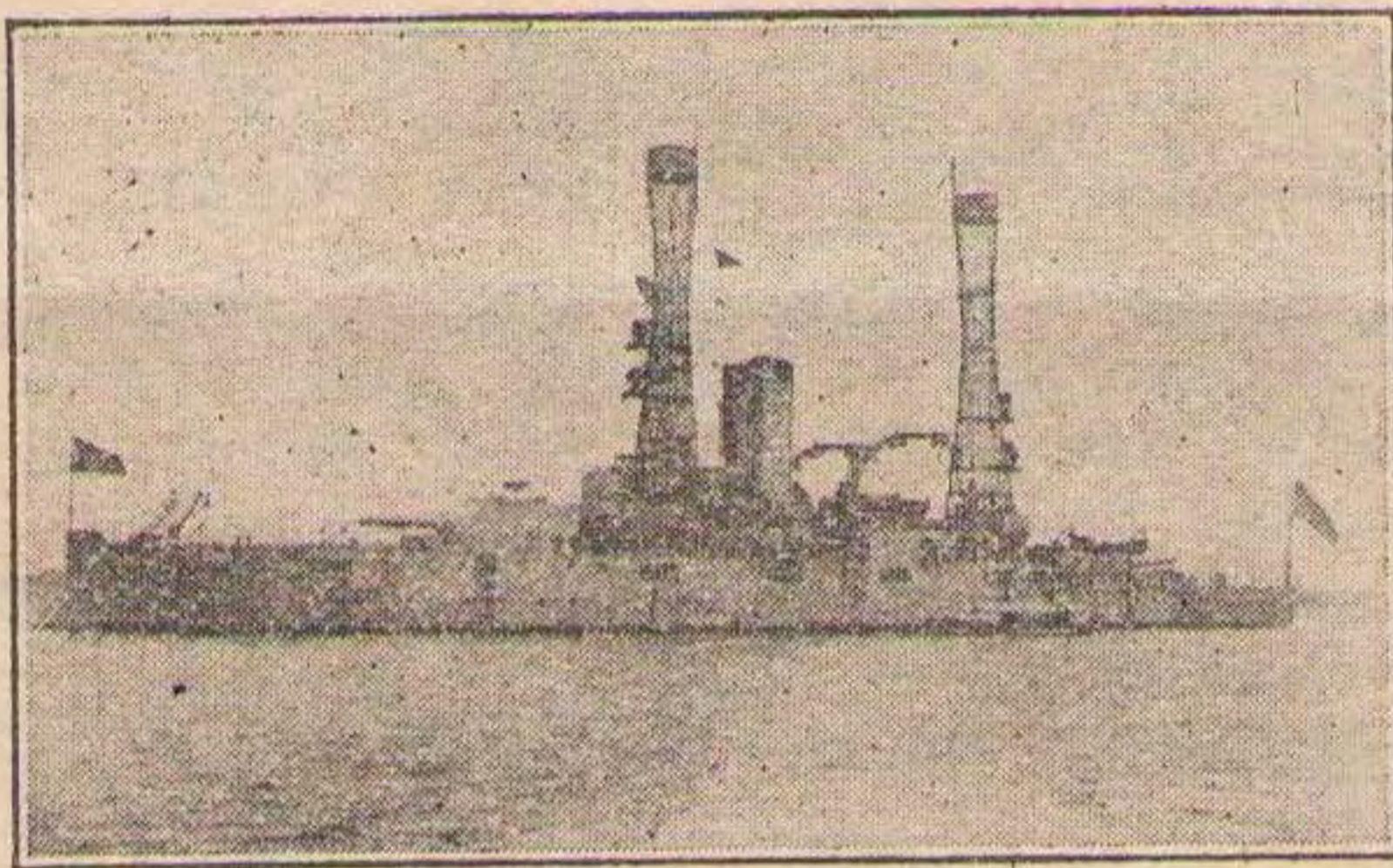


*The*  
**Alabama's Log**

Vol. 1      Saturday, April 12, 1919      No. 5



**U. S. S. ALABAMA**

Flagship—Division "A"

United States Fleet

**THE ALABAMA'S LOG**

Saturday, April 12, 1919

Launched March 1, 1919 in  
Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

Published on board the U.S.S. Alabama  
by W. A. Kirkley and W. F. Grotzka

J. M. Smith, Editor

PRICE, 5 CENTS

**MEMORIAL**

In the compilation and publication of this memorial issue of "The Log", the editors and contributors have endeavored to summarize and present the material available in one final achievement that, it is believed, will mark this number a unique and fitting climax to all preceding issues.

In the publication of the-day by-day log it was our idea to provide you with a pleasing souvenir that would be of interest to your folks back home. In this memorial copy, knowing that many of you will leave the Navy forever in the near future, and that all of you will ever remember our voyages to Cuba as a pleasant experience among a multitude of drab war days, we decided to present the last issue of "The Log" in the form of a booklet, to serve you, not only as souvenir for the home folks, but as a complete and lasting memory of this cruise—something that will be a lasting souvenir for you.

—M. J.

**Hot Shots for the Alabama**

During our stay in Cuba I had the pleasure of showing several officers about the ship. The universal opinion of them all was that we had the cleanest ship in the fleet.

This is not only due to the efficiency of the officers but also to the cooperation and work of the crew.

It certainly makes one proud to have a visitor tell us that our decks are clean enough to eat off of. Lets keep the good work up.

Dr. Roy W. Klaus

**The LOG For The Week Of  
March 30, 1919**

Sunday, March 30

The Admiral of the Atlantic Fleet, H. T. Mayo, USN, visited Admiral Brittain, USN.

Monday, March 31

At 6.06 got underway and steamed out of Guantanamo Bay for the purpose of towing targets. At 6:50 received a target raft from the Sagamore. At 10:07 the Arizona commenced firing at a distance of 11-1-2 miles. Shooting at a target at that distance is a very dangerous undertaking, and as a precautionary measure all hands were ordered behind armor.

Tuesday, April 1

Underway at 6:10 for a repetition of yesterday. The Captain investigated forty-seven reports at mast which is the record for this ship.

Wednesday, April 2

Underway to tow targets for the Nevada. The close proximity of the shells caused even the bravest to seek shelter behind armor. Several salvos passing over our quarter-deck.

Thursday, April 3

A working party left the ship in charge of Paymaster Deal to buy refreshments for our entertainment to-morrow night. The Alabama proved herself to be the best ship in this division by walking away from the Illinois and Kentucky in a speed run this afternoon.

Friday, April, 4

At 10:03 the Arizona came on the range and commenced firing at our target. In our estimation it was the best firing of the week, every salvo hitting very close to the target. Our "Happy Hour" scheduled for this evening was postponed until tomorrow evening on account of rain.

Saturday, April 5

The Captain inspected the crew and the ship. The starboard watch had recreation at Deer Point Beach.

With the assistance of the "Nonsensical Trio" from the Florida our entertainment was a great success. The "Boosters Club" assembled on Heinie Myers cheese-box, led by Jack Yarnell, and ably assisted by such rooters as Eddie Astwood, Joseph M. Smith, H. W. Fish, Pat McTigue and Mike Lipinski.

The unjust decisions rendered by the judges in the boxing exhibitions would lead us to believe that in the future if the referee holds up the hand of each opponent and the one receiving the most applause from the audience be declared the winner it would give more satisfaction to the crew.

Of course we all understand that "Tropical" would be more appropriate for the occasion, but the club-sandwiches, coffee, limeade, candy and cigars which were distributed, were immensely enjoyed.

It's funny how the old ALA makes 14 knots speed. It must be because she's on her way home.

## The Electrical Division

Having been given to understand that the ship's paper for the last issue we, of the Electrical division, intend to play our searchlights around to produce our talents, for surely we are not going to be left out.

At the present time, the gang consist of 23 men, Gunner and Electrical Officer. However, none of us know just how long we will remain shipmates, as all or nearly all are Duration of War men or Reserves who at present are clamoring for discharges. Yes, 'tis true we are "War Babies" "that is most of us", but we are fully satisfied that we did our trifling "bit" to knock the Kaiser off his perch.

Give us a little space to add that if ever the ship gathers unto her wings a Glee Club, we wish to give our mandolin and guitar players a chance to show their shipmates just why they are the best on the ship. No Sir, boys there are none like Fred Miller, who by the way is the leader of our "Amusement Committee" and Robert Miller who supports the former very aptly. For guitar playing, we back H. Becker, against them all for a blue ribbon winner.

At present we are a little timid about saying too much, still we are willing to back this "Log" to the limit, hoping for something of interest to all in the next issue printed.

Before we close, we want to say that for a choice vocabulary we are willing to back B. L. Paris, against all comers.

Our well known little Chief electrician Tommy Campbell "often called the Messenger Boy", recently made a new name for himself. He is now known as "Cootie", owing to the minute impression he makes in his bunk at night, taking up no more space than the insect known by that name.

## THE LOG

### From April 6th To The 14th

Sunday, April 6

A liberty party shoved off for Santiago. In the afternoon the port watch was given recreation at Deer Point Beach. The Tug Waban brought three coal lighters with 600 tons alongside.

Monday April 7

Commenced coaling at 6:00. At 9:35 a flotilla of submarines got underway for the States. Finished coaling at 1:30

Tuesday April 8

Most of this day was given over to the cleaning up of the ship. At 9:30 held general quarters.

Wednesday April 9

At 5:58 got underway enroute to the Philadelphia Navy Yard. The Illinois, Kentucky, Prairie, Vestal, Dixie and Bridge following, with three destroyers acting as escort. Held simple maneuvers, forming line of divisions and column of divisions.

Thursday April 10

Steaming at a speed of 10 knots in squadron column, our escort now acting as screen. Exercised at simple maneuvers.

Friday April 11

In anticipation of meeting the Big Fleet, which is known as the enemy fleet, lookouts have been

stationed with instructions to report immediately upon sighting any vessel. At 12:00 o'clock sighted the Big Fleet and commenced exercising at war game.

Saturday April 12

Left the big fleet which proceeded to New York. This ship increased speed to 12 knots and stood in towards Cape May.

Sunday, April 13

Steaming at a speed of 12 knots, independently, towards the Delaware Breakwater.

Monday, April 14

Stopped at 6:10 and took pilot on board. Steamed up Delaware River toward anchorage. At 2:00 moored in six fathoms of water in Philadelphia Navy Yard.

Max Siegel, ship's tailor wishes it announced that the work performed by him is guaranteed, and the prices very moderate. Ask your ship-mate, he knows.

### The Engineer's Division

*That's us alright we fight*  
The Engineers are a hardy and jolly bunch. They are not alone in this respect however, but live up to all that goes to make a regular "old salt". They have some kind of a mystic way of getting the other men to do things, the mystery I have not as yet unraveled. It can't be done. Some of the new men are beginning to get the drift of their discourse, judging from the way some of them appear on the topside sometimes.

It has always been said and actually seems to be a certain extent of enmity between the deck force and the engineers, but did you ever notice how things worked in harmony between them when the time that real co-operation was required? It cannot be said that this exists all through the engineer and deck forces for some of them are too chummy.

We hope the readers will not think us too egotistical or in any wise supercilious if we mention a few of our distinguished (and polished if you please) engineers.

Let's see, don't we have several men on the baseball team? There's Heaps, some little pitcher from Louisville; Mike Lapinski and Patty Cronin must be considered in an athletic capacity as well as the noted star Johnson, CMM.

Is there any one else worthy of note in the engineers, undoubtedly there is Thomas Gulbrandsen, who tried to flood old Broadway with seventy five dollars and a borrowed civilian suit.

That's not all- he's some yeoman-first-class now-and popular with the crew - oh boy how we envy him. Yes and we have another yeoman in the engineers - Robert Estes He is generally distinguished as "ladies' man" He wrote a letter to a girl in New York and had to put 6 cents postage on it and they collected three more cents there. Go to it Bob, I'm for you.

When Greenwell CWT went home on furlough, all Glendale welcomed him with outstretched hands and that's not all they broke out the band and some "Moonshine" too. Can you guess where he lives? Of course you are wondering why we do not mention some of the old timers, but

they will get the next pill in the next issue. We trust the editor will consider this line and we promise to come again. And you men who have been alluded to must consider the writer.

—MKI

Ship's cobbler, "Daddy" is still located on the weather deck by number four gun. His supposition is that the boys will wear out their shoes in Phillie, and he would appreciate their patronage.

## CUBA

Cuba! Sapiseta! there you lie,  
Cool green against the hot, grey sky,  
Caramba! Manana!

Land of the broad-leafed coccanut  
palm,

Banyans, Monkeys, storm and calm,  
Cheap a' la banana!

Your hot breath blows a warm  
carress

O'er sailors held in stern duress  
On board the Alabam';  
Your sloe-eyed maidens, dark of skin,  
Entice us (not to mention gin!)  
Car-r-amba! Car-r-r-am'!

Your rugged hills 'twix sky and sea,  
We'll ne'er forget where e'er we be;  
And your spiggoty rum—  
(Ah! memory of heavenly bliss)  
"U. S." booze was never like this;  
The whole crew's on the bum!

Good-by Cuba, we must leave you,  
Tho' our absence long may grieve  
you—

O-o-h, my, O-o-h, my!  
Tho' if we could, we'd leave you  
quicker,  
We'll ne'er forget that Cuban liquor,  
Good-by, Cuba, good-by.

—M. J.

Hong Kong must be the only charms  
of a lifetime a few nights back.

## From The Ovens

The crew will have to hand it to our first-class baker, Felix Brooks for the way he handles the dough (bread.)

He also appreciates the co-operation of his able assistants, W. G. Goeldner and W. G. White, bk'r's 1st-class.

Brooks has been shaking hands with himself lately as he can now pass the buck along, having received some very good bakers from the crew. W. L. Parsons, E. W. Malkey and C. I. Boyer all second-class bakers—but still bakers.

## NOTICE

**At a very unopportune time, the handle of our paper cutting machine broke, and it became necessary to cut all sheets by hand. Please accept our apologies for all crooked copies.**

## Pay Day

According to Paymaster Deal, the crew will be paid on Sunday, April 13th.

## A Few Hints From The Water-Tenders

Why does that starboard shaft alley look so bright? "Matty" must be up for a rate.

The old Machine shop gang is no more since Randall was discharged for he sure could make to jazz. It's a wonder the new copper would not follow his footsteps and get wise.

That New Orleans speed king better get wise to himself since a gunner's mate 2c don't think him so fast.

When some guys on board try to dance after the band I really want to feed the fish. I wish they could see themselves,

Tailors! kindly take notice, has J. W. Heaps made chief yet?

There are two fine chiefs on the ship J. Murphy and Sunden, but there's lots of soft collars dungarees don't think so.

It's funny how some guys make chief and don't know anything.

It's funny how the training division keeps so clean.

They are all good guys till they get the boat deck job.

It's funny how all the boys want to get out of the Navy after the war is over.

Stevenson is working hard now but it seems too late.

It is funny how they keep good men down. There are a few continuous service men on board who don't ordinarily get further than the mess table.

There is a certain fellow on board who sure does know how to make the dollar talk.

It seems that every time a certain sailor on the ship goes ashore he comes back and tells his ship mates all about the girls he captures. Me thinks he is mentally unbalanced.

There is a fellow in the engine room who always says, "don't this do that chief".

There's a certain dashing young chief on here that only dusts his collars.

If it wasn't for the war we would still have our little old Navy and not the war brides.

What are they going to do with all excess baggage when they hit Phila. Yards?

There is a certain pitcher who got a hand-out with the baseball team, he thinks so.