



Greetings from the highseas friends! If the Pacific will be "pacific" for a few minutes perhaps I can hang on to this mike long enough to present the weekly broadcast of fun and fluster, foible and frolic from the good old Rambler Ship. If the following ten minutes of alleged entertainment seems a bit weak, it's because old Adam's stomach is in the same condition. (Too much swinging around the buoy.)

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Seventh Sideboy: It was about time for the boat to leave and G.G. Whitey Harred had nearly broken his neck, along with a few speed records, trying to make it. He dashed topside still putting the finishing touches to his uniform, spied several men in dress blues around the port gangway and immediately fell in alongside the man on the end, breathless but triumphant! Boatswain's Mate, Nelson Coffey, noticed this surprise addition to the Admiral's six Seamen Sideboys, but as he was occupied with unlimbering his whistle, decided not to interere. The O.O.D. thought otherwise, for when he saw an extra among the sideboys, and he loaded with first class rating badge and hash marks, quick steps were taken to correct this near breech of naval etiquette. The white haired Machinist's Mate then performed the swiftest disappearing act on record. When questioned about this blunder he registered utter confusion and refused to comment.

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Boot Boast: Podries, late of the Asiatic Station, was being friendly with one of the lads who had just reported from the Training Station. The old-timer queried: "How long have you fellows been in the Navy?" With unmistakable pride the recruit

answered, "Well, that fellow over there and I have been in over four months, and are SEAMEN SECOND CLASS! but the others are just ordinary boots..." The ex-China Hand looked a bit surprised and without a word walked away.

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Theatre Ticket Trick: Machinist's Mate "Al" Hall, a young lady and Mr. and Mrs. William Pratt made up a little theatre party. A. D. marched to the ticket window somewhat pompously and bought three—just three—tickets for four persons. Imagine his consternation when Bill asked about the fourth pasteboard. Adam Adds: He's getting to be an old man and a bit childish; perhaps he thought "children" were being admitted free.

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Incomparable Complacence: The Gunnery Office Striker, Seaman Pipp, rushed up on the landing one night, glanced hurriedly at the launches alongside floats and smiled with satisfaction when his anxious eyes saw an Indianapolis boat about ready to shove off. What he didn't see was a Houston liberty boat at the next float! Despite calls from shipmates in that launch he calmly swaggered down and embarked in the other cruiser's motor sailer. There he stood calmly content until every man except himself had clambered up the Indianapolis' gangway. When the coxswain was asked about making the Houston, his answer was complete disappointment for Pipp. All he could think of was, "I'm off the Houston, and here I am!" Taking pity on the bluejacket's self-inflicted predicament, the O.O.D. sent him to the ship; but his complacence had wilted..

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"Whale" is Whaley: The Navy Landing was the scene of near panic when the water between the floats was splashed sky high and boats were thrown into turmoil by the resulting high waves. Someone shouted "There she blows! It's Moby Dick!" But it was only the Sparktrician Gang's milkshake kid. He had absent-mindedly walked off the float, nearly drowning before he realized what had happened. His version: "An inebriate didn't like my looks, so he shoved..." Another EM comments: "Oh yeah! Ask 'Squeekie' Campbell about that!"

Shipmate Sighted: Chatfield, ex-HOUSTONITE now on the BLACK HAWK, reports little liking for the Asiatic Station, especially Manila, P.I. The Seaman confesses a yen to return to the good old days aboard the "best ship"... Charlie Furr, one time MM1c, is a hard working family man now and is doing fine. In the big money, he says...

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Pixalated Pessimist: During the recent foggy days at anchor, a large steel triangle, similar to those used to call loggers to chow, was rigged on the fantail in lieu of the required fog gong. One morning "Jughead" Mullaney, CWT extraordinary, heard the racuous din and believing the worst is always bound to happen, thot it a "gas alarm," grabbed a gas mask and made the topside four steps at a time. He found "Zip" and his band making the morning merry with martial airs and a seaman industriously banging the temporary fog signal. In his confusion he donned the mask and relieved the maestro o his baton, proceeded to clown his way out of an embarrassing spot. (Add Note: "Zip" was flabbergasted too!)

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Terpsichore Teacher Tormented: The dulcet strains of "Zip" Ippolitto's Swingsters filled the After Mess Hall and wafted pleasantly to the ears of listeners in the "B" Division compartment beneath. Someone from the starboard side heard a rhythmic shuffling of feet and quietly investigated. It was "Speed" Durant in the role of instructor putting The Boiler Boy's Wilson thru the intricate steps of the newest ballroom craze. The Peeping Tom called all hands to enjoy this unusual tableau. After awhile the concealed spectators found the watching tiresome so they decided to take an active part in the fun. When they came out of hiding and requested the next dance, the two gigilos were too frustrated to do more than flush mightily and beat a hasty retreat.

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To bring our program to an end, Mister Chatterbox presents one who should be listed among the immortals: J. R. McNeil, Sea2c, gets the spotlight for being the only man on the sick list during our last few days in the beloved Homeport. Bravo, Lad! ... Thanks for listening. Next week will find us on the air from the tropics. Stand by! Aloha Nui Friends.