



ROBOT LIGHTSHIP

The latest development in "aides to navigation" announced by the light-house service is the robot lightship, and it is announced that a number of these "never fail" warnings to navigators will be strung along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts within the next few years. The new apparatus will replace the obsolete aides now in service and will be one of the greatest innovations ever known to navigation when completed. One such ship has been tested for some time, the St. Clair, stationed in Lake St. Clair, between Lake Erie and Lake Huron. It is a 160 ton craft and is crewless, its apparatus being controlled by radio from land. It is eight miles from the coast, and automatically equipped, much the same as a vessel used as a mobile target ship, the Utah, any of the equipped destroyers, and the old battleship, Iowa, sunk off Panama in 1922. The St. Clair runs itself. Every 20 seconds the ship's bell strikes. In bad weather it could be so operated for months without the need of a human on board. It gives ships their bearings by radio waves, forms a powerful beacon at night and should an electric light fail, an automatic gas light turns on. It has a fog horn that can be operated by pushing a button on shore. If any of the mechanism of the vessel fails, the radio station on shore is notified immediately by the apparatus, and by pushing a button another such gadget is put working, as all apparatus is in pairs. Since the establishment of the St. Clair more than a year ago, another apparatus has been invented and will be placed on the new craft.

HOUSTON WINS IN SMOKER WITH NEW ORLEANS

All who missed the New Orleans — Houston smoker at the Y.M.C.A. on the night of the 6th certainly lost out on a fine evening's entertainment. Not only were there boxing and wrestling, but as a part of the show to start everything and everybody off to a good beginning, there

was acts of dancing and singing by some remarkably talented children from the Lodena Edcumbe Dancing School. It made a few of us set up and take notice of the way showmanship among children has progressed in the last few years.

Martel of the New Orleans and Beckwith of this ship opened proceedings in the first wrestling bout. Martel finally managed to throw Beckwith.

Folta, Pratt, and Fordemwalt threw their respective opponents from the New Orleans in short order. Freeman won over Bailey on points. But Miller struck a snag in the person of Armstrong of the New Orleans and was pinned in expert fashion.

This gave the Houston four bouts to the New Orleans two. Our wrestling team composed of men in other weights in addition to the above but for whom the New Orleans could not provide competition is getting along in great style. We may lose Pratt and Fordemwalt due to expiration of enlistment, but so far teams from the Dobbin and Richmond have fallen before our team in practice tilts. Lt. (jg) McDonald, wrestling officer, and coach "Headlock" Wellbourn look forward to a good year in fleet competition.

Boxing began with a clear-cut win by Martin of the Houston over Loss. Martin's aggressive style and straight lefts show him to be very promising

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SCOUTING FORCE FLAG ABOARD HOUSTON

Once more the Rambler Ship is going to swing around buoy George for a few months. Vice Admiral Tarrant transferred his Scouting Force Flag to the Houston on Friday morning, 15 October, for a stay of about four months.

While there are a good number of new faces in the Flag complement, many old familiar ones are seen about the decks greeting old acquaintances and renewing friendships of old when the Houston once before had the pleasure of having the ScoFor Flag.

The Blue Bonnet wishes to take this opportunity to give the officers and men of the Scouting Force Flag a cheery welcome and wish them a very happy stay aboard their new flagship.

GOOD SAILORS SHOULD KNOW

Running lights are stationary. The anchor watch has no jewels. It is not safe to smoke a hawse pipe. Barquette is not the name of a girl. Hash marks are not German money. Sick Bay will not be found on the map. A diving chest is not a physical defect. An anchor ball is not a shindig. And two-bitts is not money.

The most expensive golf course in the world is at Gatun Locks, Panama.

—: THE BLUE BONNET :—

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Editor, Lieut. (jg) E. A. McDonald

Assistant Editor: R. C. Ball, Ch. Pay Clerk

Associate Editors: Stefan Sivak, Jr., SK2c

R. B. Thompson, Sea1c

Circulation: John Boris, F2c

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"E" SHOWER

A large "E" painted on one of our stacks would look mighty good for next year. The Houston has already started well up in engineering competition, and if all hands watch for small details, then take proper measures in the interests of economy it will be a big step towards the award. Such measures are the conservative use of fresh water and electricity. Turn off all unnecessary lights and use the showers conservatively but consistent with cleanliness.

A flock of "E"s for the gunnery department doesn't look so bad either. If the gun crews bear down and get "hot" so that the target has to duck to keep from getting hit we can't do anything to fend off that shower of "E"s.

Below is quoted a favorite paragraph of Theodore Roosevelt's:

"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiently; who errs and comes short again and again because there is no effort without short-coming; who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotion, spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who knew neither victory nor defeat."

The sick bay was filled with pain,
The air was filled with groaning,
The doctor was filled with wit again:
"Good morning, men, good morning.

HOUSTON WINS SMOKER

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material for the coming season. Next Anthony of the New Orleans won over Wilson who showed lack of experience but great gameness and ability to "take it." Harris, the fighting marine of the Houston had the crowd going by the time he beat a very able opponent, Fortunado. Harris' quick left and his right brought from somewhere near the deck did the trick. Finally, Green of the New Orleans won over Hill who showed disinterest in the fight after taking four terrific blows to the midsection during the second round. Hill came back in the third but was too tired to accomplish much.

In short the boxing was an exciting group of clean fights. The remainder of the team are also working and hope to show as much in the coming year's competition. The squad needs more men, especially in the light weights, so how about some more candidates.

OARSMAN RACE THURSDAY

Next Thursday is the date set for the races between Marine whaleboat crews of heavy cruisers present at Long Beach; our entry being in the ten-oared event. The Marines have been working out steadily and earnestly for the last two weeks at Mare Island and are rapidly being whipped into shape with the help of Ensign Minter, an ex-crewman. Veterans of last year include Nelson (stroke), Grimes, Knowles, and Lambert. The job of coxswain will be taken over upon the return of old-timers with the Scouting Force detachment.

LONG FLAGS

Probably the longest flags used in the United States are the homeward bound pennants of the Navy. When a ship has served for more than a year on foreign duty, it flies the pennant on its return. The usual procedure is to allow one foot for each man in the crew. This ship, when returning from duty in the Asiatic Fleet, had a pennant 575 feet long.

She: "Sir, I'll have you to know that I intend marrying a Phi Gam and a gentleman."

Him: "You can't. That's bigamy."



Dear Sal,

'Tis a pinin' I'll be for you many a day now 'cause there'll be heavy work for us Navies. Keepin' tha ship a shinin' from stem to stern and stickin' out guns and blazin' away will mean Uncle Sammy will sorta like keepin' us 'round close to tha ship. Well, my heart's a beatin' stronger'n ever for you and although it's bleedin' for tender looks from you right now I'll have to bind it up with a bit o' gum tape to keep it a workin'.

You got my dander up a mite, Sal, tha time you whispered in my ear you sorta hankered for rhymin' writin' matter which touched on love and such. I knew Felix Jackson sends you trashy matter like that, and it rubbed me plumb wrong to know that you got addled over anything he so much as touches or comes out o' his shriveled brain. And you finally left in a huff. In spite o' our spats and differin' ways on occasions we get along.

Our havin' those spells towards each other is not strange at all. I can remember two o' Lem Widner's hound dogs which just couldn't stand the sight o' tha other. They hated each other worse'n poison when they weren't on a hunt, and Lem had to keep both o' them chained with double chains so's they wouldn't tear each other apart. But tha minute they were on a hunt with Lem they would start a cover'n ground on tha double towards a fleein' fox or coon. They would plumb forget their hate for each other, and between tha tricks o' both they would soon have their critter holded up or treed. Lem would have to chain them up again right away after tha excitement though, 'cause o' their meanness. One time these two hound dogs got on tha trail o' a big mama bear with a coupla o' cubs. Tha hound dogs used every trick they knew on tha big bear but she was a gettin' tha best o' both o' them before Lem

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Hello gang: Once again we are on the air with the latest news events. Sure is good to be back in Long Beach again. Noticed all the G.G.'s breaking out their sacks of tobacco so as to show all hands they are ready to start making the first liberty boat ashore.

* * * *

Noticed quite a number of men returning to the ship with the brand of the Majestic dance hall on their hands. They all claim that they were greeted with open arms by the girls of the Pike.

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Many of the new men couldn't wait to see the famous "Pike" of Long Beach, now that they have they are disappointed. Perhaps they didn't get to the spots that rate high with most of the crew.

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Found out why they call Barron, Seaman of the First Division "Gracie." Seems at a party in San Francisco he was given a bottle of perfume and a tin of lipstick for a present. As yet we haven't caught him using any of these mentioned items.

* * * *

Slough, boss man of the G.S.K., does not like the new types of dances in the ballrooms. He has a style all his own. All you have to do is have a partner who can lift you from the floor every time you stick out your right foot. His partner didn't do so well the last time he danced as he has a patch on his trousers that shows the wear and tear quite plainly.

* * * *

The new soda fountain sure puts out some mighty good cokes. It won't be long before they have it all together and start serving all the latest concoctions that would ordinarily be served at any fountain.

Last week the highway looked kind of crowded with the Caravan of Houston wives. Seems as though the wives get in on maneuvers also. Wonder if they ever get together and tell sea-stories.

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Of course you all know that the "S" Division won the baseball classic of our navy yard stay. We wonder that you are wondering when and where they are going to have their little party. All we can say is that it will be in Long Beach and soon.

* * * *

We sure are getting to look shipshape once again. Lots of credit must be given to the boatswain's mates who are on the job.

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Now that the chances of being advanced in rating is close again all hands are busy keeping their faces in their courses. We all wish those going up for the next higher rating the best of luck and hope that the Houston gets quite a number of ratings.

* * * *

A few more days and we will have our planes back on board. When the men of the "V" Division see the changes made to their hangars they sure will wonder if this is the same ship they left.

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From the way our basketball team started out this season, it looks as though we will have a winning team in the cruiser schedule this year. Lots of support will be appreciated and will be a great help to make winning possible, so lets all try to see the games when they come off.

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Congratulations go to Grant, SK1c, who will be appointed Acting Chief Storekeeper this Saturday. Don't forget the usual cigars.

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Hart, of the 2d Division, is usually called "Lover," but this name didn't mean a thing in Vallejo as all the women left him kind of flat. It won't mean much here in Long Beach either as the girls here like em better than they pick 'em in Vallejo.

* * * *

Sartor, our Navigator's Yeoman, has his daily troubles trying to keep away from Osborne these days. Even when he is ashore he is troubled with thots of Osborne.

Little Ocko Says . . .

Now that the navy yard overhaul period has been completed it seems all hands are glad to be back in the old familiar grounds. Compared with Vallejo the Pike sure looks good to most of us.

Our Baker, Barricklo, had a spot of tough luck last Tuesday morning; happened to grab a good hold on the wrong end of a knife and cut his hand quite severely. Better look sharp next time.

Didn't it seem natural to hear the Bos'n Mate passing the word: "Now relieve the wheel and lookout"? By the time Gunnery Season is completed it will be more than familiar.

Who was the Signalman and the seaman accompanying him who looked through the San Francisco city directory for a half hour and still couldn't find the girl's telephone number?

Ellison, boat deck Romeo, made one very fast liberty trip to Oakland one night before we left M.I. Little Ocko says he ought to move her to Long Beach!

Due to the Blue Bonnet not being published last week we nearly missed an item, but since we promised to do so we'll write it up now. Seems Eli Budimlya and "Red" Miller, 1st and 2d Divisions respectively, have something mighty interesting in Frisco. The boys were airing the girls on Market Street not long ago and Miller was treating: peanuts from a sack.

Andy Sivak, SC3c, and Lamb, WT2c the Oil King, had a big argument the other evening over which had been married the longest. Little Ocko failed to find proof of which was telling the biggest! Also, Slovak, called on his brother for aid in his story and Paul had forgotten Andy was even married! Sumpin' fishy somewhere!

What mess attendant and companion encountered an accident on the fo'c'sle the other morning. Little Ocko says he could have at least tossed it over the lee side!

Perhaps we've said enough for this time. Little Ocko says—So long!

ODE TO A COMPARTMENT CLEANER

ON the good ship Houston in the Navy Yard
There came a sailor both strong and hard.
Because in his work it was found he was no leaner
They assigned him to be a compartment cleaner.

QUOTH he as he surveyed the details of his job
"You'll find I'll do this better than any other gob."
So he inspected, scrutinized, looked, examined, then grunted
For he found dirt on the bulkheads, overhead, and deck he confronted.

HIS brow wrinkled a bit as he thought
Of the work with which his job was fraught.
"It'll take some planning, concentration, and adaptation
So I'll read books on compartment cleaning for my education.

FAR into the night many books he did read
Until finally he could quote articles on painting with speed.
To advice from the bos'n and others he lent his ear
Till at last he felt ready to clean and paint any gear.

THE rest of the Houston's crew were awestruck and amazed
When they saw the commotion this sailor actually raised.
The portions on which he worked he roped off in chains
And cautioned all to remain outside of these sacred lanes.

WITH scraper he worked from morn till night
Until the metal shown new to the sight.
It was a wondrous sight to see the speed and dash
Of this sailor working the scraper like a flash.

THEN he red leaded and painted with meticulous care
All this metal that had been prepared till it was bare.
He cut in each line with the skill of an artist
That to most sailors is always the hardest.

HE cleaned the "dogs," the deck, and many a port
So there was no dirt, smudge, or things of that sort.
With might and main he rubbed with polish and wax.
"Everything's new and shiny," they said, "those are pure facts."

AT last he finished his very last stroke
So there was nothing left for him but to gloat.
And to get praise for himself over this deed
The sailor ran for his division officer with speed.

THEN the officer came to inspect, to note, and by chance be glad
Of the wondrous work that had been done by this sailor and lad.
His eyes gleamed and with words he was at a loss
As everything stood out like tinsel and gloss.

THE sailor stood still and listened for the words of praise
For the work that had been accomplished in only a few days.
He expected the granting of at least thirty days leave
Or a medal would be the least he was to receive.

THEN he wilted and shrank into a daze
For what he heard were not words of praise
But, "My man you're all by yourself in one class
You've gone and painted over all our brass.

Wife: I have a surprise for you dear. There will soon be another in our family."
Ensign: "My angel! Are you sure?"
Wife: "Yes, I just received a wire from mother. She will be here for a month."

Kind old lady to seasick one: "They say a novel will distract one's thoughts from seasickness. Would you like to read this one?"

Victim: "What's the name of it?"
Old lady: "The Great Upheaval."

Wife (to late returning husband): "Is that you, John?"
He: "It'd better be."



A flying boat with a greater wing-spread than that of the largest commercial airplane ever constructed was recently completed at the Sikorsky Aircraft Corporation, Stratford, Conn., for the United States Navy.

This huge destroyer of the air, believed to be the largest navy patrol boat in the world, is powered by four 1,000 horsepower Pratt & Whitney engines, and is estimated to weigh 50,000 pounds.

GUS'S WEEKLY LETTER

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and tha others arrived to drive her off. there wasn't anything left o' those dogs but a little hair and bone, but Lem loaded them both in a gunny sack and lugged them back to his shack where he patched them up in some fashion. They was just too mean and onery to die, I guess, 'cause their hearts kept right on tickin'. But tha funny thing about those hound dogs was tha way they started lookin' after each other. They licked each other's cuts and wounds. They rid each other o' fleas, and when tha sun would come out, one or tha other would stand in front to keep tha sun off his pal. It just beat anything tha affection them dogs had for each other. But when they was well again they went right back to fightin'.

It just goes to show you if you're tha scrappin' kind, who gets there a mite quicker'n tha rest, you gotta be bearin' down hard-like on somethin' whether it be good or bad. One time a body like that would sully tha confines o' old Nick's place, and another time he would be a leadin' tha angels on a flight over a field o' flowers.

My thoughts sorta bear towards heaven where you're concerned, at present.

Love,

Gus.