



THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

This coming Friday afternoon as we steam under the majestic portals of the World's largest and most magnificent single span suspension bridge, we will be taking part in a ceremony that is tribute to the triumph of American Engineering genius. It is the final phase of an engineering project that many of us have, in our various passages through the Golden Gate, seen grow from a mere dream to the now completed bridge which has cost some \$35,000,000. It is the completion of another key link in the proposed All Pacific Coast Highway System extending from Alaska to Patagonia.

The Golden Gate Bridge is a mere 4200 foot span swung on two 746 foot towers; thousands of tons of steel resting upon each of the four 169 ton cable-saddles that surround each of the tower legs. The 100,000 tons of steel required to build the Golden Gate Bridge would fully load a train 20 miles long. The concrete used in building this bridge equals the displacement of ten battleships of 33,000 tons each; in other words the concrete required in the construction of the Golden Gate Bridge would build two 10 foot sidewalks on each side of a highway from Omaha to Chicago, a distance of 516 miles or one sidewalk 10 feet wide and 1032 miles long.

The two 36½ inch cables of the Golden Gate Bridge required 80,000 miles of wire. This amount would be sufficient to erect a standard wire fence six feet in height on both sides of the main highway from Canada to the Mexican border, a distance of

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SAN FRANCISCO PLANS WELCOME FOR FLEET

IN A FEW DAYS we will arrive in the fair city of San Francisco, a city that is as cosmopolitan as New York, London or Paris. A city that is famous the world over for its hospitality, gayety and bridges.

San Francisco has long taken pride in the fact that she has a reputation throughout the Fleet of always giving a warm welcome to the

Navy. This year she is planning on living up to that reputation as indicated by the following tentative schedule of events in connection with the Golden Gate Bridge Fiesta. This preliminary schedule was furnished to the Commander in Chief by the civilian committee and is subject to conformation and changes. Further details will be posted from time to time in the morning orders as they become available.

Friday, 28 May

1000 Waldo Approach Dedication.

1030-1230 Massed flight of naval aircraft over bridge (arranged in separate correspondence with Commander Aircraft, Battle Force and Commander Aircraft, Base Force).

1300 Bay and Exposition Fete.

2000-2200 Searchlight display by battleships, carriers, and cruisers present.

2030 Pageant—Crissy Field.

2200 Fireworks.

Saturday, 29 May

1000 Joint exchange of official calls at office of Commandant, 12th Naval District. Flag Officers present and Flag Lieutenants will attend. Uniform: Service (service aiguillettes).

1000 Yacht races, marine sports.

1400 Special exhibitions, Crissy Field.

2000 Illuminated night parade. A parade regiment from Cruisers, Scouting Force, Captain H. K. Hewitt, Regimental Commander, will participate.

2000-2100 Searchlight display by battleships, carriers and cruisers present.

2030 Dance for 200 enlisted men of Fleet sponsored by the Navy Mothers' Club, at Oakland Auditorium.

Sunday, 30 May

0800 Pistol shooting, Fort Funston Traffic Pistol Range. Volunteer contestants of Fleet will participate.

1000 Yacht Races.

1100 Special Church Services, all churches.

1400 Mountain Play (Tamalpais).

Yacht Parade.

1500 Memorial Service in tribute to Golden Gate Bridge dead.

2000-2100 Searchlight display by battleships, carriers and cruisers present.

Monday, 31 May

0930 Decoration Day Parade. A parade regiment from

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—: 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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SAN FRANCISCO PLANS WELCOME FOR FLEET

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- battleships, Captain Harvey Delano, regimental commander, will participate.
- 1030 Golden Gate Swim.
- 1200 Salute of 21 minute guns by saluting ships present. (USNR, Art. 358 (3)).
- 1500 Cutter Races. Details in separate correspondence. Swimming Meet, Fleischer Pool. Volunteer contestants of Fleet will participate.
- 2000-2100 Searchlight display by battleships, carriers and cruisers present.
- Tuesday, 1 June**
- 1400 Children's Spring Festival, Crissy Field.
- 1600 Presentation of plaque of General Liggett to the city of San Francisco by Army-Navy Club, at City Hall.
- 1830 Dinner for Warrant Officers of Fleet.
- 2000-2100 Searchlight display by battleships, carriers and cruisers present.
- 2100 Mardi Gras Ball for enlisted personnel at Civic Auditorium.
- 2200 Grand Fireworks Finale.
- Wednesday, 2 June**
- 2130 Military and Naval Ball, Fairmont Hotel.

An old Chinese, delivering laundry in a "Wild West" mining camp, heard a noise and noticed a huge brown bear sniffing his tracks in the newly-fallen snow.

"Huh!" he gasped, "you likee my tracks, I makee some more."



Dear Sal,

Some o' tha islands' best and finest drove up in their shiny car on tha last Sabbath. Heaved tha carcass over tha gangway and submitted tha body and soul to their blandishments and libations.

"Here I come a draggin' my body," says I.

"We'll fix that," says tha host, tuggin' at a jug that looked bigger'n Ma's favorite milkin' pail. "Pour yourself a wee droppie o' this nectar. 'Twill make ya feel like a conquerin' warrior o' Kamehameha a restin' from tha triumphs o' battles on great beds o' fragrant flowers."

Says I, still eager for any and all, "I'll sample this stuff." But I knew right down deep in my heart I was a treadin' mighty close to tha ways o' satan.

Warm, self-inflatin' liquid fire gurgled down tha gullet and snuggled, coiled-up in my stomach. Overjoyed, I drank on and on. Tha shiny car commenced a circlin' tha island and vast amounts o' wondrous green slopes and fields went by. It was tha days o' days for me.

Bye and bye, high in tha filmy pink clouds o' carefree reverie, we drew up to a path which wiggled upwards to tha hills. Tha sign said Sacred Falls, and pointed a waverin' finger in tha same direction.

We'll see Sacred Falls, we opined. It'll fit in with tha serenity of our souls and we'll be more like gods in keepin' with tha sanctity o' tha occasion.

We commenced a treadin' tha bouncin' trail and brushed aside sweetish flowers which caressed our fevered cheeks. But woe to fate and our dreams. Tha trail crossed a creek. Not a sensible creek with a bridge across, but a little dinky one where a body had to do a hop, skip, and jump, a hittin' tha high spots o' some slippery stones.

Says I, "Watch me fly this in jig

NEW OFFICERS REPORT

Last week two new officers reported aboard for duty. They are Lieut. (jg) Paul Foley and Ch. Radio Elect. H. H. Blevins.

Mr. Foley will relieve Lieut. (jg) Huff as Senior Aviator of the Houston unit of Squadron VS 9. Mr. Huff has recently received orders to Squadron VB 5 in the Lexington.

Mr. Blevins will relieve Ch. Radio Elect. C. S. Denton, who will in turn go to Coco Solo for duty. The "Blue Bonnet" on behalf of the officers and crew welcomes these two officers aboard and wishes them a happy cruise.

THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

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2,600 miles. If the wire could be connected up in a single length it would encircle the world three and a half times.

Excavations, principally in rock, were among the many important items in the program of construction of the Golden Gate Bridge. The total amount of material involved in these excavations is 553,000 cubic yards. This would equal the volume of material that would be removed from the earth when sinking a mine shaft 10 feet square and 25 miles deep. If this material could be piled in a column 27 square feet in section it would reach a height of 105 miles.

Lumber used during construction of the Golden Gate Bridge is sufficient to build a village of 78 modern five room bungalows.

If all the rivets needed for construction of the Golden Gate Bridge were placed head to toe they would form an enormous serpent, 46 miles in length from head to tail tip. The rivets used in the main structure average five inches in length and are fabricated from specially treated steel to meet the exacting requirements of the bridge engineers.

time. 'Tis easy, as one can see."

Well, somethin' musta gone wrong, Sal. Next thing I knew, my body was floppin' in tha wet and makin' futile tries at somethin'.

I gotta' stop. I'm breakin' my own heart, besides having you a listenin' to tha wailin's of a lost drunkard. I'll be wary tha next time, you may lay to that.

Love,

Gus.



Greetings friends, shipmates, and landlubbers! Gather round and lend thine ear to your friendly snooper's weekly broadcast of the gay, giddy and glib. We're on the highseas again... Two weeks of Honolulu's fun and frolic lie behind us; San Francisco the hospitable lies two thousand miles ahead. In between seven days of seagoin' activities which will wind up another big Fleet Cruise. And it hasn't been such a bad Cruise, either...

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CPO Conversion: Making the "buttons" is quite a simple matter when compared with the initiatory ceremonies that follow transfer to the Chief's Quarters. When the four fledgling Chiefs: Yarbrough, Adkins, Weaver and St. Marie arrived "back aft" last Sunday they were greeted with all the fixin's. To prevent a scramble for the beach—which would have spoiled the fun—all four were gently handcuffed and chained to a steel stanchion for hours before dinner. It was then that they were inducted into the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hack Drivers, to be known simply as "Three Button Chiefs" to distinguish them from the more illustrious "Four Button" variety.

Having been brought to the mess table successfully, "Stew" Barnett, of Commissary fame, gruffly welcomed the newcomers and read the "rules and regulations" governing their future behavior. These laws, if abided by, mean that the brand-new Chiefs will keep very quiet for some time to come. Space does not permit giving the complete list of seventeen "rules"... Here's some of them: (3) The radio must be operated by experts, that is, only Four Button

Chiefs. Exceptions will be made if permission is obtained from Shepherd, CSK, who will examine you as to your ability... (4) The title of Champion Bunk Presser is jointly held by Shepherd and Smitty, CWT. Give them no competition... (6) When games are being played by 4-Button CPO'S, advice from lesser persons is considered useless... interfere in no way... (7) Spilling contents of coffee cups in Quarters is punishable by having to polish uniform buttons of all other Chiefs. (13) When arguments are being contested... do not attempt to help. Arguments about the weaker sex shall be settled by Latour and Vizard... (15) Your chairs at the movies shall be placed well in the rear of 4-Button chairs. Your laughter must be controlled and your conduct perfect... After all this, and more, the "recruits" were allowed to eat from wooden troughs—without the aid of knife and fork.

To put it mildly, they were embarrassed! but like good sailors took the tomfoolery in the spirit of fun intended. (They're all good sports and they'll do.)

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Baseball Banter: The grudge play-off game between the Second and "F" Division last Saturday, resulted in victory for the Firecontrolmen. In a fast nine inning pitcher's battle between the Deck Forcer's Rabyk and the F's Rice, four runs were scored by Broghetti's Stooges while the Wildcats had to be satisfied with three. This should settle a lot of argument between these two good division teams.

Two softball teams made up from all divisions and who called themselves the Dragons and the Tigers, played a double header last Sunday. The Dragons carried off all the honors and most of the cockleburrs.

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The Houston's fast-stepping "R" Division team played the Pennsylvania's "M" Division on the 13th. Score: 17 to 9. Shaw as pitcher, caught by Wishard, did a slick job at battery. This was the third win for the "R", they previously having taken one of the Nevada's teams and a pickup team to the cleaners.

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When the 19th Infantry Regiment at Schofield Barracks invited the Houston to send its baseball team and a one hundred man rooting squad out

for a game, the ship's team hadn't had one day's practice this season. They made no complaint though and played the well trained Army organization with more spirit than might have been expected. The 20 to 0 score sounds like football but it was simply an extra good service team playing against lads who were willing enough but who needed practice—and plenty of it. The first two innings were good baseball, "Red" Salmon allowing only one run for the Army. About the remainder of the game the less said the better. This game proved two things: Our team shows real promise, if given a chance to train properly. That the Army men are as fine a group of "good sports" as one could hope to find.

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Sideshow of the Week: The Ship's company waited impatiently on the Well Deck for the delayed arrival of the Royal Hawaiian Girls who were scheduled to entertain with their music, songs and dances. To fill in, "Zipp" and his Swingsters were called for an impromptu concert. As the strains of the first lively tune were putting everyone at ease, there trotted onto the "stage" a "comedian" unannounced and unanticipated. With a degree of nonchalance seldom seen, this "fleabitten" old mongrel hound put on a little show that had all hands howling with laughter. It wasn't what he did, it was the way he did it. With complete unconcern for his merry audience this old yellow dog sat down in the middle of everything and chased his favorite fleas with gusto; while his expression was one of sad detachment from everything but the task at hand. He made the most of what must have been his first time in the spotlight and the chance to do his "housecleaning" to music.

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'Bout Ev' thing: Someone remarked that when the load of Fleet bound mail was burned between San Pedro and Frisco "...enough sugar" went up in smoke to sweeten all the jamoke consumed in the Navy during the cruise." ... "Yap Yap" Campbell received the biggest hand of his colorful career when he grabbed a broom and swept down the Well Deck before the hula show. The guy's a natural born showman...

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SAL'S LETTER TO GUS

Dear Gus,

You are the beatin'ist feller—why do you say such onery things about Felix Jackson? 'Taint nice o' you to belittle the pen he give me. It's better than the goose quill one you made me! When I told Felix what you said and how you jabbered 'bout all you'd do to him, he bellowed with ragement and promised to "knock that wall-eyed varmint so flat he'll haf'ta stand on a rail fence to see over a garden snake!"

Your writin' bout all you see in the Hawahyeen Islands is right smart interestin' Gus, but where do they git all those outlandish names. Pa sez he'll bet a plug of his best long-green chewin' tobaccer that you make 'em up just to sound high-falutin'. Even if they really is such tongue-twisters as Kamehameha, I can't see why you don't use good old talkin' english.

Thanks for the pretty printed dry-goods you sent me. Is is downright beautiful and too nice for house dresses. Ma and I have started to make a big quilt of it and that'll be part o' my troosou.

'Tother day a big crowd of city fellers with queer lookin' instruments and all kinds of doo-dads come to the farm and 'lowed they was lookin' for a fossil. Ma's eyes snapped and she lit into them with her tongue a flyin'. She proclaimed that no derned city slickers was a goin' to call Pa a "fossil" right to her face! But after she calmed down a mite they told her they meant huge antchent animals that lived millions o' years ago, and they figured they'd find one in Pa's corn fields, deep under the ground.

Pa come in 'bout then and had to be handled forcable to keep him from "shootin' the dad-blamed city dudes offin' his propety." When they told him any damage would be paid for right handsome he quieted a smidgin and begrudgin'ly permished them to go ahead with their foolishness.

There's a young professor with the crowd, and is he the cute trick! Six feet three, wavy black hair and handsome as a yearling colt. A few days after they started diggin' in the south forty—that hilly piece o' ground near the Lee Wood's pond—this good-lookin' stranger came a runnin' all excited like, for to use the party-line phone. He declared they'd found what must be a "dinosaurapiethacarpus,"

NOSEY NEWS

(Continued from Page 3.)

Arsenault of the "E" had his first experience with one of the big, electric floor-polishers when the L&P Shop was being refurbished for Admiral's Inspection. Not knowing the technique required to handle one of the "critters," he gave it the gun and immediately had his hands full. It gave him a good bout, finally threw him for a fall and gallivanted across the deck knocking Cy Pierce half way through a bulkhead. Archie's taking lessons now... "Hashmark" Campbell, bugler extraordinary, thinks the forward scuttlebutt is a bird bath—and he the bird...

Bacon, the Laundry's genial Skipper, got on the elbow-bender's merry-go-round at Lahania and staid on 'till we pulled out of Pearl Harbor, without falling off once... Viscovitch, the pink-cheeked GSK stooge has been saving all his nickles and dimes so that when we hit Long Beach he and his gal can get lost and take \$5.00 taxi trips galore... Be a shipmate—pass the Morning Press on to the next fellow... Martin, Seaman Turret Striker in the 1st Division, gave a one man show in the living compartment one evening recently—he modeled gold dragon embroidered blue silk pajamas a la feminine style...

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The Fleet's liberty parties during stay in Honolulu were the easiest to handle and the best behaved ever. The patrol had practically nothing to do...

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Wasted Washrooms: Because it is more convenient, the engineer's washroom has gradually become the rendezvous for nearly all of the Ship's

or some such fool thing. After he'd talked a spell with some city professors he took Pa and they rushed back to the "fossil exkavashun."

In a little while Pa came back laughin' fit to kill his self. He laughed so hard it was more'n a spell before he could tell us what had tikeled his risibilities so teetotally: The city fellers had dug up some of the bones of an old hoss mule that Pa had buried there 'bout five years before. I felt so sorry for the young professor and tried to comfort him a bit. He was filled with discouragement but he finally perked up and said, "There's fossil beds in

Company... The engineers are hospitable enough but there's a limit even to that. Recently there have been times when the washroom was filled with personnel other than Black Gang so that men coming off watch had to wait for a place to take a bath. Perhaps this is because other washrooms are closed—if so, steps should be taken to remedy that. Give the hard-working engineers a break by using the washroom intended (and reserved) for your use... Thanks.

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Marriage or Mistake?: A Houston plane droned in from Lahaina, swooped to a smooth landing and was quickly hoisted to the flight deck. A few minutes later the khaki clad figure of a youthful Aviation Observer dropped down the ladder toward the strangely silent Well Deck. The bugler sounded "Attention!; six grinning side-boys snapped to salute and the band concealed in the starboard hangar played Lohengrin's time-honored Wedding March. As the disconcerted young officer hesitantly marched across the deck a group of brother officers pelted him with generous quantities of rice, and verbal encouragement. In desperation he ran for the passageway and with crimson face and wild glance charged toward the haven of his room... Question: Was this reception all in vain, or was there a reason for it? Many shipmates would like to know.

* * * * *

Thanks for listening friends... Adam Chatterbox leaves you with a friendly pat on the back and au revoir 'till next week.

Movie Actress: "I'll endorse your cigarettes for no less than \$50,000."

Advertiser: "I'll see you inhale first."

this here land and we'll find them if we have to dig thru to China!" Pa averred there'd be no heathen Chinese allowed to run loose on his farm, and for them to be mighty careful about diggin' too deep.

Come home to me soon Gus, and try to outgrow that bashful way o' yours. Land sakes! I never did see a critter so out o' place around wimmen folks. Maybe bein' away in that boat has changed you and I hope it's for the best.

Love,

Your Sal.