

Volume IV

San Diego, Calif., 13 February, 1937.

Number VII

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The following extracts are taken from Lincoln's personal autobiography:

"I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps, I should say.

"My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin' and cipherin' to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still somehow, I could read and cipher... but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked

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PROMOTION

Word has been received of the selection of Capt. J. E. Curry, Commanding Officer of the Houston's Marine Detachment, for promotion to the rank of Major, USMC. Congratulations Captain Curry! May this promotion be merely another step up the ladder of your career.

GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE OPENING

Newspaper dispatches from the Pacific coast have made known the decision of the directors of the new Golden Gate bridge at San Francisco to defer the dedication ceremonies, incident to the opening of the bridge to traffic, until May 21. The original date that had been set for the opening was May 1, the postponement being reported as being due to uncertainty regarding the availability of the U. S. fleet to take part in the dedication if held on the earlier date. It is understood by the bridge and civic authorities that the fleet will depart for sea about the middle of April for

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SERVICE PAY QUESTION

It is hardly probable according to the Army and Navy Register, that the uniformed services of the Federal Government—viz., Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, Coast and Geodetic Survey, and U. S. Public Health Service—will be included in the proposal, sponsored by Senator Pat McCarran, of Nevada, to raise the pay of employees of the Government. The Senator states that he had entertained some such thought, but had reached the conclusion that to include personnel of the military-naval services would make his bill unwieldy to the point of almost certain defeat. The thought of pay increases for the armed services is meritorious, he said, but to include it in the present bill for federal employees would defeat both purposes.

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REMEMBER our invitation to the dance at the BROADWAY PIER BALLROOM tonight!

CHICAGO DAMAGE BLAME FIXED

The last chapter—except the actual paying the money—has been written in the case of the British motorship "Silverpalm" which cut a great gash in the port side of the cruiser Chicago as a result of a collision in foggy weather in the early morning off the coast of California near Point Sur on October 23, 1933. In a special report, filed with and approved by the federal court at San Francisco on January 29, the damages assessed against the Silver Line Ltd., operators of the Silverpalm, aggregate \$374,034. Of this sum \$295,683 is due the U. S. Government, and the balance, \$78,351, is due in death claims as reimbursement to the heirs of the three members of the Chicago's crew who died as a result of injuries. The master of the Silverpalm was held responsible for the collision in a court trial in the federal court sitting at San Francisco. It was found that the Silverpalm was making "an excessive rate

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MAILING OF UNMAILABLE MATTER

The U. S. Criminal Code constitutes it an offense to deposit for mailing or cause to be delivered by mail, matter declared unmailable by the Postal Laws and Regulations. The Bureau of Navigation has instructed Commanding Officers to see that all persons under their command are informed of this fact. Navy mail clerks will be required to inquire as to the nature of the contents of all parcels presented for mailing in order that unmailable matter may not be placed in the mails from any branch of the Navy mail service.

—: 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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13 FEBRUARY, 1937.

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GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

On 19 November, 1863, Abraham Lincoln, standing on the temporary platform, erected on the battlefield at Gettysburg, drew from his pocket a tiny scrap of paper, adjusted his spectacles, and in a few minutes delivered that which has become known as the "Gettysburg Address."

Lincoln was not the orator of the day, but had come as was fitting the office he held, formally to dedicate the cemetery.

Edward Everett a learned and profound orator had held the assembly under the spell of his eloquence for more than two hours. His was an argument in favor of the Union.

The speech of Everett was widely publicized, while the remarks of Lincoln were hardly noticed, until the London Times framed them as a classic of the day. What Everett said was oratory; what Lincoln read was literature—a vision—a moment when prose became poetry.

To read this address is to know the man Lincoln:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have con-

GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE OPENING

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maneuvers in relation to the working out of fleet problem XVIII and is not expected to return to the California coast until the last week in May. Since one of the main features of the celebration of the bridge opening is a marine parade into San Francisco Bay, passing under the bridge, led by commander in chief of the fleet, it has been decided that the dedication will be deferred until the return of the fleet. It has been pointed out by some of the officials concerned that the presence of the fleet in the bay last November was the highlight of the celebration of the opening of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge, and they have expressed readiness to sacrifice the advantage of an earlier opening of the Golden Gate bridge in order to have the fleet lead the parade into the harbor as the chief feature of a spectacle, the plans for which indicate a previously unknown outpouring of craft of every size and kind.

Young Officer (with young girl in his arms): "Sir, I have just resuscitated your daughter."

Father: "Then, by gad Sir, you'll marry her!"

secrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

On the one hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of his birth, we pay just tribute to Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator, the common man who though great was ever humble, by rededicating our lives to the causes ennobled in his immortal Gettysburg Address.

GUS'S WEEKLY LETTER

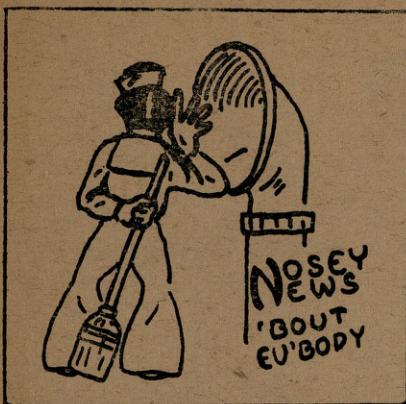
Dear Sal,

What's this here world a comin' to, Sal? Got me one o' those trick electric shavers and am a scrapin' my chin real regular now a days. 'S funny tha things they think of. Next thing you'll know, they'll be inventin' a rapid fire pig shaver to shave off tha bristles durin' tha hot spell. It'll keep them from sweatin' away that good grain fed fat. With tha price o' hog meat these days a soarin' like an airplane a seekin' a new altitude record a body might be a savin' plenty that way.

This time o' year the ducks and geese on tha farm will be a startin' to lay. Tell Pa he had better camp on their trails—for 'tis a sight to see—A sizzlin', roasted duck, stuffed to tha burstin' point and a waftin' tempin' odors to a hungry body.

What do you know? The other day one o' those black lookin' boats came around tha breakwater and then things started a happenin'. Signal bridge says there's an admiral a standin' this way. Officer o' tha deck says Okay, then starts a yellin'. Sound six beeps, call away tha guard and band on tha double quick, call tha admiral, call tha captain, call everybody says he. The black lookin' boat was a drawin' nigh. All hands were a scurrin' to and fro, a huntin' their places like tha cows do a trottin' in at milkin' time. Tha band was there, tha skipper was there, everybody was there—almost. Where was tha guard? Tha skipper, he starts a jumpin' up and down. Tha Officer o' tha deck, he starts a tremblin'. Tha black boat scrapes tha gangway. Where was those gyrines? Tha ad', decked out from stem to stern in Sunday go to meetin' uniform with plenty egg omelet doodads, and a wearin' a huge smile, just then heaves up tha ladder amid tha crash and glory o' honors. Methinks, 'twas a wondrous and a beauteous sight. All was serene and happy. But, says I to myself, what's that? Two white caps thrust up out from tha hatch, and then silently fade back in tha bowels o' tha ship. And then, I says to myself again, looks as if these here soldiers o' tha briny deep didna get tha word and were caught up tha creek without a paddle.

Love,
Gus



Everybody on the set, please. . . . we'll shoot this sequence now. Where the devil is that script boy? Call the electrician . . . Call somebody, anybody, before I loose control . . . Excited? Excited! Who said I was EXCITED!!**!! Alright now, everybody ready! Lights! Camera! Sound! ACTION!!

* * * * *

The first scene is taken in a down-pour of rain. Picture a navy motor launch creeping thru a welter of water, returning it's early morning load of Golden Grainers and sundry stay-out-all-nighters to the ship. As it bumps to a landing alongside the gangway, men streaming with moisture jostle for first place up the ladder. Some have rain clothes, some not, all are wringing wet. As the crowded boat thins out a strange thing is seen . . . What can that be? Is there a lady in the boat at this unusual hour? The mysterious person jumps for the first step and it isn't a woman; it's a man in a ladies pale blue rain cape! Despite the heavy rain several stop on deck to laugh loud and long; for the MAN wearing the lovely creation is Yelverton, Captain's Yeoman! He has been incommunicado ever since.

* * * * *

Three cheers! From all hands comes three lusty, hearty cheers as our good friend and Shipmate, Pay Clerk D. E. Fay, leaves the HOUSTON for the last time. Nay, nay! my heckling critics . . . Those hurrahs are not because we're glad to see him go . . . just our way of paying tribute and giving a send-off to a fine officer and real gentleman. For twenty-two months Mister Fay, in his quiet, unobtrusive manner skippered the Supply Office in such a way as to gain the friendship and admiration of all who

contacted him. Ever smiling and glad to be helpful however rough the going; is a candid camera shot of this officer who, we predict, will go far in his chosen profession. On February 5th, his orders came for transfer to the Supply Corps, Asiatic Fleet. He and Mrs. Fay are delighted with the prospect of a pleasant sea voyage via the S. S. President Adams, sailing from Los Angeles enroute Manila, on the 23rd of this month. Again we wish them good fortune, and add: Don't take any brass "clakkers."

* * * * *

The following excerpts are from a letter delivered to the editor for indirect transmission to: Mr. "Bunny Duck" Rock, Fireman, "A" Division. Dearest "Popsie": "Sugar" still loves her bald-headed "Daddy". Does oo' still love your own little "Tootsie Roll?" This's absolutely the last straw! That this feature should sink so low as to become a "Lovelorn" column . . . Well—it just isn't! Hereafter, the gentleman who lacks hirsute adornment and resorts to banana shampoos as a last resort, (Bulla helped)—is strongly advised to take care of his own love affairs. No third party parts for us!

* * * * *

Week's Best Story: A Two Act Playlet—Act One takes place in a cafe where Hubbard, Chief Turret Captain, who guides the destiny of Turret One, has imbibed too well and not wisely. **Second Act Curtain!** Scene: Cosy living room in apartment—Hubbard reclines on couch, weary from the evening's excitement. A charming young lady sits and chats as our hero's head nods—and then—his eyes close; he's asleep! Quickly she climbs to the seat of a chair . . . What on earth is she doing? With rapt expression and elaborate gestures she begins to read the old familiar lines: "Romeo, my Romeo! Wherefore art thou . . ." "Romeo" really wasn't asleep though . . . Imagine the Chief's amazement and mental confusion when he found he was too shaken to get up and put a stop to the "play-acting". It went on and on . . .

* * * * *

A late report gives this startling information: Borghetti, big-money-man of the "F", finally came out on the winning end of a bet. John Goss, the "M" Division's big Little Boy was the contributor of a "fin". How did the Fire Controlman know Louis

wouldn't serve a K. O. to Pastor? Maybe experience is a good teacher . . .

* * * * * **Picture:** Dale Hubbard, eccentric trombonist in the COMSCOFOR Band, on his hands and knees in front of his music stand, instrument and case lying forgotten beside him. By all that's peculiar! What is he up to? Answer: Reading an old newspaper that happened to be spread on deck under his feet where he was practicing.

* * * * * **"Smitty"** and his crew of "3rd" Division buccaneers were out bright and early last Sunday morning finishing up leftover paintwork. Guess it's the "Simon Legree" in him . . .

* * * * * **Yelverton** again! Get off the set Greedy! Trying to hog the whole show? Oh! What's the use . . . Anyhow, at long last he's to don the anxiously anticipated "buttons" on the thirteenth. They'll look good on that ladies raincoat! The CPO Quarters is humming with lavish plans for the Yeoman's initiation into the sacred Order of Hack Drivers.

* * * * * **A bit on the serious side:** Thanks to our Captain for the much needed writing room. When finished the eight chair space with it's substantial furniture is not only going to look nice, it will be appreciated and put to excellent use. There'll be no reasonable excuse then for neglecting that letter to the home folks . . . Don't forget! Send the "Bonnet" home . . . Extra copies always available in the Recreation Compartment. Box on forward bulkhead . . . Innumerable suggestions have been received concerning the possibility of giving a Ship's Dance soon after returning from San Diego. A good old Houston shindig is about due; how about it gang? Remember the swell times of other years?

* * * * * **From The Grab Bag:** Durant, the "A's" ex-speed king takes the award for nonchalance. Stepping from an automobile that had just sliced a lamp post off at its base, he sighted a pert little thing in chic street costume. Without a backward glance at the demolished car he remarked: "Gosh! Ain't she pretty?" Lottman of the Ice House is another lad smitten with L. A. scenery. His habitual smile indicates love, or is it just the scenery.

CUT! Everybody off the set . . . until next week. So Long!

MARINE CREW RACE

In a closely fought contest between ten-oared whaleboats for Marines, run off Friday, 5th February, the HOUSTON's 5th Division huskys finished fifth. This, the second race of the afternoon was won by the Indianapolis' crew, being followed in the heavy mist by the San Francisco's boat as close second. Off to a good start and up with the others at the halfway mark, our oarsmen, with Chastain as coxswain, seemed to lack the final sprinting punch that the more experienced and longer-trained crews showed.

It was a well-pulled race throughout and much credit is deserved by all these men who have spent many of their liberty and recreation hours preparing for the race. The bladesmen are as follows: (left to right) Slaughter, Howard, Keeton, Nelson, Jones, Chastain, (cox.), Lambert, Clement, Galaszewski, (stroke), Freiheit, and Smith.

Nice going, men, and better luck next time! Trying is the important thing, everybody can't be first in any race!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since...

"I am in height, six feet four inches, nearly, lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and grey eyes. No other marks or brands recollect.

"Yours truly,
A. Lincoln"

Put your "Bonnet" contributions in the For'd. Mess Hall box.



WHAT THE SAILOR READS

According to a survey recently made on board the battleship West Virginia, the type of light reading matter that is preferred by the men of the crew depends largely on their length of service. The findings of this survey are so typical and reflects the reading tastes of so many men, not only on that ship but on all larger ships of the Navy, it is believed the subject will be of general interest.

The survey report which was made on the WEE VEE is as follows: The new recruits from the training station are almost invariably seen reading wild western and exciting detective magazines. Seamen and Firemen, first class, and petty officers, third class, like such weeklies as Collier's, Liberty, and the Saturday Evening Post. Petty officers, second class, prefer something more solid, such as the Red Book, American, and Cosmopolitan, while petty officers, first class, and chief petty officers ask the ship's store for science magazines, Reader's Digest, and Esquire. The store ventures to advise the new recruits to avoid the "pulps" and take up the better type of magazines in order to increase the range of a better taste in reading matter and to expand the youthful vocabularies. All told, the ship's store offers for sale more than 40 different kinds of magazines and expresses willingness to stock others if the demand can be shown. At present the store carries a

CHICAGO DAMAGE BLAME FIXED

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of speed in the foggy weather prevailing at the time of the collision," and that, moreover, the engines of the defendant ship were not equipped to provide for a safe margin of power for going astern, this being due to the necessity of first stopping the engines before putting them into the reverse position.

The amount due the Government was arrived at from an examination of the account records at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, where the ship proceeded for repairs after the accident. The United States brought suit against the Silver Line for \$350,000, and the defendants countered with a suit for \$150,000. The damages awarded the United States is the largest in modern federal court records in cases of collisions involving naval vessels.

SERVICE PAY QUESTION

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And the conclusion the editor reaches without bandying unnecessary words:— What the armed services need is someone to go to bat for them with no concern over the possible defeat of proposed pay legislation. How the Government or any of its legislators can consider the raising of federal employees' pay without including the armed services—so neglected in the past—is beyond understanding.

variety from Two-Gun Pete to ultra-Hemingway.