

U.S.S. INTREPID

Then · Now · Forever

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 4

AN INTREPID PUBLICATION

AUGUST 1944



DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY AND HIS BURRO [BURRO ON LEFT]
(Left to Right) Chief Bos'n Johnson and Comdr. P. S. Reynolds, First Lieutenant

THE INTREPID

THEN NOW FOREVER

Captain Joseph F. Bolger, USN, Commanding Officer
Commander R. K. Gaines, USN, Executive Officer

Volume 2 Number 4

August 1944

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"WELL DONE" ON JULY 4 BOND PURCHASES

In spite of the fact that our ship's recent assignments have put an extra strain on the entire crew's pocketbooks, our record of Extra Bond purchases is most gratifying.

I say "Well Done" to all who made those extra War Bond purchases.

Not one of you who purchased bonds will ever regret your forehandness in investing in your country. Everyone of you who purchased will realize this the more when eventually these bonds terminate and you receive your money back plus one-third at a time when extra dollars will be needed more than now.

Joseph F. Bolger, Captain USN.

RESULTS JULY 4 BOND DRIVE

Considering we are just about the "brokest" ship in the fleet (for reasons we all understand) it is the editor's opinion that the INTREPID made an excellent showing in the July 4 Bond Drive. Remember this was a driveless drive; the super-salesman and the old squeeze was forbidden. This was strictly an extra money drive. The box score below shows that plenty of money was driven out by plenty of smart fellows. Well done gentlemen, well done.

	CASH DEPARTMENT COLLECTED	AMOUNT OF BONDS
UNASSIGNED	\$ 225.00	\$ 300.00
MEDICAL	1031.25	1375.00
AIR	5062.50	6750.00
SUPPLY	1312.50	1750.00
GUNNERY	2343.75	3125.00
COMMUNICATIONS	487.50	650.00
ENGINEERING	1593.75	2125.00
NAVIGATION	112.50	150.00
HULL	393.75	525.00
TOTALS:	\$12562.50	\$16750.00

**You may mail this copy home,
but please ... not by Air Mail!**

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

We can understand the celebration of a birthday or a personal anniversary, but as far as fighting ships are concerned, only their victories and those of the fleet should be celebrated.

Many officers and men have asked us about the first anniversary of our commissioning. In this year much has happened to us (and to the enemy). We were grass green in the beginning, but we fell into the slot under some of the finest training in the fleet. The organization of such a ship is not an easy thing. Responsibilities are terrifying when you realize that any man's error can mean the end of our ship, our crew-everything. But we developed into a well meshed and oiled piece of battle equipment. This has been proven.

There are only two good ships in the Navy--"my ship and your ship"--. Of course we are a good ship--but we are also in the best fleet of the best country in the world.

Let us celebrate this first anniversary of our commissioning by greater endeavor. Let us make our name such that the enemy will in the coming days of his defeat, quiver when he hears our name among the others of the Fleet, Army and Air-forces.

O O APOLOGIA O O

For the last issue of "The INTREPID", I submitted an article on The Unit Citation. I presented this article under my name, but actually it was copied from an article written by Lieutenant Benjamin F. Dixon (HC) USN., and published in the Hospital Corps Quarterly, a publication distributed by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, which contains information of interest to all Hospital Corp Officers and Hospital Corpsmen of the Navy.

A. N. Diaz,
Ensign, (HC) USN.

CENSORSHIP

Censorship is for your own protection, for the protection of your companions, and to help insure Victory. You can and must help. Disciplinary action may be taken against offenders.

Certain suggestions are made here for the purpose of helping you and to speed mail through censorship.

1. Use only one side of the paper: Full name and rank should be placed at the end of the letter.
2. Place your correct return address with name and rank in upper left hand corner of envelope.
3. Place envelope unsealed in box or pouch designated for your use.

The following "DON'TS" should be kept in mind:

1. DON'T mention your location or that of any military or naval personnel.
2. DON'T mention ships and military materiel, or their movements.
3. DON'T mention the effect of enemy operations, or casualties to personnel or equipment.
4. DON'T mention plans or forecast present and future operations.
5. DON'T criticize military equipment, war operations, or personnel.
6. DON'T mention anything which might benefit the enemy or harm the U.S. or her allies.
7. DON'T send photographs which might be of military or naval importance.
8. DON'T use crosses or other such marks, or any personal code whatsoever.

SERVICEMAN VOTING

Important Notice to All Personnel of the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard
(Including Certain "Attached Civilians"*)
GENERAL ELECTION NOVEMBER 1944

This is the First Poster

This poster is the first in a series telling how you can vote at the November general election by State or Federal ballot. In most States, President and Vice President, Senator, Congressman, and State and local officers are voted on at the November general election. Watch for these posters.

You Can Vote

If you want to vote at the November general election, the Navy Department will do its best to give you an opportunity. To vote, you must be 21 years old (18 for Georgia citizens) by November 7th and otherwise eligible.

Not Compulsory

You will be given an opportunity to vote, if the military situation in your organization does not prevent. You do not have to vote unless you want to. You will not be told to vote or marched to the voting place.

You Must Be Eligible

Being in the Navy, Marine Corp or Coast Guard does not in itself entitle you to vote. To have an opportunity to vote by State ballot, you must be eligible under the law of your home State. To have an opportunity to vote by Federal ballot, requirements of both State and Federal law must be met.

State Laws Vary

It is up to you to make sure that you are eligible to vote by State ballot under the laws of your home State. The next poster will give general information, by States, relative to voting by State ballot. If then in doubt, talk to your Voting Officer. He will try to help you. If necessary he will tell you what facts to put in a letter to your home State officials in order to get the necessary information.

State Ballots

To vote a State ballot, you must get the ballot from your State. Unless prevented by war conditions in your area,

a post card will be delivered to you in time to use it in applying to your home State for a State ballot. State authorities receiving post card or other applications from eligible voters will mail absentee ballots and instructions to the military addresses shown on the applications.

When to Apply

The most effective time for your application for a State ballot to reach the State officials is *just before* the earliest date the State will send you a ballot. Then the ballot will be mailed to the address shown on your application and the interval will probably be too short for you to have changed your military address. The next poster will give the earliest date on which each State will send out its absentee ballots. These dates vary.

Federal Ballot

To vote a Federal ballot, you must get the ballot from your Voting Officer. He can give you a Federal ballot only if your home State has authorized the use of the Federal ballot and other requirements are met. Voting by Federal ballot will not take place *before October*. A later poster will give you the full information.

Voting

Your commanding officer will see that your vote is cast in secret and that you are not influenced to vote or not to vote for any particular candidate. It is your duty to guard the secrecy and independence of your own and of your fellow servicemen's votes. The Navy Department's policy is one of complete and strict impartiality.

Straw Votes Prohibited

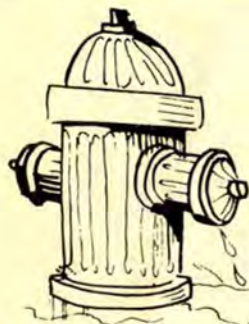
It is unlawful for any member of the Navy to (1) conduct or (2) participate in a straw vote or poll on his choice or his vote for political candidates.

Voting Officer

There is a Voting Officer in your organization. Get the details from him. [Lt. (jg) Gunther, Gunnery]

Navy Department, 12 May 1944.

* "Attached civilians," under the Federal law, are persons serving with the American Red Cross, the Society of Friends, Women Air Force Service Pilots (Women's Auxiliary Service Pilots), and the United Service Organizations, attached to and serving with the armed forces. They are eligible to vote by Federal ballot only when serving *outside the United States*.



DRIPPINGS FROM THE INTREPID FIRE PLUG

By Smokey Joe

We've been asked to write a few words for the paper, on topics concerning the Hull Dept., and have stuck our chin out in compliance. Our mind being the rambling kind we're liable to pop off about a lot of things that are probably somebody else's business, but what you gonna do about guys like us who always stick their schnozzolas where they don't belong?

Who said throw them over the side? Don't you know that's against the regulations? Yes, and that applies to your cigarette butts too! Wind currents have peculiar ways of detouring cigarette butts thrown from high places, and may easily enough park one in some stateroom or on easy burning stuff.

There isn't a ship afloat that hasn't had its share of difficulties. Know what makes a good ship? The ability of a ship's company to carry on in spite of any difficulty, and another thing you lubbers - a ship is just as good as its crew thinks it is! Did you ever see a knock help anything or anybody? Hell No! Well then get hep sailor and start pluggin'. It's your ship, your responsibility, your home, your team! What if the end muffs a pass? Or the quarterback calls the wrong signal? Does the rest of the team jump them for pulling the boners or do they slap them on the back of the pants and say "That's O.K. Butch, we'll get 'em next time"? I'll let you answer that one.

Yeah! and for crying out loud don't put so much oil on those decks! Wipe off the excess oil with dry rags until you've got a thin, dry film left. Whatcha trying to do, burn up the outfit?

Are you getting any of that fine sun, air and exercise these days? Oughta try it. Its good stuff. Especially you younger guys. Put that Superman book away and get out of the compartment for a half hour or so and see how much better you feel. If you look around during those sunning periods you'll find most of the old fogies up there. You know why? They know it's quite a privilege this old navy is offering them and they're smart enough to take advantage of it too. Before the war, you'd have to be a millionaire, a retired bootlegger or somethin' to be able to afford a cruise. While its true that things are just a little different on the beaches today, the same sun is shining, the same gentle winds are blowing and each lungful of air you inhale is still loaded with good clean life-giving oxygen so - get your fanny up there and give yourself a treat. You even get paid for it, Bub!

Orchids to the Supply Dept. gang for the wonderful dinner served the crew on Independence Day - so we heard! We did wind up with one of the menu, however. We'll file it under "The meals we have missed" column. Talking of food reminds us, didja ever hear about the ship that ran out of eggs? The skipper pulled into Egg Harbor and laid to (two). What stinks? Oh, the eggs! Well heave to (two) then! So long gang see you at the scuttlebutt.

Editor's Note: For such a gag (in the "Old" Navy you'd be flying from the yardarm - oh Smokey!



PAGING SERGEANT PAGE!

He's Irish and like all good Irishmen possesses that wholesome flavor of humor and good natured wit. No one has ever, so far as we know, accused him of cracking "top-side," but when he paid \$1.28 to telegraph his wife an urgent request for \$1.00 to get back to his ship, he left himself open for suspicious looks from normal shipmates.

Advance Warning: In the language of the "zoot-suiter," Zeke Donato is hep to everything jivey, particularly drums. When the movie aboard is a musical, save yourself a terrific walloping by keeping at least ten rows away from Zeke. During a recent musical short, the drummer in Louis Prima's band took about 90 bars of hot licks. About the same number of fans tried to hold Zeke in his seat, still Eddy left the movie, body sore, black and blue. Eddy had unfortunately got stuck with a seat next to Zeke.

During a water conserving campaign aboard, Joe Kovach and a pal, trying to do their bit, doubled up in a shower. Said Pat Dugan as he passed the two patriots, "I knew you took showers Joe, but I didn't know some guy had to hold you under the water." Incidentally, before being transferred Pat gave Joe a bar of Lux with the following inscribed on the wrapper . . . "For you, Joe, because its one thing I know you'll always keep . . ."

In a scene of the movie "The Story of Dr. Wassel," Dennis O'Keefe said to "Three Martinis," "I wouldn't trade one handful of Arkansas dirt for a dozen like you." Will Lt. Nickell please tell us what's there in a handful of "Ar-kum-saw" dirt that "Three Martinis" didn't have? And will some sailor show us a real sailor that would have said that to her in the first place?

Famous last words: "What! Only eighteen years in the Marine Corps and you want a forty-eight? Get out of my Office!"

Asked whether or not he had a girl back home, Nevin Smith answered, "No, but I've got a bird dog."





Identified

Sentry: Who goes there?
Voice: Can't you see? I'm your Major, damn it!
Sentry: Pass, Major Damit!

Foreign Service

* * *

Dejected Rejectee

Shore Patrol Sailor (guarding his ship's gangway):
Where do you think you're going, stranger? Don't you see that sign "No Civilians Allowed"?

Civilian: If my eyes were that good, sailor, I'd be wearing one of those uniforms myself!

Foreign Service

* * *

American Legacy

A. G. I. Joe from Oklahoma was enjoying the hospitality of a British home. The host sought to put his guest at ease with conversation about America.

"You Yanks amaze me with your ingenuity," he commented. "Is it something you inherit from your ancestors?"

The Oklahoma lad was baffled by the word "ingenuity" but he was willing to hazard a guess.

"Ingenuity?" he repeated. "Oh, yeah, we get that from the Injuns!"

Foreign Service

* * *

The Cunning Boche

"Right after the Germans recently announced a new secret weapon Adolph Hitler made another radio speech," observes Virgil F. Whiffletree. "That proves the Huns are still experimenting with poison gas."

Foreign Service

* * *

Tsk! Tsk!

Tommy Manville's eagerness to risk new marriage ventures prove you can lead a man to slaughter but you can't make him shrink!

Foreign Service

* * *

Rank Libel

S2/c: The fellows are talking about you. They say you're anti-social.

C.P.O.: Anti-social? What's that?

S2/c: That you don't like people.

That's a blanket-blank lie. Some of my best friends are people!

Foreign Service

* * *

Or a Sanitarium

A customer walked into a sign painter's shop and announced:

"I want a sign that says 'Wrecks Rebuilt.'"

"What kind of a place you got," the sign painter asked.

"An auto repair shop or a beauty parlor?"

Foreign Service

* * *

Just Yearns to Travel

Captain: Why are you so anxious to go to Sea? You're married, aren't you?

Sailor: Yeah . . . I'm married but honest, Captain, that ain't why I want to leave the United States!

Foreign Service

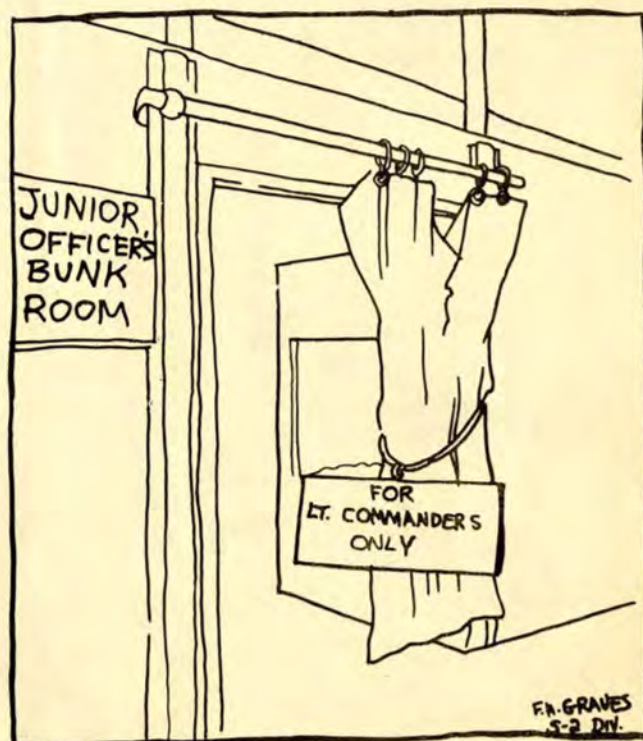
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Corporal Punishment

Corporal: According to the newspaper story the draft registration brought 800,000 illiterates into the Army.

Private: That explains why we've got so many corporals!

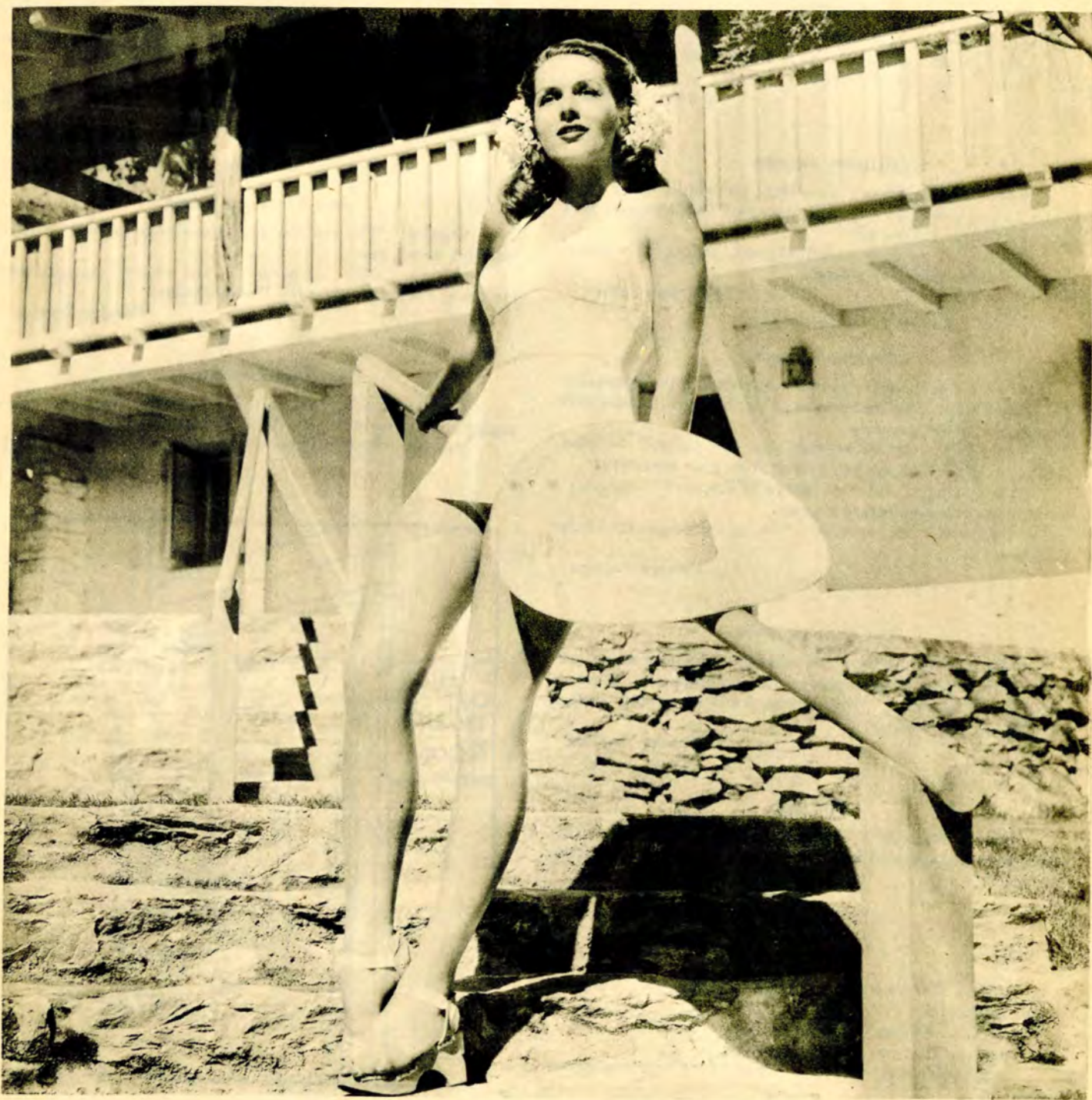
Foreign Service



IF THESE PROMOTIONS KEEP UP

INTREPID

Intrepid Beauties



THIS INTREPID BABE IS HOLLYWOODS JINX FALKENBURG --- LOVELY . . .

*We can dig up five -
to Hollywood's one -
these were dug up -*



The names of these INTREPID Beauties are (Top, left to right) J. R. Austin, S1c, B. B. Oldham, PhoM 1c (Bottom, left to right) H. J. Miller, PhoM 2c, D. Aranda, PhoM 3c and A. S. Cyphert, PhoM 1c (Detached).

SPORTS

SPORT SPURTS

BY R. M. PITT

July 8th saw one of the hottest sporting events afloat .. INTREPIDDEERS knocking the peamortlin punk out of each other. The Happy Hour setting its sports aspect in a scintillating background of hillbilly music, pie eating contest, geetars and Herbs hot skins edged off by the torrid tunes of the ship's orchestra was a red hot event until the rains came and cooled it off. But, let us cease this small talk and get to the pernt!

The first show presented three bouts (winners indicated by star).

F1c Owens, E., 132 lbs., Div. E, St. Louis, Mo.

VS

*S1c White, L. L., 130 lbs., Div. S-2, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Pfc Burk, W. H., 155 lbs., 7th Div., Salt Lake City, Utah.

VS

S1c Hoffman, J. M., 152 lbs., Div. V-1-T, Baltimore, Md.

S1c Ludvick, J., 165 lbs., 1st Div., Trenton, N. J.

VS

*Pfc Kovack, J., 162 lbs., 7th Div., Hazelton, Pa.

The second set of bouts only went two thirds of the original bill --- rain dissolving the last bout.

The first bout of the second set was by a pair of cautious and cagy cookies:

AM3c Miller, J. W., 147 lbs., Div. V-7, Cincinnati, Ohio,

VS

St2c Cody, J., 150 lbs., Div. S-2, Chicago, Illinois.

These boys fought a careful fight and as a result the battle was won by Ch. Boatswain Johnson . . . it was a draw.

The next bout was between a couple of unfancy and colorful characters:

Pfc Beale, W., 163 lbs., 7th Div., Philadelphia, Pa.

VS

S2c Jones, W., 165 lbs., 1st Div., Denver, Colorado.

Beale came wading in as though he was taking a beachhead in the best Marine manner ... and land he did. But on several occasions, Jones let him know that his beach wasn't just a pushover. Jones just wouldn't believe the sea going soldier from Philadelphia and kept coming back. He put up a brilliant show of guts and the ability to take it. But, Beale won.

Then the rains came and that ended the event. The scheduled heavyweight bout was washed out.

The fight officials were:

Referee: Lt. DiMarzo, Pacific Fleet, Battle Force Welterweight Champion.

Judges: 1st Lt. L.T. Keagy, USMC, University of Maryland Lt. Ramsay, Princeton, an honest man.

Timer: Lt. Schwabe, United States Naval Academy.

Lt. Schwabe made a sorry sight sitting by the gong, waiting for the rain to subside.

Editor's Note: Don't you know enough to come out of the rain Lt. Schwabe . . . Sir.



Referee DiMarzo, Pfc Beale, S2c Jones,

RECREATION

The following word was received from the officer-in-charge of filming the sound movie newsreel of the Hollywood Victory Committee show produced on board:

"We have seen the film photographed while we were with you and feel that by the time it is finished it will be one of the most interesting subjects of its nature that the Army and Navy Magazine has had to date. Everybody at our post is very enthusiastic about it."

The picture was produced to be shown to all Allied service personnel throughout the world. Special notice will appear when the picture is to be shown on board.

After a lapse of many moons, we have staged another Happy Hour. Tell the editor how you liked it and whether you want more wrestling, prefer stunt or quiz contest, comedy acts, musical numbers or what have you. Also tell the Editor whether you would rather have Happy Hour programs or USO Shows when both are available (The Editor thinks he knows your answer).

When operations and weather permit, we have the facilities for competitive sports right on board ship. What do you competitive minded individuals want to compete at that we haven't got? Do you want track events, some game we aren't playing and could play or are you waiting for our supply of golf balls and sticks? Horse racing is out as we have only one horse. Tell the Athletic Officer.

In recent weeks, the recreation board has spent most of its time planning and then cancelling arrangements because of developments that could not be foreseen. However, the Board is not discouraged and will keep on making plans for the crew's entertainment, looking ahead to the time when operations permit their fulfillment.

PHOTO OF YOU

By Mrs. Rex Lofton

When the evening shadows gather
After all my work is through,
I can't keep my eyes from straying
To a photograph of you.

There it rests upon my table
Just the way you looked that day.
Oh, it seems just yesterday
When I first heard you say
Words of love that made me happy
And made all my dreams come true.
Tonight I'm all alone,

With just a photograph of you.

For one day our country called you,
And you bravely answered "Here".
Oh, I'm so proud of you my hero,
Yet I brush away a tear
Cause I miss your cheery whistle
Miss your footsteps on the stairs
Miss your strong arms and your kisses
That can banish all my cares.
Then I wonder if you're lonely
Yes, I know you miss me too
While I sit here dreaming, gazing
At that photograph of you.

So I tiptoe to my window

Kneel and wish upon a star
As I pray to God to keep you safe
No matter where you are.
There my heart is ever with you
As I wait the long years through,
And the dearest of my treasures
Is that photograph of you.

When the years have told their story
And the world once more is free,
I'll be waiting for you darling
There will still be you and me.
Then we'll build our world together
Hand in hand the long years through,
But forever in my heart I'll hold
That photograph of you.



"You know—I had the most fantastic dream last night!"

This conversation took place recently on a naval station.
"Good morning, Chaplain. I haven't seen you lately." "No, Lieutenant," said the Chaplain, "I've been busy. Only this morning I married three couples in 15 minutes." "Fast work, Padre," replied the Lieutenant. "That's twelve knots per hour."

* * *

Sea Stories

A sailor walked up to the ticket window at the station and asked for a ticket.

"Ticket to where?" asked the agent.

"It doesn't make any difference," said the sailor, "We've got branch offices everywhere."

* * *

Unexaggerated

A little boy wanted \$100.00, so he decided to pray to God for it, since everyone said He always granted one's wishes. He prayed and prayed every nite for two weeks, still no \$100.00, so he decided to write God a letter. When the Postal Authorities received the letter they didn't know where to send it so they forwarded it to President Roosevelt.

After due course, Mr. Roosevelt read the letter, chuckled and told his secretary to send the boy a \$5.00 check since that would seem like a lot of money to him.

When the boy received the money he was delighted and wrote God another letter, thanking him for his prompt reply, and added, "I notice that you routed your letter thru Washington and, as usual those @! deducted 95%."

* * *

A mate getting his chow with the crew
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.
Said the mess cook, "Don't shout
Or wave it about
Or the rest will be wanting one too!"

W. T. HATCH, Sad Sailor.



From: Athletic Dept. (muscle men, sweat merchants, etc.)
To: U.S.S. INTREPID (officers and crew)
Subject: Athletics

The Athletic Department of the INTREPID is very proud of the recreational and body building facilities we have on board. Naturally we've had to improvise, beg, borrow and "steal" but we believe the results will justify our sins. We wish to express our sincere gratitude to all officers and members of the crew who cooperated with us and gave their time and experience to our various endeavors. Especially do we thank: Commanders Reynolds, Eyer and Karp, Lt. Phillips, Ch. Bos'n Johnson, Carpenters Diggs, Priest and his parachute riggers and very special mention to Carpenter Hitt, Chiefs White, Kirk and the entire personnel of the aviation metalsmith shop.

Our officer's gym and steam room doesn't even remotely resemble the New York A.C. or the Olympic Club. It is only a little larger than your bathroom at home, but we are proud to say that there is no gym in the world that has more activity per square foot than ours. We know that time is a very essential element in the working day of the officers of the INTREPID but we hope that each and every one of them will devote at least a few minutes every day toward achieving the preservation of perfect health.

Our steam and conditioning room (gym) is located aft of A-0201-L on the port side. As part of our equipment we have, a rowing machine, electric vibrator, sun lamp, bar bells, dumbbells, situp bars, stall bars, benches for various bending exercises, mechanical bike and a very fine steam bath and salt water shower. One of our staff Chief Specialists is in attendance at all times to lend his expert knowledge and assistance to those who want the "best" in modern body building methods.

The gallery deck adjacent to the steam room is where members of the crew take their daily workouts. On this deck we have set up two heavy bags and a horizontal bar. All the barbells and various other equipment from the officer's gym are available to the crew for workouts. After working hours you will find a beehive of athletic activity going on: wrestling, boxing, weight-lifting, bag punching and various forms of sweat producing gymnastics.

Our supervised calisthenic classes for officers and crew at 1100 and 1600 are growing more popular. These classes (conditions permitting) are held on the flight deck where the participants may get the maximum amount of sun and fresh air with their daily dozen.

Other flight deck activities at 1130 and 1600 consist of softball pitching and catching (for Pete's sake, catch the ball, we don't have many left) medicine ball exercises, rope jumping, boxing and all kinds of games.

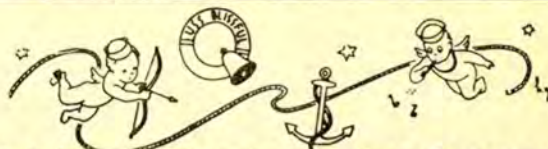
We of the Athletic Department are not interested in making every man on board our ship a Superman with great bulging muscles. All we are trying to do is to instill into every man the thought that regular exercise is one of the main ingredients that help a sailor acquire a healthy body and mind. "A good sailor is a well conditioned sailor."

Sad Sack Department

On 8 July -- during the Happy Hour the O.D. had the following word passed . . . "The ship is now passing through a squall . . ." Immediately 100 or so bright characters ran to look.

Shortly before taps last night, one of the men taking the rest cure overheard a Photographer offering the following prayer:

Dear Lord, make my ears so big and strong,
 That I can bang ears all day long.
 Bang, bang, bang, little ears,
 So I'll be chief before many years.



A Sailor Rewrites the Marriage Ceremony

(From Saturday Evening Post)

THROUGH a Navy service paper, a sailor offers this version of a wartime wedding ceremony.

CHAPLAIN: "Wilt thou, John, have this woman as thy wedded wife, to live together in so far as the Bureau of Naval Personnel will allow? Wilt thou love her, comfort, honor and keep her, take her to the movies and come home promptly on all 48's?"

MAN: "I will."

CHAPLAIN: "Wilt thou, Mary, take this sailor as thy wedded husband, bearing in mind liberty hours, ship schedules, restrictions, watches, sudden orders, uncertain mail conditions and various other problems of Navy life? Wilt thou obey him, and love, honor and wait for him to learn to wash, fold and press his uniforms?"

GIRL: "I will."

MAN: "I, John, take thee, Mary, as my wedded wife from 1700 to

0730, as far as permitted by my commanding officer, liberty hours, subject to change without notice, for better or worse, for earlier or later, and I promise to write at least once a week."

GIRL: "I, Mary, take thee, John, as my wedded husband, subject to the orders of the officer of the deck, changing residence whenever the ship moves, to have and to hold as long as the allotment comes through regularly, and there I give thee my troth."

CHAPLAIN: "Then let no man put asunder these whom God and the Bureau of Naval Personnel have wrought together. By virtue of the authority in Navy regulations of the Bureau of Personnel Manual and the latest of bulletins from the Bureau of Personnel concerning matrimony, you are now man and wife, by direction of the commanding officer."

WILD OATS

"Don't misunderstand me. I'm just an ordinary 1-A guy myself. I'm not trying to assume a "Holier than Thou" attitude or pose as an expert on the straight and narrow life. I won't feed you any motheaten platitudes or ancient generalities. I hold no brief for the bluenose. But I do think I can offer an answer to the question which confronts us all.

After a night of forbidden fruit and wild oats did you ever take stock of yourself and see if you felt any better in anyway for it? Certainly you felt rotten physically. You felt unclean... you took a bath and still felt dirty. Because it was deep down inside of you that the bath was needed. Did you feel particularly proud of yourself?

Were you refreshed for the work you had to do the next day? Chances are that you felt rotten, disgusted, and depressed. But did you ever feel that way after a set of tennis or Easter Services at church with your girl sitting beside you?

What were your proudest moments? The first time you poured enough liquor down a girl's throat to loosen her inhibitions or the first time you crashed off tackle for a touchdown?

We've got to use our heads. Nobody ever went very far just because he could drink like a fish or lure girls into tourist cabins.

"But," you say, "we may die tomorrow. This is war. Things are different."

Baloney! You or I might die any morrow..in peace or war. What's that got to do with conducting ourselves decently the night before? I can't see that eat--drink--and--be--merry stuff. To hell with being merry, I say. It's time to get tough. One last taste of life? Life's taste isn't dark brown. Fun while you can get it? We'll get our fun after that loathsome little house painter is blasted out of Berchtesgaden and his toothy, backstabbing ally is blown up to the rising sun. And we can't do it under a table...or on a lonely road. You've got a tough job to do, so you need relaxation? Very true! So have Pres. Roosevelt and General MacArthur, and they seem to manage pretty well without the benefit of bacchanals . . . And the best way to do that is to be fit . . . mentally, physically and spiritually. So let's all forget the wild oats. (From American Magazine, suggested by Father Herlihy.)

News From Home

Cheyenne, Wyo. (CNS)—Mrs. Mabel Warren stepped into a telephone booth and dialed the city hospital. The operator took ten minutes to put the call through. In the meantime, Mrs. Warren gave birth to an 8-pound baby girl. Mother and daughter are doing well now, thank you.

Chicago (CNS) — Rosemary Karier found a wallet on the street. Inside, she found the name of the owner and nearly \$1500 in cash. She returned the wallet and in return received 25 cents from the grateful owner.

Detroit (CNS)—The police are holding a pony on a hit-and-run charge here. The frisky little fellow is charged with ignoring a red light and running down two pedestrians.

Dixon, Cal. (CNS) — A local newspaper ran this exciting ad: "Owner of a truck would like to correspond with a widow who owns two tires. Object: matrimony. P.S. Send picture of tires."

Hollywood (CNS) — It's okay with the Hays Office if Dorothy Lamour parades around the screen scantily clad in a sarong. But Dotty has been forbidden to pose in a sweater.

Indianapolis (CNS) — When a drunk on a street car invited her to sit on his lap, Policewoman Vivian Tinnel slapped the cuffs on his wrists and led him away to the station house.

Minneapolis (CNS) — An elderly man dashed into police headquarters. "I've been robbed," he told the desk sergeant, "of \$309 on Washington avenue." The sergeant looked up from his blotter. "When did it happen," he asked. "Ten or twelve years ago," his visitor replied casually.

Monroe, Utah (CNS) — Citizens of this town are restrained by an old ordinance from dancing together in public places "unless daylight may be seen between the partners."

New York (CNS) — Harry Marlin was fined \$250 and jailed for five days because, according to a Manhattan magistrate, "your transactions in the onion black market smell to high heaven."

Old Forge, N. Y. (CNS) — Mrs. Mabel Parsons has successfully completed her basic training at last. After serving 26 years as "temporary" librarian here, she has accepted permanent appointment.

Philadelphia (CNS) — Mrs. Rachel Walker's cat Tabby has solved its personal meat shortage problem. Each night Tabby brings home a nice big mole for dinner.

RENEW your Garments
and keep them stylish by using our laundry
Garments Carefully Dry Cleaned
"We use only our own formula acids and lye"

THE G. I. SANITARY LAUNDRY, LTD.
"FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE"



A tantalizing blend of the Worlds Finest Coffees with our own special addition ... deluxe Gee-Eye Soap.



S2c Joe Blow says: "Gee, I always drink Gee-Eye Coffee. After one cup in the bright cheerful breakfast hour I'm itching to see what's on the other side of that hill."

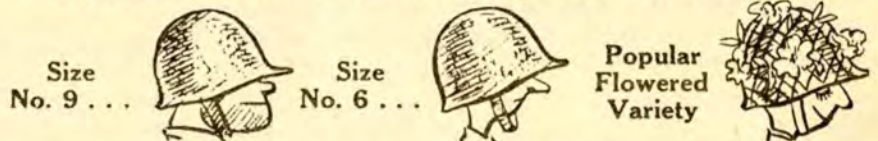
(Order the 500 lb. bag for economy)

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ALL STYLES FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

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ALL STYLES OF GENTLEMEN'S HATS
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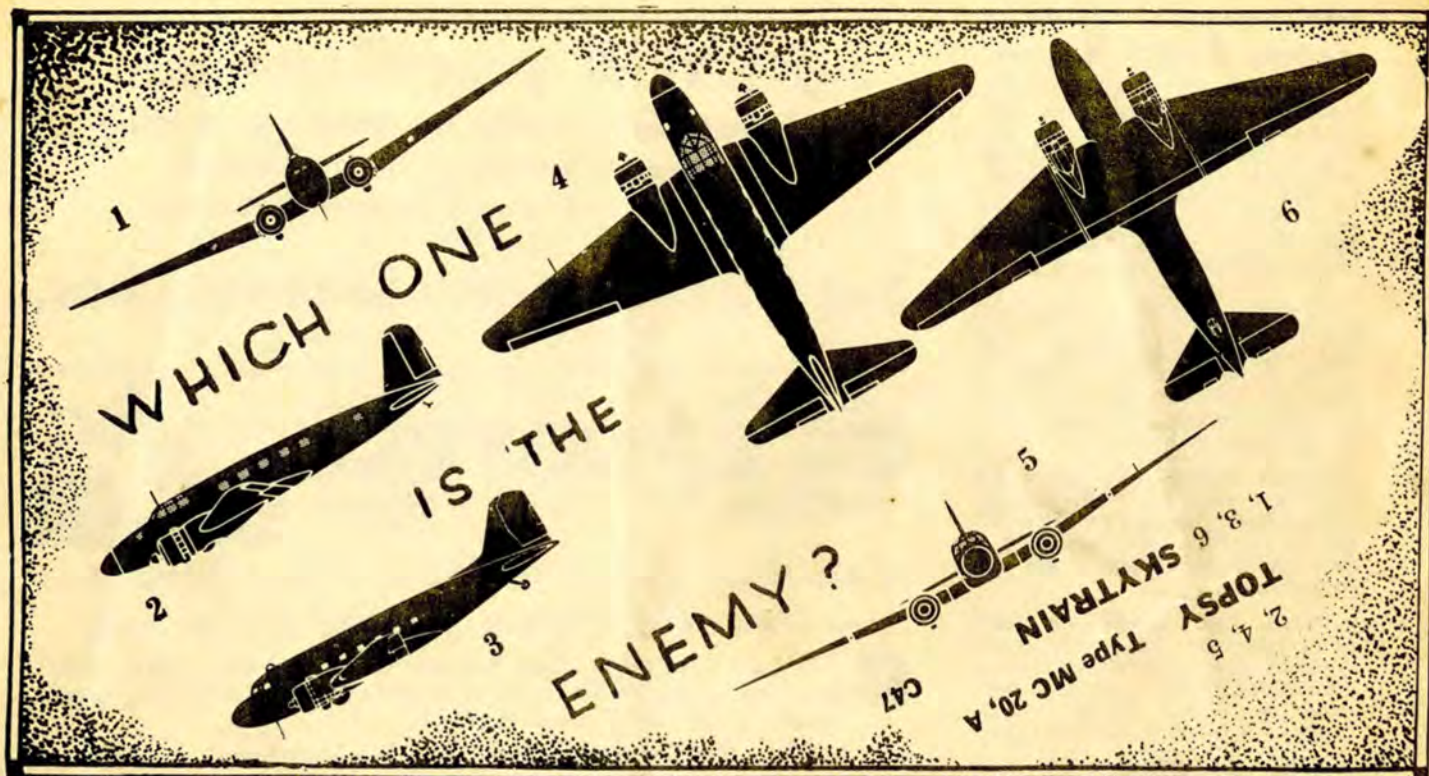


FALSE [AMAZINGLY] LIFE-LIKE TEETH



These hand-carved dentures are especially designed to give that much desired "Wolfish Look" If you're not completely satisfied we supply slips to present to your chaplain.

DR. "PAINLESS" SAM **WALK UPSTAIRS AND SAVE TEN DOLLARS**



Needs Clarification---The American Service paper, STARS and STRIPES, quotes this official announcement which appeared, duly signed by an Admiral, on the bulletin board of a naval office:

"All officers wishing to take advantage of the stenographers in the pool will report to Room 801 and show evidence of their need."

Reason Enough---Judge: "Madam, please tell the court how your husband happened to go crazy."

Witness: "It was like this, Judge. He operated a rabbit warren and the first of the year he tried to take inventory."

Tale-Wind.

Could Be---According to the Miami NAS Skywriter, Chase & Sanborn are the two biggest wolves in the world. They date every bag.

Gosport.

Logic---St. Peter looked up from his reception desk and said to his administrative assistant, "What nationality did you say these sailors were?"

"American," replied his aide.

"Well, you might as well let them in," replied the Saint. "Were a little crowded but they'll be wanting a transfer in less than three months."

Gosport.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



The Neighbors Know

Mrs. Clancy: I've got a letter from Michael in the Solomon Islands. He wants me to send him his saxophone!

Mrs. Rafferty: Sure, and when he does his practicing the Japs will think the Yanks have a new secret weapon!

Foreign Service

Like Old Times

Dear Old Lady: I suppose you miss that Sailor husband of yours very much.

The wife: All the time... except at breakfast. I just stand the morning newspaper in front of his plate and pretend he's hiding behind it as usual!

Foreign Service

* * *

Farmer Security

An Arkansas farm boy overseas is greatly enthused over the post-war value of Uncle Sam's tanks for farm use. He writes:

"I want one of those tanks when we do our fall plowing and those city slicker quail hunters begin shooting up the place!"

Foreign Service

G. I. Geneva