



MARK 5.

Enroute Shanghai, China, 23 September, 1933.

MOD. IV.

TIENTSIN FORTY-EIGHT

On the morning of the sixteenth, while the seagulls screamed overhead, a party of adventurers set forth for Hsinho to hear the eagle scream before proceeding on to Tientsin. The first bar was encountered and conquered in time to catch the afternoon train which carried two special cars for the pioneers. Upon arrival, the party was met by First Lieutenant Caraway of the Fifteenth Infantry, to whom we are all indebted for the perfect arrangements made for housing and feeding eighty-one blue jackets and marines. Into the Army trucks, into the Fifteenth Infantry compound to the strains of Anchors Aweigh, and then into town, and how!

Undoubtedly the most Occidental city in China, Tientsin offered a variety of amusements second only to Shanghai - movies, cafes, cabarets, and this and that. It was discovered that Tsingtao and Sakuri brews come under the 3.2 law and accordingly were sold in the army compound at ten cents gold per quart - the tall stories that were told in the post exchange over many bottles, if laid end to end, would make an awful line. The guard house is well equipped and its hospitality was extended to some one whom Harris knows - - ask him.

On Monday morning the liberty party practically fell in, were mustered, served an excellent early lunch, climbed into the trucks, and with much regret terminated one of the best forty-eights ever enjoyed - the army band sounded off but were drowned out by the cheers of the Houston party. On arrival at Hsinho, the party proceeded to the dock, the officer in charge herding his troops like a hen rounding up her chicks - all hands promptly flemished down on the Heron to catch up on some long delayed shuteye.

We are deeply grateful to the Fifteen-

ADMIRAL TAYLOR BIDS FAREWELL

From: CinC on hauling down my Flag I wish to express to the Commissioned and Enlisted Personnel of the Fleet and Station my thanks for their fine and loyal support during the past two years. I say good bye with great regret and am sure you will continue the fine record you have made.

M. M. TAYLOR.

HOUSTON WINS SILVER CUP

The Silver Cup presented by the Rotary Club of the city of Houston to the Gunnery Division of the Houston making the highest merit at Short Range Battle Practice has been won for the competition year 1933-1934, by the Third Division, Turret III. Lieutenant McGregor and his crew of target wreckers have set a record which is most enviable and should stand as a Navy record for several years. This is the second year in succession that Turret III has won this trophy.

In the five inch battery, the Fourth Division succeeded for the first time in beating out the Marines for first place. However, Gun No. three of the Marine Division established a record which far overshadows the former Navy record for this type of gun and should remain on the books as such when this ship is crossed off the Navy list.

th Infantry who spared no pains to make the Navy's visit most comfortable and pleasant - those of us who are remaining on the station are looking forward with great anticipation to another visit soon. It is proposed, with the surplus funds, to present the Fifteenth Infantry with a picture of the Houston, framed and bearing a silver plate suitably engraved, to commemorate the occasion.

LEAVE PARTY AT PEIPING

On Saturday morning a party of some forty five men and twenty Officers made the pilgrimage to Peiping. The ship arrived at Taku Bar in the early hours and due to the low water over the Bar and the inconvenience of the train schedule it became necessary to hire a tug to get the party on its way. The Heron was standing by but she was too much of a deep water ship to be of any assistance.

The party was off on time about eight thirty and everything went well until the arrival at the Bar where four large sized (that is for the China Coast) steamers sat peacefully on the bottom in the middle of what had been the channel the night before. The pilot had two guesses as to which was the proper side to pass, his guess was wrong for the tug landed on the bottom alongside the rest of the traffic. After shifting water and the passengers a time or two she came off safely and tried the other side successfully. The remainder of the trip up was uneventful and made on schedule and at about seven p. m. the train pulled in through the hole in the city wall. This hole by the way, is reputed to have been made by the allied troops in the Boxer Rebellion when they heard that there was loot to be had inside the city walls. They couldn't wait for the gates to open.

After arrival the party was taken in tow by the Marines and provided with chow and a place to park the body. Saturday night was spent principally in getting over the trip up but Sunday saw the commencement of all sorts of sightseeing trips to all sorts of places. This "tripping" continued off and on until the return was made on Thursday. It is to be regretted that so much of the interest of Peiping, in the way of relics of the past centuries of Manchu rule,

(Continued on page four column three)

THE BLUE BONNET

A ship's newspaper published semi-monthly on board the U. S. S. HOUSTON in the interest of the personnel of the ship and the U. S. Navy.

Captain W. Baggaley, U.S.N.
Commanding Officer

Comdr. F. J. Comerford, U.S.N.
Executive Officer

EDITORS

Lieut-Comdr. R. P. Briscoe
Lieutenant V. O. Clapp
Lieut. (jg) S. B. Frankel

NAVY AT CENTURY OF PROGRESS

The exhibit is designed to explain to the civil population of the country why they have a Navy, how it is composed, and what are its duties. One of its principal features will be a great animated model showing the sea-borne trade of the United States, both foreign and coast-wise. On a horizontal platform 21 feet long and 15 feet across, the American Continent will be shown, surrounded by the seas and the continents which bound it on the East and West. The movement of the great volumes of water borne commerce (Which in 1928 was worth over 14 billion dollars) will be shown both on the land and seas. A voiced accompaniment, synchronized automatically with the movements of the trains over the land and the ships over the water, will explain to the visitors the important item of the export and the import trade and the bearing which this enormous matter has upon the prosperity and security of the country.

There will be on display a three inch anti-aircraft gun flanked on each side by examples of small, intermediate, and large shells and aircraft bombs. A modern torpedo will be exhibited to the public and men will be in attendance to explain how it is launched and propelled.

The Marine Corps, which is a part of the Navy, will not be neglected, and the valuable services of that Corps will be shown in connection with its duties over seas in protecting the lives and property of American citizens as well as in service afloat with the Fleet.

The public is properly curious concerning what happens to their sons after they join the defense forces of the nation. In the Navy space in the Federal Building they will find a complete review of the progress of training of the young officers and sailors in their course through the naval service.

SOCIAL NOTES

Since our return from the fog-riden waters in the vicinity of Chefoo, it has come to the ears of our ever snooping reporters that a club has been chartered by the Feeble Minded Chartering Association of Tsingtao, which bears the name of "The Order of the Exhausted Gripes of Asia." It is understood that all rights have been reserved and that it has been limited (luckily) as well as incorporated. At their first meeting, according to our social correspondent, a well known yeoman second class on the Houston was unanimously, due to his rare qualifications, elected to the highest honor that this unique organization can bestow and titled "The Grand Exhausted Gripe." His powers (lung) being almost unlimited (contrary to the fact that the organization is limited.) A motion was made and seconded that their theme song be "Singing the Blues Always and All Ways." As far as could be determined to date, thier motto is "Misery Loves Company," but from watching some of the members we have come to the conclusion that company is not necessary, just an audience.

In a speech of acceptance the "Grand Exhausted Gripe" advocated a discontinuance of the ancient and much loved practice of saying "Good Morning" and a substitution therefore of "Hail Grand Gripe," however, he was lustily booted down by his fellow members. The reason given to our inquiring photographer (the photographs were unprintable) was that if every member of the Gripe organization went around calling out "Hail Grand Gripe," some unknowing person might think they were happy and that is very much against the policies of the above mentioned order.

Our social correspondent predicts great success for the order under the administration of so competent and finished a "Griper" as the one chosen for their leader. What's more he, our social correspondent that is, isn't even afraid of being quoted as saying that the most exclusive people (Undertakers, professional mourners, etc.) will be angling for invitations to their proposed "Gripe Festivals."

The qualifications for membership in this alleged organization are as follows:

1. A dead pan (Which in the lingo of the "Gripers" means a face incapable of expression).
2. A vocal range from low "do" to high "C" (All notes blue).
3. An awful disposition (A most necessary qualification).

4. A new subject on which to "Gripe" every day.

Do you possess these qualifications? If so, join up today.

Editors Note—Not one cent was accepted for the publicity given to this unusual organization. In fact, we checked up and found out they didn't have a dime. That's why we printed it; they haven't enough money to pay the lawyer's fees for a case against us.

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SAYONARA

Be hore by Yokohama
Rong time he stop - - these man,
Because he no stop gunboat
Topside he come Japan.
Aw time he caw me swit hot
I rike he too - - much fine,
He tich me how spik engrish,
He very nice an kine.
He tich me yankee custom,
He kiss - - he mak rove,
In number one kine fashion
When moon shine down above.
My heart he pranty happy
When he near these yankee guy - -
Sap pose he go die sometime?
I'm sorry, then I cry.
Bime by he ship he no stop,
He spik he mus go too,
I say "I go with - - maybbe?"
He spik "No can do."
Sap pose you stop, I cum back
Be hore rong time, I see - -
More better Yokohama stop,
You wait short time for me."
"Goo bye" - - spik - - "Sayonara"
Then ship hi-hi go way;
Three years now go - - I'm sorry - -
I think mabbe he stay.
He quick forget send post card,
I think I mak stop cry,
I think he just mak fibber
To Japan butter-fry.

Upton.

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NAVAL FLASHES

In a radio address on May 23, Secretary Swanson said; "There is no use having a second class navy, or a third class navy. Unless the Navy is sufficient to take care of our rights and to defend them, it is useless expense."

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Nearly ten years of salvage work at Scapa Flow will end when the 25,000 ton ex-German battleship Prince Regent Luitpold has been towed to dock yard for breaking up. The gigantic salvage operations carried out have resulted in raising 7 large and 25 small war vessels. Ten ex-German warships are to remain unsalvaged.

TAKU TOPICS

This here wave of economy has finally hit the galley -- just the other day the ship's cook told me the pudding we were eating had been made out of an old cook book.

* * * * *

Too bad we can't mention names in this column, but here's the story anyway -- at one of the local bars the other evening a bunch of the boys were gathered around, taking turns buying the drinks; when it came to this fellow's turn, he sort of grinned and said, "Well, Boys, what are we going to have? Rain or snow?"

* * * * *

See the little insect
Crawling on the bunk
Do not use the flit gun
It only makes him drunk.

o

IN MEMORIAM

After a tragic death caused by an attempt to sleep in a light socket, the Communication Office mascot, a tame grasshopper, was given a Navy funeral and burial at sea. He was placed in a paper-clip box marked with various inscriptions such as GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN and REST IN PEACE and then lowered into the limpid depths of the Whangpoo.

Reverend Melvin presided, while Harris and "Twin Colt" Dewey Lambdin acted as pallbearers. Mason was designated as official mourner, which accounts for the sad look on his face.

The deceased's last words were, "This boins me up."

o

We overheard a business genius the other night squaring up a debt of several books of dance tickets by giving the little lady in question a letter of recommendation to one of his old shipmates who is coming out on the Augusta. Not a bad idea at that.

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It is rumored that MacMahon has been throwing his chest out a foot and distributing cigars -- in case you don't know it, Mrs. MacMahon has presented her husband with a baby boy who will probably use a bos'n's pipe for rattle.

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Operative No. 19 reports that Potts, AMM 1c. has been throwing his chest out two feet and distributing two cigars on account of how he is the papa of twins. The best nomination to date for suitable names is Pete and Repeat.

Bongiorni says never to hit a man when he is down on account of how you never know how big he will be when he get up.

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It is rumored that Lt. Zondorak is to be assigned the Russian language course -- oh to be on Ave. Joffre in the springtime -- wonder what the Russian is for the beautiful teeth and alluring dimples? Ho Hum.

ODE TO A JAMOKE POT

Blessing on thee, pal of mine,
Your perked nectar is our wine;
Through thy swansneck spout doth flow,
The regal fluid, of amber glow.

The perfect rythm, and gentle thud,
Heralds the brewing of scared mud;
Then at last, your energy spent,
From your mouth the blood is sent.

You lie and watch the next embrace,
Of lip-worn grail and sailor's face;
In cold estate you mother the brood,
Of stained cups and sailor's food,

Your duty done, and service had,
You know you're not a passing fad;
When once again it falls your lot,

When someone yells, "Let's make
a pot." EX.

* * * * *

Sailor: "I heard he fell down a ladder the other night with two pints of liquor."

Mate: "Did he spill any?"

Sailor: "No, he kept his mouth closed."

* * * * *

St. Peter: "Did you, while on earth, indulge in petting, smoking or dancing?"

Girl: "Never ! ! !"

St. Peter: "Then you're late for muster -- you've been dead a long time."

* * * * *

"What would you do if the Gun Captain's head were blown off."

"Nothing, sir."

"Why not?"

"I'm the Gun Captain, Sir."

* * * * *

Sea. 2c. at mast: "Captain, I was held up ashore last night by two men."

Captain: "Where?"

Sea. 2c.: "All the way back to the ship, sir."

* * * * *

Up, up, up soared the daring aviator in his swift sport plane. He dipped, rolled, glided, banked, side-slipped and looped-the loop.

"Golly," gasped a spectator, "He can do absolutely everything in the air that a bird can."

"In that case," advised his friend, "you'd better put on your hat."



"Boot Topping"

sez:

You can't drive a nail with a sponge no matter how much you soak it.

ON YOUR FEET

Beware the deadly sitting habit,
Or if you sit, be like the rabbit,
Who keepeth ever on the jump
With spring concealed beneath his rump.

A little ginger 'neath the tail
Will oft for lack of brain avail;
Eschew the dull and slothing seat
And move about with willing feet.

Man was not made to sit a'trance,
And press, and press, and press his pants;
But rather, with open mind,
To circulate among his kind.

And so my son, avoid the snare,
Which lurks within a cushioned chair;
To run like hell, it has been found,
Both feet must be upon the ground.

Catapult.

BEANS

"Beans, beans," I heard him cry;
"Gim'me beans before I die.
Beans for the captain, beans for the crew,
Beans for breakfast and dinner too."

Beans for supper and between each meal,
Beans in the bilges and beans on the keel.

Beans in your locker and beans in your bed,
Beans in the crow's nest and beans overhead.

Beans in the whaleboat, beans in the barge,
Beans in the brig and beans at large.

Take your spinach and turnip greens,
But I can't live without my beans."

Holier-than-thou: "There are twenty-two cabarets in this town, and I'm proud to say that I've never been in one of them."

Not-so-good: "Which one is that?"

S-P-O-R-T-S



LABOR DAY SMOKER

The final smoker of the summer provided a wealth of pleasant surprises for ardent fight fans of the Houston in the line of newly acquired and newly developed talent in the boxing stable. The evening of grappling and fistic encounters resulted in the Canopus winning one wrestling bout (both men being from that ship) and three boxing bouts to the Houston's five.

Wrestling

Wellbourn led off by very calmly and methodically getting a scissor hold on Spooner and pinning his shoulders to the mat in two minutes and one second. Spooner is to be complimented on holding out so long against so experienced a body-slinger.

Viner and Raffensburger went at it hammer and tongs for three minutes and forty-five seconds, the bout ending in a victory for the latter. Both these lads are new at the game, but showed considerable skill and agility.

The middle weight match was staged by two Canopus men, resulting in a fall by Whetstone over Singer in five minutes and one second.

The only tangle between ships ended in three minutes when Wise of the Houston had Locke of the Canopus looking at the floodlights.

Rigley and Graves gave an exhibition of rasslin a la Jim Londos, using everything includin the near-toe-and-further ear-hold and the famous Jojo twist -- and could those boys take and give it! Graves finally tired of picking 'em up and throwing 'em down and pounced on Rigley for a fall.



In the bantamweight bout, Guglietti of the Houston gained the decision over Stewart of the Canopus in a scrappy and lively fight.

Schram of the Houston showed a marked improvement when he put up a spunky scrap against Dicocco of the Canopus. Dicocco had a little too much experience for our lad, but had to use all of it to get the decision -- keep your eye on Schram; he's got the makin's of a champ.

Our new lightweight Klein showed us the art of slipping punches in the first round, came out of his corner in the second, and made the most perfect knock down seen in these parts for many a moon. Karcher of the Canopus took it on the chin, gamely came to his feet, and received a one-two which resulted in a technical KO for Klein.

In the welterweight class Graves of the Houston fought a beautiful fight to gain the decision over Red O'Malley of the Canopus. Never flustered or excited, Graves went right on in and led the fight all the way -- that lad can block and hit and counter and how!

Johnson of the Houston lost the decision to Welsh of the Canopus, after taking a lot of punishment due to his aggressiveness. He carried the fight to Welsh all during the bout, although hit plenty. It was the most interesting scrap of the evening -- a return bout should show a different story.

Ho-hum! Bongiorni won again. Maybe a boxing kangaroo might be able to hit him if he had a glove on each foot and two on his tail. This boy Algeo is no slouch either, if you look up the Fleet records.

Slug Bryon of the Houston captured the decision over Ferguson of the Canopus in a very close bout, in the light-heavy weight class. Wonder how it would be to swim with boxing gloves on.

Brown of the Canopus got the nod from the referee over Brado of the Houston in a very dull fight. Both heavyweights were slow, but Brown led the fight for four rounds and earned the decision.

TSINGTAO SOCCER

Although there was a very small turnout for the soccer team this year, and in spite of the lack of practice because of the operating schedule of the Houston, the team made a very respectable showing against a crack team from the Canopus and subs. A series of three games was played, the winner to play the destroyer division champions for the Asiatic Fleet title.

The first game was won by the Houston, when Cook received a well delivered pass and registered a goal early in the first half. The remainder of the game was close and hard fought, neither side being able to boot the ball through the posts.

The Canopus took the second game to the tune of 3-0. Both teams were tired, having played the preceding game the day before. The Canopus team worked very smoothly, showing much better teamwork than in the first game.

The next day, the deciding game was played -- no scores were made until almost the end of the time limit, and it looked as though it would be a tie. However with but thirty seconds to go, the Canopus eleven succeeded in scoring the goal which won the game for them and gave them the series.

The Line up

Goal	Martin
Left Full	Hudobro
Right Full	Hendershot
Left Half	Melvin-Hesser
Center Half	Velthuysen
Right Half	Noffsinger-Cosgrove
Left Wing	Wnorski
Inside Left	Cook
Center Forward	Gardiner
Inside Right	Ah Foo
Right wing	Rudolph

0 LEAVE PARTY AT PEIPING

(Continued from page one column three) has been removed from the original setting for the temples, palaces and shrines lose much of their splendor and interest with all the furnishings and decorations are removed. However the museum in the Forbidden City was well patronized and was certainly well worth seeing, and it goes without saying that even with all the parts missing, the trip was well worth while and enjoyed by everyone.