



VOL. 2 NO. 24

JULY 8, 1944

ACTING AIR BOSS WINS PROMOTION

CAPTAIN JETER PRESENTS AWARDS

Awards to personnel of the ship's Air Group were made last week by Captain T. P. Jeter, Commanding, at hangar deck parade ceremonies.

Comdr. W. M. Collins, USN, skipper of the fighting squadron was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for distinguishing himself while leading his squadron on its first combat mission, during which he directed the attack and personally shot down one enemy aircraft when he and his wingmen were attacked.

The Air Medal was awarded to Comdr. Collins's executive officer, Lt. Comdr. R. W. Hoel, USNR, and eight other fighter pilots for meritorious flights during March operations. The other fighter pilots were Lt. W. L. Gibbs, USNR; and Lts. (jg) J. W. Topliff, H. T. Brownscombe, E. L. Feightner, T. P. O'Boyle, G. N. Kirk, W. E. Lamoreaux, and J. J. McGuire.

Air Medals also were awarded Lt. A. D. Jones, USNR, and Lt. (jg) L. T. Mereness, of the Bombing Squadron.

The newly-authorized Commendation ribbon was awarded to Lt. Comdr. R. B. Wood, USN, V-3 division officer, for distinguishing himself while a member of VB17, no longer attached to the ship. The Commendation ribbon also went to ACOM H. W. Coleman, former VT turret gunner, and R. E. Sale, ARM2c, for their participation in actions while with the former Air Group.

The Purple Heart award was presented to Lt. (jg) J. C. Bertie, fighter pilot, for wounds received in the February action for which he previously had been awarded the Navy Cross.

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WAR BOND DRIVE GOES OVER WITH A BANG!

The Fourth of July War Bond Cash sales on the BUNKER HILL was a tremendous success, far exceeding fondest expectations, reported Ens. Harold Mathews, who directed the campaign. More than \$22,000 were spent by officers and enlisted men in the two days period this drive was conducted.

The Marine detachment and the Torpedo Squadron led the way in spending spare cash to insure victory through the War Bond Front. The amazing record of 86 out of the 89 members of Marines have now gone on record as Bond owners. In the present campaign they purchased approximately one fifth of all Bonds sold, with Sergeant E. J. Donnelly leading the way with a \$1,500 contribution.

Individual honors for the campaign went to Chief E. G. Philipps, who personally sold bonds to 60 out of 62 members of his squadron, for a sum of \$3,500.

Ens. Mathews wishes it to be known that War Bond ALLOTMENTS may still be recorded in the First Lieutenant's Office.

APPOINTED COMMANDER

Special dispatch orders from the Secretary of the Navy this week named Lt. Comdr. Gilbert J. Frauenheim, AV-N, USNR, to the rank of commander, and were expected to be followed by BuPers action officially designating him Air Officer.



The spot promotion followed his assumption of duties as Air Officer, and is valid for the duration of his service aboard this ship.

Preceding it by but a few days was the publication of an AlNav designating Lt. Comdr. Ken F. Musick, USN, Torpedo Squadron skipper, to Commander, as well as such BUNKER HILL alumni as C. H. B. Morrison, one-time Assistant Air Officer; James B. Vose, Bombing 17 skipper, and J. T. (Tommy) Blackburn, commanding officer of Fighting 17.

The possibility that he ever would be Air Officer of the BUNKER HILL certainly never entered the mind of Comdr. Frauenheim last September, when he saw the big carrier at the North Island dock at San Diego. But he knew that Comdr. J. M. Carson was its Air Officer, and so came aboard to pay respects to the man who had been his commanding officer at Anacostia.

Comdr. Carson, who had made Comdr. Frauenheim

(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..... U. S. N. R.
V. L. Chandler, Prtr. 1c..... U. S. N.
W. J. Elsner, PhoM. 1c..... U. S. N. R.
W. J. Hession, Prtr. 2c..... U. S. N. R.
H. L. Ferguson, Prtr. 3c..... U. S. N. R.
A. C. Matre, RdM. 3c..... U. S. N. R.
E. M. Spica, S1c..... U. S. N. R.

Be Dependable

Back in 1898, the United States considered it necessary, on account of the international situation, to go to war with Spain. At that time a Cuban insurrecto, General Garcia, was carrying the fight to the Spanish Forces established in Cuba and it was essential to get word to him so that his efforts could be coordinated with those of the United States. A Major Rowan was selected for the job on account of his ability to get things done and despite almost insurmountable hardships, he delivered the message to Garcia.

Elbert Hubbard, an editor, in reviewing this accomplishment, realized that here was a man that was outstanding because he could do any job assigned him in a highly satisfactory manner. Hubbard was inspired by this performance to write "A Message to Garcia" which on being published as an editorial in a New York paper, received tremendous acclaim. The New York Central Railroad had thousands of copies printed and distributed them to its employees. What did this message contain that aroused so much attention?

In "A Message to Garcia," Elbert Hubbard told briefly of Rowan's accomplishment, stressing the point that here was a man called to Washington, and told to deliver a message to a man somewhere in Cuba. His job was to find him, wherever he might be, before a certain date and deliver the message. Contrasting with this, Hubbard said that if the average employer calls any of his men and asks him to obtain for him immediately a brief transcript of the life of Correggio, the odds are that that man will ask who Correggio was, why the boss wants to know, where the information can be found, how he wants it written up; and having been told, will muddle around on the job until the need for the information is past. He then went on to stress the value of the man who can and does deliver the goods every time he is called upon. It is an article that takes only a few minutes to read, but it carries a message for all of us.

Everyone will realize the value of a man that can be depended upon to get things done whether he be officer, petty officer, enlisted man or civilian employee. The trust and confidence that can be placed on such a man is a source of profound pleasure and assurance to that man's employer whether he be officer or civilian. Each of us can be such a man if we have confidence in ourselves and go after things as if it were impossible to fail. All it takes is the will and desire to do it. A man who can carry the "Message to Garcia" is worth his weight in gold in any and every organization. Why not be one?

Articles for the Government Of the United States Navy

(Continued)

Every commanding officer of a vessel in the Navy shall obey the following rules:

6. He shall, whenever officers or men are sent from his ship for whatever cause, take care that each man is furnished with a complete statement of his account, specifying the date of his enlistment, the period and term of his service, and his descriptive list. Said account shall be signed by the commanding officer and paymaster.

7. He shall cause frequent inspections to be made into the condition of the provisions on his ship and use every precaution for their preservation.

8. He shall frequently consult with the surgeon in regard to the sanitary condition of his crew and shall use all proper means to preserve their health. And he shall cause a convenient place to be set apart for sick or disabled men, to which he shall have them removed, with their hammocks and bedding, when the surgeon so advises, and shall direct that some of the crew attend them and keep the place clean.

9. He shall attend in person, or appoint a proper officer to attend, when his crew is finally paid off, to see that justice is done to the men and to the United States in the settlement of the accounts.

10. He shall cause the Articles for the Government of the Navy to be hung up in some public part of the ship and read once a month to his ship's company.

Every commanding officer who offends against the provisions of this article shall be punished as a court-martial may direct.

Article 21

When the crew of any vessel of the United States are separated from their vessel by means of her wreck, loss, or destruction, all the command and authority given to the officers of such vessel shall remain in full force until such ship's company shall be regularly discharged from or ordered again into service, or until a court-martial or court of inquiry shall be held to inquire into the loss of said vessel. And if any officer or man, after such wreck, loss, or destruction, acts contrary to the discipline of the Navy, he shall be punished as a court-martial may direct.

Article 22

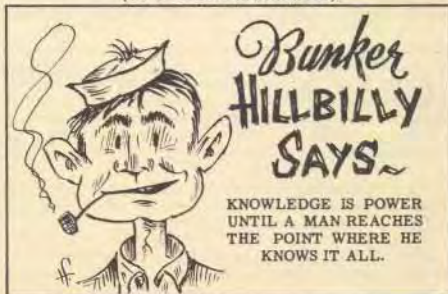
(a) All offenses committed by persons belonging to the Navy which are not specified in the foregoing articles shall be punished as a court-martial may direct.

(b) Fraudulent enlistment, and the receipt of any pay or allowance thereunder, is hereby declared an offense against naval discipline and made punishable by general court-martial, under this article.

Article 23

All offenses committed by persons belonging to the Navy while on shore shall be punished in the same manner as if they had been committed at sea.

(To be continued next week)



Among Those PRESENT



Several years ago, we had the pleasure, even if accompanied by a certain amount of envy, of working on the same story with a magazine photographer who could do with a camera what Wagner could do with music, or what Sid Luckman could do with a football. There was in his eyes a light that set him apart from any crowd. At first we thought this light was kindled by the excellent brand of Scotch he had access to; but later we discovered that it came of a talent to see life as his own particular stage--just the way he wanted to photograph it. His name incidentally, was Ivan Dmitri, who at that time was doing a series of pictures for the Saturday Evening Post.

After the day we followed Dmitri around, we became fascinated by cameras and photography. We made a cruise to Bermuda in search of feature pictures, and the best we ever made of it was a picture of a pretty girl clad in the most attractive bathing suit, looking out over the glassy bay at Hamilton. News editors didn't encourage our spark of talent, and gradually, for the sake of food and lodging, we had to look for other forms of livelihood. But that unsatisfiable, almost foolish yen to be tinkering with a camera lived on. We have never missed an opportunity to chat with a photographer.

Just yesterday, we walked into the photographic department of the BUNKER HILL. We have several friends there, and among them is a young man by the name of Guy Cox, PhoMic, a lad whose eyes have seen much of war and peace in photography for one as young as twenty-two years. He has flown on photographic missions in six of the BUNKER HILL'S major campaigns against the Nips, and on several of these attacks, he flew more than one hop.

Cox showed us some pictures from what he called a routine assignment. They included a perfect string of beachhead profiles taken in such a way as to show the approaches and obstacles along a certain sector of an im-

portant Jap base. Looking at these shots casually, you are immediately impressed with their checkered beauty: what appears to be sugar-cane fields and woodlands stand out in sharp contrast with each other; the streams and roadways are tiny seams of silver that wander aimlessly into other larger arteries, and, ultimately, into the sea--or into thin space. At the outset you are struck more with the correctness of the island than you are with the artistry of the photographer. Then the photographer begins to point out just what is military importance, and you suddenly realize that the beautiful squares of vegetation and the silver threads of roadways are almost incidental to the real purpose of the pictures. Only a trained photographer's eyes can catch the instantaneous value of what he sees and what he has after he takes the pictures. He must take these pictures so that they will fit one onto the other, just as the hardwood planks of a floor compliment each other.

Our curiosity took us with inquiring interest into the background of Photographer Cox. He is a modest, hard worker, who doesn't have a great deal to say about his exploits. We thought perhaps there was a camera germ somewhere, a germ such as the type that shows its epidemic hold on people you visit in Yellowstone National Park or around the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. First you have a camera, he admitted, and then you look for something to take pictures of.

His germ dates back to the age of twelve, about the time when Eastman was giving away a half-million kodaks to teen-aged kids who were born under the sign of the Ram --or whatever the stipulation was. Cox's first camera was more of the professional type, however; it folded up into a nice little package, sort of like a jack-in-the-box. At the time he was a boy scout, and his camping trips around his hometown of Wilson, North Carolina, provided an expansive beat for pictures...and more pictures. He told us of how he liked to photograph the other kids (probably girl kids), and of how he looked for the evasive and ever-sought "human interest" angle.

While still in his teens he did free lance work for a hometown newspaper, The Wilson Times, a publication he first became associated with as a news carrier. During the famous Wilson Tobacco Festivals, one of which yielded Ava Gardner, the Southern belle who went West and married Mickey Rooney, he picked up shots of queens and farmers, which proves that he had a searching eye for human interest--great or small. Later he became an associate of a photo finishing shop in his hometown, but all the while he continued to do free lance work. His first big professional thrill came when he photographed a group of survivors off the Zam-Zam, an Egyptian liner which was sunk by a German raider off the Coast of Spain in the early part of the war. There were a number of wealthy tobacconists on this ship returning to America from the Near-East. For his shots of the survivors he was rewarded with five front page cuts in his hometown paper, by-line and all.

In June of 1942, Cox joined the Navy and was sent through boot training at Norfolk. Very soon he was picked out of his group and sent to the Navy School of Photography at Pensacola, Florida. Temporary duty followed at Quonset and at a special school in Cambridge, Mass. From there, he was ordered to the BUNKER HILL, where his combat flight photography began.

Cox is very much of a photographer to our way of thinking, because he has little to say and his eyes miss nothing. He is thoroughly at home in his darkroom, amid foul smelling chemicals, where we found him yesterday. His casual way of evaluating negatives and turning out prints fascinated us all over again. I shouldn't be surprised if our visit to the photography shop doesn't cost us a trip to Bermuda someday, or to India; most any place where we're not likely to run into Ivan Dmitri.

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If you wish to make a man your enemy, tell him simply, "You are wrong." This method works every time.

START OF THE 440-YARD DASH
Gone Native!



LEAP FROG
Jitter

U. S. S. BU
SECOND TH
JUNE 2

LAST LAP OF T
Isn't w



MEDICINE BALL RELAY RACE
Spring Dance!





FROG RACE
bugs!

PONY RACE
Hey, look at us!



ANKER HILL
RACK MEET

26, 1944

THE RELAY RACE
hell?



PULL-L-L-L
Note the moral support!

START OF THE 440-YARD DASH
Gone Native!



LEAP FROG RACE
Jitterbugs!

PONY RACE
Hey, look at us!



U. S. S. BUNKER HILL
SECOND TRACK MEET
JUNE 26, 1944

LAST LAP OF THE RELAY RACE
Isn't war hell?



MEDICINE BALL RELAY RACE
Spring Dance!



PULL-L-L-L
Note the moral support!





Larry "Peaches" Laurence, S1c, V-1-H, claims he has been shaving for 2 years and has yet to cut himself during that time. The gang can't understand it because all they can see on his chin is "peach fuzz."

Anyone desiring to swap ideas on the subject of airplane engines, contact J. A. Woodland, AMM3c.

Doug "Butterball" Marlow, RDM3c who hails from "Toity Toid Street," celebrated his 21st birthday July 3. He loudly proclaimed from foc'sle to fantail, "Today, I am a man!"

The crew is still wondering who gave the following little ditty over the P.A. System on the day of our anniversary. "This is a fighting ship and fighting men. Happy Anniversary—now turn to." We must have a ghost announcer aboard.

"Chuck" Jones, ART3c, joins the "I've Never Seen My Baby Club." Mother and daughter are doing fine.

Leonard "Buster" May, AerM1c, received a letter from a friend, wanting to know how he had to go to Frisco to get his mail. "Buster" finally explained the situation.

John "Skippy" Skinner has a hobby of collecting funny books. "Skippy" is an ardent follower of "Superman" and "Bug's Bunny."

Paul "Slim" Simons, RDM3c, was very happy to see his brother, Chief Simons, Radar Technician. Paul hadn't seen his brother for three years, so they both had a lot to chat about. Paul was happy for such a break.

Ens. John Hayes was very happy to see a college chum, who paid him a visit this week.

"Pop" Wade, SC2c, known to all the men in the galley as "Pop," left the ship this week. A great guy was "Pop," who always had a smile and a good word for all the men. "Pop" had duty aboard a man o' war during the last war and volunteered for duty at the age of 50. "Pop" had to do some fancy talking, but he made the grade. At present, "Pop" has two sons who are in the service, one a cook and the other an aviation machinist at Corpus Christi. We will miss you "Pop." Good luck and Bon Voyage.

Speaking of Chief Storekeepers, or were we? Our nomination for this week's admission to the "Liar's Club" is D. V. (Dap-Dap) Roberts. He's told that story so many times that he believes it himself about the Jap Admiral who committed Hari-Kari when he discovered upon anchoring that the coxswain had swapped the anchor to a Chinaman for a wooden one. It's a good story, though!

PROMOTIONS

The following personnel last week were notified of well deserved promotions. Congratulations from all hands.

Phaneuf, H. B.	Boatswain	Ch. Boatswain
George, R. L., Jr.	Gunner	Ch. Gunner
Barr, H. C.	Machinist	Ch. Machinist
Plascjak, A. M.	Electrician	Ch. Electrician
Waters, J. M.	Radio Electrician	Ch. Rad. Elec.
Bare, F. E.	Pay Clerk	Ch. Pay Clerk
Stevens, C. B.	CBM	Boatswain
Buckner, R. H.	CWT	Machinist
Hopson, H. B.	ACMM	Machinist

Much Ado About Nothing

Frankly, it was rather hard to see all those "plank owners" going over the side, transfer papers in hand. It recalled a lot of duty we'd done together, from watches we stood at Quincy and Fargo, to those out here. A guy's not apt to be thinking about the time he's served with a mate until one of them starts making the rounds with his clear-ance chit. Good luck, you gents!

Strictly Personal: I guess I can go for those concentrated orange and grapefruit juices as well as the next guy. ...But, brother, have you heard the latest-- BANANA FLAKES??? Just count me out when they start that stuff on the chow line. ...Ernie Nevers, a Marine Captain out in these parts and a former Stanford grid great under Pop Warner, is hoping to start a pro football club representing San Francisco, after he gets back. ...Here they've got the Second Front started, and there still is no war song that can touch "Over There..."

Non-Essential Data (Boston Division) -- Jim Tobin, who did it this year, is the only major leaguer to ever pitch a no-hit, no-run game and also slug out a homer in the same tilt.

You may remember the guy--Joe Savoldi. He did considerable fullbacking for Notre Dame in the 30's, and then turned to pro wrestling. Anyway, he's now the ace plain clothes man on the provost marshal staff in Naples. His boss is Mike Mikulak, who football for Green Bay Packers after beating up West Coast lines while at Oregon...Smart, big-city birds, they were out-slicked a little while back by a smooth-fingered native who lifted what he thought was Mike's wallet. It was a notebook, and Mike didn't have the nerve to even look for it!

The University of Chicago now has decided to drop all intercollegiate sports. ...Which Big Ten conference opponents thought the Maroons did quite a while ago. ...You heard about the couple that had been welders at Fore River for 50 years--? They celebrated their golden welding anniversary....



A venerable old gent shuffled into a recruiting office one morning. "I am sorry," said the enlistment officer in a kindly voice, "but we are only taking young men. We have no use for anybody over 70."

The aged gent looked very disappointed. "I thought maybe you could use a General," he mumbled.

ACTING AIR BOSS WINS PROMOTION

(continued from page 1)

A & R Officer at Anacostia in recognition of his organizing ability, quickly asked his guest how he'd like to do duty aboard the BUNKER HILL.

"I think I'd like that," was the quick, sincere reply that started a coast-to-coast action resulting in Comdr. Frauenheim doing a four-hour packing job to get aboard before the BUNKER HILL left that same afternoon.

He took over the V-2 division, and under his conscientious direction, made it the strong, behind-the-scenes force that has enabled the BUNKER HILL to tott up records for aircraft availability in it's Pacific operations. Fighting the quirks and bugs of the new Helldiver, organizing a crew that worked hand-in-glove with the squadrons, Comdr. Frauenheim and his junior officers beat the prejudices against the Curtis plane and, as much as anyone, deserves the credit for proving its worth on a carrier.

On the transfer of Comdr. Al Major, the logical choice as Assistant Air Officer was Comdr. Frauenheim, who had the V-2 background as well as a working knowledge of flight and hangar deck problems. In his customary quiet way, he took over his new responsibilities and readily adjusted himself to the post.

This quality of adjustment, and perseverance of duty seems a natural development of a boyhood and youth that was filled with changes and battles with circumstance. One of four sons of a foundryman, he spent his boyhood in Zelenople, Pa., his birthplace; Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh, where he finished high school and entered Carnegie Tech. Along with other hardy collegiates listed with the class of 1932, he found the road rough, and his engineering courses had to be balanced against hours of odd jobs ranging from waiting tables to selling newspaper subscriptions. For nearly two years he worked for a Pittsburgh publishing firm, and upon concluding his college career, went with the business department of first, the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, and then the Washington Post. His affiliation with the latter newspaper came about when the business manager delayed in answering a letter requesting employment. Comdr. Frauenheim therefore went to Washington to inquire into the delay and the business manager, with little more ado about it, hired the persevering job-seeker.

He then switched to a job offering what he thought was a better future with a large Washington department store, and stayed there until May of 1936, when he entered the Navy. He had attempted to get into Naval Aviation the previous fall, but the small quotas of those years denied him the opportunity.

On winning his wings at Pensacola in September, 1937, he immediately was ordered to "big boats," joining VP 9 at San Diego. With that squadron until September, 1938, he participated in most of the long flights that marked patrol squadron work in that era, and accounted for more than half of his 2,600 hours flying time being in multi-engines. He flew the flight to Kodiak and Sitka, flew the non-stop squadron hop to Honolulu twice, flew the non-stop hop to Panama for advanced base exercises and on to the Caribbean war games of that year. He then transferred to VP 13 which was ordered to Pearl Harbor in September, 1939, where he did duty for another year--and met Lois Belo, a black-haired, petite girl who became Mrs. G. J. Frauenheim two years later; in a military wedding, complete with an arch of swords, at Washington.

In September, 1940, he was transferred to Anacostia as an instructor, although he managed to squeeze in a three-week tour of duty for Eastern Airlines, during his leave period. In December of 1942, Comdr. Carson made him A & R Officer, a post he held until the base was closed last August. He then was prepared to go with another patrol squadron on that fateful day when he came aboard the BUNKER HILL to pay his respects to Comdr. Carson.

Popular with officers and men, Comdr. Frauenheim's



1st Wave: "I caught my boyfriend flirting."
2nd Wave: "I caught mine that way, too."

A hug is energy gone to waist.

A grave-digger, absorbed in his thoughts, dug the grave so deep he couldn't get out. Came nightfall and the evening chill, his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help, and at last attracted the attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted. Get me out of here! I'm cold!"

The drunk looked into the grave, and finally distinguished the form of the freezing grave-digger. "No wonder you're cold," he said, "you haven't any dirt on you!"

CO: "Yeoman, there will be a number of high ranking officers here for lunch. I want you to stand by the hatch and call the guests' names as they arrive."

Yeoman: "Boy, I'd like to do that! But are you sure you can keep me out of the brig?"

Sailor: "I haven't come to any ham in this sandwich yet!"

Cook: "Try another bite."

Sailor (taking huge mouthful): "Nope, none yet."

Cook: "Dog-gone it! You must have gone right past it."

Lady: "I see by the paper that a woman in Wichita just cremated her fourth husband."

Old Maid: "Isn't that always the way! Some of us can't get a man, while others have husbands to burn."

Forish: "Gee, that apple had a big worm in it."

Quinn: "Here, take a drink and wash it down."

Forish: "Nothing doing! Let him walk."



PRESENTATION OF AWARDS

(continued from page 1)

Captain Jeter, who wears the Presidential Unit Citation ribbon for his service aboard the U.S.S. Enterprise during the early days of the war when that ship was the Pacific's greatest war-horse, presented the Unit Citation ribbon to a former shipmate, ACMM C. C. Phelps, USN, now attached to this ship.

heavily-bearded, square jaw belie his keen sense of humor and sympathetic understanding. His reading, these days, is concentrated on the multi-paged letters he gets from his wife, who now is with the American legation in Cairo and whose adventures with camels, natives and climbing the Pyramids have been close to the hilarious. His ambition?

"Well," he says, "I guess it's just to do my best on any job they give me. But--" and a far-away look comes into his eye--"isn't that B-24 a beautiful hunk of aircraft?"

Male Call

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



ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"I've told you a dozen times, Alfred, I'll gladly lend you forty cents to go to the movies—but can't you wait until we get to the movies?"



"I'm afraid I've been poor company for your daughter, Mr. Binks!"



"Oh, fellows!"



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HALF-HITCH



"...and you can breed them quicker than you can build cargo planes."