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The Monument



VOL. 2 NO. 34

U. S. S. BUNKER HILL

SEPTEMBER 30, 1944

ANOTHER THOUSAND FOR BUNKER HILL

Post-War Education

The United States Government is concerned not only with making good fighting men but with making good men. The interest of our government is comprehensive enough to include the whole life of the men in the service, including even a glance into the uncertain future. It seems possible that former college students and high school graduates, now in the service, are interested in the chances to complete their education after the war. Our only advice is, and we would like to shout it from the housetops: "THINK IT OVER." don't fail to give it thoughtful consideration. We believe that this is one thing that Hollywood could rightfully call, wonderful and super-colossal. We welcome further inquiry.

The following condensation of parts of the Bill dealing with post-war education may help to arouse your interest and answer your questions:

"Any person who served in the active military or naval service on or after September 16, 1940 and prior to the termination of the present war, and who shall have been discharged or released under conditions other than dishonorable, and whose education or training was impeded, delayed, interrupted or interfered with, and who either shall have served ninety days or more exclusive of any period he was assigned for a course of education or training under the Army Specialized Training program or the Navy's College Training Program..." such a person falls within the scope of the act.

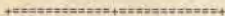
Such persons can choose their own course in any approved college whether in their own state or not.

Eligible persons are assured of one year of education. They may obtain as many additional years of education as they have given to the service, but not to exceed 4 years.

Applicants who entered the service before their twenty-fifth birthday are eligible for these advantages.

Such applicants found eligible for this program will receive \$50.00 a month if they are single and \$75.00 if they have dependents. Out of this they are to take care of their board and lodging. The Government will pay for tuition, books, fees and medical, not however to exceed \$500.00 a year.

Application for admission to college should be made through the applicant's home state Veterans Administration Bureau.



Japs - Suckers for Change of Pace

Southwest Pacific (CNS)—The Jap is "a sucker for a change of pace," according to Lt. Gen. George C. Kenney, who has seen the enemy in action both here and in the South Pacific.

Writing in the magazine "Air Forces," Gen. Kenney said that the Allies have discovered that the enemy is baffled by any new type of attack. "Finally, he figures it out and is ready for it," the general wrote. "But by that time we have it changed."

Fighters Even Score

When Lt. (jg) William E. Lamoreaux, USNR, hit the deck with his Hellcat in the most recent millicent landing, he not only moved the Fighters into a tie with the Bombers in the number of landings made, but assured the present Air Group of at least one more thousandth landing than their predecessors. Since Ensign Ray Ferguson of Fighting 17 notched the first thousandth landing, the Bombers, by virtue of their consistent successions, grabbed a comfortable lead for the honors that wasn't even threatened until Lt. Lamoreaux's feat of recent date. Two torpedo pilots in the present Air Group have also scored, and now they are only two behind in the total recorded.



Bill Lamoreaux, better known as "Lum," or "Lumgut," ever since his cadet days at Corpus, is possessed of that priceless philosophy that no one has more fun than people, and that anyone who says this isn't a great life is crazy. Certainly he possesses not a care in the world, and his infectious disposition has lightened the sky with laughter wherever he has traveled.

Born in Hoquiam, Washington, he moved to Pasadena in 1932, where his father continued his law practice and Bill and his brother, John, now a PFC with the marines on Cape Gloucester tried to interest themselves in the pursuit of higher learning at South Pasadena High School and then at the University of California. Beginning with a pre-med course, he later decided against his future as a doctor and graduated with an A.B. degree in 1942. His five years in college were interrupted by a brief career as a loggerman at a Northern California lumber camp.

At Cal he rowed on the crew for three years, being a member of the last eight to journey to the Poughkeepsie Classic; was a noted Thespien while a member of the select "Skull and Keys" Society; but where he really gained lasting fame was in his invention of the "McGurk," a lusty concoction guaranteed to make men bark like a dog and fall

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No. 8 - - The Moro Gun

Shanghai Jones, the Sturdy's leading bosun's mate was what might be called a collector. He had a fine collection of females. His collection of seagoing cusswords was known throughout the China Station. In port, he was often found collecting more than his share of trouble. But the collection he was really proud to own was the large assortment of knives, spears, clubs and guns which he had picked up here and there on his travels. In fact, we all thought he could easily pick a fight with the ship's armorer and win, weapon for weapon.

Well, there was one particular Oriental firearm which Shanghai didn't have but really had a yen for and that was a Moro gun. The Moros are the picturesque Mohammedan people who live in the Southern Philippines. They dress like something out of the Arabian Nights, average four wives apiece in their harems, fight just for the love of fighting, and kill the infidel unbelievers with righteous joy. However, the American government had let it be noised about that killing was not socially correct and to make sure had taken firearms away from the Moros. Nevertheless, they still had their horribly sharp wavy bladed krissees or swords and they persisted in making guns of their own. The guns were rather crude affairs usually consisting of a piece of pipe for a barrel, a hand carved wooden stock and a slide device to move the barrel back and forth. Funny part of the guns was the lack of a trigger. The Moro loaded the darned thing with the primer showing in back. To set it off, he pulled the barrel back sharply until the cartridge primer hit against a nail head set in a metal cup. Naturally such guns were very accurate, but since most feuding was conducted at arm's length, that made no difference. Trouble was that the guns often blew up sending both attacker and attacked to the Prophet's heaven where they could continue the scrap.

Shanghai wanted one of those guns, and badly. So when we pulled into Zamboanga on patrol, he was all set and anxious for a little shoreside investigation. The guns were illegal and would be hard to get. However, Zamboanga, perched on the southwest tip of Mindanao, had a large Moro population who on occasion employed both krissees and guns to settle arguments. Sometimes they even went amuck or "juramentado," running around insanely until somebody put a couple of rounds of lead in them with a forty-five. You may not know it, but the reason the American Army changed from a thirty-eight pistol to a forty-five was just that while fighting the Moros nothing smaller than a forty-five slug could be depended on to stop these fanatics.

Somehow or other, Tubby Wilson, our chief watertender, managed to get ashore ahead of Shanghai and I. We landed at Zamboanga's municipal pier and started to walk up the palm lined avenue leading to the main part of the town. It was just when we arrived by the post office, not two hundred yards from the waterfront, that we came on an amazing bit of luck.

"You want to buy some very good pearls, joe?" a heavily accented native voice hissed in our ears.

We turned and encountered a Moro, all togged out in flowing red pantaloons, a wide Singapore belt, green silk jacket, and a yellow turban on top of which was a native straw hat or "sajok." This gent was smiling a very un-wholesome smile since, like most Moros he chewed betelnut which had turned his teeth completely black while leaving his lips a brilliant crimson.

Shanghai whirled around and whipped out an answer without preliminary.

"No. I don't want any pearls. What I want is a Moro

gun. How about it, Ali Baba, can do?" Shanghai asked.

"'Eet is a deefecult thing you ask, sir," the Moro replied, furtively looking around as if the constabulary were already after him.

But Shanghai was insistent. The Moro finally admitted he knew of a gun but that he couldn't get it until that night. If Shanghai would meet him in Pershing Square at ten that night, he could have the gun provided he had the pesos. The price was stiff.

The Moro then told us that he was a "datu" or chief and that his name was Datu Ali Kan. He didn't look like much of a chief to me, but then you never can tell about those guys.

We spent the rest of the afternoon wandering around town. Shanghai bought a couple of the famous Zamboanga black coral bracelets he thought would go well with a little Spanish number he knew up in Manila. We had a few San Miguel beers in the Overseas Club and then went out to Lim Kee's restaurant for a good Chinese chow. It was very nearly ten o'clock when we started toward Pershing Square. Shanghai was happy at the thought of the gun.

Shanghai was so happy, in fact, that when we accidentally bumped into Tubby he didn't even greet him with an insult but just asked him to come on along.

The palm trees in Pershing Square were casting long eerie shadows in the light of a half moon. There wasn't a soul around except us as we waited for Ali Kan.

Somebody hissed at us from behind a banyan tree. We walked around it cautiously and bumped into the slinking figure of Ali Kan.

"Sh! I 'ave de gun, sar. Geeve me de money." Ali spoke uneasily.

"Slack off on your main sheet, fellow. I'm not putting out any pesos until I see what I'm buying," grunted Shanghai. Shanghai took the gun in his hands and started to examine it as carefully as possible in the moonlight. He brought the barrel up close to his face and I saw his eyes narrowing. He looked a bit puzzled.

Then it happened. Ali Kan let out a terrified shriek and started to run.

"Juramentado! Juramentado!" Ali yelled at the top of

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

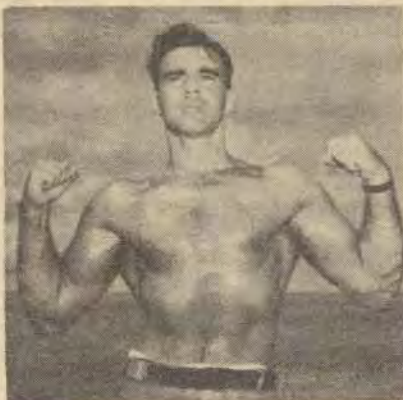
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Among Those PRESENT



We had our annual physical drill the other day, and this time it turned out to be something unique in the files of our physical exercise. We learned to do a two-hand military press (usually done with the 180-lb. weight), the two-hand clean and jerk, and the two-hand snatch, which, to you football players, baseball men and plough jockeys, are a series of names applied to the three standard Olympic lifts. Also we might add that we used a strict twelve-pound weight on all these mental tosses. Instructor in this workout was Joe Douglas Case, BM2c of the R-3 Division, who is the master of an assortment of weights large enough to stagger the layman's imagination.

Taking the physical drill at this particular season of the year was purely accidental, we assure you. We had fought off the noonday heat long enough to make our way back to the after starboard boat pocket, the current Case gymnasium, merely to look in on a typical session. We became so fascinated by the average-sized men who were tossing big weights around, that we decided it was a cinch. It was; and even as we lie here in bed and peck out this story about Joe Case, we look upon it as a warm memory: Exercise, 1944.

Weight lifting to you and me is little more than a struggle between muscle and matter, and in our case it's probable that matter will triumph in a majority of the attempts muscle makes to conquer it. But to Joe Case it's an art. He combines the elements of strength, agility, and sportman's aptitude with explosive power, and he comes out with a 180-lb. weight directly over his head. He does it with such ease that even we were fooled by the apparent simplicity of the feat. But once you try the job yourself you'll see what we mean by strength, agility, sportman's aptitude and explosive power.

All these qualities began developing in Case's life when he was quite young, and now, at the age of 24, he has won first place in four out of seven weight-lifting tournaments he has entered. Among his winnings are the crown of city champ in hometown Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1938 and 1939; Southern champion in the 132-lb. class in 1939; and the winner of a city cup offered by the YMCA in Honolulu early this year. He began these activities pretty much as a hobby, but he hopes someday that they will assist in making a place for him in a profession. A profession of gymnasium in-

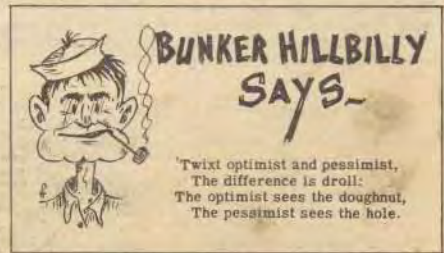
structor in some city or school, Case would term ideal. According to his own word, he doesn't see how a man could count exercise as work—even weight lifting. It's such a pleasant profession, pastime or what-have-you, that Case could do the job seven days a week, so he told us.

But the weight-lifting has a tributary background. Boxing was the first field of endeavor Case tried out seriously, and he fought his first match at the age of fifteen. That was back in 1935, and in the succeeding three years he put in appearances in rings in Tennessee, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi. In a long string of fights he lost but six, and he earned a reputation throughout the South as a good lightweight for the curtain raiser's position on boxing cards. In 1938 he hurt his leg while engaged in training exercises, and if injury is a wrecker to some people, it turned out to be a boon to Joe Case. While injured he shifted from boxing to weight-lifting, a change he made upon the advice of a man named Leon Green, a weight-lifter of national reputation and vice-president of the National A. A. U., Weight Lifting Division. Green told him that he thought his injured leg would heal rapidly if he took up light weight-lifting, so Case gave it a turn. Subsequently Green became interested in the youth's possibilities and encouraged him to give the weights serious consideration after his injured leg healed. Case did, and ever since he has found many happy hours playing with hundred-pound (and up) weights, just as a kid might play with ABC blocks.

In 1939 Case joined the Navy, was trained at the "boot" camp in Norfolk and later assigned to the U.S.S. Quincy for further assignment. He went aboard the U.S.S. Wyoming for still further assignment, and in 1940 he wound up on the U.S.S. New York, in which he spent a year. From 1940 to 1941 Case was aboard the U.S.S. Ranger. In 1941 he went to the U.S.S. Ludlow, a new destroyer, and he remained with her for two years. Late in 1942 he fought with his ship in the invasion of North Africa, and the Ludlow bluejackets were commended by their commanding officer for their individual gallantry off Fedala, where their ship was hit by a French cruiser. She came through in flying style and continued her beat which consisted of plying convoy routes over the North Atlantic to Africa and to the United Kingdom.

Five cowswains, including Joe Case, were transferred from the Ludlow to the BUNKER HILL. The other men are Brad Williams of the Third Division, Mike Stoffa of the Fourth Division, Dan Kaufman of the Third Division, and "Ski" Ostroski of the First Division. Case was first assigned to the Second Division, where he served under a hometown veteran, Chief Boatswain's Mate Henderson, who was later transferred to the U.S.S. Bataan. Case became leading boatswain's mate of the Second Division last fall and he served in that capacity until March, 1944, when he was transferred to the R-3 Division, the Master-at-Arms force, where he still holds forth as petty officer in charge of the forward messing compartment.

Teacher Case still finds numerous students to fill his gymnasium during afternoon workouts. Among them, he confided to us, "There are always a lot of new faces." All of which we are definitely prepared to believe, for, like us, most people just don't get the art of weight-lifting. It looks too simple to the casual passer-by.



The Two-Fisted Bombers



(Back Row, L-R) D. R. Walker, StM1c; A. W. Fermino, StM2c; E. C. Wood, StM1c; P. L. Foster, StM1c; M. C. Moore, StM1c; G. A. Lang, AOM1c.

(Front Row, L-R) J. M. Young, AMM3c; J. W. Lavalley, S1c; W. A. Corcoran, RM1c; J. Y. Hayes, CSK (Coach); J. P. Alexandra, S1c; L. C. Valley, S2c; J. T. West, S1c.

For our sports this week we look to the art of taking and giving, of ducking and weaving. We can find no better place to start looking than at the Boxing Team of the U. S. S. BUNKER HILL. Coach "Popeye" Hayes and his fighters deserve an abundance of praise, working out quietly, though we wouldn't call it peacefully. They have been ready at a moment's call to defend the name and honor of the BUNKER HILL inside the ropes.

Like the Minute Men who fought for independence on Massachusetts' BUNKER HILL, the Boxing Team of the U. S. S. BUNKER HILL is in their pitching, socking and shooting from all angles.

Boxers can get to be so superior that it becomes difficult to get opponents. That seems to be our trouble. However, they are keeping fit for the greater battle.

The following men are the team:

From Hartford, Conn., we have Bill Corcoran, RM1c, K-1 Division who boxes in the welterweight class. Billy boxed for Key West Naval Base and participated in five fights, winning four by knockouts, losing one by a knockout. Taught under the supervision of Louis (Kid) Kaplan, former world's undefeated featherweight king, Bill fought twelve fights, winning seven, losing three and earning two draws. In representing the ship, Bill won two, losing one and one draw. His hobby is gals and hopes to be welterweight champion of the world.

The ordnance gang boasts G. A. Lang, AOM1c, V-2-H Division who hails from Columbus, Ohio. Lang fights in the heavyweight class and is known to have a deadly punch.

D. R. Walker, StM1c, S-2 Division who enlisted April 2, 1943, hails from Dayton, Ohio. Walker who is a middleweight, can be seen working out daily on the hangar deck.

From New York, N. Y. hails J. M. Young, AMM3c, V-2-E-

F, who fights in the middleweight class and does a grand job. Young enlisted in the Navy June 17, 1943.

Louisiana looks to P. L. Foster, StM1c, S-2 Division, who slugs it out in the middleweight class. Foster enlisted December 3, 1943 and he can be seen giving the bag the one-two on the hangar deck in the evening.

The steward mates are well represented by their ace man, E. C. Wood, StM1c, who really throws a mean punch. Wood's boxing has added to his boxing laurels while on ship. While fighting for the ship Wood has had an enviable record and has established a good name in the fleet. Wood, a middleweight fighter, hails from Los Angeles, Calif., and enlisted November 3, 1942.

M. C. Moore, StM1c, S-2 Division, hails from the Lone Star State and is as tough as they come. He fights in the heavyweight class and has a mean wallop. He enlisted Jan. 28, 1943 at Pittsburgh, Texas.

A. W. Fermino, StM2c, the boy who has class and a promising boxer of tomorrow. When fighting for the ship, he has given his opponents quite a few headaches. Fermino hails from New Bedford, Mass., where he enlisted Dec. 11, 1943. Fermino is in the middleweight class and is an amateur boxer.

J. P. Alexandra, S1c, First Division, hails from Cottonwood Point, Mo. He enlisted August 24, 1942 and fights in the lightweight class.

From Oklahoma City comes J. T. West, S1c, a promising young boxer who puts his heart and soul into his fighting. Ambitious and persevering, he should go places fast. West enlisted in the Navy October 5, 1942 and belongs to the lightweight class.

The New England States is represented by J. W. Lavalley,

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If it's a jitterbug dance you want to see, visit Compt. C-215-L any evening. Each eve, Caruso, AM3c, and Marchetta, AMM3c, jitterbug to the hot jazz coming over the R.B.O. The boys sure give them a big hand.

"I used to work on the railroad"--so goes the old story by Zimmerman, SF2c, who will invariably keep showing you pictures of his railroad history. To top it off he has a very nice collection. Last week he met a buddy of his who was visiting the ship, a Lt. Comdr. of a Carrier Squadron, who 10 years ago served a hitch with him in the CCCs. They were both surprised to see each other once again after 10 years had passed by.

Most of us carry pictures of those we love around with us and the balance on our locker doors. But John Hagman, PFC, Chicago's contribution to the Marine Detachment, carries 7 very sweet, pretty and darling pictures of himself around on his person depicting himself in various stages of growth.

Norman E. Schalaus, AMM1c, just received word that he's the father of a baby girl, seven pounds and two ounces, born August 22, 1944. Norman last saw his wife in January and now can't wait till he gets home.

"Has anyone seen a small 'beagle hound' around the ship?" Limey Crowther, Bkr2c, just received word from home that one of his dogs left home to find him. Limey and his buddy used to train beagles before the war and intend to continue at the conclusion of the war. You hunters, put your orders in now.

Hear ye! Hear ye! All hands who hail from Los Angeles County and vicinity, turn to on the fantail each evening for the L. A. reunion. For additional information, see Jerry Pepper Odette, or the Junction Kid, J. E. "Gil" Gilmore.

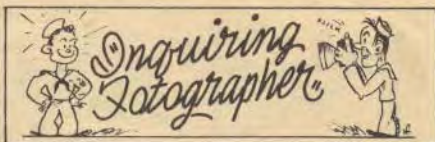
Tex Bonner and his crew giving the planes a new outlook on the drab Pacific with a coat of paint. H. Lannon, S1c, better known as the "Spider," can relate a mystery story that will freeze you in your tracks. Corder and Daniels, 4th Division coxswains, are planning a "Back to the Farm Movement." "Poochie" Stauder, RDM2c, better known as "Coffee Bean," can average 14 cups of joe a day. His runner-up is C. C. Corrilli who averages 10 a day.

R. F. Taylor, chief compartment cleaner, says: "I know now what my mother went through--seems like our work is never done." V-3-F Compartment 211-L is the scene of a pinocle tournament every night. Altridge, the main star, dudzazes the men with his superb playing. "Tiny" French believes Attie can see through the cards. Who knows--maybe he can?

Bob Newcomb, Y3c in the Exec's Office, is having a hard time deciding whether he should get married or engaged. Either way he will see a wedding because he's to be best man at his buddy's wedding.

The reason that the after messing compartment has been in such a state of constant uproar this past month is due to the arrival of new mess cooks. The four vibrant contrasting personalities are: "45" Frampton, "Grandma" Trimbach, "Porpoise" Lewis and "Junior Leader" Forish.

Who is that strong man from the K-1 Division who is always doing calisthenics and weight-lifting when off watch? He has body of Atlas, an all around good fellow and has his own ideas on marriage. His last name begins with a "c" and he's a RM3c. You're right, it's Connolly.



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

This week's question:

WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING ON YOUR LEAVE?

Forrest Paplow, Bkr1c

"The thought of spending a leave in the good ol' United States appeals to me very much. There are many things I'd like to do, but there's just one thing that's uppermost in my mind and that's spend my time with my three darlings. I sure miss them a lot and can't wait to see them."



Joseph Di Laere, Coxswain

"There's a sweet girl who is waiting for me back home. The first thing I'm going to do is to get married, for I'm so thrilled I can hardly wait. Then I'm going to gorge myself with Italian food. My marriage, my family, Italian food--it will be one swell leave, I'm positive."



Charles Prasse, Coxswain

I intend spending my leave with my parents and sweetheart. Being away from home naturally creates a longing to see them. Then I'm going to sample home-cooked meals, plus a drink or two. Yes, sir, I'm sure I'll have a good time, and I'm keenly looking forward to it."



"Tex" Ischer, S2c

"I intend spending my leave with my parents and friends. You know, after not seeing your parents for some time, you sort of get anxious to see them. Then I'd like to cover the town, go out with my friends, see some of the neighborhood girls and listen to the latest scuttlebutt."

"Dutchie" Stauder, RDM2c

"How do I intend spending my leave? Well, with my lovely wife, of course. I'm also anxious to see my parents. Then comes the appropriate foods which I'm sure will be most welcome. In addition to the food, a few drinks wouldn't go bad. I don't think that I shall miss reveille."



PAT FLASHES

A friendly pat on the back does not go over as such in Syria. Syrians do not know how to box and many misinterpret playful sparring to the fun-maker's disadvantage—for they, like most people of the desert world, know how to use knives.

Visiting is definitely concluded in North Africa when it is time for the fourth cup of coffee. Although it is considered ill-bred to drink less than three, and they must be emptied to the last drop, a fourth cup is taboo.

When certain types of bullets are fired at some kinds of targets, the depth of their penetration increases with distance, up to a certain point. For instance, during recent tests in which pointed bullets were fired into moist sand, the penetration was ten inches at fifty feet, fourteen inches at 300 feet and sixteen inches at 1,500 feet.



"Tell you where there's a German for two francs, M'sieu."

We have an airplane hangar down here in Texas that's so big it makes every other one in the U. S. look like a doll's house. Its dimensions are secret but you'll get an idea of its size from the fact that no planes except long-range bombers can taxi from one end of it to the other without refueling.

We have to maintain two meteorology departments at our field—one to forecast weather conditions outside and the other for the inside of the hangar. The latter has a tough job, for huge clouds accumulate under the roof and the sudden roar of an engine often brings on a cloudburst.

We've heard a rumor that one half of the building is to be turned into a 24-hour-a-day practice bombing range, but I doubt it because of the constant threat of rain or fog. Last week a new pursuit ship, on a secret test hop in the hangar, ran into fog and clouds and was lost for three days.

Phil Stong, author of "State Fair," tells the tale of his grandfather who, until his dying day, expressed dislike and suspicion of his next-door neighbor because "he always keeps trying to sell me oil wells." The old man's persistent neighbor—John D. Rockefeller.

The old common law, that a person cannot be tried for murder if the victim lives for a year and a day after the assault, is now superseded, in most states, by statutes which have no time element. In New York State in 1934, a man was convicted of the murder of an individual who did not die from the bullet wound for more than four years.

ANOTHER THOUSAND FOR BUNKER HILL

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into an oblivion at least temporarily out of this world. According to Lt. (jg) Dick Degolia, a fellow Pasadenan, who went through high school, college and flight training with Lum, the "McGurk," not only found a place on every Berkeley wine list, but also left its hangovers felt in such places as Miami, Norfolk, Virginia Beach, and wherever its originator steered his course.

Bill and Dick were members of the "Flying Golden Bears," a cadet unit at Livermore "E" base composed entirely of Cal boys. A group of "Flying Indians" from Stanford were there at the same time, so the Cal-Stanford rivalry was kept alive in most spirited fashion. After winning their wings at Corpus, Bill and Dick were sent to Miami for pre-operational training; thence to CQTU at Norfolk and ultimate assignment to their present squadron.

Though generally recognized as the leading sultan in the squadron, his plans do not reach the pipe and slipper's stage, and he not only denies any feminine attachment, but is vehement against the possibility of one. He does not dream of "The Lumgutz O Club" on "Lumgutz Island," a site boasting but a single palm, where he hopes to establish himself in post-war days. In the meantime he wants to pursue this affair with the Nips to the finish. "What's the use of going home while the war's still on," is his argument, and one has only to hear him say it to believe in his sincerity.

HOE YOUR OWN ROW

I think there are some maxims under the sun,
Scarce worth preservation; but here, boys, is one
So sound and so simple, 'tis worth while to know;
And all in the single line—"Hoe your own row!"

A good many workers I've known in my time—
Some builders of houses, some builders of thyme;
And they that were prospered, were prospered, I know,
By the intent and meaning of "Hoe your own row!"

I've known, too, a good many idlers, who said,
"I've right to my living, the world owes me bread!"
A right! lazy lubber! a thousand times No!
'Tis his, and his only, who hoes his own row.

The man who carries a chip on his shoulder usually has difficulty maintaining his balance. It isn't the weight of the chip that makes the difference, but the knowledge that it is there.



Not of No. 11. It has the U. S. Navy's first "Caterpillar" engine. It has a single engine mounted on the upper wing. The other section of the inverted gull-type of the wing has a straight wing and the fuselage is mounted on a single engine. It has a short, blunt nose and a low-wing, single engine. "Caterpillar" is a low-wing, single engine. It has a short, blunt nose and a low-wing, single engine. It has a short, blunt nose and a low-wing, single engine.

CHINA SAILOR (continued from page 2)

his lungs while trying to establish a new all time record for the Filipino four-forty-yard dash.

"For the luvva Neptune, do ya see what I see!" Tubby gasped and pointed.

Did we see it? I'll say we did. Charging down on us was a white clad figure howling and screaming fiendishly. I shook in my boots. No wonder Ali had taken off without his pesos. The man charging down on us was brandishing a three-foot long wavy bladed kriss; a Moro fanatic gone amuck!

The Juramentado came right for the three of us, waving his knife. Before we had time to dodge behind a tree, he was upon us.

Wissh! The kriss swung in a murderous arc right where Shanghai's head had been a second ago. Shanghai had ducked just in time.

Before the Moro could recover from his knife stroke, Shanghai stood up brandishing Ali Kan's gun by the barrel. Then began the strangest duel I ever heard of. Shanghai was poking and parrying with the old gun while the mad-eyed Moro kept swinging with his knife. Tubby and I couldn't even get close.

Clang! Shanghai's gun stock hit the kriss' blade and the kriss went flying. Bam! The gun stock crashed on the Moro's head before he could pull another knife. Umph! Tubby jumped on the Moro's belly and sat there. Ah-h-h! The Moro sighed and passed out. Who wouldn't with Tubby sitting on him?

The fight was over and we sat quietly gathering our nerves until the constabulary put in his appearance. The gendarmes were plenty amazed to find out how Shanghai had stopped the Moro. According to them, the fanatic had already killed three people before running into us.

Before turning the Moro over to the police, Shanghai pulled a Moro gun from the man's back where it was strapped. I saw then that Ali Kan's gun was completely broken. Anyway the Juramentado's gun was a better one.

We started back to the landing, very, very thoughtful after our close call. Tubby looked sort of embarrassed.

"O.K., Tubby, unship your cargo and tell us," Shanghai said wearily.

Tubby began: "I gotta confession to make, Shanghai. That gun Ali Kan had wasn't a real Moro gun. You see, I knew we were gonna put in here at Zamboanga, so I figured it would be a good gag to make an imitation Moro gun in the machine shop and then palm it off on you as the real thing. I went ashore with it in the first boat today and hired Ali in the market to come up and dicker with you. Then you go and save my life from that kilt artist and right now I'm feelin' plenty low about the trick I played."

"Ding hao, pal," was Shanghai's quiet reply. "I knew that gun was a fake as soon as I looked at the barrel. It was the same stock pipe I saw you totin' around last week. Why, you didn't even get the stock number off the end of it. That'll teach you to go fooling around with dangerous wild men. Besides, if I didn't save your life, there wouldn't have been anybody left on board to fight with."

Strange mild words coming from Shanghai. Guess he was so glad to get the real gun from the dead Moro, he forgot to get mad.

BOXING TEAM (continued from page 4)

Sic, who is in the welterweight class and has gained the respect of his opponents. Halls from Cambridge, Mass., and enlisted on January 22, 1943.

Another Massachusetts man is L. C. Valley, S2c, Third Division. He has class and a wicked punch. When he represented the ship, he did a grand job of keeping up the ship's name in the boxing circles. Valley is a welterweight boxer and comes from Annesburg, Mass., where he enlisted on February 27, 1943.



Mary: "Don't you think that long hair makes a man look intelligent?"

Betty: "Not when his wife finds it on his coat; it then makes him look foolish."

Lieutenant: "Has the mechanic told you what to do?"

Seaman: "Yes, sir. He told me to wake him up when I heard you coming."

Marine: "How about a ride, Cutie?"

Pretty Young Thing: "Are you going north?"

Marine: "Yes, I am."

Pretty Young Thing: "Give my regards to the Eskimos."

Lady: "Can you give me a room and a bath?"

Clerk: "I can give you a room, madam, but you will have to take your own bath."

Car Owner: "How did this long blonde hair get on the back seat of my limousine?"

Chauffeur: "I'll give you an explanation, sir."

Car Owner: "Explanation nothing! What I want is an introduction."



"Anything else, sir?"

Mother: "Laddie, I'd like to go through one whole day without once scolding or punishing you."

Laddie: "Well, Mother, you have my consent."

Mamma: "Where have you been, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Playing ball."

Mamma (severely): "But I told you to beat the rug, didn't I?"

Johnny: "No, ma'am. You told me to hang the rug on the line and beat it."

Taxi Driver: "I thought I heard somebody tell me to stop."

Passenger: "Drive on; she wasn't talking to you."

Doctor: "Tell me, Gunner, how do you feel when you actually kill a man?"

Gunner's Mate: "Not bad, Doc. How about you?"

Wife: "I suspect my husband of having an affair with his stenographer."

Maid: "Oh, you're just saying that to make me jealous."

Male Call

by Milton Caniff creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Tool-Happy Terminology



ALFRED by FOSTER HUMPHREVILLE



HALF-HITCH

