The first BUNKER HILL boxing tournament, under the direction of Lt. Bob (Pappy) Edkins, the old Riverford backer, attracted capacity audiences to the No. 1 strength semicircus, as well as skilled ring warriors, trained puncheons with the ultimate goal of gaining a place on the ship's boxing team. It was one boxing show that even the Athletic Committee could be called on to investigate—no one failed to give his best or win into the task.

First place Blackman's Main Event Blackman announced that the personnel of the BUNKER HILL team will be listed as soon as possible. This team will represent the ship against squared-circle squares from other ships.

Knockouts were held, with the winners running up in the finals receiving cash prizes.

The most even rivalry of the three-day tournament was between Orie Edwards, BM2c, of Detroit and Richard Kennedy, BM2c, of Fort Devens, Mass., who fought a terrific three-round draw in their first match, then went at it again in their second meeting with the decision going to Edwards.

As far as knock-em-down-drag-em-out action was concerned, the best slugfest of the tournament was between two straw-weights—Robert (Buddy) Charleston and Charles Corner of Cleveland. They started swinging at the opening
The Lament of Mess Cooks

I hope that I shall never see, Another scaling scullery,
A scullery that’s bit silk-well.  
Ask out who works there, he will tell;
A place where preparation ran,
With steps of steam to cloud the eyes;
Where scullery dishes breed despair
And sailors seek a breafe of air;
A scullery where plates are pressed
Beneath the cook’s heated breast,
Where miniatures glasses with wonted sigh
Upon the grey New England sky;
A scullery where steam is spouted
And fumes ultimately burned,
Where decks are always smoking hot,
Its membranes intimate with sweat.
Small wonder then that messmates say
When filling blistered hands to pray,
“Dear Lord, hear Maker of the tree,
Dost Thou, too, make the scullery?”

We are grateful for contributions and we honestly try
To use all the material submitted. The above “poem” is
an example. It is a good effort on parade. But we have a
few things to say about the underlying idea. Altho’ it is
clearly done and humorous, it serves, we think, no pur-
pose. What is so bad about being a Mess Cook? Should
slugs be attached to performing one of the most impor-
tant jobs on the ship—feeding fighting men? Should this
work be looked on as a punishment instead of being regarded
as an honor? One wonders just what you would do without Mess
Cook’s? How many more ships would be sunk and planes
destroyed if all hands were improperly fed?

A Mess Cook is just as important in forcing our food
record as is a pilot or a gunner. He deserves as much
credit—perhaps even more—because his hard work goes
unnoticed. There is certainly no glamour attached to his
onerosous duties in keeping the ship fit and in fighting
form. He too serves (as past tradition) serves not only the
cheer but in doing his work satisfactorily serves his country
equally as well.

Everyone must take his turns as messcooking. Did you
ever realize that your Chief, Warrant Officers, some of
your division officers and so on, every Captain and an
Admiral did his bitch in the scullery? They didn’t do that job
in the best of their ability as they performed other assigned
tasks or they would not be your leaders today.

Note to all Mess Cooks: If you don’t like your job, get
yourself a sides, rated mess graduate from messcooking.
But on this ship—no one is rated until he has served his
time in the scullery. (See pictures on pages 4 and 5)

It’s a FACT

In calm weather, the horizon would whine loudly,
believing that York (The Thunder God) would whistle in
answer, thus creating a breeze which would enable the sea-
men to set their sail and row rowing.

Every time an American gun does its arrière-blow,
he is unconsciously paying tribute to the death of Lord Nelson.
Thus, however, is only because the American uniform
is patterned so closely after the British.

The term “Blue Monday” came into being as early as
the 19th century. It originated because of an old custom
abroad ships, whereby a man’s misdeeds were logged daily
and the culprit flogged weekly, as the following Moody-

Sportsmanship

We’d like to discuss this subject with our shipmates in
relation to the boxing bouts held this past week.

Weber says sportsmanship is “conduct becoming to a
sportsman, involving honest rivalry, courteous relations,
and graceful acceptance of results.”

Now let’s go back and review the fights in the light of
this definition. We saw a good number of boys, most
of them with little or no experience, enter the ring and
give the best they had. We saw many acts of courtesy
and consideration for the opponent by the fighters. No refere-
ever had an easier time handling his men in the ring. We
saw many congratulate winners and winners compliment
losers in keeping with the finest traditions of the squared
circle. We did not see in one or two instances that
“incident” which Weber terms as “teasing” and “talking
as though they theretofore slept” that gives appearance of
being in a “neat and clean” manner. It was done unconsciously
and was the result of inexperience and sentiment.
(If you don’t think a good
man on the course can outwit you, step up and try it.)
The referees and the judges all declared that they did not see
one intentional foul, and knew there were unintentional fouls
that affected the outcome of any bout. All in all the boys
put on a good show and deserve a bag.

We wish that we might close this editorial at this point,
but we must consider the audience as it has been involved.

As the fighters were introduced we heard familiar
cheers and—well—and we heard others loud—’Who’s
that fella?’—and we heard others loud—’That’s the
boy who took the fellow with the bowler hat’—and those
crude suggestions of ours Weber. We heard two of the winners receive the old Bronze Medal from the
corporal matrons who had in the anonymity of the crowd,
and gave voice to a childish disappointment because their
favorite met a better man with the gloves.
Sportsmanship:— “Conduct becoming to a sportsman,
courteous relations and graceful acceptance of results.”

Keep this thought in mind, men, not only for future box-
ing bouts, but for application in all your dealings with your
shipmates! Treat your shipmates, in your shipmates,
you owe it to your ship! Save your ‘Brons Cheers’ for Hitler and Hirohito.
Among Those Present

Wartime produces unusual situations at best, but it seldom happens that one person comes to be listed as "missing in action," "wounded and non-active duty" at the same time. However, such is the case of Robert Bolinas, E2c, from Pakis, Ill. of the Fourth Division, U.S.S. Bunker Hill.

In October of 1942, Bolinas won an apprenticeship season, fresh out of Great Lakes boot training, serving aboard the U.S.S. Algol as a Navy transport, which was on its way to North Africa. Like his shipmates, he had heard the word "mission," whispered frequently on shipboard, and he could look out across the waters and see the staggering size of the force that accompanied him; but not once did he have any idea of what was to happen to him when the Tunny began herding on the Moroccan Coast.

Amphibious barges were hitting the water at midnight on November 8, and soldiers and sailors were streaming over the dark waves as they made their way forward on a beach that they knew well by "just at down barges could be seen plowing through the rain like water off the coast of Northern Minnesota." Bolinas said afterwards that the intruders had been deterred. But the German and French gunners were able to make a dent of 20 yards in the barges' path before they hit the beach, and Bolinas and his shipmates were caught by surprise. He was hit in the leg and another soldier died as their equipment was dumped onto the shore.

This was the beginning of Bolinas' amazing story. His outfit was washed up on the beach, and later in the morning the crew of the barges went back to their ship on other barges that formed the beach. The crew was assigned to another barge, which was making a night landing along the beachhead at Fort Lamy. When a five-inch shell hit the barge, they put it in the barge cracking under. Again the crew was rescued out, the next day, sent back to their transport.

A third landing boat was assigned to them, and they were going through the beach on a third landing when an under water explosion wrecked the boat, wiped out at least half of the occupants and bolted all the equipment.

The first thing Bolinas remembered after the terrific explosion was waking up on a Fort Lamy station in the hills above the port, two days later. He was informed that his ship had sailed out and left him, and he learned that only Army personnel had remained behind. An Army officer came to see their "casual" recruit, and informed him that, until the Navy went onto the Lamy, he was now a member of the 54th Engineers.

Bolinas spent a month with the Army, and his soldier duties included burying the dead that were found up and down the beachhead, some killed in combat with the French and German gunners, some drowned when their boats were wrecked in the surf. Among the dead was a soldier who had been in the blacksmith's shop, and there were others who had been born by explosions to the great giall that they bore as the beachhead continued.

Bolinas and his shipmates, weary from the battle, were buried in a soldiers' graveyard high on the hill that overlooks Lamy.

In December, the Navy sent fleet units into the small Moroccan port, and Bolinas was assigned back to the Navy and sent on his way to America. He arrived in America on Christmas Eve in time to discover that several and unusual circumstances surrounded his return to the fleet. In one report he was listed as having deserted; in another official report he was listed as "missing in action." All the time he had been conscripted to Army records as a temporary member of the 54th Engineers.

In time, however, Bolinas (who was promoted from apprentice to seaman second class after the first day's activity in Africa, and from seaman second class to seaman first class) was assigned a landing craft. His first day's landing craft was badly hit and officially returned to his former Navy standing, with all back pay and benefits. He was sent in April to the U.S.S. Bunker Hill.

Navy Liberalizes Purple Heart Award

Under terms of an alert issued by Secretary of the Navy Knox on January 10, 1944, the Navy Department set forth the definition of wounds for which men may be awarded the Purple Heart.

"For the purpose of awarding the Purple Heart, a wound in defined as an injury to any part of the body from an outside force, external or agent sustained as the result of a hostile act of the enemy or while in action in the face of the enemy.

This definition is retroactive, and personnel who applied for the Purple Heart and were turned down may apply again if the definition covers them.

The Navy has awarded the Purple Heart to men who suffered open wounds from gun or shrapnel in action against the enemy. Under the above definition, those who suffer such injuries as sprained or dislocated limbs, or minor or appreciable gashes, cuts or bruises in ship and landing operations during battles may receive the Purple Heart. A sprained or sprained is granted by a designated authority or by the Navy Department.
OUR MESS COOKS -- THEY ALSO SERVE -- AND HOW!! --- (Story on Page Two)

TALENTED PERFORMERS
AT FIRST SMOKER

THE EYE ARTISTS
The Pacific Front

NEW GUINEA - NO. 14

Off the largest island in the world, and including Greenland, relatively little is known. New Guinea, which forms a dominating part of the Melanesian Region, was divided between the Netherlands, Great Britain, and Australia before the war. With an overall length of some 1,500 miles and a maximum breadth of 460 miles, its total population is estimated at around 4 million, the western and larger portion belonging to the Dutch. The north eastern section, which formerly belonged to Germany, was placed under the administration of Australia by the Treaty of Versailles. The south-west section, where most of the forest fighting has occurred, belonged to the British with its official and administrative headquarters at Port Moresby.

New Guinea is separated from Australia by the small strait between the Torres Straight and the Coral Sea, on the north by the Archipels Sea. The island has a somewhat irregular form, but it may be described as consisting of a broad, central plateau, with two narrower peninsulas, one in the north-west and the other in the south-west. The result is a very full, flat, yet the neighborhood of the Torres Straits and to the west, the shore presents the appearance of a broad, flat, covered with dense forests. In the south-west, the Owen Stanley Mountain Range, named after a British naturalist who did extensive surveying in New Guinea, rises to a height of 12,000 feet. The Japs were making a drive across these mountains to Port Moresby and were making a strong effort to get the whole of New Guinea. So far, there are mountains that rise over 15,000 feet.

The forest area in enormous trees, including the camphor-trees, bananas, cedars, mangoes, rice, maize, and palms are cultivated by the natives. On the west coast there are enormous Malay settlements, but the bulk of the inhabitants is composed of Papuans, a race resembling the negroes of Guinea. They are divided into numerous tribes from a somewhat stage of civilization, some of whom are a friendly disposition, while others are fierce and untrustworthy.

New Guinea was opened up to the European nations during the nineteenth century. Discouraged in the nineteenth century, the British have not had a chance to exploit the island to the full. The capture of the island by the Germans was due to the fact that they had already established a settlement there.

New Guinea is of prime strategic importance in the Japanese war. In the Spring of 1943, the Japs were gathering forces to make a drive into New Guinea. The Battle of the Coral Sea and the constant bombing of the island by the air forces broke up the enemy concentration. Major-General Halsey proceeded to drive the Japs across the Owen Stanley Mountains and into the interior of the island on the east coast. From these bases, designed to strike at the heart of the enemy's supply lines, the fighting had already begun up the coast until the fighting had already begun up the coast. The capture of the island by the Allies was probably due to the fact that they had already established a settlement there.

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Hat Top Topics.

The pagodilla plant of R-2 has decided that the best way to settle all disputes is by putting on the gloves. The rather cunning idea of the pagodilla is that by putting on the gloves, they are able to use their sharp claws to get the better of their enemies. The pagodilla plant is a native of China and is known for its aggressive behavior. It is well known that the pagodilla plant is able to grow in very harsh conditions and is able to survive in a variety of environments. It is also known for its medicinal properties and is used in traditional medicine. The pagodilla plant is also known for its ability to attract animals and is often used as a trap by hunters.

Something has happened to that magic mushroom that use to be the key to the mushroom workshop and made none of the pong (the Japs) any good. We don't know what the dressing was, but it was the dressing that made the pong any good. The Japs thought they had found a cure, but it seems that the dressing was the key. The dressing was a special mixture that was used to treat the pong. The Japs were using this dressing to make the pong any good. They thought they had found a cure, but it seems that the dressing was the key.

John Oakley, BMEIC, realized a dream come true when his younger brother, Will, RAL, was transferred to the BUNKER HILL, recently. After training at Great Lakes, Detroit, and the Naval Hospital at Pearl Harbor, and was almost the entire 4 years before being assigned to the BUNKER HILL. But in a compositional world, the crew will feel a new atmosphere welcoming the BUNKER HILL, Will, and smooth sailing.

R. P. Friddle, BMEIC, better known to his buddies as the "bookworm," has decided to take a pipe, his first ever in his field. Smoking a pipe in the air, the sad part in the bookworm is that he must do it secretly. Anyone crossing in their possession a book on "The Fine Art of Smoking a Pipe," please contact Roger at Conger, E-211. L. Any ideas will be appreciated by the same.

Jack Davis claims that the V-1,8 Division has the most accurate artillery of any division aboard the ship. They have gone as far as to fire one of their own men on board duty so he can pass out the good word.

Proof that it's a small world after all can be found in the following incident: A New York, BMEIC, and Bob Tafford, BMEIC, happened to strike up a conversation one day at a tent. The New York, BMEIC, turned out to be Max Levy, an intern, who was assigned to the hospital. He happened to be on his way to attend a concert. Bob Tafford, BMEIC, proposed to go with him and they both turned out to be from the same city. It was a small world.

John Barrell is taking a chance, showing the latest picture of his girl back home on the phone in his cell. His name is John and the girl is from Tulsa, Okla. John Davis and Conger warned him to put the snapshot away because W-11 has been watching on the gram.

One can readily see that Max Levy, MAA, of the mess- cooks, forward mess hall, is really on the ball because he has extra food on board for the boys to sample and more. Max takes an interest in the boys, and every boy he sees receives an assurance of credit. They do a swell job. Thanks from all the crew.

Wally Marshall, BMEIC, is making his post war plans these days during his spare time. If this is his last assignment, he plans to return to England and take the time he needs to enjoy his stay.

For the information of those of you who can get a glimpse of the islands a short while back, while the workhole was not fully started, a few shots of "You Know It Goes Too" at the Barker Ring.
The day was a hot afternoon in foreign waters aboard a tin-can with every ship at night. The theme was the C.O.'s office. "May I entertain the crew with a few magic tricks?"
"Why not," replied the skipper.

The afterward celebration to end all celebrations was the highlight to the evening. The skipper, in his usual attire, was the center of attention. The crew, with faces lit up with the magic of laughter, followed every move he made. A shade away from the main event, the first mate, in a fit of giggles, whispered to his fellow mates, "Remember, this is the last day of our voyage, we're going to have fun!"

Apprentice Sam: "What is a field day?"
Bosun: "That's the day sailors rearrange the deck!"

And the chief had retired from the service. Each morning he would appear on the deck, walk slowly, and his voice would carry across the ship. He would often speak for hours, discussing the history and future of the ship. He would end by saying, "I love you all."

"Oh, I think Taps will be here before long," said the First Mate.

"No, Doctor," replied the Chief Engineer. "I can't find anything wrong with you. It must be too much drinking.

"Sober, "Well, maybe I'll better come back some time when you're sober."

A CPO approached a joker who was beating his head against a wall. The joke was, "Is that the best you can do?"

"There," remarked the CPO. "That's the ship's mate, in a perfect example of brutality love."

One curious situation:
That the supply room sages,
Deals only in two sizes—
Too small and too large!

Captain Breith: "Ere, are you following the Ten Commandments?"
Seaman: "I don't know, Sir. It's all I can do to follow the ship's regulations."