

GVE

99

ISLAND ITEMS

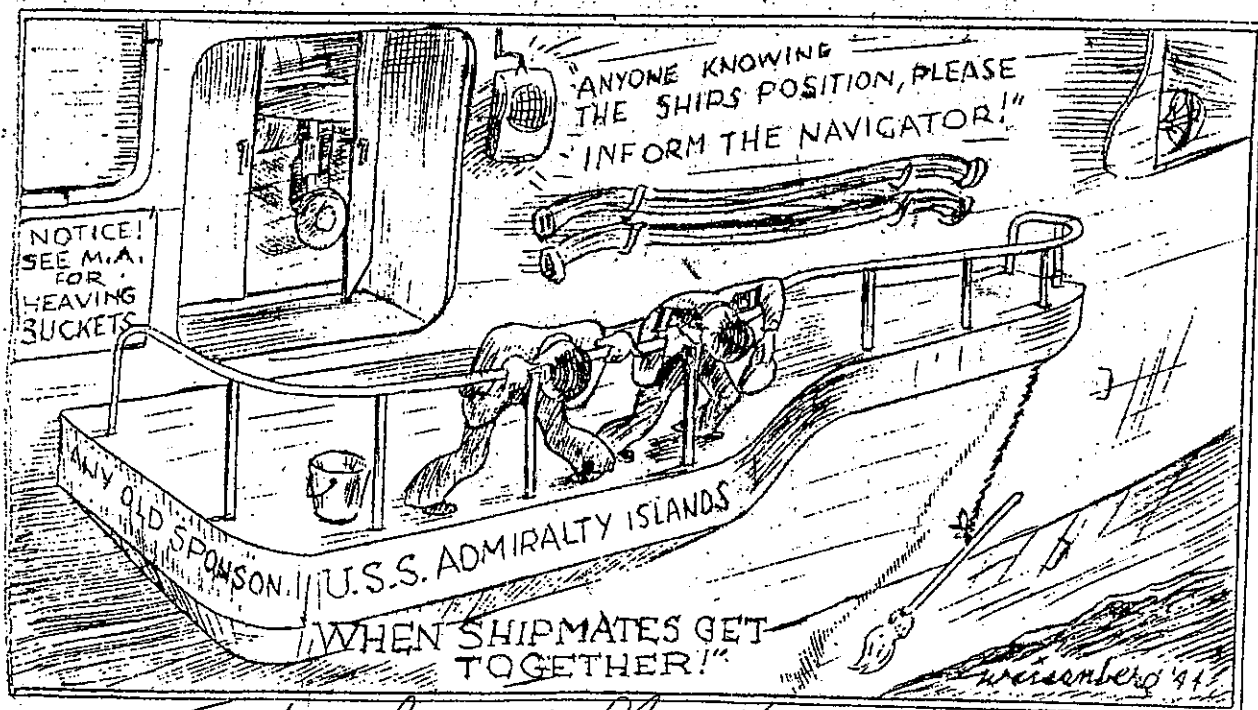
VOL. 1--NO. 2

MAIDEN VOYAGE ISSUE

SEPTEMBER 1944

A GOOD NAME!

Wherever you find a group of people living together you have a community with a personality or reputation. People will say "That is a fine town or the opposite." This is also true of a ship. Every ship in the Navy has a name! Some known as "Good ships" and some by the old caption, "A mad house." The crew which commissions a ship gives her her reputation. As long as she sails the seas she bears the name given her by her first crew. Everyone now on board this ship is helping to mould, day by day, her name. Every now and then we hear a man say, "I like this ship," "She's a good ship," "I'm being sent to the hospital, how can I get back to the ship?" Yes, she's a good ship. Well done, shipmates. We have given her a good name.



First or Second Ship Newspaper

Ship's Paper of the U.S.S. ADMIRALTY ISLANDS, c/o F.P.O., San Francisco, Cal.

Captain Marcel E. A. Gouin, U.S.N., Commanding Officer.
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FIRST

That one word "first" means a lot of things. It is well known that the guy who gets in the first punch is well on the way to winning a fight. The expression, "First come, first served" is familiar to all. The Japs in delivering the first blow at Pearl Harbor, a dirty yellow trick tho' it was, hoped to be able to win the war and might have made it pretty close if they had followed up their advantage.

We in the Admiralty Islands are well aware that "first" means something. We have established an awards list for first sightings by lookouts and others who may be interested enough to look about them. The guy who does something first or capitalizes on something first is the guy who makes a big success in life.

It's the same way with a ship when it comes to performance, appearance and Ship's Spirit. Let's look back and see how we have done in our first three months of commissioned service.

The Admiralty Islands was the first CVE to complete loading and stowage of spares and provisions in such short time at Astoria. We were, perhaps, the first CVE to leave Astoria without receiving any growls about improper uniforms ashore. Our Ship's dance stood first in the hearts of the local gals, if you can believe the gals. We seem to have been the first CVE to have a smooth trip to Puget Sound — no thanks to us but we are none the less grateful. The people at the deperming station said we were the first CVE to be ready to assist in deperming. Our loading of ammunition and bombs was certainly a "first" and a tough one. As a consequence of the last, we were first in being able to grant a day's liberty during a tough Puget Sound schedule. All the way along we have done things a little better than others. For instance, we loaded planes at San Pedro in jig time and unloaded them in mid-Pacific in about nine hours. When we first entered Pearl, ComAirPac complimented us on our appearance, the first time this has happened to the knowledge of the Executive Officer. We are first in granting liberty, getting away the liberty party and having the equipment to go with it.

We have only one "last". We are last in the expiration of liberty and that's the way we all want it! You keep the "firsts" going on and I'll take care of this one "last".

The Exec

"Personality Parade"

James L. Burns, Slc, Division V-3, wants to know if there are any other representatives aboard from Pocatello, Idaho.

Our sympathies to Clifford Colbert, S2c, 1st Division, who recently received news of the death of his brother, Billy, in the French Coast invasion.

William J. Troost, RdM3c, Division V-3, from Minnesota, is happy (?) that his assignment to the Navy placed him aboard the CVE 99.

Robert J. Blackwell, Slc, came to us from Portland, Oregon. He used to work on CVE hulls in civilian life. He has a chance now to see how well his work holds up.

Woodrow J. Hale, S2c, R Division, from Logan, Utah, thinks our ship is lucky to have such an excellent personnel.

Robert Lohr, Flc, M Division, from Santa Monica, California, is grateful that sea sickness has not caught up with him yet!

Rudolph Stark, S2c, A Division, from Columbus, Montana, thinks the view from the flight deck is terrific, especially when he's scraping tar.

Michael Maurer, Flc, V-2 Division, is doing a swell job with the gasline detail. If you don't believe it, ask him.

Congratulations to M Division from B Division for their recognition at the latest Captain's inspection. (Suggested by J.E. Roach, WT3c, B Division, from Ware Shoales, South Carolina.)

Everybody is cordially invited to the wedding of Joseph Felix Diaz, Slc, 1st Division, upon our return to the vicinity of L.A.

Ed Uziel, Slc, 1st Division, the Mad Russian, is on a diet. He is restricting himself to six meals a day, approximately.

Willie Wilson, the zoom happy TM3c, V-2 Division, is pining for the cornfields of Iowa. He hopes to return to his fatherland soon and open up a rest haven for all disillusioned torpedo men.

"Red" Rohrer, custodian of the spud locker, would rather be in his right mind than be an M.A.

Joe Bonds, S2c, Jim Bearse, TM2c, and Art Kovarik, Y3c, are expectant fathers. Good luck, fellows!

Al Delee, Slc, V-3 Division, recently was home for a few hours visiting his wife and mother in San Francisco.

Vic Wohlberg, RdM3c, doesn't want to go to heaven when he dies. He wants to go to St. Paul, Minnesota.

HELP! HELP! HELP!

Contributions to this column from all divisions will be welcomed. Let's see your name in print in our next issue.

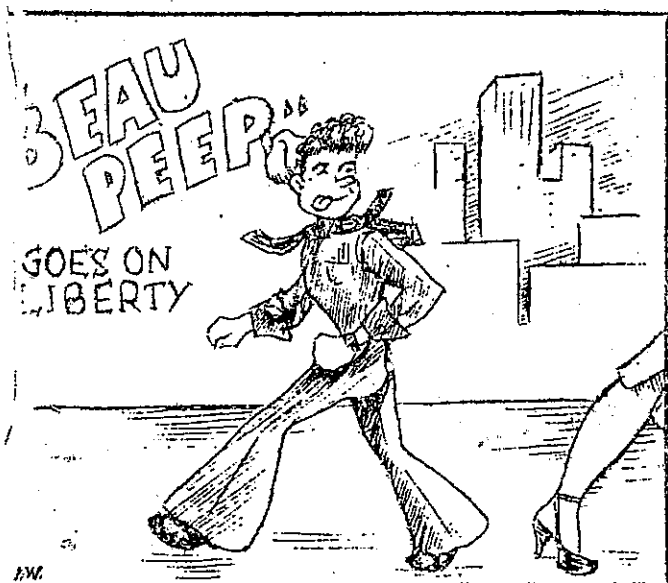


The Old Salt will welcome contributions to this column.

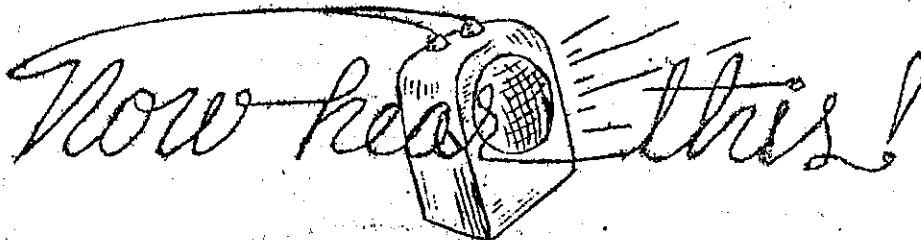
In this edition we want you to get acquainted with Sailor Beau Peep. Some of his common characteristics are: he's young, just a recruit. This is his maiden voyage but it's made an old salt of him. He must be an old salt for he is trying hard to act like one. He grows a fine curly lock of hair and hangs his hat on the Moron knob astern of it. He ties his neckerchief up around his chin just like "Little Lord Fontleroy" (you know the sweet little mamma's boy)(hello girls). His cuffs are turned back, a zipper on the side of his dress jumper and his trousers cut like an un-completed zoot suit. He light heartedly whistles at his work (only Boat-swain's mates and jackasses whistled in the old Navy). You are trying to cork off, you hear a whistle and awaken, listen to hear, "This is a drill", only to see, sister, I mean Sailor, Beau Peep whistling merrily as he passes through your compartment. He is very adept at picking up "nasty little four letter words" and trying to roll them off his tongue like the "voice of experience", he never succeeds in making it sound natural. If Mamma were here she'd wash his mouth out with soap, adjust his little bow tie and send him to the beauty parlor to get a marcelle.

(Old Salt says Old Navy for "Moron knob" used to be "Ditty box".

It is said petty officers are the backbone of the Navy.



In the old Navy the new man on board would watch his ship's happy hour and would say 'damn it', I could handle the gloves better than that guy or I know a little skit that would give 'em a laugh or I'm an amateur magician or juggler, etc. He would go to the officer in charge to let his talents be known. This made Ship's Spirit. This enabled his ship to win Fleet championships in baseball, etc. This also contributed to the winning of the big E. Let's keep up that old time spirit and have some real happy hours and smokers. Let your talent be known.



YOU'RE MISSING THE BOAT:

If you have not taken out all the Government insurance you can get. It's cheaper and better than you will be able to buy after the war.

If you have not made out family allowances and allotments. You should know by now what your monthly personal needs are. Allot the rest!

If you are not allotting a regular amount monthly to War Bonds. The Navy expects 10%. Government Bonds are the World's best investment. A wise man saves some!

If you have talent leave your name at the Chaplain's Office. We need: someone to play the piano by note, an orchestra, choir, actors, announcers, etc. There are some happy hours coming up.

Accey ducey boards and dice, playing cards, Chinese checker sets, dart boards and darts, jig-saw puzzles, etc. New Testaments, Prayer Books (Protestant, Catholic and Jewish), Rosaries, etc. are available free of charge at the Chaplain's Office.

Divine Services

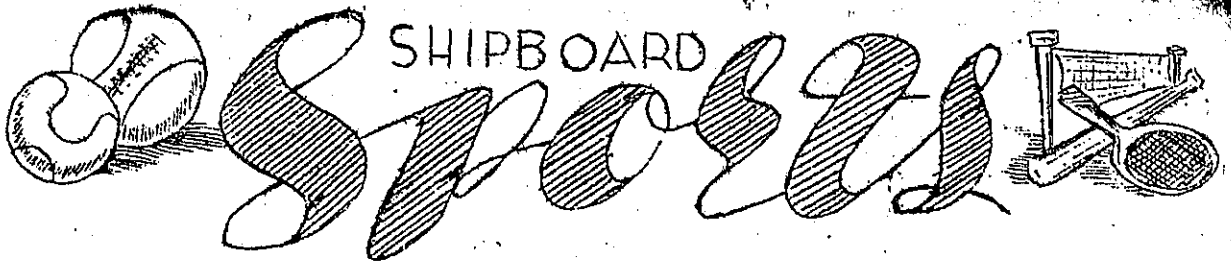
Sundays, 0800 Holy Communion (Protestant) Squadron Ready Room.
0830 Catholic Devotions, Mass when available (Ready Room).
1000 General Service, Hangar Deck.
Fridays, 1800 Jewish Devotions, Squadron Ready Room.

Every day, Evening Prayers after news broadcast.

Ship Christening

Launching a ship by smashing the traditional bottle of champagne on the prow dates back to an ancient superstition of buying the God of Luck a drink before putting out to sea. That the custom has endured is understandable in a day when the oceans are about a thousand per cent more dangerous than they were to the three-barque fleet of Christopher Columbus.

-- Passing Parade



SHIPBOARD SPORTS

Up to the time of going to press we have had very little opportunity to engage in sports of any kind. That does not mean however, that the future will prove to be as barren in the recreational field. Since commissioning, there has been some volley ball and some basketball practice. As soon as possible we intend to inaugurate divisional competition in several branches of sports. Mr. Clark, athletic director, informs us that gear of almost every nature is aboard. The equipment includes the following: footballs, baseballs, basketballs, volley balls, soccer balls, boxing gloves and punching bags, badminton racquets and shuttlecocks and medicine balls. So, anytime when the occasion presents itself and you feel the urge to indulge in a physical warm-up, get a group together and inquire at the M.A.A. shack as to distribution of gear.

Radar is reported to have a hot softball team. While the rest of the crew were in Bremerton, the Radar boys walloped everything in their league while undergoing Radar training.

Navigation can manage a formidable touch football team with McClelland, QM2c, former Southern California star, in the driver's seat.

Gonzales, S2c, 3rd Division, is quite a fighter in the 118 pound class.

The CVE 99 boasts plenty of talent in the various departments and perhaps by the next issue we will be able to present a more detailed account of all the stars.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! HAPPY HOUR RESULTS

1st Place - 2ND DIV. - 21 Pts.

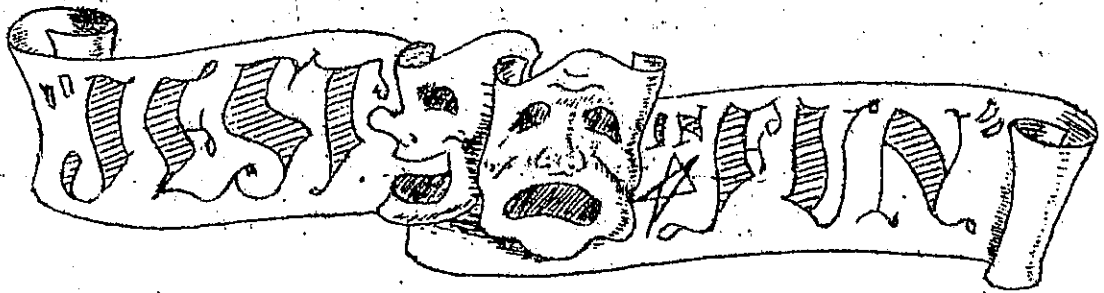
2nd Place - 3RD DIV. - 20 Pts.

3rd Place - Tie between S and V-2 Divisions.

Our first "Happy Hour Athletic Event" aboard ship a few Sundays ago saw the 2nd Division nose out its rivals. The winner took the fireman's carry relay, Horse and Rider, the three legged race and sea bag relay race, to offset the 3rd Division's strong bid when they took first place in both the volley ball and basketball tournaments held on the hangar deck. The highlight of the day on the flight deck was the finals of the tug of war between S and V-1 Divisions; on the hangar deck the supremacy of the strong 3rd Division basketball team which frustrated the hopes of the H Division in the finals of the basketball tournament.

What's Your Q.A.

1. What is Mariner Time?
2. Where is the Charley Noble?
3. What are the six ropes on a ship?
4. What are the uses of the ship's bell?
5. Who winds the anchor watch?
6. Who has custody of the key to the keelson?



Needles and pins, needles and pins,
This is the way our column begins:

* * * * *
Life is a hurdle race to those who jump at conclusions. So look
before you lip, sailor.

* * * * *
When a John Paul Jones of Boise, Idaho, enlisted in the Navy, he had
but one comment to make, "I have not yet begun to fight". — CORONET

* * * * *
It had been a big Saturday night and two sergeants just managed to
get aboard the last street car. One of them turned to the nearest uniformed
person and offered to pay the fare. "Sorry I can't take it," replied the
stranger. "I'm a naval officer."

"Holy smoke, Joe," yelled the sergeant to his buddy, "get off quick,
we've boarded a battleship." — Anonymous

* * * * *
AND SO GOOD-BYE!

We wanted her to share with him his sorrows and his joys,
She wanted him to share her with a lot of other boys!

* * * * *
Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important.
— Bob Hope

* * * * *
A group of bluejackets were discussing their dislike for ships, boats
and all bodies of water, salt or fresh. They spoke of their personal post-
war plans, and each tried to outdo the others in his vows to obliterate
every vestige of the Navy from memory. At last one boy voiced a plan that
seemed the ultimate in a landlubber's paradise.

"After the war I'm going to put a pair of oars on my shoulder and start
walking inland," he said, "and the first place I come to where people ask,
'What are those things?' — "that's where I'm going to live!"

* * * * *
— Lt(jg) Earle Fatkin

HYMN OF HATE

A mate we hate is an uppish folk,
Who never laughs at a home-made joke.

* * * * *
When a sailor marries a telephone operator, his days are numbered.

* * * * *
The Captain said we were destined to go far - far out in the Pacific.

* * * * *
They wouldn't advance me in rate. They said I was rank enough! Yessir.

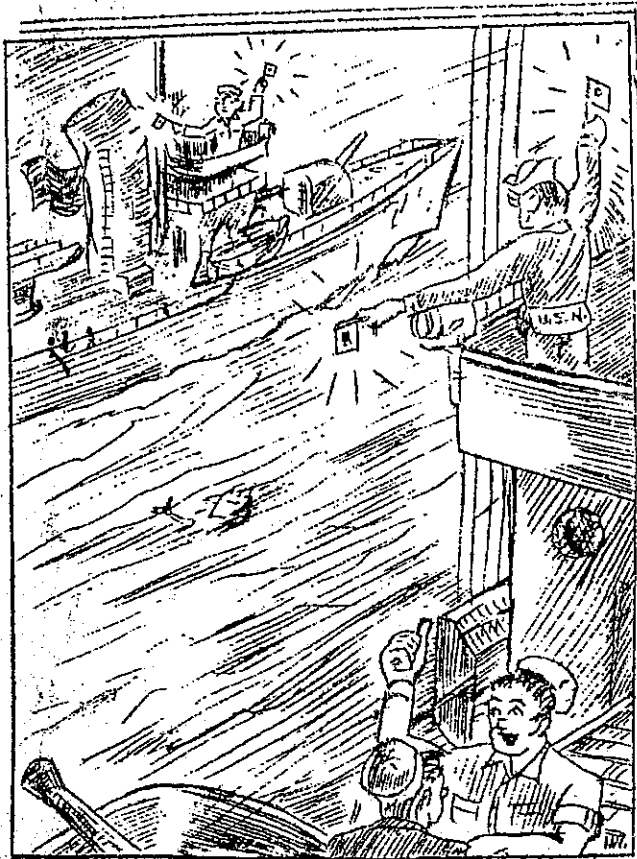
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Short, Short Story

Two get married; too young; to the divorce court.

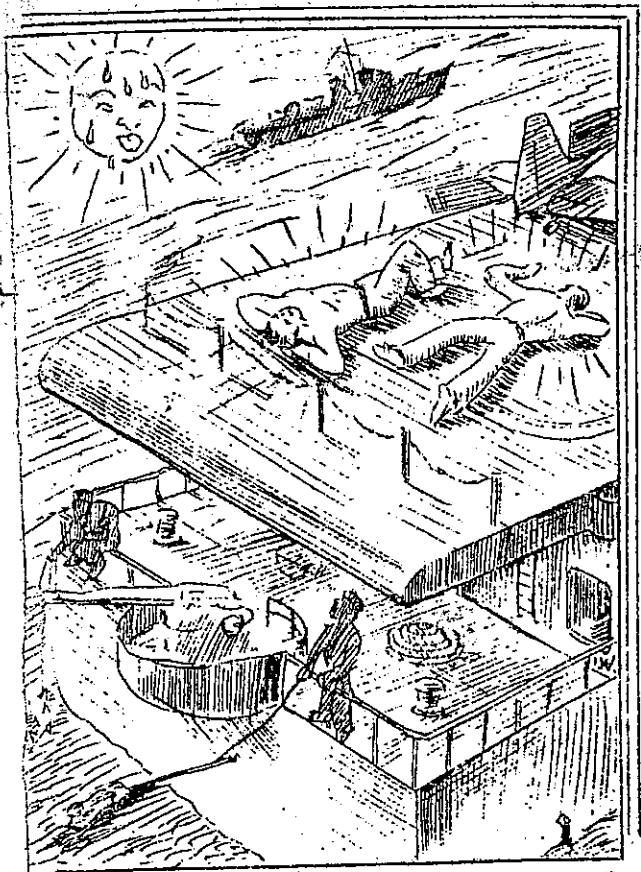
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When we get hard up for material we always use the joke about the
fountain pen. It makes a good filler.



"Can it last?"



"They're whispering!"



"What a spot for two pieces of bread!"



Mother: "Now, don't dance with anyone LOWER than an ensign."
 Daughter: "Don't worry Mom, there IS NOTHING lower than an ENSIGN."