

Bullhorn

Vol. 1--No. 2

August 1944.

COMMANDER B.E. CLOSE

Among the officers who have arrived on board since the last issue of the Bullhorn is our Executive Officer, Commander B.E. Close, formerly Executive Officer aboard the U.S.S. Steamer Bay, CVE-87. In order that the men on board the U.S.S. Matanikau may appreciate the experienced leadership we have, we pass on to you a few facts from his interesting and varied career.

Commander Close was born at Moravia, New York on April 22, 1910. After graduating from the Moravia public schools in 1927, he entered Manlius Military School. In 1928 he was appointed to the U.S. Naval Academy from which he graduated in 1932. His first duty was on board the U.S.S. Marblehead where he served as Radio and Second Division Officer until he was sent to Pensacola in 1934. He received his wings a year later and was sent to join VP-14. Two years later he was ordered to VS-6 on board the U.S.S. Enterprise and in 1938 to VP-3, Cocosolo, Panama. In 1941 after serving two years with VP-7 on the U.S.S. Wasp, he became Flight Deck Officer aboard the same ship. For six months in 1942, he was Assistant Operations Officer at the Naval Air Station, Norfolk, Virginia from which he was ordered to assist in planning the African invasion and in which he participated as Assistant Air Operations Officer on the staff of the Commander of the Moroccan Sea Frontier. In 1943 he was sent to Gibraltar to serve as Air Liason Officer with the British. Finally in 1944 he became Executive Officer on the USS Steamer Bay CVE-87, from which he came to the U.S.S. Matanikau.

While it is a trifle belated we say it nevertheless--welcome aboard the U.S.S. Matanikau, Commander Close.

BOARDING CEREMONY OF DAVEY JONES
USS MATANIKAU
10 August 1944

Davey Jones: Ahoy there, what ship
is this?

Polliwog chief: The Matanikau; the
USS Matanikau; The
United States ship Matanikau!

Davey Jones: Avast there you swab.
Give me a sailor man to talk to.
What ship is this?

Shellback: Welcome, Davey Jones,
welcome aboard the United States
ship Matanikau!

Davey: I know you. Let's see, your
name is Williams, and it was in
May 1942, in Longitude 171.5 West,
and you were aboard the USS Aaron
Ward. You seem to look excellent-
ly well. That goes to show that
here at last is the ship that my
Royal Master has been searching
for, a ship with a crew of sailor-
men. No sailorman could look as
well as you do if he had to live
within a thousand miles of the
scum of the sea, which it has been
my duty to search out. Polliwogs,
Phew-w-w!

Shellback: I'm sorry, your Emin-
ence, but we do have polliwogs
aboard.

Davey: So that's the stench in my
nostrils. Well then, I can't
wait any longer, I have work to do.
Who is the Commanding Officer of
this fine ship? Take me to him.
Let's see, Erdmann, Erdmann. Not
W.L. Erdmann? Yes, by the trident
of His Majesty Neptunus Rex. Now
there is a real sailorman. You
tell me that Captain W.L. Erdmann
came to sea in a ship infested
with polliwogs? By the great Hor-
ned Spoon, I must look into this.
I must find out what possessed
Captain Erdmann to so insult His
Royal Majesty. Captain Erdmann
knows that His Majesty has a quar-
antine against such pests. Take
me to the Captain!

(Davey Jones is escorted to the
bridge where he and the Captain
speak over the Bullhorn.)

Davey: Good afternoon, Captain.

Let's see, Captain Erdmann is it?
Ah yes, I first met you in 1925 go-
ing West on the USS California.
Well, well, and now you are Captain
of this fine ship. I congratulate
you. I bring you the greeting of
my Royal Master, Neptunus Rex, ru-
ler of the raging main, King of all
the denizens of the deep, and em-
peror of the waters of the earth.

Captain: Thank you, Davey. I re-
member with feeling of greatest
awe my first meeting with His Ma-
jesty; his friendliness; his under-
standing of the lowly Polliwog, and
most of all, his justice. Present
my compliments to His Majesty, Da-
vey, and tell him that I look for-
ward with the greatest anticipation
to his visit aboard my ship. She
is a fine ship, a very fine ship
and she has a fine crew too.

Davey:--Is it true what I have
heard, Captain, that this ship is
so infested with polliwogs that the
rats refused to come aboard because
they would have to associate with
polliwogs? My, my, this is most
pathetic.

Captain: Well, not all of the offi-
cers and men have had the pleas-
ure of paying their respects to His
Majesty. But they are a fine crew
nevertheless, Davey, a crew that
His Majesty himself would enjoy
commanding. There was no intention
on the part of any officer or man
to slight His Majesty; it is merely
that they have never had an oppor-
tunity.

Davey: That is for my Royal High-
ness to find out, Captain. His
Royal Highness, Neptunus Rex, will
determine for himself the merit of
these sea lice; these malignant tu-
mors upon the bosom of the sea;
these sweepings of the waterfront;
these excretions of the sewage

drains. Polliwogs, Phew--pass the spit kit! I'm sorry, Captain, merely the mention of the word "polliwog" turns my stomach .

Captain: I'm afraid that you are prejudiced, Davey. I have watched all of my crew with a critical eye and I feel that the polliwogs in my crew have all the makings of excellent sailormen, worthy of admission to the realm of His Majesty.

Davey: I'm sorry that you didn't know that you were bringing this slimy cargo of landlubbers, beach combers, sea lawyers, politicians, lounge lizards, parlor dunnigans, plow deserters, box-car tourists, hitch hikers, bench warmers, chicken chasers, hay tossers, debt evaders, fourflushers, squaw-men, cross word puzzle nuts, and other living creatures of the land of draft dodgers, medal grabbers, citation mongrels, deferment schemers; and last but not least, the vampers, liberty hounds, and feather merchants, falsely masquerading as seamen. But enough of this. Where are you from Captain?

Captain: From the United States of America, Davey.

Davey: And where are you bound, Captain?

Captain: We're slumming, Davey. Three years ago this December 7th there was a loud explosion that turned over a rotten wet board. We are out to exterminate what we found under that board.

Davey: Yes, I know and the Royal Court knows. I trust that you know that you can depend on everything His Majesty, Neptunus Rex, can do to assist you in your effort to stamp out the little yellow bellies. But enough of this. I trust you have very few polliwogs in your crew, but I fear the worst since the stench is so terrific.

Captain: I believe I have quite a

large number, Davey, who have yet to pay their respects to His Majesty.

Davey: Then, Captain, it will be necessary for His Majesty to bring His Royal Court aboard this vessel to dispense justice and to cause all polliwogs to pay the penalty for violating His Majesty's rigid quarantine restrictions. You understand of course, Captain?

Captain: Certainly, Davey, when may we expect a visit from His Majesty?

Davey: That is a military secret, Captain. Ordinarily His Majesty makes every effort to hold His court immediately upon the entry of the ship into his domain. However, at present His Majesty is busy in the Mariannas, snatching ships out from under the little yellow bellies. I therefore cannot tell you the exact hour of his arrival when he will cause the Royal Shellbacks to wreak his vengeance upon these interlopers of the deep who have violated the purity of His Majesty's realm. But I assure you, Captain, he will come to greet and welcome his loyal subjects and Royal Shellbacks. He will come in righteous wrath to dispense justice upon the snakes-in-the seaweed aboard your fine ship who are even now attempting to sneak into His Royal's preserves. But now I must go, but before I depart, I warn all polliwogs to BEWARE!!! I must return to the deep and tell my Royal Master what is in store. Goodbye, Captain, I shall see you again on that fateful day, when my Royal Master wreaks his just vengeance upon the offensive polliwog. Farewell, Captain, farewell.

Captain: Goodbye, Davey, goodbye.

* * * *

GENUS SALIENTIA

OR

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF A POLLIWOG

As the radio announcers say--it was a bee-oo-tiful day aboard the U.S.S. Matanikau the day we crossed the equator.

The time: anytime during daylight hours of August 11, 1944--and for that matter, any time during the three previous days!

The place: Latitude, 0, Longitude (censored), and last but by no means least, the fantail of the U.S.S. Matanikau.

The characters: King Neptunus Rex (looking suspiciously like Assistant Chief Engineer Joe Cottrell disguised in a rope wig.) Davey Jones (a character in a rain hat, slicker and boots which no amount of camouflage could change Paddy Ryan, the ship's chief potato counter. Who could forget that face??

Members of the King's court made up of numerous and sundry shady looking individuals including a princess (oh, brother, what a bust!) and a court baby with a bay window like the New York public library. (What a two-way stretch girdle could do for him!)

Shellbacks, a group of low-life, moronic individuals whose only claim to fame is possession of an official card showing they have crossed the equator at some previous date.

Pollywogs, a group of righteous, upstanding, God fearing clean cut young men, prepared as martyrs, to be led to the slaughter. (Any doubt that this piece is being written by an ex-Polliwog should be, by now, purely coincidental.

Shillelahs, murderous implements conceived in treachery and filled with something that hurts plenty when it catches you in the right place--and could those Shellbacks find the right place!!

Lights, action, camera--confusion!

As the scene opens we find a polliwog, an upstanding, righteous, clean-cut, etc. (see above) facing

the "gauntlet", composed of a row of murderous, low-life, etc. (see above) Shellbacks, armed with shillelahs. At the command of "on your knees", he humbly bends over and begins his tortuous progress thru the gauntlet. He is assisted on his way by a masterpiece of accuracy in the form of a shillelah aimed at "that place". By the time he reached the hatch to the fantail; he is numb from the hips down, and wonders if he wouldn't be much better off hiding out somewhere on a sponson, or in the uptake, even if the temperature is about 150 degrees.

Before he has much chance to mull it all over he is rushed through the hatch and on to the fantail where King Neptunus Rex and his court are holding forth (or maybe fifth for all the bewildered polliwog knows.) As he gazes around helplessly, he is grasped firmly by the arms (those Shellbacks aren't going to let a sucker get away!) and propelled over to King Neptunus. There he kneels again (by this time his knees are killing him!) Then he is attacked from the rear (A typical Shellback trick.) He finds himself propelled (still on those battered knees) to a spot in front of the king. (You know, good ol' Joe Cottrell!

Neptunus: "What's your name? Kneel down, stand up, kiss the baby's belly, take him away! (The baby's belly, which represents roughly about \$10,000 worth of beer at current prices, having been duly osculated (look that up) the abject subject next finds himself (still kneeling) in front of the judge who turns out to be gilly Gilbert Lt. jg. in an enormous plug hat. (That's a little ambiguous--he really wasn't in the hat--he was wearing it.

Judge: What's your name?

Polliwog: Lester McFudd--

Judge: Guilty or not guilty?

Polliwog: Not gui...

Judge: Guilty! Take him away.

Then in rapid succession comes

the "Hot Squat", in a charged seat; ducking chair, in which the victim sits, has his mouth filled with a vile confection shot out of an ale-mite pump, then is dumped backward into a pool of sea water; and the slop chute, which is just another way of saying canvas bag filled with last week's garbage through which the victim crawls--on his knees of course.

He comes out into a blinding stream of water from a fire hose and staggers into the arms of the sergeant at arms who props him up gently against the bulkhead.

Sergeant at arms: "That's all. You're through now. You're a full fledged Shellback".

Polliwog: (suddenly coming to life and drawing himself up to his full height of five feet two and assuming a belligerent attitude) "What did you say? I'm a shellback? Where's my shillelah? Let me at dem lousy Polliwogs!"

(Fadeout and curtain)

NEPTUNE BOARDING CEREMONY
U.S.S. MATANIKAU
11 August 1944

Neptune: Ahoy the Matanikau, ahoy the Matanikau!

Lookout: Matanikau, aye, Matanikau aye.

Neptune: So this is the good ship Matanikau which carries such a slimy crew of landlubbers. This I cannot believe. My Ambassador, Davey Jones, has told me of the sad circumstances prevailing aboard this vessel. Take me to your Commanding Officer.

Neptune to the Royal Party:

Stand fast, my loyal subjects, while I determine from the Commanding Officer whether the reports I have heard are true.

Royal Party: Aye, Aye.

Neptune: Ah, good morning, Captain, and most welcome to my domain. I trust you have had fair weather. I am indeed gratified to find you in command of so a fine vessel, manned by so many of my loyal Shellbacks.

Captain: A sailor's welcome to you, Your Royal Highness. I am indeed honored by the presence of yourself and court aboard my ship.

Neptune: What is this foul rumor I hear crawling things aboard your ship. Is it true that certain members of your crew are numbered amongst the unclean?

Captain: I regret to inform you that it is true. However, I bespeak your clemency, since I am fully convinced that you will find all hands worthy subject of your domain.

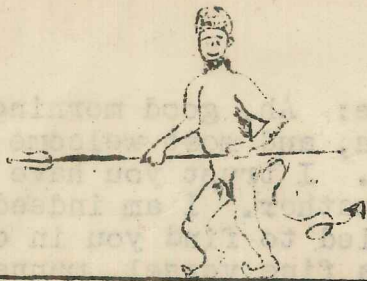
Neptune: I will be as severe as I can--as severe as I can.

Captain: Very well, Your Highness. I turn my ship over to your command.

Neptune: Hoist the Jolly Roger. Let us proceed to court and purge this fine vessel of all unspeakable things.

Neptune to the Royal Party:

What I feared is true. Let the Royal Court convene to meet our just punishment to all feather merchants, guttersnipe, hunters, liberty hounds, politicians, sea lice, and all other crawling things who have the audacity to masquerade as true sailormen. Shellbacks, bring the victims to the bar of justice!!



Don't look now, Mac, but there's somebody looking over your shoulder as you write that letter to your girl friend, your wife, or the folks back home. Yep, it's dat ol' Debbil censor, the guy who reads your mail and slices some of it up like shredded cabbage.

Maybe you think he chops up your letters like that because he likes to cut out paper dolls, but that's not the reason. He does it because a little of the wrong information written in a letter back home can go a long way toward endangering the lives of everyone aboard this ship. Of course he knows that none of your loved ones will knowingly divulge any information which might help the enemy, but we can't expect them to know always just what is vital information.

So, when you write back home, remember to omit the names of places you've been recently, or places you think you're going to. Tell her you love her as much as you want to, but don't tell her to come out to "Podunk" to meet you because your ship will be docking there in a few days. That's the kind of stuff the enemy wants to know.

Then there are some other little things you can do to help speed your letter along to the people who really want to read it. Here they are in brief:

1. Write on one side of the paper only.
2. Sign your full name at the bottom of every sheet.
3. Be sure your return address, "USS Matanikau CVE-101, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California," appears in the upper left hand corner of the envelope.

* SHIP'S PARTY *

Among the memorable events of putting the USS Matanikau into commission was the ship's party held on board ship on the evening of July 11. Prior to the excellent dinner prepared by the cooks and bakers, a "Sadie Hawkins" day was staged to provide suitable escorts for the girls from the local USO. After the dinner, a varied program of songs, stunts, and dancing took place with music furnished by the Tongue Point Naval Air Station Orchestra.

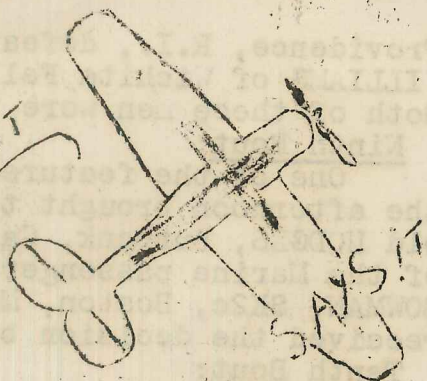
The party marked the official unveiling of the ship's mascot, the "Martini Cow", to the crew. Special thanks go to Miss Nina Baumann and the "Boilermaker Balladeers", MM3c Mike Gardella, IM3c Al Maruggi, MM1c Johnny Linde, and MoMM3c Bill Coles, for their songs.

Interspersed with the dancing was Fun Time. The "Jitterbug" contest was won by AMM3c G. A. Henkins and his wife with CPhM H. J. Franklin and his wife as runners-up. Perhaps the funniest event of the evening was the Diaper Contest staged by PhM2c C. B. Jarrell HAlc J.H. Wells, and QM3c R.S. Rodgers. Rodgers demonstrated his recent release from the rigors of babyhood by gu-zling the nipple bottle and attaching the diaper in record time. In the "Pie Eating Contest", the winner was Schmid but only after getting Sackett, Lafferty, Bloomfield, and Whitehead "Pie-eyed".

"Mama," said little Elsie, I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers. Do men go to heaven?

"Well," said the mother, thoughtfully, "some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave."

The SKYPILOT



"Only" is a word of different meanings. For example, in one sense it indicates an exception, as in the case of Solomon, who loved the Lord, walking in the statutes of David his father; only he sacrificed and burned incense in the high places. It was that one exception in an otherwise worthy life that at length brought about his downfall.

In another sense "only" means exclusively, without exception; it is exactly opposite from the other meaning. The "onlies" of David are of this variety; binding him to God in fervent trust, causing him to stake everything upon Him. David had no use for any other source of help. "He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defense; I shall not be moved."--Psalm 62:6.

What's your score?

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Library Rules

1. The library will be open daily from 1130 to 1300 and from 1630 to 1900
2. Books may be drawn for a period of two weeks after which a fine of 5 cents a day will be bharged.
3. Individuals who draw out the book are responsible for its condition and its return. Lost or damaged books must be paid for.

Physually Speaking

It is the ultimate desire of the Physical Training Officer to organize leagues in various sports applicable to conditions aboard ship. This competition will be among divisions, limited to such sports as volley ball, basketball, badminton, and boxing. When and if the occassion arises where we are in port for any length of time, competition will be arranged for softball, touch football, soccer, baseball, and instruction for non-swimmers.

It has been found that competitive games afford men the greatest physical and mental relaxation. Men performing the same routine duties daily without variation become mentally and physically weary. With this thought in mind the Bureau of Aeronautics has made available athletic officers and a large supply of athletic gear so that the men in our Navy might enjoy some measure of relaxation, and at the same time derive the benefits that naturally come with exercise and physical fitness.

The crew of the USS Matanikau are to be congratulated on their splendid showing in qualifying in their swimming tests at Bremerton. The USS Matanikau left there with the second highest per cent of qualifications. At Tacoma instruction was continued and as a result the percentage of non-swimmers was reduced to 18%. It is our sincere desire to continue this swimming instruction where practical because being able to swim may mean being able to live.

Conditions thus far have not permitted time nor space for the desired aims of a physical training program, but as the ship becomes better organized to perform her military duties, we hope more time may be allotted toward an adequate physical training program.

On Sunday, August 6, 1944, a Happy Hour Boxing Match was held on the forward elevator at 1500. The judges for this contest were Lt. A. Jones, Lt. V.B. Patsu, and Lt. (jg) A.L. Stoffel. Time keepers were Lieutenants (jg) William Renner and Carl Gilbert. Lt. J.R. Black served as announcer and Lou Udell, S2c as referee.

First Bout:

Douglass CLAUSEN, S2c, 1st Division, from Shreveport, La. defeated Robert EDWARDS, a Marine passenger in a close decision. Both men weighed 160 pounds.

Second Bout:

David PEARSON, StMlc, from Raleigh, N.C. defeated James WILLIAMS, StMlc, from Greenville, Mississippi in a comic fight.

Third Bout:

Merle OSBORN, S2c, from Starsburg, Virginia defeated Allen JOHNSON, F2c, from Casa Grande, Arizona in a very close fight in the Welterweight class.

Fourth Bout:

The fourth bout, showing more leather throwing in three rounds than most fights in ten, brought together Edward MCKINNEY, S2c, from Enid, Oklahoma and Kenneth STONEBAKER, S2c, from Los Angeles, Cal. Stonebaker won by a decision in a fight which drew a loud round of applause from the crowd.

Fifth Bout:

This brought together Kenneth ESCH, S2c, of Tacoma, Washington and James LE POW, S2c, of Milwaukee, Wis. Le Pow won by a technical knockout in 45 seconds of the third round.

Sixth Bout:

Eugene SMITH, StM2c, Los Angeles, Calif., lost to J.B. CLINTON of Cloves, New Mexico.

Seventh Bout:

Jim MATHERS, Altoona, Penna., a Marine passenger defeated Herbert GREEN, S1c, Tulsa, Oklahoma in a very close decision.

Eighth Bout:

Fred RUFFIN, 160 pounds, from

Providence, R.I., defeated Harvey WILLIAMS of Wichita Falls, Texas. Both of these men were passengers.

Ninth Bout:

One of the feature bouts of the afternoon brought together Harold HODGES, Burbank, Calif., one of the Marine passengers, and John BOWMAN, SK2c, Boston, Mass. HODGES received the decision by the judges.

Tenth Bout:

Troy GRIFFIN, S2c, Tulsa, Oklahoma, lost to Bennie RUBIN, AMM2c from Erie, Penna., in the 130 pound class.

Eleventh Bout:

Jimmie NICHOLSON, Des Moines, Iowa, a passenger, had little trouble in disposing of Orlando BERRY, GM3c, of Crothersville, Ind., in 45 seconds of the first round.

Twelfth Bout:

Lou UDELL, S2c and one time heavy weight contender, put on an exhibition bout with James JANCA and Le Roy SHADID.

During the fights, punch, cookies, cigars and cigarettes were served and enjoyed by all. Our thanks go to all the men who took part in the bouts and to the officers who helped make this Happy Hour a success.
* * * * *

While athletic competition has not played too conspicuous a part in our life aboard the USS Matanikau, we wish to report for the sake of posterity the fact that the Crew's softball team defeated the USS Attu CVE-102, 8-3, while we were at Astoria. The sterling hurling of Mc-Minn, the Laundry Lobber, was largely responsible for the victory although the rest of the team also played good ball.

The officers on the other hand went down to defeat before the heavy hitting of the USS Attu officers, 13-8. Gerber was the starting pitcher followed by Diekman. With a little more coaching and experience it is hoped that the officers will manage to win a game.

THE SHELLBACK EXPOSED!!

A live curiosity coupled with a burning doubt as to the reasoning ability of a certain ossified group has led to a satisfying verification. The following truths are not discoveries, for contained therein are but scientific facts which bear out the darkest suspicions of every polliwog.

The cognomen "shellback" finds its origin in the genus crustacea, defined as a primary group of animal represented by the barnacle, shrimp, crab and other queer looking and bothersome shell-covered fish. The reason for the adoption of such a title as "shellback" by the overbearing, power-hungry group of sadists is no enigma, is in fact very apparent, to even the youngest and least-educated polliwog.

The body of the crustacea consists of about twenty segments; its skin is thick and rendered solid by the disposition of lime (author's note--close examination reveals that the bone-like shell is thickest about that area in which, it is alleged, a brain is concealed.) This then leads us to believe the crustacea to be the original bone-head. Most of them have twenty pair of legs, the necessity for which is quite apparent inasmuch as all crustacea are by nature absolutely without any spine whatsoever; they have several pairs of jaws whose function it is to help reconcile a well-developed fore stomach its liver is very large, which can account for many of the animal's strange actions; its eyes are many-faceted and mounted on freely moveable stalks; its ears are sacs carried in front of it at the end of the antennae; it depends greatly for sustenance on its sense of smell and is forever "nosing" around as it were; its kidneys--an acute sense of propriety forbids the author to continue save to say the crustacea come in all sizes but the little shrimp is the most common and bothersome.

A SAILOR'S WEDDING

Through a Navy service paper, a sailor offers this version of a wartime wedding ceremony.

Chaplain: "Wilt thou, John Joke, have this woman as thy wedded wife, to live together in so far as the Bureau of Naval Personnel will allow? Wilt thou love her, take her to the movies, and come home promptly on all 48's?"

Man: "I will."

Chaplain: "Wilt thou, Mary Much, take this sailor as thy wedded husband, bearing in mind liberty hours ship schedules, restrictions, watches, sudden orders, uncertain mail conditions and various other problems of Navy life? Wilt thou obey him, and love, honor and wait for him to learn to wash, fold and press his uniforms?"

Girl: "I will."

Chaplain: "Join your right hands and repeat the wedding vow."

Man: "I, John Joke, take thee, Mary Much, as my wedded wife from 1700 to 0730 as far as permitted by my Commanding Officer, liberty hours subject to change without notice, for better or for worse, for earlier or later, and I promise to write at least once a week."

Girl: "I, Mary Much, take thee, John Joke, as my wedded husband, subject to the orders of the Officer of the Deck, changing residence when ever the ship moves, to have and to hold as long as the allotment comes through regularly, and there to I give thee my troth."

Chaplain: "Then let no man put asunder these whom God and the Bureau of Naval Personnel have brought together. By virtue of the Bureau of Personnel Manual and the latest bulletins from the Bureau of Personnel concerning matrimony, you are now man and wife, by direction of the Commanding Officer."

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