



THE KID

A Short Story by Gus

Standing in line—you were always standing in some sort of line. It had been “take your place in line, sailor” or “fall in” since the very first day. Youthful rashness suffered but gradually it had to give in to such things. Yet somehow, it was different this time.

An authoritative voice stabbed at him from the side. “Move lively there, ‘Peaches’.”

The pink in his cheeks glowed deeper as seething feelings bubbled up dangerously close to the surface. How he hated that name. When would they stop treating him like a kid? He hated his pink “spanked” skin and the colorless fuzz which met his fingers when he tested his face for an excuse for shaving. But what burned him up more than anything else was the “baby” in his mother’s letters. He was still “baby” to her, she said, no matter how old he got. Wouldn’t his buddies like to get hold of that? They’d be riding him worse than ever.

The line was moving. This was his chance to prove he was grown up.

He had lied about his age, an added year, on the day he had yielded to the glowing promises of the recruiting posters. But he had felt years amass themselves on his shoulders and a new born importance burst upon him as if he had shed a chrysalis and emerged into another world—so he suffered no qualms concerning this trifling bit of equivocation. He couldn’t escape the curse

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INJURIES FATAL

A. Dietzman Hall, MM1c., U. S. N. Hall Killed in Auto Accident

Cox’s Creek Merchant is Victim of Crash Near Fairfield Friday

In a head-on collision with a coal truck Friday night about eight o’clock Albert Dietzman Hall, 32, merchant at Cox’s Creek, was killed instantly on the High Grove-Fairfield road, a short distance from Fairfield. His wife, the only other occupant of the automobile, sustained cuts and bruises about the face but was not injured seriously. Bob Anderson, Buechel, driver of the truck, was unhurt.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall were enroute from Cox’s Creek to Fairfield to have dinner with his mother when the accident occurred.

Mr. Hall was a member of the United States Navy for 12 years. In August, 1937, he married Miss Margaret Garrard, of Vancouver, British Columbia, and returned to Nelson

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WRESTLERS READY FOR MEETS

When one o’clock rolls around on the afternoon of 26 November the Houston squad will be ready for the Pensacola mat artists so coaches Wellbourn and Butler assure the team’s followers. Last year the Pensacola took five out of eight bouts—it being the only meet we lost in group competition.

The squad has been working out steadily both on shore and aboard ship. Two meets, one at the A.A.U., competitions and the other with the Inglewood Elk’s Club, show that the boys are shaping up into good form. If injuries can be kept down our team should have every weight represented. Let’s show that the ship appreciates the constant workouts of the Houston teams by attending their contests with the other ship. It helps give that extra “Umph” needed sometimes.

Revenge last year,—

BEAT PENSACOLA

GROUP I—WRESTLING AND BOXING MEETS

Meet No.	Date	Time	Contestants
1.	19 Nov.	1400	S.L.C. vs VESTAL
2.	26 Nov.	1300	HOUSTON vs PENZA
3.	26 Nov.	1500	S.L.C. vs NOR.
4.	30 Nov.	1400	VESTAL vs PENZA.
5.	7 Dec.	1930	HOUSTON vs NOR.
6.	10 Dec.	1400	S.L.C. vs PENZA.
7.	14 Dec.	1300	VESTAL vs HOUSTON
8.	14 Dec.	1500	PENZA. vs NOR.
9.	17 Dec.	1930	S.L.C. vs HOUSTON
10.	20 Dec.	1400	VESTAL vs NOR.

All meets will be held in the Admiral Leigh Gymnasium adjacent to the Army & Navy Y.M.C.A., at 921 South Beacon Street, San Pedro, California.

—: 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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EDITORIAL

THINKING IT OVER

Let us invert the ancient and honorable question as to what will make us happy. In other words, what makes us unhappy? There are as many answers to this question as there are people. However, the answers can all be put in one class namely, "the things we have not." By some strange perversion of human nature men are seldom happy with what they have but quite generally unhappy about what they have not.

Now long ago in Rome there lived an old crippled slave and his name was Eperitius. He is not known as an outstanding philosopher, though he was a wise man. He is known for his gems of wisdom, handed down through the centuries, that few wants make a happy man. The more one thinks and mulls over this simple statement the more amazing the implications of it become. We are unhappy so much of the time because we want this or that which is beyond our reach, and because we can't get that one wish gratified we frequently esteem lightly all that we do have. It's really very childish, but we do it just the same.

Possibly a little story will bring the point home more directly. There was once a King who suffered from a strange malady. His doctors assured him that he would be well only after he had slept one night in the shirt of a happy man. Naturally couriers were sent out through the realm to find a happy man. This proved an almost hopeless task. But they finally came upon a ragged vagabond lying in the sun by the roadside, singing and laughing in perfect bliss. To the question of the couriers

the merry rogue replied that of a truth he was happy for the sun was warm, the world beautiful the air sweet and the meadows bright.

The couriers with thankful hearts asked the man for his shirt to take to the king. The happy vagabond answered with paroxysm of the mouth that he had no shirt. So they returned to the palace and told the King that the only happy man in the kingdom was so wretchedly poor he had no shirt.

The King, so the story goes, rose from his bed and went quietly about his royal tasks, a graver and more thoughtful monarch.

THE KID

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of the years, that is, the lack of them so easily though. It was a bitter blow when the other recruits called him "peaches" and "beautiful" on his arrival at the training station. Even out here aboard ship they regarded him as an immature kid who was as out of place as a lily in a turnip patch.

He moved along. His turn was next. Well, he would show them all. They wouldn't call him any names any more. He was a man now.

He listened as the words of his Captain intoned themselves on his consciousness.

".....and for the offense of drunkenness and remaining A.O.L. for a period of 4 hours and 15 minutes I hereby sentence you to five days confinement on rations of bread and water."

A self-satisfied smile twisted the corners of the young sailor's mouth as he turned to go away.

"But, added the usually stern Captain, "due to your extreme youth and inexperience I hold this sentence in abeyance and place you on probation for a period of six months."

* * * *

From now on Gus will endeavor to give the readers of the Blue Bonnet a short story in each issue.

Going out tonite?
 Not completely.

DAFFYNITIONS—FROM A HOME TOWN PAPER

Thanks to a Friend

Daffynitions

Scotland Yard: Two feet, eleven inches.

Skeleton: A stack of bones with all the people scraped off.

Obstinacy: A matter of sex.

Jungle Love: When a couple monkey around.

Strip Poker: A game in which the more you lose the more you have to show for it.

Sound Sleeper: A fellow who snores.

Matrimony and Alimony: Two main causes for divorce.

Dimple: A hole made by sleeping on a collar button.

Alimony: Coupons off the bonds of love.

The Last Word in Airplanes: Jump.

Gherkin: A pickle that got into society.

Hock Shop Indians: Pawnees.

Birthday: When a young person takes a day off and an older woman takes a year off.

Shirley Temple: A church.

Russians: Somebody in a hurry.

Western Union: A cowboy's underwear.

Caterpillar: An upholstered worm.

Maniac:—A sane person driving an automobile.

Gentleman: A fellow, who when he pays his bills, is as pleasant about it as he was when he bought the merchandise and had it charged.

A diplomat: A man who can make his wife believe that she would look fat in a fur coat.

The Forgotten Man: The man that is too old to join the CCC's and not old enough to draw an old age pension.

A married man: One who uses two hands to steer the car.

An optimist: One who says the bottle is half full and a pessimist is one who says it's half empty.

Circle: A round straight line with a hole in the center.



Let's start out with the ship's police force: Bud Adams, Cox'n., has relieved Malcolm, Cox'n., as No. 2 Sheriff. Malcolm has gone back to the third division, where, he says, he 'feels at home'.

* * * *

A new member of the Oil King's Gang is Murff, who will replace Gossage, WT1c, when the latter is paid off not long hence. Glad to see the little lad in there, will expect him to make good.

* * * *

Mach. Hodges was smoking a big cigar the other day. We asked how come and he told us that not long ago he had been the father of twins. On congratulating him he told us there had been a supply of cigars turned over to one of the chiefs for distribution, but doubted if they ever got out of the Hackies Messroom—that's nothing—so do we!

* * * *

Among the lads of the Ship's Service we see Baldy Davis arguing with the customers about the scores of the various football games, also explaining a slight difficulty with a sugar bowl (or was it the SUGAR) in the New Star Cafe on Ocean Avenue. J. F. Bailey, leatherneck soda-jerker, getting fat behind the counter—so that's where the profits are all goin'?

* * * *

C. B. Webb, Bkr2c, has been telling everyone about the black eye he got the other day just before breakfast. Seems he wants only one story about it and the lads in the galley want to make it better every time its told.

* * * *

What bald headed Ship's Service operator staged a one man riot in a Long Beach Bar Room last Wednesday night? If that woman killer doesn't slay them, he sure can beat them up.

* * * *

LOVE.—It is a beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.

The other day the lads were all trying to find out if they were supposed to have wings or not. Condition Affirm was set, there was one exit from lower decks to topside—through the head, and that was blocked by a big plank about fourteen feet long—did these lads do some singing. Next time we'll close that door too.

* * * *

Sammy Ashcraft (who recently took on a better half), and George Lewis were seen the other day four-flushing their new rates of Shipfitter and Storekeeper respectively. George blushes modestly every time one of his mess-mates insists on calling him STORES!

* * * *

Steve Sivak, SK1c, returned from the Relief last week and took himself off for some leave. Seems as if these fellows never get enough rest, do they?

* * * *

Captain of the one-pounder, John Sharpe, of Turret 3, was having difficulty the other day with a misfire. It really got a one-way ride when he finally got it out of there, right out over the side, and in no uncertain terms. It looked as if Johnny figured it might go off any moment and well it might. Better luck next time, J., you do make a romantic (?) figure up there.

* * * *

Bill Newlon, M Division lad, is now in the logroom. Goes up next quarter for the Machinist's Mate exam, doing a yeoman's work now. What's the big idea — preparing for the X-mas correspondence Bill? Don't let Maurice tell any of those tall sea stories of his while you're around.

* * * *

George Worthington has jointly accused CBM Proimos and Headlock Wellbourn of being part of the Feather Merchant's organization depicted in the Sunday Edition of Barney Google. How about an explanation in the Contribution Box, George?

* * * *

Speaking of the Contribution Box, here are some good cracks worthy of publication:

One has to do with the monotony of the Blue Bonnet. You're right my friend, the folks at home are kicking, but what is Ocko to do about it? After all, it is a pretty big job, this running a paper and putting out

the dope, and it is one sure thing, Little Ocko is four times as busy as he was a year ago or more when he started tossing out the dope on the lads on the Rambler Ship. And not only that, there is darn little encouragement given a fellow in this business. Thanks for the kick in the pants, but that is all the good it is going to do, for the present anyway.

* * * *

Here's another: This is my first contribution to the Blue Bonnet, though I've been aboard here almost three years. How about an All-Houston Girl contest? Everyone has a picture of the 'one and only' so why not run a contest to determine the best looking one? As a prize the ship could send some small token and notify her—also keep her photo on exhibition for a week. Good idea? Yes, Ocko says it is, but who are you going to get to back it up and put it over? That is one thing that is deeply lacking—the proper push required to put over a project of that type.

* * * *

And then: The question arises now among the crew: "Why do the Ship's Service use such large cups to serve milk shakes in—is it to fool someone?"

* * * *

Here you are: Say, how's about a writeup on the Houston Swimming Team? I haven't heard much about the team except from the men on it. 'Pears to me that the gang are a pretty good bunch and deserve as much backing as anyone else. Let's hear something about them in the future? What say? Well, Ocko says if some member of the Swimming Team will give us the names of the ones on the team, where they work out and so on, put it in the Contribution Box, he will see to it that it's published in the next edition of the paper.

Well, that is all fellows, and thanx very much for wasting your time reading what a literary bum has to say.

A farmer in Iowa sent the following letter to the Navy Department:

"My youngest son has gone away and enlisted in the Navy. I can't get him out, won't you help me? He is a good boy and I was raising him for my own use."

HOUSTON BASKETBALL

— 1938 Season —

Date	Time	Ship
28 Nov.	1945	Louisville
30 Nov.	1945	Medusa
5 Dec.	1830	Utah
7 Dec.	1445	Relief
12 Dec.	1945	Salt Lake City
21 Dec.	1830	Chicago

SPELLING TEST

Try this on your worst enemy. The test is to be written from dictation.

"Outside a cemetery sat a harassed cobbler and an embarrassed oculist, picnicking on a dessicated apple and gazing at the symmetry of a lady's ankle with unparalleled ecstasy."

* * * *

Then there was the fellow who believed in efficiency and quick action. He hung a sign up in his office which read "Do it now". Within twenty-four hours the cashier bolted with the contents of the safe, his stenographer eloped with his eldest son, the office boy threw the ink bottle in the electric fan, and the whole force struck for a six-hour day and more money.

* * * *

A farmer was driving past the insane asylum with a truck load of fertilizer. An inmate called out, "What are you hauling there?"

"Fertilizer", replied the farmer.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it on my strawberries."

"You ought to live here. We get sugar and cream on ours."

DANGEROUS DAN McCROBE

A bunch of germs were hitting it up
In the bronchial saloon;

Two bugs on the edge of the larynx
Were jazzing a rag-time tune.

Back in the teeth, in a solo game,

Sat dangerous Ack-Kerchoo;

And watching his pulse with the
light of love—

Was the lady that's known as Flu.

* * * *

Marine Sentry: "Who are those two girls who visit the destroyers so often?"

Ditto: "Oh, those are the Chase and Sanborn girls, they have a date on every can."

RECENT ARRIVALS

Lieut. (SC) Norcross, has come aboard to take over the duties of Supply Officer, relieving Lt.-Comdr., (SC) R. E. Snedaker, who goes to duty at the NAS Pensacola, Fla. Mr. Snedaker will be remembered as one of the Senior Pollywogs who manned the lookout station atop Turret Two, on our trip to the Domain of Neptunus Rex last July. Mr. Norcross has come to us from the purchase division of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Washington, D.C. We take this opportunity to extend the welcome of the Ship's Company to our new Paymaster, and wish him a very happy cruise on our ship.

Some time ago, about the first of November, Ch. Mach. Craven came aboard to relieve Ch. Mach. Mahoney. He is taking Mr. Mahoney's duties as M Division Officer, and we hope he enjoys his stay with us. We wish Good Luck to a Good Shipmate for Mr. Mahoney, who has gone to duty on the East Coast.

That's all for this time.

HALL KILLED

(Continued from page 1)

County to reside. With his brothers he operated Hall's Cash Market at Cox's Creek.

Besides his wife, he is survived by one son, Tommy Tucker Hall, Fairfield; one sister, Miss Dorothy Hall, Louisville; three brothers, Alvin and Bernard Hall, Fairfield; Harold Hall, Cox's Creek. He was the son of the late T. N. Hall.

—The Kentucky Standard.

Editor's Note:—Hall served aboard this ship from the date of commissioning until the summer of 1937. He acted in the capacity of log room yeoman and did much of the editing on this paper during the last few years. aboard. His friends always will remember him as a sterling shipmate possessing a fine personality and character.

Teacher:—"Johnny, do you want to leave the room?"

Johnny:—"Say, you don't think I'm standing here hitch-hiking, do you?"



The title of surgeon cannot be found in any record of the British Navy before 1557. However, there is little doubt that some went to sea before that date.

That modern electric trains are at least three times more powerful per locomotive pound of dead weight than steam engines. Those huge electric locomotives pulling trains over mountains generate electricity and replenish the power in the trolley wire when the trains start rushing down a mountain side. The generators are used as brakes. Steam trains coast down mountains, but all the braking power is wasted.

That a mass of jelly fish impeded navigation of several British merchant freighters near Brest, France, in 1935 according to the American Merchant Marine record.

That a water-wheel is said to produce the cheapest power per dollar expended on equipment and upkeep. The wind-mill, said to be next in thriftiness, suffers numerous breakdowns due to too strong winds which it must buffet; and that wind-power is only one third as reliable as water power.

That approximately one million dollars was spent in 1937 to send the word "please" by telegraph. This may be expensive, but we still believe "it pays to be courteous."

That sawdust can be so compressed that it will be more lasting than wood, harder than silver; and prettier, on the surface, than ivory. This new synthetic material is used largely for constructing radio cabinets and small tables, and will withstand nailing and can be highly polished.

It was intermission at the Navy Dance and everyone came inside to rest.