

**Russian River  
Is Nearby Playground**

If one will journey sixty miles from the navy yard northward through the small cities of Napa and Santa Rosa he will eventually reach Guerneville, a small resort town nestling on the north bank of the Russian River. It is here that he will find something different and very interesting in the way of outdoor entertainment.

En route, one tours through large apple orchards where one may stop and taste of fresh apple cider and fresh fruits sold at wayside stands. During the last 15 miles the trip is made through a picturesque winding highway flanked on each side by tall evergreens of cedar, fir, and pine. The resinous fragrance from the needles of these trees coupled with the dry fresh air of a mountainous rolling country lends a zip and tang to the atmosphere which alone is ample payment for the expense of the entire trip. There, too, is a petrified forest eight miles from the main highway. This might be interesting to investigate.

At Guerneville the meandering Russian River provides enough water the whole year around to make possible excellent swimming, fishing, and canoeing. Two hotels within the town and hundreds of cottages in its vicinity and along the banks of the river are accommodations for those who desire to remain overnight. But the rush over the week-end for cabins and hotels is so great generally that it is

(Continued on Page 4.)

**Houston Baseball Nine  
To Battle MacLeish Team**

IN LAST Saturday's game with the Moose, though four hunters went trophyless, the Houston nine most certainly outhit their opponents, and played an excellent game. Marred by only one unlucky inning of pitching and committing only four errors, the team showed excellent form for the opening game of the season. Highlights of the game were: A beautiful one-handed catch by Phillips that looked impossible; two long hits by Hattemer, one a home run and the other cut to a double by ground rules; well performed double plays, Phillips to Hattemer, and Nickel to Brown to Hattemer.

This Saturday the nine meets a tougher opponent in the McLeish aggregation, who have a number of wins to their credit, including one over the Detroit outfit. This game is scheduled for 1400 at Kearny Field in the navy yard. The diamond is quite close, three blocks forward and two to the left, so lets all turn out and give the team the support they need and deserve.

The score card on last week's game shows the following:

Houston	AB	H	R	E	
Nickel	ss	4	1	0	1
Brown	2b	5	2	2	1
Phillips	3b	4	2	2	1
Hattemer	1b	4	3	2	0
Slough	cf	3	0	0	0
Jasinski	c	4	1	0	0
Wright	1f	4	1	0	0
Wicker	rf	2	1	0	1
Salmon	p	2	0	0	0
1. Waterman	p	2	0	0	0
2. Schrum	cf	2	0	0	0
3. Adams	ss	1	1	0	0
4. Chmura	rf	1	1	1	0
5. Weaver	cf	1	0	0	0
6. Merce	c	1	0	0	0
		—	—	—	
		13	7	4	

(Continued on Page 4.)

**Captain Woodson  
To Be Presidential Aide**

A recent newspaper clipping stated the Navy Department has announced that Captain Walter B. Woodson, U.S.N., of Lynchburg, Va., recently Chief of Staff of Asiatic Fleet would be detailed as Naval Aide to President Roosevelt this fall.

If the rumor of a coming Presidential cruise comes

true, we will undoubtedly enjoy the company of the Captain who so ably commanded us from June 5, 1934 to June 25, 1935.

**Captain Baker To  
Duty In Argentina**

Among recent Navy orders were those of Captain Guy E. Baker who so recently left us for duty at Naval Operation, Navy Department, Washington, D.C. Captain Baker's new orders assigned him to duty with the Argentina Navy Department, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

**Congratulations**

The Blue Bonnet takes this opportunity to congratulate the following Chiefs who have been awarded a permanent appointment as Chief Petty Officers after qualifying by examination. We all hope they stay for twenty.

Proimos, L. D., CBM(PA)  
20 July 1937.

Shepherd, L. R., CSK(PA)  
20 July 1937.

Vizard, J. J., CPhmM(PA)  
19 July 1937.

## —: 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.

Editor, Lieut. (jg) E. A. McDonald

Assistant Editor: R. C. Ball, Ch. Pay Clerk

Associate Editors: Stefan Sivak, Jr., SK2c  
R. B. Thompson, Sealc

Circulation: John Boris, F3c

30 July 1937

### New Books For Library

The following list of books has been shipped from the Naval Supply Depot, Norfolk, Va., and will soon be available at the ship's library.

Bailey	Black Land, White Land.
Binns	The Laurels Are Cut Down.
Brier	Boy In Blue.
Bruce	A Case for Three Detectives.
Childs	Washington Calling.
Cunningham	The Ranger Way.
Daly	Emperor Of Evil.
Ellis	New Wine At Cock Crow.
Forester	Boat To Quarters.
Foster	American Dream.
Gardner	Case Of The Dangerous Dowager.
Hogben	Mathematics For The Million.
Holmboe	Desert Encounter.
Kastner	The Missing Miniature.
La Piere	Son Of Han.
Lewis	Gentleman Overboard.
Lovelace	Gentleman From England. w
Mann	Comanche Kid.
Maurois	The Miracle Of England.
Mowrey	The Black Automatic.
Neumann	The Gaudy Empire.
Oppenheim	The Dumb Gods Speak.
Putnam	Sentinels Of The Coast.
Remarque	Three Comrades.
Riesenberg	Living Again.
Steinbeck	Of Mice And Men.
Stout	Red Box.
Wagner	The Turbulent Pendrayles.
Tomlinson	Pipe All Hands.
Wentworth	The Case Is Closed.
Deschin	New Ways In Photography.

Policeman (to tramp sitting on top of oak tree): "Hey! What are you doing up there?"

Tramp: "I don't know; I must have sat on an acorn."



Dear Sal,

Last time, Sal, my ink splashin' got so interested in crawlin' 'cross tha writin' paper I had to put on tha skid chains and back down full to keep from writin' a book. What happened in that palace o' dinin' and dancin' can stand repeatin' to a perked up ear. And as I allus say, if you bear with a thing long enough you're gonna have a restin' mind afterward and you won't be scared you're gonna wake up and find tha chickens gone.

Well, I was a sittin' there lettin' tha music sort o' ease in and outa my ears and not carin' much where it was a stoppin' when a file o' waiters came troopin' in with tha vittles. They had to pull up another table to use as a restin' place for some of it because there was a goodly share of dishes. Got started on tha eatin' then and there, usin' a sort of a system so's I wouldn't be wasin' no moves.

Now you know me Sal, always shy and bashful and not wishin' to harm a soul. But there was a gnawin' 'n my vitals and I had to give full sway to the urge so I went through those vittles like a grass fire in front o' a 40 knot wind a sweepin' through tha highest and thickest stand o' wheat in tha country.

A passel o' folks started gatherin' round and you coulda scraped their peepers off with a stick. As I was gettin' warmed up by this time I didn't mind so much.

Finally, tha head man o' servin' shrugged his shoulders and opined that was all there was, there weren't no more. Didn't particularly care though as I could tell some o' tha food was stickin' to my ribs.

"Where's tha bill," says I, "I wanta pay tha cashier."

"Right here, my good man, kindly place tha money on tha tray," said tha head man with an evil look in his eye.

(Continued on Page 4.)

### Houston Poker Experts Fail

Due to lack of space last week it was necessary to hold the answer of the poker problem until this issue. However, better late than never.

The problem either did not have stooges. Exactly one (1) answer was enough reader interest or was too much for the Rambler Ship's pay-day submitted. It was signed R. N. Crego, EM2c, Ladies man.

However, the maestro of the I.C. room admitted it was not his solution —after finding out the answer was wrong. Many thanks "anonymous," you have the right spirit anyhow. Now here is the answer. The dealer was Eufemia, Jones opened the pot, and Brown was the winner. The players sat as follows; Eufemia, Jones, Brown, Webb, Swartzell, and Crego.

### Regulations Of Another Day

When any man returns on board of the ship in a state of intoxication, all officers are directed to keep away from him and not to exchange a sentence with him. His mess mates are to be called; they will take charge of him, lead him forward, and lash him in his hammock, if in the opinion of the officer of the deck it is necessary.

Three young men went to the station to catch a train and saw that it was half an hour late. They dropped over to a bar and had a few drinks to while away the time. When they returned to the station they found that the train was still late, so they returned to the bar to complete what they first started. They stayed a little too long and the train was just starting out. They raced for it. Two made it, but one, laden with suit cases, missed it. He then sat down on his bags and began to laugh. A man who had watched the performance wanted to know why he laughed so when he had just missed the train. "Oh," the fellow said, "those two men came down to see me off."

The first steamship that crossed the ocean brought back a New England book that scientifically proved steam navigation a physical impossibility.

—Observer.

Send the BLUE BONNET home.



**H**OWDY shipmates, friends, and neighbors. Your news peddler is wondering how you all feel waiting for the rates to come in. Almost any day should tell, and I can see that bulletin board right now with all hands around it trying to get a look-see at the rates allowed to this ship.

\* \* \* \*

**M.** F. (Goon) JONES, formerly of the "S," more recently of the 2d, has had aspirations for a long time of a transfer. Somehow or other his ambitions were always smashed at the beginning. Last Friday, however, he decided to take matters in his own hands by heading out to sea on a yard float. He soon gave up, realizing that navigation was a bit too complicated for him. He ran up distress signals and did a lot of waving until finally rescued by a yard tug.

\* \* \* \*

**W**HAT A man DeForge of the signal gang held the marine cooks at the yard cafe spellbound the other night. All he did was eat three orders of hamburger steak and eggs, with side orders of toast in the amount of six slices. For his liquid order he had six bottles of beer. Seems that wasn't enough, as he asked for a couple extra slices of toast.

\* \* \* \*

**S.** N. LEWIS, fireman 1c, will join the ranks of the G.Gs. according to an announcement in a Portland paper. His double act is to come off some time this winter. This means that another northern girl wins over the charming girls they have in California. Although the girls in California haven't been doing so well with members of our crew lately, the cards are stacked for them to start getting back in the lineup due to the "S" Division romeos getting ready to apply

for those papers. First will be that blond haired Cochrane, SK3c, who will be spliced, knotted and secured this coming August. Finnie the fast storekeeper striker will line up alongside his one and only this December and then we have that head man of the G.S.K. who will wait until the completion of his enlistment which is in May. They all have California girls. Here's wishing them all the luck for the best.

\* \* \* \*

**R**EADING the headlines of the newspapers these days have me wondering how many of the crew on board remember when the Houston was ordered to Shanghai during the Sino-Jap affair. Those cold nights aboard and the tickets which were required so that you could see the movies below decks. No liberty then but plenty of sights.

\* \* \* \*

**H**EARING some of the G.Gs. growl about the meals we get aboard. Raving about how their wives put out such wonderful meals, sets me to wondering why they ride back to the ship in the dime cabs every morning, so that they can get back in time to eat breakfast on board.

\* \* \* \*

**W**EDNESDAY started the new playoff series of division baseball. The "Mighty "A" Division against the "Fighting "S" was the first game, with the "S" coming from away behind to overcome the "A" with the final score of 16 to 13. Some of the members of the "A" Division claimed that the cooks held back on the rations to their mess in order to weaken them for the evening game.

My brother and I were twins. We looked so much alike that no one could tell us apart. One day in school my brother threw spitballs and I was punished. My brother was arrested for speeding and I spent three days in jail and paid a fine for it. I had a girl and my brother ran off with her. But last week I got even with him. I died and they buried him.

o o o

When the Scotchman came to this country he sailed on one ship while his luggage came on another so that in the event of disaster there could not be a total loss.

## The Crew Sez

### Morning On A Ship

A new day is here and reveille has gone  
The master at arms starts yelling and we're all up with the dawn  
And the mad stampede begins  
It's a race to see who can get there first  
And the last one always wins.

After the rush is over  
And chow has been piped down  
The mess cooks begin to sober  
And ask us to pass it around  
Then a voice pipes up from the other end  
"How's to pass the bread  
But the other with no concern for him says  
"Up on the red lead."

After everyone has tried to eat  
And in a different frame of mind  
They all begin to leave their seats  
Except the guy that's always behind  
He remains where he is and continues to eat  
Though where he puts it nobody knows  
Till the mess cook finally begs him to leave  
And then he struggles up and goes.

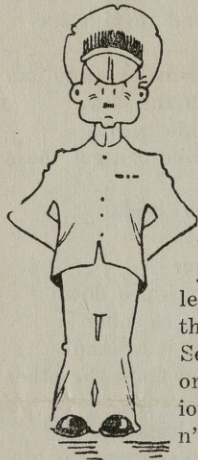
"Turn To" is sounded once again  
And to us the day has just began  
And this, my friend, who trustfully believing  
Is what happens to one who signs  
before reading.

—Anonymous.

Contributions from the crew are not only welcome, they are wanted. It is your paper, fellows, and the members of the staff believe you should not only read it, but have a hand in what goes into it. Incidentally, it's already one of the better papers of the fleet, take it from those who see the weekly publications of every ship in the fleet. It will be the best if YOU will lend a hand. Not only your comments on why the canteen never opens up on time, or your scivvie shirts didn't come back from the laundry, but anything that will have a place in any part of the paper is more than welcome to the man with the key to the contribution box. We won't use your name if you don't wish it but don't be afraid to sign it.

**Battalion Of Death Blasts**

With ye olde Marine Detachment's snooper takin' it easy and enjoying a little fishing for forty pound record salmon on his leave, this column has been in a lull. The staff welcomes him back.



As your snooper failed to make the trip to Astoria and just returned from leave, he is behind on the news. Most of the Seasoldiers seem to be on their good behavior now but it shouldn't last.

Freiheit and Chapman seem to be satisfied in their new post at the naval prison. They have that funny look though, when the Rambler Ship is mentioned.

It seems as though "Buck Willis" has a new flame...how is Flossie, Buck?

Yes; all hands seem to be on their good behavior since being at the navy yard. The rifle range must be working on their consciences.

After they fire for record it will surely be different.

Now, Willis, are you sure three beers would cause a person to get that sick?

This getting up at reveille and eating at six (in the A.M.) causes most of the boom-boomers to turn in early and no wild life.

Frye, I'm sure you didn't "hold and squeeze" the one that got you on the lip... Powell! You should know by now that your rifle won't fire wooden cartridges.

The rifle detail is coming along nicely now and they are on the second and final week of it. It is all hard work fellows but well worth the effort. We should see some good scores marked up by the time this goes to press. By the way, Cable, you can't help send the shot any faster by shoving your shoulder ahead.

Those "Flying Mules," mosquitoes in other words, we have around here sure know how to attack. And they take half a pound at every sitting. I guess we will just have to get acclimated to them.

**Russian River**

(From Page 1.)

necessary to arrive early or have reservations made before-hand.

Guerneville is a gay town, lined with cafes and all kinds of fanciful ideas in the way of bars. That these are popular is attested by the fact that on Saturday and holiday nights the streets are frequently so filled with celebrating throngs that it is practically impossible to drive an automobile through them.

It's a good place to go. Try it and have a good time.

**Baseball Lineup**

(From Page 1.)

Moose	AB	H	R	E
Brozzi	cf 3	0	2	1
King	ss 5	0	1	0
Hewitt	3b 4	2	2	0
Leal	lf 3	1	1	0
Burchard	p 5	1	2	0
Olantz	c 5	1	1	0
Barthlemess	rf 5	2	1	0
Miles	2b 3	1	1	0
Bain	1b 5	1	1	0
		9	12	1
HOUSTON	0 0 2 0 2 0 2 1 0	—	—	—
MOOSE	1 1 1 0 9 0 0 0 0	—	—	—

Two base hits: Hattemer (2), Phillips, Jasinski, Barthlemess.

Three base hits: Adams, Leal. Struck out: By Salmon (2), by Waterman (1), by Bain (8).

Home runs: Hattemer.

**SIGNS**

The entrance of a New Haven, Conn., office building displays two tennants' shingles, one under the other:

**PAINLESS DENTISTRY**

**NUTS**

The "Top Kick" is back with us now and is getting right back in the harness after panning for...? Gold!

Asa Emanuel Huskey seems to have acquired a certain Coxswain's technique of holding reveille.

So next week I promise the correct scores and some good dope on the Devil Dogs, hold 'em and squeeze 'em fellows. There are no Santa Clause in these Butts.



The process for the commercial production of aluminum was discovered by young Charles Martin Hall in Oberlin, Ohio, in 1886. Since the original company of six formed in 1888 it has grown to where there are now 53,000 engaged in getting the best aluminum they can for over 5,000 companies in more than 200 industries.

In 1900 modernizing young Turks had to take up one of the many sanitary problems left them by the revolution in 1908. The problem was what to do with the horde of over 50,000 stray mongrel dogs that overran Istanbul (then Constantinople). The Turks, too kind at heart to kill them, herded nearly 40,000 mongrel curs onto boats and ferried them to the uninhabited island of Oxia and left them there to eventually starve.

The flagship of Christopher Columbus, the Santa Maria, could be placed athwartships on a modern battleship with several feet to spare.

**Gus's Weekly Letter**

(From Page 2.)

I took a look at tha bill which staggered me a mite, but bein' of calm exterior I said, "this looks like a telephone number with a few figures thrown in for good measure. I only wish tha bill."

Right then tha storm clouds started to gather and I can remember only vaguely tha things that happened. Anyway, there was a second battle o' Bull Run but I was tryin' to do tha runnin' and not gettin' very far.

Only thing I can say, Sal, is that tha ways and means o' tha big city are not for such folk as we, and not all tha robbin' under cover is done in horse tradin' either.

Love,

Gus.