

Houston Baseball Results

The Houston baseball team defeated Vaughan to the tune of 2 to 1. Moore pitched a very steady game with errorless support. The team reminded one of the team the old-timers say we had in China. Consecutive doubles by Smith, Adams, and Rebert proved to be the winning margin.

The team was not so fortunate in the next game. The Kuette All-Stars won by a twelve to six score. The Ramblers team work fell apart after losing Matthews, in the first inning, when he pulled a muscle in his side, and Maze, with his bad arm. Felix and Byrd were the unlucky victims of the shaky support.

With but one day lay-off, the Houston came back to defeat a previously undefeated Utah team by the score of thirteen to four, with Rudly, our new "Dizzy Dean", holding the opposition hitless until the seventh inning. With good support and a lot of power at the bat, the team regained its winning ways. The team shelled four pitchers from the mound. Pacing the attack was "Pooch" Chmura, who belted a triple, three singles, and a free pass with six trips to the plate. The Houston made 15 hits; the Utah made 5.

What Are The Following?

(Answers on page 2.)

- Taffail
- Thole pin
- Thrummed
- Tompion
- Waltham ring

Jitterbug Contest

For some undefined reason, the mighty ship Houston was very badly represented in the jitterbug contest.

Speaking for the rest of the crew that are not jitterbug artists, what was wrong with Rube Smith, 2nd Div. and Espe, our galloping fireman? Everyone knows that they are past masters at the art of jitterbugging.

The contest was won by a fireman from the Utah, W. D. Rainbolt, and a dazzling little blond, Ginger Rhines. Runner-up position went to a seaman from the Salt Lake City, Ben Oaks, and his partner, Jean Amor.

The contest was very ably judged by Mrs. J. H. Smith, Schnozz Hattemer, and Shaw, CMM.

An Open Challenge

An open challenge to one and all is hereby declared.

A bunch of lads who call themselves "The Five Rubes", have gotten together a basketball team that will accept any challenge from any division or any picked team.

Monday evening, they defeated the 4th Division team, 68 to 54, and the "F" Division, 124 to 30. Tuesday, they defeated the 3rd Division by a score of 106 to 58.

All those desiring a lesson in the art of basketball trickery, submit your challenge to Simmons, Exec. Off. yeoman, and the five rubes will gladly oblige.

Thanking you, I remain,

A Rube

The Garand Rifle

In 1902 the Chief of Ordnance asked for suggestions for a musket with application of the automatic principle. The Springfield rifle of 1903 has remained in all its glory until the United States rifle caliber .30,M1 was officially accepted. It is the new Garand rifle. This new rifle was selected during the 36 years from over some 25 different rifles submitted.

John C. Garand, Ordnance Engineer of the Springfield Armory, developed the new rifle. It is gas-operated, clip-fed, self-loading, and air-cooled. The loading is much the same as with the old Springfield. A clip of eight cartridges, the old type no change in ammunition, is pushed into the magazine as of old. After the last shot is fired and the last cartridge ejected, the clip is thrown out automatically and the gun ready for the next clip. In the old rifle, the clip was ejected with the closing of the bolt.

Despite the fact that the rifle is semi-automatic requiring only the loading of the chamber and the pulling of the trigger for each shot, it consists of 20 less parts than the Springfield, having only 72 parts, all easily assembled. The sights, too, are an improvement, being much the same as some of the more recent .22 rifles, giving a click for each 25 yards up to the limit of 1,300 yards. The windage arrangement works on the same principle. Both windage and range values are engraved on the sight. The sight, too, is more accurate than the old rifle, with a longer sight radius, 27.48 inches.

(Continued on Page 2.)

—: THE BLUE BONNET :—

A weekly publication of the ship's company of the U.S.S.: Houston, Captain F. Cogswell, USN, Commanding and Commander C. A. Bailey, U.S.N., Executive Officer.

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Traditions—Old Yet New

Today, we have among our military courtesies, the familiar right-hand salute. Many years ago—aye, centuries ago—in ships of war and merchantmen, in days of Greece and Rome, there were, on the after poop of the galleys and like vessels, altars to the pagan gods, and as a mark of respect and fear; and from superstition, those persons going out of, or coming onto, the ship, raised their hats as they came on deck. It is generally believed that the salute to the quarterdeck was derived from this early custom, and later, as religion changed, was a mark of respect to the shrine and crucifix in the early Christian era. Eventually, the "king's colors" became the symbol of state and religious reverence, and finally only the colors remained.

The quarterdeck has been a dignified and sacred area from earliest days. Captain Basil Hall, R.N., wrote in 1831 of his days as a midshipman in the British Navy; quote:

"Every person, not excepting the captain, when he puts his foot on this sacred spot, touches his hat; and as this salutation is supposed to be paid to the privileged region itself, all those who at the moment have the honor to be upon it, are bound to acknowledge the compliment. Thus even when a midshipman comes up and takes off his hat, all officers on deck, (admirals included, if they happen to be of the number) return the salute.

So completely does this form grow into a habit, that in the darkest night, and when there may be no one near the hatchway, it is invariably attended to with the same precision." Unquote.

There you have it. Handed down

The Storm

Across a leaden and mottled sky,
Portent warning to a weathered
eye,
An albatross flew on beating wing—
A lonely, living, pulsing thing.
And o'er the sea, that glassy tomb,
An arrow sped—like the crack of
Doom.

A shaft that pierced a snowy breast
And brought an albatross to rest.
A ghastly horror filled the ship,
An ashen hue on every lip.

The Native Helmsman broke the
calm,

"The albatross no man shall harm,
For he who kills shall come to grief,
Upon some vicious, hidden reef—
A sudden leak, a splintered mast;
You'll see, you fool, fore this day
has passed."

As if in answer to his cry,
An inky blackness filled the sky—
And from the over-hanging clouds
A wind whispered in the flapping
shrouds.

While beneath, the crew in frantic
haste

Made ready to meet a maddened
Waste.

O Neptune, whose mercy we have
sought,

Pray leash the wrath that fool hath
wrought.

Unanswered went his frightened plea,
Perhaps unheard in a lashing sea.

For swooping down in a vengeful
blast

Whipped a gale that stripped from
every mast

The belying sails, that fell in shreds
Upon a score of quaking heads.

Now, far beneath, a king unheard,
Stroked a stricken, broken bird,
And cried in angry voice so strident,
"By the hand that holds this
Trident,

They'll pay, each and every one
For the needless damage they have
done."

through the years of time, and today we do the same, in a slightly abbreviated manner. It is a short, dignified, personal recognition of the colors, the symbol of the state, the seat of authority, given as we come aboard, or leave the ship, night or day.

W. J. Bannen, Bkr3c

Answers to Questions on Page 1.

The taffrail is a rail around the stern of a vessel.

Thole pins are pins stuck in the gunwhale of a boat to which an oar is secured.

A mat is thrummed when bits of rope yarn have been sewn all over it's surface. A collision mat is thrummed on the inner side.

A tompion is the wooden plug put into the muzzle of a gun when it is secured.

A waltham ring is the ring in the eye of a towing cable. It is grooved on the outside to fit well into the eye and is bored through with a hole which affords a good fit for a shack's pin.

The Garand Rifle

(Continued from Page 1.)

The introduction of this new rifle will not change the strategic or tactical doctrine of the Army. The rifle weighs but 5 ounces more than the former rifle, hence, it is no harder to carry. It is definitely superior and in tests with both expert and untrained riflemen has been proved to be as effective as 3 bolt-action rifles. The average rate of fire is about 25 to 30 aimed shots per minute. However, the record to date with the rifle is 100 aimed shots per minute at 200 yards, and never hitting outside the four-ring of a standard.

A censor is a lovely man.

I know you think so too.

He sees three meanings to a joke,
When there are only two.

True to his word, the seas o'er head
Boiled up from their briny bed—
And showed their teeth in the waves
that lashed

With unrelenting fury, that finally
smashed

The crippled ship. And to a watery
grave she sped,

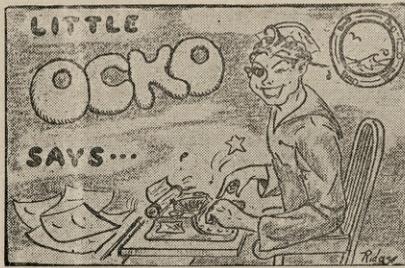
To rest beside an albatross, dead.

The fire died in Neptune's eye,
And over head the leaden sky
Vanished before the coming sun.

Neptune smiled, his work was done.

G. L. Bailey, Sea 2c

—The Newport Recruit



Here we sit, as an old naval saying has it—high and dry. Sliding in at late evening, just as colors was sound, the ship was docked, cleaned, and scraped, well before midnight—a typical Houston evolution. Soup, hot on two considerations, was served with coffee and sandwiches. Another “all hands and the ship’s cook” job. Even the messcooks were standing watches and helping put up the chow. Now we’re minus screws, rudder, and heaven knows what else. By the time this is printed, we’ll probably be going once more—who knows?

Take a sailor ashore in a park, and the saying is he’ll take his best girl for a ride in a rowboat. The case in mind wasn’t exactly like that, but Cuglietti Junior, gun striker, was seen by Ocko taking target practice on small bore rifle ashore last week, assisted by a redhead with glasses. Good shooting, boy!!

The “F” Division’s master mess-cook, the great Culpepper, was seen ashore one evening past week bicycling up the Main Drag. Great pastime—if you like it. He spent a total of thirty-five cents.

Had a nice free-lance editorial dropped in the BB Contribution Box. Ocko did not recognize the style of the writer, but was mighty glad to get it. Thanks, pal! I’ll do as much for you some day.

The girls at Ritz Cocktail Lounge are somewhat offended because Chief Yeoman MacCumber shaved off his mustache. Just why? And also why the razor act, Mac?

Chief Bos’n’s Mate Proimos was reported as having policed the dock the night we entered with a ball bat and fishing tackle. The idea was if he failed to hook one before the dock got dry, he could knock one in the head with a Babe Ruth swing.

Rumor is out that CBM Lewis

may go to duty on the U.S.S. New Orleans. In that case, we wish “Spike” a lot of good luck and happy cruising.

Is Everybody Happy?

- Movies on the Houston -

After listening to “It Makes no difference now” and other familiar records, everyone leans back comfortably in their chairs anticipating a good movie. The bugler sounds his horn to the tune which sounds like “Pay Call” and “As Skirmishes” crossed with “The Beer Barrel Polka”. (Must have had a bad night)???

The quartermaster extinguishes all lights on the quarterdeck as the MAA flashes his light for fully five minutes before the movie operator gets the signal to commence.

The movie soon starts, starring “Popeye”; everyone is happy. Half-way through the comedy, O.O.D. spies motor boat coming alongside and has quartermaster hail the boat several times (very loud, distracting everyone’s attention from movies), before getting any reply. O.O.D. then scrambles over several of the steady movie-goers before reaching the switch-box. More confusion and distraction. After trying one switch, O.O.D. finds after end of quarterdeck illuminated, but does not give up hope. Quartermaster, seeing critical condition of affairs, comes to the rescue, and turns on more switches. Quarterdeck well illuminated by now, and familiar grumbles can be heard all around; more distraction.

After party from motor boat arrive on quarterdeck (obstructing view from those sitting in back), fully five minutes have passed before the O.O.D. finds right switches and the quarterdeck is once more darkened (at the conclusion of the “Popeye” comedy).

More grumbles are heard, but many sighs are heard after the main attraction comes on. (A 4.0 picture). Just as everything comes to a thrilling part in the picture, the movie machine breaks down. Electrician pushes his way through twenty men on his way up to the movie shack. More distraction, more grumbles, but there will be another good picture tomorrow—we hope.

Ocko’s Wayside Observations

Ocko observed with genuine pleasure, (after seeing a number of the callous actions of some of our people) the tender and gracious manner in which Kjolhede, Bmkr 1c, escorted his mother about the ship this past Sunday.

Brown, quartermaster, arrived on the ship at 10:15 after being on leave. An hour and a half later, he was standing a watch. That’s tough.

McCall, Matt 3c, says that he has found a Jap who controls his very heartbeat. Seems as if Mac expects to play leading role to a funeral if she throws him down. And what will you do when we put to sea?

A Chief Watertender was apparently striking for metalsmith last Sunday. His name is Anderson; whatever he was doing is still a mystery to everyone who heard the bang-bong-bang coming from the Boat Shop all afternoon.

Do you know who the latest dad is on the Houston? He’s our popular blues singer—Ray Kelly—who received the news past week: “It’s a boy, seven pounds, nine ounces. Mother and baby doing well.” Nice going, kid—we could say more, but won’t.

I wonder what the cause is which makes Tom Mallette and Blackie Strickland buy ten round-trip tickets on the Seattle ferry? And why all the excitement about the accommodations at the Fairview Hotel? A good sailor usually is a good sucker.

Transfer of Burch, old-time pelican of the fo’c’s’le gang, to Supply Department was a good excuse for an all hands celebration among the storekeepers. Any excuse is better than none, so some say. Don’t know, myself.

Lewdanski, our heavyweight boxer, will be more careful how he protects the uniform we wear from now on. Some civilian, in a Seattle tavern, made an unprintable remark about sailors. Taking a swing at our Polack was a huge mistake—Ski hit him, looked around for more, and turned back to hit him again, but the fellow wasn’t there. Lewdanski hit a bulkhead and looked down to where his adversary was quietly sleeping on deck. Nice going, Polack!!

Hey, you guys—how about that
(Continued on Page 4.)

The Houston Eats—

Beans, Navy Beans, the Houston eats 700 lbs. of Navy beans monthly. Even if one was to include Lima and Kidney beans, which are 300 and 150 lbs. monthly respectively, it would amount to only 1,150 lbs. monthly. Really, the main food of the Houston is potatoes. They, by far, take the lead, with 21,000 lbs. of Irish potatoes monthly, and 1,071 lbs. of sweet potatoes to go with the Irish. This is a total of 22,071 lbs., 11 tons of potatoes. "All I eat on board is beans and potatoes", we tell the civilians. Don't forget 1,600 lbs. of carrots, 3,185 lbs. of cabbage, 9,200 lbs. canned vegetables, and 8,285 lbs. of fresh vegetables are consumed aboard the Houston in one month.

Not to forget the meats that are eaten, it should be added that the poultry farm does a thriving business just for the Houston's 1,600 lbs. of chicken, 900 lbs. of turkey and then there must be enough chickens left over to lay the 1,900 dozen eggs. That means each man eats 41 and a fraction eggs monthly. It is lucky we don't eat them all at one time. Beef is really the main meat aboard the ship, with 7,450 lbs. gulped, munched, and chewed by the ship's crew monthly. You eat other meat beside chicken, turkey, and beef. There are 2,400 lbs. of sausage and a half-ton of bacon consumed monthly.

The Houston eats bread, cakes, and pies occasionally, as well as the rest of the food stuffs. Last month, 10,000 lbs. of flour, 245 lbs. of yeast, 15 lbs. of baking soda, and 75 lbs. of baking powder went into the making of 3,600 loaves of bread, 1,920 pies, and 240 cakes. What is left over is used in the making of cookies, biscuits, buns, etc. Nineteen hundred lbs. of butter was used to butter everything before it went down your throats.

An astonishing amount of coffee is drunk. At the rate of 120 gallons a day, it amounts to 3,600 gals. of coffee monthly. Oh! Those sleepless nights! After taking 500 lbs. of sugar a month, how could we help but be sweetness personified?

new destination. A job requiring a coldblooded man without mercy or compassion. That's DeShields for you.

DeShields, the Merciless

All are familiar with the working of the Blue Bonnet or any ship's paper. First is the Editor, he really does very little. He sees the assistant editor, Ensign Leedy, and the associate editor, Bannen, Bkr3c, and tells them what he wants done. They do the work. The editor is just a figure-head.

In order that the paper will get off the ship so other ships will send copies of their papers for the editor to clip and say, "Put this in the next issue", there must be circulation. Pipp is the circulation manager. He writes addresses on all the envelopes that go out to the various ships. This is more than quite a job. There are some 400 addresses on the mailing list.

Pipp has an assistant who bears most of the burden for Pipp, just as the editor has Ensign Leedy as assistant and Bannen as associate. DeShields is the official folder of Blue Bonnets. The printer, who does all the printing, brings the Blue Bonnets to Pipp. He turns them over to DeShields. DeShields receives them flat just as they came off the press. His work requires much dexterity. Laying a pile of Blue Bonnets with pages 2 & 3 up with page two away from, he grabs the top edge of page three between the thumb and index finger of his right hand and the bottom edge between the thumb and index finger of his left hand. Grasping this helpless Blue Bonnet in this grip, he folds it so that pages one and four are back to back. This is not all, for the Blue Bonnet must be put in an envelope. In similar manner, he grabs the bottom of the Blue Bonnet and folds it in exactly three equal portions. (I have never known him to miss the division. It is always just exactly three parts.) Crushing the Blue Bonnet cruelly into one sixth its former area by breaking and creasing it three times, he thrusts it into an envelope, an ignominious end, diminished in size and sentenced to imprisonment for sometimes as long as a month. Once having gotten it in confinement, he picks up the envelope and Blue Bonnet together, the Blue Bonnet inside the envelope, protrudes a long, wet tongue, seals the envelope so that there will be no possible escape during the transit to the



The first official deep-sea diving records were established by men in the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Navy.

The Grand Coulee Dam will be as high as the Washington Monument, will have two and a half times as much concrete as the Boulder Dam, and be the biggest thing built by man to date.

The French "Surcouf", though not very modern, 1934, is the largest submarine in the world. Three hundred feet long, displacing 2,880 tons on the surface, and 4,300 tons submerged, she carries 150 men. She has a speed of 19 knots on the surface, 10 knots submerged, and a cruising radius of 12,000 miles at 10 knots. Her armament consists of two 8" guns, two 37MM A.A., 4 machine guns, ten 21.7-inch torpedo tubes, and one small seaplane in a hanger. She was constructed to stand a depth of 420 feet.

Walter Winchell, well known columnist, enlisted in the navy in 1917, was assigned to the U.S.S. ISIS, served on board that vessel until the secession of hostilities. He is now a Lieutenant in the Naval Reserve.

(Continued from Page 2.)

Contribution Box? Give a guy a hand, will you? Ocko has work to do too! Guess I'll get at it—see you next time if I don't see you before.

P.S. Some say Ocko doesn't get the dope. It's true we miss some, but here is a bit of news a boy thought he'd get away with. Hirschell Cheek, our No. 2 barber, and Miss Inez Bell, of Mineral Springs, Ark., were married on June 16, 1939. This makes Cheek a brother-in-law to dark, handsome, Machinist Mate Shanks of our "M" Division. That boy has taken a lot of our money in the barber shop—he owes us cigars—get him!!!!