

¶ WILLIAM J. HUNTER '43 writes as follows of what happened in the twilight on the Mediterranean last April 20:

"I was on the port side of the bridge and German torpedo planes were attacking us from all directions. I saw two torpedoes coming at us on the port side and called over to the skipper on the starboard side. Of course, he couldn't hear me, so I started over. About that time one hit in the middle, and two more were coming at us on the starboard side. All of us on the bridge tumbled down together like a movie comedy.

"The 20 millimeter guns were firing away all the time, and we were giving as much as we were getting. We got 50 per cent of them and put up a good fight, but they had hit us badly, nearly cracked us in two, and it wasn't long before the order came to abandon ship. I was ready. There wasn't any chance to save it, and anyway that was an order.

"Here I was up in the bridge, high above the water, and I didn't know how I was going to get down. I was on the port side, but I didn't want to go over that way. That's the direction the ship was listing, and I thought it might come over on me.

"On the starboard side I figured I could drop down and finally get somewhere near the keel and go over. You know there's a shield about chest high up on the bridge, protection against enemy fire, so I went over that and hung on, looking for a place to drop. I could see down on the superstructure below and picked a lighted spot and let go.

"Well, the idea might have been good, but when I landed all hell broke loose. I just kept on going, rolling and bouncing until the first thing I knew I was sitting on the keel of the ship, first time I had ever seen one except in drydock. (Continued on page 24)