



VESTAL WINS CRUISER IRON MAN

The completion of the sailing races on 13 April, concluded the athletic competition in the Heavy Cruiser Athletic for the Year 1936—1937.

The Vestal by a merit of .500, won the General Excellence Trophy (Iron Man). In addition, the Vestal won the Heavy Cruiser Athletic Baseball Championship. The Minneapolis clearly established her supremacy in basketball and won the championship in that sport. In boxing, the Pensacola was outstanding in that she won two individual Fleet belts, one in the featherweight class and one in the middleweight class. The Portland was outstanding in water events in that she won two pulling races in whaleboats, and tied for first with the Houston in the sailing.

The awards of trophies to ships, as winners in the various competitive sports will be made as follows:

SPORT	TROPHY	No.	WON BY	PRES. HOLDR
General Excellency	Com Sco For	1	Vestal	Pensacola
Baseball	Com Sco For	20	Vestal	Vestal
Basketball	Com Sco For	3	Minneapolis	Salt Lake City
Rowing				
Marine Crew	Com Sco For	11	(1) Nor. (12 oared) (2) Ind. (10 oared)	Salt Lake City
1st Enl. Crew	Com Sco For	7	(1) Por. (10 oared) (2) N. O. (12 oared)	Tuscaloosa
Selected Crew	Com Sco For	14	(1)(2) Vestal (12 oared) (2) Por. (10 oared)	San Francisco
Sailing				
Standard Rig	Com Sco For	16	(1) Pensacola (2) Tuscaloosa	San Francisco
Exper. Rig	Com Sco For	15	(1) Houston (2) Portland	Northampton

NOTE: Ships indicated by (1) will retain the trophy for first six months and ships indicated by (2) retain trophy for second six months.

RESULTS OF HEAVY CRUISER SAILING RACES

Following is the order of finish of boats entered in the sailing races held 9, 12, and 13 April, 1937, and points towards General Excellence Trophy are awarded as indicated below. It will be noted that 25 points were awarded to each of the contestants who were tied for first place in both sailing classes. Inasmuch as this action would have no effect on final standing for first place in competition for General Excellence Trophy, it was taken in order to bring to a conclusion the athletic competition for year 1936-37.

Standard Rig

SHIP	FINISH		Pts. towards	
	1st Race	2nd Race	Total Points	G. E. Trophy
Tuscaloosa	1	2	3	25
Pensacola	2	1	3	25
Chester	3	3	6	10
New Orleans	4	4	8	5

Experimental Rig

SHIP	FINISH			Pts. towards	
	1st Race	2nd Race	3rd Race	Total Points	G. E. Trophy
Houston	3	1	1	5	25
Portland	1	2	2	5	25
Astoria	2	4	5	11	10
San Francisco	8	6	4	18	—
Salt Lake City	7	5	3	15	5
Minneapolis	6	7	6	19	—
Northampton	4	3	-	7	5
Indianapolis	5	8	6	19	—

Note: Indianapolis fouled Northampton in third race and was disqualified by Referee-Starter. The Northampton is arbitrarily awarded 5 points towards General Excellence Trophy, based on her standing in first two races.

—: THE BLUE BONNET :—

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NATIVE COWBOYS RIDE 500,000 ACRE RANCH

Palm lined coasts, tropical verdure, beautiful birds, lava flows and seething volcanoes—this is the average conception of the Paradise Isles of the Pacific. Somehow cattle ranches and cowboys don't fit into the picture; but strange as it seems, the island of Hawaii has one of the largest ranches of its kind in the world, and cowboys still ride the range—the grassy slopes of Mauna Kea, highest mountain in the Pacific.

This ranch was started in 1793. Until white men came to Hawaii the natives had never seen a cow or a horse. In 1793 an English adventurer named Vancouver, on a voyage around the world, brought to Hawaii with him a few head of longhorn cattle he had secured in California. These he presented to Kamehameha I. The Hawaiian monarch, imbued with the practice of tabu, released the cattle on the grassy slopes of Mauna Kea and forbade his people from killing any of them. The cattle ran wild, multiplied, and soon stocked the range.

In 1815 a New England sailor, John Parker, tired of the sea, settled in Hawaii. Parker found opportunity awaiting him. He had but to claim the descendants of Vancouver's cattle and they were his. He did so forthwith, and his descendants have carried on his original ranch for over one hundred years. Today it totals almost 500,000 acres and employes about two hundred and fifty real cowboys, all native Hawaiians.

In 1899 Alfred Carter became manager of the Parker Ranch, and introduced the breeding of purebred herefords, then being recognized as the best of all breeds to forage for themselves on the open range. Today there are on the Parker Ranch some 32,000

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Dear Sal,

Your lovin' missive sure knocked the props from under my agin' carcass, and if I live to pound pitch for the rest o' my years tha old blood pumpin' organ will ne'er leap so high again.

They got some mighty big homesteads all a flutter with wavin' sugar cane out here on these sun kissed islands o' tha great Pacific. As far as ya can stretch your peepers great gusts o' green calm and starve out tha misery in a body's soul.

Then, there's fish o' tha sea they call Kaaawa, a choice morsel as ever passed tha smilin' pearls o' damsels or tha shriveled dentine hags o' old lasses. But they slapped an alias on that poor creature, because when a body gets a pronouncin' each letter slow and distinct, like tha grass-wearin' natives do, it sounds like a body's callin' hogs in a thunderstorm without a set o' uppers.

Of pineapples; and they dinna grow on trees, Sal; they's many many o' tha fruit. We chawed on a few for breakfast. Makes me think o' tha time brother Vern swallowed a peck o' green parsimmons from our pet tree in the upper forty. His mouth was a lookin' like a pretzel a come to life from a two-bit drunk, and he drained most o' tha well dry from untwistin' tha runnin' bowline in his stomach. They says, if a body eats too many o' green pineapples, it'll do tha same, so I'm bein' as timorous as a body can be in that respect. But they're mighty scrumptious and pleasin' to tha palate.

Better use another Pen than that one Felix gave ya. Bet it already scratches worsin' a mangy dog in a cyclone o' fleas. Ya can tell him he better take his arm from around your waist or I'll be on him like a thunderin' herd.

Love,

Gus.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLANDS

The Hawaiian Islands (distance tabulated from Honolulu) are 2,091 miles from San Francisco; 2,345 miles from Victoria; 2,228 miles from Los Angeles; 3,394 miles from Yokohama; 4,939 miles from Hongkong; 2,263 miles from Samoa; 3,820 miles from Auckland, 4,420 miles from Sydney.

The Hawaiian Islands have a land area of 6,405 square mile—greater than the combined areas of Connecticut and Rhode Island.

The population of the Territory of Hawaii is 380,211.

Honolulu, principal port and capital city of the Territory, is located on Oahu Island. By steamer it is five days from San Francisco, Los Angeles, or Vancouver; eight days from Yokohama; eleven days from Shanghai; five days from Samoa; eleven days from Auckland; two weeks from Sydney.

Kauai (pronounced "kow-eye") is the smallest of the four main islands. It is a hundred miles from Honolulu—an overnight trip by steamer or an hour and a half by passenger plane.

Hawaii (pronounced "hah-vy-ee" or "hah-wy-ee") is the largest island of the archipelago. It is two hundred miles from Honolulu—an overnight trip by steamer or two and a half hours by passenger plane.

Maui (pronounced "mow-ee) is the second largest island. It is seventy miles from Honolulu—a six-hour trip by steamer or an hour by passenger plane.

Molokai, between Maui and Oahu, is a sparsely populated island devoted to ranching, pineapple raising and Hawaiian homesteads. It is connected with Honolulu by steamer and airplane service. Lanai is a small island south of Molokai devoted entirely to pineapple raising.

Highest altitude in the Islands is Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet high, on Hawaii Island. Mountain peaks on other islands reach an altitude of 10,032 feet on Maui; 5,170 on Kauai; and 4,030 feet on Oahu.

Mr. Kalb: "You hammer nails like lightning."

Shaw: "You mean I'm fast?"

Mr. Kalb: "No, you never strike twice in the same place."



Greetings listeners! Pehea oe? (That's the Hawaiian, "How are you?") And Adam hopes the answers, "tops"... If the behavior of our lads while at Lahaina Roads is a sample of what to expect in the future, this program will have to change its character. Nothing spectacular has happened for weeks. However, your old purveyor of News that's Nosey, lives in a perpetual state of hopefulness and believes this unprecedented streak of model conduct is simply the proverbial calm that precedes a terrific unloosing of pent up energy. Perhaps it will come in Honolulu...

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Short Snake Story: Duke Palmer, two-buttoned Chief of the "M" gets four bells for this tale, told with a straight face, and no tongue in cheek. Here 'tis: "This may not ring true but it's gospel... Once while driving east across the desert I noticed something holding the car as if my brakes were on. Upon investigation I found the right front tire inflated so much it was rubbing hard against the fender. Bewildered, but having no spare, I did the only thing possible: released some of the air and traveled on. Soon afterwards the same thing happened again—and again. Each time the swollen tire would return to normal when the air was let out, only to swell again. This went on for hours until I came to one of those rare desert service stations. When I asked the attendant what could be wrong with the ailing tire, he smiled and said, 'That's a common occurrence around these parts, stranger.' He then jabbed a serum gun into the tire and gave it a shot; it quickly returned to its normal size. Amazed, I asked for an explanation. The grizzled old desert man grunted and re-

plied, 'Mister, that tire was struck by a rattle snake—they always swell up thataway, and that's why I keep this serum on hand.'... After what I had just seen, there was no reasonable argument, so I paid him and drove on." ADAM ADDS: That puts Duke in the same class as those famous raconteurs, Bob Burns and Hank Cromwell.

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Pixilated Puzzle: A listener writes in asking for the meaning of the word "pixilated," used in a recent broadcast. Several others have mentioned it and quite a few arguments have resulted from the use of this word "that is not a word." Little or nothing can be found in the usual sources of word definitions. The word received quite a boost into colloquial speech from that excellent picture "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," remember the old maid sisters who insisted everyone was pixilated? Meaning: A bit touched in the head.

This word is quite commonly used in New England vernacular and its origin is probably this: A "pixy" is a fairy. A person who sees fairies is considered a little bit off, therefore, pixilated means one who has a few "bats in his belfry." Adam believes this word originally came from Ireland. (Here's to pixilation!)

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Fervent Feud: The "Squeaky" Campbell—Crego enmity is of such long standing most are aware of it. Few know the reason why these two one-time best buddies are now implacable enemies. (At least that's what Crego is.) Adam now reveals the truth: Crego had an apartment in L. B. and his friend "Squeaky" often visited there. One night he came in to find the occupant out. Apparently Crego was soon to return as he had left a large bowl of delicious ripe strawberries on the dinette table—sugared and everything... The visitor liked the fruit and being hungry tasted, nibbled, then proceeded to devour every luscious berry. With malicious sense of humor the glutton then left this note: "Thanks for the dessert. They were swell, but there wasn't enough sugar on them."

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Much Ado About Nothing: Bulla the "hot-footing" maniac from the Evaps is going pansy. He was seen

painting a Mess Hall sleeper with iodine—not carbolic acid... Neil Cawthon and Westerfield made history when they found swimming from boat to beach and back, too much like work. Neil had to be towed going and coming. Westy stopped in the Indianapolis' whale boat and demanded transportation... The mighty "Si" Pierce is speaking only to those persons who have "hours in the air." He has two and a half and is gradually going zoom-silly... That makes Fish and Westerfield his closest pals. They have an hour and a half each... Overheard: J. P. McDonald, Engine-room habitue, innocently inquiring of another M Divisioner why he should be asking for laundry soap at two o'clock in the morning: When the prompt indignant reply was, "To wash clothes, of course!" The ever alert Mac quick quipped, "I'm sorry—thought you were gonna scrub floor plates." ADAM ADDS: He probably was, at that.

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Snippy Sniff: A pert girl with a chink of a postage stamp hat ambuscading one eye stood on a busy corner awaiting her answer to a maiden's prayer. Several in passing made passes which she haughtily ignored and finally one suggesting "something in chiffon" minced up. Glaring coldly, she sniffed: "You'll need mad-money if you make a date with me, Clarence."

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Ignorance Implied: The Liberty Bond owner who worried because the Government never sent anybody around to collect interest from him, has a match in the L. B. parking meter patron whose story was related recently.

This automobilist read the meter at the curb on Pine Avenue where his car was parked, then looked at his watch while his face registered perplexity. He finally turned to another man: "What'll I do?" he asked. "I'm ready to go, but my hour isn't up yet."

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Gab From the Grab Bag: Boyer, stalwart little seaman, who performs around the Bos'n's Locker under the watchful tutelage of Cox'n McCormack, is rapidly becoming a tall storyteller of merit. Example: Where he comes from, they stick pigs so expertly they jump on the hook before

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SAL ANSWERS GUS

Dear Gus,

Yes, I'm right smart jealous of the peace and comfort pou're ahavin', 'cause we aint had much lately. It's a wonder I can calm myself enough to scribble you this letter; I'm that weak and trembly you could push me over with a flat iron.

There sure has been a passel of trouble a poppin' around these her parts since Felix Jackson stole his Pa's jug of "popskull," then traded his prize sow for a 1918 Model "T" Ford. It was the one what won the blue ribbon at the County Fair and Pa Jackson's heart was wrapped up in that old hog. He swore he'd fill Felix's hide so full of buckshot it'd take a four horse team to haul him to the hospital.

Felix come to our house to stay until his Pappy cooled a mite, and he was mighty nice to me too. Well, they finally met down at Rick Skimmerhorn's blacksmith shop and I reckon they had a totable argyment. Anyways, Felix offered to give his dappled saddle horse for the sow and that pacified the old man a smidgin; they finally got in the machine and started down the pike for home.

Maybe it was some more of the "popskull," maybe it was just that young feller's natural recklessness, anyhow, he let the darned fool contraption get off the road and run smack thru the middle of old Mrs. Doty Bodkin's front yard. He run plum over all her fancy flower beds; knocked over the summer house; ruined the brand new chain pump; crashed into one corner of the porch and ended up in the chicken house up-side-down. The old widow lady fainted, but when she came to, the air was blue around there for more'n a spell. Felix tried to sooth her with nice talkin' but she wouldn't listen and declares she'll sue the Jackson's for all their property's worth. (That aint a sizable lot, if you ask me.)

Friday night, Felix had got the flivver back a runnin' and he asked me to go with him to the dance at the Plum Run schoolhouse. 'Pon my word, Gus, that addle-pated feller nearly scared me into a conniption fit with his powerful reckless drivin'! Why! once he was a goin' nearly twenty-five miles an hour. Imagine that?! Next time we walk.

NOSEY NEWS

(Continued from page three)

they stop kicking... Recently the "E" Division made a foraging raid on the Log Room and when they left the hard-boiled eggs went with them... Hope the fish choked... Congratulations to D. P. Hartley. Glad you made the coveted "buttons" fellow... More Congratulations to the surprised quartet: "Pop" Adkins, "Buck" Weaver, St Marie and Yarbrough. Can't think of five guys we'd rather see make it... In a hurry or otherwise. Pop (or "Tilly" as he was once called when with the Edsall on the Asiatic Station) was the most flabbergasted of them all. He had that old white hat spinning like a top... Why did "Sadie" Gowler insist on sitting on Michau's lap at the movies... Another query: Does our Ship's Service Comptroller General (some-time Osborne) have big ears or is he just naturally a likable cuss?

That's all folks. It isn't "hoomali-mali" when I say, it's mighty nice of you to listen. Aloha nui!

SEMPER FIDELIS

Here's to the modern marine of today,
The man who blocks the passageway.
He's always there and seems to know
Just when and where you want to go.

The situation is well in hand;
There are no ladders left unmanned.
Marines to the left, marines to the right,
To get anywhere you have to fight.

With his big feet all over the floor,
He parks his frame within each door;
He sticks to his spot as if by glue,
And gives you a growl as you stumble through.

With marines in the way, you can't go far—
That explains how they won the war.

—The Cub.

Felix sez he's a courtin' me for certain, but I fancy you, Gus. Ma tells me I'm a wastin' time on you and Pa 'lowes you eat too much and can't plow a straight furrow. That sets a gal to ponderin', Gus, but I calculate you still hold first place, even if you are the biggest eater that ever lived in Muskrat County. This leaves me feelin' right pert for spring o' the year, except that I've a monstrous big boil on the back of my neck. Hopin' you're the same, I'll say "aw revanueer" for this time.

Love,
Your Sal,

LIEUT. (jg) LYONS MARRIES

Saturday, 17 April, Lt. (jg) C. M. Lyons in a solemn, colorful, Naval wedding took as his bride Miss Eleanor Hartnett of Dorchester, Mass. The wedding was solemonized at St. Brendan's Church, Dorchester. Lt. (jg) J. W. Williams, former Houston Officer now attending the Submarine school in New London, served as best man.

Mr. Lyons, now serving on the Balch, will be remembered in his capacity of Houston Signal and 4th Division Officer during 1934, 1935 and part of 1936.

Upon returning from their honeymoon in Bermuda the couple will make their home in San Diego.

NATIVE COWBOYS RIDE 500,000 ACRE RANCH

(Continued from page two)
head of purebred cattle, the largest single herd of such animals found any place in the world; 2,000 of these herefords are registered pure bloods. Then bookkeeping became such a problem that it was abandoned except in certain herds, although the majority of the cattle are eligible for registration. Today they find their way to the market as ordinary cattle in spite of their perfect breeding.

The Parker Ranch boasts a herd of cow horses, 2,000 in number, raised exclusively for the use of Hawaiian cowboys. The breeding of perfect animals has also found its way in the Parker horses, for the breed is being continually developed. Polo ponies from the Parker Ranch are sold around the world.

Coxswain: "Is she the kind of girl you would give your name to?"

Seaman: "Well, maybe, but not my right one."

Wife: "Don't drive so fast, you're shaking my chin off."

Gunner: "You should worry, you've got a couple of them."

"John," asked the nagging wife, as they prepared to retire for the night, "is everything shut up?"

"That depends on you," growled John, "everything else is."