



# NOSEY NEWS

by  
EV' BODY

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The recently completed first leg of our present cruise, has left its mark on the HOUSTON in more ways than one. With all hands displaying plenty of pep and vigor, it does seem a happy realization that the various indications of weariness evident has not been caused by roaming the Pike, breathing innumerable odors always found close to the beach and the many other evils which befall our snappy Houstonites at times. With all hands displaying a healthy coat of tan, clear eye and cheerful spirit, true assets of all good American-men-of-war-men, our short visit to this interesting port should be fully enjoyed. The action packed days of the past week have brought great results, interesting conversations about the decks bearing out this fact.

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Neptunus Rex has come in for a great share of the speculative yarns in between conditions, etc.

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With the entire ship's company fully assembled and really doing their part, the Engineering "E" has found a more wholehearted support than ever before. We still have a chance, shipmates, why not work hand in hand with our snappy engineers and add that hash mark.

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The impending visit to Valparaiso is the most popular topic of the week. It seems very few Houstonites have visited this port. If each man carries out his schedule while there it should be some visit.

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Yes sir! The "Bald Bullet" of the Exec's Office, (Davis) is expecting one of those urgent messages around Christmas, unless, to his surprise, his calculations prove to be correct. By the way— he is trying to get bacon and eggs every morning.

Church, one of our most popular ship's cooks, breaks into the news with the wry comment— "Shucking eggs on the high seas in the early morn is the only way to keep that figure".

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"Take up thy bunk and run" is the favorite motto of many of our shipmates since those slightly wettish evenings recently.

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And then Clymer comes forth with a statement which seems to have hit the nail on the head. "It took good old '17 to supply me with an opportunity to test my new whistle".

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Brickler of the Focstle' insists we should all follow his advice and read "Ranch Romances". These watches pass so quickly. . .

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'Tis a shame the way our new striker in the Pay-Office is being so vexed with freckles.

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Did you ever hear of Rosebud, the muscle bound washee-washee man of the laundry, (Leslie to some). ? ? At an earlier date (?) he was known as the terror of the 118 lb. class in the muscle bending racket.

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Many investigations fail to bring to light all the facts concerning the tale about the barbers and their cronies becoming Nudists?

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Can yuh 'magine? Kennedy is growing a fuzzy wuzzy mustach hoping secretly the Royal Barber will overlook precious locks atop cranium.

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A recent article appeared in this sheet stating the average man wasted 2 gals aqua per diem. Right says us. NO! says Wirebrush; you can't accuse me of such an indiscretion.

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The dope is out that there will be a stores working party to the ARTIC on the 13th of this month. It's going to be hot for a lot of us but there will be a lucky few working in those nice cool ice boxes on the ARTIC. Of course the rest of us don't mind just so someone gets a break. Oh yeah? ? ? ?

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That niosy but short lived commotion on the Well Deck several evenings past had all the earmarks of a grand and glorious visit from King Neptune soon. The writer's opinion—?

# EXHAUST-PIPE



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Now that the war is over, in looking over the performance of our new planes all hands are of the opinion that they are as good if not better than our old Corsairs. No trouble was encountered in either catapulting or cast recovery during the Fleet problem.

Now that we are nearing Panama, we have a feeling of regret in knowing that the time for Lt. (jg) Coates' transfer is due. It has been a real pleasure to have done duty with an Officer and Pilot as efficient and courteous as Lt. Coates. We all extend our best wishes to him in his new duties and may we be fortunate sometime in the future to be shipmates once again.

Gregg, AMM3c is to be transferred to the Air Station at Coco Solo on our arrival. We all know that Walter James will make good there. Best wishes Gregg. Perhaps when we all meet again you will be wearing your NAP wings.

Rosie is heard singing lately. His favorite song seems to be "Who's afraid of the Shellbacks". Careful Rosie a diet wouldnt do you a bit of good.

Ronnie Ardell, will have a lot to tell the folks back in Iowa, after he returns from this cruise.

Hollingsworth indeed is a man of iron. Witness his subsistance on orange peelings and syrup!

Pat Rearrette seems to have postponed quite a few meals during flight operations.

Lt. (jg) Weller had just about mastered that climb to the flight deck when the war ended.

Charley Noble is wondering what sort of beer they have in Valparaiso, and what brand of whisky for a chaser. Nothing like Seagrams, Charley

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Lieutenant: (Roaring with rage)— "Who told you to put those flowers on the table?"

Mess Attendant: "The Commander, sir."

Lieutenant: "Pretty aren't they?"