



# At 'Em Arizona



A WELFARE ACTIVITY

BROADSIDE XIII

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HIT 59

## THE EARHART TRAGEDY

The last chapter in all human probability of the Navy's epic search of the vast expanse of the water of the Pacific for Amelia Earhart and navigator Fred Noonan is contained in the statement of Rear Admiral Orin G. Murfin, commandant of the 14th naval district, headquarters at Honolulu, and director of the ships of the Navy and aircraft that made so valiant an effort in behalf of the fliers, now believed to have been drowned when their plane was forced to the surface after failing to make the hoped for landfall on Howland Island.

Beyond all doubt, the search made by naval personnel engaged the largest number of skilled and determined air pilots in history and the area covered by them has totalled to the amazing equivalent of the area of the whole state of Texas. In respect to the number of hours in the air, the search has had no parallel in all aviation history. The work of the Navy has been the antithesis of casual, it has been meticulous and thorough. Admiral Murfin states:

"It is believed that the search, as conducted in the area decided on, was effective. It established beyond all reasonable doubt that neither the plane nor its personnel are above the water in the area that has been searched."

The area searched was a vast one. It covered approximately 250,000 sq. miles, which, states Admiral Murfin, was considered adequate to include any reasonable conclusion as to the location where the plane landed and in addition the subsequent drift of the plane or boat.

Naval aircraft flew more than 1,500 hours during the search and at an average speed of 100 miles per hour; the distance flown has been 150,000 miles. In the same endeavor, the surface vessels of the Navy and the U. S. Coast Guard cutter Itasca steamed more than 30,000 miles and closely searched an area which is approxi-

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## BITS OF NEWS

Word comes from San Diego that Chaplain Regan, formerly aboard the ARIZONA, has been ordered to Shanghai, China. Chaplain Regan left recently with the detachment of Marines bound for the Orient.

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"The Fleet" informs us that the crew of an Arizona shore boat rescued a woman, her daughter, and her daughter's companion from drowning in the Long Beach surf. Goodwork men! Like all true heroes, these men are so modest that they have failed to identify themselves. Step up and let us know who you are men.

\* \* \* \*

Captain George A. Alexander recently observed his 53rd birthday. On behalf of the crew, the At-Em extends: Congratulations, Captain, and may you celebrate many more happy birthdays.

\* \* \* \*

The San Diego Union recently carried an article saying that the U. S. S. Ranger would make a cruise to Peru this fall.

## PLANE DIVES 500 M.P.H.

Diving seven and a half times faster than a gravity drop, a new giant bomber of the United States Navy bored through three miles of space at 500 miles per hour the other day at Farmingdale, N. Y., hanging up a record and proving to the world that the U.S.N. can take it.

The pilot, laced into a virtual corset of leather to protect himself from physical injury, made twelve dives from the four mile level. He nosed the ship straight down and gave the 1000 horsepower motor full throttle, plummeting space in a blur and roar at 750 feet per second.

To determine whether or not the wings of the bomber would stay put, he pulled on the stick and leveled off in about 2000 feet at less than a mile above the ground. Experts said the sensation must have been similar to driving a car 50 miles per hour into a brick wall. But there was not so much

## MYSTERIES OF THE SEA

Many are the legends, songs and stories inspired by ghostly, crewless ships, wandering on and on, year after year, alone on the wide, wide sea. Perhaps the most famous mystery of all, a puzzle that has defied solution for many years, is the question of what happened one day in December, 1872, on board the Mary Celeste.

On November 7, 1872, she put out of New York harbor for Genoa, her hold filled with barrels of alcohol. On board was the Captain, Benjamin C. Briggs, his wife, their daughter, and a crew of seven men.

Five weeks later the Mary Celeste was sighted 300 miles west of Gibraltar. Her sails were set on a starboard tack, and she was ploughing steadily Eastward, but she was completely deserted.

The decks were in order, no sign of a struggle, mutiny, robbery or murder. In the ship's cabin were the Captain's watch, money and compasses. They found Mrs. Briggs sewing machine with a garment half stitched.

In the forecabin were the seamen's chests, their money and even the remnants of a meal.

The ship's boat — a small yawl was gone.—Exchange.

## AN INVITE

The San Pedro Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. invites men of the ship and members of families of married men to a Family Night entertainment in the "Y" building at 921 South Beacon Street in San Pedro, Friday, September 24, at 8:00 p.m. Entertainment numbers will be followed by dancing.

as a flutter in the wings of the giant craft.

The pilot landed the ship, climbed out, saying "Nice ship," got into his automobile and drove home.

This new craft, along with others like her, will be sent to the Anacostia District of Columbia Naval Proving Grounds.—The Cub.

## At 'Em Arizona

A ship's paper published on board the U.S.S. Arizona in the interest of the ship and the Navy.

CAPTAIN GEO. A. ALEXANDER, U.S.N.,  
Commanding Officer.  
COMMANDER F. S. CRAVEN, U.S.N.,  
Executive Officer

### EDITORIAL

They tell a story about the U. S. S. 678, a destroyer operating out of Queenstown during the war.

She was a smart ship and the executive officer was very proud of her and gave a great deal of credit to his chief boatswain's mate.

At the officer's club on the beach he would frequently boast about the man to the executive of a British destroyer, stressing his ability and reliability. After a few highballs he made the flat statement that you couldn't find a job the chief would be afraid to tackle.

"I'll bet I can," replied the Britisher.

The bet was made, the job decided on and they went off to the ship to settle the matter then and there.

"Murphy," said the American, when they had reached the destroyer and sent for the chief, "during the morning watch tomorrow I'd like you to take down number three stack and lay it on the forecandle."

"Aye, aye, sir!" says Murphy and moves off.

"You see," said his Executive with pride, "you owe me a case of champagne. He's ready to do it and I had better stop him before he does."

Just then Murphy started back toward the exec and the Englishman said with some relief, "I don't think I have lost. He's about to tell you it can't be done, or that he needs more time, or he wants to know how to go about it."

Murphy saluted. "Sir, I'd like to have the blacksmith and the shipfitter to lend me a hand in the morning, and which end of the stack shall I put forward?"

—Exchange.

Midshipman Francis Key, son of the author of the Star Spangled Banner, was killed in a duel by Midshipman Sherbourne, because they differed as to the relative speed of two steamboats.

### NAVY OR COLLEGE?

"Unless I desired to enter a specialized profession I would never consider a college education as against an enlistment in the Navy.

"I have never regretted spending my college years aboard ship. In fact I would not trade my Navy cruise for half a dozen degrees.

"The Navy brings a man into contact with men. It teaches him to be a man himself and to recognize the traits of manhood in others.

"That is fundamentally the greater and first precept of success. No man can control another until he can control himself. The Navy teaches discipline; it takes a kid when he is in his formative years and lays a foundation upon which he can build as high as he likes without fear of collapse.

"By and large, unless I sought technical training for law, medicine, or engineering, I would swap a classmate for a shipmate any day in the week."

The above statement was made by Charles Francis Coe, celebrated writer who enlisted in the Navy for a minority cruise in 1908.

—Newport Recruit .

### THOUGHTS

Ignorance doesn't get us into half as much trouble as a cocksure knowledge of what we don't know.

\* \* \* \*

At twenty you blush when a man praises you; at thirty you think him a clever fellow; at forty you wonder what he wants.

\* \* \* \*

Just because a man has a lot of iron in his blood is no reason he should let himself get rusty.

### AN AIRMAN'S HYMN

When the last long flight is over  
And the happy landing past  
My altimeter tells me  
That the crackup comes at last  
I'll swing her nose for the ceiling  
And I'll give my crate the gun  
I'll open her up and let her zoom  
For the airport of the sun.  
And the great God of flying men  
Will smile at me sort of slow  
As I stow my crate in the hangar  
On the field where flyers go.  
Then I'll look upon his face

## Divine Services



Sunday, 19 September, 1937

Protestant Church Services  
are held every Sunday at 1000.

Catholic Church party will  
leave ship at 0915

Sunday is the Lord's Day, ob-  
serve it by going to Church.

### HOPE DIES HARD

I am not very deft with my putter,  
But I trust I shall master it soon.  
Untold imprecations I mutter  
While handling a driver or spoon.  
I say every day  
That no more shall I play  
At the fool avocation, and then—  
Some uncontrolled force  
Drives me out on the course,  
And lo! I'm at it again.

I have read every book that's been  
written  
By golfers who've risen to fame;  
And though I am weak as a kitten,  
I am sure I shall master the game.  
I still slice and hook  
I drive pills in the brook,  
"Which in Scotland is known as the  
burn."  
I practice at night  
By the sitting room light,  
But nary a thing do I learn.

People tell me that golf is a habit  
And it's easy to get it down fine;  
But I haven't the chance of a rabbit  
To make it a habit of mine.  
I yet nurse the hope  
As I struggle and grope  
And utter loud, unhappy moans,  
That before very long  
I'll be going so strong  
I can challenge—well say  
Bobby Jones.

(Dedicated to all the golfing addicts  
among the officers of the Arizona).

The Almighty flying boss  
Whose wingspread fills the heavens  
From Orion to the Cross.

—Tail Hooks VB-3B.

CARL THE COCKROACH AND  
FREDDIE THE FLEA

"By the ghost of Marc Anthony!" said Carl, the cockroach, "has the station coffee dimmed my eyesight or is it really Freddie, the flea?"

"It's me, old pal," said Freddie, as he jumped from the ear of the station cat and made a three-point landing on the deck of Barracks B.

"Where did you come from?" said Carl. "The last time I saw you was on the West Coast."

"I just got in from San Diego," said Freddie. "Came over on an officer's water spaniel, and was it hot! The next time I cross the country in summer I'm going to ride a short-haired pooch. Say, how's the chow?"

"Oh, it ain't bad," said Carl, "but they wash down so much we practically live in life preservers. The hash is as good as any I ever bit into, but the stew is like navy stew the world over. By the way, did you bring the family to Newport with you.

"No, the children are all on their own and Henrietta and I have separated. She bit an ensign and went high hat on me. It got so bad she even turned up her nose at warrant officers. One time she spent three days on the Fifth Street Landing, in San Diego, trying to hop a commander. She said she was going to Reno and from there to Hollywood, where her technique would be appreciated and where she could eat with less salt in her food. She claimed the navy was beginning to give her indigestion. I suppose you haven't heard that I lost my oldest son just before I came east," said Freddie wiping away a tear.

"Why no," said Carl. "It grieves me to hear that. What happened?"

"He bit a fireman and died of ptomaine poisoning."

"That's too bad," said Carl, "but the younger generation just won't use discretion. I find it nearly impossible to make Wellington, my oldest son, keep his gas mask with him in the galley. He was caught without it only last week when the cooks laid down a barrage and I dragged him into the fresh air just in time. He ain't out of the sick bay yet. Well I've got to inspect dinner

## EXECUTIVES

Executives are a fortunate lot. For as everybody in an office knows, an executive has nothing to do. That is, except:

"To decide what is to be done; to tell somebody to do it; to listen to reasons why it should not be done; why it should be done by somebody else, or why it should be done in a different way, and to prepare arguments in rebuttal that shall be convincing and conclusive.

"To follow up to see if the thing has been done; to discover that it has not been done; to inquire why it has not been done; to listen to excuses from the person who should have done it and did not do it; and to think up arguments to overcome the excuses.

"To follow up a second time to see if the thing has been done; to discover that it has been done, but done incorrectly; to point out how it should have been done; to conclude that as long as it has been done, it may as well be left as it is; to wonder if it is not time to get rid of a person who cannot do a thing correctly; to reflect that the person in fault has a wife and seven children, and that certainly no other executive in the world would put up with him for a moment; and that, in all probability, any successor would be just as bad or worse.

"To consider how much simpler and better the thing would have been done had he done it himself in the first place; to reflect sadly that if he had done it himself, he would have been able to do it right in twenty minutes, but that as things turned out he himself spent two days trying to find out why it was that it had taken somebody else three weeks to do it wrong; but to realize that such an idea would have had a highly demoralizing effect on the organization, because it would strike at the very foundation of the belief of all employees that an executive has really nothing to do."

now. Stop by the galley any time. Maybe you'll like our cook."

"Oh, I'll give them a going over. See you later," said Freddie, as he made a perfect take-off and landed on a passing bugler's leg.

—Lt. I. W. Truitt, U.S.N.

He: "Every time I quarrel with my girl I write all about it in my diary."

Him: "Oh yes, a scrap book."

## SIGHS, SAILORS, &amp; SALLYS

Arky tells about the neighbor lady (?) back home in . . . . is it New York City that you come from, Arky? Anyway it seems that this particular being was standing in front of her cabin fireplace one day when her husband addressed her:

"You'd better move your foot a mite maw; yore standing on a live coal."

Said she, nonchalantly: "Which foot paw?"

\* \* \* \*

Lady (alighting from a cab at the Seattle J. O. ball and tipping a "door-man"): "Here you are my man."

Arizona J. O.: "I beg your pardon Madam, but I'm an officer of the United States Navy."

Lady: "I can't help it; that's all the change I have."

\* \* \* \*

A priest offered twenty-five cents to the boy who could tell him who was the greatest man in history.

"Christopher Columbus," answered the Italian boy.

"George Washington," answered the American lad.

"St. Patrick," shouted the Jewish boy.

"The quarter is yours," said the priest; "But why did you say St. Patrick?"

"Right down in my heart I knew it was Moses," said the Jewish boy, "but business is business."

\* \* \* \*

Rusky (reading the death statistics): "Say Bull, do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"

Bull: "Then why don't you use a mouth wash?"

\* \* \* \*

At a dinner not long ago, a man sitting next to a lady was, to say the least, inebriated. He leered at her and commented: "Say, you're the homeliest woman I've ever seen."

With a show of spirit she replied: "Well you're the drunkest man I've ever seen."

He leered back at her and said: "Yes, but I'll get over that in the morning."

\* \* \* \*

Boatswain: "Was he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?"

Coxswain: "I'll say he was. The gun nearly went off in his hand."

## WOE IS MAN

Man is of few days and full of trouble. He laboreth all the days of his youth to pay for a gasoline chariot, and when at last the task is finished, lo! the thing is junk and he needeth another. He planteth cotton in the earth and tilleth it diligently—he and his servants and his asses, and when the harvest is gathered into the barns he oweth the landlord \$8.40 more than the crop is worth. He borroweth money from the lenders to buy pork and syrup and gasoline, and the interest eateth up all that he hath. He begets sons and educateth them to smoke cigarettes and wear a white collar, and lo! they have soft hands and neither labor in the fields nor anywhere under the sun. The children of his loins are ornery, and one of them becometh a lawyer and another sticketh up a filling station and maketh whoopee with the substance thereof. The wife of his bosom necketh with a stranger, and when he rebukes her lo! she shooteth him in the finale. He goeth forth in the morning on the road that leadeth to the city, and a jitney smiteth him so that his ribs project through his epidermis. He drinketh a drink of whoopee juice to forget his sorrows, and it burneth the lining from his liver. All the days of his life he findeth no parking place and is tormented by traffic cops from his going forth until he cometh back. An enemy steal-eth his car; physicians remove his inner parts and his teeth and his bank roll; his daughters showeth their legs to strangers; his arteries hardeneth in the evening of life, and his heart busteth trying to keep the pace. Sorrow and bill collectors followeth him all the days of his life, and when he is gathered to his fathers the neighbors sayeth: How much did he leave? Lo! he hath left it all. And his widow rejoiceth in a new coupe and maketh eyes at a young sheik that slicketh his hair and playeth a nifty game of bridge. Woe is man! From the day of his birth to the time when earth knoweth him no more, he laboreth for bread and catcheth the devil. Dust he was in the beginning and his name is mud.

—Plane Talk; courtesy Quillen.

Saws are made with more than 24 different kinds of teeth.

## FEEDING THE NAVY

In a recent article by Rear Admiral Conard, Chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, an idea was given of what it requires to feed the Navy over a period of one year. Approximately 86,000 men are supplied three squares a day at a cost of about seventeen million dollars. Included in the items furnished are:

Fresh meat and fish	12,500 tons
Canned, salt, smoked meat	7,500 tons
Fresh vegetables	22,000 tons
Dried, canned Vegetables	28,750 tons
Sugar	4,000 tons
Flour	5,000 tons
Fruit	9,000 tons
Coffee	1,875 tons
Canned milk	3,000 tons
Butter	1,000 tons

Expert dieticians have carefully studied the problem of feeding the Navy. The ration is well balanced. That it is nourishing is evident by the fact that recruits during the three month period of training gain in weight from 5 to 25 pounds, and the Navy bluejacket is today one of the healthiest specimens alive.

## HEARD FROM THE FIFTH

"East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet"—We hope—since there will be the end of a happy home.

"Swing-high" Hodges and "Swing-low" Birch are now the tenors of the boat deck—say the new lads.

We understand that one of our dashing coxswains, while on patrol in Seattle, was given the name of "Poochie-Poochie" by a member of the fairer sex and now lives in fear that she'll be in Pedro soon.

H. C. "Farmerboy" Nelson and "Dogface" Crothers visited Tia Juana one week-end and now we wonder if it is the call of the wild that has "Nellie" running in circles.

Who is the guy that gave his girl the well-known air, after she traveled all the way down here, when he came to his senses and returned to the family fire side?

Mess-Cook Leslie Holland Bobo has been heard remarking that only about thirty days of Freedom remain.

"What does a bride think when she walks into the church?"

"Aisle, Alter, Hymn."

## THE EARHART TRAGEDY

(Continued from page one)

mately the size of the whole state of Texas. The search engaged the services of the aircraft carrier Lexington and her sixty-three planes under the command of Captain Leigh Noyes; the battleship Colorado and her three planes under the command of Captain Wilhelm L. Friedell; the new destroyer Perkins, Drayton, Flusser, and Cushing, and the minesweeper Swan, basing on Pearl Harbor. The Coast Guard cutter Itasca did notable work throughout the search.

When the plane casualty was first announced the Lexington and the destroyers were at their base at San Diego. Their readiness for sea without delay and their fast passage to the scene of the search has established a notable proof of naval efficiency. The Colorado, steaming from her anchorage at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, did her work no less worthily, as did the Swan.

Admiral Murfin has commended all personnel on their superb performance of duty and has expressed the pride, felt by the Navy and civilians alike, that the aircraft personnel performed a hazardous duty without accident to planes and casualties to personnel.—Army and Navy Register.

SEAMAN SAM SAYS: Bad men want their women to be like cigarettes, in a case — just so many, all slender and trim, waiting in a row to be selected, set aflame, and when their fire has died, discarded. More fastidious men prefer women like cigars; these are more exclusive look better, and last longer. If the brand is good they aren't given away. Nice men treat women like pipes, and become attached to them, knock them gently but lovingly, and care for them all ways. No man shares his pipe.

During their stroll they passed a negress, and the little boy, very much interested asked: "Daddy, why is she black?"

"That, my son, is nature," replied the father.

"Is she black all over?" asked the boy.

"Yes" said the father, "she is."

The little boy thought for awhile, then said: "You sure do know everything don't you, daddy?"