



The Monument



TORPEDO SQUADRON SCORES AGAIN

Family Allowance

The authority for registration of dependent allotments retroactive to November, 1943 to protect entitlement to Money Allowance for Quarters expired irrevocably on 31 January, 1944. All enlisted men who failed to comply are deemed to have elected Family Allowance which, when specifically requested by the man, will be retroactive to 1 November, 1943 or to the month succeeding that in which Money Allowance for Quarters was stopped.

If applications for Family Allowance have been filed prior to 12 August, 1944, merely submit a letter via the Disbursing Officer to the Family Allowance Division, Bureau of Naval Personnel, stating the month of termination of Money Allowance for Quarters and requesting that Family Allowance payments be made retroactive to that month. Once Money Allowance for Quarters entitlement has been terminated a request for its reinstatement can not be granted under any circumstances.

Events which terminate Money Allowance for Quarters:

1. ANY ABSENCE OVER OR WITHOUT LEAVE WHICH WOULD NECESSITATE A CHECKAGE OF PAY.
2. Stoppage of the MAQ Dependent allotment for a purpose other than increasing such allotment.
3. When there are insufficient funds on the books because of retroactive checkages, charging off a fine as imposed by a court martial, etc., the Disbursing Officer must stop the MAQ Dependent allotment thereby causing a break of one or more months in payment.
4. Disrating below petty officer, second class.
5. When a man reports for permanent duty in the United States and is not assigned public quarters for himself and his dependents, he then becomes eligible for a special quarters allowance. At the same time his entitlement to Money Allowance for Quarters ceases.

Naval News

Leading the country with the largest number of Navy enrollments is the State of New York with a record total of 272,373. In second place comes California with 237,292 and third Pennsylvania with 218,968. Close behind are Illinois, Ohio, Texas, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey and Missouri, respectively.

Among the first to be released from the Marine Corps are Reserve Officers who have reached their 38th birthday. Already in effect, the latest ruling will return to civilian life thousands of officers who have been commissioned since December 7, 1941.

BuPers recommends that families of Naval personnel be instructed to communicate with them by letter of V-mail, rather than by dispatch, in the event of an emergency at home. Ships at sea cannot be reached by cable and the long regular trip which the briefly worded dispatch must make, does not warrant using such form of communication. Instead it is urged to write such news fully via letter with complete information included.

(continued on page 6)

Pike and McPherson Share Honor

Lt. (jg) Edward F. Franze, Jr., of the Torpedo Squadron, is the most recent aviator to add his name to the illustrious roll of thousands made aboard the BUNKER HILL. It was the first scored by his squadron since Lt. (jg) Ollie Johnson recorded a millenium several months ago that was the first to be made by the present Air Group. Between these two landings, the bombers and fighters have held sway throughout, with the fighters holding the slight edge of a single landing.

With Lt. Franze were his old reliables - crew members Bob Pike and Dick McPherson, gunner and radioman respectively, who have been members of the team since the formation of the squadron. Bob is an AMM1c, and hails from Pike, New Hampshire, while Dick is an ARM2c, whose home port of call is Tarentum, Pennsylvania.



Dick McPherson Lt. E. F. Franze Bob Pike

Lt. Franze is a native of Fernandina, Florida, but so did his early days between there and Atlanta that the environs off the Peachtree stem are equally familiar as those around the less populated Florida hamlet. One of the more serious members of the squadron, Ed had his mind for a doctorate in English Literature, with the ultimate aim of seating himself in a professorial chair at some institution of higher learning, preferably Erskine College in Georgia, where he picked up his A.B. in 1940.

From Erskine Ed journeyed north - nigh into Yankee territory - to the vine covered halls of Washington & Lee, where further knowledge of the "Beowulf to Hardy" classics was obtained, along with a Master's degree, awarded to him in 1941. His intentions were to venture even further north - as far as John Hopkins, to get his Doctor's degree, but war and the Navy intervened, and he was returned to the familiar haunts of Atlanta to begin his primary training in Naval aviation. Reasons for his choice of service: A desire to fly and a love of the sea. Parental disapproval had vetoed an earlier leaning for the sea, when, following graduation from high school, he flamed to sail with an uncle who is skipper of a Standard Oil tanker.

Commissioned at Jacksonville, Ed was ordered to

(continued on page 6)



No. 6 - - The Rescue

Life in an Asiatic four-stacker could never exactly be called dull. You see, we were assigned so many unusual jobs, in so many out-of-the-way places, that the ship's company often forgot they were actually serving in a destroyer and not a gunboat or coastal transport. The whole of China was in a turmoil, what with the Japs trying to take over. The result was that we found ourselves carrying the mail, evacuating missionaries, ferrying diplomats, being used as a sort of show of force when the Japs got ornery, furnishing armed guards for our merchantmen, sweeping mines from Chinese harbor entrances, landing sailors to protect persons and property; all of this in addition to our regular naval duties as destroyer, target tow, plane guard, survey vessel, and neutrality patrol. Versatile, that's what we were. However, what I want to tell you about is that strangest of all jobs which fell our lot up in Swatow one time.

Swatow is located a couple hundred miles up the China Coast from Hong Kong. In peacetime it was a thriving industrial, fishing, and agricultural center for Northeastern Kwantung province. Some of the finest lacework in all China came from Swatow. Swatow fishing junks could be seen fishing and trading all over the South China Sea. But the Japs decided that too much war material was leaking through their blockade into China's interior by way of Swatow. So they stepped in to conquer the city. And that's where we came in. The Sturdy was sent up to Swatow during the battle to see that American rights were protected; to let the Nips know that we had an interest in the place.

It all started one morning when we'd been anchored in the stream for about a week. Life was pretty dull despite the fact that we could occasionally see the war going on over on the beach. The Japs were doing quite a bit of shelling and bombing while the Chinese resisted with their usual tenacity; sniping, raiding, and heckling the invaders. Shanghai Jones, leading bos'n's mate, had the gangway watch that remarkable morning. There wasn't much going on. The Japs had forbidden all boat traffic and not a craft was moving on the unruffled water's surface. Consequently, when the signal bridge sighted something floating in the water they were quick to report it to the quarterdeck.

"Hey, Boats, looks like there's a washtub drifting down on us from dead ahead," was the signal bridge's routine report.

Shanghai picked up the long glass and gave the object a careful scrutiny. The Chinese had been mining the stream once in a while to catch Jap gunboats and transports. For all we knew, it might be a mine which had broken loose.

"See what you make of it," Shanghai said, turning and handing me the glass.

I looked ahead and, just as the signal bridge had said, it appeared to be nothing but an old wooden washtub. But, wait! There was something in the tub. Shanghai and I talked it over wondering what could be in the tub. Suddenly Shanghai started.

"Slim, there's something moving in that tub! Messenger, ask the duty officer for permission to send out the motor whaleboat!" shouted Jones.

Permission was quickly granted and the motor whaleboat shoved off and cautiously approached the floating object. We watched the boat come alongside and lift two tiny bundles out of the tub. Then the coxswain punched a hole in the tub and headed back to the ship. We gathered at the rail to watch.

Neptune's whiskers! Do you know what was in that tub?

There were two very loud, very small, and very unhappy Chinese babies! Shanghai ran down the ladder and came back up holding the infants carefully at arm's length. I couldn't decide whether he thought they'd bite or whether it's just a bos'n's mate's gesture to be afraid of babies.

Tubby Wilson roared with glee. "Wow! Shanghai, looks like you finally got yourself a family!"

Shanghai glared back, for in China there was more truth than nonsense in the statement. A person who saves another person's life can ever after be responsible for the one he rescued. And this was Shanghai's idea.

The two kids were cute like all Chinese babies. Each had a gay little ribbon tied onto a tiny wisp of pigtail hair. Considering that they'd just been fished out of the drink, they were surprisingly fat, well dressed and clean. None of us knew much about babies, but we thought they couldn't be even a year old.

The Captain was notified and came up to have a look. Since Shanghai still held the two squirming mites, he was told to go ahead and take care of them. We hooted and howled at that. Shanghai, the nursemaid!

Well, the next couple of hours were a riot. The whole ship was in an uproar. One thing about Shanghai, he never took charge of anything half way. Red of face at all the wisecracks, he marched back to the after deckhouse and installed his charges in our tiny sick bay. There it soon became evident that the babies needed some attention. And they meant it too. Lord's teeth! How they yelled!

We all held a council of war. Several of the married P.O.'s came back with valuable suggestions. As for Shanghai, the man who could handle a palm and needle with ease, the master rigger, the expert sailmaker, he was completely in irons as to how to rig ship on the infants; but not for long. Two new Baker flags from the signal bridge furnished flaming red diapers. The ship's cook was busy heating up canned milk and making porridge. The rest of us were meekly running errands.

The babies were apparently twins, a boy and a girl. Around the neck of each was a little tag written in Chinese, (continued on page 7)



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. Elaner, PhoMic
Lt. E. F. Brisas M. Sandrof, Y2c
A. C. Matre, RdM3c

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Strictly PERSONAL

Lt. Comdr. M. S. Shortridge Lt. E. C. Lytle



To the average human, one of life's greatest unpleasanties, whether actual or mental, is the picture of a yawning dentist chair and its high-banked, surrounding instruments of torture. The topic of so called "painless dentistry" is almost universally rejected as an abject subject, except by quackish practitioners who falsely advertise it. Yet, by their very skill and gentleness, certain dentists command a sincere and deserved respect, with a professional approach to the subject that reduces pain to an absolute minimum. The BUNKER HILL has been extremely fortunate in having two of these estimable gentlemen aboard - the personable Senior Dental Officer, Lt. Comdr. Maurice S. Shortridge, and his conscientious young assistant, Lt. Eugene C. Lytle.

There is no indulging in hyperbole to say that their talent is known to every man aboard. To most of the men too, it is a personal knowledge, for few among them have failed to take advantage of the superb treatment given by the two dentists, whether it be for a routine check-up, or relief from some serious oral difficulty. Sick Bay's "Den of the Drill" has been no horror chamber, and if a man had qualms on entering it - even with a whole mouthful of misery - he wore a benign expression of content when he emerged. Nor was this merely for the relief afforded, but because of the skillful, gentle and personalized treatment he was sure to receive.

Mute evidence of the doctors strict attendance to the dental welfare of the men is reposed in the black and white statistics which reveal an average in excess of two sittings apiece for every man aboard--and these do not include the hundreds of quick check-ups made by the doctors that merely determined whether or not any actual work was required.

Dr. Shortridge and Dr. Lytle are both regular Navy men, Dr. Shortridge closing up a lucrative practice in Sonoma, California to enlist early in 1937, while Dr. Lytle followed up a reserve commission to active duty in November, 1942, not long after his graduation from the University of Iowa.

Though born in Aberdeen, South Dakota, Dr. Shortridge spent most of his life in California, going to high school in Vallejo and then proceeding to the University of California for his dental studies. Graduating in 1928, he began his practice when barely 22 years old, and so youthful was his appearance that he sought to cover it with a hirsute adorn-

ment that was a far cry from the present natty foliage acquired during this cruise. Shortly after he took up the practice of an elderly dentist in Sonoma, and so impressed was he by the locale, to which Jack London alluded to as "The Valley of the Moon," that a year later he married his college sweetheart and brought her to Sonoma to establish their permanent home. Mrs. Shortridge, the former Jayne Eberhardt, was attending nearby San Jose State, preparing for a teaching career, when the charms of the doctor descended upon her. She, and their 10-year-old son, Maurice Douglas, are maintaining the home in Sonoma.

After eight years of an extremely pleasant and successful practice among the valley people, the doctor decided to offer his talents to the Navy. He was promptly accepted, and assigned to the training station at San Diego. It was there that his most enthusiastic patient, loyal friend and inevitable bridge partner - Chaplain Floyd Dreith - first sought his services. The chaplain entered the Navy a few days after the doctor, and their assignment to the BUNKER HILL revived a friendship of long standing. The Blackburn boys, Paul and Tom - both jgs. then - and their father, Capt. Paul, became his cronies on the golf course, so his present assignment revived another pleasant association.

The tour at "Dago" was followed by a short one on the destroyer Melville, and then an assignment to the Chaumont, the Navy's beloved old transport which hauled many a man to and from the China Station. It was on this duty that the doctor acquired a special esteem for China and her people, a regard enhanced by personal contacts made more memorable by visits to Chinese homes as a guest, and he hopes to renew these fine old acquaintances just as soon as the old China station is restored to its old place. He also established himself as an amateur expert on Chinese objects d'art, and would be a valuable authority to run into after the war, when you're seeking something in China to take home to the "little woman."

"Shorty," as he is best known to his many friends, is no green hand at the bridge table, but his closer associates - those who have learned the hard way - say he exhibits an even greater proficiency with a set of golf clubs. He admits to being an eighty shooter, but it's been said, that when he fails to break this mark, you were just lucky to catch him on a bad day. Hunting and fishing rate just as high in his popularity book, especially when these hobbies can be indulged in around Sonoma and in the company of his wife and boy. He is also the possessor of the ship's finest scrapbook.

Gene Lytle has earned for himself not only the high regard of his senior for his professional ability, but of all his shipmates for a never changing good disposition and pleasing personality. In the vernacular of the medicos, he, like his boss, has that "bedside manner," and already it has taken him a long ways in his comparatively short career. He's a native of Dubuque, and spent a year at Columbia College there before going on to his DDS five years later at the University of Iowa. An older brother, is also a dentist, and a Lieutenant in the SeaBees. Gene's only other Naval assignment before the BUNKER HILL was a stretch at the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md.

Both of these excellent doctors have received their orders, and are now waiting their reliefs. Dr. Shortridge will report to the 14th Naval District, while Dr. Lytle is to report to the Navy Yard at Bremerton. Their detachment will be a source of genuine regret, but they'll leave a well ordered dental situation in their wake, and carry with them, the sincere thanks of all hands.

Bunker Hillbilly Says

HE WHO TALKS MUCH OF
WHAT HE HAS DONE IS NOT
LIKELY TO DO MUCH MORE



Basketball Team Makes Enviably Record



Back row: L. to R. - "Popeye" Hayes, CSK; Arthur (Artie) Seesholtz, S1c; Luther (Pappy) Campbell, F2c; Abraham (Abe) Inglar, AMM3c; Henry (Hank) Urlicki, S1c; Russell (Russ) Clements, Anthony (Tony) Pezone, Cpl.; Lt. Kenneth Hashagen (coach)
Front row: L. to R. - James (Jimmie) Barrett, AMM3c; Christopher (Chris) Zieger, PFC; Michael (Mike) Quinn, PFC; Joseph (Joe) McAndrews, RdM3c; Harold (Burnsie) Burns, PFC; Jack (Jacky) Wright, AOM2c.

Coach Hayes is that short, dynamic chief to whom, with Lt. Hashagen, we owe our present athletic progress. Since commissioning, Chief Hayes has labored to make our boxing and basketball teams tops and a grand job he has done. Now he has decided to devote his spare time to building a super boxing team, leaving Lt. Hashagen in complete charge of the basketball team.

"Popeye" Hayes, CSK, USN, has spent 15 years in the Navy. He enlisted at the age of 16. In 1931 he was "All Navy Welterweight," U. S. S. Augusta. In 1932 he played in the All Fleet Championship Basketball Game for the U. S. S. Augusta against the U. S. S. Tennessee. Years 1933-34 found Chief Hayes on the "All Navy Baseball Team." Years 1936-37-38-39 he played on the Rhode Island All Star Baseball team. He also coached basketball at the Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I., 1936-37-38.

From the Buckeye State, we have Art Seesholtz, S1c who plays forward on the basketball team. Art hails from Newark, Ohio and graduated from Newark High School and while in school was active in baseball, basketball and cross country running. He is holder of an Individual Trophy for State Basketball Tournament. While in "boot" camp he played with Great Lakes Basketball Team which is quite an honor. Art's sports career has been varied, and during his active years has pitched ball for the American Legion in Ohio. Plus participating in basketball and wrestling while attending Michigan State College, he played one year of independent basketball with the Brunswick Billards, and instructed Prep Gym Classes for the Y. M. C. A. Present ambition is to hold down coaching job at a Class A school. Hobby--Scrapbook of Sports Arts.

From Chattanooga, Tennessee, we have Luther R.

Campbell, F2c. Pappy attended Meigs High School and was active in baseball and softball for which he received his letter and in addition a cup for high batting honors in softball. He also played Class C baseball. He played basketball for 6 years in Tennessee. At present he plays guard on the basketball team.

From Linton, Indiana, we have Jack W. Wright, AOM2c. He graduated Linton High School where he was active in basketball, baseball and football. He won 3 letters while completing high school. Attended Purdue University, 1940-41 and won freshman numerals in baseball. Member of Beta Theta Pi-Fraternity. He plays guard on our team.

Another freshman from Staten Island, N. Y. is Michael J. Quinn, Jr., a graduate of St. Peter's High School. He was active in golf and basketball. He also received cups for these two sports while in high school. He was elected captain of the golf team in 1939 and won the Caddy Championship at Silver Lakes. He was a runnerup in the C. Y. O. Metropolitan Championship. Mike plays guard for us.

From the Lone Star State we have Russell E. Clements, from Burklevent, Texas. He graduated from Burklevent High School and was active in basketball, track and football and received letters for all sports. He played two years college football and independent basketball. He plays center on the BUNKER HILL Team.

The Marine Detachment boasts Corp. Anthony A. Pezone from New York. He graduated from Benjamin Franklin High School and won letters in baseball, track and boxing. He did some boxing for the Boys' Club in New York and

(continued on page 6)

Among Those PRESENT



To the average man on the ship, J. D. Geller is a gunner's mate second class in the Second Division--and a darned good one. To the few of us who know him better than an average shipmate does, he is a patriot in the genuine sense of the word, a successful businessman who before joining the colors had already made an appreciable mark in his profession and income, and a business associate in newspapers who is still remembered and thought highly of in several of America's larger cities. Such characterization of Geller is hardly fair if left to stand on these points, for his attitude and material support of American citizenship and ideals perhaps reach farther than any of his other attributes. In this connection he has contributed liberally to the financial needs of a number of young men whose education and training for duties they now perform with varying degrees of success would have otherwise been incomplete, if not non-existent.

Geller was born in Windsor, Ontario, December 15, 1899, on the Canadian side of the boundary, yet only one mile from the Detroit, Mich., City Hall. Of German parentage, he early learned the means of making opportunities, as, for instance, he did when he entered his first editorial venture while still in school at Windsor Collegiate Institute. He edited the school paper at Windsor, and it was there that he first began to turn over in his mind the untouched possibilities that lay in the field of publications. After graduating from the Institute in 1920, he launched his first business venture as manager of the Associated News Company Limited, which is to say that he became a publisher's agent. During the next four years the company expanded and new branches were contemplated; more publishers and agents left their circulation worries at his shop. Geller wanted further education, however, and so he entered Detroit College of Law, where he was graduated in 1928 with an LL.B. degree. All during this time the Windsor News had made visible strides of progress, with other branches being set up in towns throughout Ontario; Geller returned to the company, which he has remained associated with to this day. When he came into the Navy he was manager and president; and he still owns a controlling interest in the organization.

Though he was a graduate of law school, Geller decided against practicing law. His purpose, he told us, was to prepare himself for the future of his business career. Now that he had steeled himself with the teaching of several outstanding professors--among them was Frank Murphy, former Governor General of the Philippines and now a member of the United States Supreme Court--he began to forage out from his own company's door. His first move was to New York, where he began a venture that has grown into fantastic dimensions. His admission to New York was to publish a book of comics designed for children, an idea he had several times before tried to sell to big publishers. In 1934 America's first book of comics came out, published by Geller and edited by Bob Ament, an artist on the old New York World. Comic Cuts, the book's title, was tabloid size and contained thirty-two pages of diversified comics, puzzles and cut-outs. It was the first in a series of nine issues to appear weekly in New York, and the first circulation of the book was listed at 40,000. That was the beginning of an idea that grew into such proportions, until now the comic books no longer bear more than recognizable similarity to their original design. What has now become a circulating mass of twenty-five million comic books weekly was originally intended to be of psychological and educational value to kids under twelve. Geller tells of his first research on the idea of comics, which are principally attributable to British sources. Whereas the British syndicates had Punch and Judge to appeal to adults and the lesser-than-adults, with additional comic books for the mere children, Geller had hoped to design a book purely for the American kid. He did just that, but in more recent years the adults have taken over.

In 1935 Geller left New York and came to Milwaukee with Hearst Newspapers as city circulation manager. He left Milwaukee in 1939 to go to Boston and take over circulation-business duties for Hearst papers including The Record, The American and The Sunday Advertiser. Here he dealt largely with new ideas designed to boost city, urban and country-wide circulations, factors that all big publishers consider recurrent headaches.

It was in late summer of 1941 that a new lord appeared on the newspaper horizon; Marshall Field, the man who founded and became a millionaire as a result of Chicago's Big Store, began lacing up the format of a new paper for Sandburg's Butcherer of Cattle. On December 4, 1941, the first issue of The Chicago Sun appeared on the world's busiest corner at State and Randolph Streets. One of the men behind the scenes of this gigantic enterprise was J. D. Geller, suburban circulation manager and later supervisor of the national circulation. Geller's job with Marshall Field was one that cannot be described in terms of titles, for, like all good businessmen in newspapers, his "fingers were in several pies." Field's representatives will tell you that his ideas were instrumental in putting the paper across to thousands of readers inside and out of the metropolises.

The next day after the infamy of Pearl Harbor, Geller gave his boss notice that he intended to enter the armed forces. His services were requested for several additional months, however, and on June 15, 1942 he came on active duty with the Navy. He requested sea duty "as soon as possible," for he is of the belief that real patriots are needed most where American rights are in greatest immediate danger. He has been with the BUNKER HILL since before commissioning.

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Electrician: "Here, catch hold of this wire."

Striker: "I got it. What now?"

Electrician: "Feel anything?"

Striker: "No."

Electrician: "Well, then don't touch the other one. It carries three thousand volts."

Florida Man: "Is this the largest grapefruit you can grow in these parts?"

Californian: "Stop! You're crushing that raisin."

BASKETBALL TEAM (continued from page 4)

held top honors for 3 years. He enjoys playing stickball, a game quite common at the Boys' Club. Tony holds down the guard position on the basketball team.

From the New England States, we have Al Engras, AMM2c from Chelsea, Mass. Al graduated from Chelsea High School and was active in baseball, football and basketball. He also received a medal for track, basketball and football. He has enjoyed playing semi-pro football, baseball and basketball. Al plays guard on our basketball team.

Another New Yorker is Joe Mc Andrews, RM3c, K-1 Division. Joe graduated from Andrew Jackson High School and participated on the baseball and basketball teams. At present Joe plays guard for the court team.

Illinois boasts M. J. Achterhof, S1c from Morrison. Red graduated from Morrison High School, participating in track and basketball. He played with the basketball and baseball teams of the U. S. S. Relief. He's the center on the basketball team.

Another "Leathernecker" is C. T. Zieger, PFC, who hails from New York. He attended Straubmueller Textile High School and was active in baseball basketball and football. While in the States, he played baseball and basketball with the Marine Guard Battalion, Wash. D. C. Chris plays forward on the BUNKER HILL basketball team.

From Niagara Falls, N. Y., we have PFC Harold G. Burns. He attended Niagara Falls High School, winning his letters in football and basketball. For one year he played Industrial Basketball for the American Salesbrook Co., the league champions.

The Ohio Flash is H. S. Uryck, S1c from Akron, Ohio. Uryck attended East High and played basketball and baseball. He played handball and won 2 city class championships. He centers for the basketball team.

From Des Moines, Iowa, we have James Barrett, AMM3c, Jim was on the swimming, basketball and football teams while attending East High. During his school activities, he earned for himself 6 letters, being a member on the "All City" Swimming Team in 1942. He also played one year of independent basketball with the local "Blue Eagle Club." Hobby--Stamp Collector.

TORPEDO SQUADRON SCORES AGAIN (continued from page 1)

remain there for operational training in seaplanes, and following a rather brief association with the "Big Boats," he was sent to instructor's school in Miami. After learning the ways of the teacher, he was sent back to Lee Field, an outlying station from Jax, there to hold forth as a pre-operational instructor. Another brief tour here and he was ordered to CQTU at Glenview, the stepping stone to his present squadron, of which he and his crew have been members since shortly after commissioning.

While attending Erskine, he met the comely Miss San Lauderdale of Lexington, Va., and acquaintance which might well have influenced his choice of Washington & Lee for his Master's, especially since W & L is located in Lexington. In any event, they were married in November of '42, and now there's six-months old Edward III, who Ed. Jr. will be viewing for the first time when he gets home. ... After the war the Franze Jrs. will probably move to Baltimore, there to remain at least long enough for Papa to pick up that Doctorate, and then the solid south and that professorial chair will claim them once again.

The true, strong, and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small.

NAVAL NEWS (continued from page 1)

Curtailment of the Navy V-5 Aviation Cadet program is already in progress. Due to the high quality of Navy pilots, which has resulted in fewer losses than anticipated, the flight training program is being revised to exceed required combat strength. Approximately 50% of students in classes lower than primary flying will be allowed to continue their training.

For the Marine Corps, publication of an overseas edition of The Leatherneck has already started. Known as the Pacific Edition, the semi-monthly 40-page magazine will be editorially slanted to educate and entertain overseas personnel. Supplies of the magazine are obtainable by writing to The Leatherneck, Marine Barracks, Eighth and Eye Streets, S. E. Washington 25, D. C.

With Christmas still months away, the Navy is already making extensive plans for handling a record volume of holiday mail for Navy, Marine and Coast Guard personnel overseas. The period from 15 September to 15 October has been designated as Christmas Mail Month for those outside the U. S.

New production of Navy planes is being cut drastically as increasing numbers of our planes continue to return safely from battle. Operational and combat losses are one third less than originally estimated. As air superiority over the enemy increases this figure is expected to drop even further.

From a total of 65 enlisted Navy ratings of a year ago the figure has now jumped to over a 100. ... Soon to be launched is a new 2,250-ton destroyer to be named the U. S. S. Frank Knox. ... Work on the U. S. S. Lafayette, the former French liner Normandie, has been completely stopped until after the war when the former luxury liner will be rebuilt. ... Rear Admiral D. C. Ramsey, USN, Chief of BuAer, says: "From our point of view, the sooner we get into a knock-down, drag-out fight with the enemy's navy, the better; for we can afford to play the game of ship for ship and they can't."



Boatswain: "How come that you're carrying one sack, when the other hands are carrying two?"

Seaman: "Well, I suppose they're too lazy to make two trips like I do!"

Lady: "Doctor! You had better come at once. My husband's temperature is 120!"

Doctor (calmly): "My dear lady, if that is so, it's too late for me. You should call the fire department."

Lady: "Must I stick the stamp on myself?"
Postal Clerk: "Positively not. It will accomplish more if you stick it on the envelope."

Sailor (leaped across the water and landed with a crash on the deck): "Well, I made it."
Deckhand: "What's your hurry? The boat's coming in."

CHINA SAILOR
(Continued from page 2)

sort of like one of our dog tags. Shanghai called Ah Lou, the officers' steward back to do some translating. Ah Lou reported that Wong and Lee, as we had named them, belonged to the address given on the tags.

It was Shanghai who cooked up the idea of visiting the address to return our foundlings. The only trouble was that the Old Man was reluctant to send a boat and men ashore with a war going on. Jones talked persuasively to the Exec tho, and the Exec went to the Skipper. It ended up with a boat being called away. Shanghai asked me if I wanted to come along, so I figured it was a good chance for a little excitement and agreed.

Shanghai gave me an order. "Go on up and break out the 'Wothell' pennant and bring it along."

I was a bit puzzled at that. The 'Wothell' pennant was a sort of a joke between the commanding officers of the Asiatic destroyers. A typical China sailor's idea it was a many colored pennant which had exclamation marks, question marks, lines to resemble jagged lightning, and a fish to resemble a sucker. It was generally used in formation when some destroyer would make a mistake, for instance: turning right instead of left; then the lead destroyer would run up the pennant which meant just what its name indicates. If Shanghai wanted the darned thing for another pair of diapers, it was a "maskee" with me.

We embarked in the boat with Ah Lou giving us directions as to where to land. Of course, we hadn't gone a mile when a Japanese patrol boat stood out to intercept us. The gents from Nippon made it very evident that they didn't want us going ashore. I was a bit uneasy, particularly at the sight of that 7.7mm machine gun in the bow of the boat. Japs always were trigger happy.

Shanghai refused to pay any attention to them. He just hoisted the 'Wothell' pennant on the boathook and held course and speed. It sure was funny to see the puzzled expression on the Nips' faces when they saw that pennant. They all jabbered away like monkeys and thumbed anxiously through their signal book. I don't know how Shanghai kept a straight face. I couldn't.

The upshot of it was that we got ashore all right. Then Ah Lou led us through a sort of no man's land until we came to the address on the dog tags. It was a typical Chinese compound, a group of buildings surrounded by a high brick wall.

We went up and pounded on the gate which was locked and barred. It took about fifteen minutes before a wizened old Chinese man peeked through the port in the door and another ten minutes before we could get him to open it.

Finally we stepped into the compound and it was a sight for sore eyes, a green lawn, neat little garden paths, and trim white buildings with red tile roofs. After all the bombed out acres we'd just passed through, we were ready to camp right there.

While we were admiring the scene, we were starting to hear a low feminine and very American voice from the side. Startled, we turned.

Shades of the royal mermaids! If that wasn't a vision! There before us was a real honest flesh and blood American gal, as slender and trim a hull as ever you saw and a full rigged beauty from the curl in the top of her blonde head to the toes of her silken stockings.

While we gaped in open mouthed wonder, she was sounding off at a mile a minute, her clear blue eyes flashing fire, her voice low, vibrant, and urgent.

"I'm Mary Morgan," she explained. "I'm a nurse from the American hospital inland and the fighting moved us out. Now I'm down here with a bunch of Chinese orphans and we've just got to get out of here. There's no food or medicine and the fighting may hit here any time. You've got to help me. You will help me."

I've mentioned before that Shanghai was a man of strong

will, but he wasn't anything compared to this lovely 4.0 queen. She snowed all of us under in no time at all. Shanghai only murmured a few feeble words of protest to the effect that after all he was a sailor and this wasn't a sailor's business. It made no difference.

Well, she went ahead four bells and a jingle with the rest that we were soon returning to the landing with 23 Chinese babies, the oldest not more than three. We each carried two while the rest rode in some old abandoned rickshaws we'd found. Nobody bothered us until we were in the boat and on the way back to the ship again then the Jap patrol boat descended on us, this time with some officer who spoke English after a fashion. Shanghai hoisted the pennant.

"Ieh, Ieh!" grunted the Jap. "What mean you frag?" he pointed at the pennant.

Shanghai just looked at the man disgustedly.

"Ya mean to say ya haven't got that in your signal book?" he asked in apparent amazement.

The Jap looked embarrassed at this. Japs hate to be caught in situations where it makes them appear to be missing the word. He argued a bit and then shoved off. We sighed with relief but just for a minute.

Wotta sight we must have been, a boat load of sailors, babies, and a babe. Some babe too! Shanghai had gone ashore to unload two tikes and ended up by coming back with 23 more! He was plenty worried about the Old Man's reaction too.

We came on board with the entire ship's company manning the rail. Shanghai took most of the wisecracks pretty well up until the time Tubby Wilson muttered something about "Beauty and the Beast." Good thing Shanghai didn't have a belaying pin when that remark was cast.

Mary Morgan went at once to the Captain and explained her plight. She said the two babies in the tub had been sent to Swatow with an amah or nurse and she had thought them lost. We never did know what became of the amah or how the babies got in the tub. Then she asked if she and her flock couldn't be taken to some safe place until the battle ended. The Skipper looked at beautiful Mary. Then he looked at the wee little Chinese children and we knew she'd won. We were to be a floating nursery.

A day later we got underway for Hong Kong with Mary and the children all settled down in chiefs' quarters forward and the chiefs all living topside on the fo'castle. That was quite a voyage. Mary ordered the whole crew around like the queen she was and we loved it or rather her, I guess.

That was one time we very nearly lost Shanghai as the ship's character. You see, Mary fell for him, and when it came to going after something she wanted, Mary was like the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Tubby and I both agreed later that if the ship hadn't shoved off when it did from Hong Kong, Shanghai would have become just another ordinary married bos'n's mate.



Male Call

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

It's A Kilt Tilt



"Oh, I think it's very becoming, Freddie! - You ARE Freddie, aren't you?"

