



U.S.S. Bunker Hill The Monument



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BUNKER HILL LOSES ITS AIR GROUP

SQUADRON OFFICERS WIN TRACK MEET

Squadron Officers, battling point-for-point with the Gunnery Department, this week won the BUNKER HILL Track and Field Meet on a slim, one-point margin of victory.

The 27-to-26 margin of victory was compiled in one of the closing events on the card, the quarter-mile, in which Lieut. T. F. Godding, Jr., roared to the tape ahead of the Gunnery Department's entry, Lombard. Godding's race gave his team a total that could not be overcome even in the final, in which the Gunnery boys outpulled the flyers in the Tug-of-War.

The two departments spread-eagled the field, taking three firsts apiece, on the ten-event program, but heavier tallying in second and third places proved the difference in the scores.

100 Yard Dash	Puntillo - Air Dept.
19.1	Monahan - Sq. Officers
	Silber - Sq. Officers
3 Legged Race	Mitchell & Cummings - Sq. Officers
6.3	Peabody & Ladouceur - Sq. Officers
	Miller & Peternell - Sq. Personnel
Broad Jump	Shields - Com-Med-Nav. 9' 7"
	Haler - Eng. 9' 5"
	Eckel - Sq. Officers 9' 2"
Pony Race	Gunnery Dept.
41.3	Sq. Officers
Shuttle Relay	Air Dept.
54.1	Sq. Officers
Wheelbarrow	Crosby & Courrege - Sq. Officers
18.6	Case & Solan - Gunnery Dept.
	McNeil & McKinney - Air Dept.
Shot Put	Reeves - Sq. Officers 45' 2"
	Krug - Eng. 43' 5"
	Fordham - Gunnery Dept. 41' 10 1/2"
Line Throw	Scruggs - Gunnery Dept. 113' 9"
	Mosca - Eng. 102' 3"
	Turnbull - Sq. Officers 94' 9"
Quarter Mile	Godding - Sq. Officers
51.2	Walker - Supply Dept.
	Lombard - Gunnery Dept.
Tug-of-War	Gunnery Dept.

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U.S. BOUND FOR REST - RELIEF UNKNOWN

Mild delirium invaded the ship this week with the word that the Air Group would be relieved for a much deserved rest upon reaching port. Up to the time the MONUMENT went to press, no information was available as to the identity of the replacement group, and much speculation was in order.

Though the ship's company was not included in the order - nor did they expect to be - they shared in the jubilation that permeated the ship. Regrets over the departure were forgotten in the knowledge that the loss would probably be only temporary, and no one denied the merits in the move as reward for a job well done.

When the main buzzings had subsided, and a certain degree of sanity restored, squadron personnel lost no time in collecting their belongings and straightening out shipboard affairs, so as to have everything in order before going over the side.

When the surprise announcement was received, all previous plans for the composition of this week's MONUMENT were scrapped to permit a special Air Group edition in tribute to our airmen -- the finest band of aviators in the Fleet. Though several pages have been added so as to be as inclusive as possible, it was a physical impossibility with the time allotted to gather together everything that should go into the edition. Therefore, if some of the information appears scanty, it is not because of any wilful omission or prejudice towards any unit or individual. Censorship prevents the release of any combat statistics or mention of casualties.

The dental officers reported an unprecedeted rush, and manned their chairs into the wee hours, preparing shaky choppers for the rationed steaks at home. Brows furrowed in Supply as cigar and cigarette stocks dwindled. An estimated 4,560 fat and happy moths were left homeless as forgotten woolens were removed from lockers. The Tailor Shop thought it was Easter Saturday, what with the sudden volume of pressing and the orders for new gold braid that swamped the tailors. Three barbers collapsed.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of new offspring who will be viewed for the first time. From the number of cigars passed around since the ship left the

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Pages 3-14 are missing.

Staff



The Ship's Paper of the U. S. S. BUNKER HILL

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

J. J. Quigley, Lieut. (Chaplain)...	U. S. N. R.
E. L. Moriarty, Lieut.	U. S. N. R.
W. C. Mitchell, Lieut.	U. S. N. R.
E. F. Brissie, Lieut. (jg).....	U. S. N. R.
B. H. Ridder, Lieut. (jg).....	U. S. N. R.
V. L. Chandler, Prtr. 1c.....	U. S. N.
W. J. Hession, Prtr. 2c.....	U. S. N. R.
A. M. Guarnera, PhM 2c.....	U. S. N. R.
H. L. Ferguson, Prtr. 3c.....	U. S. N. R.
E. M. Spica, S1c.....	U. S. N. R.

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Real Men

It was the night before the big attack. In one of the Ready Rooms a picture called "Desert Victory" was being shown. The picture showed the British Army breaking through at El Alamein to force Rommel and his Afrika Korps into flight. It wasn't an easy job. It was rugged.

Looking on were a group of pilots. They viewed the picture silently. They had a rugged job to do the next day too, but they weren't yapping about it. Then one of the flyers said, somewhat in awe:

"Say, that British Army - they're really men."

At the end of "Desert Victory," Prime Minister Winston Churchill compliments Montgomery's men and their accomplishment in freeing the desert of Nazis. I jotted down his words. ... "What it means in fearlessness of leaders and men can be appreciated only by those on the spot. But the fame of the Eighth Army will ring throughout the world."

Churchill's words are equally fitting of this Air Group and its brothers. You have slapped the face of Japan with fists of steel. Not once but many times.

And I know courage is NOT routine. You're really men. Happy landings.

Spencer Davis
War Correspondent

FLASH !!

Beginning with this issue until further notice, the MONUMENT may be mailed to your families!

The Long Guns Rest

For several months of strenuous and concentrated action, our long guns have poured destruction on the enemy wherever he could be found, on land, on sea, and in the air. The barrels have been kept red hot, and now altho they are still in good working order, it has been deemed wise to let them cool off, retemper them, and send them back again at some future date to continue what they have done so well.

The bombers carried them high, and came screaming out of the clouds to drop their missiles of destruction in Tojo's lap. They recorded a remarkable average of hits, and the misses were so close as to create a boom in Japanese laundries.

The torps sent them in on the soft belly of enemy ships and were rewarded as ship after ship crash dived in time that would turn a submarine skipper green with envy. When conditions weren't suitable for torpedoes, they demonstrated their dexterity with deadly glide and skip bombing.

The last to come aboard, the Fighters, relieved an excellent squadron and we all wondered---Would they measure up? We were not left long in doubt. On their first action they took the Bombers and Torps out and brought them back and many a Jap pilot had no time to regret his foolhardiness in attempting to intercept while Fighting 18 rode the air. They were fond of their floating island home and gave her excellent protection at all times---ranging far out to deal with the overly curious.

During the course of months, and battles, it was inevitable that some should not return, but in memory of those long guns, now silenced, the others exacted a staggering toll of ships, planes, shore installations and men.

These long guns, our offensive and defensive weapons, will now be replaced. They have set a high standard of performance and comradeship which will be difficult to equal. They leave for a very well deserved rest, but wherever they go they are still the BUNKER HILL aviators, our Long Guns. And someday when they return to the fray, we hope; we honestly hope, that we can look up into the sky and see Bomber 17, Torpedo 17, and Fighting 18, coming home to land on old 17.

"The" Heroes

We will not, we cannot forget our shipmates and our friends who did not come back. They are the real heroes!

TO THEIR MEMORY

Death beckoned to them when their noon was high,
But across the seas are grateful hearts
Remembering that they were marked to die
Before these. Saving others was their choice of arts.
They felt some deep and solemn inward urge
To strike Freedom's enemy a telling blow,
So they laid hands upon a mighty scourge
And grappled with it till they laid it low.

They who pushed back the hour of death's dark shade
For others, now have heard it strike for them.
They who kept countless graves from being made
Have found their own among the shadows dim.
Now Destiny awaits some other one
To carry forward what they have begun.

THE OFFICERS VT-17
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Lt. (jg) D. H. (Termite) Robertson, USNR; - Frisco is a suburb of his home town and on any defamatory of California he will rise as if to strike, but then to smile. ... Posed with his crew, Neil Henson and "Pinky Cummings, one questions the Navy minimum age of 17. ... But their mothers know they're out here and will soon hear of the swell job they've done.

Lt. (jg) J. C. Jenkins, Jr., USNR: - Squadron silent man, always doing his job in a quiet, workmanlike manner, and always turns in a good performance. Hails from Ohio and is married.

Lt. (jg) R. M. Roland, Jr., USNR: - One of the squadron's vocal artists with a flair for the brush and easel that is better than good. ... A Detroiter who wants to own a Florida villa after the war and just go there and relax. Single.

Lt. (jg) R. W. (Dick) Paland, USNR: - A great Navy Nurse morale builder in distant ports, but cherishes a true love now finishing school in New York.

Lt. (jg) G. A. (Bull) Turnbull, USNR: - Victim of the wardroom's most successful practical joke, and carried it off so well he had himself almost believing it - and was getting as excited as a McCoy new father. Home: Pasadena, Calif. Single, notwithstanding and to the contrary.

Lt. (jg) D. A. (Hairless) Schatz, USNR: - Not as elongated as the average Minnesotan, but possesses one of keenest minds in squadron. ... They're ain't no flies on Schatzy. Single.

Lt. (jg) E. H. (Hap) Lieder, USNR: - Enlistment in the Navy curtailed a very promising baseball career for "Hap," but with the wrist action he's developed smoking out fours and tens, his curve shouldn't be affected in the least. ... Home: New Jersey. Single.

Lt. (jg) Guy M. (Hell for Leather) Brown, Jr., USNR: - Another deep south man in the squadron and veteran destroyer man. ... Worked for Pan-American in Miami and South America before coming into the Navy, and will return to them after the war. ... Home: Vicksburg, Miss. Single.

Lt. (jg) S. G. Sullivan, USNR: - Possessor of the squadron's finest disposition. ... Is also most accomodating. ... Will do anything for anybody at any time. Home: Calif.

Lt. (jg) B. F. (Buck) Berry, USNR: - The deepest south man in the squadron, hailing from the proud parish of Monroe, Louisiana. ... Has more nicknames than anyone in squadron, including "Roly Poly," "Round Man," "The Neck," etc. - and takes them all with his typical good nature.

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THE OFFICERS VB-17
(continued from page 13)

Thomas R. (Red) Griffith, Machinist, USN: - No better liked man in the squadron, or one more industrious and capable. ... Likes athletics and is an excellent one himself. ... Member of the Caterpillar Club many times over and has had two of the narrowest escapes recorded. ... Navy career packed with action. ... Has sought flight training for several years, and no one deserves it more.

Lt. (jg) Warren O. Sigman, USNR -- From the oldest

THE OFFICERS VF-18
(continued from page 7)

Ens. W. A. (Scotty) Scott, USNR - Since reporting to the squadron has asked an estimated 3,867 questions - mostly simple ones such as, "If it takes 16 yards of cotton flannel to make a kimona for an elephant, how long will it take a titmouse to jump from atop the Empire State Bldg. through six inch piece of armor plate?" Home: Houston. Married.

Lt. (jg) J. L. Pearce, USNR - Next to his wife, he loves Tahiti best and longs to return to the verdant splendor and write a second "Bounty" trilogy. Home: Detroit.

Lt. (jg) S. T. (Skip) Kipp, USNR - Great "pipe and slippers" man of squadron. ... Aspires to be an author, and working on history of the squadron as his first effort. Home: Indianapolis. Married.

Ens. C. E. (Billy) Watts, USNR - Has the face of a choir boy, but states his singing has all been confined to the "Hoof and Mouth Room" at the Adolphus and BOQs. ... If given time, will fully explain that Ben Wheeler, Texas, his home, is not just a Dallas back alley, and that Texas gals are the most easily photographed in the country. Single.

Ens. William S. (Steve) Stevenson, USNR - Whose famous cockpit poetry is exceeded only by his good looks. ... Another U. of Vermont alumnus and cohort of the infamous Theodore. ... Expects to spend his leave getting married - for sure, if he can buck "Little Joe" as in the past on the way home.

Ens. John J. (Sarge) Sargent, Jr., USNR - Squadron's tallest tale teller and another Zeke specialist. ... Early seminary training fitted him well to escort "Sea Bag" on all his hops.. Home: Houston. Single.

Lt. M. J. (Fuzz) Wooley, USNR - Sorority house trustee and financial backer at U. of Southern Cal. ... May have Jap general to his credit. ... Fine smile. ... Home: Sierra Madre, Calif. Married.

Ens. W. J. Ladouceur, USNR - Quiet and retiring, but is rising young genius in Chicago financial circles. ... Hopes to get married when he returns and get back in the banking business after the war.

Ens. D. D. (Dee Dee) Smith, USNR - "Thrill a minute 'Dee Dee'" they call him. ... Inveterate "Acey Ducey" player and trained faithfully for squadron tourney by mapping out strategies on blackboard days in advance... Home: St. Albans, Long Island. Single.

city in the country - St. Augustine - whose fabled waters gave him perpetual perseverance and a continual good disposition.

Ens. Leo G. Andrian, USNR - They told him what they were for and what they could do, so he proceeded to show them with nine straight passes. Another Jerseyman, and another for whom the presses have already been blacked for a little job as Phil Rusk's wingman. Single.

Ens. Leo Martin, USNR -- One of the brightest of the very bright new squadron additions ... with his highly personable manner, he has also proved to be one of the most popular ... A gentleman.

Lt. (jg) William B. (Bill) Vail -- Another of the infectious Californians, but a salesman for Reno...

Male Call

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

AH! A MARINE SEA-LAWYER!

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ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Well, you can't have a drink of water now, Alfred, and that's that!"

