



Volume VI, Number 1.

Lahaina Roads, Maui

April 3, 1938.

## Elimination Bouts In Number Two

With Lt. (jg) McDonald, Lt. (jg) Dibrell, CCStd. Barnett as judges, and Ens. Ely as the referee the bouts began.

The lead-off came with McCollough of M and Dalton of B division. It was anybody's fight till Dalton began to toss some hefty ones and it was the end then for the M division's entry, who lost by a decision. In the next bout it was a case of the little fellow and the fellow with the long arms. Jarmin of the F was a bit shorter and got in under the shipfitter Wishard's guard to cut him down. Christensen of the 2nd and Perry of the 1st, both lightweights, and both fighters, put on some fireworks. The 2nd division's lad was a bit more classy and a bit more on the scientific side of the side. The other lad was a real slugger and gave his opponent plenty to think over in the first round and a half. It was in the last of the second that he went into the ropes and nearly took a count. Then the third came along and they went out there to do or die. Perry was a game lad but the boy from the second came in under his wild swings and, having got the range was soon the winner by a knockout.

Then we had Kendzor, C&N, and Brown, E division, up for a bout. Kendzor led most of the way in this one, and Brown fought on the defensive side. Brown had a snaky right that he got in several times and which bothered the radio striker a lot. It was a steady barrage of punches that the blond lad from the comm deck kept coming which won him the fight by a decision. Next on the Program came Aubin, from the Bake Shop, representing the S, and Mitchell, another lad from the C&N. It was almost over before

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## A History Of The Pineapple

Early Spanish and Portuguese explorers are said to have found the pineapple both cultivated and growing wild in the West Indies, but its original home is said to have been Brazil. Its name is derived from the Spanish word *Pina* because of

its resemblance to the pine tree cone. The first mention of the pineapple is found in the statement by Peter Martyr that Christopher Columbus and his companions saw it at Quadalupe in 1493. The first picture of this fruit comes from the *Universal History of India* (meaning the new world), by Father Oviedo, a Jesuit missionary, in his book published in 1535.

In 1555 Jean de Lery, the first Protestant minister to preach on the American continent describes the pineapple as "a fruit worthy of the gods and of such excellence that it should be picked only by the hands of Venus."

How the plant first got to the Hawaiian Islands is not definitely known. Some believe that they were first washed ashore from ship wrecked Spanish vessels, while others contend that traders and whalers brought them. The first written record was from the diary of a Spaniard, Don Francisco di Paula y Marin, who lived on the Island of Hawaii, dated in 1813. The early pineapples were found to be growing wild but this variety was small, acid and filled with woody fibre. The native Hawaiians called them *Halakahiki* which translated means foreign screwpine, and contemptuously referred to as just another strange food served to tourists.

In 1882 Captain Kidwell, an English horticulturist, imported from Jamaica a variety grown there, known as the smooth Cayenne, which proved so successful that they

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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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 Printer: R. L. Beckwith, Sealc

April 3, 1938

## Don't Waste Water !!!

It's the same story again - with the same theme, but with a different setting. Don't waste water! Don't use more than is absolutely necessary!

We're in tropical waters now where the temperature is high and the atmosphere is damp. Nothing is as refreshing as a cool shower. With skin wastes and the surface blood cooled by a shower bath, one feels a lot better. It is human nature to remain under a shower longer than is absolutely essential. Yet anyone aboard can be just as permanently refreshed with a short shower as with a long one.

To those who prepare food go a warning: Use only enough water to accomplish your purpose. Any amount over this is waste.

Cooperate with the engineering department by saving water. The evaporators can only make so much water. At present the average daily consumption is 21,000 gallons, an amount equal to that of a battleship's, and being twice as great as our normal expenditure while we were anchored at Long Beach, California. In Pearl Harbor it may be necessary to clamp down our decks with fresh water. All hands must be doubly careful.

Conserve the water. Otherwise the use of fresh water will be restricted. It's no fun for anybody when water has to be rationed out.

◆◆◆◆◆  
 "Lighthouse no glood for flog," say Chinaman. "Lighthouse he shine, whistle he blow, bell he ling, and flog he come just the same. No glood."

"Anyone would think I was drunk," said Westerfield as he reeled away.

Houston Host  
To Destroyer

Destroyer 214 (TALBOT) knifed through the seas and sidled up to the Houston for fueling just the other day. They then received fuel, bread, ice cream, and copies of the Blue Bonnet from our ship. In exchange the Talbot tossed over a sheaf of Honolulu newspapers, week old papers, yet welcome because they put us a bit closer to the civilization on land.

There wasn't anything unusual in this. There was something familiar about one of the faces aboard the destroyer though. Lt. Comdr. Vanzant, attached to the Houston last year as assistant first Lieutenant and well re-

membered by all old hands, waved a cheery "hello" from the destroyer's bridge. He is commanding officer of the Talbot.

The recent rough weather had left its mark on the destroyer. Many onlookers aboard the Houston were secretly glad then that they hadn't had to weather the storm on the destroyer. Yes, I heard what you said. It was tough aboard our ship during that heavy weather, but if you think it was any bed of roses on that destroyer you better go right up to the sick bay to have your head examined.

The following appropriate poem seems to show vividly a bit of what life is aboard a destroyer.

## The Destroyer Men

There's a roll and pitch and a heave and a hitch  
 To the nautical gait they take,  
 For they're used to the cant of the decks aslant  
 As the white-toothed combers break  
 On the plates that thrum like a beaten drum  
 To the thrill of the turbines' might,  
 As the knife-bow leaps through the yeasty deeps  
 With the speed of a shell in flight!

Oh! Their scorn is quick for the crews who stick  
 To a battleship's steady floor,  
 For they love the lurch of their own frail perch  
 At thirty-five knots or more.  
 They don't get much of the drills and such  
 That the battleship jackies do,  
 But they sail the seas in their dungarees,  
 A grimy destroyer's crew.

They needn't climb at their sleeping time  
 To a hammock that sways and bumps,  
 They leap - kerplunk - in a cosy bunk  
 That quivers and bucks and jumps.  
 They hear the sounds of the seas that pound  
 On the half-inch plates of steel  
 And close their eyes to the lullabies  
 Of the creaking frame and keel.

They're a lusty crowd and they're vastly proud  
 Of the slim, swift craft the drive,  
 Of the roaring flues and the humming screws  
 Which make her a thing alive.  
 They love the lunge of her surging plunge  
 And the murk of her smoke-screen, too,  
 As they sail the seas in their dungarees,  
 A grimy destroyer's crew.

Berton Braley

## Did You Know ?

In Hawaii Octopus is considered a delicacy.

The Thurston lava tube on the island of Hawaii is the largest in the world.

There are 3095 miles of roads on the Hawaiian Islands.

Hawaii produces 10,000,000 pounds of coffee each year.

## A Tall Story

Marine: "Yes, when I was in Africa a lion ran across my path. I had no gun in my hand so I took a pail of water and poured it over his head and he ran away."

Sailor: "I can vouch for that. I was in Africa at the time and as the lion ran past me I stroked his mane and it was still quite damp."



Who do you suppose we saw in the Machine Shop the other night, plucking his eyebrows? No other than Nicollette, elder member of the Three Rover Boys of the Navy. That is bad dope there Nick, for a man of your age and means, because those dusky lasses of the islands will have you roped and tied before you get a fair start.

\* \* \* \*

Have you seen the flashy dungarees that Panama Sanders, WT2c, has been wearing around lately? They tell me that he keeps a can of bright work polish in his locker to keep the buttons shined and has to shine those shoes of his three times a day to keep them even with the dungarees.

\* \* \* \*

We stopped in number three messing compartment the other day and it was there at the table that we saw the medium sized trough that had been placed there for the younger of the Three Rover Boys (so he claims), Crego, the mighty Sparktrician of the I. C. Room. It came about that he failed for once to be the first one at the table and one of the other lads came along and tossed the offending trough off the table. Would have liked to have heard what the Rover Boy had to say on the matter though.

\* \* \* \*

During the rough weather that came upon the ship during Fleet Problem Part V, there came, as is usual, tall tales of other ships in other waters and times. The final straw was when Wimpy Stachnik, BM1c, told one about the goldfish in the wardroom on the Tulsa, in Asiatic waters, and how it got so rough that the goldfish got seasick riding in the bowl assigned to them in the Wardroom. That was a tall one, but get Charlie Putnam to tell you the one where the ship rolled some sixty-nine degrees in the Indian Ocean. Jim Wallace is also good at that sort of thing, only Jim says that he tells the truth.

A. Rollin DeForge, SM3c, is wailing his troubles from one wing of the bridge to the other. Wednesday he missed all three meals and boy, was he burned up.

\* \* \* \*

Howard Chase, one of the Engineers' Force Badger Boys, threw his keys at Robinson, WT1c, and as Robbie ducked the keys described a beautiful arc and dropped into the blue, clear water.

\* \* \* \*

Montgomery, Boat Deck Romeo, was growing a full beard. We saw the lad clean shave one morning after quarters and so -- what could we say?

\* \* \* \*

Anyone that has been missing out on the Elimination Bouts that Mr. Ely has been conducting on the ship in preparation for the smoker that is coming up in Honolulu has been losing out on some real sporting affairs. It has been a pleasure to watch those lads out there, some of them not at all at home in the ring and others showing that they had been there before.

Thanks to the careful supervision of the affair it has been well matched and the true sportsmanship of the real sailor man has been very prominent throughout. During the bouts same 'boozing' was heard and it was stopped by the referee, Mr. Ely. It is too bad when the fellows in the ring are so sporting about the affair that the manager of the bouts has to stop and tell the spectators to show how sporting they can be. Lets not have it again.

\* \* \* \*

Vendetti, SC1c, received the word that he has been placed on the list for CCStd, and Little Ocko wants to take this opportunity to offer congratulations in the name of the Blue Bonnet and the ship's company. May success be yours Van, and good luck.

\* \* \* \*

Is there anything to the story that was told to me about two of the prominent lads of the ship. Brady of the Exec's Office and Davis of Ship's Service, who are reputed to be going to get married on the return of the Rambler Ship to Long Beach. If its true we wish them luck, if not, well I guess I started something.

Bucky Haratyk, Spud Cox'n, has definitely become duty struck as he was seen one evening lately under his bunk in the compartment looking for something. On being asked what it was that he was looking for he said (in his sleep), "It's right here, its just got to be, 'cause that's where I put it and if that celery is gone I'm gonna get somebody." All we can say is that the lad really has his mind on his work and that is a fact. Take it easy Buck, you'll cool off one of these days and be normal again.

\* \* \* \*

Rumor has it that L.B. Barricklo, better known as Bakes, is going out on sixteen years in the near future, and if that is so we will lose a well known figure in the Houston's commissary department.

\* \* \* \*

There is something funny about how come that Simmons of the Exec's Office force is seen every so often in the P. O.'s washroom washing the blues that drape the form of his boss, Tom DeBri. What is the score there lads? Looks sorta out of the line of duty to me.

\* \* \* \*

Bud Adams has been telling Jasinski of the C&N boxing team that if he hears bells and so on it is not necessary to crouch down and square-off. Bud has also told the lad that in a year or so it will wear off and he'll be O.K. but Jazz doesn't know what to think about it all, and I think it honestly has the lad from the radio shack worried. Don't believe all that Buddy tells you feller or you'll be going around like the kids on the fo'c'sle where he sits on the bitts and thinks up that stuff.

\* \* \* \*

The ship is losing some mighty good shipmates and it sure is tough to see some of them go. They are good fellows that have been here and now they are gone. We are losing a pair of good boys from the third and fourth divs., the Marler brothers. It seems that a person has to lose the good at all times though we seldom think of it that way when we get good shipmates. Happy days boys, and a pleasant cruise.

Mary had a small gold watch.

She swallowed it! It's gone.

And now wherever Mary walks

Time marches on.

**Close Shaves**

Saturday, the day of the Big Roll, Dan Daly of the Shipfitters' lusty crew, had quite an experience and a nearly fatal one. Working on a sea sled on the quarter deck, Danny was caught in a big wave and went past the lifelines. Holding to a line till the ship heeled over again he came back aboard. All Danny had left to show for his experience was a soaked skin and his pipe. It was, as always, clamped in his teeth and he didn't let go of it either.

John Fabick, Sgt. of our Marine Detachment, was crossing the boat deck when one big roll and a wave came along. Then Johnny found himself gripping a stanchion with his legs and the lifeline with both hands. His pleas for help were soon answered and Johnny headed for lower deck spaces. Some say he never came out till evening.

Due to failure to get to sleep, because the bunk was swapping ends on me, I took a stroll, from side to side, and got as far as the forward messing compartment. I found dishes all over the place, and water chasing a bunch of section leaders across the deck.

In the Armory Freeman, GM2c, was being assisted by Lambert, Cpl., who couldn't sleep either, in swabbing up water on deck. I arrived in time to see Herkie take a slide across the deck to end up half way under the work bench. That marine can sure use a swab.

Looked in on Turret Three and things were sliding fast. Wicker was busy trying to keep ahead of some grease pots and had the gun sponge lashed in a shell tray. That boy is master of any situation, and he sure handled that one neatly.

After the roll was over it seems we all sat up and took a deep breath, but it was too soon for the boys in the Evaporators. 'Doc' Emerson, F2c, was busily working away when a roll dislodged a coffee pot, bounced it off the bulkhead and dashed it upon and all over the Doc's shoulders and back. Too bad fellow. We sympathize with all the boys who were injured during these trying days and bid them speedy returns to health.

**Wasner's Motto**

'Tis better to have lunched and lost than never to have lunched at all.

**Lt. Schanze Detached**

Lieutenant E. S. Schanze, at present 4th division officer, will be detached at Pearl Harbor on our arrival there. He will then assume the duties as assistant communication officer for the 14th Naval District.

Serving as radio officer, and later as "F" division officer up until recently, when he took over the 4th, Lt. Schanze will be remembered as a well liked and efficient officer. All hands bid him goodbye and wish him the best of luck in his new assignment.

**A History  
Of The Pineapple**

(From Page 1.)

are the variety of pineapple grown in the Hawaiian Islands for commercial use. They are not planted from seeds but from the cone shaped crowns which grow on the top of the fruit, slips which grow from the stalk just below the fruit, and shoots which grow off the main stem. After the soil has been cultivated and finely pulverized it is treated with about 4000 lbs of fertilizer per acre and then shaped into long low hills. Long strips of paper, 300 feet long by 3 feet wide, are put down by horse drawn roller devices to preserve moisture, increase the temperature of the soil by absorbing and retaining the sun's heat, and to keep the weed growth down.

The plants are then planted by hand in rows through openings cut in the paper with planting irons. The irons also soil around the butts so that they are firmly anchored. The growing takes from 20 to 24 months. Shortly after the first year, a blossom appears which gradually takes the form of the fruit, its tiny blue flowers disappearing as it grows. The spaces between the rows are cultivated and fertilized during the growing period, and every month an iron sulphate or copperas "tonic" is applied to the leaves. This "tonic" is necessary to prevent a yellowing of the leaves from Chlorosis.

These plants generally bear for three years, the first crop producing the largest pineapples averaging about 5 pounds each. The picking is done by hand by breaking the fruit off at the stem. The harvesting has to be carefully timed because if picked too

green it will not ripen, and not too late as fermentation sets in shortly after full maturity. It is only through the aid of scientific developments in cultivation and canning that this delicious fruit has been transformed from the food of kings to the food of our own table in any part of the world.

**Elimination Bouts**

(From Page 1.)

it had a chance to get started. Aubin hit the lad and down he went. As he came up again he was returned to the deck. It was declared a knockout. Teschnor of the F and Moulton of the 3rd came on and gave a good scrap. Teschnor was apparently the better of the two from the way he carried himself and boxed. Moulton had a wicked left which if he had ever got into action might have told a different story. As it was, Moulton received a rather negligent cut on the eye, and Teschnor won the decision. That was the one where Borghetti nearly lost his voice.

The final bout was a bit heavier than the ones before, with "Singin' Sam" Ashcraft of the R and Dalton of the 3rd. Sam came in with those long arms of his and punched like a mule kicks, but that lad from the Main Deck Aft can really take it. He held Sammy to a draw and it was a real bout that had all hands present on their toes. It would be nice to see a return match between the two lads.

All in all it was a fine display of good sportsmanship. When we get down to the finals and have the smoker there should be some mighty pretty bouts. Anyone missing these bouts is missing a lot of fun and enjoyment.

**Thursday's Bouts**

Swatski of the 3rd dug into Kuschill of the 5th with so much vengeance that Kuschill's handlers tossed the towel in the 1st round (1 minute and 25 seconds).

F division entry, Rogers, won the decision over Davidson of the 1st in a bout which left both very tired.

Haratyk, Spud Cox'n of the S, fought the battle of the century with Jasinski of the C division. Result was a draw.

Don't forget the finals in boxing and wrestling at Pearl Harbor. There'll be action aplenty.