



The Monument

VOL. 2 NO. 30

U. S. S. BUNKER HILL

AUGUST 26, 1944

NEW FLAG ABOARD; COMMAND CHANGES

Captain Pirie is Chief of Staff

Coincidental with the reporting of Admiral Gerald F. Bogan to the BUNKER HILL was the arrival of most of his staff members, with the balance scheduled to report within the next few days.

The BUNKER HILL is the fourth carrier on which Admiral Bogan has flown his flag in as many months, being flown on two CVEs while he commanded another force, and on a sister CV pending transfer to this ship.

The staff is headed by Capt. R. B. Pirie, USN, who has served under Admiral Bogan during many tours of duty. One of the youngest captains in the Navy, Captain Pirie's career has been closely associated with Naval aviation and carrier work almost continually since his graduation from the Naval Academy in 1926. He was Superintendent of Air Training at Miami under the Admiral, after which he was ordered to the staff of Admiral Towers, Commander Air Forces Pacific. After a tour as "Exec" aboard the Mission Bay, he was ordered to his present post under Admiral Bogan.

All of the other staff members are reserve officers, and four of them were also associated with the Admiral at Miami. They are: Comdr. R. H. Callahan, Operations Officer; Lt. Comdr. J. A. Thomas, Ass't. Operations Officer; Lt. Comdr. L. T. Newell, Communications Officer; Lt. Comdr. J. R. Fell, Gunnery Officer and Flag Lieutenant. Flag Secretary is Lt. Comdr. A. B. Morgan; Lt. Comdr. F. L. Winston handles the Fighter Director Work, and Air Intelligence information is disseminated by Lt. Comdr. B. R. Sturges.

A familiar addition to the staff is Lt. A. J. (Gus) Doherty, who served under Admiral Frederick C. Sherman during his tenure aboard. Lt. Doherty has some two years Pacific combat zone experience behind him, all of which has been served in a flag post. He has been assigned as watch officer.

The following officers will handle the communication watch duties: Lieuts. W. E. Beck, F. G. Trimble and E. W. Swanson; Lieuts. (jg) W. T. Elias, J. W. Quisenberry and S. Herman; and Ensign D. E. Murray.

In addition to these officers and the ones expected to report, five chief petty officers and 48 enlisted men round out the staff.

Adm. Bogan, Capt. Greer Welcomed

Two swift command changes were made aboard ship with typical wartime informality this week as the BUNKER HILL became the flagship of Rear Admiral G. F. Bogan, and Captain Marshall R. Greer became the new Commanding Officer.



The Admiral completed shifting his staff aboard over the weekend, after Rear Admiral A. E. Montgomery had been relieved, with his staff, of flag duties that had kept him in the combat area for many months, and aboard the BUNKER HILL since March.

Captain Thomas P. Jeter, was detached as Commanding (continued on page 11)

More Medals and Commendations Awarded

Just a few days prior to his detachment from the BUNKER HILL, Captain Thomas P. Jeter, USN, awarded the following medals and commendations in a special ceremony held aboard.

NAVY & MARINE CORPS MEDAL

Lt. (jg) D. W. Browne, Jr. Charles C. Bock, Jr., ARM3c

AIR MEDAL

Lt. (jg) A. Teitelbaum Lt. (jg) E. F. Franze, Jr.

GOLD STAR IN LIEU OF 2nd AIR MEDAL

Lt. R. E. Oscar Lt. W. L. Gibbs

PURPLE HEART

W. G. Jones, ARM2c

COMMENDATION BY COMMANDING OFFICER

Ensign A. L. Hage	P. W. Blair, PhM1c
Gunner M. Dorn	L. D. Powell, PhM1c
J. Y. Hayes, CSK	N. S. Mancieri, PhM1c
D. V. Roberts, CSK	G. L. Barber, Cox
D. W. Kaufman, BM1c	H. Ebert, Jr., SF3c
V. L. Chandler, Prt1c	E. J. Gartska, Cox
P. B. Roberts, SK1c	J. J. Kryczkowski, SF3c
J. M. Oakley, PhM1c	H. J. Nise, EM1c



The Ship's Paper of the U. S. S. BUNKER HILL
Marshall R. Greer, Captain, U. S. N.
Commanding

Lt. R. E. Delaney (Chaplain)

Lt. E. L. Moriarty Lt. B. H. Ridder
Lt. W. C. Mitchell W. J. Elsner, PhdMlc
Lt. E. F. Brinnie M. Sandrof, YZc
A. C. Matre, RdMlc

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Captain Greets Officers and Crew

I salute the officers and men of the BUNKER HILL.

The reputation of your ship has spread all over the Navy as a result of the many hard blows you have struck at the enemy.

In the first few days I have been aboard it has been a real treat to observe and feel the enthusiasm displayed in your work and life on this fine ship.

Let us continue the good work together; let us increase our efficiency; let us hit the Japs harder and harder to hasten the day when we will be anchored in such a good port that the movie benches will all be empty.

M. R. Greer,
Captain, U. S. Navy,
Commanding Officer.

Loyalty Goes Down as Well as Up

On behalf of the entire officer personnel and crew of the BUNKER HILL the MONUMENT welcomes Captain Greer and Admiral Bogan aboard. They come to us eminently qualified by experience and knowledge to assure the highly important duties of Commanding Officer and Task Group Commander. Indeed, it didn't take long for the word to get around that the ship had been favored by the selection of two such competent naval officers. In warfare probably even more than in other lines of human endeavor, confidence in the ability to lead and command is an essence without which little success can be achieved and much harm done.

Captain Greer in his address to the officers and crew endeared himself to everybody by his flattering remarks on our outstanding record against the enemy. It made us feel good to hear them, because there isn't a man aboard who doesn't feel that he can point with pride to a record that is peerless in the U. S. Fleet. But perhaps there was one statement the Captain made that touched us more profoundly. He said, "I want you to know that loyalty goes down as well as up." It was an eloquent way of saying that I could not expect more of you than you would expect of me. Such an attitude, so admirably expressed, can leave little wonder why in such short order the Captain has so firmly established himself with everybody aboard. Yes, it must be a source of infinite satisfaction to both the Captain and the Admiral to know that the ship is behind them right up to the hilt.

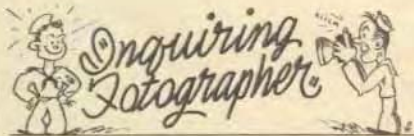
Women Demand Camouflage

TIME MAGAZINE and our own daily news sheet during the past several weeks have divided honors in publicizing the fact that something must be done to alleviate the girde situation in both America and England. In one American city, according to news information from back home, a delegation of women signed a petition to their congressman, pleading--nay, raising hell--with him to do something about the fact that the shortage of girde materials had reached a critical point. Being a good congressman, with an eye for slender hips and several thousand votes, the gentleman from the Home State stood up on his two feet and asked for a reshuffling of enough material to allow the manufacture bigger and, due to their waning strength, better girdles.

However serious the problem actually is, it brings to our mind a number of ridiculous situations--which may be the result of: (1) sour grapes, (2) being a little skeptical as to what a woman looked like in the first place, (3) a thin streak of sadism, (4) doubts as to whether there ever was such a thing as a woman. One of these situations might result in a news headline for the afternoon papers: "NEW HOUSING PROJECT POSSESSES FEATURE FOR GIRDL-LESS WOMEN...Spacious Door Provided in Apfelbaum's Design for Communal Apartments..." Another piece of nonsense might come in the form of an advertisement at a tauto shop: "Ladies! If you Can't Be Slender for Your Husbands, Give Him Some Good Pictures to Look at. Let Mac Tilson do the Job..." Or with the coming of a particularly popular opera at which overflow crowds might be expected, a sign may be posted as follows: "Due to the fact that the Melville Company will appear here only one night, no women will be admitted to the Matinee performance. Make space for your husband and his friends by staying at home like a good girl."

Digging into the limbo of comedy, we are reminded of a Fred Allen radio skit some years ago. It seems that a son was returning home to the mountains from college. He looked the place over for old familiar marks, then, walking back into the parlor, he addressed his father: "Pa, I see you still have that same old bath tub in the kitchen." The old man replied: "Son, you caint talk about your ma that way."

"What with a few nightmares like these, we'll readily admit that the girde situation is serious.



\$ \$ For You!

Beginning next week, and in each succeeding issue of the MONUMENT, a column will be conducted by the BUNKER HILL'S Inquiring Photographer. He will select one question each week, submitted by the crew at large, and query five men chosen at random on the subject. Two dollars will be awarded in cash each week to the originator of the question used, and the pictures of the men interviewed will appear in the MONUMENT. A convenient box will be placed in the ship's library to receive the questions. Be sure your name and rate accompanies each one, as this is your only assurance of being paid, if your question is the one selected for the week. Questions may be on any subject - current events, gripes, sports, etc. - just as long as they don't endanger security, morale, or violate the rules of good sense.

Strictly PERSONAL



Captain Marshall Raymond Greer, USN, became the U. S. S. BUNKER HILL'S third Commanding Officer this week, which, coincidentally for the new skipper, is his third sea command in World War II. He came to this ship from Norfolk, Virginia, where he was both Commandant of the Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, and the Commanding Officer of the Naval Air Station at Norfolk. Earlier in the war he was Commanding Officer of the U. S. S. Wright, a seaplane tender, and the U. S. S. Core, a CVE assigned to the Middle Atlantic during the epic days of the Navy's air war against German submarines.

Of further coincident is the fact that Captain Greer and his predecessor, Captain Thomas P. Jeter, have followed Naval careers closely associated: Captain Greer relieved Captain Jeter as Naval Advisor at the Naval War College of the Argentine in Buenos Aires in 1939; they were graduated from the Naval Academy together in 1918; and they went through flight training together at Pensacola in 1921. It is no wonder that it seemed like "old times" when the two captains met in the Pacific War zone this week, and that each--in relieving and being relieved of his duties--had profuse praise for the other.

If France is the land referred to as "over there" and Australia is a part of the "down under," then Captain Greer's native soil could be referred to as "up yonder." He was born in North Carolina on March 1, 1896, in the Western part of the State, a section which rightfully claims the highest mountain peaks to be found anywhere east of the high-minded Rockies. The town nearest his birthplace was Boone, N. C., a thriving little town now familiar to many people as a mountain vacation hub.

At the age of nine the Captain's family moved into Kentucky, to Pikeville, where young Marshall was to complete his high school career at the age of sixteen. To hear the skipper himself tell it, he was no more than an average student in a relatively small school. Proof of the fact that his talents were not overlooked, however, may be found in the fact that he went to work in the town bank in 1912 and

he remained there until 1915, when he left the mountains to go to the Naval Academy. His appointment to Annapolis came through Congressman Doughton, a North Carolina representative whom you still read about as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

According to his own way of putting it, Captain Greer knew very little about the sea and its scientific studies in navigation, seamanship, ordnance and military leadership when he came to the Academy. "I stood about the middle of my class when commissioned," he told us.

In June of 1918 Ensign Greer reported to the U. S. S. North Dakota for duty. He remained on that ship during the remaining months of the war and on into 1921, when he was detached to take up flight training at Pensacola, Fla. Six months later, in a class of thirty-two which included Captain Jeter, Captain Greer joined the Aircraft Squadrons Pacific, at San Diego, Calif., where Naval aviators were undergoing further training in land-based planes. A short time later he went to fighters (the Navy had two squadrons at the time), and he flew VE-7's in Combat Two until the fall of 1922, when he was ordered to take up duties in a DH Squadron to do spotting for battleship practices. Back in those days the spotting planes were land-based, and there were still many military leaders who looked for the airplane's future to be no more than a role of support for big guns.

In the fall of 1923 a handful of Navy pilots, including Captain Greer, were ordered to form Torpedo Plane Squadron No. 21 for duty in the Philippines. The planes and personnel left San Diego on the U. S. S. Vega on 3 January, 1924 and arrived at Manila Bay on 14 February, 1924.

These were the first Navy planes in the Orient--the beginning of Aircraft Squadrons Asiatic, which operated until chased out by the Japs after Pearl Harbor.

Captain Greer says he hopes to have the early pleasure of seeing the old outfit re-established.

The next ten years saw in Captain Greer's life a row of assignments destined to make him the well-rounded aviator and commanding officer that he is today: from 1925 to 1927, he was a flight instructor at Pensacola; 1927-1928, senior aviator on the U. S. S. Memphis; 1928-1929, senior aviator on the U. S. S. Raleigh, which saw service in European waters throughout that entire year; 1929-1932, Commanding Naval Reserve Aviation Base at Squantum; 1932-1933, Executive Officer of VS Three, aboard U. S. S. Lexington; 1933-1934, Commanding Officer of VS Three; 1934-1935, Naval War College, Newport, R. I.; 1935-1937, Naval Inspector of Aircraft at Wright Aeronautical Corporation, Patterson, N. J.; 1937-1938, Commanding Officer of cruiser scouting squadron Seven; 1938-1939, Aviation Officer on staff of Commander Cruisers; 1940-1942, Naval Advisor at Naval War College of Argentina, at Buenos Aires; Spring of 1942 to fall of 1942, Commanding Officer of U. S. S. Wright.

In the fall of 1942, Captain Greer commissioned and became the Commanding Officer of the U. S. S. Core, a CVE built on the West Coast. The Core operated in the Middle Atlantic under his command until October, 1943, when the Captain was sent to Norfolk to take over command of the Naval Air Center, Hampton Roads, and the Naval Air Station, Norfolk which commands he held until he was detached and sent to the BUNKER HILL.

Captain Greer was married in 1932. He has a daughter age 10 and a son age 8, living with his wife in Virginia Beach, Va.

Skull and Crossbones--Here's another boyish belief gone by the board; it appears now that the Skull and Crossbones was not the death-flag of the pirates. When this insignia was flown it meant that if you would deliver up all your cargo, you and your ship could go free. When total death and destruction was planned the corsairs would hoist the RED flag.



No. 4 - The Case of the Animated Corpse

It's a sad thing to have to admit about a friend but there's no use holding back the fact that Shanghai Jones was always in shoal water with some gal--or gals. We used to puzzle over his fatal fascination for the fair sex and never did hit the right answer. It certainly wasn't his good looks because he didn't have any. He was lanky, raw boned, weather beaten, and downright homely. But the girls loved him. Maybe it was because he was a bos'n's mate. Some of the time we envied him but most of the time we felt sorry for him. The wimmin just wouldn't leave him alone.

One chilly October day our seagoing Lothario, in company with blubber bellied Tubby Wilson and me, was cruising down Yeates Road in the International Settlement of Shanghai without a care in the world. Our rickshaw boys were trotting in that mile eating fashion of theirs while we lolled back watching the ever varied street scenes and hoping that the wild taxis wouldn't mow us down.

I said just now that Shanghai didn't have a care in the world and the reason why I said it was that Shanghai had just shaken himself free of his latest female entanglement --or so he thought.

We turned on down to the right to head past the race-track onto Nanking Road where we planned a little get-together with some of our shipmates. We were just about opposite the race track when a look of pure terror came into Shanghai's eyes.

"You, Boy, chop chop! Plenty chop chop you get mutchee cumshaw!" Shanghai shouted urgently at his rickshaw boy.

"Ah, ah," chanted the rickshaw boy while putting on a burst of speed. "Ding-hao, me chop chop, all light."

Tubby and I didn't know what all the excitement was about but we told our boys to step out "masquee" (never mind) the cost in order to keep up with our buddy. I might add that Tubby's boy had quite a time getting up turns, what with the heavy cargo he was shipping.

"Hey, Shanghai! Wait for us. What's the score?" I yelled after the fleeing bos'n's mate.

There was anguish in Shanghai's voice and features as he replied over his shoulder, "Trouble! Plenty of trouble! Natasha is following us!"

I looked astern and sure enough there was a pretty, pleasantly plump, but completely infuriated blonde fast overtaking us. No mistake, that was Natasha all right.

Natasha was a former flame of Shanghai's, a White Russian girl who sold tickets at the Jai-alai stadium in town. She and Shanghai had been pretty thick at one time, particularly as she used to give him some pretty good tips on who might win the Jai-alai matches each night. Lately, though, Shanghai had begun to consider himself foot-loose and fancy free. Natasha didn't agree and it looked as if Shanghai would end up with either Natasha or a broken head. A good many of those refugee Russian gals were built on substantial lines and in a free-for-all with no holds barred, I'd have given Natasha the edge on almost any bos'n's mate.

Evidently Shanghai felt the same way because we went careening down the crowded street, even going through a traffic light and getting cussed at by one of those tall turbaned Indian Singh cops. We were in front of Wing-On's big department store before we stopped and Shanghai leaped to the deck and threw a couple of mex (Chinese dollars) at

the panting rickshaw boy and disappeared into the store. We followed. ---And so did Natasha.

Then began a real game of hide-and-seek. Wing On's was a large store. I guess you might have called it the Marshall-Field's of the Orient, so there was plenty of room for the race. Somehow Tubby and I managed to keep up with Shanghai and squeeze into an elevator just in time to have the elevator door slam shut in Natasha's determined face. That, of course, gave us a breathing spell since she couldn't know at what floor we'd get off. We decided to go on up to one of the top floors where the Chinese theaters were. You may think it funny that a department store would run a theater, but wait until I tell you that it was three floors of theaters, each floor with a half a dozen shows going on at once. Personally, I think it's a very good idea and one that we could well use at home.

But to get back to our troubles. We picked out the most crowded show we could find and sat down on a bench in the middle trying to look inconspicuous. The waiter came around and we ordered tea and watermelon seeds. You see in a Chinese theater everybody goes for a sort of social get-together. Most Chinese have memorized the plays during childhood and only look at the stage occasionally to check up on the actors. Furthermore, when the most important actors appear, the orchestra consisting of a cymbals and a one-stringed banjo make a big racket. That lets the audience know when they ought to pay attention, I guess. So there we sat drinking tea and chewing on watermelon seeds and every so often applying a hot towel to our faces, another good Chinese custom that we ought to look into, as being very refreshing.

On the stage an attractive Chinese actress wearing a beautiful multi-colored gown and a high head dress was reciting her part. The stagehands were wandering around setting up various items. Everything is symbolical. One potted palm may mean a whole forest; one man an army. That saves money and as long as the audience knows what each item represents, there's no need for more. The Chinese are smart people.

Suddenly Tubby turned and pointed.

"Thar she is! Thar she is! All hands take cover!" Tubby roared.

Sure enough, there was Natasha looking intently down the rows of people. Shanghai became very busy with his hot towel. We followed suit with me peeking out of the corner of my eye at our pursuer.

"She's seen us," I whispered as Natasha's glare came to rest on the quarry.

At that Shanghai jumped up and dashed forward. He made an end run around the side of the stage and disappeared, 'till Natasha came over and joined us.

"'Wat 'av you done weeth my leetle Shanghai?" she asked coldly. (continued on page 11)



Among Those PRESENT



It takes guts to be a combat aircrewman but Charles "Jukebox" Carrico, Bombing Squadron ARMIC, has all that and more when it comes to handling a pair of double shooting gun barrels in the rear seat of a dive bomber.

Already a veteran of many Pacific battles before joining his present squadron, Carrico knows well the color of the enemy, having met up with the Japs at the Battle of Cape Esperance off Savo Island on October 11, 1942.

Stationed aboard the well known U. S. S. Boise at the time, he still recalls too vividly the scene of the midnight surface engagement that caught a large force of Jap cruisers attempting to screen a landing force of transports reinforcing Guadalcanal.

"First thing I knew," said Carrico, "there was a star shell bursting above us and immediately after all hell let loose with our main batteries opening up with a devastating fire. In a few seconds a Jap destroyer that a few minutes before was firing torpedoes at us with uncomfortably close range, blew up before my eyes and sank."

Meanwhile, related Carrico, a heavy Jap cruiser had managed to find the range of the Boise and place a large number of direct hits on the battered ship. After that devastating attack the Boise was forced to retire, with her bow down in the water and fires raging all over. Casualties were heavy with many dead spread over the decks, but Carrico was lucky enough to miss being hit by the scant margin of a few yards.

"I was standing near the catapult on my battle station, entangled in a mess of phone wires, when a three-foot hunk of shrapnel flew past and hit the catapult," said Carrico. Through the entire melee he recalls there was so much heavy shooting that, "I didn't know what was going on."

Carrico's liking for aviation grew from an early start when after enlisting in the Navy in May of 1940 and completing his boot training at Newport, R. I., he was sent to Radio School at San Diego. Graduation from school brought duty in Utility Squadron VJ-1 during which his interest in

aviation grew steadily. At VJ-1 he flew frequently on patrol searches, mail trips and sleeve towing hops.

Transferred to Pearl Harbor in the early part of December, 1941, Carrico was midway out of the States when the Jap attack was launched on the morning of December 7th. Said Carrico, "I first heard of the attack on the ship's radio but at first believed it to be scuttlebutt." On reaching Pearl Harbor a few days after the attack, he had a chance to see for himself the damage wrought by the Japanese.

After a few short months flying utility hops at Pearl Harbor, Carrico went aboard the U. S. S. Boise, a light cruiser, as aviation radioman, third class. Then followed a series of minor engagements throughout the Pacific, consisting mostly of warding off frequent Jap air attacks by day and by night. After the Battle of Savo Island his battered ship returned to the East Coast for repairs and Carrico was sent to Floyd Bennett Field for temporary duty.

With the Boise fully repaired and ready for sea again, Carrico received a transfer to his present squadron which was at that time forming in Norfolk. After a lengthy period of training he went aboard a newly commissioned carrier on her shakedown cruise which later took him and his squadron mates round to the West Coast and out to the Pacific. Embarked at one of the islands, Carrico underwent further training with his mates for 2 months. It was at this point that the opportunity presented itself to come aboard the BUNKER HILL.

"On hearing we were to board this ship," said Carrico, "I was glad to come on because for one thing I heard the BUNKER HILL had previously had the same type of planes we did and I knew that would work out best for us." His thoughts proved truthful enough after a short time aboard when he spoke up for the ship by saying that he and his mates were all treated in grand fashion and took a liking to the way the ship's crew had handled their planes as well as the excellent care of them.

His first combat trip on a plane which was made from this ship, Carrico relates, was as exciting as the Battle of Savo Island. "They're all exciting as long as they are shooting at you," he explained. His combat missions now total up to a record twenty-five. The worst encounter, he says, was making a night landing in the water on returning from a combat mission in which his pilot is officially credited with getting a direct bomb hit on an enemy ship. For this his pilot, Lt. Moody, was awarded the Navy Cross while Carrico at the same time received the Distinguished Flying Cross.

New Changes in Qualifications

Qualifications for previously announced Ship's Service ratings are among the many new changes contained in the 31 May, Navy Department Semi-Monthly Bulletin. Included are Ship's Service men; B (Barbers); C (Cobblers); L (Laundrymen); and T (Tailors). All ratings run from third class to chief petty officer.

New and up to date changes in qualifications are also effected for Radiomen; Radio Technicians; Special Artificers; WR (Watch Repairmen); and TR (Typewriter and Office Equipment Repairmen); Mechanist's Mates; Machinist's Mates R (Refrigeration Mechanics); and S (Shop Machinists); Motor Machinist's Mates; Aviation Metalsmiths; Aviation Ordnancemen T (Turret Mechanics); Parachute Riggers; Printers; Fire Controlmen O (Operators); and Yeomen.

For complete explanation and information for each rate, consult your division officer.

A girl in a crowded bus remarked quite audibly to a friend standing by her side:

"Oh, dear, I wish that good-looking sailor would give me his seat!" And five gobs promptly got up.



Russ Yoder, PhoM2c, comes out with the bright idea of starting a victory garden club to replenish a lack of vitamins needed to supply his stately figure. Don't be surprised to see the portly lensman come toting a bucket of garden dirt up the gangway on his next liberty.

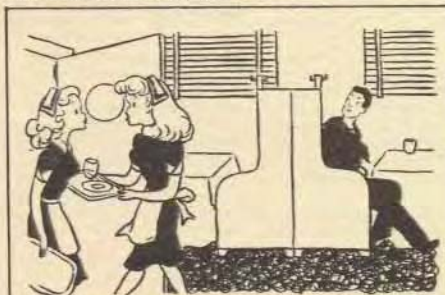
Joe McEwen, Y3c, will long remember his last motor whaleboat trip to a sister ship while recently at anchor in rough seas. Halfway to his mark the rudder snapped and the obliging yeoman spent some six hours being tossed around at the mercy of the pounding waves before he was finally hoisted back aboard by crane.

Joe Souza, S1c, is planning for a little house with green shutters in good ol' Newark, N. J. after the war. Albert Koconosky, Y3c, longs for the wide open spaces of the Lone Star State. Bob Harris is the envy of everyone with his healthy coat of bronze. John Dlyngowski, RDM2c, busy reading a good book in the after boat pocket. Harvey "Shorty" Both celebrating his birthday eating pogy bait and gedunks.

Here's the famous song of the Spud Locker:

Smile awhile, you peel those dirty spuds.
Some fine day, you'll wear civilian duds.
Throw away those GI shoes.
Eat more of those Irish stews.

The gang of V-1-D who live in a certain compartment would like to know who is responsible for the mysterious attacks of talcum powder after the lights are out. If by chance you pass the Flight Deck Inst. Shop, you can hear this selection played over and over: "Wonder When My Baby's Coming Home." We're wondering the same thing, Al. Sammy Salleri telling the Flight Deck Officers that his main ambition is to make parachutes. Anyone desiring information about the United States, get in touch with J. C. Howard, S1c, V-1-D. Tips on the mending and pressing of clothes will also be given along with the information. Whitie "Admiral" Flood says, "Don't ever make the mistake of sending home the picture of a tropical beauty." A word to the wise is sufficient. D. J. Falletti, Roseland State City boy, from Radio City, beatin' out those "Old Hillbilly" songs on his newly acquired mouth organ. The familiar strains of "I'll See You Again" reminds the gang that Lieut. Osborne is once again tickling those ivory keys which keep the men happy and dreamy. Give us lots of music, Maestro, please! Pope, Aero1c, telling the Aero1ogy Gang about the "Hills of Kentucky." Gardener, SK2c, telling the boys in the Main Issue Room about his good times in Trinidad before the war.



"I'm scared of him---He looks at me the same way he looks at a steak."

Comdr. Bagdanovich, NAS, Miami, Florida

"I will always remember the ship, she was grand and we had a swell gang aboard. Four of my former group are reported here for duty, Wilson, Dickson, Davis, and Kline. I am the Exec. here and am enjoying my duty...The group and the ship sure did a swell job out there. I have been informed pretty much up to date of her exploits. You all keep up the good work. The best of luck to you and the ship and good hunting."

Thomas P. Jeter,
Captain, U. S. Navy,
Commanding,
U. S. S. BUNKER HILL

July 27th, 1944.

Dear Captain,

I am very grateful to you for your deep concern over my anxiety for the welfare of my son, William Francis McDonald, S1c, Division V-2-A, who was wounded in action June 19th while under your command.

I am very happy to state that William is now at Base Hospital, #10, Ward D-3, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, and making very good progress.

As a veteran of the last war I sincerely wish you, your officers and the men of the U. S. S. BUNKER HILL God speed and total victory!

Thank you for your kind letter.

Sincerely Yours,

William F. McDonald, Sr.,
15 Miami Ave.,
Roxbury, Mass.

Lt. (jg) Davis, NAS, Jacksonville, Florida.

"It's fine to be back here. Received 15-day leave and four days delay in reporting. Spent five days in Frisco before starting east. You boys must have been pretty busy since I left according to the paper. "Give those Japs hell!" We will be rooting for you all from the side lines here."

Johnson, W. C. EM1c, Snoma Mission (Naval Rest Center), Bayses Hot Spring, Calif.

"Resting in God's country really is something to dream about—but being there is even better. Seeing according to news in the local paper, that you are on the move once again. Here's wishing you luck."

Will Drake, QM2c, is pursuing higher studies at Purdue University under the V-12 Program. He has everything there except saddle shoes and porkie pie hats.

Ens. Max Webb, Radio Materiel School, Washington, D. C.

"From what I can dope out you have been having a rough time of it for the last month...My boy weighs 22 pounds and has started to crawl. He is one of the biggest little babies I have ever seen. We have named him P-40 for obvious reasons. I am watching the Pacific news. You are doing a good job—keep it up. Give everyone my regards."

Garlington, W. B., Bks. 197, Treasure Island.

"Dear Gang, Enjoying myself white opportunity presents itself. Why, I've even hoisted a cold one for you boys in the electrical gang every now and then. Wishing you luck in your future tasks."

CHAPLAIN QUIGLEY DETACHED

Chaplain Delaney Takes Over

Ye Ed is gone - forsaken us and his MONUMENTAL worries for the relaxing haunts of the 14th Naval District, where he has been ordered for duty.



Ye Ed - Chaplain John J. Quigley - joined us just before shakedown in early summer of last year. He had chased the BUNKER HILL from Norfolk to Boston, via the way of the east, through the Commodore lobby in New York, and back to Norfolk again. After charging up the gangway in typical Quigley fashion, he repaired to the wardroom, and there, while catching his breath over the first of a long line of coffees (later, said to average some 19 a day), he came under the friendly gaze of his immediate spiritual squire, Chaplain Floyd Dreith, thus beginning a friendship as sincere and cooperative as ever existed between men of the cloth.

"Meet Chaplain Jack Quigley," was the senior man's intonation of the day, as he guided the enthusiastic red-head through the routine of the check-in sheet and among the men with whom he would serve during the long months to come. A short time later he was led to the captain's cabin by the Executive Officer, Comdr. Ekstrom, and, with the introductions made and initial pleasantries exchanged, the skipper descended upon him with this announcement: "Chaplain Quigley, we're going to have a ship's paper - and you're going to be the editor."

Though a definite neophyte in the mechanics of journalism, with no previous experience along such lines whatsoever, Father Quigley accepted the assignment with his typical savoir faire, and lost no time in getting on with his job. He came aboard with a reputation of being able to do wonders with even the most difficult task, and the MONUMENT is a fine example of his ability to get things done. Though the material was set up and prepared by the printers and staff, our little sheet would certainly not have reached the presses with such remarkable regularity were it not for his driving force and unstinted effort. Week after week he had to wheedle, coddle, drive, bribe, browbeat, blackmail and coerce to get his copy, and proof that he could temper these methods with his priestly mien lies in the fact only two weekly issues failed to appear since the initial publication - and executive order decreed a vacation for the print shop to account for these lapses.

While printed primarily for the men aboard the BUNKER HILL, its effects have been more far-reaching than even the wildest dreams could envision when Capt. Ballentine

made the sage decision to have a ship's paper. It has served as a fine medium between the ship and the folks at home, and hundreds of letters from parents, wives and sweethearts bear testimony as to its great uplifting effect on their morale. More than that, inasmuch as the MONUMENT was the first CV paper to be published, it can be modestly said that its effects have increased a thousand-fold through similar publications of other ships, which in turn, reach many more thousands of families in all the 48 states. Though he would never admit it, Chaplain Quigley is largely responsible.

Chaplain Quigley, from the time he was nine years old, held the priesthood as his one ambition. Born in Oswego, New York, the oldest of six children he attended grammar and high school there before moving onto Niagara University, where he studied for two years before being enrolled in St. Bernard's Seminary in Rochester. His ordination followed six long and tedious years at the seminary, after which he was assigned the dual duties of an assistant chaplain of a sanatorium and assistant pastor of the Onondaga Hills parish. He pursued this work for two years and then was called as an assistant to the church of St. John the Evangelist in Syracuse, where he remained for six years and until his enlistment in the Navy.

Called to active duty in April, 1942, he received the regular indoctrination course at Fort Schuyler and then was assigned to Norfolk, where he became the first Catholic chaplain at Breezy Point. He hadn't been long on the scene when he foresaw the development that was to come, and the need for a chapel where men of all religions could worship. He worked constantly towards this end, and finally saw his efforts rewarded with the construction of the new, modern chapel at the air station. Three weeks after its dedication he received his orders to the BUNKER HILL.

In his chosen work as a priest and chaplain he tempered a broad-minded view with a deep sense of righteousness that proved an ideal combination for the work at hand. His completely unselfish devotion to anything that promoted the general welfare of the ship was most notable, and the personal counsel sagaciously given to so many hundreds as chaplain and friend can only be sparsely measured by those who received their consolation. Always one to call a spade a spade, and never a fence-sitter on a controversial subject, he was all the more respected for his opinions.

Chaplain Quigley will be a valuable addition to whatever ship or station the future may assign him, and the tougher the assignment, the more he'll accomplish in getting the job well done. His cheery, fiery personality, combined with a knack of driving others while still holding their highest regard, will for him, make life's hardest play look easy.

Lt. Robert E. Delaney, a native and life-long resident of New York, came to the BUNKER HILL last week to relieve Chaplain Quigley as Catholic Chaplain and editor of the MONUMENT. He came to this ship from Pier 92 in New York City, the receiving station for the Third Naval District.

A graduate of St. Joseph's in New York City where he studied for priesthood, Chaplain Delaney later did graduate work at Fordham University, and for a number of years he served the Catholic parish at Tuckahoe, N. Y. He came on active duty with the Navy on August 10, 1942, and was sent to the Chaplain's School at Norfolk, Virginia. Following his tour there, he was assigned to the Naval Air Station at Jacksonville, Florida, a base which has served to train many of the pilots and enlisted airmen who now fly for the Navy from the BUNKER HILL. From Jacksonville, Chaplain Delaney went to the Naval Air Station at San Juan, Puerto Rico, where, along with his other duties, he edited the station's newspaper.

The new editor met with his editorial staff early last week to discuss MONUMENT news and feature articles.

Sports

Ship's Teams Add to Laurels

This stay in port featured another well-rounded athletic program in which both basketball and volleyball teams added further to their laurels and once more set themselves up as among the best teams in the fleet. The crew's team in each provided most of the sparkle, and although the basketball team dropped a heartbreaker after leading for most of three quarters of the game, they're still a tough team to beat in any man's league.

If any ship may lay claim to any sort of fleet championship in volleyball, they can hardly do so without meeting - and beating, if they can - the BUNKER HILL'S enlisted representatives. These boys have waltzed through all their competition in the easiest fashion, winning every game so decisively that less than eight points per game has been averaged against them. They've met all comers too, and played a representative schedule that entitles them to a top rung in any fleet ratings.

The ship's basketball team lost their one tussle to the only five that had previously won a decision over them. That was a one-point victory for the record-blemishers, but in between they also had to stomach a defeat at the hands of our boys that wasn't even close.

Our Bluejackets notched three other wins during this stay by the scores of 51-21, 46-34 and 35-34. In these contests Art Seesholtz came up with a white-hot consistency that enabled him to lead all scorers. Racking up 10, 8 and 16 points in the first three games, he also proved himself a "clutch" player of top caliber in the one defeat with near-sensational shots that kept his team in the running until the last second. In fact, if the seconds had been fractioned, it might have been a different story, as a game tying basket went in the air just after the last whistle sounded. It might have been a different story too, had the boys been more effective from the free-throw line. Seven out of ten of these were missed in the last quarter alone. Along with Seesholtz, the old reliables Jack Wright and Red Quinn turned in their usual fine performance.

Ship's Officers continued in their washbuckling style, easing through two games by wide margins, although in only one contest - against a sister CV - was the competition too keen. Ability to control the ball, along with the aggressive efforts of George Kirk, Ollie Johnston and "Big Gus" Gustafson - and the steady all-around play of Don Johnson - provided enough spark to carry them through. Don was also a leading contributor to the scoring column.

All efforts to schedule a match for the ship's boxing team in the early stages of the stay came to naught, but one was finally arranged with a cruiser, the results of which are not yet available as the MONUMENT goes to press.

Scatterings

Sports briefs on shipmates: Lt. John Shonk, one of the largest of the large Torpedo pilots, and the mildest-mannered of them all, was an outstanding end and captain of West Virginia's football team... He then had a tour with the Philadelphia Eagles in the National Professional League before coming into the Navy. Being an agriculture major, he'd like to sweat out a few good crops on a West Virginia farm when this is over. Best advisor he could get on this would be the Air Department's leading agricola and fellow W. U. alumnus and W. Va. settler, Lt. Harry Yoe... Jack Wright, ordnanceman first, from the V-2A Unit and bas-

kethall stylist extraordinary, was taking a pre-Med course at Purdue when he joined up. ... He plans to return to his medical studies when this is over. ... Lt. Ike Cronin, the Baltimore Harp of the Fighter Squadron says he'll take the Cards against any club in the American League except the New York Yankees. ... Believes they have too much push when the chips are down. ... Lt. Charlie Simmer used to be a college sprint champ during his undergraduate days at St. Thomas college - and was a competitor in the last Olympic games. ... Fran Leary, the retiring bomb-boister in V-2-A, was a promising middle-distance and two-mile man on the Fordham track team. ... And of course everyone knows Mike Puntillo, but do they know he was one of the crack sprinters in the Bronx area before he started to pilot a flight deck jitney?

Musings: Seems as though "The Kokomo Kid" would be a natural as a crowd-pleasing attraction on the basketball team. ... He's really colorful. ... Looks as though most of the good football this fall will be played by the service teams, unless the colleges can recruit a flock of boy-wonders under draft age.

Lt. Comdr. E. Scott McCuskey assumed his first sea command during the week, but was promptly relieved when a lookout spotted him taking celestial bearings from an Albatross light on the beach. With Lt. Jack Spratt as coxswain and boat-officer, and Lt. (jg) "Top" Topliff handling the muscle work on the oars, Capt. McCuskey and his doughty crew were averaging a full knot and a half (ground speed) when the recall flag went up that deposed the skipper.

Fleet Champions?



(Back Row, L-R)—Elkins, RM3c; Hale, AOM1c (Capt.); Bostler, AMM2c; Dumler, RDM3c.
(Front Row, L-R)—Simpson, 31c; Nagler, CSP (Coach); Dylagowski, RDM2c; Boyd, RDM3c.

Boasting outstanding victories over teams from practically every type of ship, in which less than eight points a game have been scored against them, the BUNKER HILL'S volleyball team has every right to a claim to the fleet championship. Their record has been compiled over several months, and while able to play only during rare in-port periods, a heavy schedule of from five to ten matches has been played each time.

Boxer: "Have I done him any damage?"
Disgusted Second: "No, but keep on swinging. The draft might give him a cold."

PAN FLASHES

A small town banker died, and despite his reputation as a close-fisted business man, the entire town turned out for the funeral. On the return from the cemetery, one of the neighbors broke the awkward silence in a feeble effort at a truthful tribute.

"Well," he observed, "I can say one good thing for John. He wasn't always as mean as he sometimes was."

Before the bar of justice one wife-brought charges of desertion and non-support, Mose Brown meekly admitted his guilt and offered nothing in extenuation except that the lady talked too much.

"That's no excuse for desertion, Mose," the court said. "Don't you know that the Constitution guarantees every woman the right to talk all she wants to?"

"Yassuh, Judge, I knows it do. Only Lucy she never stop talkin'. She keep it up stiddy, mo'nin', noon and night, day in, day out, till it git so I jess can't stan' it no mo', Judge."

His mournful earnestness impressed the court. "She does? What does she talk about?"

Mose wagged his head sorrowfully.

"Judge, suh," he said, "she don't say."

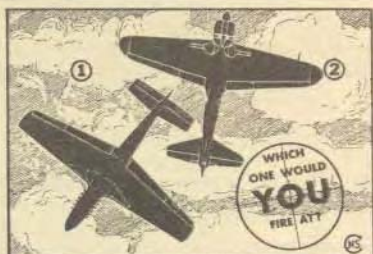
The 13th of the month falls on Friday more often than on any other day of the week in every 400-year cycle of our Gregorian calendar.

A chemistry professor at Harvard lost a wager some time ago and was obliged to "eat his shirt." To make it digestible, he dissolved the garment in acid, neutralized the acid with a base, filtered out the precipitated material, spread it on a slice of bread and had it for lunch.

A private, passing a second lieutenant, forgot to salute. The lieutenant called him back, commanded him to stand at attention and salute 150 times.

"Just a moment," said a major who had witnessed the exhibition. "Don't you know that every salute should be returned? Get going, lieutenant."

When the major departed, the shavetail had reeled off about 20 snappy salutes, the private counting out loud.



Not of No. 1! If it's the A-7, top center-line light. Top center-line light, Mark 1. This right-hand, low-wing fighter is one of the most widely used of the Japanese planes. It carries by its tail a radial engine and is powered by one of the most widely used of the engine types. The tail of the telephone is swept back to rounded tips. The leading edge of the wings, both edges of the wings, is square tip. The tail wings taper to square tips and taper on the trailing edge.

Too Many Make Just Enough

"Too damn' many machines and gadgets in the modern ship," a sailor said to us the other day while we watched him sweat over a part of some hangar deck machinery. "What this war needs is some of the simpler stuff."

For a brief moment--only a brief moment--we were inclined to agree with him. We remembered the fire control equipment, aviation gear, engine room auxiliaries and so on, and we thought it would be a relatively simple affair if all the nations in the world were reduced to simple and more primitive forms of sea-fairing equipment. While we stood there at the rail thinking over the conveniences of sailing days, so to speak, we happened to see a strange-looking fish cut the surface and turn for a kill on a water insect. "Know what that was?" an old salt said to us. "I haven't the faintest idea," we returned. "It was a pigfish, or the Sailor's-Choice," he said, simply.

Later in the day we were looking through Webster's Dictionary. Pigfish. Sailor's-Choice. (Orthopristis Chrysopterus). There was a sketch of him, too, just below that sketch was a sketch of a full-rigger. We caught ourselves reading the legend on this full-rigger. All plain sail. Total of 37 sails, beginning with the flying jib and ending with the spanker. Curse of the sailing days. Good for trips across the ocean under good conditions. We looked a little bit further, seeing more terms and more names. Then we got up and went topside, looking for the old salt who mentioned the pigfish. We wanted to try to trick him by asking him what is the fore-topgallant studding sail.

Personally we'd hate like the devil to have to fight the Japs with a full-rigger.

The Chain

There is an old adage: "Without the nail the shoe is lost; without the shoe the horse is lost; without the horse the rider is lost; and without the rider the battle is lost." This adage applies 100% to this ship. Every battle station is a cog in a very complicated wheel. If the man filling it fails to do so to the best of his ability, the chain will break because of this weak link.

At times your job may be the most important one on the ship, regardless of your rate or rank. If it is well done the ship will do well.

Don't be the weak link.

Laffs



Small Brother: "My sister is expecting you."

Sailor: "Really? Here's a quarter for you, my lad. How do you know?"

Small Brother: "Because she's gone out."

She: "When the elevator fell with you I suppose all your sins flashed before your eyes."

He: "Well, we only dropped five stories."

Dentist: "My work is so painless that my patients often fall asleep in the chair when I'm operating."

Rival: "That's nothing. My patients nearly all insist on having their pictures taken while I am at work in order to catch the expression of delight on their faces."



Doctor: "Madam, your husband must have rest."

She: "But, Doctor, he won't listen to me."

Doctor: "A very good beginning; an excellent beginning."

Daughter: "He says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?"

Mother: "No, dear, let him keep on thinking so."

Mother: "Johnny, go wash your face and neck."

Johnny: "Neck who, ma?"

Jim: "What is your wife sobbing about?"

Slim: "It's her biscuit."

Jim: "You shouldn't criticize her biscuit."

Slim: "I didn't. I accidentally dropped one and it broke a plate."

Sailor: "Something is preying on my mind."

She: "Don't worry, it'll die of starvation."

Amnesia Victim: "I can't remember who I am or where I live, but here's my wife's photograph."

Cop (looking at it): "You're a lucky man."

"How old are you, my little man?"

"Eight."

"And what are you going to be?"

"Nine."

Sailor: "I wish we had a fifth for bridge."

Marine: "You don't need a fifth for bridge, dope!"

Sailor: "Well, a pint, then."

Correspondence Courses Offered

A noticeable increasing number of crew members are now taking advantage of the broad educational opportunities offered by the United States Armed Forces Institute to complete their previous high school or college training, learn a trade or keep in touch with their profession.

Originally organized by the War Department for the special benefit of personnel of the Armed Forces, the Institute has since become associated with over seventy leading American colleges upon whose educational resources the student may draw in selecting from a program embracing well over 700 courses.

Designed to bring the classroom to the fighting front, all instruction is given through correspondence study and may be completed in the student's leisure time over a period of as long as a year or more. Complete assignment, text books and supplies are furnished with each course and enough material is mailed at one time to insure uninterrupted study.

Center of the Armed Forces Institute is located at Madison, Wisconsin, from where branches have sprung up throughout the country. To shorten the time required to mail and receive Institute courses, a branch has been set up in Hawaii to serve all Pacific area personnel. Address of the new branch is United States Armed Forces Institute, Hawaiian Branch, Navy 59, c/o F.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

All courses offered by the Institute are supplied at the cost of two dollars for the complete set of books and assignments. Students selecting courses from the seventy universities or colleges associated with the Institute, pay only half the total cost which may run as high as twenty dollars. The other half is financed by the Federal Government.

The variety of instruction offered embraces the fields of business, science, engineering, liberal arts as well as industrial, mechanical and technical study. Anything from accounting and aviation to trigonometry and welding is given in these courses. Credits may also be obtained towards a high school diploma or for a college degree. However, only one course such as algebra for instance, may be taken at any one time, and the number of courses completed varies with the initiative of the student. As soon as one course is finished another may be taken. If on being transferred, the student can no longer continue his study, all lessons may be mailed to the Institute for safe keeping until such time as the student is able to resume his course.

Satisfactory completion of an Institute course is credited by the issue of an Official Certificate of Proficiency which may later be presented for high school or college credit. The Institute will also furnish free of charge a transcript of record to schools or prospective employers.



CHINA SAILOR (continued from page 4)

We didn't get a chance to lie to her because just then the stagehands removed a huge piece of painted cardboard from the stage, the cardboard having represented a fortified city. Well, Shanghai was behind the fortified city and when it was removed, there he was right out on the stage looking as though his defenses really were down. Worst of all, the orchestra started a terrific noise as if Shanghai were the local Clark Gable.

There wasn't much to do except to slip the anchor chain again. Natasha got mixed up in the aisle with one of the waiters, so we got away scot free and all the way down to the street again.

As we emerged into the open air, Shanghai noticed some rickshaws pulled up at the curb. All of them were empty except one in which the occupant was covered completely with a rickshaw robe, a corpse no doubt being moved from one place to another. Shanghai paused only an instant and then leaped into an empty rickshaw.

He explained quickly. "Now, I'm going to play dead. You go on ahead and have my boy follow. I'll cover up with the rickshaw robe and we'll get to the Bund that way."

The scheme sounded good. Shanghai covered himself with the robe which every rickshaw carries while Tubby and I engaged two more rickshaws. Then I turned and beckoned Shanghai's boy to follow us. He didn't seem very willing, so to convince him I promised him plenty of cumshaw for the trip. It was a good thing, too, for there was Natasha and she'd spotted me.

Another wild ride followed. I couldn't be sure whether Natasha would follow us or not, so I urged the boys on. We made an all-time record getting down to the landing on the Bund.

"O.K., Shanghai, you can furl your awning now," I said to the blanket covered form.

No answer. Tubby and I walked over curiously. We threw back the robe.

"Hey, you---," I started to say and ended up with a squawk.

It wasn't Shanghai at all but a genuine honest-to-goodness corpse. We were so startled that we didn't even notice Natasha was standing by us until she gave a scream of horror. No wonder the rickshaw boy hadn't wanted to follow me! We had taken the wrong chariot!

"That's what comes of helping your friends," complained Tubby. "Shanghai's probably gone off with some other babe by now and we're left holding the--I mean the corpse and Natasha."

"Yeah," I agreed. "And furthermore, we better get the decedent back where he came from or we'll end up in the brig."

It was not a happy situation.

About that time we were attracted by a commotion on the landing. Turning, we saw Shanghai followed by several indignant Orientals all headed for us. Shanghai was sweating and wiping his brow anxiously.

"Where's that body?" he bellowed at me.

"Natasha's here, Don Juan; perhaps I ought to say 'which body,' " was my pointed reply.

Poor Shanghai. He grabbed me and Tubby by the arm and shoved us into a sampan and then tumbled into the sampan himself at the same time urging the boatman to shove off. We shot out from the landing with Natasha screaming Russian imprecations at us and the people who had come to the dock with Shanghai shaking their fists at him. They were obviously the owners of the corpse and would probably calm down now that they had the body once again. I just couldn't imagine Natasha calming down though.

Shanghai began to tell us this story.

"When I got under the blanket, I noticed that we weren't

NEW FLAG ABOARD; COMMAND CHANGES (continued from page 1)

Officer of the U. S. S. BUNKER HILL, climaxing six months as skipper of a warship which has spearheaded carrier task force attacks from virtually one side of the Pacific Ocean to the other.

Orders reaching this ship from the Bureau of Personnel called for Captain Jeter's transfer to the post of Aide and Chief of Staff to Commander of Battleships, U. S. Pacific Fleet. He was relieved of his command in an impressive ceremony before the entire ship's company by Captain Greer, who came to the BUNKER HILL from the Naval Air Station at Norfolk, Va.

Coming to the BUNKER HILL in February of this year to replace Captain J. J. Ballentine, who had been promoted to Rear Admiral and ordered to become Chief of Staff to ComAirPac, Captain Jeter commanded a ship's company and air group which he characterized at a recent ship's Happy Hour Program as "...few as good...none better." For his work as leader of a big factor in contributing to the downfall of Japanese air and sea power, Captain Jeter was recently honored with the Legion of Merit Award.

"In all her future operations, I shall follow the BUNKER HILL with highest interest," Captain Jeter said in expressing his appreciation to a crew that "has given its best when the time came."

A veteran of the Battle of Midway as Executive Officer of the U. S. S. Enterprise, Captain Jeter brought with him to the BUNKER HILL a combination of long carrier and aviation experience. Hundreds of test hops in experimental models of various Navy fighting planes are incorporated in his log book which shows more than 3,000 hours in the air. During the peace-time years he saw service aboard every carrier the Navy had, and his duties ashore have carried him from the Bureau of Aeronautics to acting advisor to the Argentine Naval War College at Buenos Aires.

Prior to his flight training, Captain Jeter served aboard the U. S. S. Jenkins, which he went to after graduation from the Naval Academy in 1918, and aboard the U. S. S. New York, where he was assigned to gunnery.



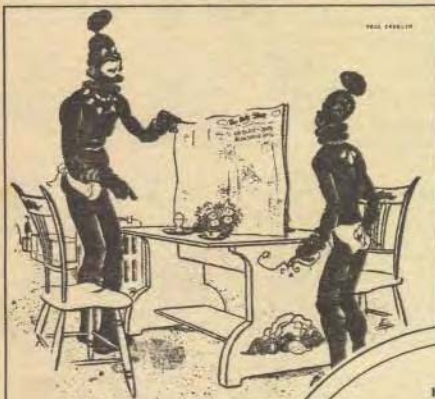
getting underway, yet I didn't dare come out for a look-see because of that wild female. Musta been five minutes before we began to move and I still didn't dare uncover. Well, we went for about five blocks and then stopped. I figured it was O.K. to come out, so I took the robe off. Lord's teeth! I dunno who was the more surprised, me or the Chinese undertakers. There I was right in the middle of a bunch of coffins. The undertakers looked as if they wished they was some place else almost as much as I did. I finally convinced 'em I was alive all right and then they were mad. Don't blame 'em either. Seems that one of them left the corpse parked outside Wing-On's telling the rickshaw boy that another man would be along to pick it up in a few minutes. So you ended up with the body and I ended up in the morgue. Whew!'

As I said before, Shanghai always had a lot of gal trouble. Yet after the incident he'd just described, he stayed out of trouble with the ladies for a whole week. Yeah, you guessed it. He didn't go ashore during that week.

Male Call

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

Son Of The Beach



"In the white man's land the sexes breakfast apart. This is the curious screen that separates the two at the dining table."



"That Aldrich family gets itself in the darndest predicaments!"



"I wouldn't take any presents from a stranger, but I feel like I've known you all my life!"



"Is the captain of the boat in?"



"Honest, Honey, I've never felt like this about any girl before—in this port."