the older married men positively embarrassed - eh Mr. Foster? - Speaking of Mr. Foster - he took the "L" Division skit in good fun - said he "The Regulations are really for everyone's benefit" - The censors did a fine job tho - what an espionage system! Is it true Mr. Proc - what they say? - - - The Captain seemed to enjoy the Officers "Make Smoke" scene - Mr. Worthington rehearsed the part for 14 days - - - The pie-eaters were terrific - Yeoman Alexander did yeoman work on his pan 25% of it went up his nose but he got it out of the way and that's what counted.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW - - TAKE IT EASY IN FRISCO.

# N Div.

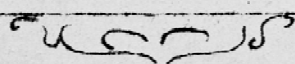
## "N" Division

A few nights ago, the long-awaited Rankin Frolics made its appearance to a First Night audience. There were all sorts of good preliminaries. Finally "now hear this: the presence of all main censors is desired in the wardrobe ". And immediately it was known, the big moment had arrived. Those dashing, daring "N" Division stalwarts had come thru! The amazingly professional ahem-ahem playlet the boys put on is nothing more or less than a measure of their high standard of daily work.

Let's see - the Radarmen - oh yes - - - "Contact bearing 045°, range 29 miles. You may not realize it but it took that man several years of intensive training to be able to interpret that complicated gear - Or the Radio Technician - There's a man, skilled in the most scientific and involved theory in the Navy! - - Or the Quartermasters - - Did you know that with their assistance our Navigator is able to travel 6000 miles and hit a 20 yard mark right on the nose? Did you know that our Radiomen talk 24 hours a day with radio stations around the world? And in morse code at 20 words per minute too! And how about the signalmen? They are an OOD's pride and joy during convoy runs. Yes sir - a trip thru the department and one begins to realize why "N" boys are often termed "The Brains of the Navy ".

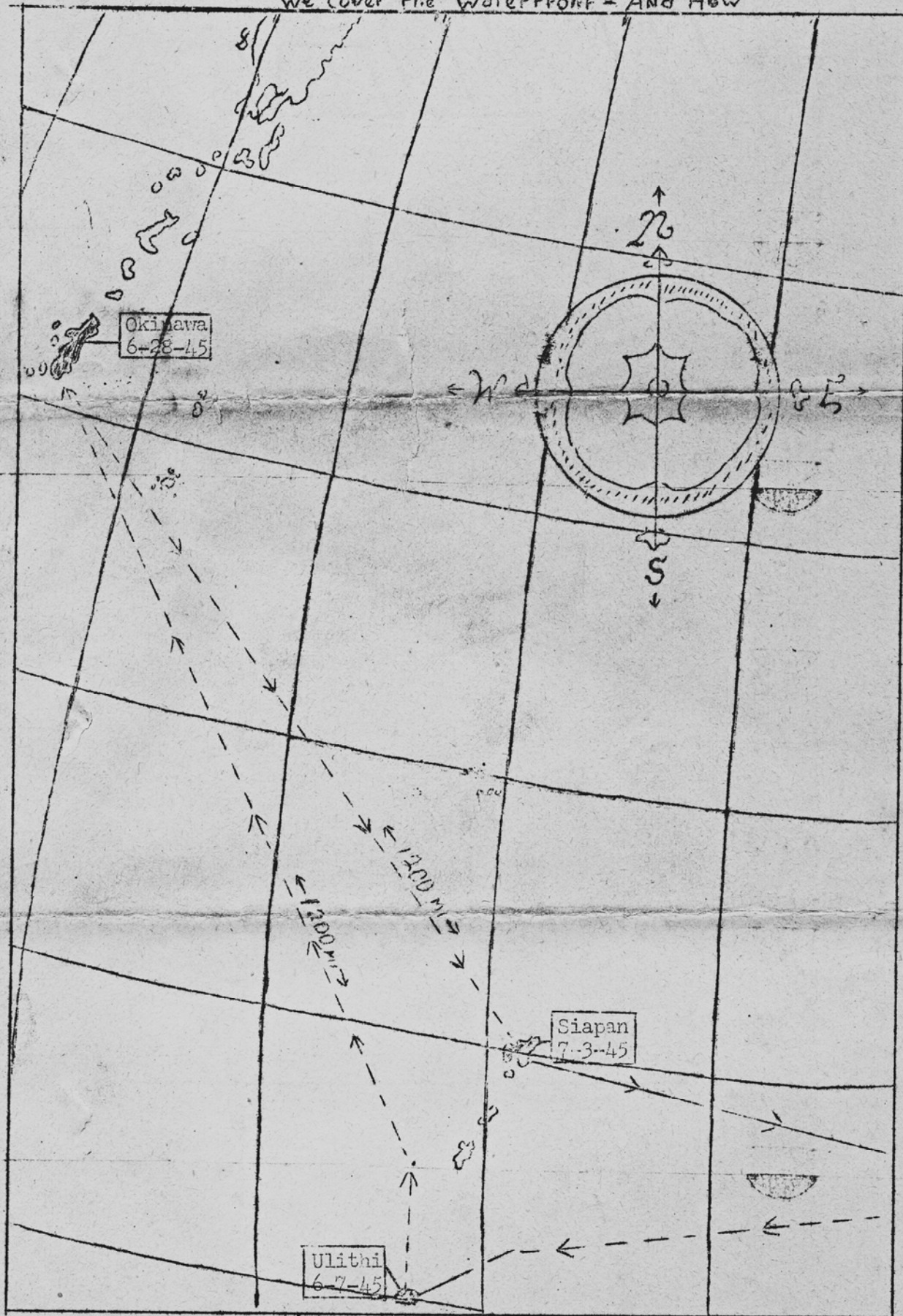
Medical men have often stated that mental labor is far more tiring than physical labor. At the end of a typical day our boys have worked dozens of complicated radar plots - flown difficult signals in the air - interpreted hundreds of new censorship regulations and spoken over our radios to China, Portugal, Turkey, Latin America and many other countries. How many of you college graduates can speak Chinese, Portugese, Turkish, AND Latin? What we are trying to get across is that - when it comes to something tough, something that requires brains and deep thinking - something that needs mature, scientific judgement - please don't hesitate to call on us. We're always there and ready to oblige. But for Goodness Sakes don't bother us with working parties.

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"We Cover the Waterfront" - And How



## THE STORY OF THE RANK'N FILE - "MAKE SMOKE"

Back in 2010, we received some very old, very falling-apart copies of three USS Rankin newsletters from 1945. We copied them and sent them as Christmas presents to the men who had been aboard at the time. These guys really liked them, and somebody suggested that we make copies for the rest of the Rankin crew.

So we started sending one issue out with each of our modern-day newsletters. This is the third and last of them. Some of the material is hard to read due to its faded nature, but we assure you that it's worth the effort. You can share the excitement and humor of a crew of young kids from almost seventy years ago.

When this issue was published in July, 1945, the ship had just returned from the Battle of Okinawa, the largest amphibious assault in the Pacific War. The 82-day-long battle lasted from early April to mid-June 1945. The Allies planned to use the large island of Okinawa as a base for air operations on the invasion of the Japanese mainland, only 340 miles away.

The battle was known for the ferocity of the fighting, the intensity of the Japanese kamikaze attacks, and the huge numbers of Allied ships and armored vehicles that assaulted the island. The battle resulted in the highest number of casualties in the Pacific Theater -- the Japanese lost over 100,000 soldiers, who were either killed, captured, or committed suicide. At the same time, tens of thousands of local civilians were killed, wounded, or took their own lives. The Allies suffered more than 65,000 casualties of all kinds.

The Rankin arrived at the battle just as it was winding down, carrying 5,000 tons of Army ammunition. While at Okinawa, her LCVs spent many hours "making smoke" -- laying smokescreens so that Jap planes couldn't locate their targets. The U.S. ships endured many kamikaze attacks, but fortunately those on KA-103 were never very successful. Shipmates who were there remember pieces of airplane falling from the sky and splashing close to the ship.

The Rankin offloaded her cargo and departed Okinawa on June 28 for Saipan, where she offloaded her boat group and headed for San Francisco. This issue of The Rank'n File, Vol I, No. 3, was published in preparation for her arrival in California.

The war ended less than three weeks after it was published, when we dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima on August 6 and Nagasaki on August 8. At that time, Rankin was in Seattle, undergoing repairs and getting ready to re-join the fray. Instead, she headed for the Philippines to help wind down the war effort. She was decommissioned on May 21, 1947, then recommissioned five years later, spending her remaining life as an East Coast ship. She was finally decommissioned on May 11, 1971, at Little Creek, Virginia, and sunk off Stuart, Florida in 1988.

Skip Sander  
December, 2012