



The U.S.S. Bunker Hill Monument



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AIR GROUP OFFICERS RECEIVE AWARDS

ADMIRAL WAGNER AND STAFF OUR GUESTS

Rear Admiral Frank D. Wagner, USN, veteran Naval aviator and present commander of another carrier division has been a guest aboard, along with his staff, for the past several days.

Admiral Wagner, a Naval Academy graduate with the Class of 1915, has had a long and distinguished Naval career, including the command of the famous PATWING 10, whose heroisms were written into the early annals of the war during the Japanese invasion of the Philippines. For his part in the tremendous task of evacuation against overwhelming enemy odds, Queen Wilhemina gave personal recognition for his outstanding contribution by awarding him the Order of Orange Nassau, one of Holland's highest honors for valor.

Prior to his present duty, Admiral Wagner was Ass't. Chief of Naval Operations for Air, under Admiral John S. McCain. He is largely responsible for the formations of NATS (Naval Air Transport Service) a network of air-lines that has greatly eased the transportation burden in all parts of the globe which he organized during an earlier tour of duty in the bureau. He was raised to his present rank in October, 1942, and a short time later assigned as COMFAIRSEATTLE, before being once more recalled to Washington in the office of CNO.

One of the Admiral's proudest moments came during his last tour in Washington, when it was his happy privilege to swear his daughter, Catherine, into the enlisted ranks of the WAVES - especially when she had been jesting him considerably about joining the WACS. He has another daughter, Esther, who, when not attending Scripps College, lives with Mrs. Wagner in the family home at Coronado, Calif.

Chief of Staff for Admiral Wagner is Captain Fitzhugh Lee, USN, former Air Officer and then "Exec" of the Essex. Other staff officers aboard are: Comdr. Roscoe L. Newman, USN, Operations Officer; Lt. Comdr. Samuel C. Ivey, USNR, Communications Officer; Lt. Comdr. David S. Brown, USN, Gunnery Officer; Lt. Comdr. Melville E. Stone, USNR, ACI Officer; and Lt. Thurse F. Sigman, USNR, Aide and Flag Lieutenant.

Eight enlisted men, including two CPOs, round out the complement aboard.

DECORATED BY ADMIRAL MONTGOMERY

Awards and decorations were made last week to twenty seven officers of the BUNKER HILL and its Air Group by Admiral A. E. Montgomery, who also paid high tribute to the entire ship's company "who made it possible for the aviators to do their jobs."

In a brief introductory speech at the hangar deck ceremony, the Admiral observed that "it is one of the duties that I enjoy to make awards from time to time, but I also want to compliment the entire ship's company on the job they have done which makes these awards possible."

The men below decks, the crews who push planes on the flight and hangar decks, are also to be commended for the work that they have done, Admiral Montgomery said. Many of them, he continued, some day may win personal distinction for their work.

The awards, presented with the reading of the citations upon which the honors were based, were made in the name of Admiral M. A. Mitscher, Task Force Commander, for missions and accomplishments of the past several months. Fourteen Bombers, ten Fighters and three members of the Torpedo Squadron were decorated. They are:

THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

Comdr. A. McB. Jackson, Jr. Comdr. R. L. Shifley
Lt. Comdr. K. F. Musick

THE AIR MEDAL

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Comdr. W. M. Collins | Lt. (jg) J. W. Topliff |
| Lt. Comdr. E. S. McCuskey | Lt. (jg) R. A. Horn |
| Lt. M. D. Carmody | Lt. (jg) J. E. Keefe |
| Lt. A. D. Jones | Lt. (jg) W. E. Lamoreaux |
| Lt. B. E. Shefchik | Lt. (jg) W. B. Longino |
| Lt. (jg) W. C. Ballance | Lt. (jg) L. J. Mason |
| Lt. (jg) E. G. Boyles | Lt. (jg) L. T. Mereness |
| Lt. (jg) H. T. Brownscombe | Lt. (jg) P. Newman |
| Lt. (jg) A. R. Coffin | Lt. (jg) R. J. Rosen |
| Lt. (jg) E. L. Feightner | Lt. (jg) J. H. Weber |
| Lt. (jg) W. H. Folkedahl | Lt. (jg) J. O. McIntire |
| Lt. (jg) T. H. Hardy | Lt. (jg) T. Shea |

GOLD STAR IN LIEU OF THE SECOND AIR MEDAL

Lt. (jg) E. L. Feightner

Popular War Correspondent Returns

Snow-thatched, broad-beamed Dan McGuire, genial scrivener of Pacific events for the United Press, is back aboard after a short cruise away from what he describes as "the friendliest fold of them all - the BUNKER HILL."

"It was dreadful to leave this ship at all," choked McGuire, "and as the whale-boat bore me away, a lump as big as an apple came into my throat, and briny rivulets started to drool from my eyes. Not only that, but you couldn't even get a hird helping on the other ship - or a snack at midnight to keep body and soul together through

the bleak, early morning hours."

Welcomed back aboard in a weakened condition, the once portly correspondent is nursing his falling frame back to normal with a diet of the menu - five times a day - and complete relaxation in his old basket.

"It's great to be back," the noted San Francisco oracle was heard to explain. "If only my girls, Phyllis (his wife), Sharon and Bonnie could be with me, plus a few extra steaks, I'd like to stay on for the duration."

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.

Articles for the Government Of the United States Navy

(Continued)

Article 14

Fine and imprisonment, or such other punishment as a court-martial may adjudge, shall be inflicted upon any person in the naval service of the United States—

- Who presents or causes to be presented to any person in the civil, military, or naval service thereof, for approval or payment, any claim against the United States or any officer thereof knowing such claim to be false or fraudulent; or
- Who enters into any agreement or conspiracy to defraud the United States by obtaining, or aiding others to obtain, the allowance or pay of any false or fraudulent claim; or
- Who, for the purpose of obtaining or aiding others to obtain, the approval, allowance, or payment of any claim against the United States or against any officer thereof, makes or uses, or procures or advises the making or use of, any writing, or other paper, knowing the same to contain any false or fraudulent statement; or
- Who, for the purpose of obtaining or aiding others to obtain, the approval, allowance, or payment of any claim against the United States or any officer thereof, makes, or procures, or advises the making of, any oath to any fact or to any writing or other paper knowing such oath to be false; or
- Who, for the purpose of obtaining, or aiding others to obtain, the approval, allowance, or payment of any claim against the United States or any officer thereof, forges or counterfeits, or procures or advises the forging or counterfeiting of, any writing or other paper, or uses, or procures or advises the use of, any such signature, knowing the same to be forged or counterfeited; or
- Who, having charge, possession, custody, or control of any money or other property of the United States, furnished or intended for the naval service thereof, knowingly delivers, or causes to be delivered, to any person having authority to receive the same, any amount thereof less than that for which he receives a certificate or receipt; or
- Who, being authorized to make or deliver any paper certifying the receipt of any money or other property of the United States, furnished or intended for the naval service thereof, makes, or delivers to any person, such writing, without having full knowledge of the truth of the statements therein contained, and with intent to defraud the United States;

(continued next week)

The Pacific Front

MINDANAO - NO. 19

The most Southeasterly and second largest of the Philippine Island group is Mindanao. Lying almost 200 miles northeast of Borneo with an area of some 36,000 square miles, it has a population of almost 800,000. The island is a mountainous and volcanic region with a hot and humid climate and frequent rain. The principal volcanoes are the Cipo and Malindang peaks. The forest of Mindanao contain valuable woods for ship-building and furniture. The principal trade of the island is in forest products and hemp. The principal towns are Zamboanga (131,000) and Davao (95,000).

Mindanao was first attacked by the Japanese on the same day as Pearl Harbor. The harbor of Davao, the chief port of Mindanao, was hit by Jay aircraft carriers that were after allied shipping laying at anchor. Shortly after the enemy had established beachheads on the island of Luzon to the north, landings were made at Mindanao. Opposition in this large southern island was not as severe as it was to the north and Mindanao was captured by the Japs with relative ease. Its capture opened the way to New Guinea on the south and Borneo on the west.

The importance of Mindanao in the Pacific War grows with time, for the day is approaching when we will be ready to strike at the Philippines. After the successful capture of Hollandia, General MacArthur is inclining his way into the islands to the north and west from which to bring Mindanao within range of his bombers. It seems to be a logical deduction that the main force of the invasion will come from New Guinea and that Mindanao will be the first objective.

One hears a great deal of speculation on the caliber of opposition to be expected in our drive to recapture the Philippines. Undoubtedly it will be severe as the enemy realizes that its loss will be tantamount to cutting them off from their empire and place us in a position to strike at the Coast of China. One of the factors to be considered in estimating our future success in the Philippines will be the attitude of the natives. The enemy has made a gesture for their friendship by giving them quasi self-rule. On the island of Luzon, the largest and most important, meager reports seem to indicate that a portion of the population are satisfied with Jap rule. These reports are difficult to gauge and the true attitude of the natives will probably not be fully ascertained until we clash with the enemy there. In Mindanao, however, there is every reason to believe that the natives regard the Americans with favor and their expected cooperation may be of great value to us in speedily ousting the enemy from the Southern Philippines.



Strictly ★ PERSONAL



The ship lost another "plank owner" and one of her finest personalities recently, as Lt. Comdr. Alexander Robertson Middleton departed to take up new duties at Iowa Pre-Flight. Middleton served as the ship's athletic officer since commissioning, as well as assuming the responsibilities of Fly 2 and a gun battery.

There were few who knew him by the elongated handle, and throughout the ship he was affectionately known to one and all as "Pappy." Nor did this nickname come without reason, for his was the distinguished pride to be the father of triplets - three identical and beautiful little girls, Mary, Frances and DeVismes - who celebrated their seventh birthday just before their father left the ship. There has been no other aboard who could boast such a distinction, and probably no other officer in the Navy.

Bob's keen interest in the recreational activities of the enlisted men and his all-around genial good nature earned for him the enviable reputation of being one of the best-liked officers aboard. His interest in the men was boundless, though perhaps only a few realize the untiring effort he extended in promoting their welfare. To every officer and man aboard he was a friend, and no man on the ship was his enemy. He had a good word for all and the feeling was returned in kind for him a hundred-fold. No greater tribute could be paid.

In port, when most of the ship's company found opportunity for rest and relaxation, Bob's work only increased.

He was the BUNKER HILL ambassador of good will at large, as he visited the various ships of the Fleet and shore activities arranging competition and recreation for the men. His own happy and winning personality in those contacts was of immeasurable value in reflecting the spirit of the ship, bespeaking the happy condition aboard and the friendliness always sincerely extended by the ship to her many friends.

Bob came by his winning ways in an atmosphere of southern hospitality just below the Mason and Dixon line. Born in Centerville, Maryland, as a belated Christmas present to his parents on Dec. 27, 1903, Bob went on to attend the University School in Baltimore during his grammar school days and then prepped for Johns Hopkins at St. Luke's in Wayne, Pennsylvania. During two years at Hopkins he was a member of the football and swimming teams, and after a switch to Haverford College, he played fullback and captained the football team as well as running the 440 on the track team. He graduated from Haverford in 1927.

After a whirl in the business world, during which time he was employed by the International Business Machine Company, he decided to embark on a teaching career, a choice for which he can voice no particular reason. His first teaching post - at St. Alban's in Washington - became a permanent one, as he was still a member of the St. Alban's faculty when he enlisted in the Navy. The post has also given him the football coaching reins during all those years and was probably a major attraction in his choice of a career. He will always be one to stay young with young men, and a boy's camp which he has maintained in Vermont for several years is further proof of the enjoyment he derives from their company and the satisfaction obtained from properly helping to shape a budding career.

His first love, naturally, is his family, but if he has a particular hobby it would probably be the study of American history, a subject he has always taught at St. Alban's and in which he has delved intensely through five years of post-graduate work at the American University in Washington. His coaching and teaching days have brought him in contact with many sons of the famous Navy men, one of his former pupils being Brooke Montgomery, son of Rear Admiral A. E. Montgomery. Bob's first meeting with the Admiral came when he was a Lt. Comdr., and a pleasant report of the friendship was brought about when the Admiral rejoined aboard.

Before reporting to the BUNKER HILL, Lt. Comdr. Middleton was in charge of the recreational and athletic program for aviation cadets at Anacostia, under Comdr. Carson, our first Air Officer who later became "Exec." Lt. Comdr. Gil Frauenheim was one of the instructors there; Lt. Fred Davidson a budding engineer; and many of our present pilots were undergoing the first stages of their training.

Mrs. Middleton, the former Frances DuBos of Charleston, South Carolina, and Bob were married in 1935. To her he concedes (with a smile) at least a share of the credit for their triplets. To all fathers, the happy surprise of such an event, is sometimes almost too much to withstand the bursting pride that follows. Mrs. Middleton, in conjunction with present day science, particularly the X-Ray, more or less prepared Bob, however, and gave him at least a fair sense of mental balance.

After one of her visits to the doctor she called the prospective proud "Pappy," telling him to go out and get a drink and then call her back. "I did too," he recalls, "and I sure needed it when I phoned her back and received the first news that it would be triplets."

In his new post at Iowa Pre-Flight, Bob will have the recently-commissioned Lt. Frank Leahy as one of his assistants. It is recalled that Lt. Leahy also did a bit of football coaching at Notre Dame. The Seahawks, as the Iowa standard-bearers are known, now far and wide, have

(continued on page 7)



A special "Well Done" to the Bakers for their good work in furnishing doughnuts during our operations, and to the Ship's Cooks for the shining galley they have been keeping lately. It has been rumored that Acting Pay Clerk Bare was caught using the deck for a mirror to shave, because he couldn't get Chief Pay Clerk Chandler away from the mirror in their room.

The entire Supply Department feels keenly the loss of Chief Commissary Steward Dubois who did such an excellent job in his duties. It is felt, however, that our reason for losing him was justifiable as he was appointed to Acting Pay Clerk, a well deserved recognition of his splendid work.

The Exec's yeomen, namely Joe "Pappy" McEwen and Frank "Swiftly" Vance, are doing a lot of gum-beating these days on the subject of Bangor, Maine—those Chamber of Commerce reps building it up as the Garden Spot of America...They also claim that Frank can brush his molars, shave, shower, and be in his sack in a flat seven minutes, stopping for a smoke and a chat about rates, on the way.

Danny Radiches, yeoman, has a new G.Q. station and finds the sound of ack-ack still thrilling...Bob Newcomb, also of the Exec's office, has been getting a heavy batch of mail every mail call, all in the same feminine handwriting, the lucky stiff.

Champ A. Remy (Butcher), SC1c, desires to join the male chorus, but is a bit shy. It is understood that Remy waxed confidential and gave J. Marcus Hood, SC1c, the dope on his long chorus experience at the Naval Training Station, Norfolk, Va. Suggest that the Chaplain contact Remy personally.

We've heard of people who were interested in their battle stations, but we nominate J. D. Nyhan, SK3c, for the most persistent. He accidentally spent the night recently in a lower handling room. Weren't asleep, were you, Nyhan? Speaking of disursing office people, what is this we hear about E. R. Chase, SK2c? They say he tries to sleep the day preceding and the day following an 8 to 12 lower deck patrol.



"Wilbur! Your good conduct medal is sticking me!"

Tracy Greer, EM1c, the "red-roofed philosopher" from Dixie, says: "The world is not my home. I am only passing through. Inevitably, we fashion our own lives for better or for worse, depending upon the constructive efforts we exert in helping the fellow who needs the friendly hands."

Changes In Personnel

Another "plank owner" this week won a promotion and was ordered back to the States, R. W. Davis going from Chief Yeoman to Ship's Clerk after his long stretch of handling the work in the Executive Officer's Office.

Davis was well-known at Fargo Barracks and out at Quincy many weeks before the ship even hit the water, and his untiring efforts were ever apparent in the smooth operations of the Exec's office. Replacing him is Vernie LeBoeuf, CY, Davis' right bower since pre-commissioning days.

Other changes in personnel include the arrival of Lt. Charles DeBretteville, taking over for Lt. Charles Tenney as ship ACI Officer; Ens. I. R. Hicks, Torpedoman, J. F. Ditzek and Photographer C. W. Lanz.

Promotions came to Vincent Previti, who went to Warrant Machinist from CMM (PA), and C. H. Nunnally, Aviation Chief Radioman, who went to Radio Electrician. They received detach orders, as did Ens. M. R. Webb and Lieut. Tenney. All of them will be missed, and go with the best wishes of all hands.

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The Pilot's Cross

Aviation has its grim, sometimes horribly realistic aspect, but it also has its ephemeral as well as esthetic side. By such terms may The Pilot's Cross be described. You may, or may not have heard this expression used, but one aviator described it thus:

"On a clear, almost cloudless day, go up to a ceiling of about 15,000 feet, tilt the wings of the plane in such a way as to form the shadow of a cross on the cloud beneath; as the pilot peers over the window of the cockpit to see his cross, his profile is in the position of the figures on the Crucifix. It is called the pilot's cross, because it is visible only to the pilot of the plane."

It was this explanation that inspired the following poem:

"THE FIRST PILOT'S CROSS"

His heart was filled with love forlorn,
His soul intent on giving
Generations not yet born
Ideals, to make Life worth living.

His eyes saw far beyond the blue
Horizons of the earth
As He took up a flight anew
To give unchartered hearts rebirth.

For Him, no comrades as He bled,
No cheers, but jeers to smart.
He led a squadron ...but they fled
When the bludgeoning did start.

No golden wings to proudly boast
His affinity with the skies;
Yet thirty pieces bought the most
Of all earth's dreaming realized.

Now from His cockpit in the sky
He navigates and guides
Our boys who, fighting, fly
To save the Cause for which He died.

And in flight their wings are torn
By a vulture battle impassioned,
In heaven they'll find their buddies adorned
With wings...of star-dust fashioned.

BUNKER HILL DAY - - JUNE 17TH

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The history of the American people as a world nation began on April 18, 1775 when Paul Revere, the Boston coppersmith, galloped through the night to warn the country side of the coming of the British troops to seize munitions stowed by the "Rebels" at Concord. The following morning Colonial militia and British Regulars exchanged a few casualties. The British, being repulsed by Emerson's "embattled farmers," withdrew to Boston. On the return every stone wall and tree, every window concealed a farmer with a rifle. The retreat became a routine and the British lost heavily. After that fiasco the King's forces remained in Boston-until June 17, 1775.

April and May found farmers and tradesmen, indignant at the treatment they had been receiving and spirited by such eloquent leaders as Samuel Adams and John Hancock, flocking into Cambridge to join Artemus Ward's ragged Continental Army. By June 1775 quite a sizable force had collected. Through grapevine channels it became known to General Ward that the British Commanders in Boston had decided to send out a powerful expedition on June 18th to suppress once and for all the spirit of rebellion in the colonies.

There were two routes that the British might take out of Boston. One route was over Boston Neck to Roxbury and up to Cambridge from the South; the other was across the narrow inlet from Boston to Charlestown Neck and on to Cambridge from the Northeast. This latter route was considered more likely because of the presence of a strong British naval force which could bring its guns to bear. To forestall the British and prevent an attack on its badly organized "army," the temporary Colonial Government sitting at Cambridge adopted a resolution providing for immediate and secret fortifications on BUNKER HILL, the most prominent hill on Charlestown Neck. On the night of June 16th a force of some 1200 men under Colonel William Prescott was despatched with trenching tools to carry out the assignment. Upon reaching the scene it was decided to fortify Breed's Hill a few hundred yards further as it was nearer the beach and would facilitate engaging the enemy sooner.

With BUNKER HILL behind them and under the very guns of the British fleet, which included ships of the line, they set to work after midnight to build a redoubt at the crest of the hill. Quiet was the watch word as the night was clear; the "all is well" of the shipboard watch could be heard distinctly by the Americans. Dawn found the surprised enemy looking upon considerable earthworks where the day before had been a peaceful meadow. When morning cannonading failed to dislodge the Colonials, who refused to fire a shot or to yield any information as to just what lay behind the new earthworks, the British under General Howe decided upon a direct frontal assault, falling into a trap.

That afternoon, June 17, 1775, some 1200 farmers, shop keepers, husbands, sons, and brothers knelt behind the breastwork they had built during the night and watched more than twice their number of British regulars forming close order battle lines on the beach below. There was much to be admired in the brilliant uniforms, spotless garters and flashing gorgets of the officers compared to the motley crew behind the earthworks. Even Colonel Prescott and Doctor Warren, the Colonial leaders, wore makeshift uniforms. No one man was equipped like his neighbor. They had brought whatever weapons lay handy whether a pitchfork, smooth bore musket, or squirrel rifle. They had come from neighboring towns like Concord, Lexington, Bedford - some from as far as Connecticut - to join the rebel army to defend by force of arms or with their bare fists, if necessary, what were to them their fundamental, rights - government by representation - life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They were behind those earth-

works on that beautiful hot June afternoon one hundred and forty-eight years ago because they would have rather died than live politically enslaved. Each man knew that he was facing regular troops, superbly trained and equipped, part of what was then one of the world's greatest military machines. But they also had something on their side which would more than make up for inequalities in armament or fire power. That secret weapon was the spirit of liberty, the determination to fight to the death rather than submit to a system of government which denied them the individual civil liberties which now all Americans consider their heritage.

The surrounding hills and housetops were crowded with spectators come to see the American Revolution crushed in its infancy. The British had formed in battle formation on the beach, one column lead by General Pigot, the other by General Howe, himself. As soon as the enemy, some three thousand strong, began to advance, Prescott sent out flanking parties to force the weight of the British against his fortified positions. The battle was joined. Up the hill moved the long lines of the Regulars, sweating under full marching packs and heavy muskets and bayonets. The Americans held their fire until the British were within spitting distance. The instructions to the Americans were to aim just below the belt buckles and to make each shot count. "Wait until you see the whites of their eyes" was the command. The British were following the approved European military tactics of the day. Their lines were to advance, halt, fire a volley, reload, and advance again. In their style of warfare no soldier aimed his musket; he simply fired at the command in the general direction of the enemy. With grass up to their knees and numerous stone walls and rail fences to scale, the going was not easy for close order battle formation. As yet not a shot was heard from the Americans as the British advanced up the hill with their volleys. Behind the redoubt was many an itchy trigger finger and many more squeamish stomachs. When the order was given the Rebels rose, rested their squirrel rifles on the parapet, drew aim, and the whole line roared. For the next few moments they fired and reloaded at will behind cover until the British lines broke and retreated in confusion. Cheers rose from the American lines. The green grass was now red with the blood of the famed legions of the British lions. Prebattle squeamishness gave away to exultation - thirst, hunger and fear of death were forgotten.

The bloody slaughter of entire ranks during the first charge took place at a range of sixty yards. After reorganizing, General Howe ordered a second assault. This time Colonel Prescott held his fire until the range was but thirty yards, so close the blood of the enemy seemed to splatter before the eyes of the entrenched Americans. There could never be doubt of the courage of General Howe and his men, who advanced into certain death over the bodies of their fallen comrades. The officers suffered very heavily probably due to their conspicuous uniforms and flashing hardware. Howe, himself, was at the head of his troops at all times, his magnificent white breeches stained red with the blood of his men. Why he was not killed remains one of the mysteries of the fortunes of war.

Although the second assault was no more successful than the first, a third frontal attack was launched as soon as General Howe could reform his lines. By this time American supplies of powder and shot were critically low. Colonel Prescott paced up and down the parapet, imploring his men to hold their fire until the order, which would not be given until the British were within twenty yards, and to aim as they had never aimed before. After mowing down the front lines of the third assault at that deadly close range, the British poured over the top. The entrenched Colonials were completely out of ammunition and the charging British no longer had time for reloading. As the

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A YEAR OF RETROSPECT

(Continued from last week)

Comdr. Porter Lewis held the key to the vital communication channels, though credit for the organization of the department is also due to Lt. "Harry" Harrison, who was the first in the department to report aboard. Important "X" devices were being serviced by Lts. (jg) Leo Meyer and Bill Yeagley, later to be assisted by the "snooper" man, Ensign Dan Robbins.

The Communication Watch Officers included a couple of Irishmen - Mulligan and Slattery, three inveterate pinch-players in Herstine, Hofer and Johnson - an inseparable trio; and later, a comfortably proportioned lieutenant in the person of "Buck" Berry, an oracle of all things CINCPAC.

ACI

The ship's Air Intelligence section was headed by the capable Lt. Charlie Tenney, and a better mind for the job would have been hard to find. Charlie had the experience of a "youngster" cruise on the ill-fated Wasp, shortly after his exodus from a New York law office, an experience he recalls with no great enthusiasm as it found him paddling for dear life in the tepid waters of the Pacific for some four hours before a rescuing destroyer finally hoisted his weary and oil-soaked body aboard. He also served as an instructor at the Quonset ACI school. Always a conservative, Charley never once made any outlandish claims on successes over the enemy, and when it came from him that a plane was shot down, or a ship sunk, you can bet it was no "probable."

His "office manager" was the obliging, efficient Chief Yeoman Herb Reas, a graduate of the offices of COMAIRLANT and of former Air Group Commander Bagdanovich. Herb was a first class in those days, and when he reported aboard, but his good work soon elevated him to chief and a subsequent recommendation for a commission.

Air Plot

Comdr. Al Major, one of the most popular officers aboard, was the overseer of many plots, the fighter directors and aerology, before his rise to Assistant Air Officer and his ultimate promotion to "Exec" of a CVE. He was also the originator and conductor of the ship's most popular broadcast - The "Bogey" Hour - and his spicy narration of events as they occurred was a prime morale-builder, especially to those un-sung heroes below decks, who anxiously awaited his voice to give them the "word."

Lt. Ray Myers, a fighter pilot by trade (had the world's most complete and comfortable fox-hole at Guadalcanal) and a fighter director by choice - of BuPers - headed the vector-setters when Betty, Val, Kate or Zek dropped by to call, and got in too close. Lts. Nick Hammond, Dean (father of the Blue Goose) and Lt. Bill La Croix ably assisted, keeping the would-be marauders at a respectable distance and the ship informed of the proceedings, as our fighter planes were directed to the kill.

The Backbone of the Ship

A saltier character than Chief Warrant Bos'n. Matt Curley never stepped aboard - this or any other Navy ship - nor one who was more popular. Under his gentle guidance, the "special sea details" handled their jobs with a finesse that carried the many exacting tasks with clock-like precision. As one officer was heard to remark, "when Bos'n Curley fuels a destroyer in a heavy sea, it's a masterpiece." It was - and it is.

So many other warrants, along with the chiefs, really formed a backbone on which the very existence of the ship was dependent. Under Curley was Bos'n. Phaneuf, second only to the master - Boss Curley - in the ways of seaman-

ship. Gunnery had four - Orlich, Dorn, Odell, and Chief Torpedoman now Lt. (jg) Spore, who recently received a special commendation from BuOrd for the excellence of work done by him and his men on torpedoes. To Gunner Bob George of V-2-A, goes all the credit for setting up all the aviation armories and storerooms while the ship was being fitted out - setup that is second to none in the fleet. He also designed certain stowage space-savers, and so unique and expert they were, that the Bureau has adopted and recommended their use on other ships.

To Warrant Anthony Martin Plascjak, the maze of electrical circuits and wiring aboard means little more than a "one horse" circuit in a small residential cellar - he knows them so well. Whether it be a serious electrical problem, or a special lighting job for a smoker - full-tumbled "Plaz" knows the answer.

Another trouble-shooter is Radio-Electrician Waters. He's apt to be called at any hour of the day or night - and has been - usually to clear up the problems in a matter of minutes.

The Flight Deck Operators

In Primary Fly, along with Comdr. Carson, stood Comdr. W. O. (Wingover) Smith, a fabulous aviator of earlier days who picked up his training the hard way and who will still fly anything with wings. His experience as Hangar Deck Officer on the Hornet was exceedingly helpful in the organization of the flight and hangar deck crews, and he had Lt. (jg) Paul "Sea Pappy" Bedwell, another Hornet man and veteran of long carrier service to assist him.

The flight deck presented something of a problem during those early stages, but not for long, and it boomed to an efficiency unsurpassed by any other carrier. Lt. Wally Mitchell, one of THE MONUMENT'S mainstays, a former newspaper man who spent most of his early service days trying to get out to sea from a public relations office, had been to arresting gear and catapult school. So had former Walt Disney man Lt. (jg) Esmond "Card" Walker. Their carrier experience was reduced to a few training weeks on the Charger, but, as if born to their jobs, they worked up a plane-handling system that made the observers on the bridge cast off their worries and break out in satisfied smiles.

Their leading Flight Deck Chief was "Tex" Sadler, a youthful Texan with a coolness and a way with his men that made him an invaluable adjunct, to the team. The organization was rounded out later with the addition of Lt. Bob Middleton, As Fly Two, and Ensign Steve Miklausen as Fly Three. All of "Land Pappy's" experience was picked up on the deck, first watching, then doing. Steve had taken the same course as Mitchell and Walker, without the added training on the Charger, but in a few days he was conducting himself as if he had been on the job most of his life, instead of playing a lot of football that wound up with a brilliant career at Carnegie Tech.

(To be continued next week)



BUNKER HILL DAY - JUNE 17

(continued from page 5)

bitter hand to hand struggle developed, Prescott withdrew his men back over BUNKER HILL and off Charlestown Neck according to plan. In the retreat Colonel Prescott managed to evacuate some three hundred of his wounded, leaving approximately one hundred and fifty killed or missing on the battle field. The British suffered the staggering toll of some thousand men and about seventy of their most able field officers. Thus in a matter of minutes was fought one of the most deadly battles of all times.

The British had taken Breed's Hill and BUNKER HILL behind it, but at a price they could ill afford. Their casualties were so great they could never sally forth from Boston again. And as for quenching once and for all the spirit of independence, BUNKER HILL fanned the first spark of liberty into a torch that has never flickered. For the first time the world was shown that Yankee ingenuity and keenness of eye looking down the barrel of a sporting rifle could master any attempt of suppression forever.

The men and boys, the fathers and sons, who fought at BUNKER HILL, bled and died for principles they believed their right. Without their sacrifice the principles which are taken for granted as the American way of life would never have been established. The name BUNKER HILL means to us freedom from oppression, "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people," above all the right to think, act, and do with our lives as we see fit. In short - The American Way of Life.

It is still difficult for many Americans to realize that today the people of this country face just such a fight as their forefathers faced at BUNKER HILL. American freedom now means world freedom. It is very much the business of this country to drive the savage, ruthlessly sadistic enemy from this world forever. It is going to take everything -- the finest men, the greatest ships, the fastest planes, the best aimed and hardest hitting guns -- to do the job that must be done. This time there will be plenty of powder and shot, more squirrel rifles, and more and tougher belt buckles on which to draw a bead.

The U. S. S. BUNKER HILL is the first United States warship to be honored with this name. Built in the very shadows of the beginning of American history, she represents everything America loves and has come to regard as unquestionable right. Privileged to inherit a fighting name, this mighty warrior of the seas is charged with a grave responsibility.

God grant that she uphold her glorious heritage and be as proud of her crew as her crew is of her.

STRICTLY PERSONAL
(continued from page 3)

fielded one of the nation's finest teams since the Navy took over the mid-western university for a part of its training program, gathering a galaxy of brilliant stars from college and professional teams.

"I don't think I'll change Leahy's system," the former Hopkins, Haverford and BUNKER HILL luminary stated before he left the ship. "He did pretty well with it at Notre Dame, and there's no use trying to interfere with a young man's initiative."

The Pre-Flight faculty and students will take to Pappy as his countless friends have been doing for so many years already. He'd be a welcome addition to any staff, and where friendliness and sympathy mean so much, a better addition could not be found.

Sic: "Hey, cook, this steak is burnt black."

Cook: "Yes, a mark of respect. The chief steward's mate died this morning."



Sailor: "I always buy a pint of good whiskey whenever I catch a cold, and in a few minutes it's always gone."

She: "The cold, eh?"

Sailor: "No; the whiskey!"

Sailor: "Shay, buddie, call me a cab, will yuh?"

Officer: "I'm not a doorman. I'm a Air Corps officer."

Sailor: "Call me a plane. Gotta get home."

MY DOG TAG AND ME

As I lay down to sleep last night

I hear my dog tag say:

"Don't worry, I'm your friend, my lad,

I'm with you night and day,

And if death should ever part us,

For I'll prove that I am faithful

By going home for you."

Now it's true my dog tag's faithful,

And goes where'er I roam;

But I sure will do my damndest

To beat my dog tag home.

Sailor: "Pardon me, offisher, but where am I?"

Policeman: "You're on Broadway, 42nd Street."

Sailor: "Cut out the details. What town am I in?"

1st Marine: "What made you volunteer?"

2nd Marine: "Oh, I had no wife, and I love a good scrap. Why did you do it?"

1st Marine: "I have a wife and I'm looking for peace."

Guys We Can Do Without

THE JERK WHO SELFISHLY HOARDS
LIBRARY BOOKS

Male Call

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



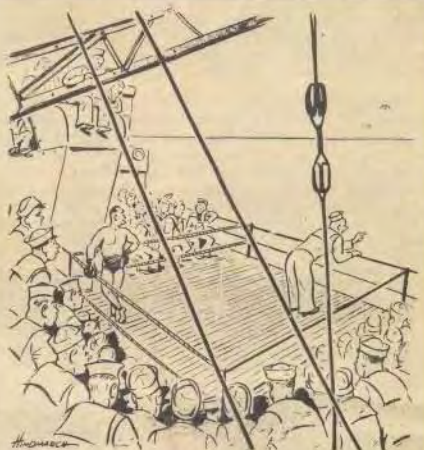
Scents-ible Approach

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Alfred, you are to round up all the Japanese, Manchukwans and Siamese, but don't take any Chinese, Javanese, Burmese or Malays."



"...Eight...nine...ten...MAN OVERBOARD!"



HALF-HITCH



"Does 'immediately' have one 'm' or two?"