



The U.S.S. Bunker Hill Monument



VOL. 2 NO. 14

APRIL 15, 1944

BOXING TOURNAMENT GREAT SUCCESS

UNAUTHORIZED RIBBONS

1. It has come to the attention of the Bureau of Naval Personnel that certain unauthorized ribbons are being worn among naval personnel. In this connection attention is directed to the following:

- a. The only campaign medals or ribbons authorized for the present war are:
 - (1) The American Defense Service Medal.
 - (2) The American Campaign Medal.
 - (3) The European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal.
 - (4) The Asiatic-Pacific Medal.

Insignia on the ribbons of these medals commemorating campaigns or engagements are authorized by Alnav or General Order.

b. The Navy Expeditionary Medal—The only authorization for this medal or ribbon for this war is to the defenders of Wake Island December 1941. It is understood that this ribbon is being worn as a "Convoy" or "Landing Force" or other similar purpose. Such wearing of the Navy Expeditionary Medal or ribbon is unauthorized.

c. Merchant Marine Ribbons—Persons who have been awarded Merchant Marine medals or ribbons while serving in the Merchant Marine and prior to entering upon active duty in the Navy are authorized to wear such ribbons, provided such medals or ribbons were created by Federal law. Persons on active duty in the Navy are not eligible for the award of Merchant Marine medals or ribbons. Naval personnel serving in merchant vessels, such as armed-guard crews, communication personnel, etc., are not entitled to wear Merchant Marine ribbons by virtue of such service.

d. Naval Reserve Medal—The basic requirement for the Naval Reserve Medal is 10 years honorable service in the Naval Reserve. Only such persons as have been awarded this medal by the Chief of Naval Personnel are entitled to wear the ribbon.

e. The Bureau of Naval Personnel has been informed that a ribbon styled "the Anti-Submarine and Convoy" ribbon is being worn by some personnel. There are probably others under various names. No such ribbons are authorized.

2. Commanding officers will inform all personnel under their command of the above and will take all practicable means of insuring compliance with regulations regarding the wearing of service ribbons. Nothing in the above shall be interpreted to preclude wearing of ribbons of decorations awarded or of campaign service ribbons duly authorized during or before the present war.

WANT WASHROOM HOURS AGAIN?

The first day washroom restrictions were removed, the consumption of fresh water jumped from below 60,000 gallons a day to 65,000. This must be reduced, either voluntarily --OR ELSE!!

FINALS HELD AT "SMOKER"

By Dan McGuire
(United Press War Correspondent)

The first BUNKER HILL boxing tournament, under the direction of Lt. Bob (Pappy) Middleton, the old Haverford fullback, attracted capacity audiences to the No. 1 elevator where novices, as well as skilled ring warriors, traded punches with the ultimate goal of gaining a place on the ship's boxing team.

It was one boxing show that no State Athletic Commission could be called on to investigate -- no one failed to give his best or went into the tank.

First Class Boatswain's Mate Howard Blackmon announced that the personnel of the BUNKER HILL team will be listed as soon as possible. This team will represent the ship against squared-circle squads from other ships.

Nineteen bouts were held, with the winners and runners-up in the finals receiving cash prizes.



The most even rivalry of the three-day tournament was between Ocie Edwards, StM2c, of Detroit and Richard Kenrady, S2c, of Fort Devens, Mass., who fought a torrid three-round draw in their first match, then went at it again with everything they had in their second meeting with the decision going to Edwards.

As far as knock-'em-down-drag-'em-out action was concerned, the best slugfest of the tournament was between two stewards -- Robert (Speed) Charleston and Charles Conner of Cleveland. They started swinging at the opening

(continued on page 7)

Staff



The Ship's Paper of the U. S. S. BUNKER HILL
Thomas P. Jeter, Captain, U. S. N.
Commanding

J. J. Quigley, Lieut. (Chaplain).....U. S. N. R.
E. L. Moriarty, Lieut.U. S. N. R.
W. C. Mitchell, Lieut.U. S. N. R.
E. F. Brissie, Lieut.U. S. N. R.
B. H. Ridder, Lieut. (jg).....U. S. N. R.
V. L. Chandler, Prtr. 1c.....U. S. N.
W. J. Hession, Prtr. 2c.....U. S. N. R.
A. M. Guarnera, PHM 2c.....U. S. N. R.
H. L. Ferguson, Prtr. 3c.....U. S. N. R.
E. M. Spica, Sic.....U. S. N. R.

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Sportsmanship

We'd like to discuss this subject with our shipmates in relation to the boxing bouts held this past week.

Webster says sportsmanship is "conduct becoming to a sportsman, involving honest rivalry, courteous relations, and graceful acceptance of results."

Now let's go back and review the fights in the light of this definition. We saw a good number of boys, most of them with little or no experience, enter the ring and give the best they had. We saw many acts of courtesy and consideration for the opponent by the fighters. No referee ever had an easier time handling two men in the ring. We saw losers congratulate winners and winners compliment losers in keeping with the finest traditions of the squared circle. We did see men on one or two occasions "bull" their opponents over the ropes, or grab their opponent as they themselves slipped thus giving the appearance of fouling, but it was done unintentionally and was the result of inexperience and excitement. (If you don't think a good sock on the kisser can rattle you, step up and try one). The referee and the judges all declared that they did not see one intentional foul nor were there any unintentional fouls that effected the outcome of any bout. All in all the boys put on a good show and deserve a big hand.

We wish that we might close this editorial at this point, but we must consider the audience as it too is involved.

As the fighters were introduced we heard favorites cheered---swell!---and we heard others booed---Pfm!---Why? Probably because they had the intestinal fortitude which the booser lacked. We heard the judges decisions booed. "Graceful acceptance of results," says Webster. We heard two of the winners receive the old Bronx Cheer from the Caspar Milquetoasts who hid in the anonymity of the crowd, and gave vent to a childlike disappointment because their favorite met a better man with the gloves.

Sportsmanship: -- "Conduct becoming a sportsman, courteous relations and graceful acceptance of results.

Keep this thought in mind, men, not only for future boxing bouts, but for application in all your dealings with your shipmates! You owe it to yourselves, to your shipmates, you owe it to your ship! Save your "Bronx Cheers" for Hitler and Hirohito.

The Lament of Mess Cooks

I hope that I shall never see,
Another scalding scullery,
A scullery that's hot as--well--
Ask one who works there, he will tell;

A place where perspiration vies
With wisps of steam to cloud the eyes;
Where endless dishes breed despair
And sailors seek a breathe of air;

A scullery where plates are pressed
Beneath the cauldron's boiling crest,
Whence messcooks glance with wistful sigh
Upon the grey New England sky;

A scullery where rest is spurned
And fingers ultimately burned,
Whose decks are always sloshing wet,
Its messcooks intimate with sweat.

Small wonder then that messcooks say
When lifting blistered hands to pray,
"Dear Lord, Dear Maker of the tree,
Didst Thou, too, make the scullery?"

We are grateful for contributions and we honestly try to use all the material submitted. The above "poem" is an example. It is a good effort on parody. But we have a few things to say about the underlying idea. Altho it is cleverly done and humorous, it serves, we think, no purpose. What is so bad about being a Mess Cook? Should a stigma be attached to performing one of the most important jobs on the ship--feeding fighting men? Should this work be looked on as a punishment instead of being regarded as not only necessary, but meritorious? How far, think you, would this ship go without Mess Cooks? How many Jap ships would be sunk and planes destroyed if all hands were improperly fed?

A Mess Cook is just as important in forming our fine record as a pilot or a gunner. He deserves as much credit - perhaps even more - because his hard work goes unheralded. There is certainly no glamour attached to his onerous duties in keeping the crew fit and in fighting form. He too serves (no pun intended) serves not only the crew but in doing his work satisfactorily serves his country equally as well.

Everyone must take his turn as messcooking. Did you ever realize that your Chiefs, Warrant Officers, some of your division officers and no doubt, many a Captain and an Admiral did his hitch in the scullery? They did that job to the best of their ability as they performed other assigned tasks or they would not be your leaders today.

Note to all Mess Cooks: If you don't like your job, get yourself a rate - rated men graduate from messcooking. But on this ship - no one is rated until he has served his time in the scullery. (See pictures on pages 4 and 5)

IT'S A FACT

In calm weather, the Norsemen would whistle loudly, believing that Thor (The Thunder God) would whistle in answer, thus creating a breeze which would enable the seamen to set their sail and save rowing.

Every time an American gobbons his neckerchief, he is unconsciously paying tribute to the death of Lord Nelson. This, however, is only because the American uniform is patterned so closely after the British.

The term "Blue Monday" came into being as early as the 18th century. It originated because of an old custom aboard ships, whereby a man's misdeeds were logged daily and the culprit flogged weekly, on the following Monday.

Among Those Present



Wartime produces unusual situations at best, but it seldom happens that one person comes to be listed as "missing in action," "deserter" and "on active duty" at the same time. However, such is the case of Robert Holmes, Sic (from Pekin, Ill.) of the Fourth Division, U.S.S. BUNKER HILL.

In October of 1942, Holmes was an apprentice seaman, fresh out of Great Lakes boot training, serving aboard the U.S.S. Algorab, a Navy transport, which was on its way to North Africa. Like his shipmates, he had heard the word "invasion" whispered flagrantly on shipboard, and he could look out across the waters and see the staggering size of the force that accompanied him; but not once did he have any idea of what was to happen to him when the Yanks began landing on the Moroccan Coast.

Amphibious barges were hitting the water at midnight on November 8, and sailors and soldiers were straining their eyes through the dark, warm night as they made their way toward a beach that they knew little of. Just at dawn barges could be seen slicing through the calm blue water off the coast of Northern Morocco. Gunfire from the beach warned that the intruders had been detected, that the Germans and French garrisons were going to make a fight of it. Several of the barges went crazily about, and their occupants hit the water. Among these craft was the barge on which Holmes was serving as a machine gunner. His barge was hit, and soldiers, sailors and all their equipment was dumped into the surf.

That was the beginning of Holmes' amazing story. His

outfit was washed up on the beach, and later in the morning the crew of the barge went back to their ship on other barges that filtered onto the beach. The crew was assigned to another barge, which was making a night landing along the beachhead at Port Lyauty, when a five-inch shell targeted them and sent the barge crashing under. Again the crew was rescued and, the next day, sent back to their transport. A third landing boat was assigned to them, and they were coming through to the beach on a third landing when an under water explosion wrecked the boat, wiped out at least half of the occupants and lost all the equipment.

The first thing Holmes remembered after the terrific explosion was waking up at a Red Cross station in the hills above the port town, two days later. He was informed that his ship had sailed off and left him, and he noticed that only Army personnel had remained behind. An Army officer came to see their "unusual" recruit, and informed him that, until the Navy sent units into Lyauty, he was now a member of the 540th Engineers.

Holmes spent a month with the Army, and his soldier duties included burying the dead that were found up and down the beachhead, some killed in combat with the French and German garrisons, some drowned when their boats were wrecked in the surf. Among the dead he saw men who had in life been his shipmates, and there were others who had been torn by explosions to the point that they bore no marks of identity. All these men, along with the dead Germans and French, were buried in a soldiers' graveyard high on the hill that overlooks Lyauty.

In December the Navy sent fleet units into the small Moroccan port, and Holmes was assigned back to the Navy and sent on his way to America. He arrived in America on Christmas Eve in time to discover that varied and unusual circumstances surrounded his return to the fleet. In one report he was listed as having deserted; in another unofficial report he was listed as "missing in action." All the time he had been committed to Army records as a temporary member of the 540th Engineers.

In time Seaman Holmes (who was promoted from apprentice seaman to seaman second class after the first day's activity in Africa, and from seaman second to seaman first class after the second day's landings) was fully and officially returned to his former Navy standing, with all back pay accounted for. He was sent in April to the U.S.S. BUNKER HILL.

NAVY LIBERALIZES PURPLE HEART AWARD

Under terms of an Alnav issued by Secretary of the Navy Knox on 28 January 1944, the Navy Department set forth the definition of wounds for which men may be awarded the Purple Heart.

"For the purpose of awarding the Purple Heart, a wound is defined as an injury to any part of the body from an outside force, element or agent sustained as the result of a hostile act of the enemy or while in action in the face of the enemy."

This definition is retroactive, and personnel who applied for the Purple Heart and were turned down may apply again if the definition covers them.

The Navy heretofore has awarded the Purple Heart to men who suffered open wounds from shot or shrapnel in action against the enemy. Under the above definition, those who suffer such injuries as sprained or dislocated limbs or spines or appreciable gashes, cuts or bruises in ship and landing operations during battles may receive the Purple Heart if approval is granted by a delegated authority or by the Navy Department.

The word "hawser" is derived from the old English "halter," meaning a rope for the neck.

OUR MESS COOKS -- THEY ALSO SE



THE BUNKER HILLBILLIES



TALENTED F AT FIRST

THE JIV



PERFORMERS -- AND HOW!! --- (Story on Page Two)



PERFORMERS SMOKER

ARTISTS



BO JANGLES II



OUR MESS COOKS -- THEY ALSO SERVE -- AND HOW!! --- (Story on Page Two)



THE BUNKER HILLBILLIES



TALENTED PERFORMERS AT FIRST SMOKER

THE JIVE ARTISTS



BO JANGLES II



The Pacific Front

NEW GUINEA - NO. 14

Of the largest island in the world, not including Greenland, relatively little is known. New Guinea, which forms a dominating part of the Melanesian Region, was divided between the Netherlands, Great Britain, and Australia before the war. With an overall length of some 1,500 miles and a maximum breadth of 400 miles, a total population of almost a million, the western and larger portion belongs to the Dutch. The north eastern section, which formerly belonged to Germany, was placed under the administration of Australia by the Treaty of Versailles. The southern section, where most of the recent fighting has occurred, belonged to the British with its official and administrative center in Port Moresby.

New Guinea is separated from Australia on the south by the Torres Strait and the Coral Sea, on the north by the Arafura Sea. The island has a somewhat irregular form, but it may be described as consisting of a broad central position from which proceed two narrower peninsulas, one in the northwest and the other in the southwest. The coasts are mostly lofty, but in the neighborhood of the Torres Strait and to the west, the shore presents the appearance of a marshy flat, covered with dense forests. In the southeast, the Owen Stanley Mountain Ranges, named after a British naturalist who did extensive surveying in New Guinea, rise to a height of 13,000 feet. The Japs were starting a drive across these mountains to Port Moresby when MacArthur checked them. In the northern section, there are mountains that rise over 15,000 feet.

The forests abound in enormous trees, including the kamphor-tree. Bananas, coconuts, sago, sugarcane, rice, maize, and yams are cultivated by the natives. On the west coast there are enormous Malay settlements, but the bulk of the inhabitants is composed of Papuans, a race resembling the negroes of Guinea. They are divided into numerous tribes chiefly in a neolithic stage of civilization, some of whom are of a friendly disposition, while others are fierce and untractable.

New Guinea was opened up to the European nations during the nineteenth century. Discovered in the sixteenth century by a Portuguese navigator, little exploring work was done until the nineteenth century when Europe became colony conscious. New Guinea offers little in the way of natural resources or a market for manufactured goods. It is not the only colony without major resources to be settled in a century that witnessed a mad scramble among the nations to plant the flag.

New Guinea is of prime strategic importance in the Japanese war. In the Spring of 1942, the Japs were gathering forces there to launch an invasion of Australia. The Battle of the Coral Sea and the constant bombing of the Army Air Forces broke up the enemy concentration. MacArthur then proceeded to drive the Japs across the Owen Stanley Mountains and set up important bases on the east coast. From these bases, despite the severe handicaps of the terrain, he has slowly progressed up the coast until today he is within striking distance of Wewak and Hollandia. Recent landings in the Admiralty Islands, which lie in the heart of the Bismarck Archipelago, some few hundred miles off the Coast of New Guinea, have served not only to outflank New Britain and New Ireland, but to secure the Southern half of New Guinea. It is generally recognized that any invasion of the Philippines will be spring-boarded mainly from New Guinea. The northern section of the island is only some five hundred miles from Mindano. A drive into the Philippines will require a great concentration of men and materials. It will require important links in the chain of supply. New Guinea will furnish us with some of these more important links.

Statistics show that the average man's arms is 28 inches long and the average girl's waist is 25 inches around. Just can't beat nature, can you?



The pugilistic element of R-2 has decided that the best way to settle all disputes is by putting on the gloves. The other evening two of the promising "fisticuffs" had their 6 rounds in the aft mess hall before a large crowd that seemed to enjoy the slugging match very much. Keep it up, you men of war, and we'll soon have a contender for J. Louis.

Something has happened to that magic music that use to drift from the radar workshop, and made some of the gang think Harry James was aboard. No matter what time of the evening you would pass the workshop, Joe Treflner's magical rhythm would greet your ears. What's happened to the serenade with the horn, Joe? Scuttlebutt has it that one evening a sailor coming off watch passed the workshop and became so enticed by Joe's music that he stumbled down the ladder! All kidding aside, Joe, we like your music and want more of it.

John Oakley, PHM1c, realized a dream come true when his younger brother, Wilbur, HAI, was transferred to the BUNKER HILL, recently. Bud had training at Great Lakes, Frisco, and the Naval Hospital at Pearl Harbor, and was aboard the Essex 6 months before being assigned to the BUNKER HILL. Bud is a congenial fellow and the crew will find him a swell shipmate. Welcome to the BUNKER HILL, Bud, and smooth sailing.

R. P. Flood, RDM2c, better known to his buddies as the "book worm" has decided to smoke a pipe, his first endeavor in this field. Smoking a pipe is fine, but the sad part is that Roger insists it must be done scientifically. Anyone having in their possession a book on "The Fine Art of Smoking a Pipe," please contact Roger at Compt. C-211-L. Any ideas will be appreciated by same.

Jock Davis claims that the V-1-H Division has the most accurate scuttlebutt of any division aboard the ship. They have gone so far as to put one of their men on mess duty so he can pass out the good word!

Proof that it's a small world after all can be found in the following incident: Buz Meredith, 1Mc, and Bob Tufford, RDM3c, happened to strike up a conversation one day up in Fly 2. Upon talking further Bob learned that Meredith had gone to school with his Dad at Ohio State. They were in the last war together. A small world, isn't it? Buz was then with the "Old Frisco Jazz Band," one of Bob's favorites. Tufford loved their jitterbug music.

John Surret is taking a chance, showing the latest picture of his girl back home to the gang in the chow line. Her name is Jean and she hails from Tulsa, Okla. Jock Davis and Conklin warned him to put the snapshot away because V-1-H has too many wolves on the prowl.

One can readily see that Max Levy, MAA of the mess-cooks, forward mess hall, is really on the ball because he has extra food on hand for the boys to serve at all times. Max takes an interest in his work and the efficiency of his boys deserve an abundance of credit. They do a swell job. Thanks from all the crew.

Wally Marshall, RDM3c, is making his post war plans these days during his spare time. If his ideas matriculate, he intends to study Optometry. He claims that there are "Two fools born every minute" and that at least one should wear glasses!

For the infinitesimal sum of 15¢ you can get a steam bath for the house; a neck shave, and a haircut, plus a few jerks of "You Name It Hair Tonic" at the Barber Shop.

FINALS HELD AT "SMOKER"
(continued from page 1)

bell and didn't stop until Conner had to retire early in the last round because of a cut over his left eye. Charleston previously had pounded out a decision over Tony Peer, S1c, of Green Bay, Wis.

In the heavyweight division, M. C. Moore, S1M3c, of Pittsburgh, Tex., got the nod over Anthony Mugaveire, S1c, of Newark, N. J., after both boys had come close to laying each other out with roundhousers that were strictly from Dixie.

Tremendous promise for a post-war professional career was displayed by Ernest Wood, S1M1c, of Los Angeles, who scored a second-round technical knockout over John Bruns, AMM3c, of Los Angeles. Wood's long reach was too much for Bruns.

Southpaw Tom McNish, S1c, of Irvington, N. J., edged out Frank Marine, S2c, of Harmonton, J. J., in another top attraction.

John Strommer, FC3c, of New York City, fought a tough duel with Joseph Tocco, S1c, of Jeannette, Pa., which ended mid-way in the third canto when Tocco injured his elbow.

Another evenly-matched contest found Bill Corcoran, RM2c, of Hartford, Conn., getting judges' decision over Tony Conde, WT3c, of Canton, O., former Golden Gloves competitor.

Veteran fight fans may have thought they were looking at Jimmy Bivins' double when "Jack" Frost, S1M2c, of Cleveland stepped into the ring against Wilbur Phillis, S1c, of St. Mary's, Kan. Using Bivins' shifty stance, Frost captured the decision.

The third man in the ring for all the fights was Chief Warrant Machinst O. M. Berchfold, who performed his duties in professional style. Chief Storekeeper "Popeye" Hayes acted as master of ceremonies.

Credit is also due Matthew Gainer, Jr., S1M3c, of Atlanta, Ga., and Frank Castleberry, S1M1c, of Chicago, who have devoted their time and energies to coaching and training numerous novices. Gainer lost only 13 out of 85 amateur fights in five years around Atlanta, while Castleberry was an amateur luminary in the Windy City.

Our First Smoker was held Tuesday afternoon in conjunction with the finals of the boxing tournament. Real talent was uncovered among the Ship's Company. The much discussed "Filthy Five" made their first public appearance -- and the enthusiastic reception they received guarantees their reappearance on future programs. Joseph Trefelner, RM3c, Dave McCreary, AMM3c, Gonzalez, S. A., Y3c, Charles Jones, ARM3c, and Francis Filippini, EM3c, made up this group of hep-cats.

Judging from the number of encores, Alvin Floyd, S1M-2c, of Cleveland, Ohio, Tap-dancer deluxe put on the most popular act of the afternoon. He lived up to the introduction given him by "Popeye" Hayes who called him the second Bill Robinson.

Our BUNKER HILLBILLYS, Webster, W. W., S2c, Brattain, S. L., AMM3c, Holland, G. H., AM3c, a guitar trio; Tagliafierro, accordionist; and A. A. Perdeck, S1c, of Newark, N. J., impersonator, brought down the house with their renditions.

If a sailor speaks of a "bum boat," he isn't referring to a low class vessel. He is merely speaking of the launch that comes alongside his ship to sell provisions or take seamen and visitors ashore.

There was no rank of admiral in the U.S. Navy until 1862.



The day was a hot afternoon in foreign waters aboard a tin-can with no enemy ships in sight.

Asked a sailor of the C.O.:

"May I entertain the crew with a few magic tricks?"

"Why not," replied the skipper.

The amateur magician who had a parrot for a mascot, perched the bird on his shoulder and went to work.

After uttering a few mystic words, the sailor soon had one of his shipmates doing things at will.

At the same moment he snapped his handkerchief to bring the sailor back to normal, the ship struck a hidden mine and the destroyer was blown to bits.

The featherless parrot, picked up from a bit of drift-wood, said to his rescuer:

"That's about the silliest trick I ever saw."

Apprentice Seaman: "What is a field day?"

Boatswain: "That's the day sailors rearrange the dust."

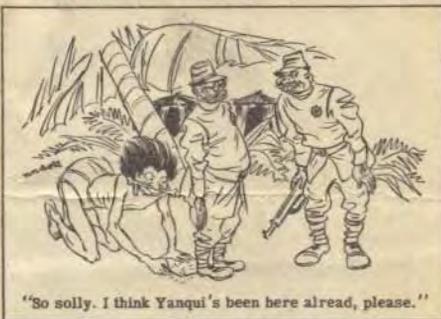
And old chief had retired from the service. Each morning a grubby youngster knocked on his door, went in, then came out again. After this had gone on for several weeks the curiosity of the neighbors was aroused.

"Tell me," said one of them to the boy. "Why do you visit that old sailor every morning?"

"Well, he gives me ten cents if I say, 'The C.O. wants to see you immediately.'"

"And what does he say after that?"

"He yells, 'Tell the C.O. to go to hell!'"



"So sorry. I think Yanqui's been here already, please."

Navy Doctor: "I can't find anything wrong with you. I think it's too much drinking."

Sailor: "Well, maybe I'd better come back some time when you're sober."

A CPO approached a junk man who was beating his bedraggled and ancient mule. The two exchanged words. The chief relieved the junkman of his whip and exacted the promise that he would never beat the helpless animal again.

"There," remarked a passing S2c to his shipmate, "is a perfect example of brotherly love."

One sadly realizes
That the supply room sarge,
Deals only in two sizes—
Too small and too large!

Chaplain Dreith: "Son, are you following the Ten Commandments?"

Seaman: "I don't know, Sir. It's all I can do to follow the ship's regulations."

