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Contributed by Clyde M. Triplett

RIPTIDE

DIVISION QUEEN ISSUE

U. S. S. APPALACHIAN



RIPTIDE

Some belated credits. Last week's excellent cover picture of the signalmen was taken by Hank Molenda Sl/c, and the crisp view of Appalachian church services was the work of James Alway PhoM1/c, head man of the photo lab.

This week's cover shot, taken by John Korb PhoM2/c, is a scene dear to every Navy man—the pay line. Giving out is Lt. (j.g.) Jim McCulloch, the disbursing officer. Taking in is a fellow whose name we forgot to get, but we'll try to have it for next week.

Lt. (j.g.) Ray Gough (pronounced "Goff") has joined Chief Radioman Rik Richards as a regular contributing artist on RIPTIDE's staff. His portrayal of the three dancing girls two weeks ago was a starter, and it drew so much favorable comment that he followed up with the ladder incident in last week's issue. This week he depicts a subject very near and not so dear to the heart of many of us these hot and troubled days—the ferocity of island liquor.

Like Chief Richards, who intends to make a civilian career of his drawing after the war, Mr. Gough does it as a business rather than a hobby. (We're paying him the usual Navy salary, by the way.) After getting his master's degree from North Texas State Teachers College, he indulged in a year or so of art instruction before he and the Navy came to terms along about Pearl Harbor time in December of 1941.

His first nautical wearing apparel was the standard bell-bottom trousers, and his first home was boot camp at Norfolk. From there he went to work as a storekeeper at Key West, Florida. He's kept his hand in shape at the art business by doing illustrations for a book on modern dance, just published, and incidentally written by a friend of his.

He's one of the staff plank-owners on the Appalachian, having come aboard at San Diego in December of 1943. He's a communications officer and some of his fellowmen aboard recall how he used to upset classroom routine at the Navy's Harvard school by sketching people around him as pigeons.

He mentioned several times that he is a native of Denton, Texas, which is the site of North Texas Teachers College, made famous athletically by the running Rideout Twins, Wayne and Blaine. "Also the home town of Ann Sheridan," he added. We asked him if he knew the Oomph Girl 'way back when, and figure his answer is no credit to Miss Sheridan's age: "No, but my father did."

Our current array of photos of some Appalachian wives had led several readers to suggest we carry on with a few spreads of Appalachian kiddies. We're giving this idea a lot of serious thought. It's one thing to tell a man his wife looks like a bag and we're darned if we'll run her picture, and quite something else to tell him his offspring is a homely little brat. What to do, what to do?

RIPTIDE

A weekly newsmagazine, published aboard the U. S. S. Appalachian, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco. Captain Joseph B. Renn, USN, commanding. Navy Dept. Bulletin 45-526 has been complied with in the production of this newsmagazine. Published at no cost to the government, on government equipment. Photographs and news matter herein have been approved by censorship, and issues, unless expressly ordered otherwise, may be mailed by all personnel.

DAMN THE TORPEDOES

My first Navy assignment was to a highly-secret school located in Florida, and it was an assignment I couldn't talk about then and probably couldn't remember anything important now if I had to. There was a favorite cartoon we had that typified our situation. It depicted a military man being systematically seduced by a lovely siren with slant eyes, but the poor fellow was protesting. "My mind is so full of security regulations," he was saying, "that I just can't remember any military secrets."

We never did see all of the school's staff of instructors at one time in order to count them, but there was a report that the ratio stood at three teachers to each student. Most of these pedagogues of the blackboard were men no older than ourselves. But they were officers who had put in two or three years in the war zones and were now, so to speak, out to pasture on the Navy payroll. The one I remember best was Lieutenant Wolf. He was a gay sort of lad and occasionally joined his pupils in a pot of tea and plate of pretzels at the corner saloon. He rarely followed the standard forms of Navy classroom procedure, even in the exacting matter of taking muster. One day he assembled his group.

"Attention to muster," he said. "Adler?"
"Here, sir."
"Appling?"
"Here, sir."
"Arbequoit?"
"Here, sir."
"Say, Arbequoit, do you by any chance have a sister around town by the name of Joan Arbequoit?"
"No, sir, but I have a wife by that name."
"Ahem, let's get on with the muster. Baker?"

Frequently high Naval officers would drop in at the school for the latest word. One of the friendliest of these was Captain Forrest. His manner was so sociable around all hands that no one was ever awed. Yet he commanded proper respect. His visit began a few days before our graduation, and he was to stay over and be our graduation speaker. I recall that he used to spend his days visiting our classes and workrooms.

We were engaged in a synthetic navigation problem one afternoon when he joined us. Our own "captain"—one of the student officers, passed the order for a course change of ninety degrees to starboard. As we all

watched the compass, it quietly spun ninety degrees PORT, thereupon leading our vessel into a catastrophic collision with an equally synthetic destroyer on our port beam. We shuddered at what Captain Forrest would think of our nautical floundering. But he only smiled.

"You'd be surprised," he reassured us, "that this sometimes happens at sea, too."

The night before graduation, we threw a farewell party. Captain Forrest was a guest, along with our school's skipper. All of the boys and girls were present, and Lieut. Eddie Duchin, who had left his destroyer escort at sea to take a refresher course at our school, beat out melodies on our beat-up piano as he had done on finer pianos in the finer days of civilian life.

The genial Captain Forrest went from table to table, but he spent quite some time in the company of Ensign and Mrs. Arthur Hughes, a very vivacious and charming couple whom the captain appeared to enjoy. In fact the captain and the Hughes' became very warm friends and wished each other an almost tearful farewell when Auld Lang Syne signalled the end of the party.

On the morrow was graduation day. The students sat at relaxed attention in the auditorium. Here and there a head throbbed noisily. The personnel officer laid out the diplomas and then took his place before the class alongside Captain Forrest and the skipper. The personnel officer began calling the names one by one. As each graduate stepped forward, he was congratulated by the skipper and then received his sheepskin and a handshake from the amiable Captain Forrest. Finally it was Ensign Hughes' turn.

From the smart way he walked up on the stage, he appeared to be in very good shape. Ensign Hughes stepped before the skipper. They shook hands.

"Congratulations, Mr. Hughes."
"Thank you, sir." Ensign Hughes sidestepped in front of Captain Forrest, who smiled, bent forward, and whispered:

"How are you feeling this morning, Art?"
"Very well, sir," replied Ensign Hughes, and he accepted his diploma, shook hands and added, "Thank you, sir." He pivoted neatly, precisely, took one step—and fell off the stage, flat on his face at the feet of the faculty members.

LIEUT. NEPTUNUS



In the cool of early evening, men take it easy. L to r, Leo Boland, Don Whittaker, Roy Stadler, Don Kepple, Michael Spinelli, William Voegeli, and Richard Hamman.



Dorothy Lamour

DIVISION QUEENS

RIPTIDE herewith presents the second and last of its current series of Appalachian Queens. It challenges any other group of U. S. Armed Forces to produce any Queen as attractive as the Appalachian's prettiest (the readers may be the judges on who she is) or to present an over-all group as attractive as this set.

Several of the ship's divisions have not been represented in this Queen series. It's their fault, not ours. The divisions which did accept our invitation to participate went to a lot of time and trouble to select their most beautiful personal pin-ups, and there's many a slick chick whose face did not appear.

Simply because RIPTIDE's pin-up editor wanted to prove he's still as young as he used to be, he prowled around the ship and came up with a few extra-choice photos which were not entered or selected in any of the division competitions. These are included on these pages.



S Division Betty Hale's picture was sent in for the Supply Department's competition by Milton Pickett S1/c, proprietor of the ship's soda fountain. She's now in her home town of Monroe, Louisiana, which is where Pickett met her. This fall she'll be going to Tulane University at Baton Rouge.



Air Support Laurel Duey works for the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C., and her picture was submitted by Dick Lawall RM3/c. She's blonde, has blue eyes, and is five feet four inches tall. Obviously she has a right nice figure. No specifications are available on the lamb.



Second Division Meet Eleanor Holmes of Beaumont, Texas. Jack Choate S1/c got around to that "getting-acquainted" business a couple of years ago, inasmuch as he hails from the same city in the Lone Star State. Miss Holmes has brown eyes and red hair. Sorry this isn't in color.



Electricians This is Dorothy McManus, known also as Dolly, whom Dennist O. Johns EM2/c met in Baltimore while he was waiting for a ship and she was singing in a night spot. Now she's performing in Chicago at the Shangri-La, and Johns still writes her. Her hair is dark brown, her eyes—Ummmm.



Patti Westlund and her husband, Lieut. Ken Westlund, met while both were students at the University of Southern California. As Mr. Westlund says, they were married a couple of years ago after he "put up a long, hard fight." Her husband has a classic collection of color photo.slides of her. She's now in Coronado, Calif.



Mrs. Don Lawrence has been a visitor on the ship many times, so quite a few people will agree with us that she's as pretty as her picture. She's now working for the Federal Government's Alcohol Tax Unit in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, waiting for her husband, a chief pharmacist's mate, to come home from the wars.



Goldie Ebaugh of Melvindale, Michigan, and Reinhardt Wilks Sl/c (RdM) of Detroit have known each other for ten years, having gone to school together in Michigan. She works now in the accounting department of the vast Kresge Building in Detroit. She has brown hair and brown eyes, and a noticeably good smile.

ROCKS AND SHOALS

Heat Rash

The rains came—the rains and then the hot, fierce sun. The winds came, and the Appalachian's boats bounced up and down on the water like corks in a bathtub whirlpool. The winds went away, and the boats glided across the water like ice sleds. Our heat rash developed to a new high, and we found the line outside Sick Bay long with other patients suffering like ourselves. The novelty of the new place wore off—the liberty boats were still packed and there were always a few who came back a little the worse for having disregarded warnings about the island liquor. We had a couple of midwatches and then Shore Patrol duty, and RIPTIDE was a couple of days late rolling off the press, and both readers stopped by our door on Saturday demanding to know what the hell had happened.

Orders arrived for three more Appalachian plank-owning officers—Lieut. Grissin Walker, the navigator, and Lieut. Frank Freeman and Lieut. Dick Baker, communicators. And Lt. (j.g.) H. W. Kimbrell, the last surviving, original member of the CIC gang, went around with his chin down on his knees. Suddenly one day an ensign came up the gangway and announced himself as Don Sperling, relief for one H. W. Kimbrell. Mr. Kimbrell began cavorting around like a schoolboy. That brought to seven the list of plank-owner officers detached or awaiting detachment in two weeks' time.

Errol Flynn appeared in technicolor in his role of Robin Hood and there were many movie goers either so young or so old they thought it was a new picture. Charles Laughton reappeared in "Mutiny On The Bounty" and we got a much greater kick out of seeing it in these nautical surroundings than we had in our green tweed civilian suit. Particularly we enjoyed the scene where the Bounty arrived at Tahiti, and the natives came thronging down to the beach, because everyone in the audience drowned out the sound track with realistic cries of "Cigaret, Joe?" and "Remember kypiy, boys."

We acquired two new landing boats, and it was quite a mouthful for the buglers calling away Number Seven and Number Eight boats all at the same time. The latest pony edition of Time Magazine arrived containing an estimate that "the Japanese must expect to live a highly restricted life for the next 50 years or longer, as they dig themselves out of the catastrophe their war has brought upon them." All in all, things were moving at a pace too swift for our comprehension. Just in the nick of time, however, we got word that they were serving steak and eggs in the crew's mess for Sunday breakfast, and we hopped out of our sack and dashed down to bury our woes in the comfort of a thick piece of broiled sirloin, topped by a pair of "easy-overs."

Mystery

The gentlemen of the Third division have been plaguing us for several days with anonymous missives concerning their secret weapon in the vessel's stern. "It's the new 5 inch 38 'Tucker' gun, manufactured in the swamps of Louisiana under water," read one such report. "For use aboard noncombatant ships of our Navy," read another. "Its terrific range of two feet is due especially to its 14.7 pounds pressure; it fires the new non-flight Flash Gordon projectiles," said a third, which appeared to be on the verge of breaking security regulations. "It's deadly accurate against Jap planes in the European theater,

and against German planes in the Pacific," reported one piece of propaganda. We could stay our curiosity no longer and went back to the super-structure deck to have a look. The Third division gang greeted us with cries of "Suckerrr." "Third ones today," someone sneered. The secret weapon is the practice shell-loader, which won't do a thing except kick one dummy shell onto the deck so the gun crews can toss in another phoney. "We really had two of the new officers going today," a second-class gunner's mate told us. "They looked all over for the gun barrel, and we told them it was on its way from the States. They said otherwise it looked like a pretty keen weapon." We hope this report puts a stop to the whole business.

Jeep Hold

The other day we dropped down for a visit in the jeep hold, which we've heard discussed many times but have never had the opportunity to see. We made our way down through the First division compartment and then a flag compartment, wondering if the jeep hold would be a mass of bunks piled haphazardly around a galaxy of jeeps, worn-out tires and grease guns.

We were surprised to find the jeep hold

orderly, and just as roomy, as any other berthing compartment. We ran into John Lewis RM2/c and Homer Glover RM3/c, and they said that a jeep in this jeep hold is a thing of the past. It was originally designed as the storage space for the handy little vehicles, but when bunk room got scarce it became a berthing space. Now it's the home for one hundred twenty-five enlisted men. The jeep has had to find himself another place to roost.

The jeep hold houses men from several divisions. Until recently it was the sweat-hole of the ship. The engineers made things more liveable for the boys of "Torpedo Junction" by adding several fans and a few good blowers. The occupants appear to have varied opinions of their "temporary" home. Jim Reiterman of air support didn't have much to say and seemed kind of resigned about the whole business. Ken Johnson of Radio Repair told us "Chicago was never like this." We couldn't wake up "Unconscious Uhl" Sackman long enough to get his comment, but he had a blissful look on his face so we figured he was contented.

We turned down an invitation to "stay all night and see what the place is really like," claiming we had an appointment with the dentist. We couldn't get away from the idea



RICHARDS

"ON THE OTHER HAND, WE COULD GO TO THE MOVIES TOMORROW NIGHT!!"

ROCKS AND SHOALS

that someone might lower a jeep into the place and leave us looking like a soggy meatball. We decided we'd rather sleep on deck and count the stars.

Secretive

One of the most secretive guys we know on the ship is Al Coggins, the only first-class radarman aboard, who is always dashing mysteriously through the passageways, with his face and body covered by a great black cloak. Someone told us once, when we wondered about this strange apparel, that Coggins is still under the influence of a radar advertisement by the Philco people that appeared in several State-side magazines some months ago.

We finally corraled Coggins in Radar I where he has set up his in-port office next to a double-decker coffee-making gadget, and found he wasn't surprised at all to see us. "Knew you were coming since yesterday," he said, twisting a little dial on his forehead. "Have some coffee?" We noticed there wasn't any joe made, or even any makings. "Be here in a minute and 13 seconds," he said, adjusting the little dial again. "Let's talk."

"Well, to start with," we said. "Twenty-one years old," said Coggins, anticipating our question. "Native of Scranton, Pennsylvania. The Navy nailed me in March of '43."

It turns out Coggins was the only boy in a family of five children, and he had to get away from those sisters once in awhile so he turned to ping pong, winning the Juniors championship in Northeastern Pennsylvania at the age of 15 and the Seniors title when he was 16 and 17. He was a bit too small to engage in the more rugged pastimes of football and la crosse.

By the time he had taken his lumps in boot camp at Sampson, he was ready to be diverted to his career of mystery in radar, a word he wouldn't have known except for some Navy recruiting posters he once saw. In June of '43 he reported to the Brooklyn Receiving Station and was assigned to the Appalachian.

Being a plank-owner and everything, Coggins should be credited at this point with invasions of the Marshalls, Guam, Leyte, and Lingayen. But he missed out on the Luzon deal because of a slight misfortune in Noumea, New Caledonia. One placid afternoon while strolling along minding his own busi-



GOUGH

"HAVE YOU NOTICED A CERTAIN SOMETHING ABOUT THIS ISLAND LIQUOR?"

ness, he passed a French bar known as the Terrasse, and at that moment some uncouth character flung an empty bottle out the doorless door. The jug socked Coggins in the jaw and decisively kayoed him. "Never saw it coming," he said. "First time my

radar powers ever failed me." He stayed in a New Caledonia hospital during our breathless dash to Lingayen Gulf and caught the ship some time later, whereupon he was made first-class.

"Tell us the secret of radar," we asked Coggins. He leaped to his feet upsetting a pot of coffee, and draped his cloak tightly until only his eyes and the dial on his forehead were visible. He leaned confidentially close to our ear. "Shhhhh," he said. "Radar, spelled backwards, spells—radar."

Movies

We couldn't make up our mind the other day whether to plan on going to the movies that night or lie in our sack and pare a fresh pineapple. So we dropped down to the ship's office to find out what the moon pitcher was to be, figuring that would settle it. We had to beat our way past a half dozen guys around the door to get in, and there was the darndest shouting going on, and the phone was ringing all the time. Someone would pick up the phone and state, "Mutiny On The Bounty" and hang up, and it would ring again and someone else would say resignedly into the mouthpiece, "Mutiny On The Bounty." Every so often a yeoman would glare at the mob at the door and holler, "Mutiny On The Bounty," and the gang would disperse, only in a second another group would be there. For a minute we were confused and thought perhaps we had gotten aboard the Bounty by mistake the night before, after sampling the local jungle liquor, and were on the verge of looking for a cutlass or a musket ourselves and taking after Captain Bligh. "Can't wait for the Plan of the Day to find out what movie's showing," said a yeoman to himself. "By the way, what do YOU want?" all of them said to us. "Well," we replied, "to be absolutely truthful, we wondered what was on at the movies ourselves." We have a dim recollection of two corpsmen carrying us up to Sick Bay, and from there on everything is blank.



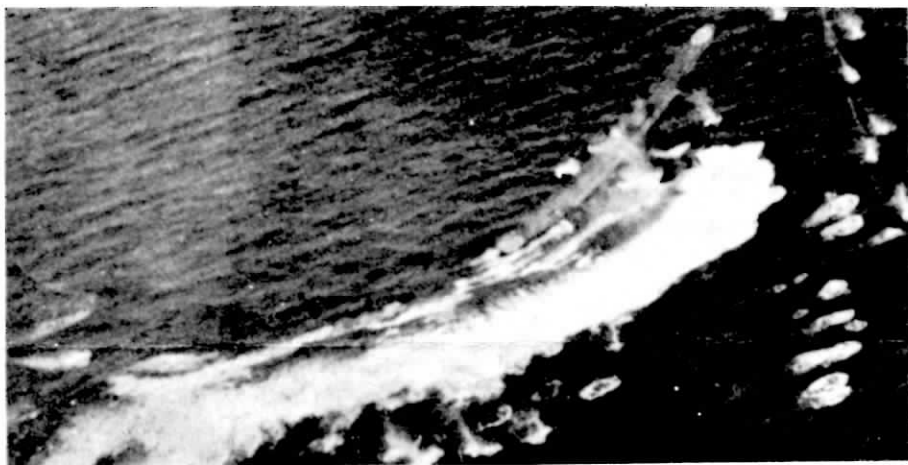
TOMMY LIVIANO
7-14-45

THE END OF A MAVIS

U.S. Navy Coronado bombers were patrolling off Fukue Shima. Into view hove a Japanese Mavis patrol bomber, all by itself. The Coronados went after it with a vengeance, pouring machine gun fire into the aircraft and driving it down on the ocean. The spray of bullets continued after the Mavis was on the water, and soon the Nipponese plane was aflame. This series of official U. S. Navy photographs shows the end of the Mavis.



MAVIS SEES NO POINT IN RESISTING, TRIES TO FLEE TO BASE AT FUKUE SHIMA.



SMOKING AND OUT OF CONTROL, MAVIS IS FORCED DOWN BY MACHINE GUNS' FIRE.



FLAME AND SMOKE BILLOW FROM STRICKEN PLANE AS IT DRIFTS, ENGINES DEAD.

PAGE EIGHT

LETTERS

THE HOME FRONT

Editor:

My husband sent me RIPTIDE...and I really enjoyed it. It brings me a little closer to him even if we are so awfully far apart. I wonder if you would do me a favor in your paper and wish him "Happy Birthday" for his wife and two babies? His name is Alfred Bock S1/c(RM)...and he will be 24 years old the 31st of July.

MRS. ALFRED BOCK

Detroit, Michigan.

*Just this once, and with the hope she can do it in person next year, RIPTIDE gives Mrs. Bock's birthday wishes to her Appalachianite husband. ED.

Editor:

Just finished reading over the edition of RIPTIDE which I enjoyed immensely...

I want to congratulate each member of the staff and also the rest of the Appalachian crew for their very fine work.

I am a defense worker and after each day's work the first thing I look for is mail from Jimmy Gikas Fl/c...

Keep up the good work. God bless you all.
ANN PANEPINTO

The Home Front,
Elm Grove, West Virginia.

*From RIPTIDE's staff and all the Appalachian gang, thanks to State-side Reader Panepinto. ED.

INOCULATIONS

Editor:

Noitaluconi, spelled backwards, spells Inoculation, and that's the way you spell it, not with two Ns as you did in the current RIPTIDE (July 21). Otherwise the article by Lieut. Neptunus was merely libelous to the entire medical profession.

PHIL SIMON PhM2/c

*Inoculation, spelled any way, is odious.
ED.

HOTEL APPALACHIAN

Editor:

I saw your...recent magazine (RIPTIDE, July 14) and would like to reserve a room and private bath at the Hotel Appalachian for the month of August, if the rates are not too high. I am paying about \$3.50 a day American Plan...I don't like Asiatic cuisine but can help pick the vegetables for the meals that I would eat.

...You don't say where your hotel is—hope it is in the mountains nearby as the air agrees with me there...

Please send instructions as to the location of your hotel so I can make my train reservations.

P.S. Do the ladies dress for dinner?

KITTY KELLEY

Atlantic City, New Jersey.

*Not necessarily. ED.

PERSONAL PIN-UPS

Editor:

The first of the Division Queens (RIPTIDE, July 21) were all raving beauties.

Or have I been out here too long?

SLIGHTLY ASIATIC

*To us they look good, too. ED.

RIPTIDE,