

The Athletic Candidate

The sailor with the bulging muscles and a little experience in some sort of competitive sport finds himself often pulled this way and that between the desire to become a member of an athletic squad and a desire to please his division P.O. or officer by remaining loyally on his job until the finish of working hours.

The athletic officer first pounces upon the man on hearing about his ability, gives him a fight talk, and tells him it's all for the glory of the ship—be out there every day when the squad works out. Then his division P.O. (not always the case) stabs his hopes by telling him there is work to be done and implies that it would be much better for the man to remain at his job away from any team. Frequently, a man feels that his chances for advancement in rating are materially lessened if he becomes a candidate.

How wrong should be these last views. True, a ship should not have every Tom, Dick and Harry out there on the field. Neither should the hours of practice be unreasonable coincident with ship's work. But the best men aboard ship in the particular sport should be out, and it should be felt that the man is doing the ship the most good by his representation. Work can normally be arranged so that his practice will not work a hardship on others.

Navy athletic teams have improved so much during the last few years that a great deal of

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Houston Grappler Enters A.A.U. Wrestling Team

Edward Chick, 118 pound Houston wrestler, who is now with the Aviation Unit at North Island, has entered the A.A.U. Wrestling Tournament to be held at San Diego, at the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. on August 27 and 28.

With the showing that Chick made in fleet wrestling competition last year, it is expected that he will go a long way.

The U.S.S. Houston wishes him the best of luck and may he bring home the bacon.

I Wanna Go Home

I WANT to go back to Paw and Maw
And the little old farm in Arkansas;
I'm tired of ships and the raging main
Please take me back to my home again.

BACK where the floors stay under your feet,
Where your grub stays down and the coffee's sweet;
Back where a boom means "Stand by your still,
A danged revenooer's comin' over the hill."

WHERE a swab is a mop and a bucket's a pail
Where a line is a rope and brig is a jail;
Where a galley's a kitchen and a bulkhead's a wall,
Where a floor's not a deck and a storm's not a squall.

WHERE the razorback hawks root up the trees,
And the odor of moonshine wafts in the breeze;
Where the women folk handle the mess cooking job
And nary a soul ever heard of a gob.

Suisun Next In Baseball

For all you men who were not present last Sunday when the baseball team lost a close one to the Benicia team we can only say you missed a corking good game and a thriller. We lost the game by a score of 5 to 4. Three of the runs came in after a bad decision by the base umpire which gave the home towners their total of 5 runs in the 5th inning. During the other eight innings, Dingle, our find as a pitcher held the Benicia team scoreless.

There will be another day of reckoning though when our team meets them again a week from Sunday at the same field.

Benicia (named after the wife of General Vallejo) turned out quite a sizable crowd.

At 1400 Sunday 22 August the team plays Suisun in that city. As this small city lies about 10 miles towards Sacramento it shouldn't be difficult for you to get out there and root for the team. It's beginning to show promise of going places.

First Line Of Defense

President Franklin D. Roosevelt once said, "From the very beginning of our national life, the navy has always been, and justly deserves to be an object of special pride to the American people. I am glad to say both Congress and the country understand what we are doing in building up the navy and about its use. The navy is not only the first line of defense, but it is the most important line of defense."

—: 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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Crew Call

This week has seen the starting of raceboat crew workouts, and the call is officially out now for all men interested to report in the afternoons at 1500. Last season we were able to build a good foundation for the whaleboat crews (Marine, first enlistment, and selected) but it is up to us to follow through and show some real results this year. Not many Marines have showed their faces on the fantail this week, yet it is hoped that this was due merely to interference by rifle range details.

Your officers are vitally interested in athletics and it is expected that this year will find a great improvement in all sports. During this navy yard overhaul period the Houston has a good chance to thoroughly overhaul its athletics as well as other things, so let's turn to and catch up with ourselves. Conditions are especially favorable for rowing and there will be no chance like the present one to get started after returning to the Long Beach-San Clemente area. With an old oar-puller like Carter at the tiller being backed by Viskovich, Lawson, McDonald, and other experienced men we should be able to build a real crew that can beat the best of them.

The Athletic Candidates

(From Page 1.)

time and effort must be spent on a team if it is to have a chance to win even a single game. Co-operation from all sides and by all hands is necessary for the proper betterment of ship sports.

THE folks at home will enjoy the BLUE BONNET.



Dear Sal,

Be a whisperin' to your Pa to unlimber his choppin' arm so's he can lop off tha gawkin' necks of a few poultry because I'm a comin' home again and I'm a gettin' all set for some toothsome morsels from tha roastin' pan. Yes sir, Sal, I'll come a slidin' into tha junction just about the time you're a gettin' this writin' matter and you can bet your newest gingham dress I'll be a makin' tracks in your direction right from the start.

Pa dug up a pencil stub from a hidin' place and scrawled out some comfortin' matter to me just tha other day. He 'lows he's spread tha news 'round about my home-comin' and tha folks for miles in all directions are a gettin' ready for tha welcomin'. But it's sorta disconcertin' not knowin' whether they're a goin' to let bygones be bygones or they're goin' to set out the dogs and man tha shotguns. He also says tha hogs'll be tickled to see my smilin' visage again. Well, I'll be glad for them too because I've allus been just about tha best gol durned hog farmer in those parts.

Remember tha time all tha hogs over at Emil Smaltz's place were dyin' off and nary a soul could be a findin' out tha cause. That's tha time I set my noggin' to workin' and it wasn't long till I made a new high water mark in hog ailin' prognosticatin'. Yes sir, I just had to take one look at those wobbly porkers and quicker'n you know I told them yokels what was a worryin' their hogs.

It seems there was a patch o' blue clay in one end o' Emil's hog run. Tha critters as you know like to wallow 'round a bit to cool off on hot summer days, and they used to wallow in this patch o' clay. Well, tha poor stricken things got so much o' this clay on their hides it drew their skin up tighter'n a bass drum and

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Our Virgin Isles

During the last five years, the United States has spent about four million in improvements on the Islands. When this restoration is fully completed we will point to the Virgin Island with typical American pride.

For three centuries the Virgin Islands have been political footballs. Owned at various times by Spain, France, Great Britain, and Denmark, they have known periods of great prosperity, based chiefly upon sugar production.

And they have also known eras of poverty. Times grew especially desperate in 1930, and a program was drawn up to bring about the economic rehabilitation of the Islands. At the present time, much construction work is going on, and promises to add beauty and plenty once more to the Islands, known for their floral splendor.

Laying in the West Indies group, the Virgin Islands are 1,400 miles southeast of New York. They were taken over by the United States 20 years ago, being purchased from Denmark for a consideration of \$25,000,000 cash.

This was considered a large sum for this group, but the money was cheerfully given, because there was some fear in the World War period that Germany might gain control of them, and so establish a base imperiling the Panama Canal, and the coast of the United States.

Vizard To Shore Duty

Last Monday marked the departure of one of the Houston's most liked C.P.O.'s and a man of the highest professional ability.

Jack Vizard, Chief Pharmacist's Mate, will be greatly missed by the Houston's crew. He always had a sympathetic ear for our pains, aches and ailments.

May his shore duty at Portsmouth, New Hampshire be as pleasant as his sea duty on the Houston. Best wishes to a fine shipmate.

“Woe is me, my girl's heart is like the moon.”

“Why is that?”

“It changes every week, and it has another man in it.”



Greetings, Shipmates and friends. This week started off with many contributions delivered to this column. All of them quite interesting as you will see in the following paragraphs. For a few of the news events occurring this week we have that new Boatswain 2d class heading the list. Seems that every night he goes over to see his girl, she has a bowl of chop suey, this dish costs him 75c with 2c tax. I wondered a long time why they called him the 77c man.

* * * *

Jenkins, GM2c, called Chinaman by all the women in town has a habit which is rather strange. Before he will have a drink on the beach, he first orders a dill pickle. What effect this has on him we don't know as he claims it is a special treatment of his.

* * * *

One of the best played division games took place Tuesday night. The "R" versus the "F." It was a pitchers battle with "Duck" Weber of the "R" shading Waterman of the "F." Final score with the "R" on top was 3 to 2. Chief Adkins caught for the "F" doing a lot of yelling that would make a big league catcher seem like a sissy.

* * * *

"Baldy" Davis, dashing Exec's Office yeoman striker, found himself in a real predicament last payday. Afraid to draw his pay because his pay number is "13" and the day was Friday the "13th." He checked up and found that he had exactly \$13 dollars on the books. Temptation was a little too much so he drew the works.

* * * *

Rumors started this week has most of the married men on board going wild. The one about the Houston getting fixed up to relieve the Augusta upon completion is the worst one. Wonder how they start.

Viskovich of the "S" received a large brown envelope addressed to Mrs. Viskovich of the U.S.S. Houston. The contents were receipts on how to make ice cream.

* * * *

Held a muster on station over at Tom's Place the other night. Every bar stool in the place was seated by a Houston representative. Sure was a noisy spot with all the usual arguments about divisions and what not. One coxswain on board couldn't get enough fists thrown at him in this place one night so he came back the next night asking for more.

* * * *

A contribution in the way of a challenge was received in the box. Last week's issue the 5th claimed they could beat the "C." This week DeForge representing the "C" has forwarded a challenge to them. Says he didn't know that the Marines were on the range after 1700.

* * * *

The following contributions are by an unsigned author, titled—

Snoopin' Round

By Little Ocko

Signal Striker Kelly, the Houston's blushing baritone, returned five days early from his leave last Friday night. Whatsamatter, Frankie, can'tcha take it?

Keeping an eye on the boys in No 1 Mess Hall Liberty Line revealed McCormick boasting second class rate and Goodnight flashing a first. Why the hurry, lads?

Manley, dashing Romeo of Boat Deck Fourth, seems to be thinking of a middle-aisle stunt. Don't mind saying she looks nice in photo—couldn't get her name though!

DeForge says if Joe West will care for sale of dear old Our Navy he'll put in for leave. How about takng care of Roland, Joe?

Heard Lee, SM3c, made quite a play in the "C" versus "5-H-N" ball game Friday evening. On a pop-fly between pitcher and second the hero beat it out to first and finally made a run of it by successive over-throws at each base around the diamond. What's wrong there, gang?

Heard a seaman in Forward Mess compartment remark he didn't know

Traffic Rules In Japan

Automobile drivers in Japan are handed cards with instructions as follows, written in their language: We print the rules as appearing on cards printed in English.

"At the rise of the hand of a policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him. When a passer on the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of the mouth the warning "Hi-Hi!"

"Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by, or stop by the roadside till he pass away.

"Give big space to the festive dog that make sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.

"Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurk the skid demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around corners to save the collapse and tie up."

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"You were swindled over this Rembrandt. The picture is not fifty years old."

"I don't care about age so long as it is a genuine Rembrandt."

which was hardest to get, special order discharge or postal money order from Joe West.

Did you see our erstwhile "Gedunk Stand Operator" helping the mess cooks scrub down No. 1 last Saturday?

"E" Division's Mike Waulk sure has the love bug bad. Take a look at him sometime, getting thin and he's got that "look in his eyes."

Overheard "Whitey" Wellbourne, our waker-upper supreme, informing Beckwith not to mistake that "Navy Chest" of his for a sign of weakness. Well, it's a nice chest, Headlock!

Gunner's Mate Henry sure is getting to be a liberty hound. Notice how his hair is always combed so nice lately—expecting visitors, Hank?

Parting shot—understand Head and Chatfield have buried time-honored hatchet. Did you smoke peace pipe boys?

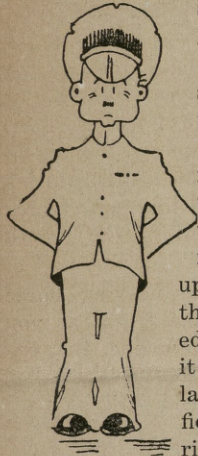
Battalion Of Death Blasts

Yes, the fellows made out pretty good on the range but there were a few of the sea soldiers who didn't stand up under the pressure as well

as they expected to. At that we made scores away above average. The weather was bad and it was a difficult day to fire: much different than the days previous. Of course we fellows who went up and fired first got the dope on the needed changes and passed it on to the next relays. Here are the official scores: Expert rifleman, Pfc. Davis,

320 (high man); 1st Sgt. White, 317; Sgt. Fabick, 316; Sharpshooters, Pfc. Buschman, 311; Pfc. Wilson, 311; Cpl. Jenner, 310; Pfc. Huskey, 305; Pvt. Moore, 303; Pfc. Mayhew, 302; Cpl. Burns, 300; Capt. A. V. Gerard, U.S.M.C., 309; 2d Lieut. Murray, U.S.M.C., 300; Marksmen, Pvt. Olberg, 299; Pvt. Powell, 296; Pl. Sgt. Nitschke, 289; Cpl. Wills, 288; Unqualified, Cpl. Oldham, 260. So you see the fellows did a good job. There was a lot of work to it too and if any seaman have a wrong idea, just ask one of the fellows firing the range now. I guess they all have formed their opinions by now. One thing is that you can't fire on the wrong target and get anyplace. Just see what five more points would have done to Cpl. Jenner's score.

Now for the boys who took off over the week-end. Davis seems to be just the opposite of the quiet home-loving boy when he orders egg sandwiches and gets hamburgers, especially when he is celebrating his high score with the rifle. Vergil Wills and Donald Lambert seem to have taken their leaves all in one night right across the stream in Vallejo. Celebrating their disappointment is a habit. What in the world happened to Asa Emanuel the other night that he couldn't hold his usual quota. It sort of lowered your standard, Asa. As it was over the week-end the fellows either celebrated their high scores or tried to forget the low ones that they made with the rifle. The 1st Sgt.



Division Baseball Results

GROUP A

Team	GP	Won	Lost	Percent- age
"S" Division	3	3	0	1.000
"R" Division	3	2	1	.666
"F" Division	2	1	1	.500
"A" Division	2	1	1	.500
"M" Division	2	0	2	.000
2d Division	2	0	2	.000

GROUP B

Team	GP	Won	Lost	Percent- age
"B" Division	3	3	0	1.000
"C" Division	2	2	0	1.000
4th Division	3	2	1	.666
5-H-N Division	2	1	1	.500
3d Division	3	1	2	.333
"E" Division	2	0	2	.000
1st Division	3	0	3	.000

Gus's Weekly Letter

(From Page 2.)

they were a dyin' off from lack o' sleep. Yes sir, their skin was so tight they couldn't even close their peepers.

Don't take in tha "welcome" mat when you see me a comin'.

Love,
Gus.

Faith and Knowledge

An old negro preacher was explaining the difference between faith and knowledge.

"Now, my brethren," said he, "hit's like dis: Dar's Brudder Johnson sitting on de front seat wid Sister Johnson and de five little Johnsons. She knows dey's her chillun; dat is knowledge. He believes dey's his chillun; dat's faith."

has his celebrating to do yet as he won a match with a certain man who Cpl. hopes the Top can't take it too long. His capacity might even fool himself. Arnald, you could have at least waited till morning to sing the blues. You should have returned with us at that respectable hour.

We are expecting to have a challenge from the "C" Division for this coming Saturday morning if we don't have to go out to the range. We are expecting to show them some ball playing too.



At one time, tomato plants were carried on all submarines of the British Navy. A tomato plant is 200 times as sensitive as the human nose and 75 times more sensitive than the canary in detecting the presence of poisonous gas which is one of the main dangers in submarines. These gases are given off by the storage batteries and are very deadly. Chemical test was not sensitive enough to warn the crew of the presence of the gas, while the leaves of the tomato would droop when exposed. Mice and canaries were formerly carried as detectors.

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Plans for a chain of robot lightships strung out all along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are reported under development by the U.S. Lighthouse Service. Operated by radio control from shore, the vessels carry no crews and hence can be moored in dangerous and exposed positions. This experiment has been tested and found very practical in the lighthouse ship St. Clair, stationed between Lake Erie and Lake Huron.

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The U.S. Government Printing Office is the largest establishment of its kind in the world. It has twenty-two acres of floor space, employs 5,000 persons. If all the type were cast in solid form, it would cover five acres of ground.

The average yearly output is two billion four hundred and seventy million lines of type. This equals a string of solid type the width of a newspaper column 126 miles in length.

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Treasure Island, San Francisco Bay site of the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition, is the largest man-made island in the world.

When the exposition closes, the Island will become a super-airport for the San Francisco Bay region.