

## Let's Go Fishing

IT IS seldom that Navy men take much interest in fishing, yet were a little information given out on the subject, concerning places to go and the methods to be used in angling in this vicinity one might witness a warming enthusiasm in this oldest of arts.

In the bay at the present time the striped bass are taking the hook. Just above the causeway to the north of the navy yard and also in the vicinity of the Carquinez Bridge these big fellows are being caught on plugs and sardines (cut). Only the other day a big striped bass weighing a mere matter of 46 pounds was exhibited around Vallejo. When they are that big, the fisherman knows he has hooked into something.

Sunday 26 September has been designated as bass derby day in Vallejo and environs. A prize of \$1,000 in cash and an addition of \$1,000 in merchandise is offered to people catching the largest bass in the waters between the navy yard and Vallejo. Here's a chance to combine sport with profit.

Black bass, catfish, and perch thrive and can be taken in the Napa, San Joaquin, Merced, and Sacramento Rivers. Any kind of bait, preferably worms will draw these fish. Bass plugs provide an increased thrill as a lure to be used for black bass.

If one desires the aristocracy of all angling, good trout fishing, he will have to visit the lakes and streams of the back country in the Sierra Nevada range of mountains. Trout may be had at a distance of from 120 to 150 miles from the navy yard. At the

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## Houston To Battle Detroiters

THE Houston nine again goes to the fray this Saturday afternoon when they tackle the Detroit team, with a good chance of bringing up their average.

The game is scheduled for the usual time of 1400 and is to be played at Kearny Field, the scene of last week's game.

Let's all turn out again and help the boys keep up that old fighting spirit.

## Our Navy's Radio Stations

THE U.S. Navy has the largest single radio organization in existence.

Though not generally known, the radio station at Canacao, P.I., close by the Cavite Navy Yard, is one of the first in the great chain around the world of navy radio stations. This station recently observed its twentieth birthday. In 1917 the world's largest transmitter was installed, having been built at Palo Alto, California. It had an output of 500 kilowatts and was the first transmitter to be heard across the Pacific Ocean.

The U.S. Navy's four hundred stations ashore and afloat rival all broadcasting networks in size and in scope. There are fifty radio compass stations affording twenty-four hour service to mariners. These stations are scattered all over the country and along the coasts of Alaska, West Indies, Hawaii, Philippines, Samoa, Guam, and Panama.

## Demon Of Destruction

FOR a long time he crouched there looking into the early morning sunlight. His gaze wandered over the gold-streaked, gray expanse spread before him. He thought for a moment of the peaceful surroundings; how warm, sweet, friendly and quiet, so quiet—

But how quickly he would change all that! In a moment that serenity would be shattered, blasted—pock-marked—scarred!

His right hand closed around the grip—found the trigger. His left firmly grasped the cold steel barrel.

He glanced first one way then the other. On both sides his comrades knelt awaiting the signal.

Once again he reviewed his orders. He was to push straight ahead up to the wire—take everything in his path—spare nothing—no stopping, just on and on—

A whistle—the signal! He pressed the trigger. The cold barrel leaped in his hand, his whole body quivered, a thousand hammers beat against his eardrums—tac-tac-tac—no stopping now! Only onward—on—on—tac-tac-tac—Lord! The havoc this thing could wreck! Tac-tac-tac-tac-tac-tac-tac-tac—hours of tailing, blasted away in a few seconds—tac-tac-tac-tac!

The lust to destroy engulfed him—he watched, fascinated, as pieces flew into the air, spewed in every direction—tac-tac-tac-tac-tac—some were flecked with red—

Before he could rally his senses he was into the wire. He paused to look back at the battered swathe he had

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## —: 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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## Who Remembers?

### Six years ago this month.

In the early part of this month, the Houston was operating off Cheefoo, China, exercising in torpedo runs and aircraft training. It was during this period that Houstonites got their first taste of China's summer heat and it was a lot different than the alternately hot and chilly days we are having now.

During the latter part of the month the ship was in Shanghai after a stop-over of a few days in Tsingtao, en route. Much activity was evident at the time for soon the new Commander in Chief was to fly his flag at the Houston's main.

### Two years ago this month.

The Blue Bonnet welcomed aboard Lt. McCallum who was assigned to the Engineering Department as "E" Division Officer, from duty in Washington, D.C., with the Naval Intelligence Service.

Another popular officer was also assigned the Houston during this month when Lt. (jg) S. P. Weller joined the aviation unit VS-10-S, to fill the Rambler Ship's quota of aviators.

## Results Of Division Baseball

"S" Division 16	"A" Division 13
"M" Division 10	"R" Division 11
1st Division 1	3d Division 11
4th Division 0	"B" Division 1
"F" Division 9	2d Division 3
"E" Division 6,	5-"H"- "N" Divisions 7

## Demon Of Destruction

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cut. His grimy face broke into a grin of satisfaction. His fingers caressed the barrel affectionately.

Yes! It was the best gol-durned pneumatic chipping hammer he had ever used.



Dear Sal,

When I get to rakin' my noggin and a ponderin' over tha slants and turns o' tha big city's streets and avenues that would put one of my crookedest furrows to shame my mind sorta swings 'round to tha futility o' our country folk tryin' to beat out a livin' where passels o' humanity mill 'round.

Just to show you that I'm a hittin' 'round tha mark, remember my totterin' old uncle, uncle Alec who allus hankered to be rid o' our good farmin' country and head out to look for new dirt to stick his plow into. Word didn't get 'round much 'bout his traipsin' off but as I was a little shaver at tha time and a hangin' to my ma's apron strings most of tha time with my ears perked up and my eyes wide open there wasn't much that got by me.

Well, Alec got on a rip-roarin' rampage after draggin' his legs in from tha garden where tha squinch bugs had taken over tha spuds and tha wire worms had possessed tha other truck, and he 'lowed he was a goin' to gather his kin folk, stock and baggage, and go out to tha big city which was many miles away. This time 'stead o' relaxin' and calmin' down like he allus did before, he commenced gatherin' things together and actually had tha whole kaboodle ready to leave tha next day.

For tha first time in their lives Alec and tha kin folk boarded a train down at Potts Junction, hoisted some chickens into tha baggage car, and then eased back on tha green velvety cushions o' tha chair car to enjoy some restful naps. Tha trip went along first rate except for some o' tha young ones pullin' tha signal cord every once in a while and stoppin' tha train, and some o' tha older ones askin' some mighty embarrassin' questions o' tha conductor, as for instance a wantin' to know where tha water

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## Mystery Of The Open Sea

Many are the legends, songs, and stories inspired by ghostly, crewless ships, wandering on and on, year after year, alone on the wide, wide sea.

Perhaps the most famous mystery of all, a puzzle that has defied solution for many years, is the question of what happened one day in December, 1872, on board the Mary Celeste.

On November 7, 1872, she put out of New York harbor for Genoa, her hold filled with barrels of alcohol. On board was the captain, Benjamin S. Briggs, his wife, their small daughter, and a crew of seven men.

Five weeks later the Mary Celeste was sighted 300 miles west of Gibraltar. Her sails were set on a star-board tack, and she was ploughing steadily eastward, but she was completely deserted.

The decks were in order, no sign of struggle, mutiny, robbery or murder. In the ship's cabin were the captain's watch, money and compasses. They found Mrs. Briggs' sewing machine with a garment half stitched.

In the forecabin were the seamen's chests, their money, and even the remnants of a meal. The ship's boat, an open yawl, was gone.

Obviously the Mary Celeste had been abandoned in haste... but why? Possibly those on board feared an explosion in her hold, put off hurriedly, then awaited a disaster which failed to occur. Too late they may have tried to overtake her, only to find her sailing steadily farther out of reach.

### NAMES

In Winston-Salem, N.C., two men went on trial for reckless driving. The judge interrupted the testimony, "You're not kidding are you?"

He ordered the witness to repeat: "The left rear wheel of Mr. Fender's car hit the right front fender of Mr. Wheeler's car."

"Are you still engaged to that homely girl?"

"No."

"Good for you. How did you get out of it?"

"I married her."



Here's your column once again with the latest news events to occur. The two most important topics are the DiMaggio & Yorktown affairs. Almost every yard workman is bragging about how much better they could have built the Yorktown in Mare Island, while the civilians insist on telling you know how good DiMaggio is.

\* \* \* \*

While strolling around Vallejo, should say up and down Georgia Street, happened to find the crew's rendezvous in the name of Tom's Place. Can understand the reason for the remaining all night after seeing the girls who work behind the bar. Steele, SC3c, sits and dreams of the one called Mary, he has a rival in Huston, GM3c, who does the same. Can't blame them though as she is right on as we say. McCormick, Coxswain of the First Division is romancing Grace and is doing a good Romeo act with her. The old timers of the crew listen to the yarns told by bartender Frank D. Roughton, retired CEM, while he mixes them and he really does tell some tall ones, especially about China. Stoddard (Chick), S1c of the 4th couldn't resist going in the wrong rest room. His reason was that he wanted to find out the brand of soap used by the girls. He has the bar in use on board.

\* \* \* \*

The copper and metal shop is being changed to a dry cleaning shop with Nicolette as proprietor during our stay in the yard. No chemicals will be used or any smelly odors remain in the clothes sent. The compressed air system will be used. He can be seen using this new system any afternoon when he is preparing to go ashore. It sure blows the dust right out of blues.

## For Men Only

I SAW her swimming in the brook,  
A moment swift and fleeting;  
And from the shock of the brief look  
My heart almost stopped beating.

I WORKED my way around the trees  
To where the view was clearer,  
And then on trembling hands and  
knees  
I edged a little nearer.

I NEVER saw such perfect lines  
As she was there displaying  
Beneath the shade of spreading pines  
In languid splendor playing.

HER twists and turns were full of  
grace,  
Her body smoothly molded;  
I know that joy showed on my face  
As each new charm unfolded.

AND when she floated with the  
stream  
The sight was most entrancing;  
Her wonderous body seemed to gleam  
From sunbeams softly glancing.

I YEARNED for her with heart and  
soul  
And then I fell to wishing . . .  
For I had neither hook nor pole  
And trout are caught by fishing.

Now that the rates are in, cigars are being stocked in the Canteen in a larger quantity than usual. Although all the rates that were expected to come in didn't, just remember that next quarter is not so far away and perhaps some more of the crew will be in a position to give away the customary cigars.

\* \* \* \*

Last Saturday the ship's baseball team played a seven inning game with Destroyer Division Twelve and a good sized cheering party headed by Headlock and Campbell manned the bleachers. Our team was doing a good job of winning until Brown met with an accident while going to second. This upset the team very much and with the ending of the game found our team at the losing end with the score being 12 to 7.

\* \* \* \*

Glider, Yeo3c of the Exec's Office, ordinarily so calm, cool and collected,

couldn't wait to count to ten Wednesday night, instead he left the mess table and quieted his nerves in his office. All this over an argument with his colleague "Berg" about his eating. This led to an all around mess argument with Glider being told to pipe down. Glider is quoted as saying, in a high pitched voice, "I rate a ration, do I not?"

\* \* \* \*

Yap Yap Campbell with his lusty yelling at the Kearny Ball Field, had umpire Borghetti wondering whether he was calling them wrong or right. When it comes to calling strikes and balls during one of the division games an umpire takes his life in his hands, but Borghetti could take it and his decisions were all good.

\* \* \* \*

While on the subject of baseball, I might as well go as far as letting out a bit of news of the "E" and 5-"H"- "N" Division game. It was a close game and a good pitching battle. With the exception of those rival Bugle Blowers who just can't get along without their daily argument, all hands showed good sportsmanship. The "E" finally lost the decision to the 5-"H"- "N" with the score ending at 7-6.

\* \* \* \*

Leo, EM2c, is all smiles once again, his wife and baby have arrived to stay in Vallejo for as long as the Houston remains here. He has a wedding anniversary to celebrate this Wednesday and we all wish him many more.

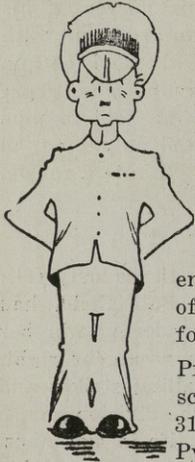
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Mr. Fay, former Pay Clerk of the Houston, writes that China is lots better than the information given him by the ex-China hands on board. He is on board the Ashville and is hoping that he can stay an extra year out there. Sends his regards to all hands.

\* \* \* \*

A suggestion from some of the G.Gs. Why can't they use the ship's truck to take them over to their homes. Pay the usual fee to Ship's Service and thereby everyone will be gaining. No remarks from yours truly. And now with the above to hold you until the next issue we'll say be careful of your doings which open you wide for a writeup.

## Battalion Of Death Blasts



Part of the Battalion was supposed to qualify last Friday but the wind was blowing so strong the targets blew out of the frames so the firing was postponed until Saturday. Eleven men fired and ten of them qualified as follows:

Pfc. Ulrey, 315 (high score); Cpl. Lambert, 310; Sgt. Nelson, 305; Pvt. Knowles, 304; Pfc. See, 303; Pfc. Clement, 301; Pvt. Smith, 301; Pfc. Cable, 289; Pvt. Stockton, 286; Pvt. White, 278; Pvt. Frye, 266. The possible score that is fired is 350. Expert is 315 or better, which means \$5.00 per month extra. Sharpshooter is 300 to 314 and brings \$3.00 per month extra. Nine of the sea-soldiers got into the money and made a very high average of qualification.

So you fellows sort of brought home the "bacon." Good work, Ulrey, that was a nice "possible" you shot at 200 yards rapid.

A few of the boys took off last week end but your snooper just couldn't seem to catch them in the act.

Sad tales from the range this week: Our "Top-kick" has sort of lost his prestige or something. Just why did you pull targets, Top, and do you really need the exercise. Our Police Sergeant Snuffy has been having rifle trouble. Seems that he doesn't think much of his "best friend." Two mornings now he has had to chase it down. Once all the way out to the 500 yard firing line. Maybe the destroyer sailors can get it sighted-in for you, John, and you might make EXPERT this year. This week the last detail of marines are out snapping in, on the range. (I mean snapping, too. Bones are being snapped and coaches are snapping at them every time they turn around, and somehow I seem to snap the trigger every time I pick up my rifle.) This detail seems, from previous firings, to be better riflemen than the last. Some of us should come through with high scores. We shall see on "Friday the 13th,"

## Let's Go Fishing

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present time these spotted beauties are taking the mosquito and royal coachman flies. There is nothing in the world more pulse quickening than the rise of a wary trout to a barbed hook hidden by the feathers and wrappings of an artificial fly. So let's go fishing.

## Gus's Weekly Letter

(From Page 2.)

bucket was for tha well they'd found in tha coach.

Quicker'n they thought, they pulled into tha big city on tha same day and they commenced untanglin' themselves from tha cushions right pronto until they all stood like a row o' waverin' corn on tha station's cement platform. Old Alec sorta pried 'round a bit with a stick until tha rest o' tha kin folk saw a woe begone expression come a kitterin' over his face. Turnin' to Aunt Nelly, in a miserable dejected tone he said, "Ma, we uns gotta go back. This big city soil is so hard that there is nary a plow that can dig a respectable furrow in it."

So you see Sal, sometimes tha other fellow's hogs look a lot better'n your own but if you take stock o' all their points you'll find that tha final weighin' in, most times will mean more cash in your jeans.

Love,  
Gus.

An oyster met an oyster, and they were oysters two,

Two oysters met two oysters, and they were oysters too,

Four oysters met in a pint of milk, And they were oyster stew.

Wifey: "Here's a riddle. What makes my life so miserable?"

The Colonel: "You've got me."

Wifey: "That's right!"

City Chap: "Guess there's a lot of big men born in this town."

Country Jake: "Nope, jest babies."

the day of reckoning. Then maybe a home cooked chow, eh, Top?



It has been reported that the U.S. Navy will enlist 17,000 new men during this fiscal year. Of this number of men who will join the mammoth fighting and floating organization many miles in travel, beautiful scenery and technical and specialized education will be the lot for every one.

Four thousand of these men will be for replacements. The additional 13,000 will be an increase to the gross strength of the naval forces.

The Japanese Government demanded of the contractors for the "Iron-side" battleship KONGO an almost unsinkable ship. Specifications demanded that the new ship must not heel more than eleven degrees with fifty feet of the hull shot away—and after heeling the ship must regain the vertical in a short time although at a lower level in the water. (Ed. Note: We wonder if they plan to take the KONGO out and test it to that extent.)

The world's two largest battleships, the LITTORIO and the VITTORIO VENETO, sister ships of 35,000 tons of the Italian Navy, will be completed and ready for duty this month. They are 1100 tons heavier than H.M.S. RODNEY, the largest battleship of the British Navy and will mount nine 15-inch guns as against nine 16-inch guns on the British ship. The new Italian 15-inch guns are said to be equal in range to the heavier gun and are claimed to have a higher rate of fire.

"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

"And I, sir, am not willing to trade."

WPA workers in Atlanta, Ga., made a study of police records. Their conclusion: The tendency of husbands to beat their wives grows strongest in August.