



BOXING AND WRESTLING SMOKER WELL RECEIVED

From the time the band struck up its opening number to the close of the last boxing match the entertainers and fighters of the ship kept everyone on their toes.

After the selection "Hail To The Chief" which was giving as a fitting homage to our President, the master of ceremonies, Lt. Holbrook, took over and introduced the officials for the evening. Two wrestlers climbed through the ropes and the main entertainment started.

A big feature of the evening was the match between the local pride and joy, Shifty Fordemwalt, and a Masked Marvel. In the fracas which had all the earmarks of a professional sortee the mask was removed from the grim faced Marvel to reveal that the all powerful bonecrusher was nothing more than one of our own wrestlers, Butler of the third.

The Hillbillys drew a big hand with their mountaineer ditties. But probably the most humorous thing of the smoker was the battle royal in which the fighters were blind folded and allowed to hold a noise-making can in their one ungloved hand. Teschner of the "F" lucked out on the other contestants to emerge the winner.

With President Roosevelt acting as one of the boxing judges the boxing bouts were run off. Two of the bouts resulted in being called no contests because of one of the contestants being too badly cut-up for further fighting. The other two went

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No Gold Uncovered at Cocos Island

Although almost the entire ship's company scrambled and slipped over the green covered rocks of Cocos Island no bullion of the raging main was discovered. Most of those who were left behind on the ship took one look at the rain soaked and mud splattered clothes of the "chosen ones" when they returned and gave up thanks that fate had decreed they remain on the ship.

STRIKE UP THE BAND

The German band with the emphasis on the "peck" horns or the red hot swing orchestra with the melody coming out on the off beats have nothing on the combination band-orchestra now aboard our good ship.

Around lunch time, dinner, before the movies, or at practice sessions we hear the soft lilting strains of some old folk song. At other times this band of musicians settle down to work on an overture or symphony. They read the grace notes, the crescendos, the largos, and the allegros as smoothly as the mystifying professor pulls rabbits out of a hat. Again we hear them cut in all boilers, work up to a speed run on a swing composition, and literally burn up the air around them with music.

The Houston feels that it is fortunate to have the Scouting Force Band aboard. I think everyone aboard swears that he never heard any better music anywhere. The music that is rendered by this organization is good for our souls. We hope that the praise we give them is as good for theirs.

The following was dug up on the island after very exhaustive research: In latitude five degrees thirty five minutes North and Longitude eighty seven degrees two minutes West about five hundred and forty miles from Panama lies Cocos Island. Four and one-half miles long and fourteen miles in circumference it has an area of eighteen square miles. This Island is mountainous and entirely volcanic, the highest point being two thousand seven hundred and eighty eight feet high. Being extremely precipitous on nearly all sides where the Island meets the water it has, however, two small bays, Wafer Bay and Chatham Bay.

The soil is extremely fertile and the climate mild. From all appearances it is a healthy place although no permanent settlers have resided on the Island after such an attempt was once tried. The only wild life are the wild pigs and rats that Colnett left when he was there in 1793.

In the seventeenth century and later the Island came to be a favorite resort for privateers and fillibusters. Its isolated yet accessible situation, the facility with which fresh water of most excellent purity could

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