

A Scrapbook Item

U.S.S. CALIFORNIA
 Passage, Honolulu, T.H.
 to San Pedro, California
 20 June, 1928

MEMORANDUM

The following work request was submitted by this vessel to Commander Battleship Division FOUR:

"REPAIR (21) OFFICER'S BUNK SPRINGS.

REASON: Springs have been in constant use. Many springs have lost temper, causing uncomfortable sleeping conditions."

Commander Battleship Division FOUR made the following comments on this work request in a memorandum to the Commanding Officer of the CALIFORNIA:

"The Division Commander has, with great reluctance, approved the attached work request. In his opinion the request should have given the names of the officers whose "constant use" of the bunk springs caused them to lose their temper. The nature of the disciplinary action taken in each case should also have been noted upon the face of the request. The Division Commander trusts that the Commanding Officer of the California will take immediate steps to prevent a repetition of this inexcusable abuse of government property. He suggests that all officers attached to the California be assigned duties of such nature that their performance will give to all "bunk springs" periodic intervals of recuperation of sufficient duration to enable these springs to retain their normal resiliency. He knows of no design of "bunk spring" that will stand the strain of "constant use" without rapid deterioration.

(signed) J. V. CHASE"

Inspired Netters Win Five Straight

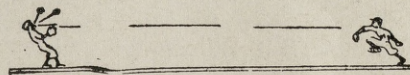
Revived by a group of tennis fans under the leadership of "Curly" Meyer, RM1c, and inspired by coach Ensign Wengrovius, the Houston tennis team has challenged all comers to singles and doubles matches — and walked off with laurels from those who have accepted.

Mess Attendants Split Pair

With a softball team composed entirely of mess boys, a pair of games, played with the "Casino Brown Cats" of Honolulu, were halved.

The first game the Houston boys dropped to the tune of 6-7, a close one. They warmed up by the next one, however, and smashed out a decisive 13-7 victory.

The next one tells the story, and the boys are straining at the leash for it.



Incidentally, it's been rumored that the team challenges any other division or team on the ship, and the wardroom steward will talk turkey with any takers.

In the first match played by the newly organized team, the Houston swamped the Holland, four matches to one.

The second victory was even more decisive, when our lads defeated the Cassin in all five tilts. Meyer led the way, with Sgt. Berueffy taking number two match, and Moffit, S2c, completing the singles rout. Berueffy and Meyer teamed up to win number one doubles, allowing the opposition only one game in both sets. Moffit and Tufteland (Flag) came through in the pinches to win all matches played.

The third ship to fall before the mighty Houston racquet wielders was the Altair. The margin of victory was four to one. So far the squad had won handily, and the real strength of the outfit had not been shown.

The fourth victory really tested the
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Interrupted Routine

**The Blue Bonnet's Short Story complete in this issue.
 By W. R. Epperson**

In the heart of Centropolis; a small town where every one knows every one else, their business, their secrets, and every time they change their socks; old Al Faber set about closing up for the day.

It was getting late when he locked up the back door of his store, turned and walked the few steps to his car parked in the alley. The car, slightly illuminated by the slanting beam from a distant street light, took on an appearance of forlorn dejection. The side curtains furthered the impression.

As Al started the engine, he was thinking he'd have to hurry. This was Saturday night, and he and Martha had things to do. For longer than he could remember, he and his wife had held Saturday nights as something apart; had followed the same routine. They always ate out, and always at the 'Second

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Published every two weeks by the ship's company of the USS HOUSTON, Captain J. B. Oldendorf, USN, Commanding, and Commander H. L. Grosskopf, USN, Executive Officer.

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Editor's Lament!

Getting out this paper is no picnic.
 If I print jokes people say I'm silly;
 If I don't, they say I'm too serious.
 If I clip things from other papers,
 I'm too lazy to write myself;
 If I don't, I'm stuck on my own stuff.
 If I stick close to the job all day,
 I ought to be in the office, on the job.
 If I don't print contributions,
 I don't appreciate true genius;
 And if I do print them, the paper is full of junk.
 If I make a change in the other fellow's write-up, I'm critical;
 If I don't, I'm asleep.
 Now like as not some guy will say I swiped this from some other paper.
 I DID!
 —Minneapolis North Star

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

This little advertising slogan is only a more modernistic version of the old proverb, "A thing worth doing is worth doing well". It is the slogan of men in all times and places who undertake a task only when they intend to finish it and finish it well.

It is the earmark of a reputable man. It would be sort of nice, I'm thinking, if people would be able to say that of me some day when my cruise is over. But more satisfactory, if I myself knew that I had put heart and soul into the job. Regardless of what others said or thought, as long as I could convince myself that I'd done my very utmost, I could leave with squared shoulders and lifted eyes.

You see, I'm a "short-timer," and that's why I'm thinking these things.

Just to Let You Know!

And now, shipmates, here's a final tip: if a beautiful hula-maiden happens to take a fancy to you, and says, "E hele haua! She means, "Let's go!"

Please don't get your wires crossed and answer,

"Hele aku oe!" or "Scram!" when all the time you mean:

"Hiki no! Owai kou inoa?" which means, "Can do; what's your name?"

Did You Ever See

- A radioman with calloused hands?
- A watertender who carries his own water?
- An electrician's mate walking around without a test lamp?
- A yeoman with dirt under his fingernails?
- A signalman who didn't powder his nose before sending a semaphore message?
- A machinist's mate who changed his shoes before going on deck after a Field Day?
- A storekeeper who didn't want a working party to empty his waste paper cans?
- A boatswain's mate who was always pleasant?
- A shipfitter who was always in a hurry, but never got anywhere?
- A baker who said, "Sure, help yourself to the pie."?
- A ship's cook who said, "Sandwiches at ten o'clock, Sailor"?
- A carpenter's mate who was pleasant to a coxswain whose boat just had a stern torn off?
- A musician who couldn't qualify as a boilermaker?
- A pharmacist's mate who didn't always recommend salts for all ailments?
- A printer who didn't have ink on his face and hands?
- A painter who didn't say, "Get a chit"?

—Keystone.

Famous Last Words

Tell me about yourself—your troubles, your ambitions, your telephone number.

Let's take the first boat over and come right back on the next one!

What do you say we go ashore for a hike and on the way stop by at the Club for just one beer?

A soldier went to his colonel and asked for leave to go home to help his wife with her spring cleaning.

"I don't like to refuse you," said the colonel, "but I've just received a letter from your wife saying that you are no use around the house."

The soldier saluted and turned to go. At the door he stopped, turned and remarked:

"Colonel, there are two persons in this regiment who handle the truth loosely, and I'm one of them. I'm not married."

The Wind-scoop . . .

F.L. Macumber, CY, Captain's Office, recently interviewed on why he so eagerly desires to do another cruise in China, bewildered his listeners by saying, "Home Sweet Home—there is no place like home!"

Dutch, CWT, "A" Division, heartily remarked that the ship needs a full-fledged chief as Chief Master-at-Arms and if there's any difficulty in finding a chief suitable for the job, he, at a moments notice, is ready to volunteer.

Moose Winters, SF2c, is very much under the impression that since Sammie Ashcraft has been transferred, he, "Moosie," is senior SF2c., aboard ship. Of course he asks that we disregard time in rate and service, and think only of brains and brawn.

Henry Nickel, BM2c, has posted the following notice: "From a Castle to a Park Bench, in three easy lessons." Not only has he studied hard, but he knows from experience. "From the sail locker to the 1st division."

Boo, Y2c., Exec's Office, has placed back on the moon's perch his beautiful blonde, but from the flaming sun has received a gorgeous red head. We're not sure, but we're under the impression, if the permanent wave is caught in a rain storm, he won't be able to turn to the stars for another.

Inspection

I've lathered the deck till I feel like a wreck
 I've scrubbed where the bulkheads were tar-nished

From sunset to dawn till the last spot was gone

I've polished and painted and varnished.
 The angle-iron gleams, the over-head beams
 While waiting for white gloves to try out
 And lookit, you mugs, at the battle port lugs
 So shiny they must knock your eye out.
 I cleaned and I chipped, not a square inch was skipped

I got all the corners and niches
 The blowers I scrubbed, the bright work I rubbed

With a rag from an old pair of britches.
 And now that I'm through, there's nothing to do

But to flop in the depths of dejection.
 I worked to a shred and I wish I were dead
 For the Skipper called off his inspection!

A little hillbilly watched a man at a tourist camp making use of a comb and brush, a tooth brush, a nail file, and a whisk broom.

"Gee, mister," he finally queried. "Are you always that much trouble to yourself?"

Little Ocko Says—

Editor's Note:

W. J. Bannen, Bkr3c, who was transferred several weeks ago, left a final contribution of the "Little Ocko" column that he long and faithfully wrote for the Blue Bonnet.

Holding it over while two "special issues" were published should not detract any from its interest to the many "old-timers"—who will enjoy reminiscing with "Little Ocko" about those who have come and gone in the Rambler.

This will probably be the last I shall write for the Blue Bonnet and in a way it is intended as a farewell to all my shipmates and friends in the old Rambler.

In this last column let's polish our memories a bit. It is often well to recall a few shipmates' faces and names, and in so doing remember some of the happy and pleasant times we knew.

Let's see; a prayer may be said for that good fellow who has gone to his reward: Adam Hall, MM1c, who did so much to make this paper a real organ of contentment among the Rambler's men, died in an auto accident in Kentucky about two and a half years ago. He was a credit to his ship and the Service, well liked and respected by all who knew him.

In a lighter vein, S.N. (Big Red) Lewis is now a 1 p.c. machinist's mate in China; Steve Sivak, SK1c, another old Blue Bonnet man, is on shore duty at the Training Station, San Diego, Cal.; Knecklow, MM2c, is in a pig boat in China; C.B. Webb, Bkr1c, is at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., as are Lt. Comdr. R.E. Snedaker, (SC), McNesby, ACOM, and several other ex-Ramblers. George Herrick, CWT, for several years CPO mess caterer, was at the Naval Hospital, San Diego, when I last saw him, and Shepard, CSK, was on duty at the Training Station. We saw Abbott, CMM, several times, as he is in the Vestal, and fat as can be. Shanny O'Neill, ex-foc's'le lad, left for new construction about a year ago, and almost three years ago Dainwood, S1c, left our second division for Asiatic and is now in the Augusta. Tom Brown, Frenchy Godaire, T.C. Ryan and many others are in new six-inch cruisers, and happy they seem to be. Shivel, the little cox'n of the first division is now bos'n's mate first in the Chester. "Lewie the Looper" Lewis, CBM, and a grand fellow, is in the New Orleans. Buck Weaver, CGM, is in the Ten-

More About Tennis Team

(Continued from Page 1)

fighting spirit of the Houston team. For the first time, the matches went into extra games, and the Rambler representatives defeated the previously unbeaten Memphis club by three matches to two.

Meyer won from the singles champion of San Diego, Van Borgen, 6-2, 6-3.

Berueffy lost 6-1, 8-6.

Moffit won 7-5, 6-4.

Raquetteer Moffit just recently took up the game, but has yet to lose a match. Congratulations—and keep it up!

Case and Meyer defeated their opponents 6-2, 8-6.

Tufteland and Moffit lost a couple of bitterly contested sets to the heart-breaking tune of 7-5, and 12-10.

Fifth on the list was the Dobbin team, defeated three matches to one. Extra tilts in the singles brackets made it necessary to cut out one of

nessee. "Goose" Gossage and Bert Ellstrom, watertenders, are in the Yorktown, and John P. Sharp, TC1c, is in a new light cruiser.

Gone? Yes, but not in our memories, and these are only a few. Here are some from up forward: Lt.(jg) Long, Asiatic Station; Ens. J.P.M. Johnston, same place; Ens. Ely to Flight School and gone(?), Chief Pay Clerk R.C. Ball in the Dobbin; Captain Guy Baker at Washington, D.C.; Captain Walter Woodson, now Rear Admiral, Judge Advocate General, Washington, D.C.; what grand people they were. Commander Robottom was in Seattle the last I knew of him. Chief Machinist A.B. Clapp went to Coco Solo Naval Air Station. Lt. Comdr. Farrar went to skipper a can, where he is now I know not.

Let us not forget to say a word for Captain Francis Cogswell, admired, loved, and respected, who died last year. He, too, goes on our list of those good officers and men we have known the past few years.

But what of those who are still in the Houston?

A.J. Arsenaull, EM1c, our boxing coach, who has brought us some of the finest boxing fighters in history; "Curly" Standafer, WT2c, our head barber, who has run our barber shop since most of us can remember; Cawthorn, WT1c, who was a machinist's mate. They are the only Plankowners

the doubles plays. In number one post, Meyer defeated Worthington 6-1, 6-3. Next, Bean of the Dobbin nosed out Moffit in three bitterly contested sets 10-8, 5-7, 8-6. Tufteland, playing in number three singles position, added another feather to his cap by defeating Rutherford 4-6, 6-2, 6-3.

In the only doubles match played, Sergeant Case and "Curly" Meyer easily swamped Spradley and Masters of the Dobbin, winning both sets 6-0, 6-0.

Who's next?

Time and tide wait for no man—
all samee liberty boat.

At the end of an examination, the supervising officer gathered up all papers. Among them he discovered one sheet which, instead of figures, bore merely a crude drawing of a tombstone on which had been written:

"Sacred to the memory which always deserts me on occasions like this."

left on the Good Ole Houston. They came on here as part of a crew, all strangers to one another, and now, ten years later, they are still on the General Muster Roll. (Ed. Note: Cawthorn is the only one left; the others having been transferred in the past few weeks.)

Among other oldtimers are L.R. Johnston, SF2c, our tailor; Henry Nickel, BM2c, our sailmaker, R.L. Leslie, F1c, our laundryman; Shanks, MM1c, evaporators; St. Marie, CWT, chief oil king; Wellbourn, BM1c, wrestling coach and ex-chief MAA. Jim K. Wallace, CGM, is an old China sailor from the days when the Houston sailed the Yangtze, and so is my good friend, H.E. Freeman, GM1c in charge of the armory. Willie Fish, EM1c, and Westerfield, EM1c, have also been here a right good while. There are countless others. Among them we number one who is lucky to be with us. After almost ten months in the Bremerton Hospital, Nicoletti, MM1c, is back aboard and at his old job in the machine shop.

Stop once in awhile and think of these fellows, shipmates all, who are or have been here; think also sometime of Little Ocko, and wish him well, as he does you, each and every one.

So long, Good Luck, as usual,
Little Ocko.

Interrupted Routine

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Cup.' After which they took in the stage play at Bandy's; winding up at the inevitable square dance held in the big parlor of the Deed's ranch house.

At thought of the 'Cup', old Al gave a grunt of mingled pleasure and contentment. Ummm . . . Baked Ham! He could almost smell it now, he was that hungry. It had long been his favorite, as only Sam, proprietor of the 'Cup' could prepare it. And Martha's too.

As Al approached the end of the alley, he suddenly became aware that he was not alone. In fact, he had the information pressed upon him in the form of a cold gun muzzle held gently, but none the less firmly, on the back of his neck.

"O.K., Pop. Now you know. Get in your jalopy, sit steady, do as you're told, and nothin's gonna happen to you."

The voice was steady, cool, commanding.

"One wrong move, and Molly here'll start barking. And when she barks, she bites! Turn left!"

Ordinarily at this point, Al would have turned to the right, toward home and Martha. But he swung onto the street, and drew up at the boulevard stop. Stealing a glance in the rear view mirror, he could make out the forms of three men in the back seat.

"Turn down the main drag, Pop," the same voice again, the man seated directly behind Al, "This buggy is well known, and I want it seen,—plenty."

The curtain was down over the door on his side of the car, and Al meekly nodded to all who waved. It irked him to see them going about their business so apparently unconcerned. But then, how could they possibly know that anything was wrong? How could he...

His thoughts were diverted then; his attention drawn to the men in the rear. They seemed to be arguing, motioning, and mumbling indistinctly.

Al was rapidly becoming really worried. What was this all about? Where did he come in? Was he to be involved in a hold up? A gang fight? Perhaps he was being taken for a ride.

In the middle of the next block, the man who was apparently the leader, spoke again.

"Pop, when you get to the 'Second

Cup', if there's a green sedan parked there, you drive us in and park as near it as possible. And out of the light, too, if you can. If the sedan's not there, just drive on past."

Upon drawing close to the 'Cup', Al anxiously looked for a green sedan. Yes, there it was. The men in back had spotted it too, for as though its presence was a signal, they started a commotion and Al heard the clatter of metal on metal.

He drew to a stop directly abreast the green sedan.

"Say, this is perfect, Pop. You're an ace in the hole." The speaker was apparently enthused.

"Now you go on in, and if you know what's good for you, no slip-ups. You're the camouflage. Understand, Pop?"

As Al shakily slid to a stool at the counter, he noticed two men who seemed to be dividing their attention between watching him, and out front.

The two men, obviously too nervous to eat, laid a bill on the counter, and hurried out. Though he hardly dared, Al was overcome with an urge to watch them.

A shot split the night! Al whirled to look through the big plate glass window. The doors of his car were open, as were those of the adjoining green sedan. Two men were standing, one on each side of the sedan, with drawn guns in their hands. Another man was running, but at the edge of the lighted clearance he stopped to bend over another man on the ground. The sedan moved up then, and the limp form was helped in. Al recognized him as one of the men who was in the 'Cup.' Doors slammed, and the green sedan sped into the night.

Bedlam reigned in old Al's wake. Some unexplainable desire overcame him, perhaps something of the dramatic. He raved, ranted, shouted, and in every manner conceivable registered displeasure. He swore he'd been threatened, abused, held-up, knocked down, and assaulted no end by the men just departed. He phoned the Sheriff, yelling loud and long, enlarging on his story as he warmed up. Quickly a crowd gathered, and only when he was nearly exhausted, and practically hoarse, did Al go home.

Martha met him at the door, and immediately launched into scolding him in no uncertain terms. Why, this was Saturday night, and

Al broke in with, "You're mad?"

How do you suppose I feel?" Then Al retold his tale, beautifully glossed by now. The telephone ring punctuated his last sentence. Reaching out, Al took the receiver, and as he listened an awed expression bordering on sheepishness came over his face. Martha, standing close by, could plainly hear. Al gasped a few times, and with a muffled, "Thanks Sheriff," hung up.

"Well, there it is," he panted. "and ME a figure in this town. Do you think I can ever live this down? Can I ever explain? I'll be as uncomfortable in this town from now on as a tramp in a bathtub. Know what the Sheriff said? The men in the 'Cup' were public enemies numbers one and two. Well, I had that much pretty well figured out. So what? So this is the last load of hay. Me, taken in lock, stock, and barrel, hook, line and sinker, fur, fuzz, and feathers; how was I to know the men in my car were G-men?" !!!

Great Moments in History!

During the famous engagement between ships of the Royal and American Navies, in which John Paul Jones and his ship were apparently doomed for the bottom, there was an event which has escaped history. The fighting had been terrific. Topmasts were aflame, both vessels grappled, and canvas was shredded; the decks were running red. Upon the British call for surrender, John Paul Jones bellowed his staggering reply, "We have not yet begun to fight!" One sweating marine in the foretop brushed his perspiring brow with his tattered sleeve, punched the wounded marine next to him, "There's always someone that doesn't get the word," says he!

—Norfolk Seabag.

CAVE SEDEM

Beware of the deadly sitting habit,
Or, if you sit, be like a rabbit,
Who keepeth ever on the jump
By springs concealed beneath his rump.
A little ginger 'neath the tail
Will oft for lack of brains avail;
Eschew the dull and slothful Seat,
And move about with willing feet!
Man was not made to sit a-trance,
And press, and press, and press his
pants;
But rather, with an open mind,
To circulate among his kind.
And so, my son, avoid the snare
Which lurks within a cushioned chair;
To run like hell, it has been found,
Both feet must be upon the ground.

—Theodore F. MacManus.