

THE BLUE BONNET

★ U.S.S. HOUSTON ★

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SHIP'S PARTY

the 13th

Friday Night, at the Veteran's Hall in Vallejo, the long planned Ship's Dance finally became a reality. Refreshments were ample and the band was fast. Although the floor became a little slippery as time passed, there was plenty of plain and fancy jitterbugging done at the expense of a few spills. The evening's end found everyone feeling that he knew his shipmates better than before. That, even without the fun, would have been enough to brand the dance a success. The Committee is to be congratulated on it's good work.

MAIL GUARDS

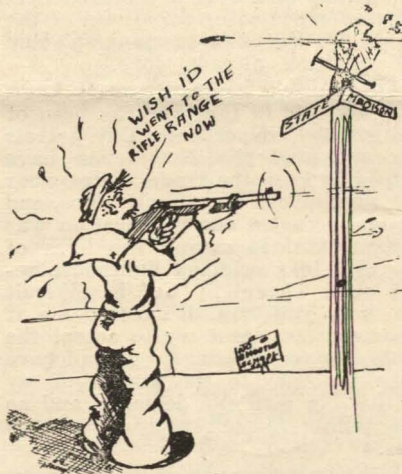
In 1921-22, when daring robberies had occurred all over the United States for some months, the Marines were called upon for aid in guarding mail trains and trucks. All robberies ceased during the ensuing months. It is said that General Smedley Butler told the Marines if any robberies occurred he wanted to see two dead Marines per robbery.

Exchange.

AUTHOR OF FAMOUS AMERICAN RETORT

Death came recently in the Naval Hospital at Washington, D. C. to General Fredrick M. Wise, United States Marine Corps. He was the two-fisted American that won immortal fame at the Belleau Woods in the World War. He countermanded French orders to retreat with the cry: "Retreat, hell! We just got here!"

Exchange.



YEOMEN AGAIN

The following is what could happen should yeomen take certain remarks literally: It applies to all stenographers, civilian as well as naval.

"Now, yeoman," boomed Mr. MacPatrick, Ship's Service Officer of the U.S.S. Non-Such. "From now on when I dictate a letter, I want you to type it exactly as dictated and not the way you think it ought to be."

"Yes, sir,"

"All right. Take a letter."

Next day Mr. O. K. Fizzlebaum of the Fizzlebaum and Fizz Toy Company, received the following:

"Mr. O. K. or A. or J. something, look it up, Fizzlebaum, President of the Fizzlebaum—(what a name) Fizz Toy Company, the gypts. It's a miracle they stay in business—San Diego, that's in California, isn't it? Dear Mr. Fizzlebaum: hmmm. You're some terrible business man. No, not that, he's a crook, but the sore-head'll sue me if I insult him. The last ship-

MARE ISLAND

In spite of the deafening sound of air hammers and the constant presence of yard workmen with all their trailing lengths of hose, the ship's complement greets the overhaul period at Mare Island with pleasure. With San Francisco and the World's Fair only an hour away, the problem of spending an enjoyable liberty has been solved. And for those who tire of the bright lights—the yard offers many opportunities for recreation. Inter-divisional soft-ball, swimming, tennis, and baseball are some of the ways in which one may spend his spare time. The movies in the yard are good and the prices reasonable.

Although overhaul requires additional work, it also provides more time to play. It is hoped that everyone will take advantage of this period to enjoy himself and get in shape for the tasks that lie ahead.

ment of toys you sent me were of inferior quality. Inferior—that's a laugh; they were junk, and I want you to understand . . . No, cross that out. I want you to understand, ah, er, that unless you can ship, furnish, ship, no, furnish, us your regular line of toys—you needn't ship us any more, comma, period, or whatever the grammar is. This darn cigar is out again. And furthermore, where was I? We are returning them back, period. Yours truly, Read it over, no, never mind. I won't waste any more time on that guy, Sign my name."

Exchange.