

# JET BLAST

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## Editorial

There is not a member of our ship's company who would walk into the living room of his own home and deliberately throw a coke cup on his living room floor. Yet, that is exactly what some members of our crew have been doing daily. This is distinct evidence of a lack of pride in the cleanliness of our ship, which for many months out of the year is our home.

The careless dropping of a coke cup where one pleases as an expedient is presently causing a cleaning problem for many divisions on this ship, and will cause, if not stopped immediately, the closing down of every coke machine and gedunk stand.

We do not have to go into the convenience: a cool drink or a soothing dish of ice cream provides on a warm summer afternoon. But we can point out that aside from this convenience, the loss of the coke machines and gedunk stands would leave only one source of profits for the Ship's Welfare and Recreation Fund, the Ship's Store. Of the three profit makers for the Welfare and Recreation Fund the ship's store runs a poor last, providing less than 10% of the total profits. The big source of revenue is the coke machines.

During the month of April, over \$3,700 was generated by these three sources of income for your Fund, the coke machines providing over 3/4 of the profit.

If you want no ship's dance and no crew's station wagon, throw your coke cups on the nearest deck. If you want no more fishing poles, softball equipment, records, and record players, basketballs, footballs, volleyballs, to mention only a very few items, continue dumping your coke cups where you please. If you want no cool refreshment on a hot, humid day, clutter up the passageways with your coke cups.

All of the above are very important, but none so important as the absolute lack of pride one takes in our ship who carelessly throws a coke cup on the deck and not in the receptacles provided for that purpose.

## MEDITATION CORNER

Chaplain Dick Tittle

### DEEP LIVING

In the small crowd that milled all at once through the doors of a theater a voice suddenly carried over the others with these words, "Well, it was too deep for me. Five minutes of that stuff and I'm fed up!"

Such was the voice of one who just didn't want to think. And he objected to any attempt of anyone to lead him into an area of greater thought. He was one of those who lives on the surface of things and the trouble today is that there are too many such people.

What we need in our thinking is depth—just some honest, earnest, frank dealing with the things of life, which are the things of God. We can't continue skimming over the top and come off triumphantly. We can't think carelessly and deal casually with profound realities and avoid paying the penalty in impotence and stark confusion.

I am sure that the secret of depth is learned best by the life that is truly religious—the kind of life that has learned of God's vast resources.

Just recently I read a book entitled "Sea Fever", by A. W. Rasmussen. It is the story of a man who went to sea as a lad on the sailing vessels of his day. His first ships were those that sailed along the coast. Though he recognized his skippers as fine sailors who knew their seamanship and piloting, he constantly longed to ship out on one of the deep water vessels. He dreamed of spending days and nights on the great deep, with the infinite heavens above him, and the mysteries of the unplumbed waters beneath him. In those who had sailed out on the deep he sensed a quality which those who were coastal sailors did not possess.

And so it is those who have sailed with God on the deep waters of life have a strength of mind and character and a richness of life not possessed by those who sail only according to their own whims.

### Correction

In the last issue, Lieutenant Commander B.V. Cunningham's Meditation Corner was printed under the heading, "Meditation Corner by Chaplain Dick Tittle." The editors regret this error.

## Order Your Cruise Book Now

So Can Your Coke Cups and, if it will help, can your buddy or shipmate who doesn't stop to think and throws his cup on the deck.

-JJS