

The Jolly Roger



U. S. S. RANDOLPH

VOL 1

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ED. 8

RADIO PASSES MILESTONE AS WRBO MAKES DEBUT

THE JOLLY ROGER OFFERS A CHANCE TO WIN A WATCH

By George Choltys

Since man first began crossing bodies of water, no matter what his means of propulsion—paddle, sail, or steam—by his very daring and indulgence of his venturesome spirit, the sailor has come to be known as a romantic, if somewhat rugged character.

Whether this characteristic is inborn or whether it is a product of his calling has never been satisfactorily agreed upon. Be it what it may, the result is the same. In his intrusion upon the domains of "Neptunus Rex," he has sought, seen, and felt much that is beautiful.

Perhaps he found romantic beauty in the bitterness of tempests which seek to expel and destroy him, perhaps in the soft caress of winds, a fleeting cloud silhouette riding o'er shimmering, silvery seas, or the lure of strange and distant lands and peoples, or the quiet loneliness of night watches when he explores himself and communes with God.

Perhaps, in man's battle against man he comes to know the beauty of courage and sacrifice when a man will lay down his very life for a principle, ideal or comrade; moments when in the singleness of cause or brotherhood of man he conquers even his instincts.

These are things which romanticize the sailor and his calling. These are the things which of necessity, temper him in equal parts of hardness and softness and withal impart to him the qualities

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HERE'S A GANG OF RUGGED RADIO MEN



Running through a skit in the new WRBO studio (above) are, left to right, Paul Hollick, S1c; Bill Hannis S1c; George Crim, S1c; Candy Bissette RT2c, Paul Shure, Mus3c, and Jimmy Cameron, GM2c. Shure, station director, & Jimmie Clifford, AMM3c, are shown in inset (right) broadcasting sports period.

NEWS OF WORLD BROADCAST DAILY BY LT. NEWMAN

The late Ernie Pyle and a lot of other writers who have been in and around this war have all agreed that the men who make the news most often know the least about what's going on even a few miles away.

For reasons too apparent to dwell on at length, that can't be helped. On a CV, for instance, some men have to stay down in the engine room almost all day. The Captain obviously can't invite them up on the bridge every couple of hours to explain everything that's been going on.

But on the RANDOLPH we get the latest at least once

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GOOD SHIP RANDY CARRIES THE BALL FOR OLD MARCONI

By Gene Martin

It started back in '95. Marconi had the right idea. Other people figured out better things to do with the magnitudinous little gizmo with which Marconi began. Just after the last war everything was radio! radio! radio! It developed, as things usually do, from its humble beginnings to its present high status of static perfection.

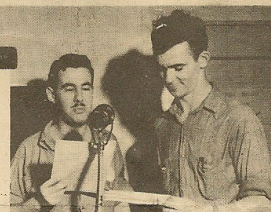
So much for history. The RANDOLPH - breaking all sorts of records as it is - decided to make the weary phrase "floating city" a reality by having an intra-ship radio station. Because this fighting lady doesn't waste her time knitting away on vague, pleasing thoughts, she promptly started to needle with the air-waves.

It was like prairie fire! Volunteers were asked for. They needed room - the old post office would certainly do. In went the welders who began their tedious job of melting steel into new forms and shapes that would be applicable for a studio. They modeled after the studio on the WASP.

"Candy" Bissette, RT2c, wrought miracles with some stray amplifiers and electrical gadgets and finally produced a control-board, modulation and two varied-speed reproducing turn-tables. The finished job was painted in maroon and green. And then they were ready to go!

Paul Shure, Mus3c, was placed in charge, with such

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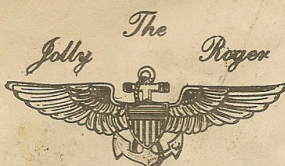
"RANDY" SWAPS POPS IN
MID-OCEAN

We've got bad news and we've got good news.

The bad news is that little "Randy" recently lost his "father" when Ted Martine, SML/c, was transferred off the ship. Ted invented the "Randy" cartoon strip which has been one of the bright pots of the Jolly Roger since the earliest editions.

However, "Randy" remained an orphan not for long. Paul Disinger, RM3/c, quickly was prevailed upon to adopt the little fellow, and with all the trouble "Randy" can get into, it looks as though Disinger is going to have his hands full.

We sure hated to lose Martine. We wish him the best of luck in his new duty. And the best of luck to Disinger, too.



Captain FELIX BAKER, USN Commanding Officer
Commander T.B. NEBLETT, USN Exec. Officer

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FROM THE CHAPLAIN'S DESK

"ALWAYS REMEMBER RULE SIX.
IT'S GOOD MEDICINE."

During the Civil War a civilian was calling on one of the generals of the Army. While they were talking a young Lieutenant came in, saluted, and said: "Sir, reporting on the operation I was sent to observe. All objectives have been obtained But, Sir, if we want to win this war we've got to etc....etc...."

When he finished, the general said: "Son, haven't you forgotten Rule Six?"

"Sorry, Sir," he replied, saluted, and left.

The civilian and general continued their talk. Finally in a lull in the conversation the civilian said: "General, if it isn't asking a military question you can't answer, may I ask what is Rule Six?"

"Certainly," replied the general. "DON'T TAKE YOURSELF SO SERIOUSLY!"

Walter S. Peck, Jr., (Chc).

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APPRECIATION

Edition 8 of the Jolly Roger was assembled by Dick Cornish Y2c, Edmund O'Connor, Y1c, Louis Cataldo, AM1c, George Chaltye, RM1c, Eugene Martin, Y3c, Paul Disinger, RM3c, Melvin Priest, Prtr3c, William Williams, Prtr3c, H.R. Chevrolet, SKD3c, James Huie, SK3c, Val Gerolstein, Prtr 3c, C.Herb Adams, Prtr3c, Robert Fawls, Prtr3c, Ernest Bevanx, S1c, Al Paik, Y3c.

RANDY'S HANDY BANDY

There's a Chief Petty O. we call Bandy
Who at tricks, jokes and such is quite handy,
But he's best of all
Telling sea tales quite tall,
And at this he's the champ of the Randy.

Divine Services

Divine Services for All Hands are held as operating conditions permit. Listen for the announcements over the speaker for time and place.

POETRY CONTEST

(cont'd from page 1)

of generosity and humor, and a gay, swaggering air. He knows life at its worst and its best.

Doubtless, many a sailor feels these things, and at some time strives to express them in writing, so that they may be a permanent record, a constant aid to memory and source of enjoyment for himself and others. Who has not yearned to make known to others the product of his own thoughts, whether of beauty, a play upon words, subtle humor, or a message?

Well, if you're poetically inclined—or even if you have not been so up to now—here's a chance not only to share your verse with the whole ship but perhaps win a prize, too. Enter the Jolly Roger Poetry Contest and see what happens. Maybe you'll be a lucky winner with a modern sea chanty, some rhyming wit or even poetic love making. For the winner there will be a handsome wrist watch.

1. All poetry submitted must be original, and enclosed in a sealed envelope addressed to Jolly Roger Poetry Contest. The entrant's name, rank or rate, and division must be written on the same page as the poem.

2. Entries will be submitted to the Chaplain's yeoman.

3. Contest begins at 1200 on 20 June and closes at 1200 on 15 July. The winner will be announced on or about 1 August.

4. The contest is open to all RANDOLPH enlisted men and officers except members of the Jolly Roger staff.

5. Jolly Roger staff members will be the judges to determine the winning entry, which will be published.

6. Jolly Roger or its staff will not be held responsible for the return of entries, although care will be taken.

Fantail BREEZE

By MATT ZABITKA

Rossi, Flc "A" Div. has been tagged "Horizontal Joe" because he's more horizontal than vertical....Bob Schmidt, AMM3c, V-2 Division, of Chicago, is pacing the flight deck with head bent low and hands clasped behind him....

Reason: He's an expectant pappy.....Joe Alvarez, ACM3c is the Frank Sinatra of V-4-A And here is the \$64 question: Is Dominic Casey, SCLc, of Philly, a ship's cook or a Navy recruiter?.....(Boy, will the messcooks eat that one up!) It really happened: A few weeks ago, when "shots" were being given down at Sick Bay, a sailor fell in line for his "shots" four times... and every time he reached the PHM with the needle, he'd drop out and wander to the end of the line.... On the fifth try, he made it..Eh, Ed? What's this we hear about Shaw, SC2c, not knowing the difference between port and starboard?....The story has spread that no matter which side of the ship he's on, Shaw claims it's the port side!

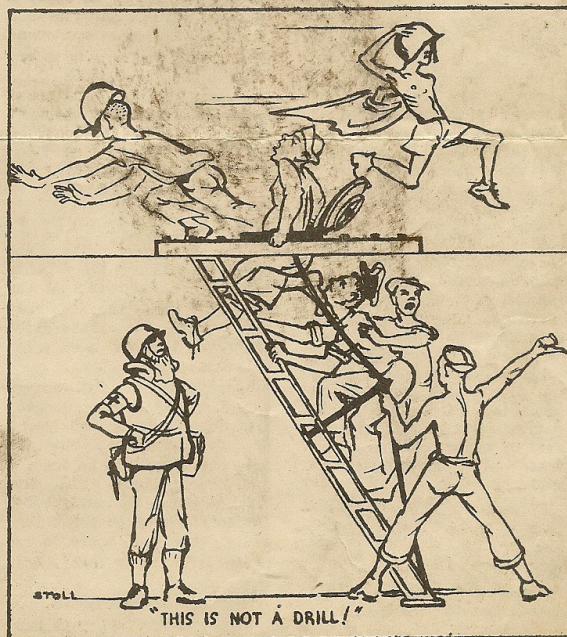
Ed "Bogey" Busch, Slc, V-4-A can imitate a Jap better than a Jap can...Is it true about "W.J." Brooks changing his two initials to "L.M."?.....

Wonder why?.....John Kasuba, PHM3c, was voted "Chow Hound" of H Division by his Division mates.....Jack Dacey, Slc, V-3-C, has authored some swell poems, composed especially for his wife.

WITH THE STEWARDS:

"Big Boy" McCoy snores like an F6F turning up....The story is getting around the night he reached his snoring acme.... The entire S-3 Division jumped out of their sacks, mistaking one of "Big Boys" most sonorous snores for Torpedo Defense! Martin Foley was voted "Most Handsome Steward's Mate on the RANDOLPH"..... Cowboy Coleman finished a close second. The Stewards have formed a harmonious quintet which will be featured very shortly over our ship's radio..... The quintet, which has been rehearsing for some time, is pleasant on the ears, and is composed of Martin F. Foley, tenor; James Walls, 1st to Cornelius Webb, bass, and Lander Ross, baritone... The group features spirituals. It hasn't named itself yet. We suggest... "The Zebra Easy Quintet."

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WEBO MAKES DEBUT (Cont'd from Page One)

able assistants as Jimmy Cameron, GM2c, and George Crim, Paul Hollick and Bill Hannis, all representing the first-class seamen of the Navy, to help the programs through their embryonic stages. "Candy" Rissette remained with his "baby" to act as control manager.

So, finally the Voice of the Randolph was heard. Station W R B O I

The guys who do the work refer to it as the "World's Ruggedest Broadcasting Organization". They're rather modest in that respect. Though now the programs consist mainly of canned music and V-Discs transcribed in the States, plans for the immediate future include the use of "live" talent. They have definite ideas for skits, dramas, soap "opry", musical and talent shows.

During the indefinite hours of the day - those "where or when" hours - Station W R B O can be faithfully heard in such programs as the "Classic Hour" in the early afternoon, newscasts - with fresh news transported from a bigger radio shack - Jimmy Clifford, AM2c, and his program of the latest in sports - and an early morning program just for Sick Bay - canned music from stately Bach to weighty Ethel Waters - in fact, most anything you want.

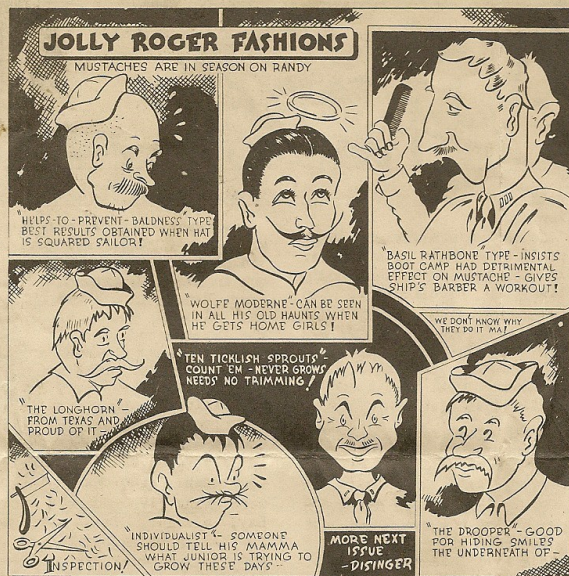
The little group of five volunteers have done a good job on their own time. Their goal is to keep the rest of us entertained. In that light, here's hoping that they will have lots of luck with the brain-child - the World's Ruggedest Broadcasting Organization!

LT. NEWMAN'S NEWSCAST (Cont'd. from Page 1)

a day and, if an extraordinary occasion warrants, we hear the news almost as fast as it's received by the ship's radio. For this we can thank Lieut. C.M. "Pete" Newman, our Public Relations Officer.

His is the calm, clear voice with just a trace of a pleasant Southern - accent, which you hear every night around about 1900 on the ship's loud speakers. Beginning with an unburied "Attention all hands," Lieut. Newman gives a well-rounded summary of what's happening everywhere from What Cheer, Iowa, to the Society Islands.

Lieutenant Newman gleams



his "foreign" news from Navy radio press service and from talks with our own pilots when they return from pasting the Japs all over the map of Nippon and environs. As for the "local" news aboard ship, that comes to him easily because Lieutenant Newman's primary duty is Assistant Air Combat Intelligence Officer. Everyone knows ACI sees all, knows all.

For that matter, the whole business of being a newscaster comes easily to Lieut. Newman. In civilian life, he was a college instructor in English and a newspaperman. While working for a news syndicate in Washington, D.C., he made weekly news broadcasts over one of the Washington radio stations, so you see, he really is a professional.

When the war's over and you're back in good old Uncle Sam, the chances are you may still hear Lieutenant Newman on the air or you may read his stuff in newspapers. He plans to return to journalism either the printed or oral kind, post bellum.



Jolly: "What's a lucky bag?"

Roger: "A Marine's girl on a date with a sailor."

Fantail BREEZE

(Cont'd from Page 2)

Signs Seen About the Ship

On bulkhead in Machine Shop: "This is no USO. So when you use our Jo, wash out the darn cap." On desk, in doctor's office: "Please, God give me strength to keep my big mouth shut until I know what I'm talking about." In berthing compartment: "Keep paper and trash off deck - or grab a broom."

Keep In Mind:

No man's opinion is worthless. Even a clock that does not run is right twice a day. A bad wound may heal, but not a bad name.

A chip on the shoulder indicates there is wood higher up.

Cultivate good habits and you'll find they're just as hard to break as bad ones.

There is no feel like an old fool.....look at the experience he's got!

Verse:

Mary had a little dress
Dainty, chic and airy.
It didn't show the dirt at all
By my, how it showed Mary!

Verse:

Put me away in moth balls,
Hang me up to dry--
The only thing I've lived for
Was married another guy.

WHAT IS A SAILOR?

"A SAILOR is a guy who is worked too hard, gets too little sleep, takes verbal abuse no civilian would take, does every imaginable kind of job at any imaginable hour, never seems to get paid, - never knows where he's going, can seldom tell where he's been - yet accepts the worst with complete resignation, and last but not least, he really kind a likes it! You know why?—When you're dog tired, been up since 4 A.M. working like hell all day, and about to hit your sack at 8 P.M. a voice shouts 'turn to on a work detail!' Then you unload a ship's cargo of perishable refrigerated foods.—You are ready to die by 2 A.M., but the job must be finished before dawn.—Soon you don't care if you live or die, and suddenly, you're a sailor, it's over, and you did it and you think of all the people you know and how they would react under the circumstances and you begin to grin. You grin because you ain't scared of nothing, and it is a fact that there is no ordeal you can't face—and you know it!"

—From a sailor's letter.

BIG MAIL CALL FOR LIBRARY

The Crew's Library has had a record mail call.

Mike Santone, SLC, librarian, reports that 500 new books have arrived aboard ship, not counting several thousand new "Pocketbooks."

"The boys are getting more literary," Mike reports. "During May they set a new record by drawing 3,356 books from the library. The Westerns are most popular, then mysteries. Sea stories? Way down on the list."

"Giving books out is easy. It's getting them back that's hard. The men can make it a lot easier on themselves by bringing books back promptly. Let's cooperate."

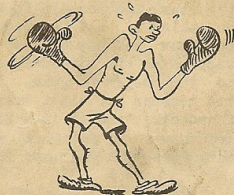
OUR DOGS



"I heard the Air Officer say, 'Be-ep the deck,' so I only thought I was helping out."

Sports Shorts

Everyone can't be a world's champion, but even champs have to make an humble beginning, Joe Louis, you know, got his start in the amateurs. With the idea of interesting the beginner in the manly art of modified mayhem, as the late Bill McGeehan or Damon Runyon or someone used to call the glove game, the Athletic Department is sponsoring a novice boxing tournament.



It really is only for novices. No one on the RANDOLPH boxing team nor anyone with professional boxing experience will be allowed to enter. And just to make sure everyone has a chance, it will be a double elimination tournament. In other words, a man has to be defeated twice before he's eliminated. Thus, a man who loses a close decision in an early round will have another chance.

Men will be matched, of course, according to weight. Fourteen-ounce gloves will be used for both preliminaries and the finals. Each bout

will go three two-minute rounds.

So that a man out of shape won't be matched with another in tip-top physical condition, Sam Padalino, of the Marine Division, heavyweight champ of the RANDOLPH, and Chief Specialist Hughes and his men in the Athletic Department, will help all contestants to get into shape.

They'll also coach all entrants in the rudiments, if not the fine points, of pugilism.

Thus, even if you don't win one of the prizes, you get some physical conditioning and a few lessons in how to launch a right cross and duck a left jab.

"And another thing," adds Chief Hughes, "it's a good chance to blow off steam. I've heard fellows threatening to knock somebody's nob off for dragging the geedunk line or for some other offense, real or imaginary. Well, now you can demonstrate how good you are at noggin knocking. A fellow might even be matched with the guy he's been griping about."

All you have to do to enter the tournament is sign up at the Athletic Gear Locker, Room 101, Hangar Deck, starboard. There's an entry list hanging right outside the locker in case Chief Hughes is busy elsewhere.

Boxing isn't the only activity going on about the ship. Volley ball and basketball tournaments also are under way.

THIRD DIVISION BASKETBALLERS DOWN V-4-T BY 18 TO 16 SCORE

The basketball tournament got off to a flying start when the 3rd Division team eked out an 18 to 16 triumph over V-4-T in one of the closest games of the first round.

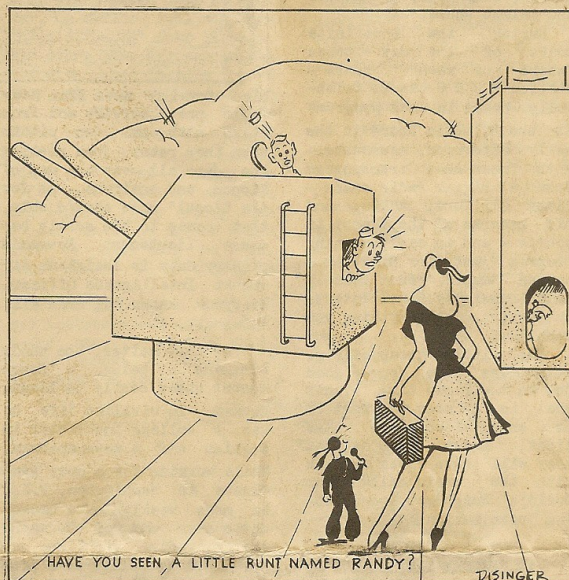
In another get-away match, the VB Bombers doubled the score on M Division, 8 to 4.

I Division was unable to net a single basket in the first half of a one-sided game with

V-5-T. The Terpecker quintet breezed to an easy 22 to 3 triumph.

Lieutenant Moe, Athletic Officer, has scheduled tournament games for virtually every day the ship is in port.

V-1-H is the defending title-holder, so to speak, having won the cage tourney the last time RANDOLPH was in port. They're out to repeat, they say.



HAVE YOU SEEN A LITTLE RUNT NAMED RANDY?

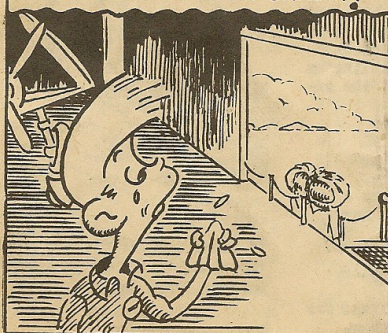
DISINGER

RANDY

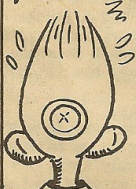
- he almost loses his happy home -

by DISINGER

CATASTROPHE! RANDY'S CREATOR HAS LEFT OUR SHIP - OUR LITTLE HERO FINDS HIMSELF AN ORPHAN!

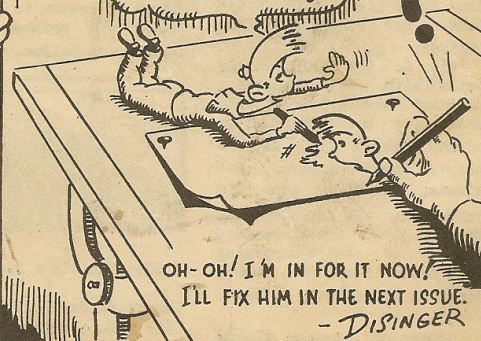


SO RANDY WEEPS! AND, WELL HE MIGHT, FOR TED IS A SWELL GUY - HIS CARTOONS GAVE US A LOT OF GOOD LAUGHS. *Good Sailing* TED MARTINE



and NOW THE FINGER POINTS AT ME - NOW I AM A FATHER. (AGAIN?) OH, RANDY! MY SON! WAIT TILL MY WIFE HEARS THIS!

NOT THAT WAY - THIS WAY!



OH-OH! I'M IN FOR IT NOW! I'LL FIX HIM IN THE NEXT ISSUE. - DISINGER