

"ONCE ARIZONA, ALWAYS ARIZONA"



Vol. 6

Guantanamo Bay Cuba, 16 April 1927

No. 7

ADMIRAL ZIEGEMEIER LEAVES

It was a sense of loss that we watched ComBatDiv Three and his staff leave the ARIZONA for the PENNSYLVANIA, Tuesday, 5 April; when the Admiral shifted his flag to the Keystone ship. They must have liked their stay on the At 'Em ship, because hardly had our Division Commander left, when ComBatDiv Four, Rear-Admiral J. V. Chase, announced that he had selected the ARIZONA as the flagship of BatDiv Four, during the time the NEW MEXICO is to be in the Yard. We were glad to have them with us, and we are sorry that they had to leave.

ARIZONA FLAGSHIP AGAIN

Yesterday, Friday, 15 April again saw a two starred flag floating at the ARIZONA'S main, the flag of Admiral Chase, Commander Battleship Division Four, Battle Fleet. Admiral Chase did us the honor of selecting our ship as his temporary home; it is now up to us to prove to him that he chose wisely, by demonstrating what a clean, happy, and efficient unit this is.

With Admiral Chase came his staff; Lieutenant Commander R. H. Skelton, Flag Secretary; Lieutenant Commander F. M. Maile, Aviation Aide; Lieutenant E. E. Stone, Division Radio Officer; Lieutenant E. W. Mills, Flag Lieutenant; Ensign C. C. Smith, Assistant Communication Officer; and Major G. A. Johnson, Division Marine Officer.

Welcome Admiral and Staff!

LUCID COMPLICATIONS

While the NEW MEXICO is in the Yard the ARIZONA will be flagship of BatDiv Four, but as a ship it will still be in BatDiv Three, under the command of Admiral Ziegemeier; physically with BatDiv 4, spiritually with BatDiv 3.

TO ONE AND ALL

The At 'Em, for the ship, wishes the rest of the navy, the folks at home, and all of our civilian friends the happiest of Easters.

The Captain extends the best of the season's greetings to the Admiral, the Officers, and the Crew.

The Wardroom Officers wish the Admiral, the Captain, the Junior Officers, and the Men a very happy Easter.

Faster Greetings

Tomorrow is Easter Sunday. This cruise has kept us from realizing the compelling significance of the day. We have missed the tokens symbolic of the Easter tide; the spirit, and the customs peculiar to the season. But we must not miss the spirit of the day! Obey that impulse when Church Call sounds tomorrow. Make it a point to attend Divine service. Tell your mother that you did. She will be glad to know.

The Junior Officers extend their sincere best wishes for a happy Easter to the Admiral, the Captain, the Wardroom Officers, the Warrant Officers, and the whole Ship's Company.

The Warrant Officers extend to the Admiral, the Captain, the Officers, and the Men the best wishes of the season.

Every man in the Crew wishes the Admiral, the Captain, the Officers, and everybody else the happiest of Easters.

HITHER THITHER AND YON

According to a Seattle Cinder statistician, Guantanamo Bay is now the sunlit abode of 37, 541 men; this number including two Commanders-in-Chief, two three star Flags, and eleven Rear Admirals.

Two weeks ago a co-ed raceboat crew from Oxford University battled a similar crew of athletic young ladies from Cambridge University. The Oxford crew-women wore skirts—Cambridge pants. As usual, skirts triumphed over pants.

During the year 1926 the sea swallowed 291 vessels of all kinds, with a total of 175 lives lost.

Professor C. F. Marvin, Chief of US Weather Bureau, proposes a new calendar—13 months—4 weeks to a month. The remaining extra day would be a super holiday. The great objection is that leap year would come but once in 600 years, which would be a manifest injustice to the ladies.

According to unofficial reports, the West Virginia won the Gunnery Trophy by her phenomenal shooting in LRBP. The ARIZONA extends its congratulations.

Who said the world is round? Mr. Wilbur Glen Voliva, General Overseer of Zion, Ill., offers \$5,000 to anyone who can prove that the earth is round. He maintains that the world is flat and teaches that doctrine to his 1,100 pupils.

The death dealing qualities of a modern army were demonstrated several weeks ago in Mexico. Sent out to subdue some Indians, a body of soldiers fired 12,000 cartridges to kill three redskins, wound seven, and capture one.

The United States rejoices at present in 345,000 brides fifteen years of age or less. In New Hampshire, the

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AT 'EM ARIZONA

A ship's paper for the dissemination of helpful information aboard the U. S. S. ARIZONA. Published with the consent of the Commanding Officer, Captain H. P. Perrill, U. S. Navy.

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TRUE TO THE BEST

A very dear and very worldly-wise old lady writing to a very young and very inexperienced junior officer said, "Just remember always to be true to the best that is in you, then you cannot help but succeed." The few words she penned contained a whole philosophy in a nutshell.

Everyone of us, in moments of unusual stress, has been surprised to discover in himself some quality which he recognizes as unusually good and above the average. This always leaves in you exalted mood; for the moment you know yourself to be superior to any circumstances or conditions—and you are—as long as the feeling of exaltation lasts. By this time you know what few of those qualities you possess. Don't ignore them. Be true to them. By so doing you will cultivate a strength of character that will stand you in good stead in a crisis, and in addition bring out other desirable traits still dormant.

Anybody can be common. The road to vulgarity is the easiest in the world. On the other hand, nothing is quite so detestable as the superior person who knows that he is better than the rest—because such a person is a hypocrite who pretends to virtues he does not possess. Don't be common, and don't be superior; be true to the best that is in you, and the best that is in you will be true to you when most needed.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Pure white bread is contraband in Italy by Mussolinian edict. Ingenious Italian bootleggers solved the difficulty by using a hearse for a bakery wagon, and a coffin for a bread basket. Eagle-eyed Neapolitan prohibition agents discovered the perfidy and saved the day.

HOPES RENEWED

Our absence from civilization, and the cruise have served to make us forget the meaning of the season just drawing to a climax. Basically speaking, it celebrates the Resurrection of the Christ; broadly speaking, it celebrates the resurrection and renewal of hopes and ambitions dormant, or forgotten; symbolized by the return of the season of Awakening, Spring.

Each and everyone of us began the New Year with many a resolution and determination to do better. Unforeseen circumstances have unfortunately caused us to forget some of these and disregard others. Now is the time to take a personal inventory, and check up on how successfully you're running this year's business of Life. If you can't show any improvement over previous years there is something wrong, and now is the right time to analyze the situation and apply remedial measures. Partake of the spirit of the season and resurrect some of those aspirations that made the new year seem so worthwhile. Renew and re-energize your plan of attack on the future.

AN OLD SHIPMATE GONE

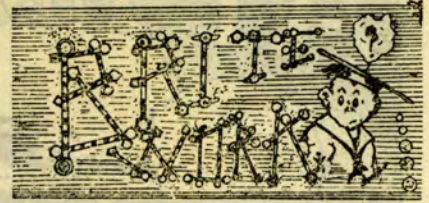
It was with sorrow that we heard of the death of an old shipmate, Errol Parker, Eng. 2c; recently killed in an automobile accident in Springfield, Oregon. Parker was honorably discharged at the expiration of his enlistment, 14 September, 1925.

"And knowing our dear boy had many friends aboard the Arizona, of whom he often spoke, we are taking this way of letting them know," write his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parker; ".....So please let his friends know; in particular, "Swede" Bobberg."

Parker's old shipmates, and the men of the Arizona extend their heartfelt sympathy to his family, in their great loss.

A FAREWELL

Be it enacted, by the inhabitants of Room 17, in company assembled; this Sixteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen hundred and twenty-seven: An act, to express our sorrow at the departure of the most prominent of our number; one, Ensign William Smith Whiteside, U. S. Navy; who on Monday next departs our company to taste the risks of those who peril in the air. It is hoped that he will not wax facetious with the controls.



The man who knows himself like a book must be pretty well read.

Any man can view trouble calmly provided it isn't his.

Every body likes applause, but few of us do the things that will bring it.

Still, gentlemen who manufacture dyes prefer brunettes.

Skirts used to show which way the wind was blowing.

Among the things that come to him that waits is a little more authority in the cider.

The brain was made to think with, but the pocketbook forms most of the opinion.

It takes a certain amount of courage to face an enemy. Some people do all their fighting over a telephone.

Talk is cheap, some of these silver-tongued orators must be merely plated ware.

The world has more respect for a man who cries than for the one who whines.

Marriages may be made in Heaven, but lots of them stray a long way from home.

Another reason for road manners is you can't tell the size of a man by the way he looks under a steering wheel.

If we are all obliged to practice what we preach there wouldn't be so many preachers.

Some men are unable to learn to save money because they haven't any to practice on.

The reason some men never succeed is because they do their friends instead of their duty.

OLD IRONSIDES—A SYMBOL

Emblematic of the best National Spirit, the Constitution—Old Ironsides, lies in Boston Navy Yard, old and decrepit, deteriorated with the years. Some time ago a "Save Old Ironsides" committee was organized, with Rear Admiral Andrews as chairman. An appeal was broadcasted to the school children of the country to contribute something for the preservation of the venerable old warship. The response to this appeal placed \$300,000 in the hands of the committee; half of what is actually needed to rehabilitate and restore the famous fighter.

An opportunity is now being given to the rest of the country to help save this inspiring symbol of our naval traditions. The Navy must do its share. A good many men have already done so; a lot of those serving on battleships have not. If you want to help, leave your name with Swidan, the Library yeoman. It will cost you 25 cents, and in return you will receive a reproduction of the official painting of Old Ironsides, by Gordon Grant, America's foremost marine artist. The picture is appropriate for framing and will make a seagoing gift for the folks at home. Let's see what division has the most spirit and does the most to save the grand old warship, for their own honor and that of the snappiest ship in the Fleet, the U. S. S. ARIZONA.

AREN'T YOU PROUD

Aren't you proud of being an Arizonite? Did you ever stop to think on what we excel? The ARIZONA is one of the cleanest ships in the Navy, if not the cleanest. It now stands one in Engineering, for the second consecutive year. It has one of the snappiest collections of ship's boats in the Fleet, take a look at the rest of them. It is one of the best fed ships in the Navy, ask anyone who has had to eat elsewhere. And last but not least, it has the most complete and interesting daily press service of any ship in the Navy. Aren't you proud of being an At 'Emite?

Claire: "I went out with Ted in his new car last night and he proposed."

Mabel: "Did you accept?"

Claire: "No. I walked home."

I call my girl sponge because she laps up all the liquor.

EASTER

The Easter festival is the modern survival of the ancient celebrations on the return of Spring. At the beginning of the Christian era the Church consecrated the universal Spring festivals and changed them to a Feast commemorating the Resurrection of Christ. The name is derived from the Norse goddess of Spring, Ostara. The origin, name, and the customs which characterize Easter Sunday are a splendid illustration of the survival of religions, and the evolution of new ones.

An attempt was once made to fix the date of celebration, but it failed for two reasons. First, because it would have been a departure from ancient custom and second, because it would have made the day coincide with the Jewish Passover. The Nicean Council finally set the limits of variation of date; it could not be celebrated earlier than 22 March, or later than 25 April. The actual date for each year was set as the first Sunday after Paschal full moon. If Paschal full moon falls on Sunday, then Easter Day is celebrated the following Sunday. The Paschal full moon is the fourteenth day of a lunar month according to an ancient ecclesiastical computation and not the real or astronomical full moon. In spite of its movability, Easter Sunday has several times coincided with the Jewish Passover.

The Christianized pagan customs peculiar to Easter are innumerable and vary with the locality. In Eurasia, the day is celebrated by games, fairs, dancing, etc. Eggs are antiquity's emblem of resurrection, and the variety of their colourings was borrowed from the Aurora Borealis—the dawning fires of the Easter sun. In Mediaeval days Easter bonfires were kindled in the hills, and young men and women desirous of marriage danced around them nine times, and leaped over three, to purify and fit themselves for conjugal felicity. Feasts like Easter and Christmas serve to show how closely related Christianity is with paganism—each age has its own version of religion.

Two Jews were shipwrecked, and after drifting for some time on a raft Goldstein said to Levi—"Look, look, I see a sail!"

Levi: "Vat's the use? We have no samples."

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Time and again the editor has been asked to explain what the Flying Dutchman was or is. For the edification of all concerned, he has included it in this article.

The Flying Dutchman is a ghostly ship with a ghostlier skipper which is forever doomed to roam the seas and bring horrible disaster to such hapless ships and seamen as may have the misfortune to sight her. This dire apparition was last seen by the Vandal, in 1871, the unfortunate ship limping into port with a decimated crew and blood-curdling tale.

Originally, the Flying Dutchman was a passenger sailing ship with a fire-eating, hardboiled, blasphemous captain. On her last cruise as a mortal ship, the Captain tried to negotiate the passage around the Horn in a terrifying storm. Masts, sails, and boats swiftly became victims of the dreadful tempest. Passengers and crew pleaded with the Captain, urging him to turn back. His reply was a brutal laugh. Suddenly, the clouds parted and a Form appeared before the inhuman skipper, on the quarter-deck. It was the Almighty himself, come to warn the captain of the error of his ways. The master's answer was some ribald laughter, and blasphemous songs. The Form stood unmoved. The captain's irritation increased, and the obscenity of his language increased in proportion. Finally his rage got the best of him, and jerking out a pistol, he fired at the Apparition. Instead of hitting its mark, the bullet pierced his own hand. Ensued a fearful silence. The Form vanished. An awful Voice, portentous in its majesty, came out of the void around them and pronounced an appalling Curse, frightful and ghastly. "Henceforth you are accursed, condemned to sail on forever without rest or anchorage, or port of any kind. You shall have neither beer or tobacco. Gall shall be your drink and red-hot iron your meat. Of your crew your cabin boy alone shall remain with you; horns shall grow out of his forehead, and he shall have the muzzle of a tiger and skin rougher than dogfish. It shall ever be your watch, and when you wish, you will not be able to sleep, for directly you close your eyes a sword shall pierce your body. And since it is your delight to torment sailors, you shall torment them. You shall be the evil

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FO'C'S'LE THOUGHTS

(Editor's note—the following was picked up on the forecastle at a point where a yeoman had been holding down the deck for several hours.)

From: My Heart.

To: Her Soul.

Subject: Nothing.

References: (a) Past dates.

(b) Bygone caresses.

1. Reference (a) has the peculiar effect of making me think that these Guantanamo days are the absolute zero of existence. Reference (b) induces a wishful yearning in my heart for New York and you.

2. Analysis shows that my leisure moments are spent in entertaining a delightfully entrancing vision of you, exquisite and divine. The lambent sparkle in your eyes, scintillant and soft, warms my heart to its very tendrils. The allure of your provoking smile, irresistibly enchanting, rouses something in me—quivering, poignant throbs of ecstatic emotion. The burning crimson of your lips is a living fire which tortures my soul with ambrosial flames; as per reference (b). Memory brings back the velvet of your cheeks, and the piquantly thrilling caress of your hair, a silken crown, black and gleaming.

3. I am calling your attention to these facts that you may realize the unstable condition of my mind. Enthralled by your spell I am transported to a castle of dreams where you reign supreme—a dainty queen of wondrous charm and beauty.

4. It is requested that you digest this information and prepare yourself for the emotional cataclysm that must ensue, on my part at least, when the psychological hour arrives and I find myself with you.

5. It is urged that you expedite compliance with paragraph 4.

Phillip Space

Yeoman fifth,

Commanding Your Heart.

THE BENDER-IST

There was an old man named Sidney,
Who drank till he ruined a kidney;

It shriveled and shrank

As he sat and drank

But he had a good time of it, did'n'e?

—The Log.

Some women credit the denser sex with a little imagination; others go right on shortening their skirts.

SAILORS CRY FOR IT

THIRTEEN DAYS
TO THE LAND OF JAZZ

One—"I came home last night and found a sailor kissing my wife."

Two—"What did you do?"

One—"Nothing I used to be a sailor myself."

—Mississippi Bulletin.

"My good man," said the temperance worker, "What makes your nose so red?"

"Why Madam," was the reply, "it's blushing with pride because it knows how to mind its own business."

—The Gator.

JUST DREAMING

As here I sit and think of you
Your form so fair comes into view,
I see the lashes of your eyes

Sparkling with dewdrops from the
skies,

Your smiling lips like two red cherries
Are kissable, eatable,
alluring, merry.

Your hair is of the soft-
est gold—

Your velvet hand I
long to hold.

Your eyes of truest azure blue,
Paint a future of rosy hue.

Your features, form and grace
divine,

Are thoughts that come from
time to time—

Wishing that dreams
would all come true

And make me happy
when sad and blue.

—A. K. M.

EX—NAVY MEN

By Steve L. Watts

Former U. S. S. Arizona, Chief Printer

Some of us came in the cruisers,
While others were here long before
But most of us came in the big
battle fleet

A little while after the war;
In overland draft for the West Coast
craft,

We came—it matters not how—
A bunch of ex-Gobs in responsible jobs
Are good Californians now.

Some of us sit in an office,
Some of us pilot a truck,

Some of us toil with the workers in oil,
As fishermen some try their luck;

The copper you meet in your own city
street,

On traffic or quelling a row—
Does he look spick-and-span? he's an
ex-Navy man

And a good Californian now.
Some of us married your daughters,

And anchored here, never to roam,
We're most of us registered voters,

And working to pay for a home;
We've our own little ones, native

daughters and sons,

We are training to never be snobs,
But regular guys, level-headed and

wise,

And proud of their daddies—ex-Gobs.

"What would you do if you saw a
battleship coming over that moun-
tain?"

"I'd have my bootlegger arrested."

HITHER THITHER AND YON

(Continued from page one)

legal marrying age is thirteen.

The exciting days of '49 are being re-enacted in Nevada just now. Gold strikes have been made in several localities. But this great state has a greater claim to fame than that. Recently the Reno divorce laws were made less vigorous. That city is now leaving Paris far behind as the Mecca of seekers of freedom from conjugal insupportabilities.

The inquisitive have discovered something new. The fattest crowned head in the world is King Tama Solomon, a New Zealand tribal monarch, who tips the scales at 392.

Commander Byrd has expressed his intention to attempt to fly across the South Pole in the summer of 1928.

The reverberating booms of guns of the Battle Fleet have put fear in the hearts of the whales, causing them to leave their happy homes, thus destroying a very lucrative industry in the San Pedro—San Diego area.

The average cost of ration in the battleship class for the last quarter was 53 cents. The Nevada was low with 41.41 cents, the Utah high with 55.04 cents, and the ARIZONA was seventh with 49.95 cents. The highest priced ration in the Navy was served on the Scorpion, Constantinople, 89.67 cents. They must have eaten gold beans.

Ford factories have developed a light single seater monoplane powered by a two cylinder motor; total weight 350 pounds. Useful load 230 pounds. Cruising speed 100 knots, cruising radius 250 miles, landing speed 30 knots.

—o—

IDEALS

What does an ideal mean to you? Is it an unapproachable standard by which you measure kindred things? Is it something that you aspire to, constantly strive for, but never quite reach? It should be. An ideal can never be achieved, because in achieving it the ideal is destroyed. An ideal is the ultimate goal. Sometimes you get quite close, but suddenly it is just as far removed as ever, and as unattainable. It may discourage you to discover that you cannot realize the ideal, but don't lower it to meet what you find. You can only climb as high as you have set your ideal. In lowering it you lower yourself.

SEAWEED

Goofy Saunders, of "Our Navy" fame, will have to take a back seat now that "Dundee" Placo has the spotlight.

!!!

Herron, one of our "heavies," says that he just doesn't seem to be able to get along with his sweetie. She keeps rolling off his lap.

!!!

"Who is the wise guy that keeps flashing that light in my eyes?"

"That ain't no light, dumbell, that's Zogoroskis' 'golden' smile."

!!!

Jack Keifer, is the "Paul Revere" of the fleet. He got up at 3 a.m. to take a boat ride.

!!!

The old At 'Em lost a lot of ballast when Herron, one of the Navy's biggest, was transferred to the U. S. S. Nevada. Goodbye, Big Boy.

!!!

It seems of late that the old cook's call has been changed. It used to be "Come and get it," now it's "Try and get it."

!!!

About the last of the "Plank Owners" left the ship last Tuesday. They were transferred to the Nevada and Oklahoma, by C-in-C orders.

!!!

The Chinese, according to press reports, are up to a lot of dirty work. Be it as it may it will all come out in the wash.

!!!

For the Bilge Club, we nominate the poor sap, who for want of something better, tells us how much time he has to do when ever he meets us.

!!!

Polack: "Gee, your so dumb you think the Chamber of Commerce has a handle on it."

Barney: "Huh! If you had a half of the half of the half of half brains you think you have a half of you'd be a half wit."

—o—

Ensign W. B. Colborn was detached from the Arizona last week. He went to the Maury for duty. Goodbye and good luck!

Ensign Jackson has been transferred to the Communication Department, vice Ensign Whiteside, detached for duty at San Diego.

—o—

"I'll accept no substitutes," cried the girl as he turned down the bench warmer.

HOW ABOUT IT!!!

What about a dance in New York? Something that will chip off the accumulated salt of this cruise! The following is a letter recently received:

HEADQUARTERS

FIRST BATTALION N. M., N. Y.,

U. S. NAVAL RESERVE

U. S. S. ILLINOIS

U. S. S. EAGLE No. 51

Foot West 98th Street

New York, March, 1927.

From: Commanding Officer.

To : Commander in Chief, U. S. Fleet.

Subject: Use of drill deck of the Armory of the 1st battalion, NM, NY.

1. From information at hand, I understand that the combined fleets under your command will be in the Hudson River from about May 1st to 15th, 1927.

2. In the event that the fleet or units thereof are planning to hold a ball or dance during their stay in New York, it would give me much pleasure to extend to you and through you to the various units of your command, the use of the drill deck of this armory for such entertainment. The idea being to help the fleet personnel in saving money and providing a more suitable place for social affairs than is offered by renting costly halls as in generally done in such cases.

3. The available space for dancing is a clear deck without obstructions of any kind—275 feet long, 60 feet wide, and will easily accommodate from 1500 to 1800 people; there are ample seating, check room, and other facilities for comfort; arrangements for buffet and refreshments can also be made on board. The only cost to any unit of the fleet would be under the state law covering Municipal charges for attendants and light service amounting to 40 or 50 dollars per night.

4. We had the pleasure of extending the above facilities to the Scouting Fleet for their ball on Dec. 3, 1926, and officers and men were highly gratified by the success of their affair.

5. Any further particulars desired will be gladly furnished.

THEODORE NELSON

Comdr., Naval Militia, N. Y.

This is a splendid opportunity to put on the best kind of a breezy sea-going hop, minus most of the usual expense. Talk it up!



COLORADO WINS

The COLORADO won the All-Navy dinghy and whaleboat race last Thursday, 14 April.

The dinghy race was pulled first, over a one mile course. The race started with the COLORADO taking the lead, the ARIZONA on her tail, pulling hard and coming up gradually. It was the COLORADO'S race up to the last quarter mile, when she was repeatedly threatened by the ARIZONA. She was not passed at any time, sliding by the flag nearly half a length in the lead.

The Marine whaleboat race was next pulled. Here the COLORADO guard showed their stuff by winning the race with a good two lengths to spare.

The destroyers did their stuff next, the 243 taking first over the 240 and the 270, in an exciting exhibition of real oarsmanship. It was anybody's race for three fourths of the distance.

The select whaleboat race was won by the COLORADO. They propelled a wicked oar, and were at no time headed by any of the other crews. The Wee Vee took second over the ARIZONA.

—o—

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

Yesterday's dawn saw the ARIZONA Sunrise League swarm over the side like a rainbow-soaked Chinese circus parade—the JOs and Wardroom were sallying forth to tourney on the lists of baseball. The youngsters won the toss and took the field. Captain Perrill, anointed umpire, reigned; an Olympian Jove, dispensing rock-ribbed justice. In spite of their frantically enthusiastic efforts, the Wardroom could only muster eight runs in the first inning. The Padre, breathing fire and brimstone, took the box for the elders. Ruthlessly and inhumanly he smote the Innocents down, giving no quarter. Spectacular fielding promised to save the day for Youth, who, except for errors, were playing a watertight game. But their gamest efforts were in vain. Joints creaked, tummies groaned, and retired muscles protested against being drafted into active service, but our lordly seniors fought on, inspired and heroic. The final score was 18 to 2, JOs defeated.

FAREWELL SMOKER

Monday night, 11 April, the ARIZONA was hostess to the elite, and quite a number of the bourgeoisie of the Fleet; the occasion being a good old salty farewell smoker, in honor of Captain Perrill, who is to leave us late in May. Admirals and captains attended by the score. The notables included Admiral Hughes, Commander-in-Chief, United States Fleet; Admiral Jackson, Commander-in-Chief, Battle Fleet; and Vice Admiral Robertson, Commander Scouting Fleet.

Exponents of fisticuffs, and seagoing amateur vaudevillians from the four corners of the Fleet donated their services to make the festivities of the evening an extraordinarily unique and unparalleled event. "C. M. Stretch", the Rubber Man of the ME division, squirmed, twisted, twined, turned, stooped, deflected, curved, bowed, and crooked himself into every conceivable

impossible position imaginable. "Kid" Blackie, of the NEW MEXICO quickly battered Pat Tooney, ARIZONA, into submission. "Hot Feet" Tyral, FLORIDA, scorched the deck with a dexterous exhibition of modernized Terpsichore. Curley Meyers, NEW MEXICO, and Gene Curatola, ARIZONA, put up a pretty exhibition of pugilistia, the local lad winning handily. O'Brien, Gaelic FLORIDA warbler, put his voice thru some snappy musical paces, winning loud, long, and merited applause. "Red" Cawthon was sprung as "dark horse" opponent of Jocko Davis, snappy product of the Wonder Ship. The ARIZONA lad won after a lively set-to, embellished by many an authentic thud and genuine sock. Next on the menu were Kid Keith, lively NEW MEX scrapper, and "Sunshine" Simpkins our own little battler. The tussle left "Sunshine" hors de combat. The FLORIDA next took up the thread of entertainment, Gagnon, Leash, Johnson, and Morris winning a round of applause with their tuneful string warbling. Perhaps the best act of the evening was the harmony quartet from the CALIFORNIA. Those Prune Barge music masters sure could tickle the air to give the ear pleasurable sensations. They were good. The Spanish next met the Irish and took them into camp, when Navarro, NEW MEX, serenely and imperturbably won the judges' decision from "Shamrock" Kabel, Arizonite. Martin the Wop, 'Gator elocutionist; and Caruso, neighborhood songbird, gave a rare display of Latin passion, intensity, and laryngal endurance. Even Caimanera contributed to the diversion of the evening,

when one of the younger set of that city gave us the Castilian version of some of our song hits. The eye and ear fun was brought to an end by McKenzie, OKLAHOMA, and our own Battling Ski, who mixed it heavily, enthusiastically, destructively, and evenly; going the distance, six rounds. The Okie mauler received the judges' decision, split-hair judgment. All hands then repaired to the various messes for gastronomic sport—some of it turned out to be quite strenuous.

The band, under "Gabriel" McCoy's able leadership, did itself proud, as usual. Those boys are natural music fiends. Much of the success of the evening was due to the popular and able refereeing of Lieutenant Jack Kennedy, NEW MEXICO; and the snappy announcing of Chief Cassidy, famed Irish ex-tempore speaker. Peerless judgment was rendered by Ensign Charlson, PENNSYLVANIA, Captain Holmes, and Ensign Allen. Keeper of the stop-watch was Ensign Golden-son. The boxing engineer was Harry Vaughn. Leek, Lord of Chow, directed the supplying of gastronomical raw material. Cooks, mess cooks, and mess attendants produced.

—o—

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

(Continued from page three)

spirit of the sea. You shall traverse all latitudes without respite or repose, and your ship shall bring misfortune to all who sight it. On the Day of Judgement Satan shall claim you."

Since that fateful day the phantom ship with her diabolical captain has swept the seas, carrying out the hideously horrendous and execrably shocking imprecation.