



The Monument

VOL. 2 NO. 27

U. S. S. BUNKER HILL

JULY 29, 1944

NEW PAY SYSTEM FOR ALL HANDS

Rodee Detached and Promoted

Lt. Comdr. E. J. (Johnnie) Rodee, USNR, a bulwark of the Hull Department since the formative days at Quincy, has received orders to report to a sister carrier where he will assume the multiple duties of First Lieutenant and Damage Control Officer. While he is being congratulated on all sides on this promotion to the responsible post, there will be a keen regret at his leaving, as he has combined an efficiency with a congeniality that assures for him the same high esteem among his new shipmates that marked his entire tour of duty on the BUNKER HILL.



Johnnie Rodee was more than just a BUNKER HILL plank-owner. As a Naval hull inspector assigned to the Bethlehem Steel Company's yard at Quincy, it was his privilege to watch her grow from a veritable jigsaw of steel plates to majestic yet trim fighting form of today. In the course of his tour at Quincy, he became a hull inspector for carriers of this class, and, oddy enough, he will now report for duty aboard the first CV which he helped to build.

A Yankee first, last and always, Johnnie Rodee is a native of Canton, situated in the rolling hills of Northern New York State, and only under the influence of the Navy has his course ever veered from the eastern part of the country. After finishing high school in Canton, he matriculated at Clarkson College of Technology in nearby Potsdam, there to pick up a degree in mechanical engineering with the graduating class of 1926.

Known to one and all as "John," or "Johnnie," it may be a revelation to many to learn that his official handle is Elwyn Justin, the first part of which rather rhythmically matches the name of Evelyn, his twin sister, who is now

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Important Changes 1 August

Commencing 1 August, 1944, all the accounts of the BUNKER HILL will be taken up under the New Pay System. This requires closing out all the payrolls, rendering financial returns for the month of July, and taking up the accounts on the new form called the Navy Pay Record (S & A 500).

The Navy Pay Record is a card approximately 10 x 12 inches in size. It is made of a secret paper formula which renders it water, fire, and oil proof. The check surface makes it impossible to use ink eradicator on it or erase it.

The Navy Pay Record will be kept in the custody of the Disbursing Officer until an officer or man is transferred. Upon transfer, the card is given to the person concerned who may present it to any disbursing officer along the way for payment. Upon reaching the next duty station it will be given to the disbursing officer who will pay you on the card. Note that the SAME card may be used by several disbursing officers. No longer is it necessary for you to go through the lengthy process of waiting for an activity to take your accounts up, make the payment, and close them out again. In the New System, the Transfer of Pay Account is abolished. The new card serves as Transfer and Rough Roll on which calculations are made.

Great care should be taken of the Navy Pay Record. It should be folded ONLY in the place indicated. You should not allow it to become lost, torn, or soiled. In the event of loss it will be necessary to get a reconstructed account from Cleveland, Ohio. The Pay Record will be renewed every six months, January 1 and July 1, so in the meantime, keep it presentable when you are being transferred.

A new Pay Receipt will be used with this streamlined procedure (see illustration). The main change is that no pay number will appear on it. Instead, at the top of the receipt you will TYPE or PRINT your service number (file number for officers) and your name as indicated in the illustration. Furthermore, ALL officers, regardless of rank or how well known they are to the Disbursing Officer, must fingerprint each pay receipt in the space provided. It was ruled by the Comptroller General of the U. S. that ALL pay receipts must bear the print of the payee.

Since there will be no more pay numbers, all records will be kept in alphabetical order. Likewise, the pay line

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000 00 00	ZILCH	JOSEPH	D
<small>(Pay or service number)</small>	<small>(Last name)</small>	<small>(First name)</small>	<small>(Initial)</small>
NAVY PAY RECEIPT			
USS BUNKER HILL		8 AUGUST 1944	
<small>(Ship or station)</small>		<small>(Date)</small>	
I acknowledge to have received from the Disbursing Officer, in person and IN CASH, on account of pay, the sum of:			\$ 10.00
Ten			<small>(Amount in figures)</small>
Joseph D. Zilch			
J D C			
<small>(Print name and grade or rank)</small>			U. S. N. R.



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

Lt. J. J. Quigley (Chaplain)
Lt. E. L. Montary Lt. R. H. Ridder
Lt. W. C. Mitchell W. J. Elsner, PhnMlc
Lt. E. F. Brisse M. Sandrof, Y2c
A. C. Matre, Rdm3c

Printers

V. L. Chandler, Prtrlc H. L. Ferguson, Prtr3c
W. J. Hession, Prtr2c E. M. Spica, S1c

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The First Year

The marking of a solid year of publication of THE MONUMENT is no milestone in the march of journalism, no more than was its initial effort, datelined July 31, 1943.

In one year of publication THE MONUMENT has appeared 47 times out of a possible 52, with at least three of the voids due to the suggestion of the Executive Officer when publication during an in-port routine meant denying the printers a chance to get to the beach.

The important item in this record, however, has been the regular appearance of the paper despite rigorous operations that kept men at battle stations and otherwise jammed and disrupted printing schedules. In this, THE MONUMENT has, we believe, reflected the spirit of the ship, which has been to take things in stride as it fought the war.

Actually the principle aim of a ship's newspaper is to interest all personnel aboard. The articles that get the "play" are the ones that effect all hands; the columns of chatter and gossip are carried because they are believed to hold the interest of the men aboard; the features, such as "Among Those Present" and "Strictly Personal," were developed to tell interesting stories of interesting shipmates.

In other words, THE MONUMENT is dedicated to reflect the habits and interests and personalities of the BUNKER HILL.

Its editorial policy has been based on that aim, tempered with a secondary goal of providing a partial link between the crew and those at home to whom they mail the paper. The names and faces appearing in its columns are impersonal to those at home, yet the entire paper is accepted with interest by those who receive it.

This, again, is due to the fact that it is a reflection of the shipboard life to which they are perfect strangers, although they are interested in it because their sons, husbands and friends are living that life while they wait at home.

That may partially explain why the staff is extremely careful to maintain a certain decorum in the columns. It has been fastidious in publishing each issue without any rough stuff that might be offensive to those who read it back home. A joke, a cartoon, or some reference to a shipmate may bring gales of laughter to hard-working, nerve-tensed men, but may not be as acceptable to those reading it in the comfort and quiet of their own home. And THE MONUMENT is proud of that reading public, too.

Thus any pride taken in the year's record and all hope

The Big "We"

(Our First Editorial)

There is nothing awe inspiring about the beginning of a ship's newspaper. If you were to take a perch overlooking conferences, you would see a handful of nondescript enthusiasts who believe that the printed word is here to stay. Among them you would find representatives from every far-flung corner of the ship. Officers and enlisted men. Their task would strike you as a difficult one.

Then you see scraps of paper brandished, and several pencils marking pages. You see a sailor intently working over a page of cartoons, and you see a nonchalant printer waiting to be handed these scattered ingredients. And finally a small ship's newspaper is handed to you as you pass by in mess line.

You open the paper and read where some erstwhile member of that group you saw in action has written that "we believe" and "we advocate" and "we do not approve of that" and "we are inclined toward." Your mind is picturing the small group, and you are wondering why and how they have a license to "believe" and "advocate."

Here's how. This small group represents you, and you are invited to become a part of it. All items as to policy and content will be routed through official channels, so our "Big We" represents ship's organization as well as personnel.

Primarily our job constitutes an effort to collect and distribute ship's news, miscellaneous information, personalities, etc. Anything you can add will qualify you as a partner—in-action of the editorial "We."

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The Grass is Always Greener--

A prospector returning from months of fruitless search, in disgust kicked his hobnailed boot across a stone in front of his cabin. To his joy and amazement, the deep scratch in the stone revealed the presence of gold in his own yard.

Many a sailor is not unlike the prospector. He believes that his great opportunity is in some other department or ship or station. "If I could only get a change of duty!" he says. He does not recognize that his opportunity of a successful life is not limited so much by where he is as by what he is!

There is an adage that the Navy either makes or breaks you. The meaning of this may not be too apparent to a "boot," but every old hand knows its truth from first-hand experience as well as from seeing it proved in the lives of shipmates. He knows that the tension of life will increase in the service. Any weakness that a sailor may have is soon brought to light. He knows on the other hand that Navy life also develops his strong points. It gives ample opportunity for him to be every inch a man.

The smart sailor sets the watch on his habits of work and liberty—developing his strength and constantly guarding against his weakness.

He is not always beating his gums about another's job being better. He acclimates himself to his work. He reminds dissatisfied shipmates that—

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE THE ALEUTIANS

If at times you feel dejected,
And wonder why you were selected
For duty in this spot of such profusion;
There's a point to be respected,
'Tain't a bad place to be connected,
For don't forget: there'll always be
the Aleutians!

for the next fifty-two issues, is based on THE MONUMENT'S place as a mirror of life aboard the BUNKER HILL. Only as such can it gain in stature.



Philippine Welcome -- No. 1

by O. C. Hand

You know, fellows, as this war goes on and we keep pushing the Nips farther and farther west, the day's coming when we're going to hit the China Coast. We're going to steam by Corregidor into Manila Bay; going to tie up at the Kowloon docks opposite Hong Kong; going to thread our way up the yellow Whangpo to a berth off the Shanghai Bund; yes, we're even going to drop the hook in old Chefoo again. I sorta wonder what it's going to be like, how much of a change we're going to find. It's a cinch it won't be like the good old days. Wotta time we had!

I can remember back when my first Asiatic cruise started. I was minding my own business in a battle-wagon in Pedro, perfectly happy when--Bang! They told me I was leaving for China in twenty-four hours. I'd listened to a bunch of the returned Asiatics telling their wild tales, but hadn't given much thought to seeing any of the world beyond San Clemente or Bremerton. It would have been easy enough to have gotten a swap and stayed in the battle-wagon, but when the orders came I figured maybe it was just what I wanted. If nothing else, when I came to the States and some boring old China hand opened his tran at least I'd be able to shut him up with "Yeah, I know. I've been there."

I was put on board the old Chaumont with bag and hammock and we sailed on up the coast to Frisco before hopping the pond. Had a couple of good liberties there and, believe it or not, even spent one of them poking around Chinatown. Trying to see what I was letting myself in for, I guess. Well, we cast off from terra firma, USA, and sailed out through the Golden Gate with all of us hanging on the rail like a bunch of boots, wondering when we'd be coming back. It was kind of a funny feeling to know that I was leaving my own country for two and a half years. You can laugh if you want, but it really hit me deep down.

My sentimental mood was knocked out the hawse pipe soon enough though. The Chaumont was packed to the gunnels with sailors and marines. We had to start waiting in line for dinner as soon as we'd finished breakfast and by the time we got to the head of the line they were serving us supper. I finally lined myself up as a watch-stander and was given a bunk and could eat with the ship's company, so it wasn't too bad.

We had one liberty in Honolulu but that was a bit of anti-climax. We'd already said good-bye to the States, most of us had been to Pearl on fleet problems; so we didn't bother much about blue Hawaii.

Next stop after Honolulu was Guam. Boy! That was some hop with the old Chaumont chugging along at all of twelve knots. We had a lot of sports, competitions, a Golden Dragon celebration; the usual stuff to help pass the time on a long voyage. We only sighted one ship the whole way to Guam and that was hull down going away. Don't let any young kid you that the Pacific isn't a big ocean!

Guam looked pretty good to us but we didn't look good to the Guamites. A couple of marines had the measles and it seems the measles are sure death to the Chamorros of Guam. At any rate, they didn't let us ashore so we just stayed topside and looked out at the palm-fringed beach, the steep cliffs near Crote, and the high jungle-clad hills in the island's center.

We had a draft aboard for Guam who were taken ashore in quarantine. There was a lot of smart talk going the way

of those birds, but they didn't seem to mind. Most of 'em were volunteers, I guess.

We stood out of Apra Harbor and headed the old transport west; five days to the Philippines. By this time we were all getting plenty restless. Guess we'd have gotten out and kedged the ship if we'd have been able to speed her up any.

Then one fine day we saw the loom of land ahead. Luzon! We were heading so as to pass through the San Bernardino Straits between Luzon and Samar, and then make passage up the coast to Manila. That was one of the most interesting voyages I ever made. The water was that special dancing blue like the gleam in an Irish gal's eyes. The islands themselves were a deep green, so green they were almost purplish---lush I imagine you'd call it. Off to the north of us was the perfect cone of Mount Mayon Volcano rising majestically into a halo of clouds and trailing a motionless streamer of its own smoke. Every so often we'd pass a gay little sailing craft chock-a-block with a grinning natives. These outriggers, bancas the natives call them, were mostly engaged in fishing, though to judge from the appearance of the crews, they were all out on a Sunday picnic.

While I was admiring the scenery, the word came to me that I was going to be assigned to a four-stack destroyer and that I would disembark in Manila. I was a bit sore at that because, having stood the tough part of the voyage, I was all ready for a grand tour of the Orient in the old Chaumont or her way to the north of China. Nothing to do though but pack my bag. At least I thought I'd like some tin can duty.

The following morning about reveille found us steaming into Manila Bay. There was Corregidor, frowning and mysterious, on our port hand. We knew it was an Army fortress but that was about all and at that time didn't pay it much attention. Beyond Corregidor were some high-wooded hills on the mainland. It wouldn't have meant anything to us then if we'd been told that those were the Marivales Mountains on Bataan. War, except the battle for chow, wasn't much in our minds that long ago morning.

On the starboard bow we could see the graceful upward sweep of a set of radio antenna towers; Cavite Navy Yard somebody said. Dead ahead the water traffic was picking up; small boats and big ships. We saw a freighter go by with the Swastika flying; another with the red meatball of Japan; another with the Union Jack. It was all very exciting and we went from one side of the ship to the other, getting in the way of the ship's company, all in an effort to see everything and say good-bye to our shipmates.

The Manila skyline came into view and everyone was astonished to find that it was a modern city with big buildings and pleasant looking avenues. The Manila Hotel lorded it over all the other waterfront buildings while the Army

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"What do you miss most away from home?" A roving MONUMENT reporter recently strolled through the ship's compartments asking sailors and marines this question and getting different curt, precise answers in return. Deliberately omitted was any reference to wives, children, parents, fiancées and the like, inasmuch as such replies would naturally come first in preference.

The answers ran the gamut all the way from "A good hot bath," to "Notices from my draft board." No two were exactly alike. One replied he could write a book on the number of things he missed away from home but was finally persuaded to boil it down to one simple word like "Girls."

"Sunday at home," said R. G. Roesecke, Y2c, is his most missed item away from home...G. Bellino, AerM1c, would like nothing better than "A hamburger smothered with onions....A true Texan, V. Pickrel, AMM3c, puts up for his state with the reply "A Texas steer....In the M Division, P. E. Baker, MM2c, misses most "My '36 Chevrolet....M. Petrin, MM3c, stands fast for "Girls."

A connoisseur of good chow is P. F. Chirdon, WT2c, who misses most "A good home cooked meal....In A Division, R. Trotter longs for "My Harley motorcycle...."My soft feather bed," says E. R. Cure, MM2c....V. P. Bloodworth, EM2c, would like to regain "A full night's sleep....J. Souza, S1c and barber extraordinary, feels most a longing for "Dancing....Fifth Division, A. Monetti, S1c, misses "A day at Coney Island....When it comes to ship's cooks, H. J. Kaufmann, SC2c, says it's most of all "Liberty....New Yorker, V. P. Flynn, S1c, of the Third Division claims his most missed item away from home is "A day at Ebbets Field."

"What I miss most away from home," says Mail Clerk A. A. Fraser, "is milk and more milk....Cpl. A. A. Pezone claims his miss is "A home made Pizza....PFC Hutter replies "My old man's saloon....When it comes to sports, W. J. Madden, Y3c, misses most "A rip-roaring ballgame." E. G. Trester, Y2c says it's nothing else but "A few cold ones....For H. S. Harlow, AMM2c of the V-2-E Division, his longing is for "Sunny (?) California....M. Sandrof, Y2c, stands fast for his greatest miss, "The good earth....R. E. Jurgens, AM3c, Nebraskan would like most to hear the "Call of the coyotes."

(More next week)

NEW PAY SYSTEM (continued from page 1)

will line up in ALPHABETICAL order. It will be just as important to be in exact alphabetical order as it was to be in pay number order in the old system. If first and last names are similar, line up as follows:

Willie Jones; Willie Jones, Jr.; Willie E. Jones.

In order to make positive identification, all men will be required to have their identification tags with them in the pay line.

Be sure to inspect your pay receipt while you are waiting in line. A pay receipt must be written out correctly. For example: Mistakes in dates should be avoided. At least once every pay day a pay receipt is received dated 1943! In June we got one dated January. Let's get them right.

At the same time this pay transition is being effected, Ens. C. F. Jones, (SC), USNR, will become the new Disbursing Officer, relieving Lt. Henry as of 31 July. Because of these changes, pay day for the crew and officers will be delayed several days.



Lt. J. H. Millington, USNA Post Grad., CA, Annapolis, Md.

"This P.G. school is really an enjoyable detail these days. And being back in Annapolis is mighty fine for a change. The trip back was uneventful, with air transportation all the way....Commander Brooks is new, too, of course and by coincidence is the C.O. of my section. He is also teaching maneuvers and tactics to various youngsters."

Bos'n. C. E. Hahne, USS Penetrator, F. P. O., New York, N. Y.

"Had a rough time of it in the hospital--two operations, blood transfusion, oxygen, etc. Even had the last rites of the church....Tell all hands around the bridge hello for me. When I see you I'll tell you all about the "Big Show," you know where."

PFC John Kontos, Marine Air Station, North Island, Cal.

"I am to be transferred to the Fleet Marine Force. This is a very hard life, but it is the only outfit that will give me a chance to get my hands on those little yellow japs. I like the BUNKER HILL very much and think it is the best carrier in the Pacific. My best wishes to all of you."

Roger "Pellam" Flood, V-12-CV3-F, California Tech., Cal.

"Dear Gang: I am on mess duty and like it very much. Will be on my way to Tech and start my engineering studies. I do miss the gang, especially Lou Sherrard who was my problem child. Ha! Ha!

Reveille isn't till 6 a.m., so I sure take advantage of the situation--week-end liberties and sight seeing. Sure know you are having a big part in present news concerning South Pacific. Wish I were with you. Good luck and hope to see you in the near future."



John Isadore, V-12, University of Idaho, Pocatello, Idaho.

"Dear Gang: Here I am back home again and now pursuing my studies at an even pace. Visited my aunt who lives on "Hastings on the Hudson," and drove a car for the first time in two years. I am enjoying my studies and hope to be out helping the BUNKER HILL, do her part in the final victory which I hope comes very soon. Good luck to all my shipmates."

PFC G. Paterson, Marine Barracks, Mare Island, Cal.

"After being stationed here a few weeks another of the BUNKER HILL marines arrived, George Huffman. We are patiently waiting our assignment to flight school. I have guard duty every other day, but that is not very hard. Huffman and myself miss all the boys very much and we hope some day that we will be able to come aboard the BUNKER HILL, again, as pilots. Best of luck to all of you."

RODEE DETACHED AND PROMOTED (continued from page 1)

Mrs. Evelyn Webb of Lancaster, Pa. The "John" came from a trio of friends who began a summer job with him at an aluminum reduction plant, and being the only one to stick out the hard labors through the entire summer, "Where-a you work-a, John," became a familiar jibe as he returned home over the weekends, begrimed and weary, like the familiar working "John." His father, Mr. Leslie Rodee, is still a resident of Canton.

His first job after graduation was with the Public Service Gas and Electric Co. of New Jersey, but betterment beckoned in about a year in the form of a research job in the New Kensington, (Pennsylvania) laboratory of the Aluminum Company of America. Alcoa claimed him for four years, after which he accepted a position with the Institute of Thermal Research, a subsidiary of American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Co., which also shifted his locale to Yonkers, N. Y. In 1933, he emerged from the borough in the shadows of Manhattan to take up residence in the ivy-covered atmosphere of New Haven, there to assume the post of chief engineer for the John B. Pierce Foundation, an endowed research named after one of the founders of American Radiator, whose wealth and scientists were devoted to a study of the physiological aspects of heating, laboring in this humane project in conjunction with the Yale University School of Public Health.

Between the halves of a Yale-Harvard game, a Dartmouth alumus, tuning in a tennis match between the Big Green and Smith on his portable, became irked over an interruption which boiled down to a "The Navy Needs You" announcement, and almost caused Johnnie to swallow a cork - but still to wonder: "Do they?...I'd better see."

It seems that they did - especially a man of Johnnie's talents, and a few weeks later - in early 1941 - he was getting gold buttons and a stripe-and-a-half sewed on a blue serge, and preparing to report to the Supervisor of Shipbuilding at Quincy, then a rising, comparatively quiet Navy yard employing some 9,000 men, but which was to swell before him as one of the great examples of American production, responsible for the board and feed of some 30,000 men. He was first assigned as an inspector of cruiser hulls, but shifted over to the CVs when the real work on them went into high gear.

Two years in the yard were interesting, with valuable knowledge exchanged through long hours of perspirous toil, as various capital units of the United States Navy were placed on the ways and made ready for the men-who so anxiously awaited them. Johnnie brushed with these men constantly, and it is only natural that he basked in their enthusiasm, always with a longing for sea duty himself. Finally the opportunity arose - through another officer who knew the prospective skipper of the BUNKER HILL - Capt. J. J. Ballentine. The captain interviewed the applicant, and found him so desirous that he immediately delegated Lt. Comdr. Al Major to fly him to Washington to clear the way. Needless to say, the way was soon cleared, and Lt. E. J. (John) Rodee was aboard, so on to begin amplifications of his inspections from the outside hull to the entire ship; and he knew his ship - from double-bottoms to flight deck, from fore to aft - long before she was ever commissioned.

While with Alcoa at Aluminum, romance lifted its lovely finger and beckoned - following a meeting with Miss Margaret Cluley, of nearby Oakmount. Though shunting about - from New Kensington to Yonkers - and Yonkers to New Haven - most of his spare time was spent traversing the highways through New York and Pennsylvania to visit Miss Cluley. Then, in 1935, the long distance commuting stopped, and they were married. Mrs. Rodee is now keeping the home fires burning in West Haven, Conn.

The conditions of success are always easy—we have but to toil a while, endure a while, believe a while, and never turn back.

PUBLICATION ANNIVERSARY (continued from page 5)

letter 24-44). Besides this we sent a copy of each issue to all carriers of our class, and to all ships of all classes who have operated with us; likewise Naval Air Stations, at which our many pilots have trained, receive their weekly copy.

In exchange, THE MONUMENT has regularly received copies of the following papers:

The Quonset Scout	NAS, Quonset Point, R. I.
Hedron Highlights	Hedron 5-2,NAS, Norfolk, Va.
The Sea Gull	Hedron 9-1,NAS, Norfolk, Va.
Sand Point Station	NAS, Seattle, Washington
The Leading Edge	U.S.S. Santee APO 957, San Francisco, Cal.
The Redlander	USS Yorktown
The Sea-V-Ten	USS Essex
The Buccaneer	USS Hornet
Hornet Tales	USS New Jersey
The Jerseyman	USS Belleau Wood
The Bellerin' Beulah	USS Cowpens
The Mighty Moo	XIII Fighter Command
The Sunsetter	USS Princeton
The Tiger	USS Hickox
The Cruise News	

CHINA SAILOR

(continued from page 3)

Navy Club ran it a close second. In the background were some honest-to-goodness skyscraper hotels, such as the Bayview and the Alhambra.

But there was a catch to it. And that was the heat. Hot! Go on down in a closed up fireroom that's just been secured. That ain't nothing compared to Manila. The air was dead. The sea was that brassy calm that makes you fizzle and gives you a headache even to look at it. The sweat just rolled off us as we began to get irritable over the heat. It seemed the pilot just never would get the ship docked. Then came the usual red tape while we fell in and fell out, got bawled up and bawled out. By the time the five of us who were going to the same tin can had cleared the ship we were plenty griped. I still can work up a sweat thinking of lugging my sea bag and hammock the block long length of that dock to where a whaleboat waited to take us to-----Our destroyer? Lord's teeth, no! To another destroyer which was going to ferry us out to our new ship at a place called Marivales.

To make a long story short, we ended up at Marivales mad and tired, in the middle of the night in the middle of a deluge. Somebody was wringing the sky out on us. It was good to climb the ladder to that destroyer! Home!

We were about to hug the gangway watch, a tough-looking boatswain's mate, just for being on board, when he sounded off at us.

"You guys just come out from the States?"

We nodded and he added, "If I had as much time to do out here as you birds, I'd shoot myself!"

The end of a perfect day.

The next morning I went down to check in at the ship's office and there was the tough boatswain's mate who'd "greeted" us the night before. He was talking to the yeoman.

When he left I asked the yeoman "Who's he?"

"Oh, that's the Shanghai Jones. He just now shipped over again for two more years out here."

"So," I thought aloud, "that's what being Asiatic means!"

Whereupon I proceeded to tell the yeoman of the boatswain's mate greeting.

"Huh," grunted the yeoman. "You ain't seen nothin' yet!"

Male Call

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

Charge Without Reconnaissance



ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"No, no, Gilhooney, we're home! This is the U.S.A!"



HALF-HITCH

