



The U.S.S. Bunker Hill Monument



VOL. 2 NO. 25

JULY 15, 1944

VF SCORES DOUBLE TO TIE BOMBERS

LT. (jg) W. B. LONGINO

LIEUT. J. C. HODEK



WITH LT. JIM HODEK MAKING THE LAST BIG THOUSANDTH ABOARD, AND LT. (jg) WALLIE LONGINO SCORING IN THE PREVIOUS MILLENIUM, THE FIGHTER SQUADRON GAINED A TIE WITH THE BOMBERS AND WIPED OUT A LEAD HELD IN THESE INDIVIDUAL LANDING HONORS THAT AT ONE TIME THREATENED TO BECOME A MONOPOLY. THAT THE HONORS ARE BECOMING WELL DISTRIBUTED IS ALSO EVIDENCED BY THE FACT THAT THE TORPEDO SQUADRON IS ONLY TWO BEHIND THE LEADERS. THE PRESENT AIR GROUP IS STILL

(continued on page 7)

Purple Heart Awards

As news of honors being awarded to former shipmates continues to trickle in, the distinguished name of Rear Admiral Frederick C. Sherman was the latest to be added to the growing list. Admiral Sherman received the Distinguished Service Medal for outstanding work as a carrier task force admiral in the Pacific action.

At a recent presentation ceremony aboard, Rear Admiral A. E. Montgomery and Captain T. P. Jeter awarded Purple Heart Medals to officers and enlisted men of the ship and the Air Group.

Comdr. W. M. Collins
Lt. Comdr. R. W. Hoel
Lt. (jg) J. R. Galvin
Ch. Mach. O. H. Berchtold
Ch. Mach. V. A. Hughen
Gunner G. A. Bauer
Holznecht, W. J., ARM2c
Ames, W. R., AOM2c
Bloomquist, V. E., AOM2c
Foreman, E. H., F2c

Kain, W. M., S2c
Kowalski, F., AOM3c
Leap, R. J., Cpl., USMC
Lynch, J. P., S2c
Mallico, J. J., S1c
Martin, M. R., S1c
Martin, J. T., S1c
Matheson, D., AOM1c
Mc Farlane, P., Jr., GM2c
McLeod, R. A., S1c

Gray, E. A., AOM3c
Littlewood, W. S. Cpl. USMC
Lambdin, C. E., Cox.
Magursky, G., S1c
Martinkovic, J. J., S1c
Ryan, W. L., Jr., AMM3c
Todd, R., S2c
Bonner, I. D., Prtr., 2c
Brattain, S. L., AMM3c
Bruns, J. D., AM2c
Cariglino, J. J., AOM2c
Center, J. H., Jr., ARM2c
De Angelo, H. P., CPhM
Dellinger, W. H., Flc
Dutt, H. M., S1c
Eselin, G. E., AOM2c
Feehly, M. J., AOM2c
Gillis, J. T., Jr., AOM2c
Hanby, T. L., AOM2c
Hankey, E. W., AMM1c

Miller, D. K., AOM2c
Nash, J. N., S1c
Neumann, F. W., AM2c
Pepper, A. T., S2c
Poulin, B. R., AOM2c
Reynolds, P., AOM3c
Richard, J. E., S1c
Rinker, J. E., S1c
Rochford, J. J. L., AOM2c
Sattler, L. A., AMM1c
Schaeffer, C. F., AM1c
Sexton, G. F., S2c
Simpson, E. J., AOM2c
Stene, R. C., AOM2c
Surrett, J. D., Cox
Waiter, O. J., AMM1c
Warren, V. D., S2c
Vazquez, F., WT2c
Vignere, L. A., ACOM
Young, R. E., AMM2c

Yount, W. W., AMM3c

(continued on page 7)



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..... U. S. N. R.
V. L. Chandler, Prtr. 1c..... U. S. N.
W. J. Elsner, PhoM. 1c..... U. S. N. R.
W. J. Hession, Prtr. 2c..... U. S. N. R.
H. L. Ferguson, Prtr. 3c..... U. S. N. R.
A. C. Matre, RdM. 3c..... U. S. N. R.
E. M. Spica, S1c..... U. S. N. R.

Bear Hugs Kettle

Some years ago a hunting party made camp in the Rockies. All of the party left the camp suddenly for a short time, leaving a large kettle of water boiling over the camp fire. Presently an old bear crept out of the woods, attracted by the fire, and seeing the kettle with its lid dancing on top, promptly seized it. Naturally, it burned him; but instead of dropping it, he hugged it more tightly to him—this being the bear's only idea of defense. Of course, the tighter he hugged, the more it burned, and so on in a vicious circle, to the complete undoing of Mr. Bruin.

Many men try to use the same method in dealing with their own difficulties. Some one hurts their feelings, they fall an exam for rating or don't like their billet, and they harbor a grudge. Some misfortune comes and they nurture the grief. By harboring and nurturing them, the wound goes deeper and deeper.

Occasionally a person loses his mental balance completely by holding on to his real or fancied injuries. But more often he is just a grouchy old bear "hugging hot kettles." The bear method never helps the situation, only aggravates it, ending finally in the undoing of the bear. A bear hugs a kettle, but a MAN has sense enough to LET IT GO!

When Opportunity Knocks---

A lad on one of our destroyers that had been out for many months lay very ill in the sick bay. His spirit was like a ship tugging at its anchor in a high wind. He was just about ready to let go and sail out into the great beyond.

The doctor spoke about it to the skipper, who asked: "Would a little good news help him, Doc?" "It might be the tonic which would save him," the doctor replied.

"Then tell him that we are headed for San Francisco, only make him promise not to tell."

The doctor hurried to the sick bay and whispered the good news into the ears of the lad, who smiled and promised he would not tell a soul. No medicine ever worked so rapidly or effectively. Soon the lad was up and about. There was a song on his lips—he was on his way home! Soon he was back on duty.

When the destroyer came in under the Golden Gate Bridge, the lad hunted out the doctor. "Sir," he hesitatingly asked, "would you do me a favor?"

"Why certainly, son," replied the doctor. "What do you wish?"

"Well, sir, I have \$500 I wish you would keep for me."

Articles for the Government Of the United States Navy

(Continued)

Article 24

No commander of a vessel shall inflict upon a commissioned or warrant officer any other punishment than private reprimand, suspension from duty, arrest, or confinement, and such suspension, arrest, or confinement shall not continue longer than 10 days, unless a further period is necessary to bring the offender to trial by a court-martial; nor shall he inflict, or cause to be inflicted, upon any petty officer, or person of inferior rating, or marine, for a single offense, or at any one time, any other than one of the following punishments, namely:

1. Reduction of any rating established by himself.
2. Confinement, not exceeding 10 days, unless further confinement be necessary in the case of a prisoner to be tried by court-martial.
3. Solitary confinement, on bread and water, not exceeding five days.
4. Solitary confinement not exceeding seven days.
5. Deprivation of liberty on shore.
6. Extra duties.

No other punishment shall be permitted on board of vessels belonging to the Navy, except by sentence of a court-martial. All punishments inflicted by the commander, or by his order, except reprimands, shall be fully entered upon the ship's log.

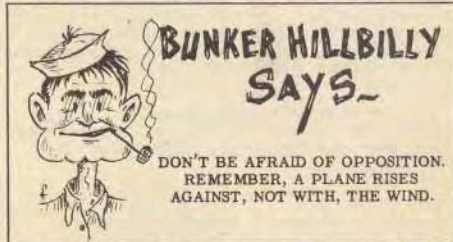
Article 25

(a) All officers of the Navy and Marine Corps who are authorized to order either general or summary courts-martial shall have the same authority to inflict minor punishments as is conferred by law upon the commander of a naval vessel.

(b) No officer who may command by accident, or in the absence of the commanding officer, except when such commanding officer is absent for a time by leave, shall inflict any other punishment than confinement.

Article 26

Summary courts-martial may be ordered upon petty officers and enlisted men in the naval service under his command by the commanding officer of any vessel, the commandant of any navy yard or naval station, the commanding officer of any brigade, regiment, or separate or detached battalion, or other separate or detached command, or marine barracks, and, when empowered by the Secretary of the Navy, by the commanding officer or officer in charge of any command not specifically mentioned in the foregoing, for the trial of offenses which such commanding officer or commandant may deem deserving of greater punishment than he is authorized to inflict, but not sufficient to require trial by a general court-martial. (Continued next week)



"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed the doctor in amazement. "How did you get so much money?"

"Well, sir," exclaimed the sailor, "you made me promise not to tell that we were on our way home—and I didn't. But I bet every guy who would bet with me that we were headed for San Francisco. And, sir, I just cleaned up the ship."

Strictly * * PERSONAL



They called out the riot squad, one summer day in Elkhart, Ind., when the Osborne kid and a pal "fixed" an old theater organ and it let loose in all joints, the basses groaning, the tenors whining, and assorted chimes and horns adding to the din until Eddie found an ill-made connection.

But Eddie had been promised he could play the organ if he could fix it. And play it he did, although only 13 and still in knee pants.

For the benefit of those who came in late, that same "kid" is Lt. Eddie Osborne of the Fighting Squadron, the talented gent who has been making the hangar deck ring with his magic touch on the Hammond Electric organ.

Originally purchased, by an anonymous donor, for Eddie when the present Air Group shook down on another carrier, the electric organ recently came aboard on loan, after Comdr. W. M. Collins, VF skipper, and Osborne paid calls on the sister CV. With the cooperation of the First Lieutenant, the stage was built and the electricians put the organ into commission. Noon and evening jive sessions, and the community sings between movies, quickly followed as Osborne's ivory-magic won plaudits.

The experience in the theater followed by two years his self-introduction to the organ, which he was forced to abandon temporarily while he grew legs that would reach the pedals. But he double-timed when he added the necessary stature. All through his high school days he studied the styles of various artists, on recordings as well as in person, and he made giant strides in developing the intricate touch and technique necessary to get the most out of the world's most complicated instrument. He'd been blessed with the excellent tutoring in music theory while studying his mother's favorite instrument, the violin, under

Victor Young, now ace Hollywood musical director. But lessons in his own favorite, the organ, came catch-as-catch-can in observing Al Carney, famed radio and theater organist, at a small radio station.

He was just finishing his sophomore year in May, 1936, at Wayne University in Detroit when he had his first chance to play the newest thing in musical instruments, the electric organ. Within a few months he took on a job that was to pay the remainder of his college expenses, doing a nightly stint at a spot catering to Michigan State students at East Lansing, Mich. He played there a year before moving to another bobby-sock coke joint where the work permitted him to fit radio broadcasts, over two local stations, into his schedule.

In 1938 it was Eddie's fingers on the keys that placed the Michigan State entry on the country-wide Pontiac Varsity show that was broadcast coast-to-coast as the Midwest's top college talent. It never was definitely established whether his desire for a master's degree or his interest in playing to collegiate crowds kept him at State, but after graduating he stayed on for a year, leaving only when the Navy called him as a cadet.

As a cadet at Pensacola, and for a brief time as an instructor there, Eddie played regular programs at the Air Station, and when he was transferred as an instructor at the Glenview, Ill., NAS, they got an organ for him there. And when he had shore leave--? That's right, he was "sitting in" at the various bistros that flank the station, doing additional entertaining just for the natural enjoyment an artist gets out of performing.

This flair for entertaining, his thorough knowledge of music, and an additional collection of tricks in counterpoint and improvisation give Osborne just what it takes to get magic out of the ivory. And that's just what it takes to knock the inhibitions out of jive-starved souls to get 'em swingin' with a solid beat.

The Monument Recognized

Official notification was received this week that THE MONUMENT has been awarded Honorable Mention in the Camp Newspaper Service world-wide contest for 1944 which determined the best service publications in the continental United States and overseas.

REDLANDER, an Army camp paper, the publication of APO 957, was the winner of the one prize. To the staff of this excellent publication, which is now on our exchange list, THE MONUMENT extends heartiest congratulations. Other prizes were awarded the best papers within the continental limits and overseas, with a further sub-division into letter-press, mimeograph and offset publications. THE MONUMENT, along with REDLANDER, was an entry in the latter class.

Camp Newspaper Service, with offices in New York City, was formed by the War Department to render assistance to camp newspapers at home and abroad, and boasts a larger circulation than any news agency in existence. Their Clip Sheet is forwarded bi-monthly to all service publications, and contains valuable publishing aids, news of the services, the world and sports, as well as such popular features as "Male Call" and "The Wolf."

So that no paper could exert a special effort, and produce an issue not typical of its ordinary operation, judging was based on the issues of one selected month, and which were published prior to the announcement of the contest.

Judges for the contest were Lee B. Wood, executive editor of the New York World-Telegram; Chet Shaw, editor of Newsweek; and Paul Bellamy, editor of the Cleveland Plain-Dealer and a director of the Associated Press. Original pin-ups, drawn by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" and "Male Call," and Sgt. Sansone, perpetrator of "The Wolf," were presented to each member of the staff, with an enlarged identical sketch given to the ship.

Much Ado About Nothing

Strictly Personal: After many months of involuntary study, this department finally has catalogued the various types of bos'n mate technique on the general announcing system.....That's the P.A. system over which they pass the word, you know.....It's centered on a square box on the bridge and the quarterdeck, neatly divided by little switches to cut in Crew's Quarters Forward, Hangar Deck, Officers' Country, etc., etc., and complete with microphone and lights.....Quite nifty, in fact.....But have you ever noticed the styles of garbled, monkeyed-up, jammed, unintelligible gobbledygook that can come out of those speakers?

The Navy spends thousands of dollars on that announcing system, and what happens? Apparently after putting in a few weeks of moaning on a bos'n pipe in the chain locker (would that it were restricted to that!) a newly-turned cox'n is put on a watch and the fun begins! Some of them are modest--when they pass the word and they let go with a small, shrill, apologetic squeak from their pipe, and then sort of whisper the subject matter..... You want terribly to know what he's got on his mind, but you just can't hear it so you skip the whole thing.

Then there's the bos'n mates with accents--broad accents usually completely foreign to anyone whose home is farther west than Wehawken, of Jersey City..... You get some choice (pronounced *cherce*) classics from them..... They usually have a pretty good pipe, and you often wonder if they haven't blown their tops on the pipe before they get around to passing the word.

Then there's the Sinatra type, in love with their own voices, who apparently crawl into the microphone to pass the word..... They cradle the mike carefully in their hand, thus introducing a new acoustical element that the designer didn't have in mind, and the word gets so crumpled up that it sounds like a leak in a boiler line.

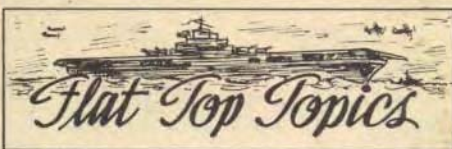
Typed, too, is the nonchalant, indifferent bos'n mate, quite used to hearing his voice go all over the ship..... He really fixes things up! Generally he starts passing the word while winding up a conversation with a pal somewhere in the near vicinity of the mike, and gives you the impression he's walking by the thing, so that you get only the tail end of his message, if that. It sounds like this: "yxx-ma-rehad, mn scen, dial four-ennf,eye--." If you're lucky, you get the number, but usually you don't. This type also tends to forget what he started to say, stops, clears his throat and starts over.

The various styles of piping is a much deeper subject, into which we'll delve at a later date. We've got to clip this short because the word was just passed and we've got to find out if we should be relieving the watch or getting into the chow line.

SQUARE THAT HAT, SAILOR!

When worn by a gob on the back of his knob
It means that he thinks he is dapper...
Worn over one eye means the gob is a guy
Who'd like you to think he's a scrapper...
On top of the dome it means nobody home
And the wearer's a boot or a cookie,
But when worn square and straight it means brains in the
pate,
Be the wearer a vet or a rookie!

ALL HANDS!! CONSERVE FRESH WATER
AND AVOID ANNOYING WASHROOM HOURS!



Earnie, the ship's tailor, says, "A procrastinator is one who puts off till tomorrow what he can do today. So please don't be one of those guys and wait till the last minute with your whites. Soon as I finish whites I will start on blues. Please don't remove white stripes because our supply is limited."

The magical music flowing from the gallery deck work shop has taken on a new note since Burow, the Glee Club Conductor, has joined the jive gang. The vocals are done by that blue-eyed, blonde Irishman from New York, Jimmie Daley, who claims to be a first tenor.

Louie Grecio, that singing baker from Rhode Island, claims to be a protege of Victor Mature. He is also a follower of Charles Atlas. Louie can be seen taking exercises with the "I'll make you a man" equipment in 30 short lessons. Good luck, Louie!

"Grandpa" Pettibone, of the Torpedo Squadron, says, "It's better to have loved than not to have at all." "Grandpa" is the squadron's philosopher and can be heard giving advice at all times.

Dick Schenker, RDM3c, had the surprise of a life-time when his buddy, Jack Lotho, MoM3c, paid him a visit. Dick hadn't seen Jack for two years, so they had quite a lot to talk about.

W. C. Lincoln is V-1-H's optimist. Everytime scuttle-but gets thick, he starts washing his dress blues and puts a beautiful shine on his liberty shoes.

P.F.C. Tommy "Tiny" Hand, the 250th Iowa Flash is giving the mess cooks a few points on how to tackle an opponent when playing football. He should know because Tommy was a former University of Iowa center and represented Iowa as an all-star center in an all-star game of '43, which was played at Soldiers' Field.



Albert Schmidt and Forrest Paplow, the singing bakers, claim they have more "dough" than anyone on the ship. They do an excellent job of making tasty pastries and tidbits with their "dough" to satisfy the palates of the crew.

"Chuck" Jones, ARM3c, has joined the "I've Never Seen My Baby Club." Chuck's wife had a girl and both mother and daughter are doing fine.

The V-3-F Gang received news from their buddies, who left the ship for the V-12 program. At present, Flood Markey, Isadore and Hudson are at Asbury Park, New York, taking their preliminary training. Good luck, fellows.

Among Those PRESENT



Some like it hot and some like it sweet--the BUNKER HILL band is ready to beat it out eight to the bar or in three-quarter time, and good.

Prior to coming aboard after commissioning, members of the band played with the Boston Navy Yard organization. Within a few months after commissioning, they were welded into one of the fleet's top bands under the direction of Douglas C. Cameron, Chief Bandmaster, from Alpine, Tex.

In addition to their music-making, the band members have gun stations. They were in the midst of "Don't Get Around Much Any More" one noon-time when General Quarters sounded. The Ellington tune to the contrary, they got to their stations--fast.

According to Frederick Dean of Crescent City, Fla., who does that excellent trumpet ad libbing, the most requested number is "Anvil Chorus." A Marine asks nearly every day for the "Jersey Bounce."

The band tries to vary the programs, never playing a number two days in a row. This is difficult, in that the orchestrations are limited. The dinner and supper programs aren't planned in advance. The boys just grab their instruments, wait for the audience to gather, and go to work on any requests they get.

With Dean playing second trumpet and tapping out the beat for each piece, the rest of the lineup is as follows:

Paul Bowerson, Wyandotte, Mich., string bass and tuba; George Catalanotto, Brooklyn, drums and traps; Delmar Fleely, Seattle, trombone; Richard Miller, LaPorte, Ind., trumpet; Marvin Schneider, Detroit, sax and clarinet; Joseph Suldo, New Brunswick, N. J., sax and clarinet; Henry Taylor, Baltimore, sax and clarinet; Louis Thomas, Lorain, Ohio, trumpet; Billy Tilson, Maryville, Mo., sax and clar-

New Dispensary in Boston

A new dispensary, known as Naval Dispensary, Boston, Mass., has been established with a complete diagnostic center to give Medical and Surgical care to the dependents of Naval personnel who reside in and around the Boston area.

The address of this dispensary is:

Naval Dispensary
230 The Fenway
Boston, Mass.

It is located between Beacon St. and Huntington Ave. In the old Museum of Fine Arts School and in back of the Museum of Fine Arts on Huntington Ave.

Facilities are available for an Out Patient Clinic and an In Patient Clinic for all cases except mental and obstetrics. Obstetrical cases will be cared for at the Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass., all other cases at this dispensary.

The daily rate for patients requiring hospitalization at this center will be \$1.75 per day. This amount will include all medical and surgical care such as Medical Officer, nurses' care, operating room, X-ray, medications (except special items that are not supplied by the Navy in which case they will be extra), and meals.

Personnel who have families in this area should inform them of this excellent opportunity and advise them to contact this dispensary for medical attention and medical advice.

O. W. Chenault,
Comdr. (MC), U. S. Navy

MANY NR OFFICERS ELIGIBLE FOR UNIFORM GRATUITY

Records of BuPers indicate that a number of Naval Reserve officers now eligible for an additional \$50 uniform gratuity have not submitted vouchers applying for it. A large number of officers who have entered the service since 9 September 1939 are now eligible.

Article H-8704, BuPers Manual, and Section 302, Naval Reserve Act of 1938, provide for the payment to Naval Reserve officers of an additional \$50 uniform gratuity each four years from date of receipt of the initial \$100 uniform gratuity, provided that other requirements of the regulations have been met. Applications should be submitted to BuPers on S&A Form 445--Revised.

inet; Leo Warila, Waltham, Mass., trombone.

When the band plays at quarters for muster, the following men are added:

Frank Banyas, Bridgeport, Conn., sax and clarinet; Eustolio Garcia, San Antonio, Tex., baritone; Elston Hall, Calais, Me., sax and clarinet; Charles Hall, Compton, Calif., tuba; William Prophet, Belleville, N. J., trumpet; Louis Uzeq, New Orleans, French horn, and George Meredith, New York City, drum.

Although none has had experience with any of the country's name bands, most have played with smaller outfits in night clubs and country resorts.

Once in a while, Lt. (jg) Dave Carter of the Torpedo Squadron takes over the bass and gives out like he did when he was with Bob Chester's Band, while Lt. (jg) Tommy Shea of the bombers relieves Catalanotto at the drums.

Sea air is bad for instruments and when concerts are held on the flight deck, the music is apt to be blown overboard at any time, but the boys in the band like their jobs. And the officers and crew like their music -- it's good for the old morale.

CREW IN DECISIVE WIN OVER OFFICERS

SCORE - 44 to 35

Culminating the biggest week of court competition in the ship's sports history, the high-gearred enlisted men's basketball team ran rough-shod over a vaunted Squadron Officer's five, 44 to 35 in the show down battle that might aptly have decided the championship of the Pacific. Both teams have eased through all their competition from other ships with a minimum of effort, and trounced both of their opening game conquerors in decisive fashion.

From the opening whistle it soon became evident that it was not the day for the Squadron Officers, and the ship's team, showing a greatly improved style over their early play, missed few opportunities to increase their advantage and give their officer shipmates a few lessons in the fine arts of court play. In all fairness to the officers too, without detracting from the much deserved victory over them, it was plain that their brand of ball was strictly subpar, and far below their usual standard. Their passing was shoddy and ill-timed; more than a respectable number of "dog" shots were missed; and the defense was usually too slow to set for the new fast-break style employed by the enlisted men.

Mike Quinn, the gangling red-head from the Marine detachment, turned in the finest performance of the day, leading his team in scoring with six goals from the field, and missing only two shots during the entire game. His floor play was also superb and defensively he held his man, Lt. "Gus" Gustafson to a brace of buckets for the day. For the officers, slippery Ollie Johnston snaked his way past the defense for six goals, to share scoring honors with Quinn, while Don Johnson can be credited with keeping the score down by holding the redoubtable and high-scoring Jack Wright to a single field goal, while he was watching him.

Joe McAndrews of K-1, Henry O'Rickey of the First Division and Chris Zieger of the Marines contributed three goals a piece for their cause, with McAndrews adding a foul shot to tie with "Hobber" Hobbs of the Officers for second scoring honors. This equal division of scoring among the ship's team is ample proof of the teamwork displayed, a factor which will continue to make them outstanding as long as they pursue it.

The Squadron Officers won an "out-of-the-books" contest over the ship's team during the organization period of the sport aboard, and with the rivalry engendered by this week's game, a friendly but heated continuance is assured. Athletic Officer Ken Hashhagen, now playing with and master-minding the officer's team, along with Lt. Gustafson, swears that his team will not be caught napping again, and promises a sharp return to form in the next meeting. Chief Storekeeper "Popeye" Hayes, who directs the ship's team, while rejoicing in the victory, says his boys weren't "on" either, and that the score will be much larger when the two teams meet again.

In any event, it is certain that a fine rivalry has been developed that should continue in the weeks to come--with the tenets of good sportsmanship always being held uppermost. The game was well handled by Referee Pete Sachon and Chief Specialist Nagler, who umpired. Nevertheless, a few decisions were greeted by "boos" a little heavy to be entirely good-natured, especially when the going was fast and the score closing up. Keen competition should breed a little of this in any man, but there is never a reason to boo and mean it when a shipmate is doing the best job he knows how in seeing that all decisions are fair. Every "ref" misses one now and then, sure, but who wouldn't in a game as fast as basketball. And Pete knows how too, having played the sport himself over a number of years and been a top notch college official when he wasn't playing.

Prior to this featured classic, the ship's team played four games with other ships and the Squadron Officers

three, all being "in the bag" by wide margins. The ship's team scores were: 63-37 over a supply ship; 52-14 over a carrier; 59-21 over a battleship; and 41-12 over a cruiser. The officers won over the cruiser by a 33-11 margin; the carrier, 44-20 and the battleship, 29-16.

Volleyball continues to maintain its high popularity, with the ship's team maintaining its undefeated pace in overwhelming straight game wins in matches against teams from the carrier and cruiser. "Pappy" Berchtold's Warrant Officers were not to be denied either, engaging the carrier's Warrant group of volleyballers, coming off with a two out of three game decision that was close all the way until the last game, when "Pappy's Perpetuals" steamed in on the long end of a 21 to 10 score and the match.

Nor have the boxers been idle, having mixed it with three rival ship's teams recently, but without the unqualified success enjoyed by the volleyball and basketball standard-bearers. They won the team match against a carrier, gathering three decisions against one loss and a draw, but were forced to take the short end in matches with another carrier and a battleship, losing each by a single decision, after winning two and drawing two.

ALUMNI NEWS WANTED!!

The growing list of BUNKER HILL alumni, distributed at schools and new stations all over the world, has brought out the suggestion of an "alumni column" in THE MONUMENT.

Many letters from men transferred to other duties get back to the ship, but news of the men necessarily is limited to those people fortunate enough to read their letters. Their addresses, similarly, are hard to get. Therefore a regular weekly column of excerpts from such letters, and publication of addresses, will be attempted, with the cooperation of all hands. If you get news from a former shipmate, pass it on to THE MONUMENT, either in whole or in part. Your letter will be returned to you.

A name for the contemplated column also is sought and suggestions will be welcomed. Make your nominations by dropping them in the "Contribution Boxes" outside of Ship's Service and the Library, or leave them in the Chaplain's Office.

The success of this venture depends upon your cooperation.

IDENTIFICATION SLIP REQUIRED IN EACH PIECE OF BAGGAGE

Placing of an envelope in each piece of baggage of naval personnel to furnish adequate identification in case of loss is directed by BuPers in Circular Letter 52-44 (semi-monthly N. D. Bul., 29 Feb., 44-233).

This step was ordered because of loss or misplacing of a considerable amount of baggage belonging to military personnel, particularly on railroads in the United States.

To help return such baggage to the rightful owners, the Bureau directed that all personnel place in each piece of baggage an envelope containing (1) the current date; (2) full name, USN or USNR, etc.; (3) file number or service number; (4) present station and (5) destination. If necessary for security purposes, the present station or destination may be omitted.

Fighters Score Double To Tie Bombers

(continued from page 1)

two behind their predecessors, but the margin is much closer if only Pacific landings are included.

Wallie Longino stayed aboard barely long enough to cut his cake before forsaking the ship, not of his own will, for other and equally exciting duty. He will long remember the day, however, as it was a day of two outstanding firsts for the quiet Georgian. Before hitting the deck for the memorable landing, he had accounted for his first Jap plane, assuring himself of a double dose of pleasure such as he had never before experienced.

Genial Jim Hodek, the big bowyer and fletcher man from Chicago and chicken fancier extraordinary, made it two in a row for the fighters. From the smile on his face, when informed of his feat, one would have thought an Armistice had been signed, and he was ready to keep his trust at the altar with Vivian Dvorak, his beautiful fiancée who will become Mrs. H. - but not until the war is over says Jim.

Wally is the son of Dr. and Mrs. D. R. Longino of Atlanta, where he was born, raised and graduated from Georgia Tech. He studied Industrial Management at Tech, and the ways of the Navy through a NROTC course, being commissioned an ensign in the Naval Reserve on graduation. An older brother, Capt. D. R. Longino, is an Army B-24 pilot, while his younger brother, Grady is a medical student under the Navy V-12 program.

After serving for several months as a deck officer in Communications on the Ranger, Longino resigned his commission, as was then necessary to enter flight training, and assumed the rate of Seaman, second class. After primary training at Anacostia he was sent to Pensacola, completing all but the advanced stages of his course there and being awarded his wings in December 1942. Pre-operational training at Miami was followed by operational training at Jacksonville, where he first met "Mr. Mac" (Lt. Comdr. E. Scott McCuskey) to begin a close association that has continued ever since. "Mr. Mac" was Wally's instructor at Jax, and so impressed was the instructor in his pupil that when assignments were made to their present squadron, McCuskey saw to it that Longino would be with him, as a member of his own division. "Mr. Mac," with all his admirers, has none greater than Longino.

Wally is single, and admits to no one at the present time who would change his status. "Those Atlanta gals sho ah nice though," he dreamily reflects, "and Ah guess Ah just din't realize it when Ah was home. Things will be different when Ah get back theah tho, and maybe Ah'll find a gal who'll have me."

His post-war plans concern a future in the Navy. He has an application pending for a regular Navy commission, and hopes to receive a favorable reply on it in the near future.

Lt. James C. Hodek is a man of varied interests and unusual talents, and a way about him that should be sound insurance against life ever giving him any trouble. He is a bit vague as yet about his future, except where it concerns Vivian. He would like to continue in aviation, but as an instructor or a divisional salesman for some small type of aircraft that he expects to see on the market shortly after the war. Whatever his occupation, he wants it to allow for plenty of time in Northern Michigan, where someday he hopes to have his permanent home.

Jim spent most of his pre-Navy days in Chicago, where he attended Farragut High School and Armour Institute of Technology and worked as a mechanic for a flying school. This activity was interspersed with a career as the previously referred to "Bowyer and Fletcher," and a partnership in a chicken farm in his beloved Northern Michigan.

The "Bowyer and Fletcher" - if the reference needs explaining - means that he was a maker of fine bows and arrows for the Robin Hood trade - and he has business cards to prove it. Before he went into the manufacture of these implements, archery was - and still is - one of his great hobbies, and when the sport was enjoying one of its great popularity waves, he turned the hobby into a neat profit. Being an avid hunter and fisherman, he has often brought down small game with his trusty weapons, so reminiscent of another day, and he insists there's no better sport, even though you don't hit anything.

His association with the ground end of flying was all that was needed to complete the inspiration for a career as a Navy flyer, and his acceptance for flight training came in April, 1941. After "E" base at Glenview, he was sent to Pensacola and then to Miami, where he received his wings in January of 1942. He was then ordered back to Pensacola as an instructor, where he remained until the following August, when he was sent in the same capacity to Bunker Hill Naval Air Station, Bunker Hill (then Peru), Indiana. Here he soon rose to chief flight instructor and so remained until ordered to Jacksonville for training as a dive bomber pilot, along with several of his present squadron mates. Apparently there was some confusion in these orders, as soon they were all changed, with the new destination Norfolk and their present squadron.

Jim did not include poker along with his favorite hobbies, but being an occasional follower of that cozy inner sanctum, "The Blue Goose," it is assumed that he is not only a patron, but also a devotee of the famous indoor sport.

As for thrills, two are outstanding in his memory. The first came with his first solo flight, and the second - and by far his greatest - came when he participated in one of the greatest aerial assaults of all time. Jim is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hodek, who have made their home on Chicago's south side since long before Jim was born.



"The vintage was better last week."

PURPLE HEART AWARDS (continued from page 1)

The following personnel were transferred prior to receipt of the Purple Heart Award on board and the medals were forwarded to their present Commanding Officers:

Bashor, S. C., AMM3c	Mc Donald, W. F., S1c
Dunleavy, D. A., AOM2c	Nichols, R. C., AOM3c
Juracko, S. R., ACEM	Susdorf, W. D., Jr., AOM2c
Kubricht, A. P., PhoM1c	Thomas, C. J., FC3c
Mac Donald, H. M., AOM1c	Wilcox, R. A., AMM2c
	Williams, G. F., S1c

The following were presented the Purple Heart by the Captain just prior to being transferred to new duty:

Prehm, J. R., AOM2c	Cain, R. W., AM2c
Szymialis, E., AMM3c	Coleburn, F. A., AM2c

Male Call by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" **Must Have Come From Under The Rock Of Ages**



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ALFRED

by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



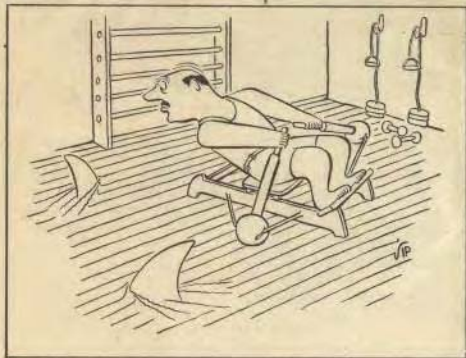
"I'm afraid you haven't gotten the correct impression of the term 'landing party,' Alfred."



Gene Carr

THE GUY WHOSE REVENUE HUNG

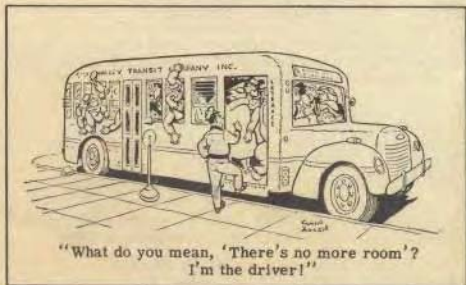
"The sailor last night had it all over him."



HALF HITCH

K. H. Lee

THE GUY WHOSE REVENUE HUNG



"What do you mean, 'There's no more room'? I'm the driver!"



"He was pasting stuff in his scrap book when the heavy firing started, Doc."