

--DOTS & DASHES--
--HOISTS & FLASHES--

This week we say farewell to Bennington, PFC, USMC, a good radio-man and swell shipmate, the gang wishes you a pleasant cruise in 'Diego Benny.

We also want to wish Bratlien, Pvt. a happy cruise on the good ship HOUSTON.

"Screw-Face" Merrill says the trouble with us is we don't understand good music, like classic operas.

"Silent" Gene Willmuth is going out strong for wrestling, what a man.

According to "Pop" Mains, pro. wrestling is just a show, with guys like Londos and Man Mountain Dean as actors. In fact, he almost had me believing it was a sissys game.

I imagine a modern Sailor amuses himself with a yo-yo on a piece of string. If you don't know what a yo-yo is, see Mitchell, signal striker.

Was "Jew-Boy" Kahn's face red when they passed the word for Kahn, Radio striker, lay up to the radio-shack.

David A. Elder is turning printer on us now; a signalman, quartermaster and printer. What next, Dave.

Casanova Foreman is now operating the sewing machine on the bridge. He's our ace bunting repair man now.

Overheard the "Gork" in the flag plot saying: "You gotta be careful what you say up here now". Bulkheads have ears, but the Gork has a nice taste for engagement rings, reckon it wont be long now.

Next Thursday the V. O. (visual operator's) test is coming up and the gang is plenty busy studying the Communication instructions plus search light and semaphore. They expect to be in tops condition for it too.

NEW AIRCRAFT—Cont'd

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This new type will be of the Torpedo-Bomber class, low-wing monoplane type, capable of great speed and long cruising range.

WE'LL SEE YOU AT THE DANCE

SHIP'S DANCE

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GUEST ticket will admit one couple. Since the Dance is being held near the end of the month, the finance committee will distribute the tickets thru the Ship Service Store, where you may sign a chit for your ticket and pay for it on the followin pay-day. This method of distribution is most convenient in view of the fact that many of us wishing to attend, might otherwise be unable to do so.

The weather man promises fine weather all next week, that in itself being the harbinger of an enjoyable evening.

As before, 150 invitations are being sent out to young ladies in Vallejo and the near vicinity, so those of you not having a girl friend need not be troubled over the possibility of a shortage of dancing partners.

The thorough and painstaking efforts shown by the different committees assure us our second dance in the Bay area is bound to be another gala event long to be remembered.

All hands should make it a point to be on deck promptly when the festivities commence for this will be another HOUSTON success staged by the snappy HOUSTON crew.

DID YOU KNOW?

That 250 cubic feet are required to store one million silver dollars?

That a comma accidently placed in a tariff bill in 1874 cost the U. S. Government \$2,000,000?

That the President said: "There is, strictly speaking, no such organization as Tammany Hall".

That what is now called smoking was once, at an early period, termed "drinking tobacco".

That only two Navy men have freed themselves from a submarine by the means of a torpedo tube and reached the surface alive?

That a thunder storm only occurs about once every ten years at the North and South Poles?

That Aesop, son of Clodius Aesopus, dissolved in vinegar a pearl valued at \$40,000. in order to have the satisfaction of consuming the most expensive drink ever known?



Despite the many threats concerning the future well-being of this column's scribe, this week finds him still on the job even though some people claim he is becoming such a big rat they could put a saddle on him.

The past week found all the available men proceeding to the range to practice with the pistol. Many different methods of firing are displayed with truly amazing results, but the improvement shown sustains the theory that every man is a potential expert.

This week we received aboard private Bratlien, our new radio operator, lets hope his tour of duty aboard the HOUSTON is a pleasant one.

Now for the lowdown, commonly called the dirt, about the boys. There isn't so much this week, maybe it's because we don't get paid every week, but I like to think that it is because fear of exposure in the column has caused a distinct moral uplift.

As usual Goloaszewski, the "Brooklyn Butcher" made the news. It seems that he delights in tearing down fences and then in the remorseful mood which follows he plays little Dan Cupid and throws arrows about. For shame! Ski.

Jones, he of the island movement, is going about with tears in his eyes and a worried look on his face? Some girl Matthew?

Stockton, why didn't you tell the fellows you could write poetry instead of saving it all for your girl?

When asked why he dosen't go ashore, Terpsten says he would rather stay aboard with his books and have a breezy time.

In order to save wear and tear on his brain (?) Ringheim makes copies of letters he receives from one girl and sends them to another. I'll have to try that. See 'ya at the Dance.