

—: THE BLUE BONNET :—

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THE MAN BEHIND THE GUNS

The most impressive incident of the Battle of Santiago, as related by an eyewitness in his memoirs, was when dapper Captain Paul St. Clair Murphy, USMC, paid his compliments to Commodore Schley after the surrender of the Colon. The two officers presented a striking contrast.

Tall, handsome, excessively dignified Murphy, immaculately attired in his resplendent marine uniform, looking the picture of a character out of Anthony Hope's novels, hig-stepping or rather strutting, approached the Commodore, clicked his heels, saluted with a flourish and speaking in a loud, sonorous, measured voice said,

"Commodore, permit me to congratulate you upon this glorious victo"

Schley, in an old civilian alpaca coat, nondescript hat, without insignia of any kind, grimy and battle smeared, left sleeve stained with poor Ellis' blood, interrupted, saying,

"No, no, Captain Murphy, not on the victory. Congratulate me on the honor and privilege of having under my command such splendid officers and men. Not to me nor to Captain Cook, but to them, the men behind the guns and the men below in the engine rooms, belong the credit for this great victory."

Note:

The above incident, witnessed by Captain Cook, Flag Lieutenant Sears, the narrator of this anecdote, and one or two others, seems to have escaped mention in any of the published reports of the battle.

"Your neighbors are honest, I hope?" asked the old Negro.

"Yassir, dey it."

"But you keep that loaded shotgun near your hen coop."

"Yas, dat's to keep 'em honest."

Dear Sal,

How the pigs doin' from the fall farrowin' old gal? Lay ya a mint lollypop to a bag of your old Pa's indian remedy there ashiverin' and atremblin' from the bone penetratin' blasts of old man winter these here days.

Had the rip roarin'est time over on one of them other cruisers the other day. Haven't had so much fun since Pa chopped off his big toe in the lawnmower. Well, the decks were covered with blood and gore from stem to stern; the shells were ahittin' the ship like a rivet hammer; steam pipes were abustin' and aspoutin' steam; and men were afallin' like flies. 'Twas a terrible sight. (Sal, it wasn't actually really done, but was all imaginin'. And ya know how ya get worked up in things like that). The place was bloodier than the old butcher house down in the lower forty in hog killin' time.

I was right in the thick of it, doin' my duty, ahelplin' the crew imagine, ashoutin' orders, and atellin' everybody they was dead. Felt sorry for one poor laddie. I says your'e dead to him real emphatic like, and he says "never felt better'n my life." Well, we all knew he was supposed to be deader than a mackerel at a fish fry. But ya can't get for with a soul like that. One of the boys stared him in the eye right then and says you're dead, get down there and stay dead! He shivered a bit for a minute and the prettiest nipup ya ever did see. 'Twas so real he knocked his bean on a stanchion goin' down, and folded up like a tent. Goes to show ya, you gotta be real smart at imaginin' things sometimes in this man's Navy.

Heave a laugh at this. They got agassin' the ship with real gas so everybody had to rush on gas masks on the double quick. Didna' hurt a body 'twas believed when all of a sudden there was the most awfulest weepin', and walin' and atearin' of sheets. They had forgotten about tha Sick Bay. Sick Bay didna furnish gas masks. So as I say, Sal, 'tis a hard, cruel, bitter world.

Tell your Pa his new sea sick medicine didna work. What a fella needs is a scatterin' of good cement with his chow. She'll stay down and she'll stick. Get him aworkin' on that.

Love, Gus.



Last week this feature hit a snag. The editor responsible for the omission is sorry and promises not to let this dereliction occur again.

The radio bay station in the Port Tower has been completely installed. Much credit is due Noble, CRM, Readette, RM1c, and "Hoot" Gibson for the time and effort spent in doing a fine job.

Flight operations have been somewhat limited during the past two weeks, even so, the "unusual" California weather has given us much to worry about. The squall of Tuesday before last gave us all a thrill and a thorough drenching, otherwise no casualties.

In the excitement of the moment, the clamor of wedding bells was mistaken for fire bells. Result: "Charlie" Noble got away again.

The much monikered Rosenkrans has acquired another. First it was "Porky", then "Sunshine" and now it is "Goon"! Why, we ask?

It's about time for Swenson to break all those fancy New Year's resolutions. Perhaps San Diego may prove his undoing. (We hope!)

Andy Mellon is advised to take advantage of this week end and haunt the pike for his own god—if he didn't do it last week?

Happy landings, Shipmates!

A dentist had a room opposite the Salvation Army noticed that some patients who came to have gas sat down in the chair, looked out of the window, and then changed their minds, saying they would not have gas that day. The dentist did not discover the reason until one day he sat in the chair, and, looking through the window, saw painted on the opposite wall in big letters, "Prepare to Meet Thy God."