



Volume 3, Number 9

At Sea, Hawaiian Area

1 August, 1940.

TWO FOR ONE

The Blue Bonnet's Short Story Complete in this Issue.
by E. C. Simmons

It was the beginning of one of those sunny California days you read about in travel folders. The snowy white clouds were scattered across a pale blue sky. Cool morning breezes from the ocean accompanied a little tang which would soon disappear with the sun's advance across the sky. Even the Pacific was calm, in harmony with the surroundings.

The Long Beach Navy Landing was decorated in readiness for the day's occurrence. Flags fluttered in the breeze; red, white, and blue bunting covered the structure of the landing and gave color and foundation to Old Glory, high on the flag staff.

People had begun to crowd the landing early, coming singly, in pairs, and in groups. Soon the landing was jammed with mothers, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, and wives, awaiting the return of the U.S. Fleet from maneuvers.

June Whiteman, a native of California and very much at home in Long Beach, sat in Tracy's Cafe sipping a cup of coffee. She was 18 years old, a very beautiful brunette, and smartly dressed, so that many a second glance was turned her way. The expression on her face showed her thoughts to be many miles at sea. She, too, had good reason for awaiting the arrival of the Fleet.

Deep in thought, she was startled when a voice next to her said, "Will you pass me the sugar, please?"

"Yes, of course," replied June, pushing along the sugar bowl. She turned toward the owner of the voice that had interrupted her contemplations, and saw a beautiful auburn-haired girl with big brown eyes, and a complexion the like of which you read about in magazines.

"Are you waiting for the ships to arrive too?", asked the red-headed girl. "Pardon me if I talk too much

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NEW EXEC.

A belated welcome is extended to our new executive officer, Commander H.L. Grosskopf, and best wishes for a happy and successful cruise.

Commander Grosskopf comes to the Rambler ship from duty as Ordnance Inspector with the Board of Inspection and Survey. The Commander is no stranger, however, having served in the Houston as First Lieutenant, 1931-2, when she was last on the Asiatic Station.

From all reports, the Commander plays a wicked game of golf; and perhaps we may be able to count on him to steer us to a few of the brighter spots along the Whangpoo.

Welcome also to Ensign Hamlin, new Fourth Division junior officer — to Ens. Harveson, CWO on ComCru-ScFor's Staff — and to the newly graduated and commissioned Ensigns Mallory, Hamill, Nelson, Nethken, Sellers, and Smith. Glad to have you aboard, likewise, to Lt. (jg) Kirkpatrick, in Engineering.

We'd like to say hello and a word of welcome to each new hand by name, but there have been so many lately that space won't permit it. Collectively, however, we're glad to have you for shipmates, and hope you'll have a good cruise in the Houston.

The same in regard to space applies to those who have lately shoved off; good luck and happy landings in your new assignments.

Now it need not be assumed that the young bride worships her husband simply because she places burnt offerings before him three times a day.

—Exchange.

When I
Have
Done with
The Navy,
The
Thing I'll
Miss
A lot
Is technically
Intangible;
It's the sleep
(Exchange.) I never got.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

It costs nothing but creates much. It enriches those who receive without impoverishing those who give. It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.

None are so rich that they can get along without it and none so poor but are richer for its benefits. It creates happiness in the home and fosters good will in business. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen. It is something that is no earthly good to anybody until it is given away.

If at some time you meet some one who fails to give you a smile, may I ask that you give one of your own? For none need a smile so much as those who have none left to give.

Minneapolis North Star.

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Editor: Ens. F. B. Weiler
 Sports Editor: Ens. J. Morrison
 Assistant Editor: E. C. Simmons, Y3c
 Cartoonist: W.C. Ridge, MM2c
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TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER

1. The value of time.
2. The success of perseverance.
3. The pleasure of working.
4. The dignity of simplicity.
5. The worth of character.
6. The power of kindness.
7. The influence of example.
8. The obligation of duty.
9. The wisdom of economy.
10. The virtue of patience.
11. The improvement of talent.
12. The joy of originating.

—Exchange.

SHE'S A FEEDER

Thanks to whoever it was for the "Contribution of a Well-Fed Member of the Ship's Company." All hands agree that a vote of confidence is in order for the Paymaster, cooks, bakers, and all concerned with the Houston's General Mess. It's not just idle scuttlebutt that the Rambler Ship is, these days, the "best-fed ship in the Navy."

KINDA FLIGHTY

A prosperous young Navy man returning from leave abroad was about to take his place in an airliner when a girl ran up and asked the passengers if any one of them would be kind enough to sell her his seat, as her mother was dangerously ill and the liner was full.

The young man gave up his seat and wired his commanding officer: "Have given berth to girl. Returning by next plane."

The reply he received was: "Congratulations. Your next confinement will be in the brig."

Two merchants were riding home together in a street car. Like many business men they were worried about labor troubles, growing taxes, increasing expenses, decreasing sales, and other problems. Block after block they rode without saying a word. Finally one heaved a deep sigh. And his companion said, "You're telling me!"

NAVY'S STRANGE PEOPLE

A yeoman. What is a yeoman? A yeoman, my dear shipmates, is an essential part of a typewriter. To function properly, a typewriter must have ten digits of a competent yeoman, loosely connected to the home keys. Extending from these fluttering digits is the rest of the yeoman (they come in assorted sizes). The other part is secured to a chair, usually so constructed that the yeoman maintains a certain amount of dizziness at all times.

Like any other rate in the Navy, there is a fairly equal portion of both good and bad. A bad yeoman is any yeoman you do not like, and a good yeoman is most anyone who is not a yeoman.

Yeoman sometimes like to impress the common class of people with superiority. If possible, it is best to get along with the yeoman, although many times his powers are greatly overestimated. However, you can't blame the poor fellow for trying to keep up the idea that he has a secret power. He has to have protection, otherwise there might be an open season on them, and then wouldn't the Navy be at a loss to know what to do with all those spare typewriters we have on board?

If you feel that you don't like a yeoman, and never will, you may have lots of fun. A popular sport for many years has been a little game called, "Getting in the Yeoman's Hair." It is a most delightful game. All there is to it is just hang around outside of some yeoman's office and occasionally stick your head in and ask: "When does liberty start?" or "Did my leave papers go through yet?" Don't be backward about this game, don't take "no" for an answer. Ask him the same questions again in about two minutes, after he has answered you. Repeat it until the yeoman screams bloody murder, pulls his hair, and grabs a letter opener and starts chasing you. Some fun, what?

One of the great legends of the Navy has always been the easy life of a yeoman.

Once upon a time a seaman so thoroughly believed this time honored story about a yeoman's life that he got himself a yeoman's job. The seaman went nuts one week and back on deck the next.

—Exchange.

SHORT SHORT STORY

"Lookout, has the eight to twelve watch been relieved yet?"

"Yeh, I just put on the phones. Say, bridge —"

"Lookout, speak properly over the phones. Say, 'Bridge, lookout relieved.'"

"Okay, okay, but listen, bridge —"

"Lookout, you should say: 'Aye, aye' — not 'okay'. You must learn to use the correct phraseology over the battle-telephones, especially in a fog like this. There must be no chance of a misunderstanding."

"Aye, aye! — now listen bridge, there's a —"

"Hold your mouth closer to the mouthpiece, lookout. Also hold your transmitter button pressed all the way down. Now, go ahead with your message."

"Never mind now, bridge. Just brace yourself —!"

—Minneapolis "North Star"

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE

I'm NOT a gal to be kissed in corners;

I keep no plums for little Horners.
 My heart is set on a love affair
 With GOBS of romance—and some
 to spare. But

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust
 I'll kiss in corners if I must.

For

I'm not too dumb to understand
 About birds in bushes and birds in
 hand.

—North Star.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Once there was a Chief Boatswain's Mate who retired from the Navy with a fortune.

When asked the secret of his success, he replied, "I attribute my ability to retire with \$100,000 savings, after thirty years in the Navy, to diligent application to work, always practicing religious rules of economy, and to the death of my uncle five years ago who died leaving me \$110,000 in cash."

—Exchange

Maybe you've heard this one before: A guy stomped into a restaurant and shouted at the waitress: "Bring me two fried eggs, burned top and bottom, a piece of damp toast, a cup of coffee two days old and strong as carbolic acid." When the astonished waitress had brought the order, the patron shouted: "Now sit down and nag me. I'm homesick."

"A Morning Hon De Hoshun"

Editor's Note: We are indebted to the "V" Division for this, one of the versions of a famous little yarn.

Eet waz peetch black hon de hoshun
Whan a sarchlidt hon de flegsheep
Pierced de darkness weed a seignal.
Directly frum de flegsheepz sarch-
lidt

To de odder sheepz him colum
Diractly hulso to de flegsheep
Frum de Hedmril to hees Keptins
Not a sheep waz not included
Kem dees seignal hon de sarchlidt
Eet could not be seen by fleghoist
Eet waz three o'clock hin Pidro
Maybe seez o'clock in Rosha
Maybe Wednesday beck in Kensis
De seignal rad like dees as follows:
Keptins I hef just decided
We will use our plinz dees mornink
We will send dem hout hon misshunz
Maybe scoutink hen som trakink
Pozzible to sink destroyers
Hend to scare away some subrinz
We will kadepult at deyldit
Poosh them hof durink mornink
twilidt

Get them raddy, I diract you.

Wan huf de Hedmril's heffy kruzrs
Stimming proudly tru de hoshun
Tru de wadder rollink slidey
Holso pitchink jost a liddle
Yawing, mebbe, but not verry mutch
Tels dees story, here eet ees:

The Hodee got de Hedmril's message
Hend he rong de Keptin's ordly
Bot the ordly did not henser
He was drinkink hut blek coffee
Hend the taste drowned out de bell
So de Hodee sent hiss massenger
With the deezpatch frum de Hedmril
To the Keptin in heez kebin
To the Hegzek in hees stetrum
To the odder instrid pipuls
Unz, First Luff, han senior heviator
Kedpult hofficers warnt neglected
Likewiz hull the odder pilotz
Frum their slumberz waz awakened.

Swidly over de loud spikkers
Trillin through the mornink blekness
Like a lark zo soft and soothing
Like hen hecho clear hend priddy
Like a zephur rustling treetopz
Like a swidhartz voice at twilidt
Kem de pugle notz hof flidt quoddrz.
Not trillin tru de mornink bleknez
Not like a lark so soft hen soothink
Not hen hecho clear hend priddy
Not a zephur rustlin treetopz
Hulso hoffer de loud spikker
Like a storm hup hin de mountanz
Like de thunder in de heffanz

Like the rumblin hof de hearthquek
Like the turretz during firink
Like de bullock madly bellowink
Rord de boadzin "MENDEKRESH-
BODTZ"

Hullwaz raddy for de bettle
Shipz turned right hend right beck
left
Turned around end stimmed in colum
Ripul moofmentz frum de rear
Stimmed out hon linz hof bearinks
Gafe eet op hen stimmed beck in
Dayldit came hend someting helse
In the deestance kem de fog.

Hon the breedg the sneppy signel-
ploys

Gezin tru the longlez murmerd
"Hodee, deres hay seignal flyink
Hon the yardarmz hof the flegsheep
Hi ken see eet verra plainlick
Would you like to know the meanin
Hof dot seignal what iss flyin?
Hokey I will tell you queekly
Kadapult de plinz hamidyutly
Wait a meenit theres annodder
Flyin right beside the first wan
Yezzr eets a neghatief."

Kem de bengink hon de radio
Kem de fleshink hof de sarchlidtz
Kem de wafink hof de hendflegs
Kem de whirrink hof de fleghoists
Hulso here hend dere de blinker
Kem a deespatch likka deez:
We will keddapultz plinz later
We will not be hin a hurick
The fog ees here we'll haf to wait
Leddzu eat a hearty brekfast
Sound secure end mek eet sneppyz.

The poys was sitting down to brek-
fast

Bacon, heggs, hotkegz, hend coffee
Ceriul, sawsige, cronchy toasties
Wan or two hed horange jewz
Gief a laff de fog eet lifted
Beng de pewgler blew flidt quodderz
"Mendekrashboatz," rored de boadzin
Popz de henginz started roarink,
To de bridge de senyur hevyetor
Followed by heez group of pilotz
Frum the nevegetor got the dope
sheet

Nearest land eez right strate down.
De shipz ees here we're stimin heast-
ward

Gief a guess our plaze et noon.
Swish de plinz ware ketipuldt
Hull hegin waz quiet hon board.

De mornink hon de sheep waz peezful
Condeshun Zed condeshun Heggssray
Likewise drillink het de popgunz
Hulzo so to don't get lazy
The Chief workint a leedle seestemz

Trained for cauzalities de bleckgeng
When they warnt down watchink
henginz.

De plinz were gone heboudt seex
hour
Whan dey getz the ward come home
Eef you land we'll peek you op
Eef nodt, haha, dots wan hon you.
De plinz they hesked theez informa-
tion

We are up here in de clouds now
Where are you, pliz riply queekly
Hin de wadder, Kem de henser,
The treck to us ees thirty true,
De rest, my frands, is hup to you.
Down the plinz swooped to de kruzr
Then they circled round the bow
Round and round in left hend circles
Round de bow end then de stern.
Deezy were the hevietors
Frum deez cirlink in the hevanz
While the sheep was getting rady
Findin out the windz derackshun
Getting hup the poys from chow.
Finally kem the hexecushon
Plonk - itch plin eet heet the wadder
Itch wan bounzed a leedle maybe
Bot dey got dere hend were hoisted in
Heppy to be home agen.

—H. O. Dahl.

TWO FOR ONE (Cont'd.)

or am ignorant about the Navy, but
I've only been in California two days,
and I don't know a thing about it.
My name in Kay Jordan and I'm
from Houston, Texas."

"Hello—I'm June Whiteman. Yes,
I'm waiting for my boy friend, and if
he gets leave we're going to be mar-
ried."

"Gosh! That is swell, I'm looking
forward to accepting a proposal my-
self if my boy friend can get leave."

exclaimed Kay. "You see, I met him
in Houston while his ship was there."
June and Kay, having finished
their coffee, strolled out of the cafe,
to be among the first to sight the
ships as they came in to anchor. An
enormous crowd was on the landing
now. The Shore Patrol was trying
to keep the crowd off the railing,
with warnings that it might give
way. The crowd fell back from the
railing as if it would burn them, but
in short time they were again push-
ing up to it.

June and Kay had moved to the
end of the landing, away from the
bulk of the crowd. They wouldn't be
as close to the gangway, where the
sailors came up, but they weren't

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TWO FOR ONE (Cont'd.)

pushed and shoved around.

A murmur rose, then a shout, and all eyes turned seaward as they watched the first ship appear over the horizon. Close observation showed two lines of ships; cruisers first, followed by the battleships Then the first ship made a left turn behind the breakwater. They were beautiful, those men-o'-war. They looked so clean, with the sun sparkling on the brightwork like diamonds in the sun. The sailors were at quarters, booms were being rigged, boats lowered. Everything was done smoothly, like a well-oiled machine. Small boats were rushing out to the ships, laden with photographers and movie cameramen.

It was a welcome sight to Long Beach to see her Fleet return. Well, it wasn't exactly her Fleet. It was the United States Fleet, but Long Beach was the home port, and considered it her fleet.

"Well, Kay, they'll soon be coming ashore," said June. "This is your first time to see the home-coming of the Fleet, isn't it? I can't count how many I've seen, but I get a big thrill from it each time."

"I didn't know it was so thrilling," replied Kay. "Look! See all those little boats filled with sailors."

"Those are the liberty parties coming ashore, and it won't be long until we both can be on our way. I suppose your boy friend will be very pleased to see you," remarked June.

"Oh yes," replied Kay, "he really doesn't expect me out here so soon, but I wanted to surprise him."

By this time, the boats were pouring into the landing, laden with sailors anxious to get ashore. The entrance to the floats was clogged with boats, waiting to disembark the men and return to the ship for a later liberty party.

"Houston motor launch, make Float Four," yelled the Shore Patrol over the loud speaker.

June began to nudge her way through the crowd, with Kay staying as close behind her as possible. As the Houston motor launch drew close to the float, all hands edged eagerly to the starboard side, each trying to be the first to disembark, entirely regardless of the warnings shouted by the Shore Patrol.

Bud Adams, "Bud" to his friends, and ADAMS, Wesley L., to the Navy,

was as eager as the rest to be the first to land upon the float.

"Disembark," shouted the Shore Patrol, as the motor launch was secured, disregarding those who had jumped in haste from the motor launch before it tied up.

Bud had been one of those in haste — not that he didn't believe in seniority in the Navy, but there was no Chief Petty Officer in the boat who wanted to get ashore any quicker. Bud's jump had been somewhat hampered with the suitcase he was carrying, but successful.

To other sailors the suitcase indicated that he was one of the "more fortunate", in being able to obtain leave. Bud brushed what lint had gathered on his uniform since leaving the ship. He always took great pains with his appearance, but today he was especially well groomed. He would have received a favorable nod at any Admiral's inspection. Well, maybe the white hat on the back of his head wouldn't be approved, but that was the only flaw.

The features of his face and smile had caused no disapproval aboard ship, therefore it was reasonable to say that approval shone in the eyes of the feminine sex. The black curls in the front of his white hat probably caused a few added sighs to escape heart-shaped lips.

Bud was no lady's man, nor had any of his shipmates told him he was handsome. Neither had any of his shipmates asked him to keep their girl friends company until they caught the next liberty boat.

As he walked up the gangway, he gave frequent glances to the rear of the crowd, as if searching for someone. On reaching the top landing, he began to edge his way into the huge crowd. All at once he was unexpectedly greeted with a well-planted kiss and squeezing arms.

Having greeted her sailor, June stepped back to look at him and ask whether he had gained weight, slept well, and had fun during his cruise.

But very rudely, Kay, arriving on the scene, clutched June's arm and pulled her aside. With fire in her eyes and a deep frown on her face, Kay, cried, "What's the big idea of kissing my boy-friend?" Then, turning to Bud, she copied June's greeting.

"Your boy-friend?" questioned June.

"Yes, my boy-friend. I met Bud in Houston, and he invited me to come

to Long Beach and see him," replied Kay.

"B-u-t; Bud is my boy-friend. We've known each other since he's been on the West Coast," returned June.

So started a raging storm. Back and forth shot loud words, like a tennis ball in a championship set. Finally June, having known Bud longer than Kay, said, "Well, we'll let Bud decide which is right."

"Alright," approved Kay.

So involved in their argument were both girls that they failed to see Bud move on through the crowd.

June and Kay, both so eager to win the argument and be the one to gain, began to scan the crowd looking for Bud. To make sure June didn't reach him first, Kay clung to her so that separation would be as difficult as for Siamese twins.

"There he is," shouted Kay.

"Where?" responded June, her eyes following the direction of Kay's pointing.

Then they saw Bud, standing to one side of the crowd. He wasn't lonesome, nor did he seem to miss them, because holding on to his arm and looking up into his face was a girl with beautiful blonde hair. She was pretty, anyone could see that, regardless of the state of his mind. So, timidly, June and Kay started moving towards them.

As they arrived in front of Bud, he looked up with a smile and said, "Oh, say girls, I want to introduce you to my wife."

"Your wife!" exclaimed June and Kay in unison.

"Yes, this is Dolly. I met her in Miami while the ship was there. We were married the day before I left, so I had her come to Long Beach, to be here when the ship returned from maneuvers."

As they were walking away through the crowd, June said, "Kay, I'm beginning to believe what they say about a sailor having a girl in every port."

As Dolly and Bud were leaving the landing in a taxi, Bud looked at Dolly and said, "I wonder how June and Kay are going to take it. Remember, I told you about them, but I guess I forgot to tell them about you."

"Look!" said Dolly. "Isn't that June and Kay?"

Following Dolly's gaze, Bud started and frowned — June and Kay walking down the street arm in arm with two marines — !