



The U.S.S. Bunker Hill Monument

VOL. 2 NO. 15

APRIL 22, 1944

FIGHTING 17 SMASHES ALL RECORDS

LT. COMDR. SHAW NEW "GUN BOSS"

Lt. Comdr. James C. Shaw, USN, young, but battle-scarred, is the BUNKER HILL'S new Gunnery Officer, being elevated from his post as assistant to succeed Comdr. W. R. D. Nickelson, recently detached and ordered to new duty as yet unrevealed.

The new "gun boss" is one of the most popular officers on the ship, and boasts a combat record second to none, having served on the Atlanta during all her battles, and became the recipient of the Presidential Unit Citation, the Silver Star and the Purple Heart as the result of actions while aboard her. He was a member of the great nucleus provided the ship by the Atlanta, which besides himself, included Comdr. Nickelson, Lt. W. H. Mack, and Lt (jg) G. F. Collieran. This quartet reported to the BUNKER HILL shortly after the gallant end of the Atlanta, and lent a strong backbone and valuable experience to the gunnery department. Lt. Collieran was also recently detached, leaving Lt. Comdr. Shaw and Lt. Mack as the only Atlanta alumni.

Also detached were Comdr. A. P. Rhamy, MC-V(S), USNR, who was ordered to the Monterey as Senior Medical Officer; Lt. S. R. Cummings, USNR, Landing Signal Officer; and Lt. (jg) H. J. Chedester, USN, of the Engineering Department. Cummings and Chedester were to report to the west coast for further assignment. The landing signal duties will now be shared by Lt. E. S. Dewey, USNR, who has teamed with Lt. Cummings for the past year, and Lt. E. E. Rodenburg, USNR, the Air Group Landing Signal Officer. Lt. Comdr. P. P. Barrick, USNR, also a naval aviator, reported aboard at our last port. Lt. Comdr. Barrick served at NAS, Clinton, Oklahoma, before joining us.

ENLISTED PERSONNEL MAY BE INTERCHANGED BETWEEN SHORE, SEA

To expedite the relief of enlisted men who have been on sea duty for more than 18 months, the interchange of enlisted personnel between the forces afloat and the shore establishments has been authorized.

BuPers announced on 4 June 1943 the establishment of a policy for rotating duty of enlisted personnel who have been performing hazardous duty aboard ship and at outlying stations. Eighteen months was specified in such duty as the minimum, after which men are considered available to return to the U. S. for a maximum of 30 days rehabilitation leave, if practicable, and assignment to duty. Such duty may be either in shore establishments or in nucleus crews of new ships.

Authority previously had been granted to ComAirLant and ComFairWestCoast to interchange aviation branch and general service ratings with NAFTCS.

District commandants are working out the necessary details after conferences with fleet personnel officers. Men who have served longest at shore establishments, especially those granted extensions under the three-year shore duty survey, will be given high priority on the list of those slated for sea duty.

OUTSTANDING PACIFIC SQUADRON

Word reached the ship this week from newspaper accounts that our first Fighter Squadron has returned home in triumph, having established an enviable record in their months of fighting the Japs. We have every reason to be proud of this group and feel that they belong to us because it was only recently that they were permanently detached from this ship, although they had left us months ago. Fearless and will ever forget that memorable attack--our first--when they did such a grand job of protecting us in the long sustained attack of enemy Vals and Kates. We were very grateful to them then--now, we can be more than proud of them. Just look at their record, as reported by the New York Times:

They set a Pacific record by shooting down 154 Jap planes in 79 days of combat, including 60 missions of escorting bombers in the New Georgia, Bougainville and Rabaul sectors.

They have half again as many "probables" shot down--their Skipper, insisting no plane be reported as shot down unless it was actually seen falling in flames.

They never lost a bomber from a group that its fliers escorted.

They sunk seven Japanese cargo ships and 17 barges, setting another record for damage to the enemy by a fighter group.

They have thirteen aces (those who shot down five or more enemy planes) in the squadron. They are:

Lt. (jg) Ira C. (Ike) Kepford, former Northwestern University halfback, is both his Squadron's and the NAVY'S LEADING ACE, with 16 planes to his credit. Lt. Comdr. J. T. (Tommy) Blackburn, the Squadron Commander, is next with 11.

Lt. Comdr. "Rigid Roger" Hedrick, 9; Lts. "Doc" Stenowitch, 8; Tim Gile, 8; Lts. (jg) Earl May, 4; Paul Cordray, 7; "Mac" Burris, 7; Dan Cunningham, 7; Billy Mims, 6; "Butch" Davenport, 6; Lts. Jim Streig, 5; "Dirty Eddie" March, 5, who was a former University of North Carolina athlete, winning the National Pentathlon Championship in 1940.

Each member of the Squadron, with but three exceptions, has shot down one or more Jap planes.

Upon their return to the States, this 'Skull and Crossbones' Squadron, also known as 'Blackburn's Irregulars' contradicted the popular civilian scuttlebutt that the Japanese are running short of pilots and that the quality of their airmen is deteriorating. This report quotes 'Tommy' Blackburn as saying: "The Japanese pilots have improved, if anything, since the early days of air combat at Guadalcanal. They used to have some awful jerks, but those we met at Rabaul recently are much better. They have had plenty of time to recover from their losses at Midway." He exploded the myth that the Nips seldom use parachutes.

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Staff



The Ship's Paper of the U. S. S. BUNKER HILL
Thomas P. Jeter, Captain, U. S. N.
Commanding

J. J. Quigley, Lieut. (Chaplain).....U. S. N. R.
E. L. Moriarty, Lieut.U. S. N. R.
W. C. Mitchell, Lieut.U. S. N. R.
E. F. Brissie, Lieut.U. S. N. R.
B. H. Ridder, Lieut. (jg).....U. S. N. R.
V. L. Chandler, Prtr. 1c.....U. S. N.
W. J. Hession, Prtr. 2c.....U. S. N. R.
A. M. Guarnera, PhM 2c.....U. S. N. R.
H. L. Ferguson, Prtr. 3c.....U. S. N. R.
E. M. Spica, Sic.....U. S. N. R.

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Articles for the Government Of the United States Navy

The Navy of the United States shall be governed by the following articles:

Article 1

The commanders of all fleets, squadrons, naval stations and vessels belonging to the Navy are required to show in themselves a good example of virtue, honor, patriotism, and subordination; to be vigilant in inspecting the conduct of all persons who are placed under their command; to guard against and suppress all dissolute and immoral practices; and to correct, according to the laws and regulations of the Navy, all persons who are guilty of them; and any such commander who offends against this article shall be punished as a court martial may direct.

Article 2

The commanders of vessels and naval stations to which chaplains are attached shall cause divine service to be performed on Sunday whenever the weather and other circumstances allow it to be done; and it is earnestly recommended to all officers, seamen, and others in the naval service diligently to attend at every performance of the worship of Almighty God.

Article 3

Any irreverent or unbecoming behavior during divine service shall be punished as a general or summary court-martial may direct.

Know Your Navy

The "rose box" does not contain flowers. It is the enlarged end of a suction pipe which acts as a strainer to prevent clogging materials from entering the pumps.

A "lazy guy" is not necessarily an idler. In nautical language, a lazy guy is a rope or tackle used to make fast a boom or spar in rough weather.

The Pacific Front

SUMATRA - NO. 15

Sumatra is an island of the Dutch East Indies, in the Indian Seas, immediately under the equator. In the direction of its greatest length it extends from northwest to southeast. Its greatest length is about 1,000 miles, and its greatest breadth about 260 miles; its area is about 160,000 square miles. It ranks second in size to Borneo among the Asiatic islands and has a population of almost one million.

The west side of the island is mountainous, but the east side has a totally different character, and spreads out into interminable plains nearly as level as the sea. Many of the southern mountains in the Barisau range are of a volcanic nature and reach a height of 12,000 feet. Occasional eruptions among some of the more active volcanoes have caused devastation to the natives who mine the metals that abound in this area. So much of the interior is intractable and hazardous to overland communications that river traffic, particularly in Coal, is the main mode of commercial transportation on the island. The Musi and Jambi are navigable for most of their five hundred miles and are the two chief rivers of Sumatra.

The forests are very rich and yield valuable timber or other useful products, such as benzoin and gutta-percha. The tremendous inroads our submarines have made on the Japanese merchant marine have forced the enemy to construct wooden barges to replace the tankers and freighters that have been lost. In most of the East Indian Islands where productive wood is plentiful the Japs have initiated building programs, using native labor, to keep the rich resource flowing to the homeland. Pepper is the chief cultivated product. Sago and rice are also cultivated, and excellent tobacco and coffee are grown for export. The oil output was well over 5,000,000 tons a year before the war. It is difficult to estimate the annual yield to the Japs as the retreating Dutch laid waste to the more important refineries. Yet it seems almost certain that the enemy has restored most of the destruction. Great quantities of tin are mined on the East Coast and on the islands of Bangka and Billiton which are a part of the province of Sumatra.

The native populations consists of Malaysians, Butaks, and Menaugkaabaneese. Before the Jap conquest the province was divided into several administrative districts with the Dutch Governor residing at Medan, the capital of the island. Originally discovered by a Portuguese navigator in the fifteenth century, the Dutch settled there as early as the seventeenth century and by the middle of the nineteenth century the island was formally recognized as a Dutch colony. The Dutch colonial policy was no more enlightened in Sumatra than in the other East Indian Islands and the natives made little effort to check the onrushing Japanese who completed their conquest in Feb. 1942.

Aside from the natural resources of Sumatra the island is of great strategic importance. The northern half of the island extends into the Indian Ocean and guards the southern and western flank of Singapore. Any approach to Singapore by sea from the west must come within easy range of enemy bombers and naval units based in Sumatra. The southern approach to Singapore is completely cut off by the island and the oft-mentioned drive of Lord Louis Mountbatten to recapture the great bastion of Singapore will be harassed by enemy naval and air strength operating from Sumatra.

Bunker Hillbilly Says:

A cluck whose pipes I'd like to burst
Is the guy who always gets in line THE FIRST!

Strictly ★ PERSONAL



A cryptic comment overheard recently, carried the implication that in this, as in most wars, there are those who are fighting it and those who ain't fighting it - and the former will go on fighting it and the latter will continue "ain't fightin' it." If this be true, no one can deny a place for our new "gun boss," Lt. Comdr. James E. Shaw, USN, in the original category, for him the smell of gunpowder has become as natural as the indelicate aroma commonly associated with the stalls around Maxwell Street in the good city of Chicago.

For those who believe they have been rendered strangers to the goodness and comforts to be found in the 48 states, after a few months at sea, let them dwell briefly on the career of Lt. Comdr. Shaw, who has had less than six months in six years in which to re-acclimate himself to the scenes of his youth - or rather, early youth, as he still has many years to go before even reaching what is considered middle age. He is only 31 years old.

The "gun boss" began his career peacefully enough in the invigorating climes of Minnesota and Ontario, centered mainly around St. Paul, where he was born. Near the conclusion of his grammar school days, he came upon a work which we'll call "Tom Merriwell's First Year At Annapolis," and after greedily falling upon this and the succeeding works dealing with the young man's exploits during the second and fourth year, Jim Shaw promptly decided: that was for him.

He secured a Congressional appointment at 15, a year prior to his graduation from high school, but only irked the gentleman in Washington who appointed him when it was discovered he had not as yet attained the age required for acceptance. The next year he wangled an alternate senatorial appointment, but was still left outside the gates

when the No. 1 appointee accepted. Undaunted, he stepped into the Naval Reserve recruiting office, surprised his mother when he returned home that night fully clad in the apprentice seaman uniform of the day. Two years in the Reserve, attending periodic drills, cruising on the Great Lakes, all while sandwiching in an outside job, fitted him for a chance at the competitive exams offered by SECNAV to select 25 promising young men from all over the country for the Naval Academy. He was among the chosen few, entering the Academy in June of '32 and graduating with the Class of 1936. He'll admit to nothing outstanding during his four years there, but it is known that he served as Varsity Football manager and on the editorial staff of "The Log."

After graduation he was first assigned to the old cruiser, Northampton and then to an old four-stacker destroyer, Litchfield, which was then the tactical flagship for the submarine force, and an integral part of SUBRON 4 based at Pearl Harbor. He was then ordered for duty in the Orient, and thus began an association with the Japs that has been terminated only by short weeks in the States while waiting for a new ship to be commissioned.

He left Honolulu on the President Pierce, and his first impression of Japan was gained when the liner put in at Yokohama. It was mid-winter there, and extremely cold, which didn't help to alter his opinion on the shabbiness of the country. He does confess though, to a liking for the Japs at that time. There seemed to be little evidence of war preparations there, and the people were friendly and hospitable. His views gradually changed, however, as he went on to Kobe, Tokyo and the temple city of Kyoto, where more frequent contacts were made with the Japanese army --- an entirely different breed than the peaceful Japanese of Yokohama. While it was still difficult to notice any large scale preparations, several incidents do stand out in his mind that served to prove these were going on.

The Pierce was the first American ship to put in at Shanghai since the bombing of the President Hoover, and to Comdr. Shaw, the most amazing thing about Shanghai was the International Settlement --- a virtual unblemished island in the midst of shattered ruins, and teeming with thousands of many nationalities. No passport was required for admittance to the sheltered walls, so the settlement gradually filled with White Russians and Jewish refugees from Europe.

At that time Americans were treated pretty well by Jap soldiery, but not so the British, who were subjected to constant searches and untold indignities. Comdr. Shaw remembers his picture being taken on many occasions, always without his knowledge and permission, and followed only by the usual apologetic hissing as the Jap lensman stole quietly and speedily away. Chinese were under constant exploitation. Many of their thugs were hired by the Japs to pounce upon a lone American sailor in an effort to create an incident between China and the United States. Graft, political debasements and petty "rackets" were noted in all sectors. If a Jap private wanted a little extra pocket money, he had only to stretch a few strands of barbed-wire across a public walk and then charge native passers-by 10¢ for the privilege of walking around it. American Shore Patrol was given a particularly bad time, trying to settle all disputes amicably and ward off all attempts at creating incidents. It was not a happy job.

Comdr. Shaw joined the destroyer, Stewart, at Manila as its engineering officer, and summers in North China gave him a further insight on the country and its people, both of which he grew to like tremendously. Manila also holds many happy memories, for it was here he met and married Jane Holt, an Army "junior," the daughter of a Colonel in the Medical Corps. His sister, Betty Lou, who had come to Pearl Harbor just prior to his transfer to the China station, joined them here, and the three of them lived in a three-hundred-year old Spanish home replete with antique treasures of teak and mahogany and even bordered by a moat.

(continued on page 6)



ONE DESTROYER, MEMBER OF OUR TA

Lt. E. L. Moriarty, a member of the MONUMENT'S Staff, wrote this featured article which, having been duly passed by the censors of CINCPAC, was published in the Sunday supplement of the Detroit Free Press.

"Little Moe" before he entered the ranks of the A(V)S's, was a sports writer for this paper. We are so certain all hands will be interested that we republish it for your benefit.

By Lt. Edmund L. Moriarty, USNR

An Aircraft Carrier, Somewhere on the Pacific—This is the story of a rescue at sea which was turned into one of the neatest surface actions of the war and the complete destruction of a four-ship Jap convoy by a lone destroyer.

The story begins on our aircraft carrier on the opening day of festivities in a grand-scale operation. Our torpedo planes had sounded reveille for the Japs with a pre-dawn strike on the largest atoll of our target group, and the attack continued relentlessly throughout the morning.

Along about noon Lt. (jg) Guy M. Brown, Jr., 26, a hell-bent-for-Japs pilot from Vicksburg, Miss., was circling with his squadron for a second attack on the enemy. The pilots were to drop most of their load on the airfield and gun installations, but were to save one bomb each for a concentrated skip-bombing run on a 6,000-ton Jap transport huddled helplessly in the harbor.

Brown dropped his bombs on the original target, then pulled up for a rendezvous with his squadron. But cloud banks had set in and he was unable to find the rest of the group.

Being of an impatient nature, Brown decided to make his run on the ship alone. He did, diving down to where the lagoon was a glistening, blue-green mirror. Brown leveled off at barely 50 feet and made a perfect run in through a heavy hail of A-A fire.

When he pulled out, Brown discovered two disheartening facts: (1) His bomb had failed to release and (2) his right wing was like a sieve from the A-A fire.

A lesser man might have called it a day and run for home. Not Brown. Undaunted, he immediately set himself for a second bombing run. This time the bomb released perfectly. It was not a direct hit, but one of those very near misses which certainly damaged the ship below the water line and hastened its ultimate sinking by the "polisher-offers" from Brownie's squadron who by this time were making their runs.

But the ship's A-A had been active, too. When Brown pulled out for the second time, he realized his sturdy Avenger was badly crippled. The hydraulic lines had been shot away; one elevator was just about gone; his engine had been hit and oil was spouting out, and the rent fabric was singing with the wind all about him.

Over the inter-communication system, Brown calmly informed his squadron skipper, Lt. Comdr. Frank Whitaker, of the situation and said he'd have to make a water landing.

He was able to clear the lagoon and make 15 miles toward the carrier. At this time the carrier was about 100 miles away. Brown set his Avenger into the water.

Escape procedure is carefully gone over time and again in training between pilot and crew; but in this case the radioman, Frank Nugent, ARM2c, 22, of Jersey City, N. J., apparently was not firm in his seat at the moment of impact. He was severely injured.

The gunner, George Sandburg, ARM2c, 30, of Camden, N. J., extricated himself without delay and while Brown was getting out the life raft and emergency rations, Sandburg worked Nugent free, undoubtedly saving the latter's life.

It was later discovered that Nugent had sustained a severe back injury and the care given him by Brown and Sandburg is the reason he recovered.

The trio wasted no time in getting acclimated to their life raft and made preparations for a long "cruise" if necessary. Meanwhile, another pilot, Lt. Paul Dickson, of Springfield, O., flew over them like a mother eagle for four and a half hours until the carrier received word of their plight.

A destroyer was ordered to their rescue, and although they had already made two flights that day, Lt. Comdr. Whitaker and Lt. Grady Owens, the squadron's executive officer, escorted by two fighters, guided the destroyer to the scene. The rescue was made without further incident, after the men had been in the water about five hours.

By this time our carrier force, of which the destroyer was a member, was steaming on an opposite course, and it would be several hours before a rendezvous would be made.

Night came in, lit up faintly by a quarter moon, as the destroyer slid peacefully through the cobalt blue waters. The destroyer skipper, Comdr. D. T. Eller, USN, had given Brown his own room, just off the bridge and next to Plot.

Brown, a light sleeper, overheard snatches of conversation during the night. When mention of surface vessels reached his ears, few seconds elapsed before he was out on the bridge, fully dressed and ready for whatever might come up.

Surface craft, unidentified as to number and type, but definitely enemy, had been contacted. What was before them? Perhaps a portion of the long awaited Jap fleet, steaming out to try and quell the attack? If so, what was a lone destroyer to do against such odds? The suspense was terrific.

The young officer of the deck, standing his underway watch on the bridge, asked the skipper, "Shall I order flank speed and try to slip through them, sir?"

"Slip through them, my foot," bellowed the skipper. "I've been waiting for a chance like this for years, and we're not going to run for it now."

The range grew closer and closer as the trim little greyhound stalked her quarry. Finally, when the gap had closed to maximum range, the "open fire" command was given. The first salvo from the main battery roared out.



SK FORCE, SINKS ENTIRE JAP CONVOY

Almost immediately a sheet of flame rose in the distance. A dead-on hit had been made on what later turned out to be a Jap tanker. The little ship slithered and bucked, but always forward, as the range grew closer. Then the smaller guns opened with their sharp staccato bursts.

New targets were ghoulishly silhouetted by the flames of the tanker. They were a cargo ship and two escort vessels, probably small destroyers or gunboats, all part of this small Jap convoy trying to slip through to aid their holed-in brethren. Gun crews worked like madmen, feeding ammunition to waiting handlers; pointers and trainers adjusted their setting with deadly accuracy. The skipper coned his ship, always on and on though she quivered and shook with every burst from her batteries.

Within 10 minutes every Jap ship was ablaze and hopelessly floundering. Within 30 minutes they were all settled—permanently in Davy Jones' locker.

In the midst of the fray, a United States battleship from a task force 20 miles away, by this time well aware of the proceedings, radioed that she would be right over to lend assistance.

The destroyer skipper radioed back, making it quite plain that this was his picnic and he was doing quite all right, thank you, and no help was needed.

The Japs put up a fight until the end, but after the first few salvos from the destroyer what Jap guns still were firing

only threw wild shells that were scattered over the horizon.

Not once during the firing did the destroyer stop advancing. She bored right in to a point-blank range of 100 yards, making certain that none of the ships would sneak away in the night.

While all this was going on, Brown was in his glory, running all over the ship to observe the close range of the tanker. "Man, it was wonderful," he said.

Flames covered the water and completely enveloped the tanker, while her deck presented a raging inferno in which no human could exist. On a line hanging over the stern, however, were three Japs, hopelessly trapped between the ship and the flaming water. The very line to which they were grasping was gradually burning away.

One of the machine gunners requested permission to put them out of their misery to which the captain replied, "There's no future where they're going, anyway. Hold fire."

Before the battle, the chief engineer had been ribbing Brownie about all the oil used up just to pick up the aviators. Now it was Brownie's turn to apply the "needle."

If it had not been for the rescue mission, the destroyer never would had her sea picnic at night. The Navy, especially that portion represented by Comdr. Eller's destroyer, was happy over the entire episode. One convoy destroyed is a pretty good night's work for any lone destroyer, even an American one.

Thirty-Two Medals Won by Our Aviators

A total of 29 medals were awarded to Air Group 17 for the last two operations in which they participated, it has been announced. The awards were made at a special ceremony shortly after their return to the States.

Three members still aboard have also been recognized for their part in these same operations, and one of them, Ensign John R. Bertie, was the recipient of the highest award to be made—a coveted Navy Cross.

Ensign Bertie received this distinguished honor for great courage and superior airmanship displayed in a dawn sortie over a Zeke-infested enemy target. Engaging several of these enemy fighters, he shot down three of them, and though he was wounded himself in the action, in the arm and leg, and with his plane badly shot up, he carried on with cool courage throughout and brought his plane back safely aboard. His instrument panel was completely destroyed, and though separated from his squadron during the engagement, he took a sight from the sun and flew his plane back on a perfect course to the ship. He was also awarded the Purple Heart for this action.

Lt. Comdr. Evan P. Aurand, his skipper, was the re-

ipient of a DFC, while Lt. (jg) N. L. Davisson was awarded the Air Medal, both for the same dawn operation.

In the Air Group, Distinguished Flying Crosses were awarded Commander R. H. Dale, the group commander, who also received the Air Medal; Lt. Comdr. Sam L. Silber, Lt. Comdr. G. P. Norman, Lt. G. N. Owens, Lt. N. W. Langdon and Lt. R. A. M. Dibb.

Air Medals were conferred on the following: Lt. R. P. Kline, Lt. D. J. Yerxa, Lt. L. M. Madden, Lt. R. P. Friesz; Lt. (jg) W. S. Palmer, Lt. (jg) C. G. Van Stone, Lt. (jg) W. L. Gerner, Lt. (jg) George Kish, Lt. (jg) L. C. Brandt, Lt. (jg) W. P. Harris, Lt. (jg) J. M. Bristow, Lt. (jg) R. L. Temme, Lt. (jg) D. L. Thompson, Lt. (jg) H. W. Worley, Lt. (jg) T. C. Thomas, Lt. (jg) D. E. Runyon, Lt. (jg) T. N. Vogle; and Ensigns R. K. Cocanougher, L. G. Andrian, Leo Martin, A. C. Wochomurka and E. J. Courgeur.

A large number of recommendations have been made for all other operations. These will be announced as soon as the information is made available after approval. Because of the great number of sorties flown, and their crushing effectiveness, it is expected that Air Group 17 will surpass all other air groups in honors won in the war to date—a distinction in which all hands can share and be proud.

STRICTLY PERSONAL (continued from page 3)

He took his wife and sister to China for the summer, and it was soon evident that the international situation was growing increasingly tense. Shortly after, the sage Admiral Hart ordered the evacuation of all Navy dependents. His wife was forced to return under this edict on January 1, 1941, and his sister returned in another three months. Under orders he left the Orient in September on the last trip out on the President Coolidge.

After a brief visit at his wife's home in Alabama, Lt. Comdr. Shaw was ordered to the Atlanta, and the commissioning speech delivered Christmas Eve by Admiral Andrews, calling upon her men "to go and deal out death and destruction to the enemies of our country" was well taken, as so valiantly did the Atlanta perform before her final death knell was sounded, that the coveted Presidential Unit Citation was awarded her.

The Atlanta arrived at Pearl a day before the return of the Hornet and Enterprise from the Tokyo raid, and shortly after departed for the Coral Sea. The battle there was already over, however, so the ship returned to Pearl, but a day later was steaming west again, this time for Midway, just before the festivities began there, reconnaissance reports flowed in with an estimation of the Jap strength. It was appalling, and made the formidable American force seem very small indeed. The Nips had not reckoned with our sky punch, however, and as the battle was waged primarily in the air, the Nips did not see fit to expose their fleet to a surface encounter; turned a complete about face and headed for Tokyo.

With the opening of the Guadalcanal operations, the Atlanta was called upon to guard the supply lines, and there followed what Comdr. Shaw describes as "two months of plain hell." The Nips were getting in their greatest licks at that time, and for a while it was touch and go. For the Atlanta there was seldom an inactive moment, what with shepherding convoys; shelling the island; seeking out Jap surface forces; and repelling almost constant air attacks by dive bombers. When supporting the landings, they were under continual attack for almost four days, being at GO at all times. At night, it was their courageous wont to seek out the surface marauders, and on the night of Nov. 13th they ran into the entire Jap fleet.

Comdr. Nickelson was his "gun boss" on the Atlanta as he was on this ship, and when the battle opened, Lt. Comdr. Shaw was with Lt. "Bud" Mack, his present assistant, in the Plotting Room. After blowing up a DD and heavily damaging a cruiser, the Atlanta found herself bracketed between four Jap cruisers, and with Nip searchlights being played all over her, she became an open target for the enemy batteries. During the night - a night of nightmares - the proud Atlanta took 63 major caliber hits; two torpedoes; her bridge was gutted; six of her turrets were knocked out; and her decks and compartments were filled with gallant dead and wounded. Still she remained afloat, and fought on, a grand tribute to her battle-sore and weary men, who wouldn't give her up to the sea.

One hit threw Comdr. Shaw heavily against the bulkhead, knocking him out for a few seconds and breaking his hand. Throughout the long night he refused to give in, however, as he scampered up and down ladders, giving aid where he could and helping to fight for the ship. His main recollection of the night is a "nightmare of falls," as he was thrown against bulkheads, knocked down, or slipping on decks - glistening with blood and oil and covered with debris.

Morning came, and sweet relief, especially when a cruiser off the beam was identified as friendly. Some six thousand yards away, however, was a large destroyer - not friendly - but the friendly cruiser dispatched this menace with a few short salvos.

When the tension had finally subsided, a fellow officer called attention to Comdr. Shaw's hand, now swollen over

THE RIDE OF PAUL REVERE (As Told By The Horse)

Listen, my jockeys, and you shall hear
How I carried my master, Paul Revere,
From the Charles bank, at the midnight hour,
When the lights flashed out in the belfry tower.
The British had landed! Paul gave me a pat
And said, "Well, Bess, old gal, that's that."

And off we sped through the country wide -
And maybe I didn't give Paul a ride!
But honest, I had to laugh at the folk
We waked, who said, "What's this, a joke?"
And one old party, a Cambridge squire,
In nightgown and helmet, yelled, "Where's the fire?"

And, of course, as I couldn't talk, you know,
I just whinnied, "You tell 'em, Paul; let's go!"
Then away we flew, through village and town.
I don't know the route but it's all set down
In Longfellow's poem; I simply said:
"We'll make the grade if I don't drop dead."

Well, I didn't, and when that ride was done,
And Paul said, "Bess, there's Lexington,"
And I saw a stall and pile of hay,
Well, I just laid down and I passed away,
And when I woke up next day and heard
What the minutemen had done - my word!
I wobbled up and gave three horse cheers
For that ride of mine - and Paul Revere's!

twice its size. It was then, and for the first time, according to Comdr. Shaw, that the member began to pain, and so intense did it become that he was unable to make any more trips up and down ladders, even though he had been doing this all through the night, and with no evidence of pain.

Later in the morning, Marines in Higgins boats stood off to pick up the more seriously wounded. Comdr. Shaw left only when ordered by the captain, and no sooner had the beach been reached when everyone seemed to vanish into thin air. Suddenly came a voice: "You'd better get down here, Buddy, there's an air raid coming in." It was a marine in a fox-hole, and the commander lost no time in getting his first taste of life in one of these island necessities.

After being hospitalized for a short time at Guadal, an experience which also included further association with fox-holes as a result of heavy bombing attacks and night bombardments. Comdr. Shaw was evacuated by plane - through a peppering of shell by a Jap "Pistol Pete" - to an advanced base. With the facilities over-taxed here, he was removed by hospital ship to New Zealand, where he spent a very pleasant convalescence in a country, which he considers, by its natural wonders and beauty, to have a great future for the tourist trade.

As a consequence of the Atlanta's last battle, he was awarded the Silver Star and Purple Heart Medals. Other medals, which the Commander is authorized to wear are: the China Service, the American Defense with a star, the American Theater, the Asiatic-Pacific with eight stars and the Presidential Unit Citation.

Upon return to the States he was ordered to the BUNKER HILL, there to join his old shipmates, Comdr. Nickelson, Lt. Mack and Lt. (jg) Colleran to form a really experienced nucleus for the gunnery department.

While in Boston, grim tragedy stalked him again with the death of his wife after a very brief illness. Such a sad turn to climax so many hectic battle experiences would be more than enough to down an ordinary man. But Comdr. Shaw is no ordinary man. He turned to the heavy task confronting him with the vigor of one preparing for his first cruise, and has kept the pace through all operations. The gunnery mantle has fallen into capable hands, and to a man who is grimly determined to continue to be one of those "fightin' the war," and not one who "ain't fightin' it."

FIGHTING 17 SMASHES ALL RECORDS (continued from page 1)

"The Jap will jump unless he's killed," he continued. "As soon as his plane starts to smoke, he's out, parachuting to safety."

Ike Kepford commented in this same interview, that the Japanese airmen seem "to run in streaks." "Some days they will be very good and other days they will mill around independently of each other with no pattern to their attack at all. Some of our new pilots are inclined to underestimate the performance of the Japanese planes, if not the pilots, until they have gone out on a mission." "That was my experience too," he admitted, "but after the first time we actually tangled with the Japs we all 'got religion,' so to speak."

Many officers and men on board this ship can well remember and readily smile at this statement of Ike's, recalling that day of our first attack when Ike landed to refuel on the flight deck, grinning from ear to ear, and as excited as a kid with his first bicycle, having that day knocked his first four Zekes out of the sky, and, as he enthused, "sent those sons of -- heaven to meet their honorable ancestors."

Kepford's most thrilling exploit came only a short time before he left the Pacific theater. He was surrounded by Jap planes, but managed to shoot down two. With three other enemy planes bearing on him, Kepford called his headquarters and reported:

"Boxed in by three. Chalk up two for Ike. This looks like the works, boys."

But out of the sky, a short time later, anxious watchers saw Kepford's plane winging for its base, and a cheer went up. He had shot down another Jap plane, his sixteenth, and escaped.

When he landed, Lieut. Kepford remained in his plane, his head bowed.

"I am shaken and humble," he said.

Rear Admiral Ballentine, Chief of Staff COMAIRPAC, was quoted in this newspaper account as attributing their remarkable accomplishments to the group's morale and skill. "They were so anxious to fight," he said, "that sometimes I was almost afraid to let them take off from the ship for fear they'd start shooting at each other."

We are rightly proud of each and every member of this outfit, probably more proud than any others because we feel and always will, that these men belong to us -- they were, and still are, our 'shipmates.' They too did their part in making the BUNKER HILL the great ship it is.



Much Ado About Nothing

Strictly Personal: I'm strictly a guy that likes more yoke than white, in a platter of eggs...But there seems to be plenty of guys that prefer 'em the other way...Furthermore, I've never considered cauliflower to be edible, if anyone cares...You can put egg-plant in that category, too...And while we're confessing, I might as well own up to the fact that I'm a sucker for a clean sheet of paper, and get the whips-and-linges unless I can pencil in a couple of flat-topped circles, or other doodling marks.

Brickbats & Bouquets: A bushel of bouquets in two directions this week...To all hands, for the cooperation they gave in conserving fresh water. It always will be touch-and-go with this many men aboard, however, so we can't afford to let up...And kudos to all those responsible for the grand shows we've been getting by the leather pushers, climaxed by the variety show of the other afternoon...It was swell fun, and a continuation of it doubtlessly will mean the unearthing of even more talent.

If there was any doubt as to the efficiency of the scut-tlebut grape-vine, it was dispelled this week...Before division officers even knew there were to be transfers from their outfits, they were receiving requests from guys sweating out a States-side trip...One officer had just put down the phone, upon getting the word, and turned around to face three men with chits in hand!

Did you ever stop to think of the men who reached baseball fame whose names started with the letter M? John McGraw, Joe McCarthy had top-notch records, as has Bill McKechnie, the only man to win pennants with three different clubs. And then there's Bill Meyer, who is tops in the minors...By the way, the Cubs and the Sox, of Chicago, are including goat's milk on their training-table menus this spring. Just try that for future gag material!

Does anyone else have this problem? Every time I shave, the water runs down my arm and drips off of my elbow. I've tried every contortion to duck the dribble, but haven't made the grade yet. If you got a sure-fire cure, drop us a line.

A certain gasoline controlman was told by his officer to purge the system with nine pounds -- a perfectly normal command. But the controlman was new, didn't quite understand, but let forth over the phones with: "Submerge nine pounds." The pump room boys had a rough time figuring that one, before the matter finally was cleared up.

During the course of a lecture given the Warrant Officers' stewards, Warrant Electrician Plascjak was explaining the difference between courtesy and tact, and the part they play in working with people. He asked if any of them knew the difference, and got various definitions. He turned to Harvey and repeated the question.

"Well," -- Sir, -- retorted Harvey, "Ah jes can't 'splain de difference, but ah know -- once I was a plumber, and one day a lady called me on the 'phone and said to hurry right over, the bath tub done sprung a leak. So ah rushed right ovah. Ah bust in the front door and up the stairs and into the bathroom. And boy -- there sat the lady in the tub!

"And ah spoke right over and sez: 'Oh -- good mawnin', SIR!'"

"Now that there 'good mawnin' was courtesy -- but the 'sir' was tact!'"

CONSERVE FRESH WATER!!

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



I DON'T SEE ANYBODY YOU MEAN THEY'RE HIDDEN AROUND HERE?

YES MAAM I'LL TRY YOU A LITTLE FOR EVERY MAAM YOU CAN SPOT

OKAY! -- BUT!



Things Are Not Always As They Seem



"It's the stenographer downstairs. She says, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the end of their party!"



"It's terra firma from his folks in Oklahoma."



"God help the sailors on a night like this."

