

# Flash! ARIZONA AWARDED RED "E"

*The weekly row of the slow army ship*



"ONCE ARIZONA, ALWAYS ARIZONA"



Vol. 3 Seattle, Wash., August 16, 1924. No. 17

## OUR BIG DANCE IN SEATTLE

Friday night, August 22nd, is the big night on board, when we show the people of Seattle what the Arizona can do in the way of entertainment. This is the dance that we have planned for ever since the Fleet first anchored in Seattle. So, men, here is the chance to "Strut your Stuff" and show the rest of the Fleet that the "At 'Em" Spirit remains on board.

We want every division to be represented one hundred per cent, so let's have your cooperation.

One word about the music: We have secured the best orchestra obtainable, "Hermie Kings," a 30 piece jazz orchestra.

See your division representative for tickets; all tickets must be out by the 20th, so let's go up and at 'em, men. Remember—

All for One; One for All.

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## LETTER OF THANKS

August 15, 1924.

To: Admiral W. V. Pratt and Staff, Captain P. N. Olmsted, officers and men of the U.S.S. Arizona.

I wish to express my appreciation of the kindly treatment accorded me on this, to me at least, memorable cruise.

Through your generous hospitality I have gained a truer understanding of the United States Navy. I hope that this knowledge may make it possible for me to be of service to the Navy in my small way.

I cannot recall a more pleasing experience than this cruise on the Arizona.

Sincerely yours,

Leo J. Raridan,

Post-Intelligencer Correspondent.

## TENNESSEE-ARIZONA BOAT RACE

Those of you who stayed aboard last Sunday morning and saw the little crew perform have some advance dope on the Seattle Times Cup Race—what?

It was a good race all around. Smooth water, a good course, plenty of rooters, and— — —.

The Tennessee crew rowed a long low stroke about twenty-eight to the minute; our crew pulled a steady thirty-four all along the course. We got about half a boat length at the start, and kept it, opening it out to a length before the mile mark, and at the finish added another to it. Official time was 17:10.

It was a good clean race. Both crews deserve credit for a fine display of sportsmanship.

\* \* \*

## THE SEATTLE TIMES CUP RACE

Next Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock at least ten crews will line up for the biggest race of the year. Just give that little crew an even break and smooth water and they will cross the line first. And don't look for them aboard ship that night!

Out of our last six starts we have won five and tied one, and finally won that, so let's keep up the good work.

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## CHURCH CALL

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\* Those who attend Church Service at 10:00 o'clock on Sunday morning will have an opportunity to enjoy some fine selections by people from Seattle.

\* These services are helpful in that we all take part in worship. Be present and share this privilege with us.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

## ABOUT THAT RED "E"

A letter from the Secretary of the Navy received this week confirms the fact that the Arizona stands second in the engineering competition for the past fiscal year. Also that we have won the prize money for greatest improvement of all battleships in the U. S. Fleet.

Our final score was 97.6% of the trophy winner (the Maryland).

The rules for last year, until changed in March, awarded the Red "E" to the ship standing second provided her score was 90% of the trophy winner. This late change of rules increased the necessary percentage to 98%. So it is probable we have lost out on the Red "E" on that count, but still have hopes of getting it on the basis of having the greatest improvement and being so close to the Maryland.

A reminder to all of the crew who helped us win so handily will be given out in the form of five dollars each to 320 men who are considered to have contributed most to the result.

\* \* \*

## TO THE NEW MEXICO

Those of us who were temporarily attached to the New Mexico for about three weeks are glad of this opportunity to express our thanks for the excellent treatment received.

It will interest you to know that at first Mike Skelly actually thought he was back on the Big "A" when he found himself among so many of his former shipmates.

\* \* \*

## LT. COMDR. CAREY DETACHED

Orders have been received detaching Lieutenant-Commander C. B. Carey, to report for duty on board the new Cruiser, the U. S. S. Memphis, as Gunnery Officer. We are sorry to have him leave our ship.

## ⚓ AT 'EM ARIZONA ⚓

A ship's paper for the dissemination of helpful information aboard the U. S. S. Arizona. Published with the consent of the Commanding Officer, Captain P. N. Olmsted U. S. Navy.

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Supervisory Officer ..... Chaplain H. M. Peterson  
 Athletic Editor ..... Lieut. (Jg) M. R. Kelley  
 Associate Editors—Lt. (SC) J. T. Lareau, Lt. (MC) G. H. Larson,  
 Ensign P. F. Dugan, A. Longmore, C. F. M., J. H. Kelly, W. T. 1c.

W. P. Keeshan, Prtr. 1c  
 H. Stanley, Sea. 2c

W. T. McIntyre, Sea. 1c  
 H. C. Pack, Sea. 2c

### THE NOBLEST REVENGE

Occasionally a man has been heard to say to another (indeed, it has not been confined to men either, for many times women have made the same remark), "I'll get even some day." The cause is some injury, fancied or real. And the object of the remark is the "cause" of that injury. Trying to "get even" is the greatest foolishness. Don't try to get even. The greatest of all time wasted is time wasted in revenge. It is also a waste of grey matter, nerve force, vitality, and life reserves. The desire for retaliation is the most dangerous lust that enslaves human beings.

When you wish to hurt one who has hurt you, you want something that irritates you while you want it, disappoints you when you get it, and makes you feel mean all over after it is all over. You cannot get through life without meeting people who injure you in some way or other. There will be people who snub you, betray you, cheat you, envy you, spitefully use you; each one of which would cause you to feel like "hitting back". If you stop to chase these and punish each one by "getting even" you will have no time for anything else. If you allow yourself to think of them they will soon poison your mind till your disposition is as sour as stale buttermilk, your sleep disturbed, and your hours of leisure turned from hours of enjoyment and content to bitterness and wretchedness.

Forget it. When our Lord said that about turning the "other cheek" he was talking not impossible idealism, but just plain common sense. The people who climb never get to the top by tearing down others. The people who spiritually arrive are the forgetters of hurts.

Put this sentence somewhere near you where you can see it at work or play; or better still, commit it to memory: "An injury can grieve you only when remembered. The noblest revenge is to FORGET."

\* \* \*

### MY NEW TYPEWRITER

I have a new typeWriter,  
 Andd it is my de:light  
 To patter on it gailY,  
 And wrItE, and write )9 and write\$  
 It aids mE in my laborss9  
 When I (m in Worki&G vein5%  
 It makeS A GREat improvement%  
 I write So veRY pLain.

It operates sosw(Ftly\$'

That when yDu find your'e sTucK:;  
 And cannot fi&d the lett4er  
 Just6jab-and trustT to luck6\$  
 It's Easw-VEry eaSY-

To operaTE it theN ;:!\$6&3!4o  
 Now where on earth's that colon?  
 Give me my ink and pen.

—Owen

\* \* \*

What a great difference the insertion or omission of one word may make in the impressions we get from the stories printed in the daily press. The headline on the Society Page of one of our great metropolitan dailies announced the following: "Mrs. S— A. R—, who is visiting with her own husband at \_\_\_\_\_ Street, was the guest of \_\_\_\_\_" etc.

\* \* \*

### HERE'S A HINT

Any girl can be gay in a classy coupe,  
 In a taxi they all can be jolly;  
 But the girl thats worth while is the  
 one that can smile

When you're taking her home in  
 the trolley.

—Naval Weekly

## RUMBLINGS

With our annual inspection now past, we can all turn to with a will to make the next one still better. There is always room for improvement, and we feel confident that we have the energy and the pride to go ahead and make progress in the right direction. But the annual inspection shouldn't be regarded as one scheduled for just one day of the year. Make every day an inspection for ourselves and of ourselves. Our gunnery record, our engineering score, and our spirit in athletics and in entertainment will tell the story of the ship's progress better than any single day of inspection and questioning could ever do. Let them speak for themselves.

\* \* \*

We are prone to take things for granted too often. Just because a certain thing has occurred in a certain way hundreds of times before, we have no right to assume that it will continue to do so always. Likewise, just because a man or a ship acquires a reputation for doing things in a certain way, or for getting certain definite results, we should not permit ourselves to take it for granted that the man or ship in question will continue to do so. That frame of mind would effectually throttle real progress, if, fortunately, there were not always a few at least who refuse to let past occurrences establish an inflexible rule for them to abide by.

Not long ago an opinion was expressed by a shipmate of ours as to the result of a ball game our team was to play that day. His idea seemed to be that we never had beaten that particular team before, so why worry about the outcome that day. It was bound to result in a defeat for us.

When an Arizona man gets an idea like that about anything, either in gunnery, engineering or sports, he is taking his finger off his number. No matter that perhaps our efforts in the past have always fallen short of the mark, it still remains possible for us to attain that mark if we only have faith in ourselves. Not to do

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**CRACKS FROM THE JAMOKE POT**

Don't think you're clever because some nineteen-year old Jane laughs at your jokes. A nineteen-year old Jane laughs at anything.

Bah, bah, black sheep, have you any wool?

Yes sir, yes sir, a whole back full, Some will go into clothing, and all of it I'll lose,

But judging from material none goes in regulation blues.

The speed of light is 186,000 miles per second. In spite of this amazing speed we know some gobs that it never reaches.

Sweet thing: "I've heard that men go bald because of the intense activity of their brains."

Pop Holzheimer: "Exactly; and women have no whiskers because of the intense activity of their chins."

Wanted, by Cy Miller, some one to chase the guy that wrote, "Somebody Stole my Girl." Hard luck, Cy.

Clear and Cy DeLuca, the big "A" sheiks, are having their troubles. They could only make two liberties in Port Townsend for they ran out of Stacomb.

Baldy Mebus says: "The definition of a shiek is a pretty boy, hair parted in the center, shining with Stacomb, cheap "fu fu", has two bits in his pocket and a waterline around his neck." Scrub your neck, Blubber Couch.

Barney Sites says you can knock whiskey as you may, but never can they say that it did not perform all that was expected of it. We're all with you, Barney.

The latest pass word in the radio gang: "Don't wink your eye or you'll drop the ship."

Ark, ark, the dogs do bark,

The liberty party's ashore.

Some will return when liberty's up,

And some will stay over for more.

The greatest song hit of the season, beaten only by its banana brother is, "Yes, we have no Kimonas", sung by Hinchey after his great downfall. Words and music are free on request.

Elliott our dashing Mail Clerk shiek has become quite popular. The 3rd motor launch was held for him till 1:30 a. m., before he could break away from the heart crushers.

**UNCLE BILL SAYS—**

The other day I waz talkin to a bunch af fellers an one of them sez he didn't beleve his ship wuz as good as the other ships, that the fellers on bord wuzn't intrsted enuf to pull together eny more. It made me think of an old feller at home who used to talk that a way bout his naborhood. This feller wouldn't take part in eny public things, but jest kicked about everything an everybody. So I asked this young feller if he wuz on the track team, an he sez No. Wuz he on the baseball team, or basketball, or swimmin, or rifle, or rowin, or in the sho thoup, or any of the general activities of his ship, an he sez No. Well, did he go out and root for his ships team, an he sez No. No wonder his ship wuzent good. An I sed I wuz glad he wuzent on my ship. Hez the kind that give a ship a black eye.

**ADMIRAL'S INSPECTION**

On Monday, 4 August, Admiral V. Pratt, held his annual Admiral's Inspection of the ARIZONA. The inspection was held while en route from Port Townsend to Port Angeles, and afforded excellent opportunity for us to show what we can do at sea. Needless to say the inspection party, consisting of the Admiral and his Staff, and officers from the U. S. S. Idaho, found the ship and crew "Tip Top" in every department

Little cubes of whiteness,  
Little dots of black,  
When rolled upon the table,  
Take away your jack.

—T. S. News.

**HOW IS IT DONE?**

A motor launch was coming back from a trip to the beach. The new J. O. shouted, "Haul out and tie up to the port yardarm."

Coxswain: "What do you think this is, a seaplane?"

**EVIDENTLY**

Jones: "What is it that flies in the air with four feet?"

Bobby: "Can't guess; what is it?"

Jones: "Two pigeons."

Bobby: "Now, you answer this. What is it that elephants have that no other animals have?"

Jones: "I dunno."

Bobby: "Why, little elephants, of course."

**HIAWATHA AMONG THE ADS**

By the shores of Cuticura,  
By the sparklin' Pluto Water,  
Lived the Prophylactic Chiclet,  
Danderine, fair Buick's daughter.  
Of the tribe of Coca Cola.  
She was loved by Instant Postum,  
Son of Sunkist and Victrola,  
Heir apparent of the Mazda,  
Of the tribe of Cocoa Cola.  
Through the Tanlac strolled the lovers,  
Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered,  
"Lovely little Wrigley Chiclet,"  
Were the words of Instant Postum.  
"No Pyrene can quench the fire,  
Nor Aspirin still the heataches,  
Oh! my Prestolite desire,  
Let us Marry—Little Djer Kiss."

—The Catapul

\* \* \*

The fact that the average Marine is equal to most any occasion is aptly illustrated by the following:

Guard (to approaching automobile) "Halt! Your pass, please."

Driver (feminine, haughty and very proud): "I do not need a pass, we are the Barrys."

Guard: "I don't care if you are the cat's whiskers; you can't drive in here without a pass!"

—New Mexico Harpoon.

\* \* \*

The "California Cub" now chimes out with some suggestions for uniform insignias. "Why should a paymaster sleuth through life his sleeves ambushed with foliage when a neatly embroidered dollar mark would immediately classify him?" Yes, why?

\* \* \*

**SPEAKING WIRELESSLY**

Striker: "Hear about the big accident?"

RM 3c: "No; what was it?"

Striker: "Mr. Micro Henry took Miss Mille Amp for a ride in his Kilo Cycle and got hit by a wave train."

RM 3c: "That's nothing. Mr. Watt took his Ant-enna out for a canoe ride and the Radio Waves were so high that Ant-enna got her Coils of brown hair wet."

(Continued from page 2)

so puts us either in the "slacker" or "quitter" class. There is no room for either on this ship. Progress will cease if we all become affected by the same spirit. Get behind and boost; don't knock.



## BASEBALL

## Missy 16, Arizona 0

The Mississippi's crack ball team caught our tossers on an off day and applied the old white wash rather heavily.

## Tennessee 7, Arizona 5

Our team came out of its batting slump and gave Ernest enough runs to win a game—the way he generally pitches—but he weakened in the eighth and four counters were put over on him, which were sufficient to beat us. However, the team looked much better than in other recent games and gave promise to break into the win column in the next game, with the Oklahoma.

## Pennsy 8, Arizona 16

Our fighting aggregation landed on Lefty Plates and his teammates in every inning of the game and won easily. Wallace and Reaves each batted an even thousand and were the stars of the game. Brown pitched unbeatable ball until the last inning, and then eased up, but even an earthquake couldn't have beaten us then. Incidentally, Brown collected three hits, proving himself the most valuable player on the team.

\* \* \*

## Maryland-Arizona (Postponed)

The fracas was scheduled for Friday, the eighth, but we had a date shooting clay pigeons out in the bay, and the game will be played in Seattle during Fleet Week instead. The team is coming through now, gang, so let's have a big rooting party on hand to help them bring back the bacon.

\* \* \*

## FOOTBALL

Our football team is rapidly getting underway for a big season. Big men are still needed and also little ones who have the right stuff in them. Come out and show your stuff. Every man in the crew get behind the team and make it a successful season. At 'em Arizona.

\* \* \*

Send the At 'Em home

## BASKET TOSSERS GETTING INTO SHAPE

During our stay in Port Townsend and Port Angeles the basketball squad has held daily workouts. With no court available in Port Townsend, cross country runs were resorted to in order to keep in shape.

The Junior Officers tangled with the ship's team in a practice tussle at Port Angeles. The game was short, but fast and furious, and ended in a tie, 8 to 8. The J. O.'s put over a fast one by using a whole new team in the second half. The line-up:

Arizona	Junior Officers
Wilcox	R.F. Wade, Rigler
Burns, W.	L.F. Dugan, Loomis
Murphy, B. F.	C Adair, Thompson
Polley	R.G. Sutliff, Gardner
Murphy, J.	L.G. Kirkpatrick

There is a basket up on the port side of No. 3 Turret. If you can roll 'em in, come out and strut your stuff. There is always room for a good man on any team.

\* \* \*

## ARIZONA WINS FROM OKEY

Our last Saturday in Port Angeles was marked by a win over the Oklahoma ball tossers in a closely contested game that brought out real baseball. Timely hitting by Reaves and Brown, with the whole team according the latter excellent support, could not fail to win. Brown's work in the box left nothing to be desired. Get on 'em now, and back that team up. They CAN win!

\* \* \*

## Idaho 4, Arlizona 1

Our bunch was in another of its hitless spells, and the Idaho, with a supposedly weaker team, walked off with the decision. Time and again we had runners on the bases ready to come in, but no man of the hour came forward with the necessary hit. Ski pitched a nice game for the Idaho.

\* \* \*

The only safe and sure way to destroy an enemy is to make him your friend.

## ATHLETIC EVENTS AT SEATTLE

A number of important events are to be staged this coming week in Seattle, in addition to the Seattle Times Cup Race, to which the attention of all is called.

On Tuesday, 19 August, our baseball tossers will meet the Maryland at 2:00 p. m. at Woodland Park, while the track team will tangle spikes with the Okey at 3:00 p. m. at the Stadium Pick your sport and get behind our teams; they've got to win.

On Thursday evening an all fleet smoker will be put on at the Ball Park at 8:00 p. m. No charges for any in uniform, so turn out and see plenty of action. Some of our mitt artists may perform.

On Saturday, August 23rd, an all Fleet track meet will be run off at the University Stadium. Be sure to get out there and see some of our shipmates come through.

Don't miss any of these events, or the raceboat race. Just watch the big "A" pile up the points.

\* \* \*

## ELKS STAGE SMOKER

On Tuesday, August 5, the Elks' Naval Lodge of Port Angeles put on a fleet smoker that brought out some excellent bouts. The Mack Theater was fairly well filled up, and things were run off in good style. Massingale, our "Shifty", although not in condition, put up a game fight in the opener against a chap named Levey from the Missy, who shows prospects. Oswald, Rebel ship, beat Marat of the Pennsy. Fernandez, Pennsy, found the target in the first round and put away a local boy named Teed. Navarro hurt his hand, and Vic Tendler of Port Angeles won; and Thode, Idaho, pasted Vasquez, Maryland badly. To close the show our own Fritz gave Joyce, Pennsy, a neat lacing.

\* \* \*

## WHERE ARE THEY?

Sweet Young Thing (visiting the ship for the first time): "Where are all those knots you made when you came up from San Pedro?"