

UP THE LADDER

The following named men have been advanced in rating as indicated; effective 16 May, 1937.

	From	To
Yarbrough, P. E.	GM1c	CGM(AA)
Adkins, P. W.	FC1c	CFC(AA)
Webb, J.	EM2c	EM1c
Sackett, A. L.	F1c	MM2c
Osborne, W. H.	Y3c	Y2c
Coats, W. G.	QM2c	QM1c
Rank, S. L.	AMM3c	AMM2c
Weaver, H. F.	GM1c	CGM(AA)
St Marie, E. G.	WT1c	CWT(AA)
Durler, O. J.	MM2c	MM1c
McDonald, J. P.	F1c	MM2c
Gibson, O. "E"	AMM2c	AMM1c
Egan, F. R.	Mus1c	1stMus.

The following named men will be advanced in rating as indicated; effective 1 June, 1937.

	From	To
Taylor, F. B.	Sea1c	GM3c
Myers, R. L.	F2c	EM3c
Lyons, H. V.	F2c	EM3c
Folta, A. E.	Sea1c	Ptr3c
Harrell, R.	HA1c	PhM3c
Kunz, A. M. G.	Sea1c	SC3c
Thornton, G. C.	Sea1c	AMM3c
Barron, J. T.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Grzmocinski, R. W.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Faulkner, R. W.	Sea2c	Sea1c
McKenna, R. J.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Gustafson, J. A.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Rozelle, C. E.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Heinze, C. H.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Lance, F. E.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Berg, R. W.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Harris, B.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Payne, M. C.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Ries, D. C.	F2c	F1c

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N. A. PREP CLASS

The preliminary written examination of candidates for the Naval Academy Preparatory School, convening at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Norfolk, Va., on 1 November 1937, will be held on Friday, 30 July 1937.

Before being eligible for this examination each candidate must pass a physical examination, be examined by a board of three officers to determine if he has the necessary mental requirements and be recommended by his Commanding Officer. If the prospective candidate fulfills the above three requirements, he is recommended to the Bureau of Navigation to take the examination for the Preparatory School Class. Then upon successfully passing this preliminary examination, he is ordered to the Prep Class where he studies for the Naval Academy competitive examination held the middle of April.

The Law authorizes the appointment of one hundred Midshipmen from the service each year. These appointments are given on the basis of a competitive examination. However, to date, the quota has never been filled. Which means that any one who can fulfill the various physical and mental requirements and who successfully passes the mental examination will receive an appointment.

After leaving Honolulu, and before reaching the States, the Ship's Secretary, Ensign Mackenzie, will have the word passed for all prospective candidates to report to the Captain's Office. At this time any one interested should report for further details.

DECORATION OF GRAVES

The Bureau of Navigation offers the following information relative to the decoration of graves.

The Chaplains at Fort Myer, Virginia, and the Presidio of San Francisco, California, have tendered their services, without remuneration, to the personnel of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and the Coast Guard, to decorate the graves of such of their deceased relatives and friends as are interred, respectively, in Arlington National Cemetery and in the Presidio of San Francisco National Cemetery, for Memorial Day, May 30, 1937.

It is believed that undoubtedly many officers and enlisted men, and their families, who cannot personally attend to it, will desire to avail themselves of this opportunity to have the graves of their loved ones cared for on this occasion.

The plan is to provide a standard floral emblem in the form of a wreath twenty-two inches (22") in diameter carrying a large bunch of flowers for the sum of \$2.00. To facilitate the handling of the funds and the ordering of floral pieces it is desired that the standard emblem be used so far as it will be acceptable. However, if some wish to spend larger sums on flowers, special floral emblems of proportionately larger size and value will be purchased. Such decorations as are sent will be placed upon the designated graves as soon as received.

All correspondence and remittances pertaining to the decoration of graves should be addressed to:

The Chalain, Fort Myer, Va. (for
(Continued on page two)

--: THE BLUE BONNET :--

A weekly publication, published by the ship's company of the U.S.S. HOUSTON, Captain G. E. Baker, U.S.N., Commanding and Commander P. K. Robottom, U.S.N., Executive Officer.

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15 May, 1937.

MEN VERSUS SHIPS

The Navy is thought of generally in terms of ships and guns. It is true that the material Navy has developed by leaps and bounds but it is agreed on by those in authority that the personnel of the Navy is more significant and important than its material side. The United States Navy is far greater than its inanimate material. It has been wisely said that if every bit of the material composing the Navy were destroyed and the personnel remained, we could almost immediately have another Navy, similar in idea and achievements. On the other hand, a Navy divorced of personnel becomes a mass of rusty hulks—inert, helpless, rusting to oblivion. This bears out the contention that good men with poor ships are far better than poor men with good ships.

In order to have an efficient Navy it is imperative that its personnel have skill, stability and all the requisites that go to make up a well-rounded symmetrical character. The character of its personnel determines the strength and quality of any Navy. Back of our Navy's fine tradition we find strong character—in its officers and its enlisted men.

The Navy trains a man to keep his feet on the ground securely; it teaches him the necessity and importance of order and discipline and imbues in him a deep respect for law and adherence to the Constitution of the United States. It teaches him the true and proper value of things—that success comes from within and can be obtained by every individual who is willing to pay the price in personal sacrifice, effort and right living. In this knowledge lies the secret of continued advancement in our chosen profession, the Navy, and

UP THE LADDER

(Continued from page one)

	From	To
Johnson, C. T.	F2c	F1c
Koster, S. F.	F2c	F1c
Feger, W. W.	F3c	F2c
Slowey, A. F.	F3c	F2c
Hayward, J. V.	F3c	F2c
Ashton, C. E.	F3c	F2c
Glidden, C. B.	F3c	F2c
Salmon, G. L.	F3c	F2c
Willborn, V. W.	Matt3c	Matt2c
Ikerd, V. S.	Mus2c	Mus1c
Shettlesworth, J. H.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Whitfield, J. W.	Sea1c	FC3c
Brown, H.	F2c	EM3c
Wishard, R. A.	Sea1c	SF3c
Sartor, J.	Sea1c	Y3c
Boucher, A. L.	Sea1c	RM3c
Steele, D. C.	Sea1c	AMM3c
Martin, R. E.	Sse1c	AM3c
Boyer, S. F. S.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Johnson, G. W.	Sea2c	Sea1c
McNiel, J. R.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Chmielowiec, S. A.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Sessions, C. G.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Baugh, H. V.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Mitchell, T. F.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Floyd, "R" "A"	Sea2c	Sea1c
Weber, A. H.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Osborne, C. E.	Sea2c	Sea1c
Lottman, E. G.	F2c	F1c
Baker, P. U.	F2c	F1c
Watkins, J. H.	F2c	F1c
Gryckiewicz, J.	F2c	F1c
Wilson, C. D.	F3c	F2c
Koenig, K. O.	F3c	F2c
Rudloff, L. L.	F3c	F2c
Colby, D. J.	F3c	F2c
Espe, J. jr.	F3c	F2c
Galsom, R.	Matt1c	OC3c
Unger, J. E.	Sea1c	Y3c
Vaughn, J. B.	Sea1c	Sea1c

The Blue Bonnet extends its congratulations to these successful men.

DECORATION OF GRAVES

(Continued from page one)

Arlington); or to The Chaplain, Presidio of San Francisco, California, and should be in his hands by May 25, 1937. It will not be possible to fill orders after that date. Requests should indicate the name, rank, number with section in which the deceased is buried.

the upholding of the Navy's high standard of efficiency and service to its country.



Dear Sal,

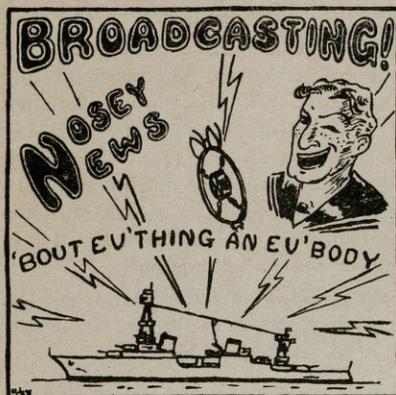
You're sure sloshin' tha ink around in a big way lately. Maybe you're a tryin' to get used to that nickel and dime store pen Felix gave ya. It makes my stomach flap with laughs. If he only knew you were a writin' to his bitter rival I guess he'd be so dreary and dejected, he'd be slumpin' over a lookin' like a question mark without tha dot. That anemic lookin' runt looks wors'n shadow of a ghost who did a nip up from eatin' promises o' grub, and I'm a holdin' myself back when I say it. Don't see how ya can stand tha varmint, even in your hog pen.

Let's get away from such as Felix and hoist our minds out into pure air. There's wonders o' nature in these isles o' tha Pacific that'd make your luscious soft eyes sparkle with wonder, and you'd be more surprised than when Lem Widener leaped into a Carioca at the huskin' bee frolic square dance from a tastin' o' some o' that Bear Wallow Creek snake pizon.

Wrapped myself in a spankin' brand new uniform and hied towards tha gods o' tha mountains tha other day. Made my way up to a place called Pali where waves o' wind come sweepin' through tha canyon. I nary could take a step forward so great was tha force, and when I turned around I had to dig my heels in to keep from skiddin'.

They tell me that in days o' old when pure Hawaiian humanity thrived in tha isles, a King by tha name o' Kamehameha rushed his warriors against tha home talent, and when tha local boys felt they were't doin' so good they tailed it towards Pali. Tha Kings team bein' in tha pink fell in with tha idea o' tha trackmeet and pursued tha boys, jabbin' them playfully ever now and then with their pointed sticks. This musta irked tha

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Aloha Kakou Listeners! which in the language of the Islands means your rambling reporter welcomes you to the weekly Chatterbox broadcast and wishes each of you the best of everything that's good.

* * * * *

Baseball Bust: Right off the bat who should swagger to the microphone but Firecontrolman Broghetti, and that sporting gentleman has something strong to say regarding the Second Division's failure to report the second game played at Lahaina between these two good teams.

Adam didn't see the games and depended on second-hand info, which made it appear as if one game and not a double-header was played. That game was described accurately enough, but... The other seven-inning contest spelled victory for the "F" Division horse-hide tossers with a score of 3 to 2 as compared with the sand-lot tally of 19 to 11 for the first set-to. With Rabyk pitching for the Wildcats and Rice on the mound for the Firecontrolmen this was an air-tight game from beginning to end. Rice allowed the "2nd" just three hits and the score was tied until the last inning when Broghetti rapped out a long single to bring in a second sack runner for the cinching run.

Note: When questioned, the Silent man of the Well Deck, "Yap Yap" of the Campbell clan, quickly denied responsibility for last week's oversight. Said he: "I would rather it had been just the opposite, and no mention of the first game made." It seems as if he didn't even know about the bold challenge... Now another team is added to the list of those who will take on "anybody, anytime, anywhere!"

* * * * *

Wanton Wind Whacks Westerfeld: While at sea last week the laugh-

ing lad from the cinema castle hied to the canteen with a \$20 skin and bought two packs of smokes. Carelessly jamming the nineteen \$1 bills received as change in a dungaree pocket he hurried toward his airy retreat via the Communication Deck's starboard ladder. As he hit the unprotected deck high wind "picked his pocket" and scattered money all over the place. For one hectic moment the air was filled with wildly tossed greenbacks, then all but four went to Davey Jones' locker. Westy brushed a tear from his eye as he salvaged the four bucks which the thoughtful wind had plastered against the Radio Shack bulkhead and wondered if he would ever have courage enough to smoke such expensive cigarettes.

* * * * *

Definitely Definite: It is with interest that Adam gleaned an odd bit of information concerning this often-heard word, "definitely"... just recently, Wilfred J. Funk, editor of the Literary Digest, placed it among the ten most overworked words in current American speech. The other nine: lousy, okay, terrific, contact, gal, racket, swell, impact and honey.

* * * * *

Clippers Clipped: If we are to believe the ship's Morning Press (and who are we to argue with the "Power of the Press") the Transpacific "Clipper" Ships are suffering severe competition. The S. S. President Coolidge, by the simple expedient of cutting Honolulu from her schedule, did her 5223 mile, 10 day run between Yokohama and San Francisco in the remarkable time of "nine hours and fifty-one minutes"... That must have been a breathless cruise.

* * * * *

By-'n-By CPO's Congratulatd: The new CPO list brought many surprises and much comment. May we extend sincere and hearty congrats to: Grant, SK1c., (Pay Office) Cy Pierce, EM1c., (Light and Power Shop) Abbot, MM1c., (Motor Boats) "Duke" Palmer, MM1c., and Shaw, MM1c., (Forward Engineerroom). In back of this coveted jump to the "buttons," lies many years (collectively, about seventy) of work and keeping at it. It is noted in "Our Navy" magazine that only the "cream of the service" were considered for promotion—we're glad some of the "cream" was on the Houston.

Names Make News: From Long Beachside comes a report (not on good authority) that the reason our own "Rover Boys" Jack Vizard and Frenchy Latour are in constant attendance at the Pike's Ballroom Majestic, when in the City by the Sea, is that they own the joint... If this is true, Adam hereby submits formal request for a lifetime supply of free dance tickets for advertising given gratis in this broadcast.

* * * * *

Rare Revenge: 'Twas told to Adam: "My brother and I were twins. We looked so much alike no one could tell us apart. In school my brother threw spitballs and I was punished. He was arrested for speeding and I spent three days in jail and paid a fine for it. I had a girl and my brother ran off with her. But last week I got even with him. I died and they buried him!"

* * * * *

Sideshow of the Week: Guard, First Lieutenant's Yeoman, who can't remember which ship he's on, is one of those guys who never takes a dare... His best heckler, "Bug-eye" Berg, teased him into donning full hula regalia (grass skirt, leis, anklets—everything) and then called all hands for a look-see. The pen-tosser made a better hula-twister than most we've seen and seemed less excited over the incident than the audience. Adam Adds: Too d— bad he can't dance.

* * * * *

This and That as Seen From the Fighting Top: Chief Storekeeper Shepherd was to go on patrol but the plan fell through when it was discovered that although two pistol belts could be put together to encircle his girth, no leggins on the ship were nearly, large enough... Knowlden Yeoman, (Gunnery Office) and Johnny Allen, Machinist Mate, (Machine Shop) returned from special leave (because of their wives' serious illness) via the ARCTIC. They report convalescence for the ladies and insist it's mighty fine to be back on the good old Rambler... Request: The C&R Gang would appreciate (when at sea) one, just one, copy of the Morning Press. Please leave it in the shop. Signed:—We Too Can Read... Two of the C&R lads had an altercation at the mess table which led to fisticuff challenges. They scrambled to the Fan Tail—too crowded, then to the

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NOSEY NEWS

(Continued from page three)

Boat Deck, too windy there, so the battle was postponed indefinitely... During the recent evening's smoker, a stool and bucket were unintentionally knocked off the catapult, narrowly missed doing damage to heads below. A similar incident involved a jamoke cup during the movies. Moral: Be careful; a cracked head could easily result from such carelessness and it wouldn't be pleasant for either the dropped-upon or the dropper... A new toast for elbow-benders: The Hawaiian equivalent to "Bottoms up!!" is *Okole Maluna!* and though it may not mean anything to *Kamaainas* (oldtimers) the Islander's word *pau*, meaning "the end" or "finished" is worth remembering and using—at the right time. With that short lesson in Hawaiianese completed, your Mister Chatterbox will go *kapakahi* (veering) towards other subjects and the end of his "time on the air"... Do you know who musters about seven each evening on the Well Deck? If you do, then you also know why the nifty tune "The Love Bug'll Bite You" is played at the same time... Did you know that thirty-five year old Anthony Enos, Chief Machinist's Mate, is, and has been a GRANDFATHER for some time. Navy men equal all the records... And do they growl when we run out of sugar! and butter! for a few days... Adam wonders what would happen if the menu was reduced tohardtack and jerked beef, as has occurred in the past... *Chmielowiec* (sorry if it's misspelled, can't even say it) who has faithfully Captained the topside "Library" for these many months, has been rewarded by advancement to Seaman First Class. Reason for special mention: This lad has done a better job of handling an unenviable billet than most of those who proceeded him, both sections open most of the time, spotlessly clean and well kept all the time... It is an historical fact that the United States only lost one man during the battle of Manila Bay and he was a yeoman—probably Navigator's...

* * * * *

Thanks for tunin' in friends... Station N.N. signing off with—*Aloha Nui* until another time... when your old newsmonger will again entertain you with: *Nosey News 'Bout Ev' thing an' Ev'body!*

SAL'S LETTER TO GUS

Dear Gus,

So you were "all reddern' a beet and sorta confused" when that snip-pity native gal made goo-goo eyes at ya. I don't know what all the "lei" business was about but it makes me tarnation mad when I remember our hours together. Nothin' I ever did or spoke was confusin' to ya Gus, and 'twern't as if I had never done sweet things for ya either. Why you told me I was the "essence o' sweetness itself!"

Felix J. and me tried to figure out what those 'nitals at the bottom of your letter meant but couldn't come to no sartin agreement. He figured 'twere some smart-aleck friend o' yours, because he knew that such sweet words couldn't come outen that mean head o' yours. I felt 'twere slanderous to say that and I argued that maybe you sorta cling to the regardment which once made you act so silly. Do you recollect tha time ya clumb the ladder outside my window and tried to make me take the bunch of golden-rod at midnight? Was your face a sight for the gilly-birds when Pa stuck his old double-barrelled shotgun out another window and let fly a blast over your head. Ma and I near died laughing when you got excited and fell head-first into tha rain-barrel.

Speakin' o' that old barrel reminds me ta mention Pa's latest and most gosh-awful rampage with some o' that "sugar-head" that ya usta call liquid lightin'. He'd been hittin' a jug what he'd hid under the corn crib right regular for moren' two days. One night he was a sittin' listless like on the front varanda, when tha neighbor boy, Abner Snodgrass rode up on his new two-wheeled bicycle. Pa roused hissself and 'lowed 'twere nigh onta twety-five years since he'd straddled one o' tha contraptions, and he had a hankerin' to prove he could ride it betterin' Abner right then. Ma tried to stop him but he's headstrongern' a brindle bull when tha "popskull's" a workin'... Anyways he rode it—just 'bout thirty feet and tha tracks he made put one of your crooked furrows to shame. When he come ta tha rain barrel it didn't move but he did and when he stopped there he was with his long shanks a kickin' and a splashin' water like a river carp what's been

GUS'S WEEKLY LETTER

(Continued from page two)

home team a wee bit because they forgot to stop at tha top and tumbled to tha bottom, tha winners. May they taste their poi from the golden mugs of their happy huntin' grounds.

Anyway, the King stuck out his chest on that day and says I'm home-steadin' all tha islands now.

I'm trackin' around Oahu on tha next Sabbath. You'll be a hearin' about it next time, Sal.

Love,
Gus.

SAN FRANCISCO PISTOL MEET

The personnel of the United States Fleet is invited to participate in a pistol shooting contest at Fort Funston Traffic Pistol Range during the Fleet's visit to San Francisco. This meet is to be held under the auspices of the S. F. Police Department.

Events will be held as follows:

Police Pistol Course

- 10 shots - 25 yards - Slow fire.
- 10 shots - 25 yards - Timed fire.
- 10 shots - 25 yards - Rapid fire.

Match over National Pistol Course

- 10 shots - 50 yards - Slow fire.
- 10 shots - 25 yards - Timed fire.
- 10 shots - 25 yards - Rapid fire.

Individual Match over Police Pistol Course

It is expected that teams and individuals from the police departments of all the large cities on the Pacific Coast and the Mexican Police Squad will enter.

Any one interested should submit their names to Gunner Selby at once so that he can nominate the entries to ComCruSecoFor immediately.

gigged. We finally pulled him out but not before he'd swallowed most of the water. Ma said it skeered her near to death but she thanked Providence fer soberin' him up. He went inta see the Preacher today and swears he'll take tha pledge for sartin. I'm too confounded to write more, take good care of yourself Gus and watch out for those brown gals with the bewitchin' eyes. Your Star o' Heaven,
Sal.