



Up Anchor For The Cruise

Get out your books on Hawaii for its up anchor tomorrow for the start of Fleet Problem XIX. The cruise will embrace the drills and battles that are customary in such a problem, but when its all over the fleet will anchor in Hawaii for needed rest and recreation. So get out the books and periodicals on these beautiful Islands of the Pacific and you'll learn their origin, their traditions, their history, and their right to be called the jewels of this ocean.

Surf-riding and swimming at the famed Wakiki Beach; visiting the academy of Fine Arts with its remarkable exhibits of Hawaiian and Oriental art; seeing hula-hula dancers interpret the music from ukulesles and steel guitars; eating at the native feasts or "luaus" as they are called where they serve young pigs and fish roasted underground and where one can get a taste of their staple food, poi; taking tours of the islands; and otherwise getting about will make the time pass quickly and enjoyably.

Here are some common Hawaiian terms that might be helpful: Aloha (Al-low-ha) - Greetings; Malihina (Ma-lee-hee-ney) - Newcomers; Wikiwiki (Wicky-Wicky) - Hurry up! Quick!; Wahine (Wah-hee-ney) - Woman; Haole (How-lay) - White man; Wela ka hao (Wella-ka-how) - Hot diggity; Hoomalimali (Hoo-mahlee-mahlee) - you're kidding me.

Did you know that the variance in temperature is less than six degrees during the entire year and that the perfume from the flowers can be detected miles at sea?

Houston Fourth In Boat Race

In Friday's race for ten oared whale-boats the Houston took fourth place of the ten boats Goddard, F Division coxswain, with the S Division strokes Viskotich and Manley and the crew brought the boat up from fifth to fourth place in the last half of the race. At the finish the Chicago was in the lead that she held from the start. The Portland was second but not with the certainty that she showed at the half way mark. The New Orleans, a scant boat length behind the Portland was third but with very little margin for between her stem and stern were the bows of the Houston, fourth, San Francisco, fifth, and the Pensacola, sixth. About even and just astern of the Houston were the Chester and Northampton while behind the charge of the six came the Quincy and Vincennes. It was easily the best race of the past three years. Last race fifth, this fourth, three two One.

Speed, Snap and Precision . . .

Clang! Clang! Clang! All hands to General Quarters Stations! When we hear the ringing of the general alarm followed by the bugle call and boat-swain's word "All hands man your battle stations" we know we're supposed to get there in the least possible time. With the complex system required by present day armament, speed and precision must be obtained in order to always be ready for an engagement on a moment's notice. This was true in the American Navy during its earlier days too. The following is taken from a Gunner's diary (Continued on page 4.)

Prizes For All Hands On Cruise

Touch up on your Acey Ducey playing and tune up on your muscles for some boxing, wrestling and other sports because there's going to be inter-division competition aboard this ship while we're ploughing through the waves Westward.

Prizes for the individuals and a grand prize for the division gathering the greatest number of points will be presented. Here's your chance to have some fun besides being amply rewarded for your efforts.

In athletic events, particularly boxing and wrestling, no member of the ship squad will be allowed to participate. We want green, inexperienced men.

Special recreation equipment is being purchased for use both aboard ship and ashore. This includes soft ball, volley ball, and horseshoe gear. Aboard ship there will be deck tennis, shuffle board, and deck quoits available for the use of any who wish to use it.

Each division shall designate a representative who will confer with Captain Gerard. At this conference suggestions will be welcomed for division competitions and arrangements will be made for a happy hour while at anchor.

There will be a ship's smoker for finals in boxing and wrestling so let's get behind this idea and make it a big success. Here's hoping your division wins the grand prize which will be announced later.

Let's make our stay in Hawaii both entertaining and educational.

— : 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.

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Stop Wasting Water And Electricity

Do you know that evaporators operate on steam which must be generated in boilers using fuel oil ?

It is intended that steam for the evaporators come from the exhaust of various pumps after it has given up most of its energy in pumps. Most of the time while at anchor electrical pumps and blowers can be operated in lieu of the steam pumps at greater efficiency than the steam pumps. But the steam pumps must be kept going practically all of the time so that the evaporators can get the necessary steam. If the exhaust (back pressure) from these pumps is insufficient live steam must be taken directly from the boiler without extracting any useful work from it before hand.

This is expensive in fuel oil; using much that could be saved, thus spoiling our chances for getting anywhere close to an Engineering "E".

In a ship this size it doesn't take long to snap switches enough for electric lights (at 60 watts each), coffee pots (at 250 watts each), electric heaters (at 600 watts each), to add up to 1000 amps.

When you use 1000 watts for one hour, you use what is known as a kilowatt hour of power. On shore you pay the electric company an average of 9cts. for each of these. That is why your mother, dad, or wife gripes when you go out leaving the lights on. At home it costs money On here is spoils our chances of burning less oil daily.

STOP WASTING IT !!! If the evaporators should break down at sea when the ship's tanks were full, the water would last only two days at the rate it is now being used.

STOP WASTING IT !!!

Outside Help Handy Says Little Ocko

The following came to the BLUE BONNET from an old hand who was with the ship in the Asiatic Station and on the return trip to the states. That person is Sergeant Paul D. Holmes, U.S.M.C., on recruiting duty at New Orleans, La. Sergeant Holmes wrote us a letter telling the reason for the contribution and so we take this opportunity to thank him for it.

Is There Anyone Still Aboard That Remembers ?

The first ship's piano, a gift from a feminine admirer of a marine, brought aboard at Houston, Texas. It broke loose in the forward mess compartment, during the trip enroute to the Asiatic Station and ran amuck from port to starboard and vice-versa, until it had banged itself beyond repair, much to the delight and relief of those who had gotten tired of listening to the one-finger artists workout on the old standby, "Chop-Sticks".

The battle the sampan coolies put on for first place at the port gang-way during liberty hours in Shanghai. The hose had to be used frequently to cool them off.

When the exchange in Shanghai was \$4.80 mex. for \$1.00 U.S. Gold (good old gold dollar).

Legaspi Landing at Manila, where you could not decide whether to make the boat back to the ship — not the last, of course — or finish your beer.

Those handy little maps on the back of the cafe advertising cards the Japs handed out on the dock at Yokohama, showing the shortest direct route to their particular Tea Room — Bar, to state-side sailors.

The long steps the ricksha coolie took (15 feet) on the downhill side of Garden Bridge, crossing Shoochow Creek. The first Sound-Movies, held on the Main Deck Aft.

The editorial argument the Fourth Marines' "Walla Walla" had with the "Blue Bonnet" over who was "first to land" at Shanghai during the 1932-33 Sino-Japanese "controversy." The Blue Bonnet claimed their sailors went ashore ahead of the Houston marines,



Dear Sal,

Well, it's up anchor for us Navies o' tha blue. We're a puttin' tha ship's stem 'round and headin' for tha land o' pineapple and grass skirted women. I'll shure be a thinkin' about you all tha time, Sal, and old MacIntosh, tha mail carrier, will be a pantin' from tha heft o' letters I'll be a sendin' your way.

A coupla hairs have been a droppin' from my scalp every day lately so I sat down tha other day to think out a way to stop their strayin' ways. Afore long I thought up a rippin' good plan. Before goin' to sleep a body must wash his head with ocean water. Don't rinse it out. Then when you turn in for tha night put a glass o' fresh water close to your bunk. The roots will become thirsty by tha salt water and come out to get a drink o' fresh water, which is in tha tumbler. While tha roots are drinkin' their fill, sneak up and tie a knot in each. This will keep them from goin' back into your scalp, and a body'll soon have a right good head o' hair. But I'm a goin' to have somebody try it out on his bald headed dome first.

I'll be a thinkin' o' you.
Love,

Gus

who left the following morning. While the "Walla Walla" contended that the Fourth Marines had been ashore long before the Houston sailors arrived on the scene. The marines claimed it was a well known fact that the Fourth had first landed way back in 1927 and had been ashore ever since.

The Home-Going Pennant that was so long it wouldn't fly, even after the aerologist had tied a bunch of his balloons to it. About 75 feet of the tail was lost in the Whangpoo River and had to be repaired in Yokohama. Still it didn't fly.



¶ Well, it will not be long now till we will be setting the good old condition watches and looking all over the horizon for the 'enemy', and having our little battles on the good old Pacific. Many of the newer men have no idea of what the ensuing cruise is to be like but its not so bad. In time of war we would think the annual manuevers were a mere child's game, but just the same, we'd be glad that we had them.

* * * *

¶ As the BLUE BONNET goes to press we bid a fond farewell to one of the finest shipmates a fellow ever had, Chief Pay Clerk R. C. Ball. At the time of the year it is, it comes home to us that he will not be with us on the Cruise but will perhaps be on some vantage point where he can see the Fleet put out to sea and with it the Houston, where he has served so ably and well. At this time we also take the opportunity to welcome Mr. W. C. Dunlap, Chief Pay Clerk, who will replace Mr. Ball as dispursing Pay Clerk of the Rambler Ship. We hope that Mr. Dunlap will like the duty he finds here and wish him a pleasant cruise.

* * * *

¶ We noticed not long ago that two other officers of the Good Ship's personnel are about to leave us, namely Mr. Johnson and Mr. Quackenbush. We hope they will enjoy their new duty and wish them a pleasant cruise.

* * * *

¶ One of our dashing Sparktician mates, D. M. Williams, has sprouted a very strange growth on the upper lip recently that has all his friends wondering just what it really is. A person can just see it when in the proper light and then not too well.

* * * *

¶ Several of the enlisted men are leaving us, in fact already have at this time, being paid off and one seaman, Motes of the Ship's Service Store shipped over. It is safe to say that a

good number of the ones who are leaving us now will be back again for the trip next year.

* * * *

¶ To bear out that last statement came Jimmie Maize, S1c, shipped over and returned to the Houston as all good Man-o'-Wars-Men do, and we are glad to see him with us again. It appeared that it was about time that the lad reported back to the ship too; don't they feed so well on the outside, Jimmie?

* * * *

¶ Haynes, Seaman Cox'n of No. 1 motor launch, was well prepared for foul weather one Sunday night recently. With eight cold sandwiches made from liver sausage served on the general mess that evening he made his way to the counter in Tracy's Cafe on the landing and ordered a cup of coffee. When the waitress asked him if he'd like a sandwich he said, "No, thanks, I have my own."

* * * *

¶ A week ago last Saturday evening was the time of a great argument as to the exact date of the commissioning of the Rambler Ship and all dates of that nature. It was the idea of some of the fellows that there ought to be a label plate somewhere on the ship with the proper data thereon. Brady, Exec's Officer striker, and Chmielowiec of the storekeepers gang were prowling all over the ship with flashlights, trying to locate the plate with the desired information. The O.O.D. pointed out the plate on the quarter-deck but all that it showed was the date of launching. The storekeeper found the dope but not the plate. It was dug up in the Sick Bay in the Annual Sanitary Reports. For the benefit of those who don't know or had forgotten the day the keel was laid was 1 May, 1928; the launching took place on 7 September, 1929; and the ship was commissioned on 17 June, 1930.

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¶ Kimball, S1c, R Division, ran around the ship for several days last week with a pair of dark glasses. After wearing them for about three days we saw him back aft without them and say, I never saw such a pretty pair of shiners anywhere in my born days. They really were beauties which only goes to show that if a fellow wants to he can always get the best.

(Continued on page 4.)

Battalion of Death Blasts

WHAT with all this adverse California weather we have had this week the Scouting Force Battalion has been forced to cancel the scheduled exercises but we expect to carry them out next week. We did, however, get some good "snapping in" on the process of going over the bow of a motor launch up on the Boat Deck the other day.

IT SEEMS that no amount of bad weather can keep the Marines from going ashore for a little recreation and relaxation - especially on payday. CPL "Bob" Clement didn't seem very happy on his return to the ship the other morning and revealed his feelings by the huge tears which were rolling down his face. Someone put pepper in the peanuts.

IT SURE is nice to get up these mornings to the cheery voice of our erstwhile Police Sgt. Jenner, echoing throughout the compartment in the wee' sma' hours of the nite - "Aw rite, lets go you lucky people".

THAT dashing (?) Mess-Cook, Pvt. Coursey (Saki to you) wouldn't be a bad looking lad if we could just once succeed in getting him to put some of that "Semper Vitalis", otherwise spoken of as "Foo Foo Juice" on his hair.

HERES the latest dope. Hot too. PFC Knowles, (Creeper), who can be seen most anytime, creeping about the ship with a stack of radio traffic on a little board, is going to take singing lessons. Maybe they can use a good crooner on the next smoker program, Red.

THE BATTALION of Death's contribution to the Blue Bonnet was omitted last week, probably due to that "Little Ocko" man copping all the space. From now on don't tell it to the Marines, tell it to Little Ocko. I hear there is a new "chain letter" gag starting in L.A., someone should tip them off on one good way to stop it. Send their letters to Little Ocko, he hasn't got ten friends to send them to.

ADIOS

Little Ocko

Says . . .

(From page 3.)

¶ Osbourne, Y2c, the master book-keeper of the Ship's Service, flaunted himself before the eyes of the members of the ship's company aboard on last Saturday afternoon in a fancy new style polo shirt (?) and some recruit asked what sort of a getup that was. Well, its hard to say but it is a safe bet no self-respecting, sea-going Navyman would ever be caught dead in it.

* * * *

¶ Having already read the "Battalion of Death Blasts" that are somewhere in this issue I saw a very complimentary remark in favor of Little Ocko. Inasmuch as the editor gave me the dope and asked that I look it over I am not the sort of sport that would cut it out, much as I'd like to. Yes, sir, I sure would like to. However, as to having the ten friends, I'm pretty sure that I have fully as many on the good ship Houston as the fellow who wrote that crass remark.

¶ Thanks for listenin'.

Popular Songs

A Penn in my Pocket—Paymaster.
 Awake in a Dream—OOD mid-watch.
 At a Little Church Affair—Chaplain.
 Blow Gabriel Blow—Bugler.
 Fair and Warmer—Aerographer.
 Don't Give up the Ship—Captain.
 Dismal Deep Blue Sea—Navigator.
 Dawn Reveille.
 The Devil to Pay—Ship's Service.
 Let's Spill the Beans—Mess Cook.
 Cross your Fingers—At Mast.
 How Do I Rate With You—Earbanger.
 I Love to Take Orders from You—
 Seaman second class.
 I'm a Fugitive from the Chain Letter
 Gang—Mail Orderl.
 I'm Shooting High—Gun Pointer.
 Out for No Good—Inspection.
 Sailor Beware—Master-at-Arms.
 Toodlin' Along With You—Orderly.

Exasperated wife: "The night before last, you came home yesterday, last night you came home today. If you come home this evening tomorrow, I'll go straight home to mom."

Speed, Snap, and Precision.

(From Page 1.)

concerning the activities aboard the U.S.S. YANKEE just before the battle at Santiago in 1898.

The Boatswain's mate's shrill piping and the long drawn out cry "All hands clear ship for action!" was not entirely unexpected. An unusual activity on the part of the signal men on the Flagship "New York" had not escaped our notice, and when the summons to prepare for battle echoed through the "Yankee's" decks it found us in readiness for prompt obedience.

The decks were sanded—a precaution that made one wonder if the spilling of blood was really anticipated; all boats and spare booms were covered with canvas to prevent the scattering of splinters, the steel hatch covers were closed down, hammocks were broken out of the racks and made to serve as an added protection to the forward wheel house, and everything possible done to make the ship fit for action. The time taken to gain this end did not exceed ten minutes, which was almost a record. Signals were displayed stating that we were in readiness, then all hands were called to general quarters. As we hurried to our stations I saw the entire blockading fleet moving slowly shoreward.

I Christen Thee

In view of the many varied names of U.S. Navy ships, civilians often request information as to the origin of names assigned to them. **Battleships** are named after states; **Cruisers and Gunboats** for cities; **Aircraft carriers** for famous battles; **Destroyers** for naval heroes and prominent naval officials; **Submarines** for fishes; **River Gunboats** for islands; **Minesweepers** for birds; **Tugs** for Indian tribes; **Oilers and Tankers** for rivers; **Cargo ships** for stars; **Repair ships** from Greek mythology; **Ammunition ships** from Greek words (Nitren, Pyres); **Destroyer tenders** for former admirals and secretaries of the navy; **Aircraft tenders** for aircraft inventors; **Submarine tenders** for submarine inventors; **Hospital ships** including decommissioned: Relief, Mercy, and Comfort. There are a few exceptions.

Seaman Sam says: When a swell chicken gets a man to talk turkey his goose is cooked.



During the last year there were forty-one naval radio direction finder stations in active commission. About 234,400 bearings were furnished to naval vessels and merchant ships of all nationalities.

While China reveres great age, the latest "Who's Who" in China shows those listed to average 46 years. The average age of military leaders is 49.5; business men, 48.7; government officials, 47.7; diplomats, 46.6; doctors, 44.5; and journalists, 43.5. Melbourne, Australia, suffered from a plague of black crickets, which invaded shops, offices and dwellings—and in some places caused almost deafening din throughout the night.

Bibles printed in the nearly extinct Manchu language are helping to keep that tongue alive in Manchuria.

Arrangements have been made to decommission the Naval Radio Station at St. Paul, Pribilof Islands, and turn it, together with certain radio equipment therein, over to the Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce. The Naval Radio Station at Cayey, Puerto Rico, has been permanently decommissioned.

Although known as the land of famine, where millions of people go to bed hungry every night—China produces and consumes, paradoxically, the world's highest priced table delicacies. Among them are the snow fungus at \$85 per pound, and peanut-bud paste at \$200 per pound.

A cube of gold 14.1 inches, weighs one ton.

Automobile fatalities in 1923 were 14,411—in 1934 were 33,980. Standing on the ground, there are never more than 6,000 stars visible to the naked eye.

Send the Blue Bonnet Home . . .