



NEW DRAFT

Along with the crew the Blue Bonnet wishes our new shipmates a pleasant cruise aboard the good ship HOUSTON. The draft came from the Transport Henderson and was composed of the followin men:

- Meadows, E. A. Kelly, R.
- Meadows, G. F. McNakin, J. T.
- Mehlhorn, R. E. McNiel, J. R.
- Michaud, A. V. Meers, J. B.
- Mimms, D. T. Jr. Merce, A. F.
- Montgomery, E. E. Miller, T. E.
- Morris, R. Miller, T. G.
- Mull, J. D. Moore, C. H.
- McNutly, T. S. Mott, R. C.
- Meadows, E. L. Pergal, R. A.

A more seasoned and saltier sailor was also recieved in the person of Gail R. Wilcox, Mus. 2nd. from the U.S.S. Oklahoma.

WRESTLING TEAM

For the last two weeks the "grunt and groaners" have been taking a much earned vacation. Having taken on the Chicago, and then the Pensacola-Northampton winners, with 50 per cent of our originals still in the running we can be well proud of what our team is doing.

The four remaining grapplers in the tourney are now due to train for the impending meet with the U. S. S. Indianapolis. These men are Chick-126 pounds, Arthur-155 pounds, Folta-165 pounds, and Fordemwalt-175 pounds. As seen by their records these men must have something on the ball so let's get behind them and give them all the support they need to uphold the honor of the good ol' U. S. S. HOUSTON.

Have you written home this week?

INCOME TAX RETURNS

Everyone in the Naval Service who is a Petty Officer First Class or above and who is not married is required by law to make the prescribed return. A report will be made by the Paymaster who will go by Service records. Those men who are married but who have never had that fact entered in their records should do so at once, otherwise it may cause them trouble.

Information and forms as to the correct procedure for making the return may be obtained in the Pay Office. Those persons who are married and whose pay is more that \$2500.00 a year are also required to make the return.

**CRUISER HOUSTON
(Continued)**

This week Col. Ball continues his narrative of the "HOUSTON" with an account of the launching ceremonies and designation of and celebration of "Cruiser Houston Day."

Launching of USS Houston

A large deligation headed by Mayor Monteith and the late Judge W. O. Huggins, the latter acting as special representative of Governor Dan Moody, chartered a special train to Washington to attend the christening of the Houston, September 7, 1929. At Washington a steamer was engaged for the trip down the Potomac to Newport News.

Governor Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia, by proclamation, named the day of launching "Houston Day," and the Mayor of Newport News declared a holiday.

The governors of Tennessee and

Virginia attended with their military staffs, and the assistant secretary of the navy presided at the ceremony, with six admirals present. In the background were five battleships, eight cruisers and a large number of smaller craft.

The Texas senators and congressmen, including Houston's representative, the late Congressman Daniel Garrett, were in attendance, as were many senators and members of congress from other states, and high Naval Officials. Around 10,000 visitors were there, including more than 2,000 Texans.

A bottle of Buffalo Bayou water was used by Miss Holcombe in cristenning the cruiser Houston. Her maid of honor, Miss Bute and Miss Williams, special guests of Houston, were with her as she broke the bottle over the prow of the Houston as it glided down the ways amid the acclaim of the multitude.

RAMBLING

Monday A. M. the old routine for the U. S. S. Houston starts again. The whole week will be spent on Advanced Day Battle Practice in preparation for firing at a later date. We leave Long Beach on Monday, the 4th and come back on Friday the 8th, if all goes well. This week's jaunt begins a new series of cruiser practices which will continue through the present quarter. Surf Landing Parties at San Clemente will also be featured within the ensuing two or three months.

Let's make the BLUE BONNET the best paper in the Fleet for 1937!

—: THE BLUE BONNET —:

A weekly publication, published by the ship's company of the U. S. S. HOUSTON, Captain G. E. Baker, U. S. N., Commanding and Commander P. K. Robottom, U. S. N. Executive Officer.

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2 JANUARY, 1937



NEW YEAR PHILOSOPHY

This is written on the eve of a brand new year, 1937. That it is a New Year, is important to all who would stop and think.

Tomorrow the baby year, 1937, is presented to us to do with what we will; here he comes, full of hope, full of promise, possibilites, opportunities. What has happened is not his fault and he brings 365 new days brand new, 8,760 hours, 525,000 minutes.

Every one of those minutes are important to us as individuals and as essential units in our great Navy. If we make the most of them as individuals it follows without saying that our value to the Service will increase. He who makes himself more valuable in any chosen field is most certain to profit thereby. Few men can honestly look back over the past 365 days and say, "I've done my best, every minute of every day." No more satisfaction can be gotten out of living than to follow that rule; and the few who practice it is a sad commentary on our intelligence.

The power to accomplish all we desire for ourselves lies wthin ourselves. More than 2400 years ago the man whom the Chinese call the first wise man died; the wisdom of Confucius lives on. A sample of this wisdom, considered applicable to 20th century living: "The higher type of man seeks all that he wants in himself; the inferior man seeks all that he wants from others." We pride ourselves on being "higher type" men, let's live in conformity to that belief.

Let the New Year come! Welcome it. Don't make resolutions by the score; make one and keep it! P'LL DO MY BEST EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY DAY, THE ABILITY LIES WITHIN MYSELF AND THERE

I'LL FIND IT. With that thought we will take our leave by extending this wish: May every one of our faithful readers enjoy the happiest and most successful of years thruout the New Year, 1937.

ATHLETICS

The Navy in general has always been noted for its whole hearted participation in athletics, and foreign observers have attributed much of the high spirited morale found on our ships to the "play the game" attitude developed in our many forms of athletics.

It may be that the increase in technical knowledge has made us loose sight of the immense value to the individual and to the ship given by participation in some form of ordered athletics. If so, let's keep the fact in mind that no matter how highly we perfect our material and our technical knowledge, in the last analysis it is character and spirit which usually win battles.

Your character and that of your shipmates. By participating in athletics you are not only giving yourself a better physique, relaxing from daily work, and bettering your quarterly marks, but also helping your ship and our Navy as a whole.

This is a red-blooded outfit we all belong to - and nothing makes it more so than its athletics. Forget the guff from weak sisters whose excuse for not being men is that "I haven't the time for athletics" or "my Bos'n does not like athletics"; get into the old squared circle, out on the diamond, on the basketball floor, or in the crew, and watch how you go up in the estimation of your shipmates, both officers and men.



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

Fudal Lord: Son, I understand you were misbehaving while I was away.

Son: In what manor, Sire? In what manor?

Boost HOUSTON Athletics!

NEWS FROM THE FIFTH

Just because we haven't been hearing regularly from our Soldier Boys of the 5th, don't think that things have not been happening! With a few additions (and how) to our detachment it seems the future holds plenty of sizzling news.

Wonder who the big animal trainer is that wears the little "mousie" on his blouse. Could it be our big man-mountain (Toar in disguise) of the fighting fifth!

Flash! Saunders, new contribution to the detachment has turned out to be a chow-hound—not a devil-dog!

We wonder why "Houdini" Hulina doesn't put on a show all by himself. Seems the lad is inclined to follow in those well known foot-steps of Willie Shakespeare.

Stand by boxing squad! Carrier laughed at how long (18 seconds) it took Joe Louis to dispose of Simms in his recent fight at Cleaveland. He says he can take da Primo in 10 seconds flat! Seems we have another "Pride of the Marine Corps."

Looks as though Howard has been gaining in popularity since playing the role of "Olive Oyl" for the kiddies on Christmas Day. We'll have to admit, he did look mighty sweet!

SEEING IS BELIEVING

The chap who had joined the Nudist Club was telling about the first meeting. "They were all sensationally nude," he said, "even the butler who took my hat and stick." Asked how he knew it was the butler, the chap snapped, "Dammit, I knew it wasn't the maid!"

"My Scotch boy friend sent me his picture yesterday."

"How does he look?"

"I don't know yet. I haven't had it developed."

WE WENT TO COLLEGE

There isn't much difference in the Freshman from year to year. You can tell all Freshmen girls right off because she says, "Stop," and you can tell a Freshman boy just as easy because he stops.



**NOSEY
NEWS
'BOUT
EV'BODY**

Taking over the typewriter of any columnist is a difficult task; to adequately relieve the former hard-working editor of this celebrated "Snoop" feature is next to the impossible. This correspondent entertains no illusions concerning his ability, and like his predecessor can succeed in filling Nosey News with newsworthy and interesting items only with the continued help of those who were the old editor's reporters. These weekly paragraphs are about everybody, for everybody, and should be by everybody. From time to time if you—and this means you, gentle reader—witness or hear of an incident of general interest, be it ever so ridiculous or screwy, turn it in either to this humble scribe or drop it in the Contribution Box if anonymity is desired. We'll do the rest!

Nothing printed in these pages about our frolicsome shipmates—and who doesn't slip off the beaten path occasionally—is intended to really hurt. If the gay and merry one has a sense of humor, it usually doesn't, however, one way to avoid the strong light of publicity is to do nothing that is fit or unfit to print. That, shipmates is fair warning! Make your New Year's resolutions to keep, not break!

The one and only Golden Grainer's Club continues to flourish. The latest potential member is your friend and mine—Charlie "Breech Block" Barker of No. 3 Pillbox. He and Miss Vera L. Barden are to middle-aisle it about the time this goes to press. Info is lacking but we believe the bride elect is a home town girl. Congratulations and best wishes on your New Year venture from all hands.

Something is wrong here: It was reported from an unimpeachable source that Moats who presides over the Gedunk Emporium with more dignity than a dollar-a-year-man, was actually seen smiling! That is news lads and lassies! Pardon our wonderment.

One way to attract the attention of the Key Holers is to work in the Stamp and Bundle Shoppe. (Ask Joe West, he knows about that). The fair haired lad from the 1st Division who assisted during the Holidays has brought gigoloing to a new high, it is reported. The story concerns his ardent antics a la Lothario at the Pico Street Landing. As proof of his success with the maiden hash-slinger he insists she tells him all her troubles, even about a sore finger! We take it her calling him "Cutey" is additional proof, his name is really "Shanny" O'Neil.

The magazine Billboard, official mouthpiece for the show business, is soon to carry an ad inserted by one of our local celebrities. This boy had attained renown in many ways before but he is ready for a new profession now. After his exhibition of a few evenings ago Willie Fish, flickermaster, is rated as one of the top flight acrobatic tumblers of all time. He dived down three ladders, up two and through two hatches without so much as mussing his hair. The Cordona Brothers are advised to look to their laurels.

After having celebrated to an extent seldom excelled if equaled, "Jigaboo" Smeaton found the going awfully rough the following morning. His greatest concern was "I wonder if I'm being a gentleman." That, friends is a worry too few of us have.

The "E" Division found with much pleasure that Santa Claus in the person of their Division Officer, Electrician Wallace had put a large box of fine candy in the collective stocking. It was enjoyed and really appreciated. Nice gesture, says we.

Several of the Houston's younger set go in for amusements of kinds not usually considered seagoing. Keimel the dimpled Boat Engineer is a rabid frequenter of the local roller skating rinks. Rozecki, one of Boiler Repair

Goette's stooges when in dungarees, makes his liberties on a bicycle and spends his leisure time aboard ship studying American History and Geography. Reed who is better known as "Chandu" is a skating enthusiast also, but he does his in the open country, not a rink. This lad is an artist of no mean ability and whiles away some of his time in the footsteps of the Masters.

Who was the Radioman who succumbed to the soothing administration of Check, tonsorial artist, to the extent of falling asleep and then growling about an additional charge for sleeping accommodations?

The latest fad is that fascinating game, Monopoly. At one of the big tournaments in No. 3 Mess Hall there were six players and five times as many kibitzers. After several sessions as a make-believe big business man, some of those lads actually sneer when the paymaster hands them two weeks pay. Bulla, the masculine threat, was seen looking at his stipend as though it were so many cigar coupons. From the eager way he jumped into dress blues and dashed down the gangway it probably went faster than "Monopoly" money.

A serious thought for all Nosey News readers: Whoever has spent the last hours of the old year CAROUSING will probably spend a good deal of the New Year REGRETTING.

Flash! Those who wondered who the human hamburger was seen coming aboard late for work Thursday morning, can rest assured this report is correct. After working for hours on the case our sleuths positively identified the battered individual as one Pete Bickler, horny-handed son-of-the-fireroom-bilges. Since there are three sides to any story, his, ours, and the truth, we submit the simple truth: Pete spoke when he should have had his ear to the ground!

The derth of news sensational may be explained by the quieting influence of the season; the one time in the year when everyone is kind to his fellowmen. Taking that as a cue the "Tattlers" have taken pity on the headline crashers but the weeks to come will be a different picture. Woe is him who skids into that picture! Sayonara until another week.

THE NAVY'S STRANGE PEOPLE

Shakespeare said man had seven ages; if he had been in the Navy, he would have said something about the seven pay grades. Then he would have changed a few of those immortal lines of poetry.

Of course he would have still kept that line about all the world being a stage. Most any seaman second class will tell you there are lots of stages in the Navy.

If Shakespeare had been aboard the HOUSTON he would have said: "All the world's a stage, and all the men and no women in Taylor's sidecleaning gang work on it. And one sailor in his time cleans many waterlines!"

Then he would have spoken of that seventh pay-grade, which is where young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five find themselves after looking at posters in front of Post Offices.

Apprentice seamen are the raw material of the Navy so to speak. Just how raw no one but a Chief Gunner's Mate on duty at a Training Station can tell us.

In the mammoth galleys of San Diego, Newport, Great Lakes, and Norfolk this material is prepared for shipping. In the summer they are par-boiled and baked on hugh griddles called quaintly so, "grinders". In the winter up around the Great Lakes and Newport they are prepared somewhat like ice cream; they get a lot of stirrng up, and then are frozen solid!

The apprentice seaman who found out at the Training Station that he "rated nothing - absolutely nothing in the Navy" soon discovers upon coming aboard ship that he RATES every thing - mess cooking, anchor watches, swabbing down, shining bright work, and holding field days. Most seaman second have two alternating intentions; tomorrow he will go "over the hill" or next quarter he will make seaman first. The latter is usually the point at which he finally arrives, that good old fifth pay-grade "seekng the bubble forty days' leave even in the Skipper's Cabin". You see how old Shakespeare would have revamped his poetry to make it Navy? And of course the seaman second is seldom "bearded like the bard"; in truth the lad is usually "shorn like the lamb!"

Then the old bard would probably

rake in that line about the "lean and slippery pantaloons," revising it slightly to read "the full and floppy tailor-mades;" statistics showing him that nearly every seaman second buys a pair of non-regs, and then chews up ten or twelve inches of good fingernails trying to figure out how to get over the side in 'em.

There are many dark moments in a seaman second's life, and not all of them are the feminine kind on shore in Panama. Sometimes after an exam a seaman second may suspect that the Bureau of Navigation and the Judge Advocate General have joined hands in a foul conspiracy to keep him from making seaman first.

But when he makes it — ah, life is good, life is sweet, and cigars are a nickel apiece! He has added \$18.00 to his pay check, three inches to his chest expansion, and not one quarter of an inch of unnecessary inflation to the head if he is wise.

And in the somewhat altered words of another Great American, he cries "I have not yet begun to study!" and off he goes to get in his third class course. Well, if he doesn't he should anyway.

OSCAR'S OPUS NO. 12

Krismas Leave

Old Oscar go tu mountin top
 Tu spend his Krismas leave
 Tu sit and smoke by fireplace
 Vere no vun fret or greve
 He build da fire gude and high
 Vit great big fat pine log
 And den he sit and sip a drink
 Of egg vit lots of nog.

Each morning at da crack of dawn
 He yumps into his car
 And drive 'bout sixty-sax long miles
 (By Yudas, it ban far)
 So he can stand upon da dock
 Vere boats go tu and fro
 From dock tu ship; old Oscar laff
 'Cause he ain't have to go.

Old Oscar sits by fireplace,
 Da fire burning low
 Da egg ban gone, da nog ban gone
 And pipe ban cold as snow;
 So Oscar stretch his arms and legs
 And den go pack his grip,
 He say "Oh hal, Ay might as val
 Go back aboard da ship."

AM I TIRED?

It was the intermission at the fraternity dance and everybody came inside to rest.

Don't forget to mail the Blue Bonnet to the folks at home!

DID YOU KNOW

That the weight of a ship's anchor in pounds is approximately the same as the displacement of the ship in tons. For example, a ten thousand ton cruiser will use an anchor weighing about 10,000 pounds.

That every seventh man in the U. S. Navy is under 21 years of age, while about 45% are under 25 years of age.

That last year, questionnaires sent out by a national weekly magazine to former Navy men, picked at random, netted more than 350 replies. These replies showed 86% were working at skilled trades which they had learned in the Navy. The average salary of the artisans was 165 per month. 97% said they felt their time in the Navy was well spent, and 83% felt they would do likewise if they had the same thing to do over again. 93% thought Naval Training of great value for civilian life, and 74% said they would recommend the Navy as a permanent vocation.

That a ship of the United States Navy isn't allowed to throw anything overboard that will float, as she may be trailed by these objects. This is practiced at all times, in peace time or during a war.

That in June 1928, the Lexington steamed from San Pedro, California, to Honolulu, Hawaii, a distance of 2,226 nautical miles, in 72 hours and 36 minutes, an average of 30.66 nautical miles per hour. The best days' run was 768 miles. This record was challenged recently by the Queen Mary and the Normandie but wasn't beaten. The best days' run for the Queen Mary was 766 miles and 754 miles for the Normandie.

That the USS Ranger, aircraft carrier has 22 sets of brothers aboard, some of them in the regular crew, and others in the Aviation squadron. The Ranger thinks it has the record for being a "family ship."

That the State of Iowa sent more recruits to the Navy in the year 1936 than any other state of the Union.

And ye ol' staff thinks things are coming to a sorry end when half the ship's company jumps when a dog (poodle, no less) barks as they did the other night at the movies. Yes, these big, bad, bold sailor men; tsk, tsk and oh my!