

Introducing The Springfield Service Rifle

SINCE all you bluejackets will be heading for the rifle range in the next couple of months we may as well introduce you to the rifle you will be required to fire. Some of you are already more or less familiar with the rifle, its operation, and its mechanism while others have not had the opportunity to fire the "blasted mule."

Here is how Chief Gunner J. C. Waldau of the Naval Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island introduces the service rifle to the recruit throng that pass under his instruction.

Name—It is officially known as the United States Rifle, caliber .30, model 1903. Commonly called the "Springfield," because it was formerly manufactured at Springfield Arsenal.

It is the best military rifle in the world.

Weight—8.69 pounds without bayonet, which weighs one pound.

Caliber—.30 (thirty hundredths of an inch), the interior diameter of the barrel measured between the lands, or raised parts of the rifling or twist.

Lands—The four raised spaces in the bore between the grooves. These lands grip the bullet as it passes through the bore, and rotate it about its longer axis. This rotation serves to prevent tumbling by keeping the nose of the bullet always to the front, thereby lessening air resistance, affording a greater range and keeping the bullet accurately on its course. This rotation, however, causes the

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Begin With Your Own Newspaper

NAVY men make good writers. If a canvass was made, the number would be astonishing. Newspapers, "pulp," and "slicks" all have a large quota of writers who have been or are connected with the Navy. The Navy seems to give a wealth of experience and a good background from which articles may be written.

It is only natural that a person swells inwardly upon seeing one of his contributions in print. But especially is he glad if his labors have been well thought out and it has taken conscientious work over a period of time to accomplish it. Why not prepare a news article of interest, a humorous idea, something novel, or a poem in any vein? There is no place better than our own ship's paper, the Blue Bonnet, in which to satisfy anyone's natural desire to see his work in print.

Maybe you may get the right start by preparing articles for the Blue Bonnet or maybe you don't have any aspirations along these lines, but you have some good ideas. Pass them along to the Blue Bonnet's staff. It's their job to rehash them, if necessary. Publicity always enhances an idea.

Let's see now if anyone gets a notion.

What? No Ashes!

The U. S. S. Delaware was the world's first oil burning battleship. Completed in 1911 and burning half coal and half oil, she made a shake-down cruise to Southampton, England.

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A Houston Casey Jones

Come all you sailors, if you want to hear,
About the story of a Houston engineer.
Now, Hank Cromwell is the fellow's name,
On number two throttle is where he won his fame.

"How many revolutions?" the officer said;
Hank stood there and scratched his head—
"Come on! Tell me, and tell me quick!
This suspense is making me sick!"

The bridge rang up an increase in speed,
But Hank's brain had gone to seed;
He got excited, did a back flip—
Closed the throttle and stopped the ship!

The O.D. said, "You're making black smoke."
Hank's face burned red, and he nearly choked.
He told the fireroom to watch their air;
The answer he got made him pull his hair.

Hank caught the counter five minutes late,
The scowl on his face would have broken a plate!

The Gang all gave him a big Bronx Cheer—
"Concentrate on the throttle and forget the beer!"

Houston Baseball Team To Play Benicia

This Sunday the ship's baseball team journeys over to the little town of Benicia to take on the town team. This is a good opportunity for us to get behind the team in foreign territory and also to enjoy the rivalry that always rides along with any

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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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Grappers Attention!

The call for wrestling candidates is soon to go out. As the foundation for a good wrestling squad is made at the beginning all hands are welcomed. Provision has been made with the Navy Y.M.C.A. in Vallejo to accommodate as many grunt and groan artists as come out.

Under the capable leadership of "Headlock" Wellbourne this year looks like the bumper one for the Houston in wrestling. Let's get out there and see what you can do. It's good, clean, healthy exercise and it's a lot of fun. Let's go, Houston.

What? No Ashes!

(From Page 1.)

After anchoring in Southampton harbor, her commanding officer refused the services of an ash barge to the amazement of the Port Captain. After the barge had been sent back to the dock for the second time, the Port Captain who did not believe the story that the battleship was burning oil, and therefore needed no ash lighter, paid a visit to the ship to ascertain if ashes were being thrown into the harbor. An inspection of the firerooms convinced him that no ashes were being made.

The Delaware, which went out of commission in 1922, served with honor through the World War, being attached to the Sixth Battle Squadron of the United States Atlantic Fleet, operating with the Grand Fleet.

"Mr. Jones, dad wants to borrow your corkscrew."

"All right, sonny," said Jones, reaching for his coat. "You run along home—I'll bring it over."



Dear Sal,

Us Navies are sorta gettin' used to tha chippin' hammer racket and tha Navy Yard humanity a swarmin' over tha decks o' our proud ship o' steel but all is nary brass that glitters.

'Slike tha time Pa brought home a box o' city candies for Ma, and Ma let out a suspicious wail which was heard for miles around, "Pa, you kaint be foolin' me, tha Lord knows you're lit and I know you're lit so traipse along upstairs without nary a bite o' supper but be a leavin' tha sweets on tha table and mayhap we'll both be a forgivin' you afore long, even if I have to send up a prayer for you." No sir, a body couldn't fool Ma. And you can't fool us laddies o' tha sea either.

Well, it seems that there are a goodly share o' them varmints o' tha air, them pesky skeeters a flyin' 'round up in these parts about tha Navy Yard and they're causin' quite a mite o' irritation among us crew, especially to tha tender hided lads. Yes sir, a body's gotta do a tolerable bit o' scratchin' at times in order to be a feelin' pert.

But there's means o' gettin' 'round most any trouble and be a turnin' it to somethin' good if a body gets to scratchin' his noggin 'stead o' his skin. Tha other day a cloud o' these critters started to pursue me 'round tha decks and I was just able to keep a step ahead o' tha lot by doin' some fast runnin' from one division to tha other when all of a sudden I ducked into one o' our gun turrets and slammed tha door shut in tha nick o' time. "I'm safe," says I, a laughin' to myself. But would you believe it, Sal. There arose tha clatter o' a thousand rivet hammers. Afore a body could say Earl Schemmerhorn tha bills o' tha lot were a drillin' through tha steel sides, they were so thirstin' for my

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The Springfield Rifle

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bullet to "drift" to the right. However, the .30M1 bullet up to and including 1,000 yards is negligible in drift.

Twist—The spiral formed by the groove in the barrel. The twist is to the right and uniform, one turn in 10 inches.

Grooves—The four spiral channels between the lands.

Rear sight—It is graduated on its leaf from 100 to 2850 yards.

Maximum range—5,465 yards (3.1 miles) at an elevation of 45 degrees.

The ammunition—Is a cartridge, called the ball, caliber .30M1, and consists of a brass case, primer and the bullet. Waterproofing is accomplished by shellacking or varnishing the inside of the neck of the case before seating the bullet and placing a drop of shellac on the point between the primer and the case.

The cartridge case contains 50 grains (a little more than one tenth of an ounce) of smokeless powder.

The primer—That is, a cup containing percussion powder, which, when struck by the firing pin explodes and ignites the powder in the cartridge.

The bullet is steel jacketed, with a core of lead and tin composition covered with a gilding metal, weighing 175 grams (about one third of an ounce).

Muzzle energy—2,675 foot-pounds. Pressure—48,000 pounds per square inch.

Penetration—Into various materials is as follows:

At a range of 200 yards, the bullet will go through a ¼-inch steel plate, and penetrate 6½ inches of brick, 18 inches of solid oak or 19 inches of loose earth.

Rapidity of fire—As a single loader, the rifle can be fired at the rate of 23 aimed shots a minute, and with the magazine in use, 25 aimed shots a minute have been fired.

Life of rifle—With reasonable care the life is about 4,000 rounds in one target practice season.

2d Lieut: "Where the dickens are your shots going?"

Marine on rifle range: "I don't know but they're leaving this end all right."



GREETINGS friends, neighbors and shipmates. Another week gone by with many events happening to our crew. Navy yard overhaul seems to have a great many of the men on board seeking information as to whether they can get a job here after they get paid off.

* * * *

THE yard workman who has the furnace on the well deck has quite a large crowd watching him around liberty time. Every time he tosses one of those red hot rivets to the riveter, the crowd stands on toes wondering if the catcher is going to miss.

* * * *

SHOULD have a book of baseball rules when divisions meet each other in their baseball battles. As it is the decisions made have settled all disputes and the games have come out nicely. The grandstands have a good sized rooting party and all hands seem to get in the proper spirit of it all.

* * * *

OSBORNE, Yeo2c, and Berg, yeoman striker, are waiting for each other to make the first break so that either one can put the other on the spot. Berg almost had little Ozzie at the mess table, but lost out when told that he wasn't being addressed.

* * * * *

THE game between the "B" and "E" Divisions was almost called off on account of darkness Wednesday, but because of the "E" Division's players being able to stand the skeeters around the bench the "B" Division decided to give them a break and finished the game. The game finished with the "E" Division trailing with the final score 14 to 10.

STEELE, SC3c, is taking quite a bit of razzing from his shipmates. And all this due to a misunderstanding with the girl friend. She, it seems, has him wondering a bit also. With all the advice that he has been receiving he shouldn't go wrong.

* * * *

MANY growls were heard last payday around the pay office. This was due to many of the men figuring on being paid for one day too many. As a little matter of clearing up this item, it should be understood by all hands that we get paid for only 30 days a month and that the 31st day of a month is a day that we do not get paid for.

* * * *

NOW that McCormick has been rated to BM2c he is looking for a good coxswain. He would like very much to get Charlie Campbell as his assistant. In fact we would all like to see this great team together.

* * * *

THE forward mess hall is patiently waiting for the bomb to burst around the Storekeeper and Yeoman mess. Storekeepers are favorites due to having Yates as their leadoff man in the growling section. As soon as the disruption in the Storekeepers gang gets settled perhaps the Yeomen will concede the battle.

* * * *

QUITE a chewing fiesta was held in the mess attendants compartment the other day. Fields vs Evans took chances at biting each other with the outcome being part of Evans ear missing and a finger of Fields almost chewed off. Right now they are fast-ing after their hungry battle.

* * * *

WITH the installation of a new baking oven, Barricklo states that the pastry will be of better grade and more brands. Just keep it coming as before and everything will be O.K.

* * * *

THESE weeks in the yard sure do go by fast and many an interesting bit of news is passing us by. Contributions are nil, so if you see or have any news at all, we will print it. Just drop it in the box in the forward mess hall and look for it in the Blue Bonnet next week.

San Francisco

This city was discovered by a sailor or trying to get away from Los Angeles. He must have been a Swiss or these Pacific Alps would have discouraged him.

They discovered gold near here, and thousands of girls are still digging for it.

San Francisco has a Chinatown and we'll probably get chop suey on board. They also had an earthquake, which may explain the way the girls dance.

Don't walk too far out of town or you'll run into the city limits of Los Angeles.

This part of the country used to belong to Mexico but the Irish and the Chinese crowded the chili boys out.

San Francisco overlooks the bay, and we hope the people overlook any of the boys who gaze at the wine when it's red.

This is one city you cannot get lost in—just roll downhill or take a street car—both will get you down to the waterfront.

Seattle has its postoffice as a fleet hangout, and the Frisco ferry building is a great place to meet the girl friend also.

We hear that the girls have been on a diet awaiting our arrival.

Don't pay any attention to that sign "Join the Navy" on Goat Island—you've already been inoculated.

There are no goats on Goat Island unless you count the boys who are waiting for the transports to take them to the Asiatic Station.

And if you miss a liberty boat and take a ferry to Mare Island, that's a horse on you—Ouch!

Incidentally, don't try to be too salty with the citizens—they get more sea duty on the ferries than you get on a cruiser.

They never give anybody the key to the city, they hand them the key to the Golden Gate and let them swim around.

There is a lovely pond in Golden Gate Park where you can go rowing for a change when on liberty.

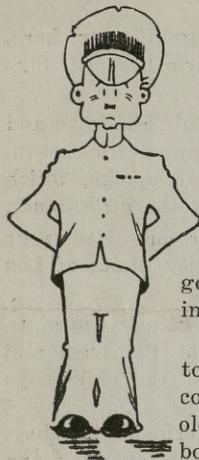
This is one part of California where they do not bray about Sunny California. When it gets foggy they call it Oregon mist—it just missed Oregon and settled here.

—Pensacola Gator.

Battalion Of Death Blasts

Well, faithful readers, here we are, back again with more dope on the old gyrenes.

First of all the rifle range is still well manned by the shooters from the Houston. There are plenty of growls about firing on the range all day and standing watches all night but you'll notice that the old sky-larking and horse-play still goes on in spite of all interference.



So far the only men to be wounded were corporals—that nasty old rifle kicked them both right in the eye.

Jenner claims that the rifle chased him off the line. Burns says he (Burns) just lays there and lets the piece knock him around. Yes, yes, some of these boys are mighty rugged.

The detachment is hoping that by some stroke of fate the First Sergeant will shoot about two hundred eighty-five. You see, the Man stated that any one that made a better score on the range than he did was to receive an invite to a home cooked chow! We all hope to beat him. It's been a long time since I've had a good Home cooked meal.

Seriously the scores that have been turned in so far are all very good. There should be a very good crop of money men.

We want all hands to take especial notice of "Long John's" cookie-duster. I mean Lowell Ulrey. It is the most beautiful piece of work I've ever seen. Please compliment him because he is so proud of it.

We have three new privates of the first class. They are: "Creeper" Knowles, our dashing com-orderly, Asa "Jon Juan" Huskey, passage way waker-inner, and last but not least, Douglas Wilson, whose character is so noble that no suitable nickname has ever been discovered as yet. He is also a rivet-counter in the upper passageway.

All men who are planning on leave must get in line at the office door. (This little notice is for the three men who have not as yet submitted their names to the office.)

Gus's Weekly Letter

(From Page 2.)

red blood. But that's where some bright ideas startin' coursing through my skull. Right then I siezed a mallet and clinched over each bill so that nary a skeeter could back up. The passel o' them got so angry finally that they lifted tha whole turret plumb off tha roller path, and tha yard workmen got a chance to get in a mite o' work there without goin' to devious ways and means to lift her. But we had to shoot them skeeters finally. Seems like evil for good, or somethin.

Are you a missin' me now a days, Sal?

Love,
Gus.

Professor F. R. Away left his home to be gone all evening. On the way to the station he missed his train so went back home, knocked on the door and a window opened. A voice said, "The professor is out for the evening." He thanked her, said he would call again, and walked away.

Bugler Steve Kuschill has taken thirty days furlough to that little old windy city called Chicago. (Lucky Dog!)

The "C" Division seems mighty cocky about their baseball scores. It's just their luck that the better half of the marine detachment must be on the range. That can even be taken as a challenge, but I doubt if it will.

It is rumored that "Chub" Powell gave his motorcycle away in a moment of generosity. He says the motor wasn't much good anyway.

"Tex" Freible is now in the Chief's pantry. Be careful about the extra weight, Tex, it doesn't become you.

The Top says that if you are trying to make a good score you will get wet with perspiration. From the way it was Tuesday and Wednesday all of us were certainly trying. We all nearly melted.

This goes to press before the final scores are made on the range so just have patience and look again next week for the official scores and home cooked chows. Until then I won't let any more get me in the eye.

Division Baseball

GROUP "A"

"S" Division—Won 2 out of 2 ("A" and "R").

"F" Division—Won 1 out of 1 (2d).

"A" Division—Won 1, lost 1 ("M" and "S").

"R" Division—Won 1, lost 1 ("M" and "S").

2d Division—Lost 1 out of 1 ("F").

"M" Division—Lost 2 out of 2 ("R" and "A").

GROUP "B"

"B" Division—Won 2 out of 2 (3d and "E").

"C" Division—Won 1 out of 1 (1st).

5HN Division—Won 1 out of 1 ("E").

3d Division—Won 1, lost 1 (1st and 4th).

4th Division—Won 1, lost 1 (3d and "B").

"E" Division—Lost 2 out of 2 (5HN and "B").

1st Division—Lost 2 out of 2 (3d and "C").

GROUP "A"

TEAM	Play- ed	Won	Lost	Tied	Percent- age	Stand- ing
"S" Division	2	2	0	0	1.000	(1)
"F" Division	1	1	0	0	1.000	(2)
"A" Division	2	1	1	0	.500	(3)
"R" Division	2	1	1	0	.500	(3)
2d Division	1	0	1	0	.000	(4)
"M" Division	2	0	2	0	.000	(5)

GROUP "B"

TEAM	Play- ed	Won	Lost	Tied	Percent- age	Stand- ing
"B" Division	2	2	0	0	1.000	(1)
"C" Division	1	1	0	0	1.000	(2)
5HN Division	1	1	0	0	1.000	(2)
4th Division	2	1	1	0	.500	(3)
3d Division	2	1	1	0	.500	(3)
"E" Division	2	0	2	0	.000	(4)
1st Division	2	0	2	0	.000	(4)

Baseball At Benicia

(From Page 1.)

game played by a small town. The entire town attends the game and every citizen is mighty proud of their team. It would look good for us to be there in equal numbers. The time is 1430. If you wish to go, turn in your name to the executive office.

In spite of reverses and experimentation to get the right combination out there on the field the team finally feels that they are ready. The unearthing of Dingle, WT1c, as a pitcher bolsters up the team in that department. It will be a good game.