

# The Cloubuster and Covey Find Plenty of Fun at the Enlisted Men's Party



## ... Cruising With Covey ...

By DAVID Y. COVERSTON, Y1c, USNR

In keeping with a tradition established soon after this Station was commissioned, the Welfare Department gave another crew party last Saturday, and in keeping with that tradition, it was a huge success.

Bluejackets began to arrive a few minutes before scheduled starting time, 1900, at the field house on the eastern fringe of Fetzter Field, and from all indications they were hungry. They had failed to eat before coming because fried chicken was to be served, and none wanted to fail in doing it justice.

Shortly after the multitude had assembled, in came the chicken and plenty of it. A huge cauldron, probably used at one time as an indoor swimming pool judging from the size of it, was filled to the brim with the deliciously browned bits of fowl, and this was augmented by a stack of slaw and potato salad that must have taxed a Victory Garden to supply.



While the hungry people dug into the food with gusto, Diegelman, PhoM1c, made the rounds, snapping pictures, and commenting on the enormous appetites he witnessed. After satiating appetites, we quenched our thirst time and again with some of the most soothing amber fluid that has ever slipped over a tonsil, and gathered around the piano to hear CPhM Dain give out with some boogie woogie, ably assisted by Ross, Y1c, on the bass fiddle and some unidentified Corpsman on the drums.

By the time our extemporaneous entertainers had become exhausted, the swing section of the Cloubuster band appeared for their initial appearance at the crew shindig, Chapel Hill variety. Proving to be capable successors to their predecessors, they played sweet and hot, getting round after round of applause.

As the chicken settled down, calls for liquids became greater and the tempo of the fete gained momentum. Selfon, Y1c, gave a jitterbug exhibition, Sgt. Cruz did the rhumba, Moore, Y1c, gave out with a waltz, while Vernadakis, RM1c, shagged along. Scott, SK2c and Bond, SK2c gave their versions of a combination of all four, and everyone was happy.

Byers, CY, glided along nonchalantly, threatening mayhem to anyone who trod upon his ailing toe. Gass, Y1c, refused to imbibe, saying that Sunday was a tough day in itself. Dunnigan, SK2c, made up for it, however, and beamed like an Autumn moon. Fryer, SK1c, browsed around, enjoying it as far as his ulcers permitted.

A 2nd Lieut, a Corporal, and a civilian managed to get in, from whence no one knew. HOW???

At 2400 the band played the National Anthem, and a very tired and very happy group of people departed with sore feet, full stomachs, and laughter.

Lt. (jg) Leonard Eisener, Welfare Officer and instigator of the get-together, received a big vote of thanks for his efforts, with an equal amount of bravos going to Yarbrough, EM2c, and Bracken, Y1c, his able assistants. Mr. Graham and his crew also came in for bouquets for the superb way they handled the serving and refreshment end of the party.

In an effort to determine exactly the feelings of those attending, a pool was taken and their unanimous opinion was: "It was swellelegant and a future engagement is highly desired, BUT SOON."