



**TENNESSEE CREW WINS SEATTLE TIMES CUP**

Thursday afternoon was the beginning of the athletic year for the Fleet and the Tennessee Tars got off to a lead towards winning the "Iron Man" when they took first place in the two mile cutter race on Lake Washington, Seattle.

Lake Washington was a beautiful sight with its fringe of evergreen and beautiful homes and with Mt. Rainier standing out in bold relief as the sun sank slowly to cast silver lines across the multitude of yachts, sailboats and other small craft on the lake. A great throng lined the waterfront at the finish line to see bronze crews sweep their oars skillfully in the most colorful race of the year.

The California got off to their usual fine start and for a moment as the smoke of the starting gun hung in the air the crews stayed together. Then out came the Tenn., inch by inch on the charging California. The Arizona was hitting hard in third position; driving beautifully and with smoothness. After the starting spurt all the leaders dropped into their full sweep and the more powerful crews started showing water to a group of boats bunched closely in the rear. The Tennessee still had a nice lead on the entire fleet.

Drive by drive the Arizona started cutting down the California and Tennessee. The Arizona rooters cheered wildly as our crew for a moment moved to first place. That pace seemed a bit too strong for we dropped as the Tennessee boat raised her beat. Form, beautiful form, copied from the ourstanding college coaches, stood the Tennessee in good stead. This time the "Tars" took the lead and were never again headed. The California put on her spurt and moved rapidly up on the At 'Em. Try as they would, those boys pitiously driven by Coxswain Lambert, could give no more. California was now matching power stroke for power stroke and gaining. The finish line and the Oklahoma away over in lane one was charging fast and furious. Not enough tho' to change the line up of those fighting first three boats. Over the line with the Tennessee in the lead; California second on the Tenn's

**U. S. FLEET THANKS YOU**

Thousands of men of the U.S. Fleet, anchored in Elliott Bay, accepted the hospitality of Seattle this past week and participated in the combined "Potlatch and Fleet Week" as the city put on its gayest celebration.

Not only did every one have a good time but lasting benefits are expected from the closer associations and friendships which were formed.

The various Committees, especially the Navy Mothers' Club and the Navy Y.M.C.A., who were largely responsible for the enlisted personnel activities of the week, are deserving of our everlasting gratitude for their hard and unselfish work in carrying out the elaborate plans for the entertainment of the bluejackets on the ships in the harbor during this past Fleet Week.

We will sail from here on next Monday morning enroute for San Francisco, with the feeling that we are leaving a group of real friends and some of the finest people we have ever met. That genuine spirit of complete hospitality that pervaded the whole city was a keen joy to all of us.

Before parting, we take this opportunity to express collectively, the appreciation of all the many individuals who were entertained in the private homes, invited on excursions and auto trips and treated like members of the family.

We want them to know that we are taking away with us, some mighty pleasant memories, and are hoping that some of us may have the good fortune to again return and will be looking forward to seeing you with expectant pleasure.

quarter; Arizona third hard on the Bear's tail. The victors had a nice long stroke that smacked with power each time the blades were burried. That colorful crowd on the beach joined the numerous craft on Lake Washington in a great ovation to the winnin crew of a well merited victory. Time of the race 16 minutes 1.6 seconds.

**SEND THE AT 'EM HOME!**

**FLEET T. S. L. MEET**

The Fleet Triangle Service League met in their annual meeting at the Seattle Y.M.C.A., Wednesday afternoon. After the customary business meeting, the men were taken on a sight-seeing trip around Seattle. The annual banquet was held at the Y.M.C.A., at 1800 and a good time was had by all. Some of the Arizona bluejackets who were fortunate to be in this party are still talking about the wonderful treat that was given them.

This week saw Lieut. Commander R. J. Trout, (MC), relieved as Medical Officer by Commander R. R. Gasser, (MC). It has been a pleasure to serve with him and this ship's company, officers and men, will miss him.

It is unnecessary to expand this statement for you all knew the "Second Deck Cut-up."

The least we can say is that with Doctor Trout's transfer to Recruiting Duty in St. Louis, Mo., we have lost an able and congenial shipmate. We enjoyed his stay with us to the utmost.

While Commander Gasser reported aboard a few days ago, this has been the first opportunity we have had to welcome him to the Arizona and feel sure that he will enjoy his duty on this smart and happy ship.

**THE OLYMPIC CUP RACE**

During our stay in San Francisco the second point race of the fall series for pulling boats will be held. Those of us who have seen former Olympic Cup Races know that it is the hardest race of the year, for it is a long grilling two miles and usually the tide is going the wrong way.

This race ranks with the Seattle Times Cup Race both in popularity and points for the "Iron Man." Each of these events call forth the best crews in the U. S. Fleet and each nets 70 points for the winner, 56 points for 2nd place, 42 points for 3rd place, 21 points for 4th place, 14 points for 5th place and 7 points for 6th place.

The Olympic Cup Race was pulled for the first time in the year 1919 and since that time has continually been on the Navy sports program.

(Continued on page four)

## AT 'EM ARIZONA

Published by and for the  
Crew of the United States Ship Arizona

CAPTAIN G. M. BAUM, U. S. N.

Commanding Officer

COMMANDER S. S. PAYNE, U. S. N.

Executive Officer

## LETTING YOURSELF SAG

One of the greatest dangers any young man has to face is the temptation to "ease up" at certain points in his habits, to lessen the strain of the grip he should always have upon himself.

The writer of this "editorial word" has in mind a certain old colonial house in New England, which was in itself a thing of artistry and beauty; its architecture and surrounding grounds conspired to complete a setting that was "just correct" in every respect; the chance passer-by could not but comment on the general attractiveness of the estate. It was a perfect example of its distinctive type, the old colonial home and the fresh paint and attractively kept lawns and shrubbery added to the excellent appearance of the home. Everything was "kept up."

The same estate some ten years later presented a very different aspect; it has fallen into different hands, to the disposition of a man who did not care, who was "slack" and indifferent to appearances; the lawns were unkept, with tall grass hiding the house; the shrubbery was not trimmed, and the porch, with its beautiful portico, sagged from lack of repair.

In brief, the estate was allowed to "sag." Sagging is bad enough with buildings, but it is far more disastrous and deplorable in individuals. We all know of ships that in a few years can present an entirely altered appearance, due to lack of attention and repair,—ships which are allowed to "sag."

You meet a man who impresses you with his wonderful physique, whose physical appearance denotes the apparent fact that he trains himself rigorously in that respect. He is clean-limbed, full chested, well-developed, and it is a joy to note his healthful, hearty manner. Then, after a few years, you meet the same man, and he is hollow-chested, with inches added to his waistline; the fine symmetry has disappeared. He "doesn't care" any more, has "sagged" on his exercise, and his physical condition is written all over his face.

Mental sagging is the worst—the man who keeps up-to-date on his reading, who is well-informed and intelligent, then eases up on his discipline and deteriorates intellectually. To keep up to par mentally, requires even more stringent discipline than

## A MAN IS A HERO

I never Knew Daniel Webster, Edwin Booth or Ellen Terry,  
In fact, I never even met Webster's dictionary.  
They say this word call "Hero" this Webster has defined,  
But just how he explains it, doesn't suit my mind.  
My definition may not sound like his,  
But this is what I think a Hero is.

A man is a hero when he goes to war.  
A man is a hero when he's brave.  
A man is a hero when the cannons roar,  
And he fights his dear life to save.  
But I know a Shero and that is my wife.  
And what I say is true.  
Let her acquaintance be forgot,  
For she is a Hero too.

I came home late for dinner, but smilingly she met me.  
Was then I said, I'd bet a cookie, something is going to get me.  
Said she, "I baked a pie dear, and it's a mince pie too."  
Said I, I'd die if I should eat a pie that's baked by you."  
She got a butcher knife and held it high,  
Said she, "Old man I guess you'll eat that Pie."

A man is a Hero when he goes to war.  
A man is a Hero when he's brave.  
A man is a Hero where cannons roar,  
And he fights his dear life to save.  
That pie said, Twenty on my doctor's bill,  
I settled the next year for Ten.  
Let all her mince pies be forgot  
For she was some Hero then .

—Anon.

to do so physically. Constant and strenuous attention is necessary to keep one's mind alert, awake, and efficient. Good reading, hard reading, constant reading, is necessary always.

There are men in the Service who "let themselves sag." The routine "gets them" and they do not care as formerly—do not have the pride and self-respect as formerly about their appearance, their mental alertness, and their daily work. In the Navy, as elsewhere, "keeping fit" is an absolute and necessary requirement for any success and attainment. Only those men who do so religiously "move up the ladder" in rating and privileges.

Check up on yourself periodically; take a personal inventory, and note the phases of your own personality and work that have sagged. Bolster them up, lay new foundations for their growth, in a constructive fashion. Such a checkage and resulting improvement cannot alter things but for the better. Not "sagging" but steady building is the order of the day for any man who would make himself and his work things of pride.

## DIVINE SERVICES



8th Sunday After Pentecost

4 August, 1935.

0700—Mass in Crew's Library.  
1000—Mass in "F" Division Compartment.

Confessions heard before Masses.

Protestant services will be held at 1000 on the U. S. S. Chester.

From the letter of St. Paul to the Romans, read today: "Whosoever are lead by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

St. Paul tells us today in his letter, to look into our lives, and see whether we are sons of God, our Father—that is, are we led by the spirit of God?

There is in every home a family spirit; it is impressed upon the child by the sayings and doings of father and mother, and it takes so strong a hold of us in childhood, that as we grow into manhood we, by imitating our parents, acquire habits of talking and acting which we often keep through life.

Should these habits be good, it is certainly a blessing, but good or evil, they have taken deep root in our natures, and we naturally talk and act as our parents did. It is often a surprise for people when children are not like their parents. There cannot possibly be any other reason for this, except that the children have never grown into the family spirit and through company, good or bad, are strangers to that spirit. If the parents lead bad lives, it is certainly a blessing for the children not to follow their parents but to be influenced by good company. But if parents are good and exemplary christians, how good and Christian is the family spirit of that home and how deeply do the words and example of the parents take root in the heart of the children, never to be forgotten.

Now the Church is the home of Jesus Christ, and amongst the good members, there exist a family spirit which is the spirit of Jesus Christ. It is impressed upon the mind and heart of the true Christian by the sanctifying work of the Holy Ghost.

It manifests itself in keeping the mind from error. We look upon God as a loving Father and the great idea of our lives is to please Him and never to offend. We do resemble Him in Jesus Christ, and thus we are the sons of God. Novelties, strange and unheard of things, make no impression upon it. Curiosity does not lead it, for our Lord has said: "When they tell you, Christ is here or there, do not believe it."

## HEARD ABOUT DECKS

## By Division Reporters

Foolish saying No.19—"Nobody has more friends than a Master-at-arms." "Nerts, says I."

\* \* \*

A marine without portfolio, claims that the National Guards prevented two thousand lumberjacks from giving him fond Tacoma welcome.

\* \* \*

Suggest that Brewster don't detail a mess striker, because he has McCutcheon on his mess. There is nothing left to clean up. Still Harrison says, Mac is a small eater. compared to him. We believe it.

\* \* \*

Who's the Ex-Army Corporal that was seen playing wet nurse to a poodle dog on our quarterdeck? Well Rivers, I think I would take care of her poodle dog myself if the occasion ever came my way.

\* \* \*

Powell says that he once lost a decision to a blonde.

\* \* \*

Said the tipsy sailor:—"I'm the Bottle Force Champion."

\* \* \*

Barnes F2c, was officially initiated into the "chicken-dinner club." He was married last Sunday. And what an initiation! Ha!! Ha!!

\* \* \*

There has been much perspiring in the boiler division. Reason—they are after a red "E" for their left sleeve.

\* \* \*

Wanted: Some one to help C. C. Smith pace the decks whenever that expected letter from the girl friend is late.

\* \* \*

Bosquet claims to have several chicken dinners coming from the "M" division gigolos?

\* \* \*

There's a rumor that the pump room tool lockers suffered when Randall MM2c., was transferred to the engine room. Ask Rip about it. Pulliams, better known as Norfolk, has taken over Yap Yap's job while Rogers is on leave plowing up Grant's Pass.

\* \* \*

Merski is now the champ "Acey-Ducey" player of "M" Division. He and Bing had a big game on at quarters the other day.

\* \* \*

Don't be surprised if Red Clark turns out to be a heavyweight. Ask Red for the particulars.

\* \* \*

Expect to hear of a few new memberships in the "Married Men's Protective Association" now that we were at Bremerton.

\* \* \*

Nice work Barclay, on that Ship's Service coffee percolator. Will you make your own coffee now or will you still condescend to drink C.P.O. java?

## RUMBLINGS

Instead of making our gunnery scores a problem for the Gunnery Department alone, or the winning of a white "E" for our stack, the special task of the engineers, or our success in the "Iron Man" race dependent entirely on a few athletes, it behoove's us as a spirited ship's company to check up our individual efforts and see whether or not, we are each giving the other fellow a helping hand in his particular line.

If the deck force has little or no regard for the Black Gang's scores—if the latter care nothing about the success of our gun's crews—or if neither lend their full support to the various teams and crews that represent the ARIZONA, then we are falling way short of the standard we should maintain. Anything less than our best in all sorts of competition, be it gunnery, engineering or athletics is unworthy of the ship as a whole, and of each man aboard who is not delivering the best that he is able.

It's easy to get interested in the other fellow's particular problems.

Just try it once and see. We'll all find more harmony, more spirit better shipmates, if we only get in and give the other chap a helping hand.

## ARRIVALS

The At 'Em welcomes Dayo, T., Matt 1c, from the Naval Training Station, San Diego, and we wish him a long and pleasant cruise with us.

\* \* \*

## TRANSFERS

The At 'Em regrets the loss of the following named men who have been transferred.

To the Naval Hospital, Bremerton Navy Yard for treatment, Merrill Gordon, Sea2c. We hope he returns soon.

To the 5th Naval District for duty, Griffin, N. A., Ptr2c. To the U. S. S. West Virginia for duty, Dyer, T. J. A., PhM2c. and to the 13th Naval District for duty, McBride, T., F1c.

When are the wedding bells going to ring, "Sully?" Don't forget the cigars.

\* \* \*

Now that Street has put in for a transfer to the U. S. S. Quincy, the constructive ideas of the "E" division will sure take a beating.

\* \* \*

What First Class EM led what Second Class EM around Seattle by pulling him about by his neckerchief? Only horses are led to drink by a halter. ha! ha!

\* \* \*

We of the "E" division sure wish Watts, our new Gyro man, would leave his gyros aboard ship when he's ashore, as we would like to get back to San Pedro in the near future.

## BOAT DECK BLUES

Out of curiosity the sixth division yesterday carefully checked up on Silas Marner Wright's adventure stories and found that he shipped into the Navy two years before he was born and has served to date seventy-six years and four months. Such long faithful and valiant service deserves reward.

\* \* \*

Sometime ago when Headspace Mireur was asked for the salt, he took it is seriously that a mess-mate was struck on the head and momentarily stunned.

\* \* \*

Headspace, pass the salt to Parker.

\* \* \*

The following intellectual conversation was overheard in number four casement recently: Burnt Crust Hosfield, "ask me any question in that seaman course; I know 'em all". Boo Boo Thelen, absently thumbing pages, "what's a clear hawse pendant?" Burnt Crust, "Don't ask me any of the flags." Boo Boo, "that's no flag". Burnt Crust, "anyhow, when I shipped in, we didn't have those clear hawse gadgets, we just trained on the target and opened fire." Now are you sure, Hosfield, that it isn't a restaurant on the Pike?

\* \* \*

In Tacoma one afternoon last week, as visitors were leaving the ship, Sailor Don Duckworth passed two buxom Tacoma lassies and overheard this remark, "I heard a sailor crooning just a while ago; he was terrible!" Weep not, Arky, if the shoe doesn't fit, why protest so loudly?

\* \* \*

Symbols of recovery: Sweet pea Harrow in raceboat togs—share de wealth Rielly practicing bugle calls on his jazz horn—Dizzy Davis singing torch songs when his section has the duty—"Buzz" Holtzworth worrying over his football squad—Left Rudder Raynes gumming a tender(?) steak—Target angle Silva's airplane razor attempting a take off every morning watch—Irrresistible Vorherr and Tweet tweet Nix practicing a duet on their calls—Wolf Sperandio's pink, perfumed tasseled pipe lanyard.

## LAST CHANCE FOR A REAL LIBERTY

All hands who have access to motor cars or to motor bus time tables, before we leave this part of the country, are reminded of the magnificent pictures that are presented with the wonderful profusion of wild flowers that cover the hill country of the great Northwest just now.

The West Coast has had more rain this year than in decades and the extra moisture has brought out an unusual display of wild flowers in the mountains and along the shores of the numerous lakes in this district.

## OFF THE BUZZER



Success at last: The Gunnery-Sergeant reads this column and what is more doesn't think much of it. He'll tell you that himself. So into the morgue of newspaper-dom, a 'twere, with regrets, goes the "Gunny." So long.

Our inimitable and irrepressible Piazza saw with startled eyes the head lines in the day's paper; "Five million people homeless." With a nostalgic flash of sadness he shouted to one of his cronies, "See here, Popovich, right in the day's paper it says Kelly's Poolroom has burned down." All we can say is that it all points to an ill spent youth.

Hats off to the weather beaten old lad in Tacoma who, when given tokens after he had made a purchase, chirped, "I didn't think I'd live to see the day when I would get change for a penny." This modern age of tax 'em while they have it is really ripping. What!! All of which reminds us that Sergeant Lamar Hathorn has a new slogan that will bear watchin. As a matter of fact it looks like a serious contender with chain letters etc. The slogan: I've a token; brother can you spare a dime—

Scenes about us day by day. Cpl. Pierson finding a diving boot on the quarter deck and with eloquent serious mien bringing it to "Foots" McCrory with the admonition that McCrory keep his shoes off the Quarterdeck. Mac's cherry blush will linger long with the port side.

"Legs" Rimmer back from leave gushing with tales of homeside and tall tales of the countryside.

Due to the fact that on many days as we passed the Barber Shoppe we have heard the entire groop of barbers go into a song and dance about the Army having mules and the Navy Marines; equally due to the fact that we were very sore, we are hereby relating the tale of two very prominent barbers, one and two, if memory serves us right, who desired greatly to get early liberty on a day when liberty began at 1600.

Ah! with a rending and crashing of gears a brain storm. Today is the great day on Lake Washington. Suppose we leave with the rooting party. What. Ho! we shall have killed two birds with one stone. Early liberty and an indication that we are just bubbling with "ship's spirit"—

With the demurely sly look of people filled with a great mission (a call as it is sometimes known) the bantering barbers boarded the launch and stop me if you've heard this before, when the lads set foot on dry land every bell in Seattle was mournfully tolling the hour of seven only five hours late for that date. With a solemn look we add "The mills grind slowly but exceedingly."

## GOLF

On Monday 29 July, a Navy golf tournament for officers was sponsored by the Seattle Army and Navy Club at the University Golf Course. Ensign W. J. East of the Arizona, turned in a score of 75 which with a handicap entitled him to the low gross honors of the day and an appropriate cup was awarded. This is the second golfing honor won by Ensign East since gaining the Arizona a month ago, having received the Siege Gun Cup at the Tacoma Tournament. This trophy was won for the longest drive (265 yards) on the long 9th hole of the Tacoma Country Club during the competitive match play with our Tacoma hosts.

## PISTOL MEET

The ninth annual pistol and revolver match, the largest of its kind in the Northwest will be held at Fort Lawton today and tomorrow.

This year, with the Fleet present, it is expected to be the largest ever held on this coast, owing to the entrance of fifteen Navy teams besides all the police officers and civilians.

This year, Seattle is fortunate in having received permission from Brig. Gen. M. Thompson to have this match be official try-outs for Camp Perry, O.

The executive committee of the Northwest Inter-national Pistol and Revolver Association has completed arrangements with military officers in charge so that the results of this match will determine eligibility of those shooters qualified to participate at the national matches at Camp Perry. The Enlisted Men's Pistol Team of the Arizona who scored a good third at Fort Lewis will again be composed of 1st Sergeant Daniels, Gelius, Siebert, Warren and McRae.

They have been hard at work practicing since the Fort Lewis Meet and are sure to give a good account of themselves as well as bring further honors to the ship.

## The Olympic Cup Race

(Continued from page one)

The Arizona Crew won this race as well as the Seattle Times Race in 19-24. The distance of the race is two miles and the starting time is 1600. The course will follow along Man o' War row to the finish opposite the Ferry building.

We have a fine hard working crew, which we may reasonably expect to see come through or give the fight of their lives to the winner.

While the California won the Cup last year and aims to retain it, there are a number of other ships quite as intent on annexing it. Besides the Arizona, the Nevada, and the Texas will bear watching.

## HADRIAN—MOONEY BOUT ENDS IN DRAW

Last Tuesday night at the Ice Arena in Seattle, before a capacity house of nine thousand, Alex Hadrian, the pride of the Arizona and Babe Mooney, Navy fistic rivals, fought a fine six round bout, which ended in a draw.

The boys were introduced and received a great ovation. On the sound of the gong for the first round they came out of their corners and lost no time in carrying out the duties assigned. Mooney was the more aggressive and took the fight to Hadrian and in a most businesslike manner started throwing punches to all allowed parts of the body. Alex always a slow starter, kept a cool head and sparred for openings and kept shooting a long left jab which found the target time after time. During the first two rounds Alex was on the defensive most of the time but with great ability weaved under, around and away from many murderous punches. In the third both boys changed their tactics and started putting punches to the body. During the entire round they stood cheek to cheek and pummelled the midsections and it was hard to tell who was getting the best of the exchange. In the fourth, a slashing round, Alex finally crossed the right to Mooney's jaw, which he left uncovered for a fraction of a second, and stung him badly. Mooney hung on until his head cleared and then opened up once more only to catch another right in the same place. Thereafter, the Babe kept his guard high and it was necessary to go up and over to get to the jaw. Hadrian settled down to boxing and showed excellent footwork and an effective left jab. In the fifth the boys fought hard and Mooney sent several clean blows that put Alex back on the ropes. The sixth opened with Mooney holding a slight lead which Alex determined to overcome. Alex charged in and pummelled Mooney all over the ring but when Mooney opened up with a flurry and drove Alex to a corner and on the defensive, but Alex was soon out of it and again put over several good clean blows. At the end of the bell the boys were working in close driving punches to the body. Alex won the last round and the judges awarded a draw.

## WANTED

One small, well trained mouse. Must be practical and understand the use of Nautical and Mechanical terms.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of such an animal please communicate with Ensign TAYLOR (Liberal Reward offered for information leading to whereabouts of such creature).

NOTE: A colored mouse is preferred as his line of work will naturally be inclined to be somewhat colored.