

IMPORTANT

The Patrol Officer has advised that any person parking their cars in the Navy Parking lot at the foot of Pico Street without the Navy stickers will be hauled away and placed in storage.

In order to obtain your car it will be necessary for you to pay the hauling charge, plus storage charge attached thereon.

The Navy stickers may be procured from the Executive Officers office.

BASEBALL

As the Houston is not included in the spring baseball series, it has been decided that activities along these lines will not begin until the ship goes to the Navy Yard.

During the overhaul period, it is the present intention to organize division baseball. The team that will represent the Houston next fall in the Heavy Cruiser League will be selected from the individual talent displayed in the division series.

SHORE BOAT PASSES

You can now secure your pass for the shore boat at the Ship Service Store for \$1.00. Those not having a pass will be required to pay the Officer of the Deck the sum of twenty five cents for their passage, providing any room remains after all men with passes have embarked. There is quite an advantage therefore in purchasing a pass.

The present schedule calls for two boats leaving the dock in the morning. One at 0700 and the other at 0720. They will leave the ship at 1610 and 1630 on week days and two boats will leave on Saturday only at 1130 for the Long Beach landing.

TEXAS SCHOOL DISASTER

In common with the nation and the world we of the Houston were deeply grieved to hear of the frightful Consolidated School explosion which snuffed out, in one horrible moment, the lives of more than 425 children.

Texas, her cities and her wonderful people have long been close to the men of this ship, named for proud and hospitable Houston. For this reason the New London tragedy strikes deeper; gives us a more personal sense of sorrow.

To the bewildered and grief stricken parents of those who were so abruptly snatched into eternity, may we extend our sincerest sympathy and the wish that in this loss these people may have the strength to carry on bravely—as Texans always have.

PAY INCREASE

Congressman Byron N. Scott of Long Beach, California yesterday introduced a bill in the House of representatives asking for an increase in pay for the enlisted personnel of the Navy. Congressman Scott has long been a friend of the enlisted men of the Navy and this bill is only one of the evidences of his friendliness. He gave as reason for his bill that the cost of living has increased to such an extent that the following pay schedule is warranted:

CPO	\$150.00
PO1c	126.00
PO2c	94.00
PO3c	82.00
Sea1c	63.00
Sea2c	43.00
A.S.	21.00

WELCOME

It is with pleasure that the Blue Bonnet on behalf of the Officers and Crew of the HOUSTON welcome Rear Admiral E. B. Fenner, USN, Commander Cruisers Scouting Force, and his Staff, aboard the HOUSTON.

The HOUSTON is proud to have you with us and we sincerely hope that your cruise with us will be long, happy, and pleasant, in your memories.

WHALEBOAT RACE

The race for 1st enlistment whale boat crews from Heavy Cruisers was rowed Friday afternoon over a one mile course. The Houston's ten willing huskies placed fifth in a field of six. Sounds bad doesn't it? It isn't, though... Alibies are out of place, however whale boat racing is like any other racing sport: A good start is everything!

After the unfortunate getaway, the crew came from way behind to take and hold the fifth position in a beautifully rowed race which did credit to everyone of the twelve men concerned. Ensign Quackenbush, Hart, Coxswain and the ten crew men are to be congratulated—their loyal efforts were not in vain and they should be proud since, "it is far better to have lost a good race, than never to have raced at all!"

The heavy boats crossed the finish line closely bunched and in this order: Portland, Salt Lake City, Astoria, Minneapolis, Houston and San Francisco. A big hand for the winners—and the losers. It was a splendid race!

Don't forget to mail the Blue Bonnet to the folks at home!

—: 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.

EDITOR, Ensign C. J. Mackenzie

Ass't. Editor:— R. C. Ball, Ch. Pay Clerk

Associate Editor:— A. D. Hall, MM1c

Distribution:— W. G. Zeitfuss, Bugle

20 MARCH, 1937.

★ ★ ★
—AND SUDDEN DEATH

An article with the above title, written by J. C. Furnas, was published in the Readers Digest in 1935. This boldly drawn picture of present day unsafe and murderous driving and what it means to YOU and ME, caused a great deal of comment and has been an added impetus toward safe and sane automobile driving.

Highway accidents are now the greatest single cause of death to naval personnel. During the year just past more than forty men died as a result of these unfortunate and, in most cases, avoidable smashups. Because so many of our people drive cars, the following excerpts from this timely article may be the direct means of saving more than one life:

"Publicizing the amount of motor-ing injuries—almost a million last year, with 36,000 deaths—never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

"Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation, which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought closer home. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and sustained realization that every time you step on the throttle, death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every hour of the day, everywhere in the United States. If you really felt that, perhaps the cold lines of type in Monday's paper recording that a total of 29 local citizens were killed in week-end crashes would rate

something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

"The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. An enthusiast tells you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

"Collision, turnover or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction—and, since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

"Anything can happen in that split second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterwards. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic.

"If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

"To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you must do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windshield with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off

(Continued on Page Four)

GUS'S WEEKLY LETTER

Dear Sal:

All's well that ends well, as grand-pap use to say when he felt down in the dumps and thought he'd meet his maker by kickin' tha bucket. And so 'tis, Sal. No more this season will tha blue rag o' three stars wave over tha mast of our happy ship. We're takin' aboard a Rear Admiral instead, who commands tha whole mess o' merry cruisers. Some stuff, eh?

They be three officers o' the flag now a days, accordin' to tha way I get it. In days o' old when pirates were bold, and ships were made o' wood and men were made o' what, nobody knows (just couldn't stop my itchin' fingers from swingin' into rime), they hoisted many a one star flag. These waved for the rank o' commodore. But alas, these men o' steel have sunk into oblivion o' that ancient past and tha buntin' lies a rottin' in tha hold.

You paint a pretty picture, Sal. Swarms o' fat cockerels just awaitin' to be hoisted into a double roaster sets my mouth a waterin'. Can't you coax your Pa to go a mite easy with his choppin' arm and save a few choice poultry until tha time I can plant my feet under your table. 'Twill soothe my conscience and tickle tha thews o' my heart so I can sleep tha sleep o' tha contended.

Oh yes, I'll be puttin' one foot before tha other, one o' these days, and a turnin' them in your direction, if I can ease a few days o' leave out o' tha skipper when our fine ship buries itself under tha humanity o' tha navy yard. Better chase that hair matted yokel, Felix Jackson, from away your door step and sofa. I'm no good at standin' competition, and I'll smack his cranium down so far he'll be holdin' up his pants with his necktie. Give him a warnin', and tha flowers o' romance will bloom with nary a weed.

Love, Gus

Waitress: How will you have your eggs cooked?"

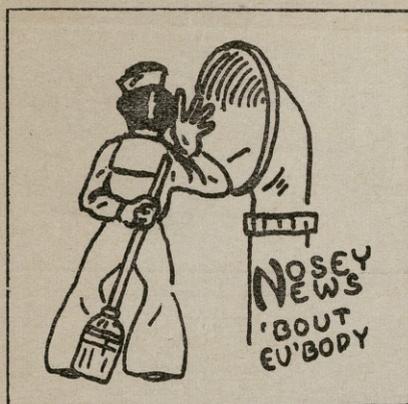
Cromwell: "Does it make any difference in the price?"

Waitress: "No."

Cromwell: "Then I'll have mine cooked with a little ham."

It is not familiarity but comparison that breeds contempt.

—G. K. Chesterton



Greetings! To listeners near and far, greetings! Tune carefully folks—and listen well—your worst friend and best enemy, Adam Chatterbox, is cluttering the atmosphere with another weekly broadcast: "About Ev'-thing and Ev'body."

Sure, and 'tis a foin thing to be with you agin.... In the spirit of the week which honors the Emerald Isle's beloved patron, St Patrick, may old Adam wish the Kellys, McCartys, the O'Shaunessys and all the others of the tribe, iverything that's good.... A true Irishman's toast: May God bless old Ireland and all Irishmen, everywhere!

To the good old COMSCOFOR flag personnel, a fond farewell. They certainly give the lie to the accepted opinion: "Most "FLAGS" are groups of "snooty" people." You're mighty good shipmates and honestly we're sorry to see you go.... A warm welcome to COMCRUSCOFOR newcomers—we hope you like our splendid ship as much as we do. Than our Commanding and Executive Officers there are no finer and the Houston is truly a "Happy Ship." While serving aboard, may you find it so.

Radio Filch: Fred Niblo, pleasant m.c. of that high spot hour on Wednesday evening's, "Professional Parade," told the best of many Irish stories that marked the Saint's birthday radio programs. He also satisfactorily answers the question, why do they have Irish wakes? "When a Scotchman or a Dutchman dies, he's dead, and that's all there is to it! Now and Irishman.... Sure, and when a Celt dies, you have to sit up with him a night or two to make sure!"

In Passing: We noticed this line in Ray D. O'Fan's Examiner column.

"To J.W.W., U.S.S. Houston: I'll string along with Kay Kyser." Without asking questions, I'll wager a nickle to nothing the "J.W.W." is none other than Joe West, and that he had written in to boost Sammy Kaye's stock with the newspaper radio critic. Too many really good bands on the air to argue, but, I'll take Kaye, Sterling Young and Kyser, in the order named; also keep your ear on Joe Reichman, little known newcomer at the Grove.

Flash! Here's real news.... Genial George Herrick, commissioner, old timer, plank owner extraordinary and old China Hand rolled into one likable person, is to join the ranks of the Houston's own Club. His name appeared in Thursday's "Intention to Wed" list to the delight of all Golden Grainers. Membership greetings and congratulations from all G.G.'s to our popular CPO Oil King. (It's about time!)

Fish Fable: To help while away Rope Yarn Sunday, the "Chuck Wag-on" boys from Wyoming, Andy and Paul Slovack, regaled the "S" Div. laddies with extremely tall fish stories. One of the ex-sheep herders topped all such yarns by proclaiming the feat of catching four or more Bull Heads on the same hook, and at the same time! He was backed by brother who vowed it had happened several times. After all, who ever heard of a Sheep Herder fishing???

Oddity: Your reporter discovered an old ex-Navy man living in the Mojave Desert alone and twenty-three miles from the nearest town, Victorville, California. He served in the Army during the Spanish-American fracas and was in the Naval service before, all thru and after the World War. Now he lives in almost perpetual silence, solitary master of all he surveys. His "ranch," on which even the hardy juniper, tough cactus or sagebrush finds rough going, lies 6500 feet above the desert floor on the bleak slope of a mountain; his home, a snug two room shack built by himself of scrap lumber and sundry materials; his companions, hundreds of good books and all the best magazines, a mongrel pup of no certain ancestry and the twinkling stars that come so close to the desert country. Why? For his health? No! Because he

was "tired of living in a world where best friends became double-crossers—or worse!" (Can you picture yourself taking his place?)

Fogbound Financier: A nosey fellow writes in to reveal that our Mc-Nesby has a rival in this business of making the girlies pay the way. Meir of the "2nd" leaves the ship to call on a lady with one quarter, returning with several after having spent a gay evening. The same gent became completely lost in a fog while trying to find the ship, the "liberty having been devoted to escorting the "One & Only."

It's True: An all time record of some sort is held by man-mountain "Moe" Ivy of the Fourth Fireroom. For the first time in four years he requested special 1300 liberty! It was Monday and though it was raining torrents he had to go ashore, like it or not. Add note: He didn't like it!

Best Story of the Week: The After Engine Room's relator of anecdotes, Hank Cromwell, who tells nothing but the truth, relates this tale: While traveling thru Missouri on foot, he decided to return to his home, some distance away. Needing money for railroad fare he asked a grizzled old farmer for a job. He got it....cutting the wood for and making axe handles. When the backbreaking task was finished, the farmer paid Hank off with a large bundle of the handles he had made. Thinking he could get cash in exchange, Hank took the brand-new axe handles to the country store where he bought some tobacco, handed the fruit of his labors across the counter and asked for change. He got the "change" alright.... several dozen hammer handles!

Static and Ecstatic: Bolicki, 1st Div. Seaman, had himself tattooed recently. Since then he's haunted the sickbay.... Mo Ivy insists that McCarty must own stock in the manufacturer having the Navy contract for bright work polish, and if he has he'll be very wealthy soon.... Did you see the nice new trough "Lamb Chops" built for our "Yap Yap"?.... Everything happens to Campbell... A gang of tough young men (five year oldsters) committed meyhen on "Tiny" Rimmer's "new" car—1930 model.... He cracked, "...after seeing what

(Continued on page four)

—AND SUDDEN DEATH

(Continued From Page Two)

the spare tire which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was mashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy truck against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster this spring—thrown clear—but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap off a nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

"It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probable on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of that 36,000.

"And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against this kind of blood and agony and sudden death.

"Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy."

There are three very good reasons why the Navy will not have any sit-down strikers.

CHOW CALL
PAY DAY
LIBERTY

MAIL SCHEDULE

The following tentative steamer mail schedules between United States and Honolulu during April and May is promulgated for information.

Weather permitting, "Clipper" mail leaves the mainland every Wednesday for Honolulu and from Honolulu to the mainland every Thursday; average time for flight is eighteen hours.

FROM HONOLULU TO MAINLAND

Steamer	Lv. Honolulu	Ar. S.P.	Ar. S.F.
Malolo	3 April	8 April	
Pres. Cleveland	7 April		13 April
Lurline	10 April		15 April
Mariposa	12 April	17 April	
Pres. Coolidge	16 April		21 April
Malolo	17 April	22 April	
Lurline	24 April		29 April
Malolo	1 May	6 May	
Pres. Taft	5 May		11 May
Lurline	8 May		13 May
Monterey	10 May	15 May	
Pres. Hoover	14 May		19 May
Malolo	15 May	20 May	
Lurline	22 May		27 May
Malolo	29 May	3 June	

TO HONOLULU FROM MAINLAND

Steamer	Lv. S.P.	Lv. S.F.	Ar. Honolulu
Lurline	3 April		8 April
Pres. Hoover		3 April	8 April
Maui		6 April	13 April
U. S. Grant		9 April	15 April
Malolo		10 April	15 April
Republic		13 April	20 April
Lurline	17 April		22 April
Pres. Lincoln		17 April	23 April
Malolo		24 April	29 April
Mariposa	28 April		3 May
Lurline	1 May		6 May
Pres. Coolidge		1 May	6 May
Malolo		8 May	13 May
Lurline	15 May		20 May
Pres. Wilson		15 May	21 May
Malolo		22 May	27 May
Monterey	26 May		31 May
Lurline	29 May		3 June
Pres. Hoover		29 May	3 June

NOSEY NEWS

(Continued from page three)

they did to the old jalopy, I'm glad they didn't have any big brothers along.".... Cochrane and "Creepy" Springer, Supply Corps play boys, ran out of funds in L.A. Both being gentlemen, they suffered no qualms of conscience when it became necessary to borrow the last cent the girl friends had for transportation.... And Springer was supposed to have entered the last stage of regeneration since



FOOTPRINTS

You can always find out
If a guy's a fake
By his great big bow vave
And his tiny vake.

Oscar

Thanks Oscar for not forgetting us yet.

DID YOU KNOW ?

That among the men well known in public life, the following have served in the U. S. Navy:

- James Allred, Governor of Texas.
- Phil Baker, Radio comedian.
- Jack Sharkey, Pugilist.
- Freeman F. Gosden, "Amos" of the Amos and Andy duo.
- Jack Benny, Radio comedian.
- Rube Marquard, Baseball pitcher.
- Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury.
- Conrad Nagel, Motion picture star.
- George J. O'Brien, Movie star.
- Eddie Peabody, Radio and vaudeville—Banjo.
- Wallie Pipp, New York Yankees.
- Sam Rice, Washington baseball star
- Edward G. Robinson, Cinema star.
- Tom Sharkey, Pugilist.
- Tris Speaker, Baseball star.
- Joe Stecher, Professional wrestler.
- Spencer Tracy, Motion picture star.
- Rudy vallee, Radio, stage and mo-
- Paul Whiteman, Orchestra leader.
- Walter Winchell, Columnist, critic.

There are hundreds more, too many to list; in business, politics, sports, in every walk of life are to be found men who once were blue-jackets—even as you and I . . .

acquisition of the new "crow"????
.... Question? Why does GSK Mac-Elhanon return to the ship for breakfast and even go so far as to stay aboard one night!?????? Real GG's don't do that....

That's all for now.... Thanks for tuning in.... Adios 'til next week.

Boost HOUSTON Athletics!