

# Intrepid



May 1945



## THE INTREPID

Captain Giles E. Short, USN, Commanding Officer  
Commander R. P. Kauffman, USN, Executive Officer

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## The End Of The War In Europe

The war in Europe is at an end. The guns that have roared for so long are now silent. The long awaited day of peace is at hand for the people of Europe and mankind is ready again to toil up the long, arduous road that must inevitably be traveled before the little people of the world can have the assurance that this time there will be no repetition of Versailles, no recurrence of a victory with the victors divided among themselves.

Too many men have died, too many people have suffered untold miseries for this war to have been fought in vain. It has been said that there is no victor in any war . . . one nation merely loses a little less than the other and therefore it is termed the victor. The people have earned the right to expect intelligent, well-conceived peace plans that will give the world new hope and courage--assuring the men who have fought through this war and lived that they may look forward to a new era in which they and their children will not be eternally bickering and fighting with their neighbors.

In 1939 the war came as no surprise to anyone . . . for it had been expected that such a conflict would come about. The only surprise came when Germany unleashed the terrific fighting machine that she had built in the years following Hitler's rise to power. After that display of power, the only question in the mind of the American citizen was how long America could remain neutral. December 7 gave the world the answer to that question and today Germany is defeated. The job in Europe is done . . . the Japanese Empire is on the Allied agenda for the next meeting.

## Water, Water Everywhere; But Very Little To Drink

The weather grows progressively warmer, with the water in the various scuttlebutts following suit and from 3,000 pairs of parched lips comes a plea for an adequate supply of cool drinking water from all of the drinking fountains on board ship.

The mechanics and intricacies of a scuttlebutt are far above and beyond us --- why some do not work and why many usually give only tepid water we do not know. But we do believe that such a situation should be remedied.

Take a day such as 2 May, when a survey was made of the drinking fountains on the hangar and number two decks. That day was no hotter, no cooler than any other day that we are likely to encounter in this and the following months. Here are the results of that inspection:

The one scuttlebutt on the hangar deck has two faucets --- one of which was out of order and the other gave forth nice warm water . . . far more suitable

for the bathing of one's feet or body than for drinking purposes.

On the second deck, five fountains, with sixteen faucets, were tested and here is the tally on those: five faucets were out of order and, of the remaining eleven, six gave cool or cold water that quenched one's thirst, while the other five delivered a stream that dashed the hopes of anyone expecting to receive a cool, refreshing drink.

These six scuttlebutts are a good example of the drinking facilities aboard ship --- no better or worse than the rest. The Intrepid humbly asks, "Can't something be done about it?"



# V-2 Division Under 'Scope

## How The Gedunk Line Works

### Woodard, McAvoy Aid In Making Refreshments

Lines, the Navy has plenty of them. The lines that feed the lasses back in Frisco, the lines that are futilely put forth when the bos'n catches you dragging on another line, called the chow line, and, of course, the old 5 and 20 of every month, for that pay line is one that is seldom missed. But the one that is of interest to us now is the famed gedunk line. It forms in that little space up forward where the thirsty gather every afternoon from 1330 to 1600 to gulp down the concoctions that H. H. Woodard and his five cohorts have managed to dish up in the hours since they closed the day before.

The rule of the soda fountain is make back what you sell. . . and so the more times that A. McAvoy, the cashier, rings up his register, the more work will have to be done after closing hours. All of the ice cream is made either at the soda fountain or at the No. 2 storehouse. For that pause that refreshes, the coke syrup comes in gallon jugs, while the carbonated water is made on board ship. Recently a change has been made to powdered mix instead of the paste form that has been used up until now.

One thing is always certain for the boys behind the bar. . . there will never be a shortage of customers. Business is always good. On the average, forty gallons of bulk ice cream are sold each day, in addition to six boxes of cups (200 cups to a box.) Occasional customers are the destroyers who are given 22 gallons of ice cream every time they bring back an Intrepid pilot who has decided to go swimming and consequently has had to be picked up by a "can." And as long as the soda fountain is functioning, the men on the cans do not mind at all fishing out the dunked pilot.

The soda fountain is a part of the Supply Department directly under the control of Chief W. R. Hodges. Besides Woodard and McAvoy, there are three other regulars and one extra man. J. I. Fisher, J. F. Pitts, and T. B. Geer are the regulars and R. G. Franks is the extra. All the men are seamen first class and all are striking for the rate of storekeeper.

? ? ?

BOUGHT ANY BONDS LATELY

### Was Joe Awake?

It all happened one dark night to Joe Bonaro when he was on watch on the Flag bridge. He had just relieved Don Ickes when the word was passed to secure the watch. Unknown to Joe, Ickes went on to the signal bridge and when Joe was having trouble with the line, the following conversation passed between Bonaro and an indistinct figure that had walked by:

"Here, hold this line a minute," Joe said. The figure complied, took the end of the line and Joe began to wind it up. When near the end of the line, Bonaro took another look at his helper and asked, "Who are you?" The answer came back, "I'm Captain Spangler." After two big gulps Bonaro came out with, "Gee, I'm sorry, sir. I thought you were a boy on my watch."

The captain continued to hold the line until it was wound and Bonaro managed another apology before he hurried to the inviting darkness that surrounded him. But with Captain Spangler's reassuring words, "That all right, son," still ringing in his ears, Joe was smiling as he walked along the passageway below.

### Our Tailors Work

If, by any chance, you see two figures wandering around in grass skirts, don't rub your eyes and then make a dash for a hula skirt that is swinging from a pair of hips, for it will only be Arnold Goble, SSMT 2c and Kenny Hilger, SSMT 3c, showing off the results of their latest hobby--that of making hula skirts.

Goble Hilger, along with R. T. Nations, S1c, are the ship's tailors and can be found in their tailor shop on the fourth deck, helping keep the officers and men in ship-shape wearing apparel.

Goble and Hilger are both married, Goble having a boy nearly 2 years old, while Hilger is surreptitiously buying cigars for that day when he can proudly pass them out...which, by the way, isn't so far away. Nations is the bachelor of the three, but Goble and Hilger swear that his days of being a salt water Casanova will end the next time he reaches San Francisco.

Along with their work of pressing,

(continued on page 5)

### GROUP SAID TO BE TYPICAL CROSS-SECTION

Everyone has read about the man in uniform, but even we on board ship know little about him other than the fact that we eat chow next to him, maybe bump into him in the payline and, unless we happen to bunk near him. . . that is all we usually ever know. So let's take one division from the many that help to man this ship and keep it running and in fighting order. V-2 will be our victim and our subject under the microscope. It is the third largest div. in the Air Dept. and is a typical cross-section of America. These men come from 35 states, 80 percent from east of the Mississippi river and 70 percent of these from north of the Mason and Dixon Line.

They vary in rate from seaman second class, aviation machinist and electrician mates, metalsmiths, parachute riggers, coxwains, and bos'n's mate to chiefs and officers. The boss is Lt. Comdr. J. T. Clark. To the men below decks, the yeomen in the offices, and the personnel not actually concerned with airplanes, these boys are merely the guys in red and blue helmets that always seem to be up and about, no matter what the hour. But to the pilots, these are the indispensable men who see that their planes are gassed and their flight gear kept in perfect condition and who handle the placement and position of planes preparatory to flights.

It was said that this is a young man's war and V-2 certainly bears this out. Sixty one percent are under 21, leaving only 39 percent eligible to vote. The oldest man is 38, and the father of two children. The average age of the division is 21, but many are smooth cheeked boys who signed up with the Navy even before they were suppose to register. When "Father's Day" rolls around it is one that has special significance, for one-fifth of the men are married and have one or more children. "Colorado" Keil really comes in for back-slapping, for he is the father of four girls (wait a minute, you wolves, they won't make their debut until the late 1950's.)

Families, education, jobs and civilian life all beckon alluringly to all men in the service and it is not extraordinary that only six men in V-2 want to make a career of navy life...though 17 might stay in for a few years after the war. But all the rest will be packed and standing in line waiting to walk ashore or jump over the side and swim, the moment Uncle Samuel says "your services are no longer required."





Miss Helen Romer

## Kansas City Belle Is Our Pin-Up Girl

The honor of winning the Intrepid's first pin-up contest goes to Helen Romer of Kansas City, Missouri. Miss Romer, whose picture was submitted by William Cohen, RM 3c, was selected by the four judges from a group of fifteen which had been entered by the crew.

As for the vital statistics, she is 19 years old, has brown eyes and brown hair, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. Helen is a junior at Kansas City Univer-

sity and is majoring in Liberal Arts and Science.

So to you Miss Helen Romer, and also to William Cohen, the Intrepid sends its congratulations. Each month this news-magazine will sponsor a pin-up contest... with the crew as the contributors. Take your entry to the Legal Office during the week following publication of this issue in order for it to be entered in the next contest.



## PAGING SERGEANT PAGE

Via air mail: Kansas City, Kansas-- When a baby is born, if he reaches for a gun he'll be a soldier; if he reaches for a bottle he'll be a sailor and should he reach for the nurse..he'll be a Marine.

Which brings to mind the birth of a baby girl to Lt. and Mrs. Nickell. The Lieutenant has remained silent about this blessed event, but the Marines aren't so silent on the subject of cigars. The detachment extends heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Lt. Nickell and family.

Gunnery Sergeant Crenshaw, concerned no end about an older brother's part in the battle of Iwo Jima, recently received word that his brother, in company with several other Marines, from the deep south, landed on Iwo in the thick of the fighting, established their own private beachhead and unfurled the colors which long ago represented the Southern empire...a Confederate flag.

When you see a long nose floating about the ship with a bony duck footed structure on t'other end it's got to be Sgt. Grund, now Platoon Sgt. Grund. Although regulations specifically state that an NCO above the rank of corporal shall be addressed as sergeant, the great Grund demands more than the Marine Corps. "Call me Platoon Sergeant," says this august body, "else I won't answer." Your hat size is no longer in stock. Your chances now of being addressed as mister for the next twenty years are about 100 to 1. Your complete absence from the crew's mess is noted with sadness, but damit, we're glad you got the lift up. Now about those cigars.

One of the gyrenes was relating the magnitude of attention showered upon him by the hired help at Washington's Statler Hotel during a two week's leave. From the manager, the maitre d' hotel, the front office on down to the dishwashers, they all called the lad by his first name. Competent bell captains ushered him past lounging fleet commanders and Washington matrons in strict obedience to his every whim. For two glorious weeks he rode the crest of the nation's snobbiest snob society. Thinking this lad endowed with a peculiar but lovable personality to command such amenities from snob-land, his audience of "snowed" Marines listened without comment, except one less gullible private, a former hotel employee. Said the private, "And how much dough ray mee did youse lay out for that action, sonny?" Said the great one--"Oh, about two and a half grand."



# Are We A "Light" Carrier?

Editor's note: The following story about the U.S.S. Intrepid has received wide publication in the States in the syndicated column, "Inside Washington," written by Bascom N. Timmons, Washington newspaper correspondent.

Here is the reply sent from the Intrepid by Lt. Commander Hadley, Communication Officer, to Bascom N. Timmons, the author of the article presented on the left.

Lt. Commander Hadley knew and worked with Timmons prior to his entering the Navy in the present war.



By The Chicago Sun Washington Bureau

ONE of the many untold stories of this war—censored by the Navy Department, and nobody knows why—is that of Capt. Joseph Francis Bolger, who will take command of the new aircraft carrier Midway, biggest war vessel ever built in this or any other country.

Capt. Bolger, aged 44, is one of the youngest officers ever to command a major ship. And here is how it happened:

He was skipper of the Intrepid, a light carrier. Her deck was filled with planes ready to take off when two Jap planes broke through the overcast, dropped incendiary bombs directly on the Intrepid's deck. They set fire to most of the planes. Ordinarily the ship would have blown up under those circumstances.

...

But she didn't blow up. Bolger ordered full speed ahead, then "hard aport." The vessel keeled over, almost capsized, and all of the flaming planes slid into the ocean. The Intrepid

was saved, and so were the crewmen who were dropped into the drink.

And that is how Capt. Bolger got to be the commander of the biggest and fastest and toughest airplane carrier in the world.

U. S. S. INTREPID (CV11)

26 April 1945

Dear Tim:

In the interest of veracity as it may affect the entire future of a body of scientific principles of air-sea warfare, I want to set you right on the way Captain Bolger saved this ship.

What really happened was that the Captain put on such a burst of speed and brought the ship around so smartly that she ran up her own wake. Her planes did not slide off the deck. The Captain had it planned otherwise.

As he brought the ship up astern of herself, the wave from her wake washed up over her bow, flooded down the flight deck and put out the fire. Thus all the planes were saved—an important consideration affecting every taxpayer's pocket-book, even yours. And nobody fell into anybody's drink.

This maneuver should become a classic for all naval textbooks of the future and I feel that you, with your wide and discerning public, can do much to popularize it—which I trust you will undertake without delay.

Seriously, neither our own fleet nor the Japs think of this as a "light" carrier. The maximum list that could be put on her flight deck in a turn is a matter which could have been checked by a mere telephone call even in Washington, while, if the planes could be made to slide in a turn to port, they would bring up against starboard obstructions, including radio masts, turrets and the island.

Perhaps the navy is wise, after all, in having a censor.

As always,

*Ed Hadley*

Mr. Bascom N. Timmons,  
National Press Club,  
Washington, D.C.

## Nazis Raid Radium Bank; Now They Will Die

Rome (CNS)—Somewhere in the north of Italy there are SS troopers with ugly black burns on their hands—stains that will never go away. They are the looters of Pisa's radium bank, victims of their own greed.

These men raided the University of Pisa, one of the oldest educational institutions in the world, and stole its priceless radium store. But they made one mistake. No one had told them how to handle the radium. They opened the safes and took out the radium vials in their bare hands.

Burns from radium are deep, incurable and deadly. The SS troopers will die slowly and horribly—of radium poisoning.

## ARE YOU AN AUTHOR?

Can you write a short story? The story on page 9 was entered by Edward Monnia, PhM 1c. Each month the Intrepid will sponsor a short-short contest, with a \$5.00 prize going to the author of the story published. Each story can not be more than 650 words and the decision of the judges is final. Bring your entry to the Legal Office, typewritten if possible.

No previous experience is necessary. If you like to write - sit down and let the words flow, and perhaps \$5.00 will result from your efforts.

## OUR TAILORS WORK

(continued from page 3)

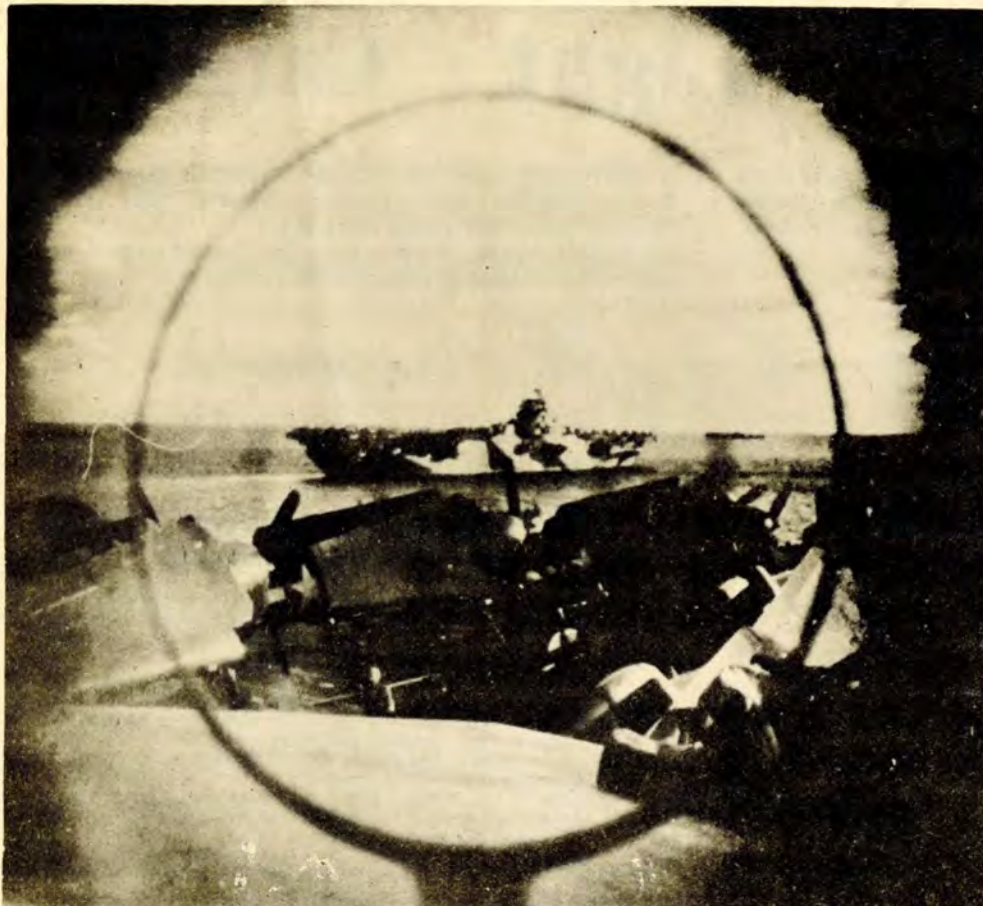
sewing and altering of clothes, these three have turned their establishment into a nocturnal hangout where the cooks and MAA'S gather 'round to listen to the 'vic and bat the breeze.

## WEAR THESE RIBBONS!

Authorization has now come from the Commonwealth of the Philippines for the creation of the Philippines Liberation Campaign Ribbon to be worn by members of the Armed Forces of the United States who served in this phase of the war.

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To the left is a picture of the Intrepid taken by a gunnery officer on board another carrier in the Pacific. This photo was snapped through the sights of a 5" mount and has received much publicity in the states.

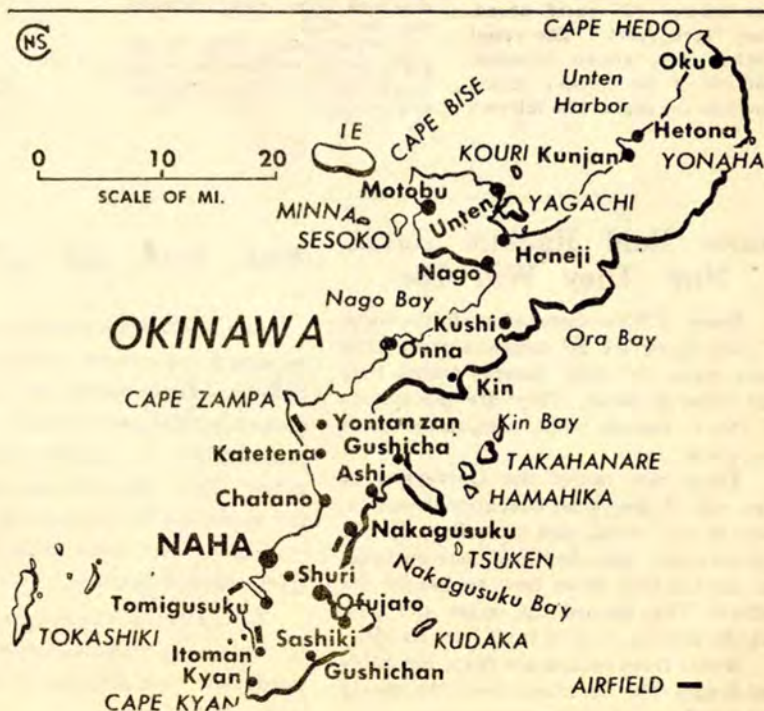
By Camp Newspaper Service

The island of Okinawa, in the Ryukyu chain extending from southern Japan to Formosa, will open a wide variety of possibilities to Allied strategists pushing the war against Japan.

It is large enough (70 miles long, 2 to 18 miles wide) to serve as a supply and staging area for future operations against either Japan itself or the coast of China. On its lowlands is space for many fine airfields and there is plenty of coral and limestone to build them, as well as a network of roads. In Nakagusuku Bay we will have one of the finest anchorages in the Pacific, better even than Guam, and capable of handling our carriers and battle wagons.

The harbor of Naha, capital of Okinawa (pop. 68,500) also will accommodate small warships and merchantmen. Airfields on Okinawa will place our planes within 800 miles of the great Japanese industrial centers of Nagasaki, Yawata and Shimonoseki, the Jap Naval bases of Sasebo and Kure and the Inland Sea, home waters of the remnants of the Jap fleet. In the other direction, the important Chinese cities of Shanghai, Hengchow and Nanking will be within 800 miles of our bombers and fighters. Only drawback: Okinawa lies athwart the path of Pacific typhoons which will be a menace to air operations between July and October.

## Okinawa—Where You Catch The Fast Express to Tokyo





## ABOUT THE "I"

### MOANS AND GROANS FROM AVIATION SUPPLY

When a "gismo" so wide and so long shaped like this (illustrated by movement of hand in thin air) and goes on this certain part of the plane, is asked for by a "mech," then the Aviation Storekeeper begins one of his many nightmares. To be an SKV you have to have the diplomacy of a diplomat, the patience of Job, and the crookedness of a lawyer, since "no" is never the answer and baseball caps and flight deck shoes are very attractive items to those not allowed to wear them.

An SKV has to be able to read, write and spell; push a typewriter; keep records; and have enough common sense not to go crazy, which isn't hard to do. He has to live down the opinions of the "mechs," whose conception of a storekeeper is that he knows nothing, does nothing and is worth nothing. (They are probably 50 per cent right but the average SKV wouldn't admit it.)

In spite of the above, aviation storekeeping is a very simplified procedure; not the red tape of general storekeeping as far as parts of airplanes are concerned. In most cases the "mech" has only to exchange a "bum" part for a new part, sign his name and the deal is finished. In case a part is not worth salvaging, as are at least 90 per cent of parts that foul up—the engineering officers of fighters, bombers and "fish" simply sign their names to a "chit" and the airplane part is issued. The "mechs," after working about four years (may be slightly exaggerated) on planes, finally get to know a plane and graduate out of the "gismo" stage. It doesn't take the storekeeper long to know the plane parts—his main problem is to catch on to "mech" jargon, as for instance, a door assembly to a storekeeper is an elephant ear to a "mech." It is the same as learning that a swab and a mop are the same item.

Another nightmare of an SKV is a 24-hour job, since "mechs" never seem to tire of tinkering with the planes. He figures if the "mech" can stand it, he can too. That isn't, however, forgiveness for the delight "mechs" take in waking up the SKV's.

From the foregoing one can see that most of aviation storekeeping is dealing with "mechs." Other details include the ordering of stores, getting them aboard, and stowing them away according to a system. Of course a "mech" has the notion that by using system in stowage, the storekeepers are trying to hide the parts so he

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## ATHLETIC INTEREST HIGH

### Two Sets Of Twins Aboard

BOTH FROM MICHIGAN

Two sets of twins are now serving on board ship, both from one state, Michigan. They are the Krzemeckis -- Alfred and Edward -- of Memphis, Mich., who make up half of their state's twin contingent, and George and Mitchell Polites, of Stockbridge, Mich., who are the other half.

Together in school, in work at Pontiac automobile plants, through naval training and three ships of the Pacific fleet, Alfred and Edward Krzemecki, both Shipfitters second class, faced their first threat of separation in the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea last October. Their escort carrier, the Gambier Bay, was knocked out by Jap shells and the order came through to abandon ship.

The twins went over the side, but first -- to make sure they didn't become lost from one another in the confusion -- they tied themselves together with a line. After a visit home following their rescue, they were assigned to this ship.

"Mickey" and George Polities are both graduates of Stockbridge High and were cheer leaders together in high school. They joined the Navy in June, 1943. After completing training, they were assigned to this ship late in 1943. Each holds the rate of Yeoman third class. George has been awarded the Purple Heart. April was anniversary month for both sets of twins. Mitchell and George celebrated their twentieth birthdays, while 8 April launched Edward and Alfred into the fourth year of their naval careers.

## News From Home

KENMORE, N. Y. (CNS)--Latest gag thought up by Kenmore high school students is a hot one, indeed. Harried druggists report that the boys line up in front of their cigar counters in fake cigarette queues in order to lure unsuspecting but smoke-hungry customers into falling in behind them. BROOKLYN (CNS)--When a subway cop caught Wally Thall smoking on a subway platform he gave him a \$2 summons, then turned away. Thall promptly lit another smoke. "What's the idea?" The cop demanded, returning. "For \$2," replied Thall, "I'm entitled to a smoke." Hauled into court, Thall paid \$10 instead of \$2--for his stubbornness.

### BOASBERG BUILDS MEN; YOU DO THE WORK

According to Chief Lou (I can build you up in no time) Boasberg, the Athletic Department is pleased with the intense interest and activity among the men on board ship in all forms of physical training and activity. Aboard ship, with limited space and facilities, it has been found that weight lifting is very suitable for a man to achieve maximum benefits from his efforts.

The weights are especially recommended for those who are underweight and show a lack of appetite. Chief Boasberg stated that he would be glad to teach anyone interested the simplified weight lifting course which is being used by many of the men aboard ship.

In order for a person to gain weight--he must take slow, tedious exercises which tend to build him up, rather than indulge in fast exercise which might do more harm than good. The special weight lifting course, plus push-ups and the bench chest exercise, will cause a person to show remarkable improvement--if he does the exercises properly and takes them every other day or three times a week. The reason for exercising every other day is that after a hard workout the muscles do not recover sufficiently in twenty-four hours to take another workout.

Many have the erroneous opinion that bar bells tend to make one musclebound, but according to Chief Boasberg this is an absolute falsehood. If tremendous weights are used so that the muscles are under a strain and a person does nothing else but work out on the weights, then the tendency is for him to become musclebound. Therefore, the cardinal rule of weight lifting is never to use more weight than you can comfortably lift, ten to fifteen times.

However, the chief warns that one can not expect miracles from any exercise and it will take at least five or six workouts to get rid of sore muscles that are unaccustomed to heavy duty. It will take two months or thirty workouts before one can notice any improvement whatsoever. But, the chief said with a smile, the first thirty are the hardest and after that the going is easy.

NEW YORK (CNS)--This sign hangs in an east-side tailor's shop that specializes in uniforms for Wacs and Waves: "We fill out government forms."



**Male Call**

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



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**Briefs for Observation Mission****The Wolf**

by Sansone

Copyright 1945 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



There's something about that soldier I like!"

*Laff!***The Wolf**

by Sansone

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"Try again—guess the empty hand and win a kiss!"

**Male Call**

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

**Grilled Chicken on Three-Decker, Well Browned**



## Browsin' Among The Books

by T. J. RISTE, S1c

One good way to forget that a war is going on is to wander down to the ship's library and get a copy of John Philip Sousa's *My Family, Right Or Wrong*. The author, grandson of the famous March King, who now is working in the Washington office of Time, has taken the story of his family during his younger years and made one of the most entertaining, laugh-provoking books of the year.

In a family where Sousa readily admits that he was the only normal member, many things were bound to happen and he has faithfully recorded the amusing events that made their eight year stay in Chilapa, California, a memorable one. Both for the family and the citizens of that town. His mother moved them from New York because winter was coming on, the children needed overcoats and she thought it would be "cheaper to transport them to a warm climate than to shelter them against a cold one."

His father was a character who had small children as one of his pet peeves and was always threatening to put a bullet into one of them. He mixed a very mean concoction called "orange blossom." He also wanted to run everything in town and when he wasn't too busy taking charge of the fire and police departments, he was fishing and hunting.

Intermingled with this screwy tale of a family minus any inhibitions whatsoever, is the story of John's attempts to make Cathy, a sweet little neighbor girl, a member of his fantastic family. All in all, it is well worth your time and rates 4.0.



## THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

The habit of sitting still is a lost art which is a misfortune to society. We have also lost the related art of reading. Reading involves sitting still. Nobody is any-

## A Story... by Monnia

There was a fine, drizzling rain falling that night as Abie closed up his hock shop. It was about ten o'clock and most of the small shops in the vicinity were already closed, their owners no doubt safe and warm in their homes. Abie, whistling a dead tune, locked the door, tried it, and finding that it held to his satisfaction, pulled his shabby coat about his body and hurried on down the street.

Minutes passed...long, silent, endless minutes. He'd seen Abie close up shop and now he stood in the alley close to the wall, trembling with both fear and cold. Slowly but surely he inched his way toward the cellar door, where the shop could be entered. Suddenly the noise was heard again. Maybe he was losing his mind, for the certainty was strong inside him that it had been evaded a block away. Now there was only silence. The rain blown by a sharp north wind, chilled him to the bone. He stepped closer to the door. Then suddenly the fear struck him again and the knowledge filled him that it was near. Just across the alley were a few ash cans. Should he make a run for it and hide behind them until it passed? It was worth the chance. Deftly and nimbly he hopped behind the cans and drew a breath of relief. Minutes passed and the silence could be cut with a knife. One thing was sure, he couldn't stay there all night...so, thinking the coast was clear, he put his head out around the barrier and there facing him was it! There was no time to delay, and he knew that if he could reach the basement of the apartment house across the street he'd be safe. Quickly measuring the distance, he plunged toward the end of the alley and his refuge, the basement. When he reached the street he could feel it breathing hot on his neck. Panic seized him and he stumbled on the sidewalk before a group of people hurrying home. Maybe they would frighten it away, giving him a new lease on life. But it pounced on him and brutally murdered him before all the onlookers. Not one lifted a hand in his behalf. But, after all, who could blame them? The night was cold and wet and if you were hurrying home to a hot meal and maybe a small drink, you wouldn't stop to prevent a cat from killing a rat, would you?

where now if he or she can be anywhere else; nobody can abide stopping at home. Houses are more dressed up, more luxurious, and more smart in order to receive other people in them.

Week-end folk dislike reading; suit-

## The Inquiring Reporter

**QUESTION: SHOULD THE UNITED STATES RETAIN ALL ITS OCCUPIED PACIFIC ISLANDS?**

Edward R. Coogan, AMM3c: I'll follow humbly along with former admiral and now State Senator Hart on this current question. He is in favor of our holding the large self-maintaining islands, needless to name. These for the most part will fulfill our post-war expansion plans in the Far East. The remaining islands may be either leased to our Allies or ruled, if eventually sold, by binding treaties and frequent inspections.

Lt. (jg) L. C. Clemmer, USNR: In peace time taxpayers will object to the terrific naval and army expenditures. We will have to limit our spending; thus the most strategic island bases will be main-

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able matter for them is in the magazines piled up in railway bookstalls.

More fortunate week-enders (those with C books) are wafted somewhere in motors or on motor-cycles and those who are worse off fly from their families on bicycles. If they do not carry printed matter that a reader of real books would find unbearable they have nothing at all.

The novels now written are for a public which cannot sit still. The novelist whose aim is popularity has to appeal not to the love of literature, but to the wide distaste for it. About everything classic there is a certain serenity. This serenity is unbearable to a people that cannot sit still. Modern sculptors, Post-Impressionists and Futurists dare not attempt to put serenity in their works, lest they should be dull. They never can be classical because they appeal to the purely temporary.

And so spirituality is incompatible with an incapacity to sit still. Love of books and hatred of sitting cannot exist together because the reading of books is a part of spiritual life and these books would not be these which only treat expressly of religion.

**MORAL:** We have on board a rapidly expanding library well administered by our librarians. Good use should be made of all library facilities to the end that more of our personnel will make friends with good books.



Nothing is to be written in this space except FULL NAME, RATE, and DATES. IF ANYTHING ELSE IS ADDED, THE PAPER WILL BE DESTROYED.		<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; text-align: center;">           TWO CENT STAMP         </div>
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## *The Sporting World*

The Dodgers are at it again. This time veteran Whit Wyatt requested permission to train at his home in Buchanan, Ga. Branch Rickey, now Brooklyn's No. one man, wired the following reply: "I don't care where you train, just let me know if you can pitch." No, they have not given up all the rules of training, just a little color here and there. P. S. Just learned Whit's been traded to the Phils.

Pete Gray, the one-armed rookie of the Browns, is causing quite a sensation. Last year's American champs put \$20,000 on the line for Pete, and you can bet he will be worth it.

Chicago's Jimmie Dykes has built himself up a pretty fair outfield with Oris Hockett, Wally Moses, Ralph Hodgkin, and Emerson Dickshot. Hodgkin is the only flychaser who has not played with another major league club. Hockett was with the Indians, Moses with the Athletics, and Dickshot with the Red Sox.

The late President Roosevelt upon being presented with his annual pass from Clark Griffith announced that he definitely approved of night baseball. This should help the big leagues to have another banner year despite wartime squads.

The National Football League recently downed a plan to increase the player limits from the present twenty seven to thirty six. Most clubs at present are going to wait until later in the summer before they try to map out their strategy for the coming year.

Little Jimmie Rafferty really showed the track world how, in this seasons distance runs. When Gunder "The Wonder" Hagg finally showed up, the most he could do was to chase 29 year old Rafferty.

Fireball Frankie Kovacs, the tennis court clown, finally came through in winning the world professional tennis title by beating Welby Van Horn, 14-12, 6-3. A crowd of 6,000 watched the two battle it out in San Francisco.

### MOANS AND GROANS FROM AVIATION SUPPLY

(continued from page 7)

can't find them. There is some truth in the notion, since some "mechs" have an amazing accumulative ability commonly called hoarding.

Aviation storekeeping covers the issuance of tools, flashlights, zippers, etc., necessary for maintenance of airplanes. Flight clothing within itself is a nightmare since very few pilots know the sizes they wear and are over-anxious to discard clothing after wearing it but a short time. Artful diplomacy is necessary to handle them. An SKV also orders material for radio, radar, ordnance, arresting gear, and catapult. It is a deeply interesting activity in which one never gets to know all, since aviation changes rapidly and it is necessary for the SKV to keep up with it.

### THE INQUIRING REPORTER

(continued from page 9)

tained by the Navy and Army. In my opinion, these islands will be Saipan, Kwajalein, Okinawa and the Philippines. Bases both to the north and south will be of value to the United States.

Buren D. Oldhum, Ch. PhoM I think we should govern these islands and keep them as bases for patrols, even though it will be a lot of trouble and expense. It will help, I think, to keep world peace. There are a lot of good raw materials in and around some of these islands and they will pay for themselves in the long run. It is a chance to take and sometimes taking a chance is a good thing...or do we take such chances?

### WEAR THESE RIBBONS!

(continued from page 5)

All officers and men who were aboard the Intrepid throughout the ship's participation in the campaign beginning 17 Oct. have earned the honor of wearing this ribbon, with two bronze stars. They participated in the initial landing operations on Leyte and adjoining islands and in one or more engagements against the enemy during the campaign.

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### HAVE YOU BOUGHT A BOND LATELY?