

Myra

The GISMO Staff

FANTAIL FELLOWSHIP CLUB PLANS
SUNDAY EVENING BEER PARTIES

Lt. (jg) D. M. Ervin
 C. H. Cronin, Y2c
 W. S. Ooten, Y3c
 E. C. Huffman, Slc
 J. F. Comet, Slc
 H. W. Felt, SOW3c
 T. J. Mazura, SM3c
 J. R. Gray, EM2c
 G. P. Ulickas, MM2c
 H. Emanuel, Slc
 J. F. Green, SK2c
 J. L. Hill, Flc

Editor
 Make-up
 Mimeograph
 1st Div.
 2nd Div.
 W Div.
 C Div.
 Electricians
 Engineers
 O Div.
 S Div.
 Firemen

I'M THE GUY THAT GETS HIM UP

Last week we carried a sad poem by T. T. Hodges entitled the "Twelve to Four" in which the author told of the horrors of being routed out of the sack for the mid-watch. This week, two fellow engineers collaborated on a sequel to Hodges' sad tale:

Through the passageway I creep
 Down the ladder that is steep
 Past the rows of sleeping mugs
 Giving out my welcome tugs
 At last I come upon that Hodges
 In whom sleep so firmly lodges
 Then I shake that snoring pup
 For I'm the guy that gets him up.

It's eleven-thirty and dark as hell
 And I'm a clock without a bell
 Shaking and whispering, keeping quiet
 When what you need is a four alarm riot
 Trying to wake him without a fuss
 He mumbles and utters a sleepy cuss
 Then off he goes buss-zaw-a-rup
 So I'm the guy that wakes him up.

Finally time passes on
 And from his sack he has gone
 I'm only afraid there'll come a day
 When our friend passes away
 Then Gabriel will say - "yup"
 Now you're the guy that gets him up.

Brady, MM3c
 Pryor, MM3c

Did you hear about the Jap destroyer that intercepted and destroyed five U. S. torpedoes?

Sparked by the electricians, the Fantail Fellowship Club was conceived, begun and incorporated in the shade of Gun Two last Sunday evening. Dedicated to the impossible task of arranging for beer parties as a climax for ropeyarn Sabbaths, the organization solemnly elected officers and drew up their by-laws.

Some of the membership qualifications are: all members must be bluesoes, No beer, whiskey or other alcoholic beverages shall be permitted aboard ship between the hours 2400 and 0001. No member shall leave his sack before the hour of 1000. No member shall associate with or speak to, in a civil manner, any deck ape.

Other stipulations are: All members, at opportunity, shall chisel in at the head of the chow line, and at the head of the candy line.

Officers and charter members of the club are: R.P. Cummings, president; J. J. Sullivan, Vice-president in charge of propaganda and bitching; financial secretary, A. R. Pryor and the recording secretary is J. F. (Hifebelt) Green.

Also elected were: Chief bartender (specialist "B") J. L. Hill; chief brew tester Jackson Bishop; chief of the squad for removing those with the D.T.'s, Sokol and his assistants are Brady and O'Connor. Chairman of the executive board; J. R. Zunac and board members are Kensler, Lenoir and Braun.

Weaver: "I had a fight with my wife the other night".

Ooten: "How did it come out?"

Weaver: "She came to me on her hands and knees."

Ooten: "What did she say to you?"

Weaver: "Come out from under that bed, you coward!"

Macon: "I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone".

C. Wallace: "You missed it before; that's why it's gone".

"Mimeo" wonders: What Gunnery Officer gave the order for AA-1 and AA-2 to train on motor-torpedo boat and track over ship?

Before Frederick Alexander Grove became a CWI and during the time he had the obnoxious duty of routing the crew out of their staks at reveille, he used the chant "Make a move - Show a leg, make a move - show a leg".

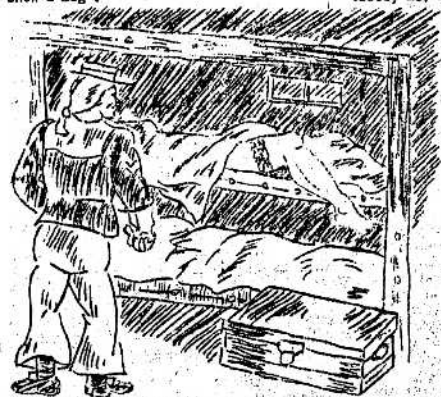
It is rumored that the movie-goers at an early date may listen to a special feature -- a contest between the Snip Harmonica Duet, Lt. Trowbridge and Ensign Riebenbauer, and the talented tonemists, Lt. Roberts and Dr. Ervin. We all want to judge this one

The kingpin of the Ping Boys, Kayo, Solt2c, picked up an edition of the magazine, "She" and immediately was fascinated by the article "Should Wives Seduce Their Husbands?" The WPI Division's senior petty officer now is working on an article entitled "The Kayo System of Seduction" which he intends to offer for sale to the Editors of "SHE".

Mazura, the Indiana muscle-man, and Gentry, the quartermaster from the Lan of the Sky, Asheville, N.C. were the guests of one of the world's most famous hotels not too long ago. Both had dreamed of a night far away from the 413's triple decker bunks, and they got....double-decker bunks, boot camp style. Incidentally, Mazura will return to the University of Illinois as soon as t war is over and to that school's hi time, Big Ten football team.

Goggins wishes that we wouldn't print stuff about him like we did last week. The stuff last week--- Goggins corresponding with a New England society babe. The Coxswain denies it and doesn't wish to read anymore about it because he's fixin' to get married! And that isn't the same gal.

Landry and Mc Adams were schedule to have birthdays on August 26, and you all know what happened on that day. Their problem: are we one year older or not?



Stolen directly from the Bureau of Personnel magazine is the history of the expression, and the illustration is by Chuck Raymur.

"Show a leg", a slang term for ordering men to turn to, originated during the reign of King George the third when women were allowed to accompany sailors on long voyages. It was the custom, when ordering seamen from their bunks, for the bos'un to demand: "Show a leg". If the leg was covered by a stocking, he knew it belonged to a woman and she was allowed to go back to sleep".

Should any of you send the GISMO back home to the little woman, the Editors can guarantee that the condition doesn't exist on the 413.

After sampling those few do-nuts Hogan tried out on the wardroom, it's a wonder such versatile tin-knockers as Khouray, Fields, Davis and Cohen would permit a hold-up of mass do-nut production for all hands, for want of a do-nut cutter. How about it you tin artists - can't you whip out something to put Hogan and Ferris on the production line?

ODE TO MY FELLOW PASSENGERS

by Keyhole Hill

There was a young man named Labbe
He looks at all times very crabby,
But he's a good guy, I can say
Can he help it if he looks that way?

Then there's a guy named King
As a pharmacist he's quite the thing,
It's aspirin for headaches, or broken
neck,
If you really get sick you'll die by
hock.

Then there comes Hogan, he's our cook
He knows his stuff, just like a book
He's really O.K., he puts out quite a dish
But for God's sake Hogan, lay off the fish.

Now we have Meyers, evaporator man
He makes lots of water, as much as he can,
He toils all day with nary a halt
But why can't he distill without any salt?

Next there's the guy named Interrante
He's damn near as slow as old "Santy"
He starts for the head and gets back when
It's time for another watch to begin.

Then comes Goodrich, he's Soundman third.
And believe you me, he's quite a bird
He's tall and lanky, and I'm sure you'll
agree
That he has as much sense as a chickadee.

And last we have Olson, O.K. in all ways
But while in Houston, he seemed in a daze
He stood on the street near the U.S.O.
He hadn't been drinking, I'll have you
know.

Strehle wants the world to know that he
and Chief Blaszczyk teamed up the other
evening and humiliated Mort and Schaffer
at pinocle.

Kromer's wife calls him "mustard" because
when they dance he gets all over her dogs.

Anderton and Pop Stewart (he did it again)
teamed up with a gal in a grass skirt for
picture purposes. The photo was sliced
down the center and prepared for mailing
but now they are beginning to wonder if
their respective wives are the "good
sports" they think they are.

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OUR CREW

by T. T. Hodges

Out on the wide Pacific
Three thousand miles or more
Sails a crew of hardy sailors
Far from their native shore.

There are men from Iowa, men from Maine
And men from Georgia too
It makes no difference from whence they
came
They're all "Americans" true,

Some are from the cities bright
Some from down on the farm
They're here to whip the men who tried
To do their country harm.

They've learned to sail the mighty deep
In a small but sturdy craft,
Though it was not so long ago
They knew not "fore" from "aft."

That sturdy group of deck hands
They're good - this topside crew
They love their ship, they love to fight
As all good deckhands do.

Then there are the engineers
That rowdy gang of snipes
We know that when they've done a job
That job has been done right.

The officers too - have their job to do
They do it to a man
Yet they always have a word to say
To each and every man.

No all hope that when we go
Back to the land of the free
We can pass and wave a hand
To the "Lady of Liberty".

One of these weeks when news gets scarce,
we are going to run a contest to discover
the best tattooed man aboard the 413.
Undercover agents tell us that Ensign
Garnett would stand a good chance to cop
the candy bar that will be offered as a
prize.

Roy Lynn - strolling around the deck with
a patch as big as his typewriter on his
stomach. Being ultra ethical the Medical
Dept. refused to divulge the nature of
the operation but they did deny that it
was a Caesarian.

KNOW YOUR SHIPMATES

The only man aboard the USS SAMUEL B. ROBERTS to serve Uncle Sam in both World Wars, Tullio J. Serafini, RMIC, is also the oldest member of the crew.

Far beyond the draft age, our radioman in charge secured waivers on age and reenlisted January 6, 1943. Now 45 years old, Serafini returns to the service he loves most.

Born in Frontone, Italy, May, 9, 1900, Tullio, three years later, accompanied his mother, brother and sister to the land whose liberty he was to help to defend in two wars. Journeying via LeHarve and New York, the Serafini family joined the father who had preceded them to Wyoming, Pennsylvania.

JOINS ARMY

After attending public and the parochial schools in Wyoming, Tullio left high school in his senior year to enlist in the army. Still seventeen years old when the First World War ended, Serafini had completed six months training in the officer candidate school at Stroudsburg Normal in Pennsylvania. The Armistice robbed him of a commission as Lieutenant in the Army's Artillery service.

Three months as a civilian was enough and Serafini signed up with the USN at the Scranton, Pa. recruiting office. After a year of Atlantic duty he signed for three years Asiatic duty and packed more world travel into 36 months than many veteran Navy men see in a full career.

Serafini sailed through the Panama and Suez Canals, to Russia, China, Japan and the Phillippines during his Asiatic service.

VISITS JAPAN

The militaristic attitude of the Japanese people, especially in their training of school children was apparent even in the early 1920's, he recalls.

All schooling was semi-military even for the very young. Most striking recollection was that old school children were in uniforms and their being marched military style to and from school.

Still a fireman second, Tullio was attached to a landing party when the original battlegwagon USS SOUTH DAKOTA anchored at the wild Russian frontier city of Vladavostok. He describes that city as "Just one step this side of hell". Serafini also served on the destroyer MT. VERNON during his Asiatic service.

INTERPRETER FOR ADMIRAL

Selected to act as interpreter for Admiral Gleaves during a visit to the Galapagos Islands, Serafini used his knowledge of Spanish to assist the Admiral question natives about Japanese activities about the islands.

Chosen for radio training at Cavite, P. I., Serafini was rated RM3c and three months later promoted to second class. While attached to the Gunboat Wilmington, flagship of the Yangtze patrol, he returned to the U.S. via Port Said, Gibraltar, and the Azores. He was paid off Feb. 1923.

Serafini was employed as a machinist by the Delaware and Hudson R.R. and later worked with the Metropolitan Life Insurance before taking a job as welder in the Philadelphia Navy Yard in 1940. He was married in 1930 and has two sons and one daughter.

The sight of thousands of "bluejackets" around the Philadelphia Navy Yard was too much for him so he went to the recruiting office and had an old Wyoming classmate, Lt. Comdr. Bernard Kelly swear him in for the duration and six months.

Three weeks later Serafini was enroute to Rio De Janiero to take charge of the radio shack on the seized German luxury liner Windhuk which was later converted into the troopship Le Jeune. After assisting in putting the destroyer Mansfield into commission, Serafini was assigned to the 413. And in his own words, he is "Glad to be on her".