



The U.S.S. Bunker Hill Monument



VOL. 2 NO. 20

JUNE 10, 1944

★ TWO ANNIVERSARIES COINCIDE ★

AIR GROUP ALSO ONE YEAR OLD

Almost in conjunction with the anniversary of the commissioning of the ship, the Air Group also observed the first anniversary of its commissioning.

Informally, last Thursday evening, the occasion was marked with the presentation of a large cake to the new Air Group Commander, Comdr. Ralph L. Shifley, who lighted the single, large candle signalling the anniversary. He expressed the hopes of both the Group and the ship for the flyers' continued success in the year to come.

The occasion also marked the promotion of the Air Group's leader to the rank of commander, and that of the Fighting Skipper, W. M. Collins, to the same rank. Comdr. Shifley, was a graduate of the Naval Academy in 1933, a year ahead of Comdr. Collins.

The Air Group was commissioned last year in Norfolk, and was comprised of a combination of experienced combat pilots and new men whose rigorous training was to continue for nine months, including a shakedown cruise on a carrier of this class. At that time the Air Group Skipper was Comdr. A. McB. Jackson, USN, who now serves the ship as Navigator, after a long and extensive career of service in aviation and aeronautical research.

One other change in Squadron lineups was made this week, as Lt. Comdr. Lewis M. Ford, who had served as Executive Officer of the Torpedo Squadron since the group's commissioning, received orders advancing him to Skipper of the Torpedo Squadron aboard one of the other carriers. He is succeeded by Lt. R. E. Oscar, former flight officer of the squadron.

BIRTHDAY SHOW HUGE SUCCESS

Bright, fast-moving and distinctly as entertaining a show as ever staged under the banner of "amateurs," the Anniversary Smoker last week hit a high that will be difficult to top.

From the opening strains of the solid-sending band working under the baton of Bandmaster D. C. Cameron, to the colorful finale starring the a capella choir and a color guard, the show was a hit. The program was filled with a mixture of artists, new and old, who gave the capacity crowd more than 90 minutes of relaxation and thorough entertainment that was a credit to the ship.

You can't name the "star" of a show like that. They were all good. But all sorts of bouquets should be thrown to Dave Carter, the jaygee from the Torpedo Squadron who filled his role as emcee in a polished manner. Carter kept the spotlight played direct on the performers except for two occasions, (1) when he played straight man for the antics of D. N. Lorusso, and (2) when he sold an old tune in a refreshing "scat" package.

Two BUNKER HILL favorites returned to score hits, A. A. Perdeck with his exceptional monologues, and the jumpin' 'n jive of the Filthy Five, comprised of J. D. Treffner, D. J. McCreery, C. A. Jones, S. A. Gonzalez and F. R. Filippini. As well received were the BUNKER HILLBILLIES, whose Slim Monroe is a veteran of the air waves, coming to the Navy from a featured spot on such radio shows as The Grand Old Opry House. Working with him on guitars, banjo and yodels were W. W. Webster,

(continued on page 7)

Our Birthday Cake - A Work of Genius!

Unlike the joker who built his boat in the cellar only to discover when he was ready to sail it, he couldn't get it out of his cellar, our bakers, when planning to bake the anniversary cake, had the foresight to measure all available passageways leading to topside.

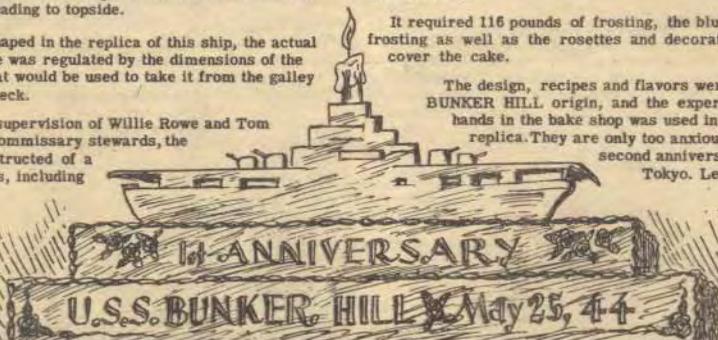
Although shaped in the replica of this ship, the actual size of the cake was regulated by the dimensions of the passageway that would be used to take it from the galley to the hangar deck.

Under the supervision of Willie Rowe and Tom Pattenburgh, commissary stewards, the cake was constructed of a variety of types, including

pound, devil's food, orange, yellow, white, sponge and chocolate cakes. It weighed 586 pounds when trimmed down in final form, was six feet long, two feet 11 inches wide and three feet high.

It required 116 pounds of frosting, the blue background frosting as well as the rosettes and decorative bits, to cover the cake.

The design, recipes and flavors were entirely of BUNKER HILL origin, and the experience of all hands in the bake shop was used in building the replica. They are only too anxious to make our second anniversary cake in Tokyo. Let's get there!



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..... 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, Sic..... 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

A Challenging Tribute

The crowd sat silent for just a moment, and no higher tribute can be paid a speaker's words than that moment of silence that precedes thunderous applause.

You were there, you heard it:

"The BUNKER HILL: few as good--" he paused. "None better."

That raised them right off the benches. You knew that every man there was feeling the same electrical thrill that was slugging you in the back of the neck. And you cheered.

Captain T. P. Jeter, the ship's skipper, in those few words paid highest tribute to a year of service, and at the same time set the pace for the future. Every man aboard this ship is proud of the record she has made in her first year. Although we do not know precisely how we stack up against our sister ships in the fleet, we're willing to bet on our record, when the time comes that official files can be opened and the batting averages compared.

But that was yesterday. That's what we've done. Past tense. We can't sit back now and say: "Okay, boys -- try matching that one." Because they'll do it.

The only way a champion holds a crown is to continue performing like one, beating off all challengers and maintaining or bettering previous performances. That's the true test of your champion, and the tremendous difference between the flash-in-the-pan and the blue-ribbon thoroughbred. In the language of the turf, the fighting thoroughbred who always races only for first place, is known as "deep through the heart." It's inbred, that fighting instinct to be a champion and remain one.

We can beat off every challenge, just as long as we keep striving to better past performances, just as long as we are anxious to defend those words:

"The BUNKER HILL: few as good --- none better."

+++++

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge one.

Articles for the Government Of the United States Navy

(continued)

Article 9

Any officer who absents himself from his command without leave may, by the sentence of a court-martial, be reduced to the rating of seaman, second class.

Article 10

Any commissioned officer of the Navy or Marine Corps who, having tendered his resignation, quits his post or proper duties without leave and with intent to remain permanently absent therefrom, prior to due notice of the acceptance of such resignation, shall be deemed and punished as a deserter.

Article 11

No person in the naval service shall procure stores or other articles or supplies for, and dispose thereof to, the officers or enlisted men on vessels of the Navy or at Navy yards or naval stations for his own account or benefit.

Article 12

No person connected with the Navy shall, under any pretense, import in a public vessel any article which is liable to the payment of duty.

Article 13

Distilled spirits shall be admitted on board of vessels of war only upon the order and under the control of the medical officers of such vessels and to be used only for medical purposes.

+++++

Prayer for America

O GOD, FATHER OF AMERICA:

Thou has formed this Union of States, sealing it with high destiny,

That our nation be, light to all peoples in their dark despair,
Life to all peoples in their fear of death,
Love to all peoples under their yoke of hate.

For this destiny, Thou teachest us to fly as the eagle.
Girdest us with lightning and thunder,
Enrichest us with treasures in field and fold.

O God, bless America with Thy shielding graces,
Lest we become a nation without light, our eyes turned from Thee,

A nation without life, our souls separated from Thee,
A nation without love, our hearts forgetting Thee.

O God, give us victory that is just, merciful and wise.
For Thou has chosen America to be the soul of Thy justice.
The medium of Thy mercy,
The instrument of Thy wisdom.

Let all nations know that our justice comes from Thy spirit.
Our mercy from Thy heart,
Our wisdom from Thy hand,
Our victory from Thy strength.

Bless us, O God, with manifold graces,
To give freely of what we have,
To give fully of what we are,
To give ourselves to Thee alone in victory.

O GOD, THE FATHER OF ALL NATIONS,
Hear our prayer for our united peoples,
Grant guidance to our leaders, protection to our sons,
And teach each of us Thy way of life in good will and peace.

Strictly ★ PERSONAL



With the departure of Lt. Charles H. Tenney, USNR, the BUNKER HILL loses another of her key officers who made up the original pre-commissioning complement and to whom so much credit is due for the present high efficiency of the ship.

Lt. Tenney, as the ship's first Air Intelligence Officer, was responsible for setting up this all-important branch of the Air Department, and when the squadron ACI officers reported aboard they found their burdens eased by an organization setup second to none. There was a place for everything, and everything was there - and in its place, as that even the most minute bit of intelligence data was always at their fingertips and immediately obtainable. As the files grew to prodigious proportions, and the office became a maze of charts, action reports and classified intelligence material, still no confusion existed, and when Lt. Tenney turned the job over to his successor, everything was neatly tabbed and at once available.

Few people aboard fully realize the exacting thoroughness that characterized Charlie Tenney's work throughout, or the long hours that he spent closeted within the four walls of his tidy little office, meticulously going over and preparing the information so necessary for a successful attack on the enemy. Along with this, it was his job to properly coordinate all the available data among the squadron ACI officers so that the pilots could be carefully briefed and made fully cognizant of their various missions.

In his quiet modesty, Charlie may have lent the impression that the task was a colorless one, but the reverse was all too vividly brought out in the clear, concise outlines it was his practice to give to the ship's officers in the wardroom the night before a strike. No detail was too small to be omitted, as he went through each phase of an operation step by step, and the delivery of these highly informative talks almost led one to believe that the speaker had spent all his life in residence on the various islands -

or at least in making an exhaustive study of them. In truth, his studies had been exhaustive research, and the talks were the product of a fertile and fine, retaining mind.

Charley Tenney came to the BUNKER HILL well-fitted for his task. A practicing New York attorney before the war, with a Phi Beta Kappa key as partial evidence of his mental prowess at Yale, he enlisted in the Navy in December, 1941, though he was a family man and had little to fear from the draft. Commissioned in February, he was a member of the first indoctrination class at Quonset Point, and on graduation, was selected for the first ACI class to be formed, and which also convened at Quonset. ACI was new to the Navy then, being patterned after a very successful familiar plan which the British had fostered for the briefing of their RAF pilots.

On completion of this training, Lt. Tenney was ordered to report to Scouting 72, based on the Wasp, and which was already in the thick of things in the Pacific. Classmates were assigned to other units, and were the first ACI's to operate with the Fleet.

Charlie's most vivid memory aboard the Wasp, of course, concerns her sad demise and his own four-hour struggle for life in the tepid waters. "That was a regular 4th of July," he recalls, "and when the ship was hit it was as if someone had thrown a firecracker into a barrel of firecrackers."

"I learned a lesson that day I'll never forget too - and that's not to try and swim downwind with a sinking ship nearby. I got clear all right, and was pretty proud of the progress I had made through the water - at least until I saw the ship bearing down on me again. This kept up for almost four hours, and I was so exhausted I couldn't even help myself when the rescuing destroyer finally stopped to pick me up. I was like an oiled sardine when they did pick me up."

As he prepared for this trip back to the states, he recalls the problems he didn't have with personal gear on his return after the Wasp went down. "I was able to salvage one sock, my shirt and underdrawers, and even with contributions to my wardrobe after I was rescued, everything I owned would have fitted into a shoe box."

Back in the states, he was recalled to Quonset as an instructor in the ACI school, a post which he held until ordered to report to the BUNKER HILL in March, 1943.

Lt. Tenney was born in New York City in 1911, and has made the "Big Town" his home ever since except for his prep and college days at Choate and Yale and a brief residence in Ridgefield, Connecticut.

At Yale, in addition to being elected to Phi Beta Kappa for high scholastic proficiency, Lt. Tenney played on the rugby team and was a member of the freshman, junior varsity and varsity crews, stroking the latter two. He obtained his A.B. in 1933 and his L.L.B. in 1936, being admitted to the New York Bar in 1937 when he became affiliated with the firm of Reed, Abbott and Morgan, leading New York attorneys. When Selective Service came along, he was appointed to the legal staff of the Board in New York, finally resigning to accept his Navy commission.

In 1938, he married Miss Joan Lusk, the daughter of the rector of St. Stephen's Church in Ridgefield, following a courtship begun while he was attending Yale Law School. They have three children: Patricia, who is five; three-and a half-year-old Charles, Jr.; and Joan, who is approaching her second year.

Charlie's departure was not without a great deal of personal feeling, occasioned by leaving what he considers "the finest ship in the Navy and the nicest bunch of men I've ever worked with." The officers and men of the ship

(continued on page 7)



The guy's good enough for a smoker--Coleman, SC1c, the "All Baba" of the galley, his ambidexterous juggling, entertains the boys in the chow hall now and again. You'll recognize him, if he isn't wearing a native head-dress, by the song he intones: "Hot coffee, good coffee, fresh coffee --all you want, men."

J. R. Machado, the little man with the big No. 3 elevator is getting a reputation for the straight dope he passes out. Or is it a combine with J. J. Kwiatek? Speaking of dope, the gallery deck boys around Fr. 93, who've relied on "No Strain" Mesher to fill them in on the latest, will be shopping for a new source. Mesher will from now on deliver to the Chiefs, as of the first of the month.

The boys at the electric shop are wondering if Maxie Levy, diminutive MAA, has given up at checkers. They enjoyed his jousting on the squared board, but his visits have slacked off, they report.

The betting is six-two-and-even in the current gedunk-eating race between Krotchuk and Red Dinges of the Hangar Deck crews. Of course, they're not in the same league with Chief Bud Farlow, whose capacity has not been truly tested, soda fountain production limited as it is.

New additions to the "I've Never Seen My Baby Club" include Joe Lamby of Aviation Main Issue storeroom--father of a new daughter, and C. A. Jones, ART3c, who was notified of a new son. Chuck and his guitar, often heard on smoker programs, really jangled off tunes the night he got that word!

All hands are glad to hear that the cribbage game between Sarg. Stratton and Sarg. Bob Miller has resumed with no more than the usual amount of minor gum-beating.

The Hangar Deck gang isn't quite sure what DeGregorio is tuning up for--competition with Sinatra, or a post as a plane director. So they left him out of the list of "probable post-war jobs" that they compiled the other evening. They figure Lt. Clark will turn up as a radio announcer, R. F. Ernest as a circus barker; D. G. Dinges as an ice cream salesman, with Krotchuk his best customer; Machado, a drama coach; A. J. Schillizzi a chef--featuring Mulligan stew; "Atlas" Spooner a muscle-builder; J. D. Surratt a traffic cop; D. E. Mitchell an orchestra leader; Blonde Bill Stolzenburg a politician; F. A. Coleburn a labor leader and Chief Farlow (censored).

B. H. Mosca, the electrician's mate who left to go to divers' school in New York, and McLaughlin and Brinda, also electrician mates, have already written letters to the boys. The latter two are at the small craft school in Miami.

Bud Oliver, bombing squadron radioman, was walking by the aviation radio shop recently when he spotted a couple of QSL cards on the bulkhead. He stopped in to investigate, being a "ham" himself. And he ran smack into Red Pauter, ARMIc, with whom he'd often chatted when they were in the States, Bud operating as W6RZY at King City, Calif., and Ted as W6NYR at San Jose. Both were active members of the American Legion Emergency networks and the Mission Trail Net, lived only a few hundred miles from each other, but had to come the thousands of miles out here to meet each other.

Sole East Coast representative in the shipboard group of former amateur radio fans, is T. A. Arbuckle, who

Much Ado About Nothing

Strictly Personal: I'm always confusing sciatica and sacro-iliac, but am afflicted with neither, so it doesn't much matter...Wonder if the Navigator has ever considered announcing a ship-wide time-check daily, which would help a lot of guys whose watches need such attention, ...I'm forever trying to translate intership numerals that don't mean a thing to me...They can say what they want about a "yellow tropical moon"--the longer I stare at it shining over the water, the more Budweiser I can see myself drinking, and the farther my tongue hangs out.

Glen Cunningham, former world's champion miler, was going through his physical preparatory to enlistment as an apprentice seaman recently, when the docs saw his burn-scarred legs. "Can you get around all right?" asked the doc. "Yes," replied the track star, with a straight face.

A lot of you probably haven't seen the May issue of "Esquire"--so we're lifting some of the amazing dope revealed in the monthly poll of sports writers, conducted by Herb Graffis and Ralph Cannon. Their poll showed:

That 55 per cent of the country's golfers do not believe golf's popularity would be increased if courses were changed to make scoring easier;

That 80 per cent of them felt it was a mistake to cancel such top tournaments as the Open and the Amateur;

That 78 per cent of the sportswriters polled were in favor of putting professional wrestling on a basis of competition, with weight division champions, rather than the present basis of entertainment (or drama!);

That a four-minute mile is anticipated, with Arne Anderson favored to set that mark;

That such top notchers as Ed Barrow, Clark Griffith, Connie Mack, Mike Kelley, Luke Sewell, Bump Hadley and Spud Chandler named, as their ideas of baseball's all-time team, the following:

Walter Johnson, p.; Bill Dickey, c.; Lou Gehrig, 1b.; Eddie Collins, 2b.; Hans Wagner, ss.; Pie Traynor, 3b.; Babe Ruth, rf.; Tris Speaker, cf.; Ty Cobb, lf.

Brickbats & Bouquets: Orchids to the talent of "Dipe Down for Fun"--from the prop movers to the stars--for repeating their success over on one of the small carriers, thus building the reputation for the BUNKER HILL...And rough-edged Irish confetti to the Loogans who crumb up freshly-scrubbed white work an hour before zone inspection. Can't you keep your dirty mitts off?



SOME PEOPLE GROW WITH AUTHORITY; OTHERS SWELL.

operated as WIETT at Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

Don't figure that Doc Daugherty is studying the hulu, if you see him go into a sudden whirl of gyrations. He's testing a theory--that if you wear skivvies a couple of sizes too large, you'll be cooler. But what to do with the excess material is something else again!

A YEAR OF RETROSPECT

(Continued)

Commander C. E. Ekstrom (now Captain) was the first Executive Officer. Fondly referred to as "The Swede" by the Captain, Comdr. Ekstrom went about the great task of putting the affairs of a new ship in order with a zeal that would tire a couple of ordinary men. He chased down the smallest details as meticulously as the large ones, laying a firm foundation for a taut ship, and a smart one. A pilot himself, and probably one of the largest men to ever fit into the cockpit of a fighter plane, he was well-fitted to prepare a carrier for a condition of readiness.

The Air Group and the CASD - which became the V-2 Division - found a very sympathetic and staunch patron in the Air Officer, Commander Carson, whose Air Department soon ironed out all the kinks and rose to an efficiency peak declared by many unbiased observers - after watching later performances - to be the best noted on any carrier.

The Navigator

Comdr. Mechling, the ship's present Executive Officer, who put the BUNKER HILL into commission as Navigator, had all his charts in readiness for a cruise in any part of the world. Air charts were included too, as Comdr. Mechling was another of the ship's high ranking officers who wore the wings of a Naval aviator. In addition to squaring his organizational setup away promptly, he spent long hours holding instruction classes for prospective deck officers, and the fact that so many are now qualified to stand "top watches" under way is proof that the lessons were smartly given and well taken. Quiet, unassuming Lt. (jg) Parker R. Smith, has been the Assistant Navigator throughout, and is always graciously there with the right answer to any navigational problem. The "Nav" office yeoman, Edmund Nollette, Y3c, diligently pursues the various deck officers for their signatures to the smooth log, which he personally types out, making corrections as necessary, and in general, showing a fine knowledge of his work.

Gunnery Veterans

Four Atlanta veterans - all decorated for bravery under fire - came to fortify the Gunnery Department, along with several other fine young reserve officers who had combat experience on many ships of the Fleet and in various theaters of war. With Comdr. Nickelson, the first "gun boss," came his assistant and his successor, Lt. Comdr. Jim Shaw, Lt. "Bud" Mack and Lt. (jg) Jerry Collieran. From the Minneapolis came Lt. Jack Hasburgh, a would-be attorney from Kansas City, who reported aboard with no less than nine stars and a commendation, all gained while on the "Minnie." Lt. Bill Linsenbergh had been on the Battleship X - the South Dakota - through her history-making actions, while Lts. Phil Bradley, George Weber, Joe Cahill, and Gene Brissie, all saw service on battleships during the African campaign. All of these latter officers were products of the V-7 program, and had entered the service some months before Pearl Harbor.

Damage Control

The First Lieutenant and Damage Control Officer was grizzled, firm-featured and firm-wayed Comdr. Ferriter, not an aviator, but a submariner with ideas for efficiency that allowed for no loose ends. A real sea-going man, with a Navy Cross as evidence of his fighting ability, Comdr. Ferriter was an ideal man to organize this important department. Beneath a rough exterior was a gentle disposition and a keen sense of humor. His memos to division officers, especially those to Lt. Comdr. "Mike Carmichael were gems that should have been opened to the ship and preserved for posterity.

Comdr. Ferriter's assistants took hold so well, that when his detachment orders arrived, Lt. Comdrs. Shane King and Johnnie Rodsee were able to step right in and take over. King, a Naval Academy graduate but who turned to

a civilian career not long after graduation, became the head of the department when Comdr. Ferriter was ordered to other duty, with Rodsee stepping up as his assistant. As in the Gunnery Department, there was a generous coating of sea and combat experience to insure that things were carried along on the right track. This appeared in the persons of Lt. Mario Galassi, a good sailor with a lot of Atlantic duty; Lt. "Bobo" Bodell, a Wasp survivor; and Lt. Bob Boswell, who had made several convoy trips on the Long Island until he ate himself out of her comparatively cramped quarters.

These men, along with the regular hull and damage control duties, were charged with the messing and berthing of the enlisted men. Wherever food is eaten, whether it be the Waldorf-Astoria or Joe's Diner, there will always be complaints, but certainly the high quality of the chow served on the BUNKER HILL has reduced these to a minimum.

The Black Gang

The work accomplished by Comdr. Fred Agens and his assistants in setting up the engineering plant was of immeasurable value as the ship came to churn through vast oceans of water. A real gentleman and an exceptionally smooth workman, Comdr. Agens made one of the most difficult jobs seem easy. In all the many thousands of miles the ship has traveled, there has never been a serious breakdown. Much credit goes to the fine plant, but a major share should go to Comdr. Agens.

With his detachment after several weeks in the combat zone, his assistant, Comdr. Dave Kliner took over, with Lt. Comdr. (then Lt.) Carmichael stepping into his shoes. These men were the leaders, but the work of their junior officers and the hard-working men of the "black gang" cannot go without mention. Time after time, when a little extra speed was needed, or a fast repair job on some minor but important gadget necessary, these men came through with an exacting promptitude that helped make the BUNKER HILL the great ship that she is. They were always on top of any emergency, doing an excellent job and seldom getting the full credit they deserve. On a carrier, most of the glamor seems to be found on the flight deck, but if it weren't for the "snipes," and their constant devotion to duty, many of the pages to be written into the ship's glorious history, would not be enscribed with the deeds that were accomplished.

Our Supply Group

Supply was manned by a real Navy Supply man, Comdr. Carlos Charneco, who can probably quote verbatim, each and every word contained in the voluminous S. & A. manuals. He saw that the ship was well stocked with all things necessary for the successful operation of the ship and the comfort of the crew - and kept it that way. He even had the foresight to lay in a set of admiral's stars and shoulder bars, "because he had a hunch that Capt. Ballentine would be appointed admiral before too many months." Throughout it all, he has had Lt. Jack Flannery watching over the larder, and doubling as "Doughnut Control" on strike days; Lt. Ken McClure supervising aviation issue; and Lt. Howard Henry holding a fat bank account of well over a million dollars so that each man would be paid, and on time. Supplies have passed through the hands of these men representing millions of dollars, with each item, down to the last soda cracker, properly scrutinized and accounted for. Truly, a magnificent job. (To be continued next week)

One of our former Bunker Hillbillies, on his way to new duty in the States, pleaded guilty to a police court disorderly conduct charge but paid only a \$5. fine after this explanation:

"I saw two guys roughing up a soldier, so I stepped in started swinging.

"How did I know they were detectives?"

SPORTS SLANTS

BOXING

Fighting its first card at home, the BUNKER HILL's rising boxing team celebrated the ship's First Anniversary by pounding out a 4-to-3 victory over scrappers from a sister ship.

Not even the huge crowd gathered on the hangar deck daunted Red Carmody's fighters as they paraded their wares, and they showed the benefit of coaching and training as they took the intership match.

Bill "Kid" Corcoran, shifty 137-pounder from the Signal gang, marked up the first win for the BUNKER HILL in taking a decision. After a slow start, Corcoran settled down to do a workmanlike job, and in the second round downed Cortise with a hard right that is his stock in trade. Corcoran depended on his right, and excellent condition, to carry him through the first two stanzas, but in the third frame threw enough lefts to prove that he's got something in that mitt that can be developed into an equal threat.

Al Fermino, slim stylist of the stewards' mates, fought his way to a decision in the 145-pound match of the night against Adams. Neither fighter showed a hard punch, and Fermino was forced to take the offensive all the way in order to tote points for his win.

Ernie Wood, the hard-jabbing 160-pound stewards' mate, and "Battling" Pepe, 185-pound electrician who carries sparks in both fists, continued their winning ways. Wood, matched against the rangy and shifty Maxwell, took a lead on points in the first round, peppering Maxwell with lefts and scoring heavily in close quarters with hard body blows. Maxwell came back in the second round to take the offensive for a short while, throwing long rights at Wood in an effort to keep away from the pulverizing body attack.

In the third round, however, Wood stalked his man for a set-up, threw a hard right that stunned his foe, and then put him down for the count with a hard left, at 1:26.

Pepe, fighting from a balanced crouch that kept his right and left jabs hammering like pistons, decisioned Music easily, despite handicaps in reach and height. Music was completely stymied from any sort of attack by the ceaseless barrage that Pepe threw at him, and at no time threatened the well-built little electrician.

In the opening fight, the BUNKER HILL's Pendleton was decisioned by Sundy, 118-pounder, after going strong in the first round. He faded fast in the second, however, to lose that round as well as the third. Valley, found himself badly outmatched in his fight with Sera, and the BUNKER HILL 145-pound boy was victim of a technical knockout at the end of the first round after Sera had spun him throughout the stanza with a long, snake-like left, that carried a hard wallop.

In the closing fight of the card, Hand, of the BUNKER HILL Marine detachment, made his first appearance and in losing an extremely close--and--unpopular--decision, showed excellent potentialities as Carmody's answer to the vacancy in the 190-pound division. Possessor of a strong left jab that heckled Dunkerslee throughout the match, Hand showed a willingness and ability to take punishment while getting within scoring range.

Boxers: If you can't sleep at night, count slowly up to ten.

BASKETBALL

With the innovation of basketball aboard, and the installation of a fine, full-size court on the hangar deck, the sport developed an immediate approval that omens it as the most popular "in port" sport aboard. In the short time since the inception of the sport, two fine teams have sprung up, with a third in the making, that assures the BUNKER HILL of high caliber representation in competition with other ships and units of the fleet.

The squadron officers, with several games already under their belt, at this writing seem to be the class of the Pacific. Dropping their first game by a close margin, before there was even a court aboard, they came back to trounce these rivals in the most recent game by the lopsided score of 24-14. They have won all the rest with comparative ease. They are sparked by such former college greats as Lt. Harlan (Gus) Gustafson, who captained the University of Pennsylvania five; Lt. (jg) Ollie Johnson, a former Transylvania flash; Perry Hunstman from Iowa; Bob Hobbs of Sacramento State Teachers; and Don Johnston, the lanky floor artist from Jersey who lent his talents to Washington and Lee before coming into the Navy. To Johnston, along with Lt. Comdr. Bob Middleton, goes the credit for organizing the team, and arranging for games with other ships.

Chief Store-Keeper "Pop-Eye" Hayes called the enlisted men together for their first workouts and handled them in the two games played to date. Led by Jack Wright, ACM2c from the V-2-A unit, the team is bound to go places with more practice and a little polishing up of their floor work, especially under the basket. Wright, a former Purdue luminary, is as good a hoopster as will be found on the ship, and in a practice game against the ship's officers, he led all scorers with 24 points. The boys lost their last game, a heart-breaking return engagement with another ship, by one point, 24-23, but Wright tallied 17 of the loser's total.

The ship's officer team is still in the process of organization, but with the enthusiasm shown, a better than fair club should be developed from the large array of talent available.

With the departure of Lt. Comdr. Middleton, who did so much to promote athletics aboard, the duties will be assumed by his relief, Lt. K. A. Hashagen, another former Penn star who captained the Quaker five in 1935. Lieut. Gustafson is also now working with the enlisted men's team.

Lt. Moriar ty: "Pappy, what becomes of a basketball player when his eyesight begins to fall?"
Lt. Comdr. Middleton: "They make a referee out of him."



Male Call

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



What You Hear Is A Roamer



ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE

