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view from the top



Almost simultaneously as we heaved in the anchor off Green Island, Hong Kong, August 21, the message arrived to set a course east to Bashi Channel, thence northeast. As the time moved on we were soon to learn that Kearsarge was to return to CONUS, and be retired from the active fleet to meet an urgent requirement to reduce expenditures.

Many times since I've been asked what my crew's reaction was to this unexpected news. Each time I proudly state that their reaction was exactly what I expected of a high-spirited, enthusiastic, energetic, unselfish and devoted *Wildcat* team. It was almost discernible in three distinct phases: First, what is to happen to our fine, proud ship; second, what is to happen to the antisubmarine mis-

sion of the Navy; and, lastly, what will happen to me? Note, their last thought was of themselves. I've learned to expect this very typical reaction from my crew, a most outstanding professional group.

The Chief of Naval Operations has advised that this cutback was a most difficult decision and was arrived at only after careful consideration of the existing commitments of the fleet, the tempo of operations, its effect on our people, and the essential need to modernize our forces. He further has asked all hands to understand and cooperate fully in meeting the requirements to reduce expenditures. I can assure him that the *Wildcat* men will give their full support. My crew, with an average age of 21, will

maintain a youthful but mature spirit, are prepared to face changes - taking place far more rapidly than at any other time in history, and as individual men and as an organization will preserve continuity and purpose for our country's future while meeting these reductions.

I can best explain this confidence in my crew by divulging a personal matter. It is with considerable modesty but with greater pride that I quote, in part, for you a letter which I recently received. It was written and signed by all personnel of a division in Kearsarge. I believe they would not mind as I am extremely proud of this letter, and even more importantly, it shows the caliber of my *Wildcat* men.

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The Golden State

by Tony Ferrarese

The name California is a neologism of the 16th Century Spanish writer Ordonez de Montalvo, who wrote: 'At the right hand of the Indies, there is an island called California, very near the Terrestrial Paradise.'

In the middle of the 16th century Cabrillo claimed California for Spain, but it wasn't until

almost a 100 years later when Father Junipero Serra established his string of missions from San Diego to San Francisco. Except for the missions and a few military outposts, the Spanish left California to its own devices - it was too remote and did not offer the riches and plunder of more civilized Mexico. What eventually

developed under the Spaniards, and later under the Mexicans, was a spacious and graceful civilization centered on the small towns built around the missions and the vast ranches of the Spanish Dons.

The Mexicans had barely consolidated their authority when the Americans began filtering in between

1826 and 1841. Trappers from the North, occasional travelers from the East and sailors who jumped ship all responded to the siren call.

In 1846 Colonel John Fremont united the 700-odd Americans in a revolt against Mexico, and soon after, gold was discovered. The story of modern California had begun.

The gold rush began a human inundation that has only recently shown signs of abating, to the relief of many in the Golden State. Immigrants from other states averaged 350,000 a year in the 1960's, but are expected to be reduced to 300,000 in 1970. The population in 1970 is estimated to be 22 million.



The influence of Spanish architecture is elegantly obvious while traveling U.S. 101 from San Diego to Sonoma. Between 1769 and 1823 the Franciscan Padres established a chain of 21 missions along this route, including the restored mission (below) in Santa Barbara. The Spanish heritage is prevalent throughout Santa Barbara. Many of its residential areas and public buildings, such as the courthouse (above), reflect another era, when this gracious resort city was a quiet seafront community along El Camino Real.

The population explosion succeeded in partially destroying or reducing some of what initially attracted these people. An old timer in Laguna Beach, an artist colony and resort halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego, laments the threatened encroachment of suburban Orange County, and nostalgically reminisces about the days when Laguna was truly the Bohemian oasis it purports to be today. To the newcomer it is still enchanting, a refreshing change from many of the faceless communities of suburbia, but there is, nevertheless, the sad feeling of paradise lost.





Depending on the time of day and weather conditions, Southern California freeways have proved themselves either blessings or concrete Franksteins for motorists. Fanning like great concrete tentacles over Southern California's coastal regions, the freeways criss-cross, intertwine and finally absorb each other when they reach the hub of the system, downtown Los Angeles.

If there are frustrations and disappointments to living in Southern California, if the freeways are maddening at rush hour, if the smog smarts in the L.A. Basin, if the crowds are impossible on the Strip, if apartments are increasingly expensive you can blame it, in the final analysis, on the phenomenal influx of people from all sections of the country.

The *American Guide Series* on California has this to say about Los

Angeles: "Socially, Los Angeles is a medley of many philosophies and ways of life. To the newcomer, Southern California is a curiously exciting combination of massive mountains and blue sea, Spanish romance and Hollywood glamour, offering many of them a welcome change from the stereotyped patterns of the old home town.

"Here is a spirit of live and let live that encourages the transplanted

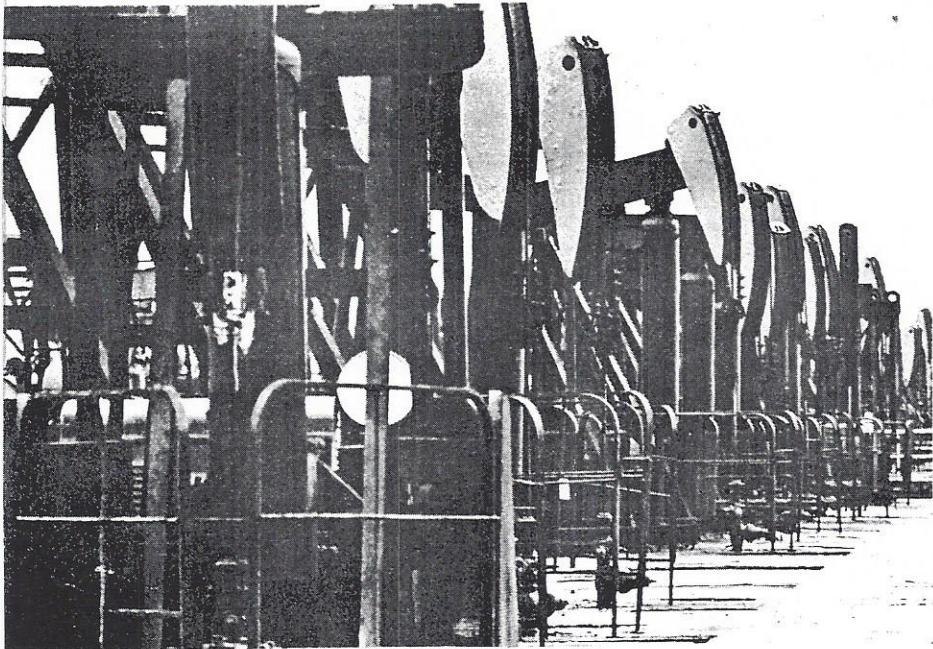
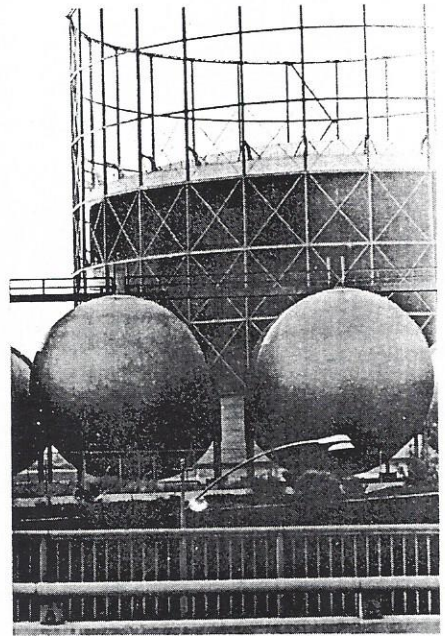
Iowan or Bostonian to experiment with the unconventional in dress, houses, ideas, and religions."

This is alternately the strength and weakness of Southern California - thousands of the restless, the dissatisfied, the misfits flocked to find their Nirvana and developed and pursued life styles that would have been next to impossible in the constricted societies of the Midwest or the South.

Traffic moves smoothly over heavily traveled 405 during a slack period.

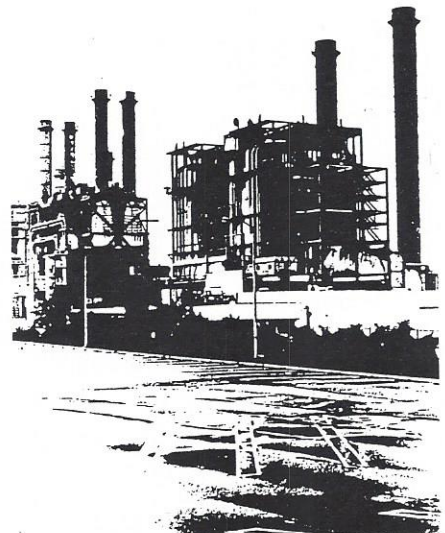


A cubist's nightmare of harsh angles and soft curves, these water tanks sit silently atop Signal Hill, overlooking a bustling Los Angeles freeway.



Like stooping titans, machinery at the Signal Oil Refinery in Huntington Beach incessantly probe the sediment of past ages and bring forth crude oil that will ultimately power the many-footed people of California.

Special photographic processing lends a no-nonsense aura to this view of the Seal Beach Water Refinery.



The result is as generally tolerant an environment as one is likely to find in these United States. There are few other areas of the country that can accommodate such disparities as the John Birchers and the organizations of the New Left with as much equanimity; where there exists a large and pervasive military-industrial complex, and where the peace groups are most influential; where the sexual revolution is most active and obvious and where the most puritanical resistance to sex education can be found; where the fundamentalists and transplanted rural elements form a substantial segment of the population and where the ultra-sophisticates and libertines create the dominant impression known as 'the Southern California syndrome' throughout the rest of the nation. Most knowledgeable Califor-



Immortalized in song and popularized by such big-name entertainers as Trini Lopez and Johnny Rivers, the Whiskey-A-Go-Go fills to standing room only show nights. The Whiskey is not Sunset Strip's only rookery for young adults. The action is fast along most of the Strip, but here and there hyperspeculation and rugged competition has forced a few businesses to close their doors. Better luck next time.

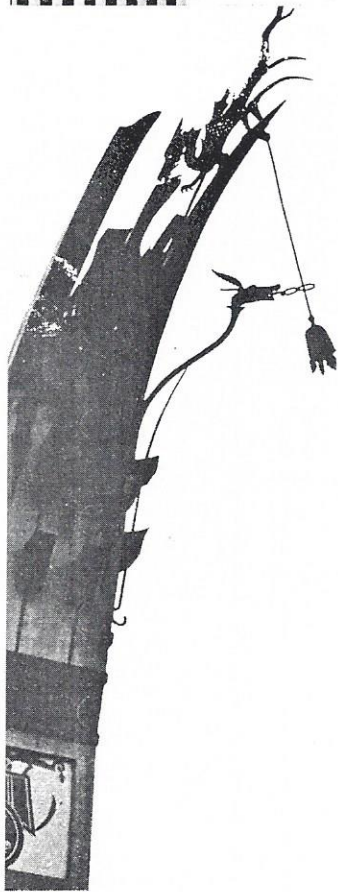
nians, regardless of their attitudes, delight in the diversity they represent. And well they should. It has made their state the most 'happening' place in the country.

Southern California is sprawling, vulgar and impersonal. It is also vital and exciting, possessed of a vibrant and heady charm and a sometimes lush beauty hard to match anywhere -- an immensely satisfying place to live for some and something to be endured by others.

It is in these almost violent contradictions where it embodies the American experience -- 20th Century America -- the best and the worst intensified.

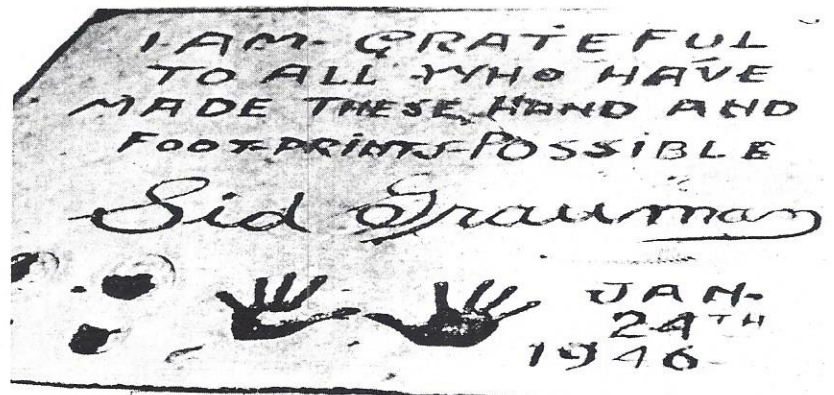
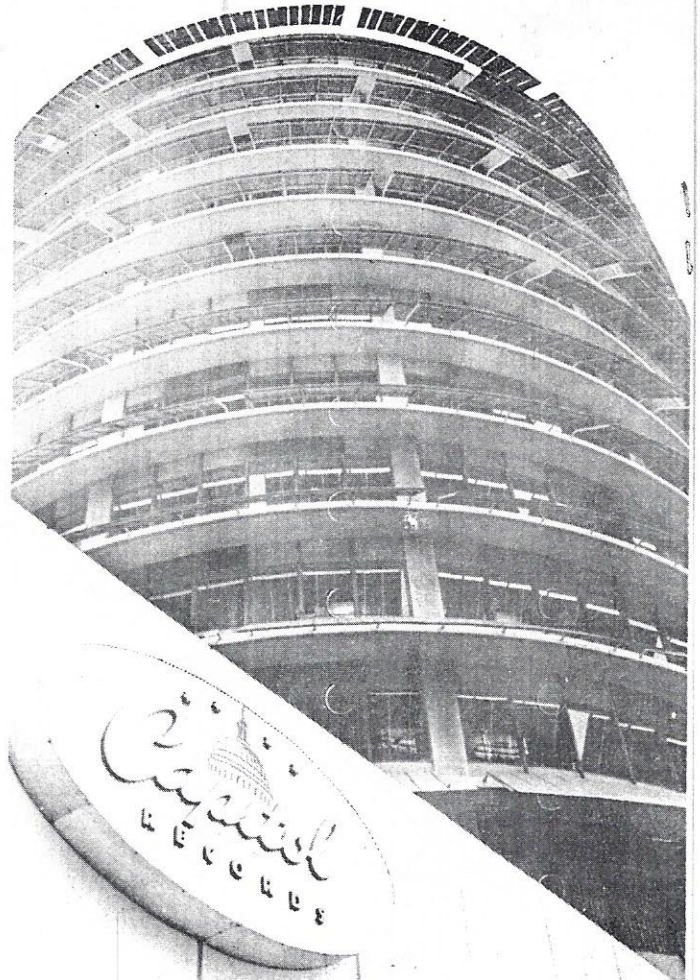


Alexander Pope once offered that 'A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for.' Hollywood is the 20th Century's answer for these ethereal gropings. Here, as in no other place in the world lies untold riches and unutterable sorrow. It is a city of incongruities; it provides sanctuary for the great, the near great, the obscure. It is both composer and conductor of the larghissimo symphony of success.

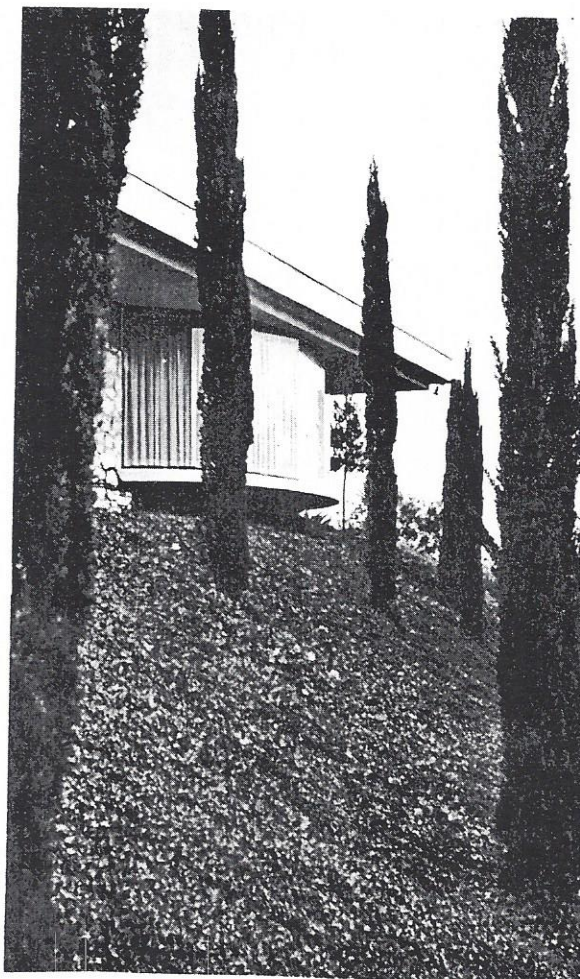
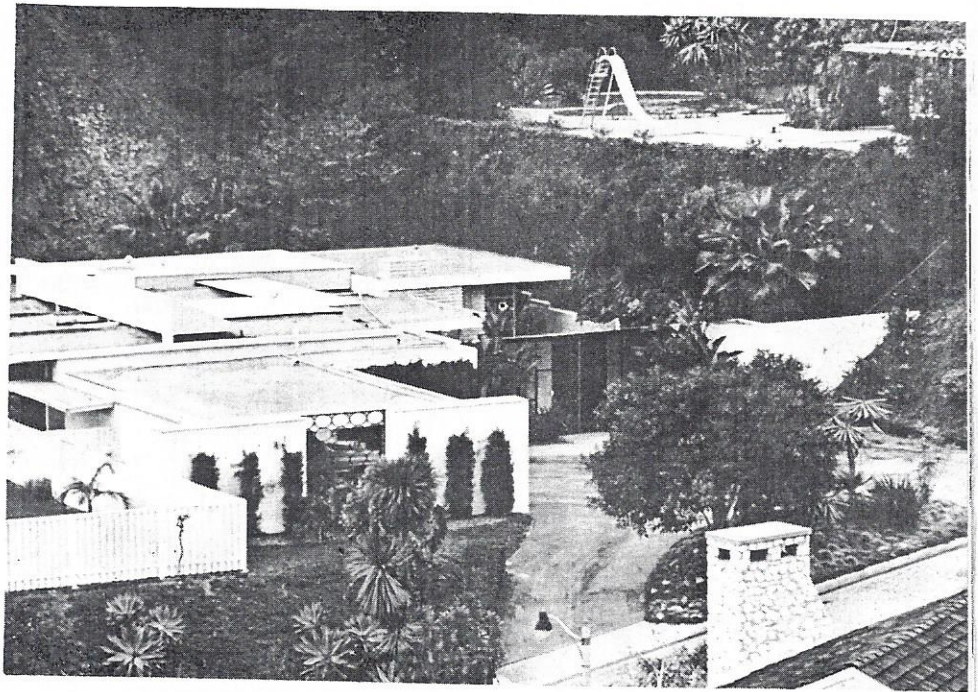


Los Angeles has often been described as one vast suburb. This isn't entirely true, but it has some basis in fact. After World War Two, the city fathers, appalled by the urban congestion of the Eastern metropolis, opted for lateral expansion. The result was still congestion with a reputation for blandness. The city was widely regarded as having no real downtown area.

In the early 1960's lateral expansion, as a city policy, was more or less abandoned. Instead, the city devoted its time to creating a more viable and revitalized hub area. The 150-foot limitation on buildings was lifted, and the ambitious Bunker Hill

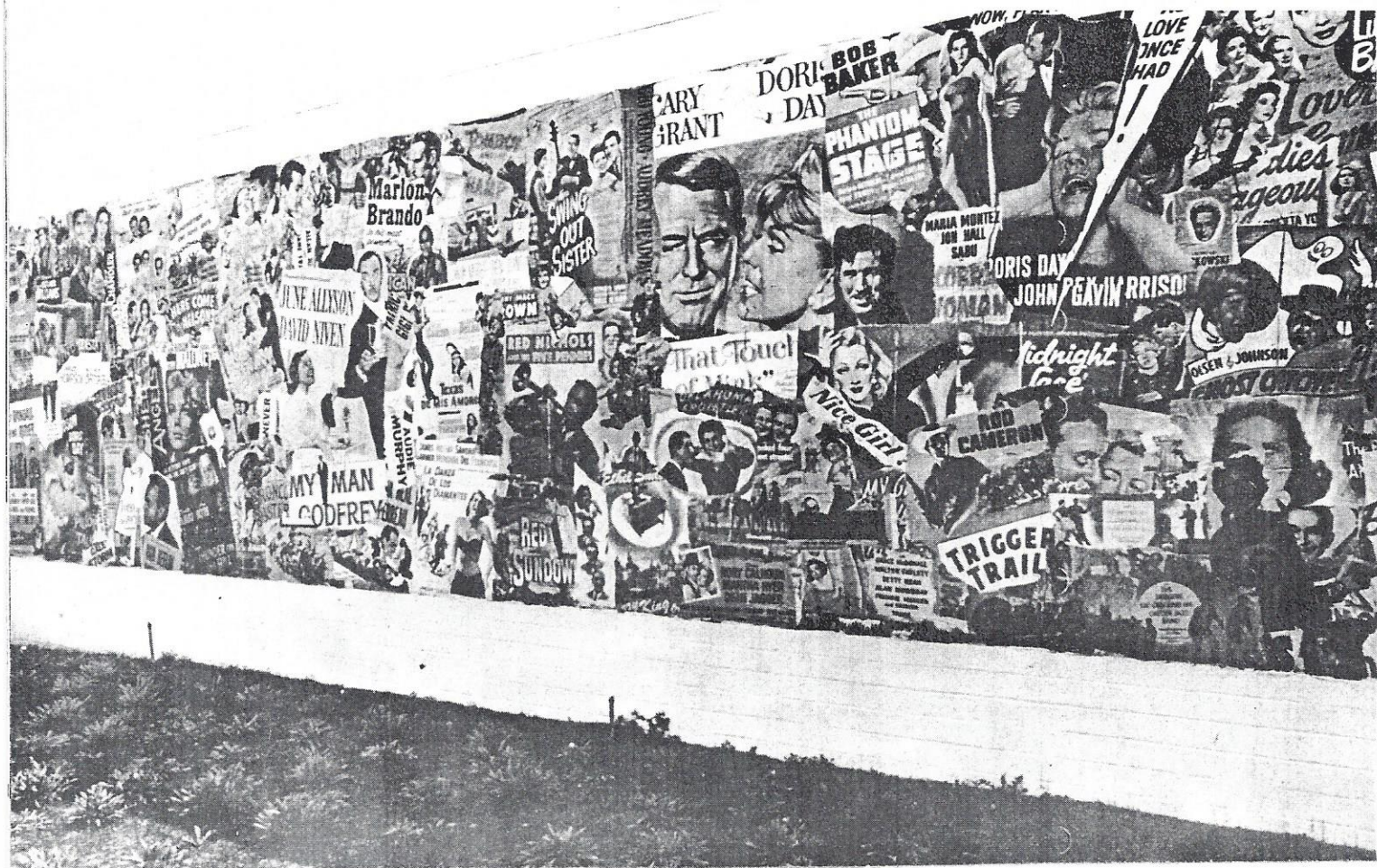


project began to materialize. This project is a series of high rise apartment buildings, shops, arcades, and parks developing not far from the Civic Center and within easy walking distance of the graceful new cultural center. The cultural center, an integral part of L.A.'s new image, consists of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion (site of the 1969 Academy Awards presentation), The Mark Taper Forum and the Ahmannson Theatre. The Bunker Hill complex, to be completed in 1975, is widely advertised as 'the ultimate in Renaissance living.' Whether this is true or not remains to be seen, but its purpose is to give Angelenos a sense of community and to encourage commercial development in the downtown area.



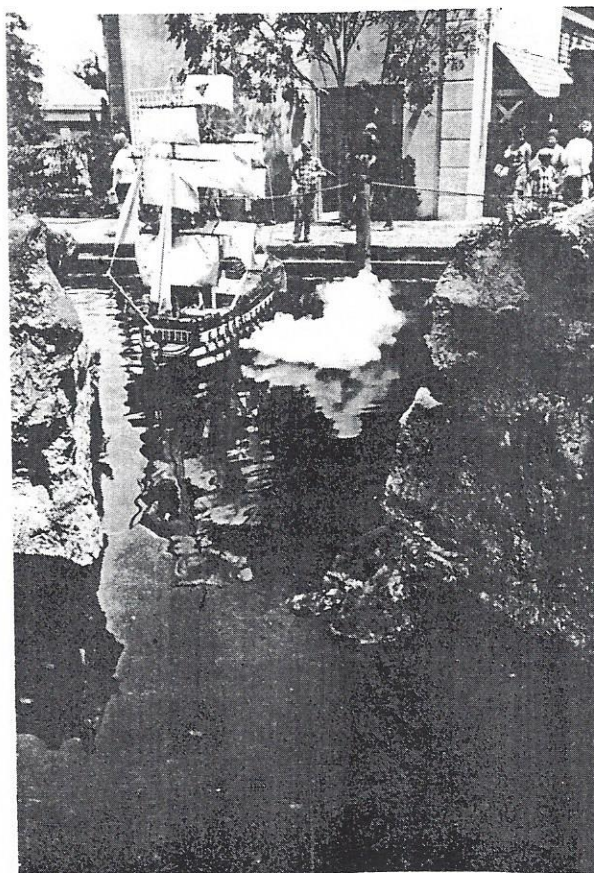
Like the tangible badge of affluence, a home in Beverly Hills is not to be taken lightly. It is the embodiment of talent, desire, and lucky breaks. In its silent garishness, success is proclaimed.

Purportedly the 'Golden City,' Hollywood (opposite page) ranks high in the booming tourist trade. People from all over America join in dyspneal throngs, packing 50 weeks of fun into their vacations. They are an unusual lot, and can be spotted by the most uneducated eye. Garish 'casual' clothes, embellished with several pounds of cameras, seen walking backwards down Hollywood Boulevard.



The most famous section of Los Angeles is probably Hollywood - not a separate city as is widely supposed, but an incorporated area of greater L.A. The Hollywood created by the film industry is largely a myth, but you will find there the most concentrated and the largest assortment of specialty shops, nightclubs, cafes, theatres, and restaurants in Los Angeles.

Not far from Hollywood is the other world community of Beverly Hills, an independent city so wealthy that its luminous citizens saw fit to design the municipal post office



Recapturing the heyday when Hollywood was the celluloid capital of the world. Your first introduction to Universal Studios is a montage (above) of movie posters heralding the arrival of leading men and ladies ('See Brando at his most powerful performance. Dorothy Malone in her ultimate passionate moment, etc.') and some whose star fell almost as quickly as it had orbited. Where are they now? Probably on the late, late show anywhere from Bangor, Me., to Sydney, Australia. Dare we ask you to believe this is the same Spanish man-o-war (left) that swash-buckling Errol Flynn almost singlehandedly captured in his epic cinema adventures. Is there really a Santa Claus?

in the form of an Italian Renaissance church.

In its lush and opulent residential area homes sell from \$45,000 on the economy level to \$350,000 for the more luxurious. Most lots are completely filled, but some are available for as little as \$60,000.

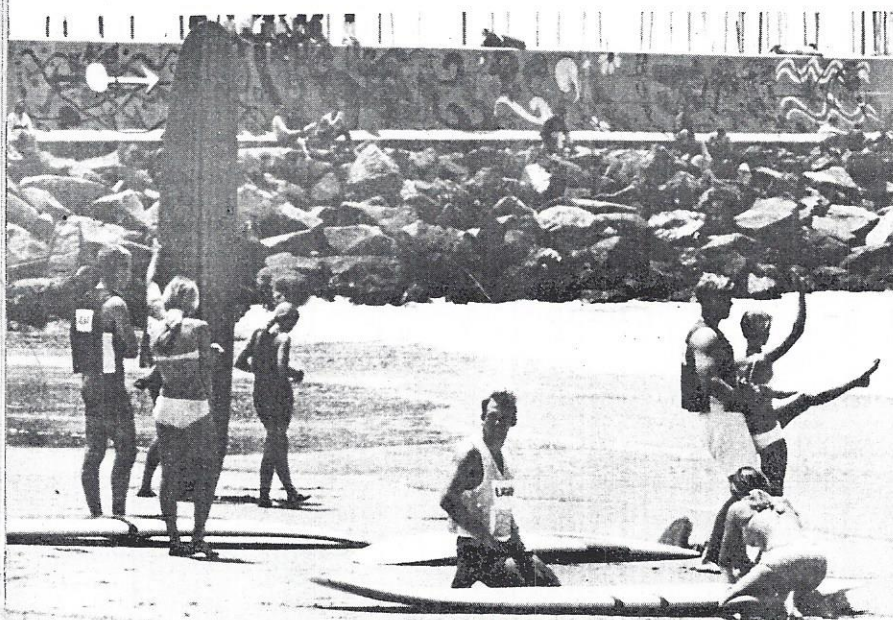
Adjoining Beverly Hills on the Southwest is Westwood Village with its book stores, student oriented bars and cafes and its theatres - all at the gates of the sprawling UCLA campus.



Maybe American moviegoers are fickle, but they still throng to the studios (left) to watch the stars at work. And why not, when you might catch glimpse of Vanessa with her clothes on, of course. Somewhere on the backlot of Universal, Richard Boone's stand-in delivers a skull-crushing blow (above) to a black-hearted villain. Mr. Boone, exercising caution over valor although it's all in fun, watches from a safe distance.

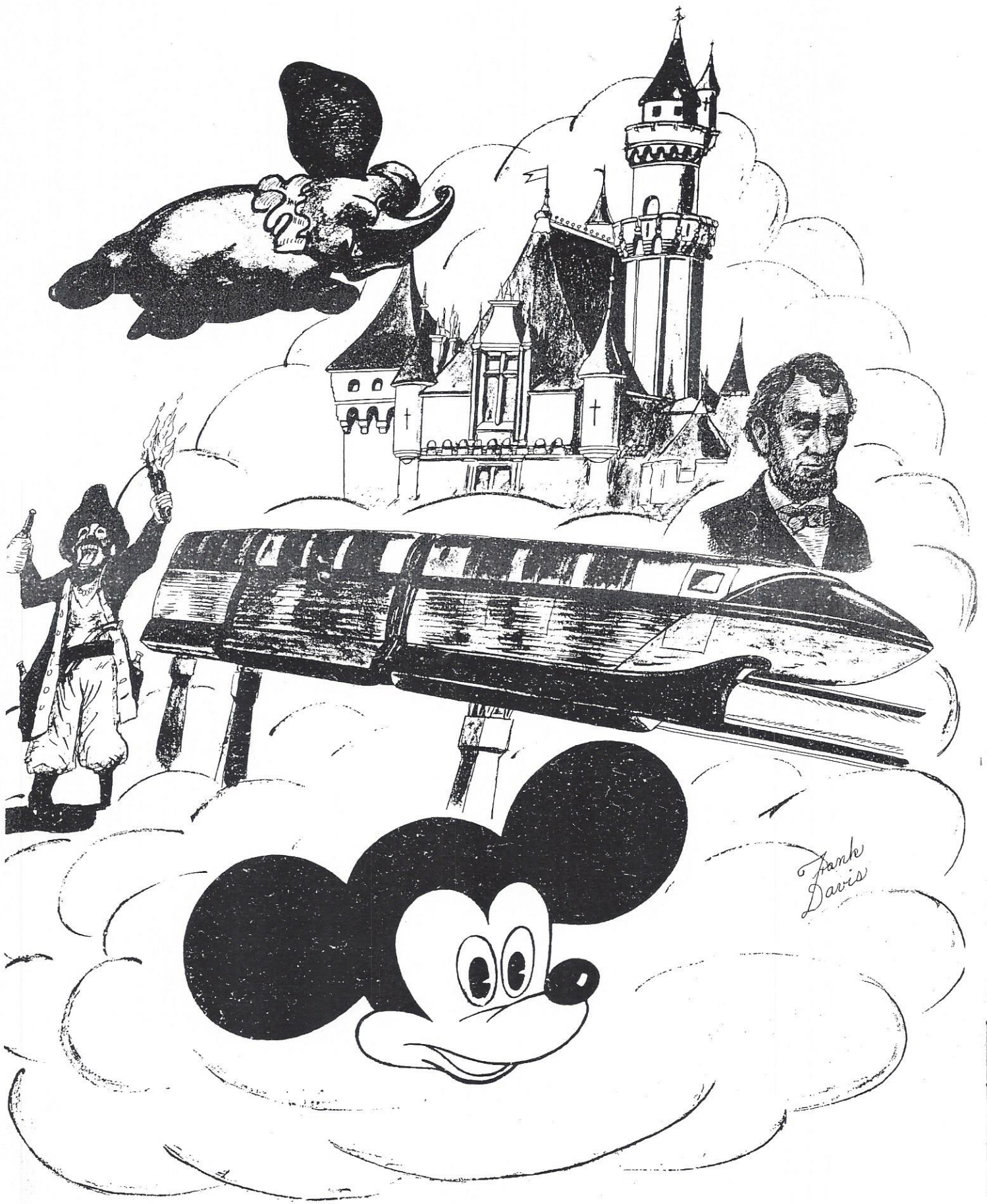


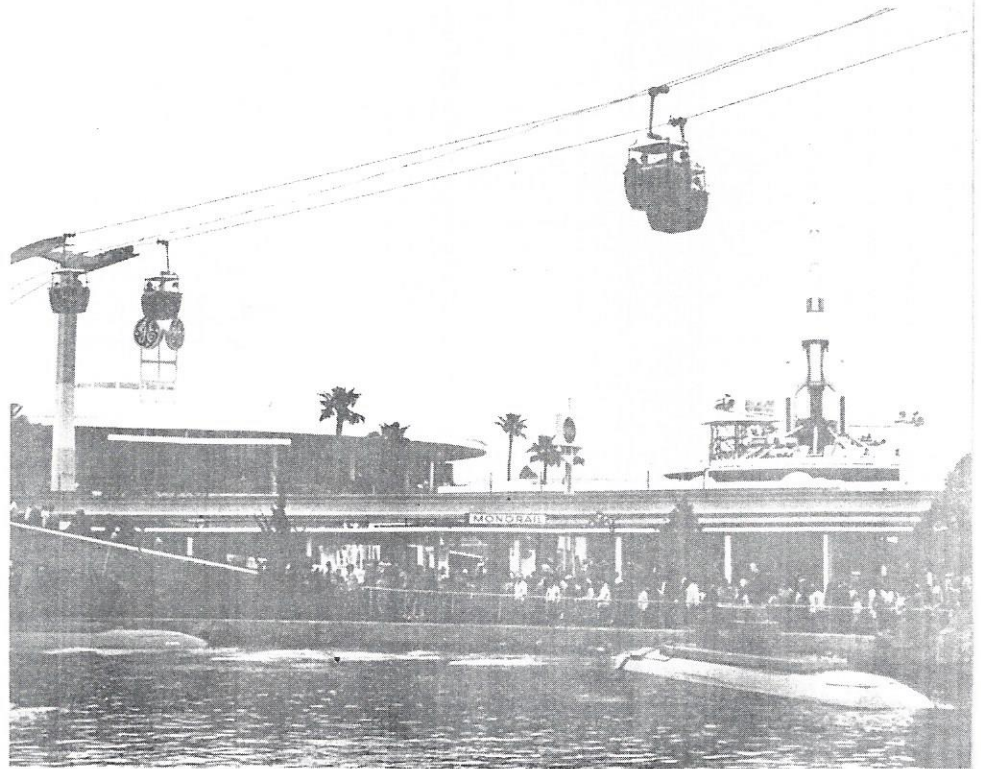
The sea has become a way of life for most Californians. From this has evolved perhaps one of the most unique vestiges of Americana: The surfer. Like Coke and apple pie, the possessor of sun-bleached locks and a slick, surf-battered board is symbolic of a young and supple United States. He has hung ten on the rising crest of intelligent, fun-loving youth.



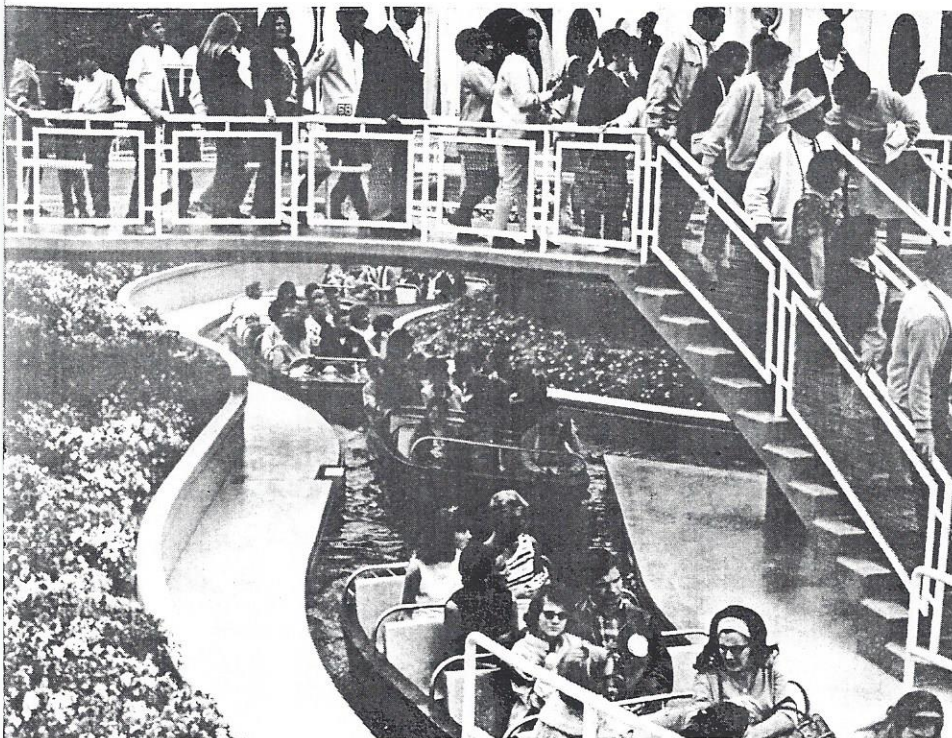


Not all beach lovers come to offer their gauntlet to the crashing waves. Some just watch and think and maybe talk things over. The generation gap is painfully obvious here. The old suffer an unusual form of exile; it is an unspoken understanding: 'Your prescence will be tolerated, sir, nothing more. Watch for a while, reminisce if you must, but then be on your way. This is my world for I am young.





Walt Disney's monument to his vast empire - Disneyland - sprawls over 60 acres in the Orange County metropolis of Anaheim and is the singlemost popular family attraction west of the Rockies. It's all there - from Carrolllesque Fantasyland, through Main Street, USA, to Tomorrowland - and you couldn't see it all in a week. And to think a virtuous rodent made this possible. Thank you, Mickey Mouse.



'It has been a great ship...'

They are truly fine Americans, proud of their Navy and country; men who will meet the challenge of the future in a highly responsible manner. Read the letter below and see if you don't agree with me completely.

During the course of a man's enlistment he performs his duties under various moods and motivations. For those of us whose career spans a mere four years, an enlistment can be etched with bright and everlasting memories. To pinpoint our message here, Sir, we, in our small but sincere way, want to thank you for being the ideal commanding officer. One who has established rapport with we enlisted. One who cares for the small man in this Navy. One who has never placed us down the list of considerations, but always near the top. One who 'feels' a situation as we feel it. One who constantly endeavors to increase and improve our morale and attitude. In essence, we would like to thank you, Captain, for being our friend, our shipmate, and our Captain, instilling in us the desire to climb to higher

levels of accomplishment. Therefore, to the best of our ability and in the highest of naval tradition, and as you have lead and directed us to, we will diligently 'carry on.'

Lastly, this is our final Kearsaga. It is with considerable trepidation that I say this. It has been a great ship, a greater cruise and the greatest crew. We departed CONUS March 29 for Vietnam waters and returned September 4. We worked hard and long, did our job well, established many fine records and most important, returned to our home port in Long Beach without losing a man. I believe a fitting finale is for me to quote a message that Kearsarge just received from Vice Admiral H. G. Bowen Jr., Commander, Antisubmarine Warfare Force, Pacific Fleet.


1. As the time for inactivation of a proud ship like Kearsarge nears, the true meaning of the event has its greatest impact. I think that no other service encounters this special feeling as we do in the Navy. A ship is more than steel and rivets; a

ship is continuity with the past and a connection with the men who went before, who established the enviable record of the 'Mighty Kay,' first CVS in the fleet to be awarded a Meritorious Unit Commendation.

2. The third ship named Kearsarge has made her mark on naval history in the Korean War and later in Vietnam as a CVS. Since joining the ASW team the men of Kearsarge, who now wear the hashmarked 'E' for excellence, have worked diligently to improve ASW readiness in the Pacific. Her absence from the team will be felt by all other ASW forces.

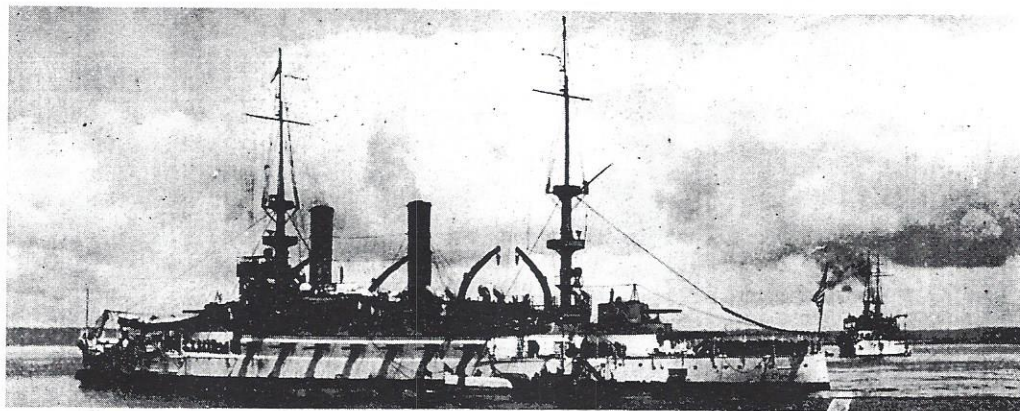
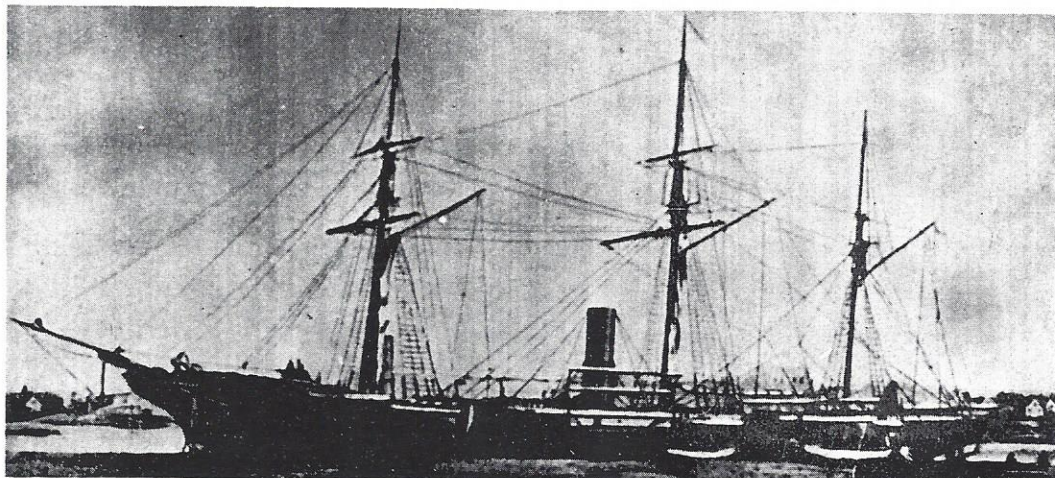
3. Good luck to you who will leave the 'Mighty Kay.' You carry with you the proud heritage of a fine and noble ship. Best wishes to each and every one. VAdm Bowen.

Well done, Kearsarge men. May fair winds and following seas be always with you.


CAPTAIN USN

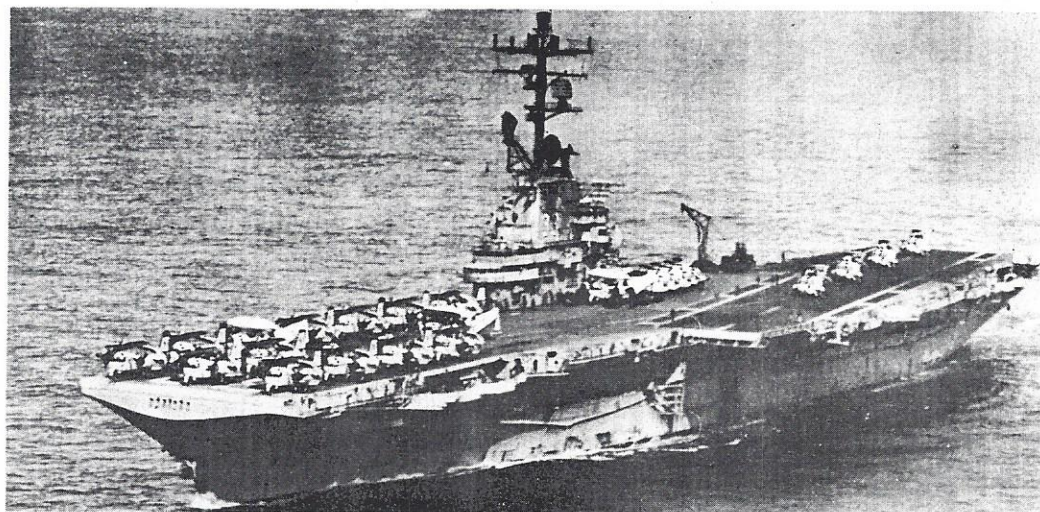
Looking back on an era....

*The first to bear
the name Kearsarge*



*She sailed with
President Theodore
Roosevelt's 'Great
White Fleet'*

*Upheld the tradition
of excellence to the
last*



USS Kearsarge 1862-1970

Perhaps California's greatest natural resource



PHOTO COURTESY OF PLAYBOY MAGAZINE