



The Monument



VOL. 2 NO. 29

U. S. S. BUNKER HILL

AUGUST 12, 1944

EIGHTY-TWO MEN WIN MAJOR AWARDS



The Captain Says

I hope that all of you understand as fully as I do, that the presentation of the Legion of Merit Medal to me represents in far greater measure a recognition of the performance of the BUNKER HILL as a unit than of any individual performance of my own. I wish to thank and congratulate each of you for your contribution to the battle efficiency of this ship which has resulted in her enviable reputation throughout the Fleet.

It has been particularly gratifying to me that you have invariably put forth your best performances at those times when the ship has been under pressure in the face of the enemy. That is a characteristic of victory in that it is inevitably those who can produce when "the chips are down" that are destined to be the winners.

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

Decorated at Impressive Ceremony

Rear Admiral A. E. Montgomery, USN, in his farewell appearance aboard the BUNKER HILL, presided at the greatest award ceremony in the illustrious history of the ship, conferring major recognition on 82 officers and enlisted men of ship's company and the Air Group.

In his closing words, the Admiral characterized the ship as "extraordinarily efficient," and though he cited flight and hangar deck crews in special mention, he went on to add that this was only because they came under his observation; and that the men below decks had done an equally fine job, and were just as vital to the overall efficiency of the ship.

With the lowering of his flag, Admiral Montgomery and his staff will leave for a rest after which new duties will probably be assigned them which will not call for their return to the BUNKER HILL. The Admiral flew his flag on the first carrier of this class to enter the combat zone, and has participated in more strikes than any carrier man of flag rank since the war began. His staff, almost to a man, has remained intact with him throughout.

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

Ed. J. J. Quigley (Chaplain)
Lt. E. L. Moriarty Lt. B. H. Ridder
Lt. W. C. Mitchell W. J. Elsner, PhotoM
Lt. E. F. Brisnie M. Surodof, Y2c
A. G. Matre, RM3c

Printers

V. L. Chandler, Prt3c H. L. Ferguson, Prt3c
W. J. Hession, Prt2c E. M. Spica, S1c

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Admiral King's Report

Admiral Ernest J. King's report to the Secretary of the Navy, made public recently, is an enlightening disclosure of what the naval establishment, starting almost from scratch in 1939, has accomplished since we began to get ready.

Prodigious has been the expansion of our naval forces and their armament, equipment, and bases and the multitudinous paraphernalia and auxiliaries, all concerned with providing, servicing, supplying, and keeping fit for combat battleships, aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers and destroyer escorts, submarines, landing craft, aircraft, patrol craft, and auxiliary ships dispersed all over the world.

As Admiral King says, "in round numbers, provision" in the Summer of 1940 "for a 'two-ocean Navy' meant an expansion of about 70 per cent in our combat tonnage, the largest single building program ever undertaken by the United States or any other country," and "the rapidity of this naval expansion has had a profound effect upon our military strategy. As a result of it, we were enabled to seize and hold the initiative sooner than we originally had anticipated and to deal successfully with the submarine situation in the Atlantic."

Expansion of armaments and the additional requirements following our entry into the war necessitated huge increases in personnel. Including officers and men and the Women's Reserve, but not officer candidates and nurses, the Navy personnel increased from 126,418 on September 8, 1939, to 325,095 by December 7, 1941, and to 2,252,606 by December 31, 1943; the Marine Corps from 19,701 to 70,425 and to 391,620; and the Coast Guard from 10,079 to 25,002 and to 171,518. Of this, Admiral King says:

"Taking the number of persons indicated into an organization was in itself an enormous undertaking. Training them was an even greater undertaking, in spite of their high intelligence and other characteristics which make the American fighting man the equal of any in the world."

Highlighting the report is Admiral King's reference to team work—to the Navy team, the Army and Navy team, and the Allied team—all of which are working smoothly, which quoting him, "is the basis of the coordinated striking power—the over-all team work—which has been successfully used in past operations and which we count upon with confidence for even more successful operations yet to come."

The team work—coordinated plans and action—accounts for the successes in the many combats so graphically recorded in the report. Aside from the activities of the Navy itself, two other agencies had much to do in attaining team

Articles for the Government Of the United States Navy

(Continued)

Article 31

A summary court-martial may disrate any rated personnel for incompetency.

Article 32

No sentence of a summary court-martial shall be carried into execution until the proceedings and sentences have been approved by the officer ordering the court, or his successor in office, and by his immediate superior in command: Provided, That if the officer ordering the court, or his successor in office, be the senior officer present, such sentence may be carried into execution upon his approval thereof, subject to the provisions of article 54 (b).

Article 33

The officer ordering a summary court-martial shall have power to remit, in part or altogether, but not to commute, the sentence of the court. And it shall be his duty either to remit any part or the whole of any sentence, the execution of which would, in the opinion of the surgeon or senior medical officer on board, given in writing, produce serious injury to the health of the person sentenced; or to submit the case again, without delay, to the same or to another summary court-martial, which shall have power, upon the testimony already taken, to remit the former punishment and to assign some other of the authorized punishments in place thereof.

Article 34

The proceedings of summary courts shall be conducted with as much conciseness and precision as may be consistent with the ends of justice and under such forms and rules as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Navy, with the approval of the President, and all such proceedings shall be transmitted in the usual mode to the Navy Department, where they shall be kept on file for a period of two years from date of trial, after which time they may be destroyed at the discretion of the Secretary of the Navy.

Article 35

Any punishment which a summary court-martial is authorized to inflict may be inflicted by a general court-martial.

(Continued next week)



work. One—the U. S. Chiefs of Staff (frequently called the "Joint Chiefs of Staff"), having as its function the exercise of strategic control of our armed forces in the war and consisting of the Chief of Staff to the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, the Chief of Staff of the United States Army, the Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations, and the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces. The other—the Allied team—the British chiefs of staff or their representatives in Washington and the United States Chiefs of Staff, working together and known as the "Combined Chiefs of Staff."

Altogether, Admiral King's report is a valuable historic record of naval attainments up to March 31, 1944.

Strictly PERSONAL



Lt. Comdr. Samuel Zurik, (MC), USN, this week began packing his gear and, between moments of decrying the acquisition of "more stuff than I ever dreamed I had," kept a weather-eye for his relief.

With his going, the Medical Department loses its senior pack owner, for it was early in the pre-commissioning days that the doctor reported for duty with the ship's company at Fargo barracks. Ebullient, intense, and with a vitality that captures friendship with a natural ease, Dr. Zurik quickly won favor with all hands and has kept it through the many months he has served aboard.

A New Yorker by birth and early youth, there is much of the spirit of New Orleans, where he now makes his home, in the doctor. Primarily this is best delineated by his graciousness of manner that is typical of the old French city, combined with a touch of showmanship and eclat that is naturally attractive.

Dr. Zurik has made his home in New Orleans, to all intents and purposes, since he entered medical school at Louisiana State University in 1934. His acceptance, he admits, was one of the biggest thrills of his life. Completing pre-medical training at the University of Georgia, he applied for admittance at L.S.U., but virtually had given up hopes of entering, as Summer turned into September. Then, 48 hours before the school term opened, he was notified by wire that he had been accepted as one of the 140 men to start medical training. He flew to New Orleans in time to begin the year and the medical school career that carried him to honors as second highest man of the class.

It was as a freshman in med school that the doctor met and courted the willowy, raven-haired, artistic Jesselyn Benson, who was a student at Newcombe College, Tulane's branch for women. They were married as the doctor started his last year of school, and "Jetty's" charm as a hostess, her devotion as a wife, and as a mother to their four-year-old son, Sam, Jr., are exemplary. When the doctor went to sea, Mrs. Zurik turned her artistic talents to war, too, going to work for Andrew Higgins as a draughtsman.

Following graduation from L.S.U., where he enjoyed the antics of the university's self-styled alumnus, Huey Long, Dr. Zurik took his one-year internship at at Touros Infirmary, a five-hundred bed hospital, and then spent a year as resident doctor at the New Orleans Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Hospital, for he already had decided to specialize in that branch of medicine. He left there to enter the Navy in 1941.

He went to Pensacola, where he passed examinations for classification as aviation medical examiner, and took his preliminary flight training, required of all flight surgeons. He then was transferred to the Naval Air Station at Floyd Bennett Field, where he was flight surgeon and amassed considerable flight time with various squadrons and ferry groups before being ordered to sea, at his own request, on the BUNKER HILL.

The "ol' Doc" is a particular flight deck favorite, as much at ease faked out with the handling crews or in Flight Deck Control, as he is in the clinical atmosphere of sick bay. A keen conversationalist, he has polished up two other social graces in his tour of duty aboard the BUNKER HILL, becoming one of the race of fanatic wardroom bridge players (using the Dreith-Culbertson system) after having served as charter member of the Green Hornet Marching & 21 Club for many months. As an acey-ducey player, however, he never quite made the varsity.

In joining the ranks of BUNKER HILL alumni, Dr. Zurik goes with the heartiest wishes for continued success from all hands.

Post-War Employment

In another move to prepare for the absorption of discharged servicemen into a post-war world, Federal agencies now are engaged in cataloguing Army, Navy and Marine Corps personnel by the duties and skills they have learned or practiced while in uniform.

The Bureau of Naval Personnel, announced Comdr. W. E. Mechling, Executive Officer, has undertaken to prepare detailed rating descriptions to be used by the War Manpower Commission and other Federal agencies, in developing post-war job opportunities for enlisted personnel. Complete and detailed descriptions of the work learned and practiced by all enlisted men will be gathered, as well as information on the type of equipment, tools, materials, supplies and special skills used in the performance of duties.

Particular emphasis is being laid, in assembly of the data, on the specialties practiced by each rate. An aviation machinist mate, for instance, will be classified according to his individual duties as a crew captain, a carburetor or instrument expert, an ignition specialist, or an engine overhaul. Similarly, a coxswain might be limited to duties as a mount captain, or in small boats, or as a rigger and will be so classified.

Division and unit officers were supplied this week with the necessary forms to fill out for each rate in their divisions, including strikers, with instructions for their completion by September 25.

Transportation Claims

Naval personnel serving at sea on a permanent change of station are entitled to draw full claim for transportation of dependents, anywhere within the Continental limits of the United States, it was made known to all hands in Executive Officer's Memorandum 34-44, released July 28th.

Officers and enlisted men of the rating of 2nd class petty officer and above may request claim. Transportation is allowed from the man's permanent duty station to any other one point within the United States. Upon subsequent transfer to a shore station, naval personnel may also secure claim for dependents' transportation to that point of duty.

Only one application, if approved, can be submitted for reimbursement of cost of transportation until such time as the officer or man is transferred to permanent duty within the Continental limits of the United States.



Cpl. Frank (Call me Salty) Maolini would like to have the word passed for all "boots" to lay up to Battery II and hear some "sea stories."

De Angelo, CPhM has learned the game of "Acey Ducey." Anyone with a fair knowledge of the game who would like to earn an "extra dollar," call 999 and make arrangements.

At the close of the day you will find May, AeroIC and Parker, Cox., Fifth Division, combing their mustachios as they relax in a cool spot. Word has it they are designing a special comb for mustachios.

Almost every evening about sunset, Ernie "Smilie" Berow can be found on Battery 2 giving the boys a concert on his accordion. Ernie can play all the tunes the boys desire and they wish to express their thanks. Give us more, Ernie!

Anyone desiring information about Brooklyn, (garden spot of America), stop in the Fifth Division Compartment. There are enough Brooklynites there to start a Dodger cheering section.

Phil Rumare, Ptr2c, wants to know why Wright, Ptr2c, keeps a slingshot in his locker.

Pete Rinaldi, RDM3c, asked Dave O'Brien, RDM3c, if he had taken a shower. Dave replied, "What's the matter, is there one missing?"

The gang of V-3-F want to wish their Division Petty Officer, Frank Loonam, RDM2c, a "Happy Birthday." A swell buddy and shipmate to his gang. Good luck, Frank!

"Goonie Bird" Wilson is so called because he is an expert on the history and habits of that fowl. His knowledge was acquired while stationed on Midway Island for 3 months.

The love ballads crooned by PFC. "Albert" Carlos, former boxer and heavy duty man from San Jose, Calif., makes PFC. Wurtzel think that a meadow lark is lost in the chow hall. Wurtzel hopes to have him straightened out very soon.

We know that the chow doesn't taste any better in the after mess hall, but for the last month most of the "Blue Room's" customers have consumed their sumptuous re-pasts in a jocular frame of mind. Perhaps it's the atmosphere. It could be the "After Mess Follies." The players are: Tommy "Tiny" Hand, Jess "Albert" Carlos, "Bix" Slotz, plus "Downbeat" Wurtzel. Quite a gang!

On the classical side we have George "Blarney" Keley, S1c, who will sing at the slightest provocation part and parcel of any of the great composers' works. There is one song which Keley calls his real tidbit: "Pistol Packin' Mama."

"I run things in this house," said the boatswain's mate as he pushed the vacuum cleaner.

Pastor: "Johnny, do you say your prayers every night?"

Johnny: "Naw, sometimes I don't want nothin'."

"Is it true that the wild beasts of the jungle will not harm you if you carry a torch?"

"Well, it all depends upon how fast you can carry it."

Definition—A weasel is a fox who steals wolves' chickens.

Cupid makes so many bad shots because he's aiming at the heart and looking at the hosiery.



Lieut. "Chief" Balenti, NAS, Deland Florida.

"We know Curtiss Wright has someone writing a book about VB-17 to be called "Helldiver Squadron." Each of us has gotten a letter asking for some combat experience. Will probably be as full of bull as the other books about Squadrons."

Lee Baker, QM2c, roughing it in a Miami Hotel Barracks -- expects to be assigned to some small craft. He writes something referring to "Ron Rico Rum."

M. F. Shannon, AMM3c, Naval Air Station, Wildwood, N. J.

"Dear Gang, At present I am stationed at a swell air station as an SB2c Plane Captain and like my job very much. I hope to get transferred to an experimental unit at Philadelphia. Not much news only what you guys make out there and I know it's plenty. Say hello to all the gang for me. Best of luck to all."

Ken Lehr Berger, GM3c, Hydraulics School, Washington, D.C. To the gunners of the Fifth Division—

"When I left the ship I made my second class which was instrumental in helping me being sent to Hydraulics at Washington. I like it very much and my studies at times require quite a bit of concentration. Plenty of everything in Washington, including "prices." I hope to rejoin the ship at some future date, so in the meantime, "Give 'em the gun." Good luck to all my shipmates."



Fred Verner, AeroM2c, V-12 University of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.

"Dear Gang, After arriving in the States I spent an enjoyable 10-day leave with my folks and it sure does a lot for any job after being away for a long spell. I am now pursuing my studies at an even pace and like my subjects very much. Our liberties are very good and every four months we get 10-day leaves to spend at home. I spent several weeks in New York and found everything plentiful. Someday I hope to see the BUNKER HILL and my shipmates--who knows--maybe it will be in Tokyo. See you later, gang."

Stein, H. L., AeroM2c, Veterans Hospital, Castle Point, N. Y.

"Dear Gang, It has been quite some time since I left the BUNKER HILL, and in that time I have been admitted to the Veterans Hospital. At times I wonder what the old gang is doing? So, when you have a few minutes to spare, how about dropping me a few lines? Good luck to all my shipmates and smooth sailing."



No. 3 -- Artists and Models

Shanghai Jones, Tubby Wilson, and I were loafing on the foc'sle idly watching the teeming Whangpo river life going on about us. It was Saturday afternoon and the liberty section had long since shoved off for a big time in Shanghai's International Settlement. The three of us had the duty and were frankly bored with the prospect of a week-end in the ship. We were tied up about half way between Shanghai and Woosung on the Hongkew side of the river; out in the sticks you might say. We weren't saying much, just watching the traffic.

And what traffic! Tiny sampans sculled expertly by Chinese rivermen darted in and out around huge ocean-going liners, the sampans looking like so many nervous little water bugs. Huge high sterned steamers sailed majestically up the stream, their decks crowded with men, women, children, livestock, poultry, market goods, and all the comforts of home---a Chinese seafarer's home. Yes, it's true, those junks are regular floating apartment houses complete to the last kettle. Then there were the glistening white sails of the European yachts and sailboats, the local "taipans" or big shots out for an afternoon's fun; deckloads of girls and laughter. Occasionally, a Yangtze river steamer would scurry past, it's shallow hull kicking up a big wake, its passengers of all races looking at us curiously. Or maybe a coastal tramp steamer would chug by, its bridge and first class decks separated from the steerage passengers' quarters by huge iron grills designed to discourage piracy by the gents in steerage. One of our own gunboats came down the river, its hull a pure white, its upper works glistening with bright work. We exchanged honors while the gunboat sailors grinned at us in superior fashion considering themselves the real China sailors. A mammoth Italian ocean liner pushed its way up the river, its horn blasting a passage through the innumerable Chinese craft whose skippers were endeavoring to cut off pursuing devils by just barely escaping the liner's bow. The idea is that the devils then take up residence in the ship whose bow is crossed. Landing craft of the Japanese Army put-putted on the yellow waters, the Nipponese occupants looking stolidly serious and overly grim. A furious tug boat, snorting impatiently stood down the Whangpo. We didn't need to look to know what it was towing. The odor was everywhere, coming as it was from one of Shanghai's famous aromatic honey barges. There was even the inevitable corpse, "floaters" they are called, drifting aimlessly with the current, a horrible and solemn reminder of the uncertainty of life itself in the Orient.

The scene was an old one to all, but we never tired of it. Shanghai was in a reflective mood.

"Did you ever see so many Jap flags in one place before?" he asked. "Ever since those people occupied this part of China they've been hanging their flag all over the place. I'll bet they solve their unemployment problem by hiring flagmakers!"

It was a fact. The red bull's eye of Japan was on flagpoles, ship masts, junk sterns, sampan bows, all over. The only exceptions were the foreign ships and the rare Chinese flag displayed with the pennant of the puppet Wang Ching Wei government. But the biggest most impressive Japanese flag of all was just then putting in its appearance, flying from the mainmast of a Japanese cruiser.

With professional curiosity we watched the sleek black hull of the cruiser maneuver around the river bend.

"That's the Kuma or one of her sister ships. See the

three stacks with the flared tops." Jones pointed out expertly and positively.

The Nipponese man-o'-war was slowing down and we then realized that she was going to moor in the berth just ahead of ours. She passed us close aboard, her sailors and ours both at rigid attention as honors were exchanged. Ever hear a Jap bugle sound attention? No? Well, I can't try to explain it, but it's sure some noise.

We observed carefully how the Jap skipper laid his ship alongside the dock. Shanghai, the boatswain's mate in him uppermost, was trying to be critical of the line handling. Tubby, the complete two hundred fifty-pound water tender, watched the stacks for any sign of careless waterenting. But we didn't find much wrong with the landing. No matter what else you may think of them, the Japs are good seamen.

The Japs no sooner piped down their special sea details when things began to happen. About five or six Nip sailors appeared on the dock, two of them with cameras, the rest with drawing pads and pencils. We watched curiously. Then Shanghai swore a great oath and sputtered.

"Why those ornery little rascals!" he exclaimed. "Of all the nerve! They're making pictures of our ship!"

Apparently he was right though why I don't know. Our ship had been on the Asiatic Station for nearly twenty years. There couldn't be much about an old four-stack destroyer that the Japs didn't already know. Yet there they were busily engaged in drawing and photographing the good old U.S.S. Sturdy. Maybe it was their idea of recreation. Whatever it was, we didn't like it. Shanghai continued to mutter and dig down into a rather extensive seagoing vocabulary. Even Tubby Wilson's ample paunch vibrated with indignation.

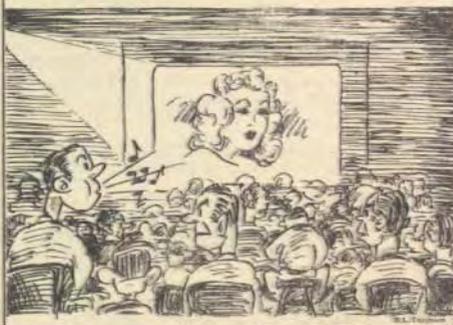
Suddenly Shanghai changed the subject. A faraway look came into his eyes.

"Glim," he said to me, "I don't think our men get enough culture on board ship. Instead of improving themselves, the off watch section is all down below faked out in their bunks. We ought to do something about it."

(continued on page 6)

Guys We Can Do Without

THE GUY THAT WHISTLES AT EVERY GOOD
LOOKING BABE HE SEES AT THE MOVIES



CHINA SAILOR
(continued from page 5)

I was puzzled. Shanghai was not a man to go off on a tangent. But frankly, I knew and so did he that the only culture our men were interested in right then was in learning the latest dance routines at Jessup's Night Club. Maybe, tho, Shanghai was just being Asiatic again.

While I was still thinking this over, Shanghai grabbed his bosun's pipe and gave a couple of preliminary toots. Then he strode back to the well deck, obviously to pass some word. It was not long in coming.

"On deck the duty section!"

Next, Shanghai broke out Art Stevenson, the yeoman. "Stevenson," he ordered, "I want you to go down below and get about ten pads of blank paper and some pencils. Also bring up that broken camera of yours."

The ship's painter was standing nearby.

Shanghai spoke to him. "Go down to the paint locker and get one of your smallest brushes and two or three small pots of paint, any color."

Well, in five minutes Shanghai had ten puzzled men from the duty section on deck. Eight of them were armed with pad and pencil. One had the broken camera. One had a huge piece of blank cardboard, three small pots of paint and a brush.

Shanghai explained. "Now listen, you men, I want you to go out on the dock opposite that Jap cruiser. When you get there, sit down and start drawing. I don't care what you draw, just draw something. And Stevenson, you pretend to take pictures with that camera. Mac, you take the paint and paint a pretty picture. What you birds need is some culture. We're gonna make artists out of you."

The men all looked at the industrious Japs sketching away and the light of understanding came in their faces. Laughing and joking they went out on the dock to commence their art course.

So there it was, the Japs drawing merrily away while our men did the same. Shanghai likened it to one of those international art expositions he'd read about.

But things were happening in the Jap cruiser. The officers came on deck and you could see that there was much walla walla, or discussion, going on. Our "art class" had thrown them into confusion. That was odd, too, because the old Kuma was just about as much of a fixture in China as the Sturdy. Nevertheless, the Japs were upset. Finally they seemed to come to a conclusion because they called their artists back on board.

The next thing we knew the Kuma was getting underway again, and in a hurry too. We watched her single up, cast off, and stand on up the stream to finally tie up at another berth where there were no American culture seekers.

Shanghai called his men back on board and asked to see the drawings. Only one of them was any good, and that was a picture of a toothy Japanese bosun's mate. The rest of them looked like some drunk's nightmare.

Tubby Wilson eyed the Jap bosun's mate's picture.

"Funny," he remarked, "All bosun's mates in all navies look alike."

Mr. Sawyer, the duty officer, arrived on the foc'sle just then in time to prevent Shanghai from tossing all of Tubby into the drink.

Mr. Sawyer turned to Jones meaningly.

"That certainly was peculiar the way that Japanese cruiser tied up and then shoved off in such a hurry," the officer said. "You wouldn't know anything about it, would you, Jones?"

Shanghai shuffled uneasily but didn't answer because he could see the twinkle in Mr. Sawyer's eye.

Sports

A series of eight principles governing the status of amateur athletes now in the naval service has been adopted by the Bureau of Naval Personnel. These principles, clarifying previously announced sports policies of the Navy, have been arrived at in cooperation with the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States and will be carried out in conjunction with the A.A.U. The principles are as follows:

1. The status of an individual before he enters the service shall be determined—i.e., professional or amateur.
2. He shall be maintained in that status for the duration of the war.
3. Regardless of previous status, an individual in the Navy is eligible to play on service teams as authorized by his commanding officer.
4. The service team may play any team, professional or amateur, as authorized by the commanding officer.
5. No amateur athlete shall be penalized because he plays as a member of a Navy team, even though that team may occasionally play against professionals.
6. If an individual was a professional prior to entering the service, he is not eligible to compete in A.A.U. tournaments, either as an individual or as a team member of any team, including a Navy team.
7. If an individual was an amateur prior to entering the service and subsequently as an individual, or as a team member competes against professionals for his own personal profit, notwithstanding the above provisions, he shall lose his amateur status in the A.A.U. However, if such professional competition is authorized by his commanding officer and is for the benefit of his station or other official fund or recognized charity, and the approval of the Navy Department has been obtained, his status as an amateur shall not be impaired.
8. An individual, regardless of service team affiliation, will continue to be eligible as an amateur or professional, either as an individual or a team member, based solely on his status prior to entering the service unless he loses his amateur status as provided in paragraph 7.



"Oh, Boy! I've wanted to go on a nice long fishing trip for years."

"What's the matter, Mary?"

"I've got rheumatism in my muscles."

"You ought to see a masseur."

"What's that?"

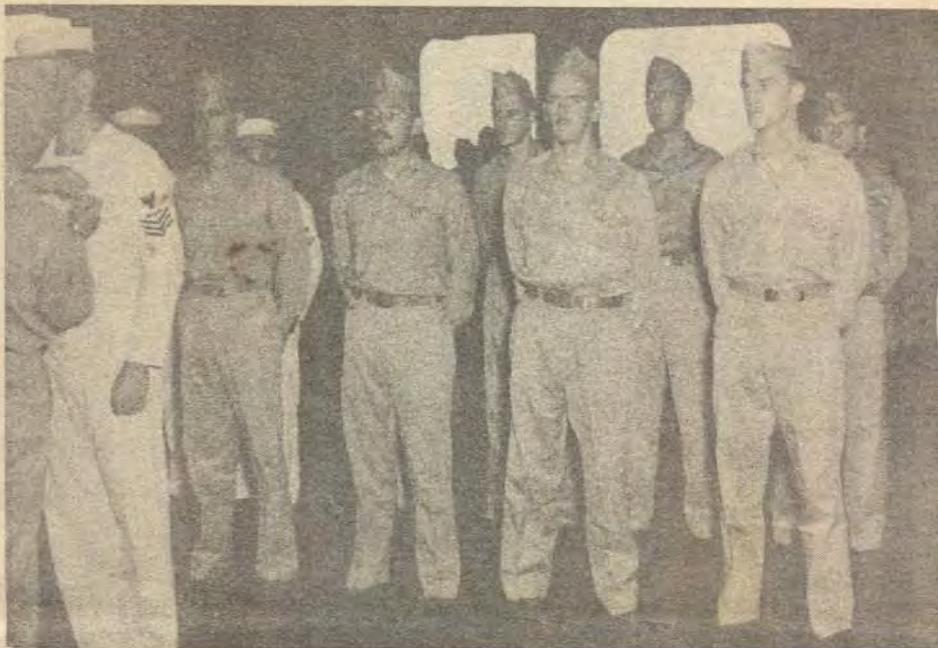
"A man who pinches you all over."

"Oh, you mean a marine?"

Teacher: "Junior, if I take 59 from 101, what's the difference?"

Junior: "Yeah, that's what I say. Ta hell with it."

Largest Award Ceremony To Date



(continued from page 1)

Outstanding among the awards were ten Navy Crosses, bestowed on Air Group members, and the Legion of Merit Medal awarded to Captain Thomas P. Jeter. Four Torpedo Squadron pilots received the Silver Star, with 34 pilots and crewmen receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross and 24 the Air Medal, or a Gold Star in lieu of a second or third Air Medal.

To Lieut. Frederick A. Davidson, V-2 Division Officer, goes the honor of receiving the first Navy-Marine Corps Medal awarded aboard. Three enlisted men in ship's company received the Bronze Star, and two flight deck officers were recipients of a letter of commendation from the Admiral.

The awards follow:

THE NAVY CROSS

Comdr. R. L. Shifley	Lt. (jg) R. A. Horn
Comdr. K. F. Musick	Lt. (jg) K. A. Holmes
Lt. Comdr. J. D. Arbes	Lt. (jg) W. F. Pilcher
Lt. A. D. Jones	Lt. (jg) L. D. Scheff
Lt. A. F. Mooty	Lt. (jg) D. L. Carter

THE SILVER STAR

Lt. M. LeCompte	Lt. (jg) H. A. Buxton
Lt. (jg) L. J. Phillips	Lt. (jg) J. Gagnon

THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

Lt. Comdr. E. P. Aurand	E. V. Helms, AMM1c
Lt. Comdr. R. W. Hoel	J. S. Price, AMM1c
Lt. E. M. Bezuchamp	C. Wooton, ARM2c
Lt. L. P. Heinzen	G. B. Kruse, ARM2c
Lt. (jg) H. T. Brownscombe	L. H. Sims, ARM2c
Lt. (jg) J. D. Vanderhoof	J. W. O'Brien, ARM2c
Lt. (jg) G. R. Rian	L. A. Turner, ARM2c
Lt. (jg) P. J. Vanderlinden	E. A. Houstoun, ARM2c
Lt. (jg) V. G. Young	R. B. Bailey, ARM2c
Lt. (jg) N. W. Imel	W. R. Marvin, ARM2c
Lt. (jg) J. W. Topliff	D. O. Liles, AMM2c

Lt. (jg) H. S. Sharp	G. J. Rich, Jr., AMM2c
Lt. (jg) P. W. Huntsman	C. Mulford, Jr., AMM2c
P. D. Eastley, ACRM	P. "S" Rose, II, ART2c
C. F. Carrico, ARM1c	C. C. Bock, Jr., ARM3c
W. R. Oliver, ARM1c	A. L. Kitchens, ARM3c
J. H. Langiotti, ARM1c	L. N. Harman, Jr., AMM3c

GOLD STAR IN LIEU OF SECOND DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

Comdr. W. M. Collins

THE AID MEDAL

Lt. Comdr. E. P. Aurand	Lt. (jg) G. A. Groves
Lt. H. I. Gustafson	Lt. (jg) N. W. Imel
Lt. J. C. Hodek	Lt. (jg) T. P. O'Boyle
Lt. L. P. Heinzen	Lt. (jg) P. L. Evanoff
Lt. D. F. Cronin	Lt. (jg) D. Johnston
Lt. G. C. Michel	Lt. (jg) L. "A" Mann
Lt. (jg) C. H. Allan	Lt. (jg) J. E. McBride
Lt. (jg) P. Zerendow	Lt. (jg) T. I. Brown

Lt. (jg) R. L. Spohn

GOLD STAR IN LIEU OF SECOND AIR MEDAL

Lt. Comdr. E. S. McCuskey	Lt. (jg) G. N. Kirk
Lt. W. L. Gibbs	Lt. (jg) W. B. Longino
Lt. (jg) R. J. Rosen	Lt. (jg) H. T. Brownscombe

Lt. (jg) J. W. Topliff

GOLD STAR IN LIEU OF THIRD AIR MEDAL

Lt. (jg) W. E. Lamoreaux	Lt. (jg) W. B. Longino
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THE NAVY & MARINE CORPS MEDAL

Lt. F. A. Davidson

THE LEGION OF MERIT MEDAL

Captain Thomas P. Jeter, USN, Commanding

THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL

H. P. DeAngelo, CPhM	K. Henson, GM1c
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P. J. McFarlane, GM2c

LETTERS OF COMMENDATION

FROM COMCARDIV-3

Lt. W. C. Mitchell	Lt. (jg) E. C. Walker
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Male Call

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

LOOKEE YONDER! REAL HARDWARE GENERALS... IT'S THE WOLF PATROL WITH HECKY BADGES! COME IN AND WRINKLE YOUR FINE GENTLEMEN!

THIS IS NOT EXACTLY AN OFFICIAL VISIT, MISS LACE— BUT WE SORT OF REPRESENT OFFICERS GENERALLY...

DEAL 'EM AND WE'LL PLAY 'EM! WHAT LOOKS RITE THE ACT OF CONGRESS SET?

FRANKLY, WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU DISLIKE OFFICERS? YOU SEEM TO DATE ONLY ENLISTED MEN... ARE WE FISHON?

FAIR QUESTION!... NO, I'M NOT ALLERGIC TO BRASS... I COULD GO INTO A PITCH ABOUT THE OLD-LOCKERS HAVING FEWER FRONTLEGS AND ALL THAT... BUT YOU KNOW THOSE REASONS?

Nice Legs On The T. O.

IF GORDON SOKKA COULD TO TELL IT, BUT HE GOT A JOE TO DO TILL YOU ALL GET BACK TO STRIPED NECKTIES! YOU BRAGGERS EATE A SALUTE FROM ALL E. A. — BUT JOE OEE OFTEN FORGETS THAT CIVILIANS WOULD LIKE TO TOUCH THEIR CAPS TO HIM, IF THEY KNOW NOW!... I'M HERE TO PERSUAD SOMEONE TO SALUTE HIM FIRST!... THEN HE PRAISE IT ON TO YOU!... BUT DON'T BE DISCOURAGED— YOU MIGHT GET THE BREAKS ANYTIME... HAHAHA!



ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMPHREYS



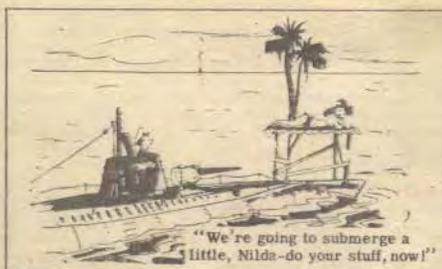
"Better watch the bombardier—that's his mother-in-law's house!"



"Alfred wants to try the seasickness remedy he bought, but he can't seem to get seasick."



"Oh, this war. Our little boy comes home on leave, puffing on a horrid old pipe!"



"We're going to submerge a little, Nilda—do your stuff, now!"



"Yes, my boy—your old job is waiting for you when the war's over!"



HALF-HITCH



"His mother was scared by airplanes!"