

## HOUSTON MEETS PENSACOLA In Boxing and Wrestling Smoker

### THE INEVITABLE CHAIR

A Short Story  
by Gus

AT one o'clock this afternoon our wrestling and boxing teams will square off against the teams of the U.S.S. Pensacola in the first official meet of the season. Most of us remember the defeat we suffered last year when they took both the boxing and wrestling championships within the division. We won all other sortees.

Be at the Admiral Leigh Gymnasium, San Pedro to cheer our boys towards a victory. We hope to turn the tables this time. It will be the first hard hurdle towards our group championship.

Both teams have worked hard in preparing for these matches so the little cooperation you can give them by your attendance will show them that the ship is behind them a hundred percent.

The ship's entries in boxing and wrestling are as follows:

#### BOXING

Colbert, M. H., Sea2c	118 lb.
Holton, H., Matt2c	126 lb.
Martin, M. F., Sea1c	135 lb.
Hodge, M., Matt2c	147 lb.
Harris, C. W., Pvt.	160 lb.
Adams, W. L., Cox.	175 lb.
Lewdanski, J., Sea2c	Heavy

#### WRESTLING

Chick, E. A., F1c	118 lb.
Drover, R. M., MM2c	126 lb.
Keimel, R. M., F1c	135 lb.
Arthur, R. J., GM2c	145 lb.
Butler, O., Cox.	155 lb.
Fordemwalt, J. W., GM3c	165 lb.
Miller, J. R., Sea1c	175 lb.
Vassar, E. B., Cpl.	Heavy

#### COMMANDER KEATING

Commander Robert E. Keating, Flag Secretay to Admiral Kalfbus, collapsed and died Wednesday of this week at Pico St. Navy Landing, Long Beach.

As he stepped on the float from the BatFor barge he collapsed, saying, "Get me a doctor." Those were his last words. He did not regain consciousness.

Commander Keating will be remembered as Gunnery Officer on the Houston, having been relieved of his duties by Lt. Comdr. Strother at which time Commander Keating went to duty on the California.

He was a good officer, loved, honored and respected by all who knew him. More cannot be said — his loss is deeply felt — may he rest in peace.

Commander Keating is survived by his wife, Mrs. Margaret Keating, a son, Robert E. Keating, Jr., 19 and a daughter, Margaret C. Keating, 15.

Death! Not the violent bleeding form but creeping, sly, and malevolent, the kind which causes a man's nerves to shriek out in anguish. Already the cadaverous tinge was beginning to show with the dull, lacklustre hue of departed life. What I had feared had happened. It wasn't my fault. But try and tell them that. Sure, I was responsible. They'd find out sooner or later. I knew they'd get me. I hadn't planned it, yet I hadn't done a thing to avoid the slow cankerous trend of death — and I alone could have prevented this from happening.

Have you ever known a fear so devoid of hope that your bones might well have been made of jelly or your blood of some insipid fluid for all the good they did beyond just keeping you together with a weak spark of life? That was the kind of stark fear which gripped my soul when I visualized the inevitable ending. There could only be one ending — the chair. Yet over and over, in my mind, I pondered ways of escape. I racked my brain for a tiny idea which might show me the loophole. But alas, my best efforts were of no avail and I knew that I must make those flagging, fearful steps to the chair. There was no other course so I gave myself up.

The chair was before me now. A little courage must have come to my rescue because I was walking towards it entirely unaided. The Latins light

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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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**"THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER"**

France originated the idea of honoring an unknown soldier as a symbol of all those who lost their lives in defense of their country. On Sept. 9, 1921 in compliance with a joint resolution of Congress, the Secretary of War instructed the Quartermaster General of the Army to pick from the unidentified American dead the body of a member of the American Expeditionary Forces to typify the Americans who lost their lives in the World War. The selection was to be made as to preclude the remotest possibility of future identification as to his name, rank, organization, service or the battlefield on which he fell. Four unidentified American bodies were exhumed from four different cemeteries, from the cemeteris at Meuse-Argonne, St. Mihiel, Somme, and Aisne Marne. Every precaution was taken to make certain that these bodies were those of members of the A.E.F., who had been killed in battle. The cause of death was apparent from gun shot wounds on the body and the uniform, equipment and original burial place determined that the person belonged to the A.E.F., but there was absolutely no evidence nor clues as to identity. These four bodies, after being embalmed and put in similar caskets, were placed in a small improvised chapel in the city hall at Chalons-sur-Marne, France. On Oct. 24, 1921, Sergeant Edward Younger of the United States Army was chosen from the American sol-

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a farewell cigarette and smile when they face a firing squad; the Chinese face their executioners with a stoical calm. I tried to appear brave too, but couldn't hold back little shivers which chased each other down my spine. Chaos was ahead.

I watched them as they made the chair ready. Everything was being made ready with scientific precision. Coldly efficient, bright metal gleamed from the reflected rays of the central light. There wasn't a chance of anything going wrong once you were fitted into the chair. I settled myself. They adjusted the head rest. The time had come at last. The eyes of the white garbed figure searched me minutely, and I knew that their owner would make it as painless as possible. There was a few seconds pause before Doctor Schlack straightened up from his inspection and pronounced these words, "Yes, its a dead tooth all right, and it'll have to come out."

**JUDGE NOT**

There is so much good in the worst of us,

And so much bad in the best of us,

That it hardly behooves any of us, To talk about the rest of us.

So,

Don't be what you isn't;

Just be what you is;

For if you is what you isn't,

Then you isn't what you is.

diers present, went into the chapel alone and designated one of the four bodies as the unknown American Hero, by placing a small spray of white roses upon the casket. The body was then immediately placed in a specially prepared casket and conveyed to the United States on the U.S.S. Olympia. After lying in State in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., the Unknown Soldier was interred in front of the Memorial Amphitheater in Arlington National Cemetery on Armistice Day, 1921, with solemn ceremonies.

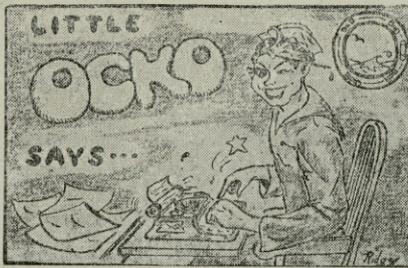
**NAVAL HISTORY****"We Have Met The Enemy And They Are Ours."**

In order to stop the British military operations in the upper Mississippi Valley, it was planned to cut off their communication with eastern Canada by obtaining command of the Great Lakes. To do this, Master-Commandant Oliver H. Perry collected a fleet of nine vessels on Lake Erie, having built five of these vessels from green timber, and Captain Barclay built a similar fleet of six British vessels. On September 10, 1813, the home-made fleets met at the western end of the lake. On his flagship, the LAWRENCE, Perry hoisted a blue flag bearing the dying words of Captain Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" The LAWRENCE and two small ships hauled ahead of the remaining United States ships and became engaged by the entire British squadron. The LAWRENCE was soon a wreck: and Perry having fired the last effective gun with his own hands, rowed in an open boat to the NIAGRA with his 13 year old brother and a few survivors. Then he brought the other ships into action and soon won the engagement. He returned to the LAWRENCE to receive the swords of the surrendering British captains. He reported the victory on the back of an old letter, saying, "We have met the enemy and they are ours — two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop." The victory regained the Michigan-Detroit territory for the United States and had a marked effect on the peace negotiations. Perry's original flag bearing the words, "Don't give up the ship" has been carefully preserved and is on display in Memorial Hall at the U.S. Naval Academy where it serves as an inspiration for the Nation's future naval officers.

McPherson and family sat down to Thanksgiving dinner. "Now children," he said, "do you want the cold meat or a nickel apiece?"

Three hands shot up for the nickel. The meat was removed and Mrs. McPherson then served apple pie.

"Now, Children," said McPherson, "Who wants a piece of pie for a nickel?"



A letter from "Obie" O'Brien, CBM on the Penguin out there in Guam, was the topic of a conversation with our barber friend "Curly" Standafer. Brought back to mind some of the persons who at various times have sat in that barber shop in No. 2 Messing Comp't. Bart Fahey, now Chief Boatswain's Mate on the new Savannah. Adam Hall, MM1c, whose deeply felt demise was written of in the last issue of the Blue Bonnet. Each was a good man in his own particular rate, besides being what one called "good people". They have left their marks on the ship's company of the Rambler Ship — either in physical memories as the knot boards made by O'Brien or in the fond memories of their shipmates.

Thanksgiving Day has gone, roast turkey, mincemeat pie, and visitors in the afternoon. Almost like what kids in the early days called an "extra Sunday" in the middle of the week. Soon Christmas will be coming as is attested by the various articles commencing to appear in Ship's Service displays at the store. Some pretty nice articles to be found there too. Many a Seaman Second will be a couple of months getting over buying a 'set' for that gal. Too bad some of these "Hamburger Bandits" on Pike Avenue have so many of our tenderer lads in tow. Seems as if it takes a whole cruise to let some of these kids wake up — and then some don't!

Well here's one for the Blue Bonnet. Huskey, Pfc. 5th Division, found a piece of sausage box about 4 inches long in his fried balogna. He brought it to the attention of Ocko, and was informed that if he knew the Butcher as Ocko did he'd not be surprized if he found a plank.

Shipfitters seem to have an awful time with our slop chute. Seems Condition Affirm causes the water supply to be shut off. People put stuff in it

and it doesn't go out. Result — Condition "A" secured usually finds several of the C&R tribe outside the Issue Room door — usually muttering in their beards or telling how "we did it on the —". Keep on and they'll know how to clean it out in "E" time.

What happened to Vought, flagboat crew's messcook in forward mess-deck? Met him the other day as he came out of the barber shop and had to ask an interested looking master-at-arms who it was. Seems the lad claimed he'd not been paid for six weeks or so — maybe the Jimmy-legs stopped in at the Majestic — how should I know.?

News of raging fires in nearby Santa Monica areas and nearby Malibu Beach tells us several movie celebrities lost homes and neat cabins. Sure is lucky for some wavy haired office lads (who fancy, we gather, they look like Dick Powell or Nelson Eddy) we could name that they joined the Navy. Be tough if they'd entered the film industry only to lose a home. (Note — one signalman's mustache indicates a William Powell tendency.)

Recognized by some of his proteges on the Rambler Ship was Woodward, CGM on the Tuscaloosa observing a firing a week ago. Long ago known as "Doc Woody" by members of his recruit companies, it was a certain third class the other day who had the nerve to yell, "Hi, Doc!!!" Ocko also knew and was glad to see once more a man who had often befriended him. Come over again some time "Woody".

"Santa Ana coming up!" how those Golden Grainers hurried to be on the quarterdeck before boat schedules had to be abandoned for the night. Don't blame 'em a bit, woulda been there myself if I'd had their interests to look to.

Jim Wallace, GM1c, has just about made up his mind (?) to write Battleship Max Cohn a letter of appreciation. Seems Jim plans to go up for "the buttons" and Max is trying to sell him uniforms before he takes the exam. Says Jim, "He's got a lot more faith in Wallace than I have."

Sarge Worthington says he's planning to group all the men on the ship less than five feet six inches tall into a band called the "Feather Mountain Merchants". Says also that Sylvester, CCM, should be top man — gonna have Scrapiron Powell for the cleanup man — always leaving a mess wherever he goes.

Franklin, CWT, told me one supposed to have been related by a friend on the Saratoga just after her commissioning. "The Captain," he said, "had been 'round the Horn, always wore his sword dragging the deck, the O.O.D. sent liberty parties ashore from the driver's seat of an Austin, the quarterdeck messenger used an Army motorcycle, the Exec went ashore in a Lockheed-Vega cabin plane and the ship's cook on watch used a one man submarine to see if the vegetables in the soup were done or not." There my lads, is a sea story. Beats any Fibber Magee or CBM Promos ever told.

Parting shot: Sombdy try to beat it.—

Yours  
Ocko

P.S. (or sumpin) George Herrick, CWT is going to the Relief for treatment. Long time CPO mess caterer and Chief Oil King, he is pretty well known by all hands who wish him a snappy and complete recovery. St. Marie, CWT, takes over George's Oil King duties during his illness.

#### WORDS

A word of blame can make you sad;  
A word of praise will make you glad;  
Since words bring joy or grief your way,  
Be careful of the words you say.  
Make the best of everything;  
Think the best of everybody;  
Hope the best for yourself.

Cheer up and SMILE!

We hear that Germany is naming her ships after jokes so the English won't see them.

Aviator "There I was, forced down on that lonely isle with a lovely blond."  
Gob "What did you do for food?"  
Av "Darned if I can remember."

## EDGAR ALLEN POE

Oft has it been forwarded that Poe was a chronic drunkard and wrote most of his beautiful poetry when intoxicated. The Raven, for example, is reputed to have been written on the top of a beer keg during his stay in the University of Virginia.

**"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,"**

Here we have the author just after he has returned to his room from a debauch. He is fatigued ready to lie on his bed as is and call it a night. But — the little man with the hammer enters the scene. Notice!

**"While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As of some one gently rapping, rapping, at my chamber door."**

His poor muddled head and clouded vision sees queer images and conjures odd thoughts.

**"—And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor."**

A breeze comes through the window blowing the curtains just a little. Even such a small occurrence is magnified to Gargantuan proportions and given an awful significance.

**"And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain thrilled me,**

**Filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before."**

Finally he opens his chamber door and finds nothing, as was to be expected. But attaching some weird meaning to this unsurprising discovery we find him having the delirium tremens.

**"—Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing, Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;"**

Not being able to comprehend such a startling revelation after the chimerical fancies that were before his mind, slowly a Raven, "a ghastly grim and ancient Raven" took form and acted mostly strangely perching on the "bust of Pallas." Through this haze of dim perception and distraction of sight and thought ("Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer.") his actual condition slowly impressed itself upon his weakened understanding itself upon his weakened understanding and we have the Raven quoting

**"Nevermore"**

An attractive young widow from New York went to Florida on the hunt for a man. After registering at a Palm Beach hotel, she sauntered out on the varanda and seated herself next to a very handsome young man. Her cough revealed a desire to become acquainted but the handsome chap ignored her. Finally a dainty whisk of linen dropped to the ground.

"Oh, I've dropped my handkerchief," she murmured.

The handsome youth turned a cold, unresponsive eye upon her. "Madam," he said, "my weakness is liquor."

\* \* \* \*

The day was cold, the hour was late but the editor's work all had to wait. With a nervous step he paced the floor and looked askance at the card he bore.

Then suddenly, quickly, a timorous rap. With puzzled expression he answered the tap. It was a patron with face scared and wet: "I sent you a joke, did you get it yet?"

The editor groaned as he looked at the card. "Not yet," he shrieked, "but I'm trying hard."

tidious taste than a man, is fond of natural castor oil, but refuses to swallow some patent medicines.

An argument to the effect that fuel oil should be termed "liquid coal" is contained in a current paper prepared by a member of the American Heating Institute on the subject of "Coal and Oil, Their Relationship." According to the paper, oil burning improperly throws off approximately the same sulphuric gas as is emitted from stacks where coal is used.

That during the depression fewer persons have died of stomach diseases and allied diseases than during the boom years. The explanation being that the intake of food in the case of hundreds of thousands of persons has been reduced and that this reduction of food has prolonged life.

**That it requires the cunning of a Fox, the speed of a Dolphin and the anticipation of a Badger to be first at your own magazine in the C.P.O. mail box.**

That a Dolphin will go 70 and is conceded to be the speed demon of the deep.



That on subscriptions 29 major magazines lost \$982,000 in 1937 according to Publishers' Review; that some five cent magazines cost as much as 18 cents each to produce? That the deficit caused by subscriptions is made up through advertising; that the 29 magazines referred to have earned a profit of more than \$5,800,023 during the year. Think this over the next time you are interested in a magazine at the soda fountain.

That deadly explosives can be concocted by using a combination of sugar and a few other ingredients considered harmless within themselves? That lumbermen often use a sugar explosive to crack open huge logs in the state of Maine and in the Great Northwest.

The National Geographic Society has learned that Mexico is richer than most countries—in natural resources.

A short antenna leading out of the window into a crock of water, brings in stations, in many cases, better than high and long aeriels costing several dollars? Experiments are on hand in radio laboratories to develop a "wet antenna that will be more sensitive, more powerful and filter static". In the experiments a glass tube is utilized. This tube approximates the size of a quart fruit jar in diameter and is only twenty five feet in length. Only one wire from the broadcasting set contacts the water in the trough. The intensified broadcast takes the air from the water, presumably via the perforated top side of the tubing.

Castor oil isn't such awful stuff. It seems to be because we have, from babyhood, had a complex built up around the medicine, according to recent medical reports, pointing out that humans are threatened and punished from infancy with it. A fawn, said to have a wiser and more fas-