



The Monument



POL. NO. 33

U. S. S. BUNKER HILL

SEPTEMBER 23, 1944

ARTEMUS L. GATES HONORS OUR SHIP

Inquiring Photographer

Two dollars is offered each week to the writer of the question selected. Turn in your questions at the library. Questions must come from enlisted personnel only.

This week's question:

WHOM DO YOU THINK WILL WIN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE PENNANT AND WHY?

Martin Schlenk, F1c

"The New York Yankees will win the American League pennant. They have an excellent team, plus good cooperation which makes them unbeatable."



Frances J. Vianeau, AM4c

"I pick the New York Yankees to win the American League pennant. Why? Well, because Boston has no pitchers to put up a good fight. The Yankees are known to play hard when the chips are down."



Cpl. Doyle W. Ayers, USMC

"The St. Louis Browns is my pick in this pennant race. Why, I've followed those guys and they're like the Allies. They won't stop till the pennant flag is theirs for keeps."



G. Jansto, Coxswain

"My choice? The men from Detroit, of course. They'll win the pennant because they have what it takes to come from behind. Their record will prove that."



T. J. Paradis, S1c

"My selection? Well, I pick Detroit as the pennant winners of the American League. Those Tigers are on a rampage and won't stop at nothing till the pennant is safe in their hands. They're hard fighters and will win."



Pleased By Operating Efficiency

"The best I've ever seen, and I don't believe I'll ever see any better."

Thus did the Honorable Artemus L. Gates, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air refer to the BUNKER HILL and her men in a few closing remarks over the public address system shortly before he disembarked for his return trip to the States.

Mr. Gates was unstinting in his praise of the smooth operating efficiency, and of the men who made it possible, with a special mention of the Air Group for the outstanding work accomplished by them against the enemy. "I am very glad to have had this opportunity," he said, "and it's been a real treat for me to have been aboard. I just wish some of the people back home could have had the same opportunity. It would make them realize even more fully what a really good job you are doing."

Coming from such an authority as Mr. Gates, the ship has every right to feel gratefully honored by this singular accolade. Not as the commendation limited to the few words in his talk, for all during his stay aboard he impressed himself continually, as groups and individuals, of the regard he held for the ship.

Being the Number One civilian in Naval aviation, Mr. Gates knows whereof he speaks. He brought a distinguished background of flying and business to his present post - which he assumed as a patriotic duty in September, 1941, after resigning from the presidency of the New York Trust Company to make this possible. Since then he has driven himself without respite towards the best interests of the Naval air arm, aiding in its growth from the comparatively small unit to the mighty power which it is today. He has traveled over much of the globe, trouble shooting as it were, seeking out the multitudinous problems and taking immediate steps to rectify them. His searching, interested inquisitiveness was reminiscent of the late Mr. Raymond Clapper, and as he mingled with officer and enlisted man alike, always seeking information on even seemingly insignificant points, it was easy to see that little was escaping his attention.

Mr. Gates, a native of Iowa, prepped at Hotchkiss before matriculating at Yale, where he became one of Old Eli's outstanding tackles, and captain of the football team. He left school in the spring of 1917, before America entered World War I, to enlist in the Naval Reserve, where he was accepted for flight training and became one of our first Reserve aviators. At present he has the distinction of being Naval Reserve Aviator Number One, and is Naval Aviator Number 65, leaving little question of his pioneering background in Naval aviation. He was first commissioned ensign in the Naval Reserve, and rose to Lieutenant Commander before being placed on the retired list in 1919.

After serving at various air stations in this country he was sent overseas, and his active participation in the conflict is evidenced by the honors conferred upon him not only by our own country, but by our foreign allies with whom he

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

Lt. R. E. Delaney (Chaplain)
Lt. E. L. Moriarty Lt. B. H. Ridder
Lt. W. C. Mitchell W. J. Elsner, PhM1c
Lt. E. F. Brisnie M. Sandrof, Y2c
A. C. Matro, RdM3c

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Know The Facts

People who accept unreliable information instead of insisting on facts in the original package, are like the smart young man who was hiking across the country. On a country road in southern Indiana, he met up with a farmer driving a wagon. Without further introduction or bothering to ask permission, he hopped upon the wagon and remarked:

"Sias, I am going to ride with you to Louisville."

The farmer merely grinned at the impertinent youth and made no reply. After riding in silence for about ten miles without coming in sight of the city, the young fellow became uneasy.

"I say, rube, how much farther is it to Louisville?"

The farmer answered: "Well, if you keep on in the direction we're going, it's about 25,000 miles—get up, Pete!—but if you get out and walk in the opposite direction, it's about 16 miles."

You may have observed that people who think they "know it all" have a hard time getting the facts. Folks, who have them, and who know where they are and where they're going, like the old farmer, derive a bit of sly fun out of watching the "smart alecks" wobble back.

Laugh and Live Longer

If laughter could be ordered at the corner drugstore, any doctor would prescribe many laughs every day. A dose of laughter is a combination of stimuli like that of vitamin tablets plus the relaxation of bromides. Laughter is exercise for the diaphragm, which is neglected in most exercises except deep breathing.

If you could X-ray yourself when you laugh, you would see astonishing results. Your diaphragm goes down, down and your lungs expand. You are taking in more oxygen than usual and that oxygen passes into the blood exposed in your lungs. As you laugh, the rate of exposure to oxygen is doubled or tripled. A surge of power runs from head to toes.

"Few people realize that health actually varies according to the amount of laughter," says Dr. James J. Walsh of Fordham University. "So does recovery. People who laugh actually live longer than those who do not laugh. Possibly the supreme physician of this day is Mickey Mouse."

Naval News

SecNav Forrestal has announced our subs are sinking five times as many ships now as they did at the beginning of the war. Our own shipbuilding program has reached a peak record of 400,000 tons for a single month. In one 30-day period were launched a new battleship of the Iowa class, a new carrier of the Essex class and a new cruiser of the 10,000-ton Cleveland class.

Age of the average enlisted man in the Navy is 23.5 years old according to the Office of War Information. In the Army it's 25.78 years. Marines take the same average as the Navy. Of those in the service, 71% of the Navy, 77% of the Marines and 60% of the Army are under 26.

Less than 40% of discharged veterans want their old jobs back judging from a survey by the War Department. Even more amazing is the statement from the same source that many returning do not even want to return to their old home town.

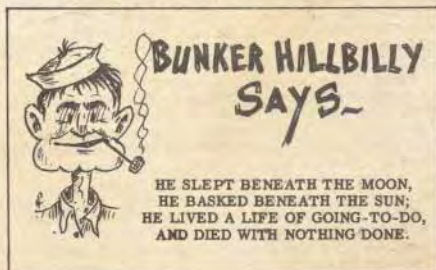
Pharmacist Mates now learn to act as obstetricians in addition to their other duties. A 23-year old PhM recently served as midwife to an Italian woman who gave birth to a baby aboard a naval vessel evacuating refugees from Italy. Delivery was successful.

The most powerful aircraft engine in the world has been developed by the Allison Division of General Motors. The new super machine is designed to develop a 3,000-horsepower output using 24 liquid cooled cylinders. It would have twice the piston displacement of the present P-38 Lightning.

The initial clothing allowance of the Navy has been increased, in keeping with the higher cost of merchandise. Formerly at \$138.85, the new allotment gives the enlisted man \$145.50. Clothing maintenance allowances start on the 2nd year of service, and are at the rate of \$9 per quarter. CPO's, cooks and stewards now receive an initial allowance of \$300.

Prospective V-12 students will take a cut of 25% starting November 1st. Those already enrolled will not be affected by the new order. The curtailment is based upon revised estimates of the Navy's future need for officers.

GI's are now using more V-mail than ever before according to Washington post office officials. Since last Dec. they have caught up with civilian use and it's now about 50-50. ...The Navy is not the only service which runs our ships. Army operation of some 4,000 vessels, most no larger than tugs and launches, is an important factor in conducting the war. ...There are more torpedoes produced in one month during this war than was turned out during the entire first World War. ...A superb understatement by Radio Tokyo after the B-29 bombing at Yawata, "We should not think that we have been passively attacked, but that we have actively pulled the enemy towards us. ...No wonder that the cotton shortage is so acute in the States. Orders were recently placed by the Navy's BuS&A for 52 million handkerchiefs, 30 million skivvie drawers, 23 million undershirts and 30 million pair of black cotton socks.



Strictly * * PERSONAL



Through grammar, high school and college, Commander Paul Philip Barrick, USNR, envisioned for himself a teaching career that could be pursued over the springy turf of a football field as well as in a classroom. Towards this end he majored in mathematics while attending Eastern Illinois State Teacher's College, and minored in physical education, all while playing a major role on the school's football, basketball and track teams.

With his degree safely tucked away after graduation from college in 1934, his object seemed well in sight, what with the many promising offers to teaching and coaching posts that naturally fell to a man of his capabilities. Then all of a sudden, like a bolt from the blue, he decided to chuck it all. Why? Because he wanted to fly, and he decided there was no time like the present to see what could be done about it. This is his only explanation as to how he came to enter Naval Aviation.

If the Navy is particularly choosy in selecting its pilots, it was even more so in those pre-war days, when an applicant practically had to combine the physical qualifications of a 4-H-Club winner, the mentality of an Einstein and an established equilibrium of action and temperament that would see him through the long and difficult training program. In addition, of course, the pre-acceptance interviews scored up his potential qualities of leadership, and determined whether he could be led himself during the rigorous trial period.

Young "Pete" Barrick seemed to fill the bill in all departments, and so, with 47 other would-be fledglings from all over the country, he was accepted for the last Reserve Student Officer's class to be held at Pensacola--the last class whose graduates would come out with a commission before the new cadet program was put into effect. The 48 of them arrived fresh and eager at Pensacola, but as the facilities at that stage would accommodate only half that number, 24 of them were returned to their homes to await further orders and another class, but one which would not lead to a commission until four years after the original enlistment period. Commander Barrick was one of these, but he hadn't been home long before other orders arrived which returned

him to Pensacola, and this time he didn't leave until 1936, when he sported Navy wings of gold on his cadet uniforms. His commission of Ensign came in 1939, after completing the then required four years of cadet training.

The stately old Lexington was his first assignment, where he remained for one year as a member of her bombing squadron before being ordered to the Ranger and another VB squadron for another year. A very delightful year it was too, and included a cruise to Peru which enabled all hands, despite the rainy weather, to further Latin-American relations in a very enjoyable manner, as well as to afford an opportunity for Ranger's squadrons to edify the citizens with sparkling displays of their birdmanship.

After this tour aboard the Ranger, Commander Barrick was sent back to his native state, but to Glenview in suburban Chicago rather than the place of his birth at Danville, but at least the obstacle of distance to his home offered nothing that a "48" wouldn't cure. Glenview was a mere NRAB at that time, but with ever increasing growing pains that marked its growth from a few picturesque runways in the middle of a rich man's golf course to the huge expanse which it covers today. "Pete" Barrick sort of grew up with the place, remaining there as a primary instructor until 1941, and hundreds of our leading pilots today remember him vividly for his gentle counsel and all around savvy with aircraft which gave them confidence when they needed it most.

A new NRAB was being commissioned in New Orleans, and Commander Barrick was sent there as an A & R Officer and instructor to help get it on its feet. Then followed a tour with VS-1D7, a sub-searching squadron based at Banana River with the prime mission of clearing the Florida coast of the German underwater menace. From there he was sent to the Bureau of Aeronautics, and there assigned to the personnel section where he was placed in charge of all Naval Reserve aviators. His desire to continue on more intimate terms with flying sent him to NAS Clinton, Oklahoma, where he was set up as skipper of the headquarters squadron, and he was flying PVs there when dispatch orders came for him to report to the BUNKER HILL. When he came aboard in April he was designated V-2 Division Officer, and was elevated to Assistant Air Officer when Commander Gil Frauenheim was elevated to the top air department post to succeed the late Commander W. O. Smith. Comdrs. Frauenheim and Barrick have worked as an ideal combination in their present capacities, and have gathered the profound respect of all hands for their steady, calm handling of their highly efficient machine--the air department. With them there is never a clash of ideas or heated, sudden functioning, both, while firm in their decisions and their handling of men, possess a mildness of manner and an accompanying kindness that comes from the heart and never omits complete consideration of every individual's welfare.

While disporting himself as a gay blade in Navy blue around Chicago, during his Glenview attachment, his course was oft due east from the air station, which centered him in the fashionable suburb of Wilmette, and when friends introduced him to a certain Miss Marion Hoffman of that community, his parlor duty began in earnest. He wasted no time in reading his case, and when the eloquence of his plea brought a nodding agreement from Miss Hoffman, a wedding resulted, 1939, over a year before he was detached from Glenview. Just before the commander left the States, he settled his family--which now includes Barbara Ann, who'll be four in October, and one-and-a-half-year old Peter J.--in a new house in Danville, just a short distance from his mother's home, and furnished it complete with everything but telephone. This was quite a problem, despite all his eloquence before he left and his membership in the Elks, Masons and the Danville Marching and Chowder Society, and if he had a single worry on reporting aboard, it was that telephone. That's all cleared up now though. One letter from his mother to Washington, with a prompt reply to the local A. T. & T., proved a clinching convincer.

Comdr. Barrick has received orders to report to a sister

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No. 7 - - The Amoy Cats

The Sturdy was a happy ship, no doubt about it. Perhaps one of the reasons she was happy lay in the fact that the ship's company was able to give or take a joke. To see Chief Watertender Tubby Wilson arguing away with Bosun's Mate Shanghai Jones was an awesome experience for a stranger. Why, they looked like a seagoing version of the Martins and the Coys with belyaping pins and pipe wrenches liable to be flying around any minute. It was all in fun though and I never knew either of them to be really sore at each other.

I remember one time when we were acting as station ship in Amoy, a Chinese coastal city in Fukien Province about a third of the way up between Hong Kong and Shanghai. At the time, Amoy like most Jap occupied cities was in a pretty bad way, -- industry knocked out, people starving, and all that. The International Settlement, an island in the harbor, was about the only safe place to be and that's where we made all our liberties. Liberty didn't amount to an awful lot but we could get a bottle of beer, did stop off in the local cabarets occasionally, and the money exchange was all in our favor, about seventeen mex for a dollar.

On this particular day I'm thinking back on, Shanghai Jones, Tubby Wilson, and I had just finished a fairly uneventful liberty; no fights, no Japs, no excitement. One thing alone was funny and that was that Shanghai had a whole armful of Amoy cats. In fact, he had so many that Tubby and I had to help him carry them. His reason for buying them, or so he said, was that he wanted to send them home for souvenirs. It sounded funny to me because Shanghai's only connection with the States was an infrequent letter from one or another of his old West Coast girl friends telling him she was getting married.

Guess before I go any farther, I'd better explain about these Amoy cats. No, they weren't live cats at all, just imitation, but what imitations! The cats were very carefully handmade of papermache. They were painted every color of the rainbow. For instance, you could get a purple tiger or a pink and green kitten. They came in sizes varying from that of a Newfoundland dog down to that of a Manila mosquito. No matter how big they were tho, they all had the same stance--standing up on all four legs with their tails straight out behind. The odd thing about them was the way their heads and tails were fastened to the bodies. Some very fine spring wire was used, the wire running into a balance in the cat's innards. That was the only connection the heads and tails had. Well, the result was the funniest thing you ever saw. Any slight disturbance of the air and the head and tail would start nodding and wagging. Even in a closed room with no ventilation, there was enough air in motion to keep the head and tail swinging gently up and down, back and forth. You'd go crazy if you looked at one of the darned things for any length of time, the Cheshire grin, the real cat's whiskers, and always that crazy movement. In all China the fame of the Amoy cats had spread and the local people made quite a business of cat manufacture. Trouble was that they were so hard to ship, the heads and tails had to be left free or the delicate balance would be lost. I imagine you could call an Amoy catmaker an artist.

We managed with some effort to navigate the narrow winding Chinese streets down to the dock without losing more than a couple of the cats enroute. It was just after midnight and we didn't have any more boats coming in, so we decided to hire a motor sampan.

"How much for go shipside?" Shanghai asked the boatman.

"Ten mex, can do," was the reply.

"No can do ten mex, give one mex, ding hao?" Shanghai was starting in low on the bidding.

This arguing over price is a regular thing in the Orient and you've got to do it if you want to save face and money. So Tubby and I stood by to watch the bargaining. Finally an agreement was reached.

Shanghai sealed the bargain. "O.K., you take us shipside, three mex, mebbeso give cumshaw. Ship number erpa ersa su."

Just as we were about to shove off, a couple of sailors came running down to the dock shouting for us to hold fast. We stopped and they turned out to be two men from the Rapid, a destroyer which had just dropped the hook overnight to leave the mail before going north. We agreed to share the sampan with them despite the fact that one of them was a character by the name of Oily Watson, a machinist's mate noted for the line he threw.

The boat shoved off with Oily keeping quiet but Shanghai and Tubby Wilson carrying on the age old argument of deck force ability versus engineers' ability. As such things do, words soon became quite personal.

"Stupid snipe!" Shanghai shouted at Tubby.

"Lazy swab!" Tubby answered right back.

"Dirty bilgedditer!" howled Shanghai.

"Whistle blowing baboon!" roared Tubby.

It was wonderful how much those two thought of one another! The compliments must have gone on for about ten minutes before Oily Watson piped up sourly.

"I'm sure glad youse guys been talking like that to each other. Saves me the trouble of tellin' ya what I think of ya both!" Oily muttered the words meanly and smugly.

That was very dumb of Oily because Tubby and Shanghai forgot all about their little difference and both of them at once began to blister Oily with beautiful descriptions of Oily's ancestors, his ship, his mind, his physical appearance, the places he could go, and the things he could do. Oily didn't have a chance, so he got mad.

Unfortunately Oily's anger occurred just when we came alongside the Sturdy. Shanghai was shouting, Tubby was roaring. Oily was grunting. In the middle of the night it sounded like the knockout round at Madison Square Garden. At the same time we were trying to get out of the sampan and up the ladder with the pesky cats. Oily was so mad he

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Al Bouren, QM1c, is now SOPA of the bridge gang of a new shiny rescue tug.

Bert Jockaway, MM2c

"Hello Gang, Upon arriving in the States I received some leave. Most of it was spent at home enjoying my second honeymoon...I've been assigned to a new destroyer, being built at Federal Dry Dock Corp...Wishing luck to all the boys in the Engineering Department that I know, and to those I don't know too."

John J. Joy, MM1c

"Hello, I received leave, after which I was assigned to U.S.S. Shangri La. Tell that "M" Division Russian gentleman, who's under the impression that all the women will be gone by the time he returns to quit worrying, because he's wrong. Give my regards to the black gang."

Gordon Strickney, MM1c.

"I have been assigned to the U. S. S. Bougainville. Although it is somewhat smaller than my old home - I am beginning to like it already...Say hello to the boys in the "M" Division. Wishing you all success in future operations."

Dick Allain, ARM1c, V-12, Rec. Station, San Francisco, Calif.

"Hi, fellas. It sure is swell to be back in the States once more. I start school tomorrow and am celebrating today before settling down to business. I'm trying to see that certain Little Wave, but she's out on liberty just now. Hogan and Harmon did mess cooking on the transport and Holzrecht and I stood watches. Greetings to York and Robbie. Get to see you again someday. Gales of luck and get it over soon. The best to all."

Tony Chuda, QM3c, is a chartman on a transport.

Moore, QM3c, has been assigned to a PT boat.

Sgt. Jack Burhop, V-12, Francis Drake, San Francisco, Calif.

"Dear Fred, I am writing from the hotel and having a whale of a time. When we docked at Frisco we were met by a band and gals. I mean gals-Waves and women Marines. They gave you all the milk you wanted to drink on the dock and when we arrived at the barracks they had 48-hr. passes all made out for us. Soon be going through Texas and will write more later. Plenty of "spirits" back here. Good luck, to all!"

ARTEMUS L. GATES HONORS SHIP
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was fighting. He was awarded the Legion of Merit, the Distinguished Flying Cross (British), the Medal D'Honor (French) and the Croix de Guerre (French) with Palm. While fighting with a French squadron, he was shot down behind the lines and taken prisoner by the Germans. Enroute to prison camp, he escaped from the train by breaking a window and jumping out while the train was passing through a tunnel. He was recaptured a short time later, however, and spent the balance of the war as a prisoner.

He flew out from Washington in a special plane, just to take a cruise with us, and flew directly back from an advanced base after disembarking. He was accompanied on this special mission by Captain Wright, USN, former Executive Officer of the Lexington, who, at present, is serving as aide to Mr. Gates.



For a brief stay of two days the BUNKER HILL last week had aboard two well known war correspondents who were on an assigned mission from their magazines to compile a list of Pacific naval leaders.

From Time Magazine came William P. Grey, outstanding writer whose many on the spot news articles have appeared throughout the course of the war. Life Magazine was represented by J. R. Eyerman, a photographer of well known repute. Eyerman has been in the Pacific area for the past ten months and recently scored a six-page spread picturing Task Force 58 in the Life July 17 issue.

O. D. "Pappy" Simmons, Torpedo Squadron ACEM, has come out with the announcement that he's about to forfeit to the highest bidder his stake of 40 acres of land, one water buffalo and a rickshaw. "Pappy" claims the price is cheap too. Interested bidders act at once.

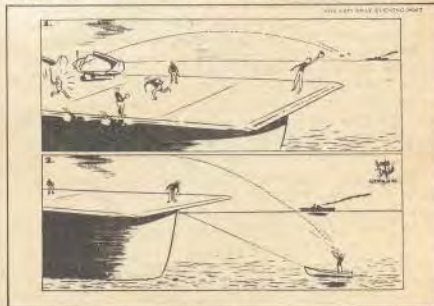
In a recently published MONUMENT article entitled Our Post Office, the name of E. D. Maine, AM3c, was unintentionally omitted from the list of personnel who are regularly on duty as postal mail clerks. Maine, a former ComAirPac mail clerk, has been with the local staff nearly twelve months and is at present in charge of handling all outgoing mail.

Walt Kowaleck, post office mail clerk, recently had the unexpected pleasure of playing escort to Frances Langford and Bob Hope when the two celebrities appeared at a USO performance before an enthusiastic audience of sailors, soldiers, marines while he was ashore on temporary duty as a BUNKER HILL mail clerk. Kowaleck was watching the show from the rear of the audience when an official spied him wearing his guard mail belt and pistol. Mistaking him for the duty watch assigned, officials assigned Kowaleck as escort for the celebrities. From there on he stayed with them till the conclusion of the performance.

Francis R. Philipponi, EM3c, well known throughout the ship as "Stinky" and also one of the "Filthy Five" was recently transferred from the lighting gang to join his girls in Central Station.

Lieut. "Jive" Carter of the Torpedo Squadron and the "Filthy Five" gave out some real "Bogey Woogey" in Ready Two the other evening. Some say the music was so hot that it sent them out of "dis" world for a while.

Afie G. Belden, EM3c, known as the "Flatbush Bomber Shell," claims he can predict different things. He gave H. Lippencott, F1c, one month to crack up. Sure enough, Lipp is crazier than Belden himself.



Our Soda Fountain

A sweet tooth has always been a sailor's weakness, but on the BUNKER HILL, it grows to gigantic size judging by the staggering figure of 687,960 "gedunks" consumed during the past year. And that's a lot of "gedunks" in any man's language!

Breaking that total down means that on the average, every man on the ship would annually consume 265 cups of ice cream. To make up this amount takes the efforts of six soda fountain operators who daily work at the task of putting out 135 gallons of ready-to-serve mixtures. This is in addition to 20 gallons of coca cola dispensed every day which in the past twelve months has run up to as much as 7,280 gallons.

A soda fountain is an important item on every large ship of the Navy. A carrier, being no small vessel, takes high priority in the installation of ice cream making equipment. From the time the keel was laid, there were already plans in the making for the present soda fountain. Although less significant in a military sense, the soda fountain has naturally proven to be one of the most popular spots on the ship. Its popularity is attested by the fact that never has one failed to note the "gedunk stand" being without a long trailing line.

In a crowded space approximately 10 x 25 feet is installed the necessary machinery which is run at full capacity throughout the day in order to satisfy the keen appetite of the crew. Four hardening cabinets which freeze the ice cream into its final solid state; a mixing machine, and two mechanical freezers make up the entire equipment used.

Mixing ice cream today is not like in days of old when the hand churner was brought into play and packed with chips of ice and salt to freeze the mixture. Mechanical equipment is now used extensively and it takes but 30 minutes to mix a 5 gallon quantity of ice cream by this means. However, to be hard enough to serve it must be stored in the hardening cabinet for a period of 12 hours.

From a weekly total of 945 gallons of ice cream, approximately 70 gallons are consumed by the Chiefs' and Wardroom Mess alone. This is in addition to the weekly amount allotted to the Captain and Admiral's Mess. Once a week and also on important holidays it is served with the crew's mess. Soda fountain personnel must work overtime on the latter account to make up sufficient ice cream for the following morning.

Digging further into the deep reservoir of 945 weekly gallons, are the frequent donations of 20 gallons given to destroyers while at sea. Space is at a minimum on such ships and without any available equipment they must rely on the larger vessels for supply.

By a long found standing, chocolate is the best liked flavor of the four different mixtures prepared by the fountain. Second is strawberry followed by pineapple and vanilla. The latter, although the most frequently mixed, least liked due to its distinct powdered taste.

The "Mechanical Cow" which was presented to the ship by the B'nai B'rith Club of Lynn, Mass. shortly after the shakedown cruise, recently died a quick death, when the supply of powdered milk was exhausted. Originally intended to be placed in the galley to furnish the daily ration of milk it was decided to place the "cow" in the soda fountain inasmuch as its capacity was insufficient for producing milk for the crew. The quality of the milk given off by this fancy apparatus is considered far superior to mixing by any other persons. Butter fat is added to the mixture which gives the finished product a richer and sweeter flavor.

At present in charge of all Ship's Service activities is Lt. R. S. Finkbine. M. N. Foley, S1C, of LeMars, Iowa, is Head Soda Fountain Operator with five assistants under him. They are P. R. "Max" Ferraina, S1C, of Winchester,



One day an old mule, wandering about a pasture, was not very careful where he went and fell into a dry well. The farmer boys saw the mule fall in and called to their father who was working in a neighboring field and told him the mule had fallen into the well. The old farmer scratched his head thoughtfully and finally bawled out, "Well, go and get the shovels and bury the old mule and have it over with."

So the boys proceeded to shovel clods down on the mule but the mule did not propose to be buried. So as fast as the clods and dirt came down he just shook them off and trampled on them. He just kept it up until finally enough dirt came down on which he had kept trampling that the old mule just walked out.

Animated movie cartoons are subject to more censorship restrictions than feature pictures because they appeal particularly to children. The many kinds of scenes that are barred, for example, include those in which the characters kiss, express ridicule, depict cruelty, give Bronx cheers or display other bad manners.

The outstanding crime in this country, until about a century ago, was owing money, more than 75,000 debtors being sent to prison annually, irrespective of the amount of their obligation. In one Pennsylvania penitentiary in 1829, nearly 100 men were serving sentences for owing less than a dollar apiece.

The first hotel in history to rent a whole room to one guest was the Tremont House, which opened in Boston in 1829. From New York to Shanghai, the innovation shocked innkeepers who considered it a flagrant waste of good space compared with the age-old universal policy of making several travelers, usually strangers to one another, occupy one room and sleep together in one large bed.

There was an all-round good-for-nothing man who died, and at his funeral the minister delivered a most beautiful address, praising the departed in the most glowing manner, his splendid qualities as a fine type of man, a good husband and kind parent. About this time the widow, who was seated well up in front, spoke to her little daughter by her side, and said, "My dear, go look in the coffin and see if it's your father."

Families along the Italian Riviera consider a balcony such an essential decorative feature of a house that, when unable to afford a real one, often have a painted substitute. To add realism to the painting, the artist sometimes includes the family wash, which is usually hung to dry on the railings.

Mass.; J. J. MacKay, S1C, cashier, of Wakefield, Mass.; Q. D. Halstead, S1C, of Des Moines, Iowa; M. B. Stantlad, S2C, of Beverly, Mass. and S. R. Tafflaw of New York City. For the past year without benefit of any available rates these men have worked continuously at their task and have given a record performance of excellent service to all hands.

It is interesting to note that each man was formerly employed in almost exactly the same type of work as at present. Foley worked with an ice cream manufacturing plant in Iowa for six years, producing some 450,000 gallons per year. Ferraina was employed at Boston's Hotel Manager soda fountain; Tafflaw owned a soda fountain in San Francisco and later worked as a bartender at Longchamps in New York. MacKay and Stantlad were formerly store clerks and cashiers, while Halstead worked as an office boy in an insurance company.

CHINA SAILOR
(continued from page 4)

made a grab for Tubby and Tubby brushed him off just like a fly—into the drink with a huge splash. We fished him out madder than ever, puffing and blowing like an old Alaskan walrus.

We arrived at the top of the ladder and stepped onto the quarterdeck where the gangway watch was staring at us apprehensively and wondering whether he ought to sound the general alarm. Shanghai strode off below with all his cats while Tubby and I stood at the rail to make sure Ollie wasn't going to try any boarding tactics. He didn't but we could hear his screaming imprecations as his boat departed.

Just at that moment the division commander's bell to the quarterdeck rang. Remembering the hour, I headed for cover but not Tubby.

The messenger came back from the commander's cabin and said that the commander wanted to know what all the fuss was about. You see, the cabin was right there under the bridge on the main deck within easy earshot of the ladder.

Tubby explained to the gangway watch, "You tell him that it was the leading bosun's mate coming back from liberty."

Wow! The gangway watch looked uneasy but looking at Tubby made him even more uneasy, so he went on in and unloaded the dynamite in the cabin.

Next morning, just as I'd expected, the Exec sent for Jones and wanted a full explanation of his conduct. I don't know what kind of a tale he gave the Exec, but I do know that he came out hungry for watertender blood! Tubby just laughed until the whole fo'c'stle shook with his rumbles.

Things went along fairly smooth for a couple of weeks while we swung round the hook in Amoy. It was pretty dull and we even got a little enthused over a coming Skipper's inspection but only because Tubby and Shanghai were betting on whose living spaces would look the best, the black gang's or the deck gang's. Those two would argue about anything.

Saturday morning came and the personnel inspection went off O.K. Then came the inspection of deck force living spaces. Man! Those mess rooms and compartment cleaners had done a job. Your mother's kitchen was never cleaner than that. We all agreed that Shanghai was gonna win the bet with his mainsail furled. But Tubby didn't look at all disturbed.

We sort of tagged along a good distance behind the inspecting party to see what engineers' quarters in the after part of the ship looked like. The passageway was spotless. The ladder had been shined until it hurt the eyes to look at it. The Old Man stepped into the compartment and looked pleased. It was going to be close.

It wasn't until he'd been down there a couple of minutes that the Captain happened to look into a ventilation duct. He darned near choked. There, grinning, nodding its head, and wagging its tail was a blue Amoy cat with a sneering grin on its face! But that wasn't all. The Captain opened a gear locker and there was another cat. He looked under a mess table—only to see a cat. They were everywhere, behind benches, on bunks, dangling from the overhead. It was a nightmare of cats. Poor Tubby! What a terrible blow to his pride and his pocketbook.

Shanghai must have been just about two jumps ahead of the inspecting party, leaving a trail of cats behind him.

I think the Skipper and the Exec were more puzzled and amused than angry about the cats. It's too bad they didn't hear Shanghai's explanation addressed to the world in general and chief watertenders in particular:

"It just don't pay to argue with a bosun's mate."

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield.



Lieutenant: "What did I say I'd do to you if I caught you sleeping on watch?"

Seaman: "Why, that's funny, sir, that you should forget it, too. Hanged if I can remember."

The railway line was flooded on account of the heavy rainstorms, and the traveler was obliged to break his journey at a village. He made his way in the pouring rain to an inn, and said to the waiter, "It's like the Deluge!"

"The what?"

"The Deluge. Haven't you read about the Deluge—Noah and the Ark and Mount Ararat?"

"No, sir," replied the waiter. "We have had no papers here for three days."

"Gracie, what's this check stub, one pullover, \$25? I don't want to sound like a cheapskate, but isn't that a lot of money for a pullover?"

"The man on the motorcycle said it was the regular price."

"You got it from a man on a motorcycle?"

"Yes, I went through a red light and he drove up and said, 'Pull over!'"

Few men have the resourcefulness of the suitor who was out in a canoe with his fiancée and her mother.

"If this canoe should upset," said the mother, "which of us would you save?"

To which he responded without a moment's hesitation, "Ah, madame, I should save you and smile with her!"

Wife: "Don't you think Junior puts fire in his poetry?"

Husband: "He ought to put his poetry in the fire."

Marine: "If you'll give me your telephone number I'll call you up sometime."

Pretty Young Thing: "It's in the book."

Marine: "Fine! What's your name?"

Pretty Young Thing: "That's in the book, too."

Pullman Port: "Shall I brush you off, sir?"

Ensign: "Certainly not. I'll descend in the usual way."



STRICTLY PERSONAL
(continued from page 3)

CV, and though his stay aboard has been comparatively brief, his genial personality, cooperative manner, and fine officer-like qualities has already brought him into the highest regard. His departure will be equally regretted.

Male Call

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

Hooked By The Book



YOU DID NOT ASK PERMISSION — THEREFORE YOU WERE ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE! THE ARTICLES OF WAR SPECIFICALLY DESIGNATE THAT AS A COURT MARTIAL OFFENSE!



YOU LOST YOUR PIECE? LOSS OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY IS SPECIFICALLY NOTED IN THE ARTICLES OF WAR AS A COURT MARTIAL OFFENSE!



ALL PUBLIC PROPERTY TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY IS THE PROPERTY OF THE UNITED STATES! THE ARTICLES OF WAR SPECIFICALLY STATE —



I DON'T KNOW HOW MY GAL GOT IT THROUGH — BUT I WON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT!... I'D OFFER THE LOO-TENNT A SWIG — BUT THE ARTICLES OF WAR SPECIFICALLY STATE THAT IT'S A COURT MARTIAL OFFENSE FOR AN OFFICER TO RECEIVE PRESENTS FROM THOSE UNDER HIS COMMAND!

