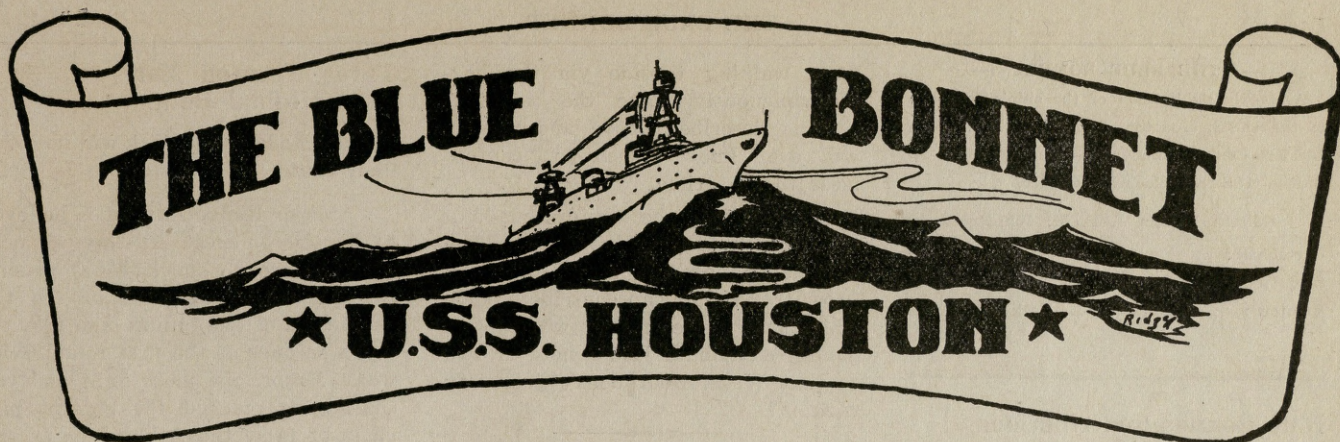




Officers Ordered

The ship is about to lose a very fine officer and one whom we all know, Lt. (jg) E. A. McDonald. He has been aboard the ship for two years plus. He has been very prominent in the activities of the ship, his multitudinous jobs taking in the referee of boxing and wrestling matches, coach for the wrestling team, ward-room mess treasurer, editor of the ship's paper and an author. He is known from stern to stem, having started in the third division and ended in the first division. He will leave the ship in Guantanamo Bay after the firing of NBP for duty in Honolulu at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Oahu. All are sorry to see him leave but when he does our best wishes and good luck follow him.

Ensign D. V. Wengrovius, now in the "F" Division, will take the first division when Lt. (jg) E.A. McDonald leaves.

Lt. (jg) J. M. Clute joined the Houston not so long ago for temporary duty pending assignment to new construction, the U.S.S. Sterrett in Charleston. At present he is in gunnery with the five inch battery standing watches in engineering. It would be nice to have him stay with us longer but he is due to leave in about a month.

What Are The Following? (Answers on page Four.)

Lubber's hole
Manger
Margin Planking
Pig
Sea Pig

Houston Bids Farewell To Miami

After twelve days at sea without touching a liberty port the Houston arrived at Miami. For one day we were anchored out at sea, an hour from the landing. Even at that, the port watch showed every indication of having had a fine time. Thursday we headed inland and steamed down the 30 foot deep channel $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles inland to the piers of Miami. Miami greeted us with open arms supplying tickets and transportation to both the dog and race tracks. The city was most kind to the officers, treating them to dinner at the best night club and giving them lovely lady escorts for the evening.

There are two facts of interest about that trip into Miami's piers. The Houston is the largest naval ship yet to come into the channel. During Thursday afternoon from one until five o'clock 4,600 visitors came aboard the Houston to see how the Navy lives.

Our departure was most gay and festive. Shortly after five, Friday afternoon, the Houston backed out from the slip, turned around, and headed out the channel. For $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles along the County Causeway a cavalcade of cars and lines of spectators bid us farewell and wished us good luck. In fact one car keep honking its horn in code sending us this message, "C U Later 73s de WKAT." "73" is a signal for Best Regards and Bon Voyage. Yes, all hands would like to have spent more days in Miami.

Flattery is 90 per cent soft soap,
and soft soap is 90 per cent lye.

Guantanamo During The Spanish-American War

After bottling the Spanish Fleet in Santiago Harbor, Admiral Sampson looked around for a place where his ships might coal or lie in safety during bad weather. A harbor of the kind needed lay forty miles to the east of Santiago—Guantanamo Bay. Accordingly on June 7, 1898, the Marblehead and Yankee proceeded to Guantanamo and took possession of the Bay. These ships shelled the Spanish batteries and drove off a small gunboat; then they remained in the Bay until June 10 when a battalion of 600 Marines arrived to make a landing. They were supported by several ships, including the famous Oregon. The landing was unopposed by the Spanish and the Marines were soon ashore in camp.

It was not until the next day that the Spanish began to show any opposition. Then for three days the Marines were subjected to an active fire from the brush. The Surgeon of the Command and six men were killed but the losses would have been much greater had it not been for the exceptionally poor marksmanship of the Spaniards. The Marines were unable to silence or drive off the Spanish because they were hidden in the brush. Finally it was decided to destroy their base, a fort at Caimanera. The Texas steamed to within 2400 yards of the fort and soon reduced it to a heap. While on its way up the bay, the Texas struck several torpedoes but they had all been rendered ineffectual by barnacles which covered the contacts.

With the destruction of the fort the troubles of the Marines came
(Continued on Page 4.)

—: THE BLUE BONNET :—

A weekly publication of the ship's company of the U.S.S. Houston, Captain G. N. Barker, U.S.N., Commanding and Commander C. A. Bailey, U.S.N., Executive Officer.

Editor: Ensign J. P. M. Johnston

Cartoonist: W. C. Ridge
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E. Essy, Sea2c

Blue Bonnet Contributions

In number one messing compartment on the forward bulkhead is a small box labelled Blue Bonnet contributions. This box works on the ballot box principle, namely, a secret vote. Anyone can put his donation to the Blue Bonnet without a soul finding out who did it or when.

There are many ways of making a contribution. First, one may think of an item of interest which deserves the attention of the editor, write it out on a piece of paper, walk boldly up and drop it in the slot. He has done it in a manner to show all that he has strength of his convictions.

There is another way for the man that has a juicy bit of information that might go in the Blue Bonnet but no one shall know who put the dope out. He can either write or type the information on a piece of onion skin paper for thinness. This is important for there can be no mistakes. Fold the onion skin very carefully and tightly, allowing no more paper than the message will take. Now make all arrangements to go up the ladder to the quarterdeck. Take the forward ladder, this is the one nearest the box. As your body hides the box from the messing compartment reach out quickly, but surely and accurately, place the paper in the slot. This paper as once mentioned, must be folded tightly or it might jam on the edges and your movement seen. Do not break your stride, continue up the ladder as blithely as you approached. There is hardly any chance that you will be seen.

A surer method is to have all in readiness beforehand much in the same manner as the second method described, but wait until some night when you have the watch. It is dark, all quiet and all hands sleeping. Now

upon walking topside via the box, inconspicuously make the contribution as described above and no one will ever know unless you confess later to the crime.

In Miami the visitors made a contribution to the Blue Bonnet. The print shop now has a nickel to the good. If a visitor can contribute some of his hard earned money why can we not all contribute just a note or two so that W. T. Door doesn't get away with it?

ComScoFor to Come Aboard

The HOUSTON expects to fire Night Battle Practice 30 March, then return to Guantanamo until about the third of April and receive ComScoFor aboard for the trip to Houston. It has not yet been determined how many will come with ComScoFor when he arrives but it is believed that it will not be the whole of the staff but only a few. That Admiral Andrews will come to the Houston is nearly a certainty for we have his car.

There is always plenty of room for more on the Houston. With firing over and the accompanying let down, the ComScoFor band should really come. The Houston can take care of any new blood as well; let's have some of the staff personnel for old time's sake.

How To Live (Blotto) On \$15 A Week

A sign in the window of a small Park Avenue grocery store offers an amusing solution to a current economic question—how to live on \$15 a week.

The sign suggests the following budget:—

Whiskey and Beer	\$8.80
Wife's Beer	1.75
Meat, fish, groceries	On Credit
Rent	Pay Next Week
Coal	Borrow from Neighbor
Mid Week Whiskey and Beer	1.50
Wife's life insurance	1.00
Cigars and Cigarettes	.35
Movies	.60
Hot tip on Horse	.75
Dog food	.60
Poker Game	1.40
	\$16.75

The sign concludes:—

"This means you are going in Debt, so cut out the Wife's Beer."

Three Houston Men In Semi-final Bouts

Harris, Hodge and Chick win in Semi-final bouts.

Major Hodge in what is believed to be the quickest All-Navy knock-out on record, knocked Campenelli, Battle Force Champion, out in the short time of one minute and twenty-seven seconds of the first round. Nice work, Major, one more fight and you shall have reached the highest pinnacle of fame the Athletic Navy can offer.

Harris in a very fast bout copped the decision from a really tough and willing fighter by the name of Lewis.

Harris landed punch after punch taking all four rounds by a safe margin. Another battling Marine is making good.

Chick, our last year's All-Navy bantam weight wrestler, proved that he deserves the name of champion that he bears by defeating one of the greatest wrestlers the Navy has ever seen, Cantor, Battle Force Champ.

Our boys have but one more bout to go. Let's get behind them and push men. We are all proud of you, Chick, Harris and Hodge.

One Way Of Doing It

This one really belongs in the "Facts" column, but there is so much wit and humor to it we thought it belongs under the title of a joke.

Recently an Executive Officer on board one of the heavy cruisers received a letter from a jewelry firm regarding indebtedness of an enlisted man concerned, for statement and reply. The man wrote the firm as follows:

Dear Sirs:

Don't think that you are the only people I owe money to. I owe nineteen firms in all. My standard system is that every payday I put the names of all my creditors in a hat and send a dollar to the one I draw out. The only trouble is that your name has not come out.

Yours very truly,
John Doe

P.S. If you don't stop writing letters to my Executive Officer about this matter, I am not even going to put your name in the hat.

Out Of The Ozone

* Well Shipmates, here we are again with tales and rumors about our visit to our latest port, Miami.



* It seems that we should pay another tribute to Sammy Fox. At the dance in Miami he had the people standing up and rubbing their dazed eyes while he limbered up the old legs and did some good old fancy stepping.



* Drop around to the sailmaker's and you'll probably get a big kick out of the tales Man Mountain Nick can tell you about his latest girl friend. The way he told it to me, was that she had a string of race horses and some of those racing dogs. I only wish the writer would be so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of someone like that sometime.



* The other day "Schnoz" Hattemer was standing around with a long face and I asked him what was the matter. Seems that he thought he had a pretty good tan until he had gotten a look at some of the girls over on the beach. He said he was almost ready to quit because they put his to shame.



* Tommy DeBri has a new idea about drinks. Seems he was drinking mint juleps and every time the glass would start to go dry, he'd ask the bartender for some sugar to sweeten it with. Then he would get it too sweet and have to have another shot of whiskey in it to make it more sour. I guess it worked out all right for the last time I saw him he seemed to be doing fine.



* Miami visitors took the ship by storm and I never saw so many volunteer escorts in my time on the Houston. I don't blame the boys, some of them were very nice looking. How about it Chmura?

* Well Shipmates (?) there didn't seem to be much to write about this week but beware in Houston, Texas.

The Prowler

The only difference between an actress and a chorus girl is that one has to memorize her lines and the other has to develop hers.

Welsh Rarebit

No longer the scenic beauty of the ancient castles wrapped in cloaks of somber green ivy well becoming their age and dignity. No longer the peace and quietude of moss covered trees and bushes, the soothing effect of buzzing insects as I drifted along the river during the sleepy noon of a summer's day. No longer the still shadows and cool deep inviting shady inlets where one can close his eyes and dream away the day in blissful idleness.

The character of the river was changing, I had drifted farther than expected to swifter and more turbulent water, more rugged banks, scrawny, scrubby trees, jagged rocks, and fair sized boulders. My attempt to overcome the current to make my way to more quiet waters had ended in exhaustion with barely enough strength to keep clear of rocks and whirlpools. For the last hour I had searched for a place to land but the banks were precipitous as though a crevice had opened and the water were rushing through carrying me. The trees and underbrush arched over the chasm deepening the shadows of afternoon, intensifying the roar from the sides of the cliffs. Eerie darkness settled with the increase of temperature and humidity. The reverberating roar of rushing disturbed waters soon became deafening and intermittent with the sound of explosions. Darkness descending as though the sun were setting behind dark ominous storm clouds terrified me. Self-preservation was the only driving force left. Abruptly, hot water hit me nearly scalding the skin. Tumultuous waters, geysers erupting, shaking my universe, terrified, panic stricken, paralyzed with fear, I rushed helplessly through the Stygian darkness to ever increasing heat.

Eternity passed, a resigned calm came to me with the imperceptible lessening of violence. Sanity restored, I awaited the outcome as fate took charge and cruelly let me live. Eyes becoming accustomed to the faint luminosity emanating from the surroundings I made out a most wondrous sight. Stalagmites and stalagmites in myriad forms conjured strange thoughts in my mind, suggested the earthly creations I had so shortly left. The tones and colors

softly blended to one another as the radiation of each body broke and softened all contrast. When my boat bumped gently on the bank of the stream. Having nothing to do I disembarked. I explored this fantasy of thought or dream, making most of the occasion. Walking slowly in this ghostly wonderland I touched a stalagmite. It gave forth a perfect tone of organ like quality. It was one of a few which had joined with the stalagmite above and formed a pillar. Curiosity aroused I tried the adjoining ones and they, too, gave forth sounds of pure quality. Striking them repeatedly increasing each successive stroke until finally I had all of them vibrating sympathetically with the source until a deafening crescendo, appalling in its magnitude, filled the cavern. During the midst of this inspiring crescendo it was shattered by many of the stalagmites breaking from excessive vibration and falling to the floor of the cave. Realizing my danger I stopped my experiment and warily continued my exploration. Still pools of water reflected the roof of the cave and relief maps of gigantic cities and metropolitan areas stretched in miniature before my eyes all in the grays and whites of the uncanny light. As I walked the floor of the cave sounded hollow: I was in the upper most of a series of caves. Still awe struck and lost I wandered, not caring where I went until I heard a crackling, felt a rush of air and lost my breath. Falling, turning in the air, and sickening when I saw where I was to land

Some wall-eyed, pigeon-toed, son of a slab sided sea cook had cut my bunk chain.

Shaw: This vacuum sure is coming up slow.

Davenport: Yeah, but here's the gauge. That's the clock you're tapping on.

He—"Do you object to petting?"

She—"That's something I've never done."

He—"You've never petted?"

She—"I've never objected."

"He's so romantic. Every time he speaks to me he says 'Fair lady.'"

"There's nothing romantic in that. It's merely force of habit, he used to be a street car conductor".

Submarine

In the reek and stench of the engine room,
Where the diesels throb all day;
Where you feel the chill of the deep sea gloom
Through the plates so wet and gray;

In the life you crave with a fierce desire
Where you stumble about, half alive;
Where you suddenly feel your pulse beat higher
At the crisp command to dive—

Then you feel the heave of an off-shore swell
While the hatch is dogged down tight,
And the motors purr, like cats in Hell—
And you stand in a ghastly light.

On the slatted deck, through a spume flecked port,
You see—as in lazy dreams—
That the sea is playing some fiendish sport
Where the last gay sunlight gleams.

The mutterings rumble from fore and aft
That the boat is all "O.K."
And the flippers turn—and Neptune laughs
While your heart begins to pray.

Yes, you sweat, and your job is the one relief
That keeps you from thoughts of death,
But the dive is long, however brief,
And you feel of a clammy breath.

Your nerves are taut—like fine spun wire—
'Til the depth gauge levels out—
And then you laugh at the strange desire
That puts your heart to rout,

For the sea is yours, however deep,
And the Submarine is king
In the realm where gray crustaceans creep
And the Pig Boat sailors sing.

R. C. Conrad

Answers to Questions on Page 1.

The lubber's hole is the hole in the bottom of the crow's nest thru which it is entered.

A manger is located where an anchor chain enters a ship below the forecabin; a trough for the chain to run through to the wildcat.

Margin planking is the squared plank—ing about a ventilator or hatch coaming.

A pig is a parcel of hemp fiber weighing about two and a half pounds.

A sea pig is a towing spar.

The argument that the moon is more important than the sun because it shines at night when we need the light is just so much bunk.

Guantanamo

(Continued from Page 1.)

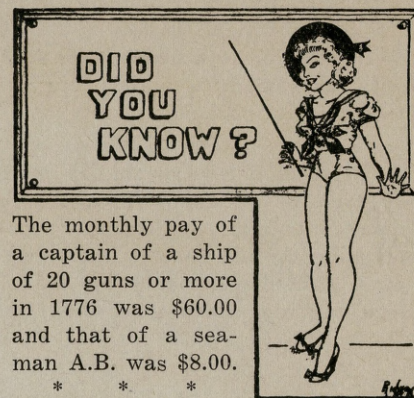
practically to an end. The Spaniards had enough. But the Marines remained as a guard over our Naval base until after the end of the war. After Cuba had been liberated, we leased the present Naval Station for a long period of years and it has been in our possession since then.

Dear Tom: Come tomorrow evening sure. Papa is at home but is laid up with a very sore foot. See?—

May

Dear May: I can't come tomorrow evening. I'm laid up on account of your father's sore foot. See?—

Tom



The monthly pay of a captain of a ship of 20 guns or more in 1776 was \$60.00 and that of a seaman A.B. was \$8.00.

* * *

Distillers Company, Limited of England produces the following whiskeys:—Dewar, Johnnie Walker, Black & White, Haig & Haig, and White Horse.

* * *

The Navy Department was established 30 April 1798.

* * *

The U.S.S. Wolverine, decommissioned 12 March 1927, was commissioned as the first warship of iron using steam in the Navy on 9 Sept. 1842.

* * *

During the Revolutionary War privateers of the Continental Navy had 2000 ships with 18,000 guns and 70,000 men.

* * *

Para-aminobenzenesulfonamide is sulfanilamide.

* * *

The saxophone was invented in 1846 by an Austrian.

* * *

The international radio telephone distress signal for emergencies at sea is the call "May Day," meaning "Help, we're in distress at sea." It is the "SOS" of the radiotelephone. The words are the English phonetic spelling of "M'aidez," which in French means "Help me."

* * *

The position "Parade rest" in the Navy has been abolished both with and without arms. When the order "Parade Rest" is given the position of "Stand at Ease" will be taken.

* * *

The rate of Sailmaker is being done away with. Sailmakers will become the corresponding rate on the deck force, i.e., coxswain, boatswain's mate, etc. The requirements of the rating will be added to the coxswain, and the boatswain's mate rating.