

reminiscing

with the

"informal log"



"poison pen" writes again • by buddy costa

Looking through some old copies of the "Weekly Log" and naturally lingering to drool venomous saliva over my brain child, the "Informal Log", gave me the idea to pick out some of the more famous items that won me the appropriate handle of "Poison Pen" and retell them for this souvenir book of the Island. Well, hold onto your hats and we'll start stepping on some guy's toes right away. Ready? One, two . . . thr . . .

"Rab" Jacobson was always receiving packages of "unsuitable items" from some unknown admirer including table linen and glassware. That's when he thought some gal was throwing matrimonial hints his way. . . . When they conducted the "Ugliest Man on the Island" contest it was a close tie between Doome and Boone. Boone then immediately vowed that he would cease taking ugly pills and stick to his new found beauty formula and become the loveliest creature around these parts. The last we heard, he was still ugly! . . . The height of distrust was when Oscar Forand went so far as to stencil his shoes!

It was proven that "Bosun Mates are human" when BM2c Barlow passed out after receiving a shot in Sick Bay. . . . I can't forget when Julian Michaelson "borrowed" his girl friend's father's car so he could take her for a ride in the country. The payoff was that he upped and married the girl and didn't get back for days while Poppa worried and the cops in 48 states and Alaska were on the look-out for the "abductor" . . .

Those were the days when Frank Sargent and Baetich were bitter rivals in the song writing field. Both had written rousing patriotic tunes which (they thought) was sure to be the "Over There" of World War II. Baetich would amaze the galley gang by singing a complete orchestration of his song, "The Coast Guard Cry", even down to the flute passages, while Sargent would get a chorus of 50 Islanders to sing "We're Gonna Win" on the Perry. There was always a rush on aspirin at Sick Bay. . . .

They were always measuring things on the Island: Godier eliminated himself from the Rock's "biggest nose"

contest when he made a perfect swan dive from a top bunk in Room 10 right on his kisser. That little incident left Ralph Sandoz as the undisputed schnozzola king. (The contest was later resumed when two new candidates, Bellafiore and Alexander, insisted that they could give Sandoz's nose a "run" for his money. . . .)

Soft-spoken "Red" Hoffman was our favorite drill master. One day "Red's" melodic voice barked: "Cover off!"—and one of the boots took off his hat. The

