

Baseball Nine Drops Richmond 16 To 13

With the baseball season rolling into its final stages of the year, the Houston baseball nine nosed out a fighting Richmond team by the score of 16 to 13. Even though the large score would indicate an uninteresting game, but on the contrary it was well played and very exciting. Salmon pitched the full nine innings and except for spots of wildness had the opposing batters swinging wildly.

Twelve Richmondites went down swinging and Salmon issued 8 bases on balls besides hitting one, Hattermer, Rebert and Salmon hit for the circuit, accounting for six of the runs. In the fifth inning Gryskiewicz was put out of the game for unnecessary roughness on sliding into home and Wright took his place at third with Felix moving into centerfield. The Houston team rolled up a total of 15 base hits with Phillips, Hattermer, Jasinski and Rebert leading the way. It seems a shame that the season must end now when the team has finally hit its stride. But outside of only one or two more games the Houston baseball season is about over.

A CALL TO ARMS

Monday evening at 7:15 a call will be issued for all men who are interested in trying out for the ship's basketball team. All men who played last year, and anyone at all who likes the game come out at 7:15 Monday evening.

With the cruisers basketball season coming up, we expect to be one of the top teams, so let's all who know this game come out and join in the fun.

Right On The Bell

In a small, round observatory at Mare Island, California, there is located a Transit, several very expensive temperature-controlled, carefully-regulated clocks, and a radio apparatus for broadcasting time signals. The clocks are kept in a sealed room and carefully regulated by means of an electro-magnet, whose lines of force act on the pendulum, to speed it or slow it a thousandth of a second or so. Every night observations are taken on stars to determine the clock's errors.

Some time ago the sky grew overcast and the observatory was unable to obtain the necessary data for regulation of the clocks. Night after night passed without an opportunity to get transits of the stars. The officer in charge, retired from the service and a noted astronomer, grew worried as time passed; he could only guess how badly in error were his daily time signals to the fleet. As day followed day without an observation, his friends became anxious as well as he, believing the chronometers to be five to ten seconds out. At last one night he received a telephone call in the early hours: the sky was clearing. Hurrying into his clothes, he rushed over to the observatory to make his calculations. Next morning, on being asked by his curious friends how great the time error had been he replied quite seriously, "The instruments were badly out." And shaking his head, "Our master chronometer had gained seven hundredths of a second!"

Although we don't have to worry about hundredths of a second, or even

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A Salute By The Frigate "United States"

Since the personnel of the U.S. Navy are public servants, their acts have a public nature which brings either credit or discredit upon the nation they serve. Since these acts have a national character, miscarriages may bring about international complications. An incident in Toulon Harbor, France, illustrates how serious may be even an act of carelessness by naval personnel.

On 25 April 1834 the frigate United States arrived in Toulon to obtain supplies. The U.S.S. Constellation was already there. A French fleet was also there and a salute of 15 guns was fired to the admiral in command. Salutes in those days were not fired with saluting batteries but from the main battery along the gun deck starting with the forward gun on the starboard side and firing single guns alternately starboard and port.

Also at that time U.S. men of war were required by the Navy Regulations to keep all guns "shotted," or loaded as we would say, while at sea. This was brought about by the unfortunate Chesapeake - Leopard affair of twenty-seven years before.

On the morning of 1 May, preparations were made to fire a salute in honor of Louis Phillipe, King of France. The Captain had left the ship a few days previously to purchase provisions in Marseilles. The lieutenant in command ordered Gunner Samuel City to prepare 24 guns, 21 of which were to be fired at noon.

The salute went off smoothly until the 18th gun, after which three shot-

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—: THE BLUE BONNET :—

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Right On The Bell

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seconds, for we are not navigators, time is important to us. Promptness saves time as well as tempers. To have the reputation for being on time is to have a reputation for being dependable.

The navy is organized and run on the assumption that no man will ever be late. Each man in his place on time—be it for a fight or a frolic—has made it an efficient organization. Whether it be in responding to drill calls or in catching the morning liberty boat no provision is made for late-comers. It is expected there will be none. Each ship is the master chronometer of its crew. Success comes to the man-o'-warsman who keeps synchronized.



LT. (jg) MACKENZIE MARRIED

A few weeks ago Lt. (jg) Mackenzie of this vessel and Miss Mildred E. Bevins of Wailuku, Maui, T.H., were united in marriage. The colorful ceremony was performed by Chaplain C. C. Dittmar of the U.S.S. Medusa in St. Peters Chapel, and was attended by most of the ship's officers.

The officers and crew of the Houston take this opportunity to extend him and his bride many congratulations, and wish them both many years of happiness.

They recently returned from a two week's tour of Wyoming, Yellowstone, and National Parks of California.

“What kind of a dog do you want?” asked the pet shop clerk.

“I'd like to see one of those ocean grey hounds I hear so much about,” replied the old lady.



Dear Sal,

With tha price o' hog meat soarin' now a days like a hot air balloon bent on reachin' the pearly gates to greet St. Peter Pa ought to be puttin' away many a piece o' cash. No sir, there will nary be any wolves at tha farmer's door steps in these times. If any ever come around they'll just haul tha critters in by tha napes o' their necks and salt 'em down for tha winner.

Sometimes one o' these moonin' spells lays ahold o' me so bad I hanker to turn back to tha old farm life again where I can sort of sit back and hold out my hands for some o' that hard coin that's a fallin' their way, but when I went back last time on one of those leaves Uncle Sam gave me, and all tha folks and relations gathered 'round to hear tha salty tales o' my travels o'er tha heavin' brine it sorta made me stick out my chest in an admirin' sort o' way and be glad that I'm a wearin' tha Navy Blue.

I remember once when my grandpa took me on his knee when I was nothin but a little tyke. He told me about him going to tha big city where he could purchase some real respectable lookin' clothes. Finally in a store window he saw tha nicest pair o' overalls, all shiny with brass rivets on tha pockets, and he said to himself, “them's tha best skin coverin's I've ever seen, I'll part with some hard cash to call them my own.” Well, he came out a wearin' tha brand spankin' new overalls and he started moseyin' up tha street until at one corner he ran into four city toughs who were all decked out in flashy clothes, tha like of which he never cast his peepers on before. Tha tuffs took one look at him and started callin' him a country rube, and then they made fun o' his new overalls. Nothin' gets my grandpa's dander up so much as people pokin' fun at him. So faster than a duck gobblin' up succulents from tha bot-

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A Salute By The Frigate “United States”

(From Page 1.)

ted guns were fired. The shot from the 18th gun of the port battery landed on shore but injured no one. The 19th however sent a solid shot through the side of the French ship-of-the-line, Suffren, killing one man and injuring five, one mortally.

Lieutenant Buchanan immediately waited on the commanding officer of the Suffren to tender an apology. The officers and men of the United States and Constellation that very same day contributed a purse of 5,000 francs for the use of the unfortunate sufferers and their families. This gracious act created a good impression in France but the French Minister of Marine refused to accept it stating that the matter was one to be settled between the two governments.

When the news of the incident reached the United States, President Jackson transmitted a message to Congress recommending that pensions be paid to the heirs of the deceased and to the wounded.

Congress promptly made provisions for the payment of pensions twice as large as that paid in the U.S. Navy. This was acceptable to the French and a total of \$9,600 was paid.

Gunner City, whose responsibility it was to ascertain that the guns were unshotted in port, was tried by general court martial. He testified that he was under the impression that a quarter gunner had seen to the drawing of the shot from all guns but he had not made sure for himself before reporting the battery ready for a salute. The officers of the United States testified to his character and their trust in him. The court found him guilty and sentenced him to be dismissed from the naval service.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

We have two officers who have birthdays this month. We wish them many happy returns of the day: Mr. Hilger on 13 September and Mr. Raymond on 15 September. To others who have their anniversary this month The Blue Bonnet wishes you many more happy birthdays.



Greetings once again to all hands and to those who happen to make news for their shipmates. This week finds the crew too busy to do much in the way of erring so we'll let you know what we can.

* * * *

Soon we'll be back in our old stomping grounds. It sure will be good to see the Pike once again and our favorite amusement spots. Also the rent situation will be of a great importance to the G.G's.

* * * *

This Saturday is one of Vallejo's great days of the year. The fish are supposed to be running many and large and the prize ought to make it worth while for anyone on board to try and get the largest fish in the waters hereabout. Would look good to see one of our shipmates take the money away from the local sportsmen.

* * * *

Learned recently that Byron Francis McElhanon, SK3c, sent his Neptune Certificate home to his dad. Seems that his dad took this certificate to the Bank of Arkansas and received three hundred dollars for it. Mac is looking forward to going over the line again real soon.

* * * *

What Boatswain's Mate passed the word "Now the smoking lamp is out on the Well Deck." First there is no well deck and second there is no smoking permitted at any time of the quarterdeck.

* * * *

Saunders of the Black Gang persuaded Vendetti, SC1c, our butcher to move into the "A" Division compartment. Looks like he's getting ready to bed down for the winter. We always thot only bears did that.

This contribution gives the definition of an Engineer: An Engineer is said to be a man who knows a great deal about very little and who goes along knowing more and more about less and less until finally he knows practically everything about nothing.

* * * *

Two seamen of the 2d Division had a bet on last Saturday's football game. The bet was that the loser had to run around the drydock five times. Saw the loser on the third time around and was waiting for him to come around again so that I could get his name but he didn't show up.

* * * *

The gedunk stand is doing a mighty fine business selling bottled coco cola in their put up stand. Must give them credit for not securing their jobs and letting us go without our daily cokes.

* * * *

Many outstanding plays are being made in these playoff games with the big six. Each team is out to win the prizes and the crew is very interested in these games according to the crowd that goes to see them. Every one seems to be satisfied with the way DeBri and Jasinski are umpiring these games and we must say that they really are good.

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Little Ocko Says

Competitions getting pretty keen these days to see who can make the coco cola line first. From the business so far it ought to be a sell out payday.

Looked good the other morning to see Haynes, 1st Division, back from leave; he tells us that he saw quite a bit of the interior, and wishes he could keep on traveling around the parts he hit.

Had heard for a long time that DeForge, paunchy Signalman, was the ship's champ on scoffing chow. A recent runner-up is GM1c Jim Wallace. An entire quarter of a watermelon was put on a special plate before him and when Jim ambled away from the table the melon went with him.

Harrison of the 2d Division sure has a case in Vallejo. Every evening he may be seen using the phone in No 2 mess hall for a half hour or so.

Times do change, don't they? A few months past Harry Hart was a leading seaman in the 1st Division and now he is mess cooking for the 2d Division.

Chivalry still lives! Witness the writer. A sailor apparently going on a years leave, came out to the bus in Oakland Friday carrying three heavy bags. A couple of minutes after the bags were safely stowed. We were

surprised to see a lovely redhead take the seat next to him with a glorious smile of reward. He was merely assisting the lady but boy did he get paid. Handsome is as handsome does.

Something ought to be done about these practical jokers who call Central Station impersonating the O.O.D. It is no fun for the operator and caused one man no end of trouble when he gave, what he thot a practical joker, a piece of his mind. That time it was the O.O.D.

Nuff said for now, so long!

THE WAGES OF SIN

The horse and the mule live thirty years,
And they know nothing of wines and beers.

The goat and the sheep at twenty die,
And never taste of scotch or rye.

The dog at fifteen cashes in,
Without the aid of rum or gin.

The cat in milk and water soaks,
And then in twelve short years it croaks.

The cow drinks water by the ton,
And when eighteen is mostly done.

The hog when young is laid to rest,
And never knows a cocktail zest.

The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs and dies at ten.

The lower animals seem accursed,
Because they lack a liquor thirst.

Oh, not for them the lusty song,
They sinless live—but not for long;

While sinful, ginful, rumsoaked men,
Survive for three-score years and ten.

Battalion Of Death Blasts

"BUCK" Wills says he still has life and where there is life there is hope, so maybe he will get his leave when we leave the dry dock. Nelson returned from leave last Sunday night and must have had an enjoyable time from the way he looked around the ship when he came below. Congratulations are now in order for Pfc. "Jimmy" Smith. Nice going, Smith, the corporals are all right behind you. Our "Black Pirate," Steve Kuschill, trumpeter, has been flagrantly black-mailing the lads to keep them from having to make evening colors. Some of the fellows are having the time of their lives getting all gooey and showing the gobs how to paint ship. Over zealous "Tommy" Grimes also gave his face a coat of anti-corrosive paint. We hope it helps.

Pfc. Cable is rapidly finishing his convalescence. You know how these nagging colds hang on. Have you ever heard of a Boy Scout striker? See Mayhew.



Nosey News 'Bout Ev'body

(From Page 3.)

We have this bit of humor to place in this column as it is right up to date: Honest James White was answering questions to obtain an insurance policy. He gave his mother's death at 43 of tuberculosis and his father's death at a little past 39 of cancer. "Bad family record," said the Doc. "No use going further," and he tore up the application blank. Impressed by the lesson that one shouldn't make the same mistake twice, James White applied for a policy at another company. . . . "What was your father's age at death?" . . . "He was 96," asserted James. . . . "And of what did he die?" "Father was thrown from a polo pony in a polo game." . . . "How old was your mother at death?" . . . "She was 94." . . . "Cause of death?" . . . "Child birth."

Well, with that one on record I guess that we have said enough to last for a week so I'll be saying stand by for our issue next week for all the latest news.

SEND a BLUE BONNET to the folks at home . . .

Division Baseball

SCORES BY GAMES:

"C" Division	8	"S" Division	2
4th Division	2	"R" Division	1
"R" Division	4	"S" Division	7
"C" Division	2	4th Division	2
	"F" Division	6	
	"B" Division	0	

HOW THEY STAND:

Team	GP	W	L	Percent- age
"S" Division	2	2	0	1.000
"F" Division	1	1	0	1.000
"R" Division	2	1	1	.500
"C" Division	2	1	1	.500
"B" Division	1	0	1	.000
4th Division	2	0	2	.000



Gus's Weekly Letter

(From Page 2.)

tom o' tha pond he whipped out his jack knife and slit their belts and suspenders in two. This pleased them not at all as they were so busy keepin' up their pants they couldn't take any pokes at grandpa. But that wasn't the end o' it by no means. Grandpa's dander was up so he had to yell at them as they fled shamefully back to tha gutters from which they came. "That'll teach you," he shouted, "'tis like tha fox I am, I'd just as soon gulp down struttin' roosters as hear tha tauntin' jibes o' their crowin's."

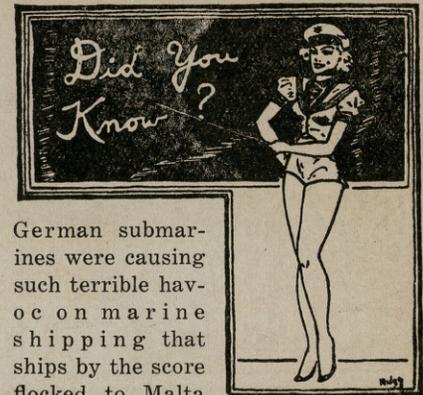
Grandpa was an awful liar, but it just goes to show a body that tha other fellows garden allus looks greener than your own, yet if you made a good inspection you'd find his truck mostly gettin' ate up by garden pests.

Love,

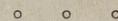
Gus.

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost. "Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said as he looked into the mirror. "I never knowed he had his picture took."

He took the picture or mirror home and stole up into the attic to hide it, but his actions did not escape his suspicious wife. That night, while he slept, she slipped up into the attic and found the mirror. "Hm-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'."



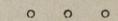
German submarines were causing such terrible havoc on marine shipping that ships by the score flocked to Malta for protection, so the British painted hundreds of oil drums and strung them across the harbor to deceive submarine commanders into believing they were mine and net anchorages. U-Boats hovered about while their commanders looked longingly at the fine ships and cursed the string of buoys, not daring to risk suicide to reach their prey. The amusing part was that this camouflage was more effective than the real mines and nets at Otranto.



U.S.S. Palos, long a part of the Yangtze Patrol, has been decommissioned and is to be sold. So marks the passing of a great ship. Going out to China over twenty years ago, she has had a very remarkable service on the old Yangtze. Twice she gave a very commendable account of herself in engagements with insurgents along the river, each time silencing the shore batteries although sustaining quite a number of hits.

Her hull has stood up under many trying conditions but for some time now she has remained at Chungking as the station ship.

It is now felt that her service is about over and that the rapids would be too much for her so the surveying board has passed her over.



In 1834 Congress definitely settled the question of jurisdiction of the Marine Corps, providing that the Marines are a part of the Navy except when detached for service with the Army by order of the President of the United States.

She: "Do you think a cannon shot can cause enough vibration to make it rain?"

He: "No, I can't say that. But I have seen a shotgun bring on a shower."