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FOREWORD

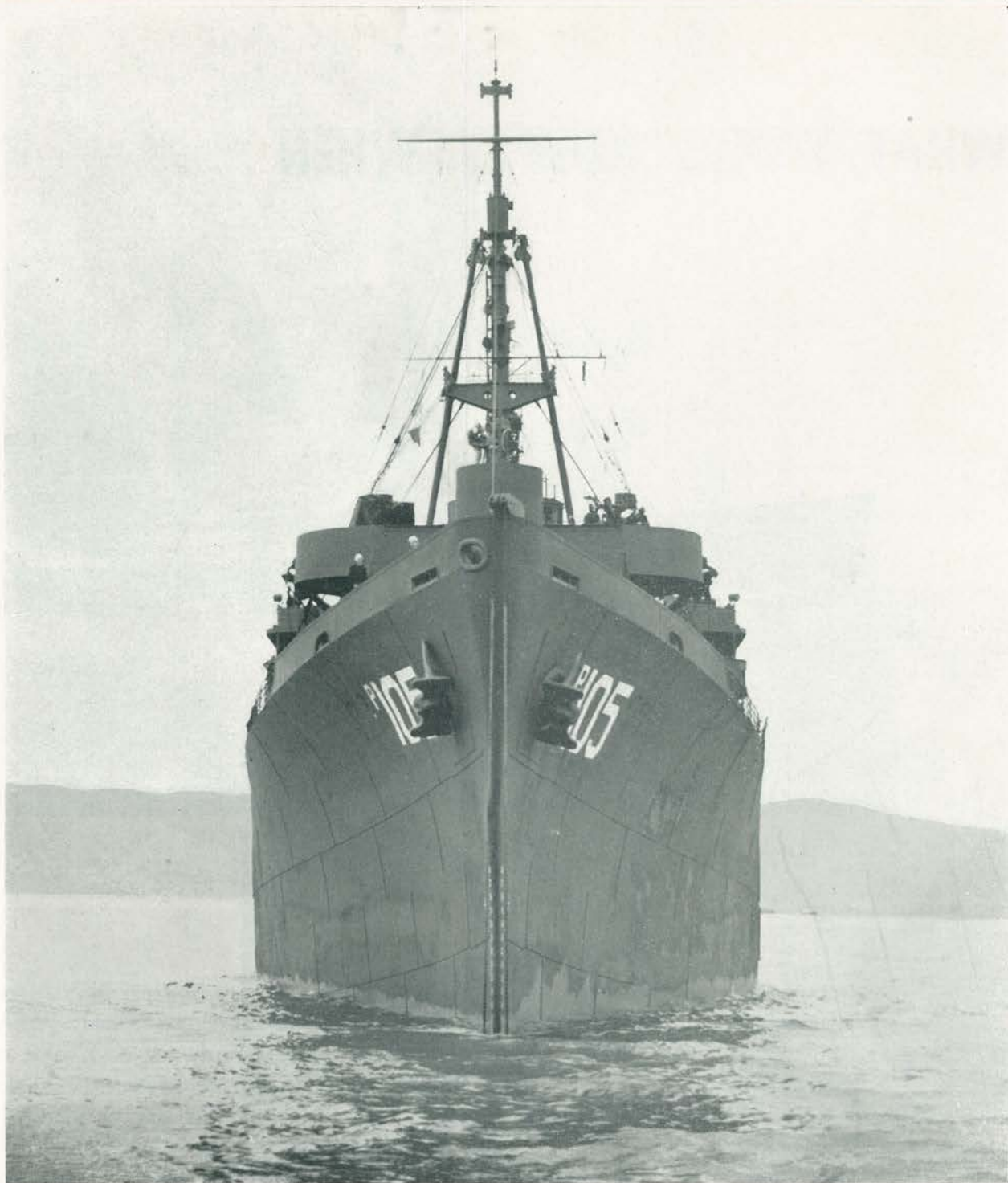
A ship is only as great as the men who sail her . . .
This the story of a great ship . . . U. S. S. GEORGE F. ELLIOTT
Auxiliary Passenger Number 105, affectionately
and aptly known to her men as . . .

"THE FIGHTING FOX"



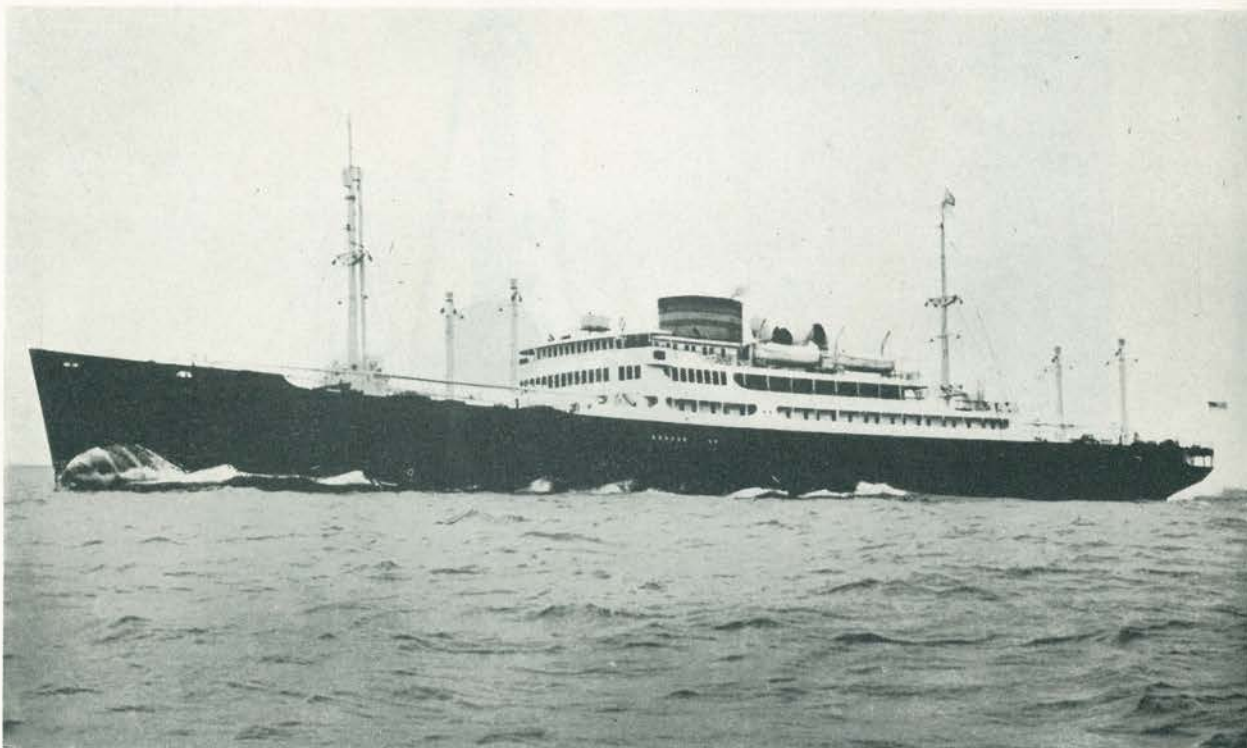


Capt. H. P. Knickerbocker
Commanding Officer



U.S.S. GEORGE F. ELLIOTT

WHAT, WHERE, HOW and WHEN . . .



S. S. Delbrasil



After carrying such varied cargo as Actress Madeline Carroll and some of Bing Crosby's horses in peacetime runs to and from South America the S.S. Delbrasil in August, 1943, became a fighting lady in Uncle Sam's growing transport fleet.

These stories of the pre-commissioning days and the early days following commissioning have, with each repeated telling, grown like a rolling snowball, until now they have taken on the proportions of a Paul Bunyan yarn. Though legendary, I hesitate to vouch for this authenticity.

Those indeed were the days when the original crew—made up of boots who had not yet gone to sea, a few regulars, and the rest civilians in uniform—got together to put the ship in commission. Those were the days when the Elliott detail was mustered by Ensign Bartow out at Treasure Island.

After a hectic time, in which hardly no one knew just what any given man could or could not do, the pre-commissioning days came to an end. At 0900, 23 September, 1943, the commission pennant was run up and the George F. Elliott, second ship to bear that name in World War II, became a full commissioned ship of the Navy, with Commander A. J. Couble, U.S.N., commanding. Chief Early has often repeated a yarn—which may or may not have happened at inspection on that day. The Captain, so the story goes, told one of the new officers, an Ensign, to have his division uncover so that he, the Captain, might inspect their haircuts. The Ensign, bewildered, momentarily forgot the command "Uncover—Two" and came up with "Take your hats—Off!"



*Pre-War
Stateroom*

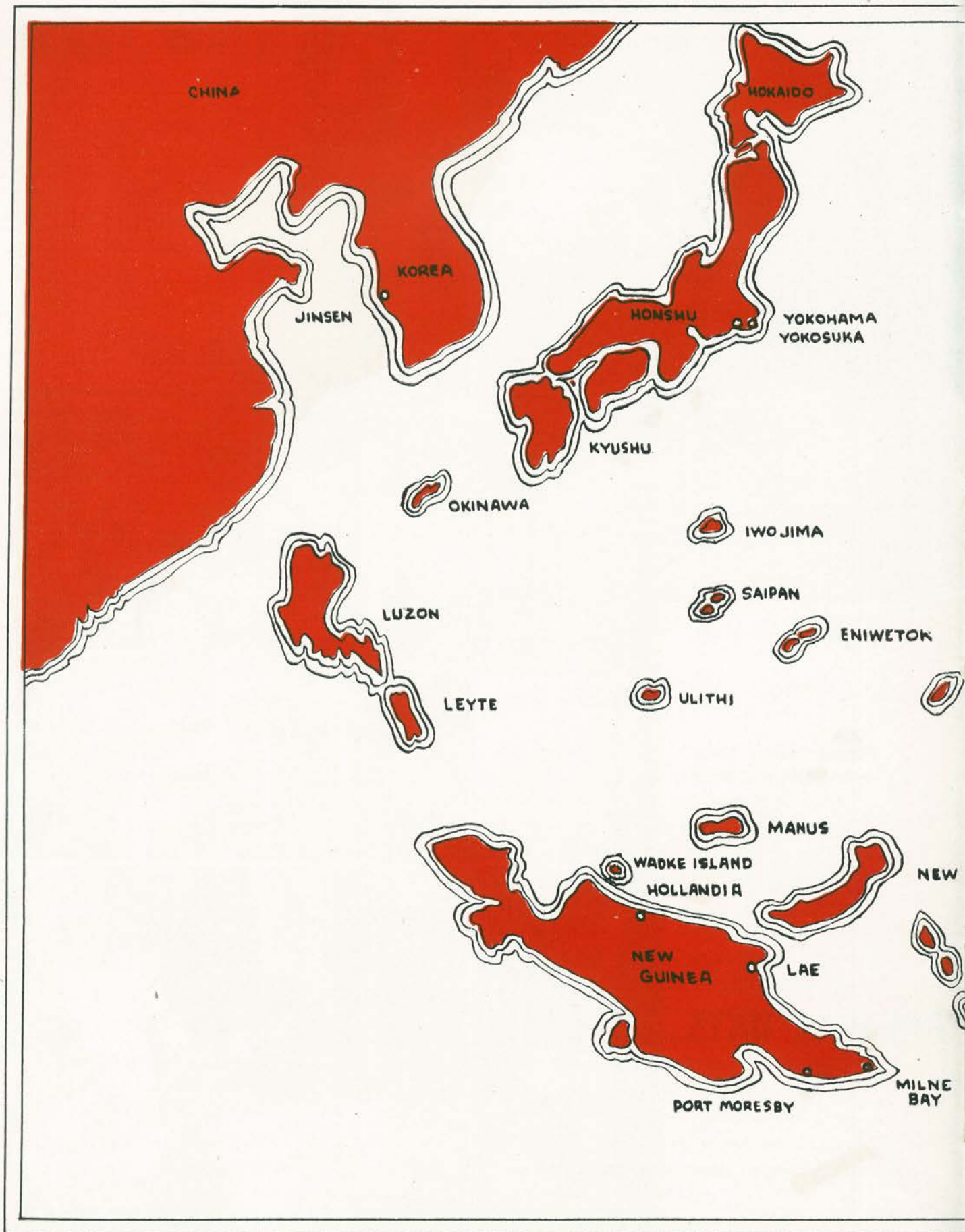


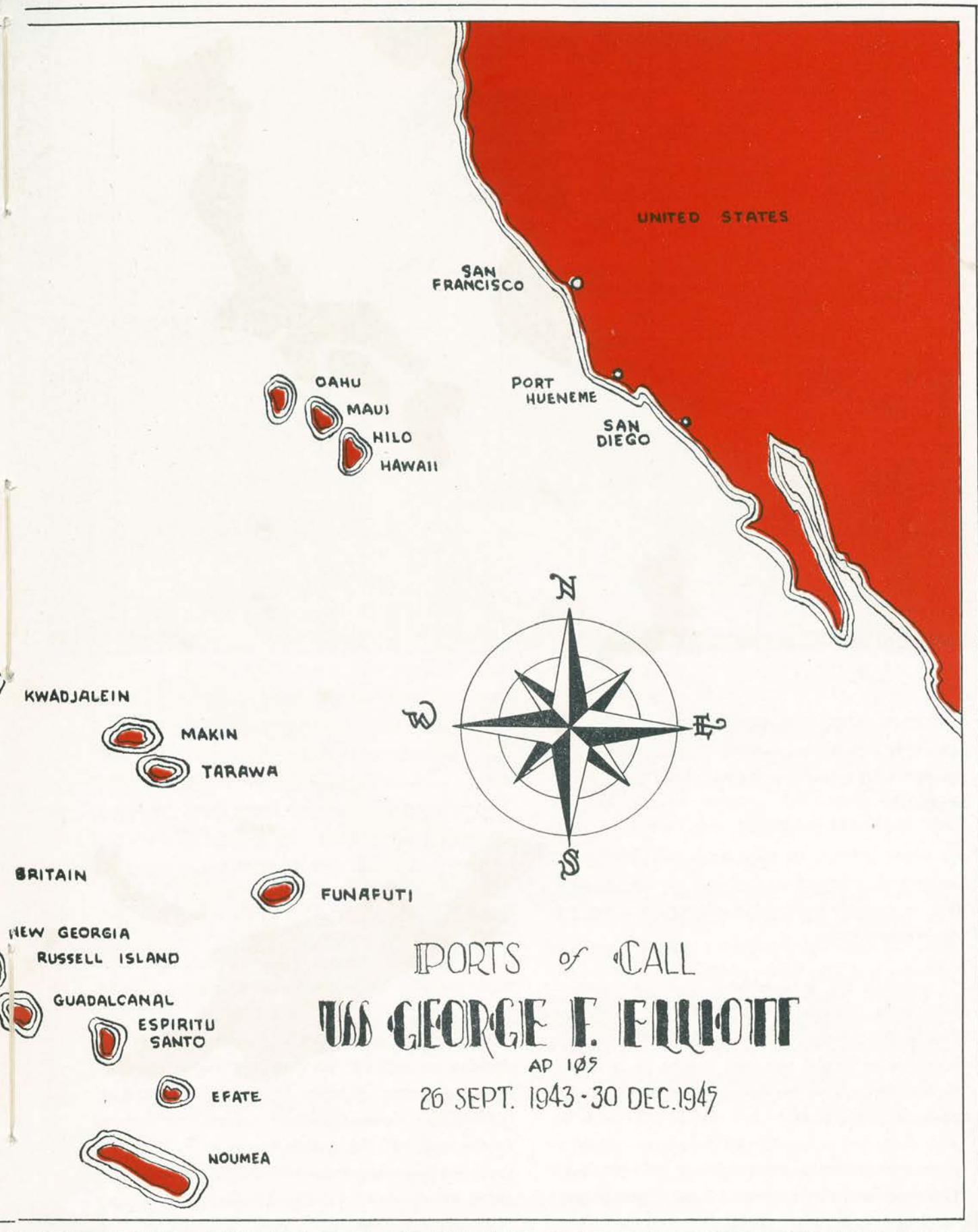
*Main Dining Salon
Now Crew's Mess*



Bar

PRE-WAR DAYS







The Captain, of course, was displeased and, after a few choice expletives, is reported to have asked, "Isn't there any one here who can do this properly?"

An eager officer, at that time a junior grade Lieutenant, stepped up to prove to the Captain that, in matters concerning military bearing, he was not lacking.

His order to the division was, "Put your hats—On!" Since I wasn't aboard at the time I pass it on so that those who, like myself, have come aboard later might have an insight as to what those early days on the George F. might or might not have been like.

After conversion to a troopship the 491-foot "Fighting Fox" could carry 110 cabin passengers and 1,788 troop class passengers.

The name "Fighting Fox" was originally the nom-de-plume of the first ill-fated George F. Elliott, sunk at Guadalcanal in August of 1942. The Fox part of the name came from the Navy phonetical alphabet for the letter "F".

The first two trips found the "Fighting Fox" hauling troops from San Francisco, Port Hu-eneme and San Diego to Nouemea, New Caledonia, Espiritu Santos and Guadalcanal. In those days drills and more drills played a very important part in the ship's daily routine. Drills were conducted for telephone talkers, lookouts, damage control parties, fire and rescue parties. Firing practice, spotting drills and pointer and trainer drills were stressed. In fact, seldom a day passed without at least one or more drills and men were wont to call the ship the "Sea-going Annapolis" and "Captain Couble's College of Nautical Knowledge".

Those drills, so important at the time, were destined to pay off in the form of "Well Dones" from Commodores on flagships that the Elliott travelled with later.

On 31 January, 1944, the "Fighting Fox" arrived in San Francisco for routine repairs. That was the last time the ship was to see her home port for 14 months. After leaving Port Hueneme on 22 February, the last troop came aboard in a driving rain storm. There was a torrential down-pour during the three days the ship was at Hueneme, but native Californians assured us it was "an unusual season".

On 1 March the ship crossed the equator and the men who on the preceding trips were on the receiving end of Shellback initiations promptly assumed new rolls on the giving end and initiated several new members who were entering the realm of Neptunus Rex for the first time. On that trip the Elliott visited such ports as Havannah Harbor, Efate Island, Espiritu Santos, Guadalcanal, Russel Islands, Milne Bay, Buna, and Langemak, the three latter all in New Guinea. On 14 April the Elliott made a land fall at Seeadler Harbor, Manus Island, in the freshly invaded Admiralty group. An air alert on the 16th of April lasted six minutes, but no enemy planes were sighted.

From Manus the ports of call were Green Island and Espiritu Santos, where, with the arrival of 14 Navy nurses for passage to Pearl Harbor, everyone became a little more conscious of his language and choice expletives and common "slanguage" was discontinued.

After stopping at Funafuti in the Ellice group, the "Fighting Fox" pulled into Pearl Harbor for voyage repairs and was transferred to the Fifth Amphibious force. Everyone felt that something big was in the offing—and bull sessions found groups speculating as to where the "Fighting Fox" would turn up next. In due time that question was answered when D-Day at Saipan found the George F. Elliott in company with



LIEUT. COMDR. H. L. HATCH
Executive Officer

Attack Group One (TG 5215) of Task Force 52. The route to Saipan was via Eniwetok.

Air alerts and air attacks were common during the six-day stay at Saipan. Most members of ship's company were treated to their first view of dog fights at Saipan. Invariably American pilots had the upper hand and the Nips came out second best.

Until hospital ships arrived, the "Fighting Fox" proved her versatility when the adequate sick bay was used for emergency operations. Lieutenant Houghton (MC), U.S.N.R., and Lieutenant (jg) Lee (MC), U.S.N., ably assisted by troop doctors and ship's company corpsmen, worked day and night in the Herculean task of administering aid to the wounded.

After leaving Saipan the "Fighting Fox" arrived at Makin Atoll on 30 June and on the same date departed with the U.S.S. Middleton and escorts for Tarawa. On the first of July the ships left

for Apamama and after debarking and embarking passengers arrived at a rendezvous point off Makin with the U.S.S. Clay.

After arriving in Pearl Harbor on 9 July the "Fighting Fox" departed for San Diego in company with ships of Transport Division 10. Two quick trips to San Diego found the ship's crew becoming acquainted with members of the 5th Marines for the first time. After debarking the Marines the Elliott proceeded to Honolulu where troops of the 96th Division (Army) were embarked for training at Maui. After training at Maui the ship returned to Honolulu where, on the 8th of September, Commander A. J. Couble, U.S.N., was promoted to Captain to rank from June, 1943.

The next day Captain Couble was relieved as Commanding Officer by ex-submariner, Commander W. F. Weidner, U.S.N.

With a new skipper on the bridge, the "Fighting Fox" steamed west with troops of the 96th Division for the invasion of Yap. That invasion never materialized, however, as Admiral Halsey pronounced the Philippines "ripe" for assault. Consequently, the course was altered to Manus via Eniwetok. The 20th day of October—D-Day—found the Elliott anchored in Transport area two off Leyte. For the next four days air raids and general quarters throughout the day and night were destined to be a part of every man's life in that area.

After leaving Leyte 24 October, 1944, the course was laid to Hollandia, New Guinea. Departing Hollandia on 3 November, the ship sortied with the Capricornus and proceeded to Wadke Island. After returning to Hollandia with Army troops, the ship left Hollandia 9 November and sortied with Task Unit 79.15.6 en route to Leyte.

The Army troops we had aboard begun to think that November 13th was an unlucky day for them to be at sea. At 1546 enemy planes were reported in the vicinity. At 1700 a lone Jap torpedo plane attacked the last ship in formation and was shot down and crashed in flames. The previous year, November 13, 1943, found



Bringing Her Alongside

the same troops we now had aboard clinging to life rafts off Espiritu Santos when the merchant ship they were aboard was torpedoed. From the Philippines the "Fighting Fox" proceeded to Manus Island, thence to Cape Gloucester, New Britain. After the usual training period, this time off Huen Gulf, the ship returned to Manus Island. Here Christmas was celebrated in the equatorial heat.

Next came Luzon. On 8 January the crew went to general quarters twice. In the morning a bomber was overhead, missing his target, a carrier. That evening a kamikaze pilot attacked the U.S.S. Kitkum Bay, crashing into the after port quarter in a suicide dive. Other Jap planes in the area were shot down or retired.

The next morning—D-Day at Lingayen—found the "Fighting Fox" batteries firing away at enemy planes. Between general quarters, enemy planes and other obstacles, cargo handlers were able to unload, and at 1851 the same day, the "Fighting Fox," with guns blazing, steamed out of Lingayen Gulf. After visiting Leyte Gulf, the

For the third time, members of the 5th Marines were carried on the "Fighting Fox". After leaving the Marines at Hilo, Hawaii, the course was laid to San Francisco on 16 April, 1945.

On the previous day, the selection board in Washington, D. C., promoted Commander W. F. Weidner to the rank of Captain, U.S.N.



Tokyo Kalwan With Fujiyama

ship sortied with members of Transport Division 41 en route for Manus Island. The 25th January of 1945 found the "Fighting Fox" loading troops of the 33rd Infantry Division at Wadke, New Guinea.

After an uneventful trip to Lingayen Gulf and back to Leyte the ship departed for Ulithi in the Caroline Island group.

After leaving Ulithi the "Fighting Fox," in company with other ships of Transport Division 12.6.1, circled the Island of Iwo Jima until 18 March, when the anchor was dropped in the waters off that sulphuric hell spot, scene of some of the toughest, bloodiest fighting of World War II.

After a stay in San Francisco, during which time voyage repairs were completed, new armament added, etc., the "Fighting Fox" sailed to Port Hueneme where CB's were embarked. After leaving Port Hueneme the "Fox" sailed to Okinawa via Eniwetok and Ulithi. After several night air raids—they came so regularly that you could almost set your watch by their regularity—the "Fighting Fox" headed on 25 July for San Francisco via Ulithi. Those days from Ulithi to San Francisco were indeed historic ones. Between those dates 31 July and 15 August, came some of the greatest news flashed from the far Pacific Theater. First came news that the atomic bomb was used—as the "Fox" sailed alone, the United

Press report came in that Japan had asked for peace. Then came the denial and the officers and men, who one minute were bubbling over with enthusiasm, now disappointed, waited for more news.

On 17 August, 1945, Captain W. F. Weidner was relieved by Commander Hermann P. Knickerbocker, U.S.N.

After a quick trip to Pearl Harbor, the "Fighting Fox" set out for Yokosuka, Japan, on 19 September and on the 13th October, after being diverted by a typhoon, the ship anchored in Tokyo Bay. At last the familiar "See you in Tokyo" became a reality.



OFFICERS OF THE ELLIOTT

During the past two years there has been a large turnover in the officer personnel aboard ship, so that it is impossible for me to give an account of each one. Therefore, I shall strive to mention the highlights for, after all, aren't the highlights the most interesting?

First of all, I would like to mention Captain Couble, Captain Weidner and Commander Knickerbocker who have been our Commanding Officers.

We now come to Lieutenant W. Lyons who was our first Lieutenant for quite some time. There

was never a more agreeable man than Walt, who would say yes to any work request, then promptly forget all about it. He was also a great one for plenty of sack time. Commander Angrick, our first Executive Officer, will be remembered by all who served under him. Lieutenant Commander Harry "Handsome Harry" Hatch then followed as Executive Officer and was quite the glamour boy with those wavy blond locks. Among the engineers we had Lieutenant Commander J. Edwards as Chief Engineer, who would take great delight in raising cain with all officers in regard to censoring mail. In the islands he would board ship after a sojourn to the Officers' Club, and as soon as he had one foot on the quarterdeck Jake would start yelling for all censors to lay up to the wardroom. There was also Lieutenant (jg) A. Angell, Senior Assistant Engineer, who after many attempts finally convinced the doctors his back rated a discharge.

Nor can we forget Dr. Houghton, who found out the hard way what a gun casualty was. He arrived on the scene of a reported gun casualty with stretcher, corpsmen, etc., only to find a miss fire. During general drills, whether they

Wardroom Mess





Left to right—Lt. Can, Lt. Roe, Lt. Follis, Ens. Gagnard, Ens. Gaber, Ens. Freidman, Ens. Hawes, Spear, SK1/c. Back row—Ens. Cassidy, Ens. Crockett, Wong, Lt. Coogan, Ens. Meehan, SM4, BKY2/c.

were held in San Francisco Bay or not, one could always see Lieutenant W. Jolley and Ensign Rizika with sidearms, life belt, steel helmets, binoculars, etc. We never could figure why they neglected to carry "K" rations.

Lieutenant M. Kosek, Supply Officer for a time, could also double as Battery Officer, and was a great one for exercise. It can also be said that he was the only one so inclined. Our Navigator for a long time, Lieutenant (jg) Cassidy, had a wonderful solution to all world problems. It was simply "shoot the so and so". Ensign N. Alexander, Disbursing Officer, had the probable distinction of being the oldest ensign in the Navy. The lucky boy had been promoted from Chief Warrant Officer to Ensign.

Along in August, 1944, the big noise blew aboard the George F. in the form of Chief Electrician Hutchinson. With his voice alone old Hutch could strike terror in the hearts of his electrical gang. Chief Machinist Hill, also known as "Bunker" from his water-tending days, only asked to go back into retirement, and back to some good southern corn liquor. Our present



So This Is Tokyo



Chief Engineer, Lieutenant G. Kramer, was thought by many to be part of the Title B equipment aboard ship. The Navy took George over with the ship in 1943.

Then we have Lieutenant (jg) Smith, first Division Officer, with a voice second to none in volume, and the greatest all-around athlete in the world, quote Clarence. Many adjectives could be used to describe Ensign P. Webb, but



Ens. Crockett, Ens. Masterson, CMO, A Friend, Lt. Evans, A Friend, Ens Friedman

we will merely say that he just did not give a damn. Lieutenant Commander G. Manhart, our present Executive Officer, spent half his Navy career worrying and wondering if he would ever make those 2½ stripes. We are glad to say he did a few months ago.

Ensign J. Carman, one time "M" Division Officer, was stopped by the S. P. one day for impersonating an Officer. Lieutenant Gould, Commissary Officer, was the ship's big operator. Old Milt, officially Commander Tabor, the Supply Officer, put several days in bed with a strained back after getting down and showing some of his men how a deck should be scrubbed.





Ens. Crockett, A Friend, Ens. Meehan



Another story worth telling is the day Lieutenant B. Bartow, our present first Lieutenant, was battered back and forth between the Captain and the Engineer Officer. The Captain sent Brad below to find out about the breakdown in the engine room, and upon arriving there he was promptly ordered out by Lieutenant Commander Fink, the Chief Engineer at the time. This went on for awhile with Brad wearing a path between the bridge and the engine room, much to his grief.

The present "M" Division Officer, Ensign R. Murline, decided the world was a cruel place when he was informed he would be a boat officer during amphibious operations. However, that is all behind him now, and to his credit. Around a year ago an Irish politician by the name of Muhan strolled aboard. Ensign T. Meehan, "R" Division Officer, was born 20 years too late as he would have been a natural during the Tammany Hall era.

At the same time Ensign F. Friedman, also known as "Fearless," reported aboard. Freddie, fresh out of midshipmen school, knew he was the answer to all of the Elliott's prayers. Chief Boatswain Fortude spent 30 years in the Navy complaining about the Navy. Seeing that our ship never rated a Chaplain, Ensign F. Cassidy filled the bill very well.

That is all there is to say as the rest of us could only hope for an honorable mention compared to those already named.





1ST DIVISION

Hello Fox, who's the character with you? Fellows, I want you to meet Joe Boot, he's ship's company now, so let's give him the low down. Well Fox, I see that you brought him to the right place because this is where the ship really starts. You see the men start out here as seaman. Maybe you would like to know the meaning of "seaman". The seaman is the man who says "Who—me?" after the Captain tells the first Lieutenant, the first Lieutenant tells the Boatswain, the Boatswain tells the Boatswain Mate, the Boatswain Mate tells the Coxswain, and the Coxswain points to the lone seaman, who, you see, is at the bottom of a long ladder of orders. The seaman awakes in the morning to the horrid sound of the boatswain pipe. Pardon me, but before we go any further, maybe we ought to explain the boatswain pipe. It is



Before the Mast

an instrument about so long, and reminds you of a police whistle which you would have liked to have had as a kid. By the way, you'll probably find out that the guy blowing it is also an overgrown kid. It is blown at different times during the day to notify us that it's time for chow, watch, lights out, etc.

At 0615 we hear the shrill of the kid's whistle ordering the seaman to "give it a clean sweep down fore and aft. Half asleep, we all stagger up to the main deck forward, where we hear a hell of a roar from about four Boatswain Mates and a couple Coxswains telling us to take the sleep out of our eyes and get the brooms to working. If you think your mother-in-law is bad you ought to hear the Boatswain Mate. He really beats his gums.

That done we rush down to our compartments to





W. H. Wade

G. M. Carter



R. W. Sweet

R. W. Allred



Front—J. Gesiakowski, R. R. Vinnedge, R. Morel, W. R. Ramsey. Top—W. H. Wade



H. McMiller

J. J. Mallen



W. E. Pearson

T. R. Fender

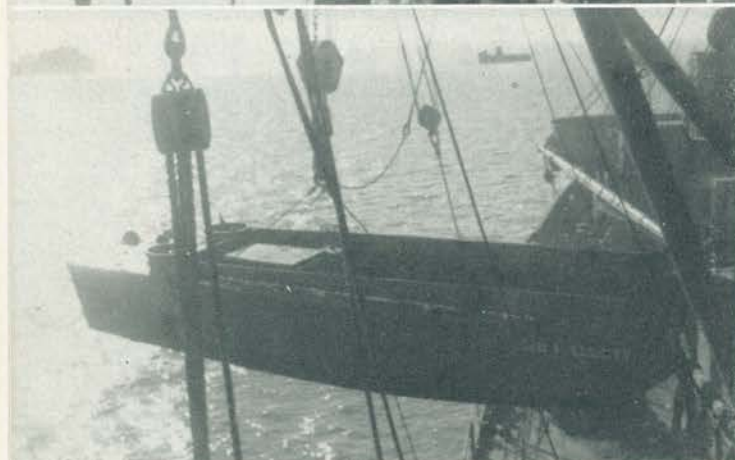


W. R. Ramsey

G. C. Leff

M. McDonald





sprinkle our faces. About the time wet get our faces dry there is a rush to chow, where we stand in line for minutes that seem like hours, only to reach the steam table and find that our time has been wasted in vain. Here we take a piece of bread and a cup of Joe and make our stomachs believe it's breakfast. At the last gulp of our Joe, which some of us never reach, due to our tender stomachs, we are summoned to quarters. Here our gentlemanly Division Officer walks out of the luxurious wardroom, after a hearty meal of sunnyside up eggs and ham, and calls us to an unnecessary attention while he leans against the bulkhead at ease. Here we stand for fifteen minutes, a couple of which are taken up by mustering. Frequently to our dislike, Rocks and Shoals are read, but more often the time is taken up by unnecessary lectures on squaring of hats and wearing of regulation shoes. Also at quarters we receive our labors for the day. Then "Turn To" sounds and we merrily stroll to our work filled with wild anticipation.

Boy, Boot, here is where you see a working bunch of fools. It seems that this first division does everything but cook, and some of our old men are even doing that, as we have representatives in almost every division on the ship. Our work consists of keeping the forward part of the ship in readiness and condition. We're not saying what kind of condition, because if you knew the First Division you would know that the condition would always be good. (What the hell are you laughing at?) In keeping our ship clean we use quite a few pieces of material, including paint brushes, chippers, scrapers and wire brushes, and, brother, you will wish you had never seen these once you get to using them. A seaman is never a seaman until he is entirely familiar with these tools and I'm sure that you will get to be quite familiar with them on our next voyage. Don't let us discourage you though. There are a lot of other interesting things to be done. You might like rigging booms, which proves to be an interesting operation with Simon Legree and his henchmen spouting words of wisdom into your ears.

About this time we hear "Sweepers" again, so we man our brooms and sweep her down (troops and all). Then comes the glorious birdlike call of our kiddie pipe, so we trot on down to Tabor's vitamin shop. Believe me there are a lot of vitamins in Tiger's stew. That is if you can

PORT HUENEME BRIG



stomach it. But the old saying is "all bad things come out in the wash," so we run to the head. After chow we have a few minutes to ourselves, which we usually use as sack time. As we lay there in our sacks, about to doze off, one of the overgrown kids decides he needs a few more points to make his next rate, so out we tumble, fifteen or twenty minutes early, to do some unnecessary job. When we have finished making points for the "Boats," we start on our journey to the after crews compartment, only to find it interrupted by "Turn To," so we return to the work of our desire, tapping a sweet melody with our chipping hammers.

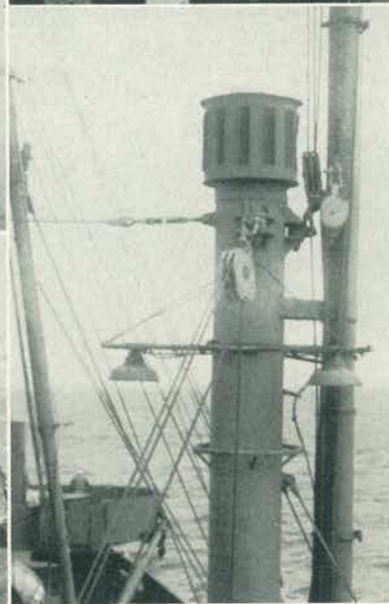
"What do you mean by standing in line for a shower—aren't there enough showers for everyone?" "What! Haven't you heard about our water hours? There were times when we only

had the water on for half an hour a day. Then you would find men taking showers in wash bowls, and sometimes water is taken out of the scuttlebutt (drinking fountain)."

After our shower, we return to Eddie's and Frankie's slop shop (chow hall), and find that we have the same chow that we had for dinner except it's thrown together different, but it always has the same awful taste. Now don't get us wrong, sometimes we have fairly good chow. You can always tell when this is, because our lovable supply officer is found behind the steam table, passing out the chow, waiting to be praised.

Now our time is free except for those on watch. So we go back aft to find all of our Boatwain Mates and Coxswains in their sacks.

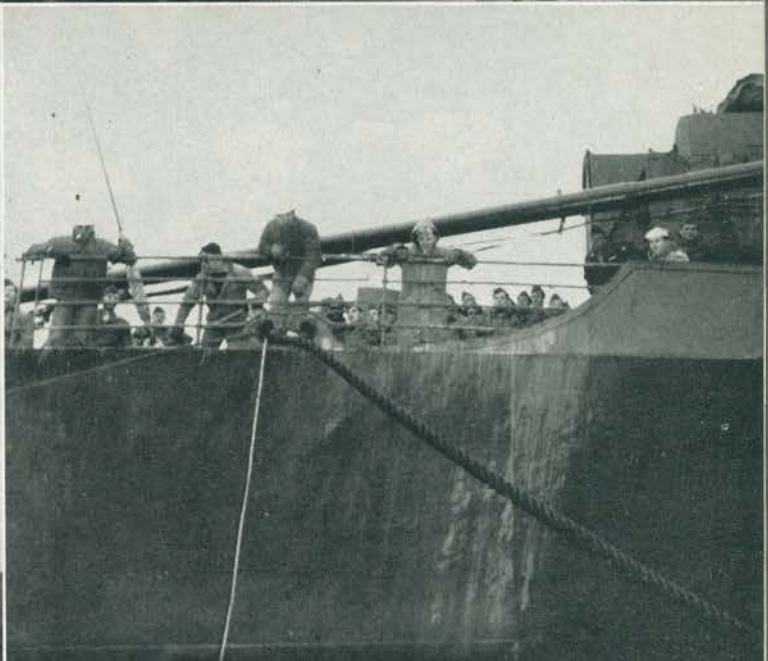
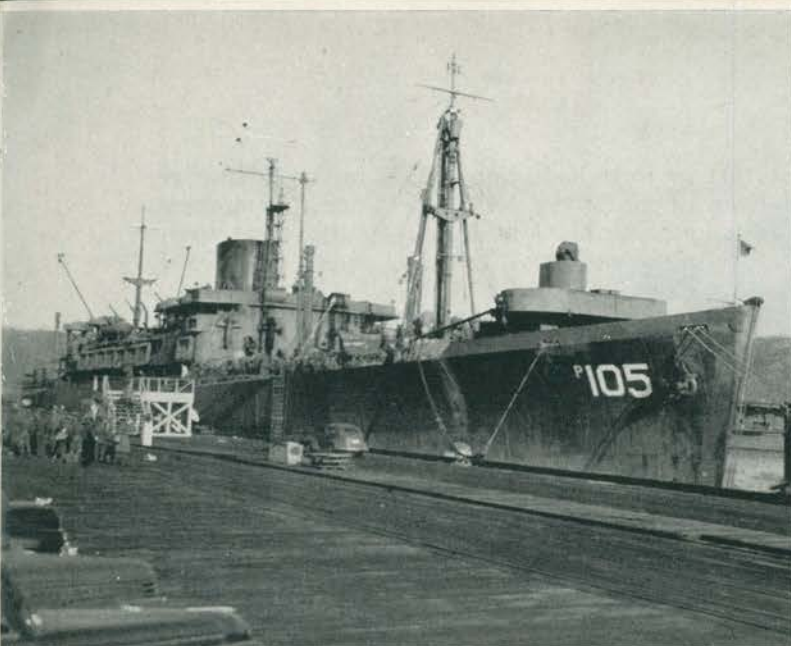




The outline we have just gone through describes our working day, after the war was over. Now if you're not bored we would like to continue and tell you about some of the harder things we had to go through with. We spoke of getting up at 0615, but during war time we would get racked out anywhere from 0300 to 0530 every morning for "General Quarters". Every morning we would have "General Quarters" just before sunrise because this was when the enemy was most likely to strike. When we were close to enemy held territory we would get racked out at any time during the night. I know you will laugh when you hear that we went to "General Quarters" while passing under the Golden Gate Bridge. During war time our division was often found working all night unloading cargo. During these times we worked six hours on and six hours off, just so our ship would be able to pull out to sea at the set time.

Yes, boot, we have seen some action. In fact that is how we got our name "Fighting Fox".





Views of "The Fighting Fox"



2ND DIVISION

At 1800, Tuesday, October 27, Boot Seaman stepped aboard the G. F. Elliott ("Fighting Fox"), looked around wide-eyed for a second and then reported to the OOD for duty.

"Welcome aboard mate," the messenger said, and led the new man away. "I might as well

start by introducing myself. I'm the Fox. I've been aboard the Elliott ever since it was commissioned, so as I take you around don't hesitate to ask any questions.

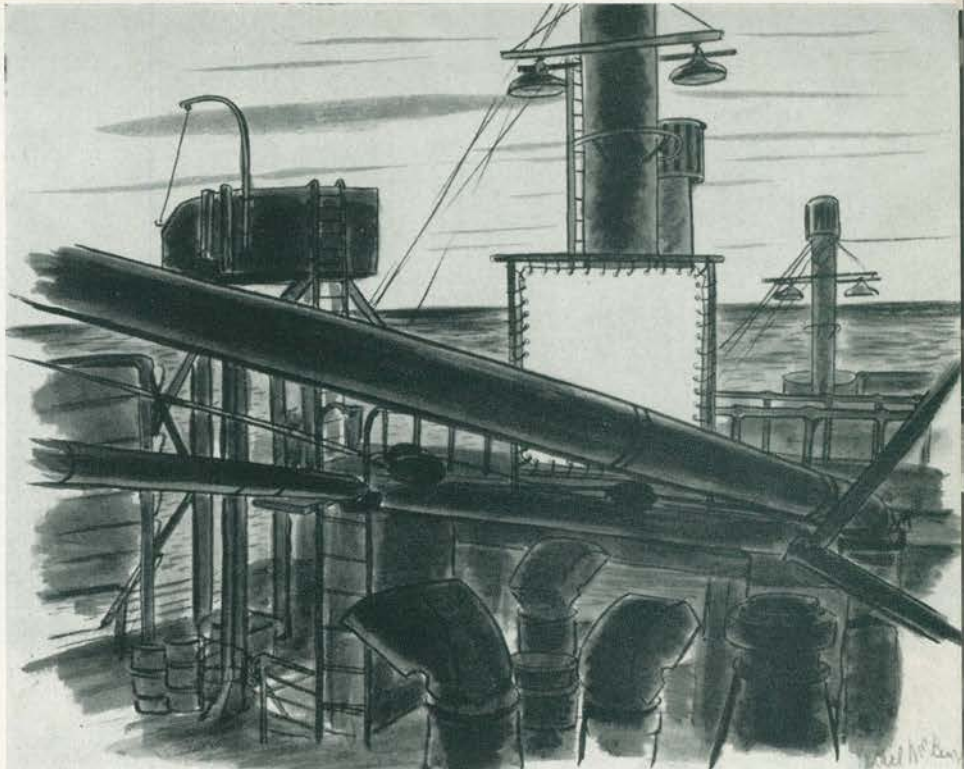
"You are now going through the port passage-way, leading to the well deck. This ladder to our left will take us to the bridge deck. That's No. 4 hold where we stow cargo. By the way, that's Jenkins standing by the rail. He's giving signals to Lett over there who's working the winches. Now we'll go up to the boat deck, where you'll see a couple of the boys hoist the motor whale boat aboard. That's Pisher there, operating the power switch, and Perry is holding up the brake handle like a W.P.A. worker leaning on his shovel. There's Gossiaux holding the gear handle, to make sure the boat don't drop back in the drink. And there's the guys who break their backs cranking the davits. And the guy blowing his top is LaRocco giving signals.



"Well, let's go down to the bridge deck." At this point the boot seaman asked: "What's that shed over there?" "Well," replied the Fox, "that's the spud locker and movie shed combined." Again the boot questioned the Fox: "What is that fellow doing?" And the Fox replied: "Oh! That is Macaroni, the spud coxswain, but he never breaks his back you can bet on that."

The Fox and his new ship-mate proceed down the ladder onto the bridge deck.

"The stairway sure is slippery today, Fox," said the boot. "This is no stair-



way, mate; this is a ladder! Remember you're in the Navy now," replied the Fox. "Get on the ball."

"What are those guys doing over there?" asked the boot. "Well," replied the Fox, "that's Farrar, Cameron and Powell taking the hatch boards out, and it's probably the tenth unnecessary time today that they have done it. And from the way they are bumping their gums, they're not too happy about it."

"What are those boys doing on their knees, shooting crap?" asked the boot. "Hell no, they are holy stoning the deck," answered the Fox. A bit perplexed the boot asked again: "What are they doing that for?" "The reason is," answered the Fox, "they dropped too much cargo and gear on the deck that they have to smooth it down. Those two characters on their knees against the bulkhead are commonly known as Funk and White. Each of them is afraid he'll do more than the other, so they work together to make sure they stay even."

"That white canvas lying there is our movie screen. In a few moments Jenkins and Lett will rig it and we'll probably see a picture tonight." At this moment the boot asked, "How come those two holy stone characters are on the chimney now?" And the Fox replied, "That isn't the chimney, that's Charlie Noble. That is Mr. Weir, the officer in charge of the Second Division, trying to explain what he wants done to Charlie Noble. But I'll bet White gets the last word in."



R. Johnson





Left to right: C. Coggins, B. M. Capps, W. R. Ramsey, R. C. Askins, Q. J. Sullivan



Knots and Splices

Stand By to Lower Away Break Out All Mooring Lines



Front row—

T. R. Fender, M. W. Crawford.

Second row—

R. E. Wright, H. A. Yonce, D. Zerrilli, L. J. Pisher, F. A. Korek, E. W. Honaker.

Back row—

A. F. Massant.

H. A. Yonce
H. Preehatley
H. C. Miller



"Now we'll go over to the starboard ladder leading down to the well deck or main deck. That's Warner and Fruits carrying the GI can full of soap and water down to troop compartment No. 5. They are probably going down to scrub bulkheads and decks. You'll have that same golden opportunity yourself one of these days.

"Incidentally, I see they're going to top the boom over by hold No. 6. The fellow on the winch control is Lejeune, and Rancourt is giving the signals. The two guys over are Farrar and Hamilton who are heaving around on the guide lines. One always does the grunting and the other the heaving.

"I'll take you back to the fantail now and have you meet a few more fellows. Well, well, here's Whiteley puttering around, making a knife handle. He does numerous jobs back here, such as splicing lines and wires, keeping the gear

lockers in shape, etc. If you look over the side, you'll see Bolen and Jenkins on a stage getting ready to repaint the ship's numbers. That is Brandt lowering the white paint bucket over the side. You'd say he was tending the stage.

"Well, here comes Lopez heading down to the crew's quarters. Must be a big dice game down there. So I think our next visit will be your new sleeping quarters. Let's go, mate."

"Does the noise and commotion that I hear go on always?" queried the boot. "Most of the day," replied the Fox. "The guy blowing his lid is Johnson, compartment cleaner, trying to get Clisby and Hoffman out of their racks. One's trying to get more sack time than the other. By the way, Johnson loses on the average of three bets every Saturday on his football predictions. "Well, as I live and breathe, here is Ensign Cassidy checking up on the second division again.

M. H. Kueck, A. V. Price, H. McMillen, R. J. White





First Snowfall



"Clean Sweepdown"



Soldiers At Ease



Center—E. Smith, T. A. Hoops, D. Winner, G. J. Sullivan, O. LeJeune

C. W. Coggins

C. Smith

J. W. Jenkins



"There goes 'clear all mess decks', so we might as well go down to Honaker's Slop Shop and see what they have for chow. More than likely hash again.

"Now that you've been introduced to the men of the second division, and you have an idea just what you will be doing in the next few months, what do you think?"

Without a moment's hesitation the boot snapped, "I wish I was home!!!!"

The Fox replied, "I know what you mean!!!!"





B. J. Sullivan

Unknownn

C. E. Akin



Left to right—O. LeJeune, A. V. Price, H. J. Vanenholt, R. S. Chisolm





Inspection Shaft Alleys

M DIVISION

First I will relate some of the incidents you would see if you were to walk through the M Division compartment.

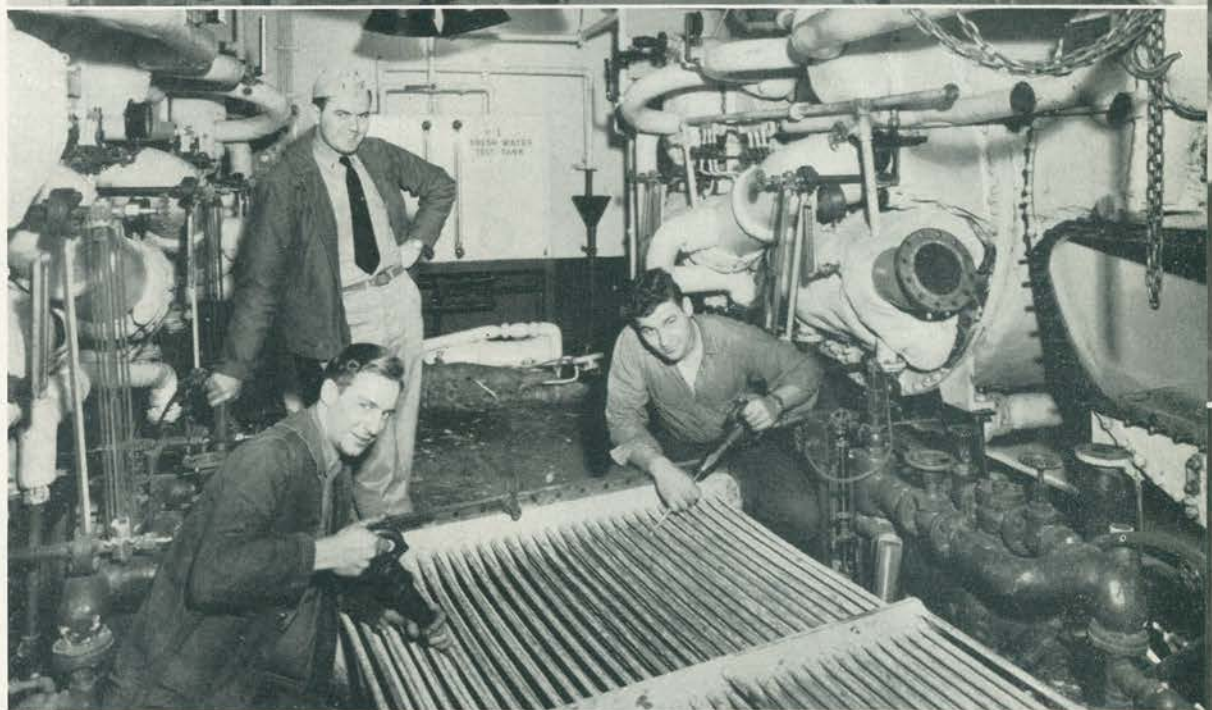
When you step through the door you are met by Sheriff Sam Achziger, pistol packing MAA from Yakima, Wash. Sam is a very sensitive person who meets all strangers with a suspicious gleam in his eyes. As we move on we are met by a sparky named Myrick, who is trying to wear out a pipe which is about twice his size. A little further on we eye a scuttlebutt. To us this is just an ornament as there is very seldom any



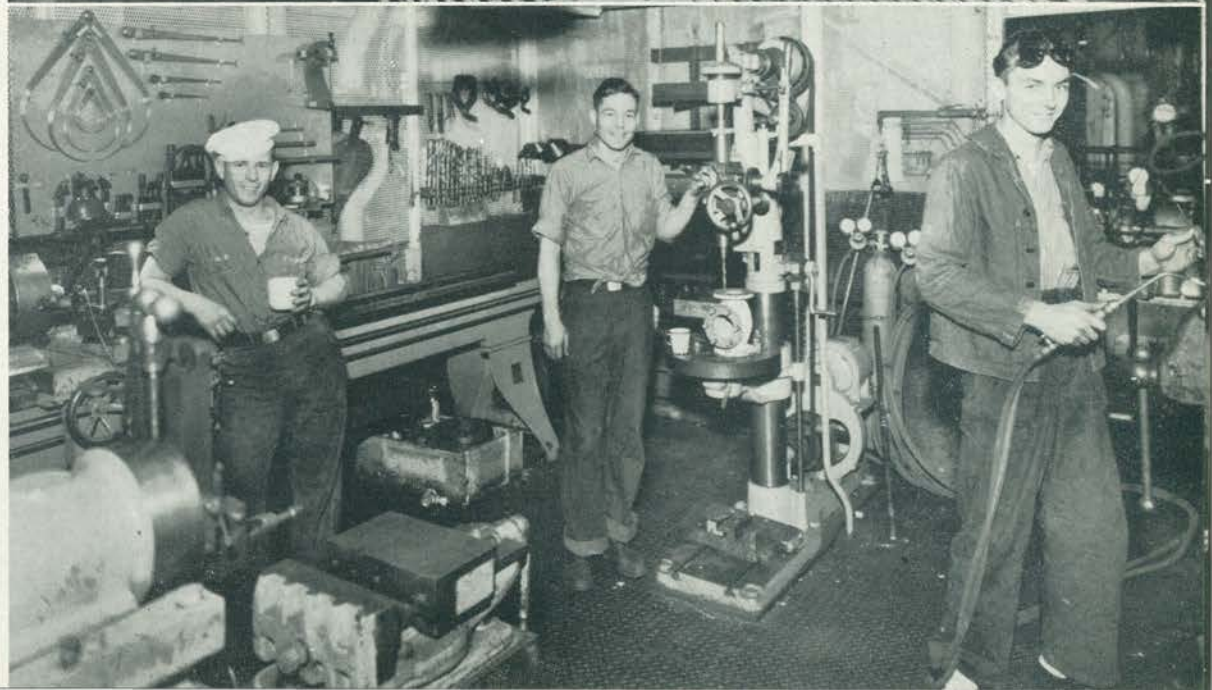
*Engine Room
Watch*



*Scaling
Evaporators*



*Machine
Shop*





C. R. Cook

W. E. Bernatzke



A. Rohanovich

Erving Anderson



Donald J. Allard



Edmond LaFleur



cold water. For this special kind of service, Chief Fuller and "Ice Cube" Croofoot top the 'thank you' list.

At the opposite end of the compartment we see some of our more prominent members of the social club engaged in a fast game of poker. Pappy Sellars has one sea bag filled and has a good start on the second. Slim Jim Sidley, Pretty Boy Elliott, Little Brother LaFluer and Slave Driver Goodwin are making most of the donations. On the sidelines we seem to have a little confusion. Oh! It's just Turtle Beeman and Lady Killer Busker having one of their tussles, which is just an everyday occurrence. In the top sack overlooking the poker game we see 'The Russian,' Joe Mudry. Joe seems to be having a little trouble sleeping due to the rats making a path along the beam, above his bunk. On the other side of the row of bunks we see Howard and Brandt engaged in a little quarrel. Brandt probably attached the sign, "Electrician with the Day's Duty," to Howard's sack.

Looks like we will have to back track here, as some of these new firemen — Moorman, Pate, Meyers, McKay and McFadden—seem ill at ease playing cards in the middle of the deck. As we turn back we pick up a conversation between Andy Rohanovich and Dunn. I suppose Andy is still trying to sell that Jap kimono. He will probably end up trading it off to Primmar for one of the many Jap rifles he acquired from the doggies.

We will now bid farewell to the compartment and journey down to the engine room uptakes, Starting down the ladder we are confronted by

Spivey. He is probably on his way to sick bay—always trying to get a little rest cure. We move down the ladder and the first person to draw our attention is "Commander Bullyard" Ballard atop No. 1 generator playing cowboy and Indian. Ballard is otherwise known as "Commander-in-Chief of all ComPacSacRats." Behind the generator we see "Blackout" Barker polishing light bulbs. He acquired the name when he accidentally tripped the main breaker and put the ship in a complete blanket of darkness.

As we walk towards the center of the engine room we see "Tennessee" Stanton standing on the rag can lecturing to a group of new firemen. He is trying to conscript some new members to join his I.W.W. Club for a nominal fee. The organization represents "I won't work!" At the throttle is M. L. Grimes, who claims spinning the throttles added one-fourth inch to each bicep since we last left the States. There goes "Warhorse" Helsel with a open end wrench and a five-pound sledge hammer in his hands, on his way to tighten the stern tube gland.

There's the Boatswain pipe. Here comes the turn to gang. Chief Kilgore seems to have rounded up his gang of snipes—Stump, Berlin, Douglas and "Pinky" Sempsrott. They seem to be headed for the Joe pot. Near the Joe pot we see big Bell who is laboring away on a nice thick, juicy steak sandwich, which probably came from the officers' galley. He is talking Bey out of going on the recreation party, then all he will have to do is fix it with his buddy-buddy, Lieutenant (jg) Masterson. Looks like we have another bull session over in this corner with Abbott, Fiems and the Pidde twins discussing their fishing and hunting experiences. Fiems said the drinks are on the house if any of the boys ever get to his Wooden Shoe Tavern in Moline, Ill.

In the machine shop we caught Chief Henery trying to load a pair of dice, and there are Chief Fletcher and "Cue Ball" Schellenberg turning out knife handles on Navy time.



Left to right—C. R. Spivey, J. Sullivan, R. A. Schwalder, H. Helsel, N. B. Senescall, F. H. Byrd





*E. A. LaFleur
J. W. Jacobs
And Friends*



*R. G. Hanus
J. A. Armstrong*



*D. A. Myrick
F. C. Bey*



*G. R. Spring
H. S. Shingle-
decker*

*N. B. Senescall
G. J. Smith
R. E. Snyder*

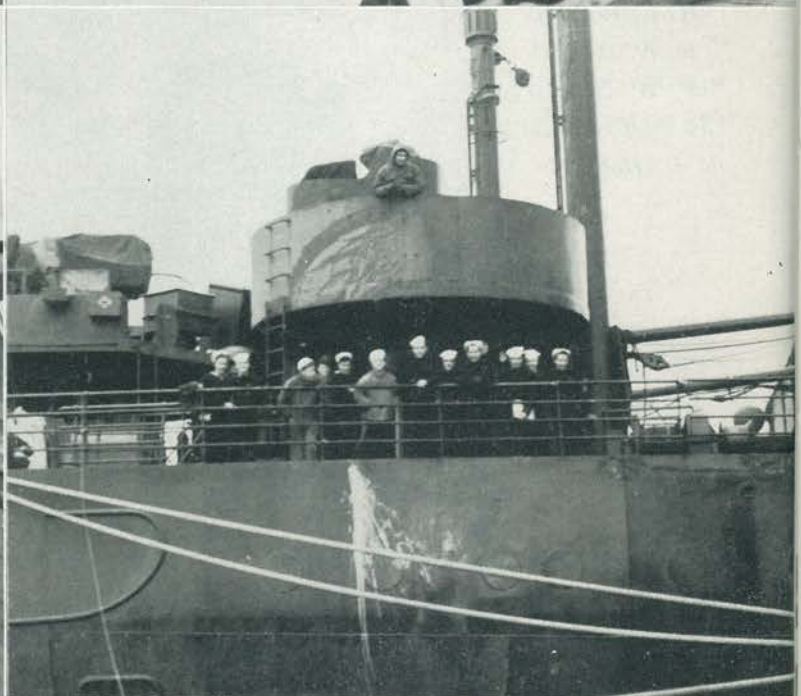
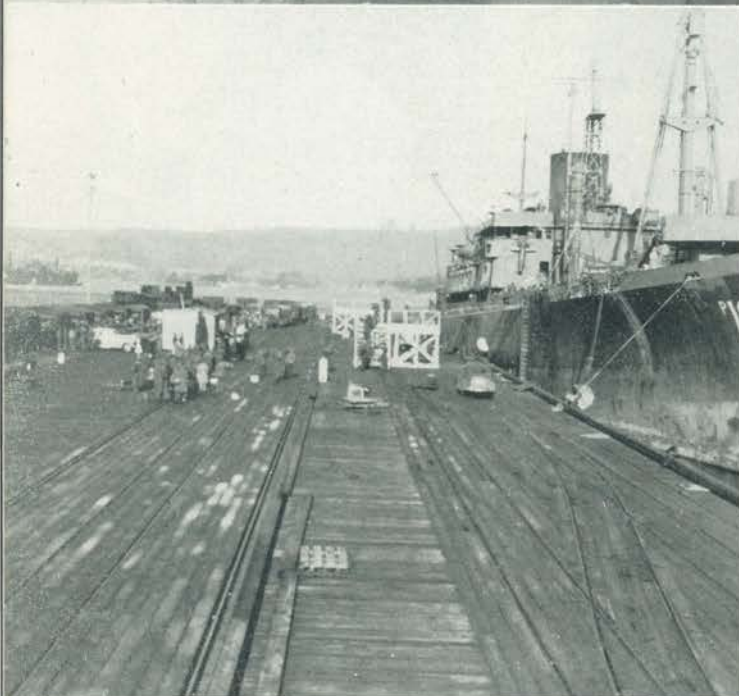
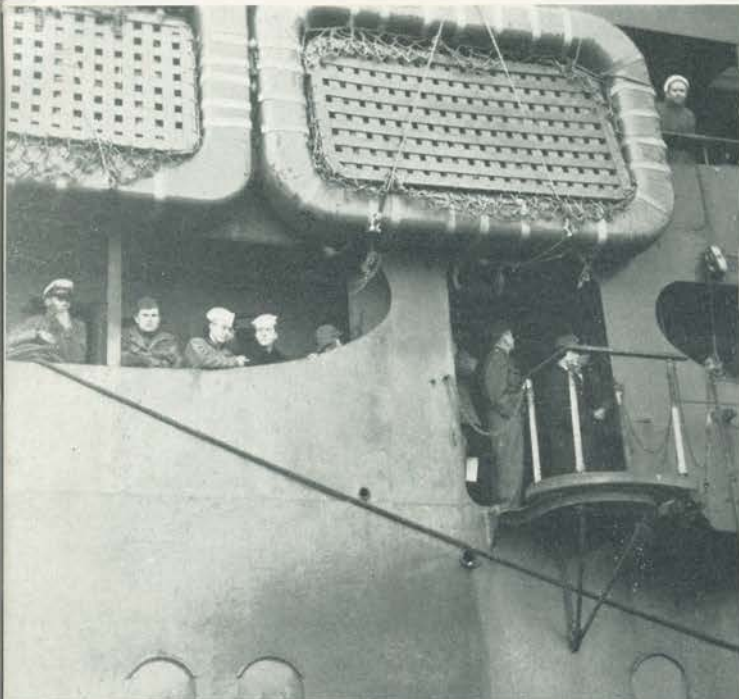


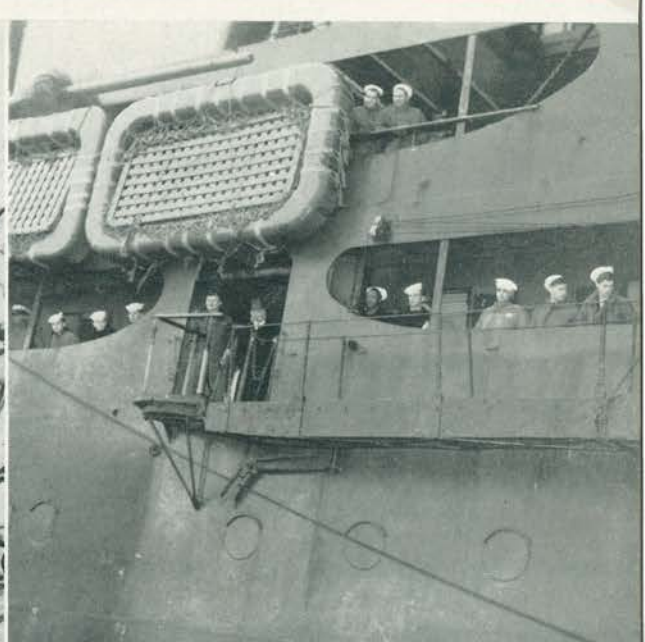
*Left to right—
H. L. Ballard
R. E. Abbott
F. W. Stump
J. P. Triechler
B. Barnett*



*V. R. Nickum
E. A. LaFleur
O. Cannon
J. D. Moynihan*







S DIVISION

The S Division is in charge of all purchases aboard ship for the crew's mess, "Gedunk" Stand, Ship's Service and the requisitioning of all supplies used aboard ship. The head of department at present time is Lieutenant Commander M. J. Taber ("The Tiger"), assisted by W. K. "Crocky Dock" Crockett, Ensign (SC) U.S.N.R. The office is directed by K. L. "Fatty" Phillips, CSK, U.S.N., who attempts to keep R. D. Spear, SK 1/c, and Charles Stephanson oper-

ating during working hours. They, in turn, pass the buck along to meek little J. H. Cook, SK 3/c, who ends up with all the work.

The Ship's Store is in No. 2 hold and, if you are able to find it open, Denne Siegler will sell you anything from blades to wallets. As we meander on we drop in for nourishment from "Curly" Heidbrink and Jack Youngblood in the forward galley. In the Stewards' Compartment we find Anthony Morris and Thomas Paul playing politics between trips to the coffeemaker in the Wardroom. In the Laundry we find J. W. Say-

S Division



Crew's Mess



Chow Line



Galley





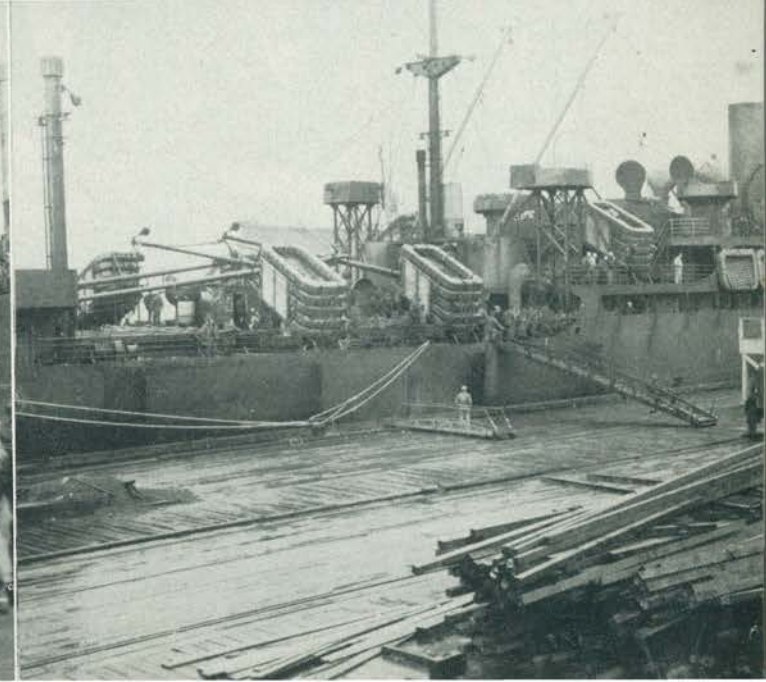
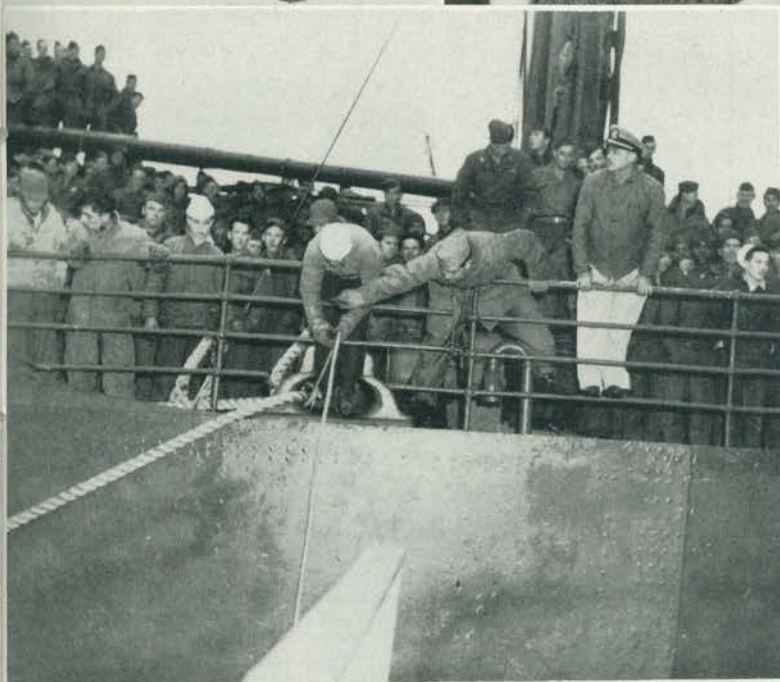
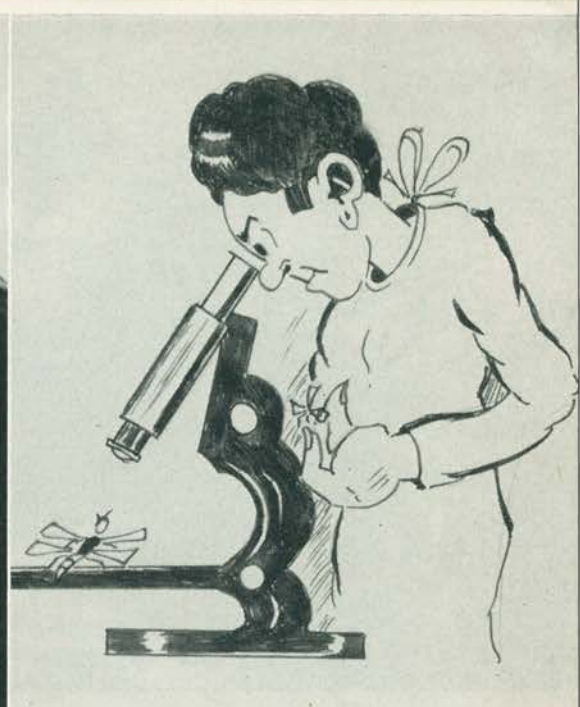
lor, L. F. Trent, H. J. Hughes, C. W. Winters and H. J. Varenhold arguing over a brand new chambray shirt some chump sent in for a wash job. Let us now visit the Barber Shop on the main deck. H. J. Cox and J. C. Higgs hold forth here with clippers and bowl ready for all unwary comers. Now for No. 4 hold where all our supplies are stored. The Supply Section is divided into two sections, this being the second, the storeroom group. Pound Peterson makes all issues of GSK and Provisions while "Ice" Smith and Cook make C and SS and SS issues.

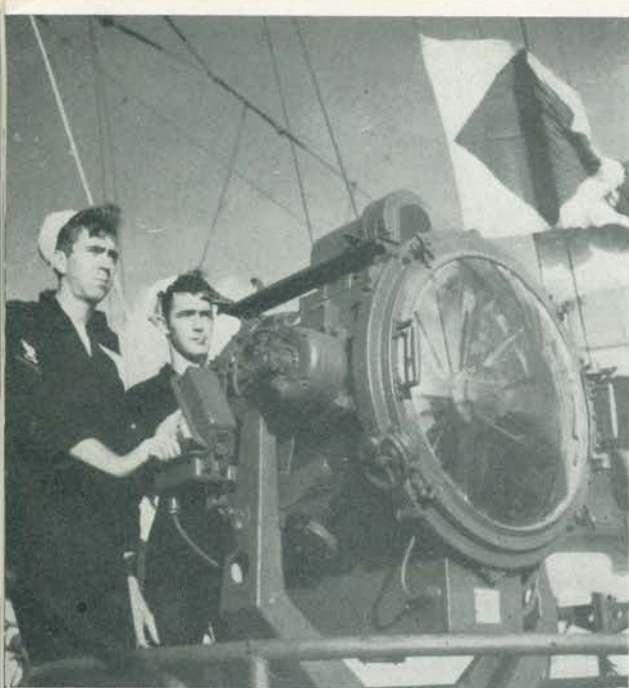
When do we get paid? Our Disbursing Officer is Ensign H. C. Koehler (SC), assisted by two SKD's. Mr. Koehler relieved Ensign Anderson who wanted shore duty in the 12th Naval District and got it, in Norfolk, Va. The next desk is occupied by Gus Streck, the only man who can make a broken watch run for five minutes while he sells it. At the moment he is out trying to get ten more points to join a little heart throb in Chicago. There used to be a little storekeeper in here by the name of Brewer, but his ability and gift of gab raised him to Warrant Pay Clerk. As for the rest of us, from the Supply Division you'll find our pictures listed. The jobs we have are many: Loading stores, baking cakes, roasting turkeys, checking inventories, figuring pay lists, and some just plain old swabbey. We're all a part of the S Division of the mighty "Fighting Fox".











C DIVISION

Hey boot, now that the "Fox" has asked me to show you around to familiarize you with C Division, her men and how she functions, I might as well begin by giving you the dope on those who no longer are here. You will feel more at home knowing something about those who served with us. We'll start off with one of our best characters, Charlie "Sleepy" Kacher, well liked and very humorously inclined. He could fall asleep sitting up in his sack donning his





clothes to go on watch. When he'd finally reach the signal bridge to relieve Willie "Tex" Carraway, they would hold lengthy conversation something like this: "Hi Kach!" "Goodnight Tex." Carraway would then go down and make all preparations to hit the sack only to discover Dick "Henry" Ford and Lee Cannon swapping tall stories, both being very good at that small detail.

Another great figure of ours was "Waldo" Higgins, founder of the model P-38 industry aboard the Elliott. "Waldo" didn't use hair tonic because he didn't have any—not the tonic but the hair. Assistant to Waldo in the Repair Shop known as "Higgins' Assembly Line" was Ray Ziegler who was envied by one and all when he received a 30-day leave and shore duty in his

home town. Vince "Baby" Piraino, who could put anyone in their place with his fiery remarks, belonged to the "Plank Owners' Club" along with his fellow radioman, "Louie" Miller. "Louie" could put any hula girl to shame with his renditions of the hula dance. Another radioman who left us was "Tommy" Thompson who could always be remembered cornering some new fellow and telling him what a nice wife he had. A common figure often seen running around with a message board in hand and pencil behind his ear was Joe Karas who was always being sought after by boys wanting to write his beautiful sisters. If you looked for Harry "Horse" Hooas you could usually find him hanging over one of the rails feeding his last meal to the fish. "Horse" couldn't help being seasick and he always took the "ribbings" with a cheerful smile.

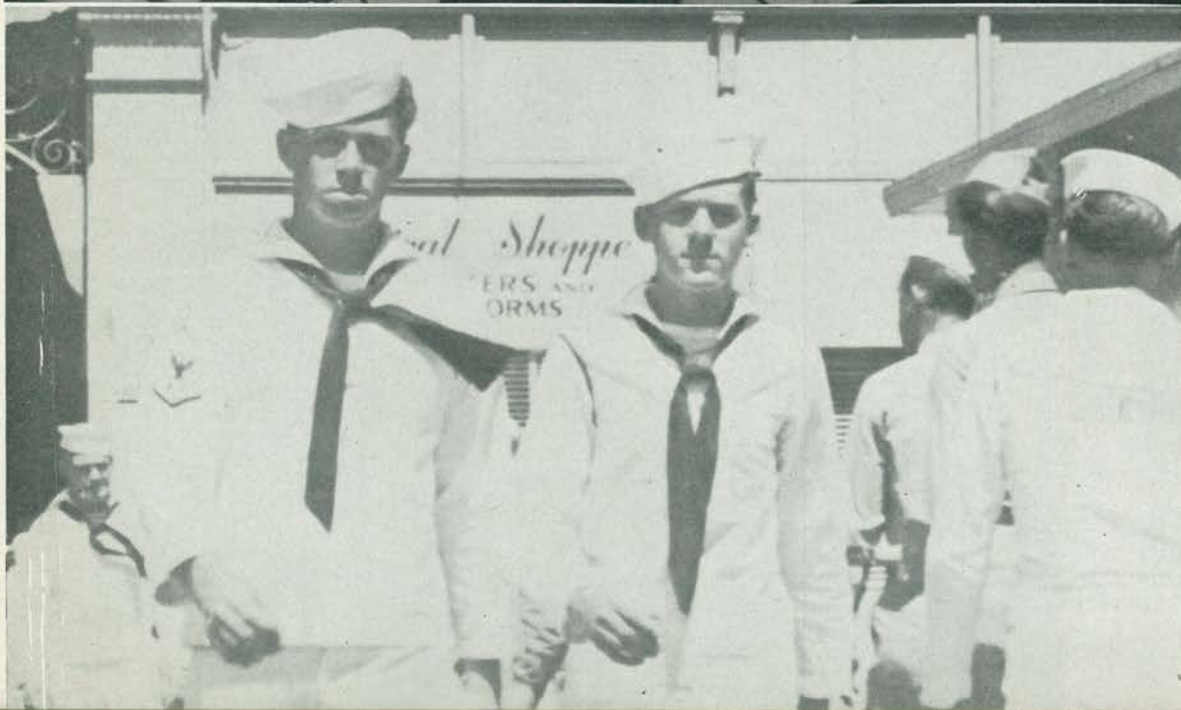




*Left to right—
E. M. Milenburg
J. W. Morrison*



*N. B. Simpson
J. W. McFarland
P. J. Monanty*



The radio gang lost some good men when they lost "Cal" Merchant, Dick Sweet and "Stu" Milligan but we all remember the good men the yeomen gang lost. There was "Lovely" Casatelli who got discharged when an old illness (which we won't name) caught up with him. The main works was Jim Hays of the Exec's Office who ran the office with much precision and order while he enjoyed a good poker game with the boys eight nights a week. (Yes there are! There are eight nights in the week when we cross the date line.)

Al Parnell was in his glory when he made Chief Yeoman and that good conduct ribbon could always be seen on his blues because he didn't have a hash mark to look "salty" like the other chiefs. The two boys who worked with Al were Gene Compston and "Shorty" Gardner. These two boys were the typical farmers who had been drafted into the Navy and disliked the idea immensely. Both were nice, quiet fellows and "Shorty" had very good poker luck which the rest of the gang continually griped about for hours on end. If you were aboard when Joe Parr was here you will never forget his infamous morning call. The "Exec," thinking Joe to be working down in the office, would send his messenger to get Joe. The messenger knew where to go, not to the office but right to Joe's sack for there he'd be.

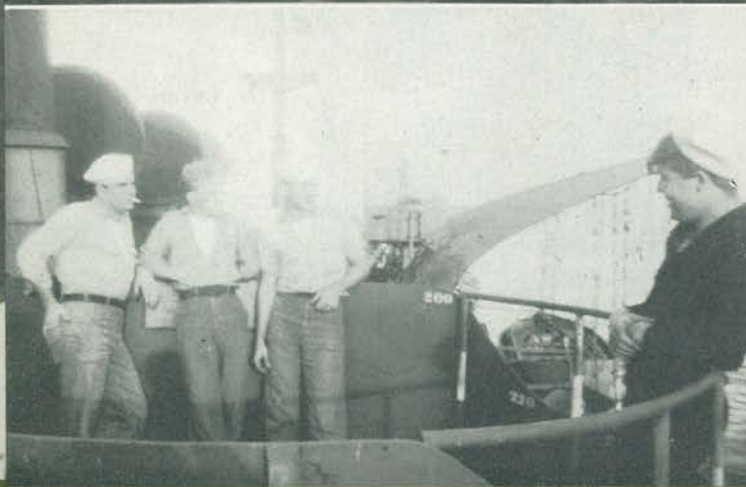
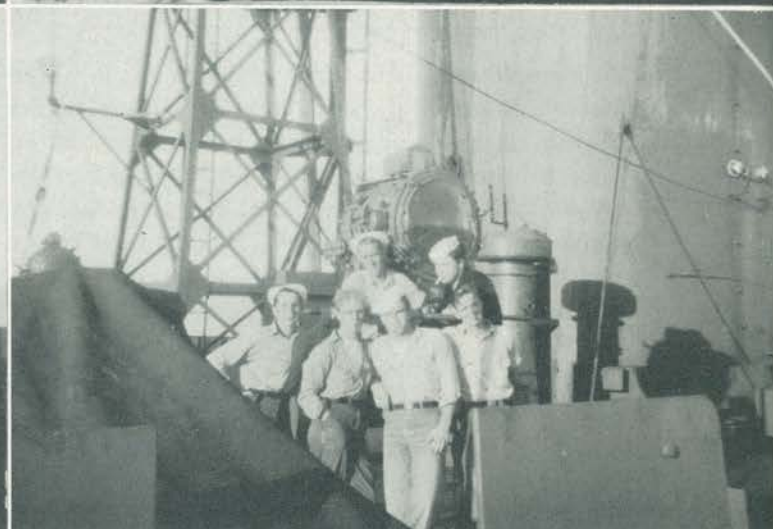
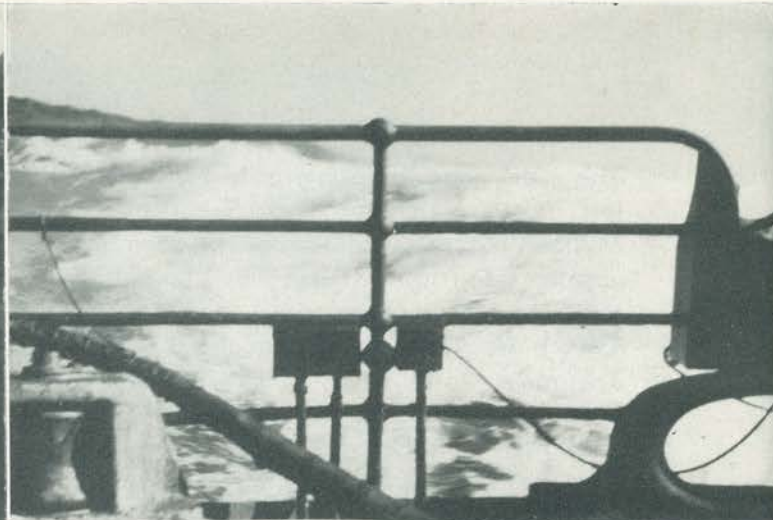


Gilbert Feig



G. W. Ward





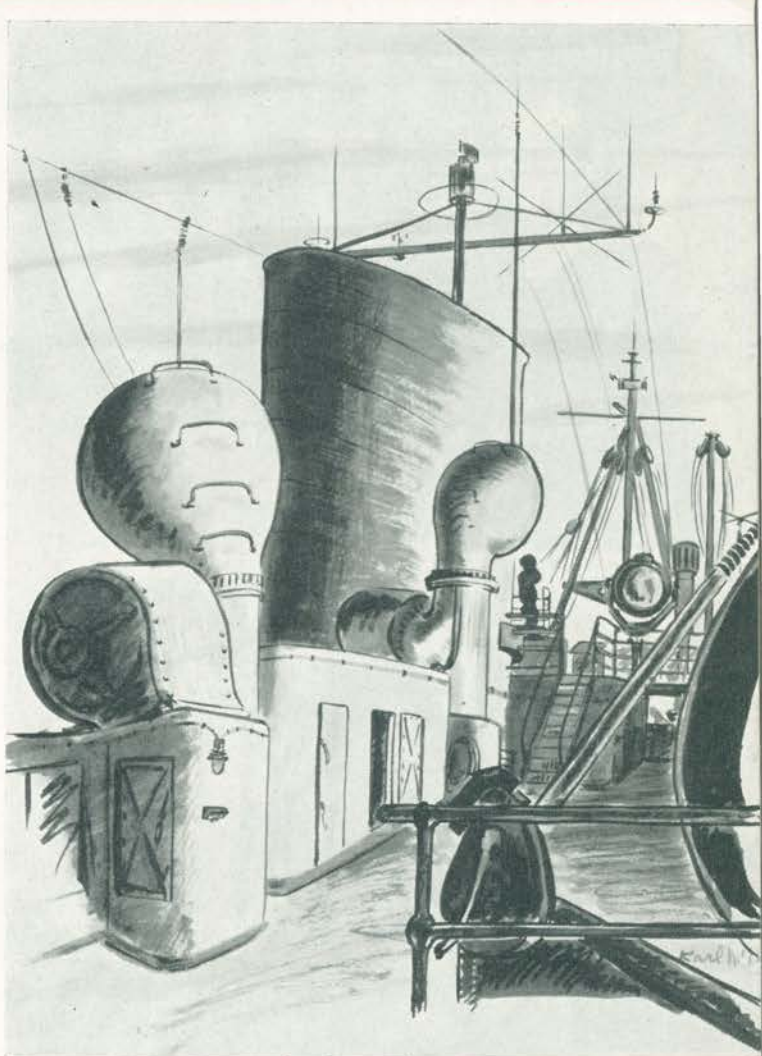
The Yeomen also come under the supervision of the C Division and they hold some of the most important jobs on the ship. They keep in contact with the Navy Bureaus and tend to the crew's records. Much could be said about the yeomen's, signal men's and radiomen's duties, but we won't go into further details for a good part of their duties deal with restricted, confidential and secret matter which the Navy doesn't want disclosed. You'll want to know something about those fellows still serving in C Division. Looking on them we see Eddie Montgomery who although he's a lovable old soul would forget about eating if his stomach didn't let him know it was hungry. Monty's protege is Harry "Luwich" Brink who at all hours of the day and night can be found making a pot of Joe. Right beside Brink drinking some of that Joe would be Dick "Gil" Guilderson. "Gil" feels lost without Charlie Kacher's assistance in burlesquing comedy acts for the benefits of all but still manages to act crazy enough to bring on the laughter of everyone around. Then we have "Rabbit" Cheves and his guitar. He plinks out the oldtime tunes with the accompaniment of "Glendale" Riley on the mandolin. These two boys are undoubtedly the most religious boys on the old "Fox," and it's a pitiful sight to watch them when they are mad, trying to say something nasty and yet still be in bounds, but it is a grand thing to see that at least two boys have not been changed too much by their stay on the "Fox".

N DIVISION

The Radarman is as typical a sack rat as you'll find anywhere in the Navy, and although finding it very trying at times the Radar Gang of the George F. Elliott has followed through in extraordinary fashion.

For the major part of the time the ship has been in commission the gang has been a member of the small, but loud, N Division.

When the Radar is mentioned aboard the "Fox," one first gives thought to non-smiling John Cline. Old John finally won the war and got the bridge painted from his elaborate top sack, and he is now on the outside with his Eleanor. Old "Zip" Zafero was the shrewd one, who saw all, heard all, and knew everything. "Hoiman and Goiman" Mueller was a staunch member of the original crew, along with dear "Jasco" Sauheaver. I imagine "Jasco" is back in Arkansas with his shoes off by now. "Admiral" Coleman, the pride of Annapolis, and Dick Nauman, the cornfed Iowa boy, round out the original gang.





Left to right—
C. R. Cantrell
C. E. Schuman
Mrs. Ray
J. O. Ray
H. Brink
Mrs. Brink



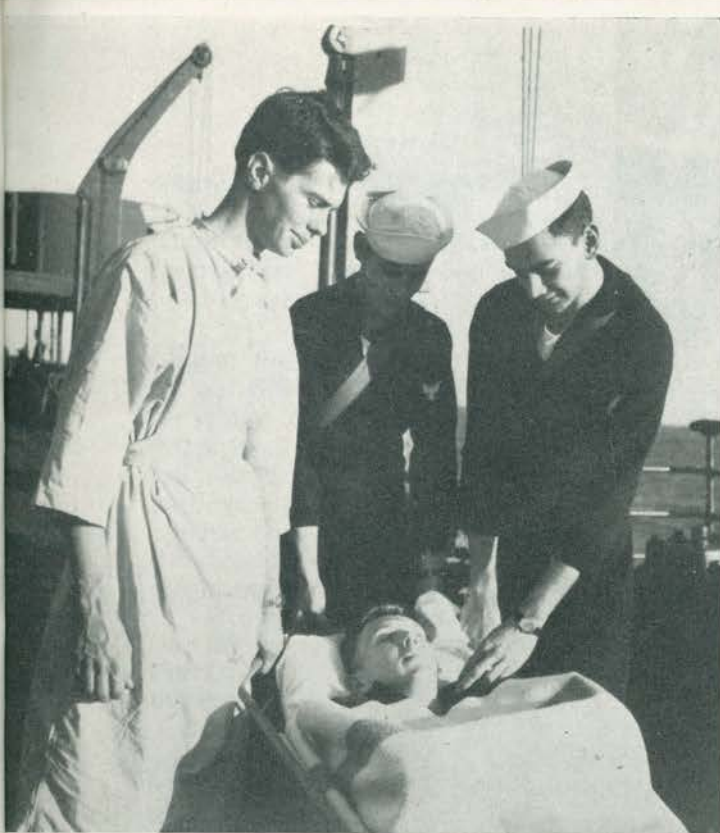
"Ears" Moriarity, the eighth wonder of the world, and Bill "Nights in Hong Kong" Hood were added several months later. Needless to say, that's when the bedlam set in.

Then came a time when most of the old-timers left and aboard came the new gang: Daniel Boon, "The St. Louis Kid"; Joe Frawley, who is still hoping the old Elliott will some day go to Seattle; Bill Darner, whose three kids came in very handy by getting him a discharge, and "Cal" Calhoun, the gang's Southern representative. The gang is led by Dick Nauman, the only old-timer left. Darner has been replaced by Jim "Red" Matthews, a Radio Technician who is a good Radarman, nevertheless.

During the whole period the gang has been led by several officers who had an active interest in learning the intricacies of radar, and not just because they got it pushed in their lap. They were Lieutenant (jg) Cassady, Lieutenant (jg) Coogan, and for a short time Lieutenant (jg) Smith.

The principal duties of a radarman are to keep his set in operation and to get the maximum use out of it, and we are sure this has been accomplished aboard the Elliott.





H DIVISION

The Medical Department aboard the U.S.S. George F. Elliott and duties thereof:

The mission of the Medical Department of the Navy, aptly summarized, is "to keep as many men at as many guns as many days as possible," and this summarization, in general, outlines the duties of the Medical Department of the U.S.S. George F. Elliott. The organization preparing the general plans necessary to accomplish this mission and directing the carrying out of those plans is the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery.

The Medical Department of this ship is composed of a Senior Medical Officer, Dental Officer and a Warrant Officer. Working in close





Inoculation



*Left to right—
E. N. Boswalter
L. C. Hichs
J. Eastman*

cooperation with this staff are twelve corpsmen ranging in rates from Chief Pharmacist mates to Hospital apprentices second class. However the complement has been as high as eighteen and as low as eight corpsmen.

Aboard the Elliott we have a forty-bed sick bay for our sick and wounded, one surgery equipped for major and minor operations, a laboratory, dispensary, X-ray and a dental office. A spraying squad operates nightly, spraying with insecticide spray the forward and after galleys, butcher shop, bakery and officers' galley. After the disembarkation of troops all troop compartments are fumigated. Sanitation on the Elliott as far as the crew goes has been no problem. Due to the evidence of rat infestation aboard the Elliott, traps are set routinely throughout the ship. Typhoid, tetanus, cholera, typhus and smallpox vaccinations and inoculations are given routinely to the crew. The Dental Department takes care of all repairs, disease, etc., of the teeth.

HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

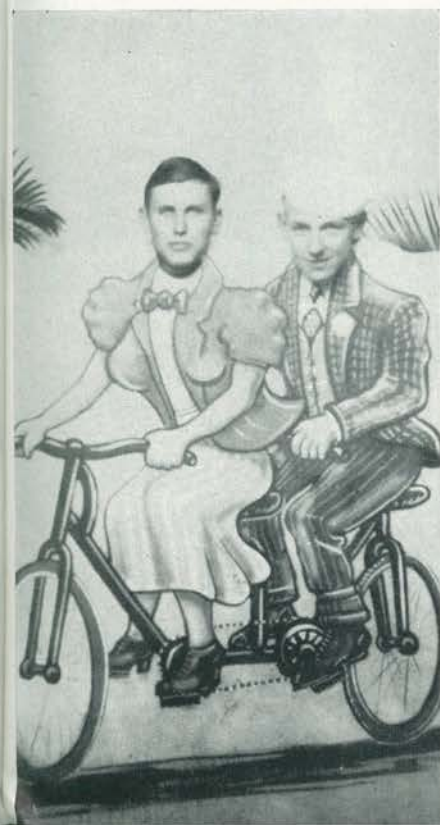
The Medical Department of this ship was set up to take aboard and care for 75 litter cases and 150 ambulatory cases following the initial assaults. At no time did we treat to our capacity, but during the invasions of Leyte, Lingayen and the operation of Iwo Jima this department handled its wounded very capably.

The 79 and 40 casualties, of all descriptions, brought aboard at Saipan and Iwo Jima, respectively, were all inspected by a medical officer and then assigned to a specific location where treatment was given. This procedure proved its worth, as obvious confusion was dispensed with, and the more serious wounded were given priority in treatment.

We have been most fortunate in relation to dysentery in epidemic form, having had only 30 cases of fairly severe dysentery. This outbreak was due in all probability to contamination of food either by flies or carriers. While in the Yokosuka, Japan, area from October 13, 1945, to November 16, 1945, a rather severe outbreak of dysentery occurred in many of the fleet units. We again were fortunate to escape with only five mild cases. Rigid sanitary measures were always enforced. All water, even after distillation, was highly chlorinated. Salt water from the harbor was discontinued for all purposes except the ship's flushing system. Spraying squads operated throughout the ship nightly, controlling the spread of vermin, flies, roaches, etc.

Thus over a period of two years the men of H Division have played their part well. Over one hundred operations have been performed, eleven of a major nature, without a fatality. Sickness and diseases of all descriptions have been treated and the patients returned to duty.

H. R. Gunther J. O. Eastman



R DIVISION

I understand you are to be with the C and R gang. Well that is a fine division and a mighty fine bunch. This division does repair and construction work on the ship. When I say construction I am referring to the assembly line they use for making boxes. Yep, they are mostly officers' boxes. Some want them fur lined, some cedar lined, some want them with an automatic switch so that when they open the box a light comes on inside showing them their souvenirs in a glorious flood of yellow, green and red lights. Yes sir, there are Kendrick and Petty making a box now. I think this box is for Mr. Tabor, our supply officer, who is a very conservative man.

Now we will go over and I will introduce you to the Carpenters' Mate gang—both of them.

This good looking chap is Bill Kendricks who has more names than he has hair on his head. Some of them are Stubby, Moose, Chips, Nose, Face, etc. Yes, he is quite a fellow. Quite a ladies' man, too. Kendrick is also A-1 at cooking—just ask anyone from R Division.

That tired, sleepy looking fellow sitting down over there is Lee Petty who hails from the salt flats of Utah. He had more salt on him when he came in the Navy than all the fleet combined. Now I will take you to the Shipfitters' Shop and show you around. Their job is to repair or construct anything pertaining to metal, keep the drainage system open and sympathize with all officers who want a head or a drain unstopped. The shipfitters are an ingenious bunch, doing



Left to right—
S. A. Dixon
W. D. Kendrick
L. R. Pettey
T. J. Rudigean



R. E. Baker
L. R. Patter
Florence Patter



Left to right—
R. W. Pederson
S. A. Dixon
Civilian Petty





everything from the heaviest construction to repairing watches.

The shipfitter in charge of these fellows is Paul Baker, SF 1/c. He is probably the best known man on the ship. It is nothing to hear his name called over the P. A. system about 20 times a day. The only thing bad about Baker is he is the one who gives the gang reveille and turns them to.

Oh, oh! Here comes Weiss, SF 2/c, all covered with grease and corruption. It looks like he has been fixing the sanitary system. That is something about Weiss—he never lets any job stop him. He just digs in and comes out with about 20 intricate parts too many and a pipe wrench and hammer missing. They are probably in the machine somewhere but who cares; it works.

We have covered first about all of the Carpenters' Mates and S. F. except Woods. He is the wavy haired lad who handles the baggage room. This baggage room is a combination of tools, screws, bolts, any kind of hardware, candies, cigarettes, wash room articles, hangout, artist studio, library and scuttlebutt center. So you can see Woods has quite a job on his hands trying his best to help everybody and hand out information.

Now we will shove off from the S. F. and C. M. and go up where two of our men hang out and spend their sleepless hours—up to the Boatswain locker. These men are our sailmaker and painter. Tom "Commander" Fender is the king of the sailmakers. Tom can make anything from a peanut bag to a record size balloon.

Our painter is Earl Allen. There are other names of his, but it wouldn't be proper to say them now. Al has quite a knack for mixing paint. He mixed all the paint that appears on the old "Fox".

Well, Feather Brain, we have just about sailed over the whole division now. We now have only two men left, but they are very important men. To be exact, they are the M.A.A.'s force. Now on the outside or in civilian life they would be called policemen, cops, dicks, sheriffs, marshals and what not. But here they hold the distinguished title of Master at Arms.





GUNNERY

Before we attempt to characterize our men, as is the usual custom, we would appreciate the opportunity to perhaps pat ourselves on the back a bit and give a short description of our efforts and achievements.

During the entire commissioned period this ship has had no major casualties in material or personnel. Our early equipment, which was handed down to us from World War I, was time worn and battered. Through pampering and babying it held up well and served through several anti-aircraft actions. Our guns spoke their little piece to several Kamikaze raiders and made a good showing.

All hands aboard will never forget Big Bertha, old Chief Andy's pride and glory. A great old gun indeed, but I always thought ballast was supposed to be below decks.

In order to give you the straight lowdown on our department, I will have to introduce you to our main character, Chief Anderson. Invariably Andy's daily greeting would be "What's the dope?" Andy would look in the clipping room, therein finding GM 1/c Dick Moore (better known to his men as the whip) playing cards with the 20 mm men to see who would get the morning Joe. On a hot day you would find Moore with a bucket of water in hand wetting down his steaming ready boxes, his most trying effort of the day. About this time you would probably find "Guns" Christino coming up the deck with the latest news. "Guns" was in charge of the aft battery before he became mail orderly. Chris and Moore were former shipmates on the battleship X.

Another character appearing on deck at this time would be Vinnedge, GM 1/c, who was our ship's armorer for a time, during which he produced a number of model P-38's, P-61's and



B-29's. On the signal bridge we find "Hosay O'Toole" Lyons, who flips a coin with "Mad Russian" Masarik to see who cleans the guns for the day, and as usual the Russian has lost and screaming blue murder. Before Lyons interests us in a little game of chance let's look around a bit and see what the view affords.

Back there on the after battery undoubtedly would have been little "Red" Egan rushing around as always squaring things away—then there was "Big Jack". Those two were a real sight.

Up forward we have Wood, GM 3/c, alias Woody "the Woodpecker". He's been up there trying to keep the spray off the guns ever since we can remember. Working with him is Mayfield, generally known as "Flowers". The two of them handle that battery with no strain. Up on the director undoubtedly you'd find Kahler, FC 1/c, trying to find out why the gizmo won't work the whatsiz connected to the strable. Since the loss of our yeoman he covers most of the ordnance clerical work too.

20 mm battery at present has a gay old collection—"Little Guns" Wade, GM 3/c, and "Cowboy Capps" Mallen, GM 1/c, are probably down in the armory taking inventory and signing title "B" cards.

Well, Joe Boot, we'll have to leave Mal to his confusion and see what the after battery affords in the way of personality. First you'd undoubtedly find a little fellow about 6' 4" at about 240 with red hair and a roar like a lion. He is Kocurek, GM 2/c, the strong arm of the gang. Working with the little fellow is Askins, S 1/c, and he's been on the after battery a little less than a century. Somebody told me Askins was a liberty hound. Is that right, Rol!o?

Wenner, GM 3/c (Alhambra Limited), is also back there. He babies the pride of the ship, namely the 5"/38. He loves his job, so they tell him, although it has been rumored they gave him the ideal and all attachable gear as a little gift. Maybe it is the gunnery end of the stick, but he's from California so what the hell.

Let's not forget Chisholm, FC 2/c, better known as the "Shoot 'em Up Kid". No one ever did find out who shot who. You'll find him messing around with firing circuits or directors. Has he ever fixed anything? Maybe yes, maybe no; who knows, he doesn't.

That's about all for the gunnery department, but I still think we rate a flag on the bridge!



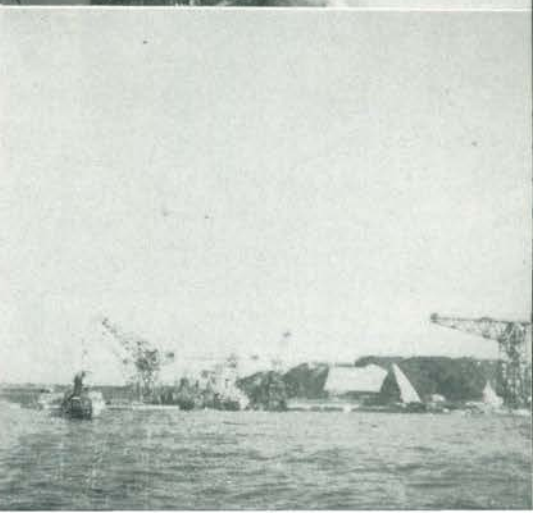
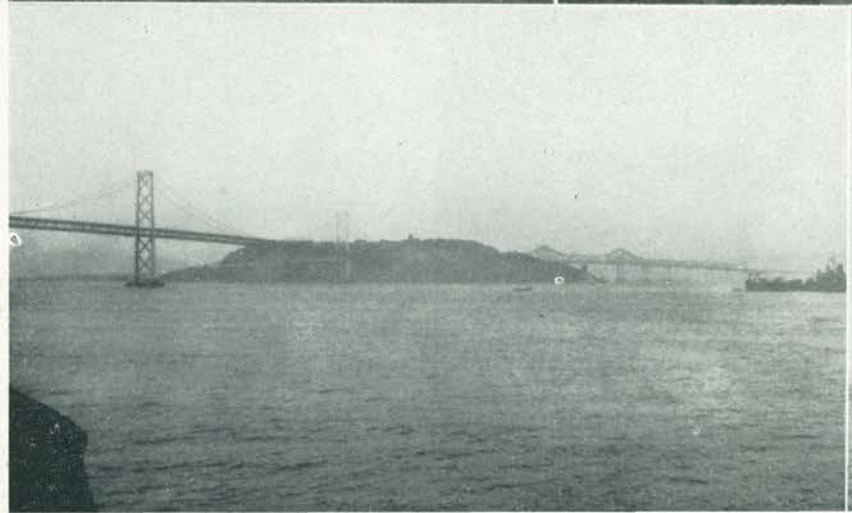
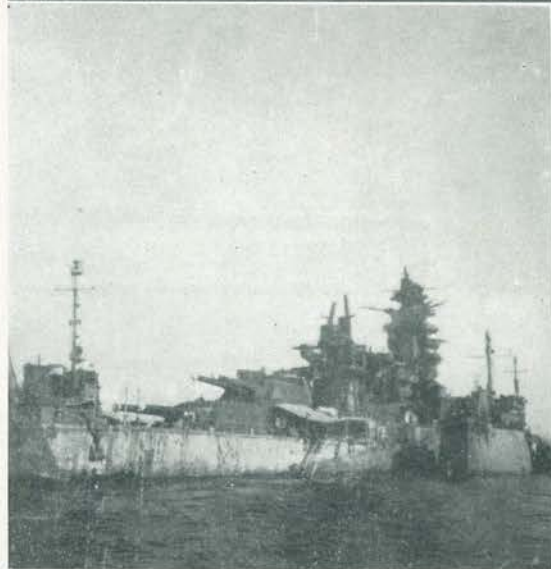
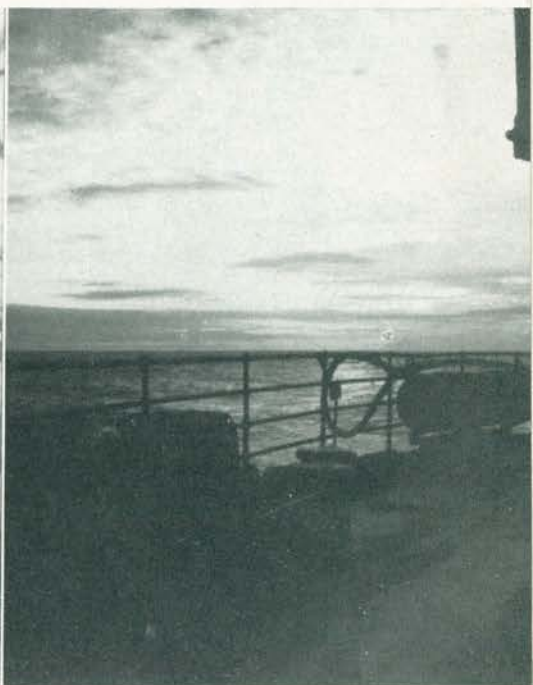
The Editors



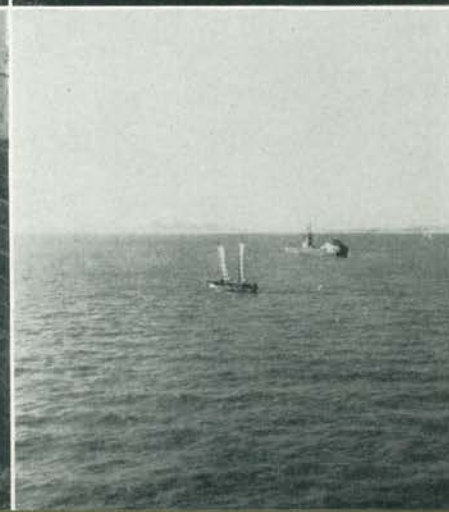
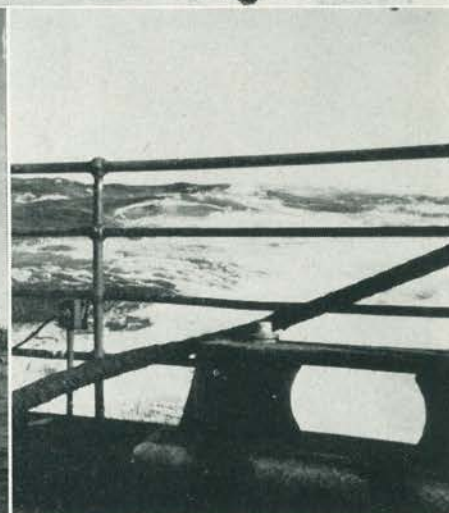
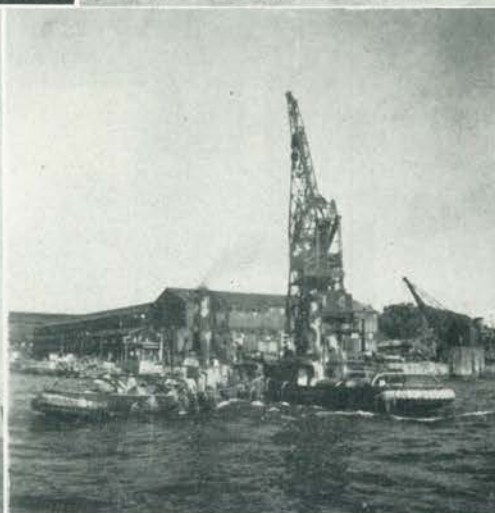
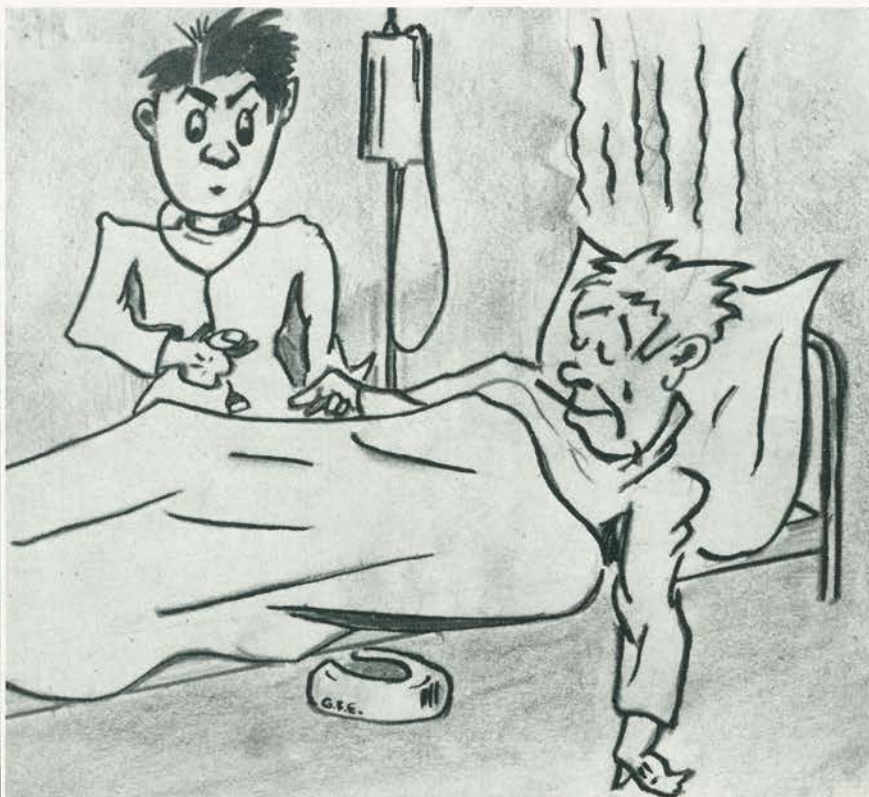
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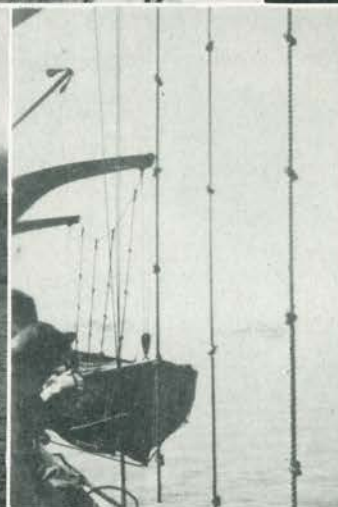
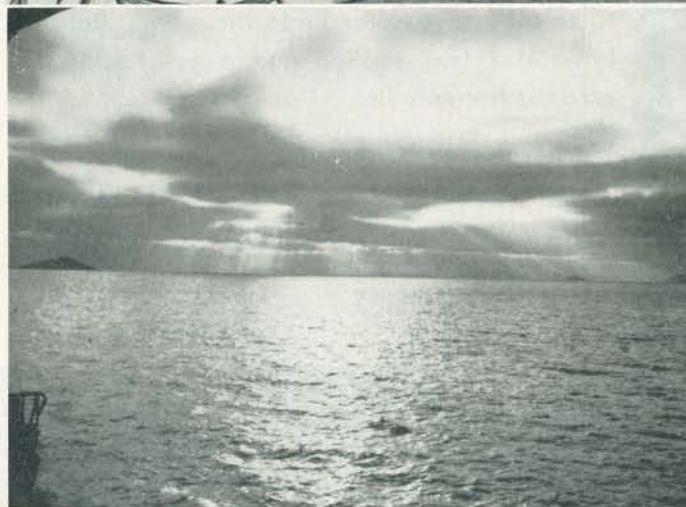
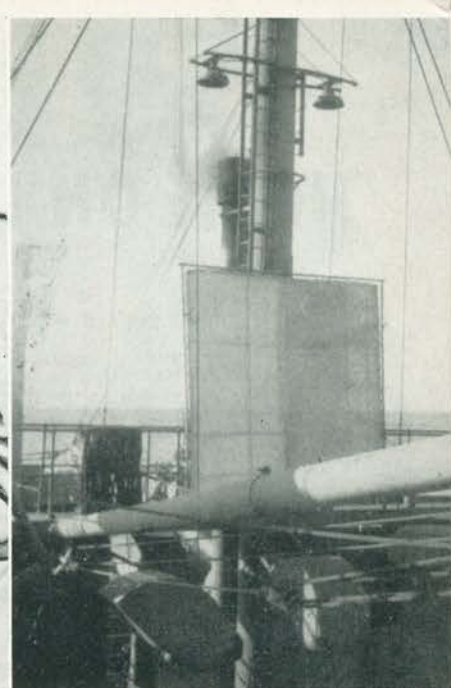
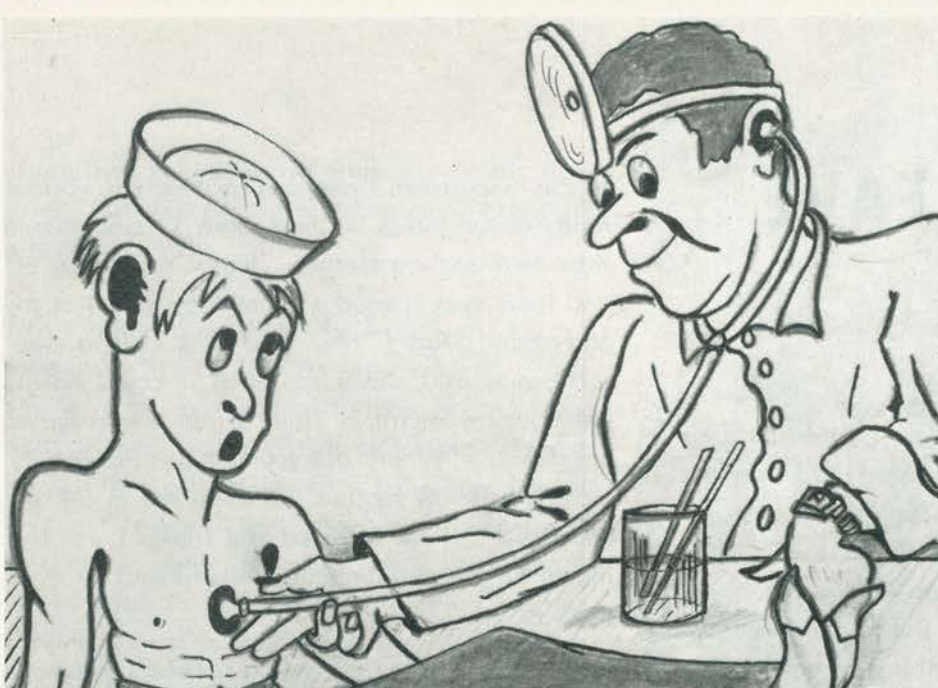


RANDOM SHOTS



Upper right—'Twas the night before Christmas. Upper right—"Those Seattle blues"
 Center left—Pride of the Jap fleet. Center—Japanese view. Center right—Heavy seas
 Lower left—Bay bridge. Lower center—Japanese street scene





Upper left—Sick call. Upper right—"The movie for tonight will be . . ."
 Center left—Sunset at sea. Center—Lower away!" Center right—Soldiers at sea
 Lower left—Portside to Lower right—Fantail

HOME ON LEAVE

I couldn't get over it—here I was riding home in a taxi after two years of sea duty. I was all Navy life through and through. Now I would enter a new life for a few days. The taxi drew up to my home and I saw an elderly lady running down the path crying out, "Son"! My first impression was that some U.S.O. hostess was trying to capture me — but then I recognized my Mother running to me. As she rained kisses on me, I tried to think of something appropriate to say. I heard myself say, "Got a match?" Then I remembered she didn't smoke. Funny thing finding someone who didn't smoke and didn't want a cigarette.

In the living room I was met by people in various kinds of uniforms. 'Twas then I remembered they were civilian clothes. I took my jacket off and their eyes opened wide as they gazed at my glory bars. Amid "ohs" and "ahs" I lit a cigarette, and as I shook so much, I could hardly get it in my mouth. Then began a barrage of questions: "Where did you get this bar, etc.?" I could hear my mother tell them not to ask me because I'd think of blood and things I was trying to forget. I laughed to myself and let it go at that.

About that time a beautiful girl (who turned out to be a cousin) walked into the room. Before I knew it I had snarled and a weird wolf call escaped from my lips. I saw the girl bolt for the door and dash off into the night while friends

J. C. Miller and Family



and relatives peeped at me from behind the furniture. My Dad placed me in a chair and told me to take it easy.

When I asked him where the head was, he exclaimed, "Why it's still on your neck." After a few minutes explanation he pointed the way. I went in and found a nice clean head—must have just held a field day on it I thought. I tried the faucet to see if the water was on because I didn't know what the water hours were, and I was overjoyed to find the water was on! After I washed I tried to see whose towel I could use and then spied a spotless one with no name on it hanging on a rack. I broke out my stencil and stenciled my name on it right away.

Dinner was ready when I came out and I sat down to wonderful chow. They even had fresh milk and I couldn't find a single trace of stew. I forgot where I was for a minute and heard my gruff voice bellow, "Where the hell is the damn butter?" My brother tried to cover the blunder up by asking me what I'd have to drink and eyes popped when I said, "Calvert's please".

I decided I needed some time to think so I drove over to my girl's house. She greeted me with open arms and she was very disappointed when I hung my coat on one arm and my hat on the other. After I realized what I had done, I drew her aside. It was then I could see a young brat standing there so I took a bar of pogie bait and shoved it down his throat saying "My! My! what a big boy" loud enough so his sister couldn't hear him choking. After a wild night of chasing my girl through the house, I went home and hit the sack.

I next remember hearing an alarm and I jumped up hollering "GO—all hands to battle stations". I found it to be only the alarm clock. Just then my Mother passed the word for chow, so I rushed down to be first in chow line, but my Dad had beaten me. When I found out we didn't have



T. J. Sullivan and Family

dehydrated scrambled eggs or beans I almost fainted. We were having fresh eggs—fresh eggs, imagine it!!!

So to you fellows who are about to return to civilized world I thought I'd tell you my story so you can adjust yourself better and not be thought of as cracked up and strange.



YOUR TROUBLES ...AND MINE

Answered by R. M. GUILDERSON, SM 2/c

Dear Chaplain:

I have been at sea for seven months now and haven't had a leave for nine months. All these fellows are getting discharged to go home for good and I can't even get a leave.

Archibald Q. Boot.

Dear Archie:

You poor, poor boy, seven whole months at sea. I bet you went through hell too. I feel for you but I just can't reach you. Why don't you write in to the Stars and Stripes?

* * *

Dear Chaplain:

I have been aboard here for over two years and have three years service. Now when they started discharging it has been the married men and young kids with dependents who have been aboard a year or so that rate a discharge. How come they don't run this thing fair?

Anonymous.

Dear Anonymous:

You mustn't feel like that. After all those married men have only been able to save up a few thousand dollars, what with their wives working and an allotment. Besides that the Navy wants to get rid of those men that continually cry and sing the blues about how long it has been since they have seen their wives. I heard one troop say, "I feel I am not even married any more. It's been three weeks since I saw my wife and two weeks since I had a letter from her." Can't you see how those poor fellows suffer after being away such lengthy time?

* * *

Dear Chaplain:

We have a terrible situation on here. We would like you to clear up this mess. When we crossed the equator we got wild haircuts from the Royal Barber (you know who) and from "The Barber of Seville" Higgs.

A Bunch of Bald Headed "SNIPES".

Dear Boys:

How well I know what you mean. I have one ear missing and scars all over my head too.

* * *

Dear Chaplain:

There are strange things happening on board here. I am new and I don't understand what they mean. For instance, why do a lot of the fellows jump up at chow and salute when someone says, "First call to colors"?

A Bewildered Seaman.

Dear Son:

You haven't seen anything yet, but don't be alarmed, they are harmless. Those fellas are eligible for discharge. Or, in other words—out of this world.

* * *

Dear Chaplain:

I would like some advice on marriage. I love a girl back home who says she loves me but I hear that she is going out with all the fellas at home. Should I ask her to marry me, or shouldn't I? She is 32 and I am 22.

A Refrigerator Expert.

Dear Lover:

Of course you should! Forget all those things (rumors). If she tells you she has been true to you just trust in her and love will see you through another war—marriage! Marriage isn't a word—it's a sentence!

* * *

Dear Chaplain:

The boys took a vote today and if it could be arranged we would like to have some of "Tiger's Stew" for our Christmas dinner instead of turkey and all that old stuff.

The Boys from the Fantail.

Dear Boys:

We will see if it can't be arranged. Would you like it served in bed too? But how could you eat it with your hands tied in that straight jacket?

* * *

Dear Chaplain:

Why do men shipping over have to take a rugged physical examination when they already had one to get into this outfit?

A Curious Mess Cook.

Dear Mess—I Mean Cookie:

Don't you know that? Anyone wanting to ship over is presumably "off his nut," so they examine him to see if he's "out of this world".

* * *

RAED NIALPAHC:

FI UOY NAC DAER SIHT EREHT SI LLITS
EPOH ROF UOY.

A DNEIRF.

Dear Dneirf:

Me too! First door on your starboard.

* * *

Dear Chaplain:

Since I came aboard (two weeks ago) I have seen some gruesome sights, but the worst is those fellows that bark like lions and never smile. Who are they?

Perplexed.

Dear Perplexed:

Ma Fran, those are Boatswain's Mates—and don't ever let them catch you throwing cigarette butts on deck. Oh brother! What language!

THE SHIP'S PARTY OR THE FACES ON THE BARROOM FLOOR

Before I begin an account of what hit Russian Hall in 'Frisco on May 8 and 9, I would like to state the difference between our peaceful, respectable and quiet crew and the drunken, brawling and boisterous group who stormed said hall is the result of fifty gallons of whiskey and hundreds of barrels of beer.

Now to proceed with our story . . . 'Twas a typical night for San Francisco and as I slowly made my way from lamp posts to "No Parking" signs up Sutter Street I heard a crashing of

glass, and a woman's scream pierced the chilly air. Peering up over the curbstone I could see a sailor descend onto the sidewalk. This was the place, no doubt about it . . . I should have realized that when I saw the women and children being evacuated from the Sutter Street district. Yes, few residents had missed hearing about the George F. Elliott's party.

With a tug at my waist to assure me my refreshments were still there I boldly scaled the ascending steps to the arena known as Russian Hall. Slumped up against the bulkhead were two SP's who, although they knew me, had suspicions I was a spy from the "Pennsy," the old scow they forgot to scuttle after the Civil War, but after checking my credentials and returning one almost empty, they permitted me to enter. The door swung back revealing a small swimming pool of beer filled with bodies floating toward the bar.

I was about to plunge in and swim for the bar myself when a young woman in her early seventies hobbled past me being pursued by one of our dear chiefs, whose girdle had broken, re-





vealing a fallen chest that could easily be mistaken for a balloon. Knowing he could never catch the damsel, I joined the fellows hanging onto the brass rail at the base of the bar. The system in use was this:

The bartender would have a drink, then bring one out to the first man in line, open his mouth, pour it in and close it. By the time he came to me he was trying to open my eyes, pour it in my nose and close my ears. From my horizontal position I could just make out the forms of people putting on a show for the two or three persons still sitting in their chairs. I wasn't quite sure what was going on, but it seemed that three girls were doing a strip tease while various gentlemen lunged at them, only to fall on their faces and rest in deep, deep slumber (commonly referred to in sophisticated circles as being "out cold").

As I lay gazing at the overhead, a young woman with three heads pushed one of her faces up to mine and asked me if I knew where her husband was. Her description of him led me to believe she had married everyone there. He was a sailor, had a white hat on when he came in, was very good looking, and was definitely very intoxicated. The band mixed some music from "The Fifth Concerto" and "Sweet Adeline," and swung out with a rendition never heard before, and probably not heard by nine-tenths of the gathering there that night. As I walked off the floor with the lost wife, something seemed wrong and I thought her to be on stilts, for I am six feet two and she was towering over me like a giant. Little did I know I had been dancing on my knees.

Pulling myself together, I stood up (with the help of four of my friends) and found myself in the midst of a group of ship's officers. An argument was in progress on the subject, "Were midshipmen graduates any better than ninety-day wonders?" After I had given my opinion (due to the fact that devoted students of theology may read this book we shall not publish the author's opinion), I was promptly placed on report by all the officers present, save those who were lying lifeless on the deck. Nothing was done with me since the SP's could not be aroused from their unconscious state.

On next opening my eyes I found myself at the bar again where, by a strange coincidence, all persons able to move were gathered. When they all were tottering the "Exec" decided it would take twelve hours to pack the bodies back to the ship, and extended the liberty for that reason. With this happy news I fell into a deep, black hole and woke up three days later on the ship with a six eleven night cap on my swollen head.





"And in Keeping With the Theme ..."



U.S. Navy. Transports 11th. (Transport)
" war

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