



VOL. 1 NO. 3

OCTOBER 27, 1943.

## NAVY DAY; OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Navy Day has been officially recognized as such since 1922, when Congress passed legislation urging the citizens of our country to pay their respects on that day to the Navy. It was altogether fitting and proper that October 27th was selected, because a very Navy-minded President was born that day some years before, Theodore Roosevelt. The Navy League of the U. S. has each year, by presidential proclamation, been designated to sponsor nationwide celebrations, and naval ships and stations throughout the world joined in "open house" - up to 1940, when ceremonies were curtailed, due to the troubled and threatening conditions existing. However, the Press and radio highlighted the Navy, and many local celebrations were held - parades, reunions, banquets, radio programs, etc.

In Queens County, New York, perhaps the largest parade in the U. S. has been held each year since 1933, under the joint sponsorship of USS AKRON SHIP post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Navy League. A comparison of war-time conditions may be seen when in 1938, over 30,000 marchers were in line, and in 1941, about 5,000 paraded on a warm Sunday to be greeted by a distinguished list of high civic and naval officials in the reviewing stand. Many other veterans' organizations, United Spanish War Veterans, Kearsage Association, Rough Riders' Association, and the Fleet Reserve Association celebrated the day by memorial services and pilgrimages to the last resting place of

Continued on page 8

## FUN TO GO TO SEA

Yea, sailor! But it's fun the hard way. Many a real American looked forward upon the outbreak of war to fighting for his country, especially in the Navy. Some fun! They had always liked the Navy - for some reason they may have known it; or just the reputation any swell outfit gets over a period of years brought out the desire that they had always had but didn't realize it. THE Navy our Navy. Go to sea! Boy, what a life. But now they know and are going about it in the Navy way. You don't get something for nothing. The crew on the INTREPID are realizing that that dream of theirs adds up to this: a good hard day's work, lending a hand whenever and wherever possible, learning how to be a Navy sailor - and how to be a shipmate. Some fun to ride the ocean deep - yea! - but the fun comes from knowing you have worked and sweated and made a fighting ship. There's no soft way.

## TODAY IS NAVY DAY!

Today is NAVY DAY!

This year this day has an unusual significance never before achieved or even possible.

The United States Navy this year is represented literally on the Seven Seas and its power and prestige grows day by day as it approaches a strength which a few short years ago would have been regarded as an impossibility to accomplish.

This NAVY DAY should mean a tremendous lot to each officer and man aboard the INTREPID. NAVY DAY is just what it says, a day on which honor and tribute is paid to the Navy and its fighting men and fighting ships.

Many officers aboard have experienced many NAVY DAYS while serving their country, and the same goes for a number of the members of the crew, but by far and large today is the first NAVY DAY afloat for the ship's company, and for the INTREPID.

Through the combined efforts of the officers and men, things are shaping up rapidly aboard, and before many days have passed, the INTREPID will take her place as a combat unit of the world's greatest fleet.

But there can be no let-down, no sag in effort, work or morale, if this is to be the fighting ship that she should be.

Members of the crew, whether volunteers or inductees, who are new to the Navy have an illustrious record to try to uphold, and each and every man should strive to do his bit to make THE INTREPID the best fighting carrier in the Navy. From the first days of the Navy down to this year the fighting men and officers of the Navy were volunteers. They clamored for admission to the Navy in time of war and kept the enlistment rolls filled with waiting lists in time of peace. The initial step to draft men into the Navy was taken during the first World War but peace came before an appreciable number of men had been started in Navy training after induction. Volunteers continued to flock to the Navy by their own choice when we entered this war and kept the needs supplied until the drain on manpower became so terrific that there was not enough to go around. Then, and then only, the Navy again started taking men through the draft.

The Navy welcomes the men selected through the draft, and it knows that it can depend on them to give their very best for their country and their loved ones, just as the volunteers who have chosen the life of the sea can be counted upon to put their best efforts always into fighting to preserve this nation. Each and every

Continued on page 8



The Ship's Paper of the U.S.S. INTREPID  
 Capt. T. L. Sprague, USN Commanding  
 Comdr. R. K. Games, USN Executive Officer

#### Staff

Comdr. P. S. Reynolds, USN  
 Lt. K. V. Otteson, USNR  
 Lt. R. J. Benchoff, USNR  
 Lt. W. J. MacFarlan, USNR  
 Lt. P. H. Gustafson, USNR  
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 Ens. D. F. Taylor, USNR  
 Ens. G. C. Halcrow, USNR  
 Ens. V. P. Oleari, USNR  
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#### COOPERATION AND DISCIPLINE

War has brought into the Navy, for the duration, men who might not have otherwise ever seen a ship or an ocean.

The following article was borrowed from the mid-August edition of OUR NAVY because it presents the problems of each side, and gives each a clear picture of the other's point of view. It is hoped this article will tend to eliminate disagreements and promote a spirit of 'one for all and all for one'.

When military services are organized as rapidly as ours have been, discipline does not spring to them full-grown but derives from a number of sources to build and mold these organizations into effective fighting machines.

Discipline derives from applied rules and regulations, from patriotism and from many personal, psychological factors, among which cooperation is not the least. There is no presumption that the sum total of the discipline of our armed forces is not or will not be equal to the task ahead of them. If cooperation is developed to a maximum it will add to that discipline which wells from patriotism and will make the burden of the whole lighter to bear.

The personnel of our Navy can be divided into two general classifications--the Career men, to include the permanent force which staffs our ships and shore stations and the War class which is with us to fight this war to a finish. The cooperation of these two classes is of utmost importance.

Thousands of craftsmen, artisans and technicians of many years experience in civilian life and thousands of well-educated men of some college years are in the War class and are subordinated to younger men of the service who have chosen military life for a Career--younger men, who, if they had remained in civilian life would have been at the commencement of war in subordinate positions to those over whom they now exercise authority. A social dislocation has resulted. War has thrown these two classes of men, each prepared for a different way of life together in an organization striving to accomplish a purpose. The purpose of the war is a common victory. The social dislocation is merely incidental to the conduct of the war, the end of which will permit the War class to fit back into their natural environment in civil life. For military expediency, this social dislocation must be borne.

The case for the War Class--for the older tradesmen

and the college men will be outlined here and something will be said of the new problems confronting the Career men because war has made its demands on them also.

It is understandable how a man, perhaps 35 or 40 years old, might react mentally, serving under one of 25. Yet tradesmen with many years experience in their respective lines are expected to learn from and perform their naval duties under the younger Career men, who came in before the war and obtained seniority in rate and diligently learned the detailed duties of their trades. It is irrelevant to argue about the capability of the War class to step into the positions of responsibility now held by Career men. That would be entering the field of opinion. Here we should stick to obvious facts.

Most of the older tradesmen have at some time or other belonged to unions where seniority in length of service is a principle and altho the virtue of seniority itself may be questioned, it is no less equally applicable in one field than another. Seniority may be condemned but the navy should not be condemned because of it, seniority being an accepted principle of our times.

Youthful college men, with at least a year or two of college, discover that they do not meet the requirements necessary to obtain commissions and are subordinated to young navy men who used their corresponding years to launch naval careers. It can be understood how college men may feel to be accepting commands from and learning the rudiments of the naval profession from men with fewer academic qualifications, men less intellectual--but not necessarily less naturally intelligent. It is regrettable that college men must suffer the burden of serving without the obvious benefits of higher, quicker ratings.

Theoretically at least the present situation could be reversed, and the older civilian craftsmen and young college men placed in the positions now held by the navy career men. This would mean putting seniority in the background and elevating craftsmanship and academic qualifications to leadership. The situation would probably not be improved from the point of view of the Career men, nor would it be fairer to them than it now is to trade and college men. For reasons of military expediency, as stated, it is not likely that any such wholesale adjustment will be initiated. And from actual observation it would seem that craftsmen and college men are being promoted on an equal basis with Career men whenever and wherever they exhibit a natural grasp of the fundamentals of military routine and organization.

As a matter of fact, the war with its subsequent social and psychological disruption did not leave the Career men unaffected. Having adjusted their scale of values to a navy they had come to know intimately, each of them to feel that he was a part of a more or less uniform whole--it was difficult for them to grasp the real significance and meaning of the subsequent growth and alteration of naval organization. Many of them shared the sensation of being swallowed up by the vast masses of the War class to whom they were expected to pass on their training and knowledge as men of military experience; whom they were expected to organize and instruct in duties.

To be continued



## DIVINE SERVICES

## CATHOLIC

Sunday Mass 0700 0900  
 Weekday Mass 0700  
 (Crew's Library)  
 Confessions heard before and after each  
 Mass and at any hour or any place.

## PROTESTANT

Sunday Communion Service 0700  
 (Crew's Library)  
 Sunday Divine Service 1000

## JEWISH

Religious Services Friday 1900  
 (Crew's Library)

## U.S.S. INTREPID

As the eagle, perched on a lofty crag,  
 Scans the horizon for any foe  
 That might molest her young, in the nest --  
 As the fawn is the charge of the doe --  
 So, this giant vessel of sturdy steel  
 Hovers near on the face of the deep  
 A haven for its myriad of flying men  
 As their trysts with death, they keep.

This ship with origin in sunny France  
 And defiant successors bearing her name  
 Until FOUR INTREPIDS have served in turn  
 Each adding something to naval fame.  
 But perchance to none in this lineage  
 Has the sphere of service been so great  
 As that of the aircraft carrier INTREPID,  
 A factor in deciding freedom's fate.

The nation is proud of this mighty ship  
 Valiantly guarding the sea lanes of the world  
 And the part it may play in lands afar  
 In seeing standards of freedom unfurled.  
 It is proud of the many bold pilots and crew  
 That make up the ship's personnel,  
 Of their courage and undaunted daring  
 In the job they are doing so well.

May the God, whose presence o'er shadows us all  
 Whose voice can command the deep,  
 Bless each precious son on the INTREPID  
 And each one in safety keep.

----Elanore A. Atha.

(Ed. note - Contributed by Machinist A. A. Newland on  
 behalf of the authoress who also writes for "Our Navy")

Judges of an election in Chicago unfolded a ballot  
 with this notation upon it: "I was paid one dollar for  
 this".

## MONEY WELL-SPENT

WESTERN UNION MONEY ORDER  
 ISSUED AT PORTSMOUTH, VA  
 When Counter-signed at Point of Issue By COMMANDER RICHARD A. GAINES  
 THE SUM OF ONE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND NO/100 - DOLLARS \$1400.00  
 AMOUNT TELEGRAPHIC FROM AC CHICAGO ILL SEPT 2 1942  
 THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
 Walter L. Age

## ORGAN PROVES TO BE MORALE BOOSTER

Come one, come all!

Yes, all hands come to hear music, new and old, as played by Lt. Eddie Osborn on the electric organ at Happy Hours and movies. When the INTREPID goes into battle it will literally be with a giant community sing accompanied by the ship's own organ.

Playing and entertaining has been a lifelong job with Lt. Osborn culminating with the present achievement of placing the INTREPID in a class distinct from other ships of the fleet for this is the only ship which can boast such entertainment.

Being a flight instructor under Commander Gaines, the present INTREPID Executive Officer, at Glenview, Lt. Osborn's talents were known, and it was the Executive Officer who was instrumental in the INTREPID'S new acquisition. Captain T. L. Sprague also was so interested that he made a special trip to Washington, D. C. to arrange with the Bureau for permission to have the organ aboard.

An anonymous person donated the money necessary to purchase the organ. Electric organs, due to rationing, are scarce. A search which was launched by a civilian group of World War 1 Naval aviators wishing the INTREPID well, scoured the middle west. After many attempts to buy an organ it was learned that Lt. Lee Boatwright, an officer of the air group, had an organ which he was willing to part with so long as it was to be a boost to INTREPID morale.

On a wild Paul Revere ride up the Rappahannock Valley the organ was finally acquired.

This is the third station that has purchased an organ so that Lt. Osborn could entertain the crew, others being at Pensacola, Florida and Chicago, Illinois. He did mighty well at Pungo and NOB, Norfolk, too.

Lt. Osborn began his musical career at the age of four when his parents started giving him lessons on the piano. Later he learned to play the violin from the celebrated Victor Young. When 11 years old he became interested in the organ and although to this day has never had any lessons, his interest has never dwindled. While living at Elkhart, Indiana and still a lad of 11, he repaired an old Kimball organ which had been thrown into a local junk heap, thus acquiring his first organ.

Now, it is Lt. Osborn's keen desire to play for the men of the INTREPID as often as possible and to play the songs that are liked, therefore it is urged that all hands make requests at the community sings as to

Continued on page 5



## OLD TIMER DISSERTATES ON THE "OLD" NAVY

Old Timer settled himself comfortably on the steel back on the fantail and propped his back up against the rugged contours of the bitts. He shifted his feet from starboard to port, glanced up at the tropic sun, and heaved a long sigh. Then, expertly, he expected a full twelve feet, smack through the center of the target, not a drop falling an inch from the middle.

The Boots all gathered round, for we were all eager to learn, and we had found that many of the mysteries of life at sea were really not such mysteries if someone with experience would tell us the reasons for them. We looked at the Old Timer expectantly but he kept his counsel. For several moments, silence pervaded. But then one of the Boots began to tell of his experiences aboard during the day, very respectfully, of course, as was due in the presence of the Old Timer. There was no interruption, however, and the Boot became more enthusiastic in his conversation. Finally, he remarked, "I bet no ship as new as this one has ever done anything as good as this one has. I bet we can show some of those ships out there in the Pacific something about Gunnery, right now."

The Old Timer shifted again, this time from starboard to port, and again let fly with uncanny accuracy. "Gunnery?" he said. "Gunnery? Oh, I guess you guys are doing all right - for a bunch of young squirts, that is. Of course, you don't see no real Gunnery nowadays. You don't see no initiative. You get so many fancy gadgets to do all the work that nobody has to know nothing or do nothing any more. You don't need no brains now. But back in the Old Navy, when Gunners was Gunners, and was respected as such, when you didn't have no gadgets to take the place of brains, then was when you'd see Gunnery that was Gunnery."

"Now, take me, for instance. I was a Gun Captain in the Old Navy. They was particular who they made Gun Captains in them days. Them as was Gun Captains was Gun Captains because they had brains."

"We didn't have no directors - didn't need 'em. We used brains instead. When the brass hats thought it was a good idea to fire a practice, we'd go out on the range and, when the plane dragged the sleeve over, the Gunnery Officer'd yell down through a megaphone and say, 'Well, boys. There she is. Go git her. Commence firing'. And then we'd go git her. The Gun Captain'd pick out some numbers between 1 and 1000 and yell 'em out, and whoever had some numbers on his dial that the numbers would fit, would set 'em up, and away we'd go."

"There was competition in them days. We was all competing. Every gun's crew was competing to see how many shells they could swipe from the other gun's crews so that they could shoot more. They give us 20 shells apiece for them practices, but none of our gun's crews figgered they was any good, or even just efficient, if they only fired 20. Why, many's the time I seen my crew get 20 shells issued to 'em and fire 45, making up the difference from the shells they swiped from other guns during the firing. But, then, we had a loading crew that was a loading crew. You guys is handicapped. You don't have no loading crews like that any more. Why, I heard a guy, said he was in No. 3 twin mount, he said the Gunnery Officer was only using three seconds dead time for his crew. 3 seconds - holy smoke - what was they doing with all that time - getting another gedunk? Why in my

loading crew, we didn't use no dead time at all. That was how fast we was.

"I remember one time we fired a practice in the Idaho that shows how good our loading crew was. We had a new kid that got assigned to Gun 5's crew - he'd only been in the Navy ten years. He hadn't never seen no guns fire before, of course, because in the Old Navy they made all the kids powder passers and kept 'em out of sight because they wasn't steady, until they had fourteen years in. But this kid got up there somehow and he was scared to death. The battery officer calls me over and he says, 'Say, we got this kid up here and the Gun Boss says we got to keep him. He's scared to death and if we let him in the loading crew he'll ruin it. What do you think we better do with him? So I says to him - and that shows how useful brains is to a Gun Captain - I says, 'Well, if he ain't no good, make him a pointer; pointers don't do nothing but turn a wheel up there anyway, and then the kid can't hurt nothing.' So we made him a pointer."

"Back in them days we didn't use no automatic firing. Our crews was so fast anyway that putting that in the guns was a waste of time and material. They figgered that if they did put it on the guns, what with us using 0 seconds dead time anyway, that probably the shells would go off before the got in the guns. Not that we cared whether they went off in a loader's hands or anything - we was tough in them days - but we was careful of our paintwork, and if a shell busted there it was liable to get the paintwork dirty. Anyhow, they didn't put it on for safety's sake."

"Well, when we got the word, 'Commence firing,' we started in. And, when we just got going good, this kid I was telling you about, looked down and seen that he wasn't pushing no firing key, and the gun kept firing anyway. So he turned around and looked at me - I was Gun Captain - and since I was busy with the loading crew, I didn't pay him no attention. The next thing I knowed, I seen this kid leave his platform and start running down the deck as hard as he could go; scared, that was all that was the matter with him."

"Now if that had happened to one of these modern crews, do you think they'd keep going? You bet your boots they wouldn't. They'd stop shooting. But us? Nothing like that ever bothered us at all. We just kept pushing 'em in the back and they kept coming out the front end."

"Another thing, too. Planes that tow sleeves for you guys has to hard short tow lines so you can see the sleeve. When we fired, the planes always screamed that they wanted tow lines 14 miles long, just so as to make it tough for us."

"We got 4 rounds from Gun #3, 5 from Gun #7, and 18 from Gun #6 on the otherside of the deck - got that away from them because they was all over on our side watching us shoot and wasn't paying no attention to their ammunition. That was 47 rounds we fired on that practice. How many of you guys has fired 47 rounds on a sleeve on one run? That's how good we was."

"But you don't see no Gunnery like that these days. They's too many ice cream hounds in gun's crews nowadays. They ain't got no initiative."

The Boots thought it over. They regretted that their gun's crews were so slow and wondered how to speed them up. Then one Boot, more curious than the rest asked, "But, Old Timer," he said, "how did you make

Continued on page 8



## ENSIGN R. D. PHIPPS CARVES INTREPID MILESTONE

During landing operations last Saturday afternoon unusual attention was focused on a fighter approaching the ship in the landing circle. The plane approached, received the cut from the landing signal officer and settled down to the flight deck. This was all routine business for the pilot, Ensign R. D. Phipps of the Fighting Squadron. Only when an excited aviation mech. climbed onto the wing of the plane and shouted the good news did the pilot realize that he had just carved a milestone in the INTREPID'S record book.

Ensign Phipps had just made the 1000th landing on the INTREPID!

In the wardroom that night the fortunate pilot was presented with a huge cake commemorating the occasion, and later he received the plaudits of the entire crew during the Happy Hour when the news was generally announced.

Ensign Phipps is a quite, unassuming individual who was somewhat abashed by the unexpected publicity.

He received his high school education in Iowa City and attended the University of Iowa until June 1942 when he enlisted as a Naval aviation cadet. His primary flight training was received at NRAB, St. Louis from June to September 1942. He was transferred to



Corpus Christi for advanced training in September and received his commission at that base in March 1943. He was then sent to Miami for operational training before his assignment to COTU at Glenview and his ultimate assignment to the INTREPID fighting squadron.

## MACHINIST NEWLAND SERVED IN LAST INTREPID

"The Navy is my religion," stated Machinist Newland as he leaned back in his chair and hitched in his belt.

One of the real "old timers" in the Navy, Machinist Newland is the only known person aboard the INTREPID who served in the last ship of the same name.

He reported to the 3rd INTREPID in June 1916 and spent 3 months learning the "ways of the sea" as an apprentice. At that time the INTREPID was moored to a pier at Mare Island and was used only as a training vessel. Her past, however, had been long and colorful, according to Mr. Newland, for she had been employed in most of the seven seas of the world.

Primarily designed for sail, she was equipped with a small auxiliary engine and was a composite hulled vessel.

Machinist Newland left the INTREPID in September 1916 and reported to the USS Buffalo in which he completed his first cruise in the Navy and reached the rate of Machinist Mate first class. The Buffalo operated from the port of Gibraltar during the first World War and later did duty off the coast of Mexico at the time of Pancho Villa's depredations in that country.

In 1920 Mr. Newland shipped over for a second cruise and reported to the USS Burns which was attached to Minron 2 in Pearl Harbor. During Mr. Newland's tour of duty in the Burns that ship was employed in the surveys made of the French Frigate Shoals, Midway and Wake Islands prior to the establishment of

a trans-Pacific airline over those points.

After completing his second cruise in 1924 Machinist Newland stayed out of the Navy for a year, then shipped over into the reserve. During the years 1925 to 1928 he was active in establishing and finally commissioning the Naval Reserve Air Base, Oakland, California.

From 1928 to 1940 he was assigned to duty as instructor and station keeper at NRAB Oakland.

After having been called back to active duty in 1940, Machinist Newland remained at Oakland as Officer-in-Charge of the repair shops until June 1943 when he received orders to report, for commissioning and fitting out duty, to the 4th USS INTREPID.

Mr. Newland, who was promoted to Warrant Machinist in 1942, likes to think of the "Old Navy" and his stories of the "old timers" such as "Bumboat Walker, Sammy Trinkle and the rest consume hours of telling and are too numerous to relate.

A colorful figure, who somewhat resembles the film comedian Leon Error, Machinist Newland is one of those persons who today make up the backbone of the Navy.

## ORGAN PROVES MORALE BOOSTER

Continued from page 3  
what they would like to hear and sing.

A story written by a reporter of Trans-Oceanic news will soon appear in a nationally known magazine telling of the unique place the INTREPID and her organ has among the ships of the fleet.



## THE BATTLE OF ?

(Excerpts herewith published are from actual battle conditions as reported by Eugene Burns, an AP correspondent in the Pacific. It demonstrates what a well-drilled, fighting carrier unit can do when "things get hot". The enemy took a licking as he will again when the BATTLESHIP "slugs it out" any- and every- where he shows his face.)

Attacked a U.S. carrier in Battle X, while seeking the enemy in his submarine-filled waters, a United States Task Force pressed home a crippling blow to the Jap fleet which was threatening American positions.

This vessel (a carrier) was attacked by 84 planes in four waves from 1115 to 1230 - 75 action-packed minutes!

Sweaty, begrimed pilots gulped canned grapefruit juice, told of fighting their way through 5, 10 and 20 Jap Zeros, evading severe AA fire and unloading their ammunition on two Jap carriers, a battleship, two heavy cruisers and other craft. The battleship opened fire from every battery while four American pilots strafed it and diverted fire from their onrushing torpedo bombers close behind them.

Lieut.-----shot down five planes and was peeved that he could not land and get more ammunition between waves of the Jap attacks.

In the aerial slugfest the Japs had 135 planes operating - more than half were shot down. Jap losses were three to one of ours. (They were good but we were better!)

Our carrier, termed by Admiral Nimitz as the "Number One ship in the Navy", escaped almost unscathed. A freak hit penetrated forward deck, passed through the side and then exploded outside and drove fragments back into the ship.

In its great fight that noon this battle-seasoned crew proved worthy of its great ship. Japs were a dime a dozen as they dropped, flaming. Our gunfire shot down 32 Jap planes.

In these action-crammed hour and fifteen minutes, one saw:

The Captain calmly "combing torpedoes" five at a time, some of them within 20 feet of the ship.

A gunnery officer shouting over loudspeaker system from Sky Control, "That's good shooting, lads!"

An American pilot diving through our own enemy-directed curtain of AA fire to strafe the torpedo which was circling dangerously.

Two officer signalmen jumped into a deck-lashed plane, manning twin-mounted machine guns and shooting down a Jap.

A pilot without ammunition driving a Jap into the water to avoid a collision.

A young Chicagoan hurled out of his gun mount by the impact of a freak explosion outside of the ship and continuing to direct the fire of his battery.

An engine-room man jitter-buging and singing "deep in the Heart of Texas" while gunfire appropriately more than made up for the hand claps.

A pilot Captain insisting upon flying although his foot was broken.

Two scouting pilots taking on the Japanese fleet single-handed without escort, surprising them, and dropping their bombs "smack" in the red circle of the

enemy forecastle.

The Chaplain, no longer flopping down when tending the wounded after the third attack "because my knee got sore".

Ninety percent of the men told me after the attack, "Sure I was scared pie-eyed"! One would never have known it. They fought courageously, intelligently, on the decks of a good ship.

It was still dark on that morning when I got up with the pilots at four-twenty to eat hot cakes with side of ham and eggs after a glass of pineapple juice. Then, dawn came with more than its south-sea quota of green patches mixed in with gold and red.

After the take-offs I went to the Bridge. The ship was at General Quarters, men hurrying in orderly manner to battle stations, preparing grimly for the fight, fitting steel blue helmets and seeing that gas masks were close at hand. The first contact was about 250 miles off, two battleships with cruisers and destroyers. "Good bait", said the Captain, "but it's not our target". He likes Jap carriers particularly well.

Then contact was made with the carriers and escorts, some 80 miles north of the intercepting battleships and cruisers.

The Zeros found our scouts and a sky battle was joined at about seven thirty. Our scouts were driven off, but in the process, two young pilots pushed into a steep dive, greased through the air and plunked their loads on Tojo's newest carrier and his prettiest! Meanwhile swift-striking attack groups from our own and an accompanying ship were launched. They met the enemy almost head-on midway. The sky was filled with black AA smoke bursts. Within an hour 25 dive bombers came rocketing out of the sky at our gyrating ship which was twisting and bending to avoid hits. At the same time, the roar of battle drowned out the noise of such relatively small things as exploding Jap planes!

A near-miss caused our ship to rock like a shaking bed and a 100-ft. column of water shot into the air marking the spot. But our boys were "dishing 't out". Carriers and Cruisers were the targets. Five or possibly six heavy bombs were dropped on one of their carriers.

Within twenty minutes of the first attack, a wave of 22 planes came in from all angles - to become broken fragments, exploded in midair or sent crashing into the sea by the deadly accuracy of our guns. During this attack the Captain neatly combed five torpedoes, looking back from the bridge to see that they would not bump into the stern of the turning ship.

Two Jap submarines poked up periscopes but were sighted by alert watchers. They drew depth charges for their troubles!

After 4 minutes of this attack, a group of dive bombers came in - although, by this time, at a much more respectful distance! Some of their bombs dropped 500 yards away.

The fourth and last attack, lasting 8 minutes, found 17 planes rushing in from all directions. A near miss went over the signal-bridge which a good first-baseman could have speared with one hand as it slanted across the deck and dropped into the water. The explosion drenched the port side personnel and filled their shoes with salt water.

BUY AT LEAST ONE WAR BOND EACH MONTH!!!!



## INTREPID GREET'S NAVY DAY ALREADY A FIGHTING SHIP

A fighting ship whose combat divisions have in a few weeks achieved battle standards up with the best of them, the Intrepid greets Navy Day, 1943, with the promise of becoming one of the Navy's great ball carriers. This is the consensus of officers and men who have already served on famous U. S. aircraft carriers. She is shooting better than many carriers in combat while, in test periods, planes have been launched and taken aboard within time limits considered necessary to meet the enemy. Other divisions have come along accordingly.

Greener than most when putting out, the Intrepid's crew whipped into shape faster than those on any of the other new carriers, in the opinion of qualified spokesmen. The men know what they need to do; now they need practice, practice and more practice to gain the speed and efficiency upon which the life of the ship will depend.

"Don't practice your mistakes," is a motto of her skipper, and these men learned to do things right under the tutelage of key officers known to be among the best in their fields. Further, the Intrepid has the advantage of the latest in equipment, a heritage from the battle experience of sisters which have gone before her.

She is a "happy" ship, the veterans say, and shows evidence of a spirit all her own, which they believe will crystalize into a real fighting spirit when the Intrepid puts out for combat areas. The men sing at their work and they "swing" the whole ship at her moorings when they harmonize before the movies at night. The crew has shown they know how to play after hard work by conducting themselves on liberty in a manner which has won compliments from their officers.

Following are some of the compliments on just what the Intrepid has achieved and what she needs to put her into final battle condition, made by officers and men who have already served aboard other carriers:

**COMMANDER A. McB. JACKSON, Air Group Commander** - (formerly aboard the Lexington and the Enterprise) - Our launching and recovery of planes was pretty awful at first; then, suddenly the crews snapped out of it the second week out and we began getting off planes at a time interval which is plenty good enough if we can hold it when we need to. However, we are still damaging too many planes in handling. When you need it up there shooting Japs, a dud is just as great a loss as a plane put out of commission by the enemy.

**JOSEPH LASSETER, AMM1c** - (formerly aboard the old Hornet) - We certainly started green but the ship has improved 100% since we left the States. I think we'll all be proud to be aboard her. The old Hornet was green too, and I think we've shaped up faster. The new men aboard, however, do not yet seem to realize that their lives depend on how good they become. But when we head for combat we'll be closer together and cooperation will be better. However, it may take a scare to make all realize that a few seconds mean life or death in preparing for combat - even a split second may tell the story. We need to practice all we can now for speed, smoothness and efficiency.

**LIEUT. MacGREGOR KILPATRICK, Fighter Director Officer** - (formerly aboard the Enterprise) -

The Intrepid will be a damn good ship - no doubt as good as the Enterprise. She will if she develops the spirit the "Big E" had. I think this will come about when we get to sea and are thrown together more. The Intrepid has a cracking good air group with a lot of snap and dash for this stage of the game - and that gives her the punch to start with.

**CHIEF BOS'N MATE H. P. CROOK** - (formerly aboard the old Hornet) - Our men have had everything to learn but they retain what they learn. Unlike the Japs, they find out how to do their own thinking. Now they need practice; need to speed up at least 50%. They must learn to observe three fundamental rules rigidly: (1), Get to battle stations on the double; (2), Be alert when you get there; (3), Observe "smoking lamp out" in darken ship periods.

**LIEUT. E. S. McCUSKEY, PILOT: Fighting Squadron** - (formerly aboard the Enterprise and old Yorktown and a veteran of the battles of Midway, Coral Sea and Santa Cruz, among others) - The Intrepid has a good air group; this group's results now depend in a large measure on good plane handling - taking off and getting aboard in a snappy manner. Snappiness on deck inspires the group to be snappy in the air. We can't operate worth a tinker's damn if we don't have crews behind us that will keep planes in shape, guns ready and move us on and off the deck rapidly. If a plane is one minute late in taking off, it means that the pilot is robbed of 2,000 feet of altitude, which may give the enemy a crucial combat advantage. Four planes in the air instead of two adds up to two more planes to smash the enemy and protect the ship.

**CORPORAL SPENCER T. GETTIG, USMC, 20 mm. gunner** - (formerly aboard the old Yorktown) - The gunnery department in the Intrepid is far ahead of schedule in marksmanship but we need handling speed and coordination. To be as good as the old Yorktown crews we'll have to make up for a jump of three years' training they had on us. Let's make the best use of the little time we have. I don't believe that those aboard the Intrepid yet realize the seriousness of what they're training for. And some of the enlisted men seem to think they're doing the government a favor, whereas the government is doing them a favor by giving them an opportunity to protect the greatest country in the world.

**LIEUT. J. E. FERREE, Radio Material Officer** - (formerly aboard the old Yorktown) - I once heard an old destroyer gunnery chief call the old York the "shootinest ship in the Navy." We have ten times better equipment than the York. Our men are green, but so were those on the York. Like them our crews will go into their first fight as green kids and come out seasoned vets. The average American is famous for being able to take care of himself when the going gets tough. I'm not worried about these boys.

**W. E. HAMMONTREE, Bos'n Mate, Second** - (formerly aboard the Hornet) - Our gunnery is better than that aboard the Hornet at the same stage. The crew as a whole though, I might say, seems slack in manning battle stations. Many of the men don't see the importance of non-combat jobs. You need the cooperation of the whole team - otherwise a ship is not worth a damn.

**BOS'N F. E. JOHNSON** - (formerly aboard the Lexington and the new Yorktown) - I think the Intrepid has picked up faster than the other new carriers. The

Continued on page 8



## NAVY DAY; OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Continued from page 1

the late great President at Oyster Bay, on beautiful Long Island Sound, in Nassau County. Mrs. Edith Roosevelt, charming and gracious widow, with the weight of the years bearing as lightly as when she presided over White House functions, always greeted the many visitors to the Roosevelt estate with a vivacious spark of hospitality that would shame a professional hostess. The writer had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Roosevelt in 1940, and was amazed at her thorough knowledge of world events, troubled and ominous as they appeared. Her faithful colored servant still announces visitors with the same clear voice as he did when politicians, diplomats and other officials of a dozen countries called to pay their respects to the President of the United States.

The last resting place of Theodore Roosevelt is a simple shaft of marble about nine feet high on a high grassy knoll, overlooking the small craft in the Sound (formerly gay yachts, schooners, but now grim Coast Guard patrol boats). The approach from the house is made by walking up a well kept gravel path, until one reaches the knoll. When memorial services are concluded, and taps sounded, the echo resounds throughout the vast and quiet estate and across Long Island Sound, unfailing sending a thrill up and down one's spine. A visit there symbolizes a great and simple man, and to a Navy man, all the traditions of Stephen Decatur up to the present day, are etched indelibly on that unpretentious shaft of stone.

Our thoughts swiftly change to the present, as we realize another great Navy-minded President, also a Roosevelt - Franklin Delano - is our Commander in Chief, and with a sense of pride, we say "Our Navy".

## INTREPID GREET'S NAVY DAY

Continued from page 7

crews are green boys but they will pull together.

CHIEF BOS'N MATE EDWARD L. MARTIN - (formerly aboard the Ranger) - When you consider how green they were, the plane handling crews have begun to click. From my experience on the Ranger, the men will work in earnest when we get closer to the battle areas; there'll be no reading of letters on duty, as we had one day.

WARRANT OFFICER J. R. BLALOCK, Assistant Gasoline Officer - (formerly aboard Enterprise and the old Yorktown) - I didn't imagine that a ship as green as this could operate as well as it has. Maybe some of it is luck, but we're past the tough part' now we need to learn more speed and coordination. The time is short and we must make most of all available drill - especially in re-arming, re-grouping and re-spotting. Until your planes are ready, your pants are down.

A batch of musical instruments was offered for sale with this notice: Not in good condition - would cost more to repair than replace.

## TODAY IS NAVY DAY!

Continued from page 1

crew member, and each and every officer, must forever be alert, awake, forehanded, obedient, dependable and courageous if THE INTREPID is to write a record of Naval history to compare with the illustrious records of such carriers as THE ENTERPRISE, THE HORNET, THE YORKTOWN and THE WASP.

And, THE INTREPID cannot become a great ship unless her entire complement unites to make her into a cohesive, vigilant, aggressive, fighting unit. The Captain on the bridge may be the best skipper in the fleet, but he cannot have a great fighting ship unless the seamen below decks' the firemen in the fire rooms; enginemen and throttle men in the engine rooms' and all the other crew members do their part to make everything function correctly.

The Air Group and Squadron Commanders may be the finest in the Navy, and their pilots the best that fly the Navy's planes, but they cannot function nor fight unless the men who work on the hangar and flight decks and in the correlated activities do their part.

A few years ago there was much criticism of the Navy for its continued construction of battleships and big carriers. The sinking of THE REPULSE and THE PRINCE OF WALES led many to say that the day of big warships was past, and that the Navy would no longer be the historic implement which won wars by control of the seas.

Events have proven the fallacy of that position.

The invasion of North Africa, Sicily and Italy, and the repossession of the Solomon Islands, Kiska, Attu and other areas would not have been possible without a fighting and efficient Navy, with enough big carriers and battleships supporting the invading forces to serve notice on the Japanese that they attempted to interfere only at their own risk.

The air arm played a tremendous part in these operations, which would not have been possible if the enemy had enjoyed air supremacy, and it is a happy thought that the INTREPID is about to take her place on the fighting fronts of the world equipped with the best fighter planes yet developed, with sturdy and dependable bomber and torpedo planes, and a fighting crew which shall not be daunted but which will cohesively make this ship's record worthy of its name -- INTREPID.

## OLD TIMER DISSERTATES ON THE "OLD" NAVY

Continued from page 4.

out with your hits?"

The Old Timer spat disgustedly through the stern chock before answering. Then he went on. "Hits? he said. "Hell. That's the trouble with the modern Navy. You guys is always thinking of yourselves. Never give no thought to nobody else. WE was thinking of the poor taxpayer that has to pay for sleeves. Just answer me this, where can you go nowadays and find a whole fleet firing a whole year's practices, and the poor taxpayer only has to buy one sleeve?"