



1937 FLEET MANEUVERS

The question of where the United States Fleet will hold annual War Maneuvers was definitely settled when Secretary of the Navy, Claude A. Swanson, disclosed to press reporters that Hawaiian waters had been selected as the site of the Fleet's spring activities, scheduled to commence in May and early June of 1937. Secretary Swanson went on to say that the exercises would be held in approximately the same area as those conducted in 1935.

The Pacific waters in which the fleet will maneuver form a triangle ranging between Seattle, the Aleutian Islands, and the Hawaiian group, with the possibility of the ships and planes working as far west as Wake Island.

ATHLETICS

The baseball season is nearly finished. The Team failed to place for Iron Man points, not because they didn't work hard nor because they didn't have the stuff. They suffered from hard luck and lack of support from the Ships Company.

That is ancient history and we must look to the future instead of the past. Our failure to make any Iron Man points in baseball means that we must work just that much harder in the other sports. We have a good chance in boxing, wrestling, and basketball, the next sports on the calendar. The teams have been working out faithfully. They have natural ability and good coaching. The one thing that will probably mean the difference between success and failure

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NEW YORK AND TEXAS LEAVE FLEET

The two oldest battleships on active duty, the New York and Texas, in commission since 1914, will be withdrawn from the Fleet in the Spring, and assigned to the Training Squadron. The ships, with the Oklahoma, make up the Battleship Division One, the Oklahoma is to be assigned to Div. Two, the Tennessee, of that Division moving up to Div. Three, leaving Div. One with no ships. The New York is to make the Midshipman Practice Cruise during the Summer months while the Texas will take Naval Reserves on the annual two weeks cruise to sea.

YOUR LANGUAGE IS YOU

The first sailorman swore at the elements for upsetting his boat. Subsequently sailormen have sworn at the elements, the ship, and each other for upsets of any kind. Lusty language has been the mark of the seagoer since the beginning of time. The fury of the winds, the rush of the seas, and the force of many gales have strengthened the sailor's language until it is as salty, but yet as clean, as the sea itself.

The passing of the windjammer and her hardy topsailmen have marked the beginning of a new era at sea and the birth of a new type of sailorman afloat. Along with this change has come a change in sea language. And this change is definitely for the better.

Today the true sailor indulges in very little swearing. An occasional oath escapes him, but as this is rare

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NEW WRITER

The Blue Bonnet takes pleasure in introducing to you a new author, who will be known to our many readers as Mr. "X". We hope that we will have an article by him each week.

SHIP'S PAPERS

Perhaps some of the enlisted men are dubious regarding the values of a ship's paper. These, probably, are the questions in mind: Is the publication of the ship's paper worth the effort? Why should we have a ship's paper? What does the paper do for the ship?

The following may erase the particles of doubt from your mind. It binds the interest of Officers and enlisted men and parents; is encourages worthy ship's enterprises and activities; kindles the spirit of cooperation; knits friendship; is a valuable aid in practical education; and serves to advertise the ship and its work. Also it develops in its staff members such personal qualities as tact, courtesy, initiative, accuracy, and leadership; and is a valuable momento to keep through the years. —Mr. "X"

THE SOUND OF THE NAVY

There are many sounds that belong and are produced solely by the Fleet. There is the boom of the fourteen inch, the crack of the anti-aircraft guns, the clatter of the mess-cook's tray, and the creaking of the life boats swinging on their davits—sounds, sounds! Sounds that only the Navy can produce, but the most interesting and perhaps one of the most important sounds in this good

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—: 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.

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14 NOVEMBER, 1936

★.....★.....★
**WHAT KIND OF A
PETTY OFFICER AM I?**
—:—

"To see ourselves as others see us" is a very valuable asset. It is fairly easy to size up the other fellow and some devote a lot of effort to it. To size ourselves up is a different and difficult matter and few of us have taken the trouble to do it.

We all are interested in our qualifications as petty officers. Many of us are petty officers now. All of us aspire to be petty officers some day. So why not take stock of ourselves and find out just what our qualifications for this important post. Here are a few questions to help:

Am I on the job? Do I know my job? If you can honestly answer these questions you don't have to worry about what anybody else thinks of you in that respect.

How do I handle my men? Do I drive them unsympathetically without consideration for their limitations? Or am I a "Popularity Jack" who is so easy with them that they handle me?

Do I cooperate intelligently with my superiors, carrying out their orders and their wishes without delay? Do I keep them informed of what I am doing or not doing and of everything else that is going on within my little command?

Do I try to cooperate properly with petty officers of other stations with responsibilities similar to mine? Do I have to have my division and station officers fight my battles for me? Or do I embarrass them by taking liberties of working with men of other departments without their knowledge?

Am I a cry baby? Am I always complaining to my division officers about my men? Or do I commit that cardinal sin of a petty officer, expressing my opinion of my superiors to my inferiors?

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KNOWLEDGE
—:—

When you get off the imaginary train of knowledge to enlist in the Navy most of us get the impression that our days of study are at an end. Imagine our surprise when we find that no matter how hard we work we will not be advanced unless we can put our knowledge down on paper, and in order to do this we must study and study hard. Did you ever stop to think where in any civilian organization or company you could walk into an office and say "I would like to get a course in radio or electricity," without paying for it? Some of us find it hard to study and others just need somebody to give them a shove. After you study a little every day it gradually becomes easier until you will be able to study with very little effort. If you are looking forward to the future, and most of us are, in order to be able to lay the foundation of solid security we must have money, and in order to have it we must work up into the higher pay grades, either in the Navy or civilian life and this is possible only by good hard study. So when your division officer asks you to take out a course and study for advancement, before you start to grumble, pause and think whether it will mean money in this pocket of yours.

Do I consider any fault or failure of my men, no matter what the nature, as a reflection on me?

Do I ever go over my division or station officers' heads? Or do I allow any of my men to go over mine?

Am I dependable? When I am given a job, can it be already considered as finished? Or must I be checked up on in an hour, a day, or a week?

Do I accept responsibility, or do I shun it? Do I "pass the buck" either up or down?

Am I loyal, extremely loyal?

These are but a few of the questions you might ask yourself. All you need for this self examination is a few minutes to yourself, in a quiet corner, in your bunk at night, on watch, walking back from liberty.

Do any of us remember from our high school English, the expression from Shakespeare, "Above all, to thine own self be true. Thou canst not then be false to any man."

—:—
EXHAUST-PIPE
—:—



During the past week a little flying has been accomplished. Passenger flights were available to a few members of the Houston's crew that were air-minded. While it is impossible to accommodate all hands, members of the ship's company will be given the opportunity to fly whenever possible.

Rosenkrans, had a chance to do a bit of sightseeing on his first time ashore in Frisco. He cut a rather nice figure in belt and leggings while on Shore Patrol!

Swenson apparently forgot his resolution to stay aboard ship until the holidays. Too much strain, Gunner.

We understand that "Charlie" Noble has been getting in a bit of night life during our visit to 'Frisco. Or is it football games, Charlie?

George Thornton is quite lost now that he no longer is a commuter.

Wright feels much better now that Texas A&M won a football game here in 'Frisco.

The Bostonian English in our Unit is very apparent now that Russell has been with us the past three or four weeks.

All hands miss Andy Mellon while he is in the Hospital at Mare Island. Seems like Mellon forgot to duck in time.

"Sunshine" Hollingsworth has confined his shore going to one trip as a member of the Shore Patrol. Seems like that lesson he had at Chula Vista, made a lasting impression!

—:—
ATTENTION SHELLBACKS
—:—

Investigate the bargain sale on 'Neptune Coins' now going on at the Ship's Service Store. These bronze finish coins are just what you have been looking for, they are so easily carried about, not only as a remembrance of that never to be forgotten day but they are a fine good luck piece too. These are a bargain at ten cents each.

Why do they all pick on Boots?

In case of fire, do not run, green things do not burn.



**NOSEY
NEWS
'BOUT
EV'BODY**

This week our column should be headed thus:— HOUSTON SAILS MONDAY FOR SUNNY (?) SOUTH. HAMBURGER CANYON PREPARING GALA WELCOME FOR HOUSTONITES.

Such cannot be the case since our Houstonites have really taken 'Frisco and the Bay Bridge Celebration in full stride.

Even Jenkins and Yarbrough, two of our most confirmed shipside sailors have made the rounds quite frequently.

We are not forgetting Dohm of the flag either. This salty relic of a former day and age has actually managed to ease over no less than every night.

"Bull" Lawson made the headlines very easily, now displaying a puffed lip as visible proof. His die hard pal and shipmate, Martin, made the drink just to be sure he shared a spot. ??

They say those new-fangled bridge lights have been a great help to the woolly lads on these foggy evenings.

After the Vallejo massacre, Rimmer now takes "Ducky" Allen over as protection.

Rhea, two-pieciie pen-pusher of the flag institutes an old fad in a new port when he carts the razor and skivvies shore side. Of course, we knew the lad had business to attend to.

Following in the flag QM's steps, Bennet and Osbeck have taken up the "cool of the evening" liberty idea. Works out fine, says Osbeck. Bennet has to arise too early to be agreeable on the subject.

When "Maggie" Lewis, "Tug Boat" McCormick and "Toggle Top" Wellbourne get together for their daily ping-pong lesson it is hard to distinguish which one knows what he is doing. You may have noticed their flighty antics recently.

We understand "Sandgap" Standarfer was looking over the hotel situation in the bay city. We have yet to learn what he learned. ??

Crego must believe in those mud facials. We can't note any improvement yet.

Haines of the 1st should avoid those horror shows. The lad actually fainted during the knife scene recently.

"S" DIVISION NOTES

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Ain't none! Our news hound has been unable to catch up with the ship's jipo-artist, Slough, although we can not say at this time as he has not submitted his application to the Houston fraternal Club, better known to you and our million readers as the G. G. Club.

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Stand by for the cigars, they should be yours as you have paid for them.

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Steve, our man about GSK, made the permanent patrol detail. You know some people will parade themselves to death if given a uniform.

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The gang in the pay office are just wondering, as a ship's cook, drew a special. Guess Churchman thinks he is in Vallejo, or somethin'.

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The people of the "S" Division have some very peculiar duties to perform, for instance a ship's cook is the official Rat Catcher of the Houston. He is now feeding eight small rats, hopes to have them fat by Christmas. Hope you like chop suey!

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It has been noted that the Commissary Steward has been taking lessons in making Eskimo Pies, what flavor do you like?

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Well, anyway, Oscar is going to write a note about the pay office. Watch for this special article, as it is going to be a feature edition. Allsamee Bay Bridge Extra, mail home!

—:—

The propellers of a modern battleship weigh about thirty tons.

**OSCAR'S OPUS NO. 6
(Dedicated to Wansant)**

—:—

COFFEE AGAIN

—:—

Da Vardroom har got new mashine
For luring yuice from coffee bean
And brewing coffee gude and clear
Dat look like Pekoe, pretty near,
From foosel oil it ban quite free
And taste like coffee shude, By Yee!

Dese Vardroom guys yust lap it up
And den yell for anudder cup
It make dem feeling plenty gude
And help tu diyest deir fude
Ven finished, and dey vipe deir shins
Dey can't vipe off deir happy grins.

Sometimes dey skol make slight mistake

And drink tu much and stay avake,
But novun seems tu give a whoop
Ven eyelids skol refuse tu droop
And dis is vhy dey don't get sore,
Yu can't drink coffee ven yu snore.

—OSCAR

THE SOUNDS OF THE NAVY

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old outfit is that Grand Old Navy Growl!

Don't mistake its importance. It is not just an ordinary sound, coming from a disturbed human being; it is a full, deep-voiced growl that is like the angry roar of a lion, and just as harmless as the contented purr of a kitten. It is the contented sound all good sailors make when they are ticking.

When 'Ole Debbil Sea' goes smashing over the deck and clammering at the ports, when days are long and nights are longer and tropic suns are hotter, it's the sound of a sailor's motor driving him on in the faithful performance of his duties.

He growls at this, and he growls at that, and he growls because he's growling—but did you ever notice something about that good old sea-goin', All-Navy Growl? Did you ever notice the hearty, healthy quality of its sound? Did you ever notice that in all that sound and fury there's not a single whining note, nor a tinge of the baby cry of the constant complainer?

No indeed! It's just a growl, an echo of the sea—a sound all sailors acquire, for that's where sailors differ from many others—they don't whine brother, they GROWL! GRRR!

THE MIDDLE MAN

There is a puny, underdeveloped mortal whose sad fate it is to be the middle man at the chow table. He is so located that he spends his time passing chow, but never being allowed to eat any of it.

Of course if the man is very meek and uncomplaining this situation may go on for years until he dies from undernourishment or gets paid off. You can always tell these individuals by the way their elbows dig into their ribs, while the fore arm which is very long and overdeveloped extends out from either of the ribs.

If you hear a thin, anemic looking chap say, "Boy, I smelled a good chow today, it smelled twice as good as yesterday's," don't wonder about the strangeness of his talk—he's a middle-man at the chow table. Things pass him by. In front of his nose there is a constant stream of clutching hands, moving tureens, and meat platters. The man is ambidexterous to the 'nth degree.

There is one case on record of where a middle-man rebelled. They say that one day this gentleman found the tantalizing parade of food too unbearable, and he hunched very low on his hips, snarled viciously, and took a bite at the traffic before him. His jaw closed around what he supposed to be a hock, but which turned out to be the mess captain's arm, and then the middle-man bit downward.

The resulting confusion was enough. They moved the man up right in front of the King's Seat—the end of the table where the Joe pot is. He's doing nicely now, gained six pounds the first week, they say.

The situation, however, is quite quite serious. It accounts for the appearance of an Egyptain dancer that some sailors have—you know; arms extended from the sides, bending at the elbows! It is the chief cause of unexplainable outbursts from usually quiet individuals; such at the time a middle-man, unable to stand the strain any longer—just allowed the chow to stop right in front of him. It stacked up like dirty dishes in a restaurant sink, and there they were—it threw the entire mess off stroke. It was like a broken ammunition conveyor. The captain of the mess set about to restore the morale of his

ATHLETICS

(Continued From Page One)

is support from the crew—encouragement aboard ship and cheering on the field of battle. This is your ship and these are your teams. Get behind them!

On Saturday, 21 November at San Pedro Navy Field (at 1900) we have our first boxing and wrestling meet with the CHICAGO. Our stable is in good shape and raring to go. Unofficial word from the CHICAGO indicates that we will have plenty of competition. Those who attend are promised a good show. There is plenty of room for everyone and, of course, no admission charge. Bring your friends if you wish.

Just one word of caution about rooting. The Fleet Athletic Rules contain the following: "Personal remarks or coaching by the spectators are prohibited. In case this rule is not observed the referee may stop the bout". Cheer all you wish but don't indulge in personalities. Don't boo or hiss. And above all don't take exception to the decisions of the referee. Remember the old saying of the "Forty-Niners"—"Don't shoot the piano player, he's doing the best he can".

Osborne—There are over a thousand pages in the book 'Anthony Adverse'.

Stafford—I'll wait until the Reader's Digest prints it, then I'll read it.

men, but the whole thing had completely disarmed them. They could only sit and stare while the middle-man suddenly went mad and dove right in the middle of the stacked up chow!

There is not a great deal that can be done about the situation, it is absolutely necessary that someone sit in the middle, but among the more enlightening messes, they have installed the rotating system, and no man ever stays longer than a month in the middle spot.

Where this system has been in use, it has been observed that there are no more casualties as the above mentioned ones, and that undernourishment and Egyptian hands have practically been eliminated! —J. Speer-Nev.

YOUR LANGUAGE IS YOU

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everyone realizes that the occasion is a special one, that something is wrong and that is must be righted in the shortest time. Such swearing is bad but excusable.

In contrast to the clean cut sailor-man of today there are a few unhealthy landsmen who find their way on board ship. These few, unable to grasp and appreciate the real decency of the seagoing man, try to impress their betters with a constant stream of filthy and vile language. They labor under the mistaken impression that it is manly to be vile.

A man whose language is unclean must, of necessity, have an unclean mind and along with an unclean mind goes an unclean body and unclean habits. Take note of those whose every other word is filthy. Their necks are dirty, their feet are dirty and they are dirty.

There is little room on an American vessel for the filthy minded. We must pride ourselves for our clean ships and our clean bodies. Clean minds must and do go along with the other two.

Filthy language keeps bad company. Its companions are drunkards, bums, thieves, and murderers. It will always be heard in low dives and in jail cells. It is part of the loafer, the pickpocket, and the coward. It is learned in the gutter and is usable there.

No one ever learned filthy language at home. For the moment your home is here. Treat it as such.

—Richmond Rambler

BASEBALL

Continuing the "fall series" in San Francisco, the Houston nine met the Pensacola on Monday, losing 8 to 2 and the Louisville Friday losing again 12 to 11. Errors were a costly factor in both games, although the last game a few bad breaks were the deciding factors.

If an error is printed,
That is not a Sin;
But if you don't like our jokes,
Try sending some in.

Have you heard the one about Mae West? % & ¶ @ Ib — X * † ‡ § ° { }