





## No. 9 - - Shanghai Saves Face

Most everybody in the States has heard about the old Chinese custom of "making face" or "saving face." And most every American knows what it means--a building up or a saving of personal pride. We all hate to have another guy pull a fast one on us because we are thereby humiliated and lose face. On the other hand, if we pull a smart deal over some one else, then we act a bit stuck up because we've made face. Well, the Chinese are just like us that way except they are a darned sight more frank than we are in talking about it. One of the craziest cases of face saving happened one time up in old Chefoo with Shanghai Jones, our leading bosun's mate, and Shanghai's rickshaw boy, Lou, really getting themselves all fouled up.

It was back in the days when the Asiatic destroyers still spent their summers in North China, generally in the pleasant seaside city of Chefoo. The Japs had taken over in Chefoo and were busy making first class nuisances of themselves; but they still let Americans alone--most of the time. The Chinese liked to see the Americans around party, we hoped, because they really liked us and partly because American money was a big boost for local business. Part of that local business was the rickshaw trade.

Sailors coming from the States were always a little bit angry at seeing one human being pulling another in a little two-wheeled buggy. It just didn't jibe with American ideas. But after being in the Orient for awhile, these sailors would see that the lowly rickshaw boys actually had a pride in their strange profession. They had a living to earn and didn't see anything disgraceful about pulling a rickshaw. By using a rickshaw, the rider was really helping the coolie to earn some money. Finally, there was a definite value to the rickshaw. The boys ran at a steady mile eating trot. They were chock-a-block with information on their home town and were able to help the rider in anything from shopping to sightseeing. They also developed a kind of loyalty to their regular customers. Nevertheless, their earnings were pitifully small and there was definitely no future to the business. We all knew that whoever coined the phrase "not a Chinaman's chance" must have been thinking of the rickshaw boys. I hope some day they'll be able to do away with rickshaws.

It so happened that both Shanghai Jones and Chief Water-tender Tubby Wilson had regular boys who waited on the Bund or dock for them on liberty days. Tubby's boy, a heavy set homely man with a constant smile, was called Wong. Shanghai's boy, a wizened ageless character with a hearty sense of humor, was called Lou. Somehow the rivalry between Shanghai and Tubby had been imparted to the boys with the result that each was always trying to make face at the expense of the other.

On the particular day I have in mind, Tubby, Shanghai and I were all going shoreside with the intention of going out to a little Russian restaurant called the Poema where we could get the best borsch and beef stroganoff this side of Moscow. As we approached the landing, we could see our rickshaw boys ready and waiting, their white Navy skivvy shirts surmounting their short blue coolie pants.

I was the first one to notice that something was odd in the attire of Tubby's boy, Wong.

"Hey, Chief, what kind of a rig is Wong wearing? Looks like a masquerade to me," I remarked to Wilson.

Tubby gave a little gasp which proved that he was as much astounded at Wong as I was. Wong had just donned a

yellow cotton jacket fancifully embroidered with blue lettering on front and back. The lettering four inches high stated very plainly "Wilson" while beneath the word was a large chief water-tender insignia. Wong was beaming from ear to ear, the grin of a man in triumph.

Shanghai snorted. "Tubby, you'n Wong ought to see Ringling; you'd be a sure thing for an act entitled: 'Clown Pulling Fat Lady in Rickshaw.'"

Tubby was annoyed. We could see that he didn't like the idea of being a spectacle on the street. Yet there was definitely a matter of face saving here. Tubby's huge jaws moved slowly while he thought the situation over. Finally he decided to show Shanghai he didn't care. He jumped into the rickshaw and let Wong get him underway.

Meanwhile Shanghai's boy, Lou, was the picture of despair. He had watched Wong preening himself in the new jacket. Yet here Lou remained with only a skivvy shirt; no distinction at all. However, Lou was a man of resource. He addressed himself to Shanghai.

"You come along me for little time? Show you good. No take long. Chop chop," Lou asked urgently.

There always was some question in my mind as to just who was boss in the Shanghai-Lou partnership. Here was Lou evidently trying to get Shanghai to go off somewhere with him and further a newly hatched plot.

Lou won. We took off and threaded our way down the narrow Chinese streets teeming with screaming sidewalk vendors, scurrying coolies, bell jangling bicycles, soft eyed, creamy skinned girls, wrinkled toothless old begger women, fat pompous merchants, and arrogant rude jap soldiery. Lou deposited us in front of a tailor shop where a sign proclaimed that "Jelly Belly" was a first class number one tailor.

We followed Lou into the shop and stood by while a long walla walla or conversation ensued between Jelly Belly and the coolie. At last Jelly Belly turned to us and told us Lou's idea. It appeared that Lou and Shanghai had lost tremendous face in letting that old turtle Wong appear in an embroidered jacket. The only way to reestablish the social standing of Shanghai-Lou, incorporated, was for Lou to have an even much more flamboyant jacket. With all the assurance of a London tailor, Lou had described the jacket as a white silk

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

Lt. R. E. Delaney (Chaplain)  
Lt. E. L. Moriarty Lt. B. H. Ridder  
Lt. W. C. Mitchell W. Eisner, Photoic  
Lt. E. F. Brisie M. Sandrof, Y2c  
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# Strictly PERSONAL



When the BUNKER HILL unit of a new squadron reported aboard early this year, a boyish-appearing pilot sporting gold leaves on his collar wings, climbed out of a fighter plane and caused two sailors to discuss his arrival as follows:

"Gee, what a young looking guy for a lieutenant commander," one of them remarked.

"Aw, he's too young to be a lieutenant commander," retorted the other. "He must be an Army pilot - probably a major. A lot of those fellows have only been out of high school for a couple years, and not only look young but are young."

But the first one was right. The youthful officer was a lieutenant commander, and none other than the skipper of the new squadron, not only in charge of the BUNKER HILL unit, but of the other units who had similarly reported to other carriers. He was Lt. Comdr. Evan P. (Pete) Aurand, USN, Navy Cross holder for heroism in the performance of duty while attached to one of the old Lexington's squadrons, and despite his youth, a pioneer in one of the vital developments of this war.

An Army Junior, son of Major General Henry S. Aurand, head of the Sixth Service Command with headquarters in Chicago, he selected the Naval Academy because he liked ships and preferred the roll of the sea to the comparative calm of an Army post. An uncle and a cousin had attended the Naval Academy, but a younger brother, Henry, Jr., upheld the balance of military power in the family somewhat when he graduated from West Point last spring.

Born in New York City, Lt. Comdr. Aurand's change of residences reads like a page from an extended Cook's tour. He has never lived in more than one place consecutively for more than two years, as his father was moved from post to post in such locales as Boston, Columbus, Houston, San Antonio and Corregidor. Yes, all those and East Orange, New Jersey, where the pause was long enough for Pete to graduate from high school and secure his appointment to the Naval Academy. In addition he has visited such ports of interest as Panama, Hawaii, Guam and Japan, but only

while traveling to and from Corregidor, and the stop-overs weren't quite long enough for him to pick up the language, though they did leave him with a lot of memories, especially some very bad ones about the Japanese.

He will admit to no extra-curricular activities at Annapolis except the construction of a sail boat by he and three of his classmates, and a few diversions here and there, quite unofficial. From this we can only gather that his four years there were quite normal, with the usual cruises to foreign ports and the straight course which led to his graduation in 1938.

His first assignment was to the old Lexington, where he served in every department and was in charge of one of her eight-inch turrets. One might think that this duty aboard the "Lex" was the governing influence in his decision to switch to aviation. It did increase his desire, yes, but actually he had harbored the ambition since high school days. He applied for flight training at the first opportunity, but before his required sea time was up, he had served on two old "four-piper" destroyers in the Special Service Squadron at Panama, in addition to his year on the "Lex," before being ordered to Pensacola in 1940.

He received his wings in February, 1941, from Admiral Bogan, then a captain in charge of the Miami Air Station. He was then ordered to report to VS-2, based on his old ship, Lexington, an outfit skippered by Comdr. Bob Dixon, famed for coyness of the phrase "Scratch One Flat Top," and who is well remembered aboard the BUNKER HILL for his excellent work as operation's officer on Admiral Sherman's staff.

Those were the days of long scouting missions, flown incessantly from dawn to dusk, and for distances of over 300 miles. His Navy Cross came after an attack on a Jap cruiser, on which he made a lone run through heavy AA to score a direct hit. He missed the Lexington's big action and her death - having been detached a month before to report to VGS-38, duty followed by his assignment to the special project which has claimed his greatest attention ever since.

He was one of three or four pilots to develop the gear used in this project, and when the ground work was well under way, he was given command of the first Helicat-squadron to use it, and the first of its kind ever formed. Through the short days and long nights of Quonset Point the squadron trained, and just at the stage when a lull in the program permitted short Christmas leaves - and a wedding for Harvard Bill Cunningham, his scholarly but love-struck administrative officer - dispatch orders arrived which caused him to originate a flurry of telegrams, recalling his scattered flock. One of the wires caught Lt. "Mitch" Mitchell at a Tennessee airport - just as he was arriving - but the weight of authority soon had the entire flock back in the fold, and herded together for a mass flight to the west coast and the combat zone. The division into the three units came just after that, along with a bright bit of news informing the skipper of a spot promotion as a well-merited recognition of the work he had accomplished in the brief period allotted him.

In his early Pacific career, his interest in engineering waged intense - especially in a very lovely, feminine part of the profession at Pearl Harbor - in the person of Miss Patricia Riley, of Mercer Island, Washington, an architectural draftsman with a leading engineering firm there. Mutual friends brought them together and from then on all the slide rules, tycoons and typhoons in the world couldn't keep them apart.

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## Bunker Hillbilly Says

ONE OFTEN GETS A JOLT WHEN  
COMING BACK TO EARTH FROM  
FLIGHTS OF THE IMAGINATION.



# Among Those PRESENT



Selling men's clothing is a far cry from flying combat missions in the tunnel of a torpedo plane. To 35-year-old John E. Huffman, aviation radio man second class, and former store owner of Mount Sterling, Ohio, it's all in the day's work and merely another chapter in his exciting Navy career. Notwithstanding his advanced age which is many years ahead of the average aircrewman, Huffman has stood up exceptionally well through a hail of combat missions which would satisfy the most zealous of adventurers.

To date Huffman has flown 32 combat missions as bombardier-radio-gunner with the Torpedo Squadron. His present assignment is his first taste of action in the Pacific from which he has built up a storybook of exciting memories to carry him through the rest of his days. With Huffman there is little griping to be done either over his age or his at times uncomfortable missions. This is his job he says, and he's doing it the best he knows how.

It was on July 12, 1942 at the Naval Recruiting Station in Columbus, Ohio, that Huffman first got sworn in the Navy. With war knocking at his door, he decided to give up his successful clothing shop and enter the service. Huffman now looks back at this state of his career with a bit of humor. He confesses that he knew so little of the Navy at that time, that he unknowingly turned down a second class storekeeper's rate which had been offered him because of his wide experience in that line of duty.

Huffman finally wound up at the Great Lakes Training Station as an apprentice seaman and from there was luckily transferred to aviation radio school at Jacksonsville where he first earned his third class rating. Five months of schooling brought with it a fondness for flying which Huffman had developed back in his hometown of Mount Sterling, Ohio where he held a private pilot's license and flew at every available opportunity.

Graduation from radio school found Huffman entering his first phase of operational flying designed to teach and

familiarize him in the ways of an aircrewman. For 14 weeks he flew every day in gunnery practice, navigation problems and torpedo tactics. The stiff physical exam which he took marked him in the pink of condition. Huffman noted that the younger fellows were flunking out in greater number than the older ones and he took this opportunity to say that his instructor, a former carrier man, far preferred the older men whom he found more dependable and less excitable than the rest.

On June 15, 1943 Huffman first joined his present Torpedo Squadron and was then one of the very first to be assigned to the group, even before his skipper who arrived two weeks later. To date he has stuck through thick and thin with his squadron mates and has easily contributed his share of excellent performances in aerial combat.

Huffman recalls his first taste of battle which occurred when he was assigned to what he thought was about to be a dull mission over enemy territory. In the midst of fulfilling this "dull" accomplishment, an unexpected Jap warship opened a hail of fire on his plane, but luckily missed him by a wide margin. Here was the first AA fire he had ever been through, but with the roar of his own plane's engine cutting out the explosion of fire, there was little that disturbed him in witnessing the small black puffs of smoke that indicated the intensity of the ack ack. It was only on his third combat mission that he first began to realize the danger of the innocent black smoke puffs when several of them edged a bit too close for comfort.

For his brother Fighting Squadron, Huffman has none but the highest regard. On one recent mission he remembers an exciting few moments when a large number of enemy fighters came up to meet his orderly formation; but a more exciting time it was to witness his own fighters come in to break up the planned enemy attack. "You've got to hand this VF Squadron credit," he says, "for the job they've done. If they were flying cover for us they were always in there doing their duty." Huffman knows of what he speaks.

For the past 15 months he has flown with the same pilot as well as turret gunner of his squadron. His pilot is Lt. E. H. Leggett whom Huffman terms "a good pilot—one of the best they've got." Turret gunner is W. L. Whaley, AMM1c.

As to his future plans, Huffman is as yet undecided. To him, "this is a job to get over with as soon as possible and get back home to something I really enjoy."



"Can you imagine me in a thing like that?"



The oft heard expression: "I know the house is strong because I've seen every plank that went into its making" could well be said by E. H. McMann, S1c, who helped construct the BUNKER HILL from the keel up. A native of Quincy, Mass., he worked as a welder at his home town's Fore River Shipyard and saw to it that the work was accomplished in a satisfactory manner. McMann was a surprised person when he one day found himself assigned to the ship which he himself had a hand in putting together. To his way of thinking there isn't a safer or better built ship in the U. S. Navy.

The BUNKER HILL has acquired a flying mascot! For the past several months a lonesome blue feathered bird has come to roost somewhere on the ship's superstructure. Seen frequently round about the flight deck, the new addition has taken a fond liking to the ship's crew and has apparently decided to stay.

Thanks to Earl Carroll of the Parachute Loft for making a few baseballs for the crew during his spare time, when a shortage occurred recently.

Scuttlebutt has it that Lt. Johnson was seen exercising very strenuously on the flight deck on D-5 Day. Take it easy, Coach Johnson.

Lt. Mitchell with the assistance of Yoder, PhM1c, busy taking pictures for the ship's annual. Lt. Dewey wishes to report that our friend the little blue bird, "Oscar" made his first carrier landing after three wave-offs. The only damage sustained in the landing were three tail feathers.

"A stitch in time saves nine," so says "Chutes" Cowart, PR1c, and well known figure of the Parachute Loft. "Chutes" is the fastest needleman in the Pacific when it comes to repairing a harness or parachute, or what have you.

Bugle Boy McKinley giving the V-1-D boys the real info about latest events. On the flight deck we see Lt. de Bretteville taking his dally stroll. Bill Stolzenburg, AMM1c, giving the V-1-H gang the dope on how to press and clean clothes. In civilian life Bill operated a tailor shop and dry cleaning business.

Ensigns Hayes, Jones and Clark building up their muscular bodies by working out on the hangar deck in their spare time.

Max Levy, Tex Ischer and other crew members fishing off the fantail, trying to snag some members of the undersea club. Ischer caught a few members of the bass family, weighing about a pound each. About two thousand more and we'll have enough for a fish fry for the crew, Tex.

Passing by the Barber Shop finds them busy holding Field Day. The Tailor Shop, a hive of activity, as Ernie Tarullo, Tony Mello and Harry Ziperstein prepare blues and khaki for an unexpected leave someday. Ernie, being on the sick list at present, is missed very much by the gang. Hurry up and get back, Ernie.

Bill McCormick, RM3c, and the Radio Gang of Radio 2, sending a good selection of jazz and sweet waltzes out over the RBO. Bill, what happened to Pistol Packin' Mamma?

Nick Viteritti, after listening to the various accents on ship, believes English should be spoken the way the great literary men write it. Says Nick: "Da way some of them boids talks makes me long for good ol' Brooklyn."



The BUNKER HILL'S Inquiring Photographer will select one question each week, submitted by the crew at large, and query five men chosen at random on the subject. Two dollars will be awarded in cash each week to the originator of the question used. A convenient box will be placed in the ship's library to receive the question.

This week's question:

WHOM DO YOU THINK IS THE OUTSTANDING MILITARY LEADER OF THIS WAR?

A. C. Schmidt, CCS

"From what I've read, I'd say General Eisenhower. I pick him not only for his great military leadership but also for his fine cooperation (which took a great amount of diplomacy) with the British. You just watch "Ike" "turn to" on those Nazi "supermen."



Edmund Nolette, Y3c

"My choice is Admiral Nimitz. Why? Well, at the outbreak of the war he had a small fleet. That small fleet worked miracles. Now, with his powerful fleet he will go even further, bringing about the downfall of the Jap warlords, who now realize that it is hopeless for them."



Jim Aretumba, CK2c

"I think General Eisenhower has established himself as the greatest military leader of this war. His achievements, the result of his careful planning, plus splendid cooperation with the Allies, has brought about our splendid progress thus far."



"Red" Powell, PhM1c

"I think General Eisenhower is the most outstanding military leader of this war. His organization of the Allies, the successful attacks on the enemy—all these speak for themselves. Of course, there are others, but I'll stick to "Ike."



James White, SK3c

"I choose General Eisenhower because I associate him with three words: aggressiveness, leadership and ability. One needs only to look at his record, a record which is, splendid in every sense of the word. He has driven back the Nazis and will continue doing so."



# Sports

All hail to the St. Louis Browns for their sensational last minute spurt which rewarded them with their first pennant in the history of the club and made possible the "Street Car" series now being waged against their favored fellow-townsmen, the Cardinals. Few gave the Brownies more than a bare outside chance when the season entered the final week of competition. The Detroit Tigers, leading by a full game, were facing the last place Washington Senators, while the Browns and Yankees, both mathematical contenders, were set for a knock down, drag-out four games with each other. The Brownies responded with a clean sweep over the New York powerhouse, while the lowly Senators pasted the Tigers completely out of the race by taking two out of four.

It was the most closely contested major league race in 30 years, and the only one to approach it during the past ten years was in 1934 when the Cardinals rose to the top of the National League in the final week on the strong right arms of the Dean brothers, Dizzy and Paul. Not only is this the Browns first pennant, but it is also the first world series for their popular manager, Luke Sewell. Through their final great effort, Sewell and his Brownies are sure to have caught the public fancy, and will be the popular choice to win the series, if not the solid one.

King Football has returned in earnest, and from a glance at the partial list of scores that have come in via radio, it would seem that most of the big schools, and a lot of the small ones, are fielding some sort of a team this year, despite the heavy inroads so deeply made in their material by the services. It should be an interesting season, and could well be one of the wildest on record, what with the dearth of solid teams outside the services and the unknown potentialities of the players, most of whom will either be very young or in a 4-F classification. What the 17-year-olds may lack in finesse and experience, however, will be made up in enthusiasm, and the fans can expect to be treated to an exhibition of "razzle dazzle" and free scoring that will surprise even the coaches.

Scanty pre-season dope placed the teams from the Naval Academy and West Point on the top of the heap in the early forecasts, along with such service teams as Great Lakes and the various Pre-Flight schools. Of the latter group, North Carolina Pre-Flight must be considered a top contender for season's honors with their surprise win over Navy, but the Iowa Seahawks, a powerhouse the last two years, appear very mediocre. According to Lt. Comdr. Bob Middleton, now stationed at Iowa, the program there has been just about cut in half, and if this gradual curtailment in the cadet program prevails at the other Pre-Flight schools, little can be expected of them either. This should not be true, however, at Great Lakes, and though many of their stars of last year are missing, the material is bountiful enough to assure another outstanding season.

Last Saturday's 58-0 sweep over Pittsburgh by Notre Dame would indicate another strong team for the Irish - but don't be fooled by this meaningless score. Though Notre Dame has a V-12 unit, material this year leaves much to be desired, and only two men from last year's great eleven have returned, one being "Buckshot" Adams, a six-foot, nine-inch tackle from Arkansas whose size has kept him out of all the services. If the competition would compare to last season, the Irish would do well to win half their games, but perhaps it's lower too, and that's what will determine success for a lot of teams this year. Michigan, who lost only to Notre Dame last year, took a 20-0 trouncing from Indiana last week, evidence enough that they won't be the snarling Wolves of a year ago, and yet, with the constantly changing picture that will permeate the whole grid-

# Laughs



Reformer: "Young man, don't you realize you'll never get anywhere by drinking?"  
Liberty Hound: "Ain't it the truth! I've started back to my ship from this same corner five times already."

Gunner's Mate: "Do you enjoy Kipling?"  
Marine: "I don't know. How do you kipple?"

Mother (over phone): "Come quick, Doctor, the baby has swallowed a bottle of ink!"  
Doctor: "Incredible!"  
Mother: "No, Doctor, indeilible!"

Seaman: "Is the dentist painless?"  
Boatswain: "Well, I bit his finger yesterday and he yelled like any other man."

"And what will you do, my little girl, when you are as big as your mother?"  
"Diet," said the little girl.

Wife: "What do you mean getting home at this hour?"  
Husband: "'Sall right, m'love. I just hurried home, 'cause I thought you might be lonesome, but I shee your twin shister's staying with you."

Sailor: "At poker I lose one night and win the next night."  
She: "Why don't you play every other night?"

"I want a corset for my wife."  
"What bust?" asked the clerk.  
"Nothin'. It just wore out."

The landlord was quizzing the prospective tenant. "You know," he said, "we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?"

"No."  
"A piano, radio, or victrola?"  
"No."

"Do you play any musical instruments?"  
"No, but my fountain pen scratches like hell at times."



Iron scene this year, they might bounce right back to prominence in a single game.

A strictly hazardous and un-authentic prediction would classify the following teams as strongest in their particular sections: East: Navy, Army, Dartmouth; South: Georgia Tech, North Carolina Pre-Flight, Alabama; Mid-west, Great Lakes, with Indiana, Minnesota and Notre Dame as the big questionables; West: Southern California, Del Monte Pre-Flight and UCLA to make a comeback after a miserable start.

CHINA SAILOR  
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affair hemmed with gold lace. On front and back in red letters eight inches high would be emblazoned the name of Jones. Apparently by making the letters twice as high as Wong's letters, Lou would make twice as much face.

Shanghai didn't even wait for Jelly Belly to finish the description.

"No! No!" he shouted. "I'm not going to make a fool out of myself just because of that nitwit Wilson and his crazy coolie!"

That was that. We went out and headed for the Poema.

The next week or so found Lou and Shanghai hardly on speaking terms. Lou wanted a face saving jacket. Shanghai wouldn't have it. Both of them were unhappy. It all sounded silly to me and the rest of the ship's company, but you know by now that there's no accounting for Shanghai.

Then Jones had an inspiration. One afternoon when we hit the beach he pulled out one of those small woven cloth badges containing the Royal Hawaiian coat-of-arms and lettered with the Hawaiian greeting "Aloha." The badges are quite common in Honolulu where people sew them on shirts and jackets. Shanghai had dug this one out of the bottom of his sea bag.

Shanghai with great ceremony, gave the badge to Lou. "Here, Lou, you wear this. Much better than jacket. Very good. Very important," Shanghai explained.

Lou was a little dubious but finally accepted and soon was parading proudly around Wong, no doubt telling the latter how much finer the Aloha badge was than the Wilson jacket. Comparative peace had returned.

Yet the next day Lou was not at the dock. Instead Wong met us with every indication of great agitation. Wong was really worried about his rival Lou. It seemed that Lou had been picked up by the Japs for wearing the Aloha badge. The Japs couldn't figure out either the Aloha or the coat-of-arms and were holding Lou on suspicion of being a dangerous character since to all appearances Lou must belong to some Chinese secret society.

Shanghai was for immediate action.

"Come on, Slim," he ordered. "We've gotta get good old Lou out of the brig."

We went around to the barracks where Lou was being held and approached the Japanese sentry. The sentry was suspicious and unfriendly. Shanghai had once remarked that two of the big troubles with Jap soldiers were their lack of any sense of humor and the fact that their feet hurt. Most of them never wore shoes until they came in the Army and their feet didn't take very well to heavy shapeless Army shoes.

Well, the sentry's feet must have been hurting plenty. It took a long time for his stolid peasant noggin to make up its mind to let us into the guard house.

Once in the guard house we went before a serious little guy who was all boots, glasses, and samurai sword. Shanghai immediately began expostulating for Lou's release but the Jap only became suspicious of Shanghai. Conversation went from bad to worse, what with the Jap practically certain that Jones was corrupting the New Order. Neither understood much what the other was saying and that didn't help matters. I figured we'd both end up in the brig if Shanghai didn't keep quiet.

Things were really getting hot when who should pop into the guard house but Tubby Wilson. Tubby walked slowly with all the majesty of his two hundred and fifty pounds to a position just in front of Shanghai where with a great flourish he took off his cap and bowed low to the startled bosun's mate.

"Your Highness, I have come in answer to your summons," was Tubby's amazing greeting.

"For the luvva Pete, Tubby," groaned Shanghai, "this is no time for gags."

Tubby didn't appear to hear. Instead he kept on treat-

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They were married at Pearl, in the very memorable month of December, 1941, and returned to the states after his detachment from VS-2. Mrs. Aurand now resides in Mercer Island, with their small daughter, Margaret Lucille.

Pete Aurand combines the eagerness of youth and a knowledge of his profession with a courage that knows no timidity. His chief regret since being aboard is in what he considers insufficient opportunity to strike as often as he'd like against the enemy. The fact that he's added two DFCs and an Air Medal to his Navy Cross since he's been aboard is certain proof that when he does strike he strikes hard. Perhaps his dream of a 24-hour shift by carriers against the enemy will some day materialize, but if it doesn't, he'll be in there pitching on something else, and begging for his chance to "get at 'em."

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There's a certain river in this country which, in certain spots, is a mile wide and an inch deep. Sort of like some fellows' "broad-mindedness," isn't it?

It's poor psychology as well as poor theology to wait until you are looking down the enemy's gun barrels before you begin to pray.



ing Shanghai as if he were the King of Siam. Next, he turned to the guy with the boots and glasses.

"Lootenant," he said, "this honorable man before us is of the royal blood of Hawaii. It is only right that his rickshaw boy should have the royal arms on his jacket. Why, back at the Hula Girl Bar in Honolulu this man has received the homage of hundreds of his followers."

I darned near choked at that, picturing Shanghai surrounded by an admiring throng of females and a jealous gang of gobs, all listening to his wild sea tales.

There was no way of telling how much of all this the Jap believed or understood. One thing though, all Tubby's bowing and scraping did have some effect. Maybe the Jap thought we were big shots or maybe just harmless lunatics. Whatever it was, he let a scared and grateful Lou out of the compound. Once out on the street Tubby winked at me and bowed to Shanghai.

"Wouldst his Royal Highness consent to drink a beer with my humble self?" he inquired with mock seriousness. Shanghai's face turned red and the cuss words began to flow.

The word got around the squadron about Shanghai's royal blood and the next couple of weeks found Shanghai usually trying to save his own face by wrecking somebody else's face.

**Male Call**

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

**Perspective In Map Reading**

