

# Gismo





Harrington looked good and surprised them all with his fast ball. Scotte impressed the fans with his long drives to deep center and his equally as impressive fielding.

Twenty-two men (and one umpire) braved the scorching sun on "X" Island to engage in a bang-up softball game Thursday, 31 August.

It was the clash of Goldie Goldstein's Goons against Red Harrington's All Stars. The game was sparked by sensational hitting, fielding, and base running to assure a 11-4 victory for the Goons.

A crowd of approximately 5000 sailors and marines witnessed the spectacle (from a distance) and the calm air was filled with rousing cheers and shouts of joy (and the odor of beer).

The line up was as follows:

GOONS	ALL STARS
PAONE SS	HODGES
DYKE 1B	GRIGGS
OLSON LF	HINKEN
WALSH 3CF	MATTEL
GOLDSTEIN 2B	COOLEY
OOTEN 5B	LRECI
SCOTTIE CF	SHAFFER
ROUDE RF	MAHER
ANTALEX P	HARRINGTON
YOUNGBLOOD C	ROBERSON

Substitutes: ALL STARS - "Slugger" Hogan, and "Strike Out" Stevenson. GOONS - None. Umpire: (And this guy should be classed as playing for the ALL STARS) - Hausman. Time of Game: 1:30 (Or as soon as everyone could swallow four beers).

ALL STARS - 0 0 0 3 0 1 0 - 4  
GOONS - 2 0 2 4 0 3 - 11

The highlights of the game were: Patty Walsh's terrific home run in the 1st inning with one man on base. "Brancato" Paone playing bang-up defensive ball throughout the game, helping to bring victory. Goldstein's double, starting a rally in the 4th inning. Ooten's sensational "steal" from 1st to 3rd (The shortest distance between two points is a straight line, he says), but later ro-deaming himself with a hit and a walk off of "Strike Out" Lt. Stevenson. Hodges looked like a major leaguer with his consistent hitting and fielding.

The game's only casualty came when "Husky Harvey" Hinken and "Two Knife" Schaffer collided in an attempt to catch a long fly between center and left fields. Doc Gonyea, thinks we can avoid amputation; Shaffer's leg unless complications set in. P.S. "Two knife" caught the ball.

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SHIPMATES OF MINE  
by Keyhole Hill

Now there's Mr. LeClercq, a right kind of guy  
He speaks and he smiles as he passes you by,  
He'll say "good morning", or "how are you today"  
Or he'll stop and talk, before going on his way.

And now there's Cronin, a yeoman, no doubt  
He smokes his cigars like a man with the gut,  
But amongst us sailors, he really rates,  
Am I not right, my fellow mates?

Now comes Harrington, he's our Bos'n Mate  
With most of the deck apes he doesn't rat  
With an awful voice he lets out a yell  
Then's when the deck apes wish him in hell

Yes, there's Kudelchuk, always good for a laugh  
According to his letters he's firman one half  
He stands near the boiler, listening to a joke  
When down thru the hatch comes: "Lay off the smoke".

Then there's O'Hara in fireroom number ten  
And firman like him are mighty few  
He stands near the burners, it's surely a joke  
Instead of making steam, he makes lots of smoke.

So now we have Hodges, he's sure quite a poet  
Says his poem are good, and that he know it  
This stuff is right up his alley, I'M sure you'll agree  
And say that I'M right - that's where it should be. (Cont'd. on page 4)

Hero of the cartoon conceived by Chuck Raymur is John Keefe, Slc (RM). The Mass. lad is one of those unfortunates whose stomach rolls with the ship. Destined to stay sea-sick anytime this DE rolls more than five degrees, which happens even at anchor, Keefe waits until we hit port before resuming the normal operation of eating three meals a day.

Transferred from the DE 341 to the Portsmouth Naval Hospital because of chronic sea-sickness, Keefe's papers stated that he was to get battleship duty. He drew the mighty pocket-sized edition of a battle wagon...the USS Samuel B. Roberts.



Working in the same radio shack with Keefe, Raymur is the guy who "gets the bucket".

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Roy Kedney still gets letters from his fraternity brothers in "The Grand Supreme International Order of A-Few-Hands-With-The-Boys." Official slogan of this jerky outfit is "Well, I Should go Home, But Just One More Hand." And their official alibi is "I Wanted to go Home, But I Was a Little Ahead." Sounds goofy as hell, but we saw the club's official letterhead.

Goodrich, a refugee from the sound hut, Ferris, the baker, who is going to make do-nuts for the crew, and Lloyd, of the peeling nose, all were thrown over the fantail in dungarees the other evening. A swimming party was in progress at the time, but they hadn't intended to join.

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Shafter Claude McAdams, SolJc is J. F. Green's only competitor in the lifebelt wearing endurance test.

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Merritt, the firecontrolman, who was tagged "Field Marahal" a few weeks ago is now being called the "Little Admiral". They tell us he insists on helping the Navigation Department "shoot the stars", and the Navigation Department tells him that they don't need his help.

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Hogan, Strehle, Comet and Khourey skipping rope on the fantail...if the Japs could have seen that, they'd give up in disgust.

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C. E. Doull, the Quartermaster, getting his wife a necklace on Island X. Doull didn't actually purchase one, but he did

gather a pocket full of the conical shell that would make a necklace if the little woman has the time and patience to strin them.

\*\*\*\*\*

Questioned Kayo on the progress of his article "The Kayo System of Seduction". He tells us that it's practically finished. He has gotten as far as spotting the victim, slanting the white hat at a jaunty angle and greeting her "Hy ya Babe?"

## The GISMO Staff

Lt. (jg) D. M. Ervin  
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 W. S. Ooten, Y3c  
 E. G. Huffman, S1c  
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 J. R. Gray, EM2c  
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 J. L. Hill, F1c

Editor  
 Mike-up  
 Mimeo-graph  
 1st Div.  
 2nd Div.  
 W Div.  
 C Div.  
 O Div.  
 S Div.  
 Electricians  
 Engineers  
 Fireman

## SHIPMATES OF MINE (Cont'd from P. 1)

Last there's Joe Green, quite a nice little boy  
 He caresses his lifebelt like a kid does a toy  
 And if the time comes that he has to jump over  
 He will be able to swim just like old Rover

I nearly forgot to mention the man upon this ship  
 Not pistol totin' pappy, but two knives upon his hip  
 He's a guy by the name of Shaffer, he's a bad bad man I know,  
 If you should ever cross his path, you wouldn't stand a show.

Then we have another "tar", he's speedy as a snail  
 I'm telling you I really know, he's as big as any whale,  
 His name, he says, is Chalkley, you know him very well  
 And if this ship should ever sink, he'd surely go to (Censored).

A suggestion comes to the GISMO office - asking that the radio in the messhall be transferred to the forward messing compartment so the crew could enjoy the music during mealtimes. Placed where it is, it can't be heard over the racket from the steam room.

Castranova, former oil king on the 413 writes to Sokol, resident of the after engine room. Our MM2c tells us that Castranova now has duty on a Navy cargo ship.

"The Body Beautiful" in the person of C. J. Wilson doing the impossible by exercising on a DE. Nightly, the well-muscled former Philly club boxer tosses around a 125 pound home-made dumbbell in the very limited spaces of the messhall.

The improvised weights consist of two Foamite cans on the ends of a long broom stick. Unimpressed with the Herculean grunts and snorts from Chuck, the three steward's mates, Neal (Yoyo) Lillard, Jr Vernon Butler, and Freddie Lee Washington sit there writing to their gals while Wilson whirls the weights over their heads.

Chuck's protege, Ralph (Cleveland Red) Dyke, the torpedoeman striker, has given up on the grunt and groan business. Red said that he has decided to wait until he gets back to the farm to rejuvenate his muscles.

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LOOK ALIKE: Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi better known as Mahatma Gandhi, as he squats and worries over the problems of Mother India, and Adolph Zapata Herrera, the Arizona Kid, as he spreads himself upon the deck of the 413 in his Navy-tailored seivvie shorts and sun bathes. This is an observation of "Showboat" Hunt, the perpetual seaman.

Come to think of it, the Mahatma would look funny as hell wearing a set of ear-phones and squatting along side the dept. charge racks. Besides, our gunner striker has many more teeth.

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"Koslenko the Lover" is what his shipmates are calling the Great Profile - Leonard Goldstein, S2c. When he was prowling around Houston, befriending as man Texas beauties as he could, Goldie used the romantic alias of Vernon Gay. Now he tells the boys that his brother uses Koslenko as a non de plume in the authoring of novels, scripts for the movies, and one act plays. Goldstein has promised to have his brother autograph several copies of his works and forward them for circulation in the 413's library.

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"Mimeo" says he heard about a woman in Chicago who was granted a divorce because her husband had spoken to her only three times since their marriage. P.S. She got custody of the three children.

# KNOW YOUR SHIPMATES

Before he was old enough to vote, Mike Miller, GM2c, was a veteran of eight major and 13 minor South Pacific battles. As a member of the USS San Diego from the time that cruiser was commissioned four months following the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, Miller spent 21 months cruising and fighting in Jap. controlled seas.

Born at Mingo Junction, a suburb of Steubenville, Ohio, Mike finished the second grade and then accompanied his mother for a "visit" to Czechoslovakia. The visit dragged out for eight years and he meanwhile completed grade school and two years high schooling in a village near the Hungarian Border. Preparing to return to his father and two brothers in Ohio, Mike's last recollection of Czechoslovakia is vivid. Three days prior to his planned departure, Mike had a chance to watch the "draft" as it is operated in Europe. He tells that overnight and without notice the village in which he lived was stripped of young men, all headed for military service.

Fifteen years old and accompanied only by a younger sister, Mike started the long trip back to Ohio via Cherbourg, Bremen, Southampton and New York. Even though the year was early 1938, Bremen was jammed with soldiers, he recalls. His mother remained in Czechoslovakia while that little country was overrun by the Germans and the Miller family has not heard from her since 1940.

Returning to the public schools in Ohio, Mike was compelled to begin in the first grade that he had completed nine years before. During the first semester, he completed seven grades and the following year he graduated. A job as a butchers helper followed and Mike dreamed of joining the Navy. Then came Pearl Harbor and the Navy immediately had another recruit. After three weeks "boot training" Mike went aboard the USS SAN DIEGO and a few months later began the long stretch of Pacific duty.

His cruiser arrived at Midway hours after that decisive engagement had been completed. The USS SAN DIEGO then took part in the Battles of Guadalcanal, and Santa Cruz, and also in the invasions of the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. The SAN DIEGO played a prominent part in neutralizing Rabaul, New Britain. Eleven bombardments in nine days is the record of the USS SAN DIEGO at Rabaul. During the Battle of Santa Cruz the task force of which his cruiser was a part was under aerial bombardment for more than nine hours. Greatest thrill was in the Battles of the Gilberts and Marshalls as Mike and his shipmates watched three heavy cruisers, three light cruisers and 20 Jap merchant ships sink under the weight of bombs from planes in the U.S. task force.

Hit by one burst of shrapnel in 21 months battle service, the SAN DIEGO had more luck than most of the ships with which she operated. Recalling several of the narrow escapes, Mike tells of torpedoes passing fore and aft simultaneously as their cruiser sped through "Torpedo Junction", section of the Coral Seas. On another occasion, in the same sector, a plane dropped depth charges on a tin fish headed for the SAN DIEGO.

During all this action the SAN DIEGO was too busy to replace the screws installed for her shakedown speed runs and despite the fact that they were in constant battle zones for 21 months, Mike had only six half-days liberty. He did get 30 days rehabilitation leave when the ship docked at San Diego for an overhaul and then he was assigned to the USS SAMUEL B. ROBERTS.

Saddened by the uncertain fate of their mother, the Miller family last month received further bad news from the War Department. Mike's brother Andrew, an Army Sergeant, was killed in action during the invasion of France. Our GM does not even know the whereabouts of a second brother, a veteran of 5 years army service.

In charge of light guns and captain of a hokey, Mike dreams of the time that he will return to Steubenville and that beautiful and curvaceous dancer whose picture takes up a large section of his locker.

TOET'S  
CORNER

ARE YA LAUGHIN'?

'Twas on the Sea of Galilee  
As it was told to me,  
The Lord fed a thousand head  
Upon eight loaves of bread.

Up to now he's held that trophy  
But in a week he'll loose by one loafy,  
as you can guess the trophy taker  
Is none other than our ship's baker.

His bread is good I'll grant you that  
But it's so damn scarce you'll not get fat  
Well, Lord, a skinflin's taking over  
So I'll advise you to head for Dover.

Dedicated to Lynn Ferris, Bkr3c by -  
W. F. Butterworth, ESQ.

SKY ONE

Shooting the breeze down on Sky One  
When I get an order "load that gun",  
I grab the handle and pull out the pin  
Up goes the barrel and the magazine is in.

We are all loaded up in six seconds flat  
But the O.O.D. shouts "Do better than that"  
We train on the quarter and then the bow  
Where is that damn target anyhow?

To the gun crew I argue and I swear  
But I know we can put that gun anywhere  
Then the phones get silent and still  
But soon the talker shouts "Dawn - secure  
from drill".

by Dent, Sic.

You fellows who turned in poems and don't  
find them printed this week - don't give  
up. They'll come later.

Overheard Comet, Madre, and Lloyd on the  
fantail singing "I've got Six Pence" the  
other afternoon. Possibly they were prac-  
ticing on a number to be rendered before  
the movies next time in port????

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It is rumored that the Officers and the  
Chiefs have challenged the GOONS to a  
softball game in the near future. Your  
correspondent will try to get the dope on  
that, and even give you the line-up in  
next week's GISMO.

Natter tells us that Chambliss treats  
all his girls to a bottle of wine. It  
seems he wants to have little port in  
every sweetheart.

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Then there was Conway who kept depositin,  
nickels in the coke machine in Norfolk.  
When he had stuck half a dozen bottles  
in his pocket Caddarette approached.  
"Don't you think you have enough", he  
asked. "What," replied Conway, "You  
want me to stop in the middle of a win-  
ning streak?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Avow these engineers of this here crew  
They are S P poets too  
They scrub the bilges nice and clean  
And write sad poems in between.

In between the time when they  
Work down below and sleep each day,  
Tho they always are kept on the go  
By their officers and CPO.

And tho' they grumble and complain  
as tho' they be in terrific pain  
They are good men tried and true  
Who know they have a job to do.

And the fact still remains  
That despite all their pains  
And all the work they have to do  
They can still be SP poets too.

Believed to have been contributed by -  
Ensign Riebonbauer.

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The tragedy of the flea is that he knows  
for certain that all of his children will  
go to the dogs!

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Boston Landlady: How do you like this  
room as a whole?  
Cole: As a hole-it's fine; as a room  
not so good!

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Angry Father: "What do you mean by bring-  
ing my daughter in at this hour of morn-  
ing?"

Griggs: "Have to muster at seven, sir".

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If all the men who sleep in Church were  
laid end to end - - - they would be  
more comfortable.