

Volume I No. 1

U. S. S. YORKTOWN

March 15, 1944

YORKTOWN HAS CHANGE OF COMMAND

REAR ADMIRAL J. J. CLARK, U. S. NAVY,
BIDS FAREWELL

CAPTAIN RALPH E. JENNINGS, U. S. NAVY,
TAKES COMMAND

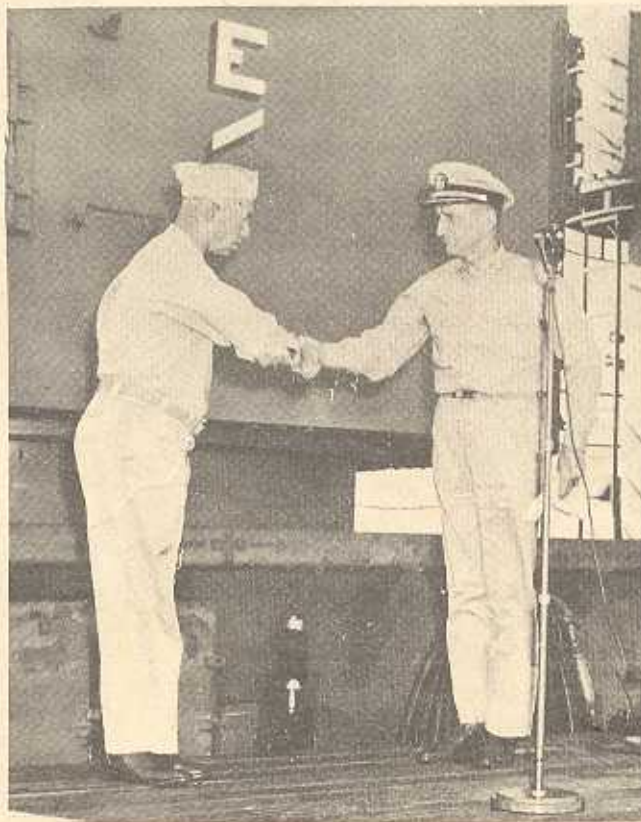
"The YORKTOWN has far exceeded my fondest hopes. She is at the top of the list. There is and will be none better. The credit belongs to you fellows, not to me." These were but a few of the comments Rear Admiral J. J. Clark, our former captain, made to his interviewer while busily engaged in autographing scores of photographs of himself to be distributed to each and every one of his well-wishing officers. One thing that he particularly stressed was the fact that you cannot have a good ship without good chief petty officers. And he had nothing but praise for the chiefs of the YORKTOWN.

When queried regarding his naval career, he replied making a sweeping gesture with his arm, "Oh, never mind all that stuff, you'll find it in my records in the office below." Unfortunately, his records had already been sent off the ship, so his undoubtedly colorful rise through the ranks to Rear Admiral in twenty six years while still a young man of forty nine is unavailable for print. An officer must have more than a little on the ball to make Rear Admiral at the age of forty nine and that in itself is an indication of how he has applied himself since the Class of '18.

We do know, however, that "Jocko" started out life as a cowboy. He was born in Chelsea, Oklahoma, and, according to his own words, "went to a military school; made corporal, then made sergeant. It went to my head and I told my father I wanted to go to West Point. My Congressman couldn't see any part of it; told me that I should go to Annapolis. Believe it or not, I'd never heard of Annapolis. Oh, I knew we had a navy and naval officers but I didn't even know where they came from. And

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Only four days before taking over command of our ship, Captain Ralph E. Jennings was in New York City. A few days later he successfully led us into two of the most important engagements of the war. Captain Jennings made a big hit "on" the Japs, and accordingly made a big hit "with" us. His batting average so far is 1.000--and, he's just getting warmed up.



The captain told us that he served for two years on the old "Y" as navigator and then as air officer. "The name YORKTOWN means a lot to me," he said. We wanted his views and comments on becoming commanding officer, and are passing them on to you exactly as we received them--word for word--because we rather feel you'd like to know that - "This is the captain speaking--"

"As a member of the Board of Inspection and Survey I saw the YORKTOWN for the first time a day or two before she was commissioned. She had been completed in record time and, of the many new ships I had inspected while on the Board, she was in the best condition of them all as far as appearance and readiness for duty was concerned.

"Last Monday I got a note from a friend on one of the cruisers, which read in part: 'Congratulations on your command of the biggest and best carrier afloat.' In Pearl, on the coast and in Washington before reporting aboard, I had heard that the "Lucky Y" was the best, and what I have seen since taking over is proof enough that she is still out in front.

"The air group is the punch--the destructive force--of

(continued on page 7)



Captain Ralph E. Jennings, U.S.N., Commanding Officer
Commander Cameron Briggs, U.S.N., Executive Officer

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Ens. W. R. Pollard Lt. (jg) W. F. Carlson
V. J. Massone, MM1c W. F. McMillen, ANM3c
F. S. Carliele, Senc

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Matter printed in SEA-V-TEN is intended to be unrestricted, permitting it to be mailed home. Should the editors consider some restricted item of such general interest as to justify dissemination, the upper left-hand corner of the first page will be marked RESTRICTED, in which case the paper shall be restricted to military personnel only and shall not be mailed.

IT'S A BOY!

Here it is at last, the first edition of the YORKTOWN's own news sheet, SEA-V-TEN. Our aim is to promote a closer spirit of unity, fellowship, and understanding among the personnel of our ship. We have a great ship and every effort will be made by the staff of the SEA-V-TEN to give you a paper worthy of its name. But the only way we can produce the type of paper we can be proud of is for EVERY ONE, officers and men alike, to cooperate by sending in items worthy of print and giving us constructive criticism.

The staff of the SEA-V-TEN is made up entirely of enlisted men; however, contributions are not only acceptable, but urgently requested from officers as well as enlisted men. Let us hear from Boys' Town, (Junior Officers' Bunk-room) our Warrant Officers, Aviators, the Flag, Chief Petty Officers; in fact, everyone.

Our policy will be to print news of widespread interest. We want all departments represented, if possible, in each issue. So gather in your departmental news items and give 'em to us so that your group will always be in the news.

There will always be room for additional talent on our staff. It is assumed that yet undiscovered talent abounds on a ship of this size. Make yourselves known, you poets, artists, gag men and columnists. We need your help.

There will even be a "gripe" column. So, grippers, roll up your sleeves and square off. Send us your pet howls. If they have news value and merit, we'll print 'em.

The SEA-V-TEN will be as good as the officers and men of the YORKTOWN want it to be. The quantity and quality of your contributions will greatly determine the caliber of this newspaper. And your helpfulness in the form of constructive criticism will not only be welcome, but will insure that the type of material that goes to press is the type containing the widest possible appeal to the officers and men of our ship.

To sum it up--This is YOUR PAPER--make the mostest and the bestest use of it.

MEET YOUR EDITORS

According to tradition and legend, strictly coincidentally, the Co-Editors of SEA-V-TEN should be the bitterest of rivals - practically enemies. Actually, they seem to make a pretty good team. Although, certainly, neither of them is a "Yes-man" to the other.

BARNEY OWEN, Chief Yeoman of Ship's Service, is one of those rare creatures - a bona fide native born Los Angeleno. Prior to joining the Navy, he was with the Marine Dept. of the Union Oil Company in Los Angeles. He specialized in gathering sea-going news items for his company's magazine.

JIM MC WILLIAMS, Storekeeper 1c in the Supply Office, hails originally from San Francisco, which, he emphatically states, is still the metropolis of the Pacific Coast. Jim served the Standard Oil Co. of Calif. for many years as an auditor, before it became advisable to make the choice between the Army and the Navy.

Los Angeles is famed for "Super-Dooper Colossal Productions". San Francisco claims the slogan of "The City That Knows How". So between the two of them, something "Extra Special" should be expected from the SEA-V-TEN.



DARCHE NAMED THE PAPER

To Bernard A. Darche, PhM3c, goes the distinction of naming the SEA-V-TEN. And for his brain storm goes a reward of \$10.00. The final selection was closely contested by two other entries. The deciding factor was the ability of the staff to work the name into a fitting design, as demonstrated by the finished product.

Darche hails from Webster, Mass., having attended the Cole Trade School, studying to be a pattern-maker. How he ever wound up as a Pharmacist's Mate seems to be one of those unpredictable Navy secrets. He enlisted in November, 1942--went through "Boots" at Newport, R. I., and finally wound up on the YORKTOWN in July, 1943.

Like all of us, Bernard is impatiently awaiting the day when he can return to his home town. He has a special reason--a one and only who is waiting to make a joint date with the preacher.

The staff wants Darche to feel absolutely free to come to us at any time for ideas on how to spend the ten scats.



Our research expert has just dug up the astounding fact that Texas, in 1940, had a population of 5,824,715, including the 24 guys who wear shoes.



ANXIETY

There they were--waiting impatiently. Where before they had moved swiftly ahead; now they only waited. Everything was quiet, except for an occasional murmur from one of the men. They knew that something was up; that there was some reason for the delay; and so they waited. On each man's face was a set expression--grim, questioning. These men were all brave men; men with the highest type of courage; men willing to face anything; that is, anything but this waiting. The time passed, slowly, and still they waited. Then, suddenly, there was a movement in the forward part of the line. Each man grew tense, for all knew that the waiting was at long last over. The chow line had started again.



A FEW QUESTIONS TO TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE COUNTRY FOR WHICH YOU FIGHT.

1. Where do we keep the Declaration of Independence so that every American can see it?
2. What are the correct names of the following States: "The Old Dominion, The Empire State, Buckeye State, Keystone State, Lone-Star State?"
3. Up until 1942, who was the only President ever under actual fire from the enemy in time of war?
4. Who was the U.S. Navy hero that, when asked to surrender his sinking ship, replied, "Sir, I have just begun to fight?" Where did this occur?
5. What is the name of the only President of our country ever impeached?
6. Where and what is the nation's tallest monument?
7. What was the "Battle of San Jacinto?"
8. What famous peace conference was once held on Staten Island?
9. Where in the United States were people once hanged for witchcraft?
10. What was the name of the first battle of the Civil War?

(You'll find all the answers on page 6)

Is it true that the famous "Case of the Missing Sack" and its sequel "The Missing Spring" was a dastardly plot to inconvenience the rotund little King of Sack Artists? And is he Swedish or Danish?

I think it was Chuck Fazio of V-3-E who was in ranks at quarters for inspection one Saturday morning and who was asked by Division Officer Buck Bright: "Did you shave this morning?" "Yes sir," replied El Faz. "Well, next time stand closer to the razor," snapped Bucko.

LONGEVITY AND LIQUOR

The horse and the mule live 30 years
And know nothing of wine and beers;
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at 18 is nearly done.
The dog at 15 cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then at 12 short years it croaks.
The modest, sober, bone dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at 10.
All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly die;
But sinful, ginful, rum soaked men
Survive for three score years and 10.
And some of us, the mighty few,
Stay pickled till we're 92!

Outside of On Chong's Beefsteak Parlor, probably the most famous restaurant in the Pacific Ocean area is Steiner's Diner, on Gallery Deck Boulevard. This hash house is operated solely for Bombing Five pilots, and rumor has it that "outsiders" have crashed the gate by pulling their ranks. The proprietor and head chef, "Two-Gun" Steiner is having his troubles trying to keep his soup joint exclusive and we understand he has issued a proclamation barring certain former Bombing Five skippers and all ACI Officers.



(Editor's Note: This column will be devoted to your gripes, howls, moans, criticisms--constructive or otherwise, praise, if any; in fact, whatever you have on your mind that needs airing.)

Dear Editor: BuPers Information Bulletin of Dec. 1943 shows a "Plank Owners' Certificate" issued by the USS GUADALCANAL. Will we, who helped put the YORKTOWN in commission, receive a similar certificate? Carson E. Dye, SK2c

➤ The matter has been taken up with the Exec., and the wheels are rolling toward obtaining YORKTOWN certificates--Ed.

Sirs: Could arrangements be made for me to sound "MAIL CALL" during the noon band concert just to keep in practice? L.G.S., Bugmstric

➤ No comment--Ed.

Orchids to the movie operators who got up early while we were at anchor at (censored) in order to get the cream of the movie pool.

Sirs: Why aren't BuPers Educational Pamphlets made in pocket size, like currently popular two-bit novels? J.D. S1c

➤ Don't know, but agree with the implied thought that more studying would probably be accomplished if the pamphlets could be conveniently carried at all times--Ed.

Dear Gentlemen (?): Why don't they have enlisted WAVES aboard ship? H. B. BM2c

➤ Because, er-r;---What the hell are you trying to do;--drive us crazy too? The Staff.

Dear H.J.B., MM1c: Yours is the \$64.00 question! Our ethics (Besides this paper is censored!) preclude an answer--Ed.

MEET NICK

Recently our ship was favored by a visit from "Nick", a new member of the Jap airplane family. He soon found that we played a little too rough for him, so he started for home, only to meet up with some F6F's--bad company for any Jap, and promptly got a ducking. "Nick" is a heavily armed, sleek and powerful night-fighter. He is also one of the first Jap planes to provide any protection for his crew--namely, fire-proof tanks.

"Nick" carries three 12.7 machine guns and one 20 mm cannon in his nose, plus one 7.7 in his rear seat. He can also carry a 500 lb. bomb load. With no bomb load, and under most favorable (or unfavorable?) conditions he can go 350 miles per hour--or maybe you noticed that.

Here's to less of them!





MEET A NAVAL AVIATOR

He was a naval aviator before the last war—one of our earliest naval pilots. During that war he was in command of a naval air station in France which operated against German U-Boats. He has been active in naval aviation ever since and has had various responsible positions in Washington, on staffs and carriers, including the first American aircraft carrier, the *LANGLEY*. He served in the Navy Department as Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics just before our entry into this war.

After the attack on PEARL HARBOR, the Navy needed a fighting man who would go out there and keep the Japs busy until we could rebuild and reorganize our fleet; so they ordered him to command the new *HORNET*. He was the *HORNET*'s skipper when she buzzed her way across the vast Pacific to launch planes in that never-to-be-forgotten "Shangri-La" raid on TOKYO. He also captained the *HORNET* during the great Battle of Midway.

Shortly before the *HORNET* was sunk in the South Pacific, he received his two stars and was promoted to Commander Air SOLOMONS. He remained at this post for quite a while during the SOLOMONS campaign, then returned to the States as Commander Fleet Air West Coast.

After a brief tour there, he was ordered to command our task force, and transferred his flag to our ship.

He is Rear Admiral M.A. Mitcher, U.S. Navy.

Our "pilot-board" will always be ready for him.



NOW WE ARE SHELL

RECALLING THAT QUITE SOME TIME AGO
DRAGON CAME ABOARD AND THE YORKTOWN
TAKE IT AS WELL A

We, of the good ship *YORKTOWN*, crossed the most famous line on the face of the earth - the Equator. Remember? Or how could you forget? Yes, it is a rather painful memory, not unlike that of a tenderfoot, who has ridden a cow-pony on the open range all day long, only perhaps a bit more rugged. The Shellbacks put a bit more feeling into their efforts than the pony. But, just wait, there will come a time when you too can have a crack at a bunch of Pollywogs. And then, comes sweet r-r-ree-venge!!

And why all of this horse-play just because a ship crosses an imaginary line on the ocean? The grotesque costumes - the breaking out of fire-hoses (ah, yes, well do we remember how the Shellback meeting in the chow-hall was effectively, but definitely, broken up, to the embarrassment of some) - the college sophomore pranks - the quasi-solemn dignity of the Royal Party - the laying it on heavy, regardless of rank or rate - the free use of shears, electrical devices, grease, oil, garbage, coffin and canvas tunnels, etc.

So just this: According to the best authority on Naval Customs and Traditions (and boy, isn't this Navy loaded with them?), there is a real sound history to the apparent sadism. (To youse guys what aint had the eddicayshun what we got, that merely means blood-thirsty). And it dates back to all of the sea-going gents we read about when you and I were young Maggie. Fellers like the Vikings, Ulysses, Captain Kidd, Christopher Columbus, Robinson Crusoe, Long John Silver, Captain Bligh, Pirates of the Spanish Main, John Paul Jones, Nelson, Barnacle Bill the Sailor, and all of their ilk.

It seems that when they got a flock of "boots" aboard, they concocted a lot of reasons for putting them through the jumps to find out, quick-like, whether they could take it. Things like climbing out on a yard-arm in a monsoon; or scaling the rigging to the top of the main mast in a typhoon; or taking on the Chief Bos'n Mate in a contest of fisticuffs, without benefit of Marquis of Queensbury Rules, no holds barred, and without gloves or time limit, but plus belaying pins. If the boot didn't make the grade, he was merely tossed overboard, and a brief entry made in the log-book "Disappeared--cause unknown".

In those days, the occasion was dignified by almost any event: such as passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, crossing a particular meridian (generally the 30th), sailing over the horizon, or what have you, principally for the morbid pleasure of the Old Salts. Through the years, the ceremony

LLBACKS--SO WHAT?

AGO KING NEPTUNE AND THE GOLDEN
YORKTOWN CREW PROVED THEY COULD
L AS DISH IT OUT!

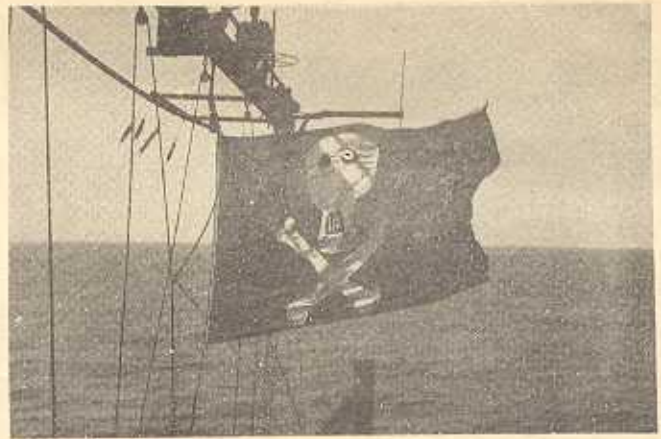
has taken on an aspect of ritual and dignity, albeit, the mental and physical anguish has been retained. But that is fair enough. At least, by now, we all know that we can really take it. And we are not only legal subjects of Neptune Rex, Ruler of the Raging Main, but of the Golden Dragon as well.

It is of unique interest, that there were previously very, very few ships, flying any flag, that had crossed the intersection of the Equator and the International Date Line, or reasonably close to it. Well, we did. Once again the YORKTOWN has accomplished the unusual and unexpected.

We regret very much that the complete data concerning the historical event cannot be published. Censorship prohibits, or, as the French so aptly explain, "C'est la guerre". But there are no restrictions concerning the identity of the Royal Party, their satellites and consorts. So, for the benefit of those who were on the receiving end, and all others who might be interested, here is a fairly complete listing of those who conducted the ceremonies with ghoulish glee:

The Royal Family was composed of King Neptune - Pete Federspiel; his wife, the Queen - L.T. Pisarski; and their bouncing Baby - "Tiny" Pickett. Her Nurse was R.O. Walter. D.B. Crabtree was the Royal Jester. "Frenchy" Beaudette was superb as Davy Jones, peg-leg and all. "Curly" Swearingen was his Clerk. Captain Kidd was portrayed with a dose of salt by M.E. Bower. Ship's Clerk P.W. O'Brien handled the Golden Dragon, while Undertaker M.F. Haley made quite a mess of the coffin. Sheriff Bond was right at home as Chief of Police. J.E. Stewart was a bit unreasonable as Judge, and Prosecutor C.W. Sullivan didn't help matters any, either. Counsel for Defense R.F. Allen had a perfect score for the day - he failed to win a case.

The Royal Prexy and his two Assistants were Tommy O'well, Jack Speckles and Bob (MA) Shelski. The Royal Doctor and his two Dentists were painfully practiced by F.T. Sites, Sgt. F.E. Hall, and Corp. R.H. Davis. The three Royal Barbers did a lot of cutting-up in the persons of J.O. Griffin, "Woody" Woodward, and W.E. Benjamin. The stuff that Bootlegger A.T. Moses peddled was worse than Island gin (if that is possible!) Chief Commissary Steward Wade, of "Frame 150 Starboard Side of Hangar Deck" fame, upheld the reputation of the Crew's Mess in his capacity of Royal Caterer. Royal Photographer was E.V. Kossler. Royal Scribe was "Bucky" Rodgers. Much prodding was done by C.A. Mabone as the Royal Devil. F.O. Anderson fooled everybody as the Royal Bear.



COMTALLYHOACKACK

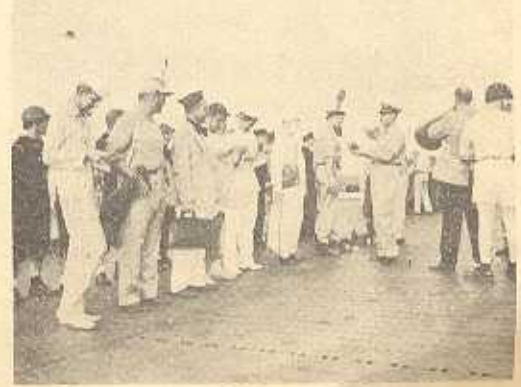
You've heard some, and you'll hear a lot more of his now famous - xpressions--all coined and, and for a good purpose, by our new Task Force Commander, Rear Admiral S.P. Ginder.

How much griping have we heard because the common sailor has been kept more or less in the dark on what goes on? It is Admiral Ginder's conviction that the crew has a right to know the limit that naval intelligence will allow. And to see that the crew is kept informed, he has created this novel manner of personally giving out information regarding our forthcoming operations and other items of general interest.

All of the Admiral's messages to the crew are called TALLY-HO ACK ACKS; all squadrons serving under him are called TALLY ACKER SQUADRONS; and all men under his command are TALLY ACKERS. How ya doin', Tally Acker?

It follows that a colorful leader must have had a colorful career. He served in the original Torpedo Squadron-ONE. Subsequently, he commanded Fighting Squadron-THREE. He was navigator and later Executive Officer, in the old LANGLEY. He had tours of duty as an Aviation Staff officer in Cruisers, Scouting Force, and in the Battle Force. In 1943, he commanded the ENTERPRISE. But all this is another story. Right now, we wish to welcome Rear Admiral S. P. Ginder to the YORKTOWN.

Glad to have you aboard, ComTallyhoAckAck!





Life drags on for this weary, homesick, overworked bunch of sack hounds cast by fate into the Junior Officers' Bunkroom on the foc'sle deck, so affectionately called "Boys' Town" by all inmates. Boys' Town, (alias "600 Club") just ain't what it used to be. All but two of the original gang have moved into those heavenly compartments called staterooms. And the place is now swarming with "new people". No longer are we well stocked with magazines, spicy stories and essentials. (Editor's note: Anyone knowing where a quart of "essentials" can be obtained please notify the editor without delay.) The hordes of cockroaches are leaving because there are no longer the tender bits of sardines, crackers and meat left over from the nightly luaus.

All the "Fly Fly" boys want to know what the ship's officers do with their time now that the air group is standing the deck watches. "Sleepy" Royster turned in a noteworthy performance of handling the liberty boats with a salty "Shove off, coxswain, and carry out your original orders". He is a shining example that aviators can do more than sleep, eat and fly. "Don't call me mother" Scheer spends all his time sleeping in order to make up for the time missed that day they launched him into the drink. It's rumored that his initials "P.G." stand for plane grounder. "Cat (censored)" Barton still claims to be the acey deuce champ. Anyone having an extra suitcase, trash can, or old wooden box, please turn it in to the bunkroom, as we are low on chairs.



Lt. Comdr. Owen and Lt.(jg) Duncan of VF-5 are the proud possessors of 5 and 6 Jap flags respectively on their planes. Congratulated, both pilots replied in unison, "Heck, we outnumbered 'em every time; about one to five!"

QUIZMASTER ANSWERS

(Here are the answers to questions on page 3)

1. In the Congressional Library, at Washington, in a marble and bronze shrine. It is protected from light by amber-colored plates. For many years it hung on the wall of the old Patent Office, but the text and signatures suffered much damage from light. However, they will fade no more.
2. Virginia, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas.
3. Abraham Lincoln. During General Early's raid on Washington in 1864, President Lincoln was standing in Fort Stevens, north of the Capitol, when the Confederates opened fire.
4. Captain John Paul Jones, during the desperate fight off the Scottish coast between the American Bon Homme Richard and the British Serapis. It was he who first raised the Stars and Stripes over an American warship, the Ranger. (This ship was once called the Bon Homme Richard.)
5. Andrew Johnson, who was impeached in 1867 and acquitted by one vote. He was a much-misunderstood man and a good American.
6. On the battlefield of San Jacinto, in Texas. It is 567 feet high, twelve feet higher than the Washington Monument.
7. This was where Sam Houston and his 300 Texans defeated the Mexicans in 1836 and freed Texas. He had only two cannons which were called the Twin Sisters and were loaded with broken horseshoes, which proves there is luck in horseshoes.
8. In 1776 three Americans, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Edward Rutledge, met Lord Howe on Staten Island and rejected the peace terms he offered because they did not recognize the independence of America.
9. Salem Massachusetts. In 1692 19 men and women were hanged at Salem for the supposed crime of witchcraft. One woman was called a witch and sent to the gallows because one evening her chickens went to roost earlier than usual.
10. Bull Run, or Manassas, Virginia. Had the Confederates followed up their victory they might have taken Washington without firing a shot.

THE MAN WHO CAME ALONG FOR THE RIDE

"I'm on board for the ride." At least that was the answer he gave me when I asked Commander Frank Wead why he came aboard the YORKTOWN for this cruise. Who is he? Well--let's begin with a negative thought. He is not attached to the YORKTOWN, nor is he connected with Admiral Mitscher's Staff. He is, however, Assistant to Admiral Radford who is Admiral Towers' Chief of Staff. Occasionally he can be found in his room reading or writing. But more often he holds forth on the bridge where he can watch our planes launch and land and where he can observe our flight deck crews breaking records for spotting and respotting the deck.

Commander Wead is a naval aviator, retired. He was skipper of one of our first fighter squadrons, served on the old carrier LANGLEY, led the Schneider Cup Racing Team in that international seaplane classic, and at one time held a few world's seaplane records.

But there's another story and a more interesting one with regard to the commander. He's a writer--and damn good one too--judging from his works. He wrote "Ceiling Zero", the very popular Broadway play, which he later adapted to the screen; and the screen versions of the following are only a small portion of the many famous stories he had a hand in: "Hell Divers", "Dirigible", "Destroyer", "The Citadel", "Dive Bomber"--the four star picture starring Clark Gable and Spencer, "Test Pilot", "I Wanted Wings", "China Clipper", "Submarine D-1", etc. etc.

Commander Wead has been helping Lieutenant Long with the long-awaited "Life of the U.S.S. YORKTOWN", which is now almost completed. Lieutenant Long will soon return to the States to arrange for final editing and scoring in order to get this film in shape for release during the early part of the Summer. "A lot of the film is terrific", says Commander Wead, "and should rank with the finest pictures ever made about the Navy." It's a technicolor production and the narration will be given by Spencer Tracy or some other popular Hollywood star.

When asked how he liked this trip, the commander replied: "I'd like to go on all of them. I have known Jock Clark for years. He asked me to make the trip with him--and I said, 'You're damn right!' The bosses agreed I'd better see what the war was like; so I did."

Well, commander, if you ask us, we are happy to have you on board, and if we have made your stay a fruitful one, our only hope is that we have left with you a lasting impression of having lived up to the reputation and expectations of the Navy's fightingest ship--the U. S. S. YORKTOWN.



Chief Bos'n Beaudette was supervising the transfer of gas cylinders between this ship and a tanker at sea. A seaman was stationed midway up the bulkhead, with the sole duty of holding a piece of canvas between the lines and the ship. Twice the hook jerked the canvas away and over to the tanker.

"Frenchy" was slowly working up one of his colorful lathers. When the canvas was carried away for the third time, he called for his deck gang to return the load to the ship from about half way across, hollering at the hapless seaman at the same time, "If that had been you, you *%*%, I would have let you go on over and stay there. But I've got a lot of good use for that \$!\$!\$! piece of canvas."

REAR ADMIRAL CLARK BIDS FAREWELL

(continued from page 1)

that's how I got in the Navy. I've never since been sorry that my Congressman decided for me to join the Navy."

We also know that he became interested in the Navy's air arm, became a flier, served on several of our carriers and that his first flat top command was the SUWANNEE.

But his record right here on board the good old YORKTOWN is proof enough of what kind of a leader, an officer and a gentleman he is. For who can ever forget, under "Jocko's" personal leadership, the speed with which this ship was fitted out, shaken down and made ready for fighting in WORLD RECORD TIME? Yes, NO ship of this or comparable size has ever touched our record on that score, and it is highly improbable that any ship ever will. And who was responsible for all that? Jocko! A ship at commissioning with a crew so green that they didn't even know where their battle stations were, let alone what to do when they got there. A ship, captain and crew, however, so impatient to get to battle that ammunition was loaded in dry-dock; stores were taken aboard day and night, and workmen from the Navy Yard herded aboard, scaffolds and all, while we plowed up and down the Chesapeake, training our gunners, damage control men, black gang, and all the rest in what to do and how to do it. "The fightingest ship in the Navy," as he is so fond of calling us. Yes, Jocko was our spark plug and can take full credit for a job "well done".

The officers and men of the YORKTOWN to a man wish Rear Admiral J. J. Clark "good hunting" on his forthcoming job as Commander of a new carrier division.



CAPTAIN JENNINGS TAKES COMMAND

(continued from page 1)

the carrier, and each department and man contributes directly to the air group's success. Only by each one of us knowing and doing his job to perfection can we unfailingly take the squadrons within reach of the enemy, put them in the air in the best possible condition to strike, and bring them back aboard safely and quickly. And that is also what has to be done to stay out in front.

"We have a right to honest pride in a fine reputation, but in this instance success has greater significance than the feeling of personal satisfaction it brings. The ship which attains the highest level of performance sets the standard for the others, and the role of the carrier in this war is so important that the length of the war can very well depend upon the performance of the pace setters.

"We intend to keep the YORKTOWN out in front and to make her the most successful and famous empire wrecker of them all."



The other day an SBD, returning from an anti-sub patrol and in sight of our force, began to lose altitude when the motor suddenly cut. It went into several dips and started to act crazily. Finally pilot Jack Hestilow got her under control and entered into the landing circle. He called to his rear-seat man, "True Blue" Pettigrew and said: "I'll bet 50% of the people down there thought we were going to spin in that time." The frightened gunner answered: "Yes sir! And exactly 50% of the people up here thought so too."



The Air Department phone rang -- Pete Federspiel ran to answer -- a voice came through -- "This is Mr. Owen" Pete replied in his most polished sarcasm with, "Whaddya want, fat boy?" An indignant voice responded with, "This is Lieutenant Commander Owen, NOT 'Fat Boy' -- who is this speaking?" Pete's flair for diplomacy was taxed to the limit in trying to explain that he thought Barney Owen was on the other end of the line. Poor Pete is still going around muttering and mumbling to himself.

"Genero" Cavalliere threatens to leave CPO quarters one of these days and actually go topside. Says he thinks it might help his bed sores.

Grumling is at a new low regarding the chow now that "Goldielocks" Woodward is mess caterer.

The big Acey Ducey tournament was won by "Doc" Calloway, CPhM. Runner up was "Old Man" Kritenbrink. Highlights were the gyrations Doc went thru in winning. Threw the dice from right hand once, then turned around and threw them with his left hand. Must have confused his opponents because he won the crown and, more important, the sixty four fish that goes with it.

"Shipmate" Tommy Olwell, our philosopher de luxe, regrets to state that he has nothing for publication at this writing. Says it wouldn't get by the censors anyway.

CCS Newcomer is actually a "newcomer" in the Pool Hall. Grab a cue, Newt.

"Gooby" Gutberlet, ex three button job, is making a big pest out of himself by bragging about his "permanent appointment" at all bull sessions. Get a little time in, Gooby.

If anyone is interested in "Royal Baby" Pickett's gloomy mug of late, here is the dope. It seems that someone told him that someone said that someone said that dire things were uttered about Pick, to wit: That "old men" like Pickett should be given shore duty. Pick says to tell that guy that he aint an old man by a long shot and he said to tell him some other things too.



The Associated Press photographer aboard decided he'd go on the enlisted men's beer party--just to take some shots of the fellows enjoying themselves. Next morning he was found wandering all over the ship asking all he met, "Have you seen my cameras or film?" We didn't know, but he found out the hard way that Micky Finns come in Pabst Blue Ribbon cans. He found his gear, then spent half a day trying to return a watch that had "grown" on his wrist during the party. That "lost" camera has clicked on pictures from Attu to Tulagi, but it took a ye olde YORKTOWN beer party to do to it what the Japanese snipers couldn't -- separate it from its owner.



Blondie Dingle (AMM2c) says the dirtiest trick he ever pulled was the time he nailed the bathroom door shut the night his father had a beer party.

- o -

Al Collyear (AMM2c) was complaining about his ability to sleep in a hotel --says the waiters and dancers keep falling over him.

- o -

Overheard:

Speckles, SK1c: Where are you going, Junior?

Yates, SK2c: I'm taking the waste baskets up to the incendiary.

And its sequel:

Baird, GM3c: Whatcha looking at, Tennessee?

Davenport, S1c: Lookit; they're loading the SBD's with incinerator bombs.

- o -

Leatherneck Coveleskie is bragging that the Marines have a new rifle that fires so fast it shoots eight rounds before you didn't know it was loaded.

- o -

Vic Massone (MM1c): I don't like Gene West (Y3c), he knows too many dirty songs.

Monty Malouf (MM1c): Whatsa matter, doesn't he sing them well?

Vic: He don't sing 'em, he whistles 'em.

- o -

Here is Buck Bright's efforts at poetry:

The love of a beautiful maiden,
The love of a staunch true man,
And the love of a baby unafraid
Have existed since life began.

But the greatest love, the love of loves,
Even greater than that of a mother
Is the tender, passionate, infinite love
Of one drunken bum for another.

- o -

I wonder if it's true that F6F pilot Jugbutt Moore recently wrote home to his girl claiming: "These Jap Zero planes are just like a pair of step-ins. It takes only one Yank to bring them down."

- o -

THIS and THAT

"SCUTTLEBUTT" STUFF

Cobbler Pete Wynn is proudly telling about Captain Jennings taking time out the day before a major engagement to thank him personally for the leather cigarette case fashioned for him by Pete and Wilbur, BM2c.

Storekeeper Waggoner is so accustomed to chiseling into the chow line, that before he knew it he had chiseled into the Shellback paddle line by mistake. He was well taken care of.

How did our public address system get the nickname, "Bullhorn"? While discussing this subject with a certain Associated Press correspondent, Pappy Harshman's name was mentioned. Hm...I wonder!

Lt.(jg) H. L. Gunter and Harry E. Liddle, SK2c were given a twin birthday party in the Supply Office. Their natal dates are February 16th and both are youngsters of 26 years, but according to Marathon Bisbee, SK1c, they don't even look alike. Fred Jasper, Baker 1c practically stole the show with his birthday cake masterpiece. "Alfred" Rasmussen, SK1c, of all people, arrived too late for the ice cream.

To Melvin R. Hughes, Jr., CWT(AA), B Div., goes the distinction of being the first man aboard to reenlist in territory taken away from the Japs. Mel hails from Missouri.

"Weellie" Gonzalez, Gedunk King, becomes maestro in one easy lesson. Puerto Rico Weellie, who dishes out coke and water (mostly water) for a living, was caught booing the efforts of maestro Mandell during a concert. Mandell, his dignity crushed, seized Willie, jammed the baton in his fist, and made him take over. The result was: "Stars and Stripes Forever" in Rhumba tempo.

Louis LaVerne Bosinio, CSK, finally got his rate. It's quite a story, we hear. Maybe Buck will tell it sometime.

What Ensign in the First Looney's Department is the walking reincarnation of Ned Sparks?

SNAFU

by JOHN FURLOW

