

# JET BLAST

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## SCUTTLEBUTT



"Can't you see I'm busy?"

The Navy Department has announced that a revised Phonetic Alphabet will go into effect 1 March 1956, with the following changes. ALFA, BRAVO, CHARLIE, DELTA, ECHO, FOXTROT, GOLF, HOTEL, INDIA, JULIETT, Kilo, LIMA, MIKE, NOVEMBER, OSCAR, PAPA, QUEBEC, ROMEO, SIERRA, TANGO, UNIFORM, VICTOR, WHISKEY, XRAY, YANKER, ZULU.



"Relax, kid," a new recruit often is told by his relatives and friends. "You've got nothing to worry about for the next couple of years. Just let other people do your thinking for you. All you have to do is take it easy and let it happen. Not a care in the world. What a racket!"

What a load of malarkey.

But the trouble is too many men don uniforms believing that they aren't expected to think—just eat, sleep and use their backs.

Most servicemen quickly realize how cockeyed this notion is. But how many do serious harm to their own careers and to their service by making the mistake in the first place? Quite a number.

In the normal course of his duties, a serviceman has plenty of thinking to do. He has plenty of worries, too. Any job—civilian or military—has its worries. It wouldn't be much without them.

Properly performed, a service career is no soft touch. It requires thinking men. Mental loafers apply elsewhere. (AFPS)

## Chaplain's Corner

Now that we're getting over the hump on this cruise, it's time to do a little checking up.

For one thing, it appears that we're about the hottest outfit that has appeared in West Pac for some time. We're the most modern ship, of course, but I like to think that we're a little sharper also. Anyhow, we've come a long way from the time we dragged two thousand boots kicking and screaming from the East Coast.

As a ship, we're doing all right, and the credit goes to you, the individual. Unless you had put a little more into your own work—unless you had developed physically and mentally into a man of whom the Navy is justly proud, the ship would be nothing—completely inefficient—useless for the purposes she's supposed to accomplish. So three large and low salutes to you as a seaman, snipe, or airman.

But how's your soul doing in

the sight of God? You have a soul, you know. It's the part of you that remembers a decent mother and father, that acknowledges an obligation or two to the wife or girl friend—that part of you which goes away somewhere when they leave your corpse over the side, or bury it in the ground. The important part of you, as a matter of fact.

The ship's doing fine. How are you doing?

FATHER HANDRAN

KAYE'S KANDIPS  
Father R.E. Handran  
CHC

