



NOSEY NEWS by EV' BODY

Most of the information this week has been gleaned from meanderings around that thriving metropolis of the Golden West, that teeming center of naval affairs, and what affairs, that dynamic community that receives it's daily maintenance from the lads across the river, that town that has no equal in any hemisphere, in other words Valley Joe or if some of you illiterates would rather say Vallejo, say it, I don't care one way or another. It sure is a nifty street, if you like that sort of streets.

Happened to wander into the most exclusive of beer drinking emporiums one night and who should we see, scoffing the amber eluid but three palsy-walsies from up forward, way up forward, where scuttlebutts have sudden transfers from corner to corner. The machinist, the Boatswain, the Rad. Elect., they travel only with the select. How's that for only two tall ones! And then there is that flashy QM who makes the rounds of several hotels before he can decide upon the room??? he wants to rent for the evening. Not long after this we dropped into another of the main stem's dens of iniquity and who should we run into but those two SK, one a newly married and the other just a common old bachelor, and they say that that little gal in bluecan down 'em better than any Rusky in Shanghai. Well, they ought to know. And what Machinist's Mate in the forward engine rooms, howled long and loud for his crab sandwich? And we welcome to our midst, a new habitue of the Wardroom who reported aboard in a blaze of glory. It has been a source of wonder lately about where the Commissary dept. goes for their cold meats, when serving them as such. Icicles go good in their place

but they taste like H—— with an evening meal. Hastily downing a Tom and—, in one of the better places we dashed madly to the street and around the corner to another jernt, just in time to see that Mascara-eyed F3c, who follows the ball for the HOUSTON, fall of his stool for the umpteenth consecutive time, thereby setting up a new record— Or should I say, falling up a new record. And he insists that it is not Mascara. Say did someone put Zinc Oxide in the coffee kettles this past week? Tastes like it! And that flag yeoman whose initials are Hunter rides back to the ship in Cadillac nowadays. Seems that Freedman had better chose othan home guards to pal around with when on the beach. Those guys that just can't leave the vicinity of the gal frau. We are greatly amused to notice that Baker, the muchly married man about ship goes for moonlight walks all by himself, after those basketball games. Befuddlement is ours at finding that trio of Lemansky, Price and Eggerter more

or less "red-eyed" after a liberty at the Post-exchange. That flashy Coxwain who claims the name of Selen has been pulling the fainting and tired out gag now and then. Ensigns Long and Murphy took a long walk to the range. About 200 rounds of ammunition and maybe two or three holes in the target. Perhaps the walk took out all the shootem out of them "Squeeze-happy" Wellbourne, who hates women, brought back a bag and from reliable sources we understand that the contents belong to some sweet young thing that has finally brought the "mans man" to her feet. Our pals of the Gunners gang have been having their troubles too. It appears that Wersal was more or less worried over his radio etc., in Long Beach. And then friend Waalace had to have a squabble with the gal friend. He says that he walked out on her. An unsteady hand has the Soda-Jerker these days. Apparently that (qt) wedding, was not so (qt) as he believes. Are congrats in order Motesy old boy? Beads of perspiration flowed from his brow as he sat with his left hand resting upon his forehead, while his right scribbled painfully slowly upon a scrap of paper. We were curious, for seldom does "SI" Pierce have a brain storm. At last opportunity presented itself so

we had a chance to read the result of his profound concentration. This met our eyes:

"Did you ever see a thing I vow,
Quite so lovely as a plow.
A plow that plows and plows all day,
Pulled by a horse wh't eats hay"
Quite horsey I calls it. Who is the Log Room yeoman who just couldn't keep up with the "A" Division Truesdale? Ask Holt. And so until next weeks edition I bid you a tearful adieu.

STOKERS NOTES

Well Well me lads after a brief vacation the old maestro returns with scandal and news concerning the well known stokers.

Now can these boys take them thar girls in this quaint city over, yah-su she says and off to the Nut Club they go, and there should we see our old pal doing his stuff. It seems that the Rainbow Tavern is quite the attraction for some of the lads and then too the Pirates Cave has the stokers well in tow. Noticed Whitey Harred and Thomas scoffing a few there.

Who was the girl friend that caused one of the boys from the evaporators so much embarrassment this past week, they say she was Snuzzle Durante's sister, or was she foolin'.

The ship's dance is to be on the 22nd of course we must have the stokers well presented. Now all you ballroom dancers come out and do your stuff and keep the right standard of the Engineers Force right up there.

The Engineering Score is right up there now that we are at the half way mark lets keep it right up there. Score to date for month 116.0 Year to date 114.0.

The observing party to the CHESTER proved a great success as did the full power run itself. The CHESTER was a genial host and all hands on the party enjoyed a diversion from the usual run of duty. Those who rated leave were given a week-end in San Francisco following the anchoring of the CHESTER.

Boot: Something tells me I'm going to be sea sick on this trip.

2nd Cruise: What makes you think so?

Boot: I have some inside information.