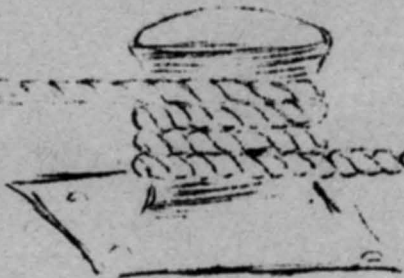
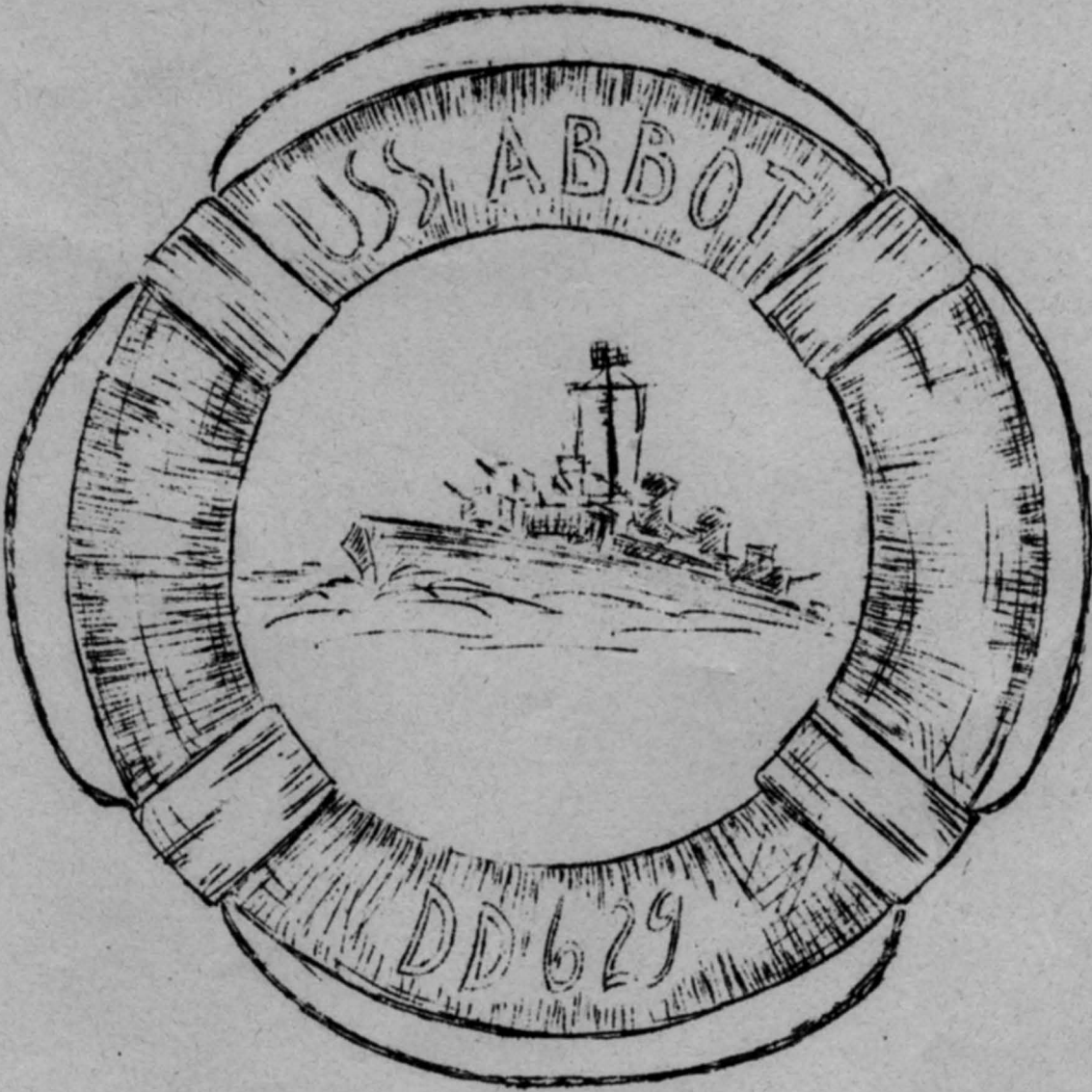


THE ABBOT LABBLER



KNOW YOUR ENEMY!

The following is a true incident. It was captured from a dead Jap and is in itself a true summary of Jap ideas. It is a story seen by and told by the Jap. When you hit the enemy KNOW what you are hitting, & why:

"March 29; We were assembled by headqtrrs at 1500 hours. One of two members of a Douglas plane had been returned under guard, by a Tai (superior person). The Tai commander told us that it had been decided to execute the flier. He was to be accorded the Sumarais death, so the commanding officer of the Komai Tai was to decapitate him with his favorite sword. We were enabled to witness the execution. After about 10 minutes a truck arrives. The prisoner is given a drink of water just outside the guard house. The chief-surgeon commander, A Komai Tai and the Headquarters platoon commander with his sword come from the officers' mess. The prisoner totters forward, with his arms tied. His hair is cut close. I feel that he suspects what is afoot but he is more composed than I thought he would be. Without more ado he is put on the truck and taken to the place of execution.

"The prisoner of war sits beside the chief surgeon and about 10 guards accompany them. The noise of the engine echoes along the road in the hush of the twilight. The sun has set. Columns of clouds arise before us. Dusk has descended all around.

"I glance at the prisoner. He seems prepared. He gazes at the grass, now at the mountains and the sea. We arrive at the execution ground. (See page 3)

EDITORIAL

The ABBOTTER, semi-weekly edition is meant to be wholly for your amusement, or enlightenment or whatever. It is not meant to replace the DABBLER, of which it is a subsidiary, but is published in part twice a week in order so that you may submit your ideas in time for each edition and in order to give ye olde eds a fightin chance to git it out. IF you like it SAY so. IF you have anything to ADD DO SO. The DABBLER some time ago called for remarks but none were forthcoming. Don't throw the load on a few guys. Pass on that bit of humor that you hear from home or about the ship. It will be appreciated. Sometimes bits are submitted which are a little "catty" and these will not be printed. Should the occasion arise when someone is "hurt" apologies will be printed. But the "hurt" better be real or the apology might make you reel. All remarks about any persons will be brought to the attention of our battery of legal advisors. O.K. - Here tis. Take it away. It's your kid, whatcha goin to do with it?

KWAJALEIN !

There are more than 80 Islands and Islets in the immediate vicinity of KWAJALEIN! KWAJALEIN ATOLL lies in the center of the western of RALIK chain of the Marshall group and is one of the largest atolls in the world. The spacious lagoon can accomodate an unlimited number of ships and seaplanes in more or less open anchorage.

Food around the Island consists primarily of fish. There are many varieties in the waters with tuna, bonito, horse-mackerel and shark especially abundant. Limited supplies of coconuts, breadfruit, pigs and chickens are found on the Island. Water is poor and the natives were dependent on rain-water for drinking water as a rule.

(see page 3)

WEY SHALL PAY!

(DP)(WIRE)(DELAYED)  
 Senator A.B. Chandler, (Dem) of Kentucky, recently returned from a 40,000 mile trip of U.S. battlefronts with five other senators, stated today that General Douglas MacArthur is compiling a "Doom's Day Book", containing the names and ranks and units of Jap officers who order, or sanction inhumane acts on allied men who are captured as prisoners, or who fall in regions of conquered territories to the Japs. In response to many demands Tojo, war lord of Japan, merely states that "- it is regretted that the United States does not support the new international law in matters of aerial warfare." In the meantime Allies will continue to wreak their own sort of justice. In the words of a lanky Texan sailor "well, I reckon there'll be damn few Jap prisoners brought in!".

MORE MEN TO BE TRANSFERRED!

(DP) According to a late personnel bulletin issued by Commander Destroyers, U.S. Pacific Fleet, each destroyer in the Pac. Fleet may expect to lose an average of fifteen petty officers per month. This is necessary to fill new construction needs. The Policy of the Chief of Naval Personnel is to take only men with good records for new construction. The practice of "getting rid" of men not "desired" has been ordered to stop. This does not mean that if you have had a court at some far-gone date you have no chance of new construction. But it does mean that you will have to keep your nose clean. Keep your nose clean now for a double reason - to get a rate to show for the work that you have done; and then to get a chance to go home and show the rate that you have climbed ahead. No requests for transfers will be taken at the ship's office.

"The Komai Tai Commander faces the prisoner and says 'You are to die. I am going to kill you with this Japanese sword according to the Summurai Code'.

"Then the Tai commander says he will allow the captain two or three minutes to prepare himself for death. I hear him mumble something that sounds like 'one'. The Tai Commander's face is stern. Now the time has come. The prisoner is made to sit on the bank of a bomb crater which is full of water. The precaution is taken of surrounding him with guards with fixed bayonets, but the prisoner remains unshaken to the last. When I put myself in his place the hate engendered by this daily bombing yields to human feelings.

"The Tai commander draws his favorite sword, a famous Osamume. The sight of the glittering blade sends cold shivers down the spine. At first, he touches the prisoner's neck lightly with the sword. Then he raises it overhead. His arm muscles bulge. The prisoner closes his eyes for a second and at once the sword sweeps down. The body falls forward as the head rolls to the ground. I realize now that the emotions I felt are not personal pity but the manifestation of the magnanimity that becomes the chivalrous sumurai. A superior seaman from a medical unit received the sword from the surgeon. He rolls the body over.

"Here's something for the other day. Take that' he says, and with one sweep lays open the abdomen.

"These thick headed white \_\_\_\_\_ are thick bellied too', he remarks.

"There is not a drop of blood left in the man's body. The seaman gives it a kick and then buries it. The wind blows mournfully and the scene prints itself in my mind. We set off. Darkness descends. In front of the headquarters we get off the truck. If I ever get back alive this will make a good story to tell. That is why I write it down."

"The prisoner killed today was an air force tai (captain or flight lieutenant) from Moresby. He was a young man aged 32, an instructor in ATC."

-----  
 The above is reprinted from a copy of OUR NAVY, in part. Those are the type of animals who are your enemy. The "prisoner totters forward" silent testimony of what he must have received while alive. It is noteworthy that his (the prisoner's) body was not mutilated until after death. It is not always like this. THIS IS YOUR ENEMY!

In 1935 there were about 1,079 natives and 6 Japanese living on the atoll. The natives are micronesians, darker complected and of shorter stature than pure Hawaiians. The natives here formerly had a reputation for ferocity. However they no longer fight among themselves and at present are described as of gentle disposition. The "Chiefs" are still profound authorities. As on many other Islands the natives are Protestant Christians

This atoll was first raided in February, 1942. Two years later we came back to stay. Proof of this intention was the fact that the ABBOT has headed for that place.

=====

WHAT IS YOUR I.Q. ?

Each week that genial ABBOT SQUEEZKEED will submit questions for you to answer. The answers will be published in successive publications. Submit your answers to CURRAN, Y2c (The genial ABBOT SQUEEZKEED) at the Logroom. Winners will be announced each week, and if enough interest is aroused we may be able to get prizes for the month's winner.

SQUEEZE - ONE

1. In the poem "Casey at Bat". Did Casey hit a home run or strike out?
2. Which of the following animals is the most intelligent?  
 (a) A dog (b) An ape  
 (c) An orangutan (d) Argenzio.
3. If you are a tramp, hiking to SPANTOWN, where are you going?
4. In collegiate sports, what colleges are known as the "Big Three"?
5. "Rounders" was an early form of one of our sports. What is it?

----- THIS CONTEST CLOSSES 1200 TUESDAY -----

PICKED UP ON DECK: "Geeze, we're even getting those hydraulic spuds now"

-----  
 SEEN IN SHIP'S LOG: (no foolin)

"----- in company with U.S.S. PEPSICOLA" - future sailors reading over our logs will wonder about the easy-going Nyvee that had soft drink dispensers in company with their task forces.

-----  
 SCOOP: The next edition of the semi-weekly (hmmmmmm) will carry the names of the men advanced in rating as of March 1. In the meantime good luck to all those who took the olde exhaminationsss.

## THE EDUCATION OF JOHNNY BING by Jim Kjelgaard.

Johnny came up the Bucktail road at one o'clock that morning, and climbed over the rail fence to crawl through the dew-wet timothy hay into Old Man Simpson's barn. He sat down in the litter of straw and oat heads that had been gathering dust since Old Man Simpson kept a horse, a stolen horse, two years ago, and plastered his eye against a crack to watch Ole Man Simpson's cabin. Johnny settled himself to wait until Old Man Simpson made a misstep, which certainly would not be later than the next morning.

But maybe you should know more about Johnny Bing. He was the gold darndest, rip-snorting warden as ever wrapped himself in a forest-green uniform. When he was two weeks out of warden school he run the Culloss gang to ground at a beaver dam they was poaching and he shot it out with them. He took 'em in too, four of 'em. Then went up to Gadden County and got one-eye Harrison cold in less than a week. There was lots more Johnny Bing done, and all of it together didn't send his personal opinion of himself any higher than an eagle could fly if he really set his mind on it. When he stepped off the train at Cutover, all situations was well in hand because Johnny Bing had come. He operated with his usual speed too.

It took him one day to meet and fall hard from Jamie Garsen's kid Elizabeth, and one day and ten minutes for her to give him the air. That cut Johnny right where he lived. This hick girl should of known right off what a wonderful man he was! But it made him mad, too. So one day and one hour after he come to Cutover here he was, all ready to finish the job he had come to do.

The sun was just coming up when Old Man Simpson came out of his cabin. The darned old sinner stood there, pulling at his mustache and wary as an old buck coon just come out of its den. Watching him through the crack, Johnny Bing grinned. Old Man Simpson had never done an honest day's work in his life. He lived on what he took out of the woods and waters, in season and out, and thirty wardens sent to bring him in had all come back with their tails between their legs. But Johnny Bing was on the job now.

Old Man Simpson walked around the cabin, shied a rock at a raven sitting on a post, and come back to take a strung-up fishing rod from over the door. Johnny Bing fairly hugged hisself, he was that put out with pleasure. For the past forty years Old Man Simpson had hunted and fished here in the Cotover country, and never had troubled hisself to buy a liscence. He sure wouldn't have one this time. From now on Johnny Bing would be known as the man who had got the Culloss gang, the man who had arrested One Eye Harredeed, the man who had put Old Man Simpson in jail. He would cover hisself with glory, be the mortal terror of lawbreakers all over the state, and maybe that would open Elizabeth Garsen's eyes, too!

Johnny waited until Old Man Simpson took off down a path in the hemlocks and then sneaked out and went after him. The old woods rat didn't even look around, knowing he couldn't be followed. He walked right past the head of Smarty Creek, three miles from the cabin, and he never even glanced at Blue Lake six miles away. So he couldn't have been after brook trout or bass.

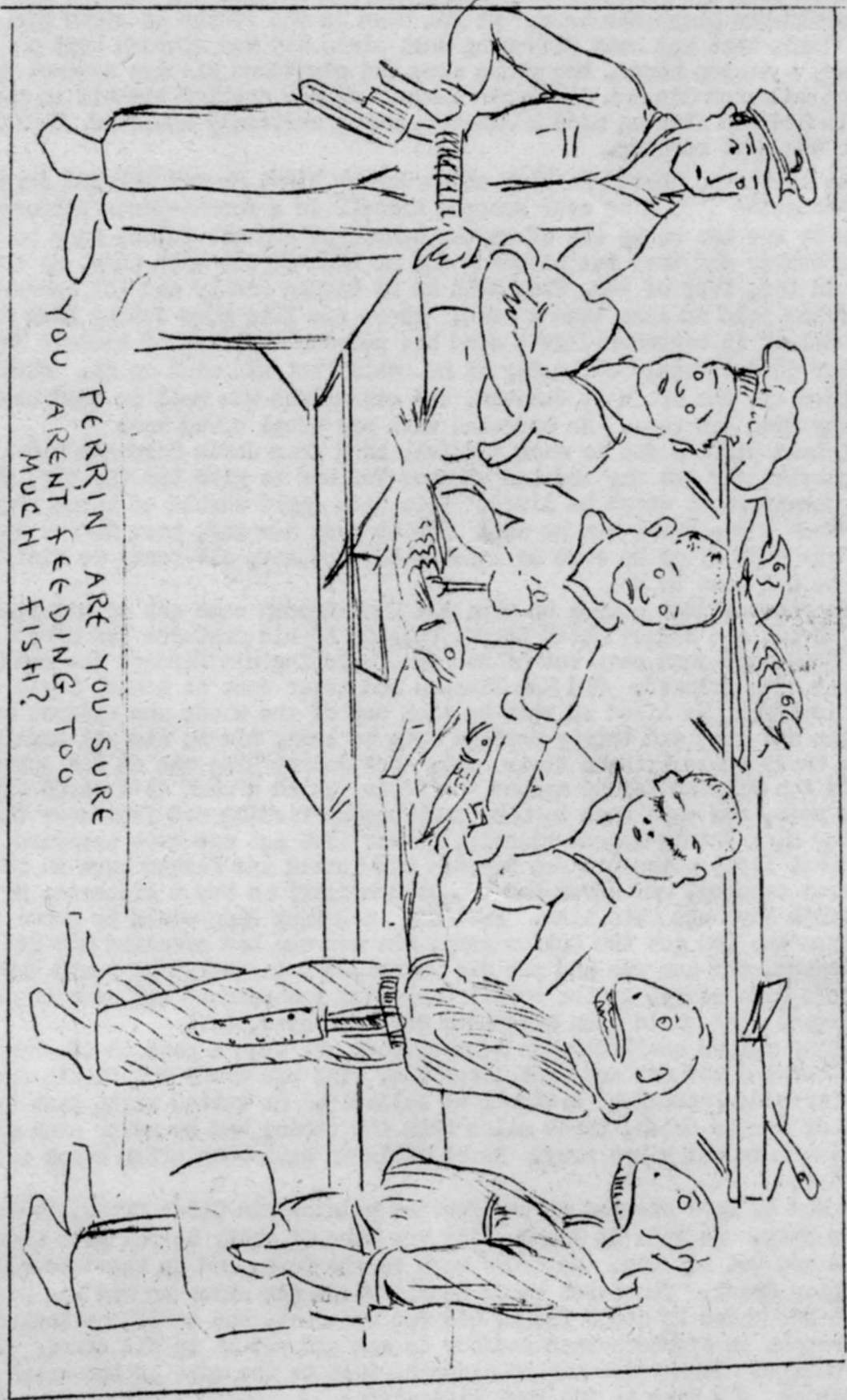
He had to have his rod strung for the rainbows in Otter Creek, twelve miles away. As soon as Johnny Bing was sure of that, he ran back those six miles and got his car. He drove back to the fork, and up the tote road to Otter Creek. The first thing he saw about six miles up was Ole Simpson up to his knees in Otter Creek. His rod was bent, and as Johnny looked on he brought an eighteen-inch rainbow to net and put it in his creel. That was enough. Johnny got out of his car, went to the edge of the creek and hollered: "I want to see your liscence!"

For a minute Old Man Simpson just stood there looking at the other side of Otter Creek as though gauging his chances of gittin into the hemlocks. But Johnny Bing, he carried a gun in his hand. So Old Man Simpson came wading in. His adam's apple worked up and down and his toothless gums were framed in a sick kind of grin.

"Well, well, well," he said. "A warden! I never even suspicioned there'd be a warden up here!"

"I don't expect you did", said Johnny Bing, "or you wouldn't have been fishing out there. Have you got a liscence?"

"Sure", said Old Man Simpson. First he looked in the side pockets of his blue jeans. Then he looked in his back pockets. Then he looked in the pockets of his stag shirt. Then he pushed his hat back on his head and looked at Johnny.



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(Pleeze see Page five - or thereabouts)

"I know I got it!" said he. "But I must of mislaid it."  
"Yeah?" said Johnny Bing. "I think you better come with me!"  
Old Man Simpson shrugged helpless-like. "Well, if you insist."

Johnny Bing was higher than a cloud when they got in his car and started back down the tote road. This old renegade had a record dating back forty years, but one day and eleven hours after Johnny Bing got on his trail he was caught! But that was the way Johnny Bing worked, and if it boosted his stock with the game commission - well a good man got what he earned. Johnny turned his car back up the road the led to Cutover, where there was a Justice of the Peace. But he was right in front of Old Man Simpson's house when the old reprobate said:

"Hey, wait a minute."

Johnny stopped the car and watched the darned old wolf take off his hat.

"I just remembered where I put that license" said Old Man Simpson.

"See it, right here in my hat lining? Thankee for the ride, warden, I aint as spry as I once was and twenty-four miles is a right smart hop."

The End.

ED NOTE: The above story was reconstructed, with typographical changes from a short story in a Liberty magazine from about a year ago. The editors of LIBERTY will no doubt forgive this bit of plagiarism in view of the fact that the corner newstand is closed.

HELP WANTED

DO YOU want to get into another division? Offer your talents through our classified want section. Drop your add in at our want-ad desk. Prices are moderate - results guaranteed.

HELP WANTED: Young man, married or single to become part of a fast growing organization. Experience not necessary, but six or seven years of college might help. Must be energetic, willing to learn communication business from the bunk up. Interested parties contact Mr. Baranger, Room 203 (bottom bunk) ABBOT BLDG.

LOST AND FOUND

HAVE YOU "lost that something"? Insert an ad in our Lost and Found column. Results are guaranteed. If it is found, and if neither the deetectiffs nor the employees want it, you will get it back.

FOUND: A wrist watch, non the worse for wear. Owndr may obtain same by identifying it at the ship's office and by paying for this ad.

OVERHEARD IN A WARDROOM CONFERENCE:

"Now for God's sake, gentlemen, don't all say 'yes' until I finish talking". (Pocketbook of war humor)

OVERHEARD ON WOTJE: JKLANINKSLSLALSXX

SBCDLSLIELSLDKLS - LLSLJD! ! ?

TRANSLATED:

"I realize that we are going to lose this war, but for Tojo's Sake - WHEN?"

INTERESTING FACT

That the Army has more ships than the Navy. In 1942 the Army built 2,200 vessels, and in 1943 3,900 of them. It's a fact!

Said Billy Rose to Sally Ran  
"Why don't you dance without your fan?"  
So Sally danced without her fan,  
And Billy Rose - and Sally Ran.

(courtesy BULLARD)

OVERHEARD IN CPO MESS -

HYLER: "Ugh - this coffee sure is terrible"

EGSTAD: "Whatsat- haw - Coffee, why that's tea, old man!"

PERRIN WALKING IN THE MESS HALL -  
"Wall how'd you fellows like the chocolate?"

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW -

AUTEN, MCGOWAN, BORCHARDT, WITT, and a few dozen other "boys" stroll into HOFFMANS HOUSE OF HORROR on Green Lake in Michigan. There they sight an Ensign sitting alone at a table. Being old time salts they slither up and tell the young Ensign that they had done duty in the Navy.  
"Really," says the Ensign, "and what was your official capacity?"  
"Well," speaks up WITT "Between us about ten or twelve quarts a day".

WELL THAT'S IT - LET'S HAVE YOUR HELP ON THE NEXT ONE - MAKE IT A GOOD ONE - ALL CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD BE TURNED IN TO SHIP'S OFFICE BY NOT LATER THAN NOON TUESDAY.

G'night. or G'mornin,

Here's some dope for serious thought from the Executive Officer:

The longer we stay out the more we come to wonder what a civilized port, a glass of beer and a blond look like. We also realize that the problem of supplies is not so simple as it used to be. Where once it was simply a matter of putting in a requisition and getting all the chow we wanted, it is a question now of finding some one who will give us the chow.

As you read this, there are 23 days' provisions on board. This means that come March 20, and we have received no provisions in the meantime, you must send your favorite pair of shoes to the galley for a steak and your socks to be boiled for coffee. Of course, the steak probably will be no tougher than you normally get, and the coffee will taste no differently than you usually get, but where in the hell are you going to replace your shoes and socks?

Seriously, the supply problem, while not acute, is something to think about. Two supply ships were destined for Majuro and would have amply supplied our needs. One ship had to unload all its supplies at Kwajalein because a recent Jap air raid destroyed about 80 per cent of the supplies there. The other ship is unable to leave Pearl Harbor because it is broken down. That leaves us where? "Up the creek without a paddle."

We hope the situation will be remedied very soon, but remember that as we go father west (and we are going farther -- a hell of a lot farther west) the supply problem will become more and more difficult. It is up to each and every one of us on board to make a special effort not to waste food. Take all you want, but eat all you take. Don't waste it.



BRIDGE IS THE  
CAPTAIN UP THERE

AFFIRMATIVE

REPEAT  
WHAT  
DID  
YOU  
SAY

AFFIR-  
MATIVE

LOOK I DONT KNOW  
ABOUT THIS HERE  
AFFIRMATIVE WHAT  
I WANT TKNOW IS THE  
CAPTAIN UP THERE OR  
ISNT HE?