



The Monument



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U. S. S. BUNKER HILL

SEPTEMBER 2, 1944

YOURS ASSURED WITH INSURANCE

Navy Regs

If you plan on joining the ranks of the married, on your next leave, the following may be helpful:

While a lawyer in Edinburgh, Scotland, was engaged in cleaning out an old deed box recently, he came across a quaint document, a chart for married life, the author of which had evidently been a sailor. In seven clauses, there are set forth the duties of wife to husband, and those of husband to wife.

Having also read to her the Articles of War, I explained to her the conditions under which we were to sail in company on life's voyage, namely—

- (1) She is to obey signals without questions when received.
- (2) She is to steer by my reckoning.
- (3) She is to stand by me as a true consort in foul weather, battle, or shipwreck.
- (4) She is to run under my guns if assailed by picaroons, privateers or garda costas.
- (5) Me to keep her in due repair, and see that she has her allowance of coats of paint, streamers, and buntings as befits a saucy pleasure boat.
- (6) Me not to take other craft in tow, and if any be now attached, to cut their hawsers.
- (7) Me to revictual her day by day.

Bunker Hill Catches Fish!

To H. E. Bevans, AM2c, of the Aviation Metal Shop, goes top honors for the year's largest fish catch on hooking a four-foot, 45 pound sand shark which put up a fighting battle before being quietly, but cautiously hauled in by Bevans, and three nearby supporters.

Later displayed in the Aviation Metal Shop, the catch attracted a large number of spectators who marveled at the ferocity of the savage sand shark.



N. S. I. Available To All

The instructive notes on your National Service Life Insurance being carried in "The Plan of the Day" are worthy of the closest attention of all hands. They are intended solely for your benefit, with a view to enlightening personnel on the many options included in the coverage, together with the various permanent forms to which the policy may be converted.

Whether a man carries a whole or a part of the maximum (\$10,000) allowed is his own personal concern, but if he is not availing himself of the coverage because he has not been made aware of the facts, that is the concern of the Navy, the ship and the ship's insurance officer, Lt. Haviland.

Nowhere in the world can a man obtain such excellent coverage at such low rates - and there's no war clause inserted or limitations imposed because of hazardous occupation. The educational program on insurance and these features in particular, has been very thorough, beginning from an individual's enlistment and carried on from time to time through well-circulated bulletins. Every man should have a basic knowledge of the insurance as a result, but there are a great many who are not aware of the permanent features that are available. That is what Lt. Haviland is endeavoring to make clear, and THE MONUMENT will cooperate 100% by answering any questions submitted.

The basic coverage provided is term insurance, providing protection to the beneficiary for five years. During this period, and after one year, the policy holder may convert to an Ordinary Life, 20 Pay Life or 30 Pay Life contract. In an Ordinary Life contract the premiums are paid throughout the lifetime of the individual; for 20 years in the second form and 30 years on the third. Rates vary according to the age of the insured and the type of contract selected, but each form develops a cash value which materially reduces the net cost of the insurance over a period of years.

Your present policy is pure protection - protection for your beneficiary to the face amount of the policy in the event of your death. For most of us, it is the best and cheapest coverage for our present situation. With an eye to the future, however, it is well to investigate the permanent forms, and plan to convert to one of them before the existing five year period has expired.

There is hardly an individual without a real need for good life insurance. Yet, a surprisingly large number can't buy it, either for a physical disability or because their occupation is too hazardous for any company to insure with any degree of underwriting safety. Under the National Service coverage, however, no matter how bad your health, how serious a disability, or the fact that you face death seven times a day in your occupation--they still have to insure you for the full amount desired up to the maximum--and without any physical examination, or investigation of your past, present or future, if you hold a term policy.

After the war, for physical reasons alone, many of us will not be able to buy ANY life insurance. \$10,000 may be

(continued on page 7)



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

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Paris Freed

Paris, the city of light and culture, learning and fashion, was during the past fortnight, the scene of a fierce struggle by her patriots to eject the hated German conqueror. The news of its approaching celebration was received with spontaneous rejoicing throughout the western world. In London, Buenos Aires, Moscow, New York, and Rio, it was heralded as the rapid decline of the "Hitlerian New Order" and the reawakening of a city that in its complex pattern of society and culture reflects the essence of western civilization. Who has ever visited Paris with her broad boulevards where so many of the fashionable shops are located or the quaint narrow cobblestone streets where the small shopkeeper ekes out a living, with her majestic monuments to the glories of France from Charlemagne to Foch or the plain burning flame that marks the tomb of the unknown soldier, with her towering Gothic cathedrals like Notre Dame or the quiet simple beauty of the chapel of Louis XIII, with her large open air cafes on the Champ D'Elysees and Bois De Boulogne patronized by the rich and the prominent or the dirty unkempt bars of the Montparnasse frequented by the students and the bohemians, who has ever visited this city with her great art galleries like the Louvre or the small displays of the unknown artist, who doesn't feel that within her gates are found the apotheosis of virtue and vice, richness and poverty, fame and obscurity, ignorance and learning?

The city of Voltaire, Montaigne, Victor Hugo and Anatole France; the city that inspired Degas, David, Mouet, Renoir and Cezanne; the city that gave rise to Robespierre, Danton, Napoleon, Gambetta, and Foch has witnessed much bloodshed and felt the iron heel of the foreign conqueror many times in the past 150 years.

The storming of the Bastille in July, 1789, unleashed a terrific flood of vengeance against the French aristocracy. For six years, Paris and all of France was subjected to an uncontrollable bloodpath; Innocent and guilty were murdered alike. Out of the chaos of this reign of terror, a figure emerged who not only restored order but who, during the ensuing twenty years, wrote the most glorious pages of French history. Napoleon, like Hitler, dissipated his victories and his army on the frozen steps of Russia. Following his defeat at the Battle of Leipzig, 1813, the coalition powers headed by England, Austria, Prussia and Russia occupied Paris and banished Napoleon to the Island of Elba. After restoring the Bourbons to the throne of France, they withdrew feeling that the banishment of the Emperor had put an end to French aggression in Europe. With the help of a few loyal friends, Napoleon engineered his escape and landed on the Southern Coast of France. From there he marched on Paris, gathering followers as he went. Louis XVIII and his court fled Paris and Napoleon was joyously

received as the returning Emperor. He set about immediately to raise and equip another army. The army that he had led into Belgium to destroy the English under Wellington was a motley collection of what was left of French manpower after twenty years of incessant warfare on the continent. The coalition powers followed up Waterloo by once again occupying Paris. This time they banished Napoleon to St. Helena in the South Atlantic and left a contingent of foreign troops to establish the authority of the Bourbon king.

For the next fifty-five years, Paris was free from foreign domination. In 1832 and again in 1848 the streets of Paris ran with the blood of revolutions. Then, in 1870, Napoleon III, who had come into power as the result of the revolution of 1848, permitted himself to be lured into a war with Prussia. The French army was defeated at Sedan and the Prussians under von Moltke drove on Paris. For nine months the citizens of Paris withstood the siege until forced by starvation to capitulate. The resistance of the Commune of Paris during those dark days is one of the epic struggles of French history. The Treaty of Frankfurt that ensued stripped France of Alsace and Lorraine and planted the germs of a revenge that was not required until the Treaty of Versailles.

During the First World War the citizens of Paris once again heard the thunder of enemy guns. The Germans were stopped at the first battle of the Marne, some seventy miles from the gates of the city. The years that followed this war were years of decline. France torn by political strife had grown indifferent to the menace that challenged her from the Rhine. The Battle of France revealed the pitiful weakness of the French army and the frightful misguidance of her political leaders. In six weeks France had been knocked out of the war and Hitler's troops had triumphantly entered Paris.

What the future holds for France only time will tell, she has a leader; perhaps, a great leader in Charles De Gaulle. But whether or not France is able to resurrect herself to a position of eminence with the other great powers, Paris, which has survived one hundred and fifty years of turbulent history, will continue to burn the torch of culture and learning.

Scuttlebutt

Everywhere you go, there's a word for it. Back home, over the back fence or on Main Street, it's called gossip. In the public press, it's called rumor. For gossip and rumor, the Navy has its own word—scuttlebutt.

Discussing the latest scuttlebutt is such a popular past time in the Navy that no person who loves the Navy would be so bold as to object to that pastime. After all, it is only human to want to "shoot the breeze."

However, when you hear scuttlebutt, the best and the safest policy is not to believe everything you hear. A reasonably curious and skeptical attitude would be better. Weigh carefully everything you hear, especially when it relates to the Navy, to your role in the Navy, to the progress of the war.

If you can't find the answer to what you want to know, ask questions of your superiors or shipmates who are in a position to know the actual facts or where to look for them.

Wherever available, read the official news and views of the Navy. Read the rules and regulations that come from official sources. The Information Bulletin undertakes to furnish you information in an easily readable, understandable form. Other publications also are available for naval personnel.

Where there is no answer immediately available, just bear in mind that the Navy always is considering and re-considering many of the problems and subjects that are such a great source for scuttlebutt. As new rules, regulations and policies are formulated, they are announced by the Navy and published for the benefit of naval personnel.

Strictly PERSONAL



Commander Kenneth F. Musick, the blonde, keg-chested skipper of the Torpedo Squadron, has most people believing that he yearns for "40 acres and some mules," but if he thought he could have them he'd probably refuse the offer.

As are so many men fighting this war, he's less a professional warrior than an American citizen--and one that takes his responsibilities seriously. He went to the Naval Academy "because I wanted to fly, and because I wanted a good education," and he flies and fights now because it's his duty as a public servant.

"As a Naval officer, I'm a public servant just as much as my congressman or the county treasurer," he theorizes. "I've got a job to do for which I was trained and I'll remain a public servant just so long as I feel that I am accomplishing something worthwhile."

The well-built, stocky Torpedo skipper would feel that he's done "something worthwhile," for he has measured up to every standard of achievement used in gauging a man's caliber of leadership. His men swear by him, respect him, and are guided by him. They have been ever since the day he took over the outfit at Chincoteague, more than a year ago, and impressed them with his sincerity of purpose and thorough knowledge of his business--aviation.

And his past throws a great deal of light on his aeronautical acumen. He dates his interest in aviation from the day when he was a mere tot and heard, more than saw, his first airplane. It was an Army plane, high in the blue skies over Kingfisher, Okla. He immediately trotted to an older brother and insisted that he wanted a plane--so his brother whittled out a model with a propeller that would spin.

While still in grade school, he read all he could about aviation although most of it, he admits, was of the pulp-heroes style that made every flier an ace. He then graduated to more technical readings that eventually found his possessor of the "Heath Parasol," a knock-down, build-it-yourself kit complete with everything except an engine. It took his brother, a friend who had gone to Parks Air College, and him a year or more to finally equip the "Parasol" so it would fly. Fledgling Musick had taken flying lessons during his last year in high school but his time was logged in minutes the day he "test-hopped" the "Parasol" and crashed it from 200 feet! But over a period of time, he did master the machine, flying off the pasture of a friend.

His home life was the full life of a family of four boys and two girls; they lived at the edge of town where there was a big garden to keep cleared of weeds, chickens to feed and cattle and hogs to butcher. His father was a pioneer of the territory, having driven wagon-trains out of Dodge City in earlier days and even raced for his parcel of land when Cherokee Strip was opened for homesteading in 1899.

A four-year high school honor student, young Musick had decided he wanted to go to the Naval Academy largely because he could become a flier. He went to Marion (Ala.) Military Institute to prep for the exams and entered the Academy in 1931. His record was a little better than average and although he went out for football, the extra effort required to maintain his grades in the first two years kept him from going any further than the plebe class team. In his last two years, he devoted most of his athletic attention to gymnastics although as a senior, he again tried football and was put out with a wrenched knee.

His bright, new ensign's stripes first felt the sea's salt air when he reported aboard the *Saratoga*, where he went through the usual 18 months in gunnery and six months each in engineering and communications. In 1938 he went to Pensacola for the long-coveted flight training, leaving there in March, 1939, to fly SOC's off the Milwaukee. In June, 1940, he was transferred to the Special Service Squadron on the *Charleston* which became flagship for the Commander, Alaskan Sector, with flying assignments devoted to photography and survey missions. He left the *Charleston* in January, 1942 to become an instructor in VO-V63 at the Jacksonville NAS, which he left in April, 1943, for Operational Training prior to taking over his present squadron leadership.

Commander Musick married in September, 1938, after courting dark-haired Mary Cherry Phelps while at Pensacola. He had met her when they were high school students, but at that time was too shy to more than nod a greeting when he saw her. However, when he returned to the States for flight training, she was living with her parents at Montgomery, Ala., and the Skipper took advantage of long weekends to journey up there and ply his suit. They have two daughters, Maria Meredith, who is five, and 21-month-old Carol Norris.

The Skipper's philosophy of living and fighting is sincere and deep. In that respect, his oft-uttered hope of getting back to "40 acres and some mules" expresses his hope for a return to a simpler, Christian world, for the war has brought to him "the greatest experience of my life -- the discovery of an honest faith in the Lord."

"It's happened to a lot of men out here," he says, "and it's unfortunate that it takes the cataclysm of war to bring it about. But on the day of my greatest experience in aviation, for instance, it brought me comfort and a calm spirit that even the guns of the *Jap fleet* could not disturb.

Not given to heroics or bravado, Commander Musick's ability and leadership are keenly felt and it was from the lips of one of his men--a man who failed to return from a mission--that a perfect tribute to a squadron leader was paid.

"He's not the best flier in the world, but he's good--and he's got guts. He'll never ask us to do anything that he wouldn't do himself. He's all man."

Among Those PRESENT



Not many exponents of dance music today can remember just where and when the Age of Jazz got its start, and fewer people still have in recent years thought of Gilda Gray, Bix Beiderbecke, Fanchon and Marco routines, the Dixieland Band, Paul Whiteman's clubbing circle of New York or Gay Foster's early shows in the day when Ziegfeld was just a beginner. The thin distinction of "after beats" originally turned otherwise purely sentimental melodies into jazz, and then came the foot-pedal cymbal, merry-mad dancers who were vigorous precursors of jive hounds, and such people as Gill-Thall who forsook the concert piano to follow the allure of jazz.

These people and these musical changes at best will arouse the memory of most people who were dancers of the 1920's; they'll remember references to the Rendezvous where Gilda Gray and her New York show wowed them night after night; they'll remember having seen or having heard of Fanchon and Marco, the brother and sister Russian Jews who brought shows out of Tai's Cafe in San Francisco to New York and Chicago; and Paul Whiteman's name will be very familiar. But few, if any, can claim the distinction of having played in each of these showman's hallows.

George H. Meredith, a musician second class aboard the BUNKER HILL, worked with jazz from the very start, and since the Jazz World was centered around New York and for a time a very small part of New York, he worked with virtually every one of the names that later became associated with the hot music's infancy, growth and maturity. He began with King of Jazz in 1919 while a student at Ohio State, and in one form or another he kept in contact with the higher proponents of this music until the late 30's, when he decided that men over thirty and jazz weren't the most compatible of profession and master. His decision followed a series of cruises on Red Star Liners, where on

runs from New York to French ports he and five other musicians comprised the jazz band of a fashionable steamship salon.

There was a discussion that night--the last night he spent with the Red Star Lines--out on the fantail of the steamer, about three o'clock in the morning. The band had spent three extra hours of mad duty playing for the passengers who would disembark in New York the next day. Among the musicians was Bix Beiderbecke, band leader and trumpet soloist who until this day is often referred to as a horn blower without equal; there was Charley Barnett, who took over the remnants of the Red Star band and began his own orchestra; and there was George Meredith, who had been their ace drummer. Older members of the group had about decided that the Age of Jazz was no place for musicians passing well into their thirties; it was a tough game and one sooner or later loses the feel of his selling spirit. The grimmer side of this council was mellowed considerably by the effects of too many drinks, but a couple of the musicians decided to try another field of New York entertainment. Meredith was one of those who decided to try his hand at concerts. He turned his back on the clubbing circuit of New York, one night stands from East Side to West Side uptown and downtown; he left behind twenty years of color, sudden wealth, privation, midnights, bright lights, smoky atmospheres and days without sunshine, all of which are well-known to the jazz musician. The myriad patterns of concert had many vehicles: band concerts in Central Park, Irish celebrations in most any part of town, carnivals in Little Italy, Polish weddings and German picnics--Meredith came to know them all at one time or another. In the future he intends to do more concert work, which, in no small way, will be like the beginning of his musical career.

In the beginning George Meredith's restless ear for music found appeasement in strange places. As a mere kid early in the early 1900's, he and his brother, Burgess, came with their mother to New York. She was returning to the stage, which she had been avidly interested in as the daughter of a Mid-Western minister in a time when the stage commanded little respect from the so-called "righteous" class of people. Both he and Burgess had been born near Cleveland, and from the earliest of their recollections their mother had drilled them along lines of stage poise. In New York, while playing hide and go seek in the deserted aisles and the backstage catacombs of the old Fourteenth Theatre and the Old Opera House downtown, George found more time for tampering with instruments he found in the orchestra pit than his brother did; Burgess was more interested in the actors and actresses. More than once George watched his kid brother mount the stage and swell his boy soprano into the very eaves of the house; or he saw him practice walking on the stage, while an old stagehand would show him how he must learn to let his hands hang naturally at his sides. But George didn't find too much time for make-believe acting, as his mother had hoped he would. He was fascinated by the drums, the piano player or the sleepy trombonist.

When the "Meredith kids"--as they were called--reached their middle teens, George was off to find concerts and music recitals, often playing in them himself, while Burgess had taken to the theatre with serious purpose. The young actor got a part in "Peter Pan" and he was a hit; he went upstate and studied acting during summer vacations; he came back to New York and lived in Greenwich Village, where with several other hopefuls he borrowed and rented books of plays...read tons of Village manuscripts...and got occasional parts in shows that got under way at Village theatres. George was just getting settled down to serious work as a musician when the World War came along. Late in 1916 he volunteered his services, believing that America would soon join the Allies...and thinking that somewhere along the way he would get attached to a military band.

Meredith spent the first part of his soldier's life at Fort Bliss, Texas, and in mid-1918 he went to France. He landed at Cherbourg and followed the same route to the 1918 front that General Eisenhower's armies have followed

(continued on page 7)



No. 5 - - Shanghai Jones

It was during the late summer of 1940. France had gone down for the count. Italy had launched the infamous stab in the back. The Battle of Britain was raging in the skies over a defiant London. The Japs were getting bolder and more nasty by the day. Shanghai Jones and I agreed, along with the rest of the ship's company, that the old world was ending in a mess. And it was just at this time that Algernon Flappe, III, seaman second class, reported on board for duty with bag and hammock.

The Sturdy was acting as a sort of station ship at a place in North China called Pehtaiho, a resort center attracting all the Europeans from Peking, Tientsin and Shanghai's International Settlement. In normal times Pehtaiho must have been a mighty fine set-up; good beaches, cool weather, lots of gals and parties. However, at the time we were there, the Japs were in control with both foreigners and Chinese unhappy. But nobody was as unhappy as Algy Flappe.

Algy was a born griper and how he did sing 'em. He'd just come out from the States and was busy being mad because he found the Navy wasn't the picnic he'd expected. He yowled because there wasn't any fresh milk, objected because he had to take an occasional mid-watch, chewed his gums over having to turn to. He was a pint sized, pasty faced, pimply, spoiled brat if I ever saw one. We often wondered how he managed to get in the Navy. Most of the non-rated men disliked him because he was a lazy griper. The P.O.'s let him alone because he never did anything right;---that is all the P.O.'s except Shanghai Jones. Shanghai would have the kid running all sorts of errands;---running 'em wrong too;---yet the bosun's mate never got very tough with Algy. I couldn't feature Shanghai as a nursemaid and was darned surprised that Algy hadn't been brought up with a round turn his second day on board.

"Say, Shanghai," I asked, "What's the story on this drooling infant you've adopted? Getting soft in your old age?"

"Take it easy, Slim," he replied. "I can see that you don't know nothing about applied psychology."

"Psychology, my eye! What that guy needs is a good swift boot in the sternsheets!" was my comeback. I figured Shanghai had been reading books again.

Things went on like this for several days until finally down in the forward mess one day Algy really busted loose.

"I'm gonna get outta here!" he shouted. "You guys are just a bunch of suckers, working all the time, standing watches, getting no liberty, and eating punk chow!"

That was the last straw and a half a dozen sailors started for Algy with homicidal intent. You see, he was just enough right in what he said to really make us sore. We were working hard, the ship being undermanned until a new draft arrived. That also meant more watches. Liberty had been cut down but only because of the ticklish international situation. The Old Man didn't want too many men off the ship with the lid about to blow off. As for the chow, there'd been no chance to provision ship for over a month, so we were eating a lot of Vienna sausage and corned beef hash.

I dunno what would have happened to Algy if Shanghai hadn't stepped in then.

"Lay off him, men," he ordered. "Flappe you're going ashore with me this afternoon. Until then batten down that big mouth of yours."

Flappe looked a bit scared at the thought of going ashore with Shanghai, but the bosun's mate meant what he said. I was plenty curious and decided I'd tag along and see the fun.

So that afternoon found us on the beach with Tubby Wilson, Flappe, and me all in the dark as to what gave. We walked right out to the depot and bought tickets on the Manchurian Railway, first class tickets on the Peking, Tientsin, Mukden, Tokyo Express--headed for Tokyo. Very mysterious.

Well, we climbed on board the parlor car of a train that looked just about as good as an American train; standard gage track, steel coaches and all. Shanghai pointed out that the train was probably built in the States but that the Japs were running it as part of the New Order in which trains always run on time.

"Just like in Italy," he grunted.

The passengers in the car looked like a meeting of the Legion of Nations. There was a fat, bulgy eyed, shaven headed character who didn't need the Nazi swastika to let us know what he was. There were a couple of blue gowned serious looking Chinese men who kept looking furtively at a small group of Japanese "businessmen." You probably don't know it but the standard get-up for a Jap "businessman" is an old fashioned frock coat, striped pants, and top hat. They sure looked like something out of the comic strip, sitting there so serious, important, and self-conscious. Out on the platform were three proud looking French soldiers defying anybody to speak to them. In the front of the car was a middleaged down at the heel couple, apparently White Russians. Directly across from us were three decent looking but distant Englishwomen. A Jap officer, buck teeth, samurai sword, glasses, bows, boots and hisses strode down the aisle. He motioned one of the Chinese out of the seat and then sat down himself. The Chinese man stood. A group of Italians loud and boisterous got on board. There were no more seats. One of them who fancied he looked like Mussolini came over and stuck out his chin at Shanghai Jones.

"Mi dia la sedia per la contessa," he said;--at least that's what it sounded to me.

"Please speak English," replied Shanghai.

The fellow looked angry and stuck out his chin some more.

"You will give me your seat for the countess," he ordered.

"Now, wait a minute, fella. Where I come from we always give up seats for ladies but not because they've got a lot of handles hooked onto their names. And we don't like to be told what we're going to do either!" With that Shanghai rose gallantly from his seat and gave it;---not to the Italians;---but to a dignified little old Chinese lady who had just got on.

Wow! I thought there was going to be a riot. The Italians looked menacing. The Nazi looked unhappy because his allies were mad. The Japs drew in their breath and chattered excitedly in monkey talk. The Chinese men had just the faintest twinkles in their eyes. Flappe watched but didn't get the significance of the incident.

(continued on page 7)



Sports

Competition Needed

Only teams to remain idle during our last "rest" period were the boxers and weight-lifters. ... Yes, the BUNKER HILL boasts a weight-lifting team too, but thus far no competition has been found for them. ... The scheduled match for the boxing team against the representatives from a cruiser was called off - by the cruiser - because of a scarcity of boats. The boys have been training hard and keen disappointment was evinced when no chance was offered to show their fighting trim. There'll be plenty of opportunity later, however, and the boys will be ready - come what may.

Athletic Officer, Ken Hashagen, has gathered together a sport's library composed of interesting, educational and illustrative tomes on practically all of the popular sports. The books are the result of exhaustive research, picture taking and statistical compilations by the experts, and really carry "the word" on how you too can be an athlete. The bibles are available for all officers and enlisted men during the regular "open shop" hours at the athletic gear locker, merely for the asking and your signature on a custody chit.

Wanted: Volunteer with experience in re-stringing tennis and badminton rackets to put new zing in our present stock. Snappy work for those qualified. Apply to Lt. Hashagen.

While the St. Louis Cardinals have the National League flag safely bagged, and are well on the way to a new record in the league for number of games won during a season, their town rivals in the junior circuit, the Brownies, are just barely holding on to what was once a commanding lead. After a disastrous road trip, in which they dropped eight out of ten, the Brownies are seriously threatened on three fronts - New York, Detroit and Boston. With less than a three game lead at this writing, the Browns are anything but a cinch any more. Though they have the advantage in the schedule which calls for a majority of their remaining games at home, the pressure is definitely on them, as is always the case of a league-leader at this stage of a pennant race. The other three teams are in a virtual tie for second place, with any one of them conceded an excellent chance of slipping through. Of the trio, the Detroit Tigers would seem to have a slight edge, particularly if the Navy permits Dick Wakefield, the \$100,000 prize rookie of a few years ago, to finish the season with them. He was in the aviation cadet program, and with the sharp curtailment in the number of candidates, he was given a temporary release. While awaiting word on appointment to another branch, he has employed himself gainfully in Tiger livery, providing a much needed lift to that club that resulted in a rise from deep second division to second place. Detroit is also favored by the schedule makers, and with Wakefield sparking the attack, aided by a few well-timed pokes by Rudy York, whose bat, until Wakefield's arrival, was decidedly impotent this season, they'll be a hard team to beat in their home lot. New York and Boston have a lot of traveling to do, and the creaking bones of their veterans may not be up to it. The general public will be pulling for the Brownies right through to the wire, of course. It's a golden opportunity for the first American League pennant, and Manager Luke Sewell is one of the most popular figures in the game.

Mess Cook: "So you're complaining of finding sand in your soup!"

Boat: "Yes, there's lots of it."

Mess Cook: "Listen, Mac, did you join the Navy to serve your country or to complain?"

Boat: "To serve my country, fellow, not to eat it."



Sh. Clik. R. W. Davis, NAS, Box 1, Atlanta, Ga.

"Hello Frenchie, Well, it looks as if I am going to become a "Rebel" at last. I am assigned here permanently so far and like it very much. I am the Captain's Writer and have approximately 13 WAVES working for me...I was very lucky and got 30 days leave and had a grand time... Give my best to all the gang and keep adding those flags to the scoreboard. Good luck and smooth sailing."

Robert Hogan, AMM1c, (V-2-G), Home on leave.

"Dear Gang, It certainly feels good to be back in Kentucky and seeing the folks makes everything rosy. Plenty of beer, as usual, and am having a great time. I sure miss the gang and hope to see you all soon. Good luck and smooth sailing."

Lt. Robert Charlton, NAS, Alameda, Calif.

"To Officers and men of the V-3 Division: I am now on my way to the good old State of Ohio and the Hills of Hillsboro. Am stationed at Alameda as an instructor and I like the duty very much. Sure hope to stay here awhile - plenty of everything here in California. Wish I could be with you, but maybe we shall meet again. My best to all of you."

Don A. Dunleavy, AOM2c, Hospital Base 8, Ward 4, Navy 128, c/o F.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

"Dear Gang, I am now at Base 8 Hospital and from the looks of things, I will not see the States for awhile. My arm is starting to heal O.K., but it will be a few months before the bone is finished knitting. I miss all the gang and ship, so when you have time, how about dropping me a line. Good luck."

Frank Slight, AMM1c, (V-2-G), California.

"Dear Gang, I arrived in Seattle with other "Airdales," who were sent to the air station. I spent some time at the Frisco Receiving Station. I got a 30-day leave and will go to Flight Training School September 16. My leave is up September 4 and there's a possibility of getting 10-day delayed orders. The chances are I may get flight school near my home. Best wishes to all my buddies and I will write more when I get a permanent address."

F. W. Rickenbacker, M1c, Fleet Welding School, Destroyer Repair Base, San Diego, Calif.

"Dear Gang, Happiest days I've had in quite some time were the twenty days I spent with my family, playing with the youngest on the lawn...Paying frequent visits to the refrigerator, wishing some of you were here, for there are several spare cold ones left. Give my shipmates on the BUNKER HILL my best regards, and wish them success. P.S. Boy! Oh, Boy! I have four new tires too."



"We had a wonderful time. He had a full three months' pay, and only a one-day pass!"

AMONG THOSE PRESENT

(continued from page 4)

to their present battlefield around the Marne sector. By early November the Americans (Meredith was in the 37th Division) had driven well into Belgium; and when the Armistice was signed, his outfit was poised for another drive to cut off the German army remaining in the low countries area. The day after Armistice the 37th Division paraded in Brussels, and in the afternoon of the same day the American doughboys stood at attention for hours to shake hands with King Albert, who presented his queen to each soldier. "That was about the biggest thrill of my life," Meredith said of Albert's gesture. "Bands playing, men in uniform for blocks along Brussels' thoroughfare, and the best King in the world stopping to shake hands and speak to every soldier."

The next year found Meredith, like many other soldiers, back in school. He enrolled at Ohio State, and he hadn't been there three months before he had joined a band that played nightly at a downtown hotel in Columbus. That turned out to be the Jonah of his formal education. One day a traveling show came to town. Fanchon and Marco and Beautiful Girls. Meredith saw their performance, and Fanchon and Marco heard his band play. Immediately the two groups had ideas that ran congruously: New York, Fame, Music and Beautiful Girls. Marco took the band into his show and christened them "The Frisco Jazz Band," something entirely ethical in the show business by virtue of the fact that one man in the band had at one time visited California. Good-by education and hello Chicago...New York...and the Hammerstein Theatre.

Fanchon and Marco accomplished their purpose in a show named "Sun Kissed," where the thirty most beautiful girls in all America danced, a beautiful Indian maiden did the split in a leap from a waterfall, and the Frisco Jazz Band played themselves dizzy to the mad delight of influential producers. Gay Foster bought part of the show and put it on a paying basis; Flo Ziegfeld took several of the beautiful girls; and Fanchon and Marco went back to the West Coast to pick up another saleable show.

The Frisco Jazz Band for a time was one of the few jazz outfits in New York. One by one the boys strayed to other jobs: why not? They had found New York. Meredith played a few of the hot circuits for a while, then returned to Cleveland and Chicago to join another band.

Early in the 'twenties he returned to New York. For a short time he worked the Rendezvous, where Gilda Gray and her dancers were ravishing New York. Then he joined Paul Whiteman's club group, playing from time to time with various units that worked under the King of Jazz's gigantic program. They did the club circuit of New York, ranging from a special show for Mrs. Astor to hum-drum routines at one of the several older cafes. Among other big events that happened to him, he married a girl from Eddie Cantor's show "Kid Boots."

While George was working the sunset to sunrise strata of Manhattan, Burgess Meredith was making progress in the theatre. He began a career that was to take him into such parts as the title role in Molnar's "Lillian," on to Hollywood and what has since been considered a successful career in that world that centers around Broadway.

George Meredith left Whiteman and returned to the Middle West again. After two years he was back in New York, back with jazz bands. As he put it, his experience in music sometimes left him wondering just which way to turn--whether it would be jazz or concert, New York or London or Paris. Early in the 'thirties he joined Jolly Cornburn, and he was with the famous band leader when they opened and played the first engagement at the Rainbow Roof. This job and others once again turned his habitat into the world of after dark, where one sees only the brightly advertised night clubs and dance halls that glitter with lights...The pace continued through his tour of duty with the Red Star Lines, and his turn to concert. A year before

CHINA SAILOR

(continued from page 5)

Things finally calmed down on the train when we got underway. We steamed along down the track past waving but sick looking fields of Chinese kao-liang--a sort of cereal that looks like corn. One of the Chinese men explained that a plague of locusts was eating up all crops. About every hundred yards we'd pass a Japanese sentry guarding the railroad against the guerrillas. We'd pass little Chinese villages where half starved children with the swollen bellies of the famished ran around in rags and squalor.

At the border of Manchukuo we got off the train and wandered around Shanhaikwan for awhile. The town looked plenty downtrodden, the people listless; more New Order. We couldn't even find a bottle of beer and for Shanghai Jones--that's saying something. We ended up by hiring a donkey apiece and riding up on the Great Wall of China. Some fence. About seventy-five feet wide, sixty feet high, and thousands of years old, it's an awe-inspiring sight winding its way through the hills.

We came back third class on the train headed for Peking. It was largely filled with Chinese plus some Jap soldiery on hand to protect us against "bandits." It was on this ride back that Shanghai made the longest speech of his career.

"Flappe, did you take a good look at those people in the Tokyo Express? None of 'em was happy. The Japs got one of these here inferiority complexes you always read about. Each Jap thinks he's better than the rest of the world but he knows the rest of the world doesn't give a hoot for him. They are unhappy because they don't like being bossed around by the Japs and I don't blame 'em. The French soldiers have just about lost their country and try to cover it up with pride. The White Russians haven't even got any country to lose. No wonder they're unhappy. The Englishwomen are worried, not about England, but about their relatives in England. They figure England will come out all right. And that's just why the Nazi is worried. He's worried because the British won't give up. As for the Italians, they've got to bluster to give themselves a little false sense of self-respect. It's all a matter of face saving. Why, right there in that one train you got the whole international situation.

"But you, Flappe, you miserable little runt," Shanghai continued still in good form, "you've got the nerve to gripe about a little paint chipping. I'll see that you get something to gripe about!"

I guessed then that Shanghai's object had been to shame Flappe, III, into acting like a man-o'-war's man, the old psychology stuff. We never did find out whether the science would have worked or not because the next day found Shanghai back to par as a plenty tough bosun's mate. Shanghai sure could cuss--especially when he was breaking in a boot seaman; but most especially when that boot's name was Algernon Flappe, III.

INSURANCE

(continued from page 1)

only a very small portion of the world's money--but it will keep our families away from the bread-line, give them a definite security, and insure their grateful thanks for the foresight that provided it for them.

Don't be left in the dark on this vital matter. If any explanations are desired, submit your questions to Lt. Havland or THE MONUMENT, and be assured of a prompt and thorough answer.

Joining the Navy in 1942, Meredith married again. He and his wife have a home near Nyack, and he swears that the only thing more beautiful to him than music will be the sight of his home and wife again.

The "Meredith kids" came a long way. Most recent of Burgess' roles is that of husband to Paulette Goddard, whom George has yet to meet.

Male Call

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

Practically A Signal Corpse



BOYOH BOY — MONEY! LOTSA MONEY! LOOKA D' MONEY WASH LACE!

YOU'D BETTER HOLE UP! A BUNCH OF THAT BALK PAV, GENERAL!... PLENTY OF STILKY FINGERS AROUND!



WHY DON'T YOU BUY SOME WIRE BONDS—OR RADIO SOME CASH TO YOUR FOLKS!

WHAT'S DAT RADIO STUFF?



IT'S SIMPLE! YOU BUY A MONEY ORDER HERE—AND IT'S SENT TO YOUR PEOPLE BY RADIO!

I CAN'T DO DAT...



NOW COME?

MY FOLKS AIN'T GOT NO RADIO!

