



**CRUISE HAPPY HOUR**

With a long cruise away from our home port in the offing, plans are being made for a grand evening of fun and entertainment to interrupt the monotony of the War Games. Those of you who witnessed the exhibition of talent recruited for the children's Christmas Party will remember the really good time everyone had—and that was supposed to be for the kiddies only!

Now with all the talent aboard that was missing because of leave and liberty during the holiday season and since all hands will be there to enjoy the show while on the Cruise, it is hoped volunteers will not be lacking. Any sort of idea or act (singing, instrumental numbers, skits, dance routines, et caetera,) will be highly acceptable and the more it has to do with ship's personalities, the better it will be received.

It is planned to carry a theme of Hawaii thru the Hour(s?) of Happiness so it is suggested all connoisseurs of hula hilarities will do well to get their hints in early.

The exact date has not been set for this evening of fun, frolic and merriment, but, in order to make it a presentation worthy of the Houston it would be wise to get the program well organized while "at anchor" routine permits more leisure.

Anyone having suggestions, or who is willing to help, should see Ensign Ely or Ensign Quackenbush this coming week so that necessary props may be obtained before April 16th. Let's get going Gang!... We want to make this an evening that will be remembered for a long time to come!

**PROSPECTIVE SHIP'S DANCE**

The beginning of next week, the various Division Officers will circularize their divisions to find out how many men are interested in having a ship's dance between now and the forthcoming cruise. If a sufficient number of men are interested in having a party, various committees will be appointed and the necessary arrangements made.

The Houston has always made it a policy of doing nothing half heartedly, especially her parties. To make this party a success it will be necessary to charge an admission of about one dollar a couple, fifty cents per single ticket, and to have the whole hearted cooperation of all hands, think it over and give your Division Officer your decision. **THIS IS YOUR PARTY.**

**SELECTED CREW**

Although originally scheduled for the end of next week, the race for selected whaleboats was advanced to today in order to prevent interference with the sailing races on April 9th, 12th, and 13th. This has not caught us unprepared however, because the selected crew has been working out twice daily for the last two weeks, and with Smith of the "Third" at the tiller, it is expected to bring home some bacon in the rowing field at last. With "Kid" Viskovich at stroke and supported by such experienced oarsmen as Duran, McDonald, and McKenna, there should be little reason for the Houston to trail any crew, except perhaps the all-time favorite Salt Lake City ten. Our last race showed that

(Continued on Page Four)

**HOUSTON OFFICER SELECTED FOR LIEUT-COMDR.**

Once again the Houston Officers bat one hundred percent with the selection board. This past week, Lieutenant F. Moosbrugger, Assistant Gunnery Officer, was selected for Lt-Comdr. Mr. Moosbrugger who is a member of the Naval Academy Class of 1923, was the only Houston Officer eligible for selection by this board. However, Lieut. D. Felt, who for two years was the Senior Aviator of the Houston Aviation Unit and who is now serving with Squadron VJ 2 in San Diego, was also selected.

Lieut. Moosbrugger, in the 34 months that he has served aboard in the Gunnery Department, has done much toward helping the Houston win its enviable Gunnery record. We are, therefore, proud to offer him our sincerest congratulations.

**OFFICERS RECEIVE ORDERS**

During this past week two of our Senior ships Officers received their orders detaching them from the Ship. Our Executive Officer, Commander P. K. Robottom received orders detaching him this coming June. Upon being detached he will report to the Commandant Thirteenth Naval District, Seattle, Washington for a tour of shore duty.

The Navigator Lt-Comdr. T. B. Inglis, received orders also effective in June to report to the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, D.C. for duty.

Don't forget to mail the Blue Bonnet to the folks at home!

--: 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.

EDITOR, Ensign C. J. Mackenzie

Ass't. Editor:— R. C. Ball, Ch. Pay Clerk

Associate Editor:— A. D. Hall, MM1c

Distribution:— B. M. Muehlen, Bugler

3 April, 1937.

### ★ ★ ★ CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

Many attractive correspondence courses are offered by commercial institutions of learning. Occasionally men are prompted to sign up for such a course by a natural desire to improve their chances of advancement in the service or their means of gaining a livelihood in civilian life.

Such courses, if worth taking at all, require a certain amount of previous education and a sustained determination to complete them. The lack of time, other interests, and other demands upon the student's income, frequently lead to a decision to abandon the course before the first lesson is completed.

#### NOT BELOVENT EDUCATOR

The student will thereupon discover as a rule that the benevolent educator is in no different category from any other creditor—he wants his money. Usually there is little delay before the correspondence school places the obligation in the hands of a collection agency and the erstwhile student receives numerous letters calculated to inspire prompt payment of the whole cost of the course. The threat in such letters will vary in degree but the meaning is always the same, "You'll have to pay us in full in the end so do it now, or else—"

It is not necessary to explain in detail the legal machinery for the collection of debts. It may be pointed out that there are various remedies by which the creditor of an unwilling debtor can protect his interest pending a more favorable opportunity for collection. By luck, hard work, or unexpected inheritance, the debtor may accumulate funds from which the creditor can extract the amount of his claim by legal methods. The debtor may achieve in his community such a standing that he cannot afford to ignore claims which may af-

fect his credit rating.

It has sometimes occurred to men in the naval service that they may plead as a defence that until they are twenty-one years of age they are not legally capable of making a binding contract. This cannot be regarded as a sure defence, as members of the naval service are generally regarded as being emancipated by reason of enlistment.

#### NO REFUND

Whether or not payment can and will be compelled will depend upon the circumstances of the particular case. A backward glance at the situation usually discloses that the student has become a party to a legally-binding contract to pay for the course in full although he never submits a single lesson. Too often it develops that he did his part to make the contract (i.e.—by making an offer) when he sent in an application blank. Such blanks are generally prepared by school authorities and lawyers of considerable experience. They are usually so worded that the contract is made when the school has received the application and has mailed an enrollment card, or the first lesson assignment. Refunds, thereafter, are something not included in the school vocabulary.

#### READ APPLICATION

The prospective student should therefore read the application blank carefully before he mails it, noting well its provisions, and bear in mind that verbal modifications by an agent will quite generally be of no effect.

reveal the fact that Aviation's dashing mess-cook has suffered a decided drop in his usually high average. Carefully young fellow! . . . The multitudinous boxes, trunks and so forth in the Port Hangar are just an accumulation of worries to Martin, who skippers that part of the ship . . . I wonder why "Pat" Readette is walking around in circles with a benign expression on his happy face???? O.K. Pat!! We understand, and sympathize . . . Three days of sea duty coming up next week . . . Wonder how the Golden Grainers will stand the strain? Ye-a-a-a-h!! I included myself, "Rosie"!!!

That's all for this time; I'm coming in for a three point landing . . . I hope! Another flight next week.



After an absence of about two months, we of the "Flying Fools," think it's about time to get back into print. Here 'tis.

The Houston Unit was very fortunate in securing four new planes during the San Diego sojourn; now that we have been assigned to Squadron VS-9, the new fighting ships are of the type and are in condition to be proud of on the new billet.

Prior to Lieutenant Dahl's departure for Panama, the Aviation Unit gave him a farewell party. Needless to emphasize that all hands had a good time.

The Rambler Ship's Flight Unit welcomes two newcomers to the ranks of it's Pilots. Aviation Cadet W. C. Jakeman, reported during the San Diego stay and Aviation Cadet A. J. Dugan, came to the Houston two weeks ago. All hands greet them and wish many Happy Landings!

The plane crews are busily engaged in whipping everything into shape preparatory to the coming Cruise. A few more wrinkles to iron out and we are sure the Houston planes will be on a par with the best. Nothing less would be good enough for the best ship . . .

Personality Takeoffs: "Charlie the Great" Noble, is up to his ears in new resolutions and has his weather eye trained on Coco Solo. This turn of events may give Andy Mellon and some of the other boys a chance with the weaker?? sex. (Add Note:) Rhyne we doubt Charlie's reversal of form and predict it is merely the "calm before storm" . . . Fo' goodnessSAKE!! What has come over our "Porky" Rosenkrans of late? Heretofore the strong silent type, he's becoming positively talkative. Maybe the tower incarceration had something to do with this change . . . Glad to report that "Gunner" Swenson is still batting well above average. Better reform Swede! . . . Sorry to



Greetings and Salutations Friends, Listeners... and Kibitzers! Pause a moment and lend thine ear to another bit of farce, frolic and tom foolery. This is the fourteenth of these popular broadcast under the direction of old Adam Chatterbox, who hopes he has stimulated more risibilities than spleens.

If anyone thinks being in San Pedro away from the "Home port" has put a damper on this Battle Wagon's crew of Cut Ups, banish the thought and listen carefully... The Show is On! May I present:

\*\*\*\*\*

**Kite Kaper:** An Officer of the Deck, was calmly pacing the Well Deck Wednesday afternoon, reflecting on the dull routine of a "Rope Yarn Sunday" in port. Nothing of interest, little to do to make the four hour watch pass quickly... That thought passed abruptly when he suddenly noticed a large, brown paper kite flying just above the ship, apparently controlled from the Boat Deck. "What the...!" Amazed and a bit vexed by this most unusual sight, he sent the messenger to investigate "on the double"! A few minutes later he returned with Dietrich, who was responsible for this unique holiday diversion. With sober mien and a hint of gruffness the OOD asked, "Why were you flying the kite?" Embarrassed almost to the point of panic, the 4th Division lad answered haltingly, "For... For, recreation, Sir." The young officer hesitated briefly and with a wondering question in his eyes he dismissed the kite flying Seaman with a laconic, "Okeh" ... ADAM ADDS: I have often heard sailors say, "If you want me, I'll be topside flying a kite!", but I never expected to see it.

**Sidelight: Joe West** remarks, "That's nothing, I'm older and I fly kites from the roof of my house quite often; why! when a youngster I even tried to fly one while walking in my sleep!,, (There's nothing to add to that!)

\*\*\*\*\*

**All Fools Day:** Many were the pranks played on unsuspectinnocents all thru the first day of April. The most successful one was a phone call by the "Quartermaster of the Watch" informing Fireman Casey, of Number Two "Firebox" that a lady from Alhambra awaited his appearance on the Well Deck. That gullible gentleman was hard at it in the Fireroom, standing a warm 4 to 8. Tho sweaty and somewhat disheveled, he hit the high spots on the way topside, only to pull himself up short of the Quartermaster when it quite suddenly dawned... Was he put out! Threats of vengeance dire for the trickster came thick and fast!... **STAGE WHISPER**—the initials of the phoning funster are C.H.M.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Sweet Revenge:** Last week "Sheriff" Rimmer, played jailer to "Porky" Rosenkrans and "Whitey" Harred, (yes, the MM was keeping the aviator company). The tables turned this Tuesday tho, for aided by tricky Gibson, fun-loving "Tiny" was himself imprisoned in the starboard catapult tower for half an hour before liberty time... He tried vainly to climb out the port; Tiny's a hefty guy and they don't build portholes that large. Failing escape, he pleaded with his vengeful captors for release... "Not a chance!" As the minutes flew the unwilling prisoner became panic stricken. He yelled long and loud: "Help! Help! Let me out of here! Master at Arms—Officer of the Deck! Captain! Somebody... ANYBODY!! I'm going to miss that boat!" The three tormenters insisted this be given publicity as a warning to wouldbe practical jokers, who—eventually get it in the neck.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Raw Recruit: Gunney Sergeant** Greenwood was transferred to San Diego this week. This story didn't come to light until after he had gone, however, it is too good to keep.

Many years ago when he was a brand-new "Leatherneck" he was walking thru the Camp when he passed an "Old-Timer" in dungarees

puttering around a lawn. Not knowing who it was, he asked, "Been in the Marines, long?" The old gent looked up and seeing another recruit, answered with a twinkle in his eye, "Yes, 'bout thirty years." Interested now, "Gunny" queried, "What are you, a Sergeant?" The crisp reply was "No"... Not being satisfied, the recruit insisted, "What then, a Corporal, perhaps?... The response was still the same "No"... Disgusted, Greenwood walked away growling, "You must one hell of a soldier!" The General only laughed...

\*\*\*\*\*

**Worst Best Man: The Second Division's Lamb** was all set to aid and abet his friend "Stud" Nydegger, in the trying business of marriage. He failed miserably tho because he couldn't locate the address. He searched but to no avail... heartbroken he proceeded to quench his sorrow with the bowl that "floweth," and thereby made bad matters worse... The more he quaffed the sadder he became, until he was a pitiful sight indeed. Nydegger insists it was better thus as he believes firmly that the "Best Man" at any wedding is the groom.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Blue Ribbon Boner: The "A's"** blonde boy, "Legs" Harrison, arrived in Long Beach late at night. It had been a hectic evening in L.A. and the youngster was a bit absent-minded. He had gotten down to the last two-bits, but instead of catching a shore boat there, he walked all the way to San Pedro where he took passage for the ship. And to think they shot Lincoln...!!

\*\*\*\*\*

**Golden Grain Club Goings On:** Long-time bachelor takes fatal leap today! Shanks, No. 1 Evaptender, finally forsakes the ranks of those living in single blessedness to join Miss Minnie Lee Bell, of Mineral Springs, Arkansas, in wedlock. Stand-af-er, who recently married, is to assist our Machinist's Mate by driving him to Yuma, Arizona, early Saturday, where they are to meet the bride-to-be. "Sandgap" is also playing the part of Groom's Man to the about-to-be Benedict. Perhaps there is truth in the old adage: "Misery loves company"... Seaman First Class, Lucas, of the "F" has filed intentions to wed. The lady is a Miss Emerson... "Wimpy" Wilkinson of the same Di-

**NOSEY NEWS**

(Continued from page three)

vision is also on the verge of matrimony; date not known... Congratulations, very best wishes and tons of old shoes to new and prospective members of the good old "GG" Club.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Airy Arrogance:** "Headlock" Welbourne's brief flying adventure last Monday, seems to have gone to that popular gentleman's head quite seriously. He vainly struts around admonishing all who will listen, "... and call me the flying Jimmy-Legs." What is it these plane hops do to people? (Adam Adds: Don't ask me; never made one!)

\*\*\*\*\*

**This and That—As Seen From The Fighting Top:** Machinist's Mate Podries, reports aboard fresh from the **Black Hawk** on the **China Station**. Remarks, "I like the Orient and had a lot of fun but, I like the paleface girls more better"... The **Rover Boys** and "Let 'Em Eat Cake" Noble went on a tour of the San Pedro night spots recently. This famous trio were ably chaperoned by **Tommy (Playboy) Hubbard**... As the wee sma hours approached they were all buying drinks for the same Mademoiselle but Charlie won out and took the lady home... Better brush up Jack and Frenchy, you're losing that celebrated grip on the femmes... One of the new arrivals in the **CPO Quarters** is being measured for one of those noisy checkered suits (circus barker variety) and a nice new soap box... The **Fan Tail Boys** are boasting of their new "**Bing Crosby**" in the person of **Katzman**... Croon on lad, croon on... **Cecil Ritchie** wants to know what the added attraction in the CPO Quarters is for **Hubenek**... **Grzmocinski**, 1st Div. "Irishman" calls us to task for leaving the "r" out of his name... With a name like that he should be thankful for omissions... "**Jamoke**" Ryan, "M's" masculine threat perplexed to find the old personality is on the wane... Maybe you don't live right... It is reported that **W. Q. Smith** and "**Slim**" **Temples** of the "Flag" boats always call their "500" hands a misdeal unless they're just about tops... **D. P. Hartly** couldn't get ashore for the Easter festivities. The bunny rabbit didn't forget tho, he delivered **D. P.'s** share in plenty of time, Satur-

day.

\*\*\*\*\*

Thanks for tunin' you folks, and remember friends—You can't find a better Ship's Paper than the one you're reading. 'Til next broadcast, Sayonara and may good fortune dog your fotsteps. Adam Chatterbox is signin' off. Ain't cha glad???????

**AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE**

Don't look for the flaws —as you go through life;  
And even when you find them,  
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,  
And look for the virtue behind them;  
For the cloudiest night has a tint of light  
Somewheres in the shadows hiding.  
It is better by far to look for a star,  
Than the spots on the sun abiding.  
The world will never adjust itself  
To suit your whims to the letter:  
Some things go wrong your whole life long  
And the sooner you know it the better.  
It is folly to fight with the infinite,  
And go under at last with the wrestle;  
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,  
As water shapes into a vessel.

—Selected

(Continued From Page One)

it is not always the winner that pulls a good race, so win, lose or tie, here's to a good pull all the way—at least we'll let the others know that the Houston is in there fighting!

The Selected Whale Boat Crew as they will pull today:

- |                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Smith, D. H.     | Coxswain        |
| Viskovich, F. M. | Stroke          |
| Driskell, D. W.  | No. 1 Starboard |
| True, E. J.      | No. 3 Starboard |
| Duran, E. A.     | No. 4 Port      |
| Meyers, V. L.    | No. 5 Starboard |
| McDonald, J. P.  | No. 6 Port      |
| Morris, R.       | No. 7 Starboard |
| McKenna, R. J.   | No. 8 Port      |
| Krecklow, R. A.  | No. 9 Starboard |
| Gryckewiez, J.   | No. 10 Port     |

At the end of an examination the officer gathered up all the papers. Among them he discovered one sheet, which, instead of figures, bore merely a crude drawing of a tombstone on which was written: "Sacred to the memory which always deserts me on occasions like this."

**Boost HOUSTON Athletics!**



Dear Sal,

The ship is sure like a farm, Sal. A body would've thought so if he'd been aboard tha other night when tha fog flowed up from tha water and covered tha old bateaux in a haze thicker than tha one Pa's in when he wakes himself up a snorin' to tha high heavens.

Pa use to tuck his chin under the covers during tha cold spell, but he had to put skid chains on that. His snorin' so lifted tha covers they most tickled him to death with their pulsations.

Well, tha fog was thick. Had to start soundin' off on tha bell, so we hit her in swing time every minute. Sort o' closed my peepers in tha midst of it, and listened to tha clamor o' tha harbor. Mighty like a farm, I says. Tha oompah, tha waah, and booo o' tha fog horns sure puts ya in mind o' somethin'. Sounds to me like geese on tha run or a big gander blowin' a war cry through six inches o' mud. And tha bells—like our old dinner gong ma use to beat when tha hands were a threshin' in the fields. But there's a mite too many bells at that. If a body was a think-in' they was calls to dinner he would be a turnin' in all directions and finally starve to death on tha high seas.

You know about those fine ranch eggs you sent me, all colored in Easter tint. Just was a fixin' to stow them away with usual gusto when I sees a big salt shaker in tha midst of a lotta egg shells right close to where tha chicken eggs used to be. Some hungry soul smelled out my hidin' place and let his feelin's run without benefit o' clergy.

Got my suspicions and peepers on a rotund individual who always packs a look o' hungar in his eyes. Hope they slapped on 30 pounds o' blubbery fat to his carcass and he has to let his feet coverin' go untied. Someday he'll trip up on his conscience and fall down to wallow in tha misery o' his sins, you may lay to that.

Love  
Gus