



Greetings; shipmates. Once again we are with you for a spell with the latest and snoopiest news. First we want to thank the person who so kindly left ten cents in the contribution box. This donation would buy a couple of good cokes, but we will hold it the usual length of time and return it to the contributor if he calls for it.

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Quite a number of our Romeos are doing a good hand holding act at Tom's Place with the pretty working girls. Poor girls can't break away from these bar room shieks when they have a customer to wait on.

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Who could it have been who passed the word, just before movies one evening, not so long ago, "Now Headlock, lay on the Well Deck."

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Tommy Crane returned to the "C" Division's fold over the week-end with stories of Denver and all its Glory. It is a nice town Tommy. Hope you'll like Vallejo now.

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Shepherd, C.S.K., the super sleuth of the Chief's Quarters almost captured the criminal who tried to enter the pantry the other night. Seeing the culprit forcing his way into the pantry, Shepherd almost had his hands on him, but the culprit heard him coming and started to run. Shepherd gave pursuit throughout the ship. He ran 100 yards in 10 seconds flat. Better luck next time.

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How about Nick Vendetti, our big meat and bone man from the butcher shop going to Sacramento and then an item in the paper the following morning reading thus: "Rare fossil found near Sacramento." Better watch your step, Nick, or they'll get you yet.

Famous Last Words: "May I shine your badge, sheriff?"

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It seems as though the title of Casanova has been taken from Sivak and newly acquired by the rambling Romeo of the Exec's Office, better known as Goofy Gomez Felix. PCL means Pacific Coast League to some people but to Felix it's "Pacific Coast Lothario."

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D. C. Stoddard (Flossie) received a letter from that well known "Lonely Hearts Club." We tried our best to find out the contents but to no avail. Hope he gets something nice to write to.

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THE "A" and "F" Divisions almost had a battle on their hands the night of their game. With the "F" leading them 11 to 0 the "A" could see no reason why the game would not continue even though it was too dark to see the ball.

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Friend Bill Loop, 4th Division, has joined the time honored Golden Grainers. Miss Betty Beck of Burlington, Vt., was the lucky girl, the knot being tied during the groom's recent thirty days leave. The bride is now residing in San Diego. We wish the both all the luck in their new billets.

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Moyer, Signalman 3d, has inclinations toward radio, fixed up the bridge radio with six marlin hitches and a round turn—quite a successful bit of work.

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Quite a few of the officers and crew put up bull's eye scores on the range the past weeks. A few "swab'os" came in also. Mr. Ely won to the tune of three cokes over Maize, while Mr. Long acquired a honey of a lip during a clinch with "Ye Olde Piece." Mr. Murray's crowning development was a new coaching slogan: "Squat, Squint, and Squeeze."

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Lewis, Flc, took a "72" to Portland recently. Hayword is slightly envious, believes he hasn't what it takes, better develop some, boy.

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Head, of the Ship's Service Store is complaining about the little space that has been allotted to him for a store. Seems that he hasn't enough room for his trained fly to take off in.

The three bad men of the ship's baseball team, Adams, Hattemer and Phillips, seem to have become nice little boys. They were seen entering Towne Cafe with ice cream cones in their hands. They probably had lollypops in their pockets.

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And why does McElhanon, SK3c, hate the name of Francis so? After all it is his name.

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Sick Bay's Jessup put up the ante one morn by doing an "I do, till death do us part," in company with Miss Fonda Gibson of Creston, Iowa. How these G.G.'s are gaining, we poor bach's won't have a chance much longer. Oh well! Best wishes, Jessup.

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Olsen is home visiting that accomplished brother of his who sings on the amateur hour for children, he sings under the name of Bobby Houston, taking his stage name from his big brother's ship.

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Inseparable Pals: Coffy and Yap Yap Campbell.

Bud Barricklo going in for the best class of literature such as the San Diego "Keyhole."

Rosebud Leslie says that he has to run the skivvies thru the mangle twice now in order to tear the buttons off. Kinda slippin', aren't you, Rosie?

The slogan in the last issue of the Blue Bonnet concerning BUY HOUSTON was a dandy. Now if some of you guys will do more purchasing at the Ship's Service Store and other Ship's Service activities you can see where the profits go.

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Must be hard on Simmons, 2d Division Romeo messcook. One lovely blonde in Vallejo and another on the way from Astoria to spend a month at her sisters. We wish you luck Sims. How can you keep both of them happy.

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Have you heard the Baking Staff lately? A little labor is good for both body and mind boys—so don't worry—we'll soon be underway and you can get back to baking pies, cakes and cookies instead of having to carry those heavy sandbags.

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