

the SARATOGA first hit the waves-until now, it has existed but for one purpose. And that purpose was not to impose tyrannically upon weaker peoples, not to conquer or subdue the unfortunate, but to protect the freedoms for which our country stands. Much money and many human lives have been spent to keep this ship going the past sixteen years.

We ought to be thankful that when the SARATOGA was given its biggest job in history, it had as its skipper one of the coolest and most brilliant aviators the Navy has produced, a man who knows ships and planes and human beings and who always places human value first.

The SARATOGA exists so that our folks eating apple pie in Iowa or mincemeat pie in Vermont, or pumpkin pie in Oklahoma, will not have the wits scared out of them tonight by the roar of strange planes. No one is going to put a gag into their mouths or a straight-jacket on their spirits.

We ought to be thankful for the fact that no nation ever has held our land or come goosestepping to our shores - and never will save over our dead bodies. At the bottom of the sea today lie the remains of four great ships, sister ships of the SARA: the LEXINGTON, the HORNET, the WASP, and the YORKTOWN. When they died, they gave us a job to do.

And are we doing it? Ask the skipper of the old LEXINGTON whose flag now flies from the SARATOGA. Ask the Japs who were in Guadalcanal August, 1942; ask the Japs at Munda and at Bougainville and at Nauru. You don't have to ask the Japs at Rabaul because they will never, never forget the SARATOGA.

The SARATOGA has covered tens of thousands of miles since Pearl Harbor because it is protecting our frontier. That frontier doesn't run from Washington to California or from Maine to Florida. It is the frontier of Freedom. And wherever it is challenged, the SARA will go, with a willing crew, and its men will fight and fight damn well against those things which torture the soul of men.

And so, while we can't have much fuss about Thanksgiving Day, out here, let us pause to say a silent prayer of thanks for the happy outlook on life that confronts us on Thanksgiving Day, 1943.

/s/ MAURICE S. SHEEHY,
Commander, (ChC) U.S.N.R.

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REFLECTION

It's a beautiful time at the end of the day,
Ere the sun goeth down in the west,
To think of the deeds we have done on the way
And the hearts we have really blest;
We never regret for the kindness we show
The weary ones bearing their loads,
The good we have done is God's afterglow
To shine at the end of the road.

Yesterday always remains in the past,
Tomorrow forever is coming,
Not what we did, or shall do at last,
Is important, but what we are doing;
Yesterday's chances are all tucked away,
Mementoes of joy or of sorrow.
All that we have is the chance of today,
We may be away by tomorrow.

It behooves us to do all the goodness we can
Today, while the sun is still shining,
Only God knows the length of life's span
And where we shall be on the morning
We never regret to do good on the way,
But meanness is bound to bring sorrow,
All that we have is the chance of today--
God gave us no lease on tomorrow.