

# RIPTIDE

U. S. S. APPALACHIAN

JUNE 23, 1945



## RIPTIDE

## THE NIPPON EXPRESS

We thought we had seen the last of news staffs coming and going when we left our draft-riddled newspaper office to enter the Navy, but it's just as bad here. Two weeks ago it was Ralph Rudy, one of our photographers, who departed, for state-side schooling. Last week another member of RIPTIDE's staff was detached. Marine Sergeant H. H. Lewis, veteran of Pacific landings from Guadalcanal to Saipan, walked down the gangway and we can't help but hope he gets back to the quiet of that Pennsylvania newsroom in a minimum of time.

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RIPTIDE is without a home. Several people have vainly tried to ferret us out in our journalistic den and appear surprised when they don't find us in some vast sea-going newsroom, full of green-eye-shaded copy readers and resounding to the clack of teletypes and the movie-like cry of "Copy boy, I want a copy boy." As a matter of fact, RIPTIDE is composed, edited and prepared for circulation on the fly as we move from office to office around the ship. As a last resort you can always ask the mail men where we are--we usually show up for mail call.

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Probably the stupidest person we ever saw was the stern-hook in the visiting LCM that took the recreation party ashore last week. When the liberty party was loaded and the boat shoved off, and John Volcsko stepped to the rail to take his cover picture, the dope made a very impolite motion with his thumb and nose at the camera, just as the shutter snapped. We fixed him, though. We snipped him out of the picture as easily as grandpa cut us out of his will. Bet he's sorry now. The dope.

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An ex-newspapering buddy of ours from Michigan is an Army photographer in India now, and says the motto of their outfit is: "To hell with the picture, get the caption." Ours is apparently just the reverse. We have a photograph of some Hollywood lovely running on Page Six this week, but we're damned if we know who she is. RIPTIDE would appreciate hearing from any of its readers who think they can identify the girl. Just drop notes addressed to RIPTIDE in the ship's mail box, as usual.

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About the cover...

This week's cover picture was no more taken for RIPTIDE than for Life Magazine. Volcsko took it at the ship's party, long before RIPTIDE's day, and it was sort of an experimental shot. When he made a print, the negative was so thin that the resulting picture was just a grey blur. So he laid it away, all but forgotten, until this week we needed a cover picture in tune with the spread of pictures inside on the party. Johnny got out the recipe book, spent the better part of a day mixing various photographic lotions and potions, and finally intensified the negative to provide us with a view of the jitterbug contest. If you're curious for further details, see Volcsko. It's too deep for us.

## R I P T I D E

A weekly newsmagazine, published aboard the U.S.S. Appalachian, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco. Photographs and news material contained herein have been approved by censorship, and issues, unless expressly ordered otherwise, may be mailed by all Appalachian personnel.

PAGE TWO

It had been payday at the Mitsubishi paper balloon factory, and Nansho Subiachi walked gaily because he had thirteen yen in his pocket. He stopped in Yamma's liquor store and purchased a bottle of saki, and bought some rice cookies in the bake shop of Kato. Then he started down the boulevard toward his home, where his flowered-gowned wife and six little Subiachis would be waiting.

Coming toward him was his neighbor, Suzuki Homma.

"Hello, Suzuki," he said. "A grand day, wasn't it? We made thirty more paper balloons today and soon they will be sailing across the Pacific to bomb Los Angeles into lifelessness, as San Francisco has been hit by our Imperial fliers."

"That's dandy," said Mr. Homma, "but what of today's air raid by the Yankee B-29's? Did they not hamper production?"

"Ho, no," crowed Mr. Subiachi, "they only burned the north end of the factory, where they dropped their gasoline jelly yesterday, and just a little of the south end caught fire today. We still have one big shed going where we produce a balloon every 45 minutes."

"Terrific," said Mr. Homma.

"And," continued Mr. Subiachi, "today there should be a letter from my eldest son who is on Guadalcanal. We have not heard from him in more than two years, but the mail has probably been delayed somewhere.

Priorities, you know," he added confidentially.

"Of course," said Mr. Homma.

"And our campaign to retake the Philippines is progressing nicely, according to a Domei news report which was broadcast during our lunch hour today," said Mr. Subiachi. "The announcer said our gallant soldiers had thrown up a road block in northern Luzon, and the Yankees were utterly stopped and gained only thirty miles today."

"Remarkable," said Mr. Homma.

"Furthermore," continued Mr. Subiachi, "the Yankee Task Force 58 which has been feebly attempting to send its aircraft into our inland sea has been completely sunk by our Imperial Navy, and their remnants, consisting of 15 battleships, 32 carriers and a few dozen smaller vessels, are fleeing desperately toward Kyushu."

"Superb," said Mr. Homma.

"Well, Suzuki," said Mr. Subiachi airily, "I have to be getting on home."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Homma, "I knew there was something I meant to tell you. The B-29 fliers also burned down your house in today's raid, also mine and 50 or 60 other blocks of houses."

"Gown of the Emperor," exploded Mr. Subiachi, fishing in the inside pocket of his suit. He pulled out an envelope. "Damned if I didn't forget to mail in the premium on my fire insurance yesterday."

## DAMN THE TORPEDOES

*ANNOUNCER: Luxso, the soap that stains your clothes a rusty brown, thereby doing away with washday worries about "gruesome gossip grey," the soap that will produce a lovely suds in three or four days, brings you the story of "Humans Are So Confusing."*

*Luxso, the wonder soap, eliminates the drudgery of slaving over a hot scrub board. Just toss your clothes, two boxes of Luxso, and ten gallons of warm water into an old cement mixer, and presto, they come out torn to shreds.*

*Yesterday we left Marie Marlow in a very serious predicament trying to convince herself not to commit suicide. Marie's husband has just been murdered, and the police are conducting their usual investigation.*

*Peter, Marie's late husband, was found dead in the upstairs hall with a knife protruding from between his third and fourth ribs. Earlier, on the evening of his death, Marie and Peter had quarreled about the child Marie is about to have. Peter claims that he is not its father, accusing a sailor whom Marie had met in New York.*

*Nike, the special investigator from police headquarters, has been carrying on a secret affair with Marie for over a year, and on two occasions had threatened Peter if he did not grant Marie a divorce.*

*Three days prior to the murder, Alec, a reporter for the Los Angeles Examiner, was told that he would lose his job if he didn't turn up a good news story.*

*Joan, Peter's first wife, knew that Peter had not changed his will since they were divorced, but was told by Herbert, Peter's lawyer, that he was going to change his will the first of the month.*

*Arthur, Marie's brother, had not wanted Marie to marry Peter in the first place.*

*Arthur is a bookie and Peter owed him \$100 on the fifth race at Santa Anita, but refused to pay him on the grounds that gambling debts are not collectable. Arthur told him he would get the \$100 if he had to take it in blood.*

*Albert, Peter's valet, had caught Peter stealing two packages of cigarets from his overcoat, which hung in the upstairs hall, and threatened to kill him if he caught him again. When Peter's body was found, he had Albert's coat in his hand.*

*Now to get on with the story, but first a few words from the makers of Luxso. In a recent contest it was found that Luxso is the only soap that will not corrode a genuine horseshoe-nail ring. Sixteen of the leading brands of soap were represented and Luxso was far and above its closest contender. Luxso is made from the ashes of well-seasoned cedar by a secret process discovered by a man named Harris or Benuti.*

*Back to our story. Today we find Mary and John, the servants, in the kitchen talking.*

JOHN: Who do you s'pose done it, Mary?

MARY: Damned if I know, John.

*ANNOUNCER: Today's thrilling episode brought us closer to the solution of this gripping mystery. Who killed Peter? Will Marie marry Mike? Who is the father of Marie's baby? Will Marie commit suicide? Will Alec lose his job? Will Joan profit by Peter's will? Does Herbert know something he is unwilling to divulge? Will Arthur get his \$100? Will Albert be able to get enough cigarets?*

*You will never know the answers to these questions. Our sponsors, the makers of Luxso, the wonder soap in economy-size packages, went bankrupt seven minutes ago.*

J. HOPKINS CRUSTINERRY

RIPTIDE, JUNE 23, 1945



The party-goers gather. The reception hall was one continuous whirl of people entering and leaving the Appalachian's party. An added treat for the girls (as though the party weren't enough) was a great box of corsages, which Shore Patrolmen Walter Muench

(back to camera, center) and Warren Dennison (right) passed out. Here Chief Ed Burns rushes to lend a hand to Lieut. Shelley's date as she selects her flowers. Lt. (j.g.) Riley Smith, Jr., entering door, gives the scene a once-over. (Photo by John Volcsko)

# THE APPALACHIAN THROWS A PARTY

Dress Blues, Music, Pretty Girls, and Free Beer  
Were In Order on That Brief Return to Peace

Once upon a time the Appalachian had a party. The place was San Francisco. Uniform of the day was dress blues. The setting had a background of music, pretty girls, food, unending quantities of free beer, and the kind of gaiety that comes once in a lifetime to a sailor in time of war. It was the briefest kind of a return to the ways of peace.

That party will not be forgotten as long as the men of the Appalachian are at sea or sitting in desolate forward bases where social life is at a standstill. Although it took place many months ago, the festive affair is still a prime topic of conversation aboard ship. Like all activities in which Appalachian men take part--be it war or beer drinking--the party is not forgotten, either, by those people who were guests of the Apple that California night. More mail now flows between the Appalachian and the state of California than any other state of the Union, save one. It was a party worth having, and one worth remembering.

RIPTIDE herewith presents most of the pictures available from that big night. It shows the men of the Appalachian in the scenes they dream of most. It is representative of the happy life they hope to go back to when the war is finished.



THE STRAWBERRY BLONDES GIVE WITH A LITTLE SWING DURING THE FLOOR SHOW



Like all official Naval functions, the presence of Shore Patrolmen was required, but Pete Evangel was no wallflower. He sidetracked the roving Camera Girl, got someone else to hold the camera while he held her.



As a matter of fact, the Camera Girl was quite the belle of the ball. Here she is in the clutches of Bert Stagaard and Doug Lockard (left) and Paul Wilson and Rodger Fanning (right). Okay, so she's got a white dress on! Well, the party was so big it was held two nights, giving her time to make a change.



Lieut. Gil Shelley's guest was so attractive that the First Lieutenant had trouble with the wolves. He could keep an eye on Joe Baldwin, Joe Pena and Bob Shanley, on his right, and Pappy Lange and Bob Lehman behaved themselves behind his back. But bold Jimmy McCarthy--well, he was really doing all right.



Miller Roland, who had as good a time as anyone, found Minnie Small a delightful dinner, drinking and dancing companion. Wearing dress blues was quite a treat from the usual khaki or white garb of the Pacific.



Chief Ed Burns, with a total disregard for uniform regulations, made himself comfortable by unbuttoning his coat as he lined up with Chief Johnny Weins and Chief Bos'n James Mann (left) and Machinist Lockso (right). Captain Earl Stanley is in background.



Bill Guth (left) and Steven Lott (right) were sitting out a dance and getting better acquainted with their dates when the Camera Girl came by. The midnight curfew in San Francisco brought the festivities to a much earlier windup than the merrymakers liked.



A grinning Hank Molenda perpetrated one of the night's biggest coups when he managed to get an arm around each one of the attractive Zenith Sisters, who entertained at the party (see Page Three). The gals were billed as the Strawberry Blondes, and were the most eye-filling treat present.



Mr. and Mrs. Bud Byrne not only took in the party, but went night-clubbing afterwards, and took in the sights and floor show at the Mocambo. San Francisco was the first chance most of the boys had had to show off their array of campaign bars.



The Marines did a little patrol duty too, especially around the girls, John Gentile and Ray Malloy (left) and Fred Fournier (right) pay attention to WAC Sgt. Frances Rice (center) and Violet Lander (right). The lone sailor is Allen King.



Every one had such a good time that there was no trouble to keep the Shore Patrol busy, so they stood around and eyed the girls and dug into the refreshments. This trio, l to r Leo Curtright, Dan Westfall, and Norman Creek, just spent the evening taking things easy on the sidelines.



Party's end meant seeing that the feminine guests got safely home, with perhaps time for a stop at some late eating spot. Russell Stone, Lt. (j.g.) Ken Fitzgerald, Rodger Fanning and Grady Jeffares (l to r) volunteered to escort home four young ladies they had met during the party.



Walter Talariski had plenty of reason to smile so proudly, as witness his sharp-looking date, Norma Gardner. Marine Charley Cockrell fumbled a little bit, pinning a corsage on her. Many of the men still write to girls they met on the Coast.



# ROCKS AND SHOALS

100 To 1

Alex Politia PhM2/c has finally gotten to the bottom of all this talk about the Army boys over on the beach wagering at 100 to 1 odds that the war would be over by August 20. He hitched a ride with an Army lieutenant the other day, and asked him what the official word was. "Why," said the lieutenant, "us Army guys have been hearing the same bet, but we heard it was the NAVY that was offering it."

## Hotel Appalachian

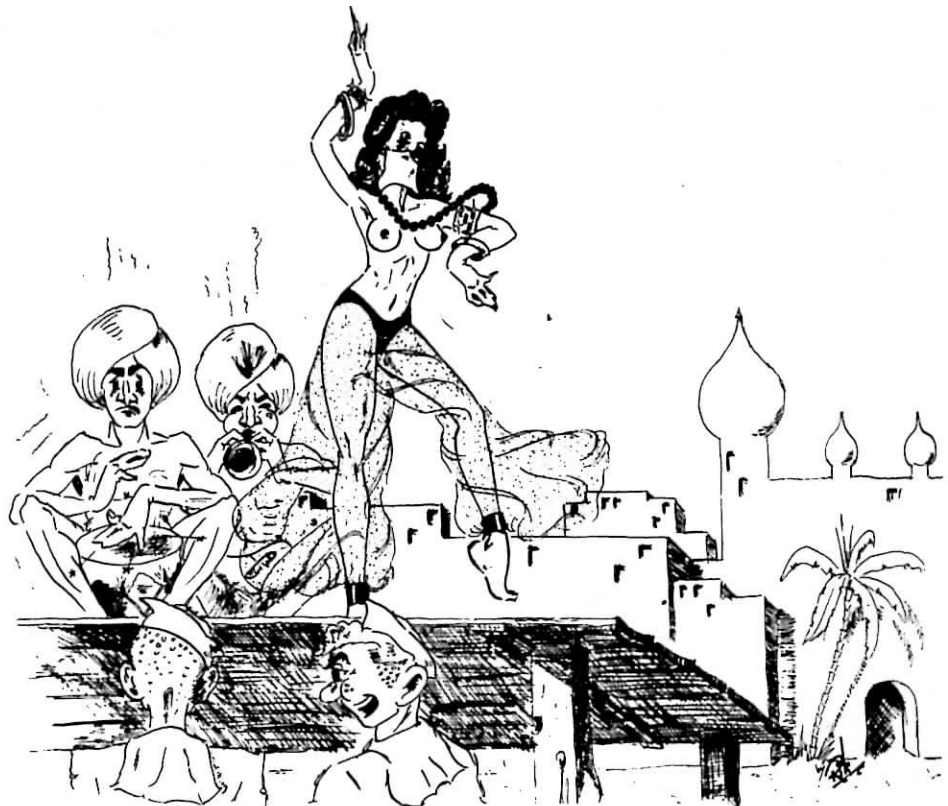
As an aftermath to our Beep Beep story of a couple of weeks ago, we were told about Lt. (j.g.) Jim McCulloch, the disbursing officer, who works hard all day shuffling dollar signs but never has to stand night watches. Seems Ensign Luther Baumgartner, an old deck stander from 'way back, rang up the quartermaster of the watch just before retiring the other night. "I want to be waked up at 3:45," said Mr. Baumgartner. He hung up to find Mr. McCulloch staring in surprise. "Who you kidding?" asked the money-man. Mr. Baumgartner said no one, he was just leaving a call with the quartermaster. "You mean just like in a hotel?" said Mr. McCulloch. "And someone will come around and wake you up?" Mr. Baumgartner allowed as how that was the way it worked. At last reports Mr. McCulloch wasn't sure whether he was being kidded or not.

## Witches' Brew

We took a tour around the ship the other day to uncover the information that there are more than sixty coffee-makers in almost continuous operation, in addition to the big joe-pots that steam in the crew's and chiefs' messes and the wardroom. The reason for our investigation was the announcement in the Plan Of The Day last week that cups are disappearing from the general mess at such a rate they have had to discontinue serving snacks to night watch-standers. We counted an average of 10 cups in each working space where percolators or dripolators or Silexes were set up, which to our crude mathematical mind suggested a figure of 600 or more cups constantly astray from the mess hall. In one large working space occupied by three different departments, we found three separate facilities for brewing joe. We asked a fellow in one section why his gang didn't share their Silex with the others. "Hell," he said, "let them brew their's their way, we'll do ours our way." We saw a fellow on the signal bridge starting down the ladder with a tray of at least two dozen cups. "Taking those back to the general mess?" we asked pleasantly. "No," he said, "we're turning them in to the supply office for new ones. These are cracked." In the engine room we found a bulletin board next to the coffee heaters, and it had a border of nickels neatly pasted up. "We make everyone who chisels a cup of joe here pay a nickel to pay for the coffee maker," one of the engineers told us. "Already taken in more than a hundred bucks. The unit only cost us \$75, but we'll need a new one, one of these days."

## Without The Braid . . .

We swore we wouldn't mention Lt. (j.g.) H. W. Kimbrell this week, just for general reasons, but this one can't be kept quiet. He had the deck again the other morning, and



"BARBARIC, ISN'T IT!!"

the swimmers were just congregating along the port rail when Mr. Kimbrell espied two men in shorts, standing on the quarterdeck. He strolled over and paternally rebuked them. "Come, come, boys," he said, "you know you're not supposed to be on the quarterdeck in swimming togs. Now get the hell out of here." The "boys" slunk away. Lt. (j.g.) Bob Buchele, who had watched the entire scene with horror, came dashing up. "What did you say?" he asked. Mr. Kimbrell explained that he had just given a couple of sailors the thumb. "Sailors?" said Mr. Buchele, "Why the tall guy is a lieutenant, just came aboard. And the other one was a new lieutenant-commander!"

## Hold-Out

It is with considerable delight that we can announce we aren't running the naval predictions of Sir Geoffrey Keats-Gaddings this week, for lack of space on account of the Party spread, and our Geography Editor has exhausted his Atlas.

## High Jinks On The Blue Ridge

The following item is reprinted in its entirety from the *New Yorker*:

Subject: Ice Cream--Sale of to Officers, Revision of Procedure.

1. Effective this date the following will be the procedure for sale of ice cream to officers:

(a) Ice Cream will be sold to officers, when available, at 1500. Officers of the rank of Captain, Commander and Lieutenant Commander may purchase

their ice cream in the Senior Staff Officers Mess. All officers below the rank of Lieutenant Commander may purchase their ice cream in the wardroom. One cup will be sold to a customer with the exception of Captains and Commanders who call in person will be sold up to four cups of ice cream, provided they state that extra cups are for other officers whom they know are not getting ice cream by other means. Orders from Captains who have regularly assigned orderlies will be filled without question when the orderly comes for it.--  
*Memorandum issued aboard U.S.S. Blue Ridge.*

What about that chocolate syrup?

## Upside Down

Remember us idly predicting last week that something might shortly go afoul of the movie machine on account of us doing a yarn on the subject? Well, it did. The very night that RIPTIDE was due to come out (but didn't because of various reasons), the film inadvertently got put in the projector upside down for a small part of one reel.

## For Sale: Nail Polish

Lieut. Grissim Walker came dashing in the other morning with -- five bottles of nail polish, for us to give Los Brown to sell in the Ship's Store. Seems to be something left behind by Lieut. Comdr. Mark Gilbert, part of the stuff he used for trading with the natives. It's up for sale, Girls.

# SPORTS

## MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS (Includes last Tuesday's games)

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	Pct	GB
Brooklyn.....	31	21	.596	—
Pittsburgh.....	30	23	.566	1½
St. Louis.....	29	24	.547	2½
New York.....	30	25	.545	2½
Chicago.....	26	22	.542	3
Boston.....	26	25	.509	4½
Cincinnati.....	23	27	.460	7
Philadelphia.....	14	42	.250	19

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Pct.	GB
Detroit.....	30	23	.566	—
New York.....	28	23	.549	1
Boston.....	28	24	.538	1½
Chicago.....	28	26	.518	2½
St. Louis.....	24	25	.489	4
Washington.....	24	26	.480	4½
Cleveland.....	21	27	.437	6½
Philadelphia.....	20	31	.392	9

### First Inning

To the Detroit Tigers, balancing precariously atop the American League standings, came good news this week. Big, capable Hank Greenberg, pre-war slugger deluxe, had been released from the Army, was on his way to Detroit. Other baseball players, in-and-out of the service, and fans everywhere watched for developments with interest.

Greenberg was probably the first of the former 4.0 major leaguers to return to baseball duty after a stint of military service. How he would perform after so long a layoff from big-time sports might provide the answer to the post-war abilities of many another former top-flight athlete: Bob Feller, Joe DiMaggio, Ted Williams, Joe Louis, Angelo Bertelli—the list was long and fabulous. Could they come back and perform again as in their hey-day? Or would the newcomers, developed during the war, hold onto their easily-won places by the fact of superior ability? It was the first major test case.

Greenberg and Rudy York were the bright sluggers of great Detroit teams of the thirties, that smashed their way to league and national fame. Greenberg was always a popular figure in the era of Bobo Newsome and other stars who were appreciated for their professional qualities only, rather than their social ones. Graceful, handsome, friendly, Greenberg could have been a star figure among Tiger fans without the added spectacular of his mighty home run bat. But he had that too, and he won the admiration of baseball fans and baseball men for the manner in which he conducted both himself and that bat.

When Greenberg last appeared in a Tiger lineup, Hal Newhouser was an untried and undeveloped kid. Dizzy Trout was a self-made eccentric who had yet to make himself into a durable pitcher. The Great Bobo went around attracting attention to himself in a gaudy car with that self-coined appellation painted on the door.

Now Bobo was gone. Newhouser and Trout, because of the brilliance of their 1944 pitching which nearly put Detroit in the World Series, were trying harder than ever this season and by sheer willpower, it seemed, the Tigers were riding high—along with another three-eighths of the American League complement all bunched within two and one-half games of the leaders. This week



SOUVENIR OF HAWAII (PRODUCED IN U.S.A.)

the Tigers lost three games to the up-and-coming Chicago White Sox, finally eked out a 4-to-3 victory over the fading Cleveland Indians to remain one slim game in front of the New York Yankees. The Boston Red Sox were only another half-game back, the emboldened White Sox two and one-half games off the pace. The Tigers could use the warmth and psychology of Greenberg's return, and former major leaguers in the service everywhere could be heartened in thoughts of their own imminent returns by a sudden outburst of long smashes from the Greenberg bat. It was post-war baseball's first inning.

## LETTERS

Editor:

...The case of Johnny Lindell (RIPTIDE, June 16) needs a little clearing up...

Lindell was a pitcher of proven ability before the parent New York team drafted him. ...The previous season at Newark he had won 24 games against only three setbacks...

A WELL-WISHING SPORTS FAN

\*A blurb by RIPTIDE's sports editor. ED.