



WAR BOND DRIVE GOES "OVER TOP"

PROMOTIONS AND CHANGES

New stripes and the oak leaves of lieutenant command-er were added by ten officers aboard the BUNKER HILL this week, in accordance with promotions announced by the Bureau of Naval Personnel.

Five officers of the ship's company were promoted from the rank of lieutenant, including R. B. Wood, V-3 Division Officer; A. R. Middleton, V-1 Division Officer; J. R. Carmichael, Assistant Engineer Officer; and Drs. S. Zurik and R. C. Bew of the Medical Department.

The spot promotion received by Lt. Comdr. E. P. Auran when he took charge of his present squadron was made permanent under the new ANav, while other squadron promotions included those of Lewis Ford and Ronald W. Hoel, Executive Officers of the Torpedo and Fighting Squadrons, respectively; Lincoln Maytham, V. F. Administrative Officer, and E. S. McCuskey of the Fighters.

Reporting aboard for duty from other commands were Lts. R. S. Finkbine, Hull, and J. Veitch, Jr., Communications; Lt. (jg) F. A. Wright, Air; Ensigns J. N. Clark, C. C. Crandall, Jr., Gunner; E. J. Kremzier, Air; Harold Mathews, Hull and E. A. Merritt, Engineering; Carpenter R. F. Chambers, Hull and Radio Electrician H. W. Davis, Jr., Communications.

Logged off the ship for other duties were Comdr. J. M. Carson, to the staff of ComCarDiv 22; Comdr. A. P. Rhamy, to NAS, Seattle; Lts. M. C. Galassi, L. E. Harrison and R. B. Mariner; Lts. (jg) R. G. Buchner, J. N. Davis, N. C. Hartley, K. D. Higgins, C. W. Johnson and E. E. Mulligan; Ens. D. E. Orlich; Photographer M. Hitchcock; and APC L. C. Dubois.

ADMIRAL NIMITZ CALLS FOR A SMART LOOKING NAVY

There is no reason why a fighting Navy should not be a smart-appearing Navy. Admiral Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet, has a fighting fleet, as the Japanese could verify, and now he calls for more emphasis on dress and discipline in a letter to all units under his command. Writes the Admiral:

"Ours is a great Navy which has behind it a record of achievement of which we are very proud. Most of us are in the Navy because we want to be. Therefore let us show, on every occasion, your pride in our chosen service by closely observing the rules of military etiquette and dress suitable to the occasion.

"The Commander-in-Chief notes an increasing laxity in military manners and appearance on the part of many officers and enlisted men. This has resulted in a let-down in those standards of smartness which distinguish an efficient and well-disciplined organization.

"These conditions can only be corrected from the top down and it is the duty of all senior officers to take such steps as are necessary to effect improvement.

EXCEEDS EVERY EXPECTATION

The BUNKER HILL'S five-day drive to register new War Bond allotments was scheduled to be completed tonight after a record-shattering response by all hands.

Officers of the temporary committee handling the new allotments were snowed under with the weight of applications, which continued to mount as the week-end closed. Temporary staff additions were made by all divisions to assist in the work, but it was expected that the paper work would not be completed until next week.

Early tabulations of the daily returns revealed the pace of the drive, as more than five men per hour registered for new allotments. Ens. Harold Mathews, who took over direction of the drive upon the transfer of Lt. (jg) E. E. Mulligan, estimated that the figure would be even higher.

"The response has been much greater than had even been hoped for," he said yesterday. "I believe that when all applications are in, we'll have established a record-setting pace of more than 100 new applications per day."

FLASH!!!

Last minute figures released on the War Bond Drive revealed that 986 new allotments were registered, pledging a total of \$15,450.75. Clifford Jacobs, AMMC, V-2-EB, led some 120 petty officers in the number of applications obtained, accounting for \$518.75 pledged and earning for himself the first prize of ten dollars.

Comdr. W. B. Mechling, Executive Officer, expressed "high gratification" at the results of the drive.

"Furthermore," he added, "I believe that we will find additional results of the campaign for weeks to come. There is little question but that more men will be making further War Bond allotments because of interest spurred during this drive."

Ens. Mathews also emphasized that completion of the campaign did not mean that further War Bond allotments could not be made.

"Rather, we are preparing to handle an increased daily demand for applications," he said. "More men have become war bond conscious, and will want to make allotments. Many men have stated that anticipated increases of pay coming with new rates, will mean additional allotments for them."

War Bond allotments may be increased if men so desire and two allotments may be held by a man, permitting monthly War Bond savings and investments to be scaled upward as desired.

Men who still desire information on the War Bond allotment plan may obtain all necessary facts and figures and application forms at the First Lieutenant's Office.

Staff

Articles for the Government Of the United States Navy

(continued)

Article 8

Such punishment as a court-martial may adjudge may be inflicted on any person in the Navy—

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.

The MONUMENT receives Camp Newspaper
Service material. Republication of credited
matter prohibited without permission of
CNS, War Department, N. Y. C. 17

The Sad Sack

"Yank" magazine's comic strip, The Sad Sack, is familiar to all of us.

The Sad Sack finds life pretty rugged. Everything he does seems to backfire...he's in the right place at the wrong time...and in the wrong place most of the time. If he does something to please the Sarge, somehow it seems that the Sarge didn't want it done...at least, not that way. And we all read the Sad Sack's troubles, and the troubles of GI Joe, and we laugh. It's sure funny - when it happens to somebody else!

But there's a bit of Sad Sack in each one of us. We all make mistakes; who doesn't? So we make a mistake, and our shipmates get a kick out of it. Everybody laughs when the story is told...even without the trimmings. Why not join in and get a good laugh at yourself. Down in your heart, you admit you aren't perfect...at least you should. And yet we put on a sour face when something happens we don't like. We put up a bluff. But everyone sees through it, and probably figures we got just what was coming to us.

But to get back to bum deals and accidents and ship-board gripes. We're going to get them...everybody does, in the Navy and out of it. If we gripe and beat our gums, the situation doesn't change a bit. We just feel a lot worse and more grief piles up. Then, why not try to laugh it off? The others think it's funny. Take a look at it from their angle. Then, you get a laugh out of it too - and things don't look nearly as black.

"Ya can't laugh all the time!" No? Why not use these troubles? Why not put these gripes to work? Use trouble and gripes to develop a character in yourself; make them teach you how "to take it." Opposition and troubles of Navy life can help you to firmly mould your self-reliance, to strengthen your manhood. A certain amount of hardship therefore is good for you - if you make it pay dividends.

Then why not use trouble? Here's an opportunity handed to you on a platter. If you pass it up, you'll live to regret it. You'll stay in the dumps, sorry for yourself, and down on others. If you take it with a grin you'll feel swell and you'll make and hold friends.

The Sad Sack can be a very lucky guy.

1. Who is guilty of profane swearing, falsehood, drunkenness, gambling, fraud, theft, or any other scandalous conduct tending to the destruction of good morals;

2. Or is guilty of cruelty toward or oppression or maltreatment of any person subject to his orders;

3. Or quarrels with, strikes, or assaults, or uses provoking or reproachful words, gestures, or menaces toward any person in the Navy;

4. Or endeavors to foment quarrels between other persons in the Navy;

5. Or sends or accepts a challenge to fight a duel or acts as a second in a duel;

6. Or treats his superior officer with contempt, or is disrespectful to him in language or deportment, while in the execution of his office;

7. Or joins in or abets any combination to weaken the lawful authority of or lessen the respect due to his commanding officer;

8. Or utters any seditious or mutinous words;

9. Or is negligent or careless in obeying orders or culpably inefficient in the performance of duty;

10. Or does not use his best exertions to prevent the unlawful destruction of public property by others;

11. Or, through inattention or negligence, suffers any vessel of the Navy to be stranded, or run upon a rock or shoal, or hazarded;

12. Or, when attached to any vessel appointed as convoy to any merchant or other vessels, fails diligently to perform his duty, or demands or exacts any compensation for his services, or maltreats the officers or crews of such merchant or other vessels;

13. Or takes, receives, or permits to be received, on board the vessel to which he is attached any goods or merchandise for freight, sale, or traffic, except gold, silver, or jewels for freight or safe-keeping; or demands or receives any compensation for the receipt or transportation of any other article than gold, silver, or jewels without authority from the President or Secretary of the Navy;

14. Or knowingly makes or signs, or aids, abets, directs, or procures the making or signing of, any false muster;

15. Or wastes any ammunition, provisions, or other public property, or, having power to prevent it, knowingly permits such waste;

16. Or, when on shore, plunders, abuses, or maltreats any inhabitant or injures his property in any way.

17. Or refuses or fails to use his utmost exertions to detect, apprehend, and bring to punishment all offenders, or to aid all persons appointed for that purpose;

18. Or, when rated or acting as master-at-arms, refuses to receive such prisoners as may be committed to his charge, or, having received them, suffers them to escape, or dismisses them without orders from the proper authority;

19. Or is absent from his station or duty without leave or after his leave has expired;

20. Or violates or refuses obedience to any lawful general order or regulation issued by the Secretary of the Navy;

21. Or, in time of peace, deserts or attempts to desert, or aids and entices others to desert;

22. Or receives or entertains any deserter from any other vessel of the Navy, knowing him to be such, and does not, with all convenient speed, give notice of such deserter to the commander of the vessel to which he belongs, or to the commander in chief, or to the commander of the squadron.

FOR BETTER SERVICE

Don't wait for Captain's Inspection to change your rating badges or rank stripes. Do it as soon as you are promoted. The Tailor Shop cannot accommodate everyone at once!

Strictly ★ PERSONAL



Picture shows Lt. Comdr. Richard Bew and Lt. T. W. Steege, both USNR, departing medical officers in a typical operating room scene in Sick Bay. Dr. Steege, whose departure became known just before *THE MONUMENT* went to press, has been the ship's medical doctor and a crack diagnostician since before commissioning of the ship. His kindness and solicitude will be kindly missed by all hands.

In his early experience aboard the *BUNKER HILL*, Lt. Comdr. Richard C. Bew almost convinced himself that a surgeon's hands would only stiffen from lack of use in what he considered a meager practice afforded on an aircraft carrier. Now, as he departs for NAS Atlantic City, under new orders, it is with a deep feeling of regret that he leaves, not only for reasons of sentiment, but because he must depart a duty which he frankly considers the best in the Fleet.

"Carrier surgery is the best surgical duty there is," he says, "because 90 percent of the cases are the direct result of aviation, and you naturally just can't get that on other ships."

Dr. Bew's fine surgical hands have exerted their skill in no less than 46 major operations since he reported aboard, not to mention countless minor ones. In all these there has not been a single surgical fatality, truly a remarkable record for a combat ship and a sound tribute to himself and the Medical Department. Two of these cases stand out particularly in his memory, one, his first, an appendectomy performed a few hours after he reported aboard, and before there was even a chance to acquaint himself with the ship's operating room. The second was during the ship's first attack, and while he was ministering to an injured radioman.

In the midst of his labors, word came over the speaker that a torpedo attack was coming in on the ship. He moved his patient with all haste to a more heavily armored section, and there continued his work, all the while waiting for the Jap torpedo to strike home. The enemy plane was

shot down, but as the announcer's attention was drawn to a dive bomber attack, the word as to the fate of the torpedo plane was never passed. "I'm still waiting for that torpedo hit," he laughingly reminisces.

Dr. Bew's desire to follow the medical profession became inborn at an early age. His father was an eminent physician in Atlantic City for years, and was a Lt. Colonel in the Army's Medical Corps during the last war. Young Dick often accompanied his father on the various tours of duty around the country, and came to realize at that early age, the prime importance of a good doctor in wartime. His father's great hobby was swimming, a sport in which he excelled, and he used to spend hours in the surf in front of their home, and around the great piers for which Atlantic City is so well known. Unfortunately, this great love of the water brought him to a pre-mature and tragic end, for while swimming off Steel Pier one night, he was struck by a charter boat and killed instantly. From that day on, what had been a rather lackadaisical interest in his medical studies for the son, became a burning passion, and the diligent application to the books soon became recognized in the rise of classroom marks and admittance to honorary societies.

During his pre-med days at Lafayette, where he was graduated in 1929, he found time to swim the dashes and captain the swimming team, holding the latter honor for two years while establishing himself as one of the outstanding intercollegiate paddlers in the country. At Atlantic City High School, he broke the existing world's record for the 40-yard dash, a mark held by Hawaii's man of good will, the legendary "Duke."

His Summer months were spent as a lifeguard at Steel Pier, nine of these years being spent as a guard and two as the beach surgeon. Rowing races, with well over a hundred lifeguards competing in the heavy pulling boats, was always a big event of the beach season. Dick and his partner entered four of these, winning three for a very enviable percentage. He was also a member of the five-man team to win the National Lifeguard championships at Jones Beach in 1930. During the same year, he and his three partners covering the Steel Pier section, participated in what is generally recognized as the most outstanding bit of rescue work ever seen at Atlantic City beaches.

With hundreds of swimmers enjoying the cool of the surf in what had been a calm, placid sea, there suddenly came a series of great waves - probably from a storm far out at sea - churning the water furiously and creating such an undertow that people standing waist-deep in the water, suddenly felt the sand being dug out from under their feet, and the water rising over the heads. All boats, including the heavy rescue craft used by the guards, were overturned and Dr. Bew recalls it as the only time he has ever seen a surf carry a boat out, rather than towards the shore. The tempest lasted a full 45 minutes, during which time Dick and his partners rescued 67 people. Only two lives were lost, and these, incidentally, were the only fatalities by drowning in all his 11 years of rescue work on the beach.

Leaving Lafayette he went to Columbia for a master's degree in chemistry, after which he entered Temple Medical School, graduating in 1934. After interning, and holding a surgical residency at Atlantic City Hospital for a few years, he returned to New York for more surgical study at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School, and then returned to the hospital as assistant chief of surgery. In college he was a member of the Babcock Surgical Society and shortly before going on active duty with the Navy in 1942, he was elected to the American College of Surgeons. Surgery, as is to be expected from the foregoing, has always held his greatest interest, and though he specialized in traumatic surgery in civilian life, he is of the opinion that in the Navy, especially on a carrier, a doctor cannot specialize in one particular branch. "Carrier surgery is so diversified," according to Dr. Bew, "that a man must be equipped to handle any kind of a job."

(continued on page 6)



Ens. Webb was overheard telling some of the Radio Gang his men were the most ambidexterous men aboard the ship. What about the "Flight Deck Crew?"

Jim Ryan, plane captain, thinks he has the nicest job aboard the ship. He also boasts to his buddies in Compt. C-215-L that his plane is always spotless. Expects to be a "Father" in May, but doesn't know the exact date.

Zuron, MM2c, better known to his buddies as "Droopy" is taking up weight lifting so he can take care of his compartment cleaners. Tag consoles him with the "Indian Love Call" and he does a bang-up job of harmonizing with the gang. Known to all the men as Whistling Rufus, he thinks he should be with Horace Heidt's Orchestra.

The V-1-H Ready Room, located on the hangar deck by the photo lab, had a Dilbert Board painted on the bulkhead for competition purposes. When a crew makes a mistake they get a "Dunce Cap" painted by their name and so far Crew 5 is leading with one cap; a very good record when you think of the number of planes the men push over a period of one month.

Dinges, AMM3c, thinks his protege, De Gregorio, will make a good plane detector--if the war lasts another six years.

Bob While, RM3c, V3F, thinks he has the best mustache aboard ship. His cookie duster is well groomed at all times and he can be seen spending an hour a day putting it in shape. You will know Bob by his pet saying: "Sad Story."

Pickrell, AMM3c of V-1-H is so homesick for the dear old state of Texas that he bought a pair of boots with spurs and wears them to bed every night. He is in Heaven when he hears the boys play "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

It seems that C. A. Remy, SC1c, (Charter Member of "I Have Never Seen My Baby Club") is trying to organize another club. This time it's a Glee Club. He had some very recent training in this work while going through "boot camp."

A visual to all ships present -- "Can you furnish 100 lbs. pounds of yellow flour?" CCS Dubois lists yellow cake on next week's menu, and CCS Rawe has inventoried all the store rooms on the ship three times trying to find the yellow flour.

C. B. (Drip) Means, SK2c, prospective brother-in-law of R. J. (Squirt) Gardner, SK2c, recently found out in a boxing fray that he just "Ain't the man I used to be."

A. J. (Hook) Medylo, SK3c, and P. R. (Noisy) Marshall, SK3c, are anxiously awaiting the transfer of I. E. (Speed) Bradley, SK1c, and P. B. (Dash & Accuracy) Roberts, SK1c, so that they can take over Desks #1 and #2 in the Supply Office.

Lieutenant K. H. (Flight Clothing) McClure, Aviation Stores Officer, is a stickler for clean walls, floors and stairways.

Down in Warrant Officers' Country, reducing diets are getting a good play, paced by Machinist Barr's now-famed calorie chart. Rough on the stock of colored pencils aboard, the chart-method allegedly is guaranteed to roll off enough avoirdupois to make a blue uniform fit again. Chief Machinists Carl and Simmons are reported playing with the idea of taking up the fad.

Much Ado About Nothing

Strictly Personal: I silently blow a fuse every time some buzzard dribbles sugar across the mess table, en-route to his joe-cup... Or find gum stuck under a mess bench... Or the bugler hits a sour note (although I suppose he's blushing a bright crimson)... Can anyone tell me what happened to all those little guys that run road-side gas stations, what with gas rationing and lack of trade? Or why the sun-lan you get in these parts just won't stay, but fades after a couple of days out of the sun?

He just finished a 30-day leave in the States, Reading, Pa., to be exact. "And although I've had plenty of it out here, I was just as glad to be leaving the States," he said. "Too many curfew hours--we had to be off the streets at 11:30 pm., for instance and too many places out-of-bounds. There a too darn much dough--remember how for two bits a porter would brush you off, touch up your shoes and give a big smile? He'll turn his head away from a buck, now. But it snowed every day I was home, so I guess it was all worth it!"

Now that winter's gone, I don't miss snow. Instead, I miss that picture of a baseball diamond at the opening of a game, with the infield chatter silenced as players--unrecognizable with their heads bared--face the outfield as the flag goes up and the band plays: "The Star Spangled Banner." I also miss that babble of voices on the streets at 5 pm., when office-locked stenographers burst into the sunshine and get a whiff of honest-to-God air, untouched by air conditioning. I also miss the stenographers, now that Spring is here.

Why Is It -- that all the clippings you get in the mail invariably have something of extreme interest on the other side--and that you'd give anything to read the rest of the article? Remindful of the day I was wedged into an elevator between someone's Great Dane and a guy who'd just eaten some garlic, when two guys got on at the third floor. "And there he was," one of the men said, "laying there on the floor, with blood soaking into the carpet, the desk a shambles and chairs all tipped over. I'd just picked up a letter-opener, covered with blood, when I walked the Police Inspector..." At that point they got off the elevator and I've always wondered how the guy came out!

The University of Michigan has a pair of track stars this Spring--twin brothers, Bob and Ross Hume--who've run several dead heats in the mile and half-mile... The national collegiate wrestling meet was cancelled this year, in case anyone's interested, which I'm not... This bird Snuffy Stirnweiss, Joe Gordon's successor, is expected to be a better-than-average replacement for the "Flash" who is in the service.



BUNKER HILLBILLY SAYS

WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A HELPING HAND, WHY NOT TAKE A GLANCE AT THE END OF YOUR ARM?

Among Those Present



When America's rising tide of Naval might moves back into that island-spotted area of the Pacific Ocean which for years before 1942 was guarded by our Asiatic Fleet, it will be like a home-coming occasion for a few of the old timers now serving on the BUNKER HILL. Among those who remember vividly the dying strokes of many of the Asiatic men-of-war is Jesse L. Sellers, Batswain's Mate, first class of the Third Division.

Sellers' case is one of the more unusual epics of early 1942 in that he was aboard three different ships in three days time, and all these ships were raided by Japanese planes; two of them were sunk. He was with the U.S.S. Langley, a seaplane tender, when she was sunk off the Coast of Java on February 27, 1942, and, two days later, he was aboard the U.S.S. Pecos, a tanker which was dive-bombed and sunk while enroute to Australia. The third ship, the U.S.S. Whipple, a four-stack destroyer, was engaged in picking up Langley survivors when she was bombed -- but undamaged -- by Jap planes off Christmas Island in the Indian Ocean.

It was back in 1934 when Sellers joined the Navy, a particular period in American military history when bombing raids were being conducted on warships to put to a test the fanciful speculations of air-minded leaders who believed that air-borne power would someday rule military fronts. The man on the street in those days knew little of warships, and even less of warplanes. Youths who joined the Navy were regarded as seekers after adventure. This same motive had much to do with a typical early '30 sailor, just as Sellers was.

He signed the dotted line in Denver, Col., on Feb. 16, 1934. At the time his home was Colorado Springs, but his people have since lived in Pueblo, Col. In those days the western half of America's enlistees were shipped to San Diego for boot training, usually; that's where Sellers went, and in June of 1934 he joined the U.S.S. Holland, a sub tender, where he spent his first cruise of four years. The tender made trips to Alaska and Panama, and, in general, performed duties between the west coast and Hawaiian Islands. Sellers went out of the Navy in 1938 as a Coxswain, and he reenlisted in September of 1939 with the same rate. He was immediately sent to the Asiatic Fleet, having listed it as his preference.

One's first impressions of Asiatic duty, according to Sellers, usually were a bit off-color from the lackadaisical dreams American youngsters used to associate with Shanghai. In the first place, he never got to Shanghai, and in the second place, he spent his first few months of Asiatic duty in and around Cavite, aboard the U.S.S. Marblehead, a ship that was later to write an unbelievable saga of rugged determination. In April of 1940, he was transferred to the U.S.S. Langley, formerly an aircraft carrier which had been converted into a seaplane tender. The Langley's history actually dated back to 1912 when she was commissioned a collier. In 1923 she was converted into a carrier, and in the late 'thirties, she was converted again -- this time into a seaplane tender.

The crew of the Langley was awakened bright and early on the morning of December 7, 1941, to hear that Pearl Harbor was under attack by Japanese aircraft. She was then in Manila, and all day long the Navy personnel waited for further news of the Oahu raids; they were expecting the Japs to strike them any time. Late that same day the Langley got under way and steamed south, where several days later she put into Balikpapan, Borneo, and then later into Makassar in the Celebes group. From here she went to Soerabaja, Java, where she remained two days before starting south again, this time to Freemantle, Australia.

Three days later, with a cargo of priceless aircraft badly needed in the defence of the Dutch East Indies, the Langley set out for Java again. Her trip was uneventful until she was within 60 miles of her destination. About noon on the 27th of February, a flight of Japanese high-level bombers commenced making runs on the hapless tender, which was escorted by two four-stack destroyers. Three hours later the mission was accomplished, and the Langley lay dead in the water, with irreparable damage done to her below decks spaces. At 1600 the order was given to abandon ship, and virtually all of her crew of 500 officers and men were picked up by the two escorting destroyers. (The Executive Officer of the Langley later estimated that only 12 men died in the bombing and sinking of the tender.)

The destroyers took the Langley survivors to Christmas Island in the Indian Ocean, where they were to rendezvous with the U.S.S. Pecos. Just as the rendezvous hour approached, the Japs raided the island and forced the ships to rendezvous farther south. On the morning of March 1, Sunday, the Langley personnel were transferred to the Pecos and she set out alone for Perth, Australia. Again at noontime the Jap planes approached; this time they were dive-bombers. According to Sellers, they approached and attacked as if they were holding a long, drawn-out practice; they came down one at a time, while their accomplices circled about like vultures, waiting to see the prey destroyed. Shortly before 1800 the men were ordered to leave their posts and abandon ship. Virtually all rafts and life boats had been destroyed by bomb concussion and fires, and the water was thick with oil discharged from the Pecos. Worst of all the hazards was the sickness that seemed to seize every man soon after he hit the water. Sellers tells of several who teamed up and built life rafts from floating debris. He himself used a powder can, a part of a chair, and one section of a screen door, lashed together, to form a private raft. He and his raft were

(continued on page 7)

SPORTS SLANTS

Sports enthusiasm ranged to a new high on the ship during the past week, particularly in volley ball and boxing, which gave teams representing the BUNKER HILL their first taste of competition with other ships. An inter-divisional volley ball tournament has also been in progress, and results will be announced with its conclusion.

In both of the inter-ship competitions, the local boys took it on the chin from representatives of the _____ and _____ respectively. Four volley ball teams from the _____ were guests aboard on Friday, and among the courtesies received were victories in three out of the four matches. On Saturday night Lt. Martin (Red) Carmody took his ring hopefuls to the _____ for what proved to be one of the best smokers of the year. The outcome hinged on the final match, and the show, because of the aggressive tactics exhibited by all the leather-pushers, was a crowd pleaser from start to finish.

Seven high class bouts featured the program, three going to the _____ flailers, two to our boys while the other two ended in draws. In the curtain-raiser, Bill Corcoran, made a fine comeback in the final round to gain a draw with Carroll in the 135-pound class. Cameron and Galindo of the _____ captured the next two with clean-cut wins over Walden and Sanchez of the BUNKER HILL. The next bout was another draw, but conceded to be the best on the program, as the Bunky's Pepe survived two second-round knockdowns - one for a nine count - and came back throwing so much leather at his opponent, Shudak, that he almost won the decision.

Stewards' Mates Wood and Moore were the only BUNKER HILL representatives to win their bouts. Wood breezing through his against Sauers, and Moore out-roundhousing Sosnowski in the 175-pound class. This latter bout had the spectators on their feet throughout, as neither boy would give any quarter, wind-milling into each other with utter abandon until both were so exhausted they could hardly raise their arms. They got a great hand for their efforts.

The _____ saved their ace-in-the-hole, a lad by the name of Antico, for the all-important finale, and he quickly settled the issue by polishing off Fermino in just about a minute of the first round. Antico is heralded as the Pacific champion in his class, and experts will stand back of this boast, as will his record, which shows only a single draw in his past 18 bouts.

The BUNKER HILL'S All-Star "B" team gained the single victory in the volley ball competition, with lanky "Da" Boyd and Les Hale providing the punch. The "A" team showed a steady improvement as the games went along, but too late to stop successive defeats of 15-8 and 15-13. Both Air Group and Ship's Officer teams were bested by their _____ counterparts in straight games.

Officer and enlisted men, team members are listed below:

TEAM "A"	TEAM "B"	AIR GROUP	OFFICERS
Andrews	Boyd	Mason	Mitchell
Gevirtz	Dilingonski	Leggett	LaCroix
Blackmon	Halse	Peacock	Linenberg
Quinn	Tunder	Shonk	Lacey
Stephenson	Simpson	Chambers	Walker
Haud	Hale	Gillierlain	Fint

More competition is scheduled for the coming week to be featured by a pair of basketball games against

The Pacific Front

CEYLON - NO. 18

Recent dispatches that Admiral Mountbatten was spending a large part of his time in Ceylon may presage the long awaited allied naval activity in the Indian Ocean. The Japanese fleet, operating out of Singapore, still dominates that part of the Indian Ocean, lying adjacent to Sumatra, Malaya and Southern Burma, including the key port of Rangoon. Any drive to recapture Singapore precludes landings on the Western Malayan Coast. It goes without saying that to establish and sustain beachheads on the Malayan Peninsula we must first maintain complete control of the sea lane supply route from the Suez and India.

India itself has few natural harbors and the British have been developing Trincomalee on the Island of Ceylon as a naval base sufficient to handle a large fleet. Colombo, the executive seat, is a busy port on the eastern coast through which military supplies for Ceylon and exports for England pass.

A Crown Colony of Great Britain, Ceylon lies about 60 miles S.E. of the southern extremity of Hindustan, from which it is separated by the Gulf of Mannar and Palk Strait. With the shape of a pear, it is about 275 miles long and 100 miles wide. The majority of the 5,000,000 inhabitants are Singhalese or Ceylonese with a scattering of Malabars, Malays, and Veddas. The government is administered by a governor, appointed by the British Crown, and an executive and legislative council. Because of its strategic importance the military virtually runs the island today.

Among the metals mined are iron, manganese, gold, platinum, nickel, and tin. However, none is mined in abundant quantities and the chief exports are tea, coffee and cinnamon.



STRICTLY PERSONAL
(continued from page 3)

Quiet and modest to a high degree, scholarly Dr. Bew was always held in the highest confidence, not only by his fellow doctors and the corpsmen, but by all officers and men who came to benefit by his skill. His work will be carried on in the very shadow of his former office and lifelong home, where Mrs. Bew and their two children, ten-year old Dick, Jr. and eight-year old Jane await his return.

We can always live on less when we have more to live for.

Supply Scuttlebutt

The Supply Department has had its usual "Recommendation Rush" this past few days before the list of recommendations for advancement in rating go into the Executive Officer's Office. LeRoy (Burrhead) Begin, SK2c, is looking a bit worn out as a result of shifting papers from one basket to another in order to look busy.

Congratulations to D. V. (DapDap) Roberts, CSK, who on April 29 became the proud papa of a bouncing baby boy and therefore entitled to membership in the "I've Never Seen My Baby Club."

Lieutenant Flannery of "Bended Knee" fame is ailing again. This time it's a mashed thumb nail. After wearing his right hand in a sling for three days, the doctor informed him that the injury was on the left hand.

I. E. (Procuring) Bradley, SK1c, and Master at Arms (Peanuts) LaBelle, are battling again. This time it's over crew's mess gear. Now, girls!

Congratulations to T. J. (Ladders) Joyce, SC1c, on receiving his certificate for qualification as a plane spotter.

"Happy Birthday" to B. V. (Dimples) Todd, SK1c, on his 21st birthday, and the completion of the period of metamorphosis from which he emerged an adult. (we hope).

W. Boshonek, Bkr2c from Broadway in the Big City says that guys from small towns are lucky in getting write-ups in their hometown papers, but he just can't seem to make it. So we'll put his name in "THE MONUMENT" - a small paper, but a large circulation.

A bit belated, but a big "Welcome" to Acting Pay Clerk Hargreaves, who recently reported aboard.

Is it true that J. E. (Rackets) Siddens says, "A \$15.00 watch is worth \$50.00 out here? After all, you can't buy one."

AMONG THOSE PRESENT (continued from page 5)

separated just before nightfall, and he swam about alone most of the remaining four hours before rescue. Once he came across a group of 15 or 20 men who had found bamboo poles floating about and tied them together for a raft. In this group there was a ship's cook who fought off the despondent mood of the men when it seemed that rescue was improbable. This man, according to Sellers, kept the morale up with the orders of an inspired cheerleader: "... One stroke for you, and the next for Uncle Sam," he would yell, or, "Come on, men, this order is from the bridge; keep your head up outta that oil."

Around 2000 that night the group became quiet, exhausted. The stars had come out, and the air had turned chilly to the parts of men's exposed bodies. It was as if this dozen men had the whole sea, the whole world to themselves. One of them, whom they thought insane, caught sight of a destroyer silhouetted against the faint horizon. They swam for it, and most of them were able to climb the cargo net. Only the cook who had cheered them on was never found.

The next day, enroute to Australia, a check-up revealed that a total of 236 men had been saved from the combined crews of the Langley and Pecos (close to 800 men and officers). They had paid a heavy price in a game fight against overwhelming odds.

At Perth, the Langley and Pecos bluejackets were issued outfits of Australian Army clothing, which they wore until they reached San Francisco aboard an American transport. Sellers was transferred, with leave to the East Coast, where he joined the crew of the U.S.S. Knight in Boston. He served with her during the African invasion, and in the Spring of 1943, he was sent to the BUNKER HILL.

Laffs



"Well I'll be damned! My gal has gone and got herself married."

"You should gripe, I've got a notice from my draft board that I'm rejected!"

"This Navy life," bewailed a sailor, "is beginning to tell on me. Every day I look more like my photograph on my ID card."

Irate Passenger: "Madam, what do you mean by letting your child snatch off my wig?"

Mother (with a sigh of relief): "Oh, it's a wig, is it? I was afraid that he had scalped you."

"Weren't you ever in love, Chief," asked the young boot. "Yeah, once when I was a young squirt, I was in love," answered the chief.

"Well, you never did get married, did you?" pursued the boot.

"Nope, I never did get married."

"How did that happen?"

"Well, it was like this," replied the chief. "The gal I was in love with wouldn't marry me when I was drunk, and I wouldn't marry her when I was sober."

"If the Captain heard you call that deck a floor he'd throw you right out of that window."

The drunk tip-toed up the stairs, shoes in hand. He patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climbed into bed, smiling at the thought he'd put over on his wife.

Came the dawn. The ex-drunk opened his eyes and there stood his wife glaring at him.

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" quoth he.

"You were drunk last night," she replied.

"Why, darling, I was nothing of the sort!"

"Well, if you weren't—who put all the adhesive tape on the bathroom mirror?"

Guys We Can Do Without



Male Call

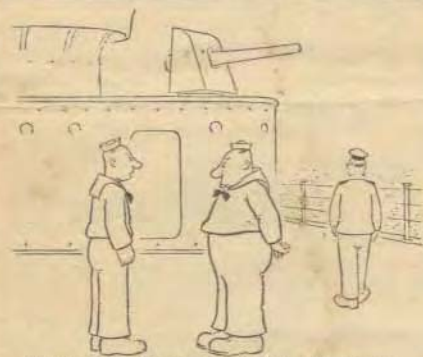
by Milton Caniff, creator of 'Terry and the Pirates'

He'll Have To Go Through Chanel's



ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMPREVILLE



"Just because the admiral said 'Good morning to you, Alfred—that's no reason to snub the captain'"

JEFF KEATE



"Don't you dread the day peace comes and we'll have to give up all the things we've been accustomed to?"



"My goodness! I thought you boys were headed for a laundry!"

"HALF-HITZ"

