

APPENDIX D  
161<sup>ST</sup> INFANTRY DIARY

SAN FRANCISCO - HAWAII - GUADALCANAL - NEW GEORGIA - NEW ZEALAND - NEW CALEDONIA



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The sound of marching feet always echoes the rise and fall of empires. From time immemorial the victor in war has been symbolized by the foot soldier, he who with a steel weapon in his hand, challenges his enemy to have and to hold a square yard of mud covered ground. He is affectionately called in our army "the Doughboy". He plods and groans, sweats and toils, growls and curses and in the end dies, unknown, uncomplaining with faith in his heart and on his lips a prayer for victory. He passes on in anonymity, except for his loved ones. But for those of us who know--, we revere and bless the name of "Doughboy".

DOUGLAS A. MACARTHUR

## F O R W A R D

The reader of the story that follows will be struck by the constant attention to details of human interest. With rare insight the authors find that the life of the Regiment consists not of dry dusty files and official statements, but rather that the Regiment lives in the countless small doings and feelings--the almost forgotten moments of laughter, pain, pride, and fear--of the soldiers who are the Regiment. As Regimental Commander I join all of the soldiers of the 161st Infantry, past present and future, in thanking the writers of this history for their able and sincere presentation of our story.

(Signed)  
JAMES L. DALTON II  
Colonel, 161st Inf  
Commanding

New Caledonia  
October 10, 1944

THE STORY OF THE 161ST INFANTRY

"Golden Gate in Forty Eight"

Volume I

September 1944

## P R E F A C E

This history may be unique in the annals of our army. Its writing has a story of its own.

In June, 1944, a few of us enlisted men banded together to start to compile a readable history of the 161st Infantry. We formed under the name of "The Lynx Writers Group" ("Lynx" being the Regiment's code name), drew up a plan and outline, made story assignments, discussed an art layout, argued over the title, and made our recommendations to the regimental commander.

Colonel Dalton was most cooperative--he granted all of our requests--except one. We went a little too far in asking for transportation which evoked the cryptic comment from him, "We are foot soldiers." We were granted absolute freedom from "officer pressure" and given leeway to write in our own way. From beginning to end this has been an enlisted men's project.

We've had many pitfalls and minor headaches. Since some of us were new men our research was doubly hard. Everything we wrote had to be checked and rechecked and much we had to record only by word of mouth. We even canvassed barrack bags for forgotten snapshots and we interviewed literally hundreds of men. When we had finished the final manuscript for approval we spilled a bottle of Welch's Grape Juice on it and had to submit it reeking of grape smell and splotted with purple stains.

Throughout, we have tried to give our buddies and ourselves a readable history of the Regiment; and now we have a promise of being able to send it back to the States for printing so our families and friends can have it. The next volume will appear when we have gone through those events which lie ahead of us.

This is Volume I of The Story of the 161st Infantry. We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed editing, writing, and illustrating it.

Pfc Elson Lowell Matson  
Pfc Jerome N. Eller  
S/Sgt Keith A. Crown  
Pfc Bernard G. Rice  
Pvt Paul R. Shepard

Now Caledonia  
September 10, 1944


## A C K N O W L E D G M E N T S

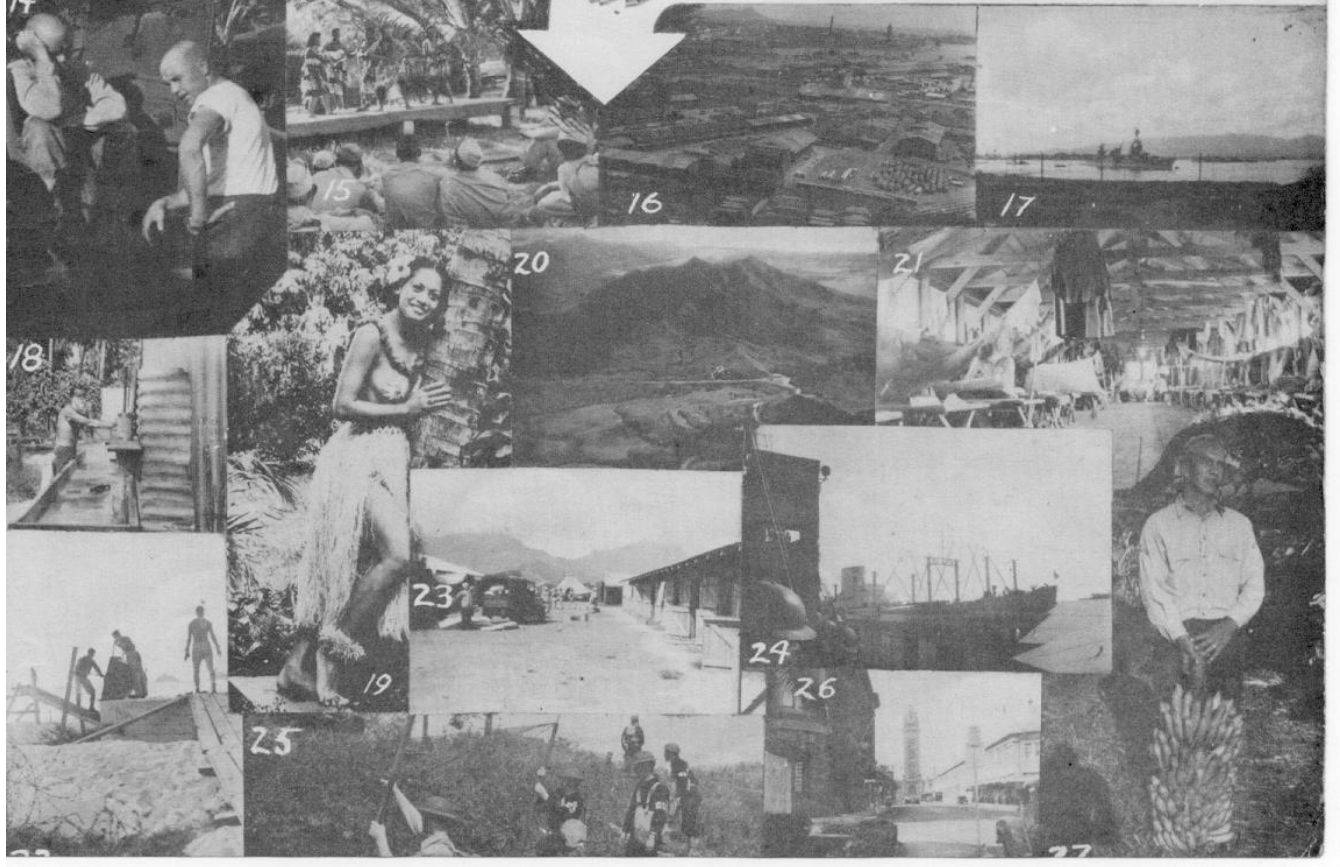
To Colonel James L. Dalton II for his support of our project; to the men of the Regiment, about whom this story was written for helping us with stories and photographs; to those who have previously worked on the history of the Regiment; to Captain Edwin G. Bernstein for his support and guidance; to Captain Roger R. Bankson for story material and Captain Harvey C. Hitch for help and suggestions; to T/4 John G. Robinson, T/5 Leon L. Pohl, and the boys from Personnel Section for their cooperation; to M/Sgt Richard C. Griffith and Sgt Robert L. Allen of 25th Division Headquarters for valuable assistance; to the 261st Signal Photographic Company; to the Engineer, Section, Headquarters, South Pacific Base Command; to Lt Robert G. Melendy, QMC; and to the Navy Reproduction Section, Command South Pacific we extend our thanks.

The Editors

1 - The Bay and the Bay Bridge 2 - Bull Session, Liggett Maneuvers 3 - 41st Div Movie house, Ft. Lewis 4 - Chow Line at Hunter. Liggett 5 - Passing under the Bridge 6 - Peeling Spuds at Ft Lewis 7- The Band, Ft. Lewis 8 - In Convoy for Hawaii 9 - Coke Line, Hunter Liggett 10 -155mm., Hunter Leggett 11 - In Convoy for Hawaii 12 - Camp Murray, the 161 Tent City 13 -Old Spanish Mission at Hunter Liggett , 14 - "Baldies" ("Swede" Person, "Boots" Hoedick) on Hawaii 15 - Entertainment, Hawaii 16 - Bird's Eye, Honolulu Waterfront 17 - Pearl Harbor 18 -Outdoor Shave, Hawaii 19 - "Hula Honey" 20 - Looking from the Pali toward Guava Gulch 21 -Barracks at Fort Hase 22 - Pouring Concrete, Oahu Pillbox 23 - The Race Track, Kailua 24 - The Bliss at Dock, Honolulu 25 - Medics Train on Hawaii 26 - A Honolulu street 27 -"Harv" Dieckhoff and a Bunch of Bananas.



**AMERICA**  **HAWAII**





## T H E O L D D A Y S

THE LITTLE TOWNS AND THE CITIES ALL OVER AMERICA ALWAYS HAVE HAD A LOT OF ORGANIZATIONS, FROM WOMEN'S BRIDGE CLUBS TO MEN'S ROD AND GUN CLUBS. PART OF OUR TRADITION HAS BEEN THAT SORT OF THING. MEN LIKE TO GET TOGETHER AND WORK ON SOMETHING BIGGER THAN THEMSELVES AND BIGGER THAN THE HUMDRUM LIFE AROUND THEM. WAY BACK IN REVOLUTIONARY WAR DAYS THE MEN OF THE COLONIES FORMED TOWN LEGIONS OF MEN UNDER THE VERY NOSES OF THE BRITISH, AND CALLED THEMSELVES THE "MINUTE-MEN", READY TO JUMP TO THE DEFENSE OF THEIR RIGHTS AT A MINUTE'S NOTICE. THOSE "MINUTE-MEN" NEVER REALLY DIED OUT. WE WERE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, AND STILL THINK THAT SOMETHING OF THE SPIRIT WHICH MADE THOSE OLD COLONISTS BAND TOGETHER MUST KEEP GROUPS LIKE OURS GOING THROUGH PEACE AS WELL AS WAR.

Scattered throughout the state of Washington, just like any other state, were our National Guard groups. In Bellingham, Everett, Pullman, Prosser, Walla Walla, Yakima and Spokane are our armories--some large, some small, and all homes of the different companies of the 161.

(Spokane -Regimental Headquarters Company and first battalion; Walla Walla - Company F; Pullman - Company E; Prosser - Company G; Everett - Third Battalion Headquarters Company, Company L and Company M; Bellingham - Company I and Company K; Yakima -Second Battalion Headquarters Company and Company H; Wenatchee -Howitzer Company, discontinued in early 1940.)

Just ordinary guys--all of us, meeting once a week at the armory to don uniform and learn about soldiering.

Some guys joined just for the hell of it, Some because everybody else in his crowd seemed to be in, some because a dollar a night wasn't to be sneezed at.

Being a recruit in the National Guard was much like being an army recruit anywhere, any time, but it was sort of a special day a guy doesn't soon forget. The persuasive friend who talked you into joining the Guard in the first place walked you down to the armory talking all the while about the big happy club it was, that even though a guy bitched and moaned about the drill and school, the fun at poker or in the beer parlor after drill offset the rest of the gripes.

You'd seen the armory building many times but tonight you were going to become a part of its life--a lot of your high school teachers were officers and instructors. A lot of guys you knew seemed to have lived through it--maybe you would. .

With a glance at the red brick or stone armory wall you stopped inside feeling a little shy, into a dark plastered hall, by and the smell of naphthalene and gun oil. With an air of being an old hand at this stuff your friend pointed out the drill floor where battered bunting hung from the girders and class rooms and squad rooms led off from the floor on either side. Upstairs you passed more squad rooms and went into an orderly room where, you met your company commander. You noticed that the walls of the squad room were lined with lockers. You sat down while the company clerk asked you questions and typed up your enlistment papers and then trotted downstairs to the basement supply room which was dark and musty and smelled like moth balls. There they fitted you with anything they had and you emerged looking like a character out of Irving Berlin's 1917 army musical--a jacket with its high collar, breeches, wrap leggings, and campaign hat. Then a sergeant gave

all the new guys a lecture on the drill floor, initiating you into the mystery of wrapping leggings, into the glory of the uniform and the rules of military courtesy.

You chucked your equipment into a locker in your squad room and left it until the next meeting. When you rushed in, jumped out of your "civies" and started putting on the goddam uniform. Everything went well until you got to the leggin's. By holding the roll of wrapping in one hand and winding it carefully--like a doctor with a roll of gauze-- you reached an ankle. Then the roll slipped out of your hand and slithered across the floor and your wrappings sagged. You cursed and threw a few shoes and wondered why the hell the Egyptians started the style and v mat did they think you were, a mummy? When drill was over you raced everybody also getting rid of the uniform and into civilian clothes. Outside on the street, with your necktie askew and one shoe-lace untied, you with the rest of your cronies headed for a beer.

We were paid twelve dollars every three months. After our meeting on pay night we had a big bingo. A platoon Sergeant in Company A (Spokane) owned a beer parlor. We'd wind up out at his place drinking beer and playing cards. Then afterwards We'd go up to his house where his wife would make sandwiches for us.

Training once a week usually consisted of an hour of drill, maybe an hour on weapons, lectures, or sand table talks.

The Guard almost went mad over federal inspections. A guy had to account for every shoelace or legging lace. When he wore one out it had to be turned in just as carefully for salvage as if it had been a 2 1/2 ton truck.

Those were the days when a supply sergeant made it a point to have friends in the Regular Army. A quart of whiskey or so could fill up any shortage.

On warm summer nights we often fall out on the street for our hour of close order drill and then went back into the armory for the rest of the evening instruction. Once in a while we had dances in the armory. ..At Everett where the floor was large enough to fall in three companies at a time they held a big President's Ball every January--some of the other armories also held a dance that night. It was a sight to make an old sergeant shudder--squads doing "Squads Left -Squads Right" the next drill night on a waxed floor, and slipping out of formation like eels on a bender. Most armories had pool tables and card rooms, and they sponsored athletics to raise funds to buy more and better groceries for the next encampment. ,

Those were the days of yore when the outfit had mules. The senior Pfc all stripe a yard wide, would look up and down a bunch of the new junior recruits and decide to hold a "Kangaroo Court".

"Line up, you guys", and the green-horns would, snap to it, with fear in their eyes--everybody knew what was coming. .

"We have something for you to do, our Pfc, all honey-voiced, would say."Fellows, here we have a bit of mule dung. Take it and push it around the fire with your nose .

We generally took it, after all it washed off, and a good facial with scented shaving lotion eventually restored our self-respect. If we didn't we stood at attention indefinitely. The first one to crack a smile at his unfortunate brother making an ass of himself got belted unmercifully--buckle, nicely concealed.

They used to call us "boy scouts", and still do. The fact of it is, there was a certain amount of wish-wash about the things we did.

We remember that for every football game or Fourth of July or Memorial Day, we'd struggle into our uniforms, don our wide-brimmed campaign hats and parade down the main street of our town to the tune of an off-key band.

Ex-members of the Guard would line the side-lines and holler out "Hiya, Sucker," but we'd try to keep a straight face and keep on marching by.

But we of the 161 knew we had a damned good tradition, and a lot of us took it seriously. Back in 1855 when the state of Washington was still a territory the Federal Government -granted permission to raise volunteers to fight the Yakima Indians. The resulting First Washington Volunteers faced the Indians and defeated them. Phil Sheridan was a Lieutenant with the Volunteers, lending a Federal platoon of cavalry during the campaign.

During the Civil War the 161 (called the 1st Washington Territory Infantry) guarded the ports and installations in Washington and continued to fight the Indians. In 1885, they were called out to quell the Chinese riots in Seattle and Olympia.

In the Spanish and American War, some of our granddads had fought with the outfit (then known as the 1st Regiment Washington Volunteers) in the Philippines. A lot of our Dads went with the Regiment to guard the Mexican border in 1916 when Pancho Villa was on the rampage.

And in December, 1917, the Regiment (by then called the 161st Infantry) landed in France as part of the Sunset Division (41st) and became a replacement and training outfit. It has been said that more men of the 161 were commissioned as officers in France than in any other infantry regiment.

Yes, we had tradition.

THE 161 WAS CALLED TO THE AID OF CIVIL AUTHORITIES BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON IN JULY 1935, TO RESTORE ORDER DURING THE STATEWIDE STRIKE OF SAWMILL AND LUMBER WORKERS. UNITS OF THE REGIMENT WERE USED IN TACOMA, ABERDEEN AND HOQUIAM.

Just like any other strike, loaded machine guns were set up on strategic street corners and guards spotted all around the rioting districts. .

Corporal Glynn E. Wheeler (now Captain) sat for five hours behind his machine gun, cursing during a tear gas attack. Wheeler didn't have his gas mask and the tears streamed down his checks in a steady flow. But his orders said, stay on the post; so he stuck it out, hell or high water.

Mickey Trad (T/Sgt), one erstwhile boxer from Chicago who wound up in Spokane, (the guys can remember cheering Mickey on and teetering on the edge of their seats in excitement, when they were only kids) chucked his rifle away one day during the strike and plunged headlong into an excited mob. The people were rallying around a particularly persuasive and arrogant soap-box speaker.

With one swoop Mickey fell upon him and dragged him off his pedestal by the ears. "Mr. Speaker" spoke very little after that.

BY 1939, THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN IN EUROPE. HITLER STARTED MOUNTING HIS MAD MAN'S THRONE. NOT MANY AROUND THE GUARD KIDDED THEMSELVES THAT THERE WASN'T GOING TO BE ANOTHER WAR IN EUROPE. THE NATION WAS

## ALL UP IN ARMS ABOUT THE NEUTRALITY ACT AND THERE BEGAN TO BE TALK OF A SELECTIVE SERVICE ACT.

Things didn't look too good, but something had to be done. The National Guard had a service to perform. And they did it as well as seemed humanly possible together with lack of money, facilities and men.

We men were actually responsible for most of the recruiting; we brought in the volunteers by persuasion and various and sundry means.

Like up at the town of Stanwood, Wash., a favorite trick was to set up a machine gun in the middle of the town square and fire a belt of blank ammunition.

A couple of old men might stick their heads out of the window of a building across the street:

“Humph, the boys are playing around with a machine gun. So what”

But the younger ones would flock around. And we would sign them up. In those days it seemed about the only way one could get a couple of stripes was to bring back to the armory a list of "suckers".

Every year we always went to "camp" for three weeks in the summer and played around living the outdoor life. About the most sensational thing about these maneuvers was our uniforms. We'd change uniforms so damned many times during a day that our bivouac resembled a fashion show. From blues to wools, to serges, to cottons, to breeches with leggings. Every part of the day had its prescribed rig.

Summer camp, generally in June, was pleasant, except one summer when it rained steadily for two weeks. It was a vacation with pay for the boys who worked for a living, a vacation some of us otherwise might not have had because it was the depression and those were lean years.

We boarded the train for camp, maybe at Spokane, Wenatchee, or Yakima -- and what a ride! It was a wonderful opportunity to get really boozed up and have to be carried off the train when it pulled into camp. Throughout the whole fifteen days of camp everybody bitched and moaned and swore to God they'd never sign up another year. Yet when we got back in the armory it was all talk about last year's encampment -- the fun, the tough maneuvers, the brawls. Maybe that talk was only to impress the new rookies, but the next spring when we took the kitchen stoves out of the basement, wiped off the dust, and began to roll out our web equipment and packs we began to sign up again. We couldn't resist it -- the card playing, drilling, drilling, and soldiering.

Those were the days when Pfc "Prune Juice" A J. Larson, Company M, was known as the prize regimental goldbrick. "Prune Juice" got drunk on a quart of prune juice wine one time at camp and the name just stuck. "Prune Juice" never quite understood the army, nor the army him.

When the war in Europe started the maneuvers increased -- and the weekend bivouacs and the night problems.

THEN WE HEARD WE WERE BEING CALLED INTO FEDERAL SERVICE ON SEPTEMBER 16, 1940, BY PRESIDENTIAL ORDER HE 41ST DIVISION (OF WHICH WE WERE A MEMBER) WAS CALLED INTO ACTIVE SERVICE. WE MOVED ON THE 16TH DOWN INTO OUR RESPECTIVE ARMORIES FOR A HECTIC TEN DAYS OF PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS, RED TAPE, FURTHER RECRUITING, AND DRILL THROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE.

Some took cars to the new camp, most went by troop train -- cars from the different armories hooking on at stations along the way.

Administrative work burned the midnight oil. Information had to be compiled and reports made for movement. The American Legion, Chambers of Commerce, and schools helped in a recruiting drive. Eligibles for Selective Service were urged to join than rather than wait for the draft. Dances, banquets, music and a few tears sent us off?

We were headed for a year's training not to really fight, most people thought, but to begin to scare the aggressors with the thought that America was preparing.

And inside many a heart the crest of the 161 took on a real significance; the raven rising from the coronet, from Washington's coat of arms, the red and blue for the Philippine campaign, the scorpion for Mexican duty, and the fleur-de-lys for service in France. Underneath the shield, its scroll reads: "First in War, First in Peace". In those days of 1940 there were a few hearts which asked if were not a true prophecy.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH SAW THE FINAL ELEMENTS OF THE REGIMENT ARRIVE AT CAMP MURRAY, THE 161 TENT CITY, WHERE EVERY SUMMER WE HAD SPENT OUR ENCAMPMENT. BY THE END OF THE DAY THE SAME PYRAMIDAL TENTS WE HAD ALWAYS USED ROSE ABOVE WOODEN FLOORS, IN THE SAME PLACES THEY ALWAYS BEEN.

They told some of us when we joined the Guard, "You will have three weeks vacation with pay on the shores of American Lake." We did. Right in the middle of it.

Swamp Murray, we dubbed it.

Basic training started, those rudimentary headaches from "pearl diving" (K.P.) to close order drill. Our ranks were to be filled up with Selective Service men, to be inducted soon and trained at Infantry Replacement Training Centers. They started to drill and train us, so we would be proficient in weapons and basic subjects when the Selectees came in.

In October, "the rains came".

As each day passed the clouds seemed to pour out an added flow of wet, furious drops. The winds whipped the rain around the corners of the tents, and damp cold seeped through the most sturdy of us. And then a damp, thick fog settled in just to cinch things. A steady week of this wetness in late October threatened to disrupt the whole camp. Tents commenced to leak like sieves; in past years rips and strains had made them into high class cheese cloth. Finally there came an issue of pot-bellied Sibly stoves, and the sparks dancing up to our canvas roofs didn't help things when they reached the top and burned through.

Training was suspended for a few days, while we all turned out to grade the mud, drain the company streets, to ditch all tents and lay a drain pipe from the company mess halls.

Newspapers in the nearby cities carried articles, editorials and pictures describing the deplorable living conditions. The Seattle Times inaugurated an editorial campaign to improve conditions; and finally Life magazine in December or blew up a big picture of Camp Murray with this caption: "Wettest Army Camp in the whole United States".

Thank God for the power of the press! Shortly afterward huge power spray guns impregnated the tents with a water-proof coating. New

tents replaced the more hopeless of our tatters. Piles of lumber came in to wall the tents. Things were looking up when a damp penetrating cold set in.

A lot of us bought air-tight heaters to replace the army's Sibly stoves; the heaters would burn anything from Presto logs -- of which there were a few -- to water soaked slab wood, of which there, was plenty. Abetted by an ample dousing of fuel oil, the damned stuff burned.

Just about then (December) we got the flu. At one time about 75% of us were in quarters flat on our backs. One of the Company M platoons fell out, with only three men in the morning for drill. All the rest were in quarters with the flu. or else feeding the sick and giving them their medicine.

Major Francis J. Burns was our Regimental Surgeon then. He had the amazing faculty of being able to go through a line of 500 men in a morning. Sick call was a pleasant diversion. If a guy had a sprained ankle, before he know it he was sitting down with a thermometer in his mouth and admonished against smoking or his temperature would go up. Surprisingly enough, the majority of bad cases were weeded out and the rest of us sent back to skull-duggory.

Those were the days when they lectured against using too much toilet paper.

"You are issued two rolls of toilet paper per month. For God's sake, don't use any more than you have to. This business of lining those cold frosty seats has got to stop!"

We could visualize pulp mills the length and breadth of the country v/working overtime, 3 shifts, to supply us with surplus insulation.

THERE WAS LITTLE THOUGHT OF UNITED STATES ACTUALLY PARTICIPATING IN WAR. BUT WITH THE FLAMES OF COMBAT STARTING TO LICK THROUGH EUROPE THE NATION WAS IN A RUSH TO PREPARE ITSELF. THINGS HAPPENED FAST AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF MILITARY DECADENCE – CAMPS WEREN'T READY, GREAT CONVERSION IN INDUSTRY AND OUR WAY OF LIVING WAS TAKING PLACE. WE WEREN'T EVEN GEARED TO A REASONABLE PEACE TIME ARMY, LET ALONE A WAR TIME ARMY. THAT WAS THE REASON FOR MOST OF OUR TROUBLES. BUT THINGS BECAME GRADUALLY STRAIGHTENED OUT.

Our regimental maneuvers took place just the same. Every maneuver we fought over the same ground, and took the same hill -- McCall Hill Woods. It got so we could walk over every trail on that hill in our sleep – and we did. Rumor got around that Senator Nye that didn't want us to have real guns and ammunition; so we worked on with wooden machine guns and mortars.

In March the Selectees poured in to fill up our ranks, from Oregon, Montana, California and Washington.

In late April we left Murray for Fort Lewis. Lewis is like most mundane army posts and sprawls along five or six miles along Tacoma-Seattle Highway. By then we were getting our machine guns and mortars.

Hunter Liggett is and always will be a sort of barren, sun baked destination with plenty of scrub oak and, sad hanging moss. The days were hottern' hell and the nights cold. About all we remember is that the 40th (Calif) Division was practically "annihilated" by us (the 3rd and 41st Divisions). On the morning after six weeks of maneuvering, when they announced, the maneuver was over we were so god dam happy we fired up all the blank ammunition we had left. Colonel Orndorff,

our Regimental Commander, was so hopped up about it that he made us walk 16 miles back to our base camp. When we got back to Lewis around the 5th of July we started on 10 day furloughs, half of the command at a time. Some of our hardest fought "campaigns" took place on home town porches or else on the streets of Seattle.

Next they shoved us out on the 4th Army maneuvers in Southwest Washington, extending from Aberdeen clear down to the mouth of the Columbia River. It rained every day. After the maneuvers, Major General George A. White, our Division Commander, died, and we thought that might Snafu another furlough. But we got our furloughs again.

By September "Ohio" ("Over the Hill in October") appeared on all our envelopes, we quoted it everywhere. Thon Congress extended the draft and service period to eighteen months. We though we'd gotten the proverbial raw deal.

Early in November we were cut out of the 41st Division -- rumors spread fast and furiously. The order came -- we were going to the Philippines. Nearly all of us signed up to go and to fill up our ranks according to the new table of organization; all the regiments in the division were combed for volunteers, the 162nd, the 163rd, and the 186th. A few, if they didn't volunteer, were shanghaied anyway. "They shook your hand, checked your clothing, added up your allowance and wished you luck."

Shots, forms -- packing: it was half frenzy, half order. Thirty six Chinese and Japanese soldiers in the Regiment were transferred, some with tears in their eyes. We really wanted to go. We weren't war-mad -- bullets and bayonets scarcely entered our minds. We wanted adventure, and we figured the war was going East and we were going West -- so what the hell? We were going to the Philippines to sit under a palm tree and live the life of Riley.

ON THE 9TH DAY OF MAY, 1898. THE 161 HAD VOLUNTEERED AS A UNIT AND SAILED FOR THE PHILIPPINES IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR. SIX DAYS AFTER LANDING THE 161 WAS IN ACTION ON THE FRONT LINES, SUFFERED 12% CASUALTIES AND WAS CITED FOR VALOROUS CONDUCT IN THE BATTLE OF SANTA ANA. IN 1899 THE REGIMENT SAILED FOR HOME, SPENDING A WEEK IN JAPAN ENROUTE. NOW WE WERE ON OUR WAY BACK.

At 9PM on the evening of December 6, 1941 our train waited at the siding at Fort Lewis. It was cold and we were bundled up in overcoats, warmed with all the liquor we had been able to get hold of. With our packs on our backs and our barrack bags secure in the baggage car (a bag of clothes, one of alcoholic accessories) one by one we filled the Cars.

The black night settled around us; the lights from the train gleamed out, and the few people at the siding waved a farewell. The couplings groaned and pulled as our train started to roll

TROOP TRAINS ARE A LIFE ALL BY THEMSELVES, KITCHEN IN BAGGAGE CAR, MAGAZINES AND LITTERED PAPERS ALL OVER, THICK BLUE CLOUD OF CIGARETTE SMOKE. HERE AND THERE, A POKER GAME, PUNCTUATED BY A BURST OF PROFANITY OR A SURPRISED CHUCKLE TO ACCOMPANY AN UNEXPECTED FULL-HOUSE. THE NIGHT OF THE 6TH PASSED ON WITH A WORLD OUTSIDE AND A WORLD OF OUR OWN MOVING ALONG ON STEEL TRACKS.

TOWNS FLASHED BY IN THE DARK OF MIDNIGHT AS THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC CLICKED ALONG -- PORTLAND, SPRINGFIELD, THE WILLAMETTE RIVER. THE MORNING OF DECEMBER DAWNED. . . . .

Some of us were sitting in the smoking car playing poker. Nothing had changed; we were pretty chatty.

"I figure we're doing a smart thing -- the war's going one way and we're going another."

"Just think of the big exchange we're going to get out of our money over there in the Orient."

"Yeah, boy, those trips to China."

Most of all we mentally reveled in the easy life we were going to lead.

Shortly after noon the train stopped for a few minutes at a small station a few miles north of Klamath Falls, Oregon. The station master rushed out, "Say, have you guys heard" "The Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor!"

Disbelief spread through the outfit. "Just what the hell was that guy talking about?" Our train started to move again. At Klamath Falls we were greeted by newsboys selling "Extras" with headlines screaming the news that the Japes had bombed Pearl Harbor. The railroad dispatcher had sent a message through for all trains to move cautiously -- "Pearl Harbor has been bombed!" A couple of portable radios picked up faint flashes of news.

There began to be a lot of excited moving about the cars:

"What was it?"

"Did you get that? They bombed Pearl Harbor!"

"Just another Orson Welles broadcast!"

And the poker games continued.

At Dundsmuir, California everything was confirmed. Double guards were put on the doors. Porters, conductors, soldiers tried to argue it wasn't so -- inside us the belief deepened that it was so.

Machine gunners and pistol men demanded bayonets. In a matter of minutes, peace was lost, the lethargic peace-time soldier awoke with a jolt. Live ammunition was issued throughout the train, from front to rear of the long train speculation buzzed as to our future. There was much singing until late at night--"Over There" and "There's a Long Long Trail A-winding "

At 6 AM, December 8th, we pulled into San Francisco; up and down the line of cars, heads stuck out of windows, necks craned to see the sights, to wave back to the people on their porches, to wave back at beautiful girls in housecoats and pajamas. With our necks still craned, we rolled under the Oakland Bay Bridge with its big pylons and towering steel gray supports. It wasn't long before our gripes made us wish we'd never heard of San Francisco.

As we passed the docks we saw our three gleaming white torpedo targets, all loaded and waiting for us, the Monterey, the Matsonia, and the Lurline. Heavy Weapons companies and Service Company had already arrived in San Francisco and were quartered on Angel Island. We waited on board the train as the nation listened to President Roosevelt's speech. But what were they going to do with us? Surely we couldn't re-enforce the Philippines now?

They didn't know what the hell they were going to do with the 161. We boarded tugs and ferries where the gulls swooped down and left deposits on us and churned across the Bay to Fort McDowell, variously known as Angel Island or the "Junior Alcatraz ". Over there the weapons



companies were already building bunks for interned Japanese. We came off K. P. one morning to read a headline in a Coast paper. "161st Regiment Lost at Sea!" Could they lose us on Angel Island?

Angel Island is a wooded piece of rock jutting up out of the Bay; in spite of the lights of the city, or its tangible look through the haze, or the look of the Bridge hanging high across the water, the island's desolation and seclusion is more nerve-wracking than that of Timbuctoo.

The West Coast had its first "air raid" -- and we sat on the little park benches high upon the brown-gray bluffs and watched the lights of Alameda, Berkeley, and the Golden Gate blink out. A dead, silent darkness settled in, broken only by the red lights on a radio tower far off in the distance. Later, unidentified airplanes were overhead. The sirens screamed and we took to the brush with steel helmets and gas masks. A voice broke out, "This isn't training, we're playing for keeps now!" We saw the China Clipper wing in on its last trip from Wake Island. As poetry, it was beautiful -- but for us we were seeing for the first time those lights which we had heard were going out all over the world.

ON THE 9TH OF DECEMBER THE ARMY ORDERED US BACK TO FORT LEWIS. THE MATSONIA WAS UNLOADED INTO FREIGHT CARS. BY THE 11TH - THE ORDER WAS CHANGED -- WE WERE TO JOIN THE 7TH DIVISION ON COAST DEFENSE. THE FREIGHT CARS WERE UNLOADED INTO WAREHOUSES.

We shot back across the Bay. The first battalion was to go to Forts Kronkite and Berry, the third battalion to be held in reserve, the Provisional Battalion and Regimental Headquarters to the Presidio Golf Course, the second battalion to Fort Scott.

Up at Presidio the officers took over the Club House as a command post. It began to rain--had it ever stopped, this gray, miserable, cold fog and wet? Around us was Presidio, looking like a messy old fort, right on the Bay and blocking the Golden Gate. It seemed all red brick with wrought iron window guards, doors and gates. Soaked, we pitched our pup tents, nothing between us and the over-flowing sky but those little cloth dog shacks, covering us and barrack bags and impedimenta, with a city of real roofs all around us. We guarded the golf course against the Japs --.

Captain "Pappy" Robert R. Moore of Company F admonished us at that first guard mount. "When the parachutists land, fix bayonets and drive them into the sea with cold steel!" Anything might happen. .. it didn't.

Some of the guys got on guard down at the Club House and sneaked a little food out of the kitchen or else took a secretive shower. It seemed like a long time, Maybe it wasn't, that we lived in those pup tents. Part of us (Regimental Headquarters Company) finally moved down into a synagogue.

Some of the Regiment (third battalion) wound up bivouacking in the San Francisco Auditorium of Animal Husbandry, more simply the "COW Palace". San Franciscans had gone to a lot of trouble a \$1,000,000.00 worth, to build that white elephant. It wasn't wasted, not after we had dispensed with the white lye, the animal droppings, and the stink.

ON THE 14TH OF DECEMBER THE REGIMENT WAS RELIEVED OF ITS DEFENSE MISSION. OUR SAN FRANCISCO STAY HAD BEEN A FRANTIC NIGHTMARE. WE'D

TAKEN EVERYTHING FROM SHOELACES TO THE KITCHEN SINK WHEN WE HAD LEFT FORT LEWIS; IT HAD BEEN LOADED ON THE BOATS AND UNLOADED ON FREIGHT CARS, LOADED IN WAREHOUSES AND UNLOADED, LOADED ON TRUCKS AND UNLOADED. ALL THE WHILE WE HAD TRIED TO SORT OUT THE EXCESS TO BE SHIPPED BACK TO WASHINGTON -- AND DEFEND SAN FRANCISCO AS A SIDE LINE. WE GOT A BIG KICK OUT OF RACING CONVOYS ACROSS THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE AT 60 MILES PER HOUR, PAST POLICEMEN, PAST TOLL STATIONS AND ALL. IT WAS A SERIOUS BUSINESS TO GET OUR EQUIPMENT AND KITCHEN TRAINS WHERE WE WANTED THEM AT THE RIGHT TIME. THEY HAD US RUNNING ALL AROUND THE CITY.

In six days the three white Matson ships were painted gray and fitted with bunks; 50 cal. machine guns and 75mm field pieces were lashed to the decks. The second and third battalions sailed on the Lurline, the Matsonia and the Monterey on the morning of the 16th. At least one soldier was hauled on board from a dinghy by rope just in time to make the sailing. Nobody missed the boat.

The first battalion was brought back from the tunnel on the North Peninsula, soaked and chilled, to be quartered in an unused airplane hangar at Crissy Field. There were sixty cots and a concrete floor for over a battalion of men. Clothes and duffel hung down from every rafter in the place. On the morning of December 17th the first battalion and provisional battalion moved out on the Tasker Bliss, a stinking old tub, later sunk off North Africa.

The stern of the Bliss churned away from the pier, just as our last kitchen stove swung aboard. The pier grew smaller and smaller and the Bay began to get choppy. The Bridge, the one we long afterward dreamed about, passed over-head.

America was dropping away from us at nine knot's an hour. We leaned far out on the rail of the ship and watched her -- great, long line of rich purple stretching from one horizon to the other as far as you could see. The early morning sunlight struck brilliantly against ranch houses and villages along her West coast, etching them in white against the purple. And lighthouses stood forth from her shores, and evaded the grasping white fingers of the ocean.

For once, we didn't feel like starting a crap game, or reading, or playing cards, or even talking, because we were leaving her behind. Why, lots of us had just crossed her, speeding on endless gleaming rails from the biggest city on earth, and from colonial villages in the East. We had passed over the Mississippi that almost cuts America in two. Through rolling green meadows we had come past red barns, and white farmhouses. Then through the mysterious desert, silent and shimmering with heat, and, great white bones of tremendous animals a million years old baked deep in her clay. Near the coast America reached for God, her mountains disappearing into the clouds. We had built a beautiful bridge there, and had passed under it an hour ago.

OUT TO SEA O)N THE MATSON LINERS, AHEAD OF OUR SHIP, THE BLISS, THE 161 HAD MADE ITS RENDEZVOUS --WITH THE FIRST CONVOY TO LEAVE THE STATES. . . . .

## H A W A I I

AROUND 2:30 PM ON SUNDAY, 21ST OF DECEMBER, 1941, THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS CAME INTO VIEW. MEN ON THE DECKS WATCHED THE DIM ISLANDS ON THE HORIZON. OAHU LOOMED ON THE STARBOARD RISING OUT OF THE MISTY BLUE-GREEN WATERS AS THE CRUMPLED CROWN OF A HAT ABOVE ITS BRIM.

At 3:30 the convoy passed around Diamond Head. There was famous Waikiki Beach glaring in the sunlight. Palm trees lined -- the beach -- the first palm trees seen by many of us. The ships cut down their speed and fairly drifted. We crammed the decks to see the sights -- the beautiful Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels on the beach amidst glamorous splendor; the buildings of Honolulu, the various colored houses clustered on green slopes of tall hills, fertile valleys in between.

The three greyed Matson liners set into the harbor of Honolulu about 4:30. Aloha tower; the piers; machine gun emplacements on the buildings of the water front. The Men remained on deck as bands played and a welcoming party appeared on the docks.

Night came on black as pitch. We lounged in the water-front yards with our equipment until the freight trains arrived to take us on a long miserable crowded ride to an unknown destination.

ON THE 24TH THE BLISS ARRIVED IN HONOLULU. BLACK SMOKE WAS STILL DRIFTING UP FROM PEARL HARBOR. THE NARROW GAUGE OAHU RAILWAY TOOK US TO JOIN THE OTHERS AT SCHOFIELD BARRACKS.

That first night in Schofield Barracks the bedbugs were so thick you couldn't get in bed and the mosquitoes so thick you couldn't get out of bed. It took umpteen gallons of Flit to exterminate the menace.

THE THIRD BATTALION WENT TO HICKAM FIELD FOR GROUND DEFENSE; THE SECOND TO FORT SHAFTER; FIRST TO BELLOWS FIELD. ON THE 23RD CAPTAIN GAYLORD E. TREAT AND FORTY-EIGHT COMPANY H MEN HAD DEPARTED WITH A TASK FORCE TO CHRISTMAS ISLAND.

Now that we were important members of Oahu Island's defense we had to acquaint ourselves with it and its terrain features. We had sight-seeing tours -- long convoys of trucks that stretched out of Fort Shafter in the early morning after picking up men from Honolulu's installations.

The convoy turned up Nuuanu Boulevard and mounted the long, twisting slope of the Pali Road. On the left was an oddity of nature, the Upside Down Falls, a phenomenon caused by up-currents of air on the Pali cliffs that blow the down--rushing water straight up into the air in a fine spray.

At the top of the Pali was a place to stop and marvel at, the panorama of blue ocean, green slopes and white sand glistening far below. Cameras were clicking left and right

The tour retraced its course back to Honolulu and rolled by Waikiki toward Diamond Head, around the coast past Koko Road and the Blow Hole (another phenomenon where the surf spurted up through the coastal rocks like a geyser). The trucks passed Bellows Field and finally

arrived at the Kaneohe Naval Air Base, where we detrucked to inspect the seaplane base and the PBY Catalinas.

The windward side of the island had a beautiful coast line -- tall mountains looming up behind tropical vegetation, farmlands and pineapple fields. Tall rugged cliffs towered above the highway. The convoy passed gleaming white beaches and native homes.

Next spot was the Mormon Temple with its pools of blue water and gardens. We refreshed ourselves and had entertainment at a USO Canteen on the beach, formerly a Hawaiian Princess' beach home. There were cokes, sandwiches, ice Cream, Hawaiian songs and Hula dancers. Some of the boys were selected by the wahines to dance with them. Some wiggled, providing many laughs.

The tour neared its end, after a few sunshine showers in between and approached the town of Wahiawa. Here was Wheeler Field and Schofield Barracks. Next our circling convoy came by Pearl Harbor and its naval installations, then back to Fort Shafter.

We were tired and dirty, but glad to have seen those sights of Oahu which had attracted so many tourists in peace time.

MOST OF THE TIME THE REGIMENT WAS SPLIT DOWN TO COMPANIES AND SCATTERED ALL OVER GOD'S GREEN ACRES. BY THE 30TH OF DECEMBER MOST OF THE SECOND BATTALION WAS ON GUARD AT WHEELER FIELD. SOME OF REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS COMPANY RADIO SECTION WERE SENT TO THE ISLAND OF MAUI IN JANUARY. COMPANY C AND THE MACHINE GUN PLATOONS OF COMPANY D OCCUPIED BEACH DEFENSE POSITIONS ON ULUPAU HEAD. WE WERE SPREAD SO THINLY AND HAD SO MANY BOSSES THAT WE WERE HARDLY RECOGNIZABLE AS A REGIMENT.

Passes became more liberal. There was Honolulu and there were the "Cook's Tours". swimming, shows and leaves. Hawaiians were hospitable for the most part: "Come over to pig dinner -- you bring the pig." We'd go out and buy a pig, then heat rocks over a fire, dig a hole in the ground and line it with the rocks and leaves. The pig, killed and dressed by this time was put in the hole with potatoes and vegetables and the rocks packed around him. Then he was covered with a complicated combination of banana, palm and tea leaves. A couple of hours later he was taken out and the feast began, replete with smelly "one finger", "two finger" poi, cake of all kinds, different colored pop, whiskey (our own), dancing girls. a small orchestra with guitars or ukuleles, and songs. No one will ever forget those luaus. ,

IN MAY, EIGHTY-THREE MEN FROM COMPANY G UNDER CAPTAIN RAY HAINES AND A DETACHMENT OF ARTILLERY FORMED TASK FORCE "F" TO SECURE FANNING ISLAND DOWN NEAR THE EQUATOR.

They "putted" off on an old inter-island boat with Captain Haines clutching an American Flag which they were to raise as soon as they had possession of the island. Our only contact with them was by radio at 5 PM every day. Reception was generally poor. Their supplies wore sporadic in reaching them. On the island, only 10 foot or so above sea level, they built a sea plane base and dug down to build quarters, covering their dugouts with three or four foot of palm leaves. It was so hot they could only work half a day. When the day of our departure

drew near, it was apparent Task Force "F" could never get back to join us. They were transferred to Company L of the 21st Infantry and Company G received an equal number of officers and men from that company. Before we left, our ranks had been filled up more fully with transfers from the 19th Infantry. .

HAWAII WAS A HOT BED OF EXCITEMENT. THE DAY OF INCOMING CONVOY TIED UP AT HONOLULU PIERS 22-24 WE HAD LOOKED OUT OF THE PORT-HOLES, BENT OUR BODIES OVER THE RAIL AND HAD SEEN THE "GOOK'S " STANDING GUARD ON THE DOCKS. "MY GOD! IT'S TOO LATE. THE JAPS ARE HERE!" WE THOUGHT, BEFORE WE REALIZED THAT MANY OF THE HAWAIIAN TERRITORIAL GUARD WHOM WE DISRESPECTFULLY CALLED "GOOKS" WERE OF JAPANESE DESCENT.

By moonlight that first night we passed Pearl Harbor, its ghostly silhouette was a stark reminder of war; and later the third battalion at Hickam Field and the second battalion at Wheeler Field had come face to face with shattered barracks, charred automobiles and a land pitted by bomb craters. Shrapnel had penetrated one and one-half foot concrete, B-17 and P-40 planes slumped in broken wrecks; hangars stood burned and twisted.....

Strict blackout was in effect -- not a cigarette could be smoked after dark, in contrast to the thousands of butts we were to consume at night on Guadalcanal. At one time or another we guarded most of Honolulu's installations, from Primo's Brewery and the Dole Pineapple Company to the Secret Service Office. We strung double-apron barbed wire on Oahu beaches, manned pillboxes with machine guns, and maintained night motor patrols which sped, blacked-out, up and down Hawaii's coastal roads.

One night Sgt "Fifi" Johnson (Raymond M. Johnson), Company G, and his motor patrol brought in an insane and scarred Jap who had escaped from an asylum near Bellows Field and was roaming around outside of Kaneohe.

There was a Jap in a house who would turn his lights out when he saw the blacked-out army truck approach and turn them on again as it passed by. Other black-out violators, shown their lights, obliged by inviting the patrol in for a drink--duty was duty. About dusk on a September night, Pfc Bill "Hoss" Underwood (William D. Underwood) and Pvt Porter A. Larson (now Sergeant), were cruising along uneventfully when Underwood sighed, "Boy, I'd sure like to see some lights to check up on!" Almost instantly a light appeared in a house off to the right of the road. "I'll check it", and Underwood jumped out of the truck with Larson at his heels. They guided the lady occupant outside to show her the offending light; she seemed polite enough. "But," she said, "We have a woman inside giving birth to a child". Underwood, nonplused, replied, "Well then, go ahead, Lady, let the light show -- Let it never be said we stopped progress He flung over his shoulder as he beat a hasty retreat to the truck.

IT WAS A DARK, LONELY NIGHT OUT ON EAST BEACH. THE THIRD PLATOON OF COMPANY E HAD A BEACH DEFENSE AT FORT HASE OF MACHINE GUN EMBLEMMENTS AND OBSERVATION POSTS MANNED DAY AND NIGHT.

At the platoon CP four telephone operators worked shifts for a 24 hour vigil in a bomb-proof cement under-ground room, equipped with a switchboard, radio, and cot.

That night the telephone operator on duty got information that that unknown persons had broken through the Marine Gate of the Kaneohe Naval Reservation and were headed in the direction of East Beach. He alerted the installation and checked his pistol. It was quiet. The slightest noise could be heard.

He thought, "What a place to be cornered in case they are enemy agents," as he looked around imagining what he would do if he were surprised.

He heard something outside. His ears seemed to stand way out of his head. There was the sound of approaching feet on the cement steps. He readied himself, but relaxed when he heard a familiar voice, that of his sergeant.

The operator related the report to him. There was a moment of silence as they thought they heard a noise. The operator grasped his pistol and waited by the entrance after moving the gasoline lamp so that his shadow didn't fall across the threshold.

Disgustedly, the two men relaxed after a mouse scampered across the doorway.

On another occasion the radars at Kualoa picked up a sub off an island called Chinaman's Hat. The 37mm anti-tank guns with Company F fired on its swaying lights. Following, 155's opened up. This was only one of many sub scares -- What were they doing? Seeking, information? Testing out defenses? Landing spies? Taking them off? Destroyers patrolled the out-lying waters (two of them hurling out depth charges, had sunk a sub which had been lurking around our Hawaiian-bound convoy. Nerves were on edge. Pvt Jerry M. Ranlett, Company F, shot a donkey one night; black dogs, cows, and tree toads drew many an M-1 slug.

Hawaiian Japanese evinced great interest in us; although their attempts to be friendly were met with courtesy, we always tried to give them a bum steer when they questioned us concerning army things. A Company G mortar section parked along a Honolulu street was surrounded by curious people. They showed not the slightest interest in the soldiers, but rather in the mortars -- "What's that? How does it work? What's in the case? A sight?"

On March 5th Honolulu was mysteriously bombed. Our sentries all over the island heard the plane, saw it sneak out of the cloud and reported it. Not a shot was fired. The plane passed over and dropped three bombs in rapid succession, the smoke and flame clearly visible, in a waste land near Roosevelt High School. Besides shaking things up and breaking a few windows, no damage was done. Publicity was never released; all we know was that we suddenly became eligible to apply for VFW ribbons.

**ALONG 6 MILES OF BEACH, NEAR BELLOW FIELD, THE FIRST BATTALION MANNED MACHINE GUN DEFENSES DIRECTED DOWN LANES OF FIRE ALONG SAND AND ROCKS. BARBED WIRE STRETCHED OUT FORMIDABLY AT WATER'S EDGE.**

At about 9: 30 in the evening, July 25th, Acting Cpl LaVerne E. Terry (now S/Sgt) sped in a truck from Bellows Field along the beach highway passing sugar cane fields to Mokapu Point where he was to relieve Pvt Paul Kness (now S/Sgt) at their outpost. Overcast skies let through enough moonlight for him to walk the 300 yards from the road to his two pillboxes, which defended this particular strip of coast.

It was a lonely post overlooking a 15 foot drop-off to the rocky

edge of the surf, with a four man shack and a towering mountain to the rear. Up on the mountain Pfc Otto J. Renagen (now T/4) maintained a lookout, affording a long view of the beach positions and the stretch of sea beyond. Terry sent Kness to bed and took up his vigil--there had been blinking red lights out at sea all night. Promptly at 11 m Terry picked up his phone to call in his usual report. Suddenly a dark shape loomed up in front of the No. 4 gun position. For a moment he thought it was Paul coming back to talk to him -- sometimes Paul couldn't sleep... Then the sea breeze flared out the figure's civilian coat.

"Say, can you silhouette a man down by my No. 4 gun?" Terry whispered over the wire. "Yeah, I think I can. Better check," Renagen called back.

Terry crawled out of the pillbox and crouched low watching the sinister movements of the intruder, who was dimly outlined in the blackness. For twenty minutes he remained motionless, while the man peered into the pillbox slit, than he saw a shining object glint in the man's hand. "Surely the guy must know there is a guard here...but he can't know he's being watched," that raced through Terry's mind. Minutes ticked by, the kneeling mystery man cautiously extended his arm through the slit to grab the machine gun.

"Halt!" Terry shouted. The figure looked up and stiffened. then jumped to his feet and raced up the thorny path near which Terry had been crouching. As he ran by, Terry hollered "Halt" again, but the man sped on. Terry started to follow him but a thought stopped him. "Maybe he's lying in wait for me with a knife." He doubled back, circled the pillboxes and came out on the road.

He had only walked a few steps down the road toward the path when he spotted the; figure again coming towards him. "Halt," he shouted. The man stopped dead still and looked at him for a split second. Almost instantly he turned and fled down the path toward the positions.

Terry looked down at the pistol in his hand. It wasn't loaded! He rammed a clip home as he raced after the fleeing man. "Halt!" he shouted again. The man dropped the object he had in his hand and kept on going. At the edge of the path Terry hollered "Halt!" for the fifth and last time.. then he fired, and fired again. There was a scream of pain followed by silence.

Up at the lookout Otto Renagen heard the shot, followed by Terry's excited voice over the wire--"My God, I killed somebody!" "What has that harum-scarum Portuguese done now?" Renagen thought.

Down on the. outpost Pvt Charles Gifford, Pvt Johnny Ornellas (now Pfc) and Kness searched the area and. found a discarded flashlight and a local Jap gardener, formerly under suspicion for espionage, pinioned in the crotch of a tree--dead. .

Terry was court-martialed for murder. A four hour military trial ensued, in which he was acquitted. "Never as long as I live" Terry declared to a General, "will I kill another Jap. I'll let them all go!" Terry was then decorated with the Purple Heart (for a "Singularly Meritorious Act").

Much had yet to happen after July and its exciting incident; still the 161 had decorated its first hero and killed its first Jap.

Such was Hawaii .....

ON JUNE 3RD WE HAD BEEN ALERTED. THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY ISLAND WAS ON. IT MARKED A TURNING POINT FOR US AND THE NATION. AT BELLOWS FIELD OUR GUARD HAD BEEN DOUBLED, AND WE WATCHED WITH AWE AND THRILL AS THE BOMBERS TOOK OFF AND RETURNED FULL OF BULLET HOLES. IT WAS A VICTORY.

IN EARLY OCTOBER THE 25TH DIVISION WAS REFORMED AS A TRIANGULAR UNIT WITH BRIGADIER GENERAL J. LAWTON COLLINS, CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE HAWAIIAN DEPARTMENT, AS COMMANDING GENERAL. SHORTLY AFTERWARDS THE 161ST INFANTRY REPLACED THE 298TH INFANTRY, LARGELY OF JAPANESE EXTRACTION, IN THE DIVISION. OUR TIES WERE MADE WITH COMPANY A 65TH ENGINEERS AND THE 89TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION TO ROUND OUT OUR COMBAT TEAM.

The outfit had undergone numerous CPX's (Command Post Exercises), alerts, test defense exercises, and the 161 Officers and some NCOs - had gone through the Division Weapons School, nicknamed "Collin's School of Tactical Knowledge". Weapons instruction had been emphasized all over the regiment. Then the regiment was relieved of its mission of beach defense and we once more assembled as one unit, mainly because of Colonel Orndorff's hard work to keep the regiment intact. Regimental Headquarters and the second battalion were stationed at Fort Hase, the first battalion at the Kailua Race Track, and the third battalion at the Coconut Grove. More replacements came into the regiment at the Race Track from the Christmas and Canton Island Task Forces, and from the 27th Infantry Division.

Training began -- marches, lectures, jungle work, range firing, combat and obstacle courses. In November our amphibious maneuvers came off. Down to Pearl Harbor we tramped to board transports. We sailed out, debarked into Higgins boats with machine guns mounted in their noses. Then we churned into a bay near Waimanilo and dashed through the surf, spluttering and wet, on Pokoi Beach. The last week in November we had the annual manual of arms drill-down for the Thomas G. Aston Trophy and a Regimental Parade at Fort Hase.

We had guys from farms, from oil fields, from steel mills, from lumber camps, from high schools and colleges, from the professions and from businesses. Our enlisted men came from forty-seven states (the exception was New Hampshire), from the District of Columbia, Canada, Porto Rico, and Mexico. The 161 had become a real "All-American" outfit.

ONE YEAR TO THE DAY SINCE WE DEPARTED FROM FORT LEWIS FOR THE PHILIPPINES, ON DECEMBER 6TH 1942, PART OF THE REGIMENT DURING, A TERRIFIC DOWNPOUR BOARDED THE USS REPUBLIC. THERE WASN'T CONFUSION AND DISORDER THIS TIME. BY AFTERNOON WE AND OUR CARGO WERE STOWED AWAY. IN THE TWILIGHT OF EVENING, HONOLULU AND THE ISLAND OF OAHU PASSED FROM VIEW.

The Frederick Funston, manned by the captain and some of the crew from the Bliss which had been sunk off North Africa, followed on December 16th with the third battalion, Anti-tank and Cannon Companies.

For three weeks we'd known the Division was moving. We knew we were heading south under sealed orders. Where?

Every morning we fell out on deck for boat drill or for some other harassment. Waiting around on the newly-swept deck, every one of our non-coms took his compass off his belt and began to wildly shoot azimuths from one end of the Pacific horizon to the other. Then they'd



scurry below, and in the confusion and sweat of the hold, dig an old beat up Rand McNally world map out of a barrack bag and proceed to plot our course--where in holy hell were we going? Variously at one time or another it was back to San Francisco, Panama, Midway, and Tahiti. Four days out, one Pfc meticulously read his compass and checked it on the map. It projected a line directly to the Southwest. For the first time since we got on the boat he sat down and thoughtfully cleaned his BAR.

There was a ceremony on December 11th, at 7: 15 PM when we crossed the Equator. The stout, stern Colonel in command of the troops was made to parade the decks in a loincloth tattooed with mercurochrome. On December 15th we crossed the International Date Line.


Pacific nights were wonderful to watch with the moon sneaking through anger-charged clouds and falling across the decks, and GI's singing romantic songs in the shadow of a boom.

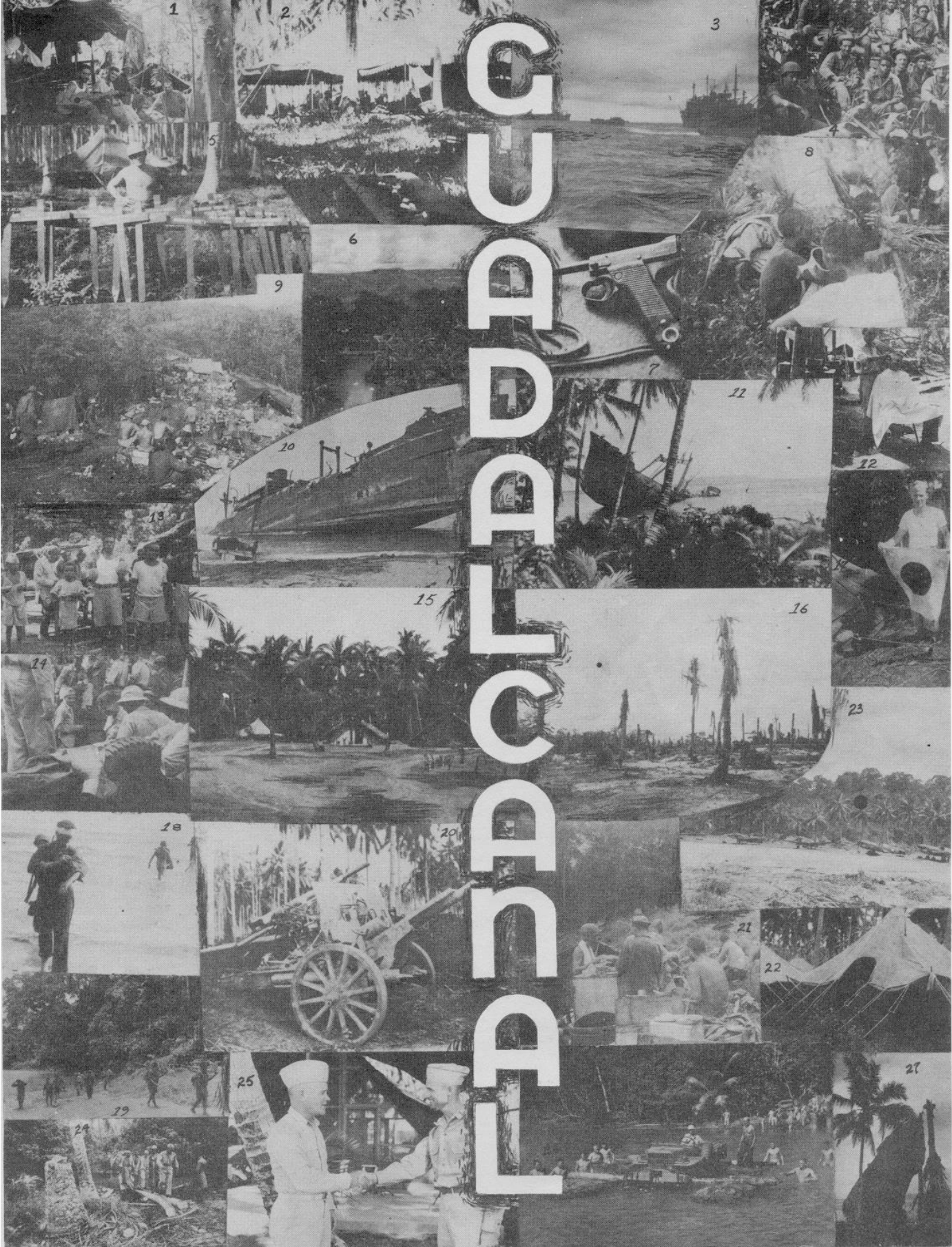
On December 20th, the Republic docked at green-looking Suva in the Fiji Islands. We got off for a seven mile stretch march. It was a bright sunny day--all the pretty girls seemed to be working in the Matson Office. Suva Police stood at the street corners, dark strapping men with skirts and bushy hair that was black or dyed pale yellow or red. Back on the boat each man was allowed to write and mail one letter.

On Christmas Day, the Republic left Suva. Meanwhile the Funston anchored off Viti Levu Island, Fiji, on the same day, arriving at Noumea, New Caledonia on December 28th.

On the Republic we were told we were going to Guadalcanal and would make a covered landing with no opposition on the ground--un- loading could not be continued after dark because of Jap bombings and strafing. We anchored on December 30th in Indispensable Strait between Guadalcanal and Tulagi. In four hours the three thousand troops aboard the Republic were on shore via cargo nets, Higgins boats, and lighters. At 10:15 in the morning the last lighter of troops headed for shore toward cocoanut trees and a sandy beach.

Looking out from the bow of that last boat load, Guadalcanal looked like a steaming jungle, you could almost smell it .....

1 - Outpost 2 - Clearing Station for Wounded 3 - Convoy  to 'Canal 4 - Company E Guys and "Fiji Commandos" 5 - "Swede" Person with Crosses for our Graves 6- Matanikau Pocket 7 - Jap Pistol 8 - Jap Prisoners 9 - Regtl CP on trail to Hill 87 10 – Kinugawa Maru, Jap Ship 11 -Wrecked Jap Ship 12 -Captain Ralph Rose gets a Haircut 13 – Natives 14 - Joe E. Brown Visits Guadalcanal 15 -Makile Village 16 - Shelled Palms at Kokumbona 17 -Lt Ken French Holds Jap Flag 18- Third Bn Patrol Takes to Sea 19- Company E Patrol 20 - Captured Jap Field Pieces 21 - Chow 22 - Home 23 - One of the Fighter Strips at Henderson Field 24 - Crossing Makile Lagoon 25 - General Collins (Guadalcanal, New Georgia, Cherbourg) Congratulations to Colonel Dalton as He Gets His New "Eagle" 26 - Cannon Company Trains on the Metapona 27 - Beached Jap Ship.



## G U A D A L C A N A L

THE GUADALCANAL STORY HAD STARTED BEFORE THE 25TH DIVISION ARRIVED  
-- SOME FOUR MONTHS BEFORE...

A white mist crept over the coral reef and began to spread itself above the palm trees of the plantations. The mountains became forbidding shapes in the blackening dusk, and around the almost - completed airfield, groups of Japanese soldiers gathered to play cards, continue diaries, or get drunk on Sake. None would have believed their doom was hastily approaching. None had seen the dark figure emerge from the jungle to pass quickly among the native laborers; nor did they see the natives pick up their scanty belongings and pass quietly into the fringe of darkness at the edge of the field.

Far back in the hills beside the Metapona Ri'ver stood a large house with a wide screened veranda. Inside a bearded young Man sat before a dimly lit radio -- year ago white men had lived here and directed the natives in panning gold from the river -- now the young island commissioner was radioing to Australia the progress of the new enemy airfield on Guadalcanal. For weeks the natives had worked on the airfield, and at night one would slip through the sentries to tell how near completion it was, while young W. F. Martin Clemens had watched in safety from various lookouts outposted by the natives. At last, tonight, Clemens received the long awaited message from Australia -- the time to strike had come. He dispatched a native boy to tell the laborers to steal away from the field that night.

At 0614 Friday morning, August 7, 1942, a new light appeared in the South Pacific skies. It arced across the heavens to land with an earth shaking explosion, and sleek gray planes plummeted from the clouds to drop their loads of bombs on the airfield we would later call Henderson Field. The bombardment by our task force had begun.

Guadalcanal, a pinpoint on the map, had become the first real offensive of America and the British Empire.

WHAT DID THIS GUADALCANAL MEAN TO US? HERE WE WERE -- GREEN TROOPS -- SUDDENLY FINDING OURSELVES PART OF THE FIRST IMPORTANT LAND OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE JAPS.

There was one army division plus the Marines on Guadalcanal; but their fight against the Japs had become stalemated. Both sides were tired, neither had the "push" to finish off the other. Our division was to be thrown in at the last moment to decide the issue. The tension on the Republic as we debarked was terrific; the Navy officers wanted to get us off and get the hell out of there. Well, we got to shore, set up in the cocoanut grove and watched our pile of equipment being dumped on the beach. We weren't fully equipped -- we lacked much transportation equipment; still it wasn't that about which worried.

What more momentous occasion could there be than a man's first time in battle? We cleaned our weapons with care and checked and rechecked our equipment. Many of us spent most of those first few days by the beach just thinking. What are the Japs like?" "Will I come out alive?" Serious, apprehensive thoughts. A lot of us covered our tension with crude humor, and, we all wrote home doing our best to write a normal letter.

All of us experienced a nervous tension like that of a runner on his mark before the race.

For five or six days we camped there on the edge of the island in the coconut trees. Long before we landed, the water on board ship had been turned off for bathing and washing. We literally smelled. The mugginess of the jungle closed in on us. God, it was hot. We got to strip and bathe in the waters of the Ilu River -- it made us feel like man again.

The first night we were caught in a torrent of rain -- we'd dug our foxholes, but hadn't put up our tents. Security before comfort -- as quickly as that lessons are learned. We got bellyaches from eating too many coconuts, and always there were the thoughts, fears, and excitement of knowing that at last we were here where our years of training were going to be put into use. The Marines that lounged on beach defense told us stories -- some of them the tallest damned yarns ever invented, some of them frightening. They tried to swap their 'O3 Springfield rifles and their Reising guns for our M1's. We suddenly had a new appreciation for our M1. An assortment of Jap flags and rifles kept drifting back from the front and we wondered some more about the enemy we were to face.

WE STRUCK OUT ON JANUARY 6, 1943 FROM LUNGA BEACH AND TRUDGED TO OUR PERIMETER DEFENSE POSITIONS AROUND HENDERSON FIELD, RELIEVING THE 35TH INFANTRY FOR FRONTLINE DUTY. PYRAMIDAL TENTS WERE ALREADY SET UP NOT FAR BEHIND THE DEFENSE LINE OF FOXHOLES AND MACHINE GUN POSITIONS.

This portion of the perimeter was formerly a front line that held off many Jap attacks. Telltale battle scars, remnants of Jap soldier's bodies and their equipment told of a terrific struggle here not so many weeks ago. Barbed wire stretched out 25 yards in front of the positions and we were cautioned to beware of land mines.

American curiosity and desire for souvenirs led us to investigate this new area of ours. We got our first glimpse of dead Japs. There was a large bomb crater that probably had many dead bodies buried in it. Feet and skulls were sticking out here and there. The top of a sun-dried head jutted out of the earth with a Rising Sun flag still wrapped around it.

By the second day we had our "A" barrack bags and took advantage of what comfort we could for at least a day or two longer. The kitchens had come up too.

We were a scared bunch of Yanks the first night on the line. Out there behind a wall of blackness was the Jap line, and through the night at intervals we could hear the Japs yell out, "Damn the President!" or "Americans, Surrender!" On the second night, a Company B cook below "Bloody Ridge" heard a crash in the brush, and hollered out, "Goddam it, it's a Jap. I know it's a Jap!" Company B stayed awake the whole night and in the morning 8' fat pig walked out of the brush.

The nights wore always dreaded. We never knew when a Jap patrol might infiltrate through our lines.

OUR MISSION ON THE PERIMETER WAS TO SECURE THE SOUTH FLANK OF THE XIV CORPS. WE PATROLLED SOUTH INTO THE HILLS AND HAD OUR FIRST EXPERIENCE MOVING IN "NO MAN'S LAND".

WE FOUND PILES OF JAP GAS MASKS, SHOES, AND WEB EQUIPMENT. PROBABLY DUMPED THERE BEFORE THE JAPS HAD HIT THE MARINES ON BLOODY RIDGE.

When we were replaced on the perimeter by the veteran 132nd Infantry we looked at their battle weary faces and their platoons of no more than a dozen men. They gave us advice and we took it-- "Hold your fire at night." "Kill anything that moves after dark." They told us things and we learned other things about jungle fighting long before the rules appeared in print. , We saw a man carried out of a Matanikau pocket "block"-- he'd thrown a grenade at night and it had hit a tree and bounced back. We saw the results -- they were sobering. Yes, we learned, and quickly.

A MYRIAD OF THOUGHTS PASS THROUGH A DOUGHBOY'S MIND DURING HIS FIRST AIR RAID, THOUGHTS PUNCTUATED BY AN ALMOST PARALYZING FEAR. EVERY BOMB CUTS DOWNWARD WITH A TERRIFYING SWOOSH TRAILED BY A HIGH PITCHED SIGH -- EACH BOMB SEEMS TO BE HEADED FOR YOU ALONE AND TIME STANDS STILL. THE TERROR OF THE MOMENT SHUTS OUT EVERY SOUND BUT THE RUSH OF THE BOMBS; THEN THEY EXPLODE AND SEEM TO SHAKE THE VERY PILLARS OF THE EARTH. CHARLEY DROPPED SIX BOMBS THROUGH OUR AREA THAT FIRST NIGHT.

It was at 9 PM one night two weeks or so after we had landed on Guadalcanal and we had settled into the perimeter two hundred yards from Fighter Strip Number 3. Condition Red was sounded. One search-light streaked the sky and then another "Charley"" was caught for a moment in a crosslight and then he disappeared. The lights wavered and caught him again. Far below we sat watching the sight and thrilling to the burst of A-A fire; high above. Thon. Charley cut loose with all he had.

His bomber sounded like an old Maytag washing machine churning through the air overhand. The whrummp of his engine's had crossed the island and swung back over Henderson Field; his bombs shook hell and earth with an explosive fury.

One man was killed. Finally Condition Green sounded. For ten seconds a quiet as deep as the blackness all around reigned. Then the digging began. We used shovels, helmets, mess gears, and tin cans -- serious digging without a word. That is all one could hear, the metallic sounds of metal scraping into sand.

Part of the Second Battalion staff climbed out of a three-quarters full garbage pit; some guys started to extricate themselves from a tangle of mosquito nets; some laid and gazed up at the jagged shrapnel tears in their pup tents while they lost their momentary paralysis. Everybody went to work. Pvt "Petrol" Coumaris (Petro A. Coumaris) dug down so deep he had to be helped out of his hole; several man struck water; the holes were dug deep and good.

When the moon was full, sometimes three or four bombers would fly over with Charley, and we'd say, "Here comes Charley and his cousins". He had a nasty habit of sneaking in behind our homeward bound planes and then swooping down on the field to drop his eggs.

We went through over three hundred bombings on Guadalcanal. When we weren't burying our faces in a hole hoping the next one wouldn't have our number written on it, we watched the spectacle. It was like the Fourth of July at Coney Island with the A-A guns around Henderson, from Tulagi across the bay, and from the ships at

anchor off the island throwing up everything but the kitchen sink at Charley and his pals. The search lights grouped to Silhouette their target while all around it 90mm shells burst into big balls of flame and 40 and 20mm shots burned tracer streaks through the air before they died out. Sometimes a plane would plummet in flames into the mountains in front of us or the sea beyond.

The night in April when our night fighter's first began to operate, everybody knew beforehand that there would be no ack-ack. We heard a Jap seaplane crossing the island to run in on its bombing mission and we left our cover to watch. Company F could hear the directions coming in over an air corps radar nearby. "You're on beam 82 --83 --86 --you're on your own..." Tracers opened up from the high flying fighters. The seaplane burst into flames and its bombs dropped far away. It sounded like a Notre Dame football game for it seemed as if every Yank on Guadalcanal to a man, stood up and cheered.

When we arrived on Guadalcanal there was only a handful of planes and we thought we had an air force. By the time we left, there were hundreds of bombers and fighters weighing down Henderson and Carney Fields. It was a reassuring sight and sound -- that of our own planes. Maybe those fliers overhead don't realize it, but we, down on the ground, followed them in our hearts wherever they went, and counted their bombers one by one as they returned. We too breathed a sigh of relief when the last limping straggler appeared over the horizon. .

On Christmas Eve, 1942, a high frequency radio, had picked up Charley, and he had answered in cultivated English. Washboard Charley had gone to the University of San Francisco and he had a hell of a time discussing the relative merits of the hot spots in San Francisco's Chinatown. "I'm running low on gas," he said, "turn on your lights and I'll drop you a Christmas present."

"You come down a little lower and we'll throw you. up one." the operator replied.

Finally when the night fighters came Charley went the way of all dead Japs. While his cousins carried on high above in the Guadalcanal skies, where a Jap took his life in his hands to brave the now aerial might of the Yanks.

YOU CANT WIN BATTLES BY SITTING IN FOXHOLES SURROUNDING AN AIRFIELD WHILE THE ENEMY ROAMS AROUND TO THE FRONT. IT WAS SOMETHING LIKE THE OFT-REPEATED STATEMENT OF GENERAL COLLINS WHEN WE LEFT HAWAII; THEY WILL NOT COME TO US, WE WILL GO TO THEM", AND THE 161 WAS GIVEN THE MISSION OF FLUSHING THE JAP OUT OF THE CRITICAL MATANIKAU RIVER POCKET.

Buzzing flies sucked at the scratches on his legs and walked on Clammy feet over his unblinking face as he lay there. He was just another body to the flies and Japs all around him in the dense jungle. He lay as dead but, his mind worked as it never had before. He formed and discarded plans in rapid Succession.. trying to keep his mind on the danger from the desperate enemy which surrounded him.

Pfc Clarence R. Peralta, a slight, smiling Mexican who had been drafted from his ranch job in California, laid no claim to fame. He was not colorful in the way Air Corps and Navy men are. He was just a "Dogface". It was almost two years after his induction when

Peralta poked his head of short, black hair into a nest of Japs -- poked his head in, went through hell for three days and nights and came out grinning.

The Japs, with their usual tenacious cunning had elected to make a final stand in a pocket of jungle between steep "Hill 53" on the north and a cliff which dropped a couple of hundred feet to the big, sluggish Matanikau River 500 yards to the south -- the same Matanikau which leaped into the headlines two months earlier when the Marines had exacted a terrific toil in wresting the natural barrier from the Japs. On the west and east determined doughboys formed the draw-strings which closed the pocket at river blocks. Those blocks were only a half mile apart. The Jap command post area under the unbelievably dense jungle was traversed lengthwise by a fingered ridge and two narrow trails --an ideal set-up for jungle defense. Both the hill and the jungle across the river were held by more eager Japs.

This was the set-up when the third platoon of Company A, 161st Inf, moved up from the east block on a reconnaissance in force on the afternoon of January the 16th.

The wily Japs let the platoon advance well up one of the narrow, confining trails before pinning it down with machine gun and rifle fire from the front, rear, and hill flanks. Captain Kenneth P. Patton calmly worked the patrol south to the river bank where the men knotted together 40 shelter halves and lowered themselves some 200 feet down the face of the cliff to the Matanikau -- without a casualty.

In the meantime a small patrol from Company B slid down the steep hill into the pocket. This patrol was badly shot up and the outfit lost Captain Emmett S. Hughes, formerly a Seattle attorney. A reinforced group from Company A went to help this second patrol and Peralta went along.

The point ran into trouble almost immediately. When the scout fell, Peralta ran ahead to lead the point. It was getting late in the afternoon and the pocket was falling under early tropical darkness when the fracas reached its height, at which point elements of the patrol were separated and most of the man withdrew.

Peralta fought on with the point, even after seeing the scout hit and watching Lt. "Steve" Lynman (Elwood A. Lynman) buckle over from a machine gun burst in the pit of the stomach. Lynman's last conscious act was to quietly tell the men to pull out.

A few minutes later, still fighting in the bush, Peralta saw his buddy shot in the arm. He snapped his M1 to his hip and killed the Jap with three shots. Jumping into the brush he tried to get to his buddy; but a stream of slugs hosed from a Jap machine gun forced him to hug the ground a few feet away and watch his pal bleed to death, unable to apply a life-saving tourniquet. Peralta was still there mute with rage when the Japs came out of the brush and calmly picked over the newly dead man.

Peralta, whose helmet had bounced off when he jumped into the brush, played possum while he figured out that the patrol had run into about 15 Japs in concealed positions on the fortified ridge. As blackness descended on the pocket, Peralta with careful movement, discarded his shoes and, equipped only with his trousers, shirt, one chocolate bar, one hand grenade and his rifle with five rounds in the magazine and two extra clips, crawled out of the



brush and down the trail towards safety.

The first humans he found were one of the company medical aid men and a buddy with an automatic rifle -- both dead.

It was pitch dark and strange. Hour after hour under the cover of soft alien noises and the occasional screeching of parrots, his crawling search for the route out of the pocket continued. Soon realization that he was trapped dawned upon him. With outward calm he weighed the deadly grenade against the black future and silently, pulled the pin, vowing to himself to grab a hated Jap and drag him into oblivion with the grenade between them if he were discovered.

Dawn found the weary but taut soldier still in the pocket. Cautiously he eased himself into a slight depression most of his body crowded under a small bush which failed to cover his bare legs sticking out toward the trail. Dragging hours pulled the day along as he lay there. The stench of dead men mingled with the musty odor of the damp jungle and the acrid smell of burnt powder.

Soon patrols began to feel out the pocket again. Each attempt was blocked by sharp, high crack of Arisaka rifles and the corresponding staccato chatter of Nambu light machine guns. The Jap machine gun which had raised hell with his patrol 24 hours earlier rattled along merrily 50 feet from where he lay.

At dark on the second night he nibbled one of his precious squares of chocolate, a throat-coating job without water, before moving out toward the river which he knew would lead him to friendly troops. He hadn't waited long enough. A Jap spotted him and began to work into position for a killing shot. Peralta fired once and his rifle jammed. He threw it and the remainder of his ammunition away. Jumping upright he dodged his way down the gully full of caves and tunnels and dropped into a shell hole. He crouched there until the hullabaloo died down again he moved -- around a high aerial and field gun toward where he could hear the heavier authoritative rap of American fire. The whole night was a desperate game of hide and seek.

When another day filtered down into the pocket he was still there -- laying on the surface of the ground with no shell-hole handy.

That day the Yanks concluded their reconnaissance patrolling and Peralta lay with his face to the sky as his buddies on the hill lobbed more than 400 high explosive mortar rounds into the confined area. Fragments of shell bursting high in the towering trees showered down around him for over two hours. By careful observation he spotted eight Japs posted in trees about him. They too lived through the barrage to bring down fire on American troops who tried to clean out the rat's nest.

Late in the afternoon the Mexican had his first drink of water in 48 hours -- those drops of rain which trickled off leaves where he could open his mouth and catch them without moving.

Peralta watched the Japs and picked up their signals for future reference. There were two series of whistled notes, a bark like a small animal and the click of sticks or cartridge cases when the riflemen in the trees spotted Americans they tapped out a warning which brought a Jap scurrying out of a hole to man a machine gun or sent several off through the brush with rifles. He noted at least two elevated light machine guns -- one high in a tree which was equipped with a rope and pulley.

As the third night of the ordeal fell Peralta was spotted by two men tied high in the biggest tree. He escaped in the gathering darkness -- but not far. After nightfall, still clutching his grenade he began to maneuver again. Almost at once he found himself in the midst of a group of Japs Squatting beside the trail. Shirtless and with his short black hair sticking straight up he dropped into a squatting position near them and prayed they wouldn't investigate the newcomer. His luck was as strong as his nerve. Twice he got up and slowly moved off in the darkness and twice Japs dropped on their haunches to rest beside him. The little man with buck teeth never let out so much as one sibilant whisper. They just slumped down, dejected, fatigued, and obviously befuddled by the hell they had been through in the past week.

He ate another square of chocolate while he watched them signal each other with bits of phosphorescent bark. When one snapped a twig in moving he immediately froze until he had identified himself by beating a light tattoo on the sides of his pant legs in an imitation of the flutter of a bird's wings.

The Yanks above the pocket fired intermittently all night, every night harassing the Japs and one fatigued American. When morning of the third day, after three tense nights in the midst of the enemy, found Peralta in position between two Jap machine guns in trees and surrounded by riflemen he decided it was time to get out no matter what it cost. He headed toward the American lines at the West block. He knew they were Americans because he could hear them hurling insults at "Tojo" drawing revealing fire from the Japs in the brush.

Approaching the block he had his closest brush with death. He called out to the doughboys, but the Company A men, alert for Jap ruses, took one look at him and almost shot him before another Mexican yelled, "Hey, I know that guy. That's Peralta from Company C." Still they made him put down his grenade. "

Peralta put a twig in the pin-hole -- after three days and nights of walking with death -- raised his hands in the air and on feet bruised and cut by jagged coral wobbled out to friendly hands. Excited Calls ran through the ranks of sweating doughboys as they passed him along to the company commander. The Captain put terse questions to him, dragging out his story. It ran like this, "I'm pretty lucky. I was in there three days and nights and now I came out. That's all."

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON WHEN SECOND BATTALION ON REACHED HILL 53 AFTER FIVE HOURS OF SLOGGING UP AND DOWN THE MUDDY HILLS TO THE MATANIKAU. THEY WERE TO RELIEVE THE 27TH INFANTRY COMPANIES MANNING THE RIVER BLOCKS, WHICH SUPPOSEDLY HAD 500 JAPS TRAPPED IN THE POCKET. COMPANY E TOOK OVER POSITIONS ON 53, AND PART OF COMPANY F STRUNG OUT ALONG A NARROW FINGER DIPPING INTO THE JUNGLED VALLEY. A SECTION OF COMPANY H MACHINE GUNS WENT DOWN TO FORM A SMALL BLOCK ON THE TIP OF THE FINGER.

Sgt Harry Benthin (now S Sgt), Company H, placed one of his guns on the edge of the slope to fire down a trail coming up from the river, and the other gun, he put on the very tip of the ridge to fire down a drop-off. The gun Crews hacked at the coral until dusk and got only foot-deep holes.

Behind the guns, three men were to take turns on guard. Dusk turned into darkness. It was the first night on the front lines for these men. Everybody was tired, but not many slept. Suppose the desperate Japs should try a break through, what than? The gunners had had dry runs, but these were live Japs they faced, and this was the front line. The guys who had been up the hill the night before said they'd soon only one Jap and they'd shot him.

Suddenly, not long after dark, a string or shots sounded from one of the hills. That started it. The firing spread from one hill to another in a continuous train of sound. The men on the finger heard it come down Hill 53. Then Benthin heard the fight break out where the machine gun, crew was dug in at the end of the little ridge. There were rifle shots, Jap machine guns chattered and grenades and knee mortar shells exploded in loud crashes.

From Benthin's hole it sounded like a hell of a battle. Pretty soon one of his gun crews pulled back, half crawling, half running, and shouting for him to clear out. Up the ridge our radiomen were pulling out too. Benthin dropped into a shell hole with his runner, Pvt Martin E. Saline. Behind them knee mortar shells crashed in quick succession. It was no use trying to slip back now. They decided they must be the only two men still left out on the finger. There was nothing to do but stay and sweat.

The two huddled in the hole, their rifles cradled in their arms. It quieted down and Benthin leaned his, M1 against the side of the hole. Just then a figure came stumbling through the brush. They knew it was a Jap. He walked to the edge of their hole and looked down. They could see the whites of his eyes. Than he turned and walked away. Saline released the grip of his BAR. It had been pointing straight into the Jap's face. After that, neither could sleep, and the night wore on.

The sky was gutting gray, and the two men had decided to stay in the hole until some of their men returned. If they were in Jap territory now, they would take their chances in the hole rather than run for it.

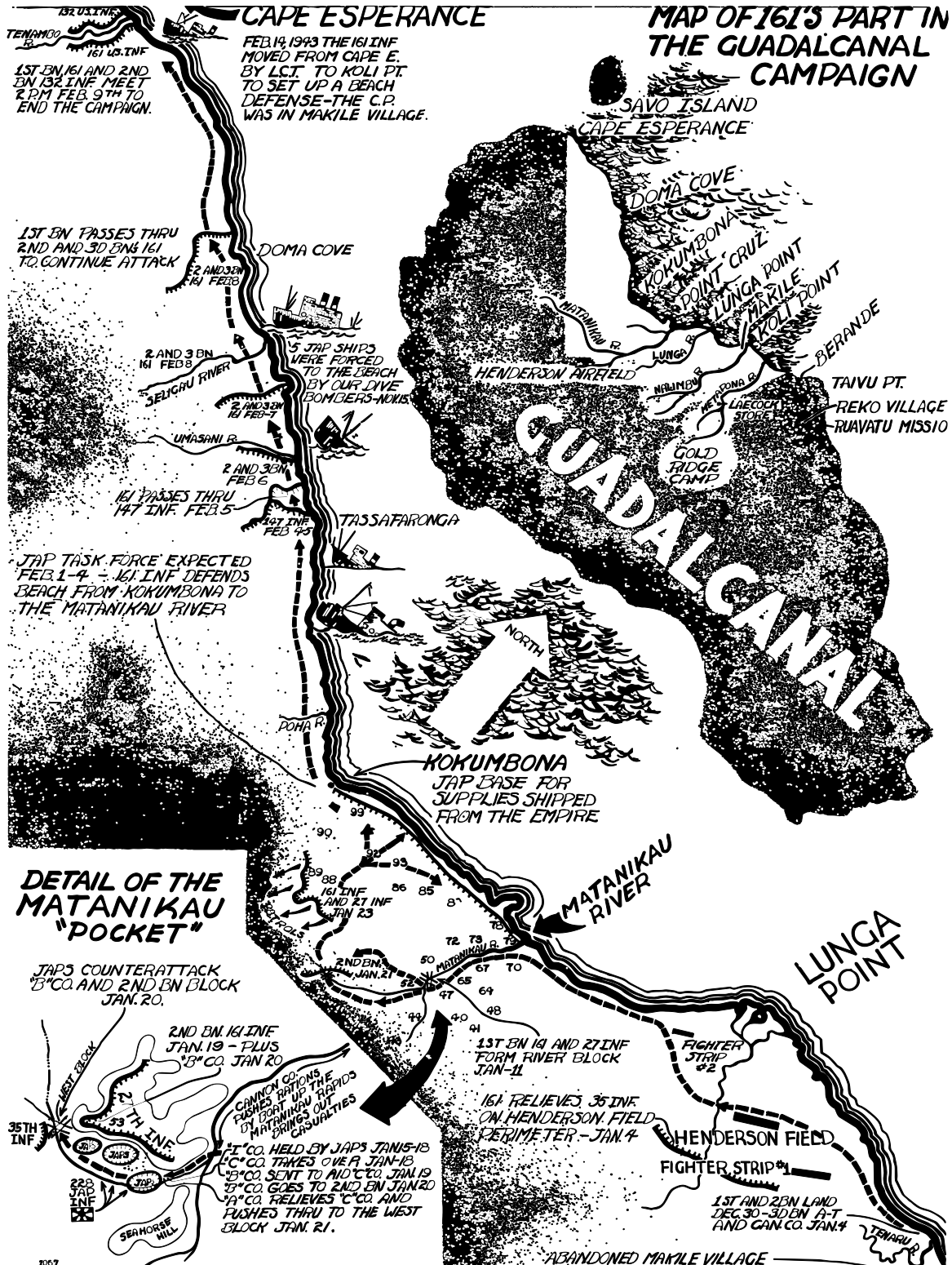
They heard a noise behind them and saw two of their men standing thorn. One, Cpl Donald W. Bozarth, held a grenade over his head poised to throw it. Neither had rifles and their shirts were bloody. Bozarth stood frozen had contused for an instant still ready to throw the grenade. Then he recognized Benthin.

"Jeez, how did you guys keep alive? Let's got the hell out of here. There's Japs all over the place"

The four started up the hill just as other men of the platoon were coming down.

When Bozarth's and Ray Geiger's (Pvt Raymond W. Geiger) stories were pieced together, Benthin saw what had happened when he heard the firing break out at his forward gun the night before.

About 8 o'clock, Bozarth had heard Japs moving around and jabbering. Thon he saw what he thought was a machine gun going into action not twenty feet away. One figure kept coming up the small slope. He saw the glisten or a saber in the bright moonlight and cut loose with his M1. From than on too much happened to remember. He and Geiger had both caught shrapnel from a grenade that exploded on the edge of their holes. He kept firing his M1 until Jap slugs jammed the operating rod. Both men crouched in the hole,



**CAPE ESPERANCE**

FEB. 14, 1943 THE 161 INF MOVED FROM CAPE E. BY L.C.T. TO KOLI PT. TO SET UP A BEACH DEFENSE-THE C.P. WAS IN MAKILE VILLAGE.

**MAP OF 161'S PART IN THE GUADALCANAL CAMPAIGN**

152 US L.T.M.C. 161 US INF  
TENAMOO  
1ST BN 161 AND 2ND BN 132 INF MEET 2 PM FEB. 9TH TO END THE CAMPAIGN.

1ST BN PASSES THRU 2ND AND 3D BNS 161 TO CONTINUE ATTACK

2 AND 3 BN 161 FEB 8  
2 AND 3 BN 161 FEB 9  
15 JAP SHIPS WERE FORCED TO THE BEACH BY OUR DIVE BOMBERS-NOKUS

161 PASSES THRU 147 INF FEB 5

JAP TASK FORCE EXPECTED FEB. 1-4 - 161 INF DEFENDS BEACH FROM KOKUMBONA TO THE MATANIKAU RIVER

**DETAIL OF THE MATANIKAU "POCKET"**

JAPS COUNTERATTACK 3<sup>RD</sup> CO. AND 2ND BN BLOCK JAN. 20.

2ND BN 161 INF JAN. 19 - PLUS 3<sup>RD</sup> CO. JAN 20  
CANYON OPTIONS PUSHES UP THE RAPIDS BY PORTING OUT BRINGS OUT CASUALTIES  
1<sup>ST</sup> CO. HELD BY JAPS JAN 18-19  
1<sup>ST</sup> CO. TAKES OVER A JAN 18  
2<sup>ND</sup> CO. SENT TO AID 1<sup>ST</sup> CO. JAN 19  
3<sup>RD</sup> CO. GOES TO 2ND BN JAN 20  
1<sup>ST</sup> CO. RELIEVES 2<sup>ND</sup> CO. AND PUSHES THRU TO THE WEST BLOCK JAN. 21.

KOKUMBONA  
JAP BASE FOR SUPPLIES SHIPPED FROM THE EMPIRE

131 BN 161 AND 27 INF FORM RIVER BLOCK JAN. 11  
161 RELIEVES 35 INF ON HENDERSON FIELD PERIMETER - JAN 4

1ST AND 2ND BN LAND DEC 30 - 3D BN A-T AND GAN CO. JAN. 4

ABANDONED MAKILE VILLAGE

back to back, throwing out grenades as fast as the Japs threw them in. Then when a lull came they jumped over the bank behind and tumbled into the jungle below. All night they had wandered around the pocket with the one grenade Bozarth held as their only weapon. It was the same grenade he held when he recognized Benthin.

(While all this was happening in Bozarth's hole, the two men behind the machine gun in the next hole, Pvt Den Lyon (now Sgt) and Pfc Charley Bailey (later killed in action) had held their fire for fear of giving away their positions too. When the grenade fire got hot, they too dropped over the bank but had made their way to the top of 53.)

That morning in front of a tree below the finger, the men of the section found the bodies of three Jap officers and a Jap non-com...

FROM JANUARY 15TH TO JANUARY 21ST THE FIGHT TO REDUCE THE POCKET WENT ON, EMPLOYING THE ENTIRE FIRST BATTALION, COMPANY I AND ELEMENTS OF COMPANIES F, G, AND H, BEFORE COMPANY A FINALLY PUSHED THROUGH TO HILL 53.

There was the day when 2d Lt Edwin G. Bernstein (now Captain) took a 12 man patrol through the Pocket for a final clean-up after the big fight there had been finished. The patrol under Sgt Gale Rimbach (Gale W. Rimbach, now S Sgt). Company B, wound its way along the trail to the upper hilly end of the draw. Along the trail Bernie spied a Jap crawling weakly out of his hole. "Look out!" Bernie cried, "Maybe he's got a grenade"

"My God, there may be a lot of them in here," he said, and waving his arms wildly in every direction, he commanded, "Spread out scatter.

As they scattered, the Lieutenant in a dither pushed a little pile of souvenirs to one side and announced, "Don't anybody touch these. They're mine!"

The Jap was so weak his legs would hardly hold him up, and when the patrol beat the bush they found several more starved and emaciated Nips.

The Lieutenant was afraid the patrol would run into more than it could cope with. Above all he wanted to get the hell out of there pronto. There were only two Japs, who appeared to have any semblance of strength left, and the patrol took them prisoner. Bernie thought of the hill they would have to climb to get out of the Pocket and looked at the two woeful wretches.

"Sergeant," he exclaimed, "give them some candy!" "It will give them quick energy -- we've got to get 'em out of here!"

Rimbach looked quizzically at Bernie. He was beginning to be p\_\_\_\_\_d off.

"Go ahead," Bernie said. "And smile at them, Sergeant, give them confidence. We have got to get them up that hill."

Nobody had expected the Lieutenant to use psychology in the middle of a jungle, and especially on two near-dead Japs. .

But a little while later the patrol finally came back with its prisoners -- and Bernie's souvenirs...

HILLS TOOK ON NUMBERS SO THAT THEY COULD BE DISTINGUISHED FROM ONE ANOTHER. BY THE 26TH OF JANUARY THE 161 HAD EXTENDED ITS HOLDINGS TO HILLS 90 AND 90A, 89 AND Q-R-S. THE JAPS DRAWING BACK, LEFT DEAD, WOUNDED AND SICK IN THEIR ABANDONED BIVOUAC AREAS. ALMOST EVERY PATROL ENGAGED IN A LOT OF SCAVENGER HUNTING FOR EVERYTHING FROM GOLD TEETH TO PICTURES OF GEISHA GIRLS.

... A radio operator doesn't have much chance to get up to the front and fight but he does occasionally go out on a patrol. Pvt Eustes Z. McCauley (now S SSgt), Third Battalion Headquarters Company, joined an intelligence patrol scouting out a Jap bivouac area in front of Hill 91W. That was the time when the Japs at night ran around loose down in the valleys while the 161 lay in guarded wait on Hills 87A, 87 and 91W.

It was shortly after mid-day -- the same day when the German Focke-Wulf strafed our hills -- when the large patrol (parts of Company I, Regimental Headquarters and Third Battalion Headquarters) wound its way across the saddle between 87 and 91W down across the nose of 91W into the valley.

In the midst of the Filipino Mahogany and the iron-wood trees was an abandoned Jap CP and bivouac area. case upon case of new Japanese rifles and piles of ammunition and a few hand grenades littered the area. The place was dotted with bamboo shacks and palm-leaf lean-to's; an occasional dead Jap lay sprawled grotesquely on the jungle floor.

"Mac" was near the tail-end of the patrol which had gathered , around a heap of valuable radio equipment. It was futile to try to get a look-see at what everyone, was inspecting; so he took off to the left through the bivouac area. Pvt Nathan O. Duncan, Regimental Headquarters Company, and Pvt Bill Hoffman (William F. Hoffman, later Cpl, killed in Burma) joined him to seek out booty.

It was cool and shady down there in the valley, unlike the hot swelter up on the hills, and the three of them ambled comfortably along. At the edge of the bivouac area they crossed a graveyard of fifty or so graves neatly covered with palm leaves. Across the graveyard they paralleled a dry creek bed for about a hundred and fifty feet.

Then Mac happened to glance out of the corner of his eye. Deep between the gnarled and spreading roots of a mahogany tree was a crouching figure facing away from them, his uniform clearly Japanese. Mac wondered if he was dead and took a step toward him. As if propelled by some inner-spring the Jap leaped straight up and grabbed for something which looked like a rifle. McCauley was carrying his M1 in the crook of his arm, rifleman fashion; he leveled it and pulled the trigger, Just then Duncan and Hoffman let go with their pistols.

Mac looked closely -- the Jap held a glinting samurai sword in his hand, that was all. They glanced around the area. The Jap had been storing up rice from fallen comrades in two officer's packs..."Look out!" somebody yelled. Twenty-five yards away another Jap lay behind a log aiming a .38 caliber pistol at McCauley. Hoffman's and Duncan's shots rang out simultaneously; the other Jap sank down behind his log: This Jap had jammed a pocket watch wrapped in his green scarf into his mouth so that he wouldn't make

a noise to betray his presence.

Mac picked up his new sword and looked at it with pride. Over the whole length of the gleaming shaft there was scarcely a blemish; its handle was covered with individuality-set seed pearls surrounding six gold flower designs raised in relief. The handle was wrapped with interlaced silken thread. what a prize!

Yells came back from the main patrol for them to get their live Carcasses back into the bivouac area before they turned into dead ones, but now Mac owned a samurai sword, and every ten feet back he had to stop and admire his now possession!

FEBRUARY 4, 1943 DAWNED JUST LIKE ANY OVER GUADALCANAL MORNING, BUT NOW THE JAP WAS IN RETREAT. COMPANY I HAD THE MISSION OF DRIVING WEST FROM THE THIRD BATTALION LINE NEAR THE BONEGI RIVER.

A call came through to the battalion CP that Company I had run into Jap machine gun resistance. Just where nobody knew. Lt Col Lew E. Morris, third battalion Commander, Captain Hugh W. Hudelson, S-3, and S Sgt Robert E. Liebrand, Operations Sergeant, set out on foot to contact the "stalled" company.

They left the tall mahogany trees around the river and walked down the trail a few yards to where the massive trees left off and a cocoanut plantation began. Walking on through the cocoanuts, there was no sign of Company I, no sign of anybody. Still they walked on. The trail made a sharp bend, and as they rounded it the three of them Came upon two Japs sitting on a cocoanut logs felled by artillery fire.

Liebrand raised his rifle and, shot one through the arm; the other, jabbering in fright, raised his hands high above his head in surrender. Two prisoners already -- and what to do with them?

They had an inkling they must have come too far, too fast, and Colonel Morris reached for his map.

Down the trail about twenty yards sat two more Japs. The three Yanks grabbed for their weapons. The Japs looked startled, a deep fear came into their eyes. Still guarding the other two, Morris, Hudleson and Liebrand took a step toward the two new Japs. One was a First Lieutenant, the other, a private. The Jap Lieutenant sported a mouth full of gold teeth and had bad artillery wound in his leg -- he offered to surrender, in English.

Liebrand unclicked the Safety on his rifle, they talked of putting the Lieutenant out of his misery. Tears came into the Japs eyes and his voice shook with terror. "No, no, no," he repeated over and over as he pleaded for his life. The Jap private sensed Colonel Morris' rank and he began to salute frantically, his arm pumping up and down like a piston.

After they decided to spare his life, the Jap officer began to speak his thanks. The two on the log evidenced in broken English their desire to call it quits. "We're done fighting. We're fed, up with it," they said.

With two Japs on one side and two on the other, the three of them sat down in the middle of the trail to orient themselves by the map. On down the trail they could see the blue waters and white sands of Dema Cove glistening through the trees. The photo-map Showed them to be about four hundred yards in front of the American lines.

Friendly artillery fire had shattered the cocoanut trees all around. They glanced off the trail to the right and saw something in the shade. There were two more Japs, weak and badly starved. Investigating further, they found two Japanese trucks, one truck had two dead occupants hit by artillery fire, several American trucks, a Ford Jeep, and a 1937 Chevrolet sedan.

One hour later Company I came upon their battalion commander, their S-3, and Sergeant Lebrand sitting in the middle of the trail guarding six Jap prisoners -- and a motor pool!

ON FEBRUARY 6TH THE REAL "PURSUIT TO ESPERANCE" BEGAN FROM OUR FRONT LINE BETWEEN THE BONEGI AND UMANSANI RIVERS. COLONEL CLARENCE A. ORNDORFF, OUR REGIMENTAL COMMANDER, RECEIVED ORDERS OF TRANSFER TO THE STATES ON FEBRUARY 7TH, AND LT COL JAMES L. DALTON II, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE 35TH INFANTRY SUCCEEDED HIM. AT 4 AM ON FEBRUARY 9TH THE FOLLOWING RADIO MESSAGE WAS RECEIVED FROM THE COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE AMERICAL DIVISION: "CO 161ST INF: ...NO OPPOSITION INDICATES EVACUATION OF REMAINING JAP COMBAT TROOPS. PUSH VIGOROUSLY FORWARD ALONG BEACH ROAD IN COLUMN OF BATTALIONS DISREGARDING ASSIGNED SECTOR FOR BEACH DEFENSE. MEET ME AT UMASANI RIVER AT 0900."

ON THE 9TH OF FEBRUARY THE FIRST BATTALION PASSED THROUGH THE THIRD BATTALION HOT ON THE HEELS OF THE REMNANTS OF THE JAP FORCE. EIGHTEEN CROSS-COUNTRY MILES WERE COVERED IN THE WHOLE PURSUIT FROM ITS BEGINNING; 265 JAPS WERE KILLED, 30 CAPTURED, AND A GREAT DEAL OF JAP MARINE AND MOTOR TRANSPORT ORDNANCE, ENGINEER, MEDICAL EQUIPMENT AND STORES, AND DOCUMENTS WERE TAKEN.

The excitement of a final push is tonic to tired nerves and numb bodies like a mass narcotic injection. We went so fast they couldn't get rations to some of us for four days, because they couldn't find us. We climbed hills and went through Jungles where Mules couldn't follow and our supplies had to be brought up by human pack train. Once our artillery had to stop firing-- they had a hell of a time trying to keep up with our position.

...Next to the last day the third battalion was in combat, at the high tide of the Pursuit to Esperance, Staff Sergeant Loren J. Marshall of Third Battalion Headquarters, was accompanying a Company L patrol which started out West of the Bonegi River to go West to Hill 197. Second battalion had passed through the third and was on its way toward its junction with the 132nd Infantry.

For an hour the patrol moved cautiously down the jungle road to the east side of the Saigilau River when suddenly off in the brush they sighted a motorcycle. Slowly they advanced toward it. None of the enemy were around and there sat the motorcycle, abandoned by the Japs. a brand new Harley-Davidson sidecar and all.

About fifty yards further down the road in the left ditch sat a four door Chevrolet occupied by a single dead Jap, its front seat all torn up from the artillery barrage. The patrol began to, wonder what the hall was coming off.

Was that the sound of a motor around the corner? The sound was suddenly cut off. Cautiously the patrol proceeded down the road. They rounded the curve and beside the road a Jap truck had pulled up. One Jap jumped out of the left door and crawled under the rear of the truck where he started to fire his rifle; one jumped out of the



right door to give combat. The rifles from the Patrol cracked out. The third Jap didn't move from his seat. Silence reigned. The anomy in a futile attempt to salvage its equipment novo reached its prized Chevvy or its motorcycle.

...The last remnants of Jap survivors were our prisoners. We set up a temporary bivouac area with our pup tents. Kitchens were set up. We began to regain our strength and we went swimming in the waters of Doma Cove. A barge came in loaded with food supplies. We unloaded it midst the stink of a few half buried Japs. We soon Covered them up completely.

There was one buried right there on the spot where he had killed himself. We were transferring wounded Jap prisoners from a barge to trucks. This particular Jap feebly pulled out a hand grenade and began tapping it on the side of the stretcher. The MP's dropped the litter and jumped for cover. The grenade never left the Jap's hand, but exploded as he held it to his breast. His face and hand were completely blown off.

The Regiment boarded barges on Sunday the 14th of February and proceeded to take up beach positions many miles past Lunga near Koli Point.

NEAR KOLI POINT ALONG PART OF THE NORTH COAST OF GUADALCANAL AND INLAND AROUND CARNEY FIELD THE 161 WENT INTO DEFENSE AND OUT-POST DUTY TO GUARD AGAINST INFILTRATION BY REMAINING JAP ELEMENTS AND AGAINST ANY POSSIBLE ENEMY RE-INVASIONS OF THE ISLAND.

...TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, THE GUADALCANAL CAMPAIGN HAD ENDED ON FEBRUARY 19TH, 1943, WITH THE JUNCTION OF THE 161 AND THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE 132ND INFANTRY AT TENARU VILLAGE. THE JAP HAD BEEN LICKED, AND THE 161 HAD HAD ITS SHARE OF THE VICTORY. BUT THAT DIDN'T END IT. THE DEEP REACHES OF GUADALCANAL JUNGLE HAD TO BE SCoured AND MADE PERMANENTLY SAFE AD FREE. HERE ARE ONE PFC'S MENTAL DIARY PICTURES.

February 22 -- We've learned we're to go on a patrol across Guadalcanal. The whole third battalion is making final preparations tonight -- Companies I, K, L, M and Headquarters Company, with the Battalion Aid Section under the command of Captain Max Deutch and 1st Lt Nicholas J. Della Porta. We're supposed to persuade the natives there's no more danger and they can come back to their villages and we're to give them medical attention. We're to discover if any Japanese units remain on the island, and we're to see if a train of mules can supply a battalion of our men over terrain like this. The battalion is fully prepared. for anything that may happen.

February 23 -- Today we marched 18 miles. We are bivouacked at Laycox Store which is unoccupied but used to be a native trading post. Our pack train of 63 mules, packed by the 97th Field Artillery who have been acting as mountain artillery, has joined us. It has been raining all night. A number of men have had to turn back because their feet are raw and because of Malaria.

February 24 -- At four this morning we ate hot "C" rations before setting out. The mule train followed us. We hit the Tinahula River and pulled off our shoes and clothes to ford it. By the time we had crossed three such rivers we didn't bother, but made packs for our cigarettes, matches and rifles, and carried them perched on our heads to keep them dry. We had to cut paths through the limbs and vines for the mules to follow. I guess we crossed twelve rivers

today. Between rivers the jungle was so dense it was just like walking in night, then we'd break out onto a ridge where the grass was seven feet high, and it must have been 120 in the shade. We bivouacked tonight near an unoccupied village with its garden full of papayas, yams, corn, melons, and bananas.

February 25 -- We backtracked down the trail for ten miles. More men had to drop out. We took another trail to the right and passed two unoccupied villages. "Felix" is the name of our head guide. He's some sort of big shot among the natives here and on Tulagi. Felix speaks English and has had some schooling in Australia. In the third village the natives were hostile. They'd put all their women and children in one hut and stood threateningly on the opposite side of the river bank. Felix took things in hand. We crossed the river and stacked our rifles. Then we took off our clothes and went in swimming. The natives became friendly and released their women. We saw our first woman since Hawaii -- even though she was black. It seems they have a superstition that anyone who swims for them is a friend. We bought Watermelons from them. The price started out at ten cents but soon jumped to twenty-five. They wouldn't take paper money, said it was "no good" We gave the men cigarettes and they in turn gave the little kids a smock while the medics treated some of the worst for tropical ulcers. We rested for an hour and started on. We had to build two bridges to get the mules across streams. We could cross fallen logs but they couldn't. We crossed the same river for the fourth time and after a two-hour climb came to a village of 32 bamboo and grass huts on a high plateau. The pack train has never caught up with us, but three mules somehow strayed ahead and found us. We had enough rations for supper. Tonight we sleep along the edge of this village, called Kumle Village. After supper the natives came out while we sang songs. Then they sang their songs. They were quick to catch on to ours.

February 26 -- This morning we went down the same river and passed through four or five villages. We stopped for a short break at each and traded cigarettes for food while the Medics treated the natives. Tonight we came upon Reko Village, about 150 families. We are out of food since the pack train hasn't caught up yet, but we traded with the natives for yams, papayas, melons, and corn which we boiled in our helmets without salt or butter. The natives went out and shot some animals which look like possums, and brought them to us. They liked the way we fixed corn and some ate with us. The natives carry Enfield rifles. We asked them, "Have many Japanese ever been here?" They didn't understand. Then we asked, "Has Japan man ever stopped here in last few moons?" They understood and told us how they'd killer Japs who tried to steal their women and burn their homes. Natives from the villages we passed in the morning have followed us, we've had a big gathering and sang songs once more. The natives are fine harmonizers. We put out the fires and went to sleep.

February 27 -- Yesterday we said, "If we pass out we'll do it with our heads pointing down trail" By God, that's what we've done! We've carried one man all day on a stretcher. At six this morning we started. We crossed two rivers and passed through two small villages before we came out into a cocoanut plantation. We could see the bay between Guadalcanal and Tulagi. We hit the beach at 1300, between a cocoanut refinery near Taegu Point and the Reevetu Mission. Higgins

boats came up from Koli and took all the sick men and those who couldn't continue on back. The pack train Caught up at dark and since we had had nothing to eat since last night we were damned glad to see it arrive. The natives told us that the Japs had wrecked the inside of the mission and killed the missionary. The mission must have been beautiful with its hand carving, and its imported stained glass. In turn the Japs had tortured them to death" Tonight the natives have come from thirty miles to sing songs --"Good Night, Ladies", She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain", and "God Bless America"-- with us on the mission lawn.

February 28 --We took enough rations for one meal on the 18 Miles back long, the coast. About four miles from the mission we came to the same big river of yesterday, the Bekokimber. The native guides turned back and wouldn't cross. Lt Edward I. Kelley and part of us made floats of shelter halves and swam. Part went around on a sand flat in the bay with waves crashing over their heads. Men lost clothes and equipment and had to walk 14 miles barefooted. After we crossed the natives told us, "Crocodiles bad. Natives no like river." We passed Jap heavy equipment strung all along the beach where the jungle had overcome it. Some of us made shoes out of Jap tarp and tied them on to protect our feet from sand burrs and jungle thorns. We came to another river. "No cross. Too deep. No go ocean," Felix said. One man went to test the depth, stepped in with all his equipment and drowned. We went upstream two miles by cutting our way through the jungle. The fast current was shoulder deep. Three miles further on we found the Metapona River. Crossing the sand bar out in the ocean the waves again carried away equipment, and the short men had to ride piggy-back. At three o'clock we had a short break to eat our rations. The last few miles into camp we all sang, "High ho the merrio, just one more mile to go..." By 9 PM we reached Koli Point. As we passed through Camps of new replacements they jeered at us. They'll learn. Out of about 500 men who started about 300 were here to finish the patrol; out of 63 mules, 30 finished. When we reached camp a number of men passed out and had to be carried and put to bed. I am so tired I can't stand up.

OUTPOSTS WERE SUPPLIED ONCE A WEEK BY HIGGINS BOATS -- WITH ARMY RATIONS. WE TRADED THEM WITH THE NATIVES -- SPAM FOR YAMS, CORNED BEEF FOR PINEAPPLES, VIENNA SAUSAGES FOR PAPAYAS AND BANANAS. A FEW PACKS OF CIGARETTES, A HARMONICA OR A RUN-DOWN, NEVER-TO-START-AGAIN WATCH WAS GOOD FOR A GRASS SKIRT. AT FIRST FIVE CENTS BOUGHT A BUNCH OF BANANAS --THE PRICE SOON JUMPED TO "WUN DOLLAH" THEN TO "FIVE DOLLAH".

We killed cattle with which the British stocked the island and went pig hunting. A few wild boars roamed the island and when the Japs came the natives had turned their pigs loose to escape the invader. These pigs had turned wild too. We'd go out in the morning, lay in wait along the trail until one of the hogs came along. Rifle shots, long aimed at Japs, seldom missed.

Almost everybody went fishing. A few of Company K fellows by hook or crook secured a Higgins boat and four blocks of TNT. They took the boat some distance from shore to throw out the TNT. Then something happened.

The Higgins boat leaped several feet off the water. Planks went flying through the air. Pvt Merle F. Johnson's shoes were blown off

his feet. First Sergeant Allen L. Becker and Sgt Richard B. McGinnis (now S Sgt ) sprained their ankles. The motor tore loose and the boat began to take in water in great gulps. The TNT had detonated a mine concealed under the ocean top.

In a minute another boat nearby towed the crippled Higgins boat and its shaken occupants to shore, but in the excitement Company L collected all the fish. Company K wound up with two names on the sick book and a statement of charges for a pair of shoes.

Up the Metapona River the third platoon of Company E fished from an abandoned Japanese rubber boat by attaching sticks of dynamite to communication wire and detonating it with a couple of flashlight batteries. Concussion brought the fish to the Surface--it was an easy matter to scoop them up.

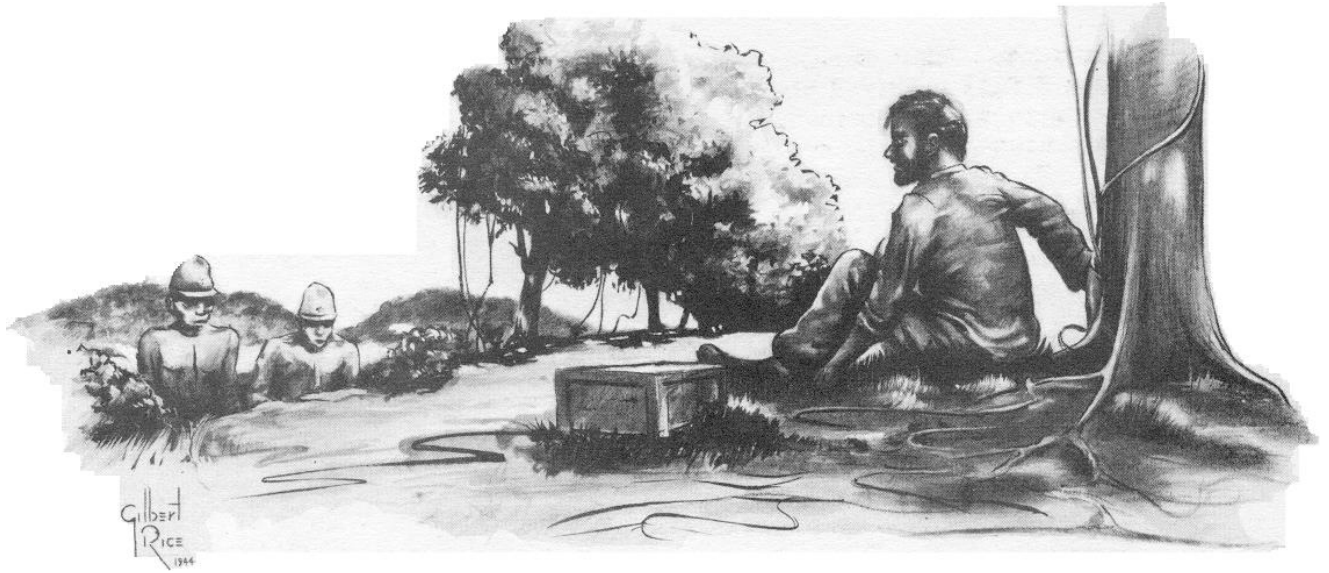
Staff Sergeant George Poler (now 2d Lt) and his third platoon probably had the rosiest deal of all. "Metapona" meant "bloody" to the natives. They would not venture beyond the mouth because of the crocodiles. The third platoon patrolled the river by foot and boat because it governed the approach to Carney Field. We had heard that Twenty-five isolated Japs came in one night by rubber boat, infiltrated to Carney Field and had sabotaged several planes before being killed. That was the reason for the river outpost.

Along the Metapona's banks wild sweet potatoes grew. They were delicious fried in canned butter. Wild pigs rooted around the outpost at night only to meet doom in the morning when one could see to get a shot at them. Parboiled pig broiled on chicken wire over hot coals formed the meat course. Fish from the river was the second course. Spaghetti, stolen from the Seabees at Koli Point cooked in a helmet with pig broth, wild red peppers and canned tomatoes had an incomparable flavor. A hundred pounds of flour, also hijacked from the Seabees (we lifted something every chance we got), gave Cpl Claude L. Potter (now S Sgt) the wherewithal for his famous biscuits. Bananas and Papayas were abundant, and "swipe" (alcohol concocted from fruit) or "raisin jack" was a passable substitute for Nut-Brown Ale.

IT ALL CAME UNDER THE HEADING OF THE "SIMPLE LIFE". THE DAYS AFTER A CAMPAIGN COULD BE MADE ENJOYABLE, IN SPITE OF DETAILS, OR HUNTING DOWN STRAGGLING JAPS OR TRAINING. ..

Pfc "Dumpy" Mansfield (George J. Mansfield, now Tec 5) can tell of the time he was Latrine Orderly for the First Battalion Medics Section while they were stationed on the banks of the Nalimbu River. (It was some time after March 12th--that was the morning when we got up, called by a bugle, the first we'd heard since Ft. Lewis days. It sounded goddam funny out in a semi-jungle camp.) Dumpey, whose nature is to move slowly was told to burn out the latrine, and he was doing fine until he threw a match into one of the holes. Dumpey failed to move his body fast enough and came out minus his eye-lashes, eye brows and a great deal of hair. At every camp we've ever had somebody always manages to blow up at least one crapper...

ON MAY 12TH SOME OF THE GUYS WERE SITTING IN A TENT PLAYING POKER NEAR THE METAPONA RIVER. IT HAD BEEN RAINING STEADILY FOR TWO DAYS FOLLOWING A LONG DRY SPELL. SOMEONE HOLLERED, "THE WATER'S COMING UP. IT BEGAN TO SEEP IN, ONE HALF AN HOUR LATER IT BEGAN TO POUR IN.



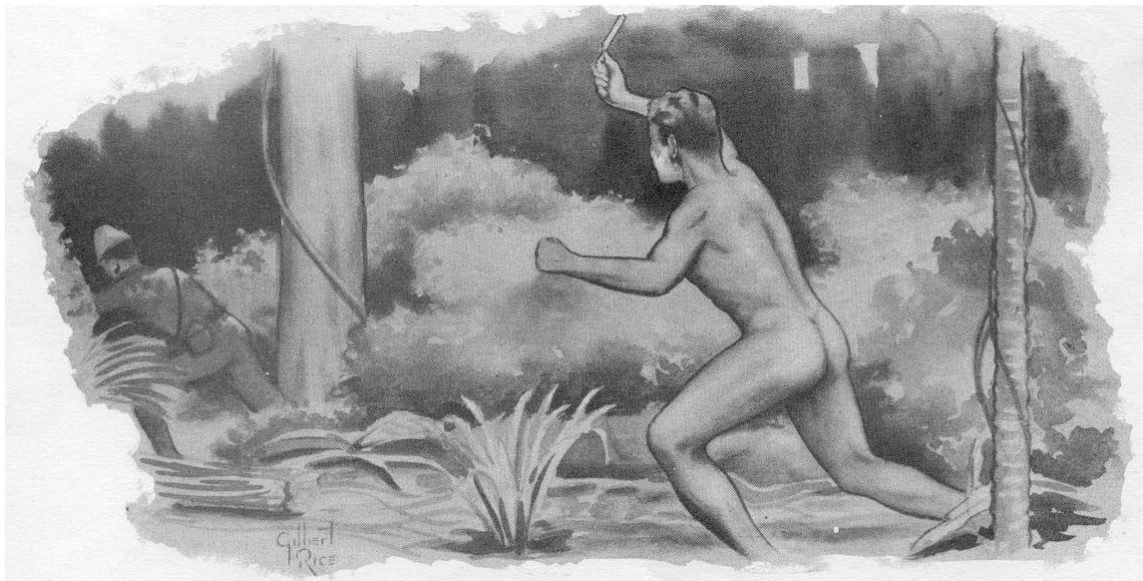
### "NEVER LAG BEHIND"

PVT ROBERT G. BURTON OF COMPANY G WAS CARRYING RATIONS WITH A PARTY SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HILLS X AND Y, GUADALCANAL. ALTHOUGH THERE WERE REST "BREAKS" ALONG THE JAP TRAIL, HE DROPPED TO REST UNDER A TREE WHILE THE REST OF THE CARRYING PARTY MOVED ON. WHO SHOULD POP UP BUT A COUPLE OF JAPS HE WAS FRIGHTENED - - NO RIFLE! HE DROPPED HIS PRECIOUS LOAD OF VEGETABLE STEW AND "DOG" BISCUITS AND THREW HIS HANDS UP IN THE

AIR. "DON'T SHOOT!" HE CRIED

THE JAPS SEEMED JUST AS FRIGHTENED AS HE. THEY MUST NOT HAVE HAD ANY WEAPONS EITHER OR THEY MOTIONED FOR BURTON TO GO ON. HE SAVVIED THE GO-SIGN AND TOOK OFF LIKE A RABBIT TO CATCH UP WITH THE REST OF THE PARTY, LEAVING HIS RATION LOAD BEHIND.

MORAL: NEVER LAG BEHIND.



### "TRAD AND THE JAP"

THE MATANIKAU RIVER WAS JUST A BROOK IN THE LOWER PART OF THE VALLEY, NO MORE THAN TEN FEET ACROSS. ALL NIGHT AND SEVERAL NIGHTS BEFORE, T SGT MICKEY TRAD OF REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, AND HIS DETAIL HAD STOOD GUARD ON A LONELY PILE OF RATIONS NEAR THE MUD COVERED CORAL BANK. THE BIRDS MADE WEIRD SOUNDS OFF IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE ALMOST IMPENETRABLE FOLIAGE, AND LIZARDS SCRAPED ALONG THE BARK ON THE TREE TRUNKS. AT NIGHT IT WAS A SCARY PLACE. HOW MANY JAPS WERE RUNNING AROUND OUT THERE NOBODY KNEW, THAT THEY WERE HUNGRY AND DANGEROUS WAS EVIDENT.

NIGHT WAS OVER AND THE SUN STARTED TO STREAK THE SKY. MICKEY CROUCHED ON A WOODEN PLANK, WHICH HAD BEEN THROWN ACROSS THE STREAM FOR BRIDGE, SHAVING OFF A COUPLE DAY'S BEARD. HE WAS A FUNNY POWERFUL LITTLE FIGURE, A NAKED PUG-NOSED POLACK BENDING OVER TO DIP HIS RAZOR INTO THE MURKY WATER.

THE ARMED JAP WHO CRASHED OUT OF THE BRUSH ON THE

PLANK PROBABLY DIDN'T THINK THAT - HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME. THE JAP TOOK ONE GLANCE AT MICKEY AND THEN ANOTHER. TRAD TOOK A LOOK, FIRST AT THE JAP, AND THEN AT HIMSELF, A BIT OF LATHER SLID DOWN HIS CHIN. HE STILL HELD HIS RAZOR POISED FOR ANOTHER STROKE. THE JAP HAD CAUGHT HIM WITH HIS PANTS DOWN - - IN FACT WITHOUT ANY PANTS AT ALL.

WITH A LITTLE CRY THE JAP TURNED AND BROKE INTO A RUN BACK INTO THE BUSH. STUPEFIED, MICKEY BROKE INTO A RUN TOO - - AFTER THE JAP, HIS BARE REAR GLINTED IN THE SUN JUST AS IT DISAPPEARED INTO BRUSH.

IT WAS A PICTURE: A NAKED POLACK, BRANDISHING A GILLETTE RAZOR AND GIVING CHASE TO AN ARMED JAP IN THE THICK BRUSH OF GUADALCANAL WHERE THE FIGHT WAS STILL ANYBODY'S WAR. TOJO GOT AWAY AND TRAD RETRACED HIS STEPS BACK TO THE RIVER, SAT DOWN ON A BOX OF RATIONS AND SHOOK HIS HEAD. THE GUYS GATHERED AROUND HIM, BUT WHO IN THE WOULD BELIEVE HIS STORY?

The Nalimbu, Matanikau, Tanikau, and Ilu Rivers rose up over their banks. Third -and second battalion gun positions were flooded -- shoes were washed away. Company L was in a plight. Early the next morning some of the guys started to wade out of their tents in four feet of water, than they had to swim for it. Tents and barrack bags went to sea. Some had saved their barrack bags and rifles by tying them to trees -- most of us lost our little personal belongings, irreplaceable on the Canal. Barefooted soldiers with nothing but shorts left emerged from the water. Staff Sergeant "Olie" O'Brien (Bernard J. O' Brien, now T Sgt) of Company E and some other guys pitched pup tents and cots on a pile of 105MM artillery shells and watched the flood swirl by in safety.

Company K was marooned for almost four days. The company was bivouacked on the beach near Koli Point, between the Nalimbu River and the Nalimbu swamp. The rain had destroyed the bridge across the Nalimbu, and had flooded the swamp on the left and broke through the sand bar near the ocean making it impossible for vehicles to cross. In addition giant waves pounded the beach to the front with such force that landing craft couldn't come in. Then the water from the flooded swamp rose to cover the company area. Only the kitchen and a few tents in the rear escaped.

When the water finally subsided, leaving debris behind, the mosquitoes took over...

IT TAKES A LOT OF SUPPLIES TO KEEP AN ARMY OR NAVY OR AIR CORPS IN THE FIGHT. WHEREVER IN THE WORLD A PORT OR BEACH IS WON, VAST QUANTITIES OF STORES BEGIN TO POUR IN; AND WHETHER AT ORAN, NAPLES, CHERBOURG OR GUADALCANAL, THE INFANTRYMAN'S BROAD BACK IS CALLED INTO PLAY TO KEEP THE LINE OF SUPPLIES FLOWING TO SHORE IN A STEADY STREAM.

At Koli and Lunga Points, before the Seabees constructed piers, the barges had to beach themselves when they came in with a load. When a convoy put in, a company of sixty or seventy men might draw unloading detail for a week at a stretch, working eight hour shifts -- sometimes more. They'd break us up into crews, one crew on the cargo vessel to unload into a barge, one on the barge to unload on the beach, and one on the beach to load up the trucks. It was back-breaking work, especially down in a ship's hold where it was hottern' a bastard and you had to roll the gas barrels out, but couldn't stand up.

During one air raid we just pushed the gas barrels into the water and let them wash up on Shore. That was the easy method. But at one time there was a serious and desperate gasoline shortage. The air corps on Guadalcanal was drawing on its precious reserve to be able to send up reconnaissance planes. No bombers could get aloft at all. The second battalion unloaded a shipment of gas in record time and won a commendation from the Corps commander. It was in a situation like this when we tugged and heaved with everything we had.

We all vied for work on the cargo ships themselves. It didn't matter much on Guadalcanal what you wore as long as you had some clothes -- and we had lost a lot of ours or worn them out. We just "naturally" came by sailor caps and blues and could pass pretty easily for crew members. We never had a PX and what we got we had to beg, borrow or steal. The only thing we could buy for a long while on Guadalcanal was shoe polish - and there was plenty of that. We bought razor blades and tooth paste in the ship's store, and "borrowed"

pillows and mattresses and towels with USN stamped on them.

Ships got a reputation for the food they served, and we knew when and where we could expect a good cup of coffee or a meal with the crew. We ate their food, accepted their hospitality, and stole them blind.

When the second battalion had gone up to the front lines in January, their tents and cots had been stolen. It wasn't an easy matter to get a reissue of tents. They came, all full of holes, but there were no cots. One day we happened to be unloading Marine cots. By an odd chance the next day everybody had a cot.

In six months on Guadalcanal we had two eggs apiece, lettuce once, two pints of beer and one coca cola. Shiploads of beef and whiskey came in - - but not for us. Several times a well-bribed truck driver was induced to dump a load of Marine's beer in the brush, while other cases disappeared even more mysteriously.

A gang of Air Corps, privates were unloading a shipment of beer, and they knew damned well they weren't going to get any. There was an officer about every ten feet keeping tabs on it. Still and all they managed to accidentally kick a case off now and then into the water. It was one of the quirks of war when they came back to get it they found we'd already stripped down, swam for it and cached it away. Strange things happened to their whiskey too.

The Dona Nati was a good cargo ship to unload. Company M could drink all the coffee they wanted. That particular day was just another unloading detail, except for the fact that the Dona had such good coffee. Along about noon, April 7th, Tojo flew over and started to spray the bay with bombs, when - suddenly to our guys on the Dona the shore seemed to be growing smaller. There they were, eighty-five Infantrymen from Companies M and F peacefully unloading a boat, and the boat suddenly hoisted up and took off to escape the bombs.

The whole convoy with its escorting destroyers steamed out to give the Japs a running fight. About twenty miles out, seven dive bombers attacked the Dona, one peppered the starboard side with strafing. The Dona's port side gunner accounted for two of the enemy planes. One hundred and ten planes attacked the convoy, and the air- fields that day - - ninety-eight were shot down.

One week later the convoy and the Dona Nati reappeared, at Koli, back from quick jaunt to Espiritos Santos, New Hebrides. Captain Glynn E. Wheeler had wrangled supplies for Company M - - blankets, mess gears, pipes, candy, cigarettes -- and a cargo of doughboys clutched a few cases of cigars as mementos of their surprise vacation cruise. When we left, the boats were still coming in and dumping pile after pile of supplies on Guadalcanal's shore. As the store) grew so did the island's importance as an advance base for subsequent Pacific operations. Other guys unloaded the stuff now, from barges on to docks with the help of electric cranes, but the doughboy always remains to provide the brawn and manpower.

THE WEAPONS SCHOOL STARTED IN FEBRUARY. DUE TO THE HEAT, OUR TRAINING DAY WAS NOT VERY LONG. MOST OF THE OUTFITS ON OUTPOST WERE ROTATED SO THAT THEY WOULD GET IN ON PART OF THE TRAINING.

About March 13th we had an examination to close the weapons school and, to see how much we had actually learned. Around May, maneuvers under actual combat conditions: firing blank ammunition at surprise targets; moving in enemy territory; advancing upon enemy positions in the dark; advancing with artillery and mortar barrage;

and bayonet charge. Then a long, weary march back to our beach positions and camp.

June 16: Another daylight raid. 120 Jap planes -- the majority of them destroyed. . We entered our last phase of training. Concentration of jungle movement; how to approach the enemy stealthily and quietly; surprising the enemy; infiltration; night listening; getting acquainted with familiar jungle sounds; river crossings; demonstrations of floating injured men and equipment across the rivers in hand-made rafts of shelter halves poles, and brush; hip shooting on a trail spotted with surprise targets; memory exercises on what one sees on a jungle trail; clearing brush and mosquito control; range firing; zeroing our rifles; hip shooting at bobbing targets.

Each battalion in the Regiment took turns using the motion picture equipment to show movies. Every night when an air raid didn't stop the show the electricity gave out; and always the plaintive cry "Has anybody in the crowd got a generator?" Whenever a Jap air raid interrupted a show, out would go the lights and the reels would be packed up. At 4 .AM we'd crawl out of our fox holes to go back and see the rest of the show. No goddam Jap was going to keep us from seeing our movies -- so we used the last dark hours of early morning. By then "Washboard Charlie" had long since left the skies and there was little chance of him returning.

The radio car made the rounds to enable us to hear overseas broadcasts from the States. We were anxious to hear what new song was Number One on the Hit Parade. In our free hours we swam in the ocean, due to the sharks it was necessary to swim in groups of two or more.

Then there were the traveling troupe shows. First came Joe E. Brown, and than Artie Shaw, and many others. We too did our bit. We produced a regimental show that toured all the islands...We had a band from way back in National Guard days. In Hawaii they stood guard at the Hawaiian Electric Company, the same as we. On the transport from Hawaii to Guadalcanal they played on the docks, songs from home and jazz we liked. The 161 Band was a good outfit, they'd been a unit far a long time. During the fight they were split into three groups and sent out to each battalion as stretcher bearers. After the fighting was over, the band, led by Chic Warrant Officer George P. Lucas, put together a bang-up show which toured our division and the air corps bases on Guadalcanal. There wasn't a hell of a lot of entertainment on the 'Canal and they were in constant demand. The band made a navy tour, by APD and navy lighters, of Florida and Tulagi islands, stopping at all the marine and navy installations there. In a two months period they gave twenty-eight shows.

WE WERE UNLOADING BOATS AT KOLI POINT WHEN THE FIRST WOUNDED FROM NEW GEORGIA CAME IN ON AN LCI. WE CLEANED UP THE BLOOD ON THE DECK. ON JULY 17TH WE HAD AN ISSUE OF ONE EGG AND A BOTTLE OF BEER - WHEN SURPRISE LUXURIES LIKE THAT HAPPENED SOMETHING WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN. IN SIX APD'S, SIX LCI'S AND ONE LST OUR COMBAT TEAM LEFT FOR NEW GEORGIA ON JULY 20TH. WE THOUGHT WE WERE GOING UP TO WORK AS STEVEDORES AND UNLOAD BOATS. BECAUSE OF THE PAST CAMPAIGN WE WERE FAR FROM COMBAT STRENGTH AND IT NEVER OCCURRED TO MOST OF US THAT ANOTHER FIGHT WAS COMING.




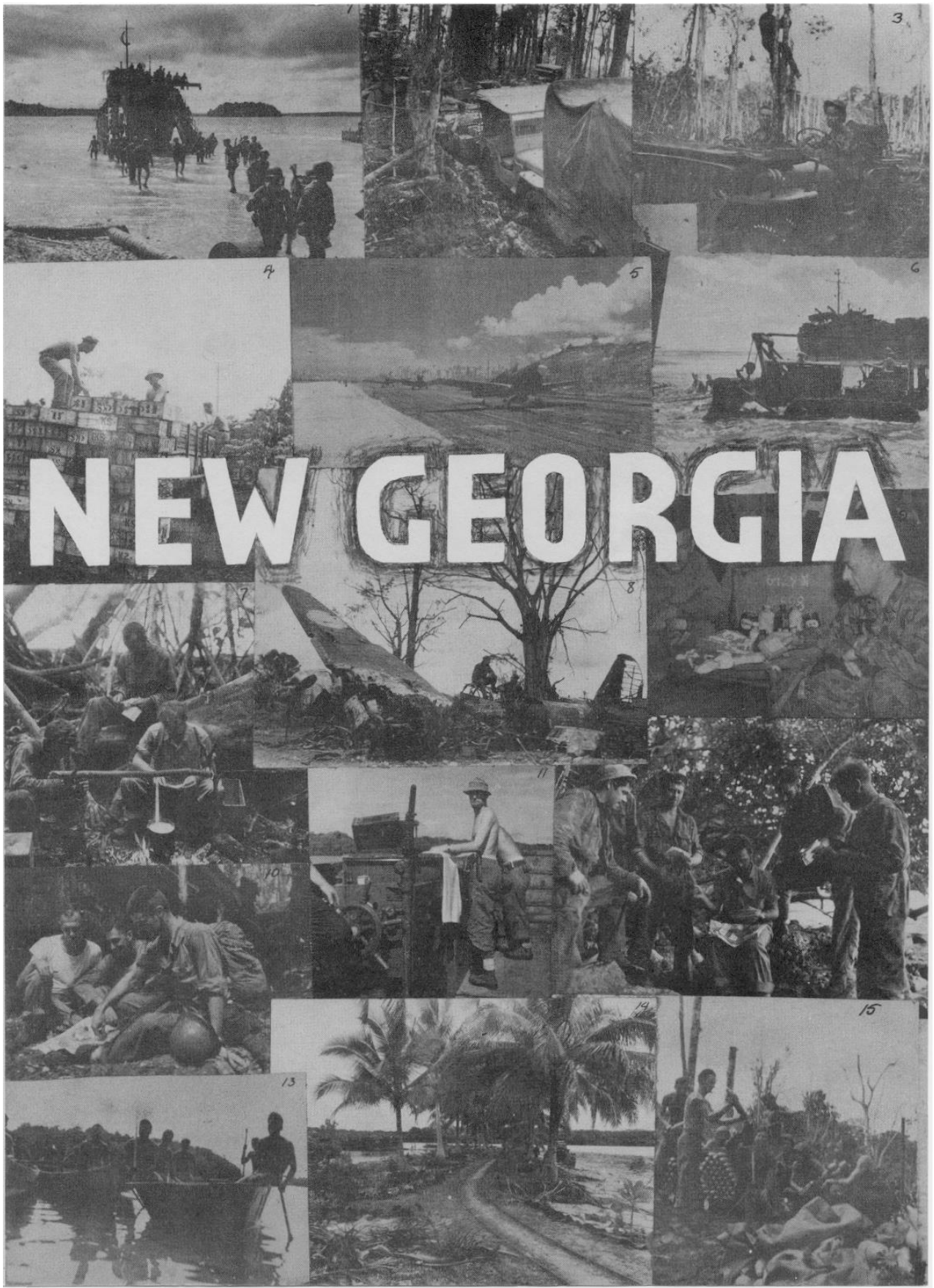
As the little flotilla of LCI's slipped across the blue Pacific tabletop, we poured onto the docks and scrambled atop the piles of crates and assorted gear that crowded every corner. After the stifling holds; the pleasant cool breeze was instantly refreshing.

We milled around the congested portside, pointing out in the beautiful white sunlight, as we passed them, the Tenaru, Lunga Beach, Kukum, the Matanikau, Kokumbona, Doma Cove. Now they seemed gentle and soft like the storybook South Seas paintings; the talk was loose and warm; the noise and crowding, gay.

The string of boats twisted into the narrow neck of water between Guadalcanal and Savo. We watched the sun set in a composition of flaming rose and peach with streaks of blue and green and gray, behind the purple irregular mountain mass beyond Cape Esperance. Between our ships and the sunset, the outline grew dimmer and vanished in the dusk.

A bellowed order, "Clear the decks! Everybody below" broke the spell. Well, what the hell, back to the stifling smell of sweaty men, and guns, and war...

1 - Landing on beachhead at Liana 2 - Mud on way to Bai-   
roko 3 - "Stringing Wire": Mel Olson, Francis Mattman (up the tree), Stan Farrar 4 - Service  
Co wrestles with pile of rations to send to Bairiki 5 - Munda Field 6 - Landing a Bulldozer 7  
- Co K mailcall: Bob Mitchell, Orville Herde, Ray Aikin 8 - Wrecked Jap Bomber at Munda  
9 - Captains Krindler (Div Medics) and Max Deutch (161) 10- Lt Col "Phil" Linderman, Lt  
Earl Rains, and Lt Jack Caulk (89th F. A.) 11 - "Dusty" takes a ride on a Higgins boat at  
Bairoko 12 - Co K mailcall 13 - Natives 14 - RR tracks from Piru Plantation to the sea  
15- The mortars at 37th Div CP.



# NEW GEORGIA

## N E W G E O R G I A

### DRIVE TO MUNDA

MEN WHO HAD BEEN AWAKENED BY THE JANGLING OF BELLS AND CONFUSION OF NOISES ON DECK WHERE THEY HAD SLEPT AFTER SLIPPING UP FROM THE STUFFY HOLDS AFTER DARK, ALREADY LINED THE RAIL WHEN THE FIRST CALL CAME .AT 0400. OUR SIX APD'S WERE JUST GRAY SHAPES IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT AND ALL AROUND US WERE LITTLE ISLANDS, BLACK SPOTS OF THE SHEEN OF THE WATER. ON THE PORTSIDE, TO THE NORTH, A PIN-POINT LIGHT BLINKED CHALLENGINGLY. IT WAS JULY 21, 1943.

Somebody passed on chow call and vie went down to breakfast. Rumors, naturally, were rampant and we shot the gamut of them between mouthfuls. After the hurried meal, we went to our compartments, slipped on our packs and rifles, and pushed back on deck. In a hubbub of creaking davits and shouted orders, the leading barges that would shuttle us to shore were dropped into the water. The first men on each APD clambered down the short dismounting ladders and packed into the barges. They struck out for the two larger spots in the distance where the light had blinked, scooting in and out of tiny islands. This was just another debarkation to us and we were busy trying to get elbow-room or straining our eyes into the spray to see where we were going.

Suddenly from low on the shore a machine gun rattled a burst in front of the leading barge carrying "Dusty" and his staff.

"What the hell? Doesn't somebody have a beachhead?"

We huddled low in our barges and visions of splashing ashore in a storm of machine gun tire flashed across our minds. But as suddenly as it began, it stopped. We grinned nervously and agreed when someone suggested that whoever was on the beach probably hadn't been warned of our arrival and had gotten trigger-happy when he saw 16 landing barges hell-bent toward him. But we kept our heads under the gunwales the rest of the way in.

The barges jolted to a stop. We jumped out, carrying our guns and equipment to shore. There was no beach, just the shadowy jungle wall rising from underwater coral. For an hour the barges scooted back and forth. Several of them dropped their cargo on an island across the channel, which we later learned was Sasaveilli. We were on Barnaul and the narrow channel between us was the Onaivisi.

...The LCIS were behind still feeling their way down the island chain at daylight, all except LCI 68 which had fouled her rudder dragging off Koli Point and had been left behind. Those of us on the LCIS, seeing we were headed toward Sasaveilli, packed the port side to take a look. Everybody was pointing and talking when a terrifying blast shoved against the boats. We hit the deck, flattening across each other. The whole thing was still trembling when a few eternal moments later we heard a soft, quick-paced ka-whump ka-whump ka-whump in the distance. Then it dawned on us -- we had caught the full muzzle blast of a battery of 155s firing from the island on our starboard. Some of us had seen them lined hub-to-hub on the cleared beach, but it hadn't occurred to us that they were set up for firing. Later, we were told they were shelling Munda airfield across the lagoon.

WE WERE STILL HALF WISECRACKING ABOUT OUR "ROUSING WELCOME" WHEN THE LCI'S SCRAPED UP TO SASAVELLI AND DROPPED THEIR RAMPS WITH A CLATTER.

The talk was lost in the struggle with heavy crates of equipment and supplies as we felt our way over the coral, wading through near waist-deep water to the jungled shoreline. A line went up one ramp and came down the other "full" while somebody kept shouting hurry-up orders. Probably the navy sweating out an air raid, as the navy always does.

With no more than normal bitching, we finally sorted out the mess of crates into company stacks. The cooks had set their stoves up so we took a chow break -- meat and vegetable hash, as if we hadn't already eaten that on the boat, and hot coffee. We squatted around the piles or on our packs, battling the breeze again, but it didn't last long.

We had learned all about air raids one night six months before, and we'd been learning ever since. Sure as hell, digging in the coral wasn't going to be a snap, but we got out our entrenching tools. By dark most of us had hacked out holes of a sort, those of us who had gone farther inland did fairly well in the springy red clay and mud. Some put up shelter-halves, others rolled up in them in their holes.

Tired as we were, we took up the rumors where we'd left them. We were beginning to doubt the "service troops" story that had started on the 'Canal when we thought it would be impossible to go into action with the men and equipment we had left. Still they'd already been fighting a month on New Georgia. Maybe we were the mop-up troops. The talk was snapped off when the batteries on both islands cut loose another barrage. We could hear the fire orders, then the blast pounds in our ears. There would be little sleep tonight.

Once there was a "Condition Red" and we heard the ragged, high-toned whirr of a Jap bomber -- ".Two-Bomb-Bill-From-Bougainville", we called him this time, a relative of "Washboard Charley" on the 'Canal -- but he didn't drop his eggs. We dozed off again. Then the artillery pounded again. And so it went until morning.

STILL UNKNOWN TO US ORDERS WERE ISSUED THAT DAY THAT WOULD CARRY US BACK INTO BATTLE. COLONEL DALTON HAD REPORTED THE REGIMENT INTO CORPS HEADQUARTERS ON RENDOVA, AND WE HAD BEEN ORDERED TO NEW GEORGIA TO JOIN THE FIGHT FOR MUNDA AIRFIELD. HE HAD ALREADY TAKEN HIS BATTALION CO'S AND THEIR STAFFS ON A RECONNAISSANCE OF THE FRONT LINE.

By mid-morning" after the usual confusion of loading in the glaring sun, we were aboard the small fleet that was to take us to Liana beach on New Georgia. A recon party that would guide us into our areas had left earlier and LCI 68 had finally arrived. The two leading boats had just cleared the treacherous coral reefs of the narrow channel when the next two scraped and hung. While they twisted and heaved in a frantic effort to pull off the reefs, the remaining boats were ordered back to Baraulu and Sasavelli. The navy was sweating out an air raid again and six LCI's of troops would be a choice target for any Jap who happened by.

The lead boats swung in a slow curve toward the wall of greenery that was New Georgia and dropped their ramps off a small rectangular clearing rising from the water. This, we learned was Liana beach.

A half dozen light tanks were scattered in the brush and their marine crews came over as we unloaded our two LCIs.

"How things going up there?"

"Pretty rugged for infantry now -- the Japs are driving'em nuts at night. Otherwise, I guess it's O.K.," one said.

Around the clearing were stacks of ammo, unopened supply crates and gas drums. On one side a stack of stretchers leaned against a tree. A few yards off the trail in a cave of trees were mounds of fresh earth with rugged wooden crosses stuck behind them. Helmets swung from the crosses and on some, dog-tags were tied.

When no other boats arrived, we were formed to move up the trail, part of second - battalion and anti-tank company. We moved in a scattered column on each side of the trail. Once a water truck and an ammo truck passed. When we had gone about two miles we could hear rifles crack somewhere in the distance, and we saw men in green-and-brown spotted dungarees moving among foxholes with their rifles at the ready, anxiously eyeing the forbidding dark jungle across the trail. We thought it strange but kept on talking. A few of them, glancing at us, laughed at the light khakis we were wearing. It probably did seem ridiculous to see a column of troops moving toward the front dressed as though it where a Saturday parade.

Coming down the trail was a group of men carrying stretched out shelter halves. American dead lay in the shelter halves. We passed them by and looked straight ahead with fast-mustered courage.

A little further down the trail near the bend beside "Parachute Drop" was a bullet riddled jeep on the fringe of the jungle. Just a stone's throw from the jeep across the road a wrecked bulldozer had careened off into the brush, blocking the trail.

Under a mosquito bar on the other side of the bulldozer lay a wounded man whom the Company H men recognized as Captain David B. Ritchie, once their mortar platoon leader on Oahu. One of them went over and knelt down to talk to him. Before they could piece together the story of what had happened, officers began shouting us into position on both sides of the trail.

...Earlier that morning a regimental recon party, a non-com and officer from each company, had been sent here to search out assembly areas. They had just settled down in their areas, dropped their packs, opened "C" rations, when back around the bend between second and provisional battalions a machine gun clattered and grenades exploded. Three men came running back, one of them apparently wounded. Captain Paul K. Mellichamp stopped them with a question. The wounded one, an officer was hysterical; the other two were too frightened to talk. When he had calmed them he learned their bulldozer had been ambushed around the bend. Someone remembered seeing Captain Jack R. Cormack, Regimental Intelligence Officer, and Captain Ritchie walking down the trail behind the bulldozer. (Captain Cormack was instantly killed when the machine gun raked the engineer party; Captain Ritchie was wounded and died shortly after.)"

Suddenly as the machine gun began firing it stopped, but it was still not safe to walk back into the trap.

Lt Ernest Woodward, II, who had gone ahead with the first battalion party came back to where Mellichamp was trying to get the story from the three men. Woodward dropped everything except his rifle and few clips of ammunition and circled back through the jungle to where

they had seen a 148th Infantry bivouac area intending to bring a patrol up the trail around the ambush. When he returned to the bulldozer with the 148th men the Japs had fled. The machine gun had ripped through the left rear wheel, through the driver's seat and had riddled the dash board. There was one dead man beside the jeep and there was another across the trail, apparently cut down when they had tried to duck into the jungle. Two more lay beside; the bulldozer as though they had been hit jumping from the bulldozer. The bullets had cut the cable holding the 'dozer's scraper and it slumped on the ground in front of the machine.

A water truck coming down the trail was stopped and the wounded officer put in it while the men of the 148 carried out the dead in shelter helms...

Instead of moving into the assigned assembly areas, we decided to set up the night's defense around this sector of the trail. Up ahead where Company H machine guns were stuck at the head of the trail, American rifles, ammunition and machine gun parts were strewn around the area. After hasty holes had been scraped out of the hard coral men filled their spare parts kits with extra parts they hadn't seen since Fort Lewis. Where Company G was digging in back down the trail, the "whickering snicker" of Jap rifles harassed their peaceful digging in and shot one guy in the a\_\_, our first casualty on New Georgia. Before a hastily assembled patrol had routed the Jap patrol, believed to be the same one that had ambushed the recon party, another man was wounded. Except for the occasional crack of rifles, it was a quiet night.

WHEN THE FIRST GRAY STREAKS OF DAWN CREPT THROUGH THE SKY, MEN SAT WAITING IN LAST NIGHT'S HASTY HOLES. FOR ORDERS OF MOVES AND PATROLS THEY KNEW WOULD COME. IN THE FIRST AND THIRD BATTALION AREAS PLATOONS ASSIGNED AS PATROLS WERE ALREADY PILING THEIR PACKS BESIDE THE TRAIL WHILE OFFICERS AND NON-COMS GATHERED IN TWOS AND THREES TO DISCUSS WHAT THEY KNEW OF THE PLANS.

From the second battalion section on July 24, Company E and the first platoon of Company H machine guns were moving out to relieve some unidentified outfit holding a waterpoint at the north end of the Liana trail where it joins the Zanana trail. In the distance they could still hear the inevitable rifle shots, which were now a part of New Georgia -- like the sun or the trees.

They had just passed a wide curve in the trail when they noticed a sweet, sickly smell, a smell alien even to the darkness and rot of the jungle. It was a smell they recognized instantly. No one need to say it, every man knew.

A little farther ahead grimy, bearded men in camouflaged dungarees were loading into jeeps beside the trail. Without saying a word, not even to wisecrack about the suntans as all the others had done, they seemed glad to see their relief. Off to the right was a clearing on the bank of a disappointing, muddy little creek, narrow enough to jump across. That was the waterpoint. With a start the party saw too why those men looked so relieved at leaving. Strewn across the clearing in the bright sunlight were dozens of dead men and piles of wreckage that once were jeeps. The overwhelming smell of death hit them full in the face.

After the first sickening moment they moved closer, and they saw that the dead men were Americans. Some were hunched in holes, others were sprawled on the ground. None of them seemed to have rifles and all of them had arms or legs or backs swathed in bandages. There were gaping holes where they had been shot at point blank range and bayoneted. Several were stretched out in front of a jeep, their fingers still dug into the ground, as though they had tried to pull themselves under it, but none of them made it. Those had been wounded Americans.

In silent horror, the men realized the implications of the grisly scene. This must have been a collecting station for the wounded. It was a good place--on the trail to the beach and near the waterpoint. The Japs must have broken through and murdered the defenseless wounded awaiting evacuation. They had seen dead men before, but wounded Americans shot and bayoneted--

"Those dirty murdering sonovabitches," a man whispered thickly half to himself.

And just silence. Words were inadequate to express it.

On one side a bulldozer had started holes for burying. Nobody could tell how long they had been dead. Several days at least. A count revealed 48 bodies, among them a medical officer, a chaplain and a Fiji commando. Apparently there had not been time for burying parties to come up. Now, down on the creek bank they saw bloated bodies of Japs strewn almost atop each other; not only Americans were dead here.

But there was no time to think about all this now. A defense was organized and men began clearing brush in front of machine gun positions, improving old holes, and digging new ones before dark. The burial would come in the morning.

Meanwhile back on the trail, the rest of the regiment had come up and was still waiting.

THE SUN BURNED INTO THE PALE BLUE NOONDAY SKY. EVEN RAIN MIGHT BRING SOME RELIEF FROM THE INTOLERABLE GLARE THAT SEEMED TO FOCUS SQUARELY ON YOU RIGHT-THROUGH THE BROKEN JUNGLE FRINGE THAT CROWDED THE TRAIL. BUT THERE. WAS NO RAIN, ONLY MORE HEAT.

"What the hell are we waitin' for? If the goddam thing's going to be a pushover like they say, let's got going said a Company I rifleman sitting on the edge of his hole. The rest were sprawled in and around their holes, their helmets off, smoking. Their rifles were leaned against the brush, but still in reach. They were tired of the sun and waiting, the orders and counter-orders, the sweating.

AIM.. MORNING THERE HAD BEEN TALK OF A RECON PATROL TO A LITTLE HILL SOMEWHERE WEST OF THE TRAIL. NOBODY KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT. THE STORY WAS THAT THE ASSIGNED ASSEMBLY AREA AND LINE OF DEPARTURE FOR THE BIG ATTACK ON MUNDA, HAD TURNED OUT TO BE IN JAP HANDS YESTERDAY, AND NOW COMPANY I HAD TO CLEAR THE HILL SO THE REGIMENT COULD MOVE ON LINE WITH THE 37TH DIVISION OUTFIT'S ON THE FLANKS.

A little over a hundred yards across the trail, a group of small hills marked the beginning of a steadily rising mass that, a mile and a half away, towered over Munda airstrip.

We, the patrol, had been ready to go since daylight. Our packs and steel helmets were piled under a clump of brush. Each man would take only his helmet liner, a full cartridge belt, rifle, and a hand grenade. Several of the belts had two grenades on them--somebody playing safe--and one man had slipped a few extra clips into his shirt pocket. Maybe the campaign would be a "pushover", but you never knew about a patrol. One sniper can kill you just as dead as ten machine guns.

Finally Tim (1st Lt Walter Tymniak, second platoon leader, Company I, now Captain) was going over the plan for what seemed like the tenth time that morning. Did everybody understand? Any questions?

"We'll move in 200 yards or more on an azimuth of 270 degrees and try to see what the hell's there. Take it easy because there are Japs back there someplace. We'll fan out across the trail and when we get the dope we pull back here. Everybody ready?"

Stu (Sgt David G. Stewart, platoon guide, now 1st Sgt) shot the 270 degrees, signaled the two Fiji scouts and the Australian Corporal Who had turned up from somewhere earlier to take the lead.

They moved slowly into the jungle. Almost instantly every man sensed the Jap. Instinctively a finger slipped into the trigger guard against the safety, and each man threw a glance to the man nearest him. Some indefinable sixth sense -- or maybe the smell -- told them the Jap was somewhere in the dark yellow-green mass. Like on the 'Canal -- Where they didn't see many Japs, only in the stockade, or lying like bloated sausages on the trail, something always told them the invisible was there. Now they tried to distinguish form behind all the roots, bushes, and plants that might conceal a machine gun or sniper.

A hundred yards -- the length of a football field at home -- was a world in this jungle. ,

The patrol had fanned out in close tams of three and four. Dick (Sgt Charles R. Dick, squad leader) and his two scouts followed the Fijians up the center, Cameron (Sgt Neil J. Cameron, now S Sgt) and his pair of scouts .on the right; Stu and his scout on the left. Tymniak moved between Dick and Stu. The others shifted across the rear. Often only foot apart, they were invisible to each other, crawling and creeping through the network of underbrush, occasionally rising to a stoop to peer through a break in the shrubbery or around a mass of trunk-line banyan shoots. Time stopped as they inched forward.

Abruptly the first scout, the big black one with the bush of red hair, stopped. He slipped off his shoes. The other one, the one that looked like an overgrown boy with his British tommy gun, did the same. Then slowly, deliberately, silently -- more like a pair of thoroughbred pointers than men -- they moved again.

A few yards more and the "big one" stopped again, as suddenly as the first time. He signaled the two men behind to hold fast. He took off his clothes, all but his dark trunks, and slipped out of sight. When he appeared again he whispered thickly, "Japs!" pointing a black finger over the little brow that cut across in front of the hill.

"Go back to others!"

Then, as if to tack a last quick look, he disappeared again.

The ratatatatat of his tommy-gun cut the quiet. He must have picked out a pillbox on the ridge. It was answered by an angry tear from another Jap hole somewhere. Shupe on the left saw the scout drop behind a stump, and covered the black boy as he squirmed back to safety. The Japs had announced themselves when they saw their first target.



Cameron and his two scouts, Cashman and Dolecheck {Pfc John F. Cashman and Pvt Anton Dolecheck), had kept abreast a little to the right. Here and there they had seen American ammo, entrenching tools, and rifles, evidence of some earlier battle. The brush was beaten down in spots or blown out by shells, and limbs of trees, apparently slashed off by tree bursts and hurled into the underbrush, made it hard to tell whether it was just another branch or a concealed pillbox.

The high p-i-ing of a Jap bullet cracked the air and smashed into the brush overhead. It was followed by another, and another, as though they were deliberate, aimed shots. He'd missed, and Cameron picked up the hole. It was "So close you could spit on the sonovabitch if the wind was with you!"

Realizing his error, the frightened sniper lobbed a grenade into a bush. A fragment hit Dolechock. Simultaneously Cameron and "Cash" cut loose -- the pow-pow of the M1 accenting the BAR burst and the wounded man rolled to cover, and the two scrambled behind a banyan tree.

Rising to peer around though mass of banyan shoots, Cameron shouted, "Get some help up here. The bastards are right in front of us! Pass it on to Tym!"

Another string of shots and, "Hey, we need some help. There's Japs under those branches."

From somewhere to the left came, "Where the hell are you? What is going on there?"

Cameron, poking his M1 around the edge again, answered, "That ain't popcorn popping!", and hammered out another string.

He grabbed the grenade from his bolt, pulled the pin and stepped back into a little hole between the roots and tossed it into the brush on top of the sniper box. Still the Jap was there. He reached for the grenade on Cashman's belt -- Cashman kept firing -- and stepped back again. This one hit the right corner of the box. As it exploded a machine gun burst cut across the tree. He raised his rifle and emptied the clip in that direction.

Reaching for another clip, he glanced up at Cashman, certain that the machine guns had clipped him, but he was still firing. Then he felt a shock -- as though he'd put his finger in an electric socket and noticed the hole in his pants leg.

"Jeez, Cash, I'm hit! It got me!" he yelled.

Sgt Dick and Bono {Pvt Salvatore Bono, now Pfc) heard him and set out to where he was when another burst pinned them down behind a bare little lump of ground. Cameron saw them now and heard Dick cursing the bright suntans he was wearing. Every time he squirmed the machine gun clattered. It struck Cameron as funny and he burst into a loud laugh.

Another machine gun opened up. The bullets cracked the air a few inches from the tree. Cashman opened up with his BAR as Cameron took a high dive across a fallen branch and tumbled to a safe spot. Cashman leaped right behind him and distracted the Jap gunner long enough to give Dick a chance to scramble out of sight.

Every clump of brush, every tree, every fallen branch on the hillside came alive with a machine gun or rifle. The fire increased until the brush sounded as though it were being hacked down behind the patrol.

When Stewart, at the left with Shupe, (Pfc Joe H. Shupe), heard Cameron's yell for help he had relayed it to four Company L men he had sent 25 yards to the left, but they were pinned down too. And in front of him was another sniper that needed attention. Shupe was crawling forward when Stu saw a sniper poke his rifle out of a dugout. He took aim and emptied half a clip before the sniper fell out of sight. Then both Shupe and Stu picked up a machine gun at the same instant and riddled the gunner before he had time to turn on them.

WHILE THE MACHINE GUN AND RIFLE FIRE IN THE COMPANY I SECTOR MOUNTED INTO A SMALL BATTLE, OTHER PATROLS WERE SKIRTING THE NORTH AND SOUTH SLOPES OF THE RIDGE. ON SEPARATE MISSIONS TO FEEL OUT THE JAPS, THE THREE PATROLS HAD HIT THE SAME RIDGE. A COMPANY K PARTY WAS APPROACHING IT FROM A DRAW ON THE LEFT. .

On the right a Company B patrol was inching its way up the north slope and neared the crest of the hill without drawing fire. The jungle was thick and movement painfully slow. In two hours they had crawled 150 yards. They could hear the fight a little to the left and were certain the Jap defense must run around this side of the hill too. The dozen men were fanned out down the jungled slope behind a Fijian commando and "Imperial" Wahl (Pvt James O. Wahl) their own scout. Sometimes when he crawled from one clump of brush to another they saw his green fatigue cap, which he had worn through Guadalcanal and which had earned him the name "Imperial" because it resembled the cloth cap worn by the Japanese Imperial Marines.

A rifle cracked, nearby this time.

The Fijian stopped near Wahl and for a moment they hugged the ground. But there were no more shots. The scout pointed to a pillbox not moral than ton yards away. Together they lay in the brush and made a methodical. search for hidden positions. Near the top of the hill they saw suspicious brush piles that could be 10 or more pillboxes.

They signaled the rest of the patrol to pull back down the ridge.

This was the information they were after it had to be reported to battalion. Back in the bivouac area the men were wearing new green and brown dabbled camouflage suits which they variously called leopard suits, monkey suits, or more commonly "zoot suits". They were still laughing about the sniper who opened up uncomfortably close just as they had taken off their suntans and greens and were standing naked, waiting to be issued the new suits. There were cracks too at the large sizes draped on small men -- everybody got a size 40 or 44.

AT THE REGIMENTAL CP THE REPORT OF THE THREE PATROLS GAVE CERTAIN INDICATION THAT THE JAPS WERE STILL HOLDING THE HILL BETWEEN THE TWO 148TH INFANTRY UNITS, THE SECTOR THAT WAS TO BE THE 161'S ASSEMBLY AREA FOR THE BIG DRIVE TO THE BEACH. IT MIGHT ONLY BE A SMALL HOLDING FORCE LEFT TO HARASS OUR ADVANCE. AN ORDER WENT OUT FOR COMPANY I SUPPORTED BY THE MORTAR PLATOON OF COMPANY M TO CLEAR THE RIDGE THAT AFTERNOON.

Riflemen were already feeling their way up the slope when mortar shells swished overhead and crashed in quick succession across the top. On the left a platoon of Company I and a platoon of Company K were attacking the south slope while the other two platoons of Company I hit the right flank.

## "RED BEARD"

THE STORY GOES THAT COLONEL DALTON ONCE CONDUCTED INSPECTIONS IN WHITE GLOVES, RUNNING HIS FINGERS ALONG THE WINDOW SILLS TO DETECT THE DUST. AT 34, ONE OF THE YOUNGEST COLONELS IN THE INFANTRY, "DUSTY" IS A MAN OF LEGEND, ADMIRING AND FEARED, THE FIGURE OF THE ROMANTIC JUNGLE FIGHTER, AN UNCOMPROMISING, ALTHOUGH JUST, DISCIPLINARIAN,

THE OLD MAN, DYNAMIC AND ALOOF, ALWAYS THE OUTWARD PROFESSIONAL, IS DIFFICULT IN GARRISON LIFE. DUSTY IS A STICKLER FOR FORMALITY, RESPECT AND ABSOLUTE OBEDIENCE. HAVING CULTIVATED GREAT SELF-CONTROL, HE DEMANDS IT IN OTHERS. TO UNDERSTAND HIM ONE MUST UNDERSTAND HIS LOVE OF SOLDERING AND HIS INFECTIOUS AND FLAMING PATRIOTISM WITH HIS GUARD DOWN HE HAS BEEN KNOWN TO SHOW GREAT INTEREST IN THE TACTICAL MOVEMENTS OF AN INSECT ON HIS MAP. "LOOK AT THAT GRASSHOPPER TAKE MOUNT BAO," WE ONCE HEARD HIM EXCLAIM.

HE IS A FAMILY MAN, PROUD OF HIS TWO CHILDREN, AND AN INVETERATE READER OF COMICS. TALL AND LEAN, SPORTING A RED BEARD, A SLOUCH HAT AND A HALF-AFFECTED HANDKERCHIEF ABOUT HIS NECK, HE IS A COLORFUL ABLE FIGHTING LEADER WITH A TERRIFIC WILL TO WIN. IN A FIGHT A CALL COMES THROUGH FROM AN OUTPOST "JIM" IS ON HIS WAY IN. ARRIVING ABOUT DUSK HE GULPS DOWN A CUP OF CHOCOLATE, CRAWLS INTO A FOX-HOLE AND WITH A LITTLE LIGHT CONTINUES WORKING. THEN HE IS OFF AGAIN BEFORE DAWN.



"NORT"

"THE MOST DECORATED SOLDIER IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC" IS AN UNASSUMING, SOFT-SPOKEN GUY WITH A FAVORITE PHRASE, "LET'S GO GET THE SLANT-EYED BASTARDS." T/SGT LEROY E. NORTON VOLUNTEERED FOR THE PHILIPPINES IN 1940 AND JOINED THE 161 AT FORT LEWIS. HE ORIGINALLY ENLISTED IN THE NATIONAL GUARD IN BEND, OREGON, WHERE HE WORKED IN A LOGGING CAMP. A CORPORAL IN GUADALCANAL, HE WAS AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS AND MADE A PERMANENT STAFF SERGEANT BY CONGRESS UPON THE RECOMMENDATION OF HIS COMMANDING GENERAL, MAJ GEN J. LAWTON COLLINS, AFTER RESCUING HIS WOUNDED COMPANY COMMANDER AND WIPING OUT A MACHINE GUN NEST IN THE MATANIKAU POCKET.

"STUMPY" NORTON IS THIRTY, SHORT AND DARK WITH AN EARNEST MODESTY CLAIMING MORE CREDIT FOR THE OUTFIT THAN FOR HIMSELF. NORT IS CALLED STUBBORN AND BULL-HEADED, THE TRAITS WHICH MAKE HIM ACT ON IMPULSE AND TAKE OUT A MACHINE GUN NEST AT FIRST SIGHT. PLATOON SERGEANT IN NEW GEORGIA, HE FRETTERED UNHAPPILY IN THE REAR, AND WELCOMED THE OPPORTUNITY TO RUSH UP FRONT WHEN THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN. CALM AND EASY GOING, EVEN IN A TIGHT SPOT, HE'S THE TYPE OF MAN MOST FELLOWS WOULD FOLLOW ANYWHERE - AND DO.

IN THE COMPANY I FEAT ON BARTLEY RIDGE, DASHING UP THE HILL, SHIRT OPEN, SLEEVES CUT OFF AND A BEARD ADORNING HIS FACE, NORT WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN TAKING OUT A PILL-BOX AND A MACHINE GUN NEST IN LESS THAN TEN MINUTES. HIS THIRTEEN-MAN PLATOON WAS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR BREAKING JAP RESISTANCE ON THE HEAVILY FORTIFIED RIDGE. AWARDED THE OAK LEAF CLUSTER, VIRTUALLY A SECOND D.S.C., HE EXPLAINED, "WE JUST DID IT. BUT WE WERE PLENTY DAMNED SCARED AFTER IT WAS OVER."



Moving was easier when the flowery mortar bursts slipped through the heavy mass ahead.

As soon as the barrage lifted an angry tear of machine guns and rifle fire rattled around the ridge and bullets clipped the brush on the crest. Our men dropped among the logs and roots and took up the fight, inching up behind the brow that circled the hill. To crawl beyond that was impossible -- the chain of pillboxes at the top cross-fired on every inch of it.

In the push up the south slope Sgt Sinclair (Sgt James R. Sinclair, second platoon guide) was following closely behind a squad pinned down directly in front of a forward pillbox. There were several yells for more grenades. Slipping back down under the brush he crawled up the side and threw the grenades to a rifleman nearby grenade lit directly in front of the dugout. The Jap popped up and with sweep rolled it back down the hill. A fragment ripped into Sinclair's left thigh. A burst of fire from our lines brought shooting from other before unseen positions. Sinclair saw a hole a few yards front the dugout and the Jap in it banging away at another squad. He pushed himself toward it when a burst of shots. hit him in the leg. Shouting "I'll get you sonovabitches yet", he leaped to his feet. The Jap stuck out his rifle and shot him in the chest. Sinclair fell in front of the dugout, almost across the firing slit.

A STORM OF FIRING BROKE AND FILLED THE JUNGLE IN A CONTINUOUS TRAIN OF SOUND. ON THE RIGHT WHERE CAPTAIN HASTINGS (CHARLES J. HASTINGS) AND HIS TWO PLATOONS HAD ADVANCED ALMOST TO THE TOP OF THE HILL, THE ADVANCE HALTED. ONE MAN COUNTED 10 MACHINE GUNS, FIRING ALTERNATELY IN LONG BURSTS .

Some had the ratatat sound of Jap weapons, and here and there was the dat-da-dat-dat-da-dat of an American machine gun. On the south end of the ridge the backbone of fire reached further down. Advance over the crest was impossible. Already stretcher bearers and aid men were coming up the draw and picking up the wounded who had crawled a few yards back to safety. The net of Jap pillboxes was strung close to the top of the hill and the fire -was concentrated on the crest. Below it there was safety close to the ground, but every time a few men tried to slip across it, another pillbox unseen before, came alive a few yards away.

It was impossible to go on. It was evident there were at least 20 machine guns and nobody knew how many. snipers strung every few feet in cross-firing positions all around the long narrow ridge-top. Returning the fire while more wounded were being carried down the draw, the two platoons on the right withdrew to a small knob that hung out about 50 yards from the Jap hill. On the left, they withdrew below the brow and joined their companies, "K" on a little hill southwest of the attacked positions. and "I" to where the other two platoons had held. When the picture of the afternoon's attack was complete, five of the pillboxes were known to have been knocked out. Four men had been killed und 14 wounded, including two Company M mortar observers Advancing steadily with the forward squads. What was thought to be only a delaying nuisance patrol turned out to be a Jap strong point, honey-combed with little cocoanut and coral fortresses, impregnable to rifle fire unless you caught a Jap firing from the slit.

BY DARK THE REGIMENTAL CP WAS ESTABLISHED IN THE SMALL CLEARING BESIDE LIANA TRAIL WHERE EIGHT OF OUR 81MM MORTARS HAD SET UP NEAR THE 37TH DIVISION CP. THE 135TH FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION HAD JOINED THE REGIMENT TO REPLACE THE 89TH WHICH HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO XIV CORPS ARTILLERY ON RENDOVA. SECOND BATTALION WENT INTO DIVISION RESERVE ON THE TRAIL WITH THE MISSION OF SECURING THE NORTH AND REAR OF THE DIVISION RIGHT FLANK. FIRST AND THIRD BATTALIONS WERE ORDERED TO PRESS THE ATTACK WEST TO THE ASSIGNED LINE OF DEPARTURE IN THE MORNING.

At the front where Company I men had made a close circle of shallow holes around the knob striking off Bartley Ridge men huddled in twos and threes, rifles pointing into the black jungle night, knives in hand. At intervals all night an American BAR roared from the Jap ridge, its orange tracers burning out of the sky. It wasn't firing at a target -- just firing. On the other side was a confusion of jabbering and movement in the brush. Once to figure came up the knob and stopped, and they heard him urinate in the brush. Not a shot came from the perimeter. Captain Hastings had warned them to use only their knives because a shot might bring on a Jap attack. Nobody slept. They just sat and stared into the darkness as the night dragged on never-endingly. .

When patches of dawn began to show through the black jungle canopy the tension of the night was broken and some of the men dozed off until orders for the morning attack were passed down from hole to hole. The sun was hot already this early in the morning and even thinking about the attack, it was still hard to stay awake. Then when the time neared they moved down into the draw as the mortars opened a 15-minute barrage.

THE PLAN WAS TO ATTACK THE STRONG-POINT TO THE WEST WITH THIRD AND FIRST BATTALIONS ABREAST. EACH BATTALION ENVELOPING THE ENEMY FLANK IN ITS ZONE AND PUSHING BACK 300 YARDS TO AWAIT NEW ORDERS. THE THIRD BATTALION WAS RESUMING THE DRIVE ON THE SOUTH SLOPE OF BARTLEY RIDGE BEHIND COMPANY I. THE PATROLS AND THE UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK OF THE PREVIOUS TWO DAYS HAD FORCED THE JAPS TO DISCLOSE THE GENERAL LINE OF THEIR NETWORK OF PILLBOXES.

Again, as it had the other times, the attack brought a torrent of fire from still more positions. What had appeared the first day to be a small holding force was now a heavily reinforced defense with dozens of well-concealed pillboxes cluttering every foot of the small ridge top, cross-firing on the brow that formed the crest of the ridge. It seemed almost impossible that so much fire could come from so small an area. The advance was stopped at the brow once again. Up to it the jungle was dense and movement was possible under cover of the small rise but beyond it to the top of the hill, the underbrush and trees were thinned out and any movement across it would be directly in front of one of the many pillboxes higher up. For an hour Company I hacked away at the ridge, pulling back as the 60mm mortars loosed a barrage on known positions, but when they tried again, the Japs were back up in their dugouts throwing their impenetrable wall of fire on the crest.

Among the wounded during the first attempt was 2nd Lt Martin E. Bartley who had taken the point position in his first platoon and had gone nearly 50 yards without drawing a shot. He halted the



platoon and signaled Colville (Sgt Richard R. Colville, platoon sergeant) to join him. Just as Colville got abreast of the officer, a machine gun cut them down, killing them both. From that day, the ridge became known as Bartley Ridge.

Finally the battalion was ordered to pull back to the position it had occupied the night before, east of the ridge. Companies I and K had taken the brunt of the Jap fire and had lost 15 men pushing up on the southern slope, six killed and nine wounded.

On the right, first battalion had moved forward 800 yards without opposition and was digging in for the night; and from the second battalion reserve, Company E was ordered to secure the extreme north flank of the regimental zone.

For two days Companies I and K had hacked away at Bartley Ridge and it was evident that there were Japs and plenty of them in the hill mass that lay between us and the assigned line of departure. Immediately, that afternoon, plans were made for renewing the push the next morning, June 26th.

A PLATOON OF LIGHT TANKS FROM 10TH MARINE DEFENSE BATTALION WAS ATTACHED TO THIRD BATTALION. THAT AFTERNOON A RECONNAISSANCE WAS MADE AND COMPANY A OF THE 65TH ENGINEER BATTALION WAS CALLED FORWARD TO BULLDOZE A TRAIL FOR THE TANKS THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE VALLEY TO THE SLOPE WHERE COMPANY K HAD BEEN TURNED BACK EARLIER IN THE DAY. JUST BEFORE DARK THE ATTACK ORDER WAS ISSUED. COMPANIES K AND L WERE TO FOLLOW THE TANK COLUMN AND SECURE THE EAST-WEST LEG OF THE RIDGE, WHILE COMPANY I RESUMED ITS ATTACK ON THE NORTH-SOUTH LEG TO GAIN AS MUCH GROUND AS POSSIBLE THE TANKS ARRIVED OPPOSITE THEM. THE ATTACK WAS TO JUMP OFF AT 0800, JULY 26TH.

The early morning barrage mounted into an unprecedented crescendo of fire and thunder as mortar shells rushed overhead in an unending stream and crashed into the hillside in strings of ear-shattering thuds. The tanks were late -- the barrage continued. Then finally a terrific fury of noise blotted out the explosions and the jungle turned into a smashing, screeching, shaking nightmare. But even the great roar sounded good to the riflemen waiting to follow the jump-off. It was like the mortar barrage -- it felt good to follow it up the hill.

Men bobbed up in the open hatches directing the column of tanks down the bulldozed trail up the black jungle valley into a bombed-out clearing at the bottom of the west slope. In a scattered column close behind the tanks, Company K riflemen moved up. In the lead tank, 1st Lt French (Kenneth E. French) their blood and thunder company executive officer who for three days had been leading patrols into the Jap hornet's nest, bobbed up and down in a hatch directing the tanks and the riflemen. The "Skipper" was a damn good man to follow.

With a signaling screech of sirens, the first three tanks swung north up the bare ridge. The Japs sure as hell knew we were coming this time. Machine guns fired in long rattling bursts, traversing across the farther ridge until the tanks dropped into a shallow dip just beyond the crest. The mortars and machine guns had kept the Japs low in their holes and only now and then did a few shots crack nearby. But as soon as the fire lifted the column of tanks and men slowed and crashed into the thick underbrush to begin the push up the main ridge. The Japs were back up now and hell broke loose from all sides.

One continuous wave of fire and thunder filled the jungle -- orange balls mushroomed out of the green gloom. The little dip was a bulls-eye and everything in the Jap army was hitting in it. The 37's in the tanks opened up, and the canister shells blasted into the dug-outs that could now be picked up. A deafening explosion -- one of the tanks caught it point-blank. Smashing through the brush to get off the bulls-eye, another stopped and the crew jumped out and scattered. Riflemen in back were catching hell - casualties were becoming heavy. French jumped from his tank once to break up the bunch huddling behind the tanks. The sirens screeched the signal to withdraw and the tanks reared back, crushing four men who had taken cover behind them when the firing began. The line sagged, but pushed on as the tanks drew back. Finally it was impossible to move further into the torrent of fire and the riflemen fell back to what had been their morning starting point.

...TANK HILL WAS HELL. MUCH OF ITS STORY CAN NEVER BE TOLD. IT IS THERE ONLY BY IMPLICATION IN THE LONG CHRONICLE OF HEROISM -- IN THE UNUTTERABLE WEARINESS OF THE SILENT MEN WHO SAT IN THEIR HOLES THAT NIGHT AND THOUGHT ABOUT THE OTHERS WHO HAD BEEN CARRIED OUT, AND ABOUT THE JAPS STILL ON THE HILL...

Every man who was on Tank hill remembers the "Skipper", Lt French, running the tanks and the infantry, standing up, where you'd swear he could reach out and touch a hundred bullets, as though he was leading a dry run on the hills of Oahu instead of on attack on a jungle hill alive with Japs. Two days later he was killed leading another patrol up the same slope....

There was Pvt Henry Weber of Third Battalion Headquarters Company, whose radio position at the battalion Cp was in the line of Jap fire but couldn't be moved if the battalion was to keep contact with the tanks through Regiment and with the mortars. He was wounded and died as he was being evacuated.

And Captain Paul Mellichamp, Regimental S-3 and at one the aide to General Collins, who saw the radio operator wounded during the tank withdrawal and took over, directing mortar firing into the Jap positions he could see from where he crouched behind a tree. A shot through the tree ripped into him, but he kept shouting fire orders into the radio until he lost consciousness. An hour later he died.

And Corporal Martin W. Heitman, Company K, who saw his squad leader and three men crushed by a withdrawing tank, had moved to the front to keep the others advancing. Alone he knocked out a machine gun nest, killing the three-man crew. He was crawling up the hill again when a Jap sniper got him.

1st Lt Joseph S. Galloway, Company I, was hit in the arm while bringing up his platoon behind the tanks. He kept going, and when he finally collapsed from loss of blood, chi refused help from his platoon sergeant -- "Never mind me. The job is to take that hill and hold it!" -- and he crawled back through the brush a hundred yards before a litter team picked him up.



Sgt Ernest R. Allison, Company K platoon sergeant, pushed his platoon up on the crest to cover the tank withdrawal and ran from one group to another directing fire until he was hit by shrapnel. He lay where he fell, still shouting orders, and refused to be moved until his men had pulled back. A little later he died.

And there were many others wounded and killed while carrying out other wounded. Nine men were killed that day, and over 25 wounded.

BARTLEY RIDGE WAS NOT AN ISOLATED POCKET OF JAPS LEFT BEHIND TO HARASS OUR ADVANCE, BUT A WELL-ORGANIZED AND DETERMINED DEFENSE. THE WHOLE HILL MASS IN FRONT OF THE 161ST INFANTRY WAS POCK-MARKED WITH ALMOST IMPREGNABLE COCONUT LOG PILLBOXES PACKED WITH CORAL COVERED WITH FRESH BRANCHES. YOU GOT A FEW YARDS IN FRONT OF THEM BEFORE YOU EVEN SAW THEM. YOU COULD THROW MORTARS AT THEM ALL DAY, BUT THERE WOULD STILL BE JAPS THERE BURROWED UNDER LOGS AND ROOTS. EVEN IF YOU GRENADED THEM OUT OF ONE DUGOUT -- OTHERS WOULD COME BACK TO THE SAME HOLES. THEY WOULD NEVER GIVE UP UNTIL THEY WERE DEAD.

The next morning, July 27th, Lt French who had taken command of Company K took another patrol to feel out a hill in front of the first battalion of the 145th Infantry. Until the tank attack, there had been no fire from there. Then yesterday everything in the Jap book had come from that front. It proved what was suspected -- Tank Hill was not part of Bartley Ridge. It was a distinct hill, separated from Bartley ridge by a shallow open valley. Company K was not on the Jap flank, but was itself flanked by more newly discovered Jap positions.

The picture was becoming complete. The 145th second battalion was pushing West and has passed the Japs on the north and was almost northwest of Bartley Ridge before it was stopped by fire from the Southwest. In the meantime, first battalion of the 161, between third battalion and the 145 outfit had advanced west and occupied O'Brien Hill on July 26th without a shot. But when they tried to continue the push this morning of the 27th, they were stopped short of the next hill by another string of pillboxes, which had held its fire until Company C had waded into it. It was clear that the Japs in front of third and first battalion, 161, first and second battalions, 145, were all part of the same strongpoint. That strongpoint was surrounded now on the south, east and north.

ALL DAY MORTARS POUNDED THE HILL MASS IN 15 MINUTE BARRAGES EVERY TIME A PATROL REPORTED NEW POSITIONS. SINCE THE NIGHT OF JULY 24TH, THE 81MM MORTARS OF COMPANY H AND M HAD BEEN SET UP IN A CLEARING BESIDE LIANA TRAIL WHERE THE 37TH DIVISION AND THE REGIMENT HAD THEIR CP'S. IN FOUR DAYS THEY SHOT SOME 10,500 MORTAR SHELLS.

The center of the clearing was a huge bomb crater, now half filled with water, whorl headquarters and mortar-men gathered to wash and talk over reports from the front lines, only a few hundred yards away. Most of them had not even seen the front lines. It was like a little rugged community enclosed on all sides by New Georgia jungle broken only by the road cutting through from the trail to the front. There was hot chow twice a day for the mortar men and doughnuts and coffee at the 37th Division CP. Still the war was always there for

the red-eyed, bearded men of "CP City".

Day and night fire orders came from the forward observers, almost every hour, and the gunners began plopping shells into the tubes, never knowing what their target was this time. The constant thwung--thwung of shells leaving the guns and the smell of burnt powder gave them splitting headaches but they were too busy or too tired to think about them. They knew only the latest order was "one round every ten seconds for 15 minutes". That was the way it was hour after hour. Once four of the Company H guns threw out 500 rounds in one of those 15 minute barrages, the gunners and corporals alternately feeding shells as fast as their arms would move.

Base plates had sunk two feet into the solid coral and every day the men dug their positions deeper around them. When they had moved into the clearing after dark the first day they had set up on the top of the ground. Now by following the base plates down, they had positions just like the ones pictured in the Infantry manuals. Two tubes burned out, turned orange and flaked. New tubes were set in the sunken base plates and the next barrage went on uninterrupted.

Behind the guns, shell piles were kept stacked high. Jeeps, trucks, everything on wheels kept ammunition coming up the trail, and sweating ammunition carriers and company headquarters men -- cooks and all -- kept the shell piles ready for instant firing. During the blistering daytime heat, men worked stripped to the waist, or also in shorts. In spite of its high organization, there was no uniform regulations in "CP City" and it wouldn't have meant much if there had been. They were giving the riflemen up front all the support they asked for and a helluva lot more.

Every night they had their sweating here too. There were always rumored reports that the Japs had infiltrated the front lines and everybody in the clearing doubled the guard in their holes at night, but the firing went on. They suffered sniper fire too. As soon as they loosed a barrage, the sniper would pock at them from the jungle. It became so habitual it was commonplace. After the first couple of days, it brought the staff officers and headquarters men from their holes, all intent on getting the Jap themselves.

Once Sgt Bob Woodyatt (Robert H. Woodyatt, now S Sgt), Company H mortar section leader, raised his M1 and sighted on a khaki patch in a green tree top. Beside him, at the same instant, Sgt Charley Allbritton (Charles H. Allbritton, now T Sgt) spotted it. It looked like a crouched figure trying to climb up the tree. The collection of staff men, cooks, and MP's, sweating out a crack at the sniper, saw this and raised their rifles too. The first shot split the sudden quiet and a continuous roar of M1's, tommy guns, pistols and even a shot gun came from the trigger-happy "sweaters" firing in all directions. When the battle broke, a scared "banana possum" jumped from the tree and disappeared. Its brown fur had looked like Jap khaki.

Another time a photographer came to the clearing. He wanted an action picture, so the mortar-men told him to hang around -- the next fire order wouldn't be long coming -- they never were. The photographer picked himself a spot beside the guns and when the fire order came through, stood up, Camera in hand, ready for an action picture. When the first shells swooshed out, the sniper opened up again. The mortar-men stood upright, half posing for the picture. Sgt Paul Sherry turned around and saw the photographer trying to dig a foxhole with his camera.

# NEW GEORGIA SKETCHES



SYMBOL OF VICTORY -- THE AMERICAN FLAG ATP THE CONTROL TOWER ON KOKENGOLO HILL, MUNDA AIRFIELD.

LT COL "JOE" KATSARSKY, COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE 1ST BN 161 INF ON NEW GEORGIA. GETS HIS HAIR CUT AT THE END OF THE MUNDA DRIVE.



ISHA NUA ("BILLY") OF MALAITA , SOLOMON ISLANDS. ONE OF THE SEVERAL BLACK GHOSTS OF THE JUNGLE WHO SERVED AS SCOUTS, KILLED MANY JAPS AND SAVED SOME OF OUR LIVES DURING PATROLS.

JAP DUAL-PURPOSE A-A GUN IN "A-A PARK", NEAR MUNDA.



*Isha Nua  
of Malaita  
"Lubber"  
1st Lt. C.M.S.*



The hot days and wet nights, the constant headaches, the sleepless sweating was beginning to wear on them. Every day ambulances from the front came through the clearing, taking wounded to the beach, and some stopped at the crude cemetery in rear of the mortar positions. Then another fire order would come from the OP. In spite of its water-hole and coffee and doughnuts, "CP City" was a hell of its own, and because they never saw what part they were playing in the battles a few hundred yards away the mortar-men thought it would never end. There was no "big picture" -- just fire orders.

MEANWHILE, THAT DAY, JULY 27, WHILE THIRD BATTALION KEPT SENDING PATROLS TO TANK HILL AND BARTLEY RIDGE, FIRST BATTALION WAS STILL TRYING TO PUSH ITS ADVANCE TO THE HILL ACROSS THE VALLEY FROM O'BRIEN HILL. AT THE SAME TIME FIRST BATTALION WAS TRYING TO CLOSE THE GAPS BETWEEN IT AND THIRD BATTALION ON THE LEFT AND FIRST BATTALION OF THE 143TH INFANTRY ON THE RIGHT, A GAP WHICH APPEARED WITH THE WIDENING OF THE REGIMENTAL ZONE. THAT MORNING THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE 145TH INFANTRY WAS SENT IN BETWEEN FIRST AND THIRD BATTALIONS WHILE COMPANY B OF THE 161 WAS STILL TRYING TO CONTACT COMPANY B OF THE 148 ON THE RIGHT.

Company C earlier in the morning had been forced to pull back off the higher hill west of O'Brien which had turned out to be another Jap stronghold. An artillery barrage was cut short because the 148's lines were uncertain on the north. Company C tried again. The jungle in the valley between the two hills was broken only by a coral-packed road which the Japs had hacked out, called Munda Trail. Up the hill there were cleared patches where mortar and artillery shells had hit, but even these were covered by Japs. To add to the confusion, the Japs were using MI's and BAR's and when somebody got a sniper, they saw he wore an American zoot-suit. While the company was pinned down at the bottom of the ridge, the Japs yelled to them in English.

"Meadows is a coward" 1st Lt Frederic B. Meadows (now Captain) was their Company commander. "Americans eat s---".

In their hidden holes, the Japs were sure of themselves.

During the attack, 2nd Lt Christian (Louis K. Christian, once regimental Sergeant-Major and First Sergeant of company F and commissioned on Guadalcanal) was leading his platoon toward a pillbox not far up the ridge. Its machine gun cut loose and the man froze in cover. "Chris" crawled through the under brush along the dugout and heaved grenades inside until the pillbox was quiet. Later, after a counter-attack from the Japs, the platoon withdrew. Christian stayed forward to observe for our mortar fire and was killed by a short burst. (The hill became known as Christian Hill). When the company pulled back completely, an artillery and mortar barrage was turned on the hillside and was kept up during the night. Mortar shells crashed at intervals on the Jap hills in front of first and third battalions. In the first battalion sector it turned into a duel and the Japs answered with their mortars every time our artillery opened on them. On Guadalcanal they had done that too, to make it look as though the artillery barrage was falling short. This was a new hill but an old trick.

THE NEXT MORNING, JULY 28TH, IT WAS THE SAME THING. PATROLS WERE

ORDERED TO THE HILLS TO FEEL OUT TARGETS FOR AN ARTILLERY PREPARATION BEFORE THE ATTACK. ALREADY THE MORTARS LET LOOSE WITH THE MORNING SALVO. AFTER THAT IT WAS QUIET -- INCREDIBLY QUIET AFTER THE NOISY NIGHT.

From the Company I perimeter a 10 men patrol led by "Tim" (Lt Walter Tymniak) left the perimeter on Hastings Hill and slipped into the draw running around Bartley. It was almost routine now. They had been here so often -- and had been shot at so often that they almost knew which clump of brush they could crawl to without bringing a torrent of Jap fire. The patrol fanned and neared the crest -- which had always been their stopping point. It was this line of ground which the Japs had their machine guns covering. Today they could take advantage of the shell holes. Five days of mortar fire had left plenty of holes. From hole to hole they crawled flat on their bellies, anxiously eyeing the mass of broken brush ahead. Here and there they saw what was left of a pillbox where a mortar shell had hit its target.

They were almost on top of the pillboxes -- and not a shot had been fired. What the hell was wrong? Were the bastards holding up for another trick? They could see the dugouts clearly, but where the hell are the Japs? Then, in the same instant, and without a spoken word, they all got the same idea. Things happened fast.

On One side Nort (S Sgt Leroy E. Norton, second in command of the patrol, and now T Sgt) and Cervantes (Pfc Jose G. Cervantes, BAR man) paired off. Norton slipped up within a few yards of a dugout. A Jap inside popped his head up and back down again. Just then from the top of the hill a lone Jap came walking. The Jap in the hole came up with a light machine gun and two other Japs showed themselves in the same position. Norton shot all four.

Nearby Pfc Joe Shupe and Sgt Charley Dick from behind a tree saw a Jap in a sniper hole asleep. They stepped to one side and got him. Tym, beside them, saw a pillbox to the right. He pulled the pin of a grenade, let the lever pop, and held it a few long seconds then loosed it towards the slit -- a direct hit. Then Norton saw a heavy machine gun pillbox a little to the front of Tymniak holding a Jap who was trying to sight the gun on them. He fired and hit the muzzle of the Jap gun, spinning the gun out of action. Norton yelled and Shupe took a run to the pillbox and began dragging the logs off while Norton killed three Japs inside.

Little more than ten minutes had elapsed.

On the left, Sgt David Stewart, Pfc Eugene Williams, Pfc Johnny Cashman and Pfc Cliff Gibson (Clifford C. Gibson, now S Sgt) had started another fight. Williams looked into the opening of a dugout and saw a half-awake Jap just becoming conscious of the Yank peering into his hole. Williams got him. Ahead, Stewart saw a rifleman rise up to fire. Stewart shot and saw him fall. He saw an arm stick out of the hole and the bright gleam of a wristwatch caught his eye. He crawled up and tried to pull the Jap out of the hole. Every time he pulled on the arm the body got heavier. He looked over the edge and saw another Jap under the body pulling down every time he pulled up. He fired again, took the watch, and started to push on again. A machine gun opened up from a pillbox to the front. Gibson slipped around it, leaned over the top, rammed his BAR into the slit and sprayed a clip of shells into the hole.

By the time the patrol had reached the top of the hill it had killed 21 Japs and knocked out 14 pillboxes without a casualty itself. No order had started the attack. They had just split up into teams and moved from one dugout to another covering each other's advance. After five days of heavy fighting to get Bartley Ridge, one 10 man reconnaissance patrol had taken it. With the re-enforcements coming up the hill was Earl "Pop" Addington (Pfc Earl T. Addington), a lineman stringing a reel of wire and carrying a phone. Tym called the CP that the hill had been taken.

WHEN THE REST OF COMPANY I CAME UP, THE DRIVE PUSHED AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL WITH THE MEN WHO HAD BEEN ON THE PATROL BACK IN THE FIGHT. BEFORE DUSK THREE OF THEM HAD BEEN WOUNDED AND EVACUATED, BUT BARTLEY RIDGE WAS SECURE. WHEN A COUNT WAS TAKEN OF THE JAP DEFENSES, THE HILL HAD 78 POSITIONS, 46 OF THE COCOANUT LOG PILLBOXES. THE HILL TOP WAS ALMOST BARE AND THE CORAL HAD BEEN POUNDED TO DUST BY MORTAR SHELLS, BUT THE JAPS HAD STAYED. AMERICAN EQUIPMENT WAS STREWN AROUND THEIR HOLES -- SOME OF THE MEN SAW THEIR FIRST AMERICAN CARBINES HERE IN JAP HOLES, MANY OF THEM STILL COVERED WITH COSMOLINE.

Companies I and K settled in their holes for the night, the moon as becoming bright in the sky. Patches of light on the cleared hillside and the noise of the Japs in the draw around the hill kept the men "sweating". Now and then a huge branch, partly broken off by mortar fire during the day, would fall down and crash into the underbrush and in every hole men would tighten their grip on the knives they held ready. There had been orders to use only knives, bayonets and hand grenades-- they had no hand grenades. A Jap voice nearby would call out, and others would answer. In one hole, a man jabbed out at a figure with his knife. The knife stuck in, but the Jap crawled away.

Our men huddled in the shell holes, trying to keep hidden from the Japs prowling around, but still ready to thrust out if any got near enough. Not a shot was being fired from the perimeter.

Suddenly hell broke loose. Grenades exploded around the hill and Jap knee mortar shells crashed among the holes. One exploded in the Company I CP, almost a direct hit on Sgt Art Toothman (Arthur S. Toothman), the fighting mess sergeant who that day had joined the riflemen in cleaning up the pillboxes. It hit "Arnie" Pearson (1st Sgt Armond D. Pearson) lying next to him and Capt Hastings. The only man to escape being hit was "Pop" Addington who was lying behind a small pimple of ground with a roll of wire in front of him. The roll of wire caught the shrapnel.

Pearson's back and legs were blown open by the shell and Hastings' legs were cut with shrapnel. Toothman's whole body was torn by the explosion. The wounded man stayed in the hole while the fighting around them lasted another hour and a half. Toothman later died.

IN THE MORNING, JULY 29TH THE TWO COMPANIES WERE ORDERED TO HOLD FAST. THAT NIGHT THEY WERE RELIEVED BY COMPANY G AS THE SECOND BATTALION MOVED UP TO CONTINUE THE ATTACK. THIRD BATTALION WENT INTO DIVISION RESERVE.

Five days of fighting had left the third battalion a ragged bunch of weary man. Many squads had only three or four men left. Company I

had lost its company commander, one platoon leader, the first sergeant, the mess sergeant, and other key non-coms. Company K had lost all five company officers and the first sergeant. Company L had lost its executive officer and communications sergeant, and the battalion had lost its battalion surgeon.

MEANWHILE ON JULY 28TH, FIRST BATTALION COULD SEE THAT THE JAPS WERE UP TO SOMETHING ON CHRISTIAN HILL. EVERY NOW AND THEN THEY OPENED UP ON US ON O'BRIEN HILL TO COVER MOVEMENT -- POSSIBLY A COUNTERATTACK. THAT AFTERNOON THE SUPPLY TRAIL TO O'BRIEN WAS TEMPORARILY CUT OFF BY JAPS WHO HAD PUSHED THROUGH THE STILL UN-CLOSED GAP BETWEEN THE 161 AND THE 148TH INFANTRY. ALL DAY COMPANY B TRIED TO PUSH THE ADVANCE UP CHRISTIAN HILL, BUT THE FIRE WAS TOO HEAVY AND THEY WERE FORCED BACK. ON JULY 29TH THE BATTALION WAS ORDERED TO HOLD O'BRIEN AND TO CONTINUE THEIR EFFORTS TO CLOSE THE GAP

The day dragged. July 29th was a cold rainy day which made the jungle seem even blacker and more oppressive. Men huddled in three and four-man holes, cleaning rifles and pistols or just dozing, wondering if the war that could be heard all around them was passing them by. This was the fourth day on O'Brien Hill and the old game of waiting, waiting.

After last night's downpour, some shelter halves had finally been sent up. Packs were still back at the assembly areas where they'd been stacked a week ago when the zoot-suits had been issued. Now, the new shelter-halves were stretched over the holes and the rain made hasty little sounds on the canvas.

At noon, doughnuts, creamed peas, and warm cocoa was brought up, and most men got a biscuit can of gas to heat some hash or stew in his hole. In spite of wet muddy clothes and wet muddy holes this was comfort when you considered last night or the days that might yet come.

The faraway noises -- they were really close but in this thick jungle they sounded like another war -- continued all afternoon. Little groups of men, ten and twelve at a time, from some other outfit kept pulling through the first battalion perimeter all afternoon.

"What outfit, Mac?" somebody yelled.

"148," came the weary answer. They were on their way back, and stopped at the supply dump at the bottom of the hill for water and "C" rations.

On the point of the perimeter overlooking the valley that ran into Christian Hill was Company B, a light machine gun suction sticking out on the jingled slope that ran into a dark greenish mass of unbroken brush.

"Hey, 'Frog'. What time is it?"

"Frog" (Pfc Reno A. Peltier) glanced up from a letter he was reading, squatting behind his gun, and answered, "A little after four."

The mail -- the first since they'd left Guadalcanal ten days ago -- had just been brought up. The only one for "Frog" came from a distant cousin who was feeling fine, and hoped her letter found him the same. In the next hole, alone behind his gun, was "Tojo" Brown (Pfc Charles N. Brown), called "Tojo" because he had an atabrine complexion and a thin, scraggly beard. He was cursing a letter from his girl telling about her wonderful time at one of the old haunts.

Suddenly a machine gun chattered. Then a half-dozen machine guns.



The new shelter halves ripped as though someone had slashed them with a knife. Then mortar shells, in quick succession, slammed into the hillside until it shivered.

The first machine gun burst came from so near, the flash as much as the chatter, sent the men in the holes grabbing into the ground.

In a moment, the men on the guns saw the situation. The Japs had followed the 148 outfit up the valley to within a few feet of the positions. This was a counterattack.

"Hey, Shorty! Shorty! Throw me some grenades," came from the bottom of Brown's hole.

"Shorty" (Pfc .Albert B. Lagow) in the hole behind recognized "Tojo's" voice and rolled the two hand grenades he had into the hole ahead.

Brown grabbed one, pulled the pin, let the lever pop, and heaved it over the side, catching a swift glance of three Japs a few feet down the slope, standing almost upright re-loading their Nambu light machine gun. The grenade exploded between him and the Japs.

He was up with the second and lobbed it into the center of the group and saw it explode as they tried to scamper behind the roots of a banyan tree. The gun crew was dead.

In his hole on the right, "Frog" too had dropped low as a burst rattled across his gun and chopped into his wooden ammunition box. The box started to spurt into flame from the tracers. He grabbed the grip and held the trigger back for a long burst -- then saw his ammo belt pull out of the box aflame. In an instant he threw the box and belt out of the hole, someone opened another box and he pulled the belt through. He swung the gun freely and sprayed hell out of the brush in front of him, turning once to a tree on the right where he saw two japs with their Nambu in a big crotch. He saw them tumble, their gun crashing between them.

Both guns sprayed back and forth to pick off another machine gun crew moving forward, a Jap raising to heave a grenade. They recognized the grenades by the lever popping - American grenades. All around them mortar shells stepped among the holes and slugs cracked closer, but they kept answering back.

Then it was almost unbelievably quiet. Except for an occasional tsar from a machine gun or rifle shot it was ridiculously quiet after the violence of a few moments before. The past twenty minutes were thrown out of focus -- Like some unreal eternity.

Men stuck their heads over the edges of their holds and grinned as though they hadn't seen each other for a week. They brushed sweat from their foreheads and fumbled in their pockets for a cigarette. Some without a moment's hesitation, began improving their foxholes by helmet and by hand. "Frog" moved with the three men in his hole to another nearer "Tojo" where he could see deeper into the valley.

"Admiral" Scott (Pfc Richard G. Scott, now Sergeant) who had been with him went back after the ripped shelter-half. He reached for a corner of it -- a string of slugs tore it from his hands. He dropped, face down in the hole. They saw him squirm into a corner. He wasn't hit.

That started it all over again. Another gun clattered -- then another -- then a rifle -- and a dozen rifles. A Jap jumped up in the brush. "Frog's" gun cut him across the chest and a grenade bounced clear among the roots. When the two gunners dropped their sweating hands from the

grips it was over -- and they tried to figure it out. More ammo was passed up.

Dusk turned to darkness. It came fast -- so fast it was startling. Everything was black. The valley and the next hole a little blacker maybe, than the sky through the trees, but all black.

The effect was strange. What seemed like silence an hour before was noise now. The men at their guns gaped into the black, trying to recall a tree, or shrub, or pimple on the hillside. Below in the valley there was the scraping of shovels or the sound of knives being whacked against the brush. And there was an undertone of Jap jabbering.

Someone in the hole behind Frog snored loudly. How the hell could he sleep now? There were swift, furtive rustlings in the treetops and along the ground, crawling and slithering sounds.

Sweating out another attack like this makes time inch like a black snail through a tired, stunned mind. Another was certain to come, but when or where?

A crash and the whole black jungle seemed to light with a bright orange. A half dozen flares landed among the holes, throwing weird shadows and lights across them. Pink Jap tracers crisscrossed the sky overhead. Darker tracers from American BAR's in Jap hands cut the pink lines here and there. The red-orange flowery burst of mortar shells in neat rows added to the pyrotechnics. More than the noise, the colors stuck in their confused brains. There were Jap shouts and screams that screeched above the pounding guns, but the two machine gunners just kept spraying up and down, back and forth, blinded by the flashing colors.

And for a third time it stopped. This was wearing on tired nerves. There would be no sleep -- only more hours of fearful waiting for a few exhilarating moments of action. The confusion and unreal violence of the attacks seemed more bearable than the deep oppression afterwards -- the empty, sick feeling of waiting, waiting, waiting.

That night for the first time, men of Company B left their holes after dark. Certainly there would be a dawn attack and the ammo was low. A few men went back to the dump, reassuring men along the way who pointed rifles at them, that they were buddies.

There was blackness again, and formidable noisy silence. More digging and scraping, crawling, and slithering. Here and there a rifle cracked or a grenade exploded. Down in the valley was the sound of tinkling glass and clinking tin cans.

"Frog" and "Tojo" stayed behind their guns, their hands on the grips most of the time. A Jap was heard walking up the trail that ran down to a big shell crater they'd seen earlier in the day. He stopped and shouted in a tone that indicated cursing. Farther back voices answered. It sounded like an argument.

No one fired -- only an occasional grenade came from the perimeter. The sounds spread out until they seemed to come from all sides of the hill.

Somewhere along the Company A line on the left a Jap yelled, "Jones, I kill you tonight."

Then an American voice, almost with relief, "Come on, you little bastard! Come on!"

About midnight, he thought, "Frog" heard the sounds of trucks on the little coral road the Japs had built between O'Brien and Christian Hills. Probably re-enforcements for the morning attack, he thought. There was more shouting and running. Then a BAR roared on the Jap side

and a few red tracers shot into the air. He was probably proud of his American weapon.

The truck noises stopped. Things became very quiet on the hill. A shot or two somewhere behind, but otherwise only blackness and silence.

...Spots of gray appeared in the black as the sky grew light just before dawn. Shadows turned gray. Day was not far away. Men shivered in their holes, almost holding their breath. The Japs were due. This was a good time...

They came -- in a hell of a noise and flashing more intense than any of last night's. But after the first instant, no one noticed this. The Japs were desperate this time.

They jumped up in twos and three's, like trapped animals making a mad dash for safety, and charged up the hillside screaming and waving their arms. The two gunners on the point swung their guns frantically from one bunch to another. They were easier to see this morning. Mortar bursts had thinned the brush. Japs dashed across the clearings.

There was none of last night's cunning in the attack. The invisible, will-'o-the-wisp japes were now screaming visible targets.

And except for lone snipers who stayed in their holes or in the trees, they kept coming in close groups so a single burst of machine gun fire or a string of rifle shots caught the bunch.

This morning the battle ran all around the front of the hill facing Christian Hill. A little to the right a Company D light machine gun section was heard, and more shooting was coming from Company C, in the rear. The noise last night must have been made by japs trying to encircle the whole hill.

When no more japs came, it was already daylight. First "Frog" suddenly noticed a foul smell. Those japs couldn't smell that bad already. Then he remembered, with an oath. During the night in lieu of a foxhole latrine, he had used his helmet. When the first crash sounded, he instinctively reached for it, tipped it over, and slammed it on his head, still dripping. He threw it out of his hole now and ran his fingers through his long hair and beard.

This might be a break now. The men in the holes decided to take turns at a walk down the hill-- anything's to get that cramped dizzy feeling out of their bodies.

"Frog" wandered down to the aid station. There he saw Baker (Sgt George R. Baker, section sergeant) who had left the hill earlier to find out what the plans for the day were. On his way back a sniper had winged him and he was waiting for evacuation. Litter bearers were bringing in more of the morning's casualties. "Ma" (S Sgt John B. Day, platoon sergeant) was here too. Two grenades had landed in his hole, killing Cpl Hardy (Philip R. Hardy) and sending 52 pieces of shrapnel into Day's leg before he could roll out of his hole. An aid man was passing out little jiggers of whiskey.

"Hey, how the hell do I get a snort of that?" "Frog" asked.

"Get wounded," the medic answered without looking up.

On the hill "Tojo" had enough. He left his hole, dazed and weak, too tired to even think or talk. For 26 hours he'd sat in the hole behind his gun at the point where the brunt of the jap counterattacks struck each time. And during the first attack, he had been alone. He wandered down to the aid station and was later evacuated.

Checking the situation and feeling certain of more trouble, "Mac" (Sgt Ronald A. MacDonald, platoon guide, now S Sgt) saw the rifle protection had thinned out -- there two gaping holes in the perimeter. He walked back to the CP and asked if any riflemen could be shifted. There weren't enough left.

He went to the battalion CP. The colonel (Lt Col Joe Katsarsky) told him the same thing. But one of the supply men at the CP came up with two shotguns, two boxes of ammo, and a sack of loose shells. Mac slipped his M1 across his back, put a box of shells under each arm, a shotgun in each hand, and grabbed the sack close to the gun, and set out up the hill. Came a shout from the soldier who had given him the sack:

"Don't forgot to bring the sack back."

(To this day the shotguns and sack are still buried somewhere on that hill.)

"Frog" got back to his gun, relieving Shellman (Pfc Wayne Shellman, now Tec 5) who had been with him through the night. He walked to the supply dump and picked up a can of hash, the first food since noon of the day before. He took a few spoonfuls and decided he wasn't hungry.

Coming back to the CP, he saw the rifle line had drawn back for a mortar barrage. He didn't see any of his section's guns; and realized they were probably still on the point. Then the first salvo crashed on the hill. He tried to yell but it was no use.

In "Frog's" hole, Behrmann (Cpl Bryant C. Behrmann, now S Sgt) caught a piece of shrapnel in his thigh. The two argued -- Peltier wanted him to leave before the leg stiffened; he didn't want to leave "Frog" alone. In a lull, "Shorty" Lagow came over from the next gun, leaving two man on it and Behrmann went back to the aid station.

Shellman tried shouting for the guns to pull pack again, but they didn't hear him. From his hole he saw a single sniper bullet kill two litter bearers who had set down their litter to leap for a hole.

In the hole on the point, Peltier realized that this must be our mortar barrage, shouted to the next gun to pull back, and saw they had left already. Grabbing the gun and tripod, he told Shorty to bring the ammo, and made a dash back into the brush. Rifle slugs cracked a few inches to the right and then a few inches to the left.

Somebody yelled, "Get down! You're hit!"

He dropped into a hole and saw the wound in his leg. Two men helped him to the aid station. He asked for a shot of whiskey he had been promised when he had walked down earlier, but the medics were out. As he was being taken down the trail to the beach to be evacuated he stopped at six aid stations and got a shot of whiskey at each. By the time he was loaded on the barge, "Frog" had a jag on.

After the barrage, the line moved to the slope of the hill again. That afternoon what was left of Company B pulled to the rear of the perimeter. Each man got a shot of codeine, a jigger of whiskey, and went to sleep. O'Brien Hill and Company B had held.

ON JULY 31ST, THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE 161ST INFANTRY, WHICH HAD RELIEVED THE THIRD BATTALION, AND THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE 145TH INFANTRY PRESSED THE ATTACK TO THE SOUTHWEST TO A HILL MASS CALLED HORSESHOE RIDGE. BY NOON COMPANY E HAD ADVANCED TO THE TOP OF THE FIRST HILL WEST OF BARTLEY RIDGE. THIS HILL, A LONG, NARROW HOG-BACK, DENSELY JUNGLED, BECAME KNOWN AS WHITE HILL AFTER LT FREDERICK B. WHITE, COMPANY E COMMANDER, WAS KILLED IN THE MOP-UP SKIRMISHES ON THE WESTERN

NOSE OF THE HILL. THE JAPS HAD MADE THEIR LAST STAND, AND IT WAS EVIDENT THEY WERE PULLING OUT. BY NIGHTFALL THE 145 OUTFIT HAD TAKEN THE CREST OF HORSESHOE AND MADE CONTACT WITH THE 161.

The same afternoon, after the last of the Jap counterattacks on O'Brien Hill, a small Jap force kept harassing the first battalion's supply road. Returning from a reconnaissance of the route, Lt Col Philip F. Lindeman, Regimental Executive Officer, was fired on by a machine gun north of the road. Nearby he gathered a force from Company F of the 148th Infantry and a heavy machine gun squad from the engineer company guarding the road, and led an attack on the road block before the Japs had time to dig in. His pick-up "army" held the road that night.

NOW, AFTER NINE DAYS OF BATTLING ITS WAY TO ITS LINE OF DEPARTURE THE 161 WAS READY FOR THE BIG PUSH TO THE BEACH. THE JAPS ON THE RIGHT FLANK HAD WITHDRAWN COMPLETELY AND RUN INTO THE 148TH INFANTRY WHICH WAS AT LAST MOVING TO THE WEST DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE FIRST BATTALION. WORD CAME THAT THE 43RD DIVISION, DRIVING TO MUNDA ALONG THE SOUTH BEACH, WAS MEETING LITTLE RESISTANCE AND MAKING GOOD TIME. MAJOR GENERAL ROBERT S. BEIGHTLER, COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE 37TH DIVISION, ORDERED THE REGIMENT TO ADVANCE THAT AFTERNOON OF AUGUST 1ST AND TAKE ALL POSSIBLE GROUND. TO THE WEST BY DARK. FIRST AND SECOND BATTALIONS MADE 900 YARDS AND DUG IN. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 11 DAYS, THERE WERE NO CASUALTIES.

With light the next morning, August 2nd, the attack pushed on again, the two battalions abreast. Company F, leading the second battalion, had gone 800 yards when the point hit the Japs at the bottom of a hill, later to be called Carberry Hill. In this valley the Japs had two machine guns and ten riflemen. Leading the point platoon, 2d Lt Robert Winkler (now 1st Lt), the only officer besides Captain "Rod" Bankson {Rodger R. Bankson) left in Company F, moved his men in to clear the valley, while the rest of the company attacked the north slope. The Japs held their fire, our advance in the thick jungle was slow and noisy. Sgt Lloyd J. Akins (now T Sgt) was guiding the weapons platoon into position when a machine gun fired on the men moving across a small clearing. A grenade from a Jap rifle hole wounded the platoon sergeant. Akins took command and led the platoon to one side. A lone Jap officer dashed out of the jungle and charged Akins with a fixed bayonet. He fired his submachine gun -- there was one shot in it. The clip was empty. The officer kept coming as Akins reloaded, standing upright. He fired again and hit him. Fire from the men around Akins had driven the Japs down the slope.

In the early afternoon, Company G was ordered to relieve Company F in the forward position. Winkler asked to lead the assault platoon of the relief company. when they moved up the ridge the Japs cut loose again with machine guns, rifles, and grenades. Fragments wounded Winkler, but he lay where he fell and ordered men in position to hold the Japs while he crawled back to the battalion commander, Lt Col Francis "Babe" Carberry. Again he asked to lead a new force to the strong-point and with a hasty bandage on his wound, he took another platoon to the position before returning to the aid station. With him during the day's battle was Pfc Frank Chimenti, Jr., a

company runner. Earlier, when they had hit the Japs, Chimenti saw one of the Company F riflemen pinned down by a Jap machine gun. He let go with his BAR and charged the hole across a clearing covered by machine gun fire and cleaned out the emplacement. When Winkler was wounded in the afternoon, Chimenti ran forward to help him get put of the line of fire and returned with him to the battalion CP to lead more men in.

While second battalion was mopping up on Carberry Hill, first battalion advanced over 2000 yards, harassed only by occasional sniper fire, and reached a hill 900 yards north of Carberry. As the line neared the crest of the hill, an artillery shell crashed in the Company D column killing one man and wounding five others. While shells dropped down the hillside, other men carried the wounded to an aid station down the trail.

COMPANY A'S FLANK GUARDS FOR THE BATTALION OF DISCOVERED JAP POSITIONS IN THE VALLEY ACROSS THE HILL. THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF "A-A. PARK" AND THE DUAL PURPOSE "WHIZ-BANGS" THAT FOR TWO DAYS HELD UP THE ADVANCE WHILE COMPANY A SUPPORTED BY THE COMPANY D 81MM MORTAR PLATOON CLEANED OUT FIVE OF THE ARTILLERY POSITIONS.

The jumble on the high ground was thinned out but the valley was a thick, green mass. There in a draw, not a hundred yards down the hill, they saw a clearing -- and held their breaths. In the center was a searchlight position surrounded by bright tin roofs of Jap shacks. A few Japs were puttering leisurely around the clearing and others sat talking -- probably a Nip bull session. You'd think there was no war going on! It seemed incredible -- these poor bastards didn't even know there was a battalion bivouacked on the same hill with them. What a few mortars could do here!

Runners went back to bring up Captain Donald C. Downen, Company A Commander, and Lt Col "Joe" Katsarsky, First Battalion Commanding Officer. This was some sort of an ack-ack position. They could see lumps of brush that might be well-concealed emplacements. The flank guards were pulled back to the perimeter for the night and plans were made for a morning attack.

It was near noon the next day when the barrage began. Artillery and mortar shells crashed in the laps of the unsuspecting Japs as the men of Company A shifted into position, threading their way closer to the clearing. They wondered how many the first salvo had caught. The first platoon moved on the point, the second on the right, and the third on the left. A machine gun and two BAR's fired incessantly from a bomb crater, covering their advance. .

Six Japs started across in front of the first platoon, heading toward a gun emplacement. The men blazed away at them. Sgt Elmer C. McGlynn grabbed a BAR and turned it loose on automatic; the Japs never got where they were going. The platoon moved on, waiting for the mortar barrage to lift.

Then the Japs opened up in a furor of fire and thunder. Nobody thought of it then -- but the guns fired with a swish and then an earsplitting crash as the shells exploded. Later they were called "Whiz-bangs". The guns fired directly into the face of the second platoon but just over their heads -- maybe trying to get the artillery behind the next hill. The terrific muzzle blast knocked the men flat on the ground, deafened and dazed. Men to the side could see the

long barrels of the guns move in their pits.

Sgt Gerrit Hulstein had spotted one position on a little rise not far from him. He crawled back to Downen's CP in a shell crater and brought Captain George H. Russell forward to spot for Company D's mortars. The still dazed riflemen pulled back and watched the "stove-pipes" go to work. Russell bracketed them in. A burst stepped short, then long -- then in quick succession a string hit dead center. Japs and pieces of guns flew through the air.

All afternoon they hammered at the positions. When the advance passed by one position, it was pinned down by the next. The line pulled back and Company D's mortars blasted hell out of it. By dark four of the big guns were known to be knocked out.

That night artillery and mortars kept pounding A-A Park. About midnight a mortar shell hit an ammo dump. Men in their holes sat and watched the fireworks. "It looked like a million tracers going off at the same time."

By the morning of August 4th, A-A park was a mass of shell holes, broken trees, and wrecked guns. First battalion was getting ready to join the regiment's push to the beach that day. Captain Downen took his company headquarters down to the clearing. If there were any Jap stragglers still hanging around the company would mop them up. They moved closer, their rifles at the ready. One of the big Jap guns blasted overhead. There was no time to waste -- they had to rush the gun. Then Pfc Wiley Harington, the company runner, went into action.

He leaped into the gun emplacement and found the Jap gun crew still huddled in the dugout, which was tunneled into the side of the emplacement itself. The mortars had driven them inside, and they never had time to get out. Howie fired a clip of M1 slugs into them and then leaped across to the other side of the entrance, fumbling first for another clip and then for a grenade.

Tec 5 David L. George followed him in and opened up with a tommy gun.

"By Gawd," drawled Howie, with his North Carolina accent, "I tell you there wuz some scramblin' down in thar."

Five Japs were dead and a sixth was at the far entrance trying desperately to get out. 1st Sgt Orville Cummins got him by degrees, pecking at his rump every time it stuck out.

That was the end of A-A Park.

There were actually six of the 75mm Dual-Purpose pieces, but the sixth gun was never fired at us. The six Japs who started across in front of the first platoon were the crew caught out of position.

Before noon Company A was on the move again, cleaning out the bivouac area behind the guns and capturing two other positions without opposition.

NOON OF ADJUST 3RD, THE FIRST BATTALION BEGAN ITS ATTACK ON A-A PARK WHILE THE SECOND BATTALION CLEANED OUT THE WESTERMOST SLOPE OF CARBERRY HILL. BY NIGHTFALL THE REGIMENT FRONT WAS ONLY 1200 YARDS FROM THE FINAL OBJECTIVE, THE STRETCH OF BEACH NORTH OF MUNDA AIRFIELD. WHILE THE 43RD DIVISION PUT THE SQUEEZE ON THE FIELD FROM THE SOUTH, THE 161 WAS TO FORM A BEACH BLOCK ON THE NORTH TO TRAP THE JAPS LEFT THERE.

The next morning, while Company A finished off the remaining dual-

purpose guns in A-A Park, the second battalion passed on the left. Shortly before noon the two battalions, abreast, set out for the beach at Kindu Point. Just before 2 o'clock, Company G was in sight of the beach when it was halted by Jap machine guns and snipers 50 yards to the front. S Sgt Joe Legarsky (Joseph C. Legarsky, now T Sgt) pulled his platoon back and to the left of the company to flank the Jap force. Crawling and running over the ground; covered by Jap fire, Legarsky led the platoon around the positions. He became the first man of the Regiment to hit the beach. There he saw the Japs pulling north and yelled to his men to follow. Chasing the retreating Japs they ran into machine guns covering the withdrawal.

In one bunker on the beach Legarsky saw twenty Japs holding the position. Slipping up by surprise, he killed eleven with a string of shots from his BAR while the other men picked off nine more.

Cpl Joseph D. White, leading a squad toward the pillboxes, was stopped by a machine gun 25 yards in front of him. Crawling within a few yards of the dugout he heaved a grenade inside and killed the two gunners. He kept moving until he had picked off three more before a Jap rifleman killed him.

Company F hit squarely into a Jap storage area on the beach. Spread among the tin shacks were long narrow bunkers housing machine guns and snipers covering the retreat. Machine guns set up to support the push on the Jap bivouac rattled across the shacks. When the riflemen pushed into the area, one group of 15 Japs ran from the first sheds but only seven got very far. All afternoon Company F worked from one shed to another and succeeded in knocking out several bunkers before dark. A little to the right Company A, less than 30 minutes behind Company G, hit the beach, but was ordered back while the second battalion loosed a mortar barrage on the Jap bivouac. The first time Company G had made it to the beach they made it almost without a fight, but when they pulled back for the barrage, the Japs re-entered the area they left.

THERE WERE STILL JAPS ON THE BEACH THAT NIGHT, BUT THE TRAP WAS SET. FROM COMPANY G TO BIBILO HILL. THIRD BATTALION STRUNG OUT IN AN EAST-WEST LINE ON THE REGIMENT'S LEFT (SOUTH) FLANK. 600 YARDS ABOVE MUNDA FIELD. BELOW IT ON THE EAST, THE 43RD DIVISION AND THE 145TH INFANTRY HAD PUSHED THROUGH LAMBETTI PLANTATION. SOUTH AND EAST OF IT WAS THE PACIFIC OCEAN -- AND ON THE NORTH THE 161. THE JAPS HAD EITHER TO TRY A BREAK-THROUGH OR DIE ON THE AIRFIELD.

It rained that night, almost without stopping. The Japs took advantage of the blackness to attempt a break-through. From holes filled with water when the tide came in men nearest the beach sat and listened to the noise all night. Once in the Company A sector, a dog crashed through the thick underbrush and from nearby holes men slashed out at it with their knives. The frightened pup fell into one hole. The soldier kicked out with his foot. The dog's yelps could be heard all along the front.

When the Japs tried to crack the third battalion line on the left, the 81mm mortars set up for such an event loosed a barrage on a previously set sector. It stopped the Jap infiltration. One short round fell between Companies I and L killing three men and wounding six others

Early the next morning. patrols went out to hunt down any straggling



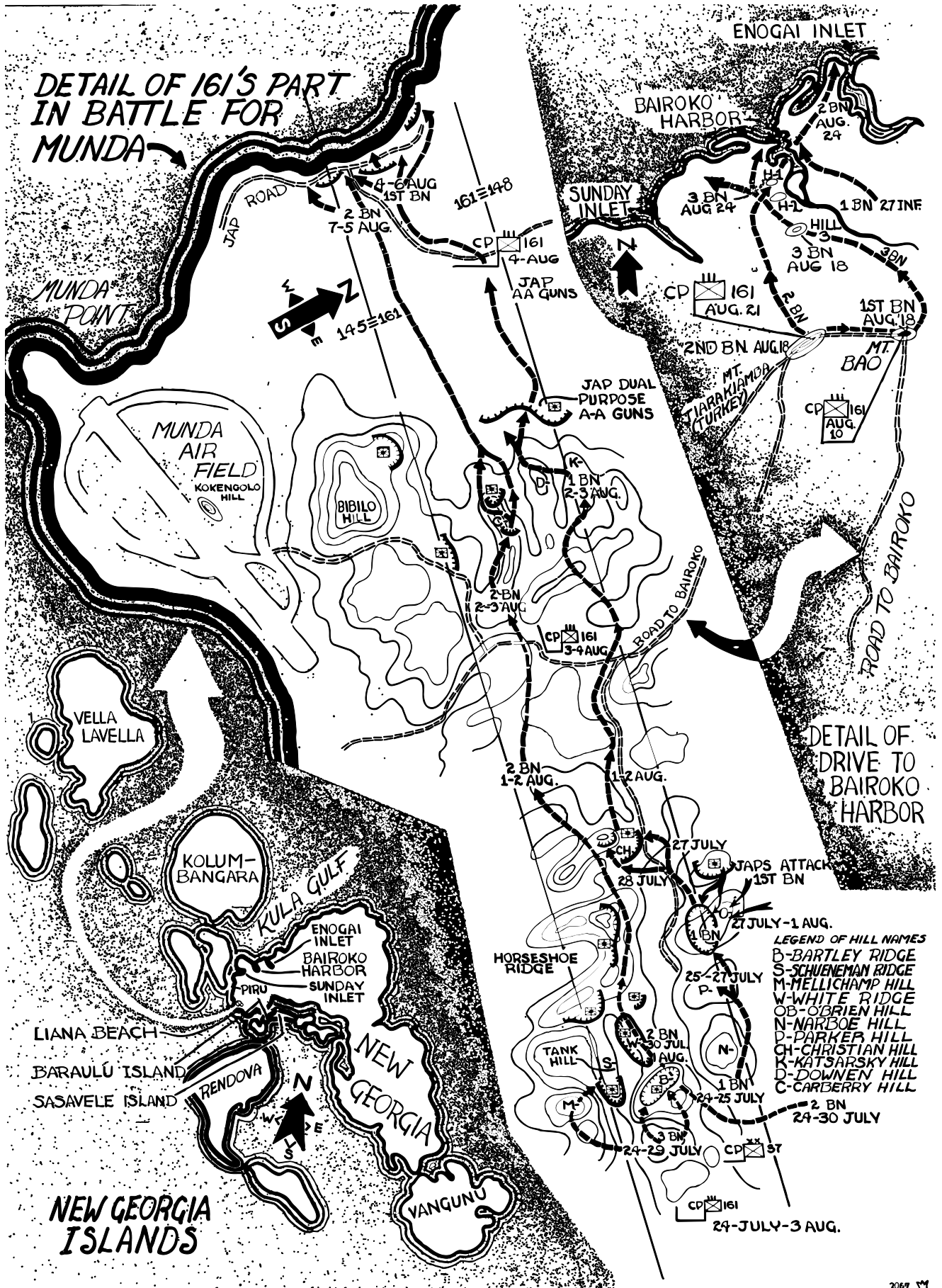
Japs left on the beach. Company F pushed into the jap navy bivouac area again.

FROM UP AND DOWN THE 1000 YARDS OF BEACH HELD BY THE REGIMENT, MEN SLIPPED BACK TO THE NAVY BIVOUAC WITH ITS TIN SHACKS OF JAP SUPPLIES. IT WAS RICH IN BOOTY FOR SOUVENIR HUNTERS – WHITE NAVY BLANKETS STILL PACKED, CLEAN UNIFORMS, TINNED FOOD, NEW EQUIPMENT. AND IN THE MIDDLE WAS SECOND BATTALION SHARING CAPTURED JAPANESE BEER AND NIP SAKI WITH COMPANY F AND TOASTING, BETWEEN GULPS THE VICTORY AT MUNDA AIRFIELD. FEW OF THEM HAD SEEN THE FIELD, BUT THEY KNEW NOW THAT IT WAS THEIRS --AND THAT WAS ENOUGH.

On the morning of August 7th the Regiment moved to its rest area in the valley northeast of Carberry Hill and there Colonel Dalton issued his orders:

“Munda airfield is clear of Japanese. The area to the north of the 148th Infantry which relieved the 161st Infantry as of 0800 this morning is still obscure. General Collins believes the Japanese are delaying to evacuate. The 35th Infantry is expected to arrive on August 8th. The 27th Infantry will attack toward Piru Plantation and then to Bairoko Harbor. The 161st Infantry is now in division (25th) reserve. The Japanese are still using some of our American weapons...”

**DETAIL OF 161'S PART  
IN BATTLE FOR  
MUNDA**



## DRIVE TO BAIROKO

Bairoko was a bitch.

It didn't sound bad at first. It started at noon on August 7th when Colonel Dalton got word from General Collins to be ready to move out of our rest area the next day.

WE HEARD THE STORY. THE JAPS WERE ENGAGING THE DIVISION IN A STRONG DELAYING ACTION. THEY WERE KNOWN TO BE ON THE EAST AND WEST SIDE OF BAIROKO HARBOR. THE 35TH INFANTRY THE DAY BEFORE HAD HIT VELLA LAVELLA .AND THE 27 TH INFANTRY WAS GOING TO MOVE FROM ZIETTA TO CLEAN OUT SUNDAY INLET AND PIRU PLANTATION. THE 43 RD DIVISION WOULD DEFEND MUNDA AIRFIELD AND THE 37 TH DIVISION WAS IN CORPS RESERVE.

THE FIRST MARINE RAIDERS, RE-ENFORCED BY A BATTALION FROM THE 145 AND 148 INFANTRIES, WERE ON DRAGON PENINSULA AT BAIROKO. WE, THE 161, WERE TO MOVE TO A PLACE CALLED MOUNT BAO AND JOIN THE MARINE-ARMY FORCE IN CLEARING THE COAST FROM SUNDAY INLET NORTH AND EAST TO ENOGAI INLET. IT DIDN'T SOUND TOO BAD—THE JAPS WERE ON THE RUN. BUT MUNDA HADN'T SOUNDED BAD EITHER.

REPORTS CAME LATER THAT AFTERNOON THAT THE. FIRST BATTALION OF THE 27 TH INFANTRY HAD REACHED MOUNT BAO--AND THERE WERE NO JAPS IN SIGHT. THIRD BATTALION WAS ORDERED TO JOIN IT THE NEXT MORNING AND FOLLOW NORTH UNTIL IT TURNED WEST TO JOIN THE REST OF THE 27 TH IN THE DRIVE ON PIRU PLANTATION.

That was the beginning of Bairoko -- the 19-day muddy, miserable "blitz march" through the worst mountains and jungle on New Georgia. You couldn't call it the "pursuit to Bairoko" even if we did always find the Japs fleeing just a day ahead of us. "Pursuit" sounds like a snap -- Bairoko was no snap.

It was noon the next day before third battalion started for Mount Bao -- it was after dark when the last guys got there. It wasn't even three miles but it seemed like a hundred. The trail, if it was a trail, was a river of mud twisting over jungled mountains. If you tried to step to the side of it, you found that the vines and roots were just camouflage for bottomless mud. To walk the trail was to take one step and slide back two. You had to keep your eyes down all the time, and you were too miserable to talk. Just walk and listen to the squidging, sucking mud. The goddam stuff ran over into the tops of your shoes and there were two squidges -- once when you put your heel down inside the shoe, and once when you put your foot into the mud. Some wise guy started singing "Marchin' Through Georgia". It didn't go over.

Sweat and mud and the damn' dark grown jungle. At least in fox-holes you lie in the mud -- you didn't march your a--off over mountains that would be rugged enough if they were hard rock, and not big globs of mud. (that's war, never enough of the right thing at the right time. Try to dig a foxhole and you break a pick on the rocks, try to march and you stumble in mud up to your ears.) Every few feet somebody slipped with a curse. Sometimes it was funny. Sometimes it wasn't. When they called a break, We just dropped into the mud and tried our damndest to keep it out of our hair. But it was no use.

We didn't know it then -- and it's a good thing we didn't -- but we were to spend the next 19 days wallowing in New Georgia mud, chasing moving mountains, parachute-drops of food, and the Japs.

MOVING MOUNTAINS WAS RIGHT. WHEN OUR THIRD BATTALION GOT TO THE 27TH INFANTRY, THE 27TH WASN'T ON MOUNT BAO AND NOBODY KNEW WHERE THE HELL MOUNT BAO WAS. THE 27TH PATROLS THOUGHT THAT IT WAS ABOUT TWO DAYS MARCH TO THE NORTH. WE BIVOUACKED WITH THEM THAT NIGHT. HOW THAT BIVOUAC COULD BE A HILL AND A SWAMP AT THE SAME TIME WE WERE TOO TIRED TO FIGURE OUT. SOME GUYS PUT UP SHELTER-HALVES BUT SOME OF US WERE TOO TIRED, OR DECIDED IT WAS BETTER TO LIE ON THEM. IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. THE MUD AND RAIN RAN IN ANYHOW. BUT WE SLEPT, THE MUD PADDLING ACROSS OUR CHESTS AND UP TO OUR CHINS.

Early next morning the forward cloned post of the Regiment moved up followed by the first and second battalions slogging and sliding across the trail which had been made even more slick by the rain and feet of the day before. It was getting dark when they got there. It was the same story. Everyday of Bairoko was the same story. Mud, mud, mud, broken only by more rain to make more mud.

The first battalion of the 27th was attached to the 161 that day, and it started for Mount Bao in the morning with our third battalion following. When the march stopped, they had made about two miles and figured they were about half way there. The patrols said that four miles was a two-day march, and they were right. It was getting worse now. The mud caked on our "zoot suits", and the rains softened it again. It always rancid off and on, and it poured mud down your neck while you kept your head down to watch your step. Sometimes the rain suddenly stopped and the sun broke through patches in the jungle. The dabs of paint on the zoot suits closed the weave and made it hot enough, now the mud caked on them, made it almost intolerable --almost, because Bairoko proved that nothing is really intolerable. When it got hot we wished it would rain, and when it did rain we soon wished the sun would come out again. We scarcely thought of the Japs those first few days. We were just tired, wet, and hungry. The can of "C" rations and the chocolate bar we started with didn't go far. Marching through the swamps we didn't want to carry an unnecessary button, much less a pack of rations -- even if we could have gotten them. ..We didn't want to do a goddam thing but lie down in the mud and rest. But you don't get anywhere sitting on your rears---

Food was getting to be a bitch, too. The plan was that when we got to Mount Bao, the Regimental Supply train would move up after the engineers put a road in. The engineers -- Company A of the 65th Engineer Battalion -- are wonder boys, but the mud to Bairoko had them beat. In the fight for Munda they were always on our heels. Before a hill was taken, a bulldozer was cutting a road to it. That was good. There's nothing -- unless its our artillery and mortars -- that sounds better then a bulldozer crashing through the brush behind you. It's like a letter from home. You figure, "what the hell, they're putting in roads -- the war must be over." Those boys kept right on coming, snipers or no snipers. Moody (Captain William H. Moody) and his bulldozers didn't wait for the last shot to be fiord.

But this mud was too much. They had all they could do to keep

the start of the jeep trail open from Munda without trying to move the mud any further. So there were no rations. We did pick up some along the trail. Who threw them there nobody knew. They didn't last long though. The Regiment was getting hungry.

AUGUST 10TH, ANTI-TANK COMPANY MOVED BACK TO THE END OF THE JEEP TRAIL. WE WERE TO CARRY RATIONS IN BY HAND.

On the Same day Colonel Dalton moved the CP to a hill they decided must be Mount Bao. ~very hour for the past few days Mount Bao had become a new mountain. The maps, aerial photographs, and patrol reports were snafu. Each one moved the mountain someplace and the next map moved it back. How they finally decided what was Mount Bao and what wasn't we didn't know, but the story went that General Collins came up one day and went to one of the hills they were moving about and said, "This is Mount Bao." As of that date, the hill became Mount Bao.

THIRD BATTALION PASSED THROUGH THE FIRST BATTALION OF THE 27TH INFANTRY THAT MORNING TO SECURE THE JUNCTION OF THE BAIROKO-ZIETTA TRAIL ON MOUNT BAO. WE SENT OUT PATROLS EAST AND WEST TO CONTACT THE 145TH INFANTRY ROAD BLOCK AT STARVATION RIDGE AND THE 148TH INFANTRY ON MOUNT TIAROKIAMBBA. IT WASN'T AS EASY AS THAT. IT WAS MORE MUD, MORE RA IN, AND NO RATIONS--BUT BY NOW THAT WAS AN OLD STORY. FIRST AND SECOND BATTALIONS HELD FAST.

The next morning began the first of four days of lugging rations up the trail. Third battalion was taking over the patrols from Mount Bao and it had to be fed. Anti-Tank Company started the march at the end of the jeep trail. Here first battalion took the haul and passed it on to second. From there it went to Mount Bao. If the mud was a bitch just marching, it was twice as bad with a case of "C" rations on your back. Some of us even envied third battalion's job of feeling out the Japs. Foxholes were bad, but they did havoc a few advantages over packing rations through Swamps, or up and down the steep, slick hills all day long.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THE REGIMENT NEXT WOULD DEPEND ON HOW LONG IT TOOK THE 27TH INFANTRY TO SEIZE ZIETTA PLANTATION, A REPORTED JAP STRONGPOINT TO THE WEST. THIRD BATTALION WAS ORDERED TO SEND OUT PATROLS TO THE NORTH SHORE OF MAHAFFEY ISLAND AND ONE NORTH ALONG THE BAIROKO RIVER TO BAIROKO HARBOR THE PATROLS LEFT ON AUGUST 12TH.

But whether we went on patrols or packed rations, it was all mud. Some were getting sick. There was no way to evacuate those who couldn't walk, and if you could walk, you could keep moving. We were sweating every inch of the way. The rations got heavier, the trails slicker, and the swamps bigger. There could have been some rugged fighting --and for all we knew there would be -- but the Japs had always pulled out of the place we expected to hit them. They left signs -- any place else those would have been souvenirs, but we didn't want to carry anything we didn't have to.

When the patrols came back on August 13th, they reported Jap activity on the peninsula at Bairoko. but the picture was uncertain.

Maps were inaccurate, and few of the stories checked. Some patrols got bogged down in the swamps or near rivers and had to come back, still not knowing where they had been. Some of us were sent out to find shorter and better trails to move rations up, but we always wound up in a swamp or on top of the steepest mountain in the area.

THIRD BATTALION CP AND COMPANY I MOVED FROM MOUNT BAO TO MOUNT TIAROKIAMBA. WE WERE TOO DAMNED TIRED TO BE PRONOUNCING NAMES LIKE THAT, SO WE CALLED IT MOUNT TURKEY. BETWEEN MOUNT BAO AND MOUNT TURKEY WAS A SWAMP THAT MADE CARRYING RATIONS UP THE BAIROKO TRAIL SEEM LIKE CHILD'S PLAY. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP UP THE SHUTTLE CARRY. THEY WERE GOING TO PUT A ROAD THROUGH ONCE THEY FOUND A FAIRLY DRY SPOT.

It was here, on August 15th, that we got our first parachute drop of rations. Bocce we got to Bairoko we were to get seven more drops of both food and ammunition. That ended most of the back-breaking carry up the trail. Now we only packed it from mountain to mountain. Three times it was food, twice ammunition, and three times food and ammo. We tried to mark the spots for the planes to drop it on with cloth "panels" and smoke pots or flares, but the supplies spilled all over the jungle anyhow. Each time we only got about half what they dropped. It did look good, thought to see food falling under bright red, green, blue, or yellow parachutes. Usually they hung up in the trees, and the trees on New Georgia were 100 to 150 feet high. We tried everything anybody suggested, including shooting, to get them down. Guys climbed some of the trees and hacked away at the cords. The torn pieces of parachute were put to good use too. With our shelter-halves they made beds in the mud, and with smaller pieces used as "breach cloths" we hug out our "zoot suits" in the sun to dry them for sleeping. We just tied the bright strips around our waist or between our legs and took off in the mud. Jeez, if our mothers could have seen us then.

To supplement the parachute rations we got Jap rice from warehouses at Rice anchorage where the Marines had landed earlier. At least we heard that was where it came from. All we knew was that a bag of it turned up on a hill and we dipped out helmets full and shared it with the rest of us. Water had never been a problem we lived in it. A little muddy water and a hand full of rice in a helmet and we had a meal. Sometimes we mixed rice and "C" rations. The only real problem was dry brush for a faro.

We liked the "J" rations we often got -- and we always had plenty of cigarettes even though not enough food. The powdered milk and peanuts were among the most demanded items, and the raisins in the "J" ration added a good touch to the rice pudding. We made cracks about waking up slant-eyed in the mornings, but we were thankful for the rice -- Jap rice or not.

BY AUGUST 20TH FIRST BATTALION WAS ON MOUNT BAO, SECOND BATTALION WAS ON MOUNT TURKEY, AND THIRD BATTALION OCCUPIED HILL 3 TO THE SOUTHWEST OF BAIROKO HARBOR. EARLIER THE ENGINEERS HAD BEGUN PUSHING A ROAD FROM MOUNT BAO TO MOUNT TURKEY BUT AFTER 200 YARDS, THE BULL-DOZERS BOGGED DOWN IN THE MUD. SUPPLY PARTIES FROM FIRST AND SECOND BATTALION JOINED THEIR OUTFITS AND THE REGIMENT BEGAN THE OCCUPATION

OF THE AREA AROUND BAIROKO HARBOR. THIRD BATTALION WAS ORDERED TO SEIZE HILLS 4, 5, AND 6 ON THE EAST SIDE OF HARBOR. THE ROAD TO TURKEY BECAME IMPASSABLE AND WE DEPENDED ON THE PARACHUTE DROPS FOR FOOD. FIRST BATTALION CARRIED RATIONS DROPPED ON MOUNT BAO TO THE THIRD ON HILL 3 WHILE SECOND BATTALION SCOUTED OUT A SHORTER TRAIL.

ON THE NIGHT OF THE 20TH COMPANY M SET UP ITS MORTARS COVERING THE ENTRANCE TO BAIROKO IN CASE THE JAPS TRIED TO EVACUATE BY BARGE DURING THE NIGHT. PATROLS THE NEXT DAY TO MAHAFFEY COVE REPORTED NO JAPS IN SIGHT. SECOND BATTALION WAS SENT TO OCCUPY HILL 2. MOUNT TURKEY BECAME AN OP FOR THE 136TH FIELD ARTILLERY'S 155'S AT ZIETTA REGISTERING FAR ON THE MOUTH OF BAIROKO HARBOR.

We could see the end now. For two weeks we had been wondering if we would ever get out of the mud and on the beach again, and if we would have to fight for it when we got there. Every day we would say, "Jeez, what a battle we could have here if the Japs .had stayed." It was with relief we said it. The exhilaration we felt when the end was in sight made the mud more bearable.

ON AUGUST 23RD, THIRD BATTALION PASSED THROUGH THE SECOND ON HILL 2 AND MOVED DOWN TO BAIROKO HARBOR -- THE TARGET OF ALL THIS MUD AND SWEAT -- AND THE JAPS WERE GONE.

It was a happy bunch of red-eyed, bearded, grimy men that looked out past the Jap positions to the ocean. Almost 40 days in the jungles of New Georgia, and now the wide, blue Pacific. It felt strange. So damned much open. space and nothing to duck behind if somebody shot. And sunlight, bright, clear sunlight. It was startling for a moment and not a few of us slipped back into the jungle fringe. No Japs, but we weren't used to being out where there was no place to take cover.

All night we could see and hear Jap barges pulling out of the mouth of the harbor and out of our' rang~. They were evacuating and leaving this end of New Georgia to us.

Contact between all the units of the Division was complete on August 25th, and food came in from the Marine supply dump at Enogai Inlet. Before the sun set, we had already begun building cots, huts, and lean-to's from branches and twigs...

The next morning the third battalion took up positions on the east coast of the harbor and the north shore of Mahaffey Island over to Sunday Inlet, while the second battalion moved across to hold the west shore. Later in the day some of the positions picked up troops across the harbor. That should havoc been the 145th Infantry. We yelled and waved our arms, hoping to hell they wouldn't decide we wore Japs. For awhile it looked lick a battle, but pretty soon they were waving their arms and yelling in return. The same thing happened that night when the 27th Infantry moved on to the coast where second battalion had set up a defense. The OP's had been sweating out their column -- some of the men were wearing parts of Jap uniforms -- but we recognized them in time. All was well. We were all at Bairoko now...

WHEN WE WEREN'T WORKING ON POSITIONS, WE LOST NO TIME IN TRYING TO MAKE OUR LIVES ON THE BEACH COMFORTABLE. A FEW OF THE GUYS WHO GOT TO ENOGAI INLET SCAVENGED THE MARINE SUPPLY DEPOT AND CAME BACK

WEARING NEW MARINE GREENS, NEW SHOES AND CARRYING ROLLS OF UNDERWEAR UNDER THEIR ARMS BEFORE LONG THERE WERE TOO MANY "PATROLS" RAIDING THE SUPPLIES, AND WE GOT AN ISSUE OF MARINE CLOTHS FOR MOST OF US. IT WAS THE FIRST CHANGE IN ALMOST 40 DAYS -- OUR "ZOOT SUITS" HAD DONE THEIR JOB, BUT NOW THEY WERE JUST MUD AND DIRT HELD TOGETHER BY CLOTH. WE DIDN'T MIND THE "USMC" STAMPED ON THE NEW JACKETS AND WE DIDN'T BOTHER TAKING IT OFF. SOME OF US, INCLUDING COLONEL DALTON ARE STILL WEARING THESE UNIFORMS.

That first week there was a rush to put in positions all along the Bairoko-Enogai sector. Regimental Headquarters Company and first battalion left Mount Turkey August 27th and went into bivouac at Piru Plantation near Munda Field; the rest of us were strung around Bairoko Harbor. The Japs were gone, but we were still fearing a new invasion from Kolombangara. Supplies were coming in by barge now.

On September 4th the third battalion moved to the beach on the west side of the harbor. On a point sticking into the water, Lt George Gray (1st Lt George W. Gray) set up a third battalion OP with a good view of Kula Gulf and Kolombangara eight miles across the channel. Not long after his phone was in, a call came to pull back off the observation post.

"Withdraw? What the hell do you want to withdraw for?" the lieutenant stormed. Here was a perfect position that could pick up any Jap invasion almost before it started, and the orders were to pull back.

"All right, stay there if you want to get shelled to hell tonight! The rest of us are going back" came the answer.

From Jap artillery on Kolombangara, a few shells had been lobbed into the harbor that day. They were duds, but everybody thought they might be registering shots for a big night barrage. By dusk the whole battalion had pulled back to a hill a thousand yards inland. Lt. Gray's outpost was the last to pull back.

There was no barrage that night.

But "Pistol Pete" became a part of our day. The OP moved back to the beach in the morning, and lost no time fixing dugouts in case lie became more than a harassing element. Every day for two weeks "Pete" fiord a few rounds, sometimes towards the second battalion on the east side of the harbor and sometimes towards the third battalion on the west. Four out of five of his shots were duds, but we took no chances. Most of the time he fired short, into the water, but one shall exploded twenty feet from a Company M machine gun. We collected the fragments and sent them back to artillery intelligence, and they told us it was a six-inch naval gun probably firing armor piercing ammunition.

"Pistol Pete" took advantage of every chance target. The navy mail barge came in every day at 11 0' clock and he lobbed a few at it, but never made a hit. THC sailor piloting it started sweating, thought, and thought maybe he should change the time of mail deliveries. The men on the telescope at Lt Gray's OP picked up the muzzle flash and shot azimuths to it for the artillery observers. Another OP, farther north, did the same and we almost had it located by back azimuths. The Marine artillery at Piru Plantation started a duel with the Jap across thus channel where we could see our shells explode. Then, in



the telescope, we could see the flash of "Pistol Pete". A few seconds later we heard the report of the gun and almost simultaneously see the water spout in front of us. Then, strangest of all, came the whine of the shell through the air sounding as if it were following the shell into the water.

No one was ever hurt -- he was just a pest, like a mosquito. We never did find out for sure what he was shooting at, or why the shells seldom hit inland. In the first battalion bivouac area at Piru, duds dropped in the area for three days, but none ever went off. The day after Kolombangara was taken, Lt Gray went over and found the big gun, a shell still in the breach. Around it were empty ammunition dugouts.

Days at our beach positions settled into routine. There were work details, but otherwise we were left alone. We built shacks and mess tables behind our dugouts, and made the most of our simple life. Except for inspections of positions, there was little harassment or red tape.

ON SEPTEMBER 7 A CANVASS OF THE REGIMENT WAS MADE FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR A SPECIAL TASK FORCE CALLED "FURLOUGH" NO ONE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS. STORIES TOLD THAT IT WOULD BE A COMMANDO FORCE AND THAT IT MIGHT EVEN BE SENT TO THE STATES TO TRAIN. THERE WERE VOLUNTEERS A-PLENTY BUT ONLY ONE OFFICER AND 40 MEN COULD GO. THE PARTY LEFT IN TWO DAYS AND WENT BACK TO GUADALCANAL TO JOIN MORE VOLUNTEERS THERE. THE OUTFIT BECAME THE FAMOUS MERRILL'S MARAUDERS OF THE BURMA BATTLE: THE BOYS WENT TO NEW CALEDONIA AND THEN TO INDIA INSTEAD OF BACK TO THE STATES.

Later in September, officers and non-coms went by battalion parties on tactical walks over the hills the Regiment fought for in the drive to Munda. It was the first time most of us got the whole story. In bull sessions around our positions at night we re-fought this whole battle.

Second battalion relieved a battalion of the 27th Infantry in the Enogai sector on September 16th and in the next two days the platoon outpost on Mount Turkey was withdrawn. Third battalion patrols covered the Mount Bao area. Anti-Tank Company relieved Company G and a platoon of Company H, which had been on outpost at Mount Zietta since September 5. On the 27th, the Personnel Section arrived from Guadalcanal, bringing all of the equipment we had left there, including our "B" bags. By the end of the month the Regiment was responsible for the defense of the coast from Piru Plantation Causeway to Enogai Inlet.

IT WAS OCTOBER 13, 1943, WHEN WE WERE ALERTED TO MOVE BACK TO GUADALCANAL. TWO DAYS LATER WE WERE RELIEVED BY THE 172ND INFANTRY ON THE BEACH AND PULLED BACK TO DIVISION STAGING TO GET READY TO MOVE. THERE WAS MUCH TALK OF A REST, EVEN RUMORS OF RETURNING TO CIVILIZATION, POSSIBLY NEW ZEALAND. IT TOOK THREE DAYS FOR THE REGIMENT TO LEAVE BY ECHELON FROM ONDONGA LANDING AND OLSEN'S BEACH BY LST'S, LCI, AND APD. BY OCTOBER 19TH, THE LAST OF US HAD LEFT NEW GEORGIA.


Back on the 'Canal, things had changed. There were no more air raids and the camps looked like any busy army camps. Trucks and jeeps

jammed the roads -- clean, wide roads. We went into bivouac and for over two weeks we did nothing but swim and sleep and go to the movies every night. There was no training, only an occasional "conditioning" march. We know now we are going to New Zealand -- a Kiwi officer talked to us about his country.

AFTER A YEAR IN THE STINKING SOLOMON JUNGLES WE WERE GOING TO CIVILIZATION FOR A REST. WE TALKED OF BEER, NEVER-ENDING MUGS OF BEER LINED UP AT A BAR, WOMEN WITH SHOES ON, MAYBE BARRACKS, WEEK-ENDS IN TOWNS AND CITIES, AND PEOPLE, AND MORE PEOPLE.

On November 6th we were alerted to leave Guadalcanal, and the next day we boarded the United State Army Transports, Torrens and David C. Shanks. We had fought for this rest we were headed for, and we were happy.

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(Beginning at top, Left to Right) 1 - Pfc Arlen Olson   
and Cpl Al Cartwright admire horse on New Zealand farm 2 -Beer Bust in a 4-  
man Hut 3 -Kiwis, Gals, and 161 guys at Picnic, Patumahoo Farm 4 - Maori  
Village, Retorua 5 - Hot Springs, Retorua 5 - Camp Flag Pole, 1st Bn at Race  
Track, Pukekhee 7 - Pfc Bruno Haptas and Pfc Leslie Hankle harvest cabbages 8 -  
American tractor, New Zealand girls 9 -Part of 2nd Bn Staff 10 - Farming 11 -  
Orientation Forum on New Caledonia: Topic -- "China Burma India Theatre" 12 -  
Chaplain McGoldrick's Catholic Choir 13- Contest Inspection 14- Red Cross  
News Center 15 - Easter morning (1944) Outdoor Service 16 - A Mortar Crew on  
maneuvers 17 -The New 161 Band 18 - Chaplain Carpenter's Protestant Choir 19  
- Sketching Class on Sunday Outing at Nakety Hotel 20 - 2nd Bn's Winning Team  
at Lynx Decathlon (Sept. 1944): L to R Pvt Carroll Jackson, Pfc Ulysses  
Fortenberry, Lt Col "Babe" Carberry (looking on), S/Sgt Bob Holmes (individual  
winner), Colonel "Dusty" Dalton (making award), Pvt Lee Stone, Sgt John  
Varney: 21 - Rotation Drawing 22 - Rotatees Leave. for Boat 23 -Lt "Cold Steel"

Tisdale gives orders and Pfc Anthony Mumfre executes them in Mortar Contest  
24 -prov Bn at Orientation Forum 25 - One of Cannon Co's M-7's on Maneuvers.

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**NEW ZEALAND**

**NEW CALEDONIA**



## N E W Z E A L A N D

WHEN THE TALL, WHITE LIGHTHOUSE LOOMED ON THE HORIZON WE KNEW THAT IT WAS NEW CALEDONIA WE WERE APPROACHING. AS THE HOURS PASSED ON WE DREW CLOSER TOWARD IT. THIS WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE OUR DESTINATION.

We had been told it was to be New Zealand. Had something gone wrong? We drew abreast of the towering mass of steel and concrete and then it was astern. We seemed headed for dock. Suddenly the vibrations of the engines stopped. Our anchors were dropped. Rumor grew and spread. What were we waiting for? Then from the shore line came a fast motor boat. It headed for us, made a large sweeping curve and drew up along portside. A small weighted package was tossed to an open double door of B deck. It curved through the air, struck the side of the ship and fell into Davey Jones' locker. The small boat rose and fell on the waves, and as we watched we wondered if the next package would hit its mark. The seaman aboard the motor launch judged the distance, raised his arm, and let go. The men in the companionway on the transport reached out and caught the package. With a waved goodbye the motor launch left us. Soon the engines started turning again, and as the lighthouse fell astern of us again we were finally on our way to New Zealand.

AROUND ONE O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON OF NOVEMBER 15, 1943, SOMEBODY WATCHING THE SHIP RISE AND FALL IN THE WATER LOOKED TOWARD THE DISTANT HORIZON. HE SQUINTED FOR A MOMENT AND THEN YELLED OUT, "LAND" TWO THOUSAND OTHER GUYS YELLED OUT "WHERE?" AND THERE, FAR DOWN ON THE HORIZON, OFF OUR PORT BOW, LAY NEW ZEALAND.

From then on all poker and crap games disappeared. We had sighted land. But this was more than just land. This was a place where we were going to catch up on living. For a year we had seen nothing except islands, mosquitoes, Japs, troop and cargo ships, palm trees and air raids. This was the promised land. Pulling to dock around four thirty in the afternoon we discovered we were in Auckland, New Zealand.

In the harbor miniature ferry boats chugged by, loaded with gals in multi-colored frocks. We crowded the rails to cheer and wave at them. White handkerchiefs blossomed out all over the little ferries as they waved back in response. It was good to see white girls again.

One of the first questions tossed to us by the men on the docks was, "Got a cigarette, Yank?" They met us at the dock and were with us until we left. We didn't debark until around ten O'clock the next morning (Monday) marching behind a New Zealand army band, we paraded through town to the railroad depot where a string of miniature coaches awaited us. Although we were marching through the streets of Auckland, New Zealand in our minds we were marching through the streets of New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Chicago, or any great American city. Housewives shopping, trolley cars, school girls, automobiles, traffic cops, billboards, shop windows -- it seemed like home.

Boarding our train we tossed our gear into the not too strong looking baggage racks overhead. None of us knew where we were bound for, nor did the engineer. At every cattle crossing we stopped, while the officers revoked each other's order as to who got off and who stayed

on. Each stop had its own peculiar Maori name -Otahuhu, Papatoetoe, Wiri, Takanini, Tironui. Papakura (that's where the second battalion got off). Then came Manurewa, Oakheke, Drury, Paerata, (where the third battalion detrained) and finally Pukekohe where the remaining elements of the regiment detrained.

Pukekohe had a race track three quarters of a mile out of town where part of the provisional battalion along with the first battalion went. They proceeded to practically purchase a half interest in the Pukekohe Hotel. Regimental Headquarters company along with Personnel Section was located two and a half minutes from the hotel's pub.

The first brainstorm that the regiment had was the appointment of certain officers in each battalion to be the Railroad Ticket Purchasing Officer. When, and if, First Sergeants were able to collect the necessary pence from the men, when and if the Sergeant Major of a Battalion was in to receive and record who wanted to purchase tickets, and if the designated officer could tear himself away long enough from his outside amours, then maybe the tickets would be purchased. We generally got on the main road early in the morning and either hitch-hiked to Auckland or bought our own tickets at the depot.

ONE THING THAT CAN BE SAID FOR THE NEW ZEALAND PEOPLE IS THAT THEY NEVER SQUAWKED AT THE MANY DEMANDS WE MADE AND EXPECTED FROM THEM.

Due to gas rationing, New Zealand has had to meet an overcrowded rail transportation situation. The trains which were needed to get workers into the city were always crowded with G.I.'s. Our first week there we were introduced to that plentiful delicacy, mutton. Mutton for breakfast, mutton for dinner, mutton for supper. However, our diet was vastly improved from that which we had had in the islands. There was plenty of fresh milk, fruit and vegetables -- and ice cream!

The third battalion at Wesley College and the second battalion at Karaka North were fortunate in one respect -- being far removed from the eagle eyes of the regimental "Gestapo". The second battalion came through with motor transportation to the movies in Papakura; so did the third battalion. We went to dances at the Red Cross and in the villages. Both units had American Red Cross huts in their camps and also PX's where the men could replenish necessary supplies. The staffs of the Red Cross huts served tea and cakes every night for those who were found in camp. New Zealand women presided on those occasions. Many of the women who came every evening had sons and husbands in the New Zealand armed forces, and made this extra effort to show us we were welcome.

Some of them were farmers and it was never difficult to find men who had come from farms in the states who would volunteer to spend a few days helping the local farmers harvest their crop. Men welcomed the opportunity to get back to the land for a few days. Some of us purchased horses, motor bikes, bicycles, and automobiles. The latter was frowned upon, but we kept our vehicles till it came time to leave.

There were always passes to be had. Yes, and leaves too. The trains to Hamilton always found men from the 161 aboard. Hamilton was a favorite spot for us, and a good leave-town. The Christmas holidays found us with 72 hours leave, except for those who were needed to maintain the Camps. Some of us were able- to get to Wellington for New Year. Sgt Virgil E. Gamradt of the Personnel Section came back

with some tall tales of having to drive the women off. Many of us were able to get down to Rotorua for a week's rest.

ON DECEMBER 17TH, MAJOR GENERAL J. LAWTON COLLINS ("LIGHTNING JOE COLLINS") LEFT THE DIVISION AND WAS REPLACED BY BRIGADIER GENERAL V. L. MULLINS, JR. (NOW MAJOR GENERAL). WE REMEMBERED WITH GRATITUDE THAT IT HAD BEEN GENERAL COLLINS WHO PUT HIS FOOT DOWN WHEN THE POWERS THAT BE WERE GOING TO SEND US TO GUADALCANAL OR NEW CALEDONIA OR SOME OTHER GOD-FORSAKEN HOLE, TO REST AFTER NEW GEORGIA. "TO NEW ZEALAND," HE SAID, AND TO NEW ZEALAND IT WAS.

When one attempts to describe New Zealand he is apt to run into difficulty. From North Cape down to Invercargill on the southernmost tip of the South Island, hills and mountains form a spine right down the country. North of Auckland citrus and older trees of tropical fruit grow in large quantities in a climate similar to that of Florida or California. From Auckland south to Hamilton is a green, fertile country. The paddocks are filled with sheep contentedly grazing, while large dairy herds placidly munch their cuds. After passing Frankton Junction the country is similar to that of our state of Oklahoma. Here it is known as Bush Country. Midway between Auckland and Wellington in practically the geographical center of the North Island rises Mt. Ruapehu like a majestic sovereign. Its ermine wrap of year round snow reminded us of our own Mt. Rainier. Journeying farther south we come to the capitol city of the Dominion, Wellington, with a population half the size of Auckland and within sight of the snow capped mountains of the South Island, thirty miles away.

...One of the first days in New Zealand we called Pukekohe for a taxi. After it had arrived, we piled in and off to town we started. Going up a slight grade with a slight bend in it we suddenly beheld a two and one half ton truck bearing down upon us. Instinctively we pushed our feet onto the floor boards where the brake pedals would have been in one of our own make automobiles. Someone in the back seat yelled something about getting on our own side of the road. But our driver calmly replied, "She's right, Mite. The joker will move over to his side." Then it was over. The truck passed us on the left and we consoled ourselves that another spa was at the end of the trip and there we could be able to quickly fortify our nerves again. .. Eventually we were able to master this foreign way of driving, even Service Company.

The Pub at the Pukekohe Hotel never seemed quite able to fully meet our daily requirements. Naturally being farther away from the source of supply, its stock could not be as easily replenished as those of the two pubs in Papakura which were practically, within smelling distance of the Waitemata Brewery. When the Pubs closed we started thinking about eating "styke and eggs." Many men didn't feel capable of visiting the quiet dining room of the Pukekehe Hotel after an afternoon in the Pub so they would go to the Franklin Restaurant, and there for a reasonable price they could have "styke and eggs", tomatoes, and tea. Those who were able to get into town early in the morning could get hard liquor. One bottle per day, generally Ground 1030 in the morning, served until it was empty.

AT FIRST IT WAS JUST A RUMOR. BUT IT GREW SPREAD, AND SUDDENLY

ONE DAY IT HAPPENED. REPLACEMENTS ARRIVED. ON THE 22ND OF JANUARY THEY CAME, BAGGAGE AND ALL. THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME A LARGE GROUP OF REPLACEMENTS HAD ENTERED OUR MIDST IT WAS A LITTLE STRANGE. THEY BROUGHT WITH NEWS FRESH FROM THE STATES, NEW SONGS AND NEW LIFE. WE HAD FORGOTTEN THAT WE WERE AS YOUNG AS THEY WHEN WE ENTERED THE SERVICE. THEY SOON FITTED INTO OUR SCHEME OF THINGS. THEY WERE ASSIGNED TO UNITS THROUGHOUT THE REGIMENT. BATTALIONS ACQUIRED MUCH NEW BLOOD FOR THEIR COMMUNICATIONS SECTIONS AND LINE COMPANIES SUDDENLY FOUND THEMSELVES WITH T/O SQUADS.

Lt Co David H. Buchanan, Third Battalion Commanding Officer, took Colonel Dalton's place as Regimental Commander while the Colonel was ill in the hospital. To express our gratitude to the people of Pukekohe for their hospitality, after "Dusty" returned we hold a show of Jap weapons which were the Regiment's "Prize of War". During the first showing it rained, but we held it again, complete with a band, parade, and a grandstand at the Pukekohe High school athletic grounds. We raised about seventy-two pounds for New Zealand war relief.

Accustoming ourselves to the new language was not too difficult. But we did run up against some troubles. We soon learned that a girl friend was a "Sheila" and to get to her house you took a "tram" instead of a streetcar. If she worked in a building that had an elevator you called it a "lift". If you brought her home late and you "knocked up" her parents you woke them up. If you wanted to get gasoline you asked for "petrol" or "benzene" If a Kiwi soldier you happened to meet in the pub wanted to "shout" that meant he wanted to buy you a drink. You soon found out that to feel "crook" was to feel bad, and that an argument or quarrel was "argue the toss".

While in New Zealand, we received a heart-felt, warm reception from the people. They opened their hearts and their homes to us. We could not have asked to have been treated with a greater kindness and hospitality. They were enough like us that we could feel at home. Some of their ways were strange at first. Some of their self-imposed war time restrictions were annoying to us, as we were apt to forget that they had been at war two years longer than we had.

...We had no way of knowing whether or not it was actually official, but we expected a six month's rest period in New Zealand. At the end of about three months we got the order to start making crates again. We were one sad bunch. They had made some half-hearted attempts at training -- weapons, marches, close order drill -- the same old stuff. They tried a course in intelligence observation, but about all our field glasses could focus on were farm girls in a field in the distance. We were having too much fun -- there were too damn many distractions -- so they moved us out.

JUST BEFORE WE LEFT NEW ZEALAND ONE OF THE BOYS GOT A LETTER FROM FRIEND WHO FOUND OUT THAT HE WAS LIVING. IT READ:

"We are all genuinely sorry to know from your letter of the first that the unexpected move, on notice, to parts unknown is now likely to occur at any old time. This will deprive you of any further opportunity of paying us another visit for perhaps, as you say, a very long time.



We can well imagine your disappointment over the suddenness of the news and share your regrets in full measure as we were looking forward with pleasant anticipation to having you with us again in the near future. Always remember there is no question of your being indebted to us in any way for the modest hospitality that was our pleasure to be able to extend to you. Your congenial company and many little acts of generosity have more than repaid for any of our efforts in that direction. So, if you still entertain any sense of being under obligation please dispel it from your mind.

There is nothing further to add beyond expressing our hope that you will drop a few lines at some opportune time to let us know how things are with you.

Wishing you God speed, the best of good fortune in all your endeavors, and a safe return to your family, we are your friends..."

OF SUCH WERE THE PEOPLE OF NEW ZEALAND.

## N E W C A L E D O N I A

WHAT MAKES A SOLDIER BITCH ALL THE TIME? MAYBE INDIGESTION, BUT MORE LIKELY SOME SORT OF REACTION AGAINST BEING OBEDIENT. HE TRIES TO KEEP HIS THOUGHTS AND WORDS UNRULY, EVEN THOUGH HIS ACTIONS HAVE TO FOLLOW THE LATEST "POOP SHEET" OF DO'S AND DON'TS. WE HAVE "AFFECTIONATELY" CALLED THIS ROCK OF MOUNTAINS, TREES, AND DINGLE-WEEDS EVERYTHING IN OUR LONG VOCABULARY OF CURSES AND GUTTER-PHRASES. AT THE SAME TIME WE'VE CONSOLED OURSELVES WITH THE THOUGHT THAT THESE LAST FEW MONTHS HAVE BEEN A DAMN SIGHT BETTER THAN COMBAT.

It was February 24, 1944 when the USAT General John Pope docked in Noumea and dumped most of the 161 on New Caledonia's shore. The USAT George Clymer docked a few days later with the rest of the Regiment. We piled into trucks and set out on a long seventy mile trip into the wilderness to camp. It was hot and dusty, but it was peaceful. All we saw besides a maze of scraggly green trees with white birch-like bark (insole trees) were native huts with "Off Limits" signs on them. "God, there must be a lot of leprosy on this island," one guy commented, as we rolled on by. MP's stood guard at some of the garden gates. It was an omen -- days of "Spit and Polish" were coming.

Colonial Highway Number One runs the length of the island; we turned off a few miles northeast of La Foa into the woods near Ouatom airstrip where our advance party had been sweating to make a livable camp out of rain and mosquitoes. That first night we had "C" rations and two quarts of Australian beer, which doesn't sound like much, but drunk in a hurry on a partly empty stomach it can knock a guy for a loop. We crawled into our mosquito nets and slept.

Then it began -- building up Camp Ritchie (named after Captain David B. Ritchie, killed on New Georgia). One does have pride in his camp; even though he begrudges the work it takes -- the work is soon forgotten, and a soldier has to be kept busy anyway to give him less time for grousing and thinking. Today, after six months, it's a little hard to recognize the place. Volleyball courts, basketball courts with lights from our own generators, baseball diamonds, motor parks, kitchens with concrete floors, an athletic field, a fine outdoor theater with benches, picturesque signs all over the area, a big Red Cross hut with a crafts workshop -- all the product of making a lot out of little, of fighting for and "finagling" materials" from here and there -- airplane crates, gasoline drums, and "C" ration boxes. For the first time we have had a Red Cross man -- R. E. Bond of Cleveland, Ohio -- who has worked some minor miracles in getting things for us which the Army never would have gotten.

THE GUYS, GET AWFULLY SICK OF DIGGING LATRINES, SUMPS, GOING K. P., GETTING UP BY BUGLE, GOING TO BED BY BUGLE -- BUT THEN GUYS GET SICK OF FIGHTING TOO. .,

Everywhere, we go we build up our camp. Down in the South Seas -- that fabulous, picturesque paradise -- to build up you have to tear down mosquito brooding places. Under the heading of "mosquito control" we've burnt brush, drained water, and sprayed oil until the mosquitoes have probably wished We'd never come.

In April a brush fire got out of control in Cannon Company's area and crept toward an ammo pile of 105mm howitzer shells. All efforts to halt the blaze with fire extinguishers failed and Captain Thorkel M. Harland, Cannon Company Commander, ordered his men to take cover in a nearby ditch. "Al" Vanegas (Corporal Alfonso Vanegas) couldn't hear

him and was killed when the first shell exploded. Captain Haaland, who with Fred Strada (S Sgt Frederick W. Estrada) ran into the inferno of exploding shells to try and save Vanegas, who was seriously wounded. Up and down the second battalion area, companies were standing retreat, rigidly at attention while the bugle sounded. One explosion followed another, shrapnel flew through the air. Here and there a soldier hit the ground to jump up at attention as each explosion ended. Discipline held their ranks together -- then they ran for cover. The second battalion, cannon and anti-tank company areas were cleared the next day while the remainder of the unexploded shells were detonated.

Lining up tent pegs,. polishing shoes, shining up mess gears, cleaning rifles, shaving every day, hiding, or throwing away our toilet article boxes, in constant, fear of a "s--- detail" for some slip in police -- up -- they all followed in order -- and daily inspections, rounded out by big Saturday inspections.

And parades -- always on Sundays. All "extra" polish and work seems to come during off-time... The guy who wrote the song I Love A Parade probably never stood one. They're hot, bothersome things! always preceded and ended by a two-mile march to and from Ouatom airstrip where the Division reviewing stand is, and where Admiral Halsey and Lt General Harmon have reviewed the Division. Divisional parades are supplemented by regimental reviews.

It took a while to get showers -- made out of gas barrels. Until we found time to build them, we took our customary "whore's bath" out of steel helmets. Water has sometimes been a problem since it has to be hauled in by water-truck -- it was especially a problem when they were pouring the concrete floor for the Red Cross hut. That week all the water went into concrete -- but the hut has been well worth going dirty for a week.

At first the food wasn't so good--at least we didn't think it was. The army and popular magazines have not deluded the public about army rations -- you can live on them. But a guy gets sick of them. Pork, Luncheon Loaf, called "Spam", and canned Vienna sausages meal after meal gets tiresome, and many an old vet won't eat them; not to mention powdered eggs, dehydrated potatoes, dehydrated beets, carrots, onions, cabbage --. At last we went out and killed deer, of which the island has an abundance, and we bought beef from the French, but that was soon stopped because the meat is supposed to have TB or something. Fresh vegetables and egg somehow are beginning to reach us, and by now the cooks by clever disguising can make us eat almost anything.

...It is a sad delusion for a new replacement from the states. Back there, in basic training they tell you, "Keep your chin up, it will all be different when you get overseas and can call everybody by his first name, and you won't. have to salute or stand inspections for everything from syphilis to worn shoelaces every ten minutes!" Then he joins the 161, bugles blow reveille, chow call, sick call, drill call, recall, Chow call, drill call, recall, assembly, retreat, chow call, lights out, and taps. You salute anything which looks like a bar. Generals redo through the area. You stand at attention. You suspect your nearest buddy of "bucking" for another stripe or another bar. And you complain about the lack of mail from home -- and wish you'd made a lot of friends in New Zealand, because the Kiwis seem to send more letters than the folks. Maybe you've been overseas too long -- maybe they've forgotten you-and than a six months old Christmas package catches up with you

and you're happy just looking at the moldy cake. But that's life and that's soldiering.

There is a reason for all this "Spit and Polish" -- well disciplined troops are good fighting troops. At least that's what we're told and we believe it rather than to go nuts trying to figure out another reason.

GENERAL MULLINS, OUR DIVISION COMMANDER, SAID THAT NEW CALEDONIA PROBABLY HAS SOME OF THE FINEST TRAINING GROUND TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE. THAT'S WHAT WE LANDED HERE FOR -- TO TRAIN -- AND THAT'S WHAT WE'VE DONE.

We started out with lectures, weapons training, range work, close order drill, compass work, map work -- anybody who's had army training knows the rigmarole. But it's serious, hard earnest work with us. We've refreshed our memories and learned new things, new techniques of fighting. Maybe our next combat won't be like Guadalcanal or New Georgia. We've got to know how to fight more than one kind of a war.

You don't get training quite like this in the states -- a steady progression from squad to platoon to company to battalion to regiment to division maneuvers. There's something dramatic about a battle-trying outfit beginning at the bottom and perfecting itself. You've got to go on these over-night marches with your eyes almost popping out of your head in an effort to keep awake; you've got to live on rations and play war in the weeds; you've got to partake in a maneuver where all the weapons and brains of a regiment or division are used, where every man and machine is doing his part, even if the bullets aren't real, to be able to appreciate the drama in it. You've got to reduce pillboxes on paper and then reduce real ones with real mortar shells and real rifle slugs. You've got to hear mortar shells whump ahead of you, and have a "short" round land in your company (as in Company D, killing Pfc Albert W. Morgan and Pvt Frederick R. Wulfekuhler) before you realize this is real training. ,

THESE FIRST MONTHS OF 1944 HAVE BEEN MOMENTOUS ONES IN THE HISTORY OF THE WAR AND IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. RUSSIA HAS SWEEPED OVER THE GERMANS ON EUROPE'S EASTERN FRONT; ITALY HAS BEEN INVADDED AND ROME HAS FALLEN; FRANCE HAS BEEN INVADDED AND PARIS HAS FALLEN; GUAM, SAIPAN, BIAK HAVE BEEN WRESTED FROM THE JAPS. AMERICA AND HER ALLIES HAVE BEEN ON THE MOVE ALL OVER THE WORLD. HERE ON THIS PACIFIC ISLAND WE'VE FOLLOWED IT ALL, WONDERING WHAT OUR NEXT MOVE WILL BE.

The better soldier is not only better trained and better disciplined but also better informed. We have enough electricity now to run our radios bought in New Zealand or through the PX. This island base gives us a daily news sheet. We have a news center in the Red Cross, and a news and map bulletin board in every company. The drama of war and victories and strategy unfolds before us every day.

Weekly for thirty-three consecutive times we've had our orientation forums, sometimes lecture and discussion periods, sometimes "town hall" forums where the enlisted man can review and interpret the news. Long before world strategy has been put into effect, we've discussed such topics as "Routes to Berlin", "Routes to Tokyo", "Inside Japan", "The China-Burma-India Theatre". We've tried to learn from battle reports;

we've studied terrain, learned about our theater of operations, discussed the "Soldier's Bill of Rights", proposed post-war worlds, war elections.

A high percentage of the eligible voters in the Regiment have applied for war ballots. We want to have a voice in making the kind of world we intend to live in.

UNDER THE ARMY ROTATION PROGRAM, MEN WHO HAVE BEEN OVERSEAS TWO YEARS OR MORE HAVE BEGUN TO GO HOME. THEY ARE LEAVING IN DRIBLETS, BUT THE FACT THAT EVEN SOME ARE RETURNING -- SAYING "SO LONG", PACKING BARRACK BAGS, AND CLIMBING INTO TRUCKS TO GO TO NOUMEA AND LOAD ON A RETURNING SHIP -- GIVES THE REST OF US HOPE.

IN JULY AND AUGUST COLONEL DALTON RETURNED HOME ON A FURLOUGH. LT COLONEL LINDEMAN ASSUMED COMMAND OF THE REGIMENT DURING HIS ABSENCE....

It's not all work. Special Service activities have reached their peak here. The Lynx Hi-Lights, only paper in the Division is published every week. Started on Guadalcanal under Pvt Richard S. La Marca, Volume Two of the Hi-Lights, edited by Pfc Barney Rice (Barnard G. Rice), has developed into a sheet chronicling all our Regimental activities. complete with a weekly pin-up girl.

After the New Georgia campaign our old band was pretty well knocked to pieces by casualties and evacuations. They formed a small "Jam" unit and toured the battalions during those last days on New Georgia, and in New Zealand they played for an average of five dances a week. When New Caledonia came along, the Division took over the band because our organizational strength could no longer include them. Now we have new band, directed by Pvt Richard J. Meier organized and rehearsed on the men's own time. The new 161 swing Band made its debut at our Theatre on Saturday, June 3rd. Guitarist Steve Farris (Pfc Stephen Farris) was the star attraction. Since then the band has toured the 27th and 35th Infantries, our brother regiments in the Division, and base hospitals, and has broadcast over the Mosquito Network, A.E.S. Station, at Noumea, New Caledonia.

Almost every company has a basket-ball, volley-ball or softball team. There have been inter-regiment playoffs and inter-division playoffs. We've held two big track meets, the largest was our Organization Day meet on May 20, 1944. (May 9, 1898 is officially our Organization Day.) We postponed our met this year 11 days because of rain. The first battalion won the meet, and Cpl Paul P. Kinsfather (now S/Sgt) of Company F won the annual manual of arms drill-down for the Thomas G. Aston Trophy (Colonel Thomas G. Aston was commanding officer of the Regiment, 1922-1937.) .

We have 16mm movies every other night, from great pictures like Madame Curie to stinkeroos like What's Buzzin' Cousin? Every once in a while a USO show comes -- both Bob Hope and Jack Benny havoc entertained the Division at Ouatom airstrip.

Wherever GI's get together. entertainment, sports and shows spring up -- you can't keep a good bunch of guys down. A lot of our own shows have been better than some of the bad USO shows which have occasionally come our way sporting n few homely hags. Yet the USO and its volunteers do a grand job; they've never lacked our thanks. The second battalion produced our first variety show -- "Rocket Review" on March 25th, followed by the third battalion variety, "Footlocker Fogarty's Follies", director by 2nd Lt John C. Fogarty, and first battalion's "Rollicking Ramblers"

which was a long combination of variety skits and a black-face minstrel show. Our last stage show featured a zany bunch of five GIs called "The Flamethrower Five".

One of the generals on a usual jeep tour through Camp Ritchie quipped about our Red Cross "There's the 161 Country Club." Well, maybe it is. It has become a recreation center for the Regiment -- big basketball games going on under lights in the back; a line several hundred feet long waiting for coffee and doughnuts in front; ping pong and art classes going on in the "circus tent annex"; bridge, pinochle, monopoly, and the radio blaring news inside the "main lounge"; a bunch of men making jewelry out of wrecked airplane fuselage in the craft shop; and a group of conscientious home-loving soldiers writing letters in the reading and writing room. It sounds like the life, but there are sixteen other hours in an army day, too.

Occasionally we get hold of a little "butterfly rum", a potent native product, suspected to contain a mixture of kerosene, gasoline, water and alcohol.

Our camp abounds with pets. On Guadalcanal Company E had a puppy called "Mess-kit" -- he'd been taken away from his mother too soon and he was scared. Pvt Manuel Dominguez (now Corporal) adopted him; the little mutt had to be fed powdered milk through an improvised nipple made out of an army prophylactic with a hole punched in the end. He used to howl at night and Dominguez had to fix him up a box covered by a mosquito net and hang him in a tree. "Mess-kit" must have gotten "jungle-rot" because he went crazy after two or three months and ran away into the jungle.

At Bairoko on New Georgia, "Torpedo" Shepard, Third Battalion Headquarters Company (Pvt Paul R. Shepard) caught a monkey, "Georgia from New Georgia", but had to sell her to the air corps on our way to New Zealand.

On leaving New Zealand we had an order not to take any pets along with us, but when we got on the Pope that rainy night a couple of barracks bags bulged suspiciously. Company E had a now dog, named "Mickie", and Company H had a new replacement, "Quinine", for "Atabrine", its Guadalcanal pet. When we got here, we found the island overrun with all kinds of dogs -- so we've supplemented our menagerie with a goat which weekly changes owners by its own choice; a fawn named "Bambi", several parrots which Company G knocked out of trees with sling shots, and Tec 5 Henry Scholl's baby pig, called "Porky", who died and was given a "full military" burial.

OUR NEW CALEDONIA STORY IS NOT ENDED. RUMORS ARE WIDE-SPREAD. ONE DAY WE'RE MOVING OUT, THE NEXT DAY WE'LL BE HERE FOR THE DURATION. OCCASIONALLY SOMETHING EXCITING HAPPENS LIKE THE TIME "BAMBOO ANNIE", A NATIVE WOMAN OF DISREPUTE, WAS BEGUILING THE MEN AND EVADING ALL THE MP' S BY ROAMING THE WOODS FOLLOWED BY A COUPLE OF STRAY NEW CALEDONIA MONGRELS.

We bide our time on this French Island. A few of us are lucky enough to spend a few days at Camp Stevens, a rest camp near Noumea, or at the rest camp near Bourail where there is swimming and gleaming sand on the beach. We've seen Noumea, called the "Paris of the Pacific", where marines and soldiers and sailors crowd the walks and tryout their few words of French, and where there are too many uniforms, too many

open sewers, and too little booze.

We're familiar with "butterfly rum", with dirt roads that get slimy and muddy when it rains, with the French crossroad villages of Boulapari and La Foa, and with native missions like the beautiful one across the island at Nakety.

Now, We wonder what comes next... "Where we go... What the future holds .....

# SKETCHES *of* CALEDONIA





## E P I L O G U E

Closest to a soldier's heart is the thought of home. From those days of Ft. Lewis in 1940 to New Caledonia the 161 has been on the move; slowly but surely Japan has been pushed back, from the Aleutians to the Solomons. It has been Americans with guts who have borne the brunt -- all with one hope, to win a great and complete victory and get back to real living. The thought of the Bridge spanning the golden arch and symbolizing our greatness has sometimes kept us going. One day we will pass under it again with steamboats whistling and crowds on the pier -- waiting. The Golden Gate -- it is almost a battle cry. ---

The 161 is a changing outfit. Old timers go home, replacements come in. But the core remains, marking a great regiment. Other outfits in our division, corps or army have their story too -- we all have.

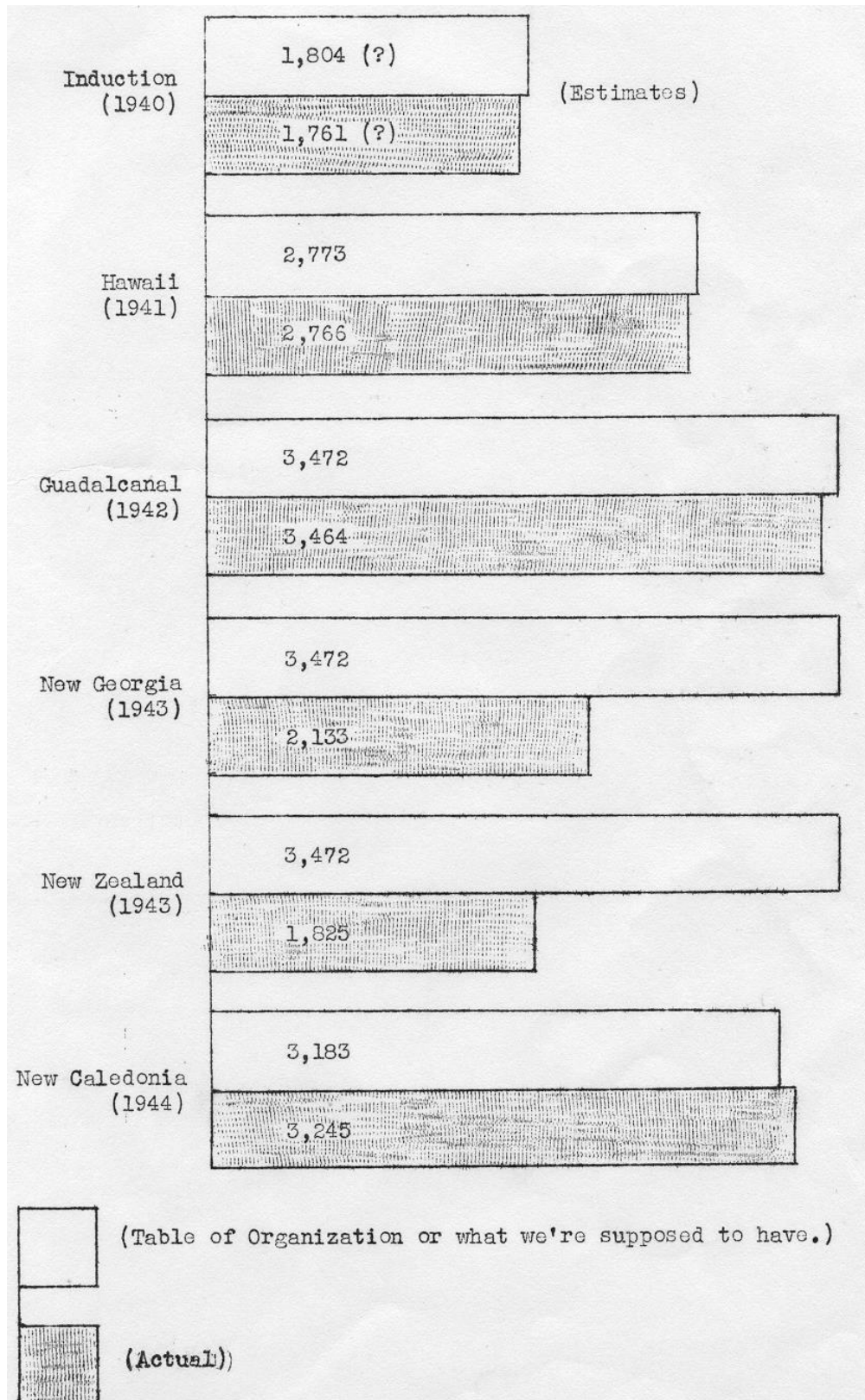
Some stories may be bigger than ours, and some more exciting. But stories are tradition. we cling to our tradition and we are proud of it.

It hasn't been an easy job to tell our story. Those we mention are not all of us. We've perhaps neglected our medics, our engineer detachment and the roads they've built, our artillery support, our ration teams, our chaplains, our cooks -- and many, many others. But what the hell, we're a team and what happens to a few of us happens in a measure to all of us. There are in any hour of a fight, or any day of army life, enough heroic deeds, tragedies or laughs to fill a book by themselves. In keeping our story down to a readable length we've had to be selective...

No, our story will never be complete except in our collective memories. The things we tell about are only part of our past history -- and tomorrow awaits us. Where we go and what events lie in THC days ahead perhaps no one knows. We do know that we all go forward with courage, hope, and the will to win and preserve our victory.

Somewhere along the line we picked up a slogan -- "Golden Gate in Forty-Eight" -- and although the end is in sight we still repeat it, half in jest, half from the heart.

NUMBER OF MEN AND OFFICERS IN 161ST INFANTRY  
1940- 1944



100  
DECORATIONS

DSC	Distinguished Service Cross		Behrman, Bryant C.	PH &
LM	Legion of Merit		OLC	
SS	Silver Star		Bell, Woodward	PH
SM	Soldier's Medal		Bendel, Solomon	PH
BrS	Bronze Star		Berg, Bernard E.	SS, PH
PH	Purple Heart		Berger, Gottfried F.	BzS
OLC	Oak leaf Cluster		Berney, Richard N.	PH
*	Posthumous		Bird, Stedman B.	PH
			Bishop, Lester B.	SS
Abbot, Ray C.	PH*		Blake , Carl C.	PH
Accurso, Mlcbnel	PH		Blankenheim, Robert B.	PH
Achtonborg, Arnold R.	PH*		Block, Wallace E.	PH
Aguilar, Joe J.	BzS		Blumstein, Joseph	PH
Albee, Charles E.	PH		Boehm, Adam	PH
Allen, William J.	PH		Bogart, Clair H.	PH
Allison, Ernest M.	DSC, PH*		Beggess, Raymond O.	PH
Altgilbers, Joseph B.	PH		Benow, Erwin A.	SS, PH
Arnago, John E.	PH*		Borrago, Celestino J.	PH
Anderson, Edwin D.	PH		Boughner, Charles R.	SS, PH
Anderson, Wilbur E.	PH*		Boyd, Fred J.	PH
Audig, Percy	PH		Bgxarth, Donsld W.	SS, PH
Aney, Earl E.	SS, PH*		Bozyk, John J.	PH*
Antonetti, Mario	PH*		Bracken, William J.	PH
Arends, Lester J.	PH*		Bradley, Leroy	BzS
Armstrong, Arthur J.	PH		Bray, Gene D.	PH
Armstrong, James P.	PH		Breitkreutz, Albert	PH
Arnold, Ruport N.	PH*		Brennan, Francis J.	SS
Arthurs, Russell C.	PH		Bright, Charles A.	BzS
Ashley, Walter H.	BzS		Brooks, Roy S.	PH
Atkins, James R.	LM, PH		Brown, James H.	PH
Atkins, Lloyd J.	SS		Brown, James N.	PH
Aurand, Robert E.	PH		Brown, Lester J.	PH
Bailey, Charles	PH*		Brown,, Sim D.	BzS
Bailey, Marvin E.	PH*		Bruce, Joseph D.	PH
Baker, Georga R.	PH		Buchanan, David H.	SS
Be.l.lcw, Claude E.	SS		Bullock, Mac M.	PH
Barbour, Andrew E.	PH*		Burch, Earl E.	SS
Barnes, Kenneth W.	PH		Burgess, John R.	PH
Barrett, Arva W.	PH		Bussel, Nolan	PH*
Barrett, Richard P.	SS		Butler, Honer L.	PH
Bartlett, Bradley C.	SS		Byers, Vincent C.	PH
Bartley, Martin E.	PH*		Call, Robert G.	PH*
Bartoletta, Albert O.	PH		Calleri, Joseph K.	PH
Bashaw, Cecil C.	PH		Cameron, Neil J.	PH
Batters, John C.	PH		Carlson, Palmer N.	PH*
Beck, Edward	PH		Carpenter, David W.	PH*

Carpenter, Emmett M.	BzS	Egbert, Walter W.	BzS
Cashman, John F.	SS, PH	Egelstad, Gail M.	SS, PH
Cervantez, Jose G.	SS, PH*	Egnotas, Anthony	PH
Chambers, Robert W.	PH	Elliott, Edson E.	SS*, PH *
Charrette, Roy O.	PH	Emanuel, Oland M.	PH*'
Chimenti, Frank Jr.	DSC	Enteman, Felix M. Jr.	PH
Chounard, William J.	PH	Erz, Harold F.	SS
Christian, Louis K.	DSC, PH*	Estrada, Frederick W.	SM
Ciarelli, Gerald F.	PH	Etzel, Clifford W.	PH*
Clemmenson, Eugene H.	PH	Evans, William L.	PH
Coleman, August	PH	Fannuchi, David A.	PH
Colvilie, Richard R.	PH*	Farling, Russell	PH
Combs, Roy L.	PH*	Ferriter, Richard H.	PH
Conteras, Augustine M.	PH	Finkelburg, William O.	BzS
Conteras, Henry R.	PH	Finney, Gerald B.	PH*
Cook, Walter I.	PH	Finsley, Fred H.	PH
Cormack, Jack R.	PH*	First-Raised, Bryan	PH*
Cornish , Henry T.	PH	Fish, Melvin H.	SS
Correnti, Jerome	PH	Flamm, George R.	PH*
Correnty, Frank J.	PH	Force, Carl	PH
Cory, Jack B.	LM	Ford, Leonaard R.	PH
Cotton, Howell F.	BzS	Forrest, Harold F.	PH
Crane, Cecil L.	PH *	Francis, Doyle	SS, PH
Creswell, Donald F.	PH	French, Kenneth P.	DSC*, PH*
Cripps, David E.	PH	Fr ohner, William J.	PH
Coaker, Lawrence J.	PH	Fry, Oriville D.	PH
Cummins , Orville J.	SS	Fry, Tilbelt A.	PH
Cyrus, Hobart V.	PH	Fultz, Clarence E.	BzS
Dack, Alvin E.	PH	Gage, George C.	PH*
Dahl, Lester E.	SS	Gallagher, Jack P.	PH
Dalton, James L. II	SS & OLC, BzS	Galloway, Joseph S.	DSC
Davis, Henry J.	PH	Gaza, Humberto R.	PH
Davis, Peter R.	PH	Gatton, Lewis O.	PH*
Day, John B.	PH	Geiger. Raymond W.	PH
Dean, George P.	SS	Gellerman, Richard R.	PH
DeFazio, John L.	PH	George, David L.	SS
Desharnals, Leo J.	PH	George, John B.	PH*
Diaz, Jose.	PH	Gibson, Clifford O.	SS, PH
Dick. Charles R.	SS, PH	Gifford J. Charles	PH
Dickey, Robert K.	PH	Gillett, Fred C.	BzS
Dillon, Jack B.	PH	Gilmore, Beverly	BzS*, PH*
Dittner, Clifford C.	PH	Gladus, Leonard E.	PH
Dobler, Joseph W.	PH*	Gordon, Johnny W.	PH*
Dolecheck, Anton	PH*	Grant, Raymond C.	PH*
Dowell, Edward O.	PH	Graves, Gordon	PH
Downen, Donald C.	SS	Gress, Matthew	SS, PH
Dreyer , Edward J.	PH	Grissom, Melvin V.	PH
Echevaria, Albert C.	SS	Grmola, Joe	PH*
Edelman, William D.	PH*	Groves, Leslie M.	PH*
Edmundson, John D.	BzS	Gunn, Walter J.	PH

Haaland, Thorkol M.	SM	Kaminski, John S.	PH
Hahn, Walter R.	PH*	Karr, Earl M.	SS
Hammond, George A.	PH	Katsarsky, Slaftcho	BzS
Hansen, Herbert J.	PH	Katz, Sameul H.	PH
Harden, David O.	PH	Kelch, John D.	PH
Hardy, Philip R.	PH*	Keifer, Clarence A.	PH
Harnesst Leonard L.	PH	Kimble, Glenn C.	SS
Harris, Don R.	PH	Kinder, Orin B.	PH
Hartry, Maurice E.	PH*	Kindt, Carl F.	PH
Hartung, Christian A.	PH	King, Clarence R.	PH*
Hastings, Charles J.	DSC, PH & OLC	Kintsfather, David P.	PH
Haubert, Walter L.	PH	Kirby, Courtney E.	LM, PH
Hebison, Oscar F.	PH*	Kirkeberg, Gordan A.	PH
Hedstrom, Charles R.	PH	Kirksey, Wilburn L.	PH
Heitman, Martin W.	SS*, PH*	Klein, Joseph F.	PH*
Henderson, Stanley A.	PH	Klesper, Stanley H.	PH*
Hendrickson, Grant	SS	Kress, Paul	PH
Herring, John D.	SS, PH	Kneifel, Edward N.	PH*
Hodgson, Joseph C.	PH	Kopas, William V.	PH
Hollis, James	PH	Korhan, Herman H.	PH
Hope, Robert L.	PH	Korvacevich, Mike J.	PH
Horn. Gilbert M.	PH	Krake, Edward O.	SS*, PH*
Horner, Guy	PH	Kreiter, Raymond	PH
Howe, William R. L.	PH	Krol, Julius P.	PH
Howington William	DCS	Krzanowski, Louis J.	PH
Huff, Homer L.	SS	Kudela, Joseph C.	SS*, PH*
Hughes, Emmett S.	PH	Kwetkus, John G.	PH
Hulstein, Gerritt	SS	Lamont, Charles E.	PH
Hume, Cecil	SS	Land, Walter C.	PH
Iannello, Frank	SS	Lange, Frank W.	PH
Icard, Robert S.	PH	Larimore, Albert B.	BzS
Jacobs, Frank S.	PH	Lathrop, Carl H.	PH
Jarrell, Lewis R.	PH	Lee, Allen I.	PH
Jenkins, Henry D.	SS	Legarsky, Joseph C.	SS
Jenkins, William D.	PH	Lentz, Harold A.	PH
Jennings, Sylvester	BzS	LeSoine, Lester E.	PH
Jiminez, Jesus	SS	Lendberg, Orith H.	SS
Johnson, George W.	SS	Lewrance, Edward A.	PH
Johnson, Hollis S.	SS	Loyd, Elmer L.	PH
Johnson, Ivor L.	PH	Lugan, Arthur R.	PH
Johnson, Merle F.	PH	Lummus, Ural A. Jr.	BzS
Johnson, William L.	PH	Lyngard, Walter H.	PH
Jones, Harry L.	BzS	Lynman, Elwood A.	PH
Jones, Lee R.	BzS	Lyon, Dan	PH*
Jordan, Rommie W.	PH	McClain, Joseph H. Jr.	PH
Jorgenson, Wendell L.	SS	McCliggott, Dale E.	PH
Juancho, Joaquin	PH*	McCourt, John J. Jr.	PH
Julio, James A.	PH	McCulley, Fay R.	PH
Jungers, Cliff M.	PH*	McGlynn, Elmer W	SS
Kaitfors, Stanley E.	PH	McGrath, John E.	SS, PH

McNulty, Joseph A.	PH	Peltier, Rene A.	PH
Macsata, Frederick J.	BzS, PH	Perkins, Glenn E.	PH
Malek, Theodore I.	PH	Perkins, James W.	SS, PH
Marcak, George J.	PH	Perry, Floyd	PH
Marlia, Alfred J.	PH	Perry, Harvey J.	PH
Marmelejo, Philip L.	PH*	Perry, Marvin R.	PH
Martinez, Peter	PH	Petty, James R.	SS
Martinez, Victor J.	PH	Phipps, Boyd N.	PH
Massone, Lawrence W.	PH	Pierce, Cecil D.	SS
Mastrud, Anton M.	PH*	Port, Francis W.	BzS
May, Wylie	PH	Posnak, Albert M.	SS
Meachem, William V.	PH	Powers, Glenn N.	BzS
Meinke, Robert E	PH*	Pray, Eugene W.	SS, PH
Mellincamp, Paul K.	DSC*, SS*, PH*	Pruden, Seth D.	PH
Meyer, Forrest E.	SS	Pryne, Melvin J.	PH
Miller, Floyd C.	PH	Pugh, Gaston	PH
Mills, Marion L.	PH	Pursell, Leonard S.	PH
Mocarski, Edmund F.	PH	Raab, Steven C.	PH
Mohr, Clyde E.	PH	Racicot, Frank L.	PH
Moody, Robert H.	PH	Rains, Earl J.	PH
Morales, William	PH	Rathgeber, Albert F.	BzS, PH
Morales, Louis	PHMoyes,	Rego, Tony	PH*
Neal D.	LM	Reightley, Donald F.	PH
Mundie, Samuel T.	PH	Reightley, Howard A.	PH*
Myers, Robert E.	SS	Render, Gerald J.	PH
Myers, Wade H.	PH	Rettinger , Harry W.	PH*
Naglo, Eba F.	PH	Richter, John J.	PH
Naipo, Frederick K.	PH	Rider, William P.	PH
Newbrough, James J.	SS	Riggs, Paul	PH
Newsham, Lloyd L.	PH	Riley, James W.	PH
Newton, Howard J.	DSC*, PH	Rimbach, Gail W.	SS
Niles, Groves H.	PH	Ritchie, David P.	PH*
Nessen, Svenning E.	PH.	Roach, Frank Jr.	PH
Noble, Homer M.	PH	Roadruck, Eldon D.	PH
Noble, William L.	PH	Rodriguez, Frank	PH
Noorlandor. Daniel O.	DSC, PH	Rogers, Frank	PH*
Norton, Leroy E.	DCS & OLC, PH	Rogers, Vernon V.	SS, PH
O'Barr , Winston	PH*	Rosalez, Constancio	PH*
Obrem, Don J.	PH	Roth, Herbert E.	PH
O'Brien, Robert M.	S*, PH*	Rothfus, Kenneth R.	PH
Oliver, Dave H.	PH	Rubinski, Marvin J.	BzS
Osborn, Charles A.	PH*	Russel, Nolan	PH*
Park, William E.	PH	St Onge, Lewis W.	PH*
Parker. John B.	BzS	Salas, Joe	PH
Parks, Ernest Jr.	PH	Saldin, Robert C.	SS
Patterson, Eugene G.	PH	Sams, Gary N.	SS
Pattison, Lyman J.	PH	Sams, John M.	PH
Pearson, Armond D.	DSC, PH	Sanford, Franklin C.	PH*
Peduzzi, Robert F.	PH	Santo, Hubert A.	SS
Pejack, John	PH	Sawyer, John H.	PH

Scannell, John W.	BzS	Thomas, Griffith H.	PH
Schachetele, John W.	PH	Thomason, Merl J.	PH*
Schadervitz, Charles V.	PH &.. OIC	Thompson, Delbert S.	PH
Schewe, Otto E.	PH	Thompson, Ernest J.	PH
Schueman, Christian F.	PH*	Thorson, Manville	PH*
Schussler, John M.	PH	Tingley, Melvin C.	PH
Schuster, Henry A.	SS	Tinner, Henry A.	PH
Seerrano, Angel B.	PH*	Toedemeier, Jack C.	PH
Severson, George C.	BzS	Toner, John L.	PH
Shamburg,,Francis L.	BzS	Toothman, Arthur S.	DSC*, PH*
Shellmaan, Wayne	SS	Treat, Gaylord E.	BzS
Sherman, Charles L. Jr.	PH	Tymniak, Walter	DSC, PH
Sherrill, Sion F.	BzS	Ulrich William R.	BzS
Shively, Otis W.	PH	Valdez, Joe D.	PH
Shupe, Joe H.	SS, PH	Van Doren, Robert F.	PH*
Siler, Henry D.	PH	Vanegas, Alfonso	SM*
Silva, Frank P.	PH	Van Gorder , John R.	SS
Sinclair, James R.	SS	Vechinsky, Henry	PH
Slaton. Elmer A.	PH*	Vernon, Eugene V.	PH
Slavik, Gilbert G.	PH	Vetter, Joseph L.	SS
Smith, Arthur R.	PH	Volk, Matthas	PH
Smith, Cecil V.	PH	Vowell, Cecil M.	PH
Smolan, Adolph	BzS	Walls, Ira G.	PH
Snow, Keith M.	DSC*, PH*	Walsh, James A.	PH
Snyder, Sydney A.	PH	Wantulok, Joseph	PH
Sommer, Edwin J.	PH*	Washam, Loyd P.	SS, PH
Soto, Felix C.	PH	Watkins, Harley M.	PH
Spears, James F. Jr.	PH	Watson, Lyman B.	PH
Stazer, Tony L.	PH	Watron, John B.	PH
Starr, Gerald F.	SS	Weber, Frank A.	PH
Steinley, Alex	PH	Weber, Henry	SS*, PH*
Stephens, Avery N.	PH	Webster, Willaim H.	PH
Stewart, David G.	SS & PH	Wederker, Irving	PH
Stokes, Redmond F.	SS	Weiker, Woodrow	PH
Storckman, Richard E.	PH	Weiss, Alfred A.	LM, PH
Stover , Richard E.	PH	Weivoda, Albert A.	PH
Suttie, Frank E.	PH	Welch, George C.	PH*
Swarm, Raymond E.	PH	West, Homer M.	PH
Swenson, Darel A.	SS	White, Frrderick W.	PH*
Swenk, Donald M.	PH	White, Hugh L.	SS
Szura, John G.	PH	White, Joseph D.	DSC, PH*
Tallman, Floyd B.	PH	Whitehead, Edgar E.	PH*
Tate, Merle A.	SS	Whittington, Clarence D.	PH
Telles, Alberto G.	PH*	Wilde, Lawrence A.	BzS
Tenore, Fred	BzS	Williams, Eugene	SS
Terry, Clarence	SS	Williams, Presley	PH
Terry, Laverne E.	PH	Williamson, Martin L.	PH
Tews, Albert F.	SS*, PH*	Wilson, Benham. R.	SS, PH
Theiss, Clifford C.	PH	Winkler, Robert	DSC, PH
Thomas, Edgar W.	PH	Wholers, Wilfred J.	PH

Wood , James C.	SS
Woodward. Ernest II	SS
Wynn, Walter	PH
Yudnich, Rudolph M.	PH
Zeven, Normsn	PH
Zielinski, Stanley	PH*
Zyko, Edward S.	PH

#### KILLED IN LINE OF DUTY

Davis, Leroy B.  
Deihl, Alvin W.  
Franklin, Herbert W.  
Graffis, Emory E.  
Heckel, Ferdinand  
Morgan, Albert W.  
Stike, William L.  
Wulfekuhler, Frederick R.



# THE GOLDEN GATE IN FORTY EIGHT STORY OF THE 161ST INFANTRY

