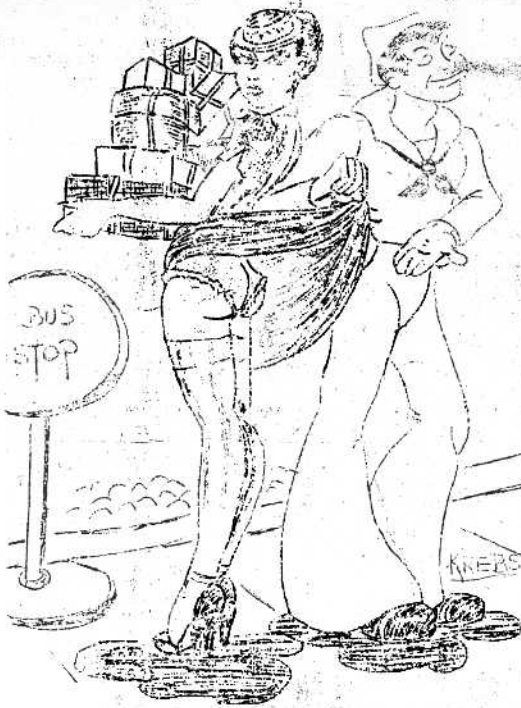


WORLD



9 1/2 IN. TWINING
 CHURCHILL
 PLANT
 CATHARTIC

KNEERS

The GISMO Staff

Shaugh J. D. Koylan	Editor
C. H. Cronin, Y2c	Make-up
W. S. Ooten, Y3c	Mimeograph
J. L. Conway, Cox	1st Division
J. M. Reid, 32c	2nd Division
K. W. Felt, SoMjc	W Division
F. Cantrell, QMc	C Division
R. L. Walsh, FC3c	O Division
J. P. Green, SK2c	S Division
J. H. Gray, H2c	Electricians
G. P. Mlickas, M22c	Engineers
J. L. Hill, Flc	Fireman
C. P. Raymar, H22c	Art

routine in accordance with routine in Port.

And the hard to impress Hogan caustically observed "Spencer Tracy has a pot gut, bald head, and skinny legs. He don't look like no kisser to me."

* * * * *

The Fantail Fellowship
by T. T. Hodges

As darkness slowly settled
At the close of a long long day
Came a group of weary sailors
For their one fleet chance at play.

They sat upon the fantail
Of this small craft of ours.
They joked and talked of this and
That To while away the hours.

They talked of home and sweethearts
And all that they hold dear
Still their thoughts as ever settled
On good old Lager Beer.

So the Fantail Fellowship was formed
By these few men on hand
Who knows it may someday be
The Largest in our land.

Cummings is the President
Sullivan is the Vice
They'll probably elect a couple more
To make it sound real nice.

The need for Pryor, Financial Sec.
Can plainly be seen
Then there's the job of Recording
Sec. for Joseph "Lifebelt" Green.

For the job of bartender
Who would fill the bill?
After thinking it over they decided
On our own Julian Hill.

To Bishop they gave the job
Of Chief Taster of brews
While Bishop tests the beer
The rest will have the blues.

Sokol, Brady and O'Connor
Three very husky species
They will act as bouncers
To remove men with D.T.'s.

Cont'd. on page 4

The Cover

Proving again that truth is stranger than fiction is the story behind this week's sensational cover by Chuck Raymar who never did the art work for "College Humor"...but he should have.

Our Radioman second conceived the idea for the frontispiece, drew in the goggle-eyed sailors who were likely to be involved in such a scene, and then discovered that he was two weeks behind the times. It had happened.

His only mistake was that he had mixed up some of the CHARACTERS.

Credit for the true confession goes to Red Harrington, the bearded and tattooed boatswain. Red tells that it ACTUALLY happened in the railway station in our latest ("last" sounds too final) liberty port. And Chambliss, our ranking Signaller, not Krebe, was the hero in the incident.

Other witnesses were "Duke" Gallorini, "Heavin' Line" Eskins, and Harrington confesses that he too was a reluctant on-looker. If Mrs. Al Abramson still reads the GISMO, she'll be glad to know that her husband was aboard ship that day.

Society Note

Mr. Frank Zaleski, Mr. Edmund Hogan, and Mr. Milan Pierson spent a pleasant half-hour on one of the world's finest beaches last Thursday afternoon chatting with Mr. Spencer Tracy of Hollywood.

After the 113's trio had burned cigarettes from Mr. Big of the Cinema World, they returned to the USS Samuel B. Roberts

The Navy supplied an orchestra and sold beer at two for 25¢. And then Smilin' Bob Sassard and Roy Lynn broke into a waltz. Lynn the selected "Greek" Khoury as his partner for his all-out version of the jitterbug as it is done in the Pacific. The Shore Patrol broke that one up. They claimed the boys were dancing too close together. Times are tough, lads.



Around the same beer coolers, Frunk Robinson, of the Radar unit, loads Cantrell, Serafini and Gene Wallace in Le Donna e Mobile. Serafini, the old Spanish and Italian interpreter, told us that the title translation is "The Fickle Woman". And the boys asked "What is woman?"

Dudley O'Connor, WT2c, and John Moran, HM1c, the pride of Jeanette, Pa., in a \$5 bet on who will allow his full beard to grow the longest...and both thereby getting uglier and more ferocious looking day by day. And Red Harrington and Chuck Raymur wagering the same amount on their own beards. Look fellas, we saw a seilor downtown wearing a gold ring in his ear.

HOT TIPS: Someone woke up Bob Olson, the Wooster Boilermaker, and told him they had just received some especially hot information. The story ran that this DE was going to be converted into a landing craft. Sounds more grotesque than the scuttlebutt that headed back to the State.

Jim Roberson of the "O" Division is the only man we know of who would turn down a 48 hour liberty to watch a gun being torn down. And he did.

Oscar King, diving head first through a hatch and suffering the humiliation of being patched up by his assistant, Gonyes, the Pharmacist third. King's pre-Navy days were divided between filling prescriptions and writing receipts for Mint Juleps for his Savannah friends.

MEANEST MAN: With one pillow already worn out on this cruise, Wetherald HM1c, purchased a new one only to have it swiped before he had it properly broken in. His "friends" claim that is favorite song is "Sleepy Lagoon".

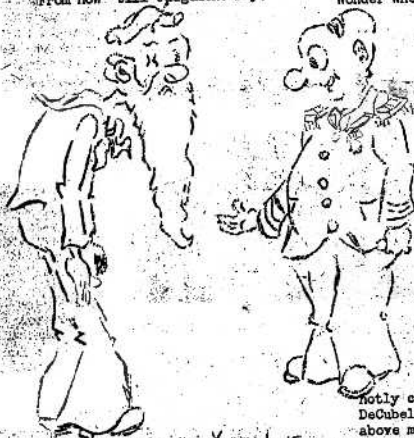
Fred Strehle still howling from the biggest joke of his Navy Career...and he is a career man. Seems that a fellow cook from a neighboring DE wanted to borrow 100 pounds of onions and it was 3 A.M. Strehle told him that he would make the loan if he would get his Executive Officer to sign a chit. The Exec. (on the neighboring DE) was awakened and there weren't any court martials...but Fred bets that the SC got at least a Deck Court.

Hood: "Captain, how often does a little ship like this sink?"
Captain: "Usually just once."

The Fantail Fellowship (Cont'd. from page 2)

They have fine Board Members
Zunac, Kensler, Braun, Lenoir
With an Executive Board like this
What club could ask for more?

Now if they ask for members
I'm sure they'll get a play
For all men will like their beer
From now 'till Judgment Day.



REID

YOU WANT
A
DISCHARGE?

The most popular soaps used (at present time) aboard the 413 are Camay and Ivory. This doesn't constitute an endorsement by the Navy. It's only the observation of the writer... incidentally, Camay is "The Soap of Beautiful Women" and Ivory is highly recommended for babies and is a great help in keeping that "Schoolgirl Complexion". (Sailors' note).

EDITOR'S NOTE: We'll let the commercial advertising go at half rate this time but want to warn the columnist that in the future references to Proctor and Gamble products are out. Reid tells us that in

his pre-Navy days, he was manager for P&G in the whole state of Georgia. The cartoon, by E. Lieder, RM3c, is the artist's conception of what Reid will look like as the Navy hands him his discharge so that he can resume his one-man campaign of cleaning up his native state.

Fantail Gossip by j. m. reid

Wonder when "Blow-Joe" Hawkins will pass out the cigars? He has a new son back home at Travelers Rest, S.C.... Anyone having two sound teeth for sale, please contact Dent, S1c.... Suggestion: The Roberts should organize a three-man Commando Outfit, consisting of "Slugger" Goheen, "Jujitsu" Wallace, and "Eye Specialist" Leader. Considering past performances, they should be hell on Japs too.... Scott, S2c, Captain of the Head, was one of the men from 413 who went on the Recuperation Party. He spent three days there and when coming back to the ship had to report to the Sick Bay. One more day at the recuperation hotel would have put him in the hospital.

The Rummy championship is hotly contested by Goggins, Fields, DeCubellis, and Taylor. If any of the above mentioned touches you for a loan you'll know he has been eliminated from the running... Get "Heaven-Line" Eskins to give you a demonstration of the flexibility of the human chest.... Yusen, S2c, who is a product of New York City, still leads with total pounds of fan mail. Hollywood could be his address after the war.

Wonder if the exhibition of "boxing" during "Fun on the Fantail" a few weeks back by Lt. "Slugger" Burton and "Doc" Ervin could have influenced Lt. Ervin to change ships?

"Mimco" overheard Jakobosky say "I didn't know what happiness was until I got married. Then it was too late".

Walsh's Wit

by R. L. Walsh

KNOW YOUR SHIPMATES

Well, another boy has had the skids pulled out from under him by a supposedly faithful girl friend back home. This lad is none other than Pete Cooley of the "Cooley-eye" fame. It seems that the Com-
mander of Cooley's little prize was an Army Air Cadet.

Moans Cooley "I had a lot of money sunk in her, too!"

Don't worry, Pete; I had the same trouble in Houston, Texas back in 1944.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: Paul Carr getting up for the Mid-Night...he looks like a hoet-owl when a flashlight is shined in his eyes.

We wonder who has the biggest collection of Pin-up girls, Krebs or Mr. Ulrich? Incidentally, Lt. Ulrich fondles those pictures and sketches like a miser does his gold.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We caught Lt. Ulrich with a book entitled "Modern Love Letters" in his pocket. He claimed it was the property of Lt. (jg) Burton, but we are suspicious.

Boyle Tase, S2c, minding his own business and properly tending his lookout position, when a seagull cut loose. Without the aid of rangefinders or sight set-
ters, the gull hit the target. And Tase is having a hell of a time getting it washed off that white hat in time for inspection.

An old Houston story but not a gag is the one about Chalkley, the samoth Flo. We're told that he approached a kinky-haired and ebony hued shine boy on the street of one of the 413's favorite liberty towns. Chalkley asked the shine boy if he would "scale up his size 12 D's" for a dime. The boy looked at the boots and then way up at the fireman and said "Man, anyone that would shine those shoes for a dime would paint a battleship for a quarter."

While Mason was inspecting the hedge-hogs one day he saw Hogan playing Cribbage with Samsy, the Mancot. Highly impressed, Mason remarked that he thought the dog was extremely clever.

"Aw he ain't so smart," Hogan drawled. "I just beat him two games".

R. Howard Cayo, Salm2c and ranking Petty officer in the "B" Division wasn't always a "Ping Jockey". In the pre-Pearl Harbor days the seaman with the rippling muscles was a professional acrobat; and art class model.

Now 24 years old, Cayo got his start in life on Water street in the lumber town of Two Rivers, Wisconsin. Born of French-Canadian parents, Cayo says they never told him so, but he suspects that there must be a little Indian in the family somewhere. He At-
tended parochial and public schools in Two Rivers and graduated from the elementary schools at Kenosha, Wisc.

The future soundman signed up in the Citizens Military Training Corp, while still in school and later spent a month drilling with the infantry at Ft. Sheridan near the Great Lakes NIS. There he was selected as the best "basic" in his company. He modestly admits that he probably would have been chosen as the best "basic" in national competition if he hadn't been swimming while the contest was being conducted.

Cayo dropped out of high school in his junior year to enroll in the CCC's and in that outfit he spent six months helping with the soil conservation program in and around Bloomington, Ill. He returned to captain the tumbling team and also graduate from the Kenosha high school. His professional career began when he, his future brother in Law and a third school mate formed the "Aristocrats of Balance", an acrobatic trio. The team took jobs in amateur shows, conventions and clubs before they decided to head for the big time. He confesses that at that time they had no balance, so they must have been Aristocrats.

They sharpened up the act, changed the name to the "Sandow Trio" and hunted the Chicago booking offices. Their first big-time job was at the State Lake Theatre in Chicago and Cayo still dreams of the billing... "The Sandow Trio - A Pattern in Muscular Rhythm."

Snow business must have been blind in 1940! Bookers did not fight to sign them up and the Sandow Trio, in a battered 1929 Ford headed for Florida.

(Cont'd on page 6)

KNOW YOUR SHIPMATES
(Cont'd from page 5)

mechanical engineer with the Sparks-
Withington Co. ...claims he has best

Just then the phone rang.
It was George Gray, her boy friend.
He said "Hi ya, Babe, the ship just
got in - I'll be right over."

We hear that a hunting license is
just like a marriage license. It en-
titles you to one deer and no more!
