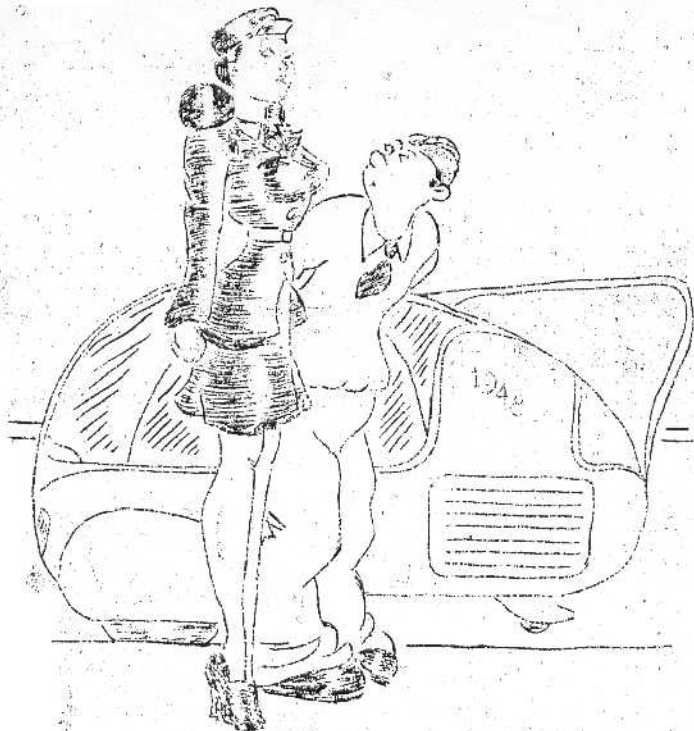


# Gismo



Hammanna

## The GISMO Staff

Ensign J. D. Moylan	Editor
C. H. Cronin, Y2c	Make-up
W. S. Oates, Y3c	Micograph
J. L. Conway, Cox	1st Division
J. M. Reid, S2c	2nd Division
H. W. Felt, S4S3c	W Division
F. Cantrell, Q4c	C Division
R. L. Walsh, FC3c	O Division
J. F. Green, SK2c	S Division
J. R. Gray, EM2c	Electricians
G. P. Dicksas, MM2c	Engineers
J. L. Hill, Plc	Fireman
C. P. Kayser	Art

THEY'RE CALLED KNIFES  
by H. Levitan, Plc

An Engineer is 'proud  
To be called a Knife  
For she's a bird of  
The Kingfisher type.  
Always alert, cunning and keen  
That's the Engineers of the 413.

Now they not only use  
Their night and brain  
They have to use their heads  
From dark to dawn.  
They work and sweat  
To keep her clean  
That's the Engineers of the 413.

## EDITORIAL

Lt.(jg) D. M. Ervin, editor and founder of the GISMO, has been detached, we regret to announce. Of course, the Lieut. held down other jobs such as promoter of "Fun on the Fantail", assistant to the assistant Navigator, and Ship's Medical Officer.

In losing the doctor, the GISMO loses its editor, the Captain his scribeage opponent, and the officers and crew, a popular shipmate. However, the doctor just stepped next door to another DE in our division, and perhaps some day will be back with us.

Taking over this week is a new editor with a fancy handle - Ensign J. Dudley Moylan. The new editor hasn't stated his policy as yet, but he has promised that there will be no sweeping reforms in the paper's style. In other words, if you have some scandalous news item concerning a shipmate and it's funny, just hand it to your division GISMO representative and we'll print it...if it's funny. However, if your Aunt Fanny clipped a poem somewhere, mailed it to you and you think it's humorous...read it aloud to your shipmates. There isn't room for all of them in the ship's paper. What we want is personal items about our crew members.

The staff was shaken up this week, and new representatives appointed for the 1st, 2nd, Ordnance, and Communications divisions. Guina Conway takes over for the 1st Division, "Old Man Moaw" Reid for the 2nd, Cantrell, striker for CQI, for the C Division, and Farmer Walsh for the Gunners, Fire Controlmen and Torpedomen.

They're sailors and fighting  
men, too  
For they love the flag of  
red, white, and blue  
Now they will do their part  
And they will do it clean  
For they're the Engineers of 413.

They work and sweat  
And sweat a-plenty  
For the temperature runs  
A hundred and twenty.  
They go topside for a  
Breath of fresh air  
Someone roars "Key Snipe,  
You can't stay there".

Then comes the urge,  
The urge to fight  
And he bristles up  
With his brain and might  
Then comes a roar with the retort  
"Pipe down Snipe or I'll  
Put you on report".

Then he descends with a cuss  
word or two  
Hoping to get the deck ape below  
He would prove that it's not all  
peaches and cream  
Trying to keep the damn bilges  
clean.

But after all is said and done  
They'll be in there pitching  
Until the war is won  
They'll come through with a  
sweep that's clean -  
The Engineers of the 413.

## KNOW YOUR SHIPMATES

Even to the third generation, people who would normally be considered good Americans, but who at the same time had a grandfather who once passed through Ireland, run around in a wild way shouting about being Irish. The more evidence they can produce, the more they talk about the privilege of their blessed state and enjoy belittling less Irish Irishmen.

The GISMO has been weighing the ship's evidence. Hogan's a character in his own right and Harrington's a Boatswain's Mate, so.....Pat Moriarity blarneyed his way to the championship. Patrick Joseph Moriarity, of Chicago, was born into a distinctly Irish family. Pat has been an Irish name since the first Pat and Mike joke, and Moriarity clinches the title for the most Irish name.

We have lots of good Gaelic names aboard but none can touch the fireman first for top honors. There is the second class storekeeper Green, who is a professional Irishman, but the Christian name Joe just doesn't fit. And there is O'Hara with Thomas, and Sullivan with John, but none of them drip of the dew of the Emerald Isle as does "Patrick J. Moriarity."

Pat was born in Chicago twenty-two years ago and when he finished high school he soon got himself appointed clerk in the world's largest department store, the Marshall Fields Co. His smiling Irish eyes followed the live models from department to department and soon P. J. and Marshall-Fields parted company, and he got a job as a boilermaker helper..... where there were no live models.

His slightly flattened nose he got.... he says...playing end on the Dukas Social Athletic Club, but rumor has it that it was from a flying beer bottle. Pat also boasts of a model for holding down second sack for the Dukas S.A.C. baseball club while that club was winning runner-up honors in the Chicago-Herald American Tournament.

Moriarity signed up with the USNR on May 22, 1943 and trained at nearby Great Lakes NTS. After a few weeks the Navy sent him into action against the Japs in the Pacific when it mightily larger than the River Sharkon. Pat wears the battle stars for action at Bougainville, Reboul, New Britain and Tarawa in the Gilberts.

All the action was seen while Pat was aboard the DD 619, the destroyer HEMARDS.

In defense of his honor, Moriarity contends that Julian Hill's article about him and a pair of ladies scanties, in an earlier GISMO, is pure blarney. Still undecided on his post-war plans, Pat doesn't know whether to ramme boilermaking or to become a member of the blue-blooded Irish profession of tending the bar.

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In disgrace for the first time in his brief Navy career is Sassy, the ship's mascot. Accompanied below by the Captain himself last week, Sassy soon displayed weak knees and exhaustion from the heat in No. 1 Fireroom. Despite the fact that he is an honorary Water tender First Class, the hairy hot-dog, acting very much unlike a Snipe should act, just rolled over and howled.

Carried out of the fireroom in a dazed and boildered condition, Sassy raced away from the hatch leading below. Because of his obvious inability "to take it", the Captain immediately stripped him of the MT rate. The Snipes version of the incident is that Sassy was broken from WTL to Chief Boatswain Mate.

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Hort: Are you the same barber that cut my hair the last time?  
Barber: I don't think so - I've only been here eight months.

\*\*\*\*\*

IT'S A SMALL WORLD....3,000 miles from the hills of their native Tennessee, W. Sidney Cotan, Jr. and J. K. Weaver, the electrician second, discover that they are not only from the same town - Bristol - but had lived within one block of each other. They've been kicking the subject around quite a while now and still can't figure out if they have ever dated any of the same mountain gals. That is before they were married, of course.

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Conyar: "How's Storekeeper Masters doing this morning?"  
King: "I think he's regaining consciousness. He tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

??????? by Keyhole Hill

You stand near the ladder,  
Right under the hatch  
When along comes a gob,  
For him there's no match.  
With a bucket of ice water,  
He stands on the deck  
Waiting to pour it -  
Right down your neck.  
His name is Moriarity,  
Rather a nice little guy,  
But he can't resist temptation  
As he passes you by.

I haven't mentioned Frays as yet  
And I'm not quite sure I should,  
Well anyway I've started,  
And I think it's pretty good,  
He has one hair upon his chest  
And proud? I'll say he is -  
To think such a manly chest  
Is, his, yee his, all his.

Now Kjourney's not like Frays at all  
He's just a mass of hair,  
To see him coming down the deck,  
You'd think he was a bear,  
If Levitan could have that hair  
To make himself a wig,  
He'd have more hair upon his head  
And his face wouldn't seem so big.

Editor's Note: Look who's talkin'!

Chalser J. Cohen, Jr. the metalmith,  
and Cloy W. Washington, MEEs both know  
Jake the Barber and the 6,000 other cit-  
izens of Delta, Colorado, but they didn't  
know each other until the Navy made them  
shipmates on the QJ. Raised in the same  
town, the two have hundreds of common  
acquaintances, but they were strangers  
until Houston.

Incidentally, that last Pacific Island  
that we visited was the first spot that  
Cohen could not produce a brother.....  
for liberty purposes. He did claim that  
his aunt was a missionary there.....but  
the story didn't hold water.

"I'm fed up on that," said the baby as he  
pointed to his high chair".

"Mince" offers advice to the new fathers  
on how to bathe babies: If the baby turns  
blue, the water is too cold. If the baby  
turns red, the water is too hot. If the

baby turns white.....he needed the  
bath.

Chuck Knisley finally furnished his  
hula girl (tattoo) with a pair of lace  
panties. After wearing the made job  
half way around the globe, the 32c  
saved up a half buck and had the pink  
lace added. If the trend continues,  
he'll probably have a braiders draped  
across the upper part of her torso at  
the next liberty port. Also added to  
his tattoo collection is an elaborate  
dagger with flowers and everything....  
and it's still sore.

Goodrich, the pride (?) of the Sound  
Hut, joined the procession of those  
getting their pictures taken with a  
hula gal. The lanky and limber sound-  
man got himself properly draped around  
the black eyed woman in a hula outfit,  
she didn't back up an inch and he got  
the picture. In fact, he has three of  
them. One is earmarked for his scout  
paper, one for his scrap book, and the  
third will be mailed back for his Sun-  
day school publication.

Speaking of Sunday Schools, Cantrell's  
early training finally won out and he  
picked a - we can't tell you what in  
that last liberty port. This is a fam-  
ily newspaper, so you had better get  
the details from him...but verbally.

Hogin, the 321c (striker) has a sys-  
tem for beating the weekly Captain's  
personal inspections. He spends two  
days putting a brilliant shine on his  
shoes, and the Captain is supposed to  
be so blinded by the glare that he can't  
see the rest of Edmond's outfit. It  
didn't work last time out, and the vet-  
eran of a dozen South Pacific battles  
drew a warning....for wearing "non-  
regulation ears".

Somebody was telling us about the 1964  
office boy who got the afternoon off  
because his grandmother was playing  
right field.

Says one Boilermaker First Class: "I  
haven't talked to my wife in two weeks.  
I hate to interrupt her".