



**NOSEY
NEWS
'BOUT
EV'BODY**

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! This week's meeting is hereby called to order! No stomping fellow citizens, please. This is a business meeting, not a barn dance! Mister Chairman, if you will show Hank Cromwell the cuspidor and call the roll, we will proceed.

The first matter for consideration concerns an anonymous threat received by an innocent member of Nosey News Incorporated. The misguided threatwriter claims membership in a Black Hand group and his underhanded methods reek with Dime-Story melodrama. The hand lettered message, embellished with crude sketches of a spreading "Black Hand" and a claw hammer, read thusly: "WATH YOUR STEP . . . THE HAMMER IS ABOUT TO FALL!" At the bottom, apparently an afterthought, this was added, "And it will be a CLAW hammer!" What all this means or who the perpetrator is we nether know nor care; we would like to know why the disgruntled one specifies a claw hammer?? NOTE: It is reported our No. 1 sleuth is hot on his trail and will unmask the mystery man any moment.

In accordance with the double-barreled warning to all hands by our recently departed columnist, an effective smoke screen has been laid down by the most persistent of our headline crashers. Nevertheless, each division has it's hardworking underground man and the news continues to filter through, though a bit hazily. The motto of this column is: IF YOU DO IT—WE'LL PRINT IT!

This week, new additions to the muster rolls of Uncle Sam's Navee got a fair sized sample of that time honored combination—pork chops and the Pacific's sickening roll. Pale green

makeup was affected by several. One lad remarked: "Fred Astaire sure sang a mouthfull when he yeodeled, . . . and the Pacific isn't pacific!"

Joe West was on the job the other day when the body of a luckless man was fished out of San Pedro harbor. He reports the incident: "I dashed up with my pad and pencil all set for an interview . . . but he wouldn't talk!"

"Goon" Jones of the galley force had a birthday Thursday, January 14th. In his honor there was a "spanking" good party given by division mates with much gusto. Hearty cheering for "Goon" and fun a'plenty for the merry-makers, was only slightly overshadowed by groans from the guest of honor, who hasn't been seen sitting since.

This roving reporter made a special trip to the Majestic Ballroom last week for devious reasons. Most Houstonites were tripping it somewhere else. Once the favorite haunt of our terpsicorean inclined, only a handful of the old crowd put in an appearance. Nearly forgot to mention that "Doc" Visard and "Frenchy" Latour held the usual position—beside the gate nearest the orchestra. It would seem strange NOT to find them there.

To Dan Daly of the "R" goes this week's prize. Dan is now rated the topflight economist of the ship. His night's lodging expenditure has reached a new low; 5 cents was the outlay and in a pent house, no less! Investigations found it was one of those so humorously described in Chic Sale's classic, "The Specialist".

Scoop! . . . Mosher, who swears he's a Boilermaker, beats this unusual California weather—which is more unusual than usual—by sleeping with a genuine, old fashioned water bottle. That is one for the book!

Story of the week. The lad who thought to embarrass the popular Ship's Service Store operator by hanging out the artistically done sign, "HEAD'S GYP JOINT", failed miserably. Head enjoyed the joke and insists business has doubled within the week. Aside: We think the joker had something . . .

To one of the First division's playboys, an orchid for originality. His

name: Harry J. Hart. He return-addresses letters to his lady with the initials, H. J. and a sketch of a quivering heart.

Charlie "Yap-Yap" Campbell once made these paragraphs lively with his antics and skiddings; lately his light has been hidden under an old hatch cover. Today finds him in the limelight again. Reason: When a hairy chested Coxswain wears pink silk haberdashery—and we don't mean neckties—that is news!

Ambition and persistence is rewarded in the case of "Red" Meyers, former fireroom burner twister. "Red's" burning yen to strike for Electrician's Mate was made known over a year ago but until this week he kept right on "missing his calling". We are now happy to report he is under the experienced, if somewhat eccentric tutelage of Si Pierce and seems contented though "shocked".

You had fair warning, so don't kick! Little Audry found her kid sister chopping off little brother's fingers and toes and tossing them into a hot frying pan. Little Audry laughed and laughed, and laughed . . . She knew her sister couldn't cook.

One of this battle buggy's gayer blades paid rapt attention to a C-30 Club girlie all thru the evening. Champaign cocktails an' everything. The sky was the limit! Just before the two o'clock curfew bell rang he looked in every nook and corner for the damsel, who had "gone to powder her nose" . . . no-could-find. Duck Weber had been left holding the proverbial sack . . . and to reflect on the inconsistencies of women generally.

Oddity of the week: Doctor Schlack was actually seen sitting down during working hours!

This and That: Strange though true, is the story about Fritts, new boat engineer becoming marooned in a motor launch while tied to the boom. . . He says he was so hungry he didn't have the strength to climb that ladder even if it was supper time. . . It is rumored Sammy Ashcraft of the 3rd. is an authority on love making procedure in a trolley car . . . Barthe of the "E" makes this sheet again because he parked his brother's car

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