THE BLUE BONNET

★ U.S.S. HOUSTON ★

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What to see In San Francisco

San Francisco fairly exudes cosmopolitan atmosphere. Having a long and glorious past which reached great impetus during the gold rush days it is one of the most interesting cities in the world. One can still see remaining remnants of those bygone days.

In this beautiful city of today one can visit many interesting places and soon feel that certain something which only San Francisco can impart. Here are a few places to visit: **Barbary Coast** — On Pacific between Grant and Kearney. This section of the city shows what remains of the honky tonks, dance halls, saloons, gambling dens, and houses of evil repute which soon separated the adventurer from his roll. After the earthquake of 1906 the "Coast" slowly crumpled into the limbo of time. Now only a few deserted buildings stand.

Chinatown — On Grant and Stockton between Pine and Jackson. Here one can see China seemingly transported from the Far East into the heart of a modern city. Chinese markets, theatres, restaurants, and marts give one a taste of the oriental. Chinatown built up around a Chinese telephone exchange soon after it was established. This is the only Chinese telephone exchange in America.

Fisherman's Wharf — North Shore or Beach. Fisherman's Wharf is unique in the distinction that one can get sea food cocktails of any American shellfish on a minute's notice. Huge

(Continued on Page 4.)

San Francisco Bridge Largest in World

NOW that we have arrived in San Francisco here are some of the statistics,—you know, those things don't lie. The two largest items at San Francisco are the two bridges, San Francisco-Oakland bridge and the Golden Gate bridge. In 1930 San Francisco had a population of approximately 650,000 and Oakland about 300,000. With the completion of the Bay Bridge the two were joined and they made a combination something on the order of Brooklyn and Manhattan but not as large. The Gate bridge also enlarges the aggregate population but not in the same proportion as the population is largely urban.

The San Francisco-Oakland Bridge is the longest and most costly of bridges to date. The cost was $77,000,000. During the construction of this bridge 24 lives were lost and 1100 persons injured. The bridge as it stands consists of 2 suspension spans of 2310 ft., 3 suspension spans of 1160 ft., and 1 cantiliver span of 1400 ft., a total of 9500 ft. in spans only. The approaches are not considered in the above description.

(Continued on Page 4.)

A Fish Net Comes Aboard

AS SOON as we dropped anchor off San Francisco the other day, a boat hove alongside and presented us with a fine fish net — cork floaters and all. This caused the scuttlebutt to bubble merrily and many were the opinions given out for its presence aboard.

Still your tongues and you shall hear (the midnight ride of Paul Revere — for rhyme only). The California Fish and Game Commission gave us a surveyed fish net to be used on board, not as a fishing net to catch the finny denizens of the depths but as a medicine ball stopper, a barrier on both sides of the quarterdeck to prevent those balls which are thrown with more strength than accuracy from falling into the ocean.

We wish to thank the California Fish and Game Commission for this gift. No more will it be possible for 4 medicine balls to be thrown over the side in the course of a single day as was done during the last cruise. Yes, the officers take credit for this remarkable feat.

Nautical Questionaire

What are the following:

1. Fid?
2. Commander?
3. Dead light?
4. Lizard?
5. Devil's horn?
6. Lubber's line?

Answers on page four.

- Editorial -

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE" is French and it means "nobility obliges," i.e., the nobility of one's position in life makes a certain standard of conduct and obligation.

We had the good fortune, several years ago, to see this exemplified in a charitable deed performed cheerfully by two distinguished Naval Officers, Rear Admiral J. M. Reeves (Ret.) and the late Rear Admiral Ashley Robertson, then Commandant of the Eleventh Naval District.

Admiral Reeves, who at that time was a Captain in command of Aircraft Squadrons, Battle Fleet, had lately returned to San Diego from Panama, in his Flagship, the Langley. Many problems assailed him. His airplanes were inferior and the casualties among his flyers were heavy. Yet one concern seemed to stand out acutely from the others. It had to do with a last minute transfer of a petty officer on the eve of our sailing from Panama. Coco Solo Air Station needed a rigger and we had to send Bill Brown to fill the void. Before going over the side with bag and hammock, Brown confided in the Chaplain that his wife was ill in San Diego and that he hoped that transportation could be arranged for a passage to Panama. Brown took his bad streak in stride which only increased his popularity on the Langley.

On the way North, Capt. Reeves learned of the forced separation in the Brown family and decided that something must be done about it. A movement schedule told him that a Navy transport would soon touch at San Diego and he felt sure that, however crowded the ship might be, there could always be room for just one more.

Radio messages were sent and answered but the news published in the radio shack was bad — "no bunk available for Mrs. Brown." "By gad, we'll see about that," said Capt. Reeves. He sent for the Chaplain. "I want you to have Mrs. Brown pack her things and have her on the dock when the transport arrives. Get a nurse if necessary, I'll do the rest."

The Captain stepped ashore at about eleven that morning. As he walked to the office of the District Commandant, we saw him turn his head and scowl at the gray sides of the big transport. He went to the office of Admiral Robertson, one of the best beloved of Naval officers. They agreed "Something can be done, something shall be done." They left the office together. I can still see them heading for the dock where the young wife, the Chaplain and the baggage stood. "Cheer up, young lady," cried Captain Reeves, "We'll get you to Coco Solo or bust." Down the crowded dock they hurried and up the steep brow to the quarter deck. The O.O.D. said the Commanding Officer was ashore. More delay. The ship was to sail at 1300. Eight bells, one bell, two bells. The Ship's Captain returned and found two determined officers awaiting him. At 1310 the siren sounded and last preparations were made for getting underway when the Admiral and Captain emerged from the crowd. "We found a bunk for you, Mrs. Brown. Bon voyage, and God bless you."

With bag and baggage and a happy heart the rigger's wife sailed that day to rejoin her husband at Coco Solo.

Needless to say the Admiral and Captain missed lunch that day, and I doubt that they even gave it a thought. There is "Noblesse oblige" for you. Captain Reeves later became a four-star Admiral, Cammander-in-Chief of the U. S. Fleet. Admiral Robertson lies peacefully now near the grave of the unknown soldier at Arlington.

Your uniform is a badge of nobility. It gives you a standard of conduct far above that of a man of the street.

—W.A.M.

—: 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 Officer and Commander C. A. Bailey, U.S.N., Executive Officer.

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Dear Marie,

'Twon't be long afore our happy home pokes her nose outa tha Navy Yard and starts a skitterin' over tha wave and foam.

In this Navy a body can't be a hankerin' to anchor one place for more than a mite or he'll be finding his moorin's yanked up by tha roots afore they begin to take hold. So us Navies allus keep our bones primed for a changin' climate.

S'pose your Pa is wonderin' when his grain'll be ready for cuttin'. That stand in that upper eighty oughta run about 70 bushels per acre.

Seems sorta funny now 'bout me once havin' to pitch in with tha threshin' crew at hayin' time, but guess I'll allus bear a soft place in my heart for farmin' tho they say I can't plow a straight furrow.

Ma usta set such a heavy meal durin' threshin' time that we had to bring in the saw horses to keep tha table from bucklin'. 'Twas a sight to see that food disappearin'. I don't know what made tha most noise, tha eatin' or tha combine in tha field.

We shure pack away tha food here, too. When tha crew's in a hungry mood tha mess cooks have to be runnin' on tha double for more vittles. They're so worn out by runnin' to tha galley that they soon rattle worse'n a bag o' bones. That's why we gotta be relievin' 'em every three months.

Well Marie, I'll be a sendin' you writin' matter from now on 'bout my traipsin's over tha globe. Tell Sal, I'm tickled pick she married that runt Felix Jackson. Maybe she'll beat some sense into his hollow head.

Love,

Gus

1 Well, a week in which I did not have any dope on the lads of the Houston it is about time that I get down to business and tell a few more sea stories.

2 Got quite a bit of cooperation from the BB Contribution Box these past two weeks, so we'll look that over first. Here's an item from the Engineer's Force:

3 Anyone missing the coffee throwing contest in No. 3 Messing Compartment the other night between McCulloch and Krecklow of the fighting 'M' missed the Battle of the Century. It seems that some don't care for sugar in their coffee. With or without, its much better on the inside boys !

4 Someone else says: "I do solemnly swear never to tell anyone that Shoemaker's (of the 'M' Div.) dearest friends call him "Shoosy-Woosy". Tsk Tsk-and-Oh My! Such a name for a proud husband and papa.

5 And here's one that begins: "Honorable sirs: (First time any one accused this fellow of being very honorable for some time) I have read in the Blue Bonnet that you wish new ideas and more contributions. Upon investigation I have found that most men want a Bank Night at the movies. Once a week. The prize to be a Ship's Service Coupon Book. The rules:— when each person draws a coupon book let him put a certified copy of the number in a box; the box to be opened at the movies one night in each week. The winner of the draw receives a free book of Ship's Service Coupons. How's that for an idea ? ? ?

6 Little Ocko thinks that would be a good idea if the Ship's Service Officer and others concerned could be convinced of the same.

7 For the person who put the cut of the Captain and the Seaman in the box, thanks, and Ocko will see if he can get some action on it for you. Also the menu of the Quentin Cafe.

8 Here is a question for you all: What is the name of the march played at the beginning of the Fox Movietone Newsreels? Any one that knows the name of it please put it in the BB Contribution Box in No. 1 Mess. Com't. Thanks.

9 Ed. P. Shivel, BM2c, of the fourth div. left the Houston for the Turkey, a minesweeper. Shanny O'Niel, Seaman Sails Striker is singing the blues that he missed out on going to the Oriole for duty as a seaman. Better luck next time feller.

10 And who was it that pinned the black eye on the Mighty Hank of the Scullery? Fooling around wrestling on the messdeck is the cause of worse things than black eyes.

11 Stachnik, BM1c, of the second division, went out on sixteen last Friday, 8 July. Good luck on the outside Shipmate. From what we hear you may need it.

12 Some news of former shipmates includes the following: Reynolds, SC3c paid off a couple of weeks ago, was seen on the way to his home at Texarkana, Texas; said he had a job waiting. S. N. 'Big Red' Lewis, MM2c, formerly of the M division is shipping over and trying to get back on the Houston. Willie Burke, former cox'n. of the first, shipped over in San Francisco last Wednesday, for duty on the East Coast. Sonneman, ex-F div. seaman is on an oil-tanker, making pretty good money. Hope he stays. Morris Lee, SM3c, well liked sailor on the Houston is bunting tosser on a 'tin can' in San Diego area now.

Randall, CRM, out recently on 20, sent words of greetings to his old shipmates and words of thanks to the members of the Radio Gang for the gifts he received after he arrived home. Chas. Sessions, S1c, recently paid off from the fourth division has shipped over and gone to duty in the Asiatic Station. Good Luck ! ! !

13 We've just received some new recruits aboard from the Training Station at San Diego. Welcome aboard fellows, Hope you have a good cruise.

14 Big shift the past week in the deck petty officer forces aboard; Whitey Wellbourn, BM1c, long time jimmy-legs on the Rambler Ship, goes to the fourth division; Sammy Fox, BM 1c, fourth to F; Machado, BM2c, F to second; Malcolm, Cox'n, third to the Police Petty Officer Force.

15 The Exec's Office says quite a few of our shipmates are about to be paid off and try it once more on the U.S.S. Outside. Among them are the following:—

Knowlden, K. C.	Y3c
Crayne, T. F.	SM3c
Ryan, R. J.	F1c
Jones, C. D.	S1c
Sheffield, H. L.	S1c
Duggan, E. F.	RM2c
Garcia, E. O.	RM2c
Jones, M. F.	S1c
Harrison, F. A.	S1c
Newberry, R. K.	SC2c
Vendetti, N. J.	CCStd(AA)

Well, Good Luck Fellers. Drop a letter to the Blue Bonnet and let us know how it is out there .Might want to try it some day ourselves.

! That's all Fellers, there ain't no more. Little Ocko will be back next week, thanks for listenin'.

I Don't Get It

She laughed when I sat down to play, how did I know she was ticklish?

Two old maids went for a tramp in the woods.
The tramp escaped.

"Going out tonight?"
"Not completely."

It is better to have loved a short gal, than never to have loved a tall.

A lady we know walked out on her husband because he couldn't stand the way she talked. Now, she's gone home to mutter.

He who laughs last didn't get the joke in the first place.

San Francisco Bridge

(From Page 1.)

The Golden Gate Bridge opened on 28 May, 1937, cost about $33,000,000 and is the longest single span being 4200 feet long. The towers for this suspension bridge are 746 ft. high and the deck of the bridge at the highest point is 200 ft. above the water level. There were 11 deaths during its construction.

Rapidly taking shape on Treasure Island is the 1939 San Francisco's World Fair. Some of the buildings are constructed and sight seeing parties are taken around the island. The island is wholly reclaimed land from the bay, 5520 feet long and 3400 feet wide and 13 feet above sea level and required 20,000,000 cubic yards of earth. It will become San Francisco's airport when the fair is over.

The fair opens on 18 February, 1939 and closes 2 December of the same year. It is the first international exposition held at San Francisco since 1915 when the completion of the Panama Canal was celebrated.

Answers to Questionaire On Page 1.

1. A tapered piece of hard wood, usually about 3 inches in diameter at the large end and about 15 inches long. Used for splicing manila line.

2. Another meaning besides the commission is one which is applied to marlinspike seamanship. It is a large fid used for splicing large manila hawsers.

3. A permanent fixed glass port in the deck, doors, or hatch covers for the purpose of lighting.

4. A line with a thimble on one end. Used as a leader and steadier—a fair lead.

5. A fitting on the forward side of the ship's wildcats—prevents the anchor chain from fouling.

6. An etched mark on the compass binnacle giving the ship's heading—stationary with the ship's head. Also a line used on a stage to prevent men from falling over the side—hence its name is derived from the fact that lubbers would be the only ones needing it.

What To See

(From Page 1.)

steaming pots sit on the sidewalks and prepare the crabs before your eyes. Joe Di Maggio's Cafe is one of the restaurants here which do a rushing business catering to the fish hungry public.

Golden Gate Park — Take a street car or head your automobile out Fulton Street towards the ocean. Within the confines of this immense park is The Flieshacker Zoo with many American animals, the aquarium stocked with American game fish, the De Young Memorial Museum on the north side of the park near 10th Avenue with paintings, sculpture, antiques, jewelry, coins, mosaics, furniture, musical instruments, arms & armor, and natural history exhibits. The beautiful winding roads through the leafy trees and velvety lawns are a far cry from the sand dunes wich formerly graced this area. People ridiculed the idea that trees or anything resembling a park could ever be constructed. See for yourself the miracle.

Seal Rocks — North of Golden Gate Park near Topsy's Roost, along the ocean front. Seals bask on the rocks as they rest from swimming in the Pacific.

These are only a few of the many attractions of this city, but it will give you a starter for seeing San Francisco.

I Don't Get It

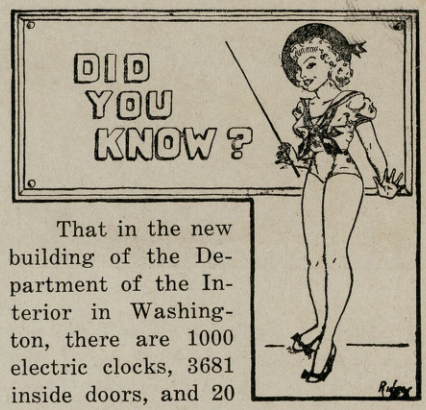
When your heels hit hard,
And your head feels queer,
And your thoughts arise
Like the froth on beer,
When you sit around
The whole night long,
And laugh like hell
At some damn fool song,
You're drunk, by God!
You're drunk!

As Shakespeare once said, **"Bow legs may not be few, but they certainly are far between."**

When a woman is good, that's beautiful.

When a woman is beautiful, that's good.

But when a woman is good and beautiful, that's a shame.



That in the new building of the Department of the Interior in Washington, there are 1000 electric clocks, 3681 inside doors, and 20 high-speed elevators.

That in the city of New York there are more Germans than there are in Bremen, more Irish than in Dublin or Belfast, and more Italians than in Rome. Yet, the Jewish population is thirty percent of the total.

That an old New Englander sea captain, Hancock Gregory, gave the modern doughnut its hole. The date of the great contribution was 1847. The Captain was a boy at the time. Watching his mother fry doughnuts, he noticed that the centers of the cakes were always doughy, so he suggested that this portion of the cake be eliminated before the cakes were cooked. Laughingly she followed the suggestion, and the result was so satisfactory that she never went back to the old way. Her method was copied by others until it spread over the whole country.

My Old Ford

Of my old Ford everyone makes fun;
They say it was born in nineteen one,
Maybe it was, but this I'll bet,
She's good for many a long mile yet.
The windshield's gone; the radiator leaks,
The fan belt slips and the horse power squeaks,
She shakes the screws and the nuts are all loose,
But I get 40 miles on a gallon of juice;

When I can't get gas I burn kerosene.
And I have driven home on Paris green.
She has a rattle in front and a grind in the rear,
And a Chinese puzzle for a steering gear:
Her coils are dead; her plugs won't fire,
And her piston rings are baling wire.
But in spite of this she pulls me through
And that's about all any car can do.

With high-priced cars they give you tools,
Some extra parts and a book of rules;
A few wire stretchers and a pair of shears
Are all I have carried in 15 years.
And if I live to see the day
She falls to pieces like the one horse shay,
If old Hank Ford stays in the game
I'll buy another by the same durn name.