



BOILER TENDERS

From the deep, dark, bowels of the ship, comes the roar of the wild animals, known to the crew as the "dirty eleven".

CHMACH Kenneth Clark is the honcho of our herd. Mr. Clark is an ex-enginemem but then everyone has his faults. During the night the familiar sound of beep, beep, beep can be heard throughout the ship; the roadrunner is on his way.

Chief Leonard Bobrowski otherwise known as the handle of the D.A. pump tends to be expired leader of us all. His encyclopedia of unusable facts has helped all of us to realize that we are better off dumb.

Our mighty Second Class John Kilgore is the worker of the lot. There has never been a guy who worked so hard to get out of work. The inspiring words of "Thunderbolt" convince us that we want to lisp too.

"Baby Face" Harry Leiby is known to the girls of the Orient as the "Eagle". His outstanding work on the fuel oil pump regulators will never be forgotten by Mr. Clark.

Pa Pa John Ristau is the old man of the group. He had over two and half years of continous work in the "Animal Locker", poor devil. His reward will come soon however, when after a long search he finally picks his Phillippine Daisy.

Ken Prince, the only married man of the group, is the strong man of the fireroom. Given, one wrench to work with, he usually returns it in two pieces.

Thornton Batty, the man of a thousand names depending on the port, is the only person who continuously comes back to the ship and can't account for all his money. His name will become a legend in the East, among the people who made a living from his generosity.

Dennis Snyder, the last but not least of our petty officers, remains a puzzle. "Why does he carry a big bag of lollipops whenever he hits the beach. ?? ?"

Jim Knoer otherwise known as "Baby Boiler"



L. J. Bobrowski



H. Leiby



T. E. Batty



E. M. Brennan



J. F. Gildersleeve



J. P. Kilgore



J. P. Knoer



K. A. Prince



J. E. Ristad



D. M. Snyder



R. Wilson



J. R. Wirta

has finally made FN. He has but one thought on his mind. . . . WHY ME? ? ?

John Wirta alias "Gentlemen John" is a true believer in working from the bottom up.

Richard Wilson or "Willy" one of Long Island finest, and one of Olongapo's liveliest, is another member of our pack.

Jim "Gildy" Gildersleeve helps to keep morale up with his psychedelic drawings hung in strategic places in the fireroom.

Ed Brennan, last and "Babysan" of our group, is the terror of the crowd and rapidly becoming a veteran of the ways of the sailor.