



### HOUSTON 30—LOUISVILLE 29

The 1938 edition of the Rambler Ship basketball team was presented November 28th at the Admiral Leigh Gymnasium in San Pedro. The occasion marked the meeting of the Houston with the Louisville.

Victory was heralded for the Houston after a nip-and-tuck struggle, with a final count of 30-29 deciding the fray. Never at any time in the contest were there more than three points difference in the score, although the boys took and maintained the lead from the start. High scoring honors in the game were garnered by Cochrane, rangy center of the Louisville who totalled 10 points. Houston scoring was evenly divided with all the starting lineup counting at least once from the field. Accuracy of the Houston five from the free-throw line, however, was the margin of victory since the opponents' Kentuckians counted 13 two-point reamers from the field, as compared with our dozen double markers.

### HOUSTON 34—MEDUSA 29

The second issue of the Houston supremacy on the hard-wood court, and an indication that the Ramblers would be "the team to beat", was unfolded November 30th in a meeting with one of last years' strongest quints, the Medusa. Superiority was clearly shown when at half-time the Medusa was trailing 5-19. Then followed a let-down by the Houston, and in the middle of the final stanza, Medusa long - range cannonading sparked by the Kumzak twins, Frank and Joe, narrowed the gap, so that the final gun gave the Houston a mere 5-point advantage, 34-29. Stellar zone

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### THE LAST HOUR

A Short Story by Gus

A whisper of wind from the slowly opened door caused the candle's flame to flicker backward and the lacy ends of drapes to shudder spasmodically. He had opened the door like he always had, timidly, expectant. Even the shadows of the room couldn't quite hide the four poster bed. It loomed to him like some holy shrine. He smelled again that cloying trace of lavender; dainty, old, reminiscent of his mother. Yet he knew that his father was here, too. He could just barely see the portrait with its uniform and the funny little cap.

A thin thread of a voice questioned feebly from the bed, "Is that you, Robert?"

"Yes, mother."

"I knew you would come. I have prayed. Come and take my hand. I want to feel you. I want . . ."

"There, there mother. I'm here. Can't you see I'm holding your hands. I'm home again. Everything is going to be all right."

A thankful smile brushed away the drawn look about her mouth as he gently stroked the frail little hands. She allowed herself enough time to muster strength for another question.

"Do you like your life in the navy?"

He thought a bit before answering. "Oh, yes. I like it fine."

He couldn't tell her about the long hours of watch-standing nor how rigid the discipline was. He wouldn't tell her of days on end when you were stuck down in some hole during a battle problem. His answer was best. She needed that kind of an answer.

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### BOXERS AND WRESTLERS

#### HUMBLE NORTHAMPTON

On December 7th a crowd that packed the gymnasium to the rafters saw our boxing and wrestling teams scuttle the Northampton's best efforts. When the curtain came down the score stood 28 to 10 in wrestling and 30 to 5 in boxing for the Rambler ship.

Chick started hostilities by pinning Culbert in short order. It looks as if our 118 pounder is headed toward another fleet championship. Houston 5 points.

Drover met the most experienced man on the Northampton team and did good work in the first few minutes of wrestling. However, O'Grady soon put on a hold that ended the bout in the Northampton's favor, Houston 5, Northampton 5.

Keimel, an up and coming boy from the B division, took Kampa in a little over two minutes. Houston 10, Northampton 5.

Arthur had Clark in a bad way during the entire four minutes that the bout lasted. It ended by the fall route. Houston 15, Northampton 5.

Buttler, from the main deck aft division, threw everything from flying mares to rolling snakes before easily polishing off Israel in a fall. Here is another boy that looks like championship material. Houston 20, Northampton 5.

Fordemwalt decisioned Sinclair in a bout which lasted the entire 12 minutes. Houston 23, Northampton 5.

Miller lost to Sinclair by a fall in

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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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## EDITORIAL

Since the copy for this sheet was prepared long before it went to press some of the recent happenings, particularly athletics, are not mentioned in our columns. The printing office has been swamped during the last few weeks getting work out for the cruise. As a result the Blue Bonnet has suffered.

The following is a resume of how the Houston teams are doing: Houston defeated the Vestal by taking 7 out of 8 wrestling events and 6 out of 7 boxing events. . . . On 14 December we met the Vestal at Admiral Leigh's Gymnasium, San Pedro, and soon piled up enough points to take the meet in a walkaway. Miller lost a hard fought match to Branaman, and Harris, the fighting Marine, lost a close decision to Dosski.

Only one more hurdle in our group, the Salt Lake City on Saturday. If our teams can get a win then, the protested meet we lost to the Pensacola should go in our favor. The Salt Lake City won in wrestling from the Pensacola by a score of 21 to 15.

In sailing we hit a bit of hard luck in having the port chain plate carry away in the high wind. . . . When it happened we were well up in the van. From past experience all cruisers realize the Houston is and will be the one to beat. As it was, our boat finished fourth. Two more races to go.

The First enlistment and the select-ed crew races came off with the Houston trailing the Chicago, Vestal, Pensacola, and Northampton in that order. This crew is young and will do even better in years to come.

The Ramblers swamped the Mormons in basketball to the tune of 46 to 30. After a listless first period, in which neither team showed offensive

or defensive strength, the Houston quintet came back strong to submerge the Salt Lake City under an avalanche of scores in the fifth game of Group B basketball competition at Admiral Leigh Gym in San Pedro, last Monday night. The score at half time was 16 to 9 in favor of the Houston.

In the second canto, the Ramblers, sparked by LaBarge, swept aside all defense to score almost at will. Scoring honors were divided by Chmura with 13 and LaBarge with 12 points. Twelve Houston men saw action in the fray, with each combination functioning superiorly to a grossly out-played Morman squad.

Only one more scheduled contest remains in the Group B competition, this with the highly-touted Chicago five next Wednesday night.

## HOUSTON—MEDUSA

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defense play of the Houston, which the Medusa cagers found unable to penetrate, and the unhurried machine-like precision of the Ramblers in working through a shattered Medusa defense for numerous tip-in shots, provided the first half rout. Chmura, diminutive, cotton-topped forward of the Ramblers was high point getter, counting five twin markers and as many gift tosses for a total of fifteen points.

## HOUSTON 34—UTAH 29

In a two-act melee with the Utah, heavy bombarding of the backboards by both teams was the outstanding feature of the contest. Less hurried and more accurate the Houston sharpshooters won out in the end, 34-29. Again the close defence of the locals, prevented the Utah from getting set shots, forcing them to attempt a mid-court barrage, which proved unsuccessful. The Utah is the only opponent who has at any time held an advantage in points over the Houston. On one occasion, however, midway in the second period, the Utah led momentarily 23-22, but the respite was brief, since shortly after, the Houston pulled away, not to be headed again.

## HOUSTON 35—RELIEF 30

A surprisingly stubborn Relief team doggedly trailed the highly favored Houston in the fourth game of Group B competition, Wednesday afternoon, only to succumb finally,

by a 35-30 count. An outstanding feature of this game was the futile attempt of Jungblut, Relief pivot man, who made 41 field goal tries, converting on 7 occasions for 14 points and high point honors of the game.

The success of the Rambler hardwood courtiers can be accounted for by several superior factors, to wit: Unified team play, borne out by the evidence of divided scoring honors; low scores of opponents; close defense; adept coaching, under the direction of Captain Gerard, Ensign Wengrovius and Aviation Cadet Morrison; and a complete team of substitutes. This latter factor perhaps is one of the most important reasons why the Houston is undefeated.

The usual starting lineup consists of Phillips, team captain, and Chmura at forwards, Hagerstrom at center, and Hattemer and Faulkner at guards. Replacements, consisting of a completely new team, with Callahan and LaBarge in the forward wall, Newlon at the pivot post and Rebert and Michaud at guards, Haralson, Ulrey and Adams complete the squad.

## Individual scoring:

Chmura, f.	49
Phillips, f.	35
Hattemer, g.	21
LaBarge, f.	20
Faulkner, g.	16
Callahan, f.	14
Hagerstrom, c.	13
Rebert, g.	4
Newlon, c.	4
Michaud, g.	3
Haralson, f.	0
Ulrey, f.	0
Adams, g.	0

## LETTER FROM BORIS

The editor is in receipt of a letter mailed from Norfolk which mentions the fact that all Houstonites are cordially invited to the Ballentine Cafe when and if the Houston anchors off Norfolk. Former Houstonites: McQuin-WT1c, Elho-WT2c, Yontsey-AMM2c, McNesby-CAMM, Whitlow-MM2c, Krecklow-MM2c, Kersee-MM2c, and others, will be on hand to greet the Houston contingent.

Aviation Cadet Jakeman also sends his regards and states that he is now recovering from a plane crash in which he almost emerged a cripple.





The time has come to say 'Goodbye' to quite a number of shipmates whose going we regret in a way and again we know that they are going to other duties that will be interesting, and a change of duty is always refreshing. Steve Sivak, SK1c, as a long-time scribe of the Blue Bonnet, though not very active the past while, will be missed by Ocko probably more than the others. Steve was one of the group of men that came on the Houston during those days in 1929, when the turrets had not yet been placed. His going cuts the list of plank-owners by one more, and it is mighty slim that the list is getting to be. George Herrick, CWT, now at the Naval Hospital, San Diego, is also one of the 1st, and though we expect him back he cannot be listed as a member of the group at present.

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A card from Mr. Snedaker, our recent Paymaster, tells us that he is now safely located at the U. S. Naval Air Station at Pensacola. We surely hope he has a mighty pleasant tour of shore duty there. He will no doubt be glad to know that we came out on top in the Inspection and that's not all, we're gonna stay there.

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Some of the lads who have been at one time and another shipmates of ours on the Rambler Ship are now in other parts of this far-flung Navy of ours—as follows: Pensacola Naval Air—McNesby, ACOM; Joe Lalor, Sealc; Reed, Sealc, better known as Pappy; Readette, RM1c, who never tired of telling what a fine girl he had, and it was too; Andy Mellon, AMM2c, who hailed from the North woods of Michigan. Hollingsworth, AMM1c, is now at Norfolk, Va., and listen to this: Veech, Sealc, is now on a tug at San Diego, and at North Island, Dave Steele, AMM3c, Joe Westfall, AMM3c, Thornton, AMM3c, who are all on their way to the air base at Coco Solo at this writing.

Never thought to see Steele in this outfit again—last time I saw him he was talking of going to Central America but not as a sailor boy. Well, won't be so long till we'll be there ourselves, will it? But why mention such a heartache to these Golden Grainers, remember the way they sang the blues on the last cruise—just ready to come home and they told us we were headed for Norfolk—Boy! And then the cries of rejoicing that went up when the Floating White House came around the point and started for the Panama Canal once more. Well, who could forget that memorable trip, anyway, eating on the fantail and all that stuff.

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Some more of the lads that leave the ship, are already gone, and leaving soon include: Jones, Sealc, 3rd div., gone; Holmquist, SK3c, gone; Barricklo, Bkr1c, going the fifteenth; Sylvester, CCM and Grant, CSK, who shipped over the past week. The latter two will remain on the ship, we understand. Gossage, WT1c, shipped over and went on leave, will return for transfer to New Construction, Bremerton, Wash. Sure like to grab off a flock of that Bremerton duty myself, Goose!! Good luck to all you fellows, and I hope some day to again be shipmates with you, and maybe I won't be sittin' up nights adding up the doings and misdoings of the lads when that time comes—So Long!

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Well, we have here quite an amount of stuff that came from the Contribution Box: Let's look it over.

From the EVAPS: Soldier donated a pack of Camel cigarettes (sea-stores) to John Bulla to protect that delicate pipe of his from the harsh irritants of three cent sea stores known as 'the Golden Grainer's last stand' . . . (Must have been quite a sensation, eh Bulla? Ocko wonders.) Here's the rest of it: John smoked half of the pack and attached the rest to the Evap's bulletin board with thumb tacks, and a note which read: It's all on Soldier. He donated one pack of sea stores; take one. So, let's not forget the late Emerson for the donation to his BUDDY—the reason—: Soldier doesn't smoke Camels—never liked them.

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This is a bit ancient but still carries some sort of a punch—mostly

from the A Division:

Wonder why Rebel Hurrell goes around with that chest out so much lately—maybeso practicing for to show the gals on the beach the sort of He-men the Houston puts out these days! How come Si Pierce and J. Bulla (that's twice Johnny) are staying aboard and looking so down-hearted lately—could it be that the girls are back East on a sort of pre-Xmas leave??? Ocko'd like to know the answer to that one too!!! Seems that newly rated MM2c Epperson is rather on the worn and weary side since the recent thirty days leave and recreation on the nearby shoreside: well, who could take thirty days of that stuff and feel so hot anyhow—wait till the forthcoming Xmas leave is over and some of the rest of us won't be so spry either! Bickley and Moore seem to be rather overflowing with the milk of human kindness or something too: not long ago seen helping the B division clean out and scrub No. 2 blower room. Now what have you two been up to this time? We wonder what it could have been??

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Follows an open note to one "Small Fry" McPherson, 3rd division: We will be glad to use the short story you so kindly submitted, and when you feel like it toss another our way. Thank you.

C&R notes:

Fabre: Give me a beer.

Barkeep: Are you twenty-one?

F.: Yes.

B.: Liberty card?

F.: Give me a coke.

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And who was the young Lochinvar of the same gang that was walking down Ocean Ave. the other night, passed a group of pretties and heard one of them say, "Gee, ain't he cute?" What's the score on that, Shorty? Ocko'd like to know.

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There's another one this week about how dry the Blue Bonnet is; well, look at the paper from three weeks ago and the same answer still holds good.

Runkle of the 3rd seems to have it all over on some of the lads on the beach. Seems he earned the name of somewhat of a fisticuffer—even brought the effect back to the ship with him. Why not work out with

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## LITTLE OCKO SAYS

(Continued from page 3)

Archie and the boys, lad, might bring a belt home at the end of the season.

\* \* \* \*

And so Div. 3's Vought is a lady-killer? Who'd a thought it? Went ashore the other night with enough foo-foo on those locks of his to grease the skids of all the boats on the ships. Well, Shorty Truelove still picks 'em and leaves 'em and Vought takes what is left. That is a known admission of the latter.

\* \* \* \*

Here's one that apparently originated around the Engineer's passageway: Vogel, WT1c, is in love and on the way to the altar, or so they say, at the rate of five or six perfumed letters a week from San Diego. That does sound rather bad, fella. I offer you all the consolation in my heart—really!

\* \* \* \*

To little Ocko:

One Stoner, fireman of the M division running around sporting a beautiful set of wedding rings, in equally as beautiful an ivory case. When questioned as to the date of the wedding he blushed, said he hoped it would take place soon. My idea is that people who don't know buy those things just to look at (mine too); just isn't being done in the better below-deck society.

(Signed)

Log Room. (I wonder).

Well, that's the end of the Contribution Box, but here's some more that might interest the readers of the column:

\* \* \* \*

One of the Hackies pinned on the back of the practical and general joker, Franklin, CWT, one of the consolation cards distributed about the ship the past week. He got off the ship OK, and arrived at the landing before anyone took pity on him—who was it? Why the Senior Patrol Officer detailed another Hacky to remove it, as it was not becoming to a CPO of the U. S. Navy.

And he retorted by telling Ocko that from the amount of liberties made lately it must be sort of a 'Be kind to Proimos week' along the Pike. Well, can't a fellow make a liberty as often as he has the finances to back it up?

And also it is asked who the Chief Bosn's Mate is that has commenced growth on a soup strainer and changed his name from Archibald to Sweet Pea? I wonder, too, and who was it that asked me that question in the first place?

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Perhaps next time the Blue Bonnet comes out we will have a bit more stuff that will be of interest to you lads, and at that time little Ocko will renew his acquaintance with the readers of the Blue Bonnet.—So Long, OCKO.

## BOXING—WRESTLING

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four minutes flat. Better luck next time, Miller. Houston 23, Northampton 10.

Vassar, the Man-Mountain Dean of the Marine Corps, and pride of the fighting fifth, threw caution to the winds to get a fall over Satterwaite in two minutes 15 seconds time. Final score in wrestling: Houston 28, Northampton 10.

Colbert and Holton, Houston representatives in the 118 and 126 pound divisions were granted forfeitures by virtue of non-representation on the part of the Northampton. Houston, 10 points.

Martin, striker for gunner's mate, fought a gallant fight by having Lewanski out on his feet in the final fourth round of their fight. Lewanski, however, had piled up enough points in the first three rounds to get the judges' decision. Houston 10, Northampton 5.

Hodge, slaughter house mess boy from the wardroom, butchered his namesake Hodges from the Pensacola in a four round meet to get a one sided decision from the judges. Houston 15, Northampton 5.

Adams, performing before the eyes of his admiring wife, slugged out a decision over Cotton. Houston 20, Northampton 5.

Harris KO'd Cummings in the first round. This is another marine who is performing well for the Houston. Houston 25, Northampton 5.

Lewdanski, deck scrubber of the quarterdeck, pounded out a KO in the first round over McBee. Final score: Houston 30, Northampton 5.

## THE LAST HOUR

(Continued from page 1.)

Somewhere, far away, the eerie wail of a siren cut the silence like a sudden quickened March wind on a moonless night. It mirrored the turmoil in his mind perfectly, so perfectly that he irrevocably knew it to be a kind of signal for the hastening of the end.

A little frightened stirring of her hands told him that she was trying to talk again. He bent low to catch her words.

"Robert, dear," she faltered, "promise me you'll be an officer." Her words were barely audible now. "It was your father's wish."

"All right, mother. I promise."

He remembered what his father expected of him. Ever since he was big enough to understand it had been preached to him—his was to be a career as a Naval officer. But he must go up from the ranks. According to his father, that was the only way one could truly understand the problems of the men who would serve under him.

The wan figure in bed shuddered convulsively as a hacking cough tortured woefully weak muscles into helpless response. How sick and worn she looked. She couldn't last long.

The end came. She lay still and white, yet the smile on her face even in death showed that she had attained her fondest hope, a promise from her boy that he would go far in the Navy.

Outside, a car skidded to a hasty stop. They were coming to get him.

What if he did have to go back so soon? He had atoned for everything. His mother would rest in peace.

A sharp rap at the door caused him to get up and start toward the hallway. He was ready. He was ready to answer for a crime against the Naval Service, a crime committed because he couldn't take it any more. He had been weak. One thing was certain, his mother would never know that he was going back to answer for the charge of desertion.

The San Pedro-Long Beach breakwater is 12,500 feet long and exceeds anything of its kind in the world.