



The U.S.S. Bunker Hill Monument



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TOKYO DEMANDS U. S. GIVE UP ITS NAVY

NAVY ADOPTING NEW PAY SYSTEM

A new, simplified pay plan to reduce paper work and insure prompt payment of all emoluments is being put into operation now and will become effective for the entire Navy 1 July 1944. Key to the new system is a card record which will be issued every officer and enlisted person and which will be carried by the officer or enlisted person to all new assignments, tours, transfers and changes of duty.

The card, about the size of an ordinary sheet of type-writing paper, will list all information needed to establish every person's exact pay status at any disbursing office at which it is presented. Once presented, the card remains in the custody of the disbursing officer or commanding officer. When the person is detached, the card is returned to him for transfer to the new station.

Also new is a small waterproof card, called the personal pay memorandum card, which everyone in the Navy should obtain for his personal use. On it he can keep his own notations of pay received, change in status, and all other pertinent data. Even if his ship goes down and his card gets wet, the essential data entered thereon will be immediately available for use by him in preparing the affidavit which will be used by the disbursing officer for opening his new pay account.

Under the new system, every officer and man can be promptly paid on pay day regardless of his status—whether at his station, enroute to a new station, not yet assigned to specific duty, or even as a survivor. Any change in pay caused by new rating, rank or duties is promptly sent to his current station and noted on the card. Pay cards lost or destroyed will be duplicated by the nearest disbursing officer as soon as a sworn statement is furnished.

With the old system, pay accounts were mailed to the new station whenever a person was detached and transferred. Under the conditions of global war, officers and men move about so rapidly that pay accounts often were continually behind them. Sudden transfers of personnel also added to the danger of pay accounts being lost in transit or in combat areas.

Formerly, also, pay accounts were audited every quarter. Under the new system, each pay record card will last six months regardless of duty changes.

HERE ARE JAPANESE PEACE TERMS

London, May 22, — Japanese "peace terms" to the United States involving such "demands" as confiscation of the entire American Navy have been published in the Japanese periodical "Meiho," a Berlin broadcast said today.

Other conditions prescribed:

"All expenses arising out of taking over American ships by Japan are to be paid by the United States.

"All large ships of the merchant fleet are to be put at the disposal of Japan.

"All naval installations, naval stations, dockyards, arsenals, colleges and other centers of naval education are to be destroyed.

"In case of the scuttling of a single ship 10 times its value should be paid the Japanese government."

TSK! TSK! WHAT DELUDED DOPES THESE JAPS BE!

CENSORSHIP CHECK-UP

Attention of all hands is once more called to the strict observance of censorship regulations. You wouldn't knife your best friend in the back; and yet you do worse than this when you try to slip something past the censors on our activities.

Certainly by this time every man aboard is familiar with the censorship regulations, and is fully aware that nothing regarding movements; past, present or impending operations; data revealing restricted facts on such things as armament, aircraft, engineering performance; and casualties can be mentioned.

Further warning has come from official channels via a Fleet letter, which reveals that mail is now being "spot-censored" on the west coast, with pieces of mail selected at random and gone over again for violations. Several have already been found, and offenders will be dealt with severely.

The responsibility lies with the individual censor as well as with the writer of the letter, and the Executive Officer has directed each censor to bend every effort to

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New Speed-up of V-Mail

Despite the alleged "disadvantages" of V-mail, such as being unable to ramble on for page after page, or being forced to write legibly, it IS the fastest way to get your letters home.

Right now, less than 25 per cent of the letters carrying airmail stamps can be packed aboard the over-crowded and scarce transports flying east. Most of the airmail, is taken by ship and not flown until it reaches the States.

V-mail definitely gets priority, and if there is room on

a flight, it goes first. It gets priority in the original form in which you write it, and then gets further priority after being processed photographically and relayed on.

LATEST speed-up comes with the addition of an airmail stamp on your V-mail envelope. Mail thus stamped is photographed and processed first, and given first AIR priority. A 6¢ airmail stamp ON THE OUTSIDE suffices.

Thus it is evident that your BEST BET is to send V-mail by air. It will receive priority treatment all the way.

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.

So Ya Wanna Go Home, Mac?

"Me too, but before we can worry about the tremendous 'brain twisters' that will come with demobilization, let's finish the war. The basis of all thought is truth, so we'll sit down together and think this thing out. First of all, let's put a few facts down on paper. (1) Can we honestly expect any large scale demobilization while there are still Japs or Germans with guns who continue to resist actively and prevent us from obtaining the 'unconditional surrender' we are after? Of course we cannot. This is a practical fact. (2) Are there any rebellious armed Japs or Germans on Broadway, Market Street, or Main Street in Waterloo, Iowa that our petticoat army at home cannot handle? There are not. No sensible man would say there were. Then where are all the Japs? Between here and Tokyo, of course. And before we can get to Tokyo we must kill or capture the monkeys----So many of us, humanly enough, let our thoughts of home run away with our emotions to the extent that we are torturing ourselves, and we fail to realize many of the facts that face us daily. The shortest route to the land we love so well is to reach our destination (Tokyo) with the utmost speed. It's definitely an 'all hands' evolution. There are no soft berths left! Presently some three million men are overseas and the figure is increasing by thousands daily. The mobility and living conditions of our ship make us members of a group to be envied.

If any of you have any doubts that this is true, visit some of the army based on these so-called 'paradise sandbanks'----whether we as individuals like it or not, all important in this war is the establishment of a sturdy foundation for future peace. Personal sacrifice, whether mental, physical, or otherwise is something strategists and the deciding powers cannot consider to any great extent in order to achieve the aforementioned end. The sooner we realize this as some sort of fact the happier we shall be. So, 'cry, fella, cry,' but think about the above. Our day for a well-deserved leave period with our loved ones will come in its due course. Until then, our course is West--gents, West!"

The first edition of the "Bellerin' Beulah," ship's paper of the U.S.S. Belleau Wood, featured the above editorial. Because of its timely truths, it is reprinted for your consideration.

SONG FOR THE JAPANESE WAR OFFICE

What a terrible price for bunk,
What a horrible cost for junk,
What a helluva turn to get kicked in the stern
By a fleet that you said you'd sunk!

Articles for the Government Of the United States Navy

(Continued)

Article 14

Fine and imprisonment, or such other punishment as a court-martial may adjudge, shall be inflicted upon any person in the naval service of the United States--

8. Who steals, embezzles, knowingly and willfully misappropriates, applies to his own use or benefit, or wrongfully and knowingly sells or disposes of any ordnance, arms, equipment, ammunition, clothing, subsistence stores, money, or other property of the United States, furnished or intended for the military or naval service thereof; or

9. Who knowingly purchases, or receives in pledge for any obligation or indebtedness, from any other person who is a part of or employed in said service, any ordnance arms, equipments, ammunition, clothing, subsistence stores, or other property of the United States, such other person not having lawful right to sell or pledge the same; or

10. Who executes, attempts, or countenances any other fraud against the United States.
And if any person, being guilty of any of the offenses described in this article while in the naval service, receives his discharge or is dismissed from the service he shall continue to be liable to be arrested and held for trial and sentence by court-martial in the same manner and to the same extent as if he had not received such discharge nor been dismissed.

Article 15

The proceeds of vessels or any property hereafter captured, condemned as prize, shall not be distributed among the captors, in whole or in part, nor shall any bounty be paid for the sinking or destruction of vessels of the enemy hereafter occurring in time of war.

Article 16

No person in the Navy shall take out of a prize, or vessel seized as a prize, any money, plate, goods, or any part of her equipment unless it be for the better preservation thereof or unless such articles are absolutely needed for the use of any of the vessels or armed forces of the United States before the same are adjudged lawful prize by a competent court; but the whole, without fraud, concealment, or embezzlement, shall be brought in in order that judgment may be passed thereon; and every person who offends against this article shall be punished as a court-martial may direct.

Article 17

If any person in the Navy strips off the clothes of or pillages or in any manner maltreats any person taken on board a prize, he shall suffer such punishment as a court-martial may adjudge.

(To be continued next week)



BUNKER HILLBILLY SAYS--

ALMOST ALL OUR FAULTS
ARE MORE PARDONABLE
THAN THE METHODS WE
THINK UP TO HIDE THEM

RESURRECTION OF THE MARBLEHEAD



There's something about the life of a ship that goes on, even after her death. Usually she's just another ship until, one day, a test comes along, and to fail in meeting that test means her death, or to win that test means a glorious victory. Frequently the glorious victory is less celebrated throughout a fleet than an honorable death, and when such is the case, the name and fame of the ship who won her fight dwindles back to take its place among other normal ships. That is except in the hearts of men who met the test which meant life for the ship instead of death.

We don't know of a single saga in American Naval history which outshines the radiant page written by the officers and crew of the U.S.S. Marblehead, a cruiser of the Asiatic Fleet given up for dead by everyone—except the 750 people who were her crew. Once she turned away from her destination because she was sinking and had to make a nearby port; another time she remained afloat because her officers and men formed a bucket brigade and literally kept her bailed above the surface. It was in just such a state, or nearly so, that she made her way 10,000 miles around to the other side of the world, home and to salvation.

There are six members of the BUNKER HILL'S crew who will tell you that the Marblehead's fight for her very life was the greatest experience of their lives. (A seventh man, V. D. Flynn, SIC, Third Division, came aboard her after she reached America). You can go to the R-1 Division spaces and talk to C. W. Loveless, BM2c, or to the Fifth Division and chat with Bill McCarty, Cox., and you'll hear the same story of faithfulness to a Naval vessel; you can stop S. B. Clancy, Cox. of the First Division, or R. H. House, an AMMLC, and they can add a few colorful details about the cruiser's historical journey; or you can climb all the way down to the engine rooms and find N. F. Todish, WT1c, and L. E. Monetti, WT1c, and they have a few favorite details to include in the Marblehead's unforgettable crawl from the Java Sea to the other side of the world and Brooklyn's Navy Yard.

Most of these men remember seeing the Marblehead for the first time as she lay at her buoy anchorage in the river at Shanghai, just a matter of a few minutes boat ride from the Customs Jetty and then a block of walking to the world famous International Settlement. Back in the still peaceful days of 1940, she was a frequent visitor to Shanghai, where the sailors found wine, women, song, and a taste of everything that went to give them the cryptic description "Asiatic." This veritable polyglot of human existence was a world within itself, and the outlying beaches and smaller cities gave some of the Americans their first run-ins with the Japanese, whom, in peacetime, the bluejackets found rather raucous, distasteful and often, when under the influence of liquor, supercilious.

These men remember, too, the operations in and around Manila, Cavite Navy Yard, and the breathlessly hot days of sailing off the Philippines during the summer months. They made one trip up to Hong Kong and other trips to smaller ports along the North China Coast.

Just as it is burned across the hearts and minds of millions of other Americans, December 7, 1941, also has a special meaning to the Marblehead crew, as well as to the other units of the Asiatic Fleet. At the time she had gone into a small port on Northeastern Borneo; when she heard that the Japs were attacking Pearl Harbor, she got underway and steamed south. The headlong Japanese advance through Thailand, Borneo, Sumatra and Java put the Asiatic Fleet units into a precarious spot; it meant that hordes of Jap merchantment, warships and warplanes would be out to rule the air, the seas and, ultimately, the islands, which had to be supplied with implements of war to be used by the sprint-crazed Jap army.

Into this situation steamed American and Dutch cruisers and destroyers, pledged to the last ship to throw their weight into a fight to a finish to stop the Nippon tide. Fantastic stories wove their way out of this Celebes-Java Sea battle area: American destroyers steamed into Jap-held harbors and fired full-salvos of torpedoes into enemy ships; American and Dutch cruisers ranged within a matter of a few miles of the enemy coastlines to guard the exit of destroyers, and, casually, to hurl a few hundred shells into the camp of the invader.

Early February found the Allied fleet units weary from continuous operations, but still the Jap moved South and East, supplying his armies and air units with vast resources carried by huge convoys. Admiral Helfrich of the Dutch Fleet had ordered another strike against Jap shipping to the North, and the attack was being planned at Bali. The Marblehead and other fleet units were spotted by Japanese patrol planes on February 4, and as a result they turned in an effort to evade attack bombers. But at 1000 that morning the attack came in: 54 twin-engine bombers, flying in a gigantic V of Vs, which split on the horizon and circled out into sections of nine bombers each. Nine of these high level planes singled out the Marblehead and the attack was on. Twice they let go patterns of 500 pound bombs, and twice the ship danced her way into the clear and the bombs splattered harmlessly to port and starboard. A third run, and this time the ship was caught in a full bracket: two bombs hit directly, while a third landed so near the forecastle that a large hole was torn in the side of the ship. Fires started, and the Marblehead's bow sank below the surface. Her rudder jammed to port and she spun madly in large circles. Her fires were soon brought

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A YEAR OF RETROSPECT

(Continued)

The plane-gassing job of vital importance on a carrier - was given to diminutive, volatile Lt. Mort Freeman. He gathered his men together for talks and drills long before the planes ever came aboard, and when their job was begun each man knew his duties, and carried them out so well that not once during a long series of operations was a hop delayed because of an un-gassed plane. "Mawt," with his fine Rhode Island "brogue," also did much to pass away the long hours topside for the flight deck-shelter occupants. His oral directives to his "boys" were seldom preceded by a passage from the Bible; but, on the other hand, were blue-aided beauties given in a style all his own. His cries of: "Hey, MeriDETH!" and the routine voicings which went over the battle phones to his men at their various stations, will long be a memory to all those topside.

Below, on the hangar deck, Chief Machinist "Tiny" Berchold conducted the gasoline activities in a milder, but equally efficient manner. Chief Palermo, who good naturedly withstood the hectic going over received as a polywog, and the ribbing he constantly underwent from Freeman, kept his men well-organized and together, on their jobs and off, with a special esprit that will live among them for many years to come.

The Plane Handling Crews

Also on the Hangar Deck, but from the lofty heights of Hangar Deck Control, Lts. Rush Mariner and Percy Clark directed the activities of moving the planes; keeping the "duds" from the "live ones," and allocating precious space that was all important to successful operation. Chief Machinist Hughen directed the crews on the deck, and along with the plane directors, exhorting the men to greater effort in getting the planes spotted swiftly and most advantageously.

If there are unsung heroes below decks, then certainly there are topside too. The plane-handling crews, chock men, plane captains, etc., daily are required to go through a routine that only a pride in their work and in the efficiency they so largely help to produce, keeps from becoming downright monotonous. At times, theirs may seem a thankless job, and without importance, but unless each man does his job, and to the best of his ability, flight and hangar deck operations would soon degenerate to downright sloppiness and a state which would make each man ashamed. That situation has never threatened on the BUNKER HILL, because each man is cognizant of his responsibility, and takes a pride in trying to do his part to make this ship the most efficient in the Fleet.

Landing Signal Officers

Barely off the port quarter, on the landing signal platform, could be found Lts. Cummings and Al Dewey, the landing signal officers. Neither were strangers to our original air group, having worked with them exhaustively in long sessions of "bounce drill," night landings and carrier qualification tests on the Charger. Cummings, a Naval aviator, had been an instructor at NAS; Dewey, not an aviator, was a wool salesman in civilian life, but after a schooling on the ground and aboard the Charger, took to his job in excellent fashion. They brought the planes aboard with a confidence that was felt where it was most important - in the cockpit of the approaching plane.

Bomb Officer

Most un-envied job on the flight deck fell to Lt. (jg) Donald Browne. Coming aboard with special training in bombs and fuses, "Brownie" became the doctor on questionables, and along with his duties as Bomb Disposal Officer, he was in charge of a repair party that was a "Johnny-on-the-spot" in every emergency.

With such a nucleus, how could a ship lose? Very

easily, if pettiness and discontent was fomented during the early days. From the very start, however, the BUNKER HILL was a "happy ship" in the true sense of the word - not just an average happy ship either, but a superbly contented one. The mixing bowl at Quincy had the right ingredients in Captain and crew, and the blend was showing up well.

The Shakedown

The Captain certainly had his worries as the ship went on shakedown. He seemed to have a nice bunch of boys, yes, but most of them were so green. A comparatively few officers had ever been to sea, and the enlisted percentage was even lower. The cruise into South Atlantic waters was begun, however, and if fingers were crossed at the outset, they were kept behind backs and uncrossed when it was certain that no one was looking.

There followed for many, the first glorious sunsets at sea; multi-colored skies as moon blended with the sun of a tropical dawn. For the real "salts," these scenes could always provide a thrill, and even the neophyte pitted the poor landlubbers who must be deprived of all this beauty.

The shakedown was no picnic. It meant the first of a series of dawn-to-dusk operations, gunnery practice, speed and durability tests for the engines. It meant long hours on land-softened legs, which wearied quickly on the hard decks and from running up and down ladders. It meant getting up an hour before dawn regularly, and to systems accustomed to a civilian 9 to 5 day, this was quite a shock.

When port was reached there was liberty for all hands between operations in the black waters of the Gulf of Paria, and most of us were given our first opportunity to see how another part of the world lived. The Maguoripe and the Crow's Nest proved far more attractive than "Main St." however, though it was fun to be followed by jabbering hawkers, whose first price of \$5.00 for such an item as a bracelet could usually be bargained down to a fifth of that amount before the vendor left your heels.

(To be continued next week)

Guys We Can Do Without

THE SCUTTLEBUTT MONGER
WHO SPEWS "BUM DOPE"



Among Those Present



"A Marine at sea ain't no !*/*i*!! Marine at all," historically growled a Master Gunnery Sergeant into his beer on the terrace of the Shanghai NCO Club, on or about the year One. He spat sardonically, if imaginatively, at the cool greensward under his size 12 feet to further emphasize his contempt for such a ridiculous situation.

"What is dem guys aboid for?" queried one of the several hundred 5th Division Coxswains, indicating to a 3rd Division apprentice seaman a smartly clad Leatherneck making his way across the hangar deck of the U. S. S. BUNKER HILL, in the year of Grace, 1944. "We ain't no amphibious corpse."

So it was, and so it has been for ages, since the first sea-going Marines, under the command of Black Morgan, sailed with Noah. But in those days, as in the past of the British Navy, from whom our Navy has inherited the tradition of taking Marines to sea, 5th Division seamen were not ratings from Brooklyn, but were ex-cons, thugs, and general bad men. They were not drafted, inducted, enlisted, or recruited into the service, but were forced in by the press gangs quite involuntarily, and consequently heedful only of the discipline backed up by a loaded flintlock at the shoulder of a trusty Marine. Since today's Navy is not one of the Captain Bligh's or Fletcher Christian's, the police-at-sea and bodyguard function of the Marines are likewise outmoded, as is the need which John Paul Jones had, of answering a hostile broadside with a Marine and his musket. But still, they are kept aboard, these brave little bands of intrepid men, stoutly playing their antique role; the jeers of their comrades-in-arms, the dubiousness of their blue-clad shipmates, and the bewilderment of their officers, notwithstanding.

"Among those present" in the BUNKER HILL'S Marine Detachment is John W. Burhop, Sergeant, USMC, 23 months a Marine at sea in this war, quietly, smartly, and efficiently representative of an elite, if roundly belabored, organization—the sea Marines.

Born in Detroit, Michigan, in October, 1923, Burhop, like a great many members of his cosmopolitan service, grew up in a small country town, Sandusky, Michigan, to which his family moved in his early boyhood. He returned to Detroit at high school time and attended Western High in that city where he was for two years a member of the varsity rifle team, and attained a Captaincy in the school's ROTC unit. In the summer of 1940 he further developed an obvious military bent by enlisting in the CMTC. He returned to graduate from Western in 1941.

During his high school days, Burhop definitely had his eye on the service as a career, but his youth and the desert of his parents forbade his enlistment. Consequently, after leaving high school, he worked for General Motors, in Detroit, until he attained the required age of eighteen.

Attracted to the Marine Corps, quite frankly by the color and traditions of the service so amply portrayed in front of Detroit post offices, Burhop forgot his former inclinations towards the Army, and on 18 April, 1942, became Private J. W. Burhop, USMC, with orders to report to the Marine Base at San Diego, California, for recruit training. He went through time-honored Boot Camp, and in June emerged a "recognized" private in the Marine Corps, fully qualified to look down his aristocratic nose at lowly Swabbies and unspeakable Dog-faces. He carried with him the distinction of having been the only man in his recruit platoon to qualify as an "Expert Rifleman." Burhop's revealing remark on this success was, "Up until the time I made Expert, I had the dirtiest rifle in the platoon. After that it was always perfect, although I don't recall having tried any harder to clean it."

His next station was the Sea School, also at San Diego, where there began to be drawn on him, by reason of his introduction to the mysteries of the duties of shipboard orderlies, naval ordnance, and sea-faring life in general, the unhappy line which was to set him and his ilk apart from the "real" Marines as "sea-goins'." In July, 1942, having received this prescribed stain, he was shipped to Pearl Harbor on the U.S.S. Henderson, or "Hendy-Maru," traditionally uncomfortable Navy transport, famous as one of the few ships afloat despite having been condemned some three times during her overlong career. At the Pearl Harbor Navy Yard, Burhop performed routine interior guard duty as a member of a replacement company. Thirty days after his arrival, he was detached and sent to his first sea assignment, the U.S.S. Saratoga, then refitting in Pearl Harbor after damage suffered in the Solomons Campaign.

Serving aboard the Saratoga from November, 1942, until November, 1943, meanwhile advancing in rate from private to sergeant, Burhop visited the Fiji Islands, New Caledonia, and Espiritu Santo, and saw action in the latter part of the Solomons' Campaign which included air strikes at Munda, Rendova, Kula Gulf and Kolombangara. However, his closest contact with enemy were the occasions of "Washin' Machine Charlie's" lone night raids on Espiritu Santo. According to Burhop, "Charlie's" visits were as routine as they were unsuccessful for all parties concerned. He would come in high about 2300 every night, chugging tinnily through the darkness, drop a few badly-aimed bombs, do no damage at all, draw a hail of ineffective AA fire from the ground defenses, and flap jauntily away. Although no known relation, Santo's "Washin' Machine Charlie" reminded old-timers on the island of a more illustrious predecessor by the same name who had nagged Guadalcanal Marines with a similar routine, gaining more fame, however, by the total amount of vituperation called down on his head over a period of several months.

When Admiral Sherman came to the BUNKER HILL,

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SPORTS SLANTS

FLASHBACKS OF A SPORTS HACK

By Dan McGuire
(United Press War Correspondent)

The message from the New York office was brief.

"Keep man with DiMag all day." The San Francisco bureau manager looked at me and said, "That's you." The great "Toltin' Joe" DiMaggio, fence-buster par excellence of the Bronx Bombers, was ready to sign a \$50. per month contract with his Uncle Sammy....

Joe, clad in a \$100 suit, arrived at the induction center on Market Street at 7 a.m. His North Beach relatives--- numbered in the thousands---had thrown a party for him the night before, at his restaurant, and he didn't feel like talking to anyone, especially reporters.

"Can't you guys let me alone?" he asked petuently.

"Do you think I'm enjoying this?" I said. "I had to stay up all night to be sure of getting here."

Other reporters and photographers began arriving.

"Come on, Joe, let's have a big smile." "Get that Colonel over there and have him shaking hands with Joe." "Hey, Joe, what's Dorothy think of this?" "Think you'd be any good at tossing hand grenades, DiMag?" "Okay, Doc, let's get another shot of you examining Joe's heart."

Joe, still sore at the press for paying too much attention to his previous marital troubles with the beautiful Dorothy Arnold, glowered throughout the entire performance.

Every 15 minutes I called the office. "Bulletin! DiMaggio arrived at the induction center at dawn. His first words were: 'This is the happiest day of my life.' No, don't say he's in the Army now because he still has to complete his physical."

I trailed poor Joe from room to room, hanging on to his every word and waiting for what would have been the biggest story of the day---rejection. His eye examination provided the most interesting sidelight. For years baseball "experts" had pontifically elucidated on their pet theory that DiMag had "super eyesight," claiming that was the principal reason for his high batting average.

Joe's right eye was 20-20, but his left---the one that faced hapless American League pitchers---was 20-30. I ran to the phone. "Bulletin! DiMaggio's eyesight only ordinary."

The ex-North Beach urchin who became the highest paid player in the game finally passed all the tests and was sworn in twice---once for the Army and once for a photographer who had forgotten to load his camera the first time.

"Well, I guess you guys won't be bothering me any more," Joe said.

"Sorry, Joe---see you on the train," I said.

The Chaplain says I should not report Joe's reply to that.

The train for the Presidio of Monterey left at 4 p.m. Four cars were reserved for inductees. Civilians definitely were not wanted and DiMag laughed when the conductor threw me off. I got back on and the brakeman threw me off. After the fourth time, the conductor---a man with a sense of humor, relented and let me stay.

Joe, as usual, didn't want to talk. I bought him a coke to soften him up, but just as I was handing it to him the train lurched into motion and the coke went all over his \$100 suit.

After that sad beginning, it was hard to get Joe to talk.

"Well, Joe, what was the biggest thrill of your career?"

"I don't know."

"Was it your consecutive game hitting streak?"

"I guess so."

"Who was the toughest pitcher?"

"I don't know."



O. Foster Jordan, SC1c, who is anticipating to soon move aft to the C.P.O. Quarters, was very grateful upon receiving a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's "Kolar-Bak," which he had written for weeks ago. With the rapidly vanishing streaks of gray, Jordan says he's sure to take the prize as the youngest Chief on board.

Ask Anthony Pezzone, Cpl., USMC, to show you pictures of his little Maurice. And then ask Peter Pezzone, TM3c, Tony's brother, about his nephew. According to them, the new-born baby is slated to be our President some day.

Recall awhile back when we announced the 21st birthday of B. V. Todd, SK1c? He's bound to prove he's a man. He's growing a mustache (mush-tash) to him. He's been hard at it two weeks now, and just the other morning Comdr. Charneco asked him to wash his face before reporting to the office.

Caesar had his Brutus, England had her Cromwell, and "E" Division has her McNally, EM3c. The lad is ceaselessly engaged in making life brighter by a discharge of youthful hilarity. At all times he is as effervescent as a newly uncorked bottle of "ginger fizz." His contribution to the war effort is the "honey-child" from Maine.

C. W. (Spike) Odell, SC1c, has been instructing H. J. (Geesty) Kaufman in First Aid. At the same time, M. R. (Baby) Ballew, lately appointed Spud Coxswain, has been having his troubles. He says, "I'm going to quit; I just can't get my boys to work."

In answer to many questions, we wish to announce that, even though there is a startling resemblance, P. A. Coleburn, AM2c and J. R. Machado, AMM3c, are not brothers. In fact, they aren't even related.

Becoming a messman has not improved the caliber of "Bad Dope" Burns' "Scuttlebutt." But he must be given credit for trying.

Sometime when you have plenty of time, visit Store-room A-304-A and have C. Lafayette (Skipper) Crane, CSK, tell you of his command and his crew of Sea Scouts. A three hash mark Navy!

"Was it Feller, or Lyons, or Bridges, or Newsom?"

"Yeah, they were all tough."

That went on for 150 miles. It was after dark when we arrived at Monterey. A bunch of sergeants got on and began to shout orders. The inductees started to file off the train and line up on the station platform.

I waited for the train to clear, but a sergeant who looked like a cross between Wallace Beery and Bull Montana spotted me and yelled, "Hey, Unconscious, get the hell off here and line up."

"I'm just a poor old civilian," I said.

"Oh, yeah," he shouted. "A smart guy, eh? I'm giving you five seconds to get out there in that line."

It only took me two seconds.

Finally, an officer believed my story and I rode up to the Presidio where I bade DiMag a fond farewell. He was so accustomed to me by that time that he even said, "G'bye."

I filed the story at the Postal Telegraph office where the girl on duty said, "I envy you newspapermen---you meet such interesting people."

Then, because it had been such a tough day, I started looking for a bar.

Ah, gentlemen, THOSE were the days.

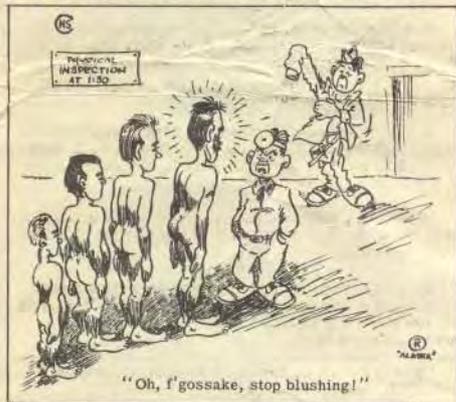
RESURRECTION OF THE MARBLEHEAD

(continued from page 3)

under control, and nineteen men were counted dead while thirty five were treated for severe wounds, but the water continued to pour through her hull. Pumps were ordered out and a bucket brigade was formed. For three days and three nights the men and officers stood watch and watch on a bucket brigade, while the ship prodded toward Darwin, steering with her engines. She was forced to turn to Java for temporary repairs, and as she put to sea once again, the port she had just left was raided by Japanese bombers.

This time the Marblehead turned toward Ceylon. During her bucket brigade epic, the crew was forced to drink water from the number one boiler, for the fresh water tanks had been ruptured. Now her tanks had been partially fixed, and her bow was patched up sufficiently to face the sea. She reached Ceylon in late February, and she remained there three days before starting for Capetown, South Africa. Enroute to Capetown, she made stops at Port Elizabeth and Durbin. Repaired even further after twenty one days in drydock, the Marblehead set out for Brazil, where she refueled and reprovisioned and put to sea again, this time for Brooklyn Navy Yard. She arrived in New York in May and began extensive repairs, which, when completed, readied her for war zone work again. Today the Marblehead still comes under the classification of a fighting ship of the first line.

She had won her fight against what seemed like overwhelming odds; and today her odyssey still lives because of the skipper, the officers and the bluejackets who knew but one way to face death; that was—FIGHTING.



AMONG THOSE PRESENT
(continued from page 5)

shortly after the famous Rabaul action, Burhop came with him as NCO in charge of Marine Orderlies, and gained the distinction of being one of the few members of the ship's company who have reported aboard for duty via the breeches' buoy. Shortly after joining the ship, Burhop took a test for appointment to the Naval Academy and passed highest in the group of candidates. Because of a late submission of the results to Washington he is still with us.

The previous high was 146—and Johnnie came off with a new record mark of 147. This Marine GI test was drawn up over a year ago, and among all the thousands of land and sea Marines who've taken it—Johnnie is tops—and in undisputed possession of that top rung by virtue of that 147.

He is now Battery NCO for Battery IV and renowned for his proficiency at a mess table, as well as for his brains and ability.



Nick Baki: "Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

Barber: "It ain't that. Sometimes I snip off a bit of the customer's ear."

Fond Mother: "Genevieve is so bright! She's only twelve years old and is studying French and algebra. Say good morning to Mrs. Perkins in algebra, Genevieve."

Pepe entered the lobby of the hotel and placed his umbrella in the stand, and attached this note to it: "This umbrella belongs to the champion prize fighter of this city, who will be back in ten minutes."

When he returned, the umbrella was gone, but a note had been left with this line added: "Umbrella taken by a champion runner who won't be back at all!"

My bunny lies over the ocean,
My bunny lies over the sea,
When she writes unswerving devotion,
My bunny lies—obviously.

"My wife is scared to death somebody will steal her clothes."

"Doesn't she have them insured?"

"She has a better idea. She has some guy in the closet to watch them—I found him there the other night."

Two Nazi officers renting a room in Paris:

Officer: "And how much for this pigsty?"

Frenchman: "One pig, 100 francs; two pigs, 200 francs."

Cook: "We're very up to date. Everything here is cooked by electricity."

Sailor: "I wonder if you would mind giving this steak another shock?"

"Got a pen I can borrow?"

"Sure thing, pal."

"Got some paper?"

"Yeah."

"Going past the mail box?"

"Yup."

"Wait till I finish this letter?"

"Okay."

"Lend me an air-mail stamp will you?"

"Sure."

"By the way—what's your girl's address?"

Father: "I came here to find out the reason for nagging my son. He says that all you do is nag him and nag him."

Teacher: "That's absurd. Your son is very stupid and as long as you're here I'll prove it to you. Junior, how much is two and two?"

Junior: "See what I mean, Pop. All she does is nag me and nag me."

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CENSORSHIP CHECK-UP
(continued from page 1)

Insure that all mail is completely and thoroughly censored before it leaves this vessel.

Don't tie a millstone to your ship - or subject yourself to a life in disgrace by trying to sneak through a revealing item in your letter. Save your stories until the war is over.

Male Call

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



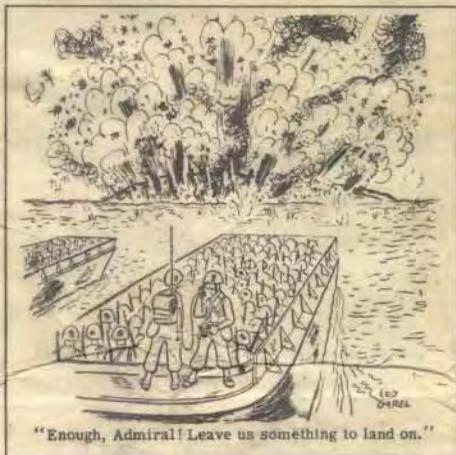
Nice Lines Of Communication

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Well, that's the way it is with camouflage, Alfred - Sometimes it fools them and sometimes it doesn't fool them."



"Enough, Admiral! Leave us something to land on."

NOVELTY SHOP



HALF-HITCH



"Sure I was young once. That's why I'm gonna sit right here for the rest of the evening."