



NOSEY
NEWS
by
EV' BODY

Reports indicate all feverish activity of the past week was not centered on board ship only. Our best barometer was the boys lining up daily with those coveted slips in their hands. It just seems there were a few last minute details shoreside too.

With so many of our shipmates taking up roller skating we are sure our tailor will have his hands full from now on.

Since "Pop" Adkins recent return he has been having greatest difficulty explaining how he increased his waistline in so short a time. Evidently the big city was to his liking.

Our bowlers are in the best of spirits since their recent win over the feminine champs of So. Cal. It may be the young ladies wished to show their admiration for the persistence shown.

"Whitey" Dembach's austere manner and thinning hair belies the spirit of youth which smoulders within. It was quite a treat to hear him warble some of the latest song hits, last Sunday. A certain torch number seems to be his favorite.

Finnie of the fan tail announces his application is up for consideration for admittance to the GG Club. The heart throb is crossing the nation to gladden the heart of her sailor lad.

After a certain messcook's investigation to determine the cause of his men's remaining so long at the breakfast tables, he found it to be the lovely little mother goose stories on the cereal boxes that had so wholeheartedly won their interest. ? ? ?

Garbs, famous for being one of the rare silent barbers in captivity seems

to be learning fast. He had "G" Man Fagan on the run recently.

We are happy to announce Machado has completely recovered from his recent attack of "wing happiness." The astounding angle in this particular case is the fact the new "topside-motor-sampan" have no effect on the hairy chested Simon of the upper works.

Some are of the opinion "Andy" Slovak and "Tex" Farquhar were having a feud. Wrong again, shipmates - they were only discussing the better points of their respective states. They should meet that dynamo of action from Ogden, Utah, namely, Knowlden.

Some say the way to a man's heart is via his stomach. Dainwood's entry blank for admittance to the GG Club should be filled out and filed soon. . .

Being on the good ship HOUSTON has its advantages in many ways. No doubt the GG's will recognize this if we return to home waters well in the van of the Fleet.

The "Goon" of the Gunnery office is exhibiting a portrait of himself in his favorite position, and is he proud of the excellent photography? ? ?

We are sorry to state this column cannot let all of our curly locked sailors know who the royal barber is. Suffice to say you shall probably be badly in need of a good hair restorer in a few weeks.

Imagine the consternation last Wednesday when several of the Dyed in the Wool GG's were unable to make the first boat due to the thoughtlessness of several footloose and free sailors?

The way some of our shipmates are marking up the bulkhead outside the Exec's Office these last few days it has been suggested said bulkhead be given the appropriate name of "wailing bulkhead of dissappointed GG's".

—Sayonara

"SCUTTLE BUTT"

Years ago in the days of the old sailing ships and never ending cruises where the blue sky and blue water greeted the eye week in and week out with occasional anchorings, the imagination of the hardy seamen of that time of "wooden ships and iron men" used to run away at times due to monotony probably.

The result was that when men gathered every now and then at the "old oaken bucket" or the scuttle butt some one would pass out a piece of information largely the outcome of imagination or maybe based on the old saying, "the wish is father to the thought." This interesting bit of "dope" would circulate like wildfire and by the time it reached the waist of the ship, it had become a fact to the listeners. A lot of this "scuttle butt" news was fancy and fiction but it was taken seriously by many.

Years passed by and the "scuttle butt" gave way to the modern squirt fountain and other parts of ships were used by those seeking leisure or rest after a hard day's work. Yet, the habit of passing along some choice piece of imagination did not die out like the setting of the dim and distant days. "Scuttle butt" still survives and still catches the unwary.

It is evident to the student of men that human nature resists change to quite a degree. The fact that "scuttle butt" can make progress in this day and age of analysis and knowledge seems to bear out that observation.

Not long ago the writer was asked if it were true that the ship was going to New York this summer. Again, he was asked if it were correct that the ship was carrying an inspection party on a tour of Navy Yards. The inquirers were courteously informed that no such information had been received at any time. Other cases arise on ships of ideas like these, harmless in themselves but when subjected to cold analysis are highly improbable.

"Believe it or not" is an oft heard slogan. One can say as regards the average "scuttle butt," think it over and settle it for yourself. The outcome will be, the last part of that phrase.— "Not."

The folks at home will enjoy reading the BLUE BONNET. Mail it!